



New York Zendo
Shobo-ji



Dai Bosatsu Zendo
Kongo-ji

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE ZEN STUDIES SOCIETY
SPRING / SUMMER 1998

My Head at Your Feet: To Dorris Carlson

Eido T. Shimano Roshi



ON JANUARY 24, 1998, DORRIS CARLSON, wife of Chester Carlson, passed away in Rochester, New York. She was 94 years old. I was in Japan for my annual teaching and lecturing journey, when a facsimile came from Dai Bosatsu Zendo informing me of her departure. I placed the fax on a table and burned incense called Misho, the one that she really liked. I then chanted the Great Compassionate Dharani in the hotel room.

There are few individuals of whom I often think, "If I had not meet him or her during this incarnation, my life would have been quite a different one." Dorris was certainly one of those few. Remembering some important things she said to me, I would like to share them in the hope that you too can appreciate her words.

"I'm not afraid of death. Death is like going from one room to the next room."

Dear Dorris,

You told me this sentence quite a few times. Each time I was impressed by your insight. Now you have moved to "the next room," and everyday I am burning incense to you and conversing. Strangely enough, we communicate

better now than any other time, as there is no door between this room and "the next room."

"In the early days the Christian Bible contained reincarnation. The ancient holies knew it was only a transformation and not extinction. But for some political reason that important part was removed from the Bible."

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Our Next Issue...

For our Fall/Winter 1998 Newsletter we call on Shobo-ji Sangha and friends past and present to offer their words and images to celebrate the 30th Anniversary of the opening of the Temple of True Dharma. Submissions may be edited for length and content, and all photos should be labeled for prompt return. Send to DBZ, deadline is October 1, 1998. Gassho.



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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1]

Dear Dorris,

Before you showed interest in the Vedanta you were a faithful Christian. But after studying the Vedanta philosophy and meditation practice you had a great experience of deathlessness. So, the latter part of your recent incarnation you lived with the unshakable conviction that Life will never end. You expressed this insight beautifully in the following way:

"That which is called God by the Christians, Jehovah by the Jews, Ultimate Reality by the Hindus, The Buddhmind by the Buddhists, Allah by Mohammedans, and which the Chinese call the Tao—that is the Real Self, and is all-pervading. May we experience that!"

Dear Dorris,

I think this is your Teisho. Though everybody is saying more or less the same thing, when you said it I felt it was so true. You were not quoting from someone's saying but, rather expressing it through your personal insight.

"Taisan, you came all the way from Japan to teach Zen Buddhist Meditation for Americans but, we Americans have not done anything for you. My wife and I talked about it. We would very much like to support your work."

Dear Dorris,

Chester said this at the small apartment on the West side of Manhattan at 3 PM on September 21, 1967. How can I forget that moment. Though this was said to me by your husband, it was clear that both of you had discussed it. Thus New York Zendo Shobo-ji was born in 1968, just four days before your husband departed to "the next room."

In my diary it states, "There is only one condition," Chester said, continuing, "this donation should be anonymous." Also it said, in Chester's words, "If you have a temple in the city it will cost more, so why don't you try to find something outside of the city." I was deeply moved by his humble attitude. I kept your names anonymous for at least two years. But the board of directors wanted to know. So, I told the board and stressed your anonymity, but it leaked. The more one wants not to be known, the more one is known. The more one wants to be known, the less one is known. Like the *Tao Te Ching*, a beautiful paradox. Now, because of your generosity, both Chester and you are internationally known as the benefactors of Dai Bosatsu Zendo and New York Zendo.

"Please come to Rochester, and during the memorial service for Chester, please give a short speech."

Dear Dorris,

I said to you, "Oh no, I will do anything for you but, for this please ask some elder teacher." You said strongly, "I would like you to do it," so I accepted. I went to Rochester with a few people from the Zen Studies Society. We stayed at an inn. My mind was occupied with my forth-coming speech. I did zazen, with a paper and pencil by the side of my seat. I must confess that I wanted to speak impressively. Thoughts came. I examined them carefully. Is it honest, is it true? The answer was no. I sat again. New thoughts came. I questioned them in the same manner. Again, I had to say no. Thus, all night I struggled to give a talk of only a few minutes. When the dawn came I still did not have a clear idea for the speech, but because I sat all night long I had confidence. This was a good lesson for me.

I went to the auditorium of the Xerox corporation. It was packed with thousands of people. A few distinguished people spoke about Chester. At the very end my turn came. I climbed to the stage, and right in front of me were Yasutani Roshi, Suzuki Roshi from the Zen Center of San Francisco, Baker Roshi (then Dick Baker), Aiho and Sylvan Bush. Mr. Yamaguchi, a student of Nyogen Senzaki, began to play the Shakuhachi flute. I was amazingly calm. As you know, we all did Zazen for one minute and I spoke directly to Chester. At the end I struck the bell. The melody of Impossible Dream began. How can I forget that day. It was September 26, 1968.

"This is my quest, to follow that star / No matter how hopeless, no matter how far / To fight for the right without question or pause / To be willing to march into hell for a heavenly cause!"

Dear Dorris,

You told me how Chester and you both liked the musical *Man of La Mancha*, particularly its theme song *The Quest*, (*The Impossible Dream*). You told me that both of you went to see the musical many times and Chester always cried when Don Quixote sang that song. Dorris, do you remember after Chester's departure we went to Broadway together to see *Man of La Mancha*? When *The Quest* began, you grabbed my hand and cried. Perhaps this summoned an intimate memory of Chester, or some mysterious power which cannot be imagined. Nevertheless, that evening I saw another aspect of you.

If someone asks, "What is Mahayana Buddhism?" I would quote these lyrics from *The Quest*.

"Taisan, let's meditate together at least for one hour."

Dear Dorris,

After lighting Misho incense in your house in Rochester, you and I began to do Zazen facing the wall. I remember your beautiful sitting posture. [CONTINUED NEXT PAGE]



Mr. and Mrs. Chester and Dorris Carlson.

We went into the fathomless, boundless state. When I looked at my watch nearly three hours had passed. I struck the bell to finish Zazen and told you that we had just sat for three hours. You said, "Imagine! I thought it was only ten minutes."

"Why don't you come to see me in Rochester?" "For what?" I replied. You said, "Many people say to me that Chester had promised to give funding, thus they come." I said, "I had no such promise." You said, "Please come anyway, Taisan."

Dear Dorris,

Do you remember at that time you said, "Please start a permanent country Zendo where everybody can come and meditate. I will be responsible to provide you with the funds without any conditions. Make it as elegant as possible and it should last a long time. Will you do it?"

On the way back from Rochester I was pale, asking myself, "Can I meet her expectation?" I was almost going to go back to Rochester and say, "Thank you, but I can not do it." However, the Dharma arranged it.

One year passed, during which I ruminated over your proposal. In the mean time, I met Bill Johnstone, former vice-president of Bethlehem Steel Corporation. He had just retired, was in excellent health and had sufficient experience, but had no particular work to do. As his wife Millie was coming to the Zendo, he had some idea of what Zazen was. I went to his apartment near the United Nations and explained the situation. After listening to me silently Bill said, "Taisan, if you like a comfortable life, forget it. If you want to have a meaningful life, do it. I will help you." With

these words I decided to concretize your fund into your wish.

The next year you were in New York, staying at the Regency Hotel on Park Avenue, and in your room after dinner you gave me an envelope, saying, "This is double." I said, "I don't understand what you mean." "Please, open it," you said. I opened it and found twice as much funding as you had already provided for the country Zendo. With such casual manner, with trust and loving compassion, so generously you wanted me to establish a country Zendo where meditation would continue. I truly committed

myself to this historic project, as this was and still is the only way to express my gratitude to you and Chester. Thus, Dai Bosatsu Zendo was born on July 4th, 1976, the Bicentennial Day of the United States of America.

"My head at your feet."

When I even just recall this phrase my eyes become wet. So many times you literally brought your forehead toward my feet. I said, "No, I'm not worthy." You said, "This is my practice, please let me do it." "No," I said. "Please let me do it," you said, and did.

In September 1998, thirty years after your husband's departure, New York Zendo Shobo-ji will celebrate its 30th anniversary at Dai Bosatsu Zendo. You watched the birth and growth of these two Zendos, and upon their completing three decades, this January you walked to "the next room." It has already been 22 years since DBZ was established, and literally thousands upon thousands of people from all over the world have come to sit. So I feel that I have met your expectations.

Both Zendos enshrine photographs of Chester and you, regarding you as *Kaiki*, which means principle benefactors in the establishment of the temples. Every year we commemorate Chester's day, September 19, and from now on we shall do likewise on your day, January 24. Not only for my generation, but for generation after generation this tradition will continue. Your "Impossible Dream" has come true. Now it is my turn to bow and say to you,

"My head at your feet."

From the Board

*Notes from the Annual Meeting of the Zen Studies Society
Board of Directors by Secretary Hozo Willem Pretorius*

ON MARCH 1, 1998, the Board unanimously endorsed a proposal by Eido Roshi to appoint Jiro-san Andy Afable as Vice Abbot of the Zen Studies Society. While emphasizing that he was not retiring as Abbot and Chairman of the Board, Eido Roshi said that the creation of this position was necessary for the future growth of the Society.

A long-time student of Eido Roshi and presently the General Manager of Dai Bosatsu Zendo, Jiro-san will be the first person to hold this position. Eido Roshi suggested that the installation ceremony be held at Dai Bosatsu Zendo on July 4th of this year, the 22nd anniversary of the monastery's dedication. Meanwhile, Jiro-san will gradually take on more responsibilities and undergo training in the ceremonial aspects of Zen practice. To start, he will lead DBZ's shorter sesshins and give Dharma talks even when Eido Roshi is in attendance, and also lead daily Morning Service when Roshi is away.

While he was pleased that the board supported his decision, Eido Roshi added that he expects the Sangha also to acknowledge and support Jiro-san in his new position as Vice Abbot.

The Board wishes to express its deep gratitude to Eido Roshi for his decision to continue his dedicated work on behalf of the Zen Studies Society, the Sangha and, most importantly, the Buddha Dharma. The Board also congratulates Jiro-san and offers its support on this challenging new path.

At the same meeting, a vacancy on the Board was filled by the election of Rev. Denko John Mortensen as its newest member. The seven member Board now consists of Eido Roshi, Chairman and Abbot; Jiro-san Andy Afable, Vice Abbot; Zenshin Richard Rudin, President; Hozo Wilkie Pretorius, Secretary and Treasurer; and Aiho-san Y. Shimano, Jikei Jean Bankier, and Denko John Mortensen as members.



The installation ceremony for Vice Abbot Jiro Osho Andy Afable (left) will take place Saturday July 4, 1998. To attend, please call Dai Bosatsu Zendo.

New York Zendo Shobo-ji 30th Anniversary



Eido Shimano Roshi (Tai-san) and Chester Carlson in front of New York Zendo Shobo-ji, September 15, 1968.

ON MANHATTAN ISLAND, September 15, 1968 New York Zendo Shobo-ji was dedicated with one intense wish: Let True Dharma Continue. Even after 30 years, Soen Roshi's haiku for the occasion glows with the auspiciousness of the that Sunday's event:

*Cleared up
Boundless sky of Japan
Now in America*

Of those who gave their inspired energy to insure that this Temple of True Dharma would continue, many are now gone. Yet Soen Roshi, Yasutani Roshi, Chester and Dorris Carlson, Bill and Millie Johnstone, Korin Sylvan Busch, Chigetsu Ruth Lilienthal, and others are still very much with us—each year, every step, every breath. Their devoted concern, and the untiring efforts of Eido Roshi and Aiho-san, with the help of the Shobo-ji Sangha and friends, combine to make New York Zendo an wellspring of energy, an oasis for the urban Dharma traveler.

The 30th Anniversary of New York Zendo will be held at Dai Bosatsu Zendo from Tuesday evening, September 8, to Sunday, September 13. Sogen Yamakawa Roshi and the Shogen-ji monks will also join our Sesshin, offering their attentive concern and spirit to this very special occasion. Those who cannot attend Sesshin we encourage to join the Anniversary ceremony and celebration the morning of the 13th. Free round-trip chartered bus service will be provided from New York Zendo the same day (see bulletin).

For thirty years we have practiced at Shobo-ji. As the Zen saying goes, we shall *Practice thirty more years.*

Namu Dai Bosa.

Your Vow Is Our Vow

Aiho-san's address at Tendo's ordination, April 12, 1998.

IS THIS THE LITTLE BOY I met at the Shobo-ji entrance on Thursday night August 26, 1993?

Is this the blond-haired American with blue jeans and rucksack hanging on his shoulder on that day?

Is this Tim Lacy, who practiced together with us day after day, Sesshin after Sesshin at Shobo-ji?

I am very pleased and happy to attend your ordination ceremony with your relatives, friends, Dai Bosatsu Sangha and Shobo-ji Sangha. Ever since you decided to become a Buddhist monk I have been watching you silently, as I didn't want to initiate curious rumors among the Sangha. In fact, I prayed for you everyday that you would make it safely here today.

You were born, brought up, educated and have been wandering for 35 years in the United States of America. I am sure that you have not had a very easy time explaining to others why an American man is becoming a Zen Buddhist monk. Sometimes, I assume, you had strong attachment to the usual American lifestyle. Other times, I am sure, you felt apprehensive about your future. Nonetheless, your determination was strong enough to terminate your job, vacate your apartment and abandon your city life. You have overcome all these. This is the renunciation of Tim Lacy.

I congratulate you for your brave decision and strong thought toward the Dharma. Now you have become a new citizen in Buddha's land and hanging on your shoulder is the Dharma rucksack that is quite heavy, as it contains "Let True Dharma Continue."

You said, "I give my life to the Buddha, Dharma and Sangha." Very good Tendo, but the Buddha, Dharma and Sangha took the initiative to give their lives to you. When Eido Roshi left Japan, about the time you were born, to come to the States for Dharma work, Roshi's teacher Soen Roshi said to him, "If you give yourself to the Dharma, Dharma will give itself to you." You have entrusted your life to Eido Roshi's Dharma work, thus following Buddha's Way.

Tendo, look. I've never seen such a concentrated, strong and sincere ordination ceremony. You have a very rare and wonderful teacher who understands Dharma, speaks English, is friendly and also quite funny. You have a harmonious Dai Bosatsu Zendo Sangha here, and many New York Zendo Sangha have expressed their friendship by coming all the way from the City to be here today. You also have good relatives and friends. But most importantly your late mother accompanies you. You have snowflakes, full moon, flowers and a beautiful sunny day. Things go well and they are in order. These are the energy to support you. In other words, what I am saying is that Dharma has given itself to you already and always. This is not only your virtue, but virtue of Dharma and the readiness of time. That is the greatest vow for all, which you chant everyday:

Butsu Do Mu Jo Sei Gan Jo

However endless the Buddha's Way is, I vow to follow it.

Your vow is our vow. As Soen Roshi's haiku says:

Aozora ni

waga gan tsukizu

Aki tsukizu

Endless is my vow

Boundless Autumn Sky

Blue heaped upon blue

Tendo, let's walk together, hand in hand on this wondrous Path of Mandala.

Gassho.

Aiho Yasuko Shimano



Just Sit

Kokin Andrea Masters

THOUGH ZAZEN PRACTICE WORKS its many subtle effects into our lives in a multitude of ways, it is sometimes during life's crises that we most feel its profound benefits. That at least has been the case for me. I am grateful for the ways zazen practice has centered me, calmed me, brought me into better contact with myself and the world. I am equally grateful for the sesshins I have done and the ways in which such concentrated intense zazen has enriched me spiritually. But there have been a few times when zazen has saved me from a serious emotional trouble, and the aftermath of my mother's death was one such time.

The death of a loved one is difficult for everyone. But some deaths are harder than others to bear, and four years ago when my own mother died, I thought for a while that I didn't want to live either. I had a complicated, intense relationship with my mother, full of not only many good things but also bad things as well. We had a particularly close but troubled relationship, and neither of us really knew how to detach from one another in a healthy, mature way. Therefore, the prospect of death and a final separation (at least in this life) was even even more difficult.

It was while tending to my mother and watching her life slowly ebb that I decided to take *Jukai*, Lay Buddhist Precepts. Facing my mother's death (and of course my own) I knew that I had to go deeper in my search for understanding. For reasons that are not necessary to go into here (and for reasons that I do not yet completely understand anyway), my mother's death turned my life and my sense of things upside down. I felt the ground disappear beneath me. *Jukai* was a raft in an unknown sea. I had no particular logical or rational reason to take *Jukai*, I just knew that I had to, I had to deepen my commitment to zazen and the Buddha's way.

I had been an intermittent Zen student for over fifteen years. I never had any Zen teacher other than Eido Roshi and I wasn't looking for another teacher. My only serious allegiance with a Zen center had been with DBZ and Shobo-ji. My zazen practice and my relationships with some people in the Zen community had enriched my life immeasurably over the years—I had been given so much: sesshin, extraordinarily beautiful times at the monastery, the Sangha, important escapes from my life in NEW YORK CITY, a place to sit unencumbered by the city. I owed something to DBZ and to Roshi. DBZ had always been there for me. It was time to give something back.

My mother died a few months before Harvest/*Jukai* Sesshin in November, 1994, and I was overcome with misery and sorrow. I thought that doing sesshin and taking *Jukai* would help me gain insight into this endless cycle of birth and death, and I went to sesshin expecting a miracle.

The first few days of sesshin were terrible. All my great plans of uniting more deeply with the Dharma disappeared. I just wanted to go home, to get away from the grief, to go to the movies, travel, run. I didn't want to sit on a mountain and struggle with the pain of my mother's death. Roshi's counsel to me was, "focus on the sesshin," which was exactly what I couldn't do, and at first his words only made me more miserable. I had often relied on Roshi's wisdom, compassion, and humor, and thought he was being insensitive. Only later was I able to see how much help and support he indeed was giving me. But I wanted comfort, solace.

I wanted to *do* something about death—make it go away, talk to others. I didn't want to just sit, just be. That seemed too inhuman, too detached. I couldn't grasp how someone could be there one day and then gone the next—my mother, or anyone else for that matter. The person sitting next to me in sesshin, everyone I cared for, everyone in the entire world would die and I couldn't stand it. It was colossally unfair. I obsessed over the question: How can a human being who is the result of millions of evolutionary, psychological, and cultural forces and who has been intricately intertwined in so many others lives, one day, just cease, just end? How does *something* become *nothing*, and so quickly? Death made no sense to me. Death was the ultimate cruel joke.

I desperately wanted to leave. It was only my pride that made me stay, but I also didn't want to disrupt or undermine the commitment of the other *Jukai* participants by leaving. So, tearfully and joylessly I sat. The weather was cold and dark and rainy, like my soul, but I stayed and I sat and I struggled. The world around me was preparing for death, for winter, and that was all I could think about. Death.

By the third day of sesshin something began to shift. My grief became like the bass section in an orchestra, always present but not so easy to identify. I began to notice other things. I could smell how pure the air was. The wind in the trees moved with an ancient eternal rhythm (or so it seemed to my sesshin mind) and I kept thinking of the koan (though it was not my koan): Where does wind come from? The incense that I had smelled dozens of times before was sweeter, richer than I remembered.

The fourth day of sesshin I remarked how good the coffee was, how imaginative and delicious the food was, how the bells and gongs reverberated in the early morning hours, how inspiring the teisho was if I just listened carefully. Just sitting was no longer quite so turbulent. My zazen became clearer. I didn't want to leave anymore; besides, I realized, there was no place to go.

Toward the end of sesshin I took a solitary walk in Sangha meadow, a place where I had walked countless times. The phrase "everything that has been shall be again" kept going through my mind. Maybe someday I would be buried in Sangha meadow and *(CONTINUED NEXT PAGE)*

my daughter would walk near my grave and think all the thoughts I was thinking. For a short while there was no separation between me and the trees, the earth, my fellow sesshin participants, between the dead and the living. For a short while I had a glimpse that everything was as it should be. Joy and sorrow, birth and death were inextricably combined in my heart. There could not be one without the other. For a short while I felt free but, at the same time, very close to my mother. She was there somewhere. For a short while, I felt close to all departed Dharma brothers and sisters (though I knew none of them when they were alive). Something in them continued in us and something of us would continue in others just as the rain that comes from a cloud enters the earth and finds its way through the root of a tree and into the leaves.

Just sitting for seven days instead of running from my pain made me see death not as something quite so horrible, but as something that is part of a much larger cycle. Birth, death, rebirth. I looked forward to the Jukai ceremony. I looked forward to taking vows with my other Dharma sisters and brothers in order that we might move together along this mysterious path. And just as the frost was getting ready to descend on the lake and the mountains, so would spring return and in a matter of months, Dai Bosatsu mountain would be, once again, green and flooded with wild flowers.

Kokin has been practicing at both Shobo-ji and DBZ for a number of years. She lives in Manhattan.

Letter from Shogen-ji

Rev. Seigan Ed Glassing

After nearly 4 years in Japan, Seigan was in New York briefly in early March, paying both DBZ and Shobo-ji very cordial visits. He has returned to Shogen-ji to continue his practice.

Dear Aiho-san,

I arrived in Japan safely on Monday night and now I am back at Shogen-ji.

I want to express my thanks for giving me tea and offering sit at Shobo-ji. It was very beautiful in the zendo and a very nice atmosphere.

I hope that you had a nice birthday, I'm sorry I could not make it. Overall, my trip to America was like medicine for my body and mind. Being in Japan has made me appreciate *shugyo* (practice) at Shobo-ji and Dai Bosatsu Zendo.

I look forward to returning to America. Until then, and until we meet again, do take care of yourself.

Gassho,
Seigan
March 13, 1998

Introduction to Zen: Part II

Continued from the last Newsletter, a Dharma talk given by Rev. Denko John Mortensen at DBZ's Introduction to Zen Weekend Workshop, April 19, 1997. Denko is from Denmark, was ordained in 1980 and frequently attends Sesshin at DBZ.

FOR ME, THE KEY TO MY ZAZEN was another Chinese story:

A monk asked the Zen Master, "I just came to the monastery. What should I do?"

The Zen master called the monk's name: "Denko?"

"Yes."

"What is this?"

What is this?

So, the monk went and did zazen, eighteen years later he came back with an answer.

But to me, the key feeling of zazen is the question, "What is this?" because that put me right here right now.

I have pain in my knees: What is this?

What is this? What is this? What is this?

It activates you, wakes you up. Zazen seems very passive from outside, but it's a very active state. So, 'what is this?' is my key. Each one of us has to find our own key.

Now if I use this key to describe the process of what usually happens when you do Zen training: We have a person or a being with a question: What is this? But after some time, after a month, some years, some lifetimes, these two things at some point fuse. So now you just have a question-being. Then, after a while, after some hours, after some days, something flips, and the question-being now is also the answer-being. This what we call kensho or awakening. So in one sense you are just awakening to the question 'What is This?' So the question 'What is This?' is now the answer 'What is This?'. Now we are beyond logic, of course. But this can describe the process of what we are trying to get to with Zen training. And what is the end result?

From the *Hekigan Roku*:

A monk asked Hogen, "My name is Etcho. I ask you what is the Buddha?"

Hogen said, "You are Etcho."

So, to translate this into western Christianity: Bob went to New York City to have an audience with Cardinal O'Connor. Bob presented himself, "My name is Bob. Please tell me, what is the Savior?"

Card O'Connor said, "You are Bob."

So, Bob was saved. Etcho was emancipated. Right?

As you can see from the story about Eka cutting off his left arm, real pressure, real desperation is needed at some point to get to this. We don't normally have this in the beginning of Zen training. Some people develop that, some don't.

Well, basically that is a quick and dirty overview of Zen training. Are there any questions?

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Kundun: The Movie & The Book

Sokko Nick Proferes

THUBTEN GYATSO, THE THIRTEENTH DALAI LAMA, secular and spiritual leader of Tibet for thirty-eight years, made an ominous prediction in his last political testament: "In my lifetime conditions will be as they are now, peaceful and quiet. But the future holds darkness and misery. I have warned you of these things." In December of 1933, at the age of fifty-eight the Thirteenth Dalai Lama 'returned to the Heavenly Fields.' An intensive search for the 14th incarnation of the Buddha ensued, ending at a small farmhouse in a remote village in northeastern Tibet, where a precocious two-year-old, Lhamo Dhondup, passed a series of tests administered by a group of high lamas, headed by Kesarng Rinpoche, Abbot of Lhasa's Sera Monastery.

Kundun, the formal title of the Dalai Lama, means Presence (of the Buddha), and is the title of a recent film directed by Martin Scorsese which depicts the spiritual coming of age of the Fourteenth Dalai Lama; from his discovery; to his investiture at the age of four; to his forced maturity both as a statesman and a spiritual leader; to his flight into exile in 1959 at age twenty-four. The film's screenplay by Melissa Mathison was written with the full cooperation of His Holiness the Dalai Lama. The film is more of a prose poem than a straight forward narrative, evoking powerfully the presence of the spiritual in the world of form, with a helping hand from the original musical score by Philip Glass.

Determined to make an intimate film that would have an authentic emotional resonance running through it, Scorsese cast native Tibetans, none of whom were professional actors, with some key roles assigned to actual members of the Dalai Lama's family. "The Tibetans moved and thought a certain way - they absorb the spirituality, and they project it... The spirituality emanates from their belief - they are doing it for real. The ceremonies are real. Whether you believe in religion or not, there's something special about it, it's genuine."

The part of the Dalai Lama was played by four different boys, aged 2, 5, 12, and 18. Remarkably believable and moving performances were given by all four. I found the five-year old to be especially fascinating, with a spiritual presence that was palpable. It was later I found out that this boy has been recognized as a high incarnate.

One takes away many haunting images from this film, and many of them are of faces; the anxious faces of the lamas during the testing, when the two year old chooses the wrong walking stick momentarily, then their joyous smiles as he exchanges it for the right one; the faces of the mother and father when they realize their son is the 14th Dalai

Lama; the tremendous sorrow on the face of the mature Kundun standing in a sea of bodies of dead monks, slaughtered by the Chinese - a recurring dream for Kundun.

The film begins with the meticulous creation of a sand mandala; its destruction is later inter-cut with the Dalai Lamas treacherous flight to India and to exile. Creation and destruction - impermanence - is a fact of life, but it is difficult to apply this knowledge with equanimity to a place like Tibet, which for much of the world, whether Buddhist or not, was a place that existed for the nurturing of man's highest spiritual aspirations, and was now being destroyed by an ideology that did not acknowledge that spirit and was determined to eradicate every vestige of religious feeling with genocidal efficiency. It is a painful journey for an audience; to participate in the joy and expectation that was expressed at the beginning of the film, then see it collide with the pain and sorrow of the young Kundun when he is forced to flee the invading Chinese Army; to be with him when he reaches the border of India, 'in a daze of sickness and weariness and unhappiness deeper than I can express.'

This last quote is from Kundun, a well documented biography of the family of the Dalai Lama by Mary Craig with a forward by His Holiness. It contains a more detailed account of the years depicted in the film, including an in depth look at the Dalai Lama's remarkable family; and continues up to the present. It is unsparing in its unmasking of the intrigue, perfidy, greed, cowardice and evil that surrounded the Dalai Lama, both in Tibet and amongst the Western governments which turned their back on him during the most crucial time.

What shines through in both the film and the book, is the goodness of the man. "I can curse and rave in private but I do not allow hatred to rise in my heart. I tell myself constantly that whatever the Chinese have done, maybe it is not their fault. If I ever allow myself to believe that such and such a person does not deserve happiness, then my bodhisattva vow would be broken."

A poem written by Tendzin Choegyal, the younger brother of the Dalai Lama, offers us a way to view the events surrounding his family and Tibet, and indeed, to the events surrounding all our lives:



*He [the Buddha] gave us the gift
of the path called dharma
that opens our eyes
to perceive the world with joy.*

*Sokko teaches film making at
Columbia University. In 1994
he received Jukai from Eido Roshi
at DBZ. He lives in Astoria and
continues his practice as Jikijitsu
at New York Zendo Shobu-ji.*

Unofficial Views of Being

Andrew Pawelczak

I CAME TO ZEN ORIGINALLY via the path of many young men of my generation, the Beat writers, particularly Kerouac and Ginsberg and Snyder. For me, the Way was route 66 before the super-highways, and in one particularly active year I hitchhiked back and forth across the country six times from the Lower East Side to North Beach in San Francisco (this was before Haight Ashbury) all the while imagining myself a homeless itinerant bhikshu. Years later I met Neal Cassidy, the trickster hero of Kerouac's *On the Road*, in a Chinese restaurant in San Francisco and he claimed to remember me from a brief meeting in a truck stop in Indiana as I was thumbing west and he was heading east. Who knows?

My first experience of real Zen, outside of books, came in the Ch'an Buddhist temple of Tripitaka master Hsuan-Hua in San Francisco. Hsuan-Hua, who was the dharma-heir of the legendary Hsu-Yun, the Ch'an teacher of one of the last Chinese emperors, was driven out of China by Mao—though his political views were not reactionary—and found a safe berth in San Francisco where I met him in the early sixties. He was installed in a small parlor floor temple in a broken-down Victorian house on Webster St. in the Fillmore district; the rest of the house, divided up into sparsely furnished rooms, was occupied by various seekers of the way: Gurdjievians, Zen practitioners from the San Francisco Zen Center around the corner, and an occult-minded abstract expressionist painter who seemed to be always working on a huge, mostly white picture that he called *Moby Dick*. Up until then, Zen to me was a handful of poetic anecdotes and accounts of the far-out dadaistic gestures of some 8th century wild-men sages, and my favorite Zen master/bodhisattva was Harpo Marx, whom I fondly thought of as breaking apart the piano in order to get at the celestial harp inside. But Hsuan-Hua was something else—the real thing, and I can't forget.

For a young iconoclast on the very cusp of the sixties counter-cultural rebellion, Zen was related to Wallace Stevens' definition of poetry as an "unofficial view of being"—it challenged and subverted conventional ways of thinking and the official world-view that got us into Vietnam. Zen was a way of getting out from under the suffocating shroud of habit, conformity, convention, ideology—it was a drug-free way of cleansing the doors of perception, a way of seeing what the Japanese call the *inochi*, the life-integrity, of each individual thing; in short, it was a way of breathing again, metaphorically speaking. I suppose I still hold these views somewhat, but I've since found out that Zen is literally a way of breathing, a way of living one breath at a time, and that breath is the umbilical cord to the sacred.

I lived in Hsuan-Hua's temple for a year and then for various no-doubt karmic reasons disconnected from formal, institutional Zen for many years until I landed at New York Zendo Shobo-ji. Eido Roshi's style of teaching is very different from Hsuan-Hua's—whose Zen had a strong Chinese inflection and stressed observance of the precepts—but when I first saw Roshi at morning service chanting the Heart Sutra I had an overwhelming *deja vu* sense of homecoming. Roshi emphasizes *zazen* and *Mu*-practice over everything else, and at my first *sesshin* I didn't think I'd make it. When I said to Roshi that I thought I was perhaps too old for rigorous 12-hour *zazen*, he replied that he was ten years older, and that silenced me. When I found that I had actually survived the *sesshin*, I was elated and wrote in my journal:

*All night I dreamed of a gentle rain.
When I woke up in the morning,
water was dripping from the ceiling—
a broken steam pipe somewhere upstairs.
Spent the morning mopping up actuality—
a fitting conclusion to the weekend's Zen.*

That first *sesshin* was an auspicious beginning, but of course there's been backsliding since then. Pain in *zazen* is an unavoidable given, and sometimes I feel like the princess and the pea—even with two pillows, I feel as if I'm sitting on concrete. There's also spiritual and emotional pain, those moments of self-confrontation and aloneness when you feel the final desolateness of life, but those sittings aren't the least valuable; in fact, they may be the most valuable. At those moments, I think of the conclusion of Yeats' poem, "The Circus Animals' Desertion."



A Shobo-ji member and frequent Sesshin participant for five years, Andy teaches in a community college and lives in a Brooklyn storefront. He likes to do zazen, and go to the movies.

The poet feels blocked, and after discussing his earlier poems, inspirations, samadhis, and great mythological themes and characters, he says:

*Now that my ladder's gone,
I must lie down where all the ladders start,
In the foul rag-and-bone shop of the heart.*

My second zazen break-through took place last year. After four years of practice, it finally occurred to me that sitting *wasn't* just sitting—you have to sit with ardor, with passion. When I told this to Eido Roshi during dokusan, he said that this day was my Buddhist birthday. Shih-T'ao (1642-1707), a Ch'ing Dynasty painter and Buddhist monk, said about his work:

*Even if my brush does not resemble a brush,
and my ink does not resemble ink,
and my painting does not resemble painting,
I make sure that my self is always present in my work.*

Gassho.

[INTRODUCTION TO ZEN, CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

Q. So all this is nothing?

A. All this is nothing? Truly, no one has anything to give you. No one has anything to teach you. What I feel happening in zazen is slowly digesting your life, digesting your ideas, your knowledge, which in this tradition we call delusions. Thereby slowly purifying your mind and your heart. So truly you're gaining nothing, you're just losing stuff.

Q. What in your opinion is the point of all the ritual?

A. You can look at it two ways. On one side it's a nice distraction. On another side, it's just to confuse you. If you look at the chants, instead of saying "I'm washing my feet," or "Pancakes and scrambled eggs," they are trying to expand it a little more for regular people, so to speak.

The bells and clappers and all that stuff, and the preciseness of things, I find these help us live a life together as a group without interfering too much with each other. We don't have to talk. We don't have to fight over when to get up because everything is clearly defined beforehand. So everyone can live in their own struggle with This. That's one part of it. The briskness of it, I find is also important, that's part of the Rinzai tradition: brisk, sharp and precise. Just as brisk and sharp as "I am washing my feet," or "Pancakes and scrambled eggs."

Q. Why is Buddha Dharma becoming more popular in the west?

A. I guess there's something missing in what we have, or used to have. Christianity is more like a belief; some true spirituality is missing. I don't know why, but that's one rea-

son. How come there's Buddhism in the west?

Q. Did you find "What is this?" to be the something special for you right away?

A. I think this question is kind of a universal or all-round koan, so to speak. What is this? Anyone can use this. It can be "What am I?" It can be the question: "What happens when I die?" It's all part of "What is this?" Anything you look at is part of "What is This?"

It keeps me awake when I'm doing zazen. That's not always what you want. Sometime you want to take a nap.

It's an eternal question, and eventually it becomes an eternal answer too, of course.

Q. After practicing zazen for years and years, is there a point where your mind just stops?

A. I hope not. What you will see happening more and more often is that you kind of exhaust your normal thought processes. So, after having done zazen for some time, some months some years, sooner or later, some of you will find yourself just sitting. That is ideal sitting, and in one sense that is the end result of all this: to be able to sit down and just sit. Another way of looking at it is that at that point, your mind is more active than ever before. But now we are confusing little mind and big mind, and getting into all kind of philosophy.

Q. I find my mind wandering because it is afraid of nothingness.

A. If "nothingness" doesn't exist then there is nothing to be afraid of. If "nothingness" does exist then there is nothing to be afraid of because there is nothing you can do about it. I don't know whether that helped. A lot of times we are afraid of something, but if you really think about it, it doesn't really make sense to be afraid because we cannot do anything about it; it is going to happen anyway. So why waste our energy being afraid.

Fear is often what is blocking your progress.

Nirvana means *extinction*. We are trying to reach Nirvana, i.e. extinction, but it is just the extinction of nonsense, so don't be afraid.

Q. "Emptiness" and "nothingness" are in the west considered negative

A. Emptiness is a positive thing. Nothingness is a positive thing. Like I said it means "extinction of nonsense." Once you get rid of your deluded ideas you are in emptiness—how wonderful, how peaceful!

Q. What importance does reading or studying have compared to practice?

A. Reading is important for several reasons. It can give you a new perspective. By reading and practicing, practicing and reading you get a new understanding of what you are reading. But reading without practicing can be tricky because Zen stories are confusing if you don't come to a place like this and go through the training. It is also very easy to get the idea that you understand the more traditional texts like sutras after reading [CONTINUED NEXT PAGE]

them about ten times. That is called "knowledge" which is the same as delusion. So, practice is very important; a good balance of these two.

Q. Is there something in between now and eternity or infinity?

A. Show me infinity and I will tell you. *Infinity* is a concept, *now* is "What is This?"

Q. Do you ever get frustrated answering questions like this?

A. No, this is the purpose of my being a monk, trying to help others understand the way, understand what they are doing. How can that be frustrating?

Q. Well, there seems to be a strong American tendency to spend a lot more time on words and much less on practice.

A. Well, that is your problem. You have the opportunity to practice but I don't get frustrated if you don't practice—YOU get frustrated if you don't practice.

Q. Do you see Zen as an end in itself or is it a process?

A. It is a process; why would you want an end? Extinction, annihilation, nothingness - why do you want an end? We are here now and this is it. We are here now; you cannot fall out of "here and now," you can not escape the "here and now." "The end," if you project this training into the future (now we are philosophizing of course) to another "here now"—it is just another "here now," ever identical, ever changing.

Q. One of the attractions of Zen is that it is very much "here now," it is very much grounded in "This is it," but every now and then I have seen in my readings that we are supposed to discover our "True Nature" or "essence" outside our body.

A. Outside your body?

Q. That is what I am asking you. It sounds other-worldly, something outside of the "here and now" something much more metaphysical?

A: One reason I like the "What is This?" is that you have this to work with and you have this as the end result as well. When you find your essence or your true nature or whatever you want to call it, you will find that it was there all the time and it was always just "What is This?" So you are not gaining anything, you are not discovering anything new, you are just dropping some stupid ideas. It sounds like a *metaphysical-outside-of-ourselves-thing*, but it is breaking the barriers we set up within ourselves by our thinking.

Q. You talked about our delusions and some of the ideas we might try, what might some of those be?

A: The idea that Buddha nature is something you don't have right now? This is kind of a tricky thing to say because we cannot just drop this idea, and that is where the whole process of *zazen*—of Zen training come in: if we push, if we practice, something *will happen* eventually. My view of Zen Buddhism is that it is fully automatic: maybe in five years, maybe in five billion years, we will all get to this point, we will all be so-called enlightened. I don't like the word

"enlightened." I like "awakened" to the "What is This?" So it's fully automatic, you don't really have to do much, but the more you push the faster you will get there. You do have to get to the desperation at some point, where you are ready to cut off your left arm and really exhaust your thinking, because This is beyond thinking. Our normal way of thinking cannot answer a lot of questions: "Where do I come from?" "What happens when I die?" "What am I?" "What is This?" Consequently we get more and more frustrated, we get more desperate and at some point our mind just burns out, so to speak. This is the moment where the questioner and the question fuses and then it is just a matter of time until something flips and instead of being a question-being you are an answer-being and you then have a so-called limitless mind—the barriers are gone and you know this: "Hey, I was Bob all along!"

Of course you were.

Q. Do you think it is harder for westerners?

A: No, the other side this being fully automatic is that it is not difficult at all. It is just a matter of whether you want it or not—whether you need it or not. If you really want this, if you really need this, it will happen. So it is more of an individual thing. It doesn't matter whether you are from the East or the West.

Q. The reason I asked is that it seems that we westerners have to give up a certain way of thinking.

A: You probably have an idealistic idea about what Japanese people are thinking. I was really surprised when I went to Japan. I ran into a bunch of young people and they asked me why I was in Japan. I said that I was going to study Zen Buddhism. They said, "Zen Buddhism? What is that?" They had never heard the word before. So we know more about Zen than an average Japanese person.

Q. You talk about knowledge as delusion. If I hadn't gone to school and learned certain things, I wouldn't be sitting here right now. I just wonder about the place of knowledge in the tradition; do you have certain ideas for a while and then they evolve?

A: Zen Buddhism is direct experience. Knowledge is something someone else told you; knowledge is belief. You read a book about physics, that is not science. You can believe it or not. Newton, now that was Zen: he got hit in the head by an apple. That is real science. That was not knowledge but then he told other people about it and now it is knowledge. We have science and religion and traditionally science is knowledge, religion is belief. But actually it is the other way around. Religion as far as Zen is concerned is direct experience of what is and what is not. Knowledge about Zen Buddhism? I don't think there is such a thing. To me it is a lot like explaining colors to a blind person: It doesn't matter how well you explain colors, a blind person will never understand. On the other hand if due to an operation or some miracle this blind person could suddenly see, then everything about colors suddenly would make sense.

So, you have so-called knowledge or science of Zen Buddhism. The reason I call this delusion is because it is just like trying to explain colors to a blind person: if you haven't had the experience it doesn't make any sense. You think it makes sense because you are a group of people that agrees that it makes sense, but that is just a group of people agreeing on something. Am I offending you, or is this clear?

You all come here for different reasons but really what we do here all evolves around sitting in that hall over there (the zendo). That is what it is all about. So hopefully by the time you leave here tomorrow you will have some urge to "sit down and do nothing" for a little while every day.

New York Zendo Shobo-ji News

1998, the Year of Tiger has begun with strong chanting energy. Over 120 attended the New Years Eve event: Zazen, chanting and striking the gong for wishing peace and health for this year. We are now facing toward the tiger.

There is a saying that Tiger runs 1000 miles and comes back 1000 miles. This year, Shobo-ji will celebrate its 30th anniversary. Indeed, Shobo-ji runs over 10,000 days practice. Let's practice 10,000 days more with strong True Dharma energy.

Congratulations Tendo Tim Lacy

On April 12, Easter Sunday, the last day of Holy Days Sesshin, Tendo's ordination ceremony took place at Dai Bosatsu Zendo. He became a Zen Buddhist monk, taking the monk's name *Kodo*. As a Shobo-ji member he has practiced over four years with a sincere attitude and has been very active in various officer positions and in Zen Studies projects. On the ordination day many New York Zendo Sangha attended to support his determination. We will miss him but are pleased and proud of him. We sincerely hope that he will carry the spirit of "Let True Dharma Continue" as an American Zen Monk under Eido Roshi's guidance. Congratulations!

Congratulations Zenshin Richard Rudin

On March 14, at New York Zendo Shobo-ji, Zenshin Richard Rudin's Lay Ordination was performed by Eido Roshi. The Zen Studies Society board members attended. He has practiced over 25 years and at last his long-time dream has come true.

Thanks

During January and February, while Eido Roshi was away in Japan, Rev. Doshin Gendo David Schubert stayed at Shobo-ji to help Aiho-san with many Zendo Dharma activities including small repairs and painting, as well as attending daily Zazen meetings. He was so helpful to Shobo-ji and Aiho-san's burden. His cheerful attitude and work energy are a great contribution, not only to Shobo-ji, but to the Buddha Dharma.

During last Thanksgiving holiday, Mr. George Hill contributed his skill to replace the deck of the Garden. The new deck is beautiful and waits for all the seasons to come to the Shobo-ji Garden.

Kyoshin's Class

Starting this year, once a month, we have the Dharma class entitled "Points of Departure" by Kyoshin, Jacques Van Engel. In spite of his heavy work schedule, he has been giving wonderful and inspiring talks each month which awake us all.

Schedule Changes

Because of the recent plans for New York Zendo's 30th Anniversary Sesshin at Dai Bosatsu Zendo, there are several changes in Shobo-ji's Autumn schedule. We regret any inconvenience this has caused. For the latest information, please see the attached bulletin. These changes will also appear on the monthly calendars at Shobo-ji's main desk.



Rev. Doshin David Schubert has acclimated himself to the scale and pace of Shobo-ji and New York City. He will begin his practice at Shogen-ji monastery in Japan in the Spring of 1999.

Dai Bosatsu Zendo Kongo-ji News

Ven. Eido Roshi Appoints Jiro-san Fernando Afable as Vice-Abbot

Eido Roshi marks this period in DBZ's history as a transition period. As always, he takes a "macro-view," thereby assuring a strong future for Buddha-Dharma in America. Roshi cited "the readiness of time" when he appointed Jiro-san as Vice-Abbot of the Zen Studies Society. Jiro-san has been practicing under Roshi's guidance for the past twenty-five years and was acknowledged as a Zen teacher by Roshi. He has also been the General Manager and *Fusuryo* (Treasurer) at DBZ since 1993. Jiro Osho, as he is now known, conducts daily Morning Service when Roshi is away from DBZ, and gives Dharma talks at Sesshin. The official installation ceremony will be conducted by Eido Roshi on July 4, 1998, during Anniversary Sesshin. Everyone is welcome to attend the ceremony. Please contact DBZ for details.

Venerable Eido Roshi

Eido Roshi continued his energetic Dharma schedule throughout the Winter interim, and he continued to polish and perfect a new Sutra book to be published in the summer, and which he will dedicate to the memory of his parents.

Eido Roshi has been working again with Charles Vacher, translating more of Dogen's *Shobogenzo*, namely *Shoji* (Samsara) and *Yui Butsu Yo Butsu* into French and English. They traveled to Eihei-ji (temple founded by Dogen and headquarters of Japan's Soto school of Zen) to get permission to make reproductions from the xylograph held there for the book to be published in 1999.

In late January and early February Eido Roshi traveled to Japan to teach at Shogen Junior College and present several lectures to the public. And again in April, Roshi went to Japan to attend Sogen Yamakawa Roshi's installation ceremony as the Abbot of Shogen-ji. Roshi conducted a lecture in Hirosaki on Mandala Day, April 21. Hirosaki is where Nyogen Senzaki was born. Karmically it was the most appropriate day for him to be there.

Also, at the request of Fuji Xerox Corporation in Tokyo, he gave a talk about Chester and Dorris Carlson entitled *The Quest, The Impossible Dream*.

Roshi will conduct a Sesshin in Zurich, Switzerland from August 19 to 24. In November he travels to the Shambala Centre in Nova Scotia to conduct a "Zen Weekend." This program was organized by two of Roshi's earliest students, who continued their training under the late Chogyam Trungpa Rinpoche. With this "Zen Weekend" the Dharma connection is strengthened.

Even with all this global Dharma work, Roshi of course continues to travel between DBZ and Shobo-ji, inexhaustibly committed to the perpetuation of this great Rinzai Zen tradition. "Indeed, Rome was not built in one day," Roshi explains.



Eido Shimano Roshi ordains Tendo Kodo Tim Lacy on Easter Sunday morning, beginning 1000 days training at Dai Bosatsu Zendo.

Daien Hifu George Burch

On December 8, 1997, the final day of Rohatsu Sesshin and the morning of Shakyamuni Buddha's Enlightenment, Daien George Burch was ordained a Rinzai Zen Buddhist monk at Dai Bosatsu Zendo. He took the monk's name *Hifu*, meaning "Compassionate Wind." Daien has been a student of Eido Roshi's for over eighteen years and has been instrumental in many vital Zen Studies Society projects, such as the roof replacement fund raising and future financial planning. He lives in Concorde, Massachusetts where he heads a software firm.

Tendo Kodo Timothy Lacy

On April 12, 1998, Easter Sunday, the final day of Holy Days Sesshin, Tendo Tim Lacy took full ordination vows from Eido Roshi and Aihosan to become a Rinzai Zen Buddhist monk. He received the monk's name *Kodo* which means "Way of Light." This ceremony followed the most traditional Rinzai Zen format of any ordination yet conducted by Roshi at DBZ. Tendo and Zen-san Yuzen Hiromi Suzuki, Tendo's spiritual guardian, donated special instruments which will be used at ceremonial events like Segaki. Pairs of inkin bells, drums and cymbals were played, adding an extraordinary dimension to this unique ordination. Over ninety people, including Sesshin participants, Shobo-ji Sangha and Tendo's family and friends gathered to witness the event.

Spring Kessei/Ango

On April 2, DBZ commenced Spring Kessei/Ango 1998. The officers for this training period are: Ven. Eido Shimano Roshi, Tanto; Yuzen Zenji Hiromi Suzuki, Jikijitsu; Marcel Urech, Jokei and Shikaryo; Kinzan Zenji Chris Pallm, Jisharyo; Ippo Koji Marc Hendler, Assistant Jisharyo and Ino; Jiro Osho Andy Afable, General Manager and Fusuryo; Seppo Zenji Edward Farrey, Tenzo; Doshin Zenji David Schubert, Inji; Yayoi Zenni Karen Matsumoto, Gyorin and Fuzui; Subaru Koji Salvatore Chirvai, Zomu; Entsu Zenji Scott Rosecrans, Office Manager; Andrew Gregory, Open Space Coordinator. Joining the full-time resident is newly ordained Tendo Zenji Tim Lacy, and part-time kessei students include Daien Zenji George Burch and Tenshin Koji David Hill.

Seiko Susan Morningstar Returns

On April 30 Seiko returned from Japan where she has trained at Shogen-ji for over two years. While there she also studied at Shogen Junior College adjoining with the monastery. The DBZ and Shobo-ji Sanghas welcome her back with open arms, and will undoubtedly learn much about Shogen-ji's style of Rinzai training and practice.

Shobo-ji Tree Donation

To celebrate New York Zendo Shobo-ji's 30th Anniversary, two exquisite Japanese weeping cherry trees were presented to DBZ and planted in Sangha Meadow. We thank Aihosan and New York Zendo and look forward to the next 30 years of the shared practice of our two Zendos. Gassho.

Futon Offering

DBZ has recently purchased new twin-bed size futons for most of its guest rooms and would like to offer the old ones, most of which are in very good shape, to Sangha and friends for \$20 each. They will be sold on a first-come-first-serve basis, just come and take them away! (Call ahead, please.)

Work Projects and Monastery Beautification

The residents at DBZ were quite busy this winter, accomplishing a great amount of work, repairing and improving various parts of the monastery and grounds. Several storage areas were reorganized, the basement area and lounge were repainted, guest rooms were repainted and new ceiling tiles were installed in the first floor hallway. Future projects include the repair of main entrance stone work, replacement of trees destroyed by beavers, and road repairs.



Spring Kessei at Dai Bosatsu Zendo reaches its apex with Anniversary Sesshin and the traditional circumambulation of Beecher Lake on July 4. 1998 marks 22 years since the monastery's opening, and we congratulate Jiro Osho Andy Afable, whose installation as Vice Abbot of the Zen Studies Society will be held on Saturday, July 4. For information concerning this ceremony, please call DBZ, or look in on our web site, www.daibosatsu.org.

Jukai 1998

JUKAI (the taking of Lay Buddhist precepts) is given every two years by Eido Roshi to students on the last day of Harvest Sesshin, which runs from October 24 to November 1. Applications, in the form of a written letter expressing your desire to receive Jukai from Eido Roshi, must be received by August 15 for Roshi's review. Please address the letter to Ven. Eido Roshi at Dai Bosatsu Zendo. Include pertinent information about your practice, date of birth, address and phone number.

New York Zendo·Shobo-ji



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