TRANSLATION

Talks by Hakuin Introductory to Lectures On the Records of Old Sokkō (*Sokkō-roku kaien fusetsu*)

TRANSLATED BY NORMAN WADDELL

Introduction

The Zen scholar Rikugawa Taiun, author of a standard study of Hakuin's life, no doubt echoed the received opinion in the Rinzai sect when he described the *Sokkō-roku kaien fusetsu* 息耕録開筵普説 as "Hakuin's major treatise on Zen." All the favorite themes that appear again and again throughout Hakuin's writings are present in this long work in *kambun*: the urgent need for students to obtain the guidance of an authentic teacher; the absolute necessity of *kenshō*, and of continued practice beyond *kenshō*; and the sharp denunciations of his Zen contemporaries, especially those who expounded the doctrines of "silent illumination," or included Pure Land practices in their training. The *Kaien fusetsu* reveals perhaps more clearly and fully than any other of Hakuin's works his basic attitudes towards Zen teaching and practice.

The *Kaien fusetsu* was transcribed by an attendant of Hakuin's named Genshoku for use as a series of general or informal talks (*fusetsu*). It was read at the opening of a lecture-assembly held at Hakuin's home temple, the Shōin-ji, in 1740. This text was later revised by Hakuin for publication at the Shōin-ji (1743).

The basic text at this lecture-assembly, the *Sokkō-roku*, or to give it its proper title, the *Kidō-roku* (Chinese, *Hsu-t'ang lu*; "Records of Kidō"), contains the writings and life records of the Chinese master Kidō Chigu 虚堂智愚 (Hsu-t'ang Chih-yu, 1185–1269) of the Southern Sung dynasty. The title *Sokkō-roku* is an invention of Hakuin's; it was taken from a literary name that Kidō is known to have used. Although Kidō did not acquire much of a reputation in

his native China, he and his *Records* have been held in great esteem in Japanese Rinzai Zen, whose main teaching lines trace their descent directly from him, through his Japanese disciple Nampo Jomyō (Daio Kokushi).

I have used the text and commentary in the *Kaien fusetsu kōwa*, "Lectures on the Kaien fusetsu," which is a transcript of *teishō* by the modern Rinzai master Mineo Daikyū (Chuō-bukkyō sha, Tokyo, 1935). The translation begins with a foreword (here abridged) written by Genshoku for the original woodblock edition of 1743.

Foreword

In spring of the fifth year of Gembun (1740), master Hakuin yielded to persistant urgings from students far and wide and delivered a series of lectures on the *Records of Sokkō*, beating new life into the rhythms of Sokkō's ancient melodies.

Preparations were set in motion the previous winter. After the meal at the November twenty-first memorial services commemorating the anniversary of Bodhidharma's death, the group of ragged monks living in huts around the Shōin-ji, about a score in number, met and decided to prepare the way for a lecture-assembly by making repairs to the temple so that it would be ready to host a group of visiting students.

They shored up rickety old buildings. They sunk a new shaft in the well. They mended doors and windows. They strapped up the broken roof beams. While Taku, Tetsu, Sha, and Sū worked at these tasks with great vigor, Brother Kyū went far afield collecting a store of grain and pulse, and Brother Chū made the rounds of neighboring villages begging vegetables. The rest, working in shifts, labored feverishly through the days and long into the nights.

The master kept his distance while all this was going on. Quitting the temple, he took disciples Jun and Kō and sought refuge at a place called Hakusui. A little over ten days later he moved on to Fujisawa, where he lodged with Mr. Seki, a layman living in seclusion. He remained almost a month, during which he devoted all his time, except when called upon to receive visitors, to a session of blissful sleep. His snores resounded through the house like claps of thunder. The foundations shook; the dust flew wildly about in the rafters. He slept face to the floor, lying curled up like some great, well-fed snake. Visitors gazed at him in wonder. Attendants Jun and Kō, greatly distressed, pleaded with him:

"Great master, we have received an earnest request from Brother Chū at the Shōin-ji. He wants us to ask you to give the brotherhood a talk setting forth

your ideas on Zen. It would greatly encourage the younger monks. If you will dictate it to us, we will write it down and take it back to the temple to show them. It will divert their minds from the hard work."

The master agreed, a faint smile crossing his lips. But then he just turned over and resumed his slumber. Time and again Jun and Kō came to him and like little children begged him to get up and begin. Finally, he shut his eyes and calmly and quietly started to speak. Sometimes the words filled five lines in transcript; sometimes ten lines. He uttered them just as they came to his mind. Kō took them down. Jun revised them. As he dictated sentence after sentence, heedless of sequence or order, Kō's brush traced them tirelessly down on the paper. Master and disciples labored as one, losing themselves completely in the work at hand. By the time they reached Mr. Seki's hermitage, the talk was finished. It filled a total of fifty sheets of paper.

Attendant Genshoku made an offerring of incense and composed this foreword after the meal at services commemorating the Buddha's attainment of enlightenment. The third year of Kampō (1743).

Kaien fusetsu

YEARS AGO, at the beginning of the Chien-yen era (1127-1131) of the Southern Sung, the Zen priest Bukka, residing at the Ling-ch'uan temple on Mount Chia in Ling-chou, composed a series of long commentaries on the hundred cases of Myōkaku Daishi.[1] Priest Bukkan sent him a letter of reproach, using a tone of language harsher than one would expect even from one's own flesh and blood.[2] Bukka realized that the criticism was just, and thereafter ceased from writing commentaries. This should be a valuable lesson for us all.

So why am I about to commence licking up all the fox slobber that Priest Sokkō spued and left behind him in those ten temples where he served?[3] Why do I brazenly ascend the high teaching seat like this, clutching a hossu in my hand, to diminish the dignity of a whole hall full of priests?

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[1] Chinese, Fu-kuo 佛果; the honorary title of Yuan-wu K'o-ch'in 圜悟克勤(Engo Kokugon, 1063-1135), a Dharma heir of Wu-tsu Fa-yen 五祖法演 (Goso Hōen). While residing at the Ling-ch'uan-yuan 靈泉院 (Reisen-in) on Chia-shan 夾山 (Kassan) in Ling-chou, Bukka lectured on the *Hsueh-tou po-tse sung-ku* 雪竇百則頌古 (*Setchō hyakusoku juko*), a koan collection compiled by Hsueh-tou Ch'ung-hsien 雪竇重顯 (Setchō Juken, 980-1052), consisting of Hsueh-tou's verse comments on a hundred koans. Myōkaku Daishi 明覺大師 (Ming-chueh Ta-shih) is Hsueh-tou's posthumous title.

[2] Fo-chien 佛鑑; the honorary title of Ta-p'ing Hui-ch'in 大平慧勤 (Taihei Egon, 1059-1117) who, like Bukka, was a Dharma heir of Wu-tsu Fa-yen. A letter from Bukkan to Bukka is found in the *Tsu-men ching-hsun* 緇門警訓 (*Shimon keikun*, "Admonitory Instructions for Buddhist Monks"), a work first printed in the Yuan dynasty. The text of this letter is given in the *Sokkō-roku kaien fusetsu dasoku* 續錄開經普說蛇足 ("Snake Legs for the Sokkō-roku kaien fusetsu"), p. 5, verso.

[3] Fox slobber (*koen* 狐涎) is a virulent poison. It refers here to the double-edged nature inherent in verbal expressions of Zen: Fox slobber can destroy students who come into contact with it, or it can work as a miraculous medicine, curing them of their mental sicknesses and leading them to true awakening. In an afterword to the *Sokkō-roku kaien fusetsu*, Hakuin is quoted as saying: "When Sokkō Roshi [Kidō] died, he had spued up poisonous slobberings of word, thought, and deed, and left them behind to await some future descendent of his who would be able to use it to turn his back on the master's teachings." Kidō Chigu served as abbot at ten different temples during his career. The main body of his religious records, the *Hsu-t'ang lu* (*Kidō-roku*), is divided into ten sections, containing the teachings he gave at each of the ten temples.

I was blown by the winds of karma to this broken-down old temple at the beginning of the Kyōhō era (1716–1736). I have remained here alone for the past twenty years, without any disciples. In that time, I have been visited by students from all corners of the land, asking me to give them talks and lectures on sutras and other Zen writings. Some of them brought rosters bearing names of hundreds of students. Others submitted requests in elaborately written compositions twenty or thirty lines long. All together, I suppose this must have happened to me at least thirty times now. I can't tell you how it has interfered with my sleep!

A few of the students burned with genuine zeal and determination. They had been to Zen teachers throughout the land appealing for help. They had laid their grievances before lay followers far and wide. Seeing the vehemence with which they sought to attain their goal, I wanted to respond to their needs and do what I could for them. But my temple is extremely poor. The kitchen shelves are bare. From the far north of the country to the far south, there is not a single soul who does not know about the poverty at the Shōin-ji.[4]

I am deeply concerned about the sharp decline in Buddhist practice in recent years, and the sad decay of the Dharma. The younger generation of monks are a pack of misfits—irresponsible and ungovernable scoundrels. When they first come to me, I cannot help loving them for their quiet, unassuming manner. My head bows before their good and humble spirit. I think: "They are genuine. Monks determined to break through to enlightenment. Their thoughts are fixed firmly on the matter of birth-and-death."

But before even a month is up, they turn from the excellent norms and customs of the past as they would from dirt. The time-honored temple regulations mean no more to them than clods of matted filth. They band together in groups and proceed to run roughshod through the temple. Roaming the gardens and corridors hollering to one another. Loitering in the passageways singing and humming. The senior priests have no control over them whatever. Even the temple masters are powerless to stop them.

They sever the bucket rope at the well. They overturn the temple

[4] Hakuin describes his life at this period in his autobiography *Itsumadegusa* ("Wild Ivy"). See *Eastern Buddhist*, XVI, 1 (Spring, 1983).

bell. They topple the big temple drum. When night comes, they slink furtively in and out through openings they burrow in the walls. They gather in front of the hall, capering about and singing tunes they pick up in the village. They swarm over the hill in back of the temple like ants, clapping boisterously and aping one another. They prop sharp sickles up in dark corridors where the unsuspecting will walk into them. They stack large jars filled with water in passageways where people will be sure to knock them over. They crack the floor-planks over the privy so that when men squat on them they will tumble into the pit-filth. They plague the monks in the kitchen by pouring water over the firewood so they will be unable to light the ovens in the morning. They make the rounds of local teashops and wineshops, gleefully abandoning themselves to shameless amusements.

While there could be a thousand men inside the temple devoting themselves to their training with untiring zeal, because they do not venture outside the gates for the entire retreat, no one witnesses their illustrious achievements. The rowdy miscreants who haunt the town streets engaging in these unsavory pastimes may be no more than two or three in number. But it all takes place in broad daylight, where everyone can see it. So their black sins are known to all.

Ahh! because of the mindless and irresponsible behavior of a handful of monks, how many tens of thousands of their fellows have to share their notoriety. Jades and pebbles thus are both tossed aside and rejected. Gold and steel melted into one common lump. Good lay men and women come to despise all monks as if they were filthy pigs, or loathsome curs with running sores. They are subjected to the biting censure of the true practicer. Their flagrant acts are engraved indeliably in the public mind.

It is deplorable, the harm that they do. At once the dignity and authority of the Buddha's Way is lost. The radiant glow of the Dharma teaching is suddenly snuffed out. Eight thousand Yaksha-demons will swoop down and sweep away every trace left by the Zen priesthood. Deva-hosts will scrape all their names from the sacred Dharma-rosters.

At first, I assumed that these fellows would devote their lives to imparting the great Dharma-gift to others unconditionally. Make the teaching bequeathed by the Buddhas of the past flourish once again. Who could have foreseen such a lamentable outcome? To think

that gangs of these wretched bonzes would wreak untold damage on the ancient style of their own Dharma-ancestors!

Such a wild assortment of sights and scenes! You would think you were on a battlefield. Or gazing at herds of deer bounding madly over a wild moor. It is enough to quiver the liver of Fei Lien. It would set Wu Lai's teeth chattering in uncontrollable terror.[5] Arrogance in all its forms. Every conceivable shade of madness and folly.

These fellows think nothing of the achievements bequeathed to them by their predecessors. They arrogantly deprive later students of their rightful legacy. They will not be satisfied until they have trampled the Dharma banners under their feet and brought total discord to the sacred precincts of the temple.

These are the real Dharma reprobates—the ones to call "hopelessly unteachable." They are heretics masquerading in Buddhist robes. Avatars of the Evil One himself. Incarnations of the arch-fiend Papiyan, stalking the earth.[6] Even after they die and fall into one of the dreadful realms of hell and have undergone all the unspeakable agonies that lie in store for them there, they will still have no way to repent and atone for the terrible evil they have committed.

Their teachers or their parents sent them out on their Zen pilgrimage, giving them a sum of money for their travelling expenses. If they saw them in their present contemptible condition, do you suppose for a moment they would be pleased?

Recently, seven or eight trusted disciples of mine, men with whom I have lived and practiced, combined their efforts and prepared the temple for a meeting. They hauled earth and cleared away rubble and stones. They drew water. They got the vegetable gardens up to pitch. They experienced cold and hunger. Endured full shares of pain and suffering. They started at dawn, their robes wet with dew. The stars were out when they returned. They worked on the monks' quarters, the well, the cooking ovens, the privy and bath house. Ten thousand hardships. Untold difficulties. Why you broke into a sweat just watching them. Your eyes swim just hearing about their deeds. And when you

[5] Fei Lien and Wu Lai. Evil ministers who served under King Chou.

[6] Mara: an evil spirit who constantly obstructs the Buddha-truth. Papiyan, murderer and destroyer, is a particularly malevolent form of Mara who destroys all that is good.

consider that monks must go through the same thing at any other training hall in the land. . . . It certainly is not easy.

Then, when all these preparations are made, we have these lawless misfits descend upon us, stirring up trouble and throwing the meeting into disorder . . . what on earth goes on in those minds of theirs? The Naga gods and Devas standing guard over the Dharma wail out in lamentation. The local earth gods burn with anger and resentment. Monks of this kidney have always been around. They have appeared throughout the ages. But not a single one has ever succeeded in carrying his practice through to completion. Even if they do not run foul of their fellow men, there is no escaping the retribution of Heaven. They are nearing the three-forked junction.[7] They should be shaking in their sandals.

I have always felt an intense loathing for monks of this type. They are tiger-fodder, no doubt about it. He will rip them into tiny pieces. The pernicious bandits, even if you killed off seven or eight of them every day, you would still remain totally blameless. It is because of them that the patriarchs' gardens are so derelict. It is they who have turned the verdant Dharma foliage into a vast, withered wasteland.

We have in this Zen school of ours an essential Barrier that must be passed through. A forest of thorns and briars that must be penetrated.

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[7] This is an allusion to a story found in the *Ta-hui Wu-k'u* 大慧武庫 (*Daie Buko*, "Ta-hui's Arsenal," beginning of the second volume), a Sung dynasty collection of Zen-related anecdotes compiled by Ta-hui Tsung-kao (Daie Sōkō). Attendant Hei served Zen master Myōan for many years. Although he trained hard and was able to grasp the essentials of Myōan's Zen, he was jealous of his fellow monks and attempted to discredit them whenever he could. For this reason Myōan did not name him as his successor, despite his seniority. He told his other disciples that because Hei had a black heart, he would meet with a violent death, which would occur, he said, holding up three fingers, "at a place like this." After Myōan's death, Hei succeeded in becoming the master of the temple. Claiming that the geomantic situation of Myōan's memorial tower was unfavorable, he ordered it burned down. As the tower was being consumed by the fire, it collapsed and fell open; to everyone's astonishment, Myōan's corpse was still as fresh as life, completely unscathed by the flames. Hei took up a hoe, split open Myōan's skull, took out the brain, poured oil over it, and threw it back into the flames, where it was soon reduced to ashes. His fellow priests reported what had happened to the civil authorities. Hei was severely reprimanded and forced to return to lay status. He wandered aimlessly about the country, trying without success to gain entrance to other Buddhist communities. Then one day as he was walking near an intersection of three roads, he was set upon by a tiger, and eaten, fulfilling his master's prophecy.

But these people don't even know that such things exist. They haven't encountered them in their fondest dreams.

Now, wherever you go you come upon worthy senior priests, fully qualified Zen teachers, who cannot bring themselves to take on a large group of students if it means having to deal with these trouble-makers. They would rather find some tranquil spot where they can "hide their tracks and conceal their light," and make themselves into winter fans and straw dogs.[8]

So even if there is a priest who through authentic practice has achieved a mastery of Zen, he will refuse students no matter how fervently they beg him for help. Turning his back on them, he contents himself with a spare, comfortless existence, heedless of privations such as cold and hunger. After a lifetime of carefree idleness, he will eventually waste away inside a small hermitage in some remote corner of the land. And who can blame him?

The Dharma banners are thus being destroyed by the ravages of these unruly monks. The damage they cause to the true style and customs of the Zen school is terrible to see. I can't stand them. For a long time I tried to ignore them. But recently a group of virtuous priests from different parts got together to do something about the problem. I am ashamed to report that they decided to come to me and take me to task for neglecting my teaching responsibilities.

The keen and eager monks who were hungering for a teacher, greatly encouraged and emboldened by this, made their descent. Now, they come at me from all quarters. Like hordes of wasps rising from a broken nest. Like a mob of ants thronging from an anthill to the attack. Some are like white-cheeked infants seeking their mother's breast. Some are like black-hearted ministers out to squeeze the populace dry. I can't come up with an excuse to turn them away. I don't have the strength to push them off. I find myself pinched into a tight corner, all avenues of escape cut off.

Thoroughly scrutinizing my life, I can discover nothing worthy of others' respect. I can claim no moral worth for them to esteem. I am ignorant of poetry. I don't understand Zen. I'm as lumpish and indolent a man as can be found. I float heedlessly on, doing only what pleases me. I sleep and snore to my heart's content. As soon as I get up, I begin

[8] That is, make themselves useless.

nodding off again, like a rice-pounder, deep in daydreams. You won't find much resemblance between me and a real Zen teacher. Not one trait for younger monks to emulate. No one is more keenly aware of this than I am. I view these defects of mine with constant loathing. But nothing can be done about them. I'm a lost cause.

It's easy work for the villainous monks of today to get the best of a bumbling, good-for-nothing blind old bonze like me. They can disrupt a meeting, throw it into utter confusion, even cause it to break up early. If that happens, I'll just wait till they have gone, have someone clean up, then I'll close shop and resume my slumber where I left off. It won't plunge me into despair.

On the other hand, if thanks to the efforts of my veteran disciples we are able to get through the retreat successfully, that is just fine—but it won't send me into transports of joy. I have no great desire to think up comments for Zen texts. I am not all that keen on sitting and lecturing from a high seat. All I really want is for the worthy masters around the country, including my former comrades, to overlook my shiftless ways and not despise them. I'd like to have a couple of them drop around. We could go together into the hills behind the temple, gather sticks and fallen leaves for fuel, simmer up some tea, and enjoy ourselves, unburdened with work, leisurely talking over old times. We could spend several months savoring the pleasures of a pure and carefree existence.

At the same time, I have several things that I want the monks engaged in penetrating the Zen depths all to know about. When the resolve to seek the Way first began to burn in me, I was drawn by the spirits of the hills and streams among the high peaks of Iiyama. Deep in the forests of Narasawa,[9] I came upon a decrepit old teacher in a mountain hermitage. His name was Shōju Rōjin. His style was Etan. His Dharma-grandfather was National Master Daien. His Dharma-father was Shidō Munan.[10] He was a blind old bonze filled with deadly venom—true and authentic to the core.

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[9] The site of the Shōju-an, where Shōju Rōjin lived. Narasawa is the name of a section of Iiyama. See Hakuin's autobiography *Wild Ivy*, part I, fn. 68, *Eastern Buddhist*, XVI, 1 (Spring 1983).

[10] Shōju Rōjin 正受老人 (Etan 慧鶴), 1642–1721, was the priest whom Hakuin considered his master. Daien Kokushi 大圓国師 is the posthumous title of Gudō Tōshoku 愚堂東寔, 1579-1661. Shidō Munan 至道無難, 1603–1676; for his biography, see *Eastern Buddhist* III, 1 (June 1970).

He was always telling students:

"This Zen school of ours began to decline at the end of the Southern Sung. By the time it had reached the Ming the transmission had fallen to earth, all petered out. Now, what remains of its real poison is found in Japan alone. But even here there's not much. It's like scanning the midday sky for stars. As for you, you smelly blind shavepates, you ragtag little lackwits, you haven't stumbled upon it even in your dreams."

Another time, he said: "You're imposters, the whole lot of you. You look like Zen monks, but you don't understand Zen. You remind me of the monks in the teaching schools—but you haven't mastered the teachings. Some of you resemble precepts monks, yet their precepts are beyond you. There is a resemblance to the Confucians—but you haven't grasped Confucianism either. What, then, are you really like? I'll tell you. Large rice-bags, fitted all out in black robes."

Here is a story he told us:

"There is a Barrier of crucial importance. In front of it sit a row of stern officials, each of whom is there to test the ability of those who wish to negotiate the Barrier. Unless you pass their muster, you don't get through.

"Along comes a man, announcing that he is a wheelwright. He sits down, fashions a wheel, shows it to the officials, and they let him pass. Another person walks up, an artist. He produces a brush and paints them a picture. They usher him through the gates. A singing girl is allowed to pass after she sings them a refrain from one of the current songs. She is followed by a priest of one of the Pure Land sects. He intones loud invocations of the Nembutsu—'Namu-amida-butsu,' 'Namu-amida-butsu.' The gates swing open and he proceeds on his way.

"At this point, another man clothed in black robes appears. He says that he is a Zen monk. One of the guardians of the Barrier remarks that 'Zen is the crowning pinnacle of all the Buddhas.' He then asks: '*What is Zen*?'

"All the monk can do is to stand there, in a blank daze, looking like a pile of brushwood. The officials take one look at the nervous sweat pouring from under his arms and write him off as a rank imposter. A

highly suspicious and totally undesirable character. So he winds up as a poor devil of an outcast, condemned to a wretched existence outside the Barrier. What a pitiful turn of events."

Shōju also told us: "Suppose at some future day you men have temples of your own. You receive an invitation from one of your parishioners, asking you to visit him at his home. When you arrive with your head monk and some of your students, you are ushered into a large room, where you find layers of thick, soft cushions to sit upon. Dishes filled with rare delicacies are arranged before you. You sit there in high spirits, partaking of the food without a single qualm, regarding it as your due. When you finish eating, as you are enjoying yourself amid the loud talk and boisterous laughter, one of the people present addresses you, and brings up a difficult point of Zen—the kind that furrows the brows of Zen monks. He suggests casually that you explain it. At that moment, what kind of response will you make? Your heart will probably start to thump wildly in your chest. Your body will break out in a muck sweat. Your distress will cast a black pall over the entire room.

"So inasmuch as you are members of the Zen school, you should concentrate diligently on your training. If you don't, you will be unwittingly sowing the seeds of your own shame and disgrace. There's no telling when you'll find yourself in such a harrowing situation. It's too terrifying to contemplate."

Shōju also said: "In recent times, monks are given the *Mu* koan to work on.[11] With diligence and concentration, one man—or half a man[12]—among them may possibly be passed by his teacher. But achieving this first small breakthrough, he forgets about his teacher and believes that he has enlightened himself. He crows loudly about it to others. These are sure signs that he is still confined within birth-and-death. He now proceeds to breed ideas of his own on various matters pertaining to Zen. With cultivation, these grow and prosper. But the gardens of the patriarchs are still beyond his farthest horizons.

[11] A monk asked Jōshū: "Has a dog the Buddha-nature?" Jōshū said: "*Mu*" (No).

[12] *Ikkō hankō* 一箇半箇, literally, "one person, half a person," is usually used when emphasizing the difficulty and necessity for a Zen master to find a suitable heir among his disciples: half a man is better than none at all.

"If you want to reach the field where true peace and comfort are found, the more you realize, the more you will strive. The farther you reach, the farther you will press forward. When you finally do see the ultimate truth of the patriarchal teachers, it will be unmistakable—as if it is right there on the palm of your hand. Why is this? *Don't cut your nails at the foot of the lamp.*[13]

I know a wealthy family in the province of Shinano. They have a large inherited fortune, and the influence they wield rivals that of the provincial daimyo himself. The family is so large that they must ring a dinner bell to call them all together. The great and powerful are frequent visitors. Although they have no family business as such, they have been able to maintain a quiet and comfortable existence.

But recently they started brewing sake. They added male and female servants to the staff. The water mill now grinds away day and night hulling rice. A continuous procession of grain carts thunders heavily in through the gates. Their prosperity has increased tenfold over what it was before. Ten thousand bushels of rice are said to be consumed daily in the brewing of sake.

An old man living nearby and witnessing these events, said: "Those folks are finished. Their prosperity cannot continue much longer. What you now see is really a symptom of serious trouble. When the inner workings decay, the outer aspect always swells like that. They will probably try their hand at selling grain. Or open a shop to sell medicinal herbs. But before long they will have to dispose of them too."

When my teacher Shoju Rōjin heard the old man's prediction, he heaved a heavy sigh.

"I know just what he means. Since the Sung period, our patriarchal school has been in constant decline. Zen monks have extended their interests into a variety of different fields. It's just like the family in that story."

As he finished speaking, his eyes were swimming in tears.

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[13] This proverb was a favorite of Shōju Rōjin's. Traditional Zen commentaries often say that it is totally beyond verbal explanation. As a proverb, it seems to be a warning against cutting fingernails or toenails at night, when evil spirits, thought to enter the body through the fingernails, are out and about.

I have recorded as I remember them a few brief examples of Old Shō-ju's instructions. I thought that they would give you an idea of the anger, the scoldings and verbal abuse, the shouts of encouragement, that he used in his daily teaching, as well as of the deep concern and sad regrets he often voiced about the present state of the Zen school.

(To be continued)

TRANSLATION

Talks by Hakuin
Introductory to Lectures
On the Records of Old Sokkō (2)

(Sokkō-roku kaien fusetsu)

TRANSLATED BY NORMAN WADDELL

PRIEST KEMPŌ instructed his assembly:[1]

"The Dharma-body has three kinds of infirmity and two kinds of light.[2] *Does anyone here know the particulars?"*

Ummon stepped forward. "How could someone inside the temple be ignorant of what goes on outside?" he said.

Kempō roared with laughter.

"I have my doubts about that," Ummon said.

"What's going on in that mind of yours?" said Kempō.

"You should know the particulars," said Ummon.

"I see you've finally reached a place of safety," said Kempō.

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*The first part of this translation appeared in *Eastern Buddhist*, xviii, 2, autumn, 1985.

[1] This dialogue between Kempō 乾峯 (Chinese, Ch'ien-feng, no dates), an heir of Tōzan Ryōkai 洞山良价 (Tung-shan Liang-chieh, 807-869), and Ummon Bun'en 雲門文偃 (Yun-men Wen-yen, 862-949) appears in the *Rentō-eyō* 聯燈會要 (*Lien-teng yuan-yao*), ch. 33. Kidō Chigu's ("Old Sokkō") own versified comments on this dialogue appear in the *Sokkō-roku* (Records of Kidō), ch. 8.

[2] The infirmities and lights are types of illusion which occur on route to an enlightened state of total freedom. Ummon's "Two Illnesses" and "Three Illnesses," patterned on those of his teacher, are famous.

Anyone who wants to read Old Sokkō's *Records* must first penetrate these words spoken by Kempō and Ummon. If you can grasp the meaning of the dialogue passed between these two great Zen masters, I will sanction you as one who has seen old Sokkō face to face. I will affirm you as a monk who has penetrated the hidden depths.

If you cannot grasp it, even though you master the secrets of Zen's Five Houses and Seven Schools and penetrate the inner meaning of all 1700 koans, it will be nothing but empty theory. Lifeless learning. You won't be able to make the slightest use of it.

Even more useless is the custom students have today of noting down the words they hear from their deadbeat teachers and making manuscripts of them. Or writing down the misguided comments these priests make in their lectures on Zen texts and inscribing them on slips of paper to paste as cribs into the margins of their books.[3]

During the last century, a Chinese priest named Genkan Yōkaku (active during the Ch'ung-chen period, 1628-1644, of the Ming) offered an interpretation of this dialogue, but his mistaken comments are so far off the mark, they not only totally misconstrue Kempō's meaning, they are a terrible slur on the great Zen teacher Ummon as well.[4]

In Zen temples today, those who lecture on master Sokkō's[5] verses explain them by twisting their meaning to make them agree with their own feeble understanding. With this, they pretend that they have delivered the final word on them. They commit the comments to paper and pass them on to their followers. Then these blind Dharma ninnies without even knowing it proceed to bury their spirits under a load of filth. They become dangerous weapons, wreaking great injury on the vital pulse of wisdom.

Monks scramble over one another to get hold of these notes. They

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[3] Zen students annotated the pages of Zen texts with glosses on difficult words and terms, or with comments taken verbatim from their teachers' Zen lectures (*teishō*).

[4] Kuzan Genken Yōkaku 鼓山元賢永覺 (Chinese, Ku-shan Yuan-chien Yung-chiao, 1578-1657). Also known by his honorary title Yōkaku Daishi 永覺大師 (Yung-chiao Ta-shih), Genken was regarded in China as one of the great religious teachers of the age. Hakuin attacks him frequently in his writings.

[5] A literary name of Kidō Chigu 虛堂智愚 (Hsu-t'ang Chih-yu). Kidō is noted for his religious poetry. Hakuin gave these talks (*fusetsu*) prior to a meeting held for him to deliver lectures (*teishō*) on Kidō's Zen records, the *Sokkō-roku* (Records of Kidō). See part 1, introduction.

make copies of them. They treasure them, keep them a dark secret, and never allow anyone near them. They transfer the comments to small slips of paper and paste them as glosses into the printed pages of Zen writings, ridiculously supposing that such pastimes will help them to understand the meaning of the text.

On one of these little slips of paper that I happened to see were inscribed the words:[6]

The fourth chapter of the Zen'yo naishū[7]. *A general talk* (fusetsu) *the Ming priest Yōkaku gave to his assembly during a December sesshin:*

"Although Kempō says that the Dharma-body has three kinds of infirmity and two kinds of light,[8] *you must be aware that there is an opening through which you can pass beyond these obstructions. Now I am going to explain Kempō's words to you in detail, even if I have to lose my eyebrows for doing it.*[9]

"As a rule, mountains, streams, the great earth, light and darkness, form and emptiness, and all the other myriad phenomena obstruct your vision and are thus impediments to the Dharma-body. This is the first infirmity mentioned by Kempō.

"When you realize the emptiness of all things and discern dimly the true principle of the Dharma-body, your attachment to the Dharma remains—that is the second infirmity.

"Breaking through the Dharma-body, you proceed to investigate various things anew, and you realize there is no way to grasp hold of it, to postulate it or indicate it to others, so Dharma-attachment still remains—that is the last of the infirmities.

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[6] Hakuin seems to mean that he found this passage from the *Zen'yo naishū* inscribed on a slip of paper inserted into a printed copy of the *Sokkō-roku*, presumably at the place in ch. 8 where the dialogue between Kempō and Ummon appears.

[7] Zen'yo naishū 禪餘内集 (Chinese, *Ch'an-yu nei-chi*, 8 ch.) A collection of Genken's Zen records that was later incorporated into the *Yōkaku oshō kōroku (Yung-chiao ho-shang kuang-lu*; Comprehensive Records of Priest Yung-chiao). In Japan, a heavily annotated edition of the *Zen'yo naishū* was published in 1676. I have not had access to this edition; but the passage is found in the *Yōkaku oshō kōroku*, among the *fusetsu* in ch. 5.

[8] "Light" 光; in the sense of wisdom which has appeared but which is still not pure, that is, not yet totally free of attachment.

[9] A Buddhist teacher is said to lose his eyebrows if he preaches the Dharma incorrectly or too explicitly.

"The first infirmity is a sort of light which is not completely emancipated. The second and third infirmities are a kind of light as well, and it too has not achieved complete freedom.

"Once a student has bored his way forward through the opening I mentioned, he is beyond these obstructions and can see clearly the three infirmities and two lights with no need for the slightest bit of further effort."

Ahh, such useless words. Discriminatory drivel of the first water. Having read that much, my hands involuntarily closed the book. I doubted my own eyes, so I shut them and just sat there, utterly appalled. Even granting that these comments are correct as far as they go, what about the meaning of Ummon's words: "How can someone inside the temple be ignorant of what goes on outside?" How about footnoting that?

Don't think for a moment that Yōkaku has penetrated Kempō's meaning. Don't even think that Ummon's meaning is ungraspable. The utterances passed between these two great and worthy old teachers are a pair of long swords slanting high into the heavens. They are the sharp fangs of a ferocious tiger, the trunk of the elephant king, the milk of the lion, a drum lacquered with poison,[10] a world-ending conflagration. If you falter before them, show the slightest hesitation, you find yourself standing on a vast, skull-covered moor. Dialogues like these are the tusks and talons of the Dharma cave, divine amulets that rob you of your very life. You must know that they stand as shining examples for all who dwell in the Zen forests.

I have heard that Yōkaku was an outstanding teacher in the Sōtō school of Zen. A direct heir of priest Mumyō Ekyō of Jusho temple.[11] He is said to have had great success in reviving the essentials of master Tōzan's teaching[12] and in breathing new life into the true spirit of the Sixth Patriarch's Zen. He was clearly one of the dragons of his age. It is said that in China today the mere mention of his name makes people sit up straight and adjust their robes. If this is correct, how are we to account for the wild and woefully inadequate utterances we have just

[10] All of these are virulent poisons.

[11] Jusho Mumyō Ekyō 壽昌無明慧經 (Shou-ch'ang Wu-ming Hui-ching, 1548-1618).

[12] Tōzan Ryōkai (Tung-shan Liang-chieh), one of the founders of the Sōtō (Ts'ao-tung) school of Zen.

read? If the *Zen'yo naishū* does accurately record Yōkaku's words, his Zen attainment is dubious to say the very least!

I like to think that at a later date some irresponsible priests inserted their own notions surreptitiously into Yōkaku's work, thinking thereby to gain credit for them by passing them off as those of an eminent teacher.

Alas, anyone who would try to present discriminatory delusions of this ilk as the final reaches of the Zen Way could never have encountered either old Kempō or the great master Ummon, not even in his dreams. He doesn't deserve to be known as a teacher of men. He should never imagine that he "has no need for the slightest bit of further effort." Why he might grind out thousands, tens of thousands, even millions of "bits of further effort," but they would be exerted in vain.

It is deplorable for a priest of the Zen school to take its vital transmission, the very pulse the patriarchal teachers have passed personally from one to another, and reduce it to a conventional, elementary discussion not even worthy of the teaching schools.

In the past, for uttering just two false words—"Don't fall"—a man plunged into the cave-black darkness of a wild fox existence for five hundred lives.[13] Make no mistake about it: once you allow even a single erroneous comment to pass your lips and blind students engaged in exploring the hidden depths, your fate is sealed. You have committed a blacker sin than if you had caused blood to flow from the body of every Buddha in the ten directions.

I am not saying this because I'm partial to my own ideas. I am not out to indulge my ego. I do it only because I hate to see these false, deluded notions spread, gain currency, and obstruct later generations of students in their progress toward the gates of enlightenment. They are a foul influence, polluting the true and original essence of the ancients. They alone are responsible for withering the groves of Zen, for parching the breath of life out of the Zen gardens. What goes on in the minds of such men?

I have heard that the Zen gardens in China ran to seed during the Ming dynasty. The customs and style of the school were choked com-

[13] A reference to the story "Hyakujo's Fox," the second koan in the *Mumonkan* (*Wu-men kuan*).

pletely off. I can believe it. Here in our own country the Zen school is on its last legs. It is a truly horrifying situation.

I want the patricians penetrating Zen's hidden depths to know that these words of instruction Kempō addresses to his students are very very difficult—*difficult in the extreme.* So don't cook up easy explanations for them. Don't lap up fox slobberings like those we have just witnessed. Concentrate steadily and singlemindedly on penetrating Kempō's words. Stop talking. Just bore into them. When your body is beaded all over with cold sweat, it will come to you in a sudden flash. You will then see the infinite compassion contained in Kempō's instruction. You will grasp the timeless sublimity of Ummon's response. You will fully comprehend the essential truth that Sokkō captures in his verses. You will know that Yōkaku's explanations are a tissue of absurdities and find that you agree totally with the verdict I have pronounced on them. What a wonderful moment it will be!

One of the virtuous teachers of the past said:[14]

Even a veteran monk, who has experienced enlightenment and studied under many different teachers, will remain ensconsed within his own views unless he runs up against the devious, villainous methods of a genuine master. He may be satisfied to suppress his ambitions and throw himself body and mind into his practice, he may follow the Way reverently, sifting and refining as he goes, but all he accomplishes is to clothe himself in cherished ideas of his own making, filthy, clinging garments he finds impossible to strip away. Once time and conditions are such that he sets out on his own to teach others, and he engages them in direct give and take, he discovers that he is unable to respond to their thrusts with the easy, spontaneous freedom of a true teacher. This is because he has just been going along savoring the fruits of his own attainment, and his teachers and others have always treated him with kindness and respect. When he encounters students face to face and tries to put his attainment to work, the words just do not come.

This remonstrance seems to have been directed expressly at the false teachers of today—the very ones I have been telling you about. They have immersed themselves in lakes of stagnant water. When they speak

[14] Kidō Chigu ("Old Sokkō"); quotation from the *Sokkō-roku*, the third *fusetsu* in ch. 4.

to you it is from beneath a thick layer of scum. They say:

"Don't get caught up in the introspection of koans. It's a quagmire and will suck your self-nature under. Don't look at written words. They're a tangled jungle of vines and creepers and will grab hold of you and choke off your vital spirit."

Don't believe that for a moment! You know what that "self-nature" of theirs is? A snare that has trussed them up as fast as foxes and rabbits. That "vital spirit" is just as fishy. They're buried under it like yams and chestnuts stuffed under the cooking coals. Where in the world do they pick these things up? Were they hidden on the back shelves of some old country store? Wherever, it must have been a pretty sleezy place.

There's not a doubt in my mind, these are the miserable wretches Zen priest Chōsha said "confound the illusory workings of their own minds for ultimate truth." They're like the king that master Ō'an said lived alone in an old shrine deep in the mountains, never putting any of his knowledge to use.[15]

But the day will surely come. They will be confronted by a fearless monk who is ready to give his life for the Dharma. He will push a tough old koan right under one of their noses. Face to face with him, the monk will demand, *"What does this mean?"*

At that instant, do you think he will be able to satisfy him by telling him it's a "quagmire"? Will he turn him away with those "vines and creepers"? No, he will be at an utter loss, unable to croak out any response at all.

At present, we are infested in this country with a race of smooth-tongued, worldly-wise Zen teachers who feed their students a ration of utter nonsense. "Why do you suppose Buddha-patriarchs through the ages were so mortally afraid of words and letters?" they ask you. "It is," they answer, "because words and letters are a coast of rocky cliffs washed constantly by vast oceans of poison ready to swallow your wisdom and drown the life from it. Giving students stories and

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[15] Chōsha Keijin 長沙景岑 (Ch'ang-sha Ching-ts'en). Ō'an Donge 應庵曇華 (Yuan-an Tan-hua, 1103-1163) was a disciple of Kukyū Jōryū 虎丘紹隆 (Hu-ch'iu Shao-lung, 1077-1136). The allusion to the "king living deep in the mountains," that is, a practicer of "silent illumination" Zen, based on a passage found in the *Gotō-egen* (*Wu-teng yao-yuan*) ch. 20, is referred to by Kidō in his *Records*, ch. 8.

episodes from the Zen past and having them penetrate their meaning is a practice that did not start until after the Zen school had already branched out into the Five Houses, and they were developing into the Seven Schools.[16] Koan study represents a provisional teaching aid which teachers have devised to bring students up to the threshhold of the house of Zen so as to enable them to enter the dwelling itself. It has nothing directly to do with the profound meaning of the Buddha-patriarchs' inner chambers."

An incorrigible pack of skinheaded mules has ridden this teaching to a position of dominance in the world of Zen. You cannot distinguish master from disciple, jades from common stones. They gather and sit —rows of sleepy inanimate lumps. They hug themselves, self-satisfied, imagining they are the paragons of Zen tradition. They belittle the Buddha-patriarchs of the past. They treat all their fellow priests with contempt. While celestial phoenixes linger in the shadows, starving away, this hateful flock of owls and crows rule the roost, sleeping and stuffing their bellies to their hearts' content.

If you don't have the eye of *kenshō*, it is impossible for you to use a single drop [of the Buddha's wisdom]. These men are heading straight for the realms of hell. That is why I say: if upon becoming a Buddhist monk you do not penetrate the Buddha's truth, you should turn in your black robe, give back all the donations you have received, and revert to being a layman.[17]

Don't you realize that every syllable contained in the Buddhist canon—all five thousand and forty-eight scrolls of scripture—is a rocky cliff jutting into deadly, poison-filled seas? Don't you know that each of the twenty-eight Buddhas and six Buddhist saints is a body of virulent poison?[18] It rises up in monstrous waves that blacken the skies, swallow the radiance of the sun and moon, and extinguish the light of the stars and planets.

It is there as clear and stark as could be. It is staring you right in the

[16] The "Five Houses" of Zen appeared in the T'ang dynasty; in the Sung dynasty two more schools emerged, making the Seven Schools.

[17] Similar words appear in the *Dentō-roku* (*Chuan-teng lu*), ch. 2, section on Kanadeva 伽那提婆.

[18] The first 28 Indian patriarchs in the Zen transmission beginning with Shakamuni Buddha and ending with Bodhidharma, and the six Chinese patriarchs who follow, ending with Enō (Hui-neng).

face. But none of you is awake to see it. You are like owls that venture out into the light of day, their eyes wide open, yet they couldn't even see a mountain were it towering in front of them. The mountain doesn't have a grudge against owls that makes it want to hide. The fault is with the owls alone.

You might cover your ears with your hands. You might put a blindfold over your eyes. Try anything you can think of to avoid these poisonous fumes. But you can't escape the clouds sailing in the sky, the streams tumbling down the hillsides. You can't evade the falling autumn leaves and scattering spring flowers.

You might wish to enlist the aid of the fleetest winged demon you can find. If you plied him with the best of food and drink and crossed his paw with gold, you might get him to take you on his back for a couple circumnavigations of the earth. But you would still not find so much as a thimbleful of ground where you could hide.

I am eagerly awaiting the appearance of some dimwit of a monk (or barring that, half such a monk) richly endowed with a natural stock of spiritual power and kindled within by a raging religious fire, who will fling himself unhesitatingly into the midst of this poison and instantly die the Great Death. Rising from that Death, he will arm himself with a calabash of gigantic size and roam the great earth seeking true and genuine monks.[19] Wherever he encounters one, he will spit in his fists, flex his muscles, fill his calabash with deadly poison and fling a dipperful of it over him, drenching him head to foot, so that he too is forced to surrender his life. Ah! what a magnificent sight to behold!

The Zen priests of today are busily imparting a teaching to their students that sounds something like this:

"Don't misdirect your efforts. Don't chase around looking for something apart from your own selves. All you have to do is to concentrate on being thoughtless, on doing nothing whatever. No practice. No realization. Doing nothing, the state of no-mind, is the direct path of sudden realization. No practice, no realization—that is the true principle, things as they really are. The enlightened ones themselves,

[19] Allusion to the teaching methods of Seppō Gison 雪峰義存 (Hsueh-feng I-ts'un, 822-908), a famous T'ang monk who carried a calabash dipper with him on his pilgrimages and instructed students while serving as *tenzō*, or temple cook.

those who possess every attribute of Buddhahood, have called this supreme, unparalleled, right awakening."[20]

People hear this teaching and try to follow it. Choking off their aspirations. Sweeping their minds clean of delusive thoughts. They dedicate themselves solely to doing nothing and to making their minds complete blanks, blissfully unaware that they are doing and thinking a great deal.

When a person who has not had *kenshō* reads the Buddhist scriptures, questions his teachers and fellow monks about Buddhism, or practices religious disciplines, he is merely creating the causes of his own illusion—a sure sign that he is still confined within samsara. He tries constantly to keep himself detached in thought and deed, and all the while his thoughts and deeds are attached. He endeavors to be doing nothing all day long, and all the while he is busily doing.

But if this same person experiences *kenshō,* everything changes. Although he is constantly thinking and acting, it is totally free and unattached. Although he is engaged in activity around the clock, that activity is, as such, non-activity. This great change is the result of his *kenshō*. It is like water that snakes and cows drink from the same cistern, which becomes deadly venom in one and milk in the other.

Bodhidharma spoke of this in his *Essay on the Dharma Pulse*[21]:

If someone without kenshō *tries constantly to make his thoughts free and unattached, he commits a great transgression against the Dharma and is a great fool to boot. He winds up in the passive indifference of empty emptiness, no more able to distinguish good from bad than a drunken man. If you want to put the Dharma of non-activity into practice, you must bring an end to all your thought-attachments by breaking through into* kenshō. *Unless you have* kenshō, *you can never expect to achieve a state of non-doing.*

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[20] This passage appears in the *Sutra of Forty-two Sections,* section two.

[21] *Ketsumyaku-ron, or Kechimyaku-ron* 血脈論 (Chinese, *Hsueh-mo lun*), "Essay on the Dharma Pulse," a work traditionally ascribed to Bodhidharma and included in a Japanese collection titled the *Shoshitsu rokumon* 小室六門, "Bodhidharma's Six Gates."

TRANSLATION

Talks by Hakuin
Introductory to Lectures
On the Records of Old Sokkō (3)

(*Sokkō-roku kaien fusetsu*)

Translated by Norman Waddell

ZEN MASTER Jōsō Shōgaku of Tōrin,[1] *a Dharma heir of master Ōryō,*[2] *used to tell his students:*

"Senior priests Maidō and Shinjō, fellow students of mine under master Ōryō, were only able to penetrate our late teacher's Zen. They were unable to attain his Way."

Master Daie said:[3] Shōgaku said that because for him, attaining the "Way" meant remaining as he was and doing nothing all the time—keeping thoughts, views, and the like from arising in his mind, instead of seeking beyond that for wondrous enlightenment. He constructed a teaching out of

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[1] Tōrin Jōsō Shōgaku 東林常總照覺 (Chinese, T'ung-lin Ch'ang-tsung Chao-chueh, 1025–1091). Tōrin was a teacher of the poet Su T'ung-po (Japanese, Sotōba, 1036–1101).

[2] Ōryō E'nan 黄龍慧南 (Chinese, Huang-lung Hui-nan, 1002–1069). Founder of the Ōryō branch of Chinese Zen which flourished during the Sung dynasty but died out a century later. Maidō Soshin 晦堂祖心 (Chinese, Hui-t'ang Tsu-hsin, 1025–1100). Shinjō Kokumon 真淨克文 (Chinese, Hsin-ching K'e-wen, 1025–1102).

[3] Daie Sōkō 大慧宗杲 (Chinese, Ta-hui Tsung-kao, 1089–1163). One of the great masters of the Yōgi (Chinese, Yang-ch'i) branch of Chinese Zen which later flourished in Japan, Daie was an outspoken opponent of the "do-nothing" (*buji* 無事) Zen that Hakuin attacks. His lengthy comment on the opening statement by Jōsō Shōgaku begins here. Hakuin quotes it from the *Daie buko*, "Daie's Arsenal" (Chinese, *Ta-hui wu-k'u* 大慧武庫), T. 47. p. 948a, a collection of Zen teachings and anecdotes with comments by Daie.

the Dharma gate of kenshō [seeing into the self-nature], the true sudden enlightenment of Buddha-patriarchs such as Tokusan, Rinzai, Tōsan, Sōzan, and Ummon.[4] He took what the *Ryōgon Sutra*[5] says about mountains and rivers and the great earth all being manifestations that appear within the inconceivable clarity of the true mind, and rendered it into words devoid of substance—constructions erected in the head.[6] In fabricating his Zen from profound utterances and wondrous teachings of Zen masters of the past he blackened the good name of these Dharma ancestors—and he robbed later generations of students of their eyes and ears. Beneath his skin not a drop of blood flowed. In his eyes there was not a shred of strength. He and men like him infallibly get things turned upside down. Then they forge on, blissfully unaware, into ever-increasing ignorance. How pitiful they are!

In the *Sutra on Perfect Enlightenment*[7] we read that *"In the latter day of the Dharma, sentient beings who aspire to attain the Buddha Way should not be made to seek enlightenment, for if they do they will just end up amassing large stores of knowledge and deepening their self-made delusions."*

In the same sutra: *"In the latter day, even sentient beings who seek out a good teacher encounter those who hold false views and they are thus never able to attain right enlightenment. This is a known pedigree for heresy. It is the fault of the false teachers. It is not the fault of the sentient beings who come to them for help."*[8]

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[4] Five great Zen masters of the T'ang dynasty: Te-shan Hsuan-chien, 780–865; Lin-chi I-hsuan, d. 866; Tung-shan Liang-chieh, 807–869; Ts'ao-shan Pen-chi, 840–901; Yun-men Wen-yen, 862–949.

[5] Chinese, *Leng-yen ching* 楞嚴經. *Sokkō-roku kaien fusetsu dasoku* 蛇足, p. 13 verso, cites a sentence somewhat similar to this from the *Ryōgon Sutra*, ch. 2.

[6] Japanese, *kakujō* 膈上; this is literally "words (from) above the diaphram," i.e., produced from emotion and intellect, in contrast to *kakuge* 膈下, below the diaphram, i.e, (true words) arising from the gut center or tanden located below the navel.

[7] Japanese, *Engaku-kyō* 圓覺經; Chinese, *Yuan-chueh ching*. This sutra, which explains the meaning of perfect enlightenment, was an important scripture in Chinese Zen. This passage is found in chapter 9, T. 17 p. 916c.

[8] Chapter 5, T. 17 p. 920a.

Could these statements from a sutra be merely empty words?

It was this same problem that prompted priest Shinjō[9] to declare in an informal talk to his monks:

"These days priests everywhere latch on to phrases such as 'everyday mind is the Way,' and set them up as some sort of ultimate principle. You hear that 'Heaven is heaven.' 'Earth is earth.' 'Mountains are mountains.' 'Streams are streams.' 'Monks are monks.' 'Laymen are laymen.' They tell you that long months last thirty days and short ones last twenty-nine. The fact of the matter is, the whole bunch of them are unable to stand on their own legs. They flit about like disembodied spirits. Clinging onto trees. Leaning onto plants and grasses. Blinded by ignorance, unawakened, they plod their blinkered one-track ways.

"Confront one of them and suddenly ask, 'Why does this hand of mine resemble a Buddha's hand?' and he says, 'But that's your hand.'

"Ask him, 'How does my foot resemble a donkey's?' 'That's your foot,' he retorts.

" 'Everyone has causes which determine his birth. What are yours, senior priest?' 'I am so and so,' he responds. 'I'm from such and such province.'[10]

"Now what kind of answers are those? They proceed from a mistaken understanding that should never be allowed. These priests distribute the same teaching to everyone. All you have to do is make yourself one-track like them and remain that way through thick and thin. This, they assure you, is attainment of the final state of complete tranquillity. Everything is settled. Everything is understood. Nothing doubting. Nothing seeking. There is no questioning at all. They will not venture a single step beyond this, terrified they might fall and tumble down into a hole. They tread the long

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[9] Another of Ōryō's disciples and heirs; see fn. 2. "Informal talk" = *shōsan* 小参.

[10] These three questions, known as Ōryō's Three Barriers, are said to have been put by Ōryō (above, fn. 2) to all the students who came to him. As true heirs of Ōryō's Zen, these priests should of course be able to deal with his questions.

pilgrimage of human life as if they were blind from birth, grasping their staff with a clutch of death, refusing to venture forward an inch unless they have it along to prop them up."

Priest Maidō told his students:[11] *"Go to Mount Lu [where Shōgaku's temple was located] and plant yourselves firmly within the realm of non-doing."*[12]

But Tōrin's descendents have now all disappeared. His line is deader than last night's ashes. For that we must feel intense regret.[13]

Zen master Nandō Genjō says that *"you must see your own nature (kenshō) as clearly as you see the palm of your hand. After kenshō, each one of you must diligently continue to cultivate your own native ground."*[14]

I want to fully impress all you patricians who probe the secret depths—great men all—with the need to put your innate powers to work for you as vigorously and relentlessly as you can. The moment your kenshō is unmistakably clear, throw it aside. Dedicate yourself to boring through the difficult-to-pass koans.[15] Once you are beyond those barriers, you are certain to understand exactly what the Buddha meant when he said in the *Nirvana Sutra* that a Buddha can see the Buddha-nature with his own eyes as distinctly as he sees a fruit lying in the palm of his hand. Upon penetrating to see the ultimate meaning of the patriarchal teachers, you will be armed for the first time with the fangs and claws of the Dharma Cave. You will sport the divine, life-usurping talisman. You will pass into the realm of the Buddhas, stroll leisurely through the realms where evil demons dwell, pulling out nails and

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[11] Another of the disciples of Ōryō mentioned above; see fn. 2.

[12] *Bujikōri* 無事甲裏. This term appears in the records of Daie (see fn. 3); e.g., in his letters to his Zen students (*Daie-sho* 大慧書; Chinese, *Ta-hui shu*): "You must not remain within *buji* (non-doing) itself." In its original meaning *bujikōri* is said to refer to the top shelf (*kō*) of a set of Chinese shelves, which was normally left empty (*buji*).

[13] The quotation from the *Daie buko* ends here.

[14] Nandō Genjō 南堂元静 (Chinese, Nan-t'ung Yuan-ching, 1065–1135). An heir of Goso Hōen (Chinese, Wu-tsung Fa-yen) in the Yōgi line. The quotation appears in the *Gotōegen* 五燈會元 (Chinese, *Wu-teng yuan-yao*), ch. 20. *Zokuzōkyō* 2.11. p. 393c.

[15] *Nantō* koans. A class of complicated koans used in Hakuin Zen; given after a student has advanced beyond kenshō.

wrenching free chocks and dispersing great clouds of compassion as you go, practicing the great Dharma giving, and immensely benefitting the monks who come to you from the four quarters. But you will be the same worthless old duffer of a monk you were before, doing nothing at all with your time. Your eyes will stare out from your face from the same position as before. Your nose will be where it always was. At this point you will be the genuine article, an authentic descendant of the Buddhas and patriarchs, to whom you will have repaid in full that incalculable debt of gratitude you owe them.

You will be at liberty to spend your days free from the clutch of circumstances. Drinking tea when given it, eating rice when it comes. Doing and non-doing will be firmly in your grasp. Not even the Buddha-patriarchs will be able to touch you. You will now be ready to use millions in gold.[16]

If, on the other hand, you follow the trend of the times, when you gain entry into the eighth consciousness's dark cave of unknowing[17] you will begin crowing about what you have achieved. You will go around telling one and all how enlightened you are. You will proceed to accept, under false pretenses, the veneration and charity of others, and become one of those arrogant creatures who declares he has attained realization when he has not.

If that is the course you follow, a horrifying future lies before you. Every grain of rice that you have received as a donation will turn into a red-hot particle of iron or a burning grain of sand. Every drop of water you have received will become a speck of molten bronze or boiling excrement. Each thread of the cloth you have accepted will become part of a flaming wire net or white-hot chain.[18]

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[16] Presumably this alludes to the immense worth of a truly enlightened priest, who is deserving of alms in any amount; an unawakened priest, on the other hand, has not properly earned the right to receive alms at all. A similar phrase appears in the *Records* of Rinzai.

[17] When the practicer penetrates the eighth or Alaya consciousness, regarded as the source of all human consciousness, the root of all existence, he is considered to have finally succeeded in overcoming evil passions. But if he clings to it, it then becomes a cause trapping him within birth and death. Hakuin often exhorts practicers to smash open the dark cave of the eighth consciousness so that the precious light of the Great Perfect Mirror Wisdom will shine forth.

[18] These are various tortures undergone in the realms of hell.

Ahh! Hoping to free yourselves from the press of birth and death you men have your heads shaved. You put on a black robe. But then you make the mistake of falling under the spell of a false teacher. You live out the rest of your life like this as an irresponsible, no-account man of the Way. If you die and enter the Yellow Springs[19] with your eyes in this unopened state, you are destined for harrowing retribution. You will head straight back to your old home in the three evil paths—as[20] though you had not suffered enough in your previous existences! You, who have worn the surplice of a Buddhist priest, will sink to the bottom of a loathsome hellish mire and experience unending agonies. No more horrible fate is conceivable than to fall victim to the delusions these false teachers serve up to you.

Once, at the time of Shakamuni, a group of seven women was walking through a graveyard. Coming upon a fresh corpse, one of them pointed to it and said: "Here is a man's body. Where has he gone?"

Another answered: "What . . ."[21]

Hearing this, the women all realized the truth that she spoke and were instantly enlightened.

Taishaku, Lord of the Devas,[22] *was moved by this to shower a rain of flowers down upon them.*

"Tell me," he said to them, "if there is anything that any of you holy ladies desires. I will see that you have it as long as you live."[23]

Take a good hard look at this story. If people today are right in paying no attention to it, the realization these ladies attained long ago must have been mistaken. But why would the Lord of the Devas have spoken to them as he did if they had not attained realization?

In response to Taishaku's offer, one of the women said: "All of us have the four basic necessities of life. We have the seven rare treasures

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[19] The realm of the dead.

[20] Realms of hell, craving ghosts, and animals.

[21] 作麼作麼; *somo somo* in Japanese.

[22] Taishaku is guardian of those who place their trust in the Buddha Dharma.

[23] *Gotōegen*, ch. 1. *Zokuzōkyō* 2.11. p. 3 c-d. Hakuin elsewhere attributes part of this dialogue to a work he calls *Shichi gennyo kyō* ("Sutra of Seven Wise Women" 七賢女經). *Kaienfusetsu dasoku* also gives this sutra as a source for this passage.

as well.[24] *There are, however, three things we would like. A tree without roots. A piece of land where there is neither light nor shade. Some corner of a mountain valley where a shout does not echo."*

"Anything else, ladies," replied Taishaku, "and I will gladly provide it to you. But the things you ask for...to tell the truth, I just don't have them to give you."

"If you don't have them," said the women, "how can you possibly expect to help others liberate themselves?"

Taishaku found himself at a loss for words. He decided to confer with the Buddha.[25]

Do you see what that wise young girl says! "If you can't give us such things, how do you expect to save others?" Compare that with the fellows today who quake with fear when they encounter a few touches of poison. How infinitely superior she is—the difference between a crown and an old shoe is not nearly so great.

You men set out on your religious quest with fire in your blood. You go through great difficulties, suffer untold hardship, as you bore into the secret depths. Isn't it all because you intend at some later date to do great work by bringing the benefits of salvation to your fellow beings? What about you? Don't you think you'd be lacking if you couldn't come up with these three things?

When the Buddha learned why Taishaku had come, he said, "As far as that's concerned, Taishaku, none of the Arhats in my assembly has the slightest clue either. It takes a great Bodhisattva to grasp it."[26]

Why did the Buddha utter these words, instead of quaking and quivering with fear? Or do you think he was unaware of the deadly poison contained in the girl's utterance?

Try to fathom the Buddha's intent here. Don't you suppose he was hoping to make Taishaku realize the true meaning of the young girl's words? To enable him to leap directly beyond the gradual steps of the

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[24] The four necessities: food, clothing, medicine, and shelter. One enumeration of the seven rare treasures: gold, silver, lapis lazuli, moonstone, agate, ruby, carnelian.

[25] *Gotōegen*, ch. 1. *Zokuzōkyō* 2.11. p. 3 c-d.; *Zen'en mōgyū*, (Chinese, *Ch'an-yuan meng-ch'iu*, 禪苑蒙求), *Zokuzōkyō* 2.21. p. 116b-117a.

[26] *Ibid.*

four attainments and three ranks[27] and arrive at the stage of the great Bodhisattvas?

The Buddha said: "I have the eye-treasure of the true Dharma, the exquisite mind of Nirvana, the Dharma gate of the true formless form. This I entrust to you, Mahakashyapa."[28]

This is another statement most people get totally wrong. I myself worked on it years ago when I was with old Shōju.[29] He pushed me and hounded me ruthlessly. I came up with a response, but he rewarded it with a rain of blows from his staff. I hadn't really grasped it yet. I was like a man out at sea gazing at a tree on a distant cliff.

I left home to become a Buddhist monk when I was fourteen. A year later, I was lamenting sadly that I still hadn't seen even a hint of the Dharma's wonderful power, despite the fact that my hair had been shaved off and I was wearing a black monk's robe. I happened to hear that the *Lotus Sutra* was the king of all the scriptures the Buddha had preached. It was supposed to contain the essential meaning of all the Buddhas. I got hold of a copy and read it through. But when I had finished, I closed it with a heavy sigh. "This," I told myself, "is nothing but a collection of simple tales about cause and effect. Even though words about the 'one absolute vehicle,'[30] and 'the changeless unconditioned tranquillity of all dharmas' do appear, on the whole it is still what Rinzai dismissed as 'prescriptions for relieving the world's ills,' and 'teachings that reveal only the outer surface.'[31] It certainly isn't worth devoting any time to this."

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[27] Four attainments (*shika* 四果) and three ranks (*sangen* 三賢) enumerate gradual stages in Buddhist training leading to Bodhisattvahood or Arhatship.

[28] According to Zen tradition, Shakamuni spoke these words when he transmitted his Dharma to Mahakashyapa. As a koan it is found in *Mumonkan* 無門關 (*Chinese, Wu-men kuan*), case 6. This is the first in a series of quotations that follows the Zen transmission from Shakamuni until Baso Dōitsu.

[29] Hakuin's account of his encounter with Shōju Rōjin is found in his religious autobiography *Itsumadegusa* ("Wild Ivy"). See my translation in the *Eastern Buddhist*, xv 2; xvi 1, 1982–3.

[30] Also called the Buddha-vehicle; the Mahayana teaching of supreme, absolute truth which encompasses all other teachings and carries all beings to Buddhahood.

[31] "In the past I concentrated on the study of the Vinaya. I went through all the sutras and shastras. Later, when I came to realize they were merely expedient therapies

This discouraged me deeply. I didn't get over it for a long time. Meanwhile, I lived as the priest of a small temple. I reached forty, the age when I was not supposed to be bothered any longer by doubts or perplexities.[32] One night, I decided to take another look at the *Lotus*. I raised up the wick of my solitary lamp, took out the sutra, and began to read it once again. I got as far as the third chapter, the one on parables, when suddenly, unexpectedly, all the doubts and uncertainties that until then had lingered in my mind ceased to exist. They dissolved utterly and all at once. The reason for the *Lotus's* reputation as the "king of sutras" was revealed to me with blinding clarity. A rain of tears rolled down my face—the drops flew out like strings of beads. It was just like beans pouring from a bursted sack. Involuntarily, I found myself wailing out loud uncontrollable sobs. I knew for the first time that what I had realized in all those satoris I had experienced, what I had grasped in my understanding of those koans I had passed—had all been totally wrong.[33]

Finally, I was able to understand fully the source of that free, enlightened activity that permeated old Shōju's daily life. I also knew beyond doubt that the root of the World-honored One's tongue did not have two stalks.[34] I felt like taking my staff, teaming up with old Rinzai, and giving them both a good thirty blows!

Long ago, Ananda asked Kashyapa: "Apart from the transmission robe of gold brocade, what Dharma did the World-honored One entrust to you?"

"Ananda," replied Kashyapa, "go and take down the banner at the gate."[35]

To penetrate these words uttered by Kashyapa and understand them

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for relieving the world's ills and revealed only the outer surface of things, I cast them aside at once and turned my search to the Way and the practice of Zen meditation." Yanagida Seizan, *Rinzai-roku* (Butten kōza 30, Daizō shuppan, 1972), p. 139.

[32] Confucian Analects.

[33] "Wild Ivy," *Eastern Buddhist*, xvi 1, 1983, p. 108.

[34] 舌根欠兩茎筋. Hakuin now realized that he had been wrong in supposing the Buddha spoke less than absolute truth when he preached the *Lotus Sutra*.

[35] This episode appears in the *Mumonkan*, case 22. Although Ananda heard all the sutras the Buddha preached during his lifetime, he still could not grasp their true meaning, hence his question.

is difficult in the extreme. They are like angry bolts of thunder striking against a granite cliff, tearing it apart. They send sages of the three ranks scattering in spiritless panic. They strike terror into adepts of the four attainments.[36] Yet the sightless shavepated bonzes inhabiting today's temples expatiate knowingly on them:

"The banner stands for something that is intermediate. When this is swept away, it means the Great Matter is achieved."

This can only be called commonplace, an observation produced by deluded thinking. They're like blind men trying to distinguish colors.

The first Zen patriarch Bodhidharma's injunction, "cease all relations without; stop all thirstings within," is likewise frequently explained and interpreted from an ordinary level of illusory reasoning.

At the end of his life, the Zen patriarch six generations after Bodhidharma[37] *was asked by one of his disciples: "You will leave us soon. How long will it be before you return?"*

He replied: "Leaves fall and return to the roots. When that time comes, they are silent."

Terrifying! A bottomless pit spreading out for ten thousand leagues, filled with a sea of dark black flame. Even the gods and demons cannot hope to complete their lives here. The whole world is the lotus-blue eye of a Zen monk. Great care must be taken not to throw sand in it. Yet the silly know-it-alls who occupy positions of power today assert confidently:

" 'Roots' refers to the Hsin-chou region [the Sixth Patriarch's native place]. The silence of the leaves connotes the original field of tranquillity, where there is no coming or going, no inside or outside."

Pffuph! Blind comments. Lifeless, perverted understanding. I get sick to my stomach every time I see or hear such rubbish. It makes me want to vomit.

They asked the Sixth Patriarch: "Who have you entrusted with your

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[36] See fn. 27.

[37] Reference is to the Sixth Patriarch of Chinese Zen, Enō (Chinese, Hui-neng). The quotation is found in the *Keitoku dentō-roku* (Chinese, *Ching-te ch'uan-teng lu*), ch. 5 (T. 51. p. 236b) and in some editions of the *Platform Sutra*.

Dharma?" He answered, "Take a net and snare it at the top of Daiyu Peak."[38]

Chen-bird feathers! Wolf liver! Cat heads! Fox drool![39] All brothed up in a big pot and thrown right under your nose. How'll you get your teeth into that? Never say the Sixth Patriarch doesn't have any poison.

Nangaku Daishi said, "*Suppose an ox is pulling a cart. If the cart doesn't move, should you hit the cart, or should you hit the ox?*"[40] His words, too, are filled with virulent poison, but these modern exegetes insist on applying their deluded reasoning to them:

"The cart stands for the body or substance," they say. "The ox stands for something intermediate, neither this nor that."

They certainly make it sound plausible. Hearing Master Baso's "*Sun-faced Buddha, Moon-faced Buddha*,"[41] they tell you that it is "the body of one's proper subtle radiance that is prior to the onset of all the illnesses of mind." And they expect you to swallow all this! You could take a conventional explanation of this ilk, mix it up with some rice and set it out under the trees for a thousand days without getting even a crow to fly by for a second look.

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[38] This appears in the *Rinkan-roku* (Chinese, *Lin-kuan lu*, 林間錄), an anecdotal collection by the northern Sung priest Kakuhan Ekō 覺範慧洪 (Chinese, Chueh-fan Hui-hung, 1071–1128). *Kokuyaku zengaku taisei*, vol. 10 (Tokyo, 1929), p. 23.

[39] Four extremely poisonous things.

[40] Nangaku Ejō 南岳懷讓 (Chinese, Nan-yueh Huai-jang, 677–744). Nangaku, seeing Baso practicing zazen, took a tile and began polishing it. Baso asked what he was doing. He replied he was making a mirror. When Baso said he couldn't expect to make a mirror by polishing a tile, Nangaku first said, "And how do you expect to become a Buddha by doing zazen?" then spoke the words Hakuin quotes here. *Keitoku dentō-roku*, ch. 5. T. 51. p. 240c.

[41] Baso Dōitsu 馬祖道一 (Chinese, Ma-tsu Tao-i, 709–788). This was the answer Baso gave when a priest asked after his health. *Hekigan-roku* 碧巖錄 (Chinese, *Pi-yen lu*), case 3.

TRANSLATION

Talks by Hakuin Introductory to Lectures On the Records of Old Sokkō (4)

(*Sokkō-roku kaien fusetsu*)

TRANSLATED BY NORMAN WADDELL

LONG AGO, a son of the Shakya clan (he was known later as the "golden sage") went into the fastness of the Snowy Mountains to make his first retreat.[1] He carried cradled secretly in his arms an ancient, stringless lute. He strummed it with blind devotion for over six years, until one morning he saw a beam of light shining down from a bad star which startled him out of his senses.[2] The lute, strings and all, shattered into a million pieces. Presently, strange sounds began to issue from the surrounding heavens. Marvelous tones rose from the bowels of the earth. From that moment, he found that whenever he so much as moved a finger, sounds came forth which wrought successions of wondrous events, enlightening living beings of every kind.[3]

It began at the Deer Park, where he strummed the old four-strutted instrument, producing twelve elegant tones.[4] In mid-career, at Vulture

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[1] Here begins a lengthy section in which Hakuin praises a series of Indian, Chinese, and Japanese patriarchs of Zen, comparing their Zen styles to various sounds. He begins with Shakyamuni, the origin of the Zen transmission, and ends with 15th century Japanese priests of the Myōshin-ji line.

[2] Shakyamuni's enlightenment is said to have occurred when he looked up and saw the morning star. Hakuin calls it a "bad star" (*akusei* 悪星), using it, as he does "poison drum" or "poison words," to emphasize its power to destroy Shakyamuni's illusion and bring about his enlightenment.

[3] I.e., those womb-born, egg-born, water-born, and born by metamorphosis.

[4] The "four struts" (四柱; the characters can also mean "four pillars") are the Four

Peak, he articulated the perfectly rounded notes of the one vehicle.[5] At the end, he entered the Grove of Cranes, and there the sad strains of his final song were heard.[6] In all, his repertoire totalled five thousand and forty scrolls of marvelously wrought music.

Then a person appeared who understood—who could grasp these notes at the touch of a single string. He was known as Great Turtle.[7] When his carapace fractured—a sudden blossom-burst of cracks and fissures—the melody was taken up on twenty-eight large instruments.[8] When they had finished playing, a divine blue-eyed virtuoso with a purple beard arrived.[9]

How wonderful he was! With one sweep of the lion strings he swallowed up the voices of six schools. Eight times the phoenix strings changed hands as the divine lute passed in secret transmission.[10] The source of it all was this man from the land of Kōshi, in India, who was born the son of a king.[11]

Reaching the forested peaks of the Bear's Ears, he amused himself

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Noble Truths: pain or suffering, its cause, its ending, the way thereto." *Dict. of Chinese Buddhist Terms*, p. 182. The "twelve songs" refer to the 12-linked chain of dependent origination: ignorance, actions produced by ignorance, emergence of consciouness, mental activity, the five senses and mind, sensory contact, perception, craving, attachment, existence, birth, old age and death.

[5] Reference to the *Lotus Sutra*, where Shakyamuni preached the truth of the One Vehicle (Mahayana) by means of which all sentient beings can attain Buddhahood.

[6] Japanese, *Kakurin* 鶴林, where Shakyamuni gave his final teaching and entered Nirvana. The "Sutra of Bequeathed Teaching" (*Yuikyō-gyō* 遺教經) is said to contain this teaching.

[7] According to Zen tradition, Shakyamuni held up a flower during a sermon, but none among those assembled could grasp his meaning save his disciple Mahakashyapa ("Great Turtle" 大龜, J. Daiki), who broke into a smile. This is regarded as the start of the Zen transmission, handed down "outside the teachings" from master to disciple.

[8] The succession of 28 Indian patriarchs from Shakyamuni to Bodhidharma who transmitted the Zen Dharma in India.

[9] Bodhidharma.

[10] Lute strings made from lion gut and phoenix blood were reputed to produce sounds of exquisite beauty. The six schools are those which Bodhidharma refuted in India before he went to China. *Keitoku Dentō-roku*, 3 (*Ching-te ch'uan-teng lu*), section on Bodhidharma. "Eight times" apparently refers to the eight transmissions from Bodhidharma to Baso Dōitsu.

[11] According to accounts in the Chinese Zen histories, Bodhidharma was the son of a king of a country called Hsiang-chih 香至 (J. Kōshi) in southern India.

playing a holeless iron flute. But finding its sounds unable to rend men's bowels, he parcelled out his own skin flesh bone and marrow instead.[12]

Seven steps after him the transmission stumbled and a blind lifeless old nag was loosed upon the world. Kicking up his heels, he pranced forward at a high-stepping gait. Lathering up all three hundred and sixty joints, sending deadly milk flying wildly on every side, showers of blood and sweat steaming violently up from all eighty-four thousand pores, he stomped the trichilocosmic universe into dust, smashed the vaults of heaven into atoms with his deafening neighs, ran roughshod over Mount Sumerus by the millions, and ravaged lands in the six directions, leaving them in tiny pieces.[13]

The transmission continued. It was passed on at the foot of Mount Nansen, where a heavenly drum began to beat of its own accord.[14] Chōsha and Jōshū harmonized with the mysterious direct pointing and broke into powerful personal renditions of the secret melody.[15] It reached an old ferryman at the Daigi ford who liked to pass the time tapping away on the side of his boat, rapping out rough barbaric tunes that drowned out the notes of more graceful song.[16]

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[12] Bear's Ears Mountain (Hsiung-erh shan, 熊耳山; J. Yūji-san); site of Bodhidharma's grave. According to a Zen tradition, he did zazen there for 9 years (cf. *Zengaku yōkan*, Segawa Shobō, 1907, p. 248b); after which he called his four disciples and had each of them express their attainments. To one disciple Bodhidharma said, "You have attained my skin." To another, "You have attained my flesh." To a third, "You have attained my bone." And to Eka (Hui-k'o), his successor, he said, "You have attained my marrow."

[13] I.e., Baso Dōitsu 馬祖道一 (Ma-tsu Tao-i, 709–788; Baso means literally "Horse Patriarch"), an heir of Nangaku Ejō (Nan-yueh·Hui-jang). Baso was the eighth Zen patriarch in the transmission from Bodhidharma. Nangaku Ejō was told by his teacher, the Sixth Patriarch, that the 27th Indian patriarch Prajnatara had predicted that he (Nangaku) would produce a spirited young horse who would trample the whole world into the dust; *Zennen mōgyū*, 禪苑蒙求, 2 (*Ch'an-yuan meng-ch'iu*); *Gotōegen*, 3 (*Wu-teng yao-yuan*).

[14] Nansen Fugan 南泉普願 (Nan-ch'uan Pu-yuan, 748–835), a disciple of Baso Dōitsu.

[15] Chōsha Keijin 長沙景岑 (Chang-sha Ching-ts'en, n.d.) and Jōshū Jūshin 趙州從諗 (Chao-chou Ts'ung-shen, 778–897), disciples of Nansen Fugan. "Direct pointing to man's mind" is a maxim of the Zen school.

[16] Gantō Zenkatsu 巌頭全豁 (Yen-t'ou Ch'uan-huo, 828–887), a disciple of Tokusan Senkan (Te-shan Hsuan-chien). Forced to return to lay status during a suppression of

Old Elephant Bones sustained the resonance with his uncouth ways and wild dances.[17] At Mount Ra and Mount Sō the old tunes, infused with the divine, flowed out in elegant numbers perfectly regulated to the Dharma truth.[18] Shuzan and Sekisō pitched their tunes to the tones of "yellow bell" and "great harmony," producing music which was faint and subtle yet stern and relentless.[19] Country demons scuttled off in horror at the sound, idle spirits scurried into deep hiding.

The sharpest, most trenchant strains of all came from a poison drum slung upside down in the Kōtai-in in Kōnan province. Draining men's souls, bursting men's livers, they littered the landscape with the bodies of over eighty men and struck who knows how many others deaf and mute.[20]

Gyōsō took charge of the lute and carried it up into Mount Tō. Juken clasped it to his bosom and entered Mount Setchō. From their peaks emanated sounds which shook the whole world.[21]

Roarings from an iron lion were heard over the lands west of the

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Buddhism, Gantō continued his teaching efforts as a ferryman. Daigi 大義 (Ta-yi).

[17] Seppō Gizon 雪峯義存 (Hsueh-feng I-ts'un, 822–908; an heir of Tokusan Senkan). Elephant Bones (Zōkotsu, 象骨, Hsiang-ku) is another name for Seppō-san (Hsueh-feng shan; in present Fukien province), where Seppō resided.

[18] Rasan Dōkan 羅山道閑 (Lo-shan Tao-hsien, n.d.), an heir of Gantō Zenkatsu. Sozan Kōnin 疎山光仁 (Su-shan Kuang-jen, 837–909), an heir of Tōzan Ryōkai, a co-founder of the Sōtō (Ts'ao-tung) line.

[19] Shuzan Shōnen 首山省念 (Shou-shan Sheng-nien, 926–993), four generations after Rinzai Gigen (Lin-chi I-hsuan); noted for his "Three Phrases," used in koan study. Sekisō Keisho 石霜慶諸 (Shih-shuang Ch'ing-chu, 807–888), heir of Dōgo Enchi (Tao-wu Yuan-chih), known for his sleepless devotion to zazen. "Yellow bell" 黃鐘 and "great harmony" 大呂 are names given to two primary tones on the 12 tone Chinese musical scale; used figuratively to connote things of elemental significance (Morohashi 12, 965).

[20] Ummon Bunen 雲門文偃 (Yun-men Wen-yen, 862-949), founder of the Ummon line of Zen. The Kōtai-in 光泰院 (Kuang-t'ai yuan) was the name of his temple on Mount Ummon in Kōnan (Kuang-nan), in modern Kwangtung. The "eighty bodies" presumably refer to his Dharma heirs; the "countless others" to those who studied with him (he is said to have had over 1000 students) without receiving his transmission.

[21] Tōzan Gyōsō 洞山曉聰 (Tung-shan Hsiao-ts'ung), early Sung period, and Setchō Juken 雪竇重顯 (Hsueh-t'ou Ch'ung-hsien, 980–1052), co-author of the *Hekigan-roku (Pi-yen-lu)*, both of the Ummon line.

river—they would have killed the spirit in a wooden man.[22] Bayings of a straw dog filled the skies over Lake Shi—they would have started hard sweat on the flanks of a clay ox.[23]

Another true man emerged. He was a son of the Tō family of Hasei in Menshū. Known as Tōzan Rōjin, the Old Man of the Eastern Mountain, he devoted himself as a young monk to austere religious discipline at Brokenhead Peak. Later, he concealed his presence inside a clump of white cloud. One morning, he entered the rice-hulling shed, tucked up his hemp robe and made a single circumambulation of the millstone.[24] The thunder from this voiceless cloth drum rolled angrily out, snarling and snapping, and filled the world with its far-reaching reverberations—you would have thought the thunder god himself had been hired to pound a poison drum. It struck three Buddhas utterly senseless, and drained a quiet man of all his courage.[25]

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[22] Reference to Sekisō Soen 石霜楚圓 (Shih-shuang Ch'u-yuan, 986-1039), better known by the posthumous title Jimyō 慈明 (Tz'u-ming). A disciple of Fun'yō Zenshō (Feng-yang Shan-chao) in the Rinzai line, Jimyō's fierce devotion to his practice (he stuck himself in the thigh with a gimlet to keep from dozing off) earned him a reputation as the "lion west of the river." His example inspired the young Hakuin to continue his own training. The important Yōgi and Ōryō branches originate with Jimyō's disciples Yōgi Hōe (Yang-ch'i Fang-hui) and Ōryō E'nan (Huang-lung Hui-nan).

[23] Shiko Rishō 子湖利蹤 (Tzu-hu Li-tsung, 800–880), an heir of Nansen Fugan. "There's a dog at Lake Shi," said Shiko. "Superior people get his head. Mediocre people get his heart. Inferior people get his legs. If you hesitate at all, your life is lost." A monk asked, "What about the dog?" "Woof! Woof!" barked the master. *Dentō-roku*, 10.

[24] Goso Hōen 五祖法演 (Wu-tsu Fa-yen, 1024-1104), an heir of Hakuun Shutan (Po-yun Shou-tuan) in the third generation of the Yōgi line; son of the Tō 鄧 (Teng) family of Hasei 巴西 (Pa-hsi) in Menshū 綿州 (Mien-chou), modern Szechwan. After studying doctrines of other Buddhist schools, Goso practiced Zen under Enkan Hōen (Yuan-chien Fa-yuan), who later sent him to Hakuun Shutan (Po-yen Shou-tuan; Hakuun means "white cloud"). He eventually succeeded Hakuun and spent his later years at Tōzan 東山 (Tung-shan), in modern Hupeh. Brokenhead Peak, Mount Hazu 破頭山 (P'o-t'ou shan), is one of the peaks at Ōbai-zan (Huang-mei shan), where it seems he went after leaving Hakuun. The episode Hakuin quotes here appears in the *Zenrinsōbō-den* 禪林僧寶傳 (*Ch'an-lin seng-pao chuan*), appendix 1: "A monk pointed to Goso rapidly turning the rice mill and said, 'Is that the working of supernatural power (*jinzū*)? Or is it the state of things-as-they-are?' Goso tucked up his robes and made a circumambulation of the mill."

[25] The "three Buddhas" are Goso Hōen's disciples Butsugen Seion 佛眼清遠 (Fo-yen Ch'ing-yuan, 1067–1120), Bukkan Egon 佛鑑慧懃 (Fo-kuan Hui-ch'in, 1059–1119),

Myōki chanted, his voice reaching up and down the coasts of Kōyō. Bukkan roared, the reports piercing the bottom of the Dragon's Pool. Long howls emanating from Kokyū, Tiger Hill, shook whole forests to their roots. Bitter, soul-rending cries of a Yellow Dragon checked sailing clouds right in their tracks.[26]

Beating time to the age-old rhythm, Donge, Kanketsu, Sōgaku, and Fugan all penetrated the farthest reaches of its infinite subtleties.[27]

An old farmer in Shimei province who called himself Sokkō, Retired Field-tiller, kept up a constant stream of song as he swung his iron mattock. One day, he saw an ancient column of light from a large peak illuminate a memorial tower, and the marvelous principle entered him, filling him to his fingertips and producing sounds that moved two forests and swept through ten temples. The echoes it created winged their way eastward and fell in Japan.[28]

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and Bukka Zenji 佛果禪師 (Fo-kuo Ch'an-shih = Engo Kokugon 圜悟克勤; Yuan-wu Ko-ch'in, 1063–1135), all of whose names begin with the character "Buddha". The "quiet man" is another of Goso's disciples, Daizui Nandō 大隨南堂 (Ta-sui Nan-t'ang, d. 1135), whose honorary title Genjō 元靜 (Yuan-ching) contains the character "quiet".

[26] Daie Sōkō 大慧宗杲 (Ta-hui Tsung-kao, 1089–1163), master in the 5th generation of the Yōgi line. Kōyō 衡陽 (Heng-yang), in modern Hunan, is where Daie lived in retirement after he became involved in difficulties with the government. Myōki 妙喜 (Miao-hsi) is one of his pseudonyms. Bukkan 佛鑑 (Fo-chien) is the honorary title of Bushun Shihan 無準師範 (Wu-chun Shih-fan, 1177–1249), third generation from Mittan Kanketsu in the Yōgi line. Enni Ben'en, 1201–1280, an heir of Bukkan who founded the Tōfuku-ji in Kyoto, was one of several Japanese monks who studied with the master. Dragon's Pool (Ryūen, 龍淵, Lung-yuan) was a name inscribed on a plaque in Bukkan's chambers at the famous Kinzan (Ching-shan) monastery (*Dasoku*, 18v), where both Daie and Bukkan served as abbot.

Kukyū Jōryū 虎丘紹隆 (Hu-ch'iu Shao-lung, 1077–1136), a disciple of Engo Kokugon. Ōryō E'nan 黃龍慧南 (Huang-lung Hui-nan, 1002–1069), an heir of Sekisō Soen and founder of the Ōryō line.

[27] Ō'an Donge 圜庵曇華 (Ying-an T'an-hua, 1103–1163), an heir of Kukyū Jōryū, second generation in the Engo (Kokugon) line; Mittan Kanketsu, 密庵咸傑 (Mi-an Hsien-chieh, 1118–1186), an heir of Ō'an Donge; Shōgen Sūgaku 松源崇岳 (Sung-yuan Ch'ung-yueh, 1139–1209), an heir of Mittan Kanketsu; and Un'an Fugan 運庵普岩 (Yun-an P'u-yen, 1156–1226), an heir of Shōgen Sūgaku.

[28] Kidō Chigu 虛堂智愚 (Hsu-t'ang Chih-yu, 1185–1226), whose *records* are the subject of the present work, *Sokkō-roku kaien fusetsu*. Hakuin frequently refers to him by his pseudonym Sokkō 息耕 (Hsi-keng). A native of Shimei 四明 (Ssu-ming), in present-day Chekiang province, he received the Zen transmission from Un'an Fugan. His

There, they startled the golden cock, who clapped his wings and announced the coming dawn. A jade tortoise began sobbing out the sorrows of his heart.[29] It brought mild spring warmth to Recumbent Mountain.[30] It danced white flakes of snow over fields of purple.[31] A herd of deer, streaking auspiciously by, made lightning seem slow.[32] A bright pearl turned—its brightness throwing the surrounding seas into darkness.[33]

The transmission reached the flower fields of Hanazono. Eight sounds rang out,[34] striking everyone dumb—they boomed like the great poison-lacquered crocodile drum that destroys everything within earshot.

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enlightenment came while he was working on the koan "Sōzan's (Su-shan's) Memorial Tower," in which Sōzan says, "On Daiyu Peak is an old Buddha who emits dazzling shafts of light" (the entire koan is given in *Zen Dust*, p. 60). He served as abbot at ten temples, including two large monasteries. Noted as a Zen poet, Kidō is important in Japan as the master of Nampo Jōmyō (see footnote 30).

[29] The golden cock, that roosts in heaven, is used figuratively to refer to the sun. Here he heralds the coming dawn of the Japanese Zen school. Is the jade tortoise a reference perhaps to the moon: the darkness prior to awakening?

[30] "Recumbent Mountain": 横岳山崇福寺, Ōgaku-zan Sōfuku-ji, one of the first Zen temples established in Japan (1241). Nampo Jōmyō (南浦紹明, 1235-1309; Daiō Kokushi) studied with Kidō Chigu in China, received his transmission, and brought the teachings of his line back to Japan. Nampo served as abbot at a number of Japanese temples, including the Sōfuku-ji. His line became the main branch of Japanese Rinzai Zen.

[31] The Murasakino district of Kyoto, where Nampo Jōmyō's heir Shūhō Myōchō (宗峯妙超, 1282–1338; Daitō Kokushi) founded the Daitoku-ji.

[32] Allusion to the teaching style of the Chinese priest Mugaku Sogen 無學 元 (Wu-hsueh Tsu-yuan, 1226–1286; hon title, Bukkō Kokushi), a priest of the Yōgi line who was invited to Japan by the Shogun Hōjō Tokimune, who built a temple, the Engaku-ji, for him in Kamakura. At the opening ceremony a herd of deer ran through the precincts. It was taken as an auspicious sign, and the temple was given the name Zuiroku-zan 瑞鹿山 (Auspicious Deer Mountain) Engaku-ji. *Empō Dentōroku*, 2, section on Mugaku.

[33] A play on the name of a sub-temple of the Daitoku-ji founded by Ikkyū Sōjun (一休宗純, 1394–1481), the Shinju-an 真珠庵 (Dharma-pearl Hermitage).

[34] "Flower Fields" (Kaho, 華園=Hanazono, 花園) refers to the Myōshin-ji in Kyoto, established for another of Nampo Jōmyō's disciples, Kanzan Egen (關山慧玄, 1277–1360), by the Emperor Hanazono ("Flower Fields"). The eight sounds apparently refer to the teachings of the other (eight) schools of Japanese Buddhism.

Branching rapidly out, it formed into four main pillars,[35] large instruments of surpassing wisdom and smaller instruments of earnest application, whose voices rolled throughout the universe, penetrated far beyond the seas.

How sad it is, then, to see the great elegance of this music withered away, its place taken by obscene noises pouring forth unchecked. The time-old tunes have been completely drowned out by the discordance of these vulgar, degenerate songs.

Observe the extraordinary caliber of the patriarchal teachers we have surveyed. Who among them bears any resemblance to the people of today? Most of you have not passed through the Barriers [koans] raised by these men, their essential core of truth is unpenetrated, so the fire still burns restlessly in your minds. You won't have a moment's peace as long as you live. You are like someone who suffers at daily intervals from a chronic fever. You try to meditate for five days or so. You give it up and begin prostrating yourself in front of Buddhist images. After five days, you discard that practice and start chanting sutras. Five days later, you quit again, switch to a dietary regimen, one meal a day. You are like someone confined to bed with a serious illness who can't sleep and tries to sit up, only to find he is unable to do that either. You stumble along like a blind mule, not knowing where your feet are taking you. And all because you were careless at the start—your entrance into the Way was not a breakthrough of unbearable joy and profound fulfillment.

It frequently happens that someone will take up Zen and spend three, five, perhaps even seven years doing zazen, but because he does not apply himself with total and thorough devotion, he fails to achieve true singlemindedness, and his practice does not bear fruit. As months and years pass, he goes on without ever experiencing the joy of Nirvana, and samsaric retribution is always there waiting if he stops or regresses.

[35] Four disciples of Sekkō Sōshin (雪江宗深, 1408–1486; a priest known as the restorer of the Myōshin-ji), from whom begin the four main branches of the Myoshin-ji line: Keisen Sōryū 景川宗隆, 1425–1500, Ryōsen branch; Gokei Sōton 悟渓宗頓, 1416–1500, Tōkai branch; Tokuhō Zenketsu 特芳禅傑, 1419–1506, Reiun branch; and Tōyō Eichō 東陽英朝, 1428–1504, whose Shōtaku line, to which Hakuin belonged, was particularly influential in the Tokugawa period.

At that point, he turns to the calling of the Name and goes all he knows for the Nembutsu, eagerly desirous of being reborn in the Pure Land. His previous resolve to bore his way through to the truth is cast to the winds, his resolution to negotiate the Path forgotten. People like this have enjoyed great success ever since the Sung. They have most of them been people of mediocre caliber, weak limp-spirited followers of Zen.

Wanting to cover up their lack of success and compensate for their own shortcomings, they are quick to cite the rebirth and reincarnation of men like Kai of Mount Goso, Shinnyo Kitsu, and Gi of Dangai,[36] and to draw from their examples the conclusion that practicing zazen is useless. They are singularly unaware that those men were primarily practicers of the Nembutsu. Alas! in their zeal to support their own preconceived and commonplace notions, they rustle up a brokendown reincarnated old warhorse or two whose religious aspirations were weak to begin with, who had no real gift for instant discernment, in order to throw into disrepute the wise saints who have forged the actual links in the Dharma transmission, thus perverting the secret, untransmittable essence that these men have transmitted Dharma-father to Dharma-son. The five cardinal sins themselves cannot compare with what they have done. The sins they have piled up reach beyond the heavens. There is is no possible way they can repent.

Essentially, there is no Pure Land separate from Zen; there is no mind or Buddha separate from Zen. The Sixth Patriarch was a teacher of men who manifested himself for eighty successive lives.[37] Nangaku

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[36] An apparent allusion to stories related in Zen literature involving rebirths or reincarnations of these three figures: Kai of Mount Goso 五祖戒 (Goso Shikai, 五祖師戒; Wu-tsu Shih-chiai, n.d.), a Sung priest of the Ummon line, said to be the previous incarnation of the poet Su Tung-po (*Nindenhōkan* 人天宝鑑; *Jen-t'ien Pao-chien*, 1); Gi of Dangai 斷崖義 (Tenmoku Ryōgi 天目了義; T'ien-mu Liao-i, n.d.), reborn as a human being because of good works performed as an eminent priest (*Sannan zatsuroku* 山庵雜録; *Shan-an Tsa-lu*, 1); Shinnyo Tetsu 真如喆 (Taii Bōtetsu 大潙慕喆; Ta-kuei Mu-tse, d. 1095); Shinnyo was his posthumous title. I have been unable to find much to suggest that they were engaged primarily in Pure Land practice.

[37] *Kaienfusetsu dasoku* (21v) quotes Engo Kokugon here: "The Sixth Patriarch, an authentic old Buddha, manifested himself in the world of men in the form of a 'good teacher' (*zenchishiki*) for 80 successive lifetimes in order to help others. . . .It was all owing to his profound compassion and indomitable religious will." Hakuin seems to mean that the inherent ability and religious aspiration of outstanding priests like the

was a venerable master who had stored up knowledge from three previous existences.[38] It is all a great ocean of infinite calm and tranquillity, a great empty sky where no traces remain. There are rebirths, there is reincarnation in human form, men are born in the Pure Land—and there are men of the *un*born. Heaven and hell, the impure world and the Pure Land—these are like a Mani gem of pure suchness moving freely and easily on a tray. If even the slightest trace of thought intrudes, it is like a fool scooping foul water from a midnight pool.

If the ultimate principle of the Buddha Dharma was a matter of desiring rebirth in the Pure Land, the First Patriarch Bodhidharma could simply have sent a letter to China, one or two lines telling everyone: "All you have to do is devote yourselves singlemindedly to repeating the Nembutsu and you will attain rebirth in the Pure Land." What need would there have been to cross ten thousand miles of perilous sea and endure all the hardships he did in order to transmit the Dharma of seeing into the self-nature (*kenshō*)?

As you know, the *Meditation Sutra*[39] declares the Buddha's body to be as tall as "ten quadrillion miles multiplied by the number of sand particles in sixty Ganges rivers." You must see that Buddha-body. You must give it your closest scrutiny. Because that and that alone is the way which will point you directly to the mind, make you see your own self-nature, and bring you to attainment of supreme enlightenment.

Sixth Patriarch and Nangaku Eshi were so great they were able to get themselves reborn as religious teachers over and over again in order to help others.

[38] A reference to Nangaku Eshi 南嶽慧思 (Nan-yueh Hui-ssu, 515–577), teacher of Chih-i, founder of Chinese T'ien-t'ai Buddhism. In works such as the *Zoku Kōsō-den (Hsu kao-seng chuan)*, Nangaku is described as being able to see his existence in three previous rebirths. "At Mount Nangaku (Nan-yueh), he pointed to the foot of a cliff and said, 'In my previous existence, while I was doing zazen there, my head was cut off by bandits.' Search was made and a small collection of human bones was found. Later, when he was at another mountain, he pointed to a large rock. 'Two existences ago, I lived here,' he said, picking up an old skull. . . .Some years later, in yet another place, he said, 'There used to be a temple here. I resided in it three lives ago.' He had people dig at the spot and they uncovered articles used by monks as well as the foundations of a Buddhist hall." *Busso tōki* 佛祖統紀 *(Fo-tsu t'ung-chi)*, 10. A slightly different account appears in *Dentō-roku*, 27.

[39] "Sutra of Meditation on the Buddha of Boundless Life" (*Kanmuryōju-kyō*, 観無量壽経), one of the principal sutra-texts of the Pure Land tradition.

Eshin-in Sōzu said that "Great faith enables you to see a great Buddha."[40] Zen practice has you break through so that you see that venerable old Buddha with perfect clarity. If you seek elsewhere or in any other way, you will find yourself among the tribe of evil demons who work to destroy the Buddha's Dharma. That is why the sutra says, "If you see the self as a form or appearance, if you seek the self in sounds or in voices, you are on the wrong path, and will never be able to gaze up at the Buddha."[41]

All Tathagatas, or Buddhas, are said to possess three bodies: a Dharma-body, Birushana, which is said to be "present in all places"; a Recompense-body, Rushana, which is called "pure and perfect"; and a Transformation-body, Shakyamuni, described as "tranquillity through great endurance." The three appear in the bodies of all sentient beings as tranquillity, wisdom, and [unimpeded] activity or function. Tranquillity corresponds to the Dharma-body, wisdom to the Recompense-body, activity to the Transformation Body.[42]

The great teacher Bodhidharma said,[43]

"If a sentient being constantly cultivates good karmic roots, the Transformation-body Buddha will manifest itself. If he cultivates wisdom, the Recompense-body Buddha will manifest itself. If he cultivates non-activity, the Dharma-body Buddha will manifest itself.

[40] Eshin-in Sōzu 慧心院僧都, also known as Genshin, 942–1017. Tendai priest regarded as one of the forerunners of Japanese Pure Land Buddhism. The quotation, from Genshin's *Ōjō Yōshū* 往生要集 ("Essentials for Rebirth"), has the word *nen* 念 ("keep in mind") where Hakuin uses *shin* 信 ("faith").

[41] *Diamond Sutra.*

[42] The Dharma-body (Sanskrit, Dharma-kāya; Japanese, *hosshin* 法身) is the essential nature of the formless, eternal Buddha; it is invisible to the senses and present everywhere throughout the universe. The Recompense-body or Reward-body (Sanskrit, Sambhoga-kāya; Japanese, *hōshin* 報身) is Buddha enjoying itself in its manifestation as a Tathagata or Thus-come. The Transformation-body (Sanskrit, Nirmāṇna-kāya; Japanese, *keshin* 化身) is the Buddha manifesting itself in the form of man as the Tathagata Shakyamuni. The identification of Dharma-kāya with Birushana 毘盧遮那 (S. Vairocana, the central Buddha of the *Avataṃsaka Sutra*, originally meaning the Sun), Sambhoga-kāya with Rushana 盧舎那 (meaning Illuminating), and Nirmāna-kāya with Shakyamuni (the Illuminated or Enlightened One) is a Tendai (T'ien-t'ai) doctrine.

[43] From the *Goshō-ron* 悟性論 (*Wu-hsing lun*), included in the *Shōshitsu rokumon* 少室六門 (*Shao-shih liu-men*). Hakuin quotes approximately.

In the Transformation-body, a Buddha soars throughout the ten directions, accommodating himself freely to circumstances as he delivers sentient beings. In the Recompense-body, the Buddha Shakyamuni entered the Snowy Mountains, eliminated evil, cultivated good, and attained the Way. In the Dharma-body, Buddha remains tranquil and unchanging, without words or preaching.

"Speaking from the standpoint of the ultimate principle, not even one Buddha exists, much less three. The idea of three Buddha bodies only came into being in response to differences—high, middling, low—in human intelligence. People of inferior intelligence, who deludedly delight in the exercise of worldly fortune, deludedly see the Buddha of the Transformation-body. Those of middling intelligence, deludedly engaged in eliminating evil passions, deludedly see the Buddha of the Recompense-body. Those of higher intelligence, who are deludedly engaged in realizing enlightenment, deludedly see the Buddha of the Dharma-body.

"People of the highest intelligence, turning their light inwardly, illuminate themselves and attain a state of perfect tranquillity; then, their minds perfectly clear, they are Buddhas. Their Buddhahood is attained without recourse to the workings of mind. They then know that the three Buddha-bodies as well as all the myriad things can none of them either be grasped or expounded.

"Isn't this what the sutra means when it states that 'Buddhas do not preach the Dharma, do not save sentient beings, do not realize enlightenment?' "

The great teacher Ōbaku said,[44] *"The Dharma preaching of the Dharma-body can't be found in the written word, in voices or other sounds, or in forms or appearances. It is not something that can be preached; it is not something that can be realized; it is self-nature and self-nature alone, which is absolutely empty and which runs through all things. Hence the sutra says, 'No Dharma can be preached—the preaching of that unpreachable Dharma is what is called preaching the Dharma.'*[45] *Although both the Recompense-body and Transformation-body manifest themselves to expound the Dharma in response to*

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[44] Ōbaku Kiun 黄檗希運 (Huang-po Hsi-yun, d. mid. 9th century). From the *Denshin hōyō* 傳心法要 (*Chuan-hsin fa-yao*).

[45] *Diamond Sutra.*

people's capacities, that is not the true Dharma. Indeed, neither the Recompense nor Transformation body are the true Buddha, nor is what they preach the true Dharma."

You must realize that although Buddhas appear in response to sentient beings in a limitless variety of shapes and sizes, large and small, they never appear except as the three Buddha-bodies. In the *Sutra of the Supreme Kings of Golden Light*,[46] we find the words, "When the three bodies are thus completely achieved, supreme enlightenment is attained. . . . Among the three, the Recompense-body and Transformation-body are merely provisional appearances. The Dharma-body alone is true and real, constant and unchanging, as the fundamental source of the other two."

Still the words of the sutra[47] are clear: the height of a Buddha's body is "ten quadrillion miles multiplied by the number of sand particles in sixty Ganges rivers." Can you tell me: Is this colossal body a Recompense-body? Is it a Transformation-body? Or perhaps it is the Dharma-body? It has already been stated that the Recompense and Transformation bodies appear to benefit sentient beings in response to their different capacities, yet a world large enough to accommodate such a Buddha, and the gigantic size of the sentient beings to whom he would appear, are both nonsensical. And don't say that because sentient beings in a Pure Land of that size would be correspondingly large, a Buddha would have to manifest himself in a large form too. If that were true, Bodhisattvas, religious seekers, and everyone else who inhabited such a world would have to be just as tall—"ten quadrillion miles multiplied by the number of sand particles in sixty Ganges rivers."

The width of a river the size of the Ganges measures forty leagues across; its sands are as small as finest atoms. Not even a god or demon could count the sand in a single Ganges River, or in half a Ganges River, for that matter—or even the sand in an area ten foot square. And we are talking here about the sand in sixty Ganges! The all-seeing eyes of the Buddha himself could not count them. These, in essence,

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[46] *Konkōmyō saishōō kyō* 金光明最勝王經, "Sutra of the Supreme Kings of Golden Light" (Sanskrit, Suvarṇaprabhāsottama-sūtra). This quotation is from the 2nd chapter ("Distinguishing the Three Bodies").

[47] *Meditation Sutra.*

are numbers which cannot be reckoned, calculations which are beyond calculating. Yet they contain a profound truth which is among the most difficult to grasp of all the truths in the Buddhist sutras. It is the golden bone and golden marrow of the Venerable Buddha of Boundless Life [Amida]. If I had to say anything at all about it, it would be that the sand in those sixty Ganges rivers alludes to the colors, sounds, and other kinds of "dust" that appear as objects to the six organs of sense.[48]

Not a single dharma among all those that exist transcends the six kinds of dust. When you are perfectly awakened to the fact that each and every one of those dharmas is, in itself, the golden body of the Buddha of Boundless Life in its entirety, you pass beyond the realm of samsaric suffering and become one with supreme perfect enlightenment right where you stand. At that time, everywhere, east and west alike, is the Land of the Lotus Paradise[49]—it extends in all directions throughout the trichiliocosmic universe, not a pinpoint of earth excepted. This is the meaning of "everywhere, universally," that great, all-pervading, primordial peace and tranquillity of Birushana Buddha's Dharma-body, which pervades freely all things, is perfectly unhindered in all beings, and remains without change for kalpas on end.

The scripture goes on to say that those who recite the Mahayana sutras belong to the highest class of the highest rank of those who are reborn in the Pure Land.[50] What are "Mahayana sutras"? Not those yellow scrolls of paper with the red handles. There's no question about it, they indicate the Buddha-mind that is originally furnished in your own home. So that foolish talk about Zen practice being ineffective is inexcusable. I'm not referring now to wise, compassionate saints who are motivated by the working of their Bodhisattva vow to try to extend the benefits of salvation to those of mediocre and inferior capability.[51] They engage in Pure Land practices themselves so they can instill a firm

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[48] Six "dusts" or objects of perception (corresponding to the six sense organs): color and form, odor, taste, sound, tactile objects, mental objects; called dusts because they give rise to desires and thus pollute the mind.

[49] Amida's Pure Land.

[50] *Meditation Sutra.*

[51] E.g., Genshin (see fn. 40 above); and Hōnen, 1133–1212, founder of the Jōdo (Pure Land) school.

desire for Pure Land rebirth in their followers and enable them to acquire a mastery of the triple mind and fourfold practice.[52]

But for a member of the Zen school who has neglected to apply himself totally to his own training to declare afterwards that Zen practice is useless, for him to say that sole devotion to Zen practice does not bring results—such a person cannot be allowed to escape without severest scrutiny. He is just like someone who has failed the civil service examination, been passed over for government appointment, and is reduced to an ignoble existence drifting around the country sponging off others—and who then points to a few government officials who have been dismissed and banished to the provinces, examples which prove, he says, the uncertainty and precariousness of government service. The man is himself a failure yet he insists upon belittling others of genuine worth who have passed the examinations with highest honors. Doesn't he remind you of someone who is unable to raise his food up to his mouth yet who keeps assuring you he isn't eating because he's not hungry?

Adding Pure Land to Zen, someone said, is like fixing a tiger with wings.[53] What empty-headed piffle! Ah, Zen! Zen! Anyone who would say something like that could never understand Zen, not even in his wildest dreams. Why if you show adepts of the three ranks or wise ones of the four ranks[54] the slightest glimpse of its working, they topple over into deep shock, their hearts and livers sapped of life. Those who have gone beyond them to even higher stages of attainment lose all their nerve. Even Buddha-patriarchs plead for their lives. Zen is not something that has to appropriate expediencies like these from other schools to aid its future generations.

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[52] Requirements for the Nembutsu practicer to attain Pure Land rebirth: the "triple mind" (*sanshin* 三心): mind of perfect sincerity, mind that deeply desires rebirth, mind that vows to turn its merits to benefit others; and fourfold practice (*shishu* 四修): practice Nembutsu alone, practice it constantly, practice it with reverence, practice it for an entire lifetime.

[53] From the *Sugyō-roku* 宗鏡録 (*Tsung-ching lu*), a 100 fascicle work by Yōmei Enju 永明延寿 (Yung-ming Yen-shou, 904–975), of the Hōgen 法眼 (Fa-yen) school, who advocated the unity of Zen and Pure Land teachings. The wings would make a tiger even more formidable.

[54] These refer to high levels of attainment in the paths of Bodhisattvahood and Arhatship.

I have heard recently about an old clam who has burrowed himself into a Naniwa riverbank.[55] He has been slumbering his time away in a thousand-year sleep, missing any chance he may have to encounter a Tathagata when one appears in the world. But somehow, these words reached his sleeping ears. He raised himself out of his slumber in a huff, blew out a great spray, ten thousands bushels of venomous poison foam. Then he opened his jaws wide. "Adding Pure Land to Zen," he said, "is like a cat losing its eyes. Adding Zen to Pure Land is like raising a sail on the back of a cow."[56] Granted he was just prattling off at the mouth, even so, such marvelous prattle!

Twenty years ago, a man said that in two or three hundred years all Zennists will have joined the Pure Land schools.[57] My answer was, "If a follower of Zen does not apply himself to his practice with absolute devotion, he will indeed gravitate to the Pure Land teaching. If a follower of the Pure Land does the Nembutsu singlemindedly and is able to achieve samadhi, he will flow inevitably into Zen."

A great and worthy man told this story. "There were, thirty or forty years ago, two holy men, one named Enjo and the other Engū.[58] It is not known where Engū was from or what his family name was, but he devoted himself constantly and singlemindedly to the calling of the Name—he kept at it as relentlessly as he would have swept a fire from the top of his head. One day he suddenly entered samadhi and realized complete and perfect emancipation—his attainment radiated from his entire being. He set directly out to visit Dokutan Rōjin at Hatsuyama in Tōtomi province.[59] When he arrived, Dokutan asked him,

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[55] Clam (Rakō, 螺蛤). A pseudonym used by Tenkei Denson 天桂傳尊, 1648–1735, a Sōtō priest who served as abbot at several temples in Naniwa (Osaka). Hakuin's remarks of praise seem to contain a playful criticism of the quietistic Sōtō tradition to which Tenkei belongs. Shellfish were said to sleep for a thousand years.

[56] This quotation appears in Tenkei's commentary on the *Platform Sutra*, *Rokusodangyō Kaisui-iteki* 六祖壇經海水一滴, 3.

[57] *Kaienfusetsu kōwa* (p. 243) attributes this statement to Tenkei Denson.

[58] Enjo, 圓恕; Engū, 圓愚. *Kaienfusetsu kōwa* (p. 243) attributes this to Unkai Shōnin 雲海上人 of the Ungan-ji 雲巖寺.

[59] Dokutan Rōjin. Dokutan Shōkei 獨湛性瑩 (Tu-chan Hsing-ying, 1628–1706), Chinese priest of the Ōbaku Zen sect; known as "Nembutsu Dokutan." The Shozan 初山 (=Hatsuyama) Hōrin-ji 寶林寺 is a temple he founded in Enshū, 遠州 i.e., Tōtomi, in present Shizuoka prefecture.

Where are you from?
From Yamashiro, he replied.
What Buddhism do you practice? Dokutan inquired.
I'm a Pure Land Buddhist, he said.
How old is the Revered Buddha of Boundless Life?
He's about my age, said Engū.
Where is he right now? asked Dokutan.
Engū made a fist with his right hand and raised it slightly.
You are a true man of the Pure Land, said Dokutan."

This substantiates what I just said about Pure Land followers gravitating inevitably to Zen if they repeat the Name singlemindedly and enter into samadhi. Unfortunately, Pure Land followers who turn to Zen are harder to find than stars at midday, while Zennists who avail themselves of Pure Land practices are more numerous than the stars on a clear night.

Recently, I have heard tales about Nembutsu meetings in remote Zen temples in the country where people set up gongs and metal drums and beat them while wailing out loud Nembutsu choruses, startling the surrounding villages with the din.

Ahh! that prediction about Zen three hundred years from now is terrifying. Barring the appearance of some great Zen saint like Baso or Rinzai,[60] the situation seems beyond redemption. It gives my liver the willies every time I think about it.

So loyal and valiant patricians of the secret depths, gird up the loins of your spirits! Make piles of brushwood your beds! Make adversity your daily ration!

[60] Baso Dōitsu and Rinzai Gigen, great Zen masters of the T'ang dynasty.

TRANSLATION

Talks by Hakuin Introductory to Lectures On the Records of Old Sokkō (5)

(*Sokkō-roku kaien fusetsu*)

Translated by

Norman Waddell

IN THE THIRD section of the *Platform Sutra*, the one devoted to doubts and questions, the Sixth Patriarch makes the statement: "Considered as a manifestation in form, the Paradise in the West lies one hundred and eight thousand leagues from here, a distance created by the ten evils and eight false practices in ourselves."[1]

Shukō of Unsei, a Ming priest of recent times who lived in Hang-

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* I wish to thank Tokiwa Gishin for helping me obtain a photocopy of a first edition of the *Sokkō-roku kaien fusetsu*, annotated with marginalia in Hakuin's own hand, now in the library of Hanazono College. I have also been aided by Professor Tokiwa's recently published modern Japanese translation of the work (*Hakuin*, Daijō butten #27, Chūokōron-sha, Tokyo, 1988).

[1] The Platform Sutra of the Sixth Patriarch (*Rokuso Daishi Hōbōdankyō* 六祖大師法宝壇経; Chin. *Liu-tsu ta-shih fa-pao t'an-ching*) records the teachings of the Sixth Chinese Zen Patriarch Enō (慧能; Chin. Hui-neng, 638–713). Here Hakuin summarizes from a passage in which Enō answers a questioner who wants to know if invoking the name of Amida Buddha will enable the caller to be born in Amida Buddha's Pure Land in the West. T48. 2008.352a. The ten evils (*jū-aku* 十悪) are killing, stealing, adultery, lying, duplicity of speech, coarse language, filthy language, covetousness, anger, perverted views. The eight false practices (*hachi-ja* 八邪) are those in opposition to the eightfold holy path of right views, thoughts, speech, acts, living, effort, mindfulness, meditation.

chou during the Wan-li period (1573–1627), wrote in his commentary on the *Amida Sutra*:[2]

> The *Platform Sutra* mistakenly identifies India with the Pure Land of Bliss. India and China are both part of this defiled world in which we live. If India were the Pure Land, what need would there be for people to aspire toward the eastern quarter or yearn toward the west? "Amida's Pure Land of Bliss lies west of here, many millions of Buddha lands distant from this world."[3]
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> What we know as the *Platform Sutra* consists of records compiled by disciples of the Sixth Patriarch. We have no assurance that what they have compiled is free from error. We must be very careful to keep such a work from beginning students. If it falls into the hands of those who lack the capacity to understand it, it will turn them into wild demons of destruction. How deplorable!

Faugh! Who was this Shukō anyway? Some hidebound Confucian? An apologist for the Lesser Vehicle? Maybe a Buddhist of Pure Land persuasion who cast groundless aspersions on this sacred work because he was blind to the profound truth contained in the *Meditation Sutra*,[4] because he was simply not equipped with the eye which would enable him to read sutras? Or maybe he was a cohort of Mara the Destroyer manifesting himself in the guise of a priest, shaven-headed, black-rob-

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[2] Unsei Shukō (Chin. Yun-ch'i Chu-hung 雲棲株宏; 1535–1615), also known by the courtesy title Butsu'e (Chin. Fo-hui; 佛慧) and honorific title Renchi (Chin. Lien-ch'ih; 蓮池). Though an eminent Ming priest, Shukō is a frequent target of criticism in Hakuin's writings for his Nembutsu Zen. His commentary on the *Amida Sutra*, *Amida-kyō Shosō*, (*A-mi-t'o ching su ch'ao*; *Zokuzōkyō* 33), 4 *ch.*, is one of his most important works.

[3] Shukō's criticism of Enō's statement quoted above that the Pure Land is 108,000 leagues (*ri*, 里 *li*) from China is predicated on the assumption that Enō is equating the Pure Land with India, an assumption presumably based on a belief that the distance from the west gate of Ch'ang-an in China to the east gate of Kapilavastu in India was 108,000 *li*. Yanagida Seizan cites a Chinese source in *Zenke goroku* I, Chikuma shobō, 1972, p. 101a. In two of the principal Pure Land sutras, the *Amida Sutra* and *Larger Sutra of Boundless Life* (*Daimuryōju-kyō*) the Pure Land is said to lie to the west distant by millions upon millions of Buddha-lands.

[4] The *Meditation Sutra* (*Kanmuryōju-kyō*), another primary scripture of the Pure Land tradition, states that the Pure Land is "not far from here."

ed, hiding beneath a mask of verbal prajñā, bent on destroying with his slander the wondrously subtle, hard-to-encounter words of a true Buddhist saint?

Such ascriptions would seem to fit him all too well. Yet someone took exception to them.[5] "There is no reason to wonder about Master Kō,"[6] he said. "Take a good look and you will see that he just lacked the eye of *kenshō*.[7] He didn't have the strength that comes from realizing the Buddha's truth. Not having the karma from previous existence to enable him to reach prajñā wisdom if he continued forward and being afraid to retreat because of the terrible samsaric retribution he knew awaited him in the next life, he turned to Pure Land faith. He began to devote himself exclusively to calling Amida's Name, hoping that at his death he would see Amida and his attendant Bodhisattvas arriving to welcome him to birth in the Pure Land and thereby attain the fruit of Buddhahood.[8]

"So when he happened to open the *Platform Sutra* and read the golden utterances of the Sixth Patriarch expounding the authentic 'direct pointing' of the Zen school,[9] and he realized they were totally at odds with the aspirations he had been cherishing, it dashed all his hopes. Yet this also roused him into putting together the commentary we now see. It was his way of redeeming the worthless notions to which he had grown so attached.

"So he was no Confucian, Taoist, or ally of Mara either. He was just a blind priest with a tolerable facility for the written word. We should not be surprised at him. Beginning from the time of the Sung dynasty, people like him have been as numerous as flax seed."

If what this person says is in fact true, the course of action that Shukō took was extremely ill-advised. We are fortunate that we do have the compassionate instructions of the Sixth Patriarch. Shouldn't

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[5] Probably Hakuin himself.

[6] "Master Kō" = [Shu]Kō.

[7] I.e., the wisdom attained upon seeing into one's own nature (*kenshō*).

[8] The nineteenth of the 48 vows made by Amida Buddha as enumerated in the *Larger Sutra of Boundless Life* states that at the moment of death Amida Buddha will appear before all those who have heard his name and meditated upon him and conduct them to his Pure Land.

[9] Reference to the Zen motto, "Pointing directly to the mind of man, seeing into the self-nature, and attaining Buddhahood."

we just read them with veneration, believe in them with reverence, and enter into their sacred precincts? What are we to make of a person who would use his minimal literary talent to endeavor to belittle the lofty wisdom and great religious spirit of a man of the Sixth Patriarch's stature? Even granting that to be permissible as long as he is deluding only himself, it is a sad day indeed when he commits his misconceptions to paper and publishes them as a book which can subvert the Zen teaching for untold numbers of future students.

We generally regard the utterances of a sage as being at odds with the notions held by ordinary people, and people who are at variance with such utterances we regard as unenlightened. Now if the words of a sage are no different from the ideas the unenlightened hold to be right and proper, are not those words themselves ignorant and unenlightened, and unworthy of our respect? If the ignorant are not at variance with the words of an enlightened sage, doesn't that make them enlightened men, and as such truly worthy of our reverence?

To begin with, Sōkei Daishi was a great master with an unsurpassed capacity for transmitting the Dharma.[10] None of the seven hundred pupils who studied with the Fifth Patriarch at Mount Huang-mei could even approach him.[11] His offspring cover the earth now from sea to sea, like the stones on a go board or the stars in the heavens. A common hedgerow monk like Shukō, whose arbitrary conjecture and wild surmise all comes from fossicking around in piles of old rubbish, does not even belong in the same category as Sōkei.

Are you not aware, Shukō, that Master Sōkei is a timeless old mirror in which the realms of heaven and hell and the lands of purity and impurity are all reflected equally? Don't you know that they are, as such, the single eye of the Zen monk?[12] A diamond hammer couldn't break

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[10] Sōkei Daishi (Ts'ao-hsi Ta-shih 曹溪大師); an honorific title of the Sixth Patriarch.

[11] Enō received the Zen transmission from Gunin (弘忍; Chin. Hung-jen, 601–674), the Fifth Zen Patriarch, at the latter's temple on Huang-mei shan, Yellow Plum Mountain, in modern Hupeh.

[12] Cf. Chōsa Keijin (Ch'ang-sha Ching-ts'ên 長沙景岑) said, "The world in all ten directions is the eye of the Zen monk. All the world in the ten directions is his entire body. All the world in the ten directions is the radiance of his self. All the world in the ten directions is contained in the radiance of the self. There is not a single person who is not this self. . ."

A monk asked, "What is the eye of the Zen monk?"

"Nothing can ever get free of it," said the master. *Keitoku Dentōroku* (*Ching-te*

it. The finest sword on earth couldn't penetrate it. This is a realm in which there is no coming and going, no birth and death.

The light emitted from the white hair between Amida Buddha's eyebrows, which contains five Sumerus, and his blue lotus eyes, which hold the four great oceans, as well as the trees of seven precious gems and pools of eight virtues that adorn his Pure Land, are all shining brilliantly in our minds right now—they are manifest with perfect clarity right before our eyes. The black cord hell, aggregate hell, shrieking hell, interminable hell and all the rest, are, as such, the entire body of the venerable Sage of Boundless Life (Amida) in all his golden radiance.[13]

Whether it is called the Shining Land of Lapis Lazuli in the East or the Immaculate Land of Purity in the South, it makes no difference—originally, it is all a single ocean of perfect, unsurpassed awakening, and, as such, it is also the intrinsic nature in every human being.[14]

Yet even while it is present in them all, the way each one of them views it is never the same, but varies according to the weight of individual karma and the amount of merit and good fortune they enjoy.

Those who suffer the terrible agonies of hell see seething cauldrons and white-hot furnaces. Craving ghosts see raging fires and pools of pus and blood. Fighting demons see a violent battleground of deadly strife. The unenlightened see a defiled world of ignorance and suffering—all thorns and briars, stones and worthless shards—from which they turn in loathing to seek the Land of Purity. Inhabitants of the deva realms see a wonderful land of brilliant lapis lazuli and transparent crystal. Adherents of the two vehicles see a realm of transition on the path to final attainment. Bodhisattvas see a land of true recompense filled with glorious adornments. Buddhas see a land of eternally tranquil light.[15] How about you Zen monks. *What do you see*?

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ch'uan-teng lu), 10. Tokiwa, p. 255.

[13] These descriptions of Amida's features and the adornments of his Pure Land are based on passages in the three Pure Land sutras.

[14] Shining Land of Lapis Lazuli (*Rurikō-do* 瑠璃光土) in the east is the Buddha-land presided over by Yakushi, the Healing Buddha (Skt. Bhaishajyaguru). The Immaculate Land of Purity (*Mukosekai* 無垢世界) in the south is the Buddha-land mentioned in the *Lotus Sutra* (Devadatta ch.), in which the daughter of the Dragon King appears to preach the Lotus Sutra upon her attainment of Buddhahood.

[15] These statements are based on a Tendai classification of the various lands mention-

You must be aware that the jewelled nets of the heavenly realms and the white-hot iron grates in the realms of hell are themselves thousand-layed robes of finest silk; that the exquisite repasts of the Pure Land paradise and the molten bronze served up to hell-dwellers are, as such, banquets replete with a hundred rare tastes. Nowhere in heaven or on earth will you find a second moon. Yet there is no way for those of ordinary or inferior capacity to know it.

Followers of the patriarch-teachers, you monks of superior capacity investigating the hidden depths, until you release your hold from the edge of the precipice to which you hang and perish into life anew, you can never enter this samadhi. But the moment you do, the distinction between Dharma principle and enlightened person disappears, differentiations between mind and environment vanish. This is what the coming of the old Buddha to welcome you to the Pure Land is really about. You are those superior religious seekers the sutra says are destined for "the highest rank of the highest rebirth in the Pure Land."[16]

Master Kō, if you do not once gain entrance into the Pure Land in this way, you could pass through millions upon millions of Buddha lands, undergo rebirth eight thousand times over, but it would all be a mere shadow in a dream, no different from the imagined land conjured up in Kantan's slumbering brain.[17]

The Zen master Sōkei stated unequivocally that the ten evils and eight false practices separate us from the Western Paradise. It is a perfectly justified, absolutely authentic teaching. Were the countless

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ed in the sutras. (1) The land of the enlightened and unenlightened, in which beings of the six lower worlds live together with saints of the four higher realms. (2) The land of transition (*hōbendo* 方便土), inhabited by practicers who have achieved a high level of attainment and by Bodhisattvas of the lower stages. (3) The land of true recompense (*jippōdo* 実報土), inhabited by Bodhisattvas of the higher stages. (4) The land of eternally tranquil light (*jakkōdo* 寂光土), inhabited by Buddhas. Cf. *Dict. of Buddhist Terms and Concepts*, Nichiren Shoshu Intern., Tokyo, pp. 118–9.

[16] The *Meditation Sutra* divides aspirants for birth in the Pure Land into nine ranks according to their capacities, beginning with those of the "highest rank of the highest birth" (*jōbon jōshō* 上品上生).

[17] Kantan (Handan 邯鄲) was a poor scholar who, while travelling to take the official examinations, dreamed that he passed them with flying colors and, after an illustrious government career, attained the post of prime minister, whereupon he woke up, realized that life is an empty dream, and returned home.

Tathagatas in the six directions all to manifest themselves in this world at one time, even they could not change a single syllable of it.

Furthermore, Master Kō, if I said to you, "The Western Paradise is eighteen leagues from here." "The Western Paradise is seven feet from here." "The Western Paradise is eighteen inches over there." those too would be perfectly justified, absolutely authentic teachings. How will you lay a hand, or foot, on them! When I make those statements, what village do you suppose I am referring to? And if you hesitate or stop to speculate for even a split second, a broken vermilion staff seven feet long stands ready against the wall.

Your resentment at finding the Sixth Patriarch's ideas different from your own led you to take a true teacher totally dedicated to the avowed Buddhist goal of universal salvation and represent him as a dunce who does not even know the difference between the Pure Land and India—do you think that is right?

We can only suppose that some preconception of the Sixth Patriarch which had formed in Shukō's mind led him to think: "It's really a shame that the Sixth Patriarch, with that profound enlightenment of his, was originally a woodcutter from the uncivilized south. Being illiterate, he couldn't read the Buddhist scriptures. He was rude, coarse, ignorant, in fact, he was no different from those countrymen who herd cows and catch fish or work as menials."[18]

But is it really possible that even such people wouldn't know the difference between the Pure Land and India? Even a tiny child of three believes in the Pure Land and worships it with a sense of reverence. And we are talking about a great Buddhist teacher—one of those "difficult-to-meet, hard-to-encounter" sages who rarely appears in the world. The venerable Sōkei Daishi was a veritable udumbara flower who blossomed auspiciously in answer to the prophecies of the Buddhist sages.[19]

This genuinely enlightened man, endowed with the ten superhuman powers of Buddhahood, appeared in the world riding upon the vehicle of the universal vow and revealed a secret of religious attainment never

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[18] According to traditional accounts, the Sixth Patriarch was a poor, illiterate peasant from the uncivilized southern part of the country.

[19] These prophecies are found in a document appended to the *Platform Sutra*. See Tokiwa, pp. 256–7.

preached by any Buddha-patriarch before him. It was like the Dragon god entering the world-encompassing ocean, turning its salt water to fresh and working with perfectly unobstructed freedom to make it fall over all the earth as pure, sweet manna, reviving parched wastelands from the ravages of great drought. It was like a rich man entering an immense treasure house, emerging with many articles rarely seen in the world and distributing them to the cold and hungry, giving them new life by relieving their need and suffering. Such activities have nothing to do with speculation or conjecture. They cannot be approached by ordinary human understanding.

Priests of today who have woven themselves into complicated webs of words and letters, who, after sucking and gnawing on this literary sewage until their mouths suppurate, proceed to spew out a tissue of irresponsible nonsense—should not even be mentioned in the same breath as the Sixth Patriarch.

Shakyamuni Buddha tells us that the Pure Land lies many millions of Buddha-lands distant from here. The Zen patriarch Enō says the distance is one hundred and eight thousand leagues. Both utterances come from men whose power—strength derived from great wisdom—is awesomely vast. Their words reverberate like the earth-shaking stomp of the elephant king, resound like the roar of the lion monarch, bursting the brains of any jackal or other scavenger who stops to ponder them or shows so much as the slightest hesitation.

Yet Shukō glibly delivers the judgment that the "*Platform Sutra* mistakenly regards India as the Pure Land of Bliss." "What we know as the *Platform Sutra*," he says, "consists of records compiled by disciples of the Sixth Patriarch. We have no assurance that what they have compiled is free from error." Now maybe that sounds like he is trying to be helpful, but what he is really doing is disparaging the Sixth Patriarch.

In the *Rokusodankyō Kōkan*, a commentary on the *Platform Sutra*,[20] the author writes: "According to gazeteers and geographical works I have consulted, the distance from the west gate of Chang-an to the east gate of Kapilavastu in India is one hundred thousand leagues,

[20] *Hōbō dankyō kōkan* 青寶, 5 ch., Kyoto, 1697, by Eikijun, Midori-no-rōjin (益淳·緑禁老人), about whom nothing else is known.

so Shukō's criticism of the *Platform Sutra* for mistaking India for the Pure Land may well have a solid basis in fact."

Now that isn't even good rubbish. But even supposing (alas!) that the author's penchant for poking into old books is justified, I want him to tell me: What gazeteer or geography since the time of the Great Yü[21] ever stated that India is distant from China by ten evils and eight wrong practices? It's a great shame, really. Instead of wasting his time nosing through reference books, why didn't he just read the *Platform Sutra* with care and respect, and devote himself attentively to investigating Shakyamuni Buddha's true meaning? If he had continued to contemplate it—both coming and going—he would suddenly have broken through and grasped that meaning. Then he would have that "solid basis" of his. He would be clapping his hands joyfully, howling with laughter—he couldn't have helped himself. *How about those great roars of laughter? What would they mean*?

It is absurd for someone in Master Kō's advanced state of spiritual myopia to be going around delivering wild judgments on the golden utterances of a genuine sage like the Sixth Patriarch. The author of the *Rokusodankyō Kōkan* is another of those like Master Kō who spends his entire life entangled in a jungle of vines down inside a dark cave. They are like a midget in a crowded theatre trying to watch a play. Since he can't see anything, he jumps up and down and applauds when everyone else does. They also remind you of a troup of blind Persians who stumble upon a parchment leaf inscribed with Sanskrit words; they wander off into the middle of nowhere and secretly pool their knowledge trying to decipher the meaning of the text. But as they haven't the faintest idea what it says, they fail to get even a single word right, and they turn themselves into laughing stocks in the bargain.

Actually, such people do not even merit our attention, and yet since I am afraid of the harm they can do misleading even a few sincere seekers, I find it necessary to lay down a few entangling vines of my own like this.

"The greatest care must be taken to keep such a work from beginning students," says Shukō's commentary. "If it does chance to fall into the hands of those who lack the capacity to understand it, it will turn them into wild demons of destruction. How deplorable!"

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[21] Legendary founder of an ancient Chinese dynasty.

My answer to the gross irresponsibility of such a statement is: we must take the greatest care not to pass stupid, misinformed judgments on a work like the *Platform Sutra*. When people with unenlightened views judge such a work on the basis of their own ignorance, they immediately transform themselves into wild demons of destruction. It is that which I find deplorable.

To begin with, Tathagatas appear in the world one after another for the sole purpose of opening up paths to Buddha-wisdom for sentient beings. That has always been their primary aim in manifesting themselves. Although the sutras and commentaries contain a variety of Dharma "gates"—abrupt and gradual teachings, verbal and pre-verbal teachings, exoteric and esoteric teachings, first and last teachings—in the end they all come down to one teaching and one teaching alone: the fundamental self-nature inherent in each and every person.

It is no different in Sōkei Daishi's case. While the *Platform Sutra* which contains his teaching has chapters devoted to his religious career, to his answers to questioners' doubts, to meditation and wisdom, to repentance, and so on—they are in the end none other than the one teaching of *kenshō* (seeing into the true self-nature). Wise sages for twenty-eight generations in India and six generations in China, as well as the venerable Zen teachers of the Five Houses and Seven Schools who descended from them, have every one of them transmitted this Dharma of *kenshō* as they strove to lead people to awakening in Shakyamuni's place, devoting themselves singlemindedly to achieving the fundamental aim for which all Buddhas appear in the world. None of them ever uttered one word about the Western Paradise, nor preached a single syllable about birth in the Pure Land. When the students who came after them began their study of the Way and took it upon themselves to read the *Platform Sutra*, none of them was ever reduced to becoming a wild demon. On the contrary, it matured their attainment and enabled them to grow into great Dharma vessels. So please, Master Kō, stop whining about the *Platform Sutra*.

It is because of misguided men like you that Nankai Sōhō of the Yuan wrote:[22]

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[22] Nankai Sōhō (Nan-hai Tsung-pao, 南海宗寶) was a priest who edited a Yuan dynasty text of the *Platform Sutra* (published 1291). This passage comes from his postface. T48, 364c-365a. Tokiwa, p. 259.

> The *Platform Sutra* is not mere words. It is the principle of Bodhidharma's 'direct pointing' that has been transmitted from patriarch to patriarch. It is thanks to it that great, venerable masters in the past like Nangaku and Seigen cleared their minds. After them, it cleared the minds of their disciples Baso and Sekitō.[23] The spread of the Zen school today throughout the world is also firmly rooted in this same principle of direct pointing. Indeed, is it possible that anyone in the future could clear his mind and see into his own nature without recourse to this same direct pointing?

These words of Nankai Sōhō represent the accepted norm in Zen temples and monasteries everywhere. Yet there is Master Kō, ensconced in some remote temple, giving forth with those partisan hunches of his. The one is as different from the other as cloud from mud.

Since some people are naturally perceptive and some are not, and some have great ability while others have little, there is a correspondingly great variety in the teachings which Buddhas impart to them. Buddhas work in the same way that skilled physicians do. A physician does not set out when he examines patients with just one medical prescription already fixed in his mind; since the ailments from which they suffer vary greatly, he must be able to prescribe a wide variety of remedies for them.

Take, for example, the desire for rebirth found among followers of the Pure Land school. Shakyamuni, the Great Physician King who relieves the suffering of sentient beings, in order to save Queen Vaidehi from the misery of a cruel imprisonment, converted her to firm belief in the Pure Land of her own intrinsic mind-nature by using good and skillful means which he devised for her particular situation. It was a specific remedy prescribed for the occasion and imparted to Queen Vaidehi alone.[24]

Men like Shukō, not having attained the truth of the Buddha's

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[23] Nangaku Ejō (Nan-yüeh Huai-jang) and Seigen Gyōshi (Ch'ing-yuan Hsing-ssu), two disciples of the Sixth Patriarch, are regarded as founders of the two main branches of Chinese Zen. Baso Dōitsu (Ma-tsu Tao-i) and Sekitō Kisen (Shih-t'ou Hsi-ch'ien) were their disciples.

[24] The story of Queen Vaidehi's imprisonment and her rescue by the Buddha forms the basis of the *Meditation Sutra*. T12.

wonderful skillful means, cling mulishly to the deluded notion of a Pure Land and Buddhas which exist separately apart from the mind. They are incapable of truly grasping that there is no such thing as a Buddha with his own Buddha land, that the village right in front of them and the village behind them and everywhere else—it is all Buddha land. There is no such thing as a Buddha body either. South and north, east and west, all is the Buddha body in its entirety. Being incapable of truly grasping such truths, when Shukō heard a genuine Buddhist teaching which said, "you are separated from the Western Paradise by the ten evils and eight false practices in yourself," he was appalled because it did not agree with the conception of the Pure Land which he had erected in his own mind. He hoped that by roundly condemning it he could keep others from hearing or reading about it.

If we let Shukō have his way and keep beginners from reading the *Platform Sutra* on the grounds that it is unsuitable for them, then the *Kegon Sutra*, and the *Lotus*, *Nirvana*, and other Mahayana sutras in which the Buddha reveals the substance of his enlightenment, are not suitable for them either. I say this because the great master Enō, having penetrated the profoundest subtleties of the Buddha-mind, having broken decisively through the deep ground whence the ocean of Buddhist teaching finds its source, spoke with the same tongue, sang from the same mouth, as all the other Buddhas.

Furthermore, the *Kegon Gōron* states that "aspirants belonging to the first class recognize the Buddha's great power, observe his precepts, and by utilizing the power of the vow working in themselves, gain birth in his Pure Land. That Pure Land is a provisional manifestation, not a real Pure Land. The reason aspirants seek it is because they have not seen into their own true nature and hence do not know that ignorance is in itself the fundamental wisdom of the Tathagatas—and they are thus still subject to the working of causation. The preaching of a scripture such as the *Amida Sutra* is based upon such a principle."[25]

We may be sure if Shukō had seen this passage, he would have grab-

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[25] *Kegon-kyō Gōron* (*Hua-yen ching Ho-lun*, 華厳経合論), 4 *ch.*, *Zokuzō-kyō*, 20, by Ri Tsūgen (Li Tsung-yuan, 李通玄, 635-730). The author enumerates six "vehicles" corresponding to the capabilities of sentient beings, by which they can attain "the mind of the Mahayana." The first two lead to rebirth in the Pure Land; the sixth and highest vehicle brings about instantaneous attainment of Buddhahood. The passage Hakuin quotes here is more or less similar to the *Gōron*'s explanation of the first two vehicles.

bed his brush and dashed off some lines about the *Kegon Gōron* being unfit for beginners. The *Kegon Gōron* is fortunate indeed to have avoided the blind-eyed gaze of the "Great Teacher of the Lotus Pond."[26] It saves us having to listen to warnings about "giving it to people of small capacity," and "turning them into wild demons." Sōhaku Daishi,[27] dwelling within the stillness of eternal samadhi, should be delighted at this stroke of good fortune.

Seen by the light of the true Dharma eye, all people—the old and the young, the high and the low, priest and laymen, wise and otherwise—are endowed with the wonderful virtue of Buddha wisdom. It is present without any lack in them all. Not one among them—or even half of one—is to be cast aside and rejected because he is a beginner.

Nonetheless, since when students first set out on the Way they do not know what is beneficial to their practice and what is not, and they can't distinguish immediate needs from less urgent ones, we refer to them for the time being as beginners. At that point, they read the sacred Buddhist writings and entrust themselves to the guidance of a good teacher and friend. Upon bringing the Great Matter to completion and fully maturing into great Dharma vessels, they will acquire a wonderful ability for expressing their attainment and, using that ability, will strive to impart the great Dharma-gift to others, holding Buddha-wisdom up like a sun to illuminate the eternal darkness, keeping its vital pulse alive through the degenerate age of the latter day. It is these we can call true descendents of the Buddhas, those whose debt of gratitude to their predecessors has been repaid in full.

But if they are compelled to practice the Nembutsu along with all other students of whatever kind and capacity on the grounds that they are beginners, we will have all the redoubtable members of the younger generation—those Bodhidharma praised as being "native born to the Mahayana in this land," people gifted with outstanding talent, who have it in them to become great Dharma pillars worthy to stand in the future with Tokusan, Rinzai, Baso, and Sekitō—traipsing along after half-dead old duffers, sitting in the shade next to the pond with listless

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[26] One of Shukō's titles.

[27] Sōhaku Daishi 東柏大師; name given to the author of the *Kegon-kyō Gōron*. *Dasoku* 27v. Actually, Shukō did see the *Kegon Gōron*; he refers to it in his commentary on the *Amida Sutra*. Tokiwa, p. 263.

old grannies, dropping their heads and closing their eyes in broad daylight and intoning endless choruses of Nembutsu. If that happens, whose children are we going to find to carry on the vital pulse of Buddha-wisdom? Who will become the cool, refreshing shade trees to provide refuge for those in the latter day? All the true customs and traditions of the Zen school will fall right to earth. The seeds of Buddhahood will wither, die, and disappear forever.

I want these great and stalwart men to choose the right path. If, at a time like this, the golden words in the Tripitaka, all the Mahayana sutras which were compiled in the Pippali cave for beginners to use in after ages,[28] if everything except the three Pure Land sutras is relegated to the back shelves of the bookcase and left there untouched, it will end up as bug-fodder, buried uselessly in the bellies of bookworms, no different from stacks of fake burial money left forgotten in an old shrine deep in the mountains—of absolutely no use to anyone. How deplorable!

Those people mentioned before whom the *Meditation Sutra* says are destined for the highest rank of the highest rebirth in the Pure Land, those suited to read the Mahayana sutras, have now bitten the dust as well—they no longer exist. Shukō's commentary, in slanderously rejecting anything counter to his own notions, may be compared to the infamous Ch'in emperor's book-burning pit.[29] The Ch'in emperor's tyrannical policies were totally at odds with the teachings in the Confucian classics and other Confucian writings. Resenting this, he had his Confucians buried alive and all their books consigned to the flames. What Shukō has done represents a catastrophy of similar proportions.

The three Wu emperors undertook openly to suppress Buddhism.[30] Shukō attempted to do the same thing surreptitiously. The former went about it publicly, the latter did it on the sly—yet the crime is one. But Shukō is not really to blame for his transgressions. He did what he did because he never encountered an authentic master to guide him and was unable to attain the eye that would have enabled him to see

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[28] Pippali (Jap. Hippara); the cave near Rajagrha where the first collection of Buddhist sutras was compiled.

[29] Shih Huang Ti, 259–210 B.C. who ordered the burning of all books in 212 B.C.

[30] Reference to imperial proscriptions of Buddhism decreed during the Northern Wei, 444–446, Northern Chou, 574–577, and T'ang, 843–845.

through into the secret depths. He did not possess the wonderful spiritual power that comes from *kenshō*.

Yet Shukō is given as "an example for good teachers past, present, and future." People praise him as "foremost among the great priests of the Zen, Teaching, and Precepts schools."[31] Can they be in their right minds!

The Zen forests of today will be found upon inspection to be thickly infested with a race of bonzes just like Shukō. You find them everywhere, fastened with grips of death to the "silent tranquillity" of their "withered-tree" sitting—and imagining that to be the true practice of the Buddha's Way. They don't take kindly to views which are not in agreement with their own. The Buddha's sutras they regard as they would a mortal enemy and forbid students to read them. They fear them as an evil spirit fears a sacred amulet.

Being foolishly wedded to ordinary perception and experience in the belief that it is Zen, they take offense at anything which differs from their own convictions. They view the records of the Zen masters as they would a deadly adversary and refuse to let students near them. They avoid them like the lame hare avoids the hungry tiger.

When we have adherents of the Pure Land shunning and disparaging the sacred writings of the Buddhas, and followers of Zen out to slander them into disrepute, the danger to the Buddhist Way must be said to have reached a critical stage.

Don't get me wrong. I am not urging students to become masters of the classics and histories, to spend all their time exploring ancient writings, or to lose themselves in the pleasures of poetry and letters; I am not telling them to compete in these fields against others and win fame for themselves by proving their superiority. They could attain an eloquence equal to that of the Great Purna, possess knowledge so great they surpassed Shariputra,[32] but if they are lacking in the basic stuff of enlightenment, if they do not have the right eye of *kenshō*, false views bred of arrogance will inevitably find their way deep into their spiritual vitals, blasting the life from the seed of Buddhahood, and turning

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[31] These words of praise appear in a biography of Shukō in the *Zoku keiko-ryaku* (*Hsū chi-ku lüeh* 續稽古略), ch. 3. *Dasoku* p. 24.

[32] Purna and Shariputra, two of the Buddha's ten great disciples, the former known for eloquence, the latter for intellectual brilliance.

them into sentient beings destined for permanent residency in hell.

It is not like this with true followers of the Way. They must as an essential first step see their own original nature as clearly as if they are looking at the palm of their hand. When from time to time they take and read through the writings that contain the words and teachings of the Buddha-patriarchs, they will illuminate those ancient teachings with their own minds. They will visit authentic teachers for guidance. They will pledge themselves with firm determination to work their way through the final koans of the patriarchal teachers and, before they die, to produce from their forge a descendent—one person or at least half a person—as a way of repaying their deep debt of thanks to their predecessors. It is such people who are worthy to be called "progeny of the house of Zen."

I respectfully submit to the 'Great Teacher of the Lotus Pond': "If you wish to plant yourself in some hinterland where you are free to finger your lotus-bead rosary, droop your head, drop your eyelids, and intone the Buddha's Name because you want to be born in the Land of Lotus Flowers, that is no business of mine. It is entirely up to you. But when you start gazing elsewhere with that myopic look in your eyes and decide to divert yourself by writing commentaries that pass belittling judgment on a great saint and matchless Dharma-transmitter like the Sixth Patriarch, then I must ask you to take the words you have written and shelve them away, far out of sight, where no one will ever lay eyes on them. Why do I say that? I say it because the great Dragon King, who controls the clouds in the heavens and the rains that fall over the earth, cannot be known or fathomed by a mud snail or a clam."

One of the teachers of the past said:[33]

> The 'western quarter' refers to the original mind of sentient beings. 'Passing beyond millions and millions of Buddha-lands [to attain rebirth in the Pure Land'] signifies sentient beings terminating the ten evil thoughts and abruptly transcending the ten stages of Bodhisattvahood. 'Amida,' signi-

[33] In his annotated copy of the *Sokkō-roku kaien fusetsu*, Hakuin identifies this quotation as coming from the *Enzan Wadeigasui-shū* (塩山和泥合水集), a work in Japanese by the Rinzai priest Bassui Tokushō (1327–87). Hakuin here translates the passage into *kambun*. *Chūsei Zenke no shisō* (Iwanami, 1972), pp. 215–6.

fying immeasurable life, stands for the Buddha-nature in sentient beings. 'Kannon,' 'Seishi,' and Amida's other attendant Bodhisattvas[34] represent the incomprehensible working of the original self-nature. 'Sentient being' is ignorance and the many thoughts, fears, discernments, and discriminations that result from it. 'When life ends' refers to the time when discriminations and emotions cease to arise. 'Cessation of intellection and discrimination' is the purifying of the original mind-ground and indicates the Pure Land in the West.

It is to the west that sun, moon, and stars all return. In the same way, it is to the one universal mind that all the thoughts, fears, and discriminations of sentient beings return. It is thus one single mind, calm and undisturbed. And because Amida Buddha exists here, when you awaken to your self-nature the 84,000 evil passions transform instantly into 84,000 marvelous virtues. To the incomprehensible working which brings this about we give the names Kannon, Seishi, and so on. The uneasy mind you have while you are in a state of illusion is called the defiled land. When you awaken and your mind is clear and free of defilement, that is called the Pure Land.

Hence the *Kechimyaku-ron* says that "the Nembutsu practiced by Buddhist saints in the past was not directed toward an external Buddha; their Nembutsu practice was oriented solely toward the internal Buddha in their own minds. . . . If you want to discover Buddha, first you must see into your own true nature. Unless you have seen into your own nature, what good can come from doing Nembutsu or reciting sutras?"[35]

"Buddha" means "one who is awakened." Once you have awakened, your own mind is itself Buddha. By seeking outside yourself for a Buddha invested with form, you are proclaiming yourself a foolish

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[34] Kannon, the embodiment of great compassion, and Seishi, the embodiment of great wisdom, are Bodhisattva-attendants of Amida Buddha.

[35] This quotation and the following five paragraphs are loose paraphrases based more or less on passages in several works attributed to Bodhidharma which are included in the *Shōshitsu rokumon* (少室六門), T48, of which one is the *Kechimyaku-ron* (*Hsüeh-mo lun* 血脈論). See Tokiwa, pp. 269–71.

man. It is like a person who wants to catch a fish. He must start by looking in the water, because fish live in the water and are not found apart from it. If a person wants to find Buddha, he must look into his own mind, because it is there and nowhere else that Buddha exists.

Question: "In that case, what can I do to become thoroughly awakened to my own mind?"

What is that which asks such a question? Is it your mind? Is it your original nature? Is it some kind of spirit or demon? Is it inside you? Outside you? Is it somewhere intermediate? Is it blue, yellow, red, or white? This is something you must investigate and clarify for yourself. You must investigate it whether you are standing or sitting, when you are eating your rice or drinking your tea, when you are speaking and when you are silent. You must keep at it with total, singleminded devotion. And never, whatever you do, look in sutras or in commentaries for an answer, or seek it in the words you hear a teacher speak.

When all the effort you can muster has been exhausted, when you have reached a total impasse, and you have become like the cat at the rathole, like the mother hen warming her egg, it will suddenly come to you and you will break free. The phoenix will be through the golden net, the crane will fly clear of the cage.

But even if no breakthrough occurs until your dying day and you spend twenty or thirty years in vain without ever seeing into your true nature, I want your solemn pledge that you will never turn for spiritual support to those tales that you hear the down-and-out old men and washed-out old women peddling everywhere today. If you do, they will stick to your hide, they will cling to your bones, you will never be free of them. And as for your chances with the patriarchs' difficult-to-pass koans, the less said about them the better, because they will then be totally beyond your grasp.

Hence a priest of former times said,[36] "A person who commits himself to the practice of Zen must be equipped with three essentials. A great root of faith. A great ball of doubt. A great tenacity of purpose. Lacking any one of them, he is like a tripod with only two legs."

By "great root of faith" is meant the belief that each and every per-

[36] The Yuan Rinzai priest Kōhō Gemmyō (Kao-feng Yuan-miao 高峯原妙, 1238–95). Hakuin's own annotation gives the source of this as the *Zenke kikan* 禪家龜鑑, a 16th century Korean work widely read in Japan.

son has an essential self-nature which he can see into; and the belief in a principle by which this self-nature can be fully penetrated. Even though you attain this belief, you cannot break through and penetrate to total awakening unless fundamental doubts arise as you tackle the difficult-to-pass koans. And even if these doubts crystallize so that you yourself become a great ball of doubt, you will still be unable to break it apart unless you constantly engage those koans with great burning tenacity of purpose.

Thus it has been said that it takes three long kalpas for lazy and inattentive sentient beings to attain nirvana, while for the fearless and stout-hearted, Buddhahood comes in a single instant of thought.[37] What you must do is to concentrate all your effort on bringing your fundamental potential into full play. The practice of Zen is like making a fire by friction. The essential thing as you rub wood against stone is to apply continous, all-out effort. If you stop when you see the first trace of smoke, you will never get even a flicker of fire, even though you might rub away for three long kalpas.

Only a few hundred yards from here is a beach. Suppose that someone is bothered because he has never experienced the taste of sea water and decides to sample it for himself. He sets out for the beach but before he has gone a hundred paces he stops and comes back; then he starts out again but this time he returns after he has taken only ten steps. He will never know the taste of sea water that way, will he? But if he keeps going straight ahead without turning back, it doesn't even matter if he lives far inland in a landlocked province such as Shinano, Kai, Hida, or Mino, he will still eventually reach the sea. Then, by dipping his finger in the water and tasting it, he will know in an instant what sea water tastes like the world over, because it is of course the same everywhere, in India, China, the great southern sea or the great northern sea.

Those Dharma patricians who explore the secret depths are like this too. They go straight forward, boring into their own minds with unbroken effort, never letting up or retreating. Then the breakthrough suddenly comes, and with that they penetrate their own nature, the natures of others, the nature of sentient beings, the nature of the evil

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[37] *Rinkan-roku* (*Lin-men lu* 林間録). *Dasoku* 29v.

passions and of enlightenment, the nature of the Buddha nature, the god nature, the Bodhisattva nature, the sentient being nature, the non-sentient being nature, the craving ghost nature, the contentious spirit nature, the beast nature—they are all of them seen in a single instant of thought. The great matter of their religious quest is thus completely and utterly resolved. There is nothing left. They are free of birth and death. What a thrilling moment it is!

TRANSLATION

Talks by Hakuin
Introductory to Lectures
On the Records of Old Sokkō (6)

(*Sokkō-roku kaien fusetsu*)

Translated by
Norman Waddell

WITH GREATEST respect and reverence, I encourage all you superior seekers in the secret depths to devote yourselves to penetrating and clarifying the self as earnestly as you would put out a fire on the top of your head. I urge you to keep boring your way through as assiduously as you would seek a lost article of incalculable worth. I enjoin you to regard the teachings left by the Buddha-patriarchs with the same spirit of hostility you would show toward a person who had murdered both your parents. Anyone who belongs to the school of Zen and does not engage in the doubting and introspection of koan must be considered a deadbeat rascal of the lowest kind, someone who would throw aside his greatest asset. As a teacher of the past said, "At the bottom of great doubt lies great enlightenment. . . . From a full measure of doubt comes a full measure of enlightenment."[1]

Don't think the commitments and pressing duties of secular life leave you no time to go about forming a ball of doubt. Don't think your mind is so crowded with confused thoughts you are incapable of devoting yourself singlemindedly to Zen practice. Suppose a man was in a busy market place, pushing his way through the dense crowd, and

[1] The Yuan Rinzai priest Kōhō Gemmyō 高峯原妙 (Kao-feng Yuan-miao). Cf. part 5, *Eastern Buddhist* XXII, 2, p. 102, fn. 36.

some gold coins dropped out of his pocket into the dirt. Do you think he would just leave them there, forget about them, and continue on his way because of where he was? Do you think someone would leave the gold pieces behind because he was in a crowded place or because the coins were lying in the dirt? Of course not. He would be down there frantically pushing and shoving with tears in his eyes trying to find them. His mind wouldn't rest until he had recovered them. Yet what are a few pieces of gold when set against that priceless jewel found in the headdresses of kings[2]—the way of inconceivable being that exists within your own mind? Could a jewel of such worth be attained easily, without effort?

There once was a denizen of the Eastern Sea, Redfin Carp by name. He was endowed with an indomitable spirit and unbending integrity, a figure of immense stature among his fellow fish. He was constantly bemoaning the fate of his comrades. "How many untold millions of my brethren proudly swim the vast ocean deeps. They entrust themselves to its boundless silver waves, glide up and down among the swells, sport in the seaweed and kelp. Yet countless of them are taken by baited hooks and caught in nets. They wind up on a chopping block where they are sliced and cooked to fill the bellies of those in the human world. Their bones are cast away and mingle in the dust and mire. Their heads are thrown to the stray dogs. Some are dried or salted for inland markets, to be exposed in stalls and shopfronts for all to see. Not a single one finishes out his natural span. How sad is the life of a fish!"

With these sad musings there came a great welling of spirit in Redfin Carp's breast. He pledged a solemn vow. "I shall swim beyond the Dragon Gates.[3] I shall brave the perilous bolts of fire and lightning. I shall transcend the estate of ordinary fish and achieve a place among the sacred order of dragons, ridding myself forever of the terrible suffering to which my race is heir, expunging every trace of our shame and humiliation."

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[2] Lotus Sutra, Anraku-bon.

[3] A section of the Yellow River where the current flows with great force between two mountains; said to have been opened by Ta Yu 大禹 (the Great Yu, 2205–2198 B.C.), founder of the Hsia dynasty. Carp who fight their way upstream past this "barrier" are said to transform into dragons.

Waiting until the third day of the third month, when the peach blossoms are in flower and the river is full, he made his way to the entrance of the Yu Barrier. Then, with a flick of his tail, Redfin Carp swam forth.

You men have never laid eyes on the awesome torrent of water that rolls through the Dragon Gates. It falls all the way from the summits of the faroff Kunlun Range with tremendous force. There are wild, thousand-foot waves that rush down through perpidicular gorges towering on either side, carrying away whole hillsides as they go. Angry thunderbolts beat down on all sides with a deafening roar. Moaning whirlwinds whip up poisonous mists. Funnels of noisome vapor spit flashing forks of lightning. Even the mountain spirits are stunned into senselessness; the river spirits are limp with fright. Just a drop of this water will shatter the carapace of a giant tortoise, break the bones of a giant whale.

It was into this maelstrom that Redfin Carp, his splendid golden-red scales girded to the full, his steely teeth thrumming like drums, made a direct all-out assault. Ah! Golden Carp! Golden Carp! You might have chosen an ordinary life out in the boundless ocean. It teems with lesser fish. You would not have gone hungry. Then why? What made you embark on this wild and bitter struggle? What was waiting for you up beyond the Barrier?

After being seared by cliff-shattering bolts of lightning, after being battered by heaven-scorching blasts of thunderfire, his scaly armor burned from head to tail, his fins singed through, Redfin Carp suddenly died the Great Death, and rose again as a divine dragon—a supreme lord of the waters. Now, with the thunder god at his head and the fire god at his rear, flanked right and left by the gods of rain and wind, he moved at will with the clouds clutched in one hand and the mists in the other, bringing new life to the tender shoots withering in long-parched desert lands, keeping the true Dharma safe amid the defilements of the degenerate world.

Had he been content to pass his life like a lame turtle or blind tortoise, feeding on winkles and tiny shrimps, not even all the effort Vasuki, Manasvi and the other Dragon Kings might muster on his behalf could have done him any good. He could never have achieved the great success that he did.

What do I mean by "blind tortoise"? One of the current crop of

sightless, irresponsible bungler-priests who regard koan as nonessential and the Zen interview (*sanzen*) as expedient means on the part of the master. While even such men are not totally devoid of understanding, they are clearly standing outside the gates, whence they peer fecklessly in, mouthing words like,

"The self-nature is naturally pure, the mind-source is deep as an ocean; there is no samsaric existence to be cast aside, there is no nirvana to be sought. It is a sheer and profound stillness, a transparent mass of boundless emptiness. It is here that is found the great treasure inherent in all people. How could anything be lacking?"

Ah, how plausible it sounds! All too plausible. Unfortunately, the words they speak do not possess even a shred of strength in practical application. These people are like snails. The moment anything approaches, they draw in their horns and come to a standstill. They are like lame turtles, pulling in their legs, heads, and tails at the slightest contact and hiding inside their shells. How can any spiritual energy emerge from such an attitude? If they happen to receive a sally from an authentic monk, they react like Master Yang's pet crane, who couldn't even move his neck.[4] There's no difference between them and those fish who lie helpless on the chopping block, dying ten thousand deaths in their one life, their fate—whether they are to be sliced and served up raw or carved into fillets and roasted over hot coals—entirely in the hands of others. And throughout their ordeal they haven't the strength even to cry out. Can people of this kind be true descendents of the great Bodhidharma? They assure you that there is "nothing lacking." But are they happy? Are their minds free of care?

Genuine monks who negotiated the Way in the past flung themselves and everything they had into their masters' white-hot forges without a thought for their own lives or well-being. Once their minds were turned to the Way, they too, like Redfin Carp, gathered all their strength and courage and strove until they broke beyond the Dragon Gates. Thereafter, in whatever situation, under whatever circumstance, they functioned with total self-dependence and perfect, unattached freedom. What intense joy and gratification they must have felt. It is these people you must emulate, not the crane. Not those turtles

[4] Story of a crane that did not perform when its owner's boasts brought friends to see it.

and snails.

What is a "sacred dragon"? Those authentic patriarchs of the past with a strong and vigorous spirit who committed themselves singlemindedly to the practice of Zen. Ah, you are human beings, aren't you? If you let yourselves be outdone by a fish, you may as well be dead!

You often run up against obstructive demons of yet another type, ones who teach their followers:

"If you want to attain mastery of the Buddha's Way you must, to begin with, empty your mind of birth and death, of arising and subsiding thoughts. Birth and death exists, nirvana exists, heaven and hell exist, because the mind gives rise to them. None of them ever arises unless the mind causes them to. There is thus one and only one thing for you to do: make your minds completely empty."

Falling right into step, the students set out to empty their minds. The trouble is, though they try everything they know, emptying this way, emptying that way, working away at it for months, even years, they find it is like trying to sweep mist away by flailing at it with a pole, or trying to halt a river by blocking it with outstretched arms—they only cause greater confusion.

Suppose a wealthy man mistakenly hired a master thief of the greatest skill and cunning to guard his house and, after seeing his granaries, treasures, and the rest of his fortune dwindle by the day, had several suspicious servants seized, and ordered the thief to interrogate them around the clock until they confessed. The family would be worried sick, the household on the brink of bankruptcy, yet the fortune would go on shrinking as before. All because of the man's original mistake in employing and placing his trust in a thief.

What you must learn from this is that all attempts to empty the mind are in themselves a sure sign that birth-and-death is in progress.

In the *Shurangama Sutra* the Buddha says, "*You have continued to undergo transmigration in the cycle of birth and death from the beginningless past right on up to your present existence because you have acknowledged a thief as your son and heir and thus have remained unaware of the fundamental and changeless truth of your own true nature.*"[5]

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[5] *Shurangama Sutra* (*Ryōgon-kyō* 楞嚴經, *Leng-yen ching*), T19. 108c.

This passage is explained in a commentary on the *Shurangama Sutra*:

"*The word 'thief' is used to describe the way in which you have been deprived of the virtues and merits of the Dharma's priceless resources. Having been deluded and thus unaware of this situation, you have mistaken this 'thief' for something changeless and true, believing it to be your legitimate heir to whom your most valuable possessions can be entrusted. Instead, you have brought on your own downfall, reduced yourself to endless kalpas of wretchedness and poverty, all because you have been separated from the Dharma treasure.*"[6]

If you really want to empty your mind of birth and death, what you should do is to tackle one of the totally impregnable, hard-to-pass koan. When you suddenly merge with the basic root of life and everything ceases to exist, you will know for the first time the profound meaning contained in Yōka Daishi's words, "do not brush illusions away, do not seek the truth of enlightenment."[7]

The Zen master Daie said: "*At the present time, the evil one's influence is strong and the Dharma is weak. The great majority of people regard 'reverting to tranquillity and living within it' as the ultimate attainment.*"[8]

He also said: "*A race of sham Zennists has appeared in recent years who regard sitting with dropped eyelids and closed mouths letting illusory thoughts spin through their minds to be the attainment of a marvelous state that surpasses human understanding. They consider it to be the realm of primal Buddhahood 'existing prior to the timeless beginning.' If they do open their mouths and utter so much as a*

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[6] *Leng-yen ching shu-chieh meng-ch'ao* 楞嚴經疏解蒙鈔 (*Ryōgon-kyō shokai mōshō*); compiled by Ch'ia ch'ien-i 錢謙益 of the Northern Sung.

[7] From a line at the beginning of the *Shōdōka* 正道歌 (*Cheng-tao ko*) by Yōka Genkaku 永嘉玄覺 (Yung-chia Yuan-chueh, 675–713). "See the man who has cut himself free from the way of practice, taking it easy with nothing to do,/ neither brushing illusion away nor seeking the truth of enlightenment." *Shinjinmei, Shōdōka, Jūgyū-zu, Zazen-gi. Zen no goroku* 16 (Chikuma, Tokyo), p. 33.

[8] *Daie-sho* 大慧書 (*Ta-hui shu*), letters of advice and instruction by the Sung Rinzai priest Daie Sōkō 大慧宗杲 (Ta-hui Tsung-kao, 1089–1163) to his followers. The phrase "reverting to tranquillity, living within it" (*tannyū gotan* 澹入合滥), from the *Shurangama Sutra* (T.19.155a), refers to attainment of a state of tranquillity which is still incomplete because dualistic attachment remains. *Daie-sho, Zen no goroku*, 17, p. 27.

syllable, they will immediately tell you that they have slipped out of that marvelous realm. They believe this to be the most fundamental state it is possible to attain. Satori is a mere side issue—'a twig or branch.' Such people are completely mistaken from the time they take their first step along the Way."[9]

These people who ally themselves with the devil are present in great numbers today as well. To them I say, "Never mind for now about what you consider 'nonessentials.' Tell me about your own fundamental matter, the one you are hiding away and treasuring so zealously. What is it like? Is it a solid piece of emptiness that you fix firmly in the ground like a post to fasten mules and horses to? Maybe it is a deep hole of sheer black silence? It is appalling, whatever it is."

It is also a good example of what is called falling into fixed views. It deceives a great many of the foolish and ignorant of the world. It's an ancient dwelling place of evil spirits, an old badger's den, a pitfall that traps people and buries them alive. Although you kept treasuring and defending it till the end of time, it would still be just a fragment from an old coffin. It also goes by the name of "dark cave of the eighth Alaya consciousness."[10] The ancients suffered through a great many hardships as they wandered in ardous pursuit of the truth. It was all for the sole purpose of getting themselves free of just such old nests as these.

Once a person is able to achieve true singlemindedness in his practice and smash apart the old nest of Alaya consciousness into which he has settled, the Great Perfect Mirror Wisdom immediately appears, the other three great Wisdoms start to function, and the all-discerning Fivefold Eye opens wide.[11]

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[9] *Daie-sho*, p. 206.

[10] Of the eight consciousnesses posited by the Yogacara school, the eighth Alaya or storehouse consciousness, located below the realm of conscious awareness, is the deepest ground of the self and source of the first seven consciousnesses, which are produced from "seeds" stored in it. As the condition of illusion in those not fully awakened, it is regarded as that which undergoes birth and death. Students who have attained a state of tranquillity and attach to it in the belief it is ultimate are described as "nesting" within the "dark cave of the eighth consciousness." When this "dark cave" is completely overturned, it transforms into the so-called Great Mirror Wisdom.

[11] The Great Mirror Wisdom (*Daienkyōchi* 大円鏡智), one of four wisdoms posited by the Yogacara school. Free of all defiling illusion, it reflects things as they truly are,

If, on the other hand, he allows himself to be seduced by these latter-day devils into hunkering down inside an old nest and making himself at home there, turning it into a private treasure chamber and spending all his time dusting it, polishing it, sweeping and brushing it clean, what can he hope to achieve? Absolutely nothing. Basically, it is a piece of the eighth consciousness, the same eighth consciousness which enters the womb of a donkey and enters the belly of a horse. So I urgently exhort you to do everything you can, strive with all your strength, to strike down into that dark cave and destroy it.

On that day long ago when the World-Honored One attained his great awakening and clothed himself in the precious celestial robe to expound the true heart of the extensive Flower Garland, he preached for three whole weeks to an audience which listened, without comprehending, as though they were deaf and dumb.[12] Therefore, in order to make salvation accessible to people of mediocre and inferior capacities, he erected a temporary resting place for them to use on the way to ultimate attainment, calling this provisional abode a "phantom dwelling." After that, Shakyamuni attempted to destroy this abode by preaching about it from within the Buddhist order; Layman Vimalakirti attempted to do the same by inveighing against it from without.[13] They even likened those who attach to it, the adherents of the Two Vehicles (those content just to listen to the Buddha's teaching and those satisfied to enjoy their own private realization) to "supperating old polecats."[14] But in the end they were between them unable to

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and is manifested only when the source of illusion, the eighth consciousness, is overturned. The Fivefold Eye (*gogen*, 五眼) is capable of vision and insight of every kind: by the human eye, deva eye, wisdom eye, Dharma eye, and Buddha eye.

[12] Shakyamuni is traditionally thought to have preached the *Avatamsaka* (*Kegon*; *Hua-yen*) *Sutra*, containing the essence of his attainment, immediately after his enlightenment. Since it was beyond the comprehension of ordinary people, he resolved to refrain from further preaching, but later reconsidered and accommodated his teaching to make it more accessible. The Sung priest Engo Kokugon 圜悟克勤 (Yuan-wu K'o-ch'in, 1063–1135) describes him divesting himself of a sublime robe covered with precious [Dharma] gems far beyond the experience of ordinary mortals and putting on instead common garments to preach in the defiled world. *Blue Cliff Records* (*Pi-yen lu*; *Hekigan-roku*), Case 6

[13] Representing the Buddhist priesthood and laity, respectively.

[14] Attainments of the Shravakas and Pratyeka-buddhas, i.e., the so-called Two "Lesser" Vehicles, considered incomplete.

eradicate that dwelling place at its source in the Alaya consciousness.

Gradually, foster children spawned by adherents of the Two Vehicles multiplied and slowly and imperceptibly spread throughout India and the Western Regions. In time, even China filled with them. There, venerable masters like Sekisō, Shinjō, Bukka, and Myōki set their jaws,[15] clenched their teeth and strove valiantly to root them out, but even for them it was like trying to drive off a big wily rat by clapping your hands. He disappears over here, but he reappears over there, always lurking somewhere, furtively disparaging the true, untransmittable style of the patriarchal teachers. How lamentable!

In Japan, during the Jōkyū (1219–21), Katei (1235–37), Karyaku (1326–28), and Kembu (1334–5) eras, twenty-four wise Zen sages entrusted their lives to the perilous whale-backed eastern seas, cast themselves bodily into the tiger's den, in order to transmit the difficult-to-believe methods of our authentic traditions. They fervently desired to fix the sun of wisdom permanently in the highest branches of the Divine Mulberry; to hang a precious Dharma lamp that would illuminate forever the dark hamlets of the Dragonfly Provinces.[16] How could any of them have foreseen that their transmission would be slandered and maligned by these quietistic psuedo-Zennists and that in less than three hundred years the Zen they had transmitted would be lying in the dust? Would have no more life in it than last night's ashes? Nothing could be more deplorable than to be witness to the wasting away of the true Dharma in a degenerate age like this.

On the other hand, if a single person of superior capacity commits himself to the authentic pursuit of the Way and through sustained effort under the guidance of a true teacher fills with the power of sheer singlemindedness so that his normal processes of thought, perception, consciousness, and emotion cease, so that he comes to resemble an utter fool who has exhausted his stock of words and reason, and everything, including his erstwhile determination to pursue the Way, disappears, his very breath itself hangs almost suspended—at that

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[15] Chinese priests Hakuin held in special esteem: Sekisō Jimyō 石霜慈明 (Shih-shuang Tz'u-ming, 986–1039), Shinjō Kokubun 真淨克文 (Hsin-ching K'o-wen, 1025–1102), Engo Kokugon, and Daie Sōkō.

[16] Reference to the 24 priests, 14 Chinese and 10 Japanese, regarded as having introduced separate lines of Zen into Japan during this 150-year period. The Divine Mulberry and Dragonfly Provinces are poetical references to Japan.

point, what a pity that a Buddhist teacher, one who is supposed to act as his "great and good friend," should be unaware that this is the occasion when the tortoise shell is about to crack, the phoenix about to break free of its egg; should not know that these are all favorable signs seen in those poised on the threshold of enlightenment, should be stirred by grandmotherly kindness to immediately give in to tender effeminate feelings of compassion for the student and begin straight off explaining to him the reason for this and the principle for that, dragging him down into the abode of delusory surmise, pushing him down into the cave of intellectual understanding, and then taking a phoney winter melon seal and certifying his enlightenment with the pronouncement,

"You are like this. I am like this too. Preserve it carefully."[17]

Ah! Ah! It's up to them if they want to preserve it. The trouble is, they are still as far from the patriarchal groves as earth is from heaven. What are to all appearances acts of kindness on the part of a teacher helping a student are, in fact, doings which will bring about his doom. For his part, the student nods with satisfaction and, without an inkling of the mortal injury he has incurred, prances and frisks about wagging his tail, sure in the knowledge: "Now I have grasped the secret of Bodhidharma's coming from the West."

How are such students to know they haven't made it past any of the patriarchs' Barriers? That the thorny forests of Zen are much much deeper than they can even conceive? What a terrible shame for people of marvelous gifts, unexcelled capacity, who have in it them to become great beams and pillars of the house of Zen, to succumb to these corrupting winds and to spend the rest of their lives in a half-waking, half-drunk state, no different from the dull and witless type of people who never get around to doubting their way through anything! Is it any wonder that the groves of Zen are so barren of real men? Anyone who attaches to half-truths of this kind believing them to be essential and ultimate will probably not even know that he has fallen into the unfortunate category of "scorched buds and shrivelled seeds."[18]

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[17] Similar to a well-known utterance Sixth Patriarch Enō (Hui-neng) made when he transmitted his Dharma to Nangaku Ejō (Nan-yueh Huai-jang). *Keitoku-dentō roku* (*Ching-te ch'uan-teng lu*), ch. 5, section on Nangaku.

[18] I.e., with no possibility for further growth or development. *Sokkō-roku kaien-fusetsu dasoku* (32v) gives a source for this in the *Lankavatara Sutra*.

Long ago, when Zen master Nangaku sat in front of Baso's hermitage and began polishing a tile, he did so because of his desire to make Baso grasp his true meaning. When teachers of the past left phrases behind them, difficult-to-penetrate koan that would strip students' minds of their chronic inclination to attach to things, they did it because they wanted to kick over that comfortable old nesting place in the Alaya consciousness. Hence a master of the past said, "I made the mistake of burrowing into an old jackal hole for over thirty years myself, it's no mystery to me why so many students do the same."[19]

There's no doubt about it, the practice of Zen is a formidable undertaking.

In his later years, Zen master Hōen enjoyed strolling the south corridor of his temple on Mount Goso. One day he saw a visiting monk pass by reading a book. He took it from him and, glancing through it, came to a passage which caught his attention:

"*Most Zen students today are able to reach a state of serenity in which their minds and bodies are no longer troubled by afflicting passions, and their attachment to past and future is cut away so that each instant contains all time, but there they stop and abide contently like censers lying useless and forgotten in an ancient cemetery, cold and lifeless, with nothing but the sobbing of dead spirits to break the silence of their world. Assuming this to be the ultimate Zen has to offer them, they remain unaware that what they consider an unsurpassed realm is, in fact, obstructing them so that true knowing and seeing cannot appear and the radiant light of extraordinary spiritual power (jinzū) cannot shine free.*"

Hōen closed the book and raised his arms in a gesture of self-reproach. "Wonderful!" he exclaimed, "A true teacher! How well he expresses the essentials of the Dharma!"[20]

He hurried to the quarters of his student Engo, who was serving as head monk, calling out to him, "It's extraordinary! I've come upon something really and truly extraordinary!" He placed the book in

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[19] Based (partially) on a waka attributed to Daitō Kokushi (1235–1308). *Dasoku* 33r.

[20] Goso Hōen 五祖法演 (Wu-tsung Fa-yen, d. 1104), of the Yōgi (Yang-ch'i) branch of Rinzai (Lin-chi) Zen, and teacher of Engo Kokugon. Engo's disciple Daie Sōkō identifies the book as the records of Shinjō Kokubun. T.47.882–3. Cf. Tokiwa, p. 285.

Engo's hands and had him read it too. Then Dharma father and Dharma son congratulated each other on their good fortune, and acclaimed the author with endless refrains of ecstatic praise.

When Daie Sōkō went to study under Zen master Engo for the first time, he had already decided on a course of action. "By the end of the ninety-day summer retreat," he declared to himself, "if Engo has affirmed my understanding like all the other teachers I've been to, I'm going to write a treatise debunking Zen."[21]

Daie, did you really think Engo wouldn't be able to see through the fundamental matter you secretly treasured? If you had persisted in clinging to it like that, revering it and cherishing it for the rest of your life, the great "Reviler of Heaven" would never have emerged.[22]

Fortunately, however, a poisonous breeze blowing from the south snuffed Daie's life out at its roots, cutting away past and future.[23] When it happened, his teacher Engo said, "What you've accomplished is not easy. But you've merely finished killing yourself. You're incapable now of coming back to life and raising doubts about the words and phrases of the ancients. You have a serious ailment. You know the saying, 'Release your hold on the edge of the precipice. Die, and then be reborn'? You must believe that there's truth in those words."[24]

Later, upon hearing Engo say, "What happens when the tree falls

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[21] *Daimin kōsō-den* 大明高僧伝 (*Ta-ming kao-seng ch'uan*), ch. 5, section on Daie Sōkō. *Dasoku* 33r. Daie had studied with teachers of the Ummon and Sōtō schools, as well as with Tandō Bunjun 湛堂文準 (Chan-t'ang Wen-chen, 1061–1115), the teacher of Shinjō Kokubun. before going to Engo in his mid-thirties.

[22] Kōmeten 好魔天 (Hao-ma-t'ien). Supposedly a sobriquet Daie assumed; probably a mistake for Kōmejin 好魔人 (Hao-ma-jen), "Great Reviler of Men." Tokiwa, p. 286.

[23] One day, speaking to his assembly, Engo said, "A monk asked Ummon, 'Where do all the Buddhas come from?' Ummon said, 'The Eastern Mountain walks over the water.' Not me. . . . I would say, 'A fragrant breeze comes of itself from the south, and in the palace pavilion a refreshing coolness stirs.' " *Zen Dust*, pp. 163–4. At these words, Daie, "his entire body running with sweat," suddenly attained enlightenment, and "distinctions of past, present, and future ceased to exist." Cf. Tokiwa, pp. 286–7.

[24] Seeing that Daie was attached to enlightenment, Engo gave him a post as a special attendant which freed him from all duties and had him come for sanzen three or four times daily. Each time Engo would quote a Zen saying by the T'ang master Daian 大安 (Ta-an, 793–883), "Being and nonbeing is like a wisteria vine wrapped round a tree." and ask, "What does that mean?" Whatever Daie said or did, Engo would immediately declare, "That's not it!" Six month later, Daie had reached a total impasse. He

and the wistaria withers? The same thing happens." Daie suddenly achieved great enlightenment. When Engo tested him with several koan, he passed them easily.

Daie rose to become abbot of the Kinzan monastery, the most important in the land with a thousand resident monks.[25] As he supervised his sterling collection of dragons and elephants he was like a hungry eagle gazing over a covey of rabbits. We should feel honored to have a man of such profound attainment among the teachers of our school. Yet, as we have seen, there are some who consider such attainment unimportant—"nonessential." The matter they themselves regard as essential, and secretly cherish, is so worthless that even if you put it out together with a million pieces of gold, you would find no takers.

Engo said, "After the ancients had once achieved awakening, they went off and lived in thatched huts or caves, boiling wild vegetable roots in broken-legged pots to sustain themselves. They weren't interested in making names for themselves or in rising to positions of power. Being perfectly free from all ties whatever, they left turning words for their descendents because they wanted to repay their profound debt to the Buddha-patriarchs."[26]

The priest Mannan Dōgan wrote a verse comment on the koan Nansen On The Mountain:

> Lying on a pillow of coral, eyes filled with tears,
> Partly because he likes you, partly because he resents you.

When these lines came to Daie's notice, he immediately ordered his attendant to take down the practice-schedules [and gave his monks a day of rest], saying, "This single turning word amply requites Mannan's debt to the Buddhas."[27]

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asked Engo, "When you were with master Hōen, I understand you asked him that same question. What did he say?" At first Engo just laughed, but finally he told Daie, "He said, 'No depiction could do justice to it.' Then I asked, 'What happens when the tree falls and the wistaria withers?' He said, 'The same thing happens.' " At those words, Daie finally attained great enlightenment. Tokiwa pp. 287–8.

[25] The Kinzan 徑山 (Ching-shan) monastery near the Southern Sung capital, Hangchow.

[26] *Blue Cliff Records*, Case 25.

[27] Wan-an Tao-yen (卍庵道顏, 1094–1164), an heir of Daie. Quoted from the *Goke-shōjūsan* 五家正宗贊 (*Wu-chia cheng-tsung-tsan*). A monk visited Nansen Fugan 南泉普

Most people arrange their altars with lamps and incense holders; they set out offerings of tea, flowers and sweets; they prostrate themselves over and over, perform various other practices around the clock; they even inflict burns on their fingers, arms, and bodies. But none of that repays even a tenth of the debt they owe the Buddhas. How, then, is it possible for a single couplet from an old poem that cuts away entanglements and complications to immediately repay that debt—and repay it in full? This question is by no means an idle or trivial one. Daie was the Dragon Gate of his age, a towering shade tree who provided shelter to over 1700 students. Do you suppose a man of his stature would utter such words frivolously?

In the past, Haryō had his Three Turning Words. His teacher Ummon Daishi told his disciples, "When I die, I don't want you to hold funeral observances of any kind. I just want each of you to take these three turning words and work on them."[28]

■ (Nan-ch'uan P'u-yuan) who was living by himself in a small hut. Nansen told him he had something to do up the mountain and asked him to carry some food to him when the mealtime came. When the monk didn't appear, Nansen returned and found the cooking vessels smashed and the monk asleep; thereupon he stretched out and took a nap himself. When he awoke, the monk was gone. In later years, Nansen said, "Back when I was living by myself in a small hut, I had a visit from a splendid monk. I've never seen him since." *Keitoku dentō-roku*, ch. 8. According to Tokiwa, Mannan's verse comment may allude to an encounter he had with a laywoman who was studying with Daie while Mannan was head monk at Daie's temple. Daie allowed the woman to stay in the abbot's quarters, despite Mannan's objections, on the grounds that she was "no ordinary woman." When finally, at Daie's insistence, Mannan went to see her, she asked him if he wished a worldly meeting or a spiritual one. He indicated the latter, but when he entered her room he found her lying on her back, completely naked. "What kind of place is that?" said Mannan, pointing at her. "The place from which all the Buddhas of the Three Worlds, all six Zen patriarchs, and all the venerable priests in the land have emerged," she said. "Would you allow me to enter there?" he asked. "It isn't a place donkeys and horses can go," she said. Mannan was unable to reply. "The meeting is over," she said, and turned her back to him. "*Hakuin zenji Sokkō-roku kaien fusetsu o yonde*," *Annual Report of Researches of Matsugaoka Bunko*, No. 4, 1990, pp. 105–7.

[28] The Three Turning Words of Haryō Kōkan 巴陵顥鑑 (Pa-ling Hao-chien, n.d.), an heir of Ummon Bun'en (Yun-men Wen-yen, 862–949): 1. What is the Way? A clear-eyed man falls into a well. 2. What is the Blown Hair Sword? Each branch on the coral holds up the moon. 3. A monk asked Haryō, "What is the school of Devadatta?" "Filling a silver bowl with snow," Haryō replied. *Blue Cliff Records*, Case 13.

Now do you really think that a Zen patriarch like Ummon would be espousing "non-essentials" just because he preferred them over offerings of flowers, sweets and rare foods?

Engo writes: "*If one of my monks came forward and said, 'Since there is essentially no moving up toward satori and no moving back toward the everyday world, what's the use of practicing Zen?' I'd just say, 'I can see that you're living in a pitchdark hole with the other dead souls.'*" *How sad!*[29]

"*Many people like to cite the sayings of the Buddhist sages, or some words from the sutras such as 'ordinary speech, subtle speech, it all comes from the same ultimate source,' persuaded that they really understand their meaning. If any of you are operating under such an assumption, you'd better give up Zen. Devote your life to scholarship and become a great exegete.*"

"*Nowadays you often hear people say, 'There's essentially no such thing as satori. The gate or teaching of satori was established as a way of making this fact known to people.' If that's the way you think, you're like a flea on the body of a lion, sustaining itself by drinking its lifeblood. Don't you know the ancient's words, 'If the source is not deep, the stream is not long; if the wisdom is not great, the discernment is not far-reaching'? If the Buddha Dharma was a teaching that had been created or fabricated as you say, how could it possibly have survived to the present day?*"

Chōsha Keijin sent a monk to the priest Tōjin Nyoe, who belonged to the same lineage as his teacher Nansen. The monk asked him, "What was it like after you saw Nansen?"

Nyoe was silent.

"What was it like before you saw Nansen?" he asked.

"There wasn't any difference," said Nyoe.

The monk returned to Chōsha and reported Nyoe's response. Chōsha set forth his own understanding in a verse:[30]

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[29] Here Hakuin has spliced together three different passages from the *Blue Cliff Records*: this first paragraph (except for the final sentence which was inserted by Hakuin) is taken from Engo's introductory statement in Case 77; the second paragraph from Case 77; the third paragraph from Case 53.

[30] Nansen Fugan and Tōji Nyoe 東寺如会 (Tung-ssu Ju-hui, 744–823) were heirs of Baso Dōitsu (Ma-tsu Tao-i); Chōsha Keijin 長沙景岑 (Ch'ang-sha Ching-ts'en, n.d.) was one of Nansen's heirs. I follow the emendation in Tokiwa, p. 293.

Perched motionless at the tip of a 100-foot pole
The man has attainment, but hasn't made it real.
He must advance one more step beyond the tip
And reveal his whole body in the ten directions.

Afterwards, Sanshō Enen sent a monk named Shū Jōza to ask Chōsha some questions.[31]

"When Nansen passed away, where did he go?" said Shū.

"When Sekitō was just a young monk, he went to visit the Sixth Patriarch," said Chōsha.

"I'm not asking about when Sekitō was a young monk," replied Shū. "I want to know where Nansen went when he died."

"Give it deep consideration," said Chōsha.

"You're like a noble old pine tree towering thousands of feet in the winter sky," said Shū. "You're not like a bamboo shoot springing straight up through the rocks."

Chōsha was silent.

"Thank you for your answers," said Shū.

Chōsha was still silent.

Shū returned to Sanshō and told him about his meeting with Chōsha.

"If that's the way Chōsha is," said Sanshō, "he's a good seven steps ahead of Rinzai."[32]

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[31] Sanshō Enen 三聖慧然 (San-sheng Hui-jan, n.d.), an heir of Rinzai Gigen (Lin-chi I-hsuan). The story of Nansen's death is a famous koan. When Nansen was about to die, the head monk asked him where he would be a hundred years hence. "A water buffalo at the foot of the hill," he answered. "Do you mind if I follow you?" asked the monk. "If you do," replied Nansen, "you must hold a stalk of grass in your mouth."

Chōsha answers the monk's question about Nansen with a reply about Sekitō Kisen 石頭希遷 (Shih-t'ou Hsi-ch'ien, 700–90) and Enō (Hui-neng). When Enō was about to die and Sekitō asked him where he should continue his study, Enō answered, "Deeply deliberate" 尋思去; this reply is said also to mean "Go visit Ssu 思" (=Ch'ing-yuan Hsing-ssu 青原行思, Seigen Gyōshi, d. 740, one of Enō's students). Sekitō went to study with Seigen and eventually became his heir. Chōsha's reply "Give it deep deliberation" 教伊尋思去 thus parallels the one Enō gave.

[32] E.g., when Rinzai was about to die, he said, "After I'm gone, don't let the treasure of my true Dharma eye die out." "How could your disciples allow that to happen?" asked Sanshō. "If you are asked about it, what will you say?" said Rinzai. Sanshō gave a loud Katsu. "I would never have thought the treasure of my true Dharma eye would die out when it reached this blind jackass!" said Rinzai. *Rinzai-roku*, *Zen*

Now both Rinzai and Chōsha are beyond question genuine dragons of the Buddha ocean. They are the celestial phoenix and auspicious unicorn that frequent the gardens of the patriarchs. There is no one comparable to them. Having far transcended all forms and appearances, they move slowly or move quickly in response to changing conditions like huge masses of blazing fire, like iron stakes burning at white heat. Neither gods nor demons can perceive their traces; neither devils nor nonBuddhists can discern their activity. Who could conceive their limits? Who could ascertain their differences?

Yet when Sanshō, who was himself a direct Dharma heir of Rinzai, heard what Chōsha had said, he praised him as being superior to his own teacher! Can words be so awesomely difficult? You must understand, however, that within what is to you a mass of entangling verbal complications is contained a small but wonderful element which is able to work miracles.

When Zen master Sekisō passed away and the brotherhood asked the head monk to succeed him as abbot, Zen master Kyūhō,[33] who had previously served as the master's attendant, came and addressed them. He posed a question to the head monk, "The master often told us to 'cease all activity,' to 'do nothing whatever,' to 'become so cold and lifeless the spirits of the dead will come sighing around you,' to 'become a bolt of fine white silk,' to 'become the dead ashes in a censer left forgotten in an ancient graveyard,' to 'become so that the present instant is ten thousand years.'

"What is the meaning of these instructions? If you show that you grasp them, you are the next abbot. If you show that you do not, you aren't the man for the job."

"His words," said the head monk, "refer to the essential oneness of all things."[34]

"You have failed to understand the master's meaning," said Kyūhō.

"Get some incense ready," replied the head monk. "If I have not terminated my life by the time that incense burns, it will mean I grasped the master's meaning. If I am still living, it will mean I did not."

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no goroku, 10, p. 230.

[33] Sekisō Keishō 石霜慶諸 (Shih-shuang Ch'ing-chu, 807–888), fifth generation in the Seigen line. Kyūhō Dōken 九峯道虔 (Chiu-feng Tao-ch'ien, n.d.).

[34] *Isshikihen* 一色辺. The realm of undifferentiated sameness attained when all dualities are transcended.

Kyūhō lit a stick of incense. Before it had burned down the head monk had ceased breathing. Kyūhō patted the dead man on the back, and said, "Others have died while seated; some have died while standing. But you have just succeeded in proving that you could not have even seen the master's meaning in your dreams."

Often those who approach the end of their lives having devoted themselves singlemindedly to the practice of the Way will regard the solitude of their final hours, sitting in the light of a solitary lamp, as the last great and difficult barrier of their religious quest, and as the smoke from the incense burns down they will move quietly and calmly into death, without having made an authentic Zen utterance of any kind. It is them Kyūhō is patting on the back when he says, "You haven't grasped your late master's meaning." We must reflect deeply on those words.

Once Zen master Ungo of Kōshū had an attendant take a pair of trousers to a monk who was living by himself in a grass hut. The monk refused the trousers, saying he already had the pair that he was born with. When Ungo was informed of the monk's reply, he sent the attendant back to ask the question, "What did you wear prior to your birth?" The monk was unable to answer. Later, the monk died, and when his body was cremated, relics were found among his ashes. When these were brought to Ungo, he said, "I'd much rather have had one phrase from him in response to that question I asked when he was living than ten bushels of relics from a dead man."[35]

It is said that the relics found among the ashes of virtuous priests are produced as a natural result of meditation and wisdom they attained in their previous lives. Whenever a relic is discovered after a cremation, even if it is only the size of a millet grain or mustard seed, there is a great rush of people, men and women, young and old, priests and laymen, crowding around to marvel at it and worship it with expressions of deep veneration. But doesn't Ungo say that ten bushels of such relics would not be worth a single phrase uttered while the monk was alive? What is this "one phrase" that it could it be more esteemed than

[35] Ungo Dōyō 雲居道膺 (Yun-chu Tao-ying, d. 902), a disciple of Tōzan Ryōkai (Tung-shan Liang-chieh), co-founder of the Sōtō (Ts'ao-tung) school of Zen. Relics are tiny gem-like fragments of a hardness said to be virtually indestructible that are found among the ashes of a person of extreme virtue after his body cremated.

genuine Buddhist relics which everyone venerates so deeply? This is a question that baffled me for a long time.

After the priest Hōan had retired to the Shifuku-in, he received an invitation to come to the monastery at Kinzan from the abbot Mōan Gensō, who appointed him to the post of senior priest. One of the monks at the monastery, Hō Jōza, was a man of penetrating insight. He would always be there when the abbot or senior priest was receiving students and could invariably get the best of an opponent by seizing the slightest opening and turning his thrusts aside with a sudden and swift attack.[36]

One day, as Hōan was teaching students, Hō Jōza came into the room. Hōan was speaking and was midway through a passage he was quoting from the *Hōzō-ron*, "amid heaven and earth, in all the universe, there is here. . ."[37] when Hō looked as though he wanted to say something. Hōan suddenly slapped him and drove him out of the room.

Actually, Hō had planned to interject a comment the moment Hōan had finished the quotation, and Hōan had anticipated him. Hō was convinced that Hōan was deliberately out to humiliate him. After Hō left Hōan's room, he returned to his place in the meditation hall and expired. When his body was cremated, villagers from the neighboring areas found some relics among his ashes. They took them and presented them to Hōan. Hōan held them up and said, "Hō Jōza. Even if there had been ten bushels of these among your ashes, I'd set them aside. I just want that one turning word while you were alive!" With that, he threw the relics to the ground. They turned out to be merely bits of pus and blood.

An ancient said that "of the seventeen hundred eminent masters included in the *Records of the Lamp*, relics were found among the ashes of only fourteen. Of the eighty monks who appear in the *Biographies*

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[36] Hōan Sōsen 破庵祖先 (P'o-an Tsu-hsien, 1136–1211), an heir of Mittan Kanketsu (Mi-an Hsien-chieh), in the fourth generation from Engo. Mōan Gensō 蒙庵元聰 (Meng-an Yuan-ts'ung, d. 1209); an heir of Butsugen Seion (Fo-yen Ching-yuan). Hō Jōza 寶上座 (Pao Shang-tso, n.d.).

[37] Lines from the *Hōzō-ron* 寶藏論 (*Pao-tsang lun*), attributed to the early Chinese scholar-monk Sōjō 僧肇 (Seng-chao, 374–414). The full quotation is: "Within heaven and earth, in the midst of the universe, there is a precious jewel lying hidden inside a mountain of form." Ummon quotes these words in Case 62 of the *Blue Cliff Records*.

from the Groves of Zen, relics were recovered from the ashes of only a few. Moreover, there are just two things our school holds essential: thorough attainment of self-realization and thorough mastery in instructing others. That means being armed with the fangs and claws that spur students onward by dissolving their attachments and breaking off their chains. Buddhists also call this 'transmitting the Dharma, ferrying people to the other shore.' Everything else is unimportant."[38]

The teachers of our Zen school have in their possession moves and maneuvers which are hard to believe, hard to understand, hard to penetrate, and hard to realize. They can take someone whose mind seems dead, devoid of consciousness, and transform him into a bright-eyed monk of awesome vitality. We call these methods the fangs and claws of the Dharma cave. It is like when an old tiger gives a long, terrifying roar and emerges from the forest, throwing such fear into the rabbits, foxes, badgers and their kind that their livers petrify and their eyes fix in glassy stares and they wobble around on rubbery knees, piddling and shitting involuntarily. Why do they react that way? Because the tiger is armed with claws of steel and a shining set of golden fangs like razor-sharp swords. Without those weapons, tigers would be no different from other animals.

Hence these words by a Zen master of the past: "In the first year of the Kien-chung era (1101), I obtained at the quarters of a now-deceased friend a copy of Zen master Tōzan Shūshō's recorded sayings compiled by his disciple Fukugon Ryōga. It contained words and phrases of great subtlety and profundity—the veritable claws and fangs of the Dharma cave."[39]

At the start of the Chien-tao era (1165–74), when Katsudō Eon was abbot at Kokusei-ji, he happened to see a verse tribute that Wakuan Shitai had dedicated to an image of the Bodhisattva Kannon.

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[38] Jōchū Muon 恕中無慍 (Shu-chung Wu-yun, 1309–86), of the Yōgi branch. Quoted from his collection of Zen anecdotes, *Sannan zatsuroku* 山庵雜録 (*Shan-an tsa-lu*). The Records of the Lamp (*Keitoku dentō-roku*) is said to consist of accounts of 1700 Zen figures. Biographies from the Groves of Zen (*Zenrin sōbō-den* 禅林僧宝伝 *Ch'an-lin seng-pao ch'uan*), compiled by Kakuhan Ekō 覚範慧洪 (Chueh-fan Hui-hung, 1071–1128), of the Ōryō branch.

[39] Kakuhan Ekō, from his *Rinkan-roku* 林間録 (*Lin-men lu*), a collection of Zen anecdotes with Kakuhan's comments. Tōzan Shūshō 洞山守初 (Tung-shan Shou-ch'u, 910–90), an heir of Ummon Bun'en. Fukugon Ryōga 福厳良雅 (Fu-yen Liang-ya, n.d.).

By not abiding in his original being
He confuses people all over the world;
I gaze up at his venerable form,
At eyes that seem almost devoid of sight—
The natural beauties of Chang-an are timeless,
Why should anyone grope blindly along its walls?

Katsudō was beside himself with joy. "I had no idea there was someone of such ability among Master Shian's followers," he exclaimed. He had search made and finally located Wakuan at the Kōshin-ji. There, in the presence of a large gathering of people, he begged Wakuan to come and serve as his head monk.[40]

Often I hear people say how hard it is to judge others correctly. It was a problem even for the sages of olden times. Yet here is Katsudō, praising a man after reading only a few lines of verse he had written, then asking him to become head monk of his temple! Could it really have been as easy as that? Perhaps Katsudō acted with undue haste. Or, perhaps there really is something in those lines of verse. These questions deserve our closest scrutiny.

Zen master Suian Shiichi of Jinzū-an, speaking to students in his chambers, said, "The western barbarian has no beard."

One of the monks went to Wakuan Shitai and told him what Suian had said. "A starving dog even eats cotton wool," declared Wakuan.

The monk withdrew, then went back and reported Wakuan's words to Suian. "The man who uttered that is capable of teaching an assembly of five hundred monks," said Suian.[41]

When Tōsu Daidō of Jōshū heard someone quote Zen master

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[40] Katsudō Eon 瞎堂慧遠 (Hsia-tao Hui-yuan, 1103–76) and Shian (Gokoku) Keigen 此庵[護国]景元 (Tz'u-an [Hu-kuo] Ching-yuan, 1095–1146) were both heirs of Engo Kokugon. Wakuan Shitai 或庵師体 (Huo-an Shih-t'i, 1108–1179) was a disciple of Shian. The Bodhisattva Kannon, "observing the sounds of the world's suffering" by relying on the sense of hearing, abandons his fundamental appearance and assumes different forms in response to the needs of sentient beings. This entire passage appears in the *Zenmon hōkun* 禅門寶訓 (*Ch'an-men pao-hsun*), ch. 2.

[41] Shui-an Shih-i, 水庵師一, 1107-76, of Ching-tz'u yuan 浄慈院. Wakuan is known for his question, "Why has the western barbarian no beard?" (*Mumonkan*, *Wu-men kuan*, Case 4). The "western barbarian" has traditionally been understood as referring to Bodhidharma, hence: "Why does the bearded Bodhidharma have no beard?" In his footnote to this passage (pp. 307–8), Tokiwa Gishin presents a convincing argument

Daizui's words, "It goes along," he lit some incense, made a deep bow in the direction of Daizui's temple, and said, "An old Buddha has appeared in Western Shu."[42]

See how a clear-sighted Zen master is able to perceive everything at a single glance without the slightest error? Just like the famous mirror of the Chin Emperor which reflected all one's vital organs.

Once when Tōzan Gyōsō had just started training under Zen master Monju Ōshin, Monju posed the following question to instruct his monks: "Straight hooks catch black dragons. Bent hooks catch frogs and earthworms. Does anyone have a dragon?" There was a longish pause, then Monju said, "This is a waste of effort. The tortoise hair grows longer by the minute." At those words, Tōzan had a sudden realization.[43]

Later, while Tōzan was at Mount Ungo serving as keeper of lamps, he heard a visiting monk say that the Great Sage of Ssu-chou [an incarnation of Kannon] had recently made an appearance in Yang-chou. When the monk then asked, "What do you think the Great Sage is up to appearing in Yang-chou like that?" Tōzan said, "Even a superior man has a liking for wealth, but he knows the proper way to get it."[44]

Later the same monk reported Tōzan's words to Shō Anjū of Renge

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that the "bearded Indian" is in fact Shishi 師子 (Shih-t'zu), the 24th Indian Zen patriarch who, while teaching in a kingdom in northern India, was unjustly accused of betraying the king's trust and beheaded by the enraged monarch. *Keitoku dentō-roku*, ch. 2. Wakuan's question would thus become: "Why has the bearded western barbarian no head?" My translation follows the traditional interpretation, since I suspect that is the one Hakuin had in mind.

[42] T'ou-tzu Ta-tung, 投子大同, 819–914, of the Seigen line. A monk asked Taizui Hōshin 大隨法真 (Ta-sui Fa-chen, 878–963), "When the world-ending kalpa fire comes and everything is consumed in the conflagration, will 'this' too be destroyed?" "Yes, destroyed," replied Taizui. "Then does 'it' go along with the rest?" asked the monk. " 'It' goes along" 隨他去 replied Taizui. *Blue Cliff Records*, Case 29.

[43] Tung-shan Hsiao-ts'ung 洞山曉聰, d. 1030. Wen-chu Ying-hsin, 文殊応真, n.d. *Goke shōjū-san*, ch. 4. Cf. Tokiwa, p. 310. Hakuin has brushed in a marginal note here that says, "You won't come to grips with these words in three years or even five years!"

[44] According to the account in the *Keitoku dentō-roku* (ch. 27), the Central Asian monk Sōgya 僧伽 (Seng-ch'ieh, 628–710) settled down in Ssu-chou 泗州 (Chiang-su province), helping those in difficulty and always carrying a willow branch in his hand. When people asked, "What is [your] name?" he answered, "[My] name is what." When they asked, "What land [are you] from?" he said, "[I'm] from what land." He

Peak. "Ummon's descendents are still alive and well!" exclaimed Shō in astonishment. Although it was late at night, he lit an offering of incense and made deep bows in the direction of Mount Ungo.[45]

I have read about this Shō Anjū. He was a Dharma son of Busen Dōshin.[46] A Dharma grandson of Ummon himself. The sharpness of his Zen activity was unexcelled. He tested it on others for over twenty years, but never found anyone who could stand up to his thrusts. Had all the Buddhas appeared together from all their countless Buddhalands, emitting boundless radiance, exercising inconceivable powers, employing at will the eight marvelous virtues inherent in their voices and their four kinds of unhindered eloquence and preached the Dharma so that it fell like rain, they still couldn't have got this hardnosed old saddlehorn of a bonze to pay them the slightest heed. But look at him. He hears a few words that slipped from Gyōsō's mouth and immediately he lights incense and prostrates himself in the direction of Gyōsō's temple. Why? What can it mean? The words Gyōsō uttered are found in the Confucian Analects.[47] Shō Anjū must have known them. Yet when he heard them he was bowled over in amazement. He went into transports of joy. Had he taken leave of his senses? Could it be that he was just stupid? Or, on the other hand, perhaps there is something here that should be greatly valued. Certainly, it is a question for us to deeply ponder.

Once while Zen master Butsugen Seion was serving at the Ryūmon-ji, one of the monks was bitten by a snake. The master took the incident up as he was teaching in his chambers.[48]

"How could a monk of the Ryūmon-ji allow himself to get bitten by a snake?" he asked.

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became known as the Great Sage of Ssu-chou (Ssu-chou Ta-sheng 泗州大聖), received the devoted patronage of Emperor Chung-tsung and was revered as an incarnation of the Bodhisattva Kannon. Cf. Tokiwa's long note, pp. 310–3.

[45] Hsiang An-chu 祥庵主 of Lien-hua feng 蓮華峯 at Mount T'ien-t'ai. Hakuin's description of him below is based on Engo's commentary in Case 25 of the *Blue Cliff Records*, part of which he has already quoted above (see p. 125).

[46] Feng-hsien Tao-shen 奉先道深, n. d.

[47] Not found in the Analects. *Kanwa-daijiten* gives this as the only pre-modern occurrence of the saying (II.852a).

[48] Fo-yen Ching-yuan 仏眼清遠, 1067–1120. An heir of Goso Hōen. The entire passage appears in *Goke shōjū-san*, ch. 2.

None of the comments the monks offerred were acceptable to Butsugen. Then Kōan Zengo said, "He displayed the marks of the great man that he is." The master immediately nodded his affirmation.[49]

When Kōan's words came to the notice of Zen master Engo Kokugon at the Shōkaku-ji, he declared in admiration, "If there's someone like that at Ryūmon-ji, the paths of the Eastern Mountain aren't desolate yet."[50]

Can anyone tell me what Engo means by "desolate"? Is he saying that the place is not barren, that it is not experiencing difficulty? Is he referring to the noise and activity caused by crowds of monks?

I've read that "the Buddha Dharma consists in doing what is right and proper, not in prosperity."[51] So even if a temple was filled with two or three hundred blind eggplants and gourds [monks] consuming all the buckets of white rice set before them like ravenous wolves or hungry silkworms and they were subjected to rigorous discipline, twelve-hour-days of zazen without rest, if none of those monks was truly committed to the Way, Engo would no doubt consider that temple a barren place that had fallen on hard times. But if there was even half a monk sitting with knees bent and chin pulled in, doggedly doing zazen, even if he was living in a tiny old room with leaky roofs and damp floors in a dirty, remote back lane, if he was singlemindedly devoted to penetrating the truth, Engo would surely regard his place as rich and prosperous.

This would suggest that what the ancients regarded as lonely and desolate would be considered thriving prosperity by people today, and what people today regard as thriving prosperity would have been considered lonely and desolate by the ancients. How can our school have fallen into such decline?

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[49] Kao-an Shan-wu 高庵善悟, 1074–1132. An heir of Butsugen Seion.

[50] Engo served at the Shōkaku-ji 昭覚寺 (Chao-chueh-ssu) in Szechuan from 1102–1110. Eastern Mountain 東山 (Tōzan; Tung-shan) is another name for Goso-zan 五祖山 (Wu-tsu shan); here Engo refers to the Zen of his teacher Goso Hōen.

[51] Kidō Chigu (Hsu-tang Chih-yu). Kidō's words continue, "When it is true, the gods and demons cannot penetrate its reason. When it is properous, they quickly become jealous of its good fortune." *Kokuyaku zenshū sōsho* II, vol. 6, p. 369.

TRANSLATION

Talks by Hakuin Introductory to Lectures On the Records of Old Sokkō (7)

(*Sokkō-roku kaien fusetsu*)

TRANSLATED BY NORMAN WADDELL

ŌRYŌ E'NAN, a Dharma heir of Sekisō Jimyō, received his initial certification from master Rokutan.[1] He then set out, full of enthusiasm and supremely self-confidant, at the head of a group of monks on a pilgrimage to other teachers. In the course of his travels, he chanced to encounter Umpō Bun'etsu,[2] and together they went to visit Mount Hsi.[3] One night as they were talking, Umpō asked E'nan about the teaching Rokutan had given him. After E'nan had explained the essentials of Rokutan's Zen, Umpō said, "Rokutan may belong to the lineage of master Ummon, but the way the two men express the Dharma is completely different."

Asked to explain the difference, Umpō continued, "Ummon is like a pill of immortality, refined nine times over into perfect transparency; it can transform iron into gold. Rokutan is like quicksilver, all right to

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* This installment concludes the translation.

[1] Huang-lung Hui-nan 黄龍慧南, 1002–69 and Shih-shuang Tz'u-ming 石霜慈明, 986–1039. Rokutan Kaichō 渤潭懐澄 (Le-t'an Huai-ch'eng, n.d.) is in the third generation of the Ummon line. This first episode is based largely on the account in the supplement to the *Zenrin-sōbō den* 禅林僧宝伝 (*Ch'an-lin seng-pao chuan*). Tokiwa Gishin, *Hakuin* (Daijō butten #27, Chuōkōronsha), p. 321.

[2] Yun-feng Wen-yueh 雲峯文悅, 997–1062; of the Rinzai school.

[3] Hsi-shan 西山 (Seizan, Western Mountain); where the fourth Chinese Zen patriarch Dōshin 道信 (Tao-hsin) resided.

amuse yourself with, but it dissipates the moment it enters the furnace."

E'nan, bristling at this reference to his teacher, picked up a wooden pillow and threw it angrily at Umpō.

The next morning, Umpō apologized to E'nan, but went on to state, "Ummon has a greatness of spirit like that of a king. Do you think such a man would let dead words pass from his lips? Although Rokutan has no doubt attained realization, his utterances have no life in them. If the words he speaks are dead, how can he hope to instill life in his students?"

He turned and began to leave, but E'nan stopped him and demanded, "Then who do you think is a suitable teacher?"

"Sekisō Jimyō," he replied. "His methods in dealing with students surpass by far all other teachers of today. If you're serious about meeting him, you'd better not waste any more time."

E'nan silently pondered Umpō's words. "This is the very reason why I left my teacher and came on this pilgrimage. Umpō did his training under master Suigan, yet he's urging me to see Jimyō. He assures me that if I do, it's certain to benefit me. What would Umpō have to gain if I did go and study with Jimyō?"

So he readied his travelling pack that very day and set out for Jimyō's temple on Mount Sekisō.

I want you monks to give this your close attention. The ancients never engaged in deception, neither of themselves nor of others. Yet today teachers use the Dharma their masters transmit to them as crutches. They arrive at various understandings, cling fast to them, and then do everything in their power to cover up their own faults and shortcomings. If they persist like this in deceiving themselves, how and when will the students who come to study with them be able to achieve their goals?

Later, when E'nan listened to Jimyō teach and heard him disparage almost every Zen teacher around the country, pointing out their mistakes and showing where each one of them went wrong, he realized that the matters Jimyō was holding up to censure were the very ones that Rokutan had privately transmitted to him.

He left Jimyō's temple in fallen spirits, but when he recalled what Umpō had told him about Jimyō and his teaching ability he had a change of heart. Asking himself, "Should someone who is determined

to resolve the Great Matter of life and death allow doubts to remain undispelled in his mind?" He hurried back to Jimyō's chambers.

"I'm ignorant and inexperienced," he told Jimyō. "Although I hope to attain the Way, I haven't made much progress. Hearing your teaching last night, I felt like a man who had obtained a compass to guide him after having lost his way. Please have pity on me. Please teach me and help me to dispel the doubts in my mind."

Jimyō laughed. "We know about you in the training halls, Librarian E'nan. You've been travelling with a group of monks making the rounds of the Zen teachers. If you have doubts, why carry them with you until you grow old and let them sap your energy? Why don't you stay here and train with me for a while so we can thrash out those doubts of yours?"

Jimyō summoned an attendant and had him bring a chair out for E'nan, but E'nan refused to sit on it. Instead he implored Jimyō for his help with even more urgency.

"Being a student of Ummon's Zen," said Jimyō, "you must be familiar with its basic principles. You remember when Ummon spared Tōzan three blows with his staff? Do you think Tōzan should have received those blows? Or do you think it was all right for him not to have received them?"[4]

When E'nan replied, "He should have received them, of course," Jimyō said, with a grave countenance, "You hear the word 'staff' and immediately you conclude that he should be receiving blows from it. In that case, Tōzan would be receiving blows from sunup to sundown, every time a crow cawed, a magpie screeched, a temple bell rang, or a

[4] When Tōzan Shusho 洞山守初 (T'ung-shan Shou-ch'u, 910–90) went to study with Zen master Ummon, Ummon asked him where he came from. "From the Ch'a crossing," he said. "Where did you spend the summer retreat?" asked Ummon. "Pao-tz'u temple in Hunan," he replied. "When did you leave?" he asked. "On the 25th of the eighth month," Tōzan said. "I'll spare you the sixty blows you've earned," said Ummon. That night, Tōzan went to Ummon's chambers and asked what he had done to deserve sixty blows. "You worthless rice-bag," said Ummon. "Going off like that west of the river and south of the lake." With this, Tōzan attained great enlightenment. Cf. Case 15 in the *Mumonkan* (*Wu-men kuan*), where author Mumon's comment is similar to the one Jimyō makes here: "Let me ask you if Tōzan should be beaten or not. If you say he should be beaten, then trees and grasses and everything else should be beaten too."

wooden block was struck. Ummon would have to be swatting away at him nonstop, wouldn't he?"

E'nan just stared uncomprehendingly, so Jimyō said, "When I first saw you, I wasn't at all sure that I could teach you. Now I know that I can." He let E'nan perform the formal bows as a disciple. As E'nan rose from the bows, he continued,

"If you really understand the meaning of Ummon's Zen, you should be able to tell me this. When Jōshū said he had seen right through the old woman he met at Mount T'ai, what was it he saw through?"[5]

E'nan's face turned red. He broke into a profuse sweat. He didn't have the slightest inkling what to say. Feeling totally humiliated, he got up and bolted from the room.

The following day, when E'nan went to Jimyō, he was greeted with a fresh round of abuse. Looking sheepishly around him, E'nan said, "It's precisely because I don't know that I've come here to find an answer. Do you call it compassion, to treat people like this? Can the Dharma be conferred in this manner?"

Jimyō only laughed. As he did, E'nan suddenly grasped his meaning. "You were right!" he shouted. "Those are dead words Rokutan speaks!" He composed a verse and presented it to Jimyō.

> Standing at the pinnacle of the Zen world,
> No wonder Jōshū saw the old woman's true colors.
> Today the whole universe has a mirror-like clarity;
> Pilgrims, don't regard the Way as your enemy.

Ōryō E'nan was thirty-five years old at the time. Do you see how bitter the hardships were that the ancients endured when they committed themselves to the study of Zen? E'nan, like a magnificent phoenix emerging from a stinking owl's egg, soared up into the sky. In this man-

[5] A monk on his way to Mount Wu-t'ai asked an old woman he met by the side of the road, "Which is the way to Wu-t'ai?" "Straight ahead," she replied. As the monk was about to walk on, she said, "Another one fell for it." When master Jōshū (Chao-chou) heard about this, he immediately went himself and asked her, "Which way is it to Wu-t'ai?" "Straight ahead," she replied. As he was about to set out, she said, "Another one fell for it." Joshu returned to the temple, told his monks what had happened, and said, "Today, I saw right through that old woman." *Gotō-egen* (*Wu-teng hui-yuan*), ch. 4, section on Jōshū.

ner, the Ōryō and Yōgi lines of the Rinzai school branched out from master Jimyō like the forked tail of a swallow.[6]

At the start of Shinjō Kokubun's career, when he went to Hsiang-ch'eng to visit Priest Jōran, Jōran asked him where he had come from. "I've come from Ōryō," he replied. "What is Ōryō telling his monks these days?" asked Jōran.[7]

Do you see that? If it had been a training hall in one of today's temples, the question would have been, "How many sticks of incense does Ōryō sit through these days?" "How many sutras does he recite?" "What Buddhist image does he venerate?" "What precepts does he observe?" What do you think Jōran was up to, asking right off, "What's he telling his monks these days?"

Shinjō said, "Recently, Priest Ōryō received a request from the prefectural authorities asking him to select someone from his assembly for the abbotship of the Ōbaku-ji. He composed a verse,

> Above in the bell-tower, reciting sutras;
> Below the zazen seat, planting vegetables.

and told his monks, 'Anyone who can come up with a comment that accords with the meaning in that verse leaves here today to become abbot at Ōbaku-ji.' "

See how straight to the point he is![8] In the past, an ascetic monk named Shiba travelled from Hunan to visit the great teacher Hyakujō. When he met the master, he said, "The scenery at Mount I (Isan) is exceptionally fine. I'll bet you could get fifteen hundred monks to train there."

Hyakujō said, "If any monk in my assembly is able to produce a genuine turning verse, I'll send him off to be head priest at Mount I."

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[6] The Ōryō (Huang-lung) and Yōgi (Yang-ch'i) schools became two of the so-called Seven Schools of Chinese Zen. Japanese Rinzai Zen derives from the Yōgi line.

[7] Hsin-ching K'o-wen 真淨克文, 1025–1102. Jōran Jun 上藍順 (Shang-lan Shun, n.d.). This is based on accounts in *Gotō-egen*, ch. 17.

[8] At this point Hakuin breaks off the dialogue between Shinjō and Jōran to insert a separate dialogue between Hyakujō Ekai (Po-chang Huai-hai, 720–814) and his monks. This continues for five paragraphs, followed by a paragraph of Hakuin's own comments; then the original dialogue is resumed.

He pointed to a water jar and said, "You can't call that a water jar. What do you call it?"

His head monk at the time, named Karin,[9] came forward and said, "It can't be called a gate-latch." But Hyakujō wouldn't accept that answer.

Hyakujō then posed the question to Reiyū (later Zen master Isan),[10] who was serving as the temple cook. Reiyū went up to the water jar and kicked it over.

"The head monk has lost out to the cook," said Hyakujō with a laugh. So Reiyū became abbot of the temple on Mount I.

Today when Zen people go about choosing a head priest, they ask him where he comes from. They want to know about his family and career. They want to know how much financial help he can provide. How much money his relatives have. Can he compose good verse? Does he have a good prose style? This candidate has the right looks, but he's too short. That one is tall enough, but he doesn't have the right looks. This fellow's a good calligrapher, but that one's a better speaker. And so their deliberations continue, leading them into ever-deepening ignorance. How welcome it is to find a person who, instead of generating piles of filth like that, simply asks his monks for a verse.

(Shinjō's story now resumes:) "Ishō Jōza offered a comment on Ōryō's verse.[11] 'A ferocious tiger sits blocking the way.' Ōryō accepted it and Ishō wound up becoming the head priest at Ōbaku-ji."

A priest named Jun, hearing this story, blurted out, "Ishō Jōza may have gained the abbotship of Ōbaku-ji with that phrase, but he still didn't know the first thing about the Buddha Dharma!"

Upon hearing those words, Shinjō attained great enlightenment and saw with perfect clarity the Zen activity at work in Ōryō's verse.

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[9] Hua-lin 華林, n.d.; later Karin Zenkaku 善覚, Hua-lin Shan-chueh, an heir of Baso Dōitsu (Ma-tsu Tao-i). *Gotō-egen*, ch. 3.

[10] Isan Reiyū 潙山霊祐 (Kuei-shan Ling-yu, 771–853), founder of the Igyō (Kuei-yang) school.

[11] Ishō Shuza 惟勝首座, Wei-sheng Shou-tso: Ishō Shinkaku, Wei-sheng Hsin-chueh, n.d. *Gotō-egen*, ch. 17.

When Zen students in former times committed themselves to penetrating the depths, they didn't choose a temple because it was popular with other monks; they didn't care if the training hall was full or not. Their minds were fixed on one thing alone: resolving the Great Matter.

Zen people today, being unable to tell slave from master, common stones from jade, say things like: "Priest So-and-so treats his monks as carefully as nurslings." "Priest B regards prostrations before Buddhist images as the very heart of Buddhist practice." "Priest C takes only one meal each day." "Priest D sits long periods at a stretch without ever lying down—he's a living Buddha."

What has the Zen school come to!

Long ago, during the southern Sung, Zen master Mittan Kanketsu, a native of the state of Min, crossed the mountains into Wu-chou to visit Chisha Gen'an.[12] One day, as he was sitting warming himself in the sun, an old monk who was a veteran of the Dharma wars came up and asked him, "Where will you go when you leave here?"

"I'm going to visit Butchi Tanyū[13] at the Aikuō-zan monastery in Ssu-mei," he replied.

"When the world is in decline, it affects even the young monks on pilgrimage; they have a pair of ears, but they aren't equipped with eyes," the monk said.

"What do you mean?" demanded Mittan.

"There are currently a thousand monks residing at Aikuō-zan. The abbot can't possibly give personal instruction to each one. How is he going to find time to work with someone like you, who's already making out all right on his own?"

"Then where am I to go?" said Mittan with tears in his eyes.

"There's a priest named Ō'an Donge[14] in Mei-kuo, Ch'u-chou. He's still young, but his discernment is second to none. Go see him."

Mittan followed the monk's advice. He studied under Donge for

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[12] Mi-an Hsien-chieh 密庵咸傑, 1118–1186. This account is found in the *Sōrin-seiji* 叢林盛事 (*Ts'ung-lin Sheng-shih*), ch. 1. Tokiwa, p. 312. Chisha Gen'an 智者元庵, Chih-che Yuan-an, n.d.

[13] Fo-chih T'uan-yu 仏智端裕, 1085–1150.

[14] Ying-an T'an-hua 応庵曇華, 1103–63.

four years, in the course of which he was able to break through and grasp the vital life-source of the Buddha-patriarchs.

Practicers today move around from temple to temple looking for a place that offers them comfortable living conditions and serves thick rice gruel at mealtimes. They aren't much concerned about the problem of birth and death. They don't care about penetrating the secret depths. They come wandering into these temples like herds of deer; they gather like swarms of ants. There is a difference of heaven and earth between them and a monk like Mittan.

Priest Goso Hōen once addressed the following remarks to his pupils:[15]

"Back twenty or thirty years ago, I travelled around the country seeking a teacher. After studying with several experienced masters, I thought my quest was over. But when I reached Mount Fu and joined the assembly under master Enkan, I found that I couldn't even open my mouth. After that, while I was practicing under master Hakuun, I got my teeth around an iron bun. When I was finally able chew it, I found it possessed hundreds of marvelous flavors.[15] How would I express that? I'd say,

> The flowers on the cockscomb crown the early autumn,
> Who dyed the purple into their splendid silken heads?
> Soon winds will blow, and brush their combs together—
> An endless struggle will unfold before the temple stairs.

Did you hear him? "I thought my quest was over." If Hōen, concluding his practice was at an end, had not entered Enkan's chambers, and not come under Hakuun's wing, he would have carried his mistakes around with him to the grave. What a precious thing a Zen teacher is whose eyes are truly open. He is a priceless treasure not only for men, but for devas as well. But even that remains unknown to those

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[15] Wu-tsu Fa-yen 五祖法演, d. 1104. The main source for this section seems to be the *Wu-chia cheng-tsung-tsan* (*Goke Shōjūsan*), ch. 2. Tokiwa (p. 319) quotes another, fuller account in Hōen's own words: "I was on pilgrimage fifteen years. First I practiced with a priest named Sen and obtained the hair. Next, studying with venerable teachers throughout the land, I got the skin. I got the bones when I was with old Enkan. I got the marrow at Hakuun's. Now I teach to help those who want to receive the Zen teachings." *Fa-yen yu-lu* (*Goso goroku*). Fusan Enkan 浮山円鑑, Fu-shan Yuan-chien, 991–1067. Hakuun Shutan 白雲守端, Po-yun Shu-tuan, 1025–72.

today who throw their whole lives away by deciding prematurely they have finished their training.

One day early in Hōen's career when he was studying under Zen master Enkan, Enkan told him,[16]

"I'm not getting any younger. By staying here with me, you may be wasting valuable time. I want you to go to Hakuun Shutan. He's young in years, and I've never actually met him, but judging from the verse comment he made on Rinzai's Three Blows, I can tell that he's an exceptional monk.[17] If you study with him, I'm sure you'll be able to bring the Great Matter to completion."

Inwardly, Hōen recognized the truth of his teacher's words. He bade him farewell and set out for Mount Hakuun.

What magnanimity! Enkan's total selflessness deserves our deepest respect. Zen teachers today hand scraps of paper to students as they award them a piece of their lifeless Dharma, killing them stone dead with the seal of approval they stamp on it, and telling them, "You are like this. I am like this too. Preserve it carefully. Never change or deviate from it."[18]

Students receive these certificates with bows of gratitude, raise them over their heads in attitudes of reverence. They preserve them like zealots until the day they die—and they make a total waste of their lives in the process. Their own true face thus remains unknown to them. The reason Enkan chose Hakuun's temple to send Hōen to, was not

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[16] The following episode is based largely on the account in *Gotō-egen*, ch. 19.

[17] When Rinzai Gigen (Lin-chi I-hsuan) was studying with his teacher Ōbaku Kiun (Huang-po Hsi-yun), he asked him three times about the central meaning of the Buddha Dharma, and each time Ōbaku hit him.

The verse comment Hakuun composed ("With one blow he crumbles the Yellow Crane Tower;/ With one kick he turns Parrot Island on its back./ When the spirit is there, fuel it with more spirit./ Where there is no elegance, there too is elegance.") alludes to a famous poem by Ts'ui-hao 崔顥 (Saikō; 704–54): "Where a man of old rode off on a yellow crane/ Nothing remains now but the Yellow Crane Tower;/ Not once these thousand years has the crane returned,/But still white clouds drift easily in the vast void./ The trees reflect clearly on the water at Han-yang;/ Parrot Island is thick with fragrant grasses;/ In which direction in the darkening twilight lies my home?/ The mist over the river brings sadness to my heart." Tokiwa p. 320.

[18] Similar to words the Sixth Patriarch spoke to his disciple Nangaku. Quoted before; see installment 6, p. 123, fn. 17.

because he didn't like training halls filled with students; it was solely because he didn't want to see the true Zen wind die out.

One day, when Hōen was working as head of the milling shed, one of the monks suddenly pointed to the turning millstone and said, "Does that move by supernatural power? Or does it occur naturally?" Hōen hitched up his robes and made a circumambulation of the stone. The monk said nothing.

Later, master Hakuun came into the shed and spoke to Hōen. "I had some monks here visiting from Mount Lu. They had all experienced enlightenment. When I asked them to express their understanding, they did it very well, with words of substance. When I questioned them about episodes involving Zen masters of the past, they were able to clarify them. When I requested comments on Zen sayings, the comments they supplied were all acceptable. In spite of that, they still weren't there yet."

Hakuun's words brought deep doubts to Hōen's mind. "They had achieved enlightenment," he pondered. "They were able to express their understanding. They could clarify the stories the master gave them. Why did he say they still lack something?" After struggling with this for several days, he suddenly broke through into enlightenment. Casting aside everything that had been so important to him until now, he raced to Hakuun's chambers. When Hakuun saw him, he got up and began dancing about, waving his arms and stamping his feet. Hōen just looked on and laughed.

Afterwards, Hōen said, "I broke into great beads of sweat . . . then, suddenly, I experienced for myself 'the fresh breeze that rises up when the great burden is laid down.' "[19]

We must prize Hōen's example. After only a few days of intense effort, he transcended in one leap all the gradual stages of attainment—the Three Wisdoms and the Four Fruits—and penetrated directly the hearts of all the twenty-eight Indian and six Chinese Zen patriarchs. After that, he spoke with effortless freedom whenever he opened his mouth, taking students completely unaware when he responded to their questions, and cutting the ground from under them with his own. Reflect deeply, and you will see that this is the very point at which men of great stature surpass the countless ranks of average men; and it is at

[19] A saying of Jōshū Jūshin (Chao-chou Ts'ung-shen, 778–897).

this same point that ordinary men of the lax and indolent type lose hope.

Long ago, Emperor Yu of Hsia saved a hundred provinces from the ravages of flood by having a passage cut through at the Dragon Gate. The project took years, and required the forced labor of countless men and women, costing many of them their lives. Kao-tsung, after struggling through a period of great tumult, established the foundations for a dynasty of Han rulers that endured for four centuries. But the policies he initiated during the forty years of his reign resulted in injury and death for untold millions of his subjects.

While this has made the names of these men known throughout the world, both of their achievements were defiled by the illusory passions which engendered them. The difference between worldly exploits such as theirs and the spiritual attainment of a Zen teacher like Hōen, which is utterly beyond the defiling passions, is as vast as the difference between sky and sea.

But there is unfortunately another species of teacher in our Zen school. The kind who gets all puffed up the minute he manages to round up seven or eight pupils, and begins stalking around like a tiger with a mean glint in his eyes, or prancing about like an elephant with his nose in the air, asserting smugly,

"Master So-and-so is an excellent priest. His poems are reminiscent of Li Yu-lin. He writes prose like Yuan Chung-lang. Moreover, the ample fare his temple provides its inmates cannot be matched anywhere else in the country. There is a morning meal, a midday meal, tea and cakes three times a day. Before the afternoon tea-break is even over, the board sounds announcing the evening meal. The master teaches the Dharma of 'direct pointing' itself, and ushers students into enlightenment with no more effort than it takes to gather clods of dirt at the roadside. Mr. Cho's third son went to him and was immediately enlightened. Mr. Ri's fourth son went to him and grasped the Dharma right off. Samurai, farmers, artisans, merchants, even butchers and inn-keepers and peddlers, and everyone else who passes through the gates of his temple, are all of them guided straight into the realm of truth. No other training hall in the land can compare with it. Any monk who fails to visit his temple when he goes on pilgrimage in effect renounces his committment to Zen training and botches his whole life in the bargain."

Phffmp! What graveyard did you pillage for those old left-over offer-

ings? And who gave you that line about "direct pointing"? How can you say that enlightenment comes as effortlessly as "gathering clods of dirt"? Are you talking about the "secret transmission" of the Sixth Patriarch? Is it the "essential matter" Rinzai transmitted? If it was as easy as you say it is, and it was enough for a student merely to receive and accept a teaching after his teacher explained it to him in detail, why do Zen people speak of the "wondrous Dharma that the Buddhas and patriarchs do not transmit?

One day long ago when Zen master Kyōgen Chikan was studying under Isan Reiyū,[20] Reiyū addressed the following question to him: "I've heard about your brilliant intellect. They say it is so penetrating that when you were with your late teacher Hyakujō you could give an answer of ten when he asked about one, and an answer of a hundred when he asked about ten. But that discriminating intellect and perceptive thinking of yours is the very source of birth-and-death. What I want from you now is a single phrase that comes from a time prior to your birth."

Kyōgen was flummoxed. He returned to the monks quarters in a daze, took out the writings he had been studying and began to comb them for a phrase he could take to Reiyū. Unable to come up with a single one, he sighed to himself, "You can't satisfy hunger with a painted rice cake."

He begged Reiyū for some clue that would help him answer. "If I told you something now," Reiyū replied, "you would later curse me to your dying day. Whatever I said would be mine. It would have nothing to do with you."

Kyōgen ended up by taking all the writings and notes he had been studying and tossing them into the fire. "I'll never study Zen again in this lifetime," he said. "I think I'll go on an extended pilgrimage, begging my way as a mendicant monk. At least then I can avoid wearing myself out like this."

He took leave of Reiyū with tears in his eyes, and made straight for the Kyōgen-ji in Nan-yang to pay homage at the memorial tower of

[20] Hsiang-yen Chih-kuan 香嚴智閑, d. 898, studied first under Hyakujō Ekai and later became an heir of Isan Reiyū.

National Master Echū.[21] Once he got there, he decided to stay for a while and recuperate from his long journey.

One day, while he was out cutting away some brush and weeds, his sickle struck a pebble, throwing it against the trunk of a bamboo with a sharp report. At that instant, he attained enlightenment. He hurried back to the monks quarters, washed to purify himself, and then lit some incense and bowed deeply in the direction of the temple far away on Mount I where Reiyū resided. "The gratitude I owe you for your great compassion is far greater than that I owe my own parents," he said. "If you had given in to my pleas that day and said something to help me, how could this day have ever arrived?"

Do you see? The masters of our school have never imparted one shred of Dharma to their students. It was not because they were worried about protecting the Dharma. It was because they were worried about protecting their students.

Today the students that teachers get their hands on are generally ignorant, stubborn, unmotivated types who aren't even up to sitting through a single stick of incense. They teach these people and nurse them along with tender care. They might as well take a load of dead cow-heads, line them up, and try to get them to eat grass. The teachers muck about, doing this and doing that, endeavoring to get these fellows free of themselves, and end up saddling them instead with a heavy load of shit. After that they send them out into the world with certificates of enlightenment. The difference between them and Reiyū and Kyōgen is a difference of mud and cloud.

If anyone tells you, "I can preach a Dharma that will enlighten people," you can be sure of two things: (1) he is not an authentic teacher, and (2) he himself has never penetrated the Dharma. Even if he possessed the wisdom of Shariputra and the eloquence of Purna, he couldn't possibly get his miserable beak into the wondrous untransmittable essence Zen teachers have transmitted through the centuries from Dharma father to Dharma son.

The venerable Ananda was a kinsman of Shakyamuni. He followed him into the priesthood at a young age and became his personal attendant, in which capacity he served constantly at the Buddha's side. So

[21] Nan-yang (Nan'yō) Hui-chung 南陽慧忠, d. 775; a disciple of the Sixth Patriarch, he lectured before two T'ang emperors, and was awarded the title of National Master.

not only was he habitually exposed to the Tathagata's virtuous influence for many years, he was also no doubt affected in no small measure by the personal instruction he must have received. In spite of that, Ananda was never able to break through the barrier into enlightenment. It was not until after the Buddha's death, when he went to his fellow disciple Kashyapa to continue his study, that he succeeded in "forgetting his self and yielding up his life."

In light of all this, how is it that enlightenment, which was so difficult for the ancients to achieve, is now so effortlessly attained by the moderns? Could it be that the ancients were weak or lacked ability? Could it be today's students are more mature and highly developed? Or could it be the teaching methods of the ancients were inferior to those of today's teachers?

Eka cut off one of his arms. Jimyō jabbed a gimlet into his thigh. Another monk did zazen constantly without even lying down to rest. Another shut himself in a hermitage and never left it. Why did they subject themselves to these adversities? If the easy enlightenment of the moderns is genuine, the hardships the ancients endured was mistaken. If the hardships the ancients endured was not mistaken, there is something wrong about the enlightenment of the moderns.

It is unavoidable if a person of great resolve strives to break through to enlightenment and fails. But once someone vows to achieve enlightenment, no matter what hardships he faces, even if it takes him thirty or even forty years of arduous effort, he should, without fail, achieve his goal and reach the ground of awakening which was realized and confirmed by Zen patriarchs before him. How can that same ground be reached by one of these moderns who lives in a half-drunk, half-sober state, misusing his life because he trusts to a common, ignorant view that believes enlightenment is attained effortlessly, like

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[22] A man of Sai lived with his wife and concubine. Whenever he went out, he returned well filled with food and drink. He told his inquiring wife and concubine that he had dined with wealthy and honorable people, but they were suspicious, since no people of distinction ever came to their house. One day, the wife followed him. He led her throughout the city, arriving at last at the funerary tombs. There he began begging leftover food and drink from the parties of people who were holding sacrificial rites. When the wife returned home, she said to the concubine, "We looked up to our husband in hopeful contemplation. we cast our lot with him for life; and now these are his ways!" Mencius, IV, 33. Adapted from Legge.

picking up clods of dirt from the ground? How are they different from that man of Sai who ran to the cemetery whenever he got hungry to beg leftovers from the worshippers?[22]

It is because of this that the *Treatise of the Precious Treasury* states, "There are ten thousand ways to enlightenment. A fish that wearies remains in a trickling stream. A sick bird stays in the reeds. The one never knows the immensity of the ocean, the other never knows the vastness of the forest. It is the same for practicers who turn aside from the great Way and enter small, insignificant bypaths. After striving and acquiring a certain amount of merit, they stop while they are still halfway to their destination and thus never reach the final truth of ultimate suchness. By forsaking the great Way to pursue small, insignificant bypaths, they content themselves with a little bit of contentment, but they never make it to the complete satisfaction of great and utter peace."[23]

Who are the ones who pursue the "great Way"? Those seekers who achieve an authentic *kenshō* and penetrate totally through into the profound source of the great Dharma. Who are those who pursue what is "small and insignificant"? Pseudo-Zennists who accept their perceptions and sensory awareness, their seeing and hearing, as ultimate attainment. Sōjō was indeed one of those he himself called "authentic vessels of the Mahayana Dharma."[24]

Sōjō lived during the latter Chin dynasty, before the First Patriarch came from the West and brought Zen to China. He stood alone amid an ocean of uncertain Buddhist doctrine and expounded a profound, perfectly correct Dharma of unsurpassed greatness. There is a world of difference between him and Zen people today. It is like comparing gold with tin, or masters with servants. Truly, he deserves our profoundest respect.

Shōso, a monk from Ku-t'ien in the kingdom of Min, served as an attendant to Sekisō Jimyō.[25] In his later years he took refuge in Lu-yuan,

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[23] *Hōzō-ron* 宝藏論, *Pao-tsang lun*; attributed to Sōjō (Seng-chao, 374–414), the great Buddhist philosopher who lived during the latter Chin dynasty.

[24] A line from the *Hōzō-ron*.

[25] Ch'ing-su 清素. His biography is found in the *Hsu Ch'uan-teng lu* (*Zoku Dentō-*

Hsiang-hsi, living by himself and leading a quiet, retired existence. Tosotsu Jūetsu, who was still a student at the time, was occupying a neighboring dwelling.[26] One day, a visitor brought Tosotsu some litchees. He called to Shōso, "Someone brought me some fruit from your home province, old man. Let's share them."

"I haven't seen any litchees since my teacher passed away," Shōso replied sadly.

"Who was your teacher?" asked Tosotsu.

"Master Jimyō," he replied.

When he had a chance, Tosotsu invited Shōso over and asked him more about about his life and practice. Shōso asked Tosotsu in turn whom he had studied with.

"Shinjō Kokubun," he said.

"Who was his teacher?" asked Shōso.

"Ōryō E'nan," answered Tosotsu.

"Young Ōryō was only with Jimyō a short time," said Shōso, "yet he and his students are enjoying great success."

This remark startled Tosotsu. "This is no ordinary old monk," he thought to himself. Later, putting some incense into his sleeve, he went to Shōso and asked for his instruction.

"A man of my meager virtues, who doesn't get much chance to meet people, shouldn't presume to teach others," said Shōso. "But if that's what you really want, express the understanding you have attained as straightforwardly as you can."

When Tosotsu finished, Shōso said, "That may have gained you entrance into the realm of Buddhas, but it will never get you past the gates of the demon realm. You've got to know that 'the difficult Barrier is not reached until you can utter an Ultimate Word.' "[27]

Tosotsu was about to reply to this, but Shōso suddenly asked, "How would you say something without working your mouth?"

Once again Tosotsu started to speak, but Shōso cut him off with a high-pitched laugh. Tosotsu was suddenly enlightened.

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roku), ch. 7. The story is taken from several sources, mainly episodes related in the *Rago-yaroku* 羅湖野録, *Lo-hu yeh-lu*, ch. 2.

[26] Tou-shuai Ts'ung-yueh 兜率従悦, 1044–1091.

[27] A saying of Rakufu Gen'an 楽普元安, Le-p'u Yuan-an, 834–98. *Dentō-roku*, ch. 16.

Several months later, Shōso certified Tosotsu's enlightenment. He added a caution: "Everything Shinjō taught you was perfectly true and correct, but you left him much too soon, before you had fully grasped the marvelous working in his Zen teaching. What I've done now is to reveal that working to you and enable you to use it freely and unrestrictedly. But I don't want you to stay here and become my Dharma heir. Your teacher is Shinjō." Eventually, Tosotsu did receive Shinjō's Dharma transmission.

Later, when Layman Mujin was studying with Tosotsu,[28] Tosotsu mentioned what Shōso had told him concerning the Ultimate Word. Some time afterwards, when Mujin resigned from his post as prime minister and was passing the Kisō-ji where Shinjō was residing, he stopped to pay him a visit. The two men were talking one night and Mujin was telling Shinjō what Shōso had said, when Shinjō suddenly flew into a rage. "What a bloody mess that bonze spued out! A pack of empty lies! Don't believe a word of it!" So Mujin was not able to finish what he was saying.

In the third year of Emperor Hui-tsung's reign (after Shinjō had passed away), when Kakuhan Ekō[29] paid a visit to Layman Mujin at Ching-hsi in Hsia-chou, Mujin said, "It's too bad Shinjō didn't perceive Shōso's true meaning."

"You have perceived only what Shōso said about the Ultimate Word," said Kakuhan. "You have yet to realize that Shinjō was dispensing his drastic Zen medicine right before your eyes."

"Could that be true?" declared Mujin, taken aback.

"If you aren't sure, reflect thoroughly on the meeting you had with Shinjō," said Kakuhan.

The instant Layman Mujin heard Kakuhan's words, he discerned the true meaning of master Shinjō's behavior. He lit an offerring of incense and prostrated himself in the direction of the Kisō-ji, repenting his mistake and asking the now deceased Zen teacher for forgiveness. He brought out a portrait of Shinjō he had been storing carefully away, made obeisance before it, and inscribed a eulogy above the painting. He presented it to Kakuhan.

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[28] Wu-chin 無尺, the lay Buddhist name of Chang Shang-ying 張商英, 1043–1121, who twice served as prime minister under Emperor Hui-tsung.

[29] Chueh-fan Hui-hung 覚範慧洪, 1071–1128; in the 3rd generation of the Ōryō line. Author of many Zen works including the *Rinkan-roku* and *Zenrin-sōbō-den*.

Ah! Tosotsu, you had the wisdom to visit Shōso and receive his teaching, but you were unable to rid yourself of its traces—all the ruts and grooves that teaching had impressed in your mind. That is the reason why, when Layman Mujin came along, he fell right into them. Unless Kakuhan had been able to make good and timely use of Shinjō's drastic medicine, Mujin would never have recovered from the incurable illness he had contracted.

Each Zen master possesses ways and methods all his own of applying his wisdom to benefit his students and bring them to realization. How can others possibly hope to calculate their limitless scope?

In my (Hakuin) own opinion, I think that while the above assessment may be true, it is still regrettable that when Kakuhan revealed the drastic medicine Shinjō had used, it seems to have taken effect with less strength than a broken drum.

A superior man of Layman Mujin's caliber is rarely seen in the world. He rose to become prime minister, and lived to be nearly a hundred years old. He won the emperor's complete trust, was highly esteemed by the ministers under him, deeply respected by the educated classes, and beloved by the common people. His wisdom was unsurpassed, his benevolence vast, a man worthy to serve at the emperor's side. Zen master Kakuhan made a special trip to see him. Zen master Daie journeyed far to pay him a visit. What mistake could a man of his stature have committed that would bring him, when he recalled Shinjō's angry outburst, to go into the starry night, light incense, and bow penitently in the direction of the Kisō-ji? Every member of the Zen sect should understand that there exists an essential matter which has to be penetrated in great enlightenment.

When Hyakujō's nose was tweaked by Baso, it cost him all the peace and equanimity he had attained. When Rinzai was struck by Ōbaku's fist, he lost both home and country. When Fuketsu's pride was crushed by Nan'in, it stripped his face off. When Seppō heard Gantō's Khat! it drained his spirit dry. When Ummon got shoved out Bokujū's door and broke his leg, it stunned him senseless. For Kyōgen, it was a pebble striking a bamboo. For Jimyō, it was Fun'yō's hand muffling his mouth. Suigan was done in by a piece of broken tile. Engo was moved to tears by a love poem. Taigen's heart perished at the sound of a flute. Daie was struck down by the poisonous heat of a south wind.[30]

The circumstances through which each of these priests came into their own by forgetting what happened in the Himalayas when the World-honored One was caught in the light of a poisonous star,[31] is something even the devas and devil kings cannot discern.

When Sozan heard Kyōgen state that "words are produced by means of sounds, but sounds are not words; forms and shapes appear to be real forms and shapes, but they are not,"[32] he thought that Kyōgen had thoroughly articulated the Dharma truth. So when it came time for him to leave Kyōgen, he made him a promise: "I'll wait until you become abbot, then I'll come to the temple to gather fuel and draw water for you."

But later, Sozan came up against Myōshō Tokken[33] and suffered a severe setback. This made him realize for the first time how circumstances really are among followers of Zen. Upon returning to Kyōgen and hearing him teach his students, he was overcome with disgust—the way a highly cultured minister might feel listening to the uncouth banter of a peasant. He gagged and made vomiting sounds. He had given his word to serve as Kyōgen's disciple because he believed him to be the only genuinely enlightened member of Isan's brotherhood. But now, he was able to see the true content of Kyōgen's teaching, and everything had changed completely.

I want all of you to be aware that the study of Zen can effect a miraculous transformation that will change you to the very marrow of your bones. If Sozan had not clambered his way arduously up the complicated tangle of vines that Myōshō lowered down for him, how could he ever have matured into the great vessel he later became?

When Ryūge was struck by Zen master Rinzai,[34] he said, "If you want to hit me, go ahead, but I still say there's no meaning in the First

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[30] For the enlightenment episodes in this paragraph, see the appendix below, page 121.

[31] A reference to Shakyamuni's enlightenment, which is said to have occurred when he looked up and saw the morning star.

[32] Sozan Kōnin 疎山匡仁, Su-shan Kuang-jen. *Gotō-egen*, ch. 13.

[33] Ming-chao Te-chien 明招德謙, n.d.

[34] This section on Ryūge Koton 龍牙居遁 (Lung-ya Chu-tun, 835–923; an heir of Tōzan Ryōkai), Rinzai, and Suibi Mugaku (Ts'ui-wei Wu-hsueh, n.d.) is from the *Dentō-roku*, ch. 17, account, which also appears in a somewhat different form in the *Blue Cliff Records*, Case 20.

Patriarch's coming from the West." When he was hit by Zen master Suibi, again he said, "If you want to hit me, go ahead, but I still say there's no meaning in the First Patriarch's coming from the West." Where Ryūge stood, he saw no Buddhas above him, no sentient beings below; there was no sky over his head or earth beneath his feet. The whole universe, the great earth—it was all a single holeless iron hammer. Hence Setchō dubbed him "a blind dragon, for whom neither seer nor seen exist."[35] The regrettable truth of the matter is, Ryūge could not have grasped Rinzai's Zen even in his dreams.

Ryūge had come down with a grave illness, one which the Buddhas and patriarchs themselves cannot cure. Students often latch onto a pile of matted filth like Ryūge did and assume they have obtained the very heart of the patriarchal teachers, the "priceless jewel" the *Lotus Sutra* says is "concealed in the lining of your robe." Their misfortune is, they haven't the faintest notion that what they have really obtained are the same filthy nails and wedges that master Ummon was constantly pulling out for students.[36]

Even if a student perceives that the nails and wedges are there, and attempts to remove them on his own, he only ends up like Papiyas, the devil king, proudly carrying a stinking dog's corpse around on his head.[37] When the corpse was first placed there by Upagupta, the Fourth Indian Patriarch, Papiyas danced with delight, thinking to himself, "What a glorious adornment! Now I don't even have to envy the headdresses of Brahma or Indra." When he returned to his palace, however, and his wives fled holding their noses, avoiding him with their faces contorted in disgust, he finally realized that his headdress consisted of three maggot-ridden corpses—a man, a dog, and a snake. He flew into a frenzy of rage, yet the stench from the putrifying corpses grew worse by the hour.

This is similar to what happens to a Zen student. He encounters a Zen master and his assertions are demolished. He is instructed by the master and finally receives his confirmation. Upon receiving the certification, the student assumes "My goal is attained. The great matter is concluded. I don't even have to envy the Buddha-patriarchs."

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[35] From a verse comment in the *Blue Cliff Records* (Case 20).

[36] See the *Blue Cliff Records*, Case 6, Engo's commentary.

[37] *Dento-roku*, ch. 1.

Unfortunately, with the passage of time, his views become distorted, grow into dry, stale things. He finds that he is at odds with himself at all times, whether he is active or at rest. The light that seems to have come into his darkness shines without a trace of strength. So he lives down in a jackal den. He dwells in a cavern of disembodied spirits. He is burdened by an iron yoke around his neck and heavy shackles around his arms and legs.

Someone with a true Dharma eye sees this as a scene of total, unrelieved despair. Because the student will never understand Zen, not in his dreams, not if he waits until the year of the ass.[38] On the contrary, before he knows it, he is lying among the burnt-out seeds, rotting away, incapable of generating new life. What is this if not a case of someone going around with a dog's carcass on his head? He can dash about, go to the ends of the earth seeking a way to rid himself of his burden, but the rot only worsens. The stench only becomes more loathsome. When will he ever be free of it? What can he possibly do?

Well, if a person really has a mind to reach the basic ground that has been realized and confirmed by Zen patriarchs of the past, it is by no means impossible. To begin with, he should tackle the koan, "Does a Dog Have the Buddha-nature?"[39] If he concentrates on it singleminded-ly and keeps at it for a long time without wavering or faltering, he is certain to break through to realization. But he must not stop there. He must cast all that he has attained aside, and turn to tackle one of the hard-to-pass (*nantō*) koans. In that way, he will surely come to see that the ground where the ancients lived and functioned is not be found at any level of intellectual or discriminatory understanding.

Sokkō Rōshi was initially enlightened when he penetrated the koan of The Old Sail Not Yet Raised.[40] But he didn't rest content with that

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[38] There is no "year of the ass," hence, never.

[39] The famous koan, Jōshū's Mu. *Mumonkan*, Case 1. Later in his teaching career, Hakuin devised another koan for beginning students: The sound of one hand clapping.

[40] Kidō Chigu ("Old Sokkō") attained enlightenment while working on the koan, "The Old Sail Not Yet Raised" (A monk asked Gantō "What about when the old sail is not yet raised?" "Little fish swallow big fish," he replied. "What about after it's raised?" the monk asked. "A donkey eats grass in the garden out back," he answered). He went to the chambers of his teacher Un'an Fugan (Yun-an P'u-yuan, 1156–1226) to inform him. The moment he entered the door, the master could tell he had penetrated the koan, but instead of asking him about it, he asked him about another koan, "Nansen

initial realization. He went on and introspected Sozan's Memorial Tower for four more years. Only when he had penetrated that koan did he become a great Dharma Vessel. Had he stopped and dwelled where "There is nowhere no earth to put it," he would have remained floating aimlessly on a vast expanse of stagnant water, a dead lump of rotting flesh even a decrepit old crow wouldn't have given a second look. If that had happened, do you think he would have developed into a great Zen master? Someone who would be sought out to serve as abbot at ten Zen temples and monasteries?

Here is where the secret to the final breakthrough is found. A great deal has been said about it, most of it mistaken, much of it irresponsible nonsense. Shūhō Myōchō Daishi said,[41] "In the morning our eyebrows meet; in the evening we brush shoulders. What do I look like?" Those words are extremely difficult to place your trust in and to grasp. Daijō Shōō Kokushi said,[42] "Jōshū's Cypress Tree in the Garden works like a bandit." His words are also exceedingly difficult

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Killing the Cat." Kidō replied immediately, "There's nowhere on earth to put it." Un'an smiled, confirming Kidō's understanding. For about a half year after that, Kidō's mind was still not completely at rest, and when he engaged others in dialogue, he did not feel free. He left Un'an and worked for four years on the koan of Sozan's Memorial Tower. Then one day he suddenly grasped "the point at which the old Buddha on Daiyu Peak emits shafts of dazzling light" (a phrase which appears in the koan). From then on, he was perfectly free, and his pride, which had made him despise other students, vanished. Now, when he looked at koans he had previously penetrated, his understanding of them was altogether different, and he realized clearly that this had nothing at all to do with words. *Records of Kidō* (*Kidō goroku*; *Hsu-t'ang yu lu*), ch. 4: quoted from Tokiwa, pp. 341–2. For Sozan's Memorial Tower, see installment 4, p. 107, fn 28.

[41] Shūhō Myōchō 宗峯妙超 Daishi (="Great master"), 1282–1337, founder of the Daitoku-ji in Kyoto; better known by the honorific title Daitō Kokushi. Daitō was the chief heir of Nampo Jōmyō, 1235–1309, who attained enlightenment while studying under Kidō Chigu in China (1259–67). The words quoted here are found in the "turning words" which Daitō used to teach his students: "In the morning our eyebrows meet. We brush shoulders in the evening. What am I like? The temple pillars come and go all day long. Why don't I move? If you can penetrate these turning phrases, the matter for which you have devoted yourselves to a life of practice is completed." *Daitō Kokushi Gyōjō*.

[42] Daijō Shōō 大定聖応 Kokushi (="National Teacher"), is the honorific title of Kanzan Egen 関山慧玄, 1277–1360, an heir of Daitō Kokushi, and the founder of the Myōshin-ji in Kyoto. Jōshū's Cypress Tree in the Garden is Case 37 in the *Mumonkan*.

to penetrate and pass into. We should revere the deep compassion of these two men, who left these hidden keys to total transformation behind in order that they would be there waiting for a descendent who would be able to grasp them. Their utterances are truly the claws and fangs of the Dharma cave.

If a person bores his way through them, drenching himself in a cold sweat, he may rightly call himself a descendent of Sokkō, one of the many Sokkō said "would be appearing routinely in the land beyond the eastern seas."[43] If, on the other hand, he hesitates or vacillates and finds that he cannot pass through them, he must never claim to be a descendent of Kanzan Kokushi.

Wherever you go today, you hear Zen teachers saying, "Words and letters. Zen phrases. Those are matters for slaves and servants. I don't need to use servant's tools."

Wrong! Dead wrong! Are those two great Zen masters slaves or servants? If they are, then I am one too. I don't think much of that high and mighty attitude of yours, that makes you look down on people as underlings; yet neither do I despise you as an underling yourself. But you are a descendent of Daitō and Kanzan; if you do not penetrate their utterances, what grounds do you have for referring to yourself as one of the "little fish who swim the sea of the true Dharma"?

If a person has not penetrated their sayings, it makes no difference whether he possesses attainment or not, or whether his practice is singleminded or not. He should still, without further thought, take them and work on them. He should devote himself to the task with total concentration and unceasing effort.

It's like chopping down a huge tree ten armspans around. You won't do it with one swing of your axe, but if you keep chopping away at it and do not let up, eventually, whether it wants to or not, it will suddenly come down. When that time comes, even were you to round up everyone you could find and pay them to hold the tree up, they couldn't do it. It would still come crashing to the ground.

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[43] These words appear in a verse Kidō gave to Nampo Jōmyō when he was about to return home to Japan after eight years of study in China: "He knocked at my hermitage; he practiced with painstaking devotion;/ Where the path comes to an end, he kept on going./ Clearly, he preaches together with old Kidō;/ Day by day my offspring will increase beyond the eastern seas." *Empō Dentō-roku* 延宝伝灯録, ch. 3.

A person may not be ruined because he commits a single wrong act, but if he persists in doing wrong, it will eventually bring about his downfall, whether he wants it or not. When that time comes, he will not be able to prevent it even if he goes to all the gods of heaven and earth and begs with tears in his eyes for their help.

Introspecting a koan is like that. It isn't a question of choosing a koan, scrutinizing it once, and penetrating it. If you work on it continuously, with unflagging devotion, you will penetrate it whether you want to or not. When that time comes, even the combined effort of all the devil kings in the ten directions could not prevent it from happening—they couldn't even glimpse what was going on. And nothing could bring you such intense joy and satisfaction!

But if the woodcutter stopped after one or two strokes of his axe to ask the third son of Mr. Cho, "Why doesn't this tree fall?" And after three or four more strokes stopped again to ask the fourth son of Mr. Ri, "Why doesn't this tree fall?" would he ever succeed in felling the tree? Is it any different for someone who is practicing the Way?

I haven't been telling you all this in hopes of impressing you with the originality of my ideas. All of the matters I have related here are ones that greatly concerned my teacher Shōju Rōjin. He was constantly grieving and lamenting over them when I studied with him thirty years ago. I can never tell people about them without tears streaming down my old cheeks and dampening my robe. Now, recalling how earnestly old Shōju was in entrusting his teaching to me, the way he told me how much he was counting on me, I feel an immediate need to run off and hide my worthlessness somewhere. I am divulging my true sentiments to you like this only because I fervently desire that you will expend every effort to make the true, penetrating wind blow once again through the patriarchal gardens, breathing vigorous and enduring strength into the fundamental principles of our school.

Finally, I ask that you overlook once more an old man's foolish grumblings, and thank you all for listening so patiently and attentively during these long talks. Please take care of yourselves.

In the fifth year of Genbun [1740], during the final third of the first month.

APPENDIX:

A. The encounter between Hyakujō and Baso is Case 53 of the *Blue Cliff Records*, "Hyakujō's Wild Ducks."

B. The story of Rinzai and Ōbaku is found in the "pilgrimage" section of Rinzai's *Records*; see fn. 16, above. The phrase "loses his country" appears in the *Blue Cliff Records*, Case 61: "If you set up even one mote of dust, the country flourishes. If you do not set up one mote of dust, the country perishes."

C. Fuketsu's meeting with Nan'in is given in Engo's commentary to Case 38 of the *Blue Cliff Records*. The *Zenrin-sōbō-den* (ch. 3; section on Fuketsu) contains reference to "a lump of red-hot metal flying out of a glowing furnace and shattering an iron face." Tokiwa, p. 331.

D. When Seppō and Gantō were snowed in together in a mountain temple, Seppō devoted himself conscientiously to zazen, while Gantō just slept. When Seppō complained he wasn't making any progress, Gantō suggested that he should sleep too. Seppō replied that he had to keep doing zazen because his mind was still not at rest. Gantō gave a loud Khat! enlightening Seppō. Cf. *Gotō-egen*, ch. 7; *Blue Cliff Records*, Case 5.

E. Ummon visited Bokujū again and again asking him for his teaching, but Bokujū just turned him away. Ummon finally managed to slip inside Bokujū's hermitage. When Bokujū discovered Ummon, he demanded that Ummon say something, but as Ummon was about to speak, Bokujū shoved him out of the room and slammed the door on him, breaking one of his legs. With this, Ummon was enlightened. *Gotō-egen*, ch. 15; *Blue Cliff Records*, Case 6.

F. Kyōgen's story appears in the text, pp. 108–9.

G. The first two years Jimyō studied under Fun'yō, not only would the master not receive him in his chambers, he berated him whenever he saw him, and when he did instruct him gave him only the most commonplace teachings. When Jimyō finally complained that he wasn't making any progress, Fun'yō began scolding him angrily. He raised his staff and drove Jimyō backwards. Jimyō threw up his arms to fend off the blows, and as he did, Fun'yō suddenly covered Jimyō's mouth with his hand. With this, Jimyō was enlightened. *Gotō-egen*, ch. 12.

H. Suigan Kashin (d. 1064) was an heir of Jimyō. As a young monk with an inflated opinion of his attainment, he attended a summer retreat with Attendant Zen. One day, the two monks were walking down a mountain path engaged in conversation. Zen picked up a pebble, placed it on top of a large rock, and said, "If you can utter a turning phrase right now, I'll know that you have really studied with master Jimyō." Suigan was unable to make any response. *Gotō-egen*, ch. 12.

I. A high official named Chang came to Goso Hōen's temple to ask about his Zen teaching. Hōen said, "When you were a young man do you remember reading a love poem about a beautiful woman which contains the verse, 'She calls constantly for her servant, Little Jade, but she really doesn't want her;/ She only calls because she wants her lover to hear her voice'? Those lines are very close to Zen." "I know the lines," replied Chang. "Concentrate on them singlemindedly," said Hōen.

Hōen's disciple Engo, who had heard all this, later asked Hōen, "Do you think he really understood that verse?" "He only got the part about the calling," said Hōen. When Engo asked what Chang had failed to understand, Hōen said, "What is the meaning of the First Patriarch's coming from the West? The Cypress Tree in the Garden. See!" With that, Engo experienced enlightenment. *Gotō-egen*, ch. 19.

J. Taigen's story appears in *Gotō-egen*, ch. 7.

K. Daie Sōkō attained enlightenment when he heard his teacher Engo Kokugon's answer to the question, "From whence come all the Buddhas?" The answer was, "A fragrant breeze comes of itself from the south, and in the palace pavilion a refreshing coolness stirs." See installment 6, p. xx.

(Concluded)