

# ZEN BOW

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AUGUST/SEPTEMBER 1969

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VOL. II, NO. 4

## IS ZAZEN AN ESCAPE?

by Philip Kapleau

In a fanciful story by a Japanese writer, Bodhidharma, the first patriarch of Zen, is pictured doing zazen in a cave. Suddenly three small boys stumble upon the entrance and peer inside. The children see a dark menacing shape and run off alarmed. Curiosity, however, prompts them to return. From a safe distance they survey the immobile form, speculating as to its nature. "It looks like a human being," says the first boy. "But it can't be," replies the second. "No man can sit that long without moving. It must be a bear." "No," the third boy chimes in, "it doesn't have fur or hair." Again they study the strange form. Emboldened by the 'thing's' immobility, the three begin throwing small stones at it. But it emits no sound and makes no movement. Approaching closer, one boy, braver than the rest, runs up, quickly touches the form and darts back. Still no reaction. Vexed, the boys retreat to pool their conclusions. "It's definitely not a rock," says the boy who touched the shape. "It was soft, without fur, so it must be a man sitting up." "But WHY would any man sleep that way? It's not natural," the other boys insist. "WHY didn't it move when it was touched?" The more they ponder the mystery the greater grows the boys' perplexity and annoyance. Suddenly one of them picks up a large rock and in a gesture of defiance hurls it at the inert form. The rock lands squarely on its head. At last the form begins to move --

slowly -- first the head, then the arms, legs and body. Then it roars. The boys flee in terror, and Bodhidharma continues to roar -- with laughter -- then to shake with tears. The rock had precipitated his Awakening, his great Enlightenment.

Human nature has changed little since Bodhidharma's day. A person meditating quietly in his or her room or at a Zen center is often regarded with suspicion and even resentment. Friends and members of one's own family will hurl the reproach, "Escapist! Where is your social conscience? Why don't you go out and demand justice for your suffering fellow man instead of passively gazing at your navel?" It is a curious fact that an individual who regularly sees his psychiatrist is not criticized for improving himself rather than society. Quite the contrary. More likely than not, his family and friends will applaud him for his willingness to try to clear up his mental confusions. And if his recovery proceeds slowly, as it usually does, neither he nor the treatment is condemned out of hand. The Zen meditator, on the other hand, seldom receives either encouragement or understanding. If he is not ridiculed by his family and friends for this 'aberration,' he is expected to become perfect overnight -- another Buddha. Should his behavior seem unchanged, they pounce upon him with, "What good is your meditation? It isn't helping you or anyone else." Even if it be true that many who fling such taunts are themselves doing little to lessen the conflicts of society, are such protests valid? Is zazen socially unproductive? Is meditation an evasion of

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

the individual's obligations as a responsible member of society? In short, is zazen a cop-out?

Actually one who meditates regularly IS helping others. To the degree that he purges his mind of greed, anger and self-seeking and develops a quiet, loving heart, he is a better husband or wife or father or son or sister or brother or neighbor or legislator. To meditate silently and intently hour after hour is to come to grips with egotistical thoughts, stubborn prejudices and false notions about oneself and the world. Through zazen there is a wiping away from the mirror of the mind the stains resulting from outflows of passion and ill will. Zazen is thus a cleansing and purifying process in which one comes to know less but understand more. Zazen is also a painful practice, at least in the beginning, since the earnest meditator has no alternative but to face the naked truth about himself. And this calls for courage and perseverance; the timid and self-indulgent won't ever undertake it. Neither will the egotistical, for in a Zen center one must learn to live harmoniously with the teacher, one's fellow workers and, above all, oneself, the ultimate source of all conflict and suffering. The total involvement demanded by Zen compels one to face up to the meaning of his life and his relation to his family and his society. He cannot escape such confrontation through hallucinogenic drugs, sexuality, partying or long hours of sleep -- evasions open only to those on the 'outside.'

Not escape from life but more fully to become one with it -- this has always been the aim of Zen discipline. Huang Po, one of the great Chinese masters, told his disciples: "Do not permit the events of your daily life to bind you, BUT NEVER WITHDRAW YOURSELF FROM THEM." Another Zen master, Yung-chia, wrote:

The man who clings  
to vacancy  
neglecting the world  
of things  
escapes from drowning  
but leaps into the fire.

Zazen, then, is NOT an escape from the

problems of the world but a liberation which gives us a wisdom and strength to pursue the highest form of moral action.

Unfortunately, many parents and educators will simply not recognize this. Not long ago the president of a large west coast university came to speak at the University of Rochester. After the lecture he was interviewed by a local reporter, who asked, "Aren't the hippie communities in Haight-Ashbury and elsewhere examples of people rebelling against the pressure and intense competition of the meritocracy?" "Yes," he replied, "the hippies are opting out from the meritocracy. The problem with their approach is that it is so parasitical. A society can't be organized their way, because these people don't produce. The hippies do represent a Bohemia more organized than at any time in the past. Theirs is a very definite philosophy of life. In a way they are closer to Eastern ideals, particularly those of the Zen Buddhist, than to Western traditions. Many have become Zen Buddhists. The Western ideal is progress. To the Buddhist the ideal is harmony -- with trees, with plants, with one's own emotions, with the natural order."

Dismayed by this implied syllogism (i.e., hippies are unproductive, hippies are Zen Buddhists, therefore Zen Buddhists are parasites), a dedicated Zen Buddhist wrote the editor: "The inference is that Zen people are parasites since they are not producers. How, then, explain Japan, a nation suffused with Zen Buddhist teaching for nearly 800 years and a known producer? In fact, Japan is the largest producer in Asia and the third largest (after the U.S. and the Soviet Union) in the world. As for progress, does our presence in Vietnam constitute progress? Where is there progress in an environment hopelessly polluted and in populations alienated from themselves and the natural world which provides their nourishment? Progress depends on harmony. Harmony is the only progress."

Can hippies and Zen be legitimately linked? The answer, of course, depends on what is meant by hippies. Are they

only persons glassy-eyed from acid and pot, relaxing in the dead-end of their own fantasies? If so, they won't be found doing zazen, because real Zen demands clear-headed, disciplined effort. Are hippies simply young men and women of dissenting dress and life style? If so, those who come to Zen centers are, as well, among the hardest-working people found anywhere. Because they feel what they are doing in Zen has value for themselves and others, they are enormously productive in their outer and inner lives. They meditate seriously and work hard at the duties assigned them.

Do those who claim Zen is unproductive know that it was not Captain John Smith but Zen Master Hui Hai who first said, way back in the ninth century, "A day of no work is a day of no eating"? At 92 Hui Hai seemed to his monks too feeble to work, so they hid his gardening tools. He announced that if he couldn't work he wouldn't eat, and he refused to take food until permitted to work in the garden again.

The charge that zazen 'bakes no bread' very likely stems from the concept, deeply embedded in our Western way of thinking, that to be productive a man must be 'active.' How many Americans over forty can swallow Laotsu's recipe for the good life: "Do nothing, yet leave nothing undone"? Stillness in activity, activity in stillness, quiet strength and joy in the silence of zazen -- such a way of life is alien to many in the West, though less so today than in the past. In his book THE ART OF LOVING, Eric Fromm meaningfully contrasts the motivations lying behind the activities of the ordinary man and those of the meditator: "A man is considered active in our modern society if he is doing business or studying medicine or working on an endless belt or is engaged in sports... What is not taken into account is the motivation of the activity. Take, for instance, a man driven to incessant work by a sense of deep insecurity and loneliness; or another one driven by ambition or greed for money. In all these cases the person is the slave of a passion, and his activity is in reality a 'passivity'

because he is driven... On the other hand, a man sitting quietly and meditating, with no purpose or aim except that of experiencing himself and his oneness with the world, is considered to be passive, because he is not 'doing' anything. In reality this attitude of concentrated meditation is the highest activity there is, an activity of the soul, which is possible only under the condition of inner freedom and independence..."

If we are to preserve our sanity in the face of the mounting tensions and conflicts of modern life, we have no alternative but to give ourselves to this 'highest activity of the soul,' this natural therapy. And not for our own sake alone. We are not each of us an independent fragment thrown into the universe by a capricious Fate. Everything is related to everything else. The universe is an intricately woven net of interdependent relationships governed by the law of cause and effect. Each part IS the whole. What each one of us thinks, says or does therefore reacts upon and interacts with everything else, invoking 'good' or 'evil' responses. For just as the sound of our voice reverberates through all space though we hear only an infinitesimal part in the echo, so the mind 'rolls through all things and our echoes roll from soul to soul.' Thus one person meditating by himself who succeeds in eliminating his ego and purifying his mind creates an atmosphere of peace which influences countless others, just as lighting even a few candles in a huge pitch-black cave lessens the darkness. Hundreds and thousands of persons meditating egolessly would obviously create a tremendous force for peace and harmony in the world.

Following the recent successful moon shot there appeared an article on the editorial page of THE NEW YORK TIMES, by Anthony Lewis, titled "Heroic Materialism Is Not Enough." After expatiating on the theme that "we would know the stars but we do not know ourselves," Lewis quotes Judge Learned Hand on the occasion of a memorial ser-

vice in 1942 for Justice Brandeis: "You may contrive ingeniously to circumvent nature by devices beyond even the understanding of all but a handful; you may provide endless distractions to escape the tedium of your barren lives; you may rummage the whole planet for your ease and comfort. It shall avail you nothing; the more you struggle the more deeply you will be enmeshed. NOT UNTIL YOU HAVE THE COURAGE TO MEET YOURSELVES FACE TO FACE...WILL YOU HAVE TAKEN THE FIRST STEPS ALONG THE PATH OF WISDOM" (my emphasis).

Where can these first steps be taken if not in zazen?

## EXERTION

By Zen Master Dogen

The great Way of the Buddha and the Patriarchs involves the highest form of exertion, which goes on unceasingly in cycles from the first dawning of religious truth, through the test of discipline and practice, to enlightenment and Nirvana. It is sustained exertion, proceeding without lapse from cycle to cycle. Accordingly it is exertion which is neither self-imposed nor imposed by others, but free and uncoerced. The merit of this exertion upholds me and upholds others. The truth is that the benefits of one's own sustained exertion are shared by all beings in the ten quarters of the world. Others may not be aware of this, and we may not realize it, but it is so. It is through the sustained exertions of the Buddhas and Patriarchs that our own exertions are made possible, that we are able to reach the high road of Truth. In exactly the same way it is through our own exertions that the exertions of the Buddhas are made possible, that the Buddhas attain the high road of Truth. Thus it is through our exertions that these benefits circulate in cycles to others, and it is due only to this that the Buddhas and Patriarchs come and go, affirming Buddha and negating Buddha, attaining the Buddha-mind and achieving Buddhahood, ceaselessly and without end. This exertion, too, sustains the sun, the moon, and the stars; it sustains the

earth and sky, body and mind, object and subject, the four elements, and five compounds.

This sustained exertion is not something which men of the world naturally love or desire, yet it is the last refuge of all. Only through the exertions of all Buddhas in the past, present, and future do the Buddhas of past, present, and future become a reality. The merits of these exertions are sometimes disclosed, and thus arises the dawn of religious consciousness which is then tested in practice. Sometimes, however, these merits lie hidden and are neither seen, nor heard, nor realized. Yet hidden though they may be, they are still available...

The exertion that brings the exertion of others into realization is our exertion right at this moment. This exertion of the moment is not innate or inherent in us, nor does it come and go, visiting or departing. What we call the 'moment' does not precede exertion. The 'moment' is when exertion is actually being performed. That is to say, the exertion of a day is the seed of all Buddhas, it is the exertion of all Buddhas. By this exertion Buddhahood is realized, and those who do not make an exertion when exertion is possible are those who hate Buddha, hate serving the Buddha, and hate exertion; they do not want to live and die with Buddha, they do not want him as their teacher and companion.

At this moment a flower blossoms, a leaf falls -- it is a manifestation of sustained exertion. A mirror is brightened, a mirror is broken -- it is a manifestation of sustained exertion. Everything is exertion. To attempt to avoid exertion is an impossible evasion, for the attempt itself is exertion... Our benevolent father and great master, Shakyamuni Buddha, began his exertions deep in the mountains at the age of nineteen. At the age of thirty he labored to achieve the Enlightenment which embraced all sentient beings... His whole life was... a life that knew nothing but sustained exertion.

--quoted from THE BUDDHIST TRADITION,  
ed. by William Theodore deBary

## TWO LETTERS

The following two letters, received by Philip Kapleau during recent weeks, reflect the mind state one can reach through hard and devoted zazen during a sesshin. They came, unsolicited, from members who attended this summer's two seven-day sesshin. The first was received after the July sesshin, the second came after the August. Both are reproduced here for the inspiration of ZEN BOW'S readers.

Dear Sensei:

I feel compelled to try to explain to you and to myself what happened during the July sesshin. Did it happen to me or did it just happen? I feel that you understand completely and that this is really a needless exercise, yet I feel I must attempt the impossible, unnecessary, undesirable task of wrapping this experience up in words and ideas after working so hard to tear off the wrappings and seize the Treasure within.

The organization and conduct of the sesshin was so natural and compelling that I felt caught up in an inexorable tide. My only regret is that I wasted time and babied myself at the beginning. As usual I did too much judging of myself and others. Even now, I'm judging! I seem to find the ego hiding behind everything.

After supper on Friday I felt like a samurai preparing for battle. My fingers bulged and tingled with energy as I did my physical exercises... I felt that I could knock a horse over at 100 paces with my Mu! As concentration deepened during evening zazen, I felt like a swordsman studying the enemy intently, looking for an opening and waiting for the "kiai" to build up. My face must have looked grotesque and contorted as I peered intently into the darkness, waiting for something to move. Again, I felt like a tiger, ready to spring, or like an archer waiting for the bowstring to cut through my thumb and release itself. If you had placed a sword in my hand and led me in front of an army, I would have slaughtered them to the last man, such was my strength, energy and confidence. What power for good or evil!...

At dokusan that evening you asked me to show you Mu. The bowstring released and I surprised myself as Mu exploded and took on a life of its own. I went blind or did I just close my eyes? For a few seconds, I couldn't see you or anything. Only Mu existed, nothing else inside or out. I felt so strong, confident, free. I couldn't believe my ears when you told me that you would ask me some questions next time and that you thought I would be able to answer them. After dokusan the ego began its dirty work again. "What a fine Mu that was. You showed them, didn't you! That's how to Mu, you weaklings!" I swaggered and strutted around at kinhin like an arrogant ego-maniac. Then doubt began to work. "What questions, and will I know the answers? He said you would be able to answer. Then I'll just wait confidently. Wait for what, you fool? He said to strive deeply. Don't coast now. Should I go back in the dokusan line now or wait till tomorrow? If you have to ask, then you are not ready." Then arrogance returned. "You are already enlightened! Walk out and go home, a proud and happy man. You deserve a medal!" I even started to compose my "acceptance speech" and "thank-you's." I was so sick at that moment--so puffed up with the poisons of pride, self-contentment and arrogance.

At one point, I can't remember when, I felt electrical currents through

my feet, hands and body. I was a throbbing dynamo! I couldn't pull my hands apart and I lifted an enormous weight to raise my hands to thank you for the stick, which felt like a mosquito. Sometime during kinhin another Mu exploded. I blew a hole in the back of the person in front of me and the next six people fell over like bowling pins! If there was only some way to apply this energy at the right point. In the next circle around the zendo, Mu burst forth again. I went blind and staggered into the altar, staggered back into line and floated on. In a dream from a million miles away came the voice and touch of that bodhisattva, Hugh. He led me out of the line and I floated along with him like a kite on a string. I think I was close to passing out then. Maybe I should have returned to the dokusan line then. But there are no "shoulds" or "maybes," you said. At the end of dokusan I heard the bell ring a second time. "Was that for me?" I thought. "You fool! Do you need an engraved invitation to your own rebirth?" More doubt, and the moment of opportunity passed. Now came self-recrimination--"You gutless wonder, you always were a coward in the end. This has been the whole story of your life--'Do they like me? What will others think? Am I right?'" Then more doubts came. "Did you go into battle with your sword or did you wave it at shadows and go home?"

I continued to sit after 9:30, I would sit all night if necessary. By 11 I felt very tired and my determination slackened, or rather, it seemed like a natural thing to go to bed. By some miracle I awakened at 2:30 a.m., feeling that I had something important to do. I also felt rested, clear-headed and energetic--another miracle. I felt so confident and free of doubts that I thought I must be enlightened. I asked myself if there was anything that I had any doubts about, and I lied when I answered "no." I sat through till rising bell at 4:30 a.m. and time seemed to fly by--no pains, no sleepiness, no restlessness. At morning dokusan you asked me some questions, but I sat like a dumb fool, unable to answer.

Back to the zendo--no pain, fatigue, distractions or "problems." I realized how badly I was hung up over food at this sesshin. I was afraid to miss a meal! Afraid I might get sick or die! On Saturday I missed the noon meal, but I didn't "miss" it. I felt great--no pangs, no emptiness, and lots of energy!

Waiting for afternoon dokusan, I thought I'd electrocute myself again, which brings up a question. I felt that these sensations came when I was deeply concentrated and close to Mu. Since I felt that I could produce these through deep breathing, the question arose of trying intentionally to do this or just concentrating and letting things take their course. When you questioned me again at afternoon dokusan, I was surprised at the certainty, immediacy and spontaneity of some of my answers. What to do in a burning building of no escape? Die--what else! And I knew that I would do exactly that and without thought or hesitation. Other questions perplexed me--"Where were you born?" There is no I and there is no birth or death, but I didn't feel this down to the root bottom. So I hesitated and lost my beautiful life. I saw you then as a formidable enemy-adversary, standing squarely across the road to kensho: the keeper of the barrier-gate! I listened dumbly as my sick ego shouted insanely--"I am the universe"...

I returned to the zendo in confusion. I felt that the sesshin was over and had ended the previous evening when I voiced Mu at dokusan. "Why should I hang around any longer? If this isn't kensho, it's good enough

for me." I feel now that my ego was trying desperately to survive by claiming the fruits of zazen for itself. Doubt returned. Should I try in one last desperate struggle to beat the last signs of life out of my adversary? He looked almost dead, but would those slight tremors grow into the raging of a monster? Who or what is fighting who? Is the Faith-Mind identical with the ego? Do I have the guts for one last try? It seems harder each time. Should I return to dokusan now or wait for some sign? I don't remember much of that last dokusan except the realization that I was an "also-ran." I wasn't disappointed, because I no longer had any doubts about the reality of the Buddha Mind or my own Buddha-nature.

There were several decisive points for me during the sesshin. The taysho on Po Shan had a profound effect. I found myself watching the mind-body: the drifting smoke and bubbles of dharmas arising and passing. I analyzed it into all its components, i.e., "It thinks it has pain. It thinks it lives the life of the body and mind, like when Indra became a pig. It thinks it sees separate beings whose opinions it values. It thinks it is incomplete and unsatisfied. It will cause other non-existent beings to think that it exists and that they exist. So sorrow sweeps through the world like a fire unchecked. I must check this fire in myself and thus in others also. But who is the One who knows all this? I must see Him face-to-face."

One evening you said that zazen is not a matter of blind faith and that our Faith-Mind had brought us here and was leading us in the way we need to go. This hit me squarely and all my aspirations were coalesced into one strong surge. Everything fell into place: the mute urge that had driven me into searching, the spontaneous Buddhistic experiences of childhood, i.e., the recurring dreams of being swept down a fast-flowing river on a raft, the dreams of being a wheel and endlessly turning through fear-security and relaxation-tension, my closeness to the physical world, my self-destructive tendencies (a negative search for the authentic Self), all the loneliness and yearning of my childhood... the conscious awareness of the search on first reading the RAZOR'S EDGE by Maugham, the progressive narrowing of the search as I found Zen and then the Center, and now this sesshin.

Trust and obedience were two more experiences or lessons for me in this sesshin. EVERYTHING you told me about myself and Zen was confirmed exactly and finally through my own experience. I felt that everything was being done for me and I had only to trust and obey like a child with wise and compassionate parents.

Now that this madness of words and ideas is passing away, I feel a quiet determination and confidence. I keep hearing your excellent counsel to remain calm and not become frantic in my practice. I believe in my Self now, not that narrow little puppet-monkey but a big, wide, quiet, all-embracing Self which knows nothing of inadequacy, inferiority, fear, anxiety, guilt or self-hate. I see the Way everywhere with no need to pick or choose or reject or judge. Those hackneyed old expressions have new meaning, i.e., "Lead kindly Light" and "Wait upon the Lord." Although we don't do much waiting in Zen--rather, we try to batter the door down!

If you see that I am going astray and that the deadly ego poison is increasing, I know you will direct my feet to the Path.

With deep Gassho, to you, My Enemy-My Friend,

(Signed)

Sensei,

It is irrelevant to speak of what might seem to be the history of the true miracle that has so freed my life and reached such culmination during this past sesshin. I have awakened to the inescapable Dharma and know directly and unmistakably the truth of the words of all the masters I have ever studied. All the more now I know my need to study them. The Buddha's precepts are all clear, unnecessary to voice or reason about, and are seen to be so necessary for the life leading to awakening (which is the life beginning with awakening) and they all follow from--are identical with--the perfection and interpenetration of everything in the universe. THAT I have, entered--no--nothing, nothing, nothing. There is no word, but the one wordless, absolutely meaningless and absolutely meaningful word that thunders in the timeless all-comprehending silence. For me, this word, thanks to your kyosaku and your strong and gentle hands, was mu. As you insisted, finally driving me through all walls--ONLY MU, ONLY MU.

So--in short now--from the ever-present, fading, and irrelevant past--I was gripped by this MU. And I saw all the follies and barriers of my life to be based upon the ego and that the smashing of this real illusion was necessary. And then within me wrested all the furies and demons of every Pilgrim's Progress and every Tibet and I vowed that I could/would NEVER stop until it was ALL gone and even then I would not stop. And mu gripped me by the throat one night and would not let me sleep. I heard voices and things crawled upon me, but mu and mu and mu. I knew tearfully next day I did not and could not know ANYTHING about mu--that I DO NOT KNOW was the answer to every conceivable question. And I went out into the fields one noontime among the warm and peaceful birds and insects and grass and I cried bitterly as I saw that THERE WAS NOT ANYTHING TO HOLD TO --NOTHING, and that I had no choice but to submit. And I came back and sat in the zendo and mu welled up further in me. And I have no idea of time at all now--only the experience of this bell and that clapper that drove or smashed or awakened something further, and I had already from the evanescence of past "great experiences," and from this week particularly, learned not to cling to "experiences," no matter how joyful--and so mu continued. Mu. MU. The kyosaku whacked me whenever it whacked anyone in the zendo, and the bells and wind and cicadas were all in my own mind and mu and mu and I would not stop. One final whack in some part of my mind across the room on someone else's shoulders brought finality and I wrenched into a black, black ego shattering paroxysm by mu, mu, mu. And it happened a second time and I did not yield to the temptation to rest in anything called "glorious" or "I am there." And thank that THAT that has held me forever and now has taken me fully into its currents of joyful work that I did not hold and released and that nothing could distract me and I saw that nothing in the universe existed that could separate me from the totality of deathless being with which I now knew mySelf to be one! But more was to come. Time had no existence those days those aeons and then my body and mind disappeared and I was solid as all mountains and without fear. And nothing could be done anywhere that was not done here and now. And I came down from my seat in the zendo, because the bell sounded the turning of the Dharma's wheel, in such joy, such joy, and you were there and I reached through the tears for your hand and I said to you it was so easy, so easy. I was so thankful and you embraced me and I you and nothing existed or does now exist and there is no beginning or end.

Some time that day I placed a stick of incense on the altar. I felt such quiet easy authority to do so. And some time in kinhin my naked foot

touched floor and words came to me:

o man's most wonderful work--  
just to walk upon the earth.

I obeyed and wrote them and left the slip of paper at your place in the zendo. And in dokusan there was no doubt, but foolishly, out of the waves of my dimensionless new being, I asked you what to do now and you said, looking at me as at the Buddha, "you know what to do--just go on." And I know that mu and zazen and you and I and the great wheel of Dharma, to turn with which is the Great Liberation, will go on and will go on in the perfect freedom of no-choice forever, for the gateless gate of Dharma has been torn asunder and I walk freely between heaven and earth.

And now having said all that necessary stuff I'll try to throw it away. It's just one more thing. The only reason I wrote it was that I had nothing to do with it anyway and it got written without restraint, so maybe it will be useful somewhere sometime as anything else I or anyone else has ever written is mysteriously used.

I know you now as deep friend and teacher and I thank you so much for your channelling touching role in my life and in the Buddha-work, and now I must learn to find my way, with your help, in the new old world, and obey the Dharma-voice, and get rid of all traces of ego and enlightenment and any other garbage and clutter, and go on, and go on, and try to live this most profound of truths, to go on and not to try to dwell anywhere.

Gassho to you, my Dharma-brother...

(Signed)

WEEKLY ZENDO SCHEDULE

(Subject to Change)

Monday-Saturday	6:00 a.m. - 7:00 a.m.	Zazen
	7:00 a.m. - 7:25 a.m.	Chanting
Sunday	8:00 a.m. - 9:00 a.m.	Zazen
	9:00 a.m. - 10:00 a.m.	Lecture on Buddhist doctrine
Monday	7:30 p.m. - 9:30 p.m.	Private Instruction and Zazen
Tuesday	7:30 p.m. - 9:30 p.m.	Zazen and Zen Talk
Thursday	7:30 p.m. - 9:30 p.m.	Private Instruction and Zazen
Friday	7:30 p.m. - 9:30 p.m.	Free Sitting

## REBUILDING AT THE CENTER

Reconstruction of the burned-out Arnold Park building shifted into high gear several months ago when the Rochester Zoning Board granted the Center a remodeling permit on the basis of architect Robert Macon's design development drawings. In the past three months the outside of the Center has had old paint scorched off, wood sanded, and two new coats of paint applied. Shutters have been refinished and put back up again. The four-car garage, converted into offices and sleeping quarters, has been treated in the same manner.

Now, based on new plans remarkable not only for their intelligent and sensitive response to the needs of a Zen group, but for their economical use of the space at hand, partitions are being moved, new rooms built, stairways taken out and put back in other locations in the house, and all manner of preparations made for the commencement of replumbing, rewiring, and the installation of new heating facilities. After the installation of these 'mechanicals,' final partitions will be put up some time late in the fall and the interior refurbishment of the Center will commence. An attractive fence will be constructed around the property; new shrubs and trees are being chosen for the front and back gardens.

When completed, the new zendo will seat 65 persons, making it, we believe, one of the largest in the country.

Work is being directed by a building committee composed of architect Bob Macon, Zen Center President Audrey Fernandez, Head Monk Hugh Curran, and Center members Alan Temple (by

profession a building contractor), and Bob Knebel. A work crew averaging approximately thirty people, almost all of them members, has been working at the Center six days a week. Their yeoman labors and consistently good spirits have been the marvel of the neighborhood. As one elderly lady remarked to Sensei one day as she stood with him observing the repainting of the exterior, "What remarkable young people you have working at the Center. Why, they don't even curse or throw tools at each other!"

## SESSHIN

Although normally a sesshin of from five to seven days is held every month except September and January, owing to our remodeling program there will be only two more this year, October 12-18 and November 30-December 7. However, there will be a 6-day sesshin in January, probably from the 11th to the 17th.

Nothing is more necessary to the culture of the higher sciences than meditation; and nothing is less suited to meditation than the structure of democratic society. Everyone is in motion: some in quest of power, others of gain. In the midst of this universal tumult, this incessant conflict of jarring interests, this continual striving of men after fortune, where is that calm to be found which is necessary for the deeper combinations of the intellect?

-Alexis de Tocqueville in  
DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA (1835)

ZEN BOW is published every other month by the Zen Meditation Center of Rochester, 7 Arnold Park, Rochester, New York 14607. Editor: Paterson Simons. Voluntary subscription rate: \$3 a year.