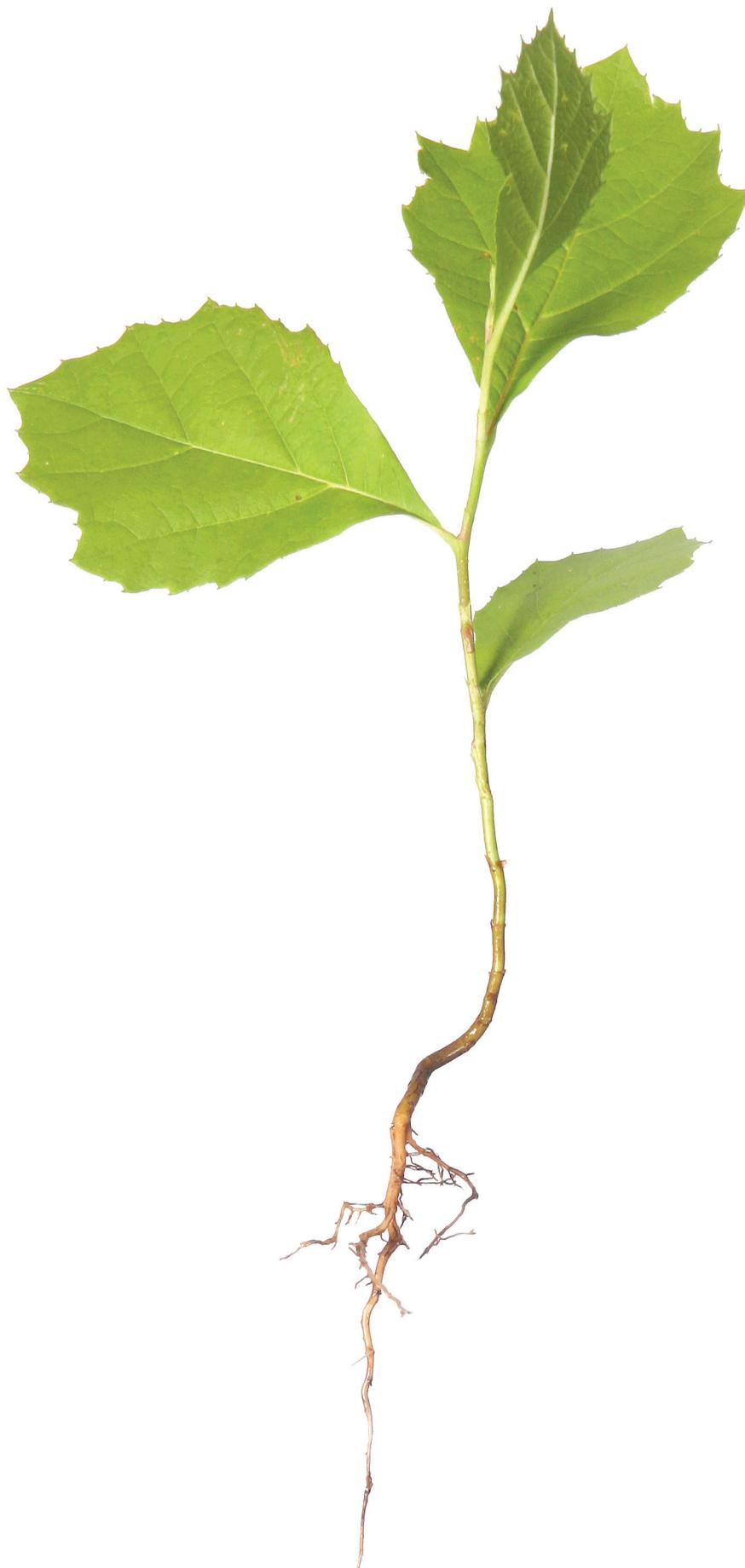


► **A FLOWER, A SMILE:** Roshi Kjolhede tackles Mumon's Case #6: "Buddha holds up a flower"

**THE POWER OF HABIT,** and the habit of awareness: Spring cleaning for the mind, by John Pulleyn

**IN GRATITUDE:** remembering two of the Center's most loyal, longstanding, and influential members



Spring 2019 | VOLUME XLI, NUMBER ONE

**THIS ISSUE MEMORIALIZES** two people who died in 2018, Audrey Fernandez and Kenneth Kraft. Audrey was one of the first people I met at a workshop in 1969. My then-husband Fred and I were two of the hordes of scruffy hippies who descended on the Center in the Sixties, so imagine our surprise when a beautifully turned-out, perfectly dressed-and-coiffed woman introduced herself by saying, "I'm a charter member!" Not what we had expected.

Even more unexpectedly, this apparently conventional wife and mother turned out to be an early and ardent proponent of feminism. Her comments on the topic once prompted Roshi Kapleau to utter a memorable bit of doggerel in the zendo: Hoist your sail, / Raise your jib. / Here come the winds / Of Women's Lib.

If Audrey was the Center's archetypal lady, Ken was its scholar. The author of numerous books, Ken was our go-to resource for all things Buddhism. A fervent proponent of moving beyond theory and into the world, Ken wrote and edited books on engaged Buddhism, including environmentalism and sociopolitical activism. After decades of devoted scholarship, his last book, Zen Traces: Exploring American Zen with Twain and Thoreau, published last year, was a playful juxtaposition of classic Zen koans and stories with related quotes from the American authors. It's as though he was finally able to let go his duty to scholarship, and simply have some fun. —CHRIS PULLEYN

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ON THE COVER

PHOTOGRAPH BY James Martin/iStock | "As an ook cometh of a lital spyr...." [spy = "sprout"]—Geoffrey Chaucer, *Troilus and Criseyde* (1374). Of course, this is not an oak.



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# Soundings

## THE VALUE OF GETTING LOST

LOSTNESS HAS ALWAYS been an enigmatic and many-sided state, always filled with unexpected potencies. Across history, all varieties of artists, philosophers, and scientists have celebrated disorientation as an engine of discovery and creativity, both in the sense of straying from a physical path, and in swerving away from the familiar, turning in to the unknown.

To make great art, John Keats said, one must embrace disorientation and turn away from certainty. He called this “negative capability”: “that is, when a man is capable of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact and reason.” Thoreau, too, described lostness as a door into understanding your place in the world: “Not till we are completely lost, or turned round,” he wrote, “do we appreciate the vastness and strangeness of nature... Not till we are lost, in other words, not till we have lost the world, do we begin to find ourselves, and realize where we are and the infinite extent of our relations.” All of which makes sense, neurologically speaking: When we are lost, after all, our brain is at its most open and absorbent.

In a state of disorientation, the neurons in our hippocampus are frantically sponging up every sound, smell, and sight in our environment, scrambling for any strand of data that will help us regain our bearings. Even as we feel anxious, our imagination becomes prodigiously active, conjuring ornate images from our environment. When we take a wrong turn in the woods and lose sight of the trail, our mind perceives every twig snap or leaf rustle as the arrival of an ornery black bear, or a pack of warthogs, or a convict on the lam. Just as our pupils dilate on a dark night to receive more photons of light, when we are lost, our mind opens up to the world more fully.

In the late 1990s, a team of neuroscientists tracked the power of disorientation down into the physical trappings of our brain. In a lab at the University of Penn-



sylvania, they conducted experiments on Buddhist monks and Franciscan nuns, where they scanned their brains during meditation and prayer. Immediately, they noticed a pattern: In a state of prayer, a small region near the front of the brain, the posterior superior parietal lobe, showed a decline in activity. This particular lobe, as it turns out, works closely with the hippocampus in the processes of cognitive navigation. As far as the researchers could see, the experience of spiritual communion was intrinsically accompanied by the dulling of spatial perception.

It should be no surprise, then, that anthropologists have tracked a kind of cult of lostness running through the world’s religious rituals. The British scholar Victor

Turner observed that any sacred rite of initiation proceeds in three stages: separation (the initiate departs from society, leaving behind his or her former social status), transition (the initiate is in the midst of passing from one status to the next), and incorporation (the initiate returns to society with a new status). The pivot occurs in the middle phase, which Turner called the stage of liminality, from the Latin *limin*, meaning “threshold.” In the liminal state, “the very structure of society is temporarily suspended”: We float in ambiguity and evanescence, where we are neither one identity nor the other, no-longer-but-not-yet. The ultimate catalyst of liminality, Turner writes, is disorientation.

Among many rituals of lostness practiced by cultures all over the world, a particularly poignant one is observed by the Pit River Native Americans in California, where, from time to time, a member of the tribe will “go wandering.” According to the anthropologist Jaime de Angulo, “the Wanderer, man or woman, shuns camps and villages, remains in wild, lonely places, on the tops of mountains, in the bottoms of canyons.” In the act of surrendering to disorientation, the tribe says, the wanderer has “lost his shadow.” It is a mercurial endeavor to go wandering, a practice that might result in irredeemable despair, or even madness, but might also bring great power, as the wanderer emerges from lostness with a holy calling, before returning to the tribe as a shaman. —WILL HUNT, from “Getting Lost Makes the Brain Go Haywire” in *The Atlantic*, February 21, 2019

“TO FORGET THE PAST is to lose the sense of loss that is also memory of an absent richness and a set of clues to navigate the present by; the art is not one of forgetting but letting go. And when everything is gone, you can be rich in loss.” —REBECCA SOLNIT

## A NOT-SO-SIMPLE ACT OF KINDNESS

I LOVE THE story of the Buddha. I love the images, the characters and Prince Siddhartha's arc of development. Like any tale about a great man with an enormous destiny, everything in the story conspires to move Prince Siddhartha forward to his great moment under the Bodhi Tree where he awoke, and in doing so changed the world forever, for the better.

There is one character in this story I feel is worthy of great recognition, and that is Sujata the village girl, who saw a dying man and didn't look the other way, but brought him sweet rice and milk and in doing so saved his life. I think that there is a message here that in its own way is as significant as the Buddha's enlightenment. It was an action which said, "An act of kindness has the potential to change the world."

Imagine if Sujata had walked by this dying man and thought, "Not my problem," or if she found him so repulsive that she just looked the other way and moved on. Let's face it, he couldn't have looked too good. What she did was an act of Grace.

I reflect on this and question how I/we react to someone in need. Do we look the other way? (I know I have.) Do we think, "Not my problem"? There are so many justifications for just walking by and doing nothing.

For me, the other great moment of this story is the decision of Prince Siddhartha himself. He was a man who throughout this story made an extraordinary effort to seek enlightenment relying only on himself. I think of him a super-hero in his own right. *And yet...* he himself realized that he couldn't get there on his own; he needed to accept the generosity of a village girl to regain his health to come to his moment under the Bodhi Tree, fulfilling his destiny. Think of it, *even the future Buddha* recognized that he needed the help of another. We can't do it on our own, we need each other, and isn't that wonderful! *Sangha!*

To me Sujata is the hero of the story: if she did not act, we might, none of us, have benefited from this great teaching.

On a personal note, when I was suffering through terrible surgeries and illness, Roshi came to the hospital almost daily. Those visits were my sweet rice, so I know first-hand the impact of such Grace.

With Gassho—DEBORAH ZARETSKY



**EVERY TIME THE stick is used in the zendo, I flinch. Remind me again, why is this not an act of violence?**

IF IT'S VIOLENT, then so are acupuncture, physical rehab, and deep-tissue massage. All of these techniques elicit sustained benefits through stimulation that can be briefly painful. Same with a flu shot or other inoculation. They're also all voluntary treatments, and with regard to the stick, the monitors who offer the stick try to tailor it to the individual. They not only use it more lightly on those unaccustomed to it, but welcome feedback on the sitter's preferences.

Most sitters seem to find that the benefits of the stick are worth the flicker

of pain from it. The most obvious effect is the little shot of energy it gives, which can yank us out of drowsiness. But just as valuable, if not more so, is how the stick can break up obstructive thoughts even when we're not drowsy. When we can't seem to get free of our ruminating and cogitating and planning and fretting, the stick can interrupt those cycles and open up some space for presence.

Another feature of the stick experience is that, like those other healing procedures that involve some discomfort, it's least painful—and most effective—if one is relaxed while receiving it. That relaxing into it comes through getting used to it, which also grows our faith in the monitors as our allies.

## A PERSONAL HISTORY WITH ZEN PRACTICE

AS THIS YEAR represents 50 years of Zen practice for me, I thought it might be appropriate to relate my Zen history, which at this point is pretty much my life.

I first became aware of Zen in a Huston Smith philosophy class at MIT when *The Three Pillars of Zen* was assigned reading. Huston, the acclaimed religious philosophy professor, was a friend of then-Sensei Kapleau and had written the introduction to his book. I was fascinated by the descriptions of enlightenment, which seemed so authentic. Bob Mays, a fraternity brother and early treasurer of the Center, surprised me with a ticket to Rochester to attend the March 1968 sesshin at 10 Buckingham Street.

Two things happened upon finishing. First, on the bus ride home, when they stopped and let everyone off for a break, Bob said "kinhin" and it was so funny! When I got back to MIT, I was waiting in the courtyard to go see Professor Smith and report about the sesshin. I was suddenly overwhelmed with a sense of "I have found the Way!" The gratitude was beyond description and I unloaded this on Huston. He said "Well, at least you have the gratitude." I have read of this being described as "bright faith."

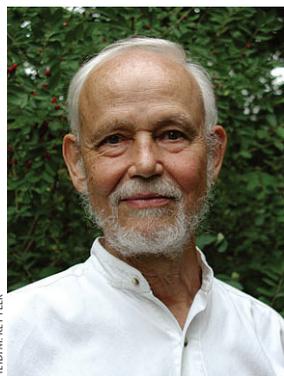
I went to my second sesshin at Alan

and Mary Temple's house, in March of 1969. I was finally able to do my required-for-graduation thesis on Zen, under Huston Smith. It was titled "Problems in Zen" and dealt with blending Soto and Rinzai traditions and the then relatively new problem of psychedelic drugs.

Prior to graduation I had received a notice from my draft board that I might be drafted any day. Since I had decided that I wanted to go to Rochester at some point, I thought the wisest course of action would be to go immediately upon graduation in June of 1969. So I did just that.

I settled in and showed up every day to help work on rebuilding the house after the big fire. Hugh Curran was in charge and Pat Simons was the other main monastic. I became part of the community and moved into an apartment with Richard and Sylvia Schotz. I went to the June and July seven-day sesshins at the Gratwick Place. I remember that the moon landing was during the July sesshin. Sensei likened our sesshin experience to orbiting the moon and finally landing.

At the end of January 1970, after the January sesshin, when the house [7 Arnold Park] was done and Sensei went off on a pilgrimage, Susan Carroll, Ron Katz, and I drove across the country in my VW, enjoying the drive, seeing many natural wonders and arriving in Los Angeles in



HEDDIA KETTLER

◀ Huston Smith at the Omega Institute circa 2000

early February. After a couple of months, I made the hard decision to not return to Rochester. My mother was recently divorced, my younger brother was having a hard time, my younger sister was dating all kinds of crazy guys, and my 93-year-old grandmother needed help. My deepest insight said to stay home.

I was running out of money and got a job as an orderly in a convalescent home. Very tough, personal work, but my Zen training enabled me to do it. My Conscientious Objector interview went well but I then had to work at a non-profit institution. I found a job as a surgical orderly at St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica, and my new life began.

I dropped into a wonderful (at the time) young lifestyle with my new-found St. John's family. My zazen dropped to about an hour a week. I partied on weekends, and unfortunately alcoholism reared its head, and I became a functioning alcoholic. I never missed a day of work, but drinking was always a challenge. I moved in with my grandmother and would remain with her for five years between her ages of 93 and 98.

Life went on. My brother was killed in a climbing accident, I fractured and dislocated my elbow after drinking too much, and my grandmother passed away. I met a wonderful girl, and we were together for a year, but she wanted to move away and did. I had increased my zazen to a half hour a day in order to help the relationship. I was arrested for drunk driving and tried to modify my drinking but was not very successful. I kept thinking "Some Zen masters drank, I can too!"

I went to live in my mom's house and got into astronomy and photography and also started writing Huston Smith and sending him photographs. He was very friendly in response, and we began a correspondence that lasted until his death two

years ago. I saw him at speaking engagements at UCLA three times and one time pushed him in his wheelchair to Visiting Faculty Housing. During our last time together he introduced me as "an old friend from MIT." It was a wonderful friendship with much philosophy discussed.

In 1984 I took a trip back to my 15-year MIT reunion and on the way stopped in Rochester to see now-Roshi Kapleau. He was so welcoming!! We hugged after we had gasshoed upon seeing each other, and I said "I never thought I would see you again!" We were both very excited. He showed me around. Bodhin, to whom I was introduced, showed me the new Buddha Hall, and then Roshi took me up to his office and library. It was a totally great visit, and we all parted with warm goodbyes.

A little earlier that year I was arrested a second time for drunk driving and this time was sent to AA. I knew I belonged. The next year, after meeting my wife, it became clear I should commit to AA

### THE IMPORTANCE OF BELIEF

Academics asked why, if habit replacement is so effective, it seemed to fail at critical moments. And as they dug into alcoholics' stories to answer that question, they learned that replacement habits only become durable new behaviors when they are accompanied by something else.

The secret, the alcoholics said, was God.

Researchers hated that explanation. God and spirituality are not testable hypotheses. Churches are filled with drunks who continue drinking despite a pious faith. So in 2005, a group of scientists began asking alcoholics about all kinds of religious and spiritual topics. Then they looked at the data to see if there was any correlation between religious belief and how long people stayed sober.

A pattern emerged.

It wasn't God that mattered, the researchers figured out. It was belief itself that made a difference. Once people learned how to believe in something, that skill started spilling over to other parts of their lives, until they started believing they could change. Belief was the ingredient that made a reworked habit loop into a permanent behavior.

—CHARLES DUHIGG, *The Power of Habit*

and so I did. I have not had a drink since October of 1985. My wife and I were married in 1989. I started pre-nursing school classes in 1987, and graduated in 1991 with an Associate's degree in Nursing. St. John's hired me into surgery as a nurse, and our son was born, all at the same time!

In 1994 our daughter was born, and we felt very blessed as older parents since at that point my wife was 43 and I was almost 47. My wife is Jewish, and the kids went to Jewish school thanks to her parents. I also studied Jewish meditation for a while to discover a bridge between Judaism and Zen. There are many, and several books on it.

After falling off a ladder at age 64 (totally sober but tired) and with my unit closing at the hospital, I retired at age 65. At 66 a doctor of eye surgery with whom I previously worked called and said he wanted me back, so I have been back part-time, on call, for almost five years as an ambulatory surgery nurse. It is wonderful, and my main contact with the world.

In many ways, my ability to live life was made possible by my time spent in Rochester, where I worked at the Zen Center every day for seven months. I learned so many life skills and through meditation found the strength to deal with so many difficult situations. I really don't know what would have happened to me without Zen training. I remember Roshi Kapleau saying how fortunate we were that the Dharma had come to us when we were young. I totally feel this. I was 20 when I started. I was glad to read that he said at one point that daily practice was the core of practice, since that is what I do.

I never felt like contacting another Zen Center. There are certain teachings from *Three Pillars* and Roshi Kapleau himself that have stuck with me: "Your singing and dancing are the voice of the Dharma," "Don't make problems for yourself," "Practice is like making a sword: heating is good—hard practice; and cooling is too—backing off from hard practice." "Attention means attention." I also read, I think in a magazine, "Zen is doing the best you can in the situation you are in with what you have."

My life is Zen. In a sense, I never left the Center. I am so grateful for the chance Zen gave me at life. There are no words.

—TIM CASADY

### ZEN LESSONS FROM MY THREE-YEAR-OLD

FROM THE MOMENT I first learned why Manjushri wields a sword, I've been inspired by Manjushri figures. He sits in a meditation posture—crossed legs, straight back, alert—but wields a sword over his head. One glance at the statue reminds us of our simple task: cut off thoughts! The sword is a battle cry, though the war is internal...and it isn't even a war because that would suggest we are struggling against a separate self within us. As much as it may seem that the ego is launching attacks against us, the ego is us. For too long in my practice, I envisioned the ego as a thing inside of me I had to defeat or destroy. Yet that is duality and is, then, at odds with a practice through which we seek to experience Oneness. Instead of the ego as separate, I have come to view it as a part of myself that needs to rest, quiet down. And a great method (perhaps the only method) for settling down the ego is to cut off thoughts. Notice we're distracted and return to the practice. Notice and return. Notice and cut!

My son, Maxwell, who is a very curious three-year-old, recently expressed interest over a locket I wear depicting Manjushri. Inside I placed small bits of incense and clippings of my sons' hair. I showed Maxwell Manjushri's sword and, of course, that became Max's prime interest. Several times after pulling the locket from out of my shirt, Max has asked, "Where is his sword?" Each time I would show him. Leading up to Max's fascination with Manjushri, my wife and I noticed a worrisome behavior in Max. He began saying things like, "I'll cut your face off," or, "I'll cut you." This was, needless to say, quite distressing. Each time he exhibited behavior I deemed odd, my go-to place for advice was (and still is) the daycare he attends because the staff have encyclopedic knowledge of all things toddler. They told me this specific behavior was not developmentally appropriate (nose picking is, saying you'll cut someone's face off isn't—okay, got it!). Turns out one of Max's classmates introduced this kind of language to the class, but they, the teachers, are working with the culprit and the influence he has had on the class. So it was sort of risky

introducing Max to another concept of cutting. But I explained to him that Manjushri uses his sword to cut off thoughts. Max thought very deeply about this—I know because he grew silent and studied the sword. Later that night at the dinner table, Max said, "Daddy, pretend you're so angry you don't want to eat." Not sure what he was up to, I obliged, "Grrr. I'm so angry I don't want to eat!" To which Max immediately declared, "Cut them off!" He repeated this with me a few times and then engaged my wife the same way.

As much as Manjushri's thought-cutting sword inspires me, the metaphor doesn't easily translate to a three-year-old's mind. I couldn't, for example, tell Max during a tantrum about wanting to watch TV, "Cut them off! Just cut them off, Maxwell!" I'm sure he would shout, "But I want to watch TV!" Once, Max had been taking a medication to combat an infection. That night he awoke and screamed and sobbed for about an hour (a side effect of the medication) before I tried a

technique my wife taught me: play "I spy." Yep. That simple. But I began by trying to reason with him. "Max, what's wrong?" No answer. "Max, take a breath." More screams. "Max, I'm right here. You're fine!" Frustration. Finally, "I see something red." Visibly, Max didn't look any different and just when I was about to dismiss the method, he shot out his arm and pointed to a red object in the room. "Yes! That's right! I see something orange." He was still non-verbal, but he began to calm with each object he identified until he was finally through the episode. The "cutting" process was identifying concrete objects in the room. This grounded him. Expecting him to scan his mind and cut off unnecessary thoughts was unrealistic. "I spy" became, for him, the sword of Manjushri.

Around the time Maxwell was born, Bodhin Roshi said, "I've heard children are great teachers." Yes! What do you do when an infant is screaming in the middle of the night? You go! Hungry? Feed him! Frightened? Soothe him. Sit with him. Hold him.

▼ In the early days of the RZC, a group of young members, including Casey Frank, Joe Merion, Sue Carroll, Milda Vaivada, Mike Disend, the late Steve Carroll, and the center's current Head of Zendo, John Pulleyn, would repair to the Anza Borrego Desert in California for solitary zazen. Recently, John made a sentimental journey back. He did not find his cave (50 years is a long time!), but he did find the desert in a "superbloom" thanks to plentiful rain in February.



CHRIS PULLEYN

## ▷ SOUNDINGS

Don't lose sight of him for a single moment or you might miss what he needs or allow him to fall into danger. Because my wife and I promised our son that we would always help him answer every question, regardless of how difficult the question is or how long it would take, we have to be real with him. After my father's death, Maxwell asked, "But why is he buried?" Why is he buried? Because his body doesn't work anymore, and he is becoming soil. But where has he gone? This is my question. Where is he? While I'm no closer to answering this question, I am much closer to responding to immediate needs as they arise. Where do we go when we die? Here. Where else?

Maxwell, in many ways, is a typical nose-picking, spitting, boundary-testing three-year-old. What's particularly extraordinary is Max's pattern of questioning. Notably, he doesn't seem overly distressed about death, but he's considering intensely questions surrounding the meaning of life. One day he asked, "Who was the first person to die?" and the next day, "Who is the last person to die?"

I offered, "Some Buddhists believe that we have been born many times already and that we'll be born many times again in the future. So death is really change, not an end."

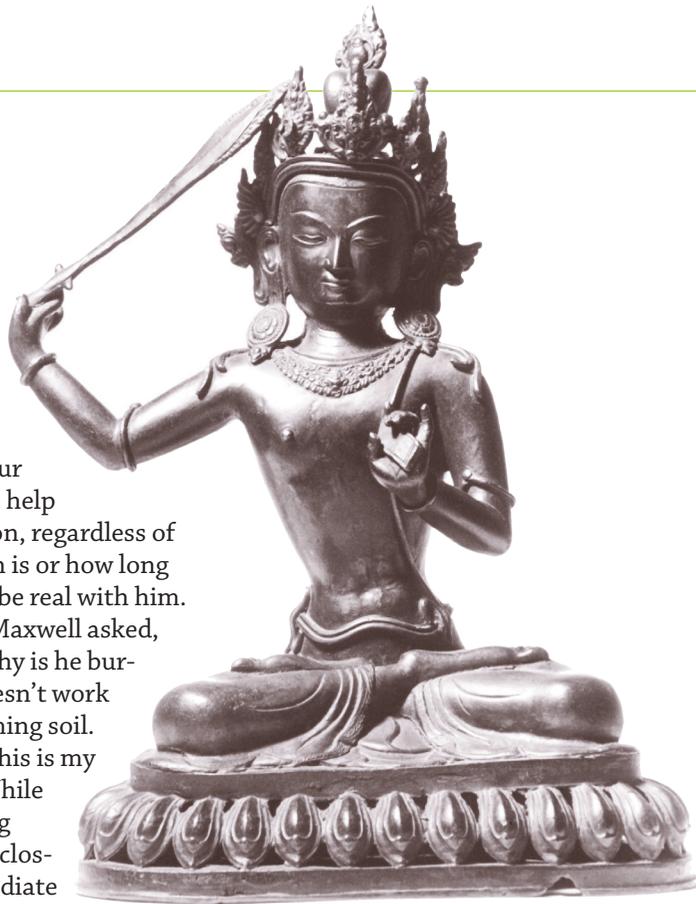
"Do we come back?," Max asked.

"Yeah, some people believe we do." My wife and I want to ground our children in Zen Buddhism, but leave the door open for them to find their own way. This is in contrast to my own childhood experience when the answers to life's biggest questions were simplified for me. Growing up Catholic, the response I was given when I worried about death was, "When we die, if we lived a good life, we join God in eternal glory." Who can argue with that? But delete eternal bliss from the equation, and we're left with a vast void.

Not long after the above exchange, Maxwell asked to hear about my childhood dog, a beagle named "Snoopy." "Did he die?," Maxwell asked one night.

"Yes, he died a long time ago. He was very old," I replied.

"Did he come back?," Maxwell asked.



"Yes, by now he certainly has."

Max was silent for a couple minutes, then said, "Maybe I'm Snoopy."

When I was a small child, not much older than Maxwell, I had been camping with my family. One evening after I went to bed in one wing of our small pop-up camper. The rest of my family, my mother, father, and older brother and sister, played cards at the table on the other side of the curtain where I slept...or so they thought. Outside, frogs were croaking in the twilight. Suddenly, I began laughing hysterically.

My father said, "Hey, Bryan, why are you laughing?"

I didn't respond right away, probably because I had been laughing so hard. My father asked again, "Really, Bryan, why are you laughing?"

Finally, I responded, amid suppressed laughing, "The frogs are telling me how deep the water is."

"How deep is the water?"

"Knee-deep! Knee-deep!" Then everyone laughed with me.

I recently told that story to Maxwell. Then he adopted the story and retold it starring him. "One time, when I was camping in a camper with my mommy and daddy and brother and sister..." and so forth. When he reached the end he said, "Now, daddy, ask me, 'How deep the water is,' okay?" "Sure," I responded, "Maxwell, how deep is the water." In a very low voice, Maxwell said, "Even deeper!"

—BRYAN HOFFMAN

**duk-kha** \ˈdük-kə\ *n* [Pāli < Sanskrit *duḥkha*, "sorrow," "suffering"] : in Buddhist philosophy, the true nature of all existence

*DUKKHA IS THE first of the Buddha's Four Noble Truths, and encompasses all forms of suffering, from existential pain to physical pain to "everyday dukkha" such as minor frustrations. Our favorite example of the latter is Roshi Kjolhede's: "Cold butter on soft bread."*

According to The Oxford Dictionary of Buddhism, "There is no word in English covering the same ground as dukkha in the sense it is used in Buddhism. The usual translation of "suffering" is too strong, and gives the impression that life according to Buddhism is nothing but pain. As a consequence, some regard Buddhism as pessimistic. While dukkha certainly embraces the ordinary meaning of 'suffering' it also includes deeper concepts such as impermanence and un-satisfactoriness, and may be better left untranslated."

Nevertheless, translators have used a variety of English words to convey the sense of dukkha; they often use different words to different translate aspects of the term. For example, dukkha has been translated as:

Suffering (Harvey, Williams, Keown, Anderson, Gombrich, Thich Nhat Hanh, Ajahn Succito, Chogyam Trungpa, Rupert Gethin, Dalai Lama, etc.)

Pain (Harvey, Williams, Keown, Anderson, Huxter, Gombrich, etc.)

Unsatisfactoriness (Dalai Lama, Bhikkhu Bodhi, Rupert Gethin, etc.)

Stress (Thanissaro Bhikkhu)

Sorrow

Anguish

Affliction (Brazier)

Dissatisfaction (Pema Chodron, Chogyam Trunpa)

Distress (Walpola Rahula)

Frustration (Dalai Lama)

Misery

Anxiety (Chogyam Trungpa)

Uneasiness (Chogyam Trungpa)

Unease (Rupert Gethin)

Unhappiness

Thus, dukkha itself has long been a source of dukkha for teachers, writers, translators, and readers.

**AUDREY FERNANDEZ,  
AN APPRECIATION**

BACK IN THE THIRTIES, my mother, Audrey McKissick Fernandez, who died last September, spent her childhood roaming the meadows, thick hedgerows, and forest lanes of the old Thayer Farm near the shores of Lake Ontario. Her German mother let Audrey and her two sisters disappear for the day into nature, an experience that was to shape her life, and later, her poetry. Getting fresh air was a prime family virtue and Audrey later told of snow blowing in the bedroom window, which was left open even on winter nights. She taught herself to read by the time she was four and devoured first *The Bookhouse Books*, and then all the adult reading she could find in her house. When she was only in second grade at the Charlotte Elementary School, she was taken to the principal's office and told that she was not like other children because her intelligence quotient was so high. She never forgot that!

Audrey went on to become the valedictorian of her class at the University of Rochester and immersed herself into a liberal and intellectual milieu. But after returning from Palo Alto, where her husband Joe had been a Stanford graduate student, she found herself near a windswept lakeshore, isolated with her children without a car or nearby friends, in a classic fifties neighborhood which Pete Seegar famously described as "little boxes made of ticky tacky." She fell into a deep depression, and it was then that she began to question life itself. The witch hunts of the McCarthy era undermined her faith in our government, but the open-air testing of hydrogen bombs and the ever-growing risk of nuclear war were even more oppressive. She later spoke of having a vision of everything as ash: people, animals, green grass, all turned to ash. She served only powdered milk to her kids to reduce their risk of poisoning from Strontium 90 and Cesium 137. She and Joe seriously considered emigrating to Chile.

But these tensions eased in the sixties, and rising affluence brought a move for her closer to the city, and a car, allowing her to join the Poetry Society of Rochester and follow her explorations into alternate spiritual traditions with a group of friends. This group, which was mostly

from the Unitarian Church and included Chester Carlson, the inventor of Xerography, had eclectic interests, including Vedanta and Zen Buddhism. They explored Zen through the writings of D.T. Suzuki and later through Philip Kapleau's *The Three Pillars of Zen*. Audrey had been elected to pick Mr. Kapleau up at the airport on his first visit. As a 15-year-old, I returned from school that day and found him seated in our living room. Mr. Kap-



DAVE VANDERTE

**IN GRATITUDE**

leau, who introduced himself to me simply as "Philip," impressed me with his calm, composed, and curious mien in response to my rather manic enthusiasm. I loaned him *The Fox in the Attic* by Richard Hughes, which is set in Munich during the rise of Hitler, which he later read and discussed with me. Roshi Kapleau was to become the pivotal and inspiring force in Audrey's life from that day on.

Audrey treasured intellectual inquiry, and the somewhat anti-intellectual dictums of Zen teaching were hard for her to ever fully accept. In that era, Roshi Kapleau sometimes stated in teishos that "the only good book is a book that gets you back on the mat!" But Audrey was an inveterate reader who always sought to get to the bottom of things. In her younger days she was devoted to the writings of Freud and Jung, and later she explored many other traditions before finding her deep faith in Buddhism. She clung fiercely

to this faith throughout her life, through the years when she grew frail and endured pain and loss of independence. But faith, for my mom, did not mean accepting the easy answers of "the party line." She never hesitated to question authority and challenge inaccuracy, whether it was a medical diagnosis presented as gospel or Buddhist dogma presented as unassailable truth. Her doubts led her to explore the role of women in Buddhism in history. She followed through doggedly in learning the Chinese language and studying original texts with a scholar at the University of Rochester, prior to publishing an article on the subject. Ultimately, she created the translation of the Prajna Paramita that is chanted to this day at the Rochester Zen Center.

Both before and after these days at the Zen Center, her home was often akin to an 18th-century salon, with a stream of fascinating people passing through. She hosted poets like Allen Ginsberg and Dee Snodgrass, along with political radicals, naturalists, and mystics. She always extended herself to strangers. Foreign graduate students often joined the home for Thanksgiving. I indelibly remember the two serious young Nigerian men who displayed to us the scars they received from their brutal treatment as political prisoners. Later she invited young RZC members, along with the venerable Claire Myers Owens, the Center's eldest member, to holiday events. She hosted unofficial but regular sittings during an early era at the Center for prospective members traveling from afar who were awaiting membership. She also loved to bring her Zen friends and others to the rustic family retreat in an abandoned vineyard and forest high above Canandaigua Lake. There she was in her element, vigorously pulling vines from saplings, hacking away at unwanted brush, hauling spring water up the hill to the small cabin, or heating cans of beans in the campfire.

Throughout Audrey's life she loved nature and the written word, passions she had discovered so early in childhood. In her final years, her family and a wide circle of friends sustained her, and she found great comfort in what she had learned from Buddhism—that "there is no separation" and that "form is only emptiness, emptiness only form." —DAVID FERNANDEZ

**IN EARLIER ERAS**, whenever a school of Buddhism penetrated a foreign culture, many centuries passed before the process of indigenization ran its course. Some pioneers consciously refrained from tampering with the imported model, believing that a native tradition would arise naturally through sincere practice and the passage of time. We can only speculate about the rate of Zen's future development in the West. Will a new generation of youth embrace Eastern religions? Will the baby-boomers who first explored spiritual alternatives in the 1960s turn again toward these concerns once their careers and their children have matured? Will Zen's absorption be accelerated by modern means of communication, retarded by the secularism of the age, or affected by other factors still unknown? At some point North American Zen may lose its countercultural cast and more fully enter the social mainstream, where it would confront many of the same obstacles that established religions face.

Whenever a religion is transmitted to a new culture it is forced to redefine itself. This process is sometimes explicit, sometimes implicit, as new adherents seek to identify the essentials of the foreign tradition and describe their beliefs to others. When Zen (Ch'an) moved from China to Japan in the twelfth to fourteenth centuries, several criteria of authenticity were widely acknowledged; foremost among them were enlightenment and zazen. Yet some of the standards considered indispensable in that era, such as the correct layout of a Zen monastery, are of little concern to contemporary devotees of Zen.

What are the criteria of authentic Zen today? To put the question more concretely: If you are going to a Zen center or meeting a Zen master, what do you look for to reassure yourself that you have found the real thing? The possibilities are diverse: proper institutional affiliation, spotless surfaces and neatly arranged shoes, the master's lifestyle, the strictness of the meditation schedule, a twinkle in the eye, and so on.

—KENNETH KRAFT

*From the chapter "Recent Developments in North American Zen" in Zen: Tradition and Transition: A Sourcebook by Contemporary Zen Masters and Scholars, edited by Kenneth Kraft (1988)*

### KEN KRAFT— A REMEMBRANCE

KEN KRAFT WAS a teacher, a teacher who taught with everything he had.

I first met Ken when I was a first-year law student in early 1971. I had just become a member of the Center and learned of the existence of a sitting group at Harvard. Ken, a senior in college at the time, was the leader. The group had wonderful energy, and I think a significant part of



IN GRATITUDE

that came from Ken. Young as he was, he projected a powerful sense of calm and of a kind of certainty, not so much in any particular set of facts as in the rightness of our practice. He left right after graduation to join the staff in Rochester. At the time, the Center carried an almost mythic aura, perhaps even more so for out-of-town members, and we were all sure that Ken would fit in easily on the varsity, which of course he did. He came back occasionally to visit in the next year or so, and though he was viewed as an emissary from the source, he carried himself with characteristic lightness and modesty—basically, doing what he always did, acting unselfconsciously as an exemplar of how to be.

I particularly remember an encounter during Ken's year on staff, at the end of the April 1972 sesshin. It was my first seven day, and I don't doubt I looked the worse for wear by the end of it. I met Ken

in the 7 Arnold Park garden just after the closing ceremony. He gave me a glance and said, "Come with me, there's something I want to show you." I followed him into the men's dorm, where he removed his brown outer robe from his shoulders. The shoulders of his white under-robe were stained brownish red. I startled and asked him if this had ever happened before. Yes, he said, most every sesshin.\* This was not a demonstration of bravado, but of empathy. His point was made elegantly—ours isn't an easy practice, so don't indulge in self-pity. I have tried to take it to heart.

Ken, of course, became a Buddhist scholar and a professor at Lehigh University. From time to time he spoke on Buddhist topics at Center symposia and other events, and, for my money at least, he would steal the show with his combination of deep learning, deep understanding, eloquence, and dry humor. He was a superb teacher in this way, as well. I've heard of his students at Lehigh providing testimony about his opening their minds and changing their lives, and his talks at the Center showed how. His lively mind, his genuine enthusiasm, came through as clearly as his words. His teaching extended to the numerous books he wrote and edited, a primary aim of which was to make the Asian Buddhist tradition accessible to Westerners and to adapt Buddhist practice and thought to address issues of contemporary concern, such as climate change and other ecological dangers. As always, he was seeking to add passengers to the Great Vehicle.

We stayed in touch mostly through the phone and email. Physical distance notwithstanding, I could count on Ken to bring keen understanding to whatever I had to say to him, whether we were discussing career, family or practice. Here, too, he taught: clarity, maturity, acceptance. And in sharing his own thoughts and experiences, he taught confidence, courage and generosity. He provided example, unerringly. He was a kind of pillar, one of those who keep the world aloft. He leaves a void.—TOM ROBERTS

\*The *kyosaku* (encouragement stick) is no longer used so harshly at the Center. A couple of brief taps on an acupuncture point on each shoulder is enough to help bring us to attention. (See Q&A on page 5.)



MUMONKAN CASE SIX: BUDDHA HOLDS UP A FLOWER

▷ THE CASE

*Once, when the World-Honored One in ancient times was upon Vulture Peak, he held up a flower before the assembly of monks. At this all were silent. The Venerable Kashyapa alone broke into a smile. The World-Honored One said, "I have the all-pervading Eye of the True Dharma, the Secret Heart of Incomparable Nirvana, the True Aspect of Formless Form. It does not rely on letters and is transmitted outside the sutras. I now hand it on to Mahakashyapa."*

▷ THE COMMENTARY

*Golden-faced Kudon is certainly outrageous. He turns the noble into the lowly, and sells dog flesh advertised as sheep's head—though with some genius. However, supposing that at the time all the monks had smiled, how would the "All-including Eye of the True Dharma" have been handed on? Or again, if Kashyapa had not smiled, how could he have been entrusted with it? If you say that the True Dharma can be handed on, the golden-faced old man with his loud voice deceived the simple villagers. If you say it can't be transmitted, why did Buddha say he had handed it on to Kashyapa?*

▷ THE VERSE

*Holding up a flower  
The snake shows its tail.  
Kashyapa smiles,  
And people and devas are  
confounded.*

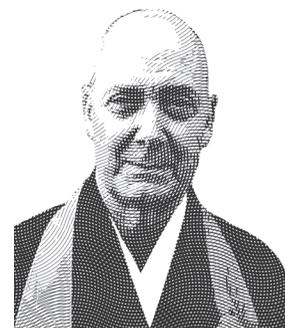
**THIS CASE IS BASED ON A FAMOUS STORY. Some have called it a fable and said it never really happened, but it doesn't matter in terms of its value as a koan. Whether it has**

historical veracity or not is not important; it's a rich koan.

About Mahakashyapa: "Kashyapa" is the short form of Mahakashyapa. The prefix "Maha" means "great" or "large," and here it's an honorific. With this incident of him on Vulture Peak smiling in response to the Buddha holding up a flower, he became the first patriarch of Zen. For the scant biographical information available on Mahakashyapa, let's turn to *The Transmission of Light* (*Denkoroku* in Japanese), a collection of koans compiled by the Japanese Zen master Keizan,

the Dharma Heir of Dogen. This text purports to be Zen's ancestral line, presented in stories—enlightenment accounts—of each of the fifty-two or so earliest masters. It says that Kashyapa was born in an Indian Brahmin family, and his name in Sanskrit means 'drinker of light.' When he was born, supposedly a golden light filled the room and went into his mouth; hence the name. We're also told that his complexion was golden.

As a monk he was renowned for his ascetic self-discipline and moral strictness, and these qualities enabled him to assume the leadership



KOAN COMMENTARY BY  
*Roshi Bodhin Kjolhede*

On the sixth day of the  
seven-day sesshin, July 2004

PHOTOMECHANICAL  
PRINT BY *Ogawa Kazumasa*  
(*Rijks Museum/rawpixel*)

of the Sangha after the death of the Buddha. It was Kashyapa who convened the first Buddhist Council in order to counteract tendencies toward a less strict lifestyle within the Sangha. He had differences of opinion with Ananda, the Buddha's attendant, but in the end authorized Ananda as his Dharma Heir in Zen's ancestral line.

**IN THE CHINESE TEMPLES** and in our own Buddha Hall in Rochester, the figure of Mahakashyapa stands on the Buddha's right and Ananda on the Buddha's left. Iconographically, Mahakashyapa is often identified by his cracked and wrinkled face, meant to show his age and his asceticism.

When Kashyapa met the Buddha, the latter said, "Welcome, mendicant"—so by that time, apparently, Kashyapa was already wearing the patchwork robe of a monk. The *Denkoroku* says that "Kashyapa had practiced austerities and never wasted any time." Remember that the Buddha himself began his journey to enlightenment by first spending six years practicing severe austerities, but then gave them up when he realized they would not lead to enlightenment. The Buddha then warned that self-punishment was not the way, but Kashyapa stuck to his ways, drawing the disapproval of others in the Sangha: "Only seeing the ugly emaciation of his body and the wretchedness of his clothing, everyone doubted Kashyapa." Still, we're told, "every time the Buddha was going to give a talk in someplace or other he shared his seat with Kashyapa, who thenceforth was the senior member of the community."

**WE WILL RETURN** to this text later, but let's wade into the case. "Once, when the World-Honored One"—this became the standard way of referring to the Buddha—"was upon Vulture Peak..." Vulture Peak was one of the sites I visited with several other Zen Center staff members on a pilgrimage to India forty years ago. We were glad to have put that on our itinerary because of the relief it provided. We had just spent some days at Bodhgaya, the seat of the Buddha's enlightenment, which is a kind of Times Square of Buddhist pilgrimage sites. Every year it draws thousands of Buddhists from all over the world, monks and laypeople, and proved to be a lot noisier than we had been expecting. After leaving there, we took a taxi—in India it's cheap enough for four people dividing the fare—to Vulture Peak (known there as Mount Grdhkuta, a name even harder to pronounce than mine). When we got there we found, to our surprise and re-

This became  
the hallmark  
of the  
Zen sect—  
a teaching  
beyond words,  
the school  
of direct  
experience.

lief, that we had this famous pilgrimage site to ourselves. It was just a low mountain, most of it wooded, and we were able to savor the silence. We just wandered around and hung out on the rock where the Buddha reportedly sat and held up the flower.

At the time there was a snow-white Nichiren temple overlooking the site from afar, and that appeared to be the only structure around. I remember only one simple sign identifying what had transpired at the place. Ever since this visit, I have been grateful to be able to picture the surroundings of this mythic incident, the context of the koan.

"He held up a flower before the assembly of monks." The Buddha's talks were so revered that sometimes hundreds of monks would gather to hear him speak. But this time he simply held up a flower instead. Some versions say that he twirled the flower a bit. "And the venerable Kashyapa alone broke into a smile." The 19th-century English poet Francis Thompson said, "Thou canst not stir a flower / Without troubling of a star."

**BACK TO THE** *Transmission of Light*... the little chapter on Kashyapa begins, "When the Buddha raised the flower and blinked his eyes, Kashyapa broke out in a smile." Although the blinking is not mentioned in the sources we used for our version of the story, the author, Keizan, says, "leaving aside the raising of the flower for the moment, everyone should clearly understand the blinking of the eyes. You raise your eyebrows and blink your eyes in the ordinary course of things, and Buddha blinked his eyes when he raised the flower. These are not separate at all. Your talking and smiling and Kashyapa's breaking into a smile are not different at all."

Then, with all the others remaining silent, Kashyapa alone smiled—and the World-Honored One approved. He gave his sanctioning. He said, "I have the all-pervading eye of the true Dharma, the secret heart of incomparable nirvana, the true aspect of formless form. It does not rely on letters and is transmitted outside the sutras. I now hand it on to Mahakashyapa."

This phrase, "all-pervading eye of the true Dharma," is the standard English translation of *Shobogenzo*, the title of the great work by Zen master Dogen. Dharma is the original word that in China became Tao, the Way. "The secret heart of incomparable Nirvana, the true aspect of formless form," and then this final line, "It does not rely on letters and is transmitted outside

the sutras.” This became the hallmark of the Zen sect—a teaching beyond words, the school of direct experience.

In the late Aitken Roshi’s comment on this koan, he refers to a distinction between two kinds of communication. One is presentational communication and the other is discursive communication. Discursive describes what most people think of, probably, as communication: ordinary, explanatory words. Presentational communication also can be with words, but it is more direct. The koans are full of presentations: a shout, a striking of the stick, raising a finger, and so forth. This style of communication comes more naturally over the course of long Zen practice. Roshi Kapleau used to say, “In Zen we want to do less talking and thinking, and more feeling and acting.”

**OVER TIME WE** learn to appreciate how eloquently we can communicate through movement, simple declarative speech, a word or two or five. When we do the standard bows in the dokusan room, we’re communicating through presentation. Every once in a while, someone, as they’re leaving the dokusan room, will say “thank you”—but the final bow is saying just that. It’s redundant to say it, and the bow says it more eloquently than any words—if, that is, the mind is free of thoughts. Even thoughts of the words “thank you.”

To respond when someone calls you is a presentation if it’s immediate, with no gap. It’s a demonstration of an empty mind—a mind of awareness and readiness.

In the book *The Man Who Killed the Deer*, Frank Waters puts it this way: “Nothing is simple and alone. We are not separate and alone. The breathing mountains, the living stones, each blade of grass, the clouds, the rain, each star, the beasts, and the invisible spirits of the air: we are all one, indivisible. So I would have you look upon this thing not as a separate simple thing but as a stone, which is a star in the firmament of the earth, as a ripple in a pool, and as a kernel of corn. I would have you consider how it fits into the whole, how far its influence may spread, what it may grow into.”

The influence of this holding up the flower and, perhaps even more importantly, of the smile that grew out of it, initiated the mind-to-mind transmission of Zen. After Mahakashyapa came Ananda, and then on and on right down to our present time. Just with the flower and the smile. A flower smiles, a smile flowers.

In dokusan, of course, the student has to demonstrate her or his understanding of what

really dawned on Vulture Peak. He or she has to present, not explain.

**LET’S MOVE ON** to Mumon’s commentary. Here we have Mumon toying with the monks and even with us, starting with his wry poke at the Buddha. We see this all through the Mumonkan—and not just the Mumonkan, but in Zen generally—where the masters will deliberately bring their predecessors down to earth with these earthy, seemingly belittling comments.

“The golden-faced old man with his loud voice deceived the simple villagers.” In these words of Mumon I’m reminded of a scene we came upon on one of my pilgrimages through China. It was in a rural village that probably had remained largely unchanged over the course of centuries, and where it seemed the only entertainment they ever had was staged extemporaneously. On the day we passed through there, some local impresario, after gathering a crowd in a loud voice, presented a “demonstration of strength.” The villagers crowded around, gawking, in a dense ring. Probably at other times the performer would have been telling stories. The presenter would then pass around a hat and make some money this way.

“Golden-faced Kudon”—Kudon is a Japanese nickname for the Buddha—“is certainly outrageous. He turns the noble into the lowly and sells dog flesh advertised as sheep’s head.” The Sanskrit word for noble is *arya*, and it was often a modifier for the Sangha: the *arya Sangha*. How did the Buddha turn the noble into the lowly here?

If we put ourselves in the assembly on Vulture Peak that day, we can well imagine our reaction—and the reaction of everyone else there—to the Buddha singling out Kashyapa as The Man. I see all heads swiveling around to see this special monk who alone smiled with understanding. How many of us could simply rejoice with him? In Buddhist terms, that would be called *mudita*—“sympathetic joy,” or sharing in the good fortune of another. It’s sometimes said that it requires a higher level of development than even compassion.

**ROSHI KAPLEAU HAS SAID** that when he was at Hosshinji, the monastery where he spent his first three years of training in Japan, at the end of each sesshin Harada Roshi would publicly recognize, in the zendo, the participants who had achieved kensho that week. It was done as a brief ritual, but imagine what it put people through. Besides inviting feelings of envy on the part of the “losers,” the ritual might well have been hard



▲ Patriarchs of Zen Buddhism. Scroll painting by Yamamoto Jakurin, Edo period (17th century). Kofukuji-ji Temple, Nagasaki.

on the “winners,” too; in Japan, you never want to stand out from the group. So why did Harada Roshi do this? Two reasons come to mind: first, by publicly presenting those who had just seen into their nature, he hoped to boost others’ faith that they, too, could break through. Second, now that those who had glimpsed their True Self were “outed,” they would feel a greater responsibility to live up to that Self in their daily lives.

However well these strategies may have worked at Hosshinji, for an American Sangha I would expect them to do more harm than good. They would too likely reinforce the delusion that there is something to be “attained” in Zen. On the contrary, if awakening gives us anything, it’s the realization that from the very beginning all beings are endowed with the same originally enlightened nature.

**AND THEN MUMON** poses this mischievous question: Hey, wait a minute, what if all the monks had smiled? Wouldn’t the Buddha have been at a loss then? He’s practically suggesting that Zen might never have got off the ground—and that we might not be here in this zendo. And then he wonders, what about if Kashyapa had not smiled? Mumon is dangling these hypotheticals before us to throw sand in our eyes and get us to see with our third eye.

To Mumon’s probing questions we can add this one: What if there had been no flower on hand that day on Vulture Peak? (I don’t recall seeing any flowers growing there.) Would a distinctive looking twig have done the trick? How about a button? Or what if there had been no object at all on hand—say, he was sitting on bare rock—what then? A situation similar to that appears in a koan in the *Blue Cliff Record*: the Buddha took his seat on the platform, and Manjusri struck a table and said, “Clearly understand the Dharma of the King of the Dharma—it is like this,” and at that the Buddha simply descended from his seat.

It’s not a matter of what the Buddha did or didn’t do. In fact, it’s not even in the realm of “doing.” It all boils down to the Buddha’s being, and Kashyapa’s. And Kashyapa’s seeing.

In Zen, theoretically, Dharma transmission takes place when the teacher feels the student’s understanding matches his or her own. In Japan some take it further and claim that to give Dharma transmission, the student’s understanding has to exceed the teacher’s. But we don’t need to take that literally. If that were the case, then by today any teacher would have an understanding

that would dwarf the understanding of the Buddhas and the patriarchs.

The key point is that, like successive generations of photocopies, if the transmission is not true, if the student is not fully qualified for the transmission, you risk the decline of the tradition—which is what’s happening, frankly. Most Zen teachers today don’t require the student even to have seen into his True Nature in order to receive Dharma transmission. In fact, they don’t even claim to have that as a requirement.

**I FISHED A STORY** out of this wonderful book called *Stories of the Spirit, Stories of the Heart: Parables of the Spiritual Path from Around the World*. “The Zen master Mumon sent for his disciple, Shoju, one day and said, ‘I’m an old man now, Shoju, and it is you who will carry on this teaching. Here is a book that has been handed down for seven generations from master to master. I have myself added some notes to it that you will find valuable. Here, keep it with you as a sign that I’ve made you my successor.’ And at that, Shoju burned it immediately.”

Just as Mumon is dangling this hypothetical question about transmission—what if everyone had smiled, what if Kashyapa had not smiled—we can also see the Buddha’s reference to the All-pervading Eye of the True Dharma, the Secret Heart of Incomparable Nirvana, the True Aspect of Formless Form, as a kind of goad. He’s calling on us to see through all that conceptual language, so that we’re not attached to the idea of it, and instead experience ourselves what it’s pointing to.

**THERE IS A STORY** of the great Nanchuan, known in Japanese as Nansen, the Tang Dynasty master of Zhaozhou (Joshu). He was out working in the garden when a disciple came to him and asked, “What is the way of Nanchuan?” In other words, show me your understanding, what is your teaching? And Nanchuan held up the sickle, the garden tool he had been using. Just held it up. The disciple then said, “I’m asking about the way of Nanchuan, not the sickle.” And Nanchuan said, “I can use it with pleasure.” In holding up that sickle, Nanchuan was beautifully demonstrating the way of Nanchuan—the Buddha Way.

Because standards for transmission have become so unreliable today, we have to turn elsewhere to acquire a fuller sense of a prospective teacher’s abilities and character. Most valuable of all is to spend a stretch of time—in real time—with a teacher, and if possible also with the teacher’s more senior students. That’s an opportunity

## ▷ ROUNDTABLE: JUMPING IN AT THE DEEP END



**THOSE OF US** who are of a Certain Age at the Zen Center sometimes wonder who will follow in our footsteps. Given the myriad screen-based distractions of our age, the multiple causes vying for our attention, and the proliferation of raisin-contemplating mindfulness teachers, how many young people will be able and willing to brave the rigor of Zen practice?

Elizabeth Quincy is a student at Bennington College who recently spent several weeks training at Arnold Park. She gives us hope.

**ZEN BOW:** How did you find out about the opportunity to spend your winter break at the RZC?

**ELIZABETH QUINCY:** I found out about the RZC through a website called Handshake, when I had to apply for winter internships as a requirement for my school. I searched the term “meditation” and instantly came across the Zen Center. After doing more digging, I was drawn to the lifestyle and the training that was being offered, so I decided to apply.

**ZEN BOW:** Had you ever meditated before?

**LIZZY:** I had experimented with meditation before, tried online guided meditations and 15-minute sittings, but nothing as all-encompassing as zazen. In my first week I remember someone commenting that I had “jumped in at the deep end” and while I was intimidated by the pace of the Zen Center at first, now I am able to sit for longer than I ever would have believed I could.

**ZEN BOW:** What made you decide to come here?

**LIZZY:** I have always struggled with a certain amount of anxiety and panic, and after a bit of a rocky start to college I decided that I wanted to do something for my internship that would be beneficial to my health. I wanted to learn how to actively help myself become calm and meditative, so as to more easily address the stressors in my everyday life.

**ZEN BOW:** What, if anything, surprised you?

**LIZZY:** I think I was surprised by how easily I was able to integrate into the pace of life! Within a week I felt like I was starting to learn the routine, and everyone was very helpful and welcoming. I never really felt out of place, even in moments when I made mistakes, because everyone was understanding and showed me what to do.

**ZEN BOW:** How would you describe the staff experience?

**LIZZY:** I worked mostly in housekeeping and the kitchen, and I really enjoyed each workday. I found cleaning and tidying up to be in and of itself very meditative, and in a way therapeutic, because I could see the progress of my work each day. I felt a real kinship with my boss Keith and my other co-workers, especially laughing at tea break and lunch time. I was very sad to leave everybody when the month was over!

**ZEN BOW:** Did you find any specific aspect of staff life particularly difficult? What and why?

**LIZZY:** I found some of the sittings challenging when I was either tired from the day or still sleepy from waking up. If I was particularly stressed about something in my life, it was also challenging to make myself sit every day. It showed me, though, how quieting my mind can really shift things around energetically, and I often came out of the sittings I had been wary about feeling calm, quiet and a bit more at peace.

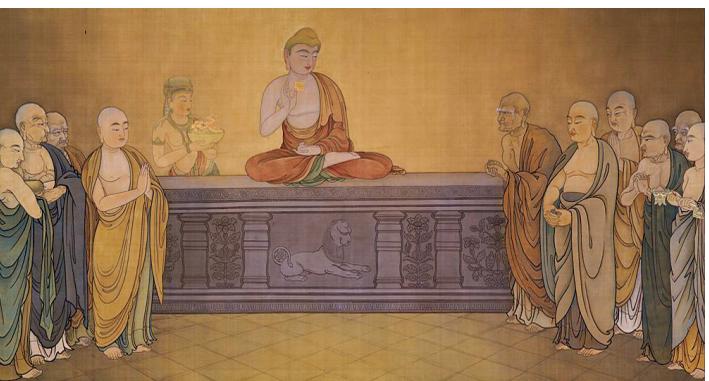
**ZEN BOW:** Anything else you would tell someone who is tempted to replicate your experience?

**LIZZY:** The wake-up time is not as hard as it seems! The training is highly beneficial and transformative, and the staff are kind and welcoming. I recommend this to anyone willing to dedicate a period of time to self-growth and meditation. Zazen is a very valuable tool in training the mind, and a worthwhile practice.

we offer in Rochester at our all-day introductory workshops. You can also get something of a read on a teacher through what he or she has written, but that, too, may not be reliable; the teacher's conduct can be at odds with what's on paper.

**AND NOW MUMON'S** verse: "Holding up a flower, the snake shows its tail. Kashyapa smiles, and people and devas are confounded." Who's the snake in this, showing its tail? What is Mumon talking about?

When we were kids we had a family dog named Heidi, a dachshund, who would sometimes get into mischief when we were out of the house—chew something up or get into some food not meant for her. When we came back Heidi would scurry under the dining room table, which had



a tablecloth that came down almost to the floor. She would hide there, unaware that her little tail was sticking out. She was thinking her secret was secure! Zen has been called an "open secret."

"Kashyapa smiles, and people and devas are confounded." "Humans and devas" became a conventional way of referring to the two highest realms of the six realms of unenlightened existence. So then "people and devas" pretty much comprises all of those who have a shot at understanding things of this nature—those who have risen to a level of consciousness where they could benefit from hearing the Dharma. But now, leaving aside devas, why are we confounded by this teaching that is a no-teaching? This Dharma that is a no-Dharma? Why are people stymied by the koan they're working on, or even snarled up at times by breath practice?

We complicate things. We complicate things unnecessarily through our thinking, or, more correctly, our clinging to our thoughts. But not Kashyapa. He just looked directly at the Buddha's presentation. He saw. How so? Because his mind was undivided by thoughts. Kashyapa could not have been thinking for a second about getting

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anything out of that flower or coming to awakening. His mind had to have been as pure as a white sheet of paper. Completely free of thoughts, concepts, notions, hopes, expectations, regrets. Certainly it had to have been free of thoughts of self and the self's ambitions and progress and any other such nonsense.

It takes absolute devotion to one's practice to reach true purity of mind, emptiness of mind. Even now, the minds of people here are much more empty than they were earlier in sesshin—much more so. The clouds are getting very thin; clouds of thought are thinning out and very light. Some of you may be satisfied with this feeling of buoyancy and freedom, the lightness, the quiet joy. Other people will not be. Most people will be: that's the truth, based on all past experience. Most people will be grateful for what they've gotten out of this sesshin so far—and then after sesshin this elevated state will pass, as all states do. Others, mostly those who often enough have seen this buoyancy pass after sesshin, will not be satisfied with it. They will continue to grapple with the koan, get deeper into whatever their practice is, knowing that on this path we never want to coast.

**RIGHT NOW, ON THIS** sixth day of sesshin, we are at the top of our game. No matter what you think the condition of your mind is, we are all enormously concentrated relative to our ordinary state. It really doesn't get much better than this. Because of that readiness of the mind, this is where we have the best opportunity to wipe away those last wisps of cloud. Not by trying to wipe them away, not by doing anything with the thoughts, but just by making the final little leap beyond this ordinary mind, and reaching complete oneness with the practice.

When the Buddha held up the flower he was presenting what Hakuin said centuries later: "I am the sun and the moon and the stars and the wide, wide earth." "I am the flower," he's saying. All beings are this flower.

Let us close with part of a poem we read during our funeral service:

The world is a flower.  
Gods are flowers.  
Enlightened ones are flowers.  
All phenomena are flowers.  
Red flowers, white flowers, green flowers,  
yellow flowers, black flowers,  
all the different kinds of the colors of  
flowers, all of the different kinds  
of love's shining forth. ///

▷ FROM THE ARCHIVE



**IN THE EARLY DAYS** of the Center, members would buy animals, such as rabbits, ducks, and wild birds, that were sold in pet stores and at farmers' markets in order to set them free on a piece of country land. These "animal release ceremonies" were organized several times in the 1970s, providing a festive opportunity, especially for families with children.

This photo by an unknown photographer shows one such occasion; however, much of it remains a mystery to the staff of *Zen Bow*. Where was this? Our best guess is the Honoeeye, New York, property that the Center owned for several years, but it could be Chapin Mill or the Gratwick Place. When was this? Clothing and hairstyles confirm the era as the Seventies, but the exact year is unclear. Who are these people? We have made some haphazard guesses but have not positively identified anyone.

Most importantly, what kind of music could be produced by this assortment of instruments, including drums, saxophone, long shofar-like horns, and conch shells? Was noise created to scare off predators? Or—and this would be amazing—was actual music composed and performed? And was this occasion captured by the intent videographer?

Any information would be gratefully received and published. Thank you.

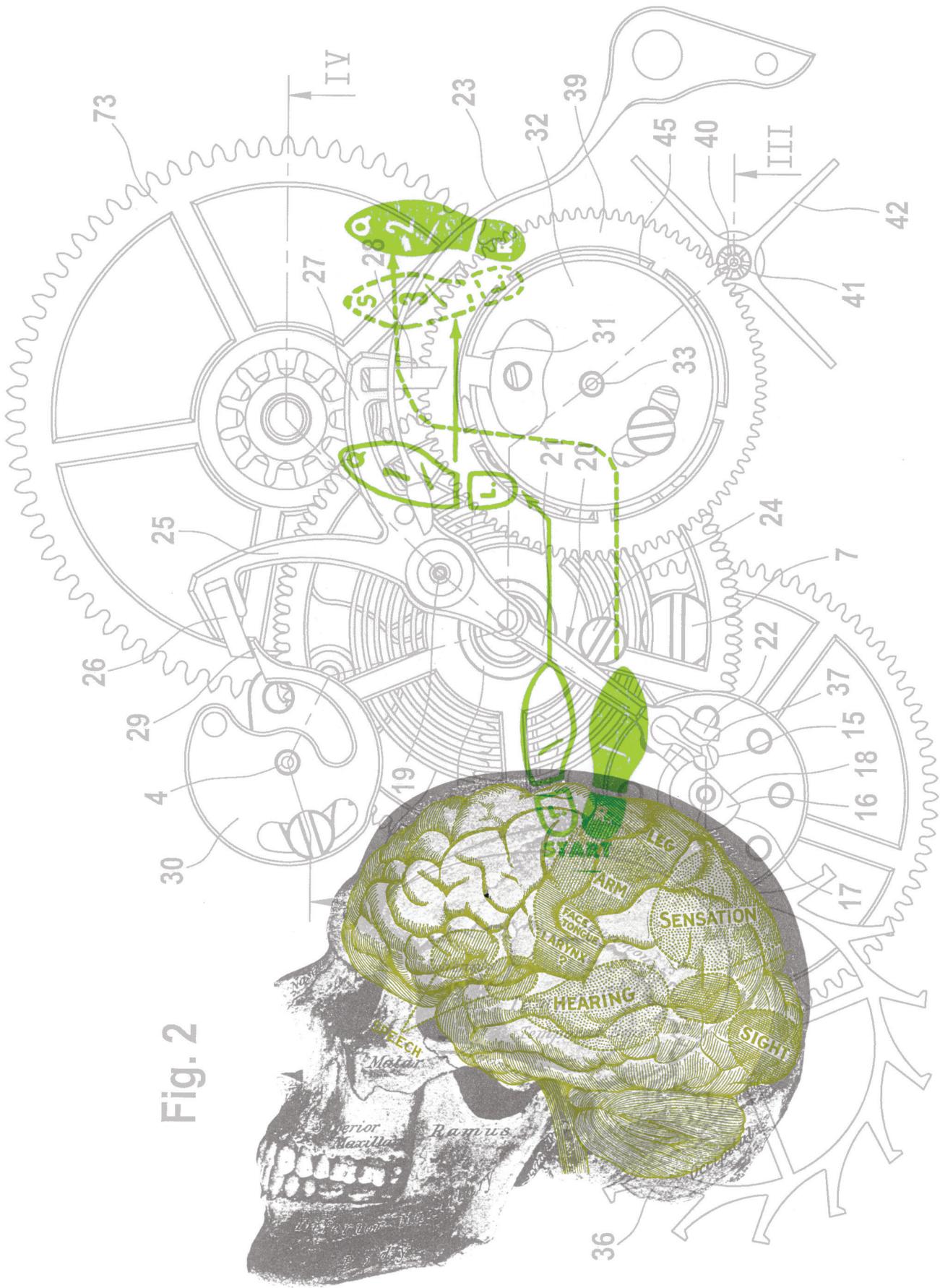


Fig. 2

# WORKING *with* HABITS

We are what we think,  
Having become what we thought.

Just as a fletcher straightens an arrow shaft,  
even so the discerning man straightens his mind;  
so fickle and unsteady, so difficult to guard.

THE BUDDHA (from the *Dhammapada*)

THE MORE ATTENTION we pay to the play of cause and effect in our lives, the more we come to appreciate how much of what we do

and think is determined by habits we establish and reinforce over time. When we first begin to work with our patterns of behavior, we usually operate out of the conventional view of a self (however hazy that concept may be) that makes choices, resists or succumbs to temptation, and then has to deal with the consequences of those choices.

When we're in the midst of our own struggle to live up to our values and to meet the expectations of others, it is often baffling and discouraging to find that, again and again, we fall short of our intentions. How is it that, although we see quite clearly what we intend to do—to meditate every day, to exercise more, or eat less, or refrain from anger, or make it to appointments on time, or keep our house in order, or any of the endless number of behaviors that would make our lives better—we fall short.

Is the problem a defect in character? Is it just that we're weak-willed and feckless? Or setting aside the idea of a moral failing, are we in the grips of some sort of disease process, a true addiction as in the AA model of alcoholism? What's going

on? What's wrong with us?

It's not that there's no truth in these ways of looking at our problem. It's not totally ridiculous to work at strengthening will power. Nevertheless, there's a flaw in our conventional and simplistic way of framing our struggle. There isn't some independent self, some guy or gal in the control tower negotiating a world of threats and temptations. The Buddha rejected this notion thousands of years ago, and psychologists and neuroscientists today have come to a similar conclusion.

In his book, *Why Buddhism Is True*, Robert Wright lays out the case for the "modular theory of mind." Rather than positing some sort of Chief Executive Officer who chooses among possible behaviors, a growing number of psychologists, especially those who study how the process of evolution has shaped us, explain the mind as a mix of modules—rather like computer sub-routines—that have developed in human beings to handle situations that affect our chances of passing on our genes. So you can have a "mate acquisition" module—unconscious behaviors

TEXT BY *John Pulleyn*

that kick in when there's a possibility of securing a mate—or a “self-protection” module that activates when danger is perceived.

In modern life, these modules are not always as helpful or appropriate as they were when we lived in small hunter-gatherer communities. That mismatch between our ancient programming and the life we live today is one reason for our epidemic of depression, addiction, and anxiety. Our minds weren't designed to keep us happy or to negotiate 21st century life. They were designed to keep us alive, and if, in the hunter-gatherer societies where humanity evolved, the price of staying alive and passing on our genes was to worry about potential threats and cheating mates, that's the way our minds were formed. The driver who cuts me off in traffic or the potentially unpleasant phone call I have to make aren't existential threats, but they can certainly feel that way and then call up behaviors that don't fit the situation.

The most important point for our purposes, though, is that there's no top-down control that determines when, say, a flight-or-fight response is triggered. It's initiated outside of our conscious awareness. And this process of modules calling the shots isn't necessarily limited to those created over the course of human evolution for survival and reproduction. Evolutionary psychologists argue that it makes sense that the mind is “massively modular,” and that the brain switches from one module to another as we negotiate every aspect of our lives.

The interesting proposition here is that there's no “self” choosing one module over another. A better model for what's going on is that modules compete for temporary dominance based on feelings that arise, or as people talking about habitual behavior would say, “triggers.” Robin Wright puts it this way: “It's feelings that ‘decide’ which module will be in charge for the time being, and it's modules that then decide what you'll actually do during that time.” Over time, modules which are activated more frequently and lead to some sort of reward become stronger, more readily activated next time. The reward can be something obvious, like an orgasm or a sugar-high, but it can also be something as simple as numbing out a feeling of discomfort or uncertainty.

Scientists observing brain activity find that choices are made and actions initiated before we “make the decision” to do them. The neurological processes necessary to jumping off a diving board are already in gear when we make our conscious decision to dive. In one study done at the Max

Plank Institute in Leipzig, subjects were given the simple choice of pushing a button with their left hand or their right. Observers watching their brain activity could predict their choice 7 seconds before they were conscious of making it.

We have, perhaps, a little veto power over what feelings impel us to do, but the idea of some rational decision maker who's in charge seems to be a fiction of the mind designed, Robert Wright argues, to help us maintain the confidence of others and have confidence in ourselves. In experimental studies, when subjects are responding to subconscious input (for example, an image flashed so quickly on a screen that it isn't consciously apprehended), they'll make up a story to explain what they're doing. As Wright puts it, it makes sense from the point of view of natural selection “to tell a coherent story about yourself, to depict yourself as a rational self-aware actor.” The guy who says, “Sometimes I just do stuff for reasons that make no sense to me,” isn't as likely to succeed in passing his genes along as the fellow who claims to know what he's doing.

Roshi Kapleau was fond of saying, “The reasons people give for what they do are never the real reasons.” I always took that to mean that people are hiding their real motivation—sometimes from others and sometimes from themselves. I see now that the “real reason” is often a mystery.

From the point of view of practice, the important aspect of all this is that noticing feelings, as they arise and without attaching to them, has the potential to help us avoid falling into what would otherwise be unwanted automatic behaviors. Without awareness, we feel the discomfort of desire or aversion, and before even recognizing what we're feeling, we're off to the races. When we're awake to what's arising, we have a little space.

Speaking from my own experience, this doesn't guarantee that we won't follow through with whatever pattern of behavior has been triggered. I can know that I'm reaching for food because I feel anxiety, still the chocolate goes from hand to mouth. But even if we do “succumb,” we can develop the intention to observe the process, to learn what the reward is and see the consequences clearly. Over time, just noticing how the mind works will weaken habits that have grown strong outside our conscious awareness. It may take a while and many “failures,” but if we keep at it, patterns will change.

Bear in mind, no habit that's been established ever disappears completely. Alcoholics who've been sober for years and fall back into drinking again find they pick right back up where they left off.



**JOHN PULLEYN** is Head of Zendo at the Rochester Zen Center and a creature of habit.

Refraining from a habit doesn't confer immunity. Long-lasting change comes from establishing new behaviors—new responses to the old cues. An alcoholic stays sober by not picking up that first drink. When feelings of loneliness, or frustration, or boredom, or even success cue the urge to drink, they can choose to call their sponsor or get to a meeting. The trigger for drinking is still there, but it becomes a trigger for a different and healthier habit.

In his book, *The Power of Habit*, Charles Duhigg tells the story of a reader who shared with him the struggle he'd had quitting smoking. Willpower hadn't gotten the job done, and so, after reading Duhigg's book, he experimented with replacing smoking with other activities. Running worked for a while but eventually failed for him. Taking a sauna seemed promising, but it was often inconvenient. What he finally hit on was meditation: "If you're standing in line or suddenly feel stressed—the times I would normally crave a cigarette—you can close your eyes and take a moment to breathe, and you can feel yourself calm down."

Duhigg comments that experimentation and failure are critical for changing long-time habits. He quotes a researcher, James Prochaska at the University of Rhode Island, who's studied the process smokers go through when they quit. In trying and failing, he says, we learn our patterns. "We learn about ourselves sometimes without knowing we're learning. That's why failure is so valuable. It forces us to learn even if we don't want to."

There's a lot of room for creativity when you're looking for something to replace your habit. Carl Richards is a certified financial planner and author of "The Behavior Gap" who writes in the *New York Times* (March 19, 2018):

When the urge comes to do the counterproductive thing, don't resist. Instead, replace.

Let me explain with an example. I had a friend that had an urge-based habit he wanted to break. He fought with it for years using the resist, resist, resist method with predictable results. Finally, he decided to try something different. Every time he felt that urge, instead of trying to fight it he replaced resistance with, drum-roll, please...

A drink of water. That's right: A drink of water. After a while, he found that the urge slowly started to fade in intensity, until he forgot that it was ever a thing.

I love this little bait and switch because it feels like a Jedi mind trick. And getting

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a fiction  
of the mind

a drink is just one idea. Peel an orange, go outside, do a push up, sing a song. Whatever works for you. It doesn't matter what you do instead of resisting the behavior, just so long as you do something else.

We can safely say that the vast majority of human behavior is habitual, and that covers a lot. Besides classic addictions like drinking or smoking or overeating, there are emotional or feeling states we fall into—habitual anger or worry or numbness. And these, of course, will be cues for further addictive behaviors. Sometimes the habit is an avoidance: something we don't do rather than something we do. For instance, we can develop the habit of avoiding intimacy or zoning out—shutting down to blunt our discomfort without being aware that that's what we're doing.

In fact, our tendency to zone out, to let the mind wander when we're trying to focus, is the key habit that anyone who practices Zen or any other spiritual discipline needs to work on. There is a network in the brain called the default mode network or DMN that kicks in when we're unfocused (as, alas, we often are). There's a second network of coordinated brain structures called the task-positive network or TPN that's activated when we concentrate. Brain scans show that the two modes are exclusive. When one is activated, the other is quiet. Nature didn't design the DMN for no reason. It's useful for sifting through memories and anticipating threats or rewards. Not surprisingly, however, over-activation of the DMN is associated with depression, anxiety, and a strong sense of a separate self. Every time we catch the mind wandering and return to practice we weaken the power of our default mode and learn more about how our mind works.

Practice is a life-long exercise in establishing the habit of awareness, of being awake. And that means weakening our patterns of inattention. There isn't any other work more important, more beneficial, or more rewarding. In our daily life, we're easily caught up in deadlines and distractions, and it's easy to see practice as something we add in when we have a chance. That's not how it is. In reality, we have a chance to come awake in any moment no matter what we're doing. Once awareness begins to take hold, everything changes. Things get done and patterns change without our even knowing how. What once seemed difficult becomes our refuge—the place where the world opens up to us and we open up to the world.

In the end, what else is there? "What is it you plan to do with your one wild and precious life?"—Mary Oliver, "The Summer Day" ///



Spring 2019

# Sightings



## FURTHER REMARKS

**NOT-WOKE RIDDLE** ¶ *Dear Zen Bow:* I am not a cis-gendered, straight, white male. I am not middle-aged, not born in 1966, and not fifty-three years old. I am not six feet-one inches tall or two hundred twenty pounds. I'm not bald and graying, and my eyes are not brown. I'm not a descendent of Eastern European peoples.

I am not a father, son, brother, cousin, nephew, or grandchild. I'm neither Buddhist nor Jewish and I'm not a sangha member. I'm not a U.S. citizen, nor a New Jersey resident.

I'm not a high school or college graduate. I'm not a middle school teacher, writer, computer programmer, parent volunteer, employee, or former coworker.

I'm not a jogger, yoga practitioner, avid reader, nor a guitar player. I'm not a vegetarian or a meditator.

I am not a divorcee, significant other, or best friend.

I am not a consumer, Amazon Prime member, Wegmans shopper, or a Netflix subscriber.

I'm not a smart, kind,

honest, well-meaning, funny, or hard-working person, and I'm not a foolish, harsh, tricky, boring, insensitive, or lazy person.

I am not an anxious, depressed person, and I am not a relaxed, contented person.

I am not an angry, greedy, ignorant person. I am not an animal, and I am not a human being.

I am not Allen Broadman. I am not awake, and I am not not-awake.

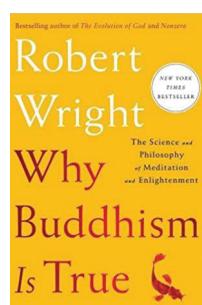
What am I?

ALLEN BROADMAN  
*New Jersey*

## IN PRINT

### THE BOOK: **WHY BUDDHISM**

**IS TRUE** BY ROBERT WRIGHT ¶ *What it's about:* One might say this book is one among many about the intersection of science and Buddhism. But that wouldn't do it justice. The book draws substantially from the relatively new discipline of evolutionary psychology. It also provides a



fresh look at previously-covered territories, such as the transience and interdependence of perceived phenomena, from an empirical point of view. Evolution sometimes values untruths and self-deception. The author argues that Buddhism is the antidote to this propensity and therefore both true and a path to the truth (reality).

*Why it's worthy:* Wright

is uniquely qualified to dig for the roots of religion in the evolution of the human mind according to Darwinian principles. He has been a contributing editor of *The New Republic* and a *Slate.com* columnist, taught psychology at the University of Pennsylvania and Princeton, and teaches Science and Religion at Union Theological Seminary. He has published numerous other essays and books on science, history and religion, notably the best-seller *The Moral Animal: Why We Are the Way We Are*. A practitioner of Vipassana, Wright brings a wealth of knowledge to the table.

Wright recognizes that the word "true" in the title is tricky, especially when some Buddhist writings question whether such a thing as truth even exists, and warn that ordinary perception does not reflect the world as it is. Evolutionary psychology is the study of how human brain functions are shaped by natural selection. One of the functions is "to mislead us, even enslave us" with misapprehensions. Buddhism is true because it transcends this original "design," helping us overcome the biological pull of dukkha, and Wright sets out to show how this works. It's a fascinating journey, enhanced by a vibrant writing style.

An interesting detail: Roshi has spoken of "emotion-thoughts," a cognate of "body-mind." Wright discusses how emotions attach not only to thoughts, but also reason and objects—even one's toothbrush. One must understand

emotions, according to Wright, as organizing principles, the result of millions of years of adaptations that enable quick responses in situations where reasoning could lead to mental paralysis and death. Wright quotes Akincano Mark Weber: "Every thought has a propellant, and that propellant is emotional." In fact, "our entire notion of good and bad, our whole landscape of feelings... are products of the particular evolutionary history of our species." *Why Buddhism is True* brings new perspectives on this and other provocative themes, and makes an excellent read.—AMAURY CRUZ

## ON SCREEN

### THE MOVIE: **CRAZYWISE, A DOCUMENTARY BY PHIL BORGES**

¶ *What it's about:* Through the years of meeting tribal elders, healers, teachers, and medicine people, Phil Borges saw a theme emerge across cultures and continents, genders and races, almost universal to all 'indigenous people.' When 'psychosis' is seen as a mark of potential to heal, lead, teach, and transform in indigenous communities, the individual is given a positive narrative—"you have a gift"—and supported in community by an elder. This allows the nature of the 'distress' to teach individuals what it needs to teach, so they may learn from the experiences what they need to accomplish their lives' goals. *Crazywise* follows Adam Gentry and Ekhaya Esima, two young Americans, through their distress. Initially shunned, lost, hopeless, and

## ▷ SIGHTINGS

isolated by psychosis, both Adam and Ekhaya triumph, moving from meaninglessness to meaning.

*Why it's worthy:* *Crazywise* provides an inversion of our current mental health paradigm in the West. From the conventional wisdom of viewing psychosis as pathology to it being a mark of a gift that, if listened to and learned from, can nurture life: “what is this teaching?” “can psychosis be an ‘existential’ or ‘spiritual’ calling to Zen practice?” “What is psychosis in relation to kensho?” “Are makyo and psychosis the same?” “How does one transform mental health distress while culti-



vating Zen practice?” Having navigated my own experience of ‘psychosis’ with the support of Zen practice I have seen that practice can prepare us for any state, any condition, any realm! Each round, my sitting helps stabilize both others and myself. The challenge with Zen practice is the regular sitting consistently over days, weeks, months, and years. The practice of ‘settling the snow globe’ is the same for each person, regardless of the conditions in which we find ourselves, I hope to continue finding in Zen practice a baseline that sustains me while experiencing these extreme states. — JOEL LESSES

### ANNALS OF THE RZC

**TO THE ZEN CENTER'S** half-century of lore we can now add

this recent, lightly tragicomic occurrence: At the end of February two twenty-something sisters from Nepal came for two nights and a day of residence. Avi lives in Finland and has been sitting with our sister center in Helsinki, and while in the U.S. wanted to visit the “home temple” even if just briefly. Bidu, sitting with the Village Zendo in New York, accompanied her sister to also pay her respects.

They arrived in the afternoon and were shown their room and given a bit of orientation. After attending the evening sitting they sipped some tea with others in the staff kitchen. Then together they went to the Kannon Room (the small devotional room off the zendo) to sit some more. What they didn't know was that the person assigned to evening duty locks the doors to the bedroom hallways as a routine security measure.

After finishing their yaza (informal, night sitting), they found to their chagrin that they had no access to their bedroom. Rather than banging on the hallway door, they retreated to the chilly Kannon Room. There they spent “some hours” huddled close to each other, without blankets, making do with the sitting mats and cushions on hand. Midway through the night they set off to try harder to access their bedroom, but to no avail. Then they discovered the Dokusan Room—and its space heater. They still had no blankets, but with the help of the space heater were able to log a couple more hours of sleep until wake-up was sounded.

Most memorable about this painful story was the way these diminutive sisters told it, in their fluent British English. Though they weren't twins, they mirrored each other in



▲ The Sangha youth group enjoyed another sleepover at Chapin Mill in February while their parents reveled in an uninterrupted two hours of sitting in the zendo.

recounting it, finishing each other's sentences. Their rising excitement in telling it left them shrieking in laughter, an exuberance, partly fueled, perhaps, by feelings of foolishness but also embarrassment at seeing me wincing in sympathy. Still, they insisted that they now had a memory they could savor the rest of their lives. And later, when I commiserated again with the mix-up that caused their fractured night, they squealed in unison, “No! It was the best thing that could have happened to us!” — ROSHI BODHIN KJOLHEDE

### CALENDRIAL CYCLES

**UPCOMING SESHSHINS** ¶ Our sister centers have set the following dates for sesshin. For more details or to apply, please see [www.rzc.org/about/who-we-are/affiliate-groups/](http://www.rzc.org/about/who-we-are/affiliate-groups/) for contact information. Mark your calendars!

MEXICO: July 14–July 21  
BERLINER ZEN GRUPPE: May 25–26, October 12–19  
AUCKLAND: June 28–July 5  
SWEDEN: April 19–26, June 8–15, August 3–10, September 11–15, October 12–19, November 6–10, November 30–December 7 (Rohatsu)



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► APRIL

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|------------|--------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|
| 1          | 2            | 3                | 4                | 5                | 6                |
| Z          | Z Bn         | Z                | Z                | Z                | Z Sh             |
| 7          | 8            | 9                | 10               | 11               | 12               |
|            | Z Dk         | Z Ch Bn gl pl Ch | Z Dk Ch          | Z Ch Z Dk        | Z Ch Z pl        |
| 13         | 14           | 15               | 16               | 17               | 18               |
| Z Dk Ch Fs | Z Ch Te Y Sg | Z Dk             | Z Ch Bn gl pl Ch | Z Dk Ch          | Z Ch Z Dk        |
| 19         | 20           | 21               | 22               | 23               | 24               |
| Z Ch Z pl  | Z Dk Ch Fs   | aD Z Ch          | Z Dk             | Z Ch Bn gl pl Ch | Z Dk Ch          |
| 25         | 26           | 27               | 28               | 29               | 30               |
| Z Ch Z pl  | Z Ch Z pl    | W                | Z Ch Te          | Z Dk             | Z Ch Bn gl pl Ch |

► MAY

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| Z Ch Z Dk                         | Z Ch Z pl        | Z Ch             | Z Ch                           |
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| Z Dk                              | Z Ch Bn gl pl Ch | Z Dk Ch          | Z Ch Z Dk                      |
| 17                                | 18               | 19               | 20                             |
| Z Ch Z pl                         | Z Ch             | aD Z Ch          | Z Dk                           |
| 21                                | 22               | 23               | 24                             |
| Z Ch Bn gl pl Ch                  | Z Dk Ch          | Z Ch Z Dk        | Z Ch Z pl                      |
| 25                                | 26               | 27               | 28                             |
| Buddha's Birthday & Buddha Bazaar | Dk               | -                | UNTIL 7 PM SITTING Bn gl pl Ch |
| 29                                | 30               | 31               |                                |
| Z Dk Ch                           | Z Ch Z Dk        | Z Ch Z pl        |                                |

Schedule subject to change. For the latest updates, please see [www.rzc.org/calendar/](http://www.rzc.org/calendar/)

|               |                  |                   |                |
|---------------|------------------|-------------------|----------------|
| A.M. EVENT    | ALL-DAY SITTING  | FINDING YOUR SEAT | 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 | DHARMA TALK      | SESSHIN           | FORMAL SITTING |

► JUNE

|            |              |                  |                  |           |           |           |            |
|------------|--------------|------------------|------------------|-----------|-----------|-----------|------------|
| 1          | 2            | 3                | 4                | 5         | 6         | 7         | 8          |
| Z Dk Ch    | Z Ch Te Y Sg | Z Dk             | Z Ch Bn gl pl Ch | Z Dk Ch   | Z Ch Z Dk | Z Ch Z pl | Z Dk Ch Sh |
| 9          | 10           | 11               | 12               | 13        | 14        | 15        |            |
| Z          | Z            | Z Bn             | Z                | Z         | Z         | Z Sh      |            |
| 16         | 17           | 18               | 19               | 20        | 21        | 22        |            |
| Z Ch       | Z Dk         | Z Ch Bn gl pl Ch | Z Dk Ch          | Z Ch Z Dk | Z Ch Z pl | W         |            |
| 23         | 24           | 25               | 26               | 27        | 28        | 29        |            |
| aD Z Ch Te | Z Dk         | Z Ch Bn          | Z                | Z         | Z         | Z         |            |
| 30         |              |                  |                  |           |           |           |            |
| Z Ch       |              |                  |                  |           |           |           |            |

► MARCH 30-APRIL 6

SEVEN-DAY SESSHIN with Roshi (CM)

► APRIL 13

SANGHA ENTERTAINMENT NIGHT 7 PM: japes and caprices in the Buddha Hall (AP)

► APRIL 13

FINDING YOUR SEAT 11:00 AM in the community room (AP)

► APRIL 14

YOUTH SUNDAY & SANGHA MEETING 10:30 AM (AP)

► APRIL 20

FINDING YOUR SEAT 11:00 AM in the community room (AP)

► APRIL 21

ALL-DAY SITTING 6:15 AM-3 PM (AP)

► APRIL 27

INTRODUCTORY WORKSHOP 9:30 AM-4:30 PM (AP)

► MAY 5

YOUTH SUNDAY 10:30 AM (AP)

► MAY 16

APPLICATION DEADLINE for June seven-day sesshin

► MAY 18 & 19

TRUSTEES MEETING (AP)

► MAY 19

ALL-DAY SITTING 6:15 AM-3 PM (AP)

► MAY 24

TEMPLE NIGHT & PRECEPTS CEREMONY 7-9:30 PM in the Buddha Hall (AP)

► MAY 25

BUDDHA'S BIRTHDAY celebration with parade, potluck, and Buddha Bazaar 11 AM-3 PM (AP)

► MAY 26

ANNUAL MEETING 9:30-11 AM (AP)

► MAY 27 & 28

CENTER CLOSED

► JUNE 2

YOUTH SUNDAY & SANGHA MEETING 10:30 AM (AP)

► JUNE 8-15

SEVEN-DAY SESSHIN with Roshi (CM)

► JUNE 22

INTRODUCTORY WORKSHOP 9:30 AM-4:30 PM (AP)

► JUNE 23

ALL-DAY SITTING 6:15 AM-3 PM (AP)

► JUNE 25-29

WORK RETREAT: many hands make light (upkeep & repair) work at Chapin Mill