

法
燈

HO TO

dharma lamp

winter, 1976



GENZO-E

What do you see when you imagine the scene where Mahakyashapa smiled toward his own mind, seeing the gesture of Shakyamuni Buddha holding up the udumbara flower?

Everyone was gathering, and Shakyamuni Buddha was supposed to talk, and he sat with the people and simply lifted up the udumbara flower, beautifully blooming. One of the older monks gave a glance to it and smiled a big smile, like a blooming flower. Immediately, Shakyamuni Buddha announced to all, "My being of shobogenzo - nirvana-mind - is completely realized by Mahakyashapa."

It sounds strange for us. The particular picture which we can imagine feels a little strange. The udumbara blooms once in five centuries. We don't know such a flower, do we? It doesn't matter. A poppy is fine.

In the air of full moon night, we already have a smiling mind. When a person, your close friend, is arriving from a distance, that mind with which you accept your friend also cannot be explained.

We have a special feeling toward parents, toward children, to a wife, friends, teachers. How do those originate within you?

There is a world which we can see and sense with eyes, ears, nose, skin, mind. There is a world which we can see by intuition - which skips all kinds of organic functioning. And there is a world which we see only by precise, correct thinking. Especially to see the world of another person, intuition is quite correct, but it is rather weak. By mastering how another's language is used,

stretching your mind, putting it on thinking and words, you can go into another's world.

There is also a world which you create by body-movement, and you share that world with others. There is a world which you project, and you wait for people to come into you through your projection. Many artists know this, what this projection process is.

Words, dharma - we always meet with them and are puzzled constantly. Dharma is truth, and the form of truth, the sounds of truth, the shadow of truth. And yet dharma itself is empty. You cannot say, "This is it!"

If you say, "This is it," you know it is not it, though no one disagrees with you. I must say it is a hard thing to know.

Chino-Sensei



Bill Benz

Notes from Mudpie's Journal, Autumn 1976

9/1

September and other confusions. My juices go back to school with my children. Here among the perpetual green are sweetgum, birch, sycamore, maple, ash, pistacio, deciduous oak, whose leaves change. No word from publisher about my ms. If they don't publish it, it will burst into scarlet like a maple leaf.

9/2

Under a tree on the trail by Los Trancos creek, a scattering of a dozen or so blue feathers. Some smartass bluejay was had by one critter or another for supper.

9/4

Mudpie sees by the papers the busybodies have stuck another contraption on Mars.

9/7

Today what Mudpie likes best is the smell of oranges. Not to head for the produce section or stick snout into refrigerator's crisper drawer, but to be in some public place, expecting nothing, and have the good luck to be near someone peeling an orange, and catch a few sharp whiffs.

9/10

If you walk along U. Ave. when the wind is high and the traffic is heavy, you can fart as much as you want and no one will notice. A nice secret.

9/19

When a body is laid atop a funeral pyre in India, someone with a sledge hammer or like instrument must climb up and crack the corpse's skull. Uncracked skulls explode in the fire. Thus explained J.K. when telling about his trip.

9/28

First rain of the season. Mudpie drives his motorcycle through September showers. Rain is spicy, jazzes up colors and smells. Mudpie smiles. Raindrops click against his teeth.

9/28+1/2

Ice cream just won't leave me alone.

9/29

This grey, rainy morning, great white clouds rubbing the tops of the hills to the west. The frosty breath of giant shaggy horses on the other side?

Mudpie sails into a department store to buy himself a nice hat for the rainy season. All the lovely goods sing to him, "Buy me. Buy me." Not without great difficulty he refuses them, buys a straightforward, sensible hat, and sails out again.

10/3

This spirit winding down now. Mudpie sinking back into himself. Night's old cow mooing darkness down over the hills. Rain stopped today. Clouds gone. Tonight the waxing moon and I see each other again.

Buff Bradley

Hōkyō-ji

at the end of summer
a solitary moon
complete & clearly
the most brilliant.

[one return
cannot be held
a final coming home
— there are twelve
altogether
(many loopholes
for the erring)

& a quietly dark,
empty night
to hold them all
with ease].

on the 5th day
of genzō-e



A Present Place

I have known my mother for fifty-six years. Fortunately or unfortunately I have only been able to live amicably with her for a few weeks each summer for the last five years. We spend this month together in a cabin by a lovely cold river in a pine forest on the eastern slopes of the Oregon Cascades. I sit one hour each evening and morning on a porch open to the murmur of the river and the fresh mountain air. One day last summer, after I missed my morning and evening zazen, suddenly, on a hike in the mountains with some friends, I began hating my mother. Is my serene life barely held together by an invisible thread of zazen?

I understand the precepts as descriptions of being human. To do something seemingly against them is also human and seen from a certain light is deeply in accordance with the precepts.

It is marvelous to have the teachings as a guide, a direction for my life. It is a miracle to have a teacher, a touchstone for the Dharma, which comes through him in a deeply personal way.

Because of him I know the world of mystical experience is a possibility for me and I am hooked into continuing my meditation.

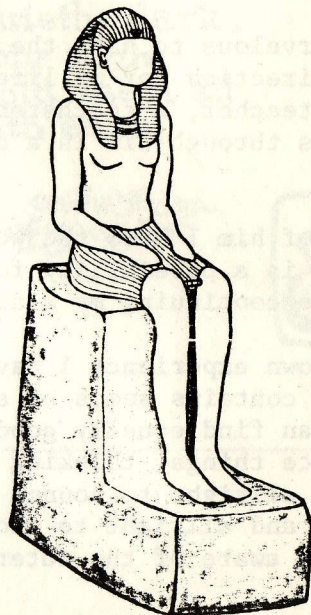
From my own experience I have learned that each event contains seeds of an opposite event; that one can find equally good reasons for doing opposite things, thinking opposite thoughts; that it is alright to bounce from one opposite to another and alright to choose the middle path, being aware of the outer possibilities.

It is allright for me to be me, completely, with no reservations, and allright for you to be you, crazy as we might both seem at times.

I know that somehow self-consciousness is a barrier to the path and that self-awareness is an opening.

Without the Sangha, without the community, without the people who come and go and the people who stay, life would be barren. The Sangha is a mystery and a necessity and I am grateful for it every day.

Mary Kate Spencer



Sitting on a Chair

If using a chair for zazen becomes necessary, due to a back injury or some other condition, limitless space becomes present for being fully aware of what it is to sit on a chair. Almost everyone sits on chairs every day, but the opportunity to experience what it is rarely appears so strongly. The ancient Egyptians seem to have known how to do it. From the sculptures they carved we can sense the ease and stability that is possible in this position.

While sitting on a straight chair, the feet must be flat on the ground, preferably resting on a thin cushion. The back straight and unsupported feels best, although sometimes I've used a pillow at the small of the back during sesshins.

This position may feel precarious and untrustworthy. The sense of stability can be increased by creating an imaginary pillar, starting at the base of the spine and moving attention upward to the head and beyond, then down to the ground, extending the line as if it were a tail. With this strong pillar for support, everything else - face, shoulders, legs - can relax, loosing tension, and that energy can travel down to the feet, rooting them on the earth. Placing the palms on the legs as the Egyptians did also contributes to stability.

Sitting on a chair is a sort of semi-standing position, part-way into action. The restlessness of the chair-sitting mind needs to be balanced with particularly considerate and sustained attention to breath.

Glenn Houle

Coming Going Joining Remaining

CHARLES OLIVER and JOY FOCHS were married by Chino-sensei on September 21st, 1976.

STEVE BODIAN writes from ZCLA that he is "engrossed in day-to-day life,...working on the publications staff, sitting, ringing bells."

NATHAN DAVID was born to Carolyn and Chuck Atkinson in May.

SPRING MOUNTAIN ANGO PERIOD will run from January 15th through April 16th, 1977.

TOM WALKER and PAIVI OUTINEN were married in Helsinki, Finland on July 8th, 1976.

MARIA WALLACE had her shuso ceremony on November 21st.

RYAN was born to Joy and Charles Oliver in May.

TETSUGEN and GEN-PO, disciples of Maezumiroshi, visited the zendo in early November.

SPRING MOUNTAIN MEETINGS will be on the third weekend of the month, in January, April, July, and October, at Potter Valley.

CHARLES OLIVER had his shuso ceremony on November 2nd.

LOS ALTOS ZENDO SESSHINS will occur on February 18th-25th, and on April 1st-8th, 1977.

SO GETSU-IN, the "Twin Moon" zendo in Fremont, Michigan, was dedicated by Chino-sensei in early July. It has 20 sitting-spaces.

We experience relative stillness in many ways. Like when you go to the mountains and no one is with you, or in some kind of hot, desert-like place. In Death Valley you feel that stillness, but in a few moments you begin to suffer. You cannot be still like that. Because of your existence, stillness begins to move. In other words, when you sit in a place like Death Valley, the mountains begin to beat their heart because you are there. They begin to go, "Bun-Ko, Bun-Ko," and you begin to say, "Is it me or them?" Hah! It's a big problem!

Chino-Sensei

The Fieldmouse

Excited heart,
Feeling the hawk's approach;
Flowing clouds, shining sun.

Les Kaye

Tāhāgata

Someone is watching
even in this basement room
with the door locked and the one
small window covered
someone is watching even
when I turn out the lights
and walk into the swamp
up to my knees in the muck
miles from any road
someone is watching, getting dizzy
with the velocity of my dreams
but hanging on
to the idea of watching
even though now there is
no one to watch

She said I was sweet
and used me to make her husband jealous
humping against me as we danced

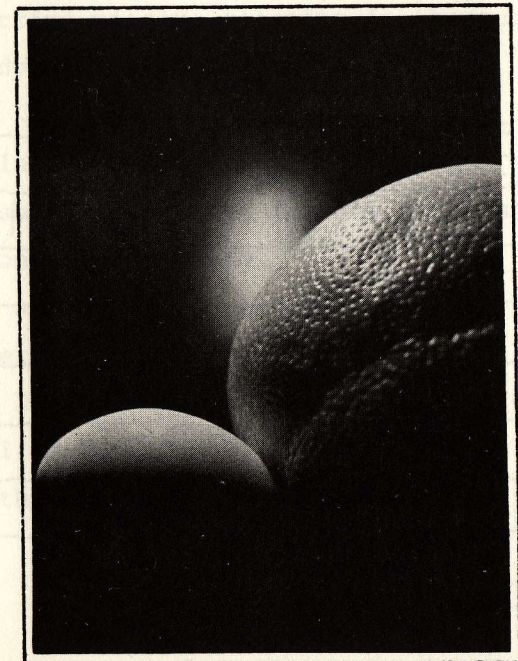
The house was surrounded by poison ivy
in the dark, in the sand
the summer lightening and wind
a delicious idea
kept safe in the house

I am what is left
of last night's whiskey
all that remains of that woman
a trace still left in the ashes
That which hasn't burned
attracts fire

I sat without moving
for over an hour
The pain in my legs

had come and gone
My desire for her had
come and gone
become only desire
and miles away in the morning
someone was using a chainsaw
to clear trees
brought down by the storm

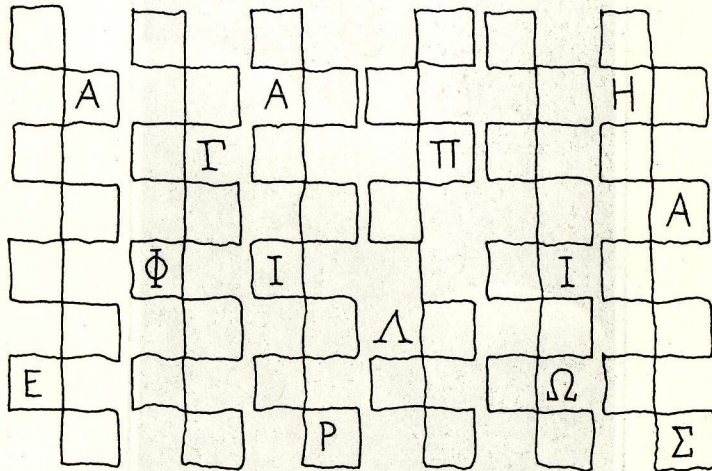
Dan Gerber



*all the power in the hand
hard to hold to
that green rock
in the breakers*

*leaping up
the mountain rivers —
salmon*

Luke Łutowski



Ordination

It followed me everywhere,
the black, dancing robe -
invisible, taunting, gentle,
flitting in and out of old loves,
washing over beaches, beds,
fearless in the laughwind snow.

Equal to the game,
my constant foil gave its match
a skilled rejoinder,
holding distance on the robe,
sparring wisely, gleaming in the sun,
ready for the perfect, "La."

At last, in exquisite stillness,
these foes balanced for the final meet.
In one decisive aim,
the sword lunged at its course,
entered the sleeve and flew into oblivion.
Now I, entwined by the robe,
feel my feet dance
to the faraway echo of clattering armor.

Fran O'Connell

Treasurer's Report

GENERAL FUND:

RUNNING TOTAL

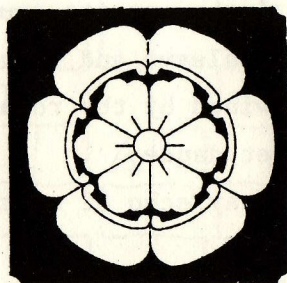
Income	\$10,375.77
Expenses	\$10,203.00
Net	<u>\$172.77</u>

BUILDING FUND:

AS OF 20:XI:76

Bank Account	\$14,306.00
Stocks (approx. value)	\$18,000.00
Total	<u>\$32,306.00</u>

Stephen Fields



Finding A New Temple

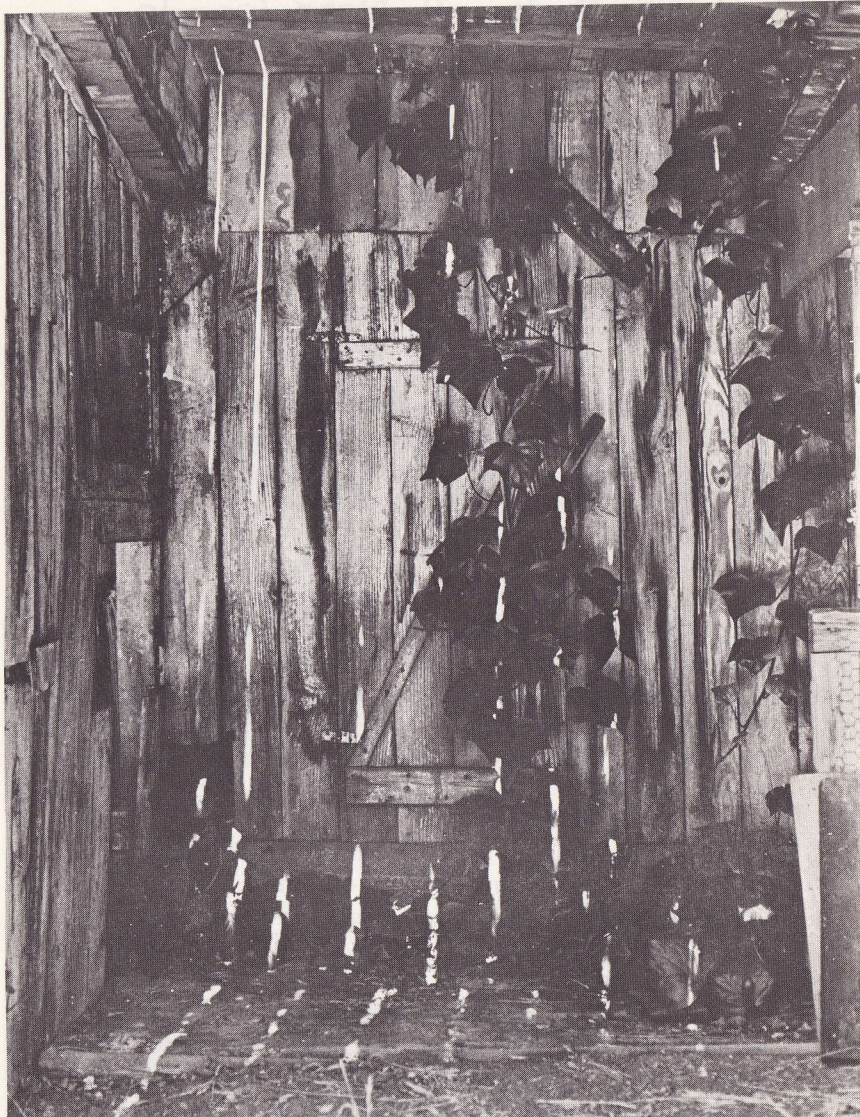
The search for a new temple continues. In September, several members of the sangha looked at a house on 514 Lytton, for sale for \$75,000 by the Committee for the Study of Non-Violence. It had both a basement and a garage big enough for our meetings, but this would have been illegal use of space according to the Palo Alto Building Code. There was continuous noise from traffic at all times of the day. At the annual meeting, most of those who saw it thought it would do for an interim temple. However, Kobun Chino-sensei saw it afterwards and said it did not "look forward to the future," so we look elsewhere.

Our interest turned to the Squire house at 900 University, which the city had bought to use as a public monument. It was for sale for \$175,000, and is a huge white colonial house on 3/4 acres of land, but it was sold to a family for \$135,000 while we were still considering it.

At present, we are looking in Portola Valley. The Quakers are undecided on what to do with the Pentler estate, so that remains a very remote possibility.

It is important that our temple is in a place which feels good for sitting, and it must not be merely a temporary sitting place. Kobun Chino-sensei has said that if we find an appropriate place we must all want it, without exception. He is confident that we will all contribute what energies we can to finding a temple and that the basic nature of our sangha will not change.

Mary Kate Spencer



*You spoke that word so easily - "stillness."
There is no such thing. It's a very important
point. Stillness moves. What stillness means
is 'never slip back'. We say "stillness," but
there is more to come.*

Chino-Sensei

POEM

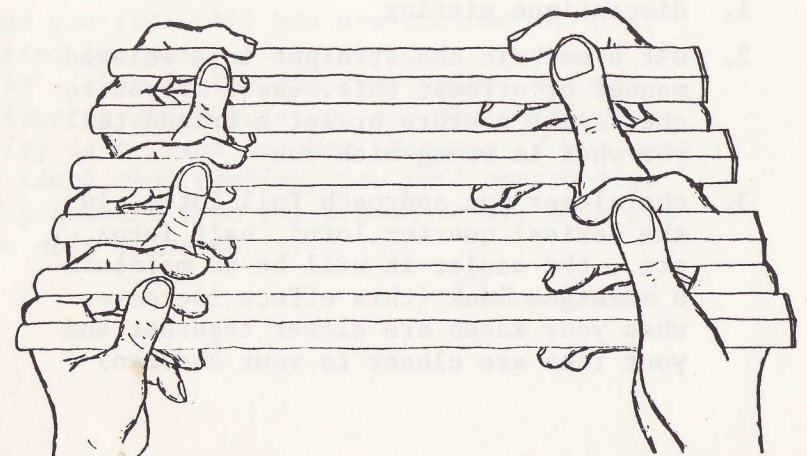
We say *tree*
for the object that isn't there

We say *I love you*
acknowledging the failure
of whatever there was
to speak for itself

We say *God did it*
We mistrust everything

You read these lines
You think of something profound
You pay too much for the ticket
and miss the plane

Dan Gerber



Some Measures Against Zazen Suffering

KNEE PAINS

1. discontinue sitting
2. descend along the hierarchy: lotus, half lotus, quarter lotus, burmese position
3. ascend along the hierarchy: 1 pillow, 1+1/4 pillows, 1+1/2 pillows,...3 pillows
4. keep the legs and joints warm with thermal underwear or blankets (during cold and damp sesshins)
5. put extra padding under knees
6. exchange regularly left and right half lotus, or whatever position you are in
7. exercise with simple stretches every day (hatha yoga)
8. concentrate on breathing, enter your suffering and what not

BACK PAINS

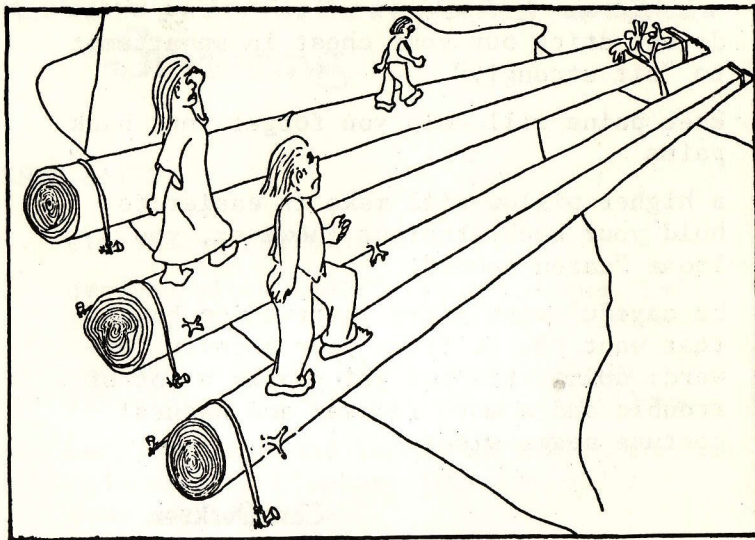
1. discontinue sitting
2. sit symmetric and straight in a relaxed manner or attempt this, use a mirror to check your posture or let a friend tell you what is wrong with you
3. the closer you approach full lotus, in the series: quarter lotus, half lotus, etc., the easier it will be to maintain a straight back (this effect increases when your knees are closer together and your feet are closer to your abdomen)

4. do not stick out your chest in an attempt to "sit strongly"
5. knee pains will help you forget your back pains
6. a higher pillow will make it easier to hold your back straight (however, you loose "zazen power")
7. be careful with zazen instruction books that want you to force your abdomen forward: doing this can get you in a lot of trouble and a more relaxed and natural posture seems wiser

Jan Derksen

When you feel that you are the one who just passed the gate - into the gate or out of the gate - that is the starting point. And no matter on which side you go, the waiting reality is a great teacher. Because if you want to teach that reality, you fail constantly. If you learn from it, listen to it, then you are able to be in it.

Chino-Sensei



NEW MONKS

FRAN O'CONNELL
 TENNEN MYOSHIN
 NATURAL, CLEAR, BRIGHT MIND

BUFF BRADLEY
 KOZAN DAICHI
 EMPTY MOUNTAIN, GREAT WISDOM

MICHAEL CARUSO (SHAMI ORDINATION)
 JISHO
 SHINING COMPASSION

BOB WATKINS
 KOTOKU BUNRYU
 HIGH VIRTUE, RISING CULTURE

HARBOR

This is an infinity of split blues,
 stung with incessant, narrow-tongued cries
 of snow-colored birds, where
 pickleweed meadows reach to our knees,
 the lavender marshes unfolding
 like robes from our shoulders.
 We move lightly,
 trailing these millions of virtuous
 salt-born secrets
 with awe and ease.

Grown In The Heat's Moment

Fine-tipped, practical,
 undulent, corporeal,
 immaculate, dim:
 Spinach.
 Open to stillness,
 to earthpassages,
 to heaven:
 soft leaf,
 white root.

Angie Boissevain



To enter into the sphere of truth, the only attitude is to believe in it. What that means is to believe you are already in it, not that it exists, or that someday you will reach to it.

Chino-Sensei

DAILY SCHEDULE

ZAZEN (followed by service)

M—Sat 5:30 & 6:20 am

M—Fri 7:10 & 8:00 pm

Sun 8:00 pm only

except

LECTURE: Wed evening at 8, after zazen and service

BREAKFAST & DISCUSSION

Thurs at 6:30 am, after zazen and service

SATURDAY MORNING

zendo breakfast at 7:15 am (after regular morning schedule), followed by work period, and 3rd zazen.

ZAZEN INSTRUCTION: Wed at 6:30 pm

Watch the zendo bulletin board for other events (e.g., potluck dinners, meetings, special study groups) scheduled throughout each month.

*all of chino-sensei's friends
and students are invited to
contribute to future issues*

*if you would like more infor-
mation about haiku zendo, call:*

trout black	941-4239
angie boissevain	948-6202
les kaye	948-5020
sonja margulies	245-7917
mary kate spencer	325-5339

*hoto is published twice a
year by haiku zendo and is
distributed free to friends
and members. if you would
like to contribute toward
the costs of publication,
please send your donation
to hoto, haiku zendo, box
638, los altos, ca 94022*

*calligraphy: kobun chino-sensei
cover display: hathaway barry
drawings: ann hogle, bill benz,
and rob weinberg
text display: bill benz
photographs: rob weinberg
typewriters: a.i.r.
hoto editor: luke lutomski*

haiku zendo



a zen buddhist center • box 638, los altos, ca. 94022

PRINTED MATTER