

September 14<sup>th</sup> 1943 - (Sept. 15<sup>th</sup> Japan date)  
Left San Francisco on PA Jet. Arrived Tokyo  
3:30 PM. I was somewhat unwell and took no  
food after Hawaii. Went to Tokyo station and  
was told no sleepers were available. Later, five  
minutes before departure, found first class  
sleeper and slept beautifully throughout the  
night. Arrived Fukuie station next morning.

September 16<sup>th</sup>

Was met by Suzuki, Hoiteru. We first went  
to the tailor shop and tried on robes. It was  
very amusing as they could not believe a  
man could be so big as myself - especially  
feet. Bought Kesa Gen, oryoki etc. and went  
in tram to Eitaiji. Arrived in rain and went  
to Gizon - a small temple. Met Per Ota  
for the first time. After some discussion about  
clothes Hoiteru took me to a barber shop  
and had all my hair cut as close to the  
scalp as possible. We then returned to Gizon  
where he shaved my head. We then  
discussed lunch and it was decided that  
I should have one good last meal. Hoiteru  
took me to a restaurant and ordered a meal.

myself three times a tourist tried to take a picture. I shall never forget Hoitenu waving his hand to stop her. We then went to the waiting room - sappin. Hoitenu showed me how to use the toon (rest room) and told me to assume seiran posture. At this point I began to regret having sat that way unnecessarily all morning. ~~Then~~ To my surprise Hoitenu bade me farewell at this point. It was here my troubles began. I sat there in great pain for what must have been an hour or so. At last someone entered the room and asked 'What is your name?' I replied 'Graham Petchey' 'Come this way'. We went to the Tangango. There was another monk in the room practicing Zazen. We sat at dawn - 'Daijō' he said with a smile. I instantly liked this senior monk. He examined my baggage carefully making sure I knew the names and uses of the contents of the Kesa kyōri. He then asked the other monk to demonstrate the use of the oryōki. We practiced together several times and by that time it was dinner. Dinner was my first a horribble series of shocks. We went to the kitchen. The monks had eaten their

meal and I had scarcely started - I lolled  
the horrible tasting food as fast I was able  
and then finished the washing up procedure.  
I was sharply criticized from three sides at  
once - I was very surprised. If I remember  
correctly the remainder of the evening passed  
fairly quietly - although I did feel a  
little sorry for myself. Stogerson, the  
other month was very kind to me and helped  
me arrange my father that night. I was  
exhausted and slept soundly all night.  
September 17<sup>th</sup>

I was very tired when woken at 3.30 am.  
Stogerson helped me in the washroom - I was  
horrified by the way a senior monk scolded  
him - I do not know the reason. It was  
here I first became acquainted with 'Hui'  
as said from the stomach rather than the  
mouth. The morning ritual passed fairly  
smoothly except for the fact that I was  
constantly tripping over my robes and I could  
never get my gongxi spread until the  
other had practically finished their three  
hours. Breakfast was a relief. The watery  
rice gruel was kind on my stomach and

Shogunson helped me ~~to~~ with the washing procedure. We practiced one more that morning. A little sooner that morning came as a relief to the confinement. Lunch was horrible - I was grief stricken - gripped by homesickness I wept on my pillow. Shogunson came to my rescue. He asked as best he could my name and my job and where I came from etc. 'Movie' he said - 'I like John Wayne', 'Garry Cooper' I replied - 'I like Samurais - Terence Miyane' - I felt better. My overwhelming problems here were homesickness - dirt - a gripping thirst - a feeling of being at a loss in a foreign culture. Others were claustrophobia, physical exhaustion from my trip and pain in my legs. That night a senia monk used the stick on Shogunson - It cut deeply into me too - it seemed so mean and horribly sadistic.

September 19<sup>th</sup>

This day I will remember as one of my worse. I wept for my wife and family. I felt hatred for Japanese culture and felt I might challenge anyone who dared use the stick

on me. The uppermost problems - homesickness -  
food - not accustomed to culture - no knowledge  
of Tanganyika procedure - language barrier.  
The afternoon was better as we went to the  
Samra for work - sweeping. I had an opportunity  
to talk a little with the monks. That day  
I decided that I could only continue for the  
sake of others wishing to come to Eileya and  
for Rev. Suzuki. I felt my failure might  
discourage thousands of westerners aspiring to  
enter Zen monasteries.

September 19<sup>th</sup>

Another young monk joined us - Yoichi. That  
day I had a fight with my O'keesa - I  
tried and tried again and again to force  
correctly and failed. I was again in tears on  
my pillow. Yoichi saved me this time. He  
said I must be Dogen for America - after  
a month the food will become possible for  
you and you will be very strong - practice  
hard and have satori and be Dogen. The  
words rolled like water off a Duck's back.  
So he said, will will learn a little  
Japanese. He pointed to almost everything in  
the room and named it and I had to repeat

after him. I didn't learn anything but I felt better. That night it rained some more as before arriving with his stick. He used it mercilessly on the other two but only once on me. Somehow or other it strengthened me and my mind became very calm that night. We practiced Zazen the whole day. Eating was becoming a little easier.

September 20<sup>th</sup>

That morning Dojoan called and asked me to write my name fifty times on a piece of paper. I did not understand why. It was a strange experience, but I felt almost no connection with the name I wrote. It made me feel good to write it just to save I return to my room. During the next hour I plan escape - I would indeed be taken out of the Tanyo - I had reached my limit. Just before lunch Dojo led us to the Five. We had a short ceremony where I walked around inside to Soto but I did not understand just what it was all about. I was then introduced along with Shogen to each monk at Eitetsu, one alone and

others in groups. Shogenson yelled *hanko*  
*toroshiki* at the top of his voice and we  
bowed three times for the Reshies a twice of  
the monks. It was fortunate that I had  
become accustomed to using the *zagu*. I  
began to get the idea that the horrors of the  
Tangargo were over although I dared not  
allow myself to think so. We had a good  
lunch alone in the Shungo and a welcome  
stretch-legs rest. Late ~~was~~ we were taken to  
a serene monks room (its one who used the  
stick) and given some very sweet tiqued and  
cookies. Cigarettes were offered which  
Shogenson gratefully accepted. I was told  
the Tangargo was over for as well. Life  
felt kind and good again. That evening  
was wonderful. I was introduced to two  
members of the Shungo - we ate cookies and  
drank green tea. I was impressed with  
their apparent lack of any inhibition. They  
completely accepted me as one of their own  
and were not in the least embarrassed by  
the language barrier. That evening I was  
told to clean the town. My first night in  
the Soots was indeed a peaceful one.

Writter Sept. 26<sup>o</sup>

September 21st

Before I recount this days happenings I must add something to yesterday's account. That is its few words spoken to me by Hanin-sama. Hanou Sits "You have some many miles to receive to truth of Buddhism and I am sure you are finding many difficulties. But nowadays it is very easy to travel and very convenient; in the days of Dogen are wished our life against man hazards. If you know a little bit what you are here, do not worry too much. I think of the sufferings of those who followed and what they had to bear. Sincerity is the main stress. Do not be too strict of our way, that is you are told. The spirit of Sincerity is "Hui". Practice hard while you are here and don't waste your time".

His last words as I departed. This first morning in the side I was awoken at 2.45 am. and I found the morning routine for looking up the sutra etc. I then found Dogen's room where he had the working drum. I was introduced to my study working up in the kitchen. I practiced on my own during the day. In the evening we had a tea ceremony in the dining room. It lasted 8 hours just as we have had a



half-my-rice were almost wasted. But as if that wasn't enough we followed it up with another 1 1/2 hours of seison with a ceremony in the Hatto.

September 22nd.

By now I was eating with equal speed and with just as great a relish as the other men. I found that if I would down three bowls of rice gruel in the morning instead of the usual three - I was less hungry during the day. We spent four hours cleaning up the grounds today. In the evening food it was a great effort for me and I could scarcely move my broom towards the end of the afternoon.

September 23rd.

We shaved and bathed today as the following day was the beginning of the Anniversary of Dogen's death. The shaving this time troubled me less than in the 19<sup>th</sup> when I felt it was a terrible indignity. If I remember correctly we had about five hours ceremony in the Hatto that day. It exhausted me and I felt terribly homesick afterward.

It was here I first conceived a plan to shorten  
my stay here to one month. I decided to  
write to Reverend Suzuki and ask for his Ok.  
I felt better that evening and practiced Zazen  
alone in the Sodo. I was very perturbed by the  
fact that the other monks didn't seem to practice  
Zazen. I began to feel they only thought of  
Zen in terms of lofty ritual. One little thing  
amused me today after withstanding three  
hours of ritual which I felt was a near  
miracle I was criticized by an old monk for  
allowing my knee to slip off my arm on one side.

September 24<sup>th</sup>

The number of members of the Shungyo  
became very few as they were detailed  
to various positions to care for the hundreds  
of visitors invading Iseiji during this week.  
Six hours of ritual today. I wept bitterly  
very frantically in the third of the last  
round in the afternoon. I had been sitting  
with Taijusan and Kikai san in the early  
afternoon and taken photographs. I had  
become determined to limit my stay to one  
month. The hike deepened my new

Abusive communications upon returning I wrote  
the letter to Rev. Suzuki telling him I felt  
I could take no more than one month. I was  
called to the Halls before I had time to pre-  
pare. After two hours when I could take no  
more I bowed and left. I went directly to  
the Tose and thought of telephoning Purvis  
and asking if I may return immediately. That  
evening I asked Rev. Ota to be excused  
from at least part of its ritual. He  
seemed a little unympathetic. We went  
to visit Rev. Otsuka who was very kind to  
me and gave me candy and lent me some  
copies of the Middle Way and a book on Zen.  
I felt better that night. Written Sept.  
September 25<sup>th</sup>.

This day I will long remember. I woke up  
quite nervous and attended a three hour  
ritual in the Halls. It seemed to go on and  
on forever. I became totally distraught. If  
this is Zen I thought, I want no part in  
it. With this thought in mind I bowed and  
left the Halls. On the steps outside I decided  
to wait no longer but to leave for Kyoto  
that very day. I would telephone Purvis on

tell her that I would return within a week  
after some sightseeing - a period surely to let  
my hair grow some. I made an appointment  
to see Rev. Ota and felt quite good about it  
I was going home. At nine o'clock I saw  
Rev. Ota. I had no more reason telling him I  
wanted to leave when I must be in an uncom-  
fortable fit of crying. He appeared surprised as an  
outburst. He suggested I changed my sitting  
conditions and took a nap. He said my  
poor condition was more than due to my  
physical condition. He also said many young  
monks came and said they wish to leave for a  
week or two days. He quickly made some message  
for me - coffee had never made so good to me.  
I took two or three cups I remember. He gave me  
an English newspaper and told me to rest in his  
room that morning. I felt much better in the  
afternoon and evening I practised yoga instead of  
going to the Halls. It was a strange feeling. My  
mind had become very calm and all homesickness  
had left me. I was quite content with my life  
in the Soetsu and I slept very peacefully that  
night.

September 26<sup>th</sup>

This morning I cleaned the Soetsu instead of

attending ritual in the Halls. At nine o'clock I  
went to Rev. Sta's room and suggested the following  
plan: 1) that this week I do not attend rituals 2)  
that I should stay in beds 3) that I should  
take medicine to clean up stomach condition 4) that  
in future I should eat fresh fruit, milk, eggs,  
vitamins and cookies in addition to the Chinese  
food to help keep up my strength 5) that  
instead of ritual I would clean up, practice  
gongxi and learn numbers. He did not say much  
that seemed to approve at least in part. That  
morning Topman brought fruit for me and took  
me to see an English doctor who applied medicine.  
That morning I tried some up the mountain. I  
was not at all surprised at I enjoyed every  
moment of my walk. That evening I enjoyed  
a plate of Chinese noodles, eggs and my sauce  
cooked over the stove in the stove.

September 27 Met with Rev. Nagayama in his  
Room - I talked for a while.

After cleaning the stove I did some washing.  
I was pleased to find that with the aid of  
a scrubbing brush I was able to get things  
clean despite cold water and snow in the air. The  
medicine I took gave me a mild case of diarrhea  
which in many ways was thankful. That

afternoon I was introduced to the studio of a famous Japanese artist. He drew two pictures for me - one a landscape and the other some autumn flowers. Mr. Ota told me later it was a great success - almost everyone, he said, would like a painting of his and he is very reluctant to give them. I began to practice calligraphy that evening with Teijun and Shogusan and I felt quite sick and slept in the Sengaryo. I had a bad headache and night vision which finally disappeared after taking some medicine.

September 28<sup>th</sup>

I woke up at five o'clock a little depressed. I had no appetite and so just ate a bit in lieu of breakfast. I forced myself to work that morning even though it made me miserable. I became increasingly nervous as the day went on. I began to think of escape again! In the afternoon I met with a Fukui photographer who had once taken pictures of Gen Genta. I drank two cups of coffee and felt much better. I am amazed what a few words of English and a familiar taste do for me. The photographer was eager to show me Kyoto and introduce me to some English speaking families in Fukui. If only

I were allowed out! I began to wish I had taken Rev. Ota up when he suggested my taking a room. Afterwards I read the English language Newspaper and talked about my personal life to Stoickisen - I felt quite strong afterwards and in a good frame of mood. That evening I saw the doctor again but he could do nothing except suggest vitamin shots and his blessed pills. He said he could not administer or even I must cure my condition myself. I practiced Joga a little that evening and wrote to L. L. and Rev. Suzuki. Written Sept. 29.

September 29"

Now that I am up to date in writing this diary I can keep a more detailed account. This morning we were at three thirty and practiced Joga for 1/2 hour. After Joga I cleaned the room and then found time to write up a letter in my diary before breakfast. I read some of Rev. Ota's book "Zen and the Way of Life" and I will see Rev. Ota at 9:50, and I will go to attend the last ritual of Go-ko - the week on the initiative of Rev. Ota. I heard Gagaku music for the first time in the flock so I was rather pleased to have attended. Besides that to include

in a little group activity again made me feel  
good. I did my little piece today in attempt to  
get my boards working. Tjamma bought fresh  
fruit for me just before dinner so I was able to  
take of my hunger. I wrote to Peter in the  
afternoon. I awaited my coffee period with Peter  
Ota all day but it never came. I am amazed at  
the lengths I will go to for sweets and cookies.  
I was very depressed in the afternoon and gave  
way to more somersaults although my thoughts  
still contained ideas for positive action to combat  
it. I decided to try for a few more days and if  
things were not better to ask for a room. That  
night I was strongly motivated for leaving the hotel  
without my keys. One thing that gives me  
some difficulty is the fact that every night I  
have to go to the bathroom.

September 30

Today is O-Bo-san so we didn't get up until five  
o'clock. I attended two hours of ritual. In the  
middle of this I could find no self-identification.  
What was a boy for the back streets of Lincoln  
living amidst this? I am sick of ritual. I  
could of sitting for hours and, tired, in a  
empty room. Can I sincerely call this religion?  
The lit honestly would thousands of dollars and



separation: for my wife and child? I decided  
it was not. I will try one last thing. I will  
request a room and change radically my mode  
of living. How nice it would be to go out and  
visit some English speaking towns. I saw  
Rev. Ota at nine o'clock. He was enthusiastic  
only. He said he wanted to go with me to Rev.  
Alaka's room at one o'clock. Unfortunately, he  
never turned up. We had a four room  
apartment for Rev. Ota and I grew very miserable.  
I was relieved when he invited me to his room  
to say goodbye and to return for my baggage. We  
saw him off at four o'clock. I was very  
hungry most of the day.

7 o'clock. - The situation here has been too much again.  
I can hardly stop myself from returning. The  
thought of Zaza is just as hateful as sitting  
in a smoky room. Why doesn't Ota call and help  
I can hardly bear another night of this.

But life better I talked with Genesee. He  
must have thought I looked hungry so he  
produced a box given to him as a present. I discovered  
quickly two pears and cookies - almost like mine  
in fact. I didn't feel bad either - almost satisfied  
in fact. I felt fine after this and passed a good  
night. I think a good part of my trouble is

October 1st

Despite long and unwise rituals this morning I had little difficulty in accepting them. I felt strong and wanted I couldn't attend Rev. Ota for a room. It makes such a difference to have a full belly! I must take more steps to express my diet. This afternoon I grew to so hungry that I ate the whole cake Rev. Ota had given me. I hope Rev. Ota doesn't ask for it! I must confess I was a little surprised at my greed and a little worried that I might get sick as a result. But how nice to have a full stomach. I can never be more sincere to myself if I had a room. This morning I went into town as to my first

8:30 a.m. Despite more hours of ritual tonight I feel well and strong. I'm a little dissatisfied with the way I ate the cake but I notice a surprising relationship between a full stomach and my mental attitude. I only wish Rev. Ota had forgotten about the room I asked for. I think it may be more pleasant but I think my failure to stick it out in the Sode will disappoint many people.

October 2nd

This morning we rose at 3.30 am. and went straight to the Halls. The ceremony was three hours long but I didn't mind. I think I have at last understood something about the Way of Eikichi - it teaches one to remain calm and composed even under extreme conditions or violent indignity. I felt very strong this morning and my stomach condition had improved greatly. At least I had some energy this morning. I saw Rev. Ota and he said Rev. Tsuburugi wanted me to stay in his 3udo. What a relief! I very much respect him for his wise judgment. At last I feel my fight against Eikichi has diminished and that I'm beginning to get with it. A little pride has entered my life and I realize that even if I just now met westerners would not even have got this far. After lunch we had a short ceremony followed by an hour sweeping in the grounds. It exhausted me. I must try and obtain more protein. No Japa that day - instead we had extra chowky lesson.

October 3rd

I felt very tired on waking this morning. We had

Myra and a fairly short sermon afterwards.  
Today I felt like I'd been the first time  
although the sermon was read only 12. This  
afternoon I was cleaning the rest room when I  
suddenly realized that however slowly the job was  
I should perform it with the utmost sincerity. I  
thought of how Gerville had based his whole  
life on sincerity. I returned very badly about  
the motivating in the past. In future I must  
to carry out every task with sincerity and to the  
very best of my ability. I must say I feel as  
low in religious fervor; but we don't need  
and religious fervor to work sincerely. I was  
you much effort to this end. To do as one is  
bidden to do very best of one's ability is indeed  
a practical and useful form of work. I must  
strive in my everyday life to achieve perfection  
in this work.

My difficulty in eliminating vice seems to have  
returned. The problem is that a while to stare off  
boredom and involve fatigue I simply have to read  
a fair amount of it. My body must just get  
used to it. This evening we had another  
chanting lesson - my turning on the legs!

October 4<sup>th</sup>

Well I have arrived at another "stare day".

In these days we are surrounded in various ways  
deep in bed of gas now returned. A just  
long ceremony this morning. I seem to mind  
thing much less now although I still feel  
a little humiliated. There is no doubt  
that my energy level has improved with an  
increased intake of rice. I am becoming quite  
good at "Kawabon" a poor writing and I am  
naturally winning more. I am now around  
the middle now the days are becoming  
contingency, humbles. The poor rich we wish  
to hunger and are compelled to spend four  
of their lives in prison with little courtesy.  
It doesn't seem to me to be a very good way  
to run a nation to last; I feel perhaps  
I can do little to help them. I don't like  
to stay in the common room whilst it is going on.  
I feel as though my main present concern

After every meal now I eat an apple or a pear  
the boys think it strange but it cannot  
be helped. I also take a vitamin capsule every  
day. I am trying to eat more cereals to  
increase my protein intake too.

I write frequently to my wife and to my parents  
I help the transcription. I wish Pauline

could write me. It seems more than a week  
has gone by without news and a week here  
seems like an age.

I have improved my appearance and take com-  
pounds in dressing neatly. It seems like very little  
I can do.

On the whole I have had less must in a  
my hands recently. It seems as a little less  
painful. Although I have greatly enjoyed an  
hour nap of the lunch on hotel days.

John afternoon the whole monastery was spronged in  
disinfectant. Later I learn that Chinese monks had  
infections originating from the Thurgis. We were  
all confined to our quarters and forbidden to  
leave the monastery or visit other rooms. This is  
unfortunate in many ways. First the scare of  
disease. Secondly I have no fruit left - this  
means I will have to increase my intake of rice  
again. My problems of investigation now will be  
impossible unless my body adjusts soon.

On the 10th left for his temple for a week or ten  
days. This is a bitter blow. No more cups of  
coffee. He gave me permission to use his room  
and take his newspaper. He also left his former  
address. He said Gyonyusa would be staying  
at Thurgis for the time being probably for the

entire deviation of my stem. This proved me was  
felt evening I spent around the hospital there,  
to Gunguwan. We kept in the surgery but now  
and it was felt it might be was infected  
than the body. There is a possibility that being  
may be placed under isolation. This would not be  
unnecessary to say the least.

October 5<sup>th</sup>

To Ganga this morning - 9 years because of the  
possibility of an infected side. The service  
was short - about two hours in all. I am once  
again gulping down my three bowls of rice every  
day in immersion against morning hunger. As usual  
in my intention. This was a 9<sup>th</sup> must say 9<sup>th</sup> -  
and of rice.

This afternoon I took a walk for about 3/4 hr. I  
woke up exhausted and remained that way for the  
rest of the afternoon. I must stop this kind  
long walk as it may be responsible for most of  
my afternoon exhaustion. I felt cheered by a  
letter from my wife but later became worried  
the old priest has complained about my wearing  
like so I must try and get some more and dig-  
made to order. Two more letters arrived in the  
afternoon and the dinner was good. I felt much  
better. I have asked to visit Tubing hospital

Tomorrow to try and find some English speaking doctor  
I must find some effective medicine - preferably a  
cream.

I am alarmed at the extent to which the boys treat  
me of my contemporary standards. I don't know the  
nature of his crime - probably quite a simple  
mistake in letting one of the girls. I see poor young  
at a his heels the whole evening being ridiculed,  
ridiculed all over picked. I have not become  
critical less I fall back into the same poor  
state of mind as before - how selfish can one  
be. I spent a miserable evening - write to my wife  
October 6"

Today the scheduled resumed to normal with  
morning prayer at a service of about two hours.  
A great change came over my physical condition and  
a state of diarrhea is now practically prevalent.  
I hope it is due to the anti-obesity pills and not  
dysentery. After breakfast I saw Rev. Tatsuzumi  
and told him there was no need for me to go  
to Fukuie. He talked with me, through an  
interpreter whilst he was having a massage. He  
said he was very content with my behavior and  
progress. He advised me to practice prayer  
whenever I had a spare moment. He told me  
he hoped I would become a great leader;



in America! He joked about my former  
depression. I do have a great respect for this  
man. He is strength itself.

This morning we had dinner for an hour and  
I almost collapsed from exhaustion. I don't  
know whether it is due to my stomach condition  
or to lack of protein, or both. Today the  
going out was lifted and I was able to eat  
fruit, cheese and vitamins. Which I received  
and ate with gratitude.

Two school children visited me this afternoon - members  
of Nomura's English Speaking Society. They were quite  
sweet and spoke excellent English. They said they  
had seen me on T.V.

Tonight we have evening paper for an hour  
Today I climbed into my room which was very warm -  
how nice it is to feel warm again. I just hope  
getting so early doesn't make it more difficult  
for me later on.

October 7<sup>th</sup>

Woke at a 1 1/2 hour service - that's more like  
it. After washing up I drank some hot milk  
and ate a pear and read the morning paper.  
I felt so good that I practiced paper for thirty  
minutes before lecture. In my way to lecture  
they grabbed me and said paper. I was pleased

and now I suppose I shall have to give up my  
the new machine for the time being. One blow will do  
that and a few more and all my strength  
left me. Good, how much I am. I told myself that  
suffering was inevitable and that we cannot escape  
honor by any means but sometimes or other I cannot  
face up to suffering. I soon became depressed and  
was filled with joy at the idea of a simple life  
of work and family. How useless do we count our  
benefits! I was called to the table to look after  
an elderly American. He was nice to speak English  
again but oh - S.T. cross even for some. I  
had the best lunch at Eiteiji yet - the normal  
lunch + peas + cheese + cookies + water + slaw in  
the common room. Afterwards I read a letter from  
my mother expressing concern for my welfare. It  
brought tears to my eyes and I had difficulty  
in concealing my sorrow from the other monks.  
How little and how sweet is life. What a joy  
we cannot achieve the work without a very  
wondering and stick. The real horror is that  
even if I quit Eiteiji I know the tears will  
come who no one can help or comfort me - neither  
parent nor wife nor child. Who knows when  
the day will come. It could be today. I am  
very anxious about a little a rest I have too

struggle to pull through a season.  
October 8<sup>th</sup>

I am now going to animals every half an hour. I am physically exhausted as a full night's sleep is impossible. This morning after breakfast, I put a *Bostrychia* style hat and went to Fukuoka in Nagasaki. How wonderful the world looked. I was filled with new hope and pleasure. We went to the Red Cross hospital where the doctor told me that as much as it was my problem. My guest at my house and being pickles had paid off. He told me to take only one bowl of my miso-chicken. I was naturally relieved to know that I was seriously sick! We then took a taxi to a good Western style restaurant and had a first class American type meal. I cannot remember ever feeling so grateful for a chance at a good meal. Afterwards we went to a coffee house and enjoyed coffee and cake. We talked much about the discipline of Eisei's regimen. He preferred progressive methods of Benjamin Franklin he said. A headache developed and I grew tired so we took the 3.3 Eisei. How people stared when they saw me. I must confess that I enjoyed every minute of it. When I arrived back my headache became an

of sickness, weakness and depression overcame me. I was forced to go to the Endo room (room for rich monks). I here I passed the most miserable night at Eiseiji yet. My bed pounded at 4 was all alone. How I longed for my wife to comfort me. By morning I was weak and exhausted. I felt I might have to be taken to hospital.

October 9<sup>th</sup>

Johnson arrived about 1 am. He hit my pillow and made some milk for me. I immediately felt better and talked about my plans for ussian students studying in Japan. I declared that the formal way was impossible. I gave him a list of foods to buy for me at 10. I slept. I have no idea of how long I slept before Johnson returned with the food. I felt refreshed and my headache had gone. I enjoyed a meal of sweet bread and butter, honey, milk fruit and cheese - I ate lots until I could eat no more. I felt good. I slept some more. In the afternoon I talked with Johnson and about Japanese history - Eiseiji etc. It was an interesting discourse. I purchased yagya for a while. Johnson appeared with a magnificent dinner along with Masaji Okubo - the young Japanese collector. We

spent the evening together. I very much enjoyed talking with him - his English is very good. A man whose name I cannot remember appeared and told me an American woman had come to Eiseiji and wanted to talk with me. We then took funaba together. I passed a peaceful but dreary night and woke at dawn.

October 10<sup>th</sup>

I practiced Yoga for a while and the gongen appeared with my breakfast. I ate it along with bread, butter fruit - milk. I then decided to return to Shunyo. Gongen and I worked out a plan that I should eat breakfast and dine with the monks but lunch - my own, with western foods in Shunyo. We decided to present this plan to Daijo. I now have a very bad case of diabetes. but I think it is due to the medicine rather than dysentery. I still feel a little shaky but my spirits are high and my sense of humor good. I shared willingly and happily today without the slightest fear or dread. For lunch I ate bread, cheese, sweet bread, chocolate milk - honey. I feel much stronger now and in a happy little to my wife. I think I now have some understanding of what Yoga is all about and this makes me happier. Now that my

hunger no longer varies and I have slept under  
one measure of calmness is possible. My urination  
problem seems to have cleared up now.

Tonight at dinner I ate a bowl and a half of rice  
and one bowl of miso and its vegetable dish. I had pt  
of time to chew and felt very pleasant afterwards. At  
each meal I eat an apple a pear and take a vitas  
pill morning and evening after cleaning my teeth.

Miss Carmen Black left today before I had an  
opportunity to meet her - great pity.

Tonight we have Yoga for two hours.

October 11

Woke up tired. Fairly long service. I took three bowls  
of rice gruel this morning, and suffered again the  
same problem of frequent urination. I ate neither so  
near possible so it is significant. I was even  
hungry and depressed until ten o'clock when I  
saw bread and the bottle in Rev. Uta's room  
I then felt quite good. There can be little doubt  
that my hunger and depression are related at  
least in part. After lunch I took a nap for  
an hour and a half - I felt much less  
depressed afterwards. Many of the monks had  
lunch twice nap so I'm not alone in my  
wickedness. We had no scheduled this  
afternoon - apart from Banka - so I wrote a

long letter home. I must confess to a certain nervousness about Eiseiji. I hope I overcome it. When I think of practicing respiration here I am terrified but if I think of going to some other temple for respiration before then I like the idea. I suppose I have suffered too much here. Two hours of yogan greatly calmed my mind and I retired peacefully.

October 12<sup>th</sup>

I woke up happy and full of determination for yogan. I remained that way throughout the morning but gave way to depression in the afternoon. I count the days several times each day. I received a letter from my mother begging me to quit and this was largely responsible for beginning of depression. A letter from Phil was sweet but it didn't help much. Apart from wasting time and money I don't know what the devil I'm doing here - this is a major problem for me. My only motive for continuing is face saving! I discovered a way of eating eggs - stir with powdered milk and add hot water and flour - eat with bread - delicious and nutritious. I have a bad boil on my face which is beginning to add pain to my present miseries. I just hope some saving doctor will come along soon - something to give me a reason

d'Étre. How I miss my home and family and how little is my desire for truth. I think if I were truly sincere with myself I wouldn't stay here another day. Although only one hour Zayen was scheduled I started to practice at 7 o'clock. I was very annoyed when just ten minutes later I was disturbed by the boys & eat some donuts. After eating this I registered my discontentment by returning immediately to Söds. My mind became quite calm and I felt grateful to be at Eideig. My condition of frequent urination and permanent constipation has returned and I was compelled to get up three times during the night.

October 13<sup>th</sup>

When I woke up this morning I could scarcely move my leg. A boil on my knee has become progressively worse. Morning service was out of the question. I sat and waited to see Daijo for two hours without success. There was lecture but I dare not practice Zayen with my knee in so painful a condition. Everyone is remarking how much better I look since I have been taking milk and bread. I waited all morning to see Daijo and he agreed I should go to hospital. Upon reflection however, as it was Sunday the hospital would be closed. It was decided I



should wait until tomorrow. I was furious  
and all but wept at what I considered neglect.  
What if it should become worse? How would I  
pass the remainder of the day - sitting by the  
hearth as I had done all morning? I went  
Rev. Oita's room to weep but I found he had  
returned. I wonder when he will write me for  
coffee? I relieved my bowels a little and feel  
better. God, how I wish I could go home  
without losing face. I long for home - I  
almost count the hours. There is little I could  
do pass the time today - I could not participate in  
services nor could I practice Zazen. Whatever I do  
suffer pain in my knee. No wonder my thoughts are  
only of home. I am beginning to feel a little  
ashamed of my incapacity to adjust to my removal  
- but how can I justify this terrible waste of  
time - I could be home working or studying. Tonight  
I shall try to practice Zazen for one hour if  
only out of <sup>curiosity</sup> something better to do.

October 14<sup>th</sup>

Today was undoubtedly a turning point. During the night  
I had had dreams about Houghterhouses and awake  
with a firm resolution to stay at Eiheiji and seek an  
end to the problem of suffering. As I could not  
attend ritual I set on the steps of the Sammon and

watched the dawn. After breakfast, George and myself cheerfully left for Fukuie. At the hospital, the doctor confirmed that the sore on my knee was a boil resulting from an infection - probably from the tattoo. He said I was tired and my body was deficient in sugar and protein. That my body was run down was also confirmed by the appearance of an ulcer in my mouth. He recommended rest for three days. We left by taxi and went to Tom's restaurant for a western meal. I enjoyed it but poor old George hated it I think. After two cups of coffee and cake we decided to pay Mr. Norikazu, the tailor, a visit. The whole family was happy to see us and provided eggs, bread, cakes, fruit and coffee in my honour. I avert - how wonderful and a headache which had appeared at the hospital disappeared. My bowels seem fit to move several times during the course of the afternoon which was also no small relief. We passed a happy afternoon of small talk and suddenly realized it was time for Barba - the hour at which we had been told to be back. George said we still had to shave and led me to a Barber's shop in Fukuie. I declined shaving as I felt sure I must soon return home unless my strength returned. To our surprise and great relief Inoko was not angry at the lateness

and accepted Gomyu's straightforward excuse as  
I hurriedly told Rev. Ota of my plan for return  
unless my health improved and we all then went  
to Inosko's room. To my surprise we scarcely touch  
a my condition a plan and merely drank sweet  
and listened to small talk of Inosko. Later he  
suggested he had been drinking. I went to the  
Dorayo with Rev. Ota after making a brief plea to be  
allowed to go to ENDO room during my illness.  
In Dorayo I was able to talk with Rev. Ota in  
detail about my physical condition. He also talked  
of my personal affairs and finances. It was the first  
talk I had had on an easy man to man basis  
at Eshiji. He was far less busy than usual. I  
did not discuss the problem of shaving though  
Gomyu made a plea that I should return to  
hospital again in three days - mainly because I  
think he enjoys going to Fukue so much.  
Rev. Ota suggested I spend that night in Endo  
and asked Taira-san to arrange it. Taira-san  
had made some excuse as I was told to spend  
tonight in Endo. I slept very badly and spent most  
of the night awake. The thought of returning home  
gives me so much ~~so~~ blessed relief that my  
whole being was stimulated. I felt that at  
least the stricture was over.

With Ota

October 15<sup>o</sup>

I rose and prostrated myself in the lecture room sitting on a chair. In order not to be put off again I avoided contact with Taira-san and moved quietly to the end of the room — alone I arranged the room and decided to wait here until the boys in Saungo looked for me. At first I slept all the while what food I had — some fruit and milk + honey. I am very reluctant to take the medicine prescribed by the doctor — I would rather cure the ailment by improved diet. However, having been told that the pills would greatly speed the festering I decided to take them. I would feel foolish at the hospital in three days being forced to admit I hadn't taken the medicine. What a fair view of my attitude in S.F. I had a welcome letter from Chris and his talk of Cal/Ed made me feel very much independent of Taira-san. I feel disappointed greatly of my sickness and think I am just weak. Maybe he's right but I don't think he's as strong as he feels either. I felt his same strength in S.F. and took what happened to me with a change of circumstances. I also felt other monks were eyeing me strangely — must be our guilt feelings. It is very pleasant to be alone in a quiet room again. One thing I have

noticed about the wearisome monastery regime is a lack  
of any sexual excitement - perhaps a good reason for  
that hour of sleep and poor food. This  
afternoon I spent talking with Genryuzan. We talked  
of many things - Eiliij, Zaya and marriage etc. It was  
very pleasant and I enjoyed our conversation immensely.  
I wrote to my wife telling her of my plans for return  
soon unless my strength improves. This evening Taiyuan  
brought my dinner along with Genryuzan. I know  
Taiyuan was embarrassed so I made a special show  
of self-help and hospitality. I think it impressed  
him. After they left I tried, as best I could, to  
prop myself up and practice Yoga. However the bad  
exhaustion was too much so I replest early. I did  
wake up until late the next morning when Taiyuan  
brought my breakfast. My body must be very very  
tired.

October 16<sup>th</sup>

I awoke when Taiyuan brought my breakfast. The  
sun was shining brightly. I ate the stucco with  
sugar and drank my usual egg & milk. I read  
for a little while after Taiyuan left but then sleep  
until eleven when some monks awoke me as they  
wanted to fix the window glass. I can hardly  
believe my tiredness. I have little desire to do  
anything other than eat and sleep. I don't know

If this is due to my over enlarging bowl a due to a  
month of Eiseiji diet and sleep. I fear it may be  
the latter. Iaino remarked this morning that I  
looked much better in the face. I asked her to bring  
my kesa gori and show me how to tie and retire  
at lunch time. My bowels are now moving freely  
of their own accord - how thankful, and the endless  
stream of urine has now become more normal. There  
is little doubt that my body condition had reached  
a very low level. It is now night time. I cannot  
believe it but apart from meals I have slept  
the whole day. Practically 18 hours solid  
sleep. Is it the medicine or am I so physically  
exhausted? For the first time in I don't know  
how long my eyes are wide open and my cheeks  
fattered out. I feel almost as I did in S.F.  
- ie myself - for the first time since I came here. It  
is an amazing feeling. I wrote the first sane and  
reasonable letter to my parents. There is little doubt  
in my mind now that my poor mental state has  
been due to physical exhaustion. I now feel very  
happy to be at Eiseiji. I also notice an interest in  
in general activity has returned. Good - how  
wonderful it is to feel so well. When I return to  
Shunjo I will be a different person.

October 17<sup>th</sup>

Naturally my sleep was rather light and I woke early this morning. The two passes amazingly quick in the Enryudo despite the loneliness. I wrote a long letter to Peter this morning and read a little. I must confess to gazing a little too but that is the negative aspect of a month's discipline. I am strangely non-plussed about my state of mind. I have little desire for Buddhism, nor for Mayer a discipline and yet I'm only little homesick. I shall be pleased to be on the move again though. The afternoon passed slowly - I read little bits out of the Middle Way and gazed at the ceiling - I was not unhappy but rather content just to doze. Around 6.30 Taigu brought my dinner and left to take a bath. I expected him to return but he didn't. However I didn't mind as I was so sleepy. I slept until 3.30 am and the dozed until much later.

October 18<sup>th</sup>

On waking I discovered my bail had broken. I squeezed some more out and found I could then bend my leg - relief! I decided that there was no need to go to Fukui hospital if I could buy some dressings in Eiseiji. However, Taigu had a different idea when he brought my breakfast.

You are an ordinary guest he said - not special - you must do as I say. Today you go with me Futaba and see doctor one more. I knew he badly wanted to go and see a movie so I didn't argue. Besides I can think of many worse ways to pass a rainy day. This morning it was very cold - I think the warm spell is over. Taiya turned out to be right. The doctor was not at all pleased with the way it looked. He told me to come back ~~on~~ tomorrow at Monday at to rest for another week! He prescribed another course of expensive antibiotics. We then wandered around Futaba shops a little and I bought a book. How wonderful and exciting Toyon looked. We had a western style meal and went to see Hitchcock's 'The Birds'. I became aware again that something was not right within as I several times wept during the movie at the tear jerking scenes. Obviously my condition is not so good. It was funny to see California again. We returned back and I talked awhile to Rev. Oita in the street - he said I should regard my health as NO. 1 and definitely put it first. I received a letter from my wife encouraging me not to give in. I felt a little ashamed of my new plan for escape and decided to once again do my best to stick it out. Taiya and Koji spent dinner with



me. They showed me how to pack the person  
again.

October 19<sup>th</sup>

A day to remember! I awoke in the middle of the night with a full blasting migraine coupled with diarrhea. It was a horrible experience to go thru alone as I was in constant fear of choking a the dry-leaves. I lay awake groaning for hours waiting for breakfast time when I knew the young washer girl would come - the presence of anyone would have helped. Just before Taiju came with breakfast I vomited, stopped at the headache went. God - we sort of a body chemistry do I have. I was alarmed by the presence of a high amount of redness in my urine so I took a sample for test. I told Taiju I would not be ready to go to the hospital until 10.30 and that he must ask if Reganson can go with me. He immediately explained it was not possible and that it was his duty. I insisted he asked just the same. Around 10 I went to Shungo with the intention of seeing Rev. Oita should my request for interpreter misfire. I eventually met with Taiju - Did you ask Daiyo? No. I was sure myself with frustration. I had made up my mind that I was leaving for Kyoto the next day on the pretext of this medical interview and I had

no one to explain my various illnesses. I went to see  
Per Oita but he was not there. What could I do  
but accept the situation as it stood. We reached  
Fukui around 11.15 at Taira and the Hospital closed  
at 11.30. So we had a meal of salad and rice and  
the chopped. Being Saturday Lunch there were more  
more people in the streets, shops and bars than on the  
other days I had been to town. In addition I felt  
weak and tired from the night's illness. I felt  
hounded. A Saturday crowd is more jovial and light  
hearted than a weekday crowd and everyone has  
more time to devote to staring at oddities. I began  
to feel I wouldn't live through it. I felt they  
might become not exactly hostile but rather that  
they wanted to possess me - eat me was the feeling!  
I saw two groups of foreigners - they looked English and  
American. I felt pained - "6' 4" with whiten  
head, rolls of gata! They made no attempt to  
communicate. We arrived at the hospital to find  
it closed for the afternoon. Taira immediately blame  
me for having slept so long. However, the nurse  
was kind and gave me the usual special treatment  
- she fetched the doctor! They really are a  
nice bunch of people there and I might say  
I even look forward to seeing them. Examination  
showed urine and stool to be O.K. I had

healing. Monday would be the last time he said.  
Eat a soft diet with lots of fruit. I was at the  
same time pleased and bitterly disappointed. All  
my plans for escape foiled. With a heavy heart  
we made our way to the station by bus. I felt  
sorry for Taiyu - he tried so hard to make  
pleasant conversation and I deliberately did not  
understand. He even bought me a giant fruit  
cocktail and ate only a small one himself. I was  
beside myself. All the way back it was as much  
as I could do to prevent myself from bursting into  
tears. My mind buzzed with a thousand ways of  
counting the days between now and December 9<sup>th</sup>.  
Taiyu said I must shave. It was a horrible  
thought - 10 days of growth. How could I face  
my wife if I had no hair on returning. We  
arrived at the Barber's to find the girl out. What  
a fantastic relief - I think I would have wept in  
the chair. I hurried back to the English,  
barely thanking Taiyu, and wept bitterly for  
about fifteen minutes. I so wanted to go home. I  
went to George's to look for letters and found one  
from Julia. A good encouraging one. I then went  
to see Rev. Ota to tell him my problems but he  
wasn't there. I took the last two days newspapers  
and returned to Enryodo. I spent an hour or so

reading them all felt much better. Masaji has  
said he would come tonight so I carefully  
the room took a little cosier. T. Tsumura told  
of an American guest from the First Zen Institute  
of America and I expressed desire to meet it.  
It looked like being a busy evening as I also  
expected Mr. Morison to bring my papers.  
at the time of writing this no one had turned up.  
guess no one will. Tonight my mind is at peace  
and comforted by the thought of my state of mind  
as being quite natural. Let's face it - I have  
been a Buddhist a little over two or a half  
years. My background is foreign and Christian.  
I have no tradition in Buddhism or its methods  
nor am I going to be a priest. Most of the  
boys here have that vague idea of being  
a priest. In other words I'm in a crazy world  
which I don't understand and I can't figure  
what I'm doing here. It's natural that pride  
should be my only motive most of the time. My  
knowledge and faith of Buddhism are so  
slight is thus my wonder I should question my  
reason for staying? Why be cold, hard and  
uncomfortable at great expense, financial, health  
wise and suffering mental agonies if we cannot  
find a good reason as to why? Perhaps I'm not

wash after all - just bloody crazy for having, when  
it is long. And yet perhaps there is a small part  
one which takes part of Ebiye. There walks up  
the Toyogoda - a thro' moments of peace during the  
Perhaps left all there is a thread along which I  
travelling - a thro' we admittedly but it must  
have some strength. I must wait and see - wait at  
Ebiye that is.

October 20<sup>th</sup>

I awoke late this morning and was just able to  
wash and prepare before Taiyu appeared. After  
breakfast we went to the barber but again the  
girl was absent - humph! I went to see Rev. O.  
but he was eating breakfast so I couldn't stay  
more than a few minutes. He told me Alan W.  
and a party of 16 had just left after spending one  
night - how annoying I wasn't informed. Further  
I was in a good humour and didn't mind too  
much. I took his unread paper back to Egypt  
and read it from cover to cover. I then washed  
from head to toe in cold water carefully around  
my infected area. I ate my own lunch and  
wrote a long letter to my wife. I then began  
reading We Toyogoda from cover to cover until  
dinner. Taiyu left as soon as I had finished.  
said there were two hours of Zayen tonight and

he wanted to take a bath first. A very quiet day!

October 21st

I rose late again after pleasant dreams. It was so cold I just lay in my futon unwilling to waste time and I left for Fukui hitchhiking a lift on a tourist bus. The doctor said my leg was now O but wants to see me once again about my stomach. He gave me more medicine which I probably won't take. We met another monk - the boss of the guide dept - and we solicited his advice about food since I had emphatically stated I do not wish to eat meat. He took us to a high class restaurant which he appeared to know well and we had a special tatami room. We ate fish and vegetables, tofu and maki from a communal pot being cooked at the table. It was delicious. We also drank a fair amount of sake. It was very kind of him and I felt sorry I could not communicate something in way of thanks. I was fortunate in my shopping and found figs, dates and pearat butter. I must buy in large supplies on my next trip if I can find the store again. It was an enjoyable light hearted day. I felt curiously drawn toward pleasures - women, layyos, coffee and

and conversation but I was suddenly halted by a large picture of the face of Sukhramur. The supreme calmness reflected in his face made me realize that his way alone could bring me happiness. Tonight I ate a gala meal of all my shopping and spent a lazy night reading We Japanese. So lazy in fact that I can hardly bottle to finish this diary. I should make mention of the fact I received a telegram from my wife telling me to stay put until I received news from herself and reverse. I feel very guilty I have put everyone to so much trouble by my weakness.

October 22nd

I woke just in time to practice yaza for half an hour before Taiju came. This time there was no way out about the shaving but I was well prepared having already decided to request to go to the barber. Apart from a little acidity my health was about as good as when I left S.H. for the first time at Eitaiji. After the barber I talked for an hour with Rev. Ota. He is undoubtedly loosening up - perhaps a little shy. This afternoon two reporters from the Yomiuri - one of the big dailies interviewed me. They took pictures of myself and Taiju. I was in a gay mood all

day - loving Eiki. Not only because I feel well again but also because in 5 weeks we have remitted and that will be the end of it! I talked with Rev. Oita about the remission treatment and it seemed much better than I had thought. Took I practiced Ouyokki with Taiyu - Dai Kuni and Sodo Hamdai style. Not a very active day in a happy and light hearted one. I practiced Jyuu in the Sodo for half a hour tonight.

October 23rd

Time is beginning to pass quickly and that seems to prevent even the slightest depression. About late this morning and took breakfast in Dai Kuni. After Kaicho went to Fukui with Taiyu. Hospital gave out a better account and discharged me. We had a good lunch and went to the movies at Darumaga - saw Cyclone and a U.S.A. movie Express mountain. Cyclone was a very good movie I felt. I bought 6 lbs of figs and 3 lbs of dates and to Taiyu's honor along with three bottles of peanut butter. Then I hope should see me through the next month. We arrived back tired and late so we had a light hearted dinner in Shunyo. I practiced Jyuu for one hour in the Sodo. I have developed quite an affection for Taiyu and I shall long resemble our parents in Fukui. Most of all I shall always



through the affection shown to me by all the members of the Red Cross Hospital - especially the girl called Tokumisan (always with a beaming smile). Due to a misunderstanding I left the hospital without even thanking them for their kindness.

October 24<sup>th</sup>

I arose just in time for breakfast in Da Kwin. After Kainchan and second breakfast in Enjydo I carried my futon up to Shungo. Did some washing but forced to give up washing my Tsuban because of lack of ironing facilities. Therefore gave it to the laundryman. Joined Da for  $\frac{1}{2}$  hr. gassen and attended Myoku. Had lunch of bread etc. in Enjydo and cleaned up - carried remaining objects up to Shungo. Slept in town a so and took furuta - very nice. There were lots of cookies around so didn't go hungry today! Felt very good and self sufficient most of the day - as long as I preserve my physical strength I don't anticipate any further difficulties. Now I must work on what I came here for. I began to practice Jyazo in the evening but was disturbed by Mr. Nozawa. He told me that he had seen my picture in a Fakuu Newyoga.

October 25<sup>th</sup>

Arose at 4 am. Yaya - Tjogoda - morning service  
Tjogoda. Saw from 8.50. Nida 11 am. -  
Nagaki 14.10. Saw 15.00 Banka 16.00 - a very

busy day! I saw my picture in the Yonsei at  
with a short and fairly good article. I was a  
little alarmed today when a group of international  
reporters visited Eikeji - they asked me to be  
their guide but I politely refused. Per. Oita  
suggested I meet them in Hanmyo but I didn't  
show enthusiasm. The last thing I want is  
my picture in the S.T. channel. They took  
lots of pictures of me in Hatto but I don't think  
they are destined for publication. I received  
letter from my wife urging me to 'let go' of  
her, but all all of accomplished what I  
came here for. Very brave of her and extremely  
courageous - it gives me encouragement.

However I feel it is already accomplished  
- the adjustment I mean. Apart from stomach  
acidity my body condition is good and I feel  
strong and well. I no longer feel exhausted  
after five minutes with a broom and I look  
quite fat in the face. My mental adjustment  
is equally good. I feel self confident and  
well adjusted and have to be here. I have

expressed desire to play a fuller part in school.  
I spent much of today laughing and joking with  
the boys - truly a different person from a  
week ago. I now feel pretty much as I  
usually do in S.T. - my attitude being that  
if it is required of me to stay here, even for  
a period of years its O.K. What a cliff!  
I practised Jyoga for an hour in the evening

October 26<sup>th</sup>

Back into the mine! I was supposed to run with  
Genie for Shinsei this morning. When awakened I  
was so tired it took a long time for me to  
prepare - as I consequently I was left behind.  
I felt very badly. My mind would not even bring  
Jyoga and I suspected a bad day was ahead of  
me. It was raining. Everyone was furious with me  
and Genie wouldn't even speak. We had no sense  
so Genyza lectured me a lecture. He said  
myself speaks badly of me as I perform no duties  
- I almost flew my stick why the devil don't  
they lead me! Best student - bad leader. I  
was once again at the point of tears. I seem to  
have very little will power to win over any  
difficulty. It seems to have been a problem all  
my life - as soon as I see no boys a bit of

things I try to escape. I ate a little bread & toilet and felt better. Somehow a otter I must be so damn sensitive - as my wife said - just do my best - that's enough. I have only four weeks in which to perform these wretched duties so I must try to face the square. To hell with putting on a good face.

Just before lunch the boys were joking about the number of girlfriends Genie had - I said perhaps that way he's no man - everyone laughed and poked fun at Genie. He was furious and threatened to punch me. He said many things which of course I did not understand but I got the gist of it. He's very angry about this morning and this host deal has probably set him against me. This is all I need! I don't understand his attitude.

There has obviously been much discussion about me. Taira said I must begin to take heed in Doi's opinion - everyone wants to be said - there all your bones. I cannot make up my mind if they want to ignore me or are just annoyed that I'm getting off too easily. The latest news may be the cause of my sudden departure yet! I must make a single minded effort to hold on my dignity despite all and on

come out to weakness and depression again. How  
if things become too much to feel with it  
can have little sympathy with and a way  
I trust yes - 04 but not for the sake of  
The boys discipline themselves in one way  
neglect the other in all my well to let  
to stand up to the poor condition but they  
are really chain smokers, they show little  
discipline within themselves (ie how much do  
they practice at their own tongue?) and they  
are annoyed about my little sayings. I still  
maintain that a few should reflect his less

We had no rehearsal all afternoon and  
I spent the whole time sitting in a noisy room. Save  
the time I talked with George - He told me  
was very dangerous as I thought he talked  
though I understood you but in reality I don't  
have any real understanding. This I'm afraid is  
true. I have become so discouraged that I  
don't want to practice yoga, I don't want to  
be a chryson leader or any damn thing. I  
think I'll go home and get what is in it  
that stops me quitting. Why don't I quit - pr  
I guess at a little fear of my wife + etc.  
Tajiri criticized my behavior tonight. That  
must about capped my day. Here I am ago

The same old state of mind; this time my diet is OK and so is my general condition except for lack of sleep. What is it that ails me? Is it just lack of sleep? Why am I so damn sensitive to criticism? Why do I immediately wish to run when things become difficult? I comfort myself by saying man would not do any better but is that enough? I think I am on the brink of quitting this time.

I sat by the same for a while and ate a few figs. Once out of the smoky room I felt better and so returned to Seido and practiced Jogo for two hours. I didn't try to concentrate - my breathing. Instead I carefully analyzed my situation here as compared with other crisis periods in my life. The one that particularly came to mind was the month I spent at Cal Ish / S.F. Branch. Here was a rather similar situation. I went there with the idea I was great but ~~was~~ was soon pulled up short and made to do things their way. They never showed any great interest in me other than my color matching so in their eyes was not very great. I felt the work was beneath my dignity and I was therefore contemptible.

Suggestion for Western requirements for staying in  
Zem. monastery.

Shots

- Small Pox
- Cholera
- Tetanus.

Miscellaneous.

- Sewing kit
- Clotting Pins
- Marianne's kit
- Soap base
- Alka Selyte or aspirin
- Band Aid
- Bandage and iodine etc. white cotton
- Tascardine
- Medicine for staying diamonds
- Large tea cup
- Murcian acid cream.
- Safety razor
- Vitamin Pills
- Pocket note book
- Pocket dictionary
- Wool Union suits
- Cotton Union suits
- Summer lightweight underwear
- Working shoes
- Reading and Study material
- V. necked sweaters
- Watch with second hand
- lanolin
- Styptic Pencil
- Work gloves
- Pen knife

Items

- 1 Paya Kimono
- 1 Paya Kimono - lightweight
- 1 Cotton Kimono
- 1 Wool Kimono
- 6 Pairs Tabi or bosa as required - & both.
- 1 Pair Tabi or bosa yori
- 1 Pair Wooden Geta 3
- 1 Oryoki set
- 1 Kisa yori - complete
- 1 Wicker basket
- 1 Paya + stones
- 2 Cords
- 2 Packs Paper
- 1 Zogun
- 1 Kachireu
- 1 O kusa
- 1 O kusa cane black
- 1 Obi - brown is good color
- 4 Taban slits
- 1 Hat
- 1 Koraji sutra book
- 1 Same uniform
- 2 Towels



October 26<sup>th</sup> cont.

nevertheless performing a good job. They were doing well what was expected of them. The same was not so true of Parky. It seems I have little staying power unless I am made of the situation.

Then I am not contented. I can think of numerous situations which fear this out.

My mind became very calm. I was grateful to the boys for showing me the error of my ways. In a way it is flattering that they want me to be one of them. No one is taking me here. The moment I can honestly and sincerely decline that pride no longer matters (since pride seems to be my chief motivation) I can leave. Can I find an alternative way of life? I slept very soundly.

October 27<sup>th</sup>

I awoke refreshed but my mind was still chattering. However there was an improvement over the previous day. I was just up and dressed. This morning I had kitchen duty so the service was very short for me. Although I could not stop analyzing there was a great change in my attitude towards being a college man. Some of the vanity had disappeared and I was rather content just to be doing what I was.

No one is holding me any more. I am my own  
master. I can leave at the moment if I feel  
honestly this is not the way. I will understand  
the reason for uniform rank in the army etc.  
In uniform, men quickly cease to me anything other  
than what they are in that function i.e. just  
soldiers - not married men, university graduates,  
engineers etc just soldiers & priests. I now feel  
my pride motive has practically gone. Many  
times in my life I have had to put aside the old  
and take in the new. The only motive must be  
'Now I honestly put aside this role and say  
I never want to wear it again'. The moment  
when I feel this way I will leave Eikeiji.  
Today it is raining again and this is a pity - too  
much time a son wants? If I leave because  
I am unhappy and bored here can I be sure  
that being a chorist is enough. I sometimes  
feel that being just a chorist will not  
satisfy me for long. This motive alone is not  
enough. The only motive that is good enough  
will be 'To cast aside my role without any  
feeling of ever wanting to wear it again'. In  
this state I can be sure that pride is dead.  
I will then be grateful to Eikeiji for having  
saved me from a grievous error.

The acidity in my stomach has become acute. I brought some medicine from Chutong with George's help. He would rather hopefull that we might go to the hospital. The thought of illness brought back the old plan of escape again. I think that under these rigorous conditions I become too nervous and this breaks out in body conditions. I have a long history of escape, through illness - a very strong defense mechanism. There is no guilt with fear, rich so long as I. Do not feel guilt - the guilt suggests I - using the medicine as an excuse.

I had lunch in Dai Kwin but afterwards, very cheaply, ate egg & milk and a little sweet bread. I followed up with a few dates in Tain and two slices of cheese in Shungo - I feel only a little guilt. I would rather take these foods in the proper place but I think the boys are too young to understand. I received a letter from Rev. Suzuki - I was shocked to find Rev. Tokujin's story in the envelope. It was a very encouraging letter and it almost brought tears to my eyes in front of everyone. I practiced gaze for me some before lunch and although I was sleepy and dreaming it calmed my mind tremendously. We had regalia the afternoon and 9<sup>th</sup>

slept for one hour afterwards. This made me feel very good. I think I have become well accustomed to the monastic life and my difficulties now lie outside of the usual pattern. Mat Yantai gave it a try for a month but then left O.H. but I am having it tough now!

I practiced Zazen for one hour alone and for one hour with group. Even though I made no attempt to concentrate or my breathing, my mind became very calm. I slept well except for a midnight visit to the Toilet.

October 28<sup>th</sup>

I was awakened for Shoini and was up and ready like a robot. I found washing and cleaning teeth & robe to make it. I sang as best I could but found I was exhausted after it. I could scarcely control my breath during Zazen. I was in a good frame of mind - there is no doubt that I have adjusted to the monastic life - my difficulties now lie in just not understanding the Japanese temperament. After breakfast I did all I could to be first for Hainosoji; however, Taya still told me to hurry up. I ran with a broom to where Gyoin was sweeping and began to help. He said nothing at first but just swept over the same portion that I did;

but after a few seconds he just yelled at me. I didn't understand but I got the idea and left him. I am deeply grieved about the new development. It seems I just have one difficulty after the next. I know I was wrong to have behaved the way I did but his behavior cannot be justified either. A man should not fear women or be angry for long men should be soon discomf. 10  
That I have travelled all these miles and spent all that money to be defeated by such a squirt. I must confess I like his spirit however though despite his present anger. It may be better to talk with Genji soon late today. I don't feel talking even helps these situations but I have to do something. Life must become at least tolerable. There is no doubt that the attitude of the other marks towards me is also a little strange.

After Nishiyu I asked Genji to interpret an apology to Genji for me. I had no sooner begun when Genji walked away. There were many other marks around. I was taken off and scarcely got to the town before bitterly weeping. It was the end of the line again. Genji kindly offered to apologize for me and told me

not to worry - "he's a good man but his temper  
is very changeable" He said. Nothing could  
confront me - I went again and again. My stomach  
condition seems to have become worse and this is  
a suggestion of frequent visits to the house again.  
It's only a matter of hours now before I make  
another attempt to escape. I just have too  
many problems at once, physical, competition  
and the way itself. I think I may be foolish  
to try and stay here. As soon as I see the  
outings of Yungui's apology I will see Rev.  
Oita. As tomorrow is 29th it will be well  
to make decision today.

It's now almost dawn. I left a  
note on Rev. Oita's desk asking him to see me but  
still haven't heard anything. We had a long  
service in Tjoggedu where my mind became much  
calmer. There is no doubt about solitude being  
good for me. In Tjoggedu I began to feel I  
might not leave Sids but might try again but  
the minute I returned to Shungo I realized  
the time had come. I only hope Rev. Oita doesn't  
take too long. My stomach condition was not  
unduly troubled this afternoon.

Rev. Oita did not return. I practiced  
Yungui for two hours alone. In the middle I

made a new determined effort at last to  
Rev. Ojta's room to remove the note. His door  
was closed although I don't think he  
had returned. I dared not enter. I  
decided to let things be, even if tomorrow  
I want to stay in the Sodo it is as well  
he knows about my condition.

October 29<sup>th</sup>

I was awake long before I need be to ring  
skinner out up like a cat when called. I  
was dressed and ready to go before the others  
even left the Sodo! I went in the top route  
so it was not so difficult this morning. We  
had a fairly long service 2x 70yoda, 70yoda  
at morning service. I felt good except  
when I saw Gimeii - this reminded me of my  
situation. Rev. Ojta called me before  
breakfast. I merely told him that I had  
yesterday become deperate and my stomach  
condition was not good. I ate breakfast  
and was told to prepare for 70yoda immediately  
afterwards. I was hesitant but decided to  
go ahead telling myself a week wouldn't  
make any difference. As I sat down I  
glanced at the bars & the windows 'Why  
inquire myself?' I thought. This would be

a good moment to leave. I waited for  
someone to share me but instead our leader,  
I don't know his name, told me of the counties  
to share me. It was enough. I remembered  
how last time I was shared by a Yanto and  
how it took 1 hour. I wait till the time  
and thought for a while. I decided to quit.  
I returned to Shungo, picked up my things  
but did not go to Rev. Oite's room and took  
the newspaper. I read it in the comm. room.  
After about half a hour the leader came  
and ordered me emphatically to share. I  
tried to explain but he repeated three  
times. I left and went to Shungo. I was told  
Tayo wanted to see me - share, he said. I  
tried to explain but he was quite minded.  
In desperation I told him I will leave,  
Etezi, aft. talkj with Rev. Sato. 'Ha!' he  
said, 'all members here are sick' 'you no  
fight' 'no fight'. I did not press the  
point. I waited and left. I went to Rev. Oite  
room but he was not there so I sat down  
and read the Newspaper. He returned to  
prepare for morning service and I ask if I  
might remain. He agreed and told me to  
eat the remain of the cooking. I searched



for coffee but found none so I went to  
Sungyo and got my own. When he returned I  
told him as best I could my feelings  
- including the shaving deal. He was hesitant  
about what to do so asked me to wait until  
Rev. Sato received news from Rev. Suzuki. I  
pressed a little harder so he began to talk  
about seeing goods earlier. We ended our  
conversation by his asking to see Gjennjansen  
after he had taken bath. After asking he  
decided I should come too. I returned to Sungyo  
to write this after having lunch in common room.  
I somehow feel I will be asked to leave  
on the hair deal; I am however well  
satisfied with my decision and feel it is the right  
thing.

I returned to Rev. Oita's room.  
For a long time he said nothing of Rev. Suzuki's  
letter so I asked him if he mentioned Rev. Sato's  
letter. He said Rev. Suzuki was proud of my  
strength and stout character but no member of  
anything. I waited a few more hours and approached  
the subject again. He phoned the post office to  
ask after any letter for Rev. Sato from S.F.  
and received negative reply. He wanted me to wait.  
I pointed out perhaps Sumei refused to let letter

He wrote originally. He agreed this was the case  
and therefore proceeded to get hold of Gonyu.  
We were told he was at the bathroom but we  
waited until dinner. I went and had dinner  
and told Gonyu afterwards. He said he must  
first take bath! This brings me up to the  
moment. This time I am determined to get  
satisfaction!

I have waited at least one hour  
for Gonyu to reappear from his bath. Patience  
is no small requirement in this place.

Gonyusan arrived - we went to Rev. Oti's  
room to find his gone so we returned to the common  
room. There I was ordered to shave immediately.  
I tried desperately to explain without one. Eventually  
I walked away to Rev. Oti's room. He had  
returned - I fetched Gonyu and we went to  
Rev. Totungani. He smiled and was very heartwarming.  
He asked after my general condition. He said  
I should join Inanga and this life would be  
easier. He gave permission for me not to shave  
for a month before leaving it. Nov. 19. I  
felt warm about the idea of Inanga as Rev.  
Oti said Tetuan was thus. We returned to  
Rev. Oti's room and then to common room. The  
news caused excitement - I offered to shave.

Everyone declined as they are afraid of my temper.  
One boy accepted. He tried hard but it  
hurt so much he felt he was dead. Two  
or three others tried their hard with varying  
degrees of failure until Hote (the son)  
appeared and showed me roughly. I accepted  
the humiliation without protest - believe me  
humiliation wasn't the word. After that, I  
retired to bed. I couldn't sleep as the  
whole place buzzed with the news of Gen.  
Tostogain's decision - everyone repeated his  
words (I believe I think) and that perhaps  
was all that saved me. I began to fear  
physical violence from the monks and could not  
sleep all night for fear of trouble.

October 30<sup>th</sup>

I awake agitated and fearful. My younger  
and two or a half hour since when they  
take up with thinking about how I was  
justified and how the monks were wrong.  
At the end of service I went to the common  
room determined to plan the details. No one  
spoke. Eventually, someone asked why I  
did not leave yesterday when advised to do  
so. I explained for what seemed to be the

in the time. He said he hoped I would be  
to learn the duties of Inanga properly. I  
was thunderstruck. All during breakfast I was  
in the point of tears and during Inanga's  
I felt like quitting irregularly. One thing  
is sure - One more thing is it - however  
small - and I mean IT! At the moment I  
am almost frantic - I am tempted to prepare  
immediately.

I spent the whole morning in Rev.  
Oita's room reading the newspaper. Many times  
I was sorely tempted to begin the parting  
speech but could not find courage. I  
accepted a cigarette who offered one. I had  
a nice shower in Inanga with the boys  
and enjoyed washing up. I then slept until  
I was told to go to the Samma and  
report for duty. During work it happened  
I laughed at myself for not quitting.  
I had a letter from Peter which  
assured me I was over-reaching myself.  
He said he had had a quite strike.  
This combined with a letter that my mother  
was in hospital did not help my depression  
any. I became in an extremely nervous  
state - not weeping but just agitated. I

could find nothing to pacify my mind, except  
walking and this was impossible. I decided  
the moment had come and I mentally prepared  
my speech. I went to Rev. Ota's room to  
tell him but he wasn't there. At the  
moment I am awaiting his return - this time  
I mean it - I am quitting tomorrow, to hell  
with the details.

This is written two days late.

I walked up and down in an agitated  
state until by chance I met Rev. Ota. 'I must  
talk to you' I said. He told me he had just  
talked about me with Rev. Seto and that he had  
received a letter from Rev. Suzuki. Failed again!  
I returned to Inamyo and awaited Rev. Ota. I  
went and practiced *gyōza* for 1 1/2 hours as best  
I could in my agitated state. I slept quite  
soundly.

October 31st

As far as I remember I awoke and meditatively  
made rough plans for departure that very day.  
I would go to Kyoto and see if I could  
stay for a while at Daitokuji temple.  
After service I spent about two hours waiting  
for Rev. Ota - these were the two most  
agitated hours of my whole stay. I could

scarcely ever read the newspaper. I smoked  
whenever cigarettes I could lay my hands  
on. I was at my wit's end. When Rev. Oito  
came I told him of my decision without  
tears. He saw Rev. Tazayama and Rev. Sato.  
Rev. Sato said he would meet me at 10 am.  
Rev. Oito asked me my difficulties - I begged  
him not to cross-examine me (I knew it  
would mean a breakdown) and I offered  
to write an account of the whole thing later.  
However he wanted a little material to  
work with so I managed to convey my  
opinion fairly without too many tears. After  
we saw Rev. Sato. The man was kind  
and I now feel very guilty that  
I was somewhat unresponsive. He suggested  
I do not go to Kyoto as it is the height  
of the tourist season and it would be difficult  
to find accommodation. If I went to Daikyo  
as a monk he said I must stay in Tazayama  
and he thought my health was not good  
enough at present. He added they would  
also be very confused when I told them I  
had decided to stay as a monk at Eiheiji. He  
suggested I take a room at the Station  
Hotel in Eiheiji for a few days and then

make a decision. I remained silent. I  
was impressed by his kindness (since he  
said it would be at his expense) but  
the thought of not getting clear out of Eritrea  
was too much. Seeing my real reaction he  
then suggested Fukui. I replied I was a  
little embarrassed in Fukui since I was so  
poor. He therefore suggested Eritrea again -  
I quickly accepted the Fukui offer -  
anything to get out. He saw Per. Tsamgan  
and asked him to arrange it with the photographer  
friend who I met some weeks before. We  
went to Ke. Tsamgan's room. I was a little  
afraid here as he is so damn strong. He  
asked me some questions about my physical  
condition. He then said he had talked  
with the photographer and that he would  
probably come this afternoon. He said he  
didn't know whether my accommodation would  
be in a inn or private home. It was to be  
regarded as a sort of Enjyda he said.  
I must confess I couldn't regard it as  
much but I said nothing. I was so deeply  
moved by the kindness I then had had  
and slept. A migraine came on so I didn't  
sleep. It became worse so I spent the

rest of the day - I had - in fact I didn't  
move until the following morning. I was  
very sorry that no one called me to care to  
get me but the pain was acute and that  
preoccupied me somewhat.

November 1st

I awoke and found my headache gone. I was  
pleased that today may be the best - at least  
I hope so. I attended Mass and one time  
hours of morning service - kneeling. Instead of the  
rice and sugar breakfast I ate a little bread  
& milk. I then began to wait rather anxiously.  
It is now 9.30 and no sign of activity & my  
diarrhea yet. This morning I received a  
letter from someone who had seen my picture  
in a Tokyo newspaper. I was surprised my  
story got such coverage - I felt surprised  
of it spreading to America (quite a change of  
attitude). I feel very low in spirit towards  
them. I feel that they are about as best  
as the Catholics from a point of view of  
hierarchy and ritual. I certainly feel no  
warmth towards them now at all. I'm dis-  
gusted to be leaning and hope it won't be too  
long before I go. I am a little worried by  
my incapacity to accept suffering which



I now see as an unavoidable facet of life. Through the persecutions and imprisonment I wanted me and I longed to go home. However it may be a little easier to accept the inevitable against something we can do something about.

It is now four o'clock and still no news. I have absolutely no misgivings about my decision and my stay here now is only an embarrassment to me. My mental state is a little calmer than before as I have done about nothing all day. I slept for two hours after lunch and wrote quick letters to my wife and family. There is very little I can find to do - I manage so the possibilities of freedom are immense. I am very disappointed that Rev. Pike has not so much as mentioned my plans today but I now begin to expect this at Eidsvige. Perhaps when I understood this afternoon it was Wednesday afternoon. Providing I steer clear of Torge and Gjennie I can probably hold out just about that long. I forgot to mention that he had criticized me again this morning in a most indignant tone for not covering my hands during chaka - how the devil was it to know that - ~~now~~ all the other is my

winter didn't so why a earth should I follow  
the odd man out? Typical. I fear. My  
mind is definitely made up - see out of life I  
shall not return. Every hour I feel my  
heart to see if there has been any miraculous  
growth. God the agonising chambers of it is  
symbolic of Eilley's for me. How much  
change will I be kept a suspense? Every  
new voice and every telephone call brings for  
me first excitement and the inevitable  
disappointment. I don't let myself think of  
how wonderful it will be to speak English  
to an American again. I'm a little afraid  
that unless they come for me soon I shall  
be leaving with a bad record - similar  
to Pauline's for the S.F. - my patience is  
very limited. I have almost no desire  
for Buddellin within me. I'm down cold  
here today and I have what I think is a  
case of Chills - great itching.

It is now almost noon when we will  
have regoki. I will follow this by yoga which  
taken care of another day. As usual at this  
time of day, my mind becomes quite calm and  
the urgency of leaving disappears. There is no doubt  
that we'll not be far from it. Life

would be at least tolerable here. I wonder if  
Mr. Yagi will come tomorrow afternoon? I  
practised yoga after ~~the~~ Sakta Sogaki until bedtime  
and slept soundly.

November 2nd

I was in a much calmer frame of mind this morning  
and even questioned if it were necessary for me to  
leave immediately or not. George was rather nice to  
see this morning and this made me feel I could  
survive. However, having made a decision things  
will have to radically change before I change it.  
We had a long ritual this morning and as they  
were rather long in Inanga I had breakfast in  
Dai Kiu. Although the thermometer only reads 8°C  
it feels very cold and makes me fear at the  
thought of what mid-winter must be like here.  
I am very cheered at the thought that today  
or tomorrow or Monday latest I will be leaving  
and how pleasant to think I may be in S. F.  
in a couple of weeks. I wonder how my wife  
will accept me? I think it will be difficult  
at the start at any rate. I only pray that  
we make a good adjustment. My stomach  
condition is quite bad this morning - I begin to  
suspect those Turkish figs. It's nice to feel a  
little hair on my head even if it will be obvious

that I shaved it for some weeks to cure.

I learnt from Rev. Ota that Rev. Tatumgani had gone to Tatumi to arrange things for me and that it might be a day or two.

I don't like the turn things are taking - many people are getting involved in my case. This lunch time Haveli heard the whole story and late today I must talk with Gede vesli through Gonyonson. The whole blasted community will know the whole story in no time. Rev. Ota has ceased to speak of my leaving, and now talks only of a holiday. If I am to get clear of this place now I must be wise and tell the truth - stick to my guns and make no bones about it. I think if they knew the truth they wouldn't question my motives.

My interview with Gede vesli was charming. Apparently he had heard nothing about my leaving. He gave me powdered tea and cookies and said I was the most honest man at Lubezi. He advised me to try and endure all. He was so charming and friendly that I was delighted but the remark I saw Tainu he handed a new set of insults which I did not understand. He started the non-stop game of fear in my

mind again - and once again I find myself in fear  
of my life. Rev. Tatsuzami has returned but he  
has not yet called me - obviously I'm not going  
today. I hope to god it is tomorrow.

I read a little before dinner of Seisaku  
Hajakawa's book and this calmed my mind.  
Just as I finished dinner Horiuchi called me to his  
room. He offered coffee, candies, bananas and  
cigarettes and pleasant conversation. They are a  
wonderful crowd and tried to raise my spirit  
you must stay for Seisaku they said. At  
nearly 11 o'clock we had instruction about how  
to go begging and I practiced Goya for half  
an hour before sleeping. The extreme kindness  
shown to me by Rev. Sato, Oita, Tatsuzami, Gado  
verkie and Horiuchi have swayed my decision  
back to balance. I went to sleep turning it  
over in my mind and passed a restless night.

November 3rd.

I awoke trying to make decision still. Just before  
going to Hatto Rev. Oita whispered in my ear  
that Mr. Yagi would come for me tomorrow  
and I should prepare today. I turned over in  
my mind the possibility of shaking it out but  
then came a much stranger thought form - that  
of wearing western clothes and wedding ring again -

how nice. I began to formulate ways of telling them without throwing these kindness back in their faces. I must handle this situation very carefully if I am to succeed - escape. I feel no personal guilt about leaving. This is definitely not the way for me.

After reading for an hour or so I practiced Yoga for 1 hour - mostly thinking about leaving - yes & no. It is a weight - how shall I explain to them. I notice a distinct dislike when people try to take pictures of me & applaud me now - quite a change of attitude!

I slept until 3.30 & then went to visit Rev. Oita. I passed an hour there before conversation began - then I had to start it! I don't understand this peculiar custom & is it perhaps a characteristic of the natives. At last I learned my fate. I will stay at a doctor's home who speaks English. Rev. Oita & Rev. Tatrugoni will accompany me. I will wear Western dress - thank god & I can buy a hat. I am to regard it as a sort of longjoke. But my mind still turns at twists & turns & is not to be. Perhaps the best way will be to sincerely express my problems & feelings & leave it up to them to decide. They are very kind & perhaps understand little

the I what should I do. I packed my own full case in preparation. News of my departure is beginning to get around.

I practiced Jaza for two hours and my mind became quite calm. I spent a somewhat restless night.

November 4<sup>th</sup>

I awoke fairly calm although carrying shirai. Morning service was short and I was able to do *kaizoriji*. Goroji and Taira gave me very rough advice which sent my spirit way down again. I was pleased to see word of my impending departure had not yet got around. I found out later that even the boy in this room did not know. I had a very bad scare with a boy, one of the boys said "I have" so I said "Futari de masu" "Yamaguchi"? He asked "Inosan at Oitosa" I said. He telephoned Oitosa but he passed it back to Inosan - I prepared to run. It was a terrible moment but fortunately, Inosan said no. Well! I am very happy that news of my departure has not yet spread.

He tho left me - much to my embarrassment. A six foot two Englishman with a shaven head in a local restaurant in Fukuoka must indeed have been a stray sight. Hoiteru had ordered a beefsteak for me - I had to forget all my quams about meat eating and take the plunge - I ate it without much difficulty, carefully blessing each mouthful! On my way out I bumped my newly shaven head on the ceiling. There were many people in the restaurant - some began to laugh. My English nature prevented me from smiling and my poker face silenced the laughter almost instantaneously. The Japanese seem to be a very sensitive people.

I returned to Gijyoin - the rain had just stopped. Hoiteru dressed me in travelling costume. With bamboo hat in one hand and yafu in the other we began to proceed toward the Samon - main gate. It must have been quite a site for the tourists - there was many that afternoon - a six foot two Korean in Japanese costume side by side with little Hoiteru struggling with my too big suitcase! After a photograph we went to the samon. As I was prostrating