

ZEN

A Collection of Zen

FISH

and Pre-Zen Writings

ZEN

COMPILED BY PAUL REPS AND NYOGEN SENZAKI

BONES

TUTTLE

Contents

FOREWORD

101 ZEN STORIES A TRANSCRIBED BY
NYOGEN SENZAKI AND PAUL REPS

1. A CUP OF TEA

2. FINDING A DIAMOND ON A MUDDY ROAD

3. IS THAT SO?

4. OBEDIENCE

5. IF YOU LOVE, LOVE OPENLY

6. NO LOVING-KINDNESS

7. ANNOUNCEMENT

8. GREAT WAVES

9. THE MOON CANNOT BE STOLEN

10. THE LAST POEM OF HOSHIN

11. THE STORY OF SHUNKAI

12. HAPPY CHINAMAN

13. A BUDDHA

14. MUDDY ROAD

15. SHOUN AND HIS MOTHER

16. NOT FAR FROM BUDDHAHOOD

17. STINGY IN TEACHING

18. A PARABLE

19. THE FIRST PRINCIPLE

20. [A MOTHER'S ADVICE](#)
21. [THE SOUND OF ONE HAND](#)
22. [MY HEART BURNS LIKE FIRE](#)
23. [ESHUN'S DEPARTURE](#)
24. [RECITING SUTRAS](#)
25. [THREE DAYS MORE](#)
26. [TRADING DIALOGUE FOR LODGING](#)
27. [THE VOICE OF HAPPINESS](#)
28. [OPEN YOUR OWN TREASURE HOUSE](#)
29. [NO WATER, NO MOON](#)
30. [CALLING CARD](#)
31. [EVERYTHING IS BEST](#)
32. [INCH TIME FOOT GEM](#)
33. [MOKUSEN'S HAND](#)
34. [A SMILE IN HIS LIFETIME](#)
35. [EVERY-MINUTE ZEN](#)
36. [FLOWER SHOWER](#)
37. [PUBLISHING THE SUTRAS](#)
38. [GISHO'S WORK](#)
39. [SLEEPING IN THE DAYTIME](#)
40. [IN DREAMLAND](#)
41. [JOSHU'S ZEN](#)
42. [THE DEAD MAN'S ANSWER](#)
43. [ZEN IN A BEGGAR'S LIFE](#)
44. [THE THIEF WHO BECAME A DISCIPLE](#)
45. [RIGHT AND WRONG](#)
46. [HOW GRASS AND TREES BECOME ENLIGHTENED](#)

47. [THE STINGY ARTIST](#)
48. [ACCURATE PROPORTION](#)
49. [BLACK-NOSED BUDDHA](#)
50. [RYONEN'S CLEAR REALIZATION](#)
51. [SOUR MISO](#)
52. [YOUR LIGHT MAY GO OUT](#)
53. [THE GIVER SHOULD BE THANKFUL](#)
54. [THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT](#)
55. [THE TEA-MASTER AND THE ASSASSIN](#)
56. [THE TRUE PATH](#)
57. [THE GATES OF PARADISE](#)
58. [ARRESTING THE STONE BUDDHA](#)
59. [SOLDIERS OF HUMANITY](#)
60. [THE TUNNEL](#)
61. [GUDO AND THE EMPEROR](#)
62. [IN THE HANDS OF DESTINY](#)
63. [KILLING](#)
64. [KASAN SWEAT](#)
65. [THE SUBJUGATION OF A GHOST](#)
66. [CHILDREN OF HIS MAJESTY](#)
67. [WHAT ARE YOU DOING! WHAT ARE YOU SAYING!](#)
68. [ONE NOTE OF ZEN](#)
69. [EATING THE BLAME](#)
70. [THE MOST VALUABLE THING IN THE WORLD](#)
71. [LEARNING TO BE SILENT](#)
72. [THE BLOCKHEAD LORD](#)
73. [TEN SUCCESSORS](#)

74. TRUE REFORMATION
75. TEMPER
76. THE STONE MIND
77. NO ATTACHMENT TO DUST
78. REAL PROSPERITY
79. INCENSE BURNER
80. THE REAL MIRACLE
81. JUST GO TO SLEEP
82. NOTHING EXISTS
83. NO WORK, NO FOOD
84. TRUE FRIENDS
85. TIME TO DIE
86. THE LIVING BUDDHA AND THE TUBMAKER
87. THREE KINDS OF SUCCESS
88. HOW TO WRITE A CHINESE POEM
89. ZEN DIALOGUE
90. THE LAST RAP
91. THE TASTE OF BANZO'S SWORD
92. FIRE-POKER ZEN
93. STORYTELLER'S ZEN
94. MIDNIGHT EXCURSION
95. A LETTER TO A DYING MAN
96. A DROP OF WATER
97. TEACHING THE ULTIMATE
98. NON-ATTACHMENT
99. TOSUI'S VINEGAR
100. THE SILENT TEMPLE

101.BUDDHA'S ZEN

THE GATELESS GATE

BY EKAI, CALLED MU-MON TRANSCRIBED

BY NYOGEN SENZAKI AND PAUL REPS

1. JOSHU'S DOG
2. HYAKUJO'S FOX
3. GUTEI'S FINGER
4. A BEARDLESS FOREIGNER
5. KYOGEN MOUNTS THE TREE
6. BUDDHA TWIRLS A FLOWER
7. JOSHU WASHES THE BOWL
8. KEICHU'S WHEEL
9. A BUDDHA BEFORE HISTORY
10. SEIZEI ALONE AND POOR
11. JOSHU EXAMINES A MONK IN MEDITATION
12. ZUIGAN CALLS HIS OWN MASTER
13. TOKUSAN HOLDS HIS BOWL
14. NANSEN CUTS THE CAT IN TWO
15. TOZAN'S THREE BLOWS
16. BELLS AND ROBES
17. THREE CALLS OF THE EMPEROR'S TEACHER
18. TOZAN'S THREE POUNDS
19. EVERYDAY LIFE IS THE PATH
20. THE ENLIGHTENED MAN
21. DRIED DUNG
22. KASHAPA'S PREACHING SIGN

23. DO NOT THINK GOOD, DO NOT THINK NOT-GOOD
24. WITHOUT WORDS, WITHOUT SILENCE
25. PREACHING FROM THE THIRD SEAT
26. TWO MONKS ROLL UP THE SCREEN
27. IT IS NOT MIND, IT IS NOT BUDDHA, IT IS NOT THINGS
28. BLOW OUT THE CANDLE
29. NOT THE WIND, NOT THE FLAG
30. THIS MIND IS BUDDHA
31. JOSHU INVESTIGATES
32. A PHILOSOPHER ASKS BUDDHA
33. THIS MIND IS NOT BUDDHA
34. LEARNING IS NOT THE PATH
35. TWO SOULS
36. MEETING A ZEN MASTER ON THE ROAD
37. A BUFFALO PASSES THROUGH THE ENCLOSURE
38. AN OAK TREE IN THE GARDEN
39. UMMON'S SIDETRACK
40. TIPPING OVER A WATER VASE
41. BODHIDHARMA PACIFIES THE MIND
42. THE GIRL COMES OUT FROM MEDITATION
43. SHUZAN'S SHORT STAFF
44. BASHO'S STAFF
45. WHO IS HE?
46. PROCEED FROM THE TOP OF THE POLE
47. THREE GATES OF TOSOTSU
48. ONE ROAD OF KEMBO
49. AMBAN'S ADDITION

10 BULLS BY KAKUAN

TRANSCRIBED BY NYOGEN SENZAKI AND PAUL REPS

ILLUSTRATED BY TOMIKICHIRO TOKURIKI

1. THE SEARCH FOR THE BULL
2. DISCOVERING THE FOOTPRINTS
3. PERCEIVING THE BULL
4. CATCHING THE BULL
5. TAMING THE BULL
6. RIDING THE BULL HOME
7. THE BULL TRANSCENDED
8. BOTH BULL AND SELF TRANSCENDED
9. REACHING THE SOURCE
10. IN THE WORLD

CENTERING TRANSCRIBED BY PAUL REPS

WHAT IS ZEN?

Foreword

THIS book includes four books:

101 Zen Stories was first published in 1939 by Rider and Company, London, and David McKay Company, Philadelphia. These stories recount actual experiences of Chinese and Japanese Zen teachers over a period of more than five centuries.

The Gateless Gate was first published in 1934 by John Murray, Los Angeles. It is a collection of problems called koan that Zen teachers use in guiding their students toward release, first recorded by a Chinese master in the year 1228.

10 Bulls was first published in 1935 by DeVorss and Company, Los Angeles, and subsequently by Ralph R. Phillips, Portland, Oregon. It is a translation from the Chinese of a famous twelfth-century commentary upon the stages of awareness leading to enlightenment and is here illustrated by one of Japan's best contemporary woodblock artists.

Centering, a transcription of ancient Sanskrit manuscripts, first appeared in the Spring 1955 issue of *Gentry* magazine, New York. It presents an ancient teaching, still alive in Kashmir and parts of India after more than four thousand years, that may well be the roots of Zen.

Thanks are due the publishers named above for

permission to gather the material together here. And most of all am I grateful to Nyogen Senzaki, “homeless monk,” exemplar-friend-collaborator, who so delighted with me in transcribing the first three books, even as that prescient man of Kashmir, Lakshmanjoo, did on the fourth.

The first Zen patriarch, Bodhidharma, brought Zen to China from India in the sixth century. According to his biography recorded in the year 1004 by the Chinese teacher Dogen, after nine years in China Bodhidharma wished to go home and gathered his disciples about him to test their apperception.

Dofuku said: “In my opinion, truth is beyond affirmation or negation, for this is the way it moves.”

Bodhidharma replied: “You have my skin.” The nun Soji said: “In my view, it is like Ananda’s sight of the Buddha-land—seen once and forever.”

Bodhidharma answered: “You have my flesh.” Doiku said: “The four elements of light, airiness, fluidity, and solidity are empty (i.e., inclusive) and the five skandhas are no-things. In my opinion, no-thing (i.e., spirit) is reality.”

Bodhidharma commented: “You have my bones.”

Finally, Eka bowed before the master—and remained silent.

Bodhidharma said: “You have my marrow.”

Old Zen was so fresh it became treasured and remembered. Here are fragments of its skin, flesh, bones, but not its marrow—never found in words.

The directness of Zen has led many to believe it stemmed

from sources before the time of Buddha, 500 B.C. The reader may judge for himself, for he has here for the first time in one book the experiences of Zen, the mind problems, the stages of awareness, and a similar teaching predating Zen by centuries.

The problem of our mind, relating conscious to preconscious awareness, takes us deep into everyday living. Dare we open our doors to the source of our being? What are flesh and bones for?

—Paul Repts

101 ZEN STORIES

語

Transcribed by Nyogen Senzaki and Paul Reps

THESE stories were transcribed into English from a book called the Shaseki-shu (Collection of Stone and Sand), written late in the thirteenth century by the Japanese Zen teacher Muju (the “non-dweller”), and from anecdotes of Zen monks taken from various books published in Japan around the turn of the present century.

For Orientals, more interested in being than in busyness, the self-discovered man has been the most worthy of respect. Such a man proposes to open his consciousness just as the Buddha did.

These are stories about such self-discoveries.

The following is adapted from the preface to the first edition of these stories in English.

Zen might be called the inner art and design of the Orient. It was rooted in China by Bodhidharma, who came from India in the sixth century, and was carried eastward into Japan by the twelfth century. It has been described as: “A special teaching without scriptures, beyond words and letters, pointing to the mind-essence of man, seeing directly into one’s nature, attaining enlightenment.”

Zen was known as Ch’an in China. The Ch’an-Zen masters, instead of being followers of the Buddha, aspire to be his friends and to place themselves in the same responsive relationship with the universe as did Buddha and Jesus. Zen is not a sect but an experience.

The Zen habit of self-searching through meditation to realize one’s true nature, with disregard of formalism, with insistence on self-discipline and simplicity of living, ultimately won the support

of the nobility and ruling classes in Japan and the profound respect of all levels of philosophical thought in the Orient.

The Noh dramas are Zen stories. Zen spirit has come to mean not only peace and understanding, but devotion to art and to work, the rich unfoldment of contentment, opening the door to insight, the expression of innate beauty, the intangible charm of incompleteness. Zen carries many meanings, none of them entirely definable. If they are defined, they are not Zen.

It has been said that if you have Zen in your life, you have no fear, no doubt, no unnecessary craving, no extreme emotion. Neither illiberal attitudes nor egotistical actions trouble you. You serve humanity humbly, fulfilling your presence in this world with loving-kindness and observing your passing as a petal falling from a flower. Serene, you enjoy life in blissful tranquility. Such is the spirit of Zen, whose vesture is thousands of temples in China and Japan, priests and monks, wealth and prestige, and often the very formalism it would itself transcend.

To study Zen, the flowering of one's nature, is no easy task in any age or civilization. Many teachers, true and false, have purposed to assist others in this accomplishment. It is from innumerable and actual adventures in Zen that these stories have evolved. May the reader in turn realize them in living experience today.

空 1. *A Cup of Tea*

NAN-IN, a Japanese master during the Meiji era (1868-1912), received a university professor who came to inquire about Zen.

Nan-in served tea. He poured his visitor's cup full, and then kept on pouring.

The professor watched the overflow until he no longer could restrain himself. "It is overfull. No more will go in!"

"Like this cup," Nan-in said, "you are full of your own opinions and speculations. How can I show you Zen unless you first empty your cup?"

不

歸 2. *Finding a Diamond on a Muddy Road*

GUDO WAS the emperor's teacher of his time. Nevertheless, he used to travel alone as a wandering mendicant. Once when he was on his way to Edo, the cultural and political center of the shogunate, he approached a little village named Takenaka. It was evening and a heavy rain was falling. Gudo was thoroughly wet. His straw sandals were in pieces. At a farmhouse near the village he noticed four or five pairs of sandals in the window and decided to buy some dry ones.

The woman who offered him the sandals, seeing how wet he was, invited him to remain for the night in her home.

Gudo accepted, thanking her. He entered and recited a sutra before the family shrine. He then was introduced to the woman's mother, and to her children. Observing that the entire family was depressed, Gudo asked what was wrong.

"My husband is a gambler and a drunkard," the housewife told him. "When he happens to win he drinks and becomes abusive. When he loses he borrows money from others. Sometimes when he becomes thoroughly drunk he does not come home at all. What can I do?"

"I will help him," said Gudo. "Here is some money. Get me a gallon of fine wine and something good to eat. Then you may retire. I will meditate before the shrine."

When the man of the house returned about midnight, quite drunk, he bellowed: "Hey, wife, I am home. Have you something for me to eat?"

"I have something for you," said Gudo. "I happened to be caught in the rain and your wife kindly asked me to remain here for the night. In return I have bought some wine and fish, so you might as well have them."

The man was delighted. He drank the wine at once and laid himself down on the floor. Gudo sat in meditation beside him.

In the morning when the husband awoke he had forgotten about the previous night. "Who are you? Where do you come from?" he asked Gudo, who still was meditating.

"I am Gudo of Kyoto and I am going on to Edo," replied the Zen master.

The man was utterly ashamed. He apologized profusely to the teacher of his emperor.

Gudo smiled. "Everything in this life is impermanent," he

explained. "Life is very brief. If you keep on gambling and drinking, you will have no time left to accomplish anything else, and you will cause your family to suffer too."

The perception of the husband awoke as if from a dream. "You are right," he declared. "How can I ever repay you for this wonderful teaching! Let me see you off and carry your things a little way."

"If you wish," assented Gudo.

The two started out. After they had gone three miles Gudo told him to return. "Just another five miles," he begged Gudo. They continued on.

"You may return now," suggested Gudo.

"After another ten miles," the man replied.

"Return now," said Gudo, when the ten miles had been passed.

"I am going to follow you all the rest of my life," declared the man.

Modern Zen teachers in Japan spring from the lineage of a famous master who was the successor of Gudo. His name was Mu-nan, the man who never turned back.

斯 3. *Is That So?*

THE ZEN MASTER Hakuin was praised by his neighbors as one living a pure life.

A beautiful Japanese girl whose parents owned a food store lived near him. Suddenly, without any warning, her parents discovered she was with child. This made her parents angry. She would not confess who the man was, but after

much harassment at last named Hakuin.

In great anger the parents went to the master. “Is that so?” was all he would say.

After the child was born it was brought to Hakuin. By this time he had lost his reputation, which did not trouble him, but he took very good care of the child. He obtained milk from his neighbors and everything else the little one needed.

A year later the girl-mother could stand it no longer. She told her parents the truth—that the real father of the child was a young man who worked in the fishmarket.

The mother and father of the girl at once went to Hakuin to ask his forgiveness, to apologize at length, and to get the child back again.

Hakuin was willing. In yielding the child, all he said was: “Is that so?”

尊 4. *Obedience*

THE MASTER Bankei’s talks were attended not only by Zen students but by persons of all ranks and sects. He never quoted sutras nor indulged in scholastic dissertations. Instead, his words were spoken directly from his heart to the hearts of his listeners.

His large audiences angered a priest of the Nichiren sect because the adherents had left to hear about Zen. The self-centered Nichiren priest came to the temple, determined to debate with Bankei.

“Hey, Zen teacher!” he called out. “Wait a minute. Whoever respects you will obey what you say, but a man like

myself does not respect you. Can you make me obey you?"

"Come up beside me and I will show you," said Bankei.

Proudly the priest pushed his way through the crowd to the teacher.

Bankei smiled. "Come over to my left side."

The priest obeyed.

"No," said Bankei, "we may talk better if you are on the right side. Step over here."

The priest proudly stepped over to the right.

"You see," observed Bankei, "you are obeying me and I think you are a very gentle person. Now sit down and listen."

變 5. *If You Love, Love Openly*

TWENTY MONKS and one nun, who was named Eshun, were practicing meditation with a certain Zen master.

Eshun was very pretty even though her head was shaved and her dress plain. Several monks secretly fell in love with her. One of them wrote her a love letter, insisting upon a private meeting.

Eshun did not reply. The following day the master gave a lecture to the group, and when it was over, Eshun arose. Addressing the one who had written her, she said: "If you really love me so much, come and embrace me now."

情 6. *No Loving-Kindness*

THERE WAS an old woman in China who had supported

a monk for over twenty years. She had built a little hut for him and fed him while he was meditating. Finally she wondered just what progress he had made in all this time.

To find out, she obtained the help of a girl rich in desire. "Go and embrace him," she told her, "and then ask him suddenly: 'What now?'"

The girl called upon the monk and without much ado caressed him, asking him what he was going to do about it.

"An old tree grows on a cold rock in winter," replied the monk somewhat poetically. "Nowhere is there any warmth."

The girl returned and related what he had said.

"To think I fed that fellow for twenty years!" exclaimed the old woman in anger. "He showed no consideration for your need, no disposition to explain your condition. He need not have responded to passion, but at least he should have evidenced some compassion."

She at once went to the hut of the monk and burned it down.

๗ 7. Announcement

TANZAN WROTE sixty postal cards on the last day of his life, and asked an attendant to mail them. Then he passed away.

The cards read:

I am departing from this world.

This is my last announcement.

Tanzan.

July 27, 1892.

浪 8. *Great Waves*

IN THE EARLY days of the Meiji era there lived a well-known wrestler called O-nami, Great Waves.

O-nami was immensely strong and knew the art of wrestling. In his private bouts he defeated even his teacher, but in public he was so bashful that his own pupils threw him.

O-nami felt he should go to a Zen master for help. Hakuju, a wandering teacher, was stopping in a little temple nearby, so O-nami went to see him and told him of his trouble.

“Great Waves is your name,” the teacher advised, “so stay in this temple tonight. Imagine that you are those billows. You are no longer a wrestler who is afraid. You are those huge waves sweeping everything before them, swallowing all in their path. Do this and you will be the greatest wrestler in the land.”

The teacher retired. O-nami sat in meditation trying to imagine himself as waves. He thought of many different things. Then gradually he turned more and more to the feeling of the waves. As the night advanced the waves became larger and larger. They swept away the flowers in their vases. Even the Buddha in the shrine was inundated. Before dawn the temple was nothing but the ebb and flow of an immense sea.

In the morning the teacher found O-nami meditating, a faint smile on his face. He patted the wrestler’s shoulder. “Now nothing can disturb you,” he said. “You are those waves. You will sweep everything before you.”

The same day O-nami entered the wrestling contests and won. After that, no one in Japan was able to defeat him.

月 9. *The Moon Cannot Be Stolen*

RYOKAN, a Zen master, lived the simplest kind of life in a little hut at the foot of a mountain. One evening a thief visited the hut only to discover there was nothing in it to steal.

Ryokan returned and caught him. "You may have come a long way to visit me," he told the prowler, "and you should not return empty-handed. Please take my clothes as a gift."

The thief was bewildered. He took the clothes and slunk away.

Ryokan sat naked, watching the moon. "Poor fellow," he mused, "I wish I could give him this beautiful moon."

終 10. *The Last Poem of Hoshin*

THE ZEN MASTER Hoshin lived in China many years. Then he returned to the northeastern part of Japan, where he taught his disciples. When he was getting very old, he told them a story he had heard in China. This is the story:

One year on the twenty-fifth of December, Tokufu, who was very old, said to his disciples: "I am not going to be alive next year so you fellows should treat me well this year."

The pupils thought he was joking, but since he was a great-hearted teacher each of them in turn treated him to a feast on succeeding days of the departing year.

On the eve of the new year, Tokufu concluded: "You have been good to me. I shall leave you tomorrow afternoon when the snow has stopped."

The disciples laughed, thinking he was aging and talking nonsense since the night was clear and without snow. But at midnight snow began to fall, and the next day they did not find their teacher about. They went to the meditation hall. There he had passed on.

Hoshin, who related this story, told his disciples: "It is not necessary for a Zen master to predict his passing, but if he really wishes to do so, he can."

"Can you?" someone asked.

"Yes," answered Hoshin. "I will show you what I can do seven days from now."

None of the disciples believed him, and most of them had even forgotten the conversation when Hoshin next called them together.

"Seven days ago," he remarked, "I said I was going to leave you. It is customary to write a farewell poem, but I am neither poet nor calligrapher. Let one of you inscribe my last words."

His followers thought he was joking, but one of them started to write.

"Are you ready?" Hoshin asked.

"Yes, sir," replied the writer.

Then Hoshin dictated:

I came from brilliancy

And return to brilliancy.

What is this?

The poem was one line short of the customary four, so the disciple said: "Master, we are one line short."

Hoshin, with the roar of a conquering lion, shouted "Kaa!" and was gone.

辰 11. *The Story of Shunkai*

THE EXQUISITE Shunkai whose other name was Suzu was compelled to marry against her wishes when she was quite young. Later, after this marriage had ended, she attended the university, where she studied philosophy.

To see Shunkai was to fall in love with her. Moreover, wherever she went, she herself fell in love with others. Love was with her at the university, and afterwards, when philosophy did not satisfy her and she visited a temple to learn about Zen, the Zen students fell in love with her. Shunkai's whole life was saturated with love.

At last in Kyoto she became a real student of Zen. Her brothers in the sub-temple of Kennin praised her sincerity. One of them proved to be a congenial spirit and assisted her in the mastery of Zen.

The abbot of Kennin, Mokurai, Silent Thunder, was severe. He kept the precepts himself and expected his priests to do so. In modern Japan whatever zeal these priests have lost for Buddhism they seem to have gained for having wives. Mokurai used to take a broom and chase the women away when he found them in any of his temples, but the more wives he swept out, the more seemed to come back.

In this particular temple the wife of the head priest became jealous of Shunkai's earnestness and beauty. Hearing

the students praise her serious Zen made this wife squirm and itch. Finally she spread a rumor about Shunkai and the young man who was her friend. As a consequence he was expelled and Shunkai was removed from the temple.

“I may have made the mistake of love,” thought Shunkai, “but the priest’s wife shall not remain in the temple either if my friend is to be treated so unjustly.”

Shunkai the same night with a can of kerosene set fire to the five-hundred-year-old temple and burned it to the ground. In the morning she found herself in the hands of the police.

A young lawyer became interested in her and endeavored to make her sentence lighter. “Do not help me,” she told him. “I might decide to do something else which would only imprison me again.”

At last a sentence of seven years was completed, and Shunkai was released from the prison, where the sixty-year-old warden also had become enamored of her.

But now everyone looked upon her as a “jailbird.” No one would associate with her. Even the Zen people, who are supposed to believe in enlightenment in this life and with this body, shunned her. Zen, Shunkai found, was one thing and the followers of Zen quite another. Her relatives would have nothing to do with her. She grew sick, poor, and weak.

She met a Shinshu priest who taught her the name of the Buddha of Love, and in this Shunkai found some solace and peace of mind. She passed away when she was still exquisitely beautiful and hardly thirty years old.

She wrote her own story in a futile endeavor to support herself and some of it she told to a woman writer. So it

reached the Japanese people. Those who rejected Shunkai, those who slandered and hated her, now read of her life with tears of remorse.

福 12. *Happy Chinaman*

ANYONE WALKING about Chinatowns in America will observe statues of a stout fellow carrying a linen sack. Chinese merchants call him Happy Chinaman or Laughing Buddha.

This Hotei lived in the T'ang dynasty. He had no desire to call himself a Zen master or to gather many disciples about him. Instead he walked the streets with a big sack into which he would put gifts of candy, fruit, or doughnuts. These he would give to children who gathered around him in play. He established a kindergarten of the streets.

Whenever he met a Zen devotee he would extend his hand and say: "Give me one penny." And if anyone asked him to return to a temple to teach others, again he would reply: "Give me one penny."

Once as he was about his play-work another Zen master happened along and inquired: "What is the significance of Zen?"

Hotei immediately plopped his sack down on the ground in silent answer.

"Then," asked the other, "what is the actualization of Zen?"

At once the Happy Chinaman swung the sack over his shoulder and continued on his way.

佛 13. *A Buddha*

IN TOKYO in the Meiji era there lived two prominent teachers of opposite characteristics. One, Unsho, an instructor in Shingon, kept Buddha's precepts scrupulously. He never drank intoxicants, nor did he eat after eleven o'clock in the morning. The other teacher, Tanzan, a professor of philosophy at the Imperial University, never observed the precepts. When he felt like eating he ate, and when he felt like sleeping in the daytime he slept.

One day Unsho visited Tanzan, who was drinking wine at the time, not even a drop of which is supposed to touch the tongue of a Buddhist.

"Hello, brother," Tanzan greeted him. "Won't you have a drink?"

"I never drink!" exclaimed Unsho solemnly.

"One who does not drink is not even human," said Tanzan.

"Do you mean to call me inhuman just because I do not indulge in intoxicating liquids!" exclaimed Unsho in anger. "Then if I am not human, what am I?"

"A Buddha," answered Tanzan.

難 14. *Muddy Road*

TANZAN AND EKIDO were once traveling together down a muddy road. A heavy rain was still falling.

Coming around a bend, they met a lovely girl in a silk kimono and sash, unable to cross the intersection.

One night a young lady passed by their house and heard music. Deeply touched, she invited Shoun to visit her the next evening and play. He accepted the invitation. A few days later he met the young lady on the street and thanked her for her hospitality. Others laughed at him. He had visited the house of a woman of the streets.

One day Shoun left for a distant temple to deliver a lecture. A few months afterwards he returned home to find his mother dead. Friends had not known where to reach him, so the funeral was then in progress.

Shoun walked up and hit the coffin with his staff. "Mother, your son has returned," he said.

"I am glad to see you have returned, son," he answered for his mother.

"Yes, I'm glad too," Shoun responded. Then he announced to the people about him: "The funeral ceremony is over. You may bury the body."

When Shoun was old he knew his end was approaching. He asked his disciples to gather around him in the morning, telling them he was going to pass on at noon. Burning incense before the picture of his mother and his old teacher, he wrote a poem:

For fifty-six years I lived as best I could,

Making my way in this world.

Now the rain has ended, the clouds are clearing

The blue sky has a full moon.

His disciples gathered about him, reciting a sutra, and Shoun passed on during the invocation.

“That’s fine,” said Kusuda. “I will try it. Where can I find a teacher?”

“Go to the master Nan-in,” the friend told him.

So Kusuda went to call on Nan-in. He carried a dagger nine and a half inches long to determine whether or not the teacher himself was afraid to die.

When Nan-in saw Kusuda he exclaimed: “Hello, friend. How are you? We haven’t seen each other for a long time!”

This perplexed Kusuda, who replied: “We have never met before.”

“That’s right,” answered Nan-in. “I mistook you for another physician who is receiving instruction here.”

With such a beginning, Kusuda lost his chance to test the master, so reluctantly he asked if he might receive Zen instruction.

Nan-in said: “Zen is not a difficult task. If you are a physician, treat your patients with kindness. That is Zen.”

Kusuda visited Nan-in three times. Each time Nanin told him the same thing. “A physician should not waste time around here. Go home and take care of your patients.”

It was not yet clear to Kusuda how such teaching could remove the fear of death. So on his fourth visit he complained: “My friend told me that when one learns Zen one loses his fear of death. Each time I come here all you tell me is to take care of my patients. I know that much. If that is your so-called Zen, I am not going to visit you any more.”

Nan-in smiled and patted the doctor. “I have been too strict with you. Let me give you a koan.” He presented Kusuda with Joshu’s Mu to work over, which is the first mind-enlightening problem in the book called *The Gateless*

Gate.

Kusuda pondered this problem of Mu (No-Thing) for two years. At length he thought he had reached certainty of mind. But his teacher commented: "You are not in yet."

Kusuda continued in concentration for another year and a half. His mind became placid. Problems dissolved. No-Thing became the truth. He served his patients well and, without even knowing it, he was free from concern over life and death.

Then when he visited Nan-in, his old teacher just smiled.

絶 18. *A Parable*

BUDDHA TOLD a parable in a sutra:

A man traveling across a field encountered a tiger. He fled, the tiger after him. Coming to a precipice, he caught hold of the root of a wild vine and swung himself down over the edge. The tiger sniffed at him from above. Trembling, the man looked down to where, far below, another tiger was waiting to eat him. Only the vine sustained him.

Two mice, one white and one black, little by little started to gnaw away the vine. The man saw a luscious strawberry near him. Grasping the vine with one hand, he plucked the strawberry with the other. How sweet it tasted!

障 19. *The First Principle*

WHEN ONE GOES to Obaku temple in Kyoto he sees carved over the gate the words "The First Principle." The

letters are unusually large, and those who appreciate calligraphy always admire them as being a masterpiece. They were drawn by Kosen two hundred years ago.

When the master drew them he did so on paper, from which workmen made the larger carving in wood. As Kosen sketched the letters a bold pupil was with him who had made several gallons of ink for the calligraphy and who never failed to criticize his master's work.

"That is not good," he told Kosen after the first effort.

"How is that one?"

"Poor. Worse than before," pronounced the pupil.

Kosen patiently wrote one sheet after another until eighty-four First Principles had accumulated, still without the approval of the pupil.

Then, when the young man stepped outside for a few moments, Kosen thought: "Now is my chance to escape his keen eye," and he wrote hurriedly, with a mind free from distraction: "The First Principle."

"A masterpiece," pronounced the pupil.

20. *A Mother's Advice*

JIUN, A SHINGON MASTER, was a well-known Sanskrit scholar of the Tokugawa era. When he was young he used to deliver lectures to his brother students.

His mother heard about this and wrote him a letter:

"Son, I do not think you became a devotee of the Buddha because you desired to turn into a walking dictionary for others. There is no end to information and commentation,