

► **MEMORIALIZING HARADA
TANGEN ROSHI** Dharma friend,
teacher, and an unforgettable man.

NOW, HERE. Tangen Roshi points
out that what we most deeply long
for is already here.

TWO EULOGIES: A physicist speaks
for everyone, and a son remembers
his dad.





Summer 2018 | VOLUME XL, NUMBER TWO

NEARLY 30 YEARS AGO I traveled with our daughter to Bukkokuji to meet with Tengen Roshi. My objective, or so I thought at the time, was to gather background material on Roshi Philip Kapleau so that I could write his definitive biography. The fact that I had neither the skills nor the temperament of a biographer had not yet occurred to me, and I proceeded to interview Tengen Roshi with the energy of a reporter covering a complex story, looking for the juicy bits as well as the facts.

Aided by the late Belenda Attaway Yamakawa, the roshi's interpreter, I asked Tengen Roshi numerous questions about his old friend: What was his first impression of Kapleau-san? How did he fit into the monastic community? Were there any memorable anecdotes he wished to share with me? To each question, Tengen Roshi replied with some variation on the same theme: "Ah, Kapleau-san. He worked very hard."

Towards the end of our conversation, reflecting on the many years since he had seen his Dharma brother, Tengen Roshi lifted his eyes, smiled, and waved one hand in a gesture of pure delight, saying "It's all a dream." I was gobsmacked, and still am.

When I returned home, my husband asked me, "How was Tengen Roshi?" I burst into tears. There was nothing to say.

3 ■ SOUNDINGS

A child of rich birth | *A correction* | Remembering the first law of thermodynamics | *What is a student of the Roshi?* | A father's love, finally revealed | *Definition of "roshi"*

ROSHI BODHIN KJOLHEDE

Harada Tengen Roshi 1924–2018

Brushes with death, boundless energy, and the many manifestations of Kannon: Tengen Roshi's life and lessons. ▶ 6

WES BORDEN, JONATHAN

SHELDON, SHIRLEY (SOMYO) HELVEY, & DHARMAN (SHINDO) STORTZ

Our memories of Tengen Roshi

Anecdotes from former and present inhabitants of Bukkokuji. ▶ 12

HARADA TANGEN ROSHI

Awaken to the True Self

Tengen Roshi himself speaks about his life and practicing in the here and now. ▶ 21

26 ■ SIGHTINGS

Letters to the Editor | *Reader reviews* | A new Buddha arrives in Auckland

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ON THE COVER

PHOTO BY *Amaury Cruz* | Amaury is a retired lawyer, writer, political activist, and award-winning photographer. He is especially fond of nature, including mountains, rivers, and the sea—above and below the surface.



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Soundings

CHILD'S PLAY

MY YOUNGEST SON was four last January [2013]. On the morning of his birthday, as we were walking to nursery I asked him, "How does it feel to be four?" Quick as a flash he answered, "Cold!" I thought wow, what a great answer, a real word of Zen. Ummon himself couldn't have done any better! Spontaneous, in the moment, and completely one with the circumstances in which he finds himself.

If you spend time with young children, you also see that they have a special transparency. They can't hide anything—literally. When my rail card or my wallet goes missing just before I go to work in the morning, I ask Zach if he's hidden it. He'll say, "Yes! But it's not under the sofa, don't look there!" So we play this little game and spend a few minutes looking for it before finding it, you guessed it, under the sofa.

There's so much in the mind and behavior of a young child that is similar to the work we're doing here. Similar to our hopes and aspiration for practice: this sponta-



neous, transparent simplicity, with nothing hidden, everything out in the open.

When my older son (who was eight at the time) saw how interested I was in Zach's answer, he asked me to ask him the same question. So I asked him, "How does it feel to be eight?" He thought for a while and said something like, "Well, it's great being able to read more on my own and I'm definitely getting better at football."

His answer was really quite different—thoughtful, considered, and reflective.

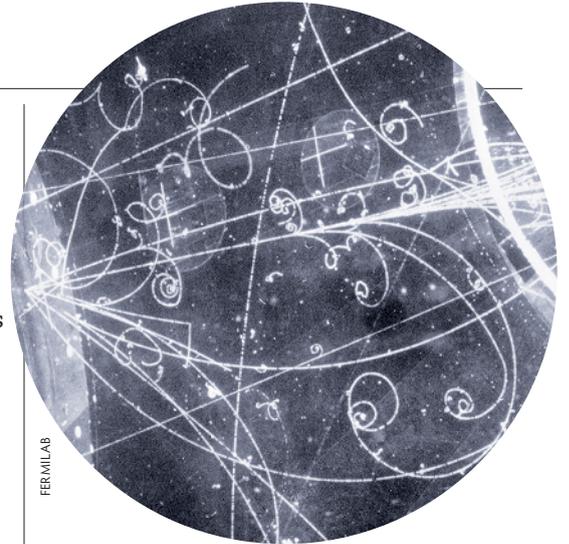
Now don't get me wrong. I didn't say, "What a terrible answer, Hugh! That's not a word of Zen!" Because there was nothing wrong with his answer, of course. It was also perfect in its own way. Developing this ability to think rationally, critically, and to reflect on experience is a normal and absolutely necessary part of growing up.

But along the way, we lose touch with something. We lose touch with the more childlike side of our nature. We lose touch with the simplicity, openness, and responsiveness that we have clearly all had at some stage. Master Hakuin expresses this in his "Chant in Praise of Zazen" saying, "Like a child of rich birth wandering poor on this earth, we endlessly circle the six worlds."

Each one of us is this child of rich birth. We always have been and we always will be. The old masters never tire of reminding us of this. Mumon offers us the finest wine in China, and we can eat the fanciest pastry straight out of Kuan Yin's hands. Only the richest person can really appreciate these wonderful things.

We may believe, and zendo leaders are always telling us, that this practice is hard, that sesshin is so tough. Well, they're wrong. This is easy. What is really tough is to "endlessly circle the six worlds." To be trapped in this world of dualism, self and other, good and bad. To be trapped inside this prison of our own making. This endless cycle of thoughts.

So we return to our practice and the child returns. We return to our practice and the child starts to play. We dive deeper into this "samadhi of frolic and play." We see that all this work, all this effort, is not difficult. It's child's play.—SENSEI KARL KALISKI, *Cloud Water Zen Centre, Glasgow*



FERMILAB

A EULOGY FROM A PHYSICIST

YOU WANT A PHYSICIST to speak at your funeral. You want the physicist to talk to your grieving family about the conservation of energy, so they will understand that your energy has not died. You want the physicist to remind your sobbing mother about the first law of thermodynamics: that no energy gets created in the universe, and none is destroyed. You want your mother to know that all your energy, every vibration, every BTU of heat, every wave of every particle that was her beloved child remains with her in this world. You want the physicist to tell your weeping father that amid energies of the cosmos, you gave as good as you got.

And at one point you'd hope that the physicist would step down from the pulpit and walk to your brokenhearted spouse there in the pew and tell him that all the photons that ever bounced off your face, all the particles whose paths were interrupted by your smile, by the touch of your hair, hundreds of trillions of particles, have raced off like children, their ways forever changed by you. And as your widow rocks in the arms of a loving family, may the physicist let her know that all the photons that bounced from you were gathered in the particle detectors that are her eyes, that those photons created within her constellations of electromagnetically charged neurons whose energy will go on forever.

And the physicist will remind the ▶

CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS

IN THE SPRING 2018 issue we neglected to credit Center member Geoff Taylor for his translation into English of Rishi Sante Poromaa's book, *The Net of Indra: Rebirth in Science and Buddhism* (2009). We regret the omission.

congregation of how much of all our energy is given off as heat. There may be a few fanning themselves with their programs as he says it. And he will tell them that the warmth that flowed through you in life is still here, still part of all that we are, even as we who mourn continue the heat of our own lives.

And you'll want the physicist to explain to those who loved you that they need not have faith; indeed, they should not have faith. Let them know that they can

measure, that scientists have measured precisely the conservation of energy and found it accurate, verifiable and consistent across space and time. You can hope your family will examine the evidence and satisfy themselves that the science is sound and that they'll be comforted to know your energy's still around. According to the law of the conservation of energy, not a bit of you is gone; you're just less orderly. Amen.—AARON FREEMAN, *physicist and writer, on NPR in 2005*

Q *What does it mean to be a student of the Roshi? What do you do? How often do you do it? What are the expectations? Is there a beginning/middle/end, or is it a relationship that lasts as long as any other relationship?*

&TA FOR MY PART, the teacher-student relationship is open-ended. Unless the student formally ends it, I consider the relationship intact as long as the student remains a member of the Center. This makes me more permissive than some Zen teachers, who require, for example, that students attend two 7-day sesshins a year. Such a requirement does have merit to it; indeed, I've always felt some regret that so many of my students seldom come to dokusan—or even sittings—outside sesshin. Over the years I've considered that or some other, lesser requirement that would encourage the student to engage with me other than at Sunday brunches. But I take a long view: a student's aspiration typically waxes and wanes over time, and I want to be there for him or her through thick and thin. Besides, householders can have a lot in play in their lives that impedes their coming to dokusan or sesshin.

Before accepting someone as a student, usually I want the person to have come to at least half a dozen dokusans. This gives both of us the experience of working together in that context, which is the heart of the teacher-student exchange. Once we've formalized that bond, I prefer that the student not dilute our collaboration by taking dokusan with another teacher. An analogy for this is the shift that occurs when a couple goes from living in a married state to sealing the deal with wedding

vows. In formalizing the partnership, it is enriched through the commitment involved. (However, if a student does want to try working with another teacher for a limited time, such as in sesshin, I'm usually okay with it.)

Dokusan is a place to bring questions and problems about your practice. But they're not necessary. You don't need a reason to come to dokusan; dokusan is beyond reason. It never hurts to come to dokusan just to briefly check in. Even if the student has nothing, I might have something to bring up with the student—a question or two, say, or a suggestion about posture. Nothing can emerge in dokusan if the student doesn't come to dokusan.

In dokusan itself, I don't distinguish between students and non-students except with regard to assigning the person a koan; usually I'm disinclined to start a non-student on a koan since it demands a bit more of him (and me). Why, then, become a student? To return to the analogy above, the financial and legal advantages that come with marriage over cohabiting don't apply, of course. But I probably do feel a bit more responsible for those who have formalized the relationship than for others. Furthermore, I know from when I became a student of Roshi Kapleau that it is a change that can offer you the strongest of allies and so keep you on track. While it's true that teaching in Zen is a no-teaching, with nothing to be learned, still it's helpful to have an experienced guide who can help you realize that truth.—ROSHI BODHIN KJOLHEDE

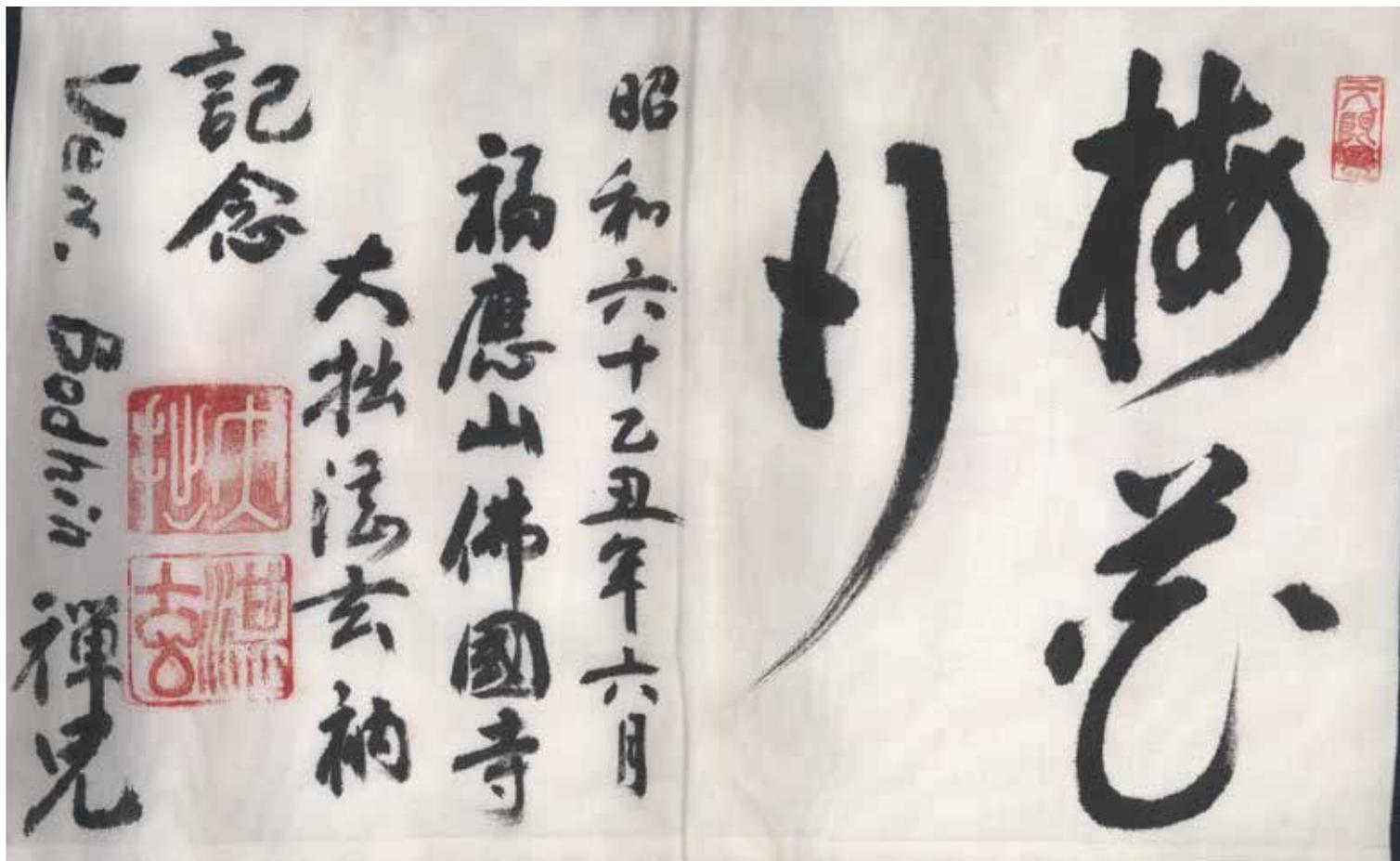
EULOGY FOR MY DAD

SPEAKER FOR THE DEAD is one of my favorite books by Orson Scott Card. The title refers to a person who speaks for the deceased as a neutral third party—someone who doesn't know the departed, and therefore can speak honestly about the person. The goal is to provide an authentic representation of who the person was. Dad was a huge sci-fi fan, and so I think it's fitting to take a page from that novel. Of course, I'm hardly a neutral third party, but this isn't fiction and I think I can do dad justice.

I believe the older generation needs to show the younger generation how to "do" life—how to live and die with grace. Dad's death was a good one—he showed us how to die with dignity. He didn't go kicking and screaming; there weren't accusations; he didn't lash out at the doctors or beg them to do something to save him (there was nothing they could do). Instead, once he learned that he was going to die, he spent his remaining hours and minutes telling us he loved us, holding our hands, smiling at us, making goofy faces, even joking around a bit. He asked us kids to take care of mom. It takes a highly evolved person to be able to think of the wellbeing of others as he himself is dying. I had never expected this from dad because he seemed so unsatisfied in life—but I was wrong, in so many ways.

Dad was a complex person who suffered for reasons we couldn't fully understand. He was frequently angry over taxes, over people who didn't understand his complex ideas—he was a genius inventor and designer who often knew the solution to a problem before anyone else could see it, yet he would become frustrated if he had to explain himself. That was one side of him.

He was also a charming, fun-loving, intellectually curious person, and an endless jokester. He deeply loved his family and doted on his grandchildren. But when he told us how he felt about us, I sometimes thought his words weren't sincere, that if he had to say these things so much maybe he was trying to convince himself they were true; I thought maybe he was trying to make up time, time he wasted complaining. I was wrong. Dad had been sincere, but



▲ A rakusu given by Tangen Roshi to Bodhin Kjolhede when he was staying at Bukkokuji. The inscription on the left says, "For Zen brother Ven. Bodhin, in remembrance, from Daisetsu Tangen, Bukkokuji, June, Showa 60 [1985]." On the right, the three big characters read, literally, "plum-flower-go." One could interpret this as "May the fragrance of plum blossoms follow you always."

I missed it while he was alive. What I realized while dad was dying, and in the hours after his death when his life unfolded in front of me in old pictures, in his papers, and in his writings, was that dad did love all of us deeply, and that he didn't regret his life. Even when dad was cranky, he never wanted to be anywhere except with us — with mom, his kids, his grandkids, his family, his friends. At times I thought dad would never be happy, that nothing would satisfy him. But now, looking over his life, it's clear to me that he was happy.

After dad died, my siblings and I stood around him in the hospital room. Mom touched dad's arm and said, "All the drama just melted away." I had felt the

same way. It was like dad had released us from the burden of worrying about him, from that part of him that was restless. He died content, satisfied. After that realization, I began thinking about all the people I'd argued with over the years, all the conflicts and drama and ill-will. And I began to wonder, what would it be like if we could sit at everyone's deathbed — metaphorically speaking. It's like this, if we see that we can drop our end of things, our side of an argument when a person is dying, then why wait? Go with everyone to their deathbeds. Make peace with them, only, don't wait until the moment of their death — do it now. And when ill-will or bad feelings arise again, go again to their deathbeds, and again, and again. Make it a daily practice to be at peace with each other. This was dad's parting gift.

Dad was a multifaceted person who was at once happy, angry, inventive, judgmental, joyous, loving, restless, and peaceful. To quote Whitman, "Do I contradict myself?/Very well then I contradict myself./ (I am large, I contain multitudes.)" —BRYAN HOFFMAN

roshi \ˈrō-ʃē\ *n* [Japanese 'venerable teacher'] the spiritual leader of a community of Zen Buddhist monks

"While sensei belongs to the everyday language of Japan, roshi is a term largely restricted to the Zen sect. Literally it carries the meaning of 'venerable teacher'; i.e., one who commands respect and reverence by reason of great age or impressive dignity. The abbot of a monastery, the chief priest of a temple, or a lay teacher beyond the age of, say, sixty could be addressed as Roshi and the honorific would imply nothing more than great respect...."

"Not many Westerners are aware, I believe, that roshi is essentially an honorific employed by a teacher's own disciples and followers, and not a title or degree bestowed on one upon completion of a prescribed course of study or in recognition of certain high spiritual accomplishments. This explains why no Japanese (in Japan) would ever call himself roshi or sign his name that way." —ROSHI PHILIP KAPLEAU (Zen Bow, Vol. I, No. 6)



Tangen Roshi and Philip Kapleau in 1970. Roshi Kapleau was on a pilgrimage with three of his students after founding the Rochester Zen Center in 1966.

1924

HARADA

TANGEN

ROSHI

2018

THERE IS PROBABLY no more potent fuel for spiritual aspiration than an awareness of the inexorable law of transience. Tangen Roshi's early life was marked by loss and unusual suffering. His mother, after being warned by

doctors that bringing her pregnancy to term could prove fatal, did die while he was still an infant. For the rest of his life he felt a deep indebtedness to her, and a love that later evolved into a special affinity for the bodhisattva Kannon.

From childhood on, Tangen Roshi later said, he was "always very rebellious—as though in search of something"—and by age 12 his search began in earnest. A deep questioning arose in him as to the essential nature of things: "There is something I feel but don't understand. I can sense its presence, but can't grasp it."

His feeling of separation from people and

things, though not unusual in adolescence, seems to have been especially acute. But then, at age 18, he had a glimpse of that which is beyond suffering. During a school vacation, he climbed a small mountain alone. On the way up, consumed by self-reproach, he found himself chanting the rules of an acclaimed preparatory school which, he later surmised, brought his mind to a purified state. Once atop the mountain, the strong wind seemed to sweep away his feelings of worthlessness. Looking out over the Pacific Ocean, he felt himself expanding into an oceanic feeling of oneness with everything around him. It was a

TEXT BY
Roshi Bodhin Kjolhede

PHOTOGRAPH OPPOSITE
BY *Pat Simons*

Many of the photos in this issue came from the Zen Center photo archives and from Dharman (Shindo) Stortz at Bukkokuji. When the photographer is known, we have credited her or him, and we wish to thank the anonymous photographers who also contributed their work.

life-altering experience that left him feeling held, and protected, by a benevolent universe. It would prove instrumental in enabling him to survive the suffering yet to come.

When he turned 20, toward the end of World War II, Tangen joined the Japanese Air Force in China and volunteered to be a *kamikaze* (suicide) pilot. After a year of intensive training, he was assigned to his first—and final—flight. Just as he was about to board his plane, after the ritual cup of sake, he heard Emperor Hirohito's voice on a loudspeaker, announcing Japan's surrender. Overwhelmed by the timing of this turnabout, he vowed to dedicate his life to the service of others.

CIRCUMSTANCES STILL IMPEDED him, however. In the aftermath of the war, he was captured by the Russians and held in a POW camp in conditions of severe hardship. Then Kannon again seemed to intervene. According to one source, a Russian officer forced him at gunpoint to sit down and drink vodka with him. Tangen ended up drinking so much that he had to be hospitalized, and it was just then that the others in his group were sent to Siberia, never to return.

When Tangen returned to Japan, in 1946, he was in a state of mental distress and soul-searching. A friend suggested zazen, which led him to attend some sesshins at a nunnery. The abbess, a disciple of Harada Sogaku Roshi, then pointed him to the latter's monastery, Hosshinji (founded 1521). The spartan training at Hosshinji proved to be a perfect fit for the young Tangen, and in Harada Roshi he found the teacher to whom he would remain forever devoted (and who would become his adoptive father). Harada Roshi's teaching galvanized and harnessed the spiritual longing that had built up over his short life of loss and suffering.

It has been said, "Anxiety is like a match—light it and it will show you the way out." At Hosshinji, Tangen's angst drove him to sit like a house on fire. For his first three years there, he wouldn't lie down to sleep, instead doing zazen through the night. He would sometimes sit in a bamboo grove on the mountain behind the monastery, gripping one of the trunks and roaring, "MU! MU! MU!" He once became so exasperated that he punched himself in the face, dislocating his jaw. Later he would surely have realized the absurdity of punishing himself.

Through his long-sustained exertions he had lost much weight and grown increasingly weak. But one of the wondrous effects of wholehearted zazen is its self-correcting power, and like

Siddhartha after his own period of fanatical asceticism, he finally found a greater balance in his efforts, and subsequently came to his first kensho.

At age 29, Tangen was the head monk at Hosshinji when Philip Kapleau first walked through the monastery gates in 1953. Kapleau's studies in Zen philosophy under D.T. Suzuki in New York had convinced him of the Zen saying, "A picture of a cake doesn't satisfy hunger," even as it left him brimming with concepts about Zen. But by now Tangen had developed the insight to see through Kapleau-san's intellectual pride and brashness, recognizing beneath it the same anguished searching of his own youth. Their countries had been mortal enemies, leaving them both scarred and dedicated to realizing that which united them: their innately enlightened nature.

Tangen also must have seen that Kapleau-san, his senior by 12 years, had the full package: the compelling need to come to realization, and the determination to do so. His demands on Kapleau-san matched his faith in him. Once when the American newcomer was sitting in the dokusan line, Tangen, who alone at the monastery had learned a little English, was sitting behind him ready to go in with him as his interpreter. No sooner had Kapleau-san struck the bell and stood up than Tangen, without warning, struck him violently behind the ear. Kapleau-san, enraged, took a swing at him, but with no time to lose, stormed straight in to see Harada Roshi. For the first time, Kapleau-san was able, in his aroused state, to respond to the Roshi no-mindedly, from the guts rather than the head. Harada Roshi signaled his delight. From then on, Kapleau writes in *Zen: Merging of East and West*, he found himself "operating on a higher energy level, and at dokusan was no longer afraid of the roshi." Tangen had known well that compassion can take the form of harshness.

HE ALSO METED OUT his special compassion for the American even when doing so cost him precious sleep. On the last night of a seven-day sesshin, after the formal schedule had ended for the day, Kapleau-san secluded himself in the bathhouse to continue his sitting. Tangen, ever solicitous of his struggling foreign charge, followed him in and spent hours urging him on with the *kyosaku* (encouragement stick). By the end of the night, they had bonded to a degree unique to such shared exertions. As dawn broke, they silently embraced, and Kapleau remained even further indebted to his mentor, friend, and Dharma-brother.

In 1955 Harada Roshi sanctioned Tangen as a



ROSHI BODHIN KJOLHEDE, the abbot of the Rochester Zen Center, trained under Tangen Roshi for three months in the 1980s.



A REMARKABLE LIFE. TOP LEFT: Tengen Roshi as a young monk. TOP CENTER: Bodhin Kjolhede and Tengen Roshi in 1985 (*photo by Wes Borden*). TOP RIGHT: Tengen Roshi with a reading for the Kannon Day ceremony. CENTER AND CENTER RIGHT: Smiling, with and without a deer. BOTTOM LEFT: After having been recently released from hospital. BOTTOM RIGHT: As a *kamikaze* pilot, receiving sake before his scheduled suicide mission.

teacher, and sent him to the dilapidated old temple of Bukkokuji (founded 1502), half a mile from Hosshinji, to begin teaching. Just 31 years old then, Tangen spent his days rebuilding and repairing the temple, conducting ceremonies, and going on *takuhatsu* (mendicancy) to raise money before sitting in zazen into the night.

Although Bukkokuji was not a fully certified training temple, Tangen Roshi's reputation as a teacher and example of compassion and wisdom gradually spread internationally by word of mouth. By the mid-90s as many as 60 participants from around the world were crowding into his sesshins. Eventually he was offered a senior position at Eihei-ji, one of the two mother-temples of the Japanese Soto Zen school, but he politely declined. Not long afterward, he suffered a heart attack, but after recovering he resumed teaching. Later he was diagnosed with Alzheimer's disease, which finally brought his teaching career to a halt.

NO BIOGRAPHICAL PROFILE of a Zen teacher would be complete without some description of the training at the temple, which always reflects the teacher's understanding and practical application of the Dharma. In March, 1985, I arrived at Bukkokuji for three months of Zen training (with another three months at Sogenji later in the year). The challenge I faced is known to anyone with involvement at one Zen center upon entering a temple with a different teacher: adapting to differences in procedures, policies, and other forms. The challenge is especially difficult in Japan, where these prescribed norms are typically not explained to new residents; the newcomer is expected to learn them simply by joining with the others in the daily rounds and always keeping eyes and ears open. The key value is to adapt and harmonize with the group, as enshrined in the Japanese warning: "The nail that sticks up gets pounded down."

Bukkokuji was one of the few residential training temples in Japan that accepted *gaijin* (foreigners), most of whom arrived there seemingly as ignorant of Japanese Zen monastic rules as of Japanese culture generally. Tangen Roshi was willing to go the extra distance to give even those with no Zen experience a shot.

After 14 years of residential training under a teacher with long training himself in Japan, I landed at Bukkokuji with an introduction to Japanese Zen culture. But like most of the *gaijin* there, I neither understood nor spoke any Japanese. There was a young American woman who knew enough Japanese to sometimes interpret

"Isho...
kenmei..."

("With
all your
heart")

▪

"Most
important
pleasure:

'Only
doing!'

▪

"One...
way...!"



for Tangen Roshi in dokusan, but with respect to what else was happening at the temple, even she often left us fellow *gaijin* in the dark. Soon after arriving there, I happened to see her, across the central courtyard, heading to the Buddha Hall in a special robe. "Belenda, what's going on?" I called out. "Oh, we're celebrating the Buddha's Birthday"—in Rochester one of the two biggest weekends of the year. The next month they had Jukai (the ceremony of receiving the Buddhist precepts), but I only heard about it some 20 minutes into the ceremony. To be sure, both of these events were tiny-scale there, but Jukai is considered the most significant of all Buddhist ceremonies other than ordination. Leaving the *gaijin* to fend for themselves for information may have been a feature of Tangen Roshi's teaching. "Never explain" is a key Japanese Zen directive that in Rochester Roshi Kapleau himself often cited (while nonetheless providing plenty of printed rules and guidelines—an accommodation to Western needs).

The relatively *laissez-faire* tone at Bukkokuji was difficult for this Kapleau disciple to adjust to. We were assigned only 1½ hours of work a day, with Tangen Roshi urging us to "just take your time—no rush." Seldom was any instruction given in how to do the job, and it was usually not clear who one's supervisor was, or even if there were any at all. There were tea breaks, lasting as long as 45 minutes, every morning and evening, and we were expected to stop talking (which was scant anyway) when the roshi was present. Most of the day between the morning and evening sittings was unstructured. It was not uncommon for lay students (non-residents) to come late to sittings. Most residents belted the dokusan bell hard, evidently without correction. Tangen Roshi never ended dokusan until everyone had had the chance to get in, which sometimes cut into meals, leaving residents waiting for him at the table to begin. And since the dokusan room had no doors, anyone walking by could have looked in to see what was happening there.

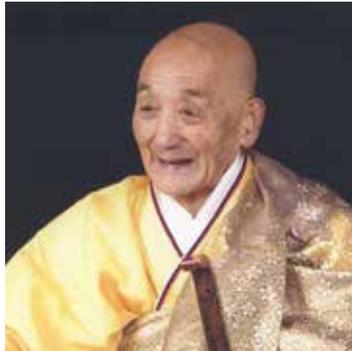
At Bukkokuji sesshins the *kyosaku* was used noticeably less than it was in Rochester at the time, and drastically less compared to Rochester sesshins in the 1970s. Accounts in *The Three Pillars of Zen* suggest that the stick may have been heaviest of all when Kapleau-san was at Hosshinji—when Tangen-san was the head monk. When I marveled at this change in stick culture from that of Tangen-san of the 1950s to Tangen Roshi of 1985, Rochester Sangha member Wes Borden, who was with me at Bukkokuji at the time, recounted how

he had asked Tangen Roshi about this while there on a previous visit. In reply, Tangen Roshi, speaking through interpreter and fellow RZC member Kenneth Kraft, explained: “When Harada Roshi died, the training at Hosshinji fell apart. I realized that it was because the discipline was all from the outside. So now I think the discipline should come from the inside. I used to hit the monks terrifically hard with the *kyosaku*, but now I hit like a baby.”

I took this story to heart, and after succeeding Roshi Kapleau in Rochester the following year had our sesshin monitors dial down the use of the *kyosaku* to what it has been ever since. Tangen Roshi’s belief in nurturing discipline “from the inside” would also explain the largely unstructured daily schedule at Bukkokuji. Having a “wide pasture” of free time at our disposal imposed on us the decision of how to use that time. In a sense, it demands more of each individual.

IF THE ATMOSPHERE at Bukkokuji was generally looser than at many Zen centers I’d been to, in some ways it was stricter. Obedience to Tangen Roshi was non-negotiable. No one was permitted to go outside the walls of the temple without his explicit permission. There were no days off from the schedule of morning and evening sittings, with wake-up always at 3:45 AM. The three meals each day were mainly rice. Before going out on *takuhatsu* we had to submit to his meticulous inspection of our attire—after all, we were representing the Dharma to the public—and he once adjusted my undershirt at the throat to make an exposed quarter-inch of it disappear. Belenda recounted that he had been “furious” with her for shaving her head without his permission (“He says that I should look like a woman”).

Shortly after I had settled in at Bukkokuji, we were all roused from bed at midnight by the roshi’s lilting cries through the courtyard: “Accident...!” “Fire...!” “Accident...!” “Fire...!” Unbeknownst to us, this was his way of memorializing an act of arson committed on that night two years earlier, when a mentally disturbed resident set a fire in the zendo building. Alarmed, we streamed out of our rooms to fight the blaze in a hastily-formed bucket brigade, with Tangen Roshi spurring us on excitedly, only to find ourselves heaving water onto the cold cement pyramid of memorial tablets in the graveyard. After some 15 minutes of this he had us change clothes and sit in the zendo for a short talk by him. Then we repaired to the dining room for rice balls and special tea while he regaled us with hearty reminiscences of details of the actual fire.



“Most
important
pleasure:
health.”

▪

“Sun
always
rises!
Don’t
worry!”

▪

“Only...
doing-g-g...”

AT A TEA BREAK one day, Tangen Roshi told us of a woman who had just joyfully informed him that her husband, who had needed surgery for stomach cancer eight months earlier, was just pronounced cured. When the wife had first learned of his diagnosis, Tangen Roshi said, she came to him overwrought with concern. “What do you think I told her?” he asked us, beaming. Someone guessed, “*Kannon*do (Kannon Room).” “That was the second thing I told her,” he grinned. “What was the first thing?” Finally, he told us: “Surrender.”

At the morning tea break on my first day at Bukkokuji, Tangen Roshi passed around maple sugar candies that I had brought him from Rochester. This reminded him, he said, of the deep karma he felt with a maple tree that had saved his life right after taking charge of Bukkokuji. While hiking on the mountain behind the temple, he had slipped and fallen over a precipice. About thirty feet down he was caught in his midsection by the single branch left on the tree, which left him with permanent pain in his hip. But it saved him from almost certain death. While falling, he said, he realized “ego... unnecessary...” Then he brought out the branch itself, which someone, to his regret, had cut off to present to him.

It is hardly surprising, given Tangen Roshi’s three narrow escapes from death, that his faith in the grace of Kannon was unwavering. Whereas the Buddha’s Birthday and Jukai were both minor observances, the Kannon Day Ceremony, held every month, lasted 2½ hours. Beyond that, in his own person he proved himself, every day from before dawn until after dusk, the flowing embodiment of compassion. Just as Kannon figures are sometimes shown with many heads and arms, he seemed to notice everything about his students and respond to them according to their needs, whether sternly or tenderly.

When taking leave of Tangen Roshi and Bukkokuji on the day after a seven-day sesshin, Wes and I were mortified to see Tangen Roshi wake all the residents from their deep, hard-earned naps to see us off at the temple gate. Later I came to see this gesture as not just Japanese etiquette, but a tribute to us that signaled the same faith he had in everyone—“all buddhas, bodhisattva-mahasattvas.” No doubt he hoped that it would leave us determined to live up to his respect. That morning, over tea with us, he said, “Zen is dying in Japan and being reborn in America.” His life of exertion has done much to keep the flame of the Dharma alive in both East and West. *///*

Our memories of

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TANGEN

.....

ROSHI

.....

TEXTS BY *Wes Borden,*
Jonathan Sheldon,
Shirley (Somyo) Helvey,
& *Dharman (Shindo) Stortz*

FORTUNATELY, THE NAME of the train station, “Obama,” was written in English, as well as in Japanese, so at least I knew where to get off the train from Kyoto. That was in 1979, nearly 40 years ago, when I was in Japan

for the first time, to attend a conference on theoretical chemistry in Kyoto. Despite the fact that I could speak only about 10 words of Japanese and could read even fewer, I had slipped away from the conference for two days in order to visit Harada Tangen Roshi at Bukkokuji, his temple in Obama, Japan.

When I got off the train, I had no idea of where Bukkokuji was, how to get to the temple, or how to ask for directions to it. Therefore, I got into a taxi and said “Bukkokuji,” in the hope that the taxi driver would take me there. He dropped me at the gate of a temple, which I assumed was Bukkokuji; but I saw no one. However, soon I heard the unmistakable sound of a *kyosaku* (encouragement stick) being used, so I guessed that I must be in the right place.

IN JAPAN, ZEN MONKS have to wait in the garden for two or three days, before they are admitted

to a training monastery. I wondered how long I might have to wait in the garden at Bukkokuji. However, within half an hour Tangen Roshi appeared. He was small in stature and quite ordinary looking. He said nothing to me. Instead, he just led me to the *hondo*, the building in a Zen temple where a statue of the Buddha or of Kannon Bodhisattva is enshrined.

Once there, I handed Tangen Roshi the *yokan* (Japanese sweet) that I had bought in Kyoto for him, which he immediately placed on the altar, without a word of thanks. Instead, he handed me a lit stick of incense, which he indicated that I should offer at the altar. After offering the incense, I did three prostrations.

During my prostrations I tried to see to whom I was making my bows. The head of the figure on the altar was hidden behind a curtain that ran across the top of the altar, so all I could see was the bottom half of the figure that was standing



SCENES OF BUKKOKUJI. TOP: To Tangen Roshi's right are Bodhin Kjolhede and Dharman Stortz. BOTTOM ROW: Takuhatsu featured prominently at Bukkokuji. In the BOTTOM LEFT photo, Dharman Stortz is in the first row on the right, and in the BOTTOM RIGHT he is second from the left.

there. The Roshi must have noticed my trying to peek under the curtain, as I was doing my prostrations, because, when I was done, he lifted the large figure off the altar. He cradled it in his arms, with the same affection that one might cradle one's own child. Tangen Roshi then said his first words to me "Kannon-sama."

After returning Kannon-sama to the altar, the Roshi signaled me to sit down on a cushion that he pushed across the tatami floor toward me. As I sat watching, he poured a cup of tea for me. Only then did he say first sentence to me, "How did you come here?"

I was so happy to hear that Tangen Roshi spoke some English that it did not occur to me that he might be asking me a "Zen question." Without thinking, I blurted out, "Taxi." The Roshi looked at me disapprovingly. I thought he disapproved, because the temple was quite near the train station. Therefore, I said, "I did not know the way from the station to here; so I took a taxi." He nodded and said, "I show you, so tomorrow you can walk to station."

Despite the fact that there was a sesshin in progress at Bukkokuji, the Roshi acted as though he had all the time in the world to walk me to the train station, so that I could get on the train back to Kyoto next day. When, on our walk, we came to a large road, he paused and said, "Look right, look left, look right, then cross." He accompanied each of his words with the appropriate turn of his head—right, left, right, then straight ahead.

On the way back to the temple we encountered a young woman pushing a baby carriage. She and Tangen Roshi greeted each other; and, although I could not understand a word they said to each other, the mutual affection in their greeting was palpable. "Wow," I thought. "The Roshi is such a sweet man! Is this the same fierce monk who had stood behind Philip Kapleau all night, hitting him with the *kyosaku*, in order to help him come to awakening?"

I was totally unprepared when, a few minutes after we met the young woman with the baby carriage, the Roshi turned to and said in a conversational tone, "What time is it where you live?" I looked at my watch and tried frantically to remember whether to add or subtract eight hours to convert the time in Japan to the time in Seattle. The Roshi kept walking, and I quickly realized that I had not answered the question that the Roshi was actually asking.

My reaction to my mistake surprised me. As

a chemistry professor, to be unable to answer a chemistry question correctly, would be the worst kind of humiliation for me. After nine years of Zen practice, four years of them spent working on koans, I had not even realized that the Roshi was asking me a Zen question. I should have been humiliated. But I wasn't.

I can only explain my lack of reaction to my mistake by saying that I somehow felt the Roshi was not judging me; he was just seeing me exactly as I was. This allowed me to see my failure to grasp the question that the Roshi was actually asking me as exactly what it was—my failure to grasp the question that the Roshi really was asking me—without my adding a judgment to it.

I EXPERIENCED THE same type of wholly uncharacteristic lack of my judging myself a few hours later. The Roshi had asked me if I wanted join the sesshin; and when I said, "Yes," he took me to the zendo and showed me where to sit. After several rounds of zazen there was afternoon chanting; but when I returned to the zendo for more zazen after chanting, I was the only person there. Where had everyone else gone?

I figured that sooner or later the other sesshin participants would return to the zendo, so I sat down and started doing zazen again. However, a few minutes later the Roshi entered the zendo, rubbed his hands together to get my attention, and then escorted me to the dining hall. He said nothing to me, but when we arrived at the dining hall all of the other sesshin participants were seated at tables, waiting for me, so that they could begin to eat their evening meal.

How embarrassing! Normally, I would have prayed for the earth to open and swallow me up. However, miraculously, I did not feel humiliated. I had not known that everyone was going to dinner, so I had returned to the zendo. Those were the facts, and there really was nothing more that was necessary to add. Not only did I not hate myself for my terrible faux pas, I did not even think about it again. I just sat down to eat dinner.

I can only attribute my totally uncharacteristic lack of embarrassment for my mistake to the fact that I somehow felt that the Roshi had again accepted what had happened, without judging me. Therefore, there was no reason for me to judge myself.

In writing about this incident 39 years later I can still recall an incredible feeling of freedom, freedom from the usual cascade of thoughts about what had happened, freedom from my



WES BORDEN's application for membership in the Rochester Zen Center was initially rejected by Kapleau Roshi, who called Wes "a spiritual butterfly." He has spent the past 49 years trying to prove that Kapleau Roshi's original assessment was wrong.

own rationalizations of it, and freedom from the usual stream of negative self-judgments. What a gift!

TANGEN ROSHI WAS very good at providing me with such moments of freedom, because I made many mistakes at Bukkokuji. For example, two years later I visited Bukkokuji with Ken Kraft, with whom I had begun doing zazen in the attic of a Harvard undergraduate dorm in 1970. From Bukkokuji Ken and I visited the grave of Harada Sogaku Roshi, who was not only Tangen Roshi's teacher but also his adoptive father. We also visited the little house where Harada Roshi had lived and which he had given to Tangen Roshi.

When we returned to Bukkokuji, Tangen Roshi was waiting for us. He immediately said, "What did Harada Roshi say to you?" My mind froze. It was filled with thoughts about the fact that Harada Roshi was not only Tangen Roshi's teacher but also his adoptive father. Never having met Harada Roshi, how could I respond to Tangen Roshi's question, without sounding presumptuous and without possibly offending Tangen Roshi?

With all of these thoughts filling my head, the best I could do was to answer Tangen Roshi's question with the lame reply, "Harada Roshi said, 'Welcome!'" Rather skeptically, Tangen Roshi queried "Harada said, 'Welcome'?" "Yes, he said, 'Welcome! Didn't he, Ken?" I replied, turning to Ken Kraft. Ken was gracious and shared the blame for my lame response. He agreed that Harada Roshi had said, "Welcome!"

However, when Ken and I were alone again, Ken said, "I thought Harada Roshi said, 'Nothing but *MU!*'" "Why didn't you give that response?" I asked. Ken replied, "I thought that you had more experience working on koans than I, so I thought that your answer would be better than mine." Ken was too polite to add, "But I was certainly wrong in that assumption!"

Not only had Tangen Roshi witnessed my really lame answer to his question, but my friend and fellow Zen student, Ken Kraft, had heard it too. Once again, to my complete surprise, I did not think about the matter again.

I SEEMED FATED to make mistake after mistake around Tangen Roshi. However, despite the many mistakes that I made around him, which he certainly witnessed, I did not feel that he judged me, at least not in the same way that I usually judge myself. I sensed that, in fact, he cared for me in

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a way that I still find hard to explain, because it had nothing to do with what I usually call "me." He cared for me in the same way that I care for my granddaughters, not for what they say or do or how they behave, but just because they are my granddaughters.

Tangen Roshi went out of his way to take care of me. That was apparent when he showed me where I was to sleep on my first night at Bukkokuji. To my surprise, he laid out my futon for me. In other words, while I watched, Tangen Roshi made my bed for me. Then he looked carefully at me, saw my long legs, and added an extra cushion and an extra quilt at the foot of my futon saying only, "Keep feet warm."

Such simple gestures of caring, combined with his apparently not caring about my many mistakes, led me quickly to grow to love Tangen Roshi. When my eight year-old daughter, Alice, was in Japan with me in the summer of 1983, I took her to meet Tangen Roshi because I wanted her to experience what a wonderful man he was.

By the summer of 1983, I had taken a first-year Japanese course at the University of Washington, so I was able to explain to Tangen Roshi, over the phone, half in Japanese, half in English, that I wanted my daughter to meet him. I suggested that my taking Alice swimming at Obama would be a good pretext under which I could bring her to Bukkokuji to meet him, and he agreed.

WHEN ALICE AND I arrived at Bukkokuji, Tangen Roshi had prepared a picnic for us to take to the beach. I particularly remember that he had gone to the trouble of buying little cans of tomato juice, for Alice and me to drink with our lunch. "What a considerate man!" I thought.

Alice and I changed into our swim suits at the temple; and then Tangen Roshi and one of his monks drove us to the beach. After our swim and picnic, they picked us up and drove us back to Bukkokuji. When Alice and I had changed back into our travelling clothes, Tangen Roshi walked us to the stop for the bus to Kyoto.

While we were waiting for the bus, Tangen Roshi asked Alice, "Coca-Cola?" "Yes!" she replied enthusiastically. Then he turned to me and said, "Coca-Cola?" Normally, I would have said, "No thanks, I don't drink Coca-Cola"; but, instead, I found myself replying, "Yes," with the same degree of enthusiasm as Alice.

As Alice and I stood drinking our Cokes and the three of us waited for the bus, my precocious daughter decided to engage Tangen Roshi in a Zen

mondo. She asked the questions and the Roshi provided the responses.

Alice began, "Is 'zazen' a Japanese word?" "Yes!" Tangen Roshi replied, "Zazen is a Japanese word!" I can still hear the Roshi saying that "Yes." He did not raise his voice, but he put all of himself into his "Yes!"

Alice continued questioning the Roshi, "Is gassho a Japanese word?" "Yes!" Tangen Roshi replied, "gassho is a Japanese word!"

Finally, Alice asked, "Is prostration a Japanese word?"

"No," Tangen Roshi replied. "Prostration is not a Japanese word. But, if you make a prostration in front of Buddha, with nothing in your mind, then you are Buddha himself."

Alice gave Tangen Roshi a look that was both amazed and quizzical. I wish I had asked her what she thought at that moment. I do know for sure that, had I said to Alice, "If you make a prostration in front of Buddha, with nothing in your mind, you are Buddha himself," Alice would have replied scornfully, "Daddy, puh-lease!"

Whenever I heard Tangen Roshi speak, he put himself fully into what he was saying. Tangen Roshi had a deep, resonant voice; and I felt that his words were not just words, but the embodiment of his deep mind. Consequently, I found myself deeply affected by what he said.

I ONCE VISITED Tangen Roshi's temple during a very stressful period of my life. My marriage was falling apart, and my (now ex-) wife had a male friend who seemed to be replacing me in her affections. To say that I was jealous does not begin to capture the intensity of the thoughts and emotions that kept washing over me.

A few days after my arrival at the temple, the Roshi gave an encouragement talk in the zendo. As always, his resonant voice seemed to emanate from the depths of his being. Most of his talks were in Japanese, but he occasionally injected a few words of English. In the middle of this talk he broke into English and said, "Wide Mind. Wide Mind. Only Wide Mind!"

At these words, I realized that in my own Wide Mind there was not a single jealous thought, and that my feelings of jealousy came from my narrow, self-centered perspective. My wife was obviously seeking what she felt she needed, and if what she needed was no longer me, that was fundamentally OK. I felt suddenly liberated from the dark place in which I had been holding myself prisoner for months.

To me,
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There have been many subsequent occasions when I have gratefully recalled not only Tangen Roshi's words but also the sound of his deep voice saying, "Wide Mind. Wide Mind. Only Wide Mind!" The echo of his words reminds me that my own Wide Mind is not different from his.

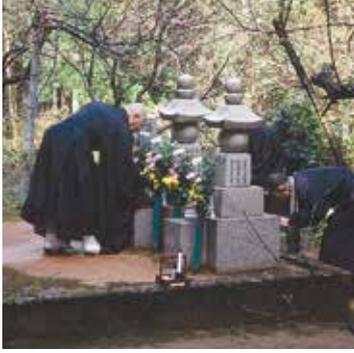
One of my last visits to Bukkokuji was made to attend a week-long sesshin, which Bodhin Roshi also attended. After the sesshin, we both had a conversation with Tangen Roshi. Tangen Roshi was speaking about the transmission of the Dharma, and he said in his deeply resonant voice, "One straight line." Then, for emphasis, he raised his right arm, pointed directly in front of him, and reiterated, "One straight line."

Something about the way he said that moved me profoundly and I began to cry uncontrollably, sobbing as I had not done since I was a child. I struck the tatami mat in front of me with my palm and said, "I am so sorry, Roshi." He shook his head and said, "Me too," and, when I looked at him through my tears, I saw that tears were also coursing down his cheeks.

I HOPE THAT the above stories about my experiences with Tangen Roshi will provide a much more vivid picture of this remarkable man than any abstract statements that I could possibly make about him. Nevertheless, I cannot resist the temptation to point out that, to me, the most remarkable thing about Tangen Roshi was the fact that, in many ways, he was so unremarkable. If there was a "stink of zazen" about him, I certainly did not smell it. If he felt at all self-important, it was not evident to me. If he had any sense of himself as a separate self, I did not see it.

The ultimate goal of Zen practice is supposed to be exemplified by the tenth of the Ox-Herding Pictures, "Returning to the Market Place with Helping Hands." Hotei, as the subject of this picture is sometimes called, is depicted as carrying a large cloth sack, from which he gleefully dispenses sweets to children. He does not ask if the children have been good or bad; everyone gets a sweet. Hotei's being is his teaching.

Harada Tangen Roshi did not have a sack full of sweets over his shoulder, nor did he have a large belly like Hotei. However, Tangen Roshi smiled when he bought my daughter Alice and me each a Coke. Then, still smiling, he gave us another gift. He said, "If you make a prostration in front of Buddha with nothing in your mind, then you are Buddha himself." —WES BORDEN



BUKKOKUJI LIES JUST DOWN THE HILL from Hosshinji where the late Harada Roshi trained both Kapleau-san and Tangen-san. **TOP LEFT:** Tangen Roshi makes an offering to Harada Roshi's grave during the monthly ceremony held on his death date (*photo by Chris Pulleyn*). **TOP RIGHT:** Amala Sensei and Richard Von Sturmer of the Auckland Zen Center visit Tangen Roshi in 2001, shortly after 9/11. **BOTTOM RIGHT:** two Dharma brothers, reunited in 1970 (*photo by Pat Simons*). **BOTTOM CENTER:** Tangen Roshi in front of a photo of Harada Roshi. **BOTTOM RIGHT:** the gate to Bukkokuji (*photo by Pat Simons*).



TOP RIGHT: Getting ready for takuhatsu, one of the roshi's favorite activities.
BOTTOM LEFT: Offerings to a dear departed kitty (photo by Chris Pulleyn).
BOTTOM RIGHT: Shirley Helvey becomes Somyo.

I RECEIVED MONASTIC

ordination at the Rochester Zen Center in January, 1973 and in June of that year Roshi Kapleau graciously arranged for me to go to Japan on a three-month pilgrimage. There I spent time with a Rinzai monk and visited the temples of Kyoto, but the highlight was the 2½ months I spent with Harada Tangen Roshi at Bukokuji, his temple in Obama.

For most of the time the temple's residents were the roshi, two 12-year-old boys, a young layman from Kyoto, and me. Under these circumstances the training schedule wasn't particularly rigorous, but it afforded the opportunity to spend virtually the entire day with the roshi.

The most striking things about Tangen Roshi were his deep warmth, his generosity, and his sense of humor. Once, walking from the zendo to the main hall after an evening sitting, the Roshi came up behind me, put both hands on my shoulders and said, "Yoshi!" (Good!). It was a spontaneous gesture—more American than Japanese—but its spontaneous warmth and goodwill remains vivid to this day.

The roshi was also unstintingly generous: He literally fed and clothed me, spent hours answering questions, took me on takuhatsu and arranged for me to spend a night at Eihei-ji.

And he tested me: When I told him I sat full lotus he had us sit ankle-to-ankle, pressing as hard as we could against each other, to see if the pressure was painful. If the area above the ankle

was insensitive, then it was clear that I had been sitting full lotus.

He asked many questions about whether there were circumstances under which I would drink alcohol—and even hauled out a big bottle of sake that contained a dead snake, which he said was some sort of medicine. I was confused by the intensity of this questioning until I tripped over crates of empty beer bottles in the cushion storage room at another training temple.

Bukokuji had an in-house (not an outhouse) at the time: a hole in the wooden floor of a small room where "night soil" dropped into a holding tank. Once I found a large centipede there and went to get a piece of paper to scoop it up. Roshi asked what I was doing and when I explained he got a thick stick, went to the bathroom, pushed me out of the way, chanted and then came down with all his might. Later he explained that the insect was so poisonous that if a child or older person had been bitten it could be fatal.

A final anecdote: When we visited his teacher, Harada Roshi's, monastery, Tangen Roshi presented me with Harada Roshi's autobiography. The book was in Japanese and the Roshi wrote an inscription. When I asked what he'd written he said, "To my Dharma elder brother." But Roshi, I protested, *you* are the Dharma elder brother. "Yes," he replied, "but while I'm your elder brother now, someday your understanding will surpass mine." —JONATHAN SHELDON



JONATHAN SHELDON
practiced Zen in Rochester, then moved to Colorado where he practices medicine and Zen.

A FEW MONTHS after arriving at Bukkokuji, during dokusan, I told Roshi-sama that eventually I wanted to be ordained. He replied, "When the time is right, I will do it." Sometime after that, during tea break, I was speaking with some of the other women staying at the temple. I mentioned my desire to be ordained. They immediately informed me that I was at the wrong temple: Roshi-sama does not ordain women. But I did not give up hope. He had said he would and I trusted he would. As time went by, during dokusan I would again mention my wish to be ordained. On one such occasion, he answered "When my teacher [deceased] and the Buddha tell me it is time, I will do it." As I left the room, I thought: this will take a long, long time.

In late August, about a year and a half after arriving at the temple, I again brought up the subject of ordination. This time he said, "It will be soon." I was so happy thinking that it might happen that year. In mid-September, as we passed in the courtyard, he said he thought before the October sesshin would be a good time for me to be ordained, which was also the beginning of the fall *ango* (intense

training period). I should be measured for my robes, and I would be ordained when they arrived.

My robes arrived during the October sesshin. I was told my ordination would be on October 12th. The 12th of each month is considered a special day at the Temple. It is the day we honor Roshi-sama's teacher, Harada Sogaku Roshi, with a service at the little house, across from Hosshinji, where he resided. After that service, my head was shaved except for a small lock for the Roshi-sama to shave during the ceremony.

At the beginning of the ceremony my robes were presented to me, and Roshi's attendant helped me get into them correctly. When all the robes were on, Roshi-sama shaved the remaining spot on my head, had me repeat my vows, presented me with my okesa and gave me my name, Somyo. A day I will never forget.

There was the time shortly after arriving at Bukkokuji, when passing Roshi-sama in the hallway, he said something to the monk standing with him. Later the monk told me Roshi-sama had said that I was "just like Japanese," which meant I fit in with temple culture. I was very pleased.



SHIRLEY (SOMYO) HELVEY
began her Zen practice on staff at the Rochester Zen Center, then moved to Bukkokuji where she became ordained. She and her two daughters live in the Phoenix area, where she enjoys her Tai Chi and Qi Gong classes. She considers herself to be a monk for life.

Also, our tea ceremonies were always beautiful and special with Roshi-sama presiding. He gave wonderful small talks and answered questions. He also liked to tell everyone my age. I was around 75 at the time, and the oldest one at the temple other than the roshi himself.

Finally, there was the time in dokusan that I mentioned to Roshi-sama that I would like to learn Japanese better, making it easier to talk

with him. He replied, “Not important, only practice important.” I was glad he felt I didn’t need to know the language to learn from him. Also, that I could spend all my energy on my practice, which was important to me.

Roshi-sama’s teachings, advice, and example could not have better. We were all so privileged to be students of this great Zen master, Harada Tangen Roshi.—SHIRLEY HELVEY (SOMYO)

ONE THING ABOUT Roshi-sama is that he really walked the walk and persistently encouraged all of us to do the same, but was not harshly critical when we inevitably failed. He could take you to task in such a powerfully compassionate way that you’d be profoundly grateful for him taking the time to do so. I’m not a big *kyosaku* fan, but when he used it, it felt like a blessing and benediction due to the compassion that animated its use (and he had very good aim, which helped a lot too). He also had old-style, long ball hitter standards which I venerated. To my knowledge, he never gave full sanction to teach to anyone who came through Bukkokuji, and that includes a host of contemporary and soon-to-be teachers. Holding to standards of profound awakening was his way of being compassionate and I am very grateful for it.

Tangen Roshi was very respectful of all life. He loved animals, and the temple almost always had a herd of cats in residence. Occasionally one would hide under the meal tables and quickly swipe some of the roshi’s meal. He did full, and I mean full, funeral services for deceased Bukkokuji kitties. I know because I was his attendant for one of them. He gave a talk once about finding a baby cockroach in a lunch that he had packed and taken with him on temple business, protectively caring for the little one once he discovered him/her, and upon return to Bukkokuji releasing him/her and the cockroach bowing in gratitude to him for preserving its life. It was a hit talk on gratitude for many of his students.

During my first year in residence, an elderly man came to the temple to die. Tangen Roshi helped create a kind of perimeter around the altar in the Buddha hall and the old man stayed within that perimeter, lovingly cared for by Tangen Roshi, until he passed. Then Roshi prepped his body for final services followed by cremation. I was profoundly impressed by his caring attitude, and still am. I’m not even close to being in his ballpark.

A few more quick memories: Tangen Roshi

recommended the Sutra of Bequeathed Teachings and Dogen’s *Hatsuganmon*, which were extremely important in his teaching. He always emphasized the importance of *zazen*, and when there was inclement weather work periods were usually called off and two rounds of formal *zazen* were inserted in either the morning or afternoon *samu* (work) period, or both.

The roshi always spoke highly of people who traveled great distances to practice at the temple. Very few practitioners were from Obama City. When Roshi was actively teaching we sometimes had huge sesshins of 50–60 participants, the vast majority of them from outside Obama.

He had an incredible devotion to his students and to the townspeople. Sometimes I feared that he didn’t get enough rest because he was forever meeting with visitors, doing funerals, holding dokusan, etc. Illness would often not deter him. I recall more than once him retching into a handkerchief while giving a talk and then apologizing to everyone and resuming the talk as if nothing had happened.

Roshi usually accompanied us on *takuhatsu* until he got worn down later in life. During the long ones—we even had two-day affairs—people would often line the streets to give him offerings. I was always struck by his reputation amongst people in the Bukkokuji “catchment area.” He was a major example and inspiration for all of us when he was on board for a one-day *takuhatsu*. The two-day *takuhatus* were begun after he stopped participating in long one-day ones that we sometimes referred to humorously as death marches. It would be so wonderful to have him back for just one more. That would be such a treasure!

Tangen Roshi was very compassionate and respectful but firm in dokusan. He often said that when someone entered the *kaisando* (founder’s hall) where dokusan was, that person was, for him, truth itself entering the room. One of his favorite expressions: “Truth yourself!” Another favorite of his: “Only doing!”—DHARMAN STORTZ ///



DHARMAN (SHINDO) STORTZ is a Buddhist monk who was a student of Kapleau Roshi for 13 years before embarking on a Buddhist pilgrimage to Asia generously funded by the RZC. There he met Tangen Roshi in 1984 and with Kapleau Roshi’s support became his student and disciple.

Awaken to the

.....

TRUE SELF

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WHEN I WAS 17 YEARS OLD, I had the good fortune to read a book called *Inshitsu-roku* by Professor Enryohan, a noted scholar of the Ming Dynasty. This is a book of instruction which the professor compiled for

TEISHO BY *Harada
Tangen Roshi*

TRANSLATED BY
*Belenda Attaway
Yamakawa*

his son, Tenkei. The term *inshitsu* means to be decided without one's being aware of it. That is to say that the fortunes—sunshine and shadow, ups and downs—which befall a person are naturally determined, without his knowing it, by his own past actions, virtue, and vice. Upon carefully reading this book, it became clear to me that there is a path to be followed, and I resolved then to follow that path.

According to the book, Professor Enryohan first came to believe deeply in karmic retribution through a fortune-teller named Ko. He then met with Zen Master Unkoku who impressed upon him that karma is only one side of the picture. Thus, he writes his son, Tenkei, one can take responsibility for the construction of his own world. It is not a matter of living out one's life wedged into a predetermined mold, but rather, by virtue of one's own efforts, it is possible to move, if even just a step, closer toward one's aim.

From childhood on, as though in search of something, I was always a rather rebellious youth. In junior high school, I kept thinking that I had

never really been given the opportunity to understand the reason for living. I did not much care for Buddhist priests. I had the preconceived idea that they wore funny clothes, talked a lot of nonsense, and led lives of comfort and ease. But this book really addressed itself to that "something" I had been searching for since childhood, and it surprised me to realize that the lesson came through a priest. Although *Inshitsu-roku* is at heart Confucian, not Buddhist, it is a Zen master who clearly points the way. And, incidentally, the man who translated the book, Harada Sogaku Roshi, was to become, five years later, my Zen teacher.

When I was eighteen or nineteen years old, I resolved to become like a chair. That was because a chair doesn't refuse its services to anybody; it just takes care of the sitter and lets him rest his legs. After it has served its purpose no one gets up and thanks or offers words of kindness to the chair. It will more likely get kicked out of the way. What's more, the chair doesn't argue or complain or bear a grudge, but just takes whatever is given.

When there is a job to be done, it puts forth all its energy without picking and choosing according to its desires. I was thinking, “Wouldn’t it be great to have such a heart.”

I wrote on a big sheet of paper, “Be like a chair,” and every day took note of how close I came. If even a little dissatisfaction arose, I would regard that as an embarrassing state of mind for a chair. I considered how thoroughly I was of use to others. A chair doesn’t plop itself down on top of the sitter, right? The endeavor was not at all forced or unnatural; it arose from life itself and was enjoyable, not painful.

During the time I was following this practice, I went to climb Mount Kinpokula, a rather small mountain. As I climbed that day, I could think of nothing but my own selfishness. Shedding tears, I repeatedly reflected and repented, “I’m no good, I’m no good,” as I made the 30-minute ascent up the trail. I then began to chant the rules of Professor Shoin Yoshida’s preparatory school. Through chanting, I must have entered into a purer state of mind.

I crossed to the other side of the mountain, which formed a precipice. A valley had been gouged out below, and beyond the valley stretched the Pacific Ocean. To one side I could see the rolling hills of the Izu Peninsula. I was transfixed by the mountain landscape. The wind blew into me from the valley floor, and I felt as if I were growing bigger and bigger.

In retrospect, we could say that I was experiencing the reality of being one with and cared for by all things of this world, experiencing the greatness of the life I have been given. But at the time, I just felt myself becoming bigger and the sensation of being protected by everyone. At that point I couldn’t contain myself anymore, so in a giant voice I shouted my name seven or eight times into the far-off horizon.

But I still couldn’t keep still, and suddenly I dashed off down the mountain path. Flying down a mountain trail is risky, but I made it back to Atami Station without tumbling into the valley below. It was as if I shot down in one breath. As nobody knew my state of mind at the time, if I had tripped and fallen down into the valley, everyone probably would have thought I had committed suicide.

Although I felt at the time that I would often return to pay my respects to that dear, beloved mountain, I have not been back even once. Since that time, a bright and changed world unfolded before me. For one month after the experience, everything down to the pebbles along the roadside brilliantly glistened. It was an intimate, friendly life. I remember well-being: filled with the knowledge of being together, part of the same life. At the

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time I still knew nothing of zazen and such, but the walls separating me from others had collapsed. My life had become a world somehow without discrimination, so I felt as if I could even chat with the chirping sparrows. Later, when I began to do zazen, I could receive the teachings of my master, which I had sought since childhood, with a completely open and receptive mind.

Without theoretical understanding and without being able to explain what happened, I had tapped into the very joy of life, and I determined from then on to dedicate my life to repaying my gratitude. As it was wartime, I felt that the one thing I could do immediately to help was to go first before the bullet. Propelled by the spirit of helping others, I joined the army. I was quite willing from the beginning to die. Like everyone else at the time, I felt it was only natural to give my life in the war cause. But although I repeatedly found myself in perilous situations, including one year as a prisoner of war, I always mysteriously and narrowly escaped.

From that time on, whether or not my actions were recognized or appreciated by those around me, the feeling that I had to put all of my efforts into what I knew I had to do became stronger and stronger. Then, in 1946 I began Zen training as a layman, and in 1949 I was ordained as a priest.

WHAT IS BUDDHA?

The single most fundamental point in the Buddhist sutras is “taking refuge,” or *namu* in Japanese. This taking refuge in the Three Treasures—Buddha, Dharma, Sangha—forms the foundation for all the precepts. To receive the Triple Refuge is to enter into the world of Buddha.

The Sanskrit term *namu* and the Chinese term *kie* both express the same spirit, and both terms mean to go back to your true home. To really go back home, in the spirit of *kie*, one must entrust oneself and let go of the body and mind that he has up to now called “me.” If that thing we refer to as “me” exists, then *namu* means to give it all up for the sake of truth. So *namu* and *kie* are the Sanskrit and Chinese expressions which mean to place one’s full reliance, body and soul, on Buddha.

Now, when we chant “*Namu kie butsu*”—“I take refuge in Buddha”—what do we mean by “Buddha”? What is Buddha? This is the question the person practicing comes to feel he must answer for himself. If we are not clearly aware of the reality of a Buddha, an awakened being who has thoroughly cast off everything to the last, we cannot really let go of ourselves. So the question is, who or what or in what form is Buddha to be found?

First of all, is there anything of truth in this world for which you could let go of everything? If such a truth really does exist, I would say that you could surrender everything for it. Going further, if this truth happens to be just the thing you are most seeking, then the more willingly you will let go of everything for it. Finally, we could say that what we most ardently wish for is to possess everything without exception, to have everything as one's own. If this truth is just such an all-encompassing state in itself, then you wouldn't hesitate to give up everything for it.

Our desires are not such that we can say, "Oh, just to be right here will be plenty." Desire being insatiable, we cannot be satisfied until we have it all, to the very last. Some gentle-mannered souls may act with reserve and declare that they have plenty. But should you ask them, "Is this really enough?" they will likely answer, "Well, if possible, just a touch more." However, if you know that regardless of what you seek, your every wish will be granted, you will be willing to lay down your whole self. If whatever you seek is yours, isn't it correct to say that there is no loss?

If a child is asked to name the one thing of most value, he will answer that it is "life." There is awareness of life. If there is a life which cannot be lost for all eternity, you would gladly give up everything for it. And then there is material wealth. If by simply wishing for something, it is provided, why should you hesitate to give up anything? Finally, if you know that you can be released from all restraints, to live in perfect freedom, I would say it is all right to give up everything for that.

If you believe that these three conditions can be yours, I believe you will be ready to cast off your small self. We can say that that which is called "Buddha" is in itself the perfect embodiment of life, wealth, and freedom. Eternal life as one's own, complete freedom in everything, possession of all the truth of this world—if you know this is Buddha, the trusting heart cannot help but well up.

NOW, HERE

When you examine yourself, you will find that something is missing. Or even if you feel fulfilled now, you are worried that this contentment will be snatched away. You feel that you just have to find something more stable. At this time, Buddha's existence cannot help but be revealed to you.

Although Buddha-mind is variously revealed through each individual's own talents and gifts, Buddha is now, here. But where is "here"? One master answered this question by saying, "Help

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So we
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yourself to tea." Another pointed to "here" when he commented, "What fine weather today."

That which we most deeply yearn for is the thing that is already most fully present, already the very closest to us. Thus our ancestral teachers, according to their own circumstances at hand, have always shown that Buddha is now, here. So we place our focus now, here. While what you seek is really now and here, you habitually think of it as somewhere out there, outside yourself, so you search and search in vain. What you are looking for is already wholly and completely yours. There is nothing miserly about it; it knows no limits. You are the master of this life. When you sincerely take refuge now and here, you will find yourself in what is most secure, in that which the heart most ardently yearns for: in pure, essential Buddha nature.

ICHI TANTEI PRACTICE

Perhaps you wonder if we do zazen in pursuit of that which we most want. No, we do not. Doing zazen is Buddha. Doing zazen is already the full expression of Buddha nature. We are quickly caught up in the form of things, readily pulled in by what others have to say. This is such that if you are told, "Hey, doing zazen is Buddha," you might readily respond, "Yes, doing zazen is Buddha, isn't it?" In such case, I would have to say, "No, you are wrong."

At a gathering of Pure Land Buddhist adherents in a training center in Kyoto, the head priest delivered a sermon in which he said, "Just as it is, just this is salvation. Salvation is just this."

A follower responded to this saying, "Just as it is, this is salvation, isn't it?"

The priest answered, "You are mistaken," and continued to expound the Dharma, coming around again to say, "All right? Just as it is, this is salvation."

Another participant repeated his words, "Just as it is, this is salvation, isn't it?"

"Wrong." Everyone was off the track. The priest continued speaking. "Everyone has listened well. All right? Just as it is, this is salvation," he reiterated.

At this, one believer in the audience shouted, "Thank you!" and made a deep prostration.

The priest nodded broadly in response. "Good," he said, and ended his talk.

In sum, if one grasps at this salvation, which is just as it is, he is already counter to its truth. Zazen is just like this. When one is doing zazen, a thing called "the self" does not put in an appearance at all.

It is interesting to observe what a great discrepancy there is between theoretical understanding and truth itself. Take a dumpling, for example. Without actually sampling it, any explanation, re-

ardless how thorough, would give only a rough idea of the flavor of that dumpling, but never its essential taste. Without actually chewing on it, you cannot know its actual flavor. Depending on what we are eating, our individual way of tasting it may differ, I suppose, but the fact of having really experienced the taste is the same with everyone, isn't it?

The reality of really tasting that dumpling is about the same regardless of whether you are eating it for the first time or if you are an old hand at eating dumplings. Zen is just like this. From the first time you sit, you can fully experience the flavor of Zen.

For a thousand people who decide to sit, there are a thousand motives and wide disparity between depths of aspiration. The main thing, however, is to awaken to one's true self. This true self is supreme and irreplaceable, and we can call it "Buddha."

Of course one's true self is not that which we ordinarily conjure up in our heads and habitually regard as "self." It is, rather, the genuine Self which cannot be grasped, seen or spoken of. So the main thing is just to become aware of this Self.

We can speak of seasons in the process of coming to self-knowledge, and we can say that opportunity ripens. There is the unawakened season, the season when one comes to know of the existence of this reality, the season when one believes in the teachings, the season when one believes and therefore mindfully keeps one's awareness constant, and, finally, there is the season in which one is awakened. We have the expression, *ichi tantei*. NOW. NOW. This is *ichi tantei*. A teacher is one who clearly reveals this to the student. "Reality is not off someplace else, away from right now and here. NOW. HERE. Don't be careless. Don't be off guard." The teacher points out the path, the direct route, in the way most appropriate to each student. With this direction, the student can truly practice the most treasured, straight path.

To maintain this spirit of practice, the student single-mindedly works to make the *ichi tantei* constant so that everything in his daily life becomes this practice, this research into his true identity; everything becomes *zazen*. This is truly being alive.

When one settles into this *ichi tantei*, regardless of the job he has to do in this world, his efficiency increases manifold. This is because his practice becomes doing solely whatever he is doing, so that distractions do not arise. Therefore, in whatever circumstance he may find himself, his efficiency is increased. It is such that he even comes to wonder how it is this world is taking such good care of him. Living in truth like this is wonderful!

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BIG MIND, JOYFUL MIND, PARENTAL MIND

Completely enveloped in and succored by the whole universe, you are like the mountains, like the seas, like the great sky which knows no limits. This great, big boundlessness is your own mind, "Big Mind." To awaken to this Big Mind, just do whatever it is you are doing right this moment with your whole heart. If you do this with all your might, this world will, without fail, reveal itself to you. This hard little lump of "self" will dissolve, and you will inevitably awaken to Big Mind.

"Joyful Mind" is the mind that cannot help but feel gratitude. It is not that you feel thankful because you are supposed to feel thankful, but rather that you cannot help but feel thankful. You feel so much gratitude that it spills over as joy.

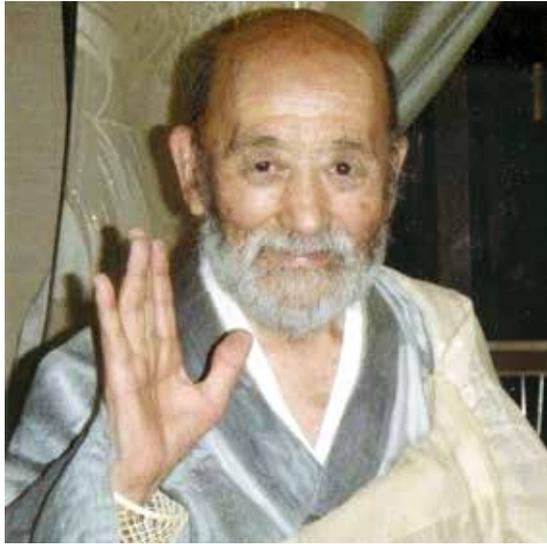
And then from that boundless joy, kindness arises, kindness which is born from thoroughly exhausting all of one's small self and merging to become one with others. This is "Parental Mind."

When Big Mind, Joyful Mind, and Parental Mind come together as one body, this in itself is Bodhisattva Mind.

And isn't this, indeed, the very basis of all education of our children? Shakyamuni Buddha and the patriarchs teach the fundamentals of education in this way. Each child is from the first the master of Big Mind. If this heart is encouraged to spring forth, the child will naturally become cheerful, and problems will take care of themselves. The child will become a human being who is sensitive to the pain of others. Sensitivity to others, joy which flows of itself—these functions of life itself are gradually cultivated.

No matter how much you study, how many books you read, or how much theory you learn, this kind of knowledge can only be an aid, but never the driving force, toward peace of mind. And actually, if one is not careful, theoretical exercise can even be an obstacle. The important thing is to let go of mind and body and take refuge in truth itself. It is a matter of permitting yourself, all you can, to recognize truth, to sincerely live in the now, here which is your life.

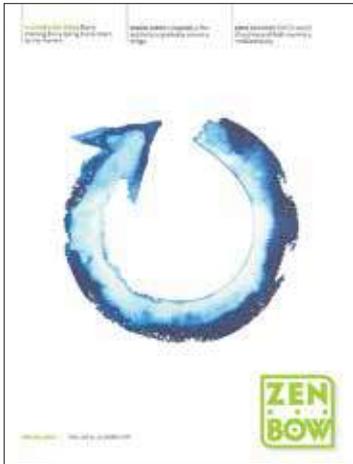
If you see only the differences between yourself and others, you feel easily irritated, overly sensitive. If you're out to take care of just your own little self, guard your own little castle, protect your own separate existence in whatever way you can, it'll all eventually just go under anyway, won't it? So go back to the starting point, return to your true home, the home which is the same for every single being in this world. I want to see you awaken to your true self. ///



KONG SING YU



Sightings



FURTHER REMARKS

THE ZEN BOW REFRESH ¶Wow!

It's beautifully designed and laid out, dynamic, and attractive. Plus, the editing is impeccable and the articles very interesting and well written. With the perspective of someone who spent 20 years in publishing before my lawyer phase, I am impressed. In addition, it often happens that something hits me in a personal way. Ahhh... that's it. That was the idea coagulating in my brain! In this case, it's the discussion of *nen* in Roshi's brilliant article. I have been tackling *nen* for a while, and Roshi helpfully illuminates the topic. I am very grateful.

AMAURY CRUZ
Miami Beach

WHEN THE NEW *Zen Bow* arrived, I couldn't help but ask, what happened? Looking at the new *Zen Bow* I feel like there are flash grenades going off all over the place. Why all the *Sturm und Drang*? What is

More letters to the editor may be found at www.rzc.org/library/zen-bow/

the point of this? To distract? To gin up "excitement"? To be "new"? To increase sales? A long time ago I asked myself in all seriousness—why was I practicing zazen? To be something, or to realize the truth? I knew right away that I didn't want to be "something." This *Zen Bow* seems like it's trying to be "something."

The old *Zen Bow* was substantive in the content of its articles with no need for flash and color, and it was substantive in the high quality stock of its paper. The old *Zen Bow* issues called out to be collected and saved, if for no other reason than to "preserve" the Dharma in some small physical sense. Now we have a "zine" with a flimsy feel presented in an unwieldy size. I don't feel a need or desire to save it.

The "old" *Zen Bow* had a quiet dignity that let you focus on the direct experience and personal understanding of the author(s), who remarkably have always been authentic, honest, sincere and unpretentious. The new *Zen Bow* delves into speculative and theoretical discussions by (presumably) non-practitioners (e.g. "Panpsychism and the Question of Consciousness"). The old *Zen Bow* embodied sitting down quietly, concentrated and doing serious zazen. The new *Zen Bow* reflects the busy and chaotic world that we live in with all its attendant distractions.

It pains me to say it, but I fear that we have lost something truly valuable. Why fix what wasn't broken?

PETER GREULICH,
Wakefield, MA

WHEN I SAW the first edition of the new *Zen Bow* design I was very sad to realize the old esthetic was gone: the quality of the paper, the B/W, and the way it felt natural. But the thing is, once I opened it up, I read almost all of it and I've had many of the old ones sitting around yet to be opened. Don't know why. But the design worked on me. Maybe the writing is different as well: more items, shorter stuff, in some cases, but I think the design made it easier or at least more inviting to read.

DAVE DORSEY
Rochester

CHRIS, KUDOS FOR all the work that went into creating the new *Zen Bow* format. I can't even imagine what is on your shoulders pulling it off. After living with it for a few days (change is not my forte) I have come to see a lot of good in it... fresh, alive... really accessible to the next generation. After reading through it a few times this is what I would say not as a criticism but as an observation:

1. It feels a little frenetic and I think it should be a little "calmer." I found it hard to follow the stream of placement.
2. You might be trying to do too much and might want to think about simplifying a little bit. It has a jumpiness that I don't associate with "Zen Mind."

DEBORAH ZARETSKY
Spokane

I LOVE THE *Zen Bow* refresh! Gretchen's art on the cover, different size, some bright colors, photos from past and present, etc., etc.

Hopefully you already know this, but I'd be happy to help you and John with the website end of *Zen Bow*. There's so much untapped potential there. Off the top of my head, one easy way I can help would be to turn at least some of the articles into HTML.

ANNA BELLE LEISERSON
Nashville

HI THERE—WANTED to let you know that while home sick today with the flu I read the new *Zen Bow* cover to cover and loved it! The new format is far more accessible to me... somehow the previous format felt out of reach/too serious and/or resulted in me feeling unworthy... odd, but that's my hit after reading the new one. THANK YOU!

KATHY COLLINA
Rochester

THE EDITOR REPLIES: Thanks so much to all of you who have given us feedback. We knew that the new design would be a bit of a shock with so many things changing at once, and especially given the switch to color after more than 50 black-and-white years. With the theme of the issue, "Starting Over," already established, this seemed to be an appropriate time for a complete redesign, as symbolized by the synthesis of the *enso* and a "refresh" icon on the cover.

So why did we do what we did? The *Zen Bow* research study conducted earlier this year provided some clear direction. For example, the 113 members who completed the survey said they would be

▷ SIGHTINGS

more likely to read *Zen Bow* if it were less formal and more challenging. In terms of content, nearly half (48%) wanted *Zen Bow* to include “secular materials and/or materials from other spiritual practices that are relevant to Zen practice” versus those who wanted it to focus on Zen practice only (26%) or Zen plus other Buddhist traditions (26%). These answers, among others, encouraged us to liven up the overall look of the publication as well as including a variety of shorter items and some secular material.

Zen Bow will continue to evolve. (One change in this issue is a less busy, easier-to-read table of contents page.) And we hope that readers will continue to let us know what we could be doing better. *Zen Bow*'s mission is to inspire Zen practice...and that means it's meant for your benefit. So keep those cards and letters coming!—CHRIS PULLEYN

ON SCREEN

THE MOVIE: FEARLESS

(1993) DIRECTED BY PETER WEIR, WRITTEN BY RAPHAEL YGLESIAS ¶ *What it's about:* A man has a difficult time returning to his normal life after



surviving a plane crash.

Why it's worthy: This movie makes much the same point as the 10th Ox-Herding Picture, which depicts “Returning to the World with Helping Hands.”

Coming home from a business trip, Max's (the main character's) plane crashes. When the pilot announces the mechanical failure, Max

slips into a state of profound peace and clarity, enabling him to calm other passengers, and eventually lead many of them to safety. However, after the crash, Max avoids and resists anyone who tries to help him, including first responders, psychologists, and his family and friends. From his perspective, he has entered a place of absolute detachment, needing no help, fearless.

His worried family tries to get him to talk about the trauma, including the loss of his business partner, who died in the crash. The airline tries to get him to attend a support group with other survivors, who treat him as a hero. As the film progresses, he wedges himself more and more into his attachment to The Absolute, cutting himself off from everyone around him. Eventually, he is driven to intentionally eating a strawberry, to which he is violently allergic, allowing his wife to save him from dying of anaphylactic shock. The ultimate act of fearlessness is to engage in one's life fully.

As is depicted in the 10th Ox-Herding Picture, Zen practice is not about staying in a rarefied state. As exhilarating as deep meditation states may be, returning to the messiness of life, of feelings and suffering, with the object of helping others, is the true aim of Zen. No one is exempt from suffering; when he stubbed his toe, even the Buddha said “Ouch.”—LOUANNE JAEGER

IN PRINT

THE BOOK: AWARENESS

BY ANTHONY DE MELLO (1990) ¶ *What it's about:* This book (first given to me by my

► Robin Gardner-Gee and Amala Sensei unpack the base of the new Buddha.

► A Vietnamese Buddha finds a home in a New Zealand zendo.

insurance man) has been an inspiration and a source for my talks for about 20 years. De Mello was a Jesuit priest, born in Goa in India, and the book is an edited transcription of his presentation of what it means to be awake, given to an audience of Catholic lay workers.

Why it's worthy: De Mello's words are simple, unaffected, humorous, and straight to the point. His enthusiasm for living a life of attention is contagious. There's no end of passages I could quote, and here's one: “Anytime you have a negative feeling toward anyone, you're living in an illusion. There's something seriously wrong with you. You're not seeing reality. Something inside of you has to change. But what do we generally do when we have a negative feeling? ‘He is to blame, she is to blame. She's got to change.’ No! The world's all right. The one who has to change is you.”—JOHN PULLEYN

WORLDWIDE

NEW BUDDHA FOR AUCKLAND

¶ This March a new Buddha figure arrived at the Auckland Zen Centre from Vietnam. For many



years the Centre has been looking for a Buddha figure seated in the zazen posture for our zendo. Ven. Sudama Ngo at the Rochester Zen Center communicated with the sculptors in Vietnam and arranged for the shipping of the Buddha from Ho Chi Min City to Auckland. Many thanks to everyone who contributed towards its purchase. The Buddha now sits in our zendo, and will continue to sit throughout the day and night for many years to come.—RICHARD VON STURMER





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8 dT	9	10	11	12	13	14 SANGHA DINNER
15	16	17	18	19	20 POSTURE WKSP	21
22 a	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

► AUGUST

			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12 Y	13	14	15	16	17	18 ANNUAL PICNIC
19 a FOUNDER'S DAY	20	21	22 -	23 -	24 -	25 -
26 -	27 -	28 -	29 -	30 -	31 -	

SH. DEADLINE

► SEPTEMBER

							1 -
2 -	3 -	4 -	5	6 SH. DEADLINE	7	8	
9	10	11	12	13	14	15 SANGHA DINNER	
16 dT	17	18	19	20	21	22 YOUTH OVERNIGHT	
23 a	24	25	26	27	28	29	
30							

► **JULY 4**
CENTER CLOSED

► **JULY 5**
APPLICATION DEADLINE for July/August seven-day sesshin

► **JULY 14**
SANGHA DINNER 5-7 PM
Cooking begins 5 PM, eating 6:15 (Arnold Park)

► **JULY 15**
SANGHA MEETING, 10:30 AM (Arnold Park)

► **JULY 20**
POSTURE WORKSHOP with Esther Gokhale 8-9 PM in the Community Room (Arnold Park)

► **JULY 22**
ALL-DAY SITTING, 6:15 AM -3 PM (Arnold Park)

► **JULY 28-AUGUST 4**
SEVEN-DAY SESSHIN with Roshi (Chapin Mill)

► **AUGUST 11**
INTRODUCTORY WORKSHOP (Arnold Park)

► **AUGUST 12**
YOUTH SUNDAY & SANGHA MEETING, 10:30 AM (Arnold Park)

► **AUGUST 18**
ANNUAL PICNIC Fun and food for all (Chapin Mill)

► **AUGUST 19**
ALL-DAY SITTING, 6:15 AM -3 PM (Arnold Park)

► **AUGUST 19**
FOUNDER'S DAY with teisho by Roshi Kapleau (Arnold Park)

► **AUGUST 22-SEPTEMBER 4**
CENTER CLOSED

► **AUGUST 30**
APPLICATION DEADLINE for September two-day sesshin

► **SEPTEMBER 6**
APPLICATION DEADLINE for October seven-day sesshin

► **SEPTEMBER 7-9**
TWO-DAY SESSHIN with Eryl Kubicka (Chapin Mill)

► **AUGUST 15**
SANGHA DINNER 5-7 PM
Cooking begins 5 PM, eating 6:15 (Arnold Park)

► **AUGUST 22**
YOUTH OVERNIGHT Saturday 6 PM-Sunday 2 PM Pre-registration strongly urged (Chapin Mill)

► **SEPTEMBER 23**
ALL-DAY SITTING, 6:15 AM -3 PM (Arnold Park)

► **SEPTEMBER 29-OCTOBER 6**
SEVEN-DAY SESSHIN with Amala-sensei (Chapin Mill)

Schedule subject to change. For the latest updates, please see www.rzc.org/calendar/

A.M. EVENT	ALL-DAY SITTING	DHARMA TALK	TEISHO
P.M. EVENT	BEGINNERS NIGHT	GROUP INSTRUCTION	TERM INTENSIVE
ALL-DAY EVENT	CHANTING SERVICE	PRIVATE INSTRUCT.	WORKSHOP
SESSHIN	DOKUSAN	SANGHA MEETING	YOUTH SUNDAY
CENTER CLOSED	SESSHIN	SANGHA MEETING	FORMAL SITTING