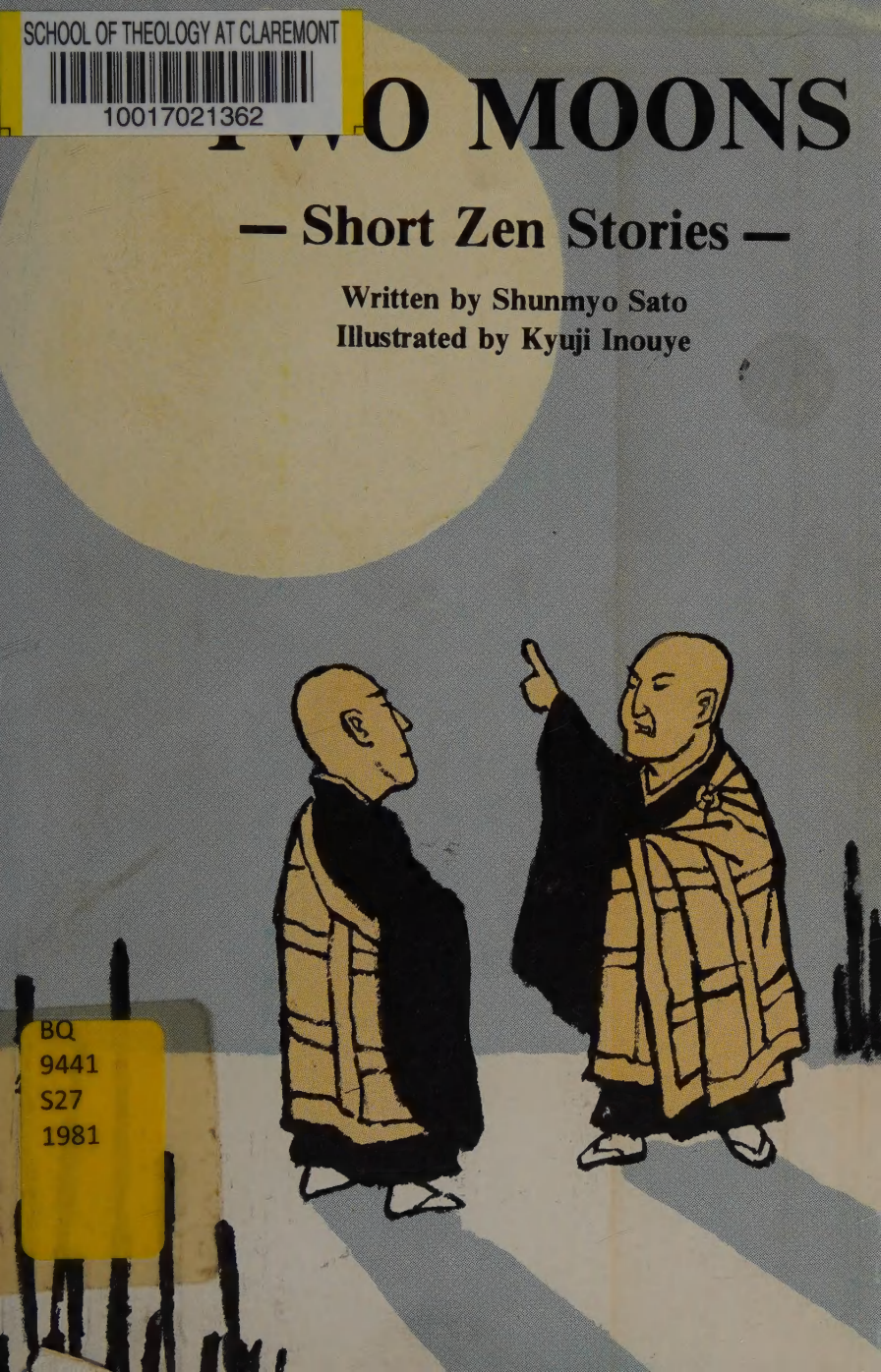
TWO MOONS

— Short Zen Stories —

Written by Shunmyo Sato
Illustrated by Kyuji Inouye



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PREFACE

The author, Rev. Shunmyo Sato, has long been conspicuously active in the field of social education, and both he as an individual and the civic center which he managed have been commended by the entire country. Moreover, he has two or three books in this field to his credit. And then, three years ago, taking advantage of the 550th Grand Memorial for Keizan Zenji who founded our main temple (Daihonzan Sojiji), Rev. Sato resigned his official position and for the full twenty-one day period of the memorial was very successful in the usually unproductive practice of street preaching. This was a turning point in his life, and he was given the permanent position of instructor at our main temple. His principal activities have been as editor of the magazine "Choryu", the final format of which he devised, and as the first head of our publishing department, where he urges upon us the importance of propagating the teachings through the printed word and puts a great deal of energy into the printing and distribution of teaching materials. Last year he published the truly epoch-making *Manual of Buddhist Services* which attracted attention both

inside and outside the Sōtō School of Buddhism. Also, he has opened the doors of our publishing department to gentlemen of ability in our provincial temples who are usually not blessed with such opportunities. Already having published Rev. Ryuyu Sakauchi's (Niigata Prefecture) *Talks on Dharani* and Rev. Zenchu Hara's (Yamagata Prefecture) *The Essence of the Mumonkan,* Rev. Sato is gradually bringing to fruition this very meaningful project, and at the same time is enhancing the reputation of Sojiji's publishing department.

And now I am delighted that he is going to publish in book form his stories which have been serialized in the magazine "Choryu". Also, Mr. Kyuji Inoue, the illustrator of the stories, is a man of erudition concerning Zen temples and Zen life. He has previously, over a two-year period, had a series of articles about the life of monks at Sojiji appear in the magazine "Choryu". The combination of these two gentlemen has been truly felicitous, and their easily understandable explanation of zen is an important accomplishment. I urge that it be widely read.

Shoshun Iwamoto
Abbot of Daihonzan Shoji
April 1977

Preface To The English Translation

The original Japanese version of this book was of great help for us in the propagation of the Soto Zen Teachings in Hawaii. We have used it many times in sermons and in radio broadcasts. Now, in compliance with requests for an English version as an introductory book to Soto Zen Buddhism, the Bishop's office has decided to undertake the publishing of this book.

First, the translation work was begun by Rev. Ryuko Tachibana, who had served as a priest at the Hawaii Betsuin and at the Zenshuji in Los Angeles. Afterwards, the work was continued by Rev. and Mrs. Shugen Komagata of Daifukuji in Kona on the island of Hawaii. In finalizing the translation work, Ms. Doris Kusumoto of Los Angeles, a friend of Mrs. Komagata, put a great deal of her time to do a general revision of the translation. However, due to her busy schedule, she was unable to finish the project, and it was ultimately undertaken and completed by my disciple, Daniel Itto Bailey. Mrs. Ellen Nishida kindly offered to type the manuscript. The final editing was done by Rev. Jiho Machida of Betsuin Shoboji, and the printing and publishing were carried out by The Hawaii Hochi, Ltd. The United Hawaii Soto Shu Women's Association and the Betsuin Shoboji Fujinkai were instrumental in financing the publishing costs. As the reader can see, this book has passed through many hands, and I would like to express my deep appreciation to all those who took part in its development.

This is the first time a book of Zen by a Japanese author has been translated to English and published here in Hawaii, and I believe that the original meaning of the author has not been lost in the process of the translation. Therefore, I hope that it will be widely read and will become a guide for Soto Zen Buddhists.

Koryu Oyama
Bishop, Soto Mission of Hawaii
Honolulu, April 1, 1981

英語版への序

本書は、これまでハワイ曹洞宗の日本語伝道に、たいへん便宜を与え、説教にまた、ラジオ放送に、これを用い稗益することが多かった。今回、その英語訳本をつくり、曹洞禅入門の手引書にしては、との要望もあり、総監部の議を経て出版することになった。

英訳は、元ハワイ別院、北米別院の開教師であった立花隆幸師によって始められた。その後、ハワイ島コナ大福寺駒形宗彦師夫妻が受け継ぎMrs. Fay Komagataの友人であるロスアンゼルス在住のMissドリス楠本が全面的に手を加えた。しかし、仕事が多忙になり、訳業は私の弟子Daniel Bailey Ittoが、これを受けて完訳した。また、タイプの仕事はMrs. Ellen Nishidaが受持った。しかし、これを最終的に編集する仕事は別院主任代行町田時保師が担当し、ハワイ報知社で印刷に付し、発行することになった。また、印刷に要す費用はハワイ曹洞宗連合婦人会と別院婦人会の好意により、一時立替払いを願うことになった。

以上の如くこの英訳本が出来上がるまでには、多くの方々の手を経たものであって、洵に感謝に堪えないものがある。そして日本人の著書を当地で英訳し、出版するのは初めてのことであるが、もう一つ英訳の過程で著者の原意が害なわれたのではないかとも考えているが、本書が一般にひろく読まれ、仏教入門の指針となれば幸いである。

April 1, 1981

曹洞宗ハワイ開教総監　大山興隆

FOREWORD

There is a story of a donkey that because of its foolishness died of starvation. Feeling hungry, the donkey went to the side of the road and was about to eat some grass when it looked across the road and saw that the grass on the other side looked better. The donkey became totally confused and could not make up its mind from which side to eat. In the end, it died of hunger, never eating from either side. This story is not about a foolish donkey but actually about an intelligent human being. The donkey has no intellect to judge the quality of its actions nor their results and, therefore, eats whatever is available, becomes sleepy, and never thinks, "Dear me! I should have eaten the grass on the other side".

However, for the human being, who has intelligence, it is not that simple. In order to attain his goal, he must decide which way to do it. If he considers the danger, the troubles, and the happenings he may encounter along the way, it is all the more difficult. Moreover, if it comes to the point that the goal must be attained at all costs, human beings become totally confused and cannot judge clearly.

There once was a young girl of marriageable age in suit of whom appeared two young men. One was very handsome but not rich, while the other was not handsome but came from a well-to-do family. The girl's mother repeatedly asked her to choose between them, but the girl gave no response. Thinking that her daughter was shy, the mother told her, "If you like A, bare your right shoulder, and if it is B, your left shoulder." Saying this, the mother retreated to the next room. After waiting several minutes she peeked into the room, and what should she see, but that her daughter had bared both shoulders.

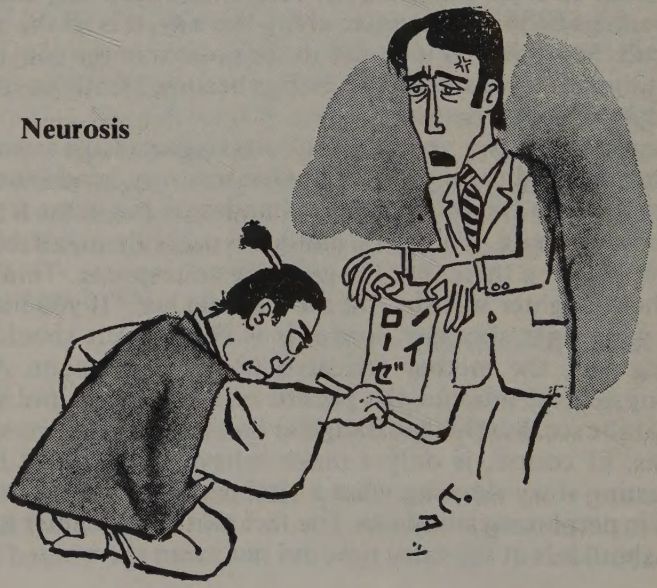
This, of course, is only a make-believe story, but it is an interesting story showing what a vital part human psychology plays in perplexing situations. The fact that the daughter bared both shoulders at the same time did not mean she wanted both

men, but rather she wanted someone who was both handsome and rich.

In this way we may encounter various difficult problems, and we usually deal with them by applying previously acquired knowledge or measures and methods taught by science. However, in life there may come a time when we cannot help but come to a standstill using these methods or knowledge. What do we do in such cases?

Western ghosts are depicted as having legs, but Japanese ghosts are not. It is said, though, that in ancient times Japanese ghosts also had legs, but Okyo Maruyama (a famous painter) did away with them. As would be expected of a great person in history, he was able to grasp the real form of a ghost — pale face, disarranged hair, hands hanging listlessly as though the heart had been wrenched. This figure is that of a human being of this world writhing in the agony of pain.

Neurosis



It is said that a person in debt cannot turn his neck, and if he is faced with extreme pain, he cannot even move. Therefore, maybe Okyo Maruyama thought that a person who cannot move does not need legs, but in any case his pictures of ghosts were very successful, and we can probably attribute to him the fact that ghosts painted thereafter had no legs. Be that as it may, the correct form of a ghost is not withering pampas grass, but the figure of an agonized human being.

Pascal said, "The human is a reed that thinks." It is true that human existence is unique in that it has intellect — the ability to think. However, at the same time, because the human has that intellect, he is weak like the reed. The brilliant civilization of today is a result of human intelligence, and if we place special emphasis on this point, human intellect is, indeed, great. On the other hand, humans are made to suffer by a false intellect and because of this false intellect, their spirit of life is undermined. The groups of people who are most representative of this intellect — the intellectuals — are lacking in the ability to get things done, and the fact that they are derogatorily referred to as "pseudo-intellectuals" is certainly because of this. The neurotic condition of the "unripe intellect" is accurately depicted by the legless ghosts of Okyo Enzan.

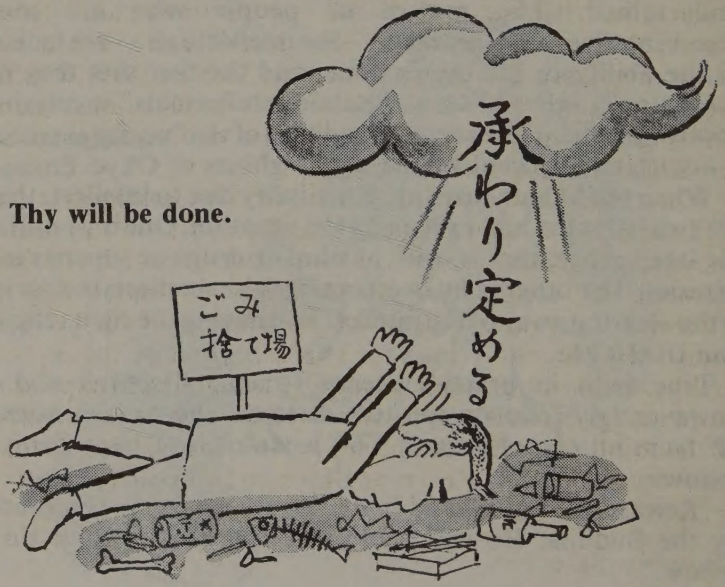
When the human loses his practicality due to intellect, there are two ways for him to remedy the situation. One is by dulling his intelligence, that is, with alcohol or drugs or superstitious heresies. The other is by overcoming false intellect; in short, it is the clearing away of the intellect and having the right religion and true faith.

True faith in practice means to empty oneself and to unwaveringly follow a spiritual director who has cut himself off from all complications. This is stated by Dogen Zenji as follows:

"Release your mind and body and let yourself be embraced by the Buddha. He will guide you and all you must do is follow."

Shinran Shonin said, "Being taught by a prominent teacher that one will be saved by Amida Buddha by only reciting the Nembutsu, I can do nothing but believe him. Is reciting the Nembutsu truly the way to be reborn in the Pure Land? Or, is it an action that will cause one to fall into hell? On the whole, I know nothing about it. Even if I am led astray by Honen Shonin and go to hell by reciting the Nembutsu, I will not regret it at all."

He did not know if he would truly be reborn in paradise by reciting the Nembutsu, or contrarily, would go to hell. He did not believe through rationality, that is, "decision through thought," but rather he had discarded the thing called "self" and had followed unwaveringly. That is to say, his way was "decision through hearing". This way of living appears to lack independence and to be unreliable, but the Apostle Paul said of this period in his life, "I am no longer living, but Christ is living



Thy will be done.

within me." Moreover, Dogen Zenji said, "To learn the Teachings of the Buddha is to learn about oneself. To learn about oneself is to forget oneself. To forget oneself is to become one with all things. To become one with all things is to cast off one's mind and body as well as others' minds and bodies."

As can be clearly seen here too, to discard oneself and to forget oneself is not to lose oneself, but rather it is to develop the basic part of oneself. Actually, when the desiring self is overcome, our eternal nature is born for the first time. And not only that. Something is born which enlivens us, but it is not physical strength. In order to attain this, training is strict, but the Zen masters bear it. Their way of living separated from complications is truly refreshing and reviving.

I have long wanted to write about it, and fortunately, the year before last I was asked to edit the monthly magazine "Choryu" published by Sojiji, the head temple of Soto Zen Buddhism. Having taken this opportunity and having obtained the cooperation of Mr. Kyuji Inoue, I had been publishing a series of anecdotes called "Zen'en Manpo" which were amusing and beneficial. The publications gained unexpected popularity, and there were requests from readers to publish the stories in a volume.

Vice-Chief Rev. Eiyu Takehara of the Publication Section at Sojiji and Mr. Noboru Yamanaka of Dai-Nihon Publication Company realized my wish and were able to have it published through the cooperation of Mr. Michio Tsuchida of the Editorial T Company and the president of Taiseido Book Store, Mr. Hiroshi Funasaka. This is beyond what I expected and has made me extremely happy. I would like to express my sincerest appreciation to these gentlemen and to the members of the Publication Section of Sojiji. And, lastly, I deeply thank the Abbot, the Most Reverend Shoshun Iwamoto for writing a preface to this book.

Shunmyo Sato
April 1977

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A WHITE RAT AND A BLACK RAT

It is three o'clock in the morning. From the moment the hand bell (signal for awakening) rings till **Shijo** (signal for meditation) begins, a wood-block is struck three times every five minutes. This is called a "face-washing block".

The following words are written on the surface of the block:

Birth and Death are very important
Transiency comes quickly.
Everyone should be aware of it
Be discreet and do not be indulgent.

The sound of the wood-block echoes in the pre-dawn darkness and seems to warn us to "awaken from your sleep", "awaken from your delusions", "awaken to the way of enlightenment". When I hear the sound of the wood-block I think of the following story in the Sutra, *Bussetsu Hiyu Kyo.*

A lone traveler was walking along a mountain path when suddenly he heard a strange sound behind him. He turned and saw a ferocious tiger running after him. "Wow, I'm in for it!" He began running, but to his bewilderment, right in front of him was a cliff! "Well, this is my last moment." He was about to give up when he noticed a runner from a wisteria tangled around a huge tree hanging over the cliff. "Thank heaven!" He climbed halfway down the cliff with the help of the vine and narrowly escaped being eaten by the tiger.

Just as he thought, "Whew, I've been saved," he realized his hands grasping the vine could not carry the weight of his body much longer. Intending to get down, he looked below and what should be waiting for the traveler to come falling down but a huge coiled snake with its mouth wide open. "Oh, no!" He looked for a foothold on the side of the cliff, but four poisonous snakes appeared sticking out their red tongues as if to say, "If you come any nearer, we will bite you". Shuddering, the traveler looked up and found two rats, one black, one white, gnawing at the root of the vine which he had been depending on for his life. Believing this was the end, he began to tremble.

At that moment a drop of honey fell from a beehive which was hanging about two meters above the traveler's head and by chance fell into his mouth. "Oh, how sweet it is!" It was as though he became drunk and forgot about the reality of the desperate situation he was in.


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What does this story mean? The traveler walking along the mountain path is the figure of us human beings walking the pathway of life with our ups and downs. Up until now, we have been walking absent-mindedly when suddenly we become aware that a tiger is chasing after us. The tiger represents all the karma we are carrying. It is the karma that we have been carrying from the eternal past. The human tries to escape from the evil karma of the past and at times thinks that he has, and that is the figure of the traveler clinging to the vine with a sigh of relief, thinking he has escaped from the tiger. But at the bottom of the cliff awaits a huge snake with its mouth wide open like a coffin with its lid open. He does not want to die. He looks for a place to escape death only to find four poisonous snakes. These represent the four elements — Earth, Water, Fire, and Air — that is, the original elements which form all substances.

As it is said, sometimes these elements create bad conditions and cause suffering from sicknesses. In addition, at times human lives are threatened by earthquakes, floods, fire, or violent storms. The ivy is the rope of life and represents one's

life span. The two rats — one black, one white — representing day and night are constantly gnawing away at the life of the human being. Being in the middle of this type of predicament, the human being strangely enough does not show a gloomy expression on his face. That is because of the drops of honey which fall into his mouth. The honey represents the five desires — desire for material things, sexual desires, desire for eating and drinking, desire for fame, and desire for sleep. People make a lot of money and satisfy their desire for acquiring things; they enjoy eating and engaging in sexual activities freely; happiness is being able to sleep without worries and winning fame. It is true that humans are alive because of these desires, but it is true that humans lost their way because of these desires and accumulate more evil karma. Though people may forget, how do they finally deal with the reality of desperation when they are confronted with it?

"Buddhas appear in this world due to cause and effect. They come into this world to let people gain the wisdom of the Buddha and become enlightened. Here is a serene and beautiful way — it is called zazen (meditation) . . ." ("Zazen Yojinki" by Eisai Zenji).

The ultimate purpose of the appearance of Buddha in this world is to let all beings become aware of the wisdom of the Buddhas and attain enlightenment like the Buddhas, and the best way is through meditation. When meditation is underway, the meditation hall becomes enveloped in a deep quietude.

A ROAD WITH NO TURN-OFFS

The water of a small stream deep enough only to wet the legs of a young girl can light up a city of one million people when the water is dammed and converted to electrical power. In the same way, no matter how many talents a person may have, if he divides his abilities between this and that, in the long run he falls short in all respects. Conversely, although a person may have little ability, if he concentrates what little ability he does have in one thing, he may be able to produce extraordinary results.

We eat three meals a day, and we don't necessarily skip a meal just because we eat a snack in between. Not only that, we eat breakfast in the morning and lunch at midday. Just because we are busy in the morning and afternoon we don't necessarily wait and eat all three meals in the evening. Morning, noon and night — we eat three meals a day, and by regularly observing this rule we are able to maintain our health. If this is true, perhaps enlightening our intellectual faculties and increasing our technical abilities could come about in the same way, and

we could produce impressive results through the steady accumulation of common, ordinary, every day practices.

Sankichi was working in the rice paddy one day when he happened to see Gengo, a blind man, hurrying down the road with his cane under his arm. Gengo was intelligent and a good talker, and Sankichi, who was continually being bested by the blind man, smiled maliciously and thought to himself, "OK, today I'll get even with him." Leaving the paddy and going up onto the road Sankichi waited for the blind Gengo to reach the spot where he was standing.

Then he grabbed the blind man's right hand, spun him around four or five times, and pointed Gengo back in the direction from which he had come. Tapping with his cane, the blind man started off in the wrong direction, but just as Sankichi was about to shout for joy, Gengo abruptly turned around and began walking in his original direction.

The surprised Sankichi asked, "How did you know?"

Gengo sneeringly answered, "If I couldn't figure out something like this I wouldn't be fit to be a blind man."

Sankichi asked how he figured it out and Gengo answered with a loud laugh, "Can't you tell from which direction this nice spring breeze is blowing?" and lightly patted his own cheek.

On windy days it doesn't really matter, but the real test of a sightless person is whether or not he can determine his direction from a soft, almost imperceptible spring breeze. When this sort of practice accumulates for ten or twenty years, it becomes possible for even a blind man to trot along with his cane tucked under his arm.

This is an amusing story, but if we consider the amount of effort Gengo had to expend to reach this level of ability, we cannot take it simply as such.

I was told this story by Mr. Ryota Sugiyama who is famous as a good farmer in Hondate, Sakata City. He also told me the following story in the course of our conversation.

"Rats are very picky animals. They even peel sesame seeds when they eat them.

"Among the different kinds of rice, they like 'mochi' rice best, and then 'sushi' rice. As long as these are available, rats won't touch the other rice."

I thought this was a very interesting story, so I tried it out on several acquaintances in agricultural communities, but not a single person had ever noticed this fact about rats before. I was all the more impressed with just how worthy Mr. Sugiyama is of his reputation as a good farmer.

A reputation such as this is not something one can acquire by money or power. This sort of experience he accumulated bit-by-bit by paying attention to small things which other people in the same field of agriculture never noticed. Needless to say, if one concentrates all his energy on farming with no digressions and continues this for twenty or thirty years, he will be called a good farmer.

It is said that an inferior farmer grows grass, an average farmer grows rice, a good farmer builds rice paddies, and a superior farmer builds his mind. A practice such as that of Mr. Sugiyama cannot simply be called field plowing; rather, it can be called cultivating and enriching the field of the mind.

If Zen can be considered the ultimate cultivating of the mind, then Zen and farming can be said to have something in common.

FAILURE IS THE BASIS OF SUCCESS

Well, since I have told you one story about a conscientious farmer, please be kind enough to listen to just one more farming story.

Mr. Mitsuru Ueno, the head of the Shintone Agricultural Cooperative, was repatriated to Japan at the end of the war.

In the beginning he planted rice in chest-deep paddy field mud and made 300,000 yen the first year. The following year he tried to increase his yield by installing a drainage system, but his profit was still at the 300,000 yen level. The third year he planted grass for hay as a second crop, but even so, his earnings did not exceed the 300,000 yen mark. The reason for the decrease in earnings was a late hay cutting which caused a delay in rice planting. The fourth year he brought in a hay baler, so the rice planting went according to schedule and he thought that this would be the year, but there was no change in income. This was because he let the hay spoil which he had taken so much trouble to grow. During the fifth year he built a silo, but because he had too few cattle to consume the feed, his earnings stopped at the 300,000 yen level. In the sixth year he acquired five milk cows, and after the harvest season he had a profit of one million yen.

This story makes one think. The road from 300,000 to one million yen did not lead up a gentle slope, but rather a sheer cliff. The steep 300,000 yen cliff had to be climbed one step at a

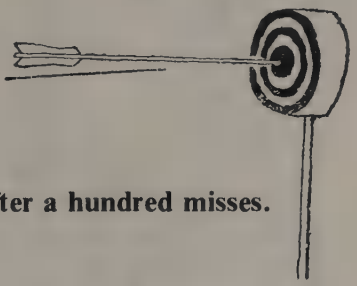
time, not knowing when the payoff would come. However, having climbed to the top after six years, a new field of vision opened up, and his feet were firmly planted on the one million yen summit.

If results are obtained which are proportionate to the amount of effort put forth there is no problem, but sometimes, no matter how much effort is expended, nothing comes out of it. If one quits at this point, he has gone to a lot of trouble for nothing. Whereas, if one continues his efforts, even though it

may seem futile at first, that 'futility' can produce unexpected results in the long run.

"Having aroused the mind which seeks wisdom, and having begun the practice of Buddhism, people earnestly carry out very difficult practices. But even so, they will not succeed one time in a hundred. However, if one follows a knowledgeable teacher or the sutras, he will finally succeed. Today's success comes after a hundred failures in the past. Hearing the Teachings, practicing the Way, and Realization are all like this." (From the Shobogenzo — Sesshin Sessho)

When we first shoot at a target with a bow, we cannot hit it at all. However, if we shoot arrow after arrow and practice and practice, finally on the strength of that practice we will begin to hit the target. The shot which finally pierces the bull's-eye is the result of the hundred previous misses. In the same way, when



The bullseye comes after a hundred misses.

one begins (Buddhist) practice, at first he does not succeed one time out of a hundred and cannot understand it at all. But, being led by a teacher and becoming familiar with the written word, and putting these things into actual practice, he can begin to hit the target on the strength of his previous failures. It is said that failure is the basis of success. Mr. Ueno exerted himself for five years without results, but in the sixth year his earnings suddenly trebled. This was the result of his hundred previous misses.

A WOODCUTTER AND ENLIGHTENMENT

Once upon a time a woodcutter went deep into a forest and was cutting trees with his ax when a rare creature called 'Enlightenment' appeared. The woodcutter wondered just how many people had devoted their energy to searching for this unusual animal and thought to himself just how lucky he was to have found it.

"OK, I'll catch it alive," he promptly decided. But the animal immediately read his mind and teasingly said, "Oh, so you're thinking about capturing me alive, eh?"

Hearing this the woodcutter was dumbfounded. The strange creature added, "You're the one who's trying to catch me, but you're surprised when I read your mind. How careless of you!"

At this the woodcutter was even more astonished and thought to himself, "What an impudent rascal. I'll kill him with one blow of this ax."

"Oh, so now you're going to kill me, are you? How frightening." So saying, the creature posed as if to run away.

Why are you surprised that I can read your mind?

"I'm not up to this," the woodcutter mused. "If I keep fooling around with this thing, it's going to cost me my job. I'm going to ignore it and go back to my work."

Teasing the woodcutter the animal said, "Well, you finally gave up on me, eh? Too bad!"

Making up his mind to forget about the strange beast, the woodcutter absorbed himself in cutting timber, forcefully raising the ax high and bringing it down against the base of the

tree. Beads of sweat flowed from his forehead. Then quite unexpectedly, the head of the ax flew off and struck the animal. Thanks to this, the woodcutter was able to capture the creature alive.

This animal, which could read the woodcutter's mind and tease him, was unable in the end to read the mind after the mind was stilled.

The only way to ensnare this wonderful animal 'Enlightenment', which is right in front of our eyes and which makes fools of us, is to be completely immersed in the job which presents itself to us without thinking of fame, advancement or profit.

PRACTICE AND REALIZATION ARE ONE

In Zen, the unity of Practice and Realization (satori) is taught. In other words, we do not attain the goal by means of practice; practice itself is the goal of realization, and the goal, realization, is at once practice.

The common view is that practice and realization are two distinct things; that practice comes first and realization second; that realization comes as a result of having practiced. However, Zen practice is a discipline called zazen (cross-legged sitting contemplation), an actualization; and what we mean by actualization is making a goal come true. Consequently, it is generally thought that as long as zazen is practice and actualization it must have a goal, and that realization is that goal. So, zazen, which has realization as an objective, becomes a means of actualizing that objective. If we come to think that on the one hand we have the means and on the other hand we have a goal, then it is only natural that we should wish to attain realization by zazen. From the every day point of view this is quite right. However, one does not become a thief by training himself to steal; one becomes a thief when he actually steals something from another, and in the same way we can say that assuming the posture of zazen is itself the Buddha and is realization.

In Zen, the most objectionable thing is to set apart practice and realization and to interpose between them thoughts and discriminations. This is called impurity. But zazen must be a pure practice. When we practice zazen we must only sit. We are taught not to separate means and end and not to expectantly await realization while practicing zazen.

Once upon a time during the T'ang Dynasty in China, there was a monk called Baso who was undergoing training. One day he was practicing zazen alone when along came his teacher, Nangaku, who asked, "Brother, your zazen is truly admirable, but just what are you trying to accomplish by it?"

"I'm trying to bring about realization," Baso answered, and

at this Nangaku fetched a tile, placed it on a rock, and began rubbing the two together.

Baso, seeing this and thinking it strange, asked, "What are you doing?"

"I'm going to polish it and make a mirror," Nangaku responded.

When Baso objected Nangaku retorted, "Even if you polish it you can't make a mirror of a tile!"

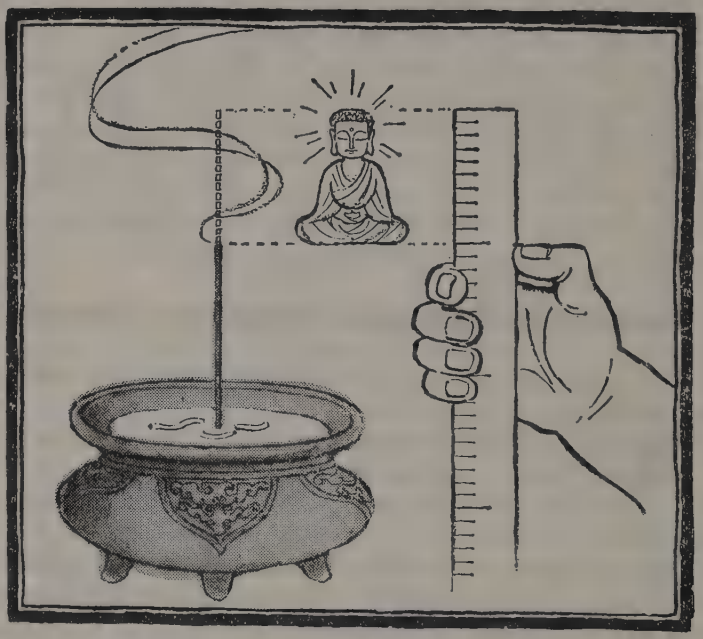
"And do you think you can awaken realization by practicing zazen?"

This is a little story which warns us not to use zazen as a means of gaining realization. There is a deep philosophical meaning here, but not going into that, Zen teaches that practice is not to be used as a means of gaining realization, and that true

actualization is pure and does not seek rewards or compensation. There is something our every day minds find difficult to agree with, but somehow or another we must see it this way if our actualization is to be genuine. This is a fact which confronts us twenty-four hours a day seven days a week.

There is the following passage in Mr. Jiro Abe's **Santaro's Diary**:

"We grow through romantic love. Whether this love succeeds or fails, we still grow. However, to love in order to grow is not real love; it is only an experiment in love. As long as we consciously have growth as a goal, an experiment in love cannot be complete. When neither success nor failure can change this love, then for the first time the experience per-



To sit in zazen for 10 minutes is to be a Buddha for 10 minutes.

meates our very being. As a result of that kind of love, we grow."

Put into every day language, this means that we actually grow by deeply entering into all the experiences which are presented to us, and not by consciously having growth as a goal. Conversely, once we are deeply submerged in a concrete experience the idea of growth must perish, otherwise the goal cannot be realized. If we never kill off our desire for growth and come back to our senses, we can never really get to the bottom of life's experiences.

There is a saying, "To practice zazen for half an hour is to be a Buddha for half an hour." With no expectation of becoming a Buddha or of attaining realization we earnestly take up zazen. The posture of zazen itself is the Buddha and is realization. So rather than practice for half an hour, let's practice for half a day and be Buddha for half a day. The fact is that the more thoroughly we go into the experiences which present themselves to us, the greater the growth that results. From this experience is born the attitude toward life of the Zen Buddhist, who regulates his life and makes it one with zazen, who seeks no reward and for whom one moment is eternity and eternity is but one moment.

Zazen is an endless forward movement which has no goal and this movement without an objective means that we achieve the goal step by step as we advance. Departure and arrival are simultaneous. In other words it is a life which is created anew every day.

Well, I wonder how the wise men of long ago walked this path . . .

CUTTING OFF YOUR ARM ON A SNOWY MORNING

Bodhidharma, known as Daruma-San in Japanese, came from India to China after traveling for three years.

The teachings of Shakyamuni Buddha were handed down from master to disciple just as water is transferred from one vessel to another withut any leakage. The Dharma Lamp was passed from Shakyamuni to Mahakasyapa, to Ananda, and eventually down to Bodhidharma, who was the twenty-eighth generation of this lineage.

The intrepid spirit needed to set out for an unknown country at a time when transportation had not been developed and, moreover, to do it at an advanced age is something which an ordinary man who guards his body and life would not even think of. But this is the noble practice of Buddhas, who from their great compassionate hearts wish to faithfully transmit the Truth and save deluded sentient beings.

Emperor Wu of Liang found out that Bodhidharma had arrived in Kwangchow on September 21, 520, and dispatched an emissary to invite him to what is now Nanking. The emperor inquired of Bodhidharma, "I have up until now built temples,

had sutras copied, and supported monks and nuns. What merit is there in these things?"

Bodhidharma curtly replied, "No merit!"

No merit

This greatly disappointed Emperor Wu, who was expecting a favorable answer.

The shallow thinking of ordinary people would have dictated flattering the Emperor, but for Bodhidharma, who had vowed to save deluded sentient beings, there was not the slightest intention of flattering or compromising with anyone.

When Bodhidharma met Emperor Wu, who was called "The Son of Heaven of the Buddha Mind", he realized that the

emperor was nothing more than a Buddhist fanatic who was seeking temporal gain. So Bodhidharma crossed the Yangtse River, entered the country of Wei, settled down at Shao Lin Temple, sat down facing a wall and practiced zazen for nine years. The people of the area referred to him as "The Wall-gazing Brahmin".

On the ninth day of December a monk-in-training called Shen-kuang came looking for Bodhidharma. A deep snow had covered the mountains and Shen-kuang had to break a trail through the snow as he tried to follow the path, but finally he arrived at Bodhidharma's wall. The winter night on the high

mountain peak was so cold that even the joints of the bamboo cracked, and it seemed impossible to stand outdoors, but Bodhidharma did not even turn around to look. Shen-kuang stood stock-still throughout the night without sleeping, sitting or resting. The falling snow drifted up to his waist; his tears froze into beads of ice; and his robes frozed to his body so that if he were touched, he would feel like an icicle. His whole body was rigid with cold, but the mind which seeks the Way was burning brightly.

Finally, as the night was turning to dawn, Bodhidharma

turned and asked, "You've been standing in the snow a long time. What is it you're looking for?"

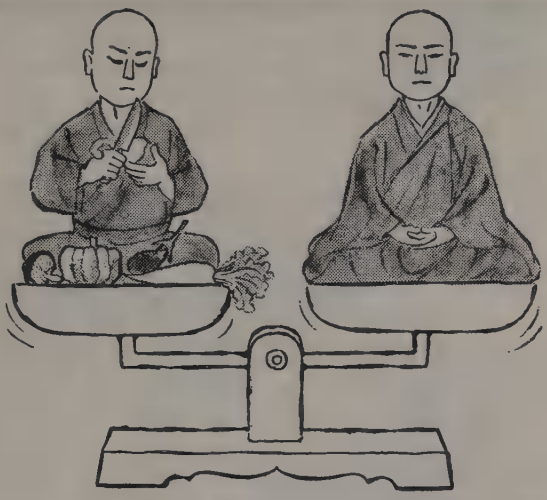
"I have a request. Please have mercy on me and show me the true Buddhist teachings!"

But Bodhidharma's answer to Shinko's tearfully earnest entreaty was colder than ice. "One seeks the Buddha's teaching at the risk of one's life. It is a waste of time for an ignorant person of little virtue to carelessly and conceitedly seek the teachings of the Buddha."

Hearing this, Shinko made his resolve even firmer. Taking a sharp sword he cut off his left arm at the elbow and presented the severed arm to Bodhidharma.

Bodhidharma realized that this very Shinko was a person worthy of succeeding to the teachings and allowed him to be a disciple.

In this manner, Bodhidharma became the first patriarch of Chinese Zen, and Shinko (later known as Eka) became the second.



The equality of work and meditation.

LIVING IN THE HERE AND NOW

The **Tenzo Kyokun** was compiled by Dogen Zenji when he was thirty-eight and was living at Koshoji in Uji. This is a book of information for the "Tenzo", who is the monk in charge of preparing meals in a Zen temple.

When Dogen Zenji was twenty-four years of age, he crossed over to Sung China in the company of another monk, Myozen, in order to search out the true Buddhist teachings.

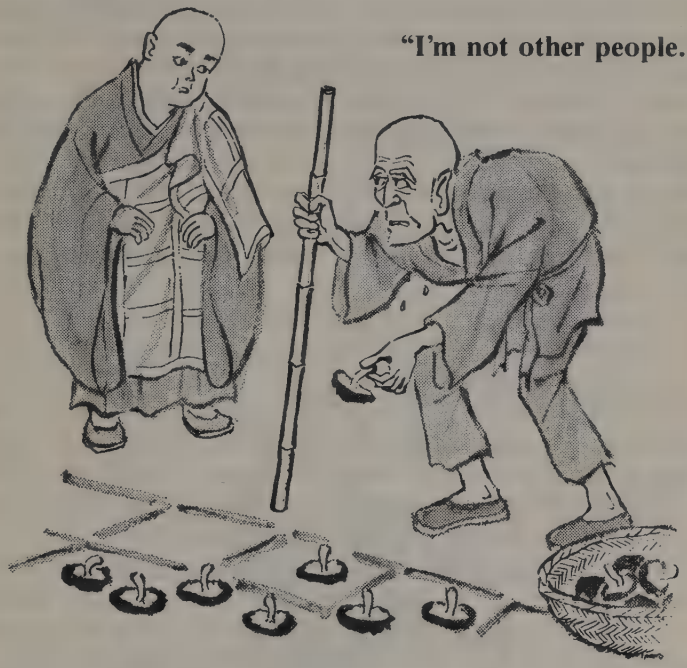
Dogen wrote, "The name of Buddhism has been heard in Japan for many long years now, but as for correctly preparing food for those undergoing training in the Monks' Hall, it has never been written about, nor has anyone ever taught me about it."

Just as he writes in **Tenzo Kyokun**, Dogen Zenji went to Sung China, and from his meeting with different kinds of

people came to realize that the work of a Tenzo is not that different from the practice of zazen.

The following is an experience Dogen Zenji had while staying at a temple in Chekiang Province in China. On the way to visit his traveling companion, Myozen, who was recuperating from an illness in the infirmary, Dogen Zenji passed the Buddha Sanctuary. There he saw an old monk whose back was bent like a bow and whose eyebrows were as white as the feathers of a crane. The old monk was drying mushrooms one by one on the tiles which paved the courtyard. In a large temple great quantities of mushrooms are consumed, therefore, many are dried in the hottest part of the summer and put away for future use. The old monk, Brother Yung, supported himself with a bamboo staff, and in spite of the heat wore no hat, so he was drenched with sweat. He was totally absorbed in his task. In the scorching sun the paving tiles were as hot as an oven.

This sort of duty on such a day would not have been easy even for a young person, and for an old monk nearing seventy it must have been especially trying. The young student monk Dogen, seeing this, felt pity and walking up to the old man asked, "How old are you?"



"I'm not other people."

Brother Yung, the cook, stayed his busy hand long enough to answer, "This year I'll be sixty-eight."

"A person of your age shouldn't be doing this kind of work; why don't you get someone else to do it?" Dogen suggested with concern.

"Other people are not me," Cook Yung sharply retorted. Dogen must have felt as though he had been stabbed in the chest.

"Yes, that's true, but why don't you just rest for a while? You shouldn't overtax your body," caringly objected Dogen.

Cook Yung firmly responded, "And just what other time should I wait for?" and kept on at his task.

This second arrow went into Dogen even more deeply than the first; these words were truly precious gems, and each word resounded within him. Having been spoken to this way, Dogen felt helpless to say anything more.

Later he wrote, "I gave up. But while walking down the corridor I secretly realized what an important function this work has."

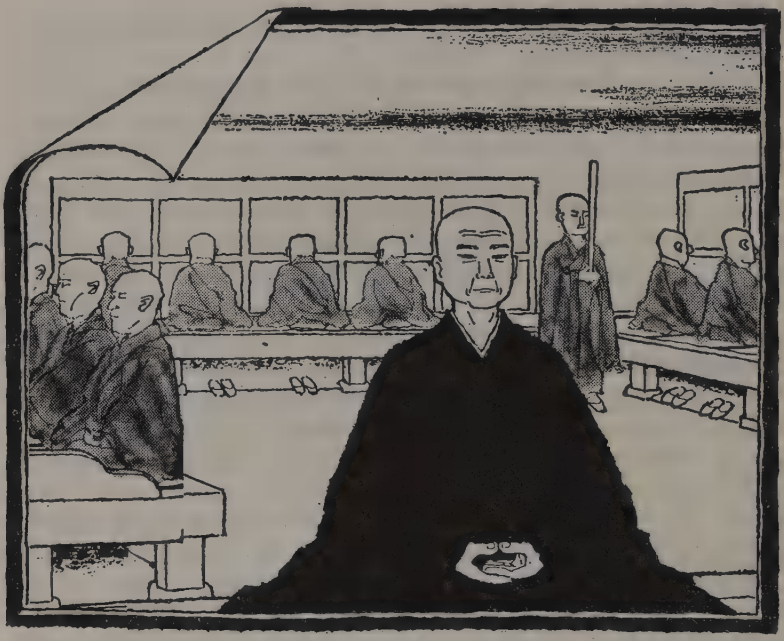
"Other people are not me." This statement defines the spatial location of 'here'. "And just what other time should I wait for" defines the temporal position of 'now'. Not somebody else —

'Here' and 'now' equal reality.

me (here); not later — **now**. The place where this 'here' and this 'now' cross is reality.

There has never been an age in which the ups and downs of life have been so violent as those of today. If this expression seems trite, let me revise it and say that there has never been a period of social change and development as extreme as that of today. The rosy future dreamed of by the period of rapid growth has already become a tale of day dreams. The technological revolution did not simply change the processes of production; it ended up changing, before we knew it, everything — from the structure of industry to the structure of society. There are many who are constantly lamenting the misfortune of their downfall due to these new forces. Consequently, everyone wants to know when, how, and in what direction the world is going to change. We know that if we drop a glass on concrete it will break, but we do not know into how many pieces it will break. In just this way, no one knows exactly what kind of change will occur. The uncertain future, the times already past, and the people around us are things we should not rely on too much. Therefore, the most important thing is to acquire the ability to adapt to any change; or, more precisely, to acquire the subjectivity necessary to be the master of any situation, and to freely, according to our desires, affect our environment which changes through time. This is nothing other than completely using up our here-and-now life, which is the most certain thing in this uncertain world.

Zen and Dogen Zenji's **Shobogenzo** teach us how to do this.



THE SOUND OF THE BELL

Ekido Zenji was a Zen master of the latter days of the Shogunate and the beginning of the Meiji Period who created a very stern Zen atmosphere. Before becoming head of Sojiji (one of the two main temples of Soto Zen) he was head of Tentokuin Temple at Maebashi.

In Zen temples, monks in training awaken at three or four o'clock in the morning. As soon as they awaken, the monks go to the meditation hall and practice zazen for about an hour. Even if many people are present in the dark, pre-dawn hall, it is as quiet as if there were no one there at all. Occasionally the swish of the waking stick striking a monk's shoulder breaks the

stillness, but that rather leads into a pool of deep quietness which stills the whole body.

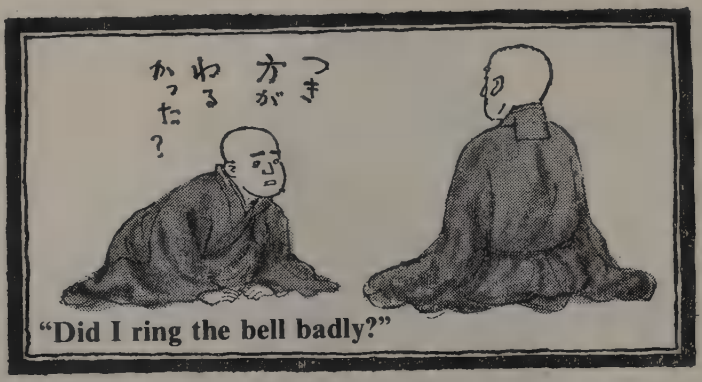
During this period of zazen the temple bell in the bell tower sounds 108 times, now loudly and now softly, rapidly, slowly. Some people are good at ringing bells and some are not. Also, depending upon a person's mental condition, sometimes the bell sounds clearly and sometimes not so clearly.

One cold winter morning Ekido Zenji, who was meditating with a large number of monks, heard the solemn resounding of the temple bell, and he sensed that there was something mysteriously different in the way the bell was being struck.

"That's strange. This is the bell I'm used to hearing, but this morning I feel a sternness in the sound which goes right through my body."

After zazen Ekido returned to the abbot's quarters and instructed the attendant, "Go call the one who struck the bell this morning."

A newly arrived novice monk was ushered in. "You're the one who hit the bell this morning, aren't you," said the abbot.



"Did I ring the bell badly?"

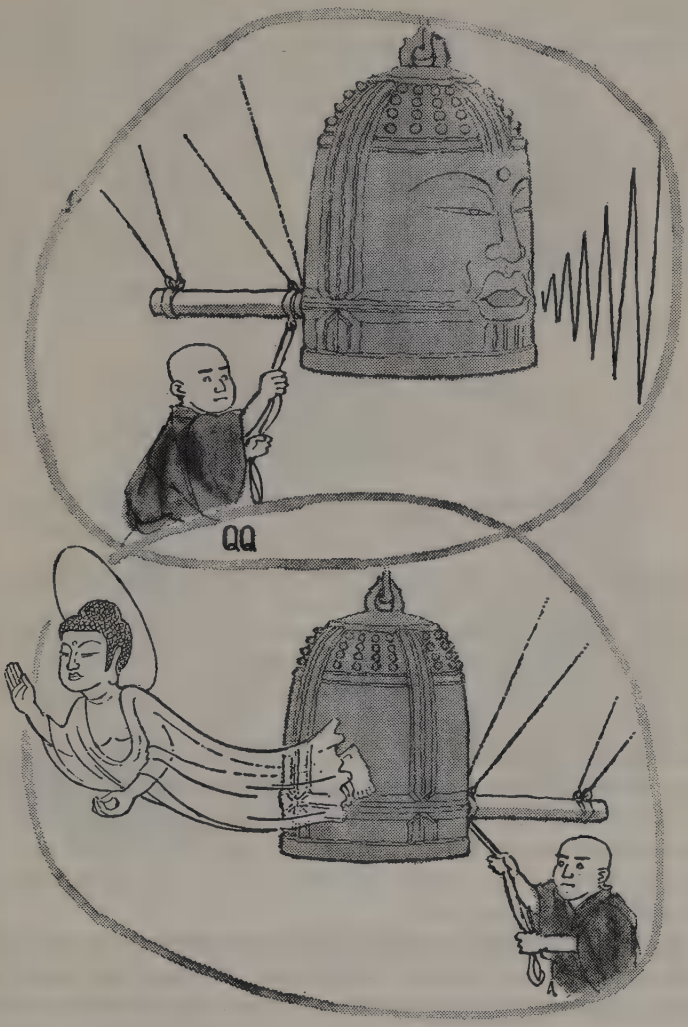
"Yes, sir. Well you see . . . this morning was the first time I . . . ," stammered the novice, timidly bowing his head and probably thinking he was going to be scolded for ringing the bell badly.

"No, I didn't summon you because you rang the bell badly. I want to ask you, what were your feelings when you struck the bell?"

The novice answered, "I was taught that to strike the bell is to hear the voice of the Buddha. It is to bring forth the Buddha. Therefore, when we hit the bell we must hit it with this attitude. This morning my turn to strike the bell came for the first time. So, concentrating on hearing the Buddha's voice and bringing forth the Buddha from the bell, I put the strength of my whole body into my hands when I grasped the mallet, and I hit the bell. After each strike of the bell I put my hands together and made obeisance."

"Oh, so that's it," said the Abbot. "Well, don't forget that feeling when you practice."

This novice, who adored Ekido Zenji's noble character and who never left his side for eighteen years, was the man who became the sixty-fourth abbot of Eiheiji Temple, Goyu Morita.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"Kyozan, I just had a dream . . ."

HEART TO HEART UNDERSTANDING

Today, when science is omnipotent, it is ironic that, on the other hand, there is a boom in the occult.

Zen says that in the true teachings there is nothing strange and rejects anything mysterious.

In Dogen Zenji's *Shobogenzo* there is a chapter entitled 'Supernatural Powers' which begins, "Supernatural powers are not those which are generally referred to as miraculous, rather they are freedom and lack of restriction in our daily lives." In order to make this easily understandable, he presents the following interesting story.

From the middle of the eighth century to the beginning of the ninth there was in China a Zen master, Reiyu Isan, who was thirty-seventh in line of succession from Sakyamuni Buddha. Once when Isan Zenji was lying down and taking a nap a di-

sciple of his, Kyozan, came to him. At this time Isan Zenji turned over in his sleep with his face to the wall. Kyozan said, "It is only I, your disciple. Please do not get up," and started to leave the room.

Isan jumped up and called, "Kyozan!"

"Yes, sir," Kyozan replied while turning around.

"I just had a dream. Try to guess what it was about," said Isan.

Kyozan answered, "Yes, sir," left the room, filled a wash basin with cool water, brought it back to Isan, laid out a towel, bowed and left.

Isan, seeming to enjoy himself, washed his face and took his seat. Then yet another disciple, Kyogen, came up. Isan said to him, "Kyozan and I have just been interpreting dreams. Do you want to join us.?"

Kyogen also left the room just as Kyozan had done, and he soon returned with a bowl of tea and presented it to Isan. Isan seemed to relish the tea and drank it down. Then he praised the two monks saying, "Your wisdom surpasses that of Sariputra, the most wise; and your supernatural powers exceed those of Maudgalyayana, the most powerful."

Dogen Zenji, having related this story, closed by saying that if we wish to know just what are supernatural powers in Buddhism, we should study these sayings and doings of Isan Zenji.

I, while still a student, read the chapter 'Supernatural Powers', but I forgot everything except the story above. Well, be that as it may:

Once, when I was traveling by train in a certain district, an elderly couple of quality took the seat in front of me. The old gentleman with a look of pleasure reclined his seat and went to sleep. Finally, he woke up and then placed his hand on his wife's lap. The old lady reached into her handbag, removed a piece of tissue paper and put it into her husband's hand, whereupon the old man blew his nose and returned his hand to his wife's lap. Then the wife took the paper from his hand and dropped it into a sack which contained fruit peelings.

During this time the two of them spoke not a word, and yet the whole transaction was as smooth as flowing water — just as though it had been previously arranged.

Most people stress conversation or discussion, but this "heart to heart understanding", this "supernatural power", is a more important matter.

GRANDMOTHERLY KINDNESS

The following dialogue transpired at a Tokyo kindergarten between a visiting adult and a young child of the school.

"Little boy, what elementary school are you going to attend?"

"Bancho Elementary."

"And what about junior high?"

"Kojimachi Junior High School."

"Well, have you already decided on high school too?"

"Yes, I have; Hibiya High School."

"Well, I'm really surprised; what about college?"

"Tokyo University, ma'am."

"Oh, really? And what are you going to do after you graduate?"

"I'm going to be the driver of a **big** bus," and so saying the child's eyes sparkled for the first time.

A child's education must be carried out at the appropriate times and in the appropriate manner, in accordance with the various stages in the child's growth and development; otherwise it will be harmful.

To exceed the limits of a child's ability and to attempt to control a child's progress according to the wishes of a parent creates an imbalance and ignores the child's humanity.

"What are you going to do after you graduate?"

"Drive a big bus," he answered proudly; and here for the first time the child regained his freedom from indifference, and his eyes came alive and twinkled.

Only when a parent's guidance matches a child's initiative does education begin to show results. A Zen phrase which conveys this situation is "sokutaku no jinki", or "sokutaku doji".

A mother's hen's pecking from the outside when the chick on the inside of the egg has already cracked the shell and is trying to get out is called "taku"; and the chick's pecking at the same spot from the inside is called "soku". (Translator's note:

"sokutaku no jinki" means the critical moment of pecking from inside and outside; "sokutaku doji" means pecking from inside and outside simultaneously; "soku" and "taku" are onomatopoeic words which describe the sound of pecking.) When a Zen master transmits the Dharma Lamp to a disciple, the power of the satori of disciple and master is equal; and so, when the master pecks from the outside in response to the disciple's pecking from the inside, the Dharma is transmitted for the first time. Consequently, as long as the master does not recognize the disciple's accomplishment of power, even though he may pity the disciple, he does not transmit the Dharma to him.

If the peck of the mother hen is even a moment too late or early it endangers the life of the chick inside the egg. In truth it

"If he just had a little more grandmotherly kindness . . ."

is a moment which is just that dangerous and just that important.

The third abbot of Eiheiji, Ettsu Gikai Zenji, was the teacher of the founder of Sojiji, Keizan Zenji.

Gikai became a disciple of Dogen Zenji, and ten years passed. Then, from the autumn of the year when Gikai was thirty-two, Dogen Zenji became bedridden, and Gikai, along with Ejo (the second abbot of Eiheiji), nursed him diligently.

One day Gikai was taking medicine to Dogen Zenji's sickroom, but when he arrived at the door he heard voices coming from inside and stopped to listen —

"I feel sorry for Gikai. He tries hard and he's a very capable man; I'm not going to live much longer, and I'd like to give him what he wants, but I can't treat the Dharma lightly just because I feel sorry for him. Pity is pity, but the Dharma is the Dharma. First of all, it wouldn't be good for him, and also it would be a crime against the Dharma. So I just have to ignore my sympathy for him and protect the Dharma. If Gikai only had a little more grandmotherly kindness I could transmit the Dharma to him, but — well, it's just too bad," spoke Dogen, and Ejo added:

"Yes, that's right. Gikai certainly wants to be enlightened, but he's just too attached to his opinions . . ."

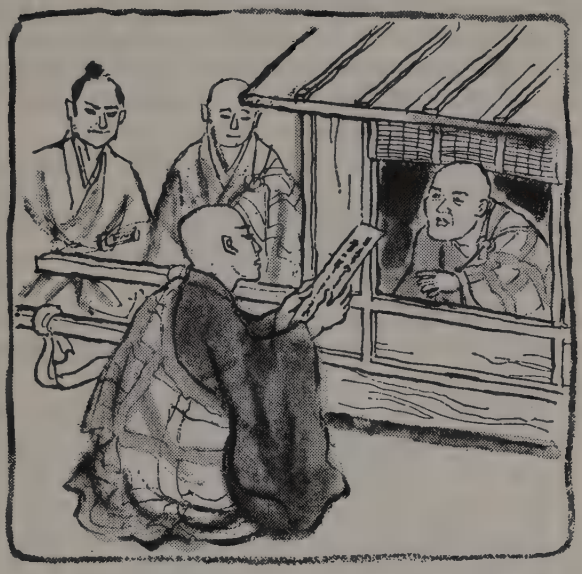
Hearing this conversation Gikai could not move, and hot tears ran down his cheeks. This was the second time he had heard the Zenji say "he needs more grandmotherly kindness." Four or five days earlier he had taken advantage of the fact that he was alone with the Zenji and requested, "I want you to transmit the Dharma to me." At that time the Zenji's words were:

"Wait a while longer. If you had some grandmotherly kindness I would give you the Dharma whether you asked or not."

Just what was this lack of grandmotherly kindness? He had nursed Dogen Zenji carefully; he had practiced Zen without regard for body or life — just where was this grandmotherly kindness lacking? Gikai was anguished, and even the energy to

wipe away his tears of remorse seemed to have left him.

With his question still unresolved, winter passed into spring and spring into summer. The condition of the fifty-four year old Zenji grew steadily worse, Then, at the suggestion of one of the faithful in Kyoto, Yoshishige Hatano, the Zenji decided to



go to that city for treatment. The Zenji called Gikai to his bedside to inform him of this decision.

"I don't think I'm going to recover from this illness. However, Eiheiji will never perish. This very Eiheiji is the center of and the training ground for the Buddha's Teachings. So I want all of you to work together in preserving it.

"Also, since I'm taking this trip to the Capital, I've been wondering whom to appoint regent of the temple in my absence, but you're the only one who is qualified . . . "

Gikai, feeling that the room had gone completely dark before his eyes, sobbed with emotion.

"If I'm fortunate enough to return to Eiheiji, I'll grant your long unfulfilled request, but my life . . . "

The Zenji was unable to complete his sentence due to a coughing spell.

Just when Gikai had been thinking that he would follow the Zenji anywhere and serve him even if imposed upon beyond measure, at that very moment the Zenji had stolen a march on him, and Gikai, who had been repeatedly admonished, answered while blinking his tear-swollen eyes.

"Your humble servant understands your order well and pledges to protect Eiheiji."

The following day the Zenji and his retinue left Eiheiji. Gikai was still filled with the desire to accompany his master wherever he went, but when they reached Kinobe Pass the Zenji halted his sedan chair and said, "We have to part somewhere, so let it be here. Please take care of what I requested of you."

Saying this the Zenji placed his hands together, bowed to Gikai, and then handed him the following poem as a farewell gift.

Parting from the leaves of grass
  I stand on Kinobe Mountain,
Feeling as though there is
  A path among the clouds.

This poem was a farewell to this life, and Gikai's request was not fulfilled.

TWO MOONS

One day while I was resting in a room of the publishing department which is located at the side of a road, I heard the voices of some people who were slowly coming up the hill. Not particularly paying attention I overheard the following:

"This is one of the two main temples of the Soto School. The other main temple is called Eiheiji, which is in Fukui Prefecture . . . "

"Eiheiji is the father and Sojiji is the mother."

Wondering who was speaking, I leaned over the fence and looked. It was Mr. M. who manages a store near the temple gate, and he was conducting a group of visitors who appeared to have come from far away.

One of the visitors asked, "Well, why is it that one school has two main temples?"

To this Mr. M. responded, "Look. It's the same as a house-

hold having a father and a mother. Eiheiji is the father, and this is the mother . . . "

Visitor: "Well which one is more powerful?"

"The mother is," Mr. M. answered with satisfaction.

"It's a little man with a big wife then, isn't it. What's this building over here?" asked the visitor while pointing to the physical education building of Tsurumi College.

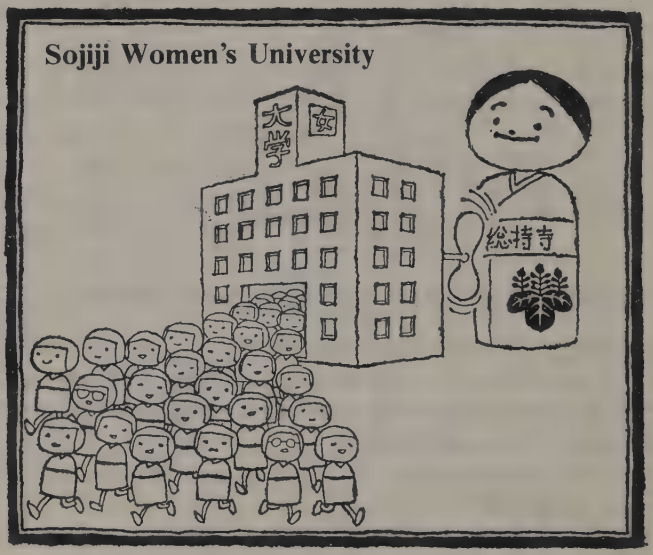
Mr. M.: "Well, whatever it is, this is a very strong mother, and she runs a college for girls only. The founder's motto was 'have babies and grow', and by this he built a great religion."

Visitor: "Who was the founder?"

Mr. M.: "Keizan Zenji."

Visitor: "I'v heard about Dogen-san, but I've never heard about Keizan-san."

Mr. M.: "That's right. Mothers are never famous. That's what's great about . . . "



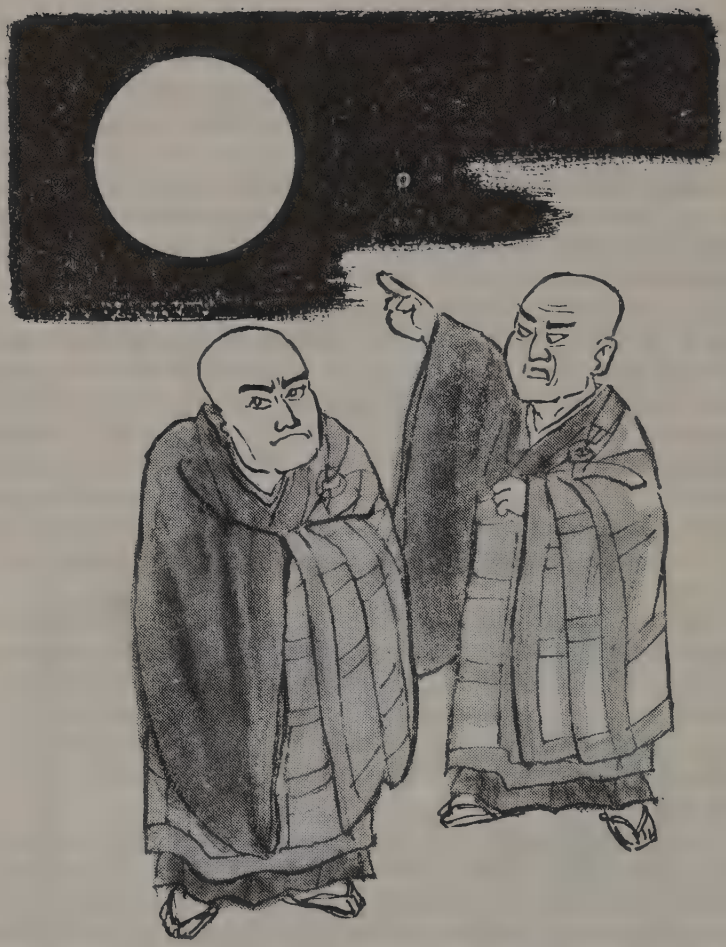
The above is only a part of the conversation I heard. I was very impressed and thought how true it was. The one who worked hand-in-glove with Keizan Zenji in founding Sojiji and in establishing the basis on which today's Soto School is flourishing was Gasan Zenji.

Gasan left home and entered the priesthood on Mt. Hiei at the age of sixteen. For eight years he studied Buddhism and particularly studied the scriptures of the Tendai Sect which he mastered. However, realizing that true spiritual peace of mind cannot be obtained through scholastic Buddhism, Gasan came down off Mt. Hiei, became a disciple of Keizan Zenji, and devoted himself to the practice of Zen. Gasan was by nature keen and sensitive and, physically, was sturdily built. He appeared to be reliable, and Keizan Zenji was happy to be blessed with such a successor. On the other hand, Gasan seemed quite vain about his intelligence, and Keizan Zenji secretly planned, when the proper time arrived, to do something about this haughty attitude which seemed only to 'put up' with people.

One winter night with the moon at its zenith, the mountains, rivers, fields and villages were all illuminated by the pure moonlight and presented an indescribably beautiful scene; somehow the light seemed even to shine through human bodies and minds. Keizan Zenji, as though the thought had just popped into his head, said "Gasan, did you know that there are two moons?"

"No, I didn't know that," said Gasan, completely mystified. While looking at Gasan, who was having trouble coming up with an answer, Keizan Zenji said in a low and solemn voice, "If you do not know that there are two moons I cannot let you become the highest authority for spreading the Zen teachings of the Soto School." Gasan had never before heard such stern words from Keizan Zenji and was shocked.

At that moment what crossed Gasan's mind was the following historic incident which occurred during the T'ang



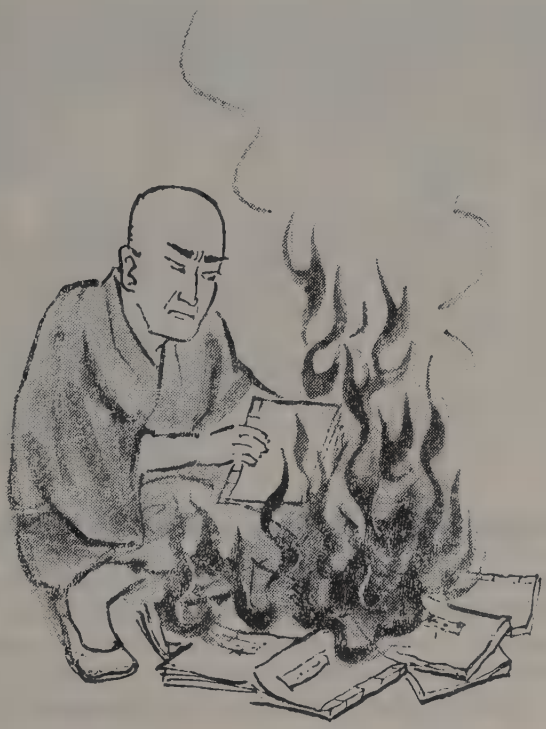
Dynasty in China between a prominent priest Kyozen and his teacher, Zen master Isan Reiyu.

"You are so widely learned there is nothing you do not know, but I have no use for the knowledge you obtained through

books. However, I would like to hear in your own words about the time before you left your mother's womb, knowing neither East nor West."

Kyozen answered, but each time, Master Isan did not accept the answer saying, "You saw that with your eyes," or "you heard that with your ears," or "that was written in a book."

Looking troubled, Kyozen requested, "Please explain it to me."



Master Isan answered, "If I explain it to you, it will be my words, and it won't be of any relevance to you."

Thus rejected, Kyozen took out his notes and books which he had studied up to that time, but he could not find out anything. Dumbfounded, Kyozen thought, "I can't satisfy my hunger looking at paintings of rice cakes," and he burned all his books and notes. "I will stop studying the Buddhist Teachings. Hereafter I am going to live the life of a normal monk and will no longer subject my mind to severe training."

Kyozen parted from Master Isan in tears and entered Mt. Buto to inquire after the ruins of Echu Nango (775 AD) where

his master had had a hermitage and built himself a retreat. He planted bamboo trees and made those bamboo trees his friends as he was absorbed in meditation. One day as he was sweeping a pathway his broom caught a piece of tile which went flying and hit a bamboo tree making a clinking sound. At the same

time the clinking sound was heard, Kyozen was enlightened. Then immediately cleansing and purifying himself and burning incense, he paid homage to the great Isan who was so far away. "Oh, great Master Isan, if you had given me an explanation at that time, I would not be experiencing this great joy today. Master, your kindness surpasses that of my parents . . . "

Similar to this historical fact, in more recent years, was the situation of Master Tettsu Gikai, who was not able to receive the Light of the Buddha from Master Dogen due to his cleverness and intelligence.

From this moment on Gasan's attitude changed completely. He became humble and trained carefully with the other monks and practiced meditation strictly. His conceited attitude disappeared completely. However, the cloud of doubt regarding the "Two Moons" remained unsolved six months and even a year later.

Three years passed, and on the night of December 23, 1301,

the moon shone menacingly and coldly. Master Keizan saw the figure of Gasan in deep meditation through the moonlight and read his mind. He put his hand next to Gasan's ear and snapped his fingers. Though the sound was barely audible, to Gasan it sounded like a loud crash which wiped away all of the doubts he had had for three years.

"Oh, that's it! I understand now." Gasan clearly understood Master Keizan's mind about the two moons.

Two kinds of moons. One is, needless to say, the moon that shines in the sky. The other is the light which shines upon all the beings throughout the universe. That is — no matter how much one may be acquainted with the Buddhist doctrine, if it is not manifested or is not practiced in our daily lives, it is not true enlightenment. Accordingly, Keizan's words, "I cannot allow you to be an authority on spreading the Zen teachings," were severe, but they penetrated to the depths of Gasan's mind. It

enabled him to understand the relation of 'one is two' and 'two are one' and to make it a part of himself.

When Gasan grasped the essence of Master Keizan's teachings the happiness and inspiration Gasan felt were so great, it was inexpressible for him.

Thereafter, the bright light of two moons, Master Keizan and his disciple Gasan having become one, shone throughout the country and they began to spread the teachings together. At that time Master Keizan was explaining the biographical writings of great Zen masters in the past from the time of Shakamuni Buddha to Ejo, the second successor to the head temple of Eiheiji, similarly to the way the moon's light was passed on. This is the famous "Denkoroku" which together with Master Dogen's "Shobogenzo" comprises the Two Great Scriptural Treasures of the Soto School of Zen.

REMAINING PENNILESS WHILE COUNTING OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY

A boy was eating a persimmon one day when suddenly he made a face and complained, "This is bitter!" He handed the partially eaten persimmon to his mother who said, "Is it? Well then, I'll give you another one." The mother then took a riper looking fruit and began paring it.

Hearing this conversation, I suddenly wondered, "If the persimmon is bitter, should the mother give the boy a sweeter one . . . ?"

Long ago at a mountain temple there was a priest who was very fond of tofu, and every day, he would send a novice priest to buy some. However, by the gate of the temple, there lived a grumpy old man who, when he saw the boy coming, would spread out his arms and say, "Hey, little priest, where are you going?" And if the boy would not answer, the old man would not let him pass.

This happened every day, and the novice finally tired of it. So he went to the Osho and asked how he could get the best of the old man. The Osho told him, "The next time he asks you where you're going, tell him you're going to heaven." And the next morning the boy set out in high spirits thinking that he was finally going to outwit the malicious old man. As expected, the old man stretched out his arms an said, "Hey, little priest! Where are you going?"

"Tell him you're going to heaven."

"Today I'm going some place else. I'm going West (where the Pure Land is located)."

"What? You're going West? Little priest, your teacher told you to say that. Well, where in the West are you going?"

"To heaven!" replied the boy, triumphantly throwing out his chest.

"I'm going west."

However, the old man was clever, and he asked, "Why are you going there?"

"Oh, no, I'm in trouble." The boy had not learned how to answer further.

"Tell me! Tell me! If you can tell me, it's all right. If you can't tell me, I'll give you thirty blows with a stick." The old man stayed after the boy, but the boy could not answer. A borrowed thing is, after all, a borrowed thing. If wisdom is not attained by one's own efforts through assiduous training, one will not become 'a master anywhere he goes'.

The young priest did not know what to do, so finally he

" . . to buy tofu."

blurted out, "I'm going to buy tofu," and began to sob.

In one of the sutras it is written: "For example, it is like a poor man who counts the treasures of others day and night and who receives not half a cent himself. Those who only hear (the teachings) are also like this."

This was not only the fault of the young priest. Rather, it was the fault of his teacher, who, when he heard that the persimmon was bitter, did not teach the boy how to remove the bitterness. Instead, he only gave the boy a sweeter persimmon.

KILLING THE CAT THAT CAUSED ALL THE TROUBLE

Many monks gathered to practice Zen under the Tang Dynasty Zen master Fugan of Nansen Mountain. Because of their great number, it seems that the monks' living quarters were divided into the East and the West hall.

One day the monks of both halls caught a cat and were arguing about whether or not a cat has a buddha nature. Now this came about because, when Sakyamuni Buddha became enlightened, he proclaimed that all beings have the buddha nature.

One group of monks insisted, "This cat has a buddha nature too." And the other group of monks retorted, "You're crazy if you think a dumb animal like this has a buddha nature."

"Has!"

"Hasn't!"

It seemed as though the debate would never reach a conclusion. And, wondering what the commotion was all about, old

Nansen Zenji appeared and stepped in between the opposing parties. Grabbing the cat by the nape of the neck, he said in a

harsh voice, "Stop the argument! Say something that goes beyond whether it exists or doesn't exist. If you can say something, I'll spare the cat. If you can't, I'll kill the cat." And surely enough, he had a sharp knife pointed at the cat's throat.

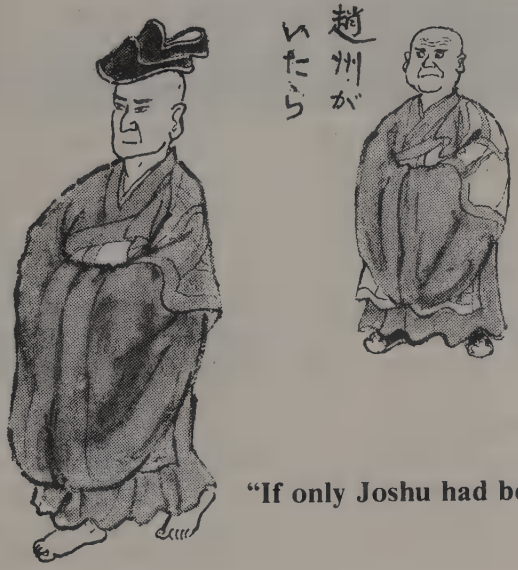
An excellent Zen teacher uses concrete things from our daily lives to skillfully direct the training monks. "If you can say something, everything will be all right." This means that, "If you can give an answer in accord with the way, I will spare the cat." However, the monks were astonished and speechless. A hush fell over them, and none of them could answer.

Zen teachers do not give answers to students no matter how much the students suffer. They require the trainees to answer in their own words — not in others' words.

Swish! Nansen's sharp knife mercilessly killed the cat. Guid-

ance in Zen is instruction through non-instruction. The prohibition of the destruction of life is the first article of the buddhist commandments, and to a Zen man, at first glance, killing the cat would seem a very improper act. But in order to open the eyes of the many training monks, Nansen used the strategem of what is called 'killing one to save many'. As proof of this, when Nansen's best disciple, Joshu, came back after having been away all day, Nansen told him about what had happened and asked him what he would have done if he had been there. Joshu said nothing; but removing his sandals he put them on his head and left the room. Seeing this, Nansen murmured, "If only Joshu had been there, I wouldn't have had to kill the cat. I did a regrettable thing."

Does a cat have a buddha nature? If you substitute this for today's social problems — right or left, conservative or revolutionary, pro-development or environmentalist — there are two



"If only Joshu had been here."

opposing views which make a solution difficult. Nansen, without leaning toward either existence or non-existence, used 'the stone which kills two birds' to demonstrate the world of clarity that leaves theorizing and emotion behind. Joshu's action brought two opposing opinions into the real world.

Recently there have been many books and television programs on the last days of the Tokugawa Period after Perry's visit. At that time, Japan had to decide whether to open the country to foreigners or to remain in isolation. This was related to the country's internal political problems, and those wanting to open the country sided with the Shogun, while those who wanted to remain isolated rallied around the Emperor. These two parties opposed each other for twenty years, and the energy of the Japanese people was wasted. Since most of the world favored opening the country, it seems that that party would have won, but the result was, in fact, a victory for the imperial forces. However, since the expulsion of foreigners was contrary to what most of the world wanted, the imperial party soon changed its policy and opened the door to foreigners. It was then that the Meiji Restoration was established.

Because we cling to ideologies, confrontation can become heated. An at times like this we should thoroughly examine the koan of "Nansen kills the cat."

SPLIT PERSONALITY

During the Tang Dynasty there was a man named Cho Kan who lived in Koyo. His only daughter, Sei Jo, was very beautiful and was in love with a man named O Chu. However, her father tried to get her to marry another man. Because of this Sei Jo had a nervous breakdown, and O Chu, bearing a grudge, left his hometown for the capital. Sei Jo ran after him crying, "I can't live without you . . . "

O Chu was happy that she felt the way she did, and the two of them went to the distant country of Shoku. Five years passed, but no children were born to them. And perhaps because of this, or perhaps only because of homesickness, Sei Jo persuaded O Chu to return to Koyo.

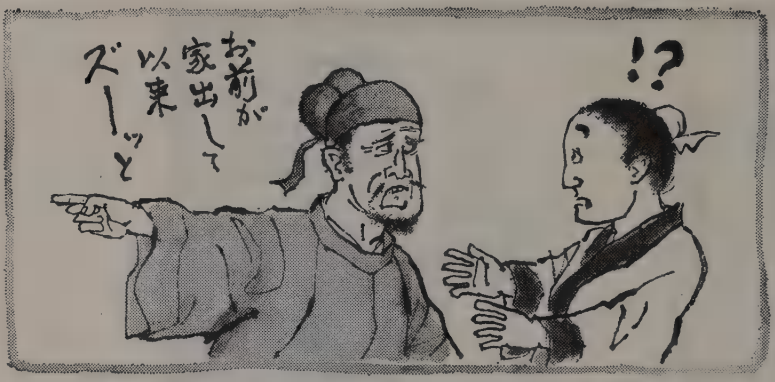
Upon their return, O Chu first went to Cho Kan's home, apologized for his wrong, and begged forgiveness. But Cho Kan looked puzzled and said, "You say you took my daughter and left town, but ever since you ran away she has been sick and has been lying in bed in the next room."

When O Chu heard this he could not figure out what was happening. So, he decided that the best thing to do was to bring Sei Jo, whom he had left at the boat docks. He hurried back to the pier, gathered up Sei Jo's things, and brought her to her father's house. Then the sick daughter in the adjacent room cheerfully came out, and the two daughters, who looked exactly alike, approached each other and instantly became one Sei Jo.

This story comes from a fictional romance of the Tang

Dynasty called *Biography of a Sleepwalker*. Be that as it may, when the Tang Dynasty gave way to the Sung, an outstanding Zen master appeared who later became the fifth patriarch of Zen. His name was Hoen. One day he gathered his disciples and told them this same story, and then asked them which Sei Jo was the real one. This became the thirty-fifth chapter of the Zen classic *Mumonkan*, and it became a famous koan in Zen buddhism.

Zen rejects anything which smacks of the 'occult' and says that "in the true teachings there is nothing weird." Then why did Hoen Zenji ask such a strange question? The fact is that if people do not control themselves, though they do not become physically disunited, as did Sei Jo, they often unknowingly develop two or three personalities.



"She's been in the next room ever since you ran away."

This multiple personality can be seen all around us. When a person develops two or three personalities, he naturally loses consistency in his actions. Accordingly, it is only natural that a society composed of such people would fall into confusion. Therefore, to prevent confusion in society and maintain consistency, we must prevent individual split personalities.

Then how can we prevent people's developing split personalities? Sei Jo's sleepwalking can provide us with a clue. Sei Jo developed a dual personality due to a discord between the ideal and reality. That is, her wish to marry O Chu was destroyed by her father's rejection of him. In this case, if Sei Jo had acted consistently, there would have been two ways for her to proceed. One would have been to marry O Chu and abandon her father, and the other would have been to agree with her father and forget O Chu. However, she did not have the strength necessary to make such a judgement. As a result, the Sei Jo who agreed with her father and the Sei Jo who followed O Chu were split apart.

Then why were the two Sei Jo's restored to one five years later? This was because the ideal and reality became one and the same. And they lived happily ever after.

THE TREASURE HOUSE IS HERE

Sekioku Shinryo Zenji obtained his training under the guidance of Tsugen Jakurei Zenji (a disciple of Gasan Zenji, second abbot of Sojiji). While Sekioku was on pilgrimage in the eastern part of Yamaguchi Prefecture, he happened to meet a young man on the road, and they chatted as they walked along. Soon dusk fell on them, and not a house could be seen. Just as the monk was thinking that he might have to sleep out in the open, his companion kindly offered, "You may stay at my place tonight."

"I appreciate that very much," answered Sekioku Zenji.

The house they finally reached was standing all alone in the hills. The night deepened, and Sekioku sat and slept in the meditation position, but he sensed the stealthy approach of foot-

steps, and the sliding 'shoji' door of his room opened silently.

"Who's that?" Sekioku asked in a low yet authoritative tone.

Caught off guard, the intruder stopped in his tracks and kneeled. The Zenji turned around and saw a trembling man who was wearing a black mask, clutching a sword in his right hand.

"Take that mask off!"

The man was shaken enough to meekly remove his mask. It was the owner of the house — the man who had accompanied the Zenji.

"Why, it's you. So you're a burglar, are you?"

"Yes. I'm a kind of thief."

"I see. You had me stay here so you could steal my money, This is interesting. Once you do this sort of thing, do you enjoy it?"

"Well, that depends on the amount I steal, but I usually don't enjoy it too long."

"Yes, that's right, isn't it. If you're going to do it anyway, what about doing something even bigger?"

"Then, are you a robber too?"

"Well, you might say that."

"Hmm. No wonder you're so generous. You must be planning a big job."

"That's right. If you pull off this kind of job just one time, you can take it easy the rest of your life. That's because you can't ever use it up no matter how many times you use it."

"Really!? That's great!"

"Wouldn't you like to have something that never decreases no matter how much you use it?"

"Of course I would."

"It's something that's right next to you."

"Right next to me? Show me what it is! Please!" The thief came closer.

"Are you a robber too?"

"I'll show you!" Sekioku Zenji grabbed the man's shirt front and sternly said, "It's here! It's here! The thing that never gets used up no matter how much you use it. You have a treasure in your mind, and you don't even realize it. Here you're wasting your precious life being a sneak thief. What's the matter with you?"

This treasure which can be used without ever decreasing is the Buddha Nature — Buddha Mind which inheres in people.

"Do you understand?"

"No. I don't."

"Then you'll train until you do understand."

"It's here!"

The burglar became a disciple of Sekioku Zenji in order to open his treasure house and soon grew to be an able Zen monk.

According to the results of a study by the Prime Minister's office of eleven principal countries of the world in 1973, the number of eighteen to twenty-four year olds in Japan who thought "human nature is evil" was thirty-three percent — the highest in the world. And this is why we have cases of people who indiscriminately kill others with poisoned soft drinks at New Year's. Related to this, an American Gallup poll of seventy countries, excluding communist countries, showed that those who believe "religion is not important" were fifty-three percent in Japan, while Canada was seven percent and the U.S. three percent.

There has probably never been an age which more than the present one needed urgently to awaken to the Buddha Nature—Buddha Mind which inheres in human beings.

CONTENT AND PACKAGE

"Yoto Kuniku" (sheep's head, dog meat) is a saying which means to put a sheep's head on the shop's signboard but to sell dog meat. In other words, an item of inferior quality is sold although the sign may advertise it as a quality item. Or one may try to appear great when in fact he is mean within.

The origin of this phrase is in the Zen classic *Mumonkan*, but the Chinese-Japanese Character Dictionary states that, in the *Mumonkan*, 'horse meat' is written instead of 'dog meat'. Wondering whether this was true or not, I checked four or five editions of the *Mumonkan*, and every one of them had 'dog meat'. So, I immediately made an inquiry and received the following reply: "In the Chinese editions 'horse meat' was originally used, but later 'dog meat' came to be commonly used. In any case, as you have so kindly pointed out, the present *Mumonkan* has it as 'dog meat', and therefore we have decided to revise the Chinese-Japanese Character Dictionary accordingly."

The change from 'horse meat' to 'dog meat' went unnoticed with the changing times, and most likely the difference between the signboard and the goods actually sold has become greater also.

Those who have experience shopping in foreign countries are surely aware of the fact that in Japan much money is spent on packaging. The wrapping is a kind of signboard. For instance, an article which costs 1000 yen (about five dollars) may look more expensive outwardly due to expensive packaging. "Sheep's head, dog meat' may be going a little too far, but we can say for this age that "clothes make the man". Nowadays we hear the phrase "culture of packaging", and doesn't this mean to wrap things nicely, regardless of the contents, so that the beauty in the eye of the beholder will sell great quantities of whatever it is?

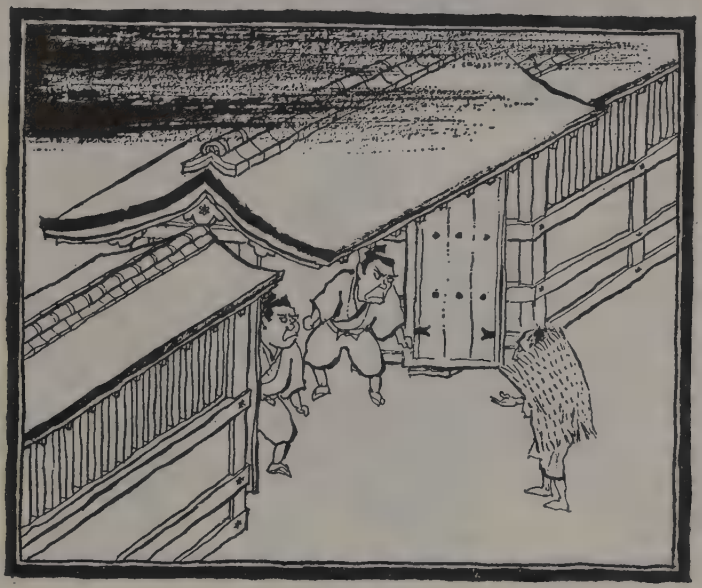
Just recently, I heard that on graduation day at a certain high school the girls who were graduating rushed to the cos-

metics stores to stock up on make-up. At the same time they were leaving the school which had aimed at their inward completion, they were changing over to the "culture of packaging". Actually, this is a skillful way of transforming appearances.

Since this is the way things are, it is only natural that more and more people make value judgments on the basis of titles, dress, and accessories.

Well, my introductory remarks became rather long. But in Zen, which respects the contents just as they are, the vulgar spirit which lets the mind be distracted by the 'the package' is not spared from the shout and the stick.

The following is a story which took place while Ikkyu Zenji was head of Daitokuji at Murasakino. One day a young man came to the temple gate and announced with an air of self-importance: "I am the servant of a rich man of Kyoto by the name of Takaido. And because tomorrow is the first anniver-



sary of the death of my master's father, he definitely wants the Zenji to be present. If you only mention the name Takaido, you'll have no trouble finding the place."

When the monk who answered the door relayed this request to the Zenji, the Zenji had him confirm the time. Ikkyu must have had a plan of some kind, for he was usually disgusted by rich people who had an arrogant attitude because of their money.

The autumn day was short, and it was twilight when a lone beggar dressed in dirty rags and covered with a muddy straw mat came to the imposing gate of the Takaido residence. "Please, alms for the poor . . .," the beggar said in a faint voice. He rubbed his hands together and looked very pitiful. However, the men servants of the house crowded around him,

shouted "Don't bother us! Get out of here! Go back where you came from!" and tried to push him away.

The beggar repeated, "Please, alms for the poor . . ."

"We don't have anything to give you! Get out, now!"

The young master of the house heard the commotion and came out to investigate. "Get rid of that beggar right now. If he won't leave, kick him away!"

The beggar was cruelly beaten, kicked and pushed out onto the road where he fell. Rubbing his bruised legs he slowly got up and hobbled off into the twilight. Soon he made his way to the Daitokuji gate. Standing there under the bright light of a lantern the beggar chuckled to himself, and who should the smiling face belong to but Ikkyu Zenji himself.

The following day, wearing a brilliantly colored robe and a gold brocaded surplice, Ikkyu Zenji left for the Takaido residence riding in a palanquin.

The areas inside and outside the Takaido gate had been cleaned, and many people had gathered together to pay their respects to the living Buddha. The master of the house and all of his retainers wore formal garments which bore the family

crest, and they welcomed the Zenji in a very dignified manner. The latter was then led through the gate by the master of the house.

"Zenji, please step into the altar room."

"No, thank you. This is far enough," said Ikkyu, and he did not move.

"What is the reason? Please, come in."

"No, this is fine. This straw mat is good enough for me." Ikkyu sat down on the mat that was spread before him and was not about to move no matter what they said.

The master of the house became irritated, grabbed Ikkyu's arms, and tried to pull him up.

But the Zenji brushed him aside and said, "Here, take this robe and gold brocaded surplice to the altar room. My body is not welcome here, so it is enough for me to sit on this mat." A cynical smile spread across his face, and he continued,

"Master, to tell the truth, the beggar who came by yesterday and I, the monk, are one and the same person. Yesterday I was kicked and beaten; today I am welcomed and treated with great hospitality. Why is that? Isn't it because this surplice shines so brilliantly?" Saying this, the Zenji laughed loudly.

When the master of the house and his followers heard this they were astonished. Trembling and turning pale, they were speechless as they remembered their rudeness to the Zenji, who was highly respected by the Shogun and other feudal lords. They say that Ikkyu Zenji then took off his robe and surplice and as though without a care in the world said, "You'd better ask this robe and surplice to conduct the service."

TRUE PURPOSE VS. 'REASONS'

Like an actor appearing on stage or screen, we may wear masks while associating with others in our daily lives, and due to these masks, we can avoid exposing our weak points. At home, however, since we do not have to be conscious of what other people think, we may openly quarrel with our spouse. And if someone tries to stop the quarrel, the participants became even more irate. Strangely enough, though, the couple will soon make up and turn against the person who was trying to stop their arguing. Now it is wise to stay out of marital quarrels, but there was one monk who got involved of his own accord and settled an argument between husband and wife.

"Stop it!"

The monk was Teikin, who became the twenty-second abbot of Tenryuji at Asahi-cho, in Tokyo's Yotsuya area, about 1810. He was a priest of firm faith and strict practice, but on the other hand he was an open-hearted and unconventional monk. At

that time Asahi-cho was a small village on the outskirts of Edo and consisted of rows of small tenement houses.

One day when Teikin went to town on business, he noticed a large crowd gathered in front of a cheap candy store. Wondering what was happening he drew closer, and this was what he saw.

The candy maker was yelling at his wife, "I'll kill you!!" And the wife screamed back, "If you're going to kill me, go ahead! Kill me!" They were right in the middle of a marital fight.

There is a saying, "Even a dog can't stand a husband-wife quarrel," but this one was so violent as to make a dog run completely away from it. Teikin Osho, however, stepped quickly into the shop and yelled, "Hey! Stop it!" But it did no good.

"Osho-sama, leave us alone. I can't forgive my wife this time. I'm going to beat her to death."

But the wife was not intimidated. "Please leave us alone,

Osho-sama." Then turning to her husband she screamed, "If you think you can kill me, go ahead and try!"

Both of their eyes had become bloodshot with all the yelling.

"Then do as you please," Teikin said. Turning around, he picked up boxes and jars filled with candy and dumped out the contents. Then he called, "Children! Come here and pick up all the candy you want. You don't have to pay — it's free. Hurry! First come, first served."

The children were overjoyed and dashed for the candy, but the husband and wife in the midst of their quarrel were taken aback. "Osho-sama, what are you doing? How dare you give away other people's merchandise which is meant to be sold!" Forgetting their quarrel, the couple turned against Teikin.

Teikin replied, "What do you mean? You two are arguing about killing and being killed, so if the wife is killed, the husband will sooner or later be punished and put to death as a

murderer. If that's the case, this shop will no longer exist after today. And by giving candy away to the children you'll be practicing the virtue of giving as you depart this life. You should be thankful."

The sulking couple began to pick up the candy and the quarrel came to an end. It is said that after this they never had a violent quarrel again.

Our true purposes and the 'reasons' we give for doing things seldom agree. That is why disagreements occur and people argue. When a family argument is seen by an outsider, the fighting couple may want him to mediate, but neither will turn loose his 'reason' for arguing. The monk Teikin, seeing through this, caught the couple off guard by bringing out their true purposes. As a result, the seemingly endless quarrel ground to a halt, as though engine brakes had been applied.

As it is said, one's own treasure does not come from without.

I bring nothing.

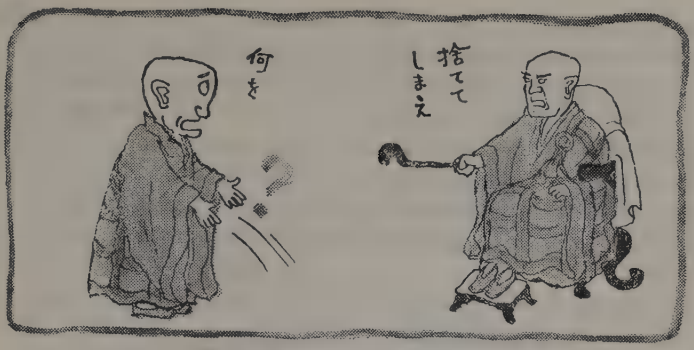
ZEN DEBATES

If someone says something which does not make sense, people say, "It sounds like a Zen debate (Zen mondo). And it is true that there is such an aspect in Zen debates. For example, one monk who was undergoing training asked Unmon Zenji (Sung Dynasty monk who founded the Unmon Sect of Zen), "What is Buddha?"

Unmon answered "A piece of used toilet paper."

Now 'Buddha' is what monks in training pray to constantly and is the goal which they ceaselessly try to attain. Consequently, "What is Buddha?" is frequently asked in debates. To this question, the teachers from ancient times on down have given many different answers to guide the student monks. However, Unmon's answer was extreme. 'Kanshi ketsu' means 'wiping stick' and is a very filthy thing. In fact, one may become angry and say, "What does he think the Buddha is?", but this is the superficial view. The true meaning of these debates is very profound, even though the words themselves seem to be nonsense.

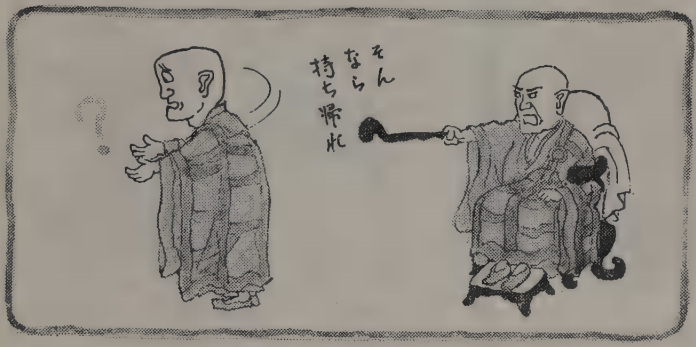
In the ninth century, during the Tang Dynasty, there was an



Throw it away. What?

excellent Zen master named Joshu. One day a monk named Gon'yo asked him, "I have come with nothing. What do I do in such a case?"

Joshu replied, "Throw it away." On the surface, this was not an answer. Then Gon'yo asked as though cross examining, "I said I came with nothing, so what do you expect me to throw away?"



Then take it away.

Joshu promptly said, "Then hurry and take it away." This was even a stranger answer than the previous one. Zen debates are strange, and a certain storyteller made a comedy out of one:

One day a monk on pilgrimage came to the front of a mountain temple and shouted, "Hello! Is the head priest here? I want to have a debate with him." A boy-priest came out of the temple and shouted back even louder, "First let's you and I have a debate, and if you beat me then I'll call the head priest."

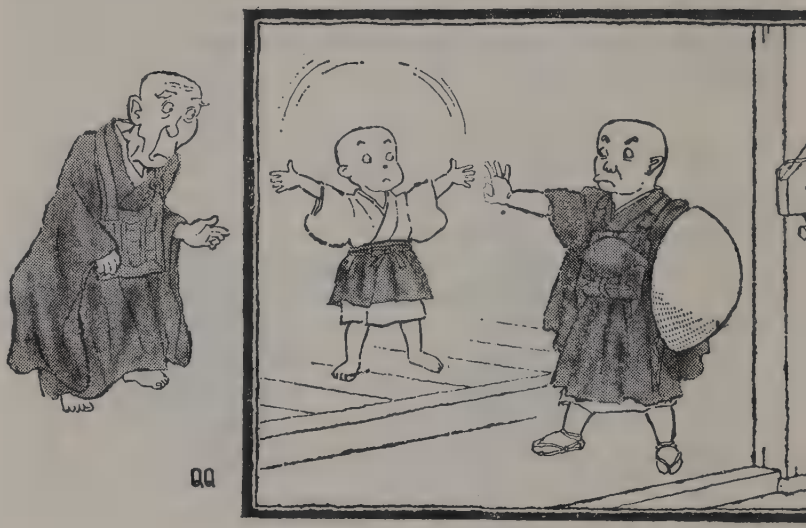
"Why you impudent little . . . all right," and the traveling monk silently extended his right hand and made a circle with his thumb and index finger.

The boy immediately made a large circle with his arms.

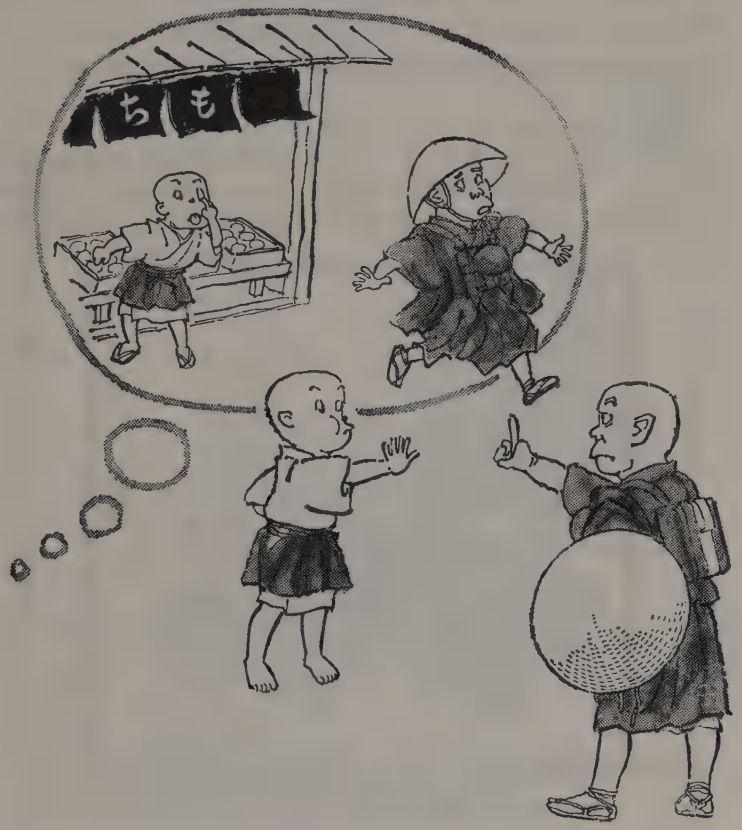
The traveling monk held up one finger.

The boy responded by raising five fingers.

The pilgrim monk then raised three fingers which the boy countered by making a face. As though beaten, the pilgrim hurriedly ran away.



The head priest had witnessed this question and answer session through a crack in the door, and he was surprised. He was surprised because he interpreted the dialogue as follows. The circle made by the traveling monk meant "What is your mind?" In response to this the boy had made a large circle which meant "Like an ocean", and this was a splendid answer. The one finger raised by the pilgrim meant "How about your body?" In reply the boy-priest had raised five fingers, which signified the



five Buddhist precepts — no killing, no stealing, no adultery, no lying and no drinking. This again was a suitable answer. The pilgrim's raising of three fingers represented the three great worlds which make up the entire universe, and the boy's making a face meant "It is under my eyes."

The head priest who had interpreted the debate in this way thought, "How strange. The boy can't have that much ability, can he?" Calling out to the acolyte he asked, "What were you doing there?"

"The traveling monk must have heard that I was the son of a 'mochi' (rice cake) dealer."

"Why?"

"Because he made a small circle to say that my father's rice cakes are small. That's why I made a large circle to show that they're big. Then he asked how much one costs, and I told him five pennies. And he wanted me to discount the price to three

He didn't have any money.

pennies, so I made a face. He must not have had any money because he ran away."

The head priest burst out laughing. This dialogue is opposite that of the one before. Even though the form is the same, the content is incoherent.

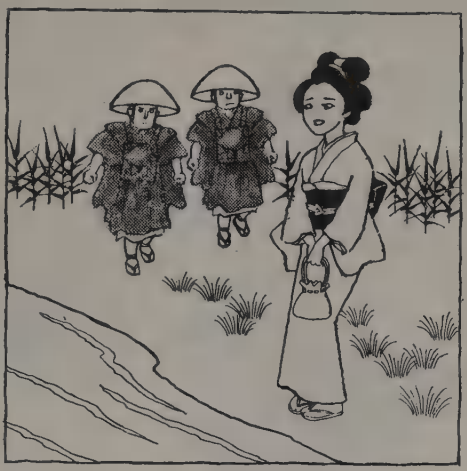
Now, returning to the original story — Gon'yo said, "I have nothing." In other words, "I have attained 'satori' (enlightenment) ego-lessness, and 'no mind'." However, from Joshu's point of view, Gon'yo had too much. 'If you have one thing on your mind, you have a heavy load on your back.' And Gon'yo

The heavy load of having nothing.

was carrying around a heavy load which he called "having nothing".

When one is really healthy he forgets his good health. A drinker may say, "I've had enough, I've had enough," but as long as he keeps the glass in his hand he hasn't had enough. If he really had enough, he would put the glass down.

That is why Joshu said, "Throw it away," and urged Gon'yo to take one more step off the top of the hundred foot bamboo pole to truly attain enlightenment, but Gon'yo did not understand this. He retorted, "I said I had nothing, so how can I throw anything away?" Here, finally, his pride in not 'having anything' came out. And this is why Joshu said, "Then take it away."



WERE YOU STILL HOLDING HER

Tanzan Hara was a famous Zen monk of the Meiji Period. He was also a Buddhist scholar and became the first lecturer in Indian philosophy at Tokyo University and was elected a member of the Japan Academy. He died in 1892 at the age of seventy-four, and he knew the day before that he was going to die. Twenty minutes before his eyes closed for the last time he wrote postcards to his close friends which said, "Your servant is soon to die. At this time I would like to inform you to that effect." And even though he is famous for having died while sitting in the meditation posture, he had shown unusual qualities from his youth.

As a young pilgrim monk he traveled country roads with a close friend, and one day the two of them came to a shallow and

"You no good . . ."

narrow river. But there was no bridge, and they were going to have to wade across. By chance they saw a beautiful young lady who was hesitating to wade the stream, and Tanzan offered, "Here, I'll carry you across. Hold on to my shoulders tightly. All right?", and lightly holding the girl he carried her across.

The girl blushingly thanked Tanzan, but he, in his haste to catch up with his friend, did not hear her. The two monks walked about a mile in silence, and Tanzan's friend appeared to be displeased. Suddenly the friend could contain himself no longer and bluntly said, "You're a disgrace. Do you think

monks should hold girls?" He looked angry.

Tanzan, pretending not to understand, looked round about him and said, "What? Where is a girl?"

"Don't go pretending. You held a beautiful girl just a short while ago."

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha — you mean **that** girl. I carried her across the river and put her down. Have you been carrying her in your mind all this way?"

Hearing this, the friend was at a loss for words.

In photography, if you snap the shutter, the next step is to

"Have you been carrying her all this way?"

wind the film. Otherwise, you will get a double exposure. Neither should we forget to wind the film of our minds as our surroundings change moment by moment.

THE MOON OF FIVE-PINT HERMITAGE

The monk Ryokan said that if he had five pints of rice he would need nothing else. And having said this, he put together the Five-Pint Hermitage on Mt. Kugami in Echigo Province and there led a spartan life of genteel poverty.

One day the messenger of a certain lord who wanted to engage Ryokan's services came to Five-Pint Hermitage, but Ryokan was away gathering alms. The messenger, thinking it would be boring to idly wait, cut all the grass surrounding the hermitage. Expecting the monk to be pleased he awaited Ryokan's return to the hermitage. But when Ryokan did return, he lamented, "Now the insects will no longer sing," and he flatly refused the lord's invitation. And it is said that about

this time he composed the 'haiku' which follows.

The wind will bring
Fuel enough,
Look. The falling leaves.

One day Ryokan left his hermitage in the early morning because he had business in a distant town.

He walked continuously until lunch time, and then he stopped at a small eatery on the Tokaido highway for a bite to eat. The old woman who owned the place warmly welcomed Ryokan and then brought him a herring wrapped in kelp. As he was relishing his rice and herring, a young pilgrim monk came in and ordered lunch.

"Today we only have this. Is it all right," the old woman asked. She had brought out the same thing she had served to Ryokan.

The young monk glanced at it and said, "What is **that**?" And then, glaring at Ryokan out of the corner of his eye, he cried out, "What do you think I am? I'm not a worldly priest who

eats fish! Don't put me in the same class with country monks."

The old woman cringed, but Ryokan continued to eat the herring with pleasure.

That evening, the young monk must not have been able to find a temple to lodge at, because he showed up at a farm house

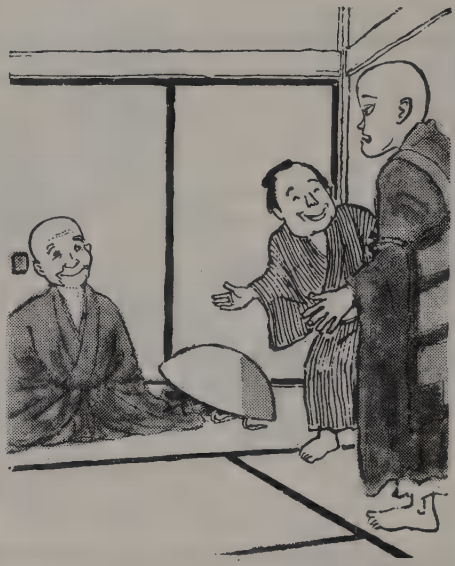
on the outskirts of a village and asked the owner if he might stay the night there. The owner of the house said, "Today is the anniversary of the passing of our ancestor, and since you're a monk, we'll gladly put you up. We're lucky enough to have another monk staying with us too. I hope you won't mind staying in the same room with him."

"To have a fellow lodger is more than I could wish for. Yes, I would like that."

The host then led the pilgrim to the guest room where the young monk was shocked to see that his fellow lodger was the

same monk who had eaten the herring at lunch time. Even though the pilgrim was disgusted by this turn of events, he decided it was too late to back out.

"Well, we meet again. It's nice to know you," he greeted Ryokan awkwardly.

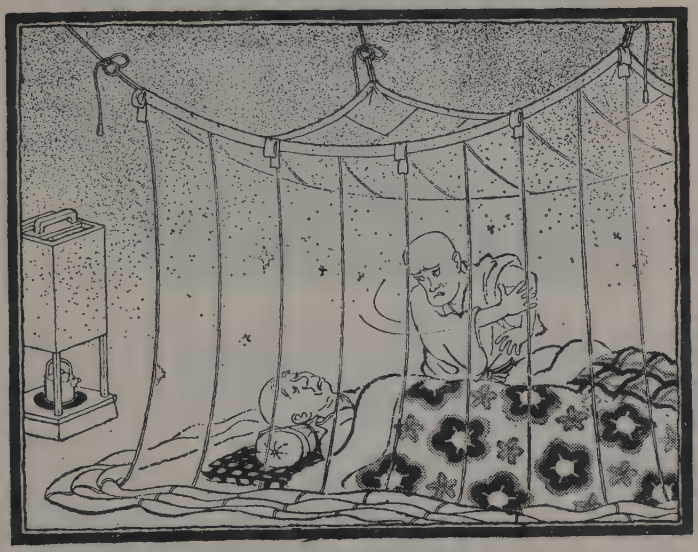


"Yes, it's nice to know you too," Ryokan greeted the newcomer with disinterest.

Dinner was soon over, and the two monks went to bed. Because it was summer, mosquito nets had been put up, but there were holes in them here and there, and the mosquitoes easily found their way inside. As the monks tried to get to sleep, the mosquitoes buzzed about their ears, and the young monk remained awake. However, Ryokan easily dropped off to sleep as soon as he lay down. Seeing Ryokan sound asleep the young monk felt envious and irritated, and the night finally passed without his sleeping at all.

The next morning Ryokan awoke feeling well rested, and the young monk asked him sarcastically, "You didn't feel any discomfort from the mosquitoes . . .? You can sleep like a log, can't you."

Ryokan replied, "If you weren't bothered by eating herring wrapped in kelp, you wouldn't have any trouble sleeping either."



There are more stories about Ryokan. One afternoon he was sitting on the veranda of Five-Pint Hermitage taking in the late autumn sun. He reached inside his robe, pulled out some lice, and set them on the palm of his upturned hand. And just as though he were speaking to a fellow human being, he muttered, "Well, well. You fellows had better get some sun too. Ryokan doesn't have any parents or children, so you're the only ones who have his blood."

Now no one was there to hear this talking with the insects, so

I cannot guarantee its veracity, but they say that at that time Ryokan spontaneously composed the following poem.

If fleas and lice could sing
Like the insects of autumn
My chest could be Musashino Plain.

One moonlit night Ryokan was sleeping peacefully when the sliding door of his room opened quietly. He partially opened his eyes and saw a big man slip into the room. "Ah, it's a burglar," he thought and closed his eyes pretending to sleep. The burglar assumed that Ryokan was sleeping and searched here and there for anything of value, but he found nothing. Dejectedly he gave up and was about to leave.

Ryokan, who had been seeing everything, thought to himself, "It must be absolutely necessary for this man to steal. He's probably not eating three square meals a day, and he probably has a wife and children. It would be too bad if he had to go home empty handed."

And so, Ryokan called out to the burglar to stop. Not wanting to frighten the man, Ryokan had called to him in a soft voice, but the burglar apparently had not heard him. The monk called out hurriedly once more and rose from his bed.

The burglar was naturally frightened and apprehensively answered, "Yes? Are you calling me?"

"Yes, I called you. Since you went to all the trouble to come here and you still can't find anything to take, I feel sorry for you."

The burglar made no reply.

"I'll give you this." Ryokan pushed the quilt he had been sleeping under out to the thief.

The man looked at it and saw that it was a thin, stiff quilt that no one would have bothered to take. And since the burglar was hesitating, Ryokan said, "Here. Go ahead and take it."

Not really having any choice, the man took the quilt, thanked Ryokan, and left Five-Pint Hermitage quilt-under-

arm. Ryokan stared after the retreating figure of the the burglar and sighed, "What a pity." Suddenly he looked up. In the middle of the sky the autumn moon appeared especially clear, and the following 'haiku' poem resulted.

The moon
Seen through the window
Was all the burglar left behind.

Ryokan repeated the poem once more, and forgetting the time, gazed and gazed at the moon.

A PLACE THAT IS NEITHER HOT NOR COLD

About the ninth century there was in T'ang China a Zen master called Tozan Ryokai who was eleven generations distant from Bodhidharma. Because of his great virtue he was awarded the title of Gohon Daishi, and the "To" of Soto School came from the first character of his name. Consequently, we should pronounce it "Soto" and not "Sodo" as many Japanese do. Once a monk in training asked Tozan Daishi, "When heat and cold come, how can I avoid them?"

It was probably a scorching hot summer afternoon or a bitterly cold winter morning, and this heat (or cold) was so extreme the monk could not bear it.

Now you may think that the monk's question has no relevance today when we can avoid heat and cold as we wish with air conditioning and central heat. But even though we have indoor cooling and heating, if we take just one step outdoors, we will find that a way to avoid the violence of nature has not yet been developed.

"Go where it's neither hot or cold."

Tozan said, "Why don't you go where it's neither hot nor cold?"

"What is this place of no heat or cold?" The training monk seems to have thought that in some distant land there was such a place, and to counter this Tozan replied, "When it's hot, become one with the heat; when it's cold, become one with the cold. That is the place of no heat or cold."

As long as we are living in natural surroundings, we cannot avoid heat and cold, but we can get rid of the mind which is fearful of, uncomfortable with or uneasy around heat or cold.

I become depressed around the time of the Festival for the

Dead (O-bon). Thinking about having to go around house to house for memorial services in the hottest part of summer makes me want to go to a country which has no heat. However, once I start making the rounds and get drenched with sweat, the heat no longer bothers me. In the same way, while I am

shivering with hunched shoulders at the "kotatsu" stove at home, I just cannot seem to get into the mood to face a snowstorm; but once I get myself ready and leave to go skiing, even a snowstorm can be fun. So, heat and cold themselves are not troublesome or anything else; it is the anxiety and discomfort

twined about them which makes us suffer. An old poem says:

"The ladle, coming and going
In the Hell of Heat and Cold,
Has no mind and suffers not."

As it says in the poem, the ladle enters the boiling kettle and enters the cold water pitcher but feels no pain, because it has no mind.

Once when Ryokan fell victim to an earthquake he said to a visitor paying a condolence call:

"When you're sick, it's all right to be sick; and when you die, it's all right to die."

It is not only a matter of heat and cold. Birth, death, sickness and old age also are like this. Casting away delusive imaginings

and thoughts is the only Way to transcend birth and death and avoid the heat and cold.

(In the sixteenth century) Kaisen Osho converted Shingen Takeda and was subsequently invited to live at Erinji in Koshu (Yamanashi Prefecture). When Shingen's son Katsuyori was

When it's time to die, dying is all right.

later attacked and defeated by Nobunaga Oda, most of the Takeda forces fled to Erinji. Hearing that Kaisan Osho had sheltered these people, Nobunaga became violently angry, drove all of the monks up into the tower of the temple gate and set fire to the tower. At that time Kaisen turned to the other monks and calmly said, "Well, this is finally the end. Of course we are discharging our debt to the Takeda family, but in any case, we could not have simply handed over to the enemy people who had sought refuge in the sleeve of the robe of

Dharma. We will die bravely and loyally with the others." Having said this, he had each monk in turn recite a death verse, and finally he himself intoned the following:

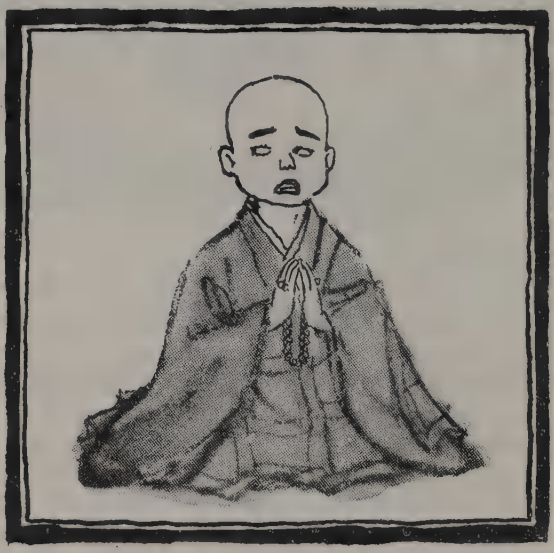
"Calm meditation requires no peaceful surroundings.
If the mind is clear, fire itself is cool."

These words appear in the *Hekiganroku* in the chapter "Tozan's Neither Hot Nor Cold".

THE SWEET SAKE WHICH TASTED GOOD

Jiho Sugawara Roshi of Kamakura's Kenchoji was a famous priest of the recent past who was known as "the Ryokan of today". This is Jiho's story.

. . . I was taken into the temple at an early age. I wasn't even ten years old yet, was I? Well, a farmer who was a parishioner of the temple died, and every seventh day after the funeral I was sent to recite the sutras for the memorial service. They were a poor farm family, but every time I went the widow would greet me warmly and sincerely say "Thank you so much, thank you so much," to me, a novice priest.



Let's see. I think it was the third or fourth time I went . . . I had started reciting the sutra when the wife, saying she was going to prepare something for me to eat, busily occupied herself in the kitchen. In the kitchen a young child was crawling around while licking a wooden spoon. This was at a time when

there weren't any decent toys, and even if there had been, this tenant farmer couldn't have afforded them. So, the baby must have been given the spoon in place of a teething ring. After a while the child began to fret and finally threw the spoon aside and burst out crying. Watching out of the corner of my eye as I chanted the sutra, I saw the child peepee and a puddle form on the wooden floor; the spoon was soaking in the pool of urine. The rice finished cooking, and the wife took the spoon which was in the urine and began to spoon the rice from the pot to the serving dish. The woman seemed to have a cold, and from time to time mucous fell from her nose onto the rice. "I'm really getting into something here," I thought to myself and was very much ill at ease while reciting.

When the sutras were finished she said, "I'm sure daddy is very happy now that we've had you chant the sutras. Well, it's not much, but we do have some rice . . ."

"Uh, I have a stomachache today . . . ", I said while distorting my face to show pain.

She kept repeating, "A little bit would be all right, wouldn't it?"

Somehow I managed to refuse and finally beat a hasty retreat.

Another seven days passed, and once again I went to read the sutras. This time the baby seemed to be napping, and the wife's cold seemed to have cleared up. I recited the sutras in good spirits thinking, "If she treats me today I'll eat all I can hold."

When I had finished the sutras the wife brought "amazake" (a non-alchoholic, sweet, thick sake). I drank and drank just as many cups as she offered, because the "amazake" was very good. Finally, the woman said, "Young priest, the last time you came you wouldn't eat the rice, and I had lots left over and didn't know what to do with it. So, I made "amazake" with it. Thank you for drinking so much." Ugh! She made the "amazake" out of the urine rice?! I was about to throw up, but that would have been like locking the barn after the horse had

been stolen.

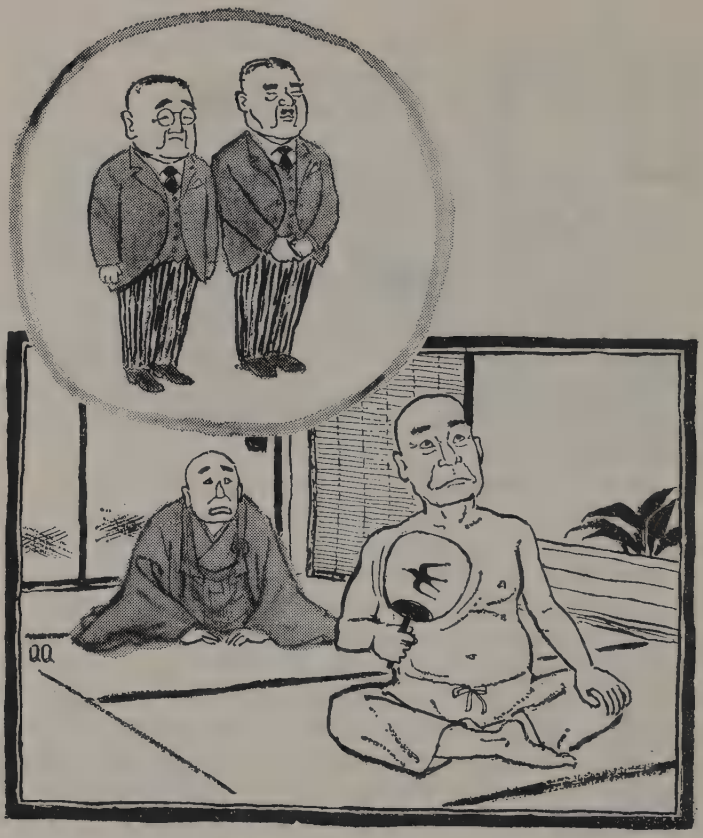
Even now when I see "amazake" this comes to mind . . .

When Jiho Roshi came to this point in the story he began to mutter as if to himself, one word at a time, "Things that we have to accept come about so that we must accept them."

Jiho Roshi said "One verse comes from the efforts of an entire lifetime." This one verse came from the endeavors of the life of Jiho Roshi, who could transform a funny story into a Zen anecdote. Ryokan's 'When you're sick it's all right to be sick, and when you die it's all right to die' also gives this kind of feeling.

If you are thinking 'do we have to submit to everything that comes along?', no, we do not.

For example: Having been active in China and later having become a monk and living in Chojuin Temple, a certain well-known person died. The prime minister at the time. Shigeru Yoshida, had been helped by the deceased in Peking, so the Prime Minister and the Vice Premier, Taketora Ogata, went to the funeral service. Saying, "While we're here why don't we



visit the Osho?", they sent a messenger scurrying off.

Jiho Roshi, who was sitting naked and fanning himself, replied to the messenger; "Do they have some business here?"

"No, they have no formal business to take care of."

"Well, we'd better forget about it then. I'm hot."

He did not give even a glance to a thing he need not have accepted, regardless of how much it was desired by other people.

THIS IS THE HEAD OF A BURDOCK ROOT

Ekido Zenji (who previously appeared in the chapter "The Sound of the Bell") was a disciple of Honko Fugai Osho when young.

Fugai was a man of the latter Edo Period and was an exceptional master-teacher of both scholarly learning and Zen meditation. Moreover, he was a painter and played the bamboo flute called "shakuhachi" and, therefore, was referred to as "Fugai the Refined" or "Fugai the Master Painter".

While training under Fugai, Ekido held the position of 'tenzo' or kitchen supervisor. Now people belittle this job by calling it things like 'bean paste masher', but that is ridiculous; in a Zen temple the 'tenzo' plays a most important part and, in

fact, holds one of the six managerial positions into which the administration of temple affairs is divided.

Well, admiring the virtue of Fugai, monks came from every direction, and quite often there was not enough food to go around. But Fugai, not worrying at all, took them all in and let them practice Zen. One day the troubled 'tenzo', Ekido, was explaining the shortage of grain to Fugai and advised, "I would appreciate it if you would turn away new monks for a while."

At this, Fugai opened his mouth widely and stuck out his tongue saying, "What about it. Is there a tongue here?"

Ekido thought it strange, because there was no question about whether or not there was a tongue there as long as the old teacher had his long tongue stuck out and answered, "Yes. And a fine one it is, too."

"Is that right? Well, as long as we have tongues, we won't have any trouble eating," said Fugai unconcernedly. Ekido, as you might expect, was dumbfounded and said not a word.

Be that as it may, breakfast in Zen temples has always consisted of rice gruel, which in Japanese is called 'okayu'. But at times ordinary boiled rice is served accompanied by soup and a vegetable.

One morning ordinary rice was served. Fugai, having been waited on by his attendant, sat down at his tray, took his chopsticks, and sipped a mouthful of bean paste soup.

"Hmm. This is good. I wonder what kind of broth this is made from."

Searching through the soup with the chopsticks, Fugai struck something hard, and when he picked it out of the bowl and looked, it was a snake's head.

The day begins early in a Zen monastery. Therefore, a snake must have crawled unnoticed into the vegetable basket the

night before and, without the cook's noticing it in the pre-dawn darkness, must have been chopped up and boiled along with the vegetables.

"Call the 'tenzo'!", Fugai ordered his attendant.

When Ekido entered the abbot's quarters Fugai thrust out the thing he had scissored between his chopsticks and demanded, "Just what is this?!"

Ekido took the object in the palm of his hand. It was the head of a snake. But Ekido was not ruffled. He was very calm. Saying, "This is the head of a burdock root," Ekido tossed the snake's head into his own mouth, chewed, and swallowed.

Fugai replied only, "Hmm. Really?" But he seemed to be satisfied with Ekido's graceful destruction of the evidence.

"It's the end of a burdock root."

NOTE

The Six Supervisory Positions In a Temple

Tsusu — An abbreviation of Tsukansu. Oversees all temple affairs.

Kansu — Oversees intra-temple business.

Fusu — Directs the procurement and expenditure of money and provisions.

Ino — Supervises monks undergoing training.

Tenzo — Supervises the feeding of all the monks.

Shissui — Maintains buildings and guards against fire and theft.

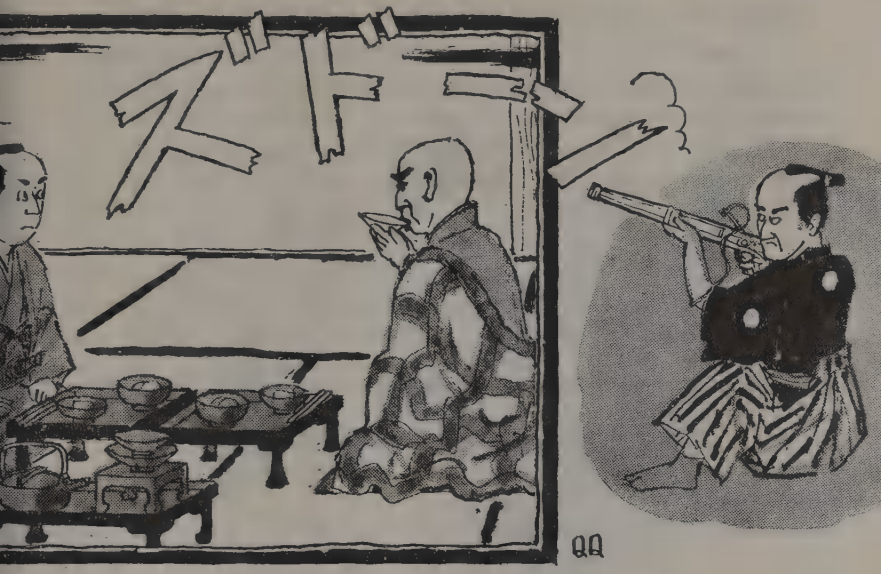
THE STAFF AND THE SHOUT ARE NOT UNUSUAL IN ZEN

Mitsukuni Tokugawa of Mito was Vice-Shogun and an official of unparalleled influence. Accompanied by his retainers Suke-san and Kaku-san, he toured the various domains bringing down usurpers of power, and as a friend of the common people he is well regarded even today.

Shin'etsu Zenji was one of the people who took part in the bringing up of Mitsukuni. Shin'etsu Zenji was a Chinese who crossed over to Nagasaki at the time of the fall of the Ming Dynasty. Mitsukuni heard that this was a great man, summoned him to Edo, and later installed him in the famous temple Gionji.

Mitsukuni from time to time invited Shin'etsu Zenji to give Dharma talks, and one day he decided to test the Zenji's courage. After a long pleasant conversation he offered the Zenji a bowl and filling it to the brim with sake said, "Please, Zenji, drink."

The Zenji thanked Mitsukuni, and had just raised the cup to drink when a retainer in the next room, who had been



Boom!

instructed what to do, fired off a gun with a tremendous roar.

Mitsukuni was watching intently, expecting the Zenji to be startled, but to the contrary he drank down the sake unperturbedly without spilling a drop.

Mitsukuni apologized saying, "Zenji, I've been very rude," but the Zenji, acting as though nothing unusual had happened, replied, "A gunshot in the house of a warrior is an everyday occurrence; please don't worry about it." He passed the wine bowl back to Mitsukuni, who once more filled it with sake and was at the point of drinking when the Zenji yelled, "Kaaa!" At the sound of the Zenji's tremendous shout, which sounded like a hundred bolts of lightning striking at the same time, Mitsukuni's hand quavered unwittingly, and the sake spilled from the inclined bowl.

Turning red, Mitsukini demanded, "What are you doing!?"

Kaa!!

The Zenji unconcernedly replied, "In the house of Zen, shouts and staffs are ordinary things."

Mitsukuni, who was always watching the quiet, reserved figure of the Zenji and planning how to test him, in the end had the tables turned on him and was beautifully tested himself.

We are usually not moved by things we are aware of, but when we meet the unexpected we forget ourselves and become flustered. We have no advance notice of what will happen today, tomorrow or the day after tomorrow, and neither can we predict what will happen. Consequently, in whatever situation we have to deal with, awareness is necessary; and a courage which will not be swayed by any situation will come about once we have this kind of awareness.

COME ALONG, THIS IS MY LAST DRINK

Bokusan Nishiari, who was later to become the third abbot of Sojiji, was at one time the abbot of Sosanji in Ushigome, Tokyo. This was about the time the curtain was falling on the three hundred year rule of the Tokugawa family. One part of the Shogun's followers, suffering the disgrace of being called 'Enemies of the Emperor' and 'the Rebel Army', formed the Army of Righteousness (Shogitai). They planned a fight to the death in order to requite the duty they owed the Tokugawas for benefits received over many years. But, unsuccessful in battle, they piled defeat upon defeat.

Originally, the members of Sosanji were for the most part direct retainers of the Shogun (hatamoto), and it was known as a 'hatamoto temple'. One of these 'hatamoto' temple members, Kai Muroga, was also a member of the Army of Righteousness. And since organized resistance to the Imperial Army had just about collapsed, in order to hide and save his life and plan a comeback, he fled to Sosanji and asked the abbot, Bokusan Osho, to hide him. Muroga's family had been temple members for generations, and, moreover, it was not the

Buddha Way to turn away people who had fled to the temple in order to save their lives, so Bokusan Osho, fully realizing the danger involved, hid the man. Just as feared, about 200 of the emperor's soldiers surrounded Sosanji, and six sturdy young men who seemed to be their leaders pushed their way into the temple with swords drawn and threatened, "We know that Kai Muroga came here. Hand him over, now!"

"Yes, he did come here, but I told him I couldn't conceal him, and I made him leave."

"You're lying. He couldn't escape from here even if he wanted to. Not even an ant could leave the temple grounds. But if you won't turn him over to us, we'll take your head back with us in place of his."

"If my head will do, you're welcome to take it. But they say even a criminal who is about to be executed gets one last request, so I suppose you'll listen to my last request, won't you?"

"Tell us what it is, fast!"

"I like sake. And if I'm going to say goodbye to this life, I want to die with my belly full of sake. Please give me a little time."

"Well, if you're going to drink, hurry up and drink."

Bokusan Zenji brought a gallon jug of sake from the kitchen, poured some into a tea cup and finally began to drink. "Won't you fellows have some, too? Just a farewell drink. Come on and drink a cup along with me."

The soldiers, who had been running, had not even had a drink of water. Their throats were parched, and in this condition they could not refuse the proffered sake. This was exactly like offering tuna to a cat. The sake was cleanly disposed of, and the mood of the soldiers softened. Timing his effect, Bokusan Osho said, "Well, it's finally time to say goodbye, but before I die there's something I want to say."

"Go ahead and say whatever it is!"

"You gentlemen are faithfully serving the Emperor and

Muroga is faithfully fulfilling a 300 year old obligation to the Shogun, and there certainly is a difference in the object of your faithfulness, but if you look at it purely from the standpoint of human faithfulness, there is no difference. You use it to serve the Emperor; Muroga uses it to serve the Shogun. All of you are loyal Japanese. Why kill each other? Think about that." And then, sticking out his neck, he said, "Well, what about it? Have you decided? If you've decided, go ahead and kill me."

The soldiers were filled with admiration for Bokusan Osho's nerve and left remarking, "If we let him live he may be useful in the future."

THE SALVATION OF A GHOST

With the evening sun at his back, a lone monk on pilgrimage was walking down the road, and he appeared to be searching for something. When he came to the gate of a certain temple, he peered inside with a puzzled look. About that time along came a farm hand who asked, "Monk, what's the matter?"

"I was wanting to spend the night in this temple, but it's dilapidated I was wondering what had happened here."

"Well, you'd better forget about spending the night here," said the farm hand as preface and, unbidden, told the following tale.

"You see, the abbot of this temple liked Chinese poetry, and whenever he had the time, he would write Chinese poems, but he lost his life due to his Chinese poetry he liked so much. They say he came up with the first two lines, but the second two lines just wouldn't come out. Let's see, it went like this:

Cold Mountain Temple is deserted and hushed,
Not a single monk lives there.

He got this far and was thinking about what would come next, but just like rice cake stuck in his throat, it wouldn't come out. He would sit by the hearth and smooth out the ashes. Then he would take the tongs and write, and then he would erase, and then write, and then erase. He thought for days and days, but the second part just wouldn't come out. Then he ended up making himself sick, and finally he died insane. From then on he appeared night after night as a ghost, and it got so that nobody would go near the temple. That's why this temple is so run down . . ."

"That makes me want to spend the night here more than ever."

"Monk, you'd better not," said the farm hand, but the traveling monk ignored him and stepped through the gate.

"Hmm. This is awful!"

The main hall and the priest's quarters were falling apart and had not been touched for years.

The traveling monk sat by the hearth meditating and waited for the night to deepen.

Since he had been walking all day, fatigue finally got the best of him, but just as he started to doze he was struck by a strange feeling, and when he opened his eyes and looked, there was an old priest sitting in front of him. Just as the farm hand had told, he was writing in the ashes of the hearth and then erasing,

writing and erasing, and then folding his arms and sighing.

At this, the traveling monk added the two concluding lines for him:

The empty towers are cleaned by the wind,
The ancient halls lit by the moon.

Whereupon, the old priest nodded his head and whispered, "That's right. That's right." Just at this moment the traveling monk bellowed, "Kaaa!" And the old priest, seemingly pleased, smiled, politely joined the palms of his hands, bowed

and disappeared.

Cold Mountain Temple is deserted and quiet,
Not a single monk lives there.
The empty towers are cleaned by the wind,
The ancient halls lit by the moon.

The old priest probably did not become a ghost only because he could not complete the last two lines.

I, who am the priest of a remote temple in snowy northeastern Japan, am having trouble finding a successor. And surely in the past also there were times when a successor could not be found for poor temples in lonely mountain villages. The old priest in the story probably suffered a great deal because of this very thing and, finally, was unable to find anyone to take his place. With this on his mind, he was unable to die completely and later appeared as a ghost.

The traveling monk enlightened the old priest by presenting the concluding verses to his poem, and these verses implied that, "There is no need to brood about this so much. Even if no one is there, the wind will sweep the hall and priests' quarters, and the moon, night after night, will light the buildings for you, won't it? Don't worry." And due to this the old priest was able to cut off his attachment to the world and become a Buddha.

LOTUS IN THE MUD

Musan Osho, who taught zazen to Takamori Saigo, was invited to Fukushoji, the family temple of the Shimazu clan which ruled Satsuma, and became the priest of that temple.

On the occasion of his inauguration he duly mounted the altar, burned incense, prayed for peace and prosperity for the country, prayed for the spirits of the ancestors of the Shimazu family, and finally a question and answer session with the

"Who is this dirt farmer of Kushira?"

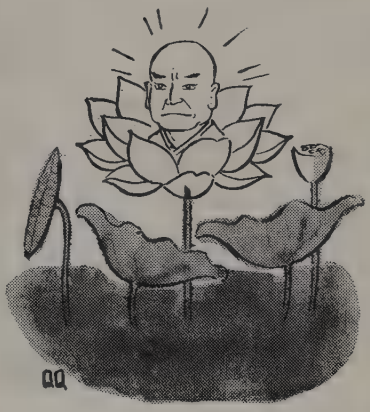
monks began. At this point Lord Shimazu himself swaggered to the middle of the hall and in a loud voice asked, "Who is this dirt farmer of Kushira?"

For an inaugration ceremony, this was quite an unusual occurrence. And the spectators, who were caught completely

off guard, waited with bated breath and sweaty plams to see how this matter would turn out.

It was the custom in Satsuma to regard farmers as inferior, and unless a person was of the samurai class, he was not allowed to leave home to become a priest. Musan Osho had in fact been born to a farming family in Kushira Village and had left home using a samurai name. This whole incident had been brought about by someone who was jealous of Musan Osho's exceptional success and who had instigated Lord Shimazu's attempt to embarrass Musan before a large crowd.

However, Musan Osho was not shaken and calmly answered with a smile, "A lotus in the mud."



Just as the lotus produces clean beautiful flowers from the mud without their being stained by the mud, Musan had come from a farm family which lived in muddy paddy fields. But as a result of his training in Zen he turned out to be a perfectly pure flower. And to this self-confident answer of Musan, Lord Shimazu had no reply. Finally, realizing Musan's virtue, Lord Shimazu was deeply converted.

Whether a person is worthy or unworthy is not a matter of birth or education, but rather a matter of his actions.

IT'S NOT A GOBLIN

Ungo Zenji, who responding to the invitation of Date Masamune became abbot of Zuiganji, would go every night to a cave on Benten Island and sit in meditation. The boys of the

village who had observed this got together and mischievously planned to test the Osho's courage.

Along the road from Zuiganji to Benten Island there were thick pine trees with great branches hanging low enough almost to touch the heads of people walking underneath. The boys thought that the Zenji would certainly be startled if one night they climbed onto one of the branches and grabbed his shaved monk's head when he passed below them.

One of the boys waited on all fours atop a branch, and just as

they had planned, along came the Zenji. The boy stretched out his hand and grabbed the Zenji's head. But contrary to the boys' expectations, he did not move a muscle when grabbed. And when the boy, who in turn became surprised at this, withdrew his hand, the Zenji quietly walked away as though nothing had happened.

"These enlightened monks are really all right," said the boys with thorough-going admiration. However, thinking that the incident might still be worrying the Zenji, the boys went the next day to the Zenji's home and said, "Osho-san, something has been going on lately around here. Every night something like a goblin has been coming out. Did you know about this?"

Ungo Zenji denied this, simply saying, "There's no such thing."

"Really? There's a rumor going around that people walking

at night have been having their head grabbed by goblins."

"Last night my head was grabbed, too, but it wasn't a goblin. It was a young man from the village."

"How do you know it was a young man from the village? Do you have any proof?"

"Well, the hand was very fat. And it was warm," calmly answered the Zenji. The boys were astounded at Ungo Zenji's steady nerves and one confessed, "Actually, I'm the one who played the trick on you last night."

No matter how much our reason denies the existence of ghosts, walking along a dark road is definitely not a comfortable experience. Especially if a hand comes reaching out of the dark and grabs our head, most of us would be frightened to death. In contrast, the spiritual power of the Zenji, which came from zazen and allowed him to judge that it was the fat, warm hand of a village youth, is remarkable.

WHEN AN EXPERT BECOMES A TRUE EXPERT

Already forty years ago, as a student, I read Eiji Yoshikawa's *Miyamoto Musashi*.

I remember the following scene — Denshichiro Yoshioka went to Sekishusai Yagyu's place looking for a sword duel. Sekishusai, who was already in his declining years, later sent Otsu to Yoshioka's lodgings with a branch of peonies and had her refuse the challenge in a round-about way by saying that he was recovering from a cold.

The boorish Denshichiro, saying that they were making a fool of him, took the peonies which Otsu had left and threw them away. Jotaro picked them up and passed them on to

Musashi, who had come to Yagyu's village for the same reason — a sword match.

Musashi looked at the cut end of the peony branch and was

struck with admiration. Taking his own knife he made a similar cut and compared the two, but realizing that his cut could not compete, he gave a sigh of resignation.

Up to this point this is a good story — we can't stop here because this novel is required reading. The hapless Otsu returns to Sekishusai and reports what transpired at her meeting with Denshichiro. Sekishusai asked her, "Did you give him the peonies? Did you show him the cut end?" After having gone to so much trouble, Sekishusai dies here.

'When buddhas truly become buddhas, they do not perceive that they are buddhas. But they are Buddha-witnesses; their lives give evidence of the Buddha.' (*Shobogenzo:* 'Genjokoan')

When a buddha really becomes a buddha, he does not think "Aha! I'm a buddha!" If he thinks he is a buddha there is a split between the self which is the buddha and the other self which sees the buddha-self. And when this happens, he cannot be a

"I'm no match for this."

true buddha, because an impurity has become mixed with the pure. The real thing must be pure to the end.

There is a saying that when you cut up a bar of gold each and every piece is gold. There is no difference in the degree of purity. And in the same way, whichever part of the self we try to grasp is Buddha—this is the True Buddha. If one is a real buddha, even though he does not think himself so, the fact that he is a buddha will be manifested in real life. A real buddha is someone who goes along every day manifesting himself as a buddha, even though he does not recognize himself as a buddha. This is expressed by the passage quoted earlier from the *Shobogenzo*: '. . . But they are Buddha-witnesses; their lives give evidence of the Buddha.'

If Sekishusai Yagyu had really been an expert, there would have been no reason for his being conscious of his expertise. Moreover, there was no reason for him to think that the cut he made on the peony branch was so good. Consequently, there would be no reason for him to say, "Didn't he see the cut?" But that is the way he was. If he had been a true expert, he could naturally and unconsciously have even snipped off the flowers with a pair of scissors. And if the person who saw the resulting cut was someone like Musashi, he would still have given a long sigh of admiration. ' . . they are Buddha witnesses; their lives give evidence of the Buddha.'

Nowadays, in this world full of propaganda, we are not only conscious of our own excellence; we even try to impress it on the other fellow. However, those who are truly excellent, without regard for self-acknowledgment or self-advertising, always display their excellence in a satisfactory manner. It seems to me that we must cultivate the eye which sees through the false by trying harder to recognize what is true.

A WARNING AGAINST THE MISUSE OF STRENGTH

There once was a famous Osho whose religious name was Motsugai and whose posthumous name was Fusen, but he was popularly known as the Fist Master. He was the head priest of a Soto temple in Onomichi called Saihoji. Also, he was intrepid and possessed superhuman strength, and he had mastered the secrets of sword, spear, chain-and-sickle, and judo. Furthermore, he was devoted to the emperor. At the age of seventy-two he donned straw sandals, begging bag and wicker hat and went to the capital as a traveling monk. Temporarily residing at Nanzenji, he secretly shuttled back and forth between the partisans of the Imperial Court and the Shogun in an effort to ameliorate the crisis which threatened the survival of the nation.

One day as Motsugai Osho was passing a "dojo" (practice hall) he heard the sound of bamboo swords clashing. Since

fencing was a sport he liked, he peeped in at the window, but instantly he was surrounded by five or six bullies who challenged him. That 'dojo' happened to belong to the Shinsen Gang. Now the Shinsen Gang had been swaggering about the city running the gamut of arrogance and insolence, and Motsugai Osho, not realizing this, had peeped into their window.

"Only a no-good priest would peep into a 'dojo' — get inside and we'll have a little match!"

"I'm from the country, and I didn't know any better. I'm really sorry that I've been so rude . .," Motsugai apologized, but his apology not being accepted, he was dragged into the

"dojo". They must have thought it would be fun to make a laughing stock of a priest.

When one of the bullies took a bamboo sword and faced off with him, Motsugai was not in the least disconcerted and ended up knocking the sword from the ruffian's hand with his short priest's staff. In just this way he quickly defeated over ten men.

Isamu Kondo, who was watching from a high seat, said, "It's hard to criticize your skill, priest. I'm Isamu Kondo. Let me see what I can do . . ." Saying this, he took a long practice spear and faced off with the priest.

"Sensei, you're a master at this art. A beggar priest such as I is no match for you. Please have mercy on me," requested Motsugai, but his entreaty went unheard. Now that there was no way to decline the challenge the Osho once again took his priest's staff and faced his opponent. But Isamu Kondo, taking charge, angrily cried, "Priest, you too take a wooden sword or spear!"

"No. I'm a priest, and I won't take a weapon. But if that's the way it is . . ." So saying, Motsugai took two wooden bowls from his begging bag and with one in each hand made himself ready. Isamu Kondo angrily took his stance, saying that the rascal priest was trying to insult him by using bowls.

Kondo, yelling, gave a quick thrust with the practice spear, but Motsugai nimbly evaded it and skillfully trapped the point of the spear between the two bowls he was holding. Kondo said, "You're trying to be cute, aren't you?" and tried with all his strength to free the spear, but it did not budge. Sweat popped out on Kondo's forehead. At that time Motsugai shouted "Kaa!" and simultaneously withdrew the bowls. Kondo fell on his rear with a thud.

Sitting up straight, he admitted, "We're no match for you, Mr. Priest. May I ask your name?"

"I am Motsugai from Bingo Province."

"Well, you're the Fist Master we've heard so much about. I beg your pardon. Please forgive us for being so rude."


大日大明神
八幡大菩薩

Now some of you may be wondering how a monk could defeat a warrior such as Isamu Kondo, so I will go ahead and add another story.

One day Motsugai was cleaning up his garden when along came a samurai who was training in the martial arts.

"I've heard a fencing master called Motsugai Osho lives here. Would he be at home?"

"No, he's not at home now," answered Motsugai and kept on sweeping. With one hand he lifted the corner of a huge stone water basin and with the other hand swept the litter from under it. The samurai was shocked when he saw Motsugai effortlessly move the heavy basin, and he asked, "Mr. Priest, just who are you?"

Motsugai, without turning around, responded, "I'm a novice priest and I'm working as Motsugai Osho's servant. I'll take you to him when he comes back." However, the samurai never came around again.

Motsugai built a "dojo" for martial arts on the grounds of Saihoji and there transmitted the mystery of the unity of Zen and the art of swordsmanship. He also sternly admonished his students against the misuse of strength, and it is said that 3000 students faithfully preserved these teachings.

THE SECRETS OF THE ART

Takuan Zenji is famous for being the originator of the "takuan" pickled radish and also for being the spiritual father of Munemori Yagyu, Lord of Tajima. He also was responsible for the conversion of the third Tokugawa Shogun, Iemitsu, and was in turn given the Tokaiji Temple at Shinagawa, from which he attended the court at Edo Castle.

On one occasion a rare, large tiger from Korea was presented to the shogun. Everyone had heard about Kiyomasa Kato's extirpation of the tigers, and when they found out they might have a chance to see the real thing, quite a commotion took place within the castle. You can probably imagine what it must

have been like if you remember how popular the panda which came from China was. Shogun Iemitsu was extremely well pleased and had a cage built in the garden near his office. And whenever someone came to pay his respects the Shogun would take great delight in first showing them the tiger and then exhibiting the knowledge he had accumulated about tigers just for this purpose.

I do not know if tiger-viewing was his main purpose or not, but one day Takuan asked to see the tiger. The Shogun said that it was no trouble, that the tiger was close by, and then as always the conversation turned into a lecture about tigers. However, this time the Shogun was so carried away by his own words that he finally said, "Let's see what will happen if we put the Lord of Tajima into the cage with the tiger." And Munemori was called for.

Now Munemori Yagyu, Lord of Tajima, was martial arts instructor to the shogunal household, and as a swordsman he was peerless. If he had flinched at entering the fierce tiger's cage his name would certainly have been exposed to ridicule for all of posterity.

Answering, "Yes, I will do it," he tucked up his skirts, had the cage door opened, and entered. With sword at the ready he inched up on the tiger. The tiger gave a vicious snarl and presented a terrifying sight as his eyes glared and his claws unsheathed, and he appeared to be ready to pounce on Yagyu. Yagyu, as one would expect, was perfectly outfitted, and he glared at the tiger fiercely. It seemed that this staring match between the tiger and the swordsman would continue for some time, but, to the contrary, the tiger, yielding to Yagyu's imposing appearance, very shortly relaxed his attack posture and lowered his gaze. What a match! Yagyu, very composedly, quietly retreated, and, not taking any chances, nimbly exited the cage. First the sweaty hands of the anxious shogun and then all present gave a thunderous ovation to Yagyu.

The enraptured shogun now turned to Takuan.

"How about you, Osho? Won't you try?"

"If you wish," Takuan lightly answered and without any preparation whatsoever entered the cage. Nonchalantly walking up to the tiger, he began to stroke its huge head just as though he were petting a cat or a dog. Strangely enough the tiger showed no hostility, and just as though he were a kitten being stroked by his master, he squinted his eyes, twitched his tail and rubbed his head against Takuan's body.

The spectators were dumbfounded and could not set aside their amazement at this scene which differed so much from that of Munemori. There was in fact this much distance between Takuan and Munemori. There is the following story which also demonstrates this distance. One day Munemori visited Takuan

in his quarters, and because the conversation several times touched upon the 'deep teachings', Takuan said, "The profound teachings are not something to be discussed. They have no meaning unless they are revealed at the right time, in the right place, and under the right circumstances. As you see, it's raining now. Is there a profound teaching which will allow you to stay dry while standing in the rain?"

"There is."

"Well, let's see it."

"Of course," replied Munemori, and he went out into the garden where the rain was pouring. His sword became a blur as he deftly slashed at the raindrops, and finally he returned to his seat. Indeed, even though he had gone out into the rain, he was not wet. But he was not completely dry—a few traces of rain clung to his sleeves.

Takuan inquired, "Is this the extent of your Lordship's profound teaching?"

"Yes. But does Zen have a profound teaching that will keep you completely dry?"

"Very much so," replied Takuan.

"Then you must let me see it."

Takuan jumped up from his seat, went down into the garden, stood there a short while and returned to his seat wet as a drowned rat. Then he said with a smile, "Well, what do you think of my profound teaching?"

Looking at Munemori's quizzical face Takuan said rather severely, "Since your Lordship is the one who is wet, yours cannot be the profound teaching. I'm the one who is not wet!"

Munemori Yagyu was finally able to grasp the kindness of the drenched Takuan, who was trying to impart to him just what the profound teaching consisted of.

Munemori's trance-like whacking away at the raindrops was the same as his staring down the tiger; it was the opposition of subject and object and had the nature of a confrontation. Therefore, he was always conscious of an opponent, and thinking he would not be 'defeated' and he would not be 'threatened', he was always affected by the opponent. Takuan's case was different. With the tiger, he absorbed the tiger into himself; with the rain, he immersed himself in his surroundings. In both instances there was a uniting of subject and object. And this is the world of the one truth — the one reality.

The book which Takuan presented to Munemori, the *Fudochi Shimmyoroku,* explains the immovable wisdom (prajna) which allows one to win without acting and to control without using a sword. Also it explains the profound teachings of the unity of the art of fencing and of Zen.

WHAT IS 'NO MIND'

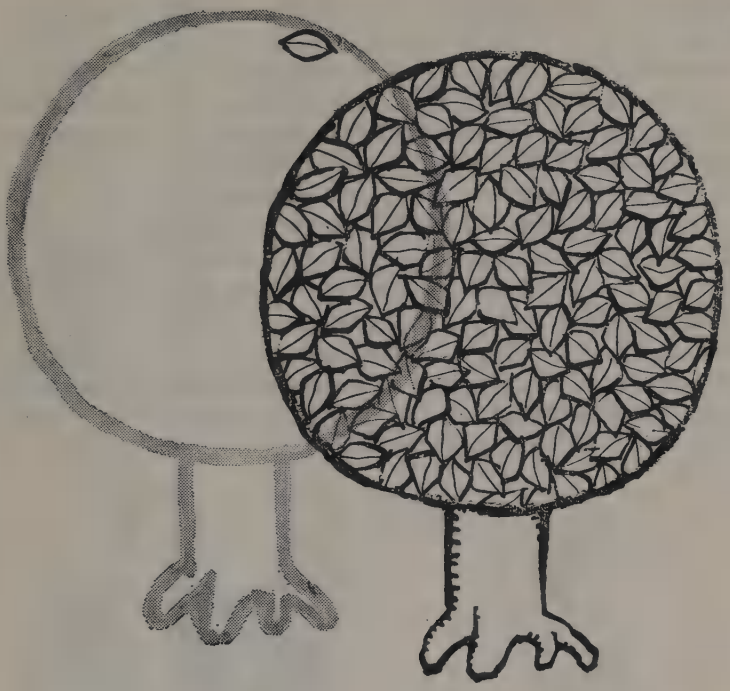
I'm sure everyone who drives a car will know what I'm going to talk about.

When you first begin to drive, if you concentrate on the gear shift, you lose control of the steering wheel. And if your attention is distracted by the steering wheel, your foot starts to jerk and won't do what you want it to do. When you try to work the clutch smoothly, you end up forgetting the turn signal. It's really difficult to keep your mind on both hands and both feet and to make all the necessary maneuvers all at the same time. But then, as a result of practicing, without your even thinking about it, the car will start to move along just as you wish it to. If you think about this, it's strange. Accordingly, I would like to call up an appearance of the Thousand Arm Kannon at this point.

The Thousand Arm Kannon, to be more specific, is the Thousand Arm Thousand Eye Kanzeon Bodhisattva. It has one thousand arms, and in the palm of each hand is an eye. This is the Kannon which, using these thousand arms and eyes, is supposed to come to the aid of all sentient beings. However, most wooden statues of this Kannon have only forty arms. And this means that each arm takes charge of twenty-five forms of existence in the realms of desire, form and emptiness, which adds up to a total of 1000 functions.

In the Kofukuji at Nara, there is a splendid Kannon statue which actually has 1000 arms, and during the Tokugawa Period when it was taken to Edo and exhibited, it seems that there was quite a turnout of people who came to venerate it. Among the pilgrims there were some who were sarcastic. One of them said, "She certainly does have a lot of arms. I'm sure there are a thousand. But in spite of that she only has two feet. That's not enough, is it?"

The priest whose duty it was to give explanations responded, "That's right, that's right; she doesn't have enough, and that's



why she's come to Edo this way to get some more."

This is an amusing story, but let's put it aside. In the *Fudochi Shimmyoroku* which Takuan Zenji gave to Lord Yagyu of Tajima we find the following. Even though Kannon has a thousand arms, if her mind is caught up in the movement of one of the arms, the remaining 999 arms become useless. Just because of the fact that she does not fix her mind on one place, all of the one thousand arms are useful. Speaking of Kannon, we may ask why should one body have a thousand arms. Well, this figure was created to show people that, if they can open up the 'immovable wisdom (prajna)' mentioned in the previous

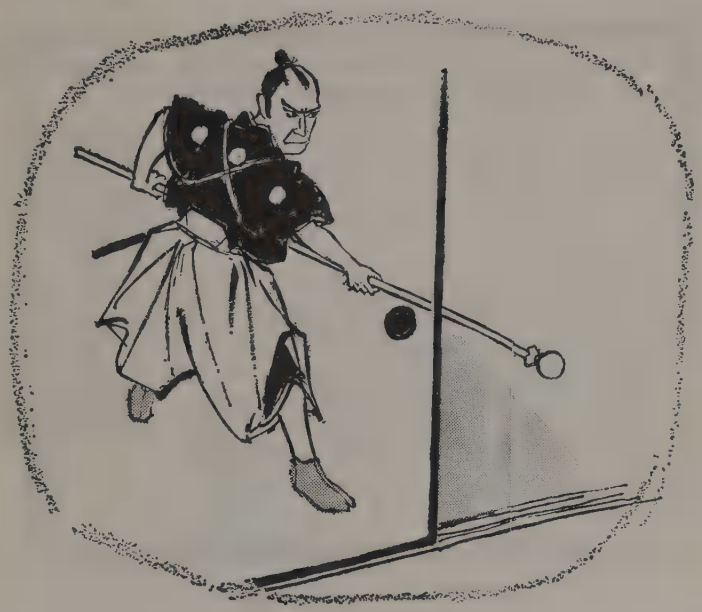
story, even if they have a thousand arms, they can manage all of them.

For example, let's say we're looking at a tree. If we fix our mind on one red leaf on the tree, we will not see the remaining leaves. If we simply look at the entire tree without fixing our eyes on any particular leaf, we will see the whole thing without some of it being left out. If our mind is caught up by one leaf, the remaining leaves will not be seen. If our mind is not caught up by one leaf, then a million leaves can be seen at one time. And the person who has come to realize this is himself the Thousand Arm Thousand Eye Kannon. "The mind which moves ahead, to the left, to the right, in the four directions, in the eight directions, and while moving does not stop anywhere — this is the mind we call 'immovable wisdom'."

"I won't let you do that!"

We usually associate Zen with 'no mind', but there is no small tendency to mistake this for becoming insensitive much like a tree or rock. However, 'no mind' actually is not like that at all; rather, it is extending our awareness in every direction simultaneously and paying close attention to everything and, furthermore, it is not fixing our mind on any one point. 'No mind' is having a sense of universal fulfillment, not being caught up in objects, not being attached to anything, conducting oneself freely according to time, place, and circumstances. This is 'no mind'; this is immovable wisdon; this is Dogen Zenji's 'absence of thoughts'. Also, this is the profound teaching of the art of swordsmanship and the heart of the art of flower arrangement.

Musashi Miyamoto once called on Nagatsune Hachiemon Tanabe, who was instructor in the art of the spear to Yoshinao



Tokugawa. Nagatsune at first was thinking about having a practice match with Musashi, but after talking with him decided there would be no purpose in it. So instead he had Musashi play a game of Japanese checkers with his son while he himself left the room to prepare a carp dish which he took great pride in. Musashi began to play checkers with Nagatsune's son and soon was glaring at the surface of the checkerboard, intently studying the moves he needed to make. Suddenly he flung a checker and in a scolding voice said, "I won't allow that!"

The son was shocked, but when he looked at Musashi's face, it had already returned to its normal composure.

Well, you are probably wondering why he said what he did. Actually, at the time he said it, Nagatsune was in the next room with a practice spear waiting for an opportunity to strike Musashi.

Even though Musashi was concentrating his attention on the checkerboard, his awareness was extended in every direction and that is what made him an expert swordsman.

THOU SHALT NOT BE CARELESS WITH THY LIFE

There is no longer any need to talk about the deep relationship between Zen and the sword. However, it is interesting that most swordsmen like Rinzai Zen better than Soto Zen, and this is true of the present as well as the past. But there is a master swordsman of the eighth 'dan' who does quietly train his mind with Soto Zen, which teaches the unity of practice and realization. This man is Masanori Yuno. He has an article entitled "Gut Fencing" in the book *Precepts of the Hundred Schools of Modern Fencing*, a precis of which follows.

There is no fencing apart from the practice of fencing. This is quite true. The goal of fencing is to master the sword. However,

"Will I die in the capital?"

we must realize that a goal which can be 'attained' includes also the idea of 'non-attainment'. Who would guarantee that a man who entrusts his life to a sword and practices will achieve his goal? The concept of attainment contains within itself the concept of non-attainment. Furthermore, fencing is practiced in time and space, not in the future but 'here' and 'now'. Fencing, whether it is mastered or not, includes the ideas of attainment and non-attainment and is itself the goal . . . .

A while back I had a meeting with Mr. Yuno, and after talking about many things the conversation finally turned to the last days of Dogen Zenji:

"I've always wondered why the Zenji, when he knew he had an incurable illness, left Eiheiji looking for treatment and passed away in the house of a lay disciple. I'd been wanting to ask the chairman of the Japan Fencing League about this for a long time, and finally, not long ago, I had the opportunity. When I put the question to him he answered immediately, as you might expect of him, by quoting a "haiku" poem, and I was very impressed."

The chairman was Mr. Kazuto Ishida, the first Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and last year I, too, at the invitation of Mr. Yuno, had the opportunity to make his acquaintance. Not only was the chairman born in Fukui Prefecture (where Eiheiji is located), but his present home is in Kamakura very near the 'Hakuisha' (White Robe Lodging) where Dogen stayed about six months. Dogen had come to Kamakura at that time, about 730 years ago, at the invitation of Tokiyori Hojo. Therefore, Mr. Ishida feels very close and looks up to the Zenji.

Well, as a spiritual descendant of Dogen Zenji, I too had reason to be prepared to answer this question which Mr. Yuno had put to Mr. Ishida, and I quickly remembered the story of the last minutes of Mitsunari Ishida.

The battle of Sekigahara, which is said to have been the deciding battle of the war between Hideyoshi Toyotomi and Ieyasu Tokugawa was lost by Toyotomi due to the treachery of

Hideaki Kobayakawa, a general of one of the wings of the army of Toyotomi. The Osaka area was laid waste, the Toyotomi family perished, and in their stead the Tokugawas took control of the country.

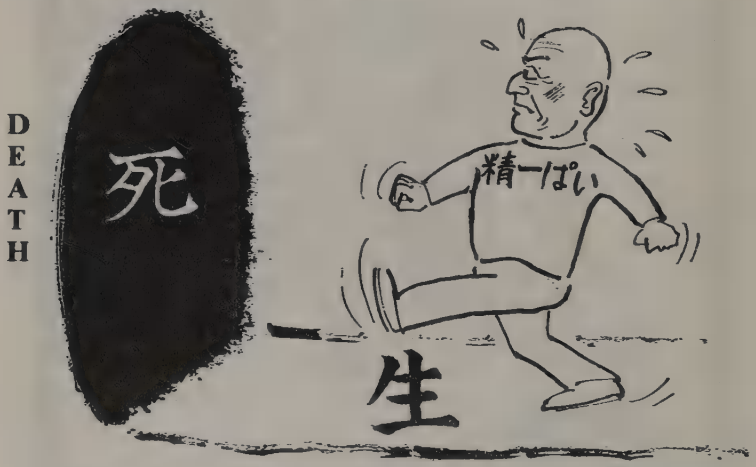
Mitsunari Ishida, the commanding general of the Osaka forces (Toyotomi), was the Lord of Sawayama Castle and had an income of 180,000 'koku' (a 'koku' is about five bushels of grain). His fate was to flee from place to place with two or three seriously wounded soldiers, but finally he was captured and taken to Ieyasu's headquarters which had been set up at Otsu. There he tasted the disgrace of a defeated general and even-

tually committed 'seppuku' (ritual suicide by disembowelment) in the dry river bed of Rokujo.

When Mitsunari was being led from Otsu to the Rokujo river bed, an old woman who had long served Mitsunari placed some beautiful persimmons on a tray and knelt before him crying and said, "They say that victory or defeat depends on one's luck at any particular time, and when I see Your Lordship so miserable, this old woman feels like dying, too. I know that Your Lordship has always liked persimmons, so I have picked out the best ones I could find and brought them so that you might eat them as a farewell gesture to this world. Please eat them."

Mitsunari gazed down at the old woman with a face which showed great emotion and said, "Grandmother, I appreciate your long years of faithful service. And it makes me very happy to think that you have gone to the trouble of bringing me these persimmons which I like so much. However, I can't eat them."

"But why not?"



The road of life.

"The last two or three days I've had a pain in my stomach so I'm being careful about what I eat."

Your Lordship, I respect your wishes, but if Your Lordship is going to the Rokujo River bed, he must commit suicide there. Your Lordship's life is only for another hour or two, is it not? There is no longer any need to take such good care of the body. Please, eat just one."

The old woman tearfully placed the tray before Mitsunari.

Mitsunari said, "Grandmother, listen well, You may think that I am going to die no matter what I do, but I have given up my body to the service of my lord (Toyotomi), and until it draws its last breath, this body must serve its lord. Even though

this is Mitsunari's body, it is not Mitsunari's alone. This body is important, and it won't do to treat it carelessly. Grandmother, Buddhism teaches, 'Do not be reluctant to die, but do not be careless with your life.' As long as you are alive, take good care of your life, but when it comes time to die, do not detest death or be unwilling to die; be satisfied with death. Grandmother, I wish you good health. Goodbye."

At the place of execution Mitsunari passed his last minutes splendidly, in a calm manner befitting a warrior and a great general.

Well, I got sidetracked, and I know it has been a long intermission. But to get back to Mr. Kazuto Ishida's one-stanza answer — what was it?

Women divers
Wearing straw capes
Down to the water's edge.
Ah — the rain shower!

Beggar

BEGGAR, THIEF, AND ALMSGIVER

I.

It is said that if a person becomes really hard up for money, he has a tendency to become either a beggar or a thief. But it seems as though the strength of these two tendencies varies with the times. Compared to the present, there was a stronger tendency in the past to become a beggar; and today, compared to the past, the tendency is to become a thief. In the past even the most boorish of samurai used the verb 'itadaku' (receive) when speaking of their 'roku' (feudal grant). 'Roku' is today what we would call salary, and 'itadaku' means to receive with gratitude. But today, even modest young ladies say that they

'toru' (take) such and such a monthly salary. And this word 'toru' almost has the meaning of 'take by force'. Those who receive become beggars, and those who take become robbers.

Sakyamuni was a man who became a beggar through and through, but nobody calls him a beggar now — they call him a buddha. And if a man becomes a robber on the scale of Hideyoshi Toyotomi (who took all of Japan), he is no longer a thief but a hero. Goemon Ishikawa (the Jesse James of Japan) sighed and said, "I'm no match for Hideyoshi. He took the whole country, and they still call don't call him a robber." People nowadays cannot hold a candle to Goemon Ishikawa, but even so, those who pull down a big salary are considered to be 'winners'. Today, it has come to the point where a person's worth is judged by the amount of his salary. And since it is a monthly salary, at the end of the month the finance companies and bill collectors start calling up. But this is only natural, and it does not only happen with money. Politics is a contest for taking or grabbing 'seats', and this causes discord. When the whole country turns to thievery, what to do about those who do not have the ability to 'take' becomes a problem. And our advanced ideas abut the equality of people do not allow us to say, "If they don't have the ability that's just too bad." This is where 'welfare' comes in. Long ago there were Robin Hoods such as Nezumi Kozo, but nowadays, if worse comes to worst, they may take your life as well as your money. So, the plan is now, to pay the expenses of social welfare by taking tax money from those who have the ability to take. However, since the funds budgeted for welfare can be shaved away by those with more political influence, we must always be on the alert. Nowadays, I am glad that we finally have a policy whch gives precedence to welfare. But if we are to have a welfare society in fact as well as in name, each citizen must be neither beggar nor robber.

Well, what should he be? He should have the qualities of an almsgiver (dana).

Exchanging spiritual and material goods.

II.

'Dana' is a sanskrit word which means to give alms and by association, almsgiver, In Japanese it is transliterated as 'danna' and is translated as 'o-fuse'. When 'o-fuse' is mentioned, people usually think of it as the money given to a priest in appreciation for his chanting the sutras. But, originally, it meant to give the dharma (Buddhist teachings) or material goods to someone and to do this with a pure heart and unbegrudgingly.

The first two kinds of 'fuse' are the giving of spiritual guidance (hose) and the giving of material goods (zaise). The temple to which a family belongs is called 'danna-dera' because it is the place from which comes spiritual guidance, and it is the place to which material goods are given by the members (danka) in appreciation of this spiritual guidance. So, from the

temple comes spiritual giving, and from the members comes material giving, and in this reciprocity a balance must be preserved. Otherwise, it may come to the point of "The priest is making a killing."

Be that as it may, those who have money should distribute money to those without money; those who have strength should lend strength to those without; smiles should be given to the unsmiling, comfort to the disconsolate; the clear-headed should guide those who are befuddled. In this way peace of mind can come into people's lives, and fear and anxiety can be removed from their minds and hearts. And this is the third form of giving, 'muise' — the freedom from fear.

One of the names of Kannon is, in Japanese, Semuisha — the one who gives freedom from fear. Kannon manifests in thirty-three different forms and gives ease, through freedom from anxiety, to all beings. Consequently, in order for us to bring about a true 'welfare' society, we must first become 'the ones who give freedom from fear'.

III.

"A round egg can be made square, depending on the cut; words can give needless offense, if spoken in the wrong way." And in giving as well, the way a thing is given and the attitude of the giver are important.

Seisetsu Zenji was a great priest who was highly acclaimed as was Hakuin of Hara. The triple gate which still exists at Enkakuji in Kamakura was built with donations gathered by Seisetsu.

Denbei Umetsu, who was chamberlain of the shogunal warehouses in Edo at that time, had been deeply converted by Seisatsu Zenji. Therefore, in response to the appeal for money to build the triple gate, he put 500 gold pieces into his purse and headed for Enkakuji. There he had a meeting with the Zenji and presented his donation.

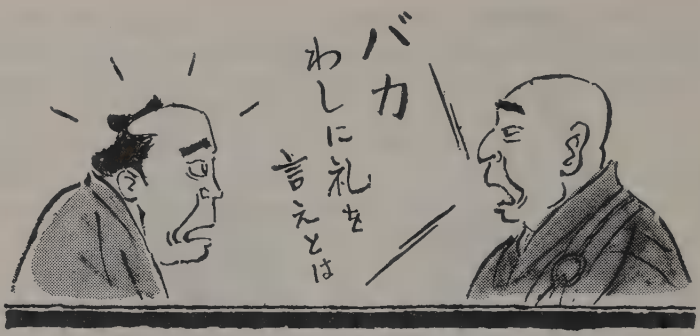
Seisetsu Zenji in response to the gift said only, "Hmm.

Oh, it that so?

Really?" Not only was there no word of thanks — he did not even show any sign of being pleased. He was not at all impressed. At this point Denbei once again energetically shoved his donation toward Zenji and said, "Uh—this is a little gift from me; I would appreciate it if you would add it to the building fund for the triple gate. It's 500 pieces of gold."

The Zenji's words and attitude remained unchanged. "Hmm. Really?"

Denbei, as you might expect, was offended. After all, he had gone to the trouble of bringing a small fortune all the way to Kamakura, and now he was being treated rather shabbily. "Zenji, I didn't expect to be treated this badly by you. You may think it's a small amount of money, and it is that, but it's more than I can really afford. If you would only give some word of appreciation . . ." Denbei's impatience had finally brought his reproach out into the open. But these words had barely escaped his lips when —



"Fool, why should I thank you!"

"Don't be silly! Why should I thank you when you're the one who's piling up merit? If you don't like it because I didn't thank you, then take your money and go home!"

As might be expected of someone who would donate 500 pieces of gold, Denbei was a man of character. He quickly came to himself, apologized for his lack of sincerity, and once again asked the Zenji to accept his donation. And this was the Zenji's lively strategem for teaching Denbei that even an ostensibly charitable act becomes impure if done for recognition or profit.

Dogen Zenji teaches the following: " 'Giving' means to not be greedy. And not being greedy means that we will not try to curry favor with the world." Also, "It is like giving a discarded treasure to an unknown person."

"I sent him ten dollars in a get-well card, and he didn't even send a thank you note."

To become irritated and say something like the above is not true giving. But to give to something like the Red Feather Ten Cent Drive (similar to Salvation Army) is really throwing your treasure away, because you do not know where or to whose hand it will go. Therefore there is no attachment to the giving. This kind of giving with no attachment is the real thing.

HEAVEN AND HELL

—Lately there has been a boom in travel, and people who have traveled abroad are not at all rare. But people who have been to hell and paradise and back as I have are few, and you might even say that I am the only one. So, today I am going to tell you about what I saw there—

And this is the way he began his tale.

—When we think of hell, we think of red and blue devils and dead people who did wicked things in their lives. And we imagine the devils chasing these people up mountains of

needles, boiling them in great pots, and pounding them in mortars. I had heard it was truly a fearful place, but this was somewhat exaggerated, and the premise from which this terrible scenery derives has been omitted. The true situation has not been told.

Actually, I went to take a look at hell just at lunch time. When I entered the dining hall and looked around, I was surprised to find that it was a tidy western-style room. There were tables about three feet wide all in a row, and on these tables were lined up large bowls much like we find in Chinese cooking, and each bowl was heaped with rare delicacies. It was also surprising and impressive that these dead were being treated to such a plentiful feast. But when I looked at the people seated along both sides of the table — Good Heavens! — they were only skin and bones. Their eyes were sunken, their faces were pallid and they appeared to be ravenously hungry. I thought to myself, "This is strange. Why are they so thin and hungry when they have this much food?"

But when I looked closely, I saw that their left hands had been tied to their chairs. Aha! People do not like to be separated from their chairs. I thought, "Well, even people in hell don't want to lose their seat, so it must really be hard for elected representatives and government ministers to give up their comfortable chairs." And what about the right hand? When I looked, I saw that a spoon was tied to their right hand. "Hmph! Looks like they won't turn loose their appetite either." However, these spoons were a yard or more long. I was amazed and thought, "Really! No matter how far away food is, they want to be sure they can scoop it up."

Finally a bell rang, and the meal began. Just what was going to happen? Well, they got as far as being able to scoop up what they wanted with the long spoon, but when they tried to bring the food to their mouths, the spoon was too long. My goodness! This was more than I could bear to watch. It would have been far better for them if there had been no food at all. As it

was, even though there was plenty of good food, they were not able to put it in their mouths just because the spoon was too long. That is what suffering in hell is like. And this is what Mumon Yamada Roshi says, too. So it is not a lie. (*Mumon Howa Shu*)

I had seen too much of these pitiful creatures, and to raise my spirits, I decided to go to heaven.

Since it was heaven, I thought there would be splendid palaces, but it was not really that much different from hell. And because I had gone to hell at mealtime, I decided to observe the dining conditions in paradise, too. Therefore, I waited for the appropriate time and went to the dining hall.

The dining hall was just like the one in hell. There was a three foot wide table loaded with good food. The spoons were also about a yard long. The only thing different was the fact that the people sitting along the tables were plump and smiling. I was wondering just how they had been managing to eat when the bell rang and the meal began.

It was very impressive. The people living in heaven are just what you would expect them to be. Even though the spoons were too long to put the delicious food into their own mouths, the length was perfect for putting it into the mouth of the person sitting across the table. By keeping the person across from them alive, they were being kept alive themselves. It was truly a fine, cooperative world.

Although the two societies were set up in exactly the same way, they became either heaven or hell according to the disposition and attitude toward life of the people involved. 'Hell' means being dragged around by our attachment to our individual selves — I, me, my, mine; and it is also thinking that life consists of 'taking' and 'grabbing'. But this selfishness, on the contrary, only hinders our growth and prosperity and causes us to writhe in agony. This is hell. 'Heaven' is a society the underlying tone of which is an unselfishness which lets people — with giving, charitable, beneficent hearts — help each other live.

This was the impression I received . . . —

After China lost the Sino-Japanese War of 1894-5, a certain Chinese named Koh U-i advocated the idea of "Change the system to strengthen the country". And when you read him, he actually says that the country will become strong by changing the legal system; and that Japan had won the war because her legal system and general structure were in good order; and, consequently, the recovery of China should be based on a renovation of the 'system' and the organization of the nation and society, following Japan's example. This idea took hold, and students rushed to the victorious country, Japan. But in spite of this, the recovery of Manchu China never took place, because the revolution began in Wuhan, and the Manchu Dynasty disappeared from the face of the earth.

And now let us look at the situation in our own country. In

post-war Japan, the reigning idea has been that if we revise social structure and the political system, human nature will somehow change along with it. Now this is the same as Koh U-i's idea about changing the system and strengthening the country. And just as his idea failed to save the Manchu Dynasty, so will this idea fail to save the Japanese people.

What causes a country to flourish is not structure, system, or ideology. Rather, it is the virtues of diligence, harmony, hard work, and foresight. And what causes a country to decline are the faults of indolence, internal dissension, lack of foresight, and 'resting on your laurels'.

Along with carrying out ideas brought in from the outside, we must not forget or undervalue the thought and effort necessary to improve what we already had.

WET NURSE WANTED

The Zen monk Hakuin was so famous that it was said of him, "There are two things in Suruga (present day Shizuoka Prefecture) which excel; one is Mt. Fuji, and the other is Hakuin of Hara."

By the front gate of Hakuin's temple, Shoinji, there was a tofu shop. The couple who owned the shop revered Hakuin as a living buddha and spared themselves no effort for him. In the tofu shop there was also a daughter of marriageable age. And since the daughter was their only child, the couple had decided to adopt their future son-in-law and pass the family business on to him. But they had not been able to find anyone who met their expectations. The daughter was already in her late

twenties, and the parents were becoming anxious, but fortunately a suitable candidate turned up. However, when they urged her to marry him quickly, she flatly refused. No matter how much they persuaded her, she would not consent. The more they thought about how they could not let this chance go by the more desperate they became, and they set in on their daughter cruelly. And the more frantic the parents became, the closer the daughter came to a nervous breakdown. Finally she shut herself in her room and broke down crying.

The parents eventually realized that something funny was going on, and when they sounded her out, sure enough she was pregnant.

When the father heard this he was fit to be tied, and even his wife could not restrain him.

"Who is the father?!" he demanded of his daughter. At first the daughter maintained her right to silence, but finally she grew afraid of her enraged father and involuntarily muttered, "That priest . . ." Since her parents were so devoted to Hakuin, the foolish girl thought that if she gave the Zenji's name her father's displeasure would melt. But for some reason, when her father heard that it was Hakuin, this caused another explosion, and his anger reached its peak. And from that time the father would not step inside the temple gate.

Finally, when her time came due, the daughter delivered a baby boy. The tofu maker took the child in his arms, went to the temple, and burst into the room where the Zenji was sitting and studying the teachings of his spiritual ancestors. "Osho! You probably remember this child. Here I've helped you all this time because I thought you were a living buddha, and now you go and get my daughter pregnant. You're an evil, disgusting monk. You've ruined my daughter who was so important to me. Now what are you going to do about it?! Here, this is your baby, so raise it yourself!!" He thrust the baby into Hakuin's arms as if throwing it away and then stamped out of the room.

Hakuin had been wondering why the tofu man had not come around the temple, and now he realized the reason why. Now the trouble was that there was not a trace of a woman around the temple. Also, since the child was illegitimate, there was no way he could entrust it to someone else. If the baby cried, he would hold it in his arms and rock it; if the baby was fretting, he would change its diaper and then wash the soiled clothing. Without help from anyone, he was able to do it all himself. The only thing lacking was a breast, and Hakuin walked from village to village with the child in his arms in search of milk. People's opinion of Hakuin changed completely. The living buddha became a lecherous monk, and respect turned to insults.

"I would never have given my precious milk to that degenerate monk, but I felt so sorry for the baby there wasn't anything

else I could do."

"Yes, he was going around looking so righteous, and all the time he was secretly getting women pregnant. There's nothing more disgusting than a lecherous monk. I can't even stand to look at his face."

The hatred, reproach, and insults of the surrounding people were painful to Hakuin throughout, but he groveled before them in order to receive milk for the baby.

And all the while, the tofu man's daughter — who had been pressured by her father and had given Hakuin's name — saw how the whole affair had developed in a completely unexpected direction, and she was miserable. She realized that she had done Hakuin a terrible wrong, and she wonderd how the baby was doing; was it cold; was it getting enough milk? Her heart became torn into a thousand pieces. And finally, no longer able to bear it, she revealed everything to her father.

The shocked and horrified father, saying that he had done a terrible thing, ran to Shoinji.

"Oh my, oh my. There's no excuse for what I've done to you. I accused an upstanding man like you of someone else's wrong. Yes, that's what I've done to you. I sincerely beg your pardon." And this is the way the tofu maker apologized, with head bowed down to the 'tatami' floor.

Hakuin calmly answered only the following, "Is that right? You found out who the father is? Ah, that's good."

"How much money are you willing to pay?"

ON BEING REVILED AS A BEGGAR

Gessen was the abbot of an impoverished temple in Ise Province, in the district of Yamada, and was well known as a painter-monk. Whether his subject matter was landscapes, flowers, birds, people or whatever, it was always well done. But not only that — because his paintings had a kind of refined dignity, they sold like hotcakes. However, when someone came to commission a painting, the first thing to pop out of Gessen's mouth was, "How much are you willing to pay me?" and if the figure fell below his own estimate, he would never accept the job. Now everyone thought that this attitude was inappropriate for an artist, much less a monk, and some folks began to call him by the nickname "Gessen the Beggar".

"Gessen's paintings are good, but he's such a money-grubber, I can't stomach him."

"Most painters don't talk about money that much, but Gessen does in spite of the fact that he's a monk. I think he must really be a miser."

"Painting's only a sideline for him anyway, so he could do it free if he wanted to. I can't stand a greedy beggar-monk."

"I detest a beggar spirit, but I do want one of his paintings . . ."

However, even while people were despising him and calling him a beggar, the number of those coming to him for paintings kept increasing.

A much sought after geisha of the town of Yamada, Matsugae, heard about Gessen's reputation and decided to put him to shame.

"I would like for you to paint some peonies for me. And because it will be your painting, I'll treasure it more than anything. What about it? I want the best painting possible. And I'll pay you whatever you wish."

"Well, all right . . .", said Gessen, and he quickly finished painting some splendid peonies on silk.

At the invitation of Matsugae, Gessen took the painting to a restaurant where a crowd of guests had gathered and were right in the midst of a drinking bout.

The geisha Matsugae happened to get a glimpse of Gessen, and with a cold smile said, "Oh, the beggar monk came, did he? Here's your fee, just as I promised — look!" Saying this, she took aim at Gessen and threw the gold coins. Then, having just unrolled the dazzlingly beautiful painting before the packed hall, she wound it round her rear. "He'll paint anything if the money's right. He's supposed to have 'left the world' to serve the Buddha, but he wants money so badly he'll even bow down to a whore. He's not ashamed of anything, and anything he paints would dirty this room. Why, this painting's big enough to make a slip for me! How about it, everyone? Does it look all right?

Being egged on this way, the crowd roared back, "Yeah! It looks great! It looks great!"

But Gessen, seeming not to mind in the least, gathered up the thrown coins, expressed his thanks, and left.

"Even though he's supposed to have 'left the world', he's

Beggar monk's three vows.

attached to money; and what's worse, a prostitute disgraced him . . ." Hearing rumors of this kind, the master painter Taiga Ike was very perturbed. And since he had long had an especial respect for Gessen's work, he dropped in on Gessen at Jakushoji while making a pilgrimage to the Ise Shrine.

Addressing Gessen he said "Your paintings are so full of spirit and life and so graceful and elegant — I cannot hold a candle to you. I admire you so much that I've come to pay a visit."

Gessen replied, "I appreciate your kind compliment. And I am flattered that the master painter of this generation would call on me."

And having finished with their greetings, the two talked over many things. But then Taiga candidly broached the subject of Gessen's bad reputation, which was at such variance with the excellence of his painting, and demanded an explanation.

About that time, the area around Yamada in Ise had been experiencing bad harvests, and many were suffering from poverty. But in spite of this, no policy had been devised to aid them. So Gessen secretly entrusted 1500 gold coins to the magistrate of Yamada as a perpetual relief fund for the poor. Also, it was Gessen who from time to time hired workmen and repaired the run-down roads and bridges leading to the Ise Shrine. In addition, Gessen wanted to rebuild the main hall of his temple according to the wishes of his late master, who had been unable to do so in his lifetime.

Gessen quietly accepted the slander of the world and accumulated the money necessary to realize these three desires. And when the three projects were completed, he laid down his brushes and devoted himself solely to Buddhism.

Even today painters are fond of Gessen's work — and not without reason.

EVEN IF I AM PUNISHED BY THE BUDDHA

Eisai Zenji was the founder of Kenninji in Kyoto and the man who first transmitted Rinzai Zen to Japan. As a new religion, Rinzai Zen was oppresed by the established sects. During this period there was very little to eat, and times when the monks had to fast out of necessity were not rare. But one day, a believer held a memorial service to which he invited Eisai, and Eisai received a bolk of silk as a donation in return for conducting the service. Overjoyed, he would not even let the monks accompanying him carry the silk. Instead, he took it himself back to the temple, summoned the 'tenzo', and ordered

him, "Use this to buy provisions for tomorrow morning's meal."

Shortly after this along came a believer who was a merchant: "I'm really ashamed to have to ask this, but I have to get hold of two or three bolts of silk right away. If you happen to have some on hand, I would appreciate it very much if you could lend it to me."

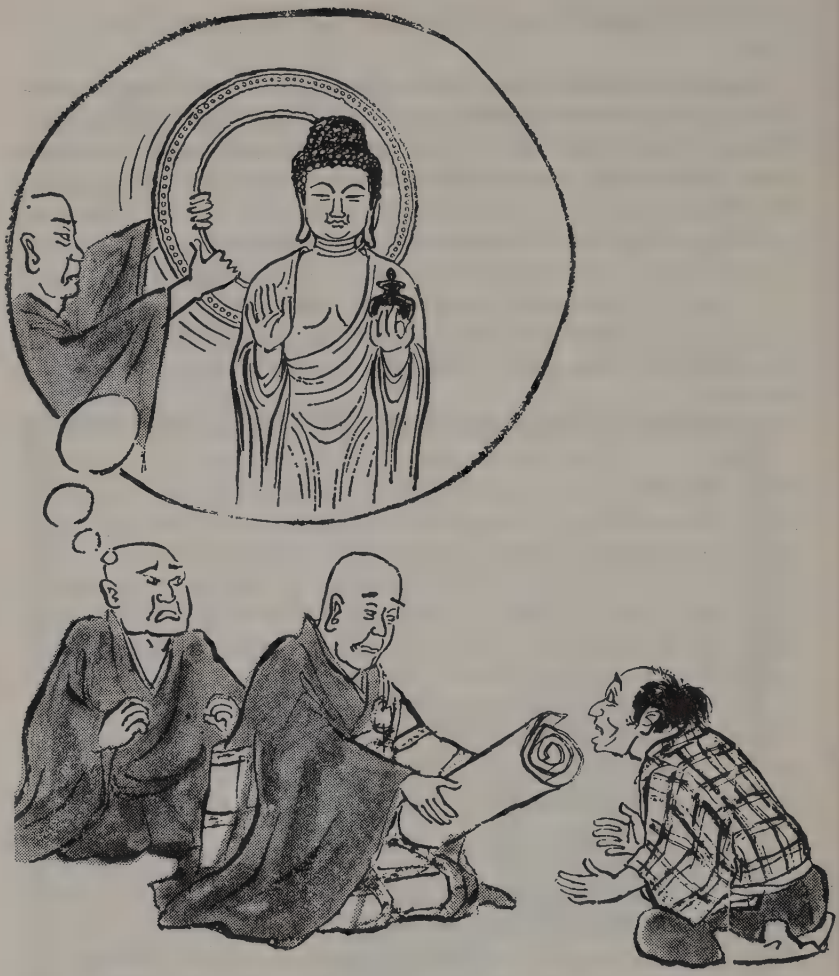
"Oh, really? Well, I suppose I could let you have the bolt we just received," answered Eisai. Then he called the 'tenzo', took back the silk, and handed it to the merchant.

The monks were disappointed and complained, "We were so glad that we were going to be able to eat tomorrow morning, but now . . ."

And Eisai explained to them, "Everyone, you may think that I made a mistake, but the way I see it, you have all gathered here aspiring to practice Buddhism. So, even if we starve to death from fasting, it shouldn't be that painful for us. If we were living in the 'world', it would be a different matter. Now there was also the possibility that we could have lost that man's confidence just because we couldn't lend him a bolt of silk. But since we've been able to help him out of his trouble this way, it can only turn out to your advantage."

Another time, a man who appeared destitute came around and tearfully implored, "My house is very poor. We haven't had fire in the house now for several days, and my whole family is at the point of starvation. Could you please, somehow, out of compassion help us . . .?"

But the temple was poor too. There was nothing in the way of food, clothing or other materials. The perplexed Eisai could not figure out what to do, but finally his eyes came to rest on the copper which the temple had been collecting in order to make a halo for the statue of Yakushi, the bodhisattva of healing. "Aha, that's what I'll do," he muttered to himself. And with his own hands he took the copper, rolled it into a bundle, and presented it to the poor man saying, "Here. I'll give you



this. Take it and buy food."

A disciple of Eisai who saw this criticized, "What do you mean by giving the buddha statue's halo to a layman? Isn't this

the sin of disposing of the buddha's personal property?"

Eisai calmly responded, "That's what it is all right. But the compassion of a buddha is to make offerings to living beings, even if his body, arms and legs are cut up in order to do so. If we had given the whole statue to the poor man, who was obviously starving, I think it would have been in accord with the buddha mind. And even if I fall into hell by giving away the buddha's property, I still must save living beings from starvation."

HOW THE COMPLETE SCRIPTURES WERE FIRST PUBLISHED

Long ago travel between Kyoto and Osaka was by boat on the Yodo River. One day three young monks happened to board the boat together. They were Kokei of the Todaiji in Nara, Manzan of the Soto School and Tetsugen of the Obaku School of Zen. The karmic affinity which led them to travel in the same boat was not shallow; and they recounted to each other vows which they had taken.

Kokei of Todaiji: "During the wars the Great Buddha Hall was burned, and I cannot bear to see the Great Buddha of Nara exposed to the rain. Somehow during my life I want to rebuild the Great Hall."

Manzan of the Soto School: "The Zen School reveres the

Transmission of the Lamp, and everyone places emphasis on his Dharma Lineage, but today the lines of transmission are so disarranged that no one knows how many generations distant they are from Dogen Zenji, and no one can make heads or tails of these important genealogies. I want to straighten this out and make it easily understandable for everyone from which lineage they derive and how many generations distant from Dogen Zenji they are."

Tetsugen of the Obaku School: "More than a thousand years have passed since Buddhism was introduced to Japan, but a complete collection of the sutras has yet to be published here. Right now, we are relying on sutra books printed in Sung China, Ming China and Korea. If we do not use these, we are in the position of having to copy them one by one, and therefore, I want to print the entire collection."

These were all the kind of people who leave their mark on history, and each of them from their early years lived under an extraordinarily great vow. Plus, the fact that they all lived during the same era, and all rode together on the same boat is unprecedented.

After that chance meeting, twenty years passed. Kokei went around the whole country collecting donations, and finally in 1709 the Great Buddha Hall of Nara, now known a the largest wooden structure in the world, was solemnly but happily dedicated. Manzan also had stayed busy, and finally in 1699 got some action out of the Shogunate and fulfilled his words by correcting the disarray in the line of succession of the Soto School. Tetsugen splendidly carried out his pledge to publish the complete scriptures in 1678.

Because the printing of the scriptures vowed by Tetsugen required carving several tens of thousands of wood block plates, a tremendous expenditure of money would be incurred, and Tetsugen responded to this challenge with a superhuman devotion. About the time he had collected sufficient funds for the publication, a great famine occured and the victims of the

famine were wandering up and down the roads, some even dying of hunger. Seeing this, Tetsugen freely gave away as relief money all the funds which he had gone to so much trouble to collect for his vow; he started over from zero. When this second fund-raising had just about reached the point where publication became possible, once again famine accompanied by floods came upon the land, and as he had done the previous time, Tetsugen donated the money for the relief of the people. However, the third time he collected monies, he was able to achieve his goal.

The first day of this third effort, Tetsugen stood at the approach to the busy Sanjo bridge and requested donations of passersby. The very first man to come by was a samurai, and in spite of Tetsugen's earnest entreaties he passed on by pretending not to notice.

Tetsugen followed:

"Please contribute, even if it's only a small amount."

"No! I won't."

"Please?"

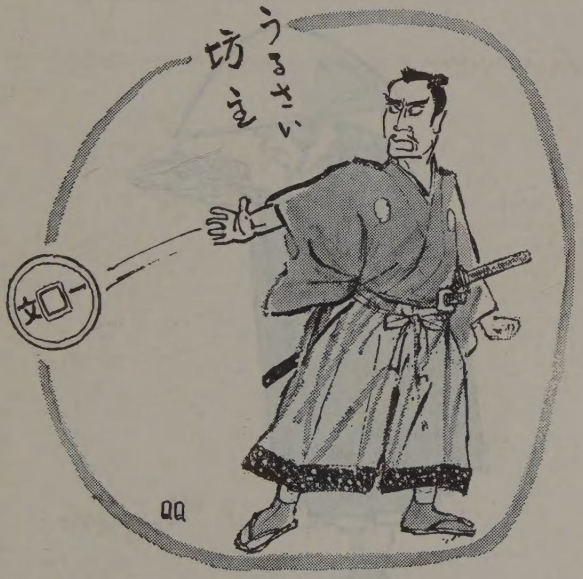
"No!"

This dialogue continued for four miles. Finally, in spite of himself, the hard-hearted samurai gave up and flung a penny at Tetsugen saying, "What a pest this monk is!"

"Thank you. Thank you."

Seeing how politely Tetsugen received the money and thanked him, the samurai asked, "Honorable monk, you must tell me why you are so happy after following me so far and receiving only a penny."

"Today is the first day I have begged for donations after making a great vow, and you are the first gentleman to give. If I



One penny for the pest.

had not been able to get this first penny, perhaps a doubt would have come into my mind. But now that I have received this donation, I firmly believe that I will be able to accomplish the vow. That is why I am happy," answered Tetsugen, evidently pleased with himself. Then he returned to his original post.

The collected sutras which have come down to us today as the *Obaku Edition* of the *Collected Sutras* amounts to 6771 volumes. And this work was completed due to Tetsugen Zenji's unstintingly pure spirit in carrying out his vow.

The Four Great Vows of Buddhism
I vow to save all sentient beings.
I vow to cut off all delusions.
I vow to learn all of the teachings.
I vow to attain the Buddha state.