

ZEN BOW

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Because of the wave of drug-taking in America in recent years and the great psychological pressures that its currency places on people practicing Zen, it would seem extremely important that Zen aspirants be aware of the relationship between mind-expanding drugs and zazen. Many young people have raised the question of drugs with Philip Kapleau during the past three years. The following expanded version of a talk given at Emory University in Atlanta, Georgia on May 8, 1969 is his considered response to those questions. It is based not only on his experience as a Zen teacher of many former drug users, but also on eighteen years of Zen practice. The present issue of ZEN BOW, especially formed around Mr. Kapleau's talk, includes testimonials by former drug users who now practice Zen and concludes with some quotations from Dr. Robert S. de Ropp's excellent book on mind-expanding drugs, THE MASTER GAME.

ACID, POT AND ZEN

The subject of my talk tonight is Acid, Pot and Zen. Please do not infer that I have selected this topic because I think Emory is a school where lots of acid heads are 'tripping.' The main reason for this title is to afford me a chance to clear up much misunderstanding as to the similarities and differences between the drug experience and the fruits of Zen practice.

Let me say at the outset that I do not propose to explore the matter of whether the hallucinogenic drugs do or do not cause damage to the chromosomes, the brain or health generally. This is really a medical question and can be left to the doctors and researchers--the intelligent and fair-minded ones, that is. Nor do I propose to dispute the view advanced by many that psychedelic drugs have re-

ligious significance. The questions to which I shall address myself are: Can these drugs bring, not peace of mind so much as clarity and vigor of mind? Do they free the user from the bonds of ego? Do they enable the tripper to LIVE in the truth of oneness? In other words, do pot and acid, even when taken under ideal conditions and not abused, bring the wisdom and strength to live with zest, compassion and inner freedom in a world which appears joyless, unloving, and violent? Lastly, what is the nature of Zen enlightenment, or satori, and how does it relate to zazen-meditation?

Before going further, let me say that I have never 'dropped' acid, smoked pot or taken any of the depressants or stimulants--in fact I

"The mind of the Zen adept is taut--ready like a drawn bow."

can't remember the last time I took even an aspirin. What I say to you therefore about drugs derives, not from my own use of them but from what Zen students at the Rochester Center say on their membership applications to the question, "If you have ever taken hallucinogenic drugs, or are now taking them, explain fully;" from what they tell me privately in dokusan about their use, abuse and disuse of the hallucinogens; from my own observations of students who have taken them in the past; and from some reading of the statements of those who have extensively experienced the hallucinogenic drugs.

Significantly, nowhere in the teachings of the Masters of the three great Asian religions of Buddhism, Hinduism, and Islam do we find mind-altering drugs advocated as a means to enlightenment. This is all the more remarkable when we remember that hashish has been known and used for centuries in the Middle and Far East. No doubt individual teachers themselves have smoked hashish on occasion--for a specific purpose. But the weight of religious traditions is against their use. In Buddhism the fifth precept forbids the selling or buying of liquor or drugs (i.e. causing others to partake of them or doing so oneself), for obvious reasons. Hinduism likewise inveighs against their use. So does Islam. Two and a half years ago the Sufi master Sidi Abdeslum, of Morocco, visited the Rochester Zen Center in the course of his first trip to the West. A few non-members with a known interest in Sufism had been invited to hear him, and in the question period one of them asked, "Do the Sufi masters ever prescribe hashish or other mind-expanding drugs to those on the spiritual path?" "Absolutely not!" he replied with some heat. "Everywhere I go in the United States I am asked this question. It is ridiculous to suppose that any teacher would prescribe a hard course of training if true spiritual emancipation could be had by comfortably smoking hashish or swallowing drugs. Only because they

know from their own arduous exertions that there is no easy road to liberation do the masters compassionately advocate the hard but sure way."

Speaking as a Zen teacher, I regard the psychedelics as upaya--i.e., an expedient device for bringing to the path of genuine Self-realization many who would never get there by any other route in our drug-saturated materialistic culture. I say 'drug-saturated' because America's reliance on drugs is unequalled in the history of mankind. "We take pills to pep us up, pills to calm us down, pills to gain pounds, more pills to lose them, pills to avoid conception, other pills to help it... millions of Americans can't sleep, wake up or feel comfortable without drugs," reports LOOK magazine. So why not drugs to try to break down the walls of ego for a glimpse of a world beyond?

What lies behind the search for a chemical solution to the problems of life? Clearly, millions of Americans in the latter half of the twentieth century are so painfully tense, fearful and anxious, unfulfilled and estranged, that life can be made bearable only by the swallowing of a pill, the gulping of liquor, the downing of a saturated sugar cube or the smoking of a piece of hemp. The periodic escape into the world of fantasy and ecstasy, quickly accessible through the hallucinogens, represents for many a desperate attempt to FEEL at the deepest level, to overcome the deadening passivity and inability to love stemming from our computerized, dehumanized society with its perpetual accent on consumption.

For the great majority the reliance on drugs is totally in keeping with the American ideal of comfort and ease. From 'the gentle blue pill' that assures social success to the 'relaxing' effect of a high-ball, from Miltown to Tirend, the use of drugs is presented and swallowed as a means to an easier, more comfortable, more secure and more sociable life. One need only listen to the seductive cooing of a TV announcer urging wives to bask in the pleasures

of additional phones upstairs or a new second car because 'you owe yourself this extra luxury' to realize that the 'good,' the 'sweet,' life is the luxurious life, the one affording the greatest amount of sensuous pleasure. Underlying this attitude is the notion that it is senseless if not downright masochistic to endure even small amounts of pain and discomfort when ways can be found to escape or mitigate them.

For a lesser number of young people drugs are an alternative to the 'American Way'--an alternative which holds great attraction in its immediacy and even its romantic aura. The use by this segment of the populace of drugs like LSD and pot also has the advantage of not requiring faith in an 'establishment' which is regarded with little if any trust as respects its ethics, morality and basic sanity. The mistrust of all who profess to know or teach is undoubtedly a major selling point of such drugs. And while there is no insistence on personal comfort among the drug sub-culture--in fact there is a studied avoidance of it--yet here too the idea that struggle and pain are pointless is implicit.

More than 2,000 years ago the Buddha declared that pain was a fact of human existence, that when we try to deny or avoid it we condemn ourselves to a shallow, joyless life, for pain and joy are actually two sides of the same coin. Pain when not resented frees the natural sympathy and compassion of our True-nature even as it enables us to experience pleasure and joy in a new depth and purity. Zen Master Dogen has pointed out that anxiety, when accepted, is the driving force to enlightenment in that it lays bare the human dilemma at the same time that it ignites our desire to break out of it. Without anxiety as a spur, says Dogen, we are left to flounder in a shallow life, forever trapped in the dungeon of our compulsive drives and subconscious fears. One has but to read the lives of the patriarchs and lay disciples of Zen who have come to satori-

awakening, and of those who have found God in other traditions, to realize that few have had genuine enlightenment without having suffered considerable discomfort and pain. The spiritual heights can no more be scaled by smoking pot and dropping acid than a mountain can be climbed by looking at a map of it while reclining in an easy chair drinking beer. It is the climbing that brings joy and strength--joy in the release from the bondage of self and mountain, top and bottom; strength to LIVE in this realization.

The 'mountain' may be glimpsed in that rare acid trip that can truly be called religious, i.e., transcendental, but what disciplines do pot and acid provide for ascending it, or indeed for coming down (i.e., integrating the awareness into daily life)? When the glow of the 'super-beautiful' trip fades, as fade it must, what alternative does the habitual tripper have but to take more LSD and more marijuana when he must again face the hard realities of life, but now with less energy, less ambition and greater indifference? Cut off from the spiritual struggle which would strengthen him, a passive observer seeing only what a trip will allow him to see, the acid tripper loses his subjectivity and sense of involvement until he reaches a state of total passivity. Like a fellow who when he needs money won't earn it but will pawn his valuable possessions until he goes broke, the man under the influence of hallucinogenics eventually dissipates his innermost spiritual resources. Habitual trippers naturally hope for the beautiful trip, the one interlaced with lovely fantasies and bliss. But sooner or later, like Russian roulette, the tripper hits the live bullet: the terrifying hallucinations, the depressions and the fears bordering on panic.

What about zazen? How does it strengthen mind and body? How does it satisfy spiritual aspiration? It does so NOT by making life comfortable but by making men strong. Zazen is a dynamic practice, an intense spiritual

struggle. It is a reveille and not a lullaby by which the normally unruly mind and restless body are subdued and forged into a single instrument to penetrate the barrier of the five senses and discursive intellect. Zazen demands energy and a finely-honed mind--requisites for effective zazen and at the same time by-products of it. The cross-legged lotus posture is desirable but by no means indispensable here, for zazen is much more than sitting in the proper way. It also involves using the mind in a certain way, i.e., with perfect awareness, stripped of all random and idle thoughts. Performed this way, work too becomes a form of zazen. Sitting zazen and mobile zazen are thus mutually reinforcing. One who sits daily in zazen finds it easier to relate himself totally to his daily tasks, and one who performs every job with total attention finds it less difficult to empty his mind during zazen-meditation. By gradually banishing the notion of an ego-I which is the source of all our griefs and sufferings, zazen in time brings the indisputable Knowledge of who and what we are and of our relation to our fellow men. This is true enlightenment.

Zazen is difficult to begin but satisfying to carry on. Drugs are comforting at the start but sheer hell in time. In zazen body and mind are unified and energized, the will strengthened. With the hallucinogens, body is weakened, the mind dulled, energies drained, and the life force gradually destroyed.

To be fair, I should mention that there is a stage of practice when the Zen student may also experience illusory visions, fantasies, and weird sensations. These are known as makyo, the literal meaning of which is 'diabolical phenomena.' They may range all the way from simple intensified visual and auditory sensations, feelings of sinking or floating, or experiencing one's body as a melting substance...to penetrating insights, visions of God or Buddha, or clairvoy-

ant powers. But the dull uncomprehending look, the glassy stare, the zombie-like gait, the feelings of insanity and suicide of the bad trips--these types of makyo are unheard of in Zen. Furthermore, students who have dropped much acid in the past have makyo of a more gruesome nature and their makyo in general last for a longer period and recur more frequently than do those of students with little or no history of drug use.

A competent teacher will calm a student's mind when makyo arise by pointing out their nature and significance and teaching him how to control and constructively channel the vast amounts of energy released during them. With acid, however, the release of energy leaves the tripper with a feeling of helplessness, I am told, in an environment over which he has no control. Not understanding what is happening to him, he often panics and freaks out.

At the beginning of my own training in a Zen monastery years ago I, too, went through a period of makyo which were mainly visual. They grew from the paintings of Paul Klee, many of which I had studied earlier in my life. It was not merely the intensity of these fantasies which overwhelmed me. I was the cosmos dyed with the unearthly colors of Klee. I was unity, I was love, I was joy incarnate! Utterly convinced this was satori, I waltzed into my teacher's room at dokusan, elated and triumphant. Hardly had I begun my prostrations when he rang me out of the room. After two such traumatic appearances, I humbly asked why I had been twice summarily dismissed without having even been given the chance to describe my mind state. "Too much ego," was the laconic reply. Even the ecstasy arising from feelings of oneness with my fellow man were dismissed by the Roshi as nothing more than makyo. If I attached myself to them, he warned, they would block my progress toward true enlightenment.

Zen teaching has always insisted that a purported enlightenment be tested and confirmed by a master whose own enlightenment in turn has been sanctioned by an enlightened teacher. This is because of the great danger to the personality resulting from self-deception. The truth is, it is all too easy for a novice to mistake visions, trances, hallucinations, insights, revelations, fantasies, ecstasies or even mental serenity for satori. Masters of old lashed out at those who claimed to be enlightened yet refused to be tested, calling them 'earthworms living in the slime of self-validated satori.' Since even a genuine enlightenment generates the subtle pride of 'I am enlightened,' the perceptive teacher's job--and it may be a long one--is to help the student wash away this 'smell' of enlightenment through work on subsequent koans or other practice.

Consider, then, the massive ego swell of those who loudly boast of an 'instant' chemical satori. And how ridiculous some of them look trying to act like liberated Zen men--running scared but trying to appear otherwise. The ancient Zen 'zanies' were a different breed. Apparent simpletons, they were actually profoundly enlightened men. Some of them even died standing on their heads to show their scorn of death. Yet they had the deepest affection and were full of tears for their fellow men.

So far we have said little about the nature of Zen satori and drug-induced enlightenment, so called. Now let me try to point out the difference. Timothy Leary and other spokesmen for the psychedelic movement have used the term 'expansion of consciousness' to describe the mind state resulting from LSD and other hallucinogens. In a paper titled "The Religious Experience, Its Production and Interpretation" which seeks to justify the drug experience as a transcendental one, Leary speaks of consciousness as a biochemical process located in the nervous system. The way to expand consciousness, according to

him, is to activate dormant brain cells through hallucinogenic drugs and foods, thereby attaining the transcendental vision, or religious experience.

Satori-awakening, however, is not an expansion of consciousness. True awakening occurs when both the conscious and subconscious minds--or the eight levels of consciousness, to use Buddhist terminology--have been transcended, or 'broken through.' The Mind's eye is opened when all fantasies, hallucinations, images, ideas, thought-forms and feelings have been dispelled. "If the mind is attached to any form or feeling or engaged in conceptual thinking," says Zen master Bassui, "it is as far from true realization as heaven is from earth."

To illustrate the difference between expansion of mind and satori let me use my wrist watch. The face of it would correspond to our life in time and space, to birth and death, cause and effect, karma, ego. The back of the watch, which is void of any marks of course, could be called the changeless or equality aspect of our life, and of this nothing can be posited. One whose awareness extended no further than the senses and the discriminating intellect would be like a person who was totally ignorant of the back of the watch but only recognized the face. Expansion of consciousness would be comparable to 'stretching' or extending the face, if that were possible, but no matter how much you extended it you would still be dealing with the face. Satori is the sudden flipping over of the watch like this. Now for the first time you realize that a watch actually consists of a face PLUS a back.

Or to take another example. Consider the sun just before it comes above the horizon. Streaks of light appear at dawn, but the basic condition is darkness. The darkness would correspond to ignorance or ego or delusion, the streaks of light to insights, visions, psychic powers or 'expansion of consciousness.' But the prevailing condition is still darkness. Once the sun rises above the horizon, however,

a reversal takes place. Now it is light, though not as bright as at noon. The sun corresponds to our True-nature and sunrise to a first enlightenment, usually shallow. With continued Zen practice more and more light enters our life and the shadows vanish.

Curiously, many people believe that satori is the same for everyone. They seem unaware that there are shallow satori, deep satori and full satori. A hundred candles lit in a pitch-black cave obviously give off more light than one or two. It is therefore pointless to ask, as many do, "How would THE satori man act in such and such a situation?" as though every satori man would respond in the same way. THE satori man is an abstraction --there are only individual satori men, whose character and personality vary according to the depth of their practice. Zen masters have said, "It is not the quality of the enlightenment that makes the man, but the quality of the man that makes the enlightenment." Satori does not automatically confer perfection. It is merely the foundation of an edifice whose many-storied superstructure would correspond to the perfected character and personality of the spiritually developed individual.

Such a structure can only be erected by years of dedicated zazen upon the solid base of that inner Knowledge which satori confers. In Dogen's words, "There is no beginning to practice and end to enlightenment, or, there is no beginning to enlightenment and end to practice." Practice means zazen. Zazen is the actualization of our inherent Bodhi-mind. Through zazen this Wisdom-eye is opened, and through zazen the defiling dust which clouds this Vision is removed.

The aim of Zen training is not ecstasy but Knowledge--of the meaning of birth and death. This Knowledge brings tranquility, equilibrium and a joyful freedom from self. In Japan I knew an old woman who had practiced Zen for some twenty years. Her friends called

her 'Sun face,' so radiant was her smile, so selfless her presence. Can pot and acid produce such people?

by Philip Kapleau

ACID, POT AND ZEN: TESTIMONIES OF CENTER MEMBERS

"...I smoked marijuana for almost two years hoping to find something. I suppose this something could be described as a reality beyond the insanity of what life often appears to be. The feeling that pot gave me was one of security. I believed that all I had to do was get high and there I would find all my beingness behind the cloud-cover of all the roles I would play during the day. I have decided to stop doing this and take a much more rigorous and difficult way of finding myself. My reasons for doing this are two: first, the feeling of unity and love often produced by smoking marijuana is induced by an outside force. Even though it might be MY decision to smoke, it is not me who is creating any kind of sanity through my own free will. Second, although pot produces a feeling of love and unity at times, it is not reality. Reality is something right here, now--something which in order to be what we want to be, and are, we must face and face directly, with no illusions.

Zazen seems to be the most realistic and unadulterated [way to achieve this]. It offers no frills or meaningless morals or easy contacts with the supernatural..."

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"...I have used marijuana and taken LSD and peyote several times in the past four years. They have allowed me a glimpse of a world or a way of looking at the world that I did not believe existed. I think that they had their place, but I know now that they cannot create in or for me the sustained deep experience of the Buddha's Way that I sense in those I have encountered in

print and in person."

* * * *

"Once, for a period of a few months, I took peyote at irregular intervals (perhaps 10 or 12 times). This was at a time when I was doing a lot of reading about Zen, but didn't have the slightest notion about correct sitting procedures. At one point, while listening to a recording of drum music (under peyote) I experienced a cathartic sort of state in which I become inseparable, one with the beat of the drum. At the end of the piece I exulted over the great tranquility I felt and the fact that I was no longer there--I seemed to see into and through the social faces of my friends. At this point a friend of mine asked, "If you are no longer here, who is doing the talking?" The question was like a pail of ice water unexpectedly dashed on the back of my neck. I fell back, stunned, and lay trembling and paralyzed for almost thirty minutes. When I recovered from this I felt I had confronted the 'void' of which I'd read. I felt the most profound blissful tranquility and peace I had ever experienced before or since. Years later when I read THE THREE PILLARS OF ZEN I was struck by the similarity between my experience and that of the 'Canadian Housewife' when she sweated profusely and lay as if paralyzed.

"I realize the above experience was induced by the combination of the peyote and my reading at the time. I have not taken a drug of any kind since 1962 and know that the bliss I felt then was an ARTIFICIAL, CHEMICALLY INDUCED STATE. Nevertheless, I am convinced from reading the enlightenment experiences in THE THREE PILLARS OF ZEN that such a bliss is an attainable reality. It is that state of mental and physical well-being, that calmness, that I seek in asking to join the Center. This search is the most meaningful thing in life for me..."

* * * *

"I spent several years travelling abroad during which time I turned on to drugs and human misery and was misled in the search for truth by the false god of LSD. Since then I have paid for my escapist actions in the form of a psychosomatic malady whose symptoms are a blocked head, headaches and a lack of vitality... Heavy use of psychedelic drugs has thus left me with two alternatives: escape from this unendurable agony of self-hatred, or suicide. Zen has given me freedom of choice."

* * * *

"I led a very sheltered and privileged childhood and perhaps that is why during my early teens it came as such a sudden and profound shock to discover life's harsher features--social injustice, the threat of nuclear annihilation, the overwrought pace of adult life, the everyday confrontation with dishonesty, malice, anger and selfishness, and the meaningless pain of a life confined to such a world. I could find little strength within me to cope with the ugly face life now presented to me. I had recurrent periods of such depression and anxiety that I was incapable of carrying on with life as usual. During these periods I felt utterly overwhelmed by the meaninglessness of life and my own self. It seemed that no matter how hard I were to search, I would never be able to find a meaningful way to live in the cramped dimensions of this world, that suicide might be the only way out of this nightmare. But always I managed to pull myself back together within a week or two, for I still cherished the belief that man had a more exalted destiny than this, and I would decide to try once more to find it.

"The last time this happened was three years ago. This time, however, I did not spring back so easily. It seemed to me that I had used up all hope. I felt numb and exhausted at the prospect of exerting myself again to no avail, so I simply abandoned myself to despair... There seemed to be nothing worth saying nor anything worth doing.

I developed a series of psychosomatic ills... Sometimes the thought came to me that death might rescue me from this vacant misery. What had begun as a more or less willful retreat was now a prison. I had become terrified by the feeling that I was slowly ceasing to exist. I now hardly dared to speak or do anything for fear that no one would hear me or see me, and I knew I could not bear the confirmation of these deepest fears... In sheer desperation, I tried psychiatric therapy, (although extremely skeptical), and in a few months had returned to a semi-functional state. Otherwise, however, the treatment accomplished no miracles...

"Most of the people I knew had already begun to seek their solutions through drugs. A few of them seemed to have gained real peace from these experiences, but many of them seemed only more confused. I watched with great interest, but I had too little faith in my own sanity to even consider it for myself. The thought of the weeks and months ahead, however, soon wore down my resistance. Curiosity and growing frustration with therapy eventually got the better of these worries and soon I took my first 'acid trip.'

"It was an experience of unexpected joy and beauty. My old sense of identity and all my hopes and fears suddenly vanished. I felt such an exhilarating sense of freedom and relief that I began to laugh and cry. Weeks later I still could not keep from laughing and crying to myself. Words cannot really describe the experience, but that, unfortunately, did not stop me from trying. I so wanted to share my new-found freedom and joy with everyone...for I had found that I was more than this puny, uncertain self and that I had a Greater Self which encompassed the Universe. I now knew that there was really no such thing as insanity, that all my past suffering now seemed so unreal that it actually made me laugh to think about it. My only problem had been that I had done TOO MUCH thinking. It was only MY IDEAS about reality that had been intolerable AND

NOT REALITY ITSELF: one suffers only when one steps back from life to judge it; there is no other cause for suffering...

"I began taking a lot of acid--once a week in fact. And I stopped therapy. My painful shyness and awkwardness disappeared. I faced each day with new enthusiasm, and began to think about other people's problems rather than my own. These weeks were the happiest and most fruitful I had ever known. But within a few months I came to realize that I would never find true peace of mind by relying on drugs. They had brought about many welcome transformations in my life, but I became ever more aware that these experiences were not my own. I could not live each day in the same state of consciousness I possessed when I was 'stoned,' and the continued use of drugs was not bringing me any closer to it. I stopped taking acid and began looking for another way. I read and reread St. John of the Cross, the TAO TEH CHING, and THE TIBETAN BOOK OF THE DEAD. It was deeply pleasing and reassuring to find in these books of ancient wisdom so much of what I had already begun to discover for myself, but they gave me only a few scant clues as to HOW I might proceed in my own search. A friend told me about THE THREE PILLARS OF ZEN. I got the book and read it. Here was everything I'd been searching for.

"Looking back after six months of zazen on my drug experiences, I really don't know if they were real or illusory. But it matters little, for in trying to share these experiences with others I did so much conceptualizing that whatever reality they might have had at the moment has been hopelessly lost. I'm now having painfully to uproot these concepts."

* * * *

"I have found in using drugs that it is very hard to avoid being used by them. That is, it is difficult to direct experiences or concentrate on anything (either positive or negative). The rapidity of an acid trip with its

blur of impressions, thoughts, fantasies, and colors, although often dazzling and rich, is overwhelming, and the result of continued 'tripping' is precisely this: being overwhelmed. You know something is happening but you don't know what it is. Confusion and a feeling of frustration are nearly inevitable--you always 'come down.'

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"...I first took LSD at sixteen. It was then the only possibility I knew of for gaining some insight or emotional relief in order to continue to live. It seems too obvious to point out or put into words that since I've begun zazen I've seen that LSD and drugs can offer nothing but escape for the moment and be harmful in the long run, as repeated use wears down whatever initiative and integrity or sanity a person may have had. Zazen seems to be the only positive working force in my life. Through sitting in Zen meditation I have found, first, the inner stability, and then the insight to live positively."

INITIATION

Sixty persons were initiated into the Buddha's Way at the Arnold Park Zendo on Tuesday, June 10, 1969. After an hour of the evening sitting, Philip Kapleau briefly recapitulated the six lectures on the Precepts which he had delivered over the preceding two months. Hugh Curran next lit a stick of incense and prostrating himself before Sensei, presented him with the incense offering of the participants. Then Sensei led everyone three times in accepting the Ten Precepts and in taking the Three Refuges which are the Buddha, the Dharma (the Buddha's teaching) and the Sangha (the Buddhist community). (The ten cardinal Mahayana Precepts prohibit 1) the taking of life, 2) theft, 3) improper sexual relations, 4) lying, 5) selling or buying alcoholic liquor (i.e. causing others to drink or drinking oneself), 6) speaking of the mis-

deeds of others, 7) praising oneself and reviling others, 8) giving spiritual or material aid grudgingly, 9) anger, and 10) blaspheming the Three Treasures. These are the same for laymen and monks.

Sensei then led the group three times in vowing to avoid evil, to practice benevolence and to strive for the liberation of all living beings. Finally everyone joined in chanting the Four Vows, which concluded the evening's sitting.

THE BUDDHIST LAYMAN

Lay members should always keep in mind that the reason why they believe in the three treasures and why they keep the precepts is to enable them ultimately to attain enlightenment and for that reason they should avoid becoming attached to worldly desires while still living in the world of desire.

Lay members should awaken an earnest undisturbed faith in Buddha's teachings and as far as they do this they will realize within their minds a quiet and undisturbed happiness that will shine out on all their surroundings and be reflected back to them. This mind of faith is pure and gentle, always patient and enduring, never argues, never causes suffering to others, always keeps in mind the three treasures,--Buddha, Dharma and the Brotherhood.

--from A BUDDHIST BIBLE
("Homeless Brothers")

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PATHWAYS TO HIGHER CONSCIOUSNESS
BEYOND THE DRUG EXPERIENCE

by Robert S. deRopp

(For the last thirty years, Dr. de Ropp has conducted a personal investigation into methods of inducing altered states of consciousness, both with and without the use of drugs.)

"...Now we return to the starting point. If this self-transcendence is in fact the highest prize life has to offer, IF this jewel can be obtained by the taking of certain drugs, then why should any reasonable person deny himself this experience? The Mystic Way is, by all accounts, hard and long. How much easier it is to break open the locked doors of the secret chambers in the psyche by chemical means. We may suspect that the taking of psychedelic drugs is depraved, realize vaguely that it constitutes a kind of spiritual burglary, a criminal activity on the spiritual level, a stealing of something that one has not earned. So what? A generation reared to rely on labor-saving devices can hardly be blamed for hoping that the insights laboriously earned by saints and mystics may be acquired without effort by the simple process of swallowing a pill..."

"...It is not spiritually lawful to take psychedelics merely for 'kicks' or to use them as substitutes for the special kind of inner work that alone can produce lasting results. Those who use the drugs in this way suffer a penalty imposed not by flat-footed tax collectors disguised as 'narcotics agents,' but by the impartial forces that regulate a man's fate. The penalty takes this form: HE WHO MISUSES PSYCHEDELICS SACRIFICES HIS CAPACITY TO DEVELOP BY PERSISTENTLY SQUANDERING THOSE INNER RESOURCES ON WHICH GROWTH DEPENDS. He commits himself to a descending spiral and the further he travels down this path, the more difficult it becomes for him to reascend. Finally the power to reascend is lost altogether..."

"There is a second reason why the repeated use of psychedelics fails to produce any permanent alteration in the level of consciousness. In the beginning the drugs, by releasing certain energies in the body, touch off an inner firework display that is often fascinating and very beautiful. But the self-indulgent or lazy investigator who makes a habit of trying to set off such inner pyrotechnics will find that the show becomes less and less rewarding. The body grows accustomed to the drug and ceases to react. This is true of both LSD and hashish. The first few meetings with 'My Lady of the Hemp' may produce raptures, ecstasies, give insights never to be forgotten. But continued application for aid to this potent spirit dulls the magic, blunts the effects, evokes misery rather than rapture. As Ludlow put it: 'The ecstasy became daily more and more flecked with shadows of an immeasurable pain'..."

"...The high ends of Creative Psychology [however] can no more be attained by taking drugs than the high ends of art can be achieved by slopping paint about at random. There are those who insist that such slopping is art. There are those who insist that pill swallowing can lead to higher consciousness. Both are wrong.

"However, this much can be said in favor of the psychedelics. If they are taken under the right conditions, with proper preparation, under the supervision of one who knows how to guide the explorer in the territory he will enter, they can, on occasions at least, be of some value. They can challenge the traveler, saying: 'These are the mountain peaks. They really exist. Now make up your mind. Are you strong enough, persistent enough to try to climb them?'"

--from THE MASTER GAME