

"Go, my disciple.

You have completed your practice for this life and acquired a genuine warm heart, a pure and undefiled Buddha Mind, and have joined our *Sangha*.

Because of your complete practice your mind has transcended far beyond your physical sickness, and it has taken full care of your sickness like a nurse.

Dogen Zenji, the founder of our sect, says "Buddha Mind differentiates itself into the Three Minds: the Joyful Mind, the Kind Mind, and the Magnanimous Mind."

"The Joyful Mind", Dogen says, "is the joyful frame of mind". A man of joyful mind is contented with his lot. Even in adversity he sees bright light. He finds the Buddha's place in different circumstances, easy and difficult. He feels joy even in painful conditions, and rejoices. For us, for all who have this joy of Buddha Mind, the world of birth and death is the world of Nirvana.

The "Compassionate Mind" is the affectionate mind of parents. Parents always think of the growth and welfare of their children, even to the neglect of their own circumstances. Our scriptures say "Buddha Mind is the mind of the great compassion."

The "Magnanimous Mind" is the mind which is as big as a mountain and as deep as an ocean. A man of Magnanimous Mind is impartial. He walks the middle way; he is never attached to any side, any extreme aspect of things. The Magnanimous Mind works justly and impartially.

Now you have acquired the Buddha Mind and become really a disciple of the Buddha. At this point, however, how can I express my true heart?
RRRRRRRRRROOOAARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!

At Tassajara, sitting outside of your cabin all night through . . . at first you made your trip with the moon and stars, and then followed the ever-flowing stream of Tassajara* . . .

July eleventh, Nineteen Sixty-nine."

SUZUKI ROSHI'S EULOGY FOR TRUDY DIXON,
GIVEN AT HER FUNERAL

**On July 1st Trudy made the difficult trip to Zen Mountain Center with her brother Jack who had come from Wyoming to see her. She wanted him to see Tassajara and to meet Suzuki Roshi. At night, she slept outside of her cabin in the moonlight. On the night of the 3rd, she shared a cup of water from Tassajara Creek with Roshi and her brother, and the next day was driven back to a hospital in San Francisco. She returned to Tassajara and zazen two days later and, on the 8th, she again left for the hospital where, early the next morning, she died.*



"We've rented a wheelchair and each day Angie and Mike push and hoist me outside to loll on the lounge under the pine and cherry boughs."

*To find in the words that are given us
To find in what yet may be given
The thread, the line
That can unravel how we feel
That can reveal*

*your unmasked being
As it now stares from the bed.*

*Such a hard dead word, dead
It has no life, no line
And at best
Only begins
The thread
Of what we must find.*

Gertrude Horton Dixon died July 9, 1969 at the age of 30 after a long struggle with and acceptance of cancer. She is survived by her husband Willard Michael Dixon (Mike) and their two children, Annie, age four, and Will, age two, and by many others whose lives are different because she lived.

It's hard to say more than just—Trudy died—because she was such a good friend and complete part of the life and community and development of Zen Center. She was the very close disciple of Zen Master Shunryu Suzuki Roshi. She was the wife of an extraordinary painter and natural musician, and the mother of a beautiful girl and boy. She and Mike were the strongest of the early Zen Center couples; and their meditation together, practice, and sense of community are one of the foundations of Zen Center.

“Was” is not the right word. Her spirit, courage, and work definitely go on in Zen Center. What is most essentially and truly Trudy is very much alive in what Zen means by Emptiness and Fullness and Buddha Nature, and is alive in no sentimental way in the wind, trees, flowers, friends, beings, and things that were life for her and that she gave life to. You cannot lose a book that has made its contents and deep spirit known. Trudy was a natural Zen teacher and during the last two years taught us as much about Zen as anyone could in a long lifetime. In many unknown ways life and death continue their identical expressions, and her unknown being continues beyond continuing and not continuing, as it did in life.

She took care of things, and did the things that she wanted to do and were necessary to do before she died. She saw many people and literally inspired them with a knowledge of True Being. Trudy often felt silence was enough and best, and yet her beautiful and clear writing and talking were an intrinsic part of her life. The realization expressed in these excerpts and the poem from her letters did not flow easily or automatically from zazen alone. They were the result of a constant effort and will to transform the long gray abyss of the sleepless nights and suffering of this disease and life into the activity and realization of Buddha beyond life and death.

—By Richard Baker

"Is it only because I am more wordless now that things seem to shine more? Yet words cross oceans, and so lacking any other craft, I write.

One day when I was 12 or 13, climbing the steps up to the ranchhouse, I paused on the top step and looked up at the pale stars just beginning to appear in the deepening blue of evening's approach, and I thought of the Earth I was standing on, round, so vast and mysterious and teeming green whirling through its grey-rain-cloud-wind-swept mantle and I felt all beings walking around upon, living, suffering, dying, and I wondered: Why? Why? Why are we here? Why should we be anything at all? This has been my deepest Zen all along.

There's not Buddhism and non-Buddhism, but only Truth, realized or not.

For years I have been such a pusher, such a non-let-be person. I feel quite at home in my disease; I feel I intuitively understand it very well. "To accommodate your enemy," Roshi once said. I do not feel I am fighting it now; I am not fighting anything now. Like my thoughts, if it comes I will let it come, if it goes, I will let it go. I am not *trying* to do anything at all now, and yet things progress, unfold and develop, as moment after moment blooms! This morning during zazen that line from the song "Funny Valentine" came into my head with respect to myself, "Don't change a hair for me!"

That *everything* is an opportunity for practice—that's what Salvation is!

I guess I really knew when a spontaneous and deep and genuine sorrow came at the separation from my kids and yet I could accept it and feel joy at the same time in the beings they are and in the simplicity and clarity of my own new being-at-home within myself.

That point of utter stillness around which all creation pivots felt in zazen Saturday morn at the Zendo—what a treat it was to be there.

How intriguing life is, with so many possibilities and yet lived quite closely, no choice at all. I've been feeling this lately—and feeling it as perfect freedom—absolute freedom: the thoughts, feelings, people, food, body-feelings, the gifts-of-nature like a distant but clear-ringing neigh of a horse heard yesterday that came to my consciousness as pure gift—gift of all in one thoroughly penetrating staggeringly beautiful animal call. Sometimes I feel just how the sound *feels* in the throat of a dog when his repeated and repeated bark comes across our valley. I feel almost as if I were he just *having* to bark when that rrrhum rrrum of the big noisy four-wheeled thing speeds past our house. Anyway, all that comes to me is hardly haphazard, but the full and perfect and penetrating Dharma. Why should I separate anything that comes—comparing, criticizing, judging? Why should I fret about what I should be doing? If I look, what should be, what is to be done is always right here.

My self, my body is dissolved in phenomena like a sky's rainbow caught in a child's soapbubble.

The evening after the operation my lungs filled up with liquid and I couldn't breathe. They brought oxygen tanks and pumped my lungs and all that jazz. It was quite an experience. Twice before I've thought I might die: once as a child climbing a cliff; once as a teenager swimming in a lake. Both

times the thought of death—not the thought of falling, of drowning—came and I became literally paralyzed by fear. This time there were no thoughts at all—just the animal need to breathe: my whole being—all the energies of my mind and body—poured into this one thing: there was a kind of strange detached calmness in the effort. When it first started to hit me, I rang for the nurse and between gasps, said, “I cannot breathe. I am dying you see, because I can’t breathe.” And then I remember no more thoughts, no more words, no fear—only the breath-struggle samadhi and feel of the people who filled the room—especially this Negro doctor who held the oxygen mask and coached my breathing. I saw very clearly his hand and felt his presence and



the oneness of our absorption, of our effort. Mike was there through all of it (how much harder for him—to watch and think, and not be able to be inside my body to feel out how it was). His calmness—his being just himself as usual—helped me immeasurably—helped me remember: Who? I was, helped me to Watch. Two days later, they had to pump out my lungs again, and we all were afraid it was going to keep on being this way. But miraculously the filling gradually stopped. Five days after the operation, I awoke to feel a glimmer of the old life-joy-urge again. I know now how old, very ailing people must feel when all measures are taken to keep them alive at any cost. I felt a couple of times—why, why prop up life this way if it must be lived in

this form? It was a good experience to have. And that very morning when I first started to feel good again, Mike brought Suzuki Roshi and Okusan (his wife) by to see me, and it was like new life, joy, and the sun to see them! I was in the hospital nearly six weeks and came home just one week ago and not a moment too soon, for the plum and apricot blossoms were just at their height, and now are gone, and here now are the peach and cherry, and apple to come! I'm out each day, 5 or 6 hours when its fair."

Eurydice: Waking Song

*I've always been ringed in fragile green,
(the kind the sun makes
sifting in lace layers through the leaves.)*

*Always have I lain here
upon these ashen sheets? this grass?
my eyes half-seeing heaven,
my body spread around me,
blowing in the wind, firm as trees.*

*Forever have I anticipated your embrace:
the sudden move across what space?
the quick and careful clasp of your arms,
careful, careful of the long grey ache
mind's night has left behind.*

*Always have you known, better than I perhaps,
this play of night with day,
This leaden streak, the green-gold lace . . .
Orphée,
ah, Orphée!*

From letters from Trudy Dixon to Dick Baker

FROM LECTURES BY DAININ KATAGIRI SENSEI

One of the students at Zen Center sent me a letter and some poems. She really confronts death, day in and day out. Her husband takes care of her, but he cannot take care of their children too. He had to separate from his children and send them to his parents. But day after day, her mind cannot escape from the voices of her children, as if they were playing in the garden or in the playground. She cannot help but listen to their voices. Sometimes if a dog barks outside, the dog's voice turns into their voices. She cannot escape from it. On the other hand, she has to listen to her own voice, bubbling out her sickness, her death.

In her poems she says "there is nothing, only the monologue of pain—and in a few minutes, behind it, just silence." Just silence exists. We should contemplate this point. She means that if you confront death day in and day out there is no room to make a complaint, there is no room to fear death, no room to discuss the subject of death, because you are in the midst of death; your life is occupied by death. But though there isn't room to discuss the subject of birth and death, you cannot help but discuss the fact that death is in your mind. You have to ask yourself what death is.

The more you reflect upon yourself, the more there is left just death in the midst of your life. But you continue to constantly seek for what death is. It seems to me that your effort is like seeking after your own tail. It's all right to seek, to chase after your own tail. After continually chasing, chasing death, at that time, as the student said in her poems, "in a few minutes, behind it, just silence".



In the domain of this silence there is something that you have to accept. What seems to exist is just a monologue of pain, of death, of the suffering coming from death. Within this world you have to walk step by step. At this point death is not a matter for discussion. You have to suffer from death because death exists right here, right now.

This life is not a matter for discussion from your own viewpoint. You live in the midst of life and death and suffering because they exist, really. That's why Buddhism says accept your life and understand how the world is with imperturbable composure. To be imperturbable is to walk step by step by step. This is a hard thing, but you can accept it. Even though you suffer from your daily life so much, just accept it, just listen to the silence, the voice of your steps, with imperturbable composure. This is Buddhism. . . .

While you look at the subject of death through discussion you cannot have a real understanding of death because you are always looking at death, actual death, as an on-looker. If you do it in this way it is really impossible to understand the subject of death.

As the student confronts death she is completely tied down by the suffering which emerges from her disease. Nobody wants to die, and I think that in her mind she is always shouting "I want to escape from this problem," and praying to Buddha, to God, "Please help me." But unfortunately, even though she prays to God, to Buddha, in reality it is impossible for her to save herself from suffering. All she has to do is look at the advance of the disease. Even though she cries, she screams, the disease is going on regardless of her suffering. The more she struggles with it the more the suffering gradually increases. At last, all she can do is just accept it, with silence.

I think everybody suffers from something if they are alive, because life itself is suffering. But most people look at the problem of suffering as on-lookers. In the case of this student's suffering, coming from death, from confronting death, it is impossible for her to see her suffering as an on-looker. If you see your suffering from the outside, as an object, you can't know that you must really accept your life situation. Your knowing is still in the going and coming between your conception and reality. Actually, you always think "I don't like it. Don't give me suffering. I don't like trouble." The trouble doesn't exist, you know, on the outside, apart from yourself. The suffering exists within yourself. Though you say "Please don't give me trouble," trouble comes up to you regardless of your struggle. Then, just listening to the silence between no-suffering and suffering is not enough. . . .

As a human being you exist just at the intersection of time and space, which means just in the midst of the contradictory world; just in your own reality in which you are situated. I think you will notice how you feel. Behind the screaming and the crying there is nothing but the existence of silence and the acceptance of your own existence. So the student said in her poems, that on the one hand she realizes the monologue of pain that is raging in herself, and on the other that she cannot move an inch. That's her reality. Behind both facts, she said, just silence exists.

I think this is the real truth. But to sit on the chairs of silence is not enough to realize what you are and who you are. Everybody can sit on the chairs of silence and tranquility, on the chairs of understanding transience. Actually, every time you encounter the various phases of human life it is possible to understand what a human being is. Through your experience, I think, you can see that understanding transience is not enough to improve your life in the future. Understanding tranquility or silence is not enough to elevate your life. You have to *develop* silence and tranquility. The understanding of silence and tranquility on a higher level is the actual practice. In other words, give it life, vivid life. . . .

Buddha teaches us that we have to have the Big Mind. Then what is the small mind? The Big Mind as taught by Buddha has nothing to do with the domain between big and small. Even though you think you understand the Big Mind as taught by Buddha, I think this understanding is still floating between your notion of reality and Reality itself. You say "I don't like this," but the suffering doesn't move.

For the sick student, the most important thing is that she expresses the decision to continue to listen through her everyday life, through the taking care of, through the benign and cheerful treatment of her disease, of her death. Listening to the silence, to the silence and the tranquility, is not merely a notion—it should be bound up with our everyday life. . . .

When you see the subject of suffering through the function of the brain, your understanding of suffering is wandering in the domain of notion, of the distinction between suffering and no-suffering. But if you express the decision to continue to practice as a *Bodhisattva* it elevates your life situation, elevates it to a higher level, the level of union of suffering and no-suffering.

I think this student who confronts death knows, she alone knows, what death is and how long life is. In the *Lotus Sūtra* it says, "Only a Buddha knows the Buddha's world." The same is to be said of the student who confronts her own death. Even though you can feel the feelings of her suffering, feel "poor lady" and give her lots of sympathetic words, even though she receives many thousands of sympathetic words, they cannot save her from her suffering. No one can really understand the situation of her suffering. No one but herself can understand well what death is, what she is, who she is. . . .

We don't listen to silence and tranquility simply by having that notion. You have to express the *decision* to listen to this silence and tranquility beyond the no-suffering and the suffering of our everyday life. At that time you can experience bodily what silence and tranquility is. When you experience silence and tranquility, your activity, as expanded into your daily life, is regarded as the Bodhisattva's practice. But even though you realize your practice in the domain of suffering as a Bodhisattva's practice, you still find yourself crying out, suffering, saying, "Please help me." Still, the more you experience this in silence and tranquility, the more you will find your activity as a Bodhisattva's practice. This is called in Japanese *gyo-gan*. *Gyo* is practice and *gan* means vow.

This student said to me one day, "All I have to do is to take care of my disease, putting my full energies into giving benign and cheerful treatment to my disease, and at the same time practicing the Buddha's teaching." This attitude is very important. If you suffer you want to escape from it, and if you just listen to the notion of suffering you will despair. You will think, "I give up, I give up everything. I don't want to do anything at all." This is because you understand yourself always as a subject, as an on-looker to the suffering. You are the subject and your suffering is an object. Then you say, "I don't like suffering," but the suffering doesn't leave you. It is part of yourself and cannot be escaped. Suffering just smiles, regardless of your suffering. But when you experience this suffering bodily and express the decision to continue to listen to the silence behind it through your everyday life, you will find yourself becoming brave, continuing to be alive, continuing to move in the direction of the future. Then your steps towards death will be taken firmly.

* * *

(Dainin Katagiri Sensei first came to America in 1963 when he went to Los Angeles and then, five months later, to San Francisco where he helped Suzuki Roshi with the Soto Zen Mission at Sokoji Temple. As the assistant to Rev. Suzuki he was deeply involved with the Japanese congregation, and very busy. In addition he sat with the Zen Center members and began, in 1964, to lecture regularly at Zen Center, alternating with Suzuki Roshi there, and later at the affiliate zendos in Los Altos and Berkeley. After Tassajara Springs was purchased by Zen Center in 1967 Katagiri Sensei took over all of the duties at Sokoji during Suzuki Roshi's stays at Tassajara, and led the rapidly growing Zen Center community as well. It was during this time that students began approaching him as their personal teacher.

Upon Suzuki Roshi's retirement from Sokoji and Zen Center's purchase of their own city building, Katagiri Sensei accepted the students' invitation to join them on a full-time basis, leaving Sokoji to devote himself to Zen Center and, in addition, to teaching a class at San Francisco State College. The students are very happy with Sensei's decision to stay with Zen Center.

The preceding were excerpts from Katagiri Sensei's lectures given at Tassajara during the Spring Sesshin, 1969.)

*this issue of the wind bell is dedicated to the memory of
Trudy Dixon*