

ZEN NOTES



INSIDE THE FZI

To acquaint you with the inner workings of the First Zen Institute of America, Inc., which is my purpose, I'm jumping in, plop, right here, in the year of its beginning.

In 1930, Ruth Sasaki, then Mrs. Edward Warren Everett, visited Japan with her husband, a prominent Chicago attorney whose health was failing. He is first on the left in the photo taken by R. Morishima of Gifu. Ruth is the third person. I don't know the others.

In Kyoto, she met Professor and Mrs. Suzuki through an introduction brought from a friend, Dr. William M. McGovern. At that time, Dr. Suzuki advised her that if she wished to study Zen, as she told him she did, she should do it in Japan. He himself instructed her in sitting, so she could practice at home.

Two years later, Dr. Suzuki introduced her to Nanshinken, the Roshi of Nanzenji, one of the large Zen temples in Kyoto, where, beginning in March of that year, she practiced meditation for three and a half months. After about three weeks, she was permitted by the monks to take part every evening from seven or six until nine-thirty during the remainder of her stay. (See ZN/ XIV/12, XV/1 for details.) Her daughter Eleanor was with her.

Parallel to Mrs. Everett's Zen study and sometimes overshadowing it was her career in the world of books. According to a statement made to Sokei-an, the Hinsdale bookshop she opened in the 30's, Swan House, had been gone into with an idea to improve flagging finances. Though the Everetts had had a really large income at one time, this was now depleted because of Mr. Everett's illness.

Her acquaintance with Sokei-an came about in the early 30's. In 1932, Dr. Dwight Goddard wrote the following letter to her. (It is exactly as typed by him except for typographical errors corrected, some by him, in pencil.)

Union Village, Thetford, Vermont

November 5, 1932

My dear Mrs. Everett:

Your long and very friendly letter took me by surprise because I had not expected nor did I deserve so great a favor. It is needless to say that it gave me a very great pleasure to learn all about your experiences in Kyoto. I thank you sincerely for giving me so much of your time when there must be many demands upon it.

Above all I wanted to know your reaction to the all important practice of dhyana, and when I learned of the measure of your faithfulness to it and of your self control, I was greatly humiliated. You were able to devote yourself to it far more than I was able, and of course profited far more from it than I. How could you do it? All my life I have been a manager and engineer with great responsibilities, and

every moment of the working hours was taken up with a constant succession of problems, that must be thought out and always there was interruptions by reason of which my attention was distracted and diverted continually. Then by nature I was a day-dreamer, and all my leisure hours day and night my poor mind was skipping from one delectable and fascinating dream to another. So when I came to za-zen with its necessary mind-control and fixity of attention on 'emptiness', and the exclusion of thinking, and the development of a new faculty of intuition, I found myself almost helpless. My mind would think of a thousand vagrant things in spite of an honest purpose not to. Even today after three years of effort, I can hardly do it at all. My only comfort is the thought that there will be many incarnations and every fraction of an inch gain will accumulate to the far off perfect realisation. And so I try again--and again.

But with you, you seem to have taken to it quite naturally and have gained, or rather attained, more in months than I have in years. I humbly feel like saying: 'When you come into your Kingdom, remember me in pity.' It was far easier when in the company of the brothers, and they were very considerate of me after they were convinced that I meant well, but I noticed that they were better pleased if I practiced off by myself, I think I disturbed them by my unconscious breathing and nervous restlessness. So I more and more practiced off by myself, and it was very hard. I still keep it up, rising at daybreak for a half hour, and again at four in the afternoon. I did try a third period in the evening but found that I became so sleepy that it was useless. I know I am doing it far better than I did, but only for very brief moments. I have now committed to memory my 'Refuge', the short Prajna-paramita, and the mealtime sutra, this was quite a feat for me because I always had a very poor memory, but these became fixed in mind very quickly and has given me renewed confidence. I am not worthy of your help, but if you think of any simple way to help me and care to, Please help me. I come nearest the ideal dhyana, when I repeat: THERE IS DHYANA. Then for a moment my mind is quiet and is truly one with All, but only for so brief a time. I can repeat for a few times and then I am absorbed in some petty thoughts or fancy. Fortunately, I am a good Zen and do not change my faith because it is hard and unrewarding, but I do feel badly that I do it so poorly.

Another thing that discouraged me was my inability to understand the Master in san-sen. I could see that he was trying to help me, and I wanted, O so much to receive his help, but it had to come through a translator and its potency was gone. Once I asked Professor Suzuki, if he would be my Roshi, so that I might receive instructions direct, but he did not want to do so unconventional a thing. I am sure he would be a better Roshi than one whose instruction comes through a translator.

Another thing that I honestly want your help. Since publishing

the books,I have received through letters and through not receiving letters that I have displeased Mrs. Suzuki,if not Professor Suzuki also. I have tried very hard to be loyal to him,perhaps I have not tried so hard to please Mrs. S. because I felt that if I was to please her I must give up all my own ideas and selfness;but I do want to please Dr. Suzuki. Do you know what the situation is in their minds? and can you make any suggestions as to what I better do under the circumstances.

I was greatly interested in your reference to next year. I think it is wonderful that you can arrange to return to Kyoto next year,and in such a purposeful spirit;I have already begun to dream of returning there also. My friend Joji Morimoto,is a Brother Lawrence type of monk,who is a graduate of the Tokio University in Philosophy. He can read English very well but is awkward in speaking, but is very anxious to do some Zen translation. He is not a regular monk but for twenty years has been faithfully practicing za-zen under different Roshis until now he knows more than most Roshis. Of late he has thought more of 'taking orders' and becoming a regular monk and Roshi. At present he is staying at a small temple somewhere back of Myoshin-ji. I think it is the temple with that wonderful rock garden--The tiger and her cubs crossing the river. I have written him that if he will arrange a comfortably *warm* room for next winter I will come out and help him in this translation work he has in mind. I would like to help Prof. Suzuki, but as above I am not sure my assistance would be any longer welcome. That is part of the reason why I would like to know his mind toward me,since the books are out.

I am sending you a copy of the second edition of THE GOLDEN PATH as you request. You are quite welcome to it, but if you would feel better to pay you can send me a dollar some day. The books and magazines are very much appreciated by a rather small number in America and all over the world, but the general sale is almost negligible. There is simply no interest in Buddhism in America outside of Theosophical circles, and not very deep there. I shall try to place five hundred copies in libraries, public and college, this winter, they will be accessible there at least. But it is not quantity that we are to expect at this stage; it is sufficient if a very few gain a measure of enlightenment. It is ours to radiate the Dharma humbly, zealously and patiently, leaving results to the Tathagatas.

Please, Mrs. Everett, do not feel burdened with any immediate answer to this letter. I am completely happy now that you have written, but if later on when you have more leisure you can 'put me wise' as to my attitude toward the Suzukiz, I will be very grateful to you.

Yours sincerely,

Dwight Goodard

I thank you heartily for the photos.

Regarding the "diary" of Roshi Jiyu Kennett (*The Wild, White Goose*, published by Shasta Abbey, Box 478, Mt. Shasta, CA. 96067) I was struck by a passage in the second volume (p. 121) which reports a conversation she had with the Director of the monastery in which she took her training. All of it is interesting, but I shall quote only a few lines of particular interest. She says:

"I am doing that which has to be done."

"Correct (he said). That is the way in which the koan always has to be handled... But it is after Transmission that the *real* koan really appears. The problem with Rinzhai-ists is that they believe that once they have solved the three-hundred odd real (as they call it) koans that other people have solved then they are fully enlightened. But they have never, in most cases, learned how to deal with, solve, their own *real* koan. That is the problem with Rinzhai..."

Here comes the sentence I want to call to your attention:

"In many respects (the Director continued) to be able to stay completely sane when everybody else is acting insanely around you is the greatest and most important sign of enlightenment..."

Remind you of anything? To me it sounds like the opening and closing lines of that old Rudyard Kipling's "If". I always abbreviate to the title to remind wobbling members to cool it.*

And, by the way, a recent movie on the FBI had a scene in which J. Edgar Hoover is telling someone how that same poem had been the touchstone of his life since it had been taught him by his mother.

The picture of a woman's ordeal in a Soto monastery is not an attractive one but it should be required reading for anyone seeking a professional career in Buddhism. Problems about money, sex and politics are by no means eliminated by the addition of the word religious to the title of any organization. Buddhism is no exception. The last words of the Director in the abovementioned conversation are also noteworthy:

"It is good that a Zen master retains human thoughts. Too many of them go off the rails and become isolated, icy-cold, hermits almost, distant stars to be worshipped because they enjoy the worship, because they are afraid to let it be known that they are still human. The true Zen master is a very *human being*."

* "If you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs, ... You'll be a man, my son."

OF NOTE

In order to maintain our present subscription price of US \$3, outside USA US\$4, we have clipped the cost of ZN to a new low.

We very much appreciate the many additional donations (ranging from \$1 to \$1000) to help defray our greatly increased expenses last year and hope you will continue to favor us in this way as it is your interest that encourages us to keep reaching out to you.

Please note that among our economies are: not sending receipts unless requested; sending the small renewal slips instead of bills, and using these same slips when sending samples to persons who might like to become new subscribers. Do please reply to these modest reminders with a check or whatever if you wish to receive Zen Notes. We do send them free to organizations requesting same.

The few announcements we make are included in Zen Notes if we believe they will reach you in time to be useful. To send out notices first class ruins our budget, though we do sometimes have to do it. To be put on our mailing list means you will receive Zen Notes. Associate members, or those who have paid \$5 for a year's subscription or people who have attended several sesshins are specially notified of sesshins if they so request.

We mean to answer all letters but we aren't making it as promptly as we'd like, especially if they require research. If you enclose a stamped envelope or postage, this may speed replying.

As every inch of space is usually accounted for in Zen Notes, we rarely accept articles, but items of notable interest do find their way into our pages at times. We'd like to include regular book reviews but rarely get to it soon enough to be of value to authors. We don't usually report works that are in the popular market.

We have been obliged to cut down our mail order booklist as increasing prices and postage eat up our non-profit. Our next booklist will pretty much finish up any old-priced stock.

CORRECTIONS

Joshu Sasaki will *not* be here for a Sesshin Oct. 9-15, as scheduled. The Sesshin is now scheduled for Oct. 2-8. The Beech Hill Pond Sesshin has been cancelled.

The title of ANTONY TUDOR'S ballet listed first on the program July 4, 1980 was "The Tiller in the Field", not as we had it.

OBITUARY

The latest issue of "Zen Culture" (in Japanese) reports on the life, ended at 90 of Hōseki Shinichi Hisamatsu, the well-known aesthete and the leading disciple of Kitaro Nishida. For a report of his visit to the FZI in 1958 and a brief on his viewpoint, see ZN V/3 (1958).

THE GREAT SIXTH PATRIARCH'S TEACHING, Chapter III

Behold it before your eyes. Do you see it or not? (Referring to the Western heaven) Bowing, the multitude said: "If we could see it immediately here, why should we supplicate the Buddha for our birth in Heaven? O Osbo, we entreat you, out of your benevolence, to reveal to us the Western heaven, that we may see it!"

The Master said to the multitude: "Your physical body is a castle. Your eyes, ears, nose and tongue are the gates thereof. There are five gates outside and inside there is one gate of mind. The soul (hsin) is the earth. Nature (hsing) is the king. The king dwells upon the earth of soul.

SOKEI-AN SAYS

Now, in this very moment, said the Sixth Patriarch. If you wish to move into the Western heaven, watch your step! We shall move right now. Behold it now before your eyes. Look at it here. Don't look at it in the sky or on the earth. Look at it in front of you. This is as when Rinzai said to his followers: "Do you want to meet the Patriarch, the Buddha? He is none other than you who stand before me listening to my talk." (The interpretation used in *Zen Dust* is interpolated here. MF) Here the Sixth Patriarch called it the Western heaven.

If you try to see *this*, it is not in any name, whether you call it heaven or hell. Neither is it God nor Buddha, man nor demons. If you try to look at *this*, to right or left, in front or in back, you cannot find it. And if you try to find it inside or outside, you will also fail to find it. To find it is as hard as for a sharp sword to try to cut itself. It can cut something else, but not itself. It is as if a candle flame tries to burn itself: it can burn something--my finger, this handkerchief--but it cannot burn itself. A mirror takes the reflection of all existence, but it cannot mirror itself. So when the human mind tries to find something outside itself, it also fails to find itself. Therefore, the Sixth Patriarch said: "Look at it immediately before your eyes and you can see it."

Failing to find it outside yourself, you try to find it in the name of something, and you fail again. The true teacher is not outside of you. Nor can you find it inside you, for there is no inside. What do you mean when you say "inside?" Inside your stomach? Inside your brain? The inside of the brain is just like the inside of a radio. Perhaps the sound comes from the inside of a radio, but the waves, the cause of the sound, is not there. The vibration is not there. So too, the cause of your self is not inside you. Fire is not always in the candle flame; something comes from the outside to feed the flame and it appears here.

Do not think that consciousness is like a telephone operator, always sitting on a chair in your brain. If you seek it inside or outside, you may find the waves of consciousness but you cannot find any function of consciousness. It is like trying to catch a fish in the

water. If you try to catch it in front of you, it appears in back of you and vice versa. It is very hard to catch. In an airplane, you can see in almost all directions, but there is one blind spot; you cannot see the tail of the plane. When you try to find your own being, you cannot find it because it is your blind spot. Do you wish to see it?

Ananda was a disciple of the Buddha, an attendant. After the Buddha's death, Mahakashyapa transmitted the Buddha's secret message to Ananda. Until that time, Ananda couldn't awaken to the Buddha's enlightenment. Ananda questioned Mahakashyapa: "The Buddha transmitted to you his robe and bowl, and beside these there was something else. What was this esoteric teaching?" The Buddha transmitted all the written teaching to Ananda and the esoteric teaching to Mahakashyapa.

As it was told in India, there was the sect of the Jains, an esoteric sect. Their doctrine is not different from Buddhism but it has one creed that keeps all things in their naked shape. They will not speak a word or express anything.

Zen is like this. It handles everything in its naked shape; it transmits naked soul to naked soul without a word. This is the esoteric teaching.

So when Ananda questioned Mahakashyapa: "What was it that was transmitted?" Mahakashyapa called his name--"Ananda, Ananda!" And Ananda answered, "Yes." "Put off the awning for the sun is down." In that precise moment as Ananda stood there, all of a sudden enlightenment burst into his mind--"Ah, this is it!"

What is "this?" It is no secret. This is Zen--so plain, so apparent. There is no mystery in it but everyone calls it esoteric. When you come into Zen, there is nothing esoteric. Everything is as clear as your own palm before your eyes. This is the foundation of daily life.

From the day when you see this, you will not wear a mind made in a factory. You may wear clothes made in a factory, but you will make some changes before you put them on. It is the same with your mind. The mind that you wear is made by somebody else. All your thoughts are made by someone else and you are squeezed into this factory-made mind and these factory-made thoughts, living there from morning to evening. You live and perform in mob thoughts, mob consciousness, and mob psychology. From birth to death you never see your naked soul which is always covered with its factory-made clothes. In the end of life, in the moment before death, you will regret that you have never seen your own naked mind. You had better wake up, see your naked mind, and make your own clothes. In the restaurant, you can see them all wearing the same clothes. Look on the rack and you will see that all the mens' hats are alike. Not only do people look alike, but they manifest their emotions alike. In this way they live and die. That is human life. What a shame! What use is there in bearing such

agony to perform such foolishness? You must see your naked soul once in your lifetime, find its beauty. Then you will find your Western heaven with the Buddha sitting in it.

Bowing, the multitude said: "If we could see it immediately here, why should we supplicate the Buddha for our birth in heaven?" This direct religion is different from indirect religions. Indirect religion leads you through the sky, and you find yourself behind some cloud. But direct religion destroys the clouds of the sky in your mind. It is just as you kill an annoying fly in the palm of your hand. When the clouds are destroyed, heaven immediately appears.

So do not supplicate: "Oh God in heaven, please let me have five dollars in the morning to buy a new hat!" Or, "Oh God, all humans are in agony. Please stop the revolution in Spain out of your mercy, Father!"

Of course indirect religion is not bad. It is something to sleeping minds--but it is not to my mind.

I was the child of a Shinto priest, and from the age of seven, I saw that it was foolish to supplicate. I wished to see who was God, so I went, in my father's absence, inside the sanctuary of the shrine. There I found a mirror, and in that moment I understood what God was. So I always tried to find the God that is not in shape and not in the sky, on the earth, or anywhere. God was very near to me always.

When my father died, I was told by another Shinto priest to go to the shrine and bring back holy water to sprinkle on my father's face and dying body. But when I opened the shrine, immediately I felt a great wall between that God and myself. I realized that my mind did not penetrate to that God--and I came back empty-handed. The priest said to me: "Why didn't you bring back the holy water?" I answered, "No use." Queer! As a child, when I really needed God, I found a wall between him and me that I could not penetrate. It filled me with a deep question. At that time, I was fifteen years old. Though I was born in the house of a Shinto priest, and from an infant I had no doubt that I was in the bosom of God, when I really needed a God, I could not reach him. He wasn't in the shrine and he wasn't in heaven; I couldn't save my father by supplication to God.

But when I came to the Zen school, I was given a koan in sanzen: "Before father and mother, what was your original aspect?" When I destroyed this first koan and got into this original aspect, I met God and I destroyed this question that had bothered me for years. That was a very long time ago. It is the first step, the entrance into true Buddhism. So I never supplicate the Buddha for my birth in heaven, because I know where heaven is.

O Osbo, we entreat you, out of your benevolence, to reveal to us the Western heaven that we may see it. They were good-hearted people, honest and sincere. I was a child in the modern period, but these were people of the fifth century, simple and naive.

The Master said to the multitude: "Your physical body is a castle. Your eyes, ears, nose and tongue are the gates thereof. There are five gates outside, and inside there is one gate of mind." This "one gate" is important. Everyone's gate is called "I." Temporarily, I call this the "I" gate. If you awaken, this "I" gate becomes prajna.

When I was a child, whenever my Aunt came, she would give me some kind of candy, so I was always eagerly awaiting her coming. One time when she arrived, it was very late. It seemed to me that I woke up and ate that candy, for in the morning I found some squashed on my pillow and my mouth was smeared--but I could not remember having eaten it. Why could I not taste that candy in my sleeping mind? I could not remember eating it for I did not taste it with my waking mind.

Sleeping mind is different from awakened mind. It is as though you are sleeping in the broad daylight under the sun; you look at the sun with your eyes, but you are snoring. That is life.

A sanzen student once asked his master: "What is the difference between the sleeping life and the waking life?" The Zen Master said: "Can you make any distinction if you put frost on snow?" Your "I" gate must awaken so that you can see both sides at once.

Soul is the earth. Nature is the king. The king dwells upon the earth of soul. This "soul" is hsin. This "nature" I always translate as "original nature." This "soul" is not like the English soul which is like a Jack o'lantern, a fire which, after death, will go away somewhere. What a childish idea! Nor do we mean that soul asleep under a rock or stone in some corner of the earth, which hides away until the last day when the angel blows the golden trumpet and that soul wakes to be judged. There is no such soul in existence!

This "soul" is like the ocean, the great empty ocean. In Buddhism, they always speak of this empty, bottomless, boundless ocean. It means "ocean of soul." In English, I might call it the chaos of the infinite. Really, you cannot say anything about it, yet it is the foundation of the Buddhistic conception.

In the Buddha's enlightenment, he takes nothing as a center, such as the sun, moon, star, or a spark in your mind. It is the chaos of the infinite--the bottomless, empty ocean. It means "ocean of soul." If you gather it many, many times in your palm, you will see that it is a moon-print in the water. It is timeless and spaceless. This refers to the Buddhistic poem of the moon-print in the water from the bottomless ocean. The moon is Nature, Original Nature, Self. This moon is what you gathered from the ocean, but you cannot realize it from gathering it just once or twice. When you have gathered that moon many times, finally you will realize that this is the moon that is floating in the empty ocean and that you have gathered it. This is the soul of all life, sentient and insentient. This nature, this moon-print, is the mind of all sentient beings--man, woman, trees and weeds. All that grows and perishes has this nature within it. When you see this nature within your-

self, it is beautiful, it is the King. It dwells upon the earth of soul. This moon shines in the empty, eternal ocean.

If you observe all the universe in such a way, you will realize that heaven is in your own mind. Do not think that it is outside, at the end of the universe. Know that it is immediately here, and gather it from the empty ocean like a child that finds its own birth in the empty ocean of soul.

FROM THE RECORD OF BANKEI

Translated by Ha skel

What everyone receives from his parents at birth and innately possesses is the Unborn Buddha Mind alone. The Buddha Mind is unborn and truly marvelously illuminating. Since it's unborn (*fusho*), there's no need to talk about it's being "indestructible" (*fumetsu*), and that's why I don't speak about the "indestructible." That which is unborn is the Buddha Mind, and with the Unborn Buddha Mind all things are perfectly managed, so other than this there's nothing else I need to talk about. The Buddhas of the Three Worlds (past, present and future) and the successive generations of patriarchs are all just names (given to) traces that have arisen, so from the place of the Unborn, they're secondary, tertiary, completely peripheral things. When you abide in the Unborn, you abide at the source of the Buddhas and Patriarchs. So one who abides in the realization that the Buddha Mind is unborn, doesn't know anything about his own position, and doesn't know anything about Buddhas or Patriarchs either. Whether it's Buddhas, Patriarchs or other people, he takes no notice. Just realize this conclusively, and right on the tatami, easily and without gruelling efforts, you'll be living *tathagatas*! Once you've conclusively realized, then and there you'll open the eye that sees into people, and you can (clearly) discern others. I never misjudge people. And for one who has the eye of the Unborn, whoever he is, it's the same. That's why my school is called the Clear-Eyed School. Moreover, when you've conclusively realized, you abide in the Unborn Buddha Mind you received from your parents at birth and intrinsically possess, so my school's also called the School of Buddha Mind. If the eye that sees into people opens so that their innermost minds are seen, know that this is the complete realization of the Dharma. So (even though) among those of you here who *don't* conclusively realize the things I'm telling you at present there are probably people who won't accept them and will be left thinking that I'm just deceiving everybody, later on, after you leave here, if the day comes when you *do* conclusively realize that what I told you is true, then-- whoever you are-- at that time, on that day, then and there, the innermost minds of people will be seen, and then for the first time you'll know I didn't deceive you all. It's for the sake of that time in the future that I'm here urging you on, doing my best right now to let you know about this. If I were to lie and deceive you all, I'd be guilty of the sin of speaking falsehood, and then, after I died, have my tongue torn out. Do you really think I'm going to deceive everyone here and get my tongue torn out!

Journal notes

Once an acquaintance of mine wrote down his view of what Zen was. It had a certain meaning and he was able to express it--it was very personal and it is the same as whatever he does--that is, to express what is in *his* mind and what *he* feels and what *he* sees. But he is just an eye, just an observer. It does not relate to his actions and what he is doing.

When I talk with him, I say, "Well, what are you doing?" He will say, "I meditated or I made a painting or I wrote a poem." He only considers certain acts worthwhile reporting or commenting on. He thinks some things are good to do and others are not. So do many others.

People are very confused on this subject. When they read Zen stuff they don't see it at all. They don't want to be brought into a situation where they must see this. For example, one of the things Zen masters have latched-on to (as if it were such a terrible thing!) is when a new student first comes into their monastery, they are given the job of cleaning the latrine.

Students often think of this in the same way as the Christian ones with their "kiss the feet of the leper."

I saw an interesting Spanish movie called "The Last Supper" in which a Spanish grandee wanted to carry out the admonitions of Christianity with his slaves. So, he gives a dinner party for his slaves and washes the feet of one of them. They are very put off by this whole thing.

It makes them madder and madder. The more he does to express a true Christian attitude toward them on this particular occasion, the more offended they get. And they end by revolting and killing every one in sight.



When we have problems at the FZI we present them to our Lamp.
 MF: "Peeter, Joshu Sasaki Roshi, like Einstein, with his $E=mc^2$, seems to be trying to get his Zen into an equation. Would you buy: $One + One = Zero?$ "

Lamp: "Not two."

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