

R. H. BLYTH

風



狂歌

鳥

ZEN

AND

ZEN CLASSICS

Volume One

General Introduction

From the *Upamāsūtra* by Hsüan-shing

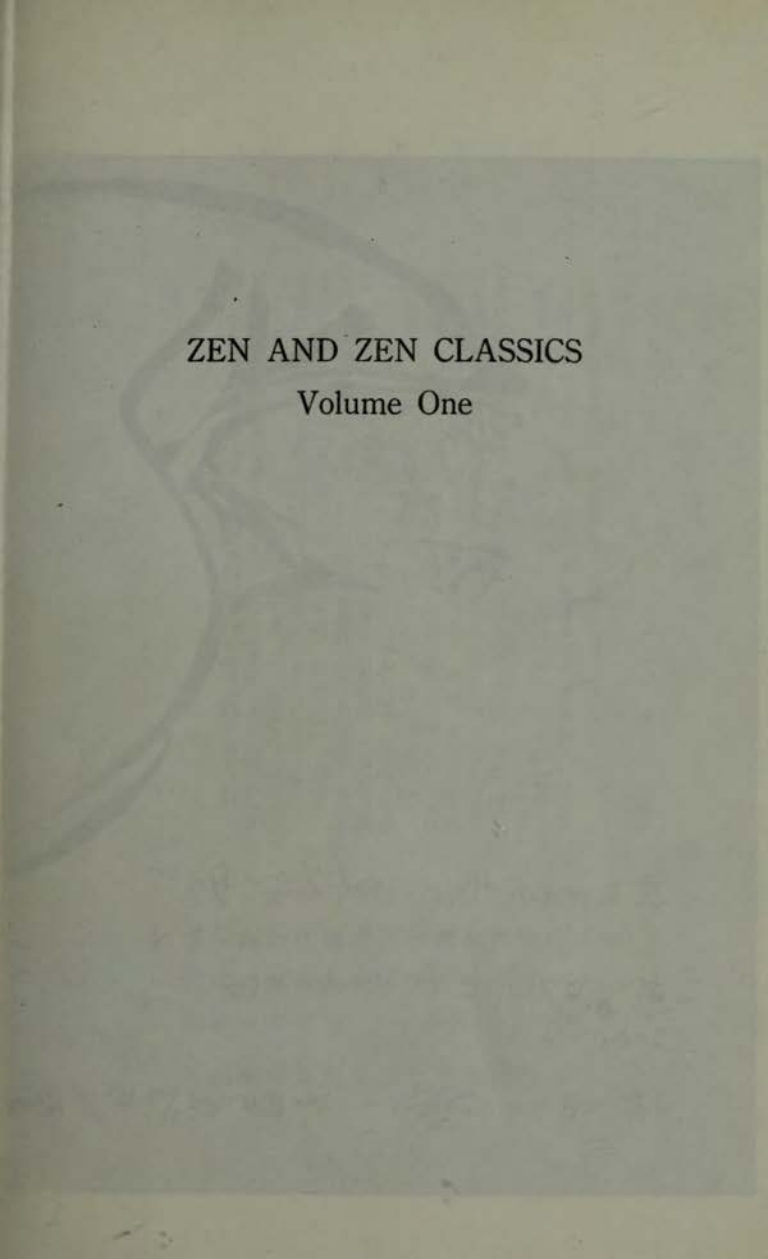
THE HOKUSEIDO PRESS

TOKYO

HEIAN INTERNATIONAL

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO





ZEN AND ZEN CLASSICS

Volume One



佛は天の上へ立、東に控て西へ行  
佛は天の上へ立、東に控て西へ行  
出合交、立控め、天有、天思、天  
なる三行。

天有、天思、天なる三行。

Those who like Buddha [that is, those Buddhists who follow Buddha's literal teaching] go from China (West) to India (East);

But Daruma Dono [Daruma san] who hates Buddha [that is, Daruma (including his followers) who refuse to take blindly the instruction of Buddha] leaves the West (India) and comes to the East (China).

[I thought] that they would meet in a friendly way at the Nezame no Chaya [where all the Buddhists are awakened from Ignorance and really come to understand the spirit of Buddhism] and that they would cooperate in their common cause,

But [unfortunately, they go on quarrelling and] my hopes are [shattered after all] like a dream.

(Kindly translated for me by Dr. Suzuki Daisetz)

仏けすきの上人達は東を捨て西に行  
仏きらひの達磨殿は西を去而東に来  
出合処は寝めの茶屋と思ふたりや  
夢しやった

扶桑最初禪窟梵唄崖扨画併贊

## ZEN AND ZEN CLASSICS

### *Five Volumes*

- Vol. I General Introduction, From the Upanishads  
to Huineng
- Vol. II History of Zen (Seigen Branch)
- Vol. III History of Zen, *cont'd* (Nangaku Branch)
- Vol. IV *Mumonkan*
- Vol. V Twenty-Five Zen Essays  
(Christianity, Sex, Society, etc.)

*R. H. BLYTH*

ZEN  
AND  
ZEN CLASSICS

Volume One

From the Upanishads  
to Huineng



THE HOKUSEIDO PRESS

TOKYO

HEIAN INTERNATIONAL

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

© 1960, by R. H. Blyth

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

*First Printing 1960*  
*Eleventh Printing 1982*

ISBN 0-89346-204-7



Published by The Hokuseido Press  
3-12, Kanda-Nishikicho, Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo

Heian International, Inc.  
P. O. Box 2402, South San Francisco, CA 94080



## PREFACE

The reader of this book will be surprised by it, but this is the destiny of mine, since many are the books, but all lead to the same conclusion, and I am asked, "Are you for, or against God?" but answer is both, and neither. The great fault of Christianity is that they never criticize the fundamental "Christianity" of the one, or almost all.

DEDICATED

AS ALL MY BOOKS SHALL BE

TO

SUZUKI DAISSETZ

WHO TAUGHT ME ALL THAT I DON'T KNOW

This is the essence of Christianity, of Buddhism, of culture, of all that is good in the daily life of ordinary people. But that does not mean that we are not to attack it that it is not the highest respectability. And we are not going to attack any other God, or the hypocrites and false-heroes who support it, but that which is its highest and noblest. Nothing is sacred but man's pure faith and unselfish intelligence. My "intuition" is a word that I should find in connection with all religions "good men" without exception, and with a good sense "good men" is a word purely subjective, dangerous, and without meaning, but the great thing is to have courage, and my heart and again, "all that can be chosen shall be chosen" and if nothing remains, let it be so.

S. H. S. J.  
27 Aug. 1923



## PREFACE

The reader of this book will be confused by it, but this is the destiny of man, since many are the roads, but all lead to the same conclusion, confusion. If I am asked, "Are you for, or against Zen?" the answer is, both, not neither. The great fault of Christians is that they never criticise (fundamentally) Christianity. No one, or almost no one, criticises democracy or communism (fundamentally) in the countries where they are the "national treasure." No Buddhist ever calls the Buddha a bit of a fool; blasphemy laws still exist in England. Japan is perhaps the freest country in the world, and perhaps always has been, spiritually speaking, because it is the least unpoetical, and the least unhumorous.

Zen is the essence of Christianity, of Buddhism, of culture, of all that is good in the daily life of ordinary people. But that does not mean that we are not to smash it flat if we get the slightest opportunity. And we are not going to attack foxy (false) Zen, or the hypocrites and time-servers who support it, but Zen itself in its highest and sublimest forms. Nothing is sacred but one's own foolish and contradictory intuitions. By "intuition" is meant here that which I myself find in common with all so-called "great men" without exception, and with a good many "little" men. It is thus purely subjective, dangerous, and indeed variable, but the great thing is to have courage, and say again and again, "All that can be shaken shall be shaken!" and if nothing remains, let it be so.

R. H. Blyth  
27 Aug. 1959

## CONTENTS

PREFACE . . . . .	9
WHAT IS ZEN? . . . . .	11
THE HISTORY OF ZEN . . . . .	24
FROM 1000 B.C. TO 715 A.D. (DEATH OF HUINENG)	
THE BELIEVING MIND, 信心銘 (The Hsinhsinming) . . . . .	46
SONG OF THE WAY, 証道歌 (The Chengtaoke) . . . . .	104
THE PLATFORM SUTRA, 六祖壇經 . . . . .	112
EPILOGUE . . . . .	121

## WHAT IS ZEN?

### 1

There are many reasons for knowing something about Zen, not the least that it is the driving force of all Japanese culture. The most general attraction may well be that the study of Zen, if deep and steady enough, makes a man efficient in his work, in his play, and in his spare time. All kinds of people do zazen for all kinds of reasons. A certain woman I knew, who could never go shopping because half-way to the shop she became obsessed with the idea that her house might be on fire, was more or less cured after a couple of years of sitting. A certain teacher seduced four or five of his pupils in a tent during an excursion; he also sat and meditated on the matter, but I do not know with what result, if any. My own was the opposite reason, disappointed love. This may all seem too trivial, but we must remember that enlightenment is somewhat like history, of which Emerson says,

In analysing history, do not be too profound, for often the causes are quite superficial.

Some people like Zen because it gives them an excuse to be rude. Some whose heads are not good enough to understand philosophy are glad to hear that Zen is against it. Some people like anything mysterious and exotically esoteric. Many people want to live calmly, not bothered with unimportant (or even important) things. Some people have a dogged one-track mind, and go for Zen like a bull-terrier. Some are blind to art and deaf to music, don't like sports and never read a book; Zen gives them an interest in life. Some want to get rid of an inferiority complex; some think it will be useful in business; some like to attempt the impos-

sible. Some people love paradoxes for their own sake.

To speak more seriously, but not therefore more truly or deeply, there are the artistic, the philosophic, the moral, and the poetical approaches to Zen. Only the word "poetical" needs explanation.

The word as used here is more difficult to define than the word Zen, since it includes Zen, but goes beyond it. Arnold said, "Poetry is a criticism of life," and this creative judgement is what I also intend by the word "poetry." The poetical attitude, or rather, activity, is something like the poems of Shenhsiu and Huineng put together.<sup>1</sup> The Mind is both a mirror, and an ever-expanding eye which creates what it sees, and destroys what it does not. I clear my mind of cant. I learn all I can of the culture of the past, and remove my prejudices of rank and nationality. I desire nothing but what has been, is, and will be. I hold the mirror up to nature, and the good and evil, wise and foolish, beautiful and ugly pass before it, and leave not a wrack behind of remorse, pride, loathing, or possessiveness. *But*, at the same time, I violently object to the vulgar and the superficial; I yearn towards Bach and Bashō; I am excited by Beethoven and Shakespeare; I judge, with extreme finality, that bull-fighting is bad, and newspapers worse. The mirror reflects all, equally, but as the witty saying goes, some more equally than others. This is the poetical spirit. It is an agony of mind which finds itself in complete solitude, yet does not desire either company or comfort. The beauty of nature is intolerable, the heroism of human nature unbelievable, the power of art overwhelming, the sufferings of animals unforgivable, the creation of the universe by God inexcusable. For such a mind, the poetical mind, Zen is the only possible "philosophy of life." It gives us the lack of support that we need; it takes away the unwanted words; it removes the non-existent bonds. At last we have timelessness in time and placelessness

---

1. See page 115.

in place. But as said before, the spirit of poetry actually goes beyond Zen, which is: "All that we behold is full of blessings." The poetical mind does not want blessings, does not want Nirvana. It always wants more and more and less and less insatiably. People who are tone-deaf don't mind being so. "What has eating mutton got to do with going to Heaven?" bleat the missionaries of the Lamb of God. Even Ella Wheeler Wilcox is too good for many people. The world is becoming less and less poetical every day. WHAT IS THE BLESSING IN THAT?

But it may be answered, "Well, Mr. Blyth, you have the blessing of putting your disapproval of the world into capital letters." But this is only quibbling. If all men lead mechanical, unpoetical lives, this is the real nihilism, the real undoing of the world, to which Dante's Hell is but a fairy story. The universe is becoming a blackboard with no chalk.

2

As Spengler says of the world, so we must say of Zen, we can understand it only by transcending it. But it may be urged, Zen is the very transcending of Zen. Well, that is so, that is so. But let it not be something that is attained, once and for all. Have we a right to object to the universe? But if I am the universe, how can the universe object to itself? Man is the eye with which the universe sees itself, and it is free to spit in its own eye if it so desires. And I do spit, with a scornful regret, in my own eye. This spitting is indeed not something individual, but universal and historical. The atomic bomb is the symbol and actualising of man's secret wish to exterminate himself, that is to say, this universe (of his) which he does not approve of. What are his objections? I, for example, am a vegetarian, as Christ was not and Buddha should have been. The universe tells me to eat and/or be eaten, to kill and/or be killed. Also, it tells me to cause no pain or death while I am alive in pain between my two deaths, that of

birth and that of annihilation. Being sufficiently greedy of life, I make a compromise and kill only things that don't run away from me, like cabbages and cocoanuts, onions and eggs. This may seem have little to do with the meaning of life and secret of the universe; but I disagree. As Cowper implied, a man who "needlessly" sets his foot upon a worm won't go to Heaven: Blake also says,

The wild deer, wandering here and there,  
Keeps the Human Soul from Care.

An excessive preoccupation with pain and the problem of pain may be called unhealthy, but it must be pointed out that health, mere health, and the mere health of the universe itself, which Thoreau so much admired, is not necessarily the highest virtue, or a value at all, though it is no doubt what Somerset Maugham refers to when he says,

Let no one think that pleasure is immoral, pleasure in itself is a great good, all pleasure.

But to get back to the subject, which, is may I, the universe, object to myself? Is this the best of all possible worlds? Pope says glibly, "Whatever is—is right", and perhaps God is in his Heaven and all is right with the world, but how about those people who don't know it? It has often been noted, and is worth remembering again, that we are more concerned with the suffering and death of others, as a problem, than with that of ourselves. I remember being told of a man dying of leprosy, whose face was all eaten away, but who continued to repeat liplessly and almost inaudibly, "God is love! God is love!" This, if a true story, is a remarkable tribute to the value-creating power of human beings, even greater than that of Christ on the cross, but one would hardly dare to go around a leper hospital saying such a thing to the people there. The real reason for the celibacy of the clergy all over the world is not so much the excessive sexuality of man and the consequent



reaction from it, but the desire to avoid this insoluble problem that is most pressing in one's wife and children. Darwin said that he could not understand the useless suffering of animals. He need not have gone so far down. What we can't understand is the useless suffering of human beings, above all, what is ununderstandable to the most enlightened Zen adept is the useless unenlightenment of others. Of course he will say that when he is enlightened all creatures are so, and I will counter with the well known, "Christ cannot be in Heaven while even one sinner remains in Hell," and the Zen adept will then be pleased, but what I am saying is that while one man or rat remains unenlightened *he* cannot be. At this point he will say, "Enlightenment is unenlightenment," and this is so, but we are not talking about the unenlightenment which is enlightenment, but the unenlightenment which is unenlightenment. In other words, Zennists should never get off their absolute horse at all; they should never argue or explain, only assert. To jump back on the horse as soon as their feet are blistered is unfair.

3

For westerners, the great difficulty in Zen is the relation between Zen and Buddhism, that is, between Zen and Christianity, that is, between Zen and morality. Does enlightenment make a man a better man? This problem is a pressing one even from the practical point of view, for some "enlightened" persons, some Zen "masters" are selfish, or lazy, or bigoted, or ambitious. The contradiction implicit in "Zen Buddhism" is seen in the fact that Zen transcends morality; we become moral by becoming ego-less. But the Buddha himself seems to have thought that goodness, that is, right thinking etc., is the means to enlightenment. This may all be the hen and the egg, but the question remains; can we have a hen without an egg, or an egg without a hen? And the answer is apparently in the affirmative. The problem is one of importance when we think of

Zen as a way of salvation for society and international life. Shall we have Buddhist compassion to cure our personal and national evils, or Zen ego-lessness? Or are they not the same thing? Buddha cannot save the world, nor can Christ. As D. H. Lawrence says in *The Man who Died*, "For what and to what could this infinite whirl be saved?" Only Zen can save it, because Zen tells us that the world is saved as it is. The ordinary man is the Buddha, time is eternity, here is everywhere. But this is only "so" if we know it is so. In the history of Zen, each monk as he becomes enlightened gloats over it almost indecently, just as Buddha himself did, but how about all the poor unenlightened chaps, or those who died five minutes before they became enlightened? No, No! the universe must suffer, in being what it is, and we must suffer with it. The universe has joy, as Wordsworth perceived, and we must be happy with it. Above all, the universe is a paradox, and we must laugh with and at it.

## 4

The inherent misery of the world is the constant refrain of Buddhism, continued down to the present day by the Shinshu sect in Japan. In Christianity it is sin rather than misery, sin being a far more subjective affair. According to Buddhism, misery is caused by desire, the extinction of desire being followed in a rather unexpected and unexplained way by the bliss of Nirvana. But how about the desire for virtue, the desire for enlightenment, the desire to help others, the desire for music and for art and for poetry, the desire to love, even the desire to be loved, that caused God to create the universe? As for the desire to reform the world, to save it, this must be the desire to save and reform oneself. Therefore, the more wicked a person is, the deeper and stronger must be his repentance and endeavour to rescue the world from its sin. We may and indeed must logically suspect people like Moses and Christ and Paul and St. Augustine and

Aquinas and Mohammed, Pascal and Bunyan and Kirkegaard of having had exceedingly bad characters. The same must be said of Buddha and Kūkai and Shinran and Nichiren, and of geniuses in other fields, Euripides and Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe and Wordsworth and Shelley and so on. I would like to except Hakurakuten, Bashō, and Eckhart and a few others, but perhaps this is mere partiality.

It is thus the consciousness of sin and ignorance in himself that makes a man religious and a teacher of men. A deep love of poetry, of nature, of music will make a man correspondingly indifferent to money, fame, power, and all the other things that Buddhists and Christians without this love inveigh against.

If Buddha had played the music of Bach, why should he waste his time in ascetic mortification, or in his after-life of talk-talk-talk? Satan finds some mischief still for idle mouths to do, whether it be Hitler's or Cowper's or Karl Marx's. Even the common-sense Goethe talks of "renunciation",—renunciation of what? If we are gazing at the green leaves of spring, what are we to renounce? When the frog jumps into the old pond, are we to renounce the sound of the water?

Asceticism, found in every religion, is seen too often in people who were pretty bare and empty from the beginning. The desire to be nothing is particularly common among those who are already practically nothing. The other extreme, a Wagnerian wallowing in sensation is of course worse, but there is a third alternative, not the Middle Way, of course, but another extreme, mentioned before, the way of poetry. This has practically nothing to do with iambic pentameter, but consists in giving the highest possible value to every moment. We are to be painting or looking at pictures, or composing or reading verse, or thinking deeply or making things grow, or having sexual intercourse with someone we cannot bear to be parted from even for a moment,—and when we die we shall sleep the sleep of the just.

What was, is, and always will be wrong with Buddhism of course is the *-ism*. A system of doctrine, rules of morality, and above all the Sangha itself means religious mass suicide. The great mistake of Christ was to found a Church, if indeed he did so. And however democratic an organisation is, or rather, to the extent that it is, religion withers, for as Butler said,

Things determined by most voyces  
Are not the Greatest Truths, but Noyses.

Logically speaking, of course, it was proper for the monks to retire as much as possible from what they objected to, the struggle for existence, but to stop pencil-making and write books, as Thoreau did, has something of perversion in it. Nevertheless even the life of Zen, as led by Marcus Aurelius, must be a kind of tragi-comedy. The Chinese Zen monks tried to do something which is indeed the essence of Zen, combine spirituality and materiality, and form a new society. However, the Indian hatred of women persisted; sex was omitted, and the monastery could not be self-subsisting, since new members were constantly needed. Thus the life of the Zen monastery, however earnest and active it may have once been, was always a farce. Enlightenment itself must have been patchy and one-sided, since it did not unemasculate the person who gained it. Zen has not yet taught us how to be fathers and mothers and citizens. It is still a thing for monks, at least for men, and especially for old men. Only anarchism can produce a good society, and this is yet another *-ism*, and doomed to failure.

Where Buddhist are trapped by their own principles is in the idea, true enough, that without men there is no Buddha; without the relative there is no absolute. If an atomic bomb could destroy all life on this and every other planet in the universe there would be no Buddha. This argument was of course foreseen long ago by Buddhists, who postulated that the universe would actually be destroyed by fire, and then in some

mysterious way resume itself. This is not an impossibility. All we are saying is that while, as long as, human beings did not exist, neither would Buddha, that is, the cosmic Buddha.

5

The great difference between Christianity and Buddhism, or rather between Jewish, British, and Italian people and Indian, Chinese and Japanese people is said to be the presence or absence of the God concept. This contrast is over-stressed. In the same way, "Let your yea be yea, and your nay be nay" is an over-simplification. "I love you" means "I love you" (an impossibility), or "I LOVE-hate you," or even "I love-HATE you." English people use the word God, Japanese people the word Amida. It is extremely difficult to decide how much personality and impersonality these words have for individual Englishmen and Japanese. How much has "Providence"? How much has "providence"?

The object of life is our communication with one another. This is difficult when both parties insist on using words which are not only vague in meaning, but are respectively disliked by each party. In the *Immortality Ode* Wordsworth struggled with "spirit," "presence," "something," "motion," to give a name to Brahman, the World Soul, the Godhead. A different name has a different meaning, a different meaning has a different name,—for that one person. But the same name has a different meaning for different people, and different and opposite names may have the same meaning for different people. A man may call himself an atheist and yet have an animistic feeling towards the universe. Many devout Christians, the most pious perhaps, are not anthropomorphic, have but a weak sense of the personality of God, and would hesitate to ask Him for some favour, or even a necessity.

Corresponding to these permutations and combinations of names and meanings is the alternations of theism,

pantheism and atheism in the history of religious India. These are bewildering, but that is not so much because we are too stupid to unweave the mingled threads, as that the world is, spiritually and poetically speaking, an absolute confusion. The universe is sane to the scientist but delightfully lunatic to the madman, the lover, and the poet. In India we begin (probably) with hymns and invocations to a deity; then comes the World Soul; then the scientific agnosticism of Buddhism; then the Eternal Buddha. In China we get the esoteric symbolism of the Tantric Sects and the shoutings and beatings of Zen. Then to Japan and the "I-am-nothingness" of the Amida Sect, and, last scene of all, Buddhism seems to dwindle (but really finds itself fully there) to the tea ceremony, flower arrangement, and 17-syllable verse.

To speak of some of the disagreeable aspects of Zen, there is a certain cold-heartedness in Zen which we feel so often in priests and believers. This is of course innate, though encouraged by the doctrine of self-dependence and self-help. It comes from the same source as that of the Buddha, seen for example when he was asked about the (spiritual) blindness of even some of his own disciples. He declared that he was merely the Tathagata who showed the Way, and accepted no responsibility for them. Christ's answer to the question why people are born (physically) blind, "That the glory of God may be manifested," was more enigmatic. It would have been better for them to say simply, "I don't know." Both Buddha and Christ should have accepted command responsibility for the blindness, and personal responsibility for their own ignorance, which was yet another blindness. Zen, it must be admitted, is the selfish side of the doctrine of selflessness that comes down through the Mahayana. Zen has a very weak missionary spirit, and for that reason interferes very little with other people's lives. It does not have, and does not want, the excuse to force people into Heaven. But it has the defects of its virtues, and would

be communistic as it was once militaristic and feudalistic and capitalistic. The *Yuzunembutsu*, the passing on of merit to other sentient beings, parallel with the Roman Catholic doctrine of supererogation, is something that Zen should have absorbed into itself.

The logic of Zen would seem to be this. I am nothing. I have no special wants or wishes, no particular desire for the things of this world. But you want them, and I am you, so I want them,—for you. Of course we might take it the other way round. I don't want comfort, and I am you, so you don't want it, and why should I help you to get what you really and truly don't want? The choice of these two attitudes, of helping you to be happy because I am you, and not helping you to be happy, because you are I, depends upon one's individual temperament. However, we may assert that the former is better, because it means that life is interesting, and helping nobody leaves us very dull and bored.

To an occidental, the forms and ceremonies of a Zen temple, and the feudalistic, not to say militaristic ranking of the priests may seem un-Zen-like, and worse still, disagreeable. The rules and regulations, the chantings and genuflections of a Zen temple may be, not justified, but excused to some extent, on the ground that they continue a two thousand years tradition from India through China and Korea to Japan. But this argument would allow us to eat one another. What we have to do is not live traditionally or nationalistically or asiatically or Christianically or Buddhistically or Zennically, but poetically,—whatever that may mean in actual practice.

Much is said of the shockingness of Zen, but this is felt by people who have forgotten or never known the profound paradoxes of Christianity and the homeliness of the mystics. When Eckhart says that he would not care a bone for God if He were not good, he is not so very far away from Yunmen when he asserted that the Buddha was a shit-wiping spatula. Another and stronger argument against Zen is this. Zen is making

a virtue of necessity, but is there not something cunning, something slightly mean in this? To pretend to be glad to lose when we really wanted to win is immoral. When we lose we may, if we wish, burst into tears. Even to run up to the other person and hack his shins is all right. To shoot him, and exterminate his family would be going to extremes, but what is wrong with the extreme?

## 6

The aim of Buddhism is of course enlightenment, but enlightenment is not a state; it is an activity. The other shore is actually never reached. If reached, we drop dead. The omnipotence and omniscience of God would be his undoing. The great illusion is that we are enlightened. That is the reason Christ is greater than Buddha. His life ended with "My God, my God, why?" The Buddha said that these "why"s were unprofitable, which is another way of saying he had given up the problems.

What is the connection between Buddhism and culture, Zen and culture, Christianity and culture? To take one as the cause of the other is absurd. They are all the "results" of something, something which is not even Zen, because this something is nameless, like God himself. Culture is a tilling, a growing and becoming of a human being, of many human beings, and where Buddhist art excels is in its portrayal of the "human face divine," in which we see a man becoming less animal, more human. But, for the Indians, art, the art of sculpture, was still only a symbol; it was not wisdom itself, struggling to be wiser. This is where again Christian art is more alive, more moving in both senses of the word. Zen art, however, is art at its highest; it is art for art's sake. There is no ulterior motive, no didacticism, no separable meaning. A Zen painting of Buddha shows us what Buddha should have been, not a figure in eternal repose, but dynamic life itself, mysterious yet homely.

The idea of sacred and profane art, of religious and



secular literature, is a preposterous one, only to be entertained by those who have no idea of what religion and poetry are. The question, "Can art be a substitute for religion?" is simply saying, "Can religion be a substitute for religion?" And if it is pointed out that many artists were dissolute men, then let us answer firmly that Christ and Buddha were fanatical, pettifying, women-hating, fig-tree-destroying people.

## 7

The two doctrines of Zen most difficult to understand are, first, that illusion is, as it is, enlightenment; damnation is salvation. The second, a kind of corollary, is that there is no sin, no suffering, no morality for the Bodhisattva, and yet he spends his life saving others. The parallel to these two in Christianity would be the mediaeval idea, simple, profound, and humorous, that without Adam's sin there would be no salvation, and Christ would be still loitering in Heaven waiting for someone to die for. If we cannot solve these problems it must be because the universe is a warm thing which the stone-cold intellect can only partly understand. This supposition is borne out by the fact that ego-lessness is always the highest morality. In any case, what we desire is not so much a warm universe, nor even a whole, undivided one; what a man wants, is what he is offered, not the single absolute, nor the single relative, but the single two-in-one. Zen is when he takes what he is offered, and knows what he really wanted, which is, if the printer can manage it, the ~~robust~~ *robust* time.

## THE HISTORY OF ZEN

(FROM THE *UPANISHADS* TO HUINENG)

Zen, whatever Zen may be, is the result of the combined genius of the Indian and Chinese peoples. The Buddha attained enlightenment, but hardly seemed to be able to communicate it to others. He recommended a moral and self-controlled life as the means to it. In the seventh and eighth centuries A.D. Chinese monks began to "explain" what that enlightenment was, and devise a technique for gaining it, bypassing the old Indian schema. We can trace in those twelve or thirteen centuries a thread of Zen running through the *Upanishads*, the sutras and the undoubted enlightenment of many monks in China, Korea, and Japan up to the present time, nearly three thousand years of history. We can also go to the great thinkers and poets and musicians and artists of any times and places, and see and hear in them the religious enlightenment in spheres unknown to the Buddha. This we may also call Zen, a Zen which transcends history, and is not confined to the Far East. Nevertheless, Zen has also a history in that half of the world, which can be told to a certain extent.

The ancient Indians, like other races, had their nature worship, and austerities to get magic power; they wanted a philosophical explanation of the world, and eagerly desired heavenly bliss, usually conceived of erotically, but their peculiar and unique characteristic was a pleasure in thought, not Socratic reflection and social discussion, but a meditation in solitude as deep as human nature would allow. It is said that the Aryan race, like the Japanese, was originally cheerful and optimistic, but that the climate of India gradually affected them

and brought out the inner meditative character, which is the origin of Zen. Without some depth of thought and intuition Zen can hardly make its appearance, and that is why we find it in Eckhart and Christ and Bach. But this is not the same as solemnity and over-seriousness; we find it also in Cervantes and Mozart and Lewis Carroll.

The Aryans are said to have come to India about 1500 B.C., and the *Veda* to have been composed in the next five or six hundred years. The hymns of the *Veda* are fanciful and florid, far from Zen, and the account of the nature and beginning of things as given in the *Rigveda* has not the majesty and glory of Genesis, but there is something, we cannot say something of Zen, but not altogether opposed to Zen is such a passage as:

That One breathed breathlessly by Itself; other  
than It there nothing since has been. (X, 129)

The Brahmanas, prose portions of the *Veda*, contain the *Aranyakas* of *Forest Treatises*, communicated from master to pupil by word of mouth in the forest, not in the village or town. This foreshadows the Zen characteristic of "transmission from mind to mind," and "no reliance on words and writings." In themselves the *Aranyakas* were the precursors of the *Upanishads*. The era of the *Upanishads* (not the writing of them down) was apparently about 1000-700 B.C. The word *upanishad*, meaning "(to be taught) sitting by," continues the practice of close and almost silent relationship of meditating master and meditating disciple. It is in the *Upanishads* that Zen begins, but as yet too ethereal, too spiritual, though material things are used, and there is an appeal to the physical eye. From the *Chandogya Upanishad*:

'Fetch me from thence a fruit of the Nyagrodha tree.'

'Here is one, Sir.'

'Break it.'

'It is broken.'

'What do you see there?'

'These seeds, almost infinitesimal.'

'Break one of them.'

'It is broken.'

'What do you see there?'

'Not anything, Sir.'

The father said: 'My son, that subtle essence which you do not perceive there, of that very essence this great Nyagrodha tree exists.'

Believe it, my son. That which is the subtle essence, in it all that exists has its self. It is the True. It is the Self, and thou, O Svetaketu, art it.'

The realisation that the Atman, the personal soul, is Brahman, the world soul, is the salvation preached by the *Upanishads*.

Therefore am I, most reverend sir, learned indeed in the scripture, but not learned in the atman, yet I have heard from such as are like you that he who knows the atman vanquishes sorrow. Lead me then over, I pray, to the farther shore that lies beyond sorrow.

The enlightenment of the Buddha is something which he himself never attempted to explain. The *Upanishads* taught the infinite somethingness of things, Buddha, the infinite nothingness of things. Both are infinite, are religious, and Zen has something of each in it. On the one hand things are eternal, because they are not there at all; change is unchanging. On the other hand, things are the only reality, all else is opinion. I dig the soil. The soil makes me dig it. The soil digs me. When this and this only happens, and when I am "unconscious" of my digging and the soil is "conscious" of being dug, there is Zen.

The activeness of Zen, compared with the passivity of most forms of Buddhism, is already adumbrated in the *Upanishads*:

The Infinite indeed is below, above, behind, before, right and left—it is indeed all this. Now follows the explanation of the Infinite as the I: I am below, I am above, I am behind, before, right and left—I am all this. Next follows the explanation of the Infinite as the Self: Self is below, above, behind, be-

fore, right and left—Self is all this. He who sees, perceives, and understands this, loves the Self, delights in the Self, revels in the Self, rejoices in the Self—he becomes a Svaraj, [an autocrat or self-ruler]; he is lord and master in all the worlds.

A passage just before this has an appeal somewhat like that of the Gospel of St. John:

“The Infinite is bliss. There is no bliss in anything finite. Infinity only is bliss. This Infinity, however, we must desire to understand. Where one sees nothing else, hears nothing else, understands nothing else, that is the Infinite. Where one sees something else, hears something else, understands something else, that is the finite. The Infinite is immortal, the finite is mortal: ‘Sir, in what does the Infinite rest?’ ‘In its own greatness—or not even in greatness.’

The last phrase reveals to us one of the functions of humour, to prick the bubbles of magniloquence. But the first sentence shows us clearly the Indian mistake, which the Chinese were to rectify. We might rewrite it: “The finite is bliss. There is no bliss in anything Infinite. Finiteness only is bliss.” But this is equally half-true. Let us write it correctly, the whole truth: “The -ite is bliss. There is no bliss in anything infinite or finite. Iteness only is bliss.”

To be compared with the question Huineng asks (on page 115) is the following from the *Brihadaranyaka Upanishad*:

It is not large, and not minute; not short, not long; without blood, without fat; without shadow, without darkness; without wind, without ether; not adhesive, not tangible; without smell, without taste; without eyes, ears, voice, or mind; without heat, breath, or mouth; without personal or family name; unaging, undying, without fear, immortal, dustless, not uncovered or covered; with nothing before, nothing behind, nothing within. It consumes no one, and is consumed by no one. It is the unseen seer, the unheard hearer, the unthought thinker, the unknown knower.

The Chinese is short and to the point; the Indian talks

too much, and is perhaps interested in style. Zen is not literary, just as Bach is not beautiful, and Quixote is not moral, and Christ not happy.

A passage from the *Kena Upanishad* which reminds us more of Laotse than of the Zen monks:

I neither say that I know, nor say that I do not.

It is interesting, from the point of view of comparative literature and comparative culture, that the Indians of Upanishad times used the popular nonsense rhymes to bring out cosmic paradoxes, just as the Chinese Zen masters used popular proverbs and humorous stories. An example from the *Taittiriya Aranyaka*:

The blind one found the jewel;  
The one without fingers picked it up;  
The one with no neck put it on;  
And the one with no voice praised it.

The word zen, dhyana, appears first in the *Chandogya Upanishad*, and means "thinking," or rather, "meditating," the difference being all-important, for Zen means thinking with the body. True meditation is to devote oneself to a thing and understand it, that is, not thinking first and practising afterwards, but thinking and practice as one activity. The word *dhyana* was used in Buddhism in various ways, "thinking," "quiet thinking," "giving up evil," "unmoving," "keeping the mind in one place." The word *samadhi*, or rather a form of it, is found in the *Brihadaranyaka Upanishad*. This shows that at least something of the idea of Zen existed in those far-off days. To know-and-express one's Buddha-nature is Zen, according to the Chinese of six or seven centuries later. *Samadhi* was a more passive condition as conceived by the Indian mind. The expression of the Buddha nature is *prajna*, so that *samadhi*+*prajna*=Zen, in the later sense of the word.

Going back to Hinduism, the *Upanishads* were its culmination, but it never went beyond them as Buddhism and Zen did. The six schools of the philosophy of Hinduism may be considered in their relation to Zen.

These had already originated before Buddhism, which, together with Jainism, is sometimes taken as a heretical sect of Hinduism. Of these, one of the most important was Yoga, said to have been consolidated by Patanjali about 300 A.D. The aim was and is to attain union with the universal soul. The method of zazen is the same as in Zen; the object is different, the difference being well brought out by Dōgen, who said that zazen is the result, not the cause of enlightenment.

Together with the *Veda*, the *Upanishads* became the Bible of Brahminism, but it is the life of a Brahmin at the time of Buddha which suggests what the life of Zen was ultimately to become. Every Brahmin's life was to be in four stages. First, to study the *Veda* under a teacher in his boyhood; second, return home, marry, and be a householder; third, enter the forest and train himself; fourth, to become enlightened and live as a beggar priest. The third stage was the most important. Living in the forest they read the *Book of the Forest* and meditated so as to become enlightened. What the Indians wanted above all things, even above Paradise, was to get enlightenment, but it was the Chinese who showed them how to do it. The Indians omitted the darkness of things; the Chinese put it back again.

We come now to the second stage in the history of Zen, the enlightenment of Sakyamuni, who more or less followed the Brahmin course of life, but found in the third stage that he could not attain the enlightenment he was willing to give up everything for. His teachers, Alara Kalama and Udraka Ramaputra were unable to help him (and died before he could help them). His present life of self-mortification, and his past life of self-indulgence were inefficacious. Making his body strong with food he vowed to become enlightened or die in the attempt, also under a tree. (Trees have played a great part in Indian life; D. H. Lawrence says, "I know why Jesus was crucified on a tree.") When the morning star rose, Sakyamuni was living dhyana; he was Buddha, and Zen was at last born.

The later idea of Buddha was of a trinity; this is the Trikaya Doctrine, 三身. The Dharmakaya is Buddha as The Truth; the Sambhogakaya is Sakyamuni as an ideal being with perfect wisdom, not to be seen in this world; the Nirmanakaya is the historical Sakyamuni, that is, Buddha in human shape. Of these three (in inverse historical order), the Zen sect chose the Nirmanakaya. What Zen wanted was not the Buddha's virtues, or his peace of mind, or his magic powers, or his bliss, but his enlightenment, and this could be done only by understanding his character, or rather his spirit. This is again why of the Three Treasures, the Buddha, the Law, and the Priesthood, the priest is most valued in the Zen Sect, as embodying the Buddha mind, and the Zen Sect is thus called "the Buddha-mind Sect."

It is not easy to distinguish Buddhism from Hinduism when we go deeply into both, but what seems specifically to distinguish primitive Buddhism from earlier Indian thought is the doctrine of anatmavada, no-soul. The *Upanishads* teach in their desultory way that man is a soul; the universe is a soul; the soul of man is the soul of the universe. Against this, primitive Buddhism declared that man has no soul, the universe has no soul; both are but the parts or the whole of the Chain of Causation which is broken only when desire ceases. The Buddha did not deny that Brahman, the world soul, interpenetrated all things, for to do so would have made *ahimsa*, no-killing meaningless. But he undoubtedly taught the I-lessness of I, and that the realisation of this fully was Buddhahood. In the other hand, though there is no I, the apparent I must train itself ethically. And moral teaching is almost entirely absent in the *Upanishads*. Primitive Buddhism was a system of self-purification by which we attain to the Self. Earlier Hinduism jumped over the morality, and implied what Zen was to say explicitly long afterwards, that we are, as we are, already enlightened. Dhyana (zazen), to sit in meditation was thus the *natural* thing for all men.

The relation between Hinduism and Buddhism is



explained by Indian writers, much too simply, as the rejection of the sacrificial elements of Hinduism by Buddhism, presumably upon humanitarian grounds. The hollowness and falsity, not to say hypocrisy of this is seen in the fact that though *ahimsa* is claimed to be the highest principle the Buddha ate meat himself and allowed his disciples to do so, provided that "if any monk either heard or saw or even suspected that an animal had been killed especially for him, he was not to accept the meat." An honest beef-steak, a Christian pork chop is better than this. Christ himself, in a country where temple sacrifices were extravagantly bloody, made no particular effort to stop them; the cleansing of the Temple seems to have been of small-time merchants. Buddha, in a land already half vegetarian, did not apparently feel enough about animals to try to prevent them being bred and killed for food, or persuade butchers to give up their business by refusing their products. He was more concerned with the pettifogging rules of the monastic life. It was Asoka } who tried to induce people to refrain from killing animals, on economic and religious grounds.

The *Lankavatara Sutra*, supposed to have been delivered on Mount Lanka in Ceylon, seems to have been composed in the fourth or fifth century A.D.<sup>1</sup> It is in a way an explanation of the close relation between the philosophy of Zen and that of the *Upanishads*. Together with the *Diamond Sutra* it is one of the chief sutras of the Zen sect, and this perhaps explains why the Zen sect persisted longest in its anti-meat-eating principles, for the last chapter of the *Lankavatara* deals with the absolute necessity for vegetarianism. Five and more reasons are given for not eating meat: reincarnation, (this is absurd, because it makes eating cabbages cannibalistic); compassion; the skin emits an offensive odour; people won't trust a meat-eating

---

1. If so, it must have been translated almost immediately, by Dharmaraksa, between 412 and 433, when he was assassinated.

Buddhist; health. Methinks he doth protest too much. When a person has eight reasons for doing something, we know he is insincere. Even two is suspicious. The real reason was perhaps the fourth, that the meat-eating Buddhists of the fourth century A.D. felt ashamed of themselves before the many ascetics who took only grains, butter, oil, and sugar.

What can take the place of the shedding of blood? This was the psychological and philosophical problem which Buddha faced. Even Socrates, on his death-bed, and chattering about the immortality of his own soul, wanted to have a cock killed. For Christianity, the death of Adam and the murder of Abel could be wiped out only by a Deluge, not of water but of blood, the blood of God:

See, see where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!

Buddha's solution was suited to the race he belonged to. Giving alms to ascetics, to the Buddhist Order, above all, giving what oneself wants to another, and arousing in him the same desire, to give,—this was his version of the crucifixion.

Another Buddhist custom, that of begging, continues even today in the Zen sect. It derives emotionally from the feeling that the ascetic is holy, and cannot or should not work for his living, and that his magical beneficent influence on the community should be supported by it materially. More profoundly, however, it represents the (Indian) idea that all activity is sinful, especially that of earning a living. However, when Buddhism came to China and Japan it became more and more practical, and at length it was felt, especially in the Zen sect, that only in the practical life could Truth be realised. This reached its extreme position again in Bushidō, where life and death become one, and killing and being killed, actually or potentially, without any other employment whatever, creates the highest value. In the Zen sect in Japan the contradiction is still pre-

served. The monks often beg for their rice, and grow their own vegetables.

The least admirable part of Buddhism is its attitude to sex. The Buddha accepted women into the Sangha with the utmost unwillingness, and indeed prophesied that they would be the ruin of his system. It is said that in this matter the Buddha "should not be judged by the standards of the twentieth century." This is not so. He should be judged by the standards of the thirtieth. If a man's views of half the world are wrong, his view of the other half must be so too. In actual fact one of the reasons for the decline of Buddhism in India was the resurgence of Tantrism with its female deities and esoteric eroticism. The same thing has happened in modern times to Christianity, only the sex-worship is extra-church.

This attitude has been continued in Zen, which is thus Buddhist in its defects as well as its virtues. Occasionally women, usually old hags, appear in the Zen anecdotes, but the enlightenment of women is conspicuous by its absence, and sex problems are conveniently forgotten. D. H. Lawrence would have said some very interesting things about the Zen sect if he had ever heard of it.

The great question of Buddhism, which is sometimes asked, and never answered except in Zen, is, what actually was Gautama's enlightenment? What did he realise, for the first and last time? People say it was the Eight-fold Noble Path, right reading, right writing, right arithmetic and so on, but that is absurd. These are but means to enlightenment, which indeed involves the experience that right and wrong are only concepts, and therefore both equally wrong. In actual fact, a right concept is more dangerous and deleterious than a wrong one. Early Buddhism was excessively moral in tone and pedantically trivial in both precept and practice, and one cannot help feeling some sympathy with Subhadra, who, on hearing of the Buddha's death, sighed with relief, and said, "Now we shan't have to do this, and not do that!"

Zen is entirely a-moral in theory though not in practice, and the ruthlessness of Zen was present not only potentially but actually in early Buddhism. This can be seen for example in the *Dhammapada*, a collection of the moral saying of the Buddha which even now the young monks of South-Eastern Asia learn by heart; it was translated into Chinese in 224 A.D. by Dharmatrata. Sections 294 and 295 tell us:

A true Brahmana is sinless,  
 Though he has killed  
 Father and mother, and two valiant kings,  
 Though he has destroyed a kingdom with all its  
 subjects.

A true Brahmana is sinless,  
 Though he has killed  
 Father and mother, and two holy kings,  
 And an eminent man besides.

This may be compared to the saying of Yunmen, which is stronger: 殺仏殺祖.

Kill the Buddha and all the Patriarchs!

This is said to be symbolical, as if physical killing were far worse than spiritual assassination! Another trace of Zen may perhaps be seen in the fact that at the Second Council, held a century after the death of the Buddha, Mahadeva's five doctrines were: an Arhat may commit sin by unconscious temptation; he may be an Arhat without knowing it; he may have doubts on matters of doctrine; he cannot become an Arhat without a teacher; the Way may be attained by a shout of astonishment.

One more point of similarity between Zen and Buddhism is this. In primitive Buddhism there was no prayer or worship, no calling upon the Other. It was entirely *jiriki*, that is, self-power, which is Self-Power. The division into self and Other was indeed foreign to the Indian life-feeling. Just as there was no deity to be prayed to, so there was no mediator between God and man, strictly speaking no priesthood. The monks

were examples of the best kind of life to which ordinary people were to tend.

The difference between Zen and the doctrine of the *Upanishads* is this, that the *Upanishads* assert that the soul and the World Soul are unborn and undying, that is to say, timeless. Nagarjuna on the other hand declared that external things also are unborn and undying, because they are unreal and insubstantial no less than the Atman and the Brahman.

This doctrine of non-origination is the poetical attitude, the world of no cause and effect, no science, nonsense. Nagarjuna's other doctrine, that of dependent origination, blends the poetic and the scientific. If all things are but the effects of causes, and the causes of effects, they have no real existence and are intrinsically "empty," but at the same time, as each thing is dependent upon each other thing and all things, it is representative of them. Each is only a link in the chain of being, but as such indispensable.

We should mention here the *Bhagavadgita*, which was composed before or after the life-time of Buddha. Indian thought always tended towards atheism and inactivity. As a reaction to this, in the *Gita* the Sri Krishna is ready to save Arjuna in whatever worldly actions he might be engaged, though it be killing his own friends. It is a far cry from this to Paichang's "A day of no work is a day of no eating," but the practicality of Chinese Zen and its democratisation in Japan had its pronouncement and dramatic demonstration already in the *Gita*, a thousand years before Dharma entered China. A passage from The Yoga of Meditation:

His heart is with Brahman,  
His eye in all things  
Sees only Brahman  
Equally present,  
Knows his own Atman  
In every creature,  
And all creation  
Within that Atman.

But this mysticism and pantheism is not Zen, because it is intellectual and emotional only; it is speaking *about* the world, not the world speaking. Nevertheless, it is the dough from which the bread of Zen was to be baked. A little more like Zen is what Sri Krishna says of the giant fig-tree Aswattha, which symbolises the universe:

Therefore, a man should contemplate Brahman until he has sharpened the axe of his non-attachment. With this axe, he must cut through the firmly-rooted Aswattha tree. Then he must try to realize that state from which there is no return to future births. Let him take refuge in that Primal Being, from whom all this seeming activity streams for ever.

But the Zen attitude comes out most clearly when Krishna says:

Bodies are said to die, but That which possesses the body is eternal. It cannot be limited, or destroyed. Therefore you must fight.

I agree, but not in the circumstances described, which must be far more urgently personal. To be explicit, a man should fight for his family, but not for his country, for any other -ism. It is all a question of degree, and the individual soul decides it; it cannot be decided by another, even by God himself.

In a later volume we must consider the relation, or lack of it, between Zen and sex, but here we shall compare Zen to Tantric Buddhism. The close connection between the word-less, symbol-less, almost egoistic and Quaker-like severity of the one, and the luxuriant, magical, sexual mysticism of the other is odd, but strictly speaking, all art, all poetry, all religion is esoteric, is tantric. The initiates only understand the open secrets; as Emerson says:

There was never mystery  
 But 'tis figured in the flowers;  
 Was never secret history  
 But birds tell it in the bowers.

The point is that mantras, dharanis, diagrams of circles

(mandalas) and triangles are too indirect, too artificial, too inorganic to be anything but dangerous symbols, and the common-sense of Zen avoided them, or used them only in a perfunctory way. However, the anti-moralistic tendency in Zen is paralleled by the anti-Buddhist tendency of Tantric Buddhism, which in some forms even inculcated the drinking of wine, theft, and murder. Well, after all, Zen monks have always drunk wine, held property, and joined in wars. Nowadays most Zen monks follow another inculcation of these Tantric sects, and have sexual intercourse.

The Buddhist objection to sex was, like that of Christianity, due to its violence and power, its mastership over the human mind. Philosophically speaking nevertheless, it was the persistent urge to find some unity, a oneness without the twoness of male and female. According to D. H. Lawrence, however, oneness is a delusive, a scientific, a non-experiential idea in the mind, the mind apart from the body. In Anangavajra's *Prajnapaya-viniscaya-siddhi* we are told that the sadhaka should have sexual intercourse with all women so as to experience fully the Great Bliss of Perfect Wisdom. To attain the ultimate he should have intercourse in addition with his mother, his sister, his daughter, and his sister's daughter. Now this has also a symbolic meaning, but the union here envisaged should be *also* a physical one, in my own very private opinion. This sort of thing in practice is no doubt difficult to human nature, as Blake and Shelley and many another poet found to their cost, but it still remains the ideal. Mind and body undivided in the individual, and undivided between individuals is Zen.

Mantras are found in old Buddhist writings, but their philosophy is a late development. The mantras become arbitrary symbols of cosmic spiritual forces. A man realises that these spiritual powers are within himself, that they are thought-less and indeed irrational, by the recitation of the mantra, which concentrates the powers of the mind and at the same time expands them just as

poetry does. It would not be altogether wrong to call *Kubla Khan* a mantra. In this poem we hear clearly that the words are the poetry; they are not symbols or hints of something else; the word is the meaning, the appearance is the reality. This is exactly what Zen should have said, but in its endeavour to correct the unbalance caused by excessive attention to philosophical words (which are dichotomous, as opposed to those of poetry which are unitarian) it came out with no dependence on words, and the slighting of the sutras, and even burning them. Tanhsia's burning of the wooden Buddhas to warm himself was justified only if they were of no value artistically. In actual fact this Zen destructiveness is inherent in Buddhism itself which the Buddha himself declares may be likened to a raft. When the further shore is reached, the raft is left behind. Of course, the simile is inorganic and false, for the raft is the shore.

The history of Zen from Buddha to Huineng is a funny business, partly because Zen, which abhors dichotomy, has itself a double nature. On the one hand it is individualistic to selfishness, self-reliant to aloofness. Each man must attain his own enlightenment. On the other hand, there is a flow of spirit from mind to mind, and as Whitman almost said, my enlightenment is only valid when it is everyone's enlightenment. The same is true of poetry and art and art and music; they all have this double nature. Therefore, when the Zen Sect began to be formed after the advent of Dharma, it had to establish a line of communication not only from Dharma, but up to Dharma. This was a different attitude from that of the other sects of Buddhism which simply wanted to prove their antiquity; in China especially, what was old was good. For Zen, "New every morning is the sun," but it had to be the same new sun of enlightenment. The actual facts, which are in any case elusively spiritual, are not and will never be known, but the history of Zen from Buddha to Bodhidharma, the so-called Twenty-eighth Patriarch seems to me to



have been that of a complete standstill, a dammed and stagnant river which would never have been set once more in motion if Buddhism had not come to China. To mix metaphors, India was the woman, China the man, Zen the wonderful child. The Chinese also, most unexpectedly, had their women, Chuangtse and Laotse, who perceived even more clearly than the Mahayana Indian philosophers the activity of inaction, the relativity of God, the namelessness of names. This however was still, on both sides, too spiritual, too purely paradoxical, and both forgot or failed to emphasize sufficiently the fact that A is A just as much as A is not A. In other words, the realism of the Chinese had to be sublimed by the spiritualism of the Indians, and conversely, the Indian infinite had to have its Chinese finiteness perceived, without which it was still lacking.

When the Zen Sect began in China, people wanted to know where Zen had come from; who had discovered it; whether it was a division of Buddhism or a new theory of life. The Zen masters felt, as stated before, that their enlightenment was their own, and yet at the same time it was no different from that of the Buddha a thousand years before. But what was the connection between the Buddha's enlightenment and theirs? After all, the Sixth (Chinese) Patriarch Huineng had become enlightened on hearing, accidentally, the words of the *Diamond Sutra*, and the *Lankavatara Sutra* was read eagerly by thousand of others to stimulate the Buddha-mind into its functioning. These written words were (supposed to be) the utterance of the Buddha himself. It was clear to everybody that Zen was Zen Buddhism, not a form of Taoism. The Zen Sect called itself the Buddha Heart Sect, 仏心宗, and quite rightly, since it purposed to make each its adherents what Buddha himself had been, not a man who was going to Paradise, or one who could explain the secret of the universe, but an Enlightened One.

The history of Zen may be divided into three, not parts or epochs, but streams: Zen itself; the accounts

of Zen experiences; the Zen sect. This division becomes necessary when we are considering the period between the enlightenment of Sakyamuni and the coming to China of Bodhidharma. The Zen sect did not yet exist. Zen itself, it seems to me, made no progress during that thousand years. But there are various accounts of twenty odd patriarchs between Kasyapa, the first, and Bodhidharma the twenty-eighth Indian and first Chinese patriarch. In the *Chuantenglu* (*Dentōroku*) 伝燈錄, 1004, accounts are given of these twenty-eight, together with verses they composed when they became enlightened. There are, however, no Indian writings extant upon which this account is based, and we must suppose either that these have been lost, or that they never existed and the stories were invented for our edification, that is, to establish historically the alleged fact that enlightenment is communicated from person to person rather than being something spontaneous and individual.

It should be noted by the way that the Indians as a race seem to have a very poor sense of history. The same may be said more or less concerning the Chinese and the Japanese. And it may be urged that such is the proper human attitude. Who cares for the historical facts behind *Hamlet*, other than the meddling scientific literary critics? In the same way should we not swallow these stories? The list of patriarchs, including six Buddhas before Gautama, is given by Huineng at the end of the *Platform Sutra*, where he names himself as the thirty-third, but this is evidently apocryphal. But the twenty-eight patriarchs business is more complicated than we might suspect. There are several different versions of their names, order, and even number. The Tendai Sect follows the *Fufatsangyinyuanchuan* (*Fu-hōzōinnenden*) 付法藏因緣傳, which gives twenty-three Indian patriarchs (excluding Bodhidharma). According to this book, the Seventh Patriarch, Micchaka is omitted, and the four after the Twenty-fourth. The *Chingtechuantenglu* (*Keitokudentōroku*) 景德傳燈錄, gives twenty-eight, including Bodhidharma, and this is the contention

of the Zen sect. The tweedledum and tweedledee of twenty-eight and twenty-three is thus simply the rivalry of the two sects. In any case, the Zen sect must depend on the *Fuhōzōinnenden* for twenty-four of the twenty-eight. Both sects are agreed on one thing, that Bodhidharma is the first Chinese patriarch. The quarreling went on into the Tang Era when Chihchu, 智炬, published the *Paolinchuan* (*Hōrinden*) 宝林伝, with twenty-eight; in the Sung Era Taoyuan, 道原, wrote the *Keitokudentō roku*, and established the twenty-eight. Tzufang, 子昉, of the Tendai sect still persisted in his assertion that there were only twenty-four.

All this fuss arose, not only from the combativeness and jealousy of (Chinese) human (Buddhist) nature, but from the special necessity of the Zen sect to prove its lineage from Buddha, since this alone could give stability to the sect and legitimacy to the masters. The other sects had their sacred writings, but the Zen sect, afraid of the nihilism and subjectivism of individual enlightenment; or desirous of banding themselves together against the other (scriptural) sects; or wishing to give outer form to their monistic belief in the universality of truth, simply had to have a real or mythical or at least possible unbroken line of succession from Buddha to each enlightened monk.<sup>2</sup>

We can hardly doubt the Zen of Sakyamuni, Indian though it be, that is to say, somewhat pedantic, unhumorous, moralistic, and escapistic, but the various accounts of the enlightenment and the verses expressive of it by each of the twenty-eight patriarchs are dubious. The first two patriarchs' enlightenments are Zen-like, suspiciously so, but in the case of the others we feel a great difference between theirs and the enlightenment of the Chinese Zen masters of the eighth

---

2. We may mention here the *Denkōroku* 傳光錄, the lectures of Keizan 慈山, 1260-1334, at Daijōji Temple in 1300 on the twenty-eight patriarchs. The work is clearly religious in purpose, not historical, and aims at giving the reader the feeling of the continuation of the Zen life from India, to China, and on to Japan.

century A.D. The First Patriarch, Mahakasyapa, came to a realisation of the truth, and smiled, so the story goes, when Sakyamuni held up a flower before the congregation of monks. The Chinese would never use a flower in such a case; a stick or stone is more likely. The Second Patriarch, Ananda, was enlightened by Mahakasyapa when, on being asked what Sakyamuni had bestowed on him besides the golden robe, he told Ananda to knock down the pole at the gate. The other patriarchs, who include such famous people as Asvaghosa, Nagarjuna, and Vasubandhu, are more Indian, more unpractical and spiritual. Worst of all, for the historicity of the matter, many or most of the twenty-eight have no master-disciple relationship.

We must think for a moment of the (spiritual) conditions of India in the fifth century A.D. when Bodhidharma came to China. Hsüanchuang<sup>1</sup> and Iching<sup>2</sup> travelled in India in the seventh century A.D. and brought back to China accounts of the different sects into which Buddhism was now divided. By this time the Middle Way, which was originally moralistic and implied the mean between asceticism and self-gratification, had come to signify the relative and absolute as one thing, is and not-is as one thing, personality and impersonality as one thing, reality and phenomena as one thing. This was taught by the Madhyamikas, a sect founded by Nagarjuna in the second century A.D. Sunyata is the Absolute beyond relative and absolute, already found in the *Upanishads*. This sunyata is not the absolute, but the real world, though not mere phenomena. This school developed into the Tientai and Sanlun Sects in China, and the Sanron sect in Japan. Zen is the outcome and income of this philosophy when it is undivided from practical life.

Again, the practice of zazen was the especial feature of the Yogacara school, founded by Maitreya in the third century A.D. The *Lankavatara Sutra* belongs to this school; it teaches subjective idealism, that is, that everything is mind, Buddhahood being the realisation

---

1. 玄奘. 2. 義淨.

that the external and internal world only appear to change.

The life of Bodhidharma, who reached China in 470 A.D. is told by Taohsuan, 道宣, in his *Biographies of Great Priests*, 統高僧伝, in 645, when Huineng was a child of eight. Again in the *Chingtechuantenglu* 景德伝燈錄, by Taoyuan, 道原, in 1044 A.D., we are given an account of Bodhidharma's life and teaching; at this time the golden age of Chinese Zen was already past. Bodhidharma, in his (alleged) writings, in his interview with the Emperor Wu, and in his treatment of his first disciple gives us a certain tone of rudeness that runs all through Zen and is still to be felt in the Zen temples of Japan. There is a lack of grace and graciousness which the Japanese were to find both attractive and repulsive. This bluntness is completely absent in haiku and flower-arrangement, and in the tea-ceremony. A trace of it remains in the stiffness of Nō. Bodhidharma's Zen is still Indian, still humourless and ascetic, uncompromising and isolationistic. Bodhidharma speaks of the two ways to Truth, by 理, thought, and by 行, activity. The latter means the acceptance of what happens, the former, being in accord with the Principle of the Universe, and both ideas are taken from the *Diamond Samadhi Sutra*. There is still much reliance on the scriptures.

The Second Patriarch, Huike, 486-593, was of a somewhat violent character, like Christ and Romeo and Socrates, and like them he was a martyr to his religion. The destructiveness, individualism, not to say anarchism of Zen stands in strange contrast to the later discipline of the Zen monastery, where a few great minds think alike and act alike in harmony. Huike, like Bodhidharma apparently, left writings behind him which are not now extant. Zen was beginning to appear as a body of (anti-)doctrine

Of the Third Patriarch, Sengtsan, who died in 606, very little is known except that he also seems to have suffered persecution. However, his *Hsinhsinming* shows

a less truculent attitude, and is in fact the most charming of all specifically Zen writings until we come to those of Dr. Suzuki Daisetz. The story of the enlightenment of the Fourth Patriarch, Taohsin, 580-651, by Sengtsan given in the *Chuantenglu* shows us clearly that perfect freedom and power was what these old Chinese were seeking for.

The Fifth Patriarch, Hungjen, 605-675, seems to have been the first of the patriarchs to have a temple, Tungchan, 東禪寺, and disciples, numbering five hundred. The impression we get of him in the *Platform Sutra* is one of cowardice and incompetence; he is almost a Polonius, with Huineng the Hamlet of the story. There were of course many other isolated and unknown or forgotten Zen masters of this time, the first half of the seventh century, but when we look back over the history of Zen, we can see the beginnings of the division of the Zen sect into two main schools, the slow, and the sudden. They correspond to two types of human nature, the systematic and the intuitive. Zen is itself intuitive as against the other systematic sects of Buddhism, but it was necessary for Zen also to divide again into the systematic-intuitive and the purely intuitive.

The Sixth Patriarch, Huineng, 637-713, was a man born enlightened, re-enlightened on hearing the *Diamond-Sutra* recited in a house to which he had just delivered some firewood, re-re-enlightened by the words of the same sutra when repeated by the Fifth Patriarch. Like Blake, he never went to school and did not need to go. Even if he had gone, like Thoreau, he would have suffered no ill effects. Huineng knows, and knows that he knows, just like Bach or Bashō. In the case of Huineng we can see that zazen was the result, not the cause of his enlightenment.

But besides this Sixth Patriarch, Huineng, there seems to have been another one, a false prophet, Shenhsiu, who is represented in the *Platform Sutra* as an utter nincompoop, an earnest Buddhist plodder, a mere repeater of old stale phrases. Here we see the gulf set,

an abyss whose depth cannot be measured or exaggerated, between the scientist and the poet, the philosopher and the artist, the discoverer and the creator. Shenhsiu was the father of all those that study and accumulate knowledge, Huineng the spiritual ancestor of "every free spirit," oriental or occidental. The Emperor Wu supported Shenhsiu, and his successor the Emperor Chungtsung also, who came to the throne in 695, deeply respected him, but this might even be called the reason why the Huineng school flourished and the Shenhsiu school fell into decay. If there is anything that inclines me to half believe in God or the Buddha-nature or the ultimate meaning of the universe it is the fact that, provided that earthquakes and pestilences and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to allow it, the truth *does* prevail among us apparently incurably foolish and vulgar and wicked human beings.

## THE HSINHSINMING

The *Hsinhsinming* (*Shinjinmei*) was one of the first treatises on Zen, at least, of those that remain to us. The author of this Buddhist "hymn", Sengtsan (Sōsan), 僧璨, the third (Chinese) Zen patriarch from Dharma, the first Chinese and the twenty-eighth Indian Zen patriarch, lived during the sixth century, dying in 606 A.D. His place of origin is unknown. The conversion of Sengtsan at the hands of Huike (Eka), 慧可, the Second Patriarch, is recorded in the *Chuantenglu* (*Dentōroku*), Part 3:

Sengtsan asked Huike, saying, "I am diseased: I implore you to cleanse me of my sin." Huike said, "Bring me your sin and I will cleanse you of it." Sengtsan thought awhile; then said, "I cannot get at it." Huike replied, "Then I have cleansed you of it."

僧璨問慧可曰，弟子身纏風恙，請和尚懺罪。可曰，將罪來與汝懺。璨良久曰，覓罪不可得。可曰，我與汝懺罪竟。 伝燈錄卷三

Sengtsan realized, not simply in his mind, but in every bone of his body, that his sinfulness was an illusion, one with that of the illusion of self. As soon as we are aware of our irresponsibility, all the cause of misbehaviour disappears in so far as the cause, (the illusion of self) is removed. If we have no self, it cannot commit sin. Yet, it must be added,

"I can't see how you and I, who don't exist, should get to speaking here, and smoke our pipes, for all the world like reality."<sup>1</sup>

And from another point of view, our self is a real entity, real in so far as we know (physically) that, as Yuima said, your illness is my illness. When one part of the

1. Stevenson, *Fables*.



body is diseased, all is diseased, for "We are members one of another." In this sense, there is no rest for anyone of us, still less for God himself, while one restless soul remains. But the real rest of God, the rest of "the man who has arrived," is something much deeper than this, which no simile or metaphor can express, lying as it does essential in the restlessness itself. An old waka says:

雲はれてのちの光と思ふなよもとより空にありあけの月

Do not think,  
After the clouds have vanished away,  
"How bright it has become!"  
For in the sky, all the while,  
The moon of dawn.

It is the region of Arnold's lines, *In Kensington Gardens*:

Birds here make song, each bird has his,  
Across the girdling city's hum.  
How green under the boughs it is!  
How thick the tremulous sheep cries come!

To go back to Sengtsan. He became the disciple of the Second Patriarch and practised austerities and led a life of devotion and poverty, receiving the bowl and the robe, insignia of the transmission through Bodhidharma, the First Patriarch (of China) of the Buddha Mind. At this time, one of the periodic persecutions of Buddhism broke out. Sutras and images were burned wholesale; monks and nuns were returned to the lay life. Sengtsan wandered for fifteen years all over the country, avoiding persecution. In 592, he met Taohsin (Dōshin), 道信, who became the Fourth Patriarch. His enlightenment was as follows:

Taohsin came and bowed to Sengtsan, and said, "I ask you for your merciful teaching. Please show me how to be released." Sengtsan answered, "Who has bound you?" "No one," he replied. Sengtsan said, "Why then do you ask to be released?" Taohsin immediately came to a profound realization.

*Chuantenglu*, 3.

This is very much like, even suspiciously like, the

enlightenment of Sengtsan himself. The question of historicity is quite different, however, from the "truth" of the incident, which is that of the *Hsinhsinming* itself, which owed its composition, no doubt, to the fact that during these troublous times the wordless message was in danger of being entirely forgotten, or worse still, misunderstood. What this was may be seen in the Four Statements of the Zen Sect:<sup>2</sup>

1. No dependence on words and letters.

不立文字

To apply this to poetry, whose medium is words and phrases, may seem absurd. It is like pictures without paint and music without sound. But words are a peculiar medium, in being the vehicle for all communication, whether poetical or otherwise. In poetry, parallel with it, living a life of its own apart from that of the so-called poetry, is an unnamable spirit that moves and has its being. It is the darkness and silence of things, of which the ordinary poetical meaning is the light and sound.

2. A special transmission outside the Scriptures.

教外別伝

There is a transmission from poet to poet of the spirit of poetry deeply similar to that of Zen from monk to monk. A poet knows another poet by indubitable yet invisible signs; the same is true of the artist and the musician. But the poet especially (in the wide and profound sense of the word) feels and transmits unwittingly that attitude towards life that is the real poetry of the world.

二つ来て二つ去りたる胡蝶かな

樗 良

Two came here,  
Two flew off,—  
Butterflies.

Chora<sup>3</sup>

2. The originator of these seems to be unknown. They are sometimes attributed to Bodhidharma, but are more likely to have been formulated afterwards, during the Tang and Sung Eras.

3. 1729-1781.

In this verse, the ordinary poetical meaning is discarded; what remains is that dark flame of life that burns in all things. It is seen with the belly, not with the eye; with "bowels of compassion."

3. Direct pointing to the (soul) of man.

直指人心

How can there be such a thing as pointing without a finger? How can art subsist without a medium? What is this silence that speaks so loudly?

憂我にきぬたうて今は又止みし 蕪 村  
 Beat the fulling block for me,  
 In my loneliness;  
 Now again let it cease. Buson<sup>4</sup>

なまぐさき漁村の月の踊かな 子 規  
 A fishing village;  
 Dancing under the moon,  
 To the smell of raw fish. Shiki<sup>5</sup>

ともし火も動かで丸し冬籠 野 坡  
 The flame too is motionless,  
 A rounded sphere  
 Of winter seclusion. Yaha<sup>6</sup>

4. Seeing into one's nature and the attainment of Buddhahood.

見性成仏

Attaining Buddhahood means attaining manhood, being a citizen of the world, of double sex; besides this Shakespearean state, it means attaining childhood, beast-hood, flower-hood, stone-hood, even word-hood and idea-hood, and place-hood and time-hood.

皮にこそ男女のへだてあれ骨にはかはる人かたもなし 一 休

As for the skin,  
 What a difference  
 Between a man and a woman!

4. 1715-1783.

5. 1866-1902.

6. 1662-1740.

{ But as for the bones,  
 Both are simply human beings. Ikkyu<sup>7</sup>  
 春雨や藪に吹るゝ捨手紙 一 茶

{ Spring rains:  
 A letter thrown away,  
 Blown along in the grove. Issa  
 椿落ち鶏鳴き椿又落ちる 梅 室

{ A camellia flower fell;  
 A cock crowed;  
 Some more fell. Baishitsu

It was the inner meaning of these Four Statements that Sengtsan desired to perpetuate in the five hundred and eighty-four characters of this poem. In it he has condensed the essence of all the Buddhist Sutras, all the one thousand seven hundred *koans* of Zen.

The title of the work may be explained in the following way. 信, *hsin (shin)*, is faith, not in the Christian sense of a bold flight of the soul towards God, a belief in what is unseen because of what is seen, but a belief in that which has been experienced, knowledge, conviction. 心, *hsin (shin)*, the mind, is not our mind in the ordinary sense, but the Buddha-nature which each of us has unbeknown to us. 銘, *ming (mei)*, is a recording, for the benefit of others. The title thus means a description of that part of oneself where no doubt is possible. This is the same unshakable conviction that Shelley and Beethoven and Gauguin had. They too recorded what they saw with their eyes and heard with their ears, where no hesitation or indecision could enter. Especially noteworthy is the absolute faith in the value of the apparently trivial.

古寺や炮烙すてる芹の中 蕪 村

{ The old temple:  
 A baking pan  
 Thrown away among the parsley. Buson

濡縁や薺こぼるる土ながら 嵐 雪

Young greens  
 Fallen on the outer verandah,  
 The earth with them.

Ransetsu

What is the Buddha? A baking pan thrown away in the parsley. What is the meaning of Dharma's coming from the West? Young greens on the verandah, the dirt with them. But these things are not something outside the mind. As Dōgen<sup>8</sup> said:

If we seek the Buddha outside the mind, the Buddha changes to a devil.

心外に仏を求むれば仏変じて魔となる

But we must come back to the poem itself.

The *Hsinhsinming*, entitled "Inscribed on the Believing Mind", was translated, extraordinarily well, in 1927, by Dr. Suzuki Daisetz, in *Essays in Zen Buddhism*,<sup>9</sup> Series 1, pp. 182-187. (The present translation is in many places little more than a garbled version of his.) It consists of 146 unrhymed lines of four characters a line, shorter than the general run of Chinese verse, which usually has five or seven. Perhaps the brevity suits the mood of Zen, and prevents any literary or rhetorical flourishes. There have been many commentaries on the *Hsinhsinming*, the first perhaps being by Chou Myōhon, 中峯明本, 1263-1323, who quotes the *Chengtaoke* (*Shōdōka*), in illustration.

Of other verse expositions of Zen, we may mention first this *Chengtaoke*,<sup>10</sup> 証道歌, a hundred years later than the *Hsinhsinming*, by Yungchia (Yōka Daishi),<sup>11</sup> one of the chief disciples of (Huineng), the Sixth Patriarch. It is three times as long, and more flowery in style. In the Tang Dynasty we have also the *Tsantungchi* (*Sandōkai*),<sup>12</sup> 參同契, by Shihtou (Sekitō), 石頭, 700-790.

9. Reprinted in *Manual of Zen Buddhism*, 1935, pp. 91-97. The title is changed to "On Believing in Mind."

10. Translated by Suzuki in *Manual of Zen Buddhism*, 1935, pp. 106-121.

11. d. 713.

8. 1200-1253.

12. This means, "Difference-identity-agreement", or "Pheno-

Then we have *Paochingsanmei* (*Hōkyōsammai*), 宝鏡三昧, ascribed variously to Yuehshan (Yakuzan), 藥山, 731-834; Yunyen (Ungan), 雲巖, died 841; and Tungshan (Dōsan), 洞山, 807-867. To the Tang period also belongs the most famous of the strictly Zen poets, Hanshan (Kanzan), whose dates are uncertain. An example of his verse is the following:

吾心似秋月，碧潭清皎潔，無物堪比倫，教我如何說。

The Mind is like the autumn moon,  
Like the mountain pool, clear and pure,—  
But what can I compare it to?  
How can I ever express it in words?<sup>13</sup>

This reminds us of Shakespeare's "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?" Coming to the Sung dynasty, we have the poetical comments by Hsüehtou (Seccho), c. 1000 A.D., in the *Piyenchi* (*Hekiganshu*),<sup>13</sup> 碧巖集, edited by Yuanwu (Engo), 圓悟, who was born in 1135; and the verses composed by Hungchih (Wanshi),<sup>14</sup> 宏智, 1091-1157, for the *Tsungjunglu* (*Shōyōroku*), 從容錄, a similar compilation of "cases" of Zen.

All these, including the *Hsinhsinming* itself, seem to me verse, not poetry. It is true that, to parody Keats, the life of Zen is the poetical life, and the poetical life is the life of Zen; this is all we know, and all we need to know. But art is not life; it is in some sense the very dissatisfaction with life, which if perfectly satisfactory, (as in the case of the rest of creation,) will never transform itself into those psalms and symphonies which

Look before and after,  
And pine for what is not.

The *Hsinhsinming* then, is rather the basis for a theory of poetry, or the philosophic background, an expression of the implicit *raison d'être* of the composi-

mena-reality-ite", Zen as the harmony between the sameness and difference of things.

13. Cases 2, 57, 58, 59 are based on the first two lines of the *Hsinhsinming*, which Chaochou (Jōshu) seems to have admired.

14. One would expect "Kōchi".

tion of certain kinds of poetry, like that of haiku, of Wordsworth and Clare, of Tao Chinming (Tōenmei) and Po Chui (Hakukyoi). In explaining and illustrating the *Hsinhsinming* I have therefore quoted the poets rather than the religious writers. The poetry is the flower, the *Hsinhsinming* the roots.

至道無難，唯嫌揀択。

THERE IS NOTHING DIFFICULT ABOUT THE  
GREAT WAY,  
BUT, AVOID CHOOSING!

We suffer, at one and the same time, from excessive pride and excessive humility. On the one hand, our intellect rushes in where angels fear to tread. On the other hand, we are too humble before the Buddhas and saints, not realizing that we too are the Buddha, as the *Avatamsaka* (*Kegonkyō*) declares:

The mind, the Buddha, living creatures,—these are not three different things. 心と仏と衆生とこの三差別なし

Haiku are divided, rather arbitrarily, into seven sections: The Season, 時候; Sky and Elements, 天文; Fields and Mountains, 地理; Gods and Buddhas, 神仏; Human Affairs, 人事; Animals and Birds, 動物; Trees and Flowers, 植物. With all these but one, the fifth, in the petals of the plum fluttering down through the dusk, the dew on the barley leaf, the tender smile on the lips of Kwannon, the moonlight on the valley stream, the voices of insects in autumn, the coldness of winter, we can see the Great Way that stretches out in every direction, throughout past, present, and future. But when we come to man, to ourselves, it is a different story.

So, beneath the starry dome  
And the floor of plains and seas,  
I have never felt at home,  
Never wholly been at ease.

元日や思へば淋し秋の暮

芭 蕉

The First Day of the Year:  
I remember

A lonely autumn evening.

Bashō

米時も罪ぞよ鶏が蹴合ふぞよ

一 茶

Scattering rice too,

This is a sin:

The fowls are fighting each other. Issa

In *The Sphinx*, Emerson tells us:

Erect as a sunbeam,

Upspringeth the palm;

The elephant browses,

Undaunted and calm.

But man crouches and blushes,

Absconds and conceals;

He creepeth and peepeth,

He palter and steals.

In other words, *Sengtsan*, in declaring that the Way is not difficult, is flatly contradicting the experience of mankind both in regard to the complexities of ordinary life and the perception of the natural poetry of apparently unpoetical things. His meaning is faintly adumbrated by the well known verse of Yamazaki Sōkan, 山崎宗鑑, d. 1553, included in a collection of poems he made called *Inutsukuba*, 犬筑波:

切りたくもあり切りたくもなし盗人をとらへて見れば我子なり

How I wish to kill!

How I wish

Not to kill!

The thief I have caught

Is my own son.

This corresponds to the English proverb,

He who follows truth too closely, will have dirt kicked into his face.

It is the very search, and the excessive zeal of it, which causes the truth to disappear. In our hot grasp the truth wilts away.

染め出だす人はなけれど自づから柳はみどり花は紅

There is no one

Who dyes them,

But of themselves



The willow is green,  
The flowers red.

If we just remain quiet, and live in all simplicity, no problems arise.

王ならば宮居の廊をもの思ひかくは渡らむわがゆくは松のほそ  
路海青し蝶一つまふ 三好達治

Were I a king, pensively  
Would I pace the corridors of the palace.  
The path I walk goes through the pine-trees;  
The sea is blue, a butterfly flits by.

Miyoshi Tatsuji

Sengtsan attributes all our uneasiness, our dissatisfaction with ourselves and other people, our inability to understand why we are alive at all, to one great cause: choosing this and rejecting that, clinging to the one and loathing the other. There is a profound saying:

花は愛情に依りて落ち草は忌嫌を逐して生ず

The flowers fall, for all our yearning;  
Grasses grow, regardless of our dislike.

Other verses that express this fact of the life that comes from the death of self and its wants and distastes, are the following:

我れと云ふ小さい心を捨ててみよ大千世界さわるものなし

Just get rid  
Of that small mind  
That is called "self",  
And there is nothing in the universe<sup>15</sup>  
That can harm or hinder you.

あら楽や虚空を家と住みなしてこゝろにかゝる造作もなし

How delightful it is  
To make all space  
Our dwelling-place!  
Our hearts and minds  
Are perfectly at ease.

D. H. Lawrence says the same thing in *Kangaroo*:

15. Literally, "A major chiliocosm," a thousand million worlds.

Home again. But what was home? The fish has the vast ocean for home. And man has timelessness and nowhere. "I won't delude myself with the fallacy of home," he said to himself. "The four walls are a blanket I wrap around in, in timelessness and nowhere, to go to sleep."

但莫憎愛，洞然明白。

ONLY WHEN YOU NEITHER LOVE NOR HATE  
DOES IT APPEAR IN ALL CLARITY.

There is love and Love, but only hate; there is no such thing as Hate. In Love is included that which might be called Hate, what Lawrence calls "the dark side of love." In so far as we love, in the sense of being attached to a thing, we hate. In so far as we Love, whether it be with pain or joy, the Way is walked in by us, we are the Way. Ryōto, a pupil of Bashō, says:

もろもろの心柳にまかすべし

Yield to the willow  
All the loathing,  
All the desire of your heart.

Another didactic verse is the following:

宿の春何もなきこそ何もあれ

素 堂

In my hut this spring,  
There is nothing,  
There is everything.

Sodō<sup>16</sup>

毫釐有差，天地懸隔。

A HAIR'S BREADTH OF DEVIATION FROM IT,  
AND A DEEP GULF IS SET BETWEEN HEAVEN  
AND EARTH.

A miss is as good as a mile. The slightest thought of self, that is, by self, and the Great Way is irretrievably lost. A drop of ink, and a glass of clear water is all clouded. Once we think, "This flower is blooming for me; this insect is a hateful nuisance and nothing else; that man is a useless rascal; that woman is a good mother,

and she must therefore be a good wife,"—when such thoughts arise in our minds, all the cohesion between things disappears; they rattle about in a meaningless and irritating way. Instead of being united into a whole by virtue of their own interpenetrated suchness, they are pulled hither and thither by our arbitrary and ever-changing preferences, our whims and prejudices. We suppose this particular man to be a Buddha, ourselves to be ordinary people, this action to be charming, that to be odious, and fail to see how "All things work together for good."<sup>17</sup> In actual fact, Heaven and Earth cannot be separated; one cannot exist without the other. Together they are the Great Way.

The two points to bear in mind are first the nearness of the Way and second, its corollary, the fact that we and the Way are not two things. It seems so far that we can never attain to it:

極楽は十万億土はるかなりとても行かれぬ草鞋一足

Far, far from here  
Is the Heavenly Land,  
A million million miles away;  
We can hardly get there  
On just one pair of straw sandals.

But as Ikkyu punningly says:

極楽は西にもあれば東にもきたみちさがせみんなみにある

Paradise is in the West;  
It is in the East also.  
Look for it in the North  
That you came through,  
It is all in yourself (the South).<sup>18</sup>

The moment you place your happiness in the fulfilment of any want or wish, that is, outside yourself, outside the Way, in anything but the thing as it is, as it is becoming, at that moment your balance is lost and you fall straight from Heaven to Hell.

17. Romans VIII, 28.

18. There is a pun on the Japanese words *minami*, south, and *mina mi*, all oneself.

Things are one; things are many. The intellect cannot grasp these two simultaneously, but experience can, if it will. If we fall, only by a hair's breadth, into the error of supposing that we and they are different things, not one, or of supposing that all things are the same, not different, weariness and envy and triumph and shame and fear succeed one another in an endless train. We must be in the condition that Paul describes:

Who is weak and I am not weak?  
Who is offended and I burn not?<sup>19</sup>

If this state could only be attained, we can say of man with Matthew Arnold in *A Summer Night*:

How boundless might his soul's horizons be,  
How vast, yet of what clear transparency.

欲得現前，莫存順逆。

IF YOU WANT TO GET HOLD OF WHAT IT  
LOOKS LIKE,  
DO NOT BE ANTI- OR PRO- ANYTHING.

Since the Great Way is one, it is impossible for us to be for this, and aiding that which needs no aid. There is a certain current, a Flow of the universe. We may swim with it or against it, float in the middle of the stream or stagnate in a back-water, but nothing we can do will accelerate or retard that Flow. Yet this Flow is not something separate from ourselves; it is our own flowing; we are not corks bobbing up and down on a stream of inevitability. It is not as Fitzgerald says:

The Ball no question makes of Ayes or Noes,  
But Here or There as strikes the Player goes.

Or rather, it would be better to say that this is true, and that Henley's words are equally true, not in alternation but synchronously:

I am the master of my fate;  
I am the captain of my soul.

19. 2 Corinthians, XI, 29.

This submergence and assertion of self, this living fully without taking sides which Sengtsan urges upon us, is the poetical life. The unpoetical life is of two kinds. First, by aversion, we live in a limited world, a half-world. Second, by infatuation, we exaggerate, sentimentalize, weary by repetition.

違順相争，是為心病。

THE CONFLICT OF LONGING AND LOATHING,—  
THIS IS THE DISEASE OF THE MIND.

Something arises which pleases the mind, which fits in with our notion of what is profitable for us,—and we love it. Something arises which thwarts us, which conflicts with our wants, and we hate it. So long as we possess this individual mind, enlightenment and delusion, pain and pleasure, accepting and rejecting, good and bad toss us up and down on the waves of existence, never moving onwards, always the same restlessness and wabbling, the same fear of woe and insecurity of joy. So Wordsworth say, in the *Ode to Duty*:

My hopes must no more change their name.

In addition, the mirror of our mind being distorted, nothing appears in its natural, its original form. The louse appears a dirty, loathsome thing, the lion a noble creature. But when we see the louse as it really is, it is not a merely neutral thing; it is something to be accepted as inevitable in our mortal life, as in Bashō's verse:

蚤虱馬の尿する枕元

Fleas, lice,  
The horse pissing  
By my pillow.

It may be seen as something charming and meaningful, as in Issa's haiku:

蚤の跡数へながらの添乳かな

Giving the breast,  
While counting  
The flea-bites.

There is nothing intrinsically more beautiful or poetical about the moon than about a dunghill; if anything, the contrary, for the latter is full of life and warmth and energy.

The *Vaipulya-mahavyuha Sutra*, 大莊嚴經, says:

蓮は泥中より生じて然も淤泥に染まず。

The lotus arises from the mud, but is not dyed therewith.

This is expressed less ambitiously in the following waka:

よしあしと思ふ心をふりすてゝたゞ何となく住めば住みよし。

Just get rid of  
The mind that thinks  
"This is good, that is bad,"  
And without any special effort,  
Wherever we live is good to live in.

Quite devoid of sententiousness or literary ambition, with no longing or loathing, Bashō's verse on the mountain violets:

山路来て何やらゆかし堇草

Coming along the mountain path,  
There is something touching  
About these violets.

不識玄旨，徒勞念靜。

NOT KNOWING THE PROFOUND MEANING OF  
THINGS,  
WE DISTURB OUR (ORIGINAL) PEACE OF  
MIND TO NO PURPOSE.

When we are in the Way, when we act without love or hate, hope or despair or indifference, the meaning of things is self-evident, not merely impossible but unnecessary to express. Conversely, while we are looking for the significance of things, it is non-existent. Our original nature is one of perfect harmony with the universe, a harmony not of similarity or correspondence but of identity. The *Tsaikentan* (*Saikontan*)<sup>20</sup> says:

20. By Hung Yingming. fl. 1600 A.D. A compound of Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism.

心無其心，何有於觀。釈氏曰觀心者重增其障。物本一物。何待於齊。莊生曰齊物者自剖其同。

The mind that if free from itself,—why should it look within? This introspection taught by Buddha only increases the obstruction. Things are originally one; why then should we endeavour to untie them? Chuangtse preaches the identity of contraries, thus dividing up that unity.

圓同大虚，無欠無余。

PERFECT LIKE GREAT SPACE,  
THE WAY HAS NOTHING LACKING, NOTHING  
IN EXCESS.

Without beginning, without end, without increase or decrease, the Great Way is perfect, like a circle, with nothing too small in the smallest thing, nothing too large in the largest. And this perfection in the dew-drop and in the solar system we are enabled to see, we are driven to see, by the perfection in ourselves. Beyond all this confusion and asymmetry there is a deep harmony and proportion without us and within us that satisfies us when we submit to it, when we take it as it is, but can never be perceived or conceived intellectually. This supreme Form of Things is called "Formlessness" in the *Hannyashingyō*:

諸法は空相にして不生不滅。不垢不淨。不増不減。

All things are formless, without growth or decay, without purity or sin, without increase or decrease.

In poetry these three are expressed as follows:

Age cannot wither her nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety.<sup>21</sup>

夕がほの花で漢かむ娘かな

— 茶

The young girl  
Blew her nose  
In the evening glory.<sup>22</sup>

Issa

21. *Antony and Cleopatra*, II, 2.

22. Issa.

The desire of power in excess caused the angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall.<sup>23</sup>

In poetry as in life, too much soon wearies. This is why we turn to Virgil, to Chaucer, to Bashō. The circle expresses this moderation however large or small it may be. In the Oxherding pictures used in Zen, it portrays serenity. The circular mirror is used in Shintō. Emerson has an essay on Circles.

良由取捨，所以不如。

TRULY, BECAUSE OF OUR ACCEPTING AND  
REJECTING,  
WE HAVE NOT THE SUCHNESS OF THINGS.

Our state of mind is not to be fatalistic, saying of bad things, "It can't be helped," and of good things, "What difference does it make?" It must be to want what the universe wants, in the way it wants it, in that place, at that time. This wanting is the Way, this wanting is the suchness of things; there is no Way, no suchness apart from it.

The suchness of things is what the poet is looking for, listening to, smelling, and tasting. And in so far as he and we listen and touch and see, the suchness has an existence, a meaning, a value. Unless we taste the world, it is tasteless; it is void of suchness. But this tasting is not to be a choosing, tasting some and not tasting others. Hung Yingming, following Chuangtse, and using almost the same words as Sengtsan, says:

天地中萬物。人倫中萬情世界中萬事以俗眼觀。紛紛各異。以道眼觀種種是常。何煩分別。何用取捨。

All the things in heaven and earth, all human emotions, all the things that happen in the world, when looked at by the unenlightened eye, are seen as multifarious and disparate. When viewed by the Eye of the Way, all this variety is uniformity; why should we distinguish them, why accept these and reject those?

23. Bacon, *Of Goodness*.



莫逐有縁，勿住空忍。

NEITHER FOLLOW AFTER, NOR DWELL WITH  
THE DOCTRINE OF THE VOID.

We are not to be beguiled by the senses, by the  
apparent differences of things.

雨あられ雪や氷とへだつれどおつればおなじ谷川の水。

Rain, hail and snow,  
Ice too, are set apart,  
But when they fall,—  
The same water  
Of the valley stream.

On the other hand, we are not to fall into the opposite  
error of taking all things as unreal and meaningless.  
This is the basis of much of the poetical thinking of  
Swinburne, of Shelley and Byron. It tinges the poetry  
of Matthew Arnold, Clough, Christina Rossetti. It is  
the basis of all passive, quietistic thought. Both these  
extreme views are wrong; Yungchia describes the  
position in the following way:

棄有着空病亦然還如避溺而投火。

Getting rid of things and clinging to emptiness  
Is an illness of the same kind;  
It is just like throwing oneself into a fire  
To avoid being drowned.

一種平懐，泯然自盡。

IF THE MIND IS AT PEACE,  
THESE WRONG VIEWS DISAPPEAR OF THEM-  
SELVES.

Dōgen has a waka:

いつもたゞわが故郷の花なれば色もかはらず過ぎし春かな

Ever the same,  
Unchanged of hue,  
Cherry blossoms  
Of my native place:  
Spring now has gone.

Here the eternal and the temporal, the unchanged and  
changing are one, because the flowers are allowed to

be the same colour as always; they are allowed to fall as always. The flowers are not separated, in their blooming and in their falling, from the poet himself, but neither is it a dream world, an unreal world where all is vanity. It is a world of form and colour, of change and decay, yet it is beyond time and place, a world of truth. A verse by Gyōsei Shōnin, 行誠上人.

春の花秋のもみじのいろいろも世にいつはらぬためしなりけり

All the various  
Flowers of spring,  
Tinted leaves of autumn,  
Tokens in this world  
Untainted with falsity.

The ordinary world and the world of reality are here one; life and death are Nirvana. The great mistake of life and of poetry is the desire to get away from things, instead of getting into them, escaping from this world into a dream world. Yet even this world of day-dreams, of escapist poetry, Wagnerian music and pictures of Paradise, is also a way of life, is also, when we realize it, the Great Way. Thus it is again that enlightenment is ignorance, salvation is damnation, Heaven and Hell are one self place.

止動歸止，止更彌動。

WHEN ACTIVITY IS STOPPED AND THERE IS  
PASSIVITY,  
THIS PASSIVITY AGAIN IS A STATE OF AC-  
TIVITY.

The modern theories of repression may be taken as an example of the meaning of this verse. When we thwart nature, suppress our instincts, control our desires, the energy thus restricted and yet augmented is still active, and may at any time burst forth with volcanic force in some unsuspected direction.

Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret.

In the poetic life precisely the same thing happens. Only the charming, picturesque aspects of nature, only

innocuous creatures are described. But this is only one half of life or less; this is not the Way at all. But all day and every day, Nature is giving us all kinds of experiences, ghastly as well as pleasant. Germs of disease are attacking us, wives are unfaithful, children ungrateful, the cesspool awaits us, cats catch mice, and men kill one another. In tragic drama, a great deal of this is expressed, but in general poetry, vast tracts are omitted. A glance at the list of subjects for haiku<sup>24</sup> shows us how limited they are. Here and there a snake shows its head, a dustbin or a corpse appears, but these are rare until we come to modern times.

But whatever the subject may be, there must be what Wordsworth calls "a wise passiveness", that is, an active rest, such as we find described in the following haiku;

花に来て花にいねぶるとまかな 蕪 村

I came to the flowers;  
I slept beneath them;  
This was my leisure,

Buson

*complementary*

In regard to everything, the double, compensatory use of things must never be lost sight of. In summer, we like airy, spacious rooms, but the ceiling is low and the walls press in on us. Let us bear it gladly:

屋根低き宿うれしきよ冬籠 蕪 村

My hut has a low ceiling:  
What happiness,  
In this winter seclusion!

Buson

"Every ceiling is a good ceiling," not merely sometimes, but always, for this means that it is good by the mere fact of being what it is. And what is it? It is a no-ceiling, it is nothing, it is everything, it is what we make it,—and yet it is a ceiling, and a low ceiling at that, in all the four seasons, hot in summer, snug in winter.

唯滞両辺，寧知一種。

24. See the author's *Haiku*, four vols.

REMAINING IN MOVEMENT OR QUIESCENCE,  
HOW SHALL YOU KNOW THE ONE?

Not only movement and quiescence but enlightenment and illusion, life and death and Nirvana, salvation and damnation, profit and loss, this and that,—all these are our lot and portion from moment to moment, if we do not realize that the Great Way is one and indivisible however we delude ourselves that we have divided it.

一種不通，兩處失功。

NOT THOROUGHLY UNDERSTANDING THE  
UNITY OF THE WAY,  
BOTH (ACTIVITY AND QUIESCENCE) ARE  
FAILURES.

In other words, mere activity, activity without quiescence, mere quiescence without its inner activity, are no good, neither has its proper quality and function. Freedom is impossible without law, man is nothing without God, illusion non-existent except for enlightenment, this is this because that is that. But freedom and law, illusion and enlightenment, this and that are two names of one thing. Unless this is realized (in practical life) none of these is its real self. This is not this until and unless it is that; only when the two are one are they really two.

In practical life, this means that the composure we feel at home among our family, is only an illusion that is broken when we go out into the world and meet with vexation and disappointment, becoming irritated and depressed. Our activity when playing chess is not the true activity, as we see when we are beaten and our opponent's face and voice become hateful to us. It lacks the balance that preserves the mind from spite though we properly enough feel gloomy at losing.

In the poetical life it is equally important that we realize, through each all of the senses, that true diversity comes from unity. Even in the scientific world, the nature, for example, of a many-legged caterpillar is only understood when we know it is a six-legged insect.

The nature of feathers, skin, hair, nails, scales, and so on is perceived when we find that they are all one thing. The poet delights in all the many names of things, because he knows in his heart that as Laotse said,

The name that can be named is not an eternal name.

いろいろの名もむづかしや春の草 酒 堂

All the various  
Difficult names,—  
Weeds of Spring. Shadō

More specifically referring to the present verse of Seng-tsan, we may note that the poet has to regulate his creative and receptive functions, that is, to unify them, otherwise the true fruit of each will be lost. On the one hand we get the effusions of Swinburne, of Keats and Shelley, with their kaleidoscope of words; on the other, the didactic and descriptive verses that have nothing of the author in them, only the outside and shell of things. A great many haiku suffer from the absence of the life of the poet himself, whose abnegation is excessive, for example:

屋根葺の落葉踏みや聞のうへ 蕪 村

The thatcher  
Is treading the fallen leaves  
Over the bed-room. Buson

遣有没有，従空背空。

IF YOU GET RID OF PHENOMENA, ALL THINGS  
ARE LOST:

IF YOU FOLLOW AFTER THE VOID, YOU TURN  
YOUR BACK ON THE SELF-LESSNESS OF  
THINGS.

In this translation, the first 有 is taken as things as they appear to us, the second 有 as Real Things, 妙有; the first 空 as Emptiness, unreality, 单空, 落空, the second as the Real Self-less Nature of things, 真空. If we suppose that all things are illusions, that everything is meaningless in the ordinary sense of the word, we are

misunderstanding the doctrine that all is mind, and losing our grasp on the reality outside us. The difficulty is to hold firmly in the mind the two contradictory elements.

In the early morning we walk out into the garden and see a spider finishing its web. With skill and assiduity all is completed, and it sits in the centre, a thing of beauty with its duns and deep blues of arabesque designs. A butterfly flits by, drops too low and is immediately struggling in the mesh. The spider, though not hungry, approaches, seizes it in his jaws and poisons it. He returns to the centre of the web, leaving a mangled creature for a future meal. A nation conquers the then known world and organizes it with intelligence and ability; a great man appears, is caught and nailed on a cross, a spectacle for all ages and generations. These two examples are identical, despite the addition of intelligence, morality, and religion to the second. Both are to be seen in exactly the same way though with differing degrees of intensity. Whether your children are killed by God (alias an earthquake) or by God (alias a robber) or by God (alias old age) the killing is to be received in the same way. One's attitude to the earthquake and to the robber as such is different, since these two things are intrinsically different.

In the poetical attitude we must have the same lack of censure. Our response to things must be similar to that of Maupassant, Somerset Maugham, D. H. Lawrence, Thomas Hardy, in so far as they have no hatred for the villains or love of the heroes.

多言多慮， 轉不相應。

THE MORE TALKING AND THINKING,  
THE FARTHER FROM THE TRUTH.

Haiku are the briefest kind of poetry consonant with the possession of form and rhythm. By the reduction of poetical expression to seventeen syllables we narrow the circle around that invisible, unwritable central poetic life until no mistake is possible, no discolouration

of the object is left, all is transparent and as though wordless. Yungchia says:

有人問我解何宗報道摩訶般若力。或是或非人不識逆行順行天莫測。

When asked, "What is your religion?"  
I answer, "The Power of the Makahannya.<sup>25</sup>  
Sometimes affirming things, sometimes denying them,  
It is beyond the wisdom of man.  
Sometimes with common sense, sometimes against it,  
Heaven cannot make head or tail of it.

絕言絕慮，無處不通。

CUTTING OFF ALL SPEECH, ALL THOUGHT,  
THERE IS NOWHERE THAT YOU CANNOT GO.

This does not mean that there is to be no speech, no words, but that there is to be speech that is non-speaking, silence that is expressive; thought that is ego-less, mindlessness through which Mind is flowing. This mindless, speechless, thinking and talking state is one in which we realize the impermanence of all things, 無常觀. But this "realize", 觀, does not mean an intellectual comprehension, but a "making real" in ourselves an actual-potential state. It is not that all things are impermanent and that we must perceive this fact, but that our "seeing" the change that a thing is, and the change that is seen are one activity, neither cause nor effect, neither hen nor egg.

"There is nowhere that you cannot go," in other words, you are Buddha,—not *a* Buddha, but *the* Buddha, beyond all time and space, eternal and infinite, yet here and now. You have all because you have nothing; having no desires they are all fulfilled, yet you own property; you hope for this and that, talk and think, plan and day-dream.

歸根得旨，隨照失宗。

RETURNING TO THE ROOT, WE GET THE  
ESSENCE;

25. The Great Wisdom.

FOLLOWING AFTER APPEARANCES WE LOSE  
THE SPIRIT.

What is the "root" of the universe? Some say man, some say God. It is often convenient to have two names for one thing: spiritual, material; human, divine; free-will, determinism; relative, absolute. But if we think of the essence of things as the root, and the things themselves as branches and leaves, we are allowing these "thoughts" and "words", spoken of in the previous verse, to divide once more what is a living unity into a duality that is dead as such. For whether we look at things in their multifariousness, their variety and differences, or at the common elements, the "Life-force", the principles of Science, we are still far from the root, which is not either, not both, not a thing at all,—yet it is not nothing. Buddhists say the mind, 心, is the root of things—but it is not something inside us. Christians say it is God,—but it is not something outside us. But to know, to *realize*, the inside and outside as one, that my profit is your profit, that your loss is my loss, to make this fact, this dead matter-of-fact into a living, yea-saying Fact,—this is our own and our only problem. When this is solved, in our thinking and speaking, all is solved. When it is not solved, every thought is twisted, every word is sophisticated. Yungchia uses the same metaphor of root and leaves in the following verse:

直截根源仏所印，摘葉尋枝我不能。

Cutting off the root (of life and death) directly,  
This is the mark of Buddhahood;  
If you go on plucking leaves (of creeds) and seeking  
branches (of abstract principles),  
I can do nothing for you.

須臾返照，勝却前空。

IF FOR ONLY A MOMENT WE SEE WITHIN,  
WE HAVE SURPASSED THE EMPTINESS OF  
THINGS.

Moments of vision, provided that we are watchful for  
and unforgetful of them, coming and going as they do



like a breath of air, enable us to go beyond the transitoriness, the emptiness, the unreality of things,—into what? Our going is to nowhere, our going is staying here. It is the timeless and spaceless that cannot exist except in time and space. What happiness to have so many of these moments, for them to run in a stream through our lives! Nietzsche, Mozart, Spinoza, Marcus Aurelius, Bashō,—this is what these names mean to us, the painful-happiness of these moments of seeing within.

前空轉變，皆由妄見。

CHANGES THAT GO ON IN THIS EMPTINESS  
ALL APPEAR BECAUSE OF OUR IGNORANCE.

Once we realize that there is no such thing as reality, nothing can appear as real or unreal. All things are empty in their self-nature, and when we realize that nothing is unreal, we are at home in every place; every moment of time, whether past or present, is now. In our yearning for what is to come, in our regrets for what is past, time lives in eternity. Our thoughts wander through infinite space, which is thus in this point of feeling matter.

不用求真，唯須息見。

DO NOT SEEK FOR THE TRUTH,  
ONLY STOP HAVING AN OPINION.

The drowning man searches for water. A more homely and apt illustration is a man looking for the spectacles that are on his nose. Confucius says, “making an axe looking at the one you are using.” There is no such thing as “the Truth”. The nearest approach to anything like it is our state of mind when we desist from the search for it, and live our life. This is what the *Sutra of Perfect Enlightenment* means when it says:

諸有の所見は皆是れ邪見なり。

一切の見なき即ち正見なり。

Positive views are all perverted views;  
All no-opinions are true opinions.

And Yungchia says also explicitly,

不求真，不断妄。

Do not seek for the truth,  
Do not cut off delusions.

二見不住，慎勿追尋。

DO NOT REMAIN IN THE RELATIVE VIEW OF  
THINGS;  
RELIGIOUSLY AVOID FOLLOWING IT.

In every way the world is double, good and bad, profit and loss, here and there. But from another point of view, "There is nothing good or bad but thinking makes it so." We are to stop this "thinking", this "having an opinion", this "judging". Yet if we say, this is the right view, this is the wrong, this the relative, this is the absolute, we are still "following" it. Truth is attained only when we realize that there is nothing to attain to. Eternity has its fulness of perfection in us only when we are engrossed in the temporal and imperfect.

纔有是非，紛然失心。

IF THERE IS THE SLIGHTEST TRACE OF THIS  
AND THAT,  
THE MIND IS LOST IN A MAZE OF COM-  
PLEXITY.

The Middle Way is indeed a difficult path to tread, a razor-edge from which we fall into the common errors of mankind. When we compare the Chinese above with the Hebrew,

Thou shalt worship no other God; for the Lord,  
whose name is Jealous, is a jealous God,

we cannot but be struck by the variety of expressions of an identical, inexpressible truth. There is here a variety in which the Mind is *not* lost; this is that, however well disguised.

二由一有，一亦莫守。

DUALITY ARISES FROM UNITY;  
BUT DO NOT BE ATTACHED TO THIS UNITY.

It is the One that unites the Two; without It, the Buddha-Nature, the Void, the Mind, this and that could not exist. But do not despise this and that and yearn after the Ground of Existence. Things and circumstances are in themselves neutral, not meaningless, but *not* coloured intrinsically with the "opinions" we have of them.

手を打てば下女は茶をくむ鳥はたつ魚はよりくる猿沢の池

When we clap our hands,  
The maid serves tea,  
Birds fly up,  
Fish draw near,—  
At the pond in Sarusawa.

The clapping of the hands is It. The sound as interpreted by the maid-servant, by the bird, by the fish, is only half of It. But without halves there is no whole, just as without a whole there are no halves. As we endeavour to release ourselves from phenomena, the relative world, we become attached to something even more non-existent, the thing in itself, the noumenon, and thus also it is said,

守一非真

Holding to the One is not Truth.<sup>26</sup>

一心不生，万法無咎。

WHEN THE MIND IS ONE, AND NOTHING HAPPENS,  
EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD IS UNBLAMABLE.

"Nothing happens" means our realizing that nothing increases or decreases, things are as they are. This is "realized" when the mind is undivided, when in my own person you and I, he as I are different names of one thing, that is nevertheless two things. When nothing in the world is "blamed" as itself and nothing else, or as everything, when, that is, nature has done its part and we do ours, when we do not upbraid circumstances

or indulge in self-reproach, the mind is the mind and nothing untoward can occur. Chesterton rightly says,

An adventure is only an inconvenience rightly understood. An inconvenience is only an adventure wrongly considered.<sup>27</sup>

Things are unblameable, unpraisable as they flow from change to change:

Whatever arises from the nature of the whole, and tends towards its well-being, is good also for every part of that nature. But the well-being of the universe depends on change, not only of the elementary, but also of the compound.<sup>28</sup>

無咎無法，不生不心。

IF THINGS ARE UNBLAMED THEY CEASE TO EXIST;  
IF NOTHING HAPPENS, THERE IS NO MIND.

When we neither censure or praise anything, all things are devoid of censurable and praiseworthy qualities. When we do not judge things, things do not judge us. When things simply flow, every atom according to its nature, according to Nature, according to its Buddha-nature, there is no mind as something separate from what is not mind. Yungchia says:

行亦禪坐亦禪，語默動靜體安然。

Walking is Zen, sitting is Zen;  
Whether we speak or are silent, move or are still,  
It is unperturbed.

能隨境滅，境逐能沉。

WHEN THINGS CEASE TO EXIST, THE MIND FOLLOWS THEM:  
WHEN THE MIND VANISHES, THINGS ALSO FOLLOW IT.

Subject and object, I and that, here and there,—when one or the other (it does not matter which) ceases, both

27. *On Running After One's Hat.*

28. Marcus Aurelius.

cease. According to our temperaments, we find it less difficult to become aware of the emptiness of the ego-concept or the emptiness of the thing-concept. It is the same difference that gives us the *jiriki* and *tariki* sects, self-power and other-power. The first line refers to the former, and the second to the latter. Yungchia says:

捨妄心取真理，取捨之心成巧偽。

Trying to get rid of illusion, and seeking to grasp reality,—  
This giving up and keeping is mere sophistry and lies.

In other words, seeking for the truth and avoiding discrimination, is itself discrimination. So long as we look for reality outside ourselves, or inside ourselves, so long will things refrain from following the (non-)ego into non-existence, and the (illusory) ego refrain from following things into their emptiness. Outside and inside are the same thing: what is outside?

It is but a little blood, a few bones, a paltry net woven from nerves and veins. A little air, and this for ever changing; every minute of every hour we are gasping it forth and sucking it in again.

What is inside?

Sense-perception vague and shadowy... the things of the soul, dreams, vapours.<sup>29</sup>

境由能境，能因境能。

THINGS ARE THINGS BECAUSE OF THE MIND;  
THE MIND IS THE MIND BECAUSE OF THINGS.

The aim of Zen, the aim of the poetical life, is to reach and remain in that undifferentiated state where subject and object are one, in which the object is perceived by simple introspection, the subject is a self-conscious object. Subject and object are to be realized as the two sides of one sheet of paper, that is one and yet is two.

29. Marcus Aurelius.

The one piece of paper cannot exist without the two sides, nor the two sides without the one sheet. This analogy fails to satisfy if taken in any other way but lightly and quickly, for to what should we compare the universe? How can anything be a true parable of the Essence of Being?

欲知兩段，元是一空。

IF YOU WISH TO KNOW WHAT THESE TWO ARE,  
THEY ARE ORIGINALLY ONE EMPTINESS.

This Emptiness is described in the following way: it is perfectly Harmonious, 円融, subject and object, Mind and Form are one. It is Pure and Undeiled, 不染汚; things are, just as they are, delivered from all stain of sin or imperfection. It is Unobstructed, 無罣礙; all things are free, interpenetrative. That is to say it is age-less, non-moral, law-less. It is like light, containing all colours in it, but itself colourless. It is not a thing but contains all things; not a person but includes all minds; not beautiful or ugly but the essence of both.

一空同兩，齊含万象。

IN THIS VOID, BOTH (MIND AND THINGS)  
ARE ONE,  
ALL THE MYRIAD PHENOMENA CONTAINED  
IN BOTH.

All mental phenomena are contained in things; all things are contained in the mind. But this "in" has an interpenetrative meaning; it is not the "in" of "inside" and "outside". An example of this interpenetration:

道の側の木槿は馬に喰はれけり

芭蕉

The Rose of Sharon  
At the side of the road  
Was eaten by my horse.

Bashō

不見精粗，寧有偏党。

IF YOU DO NOT DISTINGUISH "REFINED" AND  
"COARSE",  
HOW CAN YOU BE FOR THIS AND AGAINST  
THAT?

By "refined" and "coarse" is meant all the pairs of relatives under which we look at the world. Habit makes it seem a necessity that we should view the world so, since custom lies upon us "with a weight heavy as frost, and deep almost as life," but moments of vision, all moments profound enough to reach through to the Void, the Ground of Being, the Way, tell us that refined or coarse though things be, they are something which is neither, yet which is not neither. Thoreau gives us an example, all the truer because it is an unconscious one, of the way in which the rough and the smooth are the same:

The landscape was clothed in a mild and quiet light, in which the woods and fences checkered and partitioned it with new regularity, and rough and uneven fields stretched away with lawn-like smoothness to the horizon, and the clouds, finely distinct and picturesque, seemed a fit drapery to hang over fairy-land.

Thus all our preferences, from the weakest down to the strongest, must be seen as one-sided, not in the sense that there are other justifiable points of view, but that the thing is simply *not* what we suppose it to be, the quality ascribed to it is entirely absent. Then what is the thing if it is devoid of all qualities? It is devoid of the absence of those qualities, and what is meant by this unpalatable conglomeration of negatives is that in some mysterious way the thing is alive, it exists with a palpitating stillness. A dark, invisible radiance comes from it, it moves from nowhere to nowhere, its future and its past ever present. It is the Way it travels; however small it fills all space; it is the Ground of Being and the Flowers of the Spirit that spring from it. It is the intimations of immortality and the certainty of annihilation.

大道体寬，無難無易。

THE ACTIVITY OF THE GREAT WAY IS VAST;  
IT IS NEITHER EASY NOR DIFFICULT.

The Way is called Great because there is nowhere else to walk but on it:

I make myself a slave and yet must follow.

There is nothing difficult or easy about it, for it includes all existence and all non-existence, all that is and all that can never be. We think it is easy and it is not; we suppose it to be difficult, and it is not. The ease or difficulty is entirely in our fancy. But this fancy also is included in the vastness of the activity of the Great Way and forms an essential part of it. Marcus Aurelius says:

Forget not that all is opinion, and that opinion subject to thee. Then cast it out when thou wilt, and, like the mariner who has doubled the cape, thou wilt find thyself in a great calm, a smooth sea, and a tideless bay.

小見狐疑。 轉急轉遲。

SMALL VIEWS ARE FULL OF FOXY FEARS;  
THE FASTER THE SLOWER.

Nothing can be achieved without courage. We fear to give up the bird in the hand for the two in the bush. This bird in the hand is not only life itself, but, for example, the Fatherhood of God. When we give up life, we pass beyond life and death. When we give up the Fatherhood of God, we lose also the feeling of dependence and servility. But we are still alive, God is still Our Father,—but with a difference. Even with doubt there is the small view and the large view, the former an over-cautiousness, unadventurousness like that of the fox who will not venture on the ice until it is safe for an elephant; and the Great Doubt, 大疑, which is the positive, active, thrusting doubt akin to curiosity but much stronger and deeper.

Ordinary study is cumulative, but with Zen it is not so, because it belongs to the timeless. This is why it is said, "The faster the slower." The more you search, the farther away it gets, for it is an open secret. To love God and love one's fellow man,—there is nothing beyond this, nothing that requires explanation. Marcus Aurelius says:



Life and death, fame and infamy, pain and pleasure, wealth and poverty fall to the lot of both just and unjust, because they are neither fair nor foul, neither good nor evil.

執之失度，必入邪路。

WHEN WE ATTACH OURSELVES TO THIS (IDEA OF ENLIGHTENMENT), WE LOSE OUR BALANCE:  
WE INFALLIBLY ENTER THE CROOKED WAY.

Our experience, our deepest experience has taught us something; we wish to convey it to others. When they question its validity, we become angry, losing our mental serenity by holding so firmly to what is after all more intangible than snow-flakes or the rainbow. It is not merely calmness of mind that we have lost, however, but what is this and more, the Middle Way, the knowledge (and practice) that our profoundest interpretation of life also must be thrown overboard together with the sentimentality, cruelty, snobbery, and folly that make our lives a misery. The Crooked Way is not a morally distorted manner of life. It is composed of virtues as much as of vices, of ideals, religious dogmas, principles of freedom and justice, as much as of degradation and tyranny. The Crooked Way is over-grieving at inevitable sorrows, over-clinging to joys which must cease; it is regarding as permanent what is but transitory; always looking for the silver lining, desiring to be in the non-existent and impossible "Land beyond the morning star."

放之自然，體無去住。

WHEN WE ARE NOT ATTACHED TO ANYTHING,  
ALL THINGS ARE AS THEY ARE:  
WITH ACTIVITY THERE IS NO GOING, NO STAYING.

Seize it and your hands are empty; drop it and they are full to overflowing. Ask, and ye shall not receive, is the iron law. But this non-asking is no indifference or blankness. It is like the "weakness" of women that overcomes the strongest man. It is like the force of

gravity which pulls down the highest towers with not a single movement on its own part. Buds open in spring without straining; leaves fall in autumn without reluctance. The seasons come and go, years and centuries,—but not the Activity, not the Great Way. There is no presence or absence, no increase or diminution with that.

任性合道，逍遙絕惱。

OBEYING OUR NATURE, WE ARE IN ACCORD  
WITH THE WAY,  
WANDERING FREELY, WITHOUT ANNOYANCE.

Our own nature is not different from the nature of all things in which there is nothing unnatural. The fiends of Hell, the monsters of the deepest seas, the bacteria of our bosoms, the perversions of maniacs cannot surprise or disgust us. Living by Zen or without it, in perpetual fear and irritation; sadism and masochism; the destruction of life and beauty; the annihilation of the universe,—none of these things can appal us. Our own faults and shortcomings, crimes and follies are a pleasure to us; the punishment they bring to us and to others are yet another confirmation of our insight into our true nature, overlaid as it is with illusions and superimposed habits that have become instincts, and usurp the authority of the Activity that yet works unceasingly within and without us.

繫念乖真，昏沈不好。

WHEN OUR THINKING IS TIED,  
IT IS DARK, SUBMERGED, WRONG.

It is *dark*, so that we cannot distinguish the true nature of things; we see friends as enemies, strengthening trials as useless annoyances. We fail to perceive the so-called defects and errors of others as an aspect of their Buddha nature. It is *submerged*; it does not float upon the waves of circumstances that can both drown or buoy us up. When all things work together for good because we love God, that is, we seek not to

change that which is inevitable, the outside, but only the free, the inside, then we are as light as corks however low the billows descend, however high they mount aloft. It is *wrong*, because our nature is freedom. Perfect service, no task left undone or scamped, as best exemplified in a mother's unflinching, tender care, is right because not tied by duty or public opinion. When we look around and see odious people, a world of stupidity and spitefulness, the weather always too warm or too cold, all the elements conspiring to annoy us, death approaching nearer with its prophetic twinges and dull throbs, this is to be tied, pressed down by dark, mournful waves of thought; Marcus Aurelius again:

Thou art stricken in years; then suffer it not to remain a bond-servant; suffer it not to be puppet-like, hurried hither and thither by impulses that take no thought of thy fellow-man; suffer it not to murmur at destiny in the present or look askance at it in the future.

不好勞神，何用疎親。

IT IS FOOLISH TO IRRITATE YOUR MIND;  
WHY SHUN THIS AND BE FRIENDS WITH THAT?

Our ordinary mind, our ordinary life consists of nothing else but avoiding this and pursuing that, but the life of 'reason', that rises up at times from some submerged realm into conscious life is far other:

The mind, when once it has withdrawn itself to itself and realized its own power has neither part nor lot with the soft and pleasant, or harsh and painful motions of thy breath.<sup>30</sup>

欲趣一乘，勿惡六塵。

IF YOU WISH TO TRAVEL IN THE VEHICLE,  
DO NOT DISLIKE THE SIX DUSTS.

The Six Dusts are the qualities produced by the objects and organs of sense: sight, sound, smell, taste, touch, and idea. The One Vehicle is the Mahayana, the vehicle

---

30. Marcus Aurelius.

of Oneness. The *Saddharmapundarika Sutra* (*Hokke-kyō*) says:

唯一乘法，無二亦無三。

Only one vehicle of the Law,  
Not two, and not three.

The Six Dusts, that is, the body and its attendant misguided ideas, are the cause of all our unhappiness and suffering, and prevent us from seeing things as they really are and from having the peace of mind that is our birthright. But an old waka says, illustrating the way in which nothing is good or bad of its nature, but thinking makes it so:

あしきとてたゞ一すじに捨つるなよしふ柿を見よ甘ほしとなる

Sin and evil  
Are not to be got rid of  
Just blindly;  
Look at the astringent persimmons!  
They turn into the sweet dried ones.

If you get rid of the unripe, astringent persimmon, how shall you obtain the ripe one? Get rid of the Six Dusts, and where will the One Vehicle be? A well known poetess has said the same thing in a more sentimental manner:

宿かさぬ人のつらさを情にて朧月夜の花の下臥し

He would not give me a lodging;  
How disagreeable it was!  
But through his kindness,  
I could sleep beneath the cherry-blossoms  
Under the hazy moon that night.

六塵不悪，還同正覚。

INDEED, NOT HATING THE SIX DUSTS  
IS IDENTICAL WITH REAL ENLIGHTENMENT.

This absence of hatred, of intolerance, disgust, righteous indignation, discrimination and judging, is itself the state of Buddhahood. This negativeness, however, is not that of the opposite of affirmation. It is not the passive condition it seems to be, neither can it be

described by the words "love your enemies." It is not absence of feeling, or indifference, but some unnameable attitude of mind in which evil is accepted as such though not condoned. It is described by George Eliot in following way:

"Ay sir," said Luke, as he gave his arm to his master, "you'll make up your mind to it a bit better, when you've seen everything; you'll get used to it. That's what my mother says about her shortness of breath—she says she's made friends wi' it, though she fought against it when it first came on."<sup>31</sup>

In a word, we must not hate hatred.

智者無為，愚人自縛。

THE WISE MAN DOES NOTHING,  
THE FOOL SHACKLES HIMSELF.

This "wise passivity" is that of nature:

The buds swell imperceptibly without hurry or confusion, as if the short spring day were an eternity.<sup>32</sup>

We bind ourselves with our likes and dislikes, we are bound with fancied bonds. There is nothing so strong in the world as a delusion, nothing so indestructible as this imaginary, non-existent self and its temporary profit and loss, loving and loathing.

法無異法，妄自愛着。

THE TRUTH HAS NO DISTINCTIONS;  
THESE COME FROM OUR FOOLISH CLINGING  
TO THIS AND THAT.

There is the distinction between the wise man and the fool, a wise thought and a foolish one, but none in the Nature of Things. Here there is perfect uniformity, law and equality. Mountains and rivers, birds, beasts and flowers are all one undivided indivisible thing. Yet on the other hand, each thing is itself and no other

---

31. *The Mill on the Floss.*

32. Thoreau, *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers.*

thing, unique, irreplaceable and invaluable. Sameness and difference are also one thing, yet two things. At one moment we see the separate meaning of a thing, at another, its meaning as being all things; and at some most precious moments of all, incommunicable in speech but yet heard also through it, we know that a thing, a person, a flower, the cry of a bird, is both one thing and all things. Sameness and difference, and *their* sameness and difference are the same and yet different from our own non-existence.

將心用心，豈非大錯。

SEEKING THE MIND WITH THE MIND,—  
IS NOT THIS THE GREATEST OF ALL MIS-  
TAKES?

Clinging to the search for the mind is the last infirmity of the religious soul, and the most self-evidently absurd, for why should we search for the Buddha that we have already, why seek to release ourselves from bonds that are only fancied? But it is the greediness of our searching which invalidates it. This is beautifully expressed in the following:

深山に宝あり宝に心なきもの之を拾う。

There is a treasure in the deep mountains;  
He who has no desire for it finds it.

迷生寂乱，悟無好惡。

ILLUSION PRODUCES REST AND MOTION;  
ILLUMINATION DESTROYS LIKING AND DIS-  
LIKING.

The state of the ordinary man is one in which he is continually either peacefully contented by successful activity, or in the anxious throes of that activity, either winning or losing, having won or having lost. The enlightened man loses well and wins well.

一切二辺，妄自斟酌。

ALL THESE PAIRS OF OPPOSITES  
ARE CREATED BY OUR OWN FOLLY.

Once Dōgen was approached by a short-tempered man and asked to cure his short-temperedness. Dōgen asked him to show his shortness of temper, but the man confessed his inability to do so. It had no real existence, any more than his patience. Both are created by our own folly and idle fancy. When our minds are full of something, not part of a thing, but all of it, when there is no vacancy for odds and ends of passion to occupy, we act without rashness or hesitation. What the Third Patriarch says is very much akin to the old proverb, "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

夢幻空華，何勞把捉。

DREAMS, DELUSIONS, FLOWERS OF AIR,—  
WHY SHOULD WE BE SO ANXIOUS TO HAVE  
THEM IN OUR GRASP?

These creations of the mind, so common and habitual that there seems to be some concrete reality behind them, are the protagonists of all tragic drama. Fixed notions of honour, propriety, faithfulness, conflict of necessity with the imperturbable, ineffable, and intangible truth that ultimately destroys them. Rigidity versus fluidity, the name versus the nameless; yet in this very willingness to die for some impossible creed we see once more that just as the ordinary man, as he is, is the Buddha, so these delusions are, as they stand, the truth, and without them there is no reality. What is wrong is the anxiety to get hold of them or the anxiety to reject them. Error or truth, profit or loss,—if we accept them readily, cheerfully, as in some sense ministers of God, remembering that even the devils fear and serve Him, these flowers of the air also have their beauty and value, for

Every error is an image of truth,  
and in every illusion there beats the heart of mankind that aspires for the truth that error masks. But the mask is the face.

得失是非，一時放却。

PROFIT AND LOSS, RIGHT AND WRONG,—  
AWAY WITH THEM ONCE FOR ALL!

What Sengtsan means here, is that we are to give up the false idea that profit actually profits us, that there is any individual self to suffer loss or gain. Forgetting all moral principles, we are to "Dilige, et quod vis fac." (Love, and do as you please.) This abstention from choosing, from judging, does not mean that we do not choose as pleasant or judge as wrong. What it means is that God does it for us, God who is so often disobeyed, who turns the other cheek and forgives his enemies. When for example we give an order, as a teacher, or an official, it is to be given peremptorily without a thought of the possibility of its not being obeyed. But if it is not obeyed, there is no *personal* irritation and wounded vanity in the angry remonstrance we make. A law of nature, of human society has been broken and it is right that our emotion should be aroused by this.

The doctrine that in all our acts we are to be vicegerents of Nature is a dangerous one, but every truth is dangerous, for it liberates universal energies that may easily go astray. Religious persecution, megalomania, political fanaticism are all misuses of what the Third Patriarch inculcates. But we know them by their fruits; by the defects, the distortions, the hatreds of the dictators.

眼若不睡，諸夢自除。

IF THE EYE DOES NOT SLEEP,  
ALL DREAMING CEASES NATURALLY.

Human life is a dream, not in its brevity and discontinuity, but in the fact that we see things almost always as related to our own personal interests. But we must "persist in our folly" to the bitter end, and say,

My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken *me*?

At such moments we wake and see things as they really are, in their suchness, the nails in the wood, the wood in the ground, the sun setting in the western sky,



a mother weeping for her son, a man-less, God-less universe, each thing fulfilling the law of its being. When we wake from our sleep of relativity and subjectivism, nightmares of glory and disgrace, flattery and condemnation will cease of themselves.

心若不異，万法一如。

IF THE MIND MAKES NO DISCRIMINATIONS,  
ALL THINGS ARE AS THEY REALLY ARE.

Things are all right, if only we will let them be alone, cooperate with them, take lead as heavy and use it as a plummet, take swords as sharp and receive the surgeon's knife, take pain as dreadful but not as something distinct from ourselves, adding imagination to reality. Yungchia describes this condition in the following way:

江月照松風吹，永夜清宵何所為。

The moon reflected in the stream, the wind blowing  
through the pines  
In the cool of the evening, in the deep midnight,—  
what is it for?

It is all for nothing, for itself, for others. This is the suchness of things.

一如体玄，兀爾忘緣。

IN THE DEEP MYSTERY OF THIS "THINGS AS  
THEY ARE",  
WE ARE RELEASED FROM OUR RELATIONS TO  
THEM.

Things as they are, the coldness of ice and the sound of rain, the fall of leaves and the silence of the sky, are ultimate things, never to be questioned, never to be explained away. When we know them, our relations to them, their use and misuse, their associated pleasures and pains are all forgotten.

万法齊觀，歸復自然。

WHEN ALL THINGS ARE SEEN "WITH EQUAL  
MIND",  
THEY RETURN TO THEIR NATURE.

This "equal mind" of Matthew Arnold is that which speaks in the words of Marcus Aurelius:

All that happens is as usual and familiar as the rose in spring and the crop in summer.

混其所以，不可方比。

NO DESCRIPTION BY ANALOGY IS POSSIBLE  
OF THIS STATE WHERE ALL RELATIONS HAVE  
CEASED.

Metaphors and similes, parables and comparisons may be used to describe anything belonging to the relative, the intellectually dichotomised world, but even the simplest and commonest experience of reality, the touch of hot water, the smell of camphor, are incommunicable by such or any means; how much more so the Fatherhood of God, the Meaningless of Meaning, the Absolute Value of a pop-corn, for in such matters, the unity of our own emptiness and that of all other things is perceived as an act of self-consciousness, and nothing remains to be compared with anything. In Chapter VII of the *Platform Sutra* we are told of Nanyueh, 677-744, and his meeting with Huineng, the Sixth Patriarch, who asked him from whence he had come. "From Suzan," he replied. "What comes? How did it come?" asked the Patriarch. Nanyueh replied, "We cannot say it is similar to anything." At the beginning of Chapter IX of the same sutra, Huineng quotes from the *Vimalakirti Nirdesa Sutra*:

法無有比，無相待故。

The Law has no analogy, since it is not relative.

止動無動，動止無止。

WHEN WE STOP MOVEMENT, THERE IS NO-  
MOVEMENT;  
WHEN WE STOP RESTING, THERE IS NO-REST.

Neither rest or movement has any reality as such; they are two names of one thinglessness which cannot be caused to cease, because it is uncreated. There is a waka which says:

吹くときは音さわがしき山風も吹かざる時はいつち行くらん。

When it blows,  
How noisy  
The mountain wind!  
But when it blows not,  
Where will it have gone?

Blowing, not blowing, what is there but nothingness,  
an invisible, intangible something-heard-and-not-heard?

両既不成，一何有爾。

WHEN BOTH CEASE TO BE,  
HOW CAN THE UNITY SUBSIST?

There is no more a unity than there is duality;  
relative and absolute are names of the nameless. Zen,  
that is to say, is a word that is used like an algebraic  
sign, for all that is nameless, all that escapes thought,  
definition, explanation, yet breathes through words  
and silence; is communicated in spite of our best efforts  
to communicate it. Actions are either good or bad;  
yet nothing is good or bad, but thinking makes it so.  
That is to say, things are both good or bad and neither;  
relative and absolute; or, if you wish it, neither relative  
nor absolute, there is neither duality nor a unity.

究竟窮極，不存軌則。

THINGS ARE ULTIMATELY, IN THEIR FINAL-  
ITY.  
SUBJECT TO NO LAW.

“No law” means no scientific, psychological, logical,  
philosophical, Buddhist, or any other kind of law. As  
D. H. Lawrence says, “Life is what one wants in one’s  
soul.” It is not something imposed upon us from with-  
out. Law is indeed an intellectual, rational conception,  
and applies only to the intellectual, rational aspect of  
things abstracted from the whole.

契心平等，所作俱息。

FOR THE ACCORDANT MIND IN ITS UNITY,  
INDIVIDUAL ACTIVITY CEASES.

When the mind is in accord with all creatures and

with the Buddha, one with all things, its activity as an individual entity ceases. What Mozart was at the piano, Bach at the organ, Shakespeare with his pen, Turner with his brush, we are with our most trivial and personal affairs of life. When this is not so, when our acts are hesitant, our work repugnant, our life full of fears for the morrow and regret for the past, even the spider in its web, the violet by the stone give us that feeling of envy, a realization of our alienation from God that no pleasure can assuage.

Some minds have a tendency to over-emphasize difference, some to make everything of a meaningless sameness. Both are wrong, the latter perhaps more than the former. To correct this there is a saying,

高処は高平低処は低平。

A high place has a high level;  
A low place has a low level.

狐疑淨尽，正信調直。

ALL DOUBTS ARE CLEARED UP,  
TRUE FAITH IS CONFIRMED.

Doubt and faith are concerned with one thing and one thing only, the Goodness of the universe. And this is tested by us most intimately and searchingly within ourselves. If at the outset we stipulate a personal Deity, individual immortality and so on, no resolution of doubt and establishment of faith is possible. We are to make no demands whatever upon the world. "Judge not" is the word here too. Standing apart from things and questioning them, praising and condemning—this is the cardinal error. Living their life, dying their death, being cloven with the worm and shrivelled in the candle flame with the moth, is the only way to solve the mystery of fruitless suffering, the problem of the waste of beauty and goodness.

一切不留，無可記憶。

NOTHING REMAINS BEHIND;  
THERE IS NOT ANYTHING WE MUST REMEMBER.

We are not bound by any "imitation of Buddha." There are no snags, no undigested material, no fitting in with preconceived notions, no formulae to follow in the way of our life or manner of death. We may be confirmed or baptised if we feel it is good for us, or die at the stake rather than submit to it. And we extend the same privilege to everyone else. No one need be converted to this or that religion, When we do wrong or make mistakes, we go on with renewed vigour to the next task; a faux pas cannot check us or make us dwell on it with self-torturing shame.

虚明自照，不劳心力。

EMPTY, LUCID, SELF-ILLUMINATED,  
WITH NO OVER-EXERTION OF THE POWER  
OF THE MIND.

Empty means with nothing clogging the mind, no trace of self-interest. Lucid means seeing unreason as clearly as reason, reflecting ugliness as serenely as beauty. Self-illuminated means truth is not revealed to it from some outside agency.

Over-exertion of the power of the mind is that of Othello, Mr. Tulliver, Mr. Dombey, and the protagonists of all tragic drama. There is nothing tragic or comic, but thinking makes it so, the thinking of the actors and the sympathetic thinking of the self-illuminated spectators, who see their self-interest and grieve for it, perceive the self-defacement and unreasonableness without the reflecting surface of their own minds being marred by it.

非思量处，識情難測。

THIS IS WHERE THOUGHT IS USELESS,  
WHAT KNOWLEDGE CANNOT FATHOM.

This verse looks back to a passage in the *Lotus Sutra*:

是の法は思慮分別の能く知る処に非ず。

This law cannot be known properly by thought and discrimination,

and looks forward to the reply of Yunmen to a certain

monk, who asked, "What is this place where thought is useless?", "Knowledge and emotion cannot fathom it!" 如何是非思量處。識情難測。 To express this thoughtless, knowledgeable, emotionless state, in which thought and knowledge and emotion are sublimed into instinct of the highest order, we have such a phrase as, 火中生蓮:

The lotus blooms in the midst of the fire.

But this is too intellectual in its denial and rejection of the intellect. Better is the following, from Thoreau:

The weeds at the bottom gently bending down the stream, shaken by the watery wind, still planted where their seeds had sunk, but ere long to die and go down likewise; the shining pebbles, not yet anxious to better their condition; the chips and reeds, and occasional logs and stems of trees that floated past, fulfilling their fate, were objects of singular interest to me, and at last I resolved to launch myself on its bosom and float whither it would bear me.<sup>33</sup>

真如法界，無他無自。

IN THE WORLD OF REALITY,  
THERE IS NO SELF, NO OTHER THAN SELF.

To say this is easy, to believe it intellectually is not difficult. It has an emotional, a poetical appeal which few can withstand. With a full belly, a bank balance, when all is going well, such a doctrine will be readily adopted. But when food is scarce, when a man has lost his job, in hours of boredom, when children die, and our own death is not far off,—can we then rejoice with those that rejoice and mourn with those that mourn? In my own case, I must say that nothing makes me more contented with my lot than to see the sufferings of others, to find my children cleverer and prettier than those of my colleagues. How far indeed is this from the lines above.

要急相應，唯言不二。

SHOULD YOU DESIRE IMMEDIATE CORRESPONDENCE (WITH THIS REALITY), ALL THAT CAN BE SAID IS, "NO DUALITY!"

But even this "No duality", no relativity, no choosing, no judging, is not to be elevated into a principle of living. It may be used as a touchstone of past conduct, or as an ideal for some possible future situation, but for living, which is the eternal present only, all that can be said is nothing whatever.

不二皆同，無不包含。

WHEN THERE IS NO DUALITY, ALL THINGS ARE ONE.  
THERE IS NOTHING THAT IS NOT INCLUDED.

When Thoreau lay dying, he was asked if he had made his peace with God; he answered, "We have never quarreled." In Thoreau's world, everything was included, nothing rejected and made into an enemy. Where there is no duality there can be no quarreling. When God lived for two years by Walden lake, Thoreau did not criticise, praise, or condemn Him. As St. Augustine says,

To live happily is to live according to the mind of God.<sup>34</sup>

十方智者，皆入此宗。

THE ENLIGHTENED OF ALL TIMES AND PLACES HAVE EVERY ONE ENTERED INTO THIS TRUTH.

This sounds rather depressing, as though ordinary people were excluded, but what Sengtsan means is that comparatively few know that they have entered into the realm of Buddhahood, where all men and all things without exception have their (unconscious and unwitting) being. Not a sparrow can fall out of God's care, nor can anyone, for all his hair-shirts and flagellations enter into His providence. It is only a question of becoming aware of our true condition, and this becoming aware is called "entering".

34. *Retractions*, i. 1.

宗非促延，一念万年。

TRUTH CANNOT BE INCREASED OR DECREASED;  
AN INSTANTANEOUS THOUGHT LASTS A MYRIAD YEARS.

The bonds of time and space do not prevail against the Truth, the Way, the Buddha Mind. Long and short, here and there, a moment and eternity are all included in it, as names alone. Blake says,

One thought fills immensity.

無在不在，十方目前。

THERE IS NO HERE, NO THERE,  
INFINITY IS BEFORE OUR EYES.

Here and there are dualities and therefore obstructions to the life of perfection. Infinity is under our noses, our noses are infinitely long. Yungchia says,

心鏡明鑒無礙，廓然堂徹周沙界。

The Mirror of the Mind brightly shining, unobstructed,  
Passes transparently through everything in the universe.

When this Mind is our mind, when we are not bored with here and longing to be there, when the life of things is breathed in and breathed out with every breath we take, when we live in the past of our world and into the unborn future without desiring to undo what is done, or avoid what must be, then we live a timeless life now, a placeless life here.

極小同大，忘絕境界。

THE INFINITELY SMALL IS AS LARGE AS THE INFINITELY GREAT,  
FOR LIMITS ARE NON-EXISTENT THINGS.

This is a kind of *reductio ad absurdum* of the unpoetic, commonsense position, that great and small are mutually exclusive qualities. If the extremes meet, so does the middle and all the rest. Limits and boundaries are man-made things, and what man has put together, man



can put asunder. A dōka which illustrates this is the following:

晴れてよしくもりてもよし富士の山もとの姿はかはらざり  
けり。

Mount Fuji,—  
Good in fine weather,  
Good in the rain:  
The Original Form  
Never changes.



Thoreau says:

The shallowest still water is unfathomable.

極大同小，不見辺表。

THE INFINITELY LARGE IS AS SMALL AS THE  
INFINITELY MINUTE;  
NO EYE CAN SEE THEIR BOUNDARIES.

Lying at night in camp Thoreau speaks of

The barking of the house dogs, from the loudest  
and hoarsest bark to the faintest aerial palpitation  
under the eaves of heaven.

有即是無，無即是有。

WHAT IS, IS NOT;  
WHAT IS NOT, IS.

There is the most extreme form of expression of the Mahayana theory that corresponds to the Christian doctrine (mystical, and strictly speaking heretical) that God is above all qualities, all predications, even of existence. The "is-ness" of things is a fantasy of life's fitful fever,—but so is their "is-not-ness". Life is a dream, but so is this statement. This last fact is hard to catch. When we say that unreality is also unreal, in our normal moments, and especially when the mind is tired, this means nothing, or less than nothing. It irritates by its illogicality, and is repugnant because of the demand it makes that we are unable to supply. It is therefore necessary that we say such things, to ourselves or others, only when we are in a condition of mind to know what we are saying, otherwise by

frequent vain repetitions we shall become as the heathen, unable to recognize moments of vision when they visit us. So for example, death is a fearful thing because of its irrevocableness, but at times, when perhaps least expected, or even unwanted, the realization comes to us that what has never existed, the individual soul, the ego, has not gone and cannot go out of existence. What was born, immediately ceased to be. At every moment, neither existence nor non-existence can be predicated or denied,—yet what a world of difference between a living child and a dead one!

Consider the following sentence of Thoreau's, put into the form of a haiku:

Over the old wooden bridge  
No traveler  
Crossed.

This no-traveller, like deserted roads, empty chairs, silent organs, has more meaning, more poetry, solidity and permanence than any traveller. "No traveller" does not mean nobody, nothing at all; it means everyman, you and I and God and all things cross this old rickety bridge, and like the bold lover on the Grecian Urn can never reach the goal.

若不如是，必不須守。

UNTIL YOU HAVE GRASPED THIS FACT,  
YOUR POSITION IS SIMPLY UNTENABLE.

Common sense is revolted by the above assertion that what is, is not, what is not, is, but in actual practice it is found to be the only valid one. The story of the monk who was praised for bringing a basket to catch the drips from a leaking roof illustrated this identity of what is and what is not. A bucket or a basket, there is no difference. One man's meat is another man's poison. A leaf of grass is a six-foot golden Buddha. Life is a perpetual dying. And if you keep to the so-called commonsense point of view (which is more elastic than supposed) you will find that your hard and fast divisions between right and wrong, profit and loss,

useful and harmful, are inapplicable to all your problems and indeed to every circumstance of life that is deeply felt and profoundly experienced. So Blake says,

Listen to fool's reproach! it is a kingly title!  
and Yungchia says the same thing, a thousand years before him,

從他謗任他非，把火燒天徒自疲。我聞恰如飲甘露。鎖融頓入不思議。

Let me allow others to speak ill of me, trespass against me;  
It is like trying to burn the sky with fire, only wearying themselves out.  
Listening to them is like drinking the Nectar of Eternal Life;  
All fades, and I am suddenly in the Wonderful World.

一即一切，一切即一。

ONE THING IS ALL THINGS;  
ALL THINGS ARE ONE THING.

This expresses in an extreme form the state of Mind towards which things are constantly tending, called paradox by logic, metaphor by literature, genius or madness by popular consent. The humorist says, describing the beauty of a certain film actress. "When she comes into the room, the room comes in with her," and forget it, but another step has been taken towards the region where

一句定乾坤，一劍平天下。

One sentence decides heaven and earth;  
One sword pacifies all sublunary things.

When you have really seen one flower, you have seen not only all flowers, but all non-flowers. One principle, one life, one animate or inanimate manifestation moves and upholds all things, and thus it is said,

一見一切見，如臨大圓鏡。

One sight, and all is seen,  
Like a great round mirror.

但能如是，何慮不畢。

IF THIS IS SO FOR YOU,  
THERE IS NO NEED TO WORRY ABOUT PER-  
FECT KNOWLEDGE.

Worry is the great enemy. The search for enlightenment obscures and delays it. What is wrong is not the pain and grief suffering, but thinking about ourselves as sufferers. As Mussolini said, "Never look back." Therefore, when, if only temporarily, we see into the unity of the life of the multifarious things of this world, do not let us lose our firm conviction of this vision by thoughts of our sins of omission and commission, inconsistency of words and actions. Thoreau says of the cry of the cock:

The merit of this bird's strain is in its freedom from all plaintiveness. The singer can easily move us to tears or laughter, but where is he who can excite in us a pure morning joy? When, in doleful dumps, breaking the awful stillness of our wooden sidewalk on a Sunday, or, perchance, a watcher in the house of mourning, I hear a cockerel crow far or near, I think to myself, "There is one of us well, at any rate,"—and with a sudden rush return to my senses.<sup>35</sup>

It is the same spirit that breathes in the words of Miyamoto Musashi, great swordsman and painter:

我事に於て後悔せず。

As far as I am concerned, I regret nothing.

信心不二，不二信心。

THE BELIEVING MIND IS NOT DUAL;  
WHAT IS DUAL IS NOT THE BELIEVING MIND.

When we believe in *something*, this is not the believing mind. If we say we believe in ourselves, this again is a mistake, of experience or of expression. "The believing mind believes in itself,"—this, rightly understood, contains no error. The *Lankavatara Sutra*, 楞伽經, says,

35. *Walking*.

Believing in the truth of timeless life is called the Believing Mind.

Clearer still is the *Nirvana Sutra*:

信心は仏性なり。

The Believing Mind is the Buddha nature.

Here there is no danger of one thing believing in another thing. The Buddha nature is the true nature of every thing and of everything. The believing mind is this Buddha-activity. A Haydn minuet or the Lord's prayer, or a kitten catching at the falling autumn leaves is a clear thought of this mind, a harmonious movement of the Buddha nature. It is perfect because it is single, unique, complete, all-including.

言語道断，不去来今。

BEYOND ALL LANGUAGE,  
FOR IT, THERE IS NO PAST, NO PRESENT, NO  
FUTURE.

Language is vitally concerned with time, with tense. The Way is timeless and breaks through language, but does not discard it. Silence itself is a form of speaking, just as the blank spaces between the marks of the printing are as much part of the printing as the letters themselves. The Way is timeless yet it cannot dispense with time. Eternity and time are in love with each other, continually embracing in a divine union, yet always separate to the purely human eye.

## THE HSINHSINMING

There is nothing difficult about the Great Way,  
But, avoid choosing!  
Only when you neither love nor hate,  
Does it appear in all clarity.  
A hair's breadth of deviation from it,  
And a deep gulf is set between heaven and earth.  
If you want to get hold of what it looks like,  
Do not be anti- or pro- anything.  
The conflict of longing and loathing,—  
This is the disease of the mind.  
Not knowing the profound meaning of things,  
We disturb our (original) peace of mind to no purpose.  
Perfect like Great Space  
The Way has nothing lacking, nothing in excess.  
Truly, because of our accepting and rejecting,  
We have not the suchness of things.  
Neither follow after,  
Nor dwell with the Doctrine of the Void.  
If the mind is at peace,  
These wrong views disappear of themselves.  
When activity is stopped and passivity obtains,  
This passivity again is a state of activity.  
Remaining in movement or quiescence,—  
How shall we know the One?  
Not thoroughly understanding the unity of the Way,  
Both (activity and quiescence) are failures.  
If you get rid of phenomena, all things are lost.  
If you follow after the Void, you turn your back on  
the selflessness of things.  
The more talking and thinking,  
The farther from the truth.  
{ Cutting off all speech, all thought,  
{ There is nowhere that you cannot go.

Returning to the root, we get the essence;  
Following after appearances, we lose the spirit.  
If for only a moment we see within,  
We have surpassed the emptiness of things. }  
Changes that go on in this emptiness  
All arise because of our ignorance.  
Do not seek for the Truth;  
Religiously avoid following it.  
If there is the slightest trace of this and that,  
The Mind is lost in a maze of complexity.  
Duality arises from Unity,—  
But do not be attached to this Unity.  
When the mind is one, and nothing happens,  
Everything in the world is unblameable.  
If things are unblamed, they cease to exist;  
If nothing happens, there is no mind.  
When things cease to exist, the mind follows them;  
When the mind vanishes, things also follow it.  
Things are things because of the Mind;  
The Mind is the Mind because of things.  
If you wish to know what these two are,  
They are originally one Emptiness.  
In this Void both (Mind and things) are one,  
All the myriad phenomena contained in both.  
If you do not distinguish refined and coarse,  
How can you be for this and against that?  
The activity of the Great Way is vast;  
It is neither easy nor difficult.  
Small views are full of foxy fears;  
The faster, the slower.  
When we attach ourselves (to the idea of enlightenment)  
we lose our balance;  
We infallibly enter the Crooked Way.  
When we are not attached to anything, all things are  
as they are;  
With Activity there is no going or staying.  
Obeying our nature, we are in accord with the Way,  
Wandering freely, without annoyance.  
When our thinking is tied, it turns from the truth;

It is dark, submerged, wrong.  
 It is foolish to irritate your mind;  
 Why shun this and be friends with that?  
 If you wish to travel in the True Vehicle,  
 Do not dislike the Six Dusts.  
 Indeed, not hating the Six Dusts  
 Is identical with Real Enlightenment.  
 The wise man does nothing;  
 The fool shackles himself.  
 The Truth has no distinctions;  
 These come from our foolish clinging to this and that.  
 Seeking the Mind with the mind,—  
 Is not this the greatest of all mistakes?  
 Illusion produces rest and motion;  
 Illumination destroys liking and disliking.  
 All these pairs of opposites  
 Are created by our own folly.  
 Dreams, delusions, flowers of air,—  
 Why are we so anxious to have them in our grasp?  
 Profit and loss, right and wrong,—  
 Away with them once and for all!  
 If the eye does not sleep,  
 All dreaming ceases naturally.  
 If the mind makes no discriminations,  
 All things are as they really are.  
 In the deep mystery of this "things as they are",  
 We are released from our relations to them.  
 When all things are seen "with equal mind",  
 They return to their nature.  
 No description by analogy is possible  
 Of this state where all relations have ceased.  
 When we stop movement, there is no-movement.  
 When we stop resting, there is no-rest.  
 When both cease to be,  
 How can the Unity subsist?  
 Things are ultimately, in their finality,  
 Subject to no law.  
 For the accordant mind in its unity,  
 (Individual) activity ceases.



All doubts are cleared up,  
 True faith is confirmed.  
 Nothing remains behind;  
There is not anything we must remember. }  
Empty, lucid, self-illuminated, }  
 With no over-exertion of the power of the mind.  
 This is where thought is useless,  
 This is what knowledge cannot fathom.  
 In the World of Reality,  
 There is no self, no other-than-self. }  
 Should you desire immediate correspondence (with this  
     Reality)  
 All that can be said is "~~No Duality!~~" *Not two*  
 When there is no duality, all things are one,  
 There is nothing that is not included.  
 The Enlightened of all times and places  
 Have all entered into this Truth.  
 Truth cannot be increased or decreased;  
 An (instantaneous) thought lasts a myriad years.  
 There is no here, no there;  
 Infinity is before our eyes.  
 The infinitely small is as large as the infinitely great;  
 For limits are non-existent things.  
 The infinitely large is as small as the infinitely minute;  
 No eye can see their boundaries.  
 What is, is not,  
 What is not, is.  
 Until you have grasped this fact,  
 Your position is simply untenable.  
 One thing is all things;  
 All things are one thing.  
 If this is so for you,  
 There is no need to worry about perfect knowledge.  
The believing mind is not dual;  
What is dual is not the believing mind.  
 Beyond all language,  
 For it there is no past, no present, no future.

## THE CHENGTAOKE

The First Zen Patriarch, Bodhidharma, is a somewhat legendary figure, but marks the beginning of the realization that the essence of Buddhism really has nothing to do with morality. Of course the early Taoists had discovered this long before, but this ruthlessness was attractive to the Chinese mind, which on the other hand had tried to check it with Confucianism. The Second Patriarch, Huike (Eka), 486-593, is said to have been one the few Zen martyrs. This is interesting in view of the story of Huike's cutting off his arm to persuade Bodhidharma of his sincerity: "All they who take the sword shall perish with the sword." Huike left no writings, but seems to have grasped the truth that there is nothing to grasp. The Third Patriarch, Sengtsan (Sosan), who died standing erect under a great tree in 606, was the author of the *Hsinhsinming*. The Fourth Patriarch, Taohsin (Dōshin), 580-651, also realised that Zen is a transcending not only of morality but holiness; Zen became even more unorthodox. The Fifth Patriarch Hungjen, (Konin), 601-675, is chiefly important as being the teacher, (if he needed one, which is doubtful) of the Sixth Patriarch Huineng (Enō), 637-712, whose life and teachings are given in the *Tanching* (*Rokusō-dangyō*). The "Platform Sutra." After the Sixth Patriarch there were no more, partly because an increasing number of persons were becoming "suddenly" enlightened. This "suddenness" is not so much a question of time, as of the fact that "seeing into one's nature" was found to be a single thing, "seeing-into-one's nature," a sort of grammatical or philosophical suddenness, in which to see is our nature, and it is our nature to see. This is the meaning of "the willow is green, the flowers red."

Among these brilliant minds of the seventh and eighth centuries A.D. was Yungchia Tashih, (Yōka Daishi), the author of the *Chengtaoke* (*Shōdōka*), "Song of Enlightenment." He was one of the disciples of Huineng, the Sixth Patriarch, but in the *Platform Sutra* he is represented in his meeting with the Huineng as being already on almost the same level of enlightenment. He died in 713, a year after Huineng. A former student of the Tientai (Tendai) Sect, he was drawn to Zen, and somehow gained a deep understanding of it while Zen was still in a somewhat uncertain condition.

The account given in the *Platform Sutra* of the meeting of Yungchia with Huineng brings out the characters of the two men. Both became enlightened on reading the sutras, Huineng the *Diamond Sutra* and Yungchia the *Vimalakirti Nirdesa Sutra*, but both insisted that their realisation came from within, not from the printed word. This is what happened when these two great men met.

Yungchia walked round the Sixth Patriarch three times [without bowing] and merely shook his Buddhist staff with iron rings. The Patriarch said, "A Sramana embodies the 3,000 rules of deportment and the 80,000 minute moral rules. From whence does your honour come, may I ask, with your overweening self-assurance?" Yungchia replied, "Birth-and-death is a problem of great moment; all changes ceaselessly." Huineng asked, "Why not embody the unborn and grasp the timeless?" Yungchia replied, "To be unborn and deathless is to embody it; to be timeless is to grasp it." "That is so, that is so," assented he Patriarch. At this, Yungchia acted according to the prescribed ceremonial, and prostrated himself, then soon after bade farewell to the Patriarch. "Aren't you in a bit of a hurry to be off?" said the Patriarch, but Yungchia retorted, "Motion has no real existence, so how can there be such a thing as 'hurry'?" "Who knows that motion is unreal?" "You yourself are discriminating [in asking such a question]." The Patriarch exclaimed, "You have grasped birthlessness splendidly!" but Yungchia remarked, "Has the expression birthlessness any meaning whatever?" The Patriarch countered with, "If it had no meaning, how could anybody

discriminate?" "Discrimination also has no meaning!" asserted Yungchia. "Very good indeed!" exclaimed the Patriarch.

What we feel here is something unique, and yet common. Unique, because here are two men of infinite power exhibiting it to each other without competition or emulation. Common, because this is what happens, though on a smaller scale, whenever two men of real power meet. "Real" power means pure power, not over others. It is what the poets have preëminently, and what the politicians and dictators are most lacking in.

The teaching of the *Chengtaoke* goes back to the *Upanishads*. All is mind, is my mind, is Mind, is My Mind. There is no such thing as I and not I, nor can the two be united. (Here Yungchia goes too far back, for the oneness of things is just as unreal as their twoness; the absolute is as non-existent as the relative; Shelley's skylark is not a blithe spirit any more than it is a bird.) Further, nothing is to be chosen, nothing rejected. Whitman here agrees with him, and there is something of Blake too about Yungchia, even in his faults, for example a somewhat abusive and self-satisfied manner. We feel a desire for the modesty and self-abnegation of Ryōkan or Goldsmith.

The "poem" is not very poetical, even in the original, if I am any judge of it. As Nietzsche says, the more abstract the doctrine, the more we must attract the senses to it. Yungchia does this, but his talking of the "flaming Vajra blade," and "Dharma-thunder," and "the mani-jewel" does not appeal to the western mind,—except to those romantic people who just like anything gorgeous and exotic. In addition, the poem is too long. Any poem is too long to express Zen, yet on the other hand, length is no obstacle to Zen, so that what is wrong is not that it consists of two hundred and seventy lines of seven characters each, but that Yungchia keeps talking when he has nothing more to say; that he is enjoying himself, not thinking of the reader too. The following are what I think to be the most important,

the most unforgettable passages of the *Chengtaoke*, besides the eight quoted already in reference to the *Hsinhsinming*. It begins like this:

君不見，絕學無為間道人，不除妄想不求真，無明實性即仏性，  
幻化空身即法身。

DO YOU NOT SEE HIM,  
THE REALLY WISE MAN, ALWAYS AT EASE,  
UNMOVED?  
HE DOES NOT GET RID OF ILLUSION, NOR  
DOES HE SEEK FOR THE [SO-CALLED]  
TRUTH.  
IGNORANCE IS INTRINSICALLY THE BUDDHA  
NATURE,  
OUR ILLUSORY UNREAL BODY IS THE COSMIC  
BODY.

The "really wise man" is Bach at the organ; Bashō when he heard the frog jump into the always silent water; Eckhart when he said just before his death, "Where to us God shows least he is often most"; Haku-rakuten when he bought the hens from the butcher and released them; Mrs. Gamp when she put her lips to the gin-bottle; the three sisters Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie in the treacle well, learning to draw a "muchness"; Mozart bursting into tears as he sings his own requiem; Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy gazing with "joy" at the glow-worm.

The violent activity, the silent intentness, the talking, the tender-heartedness, the greediness, the nonsense, the unutterable grief, the utterable joy,—these are enlightenment.

証實相無人法。

WHEN WE ATTAIN REALITY, IT IS SEEN TO  
BE NEITHER  
PERSONAL NOR IMPERSONAL.

Love is not of the body, nor of the spirit, nor of a combination of the two. Poetry in the same way is the abstract and general seen in the concrete and particular; poetry is the absolute-relative, the general-particular.

Shall I call thee Bird,  
Or but a wandering Voice?

Reality is not the question nor the answer, but in the pause between the two. "My Kingdom is not of this world" of cause and effect.

無罪福無損益。寂滅性中莫問覓

THERE IS NO SIN, NO PARADISE, NO LOSS  
OR GAIN;  
ABOUT THIS TRANSCENDENTALITY, NO QUES-  
TIONS!

We see good and bad, ugly and beautiful, here and there, then and now, pain and pleasure,—only to go onwards (backwards) to the Undifferentiated. But this is not without differentiation. There is no bad; all things are good; some are better.

誰無念誰無生。

WHO IS THOUGHT-LESS? WHO IS BIRTH-LESS?

One day I received a letter from Dr. Suzuki Daisetz. On the envelope was written, Buraisu, 不来子. This has three meanings. First, it is Blyth written in Chinese characters. Second, it means, "You have not come to see me for a long time (not come person)". Third, it means, "You are a not-coming, not-going, not-born, not-dying person; you are Mr. Time-less Blyth."

常独行常独步。

HE ALWAYS WALKS BY HIMSELF, SAUNTERS  
BY HIMSELF.

"When someone agrees with me I know I am wrong."

Most friendship is feigning.  
Most loving mere folly.

"Would ye not watch with me one hour?"

Even so this happy Creature of herself  
Is all-sufficient; solitude to her  
Is blithe society."

O solitude, what are the charms  
That sages have seen in thy face?

自從認得曹谿路，了知生死不相關。

FROM THE TIME I RECOGNISED THE ROAD  
TO TSAO-CHI (SOKEI),  
I REALISED I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH  
BIRTH AND DEATH.

There is a line of a poem about Saint Bridget that always sticks in my mind:

St. Bridget, she loved not the world.

The universe is birth and death, birth and death; eat and be eaten; kill and be killed. If we have nothing to do with birth and death, what shall we deal with? There is something inside birth-and-death, something which is not a thing, something which is not separate or separable from it; which is identical with it and yet not it,—or is this all mystification and nonsense? When it is said or written down in words, in cold blood, we get only lifeless paradoxes. Anecdotes are better, but gradually cheapen with use, for what is true is true only once.

行亦禪坐亦禪，語默動靜體安然。

WALKING IS ZEN, SITTING IS ZEN;  
TALKING OR SILENT, MOVING, UNMOVING,—  
THE ESSENCE IS AT EASE.

To realise that religion is eating, that every mouthful is the flesh of Christ, that when we walk we walk with Christ's legs, when we sit we sit with His buttocks,—this knowledge is the most exhilarating thing in the world. Every smell is the smell of God, every death is the death of God,—to know this is indeed to be at ease.

入深山住蘭若，岑峯幽邃長松下。

ENTERING THE DEEP MOUNTAINS  
I LIVE IN QUIET SOLITUDE.  
THE HILLS ARE HIGH, THE VALLEYS DEEP  
WHEN ONE LIVES BENEATH AN OLD PINE  
TREE.

As with the Bible, commentators symbolise away the

meaning of these lines, and say that it refers to a mind that is at peace on a battlefield, and calm when engaged in making or losing millions on the stock-market. This is a convenient explanation for those who want to have the best of both worlds, but I would like to take it quite literally, and say further that the ideal world is one which is sprinkled with a limited number of poetical Robinson Crusoes, (and Mrs. Crusoes and little Crusoes; Mrs. Crusoe may well be a black woman Friday). Only a world of such people could be peaceful. If people are going to become successful business men by Zen, Miyamoto Musashi-like murderers by Zen, then let us have nothing to do with Zen.

捨妄心取真理，取捨之心成巧偽。

WE GET RID OF ILLUSION AND ACQUIRE THE TRUTH,  
BUT THIS IS DISCRIMINATION; OUR MIND IS CLEVERLY FALSE.

Perhaps it would be better to avoid the truth like the plague, and embrace every error we come across. We should try to lose our self-control, nurse our grievances, sit doing nothing at all, be filthy, and steal the blind beggar's coins, go to bull-fights, read the newspapers.

一切數句非數句，與吾靈覺何交涉。

ALL PRINCIPLES ARE NO PRINCIPLES;  
THEY HAVE NO RELATION TO SPIRITUAL PERCEPTION.

This reminds us of how D. H. Lawrence, when confronted by the "facts" of evolution, put his hands on his solar plexus and said, "I don't feel it here!" Whether there really is such a physico-spiritual organ as the intuition is not perhaps possible to determine, but human beings would not be human without it.

不離當處常湛然，質即知君不可見。取不得捨不得，不可得中只麼得，默時說說時默。



IT NEVER LEAVES THIS PLACE, AND IS ALWAYS PERFECT.  
WHEN YOU LOOK FOR IT, YOU FIND YOU CAN'T SEE IT.  
YOU CAN'T GET AT IT, YOU CAN'T BE RID OF IT.  
WHEN YOU DO NEITHER, THERE IT IS!  
WHEN YOU ARE SILENT, IT SPEAKS; WHEN YOU SPEAK, IT IS SILENT.

"It" is always at this moment, never past or future. It never rests, even on the Seventh Day. It is like Herbert's orange tree, "that busy plant." How could this mechanical world of cause and effect produce such a contradictory, paradoxical thing? As Thoreau says, the tragedy begins when we try to explain ourselves; that is, the universe.

## THE PLATFORM SUTRA

*Platform Sutra* is an abbreviation of much longer names given to it. The Tunhuang version, discovered in 1900, is entitled 南宗頓教最上乘摩訶般若波羅蜜經. 六祖慧能大師於韶州大梵寺施法壇經, *Southern School Sudden Teaching, Highest Vehicle, Mahaprajnaparamita Sutra, Patriarch Huineng Tashih, at Taifan Temple in Shaouchou, Law Preaching Platform Sutra*. "Platform" refers to the "pulpit" of that temple. The word "sutra" is used in the Chinese rather than the Indian sense, and means not the recording of sayings of the Buddha, but the deeds and sermons of Huineng.

The *Platform Sutra* is in some sense a polemic, or at least a partizan piece of writing. Huineng is always right, Shenhsiu is always wrong. It seems doubtful if Huineng and Shenhsiu, the leader of the Northern School, actually belonged to the same monastery under the Fifth Patriarch, so that the contest of the poems may be a purely manufactured affair. Of course the historicity of the matter has but little to do with the poetico-religious truth thus symbolised.

The autobiographical chapter at the beginning is suspiciously self-laudatory, and self-depreciating. The idea of the writer of this "sutra" seems to have been to exaggerate the Sixth Patriarch's lack of education and culture, in order to bring out his natural genius, or at least the non-intellectual character of Zen. He tells us what Shenhsiu thought just as the evangelists tell us the private prayers of Christ.

Nevertheless, when we read the *Platform Sutra* we feel something new and fresh, a freedom from all talk of the accumulation of merits, initiation and confirmation, salvation and gratitude, such as we get a thousand

years after<sup>1</sup> in the *Shushōgi*, 修証義, which summarised Dōgen's 95 volumes of the *Shōbōgenzō*, 正法眼藏. The idea that there is such a thing as truth, and that human beings are born to discover it, is entirely swept away; even the notion that man creates value goes by the board. The problem whether beauty is in the object or in the eye is by-passed, and collapses of its own inherent inertia and absurdity.

The history of Zen must always be as non-existent as Zen itself is, but when we look at the world with the scientific eye, the eye of time, of cause and effect, we see stages in human experience which correspond to the real progress, which is the deepening of life by (certain) men. Ideally, what seems to have happened is something like this.

- 1000 B.C. The Upanishadic perception that the division of I and no-I is illusion.
- 500 B.C. The Buddhistic denial of I and rejection of not-I; its identification of desire and illusion.
- 1 A.D. The Mahayana conception of the Bodhi-sattva.
- 500 A.D. The Bodhidharmic realisation that Zen is not a religion, not morality.
- 1000 A.D. The (Rinzai) Zen of pure freedom from self and from otherness, in practical life.
- 1500 A.D. The permeation of Zen into the life and thought of ordinary people in Japan.

Huineng's position in this schema, is his knowing and teaching that to see is the meaning of life, not to see something, but merely to see. He preached the gospel of impossibility, that the eye can see itself; the real actor is the action.

Strictly speaking there is nothing original in the *Platform Sutra*. Only, everything becomes clear and definite. The Chinese mind with the Chinese language and its Chinese characters brings the transcendentalism

1. In 1890 A.D.

of the Indians down to earth, makes it somehow human. Further, there is a secularising process observed. Huineng as a firewood-seller and as the Sixth Patriarch are felt to be the same person. Huineng at all times speaks with a cheerful, familiar, unlearned, unaffected, un-monkish voice. The professional Indians have become the Chinese amateurs, and this will continue for a few hundred years after Huineng, until it all becomes professional again.

The *Platform Sutra* is, like every other sutra, including the *Prajnaparamitahridaya Sutra* (*Hannya-shingyō*) which is the shortest, too long, and thus falls sometimes into superstition and nonsense, but it is not dull. The following are the passages which chiefly struck me on reading it again, for the how manyth time?

In Chapter I Huineng says to the Fifth Patriarch at their first meeting, somewhat conceitedly:

獼猴身与和尚不同，仏性有何差別。

My barbarian body is different from your honour's, but what is the difference as far as our Buddha-nature is concerned?

This is not so. If the body is different, the nature is different; if the Buddha nature is the same, they are the same physically. Take your choice. In the same chapter the Fifth Patriarch says something which is one of the chief tests in Rinzai Zen.

見性之人，言下須見。

A man who has seen into his Buddha nature sees it whenever questioned about it.

Whenever circumstances seize us by the lapels we must show our Buddha-nature. The great rule is, speak first, and think afterward. The very next sentence however, raises a different problem.

若如此者，輪刀上陣，亦得見之。

He sees it when in the midst of the flashing swords of battle.

The question is, how did this enlightened man get into

the battle at all, killing others for justice and righteousness on one side or the other? Does the Buddha nature of a German urge him or even allow him to kill a Frenchman with *his* Buddha nature? The relation of Zen to morality is always swindled by writers on the subject. Perhaps the universe itself is a swindle, but even so, we must not be swindled by it.

The best thing in the *Platform Sutra* is the two poems, by Shenhsiu and Huineng. Apart from the fact that a poetry competition, not to speak of a Zen competition, is of very doubtful validity and in very questionable taste, and despite the fact that the whole thing seems a cock and bull story like *Hamlet* or the gospels, what is interesting is the way in which the two poems embody the whole history of Buddhism. The booby's verse is:

身是菩提樹，心如明鏡台。時時勤拭，勿使惹塵埃。

The body is the Tree of Salvation,  
The mind is a clear mirror.  
Incessantly wipe and polish it;  
Let no dust fall on it.

This is primitive Buddhism. It is the *Dhammapada* in four lines. It is the essence of morality and the good life. But then comes along Sam Weller out of the kitchen with a pert composition that knocks the whole thing to smithereens.

菩提本無樹，明鏡亦非台，本來無一物，何處惹塵埃。

Salvation is nothing like a tree,  
Nor a clear mirror;  
Essentially, not a "thing" exists;  
What is there, then, for the dust to fall on?

However, this apparent nihilism had two thousand years of spiritual endeavour behind it. The moralists we still have with us; they are the parliaments of the world, and the world parliaments, and the world is being ruined by them. But Huineng's verse gives us the feeling of absolute freedom, with the result that we gleefully wipe and polish the non-existent mirror and cherish that infinitely empty space inside the tiny

seed of the Tree of Life.

The verse which the Fifth Patriarch is said to have given to the Sixth when about to part illustrates the extreme care which we must use in speaking about Zen. Our words need a sieve. They need to be dusted of all mere relativity and mere absolutism.

存情来下種，因地果還生。無情既無種，無性亦無生。

Animate things sow the seeds  
And reap the fruit (of Salvation) in the field of  
Cause and Effect.  
Inanimate things are seed-less;  
Being inanimate, they have no fruit (of Buddha-  
hood).

This does not sound like Zen, nor does it sound like poetry, which never uses the word "no" or "not" or "-less", or indeed the word "never". The aim of sentient beings is to become like sticks and stones. Sticks and stones wish, as Emerson says, to become Buddhas:

And the poor grass shall plot and plan  
What it will do when it is man.<sup>2</sup>

Huineng himself says,

仏法是不二之法

The Buddha nature is non-dualism.

Since language, like all other human inventions, is dichotomous, the only way to speak about Zen is to be silent, but this kind of silence is also relative, relative to speaking. Also, we can avoid relativity to some extent by speaking imperatively or subjunctively instead of indicatively. In any case, negations are not allowed, and affirmations only when they do not imply the negation of a negation. At the beginning of the second chapter Huineng gives an example of the Zen treatment of the sutras. He is explaining Mahaprajnaparamita, and says, as if speaking of Shakespeare:

若見一切人惡之与善，尽皆不取不捨亦不染著，心如虚空名之為大

2. Emerson, *Bacchus*.

To see all the good and evil of humanity without being attracted or repulsed by it and without being engulfed by it, with our minds as empty as vast space,—this we may call greatness.

To see the goodness of others without infatuation, and their badness without disgust is not so difficult, but to see their happiness without joy and their suffering without grief,—can we, should we do this?

Occasionally, as pointed out before, Huineng falls into the trap of comparison, which is always odious, and this in one of the most charming of his sayings;

凡夫即仏煩惱即菩提，前念迷即凡夫，後念悟即仏。

An ordinary man is a Buddha; illusion is salvation. A foolish thought,—and we are ordinary, vulgar, stupid. The next enlightened thought,—and we are the [exalted, poetical, and wise] Buddha.

What Huineng should have said, though it was not suitable to the audience, which was exceedingly large and probable exceedingly philistine, was:

A foolish thought,—and we become the Buddha.

An enlightened thought—and we are again ordinary people.

Why? Because folly is wisdom, and salvation is damnation. We must avoid enlightenment like the plague, and do zazen to keep our minds in a constant confusion like that of nature, and be madly attached to infinite trifles.

A passage, from a gatha, which I feel as if uttered to me personally, is the following:

若真修道人，不見世間過。若見他人非，自非卻是左。

One who walks the Way  
Sees not any faults in the world.  
Seeing others' faults  
Means that one's own faults are strengthened.

This applies not so much to our petty cavillings and criticisms of others, but to our low opinion of the universe, which comes from our own lowness and poverty of spirit. Milton in *Paradise Lost*, not in practical poli-

tics, is an outstanding example of a man who saw the greatness of the universe so greatly that he hardly saw its (many) faults.

A sermon by Huineng recorded at the beginning of the third chapter brings out clearly the difference between happiness and blessedness:

功德在法身中，不在修福。

Value is in Buddhahood, not in good works resulting in happiness.

Happiness is good. Is it a good? It is certainly not *the* good. The Way, as Buddha himself rightly taught, is teaching others the Way, is not hiding your light under a bushel. It is making other people happy and comfortable to the extent that they can walk the Way without thinking too much about the necessities of life.

At the beginning of the seventh chapter, which goes back to the life of Huineng before he became famous, we are told that the aunt of a Confucian scholar Chih-lueh, 志略, asked him how he could understand the meaning of the *Mahaparinirvana Sutra* though he did not know the meaning of the words. He answered:

諸仏妙理，非關文字。

The profound meaning of all the Buddhas has no connection with words and letters.

It would be more accurate to say that it has little connection with dictionaries, which are produced by machines, even human machines, but the intoning of a sutra is certainly part of the meaning, even perhaps most of the meaning, and, if Buddha intones it, all the meaning. When we hear Othello speaking Russian, it has even more significance than in English, because our listening is the more physical and less grammatical. So in the same chapter Huineng said, in a gatha:

無念念即正，有念念成邪。

The right way [to recite the sutra] is according to its meaningless Meaning.

To put a meaning into it is all wrong.



A gentleman with the delightful name of Fata, 法達, (in Wong Moulam's translation of the *Platform Sutra*) then confessed with tears that up to that time he had been quite unable to rotate the *Suddharmapundarika Sutra*, and had indeed been rotated by it. As Nichiren also said, we must read it, turn it over, with our body, not our lips.

The aim of the Buddhist is Nirvana, a state beyond description and in this sense non-existent, for what cannot be expressed has never been experienced, and what has not been experienced has (so far) no existence. But Bach tells us explicitly what Nirvana is, or rather his music is Nirvana, in the same way as much of Beethoven's tells us what Heaven and Hell are. Heaven and Hell are marked •. Bach's music never stops; it never begins and never ends. Huineng says:

若於轉處不留情，繁興永處那伽定。

If the feelings are not fixed upon That which flows  
ever unfixed,

This lively activity is the Buddha's eternal Samadhi.

When it is hot, we are to be as hot as it is, no hotter.

Zen has no gratitude, but at the same time it has no pride. This combination seems negatively attractive. The end of a gatha by Chang Hangchang, 張行昌, in chapter eight runs like this:

我今不施功，仏性而現前。非師相授与，我亦無所得。

I do nothing meritorious,

But the Buddha-nature manifests itself.

This is not because of my teacher's instruction,

Nor is it due to any attainment of mine.

In Christian parlance, he gives God all the glory.

The Sixth Patriarch gave to his monks one day a kind of riddle:

吾有一物，無頭無尾。無名無字，無背無面，諸人還識否。

I have a certain thing; it has no head or tail, no name or symbol, no back or front. Anyone know what it is?

Huineng was probably pleased when a Dr. Watson named Shenhsiu gave the wrong answer, "The Buddha Nature." What is the right answer?

## EPILOGUE

Looking back over the period from the beginning of the *Upanishads* to the death of Huineng, we are struck by the slowness of movement between 500 B.C. and 500 A.D. During this thousand years almost no progress was made. Of course Zen was already at work everywhere in the world, and in every age we can (now) see it, once the Chinese had seen it. There was the (mythical) fisherman who said to Chuyuan, contemporary with Asoka, words that are famous because of their Zen:

滄浪之水清兮可以濯吾纓滄浪之水濁兮可以濯吾足。

If the water of Tsanglang is clear, I will wash the  
ribbon of my hat;

If it is dirty, I will wash my feet in it.

Virgil's lines, of spring and autumn,

Jam leoto turgent in palmite gemmae,<sup>1</sup>

Strata jacent passim sua quaeque sub arbore poma,<sup>2</sup>

are Zen. But to see that we see it, to know that we know,— this was the work of the Chinese masters, Matsu, Muchou, Yunmen, Paichang, Chaochou, Linchi.

But the question remains, why was (the self-consciousness of) Zen at a standstill during those ten centuries? The answer must be that just as Jewish warmth of heart required the Greek intellect to produce Neoplatonism and the Christian mystics, (and even Jewish mysticism), so the profound spirituality of the Indians needed the earthiness, the animality of the Chinese to give rise to the perfect re-union of mind and body which is Zen. To put the answer in another

---

1. Now the buds swell on the joyful stem.

2. The apples lie scattered everywhere, each under its tree.

way, what delayed the appearance of Zen as such was the Himalayas. Thus is man subject to geography and all the other spacial, temporal sciences, by overcoming and using which he gains his freedom, his spacelessness and timelessness.

Coming to the question of Zen itself, is there a Western and an Eastern Zen, just as Chinese and Japanese Zen differ to some extent? The deepest experience of the East is acceptance, acceptance of the universe without and within, and activity with it, activity *as* it. We can find this acceptance of and co-activity with the universe in the West, too, but we see also something else, something less or something more, resistance to it. To the Indian and the Oriental mind, resistance to Nature is inconceivable. Escape—yes, they can at least think of such an impossibility, but resistance,—this is a kind of egoistic madness, suicide, not even blasphemy, but mere pitifulness, though excusable. But in the European mystics even, we find man as the measure of all things. Herbert says in *Discipline*:

Throw away Thy rod,  
 Throw away Thy wrath;  
     O my God,  
 Take the gentle path.

“Man is the measure of all things” has its parallel in the Buddhist idea that without man there is no Buddha, but in this case, man is not so much the measure of all things, as the things themselves. Anyway, it is all a matter of experience, of depth of experience. As Shakespeare did not say, “Deepness is all”, and since “by their fruits ye shall know them,” the struggle between East and West, as they meet at last, will be decided by what they can each do with their acceptance and acceptance+resistance. “Do” refers, not to producing a stable society, or a brilliant philosophy, but works of art and works of life in which there is an infinity of meaning.

Eastern enlightenment is the full and perfect understanding that the stupidity, vulgarity, and hypocrisy

of this world is quite all right just at it is. All the poems and pictures and music and significant architecture, all the natural beauty of the world may be forever destroyed,—but if so, it doesn't matter, nay, it is the best possible thing, “a consummation devoutly to be wished.” This enlightenment is found in Christianity also; it is, “Thy will be done” in infinitely meaningless inanity. In the *Khuddaka-Patha* the Buddha denounces

dancing, song, playing, music, seeing plays,

that is to say, he rejects Aeschylus, Palestrina, Shakespeare, Mozart. But this, together with the drama of the Crucifixion, is the Western Nirvana. Buddha was a self-proclaimed success, Christ a self-confessed failure, but the one who is defeated is always dearer to us than the conqueror; there is something cosmically significant here. Is it possible that there may be one day a Zen which shall include both the Buddha in eternal peace, and the Christ in eternal agony?



## REFERENCE BOOKS

(in the author's library)

(All Dr. D. Suzuki's books in English and Japanese are taken for granted.)

*2500 Years of Buddhism*, by F. Herold

*The Life of Buddha*, by F. Herold

*Buddhism*, by E. Conze

*Philosophies of India*, by H. Zimmer

*Loves of Krishna*, by W. G. Archer

*The Essentials of Buddhist Philosophy*, by J. Takakasu

国民仏教聖典  
 仏教疑問解答集  
 仏教文化物語  
 法句經  
 昭和新纂国訳大藏經

聖典講話臨濟錄  
 信心銘葛藤集  
 信心銘講話  
 信心銘拈提落草談  
 信心銘提唱  
 国文東方仏教叢書  
 国文東方仏教叢書  
 参同契講話

無門関  
 無門関講話全  
 参同契講話  
 宝鏡三昧講話  
 冠註伝光録

仏教思想普及協会編  
 高田道見著  
 深浦正文著  
 常盤大定撰  
 宗典部第二十二卷  
 " 第一卷  
 " 第五卷  
 間宮英宗著  
 岸沢惟安著  
 土岐大慧著  
 常濟大師著  
 沢木興道著  
 文芸部上・下  
 歌頌部  
 秋野孝道述  
 赤星陸治筆受  
 山下行誠著  
 菅原時保述  
 秋野孝道述  
 秋野孝道述  
 孤峰智璨校註

訓註毒語心經  
正法眼藏釈意 (第一卷)  
仏教各宗高僧実伝全  
修証義大綱講話  
名僧の人生観  
名僧の人生観 (下卷)  
道歌の三千首語る  
証道歌を語集話  
寒山詩講話  
寒山

禅宗史綱  
禅宗聖典  
禅宗史要  
現代禅学読本

禅宗小史

禅門般若心經 (註解全集)  
禅の書

朝鮮禅教史  
禅林香語集  
禅学思想史 (上卷)  
禅の人生観  
現代禅講座 (第五卷)

禅思想史研究 (一) 盤珪禅  
禅宗史研究 (印度哲学研究第九)  
禅学真髓  
禅宗聖典講義  
曹洞禅の概要  
現代禅講座 (第二卷)

禅の鑑賞  
古則全集禅門公案大成

柴山全慶  
橋田邦彦述  
博文館編輯局校訂  
岸沢惟安述  
人生哲学研究会編

土屋悦堂輯  
沢木興道著  
石井光雄編  
渡辺海旭監修  
入矢義高注  
(中国詩人選集5)

村上專精著  
来馬琢道編著  
増永靈鳳著

境野黄洋共著  
新井石禅  
永久伍水編  
井上哲次郎監修  
井井伯寿拙

忽滑谷快天著  
山田孝道編  
忽滑谷快天著  
石月無外著

鈴木井伯拙監修  
鈴木大拙著  
鈴木伯寿著  
近重真澄著  
伊藤古鑑著  
増永靈鳳著

鈴木井伯拙監修  
伊藤康安著  
乙部魁芳編著



By R. H. Blyth

HAIKU Vols. I~IV

A HISTORY OF HAIKU Vols. I, II

SENRYU

JAPANESE LIFE AND CHARACTER IN SENRYU

EDO SATIRICAL VERSE ANTHOLOGIES

ORIENTAL HUMOUR

ZEN IN ENGLISH LITERATURE AND ORIENTAL  
CLASSICS

ZEN AND ZEN CLASSICS Vols. I, II, III, IV, V

A SURVEY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

HUMOUR IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

—A Chronological Anthology—

EASY POEMS I, II

HOW TO READ ENGLISH POETRY

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S JOURNALS

(With Introduction and footnotes)

A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK  
RIVER (Shortened, with Introduction and Notes)







ISBN 0-89346-204-7