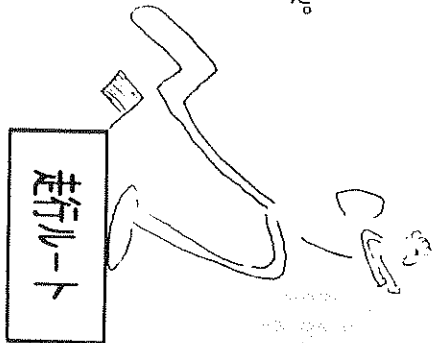


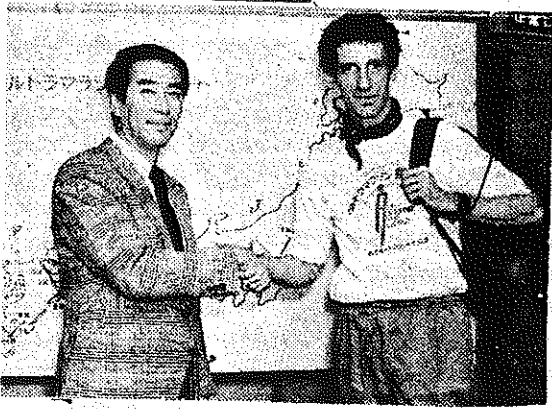
# ZEN NOTES

"THE ROAD IS MY DOJO" -Jim

道は道場だ。



中村敦夫とシャビロマン



LEAVING CANTON, CHINA, Fay Robison notes:

March 29. Today we go to Xian. Estelle and I proceeded to the plane terminal in the hope we would be taking off on time. We went through customs and our guide left us at that point. We had two box lunches and found a spot in the waiting room to sit as our flight was not scheduled until a couple of hours after the anticipated departure time. The airport was equipped for computerized information regarding departures, but nothing was connected as yet. Consequently, we had a large black-board that held all the details as to flight numbers and plane numbers and time. You had to keep up with this data as there were precious few persons who spoke English, and all the announcements were in Chinese...this could prove to be a draw-back if your plane came and went without you.

The waiting terminal is jammed with people, only after a given time do we understand why. Many of these persons are on tours that have been camping here for two days. Kweilin and Xian have been locked in by fog and the planes are not able to take off for those destinations. Fortunately the numbers are clearly noted for our flight and I keep returning to the desk waving my boarding pass until I get a reaction of some kind. The box lunches turn out to be awful and we get rid of these. There is a TEA ROOM which is tile lined, and has huge containers of very hot water. Travelers have their own tea cups and tea, and they go into the "tea room" to get their water. There is constant cleaning of the area by attendants, but it does little to relieve the dirt of people camping out here for hours on end. Fast food is served and we see everyone eating it with gusto. There are chicken wings (barbecued) but they still have the feathers on them and... no thank you.... In the terminal the TV is playing a Russian made terrorist film that takes place on an airplane! Finally, it is over. Then I see some of the Chinese glancing over at me--Estelle is sleeping by this time--and I wonder what they want to bring my attention to, then I notice the next offering on the TV is a film for American Ballet Theatre and there is a background of English with an over-lay track of Chinese. They want to be certain

I notice my country is being represented here. As it turns out there I see Antony Tudor directing the dancers in one of his pieces. He looked marvelous!!! Here I am in Canton, sitting in an airport watching Tudor...unbelievable!

CONVERSATION WITH FARKAS noted by John Storm

Q. Don't you think there's too much stress today on the quest for enlightenment?

MF. Enlightenment is not anything a person with an inquiring mind is looking for; any more than the pursuit of happiness could be a life goal. What you come to is a working principle which enables you, without thinking, to deal with everything at once. This is beautifully expressed by the Bodhidharma doll. No matter which way you hit it, it responds from the same motivation and does whatever it can.

CONVERSATION WITH TUDOR noted by the NYT

A rhetorical match for Mayor Koch? Consider this exchange yesterday in the Mayor's office between Mr. Koch and the choreographer Antony Tudor.

Mr. Tudor was in the Mayor's office with Mikhail Baryshnikov and others from the American Ballet Theater to receive the Handel Medallion from the city. The event was a preview of a ceremony honoring Mr. Tudor last night at the Metropolitan Opera.

At City Hall, such warm praise was lavished on the choreographer by Mr. Baryshnikov and board members of Ballet Theater that, at one point, Mr. Koch said: "Apparently, they like you. It's nice to be brilliant and a success and also well liked.

The 78-year-old Mr. Tudor looked straight at the Mayor and, without missing a beat, asked, "You enjoy it too, don't you?"

"I am too modest a person," Mayor Koch said, laughing, "to respond."

NOTED BY JOHN STORM

The Abbe Arthur Mugnier, saintly confessor to the French aristocracy during the early years of the century, was asked by one of the sophisticates in his flock whether he really believed in hell. "Yes," he replied, "because it is a dogma of the church--but I don't believe there is anyone in it."

*Virtuous scholars, the physical body is an abode. You cannot say that you take refuge in it. If you stand before it, the Trikaya Buddha is in its own nature. Everyone in the world has this within. Because your mind is deluded, you cannot see your inner nature. Because you seek the Trikaya Buddha without, you cannot see the Trikaya Buddha within.*

*Give heed to my sermon! I shall disclose the Trikaya Buddha of your own nature within you. This Trikaya Buddha is born from your own nature. You will not find it outside.*

*What is that which is called the pure Dharmakaya Buddha? The nature of man in the world is originally pure. All the Dharma is born out of his own nature.*

SOKEI-AN SAYS

I think every one of you could understand these lines without any explanation, but I shall read them once more and give some commentary on the important lines.

*The physical body is an abode:* This "abode" can be translated as "shrine," the shrine of Buddha. When you close your hands on your breast and stand before Buddha, you will realize that the physical body is an abode of Buddha.

To say that you cannot take refuge in the physical body is really from the view of a common-minded one, because to him the physical body doesn't mean anything. But to the enlightened one there is no physical body: his own body is really the Trikaya Buddha.

*But if you stand before it:* "It" is here the physical body. It is quite funny that you cannot separate yourself from your body and stand before it; it is only a supposition that you can do this. It is as if I take myself out of this wooden image and bow before it.

*The Trikaya Buddha is in its own nature.* That is, in your own nature. When we join our hands on our breast and look upon ourselves from the outside, this is the Trikaya Buddha within us. This state of being is permitted only to enlightened men, only to Zen students. Those who worship God from the outside cannot realize this. They cannot free themselves

and stand before their bodies, join hands and look into the Trikaya Buddha, finding themselves within it. This is only for the disciple, but it means that the Trikaya Buddha is yourself. You realize this when you enter the first gate into Buddhism. So really the Trikaya Buddha is the initiation into Buddhism. It is a revelation; the whole mysterious world is manifested. You have seen the Saddharma-pundarika, the pure white lotus. This is realization.

You will hear many words from the lips of Christian teachers about revelation, but this is revelation! God reveals himself to us. You have your own teacher and you come to the revelation--but you have no realization of its value. If you were in a desert with no water, eating grass, and suddenly you see that you yourself are pervading heaven and earth--how wonderful!

In ancient days it was rare for anyone to come to this realization, so, with his compassion, the Buddha devised this method; now one can come into it quite easily.

A hundred and fifty years ago, anyone who crossed this continent from East to West, traveled in a covered wagon. It was a wonderful continent--a revelation--but today everyone goes by train and they cannot see the wonder of the land. They do not have to fight Indians and starvation, but they miss the adventure.

The Buddha found his revelation after meditating under a tree for six years. The hermits meditating under the sun in the desert appreciated the value of revelation. Today you will find it in the sanzen room under the koan: "Before father and mother, what were you?" or: "Show me the sound of one hand." It is so easy now, but it is the same revelation. If your master is broad and humble, and you are really earnest, when you prove the first koan, you will appreciate revelation. When I passed the first koan, I felt for seven days as if I were swinging in the air. It was wonderful!

You must cast away all notions, all convictions. In the ancient days, a monk meditated for three years. Then one day, as he swept the garden, a pebble hit the root of a bamboo....HO!--all the universe appeared to his mind.

Hakuin meditated many days. On December eighth, with the midnight gong, he had entered it in the sound--but his Trikaya was still in the state of dream. The next morning he went out to beg, still thinking nothing but revelation. An old woman refused to give him anything, saying, "Go away!" He did not hear her words and the woman became impatient. With her bamboo broom, she knocked him into a rice swamp (his own mind). When he came out, he realized "THIS IS IT" and he rushed to his teacher's room. Immediately, his teacher said: "That is right. You have passed it!"

Please do not think that Osho loses his temper if he shouts at you if you don't pass your koan in three or six months. Do not take a personal view of sanzen. There is no person present.

Trikaya Buddha means Dharmakaya Buddha, Sambhogakaya Buddha and Nirmanakaya Buddha. Nirmanakaya Buddha means a man, woman, a mouse or a cat, a postman, a policeman. In this Nirmanakaya Buddha there is something common to all--consciousness. Sambhogakaya Buddha has beginning and end, but Dharmakaya Buddha is eternal; it is not born and it will not die.

How could you find the Trikaya Buddha outside? It is really foolish to kneel down and say, "Oh God!" and cry. I am quite sure that John Wesley, the originator of Methodism, and other Christian masters realized the true Trikaya Buddha within themselves. But the common-minded cannot understand and so they must make a picture of heaven and hell.

*What is that which is called the pure Dharmakaya Buddha?* A monk asked Yun-men: "What is pure Dharmakaya?" Yun-men answered: "A dung scraper."

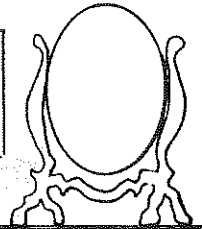
I cannot give such an answer to young American ladies; it would be misunderstood. And if one gives such an answer without realization, he just perishes and disappears from the group. It proves impure meditation, no Dharmakaya in it.

*The nature of man in the world is originally pure. All the Dharma is born out of his own nature.* Not his own notion or his own idea, but out of his own nature which is not ego, and originally pure. As long as you keep your ego, you cannot see your own nature.

It seems to me that in order to understand daily life, one must really solve the first koan that he is

given. From my own experience, you must find your answer and analyze it very carefully; then you can apply it to daily life. And IT is a dung-scraper! But does that mean that I could do anything abominable? I cannot accept that as Zen teaching. Dharmakaya is All. It is not something to apply to daily life. It IS the foundation. You cannot take out the root and apply it to the ceiling, it is the root. Do not criticize Zen teaching after a few months of study. It takes years to realize the value of it.

hello, I AM A RECURRENT  
METAPHOR IN ZEN TEACHINGS.



BOOK NOTED by John Storm

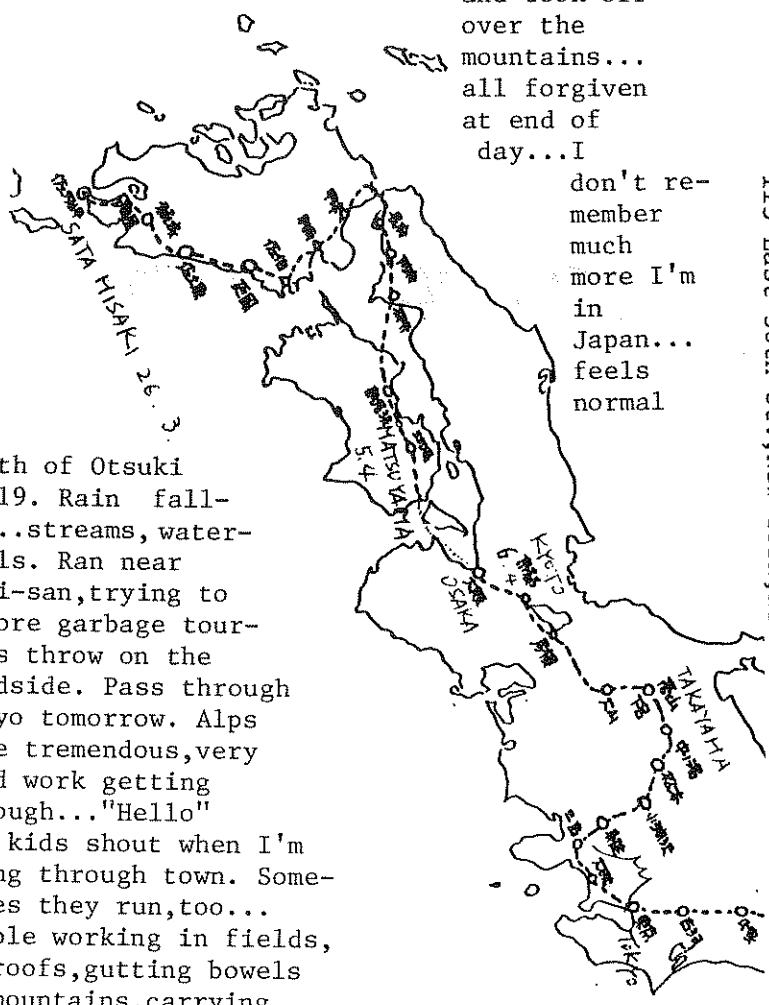
If Zen can be said to have charm; one reason would have to be its inability to get complicated; whenever it starts to get complicated, it simply changes into something else. Zen is a place for perennial beginners, or beginners-over-again, and so it's a place where there's always room for the most unpretentious beginners' books, like "Zen for Beginners" by Judith Blackstone and Zoran Josipovic, with illustrations by Naomi Rosenblatt.

The book, a Writers and Readers Documentary Comic Book in association with Unmin Paperbacks, is just what its title implies--a primer. In fact, it is part of a series that includes "Darwin for Beginners," "Marx for Beginners" and "Reich for Beginners." Yet amid all the cartoons and imaginative typography, we hear from most of the Zen greats--Bodhidharma, the Third Patriarch, the Sixth Patriarch, Baso, Hyakujo, Rinzai, Dogen, Hakuin--and get good-humored summaries of Buddhist history and practice over the millenia. In the end, it turns out we've been on a pleasant, sophisticated tour of country that is well-traveled but that gains enormously in freshness from the intelligence and high spirits of the guides.

ON THE RUN THROUGH JAPAN Jim Shapiro Notes 4/1  
No spare moments...all run,run,run,eat,eat,eat,  
talk,talk,talk with the film crew at night.It's  
kind of a culture shock for the body. Finally  
couldn't stand all the wire and battery...having  
every last moment filmed,followed by a motor-  
cyclist broadcasting to the film crew in a van.  
Near Beppu I snuck out just when the sun was  
coming up

over the Pacific  
and took off  
over the  
mountains...  
all forgiven  
at end of  
day...I

don't rem-  
ember  
much  
more I'm  
in  
Japan...  
feels  
normal



South of Otsuki  
4/19. Rain fall-  
ing..streams, water-  
falls. Ran near  
Fuji-san,trying to  
ignore garbage tour-  
ists throw on the  
roadside. Pass through  
Tokyo tomorrow. Alps  
were tremendous,very  
hard work getting  
through..."Hello"  
the kids shout when I'm  
going through town. Some-  
times they run,too...  
People working in fields,  
on roofs, gutting bowels  
of mountains, carrying  
children on back as they  
work in fields. Every-  
one's getting ready to  
plant. Endless moun-  
tains,graveyards,shrines.

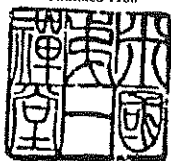
DOTS ARE STOPS

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會協禪一第國美