

ROUNDABOUT ZEN
CRESTONE BOOKS

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*Recollections in Celebration of the 70th Birthday of
Zentatsu Baker Roshi*



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Zentatsu Baker Roshi*

Edited by Paul Lee
Compiled by Tenryu Paul Rosenblum

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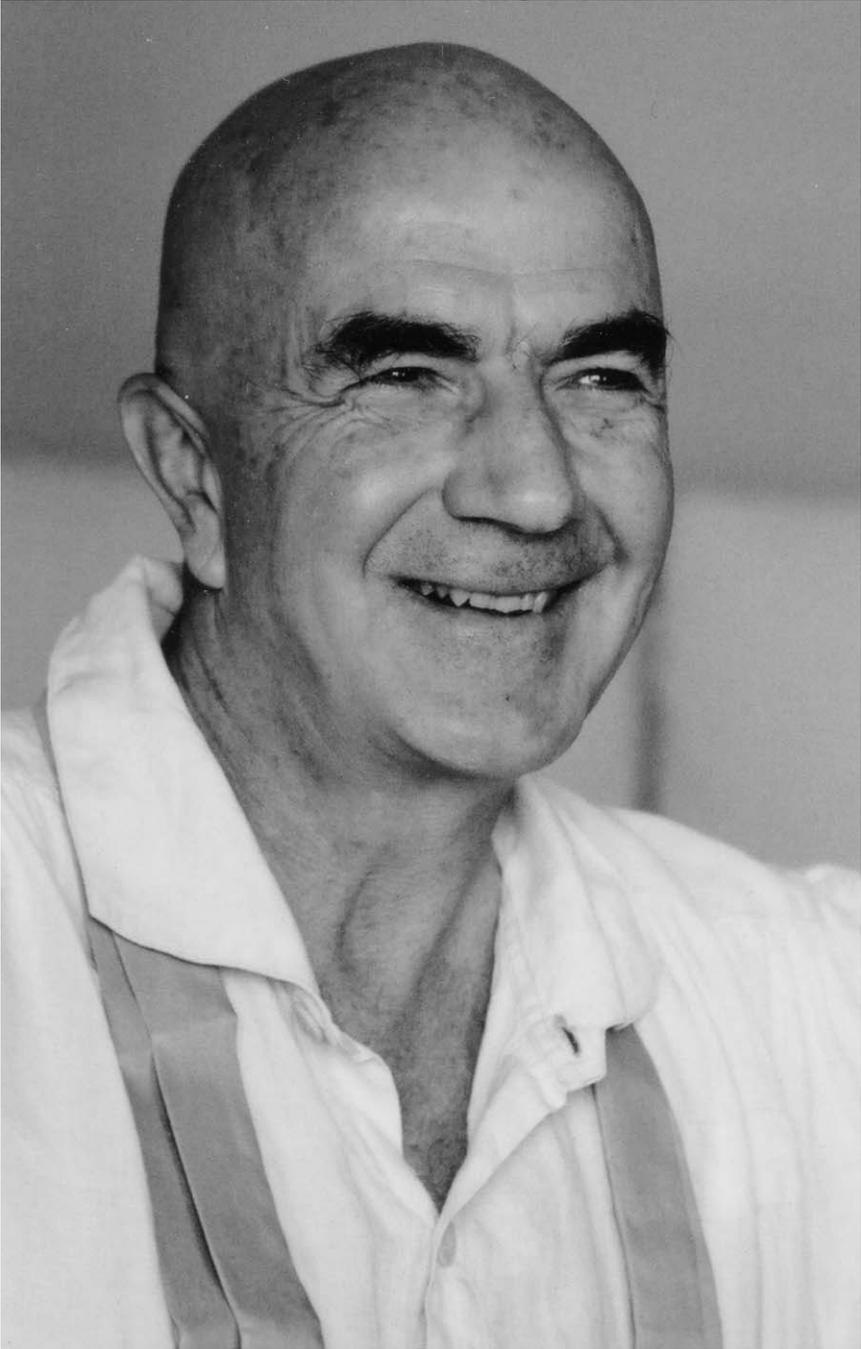


PHOTO BY KAREN FUCHS

This “ambitious birthday card”
is a gift to
Zentatsu Baker Roshi
from his friends, family and students on the occasion of his
70th Birthday

We join Irving Berlin in wishing him

*“Blue days
All of them gone
Nothing but blue skies
From now on...”*

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RICHARD WITH HIS FATHER, HAROLD MUNROE BAKER

PREFACE

Paul Lee

This book honors our friend, Richard Baker-roshi, on the occasion of his 70th birthday. It is an honored tradition to collect contributions and present them to one's teacher, colleague, and friend. Richard has been all of these.

Paul Rosenblum and I, while working on the project, got up early one morning while we were in Boulder, Colorado, for Richard's birthday party, in April, to ask him questions about his life for the purpose of a brief biographical sketch. It soon became clear that to do his biography, even a short one, would take more time and effort than this project allows. However, one anecdote Richard told us remains vividly in mind; I remembered it with a jolt while flying back to California. In the early years, it was customary to stand in line and bow to Suzuki Roshi after zazen. The process took a while, so until his turn came, Richard stepped out of line to conduct some of the duties and business of the day. When his turn came he stepped back in line to make his bow. At one point, Suzuki Roshi grabbed him and threw him down to his knees and began hitting him on his back with a stick, and Richard immediately knew that the beating was a message to him as well as to another fellow witnessing the beating. Suzuki Roshi was doing double duty, with Richard as the object lesson.

Biographical details and anecdotes aside, I thought it was important to establish the exclusive line of authority in the transmission of Zen Buddhism to America. I don't think so any

more. What is important is *this* transmission, the line that is clear and speaks for itself—from Suzuki Roshi to Richard Baker Roshi. He became Zentatsu Myoyu before our eyes and he filled the role as he fills his robes; he knew what he was to receive and we watched our friend rise to the occasion. He told me that when he went to Japan for three years to prepare for the transmission that the Richard Baker I knew would no longer be the Richard Baker I met upon his return. Or was it when we were ushered in to greet him for the first time after his return from his three years in Japan on that awesome morning just before he was to enter and begin the High Mountain Throne Ceremony at Zen Center where the transmission would be made manifest and his authority confirmed in preparation for the death of his Master? In any event, he was asking us to give him up to the task before him, and for the person he was to become. In some sense, thanks to this project, we get him back.



RICHARD AT THE SEASHORE WITH FRIENDS

INTRODUCTION:
IN MYRIAD FORMS, A SINGLE BODY REVEALED

Tenryu Paul Rosenblum

How do we know our teacher and friend, Zentatsu Baker Roshi? How do we begin to express our appreciation for his life? Through our shared personal history? Through reviewing his accomplishments? Through an assessment of his influence on our culture and its institutions? Through the profound changes that he has effected in our lives. Through his penetrating teaching? Through the joys of his friendship and sense of connectedness? Through simply being together? Through all of these and more.

This book is a celebration of the life of Zentatsu Baker Roshi. It is an appreciation of his 70 years of sharing his life and practice with others. Each of the more than twenty voices represented herein express a particular knowing, a sincere affection, a kind regard, a deep respect; articulate and inspired as they may be, each is a starting point, an introductory word toward describing the breadth of his life and the profound effect that Baker Roshi has had on thousands of lives.

The Zen Teacher Fayan said, "...in myriad forms, a single body revealed." Knowing Baker Roshi through his seemingly nonstop activity and extraordinary accomplishments is to know him anchored in time and place. Knowing Baker Roshi as a Zen teacher, the transmitted disciple and successor of his teacher, Shunryu Suzuki Roshi is to know his "practice body" which is included in and yet also beyond circumstances and outcomes, beyond here and there, beyond now and then, beyond suffi-

ciency or lack. Though this is apart from conventional knowing, each attribute, each activity, each accomplishment, may provide access to it.

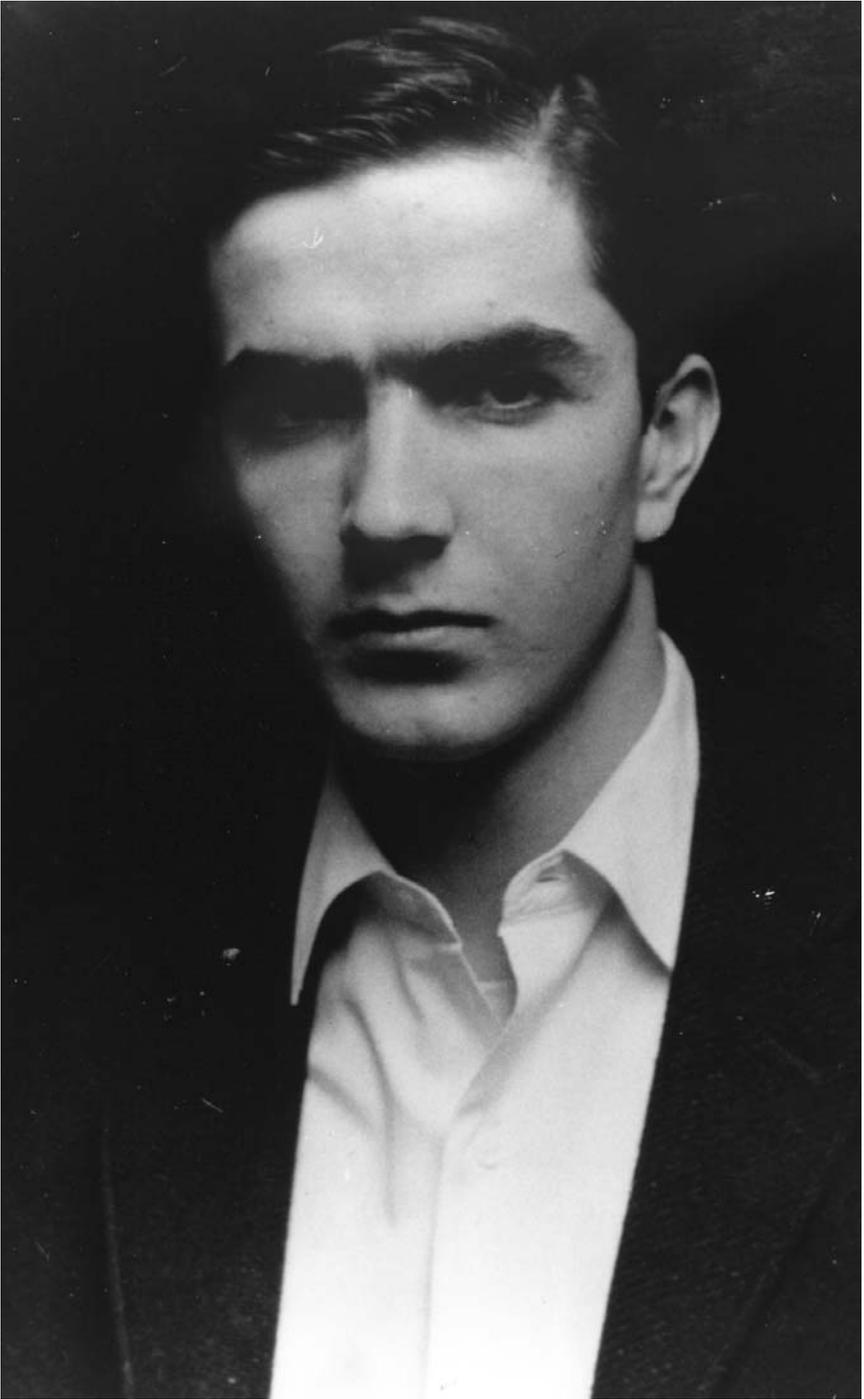
Baker Roshi has brought contemporary Western culture to Zen, in addition to his efforts to bring the best of Zen to the West. He has emphasized finding the possibilities of change in the everydayness of our Western lives. While both demonstrating his sense of art, architecture and design and immersing himself in traditional practices and forms, Roshi has been careful not to trade in Western ways and aesthetics for Oriental ones. He has created enduring institutions which provide opportunities to study Zen imbedded in and yet also quite independent of our contemporary society.

Roshi's sense of place and attention to detail coupled with his keen organizational abilities are legend. His love of practice and desire for excellence are reflected in every detail, from finding Tassajara, the first Zen Monastery in the West, and raising the money to purchase it, to picking out the wall color at San Francisco Zen Center, to hanging a scroll at Johanneshof, each activity is an expression of his practice. The enduring success of the San Francisco Zen Center (and its financial bases of support like the landmark vegetarian restaurant, Greens), and the Dharma Sangha, in the US, and Europe, are testaments to his capacities and skills. And, it makes sense that the practice centers in California, Colorado and Germany which he helped establish continue to be among the most respected, and often imitated, in the West.

However, the significance of Roshi's efforts also go beyond the creation of effectively-managed organizations and beautiful places to study. These centers are expressions of the practice that he passionately lives and teaches. There is a tradition in Zen that teachers are literally named after the temple where they practice - their "body," and where they "are," the seat of teaching, are not separate. So, we may say that these places are a direct expression of the mind of practice, of Zentatsu Baker

Roshi's mind.

To study with Baker Roshi is to study mind. All he has done has been focused on providing people with an opportunity to sit inside their own mind. His real gift to us is not simply the compassionate power of his presence, the clarity of his understanding, his extensive knowledge of Asian and Western cultures, or his great ability to articulate the teachings, but it is his generosity. Baker Roshi has given generously, tirelessly - regardless of circumstances or outcomes - to so many. He has dedicated his life to providing an opportunity to simply study mind, to sit and to see what is here and what unfolds. This is a chance for each of us to discover a mind which underlies our many minds - a mind which we can say is free of structure - no matter what culture we are in. This is a boundless and great thing, and it is worthy of countless expressions of appreciation: a single body revealed.



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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

This collection would not have been possible without the invaluable help of a number of people. Paul Lee came up with the idea, what he has dubbed “a really ambitious birthday card,” and persevered in promoting it; his inspiration and forbearance, not to mention his ever-present wit and generosity of spirit, have been central to the project’s success. During the conceptual stage, Michael Katz provided strategic counsel regarding its make-up and focus.

Arnie Kotler of Koa Books made suggestions regarding editing, printing, and design which were enormously helpful. Lynn Stegner generously helped with editing. Rich Curtis of Robert Page Design took this project on, despite short notice and an extremely demanding timeline designed a work of quality and grace. Edward Avedisian created just the right piece for the cover. Karen Fuchs, Robert Boni, Dojun Dan Welch, Bill Ellzey, Ikyu Ottmar Engle, Barbara Wenger and others over time have provided the photographic history of Roshi’s practice and life. Tanya Takas and Michael Podgorschek kindly gathered archival materials. Sally Baker and Elizabeth Baker thoughtfully assisted in reviewing art work and photos.

Marie Louise Baker moved the project from idea to finished product; with her guidance and continued oversight these recollections were gathered and brought to completion.

Finally, thanks to each contributor for their good wishes to celebrate the life of the extraordinarily gifted teacher, and great good friend, Zentatsu Baker Roshi.

A bow of gratitude to all.

—TPR



MERCHANT MARINES

I met Richard Baker at the Seafarers International Union Hall in Brooklyn. He was drawing my picture as I was sweeping the floor (one of my lessons as the only enrolled scholar of the SIU Educational Division; my other duties were cleaning the toilets, running errands and driving suitcases full of money to Philadelphia, accompanied, in the back seat, by a union officer). We both were hoping to ship out as merchant seamen. We both spent many days in the hall, he with a drawing pad, me with a broom.

As I swept, I noticed he was drawing me, but ignored it for a few days. Then I was sweeping behind him and looked at his current sketch. "It really doesn't look like me, does it?," I said. "It's about the movement of a man sweeping a floor," he replied, rather coolly, I thought. He continued drawing and I swept on.

We did not speak again, until about three days later, when I was called to the station of the union dispatcher who handed me the "Articles of the Voyage" on a trip to the Persian Gulf: Engine Room Wiper on "Steel Voyager," a 38 crew mixed cargo ship. Richard was in the Union Hall for basically the same reason I was: adventure; but Richard Dudley Baker had an aunt, Dorothy Dudley, a curator for the MOMA, whose boyfriend was a ship captain. So he had a privileged choice (and did not have to sweep floors).

As I walked away from the dispatcher's station I noticed a

stricken look on Richard's face. He was 19 and I was 23. It was 1956. He gave me a nod and when I swept close to him he said, "The Persian Gulf! I am a Harvard Student and I want to go to classical countries, France, England, Germany, Italy..." I said, "Those are places we'll surely go. I already have friends there. I want to go to someplace 'different.'" As the Union Hall was closing and emptying, I saw him walk to the dispatchers and then continued sweeping the Hall. When I finished and left, he was sitting on the steps of the building. "I can't go to the Persian Gulf," he said. "The Steel Voyager doesn't come back until October and I have to go back to Harvard in September." I said, "Too bad, New York in October is the high season." Richard said, "What do you mean?" I said, "Parties, theater, concerts, weather. You could go back to Harvard the second semester." He took from his pocket his own "Articles of the Voyage" on "Steel Voyager" and said, "I'm going."

And so after much packing and traveling by subway between Brooklyn and the Upper Westside of Manhattan, we arrived at the Brooklyn Docks and boarded the Steel Voyager the next morning. After a few stops: Philadelphia (where I bought the volumes of what was then called "Remembrance of Things Past" by Marcel Proust); Wilmington, NC; and Savannah, GA., we crossed the Atlantic, went through the Straits of Gibraltar, on to the Suez Canal, into the unknown, and for the first time, simultaneously, set our feet on foreign soil in Beirut, Lebanon. 18 days crossing; 18 days of reading Proust; 18 days of bonding and bickering. I was an atheist and he was a budding Buddhist.

In Beirut, we passed through a marketplace, where I bought a little ivory statue (which I thought was a Buddha) and gave it to him. He said, "That's not a Buddha, it's a Bodhisattva." I said, "What's that?" He said, "the one who points the way." I said, "So?" And many years later as he ascended the Mountain Seat in San Francisco, when he became Abbot of Zen Center, I was seated in the Chair of Honor, as the Bodhisattva.



ZENTATSU BAKER AS A NOVICE MONK IN JAPAN.

THE ADVANCEMENT OF BUDDHISM IN THE WEST

Michael Murphy

Buddhism has been adapted in countless ways to the cultures that have embraced it. In Tibet, it was shaped by the shamanic practices of the Bon religion, in China by Taoism, in Japan by Shinto culture. Countless translators, philosophers, poets, artists, and contemplative masters have facilitated this centuries-long process, gradually morphing early Theravada asceticism into the Tantric world-involvement of the Vajrayana and Mahayana traditions. For some twenty-five hundred years, Buddhist practices have blossomed in new forms across the whole of Asia so that their spirit suffuses a vast range of cultural activities, from flower arrangement and architecture to poetry and the martial arts. And in the course of this long evolution, Buddhist sanghas have evolved to meet the needs and circumstances of different peoples while its early philosophies have given rise to a wide spectrum of subtle, powerful, often dazzling metaphysics authored by thinkers as diverse as Dogen and Nagarjuna.

For more than a century now, religious historians and cultural anthropologists have mapped this long evolution of Buddhism across Asia, but they have yet to describe its spread to the West with equivalent depth and sophistication. When they do, they will inevitably highlight the work of Richard Baker Roshi, the most widely-gifted American-born Buddhist teacher of the past fifty years. They will take new interest in his work because he has advanced Westerns Buddhism in three impor-

tant ways: first, by bringing the spirit of Zen into many activities of daily life, thus dramatizing its capacity to enrich Western culture; second, by helping to evolve Buddhist studies and thought; and third, by building innovative and lasting communities of advanced Zen practice in Europe and America.

For example: in the 1970s, after helping to establish Zen Center's Tassajara retreat and Green Gulch Farm, he conceived Greens, the first gourmet vegetarian restaurant in the United States, which became a prime catalyst for America's new appreciation of organically-grown fruits and vegetables incorporated into imaginative cuisine. His creative sense of space and aesthetics are still evident at Greens, thirty years later, enhancing the menus he helped pioneer while reminding us that cooking, eating, and good fellowship can be forms of mindful practice. (Not incidentally, income from the place still helps support the Zen Center he helped to create.)

At the same time, Richard started the Tassajara Bakery, the Alaya Stitchery (to make zafus, zabutons, and other items of Zen practice), and the Neighborhood Foundation which, among other things, organized the Hayes Valley Track Club for young people of the Zen Center neighborhood, provided low rent apartments for the poor, and helped create a park to enhance one of San Francisco's blighted neighborhoods. These various activities, and others he initiated, cohered to set a remarkable example of Zen-inspired cultural transformation. And they were suffused with beauty and fun. It is impossible to calculate how many transformative initiatives Zen Center inspired, in San Francisco, and other places.

But Richard's community-building is not limited to the Bay Area. With my wife, Dulce, and me, for example, he has traveled to Russia as part of the Esalen Institute Soviet-American Exchange to teach meditation and lecture on Buddhism under the watchful eyes of the KGB. Since the early 1980s, he has led meditation retreats, organized seminars, and lectured widely in Europe, sowing seeds for the practice community he would

eventually organize in Germany. And for more than three decades now, he has nurtured relationships between American Zen teachers and their counterparts in Japan that his teacher, Suzuki Roshi, had fostered.

The second way in which Richard has contributed to the advance of Western Buddhism is through his support of scholars and translators and, even more importantly I believe, through the development of new perspectives on Zen practice, Buddhist philosophy, and our possibilities for spiritual development. Under his leadership, for example, Zen Center supported Kaz Tanahashi, the well-known Dogen translator, as well as Tom Cleary's translations of Zen classics such as the Blue Cliff Record, the great repository of Chinese Zen koan training; and also provided living space for Lama Govinda, the famous interpreter of Tibetan Buddhism. Working with Zen Center support, these three translators brought some of Buddhism's most important texts to the English-speaking world.

At the same time, Richard has also developed his own original insights about Buddhist practice and community. During the forty years I have known him, he has more and more embraced the facts of cosmic, biological, and human evolution, finding new ways to relate the world's long and often meandering development with what Buddhism can reveal about the depths of mind, the origins of suffering, and our possibilities for greater life. He is finding new ways to relate the discoveries of modern parapsychology and dynamic psychiatry to Buddhist lore. And he is developing new perspectives on the West's cultivation of personality in relation to the ego-transcendence of spiritual discipline. I have learned more from him about the nuances of Zen, the graces and skills of meditation practice, and the wonders of Big Mind than anyone I have met, including the hundreds of psychologists and spiritual teachers who have passed through Esalen. Every visit with Richard is for me a learning experience, and I am not alone in this. Countless friends and students of his, in America, Europe, and Japan, have

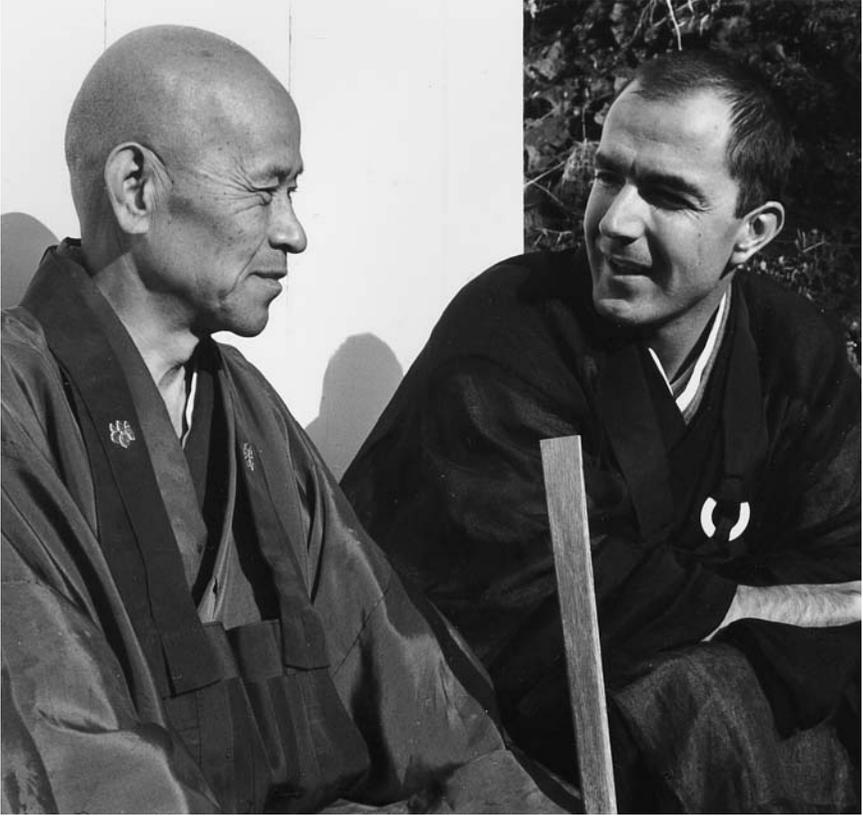
learned more than they can tell from Richard Baker.

Which leads to the third major way in which he has helped catalyze Buddhism's adaptation to the West, namely through his creation of innovative, lasting practice communities, first at San Francisco's Zen Center, and now at the Dharma Sangha in Crestone, Colorado, and Johanneshof, Germany. Together, his centers at Crestone and Johanneshof comprise the primary communal support for some fifty students who have been settled for decades in meditation practice. Some of these long-term practitioners have received transmission from Richard so that they may become teachers and thus extend the Soto Zen tradition that reaches back to Japan through Suzuki Roshi.

In addition to this core group, the Dharma Sangha includes some three hundred dedicated students who participate at least once a year in sesshins or practice periods, and in addition plays host each year to some two thousand visitors in Colorado or Germany. These three cohorts—of core practitioners, regular long-term students, and occasional program participants—receive *zazen* instruction, lessons in Buddhist metaphysics and psychology, community support for their practice, and Richard Baker Roshi's innovative, often experimental thinking about meditation, community, and the transformation of human nature. And they practice in zendos designed by him that are among the most beautiful and conducive to realization of any that exist today in Europe or America.

Richard is explicit about the innovative spirit he encourages, in practice as well as thought. He has often said to me that Buddhism has evolved since the Buddha's day. The Buddha is the origin of Buddhist practice, he has written, not its end. Everyone has realizations he didn't realize. In this, Richard is thoroughly Western and on the cutting-edge of Buddhism's advance. He brings elasticity to his Soto Zen lineage while at the same time supporting its continuity. No American Buddhist teacher has done more than he to dramatize Buddhism's capacity for creative development.

And to his everlasting credit, he has attracted, then fostered, what is probably the largest and most sophisticated Zen meditation lineage in the West. This emerging lineage includes gifted, spirited men and women of various ages, nationalities, and professions. They are a treasure for the world-at-large. With others who will follow them, they will adapt Buddhist thinking and practice to Western culture as their predecessors have done across Asia and in so doing transmit the joys and liberation of meditation for generations to come.



HYMN WITH WINGS
A PLUM STONE FOR RICHARD

Michael McClure

“AND
THE
Real Poetry
comes in moments like the dawn
in instances of thoughtlessness
made bright by rich and blank
sensoriums...”

HYMN WITH WINGS OF SUNYATA
while four dewy buds of non-consciousness
rise up and brush
the fifth in compassion.

ALL MATURITY STRUCTURES
are fingers of Herbie Hancock
stroking vanes of ivory,
while gold nuggets float
in a pool of crystal ensos
AND DANCE
THROUGH
REALMS
AS
WE WAIT.
We are deep ones
brainy as pollywogs
and Vimilikirtis.

Your mudras arise
in seventeen directions.
Manjusri's throne roars when
your palms touch.



WITH SALLY BAKER IN JAPAN

THE GIFT OF PERCEPTIVE, STRAIGHT OBSERVATION

Len Brackett

My first real encounter with Dick and one that was to change my life forever was in 1966 when I'd first left home and came to visit Dick and my sister, Ginny. They were living on Fillmore Street in San Francisco, and I was about to enroll in Reed College, and I had made a detour to San Francisco on my way to Portland from Minnesota for the first time. The hippy phenomenon was underway in the Haight, and San Francisco was in full 60's flight. Here I was, a kid from Minnesota, who despite what he thought at the time, had led a much more protected and circumscribed life than he imagined and thought he knew more than he did. I think, on some level, I was intimidated by San Francisco, even though I never would have admitted it to myself or to anyone else. Ginny was busy at the Montessori school, and Dick at the time was working for UC in Berkeley, so I found myself pretty much alone in the apartment during the day time, and only saw either one of them when they came back at night. I suppose I must have been more or less like a baby robin, there with my mouth wide open, expecting to be fed... I expected them to entertain me. Which they did.... taking me out to eat such outlandish things as bean curd. Like what WAS that, anyway? ... Think I'll stick to tempura. It's more like the fried shrimp I'd had on occasion in Minnesota They took me to many of the places a tour of San Francisco would require: Golden Gate Park, Muir Woods, Lombard Street, Chinatown, and the Haight Ashbury to see what was going on there.

All I remember of the Haight was looking out the back window of their VW and wondering what this was all about, as I might driving by a convention of shrimp breeders or gyroscope manufacturers. I didn't have a clue.

I spent days sitting in their apartment drinking coffee, smoking cigarettes and reading magazines, mostly *Life* and *The Saturday Evening Post*, whiling away the time before they came back to pick up where my previous day's entertainment had been left off. Dick would come back and ask what I'd done that day, and I would tell him, "Well, you know, I went for a little walk, but I kind of hung out near home most of the day." Dick would make recommendations of things I might find interesting to do the next day, which of course I wouldn't do. About four days passed like this, and Dick was more and more insistent to know what I'd seen or done that day, and I began to feel a little jumpy. It seems he was becoming exasperated with me. And then he said in a nice way but with a certain edge to it that he would have covered the entire area of San Francisco by now, would have walked north to south three courses, and perhaps five or six east to west and back again, and that he couldn't believe I wasn't even slightly curious about what was in one of the great cities of the world. That's all he said.

I got the message. I remember feeling somewhat insulted and combative, but what he'd said was what I needed at the time, even if I didn't want it. I remember objecting that I didn't know the city, and what if I got lost. "So much the better! Get lost!" And if you can't find your way home, get a taxi and ask them to take you to 2536 Fillmore (if I remember the address properly), and that'll get you back here. The next day I dug up the map he'd given me days before and then everything changed. For the first time I found myself free. What he did took some real effort. He could have been patient and ignored the lunk sitting in his house and continued the "feed the baby bird" routine, and I would have moved on to Reed, and maybe I would have loosened up on my own, but who knows? In any case, this was the

start of breaking loose for me, of leaving where I was born, and discovering the West Coast of North America. That year I hitchhiked about 5,000 miles on weekends, hopped freights, did drugs, sat *zazen*, and came to see that Oregon, Washington and Northern California were magical places for me, full of endless discoveries and mysteries, and for the first time I began to seriously question all my assumptions.

Dick took the trouble to make trouble for those he wanted to help, and I was lucky enough that I was one of those he wanted to help. I am not alone. He made trouble for lots of people, gave them the gift of perceptive straight observation, and I think many of these people have also had the course of their life nudged one way or another which made their lives happier. This kind of gift requires that Dick muster the energy and resolve to tussle with these people. It's so much easier to simply be patient and ignore what he sees and move on, which is what most people do.

So, Dick, you are a troublemaker. Good for you! And thank you.



REMINISCENCES OF A LOYAL AND GENEROUS FRIEND

Yozen Peter Schneider

I first met Richard Baker in 1961 when one of my housemates in San Francisco, David McKain, worked with him in a bookseller's stock room. David is the person who said to Dick, when they were walking somewhere in San Francisco, something to the effect that if they were smart they would spend their lives studying Zen. David immediately forgot about it, but it had sounded right to Dick.

When I found work as a tech writer near Palo Alto, I left San Francisco, and when an older friend suggested that I start meditating, I began sitting by myself. In the meantime Dick had found Suzuki Roshi. Being the only friend Dick knew who sat, he kept encouraging me to go to Zen Center.

Sometime in the winter of 1962, I began hitchhiking up on the weekends to meditate at Zen Center, staying with him. I remember that Saturdays there were mornings with breakfast in Suzuki Roshi's kitchen and then sushi out after lecture on Sundays. We were all into Kurosawa's films at that time and once I went to Muir Woods with Dick and his editor friend Don Allen where we had mock sword fights with fallen redwood limbs.

My job couldn't hold my interest, and I applied for teaching positions and found one at Western Michigan University. My last week in California, I was next to Dick in my first seven-day sesshin. Now it is hard to imagine Dick sitting with his knees six inches off the ground, but then he did, and yet he never

moved. Grahame Petchey who sat on my other side never did either. Under their oppressive influence I moved only once.

In the ensuing five years I saw Dick three times. Once I was on my way back to Michigan after a three-week stay as a guest student at Eihei-ji in Japan. I came in exactly as Grahame Petchey was being seen off at the airport to go to be a monk there. Three years later, while living in New York, I met Dick when he came through in the winter of 1967. I think it was on that occasion that I went to an antique store with him and on my deciding to buy a wooden Tibetan Avalokiteshvara, Dick insisted on paying part of the cost.

As Suzuki Roshi was planning to come that spring to New York, Dick asked me to set up a lecture somewhere for him. Six hundred came, and afterwards, I was asked by Suzuki Roshi to come out to manage the first guest season at Tassajara, which I accepted.

During the next six years, Dick and I worked together on many things, from the first *Windbell* on Tassajara to the establishment of Green Gulch. It was he who married Jane and me, traveling to Vermont to do so. And it was he who surprised Jane and me the next year by asking if we would like to have Zen Center send us to Japan. We were expected to stay six months but ended up staying 22 years.

One thing is certain. My life would have been very different if Dick hadn't been my friend and a loyal and generous one at that, just as he has been to Buddhism.



EL DARKO MEETS ROSEBUSH WITH A CAST OF
SIXTEEN THOUSAND SPACEY CHARACTERS

David Chadwick

El Darko as his fellow students dubbed descended on the area bays and was transformed by collusion against all assumptions at light speed with transplanted Rosebush - lovely petals, threatening thorns - unlike Kane who grasped at the Rosebud past or Utopian friends seeking a frozen future, this curious invader was stalking the wild absolute presence. He came swirling all mixed with ingredients from Indiana, Maine, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, various merchant marine ports, who knows where else - the past changes and can't be kept up.

Now seventy times this catalytic aggregation of vacuum cleansers and hound-dogged proboscis snooping has shed his quarks and charms around our star like lassoes catching the cosmic dust to sprinkle in shut eyes. This is cause for cerebration and so these digitalis leaves pound the keys to stimulated heart.

He had attended to the ivy tunes of the well-versed and studiously peddled ants and found them off, closed the door to escape inhaling lethal draft, trod Pacific Cathay ruins but to no uh grail. Then one early eve while swinging bushido air katana in metaphysically bookish space heard he of the master of the others in and went out not to dine with the painter but to climb with him into the decommissioned synagogue boat. What had he met on that voyage? A genie from the past? How

could someone in the robed present present such agreeable gifts - not one returned!

Feed forethought then caught from Don's clue, Alan's wit, and Charlotte's web on guarded movements and subsequent whispers of the Mulberry temple surely where those silky offerings had long since sunk then without having so much as a sip he got the DTs telling him to feign unworthiness is in vain so he dove in with skinny pained legs and cushions three high. As the Nipponese saying goes, shit-oh-down - but get over on the men's side doofus.

Just decidedly to do this much flipped the switch that lit the first gallery. As electricity transmitted by train conductors continues from the bloomin' buds long, long before to now standing on the corner waiting for the Shakya Muni to transport him in freestone where not knowing buys your ticket. Nothing to do but be your fill-in-the-blank. The change in your pocket just right. What relief.

Artists, poets, schoolteachers, Bohemians, Englishman, and Oriental lists came pouring out of surroundings. The state of Virginia was added to the geographile and another union was formed dedicated to the proposition that.

Driven to save all sisters and uncles and not go nuts on the misery-go-round with hold your horses carved not from Port Orford Cedar but detamination slowin' down getting' a grip on that pole by letting go of the vertigo nausea. There in the thick of stinging nettles the hunter watches frozen breath illuminated by moonlight in wee hours. From catacombs to labyrinth to maze to Blanche's by the fishing boats, always carrying in hairless-shirt pocket the edifice of practice makes prefect to be your own boss. Thus he followed the ox's path without gaining on the beast ridden.

Our subject did not object to the abject or astral in pursuit of just this thus he planted question marks before the diminutive huge force that nurtured. In return he received reflections, deflections, dismissals, inspections, alterations, sugges-

tions, vexations, inhalations but no silver billets or get out of Sam's car a freak heart. Can we do this? Yes, if you do it.

Taking a brake from the queue and hey this snugly duck link would times just float in pond with mentor swan allowing the endless continuous Mobius trip out like Milky Way out there and back. Dis beautiful flame cam burn your clothes but who approaches know they heart completely axecepted welcome to join in the conflagration to be consumed while not becoming ashes, their asses with their own three times.

The dance goes on with mats and brooms, feet and candles, skandas and void, looking and listening, and no matter what combinations are rolled, the fortune cookie crumbles to reveal a new opening. Devils must be hellions before new angles are found, squares before circles, Christians fore 'liance with Bud-dhas. Should I go there? There's no where. Should I do? There's no do. Do what you do. Be your do. Do be do.

And sparking of flame, there was that windy day lighter-singed finger in font of the fireman's found and the life assurance clouds lifting for one more meant of good and the real ideation that the photo finished negative of this dot in the vast swirl of pain can be a drop of hurt in a bucket of joy. As a rule which includes them all, onward into the four novel troths - there are stepping stones to be made, to be found, to be gleaned. And the noble preceptor is quietly pleased to have sneezed in the breeze of such pollinating commitment.

Ah, so many teach-ins like the time our windmill jouster took this list of five great arguments to his master each as solid yet subtle as alabaster to be presented to the landlord's Chrysanthemum court. Pick one he was told, leaving a hole wide enough for the whole lot of them to walk through.

Missed your short mushroom stick said he wouldn't use it less he 'spected your rehearsals so what a heap of respect he clobbered our boy with in the hall cause he'd gone round the bowing line to catch the deportees for impotence stuff.

In senseful days of not inhaling the crumpled empty pack

tossed on messed track - oh that - he turned back and whack! Outside ended and now began and the show ran like Bodhisattva's one track vow, even-gauged, coursing through mountains, deserts, ghettos, nations, galaxies.

Time came to go where the world was born so Suzie who'd been holding plant to rock could watch it take root. He'd done a jig on the dirt road the day junior showed him where we'd go. The apprentice'd been fired up, well-introduced and reduced and seduced by the skilled means - been courted, ignored, drowned, beaten on stones, wringed, hung in the hot sun, ironed and pressed, folded, put in the dark, and worn to the ball. Now he had to do guard duty, meet the neighbors, beat the path, beat the drum, be on call, call the bees, fire himself, gear up, zoom and Chekhov Liszt. With wind bells ringing and phones blowin' in the trees he led the march to the valley where we lay down our weapons and surrendered to the dirt, rocks, trees, sky, and five waters - one from runoff, two from ground below, one from sky, one down road.

I was there, a hunchback dwarf monkey who'd come one honking day into the white stone city having hopped from roof to balcony to where everyone sat still. I still sat with them so they let and fed me and we evolved through unintelligible design posts. When first I swung from the so-called rafters route 66 there was so much juicy mystery. How to get down on those black pillows and not fall off? Why do those men wear dresses? Why do they smile so much? Does Rosebush thank you for sleeping there by tapping you with his magic wand? Some things I could see though - that he was number one to everyone, that everyone to him was number one and that El Darko was the first number one which is how one not able to count to two saw it. El Darko had a special place that Rosebush shoed other squatters away from.

The seen had differ and periscopes depending where I'ze hanging. There could be all there sitting, standing, walking as equal ones. Or, each could be a center from which everything

included other centers flowed. Rosebush could be axis with us like planets. He and his countryman could be double stars round which we spun. Sometimes could see no life - just stillness of the building and clothes and hair with sound of traffic penetrating from asphalt below. I'd times spy through the glass of competition mad power, creatures vying. And then there were the golden cords connecting - concentrate on one off these and everything else disappears.

Could see karmic twist tie Slim and Rosebush, deeply rooted sending waves to all sentient zendorphin surfers. These two guys had big plans rolled up their arms and intentions which sprout like flowers from the crown of Rosebush's head from the time he was a boy as petals spew from brother hands whose stripping too bore striking Indican notions of empty pockets to come. Like there's no noon cause you get close and closer then it's over and that made the grandfather clock stop the second he dyed that deep blue. And the Polish so sage cult where they'd bow to Krakow drawing in a bit of the decades to commandeer. Yes, like now this monkey swings as that ignorant child singing "Everyday I do, everyday I don't." And Rosebush told him when he asked what time it was not, not to have a rash. So you see how the child is the farther of the man - I can.

Zinging on over the complex array of the soft core, fellow travelers, elders, infants, benefactors, stupifyers, advisors, inquirers, guardian angels all crocheting a hidden then together. Snatch any of these players out of the game and the future resets. Take away Rosebush and thousands of stories scatter to way off unfindable. Rake away El Darko and it's uncertain how far things would have gone. No you see it but maybe not.

In the kneedings to discuss the site search of opportunists for earlier wake up calls, here especially the confabulation between our sub jests stood out. Still born they were of a team but eye proceed the dominatrix of their ship in the blooming-to-be in the wildness. I swatched - they'd let me be

the monkey on the wallflower. They'd be so into it they'd not no this and maybe secretly wanted witness. One grated aspic of the Rosebush not true of many spearchild treasures is his leanin' greatly from his sou chefs and waiters, the busy boys, and unbarred girls. Good ears. But none he deferred to like this one. The revolutionary are of both kinds of men - the wer and the wyf - practice making together in a monostair heap was not Rosey's. He gets credit carded for going long but not for occurred to hem but to his little Rosebuds like the festschriftee who said his mate and wee one were on the way with many of your most devotisimal. I cupped my ear and heard in the shell the sound of the seaman saying "No women, no Tassajara." Papa said, "No English," and kiddo said "It's a must." Papa said everyone had to go to the waiting room for a week or at least point seven one four two of that but noooooooooooooooooo, three would have to do and we ended up with two and two thirds but no one after us was that softy luck.

They took me in a box to the mountains where I saw all that and also Rosebush name the former El Darko, Zentot. I can't say I'll do all this he'd claimed aback at the list of rules only to be told to shut up! Ha ha. An infant terrible indeed! The guy who'd privately said shut up said publicly how grateful he was for all the other he had done. This Insight Mountain Bull's-eye was ordained too back then like they were brothers and the second robe came down that day cause the years between had come before and something almost not one knew is that the yellow one too was offered and refused like Dogen knew it wouldn't work with the Chinese.

The Tot was attentive as always not tentative as never to the how now mountain man. He'd followed every move, eared every pin drop, nursed the nuances, but hadn't mimicked every strut and grammatical error - a little bit, we all did - but not ad vomitorium. You know, ewe no, yu knough. The alert arhats had helped to clear his steer of that. What pressed my

little monkey pants in all this voyeuristic training was the minded singleness of course and a lot of other thinks but be may what zapped me little tail a twittering the most was how that guile remained himself, wasn't a freight to be his honed shelf rather his whole engine just not thinking it can over and over all the way up to Lover's Leaping Lizards, the valiant ones who take that brave step beyond not at all lemmings who never did that to begin with. See - he didn't fall for that Disney crap and knew that if you can't be the one you love then love the one forthwith. He himed but didn't hawed in deed, in speech, instinct and thus me felt good in not trying to be other than the deformed dwarf monkey I was. Like the publishing barb said, "To zine own true be self."

There's a common threat that runs in the thingy of the early folk, a nostalgia for the coffee klatch, a yearling for the intomacy that was lost as smidge by smidgeon more welter pigeons homed in to peck and preen. Eventually the hosed days were the good old days, the nuff to go round daze, the way-seeking mistletoe jam. Some heathen felt betrayed the sizemic Quaker-ness shifted, commitment to shrimplicity gone overboard, the captain not at his table, take a number.

After the first spring glimpse of the place supposedly where meat was hung to dry, Rosebush danced happily on the ridge dirt road five millipedes high as his co-conspirator drove marveling behind. By winter solstice the corporation had seized control.

No particulate matter in mine, the twisted runt gourd had fibbed his way in to Baghdad by the Bay, but brought blind ammunition to do as much damage as could to destroy mind-set and spread the lawless, mossly to leaf his liken on Turtle Island rock. When he did his silly jog that sunset over Big Sur's little mist, it was joy at finding a nursery to found - he dervished the new sprouts from him and his. Dancer also missed the coziness, but knew that to stay undercover would be to soil the nest. He'd rather go back as they'd feared so long

but no need now as winged mussels rippled and carried flock flying out of movie theater to sun god.

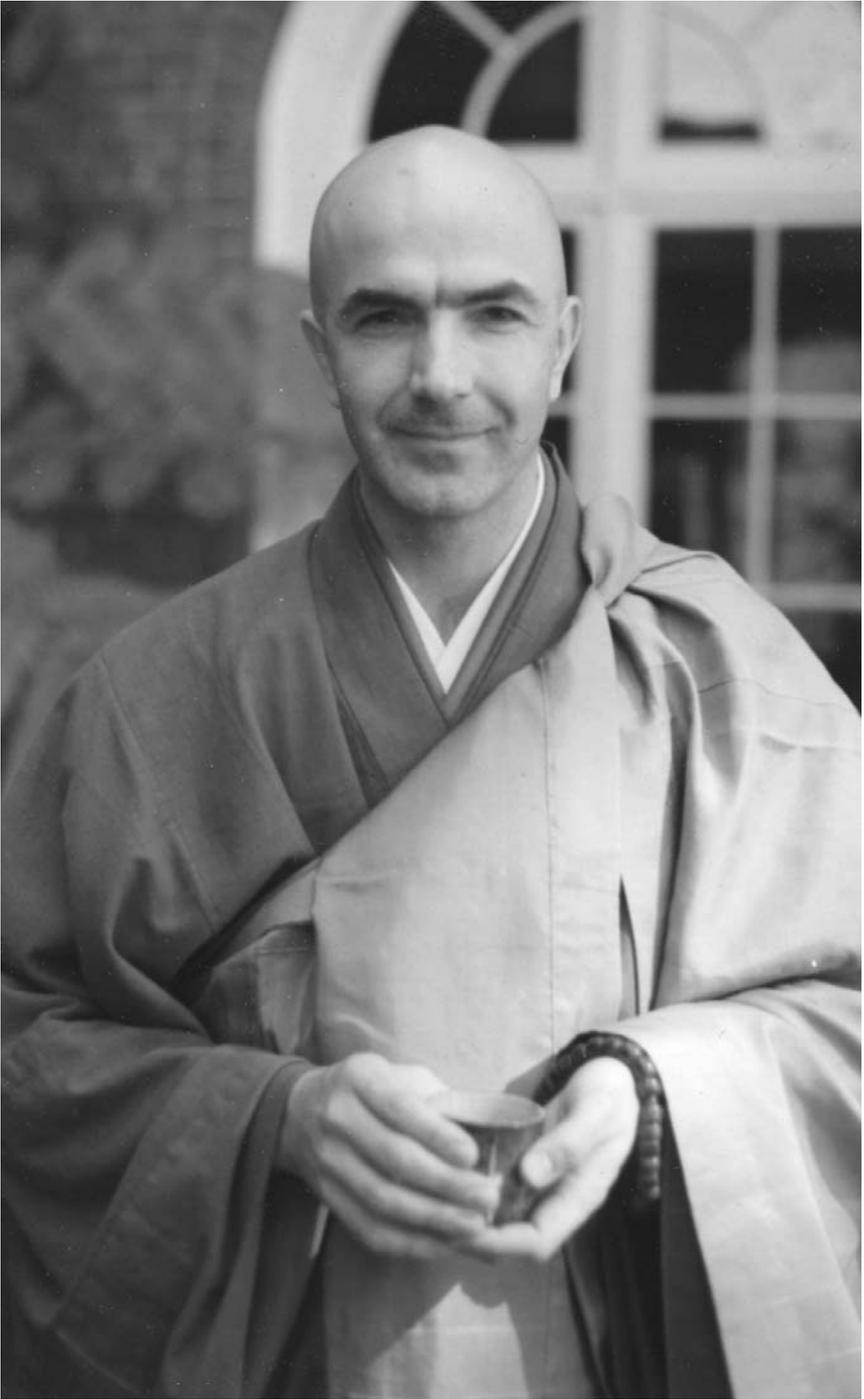
Upped the auntie to great aunt having broken the piggy bank fifteen times more year before. They'd done this, done that, gone from a here to a there that so far apart and no pardon in this did as much as that would-be Samurai who was so beary, airy, very busy turning that second wheel of the temple. As it says in the echo, ni rin tsune ni, which means may the two wheels turn forever and the second one is the ergonomic as in "I spend, ergo I am." Naturally there were da tractors - grinding along with their own tracks to guide them - resent men. These horsy neigh sawyers had the gall divided into four to say the guy was just a clerk. Sure. It's the realtor theory, a word mispronounced as much as nuclear. It's the bizman bash. Let me put my monkey tailspin on that rheumatoid. Ox scat. Although he may resemble that remark, it's the apposite that is truly. Lettuce review who skipped over his seniors in wearing dresses in public. Who was sent to the radio stations and other into viewers. Who would sit next to the guy whom no one would question and make outlandish statehoods and ride off with the blue ribbon? Sorry, but no one could pick up his robe and bowl try as they May June July. That role of many colors came, our own little bamboo hermit told me, as result of good undelstanding replete commentment. Not for some MBA. And at that time birthday boy was in exhale from being the CEO or the big baldhead or the shot caller. He was expandable. He'd been skipped across the lake to study up for taking the long pass in the play that never ends running toward that goal that never appears.

Beautiful dangerous Rosebush braZenly loved little Zentot and your truly monkey blubbered about it in weaker days because of all the excrement we'd proudly made together in this inescapable vale of turds. One continuous mistake later monkey jabbers on unconcerned.

Far an wide end caught the first wheel, the eyelidless Daru-

ma one, and he's out there turning it, rolling, spinning it along with his own short mushroom stick and it's bouncing down road with him and all sense tent beens are peering out from flaps in their thought coverings, down from the figure-eightive clouds, up from the profound and sideways from unexpected all them unborn in essence, but seeming like us spiritual fiends all arc hauling out "Spin it baby! Spin it!"

And so, thanks be, round and it goes.



EMPTINESS, WITH PICTURES

Zoketsu Norman Fischer

More so now
And being so
There's distance
In midst of
This constantly falling down
Time's rabbit hole, or

Pushed to its edge

Address-words loosely made in horizontal progress
A curve of letters, net to hold you up temporarily
As water bulked against a levy, lapping, pressing
With mouth and breath in a bated "o"
Becomes a whole people by now, talking and doing every day
In a particular way
Eventually becomes a crowd of them
Stuck together by their silences

*

During
 the
 chanting
 his
 style
 in the
 photo

This that no one has
But all require
Lost finally to you
So found as absence makes the heart go flounder

*

“Don’t forget to
live,” she told me don’t fail
to tell the ones you love
you love them
else it be soon late
and all the words used up, discarded,
in favor of newer brighter things

that come in following dawns
when animals arise in absence of us
to say on their own what the world is

*

Here

As well as elsewhere

Difficult with two small feet

To walk the path

That goes nowhere

But

Here

*

I learn so as to teach
Teach so as to learn
In one word, one look
Very many
World's too a word if not a rock
A breach

*

“If world's a rock
I am its fire”

*

His sharp nose flutters
And in his small red heart
Sheathed in lungs
Caged in ribs
Beats a mysterious boy
Whose details, a serious sleep,
Can't be ended

*

Old cat, couch, swelling music in the upper reaches:

 An immensity not to be
 Distinguished, extinguished

And there's a rub in that, you

 Come out from

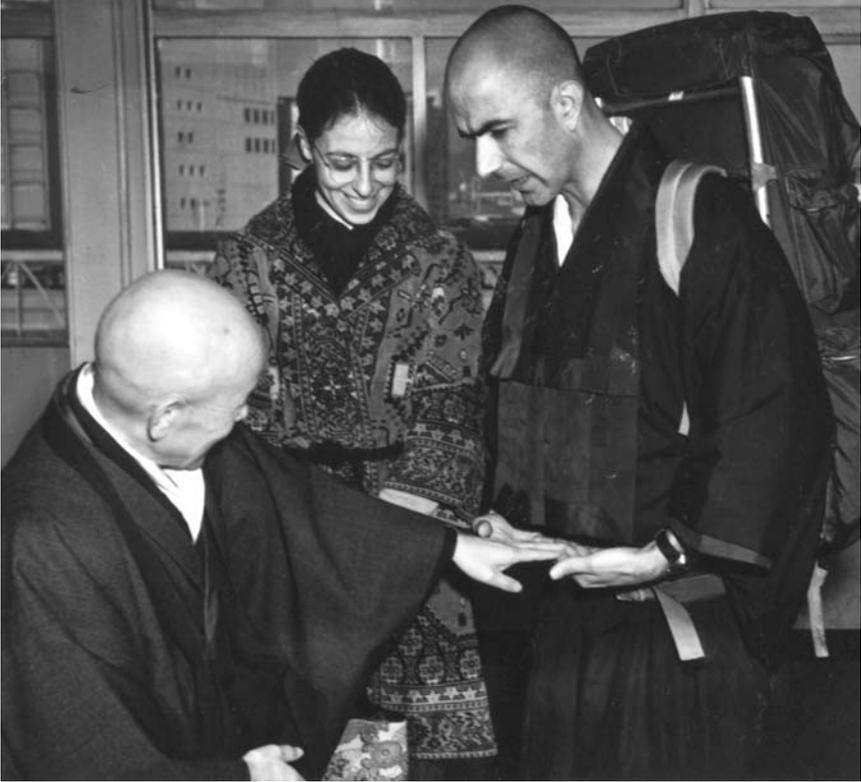
Categories to play -

We all say yes anyway

Constantly among land or seascape

In this country, this world, this foreign place

Or the next



BEFORE LEAVING FOR JAPAN WITH SUZUKI ROSHI AND VIRGINIA BAKER

MY DEEP APPRECIATION OF
RICHARD BAKER, ZENTATSU MYOYU ROSHI

Zenki Blanche Hartman

There is much for me to appreciate in all that I have received from Richard Baker over the thirty six years I have known him—the opportunity for monastic practice stemming from his contribution to the acquisition and development of Zen Mountain Center at Tassajara, for example. The further opportunity to continue in residential practice within a sangha devoted to continuing the practice of Soto Zen as brought to us by Suzuki Shunryu Roshi was greatly enhanced by Richard Baker’s leadership and vision. More personally, after Suzuki Roshi died, Zentatsu Roshi became my primary teacher for thirteen years. He gave me a Dharma name, Zenkei, “Inconceivable Joy,” which has characterized the direction of my practice in the thirty years since he gave it to me; he gave me the opportunity to work on the devotional practice of sewing Buddha’s Robe with Kasai Joshin san; the priceless gift of a life of vow through ordaining me as a *home leaver*; and, the opportunity to practice as *shuso* (head monk) at Tassajara.

As I consider highlights of our practice life together though, what stands out are the moments in dokusan when Zentatsu Roshi took something away. Let me offer a few examples.

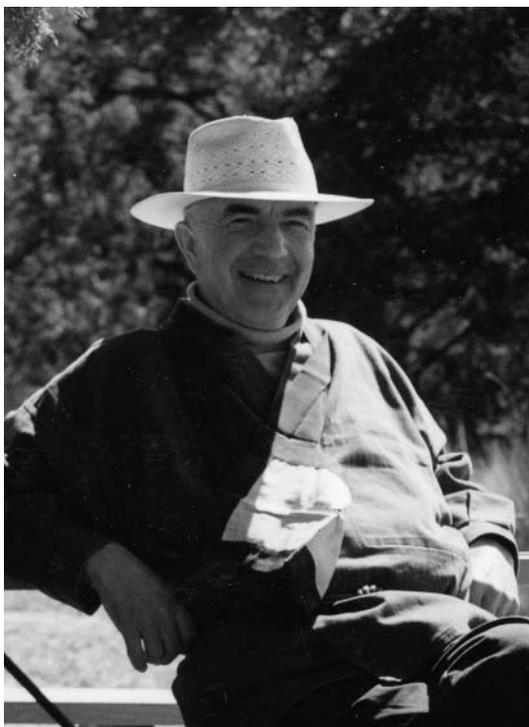
He led the *Robatsu* sesshin at Tassajara in 1972 (my first seven day sesshin). It was a very strong sesshin and on the last night we sat all night. As I struggled with my body and my demons through the night, I experienced a (to me) significant insight which was very exhilarating. As I sat the next sesshin, I

kept expecting a similar result from my efforts. When I saw Zentatsu Roshi in dokusan, I must have expressed that expectation in some way. The teaching I vividly remember is his very strong response: “Go back to the zendo and DON’T EXPECT ANYTHING!!!”

Once when I was practicing at Green Gulch Farm, I was called to dokusan with Zentatsu Roshi. He said, “Members of the staff have told me that you are wandering around here as if you were lost, like you don’t know what you’re doing.” I responded vaguely, “Yeah, I guess that’s so, I guess they’re right.” Roshi said, “What happened to that competent professional woman who came here?” and I replied, “Well, I guess she was just a front.” And as I said that, my whole body relaxed as I realized that my precious persona had been seen through and I didn’t have to keep it up any more. I could just be myself!

When I first asked to be ordained as a *homeleaver*, Roshi first said “Yes,” and I gleefully told my friends. But then he said “No,” and I was deeply disappointed. As I struggled with my feelings (all the while working feverishly to help those who were going to be ordained to finish sewing their *okesas*), I began to realize how I was viewing ordination as something to get—as approval of my teacher, status in the community, an accomplishment, being in the *in* group—all pretty normal motivations perhaps, but completely misunderstanding the meaning of entering a life of vow and wearing Buddha’s Robe. I believe his seeing my motivation and asking me to wait completely changed my relationship to ordination I am deeply grateful.

All of these instances are examples of what I am most grateful for in my long friendship with Richard Baker. As my Dharma teacher he saw me and where I was stuck in very significant ways and helped to show me the path to Inconceivable Joy.



LEEK AND POTATO SOUP,
A BAKER ROSHI FAVORITE

Recipes by Deborah Madison

One for the monastery

Here it is, those two stalwart and humble vegetables simmered in water with a little salt. Peasants survived on it for ages. So can monks.

Take away the bearded roots and lengths of leaves from 3 large leeks. Chop the white parts into pieces about the size of your thumbnail. Scrub 4 or 5 potatoes and chop them into moderate sized chunks. Yellow-fleshed potatoes will be prettiest, but floury Russets will break down and make the soup creamy and nice. You might use some of each.

Bring a scant two quarts water to a boil with the vegetables and some rough sea salt. Simmer until the potatoes are soft, about twenty minutes. Take a flat wooden spoon and press the potatoes against the side of the pot to break them up. This will give the soup a little more ballast. Taste it for salt and serve. Best when appetite is large.

One for Four and Nine Days

First of all, take the time to make a stock with the roots and the leaves of the leeks, along with a potato, some parsley, a sprig of thyme, a bay leaf, and a handful of lentils or such. Melt some butter (this represents a significant departure from the original version which was rather more austere), add the leeks and potatoes and salt and turn them about in the butter for five minutes or so. Add the strained stock and simmer till done. Don't forget to smash a few of the potatoes

to thicken the soup. Stir in an extra dab of butter just at the end; add a little pepper, and even minced parsley.

Another for Days When Comfort is Needed

Pass the finished leek and potato soup through a food mill to make it smooth and utterly unchallenging. Resist the blender —it will make it gluey. Stir in some thick cream, add a dusting of white pepper, and tear in some chervil leaves. Pull up the covers and sip.

Three Awakened Leek and Potato Soups

If your favorite soup suddenly seems stodgy, here's what you can do.

First add a leaf or two of lovage to the soup while it's cooking. Then, when it's done, finely sliver another leaf and toss them over the soup, like blades of grass. Lovage wakes up your tongue and your head.

If even more spirit is wanted, add 4 handfuls (your hands) of sorrel leaves, that is after you've torn them off of their ribs, to the potatoes and leeks. Let them melt into the vegetables, then add the water and cook as usual. You might want to pass some or all of the finished soup through a food mill to smooth out the rags of leaves, or tear them into small pieces in the first place. If there's any more cream left, stir a spoonful into your bowl. And add pepper for sure.

No Sorrel? Hike up to the stream and pull out a few handfuls of watercress. Take it back to the kitchen and pluck the sprigs from the large stems. Put the stems in the compost. Blanch the watercress briefly in salted water, then finely chop or purée it, then add to the soup along a smidgen of cream.

An Away-from-the-Monastery Deconstructed Leek and Potato Soup

Here the potatoes are found not in the soup as much as in some tender potato gnocchi made by someone with knowing hands. And why settle just for leeks alone? Scallions have a pretty green delicacy that's uplifting next to those sturdy workhorses, so we'll add some of those too. While you're at it,

why not shake in a few drops of truffle at the end? Potatoes and truffles are like coal and diamonds - related but oh so different.

Melt a few tablespoons butter in a soup pot and add 4 cups chopped leeks, 1 diced celery rib, and 1 small russet potato that's been peeled and diced. Season with some sea salt and fresh pepper and cook until the leeks are fairly soft. Add a teacup of white wine and let it cook away before pouring in a quart of water, vegetable stock or chicken stock if that's your want. Simmer until the potato is tender then turn off the heat. Purée quickly in a blender - there shouldn't be enough potato that it's a problem. Taste for salt.

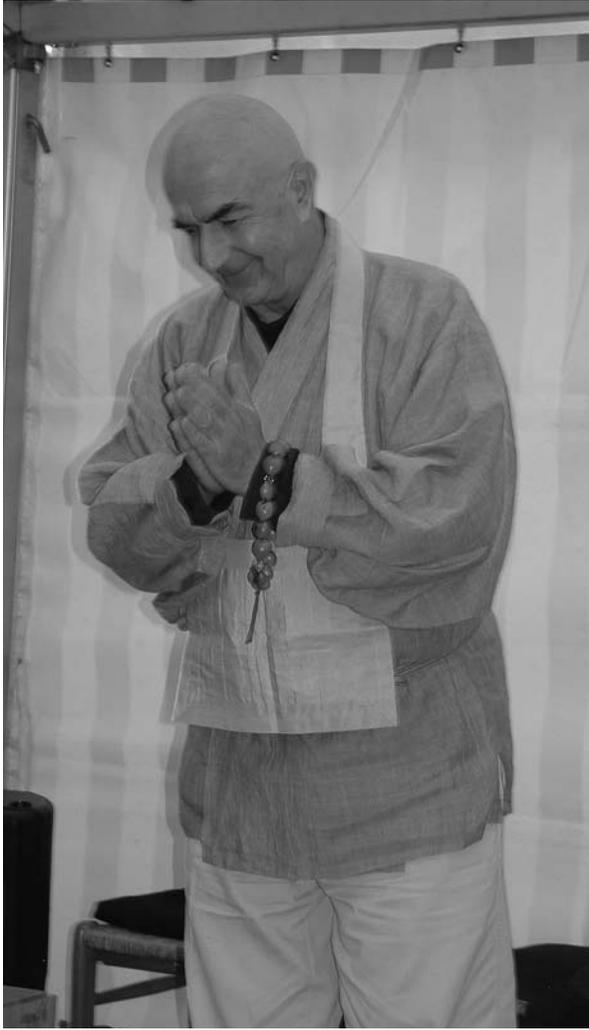
Now drop some potato gnocchi into a pan of salted, simmering water - as many as you like, you decide— and simmer until they float to the surface. More or less simultaneously, cook a cup of finely chopped scallions in a tablespoon of butter until bright green and tender. Give them a little salt. Heat four porcelain soup plates. Ladle in the soup, swirl the scallions into each bowl, add the gnocchi, then make a trail of truffle oil droplets. Inhale, then sip.

Happy Birthday!









EIGENTLICH IST ES EINE WEISHEIT,
DIE SICH SELBST SUCHT
(ZENTATSU BAKER ROSHI UND DIE TREFFEN
ZU BUDDHISMUS UND PSYCHOTHERAPIE)

Guni Baxa

“Was ist dieses enorme Interesse an Asien,” fragt Zentatsu Baker Roshi bei einem der Treffen zu Buddhismus und Psychotherapie.¹ “Warum werden Filme gedreht, wie der letzte Samurai oder über ein amerikanisches Mädchen, welches Samurai wird? Natürlich sind solche Filme irgendwie Schaum. Und doch, was sagen sie uns? Was ist die Suche, die darin steckt? Mir scheint es eine fruchtbare Suche zu sein. Und nicht nur in Asien gibt es diese bestimmte Suche. Auch vieles Westliche ist auf einer solchen Suche. Philosophen wie Heidegger, Wittgenstein, W. James, Whitehead scheinen mir Vorgänger für buddhistisches Denken zu sein. Sie kannten jedoch keine Praxis. Daber kamen sie an einem bestimmten Punkt nicht mehr weiter. Ich glaube, das westliche Erbe in Literatur, Philosophie, Malerei und Dichtung hat uns hier im Westen näher an den Buddhismus herangeführt, als das asiatische Erbe. Im 19. Jahrhundert hatte die Anwesenheit buddhistischer Lehrer in den USA keine Wirkung. Sie konnten erst im 20. Jahrhundert gehört werden, weil Kunst und Philosophie uns zu dem Punkt geführt haben, bei dem Praxis der nächste Schritt ist.”

“Ähnlich wie sich der Buddhismus in China hauptsächlich durch den Taoismus verbreitet hat, findet sein Eintritt in den Westen hauptsächlich durch die Psychologie statt. Doch für dieses Hereinkommen ist es notwendig, dass einige Menschen

in ihren Körpern, in ihrer Erfahrung spüren, was die Unterschiede und Ähnlichkeiten der Weltansichten sind. Die psychotherapeutische Methode der Aufstellungsarbeit z.B. wurde zwar in der westlichen Kultur entwickelt. Doch vielleicht ist sie für uns auch deshalb so mysteriös, weil sie in etwas öffnet, wofür wir im Westen (noch) wenig Erfahrung haben. Wir befassen uns hier also eher mit menschlicher Weisheit, nicht einfach mit asiatischer. Wir können sie zwar buddhistische Weisheit nennen, doch eigentlich ist es eine Weisheit, die sich selbst sucht.”²

Seit vielen Jahren kommt eine Gruppe von Menschen aus helfenden Berufen, vorwiegend PsychotherapeutInnen, mit Zentatsu Baker Roshi zum Thema “Buddhismus und Psychotherapie” zusammen. Einige der Leitfragen dafür sind: Was ist die westliche Art, Dinge anzuschauen, und was tritt aus der Zen-Praxis hervor? Was sind deren Unterschiede und was deren Ähnlichkeiten? Kann die jahrtausende alte buddhistische Lehre in ihrer Denkweise und in ihren Besonderheiten nützlich sein für unser westliches Erleben, wie Dinge existieren? Was wäre die Sprache, über die Buddhismus und Psychotherapie einander begegnen können?

Als Gruppe sind wir, so meine ich, im Laufe dieser Jahre eingetaucht in den Prozess des “Spürens” - des im Körper und in der Erfahrung Spürens - der Unterschiede und Ähnlichkeiten der beiden Weltansichten. Über die Belehrungen Roshis, das Wechselspiel von Frage und Antwort, den Austausch untereinander, wie auch gelegentliches Experimentieren mit psychotherapeutischen Vorgehensweisen, entwickelte sich eine uns - ich spreche als eine der TeilnehmerInnen - eigene Ausrichtung und Praxis.

Roshi betont in diesen Treffen, wie wichtig ihm eine gewisse Symmetrie zwischen Gruppe und ihm ist. Im aktuellen Ablauf ist diese nur zum Teil gegeben, da Roshi den größeren Teil der Zeit lehrt. Gleichzeitig entsteht jedoch durch die Fragen, die Aufmerksamkeit und die innere Ausrichtung der Gruppe ein

Feld, welches das, was durch und zwischen den Worten der Belehrung entsteht, in sich aufnimmt und weiterführt.

“Da ihr Therapeuten seid,” sagt Roshi, “habe ich oft das Gefühl, ich spreche nicht nur zu Euch, sondern auch zu den Klienten von Euch, zumindest zu einigen. Das macht einen Unterschied für mich. Wenn ich nur zu Euch sprechen würde, würde ich vor allem darüber sprechen, wie sich diese Dinge in Eurer Praxis praktizieren lassen. Wenn ich aber zu Euch als Therapeuten spreche, habe ich das Gefühl, ich spreche zu einem größeren Körper, gewissermaßen einem somatischen Feld, das ihr mit euren Klienten teilt.” (2004)

Dieses erweiterte somatische Feld ist für mich in den Treffen sehr spürbar. Unter anderem auch über die Fragen, die sich uns als Gruppe auftun: Wie sind unsere Weisen zu existieren? Mit unseren Klienten zu existieren? Welches Feld kreieren wir mit den Klienten? Wie ist die innere Ausrichtung und Haltung, die wir ihnen gegenüber einnehmen? Wie kann tief greifende Veränderung geschehen?

Mir selbst wird dabei zunehmend deutlicher, wie sehr es nicht um Antworten geht. Um Antworten, die aus dem Denken kommen. Sondern um Erfahrung, um Erkenntnis als einen gespürten, im Körper wahrgenommenen Prozess. Mit den Fragen zu leben, während im Herzen die Antwort tanzt.

“Jedes Mal wenn ich hierher komme,” meint eine Teilnehmerin, “genügt es zu hören, was Roshi gesagt hat. Hinterher weiß ich zumeist wenig, was genau es war. Ich könnte es nicht direkt wiederholen. Doch es wirkt in der Arbeit mit den Klienten. Das letzte Mal war es besonders das Einfallen und Ausfallen, das mich auf viele Weise begleitet hat.”³

Begonnen als ein Experiment, inwieweit so ein Austausch für beide Seiten fruchtbar sein könnte, sind die Treffen inzwischen für viele von uns *“das nahrhafte Herzstück im Jahresablauf”*⁴ geworden.

Es wäre zu viel, hier auf die Inhalte, die “zen-tausend” und zehntausend Dinge der Treffen einzugehen. Sie sind vielfältig,

wesentlich, ergreifend, uns prägend. Oft fühlen wir uns *“wie von der Quelle benetzt.”*⁵

Vielleicht kann im Weiteren jedoch etwas von der Atmosphäre und dem Geist der Treffen durchschimmern. Ich will das über die Wiedergabe von Teachings eines einzelnen Seminartages versuchen. Die Auswahl gerade dieser Teachings hängt damit zusammen, was sie in mir auslösten und bewirkten. Es war, als würde vieles des bisher Angesprochenen und Erfahrenen gleichzeitig aufblitzen. Als würde das alles einfließen ins *“Jetzt und Hier,”* sich verdichten und über Roshis Worte weitergeführt werden. Sich verknüpfen mit einem Gefühl des Angekommenseins, einer alles einschließenden Stille, einem aus dem Körper aufsteigenden Ja und einem unmittelbaren Verstehen, das nicht aus dem Denken kam. Ein Zustand, der mich seither oft begleitet. In dem auch ein schwerer Unfall wie *“aufgehoben”* war, den mein Mann und ich hatten.

Vermutlich sind es für andere TeilnehmerInnen der Gruppe andere Momente, die eine ähnliche Wirkung hervorriefen. Denn wohl über viele Ausschnitte der Treffen könnte etwas von der Fülle, dem Gefühl des Genährtseins und dem verdichteten Feld aufscheinen, die über Roshis von Anwesenheit gefüllte Teachings möglich werden.

Der direkte Austausch in diesen Treffen scheint mir vor allem zwischen Roshi und *“Gruppe”* zu bestehen. Nicht so sehr die Beziehung eines Lehrers zu einem Schüler oder einer einzelnen Person zu sein. Mir ist es daher ein Anliegen, in diesem Beitrag auch die Gruppe *“sprechen”* zu lassen. Zwischen die folgenden Texte von Roshi flechte ich daher Kommentare und Beobachtungen von TeilnehmerInnen ein, soweit sie mir über die Tonbandkassetten zur Verfügung standen. Ich denke, dass auch sie etwas von der Atmosphäre der Treffen spiegeln. In ihnen gleichzeitig jedoch auch zum Ausdruck kommt, was wir als nährenden Boden, als uns leitende Ausrichtung und Haltung im Kontakt mit uns selbst und unseren Klienten erleben und aus den Treffen mitnehmen.

Du stellst ein Bild zusammen

In einer der Pausen dieses lauen Junitages 2004 steht Roshi bei einer Ecke des Seminarhauses. "Oh, wie versonnen," sagt jemand. "Sicherlich hascht Roshi nach den Sonnenstrahlen, die sich gerade hervor wagen." Das Seminarhaus steht inmitten einer weiten Waldlichtung. Insekten schwirren in der Luft. Ein leichter Wind weht. Wir alle lassen uns die Sonne ins Gesicht scheinen. Einige sprechen über den gerade gehörten Vortrag, in dem es um das Wahrnehmen von Vergänglichkeit ging, um die Leere von Dauer. Nach einer kurzen Sitzperiode beginnt Roshi dann wieder zu sprechen.

"Ich möchte noch mehr über Leerheit sagen. Stell dir vor, du stehst neben einer Ecke dieses Gebäudes und eine Fliege fliegt vorbei - eine fliegende Fliege. Wie bemerkst du die Fliege, die da fliegt? Nun: Du kannst sie sehen, weil du sie vor einem Hintergrund siehst. Die Fliege befindet sich zwischen dir und dem Gebäude und den Bäumen.

Hinter Crestone, das in etwa 2500 Meter Höhe liegt, geht es den Berg hoch auf etwa 4500 Meter. Dieser Berg ist eine andere Welt. Er ist wie eine Wettermaschine. Wenn du zu ihm hoch schaust, fühlst du diese andere Welt. Es ist fast wie Zazen sitzen. Machst du jedoch ein Foto von dem Berg, siehst du nur ein kleines Ding im Hintergrund. Und du denkst dir: Nein, so ist das einfach nicht. Du spürst, wie gewaltig der Berg mit den weißen Spitzen und den um sie tobenden Winden ist. Doch du kannst das nicht fotografieren.

Was tust du eigentlich, wenn du den Berg anschaust? Du nimmst Maß beim Berg und dem Platz, an dem du stehst, und fügst das zusammen. Du ziehst ihn gewissermaßen in dich hinein. Du tust etwas, was eine Kamera nicht kann. Diese Erfahrung, die du hast, kann die Kamera nicht einfangen.

Beim Stehen neben der Ecke dieses Gebäudes hier und der Fliege, die vorbeifliegt, machst du das gleiche. Du stellst ein Bild zusammen. Du scannst ein Bild. Dabei geben dir die

Sinne das Gefühl von einem Ort, einem Platz. Obwohl alle Teile sich verändern und in der Vergangenheit verschwinden, hast den Eindruck, du bist irgendwo. Und in diesem Irgendwo fliegt eine Fliege vorbei.

Einmal, beim Bergwandern in Peru, kommen wir über so eine Bergkuppe. Ich bin etwas hinter der Gruppe zurückgeblieben. Als ich dann über diese Kuppe komme, schaue ich verblüfft auf einige Mitwanderer; die da weiter unten so einen wunderbaren Tanz aufführen. Sie springen herum, schwenken und bewegen die Arme und ich halte das für eine feine Inspiration. Doch irgendwie passt das nicht zu diesen Menschen. Haben sie vielleicht Drogen genommen, frage ich mich. Plötzlich aber verstehe ich: Killerbienen! Da schwärmen gerade Killerbienen. Bei ihnen allen da unten haben sich Unmengen von Killerbienen in den Haaren und Kleidern verfangen.

Wenn so viele Bienen herumschwärmen, ist es nicht möglich, einen Hintergrund zu schaffen. Du kannst die einzelnen Bienen nicht sehen, weil du keinen Hintergrund bilden kannst.“ (2004)

Roshis Weise zu lehren, erinnert uns an Milton Erickson, einen der großen Therapeuten des letzten Jahrhunderts. Sie erscheint uns als hohe Kunst. Erzähltes wird im Erzählen lebendig. Es nimmt die Lauschenden mit. Führt sie in die direkte Erfahrung, im Körper gespürt und gefühlt. Roshis bildhafte und anschauliche, oft poetische Sprache zieht uns unmittelbar in ihren Bann. Zentrale Aussagen, für sich genommen zuweilen abstrakt und wenig fassbar, sind verwoben in Geschichten, Metaphern, humorvollen Wendungen und Beispielen aus dem Alltag. Wir spüren, wie wir nicht nur im Denken, sondern auf mehreren Ebenen gleichzeitig empfangen, in Resonanz kommen mit dem Raum, über den Roshi gerade spricht. Es ist, als würde das Angesprochene im Sprechen unmittelbar aufscheinen, uns erfassen und in seinen Raum mitnehmen.

Auch diese Bäume und die Lichtung verändern sich

Doch zurück zur Ecke dieses Gebäudes hier. Du stehst da also und die Fliege schwirrt vorbei. Und dann merkst du, du selbst bist es, der das Gefühl erzeugt, dies hier sei ein bestimmter Platz. Du merkst das und merkst dadurch, du bist an überhaupt keinem Platz. Die Ecke und die Bäume sind einfach nur langsamer als die Fliege. Auch diese Bäume und die Lichtung verändern sich. Und plötzlich hast du das Gefühl, nirgendwo zu sein.

Wir bilden den Hintergrund immer selbst. Ein technischer Begriff dafür ist der Begriff des nichtbezüglichen Raumes. Und da ist nichts, womit du nichtbezüglichen Raum in Beziehung setzen könntest.

Im Koan, den ich schon über den Wendesatz "Nicht-Wissen ist am nächsten" eingeführt habe, gehen die Mönche hinaus in die Felder. Die Felder – es sind vielleicht Teefelder – liegen am Fuße eines Berges. Und Guishan sagt zu Yangshan: "Es ist so hoch dort oben und so unten dort unten." Yangshan sagt dann: "Das Wasser gleicht Dinge aus, warum gleichst du das nicht mit Wasser aus?" Irgendwie sind ja beide Aussagen bedeutungslos. Doch Guishan sagt darauf: "Auch das Wasser hat nichts, wovon es abhängt." Yangshan: "So ist es."

Ich stelle mir die beiden vor wie uns. Wir übernachten da unten und denken an den Seminarraum, der etwas weiter oben liegt. Und, wie sie, scherzen auch wir etwas herum. Wir sagen vielleicht: "Lasst uns doch hochgehen zum Seminarhaus, zur Lichtung. Und jemand sagt dann:" Ob, das ist so oben dort oben und so unten da unten." Wir spielen einfach herum, wie wir etwas ausdrücken könnten. Wie wir ausdrücken könnten, dass es eigentlich nichts gibt, woran man messen kann. Es ist einfach oben dort oben und unten hier unten. Das ist eine Art von Verspieltheit, wie wir in diesen Vergleichen handeln können und trotzdem frei davon sein können.

Was ich versuche auszudrücken, ist das Spüren des nicht-

bezogenen Raumes oder die Abwesenheit von Verortung.

Ich gehe da einmal die Washington-Street in San Franzisko entlang und habe ganz unvermittelt diese Nichts-Erfahrung. Sie würde wohl nicht in mich hineinreichen, hätte ich nicht schon mehrere Jahre geübt. Es ist ein schöner Tag. Ich gehe so dahin, gehe die Straße entlang, die zur Bay hinunterführt. Und freue mich an der kleinen Wolke, die da oben schwebt. Ah ja, denke ich, die schwebt genau über dem Gebäude da drüben. Doch plötzlich spüre ich: Aber oh, wenn ich da drüben stände, befände sich die Wolke ja über diesem ganz anderen Haus und über mir. Ich kann überhaupt nicht sagen, wo sie sich befindet. Sie hat ihren Platz nur in Beziehung zu etwas anderem und das verändert sich dauernd. Und dann stehe ich da und habe das Gefühl, ich bin an überhaupt keinem Ort. Es ist alles relativ.

Vermutlich habe ich das früher auch schon gespürt. Doch mein Bewusstsein kontrollierte den Körper. Dies Mal aber war mein Körper da, nicht der Mind. Und der Körper konnte fühlen: ich bin an überhaupt keinem Ort. Das ist nicht nur eine philosophische Aussage. Ich spürte, dass alles relativ ist. Ich fühlte mich nirgendwo. Wenn du das spürst, gibt es keinen Druck mehr, keinen Stress. Du bist einfach nirgends.

Das könnten wir also die Leerheit der Verortung nennen. Der Raum selbst hat keinen Bezugspunkt. (2004)

Im Zusammenhang mit einem Experiment, über ein therapeutisches Verfahren - die Aufstellungsarbeit - das Thema Buddhismus und Psychotherapie zu erkunden, vergleicht Roshi das Vorgehen mit dem japanischen No-Theater. Im No-Theater geht eine Linie durch die Bühne, die nicht markiert ist. Doch jeder weiß um sie. Der vordere Teil der Bühne, der kleinere Teil, verkörpert Raum und Zeit der Zuschauer. Der Schauspieler bewegt sich dort in der Welt, die wir alle teilen. Der Welt des Vergleiches, in der relativen Welt. Wird die imaginäre Linie jedoch überschritten, kommt eine andere Ebene ins Spiel. Der Spieler begibt sich in eine Welt, in der alles gleichzeitig abläuft,

in der auch Vorfahren lebendig sind. Er begibt sich in die Welt, in der es keine Vergleiche gibt, begibt sich in einen zeitlosen Raum. Das Spannende dabei ist, dass das Publikum diesen Raum mit betritt. Das geschieht über die Haltung, wie der Schauspieler selbst ihn betritt. Er bewegt sich mit sehr präzisen Bewegungen und man weiß nie, wo er hingeht.

Der Hinweis auf diese beiden Welten half uns, Phänome zu verstehen, die wir bei der damals - 1994 - sich gerade entwickelnden Methode der Aufstellungsarbeit beobachteten. Wir begannen, in diesem Vorgehen deutlicher auf die unterschiedlichen Welten zu achten und sie als solche zu kennzeichnen.

Doch auch bei unseren Treffen: Pendeln wir nicht nicht immer wieder zwischen dem vorderen Teil der Bühne und dem hinteren? Über Roshis Weise, uns in die Lehre und Leere mitzunehmen? Macht das nicht die tiefgehende und gleichzeitig kaum im Denken zu fassende Wirkung dieser Treffen aus?

Wind und Blätter bringen sich gegenseitig hervor

Später an diesem Junitag fährt Roshi fort.

“Für Leerheit könnten wir auch den Begriff” Einheitslosigkeit “nehmen oder” ohne Abgrenzungen. “Schauen wir uns doch die Blätter an, wie sie gerade vom Wind durchweht werden. Werden sie in einem Behälter durchweht? Unter dem sie bedeckenden Himmel? Wenn wir das denken, denken wir in abgegrenzten Einheiten. Doch wenn wir fühlen, wie diese durchwehten Blätter den Wind auch hervorbringen, unterscheiden wir nicht zwischen Subjekt und Objekt. Der Wind durchweht die Blätter- die Blätter erzeugen den Wind. Wind und Blätter bringen sich gegenseitig hervor. Wir spüren die Verbundenheit. Wir befinden uns in Nondualität. Wo ist da die Ganzheit? Ist sie der Baum? Der Wind? Die Blätter?”

Wenn wir die Welt als Container auffassen, denken wir in Einheiten. Doch eigentlich gibt es diese Einheiten nicht.

Nehmen wir die Klangschale hier. In meiner Kinderzeit

gab es Glocken mit Griffen und kleinen Klöppeln drin. Damals hätte ich bei so einer Klangschalen-Glocke angenommen, sie sei vielleicht ein Behälter für Büroklammern. Wäre sie noch eine Glocke, wenn ich sie für Büroklammern verwenden würde? Oder ist sie nur dann eine Glocke, wenn ich sie als Glocke verwende. Ist sie erst eine Glocke, wenn ich sie auch anschlage?

Gibt es überhaupt so etwas wie die Einheit Glocke?

Ist die Einheit der körperliche Gegenstand Glocke? Oder ist die Einheit der Gegenstand, mit dem ich sie anschlage? Oder ist diese Einheit meine Entscheidung, sie anzuschlagen? Ist die Einheit unser Hören der Glocke? Oder ist die Einheit die Luftschwingung, die den Klang transportiert. Wo ist die Glocke, wenn der Klang nicht mehr in den Ohren ist?

Ist vielleicht das Erz - Kupfer und Zinn - die Einheit der Glocke? Vielleicht ist es jedoch erst das Verschmelzen der beiden Erze zu Bronze, was die Einheit ausmacht? Oder ist es das Arrangement der Moleküle?

Oder besteht sie überhaupt auf Grund der Entscheidung des Glockenmachers, sie anzufertigen? Es ist eine ziemlich gute Klangschale. Sie trägt die Signatur des Glockenmachers. Ist es also seine Idee, die die Einheit der Glocke ausmacht?

Was wir hier gerade durchgehen, ist eine Standardübung im Buddhismus. Aktiv in einer einfachen Weise nach der Einheit zu suchen. Traditionellerweise suchst du nach dir selbst auf die genau gleiche Weise. Ist dieses "Who" Ich? Ist diese Aktivität Ich? Ist der Einfluss dieser anderen Person da auf mich Ich? Ist dieser Gedanke gerade Ich?

Du tust das solange, bis du wirklich davon überzeugt bist, dass es keine abgesonderte Einheit "Ich" gibt." (2004)

Roshi bleibt auch im Sprechen am Körper dran. Und damit an der Erfahrung. Über seine Sprache fühlen wir das Dazwischen, das Nichtsprachliche. Er spricht nicht über Zen, sondern er spricht Zen. Natürlich wissen wir, dass "zen-sprechen" nicht möglich ist. Und doch, während Roshi über etwas spricht,

entsteht Zen im Hintergrund und schaut zwischen den Worten hervor.⁶

Regen regnet

Nach der Mittagspause, inzwischen hat es zu regnen begonnen, geht es weiter.

“Eine meiner Töchter,” beginnt Roshi, *“kam einmal von draussen herein und ich fragte sie: Wie ist es draussen? Sie sagte: Es regnet. Ich: Kannst du nochmals rausgehen und dieses Es finden? Sie: Oh, Dad, sei nicht so zen.”*

“Die englische Sprache erfordert immer ein Subjekt, einen Aktiven. Thor; den Gott des Donners, seine Stimme. Wäre meine Tochter mit ihm hereingekommen, das hätte mich wirklich beeindruckt. Ich wäre ein Gläubiger geworden. Das Englische hat besonders viele Substantive. Substantive implizieren Beständigkeit. Um das Unbeständige im Englischen auszudrücken, könnte man am ehesten sagen “Regen regnet”. Man kann im Englischen am ehesten über Gerundformen das Unbeständige in Sprache bringe. Indem man so etwas sagt wie tree treeing oder wall walling.

Hauptwörter lassen uns glauben, es gäbe so etwas wie abgegrenzte Einheiten. Eigentlich sollte im Buddhismus jedes Wort ein Verb sein. Denn was immer du findest, ist Aktivität. Baum ist ein Hauptwort. Doch was passiert ist “baumen” oder “glocken” oder “stuhlen.”

Wir können also sagen, Einheitslosigkeit sei ein Synonym für Leerheit. Intellektuell begreifen wir das gut. Doch es ist die intensive, fortgesetzte Suche nach Einheit, dass wir das auch in unsere Knochen bekommen. Bis wir schließlich - gewohnheitsmäßig - nicht mehr in Begriffen von Einheiten denken. Das verbindet sich oft mit einem Gefühl von Dankbarkeit. Die Dinge erscheinen einfach. Du erwartest das fast gar nicht. Und da bist du dankbar.

Wie beispielsweise gehen Menschen? Oder wie gehst du? Erwartest du, dass der Boden immer da ist? Oder könnte der

Boden auch mal nicht da sein? Das eine wurzelt in der impliziten Annahme von Dauerhaftigkeit. Das andere wurzelt in der Gewissheit von Unbeständigkeit.

*Soviel jetzt zu Leerheit in Bezug auf Objekte und das Selbst. Der frühe Buddhismus betont die Leerheit des Selbst. Doch der Mahayana-Buddhismus spricht von der Leerheit des Selbst **und** der Dinge.” (2004)*

Auch die Selbst-Gegenwart ist etwas Leeres

“Noch mal von etwas anderer Seite: Wie schaffe ich ein Gefühl von Gegenwart?

Gewöhnlich schaffe ich mir, wo immer ich auch bin, dieses Gefühl eines festen Ortes. Und ich schaffe mir das durch meine Sinne. Ich schaffe durch scannen einen festen Ort.

Richte ich die Achtsamkeit jedoch auf die Beobachtung meiner Sinne und weniger auf den Ort, spüre ich, dass alles von den Sinnen gemacht wird. Gleichzeitig spüre ich, dass der Platz, den die Sinne schaffen, der Bereich des Selbst ist. Und das halte ich dann für die Gegenwart. Eigentlich ist Gegenwart jedoch Selbst-Gegenwart. Das Selbst, die Aktivität der Sinnesfelder, schafft die Gegenwart. Alles ist hervorgebracht. Wenn du tot bist, sind die Sinnesfelder weg. Dann ist auch dieser Ort weg. Ein Ort, der von deinen Sinnen abhängt. Und der Ort, an dem dein Selbst funktioniert. So gesehen ist auch die Selbst-Gegenwart etwas Leeres.

Was ist anders, wenn du dich darauf einlässt? Die Welt drückt nicht mehr so schwer auf dich. Du bist viel mehr in einer bestimmten Kraft. Die Gegenwart selbst ist deine Macht.

Es kann davon allerdings auch eine beängstigende Seite geben. Ein Gefühl von Verlust. Du verlierst das Gefühl für das Materielle dieser Welt. Du fühlst, dass das Bewusstsein etwas ist, das du kreierst. Der materielle Rahmen für Leben ist leer. Bewusstsein ist nicht substantiell. Das Selbst könnte sich in all dem auflösen.

Die amerikanische, schwarze Musik, insbesondere die Soul Musik, enthält dieses Gefühl von Verlust, von "soul." Diese populären Songs sind vielleicht irgendwie oberflächlich, doch gleichzeitig verkörpern sie Wahrheiten. Sie werden immer und immer wieder wiederholt, weil wir es notwendig haben, daran erinnert zu werden. Seltsamerweise reinigt dies das Bewusstsein.

Du bekommst ein Gefühl dafür, dass das, was deine Ohren und deine Augen empfangen, ein Feld von Aktivität ohne Substanz ist. Was Substanz hat, ist deine Beziehung dazu. Und immer ist Unvorhersagbarkeit ein Teil davon. In dieser Atmosphäre von Bewusstsein kann selbstrelevantes und selbstbezügliches Denken nicht passieren. Es kann nicht überleben, denn es gibt kein Territorium, an dem es sich aufhalten kann. Es ist ein Bewusstsein, das nicht von Voraussagbarkeit abhängt, sondern in sich selbst die Unvorhersehbarkeit sieht und fühlt." (2004)

Den Raum des Nicht-Wissens halten zu lernen

In den Treffen entstand ein Feld grundlegender Gewogenheit und Akzeptanz füreinander. Es gelingt, die Spur von Erfahrung aufzugreifen, die wir aus unserem Beruf und persönlich mitbringen. Im Aufnehmen der Teachings und Anwesendsein werden sie weiter geführt, bekommen tieferen Boden. Ich denke, dass mittlerweile auch bei vielen von uns Zazen, Atempraxis, Achtsamkeit, die Praxis mit den Wendesätzen und andere Vorschläge zur Praxis in unseren Alltag und die Arbeit mit Klienten von Bedeutung sind.

Ulrike beispielsweise sagt: "*...ein Schnittpunkt für mich als Körperpsychotherapeutin: Im Gewahrsein zu halten, was jetzt und jetzt und jetzt mein Referenzpunkt ist. Den Raum des "Nicht-Wissens" halten zu lernen und damit die Nicht-Einmischung sowohl für Klienten als auch für mich erfahrbar zu machen. Und zu spüren, dass darüber das "Wissen" des Systems oder des Organismus wirksam werden*

kann.”

Oder sagt : ...“zu merken, wie sich die Menschen in den Augenblick sinken lassen können, wenn sie hören *“just now is enough,”* all die brauchbaren Wendesätze von Roshi.”⁷

Oder jemand anderer sagt: *“Meine systemische Praxis und Theorie hat durch die Treffen einen grösseren Rahmen bekommen. Viele theoretische und methodische Puzzleteile haben dadurch neuen Sinn und einen neuen Platz bekommen.”*⁸

“Es scheint mir” sagt Roshi einmal, *“dass unterhalb der Psychotherapie und allen möglichen Formen von Therapie und Beratung etwas fließt. Es wirkt wie eine Verpflichtung der Psyche, der persönlichen Geschichte gegenüber. Oder die Verpflichtung zu einer Art Bewusstsein, dass Psyche und Geschichte in allem mitschwingen. Im Zen ist die Verpflichtung der Körper. Er bildet die Basis. Trotzdem scheint mir der Unterschied zwischen Buddhismus und Psychotherapie letztendlich darin zu bestehen, wie tief man sich wirklich kennen möchte.”* (1995)

Mich begleiten Fragen Roshis während der Treffen oft lange, auch Sätze aus buddhistischen Schriften, die er mit einbringt. Wie etwa: Was gibt dir dieses Gefühl des Genährtseins? Das Gefühl die Realität zu berühren? Wie kannst du deinen Körper von deinem Körper selbst her kennen? Wie kannst du Gewahrsein halten in der Mitte von Bewusstsein? Welches ist der Ort, wo du Kontinuität lokalisierst? Sowohl im persönlichen Leben, als auch mit Klienten tauchen sie wie Richtungsweiser auf, steuern den Prozess und lenken die Ausrichtung. In der Zeit nach dem Unfall war es beispielsweise ein Satz Dogens, der plötzlich auftauchte: *“Eine Frau aus Stein gebiert ein Kind inmitten der Nacht.”* Er schob sich zwischen Gedanken der Angst oder Sorge. Ich konnte sie dann sein lassen, ohne in sie einzutauchen.

Zum Abschluss noch einmal Roshi. Oft bringt er, wie ein Klangkörper, das zum Ausdruck, was wir als Gruppe spüren

und tastend errahnen. Wofür wir jedoch noch keine Worte gefunden haben.

In einem der Seminare sagt er:

“Wenn ich hier mit euch sitze, fühle ich mich inmitten von etwas Heiligem sitzen. Denn so hinein zu schauen in die Dinge, wie sie wirklich sind, was könnte heiliger sein als das? Hineinschauen in das, was schwer zu bemerken ist. Gleichzeitig ist da auch überhaupt nichts Heiliges. Du schaust hinein in das oder das oder das und siehst wie vergänglich alles ist. Du siehst, dass alles relativ ist. Dann ist da nichts Heiliges. Kein Ding ist da wichtiger als das andere.” (2004)

Und ein anderes Mal:

Und da gibt es viele verschiedene Zugänge zu dieser Weisheitslehre. Leiden ist nur einer der möglichen Zugänge. Das erste Buch des Abhidharma in Pali beginnt mit folgendem Satz: Wenn eine gesunde, bewusste Haltung entwickelt worden ist und diese untrennbar verbunden ist mit sinnlicher Wertschätzung der Welt, verbunden und durchdrungen ist von Heiterkeit und verbunden ist mit Wissen, nur dann kann man wahrhaft praktizieren.” Mir zeigt dieser Satz, was die Aufgabe der Psychotherapie sein könnte: Den Vielen von uns beizustehen, solch eine gesunde, bewusste Einstellung zu bekommen. Eine Wertschätzung von dem Heiligen in uns. Denn wir gehen davon aus, dass Glückseligkeit und Freude nicht einfach in sich selbst aufhören, sondern die notwendige Dynamik für Weisheit darstellen.” (1999)

1 Die Zitate Zentatsu Baker Roshis in diesem Artikel stammen aus Teachings der Treffen “Buddhismus und Psychotherapie” der Jahre 1995 bis 2004. Die Teachings wurden simultan übersetzt und auf Tonbänder aufgenommen. Die Zitate geben die von mir gestraffte Simultanübersetzung wieder oder stammen aus meiner eigenen Mitschrift. Bei Interesse am genauen Wortlaut kann um die Audiokassetten des entsprechenden Seminars im Johannesshof gebeten werden.

2 Zusammengefasst aus Teachings der Seminare 1998, 2003 und 2004

3 Christine Essen

4 Ulrike Tiefenthaler

5 Ulrike Tiefenthaler

6 Christa Rivola, von mir zusammengefasst

7 Ulrike Tiefenthaler

8 Christine Essen



ROSHI IS AS RICHARD DOES
RICHARD IS AS ROSHI DOES

Gerd Stern

first met where/when maybe
Indiana's Coenties Slip studio or not
again thru californy-brit surrealist
spiralist Onslow-Ford on all cylinders
with one-minded Suzuki teachings und
fellow poets whaling mcclurerantid
nights of tea and empathy highs

their apartment bump next to
erstwhile jewgirl school zenter
floor on I lay more than sleeping
no early up problem but cud never
body wholly body zasit even on empty

done did LSD Conference, he, Convener-
Director U.C.Letters and Sciences Extension sponsored Ten
Trip Ticket Book gym full'o feds dealers, makers takers, hold-
ers, wanters what not said was heard word for word in begin-
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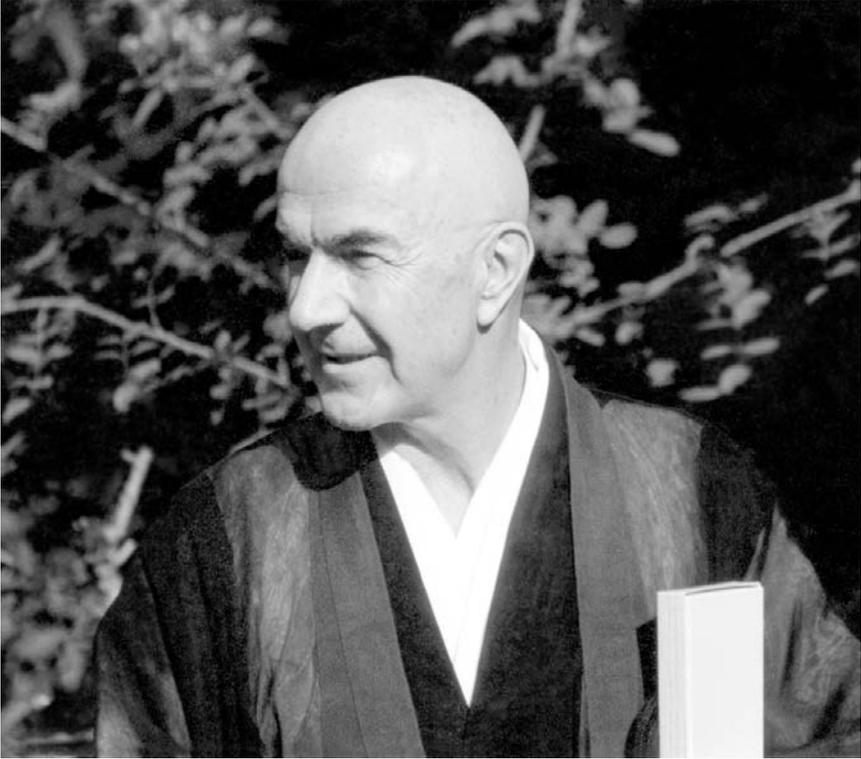
Altering His Own Consciousness Paul Lee told -trip-taking's
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I think that is the hardest thing for people to believe, that karma is fixable. But then, we have Yom Kippur, and Christians have Good Friday, both of which say, "Yes, there is something that you can do about karma." So I want to tell you a story from the Zen Buddhist tradition:

In a Zen monastery was an old man who used to come every day to the dharma talk. And when it was over, he would bow and disappear. Noticing this, a novice asked one of the elder monks, "Who is this old man who turns up every day?" And the elder monk said, "When I was a young novice, I asked the same question about the same old man. And that elder monk, who was an old-timer like me, said that he had asked the same question, also. This guy has been coming here forever, as far as we know." One day the old man doesn't show up, and the Roshi says to the monks, "Today, prepare a grave where the Roshis are buried and come with me." And they go and get together a bier on which to transport a corpse and get all the funeral stuff ready and begin to chant. The Roshi (the Abbot) takes them out into the field and there is a bush there, and he points underneath the bush, and there is a dead fox. They pick up the dead fox, do the chants, and bury it with all the honors of a Roshi. But the monks are very puzzled. What is going on? After the funeral is over, they ask the Roshi, "What was this all about?" And he replied, "Do you remember that old man who used to come here every day?" "Yes. What happened to him?" "Well, you

see, only when he came here was he permitted to take human form. At all other times he was in the form of a fox. And that was sort of a punishment incarnation. Why was he punished? Because he was once a Roshi at this monastery years and years and years ago, and people came and asked him the question, ‘What happens when you are enlightened, does the karma stop, or does the karma continue?’ And he taught that the karma stops. And because he taught that, he was punished by being reincarnated as a fox because he was teaching wrongly. But the last time he came to me, he asked me what happens to karma when one is enlightened, and I said, ‘Enlightenment is enlightenment and karma is karma.’ He thanked me and died right afterward. He was enlightened when I said that to him, and his karma stopped.”

This is known as the koan (paradox) of the fox. Go figure it out. He had gotten this karma as a result of teaching that karma stops, and now he gets the teaching that karma does not stop, and when he really gets it that way, karma stops. It is not a rational thing. In a sense, that is what Yom Kippur is about. It is trying to get you to the place where you do all this, “I’ve sinned—I’ve done this and that,” and at the same time you also have to believe that forgiveness is a possibility. And that feeling of being forgiven produces a deep sense of liberation. Much of Christianity is built around that—going to confession and making an act of contrition and doing penance and feeling that you have been absolved. The sense of having sinned no longer hangs on to you (unless you let it). I tell you, there were some people in the Jewish community who were not happy about the fact that someone wanted to come to the war criminal Adolph Eichmann just before he was executed and reconcile him with Christ so that he should be forgiven. “Look what this person has done,” they said. And yet at the same time, if you were Eichmann and genuinely contrite, could you imagine what it would have meant to you? “I don’t mind dying, but I have to die in such a way, knowing there is no way for me to

fix what I have done.” And some people don’t believe it can happen. The hubris, the chutzpah, of people is to think that they can sin so big that God can’t forgive it. And that is what this whole third book of the Tanya is about. It is to explain what the means are for being able to create that *t’shuvah*, that reconciliation.

I also want to tell you a story about a river.

One day Reb Sholem came to see Reb Zalman. He had just been thinking about the problem of Divine Providence, and freedom of choice, and each time it looked to him that there was no way in which any human being could solve this conundrum. If there is such a thing as Divine Providence how could there be freedom of choice and if there is the freedom of choice then there is no such thing as Divine Providence?

This doesn’t give him any peace. So Reb Zalman said to Reb Sholem, “Go and bring me Wojtek. The *etbnik*, the ferry man.”

So he brought Wojtek, the ferry man and he said to him, “One of the tributaries of the River Bug, the Bialtchik, has a very wild flowing and wild current, and it isn’t too far from here. I’d like you to take me and Reb Sholem and Reb Simchah, Reb Chayim Elyah down through the rapids.”

So Wojteck looked at them and he said, “I can’t understand. This is what the wild boys are doing. I used to do it in my youth and I still know the rapids quite well, but I can’t understand why you would want to do that.”

Then Reb Zalman said to him, “Well, how much do you get paid these days?” So he says, “It’s not an issue of money. I’m prepared to take you.” So he says, “Then what are you talking about? So take us.”

So they went and traveled and came to the river. And at the river they were sitting in a boat and Wojtek asked them, “Can you swim?” And they looked at Reb Zalman, saying, “Can we really swim?” Reb Zalman said to them, “Can you swim across the ocean?” and they said, “No.” And then he said, “Could you swim across the sea?” They said, “No.” “Could you swim across a

lake?" They said "No." "Could you swim across a pond?" And they said, "*Efshar*, maybe." So he says, "O.K. Let's go."

And they seat themselves and they're tying themselves by the *gartel* to the gunwale of the boat, and Wojtek takes his place at the helm and asks Reb Zalman to sit way in the front and he gives him an oar. He's sitting in the back with one oar and Reb Sholem and Reb Chayim Elyah are sitting in the middle and Wojtek is steering it into the current.

The current takes them to the rapids with big boulders in it. They prayed *t'filat yam* —the prayer for traveling on the water. They said it in the beginning when they got started and afterwards when they were frightened they repeated it. They moved and got down toward the boulders. Each time it looked really terrible but Wojtek seems to know what to do. So he gave a push in one direction, a push in another direction. Sometimes Reb Zalman took the oar and paddled on one side very strong, on the other side very strong. And they managed to avoid the big boulders. The water was white and foaming and it seemed that the river was making a turn and was going down more rapidly than they were willing. Reb Sholem's face started to get white, and Reb Chayim Elyah was pulling himself together. He knew that the boat was going to be OK, but something in his stomach wasn't happy.

At one point Reb Zalman had to push the oar very strongly against a boulder that they almost hit in order to avoid it and each time Reb Zalman did something Wojtek shouted from the back, "*Dobzhe, Dobzhe*." Polish for good. So they made their way through and finally they came to the place where the Bialtchik issues into the Bug River, and there Reb Zalman said to Wojtek, "Now it's OK. We can go"

Meanwhile the wagon that had taken them had come down the road while they were davening and they were still settling their stomachs and drying their clothes that had gotten all sprayed from the water, when Reb Zalman says, "Let's load the boat now on the wagon." They started lifting the boat on the

wagon and then moved on out to another place. Soon they come to this quiet pond. Reb Zalman asks Reb Sholem to take the oar and to row. Reb Sholem in his case starts rowing to the right and rowing to the left and he rows wherever he wishes and then Reb Zalman doesn't say a word again, and coming back to the wagon, loading the boat on the wagon they come to a small waterfall.

They ask Wojtek if he would take the boat down a small waterfall. Wojtek looks at them and says, "Are you God-forsaken, are you crazy? There's nothing that can save me. It's not a big waterfall but the boat will break and I'll break every bone in my body. I refuse to do this. I'm not going over that waterfall. The waterfall is surely the place where one can destroy himself."

Whereupon he looks at Reb Sholem and asks whether he wants to go. "No, no, no! For me the calm water was all that I could handle, I don't even want to go back on the white water, never mind the waterfall!"

So Reb Zalman still doesn't say anything and they come back to the house, the *Beis Medrash*. They pay Wojtek the driver and they give him a stiff schnapps for a *Lechayyim* and they all take a *Lechayyim*. Afterwards a discussion ensues about whether they have to *bentsh gomel* or not because after all it's written in the psalm, 106, one that is for people who have to thank God for people who were sick or in prison; and those who go down to sea in ships doing work in the mighty waters — that's the one you have to *bentsh gomel* on to give thanks for your safe deliverance.

So he's saying to him, "Well, what do you think, do we need to *bentsh gomel*?" And they say, "Yes we do, absolutely!" So he asks them, "Why do you think so?" And they answer, "Because it was so dangerous. We could really have gotten killed. Look, I still don't understand why you took us to this place."

So Reb Zalman says, "Alright, let's just have patience for a while. Now we should spend some time in prayer and meditation and afterwards *bentsh gomel*" Then he asks the question,

“What is it that makes us have the responsibility of the freedom of choice?

Next shabbos they're sitting at *S'udab sh'lishit* and they're singing the psalm, “The Lord is my shepherd I shall not want, he leads me beside the still waters.” Reb Zalman in the middle of that nice contemplative song, bangs on the table, and says - I want to interrupt you right now for a moment and sing that song from Yom Kippur night that goes, “we are like clay in the hand of the potter.

KI HINEH KAHOMER

*We are as clay in potter's hand
He does contract, He does expand
So we are yours to shape at will
We yield to you—
Our passions still.*

*Like mason shaping rough-hewn stone
We are Your stuff in flesh and bone
You deal with us in death, in life
We yield to you—
please heal our strife.*

*The smith can shape a blade of steel
Shape the edge and bend the beel
So in life's furnace you temper us
We yield to You—
surrender us.*

*When they come to the verse
A boat is steered by helmsman's might
He turns to left, he turns to right
As long as You keep straight our keel
We yield to You-
please make us feel.*

He turns to Reb Sholem and says, “He leads me beside the still waters — and on the rough waters. At which point do I have a choice, and at which point is everything preordained?”

Reb Sholems’s eyes light up and he gets very excited, and turning to the Hasidim around the table he says, “I know, I know, I know why you did it! Now I know!”

Reb Zalman asks him, “What is it that you know?”

So he says, “...some people think that the freedom of choice they have is like the still waters and in the still waters whichever way I want to row — to the right or to the left — I row. But as it says in the Yom Kippur liturgy, “We are like the rudder in the hand of the sailor, whichever way he wants to, he turns to the right, he turns to the left

When they finish singing Reb Zalman asks him again, “Now sing that stanza again,

A boat is steered by helmsman’s might

He turns to left, he turns to right

As long as You keep straight our keel

We yield to You-

please make us feel.

They sing it again, “and as long as you keep straight our keel, we yield to you please make us feel.”

So Reb Zalman says to Reb Sholem “now go through that whole experience, “What is it that you know? What is it that you see?”

Reb Sholem lights up now because he understands perfectly that the philosophers are arguing that God is doing divine providence of everything — they’re talking about the waterfall. When God takes you, there’s nothing you can do. On the waterfall you can’t steer, but on the plain lake, on the pond where the water is calm, there you can steer in every direction where you wish to go. But most of life is made up like that Bialtchik river where they were doing the white water traveling, which is to say, there is a stream which goes down from the high place to the low place but it leaves some room for you to do some steer-

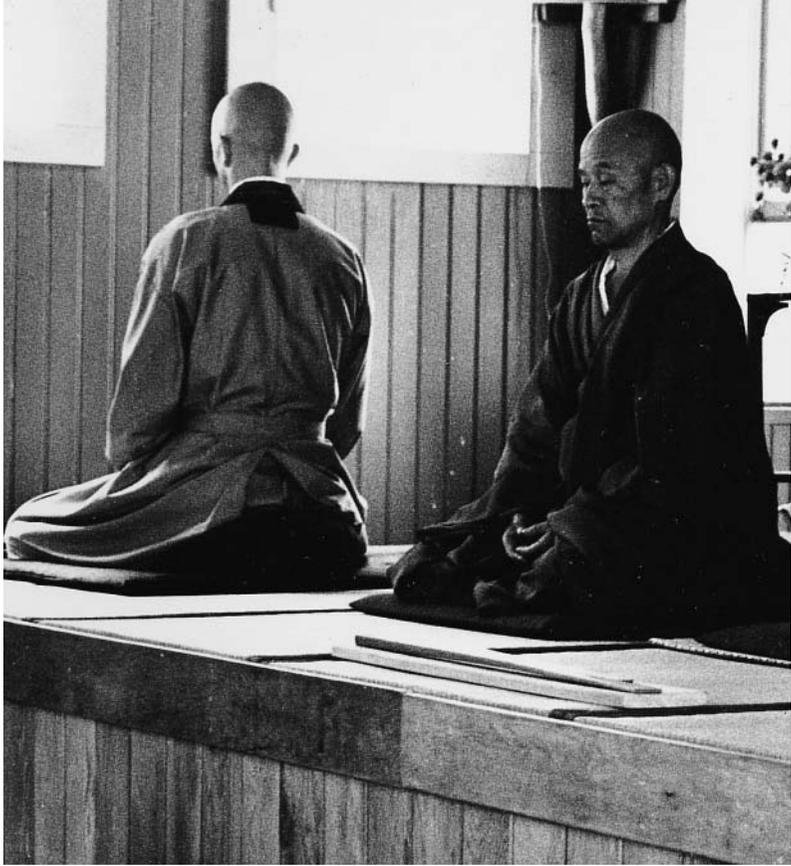
ing.”

David Hamelekb, King David is saying “He leads me beside the still waters, and he gives me the greatest amount of free choice.” But, *gam ki elech b’gey tsalmoves*—yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, which is like a waterfall, I fear no evil, for Thou art with me. Because who makes the waterfall in the first place? It’s You who got me in the waterfall in the first place, it’s You.

And finally the holy Izhbitzer, Reb Mord’chai Yossef teaches: “When everything will be over, in the end, and we look back, we will realize that everything was divine providence, even our choices were decreed.”

“So why is it that we experience,” says Reb Chayyim Elyah, “why is it that we then experience such trouble, such travail, such work, and the choices that we then have to make?”

Reb Zalman says, “That too the holy Izhbitzer says, God so loves us that even though he decrees everything that is to happen to us, He gives us the subjective experience. As this leads us to think our work has done it because this is what gives meaning to our lives. This is the way in which He can invite us into partnership; not that we can do it by ourselves, or not that we can really do it at all, but the drama that God sets up is the drama of our choice.”



TWO POEMS AND CONVERSATIONS WITH SUZUKI ROSHI

Mitsu Suzuki

*BRINGING A ROCK FROM TASSAJARA
TO THE CITY CENTER COURTYARD*

A rock is set
landscape deepens
late-autumn rain

*Ishi hitotsu
oki te shigure no
kei fukamu*

The one who used to trim trees
no longer
a young maple

*Sentei no
bito ima wa naku
waka-kaede*

CONVERSATIONS WITH SUZUKI ROSHI

In Shizuoka, one day he showed up and asked me, “Please come to the Tokiwa Kindergarten in Yaizu (to become the head teacher).”

“I am a Christian. I cannot take care of children in a Bud-

dhist way.”

“Much better than someone who has no faith.”

In Yaizu he said, “There is going to be Kishizawa Roshi’s teisho at Gyokuden-in today. Please attend. You don’t need to work at the kindergarten.”

I said, “Yes.” I attended and was very moved. It took place once a month.

I asked him, “Hojo-sama, tell me what Buddhism is in one sentence.”

“Well, perhaps, to accept things as they are and let them live in a better way.”

At Soko-ji

When I was complaining about something, he just said, “Clean the toilets.” So I cleaned the three toilets beginning with the one in the basement. I felt so good, all the complaints went away. Very curious. (Maybe doing samu rather than chanting sutras?)

At Zen Center I said to him,

“Hojo-sama, after you die what shall I do?”

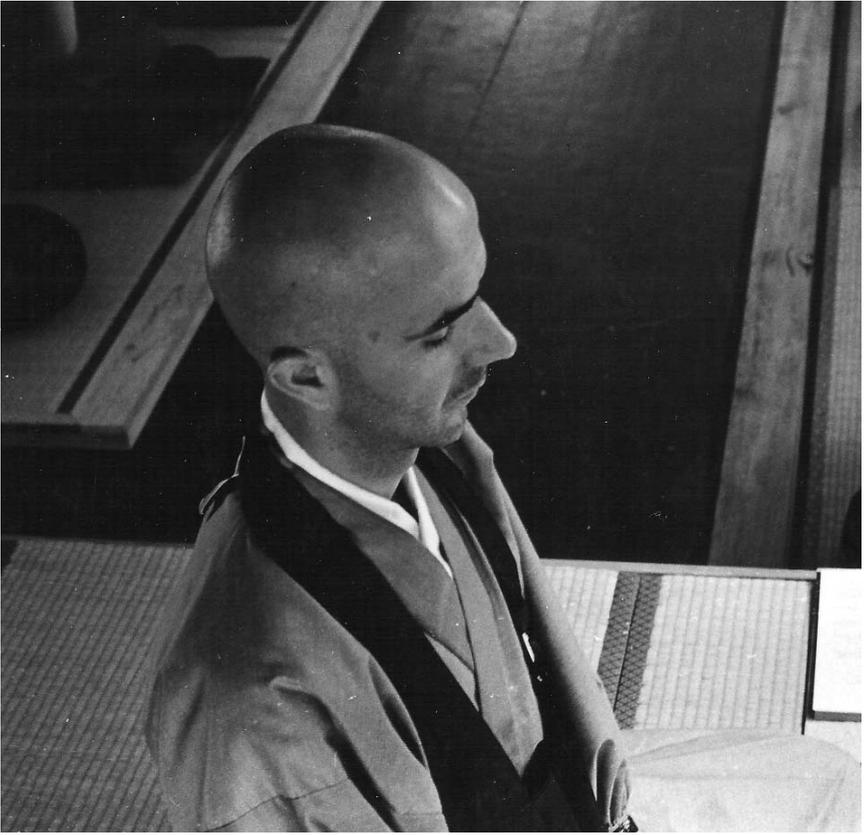
“Well, how about staying here and helping these people?”

“I cannot speak English well. Do you think I can do it?”

“You are honest and fair. So you can do it.”

I have been living together with Hojo-sama until now with these words in my heart.

Gassho.



SEN NO RIKYU MEETS THE BARBARIANS

Zenshin Philip Whalen



WHO IS THIS RICHARD BAKER?

Bernard J. Le Boeuf

“At home I do philosophy, in public I do myth.” Synesius, Bishop of Cyrene, in *Epistles*.

I first heard about Richard Baker some time in the early 1970s from our mutual friend, Paul Lee. Baker Roshi was Abbot of the Zen Center in San Francisco and the new head Zen Buddhist at Tassajara. Aside from its primary Buddhist function, Tassajara Hot Springs was a hip place to spend a few days sunbathing, taking natural hot baths, eating simply, in a peaceful place of natural beauty remote from the outside world. I'd heard of the Green Gulch Farm he ran in Marin. I'd been to Greens's restaurant in San Francisco that served organic vegetables from the farm. Baker Roshi and the Zen Buddhists were very much in at the time.

My first encounter with Baker Roshi was not so much a meeting as observations of him in his element. I remember two of them vividly. They are simply memories of a glimpse into his world at this time from an outsider.

To put things in context, I was a young Professor of Biology at UC Santa Cruz at the time. I conducted research on seals and sea lions and taught courses in Animal Behavior. In spring, I conducted a seminar on Aggressive Behavior to a small group of students and one of them was Huey Newton. Huey had enrolled in a graduate program at UC Santa Cruz and Paul Lee had introduced us a few weeks earlier and urged him to take

my course. So Huey attended along with his body guard, Big Man. We hit it off (perhaps because we shared Louisiana roots and both liked wine) and the seminar usually ended with Huey and me and friends going to the Catalyst for wine, or more frequently to my house on Spring Street. Here the seminar really got going and Huey opened up and these sessions usually lasted until early in the morning.

Baker Roshi had invited special friends to spend a weekend at Tassajara before the annual opening to paying visitors. Huey had been invited and he, in turn, invited me. I drove to Carmel Valley veering off onto the dusty 14 mile gravel road leading into the Santa Lucia mountains. I met Huey and his friend and benefactor, Bert Schneider, the movie producer, at the Tassajara cabin overlooking the creek where they had rooms. In the afternoon, the three of us walked through the forest to the waterfalls. We stripped and sun-bathed; Huey took off his shirt. The sound of the falls, the sun, and the blue sky was intoxicating. People I didn't know ran out of the forest like nymphs to shower in the falls only to disappear again. Rafaelson, the director of *Five Easy Pieces*, and others passed through. Bert kept telling Huey to relax but Huey was uncomfortable. Like a fish out of water, this was not his thing. Finally, Huey had had enough of this country idyll. He jumped up and announced emphatically that he needed some wine. We packed up and followed Huey to the lodge tromping through the forest in his city boots. We drank red wine while waiting for the evening call to zazen where our host would speak. The wood-knocking signaled that it was time to go.

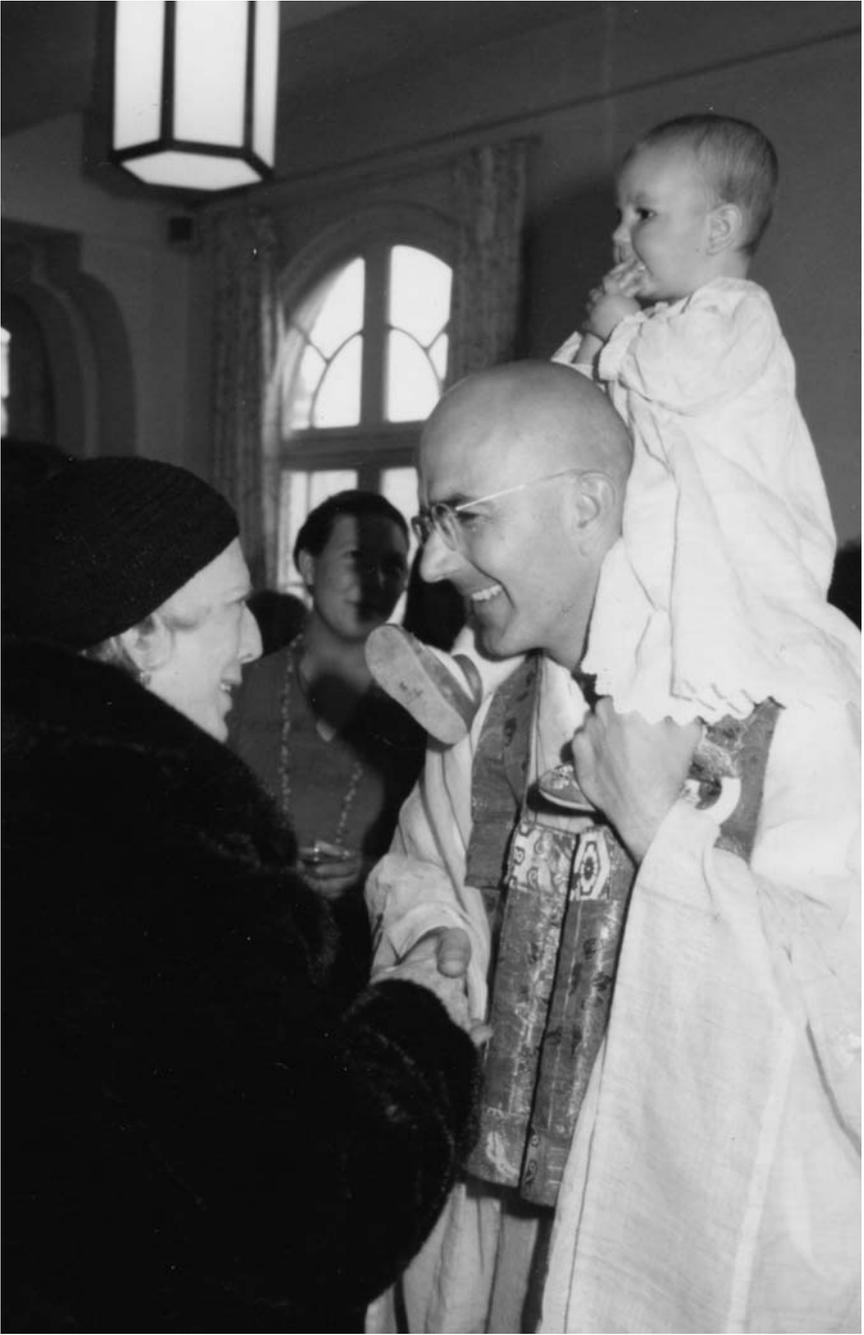
We filed in. All of us special guests were in the back of the room. The acolytes kneeled along the sides, all in severe dark Zen clothing, the dais up front slightly elevated for the speaker. The sounds of wind through the trees, wood-knocking and chimes. The smell of incense. The lingering effects of the sun on skin and wine. The reverence of the monks. Everything in slow motion. Time slowed down. Perhaps my mind began to wander

because I didn't notice when Baker Roshi entered. Certainly, there was no staged entrance. Rather, he was there up front like he had been up there for a while and he was fiddling and arranging something. It wasn't specific. He was dressed in Zen robes and he was fussing unhurriedly with his clothes. He was arranging things and himself, like every pleat or fold or minor irritation had to be dealt with. All had to be in order. This went on for some time and one only noticed if you attended to it. It was not a display for the audience. He was settling down, getting comfortable on the floor. It had to be just right. And suddenly, he began speaking in a gentle conversational tone as if talking to family. It was as if he had been talking silently for the previous twenty minutes and in mid-sentence the sound level was suddenly turned up and we could hear him. He had everyone's attention. I don't remember a thing about the rest of the talk but the build-up and the start was memorable and unlike anything I'd ever witnessed. Who is this guy?

The next day I'm sunbathing at the narrows. It is mid-afternoon and I'm drunk with the sun, the blue sky, the river water running over rocks, and getting over a hangover. Several other guests are, sunning, sleeping or reading on the large smooth boulders. Suddenly, Richard followed by two of his minions comes sprinting out of the forest from the direction of the Zen Center. He runs directly up to the highest boulder over the river, disrobes and executes an Olympic dive head first into water pooled below, emerges and without pause, towels off, slips on his yukata, and sprints back along the path from which he came followed by his attendants. The whole episode took maybe 15 seconds. I was nonplussed. How did he do that? The water is so shallow at the narrows that you can barely swim in a few places let alone sufficiently deep to accommodate a dive from a height of about 15 feet. He had to know about this spot. It had to be a narrowly circumscribed pool and it was clearly surrounded by boulders and with a rock-hard bottom. The dive had to be perfect; a slight misjudgment meant crashing head-

first into rock. Athletic. Plucky. Foolhardy. Precalculated. Controlled. Dazzling. It was all this and it left me wondering. Who is this Richard Baker?

From such seemingly trivial events myths can arise and come to define a person better than the conventional reply about who one is, which is usually a given name, parents and place of birth or upbringing. I met Richard Baker years later on several occasions and perhaps I know a bit more about him now than then. But those things I saw and heard years ago will always figure on who he is in my mind. Just as myths explain where people, such as American Indians or a state such as ancient Athens, come from, they also help to explain the individual. Few individuals carry such a long train of myths that help to define who they are as does Richard Baker. His legend looms large.



WITH LOUISE MENDELSON AND ELIZABETH BAKER (ON SHOULDERS)

Seit 1993 kommt Zentatsu Baker Roshi jährlich einmal nach Österreich, um mit uns ein Seminar zum Thema "Buddhismus und Psychotherapie" durchzuführen.¹ In einigen dieser Seminare haben wir ihm in Ergänzung zu seinen Belehrungen auch etwas von der systemischen Aufstellungsarbeit, gezeigt, einem szenischen psychotherapeutischen Verfahren, mit dem wir zur Zeit sehr viel arbeiten.² So wurde zum Beispiel ein Koan aufgestellt und die Frage der Beziehung zwischen Buddhismus und Psychotherapie. Zentatsu Baker Roshi hat dabei selbst als Repräsentant mitgespielt.

Ich möchte zunächst seine Erfahrungen als Repräsentant sinngemäß wiedergeben. Danach geht es mir um seine Kommentare zur systemischen Aufstellungsarbeit im allgemeinen, wie er sie besonders im 94 er Seminar abgegeben hat.³

Zentatsu Baker Roshi repräsentiert den Mind

Bei unserem zweiten Treffen (Anfang Juli 1994) haben wir uns an eine Aufstellung zum Thema Buddhismus und Psychotherapie gewagt, - wir nannten es damals Skulptur. Ulrike Greenway hatte diese Fragestellung eingebracht und selbst aufgestellt. Hier die für mich wichtigsten Aussagen, soweit ich sie mir notiert habe. Die folgenden Begriffe wurden aufgestellt (in der Reihenfolge der Aufstellung): Das Weibliche, das Nicht-Selbst, der Geist (mind), die Seele, die Mitte, der Buddhismus, das männliche Prinzip, das Selbst, der Körper, die Mitte.

Roshi sagte über seine Erfahrung als Repräsentant des mind: *Meine Aufgabe war es, das Feld in mich zu bringen, interaktiv-inaktiv, und keine anderen Rollen und keine anderen Aufgaben zu haben, als präsent und bereit zu sein, das zu manifestieren, was die anderen wollten und gleichzeitig zu integrieren und zu absorbieren. Dabei ist meine Richtung aufsteigend, nach oben. Die andere Richtung, die absteigende, ist die der Seele.*

Später sagte er noch: *Das Nicht-Selbst, beziehungsweise die Leerheit ist weiblich.* Die Repräsentantin des Nicht-Selbst kommentierte ihre Rolle so: *Meine Aufgabe ist es, frei, freudig und ungebunden zu sein.) Das Selbst, sagte Roshi, ist wie ein Tor, eine Brücke. Wenn das Tor geschlossen ist, ist der mind fest in Samsara. Das Selbst ist ein Gefährt, das auch in die falsche Richtung gehen kann.*

Über die Skulptur als Ganze meinte Roshi damals etwa folgendes: *Die Zusammenstellung ist typisch für die westliche Psychotherapie, ein Buddhist würde ganz anderer Elemente wählen. Die Seele ist immer noch das integrierende Zentrum in diesem westlichen System. Es geht aber nicht um Perfektion, sondern um Vollständigkeit, um Ganzheit: ein Schritt, eine Pause.*

Mich und meine Arbeit als Psychotherapeut haben diese letzten Aussagen Richards sehr beeinflusst, natürlich im Zusammenhang mit allen anderen teachings Roshi's. Ich habe versucht, meine Aufstellungsarbeit umzustellen von Perfektion auf Vollständigkeit, man könnte sagen von Ethik auf Ästhetik. Daraus könnte eine Psychotherapie werden, bei der von vornherein die Vollständigkeit, die Ganzheit das Kriterium für "Heilung" ist und nicht eine uns inhaltlich gut erscheinende Lösung. Unser Heilungsbegriff könnte sich dabei grundsätzlich wandeln. Die Ganzheit lässt uns aufatmen, nicht das Erreichen eines bestimmten Zieles. "Ein Besenstrich, ein Atemzug."⁴ Ganzheit ist eine räumliche Metapher, die entsprechende zeitliche Metapher wäre vielleicht Rhythmus. Der systemische

Grundsatz für Heilung (Heidelberger Schule): “Unterbrechung der Unterbrechung” könnte dann auch formuliert werden als: “Wiederherstellung des Rhythmus.”

Ein weiterer Gedanke, der mich seit damals immer wieder beschäftigt: Sind Feldgewahrsein und Objektwahrnehmung gleichwertig miteinander verbunden oder hierarchisch aufeinander bezogen? (Wahrscheinlich beides!) Mit anderen Worten: Gehören Aufwärtsbewegung und Abwärtsbewegung der Seele (Ken Wilber), die Erfahrung der Einheit mit Gott und die Erfahrungen Gottes als Gegenüber (jüdisch - christlich) zusammen, also herrscht auch hier das Prinzip der Ganzheit und Zusammengehörigkeit oder ist die Erfahrung der Einheit und der Leerheit das Höhere, Umfassendere und Endgültigere und löst sich die ganze Welt der Formen irgendwann einmal als Maya in Wohlgefallen auf?⁵

B) Auflösung und Neu-Organisation

Nach Roshi hatte der Prozess der beiden Aufstellungen von 1994 zwei Stufen:

1. die Gestalt eines Systems wird in einzelne Teile aufgebrochen, und

2. man lässt sie sich selbst wieder in einem Prozess der Selbstorganisation (own-organisation) zusammensetzen.

Mit Gestalt meint er die von uns als real wahrgenommene Substanzhaftigkeit und Kontinuität der Dinge und Systeme. Substanzhaftigkeit und Kontinuität sind aber nicht real, sondern Konstruktionen unseres Geistes. Der gedankliche und Wahrnehmungs-Prozess des Zusammensetzens von Gestalten erfordert nicht nur viel und laufend Energie, sondern schafft auch Problemsysteme, die leidvoll auf uns zurückwirken. *Diese “Realität” ist ein Mind-Ereignis. Sie muss aufgebrochen werden. Man nimmt die Helligkeit heraus, um im Dunkeln zum besseren Spüren zu kommen. Dies scheint in der Aufstellungsarbeit wie im Zazen der erste Schritt zu sein. Der überflüssige Stein wird weg gemeißelt. Man nimmt die Gestalt erst*

einmal weg und gewinnt Teile, die man neu zusammensetzt und mit denen man spielt.

Dies entspricht nach Roshi der vierten Funktion (Domäne) des Selbst, die schon zur Buddhanatur gehört, vi die kunstvolle Aufhebung der Form eines Systems in der Aufstellungsarbeit ist der erste und entscheidende Schritt zu Heilung, Erneuerung und Gewahrsein von Wirklichkeit: Das Bewusstmachen der der Konstruktivität, d.h. der Vergänglichkeit und nicht Kontinuität aller Formen. Darum geht es vielleicht in unserer Aufstellungsarbeit viel mehr, als um das An- und Einbringen von Lösungen. Wenn man die selbst konstruierten und geglaubten Zusammenhänge aufhebt, kann man den Prozess der Kohäsion stattdessen wahrnehmen. Die Verbundenheit im Fluss der Gegenwärtigkeit. Dazu ist es allerdings notwendig, eine Weile im Dunkeln zu tapen, um die Spürwahrnehmung zu üben. Dies wird Repräsentanten besonders bei der autopoietischen Form der Aufstellungsarbeit auch zugemutet. Das System wird nicht von außen, durch mehr oder weniger geniale Leiter-Interventionen der Lösung eines Problems zugeführt, sondern kommt durch selbstschöpferische Praxis zu neuem Leben. Hier wird der vom Patienten oft gewünschte "klare Zusammenhang" zwischen Problem und Lösung oft verweigert. Man kann nicht voraussehen, was geschieht, wenn man das Dunkel zulässt und der Seele ihren Lauf lässt.

Das ist nun die zweite Stufe, die aus der ersten entsteht. Und so formulierte es Richard Baker Roshi: *"Durch das Tun des Nicht-Tuns schaffen wir die Bedingungen für den Prozess der Selbstorganisation."* Wir können nur die Bedingungen für den Heilungs- oder Befreiungsprozess schaffen, und dabei spielt das Nicht-Eingreifen eine entscheidende Rolle.

Zur Neuschöpfung gehört also erst die Zerstörung des Alten. Und das gilt sowohl für das Selbst als auch für seine Systeme. Diese Auf- und Erlösung geschieht, wenn wir irgendein System aus dem Kopf des Patienten auf die Bühne bringen, wenn wir es externalisieren, zerstückeln, verkörpern und Repräsentanten

zum Spielen anvertrauen. Das ist in gewisser Weise Respektlosigkeit in Potenz. Und dadurch entsteht Raum für Neues, den man keinesfalls durch Vorschläge und Interventionen von außen allzu schnell neu strukturieren sollte. Der Fluss sucht sich das Ziel selbst. Das System findet und erfindet seine Identität in jedem Augenblick neu. Oder anders ausgedrückt, es findet zurück zum Leben. Ich meine, dass der erste, der zum Tun des Nicht-Tuns zurückfinden muss, der Leiter oder der Therapeut ist. Und er muss dabei nicht einmal derjenige sein, der als erster die neue Kohäsion, die neue Flussrichtung wahrnimmt. Er muss sich vielmehr heraushalten, zulassen und freigeben. Das erscheint manchmal als respekt- und mitleidslos, als grausame Liebe, wie es Graf Dürckheim einmal genannt hat. Wir muten uns und unseren Klienten viel zu wenig Dunkelheit zu!

C) Das Machbare und das Unmögliche

Bei diesem Zwei-Stufen-Prozess ist meines Erachtens darauf zu achten, dass die beiden Stufen in Bezug auf den Leiter oder Therapeuten nicht gleichwertig sind. Die erste Stufe der Zergliederung und Auflösung erfordert mehr eingreifende Aktivität, die zweite Stufe mehr aktives Nichthandeln. Aus der Faszination über eine Gestalt, aus der Hypnose in die Vergangenheit oder in einen Wunschtraum, aus einem Wiederholungszwang oder aus einem lieb gewordenen Gewohnheitsmuster wird man normalerweise durch fremde Hilfe, und sei es durch die des Schicksals herausgerissen. Aufgeben, Sterben, Loslassen geschieht zwar immer und auch von selbst, aber wir tun uns normalerweise nicht so leicht damit, diesen Prozessen zuzustimmen. Das hat vielleicht auch etwas mit den Stockschlägen beim Zazen oder mit manchen brutal erscheinenden Symbolhandlungen in den Erzählungen über Erleuchtungen zu tun.

In der Aufstellungsarbeit können Repräsentanten das leichter aus sich heraus bewerkstelligen, als der in seinen Mustern verfangene Hilfesuchende selbst. Repräsentanten haben naturgemäß mehr Zeugenbewusstsein, mehr Abstand und

weniger Hypnose, wenn sie in einem System agieren, mit dem sie sich leichter zu spielen trauen als bei ihrem eigenen. Das ist es ja auch, warum wir überhaupt mit Repräsentanten arbeiten und den Patienten selbst in die Zuschauerrolle versetzen, sozusagen in verordnetes Zeugenbewusstsein. Nehmen wir dann den Patienten hinein, so ist es oft sehr sinnvoll, ihm unvermittelt und unbegründet die Umkehr zur Blickrichtung (metanoia) aufzufordern oder sie gar handgreiflich zu unterstützen, wie es Matthias Varga von Kibéd in seinen Musterunterbrechungsprozessen tut.⁷ So demonstriert man dem Klienten die erforderliche Entschiedenheit für die Neuausrichtung der Wahrnehmung und gibt ihm ein Gefühl für die eigene Verantwortung und Machbarkeit der Umkehr. Die Umkehr ist einmalig und muss doch im Alltag durch Übung verankert werden.

Die zweite Stufe des Prozesses betont dagegen die Nichtmachbarkeit, den Geschenkscharakter, die Gnade der Erleuchtungserfahrung und jeder Lösung, die sich lohnt. Ibn al Arabi sagt dazu: "Es gibt nur zwei Dinge zu tun, das Notwendige und das Unmögliche. Und Paulus: "Arbeitet an eurem Heil mit Furcht und Zittern, denn Gott ist es, der in euch beides bewirkt, das Wollen und das Vollbringen." (Phil.2.12)

Zentatsu Baker Roshi beschreibt das so: *"Das Feld der Konzentration bei der Meditation stellt die Kohäsion zur Verfügung, so brauchen wir selbst den Prozess der Substantiierung nicht zu machen. Man nimmt das Licht weg und beginnt, sich in der Dunkelheit zu bewegen."* Mit meinen Worten; Man stört die Konzepte und beginnt frei zu sein. Dies ist das Wesen der selbstschöpferischen Lösungsfindung in der Aufstellungsarbeit wie in aller Therapie. Repräsentanten wie Leiter benötigen dazu den Anfängergeist, in dem sie sich ihre Lösungskonzepte bewusst machen und entweder neu ausprobieren oder verwerfen zu Gunsten von ganz neuen Verhaltensweisen. Und dies geschieht in Rückkopplung zu den anderen Systemmitgliedern, das heißt in je neuer aktueller Verbundenheit und Kohäsion.

Das Alte wird unauffindbar, wie Roshi sagt. Dies ist eine andere Art von Verbundenheit als die, die sich aus Vergangenen speist. Das neue Selbst ist nicht zu halten. Es lebt. *Es schafft keine neue Identität, sondern bestenfalls viele. Es setzt sich selbst immer wieder neue zusammen.*

Ich bewundere sehr die Schärfe und Genauigkeit der Begriffsbildungen von Zentatsu Baker Roshi. Oft wird mir das erst nach Jahren klar, wenn ich meine Aufzeichnungen noch einmal lese. Man merkt schon an seiner Sprechweise, dass er nicht nur Wissen aus den Jahrhunderten buddhistischer Erkenntnistheorie weitergibt, sondern auch aus dem Fluss des "Nicht-Wissens" schöpft. Er spricht meditativ, ohne Hast und ohne Unterbrechung. Manchmal bringen ihn allerdings eifrige Schülerfragen dazu, das scheinbar gesicherte Ufer logischer Begründung zu betreten, um dann gleich wieder in die Tiefe nondualer Sprache zu gleiten. Man muss manche seiner Aussagen lange meditieren, um ihre Wahrheit nachvollziehen zu können. So geht es mir mit dem Begriff des Selbst. Ich will versuchen wiederzugeben, was ich von Roshi und anderen buddhistischen Denkern verstanden habe, wie sich dabei mein eigener Selbstbegriff entwickelt hat und wie er sich aus der Praxis der Ich-Selbst-Aufstellung ergeben hat.

D) Das Selbst als Bündel von Handlungsanweisungen

Das buddhistische Selbst ist selbstverständlich kein Ding. Als Ding betrachtet ist es eine Illusion. Wenn es ein Selbst gibt, dann ist es ein Bündel von *Handlungsanweisungen*. Zum Ding wird es erst dadurch, dass man es zu redundanten Verhaltensgewohnheiten und Mustern fest verschnürt. Man könnte auch sagen, man macht aus Verhaltensmöglichkeiten Vorschriften und Gesetze, oder man klammert sich an die Fähigkeiten des Geistes als wären sie Eigenschaften. Die ersten drei Domänen des Selbst: Unterscheidungen treffen, Kontingenz und Kontinuität herstellen, können so missbraucht werden, sie werden unbewusst und automatisiert. Die letzten drei Domänen des

Selbst dienen dazu, die Fähigkeiten des Selbst wieder bewusst zu machen und zu entautomatisieren: Die Erkenntnis von Diskontinuität, von Kohäsion und die Potenzialität der Präsenz. Für die Domänen vier und fünf gibt Roshi die folgende Praxisanweisung: *Lass die Welt bei jedem Ausatmen verschwinden, lass sie sterben, verabschiede sie. Und bei jedem Einatmen entsteht die Welt neu.* Die sechste Domäne des Selbst bezeichnet dann *die Kraft oder die Potenz, die uns aus der Buddhanatur zufließt.*

Wenn das Selbst auf diese Weise leer und ohne Kern geworden ist, wie Rosenbaum und Dyckman in ihrem ausgezeichneten Artikel über den systemischen und buddhistischen Selbstbegriff sagen,⁸ wenn es verflüssigt und das Licht weggenommen worden ist, wenn es also durchsichtig geworden ist, dann ist es wohl mit der Buddhanatur gleichzusetzen. Zu diesem Selbstbegriff gehört vor allem Dingen Bewusstheit, nicht Selbstbewusstsein im üblichen Sinne, als hätte ich ein Selbst in meinem Besitz, sondern Bewusstheit meiner Handlungsmöglichkeiten in Präsenz oder Vollzug der Freiheit. Dazu gehört auch die eigenartige Selbst-Distanziertheit, das Zeugenbewusstsein, das wir in der Meditation üben. Dieses sich Wahrnehmen, ohne sich zu identifizieren, finden wir außerdem in der Schauspielkunst, im kindlichen Rollenspiel sowie bei der repräsentierenden Wahrnehmung in der systemischen Aufstellungsarbeit.⁹ Jeder weiß dabei: ich bin es nicht wirklich. Und doch erlaubt diese Distanziertheit volle Authentizität in der entschieden gespielten Rolle, ja man kann sagen, je mehr Bewusstheit dieser Art, desto mehr Rollenwahrnehmung, beziehungsweise Systemwahrnehmung. Wir erleben das in der Aufstellungsarbeit, wenn wir bei den Repräsentanten die Präsenz fördern, zum Beispiel durch die Intervention: „Sei frei,“ und wenn wir dadurch das Bündel der Erinnerungen (alter Selbstbegriff) lockern. Das heißt nicht, dass die Erinnerung an alte Muster, Gewohnheiten oder Leiden dabei verschwinden, sondern sie tauchen im Gegenteil oft erst unter den Bedingun-

gen dieser Lockerung im Bewusstsein auf, und werden so erst frei verfügbar.

Oft halten die Repräsentanten das fälschlicherweise für eine Störung und sagen entschuldigend: „Das ist aber jetzt etwas Persönliches von mir.“ Ich nehme das als Leiter trotzdem als 100% zur Rolle gehörig, was nicht ausschließt, dass es auch zur Persönlichkeit des Repräsentanten gehört. Es zeigt nur, dass auch das Persönliche in die Bewusstheit gelangt ist und zur freien Disposition steht. Das Repräsentieren in einer Aufstellung ist also ein vielfältiges Praxis- oder Übungsfeld für Bewusstheit, Präsenz und Authentizität. *„Nicht-Anhaftung hat eine Unzahl von Inhalten,“* sagt Roshi, *„das ist dann unsere von Moment zu Moment verschiedene Identität, davon gibt es unzählige Elemente, die zu flüchtig sind, um in Mögen oder nicht Mögen eingeteilt zu werden.“* Das Selbst kann sich nicht mehr an das Bündel von Inhalten klammern, sondern ist Teil im schöpferischen Spiel eines lebendigen Systems, eine Welle im Fluss des Seins.

E) Die Praxis der Ich-Selbst-Aufstellung

In meiner psychotherapeutischen Arbeit habe ich es für sehr wirkungsvoll und heilsam gefunden, die beiden Erfahrungsbereiche des Menschlichen, die Getrenntheit und die Verbundenheit, die Diskontinuität und die Kohäsion, wie Zentatsu Baker Roshi wohl sagen würde, oder auch mit David Loy¹⁰: die Dualität und die Nondualität zu externalisieren, dh. zu verkörpern und gegenüberzustellen. Dann gebe ich die entsprechenden Handlungsanweisungen dazu, so dass die betreffende Person beides als eigene Erfahrungen wieder erkennen kann. Ich nenne beide Seiten abgekürzt Ich und Selbst, um die Zusammengehörigkeit von Ich-Selbst, wie die zwei Seiten einer Medaille, zu betonen. Ich könnte sie auch personale und transpersonale Erfahrungen der menschlichen Natur nennen, unsere materielle und immaterielle Natur, Tiefe und Oberfläche, Form und Leerheit usw.¹¹

In der Ich-Selbst-Installation erinnere ich die betreffende Person auf der Selbst-Seite an ihr Wissen um und ihr Spüren von Verbundenheit und Kohäsion, und es entwickeln sich tatsächlich die entsprechenden Gefühle von fließendem Sein. Roshi nennt das den Sambogakaya-Body, die Erfahrung von Kohäsion, die mit Gefühlen wie Dankbarkeit, Licht, Liebe und so weiter einhergehen. *Wenn der Sambogakaya-Body reift, so Zentatsu Baker Roshi, wird er zu einem wirklichen Körper, der im Alltag zur Verfügung steht und für andere spürbar, manchmal auch sichtbar ausstrahlt.*

Nach den Erfahrungen, die ich mit Ich-Selbst-Aufstellungen mache, kann ich nur sagen, dass der Sambogakaya-Body jedem von uns als Wirklichkeit zur Verfügung steht, dass er aber durch Praxis und Übung bewusst gemacht und ausgereift werden muss.

Auf der Ich-Seite erinnere ich die Person an ihre Fähigkeit, sich getrennt zu erleben, das heißt zwischen eigenen und fremden Erfahrungen zu unterscheiden usw., also an die ersten drei Funktionen des Selbst. Mit dem Erfahren dieser Wirklichkeit werden wir nach der Geburt mehr und mehr konfrontiert, so dass viele sich nur noch mit ihr identifizieren und sie bald für die einzige halten.

Der buddhistische Selbstbegriff umfasst beide Wirklichkeiten, betont aber seine Leerheit von jeder Substanz und Kontinuität. Ich möchte mit meiner Ich-Selbst-Aufstellung keinen neuen Selbstbegriff schaffen, sondern eine Praxis eröffnen, in der Zerstören und Verbinden erfahren und bewusst werden als zwei unverzichtbarer Bewegungen des Ich-Selbst, die nicht moralisch bewertet werden dürfen.

Zum Schluss gebe ich noch ein paar Sätze Zentatsu Baker Roshi's zum buddhistischen Selbstbegriff wieder: ¹² *Eine Eigenschaft des Selbst muss einfach sein, uns abzugrenzen, dass wir uns getrennt erfahren, so ähnlich wie das Immunsystem unterscheidet zwischen Selbst und Nicht-Selbst. Das Selbst muss allerdings auch eine Funktion haben, wo eine*

Verbindung hergestellt wird. Es muss auch eine Funktion haben, wo Kontinuität zur Verfügung gestellt wird, wo wir einfach sehen, wie wir uns von einem Moment zu dem anderen fortsetzen. Ich beschreibe das Selbst, wie es im Buddhismus gesehen wird. Da hat es nicht nur eine Funktion oder Funktionen, sondern auch Struktur. Es ist eine Struktur, die eine Überwachungsfunktion hat. Und einfach Dinge aus unserer Wahrnehmungsumgebung hereinlässt, aber auch ausschließt. Im Buddhismus hat das Selbst aber auch eine Funktion als Ort, Lokalität und zwar Lokalität in unserem mentalen Raum, in unserem emotionellen Raum und unserem physischen. Dieses Selbst ist ein sich selbst organisierendes System, ich sage lieber ein eigen-organisierendes System.

1 Zu diesen Seminaren siehe auch den Beitrag von Guni-Leila Baxa in diesem Band.

2 Systemische Aufstellungsarbeit besteht, kurz gesagt, darin, dass man die Teile eines Problems oder einer Frage als System, d.h. in gegenseitiger Abhängigkeit, auffasst, jeden Teilaspekt durch einen Rollenspieler repräsentiert und diese dann im Raum miteinander interagieren lässt, bis sie zu einer Problemlösung finden, natürlich unter Leitung eines erfahrenen Leiters.

3 Ich beziehe mich dabei vor allen Dingen auf meine Mitschrift und die Abschrift der Simultanübersetzung (die allerdings für Außenstehende nicht zur Verfügung steht). Roshi's sinngemäße Aussagen schreibe ich in Kursivschrift-, meine eigene Interpretation, Anwendungen und Schlüsse in normaler Schrift. Bei Interesse am genauen Wortlaut kann der Leser die Audiokassetten dieses Seminars im Johanneshof anfordern.

4 Aus Michael Ende: Momo

5 Am besten habe ich die Antworten von Zen-Meistern, Philosophen und Mystikern auf diese Frage aller Fragen beschrieben gefunden in: Loy, David: Nondualität. Frankfurt/M. (1988)

6 In den ersten drei Domänen baut sich das Selbst erst auf, 1. durch die Herstellung von Trennung beziehungsweise Unterscheidung zwischen sich und anderen, 2. durch die Herstellung des Gefühls von Verbundenheit in der Gestalt der Dinge und 3. durch die Herstellung des Gefühls von Kontinuität. Dieses falsche Selbst muss transzendierte werden durch die drei weiteren Funktionen des Selbst, die man als Bud-dhanatur bezeichnen könnte: 4. das Gewahrsein von Diskontinuität und Irreversibilität. (Der Fluss fließt nicht zurück.) 5. das Gewahrsein von Kohäsion, beziehungsweise das Zulassen von Selbstorganisation, 6. Präsenz oder das Stehen inmitten des Bewusstseins, ohne Zukunftsangst, d.h. in reiner Potenzialität. All diese Funktionen oder Domänen des Selbst sind eigentlich Richtlinien, Handlungsanweisungen (precepts). Ich verstehe das als Handlungen die besonders in den ersten drei Fällen sooft und unbewusst wiederholt werden, dass sie irgendwann für mein substanzhaftes Selbst gehalten werden. Dieser illusionäre Selbstbegriff hat mit dem Gewahrsein von Kohäsion und Selbstorganisation natürlich nichts zu tun, vielmehr dient es als Ersatz dafür. (vgl. Seminarmitschriften 94 und 96 S.27)

7 Varga von Kibéd, Matthias und Insa Sparrer (1999) Ganz im Gegenteil. Heidelberg (Carl Auer Systeme)

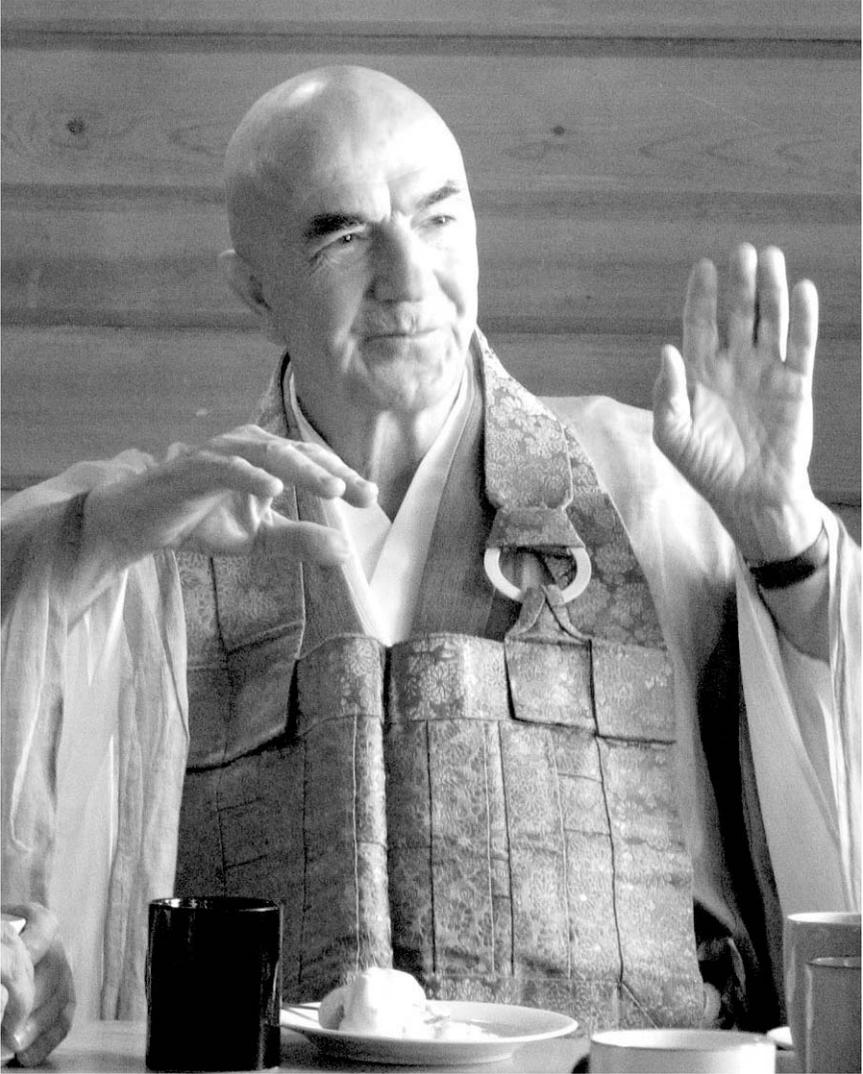
8 Rosenbaum, Robert und John Dyckman (1996) Die Integration von Selbst und System. in: Familiendynamik 21,4,S.346-382. Vergleiche Essen Siegfried Leibliches Verstehen. Wirkungen systemischer Inszenierungsarbeit. In: G. L. Baxa, C. Essen, A. H. Kreszmeier (Hg.): Verkörperungen. Heidelberg (2002) S.59 - 83

9 Vergleiche Siegfried Essen: Präsenz im Spiel, Vortrag, Köln 2005

10 Loy, David (1988): Nondualität. Frankfurt/M. (Krüger)

11 Im Urchristentum spricht man von der göttlichen und der menschlichen Natur des wahren Menschen als ungetrennt und unvermischt. Richard Baker Roshi hat (im Seminar 1996). von der Einzigartigkeit und von der Leerheit der Person gesprochen.

12 Aus der Abschrift der Übersetzung von 1995 S36f.



“ON BUILDING FOR A THOUSAND YEARS”

Sim Van der Ryn

My continuing journey in designing for life is an ever-changing web of many converging interconnections and interdependencies. I wrote many years ago, “I try to find the root; finding the root is the route.” The route has many branches that formed me, inform my work, and continually enrich my life—an ecology of family, friends, colleagues, mentors, and places. This is a grateful reflection on, and acknowledgement of, my companions along the route we’ve shared.

The Lindisfarne Association, Esalen Institute, and San Francisco Zen Center, all created in the 1960’s, became the communities that nourished my mind and heart, helped shape the sensibility that guides my work, and also gave me unique opportunities to design and build for them. The leaders of these three special learning communities—Bill Thompson of Lindisfarne, Michael Murphy of Esalen, and Richard Baker of San Francisco Zen Center—are like conductors who wrote their own music, developed their own instruments, and recruited talented musicians to perform a new kind of music.

I got to know Richard Baker shortly after the San Francisco Zen Center acquired Tassajara, a hot spring retreat deep in the mountains behind Big Sur. Not too long after that he was made Abbott of Zen Center by its founder and spiritual leader, Suzuki Roshi. Baker Roshi has an amazing network of friends in the arts, business, entertainment, politics, philosophy, and religion.

He has a deep interest and knowledge in all the arts and

architecture. Under his leadership, Zen Center undertook a major expansion in both accommodations for students and their practice, and also Zen Center-related enterprises that could provide needed income and employment.

He invited me to work on Zen Center's projects. George Wheelwright, the co-inventor of Polaroid, gifted Green Gulch ranch on the California Coast to Zen Center. I worked with Richard on a plan to add meeting and guest facilities and connect them to an expanded ranch house that included dining and kitchen facilities. From there we went on to Tassajara and the design of a courtyard complex of guest rooms close to the creek. Later came the Guest House and another solar residence at Green Gulch and Greens Restaurant in 1979. I was happy to work for no fee. Richard's combination of clarity, trust, and steadfast commitment to quality set the bar for me I selecting future clients. That, combined with a master builder crew led by Paul Discoe, who would take my concept drawings and translate them into reality without the usual ego war between architect and builder, made working for Zen Center always a pleasure.

The buildings follow the traditional Japanese style, which has always attracted me. Our most recent project built in the early 1990's is the meditation hall or zendo for his new center in Colorado. We did the basic design over a weekend in Inverness. The building is simple and follows the golden mean proportions. The shell was built by a local barn builder and the beautiful traditional interiors were created by Len Brackett, a skilled Japanese-trained carpenter.

What always impressed me in working with Richard was his gregarious equanimity combined with quiet determination. I remember when I was designing the Guest House at Green Gulch, I asked him about how he was going to deal with Marin County on the planning and building permits. Having been both an "outlaw builder" and the California State Architect (the State's chief Code Enforcer, among other things), I didn't want

to see Zen Center wind up in a battle with the authorities. Dick looked at me with his quiet smile. “We’re Buddhists and we build for a thousand years. We don’t need permission from any authority.” The building got built, and I never did hear about any permitting issues. That was Dick’s way. He was never afraid to take risks in doing what he believed to be right for the Sangha.



JOHANNESHOF

EXCERPTS FROM A LIFELONG FRIENDSHIP

Sbosan Gerald Weischede

When I was asked to contribute something to this tribute, I was immediately confronted with a problem: any kind of text about my teacher Zentatsu Richard Baker Roshi could only be a sort of interim report. An interim report of a disciple-teacher relationship of presently 23 years, but also the report of a friendship which already now has developed into a lifelong friendship: excerpts from a lifelong friendship.

In late summer 1983 I am sitting in the café “Sehnsucht” (longing) in Cologne and try to impart to my girlfriend my first meeting with Richard Baker Roshi. “I feel truly seen for the first time. The first person in my spiritual search who truly saw me. I feel accepted.”

A few weeks earlier, I had met Roshi at the second transpersonal conference in Davos, Switzerland. He came as the Abbot of the San Francisco Zen Center and had been invited to give a talk. It was one of his first public talks in Europe and one of his strangest as well, as he later told me. Until then he always used to give impromptu talks, sitting in the lotus posture on a cushion. However, here he was asked to turn in his manuscript beforehand and to then read it out. For the interpreters, a great help, of course; from the point of view of Zen, however, inconceivable. How can a Zen teacher show his true nature by reading out loud instead of living it, instead of giving a spontaneous and live talk depending on the situation at hand? Thus Richard Baker stood in front of a lectern and read out his talk. A normal

situation for me at that time; for him, rather absurd.

Getting to know this man in Davos has changed my life. At first I returned to my usual work environment in Cologne, Germany, but already in the following spring I visited the San Francisco Zen Center for several months. I participated in the entire monastic daily routine and attended my first sesshin in Green Gulch. Not an easy time, but I stuck it out. It was the first of many more formal sesshins which I would sit in the course of time.

The meeting with Roshi made such a lasting impression on me that for the first time in my life I saw a path towards answering my existential questions. In 1984 I decided to give up my psychotherapeutic practice in Cologne and to start a new direction. In 1985, I became serious and after a stopover at Karlfried Dürckheim and Maria Hippus in Todtmoos-Rütte, Germany, my newly wedded wife, Gisela, and I, moved to Santa Fe - straight into the house of Roshi on Cerro Gordo Road.

A time of intense meetings and deep changes began. In Roshi I had found a teacher, a person, whom I could fully trust. And he started our practice relationship immediately: without any preparation he presented me with the koan "Mu."

It was like a thunderbolt which catapulted me into the heart of Zen praxis.

I was surprised, astounded, and felt unbelievably challenged. Without hesitation, I accepted the challenge. A deep and intense practice developed which never lost its intensity. On the contrary, each practice meeting with Roshi opened up new and unknown dimensions of free fall. Open expanse.

We met once or twice a week. We sat in the living room of the house - not a conventional, bourgeois living room - rather a small museum filled with modern art of all styles. Small and large paintings hung on the walls, sculptures stood distributed in the room and the table was a vast tabletop landscape with hardly a horizontal piece of surface. No two chairs and armchairs were identical, all were unique, and almost all of them

were very comfortable. Koan work with Baker Roshi, Philip Whalen, Issan Dorsey, Miriam Bobkoff, Adine Mansholt, Diane Woodner, Steve and Angelique Allen and others - simply exciting and new. A colorful, slightly crazy world opened up, similar to our dreams. Deep insights and great clarity alternated with great confusion and uncertainties. Often the evenings were an emotional rollercoaster. I loved those meetings, also those later in our center in Crestone, Colorado.

During this time in Santa Fe, I got a first taste of what it means to walk the way of the Buddha. It was a wonderful and inspiring time. No wonder. After all, I was surrounded by nothing but Buddhas!

Crestone is one of those spectacular places on this planet, in the midst of the Rocky Mountains. Here, in 1987, Roshi had found something which would prove to be an ideal location for a Buddhist monastery. For 10 years, Gisela and I lived there. We practiced, suffered, tended dreams and gave up dreams, we were happy and unhappy - and there, secluded in the mountains, I could live the most intense time of my practice-life. All this was possible only because of my teacher, Roshi Baker. He laid the foundation for this practice location, accompanied me, protected me, led me into dead ends and out again, as well. He revealed a power which gave an idea of the vision with which his Buddhist works and his life were saturated. Tirelessly, he tried to win support for this place until we could erect a wonderful zendo, until we could build a guesthouse, and until, in 1993, we could begin with our first 3-months practice period. I felt I was supported, completely accepted, and that I had arrived at my long lost home.

Then Johanneshof, the continuation of our common practice. Roshi's tireless effort to nurture this place into bloom. Where does this man get his strength from? Lay practice, one of the great themes of Shunryu Suzuki Roshi, holds a central position with him as well; the connection between Western philosophy and psychotherapy and Zen praxis; the training of disci-

ples who are willing to carry on his line of teaching; lectures, publications, interviews, Dokusan. Baker Roshi's entire life is devoted to the Dharma.

Life in the sangha became my second nature. Then, after 19 years, leaving the nest, the protected space with Roshi's blessing. Gisela and I moved to Freiburg, then to Göttingen. It wasn't easy to leave.

My practice began with Roshi. I didn't allow anybody to influence me as strongly as Roshi. It was from the beginning a relationship of hearts.

For many years, I was Baker Roshi's Anja, the assistant and helper, in early Buddhist texts also called servant or more precisely "boy for almost everything." During the seven day sesshins and the hundred day practice periods, I picked up Baker Roshi at his front door, at 4 a.m., sometimes at minus 25 degrees centigrade, to accompany him to the zendo. There I handed him the incense at the altar. And after long and frequent periods of sitting, I accompanied him back to his door. In Europe, I accompanied him to conferences as his interpreter, accompanied him to sesshins and seminars. Again and again, emerged and emerges between us a practice body, a great common Buddha-body which carries the Dharma into the world.

In this life-oriented and practical way, a new, a Buddhist world-view gradually entered into me. Hardly noticeably, like a fine mist, I became drenched with Buddhist praxis. Again and again I was surprised how strongly the lived Buddhism transforms. Not just the theory or something I read changed me, but simply to accompany my teacher in his everyday life as a teacher.

For 23 years I served my apprenticeship under Roshi. I learned more than I wanted to. I have changed in other ways than I had planned. Still I came a great deal closer to the person I always wanted to be.

The meeting with Zentatsu Baker Roshi has completely thrown me out of my normal life and catapulted me into a life that I had never even allowed myself to dream of. A life I would never want to exchange for anything, but also a life which is not easy. It should be lived unconditionally.

Obeisance to him, my teacher.



Als mir angetragen wurde, etwas zu dieser Festschrift beizutragen, war ich ziemlich bald mit einem Problem konfrontiert: Ein wie auch immer gearteter Text über meinen Lehrer Zentatsu Baker Roshikann immer nur eine Art Zwischenbericht sein. Ein Zwischenbericht von einer nun schon fast 23-jährigen Schüler-Lehrer Beziehung, aber auch der Bericht einer Freundschaft, die sich schon jetzt zu einer Lebens-Freundschaft entwickelt hat.

Ausschnitte aus einer lebenslangen Freundschaft:

Im Spätsommer 1983 sitze ich im Cafe "Sehnsucht" in Köln und versuche meiner Freundin meine erste Begegnung mit Zentatsu Baker Roshizu vermitteln. "Ich fühle mich zum ersten Mal wirklich gesehen. Die erste Person die mich in meiner spirituellen Suche wirklich gesehen hat. Ich fühle mich angenommen und akzeptiert."

Ich hatte Roshi einige Wochen zuvor auf der zweiten Transpersonalen Konferenz in Davos/Schweiz kennengelernt. Er kam als Abt des San Francisco Zen Center und war eingeladen, einen Vortrag zu geben. Es war einer seiner ersten öffentlichen Vorträge in Europa und auch einer seiner merkwürdigsten, wie er mir später erzählte. Bis dahin gewohnt, auf seinem Sitzkissen und in der Lotushaltung seine Vorträge immer frei sprechend zu halten, war er hier gebeten worden, sein Redemanuskript im Vorhinein abzuliefern und es dann abzulesen. Für die SimultanübersetzerInnen natürlich eine

große Hilfe, aus der Sicht des Zen allerdings undenkbar. Wie soll ein Zenlehrer seine wahre Natur zeigen, wenn er in einem abgelesenen Vortrag diese seine Natur bespricht statt sie zu leben; anstatt einen spontanen, von der Situation abhängigen lebendigen Vortrag zu halten.

So stand Richard Baker an einem Pult und las seinen Text vor. Eine für mich damals normale Situation, für ihn eher absurd.

Das Kennenlernen dieses Mannes in Davos hat mein Leben verändert. Zwar kehrte ich erst einmal in meine gewohnte Arbeitsumgebung nach Köln in Deutschland zurück, aber schon im nächsten Frühjahr besuchte ich das San Francisco Zen Center für mehrere Monate. Ich nahm Teil an dem gesamten klösterlichen Alltag und besuchte mein erstes Zen-Sesshin in Green Gulch. Keine einfache Zeit, aber ich hielt durch. Es war das erste formale Sesshin von vielen weiteren, die ich im Lauf der Zeit noch sitzen würde.

Die Begegnung mit Roshi hatte einen so nachhaltigen Eindruck in mir hinterlassen, dass ich zum ersten Mal in meinem Leben einen Weg zur Beantwortung meiner existentiellen Fragen sah. 1984 entschloß ich mich, meine psychotherapeutische Praxis in Köln aufzugeben und mich auf einen neuen Weg zu machen. 1985 machte ich Ernst und zog, nach einem Zwischenaufenthalt bei Karlfried Dürckheim und Maria Hippus in Todtmoos-Rütte, mit meiner gerade angetrauten Frau Gisela nach Santa Fe, direkt in das Haus von Roshi in der Cerro Gordo Road.

Es begann eine Zeit intensiver Begegnungen und tiefer Veränderungen. Ich hatte in Roshi einen Lehrer gefunden, eine Person, der ich voll und ganz vertrauen konnte. Und er begann unsere Praxis-Beziehung sofort: Völlig unvorbereitet präsentierte er mir den Koan "Mu." Es war wie ein Donerschlag, der mich mitten in die Zen-Praxis schleuderte. Ich war überrascht, überrumpelt und fühlte mich unglaublich herausgefordert. Ohne zu zögern, nahm ich die Herausforderung an. Es entwickelte sich eine tiefe und intensive Praxis, die von ihrer Intensität

nichts eingebüßt hat. Ganz im Gegenteil: Jede Praxisbegegnung mit Roshi eröffnet neue Dimensionen ungeahnten freien Falls. Offene Weite.

Koan-Gruppe, 1404 Carro Gordo Road, Santa Fe.

Hier trafen wir uns ein oder zwei Mal in der Woche. Sitzungsort war das Wohnzimmer des Hauses - kein herkömmliches, bürgerliches Wohnzimmer - eher ein kleines Museum gefüllt mit moderner Kunst aller Stilrichtungen. Da hingen kleine und riesige Gemälde an den Wänden, Skulpturen standen im Raum verteilt und als Tisch eine riesige Tischplattenlandschaft, auf der es kaum ein Stück waagerechte Fläche gab. Von keinem der Stühle und Sessel gab es zwei gleiche, alles waren Unikate und fast alle sehr bequem.

Koanarbeit mit Baker Roshi, Philip Walen, Issan Dorsey, Miriam Bobkoff, Adine Mansholt, Diane Woodner, Steve und Angelique Allen und anderen - einfach aufregend und neu. Eine farbenfrohe, leicht verrückte Welt, ähnlich der unserer Träume, tat sich hier auf. Tiefe Einsichten und große Klarheit wechselten ab mit großer Verwirrung und Unklarheiten. Oft waren die Abende ein Wechselbad vieler Gefühle. Ich habe diese Treffen geliebt, auch später in unserem Zentrum in Crestone/Colorado.

In dieser Santa Fe Zeit bekam ich einen ersten Geschmack davon, was es heißt, den Weg des Buddha zu gehen. Es war eine wunderbare, inspirierende Zeit. Kein Wunder, war ich doch von lauter Buddhas umgeben.

Crestone, einer dieser spektakulären Orte auf diesem Planeten, mitten in den Rocky Mountains. Hier hatte Roshi 1987 etwas aufgetan, das sich als idealer buddhistischer Klosterplatz erweisen sollte. 10 Jahre haben Gisela und ich dort gelebt. Wir haben praktiziert, gelitten, Träume gepflegt und Träume aufgegeben, wir waren unglücklich und glücklich - und ich habe dort, zurückgezogen in den Bergen, die intensivste Zeit meines Praxis-Lebens leben dürfen. All dies war nur möglich, weil es meinen Lehrer Richard Baker gab. Er legte die Grundlagen für diesen Praxisplatz, begleitete mich, schützte mich,

führte mich in Sackgassen und auch wieder hinaus. Er offenbarte eine Kraft, die erahnen ließ, mit welcher Vision sein buddhistisches Werk und sein Leben durchtränkt ist. Unermüdlich warb er für den Platz, bis wir einen wunderbaren Zendo errichten konnten, bis wir ein Gästehaus aufbauen konnten und wir 1993 die erste 3-monatige Praxis Periode begannen. Ich fühlte mich getragen, vollständig angenommen und angekommen in meinem lang vermissten zu Hause.

Der Johanneshof, die Weiterführung unserer gemeinsamen Praxis. Der unerermüdliche Einsatz von Roshi, auch diesen Platz zur Blüte zu bringen. Wo nimmt dieser Mann nur die Kraft her? Laienpraxis, eines der großen Themen von Shunryu Suzuki Roshi steht auch bei ihm an zentraler Stelle; die Verbindung westlicher Philosophie und Psychotherapie mit der Zenpraxis; die Ausbildung von Schülern, die seine Lehrlinie weitertragen wollen; Vorträge, Veröffentlichungen, Interviews, Dokusan. Baker Roshi's ganzes Leben steht im Dienste des Dharma.

Das Leben in der Sangha wurde zu meiner zweiten Natur.

Nach 19 Jahren dann - mit Roshi's Segen- das Verlassen des Nestes, des geschützten Platzes. Gisela und ich zogen nach Freiburg und dann nach Göttingen. Es war nicht einfach zu gehen.

Meine Praxis begann mit Roshi. Niemandem habe ich erlaubt, mich so stark zu beeinflussen, wie Roshi es getan hat. Es war von Anfang an eine Beziehung der Herzen. Für viele Jahre war ich Baker Roshi's Anji, der Assistent und Helfer, in frühen buddhistischen Texte auch Aufwärter genannt oder treffender wohl als "Junge Für Fast Alles" zu beschreiben. Ich habe Baker Roshi während der 7-tägigen Sesshins und während der 100 Tägigen Praxisperioden kurz vor 4 Uhr morgens, manches Mal bei minus 25 Grad Celsius, an seiner Haustür abgeholt, um ihn in den Zendo zu begleiten. Dort habe ich ihm das Räucherwerk am Altar gereicht. Und nach langen und vielen Sitzperioden habe ich ihn wieder zurück zu seiner Tür begleitet. In

Europa begleitete ich ihn auf Konferenzen, um dort für ihn zu übersetzen, begleitete ihn auf Sesshins und auf Seminare. Immer wieder entstand und entsteht zwischen uns ein Praxiskörper, ein großer gemeinsamer Buddha-Körper, der das Dharma in die Welt trägt.

Auf diese lebenspraktische Art und Weise drang ein neues, ein buddhistisches Weltbild nach und nach in mich ein. Fast unmerklich, wie ein feiner Nebel, durchnäßte mich die buddhistische Praxis. Immer wieder war ich erstaunt darüber, wie sehr der gelebte Buddhismus verändert. Nicht nur die Theorie, oder etwas Gelesenes hat mich verändert, sondern einfach die Begleitung meines Lehrers durch sein alltägliches Lehrer-Leben.

Seit 23 Jahren
gehe ich bei Roshi
in die Lehre
Ich habe mehr gelernt
als ich wollte
Ich habe mich anders verändert
als ich geplant hatte
Dennoch bin ich der Person
die ich immer sein wollte
ein ganzes Stück näher gekommen

Das Zusammentreffen mit Zentatsu Zentatsu Baker Roshihat mich völlig aus meiner normalen Lebensbahn geworfen und in ein Leben katapultiert, das ich mir nicht einmal zu träumen gestattet hatte. Ein Leben, das ich gegen nichts anderes eintauschen möchte, ein Leben aber auch, das nicht einfach ist. Es sollte bedingungslos gelebt werden.

Ihm, meinem Lehrer, eine tiefe Verbeugung.



“THE RAREST OF ATTRIBUTES: LEADERSHIP”

Huey Johnson

Meeting Dick was a helpful event in my life and helped ease a difficult burden I was carrying at the time. George Wheelwright, then the owner of Green Gulch, asked me to visit with him and his wife to discuss the future of Green Gulch. She was in the late stage of leukemia, and the three of us met in her room and talked about their vision for Green Gulch after they would no longer live there. They loved the place in its (then) current state, and saw it as vastly improved over the undeveloped valley it had been when they started. Both wanted it to continue as a farm and maintained as it was. In our last conversation they asked me to help guide their dream for the permanent preservation of Green Gulch by finding a group to take it over. That became a longer search than I had expected.

As a small town Midwestern child I had barely heard of Zen. Dick introduced himself to me at an environmental social event. His approach for turning Green Gulch into a farm for the Zen Center was similar to other propositions that I was proposed with. However, his sincerity and ability to sell an idea furthered the possibility of it becoming real. I did a bit of background study and accepted an invitation for me and my wife to go to Tassajara for a weekend. The rest followed a predictable path. I told George that The Zen Center was my recommended choice for Green Gulch.

I was richly rewarded by the experience of getting to know a bit about Zen and Dick. An important example was Dick rec-

ommending me to Jerry Brown, the then Governor, to serve on his cabinet in charge of managing California's environment. Our first meeting was hosted by Dick at Green Gulch.

Dick exemplifies the rarest of attributes, that of being a leader.



MEMORY OF A BRIEF MOMENT IN A LONG FRIENDSHIP

Brother David Steindl-Rast

Zentatsu Richard Baker Roshi, describing the turning point in his life, says: "I started to practice because I had a glimpse of the world that didn't fit into the world that was officially presented to me." Since he followed this glimpse, entered the world of Zen, took roots there and put out shoots that grew tall and strong, we might expect that he himself would be estranged from the world that is officially presented to us, the world of Conventional Mind. It comes as a surprise, then, how well he is at home in it, albeit as one whose very function it is to break conventional habits and molds. In the moment about which I want to tell here, I realized how urgently our world needs mold-shatterers like Zentatsu.

It remains true that, in order to fit into the Common Sense world - say, the world of a Benedictine monk, as in my own case - one has to be a misfit of sorts in the world of Conventional Mind. And this seems to be true also for the world of Zen. After all, what is Zen mind if not Common Sense? Zen makes sense because it springs from our common interconnectedness. The Conventional Mind cannot grasp this; it is bent on fragmenting reality and on separating us from one another. Not without reason does Zentatsu call me a "Zeneditine." The world of Common Sense is the common ground we share.

Caught in its mind maze, the officially sanctioned world longs nevertheless for what Zentatsu has to offer. Common Sense is enormously powerful. Conventional Mind can pave

over it, but it can never fully suppress it. Like the weeds that force their way through cracks in the pavement, Common Sense will sooner or later break through and assert itself. It will be as much of a misfit phenomenon as ragweed, dandelion, and bachelor's-button bursting the asphalt of a parking lot, but it will be an equally delightful surprise. Zentatsu plays an essential role in the narrow world of Conventional Mind: to crack it open by surprise.

Surprise was writ large over a hilarious ten-day drive from New York to San Francisco on which the two of us surprised each other at every turn with spontaneous responses to life that replaced a "why?" by a completely unexpected "why-not?" In such moments, Common Sense breaks through the shell of consensus reality like a chick bursting from the egg into the greater world. The result is laughter. And did we ever laugh together on this coast-to-coast escapade.

One such "Why not?" breakthrough, however, stilled my laughter and made my heart expand in a great silence. I had heard Zentatsu say, "Practice is the backward step into bodily knowing." Somewhat glibly maybe, I had translated this into my own vocabulary: Practice embodies Common Sense in compassionate action. Yet, when this embodiment was suddenly sprung at me, it made me speechless. This was too big for laughter; it moved me to - well, let me say it moved me to an overjoyed awe.

The restrooms we had to use when stopping at gas stations were not always what one would wish for, and sometimes they were outright disgusting - as on this afternoon west of nowhere. Holding my breath, I dashed in and out as fast as I could. Now I sat in the car waiting for Zentatsu. "Are you all right?" I asked when he finally sat next to me again and put the key into the ignition; "What took you so long?" - "Well," he replied, "it took a bit of doing to clean up that mess."



I shall let others speak for the gifts of Zentatsu Baker Roshi as a teacher of the Dharma and an Abbot within a Japanese Buddhist monastic tradition. My relation is to Richard Baker, and as friends and colleagues we have worked together for thirty-three years. Most of the writings on Richard that I have read do not give an understanding of just how this extraordinary individual was able to be so effective in embodying the new planetary culture that had its magi's epiphany in the California of Esalen and San Francisco Zen Center in the nineteen-sixties and seventies. Suzuki Roshi may have been the Zen initiate who quite literally initiated a new impulse in the spiritual culture of California, but it was Richard Baker who provided a new cultural body for this spirit.

I came to the San Francisco Zen Center after Suzuki Roshi had died and Richard had assumed the Abbotship. There were many Buddhist monasteries and Zen Centers in the California of 1972, but the San Francisco Zen Center under Richard's leadership had become one of the most important countercultural institutions in the country, and so critical to the work of cultural transformation was this Zen Center that you could not work for the positive cultural transformation of America in the Viet Nam War era and ignore it; and so I found myself going there twice a year from New York. Richard as well visited Lindisfarne—in Southampton and Manhattan—and we both found ourselves becoming bicoastal in our endeavor to move Ameri-

can culture in a new spiritual direction in the seventies.

There are some places that have such a magical sense of presence that they make you reach out for mythologies of angels or other invisible architectures to explain your heightened sense of presence and place. You step out of a cab and into another dimension. Carnegie Hall and the Cathedral of Durham are two such places—to name only the first two that spring to mind—but something also ineffable met me as I stepped out of the car and was met by Issan (Tommy Dorsey) who greeted me at the curb and led me past the threshold of Zen Center at Page Street. It was not just his warmth and his complete focus on being present in the act of receiving a guest; it was a sense that more was going on for him than the business and bother of spiritual tourists and “visiting firemen.” Issan’s eyes were their own threshold. As I walked through the door, I stopped, dumbfounded in my tracks. To my right in the Buddha Hall was no schlocky brass Buddha but an actual Gandhara Buddha! Somebody was obviously paying attention to culture. Just as once classical Greece met classical India, so now someone was saying that now that Buddhism had come to America, a new culture and a new art was about to flourish. Who had made this placement and who was speaking directly to me through the environment?

I had already met Yvonne Rand in Manhattan, and I was to move among Suzuki Roshi’s students, from Issan to Reb Anderson to Dan Welch, as I toured San Francisco Zen Center and Green Gulch. Each one had a strong sense of presence, but it was as if I had met the first chair and outstanding soloists of an orchestra, but not yet the conductor. The Abbot himself was away, down in Tassajara, conducting a sesshin. It would not be until the summer when I was invited to a gathering of friends and colleagues that I would meet Zentatsu Baker Roshi in another of his elements—not as Abbot of a monastery but as the focal lens of what Margaret Mead called “a sapiential circle.” It was a large gathering, but the only people I remember now

thirty-three years later are the architect Sim Van der Ryn, the poet Robert Duncan, and the Black Panther political leader Huey Newton. But there in the center was Richard Baker, and it was obvious that this Abbot's vision of culture embraced much more than simply following a monastic tradition. This was an Abbot in the Celtic tradition of Iona and Lindisfarne—before the rise of bishops and popes—the kind of Abbot that was a cultural force for civilization-building and not simply a Xerox machine for rituals.

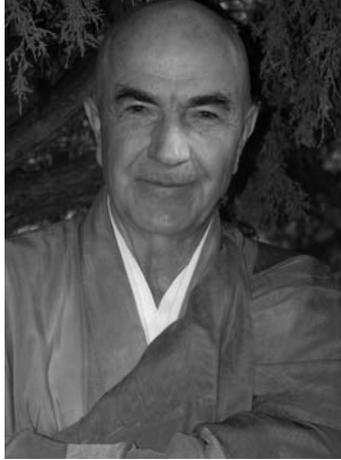
After the conference, when we had returned to San Francisco, it was Richard who gave me a tour of the Alaya Stitchery, the Tassajara Bakery, Greens Restaurant, and Green Gulch Farm, and its appropriate technology program. By then Richard had met E. F. Schumacher and John Todd at the Lindisfarne Conference in Southampton in 1974, so our interests were now known to one another. As Ed Brown and Deborah Madison came forward to explain the work they were doing with Richard, I was stunned by his ability to find and sustain such gifted people. Clearly, Richard had an entrepreneurial genius that had much to teach me in how to make Lindisfarne grow and develop.

As the years went on, I would continue to meet gifted people at Zen Center like Gary Snyder and Governor Jerry Brown, as well as the next generation of creative individuals like Jane Hirschfield, who was then still a fledgling in that nest of eagles. Richard would continue to attend the regular Lindisfarne meetings, and would also send Reb Anderson and Dan Welch to serve as contemplatives in residence and teachers for our program in Southampton. Although Richard's entrepreneurial gifts were extraordinary, it was not as a businessman that I asked him to attend the Lindisfarne conferences in Southampton and Manhattan from 1974 to 1978. In his lectures, Richard fit in quite well intellectually with our scientific program articulated by Gregory Bateson, John Todd, Francisco Varela, and Dennis and Donella Meadows. I was so impressed by the intellectual compatibility of Lindisfarne and San Francisco Zen Center that

I decided to hold our Lindisfarne Fellows Conferences at Green Gulch in 1980 and 1981. The 1981 Fellows Conference on the Gaia Hypothesis with Jim Lovelock and Lynn Margulis proved to be one of the best and most important I ever chaired.

It was Richard's combination of artistic and philosophical intelligence along with his entrepreneurial skills that made him stand out as a cultural leader in America. A feeling for excellence, and the knowledge of why it is important, comes easily to Japanese and Europeans, but it does not come so easily to Americans who, as Baudrillard has commented, can become addicted to the simulacrum. Our *de jure* capitol is Washington D.C., a government theme park, but the *de facto* capitol of our new State of Celebritous Entertainment is Las Vegas. (This is why quite recently so much real art has been on loan from museums to this fake city.) Richard's attention to excellence was to mark his work at intellectual conferences at Tassajara and Green Gulch, as well as in his conducting the culinary orchestra at Greens. And it would be precisely this love of excellence and feeling for culture that would make me feel secure in giving Richard the 80 acre campus of my home and the Lindisfarne Mountain Retreat in Crestone.

"By their fruits ye shall know them" is a saying attributed to Jesus. If one looks at the San Francisco Zen Center, Johanneshof and the Crestone Mountain Zen Center, it is clear how significantly Zentatsu Baker Roshi has furthered his Buddhist tradition and contributed to this culture.



FOR ZENTATSU MYOYU THE ONLY TEACHER
ABLE TO KEEP MY STUBBORN MIND
TO ZEN'S GRINDSTONE LONG
ENOUGH FOR IT TO MAKE A MARK

Mitsuzen Lou Hartman

What can I say? This old man's memories
Stagger like sea stacks off the Lost Coast's hulking shore.
They process westward, crumbling as they go.
Siddhartha's just a mark on ancient charts,
That small, far wave breaks on Dogen's face,
And even Suzuki, standing just a foot off shore
Already shudders in time's grinding surf.
Today in calmer shallows we venerables mold
Ceremonial mementoes from those ancestral sands.
Mutually we admire our practiced skills, and then
Watch waves turn castles back to sand again.
This moment can remain in memory only for this moment;

Even a second breath arrives too late.
How can I unite “then” *and* “now” if words
Be more than just a mannered courtesy?
Where is the place where we once stood together
That still remains alive now that we’re apart?
What can I say? Recall a long gone Green Gulch sesshin.
Late in the final afternoon. The lamps unlit.
The only sound my *kyosaku* striking audible sparks
From the shoulders of almost invisible monks.
As I open the *gaitan* door a flood of fear
Screams that this is the last, the final time:
You and those beings will never meet again.
I take refuge with the muttering fire, the sleeping dog,
The many work boots that once kept Vincent fairly sane.
Then return the stick and take my place again upon the *tan*.
Next day when I try to tell you this, you laugh.
“Too much drama, Lou. Just watch and you will see

That *every* time is the last time. And for everything.”

What can I say? I hear the words, but it may take

My tenth decade to walk *that* talk.

Or I might just forget the whole thing and wonder

“What was *that* fuss all about?”

Stubborn is as stubborn does, so thank you for
Everything, remembered and forgotten.

Your old—and getting older—student
Mitsuzen Lou Hartman

p.s. So it *is* as Emily said: “Eternity is made from endless
nows.”

And I would add, “and endless vows.”



CRESTONE MOUNTAIN ZEN CENTER

MATERIALIZING THE MIND OF BUDDHISM

Zenki Christian Dillo

One way to understand Zen is to understand it as a practice of cultivating the mind. The question then is: how do you cultivate the mind? For the Western practitioner of Zen this question is situated in the context of the Buddhist tradition as well as the context of one's own Western culture.

In my early twenties, I was sure that the institution that was in charge of helping me to cultivate my mind was academia. Looking back, I am deeply grateful for the education I received studying at the university in Tübingen, Germany. During these years of intense reading, writing and discussion, I learned how to think, how to investigate questions, and how to formulate ideas. However, I remained curiously dissatisfied. I was hungry for something. My stomach was aching, but there was no food to alleviate the pain. What was missing? What was this gnawing feeling in my stomach? What was the food I was longing for? I had no answer. The more I thought about it, the more I tried to figure it out, the deeper I went into depression.

In the summer of 1996 I decided to escape the disaster of my life. I do not know how I could expect to be able to run away from myself, but for some obscure reason I set my mind on going to San Francisco hoping for a fresh breeze there. I found an academic exchange program that provided me with a student visa and lots of freedom. I took some courses at San Francisco State University, but really I was waiting for something fundamental to change - not knowing what it was or how it

could happen.

One Sunday afternoon – I think it was in February 1997 – a friend suggested we go to a public lecture at Green Gulch Farm, one of San Francisco Zen Center’s three practice places, beautifully located at the coast of Marin County, north of San Francisco. Since I had nothing better to do, I agreed to go with her. I didn’t know about Zen, I was not expecting anything.

There was a line outside the Zendo that slowed us down. Everybody was taking their shoes off, silently. Some of the people further away were talking, quieting down into whispering as they approached the entrance to the Zendo. Finally, we stepped inside. And there it was: the fresh breeze. I still can’t quite wrap my mind around what happened in this moment. Inside the meditation hall, I immediately found myself deeply at home. In an instant I knew: This – whatever this was – was where I truly belonged. What triggered this experience? The scent of the incense, the accumulated silence of meditation, the clarity of the architecture, the beauty of the simplicity by which I was surrounded? I don’t know. I do know, though, that I found myself spontaneously in touch with my breath, settled in my body, calmer in my mind – drinking deeply from the whole of this atmosphere that was centering and widening at the same time.

It is this experience from which my Zen practice unfolded and continues to unfold. I did return to Germany to complete my graduate studies, but I have never expected the same from my academic endeavors. The physicality of the Zendo had put me in touch with a mind that was deeper than my thinking mind, more fundamental than the mind of trying to figure things out and set them into the right order, more satisfying and joyful than the mind of criticism, worry, and struggle. It remains a mystery to me how it was possible for a room to have such a profound effect on me, so profound, that it motivated me to do Zazen early in the morning every day, so profound, that it cured my depression almost in an instant and changed the course of my life.

Shortly before I went back to Germany I heard that the year before, in 1996, Richard Baker Roshi, who I knew co-founded with Suzuki Roshi the centers I was currently practicing in, had opened a practice place in the Black Forest near the Swiss border, the Buddhist Study Center “Johanneshof.“ After returning from America it was the first thing I checked out. Situated in the rolling green hills of “Hotzenwald,“ a quiet and pretty region of the Black Forest, still relatively uncorrupted by tourism, I found an old charming farm house with some additions that had been made later and that I did not consider all that attractive. The whole building needed some renovation inside and outside. However, there was a beautiful Zendo in place, and people were practicing daily Zazen.

I was determined to continue my practice, and this seemed to be the obvious place to do it. I remember the seminar when I first met Baker Roshi. I immediately respected him as a teacher, I enjoyed his strong and soft presence, his ability to develop ideas and at the same time to remain rooted in the actuality of the situation - but such a big part of the teaching was still shrouded and remained opaque to me. What really drew me into the situation was not so much the content of the teaching, but the feeling that here at Johanneshof - through the Zendo, the Zazen practice, the service, the people in their robes, the bells, the silence and stillness that were a palpable background to Sangha conversations and interaction - I was in touch with that deeper, more fundamental mind that I had entered in the Green Gulch Zendo not so long ago.

And it was not just *a* feeling. Johanneshof had the *same* feeling. How is that possible? I realized that it was not the particularity of the building in Green Gulch that had allowed for my opening experience; it was the mind that had shaped both Green Gulch Farm and this place - Johanneshof. Both places breathe the same mind. Both places are expressions and continuations of one lineage, homes for the practice that Suzuki Roshi had brought from Japan to America and that Baker Roshi

was now bringing to Europe.

When it is said that Zen is a teaching outside the scriptures, what does that mean – practically? It means that true wisdom and compassion cannot be conveyed and preserved through written texts alone. The teaching has to be embodied by a realized person. When wisdom and compassion are rooted in the very being of a person, they can then manifest in their everyday actions, words, and attitudes. This is why Zen pedagogy emphasizes oral teaching and the living together of teacher and students. Just by being with a realized teacher, the teaching is revealed moment by moment, and the student who is exposed to it, can absorb it over time through a kind of physical osmosis. Living together as Sangha means to share and grow into the mind of practice; it also means to share a space that is shaped by practice and supports practice. And the space itself, as my own experience shows, can become the teacher.

After becoming a resident and staff member at Johanneshof, under the guidance of Baker Roshi, I have been actively involved in the process of shaping the building, its various rooms, outside appearance, and gardens into a place that more and more expresses and evokes the mind of practice. It has been an invaluable learning experience for me: How do you express and guide practice through spatial relationships? How do you create an atmosphere that supports mindfulness and concentration? How do you design rooms so that the fundamental mind is invited to surface? There are no general answers to these questions. Maybe there are certain ideas and principles that can be talked about and applied, but the real answers are given by letting the mind of practice touch and form the particularity of the situation.

Richard Baker Roshi knows how to do that! I see how his realization has materialized in the practice places he has formed and continues to form with his students. These places are not implementations of a plan, they are materializations of a mind – Buddha's mind. In fact, they are a continuous trans-

formation that continues Buddha's mind, that continues what the Ancestors continued, what Suzuki Roshi continued. They are – as Baker Roshi puts it – the material stream of Buddhism. This stream is a stream of objects as well as a stream of how to live with these objects. It carries postures, gestures, attitudes, insights, views. It carries and cultivates the mind of wisdom and compassion.

Some people think that what we do and how things look in Zen is sort of Japanese. Well yes, this stream over the course of more than 2500 years has flown from India through China and Japan, into America and now Europe. We keep the forms and their look, their flavor and color, not because we happen to be fond of Japanese culture but because these forms contain the practice, breathe the practice, are soaked with practice. For us, they happen to be inherited from Japan – they come from Tibet for other practitioners. Inseparable from and through these forms, we let Buddha's mind and teaching enter and cultivate our minds and our Western culture. Probably, over the course of centuries, from the dialogue between the forms we have inherited from Japan and our Western culture that receives them, a Western Buddhism will emerge that does not feel Japanese anymore but still carries the same mind. If so, it will be the same stream.

In the Dharma Sangha we have two places to continue in and with this material stream: Johanneshof in Germany and Crestone Mountain Zen Center in Crestone, Colorado. Johanneshof is a semi-monastic setting. It is located within a small village. The neighbors to the North and South are both farmers. During our meditation we hear the cows moaning in the stable, the chain saw cutting wood, the children playing and yelling. We follow a monastic schedule. The day is framed by meditation. Yet, the place still feels connected to everyday social life. People come, stay for a while, and leave. There are seminars and workshops throughout the year. There is a playground in the garden, because we invite families to be our guests and make

an effort to allow for parents to pursue their practice when they bring their children. We regularly hold sesshins, practice weeks and seminars. And people come to live with us and share the temple life for weeks or months.

The Mountain Center in Crestone has the qualities of a real monastery. Located at 8400 feet in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains in Southern Colorado, it is surrounded by 240 acres of Pinon Pine and Juniper forest land. At its center is a beautiful and spacious Zendo, a modern building that keeps the traditional forms of Zen architecture alive. The campus looks out over the San Luis Valley, an ancient dry lake bed. From the monastery you can see 50 miles across to the San Juan Mountains in the west and about 80 miles each direction, north and south. Behind it the land rises steeply into the wilderness of fourteen thousand foot mountains, into a different sphere of weather and spirit.

More than Johanneshof, because of its seclusion, Crestone Mountain Zen Center allows practitioners to step outside their culture. I use the word "culture" as a name for the complex context within which we develop the mental and behavioral habits that enable us to function as a human being in our family, friendships, work environment, and all the other specifics of our society. However, what enables us to participate in these social fields easily becomes a trap when we identify with who we think we are and who we are expected to be. Then we restrict ourselves and forget the wide range of unlived possibilities, the uncharted depths of our being.

To be surrounded by natural wilderness and continuously return to the stillness of daily sitting meditation (i.e., the wilderness of our own mind) can help us to recognize the emptiness of each and every form and thus free ourselves from cultural fixations. Every particular appearance begins to feel preliminary and malleable, nothing is to be taken too seriously, everything changes in connection with everything, constantly. Who I am is not separate from the world that arises each moment to

meet me; and the world is not separate from what I decide to pick up, to give attention to and unfold. This mutuality and interconnectedness is a tremendous freedom and at the same time demands responsible action. The practice of emptiness teaches me to not cling to anything, yet at the same time functions as a kind of ground. Within the paradox of the unchanging fact of continuous change I find my true nature. A place to rest in and act from - moment after moment.

At Crestone Mountain Zen Center, the enormous Colorado sky and the vista of this vast San Luis Valley continuously remind me that, as Dogen put it, "the entire world in the ten directions is the true human body." And the preciseness of our practice, the rigorous schedule, the prescribed sequences of postures and gestures, the focus on the particular is an expression of the fact that we participate in how the entire world manifests itself - each moment, and that we are responsible for how we perform this participation - each moment.

For me to practice Buddhism is equal to finding a way to manifest Buddha's mind in this very world. The monastery or practice center in itself is such an expression. The monks and long-time lay residents at Johanneshof and Crestone live, maintain and develop a place where the mind can be cultivated in the direction of wisdom and compassion, joy and ease. They offer this place not only to the practice of their Sangha but also as a possible inspiration to the larger culture. Of course, not everyone can live as or like a monk. Any kind of work, in fact, every single action can manifest the mind of Zen. For the lay practitioners the practice center functions as a kind of interface between their practice and the culture within which they live their family and work lives. The lay practitioners are agents of change. They enter the monastery with the willingness to be touched and transformed by its atmosphere and practice, and they leave it to re-enter society with the intention to touch everything with the joy and straightforwardness they have tasted through temple life.

Baker Roshi has always been emphasizing the importance of non-institutional lay practice for Buddhism to take root in our Western society. The practice of Zazen is the center of Zen practice. It is non-institutional because it is not tied to temple life. It can be practiced wherever there is a quiet corner and a cushion. However, in order to bear the fruit of liberation, practice needs to be informed. It helps to have the guidance of a teacher as well as the encouragement of and exchange with fellow practitioners. This does not necessarily require a monastic setting. Yet, a place to meet, a place that manifests through its atmosphere the mind we long to cultivate, is an invaluable support. And it allows for traditional institutional forms of practice: temple life, sesshin, angō (the 90-day practice period). It remains an open question as to how much institutional practice is necessary for lay practice to really work. Most serious lay practitioners have found out that without sesshin or angō or an extended stay at the monastery they cannot deepen their practice as much as they would like to. Johanneshof and Crestone, with different emphasis, are both frameworks within which this question of the relevance of institutional practice can be explored.

I am deeply grateful for Baker Roshi's work and teaching, for his vision and persistence with which he has worked towards establishing Buddhist practice in the West, America and Europe. The practice centers he has helped to create in California, Colorado, and Germany, by future generations, may well be considered pivotal and lasting contributions to the development of Buddhism in the West. They certainly are exciting lived experiments as to how each of us and the larger culture can use the teaching of Buddhism to cultivate our minds and realize wisdom and compassion for the benefit of all beings.



Were it not for the late Frank Barron, (formerly Professor of Psychology, U.C. Santa Cruz), I would have never met Richard Baker. Frank was a close friend of Richard's and was on a short break in Ireland. It was 1984. Frank also knew Paddy Walley, a friend of mine, and one summer evening we three found ourselves enjoying the particular pleasures of a pub-crawl in Dublin. Later we returned to Frank's hotel for a nightcap. This, of course, became a number of nightcaps. At some point I spotted a book of poems by Yeats that I began to read aloud, mimicking the voice of Micheál MacLiammóir, one of Dublin's more famous thespians. Suffice to say, that did the trick. Any real Irish-American has a highly developed sense of loss of homeland and while the object of that loss is more mythical than substantial, tears rolling down Frank's cheeks confirmed that he was indeed in such a mode. My reading got rapturous applause and I was prevailed upon to read quite a few more until my throat gave out from the stress of trying to mimic such a huge stage voice.

It was in this colourful context that Frank began to describe more personal aspects of his life. Here he included reference to his good friend, Richard Baker. I suggested Richard should visit our merry band. I was in full flight and fairly unstoppable at this point. Looking back now, none of us really imagined that our invitation would be taken up. But Frank conveyed our invitation in a fulsome manner, and subsequently a few weeks later Richard arrived, looking very much like an American astronaut, tall and

head shaven.

Now, many of my generation are congenitally suspicious of anything even vaguely connected to religion – possibly a consequence of an Irish Catholic upbringing, and I suddenly found myself warning friend Walley to remain alert at all times during *his* visit, as I conjectured that *our guest* might just be a bit more unusual than we might have bargained for. “*Though I think you’d make a terrific monk,*” I suggested, poking fun at him. “*Hmm,*” agreed Walley and we were set.

Richard descended from the 737, and approached. We smiled, wrung each other’s hands warmly, joked noisily and I gestured enthusiastically in the direction of the city. “*I’d like a soup*” Richard confirmed by way of lunch, so I took him to a café in a trendy area in the city. Paddy left us as he had to do some chores. It was a simple soup, made from wholesome ingredients with homemade brown bread on the side. The conversation was very civil, warm and erudite, as might be expected, but I continued to harbour an odd feeling. There was an inevitability about the emergence of *another kind of reality* that this man represents, having spent the previous three decades studying / practicing Buddhism, Zen, Japanese, etc.

I didn’t have to wait too long either. A little way into our meal, in the midst of an otherwise normal conversation, he commanded, “*Observe the cloud in the soup,*” from the corner of his mouth. I knew, of course, he wasn’t referring to cloudiness, as in murkiness or opacity. He continued, as if he had said absolutely nothing unusual. The conversation went on through the usual cadences, bends, hills and dales, as all good conversations do until a natural pause appeared. My mind was in a spin. “*I had been right all along - here is a man with a mission - and he’s not wasted any time - but what in heaven’s name was I to make of a cloud in the soup?*” Racking my brain didn’t help either. I did my best to simulate interest as the conversation surged forward until a natural PAUSE appeared when I decided - “*nothing for it but to signal that I had been listening to both conversations and admit that*

I hadn't a clue what he was alluding to. He sat up with that. And with a broad beam of satisfaction raked through the remaining debris in his soup bowl with a fork where he rediscovered a few discarded grains of barley. *"I found these grains of rice at the bottom of my soup"* he declared, *"and then I saw a young woman leaning forward planting the rice in the paddy fields, and just then she looked up into the clear blue sky overhead, blue, but for one small puffy white cloud. When she saw it she smiled the most beautiful smile..."* he exclaimed! I was smiling now. Richard was smiling too - smiles had taken over everything, time seems to have been set aside to allow this moment to emerge, a beautiful moment brought into being out of nothing... Or what the heck? One thing I was sure of was that this *boyo* had made his entrance and no force that I knew of was going to be able to keep up with this level of *craic*. That's when I knew that I had to raise the stakes and put a toll on the entry point to my island wilderness - for two could play that game and maybe more...

Along the south coast of Dublin there are a number of beautiful inlets. James Joyce's Tower sits high above one, in Sandycove. Below it is the '*Forty Foot*,' a traditional 'men's bathing place' or so it had been exclusively, until *women's' lib* arrived. Here, representatives of previous generations would swim about in the deep waters of the naturally formed pool below, each day - even on Christmas Day!

The next morning I made my move after breakfast. *"I'm afraid you can't just come in,"* I told Richard, and explained that we (our breakfast companions and I) were an unusual body of '*mountainy men*' with all kinds of extraordinary charms and magical powers. *"Entry into our circle at the level that matters is not automatic"* I insisted, and as it was clear that I now had his attention, I continued. *"Fortunately, the portal is nearby. It is called 'the Forty Foot.'* He appeared somewhat bemused but accepting, even interested. *"One has to immerse oneself in the experience,"* I said solemnly. *"To be followed by a small ceremony of acceptance, at The Club."* Soon, to the delight of all (our little group had

grown by now) he accepted the challenge and we all tramped down to the 'Forty Foot' where he slid gracefully into the dark turquoise (freezing) sea below, without a grimace. There he was indeed, glasses atop his shaven head, bobbing up and down with the waves. Loud cheers all round. Moments later, out again, half dry we spirited him away to 'The Club', a classic Irish pub in the village where we concluded his initiation with 'a rake of pints' (Guinness). I'm not convinced that he really likes Guinness, but he put on a good show that day. He was smiling now, and so were we.

Thus began a delightful friendship full of great wit and many challenges. Richard stayed in Dalkey during his first visit. In the days that followed there was lots of laughter and much merry-making. Breakfasts were occasions to reminisce about the events of the night before, and the night before provided the perfect opportunity *to do what must be done* to ensure the following breakfast was worth attending. We all became explorers and storytellers, musicians and leprechauns over night. Richard was as much at home in the midst of this warm extravagance as any of us... *'twas like a week at Puck Fair; or Irish race week at Cheltenham, but better;* and nothing was needed to be done except to hoist up the flag of celebration ever higher as each new day dawned. I don't think I smiled or laughed so much in my entire life.

Of course there are specific memories / moments that stand out during his visits that could never be erased or forgotten, like the morning we climbed high above Dalkey to witness the full expanse of Dublin Bay below us. The early morning sunlight reflected off the water like a giant golden mirror providing welcome heat as we sat silently atop in a small circle taking in the splendour of the surrounding land and seascapes. The bright yellow furze bushes and wild flowers along the crest of the hill and the early morning birdsong all trilled to the magnificence of the day and the place where we had made our throne.

On another occasion, ten or so of us went to a Japanese restau-

rant. It was a disparate group representing a wide range of different perspectives. As the evening unfolded there was much animated talk and laughter, and great food (that was until the rice ran out - a detail that Richard found hilarious). At one point, one of our company was explaining aspects of the Irish mind to Richard - "*Irish people are not very direct in saying what they want*" he explained, and cited the example of an invitation to have tea: "*Would you like a cup of tea? Ah no thank you... Go on, are ye sure ye wont? No, no, thanks all the same... Well I've the kettle on and I'm having one myself - are ye sure you wouldn't like to join me?... Well if your having one yerself*" By now he was in full swing, his big voice reaching full expression when he suddenly noticed that the bill had been sent for. Another friend on noticing this reached for his wallet, which caused our storyteller to retort - "*surely I'm not going to have to pay for this?*" To which Richard, now very bemused, wittily responded - "*why of course - No, No, Yes...*"

And given it's the island of saints and scholars, one afternoon we visited Glendalough where there was a monastic community in the 5th century. It's a wonderfully peaceful place with well preserved examples of early architecture, including a very tall needle-like round tower and several small stone chapels surrounded by parkland with a magnificent lake surrounded on three sides by mountains covered in ancient oak trees. This was where St. Kevin lived his solitary life in a cave hewn from a rocky outcrop above the lake. Access to his tiny cell is through a small hole several feet down the cliff face. There is a sheer drop of some 40 feet to the lake below if one falters. It requires considerable gymnastic skill to enter and I'm not sure how one is to get out again. Seemingly St. Kevin rarely made the effort and neither did we on that occasion either, though I could see Richard looked very much at home here...

As the days passed, others emerged to join in the *craic*. But there was a thoughtful side to all this, too. Gradually Richard filled in some of the thinking / feeling behind his practice as our con-

versations grew deeper and broader in scope. Eventually, I solved the mystery of the cloud in the soup. The time seemed right one evening and I suggested that Richard might like to give a little talk to a small gathering to convey a sense of his work and his practice. He agreed readily.

Paddy lived in a handsome house in Dalkey, and his front living room was to be the venue for this talk. Richard was aware that some of the audience knew something about ‘practice’, but for most including myself, it was an unknown. It was a pleasant September afternoon as men, women and children gathered. It was warm and the windows had to be opened making the sounds of the outside a part of the conversation. There was a lot of interest in what Richard might have to say, and he didn’t disappoint.

Richard began by letting us know that he felt very much at home in Ireland and differentiated how he felt in various countries he had visited recently including Austria, Belgium, France, and England. “In Ireland, *I feel anti-socially at home — or personally at home, in a sense*” he said, and suggested that “*Ireland seemed to have been quite cultivated inside rather than outside*” - much to the delight of his audience. He explained the inter-connectivity of practice and culture and discussed the problem of talking about Zen Practice. “*It’s easy to do Zazen, but if you do Zazen meditation without taking account of the culture, it doesn’t mean much at all,*” he insisted and went on to explain the central role ‘practice’ has in Buddhism.

Gradually as the talk progressed, it became clearer precisely where Richard was coming from, but the next idea was more unexpected - the idea that there is *no rule-book!* This had instant appeal for the rebel Irish. Though, he didn’t just leave us adrift at that point either. He talked extensively about the Eight Fold Path with his unique take on the idea of ‘*completing one’s views*’ as the basis for developing “*complete speech / complete conduct / complete intention,*” and continued to elaborate on the vital importance of *relationships*, in order to appreciate more fully the worlds we create and inhabit.

For me there were numerous parallels between the views he was promoting and those I had arrived at via psychology and related areas. His ideas about personal responsibility, seemed to be very similar to the idea of personal response-ability (Perls), which I like. The notion of 'complete intention' I found very interesting, too. The idea that a central part of 'our job' in living our lives was to tidy up our views and to intend them and intend what we do, and how we behave, etc., made a lot of sense to me. And the most liberating thing was that there was no '*finger wagging*' element involved, and no guilt trip. Another great mystery was also put to rest that afternoon - the archetypical Zen idea of nothing, or '*no thing-ness*' as Richard lucidly put it. Suddenly a lot of things that had previously appeared purely esoteric became clearer to me - the idea of permanent change, awareness and the usefulness of practice. Over the years since then, many of these ideas have grown with me and I often return to them.

It was a wonderful introduction to Buddhism and to Richard in his role as teacher and as a consequence we got him to follow up with two further talks during later visits to Ireland. During one of these, held in Trinity College, Richard introduced a larger group to Zazen and to the 'meditation walk'. That was my brief introduction to practice. Otherwise, Richard's visits were about friendships, fun explorations and great conversations. Irish people love to talk - it is still largely a verbal culture. There were no specific follow-up activities relating to Zen practice except for some at an individual level. I sometimes wondered if that had been a disappointment for Richard, if he would like to have founded a monastery in Ireland? Secretly, of course I saw myself as a potential Abbot, but it hasn't happened yet, and as time goes on I am beginning to appreciate that I may be more suited to being a sweeper, or kitchen helper....

I delight in our friendship and have very much enjoyed our time together. Richard has a special gift that provokes those around him to be witty, playful, joyful (*or perhaps that bit is me*). It's very refreshing. I taped his first talk and transcribed it over the

decade that followed. The quality of the recording was very poor as it had been done on a kid's tape recorder, last minute. This effort forced me to listen again and again to exactly what had been said. That's how I became so familiar with many of his views. But I didn't become a Buddhist as a consequence, rather an occasional practitioner. I was more a '*crisis practitioner*,' really. This mode was not unlike my residual lapsed Catholicism that sometimes had me considering the usefulness of prayer - but only as a last resort. I found walking meditation more helpful at returning me to a more stable state when I occasionally became agitated by life's difficulties. Providing I kept at it for a few days I soon regained a sense of control. But I have to admit that once I regained my composure, I soon returned to my purely secular ways and a myriad of other realities quickly caught my attention.

However, Richard's ideas have influenced the manner in which I approach many activities now and my experience of them. But I digress. Essentially, the story of Richard and Ireland is one of celebration, joyful exploration and a meeting of minds at a level that is at once both intimate and deeply social. Indeed one of the truly high points of his first visit was an all-night party held for Richard. It celebrated Richard's presence and the special bond that had developed between all of us, and delivered tremendous joy to all present - a simple joy at being truly awake, alive and well and in such great company!

Over the years, Richard's practice with different communities evolved and we were not to see him again for a long time. However, he and I remained in contact and whenever we talked on the telephone we would immediately reconnect with the same sense of joyful exuberance. Our lives evolved in their different ways and time appeared not to matter. I was shocked recently however to discover that he had been unwell during the previous year and I had not known about it. But that was the way it was and I might be on the ninth green, playing golf, when suddenly there he was in my cell phone, larger than life, as ever. I wasn't happy though about our extended holiday and vowed that we

would meet the next time he was within range.

During a telephone conversation in 2005, I invited myself to the Buddhist Study Centre at Johanneshof in the Black Forest, where he was in residence for some months. For those who know him in his monastic role, I can appreciate what happens in 'practice' is all very normal. For me it was anything but, however, and I found some of the routines particularly *inspiring* in a chaotic sort of way, for example, rising at 4.30am each morning - *now, that leaves a mark!* Serendipity, or "*the long body*," as Richard calls it, had delivered me to this place just after my 60th birthday. Within a few days, I noted the emergence of a new self, one that had jettisoned a considerable lot of old something along the way. Here again was Richard, but this time in his own context, working hard at his craft, dealing with life's issues, preparing for numbers of talks, future sesshins and workshops, and enjoying his family and friends gathered around him. It was good to see him operating at so many levels and of course it was great to hang out again for the few precious days his gruelling schedule allowed us.

Richard's huge effort and scholarship will undoubtedly be acknowledged appropriately with time, as will his unique influence on the lives of all those he has touched. For my part, I would like to take this opportunity to acknowledge his special contribution to mindfulness and joyful living; his passion for honest debate and exploration and his great sense of humour - a wonderful added benefit for those lucky to be near him. But above all else, I want to thank him for the generous manner in which he included me into his extraordinary world, and for his patience in providing me with good explanations regarding important matters that were well beyond my comprehension otherwise. Richard has been a very positive influence and has been extraordinarily accepting and supportive over the years. He is indeed a good friend.



When my father died and I looked upon him dead I thought he had drunk life to its very last drop. I was always amused by the association of lees and dregs, the remains beneath the last drop. A robust man who was always in good health throughout his life, he left behind a shell—it had all drained out. I was reminded of the metaphor of the dead, known as shades or shadows, in the *Odyssey*, during Odysseus' descent to the Underworld: "after images of used-up men." As I looked upon my father from the foot of the bed, I also was reminded of Mantegna's painting of the dead Jesus. My father's physique had been developed on a Norwegian immigrant family farm in rural Wisconsin. He especially disliked shocking grain. Barley. The beards got inside your shirt and made you bleed. He managed to escape the farm and sneaked off to high school and then again years later to college and medical school. He was an indefatigable doctor and one of the few ecstatic professionals I have known, so happy to practice medicine. During one horrendous snowstorm in Milwaukee, over a twenty-four hour period, he walked from house to house, delivering babies. I can't remember the count, but his name appeared in the newspaper. He died at 100.

I don't know why I think of my father in writing this homage to Richard Baker. Richard is not a father figure for me, more like the younger brother I never had but always wanted. We met over the phone, which, if you have ever observed Richard on

the phone, was appropriate. We both share that “get it on” characteristic, welcoming chance encounters of any sort, pick-up artists on the make, but he is less self-conscious about it than I. He’ll attempt to make lifelong friends with an operator during the interval between the area code and the number. They might meet for coffee if it weren’t for the thousands of miles separating them, which the operator regards as daunting, but not Richard. So when Richard called, somewhere around 1965, I can still remember standing in the hallway of our home in Cambridge and finally having to sit down because I had unaccountably met a friend for life on the other end of the line and I knew that this was going to be a long call. When I was young, riding the streetcar in Milwaukee, I would fantasize about making friends for life, just by glancing at someone standing on the corner. It is an odd personality trait, I admit, and it probably has something to do with Plato’s doctrine of recollection: we recall what we knew in a past life, when we learn something in this life. Haven’t we met before? The trajectory of desire carries a heavy load.

The Greeks called it *eros*, that arrow of longing, the desire for fulfillment, reaching for it, anticipating it, even if it takes a lifetime; the *eros* of friendship where the word is *philia*. I’ve had a few great friends in my life and Richard is one of them. So that day on the phone there was something in his voice and his manner that clicked with me. He was looking for Tillich and/or Erikson to invite to a conference he was organizing at Asilomar. I think it was on identity. I had been a student of both and knew they were not available: Erikson was in India working on his Gandhi book and Tillich was in Chicago and too old. What about me? But he didn’t have a spot. Come on, if you can’t get Tillich or Erikson, you must have a spot. Okay, he could put me on a panel. Can I bring my wife? He laughed at that and said, *sure*. So Charlene and I got a free trip to Santa Cruz, California where I was going to teach next, and we hoped to get an impression of the place before moving. Santa Cruz is located on

the north shore of Monterey Bay, thirty miles from Asilomar.

Richard and Virginia and my wife and I had a drink in the bar at Asilomar and they told us they were practicing Zen Buddhists. I think I looked at my wife and we slightly raised our eyebrows. After all, we were in California. I had met one Zen Buddhist before whose name was Hisamatsu and he was a dandy. He was in residence at Harvard, having discussions with Tillich, some of which I attended. I didn't follow the discussion but it was fun observing Hisamatsu. He gave off a certain ineffable glow, which I decided must come from a lot of sitting still. Tillich had written an essay called "Mind and Migration," which I liked, where he talked about the affinity of the human mind for the migratory impulse and how it was characteristic of the colonizing Greeks and had something to do with the rise of rational self-consciousness and the talent for self-transcendence. I thought with Richard I had a test case for the migratory mind. How was this guy, this New Englander to the core, going to take on a foreign culture, the culture of Japanese Zen Buddhism? What a challenge. I decided to become his Protestant Theological Witness (PTW).

So Richard and Virginia were our first California friends. Knowing that he was organizing conferences, I advised him to organize one on LSD, as it was certain to become the Next Big Thing. I was part of the Leary Group at Harvard and the editor of the *Psychedelic Review* along with Metzner and Von Eckartsberg. And so that is what Richard did. I came to regard it as my reception party to our new life in California because it took place a month before we relocated to Santa Cruz. The conference lasted a week. When it began to dawn on the people at UC Extension that the conference was a hot potato they tried to persuade Richard to cancel it. Okay, dis-invite Ginsberg, (as in Allen), and move it to San Francisco. Richard rented a house across the street where we conducted a nearly continuous party. I arrived a day before and was told to go to the Haight and visit the Psychedelic Bookstore. Then with Von Eckartsberg

to pick up Nina Graboi, who was staying with Alan Watts on his houseboat; and proceed to the party thrown by the Grateful Dead at a mansion in Marin. The drug laws had as yet to go into effect so Owsley, the notorious chemist who made bathtub acid, was in the mansion counting out his pills to anyone who wanted them. He was a character in a pale blue jump suit who gazed up at me and with a lazy stoned drawl, said, "My! You have a friendly and familiar face!" Almost everyone was nude. I watched them pass around joints rolled in newspapers. Newspapers! I had never seen anything like that before. And the freaks. Who were these freaks and who gave them permission to look the way they did? We wore button down shirts and Brooks Brothers suits. We were Harvard. We thought we were in charge. We were wrong. I didn't know what I was going to say the next day during the opening address at the conference, so I decided to describe the party as the "wave of the future." I called it "Psychedelic Style." Rolf Von Eckartsberg delivered a simulated acid session riff and for the sheer bravado of it, and perhaps owing to a contact high, got a five minute standing ovation. At a panel discussion, I overheard Sidney Cohen say to Tim Leary that if they blew up the stage that would be the end of the psychedelic movement. Leary said something like, *oh Sidney, you know it doesn't depend on us.*

After taking up residence in Santa Cruz, we made a trip to San Francisco at least once a month to check in on the scene and visit with the Bakers. We went dancing. I particularly liked the Quicksilver Messenger Service. Richard danced in a stiff upright way with his index fingers jutting up in the air as if he was some displaced Egyptian. Just for showing up you could get a free poster, which became collectibles.

Richard and Virginia and Charlene and I went to the Fleur de Lis Restaurant in San Francisco for dinner and had a meal of a lifetime. It was one of those moments where everything was perfect, especially the waiter; a Platonic essence of a waiter in his tux, all charm and suave finesse. We ascended to that place

where an ecstatic friendship can take one on the rare occasion when the experience gathers up and sums up all the affection and love shared for a lifetime. We often make reference to that evening and that experience as definitive.

I caught some of the entrepreneurial spirit of Zen Center and all the projects Richard started, and when the Work Company he wanted to organize to provide employment to Zen Center students with local community improvement projects in mind didn't work, I decided to try one in Santa Cruz, with my co-director, Page Smith, as one of the projects of our William James Association. We eventually found 30,000 part-time short-term jobs for our clients known locally as the Undesirable Transient Element, or Ute's. That was the obtuse bureaucratic name for Hippies. *Thanks for the idea, Richard.*

I learned how to sit. I got to like tatami mats and pillows and pads and the whole ball of wax, the bells, the gongs, the hammer on the board and its falling staccato music, the chanting, like elephant seals in bliss, the tea ceremony with Nakamura-san and her entourage. And all the luminaries who took up more than all the oxygen in the room: Robert Duncan, Michael McClure, Michael Murphy, Sim Van der Ryn, Stewart Brand, Paul Hawken, Rusty Schweikhart, that guy who wore white silk suits and was such a dude and who was into right livelihood so long as there was a good looking woman involved, the lawyer who became a judge, Jerry Brown, Barzaghi, just to name some of the guys. They always sat in the front row, that is, the psychic front row. Then came Tassajara. Richard picked me up and we drove down the coast. I thought it was perfect. Just when you thought nothing could be there in the depths of those precipitous, jade-green mountains—nothing—there it was, an old Native American spa. As they say in Baden-Baden, we took the waters. It became a place of enthralling magical charm.

One day a guy blew in our front door and introduced himself. He had been sent by Richard. An unwrapped gift. We were to become friends. He was fast; he talked a mile a minute; he

told us a Joan Crawford joke—I mean, a joke Joan Crawford had told *him* about a Long Island duck—he pushed his chair back from the dinner table and fell over on his head, he laughed so hard. He knew Richard Gere, he had dinner with Prince Rupert, he managed the Rolling Stones...but I'm getting ahead of the story. He was Earl McGrath. Here was another matter of affinity, linked analogies, secret correspondences, soul mates. He was from Superior, of course, Wisconsin, and later he would drive to our summer home in northern Wisconsin, in a roaring sports car, down the lawn and onto the point in front of our lakeside house and park and wave, to the delight of our daughter, Jessica, who, at three, decided this was her first boyfriend, but for the fact that he was married to an Italian countess.

Richard went to Boston to learn high finance. He telephoned from a bed he said he had to jump into, it was so high. He told me about his work and mentioned that the City Hall was for sale, and so I called my pal, Lucien Robert, who ran Maitre Jacques, a French restaurant in Boston, who was looking for a new site and so Lucien bought City Hall, which became Maison Robert.

Then came the High Mountain Throne of the Buddha Ceremony when Richard was installed as Abbot. Suzuki Roshi was dying. Richard had returned from Japan where he had been sent to chill out and learn how to beg and knuckle under in preparation for the Transmission. The Great Transmission! Now *there* is a theme the Protestant Theological Witness (PTW) can sink his teeth into. It reminded me of the Apostolic Succession in the Christian tradition and the laying-on of hands. The transmission of *spiritual substance* is not an oxymoron. Suzuki had gone to Japan to transmit to Richard. What I understood from hearing about it secondhand was that, in effect, you steel yourself on the track and then a locomotive comes full throttle and hits you head on. It was a force I didn't know anyone could incorporate, let alone withstand. Talk about cross-fertilization of cultures and spiritual traditions! And now Suzuki was dying and

Richard was called back. Earl and Charlene and I were honored guests, ushered into special seats. Visiting dignitaries had taken their places. We had been escorted in to see Richard for a few minutes before the ceremony. We hadn't seen him for, how long? Three years? He warned me that he would be changed. It was a rare and awesome encounter. I was preparing myself for the ceremony of a lifetime. My Witness sat at attention and kicked into high gear. Richard started out down the block. Those of us in the Zendo sensed his movement as he and his retinue drew near. Finally, he entered and took his place on the throne, his peaked hat almost touching the ceiling. Suzuki Roshi entered, pea green in color. Everyone gasped audibly. He was borne up by his son, a burden more than anyone could bear. Suzuki took his place. It seemed he might actually die on the spot. Typically Zen. But he didn't. Three times Richard offered incense, once to Trudy Dixon, once to someone whose name I can't recall, and then to Roshi:

*“Walking in Buddha’s gentle rain,
our robes are soaked through,
but on the lotus, not a drop remains.”*

The pressure in the room was so intense that I thought I might easily push my chair out through the wall and out into the street. I heard a bus drive by. I thought: *there is another world out there utterly different and separate from the one in here and they have nothing to do with one another.* We were in a self-enclosed and transcendent place.

Bill Kwong approached Richard and received a nod. “Host or guest?” Richard asked, and then Kwong yelled in a very loud and aggressive voice as though he was taking charge. I thought, my god, Richard is going to decide his authority in this ritual moment. Right now. After the shout, Richard said, “Speak again. And don't raise your voice.” The Protestant Theological Witness nodded his head in admiring appreciation. The Transmission was manifest.

Suzuki Roshi died a week later as the bell rang for sesshin.

When my teacher, Tillich, died, his wife, Hannah, was at his side. She said he blew his life away in one last heaving gasp. Tillich's great sighs were one of his most striking features. St. Paul characterized prayer as "sighs too deep for words" where the Spirit of God bears witness to our spirit. And then, as though walking in Buddha's gentle rain, Hannah said, on his forehead, a lotus bloomed.

In 1967, after I started the Student Garden Project, at UCSC, with Alan Chadwick, I realized he had taken no time off from a grueling schedule and so I decided to bring him to Tassajara for a weekend. Richard had come by to pick me up on one of the early visits when Zen Center was considering buying Tassajara, and once the monastery and the guest schedule commenced I knew it would be a perfect retreat for Alan. As soon as we got there he looked the place over for a prospective garden site and started recruiting gardeners to begin to dig. Thus was launched the affiliation of Alan with Zen Center that eventually led to Alan going to Green Gulch, the Zen Center Farm at Muir Beach, and starting the garden there. Alan was very difficult as he suffered from an old-fashioned form of neurasthenia, meaning his nerves were shot, apparently the result of his having served on a mine-sweeper during the second World War. Loud noises set him off; he lost his temper at odd moments and over seemingly arbitrary provocations. As a former professional actor he infused his temper fits with the full force of his theatrical training, like King Lear striding on the heath. We learned to take it like the weather. Sunny weather followed storms. Late in life when he developed prostate cancer and needed care I appealed to Richard and Virginia to take him back and give him a place to die, so Alan returned to Green Gulch. I remember seeing then-Governor Jerry Brown, hat in hand, waiting to go in to hear one of Alan's deathbed talks.

As it was clear Alan's cancer was terminal, I thought it was important to organize a farewell for everyone to pay their last respects. I used the meeting as an occasion to organize the

Chadwick Apprentice Guild, the Chadwick Newsletter, and the Chadwick Society, with Virginia Baker. It turned out to be the day of one of the worst ocean storms in memory as though nature was participating in our grief for Alan's condition. He pulled himself from his bed, put on his powder blue Good Will suit and charmed us again with his favorite fairy tales about the Nightingale and the Emperor and the angelic forces become herbs—Rosemary and Calendula.

When he was on the edge of death, Richard called to warn me, saying that he thought Alan was going to die because he was kneeling in prayer beside his bed. Richard put the phone down and in a minute returned to report that Alan was dead. I experienced a terrible paroxysm of grief, a force that blew through me like a tornado and carried me out of the house to the front lawn where I felt I was taken up by a skyhook and made to turn a somersault in the air before landing again on my feet. I remembered the words of Tillich: "Nature, too, mourns for a lost good."

Richard conducted the funeral at Green Gulch. A photo of Alan from his London theatre days was on the altar. At the end of the service Richard gazed up and raised his arms in an awesome gesture and said, *now go, Alan, go*, and released him for all of us, as he was carried to his rest.

Some time later, I met Alice Waters at Green Gulch. She was on a produce-buying visit; and she, too, had taken part in Alan's bedside talks. I am proud to think that Alan played some role in the new California cuisine Waters has championed, and happy that Green Gulch provided the produce for the Green Grocer and Greens Restaurant, in San Francisco, both projects stemming from Richard and the Zen Center.

In June of 1973, inspired by Alan and the introduction of Biodynamic and French intensive systems that associated organic gardening and farming with land reform, I organized a Regional Land Reform Conference in Santa Cruz. I was convinced that the next big thing after Civil Rights would be Land Reform.

After all, that was how it had transpired in India, when Vinoba Bhave succeeded Gandhi and initiated the Bhoodan, the land gift movement. I was going to follow in Vinoba Bhave's footsteps. Page Smith and I had already teamed up in the William James Association, which we had founded in Santa Cruz after leaving the university. We had sketched out the history of the moral equivalent of war based on the now-famous speech William James delivered at Stanford in 1906, one of several defining themes for the twentieth century. Pursuing the theme through the twin streams of the civil rights movement and the voluntary work service movement, I believed land reform was next. I was wrong. Almost no one came—except Richard. I had invited him to speak. Fortunately, I had invited about thirty others to speak as well, and they constituted the audience. We talked to ourselves, in effect.

On one occasion Richard sent an unsolicited \$200 donation for the William James Association. It was a generous gesture; Richard was famous for his generosity. Some time later he asked me why I had never donated to Zen Center. I must have looked blank. "Well, I sent you one," he said. "You should return the favor. Spread it around." It was an object lesson I have yet to forget.

I had been denied tenure at UCSC, and after Richard was denied tenure at Zen Center, he looked at me and said, "You know, I didn't really appreciate what you suffered until now." He walked from Zen Center in San Francisco to our home in Santa Cruz. Along the way Heinz and Elaine Pagels picked him up and wined and dined him, which some of us thought was cheating. Arriving at our house, he slept on an old couch in the patio and he did zazen on a deck in the backyard next to a small stream where he could hear the sound of running water.

I tried to console Richard by recalling for him St. Paul's words regarding his "thorn in the flesh," where he boasts of his weaknesses—typical Paulinian paradoxical language. He prays to God to have the thorn removed, as though re-enacting the

prayer of Jesus in his agony in the garden of Gethsemane, to have the cup of suffering taken from him. God's answer is good for both of them: "My grace is sufficient for you, for my strength is made perfect in weakness." So Paul boasts of his weaknesses by way of confessing them, because where he is weak, there he is strong: transparency before one's weaknesses is the message.

Richard and I would meet in New York and have dinner with Earl. We went to the Russian Tea Room, which was always fun—high jinks and conviviality. Three friends enjoying each other. The word *meld* comes to mind, melding in the bond of friendship.

One morning at Tassajara I got up to sit, and entering the zendo, I noticed that I was alone. Even though it was around five in the morning I was early. Early? I like getting up at ten a.m. But nobody was there. I sat down to wait for zazen to begin. I felt sort of enlightened when the following koan came to me: "How long do I have to sit here before I have to sit here?" I was reminded of W. C. Fields, who always carried a thermos of gin to the studio and called it his tomato juice. One day a wag substituted a thermos of tomato juice. W. C. Fields said, "Who put tomato juice in my tomato juice?"

Another experience of near enlightenment occurred when I went to Europe, to follow in the footsteps of the Italian Journey of Goethe, with Rolf Von Eckartsberg, on the trip of a lifetime. We had visited Graf von Dürkheim, who had brought Zen Buddhism to Germany after practicing it in Japan where he had been caught during the war. Rolf and I sat zazen with him. I think it was at Johanneshof; a remarkable coincidence now that twenty years later Richard has taken up residence there. Rolf and I went to the Matterhorn on Pentecost. It was a perfectly clear Sunday and we could see the mountain in all its glory as we rode a cog train up to the observer site. We climbed out and looked around. There was a great scattering of refuse that had not been picked up. Tourist garbage. It was appalling. In a fit of environmental zeal, we found plastic bags and policed the area.

On the hike back down we separated in order to be alone for a while, and while sitting zazen in a grotto looking out at the mountain a voice said, *straighten up your back, here it comes*; and a kundalini experience ensued. I was somewhat disconcerted and tipped my head forward and it dissipated at my neck. I wasn't ready for the full shot.

Another experience of near enlightenment has been watching Richard fuss with his robes after he enters and sits down for zazen. As he settles in and arranges himself, I was transfixed; it reminded me of listening to Ravi Shankar tune up and suddenly realizing that he was giving a lesson in the history of the sitar. People talked and neglected to pay attention. They thought the concert would begin after the tuning, when it had already begun. From then on, thanks to John Cage opening my ears to random sounds as music, I listen to symphonies tuning up as another piece on the program, albeit unannounced. So, observing Richard fuss with his robes was like a piece of music by John Cage—you had to listen very carefully for the rustle.

I owe my friendship with Kobun Chino Roshi to Richard. I met him the first time at Tassajara where he was the monk in residence, recently arrived from Japan. He had been called in to tighten up the practice. He spoke in the zendo after dinner and every time he wanted to make a point about loose talk and loose morals he would turn up the flame in the kerosene lamp next to him and it would shoot up out of the glass cone. Everyone gasped. I considered it a great pedagogical aid. I asked for an audience. Over the weekend three questions had formed in my mind and I wanted to ask Kobun for the answers. I was ushered in at noon. "I have three questions for you to answer," I said, and he asked if I wanted him to answer them one after another, or all at once. I could have quit right there. "One after another," I replied.

The first was, "What is the dharma?" He spoke about the law of transitoriness and told me a story about a disciple and his master standing on a bridge and watching the stream flow beneath.

Then I asked him, "What is a dharma brother?" He answered by saying that my fellow students under Tillich at Harvard were dharma brothers just as the fellow students who studied under his father with him were his dharma brothers, his father being the head of the temple. That was the narrow sense of the matter. The broad sense was compassionate fellowship and kinship with all sentient beings.

Finally I asked him if he would reveal the dharma to me. So he told me about the death of his father. When his father was about to die Kobun and his dharma brothers had been asked to gather at his side. His father went into *zazen*, and died. As he said this he imitated his father going into *zazen* by the positioning of his hands, as if he were drawing the circle that reminded me of the sign of Suzuki Roshi. In that instant he identified with his father at his moment of death. Kobun fell into a brief reverie and then asked me if I wanted some tea.

Richard mentioned that he was going to meet Huey Newton with our old friend, Gerd Stern. I wanted to go along because I had heard of discussions Huey undertook with Erik Erikson and his son, Kai, at Yale, which were published under the title, "In Search Of Common Ground." So there was Huey Newton in his Oakland penthouse, every bit a black panther, lithe and high strung and eager to engage in serious discussion about intercommunalism and a political vision that sounded a lot like the Apostle Paul. Later, when I heard that he wanted to return to college to finish his undergraduate degree and attend the University of California, Santa Cruz, where I was teaching philosophy at the time, and that Huey had fallen out with his colleague who had been a member of the Panthers, Herman Blake, a professor of sociology at UCSC, I offered to stand in for Blake and act as Huey's academic advisor. We were talking about it on the phone and I remember hesitating, wondering if my daemon, like Socrates' daemon, would say *no!* During a momentary pause in the conversation I asked myself if I was willing to make an unconditional commitment to someone who was as

dangerous as Huey Newton, and I decided that I would. Huey went on to complete his undergraduate degree, many of his classes having been held at my home, a few blocks from campus. I remember one session in particular, with Huey and Norman O. Brown, an old Marxist and supporter of Henry Wallace. As Page Smith and I sat on the side, simply listening to the character and tone of the conversation, a flower bloomed in the room. Later, Huey had to flee to Cuba in order to dodge charges that he had pistol-whipped his tailor and murdered a prostitute. After his Cuban exile he returned and took a PhD in the History of Consciousness Program, at UCSC. His thesis concerned the war against the Black Panther Party waged by the Establishment, and his documentation was provided by millions—*millions*—of pages acquired through the Freedom of Information Act. He struck me as the most hounded man in the history of the human race, and the hounding was thoroughly documented by the hounds themselves. Of the many with whom Richard and I shared a friendship, Huey Newton was the most tragic.

Zen Buddhism has influenced my interest in negative theology, a particular form of thought associated with a little-known figure in the Christian tradition, Dionysius the Areopagite, a convert of St. Paul's. On his visit to Athens, St. Paul strategically positioned himself before the altar Dionysius had established on the Areopagus to commemorate a mystical vision he had had when Jesus was crucified, the content of which he did not know, but for an eclipse of the sun. The altar was inscribed: *To an Unknown God*. In his address, Paul makes known the content and Dionysius is converted and becomes the first Bishop of Athens. Late in life, he journeyed to France and was martyred in Paris, beheaded on Montmartre (Mount of Martyrs), after which, it is said, he gathered up his head, washed it off at a fountain and walked some miles before he fell dead. It was all downhill. A wag said: the first step was the hardest. The first gothic cathedral in Europe was erected on the site: the Royal

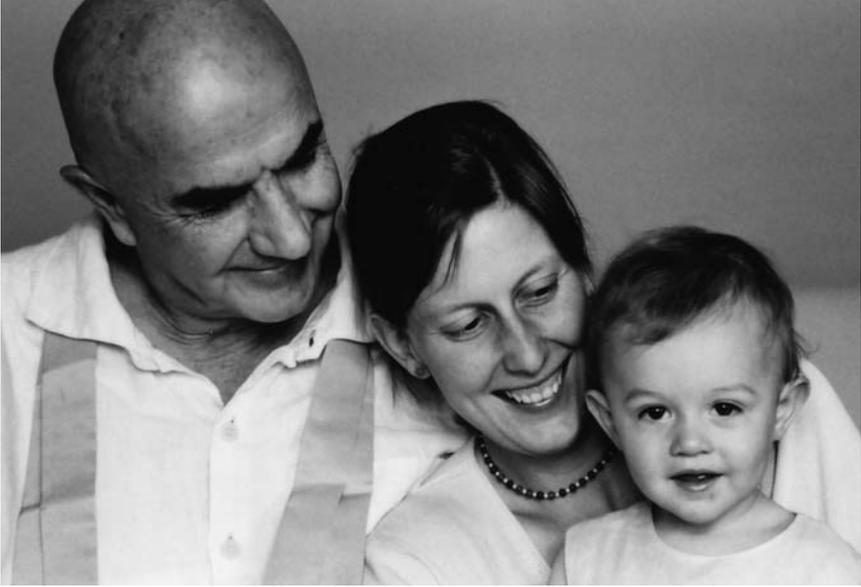
Abbaye of St. Denis (French for Dionysius); St. Denis became the Patron Saint of France. There is another one, if you count the first one as two, (the Athenian and the Patron Saint, whom tradition identifies). The third is known as Pseudo-Dionysius the Areopagite, who lived a few hundred years later and wrote under the name of the Saint. His mystical tracts are known as Apophatic, or Negative Theology, not unlike the Zen logic of negation. Pseudo-Dionysius makes it clear that language transcends itself in sentences about God, who is basically unknowable and beyond everything we can think or say, so simply negate and keep going. Reason in ecstasy is what it takes to talk about God, as in Augustine's Confessions. I went to France on a kind of pilgrimage in honor of St. Denis and found a 14th century granite sculpting of him holding his head and dressed in priestly vestments. I bought it for my 70th birthday and it stands in a small alcove next to my front door. Instead of wearing my heart on my sleeve, I hold my head in my hands, in the tradition of St. Denis. As Kierkegaard said, *set reason aside*. This tradition in Western Christian theology is my link with Zen.

My wife, Charlene, and I were invited to the wedding. I was asked to give a prayer. It was a great moment and everyone was appreciative. I felt I had hit a home run before the crowned heads of Europe. A soft rain fell and everyone was given a purple umbrella while exiting; a lovely sight, all those purple umbrellas.

Richard insisted I visit Crestone. I was born nearby and wanted to make a return trip to my place of birth, LaVeta, located in a remote area of Southern Colorado where my father had started his medical practice. The name itself—LaVeta—struck me as amazing, because I am a Neo-vitalist, and it seemed as though my birth place had prepared the way for my philosophical orientation. LaVeta is rather mythical in its geography. The main street looks out onto the Huajatollas, or Spanish Peaks, meaning “women’s breasts,” two snow-capped peaks of spectacular beauty. I was born in the cleft, a rather nurturing

place to begin one's existence on earth. So Richard and Gerd Stern and his friend, and I, took a trip to LaVeta and we stood in the room where I was born. When we had first arrived, the lady who now runs the place as The 1899 Inn, once our home as well as the town hospital, came to the door. I said, "I was born here." She said, "You must be Dr. Lee's son."

And now I remember why I was thinking of my father. It was that last drop, after which there is no more, like the lotus, blooming on the forehead of death, life drunk down to the dregs, when not a drop remains.



WITH MARIE-LOUISE AND SOPHIA. PHOTO BY KAREN FUCHS

CONTRIBUTORS

Edward Avedisian - a noted American artist. His work in the permanent collection of the Whitney as well as in the collections of the Museum of Modern Art, the Guggenheim, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art, among others. Since moving to the River Valley, Hudson from New York City in the mid-1970s, Avedisian's work has shifted from minimalist abstractions to simple, bold scenes of everyday life in the Valley.

Guni Leila Baxa - Dr. Phil., Psychologin, Psychotherapeutin, Supervisorin, Lehrtherapeutin für Systemische Familientherapie. Mitbegründerin von APSYS (Institut für Systemische Praxis, Aufstellungs- und Rekonstruktionsarbeit). Mitherausgeberin des Buches "Verkörperungen. Systemische Aufstellung, Körperarbeit und Ritual," Heidelberg 2002.

Len Brackett - born and raised in Minnesota; met Dick there about 1960; became a cook at Tassajara Zen Mountain Center for two summers; graduated from Reed College; and, began making custom kayaks and canoes. He went to Japan, studied Zen and spent five years as a temple carpenter's apprentice. He married Toshiko Mishima, and had two children, Aya and Sylvan. He returned to the States in 1976 and established East Wind (Higashi Kaze), Inc. He has been building both traditional and westernized Japanese houses ever since. About 1990, he became a falconer, and now hunts with hawks and falcons when not

building. Most recently wrote *Building the Japanese House Today* with Peggy Rao in 2005.

David Chadwick - born in Fort Worth, Texas 1945, civil rights, SDS, Mexico, LSD, etc. He arrived at Zen Center in '66; helped get Tassajara going, studied with Shunryu Suzuki and Richard Baker; and worked at Green Gulch Green Grocer; Greens Restaurant and the Neighborhood Foundation. He has written lots of music. He has written *Thank You and OK!: an American Zen Failure in Japan*, on four years in Japan, *Crooked Cucumber* and *To Shine One Corner of the World*. His website www.cuke.com has lots more to say.

Zenki Christian Dillo - began practicing with Baker Roshi and the Dharma Sangha in 1997. Since 2000 he has been a resident and staff member at the Buddhist Study Center Johanneshof, Germany, and later at the Crestone Mountain Zen Center, where he currently serves as director. He received monk ordination from Baker Roshi in 2003. In 2005 he was the head monk (Shuso) of the annual Practice Period at Crestone Mountain Zen Center.

Siegfried Essen - (Jg. 40) Theologie- und Psychologie-Studium. Lebt seit 1980 als Psychotherapeut in Graz, Österreich. Er ist in Individualpsychologie, Gestalttherapie und systemischer Familientherapie ausgebildet und hat langjährige Erfahrung mit Skulpturarbeit und Familien-Aufstellungen. Spirituell-systemische Selbsterfahrung und Aufstellungsarbeit sind seine derzeitigen Arbeitsschwerpunkte. [Siegfried Essen, born in 1940, has studied clinical psychology and theology, and is a practicing psychotherapist (systemic family therapy, Gestalt, Adlerian psychology), as well as a trainer for systemic therapy with ÖAGG (Austria). His work is primarily focused on systemic therapy, systemic and structural constellations, and spiritual-systemic psychotherapy.

Zoketsu Norman Fischer - ordained by Zentatsu Baker Roshi in 1980, and received Dharma Transmission, permission to teach, from Sojun Mel Weitsman roshi in 1988. Norman served as co-Abbot of the San Francisco Zen Center from 1995-2000, when he founded the Everyday Zen Foundation, a religious non-profit dedicated to sharing Zen teachings and practice widely with the world. Like his teacher and mentor Philip Whalen, Norman has a terrible writing habit. His latest book of poetry is *I Was Blown Back*, and his latest Dharma book is *Taking Our Places*.

Mike Fitzgerald - has a background in psychologist, management and meditation. Recently retired from his position as head of external communications with Ireland's largest labour union, he has taken up painting. He has also been a university lecturer and adult trainer for the past three decades. He is a member of CIRCA Group Europe Ltd., a specialised Science Policy, R&D and Innovation consultancy company and is a director of IDEAS Institute Ltd., an innovation centre aimed at improving the living and working conditions of employees. He is married and has 4 children and his interests include art, travel, politics, golf (just a little) and applied psychology.

Zenki Blanche Hartman - born in Birmingham, Alabama in 1926. She moved to California in 1942 and married Shuun Lou Hartman in 1947. They have four children and six grandchildren. She began to sit zazen at the Berkeley Zendo with Sojun Mel Weitsman and at Sokoji Temple with Shunryu Suzuki roshi in 1969. In 1972, she left her job as a biostatistician for the state health department to participate in the fall practice period at Tassajara with Zentatsu Baker Roshi. She has been living at San Francisco Zen Center, training and serving in various capacities, at its three locations, since that time. She trained as head monk with Zentatsu Roshi and received Dharma Transmission from Sojun Roshi. She served as Abbess from 1996 to 2003.

Mitsuzen Lou Hartman - born 1915, Brooklyn, New York. First commercial radio broadcast, 1925. Last commercial broadcast (blacklisted), 1957. Ordained by Baker Roshi 1977. Laid aside Okesa (i.e., robe), 1996

Huey Johnson - the founder and President of the Resource Renewal Institute (RRI). As president of RRI, he has become the leading U.S. proponent of “Green Plans” — long-term, comprehensive strategies for achieving environmental sustainability. He also founded the Trust For Public Land, now America’s fifth largest environmental organization, as well as the Grand Canyon Trust and the Environmental Liaison Center. He served as Secretary of Resources, for California, from 1978 to 1982. One of his most notable achievements as Secretary of Resources was to launch an “Investing for Prosperity” program that stimulated a billion dollars of investment in preserving California’s natural resources.

Burney LeBoeuf - a retired Professor of Marine Biology and UC Santa Cruz and the world authority on the sexual mating habits of male elephant seals. He is currently Ass’t Vice-Chancellor of Research at UCSC. A bon vivant Cajun, he makes wine from his vineyard at El Refugio just outside Santa Cruz.

Paul Lee - Harvard-educated (PhD in Philosophy as well as a graduate of the Divinity School), University Professor of philosophy (Harvard, MIT and UC Santa Cruz), Founder of the UCSC Garden Project (with Alan Chadwick), Protestant Lutheran Minister, community activist and homeless advocate, environmentalist, Antiquarian book collector, and husband of Charlene Lee.

Deborah Madison - a student at the SFZC from 1968 until 1984. During much of her time there she cooked at Page Street, and at Tassajara, The Wheelwright Center and for Baker Roshi, becoming the founding chef of Greens restaurant. Since then

she has opened other restaurants, written eight cookbooks and taught cooking. She is presently a very active member and leader of Slow Food. She makes her home in Galisteo, New Mexico, with artist and former Zen student, Patrick McFarlin.

Earl McGrath - met Richard Baker in the Merchant Marines where they became friends. After a distinguished career in the film and music industry (he managed the Rolling Stones for ten years) he runs the Earl McGrath Art Gallery in New York and Los Angeles.

Michael McClure - arrived in San Francisco at the age of twenty-one to study the philosophy of postwar art. Through his varied interests, and in the disparate groups with which he associated - writers, rock musicians, painters, later Hell's Angels - he, more than any other poet of our time, has manifested the "myriad-mindedness" of the so-called San Francisco Renaissance, providing a bridge between the worlds of art, theater, and poetry. His published works include: *Ghost Tantras*, *The Beard*, *Rare Angel*, *Touching the Edge*; *Dharma Devotions from the Hummingbird Sangha* and recorded collaborations such as "Love Lion" with keyboardist Ray Manzarek

Michael Murphy - co-founder and Chairman of the Board of the Esalen Institute. Murphy was born in Salinas, California, graduated from Stanford University, and lived for a year at the Sri Aurobindo Ashram in Pondicherry, India. In 1980, he helped initiate Esalen's Soviet-American Exchange Program, which was a premiere diplomacy vehicle for citizen-to-citizen relations, and which played a significant role in breaking down the barriers between the Russian and American peoples. In 1990, Boris Yeltsin's first visit to the U.S. was initiated by the Institute. Esalen, the world's most famous growth center, is also a groundbreaking research site. Preparatory work for Murphy's book *The Future of the Body* began in 1977 with the building of an

archive of more than 10,000 studies of exceptional human functioning. His other written works / collaborations include: *Golf in the Kingdom, An End to Ordinary History, In the Zone, The Physical and Psychological Effects of Meditation*, and most recently, *God and the Evolving Universe*.

Tenryu Paul Rosenblum - received a degree in Religious Philosophy with a focus on Buddhist and Sanskrit studies from the University of Pennsylvania. Rather than entering a doctoral program in Buddhist Studies and pursuing a career as a scholar, he traveled to California and began Zen practice with Shunryu Suzuki Roshi at the San Francisco Zen Center in 1968. Tenryu is a disciple of Zentatsu Baker Roshi and has received Dharma Transmission from him. He is currently a teacher in the Dharma Sangha which includes several months each year as guest teacher at Johannesburg. Tenryu also practices regularly with the Dharma Sangha group in Vienna, Austria.

Yozen Peter Schneider - teaches with his wife Jane at the Beginner's Mind Zen Center in Northridge California. He began his practice with Suzuki Roshi in 1967 at Tassajara Zen Mountain Center. In 1971, Peter and Jane went to Japan for six months on an SFZC scholarship to study Buddhism and remained for 22 years. He was ordained by Suzuki Roshi in 1970 and received dharma transmission from Sojun Mel Weitsman roshi in 2002.

Reb Zalman Schachter-Shalomi - considered the founder of the Jewish Renewal movement, he was ordained as a rabbi within the Chabad Lubavitch community, and served Chabad congregations in Massachusetts and Connecticut. In later years, Reb Zalman held the World Wisdom Chair at The Naropa Institute; he is Professor Emeritus at both Naropa and Temple University. Founder of the Aleph Ordination Programs and Aleph: Alliance for Jewish Renewal, he is a major figure in the movement to renew and revitalize Judaism. He is known for present-

ing the teachings of Hasidism and Kabbalah in a contemporary and heartfelt manner; the seminary he founded has ordained rabbis and cantors who have pulpits and teaching positions within every Jewish denomination. Among his many writings, the evolution of his thought from traditional Chabad philosophy to Jewish Renewal can be found in his collections of essays and lectures, *Paradigm Shift* and *Wrapped in a Holy Flame*.

Mitsu Suzuki Sensei - the widow of Suzuki Roshi. She remained at San Francisco Zen Center for more than 20 years following his death, teaching tea ceremony, practicing Zen and caring for the students. With the encouragement of Suzuki Roshi, she began writing haiku in 1970; an anthology of her poems, *Temple Dust: Zen Haiku*, has been published in English. In 1993, she returned to Japan to live with her daughter, Harumi, in Shizuoka, not far from Rinso-in, Suzuki Roshi's home temple in Japan.

Brother David Steindl-Rast - born in 1926, in Vienna, Austria. He studied art, anthropology, and psychology, and received a PhD from the University of Vienna. In 1952 he immigrated to the United States and shortly thereafter joined a newly founded Benedictine community in Elmira, NY, Mount Saviour Monastery, of which he is now a senior member. After twelve years of monastic training and studies in philosophy and theology, Brother David was sent by his Abbot to participate in Buddhist-Christian dialogue. His Zen teachers were Hakkuun Yasutani Roshi, Soen Nakagawa Roshi, Shunryu Suzuki Roshi, and Eido Shimano Roshi. Together with Thomas Merton, Brother David helped launch a renewal of religious life. From 1970 on, he became a leading figure in the House of Prayer movement, which affected some 200,000 members of religious orders in the United States and Canada. Among his numerous books, *Gratefulness, the Heart of Prayer* and *A Listening Heart* have been reprinted and anthologized for more than two decades. At

present, Brother David serves a worldwide Network for Grateful Living, through www.gratefulness.org, an interactive website with several thousand participants daily from more than 235 countries.

Gerd Stern - a visionary and innovative poet and pioneer multi-media artist living presently in northern New Jersey, and at Poetreef, his home on the Caribbean island of Jamaica. He has had a number of published books of poems, and is best known for his work with the communal group, USCO, is presently part of the "Summer of Love" - psychedelic art of the "60's, exhibition, originally shown at the Tate Liverpool, then at the Schirn Museum in Frankfurt and on to Vienna's Kunsthalle and the U.S. He is a prolific writer, and at the age of 77 is busy with public readings and exhibitions of new work.

William Irwin Thompson - born in Chicago in 1938, and moved to Southern California in 1945. He graduated from Pomona College and received his doctorate from Cornell. Thompson has taught at Cornell University, MIT, Syracuse University and York University in Toronto, the University of Hawaii at Manoa and was a Rockefeller Scholar at the California Institute of Integral Studies in San Francisco. His interdisciplinary interests include anthropology, philosophy, literature and cultural history. Author of many books, including the popular *The Edge of History*.

In 1972, Thompson founded the Lindisfarne Association as an alternative way for the humanities to develop in a scientific and technical civilization. Lindisfarne became an association of scientists, artists, scholars, and contemplatives devoted to the study and realization of a new planetary culture. Lindisfarne began its activities in Southampton, New York in 1973, moved to Manhattan in 1976, and, finally, to Crestone, Colorado in 1979, where today the Lindisfarne Chapel is located at Crestone Mountain Zen Center.

Sim Van der Ryn, - President of Van der Ryn Eco-Design Collaborative, is a renowned leader in sustainable architecture. His design, planning, teaching and public leadership has advanced the viability, acceptance and knowledge base of ecological principles and practices in architecture and planning. His career has included serving as the California State Architect under Governor Jerry Brown, as Professor of Architecture at UC Berkeley, for more than thirty years, and as the founder of the Farallones Institute. He is the author of a number of books including the recently released *Design For Life: The Architecture of Sim Van der Ryn*.

Dojun Dan Welch - a Dharma heir of Baker Roshi has served as Assistant Abbot at Crestone Mountain Zen Center since 1999. Dan developed an interest in Zen Buddhism while in high school in Stockton, California in 1960. After a year of residential apprentice training at the Koko-an Zendo in Hawaii he was accepted to practice as a layman at Ryutaku-ji in Japan under Soen Nakagawa-roshi from 1962 to 1964. From 1967 to 1972, he helped to open and develop Tassajara Zen Mountain Center. In 1970 he received the Bodhisattva Vows and Precepts (priest ordination) from Shunryu Suzuki Roshi.

Shosan Gerald Weischede - began studying with Zentatsu Richard Baker Roshi in 1983 and has received Dharma Transmission from him. With his wife Gisela, Gerald has helped to establish the Crestone Mountain Zen Center in Colorado and Johanneshof, in the Black Forrest in Southern Germany. He currently lives and teaches in Göttingen, Germany.

Zenshin Philip Whalen - born in Portland, Oregon. He roomed with future poets Gary Snyder and Lew Welch at Reed College. Zenshin did not immediately pursue a career in poetry, but fell into it after Snyder asked him to take part in the famous Six Gallery poetry reading in 1955. A good portrait of Philip,

Snyder's slightly older and chubbier Zen-poet friend, appears in *The Dharma Bums* by Jack Kerouac (the character's name is Warren Coughlin). He is generally considered one of the pioneering forces behind the San Francisco Poetry Renaissance of the mid-1950s and published many highly respected works of poetry including: *On Bear's Head*, *The Kindness of Strangers*, *Canoeing Up Cabarga Creek: Buddhist Poems*, and *Overtime: Selected Poems*. Zenshin became a disciple of Zentatsu Baker Roshi in the 1980's; he was ordained by and received Dharma Transmission from him. He served as Abbot of Hartford Street Zen Center and lived out his last days as a beloved and respected Zen Teacher.