

Wind Bell



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Suzuki Roshi at Tassajara

Purely Involved Helping Others

71-06-22

Shunryu Suzuki Roshi

I want to discuss with you how to apply practice to your everyday life. Whether you are a lay person or a priest, we are all Bodhisattvas. We are taking Bodhisattva vows and we are practicing the Bodhisattva way. As you know, the Bodhisattva way is to help others as you help yourself, or to help others more, before you help yourself. That is the Bodhisattva way. When you try to figure out the relationship between zazen practice and your everyday life, you will see how important this point is. When you forget this point you cannot extend your practice to your everyday life, because as Buddhists we should see things "as it is." That is the most important point.

When you practice zazen you don't see anything, or think about anything. But even though you are not seeing or thinking, you are actually one with everything. We see things, not with our physical eye, but with our true eye. Even though you don't see, hear, or think, at that

time you are already one with everything and you have perfect understanding of everything. That is our practice.

But in your everyday life you have to think, you have to see, and you have to act. So you should know whether or not you are actually seeing things as it is. But it is hard to see things as it is because of our rose-colored glasses. Because of our rose-colored glasses, everything we see is rose-colored and we think that is the way things actually are. There is no way to solve this problem with our thinking mind. If you know the point of our practice, you will not rely on your thinking mind or your physical eyes too much. Whether you are seeing or not seeing, hearing or not hearing, thinking or not thinking, you are one with everything anyway. This point is more important than the way you feel. Even though you have various feelings which you can't ignore, whatever your feelings are, your friend is your friend, your teacher is your teacher and it is the same with your husband, wife and children. So you always have something around you to work on—especially when, as a Buddhist, the purpose of life is mostly to help others. So, whatever it is, you have to work on it. In Japanese that is called *ichi gyo zammai*, to be purely involved in the activity you do moment after moment.

Usually we feel that we have lots of choice in our life. You may even think you can change your wife or husband (chuckling). But I don't know whether that is possible or not. You may think in that way or feel in that way, but actually your wife or husband is just what you have. Someone said an interesting thing, something like, "It may be better to wait until I feel it is right to do something." That makes sense I think, but it is too passive. To be patient is pretty good, but there must be something one can do instead of just waiting. It may be better to work on it. Moment after moment, if you work on it faithfully, your true life will start. If you are just waiting for things to change or if you take too much time to make up your mind, you have no time to live in this world. You will be as old as I am now and pretty soon you will die. So work on what you have now, before trying to change your way or your circumstances.

Even though you make your best effort to have a good family life, you may fail. We don't know. But through that effort, even though you fail to help your family, you may actually be helping many people around you. You may think you are helping only your husband or your wife but it is not so. If you give your friends or your neighbors that same kind of warm feeling, that is how you actually help people. Things happen in that way.

Now I have many students. If I am helping only one student it looks like I cannot help the rest of the students. But I don't think so. To help

*Jordan Thorn
uses part of
a day off at
Tassajara to
work on a
rakusu. He was
Shuso for the
1996 winter
practice period.*



one student is to help the rest of the students in a true sense; and if you will only let me do so, I can do it. But most likely you won't allow me to do so, so I have to make an appointment. Someone has a difficult time making my appointments. That is not what I want to do actually. Whatever you do, if you do it with your warm heart, sincerely, it means that I can help you and I am also helping the rest of the students.

Windbell, the name of our Zen Center publication, comes from Dogen Zenji's famous poem about the wind bell: "It's whole body is its mouth. From whichever direction the wind may come—east, west, south or north, it doesn't care. All day long it rings without knowing what it is doing, ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling." All day long you are doing something. You are busy, you are helping others always, without being involved in north, south, east or west, good or bad, strong or weak, good sound or bad sound. That is actually our practice, isn't it?

When you sit without any idea of discrimination, just sit, then you are you and your practice includes everything, then you are helping people. This is the feeling with which you practice zazen. In this way you work on what you should do. So if your Bodhisattva mind is not strong enough you may think, "I am not doing things so well. It may be better if I do it some other way." But when your Bodhisattva mind or Way-seeking mind is very strong you do not discriminate. There is a big difference between the two.

If you want to see things as it is you must have good practice and good strong Bodhisattva mind and be ready to accept your surroundings as it is in either prosperity or adversity. You should manage your life like a sailing ship crossing the ocean; however the wind blows you have to manage your boat. Some Zen master said, I think it was a woman, to

drive the wave and follow the wave, follow the wave and drive the wave. It means that we have to have unusual skill in managing things. Following but driving. Driving but following. Where you are completely with your surroundings that kind of activity will appear, it will be your own. That kind of power or skill comes from real zazen practice with right spirit.

I think that most of you have a wrong idea about freedom, or things as they are. When you say freedom, or things as they are, it is not the same as what I mean. You are not seeing things as they are because you have some special glasses and you see things through them. Each person has different glasses. So the harder you try to manage our group the more you fall into confusion because you stick to your own understanding. If you see things without the glasses, if the picture you have is things as they are, usually everyone will agree with what you see, and you are able to agree with someone else's understanding. When you realize that you can't agree you should sometimes take off your glasses. "Oh, but I need these glasses (laughing), as a teacher I must have them, so excuse me, I must wear them. Maybe so. Still if you know what kind of glasses you wear you can easily agree without being attached to your special glasses.

If you are always looking through the glasses of a student, a teacher, or an officer, things become very difficult. If you have this understanding, many good virtues will result: humbleness, soft mind, or clear understanding, or sometimes sharp judgment.

We Japanese like bamboo very much. Bamboo is not something expensive. It is a very common plant and it also has a very good nature. If you want to cut it, it will split in two all the way down very evenly. It will split exactly into four. No matter how long it is it will split evenly from tip to root. No other plant will split so nicely. That is the nature of bamboo.

If you have the wisdom to see things as it is, whatever it is, you can split it right in two, as Nansen cut the cat right in two. Whack! The students were all amazed. Oh! They didn't have time to criticize him for killing the cat or violating the precepts. Whack! It happened in that way and they realized the problem was all gone. That kind of activity or wisdom will appear only when you see things as it is, without trying to see, or when you can solve the problem without trying to solve the problem. How you can do it is just to sit.

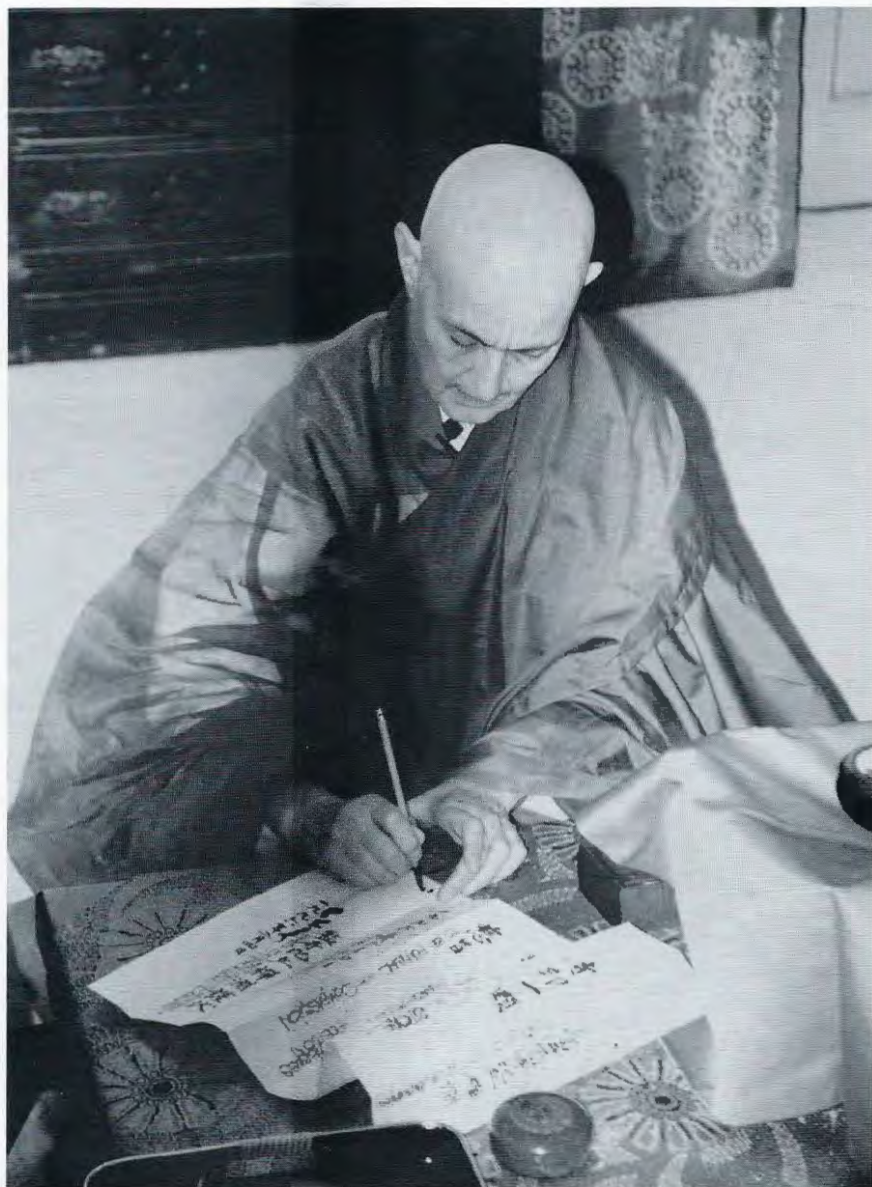
In China there were famous scholars. They studied many things and learned many things. Afterward, they rinsed their ears to get rid of what they had learned. When you have this kind of practice, even though you study thousands of books you will still be able to hear without partiality.

You will have that kind of freedom. How? First of all you have to have Bodhisattva mind. Next, you should be concentrated on what you do, and your life must be based on pure practice, *shikan-taza*. It is not such a difficult thing actually, but because of your glasses, or because you create many ideas, you have too much choice. When you do not have too much choice, you can do your best in your adversity. It's better to spend your time, whether you like it or not, in some kind of situation which you may not like. The experience you have in that kind of situation is very pure. Something you feel you did which was good, may not be so good. But something you did whether you liked it or not, just because you had to do it will be very good. That experience will help you when you feel it in your blood.

Think about this point. If you are a sincere student, people will want to do what you are doing because you like it. I don't think that is so good. If you like Zen Center too much you should leave. If you don't like it, stay here (laughter). But anyway, since you have freedom, you may not stay. That is the trouble you have here in America. So, my way of encouraging people is a little bit different. That is why my students say the more they work, the more I become discouraged. I must always be difficult with you, as you know. It is very difficult for me to be difficult with you. But I am trying to be difficult. I think that is the best way to help you.



Anbo Stuart Kutchins enjoys the rarity of snow at Tassajara during the 1996 winter practice period.



Shunbo Zenkei Blanche Hartman signs and seals temple documents during the ceremony in which she was installed as Zen Center's first abbess on February 4, 1996.

Mountain Seat Ceremony for Shunbo Zenkei Blanche Hartman

Furyu Schroeder

On February 4, 1996, Shunbo Zenkei Blanche Hartman was installed as Abbess of Zen Center in the traditional Mountain Seat Ceremony. In this capacity she joins Abbot Zoketsu Norman Fischer, who began his term as abbot one year earlier. Abbot Sojun Weitsman will be going on sabbatical for the remainder of his term and will have a formal stepping down ceremony in January or February.—Ed.

Part I: Ascending the Mountain (*Shin San Shiki*)

Zen Center is difficult to see. There's the buildings, corporate papers, and a long list of names—employees, lay people, teachers, donors, priests. And yet all the parts don't reveal the whole, the one we imagine to be there. February 4th, the day of the Full Moon, the day of the Suzuki Roshi memorial, was also a day that Zen Center came together and for a few hours was visibly alive.

We never know if these ceremonies are going to 'work' or not, but it's a risk we take over and over again—"Start the Densho at 3:15"—inkins, procession, clackers and drum. In a double row of temple officers (*Ryoban*) and teachers, some in silk okesas, bareheaded, we walked up the street in the rain escorting the new Abbess. "Ching, chong, clack, boom!" Like the sound of thunder on a distant mountain . . . something is about to happen.

The procession approaches the first altar at the Mountain Gate (*Sanmon*), the entrance of the Page Street building, where the *Shinmei* (new Abbess, literally "new life") Shunbo Zenkei Blanche Hartman with her five attendants (*fisha*) pauses to offer incense and her first words:

*Many years ago
Not knowing where I was going,
I approached the gate of the Berkeley Zendo.
Still not knowing
I approach this gate today.
May all who approach it find it open.*

Somewhere in China, perhaps a thousand years ago, this ceremony was created to help make visible our relationship to one another as we endeavor to practice and study the Buddha Way. And reveal it does, all of us, our sorrow, joy, regret, love and effort, in one room, at one time, softening, dissolving and merging in the muted light of this ancient mirror. Or so it seemed.

The Roshis—Hoitsu Suzuki, Zentatsu Baker, Tenshin Anderson, Sojun Weitsman, Zoketsu Fischer, Tetsugen Glassman, Jakusho Kwong—and the long silent line of illuminated patriarchs, with one voice, one gesture of regard, invited our first Abbess to join the dance. And she said, "Certainly."

Once inside the temple, the procession descends the stairs leading to the Zendo, the heart of our practice. Incense is offered and she circles the floor; then up the stairs, passing hundreds of shoes, into the Buddha Hall (*Butsuden*) for a first glimpse of the golden mountain.

On behalf of the Zen Center Board, Chairman Ed Brown unrolls a parchment scroll and reads aloud the resolution formally inviting Blanche to undertake this responsibility. The new Abbess makes statements, offers incense and bows. Then off we go again, down the hall and up the stairs to Suzuki Roshi in the Founder's Hall (*Kaisando*). White plum blossoms from Green Gulch decorate the altar, brought with affection to Okusan, Suzuki Sensei, who returned from Japan for this special occasion.



Blanche's daughters Mitzi and Trudy scattered flower petals on the rain-damp path the procession would take from the guest house to Zen Center.



Jakusho Kwong Roshi, a disciple of Suzuki Roshi and abbot of Sonoma Mountain Zen Center, leads Blanche on her way to the City Center.

The brown robe priests enter the tiny kaisando, made larger by their presence and the intention of this ceremony.

Suzuki Roshi, beloved Grandfather, this incense is for you. You came far from home to bring us the most precious thing Japan could offer America—zazen, just sitting—"true human beings practicing true human nature," you said. Just as your compassion and generosity were boundless, so too our love and gratitude are boundless. May this compassionate gift be extended to all beings.

Again, down the hall, and on to the *Hojo* (Abbess'/Abbots' room). As we wait outside, a few enter to sign documents and inspect the temple seal. This room is where the Abbess will teach, face-to-face, with all those who come to ask for her guidance.

At the sharp sound of the *han*, the twelve officers of the Ryoban descend the stairs, re-enter the Butsuden and in formal fashion purify the mountain, while the seated Shinmei and her attendants wait silently outside in the hall. With preparations completed and approved, at the invitation of the Shinmei's Jisha, we file out to bring her back for her final ascent to the summit.



At the front door of Zen Center Shunbo Zenkei makes her first statement and offers incense.

Part II: Presenting the Teaching (*Sho Koku Kai Do*)

Supporting statements (*Sensho*) are made by the Reverend Shohaku Okumura, representing the wider Buddhist sangha; President Michael Wenger, representing the Zen Center sangha, and Reverend Katherine Thanas, representing the friends of the new Abbess. Katherine's statement follows:

Blanche and I have been walking in Buddha's gentle and sometimes stormy rain for the past quarter-century, holding hands or not as Dharma siblings do and don't. We came to practice in our fifth decade, testimony to the fact that it is never too late to start.

We have cherished each other, competed with each other, mirrored each other, balanced each other, thanks to the tenacity of ego and the reflecting powers of our teachers and sangha companions. Today she is ascending the high seat of Abbot, ready to continue Suzuki Roshi's way again and again. She assumes this office with unstoppable energy, a good heart, humility, deep intention.

Blanche, I invite you to use this great responsibility and opportunity to listen well to peers and students, to cultivate the mind of not-knowing and to uncover brilliant emptiness in this position. This high seat serves the community visibly, but is basically the seat which must have its ear to the ground. Please listen deeply to your own heart and also the deepest heart of the sangha, thus finding voice for the decisions ahead.

I congratulate you on this new way of serving the community without yourself knowing the way. The community trusts your willingness to examine your life, to receive feedback, to be true to your own clarity and confusion, to your faith and doubt, to the true path of practice.

In a bright gold robe, a gift of the Sangha, with her staff and a whisk, our lively new Abbess addresses the assembly:

*When I first saw this mountain,
I was ambitious to climb it.
Now it appears as a dream, as flowers in air—we make it all up.*



Teah Strozer energetically beats the drum as the new abbess and her attendants enter the Buddha Hall.

*If I climb it, we will all be there together, and no one will be there.
Think nothing of it!*

And up she goes, Ascending the Teaching Seat (*Todan*), with offerings of incense, encouragement and gratitude. The first dedication is for world peace, the second is to all the Ancestors in this teaching lineage, the third to members, donors, families and deceased sangha members of the temple, and the fourth for her teachers.

There have been so many whose wisdom, devotion and generosity have guided and encouraged me that there is not time to mention you all by name, much less to fully express the importance of each one of you to me. I can never adequately repay your kindness and compassion, but I will never stop trying.

She went on to name the significant teachers, including those outside her immediate lineage: Dainin Katagiri Daiosho, Joko Beck, Maureen Stuart Daiosho, Kobun Chino Roshi, Robert Aitken Roshi, Taizan Maezumi Daiosho, and those within her lineage: Shogaku Shunryu Daiosho, her sewing teacher Joshin Kasai Daiosho, Tenshin Zenki Roshi, Zentatsu Myoyu Roshi, and her root teacher Hakuryu Sojun Roshi. Then she made the following statement:

*Understanding nothing, trusting everything, without reservation we dive into the ocean of just-this-as-it-is, one with the universe.
This is our vow, this is our effort, moment after moment. We have no choice. In this very choicelessness is our inconceivable joy.*

Bowing in rows (*Monjin*) at the base of the mountain, the members of the procession, Attendants and Ryoban, invite the Abbess to teach. In the role of Manjusri, the Bodhisattva of Wisdom, Hoitsu Suzuki Roshi, son of Shunryu Suzuki Roshi and Abbot of Rinso-in, strikes the gavel and announces the teaching (*Byakutsui-chi*), "Clearly observe the Dharma of the Dharma Sovereign is thus."

A selection of students, new and old, lay and priest, approach the Abbess one-by-one to access her foothold on the mountain. With kind words, bright eyes and a firm grip on the dharma staff, Shunbo hosted the guests.

Following additional teachings by the Abbess, the ceremony concluded with many good wishes from family, teachers and friends. Of special note were a deeply loving and supportive statement made by Lou Hartman, from husband to wife, and an energetic, buoyant and effusive



The twelve officers of the Ryoban enter the Buddha Hall. Seated in the foreground are Senior Dharma Teacher Tenshin Anderson and Abbots Zoketsu Fischer and Sojun Weitsman.

Zenkei's response to Cathleen Williams' question was to hit her with her whisk.





speech by Suzuki Sensei. Her obvious delight and joy could not help but warm the hearts of everyone present.

Lou Hartman's statement of support and blessing follows:

You look very handsome up there in your new outfit—which is not what I would have picked out at this time in our life. A new cruise outfit would be more like it. But the time for me choosing your clothes is long gone. I came across the picture the street photographer snapped of us walking in Union Square back in 1948 or '9. You were wearing that coat I liked so much, the one with the big collar? Well, the coat is long gone, the photographer has taken his last picture, and the young woman with the long black hair is gone too. Up the mountain. On top of Old Smokey.

In these past moments I've felt like The Father of the Bride, giving you away to a new life. And in that state of mind, I wondered—what qualities do you bring to your new responsibilities? You repaired Link trainers for the Air Force, did chemistry in an ink plant, statistics for the California Health Department. How could these things prepare you for being Abbess? And then I remembered when we were courting,

Facing page photo:

Okusan Suzuki Sensei came from Japan to attend the ceremony. She spoke, expressing her happiness for Blanche and for Zen Center. Beside her is Kaz Tanahashi, translating.

you had this little roadster with a rumble seat. And you'd see a friend walking, pull over, and invite them to come along. It really bugged me. But now you're not driving a Chrysler anymore. You have your hands on the wheel of a T.G.V.—The Greater Vehicle. With room for everybody, no matter where they're headed. So I no longer have to worry about where we're going or when we'll get there. Or even if we will arrive anywhere. All I have to do is go along for the ride and enjoy the scenery.

And one more thing. When you were honoring the ancestors just now, I flashed on another lineage that should be remembered today. All those people, known and nameless, who ever held your life in their care, if only for a moment. People like Sister Mary Antonio in the Catholic school you attended when the Depression in Alabama forced the public schools to close. I really think you took your first steps toward the mountain when you were with her in the first and second grades. It is truly as you said, "No separation between self and other."

May your good health continue.

With the final bows the Abbess and her attendants headed out of the Butsuden and were met by the greetings of well-wishers who were lining the halls. "Congratulations." "I'm so happy for you." A slight nervousness filled the room when we realized that, unknown to her, a wireless mic was still live on Zenkei's okesa. Moments passed and as the final two bells ended the ceremony we all heard a perfectly audible "phew" from the new Abbess of Zen Center. A ripple of chuckles filled the hall. All in all, a very good day!

The next two pages feature photos of old friends, teachers and long-time practitioners, including many former Zen Center residents who now live somewhere else and who returned to share in Blanche's installation. It was wonderful to see these folks—a Zen Center reunion in grand style!



Okusan Suzuki Sensei and Iva Jones

**More Favorite
Photos from the
Abbess Installation
Celebration**



Bill Lane and Del Carlson



Nancy Sheldon, Pat Phelan, Diane Burr Riggs, Dahlia Kamesar



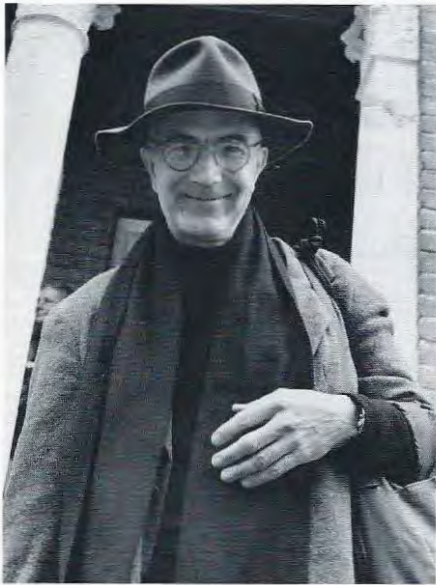
Katherine Thanas and Blanche Hartman



Hekizan Tom Girardot



Hoitsu Suzuki Roshi, Abbot Zoketsu Fischer, Okusan Suzuki Sensei, Angelique Farrow and Steve Allen



Zentatsu Baker Roshi



Theresa Rivera and Myphhon Hunt



Zenzhin Philip Whalen



Hoitsu Suzuki Roshi and Abbot Sojun Weitsman



On the Zafu, Off the Zafu, Out the Door

Barbara Lubanski Wenger

Practicing regular sitting meditation can help prepare us to live in the world with compassion and loving kindness. Yet finding out how to express the experience of sitting in everyday life is often difficult. When we get up from our sitting we often lose that compassion and mindfulness. Sometimes we are like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

Thankfully the precepts can give us guidance in our everyday lives. One precept particularly, "*Do not be avaricious in the bestowal of the teaching,*" has been particularly helpful to me. At first I didn't really understand what it meant. Certainly it doesn't mean proselytizing, converting, convincing, or changing others. But how does one *not hoard the teaching*? How does one *not keep this teaching to oneself*? As a parent and community activist, this precept began to suggest spiritual responsibility and the wish to employ the principles of engaged Buddhism.

As a parent I am encouraged by the support of sangha members and especially other parents who have made their practice visible to the community. To acknowledge children as our future is a fundamental

Facing page photo: Lise Cenicerros as "Leessee the Clown" paints a girl's face at Koshland Park.

spiritual responsibility. Continuing down this path together with inclusion and guidance for children leads to a family-friendly and enriched sangha.

Spiritual responsibility also has to do with society. Engaged Buddhist practice has been around for a long time, especially in other countries like Burma, Vietnam and India. It is relatively new to America. Buddhist groups in America are now beginning to be engaged with the social ills and problems that face America today—it's homeless, sick and destitute. At Zen Center there are people working with hospices, advocating for the homeless, and speaking out for change and improvement in the world.

After the spring practice period in 1994, in which I had the opportunity to be head student, the Hayes Valley neighborhood surrounding the City Center began organizing and coming together around many issues. I was grateful to participate. The challenge of working together with such a diverse population, motivating residents to be accountable and wading through layers of political bureaucracies, became an ongoing education for me. What follows is a brief report on what's been happening in Hayes Valley, starting with our parks, which have been my primary focus.

The Rose-Page Mini Park, located next to the Zen Hospice, is going through final community review of a conceptual plan developed last year by fifty residents. The plan includes a community garden and an attractive, winding wrought iron fence set back from Page Street. There is a commitment of \$50,000 from the Recreation and Park Department to construct this park sometime in the fall of 1996 or spring 1997.

The Daniel E. Koshland Community Park is also being renovated. In 1976, largely due to the efforts of former abbot Richard Baker and many Zen students, this park was built and won a prestigious architectural award. Over the years however, it fell into misuse; play structures were burned, and it became a harbor for violence and crime. In the process of reclaiming this park the neighborhood has come together again. A wonderful celebration was held last July, attended by over 300 people, many from the housing development. Mayoral candidates Roberta Achtenberg and Willie Brown attended, and everyone feasted on the delights of food and beverages from twenty different sponsors, including the Marriott Hotel, Greens restaurant and the San Francisco Giants. The Walden House All-Stars played calypso music, while young and old

people of many colors danced the afternoon away. Zen Center donated food, clowns, face painters, cooks and spotters for the Jumping Castle.

Also last August Zen Center volunteers scheduled events in the park every afternoon from 1-3 P.M., including basketball, arts and crafts, face-painting and storytelling.

Plans for renovating the park began in the fall of 1995 with two town hall meetings. Approximately 50 people attended, and with park planners from the Recreation and Park Department (RPD) and the Department of Public Works (DPW), we came up with a successful plan. This process was also assessed by a Feng Shui landscape architect, who had previously worked with Zen Center on the Tassajara baths project.

Cost estimates for this park renovation hover around \$800,000. The community has secured \$100,000 from RPD, and hopes to secure the balance in 1997. Renewed interest and support has also come from the Koshland family and the original architectural firm.

The new plan calls for many external as well as internal changes. Internally the play structures will be brought up to the center of the

John Muir School children and teachers decorating the entrance to Koshland Park





John Muir School students participate in a Friday afternoon sing-a-long.

park, paths will be wheelchair accessible and the lower end of the park will include landscaped and community gardens. Externally, the Page Street ramp entrance will be widened, and possibly a tiled mural will be built along the wall. The plan also includes widening the sidewalks on Buchanan Street between Koshland Park and the new redevelopment by eliminating parking spaces and landscaping. The feasibility of placing a J.D. Decaux self-cleaning toilet on Buchanan Street is also being considered.

One of the most important requests for this park's renovation is to secure funds for a full-time recreation director to be stationed in Koshland Park. This person may be linked to the John Muir School latch-key program. This will encourage participation in the park after school, on the weekends, and during the summer months.

In the interim before construction, the community, wanting to keep a presence in the park, considered developing a temporary community garden in the lower corner. Miraculously this happened at the same time I heard about the BASE Program of the Buddhist Peace Fellowship (BPF). The BASE Program (Buddhist Alliance for Social Engagement), developed by BPF through Diana Winston in 1995, is an internship in Buddhist social engagement. Recruits are gathered from all over the United States to spend six months working in community service projects, practicing



Fourth of July picnic in Koshland Park. The singers are from John Muir School and the band is from Walden House.

Then-mayoral candidates Roberta Achtenberg and Willie Brown both attended last summer's Fourth of July picnic in Koshland Park. With them are Hattie Henderson and Barbara Wenger (2nd and 3rd from left).



and sitting together, attending retreats and workshops. New volunteers would begin this second year program in hospices, schools and prisons throughout the Bay Area. We were fortunate to get a volunteer, Chris White, who is working with us and John Muir School to develop our community garden. To see the changes he has made at the school and park in such a short time has been heart-warming.

Across the street from Koshland Park is the Hayes Valley South Housing Development, scheduled for demolition in June 1996. It has been a frustrating, difficult time for residents who have been relocating since November. Many of them are fearful of moving from their home, afraid they won't be able to come back and unable to find temporary housing in San Francisco.

When construction is complete, Hayes Valley South will have cost \$16.8 million dollars. There will be 110 separate units with two, three and four bedrooms each, facing the street with single entrances and addresses. All apartments will be rented to very low (60%), low and moderate income families (40%). The block will be divided in half by Rose Street, which will be parallel to Haight and Page Streets. On Buchanan Street between Rose and Haight Streets will be the offices of the redevelopment, and the community designated space. The development will be run in partnership with the redeveloper, McCormick, Barren & Associates, the RMC and HUD. Residents will adhere to strict rules concerning violations, and a one-strike policy will be in effect. This policy states that any resident harboring criminals or engaged in criminal activity will be expelled from the redevelopment immediately.

As we go in and out the doors of Zen Center, drug dealers and prostitutes sometimes greet us on the streets, plying their business in an elusive, ingrained fashion, but their numbers have dwindled considerably. Neighborhood residents have been working with the police department to improve this situation. This social problem is the most difficult for me to understand and engage in. One of the prostitutes, a dealer with missing front teeth who has twin boys in Texas, engages me in conversations when I leave the zendo. She senses my mind is receptive. She asks how I am and tells me about her family. Does she want to stop her livelihood and do a rehabilitation program? She says no. We visit some more and then go on our way, leaving me to wonder, "How can we touch each other more deeply?"

There is a lot to learn about street prostitution. Aside from the harm it does our neighborhood, prostitutes suffer too. They are often victims of physical violence and sexual abuse as children. They have been raped, and many are homeless. They lose their children, become addicted to drugs, have sexually transmitted diseases, become HIV infected, have

abusive pimps, have dissociative disorders, become depressed and suicidal and often end up dead. Of all the prostitutes that get arrested, only seven percent are sentenced. Most end up out on the street again. They seem to be trapped in this cycle, don't know how to get out, or don't want to.

Much work has been done by this neighborhood to find a successful solution to this problem. One proposal, suggested in collaboration with the District Attorney's office and the Mayor's Office of Criminal Justice, is to offer the jailed prostitute a special assessment and referral court. The prostitutes can then get the services they need, counseling and drug treatment programs, to help them put their lives together. Another part of addressing this dilemma was to begin, through the Police Vice Squad, a "first offenders program" for johns who pick up prostitutes. These men are issued citations of \$500 and are required to attend an all-day workshop. This program has been very successful with low recidivism rates.

During one Saturday program, 50 men of all ages and ethnic backgrounds listened to health care professionals and psychologists talk about sexually transmitted disease, HIV/AIDS, addictive, abusive and deviant behavior. Former prostitutes spoke from their experience, and neighborhood residents, including myself, talked about the effect of



BASE volunteer Chris White and helpers from John Muir School are ready to go to work on the community garden project.



Second grade teacher Katherine Siemens (far left) and her class visit Zen Center with Chris White (far right).

prostitution on our neighborhoods. Facing these men was both humbling and empowering.

Hayes Valley residents have also been petitioning for the demolition of the Central Freeway from Mission Street to the Oak and Fell Streets ramps, just one block east and north of City Center. Deemed unsafe after the Loma Prieta Earthquake of 1989, the freeway has also given rise to the drug and prostitution trade in Hayes Valley. Zen students joined a city-wide Central Freeway Task Force and were encouraged by San Francisco Mayor Willie Brown's support to remove the existing decks and seek other alternatives. Demolition of this section of the freeway may start as early as this summer.

Well, my 'home town' is not a quiet place like Lake Wobegon, but in the midst of all this change and reconstruction it is inspiring that the neighborhood has Zen Center right in the heart of it all. Through this practice we have an opportunity to sit together, stand up and literally go out the door, engaging ourselves immediately. Taking responsibility and following the precepts, how can the world not be a better place? I encourage and welcome you to join me in these endeavors.

Using Native Plants for Landscaping the New Tassajara Bathhouse

Diane Renshaw

In August 1993, Tassajara suddenly closed the old bathhouse for safety reasons and immediately began an accelerated program to replace it. Architectural plans for the new building did not include landscaping, and Teah Strozer, who was director at that time, was hopeful that native and drought-tolerant plants might be used. Since I had some familiarity with Tassajara and professional experience with native plants, Teah approached me with some questions, and I was happy to do what I could to help.

As the building progressed, Barbara Kohn became the new director and Gloria Lee the head gardener. We realized how wonderful it would be to surround the new building with plants from the Tassajara area so that it would eventually look like it had always been there, a perfectly natural addition to the landscape. The first step was deciding what to plant and where to plant it. Fortunately, we had a draft document put together by David Rogers, a resident at Tassajara in the late 1970s, that describes the flora of Tassajara in detail. Relying heavily on David's work, we came up with a list of plants that would be attractive and at the same time fit into the surrounding streamside and woodland setting.

A major challenge was that essentially none of these local species and varieties of plants were available in any commercial nursery. Gloria and I realized that we would need to collect seeds and cuttings and rear the planting stock at Tassajara. With the invaluable assistance, contributions, and advice of Paul Kephart, a nurseryman and native grass specialist, we started in on the propagation project in the fall of 1994. During that winter and on into the spring, summer, and fall of 1995, we collected seeds and cuttings; rescued plants from roadside slides; explored and marked plants for return visits; and paid careful attention to the natural cycles of these plants. Tassajara built a small greenhouse behind the shop to shelter cuttings and seedlings. Gloria found that she had taken on becoming not only a gardener but also a botanist, native plant expert, and propagation artist, all at the same time. Her determination and success in doing all of this and more has been critical to this unfolding story.

Rearing our own plants meant that it would take several years before they would be ready to plant. In fact, we found out that some of them could take the better part of a year just to germinate! Although at this

point both Gloria and I had a rough idea of what we wanted to plant, we felt that Tassajara needed to have some sort of master plan or at the very least a set of drawings for future reference. In addition, we felt the need for some significant guidance with the design aspects of the planting. With good fortune we received a gift of just such assistance from several able landscape professionals. Alice Russell-Shapiro and Lucille Biesbroeck-Hannah of Stephen Marcus Landscaping visited the bathhouse site with Teah in the summer of 1994, and donated not only their time but a selection of plants that were installed in the earliest days of the project. Alice and Lucille returned to Tassajara several times in the summer of 1994 and again in the summer of 1995, and helped us to come up with a working sketch of the existing and future plantings. Pamela Burton of Burton & Company came in the summer of 1995 and provided similar counseling. We are very grateful for everyone's generous contribution of time and attention. Following the advice of these experts, Gloria planted a row of big-leafed maples along the walk across from the baths, an arch of coffeeberry at the entrance to the Suzuki Roshi Memorial path, and screen plantings of California lilac.

Our general approach has been to strive for balance between restoring a completely naturalistic setting, and planning and planting a garden landscape along more conventional lines. In the front of the bathhouse we have been leaning more towards the traditional, decorative approach; in the rear we have been letting the ecosystem's own process of regeneration shape the outcome.

Behind the bathhouse in the winter of 1994 the creek overflowed its banks, deposited several feet of sand up to the deck on the women's side, and washed out soil behind the men's side. Work period volunteers moved rocks and sand; Anna, the bath attendant, arranged them to create a dry stream, and Paul and Gloria planted feathery native bunch-grasses—red fescue and Idaho fescue. Then we simply waited to see what would come up. Our main job up to now has been to pull the few weeds that appear and leave the rest. This, of course, means sharpening our eye so we can identify the weeds from the natives when they are tiny seedlings; when in doubt, we leave a plant until we can identify it.

The list of native plants recolonizing the back of the women's side has grown quite long. Some of the



Mimulus aurantiacus



Head gardener Gloria Lee rescued some of the native plants from slides on Tassajara Road.

more conspicuous ones include hedge nettle, mugwort, willows, California everlasting, red monkeyflower, lizard's tail, and fiesta flower. We planted a Dutchman's pipe vine by the women's soaking tub, where we hope it may attract the Dutchman's pipe swallowtail butterfly.

Behind the men's side, the moister habitat has given rise to mugwort, yellow monkey-flower, and red willow. We have planted the overflow area with rushes and sedges that we propagated, and with some other beautiful species that we found in a native plant nursery: western clematis, planted against the dividing screen, and leopard lily beneath the trees.

In front of the bathhouse, large native bunchgrasses fill the space between the men's side and the footbridge. These were interplanted this spring with several kinds of lupine and with specimens of red delphinium. Other plantings in the front include western redbud, a big-leaved maple and a sycamore, pink-flowering currant and coral bells, and a coast live oak. A small patch of native meadow on the women's side is slowly beginning to fill in.

Between the walkway and the roadway the garden is characterized by variety. Some plants are garden ornamentals; some are natives, collected and propagated by Elkhorn Nursery from plants in this general geographic region. These have become established quickly and have given us something to enjoy while we work at raising the natives.

We are finally now beginning to use some plants and seeds collected from the Tassajara valley or along the road, and propagated over the last year and a half. Some favorites include dark red, spring-blooming hummingbird sage; low blue-flowered mounds of coyote mint; the beautiful apricot-flowered local variation of sticky monkey-flower; California fuschia, a bright red late-summer bloomer; and the familiar elegant clarkia, which in the late spring grows in drifts on the surrounding hillsides.

Volunteers have appeared in the front as well. The natives are particularly welcomed, and some of the garden escapees are permitted to stay where they fit the overall design scheme. Woolly mullein, a tall, fuzzy garden plant with grey-green foliage and a spear of yellow flowers, volunteered from the compost and grew in front of the men's side last summer, attracting much attention. Cleary sage, iris, evening primrose, and feverfew are refugees from the lower garden that are quite at home across the road from the baths.

Keeping a close eye on these introduced ornamentals lest they become problematic weeds will be a critical part of the long-term plan. When we start to cultivate a spot within the wilderness, we should accept the responsibility of ethical gardening: making sure that our planting activities aren't introducing or spreading undesirable plants into the surrounding wild lands. Problematic weeds are particularly well-adapted to the bare, disturbed soils that remain at the end of a construction project. Once the soil surface is covered with mulch or plants, these weeds are less likely to seed in and spread.

In the meantime, we are trying to pay attention to what the seasons bring, learn from our mistakes, and do our best to minimize problems. Restoring a native plant landscape is a very long-term project, and the

Trichostema lanatum



Calochortus albus

trick is to set the right combination of elements in motion that will eventually carry this vision into the future.

If you can visit Tassajara this summer, please take a few leisurely moments to enjoy the native garden project around the new bath-house.

Zen Center Loses a Giant Friend

Barbara Lubanski Wenger

A casualty of the Bay Area's severe November 1995 rain storms was a huge landmark rubber tree from the front lawn of 308-310 Page Street. It was one of the largest and oldest specimens of *Ficus microcarpa* of its kind in North America. As a willowy stripling, it was brought from India around the Horn in 1886 by a Captain Galloway for the Charles Mortimer Plum family, which built 308-310 Page Street in 1885. Mr. Plum was a furniture dealer and upholsterer whose San Francisco business dated back to the 1850s.

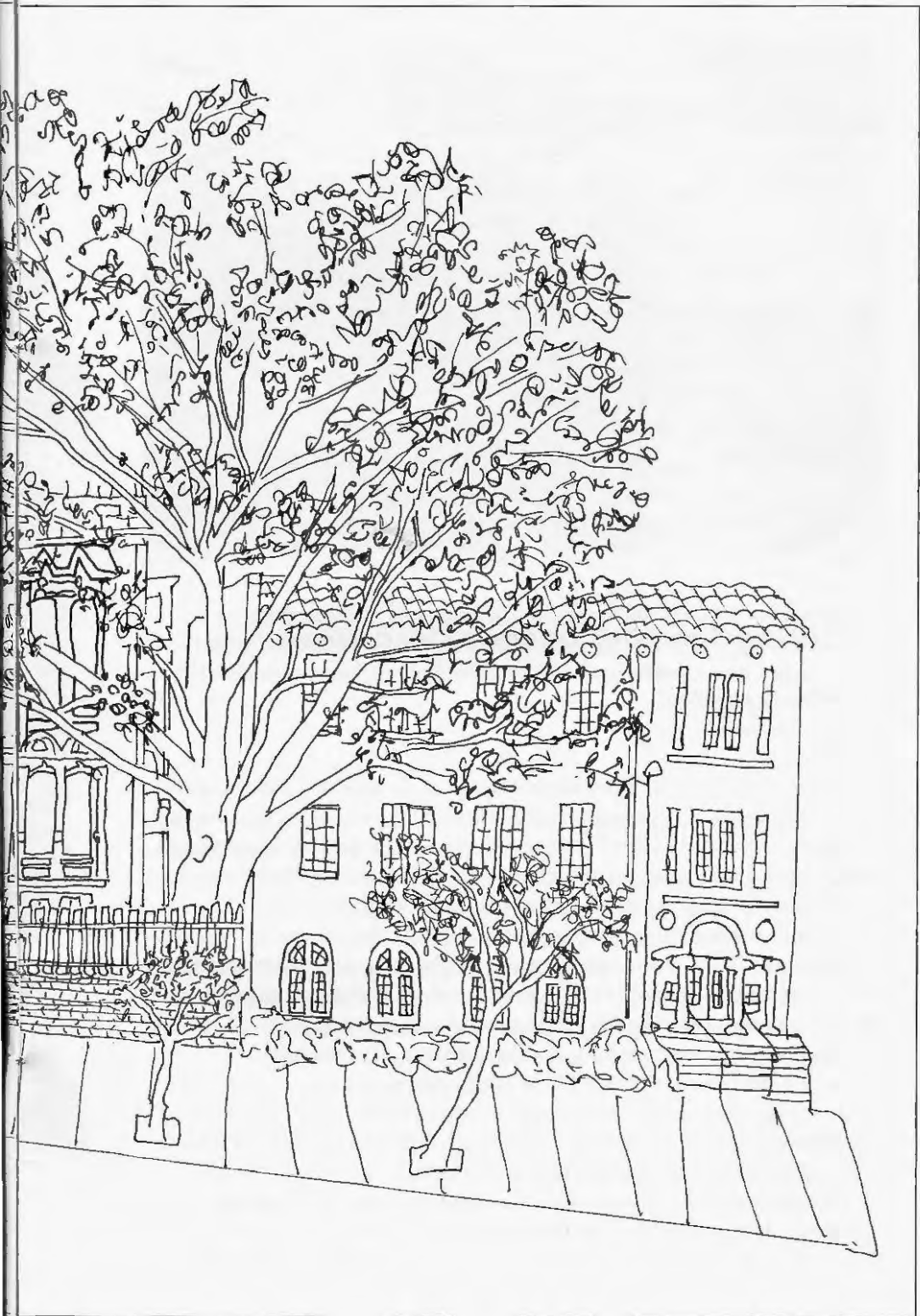
In 1925 Julia Morgan, famous California architect, built Emanu-El Residence Club for Girls next door at 300 Page Street, which in 1969 became the San Francisco Zen Center.

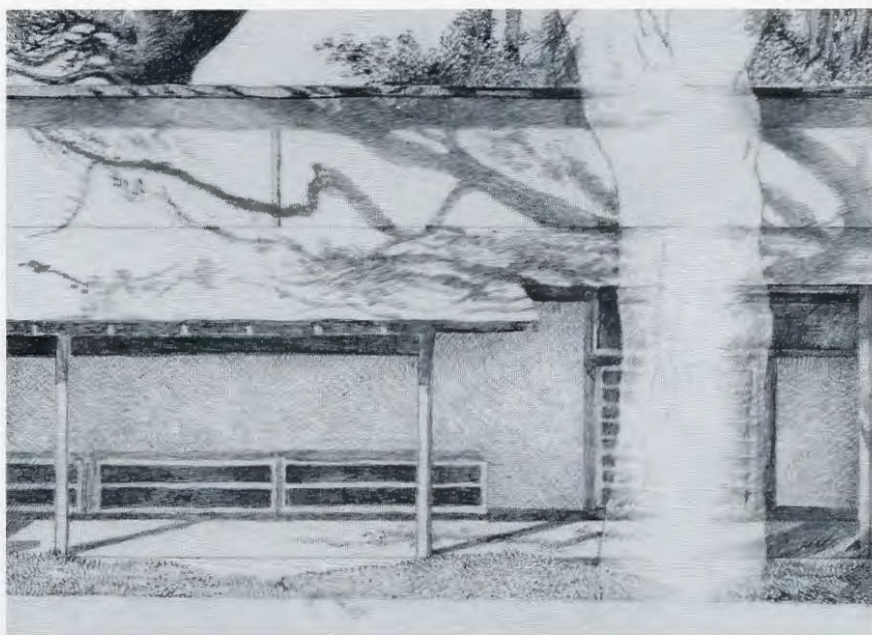
The rubber tree grew stronger and taller during this time with six large trunks extending in every direction. The first was cut as it protruded on the front of the Plum's house. Other large trunks lifted up and over a wooden fence, extending out over Page Street and covering one third of the front facade of Zen Center. Birds of all kinds flocked to its branches and residents enjoyed the shade of a jungle forest.

On a warm windless day in November 1993, the huge limb extending along the front of Zen Center gave over to its weight and crashed to the ground with a mighty roar. Although the tree was pruned and cut back, fate would have it that in this most recent November storm another limb came crashing through the fence and to the street.

On Sunday November 12, 1995 large cranes and trucks blocked half of Page Street, as workers suspended from pulleys over the top branches began to dismantle this giant, beloved tree. It was a very sad day. Zen Center had a memorial ceremony for the tree on Friday, December 29, 1995. We will miss its beauty and majesty and revel in the memories it brought to our neighborhood.







Sitting Together Under a Dead Tree

Wendy Johnson

There is a beautiful story about Shakyamuni Buddha that Katagiri Roshi told us which I cannot forget. There was a time in India, long ago, when diplomatic relations failed between the neighboring countries of Magadha and Kapilivatthu, where the Shakya clan of the Buddha lived.

When the Shakya people realized that the king of Magadha was planning to attack them, they implored the Buddha to step forward and make peace. The Buddha agreed. Although he proposed peace in many ways, the king of Magadha could not hear the Buddha. His mind would not stop burning and finally he decided to attack.

Shakyamuni Buddha went out by himself and sat in meditation under a dead tree on the side of the road leading to Kapilivatthu. The king of Magadha passed along the road with his army and saw the Buddha sitting under the dead tree in the full blast of the sun. So the king asked, "Why do you sit under this dead tree?" The Buddha answered the king very calmly, "I feel cool, even under this dead tree, because it is growing near my native country." This answer pierced the heart of the king and he returned to his country with his army. Later



this same king was incited to war and his army destroyed Kapilivatthu. Shakyamuni Buddha stood by and watched his native land be destroyed.

There are two points to this story. First, real peace is not a matter of discussion. This is why Shakyamuni Buddha sat in meditation under the dead tree, thoroughly at peace, "merging with real peace beyond the idea of peace or no peace," Katagiri Roshi used to say. The second point is that no matter how long we emphasize the need for real peace to all beings, not everyone will accept our peace. To approach real peace requires a strong vow, a vow with deep roots, a vow that cannot be shaken, like the dead tree under which the Buddha sat, no matter what.

This winter at Green Gulch Farm we lost two of our great teachers, the Coast Live Oak tree that grew in front of the office and the giant Monterey Pine growing by the zendo door and shading our barn meditation hall. Both of these trees were weakened by damage and disease. During the winter rohatsu sesshin, some of us practiced night sitting under the shelter of these deep-rooted ones, feeling the real peace that welled up from their dark pool of roots.

In 1990, to celebrate the 20th anniversary of Earth Day, we had a special ceremony for our Coast Live Oak tree. Following the inspiration of the forest monks of Thailand who have given ordination to their oldest and most venerable trees to protect those trees from the devastation of clear-cutting, we had an ordination ceremony at Green Gulch for the Coast Live Oak. Tenshin Reb Anderson, as abbot of Zen Center,



ordained our cracked-open oak tree and gave it the dharma name "Great Bodhisattva Precepts Tree," while a group of 100 or more of us joined in chanting and circumambulating the grand oak at the center of Green Gulch.

This spring the oak and the pine are gone from our landscape. The oak toppled over in the hurricane-force winds of early December that left west Marin without electrical power for more than a week. And the massive Monterey Pine by the door of the meditation hall was removed this March, killed by bark beetles and other disease.

We celebrated the passage of these noble ones with sadness and regret. When I walk to zazen in the early dawn, way before the rising of the light, I can still hear the voice of the oak tree in the sound of the ocean traveling across the swept open landscape of Green Gulch. And when we sit in the zendo in the early autumn, captive audience to the delighted cries and coos of the blue jays as they peck open the oil-rich seeds of Monterey Pine on the old roof above our heads, I am sure that these seeds come from the roots of trees of real peace, from those trees that shelter and nourish our practice, lifetime after lifetime.

In the garden we have planted local acorns of the Coast Live Oak and some fat seeds of the zendo Monterey Pine. The oak seedling is eight inches high, covered with the downy bloom of vigor on its spring leaves. The pine is growing vigorously, waiting to be planted. I dream that as we work to plant the garden around the tea house, these new trees will stand sentry as the wild fringe where the cultivated field of our practice runs into the old landscape of real, inexhaustible peace.

Right There Where You're Standing

A Dharma Talk by Zenkei Blanche Hartman

Good morning. I mentioned to you the dream I had just before the Mountain Seat ceremony in which, just as I was preparing to appear before a large assembly, all the clothing underneath my robe began to disappear so that when it was time to appear, I was wearing nothing but the robe. One interpretation I gave to the dream before the ceremony was about being completely exposed. Then someone suggested that I was not completely exposed because there was still the robe and that maybe I was hiding something behind the robe. And someone else had another interpretation: perhaps I had come to the point in my life where I had no other business except to wear this robe—that all the other layers of clothing or roles or identities had dissolved and there was only this one. Then talking about the difficulty I have in . . . how to teach, I thought of this dream again and saw another possible interpretation. The robe which is given to me in the ceremony is a nine jo kesa—a teaching robe. Giving me this robe and asking me to wear it is asking me to make more of an attempt to teach. This dream seems to have many possibilities . . .

I often don't remember my dreams, but today there is a second dream I'd like to recollect for you. I was at Green Gulch and I was supposed to be giving a lecture. I was going over to the main house, where the dining room and the kitchen are, looking for someone who was upstairs. I couldn't find the entrance. I was circling around and it got very convoluted—there were other houses there and all of the houses were sort of on a cliff by the ocean. I was in a "you can't get there from here" kind of place. Coming to this impenetrable stone wall, I said, "Oh gee, I better go back around the other way." Someone at that point came out on their porch and said, "You can scramble." And I said, "What, up that impenetrable wall?" And she said, "No, right where you're standing." I looked, and right where I was standing there was a hole in the wall, and on the other side was the entrance I was looking for.

There's an old story about a sailing vessel off the coast of Brazil. The crew had run out of fresh water and when they spotted another vessel they signaled to them to please come and meet them, that they were out of fresh water, which is a very dangerous thing on the ocean. They were out of sight of land. And so they signaled, "We need water. We'll send some boats over." And they got back the signal, "Put down your buckets where you are." Although they were out of sight of land, they were

where the Amazon River empties into the ocean. It's such a massive river that even out of sight of land, there is still fresh water.

So, "put down your buckets where you are." Our practice and our realization is right where we are. There is nothing missing right here. In one of the enlightenment stories in the *Dentoroku* (Transmission of Light), the stories that Keizan Zenji compiled of the enlightenment experiences or koans related to each of the ancestors of the Soto lineage, there is one I want to share with you from Lex Hixon's translation in *Living Buddha Zen* (Transmission #40), Tao Ying to Tao P'i:

The living Buddha Tao Ying enters the Dharma Hall and remarks to the assembled practitioners: "If you wish to attain a limitless result, you must become a limitless being. Since you already are such a being, why become anxious to bring about any such result?"

This is like Suzuki Roshi's teaching, "You're perfect just as you are" or Matsuo's "This very mind is Buddha."

So, "since you already are such a limitless being, why be anxious about such a result?" So are we practicing just to express this limitless being, or because we think we're not a limitless being? And once we discover we are a limitless being, will we continue practicing? Well, of course. That's what limitless beings do. This is Dogen Zenji's practice-enlightenment, practice-realization. This practice itself expresses the limitlessness which is our essential being.

Another one of the stories in this collection is (Transmission #37) Yao-shan to Yun-yen:

The living Buddha asks a wandering monk who appears at the monastery one day, "Where have you practiced?" The successor says, "Twenty years under Pai-chang."

"What does he teach?"

"He usually says, 'My expression contains all hundred flavors'."

"What is the total expression neither salty nor bland?" The monk hesitates to make any statement.

During this moment, the Awakened One breaks through. "If you remain even slightly hesitant, what are you going to do about the realm of birth and death that stands right here before your eyes?"

Becoming more bold, the destined successor replies, "There is no birth and there is no death."

The Master says, "Twenty years with the wonderful Pai-chang has still not freed you from habitual affirmation and habitual negation. I ask you again plainly, "What does Pai-chang teach?"

Successor: "He often remarks, 'Look beyond the three modes of looking. Understand beyond the six modes of understanding'."

Master: "That kind of instruction has no connection whatever to actual awakening. What does Pai-chang really teach?"

The successor says, "Once Master Pai-chang entered the Dharma Hall to deliver a discourse. The monks were standing expectantly in straight rows. Suddenly the sage lunged at us fiercely, swinging his large wooden staff. We scattered in every direction. In full voice he then called out, 'Oh monks!' Heads turned and eyes looked and Pai-chang asked gently, 'What is it? What is it?'"

The Master says, "Thanks to your kindness today, I have finally been able to come face to face with my marvelous brother Pai-chang."

In his commentary, Lex Hixon says:

Yun-yen is not merely repeating his master's words. He has realized the spirit of Pai-chang's teachings which he reports carefully to the Awakened One. Hesitating at first to make any statement at all that would limit the richness of what he has received, only the non-teaching "What is it? What is it?" has Yun-yen overlooked. Why? Because it is more subtle than the subtle, more essential than the essential. Under the relentless probing of Buddha Yao-shan, the submerged memory of this non-teaching arises from early in his discipleship. Remembering the fierce swinging of the wooden staff, Yun-yen has suddenly become sensitive again to the dangerous realm of birth and death, which from an absolute point of view, he has mistakenly dismissed. "What is it? What is it?" Spoken twice, almost in a whisper, clears away both absolute and relative. This is what our ancient Japanese guide calls "releasing the handhold on the rockface and leaping from the precipice."

This question comes up again and again throughout Zen history. This is what Seppo (Hsueh-Feng) asked the monks who came to his gate: "What is it?" And what Yun-men said: "What's the matter with you?" What is the business that brings us here?"

Please investigate this: "What is it?" "What is it you're doing here?" I don't ask you to look for the words for it. Words are secondary. I want you to find the feel of it. I want you to find the fire of it. I want you to touch the source of your life force, to feel the joy and the love that can come from living from the source of your being. This is taking refuge: to throw yourself completely into the aliveness of your life. It's pretty risky. You could lose yourself. There's nothing to hold onto.

In the onrushing, kaleidoscopic chaos of our life there is nothing substantial to hold onto. Arising moment after moment after moment, we can't identify with any of it. It arises and passes away. In the midst of the openness of this question, "What? . . . What? . . . What? . . ." When you touch that really open place, let it enlarge, let it expand, let it explode your limited view of a substantial separate self and allow you to experience the boundlessness of your being. Seeing yourself in everything. This is Tung-shan's "It's like facing the jewel mirror . . . form and image behold each other. You are not it. It actually is you." This doesn't mean that when he saw his reflection in the stream, that he saw that his *reflection* was him. It meant that the water was him, the rocks were him, everything . . . the onrushing stream was not separate from himself. Wherever he looked was a jeweled mirror. Whatever he saw was not separate.

This is awakening to the totality of who you are and what you are. It's not that you disappear. You are you and you are everything, simultaneously. The relative and absolute intermingle and interpenetrate, as we chanted this morning in "Merging of Difference and Unity." You are you *and* you are not separate from anything.

It begins with breath. Just breathing in and breathing out. What is inside, what is outside? Following your breath in your hara, deep at the bottom of your belly, let it out all the way . . . let it go completely. Just exhale and don't worry about the inhale. The exhale will become an inhale, of its own. Trust it. There, at the bottom of your breath, between exhale and inhale, is a very quiet moment. Stay right there. Be with whatever arises, right there.

So returning to Tung-shan and his realization, *Living Buddha Zen* mentions:

When Tung-shan was leaving Yun-yen he said, "In the future, when you are gone and people ask me about your teachings, what shall I say?" Yun-yen pauses imperceptibly and then softly says, "Just this. Just this." At this moment, the successor hesitates. The old sage perceives it and warmly encourages Tung-shan. "You must be extremely careful and thorough in realizing just this."

Traveling on foot through green mountains, pondering just this, Buddha Tung-shan, while wading across a stream, suddenly perceives the reflection of his own face in the swiftly flowing water. His subtle hesitation evaporates and he is now prepared to accomplish the transmission of light. He sings in quiet ecstasy, "Why seek mind somewhere else? Wandering freely, I meet my own true nature everywhere, through all phenomena. I cannot become it for it is already me."



Tassajara residents Arlene Palmer and Daigan David Lueck were married in a ceremony there on Valentine's Day.

This affirmation that we're already complete pervades the teaching of our school. It is the fundamental teaching of our school. Yet each one of us must investigate it for ourselves. Each one of us must explore, "What? What can it mean?" Buddha from the beginning. Dogen Zenji's question was: If we're Buddha from the beginning, why do we need to practice? It was a consuming question for him. He pursued it through practice. Through zazen. Through sitting and attending to breath. Through becoming completely intimate with his innermost request.

Someone brought up Case 42 from the *Dentoroku*, Kuan-chih to Yuan-kuan (Doan Kanshi to Ryozan Inkan):

The destined successor, background unknown, is functioning as attendant to the living Buddha, carrying his ceremonial robe. As they stand together in the Dharma Hall, the attendant opens for the Master this venerable patchwork robe. The old sage turns and whispers, "What is really going on beneath this robe?"

The successor, deeply prepared for the transmission of light, remains poised in silence. Intensely, the master continues to whisper, "To study and practice the Buddha way without reaching what is beneath the robe creates the greatest pain. Please ask me the question."

The successor repeats the sage's words, "What is really going on beneath this robe?"

With almost no sound, the Zen Master responds, "Deep intimacy." Immediately the successor awakens, places the ceremonial robe over the shoulders of his master, and performs three prostrations of gratitude, abundant tears soaking his own upper robe.

Master: "You have now greatly awakened, but can you express it?"

Successor: "Yes."

Master: "What is going on beneath this robe of transmission?"

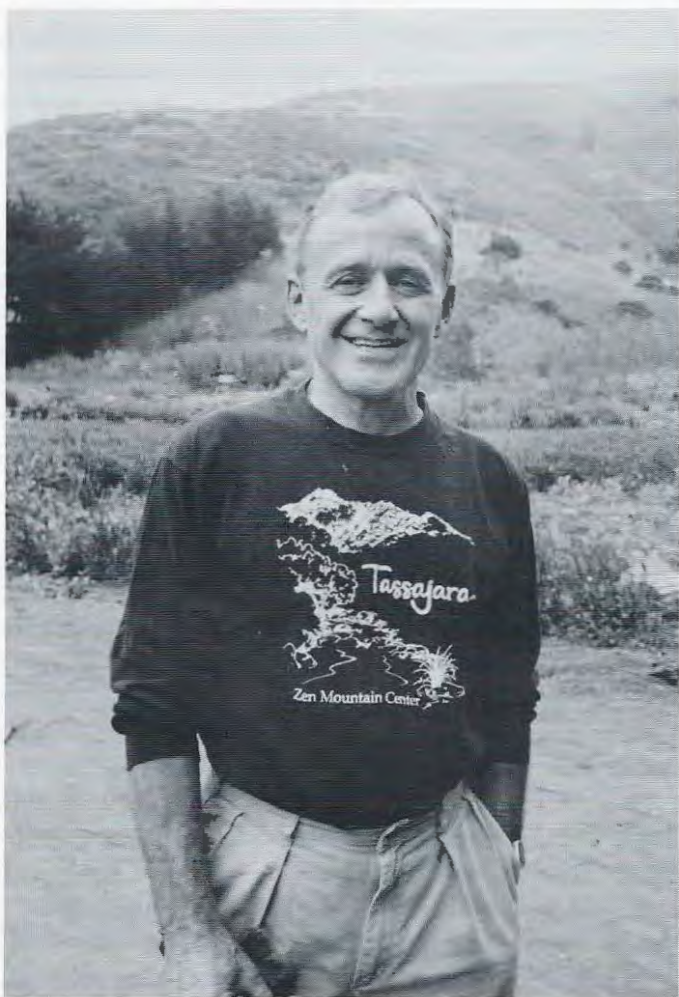
Successor: "Deep intimacy."

Master: "And even deeper intimacy."

What is this intimacy? It begins with yourself . . . becoming completely intimate with yourself. Through this intimacy with yourself, the possibility of being intimate with another arises. Because he was so intimate with himself, Suzuki Roshi could meet me completely when I bowed to him, and jump up and bow back to me, before I even knew it. When I was remembering that moment, I had this deep pain, wondering: Will I ever be able to meet anyone as completely as he met me?

Wearing this robe without settling the great matter is indeed the most painful thing. Yet the *Hshin Hshin Ming* says, "One in all, all in one. If only this is realized, no more worry about not being perfect."

Please stay close to your breath; stay close to just this one, as it is. You will find everything you need right here in this moment.



Gerald Anthony Fuller, 1934–1996

Meiya Wender

Our beloved Dharma brother and companion in the Way of Tea Jerry Fuller died peacefully at his home at Green Gulch at 1:40 P.M. Monday, April 22, 1996.

Jerry was diagnosed with lymphoma in August 1995. In February of this year he completed a course of chemotherapy with apparent success. However, he had a recurrence of cancer in early March.

Jerry was born May 11, 1934 in Chicago, Illinois. He lived simply. He loved the mountains and was a life-long rock climbing adept and skier.

He was one of the earliest students of Shunryu Suzuki Roshi, the founder of Zen Center, and was a dedicated practitioner of Zen Buddhism for over 30 years.

He faithfully served the Zen Center community over the years in many capacities. He was skilled in the art of Japanese joinery and worked on the carpentry crew which built the Guest House, Wheelwright Center, Tassajara zendo and Greens restaurant. He served as *Imo*, head of the Green Gulch meditation hall, from September 1995 to December 1995.

Jerry studied chanoyu, the Japanese Tea Ceremony with Nakamura Sensei at Green Gulch and then went to Kyoto for three years to study at the Urasenke Foundation there. On his return to Green Gulch in 1992, he began to teach tea and offer tea events to the public. He was completely devoted to the Way of Tea and provided an unflagging energy in our efforts to develop a tea program here.

His great dream was to make a tea garden for the tea house. We talked about this project for many years, drew up preliminary plans, and even held some tea gatherings to begin to raise funds. Five days before his death, Jerry was able to get up from his bed to attend an important planning meeting, and he asked that a bush or stone from Tassajara be placed in his memory, just outside the garden.

On Monday, April 22, the end was clearly near. Jerry's mother Emma Fuller, his sister Francine McHugh, many old friends, rock climbing buddies, carpenters, tea practitioners and Dharma friends arrived at Green Gulch in time to sit with him and say good-bye. Five minutes before the Bonsho Bell calling people to the Tea Garden Ground Opening Ceremony was to begin, surrounded by those who loved him, Jerry peacefully passed away. After the bell was rung 108 times, the ceremony was held.

A Crossing Over Ceremony for Jerry was held at Green Gulch on Saturday, April 27, presided over by Senior Dharma Teacher Reb Anderson. During the ceremony, an offering bowl of koicha, thick green tea, was made by Christy Bartlett, Jerry's teacher and Director of the Northern California Branch of the Urasenke Foundation.

A 49th day memorial ceremony was held Monday, June 10. The ashes interment and 100th day ceremony will be August 1.

Donations in Jerry's memory may be made to the Green Gulch Tea Garden c/o Green Gulch Farm, 1601 Shoreline Highway, Sausalito, California 94965.

The following are some of Jerry Fuller's last teachings . . .

Not Yet, Issan
by Fu Schroeder

A few days before Jerry died I went to visit. I had recently shaved my head (after not doing so for many years) and when I entered his room he was visibly startled and then he said, "Oh, it's you, Fu." We talked awhile and then he told me that when I first came into his room he could only see my outline backlit in the doorway, and he thought it was Issan. He said to himself, "I'm not ready yet Issan!" We laughed and then I said I didn't think I'd every be ready, I love life too much. He replied, "It's okay, life is lovable."

Get it Together, Fu
by Fu Schroeder

Wanting to show how much we all cared for him, I set about raising money within the community for the Tea Garden which Jerry so much wanted us to create. In a few days over \$10,000 was pledged by Jerry's friends and students. I copied out the names on the Zen Center phone list, adding to it the names of other donors, and took it to Jerry the day before he died. He was alert, peaceful and strong. I gave him the card and he asked me to read it to him. As I went down the list of names he said, "Read slowly." As I did so I began to cry. Jerry slapped his bed covers loudly three times and said, "Get it together, Fu." With great effort I did and continued reading the names. He then said, "Who's responsible for this?" I answered, "We all are." He looked very stern and asked again, "Who is responsible for this?" I hesitated and replied, "I am." He smiled.

"Osakini"
by Pat Leonetti

Nearing the end of our time together, the evening before he died, Jerry motioned for me to come closer, and he whispered, "*Osakini*" (please excuse me for going first)—an expression used often in the Way of Tea.) This was very touching and exemplifies how gracefully Jerry moved through the last days of his life.

Related Zen Centers

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

Centers with Daily Meditation

WITHIN CALIFORNIA

Berkeley Zen Center, 1931 Russell St, Berkeley 94703, 510/845-2403. Sojun Mei Weitsman, Abbot.

Dharma Eye Zen Center, 333 Bayview St, San Rafael 94901. Mon–Fri 5:15 A.M. zazen and service; Monday 7:30–9:30 P.M. zazen, tea and discussion; Sunday 7:15 A.M. zazen and service; first Sunday each month half-day sitting 7 A.M.–noon. Contact Steve Stucky, 415/258-0802.

Hartford Street Zen Center, 57 Hartford St, San Francisco 94114, 415/863-2507. Zenshin Philip Whalen, Abbot.

Jikoji, in the Santa Cruz Mountains near Saratoga, 408/741-9562. Ryan Brandenburg, Director.

Kannon Do Zen Center, 292 College Ave, Mountain View 94040, 415/903-1935. Keido Les Kaye, Abbot.

Santa Cruz Zen Center, 113 School St, Santa Cruz 95060. 408/457-0206. Wednesday zazen 7:10 P.M., lecture/discussion 8 P.M. Katherine Thanas, teacher, 408/426-3847.

Sonoma Mountain Zen Center, 6367 Sonoma Mountain Rd., Santa Rosa 95404, 707/545-8105. Jakusho Kwong, Abbot.

OUTSIDE CALIFORNIA

Chapel Hill Zen Group: Use mailing address to request information—P.O. Box 16302, Chapel Hill NC 27516; meeting location, 5322 NC Hwy 86, Chapel Hill NC 27514; 919/967-0861. Patricia Phelan, teacher.

Hoko-ji, Taos NM, 505/776-5712. Kobun Chino, Abbot.

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

Nebraska Zen Center, 3625 Lafayette Ave, Omaha NE 68131-0566, 402/551-9035. Nonin Chowaney, teacher.

One Pine Hall Zazen Group, zazen and kinhin M, W, and F, 6:30–7:30 A.M. Contact Robby Ryuzen Pellett, 206/298-3710. Need to bring own cushions.

Weekly Meditation Groups

WITHIN CALIFORNIA

Bolinas Sitting Group, St. Aidan's Episcopal Church, 30 Brighton Ave, Bolinas, 415/458-8856 or 415/868-1931. Thursday 7:30–9 P.M. Led by Taigen Leighton.

Modesto Sitting Group, 501 N. Thor, Turlock 95380, 209/634-2172.

Kern takes his turn at giving a student talk at Tassajara during the fall 1995 practice period



Monterey Bay Zen Center, Cherry Foundation, 4th and Guadalupe, Carmel 93924. Tuesdays 6:30 P.M. Katherine Thanas, teacher. Contact Robert Reese, 408/624-7491.

North Peninsula Zen Group, St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, 1600 Santa Lucia Ave, San Bruno. Meets Thursday evenings 7:30-9 P.M. Contact Barbara Wenger, 415/431-8112.

Occidental Sitting Group, 3535 Hillcrest, Occidental 95465. Wednesday evenings and last Saturday of each month. Contact Bruce or Chris Fortin, 707/874-2274.

Orinda Zazen Circle, 88 El Toyonal, Orinda 94563. 1st and 3rd Sundays 9-11 A.M. Contact Fran or Al Tribe, 510/253-9125 before 9 P.M.

Peninsula Sitting Group, Skyline at Hwy 84. Wednesday 8:30 P.M., Tuesday and Friday 6 A.M. followed by service. Contact Kathy Haimson for directions, 415/851-7023.

Thursday Night Sitting Group, Marin Unitarian-Universalist Fellowship, 240 Channing Way, San Rafael. Thursdays 7-9 P.M. Contact Ed Brown, 415/669-1479 or U.U. Fellowship, 415/497-4131.

Tai Mountain, 1622 Anacapa St, Santa Barbara, 805/957-9131. Wednesday 7-9 P.M. zazen, kinhin, lecture and discussion.

Topanga Zen Group, 310/455-9404, contact Peter Levitt.

OUTSIDE CALIFORNIA

Eugene Zen Practice Group, 1515 Hayes, Eugene OR 97402. Wednesday mornings. Contact Gary McNabb, 503/343-2525.

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Zen Center is comprised of three practice places: the City Center, Green Gulch Farm, and Tassajara Zen Mountain Center. The City Center and Green Gulch Farm offer a regular schedule of public sittings, lectures, and classes, as well as one-day, five-day, and seven-day sittings and practice periods of three weeks to three months. Guest student programs are also available.

Information may be obtained from the Zen Center, 300 Page St, San Francisco, CA 94102, (415) 863-3136, or from Green Gulch Farm, 1601 Shoreline Hwy, Sausalito, CA 94965, (415) 332-5215.

Tassajara Zen Mountain Center usually offers two three-month practice periods: September to December and January to April, when the Center is closed to visitors. During the Guest Season in the summer months, visitors may come as guests or as students. For more information on the opportunities available, please contact the office in San Francisco.

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