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"ZANMAI is the samadhi of complete practice. Pervading all directions, it expresses itself as this very bodymind."

Anzan Hoshin sensei

ZANMAI is also the journal of the White Wind Zen Community. Published two-three times a year, it contains transcripts of teisho and classes by the Sensei, essays and book reviews, poetry, photography, and translations of classical texts. All material is original and presents the cutting edge of Zen in the West.

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Editorial

A few days ago a fresh white snow had fallen and the garden at Zazen-ji went through another one of its transformations. Without coats, wearing only black cotton robes and boots, Godo-ni went outside to take photographs, the Sensei to do sho with a large brush in the untouched snow drifts, and I to watch. Godo-ni took photographs as he moved from one drift to another.

The sun was very bright and the garden lay still and perfect, the trees bowed with the weight of their snow covered branches, smooth drifts painted in light and shadow. The air was crystalline...and very cold.

Within a few moments the cold air penetrated through my robes and my enthusiasm also began to chill. As the minutes passed, my robes began to stiffen and so, too, did my body. It took a considerable effort to relax enough to make the shivering unnecessary. There were a lot of thoughts and feelings that came up during those few minutes: "What am I doing out here; I'm not 'getting' anything out of this anymore because it's not beautiful, it's just cold; I'll catch a cold; why can't we take little breaks between snow drifts." All of this was of course mixed together with perfectly matched internal responses: telling myself to stop whining, arguing that I don't *know* what I'm 'getting' out of it so just wait and see, and that I won't catch cold or die and I'm just going to stand here, no matter what. I don't know how the Sensei or the Godo-ni felt but they weren't saying anything about it, just doing what they were doing.

But there was a question, bigger than all of this: Do I value practice enough to make the effort even when it's difficult? And this is not that difficult. Not compared to the seven-day O-sesshin in October. Or the Rohatsu sesshin in December and standing on frost and snow in bare feet at six o'clock in the morning lighting incense for the Jodo-e memorial of the Buddha's Awakening. Or getting up out of bed for the morning bells and zazen. Or...

A few days later, the snow had been cleared. The drifts had been shovelled aside, and all trace of the brushwork had been removed. When Shikai godo-ni's photographs came back, one stood out as being very appropriate for this issue of *Zanmai*. It shows the Sensei holding the brush, the first stroke cutting the delicate crust of the snow, revealing the fine powder beneath. The photograph captures something of the sharpness of that moment... but not how cold it was. There is a tendency for us to hold an image of practice, an idea it must be picture perfect; that there is a "right" time to practice or that there are certain times when practice is possible and other times when it is not. This also manifests in the impulse to compare one's practice (or for that matter, one's life) to another's; looking at someone else and believing that it is more possible or somehow easier for them.

Yes, Zen practice is beautiful and elegant. It is also terrifying. It is unutterably intimate... but sometimes there is loneliness. There is vast clarity... and great confusion. This is because practice is not about perfection but about completeness. It is not just a pretty picture... It is alive. *Zanmai* presents the Teaching of Awake Awareness in words and images that show us this aliveness.

Ven. Jinmyo Fleming shamini

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Ring Out the Old, Ring in the New

*New Year's Eve, 1991 teisho
by Ven. Anzan Hoshin sensei*

What is it that they say? "Ring out the old and ring in the new"? Well, we're here to have a little party to celebrate New Year's Eve. This is not a formal sitting, this is a party, so that means it's time to have fun. And it is time to ring out the old and ring in the new with each breath and with each moment. That's what we're here to celebrate, really; not "New Year's", because, after all, it's just Monday night. We are here to celebrate the coming and going of each moment that makes our lives possible.

No matter how confused we might be; how fearful we might be; how anxious, how proud; how clever, how stupid; how tall, how short; no matter how many times we have played out the same pattern over and over again like a scratched 45 playing the same old sad love songs, the same old songs of revenge, the same old songs of isolation and loneliness, we can always lift the needle off. We can say "Well, that's it. I mean, this is just too much. I've heard this just too many God damned times now."

In each moment we can release whatever we have been. Perhaps we can say that this is taking responsibility for our lives; taking responsibility for the fact that somehow you are alive and you don't know how and you don't know why. You don't know

how it is that the heart beats or that thoughts and feelings come up or that when you open your eyes, there are other people and there are buildings and clouds and there is snow falling. You have no idea, really, what the hell is going on at all. Something utterly amazing, something unpredictable is going on: Somehow, you're alive. Zen practice is taking responsibility for this by allowing yourself to truly live.

Taking responsibility does not mean merely taking the blame, it means releasing blame and guilt — first of all because blame and guilt are the things that we so often use to infantilize ourselves; we make ourselves into bad little boys and bad little girls and we swear never to do it again, knowing that we will. So, guilt and blame have nothing at all to do with the responsibility that I am talking about. The responsibility that we uncover in our practice is the same that we have when we are given a priceless gift. Our responsibility is to respond to it and enjoy it.

Now, falling into greed always leads to despair, so obviously there is no enjoyment there. Playing out patterns of lust or wanting to acquire (or give away) power also leads to despair and hopelessness. Passion, aggression, and stupidity are ways of hiding from the vigor and pricelessness of our life as it truly is. So, taking responsibility for being alive means to be alive *in this moment*. And so, in this moment, we can release our fears. What are you afraid of in this moment? We can release our lust, our hope, our sweaty little dreams, our timidity, our grovelling humbleness, our overweening pride. Because in this moment, what's wrong? In this moment, what do you lack? What is this moment? What is it that is aware of it? Who are you, really? No matter what you might think about yourself, what is it that is thinking it? No matter how many little stories that you can tell yourself over and over again about what you've done or what you want to do, who are you — really?

Sometimes we feel that if we were to let go of our fear, of our struggle, of our anxiety, something even worse is going to happen. Like what? *Hmmmm*? Like what? If you allow yourself to be completely open, completely vulnerable, what will happen? If you expose yourself completely, with no barriers, then what can hurt you? If you have no barriers whatsoever, if you include and embrace everything that is arising within your life; if nothing is outside of your life, if nothing is outside of you, how could anything hurt you? And if something does hurt you, does that not simply show you one more limit, one more barrier that you can afford to let go of?

So, responsibility means recognizing the gift that we have. We have been given this gift of our lives for no good reason — because it's not as if any of us really merit it or deserve it or can own it. And it's not as if any of us are too shabby for it, too stupid for it, too incompetent for it. It doesn't matter who you are, you're alive and so here it is. So, this gift is really quite mysterious. You don't know who gave it to you. Your parents didn't give it to you just as you don't give it to your children. Somehow it just happens. It just is. In fact, it's ridiculous to think that anybody gave it to you, because you are arising *within* the gift; you are part of the gift. *The gift of life is living you!*

And so, in each moment, can you allow yourself to live the graciousness of this gift? Can you allow yourself to unfold what it really means to be alive? Can you uncover for yourself who you truly are; uncover who it is that is actually living you, that is beating the heart; that is giving rise to the thoughts and feelings; that is showing itself as everyone that you see, everyone that you meet, every colour, every form, every sound? Can you do that? Of course you can. Everyone can. We've been doing this Zen thing for 2,600 New Years now. The question is: *Will* you do that?

It is a tradition, in this culture, to make a New Year's resolution. Please, tonight, and in each moment, resolve to yourself that you will do that.

Please, enjoy yourselves.

THE PLACE OF TO- TAL REAL- ITY

teisho by

Ven. Anzan Hoshin sensei

1

The Place of Total Reality

There is a place where all worlds and all words end. This is the place where all worlds and all words come from. Although, right now, I might be using words to point to that place, you cannot grasp that place with words. It is that which speaks, it is that which listens. This place is not a place at all, but right now you are sitting within it. You stand, you walk, you lie down, you live your lives, you die in it. You wake, sleep and dream in it and so, right now, you are sitting in it; sitting within this place.

Of course, it might seem to you as if you are sitting within your thoughts and your feelings, the moment to moment rising and falling of the stream of mind, the running on and flowing of conditions, of patterns, of tendencies, of states. But what is it that is aware of these? Where are the thoughts and feelings actually

taking place? That place is no other place than right here. It cannot be reached by trying to go anywhere else, but it cannot be found within any of the thoughts, any of the feelings, any of the states, any of the experiences which are rising and falling because all experiences, high and low, are arising within this place. You will never know where you are until you know this place. You will never know who you are until you know this place. The only way to know this place is to be as you are, right here. Right here, right now, you cannot *be* any of the thoughts, any of the feelings; you cannot be any of the contractions, any of the density, any of the openings that arise within your sitting. To be as you are is to realize that there is nothing at all that you can be and so there is nothing to avoid, nothing to attain.

Moment after moment, this place presents itself as each and every moment, but it has no time. It does not rise or fall. It is not impermanent, nor is it permanent. There are thoughts and feelings and colours and forms and sounds, but it is not a thought; it is not a feeling; it has no colour, no form, no sound. Even your continual gestures of avoidance and recoil are its activity. There is nothing that you can do that is not the activity of this place. There is nothing that *you* can do. You cannot think a thought or feel a feeling or lift the hand or breathe in or breathe out. All that you can do is contract away from the Vast Expanse of this place; or else sacrifice every element of body, breath, speech and mind into it.

Every bodily part, from fingers to the toes to the ears, every thought, every feeling, must be resolved back into where it always already is. It's a very simple thing. It's a very easy thing. But it is the end of everything that you believe yourself to be and everything that causes you to destroy so much. It is the end of all your dreams and it is the end of all of your fears, because all of your dreams are just the dark mumbling and tumbling of fear and reactivity.

In this place, there can be no self or other. There can be no confusion because there is nothing to be confused about, because there is nothing other than this place. There can be no freedom because this place can never be bound. If there is anything at all that you believe yourselves to be, then there is the appearance of bondage, there is the appearance of confusion and there is the appearance of self and other, of this and that, of a body, of a mind, of a world, of a realm to be experienced. Anything that you believe yourselves to be can only be an avoidance of what you are, in fact, in actuality.

The Total Field of Reality, the Dharmadhatu, has no beginning point; it has no terminal point; it does not come from anywhere; it does not go anywhere. It displays itself as infinite colours and forms and sounds. It can appear with billions, trillions of faces, teaming, smiling, frowning, crying, being born and dying. It can be so small that it seems as if there's no room to move. It can be so small that everyone is against you. It can be so small that you will never be loved or cared for at all and you are completely incapable of love. It can be so small that you turn away, continually. Turning away but with no place to go. It can be so vast that it presences itself as all worlds, as all realms of possibility—and not only endless faces, not only endless worlds, not only endless universes... Anything at all must arise, if it can arise at all, as the unfolding of the infinite possibilities of the Total Field of Reality. And yet, no matter how small or how vast your experience is, no matter what experience might arise, high or low, no matter how total the Total Field of Reality might be, there is always something which inherently transcends this.

Awareness is the only condition. All that is, the Total Field of Reality arises only as the display of Awareness, as the shimmering and blaze of its luminosity. There can be no division into ultimate or relative, self or other, confusion or enlightenment because there's nothing to be aware of, other than Awareness. There is only a freedom so vast, so uncompromising, so unconditioned, that it contains the possibility of the appearance of conditions. You are always sitting in that place, standing, walking and lying down in that place. It is aware of the thoughts and feelings that are arising.

Please, this morning, enjoy yourselves.

2

Harvesting the Field

The Field opens and arises and extends in all directions; but it never moves. Always right here, the Field of Present Experience presents itself as each experience – stand up, turn around, walk, run – you can never leave it. Fold and crumple yourself ever inwards in infinite interiority, thought after thought, feeling after feeling. You can never peel yourself away from it. There is not room for a hair's breadth of separation between you and your

experience. Walls and floors and doors and windows arise within it. Although, as human beings in urban civilizations, we spend most of our time in rooms, experience is never enclosed because the rooms, the walls, arise within it. Reach out your hand and touch the wall; the wall does not obstruct experience, it arises within experience. Doors open and close; pull the blinds on the windows, but experience is always open and everything is always moving in and out, to and from its vastness, as the activity, as the expression of this vastness. It never moves and yet it turns and rises and falls as breath after breath, thought after thought.

Civilizations rise and fall in it, let alone cultures and lifetimes. Planets rise and fall in it, universes rise and fall within this Field. Nothing that can be experienced can be experienced outside of it because it is the Experiencing in which all experiences arise. It embraces everywhere and all things and yet it holds to nothing. It does not distance itself. It is not stand-off-ish. It is not hidden. It is always completely obvious, always completely Open, always completely manifest, and yet it is no form, no colour. It is no experience or state at all, because all experiences and states are only its Activity, merely its generosity, merely its continual offering of all of itself. Inexhaustible, traceless, and yet you can stand up in it, you can lie down in it, you can eat it, you can shit it out. It breathes you through the pipes of the throat, the hollows of the chest. It runs, red and salty, washing through all of the areas of muscle and bone. It is as hard as bone, it is as soft as the air. It is healthy, it is sick, it is born, it dies and yet it does nothing at all. Completely without effort, it exerts itself as all possibilities.

Sitting zazen in the Heart of the Field of All Possibilities, we harvest the moment and we cultivate and sow at the same time. The way that we are, moment after moment, presents itself continually. The archaic and frozen patterns of habituation that play themselves out as that same old thought, that same old feeling, that same old situation, is sown and grows and blooms and seeds yet again. But the very fact that confusion is present indicates the vastness of the Field, because there is awareness of confusion. The contraction arises within Vast Openness. The round of "birth and death", the samsara of the flowing and wandering in conditioned experience, can only occur at all because the Field is the Field of All Possibilities and in each moment of confusion, in each moment of playing out that pattern, there is the possibility of simply and effortlessly releasing it into the Field, returning and resolving the gesturing of attention into the open expanse of Awareness.

3

So Bright

The Field is always bright and lit up with whatever presents itself as this moment of experience, as whatever is known. But the Knowing itself is always dark and unknown. Your attempts to understand are dark. Your recognition that you don't understand is bright.

Total Reality exerts itself as this moment of experience. There is no other reality to be found, but this reality cannot be grasped because this moment of experience interpenetrates all moments of experience. The nature of this moment embraces all time, all directions and all beings. Do you understand?

Don't tell me your name, your phone number, your sexual preferences. Don't tell me your little case histories. I don't care. Unconditioned and utter liberation is the nature of each and every one of you, so don't come and tell me about the size of your prison cell or how many bars there are on your window, because I know that you're lying. And, secretly, you also know that you're lying to yourself, moment after moment. You know that it doesn't work, that the fumbling and struggling in the darkness to try to rest, to pull out some kind of thought or feeling or state that you can finally and completely *be* is doomed to awkward and ignominious failure. That's what the frustration is all about, that's what the anxiety is all about – the pathological avoidance of your own utter freedom.

Zazen is sitting in and as that freedom. It does not produce enlightenment, it does not console you for your difficulties. It is the practice, the manifestation, and the display of Total Reality. You will realize this when you realize that there is no need to avoid confusion and that Total Reality can never be grasped by your confusion. Sitting, just know that you don't know anything at all. Allow this *not knowing* to be the seeing and hearing and touching and tasting and smelling and thinking and feeling and you will begin to discover for yourself what you have always avoided – the fact that there is nowhere to hide, the fact that you are always exposed, the fact that you are always displaying yourself as all beings and all worlds and all possibilities and the fact that you, in your own nature, are always Bright. So Bright that should the Awakened Ones and Lineage Ancestors even attempt to meet you, they will be turned to flaming ash in that place.

Your Brilliance is so vast that there is nothing other than it. In that place, what is your name?

Please, enjoy yourselves.

4

Yielding Into Intimacy

Practicing with the body is to yield the body into sensation. To feel the aliveness of every cell. The fingertips, the shoulder and back, the bones. Practicing with the body is to yield the body into a Space of Active Knowing. Practicing with the eyes is to yield the eyes into colour, into forms. Practicing with the ears is to yield the ears into sound. Practicing with all of the senses is to sacrifice the senses into the Field of Present Experience. Practicing experience as it is, is to yield the structures of archaic repetition and the presumption of boundary into the actuality of life. Narrowing our view, our understanding into mere outlines which can be filled with broad sweeps of the brush of liking, disliking, passion, aggression, attention moving towards or away from something is how conventional mind maintains its mediocrity, its lack of aliveness and its perpetual frustration over this feeling of lack.

The entire project and process of self-image is founded on focussing on only the margins of experience, the outlines. Separating one thing from another thing so that experience is composed only of a succession of things: threatening things, looming things, seductive things, consoling things. But because these things are mere outlines, they have no depth and do not satisfy. Practicing with the thoughts and feelings is to release the energy of association and symbolization into movement. Practicing with thoughts and feelings is to recognize the gesturing of attention as it delineates outlines, as it frames itself, and to yield these frames and these movements into the Knowing which is actively presenting the whole moment.

The whole moment is alive and all life is here and this is known directly through this yielding, this sacrifice, this offering of body, breath, speech and mind into the Place of Total Reality. However, when attention submits itself to its own shadows, to its own mere tendencies, then life is distant; it is always some place else, it is

always in someone else. Trying to get this life from someone else, you attach yourself to them, you suck at them, you pull at them and this is what usually passes for love. But true and open love is an open heart without need, without grasping. True love is the whole bodymind yielded into the Field of Total Reality. True love is the eyes, it is the ears, dissolved into the colours and forms and sounds. True love is the intimacy that embraces all selves and all others, all thoughts and all feelings.

Zazen, practice, paying attention with the whole bodymind to the whole of experience as it is, is like falling in love, yielding into intimacy, yielding into the infinite intensity of the Radiance of Awareness which shines as all forms and all worlds. All conventional thoughts and feelings, images and stories and meanings are, at best, only second and third hand versions of true feeling, of true thought. A true thought arises as the Activity of the whole Field, not merely a description of something and about something that occurs as a mere outline.

When I refer to this as a true thought, a true feeling, a true love, the truth that I refer to is that which is present because the thought, the feeling, the love, arises and presences itself in a wholeness which is without the compromise and narrowness and pettiness of self and other and so, it is true, it is valid and it applies not only within, but beyond the confines of usual and conventional experience. True thought, true feeling is available to you now. If, when you think, when you feel, you are yielded, bodily into your world as it is, as it actually occurs, as it is actually seen and heard and felt and then, if you enter more and more completely into this world and yield this world into experience as it is, only then will you truly know love. Only then will you know intimacy.

Practicing with the whole bodymind we sit, we stand, we walk, we live, we become who we are. We become each other. We become all that is. We become that which has always, already been.

I am waiting for you, here.

Please, enjoy yourselves.

5

Coming Out Into The Open

Good morning. Don't you think that it's about time that you came out into the open? It is only out here in the open that you can meet the transmission of the Awakened Ones and Ancestors. It is not that we are not in there with you, it is only that you cannot recognize us in there because in there, everything looks like you. There's no room to turn around, there's no room to look into the process through which your experiences present themselves as they do. There is only room for the content, the stories, the words, the thoughts, the feeling tones, to echo off the close, tight walls of your cavern. The very process through which Knowing displays itself as whatever is Known is the whole matter of the transmission from Buddha to Buddha, from Dharma Ancestor to Dharma Ancestor, from teacher to student, and so the transmission is in there too. It is just that there is no room for you to realize it.

So come out, even just a little bit.

Let's begin with the breath. Do you feel the breath moving through the face, the throat, the chest, the movement of the belly? When you open to the breath – just simply open to the breath – the breath opens. Even the breath, apparently so tasteless, can be delicious. Now let's try the fingertips, shall we? There they are, way down there. Do you feel the palms, the knuckles, the feet, the heels?

Come on out.

It is not a matter of thinking about it. The feeling of the hands, of the breath, of the feet, of the body is a matter of sensation, not of thoughts.

Come on out.

I promise, nothing bad will happen to you. When you come out into the open, the open only welcomes you. It is nothing at all like it seems to be, inside there. It doesn't promise you anything; it doesn't promise you fame or power, the power to judge the living and the dead; it doesn't promise you revenge or a lifetime supply of any trinket or bauble. Because it is nothing at all like the threats and promises that you're so used to, inside there, it can seem as if it is nothing at all. But this is not true. It is just that when

you have spent such a long time enwrapped and entombed inside there, it is like someone who has been whipped for years on end – when the whipping stops, they cannot feel the caress of a breeze or a hand, the warmth of sunlight or the delicate sting of a snowflake. But as they heal, as the body becomes more alive, as they unfold themselves from the recoil of steadying themselves for the next blow, a world of sensation opens. Out here, in the open, all worlds open. There is a vast expanse and you are free to move through it and as it, as you will.

The meeting in the transmission can only occur out here, in the open. And so, open the mind to the body; open the bodymind to the environment; open the environment to the Space, Activity and Knowing, which are presencing themselves as all the colours, the forms, the sounds, the thoughts and feelings. It seems very strange for me to have to encourage you to do this. Sometimes I don't understand it at all. It is only that Knowing has become so narrow that there is no room for the vastness that opens in each moment of clear attention.

But please, believe me, it's all right. You can come out now. I would like to meet you and you can only meet me by being as you are, completely, beyond the confines of conceptualization and objectification. Only by being truly as you are, can you meet me as I am. And it is this meeting that is the transmission. You are already out, you know. It's just that it's like you have your head tucked under your arm, your coat pulled around you, your knees drawn in towards your chest, body slumped against the corner, but you are already out, you are already exposed. No matter how you might try, you can't stay in there, because you aren't in there.

Please, come out. There is so much for us to talk about; there is so much for us to do.

Please, in this moment, open to this moment. Open more and more completely, and you'll find that it's all right, there is nothing to fear. And when you want to fold back in again, just remember that you are already exposed. So, instead, continue to come out. Each moment that you choose to pay open attention to your own experience will carry you past the limits of self and other, until you finally realize that you were always, already, out here in the open.

Please, enjoy yourselves.

IMMO:

Suchness

by Dogen zenji

*translated by Yasuda Joshu Dainen zenji
and Ven. Anzan Hoshin sensei*

Master Yun-chu Tao-yin¹ was the heir of Tung-shan,² thirty-ninth in the lineage of the Awakened One Skakyamuni, and the founding master of the Soto school. One day he said to the assembly: "If you want to realize this thing of Suchness, you must be a person of Suchness.³ If you are a person of Suchness, why bother with such a thing?"⁴

This saying means that a person of Suchness need not look for Suchness as if it were a thing. For the moment, utter and complete Awakening can be called Suchness. Suchness is the very form of the Way of Reality and it pervades the entire world — in fact it transcends all worlds and is without an edge. We are all within these worlds of Suchness in all directions.

What do we know of Suchness? Body and mind arise together in the whole field. They are not self. They are just Such. The body

1 Ungo Doyo (d. 902)

2 Tung-shan Liang-chieh, Tozan Ryokai (807-869).

3 Immo no hito

4 See *Denkoroku: Record of the Transmission of Luminosity* Chapter 41 by Keizan Jokin zenji, translated by Ven. Anzan Hoshin sensei and Yasuda Joshu roshi, White Wind Zen Community archives.

has nothing solid about it and is carried in the movement of time without even a moment's pause from it. A youthful fresh face just vanishes without a trace. The red heart has no place to stay; it comes and goes, bit by bit.

Some people wonder if there is anything which can be true if it cannot be found in the territory of a self. Others are struck by Suchness and use impermanence to find the way to learn what they haven't been taught by their culture and are moved to realize what they haven't realized. This has nothing to do with a self. Rather it is just that such a person is a person of Suchness. How do we know that this is a person of Suchness? We know that someone is a person of Suchness because they are moved to unfold Such a thing. We all have the face of people of Suchness and so we do not need to look for Suchness as if it were some thing. Still, beginning by looking in this way is already Suchness and so it is not a problem. Just don't be surprised when you find that all things are Suchness. Even if Suchness should seem strange to you, this too is Suchness as is not being surprised by it at all. This cannot be measured by Buddhist doctrines and it cannot be measured by the measuring mind. It cannot be measured as being relative or ultimate. It cannot be measured by the extent of all possible worlds. Look, *"If you are a person of Suchness, why bother with such a thing?"*

The Suchness of sounds and forms is just Such. The body and mind are just Suchness. The Awakened Ones are just Suchness. In understanding Suchness, understand falling down to the ground as Suchness and getting up as Such. Then, falling down is not a problem. There is an old saying that came from India: *"If you fall down on the ground, you stand by using the ground to get up. You can't stand up without a ground."* This means that if you fall down, you just use what you have fallen down on to stand up again. There is no other way to stand up. This is such good advice that you should wake up just by hearing it because it is the path of liberating body and mind. If you want to know the central point of the enlightenment of the Awakened Ones, here it is: it is like someone who has fallen to the ground using it to stand up. Look deeply into this and you can cut through how you have identified yourself in the past, what you think you are in the present, and what you think you will be in the future and just yield into Suchness.

Wake up to Waking Up by going right through delusion into the Awareness in which it arises, otherwise you will be obstructed by some idea about Awakening and be stuck within delusion. If you fall down, use the falling down to get up again. This saying applies everywhere throughout heaven and earth, India and

China, throughout the three measures of time and is how Awakened Ones throughout all of time have become Awakened Ones. This teaching leaves nothing unsaid and misses nothing. If you only understand this when things are just so for you then you just haven't understood it; it's as if you have never heard it.

Even though the sayings of the ancient Awakened Ones have come down to us in Suchness, if you want to hear them as an ancient Awakened One hears you must understand beyond them. There is a further point that can be expressed, although it was never said in India or anywhere else. If you fall to the ground, you cannot arise from there. You can only stand up if you are on a living road. What I mean is, if you fall to the ground, you must stand up using the sky. If you fall into the sky, you must stand up using the ground. There is no other way to stand up. All Awakened Ones and Zen masters stand this way. If someone asked how far apart are sky and ground, I would have to say "For you, it is 108,000 miles."⁵

If you fall into fixated experiences you stand free by recognizing their Open nature. If you try to stand free without yielding fixation into the Open expanse of the Awareness in which experiences arise, you can never stand free. If you fall into objectifying Openness as an abstraction and retract attention away from experiences you must stand free by grounding attention to the earthy and vivid details of experiences. If you try to stand free by separating attention from what is arising within it you can never stand free.⁶

If you cannot *express* this, if you do not realize it, you do not understand the extent of the sky and ground of the Awakened Ones.

The seventeenth Ancestor of the transmission of the Way of Awake Awareness was the Venerable Sanghanandi and his heir was Gayashata.⁷ Once they were sitting in the hall listening to the

5 Actually, 108,000 ri, a ri being 3.75 kilometers or 2.3 miles. Since the question presumes a separation between ground or experiences and sky or their fundamentally Open nature, 108,000 delusions arise because from this presumption of fragmentation one is necessarily confused about everything that one experiences.

6 Of course this paragraph is a paraphrase, unpacking the meaning of sky and ground and elaborating upon them.

wind-bells chiming and so he asked Gayashata, "Do the bells ring or is it the wind that rings?" Gayashata said, "Not the bells nor the wind; it is just my mind." Sanghanandi asked, "Who is this mind?" Gayashata said, "Only silence." Sanghanandi approved and said, "Who else could so receive my Way?" Then he transmitted the True Eye of Utter Reality⁸ to him.

This is the study of the ringing of the mind when neither the wind nor the bells sound. The ringing of the mind is Suchness and is only silent. Transmitted from India to China, from ancient times to right now, this story has been taken up as a standard for how to practice the Way and yet there are still many who misunderstand it. They say that it means that without the mind focussing on the sound of the bell and the wind there can be no sound heard. They think that hearing is a matter of focussing on the sound and that this focussing is the basis of hearing. This is what they call mind. This is totally wrong. People think like this because they are not studying with a true teacher. They are like pedants who try to find a category for something and then describe experiences as derivatives from that. This kind of interpretation has nothing to do with the intimate Way of Reality.

If you are practicing with a true heir of the transmission of the Way of Awake Awareness you will learn that the True Eye of Utter Reality is called *silence*, it is called *primordially unborn*, it is called *intimacy*, it is called *presenting Reality*.⁹ The point is that in the *silence* of the Openness in which one thing is *silent*, all things are *silent*. The blowing of the wind is this *silence*, the chiming of the bells are *silence*. This is why he says, "Only silence." He is saying that the ringing of the mind is not the wind ringing, the ringing of the bells or the sound of the mind. If you look closely into this through Suchness you could say that it is the wind ringing, the bell ringing, the blowing ringing, the ringing ringing. You could say that. But "why bother with such a thing?" It does not exist as a thing. And yet, if you don't "bother with such a thing" as if it were a nothing, what about Suchness?

7 Sogya Nandi and Kashata. See Chapter 19 of Denkoroku: Record of the Transmission of Luminosity.

8 Shobogenzo.

9 The last two terms are samadhi and dharani.

When the Sixth Chinese Ancestor Hui-neng¹⁰ was staying at Fa-hsing-ssu¹¹ in Canton¹² where he was to be ordained, he came upon two monks arguing. One said that it was the banner that moved and the other that it was the wind that moved. They went back and forth like this until the Ancestor said, "*It is not the wind nor the banner that is moving. It is your minds that are moving.*" When he said this, the two monks, who had come from India, bowed.

So, in this statement the Ancestor says that wind, flag, and movement are mind. People can hear this but they don't understand it, let alone actually express the meaning of the Ancestor. Hearing the words "*your minds are moving*" they think "*your minds are moving*" and then they try to say "*your minds are moving*". As the descendents of the Ancestor, in saying what he said, we must say it with the arms and legs, body, hair and skin of the Ancestor. We should say, "*Forget 'your minds are moving'. You are moving.*" Why? Because that which is moving moves and so you are you. This is how a person of Suchness speaks.

The Sixth Ancestor used to be a woodcutter in southern China.¹³ He lived in the mountains and rivers. Working under the green pines, he knew that he had to cut through the root of confusion but he knew nothing of monastic training or of the Teachings on the luminosity of Awareness. Who was there to teach him? One day he heard a Discourse chanted in the market-place. It just happened without him seeking it or anyone pressing it upon him.¹⁴ His father died when he was a child and so he worked to support his mother. All of this time he did not know that it was as if he had a jewel sewn hidden into his clothes¹⁵ and that its light was pervading sky and earth. Once this sudden

10 Daikan Eno (638-713). See Chapter 34 of the Denkoroku: Record of the Transmission of Luminosity.

11 Hossho-ji.

12 Kosshu.

13 Shinshu.

14 The text was the Vajrechedika Prajnaparamita Sutra or Diamond Cutter Discourse. Upon hearing the phrase "*Give rise to the mind that dwells nowhere*" Hui-neng suddenly saw into the Open nature of experience.

15 The Lotus Discourse tells in Chapter 8 of a rich man who sewed a jewel in a poor friend's coat when he was passed out drunk so that he would not want for anything.

insight arose he had to leave behind sentiments because he knew the importance of knowing the truth; and so he arranged for his mother's welfare and then went away to find a teacher. But who taught him to do that? This shows that people of wisdom just hear and then understand. "Wisdom" is not something that people acquire on their own nor is it something given to them. Wisdom seeks wisdom, Knowing communicates Knowing to itself.

There is a story of five hundred bats who lived in a tree. When some merchants stopped there in their travels, they lit a fire. As they spoke with each other, they began to discuss the Teachings. The bats listened with rapt attention. The fire swept up into the tree but the the bats stayed without moving to hear as much as they could before dying. This determination caused them to born as people who found and practiced the Way.¹⁶ In the case of these bats, their bodies and minds were consumed in wisdom. Once ten thousand fish were washed ashore; someone tried to help them and also presented the Teachings to them. They were reborn in higher realms because of how they heard and repeated these Teachings to themselves. That which is taught in the Teachings was their own bodies and so, although they had no preparation for it, they understood.

It is not a matter of wisdom coming from outside and entering you; it is more like spring unfolding itself as spring. Wisdom is not a matter of figuring anything out, nor is it a matter of being unable to think. It is not conscious, it is not unconscious. It has nothing to do with superior or inferior nor with enlightenment or delusion.

So, the Sixth Ancestor didn't know the first thing about the Way because he had never heard of it. He wasn't looking for anything. And yet when he heard it, he just recognized that it was true and so he put aside his usual concerns because the wisdom of the bodymind is not merely the persona.

Who knows how many times we have wheeled around in birth and death, trying to satisfy ourselves when we have always had within ourselves this wisdom? It is like a stone and a jewel. The jewel does not know that it is buried in a stone and the stone does not know that it carries a jewel. Someone knows about jewels and

16 This bizarre little story from Chapter 2 of the Saiyuki has been inserted to fill out the reference which immediately follows.

just digs it out. This doesn't depend upon the jewel or the stone waiting for this to happen. It is not based on the stone knowing anything about it or the jewel planning an escape. Although the persona and wisdom might not seem to have anything to do with each other, upon hearing the Way wisdom begins to stir.

The Lotus Discourse says, "*Doubt that comes from ignorance is an eternal loss.*" Knowing cannot be said to be something or nothing. Something and nothing are like the spring buds on a pine tree and chrysanthemums withering in autumn. Ignorance ignores what is going on and so is always in a state of doubt. This is a total loss. Then the Teachings of the Way are just heard without recognition.

But Reality exposes itself as the whole world and has nothing to do with the territory of the self. It is like an iron rod ten thousand miles long — and yet it is the Suchness of leafing branches. In the Fields of Awakening in all directions, everything arises as the Way of Reality.¹⁷ The falling of a leaf is Suchness and each thing in the whole world is the exertion of Reality. Wisdom and ignorance can appear to be as different as sun and moon and yet each are transcended in their Suchness.

The Sixth Ancestor was a person of Suchness and so he realized this. He travelled to Huang-mei¹⁸ to study under Zen master Hung-jen.¹⁹ Hung-jen sent him to work in the mill to polish the rice. Hui-neng worked there day and night for eight months, pounding the rice. One night Hung-jen came in the darkness and asked, "*Is the rice polished yet?*" Hui-neng said, "*Yes, but it still needs to be sifted.*" Hung-jen struck the mortar three times with his staff. Hui-neng shook the rice in the sieve three times. This was the moment of the intimate transmission between teacher and student. The robe and bowl were transmitted but the exact time of the transmission can never be seen because it is the moment of Suchness and Suchness cannot be seen as if it were a thing.

Once Yueh-shan²⁰ came to Zen master Shih-t'ou²¹ and asked, "*I know a bit about the Teachings of the three vehicles and the twelve*

17 Literally: the ekayana (the Single Vehicle taught of in the Lotus Discourse) is taught in all the Fields of the Awakened Ones.

18 Obei.

19 Konin (601-74).

*divisions of the Discourses. I have heard that in the south there is a 'direct pointing to the human mind' that shows the essence and brings realization of Awake Awareness. Please, teacher, I bow and ask you to have compassion and teach me."*²² Yueh-shan was a lecturer who specialized in the Discourses and so he should have known everything about the Teachings. In the old days, before the different schools arose, teaching the Discourses used to mean that one had realized what they taught. Then everything became split up and people began to get stuck on the words and not realize their meanings. This is stupid and has nothing to do with what the Awakened One was actually teaching.

So, Shih-t'ou said, "If you say, 'this is it,' you've missed it. This and not-this are both way off. What about you?" This is how this great teacher presented Suchness for Yueh-shan. His Suchness cannot be grasped with this or not-this. It can't be grasped at all. It cannot be understood or realized even by trying to measure it by the measure of an Awakened One.

The Sixth Ancestor said to Ta-hui of Nan-y'ueh²³ "What thing comes Thus?" Thus or Such is not something that can be doubted at all. "Here it is." What thing is it? This is Suchness. Without any doubt at all, here it comes.

Presented at Kannon-dori-in, Kosho-horin-ji, on March 26th, 1242.

Copied by Ejo in the head monk's quarters on April 14th, 1243.

20 Yueh-shan Wei-yen, Yakusan Igen (745-828).

21 Shih-t'ou Hsi-ch'ien, Sekito Kisen (700-790).

22 See Chapter 37 of *Denkoroku: Record of the Transmission of Luminosity*.

23 Nangaku Daie (677-744).

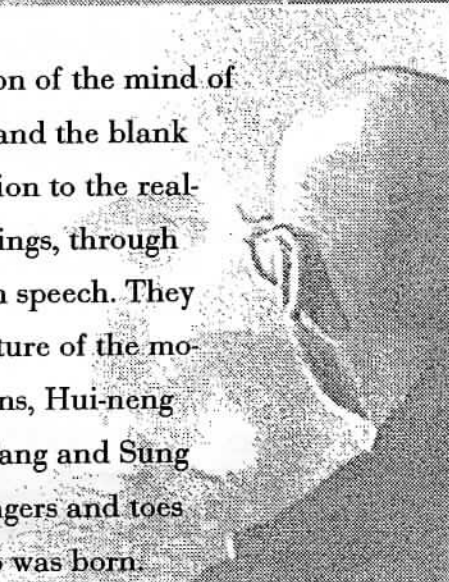
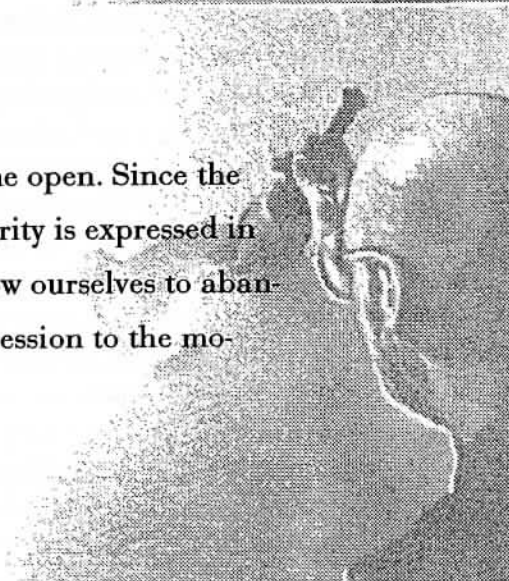
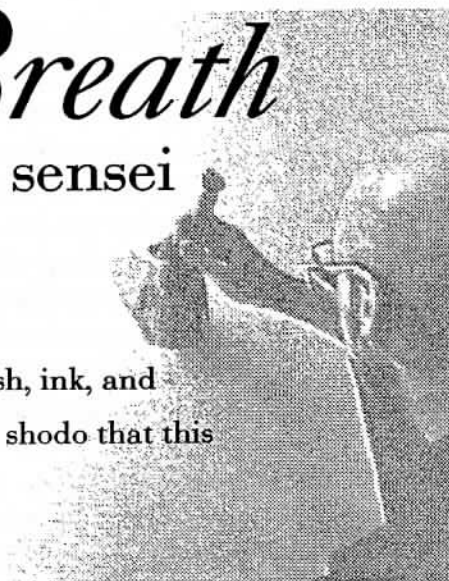
Brush Traces Breath

Sho by Ven. Anzan Hoshin sensei

...**S**hodo is working with the interaction between brush, ink, and paper, between body, breath, speech, and mind. It is said in shodo that this is a true mirror of the heart, a true mirror of the mind...

...**I**t's already too late, since everything is out in the open. Since the quality of hesitation, or confidence, or arrogance, or clarity is expressed in each line and is completely out in the open, we can allow ourselves to abandon obstacles and to open to the moment and give expression to the moment itself...

...**Z**en brush work arose through the dynamic exertion of the mind of practice through the body of the brush, the flow of the ink, and the blank and open sky of a fresh page. In China, monks gave expression to the realization of their practice through communicating their teachings, through work, through actions of the body, through gestures, through speech. They realized and abandoned bodymind in order to show the nature of the moment itself. Han Shan wrote poems on the sides of mountains, Hui-neng wrote poems on monastery walls, and many monks in the Tang and Sung dynasties splattered ink upon paper and smeared it with fingers and toes and hair and robes and brushes. Thus the practice of shodo was born.





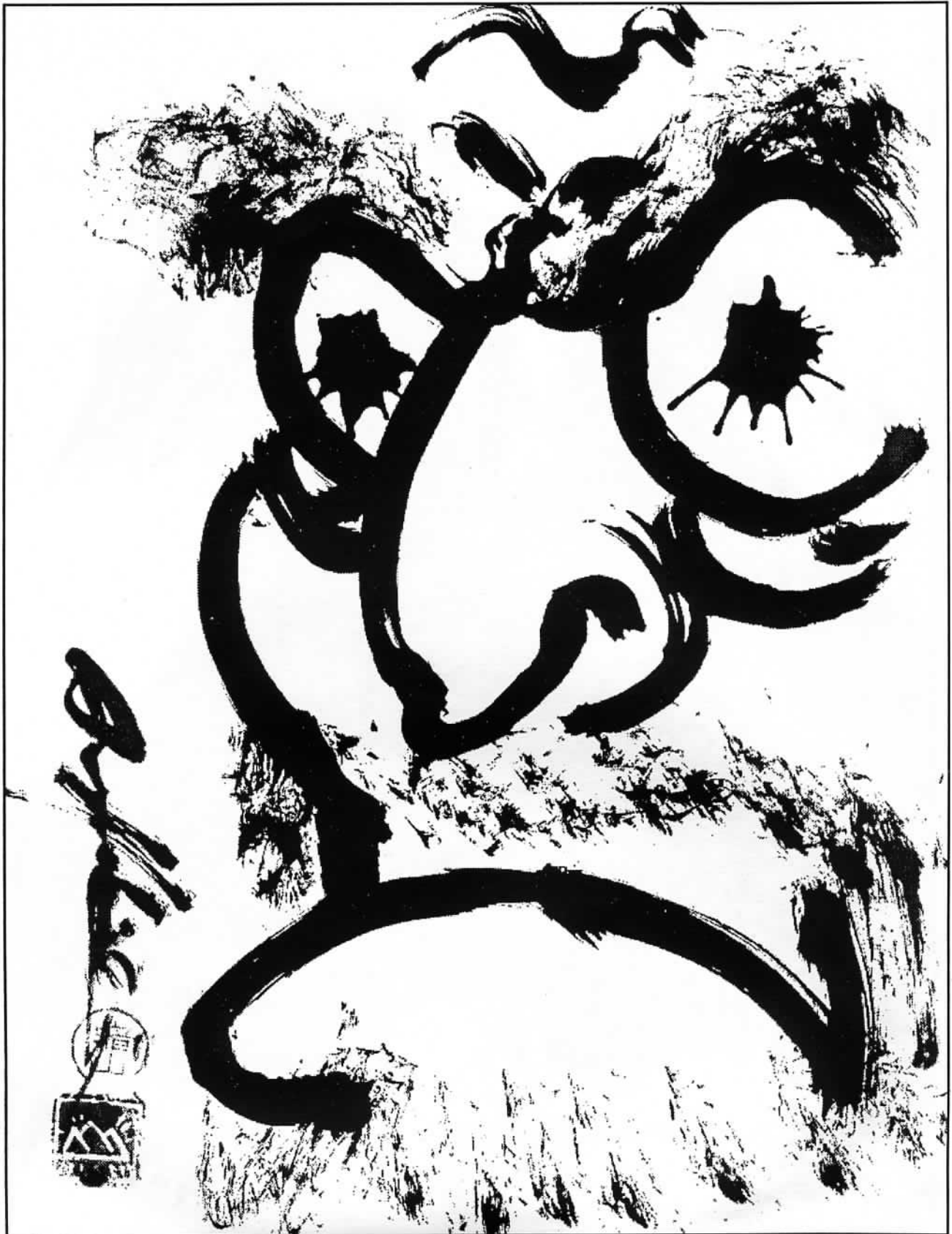
Bodhidharma sho "Tokan: Just Seeing." (courtesy of Mori Tselnic)



*Ch'ing-yuan Hsing-ssu at his meeting with Hui-neng: "I don't even practice the Four Noble Truths."
From a series of portraits of Lineage Ancestors to accompany the Sensei's translation of the Denkoroku:
Record of the Transmission of Luminosity.*



"Mountain"—from the "Sansui: Mountains and Rivers" series. (From the collection of Mudo Slota anagarika.)



The Bodhidharma sho that hangs in the Harrow Zazenkai Zendo in Great Britain.



"HAM"—Siddham script Bija (seed syllable) for Acalanatha, the Unmodified Radiance of Awareness.

A Tale of Two Squirrels:

A Morita-Naikan Fable

Ven. Shikai Woodward godo-ni



Once upon a time in a modern city there lived two single career squirrels, Lou Anne and Bridget. Each had their own tree on the same block. City life being as it is, they never did get to know each other. Some days they would wake up with energy and vigour and run off to do the important work of finding food. Other days might be rainy or wet or cold and snowy and it was on these days that an important and even vital difference became evident.

Lou Anne would notice the feeling of not wanting to go outdoors and get to work finding food...but for her thoughts and feelings were just part of everything else that was going on. She knew that in order to live through the winter her purpose had to be to gather food. So Lou Anne accepted whatever feeling was present and just went out however the weather was to do what had to be done. She didn't feel great all the time, after all who does, but she was well fed, had a nice home and did a lot of the things she wanted to do like hanging out in the branches, chattering with the other squirrels. And she even found a mate called Bob one cold and dismal day who was also out gathering nuts and pieces of french fries while less wise squirrels were shivering at home.

Bridget the squirrel was, alas, not so bright (although she often felt very intelligent, even superior at times). Bridget felt that she had a lot of feelings for a squirrel. Some days she just didn't feel like getting out of the nest to go and find food. So she didn't. Then not only would she feel depressed about the weather, she also felt weaker and less able due to lack of food. Bridget would promise herself that as soon as she "felt" better she would start gathering food. On the sunny days when she was feeling a little more energetic she would often frantically search bookstores for self-help books on how to feel better. She learned to talk to her inner squirrel, found out that she was anorexic, was probably abused as a young squirrel (she had vague memories of being scared or uncomfortable sometimes when she was really little) and had affirmations pasted all over her nest.

To make a long story short, gradually Bridget became more and more informed about how dysfunctional she was but never "felt" like doing anything (although she had fantasies about writing her own self-help book one day and maybe going on Oprah). No matter what the weather was like, she just couldn't get around to making herself "feel" better. Since poor Bridget believed she could only go out and look for food if she was motivated to or "felt like it" there was no food to eat. In the spring her dry corpse was found lying on a mound of self-help books. The glue had been eaten and there were teeth marks on the pages.

Shikai godo-ni is the Senior Practice Advisor of W.W.Z.C.'s Practice Council and a fully ordained monk of the Northern Mountain Order. A student of the Ven. Anzan Hoshin sensei since 1988, Shikai godo-ni is also a Constructive Living (Morita-Naikan) Instructor, NLP Trainer, and the founder of the Shinjin Institute.

By Ven. Joan Shikai Woodward godo-ni

Monks

Practice is what you are!
You are Awareness expressing itself,
A bodymind Knowing and Active in Space,
Awareness vows to recognize and release
contraction.

Embodying this Way
You teach others.

Mahaprajna paramita.

7/6/91

Entering Into Space:

Ordination Verses by Ven. Jinmyo Fleming shamini and Seigan Hammond anagarika

On the evening of December the 8th, 1992, Ven. Anzan Hoshin sensei, abbot of Zazen-ji and teacher of the White Wind Zen Community, conferred novice monk's vows upon Jinmyo Fleming and laymonk's vows upon Michael Seigan Hammond. These are the statements and verses made by Ven. Jinmyo shamini and Seigan anagarika as they lit incense at the butsudan.

BEFORE THE BUDDHAS AND DHARMA ANCESTORS AND BEFORE THE COMMUNITY OF PRACTITIONERS ASSEMBLED HERE, I, JINMYO, HAVE RECEIVED THE PRECEPTS OF A NOVICE MONK OF THE NORTHERN MOUNTAIN ORDER FROM THE MASTER OF THIS TEMPLE. I VOW TO DEDICATE MY PRACTICE OF REALIZATION TO THE BENEFIT OF ALL BEINGS. WITH GRATITUDE TO THE LINEAGE AND MY TEACHER I VOW TO OFFER BODY, BREATH, SPEECH AND MIND TO THE ACTIVITY OF THE LINEAGE. WITH GRATITUDE TO SENIORS AND JUNIORS AND TO ALL WHO HAVE BENEFITTED ME, MAY I HAVE THE INTEGRITY, STRENGTH, AND HUMOUR TO LIVE MY LIFE AS THE LIFE THAT LIVES AS ALL BEINGS.

*Tung-shan said, "It is like a great ball of flame."
The tenzo said, "If you can't stand the heat, stay out of the kitchen."
The Sensei said, "Radiance."
I said, "I'll try not to squint. Oh. Look!"*

BEFORE THE BUDDHAS AND DHARMA ANCESTORS AND BEFORE THE COMMUNITY OF PRACTITIONERS ASSEMBLED HERE, I, SEIGAN, HAVE RECEIVED THE PRECEPTS OF A LAYMONK OF THE NORTHERN MOUNTAIN ORDER FROM THE MASTER OF THIS TEMPLE. I VOW TO DEDICATE MY PRACTICE OF REALIZATION TO THE BENEFIT OF ALL BEINGS. WITH GRATITUDE TO THE LINEAGE AND MY TEACHER I VOW TO OFFER BODY, BREATH, SPEECH AND MIND TO THE ACTIVITY OF THE LINEAGE. WITH GRATITUDE TO SENIORS AND JUNIORS AND TO ALL WHO HAVE BENEFITTED ME, MAY I HAVE THE INTEGRITY, STRENGTH, AND HUMOUR TO LIVE MY LIFE AS THE LIFE THAT LIVES AS ALL BEINGS.

*It is said that
the taste of water
is tasteless.*

*But you are born
with that taste in your mouth
and you'll die with it.*

*This is the taste of Reality,
intimately transmitted in the lineage
of Buddhas and Dharma Ancestors.*

*I vow to dive into this taste
of the Ocean Seal Samadhi.
Come on in, the water's fine.*

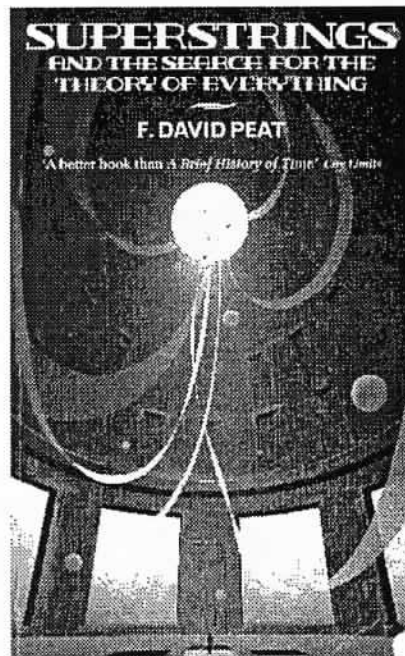
Book Reviews

Books Noted

by James Dozan Arlow anagarika

Superstrings, and the search for the theory of everything

F. David Peat published by Abacus, 1992



This book describes in a readable way two attempts by modern physicists to construct a theory that describes mathematically all of the measurable properties of the observable universe. Such theories are unfortunately known as TOEs or 'Theories Of Everything': This is an absurd phrase which one suspects should be pronounced in a loud booming voice.

Although the main title of the book is *Superstrings*, a great deal of space is given also to Roger Penrose's Twistor theory which is probably the more fundamental and important. However, given the recent hype in the popular science press about TOEs in general and *Superstrings* in particular, it is easy to understand why the book is titled as it is.

The idea of a simple theory that can somehow explain the richness of human experience is fundamentally absurd, and what TOEs are really about is providing a mathematical model of the world. However, we do not as yet have any true TOEs, as none of the present contenders fulfill the minimal requirement for a theory—that it can be either proven or disproven.

In Chapter 1, entitled *Crisis in Physics*, David Peat raises fundamental questions such as "What is mass?", and whether it makes sense to consider space-time to be infinitely divisible. Presently, there are no answers to these questions, but it refreshing to see them aired, rather than locked away in the closet with all of the other skeletons of modern physics. Mass is such a basic concept that the casual reader or physics student might be forgiven for thinking that there is some theory to account for the presence of mass. However, this is not the case, and we see that one of the great failings of both *Superstrings* and Twistor theory is inability to account for the masses of the fundamental particles. What is mass? We don't know. Why should a proton mass as much as it does? We don't know.

The account of both *Superstring Theory* and Twistor theory is critical and and easily understandable by the non-specialist. Diagrams are used to good effect throughout, and there is some slight examination of the philosophical implications of the two theories and the scientific culture that has given rise to them.

One of the best features of this book, is that as well as being a good introduction to two significant theories, there is a useful description of how the theories have developed from their earliest beginnings. This helps us to begin to understand why the theories have the form they do, and why scientist are thinking about space and time in these ways.

Superstring theory starts out elegant, simple and exciting - an application of vibrating string theory to elementary particle physics. Particle properties arise from different modes of vibration of a one dimensional extended structure - a String. Peat takes us through the problems that arose as the String theory developed into Superstring theory, and the quick fixes that were bolted on in a seemingly ad hoc manner. Eventually, Superstrings are vibrating in a space of ten, eleven or perhaps even twenty four dimensions, most of which are mysteriously 'compactified' so that we can only observe four of them. Astonishingly, Superstring Theory has almost zero predictive power, and still cannot account for the particle masses. Also, we discover that the theory cannot even be tested by experiment, as the energies necessary for such experiments are beyond anything that can currently be achieved by about ten orders of magnitude. It seems as if Superstring theory has become an ivory tower of theoretical investigation conveniently invulnerable to experimental proof. To dress this up as a TOE is as optimistic as the energies involved in the proposed experiments are extreme.

One of the strengths of this book is that the problems associated with String theory are highlighted and made comprehensible to the layman. Unfortunately, many other authors favour the 'Gee Whizz' approach where issues are not examined, and speculation is confused with theory and theory is confused with fact.

The chapters on Twistor theory were very welcome. Here we have Roger Penrose building a model of space-time from the bottom up, guided by elegance, simplicity, intuition and good taste. Small orders of space, primitive, quantum mechanical spinors, combine into networks from which arise spontaneously the angular properties of a three dimensional space. Peat calls these spinors, 'bits' of space - like the bits or Binary digITS (on or off) of computer programs that when allowed to interact, create the richness of word processors and spreadsheets. These spinors are finally generalized into Twistors. One interesting feature of Twistor theory is that of non-locality. A point in Twistor space corresponds to a line in real space, and a line in real space corresponds to a point in Twistor space.

The contrast of Penrose's approach to physics with the juggernaut of Superstrings is interesting, and highlights many of the inadequacies of modern research in which the need to publish and get funding tends to override all other considerations.

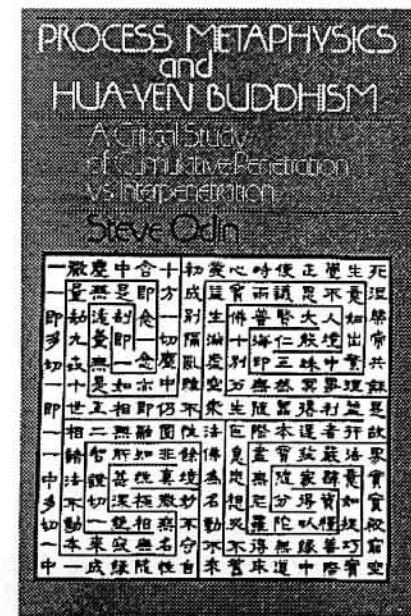
In the final chapters of the book, we find that the Twistor theory has run into problems also, being mathematically much more difficult than had been en-

visioned. We also find that Twistors may provide some sort of substrate onto which Superstrings may be bolted possibly resolving some of the outstanding Superstring issues.

These theories, in their mathematics and their explications are elegant and interesting and are certainly art, but are they physics?

Process Metaphysics and Hua-Yen Buddhism: A Critical Study of Cumulative Penetration VS. Interpenetration

by Steve Odin, State University of New York Press, 1982



In this book Steve Odin attempts to interpret Hua-Yen Buddhism (in its Korean form of Hwaom as presented by the seventh century monk Uisang) in terms of Whiteheadian Process Metaphysics. Of particular concern is the contrast between "mutual interpenetration" in Hua-Yen and "cumulative interpen-

etration" in Whiteheadian Process metaphysics. It should be obvious that such a project is fraught with difficulties. There are essentially three points of view here: that of the Hua-Yen metaphysician, that of the Whiteheadian metaphysician and that of the Hua-Yen practitioner. It is now difficult for scholars to determine the exact nature of Hua-yen systems of practice as no manuals or records of instructions have survived and indeed Ch'an is often said to be the practice of Hua-yen because the two lineages were mutually influential. However, if the Hua-Yen practitioner has had some real experience of Sagara Mudra Samadhi or the Ocean Seal Harmonization (as the Sensei presents it to us in the SAKN cycle and as Dogen zenji taught it rather than as a contemplative visualization exercise as I have seen it presented elsewhere), then the mutual interfusion and interpenetration of all phenomena, past present and future is directly experienced in and as the Expansiveness or Openness of any and all points in the Field of experience. It is important to recognize that this is an experiential fact that arises through attending directly to the process of the presencing of experiences and not a metaphysical postulation which arises out of an attempt to explain the experience to oneself as the "experiencer".

Thus, the experience of the accomplished practitioner is radically and fundamentally different to that of the Hua-Yen metaphysician or the Whiteheadian Process metaphysician and is inaccessible as long as the

metaphysician declines to attend to his or her own experiencing nakedly. What the Process metaphysician or indeed the Hua-Yen metaphysician has to say about what Ocean Seal means to them is perfectly valid within their own frames of reference, but considered from the radically open frame of Hua-Yen practice, is fundamentally wrong.

One of the basic properties of higher (inherently expansive) and lower (narrowed and objectified) orders of Space is that that which is apparently true within a lower order is often invalidated when seen from a higher order in which it is nested and is instead then Known to only be the parameters of the Activity of that order. Now when higher orders are presented, as for example in the SAKN cycle of teachings, or (hopefully) in Uisang's Ocean Seal text, the intention of the teacher is that the student should question thoroughly through bodily mindfulness and directly realize the higher orders of Space as the context of their moment to moment experience. This is the ecstatic process of opening past contractions and limitations of attention into the infinite infinities of the Field of Open Knowing. However, one of the properties of lower orders of Space seems to be a kind of stasis (in that the parameters of that region order that order rather than dissipate expansiveness into disorder). So even sincere practitioners tend to 'step down' radical presentations, and make them 'safe' by reinterpreting them in terms of the lower orders of Space, Activity and Knowing

in which they can maintain the presumption of Knowing as separate from the Space of the known in the guise of a "knower". This tendency generates deviations from true practice (in fact Anzan Sensei has described the process of Zen practice as 'one long pratfall'), and so it is vital that the practitioner question completely, and never take any of her storylines or interpretations at all seriously.

Now, given that the practitioner—who, one would hope, has some solid grounding in radical questioning—has a tendency toward such interpretation, it is not at all surprising that metaphysicians and scholars such as Steve Odin feel the need to interpret Ocean Seal in terms of Whiteheadian Process metaphysics. This project is, of course, perfectly valid within the usual frames of Space, but practitioners just beginning to open to the possibility of Ocean Seal Harmonization should not allow themselves to become confused by it.

The basic thesis of cumulative interpenetration is that present phenomena may be said to 'contain' all antecedent phenomena as they have arisen from the interactions of these antecedent phenomena. At first glance, this does, indeed sound a bit like mutual interpenetration and mutual interfusion, however, there are at least two crucial differences. Firstly, this containment is on a purely conceptual rather than a spatiotemporal basis; and in Chapter 3, Odin stresses this by quoting both Hartshorne and Garma C. Chang. Secondly, cumulative interpen-

etration requires a definite 'arrow of time' moving from past to present to future. To address the first point: mutual interpenetration in Ocean Seal Harmonization occurs on an experiential basis independently of any conceptualizations. To address the second point: the apparent vector-like nature of time depends entirely on the particular frame of Space (as is true even in classical and quantum mechanical physics). In the radically Open context of Ocean Seal Harmonization, all moments of time are cotemporal, and there is complete interpenetration and interfusion. Different temporal vectors can arise, however, if lower orders of Space are 'selected' in order to unpack information about particular fields of Knowing. These temporal vectors aren't really the cause of mutual interfusion and interpenetration even within the lower orders however; they are just one of the parameters of the framing, or process of selection. The movement of time is merely an aspect of the presencing of the Activity of points of experience and varies according to the local region of the Field.

As Dogen zenji points out in *Uji*, "Yesterday and today are, however, like the moment of going into the mountains and seeing the different peaks. Presencing itself does not move" and also, "Drunk with delusion, you might think that there is nothing but a 'going away' and not know that time has never even arrived".¹ We see therefore that the purely conceptual idea of cumulative interpenetration has nothing at all to do with Ocean Seal Harmonization, although it remains never-

theless a very interesting and elegant philosophical framework. Since this is only a philosophical framework, I would be very interested to see how Relativity theory impacts on the idea of cumulative interpenetration. In Relativity time depends on the frame of reference of the observer, and is affected by velocity and by the curvature of spacetime. In the universe of Relativity there is now no longer a single universal clock² to drive the process of cumulative interpenetration. It would also be interesting to consider the effects of taking into consideration quantum mechanics on the Whiteheadian notion of cumulative interpenetration.

The prologue provides a very useful potted history of Uisang's Ocean Seal and quite a reasonable translation of the text itself. It is probably worth buying the book for this part alone. Part I (**The Hua-Yen Round-Sudden Vehicle of Non-Obstructed Interpenetration**) and part II (**A Whiteheadian Process Critique of Hua-Yen Buddhism**) are also well worth reading as. Part I contains much useful historical background and Part II can serve as an introduction to the thought of Whitehead and Heidegger in a Hua-Yen context. Sadly, part III (**Theology of the Deep Unconscious, a Reconstruction of Process Theology**) is utterly irrelevant and should be supplied as a pull out section so that it can be readily discarded. And I am sorely tempted to say that this pull out section might be perforated so that the paper might serve a useful function, but I am not sure that I should.

The book will be useful to anyone who reads it, but especially to formal students of the Ven. Anzan Hoshin sensei who should be reminded that Ocean Seal Harmonization is still only a Third Daikensho practice associated with the Dharmadatu or the Total Field of All Possibilities, and not a Fourth Daikensho practice which would be involved with the Dharmakaya, or the Knowing, in which the Total Field arises.

(— *The comments on SA&N appearing in this review were verified through detailed discussions with the Ven. Anzan Hoshin sensei to whom I am very grateful.*)

¹ **Dogen: Zen Writings On The Practice of Realization** translated by Anzan Hoshin sensei and Joshu Dainen roshi, forthcoming.

² The constant is the speed of light, *c*, but for a photon there could be no other time than its time and so no time.

Dr. James Dozan Arlow *anagarika* has been a student of Ven. Anzan Hoshin sensei since 1986. In 1989 he received transmission as a practice advisor as well as ordination as a laymonk in the Northern Mountain Order. Currently residing in Britain, he is the practice advisor for the Harrow Zazenkai. He received his doctorate in surface physics at Warwick and currently programs using object-oriented language for BA.

Dharma Mediawatch

Edited
by Ven. Joan Shikai Woodward godo-ni

Rumours of the Dharma have been whispered in the west since before the days of Voltaire, but it was not until the efforts of such founding teachers as Yasuda Joshu roshi, Suzuki Shunryu roshi, Dudjom rinpoche and so on in the 1950s, '60s and '70s that it was actually possible to establish the ground for it to be practiced. As the Dharma penetrates and opens the lives of men and women, images of it have begun to appear in the culture. Anzan Hoshin sensei has said that the "folklore of the West and of the post-modern world is media." And it is in and through the media that the culture sees itself and catches glimpses of the fact that the Dharma has become part of the fabric of western and world culture. Images appear here and there, in newspaper columns and in magazine stories. This might be positive or negative. But information is not the meat of media: entertainment and advertising are. Images of Zen gardens, monks, sages and meditators are appearing in the whirling maw of the media, chewed into bite-size and even pre-digested chunks. In this column edited by Ven. Joan Shikai Woodward, godo at Zazen-ji, images and words about the Dharma that have caught her own eye will be reported.

VIDEO GARDENS

The difficult to achieve "Anzan Hoshin sensei *five enso rating*" goes to **DREAM WINDOW: reflections on the Japanese garden**. This superbly researched, filmed, and edited television documentary aired recently on PBS shows intimate details, through carefully crafted sound and pictures, of traditional and contemporary gardens.

"It is necessary to understand the context in which the Japanese approach to gardens arose,"

the Sensei commented to a small gathering of formal students and monks during a recent private screening which involved a consideration of the different qualities of understanding of detail and context in Tibetan mandala construction and Japanese gardens. "The Japanese islands are at the mercy of climactic extremes such as tai-fun (typhoons) as well as earthquakes. Nature is thus viewed as violent and uncontrollable, dangerous. For these reasons Japanese architecture has used wood for buildings and paper for shoji windows.

Buildings which can be destroyed by wind and seismographic occurrences are safer than stone and brick constructs and are easier and cheaper to replace but are of course prone to fire and many cities and villages were almost annually razed. This view of nature as out of control evolved an attempt to tame nature in which gardens were completely controlled and their 'naturalness' was actually a product of painstaking maintenance. Another example is the bonsai, the horticultural equivalent of Chinese foot-binding. This is an aspect of the gardens which reflects the cultural views and attempts to prevent unpredictability typical of contraction. With this proviso as to cultural conditioning, it is wonderful and enriching to see how many of the gardens point to great space within a limited space through the interaction of the details which have been carefully selected by the artisans and landscapers. The complexity and richness of nature is often so profuse that it can appear to be chaotic; there are too many details for the eye and ear and so each detail and the interaction of the whole become lost in the welter of details. By carefully editing and pruning away some of the details, the remaining details point to the rich activity of the space of the whole."

The tour moves us through time, exploring gardens that are seven hundred years old and gardens that are so new they are being completed as the camera records. The moss garden of **Saiho-ji**, a Zen temple in Kyoto, designed by the monk and Zen teacher Muso (whose name translates as *Mu-dream*, *so-window*) delights us with its rich textures. The subtle sound of a

bamboo water drum at first mystifies and then points to even more subtle tonalities of water and rock. **Ryoan-ji** temple shows its famous stone garden cleaned and raked by a determined novice, in daylight and under the moon.

Chado (tea ceremony) affords us yet another view of the Japanese garden and thought. Poet Makoto Ooka explains, while sitting in the upper tea hut overlooking the imperial **Katsura** villa and garden, that this garden which contains three tea huts was itself called a tea house. *"The entire garden is called a tea house because the influence of tea is fundamental here. And what is that influence? It is the pursuit of that which is most simple; the most essential in human life. That is what tea practitioners are after"*.

Travelling from the emperor's tea garden to Kyoto takes us to **Fukiage Restaurant**, where designer and film director Hiroshi Teshigahara, creates an ikebana for an interior garden which successfully brings together traditional values of line and form and modern use. Another garden designed by Teshigahara, **"Flow"**, is at the **Ken Danon Museum of Photography**. Architect Yoshio Taniguchi articulates the thought behind the design of the very modern garden setting. This section generated one of only two criticisms I have of the documentary. The first is that the photographs on display in the museum were not shown and this limited our understanding of the building and the surrounding garden. The second criticism concerns the quality of the occa-

sional comments provided by the Zen monks, especially that by Sobin Yamada, Abbot of **Shinju-an**, which do little to illuminate the vigour and clarity that the gardens themselves display so radiantly and do much to indicate the vapidity of much modern Japanese Zen.

Meticulously framed and recorded images, a sparse, well-written script, thoughtfully expressed and chosen commentary by architects, designers, poets and composers provide the warp of this television tapestry. The original musical score by Toru Takemitsu is the woof which weaves images, commentary and narration into a presentation that is the most satisfying I have seen on any topic. A closing quote from Takemitsu: *"I'm a composer and music is often called the art of time. On the other hand, gardens are the construction of space but when I'm in a garden what impresses me most are the layers of time. Various kinds and qualities of time form layers. They accumulate. Rocks hardly change at all. They are a stable presence. Plants change with the seasons. They come and go. They die away. I try and work these elements into an orchestra. Parts that change quickly. Others that don't change at all like the rocks. Enveloping it all is the earth and the sky and sometimes it rains. So really what I do is I design gardens with music."*

Thank you to the producers and to all whose effort made **DREAM WINDOWS** possible. Their work, like the temples, gardens, rocks and moss, will withstand the test of time.

ENLIGHTENED TOUCH

A ninth-generation Buddhist monk in Choshi, Japan, brought together the ten directions and three times and crossed many traditional barriers by choosing a Western female artist to restore an ancient shrine in **Homan-ji** temple. The shrine, destroyed by American bombing raids in World War II, was reconstructed by his father. Carrying on his father's work, Tadashi Kiyotani dedicated his life to restoring the shrine's artistic splendour. The artist, Jennifer Bartlett, worked one and a half years designing and painting the ceiling using abstract and representative images including rice bowls, bonsai trees and noodles with a repeating seven-colour cycle, for the 321 panels. Temple goes, who had originally opposed Kyotani's choice were won over at the joyous dedication. Kyotani, who was so confident in his choice of artist that he did not even want to see preliminary sketches, was asked by the artist what would happen if he didn't like it. He replied, "*Everything looks strange for 200 years. After that, it looks fine.*"

—TIME, November 30, 1992

TEMPLES

In Los Angeles, a Buddhist temple built in 1925 now houses the new **Japanese American National Museum** dedicated to acknowledging the immense contribution made by Japanese-Americans. The building, situated in "Little Tokyo" played a role in one of America's most

inglorious episodes. The temple was used as a warehouse for the possessions of the Japanese Americans herded into internment camps during World War II.

THAT'S ZENTERTAINMENT

The Big Apple, Oct. 92: LaMaMa ETC & Silkroad Playhouse presented: **DEUNG-SINBUL: A Life Sized Buddha**. Co-produced by Haeryun Kim, co-directed by Kyoon Kim & Hyunyup Lee, sound design by Jun Maeda and music by Yukio Tsuji.

—Advertisement in the VILLAGE VOICE.

MONKWATCH

Salon Ishi, a New York beauty salon, consulted a Buddhist monk to oversee the salon's design and to ensure the best possible balance of energy withing the space. The salon was designed around the principles of feng-shui, an Eastern design philosophy approach founded on balance and simplicity.

—NEW WOMAN, October, 1992

Another New York salon owner, **John Sahag**, decided when he opened a new workshop on Madison Avenue that he wanted to bring natural elements indoors to create a luxurious setting. The result is an artisan's version of a Zen garden with a hand-sculpted stone fountain, cutting stations with bamboo-shaped steel poles separated by clay basins which are really "*individual ecosystems filled with fish and moss*" created by a Japanese environmentalist.

—ELLE, June, 1992

SKIN THAT BARELY AGES: I found this while going through some elderly, wrinkled files. Clipped from Longevity magazine last June it spent some time on the bulletin board at Zazen-ji. A Japanese dermatologist has been examining monk's skin for the past seven years. So far he's found almost no wrinkles, blemishes or tough spots. "*The skin is soft and smooth as a baby's. They're living proof that it's much more our life style- not the aging process itself- that damages our skin.*" The elderly monks, one of whom was 92, live in a Buddhist monastery outside Tokyo. "*They've been protected from the skin hazards that age most of us prematurely by the simple life: much time practicing stress reducing meditation, a diet of mostly vegetables and rice - and for outdoor exercise, walking in a garden shaded by a large tree.*" (Godoni: "*There's no life like it!*")

—LONGEVITY MAGAZINE, June 1992

FROM KILLING FIELDS TO MEAN STREETS: the street-gang virus now infecting Cambodian refugees is the title of the article in which Benton Samana, a Buddhist monk is interviewed. "*The real issue is family breakdown*" says Samana "*So don't believe that snow job about the kids joining gangs to protect themselves.*" In Southeast Asia, parents take wayward children to monks for counselling. In providing that service in Los Angeles Samana constantly encounters war-related emotional problems such as withdrawn or hysterical parents suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder.

"Their children think they are wacky," he explains. "They don't want to be around them."

—TIME, November 18, 1991

ZEN and the art of blablabla

(In which we encounter further examples of the mindless exploitation of the "Z" word.)

...food

ZEN CARGO, a restaurant in London's St. Christopher's Place boasts staff uniforms designed by Bella Freud. "Forget the height of a chef's hat as a measure of his culinary skills - these days it's all in the cut of his suit".

—INSIGHT, BRITISH ELLE, August, 1992

... boredom

In this rather usual cover story about mind and sports there is nary a mention of practice but I found out that there is book entitled *The Zen of Cricket*. Cricket. I don't know. "Zen" as a synonym for "boredom"? When you sit you know that's not true. Being bored is an activity of inversion. Practice is exposure of all such tendencies and moving past them through direct understanding. Sticky wicket, what?

—NEW SCIENTIST, Vol 135, No 1831 July 25, 1992

... dressage (AND MIXED METAPHORS)

Melissa Dust is Canadian Junior Dressage Champion at 15. She started riding at nine and "is now a kind of unlikely Zen master of the sport". Dressage is defined as "the execution by a trained horse of

precision movements in response to barely perceptible signals from its rider, it's really about poise, beauty, grace and movement, about strength of body and mind." BUT IN THE NEXT PARAGRAPH... "She rides like a heroine in a fairy tale." Evoking in one paragraph a thought of Zen Master Dogen and in the next of Snow White caused more than a little cognitive dissonance.

—OTTAWA MAGAZINE, November 1992

...Majesty

A review of a recently aired television documentary entitled *Elizabeth R: a Year in the Life of the Queen* states that "she exudes the air of one who long ago has passed beyond discomfort to some absolute Zen state of nonbeing. Watching this documentary is like getting a look at the ineffable: the path of absence" Reading the review is like getting a look at an apparent absence of any knowledge of practice and an apparent absence of any reason at all to use the word "Zen". I was fortunate enough not to see the documentary but rather enjoyed this quote from Elizabeth R. expressing what it means to be Queen: "Here you are and it's your fate. It's a job for life." Uh huh, but who is it who is living that life?

—VILLAGE VOICE, November 17, 1992

...renovating

"HIP TIP: If you have any semblance of soul at all, you'll take one room or section of your warehouse apartment (sorry, "space") remove all its furniture and decorations, and forbid social talk in it. This you will call if you're hip, the Zen Den. 'Ours is a space for breath-

ing, warming up, doing physical things,' says one actor, a denizen of a communal house whose Zen Den is a stark sky blue. 'Everyone has one now. It's a room with nothing personal in it, no associations, an intermediary space like an air lock in which you assimilate the world.' You may — regardless of whether you're a Buddhist — install a small Buddha statue and some candles. It's the reference that counts."

The accompanying photo shows a woman sitting on the floor with legs crossed and head collapsed into her chest apparently suffering from a deeply contracted state. (Why don't they just practice?, asks Godo-ni)

Russell Smith
—TORONTO LIFE, December 1992

...shopping

"In the Zen of shopping, every purchase tells a story. The point being less the object than the experience acquired."

Sarah Ferguson,
—VILLAGE VOICE, September 1, 1992

...skiing

"...a three-day Centred Skiing workshop at Sugarbush Ski Resort in Vermont that begins in the imagination..." In their heads students compile a list of everything they hope to get out of the workshop. Then they fold up their imaginary list and toss it into the fireplace "The idea is to get rid of all their expectations, and to see the absurdity of their desire. Then we start with an empty cup."

—HARTFORD COURANT, November, 1991

...jokes

The winner of the Most Mindless Use of the Word Zen Award goes to:

Two examples of Zen humor... from a wise six year old. What do a pig and a fish have in common? They both have gills except the pig. What is the difference in a duck? One of his legs is the same.

Among international messages downloaded from Toronto's Web network bulletin board service presented in an article entitled "Electronic Democracy" concerned with computer network organizations. —EDGES magazine (exploring new planetary patterns) July 1992

(An example of real Zen Humour would probably be this from one of the Sensei's Dharma Talks collected in **Before Thinking:**

**KNOCK KNOCK.
WHO'S THERE?**

[pause]

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA
HEE HEE HEE HA HA (cough cough) Whew! Hee hee. HA. (Whew.)

MISUNDERSTANDINGS

A professor of psychology at Harvard University, Ellen J. Langer, has spent 15 years researching mindfulness and mindlessness. Mindlessness she associates with 'automatic behaviour' whereas, she believes, when we are mindful, our actions are conscious, and we are focused very much in the present. In her book, **Mindful-**

ness she states that mindfulness, the basis of most eastern philosophies is practiced to help free the mind and inspire creativity. When we are mindful, we are in the present, sensitive to the context and free of the tyranny of limiting mind-sets.

"Mindfulness is achieved through increased awareness. For example, when you are reading, be aware of each word - don't skip over things just to save time."

This seems to be a matter of outwardly focused mindfulness rather than the moment to moment opening of patterned tendencies of attention that mindfulness practice really is. —BRITISH ELLE, March 1992

A MICKEY MANTLE KOAN is the title of a rather touching story telling of an autographed baseball sent by Mantle to a terminally ill boy who idolized him. That boy was the author's much admired, older brother. The ball arrives on the day of the brother's funeral. The koan referred to is, of course, the story of the author's search for meaning in this sad example of good intention with bad timing.

The author may know his baseball (a subject of which I, by choice, know little) but he strikes out on Zen and koan practice:

"I'd never heard of Zen koans at the time, and Mickey Mantle is certainly no roshi. But baseball and Zen are two pastimes that Americans and Japanese have come to revere almost equally: roshis are men famous for hitting things hard with a big wooden stick; a koan is a perfectly nonsensical or nonsequacious statement given by

an old pro (roshi) to a rookie (layman or monk); and the stress of meditating upon a piece of mind-numbing nonsense is said to eventually prove illuminating. So I know of no better way to describe what the message on the ball became for me that to call it a koan."

A Mickey Mantle Koan by David James Duncan
—HARPER'S, September 1992

IN PRAISE OF MEDITATION: Church faithful show growing interest in mantras as means to spirituality. In this article on Christian meditation by Bob Harvey, religion editor for the **Ottawa Citizen** newspaper, he says, *"The basic method of this form of Christian meditation is similar to the method used for centuries by Hindu holy men, by Islam's Sufi mystics, for Zen Buddhists."* He describes a concentration practice in which, after 25 minutes of repeating the mantra, *"all else begins to fade. There is a kind of peace, a kind of clarity of consciousness."*

This "peace", of course, is a concentration state and is the opposite of Zen practice, at least as we know it in the White Wind Zen Community, which is the practice of radiant, open, Aware Space.

—THE OTTAWA CITIZEN,
December 12, 1992

When Heartbreak Hits (or what to do when you've been dumped):

Among suggestions for mending a shattered psyche which include regimenting your life, working hard, getting to sleep early; "you might want to try this ploy from Zen Buddhism.

When a follower of Zen is lost and questions her identity or place in the world, she simply calls out her own name and responds. For example: 'Jane Friedman' you say. 'Yes?' you reply. 'Are you there, Jane Friedman?' 'I am,' you say firmly. 'I am.' "

HA HA HahahaHAHA Hee hee.
—COSMOPOLITAN, 1991

Phil Jackson's Zen Basketball is the title on the magazine cover. "**The Tao of Hoops**" by Jeff Wagenheim is the listing in the index. I turn to page 76 of the **NEW AGE JOURNAL**. "We are stepping softly, slowly, silently, in single file along the dirt pathway of the Zen meditation garden, a circular layout of weathered stone overlooking a meadow where off in the distance a lone figure is flowing through his morning tai chi." We are at the Omega Institute in New York state's Hudson River Valley. Phil Jackson, coach of the Chicago Bulls, who teaches a course called "Beyond Basketball" to assorted wannabe basketball players is good at what he does. Professionally, Jackson has taken the Bulls to new heights in the NBA through his Tao based approach. He quotes frequently from the Tao; "winning is a journey, not a destination." Jackson seems clear about what he is doing. He never mentions Zen. The editors of **NEW AGE**, on the other hand, seem to be confusing Zen and the Tao. The only other reference to Zen was the title of another workshop at Omega, "Zen & the Art of Business as a Force for Social Change." It used to be said that "sex sells" now it seems that the same is being said about the Z word.

The Tao of Hoops appeared in
—**NEW AGE JOURNAL**,
November/December 1992

RELIGIOUS CHANGE

"A simplified form of Japanese meditation that resembles Western psychoanalysis is being exported to Europe and North America reports Reuter. Compared with Zen Buddhism, 'Naikan is easier for anyone to start,' according to Usami Shue, a Zen master and head priest. 'Through it you can climb three-quarters of the way up the mountain of enlightenment.' Practitioners, in a typical week of 15-hour days, start by contemplating the influence of their mothers and progress to the present."

—**GLOBE & MAIL**, October 14, 1992

MIXED MEDIA

"Because he practices Zen meditation, because he flosses regularly, because he favors smartly laundered shirts and wholesome breakfast cereals, Jerry Seinfeld can almost pass as your average well-bathed guy."

From a feature on stand-up comic and sit-com star Jerry Seinfeld.

—**ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY's**
Year End Special, 1992

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—**THE ADDED TOUCH** gift catalogue,
Oakville, Ont.
Christmas 1992

"Q: Your parents were Jewish, Why is Buddha more reassuring?"

A: Buddha's less reassuring. The Jewish thing is very reassuring. You've got a Jehovah, you've got a Nobodaddy upstairs taking care of things. That's William Blake's term, Nobodaddy. Nobody, no daddy in heaven. The Buddhist view is that there is no central personage, no central intelligence agency in the universe."

Allen Ginsberg interviewed in

—**DETAILS** magazine, October 1992

"John Cage said in an interview that it was through reading Suzuki on Zen Buddhism that he came to realize that 'sound no longer comprises an obstacle to silence; silence is no longer a screen with regard to sound."

From "**Looking at Obstacles**," by

Adam Phillips, a London psychotherapist,

—**HARPER'S MAGAZINE**, January 1992

Gassho to Seigan anagarika, Helen Jelich, Ray Parchello and others who have brought items to our attention. Our eyes and ears are everywhere. Beware.

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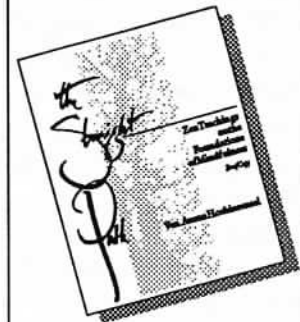
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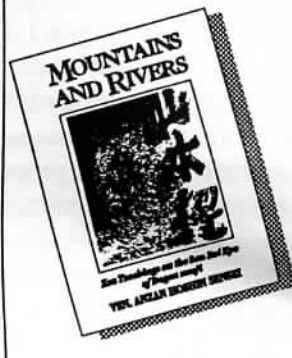
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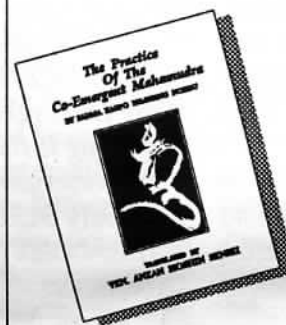
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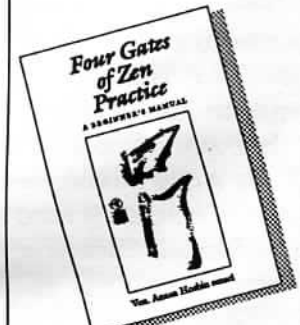
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