

cloud-hidden friends letter

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ISSUE # 15. Fourth Issue of 1985



Our phrase "Cloud-Hidden" is taken from the title of a book by Alan Watts. He in turn borrowed it from a ninth century Chinese poem by Chia Tao. Lin Yutang translates it as follows:

SEARCHING FOR THE HERMIT IN VAIN

I asked the boy beneath the pines.
He said, "The master's gone alone
Herb-picking somewhere on the mount,
Cloud-hidden, whereabouts unknown."

The "Cloud-Hidden Friends" are a small non-sectarian religious correspondence group. "Our pages are your letters", so we ask as our "subscription fee" that you write us a letter now and then. Letters should be in the universal spirit of the Dharma, and we would emphasize practice more than mere belief.

We look to Daisetz T. Suzuki, Alan Watts, Nyogen Senzaki, and Shunryu Suzuki as our "honorary founders". They are usually associated with Zen Buddhism, but the Dharma spirit they represent was a free-ranging and universal one, going quite beyond the usual sectarian confines of Zen. They were pioneers in a Buddhism for the West.

Thomas Merton might be another example of the kind of spirit we have in mind. In his later years he commented that he could see no contradiction between Buddhism and Christianity, and that he had "determined to become as good a Buddhist as I can".

It is hoped that our letters will somehow help us open our hearts to each other, and deepen our sense of the Dharma. It is also hoped that in this way more than a few **real friendships** might develop.

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1. This is Issue # 15, the fourth issue of 1985. Our next issue should be out in late October. Our mailing list is getting close to 100, which includes usually about 20 sample copies in response to requests, and also about 10 libraries.
2. The future of Stillpoint, the Taoist hermitage in Colorado is still not very clear, following the death recently of its founder Gia Fu Feng. Note several references to Gia fu in this issue, especially Robert Glenn Breckenridge's letter.
3. Marian Mountain has a new address. Please note her letter.
4. Some of you would probably find the Alan Watts Fellowship to be of interest, especially since Alan is one of the "honorary founders" of the CHFL. They meet regularly and have occasional retreats. They publish a monthly newsletter at \$5 a year. The editor is Michael Hogan. Their new address is 187 College Ave., Somerville, MA 02144. The newsletter has recently also become available at no extra charge via computer telephone modem through PUP BBS. The Boston People United for Peace (PUP) Network is a computer based bulletin board system (PUP BBS) and data base system for the peace and social justice movement. The phone number is (617)-232-0920. The PUP is online 24 hours a day at 300 or 1200 baud. For more information please write the Fellowship.

Here is an excerpt from a recent Newsletter which might be of some relevance to those of you interested in Alan:

One of the things that the philosophy of Alan Watts attempts to bring us to, and that point which proves to be the greatest stumbling block to each of us, is the idea of the myth of EGO, or at least that the power of the ego is not to our advantage and can be released. Watts' idea of the myth of ego is the fact that there is no part of us which is separate from our body, our surroundings, and our experiences. To him, the idea that one 'part' controlled the others is absurd, and the feeling that it does can only lead to confusion and self-delusion. To put the responsibility of 'self control' upon the conscious mind is a needless burden and implies one's mistrust of one's natural self. The microcosm of each of us is very very good at being what it is, and there is certainly no need to mistrust it or control it.

Castaneda, through the character of don Juan in his most recent book 'The Fire From Within', calls this 'self importance'. Don Juan tells Carlos, "Self-importance is our greatest enemy. Think about it - what weakens us is feeling offended by the deeds and misdeeds of our fellow men. Our self - importance requires that we spend most of our lives offended by someone." Self importance is equally the feeling that we (our ego's) are better than our bodies (the rest of ourselves). What weakens us is feeling offended by the deeds and misdeeds of our bodies, desires, and needs. Watts often characterizes the frustration of early Christian Philosophers - "That which I will not, I do but that which I will, I do not" - an example of the inherent confusion involved in our attempts at control.

.....michael

5. By the way, we have some extra copies of the CHFL Issue #6 honoring Alan Watts, available free of charge.

Ananda Claude Dalenberg
Clerk, CHFL

Dear Cloud-Hidden Friends,

ARE WE HAVING FUN YET ?

This, it seems to me, is one of the perennial questions for that part of humankind that has its basic needs met.

Once we are relieved from the daily struggle for survival, we have to start thinking about what to do next. Those of us who tend to feel guilty for not doing anything usually start getting busy doing something, while others start thinking frenetically about how to have fun and avoid boredom at all costs.

I count myself among the latter, so I normally get really nervous if the situation arises, trying to find the most pleasureable activity possible, and usually ending up with the annoying feeling that it has not been as much fun as it could have been - be it eating, drinking, going to the movies, having sex, or thinking about eating, drinking, going to the movies, having sex, always knowing that it never will be enough, no matter how hard I try.

Maybe we have to reach a certain age before we realize that trying harder just isn't the solution. Nor is trying harder not to try harder. Now that I am approaching forty, I've gradually come to recognize that the solution might be in sitting. I hesitate to call it meditation, since that term already implies the application of certain techniques. I mean just simply sitting, in a relaxed way, allowing myself to think, worry and fret at my convenience. It works! My thoughts and anxieties do not vanish, but they retreat, and, provided I sit long enough, they retreat far enough for me to see that I am more than my thoughts, anxieties, and thoughts about my anxieties. At this point, my desperate attempts at having a good time seem especially laughable.

Yes, Ananda, we usually go round and round in endless trivia; but sitting may help us to realize just that. 10 minutes per day may be enough; more if you like. Sitting, we realize what is really important to us. I do not know if the world would be a better place if people sat more; I just wanted to remind you how beneficial it can be in our personal lives - in case you forgot.

Ho !

Klaus

181 Foch Avenue
Lawrenceville, N.J. 08648
July 11, 1985

Dear Hidden Friends somewhere in the Clouds,

July 11 - that's "seven-eleven"!! A lucky winning number!! Is it all really one big, giant crap shoot? How do you have your dice loaded? Are some loaded with intellect, others with spirituality, still others with a customized blend of stuff which helps 'win the game'.

Some months ago I was writing, over a Sausage McMuffin[©] early in the morning and I was gazing at the molded plastic seats at all the tables. What personality, what uniqueness could there be in mass produced plastic molded seats? Then it suddenly hit me, and my head began to spin. Some human must have spent a certain amount of energy analyzing human backs and rear ends to design that particular contour and then gone to his boss and spent a certain amount of energy to sell him on the idea. That creative energy is still in the seat. Someone then, found a molder to make the molds, and a tool designer spent hours of devine energy drawing and calculating and creating the drawings as a guide to the tool maker, who in turn exercised creative energy - and so on and so on and so on. In this piece of molded plastic, resided the creative energy of dozens of humans, and I could feel that energy coming out at me in rays. Then I looked at other objects in the restaurant - the table legs, the stamped out foil ash trays, the styrofoam containers, the napkins, plastic spoons, the exotic, the ticky tacky - and emanating from each was the collective energy of all who had conceived, designed, manufactured, transported, decorated, placed, each and every object in the room. And all this energy was bombarding me; all at once, all the creative energy of thousands was pouring forth and shouting - "We look mass produced, we are mass produced, yet - yet creative human energy exerted with a wide variety of devotion and motivation, still resides in us and emanates from us right now".

From time to time when I think of this, I look at my immediate environment and again experience a bombardment of the accumulated natural and human energy locked up in every single stimulous to any of my senses - wow!, what a trip.

I never met the person - Gia Fu Feng - never heard of him until I read his translation of the Tao Te Ching about 5 years ago - yet thru the energy of his translation I was introduced to the "mysteries" of the East - a pivotal moment in my path. So for me, his energy is still present, for that's all I ever knew.

Alan

Alan Taplow

Ho!

In late May and early June Gia Fu's lung condition worsened rapidly. He continued to attend the early morning sessions working with the community on translation of the I-Ching and then returning to our small trailer parked near the main area since it was too great a strain for him to walk to his hermitage. On the morning of June 12 after finishing the translation of Hexagram 59, "DISPERSION", he returned to the trailer with his wife, Sue Bailey, and died about two hours later.

His body was taken to Florence, embalmed, placed in a wooden coffin and brought back to Stillpoint in our pickup truck. The coffin was put on the floor in the middle of the meditation/meeting room and left open. At the head of the coffin was a small table with flowers, a burning candle and a picture of Gia Fu in his younger years, probably taken at Esalen in the 60's. The body looked very nice dressed in a red Chinese robe with good color in the face and a pair of his black cotton Chinese shoes by the feet. Some people said they could see a very small smile on his lips.

The community continued the morning sessions sitting on pillows on the floor in a circle around the coffin and working on translation of the last five hexagrams of the I-Ching. The telephone rang constantly and people began to arrive from all over the world: friends and students from California, Texas and New York, a professor from Nashville, an English businessman from Arabia, two of his sisters from San Francisco and another from Hong Kong, etc. Generally the atmosphere was light with jokes and quotes reminiscent of Gia Fu's style but frequently someone would move into tears of silent grief.

The funeral was set for the afternoon of Sunday, June 16, which was, appropriately, also father's day. At Stillpoint, Gia Fu was a father as much as anything else. He was a Patriarch as in the tradition of the Chan (Zen) Buddhists in ancient China and as the founder-father of this Taoist Hermitage. Also he was an extremely challenging and amazingly forceful player of the archetype authoritarian father in spontaneous therapy encounters that could be called "psychopuncture".

Sunday evening we formed a procession and carried the coffin from the meditation room to the burial site which is on the slope of a hill below his hermitage facing Pike's Peak. Bink-Kun, our only other resident Chinese, told us that it is the Chinese custom to wear white at funerals as a symbol of purity and most of us managed to find white clothes of one kind or another. The best I could do was a white T-shirt and an almost white pair of painter's bib overalls. Gia Fu's sisters however, were dressed in expensive looking black clothes from head to toe. I never did find out if Bink-Kun's province has different customs than other parts of China or if the sisters assumed we would follow Western traditions. In any event, Gia Fu was probably even more amused by it all than we were. On the procession we sang "We Shall Overcome" with the last verse changed to "We Have Overcome", then, "This Land is Your Land"

and finally "Old Man River" (Gia Fu loved to do his version of a Southern Black Baritone on that one).

Gia Fu's last words were, in effect, Hexagram 59 and it seems to really reflect that uncanny ability of the I-Ching to speak appropriately when its counsel is requested. As Stillpoint's only legally ordained preacher (A card-carrying minister of the Universal Life Church), I was asked to read it at the burial. Here are a couple of sections:

Text:

WHISPERED GRACE
THE RIVER APPROACHING THE ANCESTRAL TEMPLE
FAVORABLE TO CROSS THE GREAT RIVER
FAVOR DEVOTION

Wind is traveling over water. This is dispersion. The fifth line is the ruler. Mountain means the ancestral temple. Water is the river. Wind means wood. Fire is a boat and thunder travels. Thus favorable to cross the great river. To disperse means to scatter.

When people's hearts are scattered, authority is dissipated. There is no grace in dispersion but there is still a way to gain grace and to gain the people's hearts. The ruler approaches the ancestral temple with utmost sincerity and reverence to observe the ancient tradition. This is the way to gather spirits together. When authority scatters, you should have the means to collect it: like being on a journey and using a boat and oars to get through. Making use of people's talents to govern is like using a boat to cross the great river.

Be sincere in gathering people's hearts so their talents can be employed to govern and the Tao will always prevail with devotion firmly preserved. The scattered will gather and never disperse. This is favorable indeed.

Nine at the top:

THE BLOOD DISPERSED
GONE FAR AWAY
NO BLAME

Water is blood and injury. This top line responds to the third and wind scatters it. Thus the blood dispersed. You can overcome hardship and escape danger. Once out of danger, you can dwell. When danger arises, value escape and once out of danger, beware of getting back in again. This line dwells on the outside of the hexagram: lofty and pure like the wind. When its work is complete, it can leave; going far away, escaping the world and avoiding fame. Thus far from harm, it also avoids the blame.

After the I-Ching, Sue Bailey read from a letter that Jane English, Gia Fu's former wife, sent. Then we passed by the coffin placing flowers inside and saying our goodbyes. Then the coffin was closed, lowered, and most of us threw handfuls of dirt over it. The inscription on the gravestone is a passage from Chuang Tsu:

WHEN THE MASTER CAME, IT WAS AT THE RIGHT TIME
WHEN THE MASTER LEFT, IT WAS THE SIMPLE SEQUENCE
OF HIS COMING.

GIA FU FENG 1919 - 1985

Walking away from the gravesite north toward the main area and looking around, I could see the greens of the trees on the hills and the greens and golden browns of the grasses in the meadows, one of our always beautiful, wide, clear Colorado mountain skies, some birds singing here and there among the trees, a few tiny wildflowers in the grass and Pike's Peak rising majestically in the distance. Gia Fu's body is buried in this land that he knew so well and loved so deeply; where he walked many hours daily, day in and day out for so many years. Once he said that the essence of mysticism is merely walking along seeing the trees, rocks, streams, seeing the things of nature and saying, "this is Tao, this is God, that is God, that is Tao, etc.

But now that he is off to other places and new adventures much of his spirit still remains; in his books of course and in the memories (positive and negative, enormously positive and extremely negative) of hundreds of people who will not forget their encounters with him. A living community was his greatest dream and here near Wetmore he created and nurtured one unlike any other in the world I believe. All of us here want Stillpoint to survive as his legacy and as a center where the profoundly human kind of wisdom, humor and poetry that was practiced and taught by Lao Tsu, Chuang Tsu and other Taoist sages and poets will continue to live and extend in the world.

However, the situation with Gia Fu's estate is very complicated and it will be months or even years until it is settled and we know how much, if any, money will be available to support the future of Stillpoint. His share of the Wetmore property and the Manitou house is divided among three people; two who donated money and the third a woman lawyer who is part American Indian, works with Indians in Gallup New Mexico, has considerable knowledge of Asian philosophy and religion but has had little if any contact with Stillpoint or the community here. This lawyer is also the executor of the estate and is doing her best to enable us to have money to run the place while the estate is being settled. Then she hopes to set up a foundation that will continue to support it in the future. Shortly before his death the IRS was auditing Gia Fu's returns from 1981 to 1984 and they claim his estate owes tens of thousands of dollars in back taxes and interest but we have an excellent accountant who is working with the records and may be able to clear that up. The Manitou house is on a potentially valuable piece of land and is very large but it is a chaotic jumble of little apartments, rooms, kitchens and bathrooms in various states of disrepair and way below (or beyond?) building codes. Sue Bailey is Gia Fu's common law wife but so was Jane English. Gia Fu and Jane agreed to divide the royalties on the books but they were never legally divorced apparently. Colorado law is very vague about this sort of situation it seems.

So after our first conference with the lawyer, several of us came out laughing as we began to realize that Gia Fu arranged his estate in much the same way that he managed things here while he was still alive: A sort of creative disorganization bordering on chaos with a lot of people of varying backgrounds and interests getting involved with each other, agreeing, arguing, discussing, ego-tripping, cooperating and competing with only some very vaguely defined common spiritual attitudes and goals. We might call it all one big Taoist Gestalt Psycho-drama. We can see it all as an expression of the Taoist understanding of the nature of the universe. Then, if we imagine a properly arranged, legal, down in black and white estate as an expression of common Western-Christian attitudes we can get a feeling for the difference between these two great traditions. We may also (alas!) understand why Stillpoint is the only truly Taoist community surviving in the world at this time.

There are twelve or so residents here now with visitors coming and going frequently. There is no new boss, president, director or whatever. We have no formal rules or regulations, no written schedules, no assigned tasks really and no written constitution or by laws. Everything gets done, everyone participates and things go quite smoothly. Visitors quickly join in with the way of things with no particular introductions or explanations. Every morning we all get up at dawn for meditation and work on the I-Ching translation. Which is, by the way, much closer to the original and much better than any of the others that have been done. Then breakfast, work until noon, lunch and walking, talking, reading, playing or whatever until bedtime around dusk. For me it's healthy air, healthy food, healthy exercise, very little stress, plenty of company and no boredom.

For awhile there was a funeral and post-funeral treading lightly atmosphere around but this is giving way to the old Patriarch's style of open (if you have the guts) expression of feelings, joys, angers and resentments with playful and not-so-playful exchange of banter and insults and this is probably one of the main reasons that Stillpoint is the best of the many communities and cooperative housing arrangements that I've lived in.

On these warm summer evenings, I often sit outside my little cabin, gaze over the hills and meadows through the trees and up at the clear skies, drink a little tea and just feel so fine that I just have to say, "praise God!". I'm sure that when Gia Fu is floating by on one of the white clouds and looking down here that he is saying the same thing as he often did. However, we do get a lot of evening thunder storms so sometimes I go inside, gaze out the window with awe and delight and wait until the loud mouthed old bastard blows on by.

Robert Glenn

Dear Friends who think the Clouds obscure you,

I have dabbled in Philosophy and Eastern studies for something approaching 20 years. I was obsessed with Hegel (you read him if & only if you're obsessed) and Krishnamurti for 10 years each and still give their works some attention. I began following the path of Aurobindo's purna yoga 17 years ago and have never completely abandoned that discipline since my unwavering conversion to Buddhism by Kobun Chino in 1974.

To adapt a line of David Bowie's, "You're beautiful people,...but you've got problems." My problems are numerous and I'll mention first a typically ex-Catholic problem - I have a real aversion to Jesus and am literally nauseated by Pentacostal, Bible-study oriented and otherwise separatist Christian forms of practice. This deluded compulsion on my part itself sets up barriers between people but, to use a ? apt parallel, opposition to the proliferation of catastrophic weaponry also polarizes and divides. We must all speak out even if we are at times better shouters than we are listeners. (As Ananda has cautioned us against) Some of my friends are edifying themselves with Christian practice, but all about me I see droves of people using Jesus as a drug and making themselves sick with their addiction.

We Buddhists, Yogins et. al. cannot proselytize because we have nothing to convert people to but the fundamental nature of themselves & ourselves. Still I feel compelled to work toward making the Buddhadharma more accessible to Americans. Young Japanese Americans often seem to be the most distanced of us all from the teachings of Gautama, Shinran, Dogen et. al. If persons such as myself and my Cloud-hidden friends do not do this work of making the teaching more open many persons of pure heart will be gobbled up by Scientology and EST. (And sure there were probably some good Nazis too but would you let your daughter go to a Hitler-youth rally?)

Of the 84,000 gates to the truth the Buddhist approaches seem to me less burdened with destructive proclivities than those religions, philosophies, and informal perspectives more ready to hand. "What then shall we do?" A divisive letter like mine is a very wobbly beginning. (Gia-Fu told me at my first Tai Chi lesson of the ancient advice - "Do not wobble! If wobble, ... Wobble!") I am inclined to examine barriers very carefully, and make sure that they are seen for what they are before I participate in any attempt to break them down.

I feel urged to remind John Boyd that Shunryu Suzuki tells us again, and again that we are expressing our original nature in each moment whether we realize it or not. Zazen and Nembutsu are means of acknowledging a fact which goes on with or without our acknowledgement. Still, I share Mr. Boyd's concern that even so striking and open a work as ZEN MIND BEGINNER'S MIND fails to make this teaching sufficiently available to beginners. (ergo Rajaneesh fever and the accumulation of Moon money)

Speaking with Ananda not long ago, I expressed the belief that it should be possible to produce a book of less than 100 pages which begins along the lines of "You are not a Buddhist, please turn to page two." and concludes with the sincere assertion: "You have hearby become a Buddhist, unless you wish not to be." Ananda suggested that I write it. (I don't believe he was joking.) From the resentment and frustration foaming out of this letter you can see how ill-prepared this poor fellow is for such a worthy task. Maybe one of my Cloud-hidden friends can do it. Maybe we can achieve this together. There is indeed nothing funny about peace, love, and understanding.

Let me know what you think.
Gibbs

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CHFL:

7/15/85

First, for CLAW-DHE: GOD: has two derivations:

GODAZ: Good = "God is good" is redundant; "God" is defined as "Good".

This contradicts the "Shiva" principle: good and bad are one.

GHODAM: that which is called = the invoked.

But this never says just "What" or "WHO?" is invoked.

THUS "GOD" must access one (and no other) of these two concepts:

GOOD (virtue) or a generic: whatever is invoked (money, father, etc).

Jer Bolick: Get yer "finger" outa yer nose. "Oh, please give me something to hang on to and I know I'll make it !!!" It's a lovely line and I know it was meant to convey our normal despair. But, if I may, I'll exploit the opportunity. Who or WHO? is the "me" and "I" in the sentence? Life, nature, "god" already has given "you" something to hang onto: your "self". Buddha is there sitting in the center hanging on the "thread" with one hand and the "world" with the other - smiling, laughing.

Between your various "one, ten minute" or "proper practice", I suppose you are then "out of it"? Perhaps the "real meat" extends BETWEEN ??? (what?)

Mike Can Right: The next time you actualize the Buddha while sitting - give him the ol' uppercut.

John Boy-DHE: Thanx for expressing for me my gratitude for the present and within brotherhood (and sisterhood). I agree with you concerning the "infallibility" of any single approach. Perhaps more correctly, it is the insistence on absolutism and purity: form instead of substance. In our desperation about the inadequacies of our socio-econo-politico-culture, individuals are developing themselves as great 17th century Zen (Tao, Tibetan etc.) adepts. But, like the accusation or not, it is ESCAPISM away from the realities of today.

The tough road is the straight and narrow: a feed-back loop of continual and never-ending correction that accepts the fact: (a) that we will always and ever wander away from the Right track, and (b) that with continual and never-ending ATTENTION control, we will never stray far from it. But this requires that we live IN (not of) the world, that we partake of the pain, frustration and fears of REALITY.

AND ALSO I join you in the refrain: NARIAN: where are you !????

To Ol' Norm the Mose: But WE all wear a mask. Who is "we"? - or - WHO? is "we"! If "we" didn't have a mask, how would anyone be able to "see" us? After all, God (WHO?) made this mask. How can it be false? Just WHO? are "you" anyway?

Breck Ol' fren: I did a 4 page research on the word "mysticism", write and I'll print ya out a copy if yer interested. (Same goes for all youse (dat's de plural, ya know) others, too. Loved your reference to Fritz's "elephantshit". I've been following his advice to "sit" in the "impasse" forever until you finally get across the wasteland of dread.

An', and a claud: I appreciate your "I must be present to some unusual degree." It is really expressive of true self-realization. But when one has stepped out from behind his "shield", he is so

continued

terribly vulnerable. Hurt and pain are so much a part of continued existence that we are extremely tempted to raise the defenses again.

BODHI-SATTVA = BODHI: enlightenment = BODHATI: he awakes = BHEUDHI
 BHEUDH: to be aware, to make aware >
 > is enlightened, proclaim, announce, herald, command
 = BHEU: to be, exist, grow, bring forth, manifest
 + DHE: to put, place, set(up), establish, make happen
 THUS BODHI to make growth, manifestation, being happen
 (only one who is awake is able to control such creativity)
 + SATTVA: essence = SAT, SANT: that which is = ES: to be, am
 (YAM = YHWH), (may it be thus = YES), existing > real > true.
 = SIN: it is > existing > it is true >
 > the consequences are also included in the act (behavior)
 = SAT, SANT (Sanskrit): existing, true, virtuous
 (extended form ESU: good from true)
 THUS SATTVA: it is BEING, existing, real, true, virtuous
 THUS BODHISATTVA: In fact, to actualize, realize, manifest,
 bring into existence, reality, truth and make into being
 such awareness and enlightenment that the true essence, being,
 suchness manifests, brings into being, etc
 whatever it so desires to manifest, bring into being, etc.
 =
 to manifest YAM so that YAM brings into being what YAM WILLS.
 (YAM = WHO?)

[No, ANANDA, not one who ASPIRES, one who MANIFESTS: an adept ???]

SANGHA = (Sanskrit) SANGA; association = SAJATI: he adheres
 = GWHEN (PIE): to strike, hurt > battle, war
 = GHE: to release, let go
 = GWHEN-DO (DHE) = DEFENDERE (Lat): to ward off (a stroke, hurt)
 = OFFENDERE (Lat): OB: toward = to strike at or towards > offend
 = SM-GWHN: = SEM: one, unity = SAM (Sanskrit): together
 = SAMSARA, SANDHI, SANSKRIT

THUS SANGHA to press or force together into a unity. Always raises the nasty question of who the authority is that "forces" the togetherness.

ORDINATION? For the "master" who follows, the transfer of the begging bowl should be more than enough. Or do you mean certification of the authenticity of the "adept"? Authenticity is self-manifested. There is no "superior" who can authenticate an adept's act. I suppose, we can join the American Way and promulgate some sort of pedigree, but that is not TAO: THEWAY. The "skill" is to actualize: "he who knows, says not; he who says, knows not."
 (listen to that, will you? I didn't say that; it wasn't me.)

yellow lines:



THE BODHISATTVA WAY & TODAY'S WORLD

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The Way of the Dharma and its transmission is obviously a fundamental concern of Buddhism. As best as I can understand it, the Mahayana tradition takes the viewpoint that the Way of the Dharma is at root none other than the Bodhisattva Way, and that this is true in one sense or another for all of Buddhism.

Transmission of the Dharma can then be understood as being no other than the transmission of the Bodhisattva Way. How this might be significant for Buddhism today is here my concern, particularly in reference to Zen.

One way of bringing the Bodhisattva Way more clearly into focus is to consider the Bodhisattva ordination ceremony and its precepts. These precepts represent a tradition quite separate and distinct from those of the Theravada and Mahayana monastic traditions.

In Japanese Zen, Bodhisattva ordination is called Jukai. It consists basically of sixteen Bodhisattva precepts. Jukai is also a transmission ceremony, there being a transmission of the Bodhisattva Way and the Bodhisattva precepts. With this transmission also comes a lineage and a lineage family. Zen is one such lineage family. All lineage families are a part of the same great lineage tree which has roots going all the way back to the Buddhas and Bodhisattvas. The concept of transmission and lineage is thus not at all unique to Zen, and Zen is a part of the Bodhisattva tradition.

Zen however also emphasizes another kind of transmission with which it tends to be identified. This is a special transmission from Patriarch to Patriarch, and it is not at all a common thing.

It is transmission of the Bodhisattva Way and the Bodhisattva precepts, such as in Jukai, that I would like to emphasize here. I feel it is this kind of transmission which is essential to Zen, and that it is a great mistake to emphasize so much the patriarchal kind of thing.

Indeed Zen often gives the appearance of being the exclusive concern of a kind of spiritual aristocracy, sometimes accompanied by a very appreciative audience of onlookers who don't really understand what is happening. Bodhisattva ordination such as in Jukai on the other hand, is meant not for just a few but for everyone. Yet it is no ordinary event, since in taking Jukai one joins in a glorious lineage going all the way back to the Buddhas and Bodhisattvas.

There is a passage from the Mahayana Brahmajala Sutra concerning Bodhisattva ordination that might be quoted here. Jukai is one version of the same ordination tradition that appears in this Sutra. It was this Sutra that was so enormously important in China and Japan. To quote the Sutra:

"These precepts are the original source of all Buddhas, the origin of all Bodhisattvas, and the origin of all the Buddha's disciples in the Great Assembly. Therefore, all you disciples of the Buddha in this Assembly ought to receive and uphold these precepts, read them, recite them, and study them well.

Disciples of the Buddha, listen attentively! Whoever recites the Buddha's precepts immediately attains the foremost level of purity. He need only understand the Dharma Master's words, fully accept them, and then he attains the precepts. This is true whether one is a King, a Prince, an Official, a Prime Minister, a Bhikshu, a Bhikshuni, a God of the 18 Brahma-heavens, a Lord of the Six-desire-heavens, a Human, a Eunuch, a Libertine, a Prostitute, a Slave, One of the Eight divisions of Ghosts and Spirits, a Vajra Spirit, an Animal, or a Transformation-being." (Gold Mountain Trs.)

Now that is the kind of tradition I think Zen is all about, and even if not, it should be so. I would also hope that caring for such a tradition, and such a transmission, is what the job of a Roshi or Zen Teacher is all about.

It might be said that the job of a Bodhisattva on the other hand, is to bring the Dharma out into the world, and to actually do the Dharma in the middle of ordinary everyday life. Bodhisattvas then are doers. Like most doers they may not be particularly adept at verbalizing about it all, which is of course the job of a teacher. The Bodhisattva Way is associated not so much with theological treatises and monastic matters as it is with lay life out in the world. I understand this to mean quite ordinary things, such as fixing a motorcycle, taking care of a sick friend, getting an honest job, writing a haiku poem now and then, getting the petunias to bloom, worrying about the environment, and maybe falling in love. The great matters of life and death then are actually in the middle of ordinary everyday life. At least it is so for the Bodhisattva. It is in our actual lives that the Bodhisattva Way must come to flower.

Hopefully the Bodhisattva kind of Zen and the Patriarchal kind would harmoniously exist together. Dogen Zenji for example seems to give unqualified praise to both. In the "Shushogi" he has this to say about Jukai (Yuko Yokoi trs.) :

The various Buddhas have all received and observed the three refuges, the three pure precepts, and the ten grave prohibitions. By receiving these precepts one realizes the supreme Bodhi-wisdom,⁵ the adamant, indestructible enlightenment of the various Buddhas in the three stages of time. Is there any wise person who would not gladly seek this goal? The Bhagavat has clearly shown to all sentient beings that when they receive the Buddha's precepts, they enter into the realm of the various Buddhas—truly becoming their children and realizing the same great enlightenment.

Although Zen usually has a monastic orientation, there sometimes also is a sense in which the Bodhisattva Way represents the real inner spirit of it all. Take for example the "Ten Oxherding Pictures". In the tenth stage "The Bodhisattva returns to the marketplace with bliss-bestowing hands". The first nine stages are in a sense preliminary, and have a monastic quality more distant from the world. I don't think this is meant to imply however that one should spend 90 percent of one's life in monastic seclusion, leaving maybe 10 percent for returning to the world. I'd say that from a Bodhisattva's point of view the percentages ought to be reversed.

I don't mean to suggest here that monasticism and Roshis and such are all unnecessary, and that everybody should instead be Bodhisattva doers out in the world. As a matter of fact I can think of no greater responsibility than to care for the great rites of passage such as the transmission of the Bodhisattva Way, and such is the responsibility of a Zen Teacher.

I think of the Bodhisattva Way as being universal in nature. It includes layman and monk, man and woman, kings, eunuchs, prostitutes, ghosts, Dharma bums, bakers, and candlestick makers. From that point of view, I feel it is a great mistake to single out a Zen Teacher as an essentially superior being of some sort. It might be better to think of them as being really quite ordinary fellows. A corrective overemphasis in the other direction might then be helpful. For example I would suggest that a Zen Teacher be thought of as being a kind of "Dharma maintenance man". The Bodhisattvas then are out in the world turning the wheel of the Dharma, and a maintenance man is needed to keep it properly spinning. It is a Zen Teacher's job to stay behind and walk around with an oil can and a screw driver to keep the wheel properly tuned, and to ring bells and mutter holy sayings at certain special moments. To be a little less flippant, the point I am trying to make here is that doers and teachers need each other, and this is not an inferior-superior relationship.

I would say that the Bodhisattva Way could be profoundly relevant to our own day and age, and here I would also include Bodhisattva ordination and the precepts. Although we may have some problem with accepting precepts, they can be of a more or less universal nature and quite simple, such as those of the "Bodhisattva Pratimoksha Sutra". Here the precepts are found in a context of unbounded altruism. Basically only six precepts are named, plus a vow to follow the way of Bodhi, and a vow to follow the general spirit of all the Bodhisattva precepts, past, present, and future. The first three of the basic

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six are to take refuge in the Buddha, the Dharma, and the Sangha; and the second three are to not do wrong, to do good, and to help others. Also included is a form for self-ordination, similar in spirit to that found in the Mahayana Brahmajala Sutra. Self-ordination of course helps to simplify things, and it has been a very important tradition in Japan.

I would say that precepts such as the basic six are open and universal enough to satisfy even the somewhat rebellious nature of our own age. The Bodhisattva precepts are not legalistic in spirit and individual interpretation is encouraged. For example Hui-jeng the Sixth Patriarch interprets taking refuge in the Buddha as meaning to take refuge in one's own Essence of Mind, which is Bodhi or Awakening. Sometimes too the "Buddha" is taken to mean the "Perfect Teacher", or "Infinite Wisdom-Light-Compassion", or the "Tao". Another common precept in Buddhism is "not to kill", which for Keizan Zenji means something like "not to injure the infinite life of Buddha which is the inmost nature of ourselves and others". Another precept is "not to steal". For me that means something like "not to rip-off the wealth of others, nor their labor, openness, trust, sexuality, or love, and also not to rip-off mother earth". It seems to me then that in one way or another most of us take such precepts quite seriously.

In Zen the precepts are more numerous but still of a somewhat universal nature. In Jukai ordination ten precepts are added to the basic six. Even so Jukai seems to be a modest event when compared to the unbounded altruism and dramatic character of the Bodhisattva Pratimoksha Sutra. The ten added precepts are: to refrain from killing, stealing, unchastity, untruthfulness, delusion of the senses, speaking against others, vain disparaging speech, possessiveness, hatefulness, and unfaithfulness to the Three Treasures. These ten are Bodhisattva precepts, and it is important to distinguish them from the Theravada and Mahayana ten novice-monk precepts. The Bodhisattva precepts are a separate and often even rivalling tradition.

Many of us these days have a somewhat resistant attitude towards such as the precepts. We are much more interested in Enlightenment, and hope it can be divorced from such a cumbersome thing as the precepts. However recent history seems to prove once more that when the precepts are left behind, the result will usually soon be corruption.

I'd say then we need to head in the direction of more deeply understanding the precepts. In Zen for example they are regarded as fundamental koans, and as koans they have easy answers only at a very superficial level. They involve deep dilemmas and are to be wrestled with. In this sense I myself take precept practice as being allied to the nature of one's inmost vow or prayer. To reject the precepts just because they are so often misunderstood is like throwing the baby out with the bath water.

Bodhisattva ordination is also a ceremonial expression of joining in the Bodhisattva Sangha or Community. However this Sangha doesn't seem to be something at which one can easily point. It basically seems to be more of the nature of a movement than an organization, although it may find local organizational expression. I might define it as the natural family of all those following the way of Bodhi. In being natural, it also is in a sense invisible, yet as plain as day.

It might even be a Sangha such as Buddhist poet Gary Snyder envisions in Jack Kerouac's novel "The Dharma Bums".

I see a vision of a great rucksack revolution [Japhy says], thousands or even millions of young Americans wandering around with rucksacks, going up to mountains to pray, making children laugh, and old men glad, making young girls happy, and old girls happier, all of 'em Zen lunatics who go about writing poems that happen to appear in their heads for no reason, and also by being kind, and also by strange unexpected acts keep giving visions of eternal freedom to everybody and to all living creatures. We'll have a floating zendo, a series of monasteries for people to go and monastate and meditate in . . . wild gangs of pure holy men getting together to drink and talk and pray, think of the waves of salvation can flow out of nights like that, and finally have women too, wives, small huts with religious families, like the old days of the Puritans. . . .

This Sutra seems to be a fine example of the Bodhisattva ordination tradition, and so may be of some interest. Note it also contains a form for self-ordination at the end, and that it may be performed by layman or priest. It was originally published by Dr. N. Dutt (Calcutta, 1931).

A.L.

THE BODHISATTVA PRATIMOKSA SUTRA *

OM. Reverence to all the Buddhas and Bodhisattvas.

THE three groups of the moralities of Bodhisattvas have been said to be the morality of self-restraint, the morality of accumulating good actions, and the morality of acting for the welfare of living beings. A householder, or a person that has left the world, who wishes to learn them, and who has made the vow to attain supreme, perfect enlightenment, should make his request at the feet of a Bodhisattva who knows the doctrine, who possesses a great store of merit, and who is able to communicate the word and grasp the meaning.

(The candidate speaks :) "In your presence, noble youth, reverend one or sir,² I desire to receive the bestowal of the restraint of the Bodhisattva's morality; deign therefore to have compassion on me, and without hindrance at once to grant it to me and listen." Thus having made his request three times let him arrange his upper robe on one shoulder, do homage to the Lord Buddhas of the past, future, and present in the ten quarters, and to the Bodhisattvas who have entered the Great Stage, setting their virtues before him; and producing an essentially good disposition; and let him kneel down or crouch on his haunches, placing an image of the Tathagata in front and worshipping and honouring it; and let him say:

"Grant me, noble youth, reverend one or sir, the bestowal of the restraint of the Bodhisattva's morality." Then fixing his attention on one point, let him increase his good disposition, saying, "Now in no long time shall I attain an imperishable, immeasurable, supreme, great store of merit." Thus reflecting on the matter, let him remain silent.

Again, the Bodhisattva who has thus been admitted is to be addressed by the learned Bodhisattva with undistracted mind, standing or sitting, thus: "Listen (name of person), noble youth, reverend one or sir, you are a Bodhisattva, and you have made your vow to attain enlightenment." He is to reply, OM.

Again, he is to be still further thus addressed: "You (person's name), noble youth, reverend one or sir, you are a Bodhisattva, and in my presence have taken the vow to attain enlightenment, and are accepting all the Bodhisattva's rules and all the Bodhisattva's morality, the morality of restraint, the morality of accumulating good actions, and the morality of acting for the welfare of living beings; that which was the morality of past Bodhisattvas and their moral rules, that which will be the morality of future Bodhisattvas and their moral rules, and that which is the morality of present Bodhisattvas now in the ten quarters and their moral rules; in the moral rules and moralities in which all Bodhisattvas of the past have been instructed, in which all Bodhisattvas of the future will be instructed, and all Bodhisattvas of the present are being instructed." He is to promise, "This I accept." Three times.

"May the Lord Buddhas and Bodhisattvas assembled in the worlds of the ten quarters pay attention to me. May my teacher pay attention to me. Whatever injury that I (name of person) have committed or caused to be committed or approved of in deed, word, or thought against Buddhas, Bodhisattvas, mother and father, or other beings in this birth or in others, all this I assemble, combine, and ponder in the presence of all Buddhas,

Bodhisattvas, and my teacher, and with the best and most real confession I confess it; and so far as I know and remember I make no concealment." Three times.

"I (person's name) having thus confessed my faults, from this day forth until seated at the Bodhi-tree, go for refuge to the Buddha, the Lord, the greatly compassionate, the omniscient, who has passed beyond all danger of enmity, the great man, of indivisible body, supreme body, dharma-body, chief of men. I (person's name) having thus confessed my faults, from this day forth until seated at the Bodhi-tree, go for refuge to the Dharma, to peace, to the supreme object for those freed from passion. I (person's name) from this day forth until seated at the Bodhi-tree go for refuge to the Order of Bodhisattvas who do not turn back, to the best of companies." Three times.

"I (person's name) having thus confessed my faults, and having gone to the triple refuge, in order to raise and save numberless beings, to rescue them from the pain of transmigration and to establish them in the supreme knowledge of omniscience, as the Bodhisattvas of the past, future, and present having produced the thought of enlightenment have attained, will attain or are attaining Buddhahood, as all the Buddhas with unobstructed Buddha-knowledge and Buddha-vision know and perceive, and as they recognize the non-reality of things, by that rite in the presence of my teacher (name) and before all the Buddhas and Bodhisattvas do I (person's name) produce the thought of supreme, perfect enlightenment." Three times.

"And this root of goodness produced by this confession of faults, by the triple going to the refuge, and by the production of the thought of enlightenment do I transfer to supreme, perfect enlightenment, that in the world which is without refuge, resting-place, goal or resource I may become the rescuing, the refuge, the resting-place, the goal, and the resource; that I may rescue all unrescued creatures from the ocean of existence; that I may bring Nirvāna to those without Nirvāna with unobstructed Nirvāna of the elements of things, and that I may console the unconsolated." Three times.

"I (person's name), who have thus caused the thought of enlightenment to arise, accept the infinite world of living beings as my mother, father, sister, brother, son, daughter, and any other blood-relations, and having accepted them as far as is in my power, strength, and knowledge, I cause the roots of goodness to grow in them. From now on, whatever gift I shall give or moral rule I shall keep, or act of patience I shall perform, acting vigorously, or whatever meditation I shall attain, or acting with wisdom shall learn skill in means, all that shall be for the profit and welfare of living beings.

"And having undertaken to win supreme, perfect enlightenment, and having done homage to those Bodhisattvas of great mercy who have entered the Great Stage, I go forth after them. Having gone forth, a Bodhisattva am I, a Bodhisattva. From now on may my teacher support me." Three times.

¹ See translation in *Early Buddhist Scriptures*, ed. by E. J. Thomas, p. 211.

² The form of address depends on whether the initiating Bodhisattva is a monk or a layman.

* From "The Perfection of Wisdom", *Wisdom of the East Series*, J. Murray, London.

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Then the teacher in front of that image having fallen at the feet of those Buddhas and Bodhisattvas abiding, staying, existing in the ten directions, and having done honour to them, is to announce thus: "This Bodhisattva (person's name) has taken upon himself in the presence of me (person's name) a Bodhisattva, the restraint of the Bodhisattva's morality", down to, "uttering it three times". "I myself (person's name), a Bodhisattva, knowing that I have been an eyewitness, announce to this Bodhisattva (person's name) and to all the most noble beings everywhere who are not present and whose thoughts are not present in the infinite worlds of the ten quarters that in him the restraint of the Bodhisattva's morality has been assumed." Three times.

"Again, as soon as the ceremony of the restraint of morality has been completed, this is the law, that there appears to the Tathāgatas who abide, stay, exist in the infinite worlds in the ten quarters and to the Bodhisattvas who have entered the Great Stage a sign whereby they become aware that a Bodhisattva (person's name) in the presence of a Bodhisattva (person's name) has taken upon him the assumption of the restraint of the

Bodhisattva's morality." Thus so far has been declared the rite of assuming (the Bodhisattva's morality).

If an individual having these qualities is not equipped [with a teacher, etc.], then a Bodhisattva before an image of the Tathāgata, on himself assuming the restraint of the Bodhisattva's morality, should thus speak and act: arranging his robe on one shoulder, and having done homage to the past, future, and present Lord Buddhas in the ten quarters and to the Bodhisattvas who have entered the Great Stage, he should put his right knee on the ground or crouch on his haunches and say: "I (person's name) announce to all the Tathāgatas in the ten quarters and to the Bodhisattvas who have entered the Great Stage: before these I undertake all the Bodhisattva's rules and all the Bodhisattva's morality, the morality", as before, down to,¹ "a Bodhisattva am I, a Bodhisattva. From now on may the Lord Buddhas and Bodhisattvas support me." Thus the announcement.

¹ The announcement in the full rite is made by the teacher, where the words here omitted will be found, pp. 56-58.
T.P.W.

A.D.

LETTERS RECEIVED

1501 Hyde Park Blvd., #9
Houston, Texas 77006-2543
Wednesday (¶), 14th August, 1985

Dear Cloud-Hidden Friends, --

Thanks be to you, Ananda Dalenberg, and to Cal Steimetz for getting this first copy of your bulletin-issue. My most sincere thanks to everyone. The general spirit of the *Cloud-Hidden Friends Letter* has the gently glowing beauty of the sun coming up out of the Gulf of Mexico as I walk along the Galveston sea-wall.

One of the times when I was re-reading the translated writings of Dr. Daisetz Suzuki was during the Korean War when I was a very, very ordinary "dog-face" with the 45th Infantry Division. I sat in the cold, and drank tea (from packages sent to me by my mother) brewed in a borrowed pot; I read with little understanding, but with the realization that when the moment would properly come, the mind seeds would burst into flower. It's been three decades plus, and the flowers are beginning to bud.

I am a lot older, and my eyes have grown dimmer with myopia, but I see more with the borrowed eyes. I have given up any and all attempt to be a "scholar," but, somehow, I seem to understand a whole lot more. Satori/Tao/Whatever comes quietly through the back door. Above all, one must read a lot of the right kind of books to become properly illiterate.

Sincerely,

Edward F. Lacy III

Edward F. Lacy III

Letters received

Marian Mountain
203 Jefferson
Sandpoint, Idaho 83864

Dear Friends,

"Marian, where are you?" Sometimes I ask myself this question when I wake up in the middle of a dark night and wonder, "Am I dreaming or did I really hear a dog bark, or a train whistle or a garbage truck rumble past the cabin?" And then I remember. I'm no longer sitting on top of the Mountain and I'm a long way from the bottom of it. At the present time Jack and I are renting a house in a small town in Northern Idaho. It's been 16 years since either of us have lived in town so it will probably take us months to adjust to the comforts of civilization: electric heat, indoor plumbing, telephones, cable TV, traffic noises and PEOPLE.

It wasn't easy to leave the cozy cabin Jack built in the middle of the Ventana wilderness with its view of the Pacific Ocean from the kitchen window and of Lost Valley from the front yard. We loved the two wood stoves that kept us warm and entertained in winter, the sleeping loft that made going to bed a child-like adventure, the poor man's hot tub in the front yard where we could lie in the steaming water and watch for shooting stars. But most of all we loved our neighbors: the family of foxes that stopped by every evening to see if we had filled their bowl with dinner scraps or dog food, the white-tailed deer who used our driveway to move from one side of the ridge to the other, the occasional cougar or wild boar and the many chipmonks, squirrels, bobcats, birds, lizards, snakes and bugs that shared our corner of the universe.

So what made us leave? Karma. Although the experience of living a secluded life in the wilderness taught us a great deal about ourselves, and about our relationship to nature, we knew, from the beginning, we would be moved to leave

continued

sooner or later. Three years ago Jack and I took a tour of the Western states to see if we could find an environment that might offer us a challenge tailored to our particular talents. We found what we were looking for in the Idaho Panhandle. We fell in love with northern Idaho's beautiful lakes and mountains, its uncrowded conditions, its friendly natives and its low rents. It took us three years to gather together the resources we felt we would need to survive the Idaho winters. It took us three months--from early April to early July this year--to shuttle the possessions we had accumulated in California to Idaho. We decided to rent a house in town for the first winter. Next spring we plan to look for a cabin in the country.

If we had any doubts that we were doing the right thing at the right time these doubts were swept away when we learned about the tragic Rat Creek fire in Big Sur which destroyed the forest below and around the property which we had been caretaking. Several cabins on the ridge burned but miraculously the one Jack built survived--partly due to his practice of regular fire-clearance. It is doubtful if Jack would have attempted to repair the damage to the water system or tried to keep the road to the cabin open this winter. The message was clear. Karma had burned our bridges behind us.

Karma destroyed other attachments to Marian Mountain this year: THE ZEN ENVIRONMENT went out of print and my arthritic aches and pains warned me that, like it or not, I have joined the ranks of Senior Citizens and may have to permanently give up cross-legged zazen. Progress on my novel slowed to a stop during our months on the road. Hopefully I'll get back into it this winter. I've accepted the fact that it is a long-term commitment and, like a child, will take its own time to mature. So that's where I'm at now.

Gia-fu, where are you?

With palms together,

Marian

Richard Boerstler
115 Blue Rock Rd.
So. Yarmouth, MA 02664

Dear Cloud-Hidden Friends,

Once again I feel connected to the universe when I begin to open the air-mail envelope from 3000 miles away marked 753 44th avenue!!! A warmth comes over me as I begin to read your letters slowly not wanting them to ever come to an end. The only thing I can compare it to is ^{the} quiet serenity that I have experienced in coming back to the zendo after having been away for a long time. (Right now I think I can smell the delicate wisp of the incense) Here again I can share something and receive something rare with very few people of the world . Thus.....:

FOR JERRY POLICK: NOTE MANY SECTIONS ON DEATH!

.....
Pondering over John Boyd's letter I must shout to Ontario and to ALL CHFriends go to the bookstore now, tonight and tell me if we don't here have another Shunryu Suzuki incarnated in TAISEN DESHIMARU (although transformed in Paris or Tokyo in 1982) His 138 pages have renewed my life as does Zen Mind, Beginner's Mind. His gift to us: QUESTIONS TO A ZEN MASTER, E.P. Dutton Inc., New York, 1985 (paper) ~~8.95~~ ISBN:0-525-48141-9 Tell me John after you have digested it , if you feel the same? Page 26: " Is it possible, sitting in zazen to sever attachment and desires through the control of the mind and posture? Yes, but not after a single _____ sesshin . That is why you must go on sitting. It is no easy matter to sever attachment. Attachment represents karma that has not been manifested. "

I am going to continue my unzen-like hard sell with Ananda's ^{with gasps!} permission with a zerox of the back cover. I can only say WOW! R.B.

In this volume, published shortly before his death, the great Japanese master Taizen Deshimaru offers direct answers to a layman's basic questions about one of the most influential spiritual movements of our time.

Questions to a Zen Master retains the spontaneity and freshness of the mondo—the traditional question-and-answer format of zazen training sessions. Here, in dialogue between student and teacher, are practical suggestions for developing unitary mind-body consciousness through posture, breathing, and concentration; and clear, easily understood definitions of such concepts as karma and satori. Deshimaru is the voice of a true master, neither simplistic nor overrefined, and his message will be a breath of fresh air for novice and initiate alike.

Gurus may abound in late-twentieth-century America, but men of true wisdom are few and far between. TAISEN DESHIMARU ROSHI was one of these. Trained in the traditionally rigorous Soto Zen school yet himself a bit of a rebel, he took it as his life's mission to transmit the authentic teachings of Zen Buddhism to the West. At the time of his death in Paris in 1982, he had published some twenty books in various European languages and gathered a following of many thousands from all over the world, including some of the most sophisticated minds of the West.

QUESTIONS TO A ZEN MASTER

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FINIS



Cover design by Bob Korn, calligraphy by Nancy Tsang

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