

HOTO



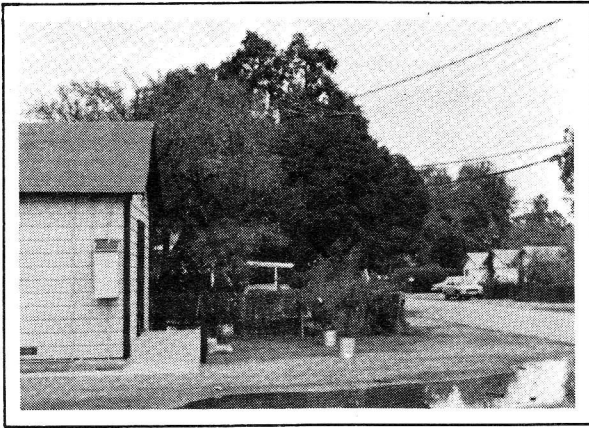
winter 79-80

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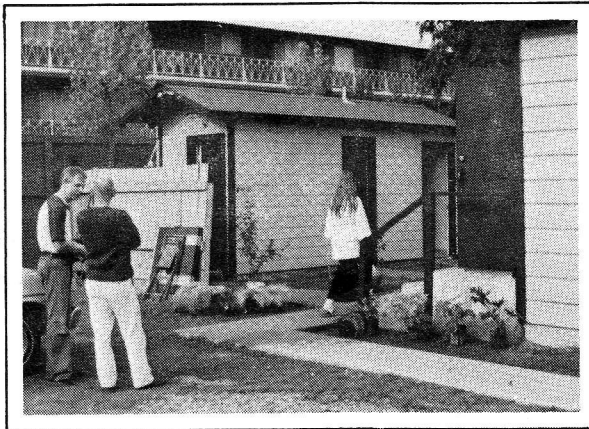
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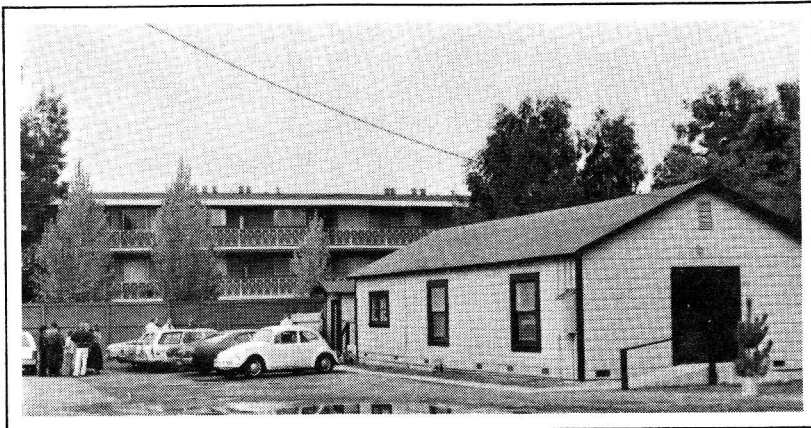
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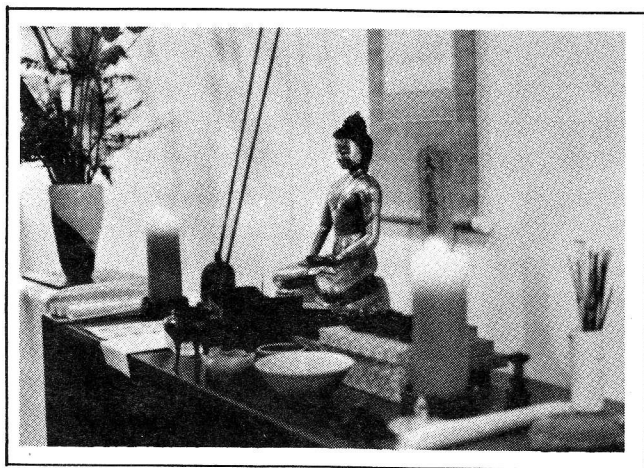


The opening of a new zendo, Kannon-do in Mountain View, is the fruit of many years' search for a meditation hall in the local area.



Kannon-do is within reach of many practitioners in the Bay Area who come together for daily zazen, weekly lecture, or study. The photographs show the zendo and its surroundings.







The interior has been transformed into a zendo through the spirit and effort of many people who continue to support one another's sitting.

Invalids at the Doorsill

Why not here?

Why not hear the mourning doves
whoo-coo-coo wobble on the path?

Or the dwarf peartree, that evaded us
so many mornings of lifting the shade,
standing now in wait:

dripping, drooped with birdpecked fruit,
the single pear, today the center
of living things we couldn't hold.

A moist black slug in August infested
the leaves; only the fruit hangs now,
but the actual fruit of this place.

Why not this?

* * *

A smell encircles,
of the first year—a first-time smell
of old dampness and spiced decay in leaves.
First feeling we have; but to have it
again, in the same place, years later—
dark wetness to the left, on the right
bay laurel in sun, greenscent streaked
yellow and brown at midday, sluggish
with sparrow chirp—this is new.

Madrone berries, in scarlet, drop
to the cracked leaves, worried by juncos,
and if they are last year's birds,
borrowed for the feeling,

the plop of the berries is as crisp
on the leaves. They would drop,
we knew, but now it can happen,
no need to hold back a season.

As if nothing were lost at all,
as if the living went on and on
and those who were gone
came back, with new love,

as if . . .

* * *

Who would have
thought this plot would give so much—
that eucalyptus leaves, brown sickles,
would scallop the path ahead,
still-red blackberries crawl
(even in a drought year), yarrow and anise
seed and dry upright. Who would have thought.

We walked this path before and before
and before that, but that it should give
so much . . . Last year a blackbird
hid under the ceanothus; this year
the shrubs creak with them and echo that
xylophone cry that took so long to hear.

We come on it like strangers
in a new neighborhood, late walkers:
who lives here has been away,
so turned within.

* * *

There are coming
moments—feel them—we can say
yes to this square space of struggling
plants and people. Here is where,
in the garage peak, the spider's web
goes on forever, to the corners of the lot,
binding what moves and lives within it.

A thin spider, it does its work well,
not with golden thread, but with
a spider's pale, clear cord.

There are coming moments—we know—
we can step into this yard in greeting.
A small world, like the rest on this block;
but a place to begin, to greet a world
that has no need of our secret lives.
This secret street is full of kings—
at dusk we feel it from the sill:
the bluecap fisherman next door,
a whalehunter by night. His beige sedan,
moonlit, waits at the curb; he navigates

a flotilla. A teacher once, of boys,
a different kind of king; but in secret
always a king.

* * *

Something grows
behind these lids; it will come,
is coming. It is here or nowhere.
Living goes on in this yard, in more than
sun-crazed flies by the door:
everything changes, and yesterday's want
is today's revelation, and today's desire
is tomorrow's delight, and nothing stands still.

Everything enlarges, and desire—
that does nothing—is everything at last.
Because we want to see and hear and feel,
we do—because we want it just enough.

I am this and I am that, but in time
I become less of these. I am the shadow
of this persimmon I stand under by the door,
bare now except for these heavy
orange bulbs.

To be a moment undivided,
fruit and thought—a child's play—
we give an eye or living for it.

Charles Atkinson

Infatuation

Once more I am enraptured
By the simple rare awe
In fearlessly allowing the presence of another I.

Unlike the me/I,
The she/other/I delightedly, almost casually
Transcends my usual pasteurized and bottled,
Alone self-existence.

I stare, feel;
My dancing spirit, nowhere adhering,
Neatly penetrates the thick waters of desire
Without wishing or hoping,
I find absorption in something
That quite miraculously sees back, this she;
This mirror anciently empowered
To shatter the glooms of incapacity and anxiety,
Anciently enjoined to tame and harmonize
Nature with spirit with tribe.

She is neither perfect nor faulted,
Sooth nor confused,
Radiant nor dull.
But such an important focus, she,
Soothing fine sand to the coarse grinding gravel
Of things and projects.

Let these two "I's" then meet,
Two horns of the millennial ox;
Let us touch out front
In the foolish jests and tricks of the senses,
A dear token to represent
Our unspoken mysterious conjunction behind the mind.

Rob Weinberg

Scenes

Hibiscus
In the rain
Hummingbird
Drinking deeply
At the fluted lip.

The rose
Sun burnt
Bleeds petals
On the ground.

Trees
Bending
Pulled over
By the storm
Look like women
Weeping over graves.

Della Belansky

Skyline Collage

From Anarchy To Utopia And Back

[excerpts from writings of Pacific (Bodhi Skyline) residents]

In the Beginning was the Land,
And the Land was Whole and Fresh,
And the Land became Subdivided . . .

Special Offer: Available now at no guarantee!
Your lifetime or less experiencing the complexities
of daily interaction, living peacefully in the midst
of chaos itself; an unending offer available to you
now, so don't write, don't call

Just

Show

Up.

**AND SOMETIME DURING THE SUMMER
BUDDHA MET THE GREAT SPIRIT IN
THE VALLEY OF THE GHOSTS
HEAD-ON . . .**

. . . . Circumstance brought me to Pacific. I thought, "this is the place." I asked Kobun if I could live at Pacific and help him build us a practice place. He gave his assent. From the beginning, I understood Kobun as being unwilling to throw the former residents of Pacific off the property. I agreed with this teaching, and put my weapons of war aside. Now, I am understanding this place as providing a great teaching: to live in the midst of conflict and desire and to go on practicing truth. This place and all its problems are the ground of my practice. I cannot leave or run away—not even from a bulldozer. I see the situation as one of life and death

. . . It gets intense, like this morning, somebody screaming in every other ear, who's paying what, or nothing, but it appears everybody's paying something. Those who judge themselves to be "high contributors" feel they have the space to judge others, and the quality of their contributions. Perhaps it should be so; personal pressure rather than "legal" pressure to resolve some sort of amorphous accord. This loud, quiet, wet, dry, divided, united community is some sort of old experiment reborn anew in any attempt at community . . .

**"I am violent so you better
kick me out!"** (shakes walls)

"If you are God messenger,
speak in God language!"



A POEM by Lisa

It is hard
being a single parent,
financially,
to make the end meet.

I learn to resent
the dollar signs
in businessmen's eyes,

on nights when there
are only three packages
under the Christmas tree,
on days when I plod through
Goodwill stores
looking for toys.

Then I come home
to clean children and
a present wrapped thoughtfully,
a poem by Lisa.

“Red is a rose.
 under ancient snow,
a sunburned nose,
a rainbow
 and your smile.”

“If we just let people come and go then we will never make it a
place for women and children.”

“Then that is reality: things fall apart.”

. Up here at Pacific we share hearts, minds, and souls. We share food and
energy. We share towels, toilet seats, paths, air, silence, time, money, (beds occasion-
ally), domes, kitchen, work space, tools, lives! I'd like to share more! Being a
musician in the Band at Pacific: Music is a creative mirror of the musician's environ-
ment. And living at a school gives us an opportunity to share with students of Escuela
Pacifica our knowledge of the music aura.

We transcend
Allowing the food within to meet our maker
Head on
In this valley of the spirits
The beauty haunting our every step
From darkness into light
And hear
There is light
Believe

. Something about the land itself as a geophysical focus of
certain energies; the life of the physical universe and the life of eternal
mind are given special dispensation for mutual access here, as well as
other mysterious energies. Many mirrors for the single light. The ways
of us eternally coming together, coming apart

A NEW ERA'S SEED
IN THE BORROWED TIME OF RENEGADES
IN THE STOLEN TIME OF PRISONERS
THE JOYOUS TIME OF LOVERS
THE LOST TIME OF ADDICTS
THE NEVER-ENOUGH-TIME OF DREAMERS
THE JUST-IN-TIME OF SAVIOURS
TIME NOW
TIMELINESS
TIMELESSNESS OF BODHISATTVIC
DHARMA WORKING MIRACLES

Just sitting day and night, we welcome daffodil bulbs as donations.

HooRAY!

Contributors: Mark Levy, Diana, Ted Tripp, Randy, WIZARD, Kobun, Mischelle
Bonnet, Elliott, Lisa.

Edited by Elliott



ALL ARE BUDDHAS

In November 1978, Kobun Chino Otagawa presented a series of talks concerning Buddha's Precepts at Haiku Zendo in Los Altos. Three of those talks appeared in the Spring 1979 issue of Hoto. This lecture continues the series and has been edited for publication here.

*Ga shaku sho zo sho aku go
Kai u mu shi ton jin chi*

Ju shin kui shi sho sho

Issai ga con kai sange.

*All my ancient wrong actions
Created out of beginningless
greed, anger and ignorance
Arising through mind, speech,
and body*

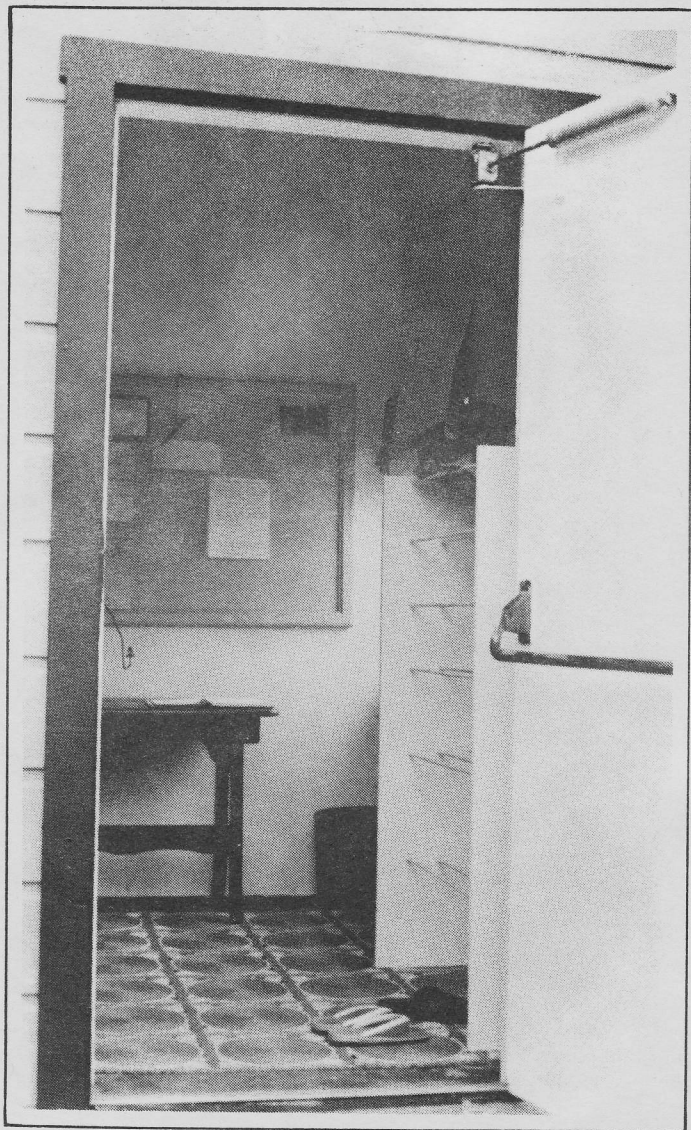
All together I now fully avow.

The subject of tonight's study is Sange. It is known as the way of repentance, or you might call it confession. By saying repentance, or confession, immediately you may have some idea of what it is, but I'd like you to forget the way you usually think of repentance.

We have seen that the subject of the Precepts is not just a personal concern. It is reversal recognition which appears in each individual's life. Recognition, acknowledgement of one's personal or individual fault or mistake or dissatisfaction isn't just a personal thing. Once it occurs, even if that person feels it is personal, it occurs in reality, it is a universal occasion because it is revealed in reality in the universal scene. So what we mean with this word is that it has a personal and a universal nature.

It has been taught from ancient times how to avow; how to observe truth of one's own reality. Tanza jisso is the word we have been taught. That is,

Kannon-do
Place of Compassion
Sitting Place of the Bodhisattva of Mercy



tanza is another word for zazen. Tanza. Za is sitting; tan is straight, not leaning to any direction—sitting straight. Jisso is actual form, actual phenomenal form. So this is the definition of what Sange or repentance is.

When we look into the psychological pattern of our mind-state in repentance, we discover the very unique nature of our recognition: both true nature and illusory nature which caused self-recognition of suffering. It is because something continuously bothers one's life—something should happen and at the same time shouldn't happen—that while we are in a situation we don't notice is our nature is good or bad. The situation feels good, but appears bad always. Even when we insist that it's going to be good, it always turns out bad.

It occurs even when driving your car on the freeway. If you pass another car you feel good. When someone passes your car you feel something. If you don't notice and do not feel one way or the other, you are enjoying driving fully. But once it begins to bother you, your mind becomes like a racer. Racing mind brings us several different kinds of emotions and sensations. We know that playing cards is just a game, but when we get a win, we feel tremendous joy, not only because we have beat others, but because we have gotten a win. If it goes the other way, it is miserable. Even you know you haven't lost anything, you feel you have been completely beaten.

It is the same in daily life. You feel good because others are not successful. If someone is very successful, you come to feel left out, to have failed. It is in man's nature to enjoy the mistakes of others; man is accustomed to being negative.

To see the suffering of others and enjoy is a strange thing to do, but we often unconsciously feel that way. At the same time, in the same person's mind there is a unique true nature. If you see this reality, if you see this happening in both directions in the entire mind and body of you, you have no peace. You may have joy once in a while, but it is rare to have peace in your mind. If there is no sense of racing, we have a complete ability to enjoy, congratulate others' joy, happiness, success, as if we did it. As if we experienced it.

In this other kind of situation even though you are participating directly in whatever happens, and enjoying, still you suffer a painful situation. So this is repentance. When the content of mind is in the state of repentance it is a very important occasion. It is the moment of a turning direction of one's

life. Noticing a small, wrong deed can be one's repentance, but noticing great suffering of all mankind, all living things, is basically the same, and what caused our suffering is realized in that mind.

Blindness, or greed which makes us blind about ourselves and others so that we don't care how the situation is but only wish to fulfill the desire, is another situation. They go on and on. Once we get very angry at some situation; directed at some person, it becomes very hard to resolve because once our minds are fixed in that way it cannot be turned to another way so easily. It is something to do with this instinct of our body and mind, instinct of our lives, and deeper than our common sense or knowledge of how to live, or what is good nature to relate with people. It is deeper; the root is deeper.

Survival of one's life, good or bad, is the second problem. Survival is everyone's instinct, so the desire which refines us to cause good to all people is the same desire which requires your effort to complete fulfillment about what kind of hindrance to go with. Desire carries us on to fulfill it.

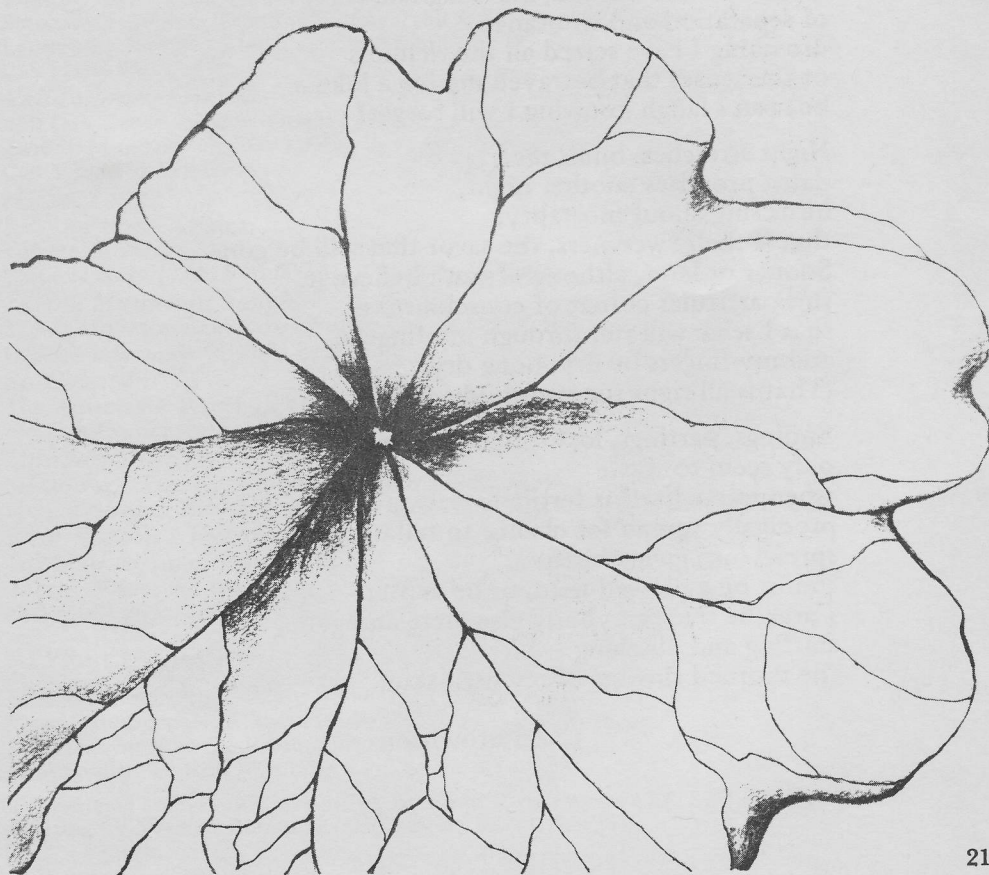
We are near the end of the Twentieth Century and on a personal level we have pretty much resolved how to live and how not to be the cause of another fight. Still unresolved is this enormous energy of desire, life, strength of people, and no one can say another war won't happen. Everyone knows if it does, it will be the end.

For centuries and centuries we have been training to live on this earth. Transmission of wisdom from ancestors to new generations is very successful. Now as you notice in these talks, the Precepts are the recognition of Buddha's nature and he was described in human language for human kind. Human language is the revealed nature of the Buddha which is our own true nature. This point is the point which causes the act of repentance. Your eyes start to change, your mind senses something different from just how or what you feel.

Yesterday I spoke that the eye which sees the word of wisdom is called wisdom eye, and the eye which sees the truth within and without is called Dharma eye. And the eye which sees every existences' awakening nature alone, that is Buddha's eye. How we get to the nature of utter truth is the dynamic work and functioning of these kinds of vision.

“All my ancient wrong actions, created out of beginningless greed, anger and ignorance, arising through mind, speech and body, all together, I now fully avow.” We admit the many sufferings which have been caused through our

own body, mind, and speech. Repentance doesn't occur just once; repentance returns. Actually, in the deep center of life we are always checking it. If we don't there is no tomorrow, no way to receive tomorrow. Actually, your entire system checks it, and you rest. You go to sleep and even when your consciousness is utterly somewhere else, your body is checking where to be, with whom to be, is choosing a level place to sleep, a level place to sit. If you are tilted, in a short while your body will find the right position. Your body recognizes that the tilted posture is not the right posture. When repentance, self-acknowledgement is completed, all quality of Buddha nature and every Precept is already accomplished in the existence of our avowal.



Like a clown mask of tragedy
I cry and think of death:
dead like a cat on the road,
wasted, one can be quite sentimental
about such death, especially when it's me;
conscience may make cowards of us
but a nose length behind imagination:
after all, what might be, what might I be
if I am not?

Just as if I didn't change every day
and every night surrender to night;
I can laugh at what I leave behind,
outgrown, eliminated, gangrene that fell off clean;
I have drowned in life, knowing fear
of separation and ignorance,
drowning I have seized all the richness
of the senses that betrayed me for a joke—
but can I laugh knowing I will forget?

Night stretches, binds me,
dawn promises another night,
birds sing about mortality,
that is their sweetness, the savor that will be gone.
Sooner or later, although I can't believe it,
this particular corner of consciousness
that I seize will run through my fingers,
and my fingers be dry, bone dry.
(That is all right for everybody else.)

Endings, partings, loss, forgetfulness
only seem to waste
when waste itself is fertile to new growth,
prodigally spread for chance to fall upon it,
spread out, giving birth;
I must be a plowed field, or be wasted—
I breathe like everybody else, here and gone,
sniffing and plucking
the thorned flowers of my own skull.

Cheri Brownton

SITTING OPPORTUNITIES

Kannon-do

292 College Avenue, Mountain View
Zazen: every morning 5:30 and 6:10, Wed. 7:10 p.m.
Lecture by Kobun Chino Wednesday 8 p.m.
Call Ellen (415) 968-2194
Buddhist Studies group alternating Sunday evenings
Call Nelson Jenkins, Study Director 962-9387

Bodhi Skyline

12100 Skyline Boulevard, Saratoga
Zazen: Monday—Saturday 6 a.m.; 7:30 and 8:30 p.m.
Sunday 6 a.m.—12 noon (including breakfast & occasional Dharma talks)
Call Elliott (408) 867-7111

Santa Cruz Zendo

113 School Street, Santa Cruz
Zazen: M-W-Th-F 5:30 & 6:20 a.m., 7:30 & 8:30 p.m.
Tuesday 5:30 & 6:20 a.m., 7:10 p.m.
Saturday 5:30 & 6:20 a.m., Sunday 7:30 & 8:30 p.m.
Lecture by Kobun Chino Tuesday 8 p.m.
Call (408) 426-0169

Vallombrosa Chapel

250 Oak Grove Avenue, Menlo Park
Zazen: Monday—Friday 7 a.m.
Call VJ (415) 325-5614

Haiku Zendo

746 University Avenue, Los Altos
Zazen: Monday—Friday 5:30 a.m.
Call Les Kaye (415) 948-5020

Spring Mountain Sangha

11545 Mid-Mountain Road, Potter Valley, CA 95469
Call for information (707) 743-1438

So Getsu-In

The Amazing X Ranch, RR #2, Fremont, Michigan 49412
c/o Dan Gerber

Monday Morning Group

Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Mountain View (325-5339)
Mon. 9:45 a.m. Sitting & informal discussion held at various people's homes

Eddie Norton's House

162 Muir Avenue, Santa Clara
Zazen: Friday 6 a.m.
Call (408) 241-7265

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