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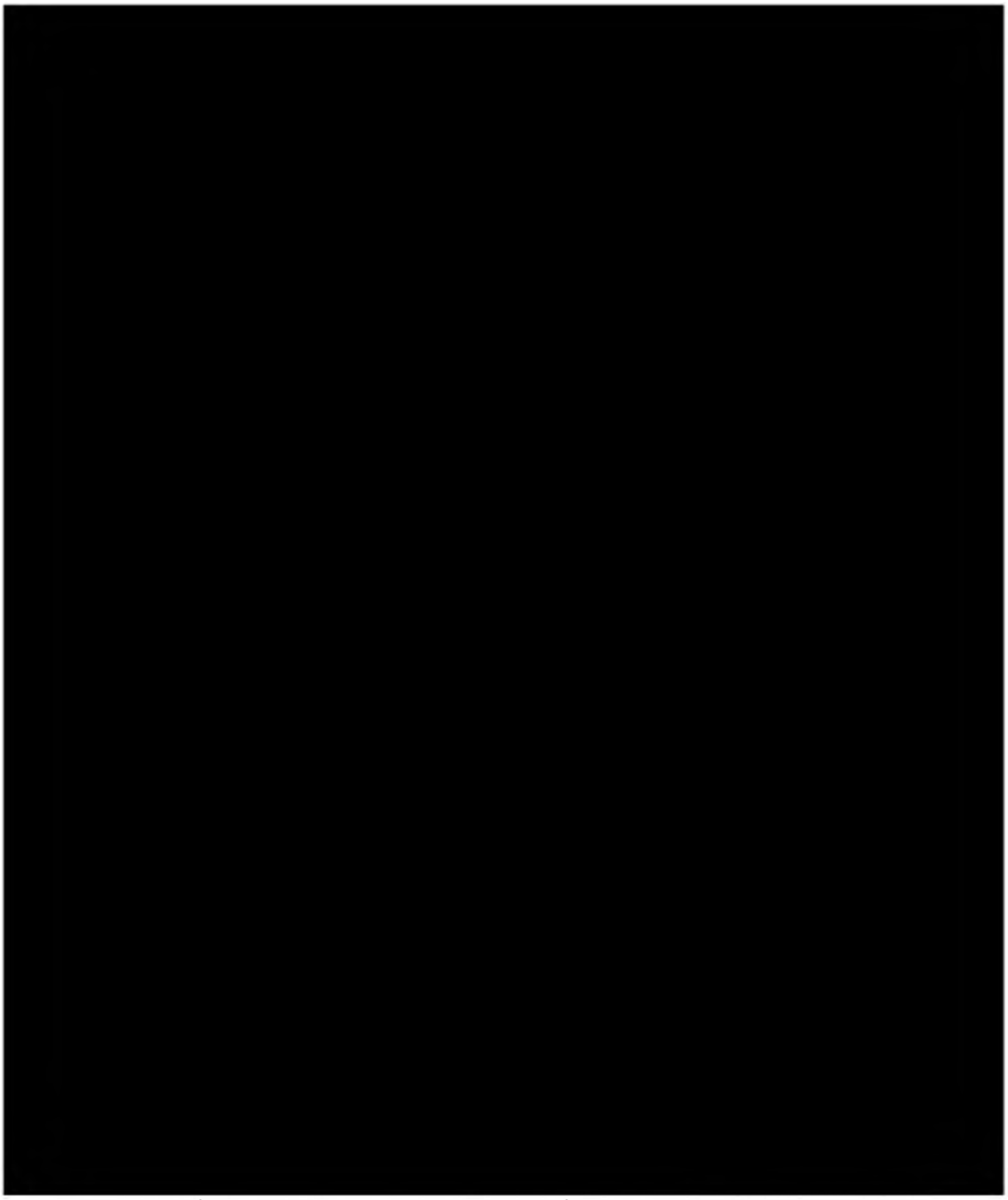

A portion of Dr. Suzuki's draft translation of the *Hekigan Roku*. Dated 1962.

Dr. Suzuki sweeping the ground. Spring 1965.

In Memory of Dr. D. T. Suzuki

RYŌJIN SOGA

Our venerable senior scholar, Dr. Daisetz T. Suzuki has left us suddenly. What regrettable news! We had the impression and expectation till late that he would probably live on to be a hundred or more. He was so vigorous and so clear-headed. But that expectation has been broken by the undeniable fact of his death.

In my heart, however, the sense of his being still alive, the sense of his presence, is more real and dominant than the feeling of sadness over his death. True, in case of bereavement, everybody experiences a strong sense of the presence of the departed one for some time. But what I now mean is something different. I mean the intercommunication or inner-togetherness that takes place between awakened souls beyond life and death. I see Dr. Suzuki and he sees me; I understand him and he understands me; I affirm him and he affirms me: all this takes place in the lucidity of contemplation. This is never a mere product of speculation but an actual fact of experience which is even more real than any ordinary daily experience of meeting.

Experience of this kind is given expression in Buddhist literature as "the mutual contemplation of Buddhas." That is, Buddhas, spacially, of the ten directions, and Buddhas, temporally, of the past, present and future, all abiding in One Suchness, contemplate each other. Dr. Suzuki now is one of the Past Buddhas and I, being still an ordinary fellow living in this world of suffering, am definitely one of the Future Buddhas in the light of the Original Vow. In our mutual contemplation, the Past Buddha and the Future Buddha meet together, understand and affirm each other. To be precise, such contemplation means *nembutsu* for me.

Generally, Shin Buddhist scholars take the doctrinal problems of

nembutsu seriously and go deeper into them. This, however, was not Dr. Suzuki's way of approaching Shin Buddhism. Through the fabric of the doctrinal teachings of Shin Buddhism, he sought to see the basic Mahayanist experience and life of Wisdom and Compassion. He saw the ultimate attainment of the Shin Buddhist faith in the act of *nembutsu*. He above all loved one of Ippen's poems that ran as follows:

> In the utterance [of *nembutsu*],
> There is neither I nor the Buddha—
> "Namu-Amida-Butsu, Namu-Amida-Butsu!"

Nembutsu was indeed the absolute affirmation itself for Dr. Suzuki.

Reminiscences of D. T. Suzuki

DAIEI KANEKO

The unexpected news that told of the death of Dr. Daisetz Suzuki, the leading Buddhist figure of our age, saddened me immensely.

As is widely known, Dr. Suzuki's comprehension of Buddhism was thoroughly permeated with *satori*. From the start of his Buddhistic quest he had his existential problem to solve—the problem of birth and death. All his youthful efforts were concentrated to this purpose. He finally found the problem solved forever in *satori* or the experience of absolute affirmation. He then set forth to trace this experience in Buddhist literature, especially in Zen literature, and to disseminate it widely to the world. His devotion to this work was his prayer and his vow.

Dr. Suzuki was known as a great reader. He was surprisingly

well versed in the faiths, wisdom and thoughts of East and West, old and new. But his interest in such extensive reading was focused on the problem mentioned above. Any system of thought which he thought threw no light on that problem he put aside as useless. He showed little interest in attempts to synthesize the main streams of Buddhist thought or the teachings of the founders of chief Buddhist schools in a speculative way. An intuitive and experiential character was the distinctive mark of his thought.

Nevertheless, Dr. Suzuki was undoubtedly something more than merely a Zen Buddhist who attained *satori* under his master's discipline. I have heard that when convinced Zen followers presented their understanding of Zen, Dr. Suzuki's usual answer was: "That is farthest from the truth." His words and thoughts sometimes gave to his readers or hearers the impression that he was really a great Buddhist "thinker" in the specific sense of the term. He had the eye of a seer who sees into the marrow of things. He had deep insight into human nature and keen sympathy with the unhappiness of others. He was always a good listener. Often he would criticize a person and yet, from a wider point of view, show that he thought very highly of him. Everything considered, he was a great, immeasurable "vessel."

Dr. Suzuki and I, besides being colleagues at Otani University, sometimes happened to meet as fellow speakers at public lectures on Buddhism held by various Buddhist societies. On these occasions we had the opportunity to hear each other's lecture. His criticism of me was as a rule frank and straight. He used to say, "Your lecture sounds too abstract and speculative. I don't like that. It is not congenial to me." I welcomed our venerable senior scholar's criticisms, and always gave them full consideration. Yet in the last analysis there lay a basic difference in our ways of approaching Buddhism.

In this connection I have one thing to observe. Dr. Suzuki frequently gave my name to foreign scholars and men of letters who wished to know something about Shin Buddhism. He suggested they call on me. Does this mean that Dr. Suzuki accepted my thought as something recommendable to foreigners from a broader point of view, irrespective of his own likes and dislikes? Anyway, I was

deeply impressed by this manifestation of his receptive open-mindedness and warmth.

On the thirteenth of June this year [1966] I went to Kamakura for a dialogue with Dr. Suzuki on the subject of the "Original Vow" under the auspices of the Lay Buddhist Association. Dr. Suzuki received me warmly and gladly, as if I were his younger brother who now called on him after a long separation. That was the last time I was to see him. I now remember as vividly as ever the calmness of the thickets on both sides of those long, ascending steps that lead to the hilltop and Dr. Suzuki's library, where the garden was dotted with various summer flowers, and other lovely, soothing natural objects. All of them looked completely in agreement with Dr. Suzuki's personality.

D. T. Suzuki: Some Memories

HUSTON SMITH

Everyone recognizes that Suzuki's life spanned both hemispheres, but almost as impressive is the amount of time it covered: nearly a century. When in 1955 he came to lecture at Washington University, I thought I was showing him St. Louis for the first time, but as we moved from landmark to landmark I gradually realized that I was not introducing him to sights and places but refreshing his memories of them. How this came over me I still don't know; he didn't tell me outright. But when the fact had become evident and I pressed him, he confessed that he had visited the St. Louis World's Fair of 1904—forty years before I had laid eyes on the city and fifteen years before I was born.

Already in his mid-eighties, he noticed more in streets and parks than we did. Here was a philosopher who instead of falling into wells seemed to possess a built-in divining rod that could spot things others passed over. It happened that in his lecture on that visit Dr. Suzuki recounted the story of the *samurai* master who to test the alertness of his disciples arranged to have a suspended pillow fall on each as in turn he entered the master's room. The first disciple caught the pillow in mid-air. The second whipped out his sword and sliced the pillow before it hit his head. The third noticed the pillow before he crossed the threshold, took it down and laid it on the floor, and entered. Suzuki noticed pillows quickly. He was a living example of the Zen thesis that enlightenment doesn't blur the world but brings it to clearer focus.

My other memory of Dr. Suzuki's St. Louis visit concerns his response to its sponsorship. The financing of his travel and modest honorarium was provided by a Jewish tradesman, a hat blocker who sold Christmas cards in his spare time and turned the proceeds to projects promoting international understanding. I think it was this unusual sponsorship that induced Suzuki—anything but a gadabout—to accept the St. Louis invitation. The phenomenon caught his fancy: not only the phenomenon of a man in a low income bracket determined to contribute something to world understanding, but equally the ecumenical air of his gesture—a Jew selling Christmas cards to give Buddhism a pulpit. Thereafter we never met without Suzuki's harking back in some way to the symbolism of that occasion.

Three years after the St. Louis visit I joined Dr. Suzuki for three days in Boston where, in the oriental section of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, we filmed an interview for the National Broadcasting Company's "Wisdom Series." What impressed me during those days was the unfailing patience and good cheer Suzuki maintained in the face of hot, glaring klieg lights; noise, tension, and confusion; and long hours—Suzuki was then 88. I also remember the moment when, on camera, I asked him about the Flower Sermon in which the secret of Zen is alleged to have passed from the Buddha to his disciple Mahākāśyapa. The transcript of that dialogue reads as

follows:

Suzuki: There was a certain communion between the two.
Smith : This is a very fragile thing.
Suzuki: It's not fragile, in fact. You speak to me; I speak to you. Is that fragile?[1]

When, months later, the program was telecast, that simple exchange evoked from an outstanding American poet this poem:

Fragile

I think of the image brought into my room
Of the sage and the thin young man who flickers and asks.
He is asking about the moment when the Buddha
Offers the lotus, a flower held out as declaration.
"Isn't that fragile?" he asks. The sage answers:
"I speak to you. You speak to me. Is that fragile?"[2]

Other words of Dr. Suzuki's which the camera didn't record during those days have stayed with me, too. Like: "We climb a mountain toward the moon. It is an illusion to think that we shall reach it. The mountain doesn't end. But the moon is with us every step of the way."

He was with us: now he is not. In one sense this is true, but in another to speak thus betrays precisely that dualism Suzuki spent his life trying to help us to transcend. "It may well be," the distinguished historian Lynn White of the University of California at Los Angeles has written, "that the publication of D. T. Suzuki's first *Essays in Zen Buddhism* in 1927 will seem in future generations as great an intellectual event as William of Moerbeke's Latin translations of Aristotle in the thirteenth century or Marsiglio Ficino's of Plato in the fifteenth."[3]

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[1] *Wisdom for our Times*, ed. James Nelson (New York: W. W. Norton, 1961), p. 140.
[2] Muriel Rukeyser, *Waterlily Fire* (New York: Macmillan, 1962), p. 196.
[3] *Frontiers of Knowledge in the Study of Man*, ed. Lynn White (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1956), pp. 304–305.

Meetings with Daisetz Suzuki

HEINRICH DUMOULIN, S. J.

The editors of *The Eastern Buddhist* have asked me to write on my own personal impressions and reminiscences concerning the late Dr. Suzuki, the venerable founder of the Journal. The special issue is to be dedicated to the memory of Dr. Suzuki the man; and indeed, a proper appraisal of his scholarly achievement as such will continue to occupy students of Zen Buddhism and Far Eastern philosophy for a long time. Such a critical evaluation will, no doubt, supplement and correct his work or, at any rate, put slightly different accents in its general orientation. Nevertheless, it can safely be predicted, that the international community of Zen students will always revere Dr. Suzuki as the great inspirer and pioneer who has forced the world to take notice of a widely unknown domain of thought and thus left his imprint on our century. While leaving my own critical observations on Dr. Suzuki's views to a later date, I wish here to record my meetings with him. They were few in number and of no startling significance; but they may serve to illuminate this remarkable personality which I shall always keep in the highest esteem.

I met Dr. Suzuki for the first time almost thirty years ago, at a lecture on Zen which he gave in English under the auspices of the International Cultural Society in Tokyo. I was in the company of the late Father Johannes Kraus, the celebrated founder of the japanological journal *Monumenta Nipponica*, and Fr. Kraus introduced me to Dr. Suzuki after the lecture while thanking him for the article he had contributed to the very first issue of *Monumenta*. The article, a concise summary of Dr. Suzuki's view of Zen, has meanwhile been included in the Suzuki anthology, the *Essentials of Zen Buddhism* edited by Bernard Phillips. A little later I called on Dr. Suzuki in St. Luke's Hospital, Tokyo, where he was staying on

account of the grave illness of his wife. We principally discussed Zen texts, and he explained a number of difficult passages in the *kōan* collection called *Mumonkan* which I was translating at the time into German. During the subsequent war and the first post-war years circumstances prevented further research in Zen on my part and I also lost contact with Dr. Suzuki.

Meanwhile Dr. Suzuki had become a scholar of world repute. His publications and lectures had gained an increasing number of Zen adepts in many countries and interest in scholarly circles had also appreciably grown. I myself resumed, in the fifties, my studies of Zen and its history, owing to several impulses, not least the friendly encouragement of Mrs. Ruth Fuller Sasaki who had translated one of my earlier German essays into English and published it in book form as *The Development of Chinese Zen after the Sixth Patriarch in the Light of Mumonkan*. Thus it came about that I met Dr. Suzuki again in July 1954 at the University of München which had invited the two of us to lecture on Zen Buddhism. Dr. Suzuki was kind enough to attend my lecture and to assist me, in the friendliest and liveliest fashion, to answer questions from the audience.

The next meeting with him left an equally pleasant if even deeper impression. An American lady, a writer on a visit to Japan, who had attended Dr. Suzuki's lectures at Columbia University, had beseeched me to arrange an interview with the famous man who by the spring of 1962 could grant an audience only with difficulty, besieged as he was by an uninterrupted stream of American visitors. I managed to make an appointment, but when we arrived at his house near the Tōkeiji monastery in Kamakura, it turned out that, because of some misunderstanding, we had not been expected at that hour. Dr. Suzuki had a note brought to us at the entrance apologizing for being unable to meet us. But my lady companion not to be daunted insisted on at least shaking hands with the grand old man. At once Dr. Suzuki himself appeared. He welcomed us most cordially, led us into his book-lined study and plunged immediately into a most amiable and vivacious conversation. The old gentleman chatted in fluent English with a spiritedness, a humor, a freshness that were hardly

believable. After a few personal reminiscences, the talk turned to serious topics, particularly the cultural interchange between East and West. In his animated way, he expounded one of his favorite subjects: the biblical Genesis as a *kōan*, hearing the inaudible, seeing the invisible, becoming aware of a sacred presence while yet knowing of the unity of being and avoiding all duality. He told us that he disapproved of current Zen fads wherever they were allied to the rationalism of this age of technology. Nor was he in favor of inducing *satori* through mere psychic techniques. Zen, we learned, was to him a metaphysical thing, an affair of the mind; it was concerned with the nature and meaning of life.

But then he would lightly chat again in the light-hearted way he mastered so well. He told us of a Carthusian monk, a truly spiritual man, who had invited him into his hermitage; or of English Benedictines who had taken him to dinner in the monastic refectory and, he told us with a quiet chuckle, had been greatly embarassed when in the book read at table a passage slightly disparaging of Buddhism had occurred.

On his desk lay the first volume of the German translation of *Hekiganroku* which Professor Gundert had just sent. Dr. Suzuki was full of praise of the scholarly and literary standard of the translation, but he did not consider the interpretation of the *kōan* entirely satisfatory. In this context we discussed the general problem of translating Zen texts. He thought it could not adequately be done. With the sparkling eyes of a youngster and a fire that belied his ninety years, Dr. Suzuki took the well-thumbed Chinese edition of the *Hekiganroku* in both his hands and began to read aloud. One felt, that he savored the profound meaning of each Chinese character as he read it. If Dr. Suzuki has usually published free English translations and seldom attempted literal renderings, the reason was not lack of scholarship (no living Zen expert is as familiar with the relevant Chinese literature as he was); it is rather that he knew the limitations any translator must face when confronted with these texts.

We soon proposed to leave and Dr. Suzuki bade farewell to his American admirer with indescribable charm. To me he gave a copy

of the magazine *Kokoro* with an article by him. He also invited me to call on him again. As it turned out, however, this precious visit was the last I should pay him in his house.

In the following year, the *Yomiuri* newspaper telephoned to ask me, would I join a colloquy with Dr. Suzuki to be published in the paper. I was at first reluctant to accept, not being sure what Dr. Suzuki himself would think of the project. But I was assured that he himself had suggested "the Catholic Father" as his Western interlocutor in a talk which, at any rate, was not to be on controversial religious issues but on world peace and international understanding. The talk took place in the Engakuji Monastery at Kamakura. We talked in Japanese, since the publication was planned for a Japanese newspaper. An English version was, however, also published under the title "Where Christianity Meets Buddhism" in *The Yomiuri* on August 3, 1963.

There remains only my last reminiscence of Dr. Suzuki. Last spring he lectured in a small circle on the religious experience of the "Wondrous Good Man" (*myōkōnin*) of the Shin sect. In his customary way he read with comments from texts by Saichi Asahara. As one listened one could not but be touched by the genuine depth of this spirituality, a feeling which the reading of Dr. Suzuki's article on this subject in the *Japan Quarterly* (XI, 157–161) can also convey to some extent. After the lecture several of those present put questions and endeavored to bring about a debate. As I abandoned myself to quietly reflecting on the stirring lecture I had just heard, I thought I understood that the whole personality of the aged master was based on a foundation only to be defined as profoundly religious.

The Talk of the Flower

ZENKEI SHIBAYAMA

Dr. Daisetz T. Suzuki has entered Nirvana. I had thought that, although of late he was getting a little weak, with that clear vivid spirit of his he would surely live to a hundred. Unexpected illness, however, has taken him away.

Early on the morning of July 12th, when I heard of Dr. Suzuki's death by phone from Tokyo, I was struck breathless. The law of the world, and the grave destiny of all living things, have no exceptions, still, we cannot help wishing that Dr. Suzuki could have lived longer —even a day longer—for the sake of mankind, for he had work which only he could fulfill.

As I look back at the years of our warm friendship, I cannot help but be filled with wonder at the good fortune of our unexpected meeting.

I have heard that *The Eastern Buddhist* is now planning to publish a special memorial number for Dr. Suzuki. As to the role his work plays in the history of thought, especially Buddhist or Zen thought there are undoubtedly others more appropriate than myself to evaluate his greatness. I only wish here to confine myself to expressing my deep appreciation for what became Dr. Suzuki's last expression of warm friendship towards me.

When I heard that Dr. Suzuki had passed away at St. Luke's Hospital, I hurriedly cancelled or postponed all scheduled work and took a night train on July 13th, arriving at Kamakura the following morning. At once I proceeded to Matsugaoka Library. It was still quite early, and there was not a sign of anybody being around. Matsugaoka was in deep silence. The morning fog enveloped the woods beyond. There in the woods, quite near the one of Dr. Kitaro Nishida, was the grave of the Suzuki family where Dr. Suzuki would

soon have his long rest. I pressed my hands together, bowed in its direction, and then began the climb up the steps to the Library. A thick bamboo grove surrounded the curved stone steps. Now and then something cold would touch my cheeks and I saw dewdrops falling on my sleeves.

I thought of Dr. Suzuki who used to climb these steps with such agility. I felt as if I were now tracing his footsteps, and my heart filled with sorrow. On the afternoon of July 11th, he had been carried down these very steps on a stretcher, never to return.

Having reached the top, I came to the Library. The shutters were still closed. The people in the house were still in bed, tired after these days of great sorrow and difficulty. Dr. Suzuki's coffin had already been moved to the Tokeiji temple.

I was shown into a drawing room first, and then was invited into Dr. Suzuki's study to have a rest. The use of his personal room was given this old monk who had come up by night train.

His study room had been left untouched and everything was just as it was when he used it. I could almost see his gentle look peering from here and there. From the bookshelf to the big desk and then to an armchair I looked around intently, as if to brand in my memory for the last time the appearance of his study. In a corner I noticed a few suitcases. He had been scheduled to leave for Karuizawa on the 11th, but was taken ill that very morning.

After a while my companion said, "Look here, this was the very last work penned by Dr. Suzuki. He finished it late in the evening of the 10th." She pointed to several sheets of manuscript written on old scrap paper. His fountain-pen was still lying on it.

I took up the manuscript to take a better look. It was a draft of his introduction for "A Flower does not Talk." Many changes were inserted in small letters in the margins. I was greatly touched, and moved almost to tears. Early this year [1966], a friend of mine had been working on the English translation of my collection of light prose-like essays in Japanese entitled "A Flower does not Talk." It was to be published in the autumn, and so when the translation was completed, I wondered if Dr. Suzuki could go over the manuscript,

and possibly also honor it with a short introduction. His reply was, "I am busy at the moment, and may not be able to do it now. But as I am going to Karuizawa soon, I will write an introduction there, and will go over the translation as well." The translation was thus left with him.

With the news of Dr. Suzuki's sudden death, I had given up any hope of receiving this favor. And yet, quite contrary to my expectation, he had completed it the evening before his final departure.

In silence I pressed my hands together and paid my reverence to this very last work of Dr. Suzuki's. It was moving to think that Dr. Suzuki's cordial introduction would be added to such a humble booklet. "Too big a handle has been given to the hammer," I thought. But then I reflected: This introduction, which happened to be the final work ever to be penned by Dr. Suzuki concluding his extraordinary life of 95 years, should not be taken as a mere personal favor. It is an expression of the infinite Dharma mind by which he lived throughout his life.

I may be digressing here, but I used to hear Dr. Suzuki say, "I am not a scholar." We should seriously consider why it was that Dr. Suzuki, with all his scholastic achievements, should have made such a statement.

His mind was always firmly rooted in that "fundamental something" that makes life what it is—the origin of all existence, the very experience of Zen Enlightenment. He saw the primary human significance in it. He saw this "fundamental something" at the bottom of Oriental spirituality. He therefore kept on working, trying to find ways to transmit it to others, and uses of it for human culture. His studies in Zen, his studies of the Truth, were all directed towards this end. The results of his sincere and enthusiastic efforts, however, were usually looked upon by others as being mere scholastic achievements. What Dr. Suzuki did, however, was to live and ceaselessly strive to give expression to this "fundamental something," so that others may know of it, and to let it work for the benefit of the whole mankind.

He did not therefore regard himself as being restricted to the

world of scholarship. This, I think, is why he was so unique in his life and his work, and this must have been what he meant when he said, "I am not a scholar." After all, Dr. Suzuki was a man who lived the Dharma in the broadest sense of the word, and scholastic achievements were simply an appendage to his life.

All the funeral services were over, and the time came for us to bid our final farewell to his coffin. I placed a white chrysanthemum close to his peaceful face, and pressing my hands in prayer, I was filled with inexpressible solemnity, and my heart bled with the sorrow of parting.

In Memory of D. T. Suzuki

KŌSHŌ ŌTANI

It was about thirty years ago that I first met Dr. Daisetz Suzuki. I was still attending Kōnan High School. The very moment I saw him, he asked my attitude towards life. "I believe that we must be sincere," was my answer, I think. Without a moment's pause, he retorted, "What do you mean by 'sincere'?" This retort impressed me deeply and his words worked as a kind of *kōan* all through my boyhood. I can still hear his words ringing in my ears.

After World War II ended, I was discharged from the Naval Reserves and entered Kyoto University. Around that time I began to make monthly visits to Matsugaoka Library in Kamakura where Dr. Suzuki lived. At Matsugaoka he not only gave me personal guidance, but also made arrangements for me to meet and talk with outstanding people from various fields.

Dr. Suzuki already was in the United States when, a few years

later, in 1950, I had the chance to go there to study. After one year at Harvard University I changed to Claremont College in California where Sensei was then giving lectures. I, not always satisfied with philosophical trends at Harvard in those days, had decided to attend his lectures on Kegon Buddhism at Claremont.

There I found the students listening to Dr. Suzuki's lectures which went something like this: "Oneness is manyness, and manyness is oneness," or "What's that name, I wonder . . . It may be Robert or perhaps Henderson. Anyway, it isn't important." I was amazed by and interested in the fact that we could hear this unique style of lecture in the same country where symbolic logic, pragmatism, or empiricism were usually heard at most of the universities.

Next spring (1954), I moved to Columbia University with Dr. Suzuki. It was exactly this period when I felt our relationship change its quality. My understanding of him deepened rapidly and became almost incandescent, and as a result, instead of thinking of him simply as one of my predecessors in Buddhism and as a world famous scholar, I began to come closer and closer to Dr. Suzuki himself.

His existence raised in me the question of Dharma as "religious authority," which eventually became my largest, or rather, only subject of concern. Zen says: "If Buddha comes in front of you, kill him!" This mental attitude of Zen exerted a strong influence upon me, that I was driven to a confrontation with Dr. Suzuki, who stood, for me, as the embodiment of Dharma, the religious authority itself.

I felt I was supported by this authority or Dharma; without it, I would lose my existence. But at the same time, without negating it, I could not expect true emancipation and eternal salvation for myself. Here was a contradiction which for me was really a problem of life and death.

Of course, all this had nothing to do with Dr. Suzuki in actuality; it was sheerly a struggle within me. Had he become aware of it, how would he have received me? He seemed quite unaware of the storm and stress in my heart. Anyway, Dr. Suzuki and the unsurpassed authority on the Dharma were one and inseparable for me at that time.

The problem was pressing; my efforts to overcome it increased its intensity day by day. And in February next year (1953), I came to the biggest turning point I had ever experienced. I overcame the supreme authority. Now, I believed, I had won for all time. But what actually overtook me at that very moment was the highest delight, and at the same time the deepest remorse; the delight that I was liberated at last, and the remorse that what I had done was irrevocable. And alas, the astounding thing I realized next was: What I had slain was neither Dharma which I had regarded as "authority," nor Dr. Suzuki, but my ego itself. What was still more astounding was that I found myself firmly sustained and even given life by the Dharma itself.

I must confess, however, that for a certain period after this experience, I could not behave naturally and frankly in front of him with whom I had identified "authority" first, which then was negated later. Dr. Suzuki himself, being informed of this experience of mine by Dr. Akihisa Kondo, one of my closest friends and an outstanding psychiatrist with deep Buddhistic insight, was delighted and blessed me more than anyone else. Of course, the meaning of this experience was invaluable for me. Without this experience, I would have kept Sensei at a distance, understanding him only as a famous scholar who had introduced Zen to the world.

I must emphasize that Dr. Suzuki did not change, but I did. However, it may not be wrong to say that, because I changed, he also changed. It is true that if the world changes, I also change, but I believe at the same time that if I change, the world is sure to change. It is utterly impossible for one to try to change the world without first changing oneself.

Anyway, I can say that with this experience as a turning point, the relationship between us changed completely. That is, I gained not only the teacher again, which Sensei had been, but a true friend. In other words, he was now "Sensei" and at the same time "a friend" with whom I could talk on equal footing within transcendental realm of the Dharma. Some people might think it strange that I should call someone more than half a century older than myself a friend, but it

is not so. It is a fact in the Marvellous, Unfathomable world of the Dharma. Something strange for me is rather this: Despite billions of people living on earth, of whom we see a considerable number every day, how few of them can be called "friends." This fact makes me feel sad. However, when we are awakened to the misery of reality, and become disillusioned with so-called friendship, and when close relations in the worldly sense come to an end, only then does real friendship start.

As to my memories, I recall Sensei giving lectures to and having discussions with some psychiatrists at Dr. Harte's bright home near the U.N. building in Manhattan. Sensei kindly treated me to a cup of powdered tea, and said: "Have some tea, Shimmon-san," addressing me in English; I also remember that Miss Mihoko Okamura volunteered to be his secretary at that time.

After four years' study in the U.S., I travelled back through Europe to Japan together with Sensei. Thereafter, I used to visit him once every month or so, but later I refrained from visiting him, taking into consideration that he was thronged by visitors, and had some difficulty in finding time for his own valuable work. The lecture Sensei and I gave as co-speakers in Hokkaido few years ago has also become a valued memory of mine.

In the religio-philosophical field, I remember, I once questioned something in one of Sensei's lectures. He said: "Nembutsu (Calling Buddha's Name) is a kind of mind concentration." My objection was: "Nembutsu, especially in Shin Buddhism, has deeper meaning than mere concentration." "That's quite true, too," he answered. But still, to my astonishment, he did not seem to change his own view. Later on, I came to accept the fruitfulness of concentration in saying Nembutsu, and Sensei also seemed to have markedly changed and deepened his views on Shin Nembutsu.

I was often struck with surprise by the wide scope of his reading which ranged from English to Chinese, from Buddhism to Christianity (including mysticism); he read even American best-sellers.

In his later years, he was deeply concerned with Shin Buddhism, as well as me personally. For instance, he showed deep kindness in

writing many letters in connection with actual problems of the Higashi Honganji Order, telling me: "If there is anything I can do for you and your Order, I will do it." And I remember, too, his most suggestive remark: "Shin ministers should engage more in manual labor."

Last May, when I called on him, he hurled a question at me about "*anjin*," a term mostly used in Shin Buddhism, for which he was trying to find a translation. "*Anjin*, strictly speaking, is neither 'peace of mind' nor 'security of mind.'" And a following conversation with him on this subject aroused fresh interest in me. So, I was looking forward to having further discussions with him on it in the near future, perhaps in Karuizawa, but...

Around 3 : 20 a. m., July 12, I was aroused out of my sleep by the ringing of the telephone by my bedside. On the phone Dr. Kondo told me, "Sensei is dying and will not live more than an hour." And he said: Only the day before last, Rev. Suehiro (Chief Executive of the Tokyo Branch of Higashi Honganji Temple) had called on Dr. Suzuki in Kamakura. Sensei had looked healthy and they had chatted, standing on the porch, because he was busy packing for his stay in Karuizawa. Sensei had asked Rev. Suehiro: 'Is it true that Shimmon-san is going to live in the Tokyo Honganji?' Suehiro replied: 'Well, not exactly. Shimmon-san's residence is still in Kyoto, but he is going to make Tokyo the base for his further activity.'"

This story aroused tears anew, for it brought to mind his figure standing at the porch—a figure of deep warm affection—waving his hand and watching us disappear from sight.

At the very time I had this telephone call, he was fighting the terrible pain of his illness with prodigious mental power and it was he who was consoling those close to him with "Don't worry" and "Thank you."

In my observation, the more congenial his attitude became towards Shin Buddhism, the more often he uttered "Thank you." This "Thank you," with his own unique tone, derives from Dr. Suzuki's upbringing in a Shin Buddhist atmosphere in Kanazawa. In other words, Shin Buddhism bloomed in the warmth of his feeling.

and Zen manifested itself in the sharpness and resoluteness of his mind; as if the former were his mother and the latter his father, these two elements formed Dr. Daisetz Suzuki.

The same day, when I was informed of his death, I rushed, with Mr. Shōjun Bando and Dr. Kondo, to the hospital in Tokyo where his remains were laid. All the visitors had left and the room was vacant. Only our voices chanting sutras sounded quietly. Suddenly, somehow, I felt I heard Sensei's "Thank you," again. I felt sad but was not lonely, perhaps because I had already found Sensei in me, and myself in Sensei.

I told a reporter, "Since Dr. Suzuki's death, I feel more strongly than ever our responsibility to Buddhism as one of those who must tread the way after him; and this feeling grows deeper and deeper with the passage of time.

On the same day, Miss Okamura, despite her deep sorrow, expressed her own resolution, saying: "I must do everything to express my gratitude to Sensei." I believe she cherished just the same feeling as mine.

And the words Dr. Kondo uttered, "We lost the very person with whom we could really talk," drew tears from my eyes.

SUZUKI, the Teacher

RYŌICHIRŌ NARAHARA

I first came to know Professor Suzuki in 1909 after he returned from his eleven years' stay in the United States. He had just been appointed lecturer, and in the following year, at the age of 40, professor at the

Gakushūin (Peers' School). I was then an upperclassman at that school and my class studied English under his guidance. As he happened to be our dormitory master as well, I spent most of my school days near him.

Soon after I graduated from Gakushūin and entered Kyoto Imperial University, Professor Suzuki transferred to Otani University. I remember my visits to his residence in the compounds of Tōfukuji in Kyoto, where he seemed quite busy translating sutras into English for *The Eastern Buddhist*. The proofreading and manuscript correction were a great deal of work.

I believe I was greatly influenced by Professor Suzuki's personality when I went to meditate in temples on later occasions, but I do not remember our ever having talked especially on the subject of Zen. We discussed social problems. After the war, I often called upon him in Kamakura to exchange views on labor problems. While he fully understood the necessity of labor unions, he did not hesitate to point out their excesses.

In order to refresh my memory of Professor Suzuki at Gakushūin, I gathered and reread as many as possible of his essays and lectures from the school bulletin *Hojin-kai*. Reading again the ten essays that were available, I was deeply reminded of his sincerity. He used to say that sincerity is the one thing in life to be observed at all cost. Professor Suzuki once delivered a lecture on Thomas Carlyle's immortal work, *On Heroes and Hero-Worship*. What Carlyle emphasized was that the consistent idea of heroes can be attributed to "sincerity." If formula takes the place of sincerity, as happened in the case of Napoleon, this sublime idea is degraded.

Indeed, it was with sincerity that he had been guiding us in the right direction. It is unfortunate that we could not thoroughly understand the significance of Professor Suzuki's guiding spirit at that time. We were too wrapped up in the warm atmosphere emanating from his personality. The fact that we were too near to him and too young and green may be the reason why we did not understand him well. However, I am very grateful for my past contacts with Professor Suzuki because they enabled me to keep in touch with him in the

years up until his death.

Some of the titles to his works on Oriental Culture were "As my pen dictates to me," "On a certain rainy night," etc.; however, in the prefaces to his essays, his zealous desire to write as comprehensively and perfectly as possible was ever evident. It was his official and private business which prevented him from doing so, and allowed him to write only fragmentary impressions and thoughts. He added such remarks in the last paragraph as: "I have reread my essay from the beginning and feel quite dissatisfied even though I cannot explain why. I really want to supplement it, but I haven't the time to do so."

We are accustomed to regard a system of argument consisting of introduction, main issue and details as logical or scientific. However, Professor Suzuki's was a different system which he successfully used to proceed further and deeper with his own thinking. Preoccupied as we are with our allotment of daily work, we badly need the valuable mental food and nourishment he can give.

While I had wished to give a resumé of Dr. Suzuki's thought as it was manifested in his earlier writings and lectures, I do not have sufficient space at the present time. I will have to satisfy myself with relating one episode of almost six years ago. I was assisting Professor Suzuki, with his secretary Miss Okamura, to descend the stone steps of Matsugaoka Library, when suddenly he said to me, "I remember, when you were a young student and taking a walk with me, you once said that you had no need for men beyond the age of thirty. You have now far exceeded that age and I wonder if you still abide by your argument?" It was true that I had said that, and nearly half a century ago! I was so astonished at his excellent memory that I could not give an immediate reply. On a later occasion, I said to him, "You gave me a *kōan*," and he nodded, "A sort of *kōan*, it might be." That exchange is still fixed within my heart.

He always took in my words warmly and I spoke to him with my whole heart as I could with no one else. When I now reflect on how much Dr. Suzuki cared for the younger generation, as is seen in his many essays, I feel ashamed at having spoken recklessly.

Let me cite some words of his written for our school bulletin in 1916. He says at the outset:

I occasionally think that there are two different and constant groups of power in our society or even in the world at large. They are working antagonistically by struggling, pressing and conflicting....

Indeed, there are two strata of humankind in the world, viz., the aged and the young. Strange to say, they are fighting each other without trying to understand each other. Now, I would like to point out: Which side should be blamed for such a conflict of power? I should like to say that the aged are responsible. This is particularly true in the field of education. The aged are apt to forget their younger days. They do not pay the least attention to the fact that things change day by day and that their younger days in the past are not necessarily the same as the present time of the younger generation.

Every young man has his own problem of how to respond to the requirements of the time. He exerts himself to solve his problem using whatever knowledge, morality, ideals and ability he then owns. Although the younger generation may have different problems of its own, their attitude and sincerity remain unchanged in spite of the progress of time. So long as there is an unresolved problem, young men are genuine and studious. It is to be desired that elder and middle-aged men who already have their own viewpoint and experience have sufficient sympathy to understand this. Young men intend to get rid of the stormy inconsistencies of life; their sentiment is genuine and their thinking is logical; they dash forward along the lines of logic. If the world consisted merely of the younger generation, either paradise would be realized today, or the world itself utterly destroyed. The reality is, however, that the aged generation acts as a brake to the younger. Things regarded as undesirable or unadvisable by the aged are not necessarily undesirable or unadvisable for the young. The real educator should not therefore be inflexibly minded.[1]

He considered all things from the angle of the other party also. Because of his full and profound attainment of this attitude, he reached the same stage of wisdom as the great Chinese Master, Chao-chou (J., Jōshū). For Professor Suzuki, physical hitches such as age never prevented him from energetically pursuing the truth of life,

[1] Originally written in Japanese. "Fudeni makasete" 棒仁会 *Hojin-kai*, No. 100 (Tokyo: Gakushūin, 1916), pp. 62–64.

or from keeping his youthfulness to the last. Recalling the number of brilliant achievements Professor Suzuki accomplished as a great philosopher and educator, I cannot but regret his death immensely.

Suzuki Daisetz

BERNARD LEACH

Few men whom I have met, have been so rich for death as Suzuki *Rōjin*. Nevertheless my heart sank when I heard the news that he had gone. I recollected the reproof which a certain Zen Master gave when a follower remonstrated with him on the sorrow which the death of a friend gave him. What should cause more joy than the quiet answering of the great *koan*? What should bring more sorrow than the loss of a friend?

I met Dr. Suzuki and his wifeover 50 y ears ago, but I have not talked with him more than half a dozen times, yet he and his friends, Yanagi Soetsu and R. H. Blyth, changed my outlook, and I do not forget the kind smile under his bushy eyebrows.

Once, in New York, he struck me hard with the Rod of Zen. Yanagi, Hamada Shōji and I spent some hours with him and Miss Okamura in his flat and I took the opportunity of thanking him for what I had learned through his books, and then asked him to explain his earlier concentration on Zen and his later on Jōdo Buddhism — the Road of the one and the Road of the many. He flashed back at me "If you think there is a division you have not begun to understand — there is no dualism in Buddhism." Then, with that kindly smile, he explained that the problem was like that of a man determined to climb a rocky pinnacle, pathless. It was dangerous, he might fall, he might kill himself, but if he succeeded in reaching the top he would

find other people who had arrived there by a long established road on the other side of the mountain. The corollary, he added, was that the man of "Jirikidō,"[1] (the solitary artist for example), should never forget the men of "Tarikidō"[2] on the path of the many, and vice versa.

On that same occasion in New York, we were all invited to a luncheon party in Greenwich Village by Mrs. John D. Rockefeller —a party of a dozen people. After the meal she asked if we would care to visit the United Nations Building and see the river view from the top floor. I remember noticing little Dr. Suzuki glancing up the facade of that great glass box. We shot up in an elevator and stepped out on to the polished floor of a huge empty room and walked across it to look down. A silence fell on the party until, after a long pause, the thin old voice of Dr. Suzuki said, "And who cleans the window?"

Three years ago I went to call on Dr. Suzuki in Tokyo and recalled this occasion and gave him a cutting from an English newspaper illustrating a man hung on a sling on the outside of that glass facade wiping those windows. He chuckled.

A great and enlightened man has passed from our company.

In Memoriam[3]

KARL FREDRIK ALMQVIST

May I be allowed, as a man of the western world, to state my conviction that with the passing away of Dr. Daisetz Suzuki, Japan has lost one of her greatest sons. Dr. Suzuki was one of those dignified

[1] 自力道 Self power road. [2] 他力道 Other power road.

[3] This is the address delivered at the memorial service held in the Asakusa Honganji, Tokyo, on July 17, 1966.

representatives of the traditional culture of Japan, one of the most precious cultures in the world, who are aware of the spiritual legacy which needs to be transmitted to future generations and to mankind as a whole, and who devote their lives to that task. What particularly distinguished the life-work of Dr. Suzuki was his brilliant ability to expound in a western language the doctrine of Buddhism and its various methods of spiritual realization. Time and again, in our conversations in his charming home in Kamakura, Dr. Suzuki pointed out how difficult, even sometimes impossible, it was to explain in a foreign language the *inner* meaning of spiritual truths. But for that reason we in the western world are the more grateful to him for persevering in these efforts throughout his life. Why did he do this? we may ask. I never put this question to him. But I think I am right in saying that his efforts to make westerners acquainted with Buddhism of different schools, especially of Zen and Jodo-Shinshu, was based on the idealistic aspiration he nurtured of thereby giving them easier access to the knowledge of this important Divine Tradition—a generous attitude indeed, in view of the spiritual and moral distress from which mankind is suffering in modern times. We know that many in the western world have found their spiritual home, thanks to Dr. Suzuki and his works.

But I believe that, in addition, another dominant motive lay behind Dr. Suzuki's efforts directed toward the Occident. It was his ardent desire to take every possible measure to achieve the *harmony* between different cultures, in order to defend spiritual values as a whole. He had a firm belief in the transcendent unity of the great religions, in the unanimity of their sacred doctrines, but also in the deeper meaning underlying their formal divergencies. How congenial are Dr. Suzuki's interpretations of Christian mysticism, how fascinating is the study of his work, *Mysticism: Christian and Buddhist*, in which he analyzes the coherence between these two traditions, a coherence which does not imply the influence of one system of thought upon the other, but rather the existence of one metaphysical tradition in the world and at all times.

Above all, Dr. Suzuki was a Japanese in the true and traditional

sense of the word. He was convinced that Japan has a particular mission to fulfil in our time and in the framework of humanity as a whole. This mission of Japan was to show the world that it is possible to have the whole technical structure of a modern state and at the same time to protect the ancient tradition in its spiritual and artistic integrity. To realize this should, in his view, be the supreme task of Japanese youth. It was the essence of Dr. Suzuki's general outlook that Japan should present to the world an original and unique solution, which should consist in an equilibrium—a balance—between the external necessities of modern life and the internal and imperative necessities of contemplation and traditional life, as manifested in Buddhism and Shinto. Modern life represents the contingencies of existence, whereas traditional life, from mystical contemplation to art and handiwork, represents the Absolute, the Infinite, which alone gives sense to the human condition.

Dr. Suzuki was one of the greatest spirits of his day, and he was a good and lovable man. We, his admirers and friends, will miss him sadly, but his genius will continue to live on through his works.

The Smile

EVA VAN HOBOKEN

It was in 1954 in Ascona in Switzerland, where I live with my family on the shore of the Lago Maggiore, that the Eranos Tagung was held. Famous scholars lectured on Oriental religion, Christian mysticism, poetry, and Jungian psychology, especially in its relation to the "archetypal phenomena" as they are expressed in dreams, religious habits, folkloristic customs, and in the fantasies of lunatics

as well as in simple daily behavior.

Among the lectures scheduled was one by Dr. Daisetz Suzuki, a Japanese professor of Zen Buddhism. I was not acquainted with this subject, neither had I ever met Dr. Suzuki nor read his books, and my mind was as blank as a sheet of paper. Then a very frail, small gentleman came into the hall accompanied by a lovely girl, Miss Okamura. He gave her a kind smile, looked at the audience, bowed, gave them a kind smile and started his lecture.

He spoke in a very low voice, his listeners were quite eager to understand what he was saying, and many tried to write down his words. But unfortunately the microphone did not work well. Then Dr. Suzuki did not give a lecture in the ordinary way starting with A, developing it into B and then concluding that asAis A, B must b e B. He did not make the statement that something which cannot be explained is "mystic" or "numinous." Neither did he promise anything which could have had satisfied the longing and lonely mind. Thus his lecture seemed to be something like a frog jumping into a pond, stirring only some waves which vanished without the sound being heard.

I did not understand a word of his lecture; he mentioned something about three Zen patriarchs or monks who discussed something which I could not understand, but I was struck by one expression "and the rocks, or the rock, nodded."

How can a rock nod? I bought Dr. Suzuki's books and read them while pondering over this question, but could not find even to this day the words about the nodding rocks. However, that a rock should nod seemed to me quite natural thing.

The following year Dr. Suzuki came again to give a lecture on the Ten Ox-herding Pictures at the Eranos. He distributed a small pamphlet with pictures and texts to the audience. He could not finish his lecture because he overran his time, and the audience was again quiet at a loss. I wanted to meet him personally, and, after many diffculties, made an appointment. I feared that people were not always kind to him, so I brought him a flower, some incense and a scroll-painting of Mt. Fuji by Hokusai from our collection, to remind

him of his native land. When he saw it, the frail old man jumped on a chair with unbelievable youthful force to search for a nail on which to hang the scroll. Miss Okamura pulled him by his coat and asked why we had not seen the nail already there on which to hang the scroll. Dr. Suzuki looked at Mt. Fuji for a long time contemplating happily. Then he smiled and opened the conversation expressing his liking for lakes, trees and mountains, which made me "deaf and dumb" for a long time. I no longer wished to listen to the conversation and wanted to leave as soon as possible.

After this meeting, without exchanging any special or significant words, Dr. Suzuki helped me with everlasting kindness through all stages of my very difficult, crucial way in studying traditional Zen. A trip to Japan was given to me as a gift for twenty-five years of long coöperation on the life work of my husband, Dr. Anthony van Hoboken, a musicologist who made the first catalogue of the works of Joseph Haydn which then was not completed a hundred years after his death.

Dr. Suzuki, who was still in America, sent me introductions to the honorable Lord Abbots Furukawa of Myōshin-ji, Asahina of Engaku-ji, and to the layman *roshi*, Kōryū Osaka of the Hannya Dōjō in Tokyo. Osaka *roshi* was not in when I went to see him, but I met Mr. Akizuki who showed me how to sit for meditation. The instructions were given quite casually. Back in Europe I started sitting in the manner of Japanese women and it became very painful day by day, and I felt that I needed further instructions. But there was nobody I could ask. So when I heard that Dr. Suzuki was in Europe again, I wrote to him and Miss Okamura kindly arranged a meeting in London. In a few minutes the problem was solved. Dr. Suzuki said with a smile he did not remember if in the lotus position the left leg should be up first or the right one. I still see us now sitting in the lobby of the Rembrandt Hotel, Dr. Suzuki in the lotus position on a sofa, and Miss Okamura and myself in a Japanese woman's way on the floor. After exchanging a few kind of words Dr. Suzuki simply bade me goodbye, saying "Next time we shall meet in Japan."

Eight months later I received a very precious gift from Tokyo, from a Mr. Sazō Idemitsu, then an absolute stranger to me. It was a calendar of drawings by Sengai, together with a letter saying he had sent it at the request of Dr. Suzuki. Again I was struck by the coincidence. For months I had on my desk the catalogue for the Sengai exhibition, which was held in California, sent by an acquaintance. Everyday I was looking at the picture entitled "The Universe."

The decision to visit Japan again was made immediately. During this stay I met Dr. Suzuki in Tokyo and in Atami. I was then translating the *Ten Ox-herding Pictures* into German, and at Dr. Suzuki's request Mr. Akizuki once more checked the original Chinese text. I also met Mr. Sazō Idemitsu and he kindly showed me some of the Sengai scrolls many of which I knew only through the reproductions. I then entered the Hannya Dōjō as a student to study traditional Rinzai Zen. In Kyoto, I met Shōnen Morimoto *roshi* and Rev. S. N. Kobori. Dr. Suzuki, in his everlasting kindness, watched over me without any ado. We met nearly every day through the arrangement of Miss Okamura who had his schedules firmly in her hands, and always extended heartfelt kindness. I was asked by Mr. Idemitsu to translate Dr. Suzuki's text on Sengai into German, Italian and French for the next issue of the Sengai calendar. At the same time the translation of the *Ten Ox-herding Pictures* in German was in progress. This required our meeting every day. I remember those meetings as being always full of wonderful smiles and hearty laughter which encouraged me in my work. The smile came into Dr. Suzuki's face even when he was severe, angry, and lightened up when he was tired and weary, or fighting out some difficult practical problem, or sitting relaxed in his chair, or riding with us in a dangerously racing taxi to visit some Zen exhibition in a department store.

In 1961 I was asked by Dr. Suzuki, Mr. Sazō Idemitsu and the Kokusai Bunka Shinkō Kai to assist in bringing the Sengai exhibition to more countries in Europe. These exhibitions turned out to be a real spiritual success, even a practical success at Museums, because it was undistorted Zen, shown through the *upāya* of the transcendental smile and sense of humor of Dr. Suzuki, accompanied by the

translations of the texts and commentaries by Dr. Suzuki. The unmovable true mind was in no way explained, and this helped in many aspects the better understanding through intuition. We showed the exhibition in twelve countries in Europe, from North to South, East to West, from Stockholm to Madrid, Vienna to London, in fourteen successive exhibitions. This was only possible through Mr. Idemitsu's complete understanding and help, and also through the boundless confidence he took in me and in the members of the company who worked with me. In the four years in Europe everybody was surprised by the success of the exhibitions. Dr. Suzuki was really happy and his smile deepened whenever we talked about the introduction to Europe of Sengai.

Our real goodbye took place in December 1965 in Kamakura at his home. When I had taken leave of him and crossed the garden, Dr. Suzuki called me back. I went up to him again and bowed low and as I bent deep in the Japanese manner, he gave me his eternal smile, which was something I really felt to the depth of my being—a smile which I truly received as I thanked him for all he had done during his long lifetime. The last time I saw him, he was standing before the Hotel, waving gaily and smiling, before I stepped into the car for the airport. He said, "Bon voyage, we will meet again here, or elsewhere."

But our work goes on. It will help in loosening tensions and fear, and the transcendental smile of Dr. Suzuki accompanies Sengai's smile. I want to emphasize that the great teacher is not bound by the words he wrote and which were printed in letters in his books. His deep understanding of Zen is inexpressible. But his communication of the non-communicable leaves deep marks in the world on simple human beings. And the rocks nod.

My Reminiscences

JOHN C. H. WU

During the years 1949–1951, I was a visiting professor of Chinese philosophy and literature at the University of Hawaii. The outstanding student in my class was Richard De Martino, who was at the same time pursuing his studies in Zen Buddhism under the private tutorship of Dr. Suzuki. It was through the introduction of Richard that I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Suzuki. From the very beginning he impressed me as one who not merely taught philosophy but actually lived it.

It was in those days that his *Living by Zen* made its appearance. I was simply fascinated by his presentation of the subtle insights of great Zen masters like Ma-tsu, Chao-chou, Lin-chi and Yün-mên. Hitherto my acquaintance with Zen had been based mainly upon the Sixth Patriarch Hui-nêng's *Platform Sutra*, which I had read several years before and had come to regard as one of the three books of supreme wisdom in the history of China, the other two being *The Analects of Confucious* and Lao Tzu's *Tao Teh Ching*. But it was through the reading of *Living by Zen* that I began to realize the far-reaching influence of Hui-nêng's insights and, what is more, to get a taste of the special flavor of Zen as it was developed in the teachings of his great successors. Ever since then, Zen literature has been my great hobby and its ineffable charm has been growing on me.

My second contact with Dr. Suzuki happened again in Honolulu. It was in the summer of 1959, when the University of Hawaii was holding its Third East-West Philosophers' Conference. We were both on the panel. One evening, as he was reporting on the Japanese philosophy of life, I heard him say, "The Japanese live by Confucianism, and die by Buddhism." I was struck by this remarkable statement. Of course, I understood what he meant, for this is more or

less true also of the Chinese. All the same, I thought that it was an exaggeration which stood in need of some amendment and clarification for the sake of our Western colleagues. So, as soon as he had done with the report, I asked the Chairman's permission to put a question to Dr. Suzuki. Having got the green light, I proceeded: "I was very much struck by Dr. Suzuki's observation that the Japanese live by Confucianism and die by Buddhism. Now, a few years ago, I had the pleasure of reading Dr. Suzuki's *Living by Zen*. Is Zen not a school of Buddhism which prevails in Japan? If this is true, there must be many Japanese living by Zen Buddhism. It seems to me, therefore, that the statement that the Japanese die by Buddhism stands in need of some revision." The Chairman very carefully relayed my question to Dr. Suzuki (for he was somewhat hard of hearing), and the whole panel was agog for his answer. But no sooner had the Chairman presented the question than Dr. Suzuki responded with the suddenness and spontaneity of a true Zen master, "Living is dying!" This set the whole conference table aroar. Everybody was laughing, apparently at my expense. I alone was enlightened. He did not, indeed, answer my question, but he lifted me to a higher plane, a plane beyond logic and reasoning, beyond living and dying. I felt like giving Dr. Suzuki a slap in order to assure him that his utterance had clicked. But after all, must I not still live by Confucianism, especially in the presence of so many respectable professors?

From that interesting experience I came to feel much closer to him. We saw eye-to-eye with each other, although many of our American friends continued to remind me that Dr. Suzuki had not answered my question, and they were quite mystified when I told them that he had more than answered my question. Where two Oriental philosophers are in perfect agreement, Western philosophers are apt to see nothing but disagreement.

In the summer of 1964, we met each other again at the Fourth East-West Philosophers' Conference in Honolulu. We had a happy reunion, and his devoted secretary Miss Mihoko Okamura took some pictures of us. He was delighted to hear that I was writing a book on the golden age of Zen, dealing with the great Zen masters of the

T'ang period. He gladly acceded to my request that he would write an introduction to the book when completed. He read over one of the chapters of the contemplated work, and encouraged me to continue.

By the winter of 1965, I had practically completed the book mentioned above. I wrote him two letters, the second of which was as follows:

43 Cottage Street
South Orange, N. J. 07079
December 20, 1965.

My dear Dr. Suzuki:

I am happy to tell you that I have now completed a book under the title *The Golden Age of Zen*, of which the enclosed 44 pages are the Epilogue. I am mailing the epilogue to you first because it contains something personal. Besides, it is light reading suitable to the holiday season.

The other chapters are as follows:

1. Introductory: From Bodhidharma to Hung-jên
2. The Sixth Patriarch Hui-nêng: His Life and His Outstanding Disciples
3. Hui-nêng's Fundamental Insights
   (This is the only chapter presented to you last summer)
4. Ma-tsu Tao-i
5. Pai-chang and Huang-po
6. Chao-chou Ts'ung Hsin
7. Outstanding Masters in the Lineage of Shin-t'ou
8. Kuei-shan: Founder of the House of Kuei-yang
9. Lin-chi I-hsüan: Founder of the House of Lin-chi
10. Tung-shan: Founder of the House of Ts'ao-tung
11. Yün-mên Wên-yen: Founder of the House of Yün-mên
12. Fa-yen Wên-i: Founder of the House of Fa-yen

Epilogue (enclosed herewith)

I had intended to cover the later periods. But Zen literature is so rich that it will at least take five more years of intensive study before I can produce an adequate history of Zen in China. Even as it is—an account of the masters of T'ang—it is already three hundred pages.

All the above listed chapters have been mimeographed, except the first chapter which is still being written. I am rereading your two authoritative

works on the *Lankāvatāra Sūtra*. In fact, your profound insights have been my guide in writing all the chapters. But for the writing of the first chapter, your painstaking researches must be painstakingly studied.

I have followed your great insights, not in a slavish spirit, but because after an intensive study of the original material in Chinese, I can not but see eye-to-eye with you on almost every point. For instance, what you have said about the intrinsic affinity between the Taoism of Lao and Chuang and Zen—in your introduction to James Legge's translation of Chuang Tzu, is so profoundly true that no original spirits can disagree. The truth is that the School of Zen was very much influenced by Sēng-chao's Book, and to my mind Sēng-chao was a true knower of Chuang Tzu.

As soon as I hear from you, I shall mail all the chapters. I hope you will favor me with a foreward, as you so generously promised last summer.

I have been asked by my friends in Formosa to write an English biography of Dr. Sun Yat-sen. In the spring I shall have to go to Taipei. But I want very much to stay a few days in Japan on my way to Taiwan. I wish to visit you. May I? Shall we see the cherry-blossoms together?

In the Epilogue (p. 11ff.) you will find a personal account of "A Taste of Suzuki's Zen." Last summer, some old members of the Conference were still speaking as though you had not answered my question! So I think it is time for me to break my silence.

You will note that in the epilogue I have drawn my materials mostly from sources after T'ang. This relieves my mind to some extent. I hope that what I have written about Ta-hui Tsung-kao on pp. 30–31 is not too harsh. I may have a more favorable impression of him, if I knew him better. What do you think of him?

Father Thomas Merton is a very dear friend of mine. Recently, he has published a book called *The Way of Chuang Tzu*. I am happy to see that he confirms your insight about Chuang Tzu and Zen. "The true inheritors of the thought and spirit of Chuang Tzu are the Zen Buddhists of the T'ang Period," he writes on p. 15.

Wishing you every happiness and a life at least as long as Chao-chou the Ancient Buddha, I am, Doctor,

A humble pupil of yours,
John C. H. Wu

Kindly convey my best Christmas and New Year wishes to Miss Okamura. I have inclosed here a Chinese translation of Bashō's *haiku*. Do you like it? I may translate more *haikus* into Chinese.

I wish I could describe the thrill of joy I felt on receiving his answer February of this year. It is such an invaluable treasure to me that I wish to share it with my reader:

Matsugaoka Bunko
1375 Yamanouchi
Kamakura, Japan
January 30, 1966

Dear Dr. Wu,

Thank you very much for your two letters. They were duly received, but I was away from home for some time. Besides, my eyesight is failing recently and I find it difficult even to read letters and manuscripts, not to say anything about books printed in small types. Hence this delay. Kindly excuse my negligence.

Your manuscript "Epilogue" is extremely interesting. Your interpretation of Bashō's poem on the frog hits the essence of all genuine religious experience. I like to see you in Japan when you go to Formosa. Please try by all means to come to Kamakura and let me talk personally with you on the subjects that concern us both. I am afraid writing takes too much time. Let me know about when you are planning to come this way.

Hoping to see you before long and wishing you everything good and happy,

Sincerely yours,
Daisetz T. Suzuki

P. S. Please find enclosed a photo which was taken while in Hawaii 1959.

The "Epilogue" mentioned in the above letter is, of course, too long to reproduce here. I want only to reproduce the part relating to Bashō's *haiku*, since it had given him such a delight:

Time and Eternity

One of the most frequently reiterated couplets in Chinese Zen literature is:

"An eternity of endless space:
A day of wind and moon."

This brings us, as it were, to the dawn of creation. And nothing stirs the heart and mind of man more profoundly than to be reminded of the first quivering of time in the womb of eternity. An infinite Void, utterly silent

and still. In a split second there came life and motion, form and color. No one knows how it happened. It is a mystery of mysteries. But the mere recognition that the mystery exists is enough to send any man of sensitive mind into an ecstasy of joy and wonder.

Herein is the secret of the perennial charm of Bashō's *haiku*:

"An old pond
A frog jumps in,—
plop!"

The old pond corresponds to "An eternity of endless space," while the frog jumping in and causing the water to utter a sound is equivalent to "A day of wind and moon." Can there be a more beautiful and soul-shaking experience than to catch ageless silence breaking for the first time into song? Moreover, every day is the dawn of creation, for every day is unique and comes for the first time and the last. God is not the God of the dead, but of the living.

On May 1 of this year [1966] I flew from New York and stopped over in Tokyo for several days in order to pay a visit to Dr. Suzuki in Kamakura. It was on the 3rd that I went to see him with my relative Mr. C. F. Liu and his secretary Mr. Ikeba. Miss Okamura, who received us first, told me that Dr. Suzuki had been expecting me for the last few days and valued our friendship so much as to say it made him feel that he had not lived in vain! Then the great man came out wreathed in smiles to greet me and my company. Everyone of us was pleasantly surprised to find him in such good shape. I presented to him my manuscript on *The Golden Age of Zen*, for which he was to write an introduction. He very graciously gave me a number of books, including his painstaking editions of the *Platform Sutra*, of the collected fragments of Bodhidharma, and of the sayings of Chao-chou. Miss Okamura again took some pictures of us.

Obviously he had a greater esteem for Tsung-kao Ta-hui than I had, for he commented favorably on his writings and advised me to read more of him. I have since followed his advice and my impression of Ta-hui has improved, although, I must confess, I still find him a little too verbose.

We spent the whole afternoon with him, and we found him

remarkably vivacious for his age. How could I know that in a little over two months he would have completed the journey of life. I have seen him only once in a dream, still speaking of Chao-chou. But if, as he said, living is dying, then dying is living.

Suzuki is a *True Man*, who belongs to all time and to the whole world. But it takes a great nation like Japan to have produced a great man like Suzuki. He has returned to Eternity, but what a lovely day of wind and moon!

Recollections 1950 to 1961

JEANNETTE SPEIDEN GRIGGS

My first meeting with Dr. Suzuki occurred in the spring of 1950 when he arrived in Claremont, California to give a series of lectures at the Claremont Graduate School on "The Logic of Zen Buddhism."

In an introductory address which I attended, Dr. Suzuki mentioned in a delightfully whimsical way that he understood quite well the futility of attempting to teach by lecturing, since a student can understand what a teacher is saying only in terms of his own experience. Words spoken by a teacher can enlighten a student only if the student is already enlightened, in which case the words are unnecessary. "However," said Dr. Suzuki with his inimitable smile, "I continue to teach because it is characteristic of human beings that they need to communicate." It was this attitude of smiling acceptance of the limitations of the spoken word which drew me to him and led me to attend his course of lectures.

It was a small class but there were several distinguished scholars in the group. From time to time, visitors joined us for a lecture or

two and some of these were people I still count as valued friends. During the semester, Dr. Suzuki traced the development of Buddhist thought as it related to Japanese culture from the Nara Period through the Kyoto (Fujiwara) Period to the Kamakura era. We became acquainted with many Zen masters, beginning with the figure of Hui-nêng the Sixth Patriarch. Hui-nêng of Southern China taught us that "Buddha-Nature" is inherent in men regardless of their place of birth. He still speaks to us as he spoke to a brother of his Order, "Think not of good, think not of evil, but see what at this moment thy original face doth look like, which thou hadst even prior to thy own birth." "To see into one's own Nature" was Hui-nêng's way of seeking the Prajna or Divine Wisdom attained by the Buddha.

In one memorable lecture, Dr. Suzuki spoke of "Sunyata" as "The Void" in which the opposites of our relative world exist. As he wrote on the blackboard the symbols from the Sanskrit, the Chinese, the Japanese and English languages, I recall the expression on his face which suggested that no word in any language could convey the fullness of the experience of "the void." "Enlightenment," said Dr. Suzuki, "is not a negative experience but an experience so positive that it is beyond the power of words. We can speak of it only by saying what it is not."

There were occasions outside of the classroom when Dr Suzuki spoke in the simplest terms of the experience of "satori." "Mysticism is the heart of religion. As I see it, the religious consciousness is the same in all traditions, in all times." One day he wrote the word "*advaita*" on a small slip of yellow paper which I still cherish and emphasized the meaning as "Not-Two" but "One," the One which includes the Many, the Void in which all opposites are reconciled, "the wind Which is also No-Mind." "In Zen," he remarked, "we speak of *satori* or Enlightenment as *Prajna* (Divine Wisdom) and *Karuna* (Divine Love or Compassion)." One realized that while we use two words, in experience *Prajna* and *Karuna* are "Not-Two."

During the autumn of 1951, Dr. Suzuki returned to Claremont and was occasionally a guest at our house. The children of the family responded to his gracious simplicity. He was friendly and gay, always

at ease and completely poised. The children felt his quietness and his deep wisdom though they knew nothing of Zen doctrines. In him they experienced living Zen in One whose presence spoke without words.

About fifty miles from Claremont there was a Vedanta Monastery in which novices of the Ramakrishna Order were living. Dr. Suzuki expressed interest in visiting Trabuco and I arranged with some friends there to bring him one afternoon. We arrived in time for the noon meal. Dr. Suzuki was an alert and vivacious guest, interested in all the details of the monastic life and the disciplines and practices of the Vedanta group. He spoke freely of his own novitiate in Engakuji. The young men of the Order recognized him as One who had found under the name "*Satori*" the experience they were seeking under the term "*Samadhi*." They held him in the highest respect and esteem. They also enjoyed his visit tremendously. As we drove homeward, Dr. Suzuki, tired from hours of conversation, slept. As I looked at the small figure relaxing beside me, I felt a great sense of responsibility for his safety and drove with greatest care not to disturb his rest.

Ten years passed. Dr. Suzuki traveled and lectured in Europe, and at Columbia in New York. His interpretation of Zen made him an international figure, of whom I heard from time to time. In 1961, The Blaisdell Institute For Advanced Study in World Cultures and Religions made it possible for me to visit Japan to visit Zen Temples and meet Zen leaders. My daughter, Sylvia, 18 years of age, made the trip with me. Arriving in Tokyo, we found a message from Dr. Suzuki and an invitation to dinner the following day in Kita-Kamakura. Dr. Suzuki and Okamura-san took us to an inn down in the valley below their residence. That first Japanese meal will never be forgotten. The inn room opened on a garden where azaleas and wisteria were in bloom. As the dishes were served, Dr. Suzuki spoke of the foods which had been combined to provide beauty of color and variety of flavor. Some of the bowls were antique lacquer-black and gold or warm reddish tones, light to hold and pleasant to the touch. As the leisurely meal progressed, Dr. Suzuki told Zen stories.

He spoke of the single flower which was perfect but he also explained the Japanese attitude toward the plants which the gardener had destroyed in order to produce perfection in one flower. Love of perfection included a rare compassion for the imperfect.

When the delightful meal ended, we sought for words to express our appreciation to our host and hostess and to the women who had prepared the food and served it so beautifully. Words were inadequate and even deep bows seemed inadequate. Dr. Suzuki led the way across the valley road and up the steep ascent to his dwelling. He was the most sprightly member of the party, tripping up the long flights of stone steps as if walking on level ground. We followed, amazed. My daughter was so charmed by our gracious host that she wanted to remain in Japan, learn the language and attend college. (Our visitors' visas made this impossible and she reluctantly consented to return home, with memories to be cherished.) At the house, we stopped to admire the deep wine-red peonies in bloom near the door. Dr. Suzuki stood smiling and talking by the tall flowers while I took some movies in color. He then led the way inside where we saw a painting representing the last hours of the Buddha, "a National Treasure." He showed us the books illustrating the "Treasures of the Shosoin" and we marveled that delicate fabrics and exquisite ceremonial objects used during the eighth century at the Japanese court could have been preserved for more than 1,000 years.

Reading the books in which he has made available to the English-speaking world the "eternal verities" of the Zen tradition, I am deeply grateful for the privilege of having known Dr. Suzuki, deeply grateful to him for being himself. Having known him as a scholarly professor, as a competent linguist, as an appreciative guest, as a most perfectly gracious host, I count myself fortunate among mortals. He will always be remembered as an "Enlightened One" whose spontaneity and freedom was won through disciplined self-control, as a World-Citizen interpreting to us all the charm of Japanese culture and the timeless wisdom of Zen. Daisetz Teitaro Suzuki, we salute you in deference, as One in whom Buddha-Nature was evident in a warmly-human being.

A Travel Letter

DOUGLAS V. STEERE

(In the autumn of 1954, Professor Douglas Steere, a visiting Quaker, visited Dr. Daisetz Suzuki and wrote this journal letter about this visit. It gives a silhouette of Dr. Suzuki that many of his friends will appreciate. In his letter to the Editor, he writes:—I saw Dr. Suzuki again on April 29th of this year [1966] and had a delightful visit with him. At 95, he was very active and insisted on bringing the water in the pot to make our tea from. I told him of an old friend of mine who was also 96 who had told me that he did not know why he was still on earth but that it had occurred to him that perhaps it was because God did not know what to do with him. Dr. Suzuki laughed quietly and said perhaps that was the case with him, too. —Ed.)

"One of the first things that I heard on our arrival in Japan was that Professor Daisetz Suzuki, a ranking scholar of Zen Buddhism, had returned to Japan from New York and was living at his home in Kamakura. I have had him as our guest at Haverford College each year for the last three years and so I arranged to see him on the day after our arrival. Anna Brinton and I travelled out by the excellent electric train service which reaches to many areas an hour or two out of Tokyo. Kamakura is one of the old spiritual and political capitals of Japan and is studded with beautiful Buddhist monasteries and temples with which the Regents of that period surrounded themselves.

Professor Suzuki's house and libraries are on what was once temple land, high above the town. They look across the hill at Engakuji, the Zen Buddhist monastery whose Abbot, Sōgen Asahina visited us at Haverford last spring. After a climb up the endless steps, we were met by Miss Mihoko Okamura, a charming Japanese-American girl who had accompanied Professor Suzuki as his secre-

tary. Removing our shoes as one always does before entering a Japanese home, we put on the "go ahead" slippers provided and were shown into a room with plain walls and with *tatami* or customary padded straw mats on the floor. We have given flat cushions to sit on beside a low Japanese table that was perhaps a foot high.

Professor Suzuki appeared in his kimono with his fine face wreathed with smiles of welcome. He knelt down across the little table from us and began at once to tell us how impossible he had found it since he returned to Japan to get any work done since all his Japanese friends, to say nothing of countless petitioners, were visiting him by night and by day. He was returning to New York City in January 1955 not only to go on with his course at Columbia University, but to find the quiet for his work which Japan could not provide.

I quoted Jacques Maritain's remark that "a capitalist is a man who has no time" and we laughed over his eagerness to return to peace and quiet and anonymity in New York City in order to get on with his books on Zen Buddhism. I told him that I meant to add to his burdens by accepting his offer of last spring to introduce me to some of the best people in the Japanese Zen Buddhist world who could help me to feel something of the vitality of its life in Japan today. Over the cups of ceremonial green tea and the little cakes of glistening black fig exteriors and rich bean-paste centers, he wrote cards to four or five of the men in Kyoto and elsewhere whom he felt I would find helpful. I found later that these introduction cards won a warmth of reception that would have been hard to match in any other way.

Our business done, he took us on a visit to the two substantial buildings attached to his house where his amazingly complete library is kept. These will some day be a center of Zen Buddhist research that will be hard to parallel in Japan. In addition to many old Zen manuscripts, he has a very fine collection of the classics of Christian, mysticism. It cannot be easy for him to turn his back on such a library when he elects to live abroad.

The boundless energy, the beautiful repose, the inner freshness,

and the unfathomable courtesy and generosity of this great scholar, now in his eighties, sent us away in a cloud of astonishment as we felt our steps along the dark round-about path that his secretary guided us through in order to reach the station. What is it in Zen Buddhism that has kindled this luminous old man and made him so radiant and so gentle?

To Dr. Daisetz Teitarō Suzuki.

RICHARD GARD

Dear Ōji-san,

There are many in the world who will honor and long remember you as a thinker, author, teacher, book-collector, and friend. I, too, wish to join them now in expressing a special homage to you.

As a thinker, you stimulated and guided me in the never ending search for new ideas, and reexamination of the old, during our many conversations in Japan, Hawaii, and especially California.

As an author, you provided me with numerous books and articles in English and Japanese to read and particularly on Mahayana thought, Zen methodology, and Japanese culture.

As a teacher, at the Claremont Graduate School in California you taught me new insights into the Kamakura period and served on my Ph. D. examination commitee.

As a book-collector, you showed me your library in Kyoto in 1940, now institutionalized as the Matsugaoka Bunko in Kamakura, and encouraged me to develop my own research collection in Buddhist and Asian thought.

And as a friend since 1939, at various times and in different places, you have shared certain hopes and disappointments in personal affairs as well as accomplishments in scholarly endeavors. In return, I was most happy to help arrange your second long residence in the United States, negotiate your faculty appointment at the Claremont Graduate School, serve as your legal guardian in my country, and invite you to live at my home in Ontaraio, California, during 1950.

But above all, I still think of you foremost as Ojii-san: your characteristic kindness toward animals, especially cats; your love toward Nature, particularly flowers; and your ready smile toward everyone, strangers and old friends alike.

With Gasshō
Richard A. Gard

Memories of Dr. Daisetz Suzuki

MARGARET J. RIOCH

I first saw Professor Suzuki around the year 1952. I had heard that he gave a seminar at Columbia University to which visitors could come. Because I had found in his books something which made me very eager to learn more, I made an opportunity to go to New York to visit his seminar. The auditors sat around the edge of a large room and he talked with the inner circle of students. The day I heard him

he was describing the life in a Zen monastery ("A day without working is a day without eating.") and also the process of making pots as a Zen potter does it. He described in detail how the potter carefully selects and mixes the clay, using some material from here and some from there, keenly aware of the small differences in material from different regions. I had the impression that some of the visitors became impatient at the lengthy description which had in it the same unhurried attention to detail that the potter must have. Then came the surprise element when he said that all this care and skill and experience were not enough to make the real thing. Some element of sudden, happy accident must occur. I may not have understood this quite correctly, but I remember getting the idea that this was the Zen equivalent of Christian grace. And I thought to myself that the real thing comes about when the potter and his material and the cosmos are all one.

I don't remember how the transition was made but at one point Dr. Suzuki spoke of hunting and shooting. He became quite irate at the idea of shooting birds and said with vigorous anger that he could not think of anything worse than a person who would sneak up on and shoot a little bird. I think he went on to say that one should at least take on something one's own size, like a lion or a tiger!

A few years later I became a pupil of the French psychologist, Dr. Hubert Benoit, and wrote a paper which was an exposition of Dr. Benoit's thinking. I sent the paper to Dr. Suzuki and asked if I might come to see him to talk about this, which he kindly permitted.

I visited him in his apartment in New York. His assistant, the beautiful Miss Okamura, ushered me in. Her family lived, I believe, in the same house. I had been prepared from my reading about Zen and Japan to find a room with nothing in it but one beautiful object. Never, I think, have I seen such magnificent clutter! Dr. Suzuki sat serene and smiling, surrounded by tables and chairs heaped high with books, papers, periodicals, in fine disarray. There were also birds in a couple of cages chirping cheerfully. Miss Okamura made tea which had been sent from Japan, the thick, green kind; and Suzuki was amused that I drank it with relish. His hearing was quite poor but

he had no difficulty if one sat directly opposite and spoke distinctly.

He nodded benignly and approvingly at my paper. Dr. Benoit, he maintained, had a true understanding of Zen. Miss Okamura added: "And didn't you say that now since you have read Dr. Rioch's paper you really for the first time understand what Dr. Benoit is trying to say?" He laughed and agreed. Altogether he laughed a great deal while I sat opposite him at his table.

I wanted to know how to set about Zen meditation and asked his advice about this. My question seemed to amuse him for he laughed heartily. I tried again and got the same result. Now I was puzzled. Was I asking something stupid and should I stop? Or was this the modern, civilized equivalent of making the student stand outside all winter in the snow to show that he was really serious? I decided to persist and I asked again. Finally he told me that I should go to see Dr. Hisamatsu when he arrived at Harvard the following fall. He said Hisamatsu was a great one for "sitting" and I should consult him.

That fall I did have a chance to meet Dr. Hisamatsu in Cambridge, Massachusetts, during an evening at the house of Dr. and Mrs. Robert Lifton with Mr. DeMartino as interpreter and Dr. Suzuki sitting at one end of the sofa dozing. Miss Okamura was also present. There was a great deal of frustration due to the language barrier as well as to the difficulty of the subject. Suzuki was apparently content to let us struggle along most of the time while he slept. But on occasion he awoke, completely alert. Then in a few succinct words he would clarify for us what Dr. Hisamatsu had been saying, and fall back to sleep again. His poor hearing was, of course, an impediment. But he never seemed to be disgruntled by it. When he participated he was fully "there." When he did not, it never occured to us to feel sorry for him or to think of him as handicapped or "withdrawn" or "out of it."

During the same year he came to Washington and spent an evening with Dr. Hisamatsu at our house, meeting with a group of psychiatrists and psychologists who were interested in Zen. The same thing occurred. He was a frail and venerable person who re-

freshed himself with several little catnaps, from which he emerged alert and full of vigor. For the sake of Miss Okamura, he said, he would allow himself to be pampered a bit.

There were many questions put to him. "Can a scientist be a man of *satori*?" "Yes," was his answer. "How is it possible to bridge the gulf between subject-I and object-it, like that tea cup? Do you try to empathize with the object?" He shook his head, picked up the tea cup from the table in front of him and answered emphatically: "No, no. It is not like that. I do not put myself into tea cup. I do not try to feel like tea cup. I *am* tea cup."

Daisetz Suzuki and Shin'ichi Hisamastu

JIKAI FUJIYOSHI

In autumn of 1957, I went to the United States as English interpreter for Dr. Shin'ichi Hisamatsu, who had been invited to deliver a series of lectures on "Zen and Zen culture" as a guest professor at the Harvard Divinity School. We stayed with Dr. Daisetz Suzuki at the Hotel Continental in Cambridge for about six months. Whenever a difficult problems of interpretation in connection with our seminar drove us to our wits' end, Dr. Suzuki often helped us out of our trouble. When Dr. Hisamatsu gave a public lecture on Zen in Washington D. C., Dr. Suzuki volunteered his service to translate for Dr. Hisamatsu.

Dr. Hisamatsu was seventeen years younger than Dr. Suzuki, whom he used to call his *Uncle* in the Dharma. The reason was that Dr. Suzuki and Dr. Kitarō Nishida, who was Dr. Hisamatsu's master —namely his *Father in the Dharma*— had been bosom friends since childhood. Dr. Suzuki also loved and respected Dr. Hisamatsu as an

authority on Zen.

The day following our arrival in Cambridge, I went to market with Dr. Suzuki. On the way he said to me, "Dr. Hisamatsu is well versed in Zen arts. Do you understand Zen pictures, too?" "No, not well," I answered. "Really? I don't understand them well, either. As Dr. Hisamatsu is an authority on Zen arts, I often ask his advice in choosing Zen pictures to illustrate my books. But how wonderfully well he is able to discern!" He said, slightly inclining his head.

Dr. Suzuki and Dr. Hisamatsu had rooms next door to each other in the hotel at Cambridge while mine was down the hall. I often found Dr. Suzuki sitting up until late at night for his studies. He was almost always present at Dr. Hisamatsu's public lectures and seminars. One day he took the trouble to come over and say, "I am sorry I shall be absent from your seminar tonight, for I feel a little tired and not well." Dr. Hisamatsu had been most thankful to Dr. Suzuki for his constant attendance at the seminars, so he said to him, "Please take care of yourself lest the strain should injure your health." That night, when I returned from the seminar to the hotel, I found Dr. Suzuki alone sitting in contemplation. He was under a dim light, with incense burning. I shall never forget the figure of Dr. Suzuki sitting with his chin a little stuck out.

As Dr. Hisamatsu's lecture progressed, the number of listeners asking for his direct guidance increased. The question often came, "Dr. Suzuki's Zen seems quite different from yours. Which do you think is more orthodox?"

Such a question made me realize the difficulties Dr. Suzuki must have experienced in the process of introducing Zen to the West, and his greatness in carrying it to its present level of understanding.

In the United States, Dr. Suzuki enjoyed great popularity. As soon as he appeared on the platform, he caused a sensation among the audience, with his unique appearance and his fluent English speech captivating their hearts. After his talks, when he was asked question, Dr. Suzuki would have the questions written down for he had difficulty hearing. After reading them, he would give ready

answers to the questions one by one. As the answers were poignant and witty, as is often the case in Zen *mondō*, the audience cheerfully applauded him. On our way back from one such lecture, I said to Dr. Hisamatsu, "Dr. Suzuki is indeed a great man, isn't he?" Dr. Hisamatsu answered at once, "Dr. Suzuki is unique, but we shouldn't try to imitate him. Others should be as strict and accurate as possible in speaking of Zen."

Back in Japan, Dr. Suzuki, as a counseller of the F. A. S. Zen Institute, often kindly gave advice to us. Any time we asked him to lecture, he readily consented. One day while we were walking from the North Gate of the Myōshinji Temple to Hōsekian (Dr. Hisamatsu's cottage), Dr. Suzuki suddenly said, full of emotion, "What shall become of Zen in the future? Though we now have such large temples; unless they are utterly swept away, true Zen can never arise."

On the morning of July 12th, 1966, while listening to the news on the radio, I heard that Dr. Suzuki had died. The next day I went to Kamakura to take part in the funeral ceremony for him as the representative of the F. A. S. Institute. I arrived at Tōkeiji Temple the evening of the 13th just as Dr. Suzuki's coffin was being carried down from Matsugaoka Library to the main building of the temple. There we sat up all night with Dr. Suzuki's body. One by one, his friends said their last and eternal farewells. Last of all, Miss Mihoko Okamura, his secretary, weeping, put a paper parcel on his bosom, and then his coffin was covered.

As Dr. Hisamatsu could not attend the ceremony because of illness, he cabled as follows: "Eternally separated, always with you." Miss Okamura, in her grief, told us that she was most grateful for these words. When I went to Matsugaoka Library, in the very room in which his coffin had rested, I found a hanging scroll with one of Sengai's short poems written as follows,

> Just because we are
> In the midst of good and evil,
> We enjoy this cool evening breeze.

Dr. Suzuki liked this poem very much.

His funeral ceremony was held at Tōkeiji the next day, I was deeply impressed with the farewell *gāthā* recited by the officiating priest, the Most Reverend Sōgen Asahina.

The Farewell *Gāthā*

Without any rank, a grand true man,
Ninety-five years driving the Vow-Wheel;
Suddenly disappearing, where have you gone?
On Pine Hill, its green leaves fresh with June.

The light of Zen expressed in words
illuminating all over the world,
Who can imagine your merits
Less than Kumarajiva and Hsüan-tuang?
Kwatz!

Engaku-Beppō (Sōgen Asahina)

While listening to this, I felt Dr. Suzuki himself was really "a grand true man without any title." I found "Ninety-five years driving the Vow-Wheel" perfectly fitting for him. I was above all impressed with the following lines:

Suddenly disappearing, where have you gone?
On Pine Hill, its green leaves fresh with June.

Later, Miss Okamura told me that when he had started on his journey of no return, Dr. Suzuki wore the *kimono* given him by Dr. Hisamatsu in celebration of his eighty-eighth birthday. When I told this to Dr. Hisamatsu, he said, "I am deeply moved."

On his eighty-eighth birthday, in the year of our stay in Harvard University, we gave a little party at a Chinese restaurant in Cambridge. He looked quite well at the time and he cheerfully blew out eight candles, telling us that he must live a little longer so that he can work. He said, "I often say to those who wish to be born in the Pure Land, what do you expect to do there? The Pure Land is not a place in which to stay long. You should rather go to Hell to relieve the people who are suffering there." And he said, "I think Compassion should be prior to Amida and the Pure Land. Unless you firmly lay

hold of Compassion, you will never understand Amida or the Pure Land. As long as you think of Amida prior to Compassion, you will never comprehend Pure Land thought."

Besides his books on Zen, he left for us a number of works on Pure Land teaching, such as *Japanese Spirituality*, *Essays on Pure Land Thought*, and *Myōkōnin* (the wondrously excellent fellows). He made more progress in the effort to demythologize the Pure Land teaching than Bultmann did with Christian teaching. He identified the fundamental oneness of Zen and Pure Land thought, so that he introduced to the world some *myōkōnin*, most of whom were unlettered men and women.

One of his great contributions, which presented Pure Land Faith to the West as being essentially at one with Zen, should not be undervalued, even though some more problems remain to be tackled in this field.

Mr. Tenkō Nishida of Ittōen (One-Candle-Village) has a short poem:

Taking a little rest,
Again will I come here
When flowers blossom forth.

In the same way Dr. Suzuki also, taking a little rest in the Pure Land, may come here again. Or, going to Hell prior to the Pure Land, he may some day say, holding his head in his hands, "Hello! What fate to see you again here!"

In Remembrance of D. T. Suzuki

A. W. SADLER

> The Master said, He who by reanimating the Old can gain knowledge of the New is fit to be a teacher.
>
> K'ung Tzu, *Analects*, II, 11.

February in New York. It was in 1952, in a classroom in the Low Library building on the Columbia University campus: a gathering of scholars, mature and prospective, came to hear Daisetz Suzuki inaugurate a course. The room had a Victorian boundlessness, and Suzuki-sensei was nearly lost in it; one was conscious only of a soft voice and jaunty eyebrows emanating from a high podium. "This will be a course," he said, "on a philosophy of timelessness and spacelessness, which have no beginning. Therefore this course will have no beginning." The announced title of the course was Chinese Philosophy, but we had all come with the understanding that it was to be a course in Daisetz Suzuki.

This initial class meeting was clearly an event at Columbia; the back row was occupied by an array of distinguished scholars. Doctor Suzuki went on to make his beginning. "We must begin," he said, "with the Buddha. Most writers neglect the experiences he went through: they discuss the personality that had already gone through these experiences. His ideas express his experience, in terms of the time in which he lived. Any man's expressions are tempered by his experience. This done, we can give expression to his experiences in terms of our time. We must try to get behind the expressions recorded as the Buddha's." To help us do this, he would introduce us this semester to the philosophy called in China *Hua-yên*, in Japan *Kegon*. "Kegon is believed to have been the expression given by the Buddha in his Enlightenment. All other Buddhist teachings were given by the Buddha to his disciples after he had come out of the

Enlightenment. In Kegon, he made no accomodation to his hearers. It is the expression that came right out of the midst of his Enlightenment. But no hearer were there; only the Buddha himself could have been in existence then."

As the semester wore on, the row of distinguished guests dwindled and disappeared, and graduate students were left alone with Doctor Suzuki. His words, at each class meetng, were like the words noted above: carefully thought out, carefully chosen, full of paradoxical agilities, but direct, forceful, and disarmingly simple. English was not Doctor Suzuki's native tongue, but it was certainly his medium.

I take one further excerpt from my class notes, of another day. Doctor Suzuki was discussing that very crucial verse in the *Dhammapada*, XI, 8, 9: the Buddha's Song of Victory, which he proclaimed in the moment of his Enlightenment. 'Oh, House-builder, you are seen.' This illustrates the noetic aspect of Enlightenment. Just seeing makes the whole house go to pieces. This world is the outcome of conceptualization. As long as our intellect works on, it subsists. Just seeing an object usually doesn't change it. But when we add our intellects to it, a change is effected. When the Buddha saw the House-builder, it made him stop his work. The object seen usually opposes the subject; they mutually stand against each other. In the Buddha's experience, there can have been no standing against. When the world went into dissolution before the Buddha, the Buddha must have gone into dissolution with it. He didn't just stand back and look at the ruins. He could never catch the Builder because it was his own shadow. To make his shadow vanish, he himself had to vanish. This kind of seeing is not relative, but absolute seeing. When God sees himself he ceases to be himself; when the Buddha saw the Housebuilder at work, he cast his own shadow before him, tried to catch it, to liberate himself from it. The Buddha experienced absolute seeing here. He wanted to be emancipated from birth-death cycles; but this very wish too he had to be liberated from. When he cried 'Thou art seen!' the carpenter he spoke to was himself. As long as he had the idea to be emancipated from something outside himself,

he could not be liberated. What he meant was, 'I know who I am'; 'I know I am I.' He saw himself."

In those days Doctor Suzuki unraveled his philosophies at Columbia, while up the street, at Union Seminary, Paul Tillich expounded his Systematic Theology. Doctor Tillich told us one day that he had gone back to Germany after the war and delivered a lecture that was attended by many of his former students. One of them congratulated him afterwards, and said, "Your years in America have been good for you! Now at last we can understand you!" And Tillich conjectured that perhaps his Germanic penchant for metaphysics had indeed blended at last with the Anglo-Saxon gift for brief and direct expression. How curious that both these men conveyed their profound and often paradoxical thoughts in a tongue that was foreign to them, and both were beloved by their students, partly for their immense humanity, but partly also, I believe, for the rare clarity of their thought, expressed in an English that few native-born Americans can equal. An English that was deceptively simple; but precisely for that reason uniquely suited to conveying thoughts which, because they struck to the heart of life, were clear and elemental. This clarity of expression led one to the clarity of thought. And the clarity of thought led one to their humanity. It was not a course in D. T. Suzuki after all.

Death: The Moon Sailing

LUNSFORD P. YANDELL

Perhaps the old saying—"When the pupil is ready, the teacher appears" might be clearer to would-be pupils if it were: "Until the

pupil is ready, the teacher does *not* appear." For the crucial matter is not so much the pupil's searching as his readiness, which determines his ability to recognize the teacher. Even so, in these days, as in the time of Sōyen, it is as he said—"by rare opportunity that one is introduced to a true spiritual teacher."

Retiring from active business in 1950 to seek more intensively answers to the age-old question, "What is Truth?" this search led through the teachings of Yoga to India. Then back to the middle East, to the teachings of the Sufis, and of G. Gurdjieff. Then to Krishnamurti, and to Ramana Maharshi—all teachers and teachings attested to by many ardent followers. But like Hui-k'o, I sought in vain for someone to "pacify my mind." This vain search ended, and understanding began, in a lecture room in Philosophy Hall at Columbia University in the mid-1950's, presided over by Daisetz Teitaro Suzuki.

Now, though many others have known Dr. Suzuki far longer and more closely, there has come a kind request for personal reminiscences and impressions. The Dharmakāya has been called "the reason, life and norm of all individual existences—its essence is infinite, but its manifestations are finite and limited." This has suggested that what follows be divided into Finite and Infinite.

FINITE

Dr. Suzuki's lectures at Columbia on Zen Buddhism were quite unforgettable, and for several reasons aside from their gripping content. First, the "being" of the man himself. No writings of his could convey his spirit—the "true man." His strong presence was enhanced by the devoted and deferential attitude of his assistant and secretary, Miss Mihoko Okamura.

The lectures were usually attended by three or four dozen persons, whose variety added to the lecture's interest. First, a dozen or less undergraduates. Then, an equal number of graduate students, many of them Oriental, and intensely interested. In addition, often as many as a half-dozen or more psychotherapists, psychiatrists and

psychoanalysts, seeking tools for more effective treatment, and perhaps the answers to doubts of their own. Finally, a handful of adult lay auditors of the lectures, many long engaged in their own searching.

Dr. Suzuki's lectures themselves were models of scholarship, especially those on Kegon philosophy. I once asked him in private why he continued to lecture, when he could reveal the riches of Zen to a so much wider audience by writing. "The lectures take much time," he replied, "but they make me think, and stimulate me to careful preparation." (This at 85!)

At the end of each lecture, against the background of a blackboard covered with explanatory diagrams, as well as notes in both Japanese and Chinese, questions were invited. This period was most actively taken up by the graduate students, and at one such time the use of the drug mescalin was vividly described by an artist who had taken it to heighten color perception, prior to visiting the Metropolitan Museum of Art. This led to an active discussion, since much was being written at the time, both about mescalin and peyote. Presently Dr. Suzuki was asked whether such drugs have a proper or useful place in seeking enlightenment. He replied, quietly and without looking up from his manuscripts, "There are no shortcuts to the perception of Reality."

Since my interest was so deep in what he sought to impart in his lectures, I asked if he would accept me as a pupil for private instruction. This he explained he never did, but he allowed me to come occasionally to the home of the Okamura family in New York, where he then lived, and to talk with him when I had questions beyond my depth, or insights that I thought might be valid. On these occasions, what Dr. Suzuki *was* spoke so clearly as to illuminate everything he had to say.

Once I brought with me one of Krishnamurti's fine volumes of *Commentaries On Living*, and read out loud to him several of its essays, since I felt he might agree that they expressed much the same views as found in Zen. As to two of them he said—"That is very near the Truth. Yes, that is the way it is." But he pointed out that all Indian thinkers have tended to seperate "Being" from "Becom-

ing"—to soar in heaven and to deny the earth, as it were. "But Being *is* Becoming" he said, with great emphasis.

Again, I asked whether the drawing up of vital energy through the spine to brain centers, as in Tantrism, and as touched on in *The Secret of the Golden Flower*, is the way to approach enlightenment. "That is *not* the way," he replied. "One day, sitting quietly, you will *know*."

At another time, I asked him how a man would act after *satori*, if he saw a child or animal being treated cruelly. He replied—"He would act as another might act, but with no roots in the ego."

We talked at one time of the use of alcohol, and he said—"It has been much used to inhibit the ego," and went on to speak warmly of the old Fitzgerald translation of the *Rubaiyat* as being still by far the best. Further, on the subject of translations, he regarded Chuang-tzu as the greatest thinker ever produced by China. And notwithstanding that he wrote a fine introduction to the recent new edition of the Legge translation, Dr. Suzuki was of the opinion that the translation by H. A. Giles is still the best of all.

As to Taoism, I once said I felt a certain popular modern writer on Zen was more Taoist than Zen Buddhist. He said, "Yes, Taoism is much easier than Zen."

One question asked was, how one can maintain a state of contentment, without desire. He explained, with a pencil sketch of two horizontal lines, one above the other, with a wavy line travelling in between, how we humans seem to live on two levels of consciousness alternately—the level of the relative, and the level of the absolute. Then he said—"When I am in Tokyo, I want to be in New York. When I am in New York, I want to be in Tokyo. But *fundamentally*, I am happy."

At about the time of these talks there was showing in New York a Walt Disney film of the blooming of flowers, photographed at intervals in such a way that the entire growth and opening of blossoms took place on the screen in a matter of minutes, in full color. Thinking that such a revelation of the wonder of "what is" might appeal to Dr. Suzuki, I suggested that we see it. We did so. His

reaction was, "Modern science is very ingenious. But after seeing these beautiful pictures, one still does not *know* the flowers."

On his last visit to New York, in June 1964, I found him undiminished in every way, except hearing. But in spirit, he was his cheerful best. He said that on the day before my visit, Father Thomas Merton had come to see him, and he spoke with great warmth of Fr. Merton's unusually deep insight into Zen. He gave me an article on Zen by Fr. Merton to read, published a short time before in the periodical *continuum*, saying, "There is more true understanding of Zen in this article than anything I have ever read by a Western writer." Fr. Merton, for his part, wrote the week after Dr. Suzuki died, "I share your deep sorrow at the loss of so great a man as Dr. Suzuki, whom I certainly regard as one of the spiritual masters of our time."

Turning from such anecdotes, their subject,—'I was greatly privileged to know him'—was singularly free of what has been called in France "that miserable vanity of scholars" which so often creates academic controversies. He well knew that Truth is beyond verbalization, in any case. And yet, to point out where entrance to understanding might lie, he would go to infinite pains. Once I wrote, "How can 'herding the Ox,' Yoga, or any such forms of self-discipline fail to strengthen the very ego that must at all costs subside?" No reply came for many weeks. Then an apology for the delay, saying that a reply had been written, but that it "was not quite right." Then after a lapse of some weeks, another letter, saying that the answer to my question had been rewritten, but that in the summer's moving, it had been lost, and must thus be redone. Finally, came a thirty-five page typewritten reply—"Zen and the Self"—with further apologies for the long delay!

As another example of the great trouble Dr. Suzuki would take if he felt a genuine need existed, I wrote earlier this year asking if he could suggest where two of his early books might be obtained. They were published about 1906, and were his English translation of *Sermons of a Buddhist Abbot*, by Sōyen Shaku, and his *A Brief History of Early Chinese Philosophy*. He sensed that I sought

those sources of wisdom which had nourished him in his earlier years, and replied this past June, "We seem to have nothing more in stock here. I am thinking of getting a photographic copy of these books and have them sent you as soon as possible." Several weeks after his death came the two photographed books, as a poignant reminder once more of the line from Sōyen Shaku's *Sermons*, pointing to the rarity of such a "true spiritual teacher."

In Dr. Suzuki's letters for the past few years there has been expressed the recurring hope that he might be "allowed enough time" to finish his work of presenting the treasures of Zen to the West, in the pure form of the teachings of the old Masters. For he well knew that those who write or lecture on Zen without themselves having attained inward light, not only do so in vain, but at the risk of gravely misleading others. And he felt an ever-increasing concern over the misrepresentations and false views being put forth by so many present writers on Zen. However, he wrote not long ago that he was somewhat comforted by recalling lately the complaint of one of the old Masters, that even in his day, false views and teachings "were as numerous as fine spring rain." A situation notwithstanding which Zen has survived.

What a truly unique human being, to feel anxiety in his mid-nineties, lest should have time enough to finish his work! And this in the face of such a prodigious volume of work already done! His own teacher, Sōyen Shaku, in one of his addresses, said, "Let us only have a thought or feeling that is worth presenting and actualizing, and we shall come to this life as many times as is necessary to complete the task, even to the end of the world." In later years Dr. Suzuki might have said, "As I now feel, that is not quite right," for when I once asked him whether he believed in re-birth, he replied, "To me, re-birth is to be re-born each moment."

And so, in his last letter written just a month before he died, he spoke of an extract I had sent him, from Henry Beston's *Outermost House*, which read in part as follows:

> We need another and a wiser and perhaps more mystical concept of animals. Remote from universal nature, and living by complicated artifice,

man in civilization surveys the creature through the glass of his knowledge and sees thereby a feather magnified and the whole image in distortion. We patronize them for their incompleteness, for their tragic fate of having taken form so far below ourselves. And therein we err, and greatly err. For the animal shall not be measured by man. In a world older and more complete than ours they move finished and complete, gifted with extensions of the senses we have lost or never attained, living by voices we shall never hear. They are not brethren, they are not underlings; they are other nations, caught with ourselves in the net of life and time, fellow prisoners of the splendour and travail of the earth.

In response, Dr. Suzuki wrote in June—

The Beston extract is most interesting and reflects the true spirit of the Chinese imagination, and I completely agree with the author's view which says, "the animals move finished and complete." Our cats, for instance, are complete in themselves, I am sure. Perhaps, however, I would add that we humans are complete in our incompleteness. The human completeness consists in forever trying to realize the incomplete, and in being conscious of the incompleteness and trying to bring it to completion. Life is the eternal striving for perfection. Completion means death, however, and we never reach it.

By pure intuition he knew, with Bankei, that *he had never been born*—that being birthless, he was thus deathless. And we, as well.

INFINITE

What can ever be said, to the finite question: "Where has he gone?" The answer is surely, "Where *could* he go?" Fully aware of the fact of non-individuality, he long since recognized himself as the THIS in all apparent "thats." As the LIFE in all apparently separate lives, he now walks and talks with his much-loved "men of old" no less than with us here, free of the illusion of separateness, "living in the Light of Eternity," as he put it, without beginning or end. No longer need he say, "Ah, me! that I cannot finish my work!" but simply, "Ah, THIS!"

And what can we now say? Perhaps we may paraphrase Genro's poem:

He has returned to his own home,
Sees the beautiful rays of the morning sun,
And watches the moon and stars intimately.
He walks the street with ease,
Enjoying the gentle breeze.
At last he has opened his treasure house.
Long before that moment he knew
He had owned those treasures from the very beginning.

Had Daisetz Teitaro Suzuki become a priest, he would no doubt have been the renowned Master of his own monastery. There, if we had gone to him, he would perhaps have lighted the fires of strict discipline under us.

As a layman, he was not only a fine scholar, teacher and writer but a great Sage, *who came to us*, and through his luminosity, lighted our own lamps.

For those whose lamps he lit, the Old Lamp still burns, his spirit enkindled in their hearts. With them, and with the many to whom he will continue to come, through the transmitted light of his timeless writings, he will meditate as long as they live—both in the here and now and "in the Light of Eternity."

Life: a cloud passing the peak.
Death: the moon sailing.

Mumon