

TRANSLATION

Talks by Hakuin Introductory to Lectures On the Records of Old Sokkō (7) (*Sokkō-roku kaien fusetsu*)

TRANSLATED BY NORMAN WADDELL

ŌRYŌ E'NAN, a Dharma heir of Sekisō Jimyō, received his initial certification from master Rokutan.¹ He then set out, full of enthusiasm and supremely self-confident, at the head of a group of monks on a pilgrimage to other teachers. In the course of his travels, he chanced to encounter Umpō Bun'etsu,² and together they went to visit Mount Hsi.³ One night as they were talking, Umpō asked E'nan about the teaching Rokutan had given him. After E'nan had explained the essentials of Rokutan's Zen, Umpō said, "Rokutan may belong to the lineage of master Ummon, but the way the two men express the Dharma is completely different."

Asked to explain the difference, Umpō continued, "Ummon is like a pill of immortality, refined nine times over into perfect transparency; it can transform iron into gold. Rokutan is like quicksilver, all right to

* This installment concludes the translation.

¹ Huang-lung Hui-nan 黄龍慧南, 1002–69 and Shih-shuang Tz'u-ming 石霜慈明, 986–1039. Rokutan Kaichō 潞潭懷澄 (Le-t'an Huai-ch'eng, n.d.) is in the third generation of the Ummon line. This first episode is based largely on the account in the supplement to the *Zenrin-sōbō den* 禅林僧宝伝 (*Ch'an-lin seng-pao chuan*). Tokiwa Gishin, *Hakuin* (Daijō butten #27, Chuōkōronsha), p. 321.

² Yun-feng Wen-yueh 雲峯文悅, 997–1062; of the Rinzai school.

³ Hsi-shan 西山 (Seizan, Western Mountain); where the fourth Chinese Zen patriarch Dōshin 道信 (Tao-hsin) resided.

amuse yourself with, but it dissipates the moment it enters the furnace.”

E’nan, bristling at this reference to his teacher, picked up a wooden pillow and threw it angrily at Umpō.

The next morning, Umpō apologized to E’nan, but went on to state, “Ummon has a greatness of spirit like that of a king. Do you think such a man would let dead words pass from his lips? Although Rokutan has no doubt attained realization, his utterances have no life in them. If the words he speaks are dead, how can he hope to instill life in his students?”

He turned and began to leave, but E’nan stopped him and demanded, “Then who do you think is a suitable teacher?”

“Sekisō Jimyō,” he replied. “His methods in dealing with students surpass by far all other teachers of today. If you’re serious about meeting him, you’d better not waste any more time.”

E’nan silently pondered Umpō’s words. “This is the very reason why I left my teacher and came on this pilgrimage. Umpō did his training under master Suigan, yet he’s urging me to see Jimyō. He assures me that if I do, it’s certain to benefit me. What would Umpō have to gain if I did go and study with Jimyō?”

So he readied his travelling pack that very day and set out for Jimyō’s temple on Mount Sekisō.

I want you monks to give this your close attention. The ancients never engaged in deception, neither of themselves nor of others. Yet today teachers use the Dharma their masters transmit to them as crutches. They arrive at various understandings, cling fast to them, and then do everything in their power to cover up their own faults and shortcomings. If they persist like this in deceiving themselves, how and when will the students who come to study with them be able to achieve their goals?

Later, when E’nan listened to Jimyō teach and heard him disparage almost every Zen teacher around the country, pointing out their mistakes and showing where each one of them went wrong, he realized that the matters Jimyō was holding up to censure were the very ones that Rokutan had privately transmitted to him.

He left Jimyō’s temple in fallen spirits, but when he recalled what Umpō had told him about Jimyō and his teaching ability he had a change of heart. Asking himself, “Should someone who is determined

to resolve the Great Matter of life and death allow doubts to remain undispelled in his mind?" He hurried back to Jimyō's chambers.

"I'm ignorant and inexperienced," he told Jimyō. "Although I hope to attain the Way, I haven't made much progress. Hearing your teaching last night, I felt like a man who had obtained a compass to guide him after having lost his way. Please have pity on me. Please teach me and help me to dispel the doubts in my mind."

Jimyō laughed. "We know about you in the training halls, Librarian E'nan. You've been travelling with a group of monks making the rounds of the Zen teachers. If you have doubts, why carry them with you until you grow old and let them sap your energy? Why don't you stay here and train with me for a while so we can thrash out those doubts of yours?"

Jimyō summoned an attendant and had him bring a chair out for E'nan, but E'nan refused to sit on it. Instead he implored Jimyō for his help with even more urgency.

"Being a student of Ummon's Zen," said Jimyō, "you must be familiar with its basic principles. You remember when Ummon spared Tōzan three blows with his staff? Do you think Tōzan should have received those blows? Or do you think it was all right for him not to have received them?"⁴

When E'nan replied, "He should have received them, of course," Jimyō said, with a grave countenance, "You hear the word 'staff' and immediately you conclude that he should be receiving blows from it. In that case, Tōzan would be receiving blows from sunup to sundown, every time a crow cawed, a magpie screeched, a temple bell rang, or a

⁴ When Tōzan Shusho 洞山守初 (T'ung-shan Shou-ch'u, 910-90) went to study with Zen master Ummon, Ummon asked him where he came from. "From the Ch'a crossing," he said. "Where did you spend the summer retreat?" asked Ummon. "Pao-tz'u temple in Hunan," he replied. "When did you leave?" he asked. "On the 25th of the eighth month," Tōzan said. "I'll spare you the sixty blows you've earned," said Ummon. That night, Tōzan went to Ummon's chambers and asked what he had done to deserve sixty blows. "You worthless rice-bag," said Ummon. "Going off like that west of the river and south of the lake." With this, Tōzan attained great enlightenment. Cf. Case 15 in the *Mumonkan* (*Wu-men kuan*), where author Mumon's comment is similar to the one Jimyō makes here: "Let me ask you if Tōzan should be beaten or not. If you say he should be beaten, then trees and grasses and everything else should be beaten too."

wooden block was struck. Ummon would have to be swatting away at him nonstop, wouldn't he?"

E'nan just stared uncomprehendingly, so Jimyō said, "When I first saw you, I wasn't at all sure that I could teach you. Now I know that I can." He let E'nan perform the formal bows as a disciple. As E'nan rose from the bows, he continued,

"If you really understand the meaning of Ummon's Zen, you should be able to tell me this. When Jōshū said he had seen right through the old woman he met at Mount T'ai, what was it he saw through?"⁵

E'nan's face turned red. He broke into a profuse sweat. He didn't have the slightest inkling what to say. Feeling totally humiliated, he got up and bolted from the room.

The following day, when E'nan went to Jimyō, he was greeted with a fresh round of abuse. Looking sheepishly around him, E'nan said, "It's precisely because I don't know that I've come here to find an answer. Do you call it compassion, to treat people like this? Can the Dharma be conferred in this manner?"

Jimyō only laughed. As he did, E'nan suddenly grasped his meaning. "You were right!" he shouted. "Those are dead words Rokutan speaks!" He composed a verse and presented it to Jimyō.

Standing at the pinnacle of the Zen world,
No wonder Jōshū saw the old woman's true colors.
Today the whole universe has a mirror-like clarity;
Pilgrims, don't regard the Way as your enemy.

Ōryō E'nan was thirty-five years old at the time. Do you see how bitter the hardships were that the ancients endured when they committed themselves to the study of Zen? E'nan, like a magnificent phoenix emerging from a stinking owl's egg, soared up into the sky. In this man-

⁵ A monk on his way to Mount Wu-t'ai asked an old woman he met by the side of the road, "Which is the way to Wu-t'ai?" "Straight ahead," she replied. As the monk was about to walk on, she said, "Another one fell for it." When master Jōshū (Chao-chou) heard about this, he immediately went himself and asked her, "Which way is it to Wu-t'ai?" "Straight ahead," she replied. As he was about to set out, she said, "Another one fell for it." Joshu returned to the temple, told his monks what had happened, and said, "Today, I saw right through that old woman." *Gotō-egen (Wu-teng hui-yuan)*, ch. 4, section on Jōshū.

ner, the Ōryō and Yōgi lines of the Rinzai school branched out from master Jimyō like the forked tail of a swallow.⁶

At the start of Shinjō Kokubun's career, when he went to Hsiang-ch'eng to visit Priest Jōran, Jōran asked him where he had come from. "I've come from Ōryō," he replied. "What is Ōryō telling his monks these days?" asked Jōran.⁷

Do you see that? If it had been a training hall in one of today's temples, the question would have been, "How many sticks of incense does Ōryō sit through these days?" "How many sutras does he recite?" "What Buddhist image does he venerate?" "What precepts does he observe?" What do you think Jōran was up to, asking right off, "What's he telling his monks these days?"

Shinjō said, "Recently, Priest Ōryō received a request from the prefectural authorities asking him to select someone from his assembly for the abbotship of the Ōbaku-ji. He composed a verse,

Above in the bell-tower, reciting sutras;
Below the zazen seat, planting vegetables.

and told his monks, 'Anyone who can come up with a comment that accords with the meaning in that verse leaves here today to become abbot at Ōbaku-ji.' "

See how straight to the point he is!⁸ In the past, an ascetic monk named Shiba travelled from Hunan to visit the great teacher Hyakujō. When he met the master, he said, "The scenery at Mount I (Isan) is exceptionally fine. I'll bet you could get fifteen hundred monks to train there."

Hyakujō said, "If any monk in my assembly is able to produce a genuine turning verse, I'll send him off to be head priest at Mount I."

⁶ The Ōryō (Huang-lung) and Yōgi (Yang-ch'i) schools became two of the so-called Seven Schools of Chinese Zen. Japanese Rinzai Zen derives from the Yōgi line.

⁷ Hsin-ching K'o-wen 真淨克文, 1025-1102. Jōran Jun 上藍順 (Shang-lan Shun, n.d.). This is based on accounts in *Gotō-egen*, ch. 17.

⁸ At this point Hakuin breaks off the dialogue between Shinjō and Jōran to insert a separate dialogue between Hyakujō Ekai (Po-chang Huai-hai, 720-814) and his monks. This continues for five paragraphs, followed by a paragraph of Hakuin's own comments; then the original dialogue is resumed.

He pointed to a water jar and said, “You can’t call that a water jar. What do you call it?”

His head monk at the time, named Karin,⁹ came forward and said, “It can’t be called a gate-latch.” But Hyakujō wouldn’t accept that answer.

Hyakujō then posed the question to Reiyū (later Zen master Isan),¹⁰ who was serving as the temple cook. Reiyū went up to the water jar and kicked it over.

“The head monk has lost out to the cook,” said Hyakujō with a laugh. So Reiyū became abbot of the temple on Mount I.

Today when Zen people go about choosing a head priest, they ask him where he comes from. They want to know about his family and career. They want to know how much financial help he can provide. How much money his relatives have. Can he compose good verse? Does he have a good prose style? This candidate has the right looks, but he’s too short. That one is tall enough, but he doesn’t have the right looks. This fellow’s a good calligrapher, but that one’s a better speaker. And so their deliberations continue, leading them into ever-deepening ignorance. How welcome it is to find a person who, instead of generating piles of filth like that, simply asks his monks for a verse.

(Shinjō’s story now resumes:) “Ishō Jōza offered a comment on Ōryō’s verse.¹¹ ‘A ferocious tiger sits blocking the way.’ Ōryō accepted it and Ishō wound up becoming the head priest at Ōbaku-ji.”

A priest named Jun, hearing this story, blurted out, “Ishō Jōza may have gained the abbotship of Ōbaku-ji with that phrase, but he still didn’t know the first thing about the Buddha Dharma!”

Upon hearing those words, Shinjō attained great enlightenment and saw with perfect clarity the Zen activity at work in Ōryō’s verse.

⁹ Hua-lin 華林, n.d.; later Karin Zenkaku 善覺, Hua-lin Shan-chueh, an heir of Baso Dōitsu (Ma-tsu Tao-i). *Gotō-egen*, ch. 3.

¹⁰ Isan Reiyū 湧山靈祐 (Kuei-shan Ling-yu, 771–853), founder of the Igyō (Kuei-yang) school.

¹¹ Ishō Shuza 惟勝首座, Wei-sheng Shou-tso: Ishō Shinkaku, Wei-sheng Hsin-chueh, n.d. *Gotō-egen*, ch. 17.

When Zen students in former times committed themselves to penetrating the depths, they didn't choose a temple because it was popular with other monks; they didn't care if the training hall was full or not. Their minds were fixed on one thing alone: resolving the Great Matter.

Zen people today, being unable to tell slave from master, common stones from jade, say things like: "Priest So-and-so treats his monks as carefully as nurslings." "Priest B regards prostrations before Buddhist images as the very heart of Buddhist practice." "Priest C takes only one meal each day." "Priest D sits long periods at a stretch without ever lying down—he's a living Buddha."

What has the Zen school come to!

Long ago, during the southern Sung, Zen master Mittan Kanketsu, a native of the state of Min, crossed the mountains into Wu-chou to visit Chisha Gen'an.¹² One day, as he was sitting warming himself in the sun, an old monk who was a veteran of the Dharma wars came up and asked him, "Where will you go when you leave here?"

"I'm going to visit Butchi Tanyū¹³ at the Aikuō-zan monastery in Ssu-mei," he replied.

"When the world is in decline, it affects even the young monks on pilgrimage; they have a pair of ears, but they aren't equipped with eyes," the monk said.

"What do you mean?" demanded Mittan.

"There are currently a thousand monks residing at Aikuō-zan. The abbot can't possibly give personal instruction to each one. How is he going to find time to work with someone like you, who's already making out all right on his own?"

"Then where am I to go?" said Mittan with tears in his eyes.

"There's a priest named Ō'an Donge¹⁴ in Mei-kuo, Ch'u-chou. He's still young, but his discernment is second to none. Go see him."

Mittan followed the monk's advice. He studied under Donge for

¹² Mi-an Hsien-chieh 密庵咸傑, 1118–1186. This account is found in the *Sorin-seiji* 叢林盛事 (*Ts'ung-lin Sheng-shih*), ch. 1. Tokiwa, p. 312. Chisha Gen'an 智者元庵, Chih-che Yuan-an, n.d.

¹³ Fo-chih T'uan-yu 仏智端裕, 1085–1150.

¹⁴ Ying-an T'an-hua 応庵曇華, 1103–63.

four years, in the course of which he was able to break through and grasp the vital life-source of the Buddha-patriarchs.

Practicers today move around from temple to temple looking for a place that offers them comfortable living conditions and serves thick rice gruel at mealtimes. They aren't much concerned about the problem of birth and death. They don't care about penetrating the secret depths. They come wandering into these temples like herds of deer; they gather like swarms of ants. There is a difference of heaven and earth between them and a monk like Mittan.

Priest Goso Hōen once addressed the following remarks to his pupils:¹⁵

"Back twenty or thirty years ago, I travelled around the country seeking a teacher. After studying with several experienced masters, I thought my quest was over. But when I reached Mount Fu and joined the assembly under master Enkan, I found that I couldn't even open my mouth. After that, while I was practicing under master Hakuun, I got my teeth around an iron bun. When I was finally able chew it, I found it possessed hundreds of marvelous flavors.¹⁵ How would I express that? I'd say,

The flowers on the cockscomb crown the early autumn,
Who dyed the purple into their splendid silken heads?
Soon winds will blow, and brush their combs together—
An endless struggle will unfold before the temple stairs.

Did you hear him? "I thought my quest was over." If Hōen, concluding his practice was at an end, had not entered Enkan's chambers, and not come under Hakuun's wing, he would have carried his mistakes around with him to the grave. What a precious thing a Zen teacher is whose eyes are truly open. He is a priceless treasure not only for men, but for devas as well. But even that remains unknown to those

¹⁵ Wu-tsu Fa-yen 五祖法演, d. 1104. The main source for this section seems to be the *Wu-chia cheng-tsung-tsan* (*Goke Shōjūsan*), ch. 2. Tokiwa (p. 319) quotes another, fuller account in Hōen's own words: "I was on pilgrimage fifteen years. First I practiced with a priest named Sen and obtained the hair. Next, studying with venerable teachers throughout the land, I got the skin. I got the bones when I was with old Enkan. I got the marrow at Hakuun's. Now I teach to help those who want to receive the Zen teachings." *Fa-yen yu-lu* (*Goso goroku*). Fusan Enkan 浮山円鑑, Fu-shan Yuan-chien, 991-1067. Hakuun Shutan 白雲守端, Po-yun Shu-tuan, 1025-72.

today who throw their whole lives away by deciding prematurely they have finished their training.

One day early in Hōen's career when he was studying under Zen master Enkan, Enkan told him,¹⁶

"I'm not getting any younger. By staying here with me, you may be wasting valuable time. I want you to go to Hakuun Shutan. He's young in years, and I've never actually met him, but judging from the verse comment he made on Rinzai's Three Blows, I can tell that he's an exceptional monk.¹⁷ If you study with him, I'm sure you'll be able to bring the Great Matter to completion."

Inwardly, Hōen recognized the truth of his teacher's words. He bade him farewell and set out for Mount Hakuun.

What magnanimity! Enkan's total selflessness deserves our deepest respect. Zen teachers today hand scraps of paper to students as they award them a piece of their lifeless Dharma, killing them stone dead with the seal of approval they stamp on it, and telling them, "You are like this. I am like this too. Preserve it carefully. Never change or deviate from it."¹⁸

Students receive these certificates with bows of gratitude, raise them over their heads in attitudes of reverence. They preserve them like zealots until the day they die—and they make a total waste of their lives in the process. Their own true face thus remains unknown to them. The reason Enkan chose Hakuun's temple to send Hōen to, was not

¹⁶ The following episode is based largely on the account in *Gotō-egen*, ch. 19.

¹⁷ When Rinzai Gigen (Lin-chi I-hsuan) was studying with his teacher Ōbaku Kiun (Huang-po Hsi-yun), he asked him three times about the central meaning of the Buddha Dharma, and each time Ōbaku hit him.

The verse comment Hakuun composed ("With one blow he crumbles the Yellow Crane Tower;/ With one kick he turns Parrot Island on its back./ When the spirit is there, fuel it with more spirit./ Where there is no elegance, there too is elegance.") alludes to a famous poem by Ts'ui-hao 崔顥 (Saikō; 704–54): "Where a man of old rode off on a yellow crane/ Nothing remains now but the Yellow Crane Tower;/ Not once these thousand years has the crane returned,/ But still white clouds drift easily in the vast void./ The trees reflect clearly on the water at Han-yang;/ Parrot Island is thick with fragrant grasses;/ In which direction in the darkening twilight lies my home?/ The mist over the river brings sadness to my heart." Tokiwa p. 320.

¹⁸ Similar to words the Sixth Patriarch spoke to his disciple Nangaku. Quoted before; see installment 6, p. 123, fn. 17.

because he didn't like training halls filled with students; it was solely because he didn't want to see the true Zen wind die out.

One day, when Hōen was working as head of the milling shed, one of the monks suddenly pointed to the turning millstone and said, "Does that move by supernatural power? Or does it occur naturally?" Hōen hitched up his robes and made a circumambulation of the stone. The monk said nothing.

Later, master Hakuun came into the shed and spoke to Hōen. "I had some monks here visiting from Mount Lu. They had all experienced enlightenment. When I asked them to express their understanding, they did it very well, with words of substance. When I questioned them about episodes involving Zen masters of the past, they were able to clarify them. When I requested comments on Zen sayings, the comments they supplied were all acceptable. In spite of that, they still weren't there yet."

Hakuun's words brought deep doubts to Hōen's mind. "They had achieved enlightenment," he pondered. "They were able to express their understanding. They could clarify the stories the master gave them. Why did he say they still lack something?" After struggling with this for several days, he suddenly broke through into enlightenment. Casting aside everything that had been so important to him until now, he raced to Hakuun's chambers. When Hakuun saw him, he got up and began dancing about, waving his arms and stamping his feet. Hōen just looked on and laughed.

Afterwards, Hōen said, "I broke into great beads of sweat . . . then, suddenly, I experienced for myself 'the fresh breeze that rises up when the great burden is laid down.'"¹⁹

We must prize Hōen's example. After only a few days of intense effort, he transcended in one leap all the gradual stages of attainment—the Three Wisdoms and the Four Fruits—and penetrated directly the hearts of all the twenty-eight Indian and six Chinese Zen patriarchs. After that, he spoke with effortless freedom whenever he opened his mouth, taking students completely unaware when he responded to their questions, and cutting the ground from under them with his own. Reflect deeply, and you will see that this is the very point at which men of great stature surpass the countless ranks of average men; and it is at

¹⁹ A saying of Jōshū Jūshin (Chao-chou Ts'ung-shen, 778–897).

this same point that ordinary men of the lax and indolent type lose hope.

Long ago, Emperor Yu of Hsia saved a hundred provinces from the ravages of flood by having a passage cut through at the Dragon Gate. The project took years, and required the forced labor of countless men and women, costing many of them their lives. Kao-tsung, after struggling through a period of great tumult, established the foundations for a dynasty of Han rulers that endured for four centuries. But the policies he initiated during the forty years of his reign resulted in injury and death for untold millions of his subjects.

While this has made the names of these men known throughout the world, both of their achievements were defiled by the illusory passions which engendered them. The difference between worldly exploits such as theirs and the spiritual attainment of a Zen teacher like Hōen, which is utterly beyond the defiling passions, is as vast as the difference between sky and sea.

But there is unfortunately another species of teacher in our Zen school. The kind who gets all puffed up the minute he manages to round up seven or eight pupils, and begins stalking around like a tiger with a mean glint in his eyes, or prancing about like an elephant with his nose in the air, asserting smugly,

“Master So-and-so is an excellent priest. His poems are reminiscent of Li Yu-lin. He writes prose like Yuan Chung-lang. Moreover, the ample fare his temple provides its inmates cannot be matched anywhere else in the country. There is a morning meal, a midday meal, tea and cakes three times a day. Before the afternoon tea-break is even over, the board sounds announcing the evening meal. The master teaches the Dharma of ‘direct pointing’ itself, and ushers students into enlightenment with no more effort than it takes to gather clods of dirt at the roadside. Mr. Cho’s third son went to him and was immediately enlightened. Mr. Ri’s fourth son went to him and grasped the Dharma right off. Samurai, farmers, artisans, merchants, even butchers and inn-keepers and peddlers, and everyone else who passes through the gates of his temple, are all of them guided straight into the realm of truth. No other training hall in the land can compare with it. Any monk who fails to visit his temple when he goes on pilgrimage in effect renounces his commitment to Zen training and botches his whole life in the bargain.”

Phffmp! What graveyard did you pillage for those old left-over offer-

ings? And who gave you that line about “direct pointing”? How can you say that enlightenment comes as effortlessly as “gathering clods of dirt”? Are you talking about the “secret transmission” of the Sixth Patriarch? Is it the “essential matter” Rinzai transmitted? If it was as easy as you say it is, and it was enough for a student merely to receive and accept a teaching after his teacher explained it to him in detail, why do Zen people speak of the “wondrous Dharma that the Buddhas and patriarchs do not transmit?”

One day long ago when Zen master Kyōgen Chikan was studying under Isan Reiyū,²⁰ Reiyū addressed the following question to him: “I’ve heard about your brilliant intellect. They say it is so penetrating that when you were with your late teacher Hyakujō you could give an answer of ten when he asked about one, and an answer of a hundred when he asked about ten. But that discriminating intellect and perceptive thinking of yours is the very source of birth-and-death. What I want from you now is a single phrase that comes from a time prior to your birth.”

Kyōgen was flummoxed. He returned to the monks quarters in a daze, took out the writings he had been studying and began to comb them for a phrase he could take to Reiyū. Unable to come up with a single one, he sighed to himself, “You can’t satisfy hunger with a painted rice cake.”

He begged Reiyū for some clue that would help him answer. “If I told you something now,” Reiyū replied, “you would later curse me to your dying day. Whatever I said would be mine. It would have nothing to do with you.”

Kyōgen ended up by taking all the writings and notes he had been studying and tossing them into the fire. “I’ll never study Zen again in this lifetime,” he said. “I think I’ll go on an extended pilgrimage, begging my way as a mendicant monk. At least then I can avoid wearing myself out like this.”

He took leave of Reiyū with tears in his eyes, and made straight for the Kyōgen-ji in Nan-yang to pay homage at the memorial tower of

²⁰ Hsiang-yen Chih-kuan 香嚴智閑, d. 898, studied first under Hyakujō Ekai and later became an heir of Isan Reiyū.

National Master Echū.²¹ Once he got there, he decided to stay for a while and recuperate from his long journey.

One day, while he was out cutting away some brush and weeds, his sickle struck a pebble, throwing it against the trunk of a bamboo with a sharp report. At that instant, he attained enlightenment. He hurried back to the monks quarters, washed to purify himself, and then lit some incense and bowed deeply in the direction of the temple far away on Mount I where Reiyū resided. "The gratitude I owe you for your great compassion is far greater than that I owe my own parents," he said. "If you had given in to my pleas that day and said something to help me, how could this day have ever arrived?"

Do you see? The masters of our school have never imparted one shred of Dharma to their students. It was not because they were worried about protecting the Dharma. It was because they were worried about protecting their students.

Today the students that teachers get their hands on are generally ignorant, stubborn, unmotivated types who aren't even up to sitting through a single stick of incense. They teach these people and nurse them along with tender care. They might as well take a load of dead cow-heads, line them up, and try to get them to eat grass. The teachers muck about, doing this and doing that, endeavoring to get these fellows free of themselves, and end up saddling them instead with a heavy load of shit. After that they send them out into the world with certificates of enlightenment. The difference between them and Reiyū and Kyōgen is a difference of mud and cloud.

If anyone tells you, "I can preach a Dharma that will enlighten people," you can be sure of two things: (1) he is not an authentic teacher, and (2) he himself has never penetrated the Dharma. Even if he possessed the wisdom of Shariputra and the eloquence of Purna, he couldn't possibly get his miserable beak into the wondrous untransmittable essence Zen teachers have transmitted through the centuries from Dharma father to Dharma son.

The venerable Ananda was a kinsman of Shakyamuni. He followed him into the priesthood at a young age and became his personal attendant, in which capacity he served constantly at the Buddha's side. So

²¹ Nan-yang (Nan'yō) Hui-chung 南陽慧忠, d. 775; a disciple of the Sixth Patriarch, he lectured before two T'ang emperors, and was awarded the title of National Master.

not only was he habitually exposed to the Tathagata's virtuous influence for many years, he was also no doubt affected in no small measure by the personal instruction he must have received. In spite of that, Ananda was never able to break through the barrier into enlightenment. It was not until after the Buddha's death, when he went to his fellow disciple Kashyapa to continue his study, that he succeeded in "forgetting his self and yielding up his life."

In light of all this, how is it that enlightenment, which was so difficult for the ancients to achieve, is now so effortlessly attained by the moderns? Could it be that the ancients were weak or lacked ability? Could it be today's students are more mature and highly developed? Or could it be the teaching methods of the ancients were inferior to those of today's teachers?

Eka cut off one of his arms. Jimyō jabbed a gimlet into his thigh. Another monk did zazen constantly without even lying down to rest. Another shut himself in a hermitage and never left it. Why did they subject themselves to these adversities? If the easy enlightenment of the moderns is genuine, the hardships the ancients endured was mistaken. If the hardships the ancients endured was not mistaken, there is something wrong about the enlightenment of the moderns.

It is unavoidable if a person of great resolve strives to break through to enlightenment and fails. But once someone vows to achieve enlightenment, no matter what hardships he faces, even if it takes him thirty or even forty years of arduous effort, he should, without fail, achieve his goal and reach the ground of awakening which was realized and confirmed by Zen patriarchs before him. How can that same ground be reached by one of these moderns who lives in a half-drunk, half-sober state, misusing his life because he trusts to a common, ignorant view that believes enlightenment is attained effortlessly, like

²² A man of Sai lived with his wife and concubine. Whenever he went out, he returned well filled with food and drink. He told his inquiring wife and concubine that he had dined with wealthy and honorable people, but they were suspicious, since no people of distinction ever came to their house. One day, the wife followed him. He led her throughout the city, arriving at last at the funerary tombs. There he began begging leftover food and drink from the parties of people who were holding sacrificial rites. When the wife returned home, she said to the concubine, "We looked up to our husband in hopeful contemplation. we cast our lot with him for life; and now these are his ways!" Mencius, IV, 33. Adapted from Legge.

picking up clods of dirt from the ground? How are they different from that man of Sai who ran to the cemetery whenever he got hungry to beg leftovers from the worshippers?²²

It is because of this that the *Treatise of the Precious Treasury* states, "There are ten thousand ways to enlightenment. A fish that wearies remains in a trickling stream. A sick bird stays in the reeds. The one never knows the immensity of the ocean, the other never knows the vastness of the forest. It is the same for practitioners who turn aside from the great Way and enter small, insignificant bypaths. After striving and acquiring a certain amount of merit, they stop while they are still halfway to their destination and thus never reach the final truth of ultimate suchness. By forsaking the great Way to pursue small, insignificant bypaths, they content themselves with a little bit of contentment, but they never make it to the complete satisfaction of great and utter peace."²³

Who are the ones who pursue the "great Way"? Those seekers who achieve an authentic *kenshō* and penetrate totally through into the profound source of the great Dharma. Who are those who pursue what is "small and insignificant"? Pseudo-Zennists who accept their perceptions and sensory awareness, their seeing and hearing, as ultimate attainment. Sōjō was indeed one of those he himself called "authentic vessels of the Mahayana Dharma."²⁴

Sōjō lived during the latter Chin dynasty, before the First Patriarch came from the West and brought Zen to China. He stood alone amid an ocean of uncertain Buddhist doctrine and expounded a profound, perfectly correct Dharma of unsurpassed greatness. There is a world of difference between him and Zen people today. It is like comparing gold with tin, or masters with servants. Truly, he deserves our profoundest respect.

Shōso, a monk from Ku-t'ien in the kingdom of Min, served as an attendant to Sekisō Jimyō.²⁵ In his later years he took refuge in Lu-yuan,

²³ *Hōzō-ron* 宝藏論, *Pao-tsang lun*; attributed to Sōjō (Seng-chao, 374–414), the great Buddhist philosopher who lived during the latter Chin dynasty.

²⁴ A line from the *Hōzō-ron*.

²⁵ Ch'ing-su 清素. His biography is found in the *Hsu Ch'uan-teng lu* (*Zoku Dentō-*

Hsiang-hsi, living by himself and leading a quiet, retired existence. Tosotsu Jūetsu, who was still a student at the time, was occupying a neighboring dwelling.²⁶ One day, a visitor brought Tosotsu some litchees. He called to Shōso, "Someone brought me some fruit from your home province, old man. Let's share them."

"I haven't seen any litchees since my teacher passed away," Shōso replied sadly.

"Who was your teacher?" asked Tosotsu.

"Master Jimyō," he replied.

When he had a chance, Tosotsu invited Shōso over and asked him more about his life and practice. Shōso asked Tosotsu in turn whom he had studied with.

"Shinjō Kokubun," he said.

"Who was his teacher?" asked Shōso.

"Ōryō E'nan," answered Tosotsu.

"Young Ōryō was only with Jimyō a short time," said Shōso, "yet he and his students are enjoying great success."

This remark startled Tosotsu. "This is no ordinary old monk," he thought to himself. Later, putting some incense into his sleeve, he went to Shōso and asked for his instruction.

"A man of my meager virtues, who doesn't get much chance to meet people, shouldn't presume to teach others," said Shōso. "But if that's what you really want, express the understanding you have attained as straightforwardly as you can."

When Tosotsu finished, Shōso said, "That may have gained you entrance into the realm of Buddhas, but it will never get you past the gates of the demon realm. You've got to know that 'the difficult Barrier is not reached until you can utter an Ultimate Word.'"²⁷

Tosotsu was about to reply to this, but Shōso suddenly asked, "How would you say something without working your mouth?"

Once again Tosotsu started to speak, but Shōso cut him off with a high-pitched laugh. Tosotsu was suddenly enlightened.

roku), ch. 7. The story is taken from several sources, mainly episodes related in the *Rago-yaroku* 羅湖野錄, *Lo-hu yeh-lu*, ch. 2.

²⁶ Tou-shuai Ts'ung-yueh 兜率從悅, 1044–1091.

²⁷ A saying of Rakufu Gen'an 樂普元安, Le-p'u Yuan-an, 834–98. *Dentō-roku*, ch. 16.

Several months later, Shōso certified Tosotsu's enlightenment. He added a caution: "Everything Shinjō taught you was perfectly true and correct, but you left him much too soon, before you had fully grasped the marvelous working in his Zen teaching. What I've done now is to reveal that working to you and enable you to use it freely and unrestrictedly. But I don't want you to stay here and become my Dharma heir. Your teacher is Shinjō." Eventually, Tosotsu did receive Shinjō's Dharma transmission.

Later, when Layman Mujin was studying with Tosotsu,²⁸ Tosotsu mentioned what Shōso had told him concerning the Ultimate Word. Some time afterwards, when Mujin resigned from his post as prime minister and was passing the Kisō-ji where Shinjō was residing, he stopped to pay him a visit. The two men were talking one night and Mujin was telling Shinjō what Shōso had said, when Shinjō suddenly flew into a rage. "What a bloody mess that bonze spued out! A pack of empty lies! Don't believe a word of it!" So Mujin was not able to finish what he was saying.

In the third year of Emperor Hui-tsung's reign (after Shinjō had passed away), when Kakuhan Ekō²⁹ paid a visit to Layman Mujin at Ching-hsi in Hsia-chou, Mujin said, "It's too bad Shinjō didn't perceive Shōso's true meaning."

"You have perceived only what Shōso said about the Ultimate Word," said Kakuhan. "You have yet to realize that Shinjō was dispensing his drastic Zen medicine right before your eyes."

"Could that be true?" declared Mujin, taken aback.

"If you aren't sure, reflect thoroughly on the meeting you had with Shinjō," said Kakuhan.

The instant Layman Mujin heard Kakuhan's words, he discerned the true meaning of master Shinjō's behavior. He lit an offering of incense and prostrated himself in the direction of the Kisō-ji, repenting his mistake and asking the now deceased Zen teacher for forgiveness. He brought out a portrait of Shinjō he had been storing carefully away, made obeisance before it, and inscribed a eulogy above the painting. He presented it to Kakuhan.

²⁸ Wu-chin 無尺, the lay Buddhist name of Chang Shang-ying 張商英, 1043-1121, who twice served as prime minister under Emperor Hui-tsung.

²⁹ Chueh-fan Hui-hung 覺範慧洪, 1071-1128; in the 3rd generation of the Ōryō line. Author of many Zen works including the *Rinkan-roku* and *Zenrin-sōbō-den*.

Ah! Tosotsu, you had the wisdom to visit Shōso and receive his teaching, but you were unable to rid yourself of its traces—all the ruts and grooves that teaching had impressed in your mind. That is the reason why, when Layman Mujin came along, he fell right into them. Unless Kakuhan had been able to make good and timely use of Shinjō's drastic medicine, Mujin would never have recovered from the incurable illness he had contracted.

Each Zen master possesses ways and methods all his own of applying his wisdom to benefit his students and bring them to realization. How can others possibly hope to calculate their limitless scope?

In my (Hakuin) own opinion, I think that while the above assessment may be true, it is still regrettable that when Kakuhan revealed the drastic medicine Shinjō had used, it seems to have taken effect with less strength than a broken drum.

A superior man of Layman Mujin's caliber is rarely seen in the world. He rose to become prime minister, and lived to be nearly a hundred years old. He won the emperor's complete trust, was highly esteemed by the ministers under him, deeply respected by the educated classes, and beloved by the common people. His wisdom was unsurpassed, his benevolence vast, a man worthy to serve at the emperor's side. Zen master Kakuhan made a special trip to see him. Zen master Daie journeyed far to pay him a visit. What mistake could a man of his stature have committed that would bring him, when he recalled Shinjō's angry outburst, to go into the starry night, light incense, and bow penitently in the direction of the Kisō-ji? Every member of the Zen sect should understand that there exists an essential matter which has to be penetrated in great enlightenment.

When Hyakujō's nose was tweaked by Baso, it cost him all the peace and equanimity he had attained. When Rinzai was struck by Ōbaku's fist, he lost both home and country. When Fuketsu's pride was crushed by Nan'in, it stripped his face off. When Seppō heard Gantō's Khat! it drained his spirit dry. When Ummon got shoved out Bokujū's door and broke his leg, it stunned him senseless. For Kyōgen, it was a pebble striking a bamboo. For Jimyō, it was Fun'yō's hand muffling his mouth. Suigan was done in by a piece of broken tile. Engo was moved to tears by a love poem. Taigen's heart perished at the sound of a flute. Daie was struck down by the poisonous heat of a south wind.³⁰

The circumstances through which each of these priests came into their own by forgetting what happened in the Himalayas when the World-honored One was caught in the light of a poisonous star,³¹ is something even the devas and devil kings cannot discern.

When Sozan heard Kyōgen state that “words are produced by means of sounds, but sounds are not words; forms and shapes appear to be real forms and shapes, but they are not,”³² he thought that Kyōgen had thoroughly articulated the Dharma truth. So when it came time for him to leave Kyōgen, he made him a promise: “I’ll wait until you become abbot, then I’ll come to the temple to gather fuel and draw water for you.”

But later, Sozan came up against Myōshō Tokken³³ and suffered a severe setback. This made him realize for the first time how circumstances really are among followers of Zen. Upon returning to Kyōgen and hearing him teach his students, he was overcome with disgust—the way a highly cultured minister might feel listening to the uncouth banter of a peasant. He gagged and made vomiting sounds. He had given his word to serve as Kyōgen’s disciple because he believed him to be the only genuinely enlightened member of Isan’s brotherhood. But now, he was able to see the true content of Kyōgen’s teaching, and everything had changed completely.

I want all of you to be aware that the study of Zen can effect a miraculous transformation that will change you to the very marrow of your bones. If Sozan had not clambered his way arduously up the complicated tangle of vines that Myōshō lowered down for him, how could he ever have matured into the great vessel he later became?

When Ryūge was struck by Zen master Rinzai,³⁴ he said, “If you want to hit me, go ahead, but I still say there’s no meaning in the First

³⁰ For the enlightenment episodes in this paragraph, see the appendix below, page 121.

³¹ A reference to Shakyamuni’s enlightenment, which is said to have occurred when he looked up and saw the morning star.

³² Sozan Kōnin 疎山匡仁, Su-shan Kuang-jen. *Gotō-egen*, ch. 13.

³³ Ming-chao Te-chien 明招德謙, n.d.

³⁴ This section on Ryūge Koton 龍牙居遁 (Lung-ya Chu-tun, 835–923; an heir of Tōzan Ryōkai), Rinzai, and Suibi Mugaku (Ts’ui-wei Wu-hsueh, n.d.) is from the *Dentō-roku*, ch. 17, account, which also appears in a somewhat different form in the *Blue Cliff Records*, Case 20.

Patriarch's coming from the West." When he was hit by Zen master Suibi, again he said, "If you want to hit me, go ahead, but I still say there's no meaning in the First Patriarch's coming from the West." Where Ryūge stood, he saw no Buddhas above him, no sentient beings below; there was no sky over his head or earth beneath his feet. The whole universe, the great earth—it was all a single holeless iron hammer. Hence Setchō dubbed him "a blind dragon, for whom neither seer nor seen exist."³⁵ The regrettable truth of the matter is, Ryūge could not have grasped Rinzai's Zen even in his dreams.

Ryūge had come down with a grave illness, one which the Buddhas and patriarchs themselves cannot cure. Students often latch onto a pile of matted filth like Ryūge did and assume they have obtained the very heart of the patriarchal teachers, the "priceless jewel" the *Lotus Sutra* says is "concealed in the lining of your robe." Their misfortune is, they haven't the faintest notion that what they have really obtained are the same filthy nails and wedges that master Ummon was constantly pulling out for students.³⁶

Even if a student perceives that the nails and wedges are there, and attempts to remove them on his own, he only ends up like Papiyas, the devil king, proudly carrying a stinking dog's corpse around on his head.³⁷ When the corpse was first placed there by Upagupta, the Fourth Indian Patriarch, Papiyas danced with delight, thinking to himself, "What a glorious adornment! Now I don't even have to envy the headdresses of Brahma or Indra." When he returned to his palace, however, and his wives fled holding their noses, avoiding him with their faces contorted in disgust, he finally realized that his headdress consisted of three maggot-ridden corpses—a man, a dog, and a snake. He flew into a frenzy of rage, yet the stench from the putrifying corpses grew worse by the hour.

This is similar to what happens to a Zen student. He encounters a Zen master and his assertions are demolished. He is instructed by the master and finally receives his confirmation. Upon receiving the certification, the student assumes "My goal is attained. The great matter is concluded. I don't even have to envy the Buddha-patriarchs."

³⁵ From a verse comment in the *Blue Cliff Records* (Case 20).

³⁶ See the *Blue Cliff Records*, Case 6, Engo's commentary.

³⁷ *Dento-roku*, ch. 1.

Unfortunately, with the passage of time, his views become distorted, grow into dry, stale things. He finds that he is at odds with himself at all times, whether he is active or at rest. The light that seems to have come into his darkness shines without a trace of strength. So he lives down in a jackal den. He dwells in a cavern of disembodied spirits. He is burdened by an iron yoke around his neck and heavy shackles around his arms and legs.

Someone with a true Dharma eye sees this as a scene of total, unrelieved despair. Because the student will never understand Zen, not in his dreams, not if he waits until the year of the ass.³⁸ On the contrary, before he knows it, he is lying among the burnt-out seeds, rotting away, incapable of generating new life. What is this if not a case of someone going around with a dog's carcass on his head? He can dash about, go to the ends of the earth seeking a way to rid himself of his burden, but the rot only worsens. The stench only becomes more loathsome. When will he ever be free of it? What can he possibly do?

Well, if a person really has a mind to reach the basic ground that has been realized and confirmed by Zen patriarchs of the past, it is by no means impossible. To begin with, he should tackle the koan, "Does a Dog Have the Buddha-nature?"³⁹ If he concentrates on it singlemindedly and keeps at it for a long time without wavering or faltering, he is certain to break through to realization. But he must not stop there. He must cast all that he has attained aside, and turn to tackle one of the hard-to-pass (*nantō*) koans. In that way, he will surely come to see that the ground where the ancients lived and functioned is not be found at any level of intellectual or discriminatory understanding.

Sokkō Rōshi was initially enlightened when he penetrated the koan of The Old Sail Not Yet Raised.⁴⁰ But he didn't rest content with that

³⁸ There is no "year of the ass," hence, never.

³⁹ The famous koan, Jōshū's Mu. *Mumonkan*, Case 1. Later in his teaching career, Hakuin devised another koan for beginning students: The sound of one hand clapping.

⁴⁰ Kidō Chigu ("Old Sokkō") attained enlightenment while working on the koan, "The Old Sail Not Yet Raised" (A monk asked Gantō "What about when the old sail is not yet raised?" "Little fish swallow big fish," he replied. "What about after it's raised?" the monk asked. "A donkey eats grass in the garden out back," he answered). He went to the chambers of his teacher Un'an Fugan (Yun-an P'u-yuan, 1156-1226) to inform him. The moment he entered the door, the master could tell he had penetrated the koan, but instead of asking him about it, he asked him about another koan, "Nansen

initial realization. He went on and introspected Sozan's Memorial Tower for four more years. Only when he had penetrated that koan did he become a great Dharma Vessel. Had he stopped and dwelled where "There is nowhere no earth to put it," he would have remained floating aimlessly on a vast expanse of stagnant water, a dead lump of rotting flesh even a decrepit old crow wouldn't have given a second look. If that had happened, do you think he would have developed into a great Zen master? Someone who would be sought out to serve as abbot at ten Zen temples and monasteries?

Here is where the secret to the final breakthrough is found. A great deal has been said about it, most of it mistaken, much of it irresponsible nonsense. Shūhō Myōchō Daishi said,⁴¹ "In the morning our eyebrows meet; in the evening we brush shoulders. What do I look like?" Those words are extremely difficult to place your trust in and to grasp. Daijō Shōō Kokushi said,⁴² "Jōshū's Cypress Tree in the Garden works like a bandit." His words are also exceedingly difficult

Killing the Cat." Kidō replied immediately, "There's nowhere on earth to put it." Un'an smiled, confirming Kidō's understanding. For about a half year after that, Kidō's mind was still not completely at rest, and when he engaged others in dialogue, he did not feel free. He left Un'an and worked for four years on the koan of Sozan's Memorial Tower. Then one day he suddenly grasped "the point at which the old Buddha on Daiyu Peak emits shafts of dazzling light" (a phrase which appears in the koan). From then on, he was perfectly free, and his pride, which had made him despise other students, vanished. Now, when he looked at koans he had previously penetrated, his understanding of them was altogether different, and he realized clearly that this had nothing at all to do with words. *Records of Kidō* (*Kidō goroku*; *Hsu-t'ang yu lu*), ch. 4: quoted from Tokiwa, pp. 341-2. For Sozan's Memorial Tower, see installment 4, p. 107, fn 28.

⁴¹ Shūhō Myōchō 宗峯妙超 Daishi (= "Great master"), 1282-1337, founder of the Daitoku-ji in Kyoto; better known by the honorific title Daitō Kokushi. Daitō was the chief heir of Nampo Jōmyō, 1235-1309, who attained enlightenment while studying under Kidō Chigu in China (1259-67). The words quoted here are found in the "turning words" which Daitō used to teach his students: "In the morning our eyebrows meet. We brush shoulders in the evening. What am I like? The temple pillars come and go all day long. Why don't I move? If you can penetrate these turning phrases, the matter for which you have devoted yourselves to a life of practice is completed." *Daitō Kokushi Gyōjō*.

⁴² Daijō Shōō 大定聖応 Kokushi (= "National Teacher"), is the honorific title of Kanzan Egen 関山慧玄, 1277-1360, an heir of Daitō Kokushi, and the founder of the Myōshin-ji in Kyoto. Jōshū's Cypress Tree in the Garden is Case 37 in the *Mumonkan*.

to penetrate and pass into. We should revere the deep compassion of these two men, who left these hidden keys to total transformation behind in order that they would be there waiting for a descendent who would be able to grasp them. Their utterances are truly the claws and fangs of the Dharma cave.

If a person bores his way through them, drenching himself in a cold sweat, he may rightly call himself a descendent of Sokkō, one of the many Sokkō said “would be appearing routinely in the land beyond the eastern seas.”⁴³ If, on the other hand, he hesitates or vacillates and finds that he cannot pass through them, he must never claim to be a descendent of Kanzan Kokushi.

Wherever you go today, you hear Zen teachers saying, “Words and letters. Zen phrases. Those are matters for slaves and servants. I don’t need to use servant’s tools.”

Wrong! Dead wrong! Are those two great Zen masters slaves or servants? If they are, then I am one too. I don’t think much of that high and mighty attitude of yours, that makes you look down on people as underlings; yet neither do I despise you as an underling yourself. But you are a descendent of Daitō and Kanzan; if you do not penetrate their utterances, what grounds do you have for referring to yourself as one of the “little fish who swim the sea of the true Dharma”?

If a person has not penetrated their sayings, it makes no difference whether he possesses attainment or not, or whether his practice is singleminded or not. He should still, without further thought, take them and work on them. He should devote himself to the task with total concentration and unceasing effort.

It’s like chopping down a huge tree ten armspans around. You won’t do it with one swing of your axe, but if you keep chopping away at it and do not let up, eventually, whether it wants to or not, it will suddenly come down. When that time comes, even were you to round up everyone you could find and pay them to hold the tree up, they couldn’t do it. It would still come crashing to the ground.

⁴³ These words appear in a verse Kidō gave to Nampo Jōmyō when he was about to return home to Japan after eight years of study in China: “He knocked at my hermitage; he practiced with painstaking devotion;/ Where the path comes to an end, he kept on going./ Clearly, he preaches together with old Kidō;/ Day by day my offspring will increase beyond the eastern seas.” *Empō Dentō-roku* 延宝伝灯録, ch. 3.

A person may not be ruined because he commits a single wrong act, but if he persists in doing wrong, it will eventually bring about his downfall, whether he wants it or not. When that time comes, he will not be able to prevent it even if he goes to all the gods of heaven and earth and begs with tears in his eyes for their help.

Introspecting a koan is like that. It isn't a question of choosing a koan, scrutinizing it once, and penetrating it. If you work on it continuously, with unflagging devotion, you will penetrate it whether you want to or not. When that time comes, even the combined effort of all the devil kings in the ten directions could not prevent it from happening—they couldn't even glimpse what was going on. And nothing could bring you such intense joy and satisfaction!

But if the woodcutter stopped after one or two strokes of his axe to ask the third son of Mr. Cho, "Why doesn't this tree fall?" And after three or four more strokes stopped again to ask the fourth son of Mr. Ri, "Why doesn't this tree fall?" would he ever succeed in felling the tree? Is it any different for someone who is practicing the Way?

I haven't been telling you all this in hopes of impressing you with the originality of my ideas. All of the matters I have related here are ones that greatly concerned my teacher Shōju Rōjin. He was constantly grieving and lamenting over them when I studied with him thirty years ago. I can never tell people about them without tears streaming down my old cheeks and dampening my robe. Now, recalling how earnestly old Shōju was in entrusting his teaching to me, the way he told me how much he was counting on me, I feel an immediate need to run off and hide my worthlessness somewhere. I am divulging my true sentiments to you like this only because I fervently desire that you will expend every effort to make the true, penetrating wind blow once again through the patriarchal gardens, breathing vigorous and enduring strength into the fundamental principles of our school.

Finally, I ask that you overlook once more an old man's foolish grumblings, and thank you all for listening so patiently and attentively during these long talks. Please take care of yourselves.

In the fifth year of Genbun [1740], during the final third of the first month.

APPENDIX:

A. The encounter between Hyakujō and Baso is Case 53 of the *Blue Cliff Records*, "Hyakujō's Wild Ducks."

B. The story of Rinzai and Ōbaku is found in the "pilgrimage" section of Rinzai's *Records*; see fn. 16, above. The phrase "loses his country" appears in the *Blue Cliff Records*, Case 61: "If you set up even one mote of dust, the country flourishes. If you do not set up one mote of dust, the country perishes."

C. Fuketsu's meeting with Nan'in is given in Engo's commentary to Case 38 of the *Blue Cliff Records*. The *Zenrin-sōbō-den* (ch. 3; section on Fuketsu) contains reference to "a lump of red-hot metal flying out of a glowing furnace and shattering an iron face." Tokiwa, p. 331.

D. When Seppō and Gantō were snowed in together in a mountain temple, Seppō devoted himself conscientiously to zazen, while Gantō just slept. When Seppō complained he wasn't making any progress, Gantō suggested that he should sleep too. Seppō replied that he had to keep doing zazen because his mind was still not at rest. Gantō gave a loud Khat! enlightening Seppō. Cf. *Goto-egen*, ch. 7; *Blue Cliff Records*, Case 5.

E. Ummon visited Bokujū again and again asking him for his teaching, but Bokujū just turned him away. Ummon finally managed to slip inside Bokujū's hermitage. When Bokujū discovered Ummon, he demanded that Ummon say something, but as Ummon was about to speak, Bokujū shoved him out of the room and slammed the door on him, breaking one of his legs. With this, Ummon was enlightened. *Goto-egen*, ch. 15; *Blue Cliff Records*, Case 6.

F. Kyōgen's story appears in the text, pp. 108-9.

G. The first two years Jimyō studied under Fun'yō, not only would the master not receive him in his chambers, he berated him whenever he saw him, and when he did instruct him gave him only the most commonplace teachings. When Jimyō finally complained that he wasn't making any progress, Fun'yō began scolding him angrily. He raised his staff and drove Jimyō backwards. Jimyō threw up his arms to fend off the blows, and as he did, Fun'yō suddenly covered Jimyō's mouth with his hand. With this, Jimyō was enlightened. *Goto-egen*, ch. 12.

H. Suigan Kashin (d. 1064) was an heir of Jimyō. As a young monk with an inflated opinion of his attainment, he attended a summer retreat with Attendant Zen. One day, the two monks were walking down a mountain path engaged in conversation. Zen picked up a pebble, placed it on top of a large rock, and said, "If you can utter a turning phrase right now, I'll know that you have really studied with master Jimyō." Suigan was unable to make any response. *Goto-egen*, ch. 12.

I. A high official named Chang came to Goso Hōen's temple to ask about his Zen teaching. Hōen said, "When you were a young man do you remember reading a love poem about a beautiful woman which contains the verse, 'She calls constantly for her servant, Little Jade, but she really doesn't want her; / She only calls because she wants her lover to hear her voice'? Those lines are very close to Zen." "I know the lines," replied Chang. "Concentrate on them singlemindedly," said Hōen.

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Hōen's disciple Engo, who had heard all this, later asked Hōen, "Do you think he really understood that verse?" "He only got the part about the calling," said Hōen. When Engo asked what Chang had failed to understand, Hōen said, "What is the meaning of the First Patriarch's coming from the West? The Cypress Tree in the Garden. See!" With that, Engo experienced enlightenment. *Goto-egen*, ch. 19.

J. Taigen's story appears in *Goto-egen*, ch. 7.

K. Daie Sōkō attained enlightenment when he heard his teacher Engo Kokugon's answer to the question, "From whence come all the Buddhas?" The answer was, "A fragrant breeze comes of itself from the south, and in the palace pavilion a refreshing coolness stirs." See installment 6, p. xx.

(Concluded)