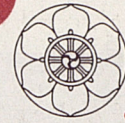


# Primary Point



Volume 15, Number 1 Spring 1997 \$4.00

*Triple gate at the Sixth Patriarch's temple, China.*



*Whole World is a Single Flower Conference in China  
Guidance from Great Zen Master Kyong Ho  
Building Paris Zen Center*

# In this issue

## The Whole World is a Single Flower

Sixth Patriarch's Temple, China, October 1996

### A Whole World Flower Blooms

*Zen Master Seung Sahn* ..... 3

### Become One

*Zen Master Dae Kwang* ..... 5

### The Great Matter of Life and Death

*Zen Master Kyong Ho* ..... 7

### Just Do It: Building Paris Zen Center

*Grazyna Perl, JDPSN* ..... 8

### Mountain Walking: Backpacking Meditation Retreat

*David Ledeboer* ..... 10

### Host and Guest

*Bridget Duff* ..... 13

### Zen is Not an Interest

*Tony Somlai* ..... 18

### Book Reviews

Ambivalent Zen by Lawrence Shainberg  
*Reviewed by Judy Roitman* ..... 20

Instructions to the Cook: A Zen Master's  
Lessons in Living a Life that Matters by  
Bernard Glassman and Rick Fields  
*Reviewed by Tony Somlai* ..... 21

### Poetry

*Leslie Scalapino* ..... 22

*Soeng Hyang Zen Master* ..... 23

*Stanley Lombardo, JDPSN* ..... 23

*Do Chong* ..... 23

### One Hundred Percent

Interview with Ji Hyang Sunim  
*Gak Jin Haeng Ja Nim* ..... 24

Books from Primary Point Press ..... 16 and 17

Membership in the Kwan Um School of Zen ..... 29

Kwan Um School of Zen Centers ..... 29 and 30

Glossary ..... 31

Subscription/Change of Address ..... 31

### PRIMARY POINT

99 Pound Road, Cumberland RI 02864-2726 U.S.A.

Telephone 401-658-1476 • Fax (401) 658-1188

Internet kwanumzen@compuserve.com

Published by the Kwan Um School of Zen, a non-profit religious corporation under the spiritual direction of Zen Master Seung Sahn. Zen Master Seung Sahn is the first Korean Zen Master to live and teach in the West. He is the 78th Patriarch in the Korean Chogye order. In 1972, after teaching in Korea and Japan for many years, he founded the Kwan Um sangha, which today has affiliated groups around the world. He has given transmission to Zen Masters, and "inka"—teaching authority—to senior students called Ji Do Poep Sa Nims, "dharma masters."

The Kwan Um School of Zen supports the world-wide teaching schedule of the Zen Masters and Ji Do Poep Sa Nims, assists the member Zen centers and groups in their growth, issues publications on contemporary Zen practice, and supports dialogue among religions. If you would like to become a member of the School and receive PRIMARY POINT free of charge, see page 30. To subscribe to PRIMARY POINT without becoming a member, see page 31. The circulation is 5000 copies.

The views in PRIMARY POINT are not necessarily those of this journal or the Kwan Um School of Zen.

© 1997 Kwan Um School of Zen

ISSN 1084-1105

Senior Editor

School Abbot Dae Kwang Zen Master

Editor-in-Chief

School Executive Director JW Harrington

Managing Editor

William Brown, JDPSN

Teaching Editors

Jeff Kitzes, JDPSN

Mark Houghton, JDPSN

Production Manager

Dorota Streitfeld

Copy Editing

Chong Won Sunim

Jayne M. Harrington

Poetry Editor

Allen Davies

Book Review Editors

Judy Roitman

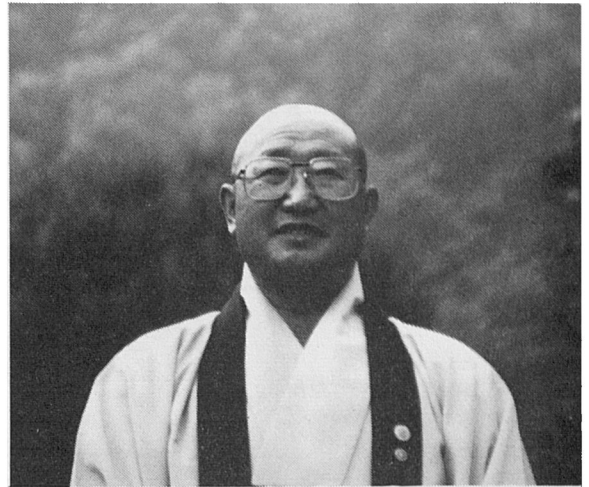
Tony Somlai



Recycled Paper



# A Whole World Flower Blooms



*Talk by Zen Master Seung Sahn  
Nam Hwa Sah Temple, China*

The whole world is a single flower. What does that mean? Twenty five hundred years ago, Buddha stayed at Yeong Sahn Mountain. One day, in front of an assembly, he picked up a flower. Nobody understood; only Mahakasyapa smiled. Buddha said, "The all-pervading true dharma I transmit to Mahakasyapa."

Eight hundred years later, Bodhidharma came to China. The emperor of China, Emperor Yan, asked Bodhidharma, "I have made almost infinite temples, I have made almost infinite robes and kasas for monks. How much merit have I earned?" Bodhidharma said, "No merit." Buddha's flower had infinite merit, but what is the true teaching in this flower of Buddha? Bodhidharma said, "Only don't know."

Three hundred years later, the Sixth Patriarch said, "Originally there is nothing, where can you find dust?"

So Buddha's holding up one flower, Bodhidharma's don't know, and the Sixth Patriarch's originally nothing, where is dust... those three, are they the same or different?

If somebody says that they are the same... this stick will hit them thirty times.

If somebody says that they are different, this stick will also hit them thirty times.

Why is that?

The sky is blue and water is flowing. Today at Nam Hwa Sah, this whole world flower has blossomed.

This world is changing all the time. The last time we came here, three years ago, we noticed that the roads were not so good, and that Shaoguan, the city near here, was not very developed. This time, we cannot help but notice that the roads are very well constructed, and there are many new high buildings in the town. This gives us evidence that China is growing up, developing, and becoming a modern society. I have been traveling all over the world, and I have seen the development of many different countries. No other country has demonstrated the kind of rapid development, and change in people's minds, that I see today in China. This makes me very happy.

However, this outside environment does not necessarily mean that

our minds are becoming pure. Many temples have been reconstructed, many new temples have been built, many congregations are forming and people are attending temples again. I hope that people continue to come to these temples, learn sutras and do chanting, also do meditation, attain their true selves, and become teachers for all human beings. We have gathered here from all over the world to recognize that Nam Hwa Sah has a very important role to play in this matter. I sincerely hope that the people gathered here from many different countries attain the Sixth Patriarch's "originally nothing" and help this world.

Everyone can see that our world is not clear. There are many, many problems. Why? On this earth, the human population has suddenly exploded. Before the end of World War II, the whole population of this planet was less than two billion people. Today, the population of this earth has increased to five-and-a-half billion people. Over many thousands of years on this planet we only reached a population of two billion people, but in fifty years it has increased by three and a half billion people. In this short span of time, the minds of human beings as a whole have become less human and have become more animal-like. If we cannot fix the animal mind inside ourselves, then how can we expect to achieve world peace, how can we expect to make the whole world a single flower?

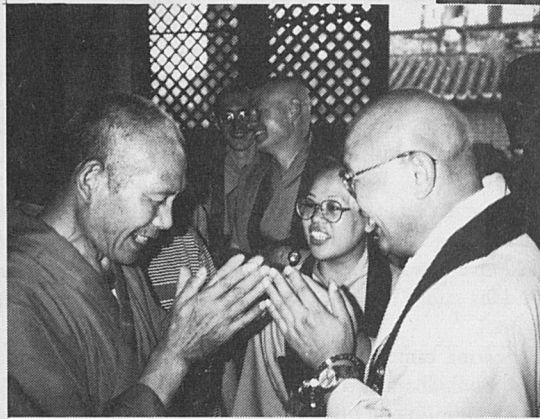
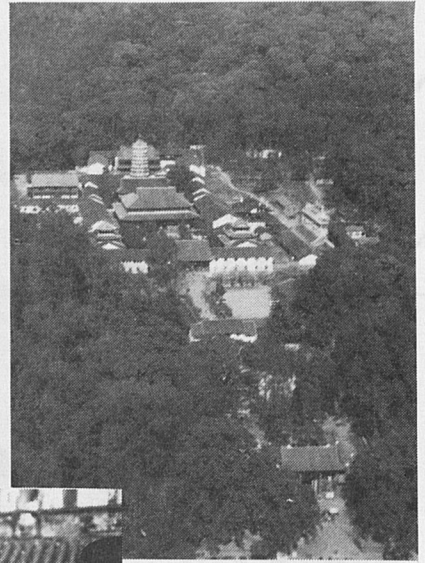
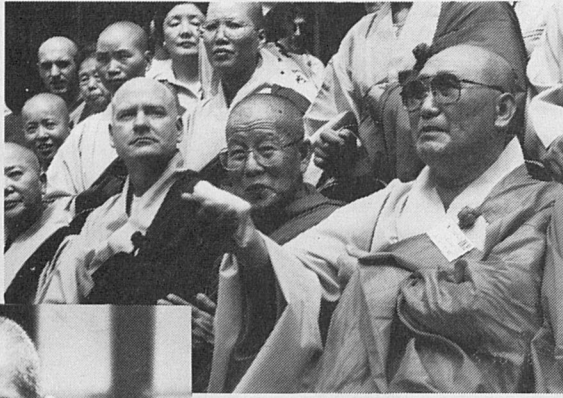
Starting from here, we need to fix this world, make this world a better place. The Buddha taught us a special mantra for cleansing our minds and purifying this world. This mantra is "Jong Bop Gye Jin On Om Nam." Let's all together try Om Nam. By doing this mantra we cleanse our minds. By cleansing our minds, we can cleanse the whole world. So hold your hands together in hapchang, and together we will do the Om Nam mantra.

Om Nam Om Nam Om Nam Om Nam Om Nam...

Thank you. This world is now becoming a better place. This world is becoming clearer. Attaining world peace has now begun at Nam Hwa Sah temple.

Always the sky is blue, and the water is always flowing down, down to the ocean.

Thank you very much.



*Clockwise from top left: Dae Kwang Zen Master, Ven. Maha Ghosananda, Seung Sahn Zen Master; Nam Hwa Sah temple; Ven. Fo Yuen, Hyon Gak Sunim, Dae Kwang Zen Master, Hyang Um Sunim JDPS, and Seung Sahn Zen Master; Ven. Fo Yuen.*

Last October's fourth triennial "The Whole World is a Single Flower Conference" brought together Zen Master Seung Sahn and over a hundred and fifty of his students from around the world. The gathering was held at Nam Hwa Sah, the Sixth Patriarch's temple, located in Guangdong Province in Southern China.

This was truly an international celebration. Dae Kwang Zen Master and Wu Kwang Zen Master came from the United States, Hyang Um Sunim JDPS from Hong Kong, and Heila Downey JDPSN from South Africa. There were students from Korea, China, Malaysia, Singapore, Cambodia, Russia, Europe, South Africa, and the United States. There were also many Chinese monks, nuns, and government officials at the ceremony, and the atmosphere was one of mutual support and harmony.

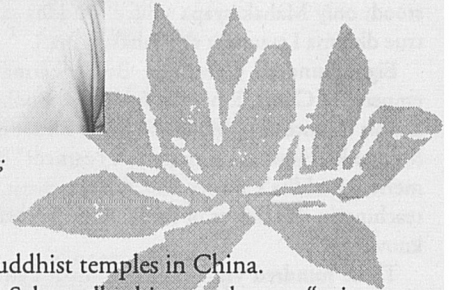
The western visitors convened in Hong Kong, where our host Zen Center, the Su Bong Zen Monastery, treated us to several days of sightseeing and delicious food. From Hong Kong we took a train 185 miles north into China, to the city of Shaoguan. From there we traveled to T'sao Chi Shan, the mountain where Nam Hwa Sah is located. Founded originally in 506 by an Indian monk, the temple was and still is one

of the most famous Buddhist temples in China.

Zen Master Seung Sahn calls this temple our "primary point," since it was the home of the Sixth Patriarch, the founder of modern Zen. Our host at Nam Hwa Sah was Ven. Fo Yuen, one of the most famous monks in China. During the cultural revolution he hid the remains of the Sixth Patriarch from the Red Guards and spent several years in prison suffering many hardships.

Since that time he has worked tirelessly to reconstruct Nam Hwa Sah and Un Mun Sah, the original temple of Un Mun Zen Master, of which he is also the abbot. Both of these temples are today quite impressive architecturally. They are also quite lively Buddhist centers, housing many new monks who have appeared during the recent resurgence of Buddhism. The second day of the conference was spent touring Un Mun Sah, which is on Un Mun Shan (Cloud Gate Mountain.)

Aside from being a worldwide gathering of our school, this conference provided an opportunity for Western Buddhism to meet and connect with its most important historical root—the monks and nuns of China. As Zen Master Seung Sahn says, "It's now our duty to help re-establish Zen in China, where it originated."



# Become One

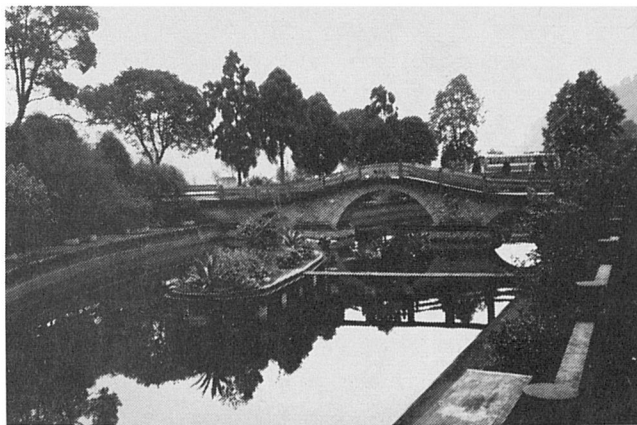
*This is an excerpt from a talk given by Zen Master Dae Kwang on October 5th, 1996 at the Whole World is a Single Flower Conference.*

Twenty-five hundred years ago the Buddha held up a flower, but at that time only one person understood.

Thirteen hundred years ago Hui Neng, the Sixth Patriarch of Zen said, “originally nothing.” At that time, only a few people understood.

Sixty years ago, as the Japanese withdrew from Korea at the end of the second World War, Zen Master Man Gong picked up a flower, dipped it in ink and wrote this calligraphy: The whole world is a single flower. At that time, how many people understood?

The meaning behind each of these Master’s teaching is actually the same, become one. That’s our big job in life. Many people have come from all over the world—from South Africa, from the United States, from Europe, from Korea and from throughout China—to attend this conference. One reason for coming here is to celebrate the gift of the Zen teaching of Hui Neng. Hui Neng was the founder of Zen as we practice it today. Hui Neng’s teaching, China’s great gift to the world, is now traveling all over the world and helping many people. That gift is wonderful, but more important is that we attain this gift in our hearts and minds. So the reason for our Whole World is a Single Flower



*Garden and pond at front entrance of Un Mun’s temple on Un Mun Mountain.*



*Empty Cloud Zen Master’s memorial at Un Mun’s temple in China.*

conference is to help all people become one. Everybody understands that in our world there is a lot of suffering. All people become one means, everyone find their true self and help this world. Then this conference is not just a ceremony, but has real meaning for the life of this world. So I want to thank you all for coming here to Zen’s primary point and I hope that we all practice hard and continue to attain our true self moment to moment.

Tomorrow we will visit the home temple of another great Chinese Zen teacher, Un Mun Zen Master. His name means “cloud gate” after the name of the mountain where he taught. This temple is also the home of a large memorial to the famous modern Zen Master Hsu Yun. Hsu Yun means “Empty Cloud.” So here is a poem for you:

*Empty Cloud Gate says, “Hello!  
Do you see me?  
If you see me you are blind.  
If you don’t see me you are still blind.”  
Do you see this gate?*

花一界世



The

GREAT

MATTER

1. It is no small thing for a person to become a Bhikku or Bhikkuni. A person does not become a Sunim to eat and dress well. Rather, they want to be free from life and death by accomplishing Buddhahood.

2. To accomplish Buddhahood, one has to discover one's own Mind, which is already within one's own body.

3. To discover Mind, one should understand that one's body is no more than a dead corpse and that this world is, for good or bad, nothing but a dream. One's death is like popping out in the evening of the same day that you have popped in during the morning. After death, sometimes one may be born in one of the hells, sometimes in the realm of animals and sometimes in the realm of ghosts. Then one must endure incalculable pains and sufferings.

4. Since this is true, do not concern yourself with the worldly life. Just examine and carefully observe your mind at all times. What does this which is now seeing, hearing and thinking look like? Does this have any form or not? Is this big or small? Is this yellow or green? Is this bright or dark?

5. Examine and observe this matter carefully. Let your examination and observation become like a mouse-catching cat; or like a hen sitting on her eggs; or like a desperately hungry, old, crafty mouse gnawing a hole in a rice bag. Let your examination and observation be focused at one point and do not forget it. Keep it before you by raising doubt and by questioning yourself. Do not let this doubt go away while you are doing chores or the like. Do not let your question (doubt) escape from you even while you are not doing anything special. By eagerly and sincerely practicing in this manner, finally, there will be the moment of awakening to your own Mind.

6. Study hard by raising your faith. Raising your faith is sincerely re-examining the matter just mentioned.

7. To be born a human being is most difficult. It is even more difficult to be born into favorable circumstances—harder still to become a Bhikku or Bhikkuni. It is the most difficult thing of all to find correct and righteous Dharma teaching. We should reflect on this matter deeply.

8. Shakyamuni Buddha once said, One who is already a human being is like a speck of dirt clinging to a fingernail, while the one who has become an animal by losing his human form is as common as the dirt of the ground. If one loses the human form this time, then one will have to wait countless aeons to recover it. When someone is in one of the many hells, he is unaware of it, as if playing games in a flower garden. Becoming a hungry ghost, asura, or animal, he acts like he is dwelling in his own home.

9. However, if one is awakened and has accomplished Buddhahood, he does not have to live or die. That is, he does not have to endure any kind of suffering again. These words should be carefully considered one by one.

10. Once, Zen Master Kwon, a Bhikku, began meditating from morning to night. As soon as the sun would set, he would beat his fists against the ground in frustration and cry out, "I have lost another day without realizing my Mind." He continued this way every day until he was fully awakened. Since there are many who have exhibited the determination of Master Kwon, it is impossible for me here to cite everyone who has had the determination to meditate until enlightened.

11. None of them were worried about living or dying, nor about eating, dressing well, nor sleeping. In our study, we should practice the same way. Consider this carefully!

of

LIFE

and

DEATH

# JUST DO IT

## Building Paris Zen Center

*Grazyna Perl, JDPSN*



There was a very nice apartment on a little street in Paris. Big living room, big dining room, big hallway with mirrors, three nice rooms with fireplaces, bathroom and a toilet. Kitchen not too big, enough for a maid to prepare a meal and bring it to the dining room.

It is 6:00 am. From every corner of the apartment people are coming. A line is forming in front of the bathroom; three or four people are squeezing over the sink. Well, I decide to brush my teeth after bows.

Fifteen people are in the dharma room, clumsily reciting the Four Great Vows in French. Students from Germany, Hungary, Poland, Nigeria, the United States, the Slovakian and Czech Republics.

No chanting; we think our neighbors wouldn't like it.

After practice, another attack on the bathroom.

In the meantime, Marica is preparing oatmeal, Andrzej is running to the boulangerie to buy baguettes, Udo and Azara are organizing the mats and cushions in the dining room.

While eating breakfast, we talk and laugh, but also organize work on the construction. Darek will tell everybody what to do today. Ewa will do the laundry for everybody. Marica cooking; Jarek woodwork; two Roberts and Jacek will scrub old paint from old windows. Ania, Dorota and Gosia will paint, continuing the work of Suzana and Pavel who left already. Piotrek and Karel will paint

beams and windows, work which Horst started while being here. Judith and Michael will clean the glass roof in the dharma room. Lali and Szandor will install lamps in an almost-finished part of the house. Silke will scrub layers of old glue and paint from the floors. Grzegorz will fill holes and cracks with gypsum. I am going shopping to buy more materials: gypsum, paint, brushes etc. Everybody is busy all day around the construction.

Lunch is brought to the construction site and we eat sitting on empty paint containers, using one of the doors as a table. Dirty but smiling faces. Today we have ice cream for desert.

Matthew is very happy to have so many aunts and uncles to play with. Playing Asterix [a French comics character] is so funny. One has to get used to new names, and new greetings: "Ave Centurion," "Ave Cezar." Yesterday he did two hundred bows with Darek. Today, preparing himself for Heila Downey JDPSN's visit, he didn't take his robe off and spent all day chanting in the dharma room.

*A few weeks later...*

Today after a Precepts Ceremony, our Hungarian friends and some of the German students have to leave. It's always a sad moment. We got to know each other, got used to being together. Part of the family has to leave. We hug for a long time, promising to keep in touch.

Now Ewa is cooking. "Yummy, yummy"—that's the best comment. Actually, our food karma is just wonderful.

After work, and before practice, the bathroom is most popular. The first three or four people will have warm water, and the rest will try to get there first tomorrow. It is difficult to get rid of paint with cold water—try mind is very useful, as is olive oil.

Today is time for a picnic, so we pack some sandwiches, tea, wine, and fruit, and off we go to Bois de Boulogne. Laying on grass all day by a stream, eating, laughing, we all get a very deserved rest.

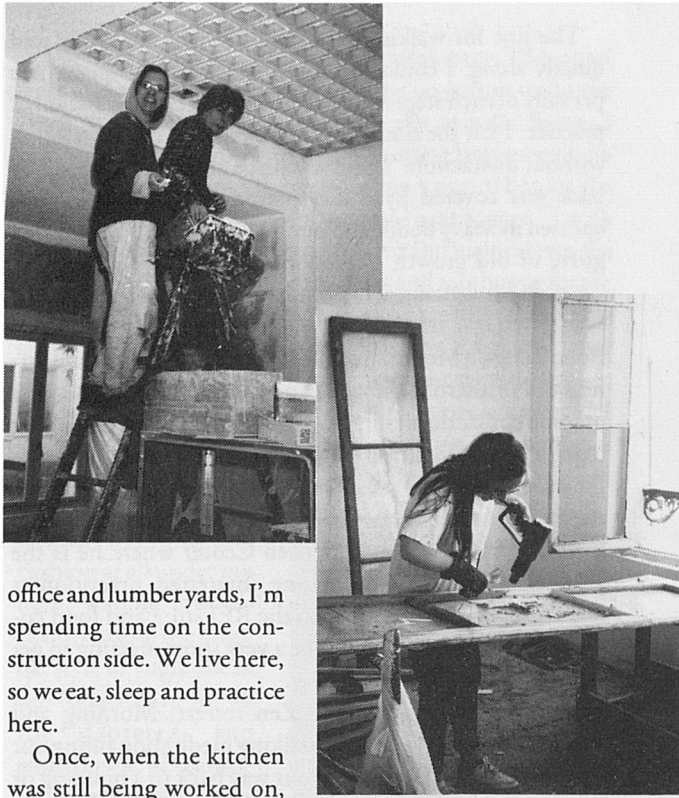
Finally, at the beginning of May, after changing the dates four times, we are moving to our new home.

Not that the house is ready, but at this point we don't care. There are a couple of bathrooms and toilets which work and that is already better than the apartment we have been in. The movers do not share our enthusiasm. They look at the condition of our new place, and freeze with the furniture in their hands and a strange expression on their faces. Their comment is that this is the first time they moved anyone into a middle of a construction site.

Here we can practice more freely: morning and evening, including chanting, interviews, dharma talks and Yong Maeng Jong Jins. There are not many of us, but the practice is strong, "don't know" is strong and "just do it" is strong.

Between running to the bank, City Hall, the architect's





office and lumberyards, I'm spending time on the construction side. We live here, so we eat, sleep and practice here.

Once, when the kitchen was still being worked on, this was the lunchtime scene

I found upon returning from some errands: Ewa sitting in the middle of the living room, cooking on a little portable stove with two pans on it. Around her many people working; assembling kitchen furniture, fixing windows, finishing walls. Ewa just cooked, sometimes lowering her head to avoid being hit by a passing ladder or a long piece of wood.

More images: Robert splashed paint directly into his eye, we got it clean—with olive oil.

Heidi, who is coming regularly once a week to help, burned herself with a heat gun. It is good that we have some Oxyfresh gel—it will help.

Kuba said another joke—everybody laughed.

Marcin can make delicious cakes, Robert delicious curry.

Dorota is a master of soy pate.

Ola can balance on the edge of the window on the second floor, cleaning them.

Wu Bong Soen Sa Nim came, and everybody is very happy. More teaching, and painting the new floors is going smoother.

*Again we skip a few weeks...*

More partings, and some new arrivals. Now Beata is cooking, while her husband Piotr, together with Marzena, Iwona, Piotr #2, Dorota, Nicholas, Victoria and Olek, are continuing the renovation work.

Little Hania from Szczecin is a wonderful companion for

all of us, but especially for Matthew. They are also building; tree houses from whatever construction leftovers they find.

Darek is still here, working hard. Robert left, then came back, so did Ania with her husband Tomek and son Mateusz.

We still don't have the necessary permits, so we cannot finish changing the rotting exterior. That means that for another few months our apartment will look like a camp with boxes for cabinets and closets.

The dharma room, however, is finished, as are a few other rooms, so practice is going smoothly and people are living more comfortably, and can get rest after hard work.

The third Yong Maeng Jong Jin in our new place was the biggest. Seventeen people from all over the Europe, including several French students who tried our style of retreat.

The chanting book was translated by Michel and Margarita, and Hania from Cologne worked hard setting it into a nice book format. The final result has not yet appeared, but the prototype presages a very beautiful chanting book.

Jean Michel wrote a nice announcement which was placed in a newspaper, so more people are calling and asking about the new Zen Center. My French must get better. Construction words are not enough, more dharma words are necessary.

*Final image...*

From a busy street between Place de la Bastille and Gare de Lyon, one can get into a courtyard. There is a green gate, behind which is a quiet, little garden and a house: Centre Parisien de Zen—Kwan Um.

On the steps a group of friends is sitting, drinking tea. It's a sunny late afternoon, and soon practice will start. Guests are coming. A little introduction in broken French, and an invitation to the next Yong Maeng Jong Jin with Wu Bong Soen Sa Nim, and to the Buddha's Eyes Opening Ceremony which is to take place at the end of this retreat.

The official Opening Ceremony has been scheduled for the coming Spring; Zen Master Seung Sahn promised to come. We are very happy.



# MOUNTAIN

## Walking:

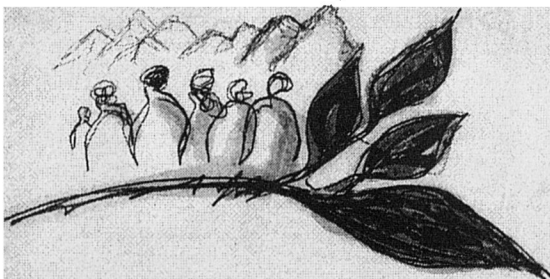
# BACKPACKING

## Meditation

# RETREAT

*We sit together, the mountain and me,  
until only the mountain remains.*

*Li Po*



*Dorota Streitfeld*

The line for walking meditation moved smoothly and quietly along. I could feel the shifting of my weight, the pressure of each step. As usual during a week-long period of practice, I felt the simplicity and directness of just walking without distraction. There was just a slight difference. My back was covered by a fifty-pound pack, my feet were encased in heavy boots, and our meditation hall was a shady grove of old growth trees along the White River in the Cascade Mountains. This would be a different retreat.

Inspired by a friend's tales of practicing with the Ring of Bone Zendo's Mountains and Rivers sesshins in the wilderness of Northern California, and armed with photocopies of some basic information the Ring of Bone people had put together, I had lightheartedly suggested that our group, the Dharma Sound Zen Center, put together a backpacking retreat. And after arranging for Dae Kwang Zen Master to fly out from the Providence Zen Center where he is the guiding teacher, after soliciting interested practitioners from our sangha, after trips to the REI store and food co-ops, and after what seemed like a very short meeting to get organized, we were on our way.

This would be a walking Zen retreat. Morning and evening practice, with a long walking meditation filling our day. And rather than snaking our way back to a building or Zen hall after ten minutes, we would settle our practice circle wherever we chose to stop. Rather than deciding just how much cool air to let in the room or how high to turn the lights, we would let nature choose for us. Had to, really. We had stepped off of the raised platform labeled "Control" that we usually enjoy in the city. We were not in charge. Gloriously out of the egocentric throne we imagine ourselves to occupy most days.

After half an hour or so we stop for a short meditation by the river and an opening talk by Dae Kwang Zen Master. He mentions that we'll be practicing in silence for the week, just doing the minimum communication for cooking and camp chores, but letting our tongues rest otherwise. The better to hear the teachings of the river and trees, the subtle pointing-out instructions contained in the bird calls and scurrying of chipmonks. Dae Kwang Zen Master encourages us to maintain our practice throughout the day, especially while walking. I've brought along a short mala to remind myself of my mantra, to link it up with my steps and breath.

After the talk we ease on our packs and silently walk off down the deserted trail. Mid-week and off-season, we hope to have the woods mostly to ourselves. With seven days of food and fuel, plus tents, clothes and assorted knickknacks, the weight is undeniable. I ask myself, "Am I a pack animal or a human?" Definitely have a body here... we're having an "in the body experience" as we walk. "This very body is the body of the Buddha." Zen Master Hakuin's song seems true in a different way than before. Very real body, real sweat, real weight, real sound of water flowing.

Here we are. Home at last.

The rhythmic clacking of two rocks wakes me. The sound fades and rises in strength as the wake-up person walks the camp. A predawn greyness fills the sky and the air has a gentle nip as we squirm out of our sleeping bags to wash up with cold water from the creek and sip a cup of hot tea the cooks have made. My job has become "bear bagger." I walk over to the tree we've hung our food in and juggle down the stuff sacks filled with our meals, treats and toothpaste for the week. Brother bear is a member of the greater sangha here in the mountains, but needs to find his own dinners, so we string our food up in a tree each night for safekeeping.

We all pull out a pad and something to use as a zafu, and come to the practice area for morning sitting. The temperature is cool enough to keep us all awake, and with the slight incline of the hill, I'm sitting without any cushion at all under my bum. Simple and elegant, close to the original style of yogis out in the forest. Save for all the Goretex and goosedown, of course.

The campsite is on a ridge, so our group shapes into a simple line, following the contour. We face across the valley, a long view into space and openness. We are on the shady side and let the dawn light

up the other side of the meditation hall as we sit in the breeze that rises with the sun. A handclap signals walking meditation, and we lace on boots to walk around the meadow. People slip off to pee or get gloves as we walk, coming back to our seats for another clap to signal sitting.

It feels completely natural to be sitting in silence here in the middle of an even greater silence. My mind is loose and relaxed, yet awake. The struggles with stray thoughts or grogginess are somehow less pronounced or less important than in a retreat inside a building. As we sit in the silence and the chilly air, a group of deer arrive on their morning rounds, comfortably picking their way through us, completely at ease as they eat their breakfast grass. Raising up heads to gaze at us with what seem to be enormous, unmoving eyes, they decide they are safe and continue to graze. I'm reminded of our dharma ancestor Han Am Sunim and how no dogs would bark or babies cry when he was nearby, so clear and strong was his mind. Without thoughts of self, we are naturally one with all our relations.

Sitting ends and breakfast arrives. Our meals are one-

bowl affairs, with no choices in menu and everything served until it's gone. Just eat. Tea to clean the bowls. Drink the tea and we're done, except I've caught a glance of my face and twisted hair in the bottom of the bowl. My fellow traveller, who are you? He answers with silence and he doesn't go away, that one I don't know; as we clean the pots and pack up the tents. Now we have work period. Putting away our little huts of nylon fabric and aluminum poles. Repacking food and getting out shorts and sunblock for the warmth and light that is moving towards us across the valley. Still in silence, the silence that seems to hold us like a container, together in a way that I rarely feel outside of retreat.

We gather together, and walk off, up towards the pass. We walk up and up on a steep set of switchbacks through fields of wildflowers standing in warm sunshine. The head

of the valley is filled with the sound of rushing water as snowmelt runs down the scree- and talus-covered slope. It all seems such a gift, unbought and unimagined by anyone. We surprise a marmot out for his morning sun. He retreats to a hillock, then watches us as he whistles an alarm for other mountainside residents. "The two-leggeds are coming!"



Still standing, balanced on hind legs, he doesn't retreat but stands and stares and watches us climb up and out of his little meadow. Just watching with his small mouth open as we walk off.

My world shrinks way down to a small scope. Step... step... step. The labored sound of my breath coming in and out. The sight of the trail in front of me or the pack of the person just ahead in line. Mantra. Move one bead. Mantra. Move one bead. Mantra. I remember a Tibetan teacher telling me that mantra means "mind protection." It sweeps me out, cleans off the slate of awareness so the facts come through. The body. The trail. The taste of the air. And my unknown fellow traveller, that face in the bottom of the bowl.

A hand clap. Rest break. And we are in nature's candy store. Surrounded by berries. Huckleberries, plump and ripe, hang from little bushes all over the hillside. Free food! Not bought, not carried, not planted, and not sprayed. My hands are soon stained purple and I start to feel like brother bear as I ramble from bush to bush munching contentedly.

The feeling of a visit home, a visit to a place where we were meant to be, rises again. The tart and pulpy berries are as sweet as any home-baked snack I've known. Another hand clap and we move on. Upwards. This morning is only up. Now out onto the saddle of the ridge, up into a different bioclimatic zone. It looks something like tundra, with small twisted trees and tight clumps of grass and a chill wind blowing over the top.

We pause and look over into the Napeequa Valley, a deep V shape spread out before us. The trail winds down and down into what has become a grey and chilled expanse. Without the heat of walking up and with no sun, our bodies cool quickly and out comes an assortment of sweaters, sweatpants and rain coats. We've put on our fur and walk down to lunch out of the wind.

We eat in a circle, with the squeaky barks of pika echoing off of the rocks. We're next to an ice field, and after cheese and bread and hot broth, walk up to see. Of all things, I see a small bug run across the ice and dive down a tiny hole. Without thinking, I scrape the soft ice with my finger to see where on earth it could have gone. The bug ends up on the ice again, not moving. Ah!! What have I done? A Buddhist come all the way to this wild world only to murder an innocent bug! I gently scoop the tiny thing onto my hand and try to warm it. It starts to move and trot around my palm but obviously missing a couple of legs. My one small mistake means that this little one's life may well be over. As I hold him in my hand he runs off down my arm into my sleeve. I say a prayer for him and walk on.

The ice field has a cave, with an opening in the center of the field where the central runoff spills out. A few of us climb down and enter yet another world, one of ice and freezing water. The cave spreads and grows as we follow it to the side. It ends in a kind of ice hall, lit aquamarine from the ice and feeling like a secret hall of the mountain spirit. Sahn Shin, in Korean. The one the old ladies prayed to every morning at Hwa Gye Sah temple near Seoul, when I lived there. We walk down out of our alpine world to grey skies and raindrops.

The first few days we've had lots of sun and warmth, and now the rain god visits. A final skin appears on our little herd as ponchos and rainpants get taken out and zipped on. The trail down is steep and exposed. My mantra wheel is running round and round. We step... step... step... down into the mud and forest-cover. This is a hard point for me. I have a strong dislike for getting really wet, and this is not

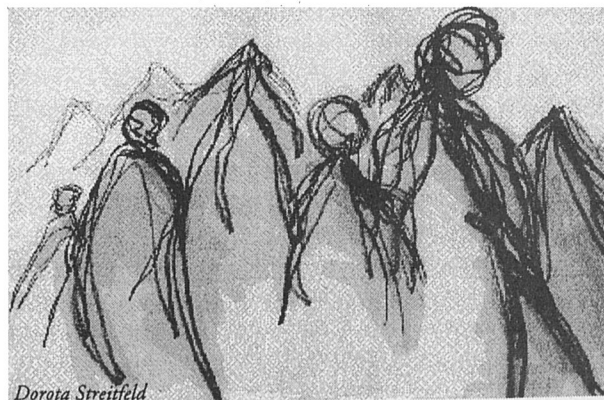
just a shower but a Northwest rainstorm. Just walk. Let my neck get wet. Yuk! Let it go. Yuk! Let it go. Just walk. Feel the drops hitting my poncho. It turns out OK. Water is after all just wet.

We reach camp and set up in the rain. Collect wood for a fire and start to dry out under the trees. The rain lets up in the evening and we decide to keep our food in camp rather than get it wet in the rain. This despite the enormous bear scat smack in the middle of the trail just before camp. Rather than keeping to what has been our night schedule of practice from midnight to 2:00 am, we decide to sit in shifts until morning to watch the food. Dae Kwang Zen Master and I take the midnight to 2:00 am shift and sit down to the primal television and first visualization of all: our campfire. Just letting the flames fill our field of vision, letting the shapes appear and disappear in front of us.

Despite the damp chill, the sitting again comes easily, with the sense of being supported by everything seen and unseen in the circle around the fire. My unknown friend loses his solidity and there is just the smells of the woods and sounds of the night. Just a great mystery. We take breaks from sitting to dry our clothes.

I have a sense, in the flickers of the fire, of our having gone down the lineage tree, down past our teacher, Seung Sahn Zen Master and his teacher Ko Bong Zen Master; way down to Buddhists and Taoists who lived far away and long ago; down to shamans and native healers; down to places we don't pay much mind to these days. Down to our nature and the belly of our common mother. It feels good. Feels like coming home.

*David Ledeboer is a senior dharma teacher.*



# HOST *AND* GUEST

---

*Bridget Duff*

I'd like very much to share a couple of little stories with you. It is about two brief moments some seventeen years ago spent with our teacher, Zen Master Seung Sahn.

My relationship with him has always been a series of very brief but nonetheless significant encounters. A lot of these moments have branded themselves into my memory. They stay with me. They have been mind-meals for me to chew on, sometimes for years, before I eventually began to swallow and digest them. Each one has been a kong-an that only the heart can answer. They are vignettes. Quick glances out of the corner of my eye or through the crack of the door as it was closing.

Or just him dashing through the kitchen after a grueling afternoon of religious politics with the Korean temple board of directors, and proclaiming to me with his tired face the color of ashes, "Soon dead! What can you do?" His eyes were piercing me for an answer.

"Ji Jang Bosal," I replied.

"Thank you," he said and dragged himself upstairs.

Or, at 3:00 a.m. I am standing out in the hall waiting to use the bathroom. Zen Master Seung Sahn comes out of the bathroom and sees how sleepy and fuzzy I am, and immediately uses this moment to wake me up in a *big* way. He asks me, "Why are you crying?"

"I'm not crying," I reply, truly bewildered.

"WHY ARE YOU CRYING?" he asks again.

"I AM NOT CRYING!" I say.

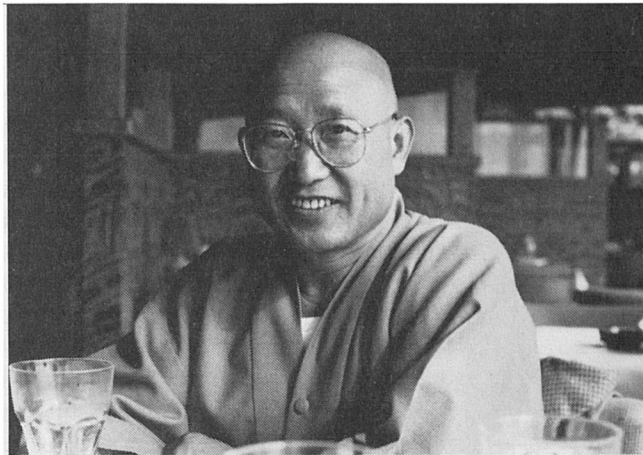
"O.K. you ask me the same question and pretend I am you, O.K.?"

"Why are you crying?" I ask him.

"Because I am a woman and many women are suffering in the world, so I am crying."

These kind of moments are what I am talking about: volumes of teaching stuffed into fleeting moments. So, here are two more about host and guest.

Seventeen years ago I was housemaster of Tahl Mah Sah Zen Center (since renamed Dharma Zen Center). At that



time the housemaster was also the Zen Master's attendant. I was not very good at it. In fact, the other students called me "Godzilla" behind my back! There was an awful lot to do in those days. Our Zen Centers were young and pioneering and we learned by trial and error. My personal experience was one of lots of trials and lots of errors.

In those days our Zen Center was located on the same property as the Korean temple. We were always interfacing with the Korean Buddhist community of Los Angeles. Zen Master Seung Sahn was always receiving tons of guests. In Korea, a Zen Master serves as psychotherapist, father confessor, marriage counselor, financial advisor, referee, and mother hen. They came in droves. In squadrons. At any time of the day or night. And Zen Master Seung Sahn would welcome them all in for a chat or some solace no matter if he was feeling like the last Native American on the "trail of tears." And I had to keep a half step ahead of him and be at the ready to serve them. Just like a good hostess. This was quite an ironic position Zen Master Seung Sahn had deliberately placed me in, seeing as I had no inclination towards being humble and accommodating.

So, a large part of my job was to be ready, willing, and gracious, to take care of him and his guests and make sure they had proper refreshments. And if they needed to be taken sightseeing or driven home or to the airport, it was to be done on the spur of the moment. Aside from that, the housemaster was responsible for all the money, shopping, making sure the house was cleaned, the kitchen was in order, that overnight guests had a place to sleep and to run the whole domestic side of the Zen Center in general, right down to a burned-out light bulb.

It seemed like I was always hitting the ground running. A lot of the time I just felt exhausted, confused, and flat-out inconvenienced. There was so much to do and not enough time to get it all done.



One thing in particular that bothered me was, there never seemed to be any time for me to take a proper bowel movement. Yes, you heard me. We only had two bathrooms and so many people were always coming and going. Either the bathrooms were occupied or I was. My intestines felt like they were tied in knots. What I wouldn't have given for just fifteen minutes of uninterrupted bathroom time! Sure enough, as soon as I would sit down on the toilet I'd hear Zen Master Seung Sahn yell, "HOUSE M-A-A-A-STER!!", and I'd pop off like a cork to go run and see what he needed or if there were some guests that I needed to put the kettle on and cut up fruit for. Damned if it didn't happen just like that every single time.

Sometimes wishes do come true. One afternoon I was incredulous to find myself all alone in the Zen Center. Zen Master Seung Sahn wasn't expected back until dinner time and everyone else was off somewhere for the day and most of my work was caught up on. Fabulous! I have plenty of time for a healthy visit to the "throne." Perhaps I might even be able to sneak in a bit of a snooze, I was thinking to myself happily as I sat there on the toilet.

All of a sudden I hear the downstairs door open and someone is pounding up the stairs. I cringe. No! it can't be... I wait, hear nothing. I begin to relax... perhaps it's just one of the other students home early...

Then, like a Marine Corps drill sergeant cracking my eardrums and blasting my tiny moment of contented calm like a fragmentation grenade, I hear the dreaded words "HOUSE - M-A-A-A-STER!!"

Without thinking I scream back from behind the bathroom door, "WHAT?!" Never before had I disrespectfully screamed back a reply to the Zen Master (though I would have loved to at times!) I came crashing out of the bathroom, just furious.

There stood Zen Master Seung Sahn in the hall, eyes wide in surprise at my outburst. He did not apologize. I was suddenly deeply embarrassed and regretted having yelled at him.

"We have a guest," he said. I sighed in resignation.

"O.K. I'll go put the kettle on for tea and cut some fruit..."

"No, not necessary. Not that style guest. Come here..." he crooked his finger at me to follow him into the dharma room.

It was summer and very hot, yet the dharma room looked magical in that particular light. The dust moats swirling in shafts of sunlight, the brown meditation cushions lined up symmetrically on the blue carpeted floor like stepping stones across a calm blue lake. The smell of incense being burned for years had permeated into the foundation of the house itself. The gold Buddha, and the black iron bell hanging from the red bell stand. The match-stick bamboo window shades cast stripes of light and lavender shadows that crept across the floor and up the walls. I was once again graced with another moment of perfect calm, my bathroom experience forgotten.

Zen Master Seung Sahn had walked straight to his meditation cushion and was standing there looking down at it.

"We have an animal guest," he declared. And sure enough,

sitting on his cushion was one of the biggest and ugliest potato bugs I've ever see. The granddaddy of 'em all! It looked like something that one would see in *National Geographic*, not on the corner of Wilton and Olympic Boulevard, the second busiest intersection in the county of Los Angeles. I swallowed hard. I was disgusted and frightened by this thing. And being with Zen Master Seung Sahn, well, one never knows what's coming next. The beautiful moment of perfect calm had suddenly transformed itself into a potato bug and I was about to have a relationship with it.

Zen Master Seung Sahn nudged me with his elbow and indicated that I should do as he was doing, which was to put my hands together as if to bow. I did this. Then he instructed:

"This is an animal guest. You must bow to him as if to an honored guest and say: 'Hello animal guest! Welcome to our Zen Center. I understand you were here before we were and now you have come to visit with us. But, it would be better for you and us if you to go outside now. Thank you very much for coming.'" And he finished by bowing to the potato bug. I didn't quite know what to make of this when, he nudged me in the ribs with his elbow again, "Now you," he said to me.

"You mean, bow and talk to the bug..."

"Yes. DO IT!" He was dead serious.

I bowed to the potato bug and said, "Uh, hello animal guest. Welcome to our Zen Center, but now you have to go, O.K.?" Zen Master Seung Sahn gave me another poke in the ribs, reminding me to add, "And thank you for coming."

"And thank you for coming."

"Now pick him up and carry him outside," he ordered me.

"What?! No way! N-o-o-o. Can't touch it. Sorry, but I cannot." I started to back away waving and flapping my arms. Zen Master Seung Sahn chuckled and did it for me.

He bowed reverently to the potato bug and as gently as a mother picked the ugly little guy up, telling me to open the back door of the dharma room. Then very delicately he placed him on the back stairs, bowed again in good-bye, turned on his heels and marched out of the dharma room and into the bathroom, slamming the door with a BANG!

I was left standing there with my jaw hanging open. No explanation given.

That night Zen Master Seung Sahn did not get to bed until 11:30 p.m. There were many problems for him to deal with concerning the Korean temple. It was a relentless barrage of people coming to him for solutions. The minute he'd have one problem solved and get people to make peace, someone else would come along and stir things up and it would start all over again. Aside from that he was Zen Master to the American students and gave dharma talks and interviews almost every morning. And he was getting up at

3:00 a.m. every morning to do one thousand bows before our regular practice at 5:00 a.m.! He really worked the hardest of anybody I had ever met.

At 1:30 that morning, two hours after Zen Master Seung Sahn had gone to bed, the doorbell rang along with someone banging on the door. I got up and opened the door. There stood about five Korean men in very bad moods and distressed looks on their faces, who pushed past me and were making their way up the stairs to Zen Master Seung Sahn's room. "You can't go up there" I whispered urgently, "he just got to bed two hours ago and is asleep. He has to get up in two hours."

They ignored me or didn't understand English, and pushed me aside and went up to his bedroom door anyway. I was incensed! How bloody inconsiderate can you be! What dreadfully bad manners! Didn't they know? Didn't they care that he worked himself to the bone non-stop? Couldn't it wait till morning? I was just seething at them. They knocked on his door and didn't even wait for a reply, just barged right into his room uninvited and flipped on his light switch! The gall! The brazenness! I was so angry I could have spit nails.

Just as I reached his door and was about to give him some back-up and kick some butt on his behalf, the door was being closed in my face and things went into slow motion for a second. Through the crack of that door closing on my face, I caught a glimpse of Zen Master Seung Sahn immediately sit up in bed. He reached for his glasses and put them on. His eyes were clear and he was completely alert...

The crack in the door became narrower.

He was out of bed with a big, genuine smile on his face and spoke in Korean. I do not understand Korean but...

The door slammed shut.

I knew what he said. I don't know how I knew, but I just knew. He said "How may I help you?"

I was once again left standing alone with my jaw hanging open. My anger was gone. He had said "How may I help you?" without the least trace in his voice of annoyance or of having been inconvenienced. What a gentleman. What a host.

I started to cry. I thought if I could just do that one time in my life and really mean it, without any thought for myself; having little or no sleep and body problems like he has, and genuinely ask, "How may I help you?" well, that would really rip the rag right off the bush, wouldn't it?

A sense of purpose began to reveal itself to me about why I was being thrust into all this chaos and inconvenience with the seemingly endless stream of guests (human and bugs alike). Zen practice made a great deal of sense to me at that moment and I suddenly knew what I wanted to be "when I grew up"...

A really good hostess.

*Bridget Duff is a senior dharma teacher.*

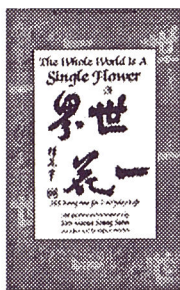
# A fresh approach to Zen

One of the oldest living Zen traditions has produced a new body of literature on Zen history and practice.

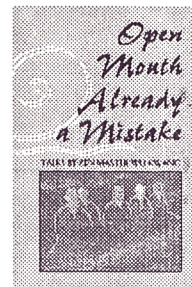


**Bone of Space:** Poems by Zen Master Seung Sahn. This collection captures a master's thoughts during everyday life—while traveling, talking on the phone, attending a friend's funeral. 128 pages. **\$10.95 (1/2 pound)**

**The Whole World is a Single Flower:** 365 Kong-ans for Everyday Life. *Zen Master Seung Sahn.* The first modern kong-an collection to appear in many years; Christian, Taoist, and Buddhist sources. 267 pages. **\$16.95 (1 pound)**



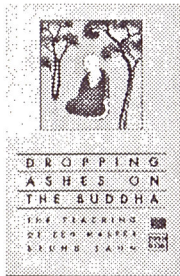
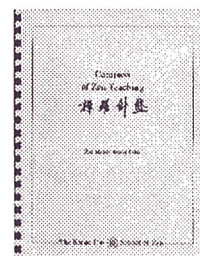
**NEW! Open Mouth Already a Mistake:** Talks by Zen Master Wu Kwang. See complete description on page 27. 238 pages. **\$18.95 (1 pound)**



**Mu Mun Kwan: No Gate Checkpoint.** Zen Master Seung Sahn's version of the classic collection of 48 kong-ans. **\$10.00 (1/2 pound)**

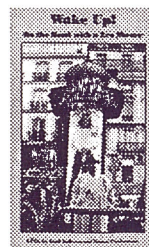


**Compass of Zen Teaching.** The essence of Zen Master Seung Sahn's teaching: the main points of Buddhism and Zen, the ten gates, temple rules. Original edition. 39 pages. **\$14.95 (1/2 pound)**



**Dropping Ashes on the Buddha:** The Teaching of Zen Master Seung Sahn. *Compiled and edited by Stephen Mitchell.* A delightful, irreverent, and often hilarious record of interactions with Western students. 244 pages. **\$12.00 (1 pound)**

**Only Don't Know:** Teaching Letters of Zen Master Seung Sahn. Issues of work, relationships, and suffering are discussed as they relate to meditation practice. Primary Point Press edition, 1991. 204 pages. **\$12.00 (1 pound)**



**Wake Up! On the Road with a Zen Master.** An entertaining documentary that captures Zen Master Seung Sahn's energy and presents the core of his teaching. 1992. VHS 54 minutes. **\$29.95 (1 pound)**

**Sun Rising East: Zen Master Seung Sahn Gives Transmission.** 1992 transmission and 20th anniversary celebrations, plus interviews with four Zen Masters. 1993. VHS 34 minutes. **\$29.95 (1 pound)**



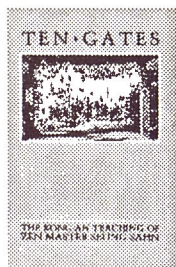
**Zen Master Seung Sahn in Norway.** Documentary about one of ZMSS's early European teaching visits. VHS. 22 minutes. **\$19.95 (1 pound)**

**Blue Cliff Record.** Zen Master Seung Sahn's version of the classic collection of one hundred kong-ans. **\$14.95 (1/2 pound)**

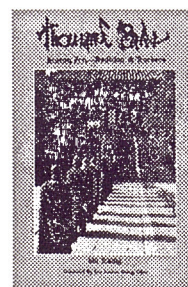


**"Zen" Calligraphy Pin.** Brass pin produced by the South African sangha; shown actual size. **\$12.00 (1/2 pound)**

**A Gathering of Spirit: Women Teaching in American Buddhism.** *Edited by Ellen Sidor.* Talks and discussions from three landmark conferences at Providence Zen Center. Third edition, 1992. 156 pages. **\$11.95 (1/2 pound)**



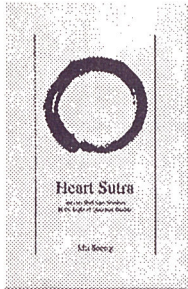
**Ten Gates:** The Kong-an Teaching of Zen Master Seung Sahn. Ten classic kong-ans are illustrated through extensive dialogue between teacher and student. 151 pages. **\$11.95 (1/2 pound)**



**Thousand Peaks.** Korean Zen: Traditions and Teachers *Mu Soeng.* The spirit of Zen's golden age survives in Korean Zen. 256 pages. **\$15.95 (1 pound)**

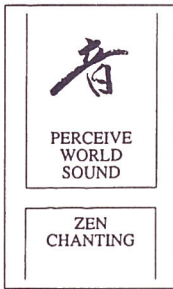


**NEW! New Haven Zen Center's** greeting cards. The original cover calligraphy by Jung Kwang (the Mad Monk) was a gift from the artist and hangs in the center's dharma room. Seven greeting cards and envelopes. \$12.00 (1/2 pound)



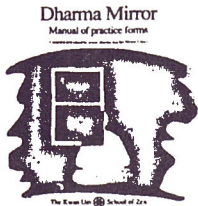
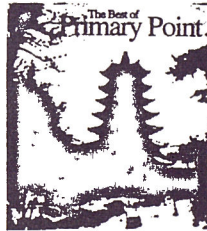
**Heart Sutra:** Ancient Buddhist Wisdom in the Light of Quantum Reality. *Mu Soeng*. The concept of emptiness and the parallels found in quantum physics. 1991. 80 pages. \$10.95 (1/2 pound)

**Chanting Book** with English translations. Used in daily meditation practice at the Kwan Um Zen centers. 64 pages. \$10.00 (1/2 pound)



**Perceive World Sound** Zen chanting tape. The morning and evening bell chants and the daily chanting at the Kwan Um Zen centers. 1978. \$12.00 (1/2 pound)

**The Best of Primary Point.** Fifty classic articles from the pages of *Primary Point*. 1994 edition. 270 looseleaf pages. \$34.95 (4 pounds)



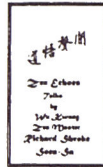
**Dharma Mirror.** Detailed manual of practice forms in the Kwan Um School of Zen. *Compiled and edited by Merrie Fraser*. 256 looseleaf pages. \$34.95 (4 pounds)

**New Haven Zen Center T-Shirt.** Dramatic black and white Bodhidharma design. 100% cotton. Specify: M/L. \$15.00 (1/2 pound)



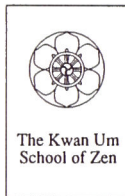
**Cambridge Zen Center T-Shirt.** Kwan Um School of Zen logo on 100% cotton. Specify: M/L/XL. \$15.00 (1/2 pound)

**NEW! Diamond Hill Zen Monastery T-shirt.** 100% cotton beige shirt with small red chop and black type. \$20.00 (1/2 pound)



**NEW! Zen Echoes.** Talks on cassette by Zen Master Wu Kwang. See page 27 for complete descriptions. \$10.00/tape (1/2 pound)

**NEW! Providence Zen Center T-Shirt.** Classic "KATZ!" calligraphy on 100% cotton. Specify beige, cranberry, or teal M/L/XL. \$15.00 (1/2 pound)



**Teaching Letters, Vol. 21.** The first in a projected 25-volume edition of the teaching letter exchanges read as part of practice at Kwan Um Zen centers. Looseleaf. \$19.95 (2 pounds)



## Primary Point Press

99 Pound Road  
Cumberland, Rhode Island 02864 U.S.A.  
(401) 658-1476 • Fax (401) 658-1188  
Internet kwanumzen@aol.com

Shipping and handling (*see shipping weights after each price*):  
U.S.: \$5 first pound, 50¢ each additional pound  
Overseas surface: \$5 first pound, \$2 each additional  
Overseas air: \$9 first pound, \$7 each additional

Check (U.S. bank)  Money Order  MC/VISA/AMEX

| Qty. | Item | Each | Total |
|------|------|------|-------|
|      |      |      |       |
|      |      |      |       |
|      |      |      |       |

Shipping \_\_\_\_\_

7% sales tax (Rhode Island only) \_\_\_\_\_

TOTAL \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City, State, Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Country \_\_\_\_\_

Tel \_\_\_\_\_ Fax \_\_\_\_\_

E-mail \_\_\_\_\_

MC/VISA/AMEX \_\_\_\_\_ exp. \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_



---

## Zen is not AN INTEREST

“People cannot  
practice at their  
convenience.”

When bowing time  
comes, then go bow  
whether it is conve-  
nient or not.

*Tony Somlai*

Many American newspapers contain a weekly section that carries local interests in the community. This section will often catalogue numerous columns dedicated to social clubs, political causes, self-help groups, workshops, and a whole host of appealing activities. Americans expect to have this vast array of fascinations from which to choose. They live in a cultural supermarket of interests. They frenetically run from one interest to the next, neatly filling in a calendar already crowded with washing clothes, cleaning the house and taking the cat to the veterinarian. In these bustling, scheduled lives they find much to do and little time to do it.

Human beings chase after their interests with a frenzy. They are always running from one interest to another. It may be a group meeting for bird watchers, a bowling night, but it is a constant escape from one arousing activity to the next. Groucho Marx best described this frenetic life of interests with the statement, “Hello, I must be going.” Human beings fill their lives with the idea that something very important is going on here. They are constantly saying hello when they mean they must be going. The state of Wisconsin recently became lost in an interest that almost closed the state down, the Green Bay Packers football team. For the past six weeks there has been little else in the news other than one interest story after another about this team. Even reports of shootings on the evening news had a tie-in to whether the robbers were wearing Packer green and gold jackets. Everywhere people could only talk about this interest, only this game, Super Bowl parties, and the latest news about the team. Now this is interesting, because it is a game played by twenty-two grown adult males who are fighting over an oblong-shaped pig rendering before millions of people. Not good, not bad, just another interest to fill our busy lives.

For many people, this active pursuing of interests provides an illusion of control. They hold to the false belief that it is an inalienable right to pursue happiness through another self-involved interesting activity. For some Zen students practice is another “interesting activity” added to a growing list of appealing attractions and amusement. Practice is scheduled around softball, the gardening club, the writer’s group, and a horde of events that occupy space and give apparent meaning to a catalogued existence. Many of these interests focus on the distractions created by desire (food, sex, money, fame, sleep.) This draws human beings further away from what is immediately in front of them. This cycle of “interests” continues until big suffering appears, then it’s not interesting anymore, then it becomes too real.

It was also this way for the Buddha. He was wealthy, had many interests, was an expert in all of them, and had a very, very good situation. Good fortune had been with him until one day he saw old age, sickness, and death.

Our lives are not different from the Buddha's. Eventually, no matter how many interests we distract ourselves with, we come back to the very same thing that he saw: death, old age, illness, suffering. So one day the Buddha simply said no more interests, no more running, no more distractions, no more playing games in a dream. He let go of interests, sat under a tree and simply asked, "What am I?"

A life filled with one interest after another can, for a while, keep us falsely believing that old age, sickness, and death will always somehow be someone else's problem and separate from this life. These interests provide distractions that cloud clarity and confuse our direction. Then BAM—the loss of a job, body sickness, death of a loved one, the end of a relationship shakes the very foundation of this comfortable life of interests. It is this sudden "hit" of suffering that points to the immediacy of the Buddha's words that this life is very short and needs to be investigated deeply.

The idea of "interests" is such an imbedded cultural norm that one can imagine the historical Buddha coming back to modern America to give a talk and be introduced with, "Good evening and welcome to the weekly great religions forum. I'm happy to welcome our guest speaker for this evening, the historical Buddha, who has areas of interest in enlightenment, suffering, desire, anger, and ignorance." The bodhisattva vow of helping all beings and cutting off the root causes of suffering is trivialized by the strong attachment to our interests.

There is nothing wrong or inherently bad about interests or activities. Bridge clubs do not inherently send this universe to hell. But most people use these interests to get something, to distract themselves from this suffering world. They may want a good feeling, some peace, perhaps a comfortable relationship with other "nice" people. But it's important to ask, "What is the direction of this interest?" If it points to a together action that helps attain one's true nature and help all beings then you understand the direction of this interest. An interest intended to only create a good feeling, to distract from suffering, will always change



*Tony Somlai, Dae Kwang Zen Master, and Linda Somlai  
at the Original Root Zen Center.*

into more sadness and more suffering. Of course that is the time when most people begin searching for a new interest, something else that will make them happy. These types of interests will only create an opposite world with a direction that is not clear and always attached to another activity, feeling, or thing. It will continue the cycle of interests that lead to more suffering.

Recently, Dae Kwang Zen Master was discussing how to help Zen students realize the importance of a consistent practice. His statement about this was quite strong and clear: "People cannot practice at their convenience." When bowing time comes, then go bow whether it is convenient or not. Practice and life cannot be compartmentalized, put into neat little categories or a list of interests. It all comes together in this moment.

The question and answers about this existence of suffering are not found "out there" in a quagmire of interests. Every teacher in the Kwan Um School of Zen points to "what are you doing right now?" It is important to get "interested" in the big question of "What am I? Don't know." Then suffering will disappear and complete happiness will appear for all beings. We practice so that our center becomes strong and our true job becomes clear, no matter what our interests. In that moment when Zen is no longer another interest, our practice and life come together and then we can do something.

*Tony Somlai is a dharma teacher.*

# BOOK REVIEWS



*Ambivalent Zen* by Lawrence Shainberg. Pantheon, New York.  
Reviewed by Judy Roitman.

Poor Larry Shainberg. His father, rich, bipolar, trapped entirely within his frontal lobes, is taken with the books of Alan Watts, the teachings of Krishnamurti and the promise of, not just psychotherapy, but psychotherapy by one of the leaders of the human potential movement. How is an unsure-of-himself adolescent to resist? So the teenage Larry Shainberg, whose mainly wants to play a great game of basketball or tennis and impress some girl, finds himself reading Watts and Herrigel, meeting Watts, being welcomed into Krishnamurti's inner circle, and beginning a long, long course of therapy whose goal is to understand oneself and, therefore, by its own definitions of "self" and "understanding," can never really end.

All of these people—Watts, Krishnamurti, Shainberg's therapist, Shainberg's father—discourage formal practice, even as they parallel the teachings that come from serious practice. Having Buddhist doctrine shoved down your teenage throat, and Buddhist practice belittled—imagine that! That Shainberg ever started to practice is amazing. But he did, and he practiced hard and long, first with Eido Roshi, then with a karate teacher named Chang, then with Bernard Glassman. Finally he found his true teacher, the Rinzai master Kyudo Roshi. Eventually he wrote this memoir.

And a wonderful memoir it is. Shainberg links several story lines... his adolescence, his relationship with Kyudo Roshi, his experience with other teachers, the story of the Buddha, classical kong-ans (in particular a wonderful treatment of the monks-wind-flag kong-an that drifts through the book to mirror the mind of whatever teacher he is working with) in a complex layering in which each story illuminates the others and the whole rings true. In the sections on Eido, Chang, and Glassman he manages very clear (and to an outsider, apparently dispassionate) descriptions of how teachers go astray and how students not only allow but encourage them to do so. This is no small achievement.

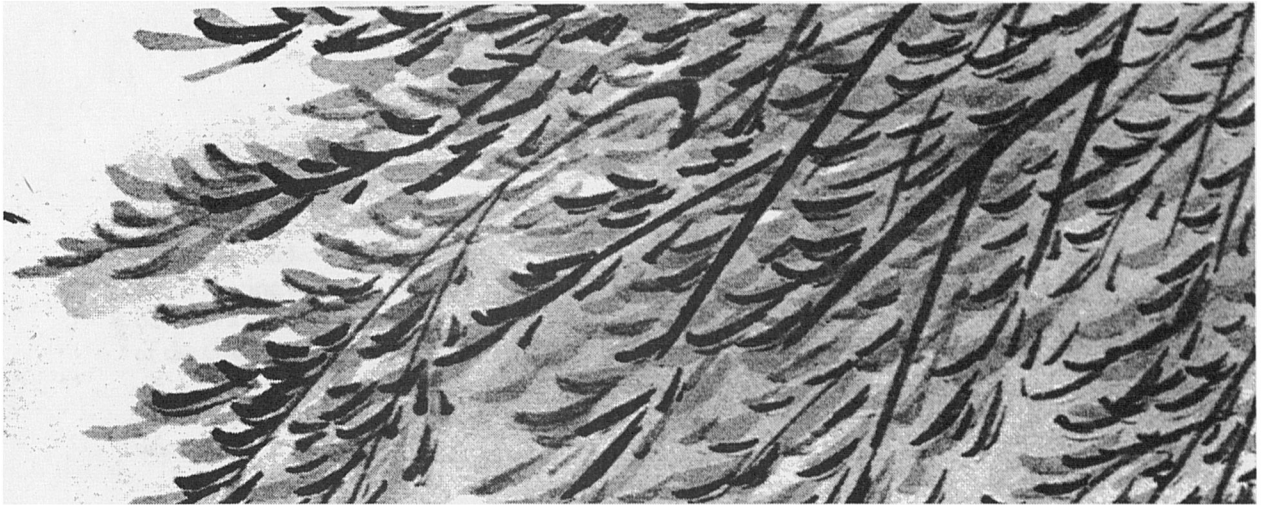
The heart of the book is the presence of Kyudo Roshi. The best way to describe Kyudo Roshi is to say "Soen Sa Nim." Not Dae Soen Sa Nim, but Soen Sa Nim, as those lucky enough to know

him in his first ten years or so in this country knew him, the Soen Sa Nim of the letters we read after practice, with his pidgin yet eloquent English (which his students unconsciously echo), his ceaseless involvement in his students' lives, his insistence on no-bullshit, his cultural insouciance, his attraction to popular culture (Kyudo is passionate about about baseball, Zen Master Seung Sahn about action movies), his pointing always to practice and truth. Kyudo had a small center in Jerusalem, very small, at most thirty students in good times, two in bad, but word had gotten around and Shainberg visited. Eventually Kyudo moved to New York where he continued his pattern from Jerusalem of few students and total involvement with them. Shainberg's karma for knowing important people is somewhat astonishing. At one point he hung out with Samuel Beckett and pulled away from Kyudo as if there was a conflict between these two parallel integrities, but the connection with Kyudo is strong and true. It cannot be sustained. Kyudo is called to what we realize was his destiny all along, back to Japan to head one of the leading Rinzai monasteries, and when Shainberg gets to visit him it is a Great Man he visits. The Zen Master who insisted on cleaning his own toilets now has people smoothing his way and probably is no longer even allowed to wash his own rice bowl.

I was sent this book by one of several friends I have who are themselves ambivalent about Zen: they practice, they don't practice, they sit on their own, they occasionally visit a teacher but it doesn't take. I am writing these words as a guest in the house of friends who are interested and puzzled about practice (and will leave the book with them as a gift.) I cannot imagine a better gift to those of our friends and family who want to know what Buddhist practice feels like.

*Instructions to the Cook: A Zen Master's Lessons in Living a Life That Matters* by Bernard Glassman and Rick Fields. Bell Tower, New York. Reviewed by Tony Somlai.

As American Zen Buddhism grows out of its infancy, Bernard Glassman, with the writing assistance of Rick Fields, may be providing a blueprint for the future. Bernard Glassman, is a highly



respected Zen teacher currently riding a wave of notoriety in Zen circles. His work with homeless people, the development of the famous Greystone Bakery, and his current response of providing hospice for people living with AIDS has become legendary. This mixture of accomplished writer, Rick Fields, and renowned Zen teacher, Bernie Glassman, should provide a book filled with dharma energy.

I have a basic bias, a certain expectation of receiving a Zen hit that ultimately points to the big question of “What am I?” Whether it’s through a century-old story, a personal recollection, biography, or a sudden event, a Zen book should hit something within the reader, deepen their practice, open the wisdom eye, push—shove—or smack us towards our true nature. Instead, many Zen books read like a travelogue. This is my major criticism of *Instructions to the Cook*.

The book doesn’t engage the reader with the immediacy of the lessons learned as a cook. There is a lack of richness and texture, as if recipes for living were a diagnostic prescription, a grocery list rather than the robust meal promised. *Instructions to the Cook* invites us to a “supreme meal” but many times fails to provide the smells, aroma, taste, touch, that prepare us to eat.

Glassman Roshi asks the reader to use the ingredients life provides to cook “the supreme meal” of living this life fully. He guides the reader through the steps of becoming a Zen cook as a metaphor for using the ingredients of life to make the best meal (situation) possible, regardless of how much, or how little, is available at that moment. The templates for these recipes are based on the previous teachings of Zen Master Dogen and include instructions for the spirit, learning, livelihood, social change and community.

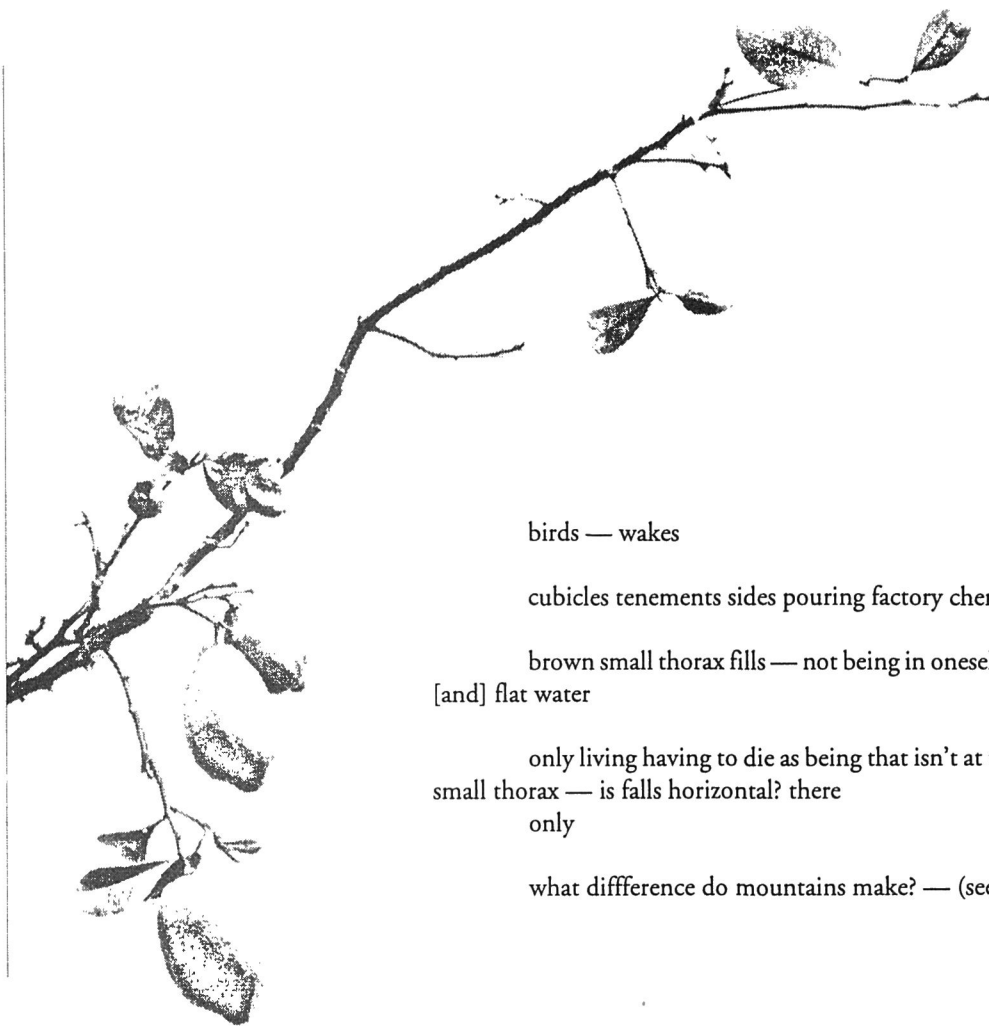
Glassman’s teachings for the spirit reflect how things naturally are, the ordinariness in orderliness. By perceiving the naturalness of what is, we learn to let go and accept what arises in daily life.

Glassman sees the next step as a livelihood that sustains the body through physical self-sufficiency, the point of tasting a life in the state of freedom. The book provides the Greystone Bakery as a model for breaking through the previous illusions of learning and livelihood as a static event, and brings an attitude of mind that is

fresh and open. In the early stages of developing the bakery, experts had suggested that they use ready-made bread mixes filled with chemicals. However, they decided to keep their breads natural, without chemicals. The experts had failed to perceive the bakery’s commitment to letting go and learning the lessons that were right in front of them.

Glassman sees spiritual self-sufficiency as the process of forgetting the self, and suggests using it as an agent for social change. This calls for starting where people are. He believes that the sense of community begins to develop through our ability to work together in the preparation of the “supreme meal.” His early relationship with the ice-cream company, Ben and Jerry’s, is provided as an example of developing lasting relationships and dealing with the various offerings received from life. Glassman finishes the training of the Zen cook with: “Things have to be used. We have to live our lives. The meal should be eaten and digested completely.” He points to, “When we really do something completely, nothing is left.”

*Instructions to the Cook* draws on the experiences and life of a second generation American Zen Master. It provides the reader with a very simple guide in cooking one’s life in a mindful manner. The building blocks provided in this work may be the foundation for an American Zen lineage of compassion. While some of the book’s ingredients were light on specific examples for students not living in or near Zen centers, they certainly provided an enjoyable meal that was easy to digest. There is much value in hearing a Zen Master say, “Zazen is an activity like sleeping, eating drinking, going to the bathroom. If I don’t sit, my stability decreases, and I feel uncentered.” Glassman’s work is a very quick read that I would recommend to any Zen Center or group for consideration as a guide for their future direction. American Zen Centers have had a history of coming to terms with the mix of a lay-style practice and their monastic heritage and traditions. Perhaps Glassman Roshi provides us with some of the insights American Zen Communities will need to consider as they bring their key ingredients of great love, great compassion, and the bodhisattva way to future meals that are completely alive in helping all beings.



birds — wakes

cubicles tenements sides pouring factory chemicals from spout — falls —.

brown small thorax fills — not being in oneself — or in them — falls strand  
[and] flat water

only living having to die as being that isn't at the same time — one's brown  
small thorax — is falls horizontal? there  
only

what difference do mountains make? — (seeing mountains from above).

*Leslie Scalapino*

people in lines on cliff carrying coal — lines on black humps  
black humps of horizontal lightning [not at the same time]

coal — one — 'no' relation of work as people crawling lines on cliff  
and — to — black humps moon.  
*is* black humps moon.

*Leslie Scalapino*

"white green" — 'no' — occur in one in dream in a forest  
walking — there not to be any — separation between 'that' — being in forest  
— there

only — but the dream is "whitish" rim, 'no eyes' — there — isn't in one  
— is in the dream. — pair only — are 'that'. — "white green" night — is.

the two huge realms — not in one — occur

*Leslie Scalapino*

## Dragons

The devil is sleeping on my office wall  
He has a troubled grin on his face  
and is snoring under his snuggled stone wings  
between a poster of Kuan Yin and a silkscreen  
of the Great Buddha's green bronze head.

Buddhism has flourished only in countries  
where dragons are honored.

We are trying  
to honor our dragons,  
but they come to us as devils.

Strategic placement helps.

This one sleeps sweetly  
between deep wisdom  
and the vow to save all beings.

*Stanley Lombardo, JDPSN*

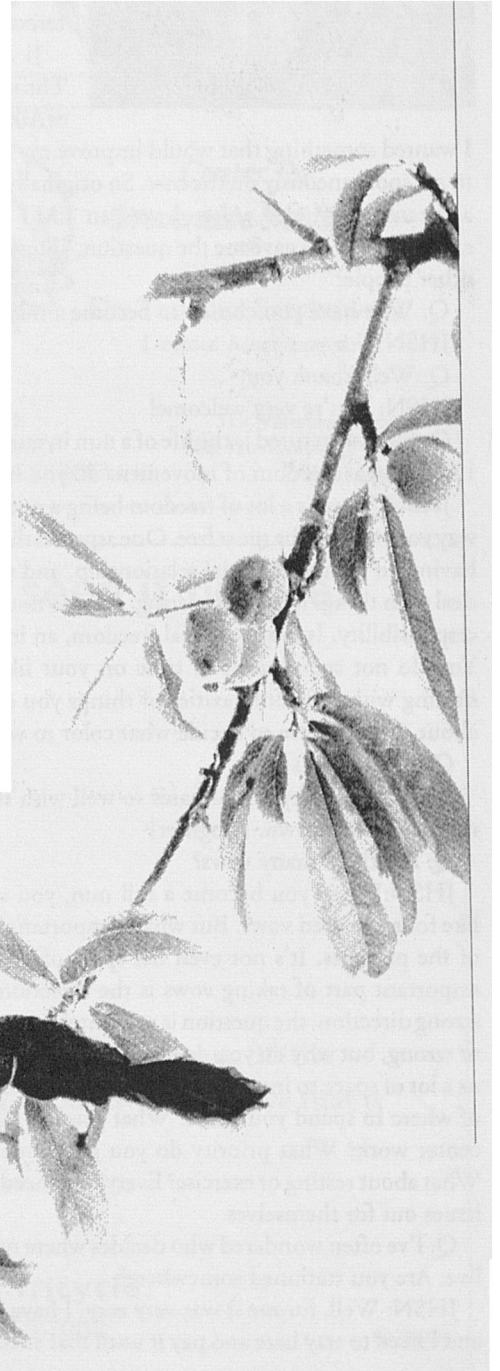
Roses are red.  
Violets are blue.  
Buddha got it.  
What about you?

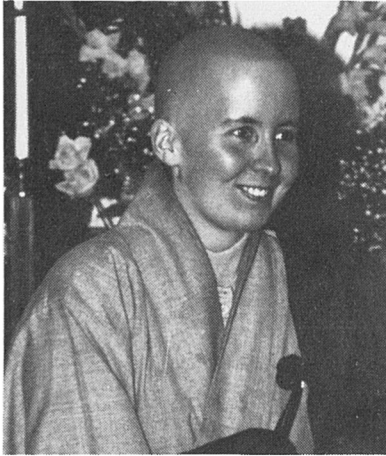
*Soeng Hyang Zen Master*

## Train to Shaoguan

clack- clack- clack  
from Shenzhen to Shaoguan  
water buffalo graze  
in bright green meadows  
between dense groves  
of banana trees  
and lush forests  
of tall bamboo  
the rivers meander  
through terraced  
fields of rice  
as the blue mountains  
veiled in the autumn mist  
thrust upward  
towards the heavens.

*Do Chong  
October 4, 1996  
Train to Shaoguan*





## Interview with **Ji Hyang Sunim**

# One Hundred Percent

*Gak Jin Haeng Ja Nim*

Question: How did you happen to get interested in Zen?

Ji Hyang Sunim: Through the practice of Aikido, a martial art.

I wanted something that would improve my focus and ability to act spontaneously on the mat. So originally Zen was for me a means to an end. Also, I was an EMT working on an ambulance. This gave me the question, "How can I really help other people?"

Q: Why have you chosen to become a nun?

JHSN: For you.

Q: Well, thank you.

JHSN: You're very welcome!

Q: How structured is the life of a nun in our school? By that, I mean what freedom of movement do you have?

JHSN: There's a lot of freedom being a nun. I think it's the way you become the most free. One aspect is the freedom of not having an intimate special relationship, and of not having to deal with things like child rearing. But it's not a freedom from responsibility. It is a more real freedom, an internal freedom. You do not spend a lot of time on your like/dislike mind, dealing with the complexities of things you don't really care about. I never have to decide what color to wear.

Q: Basic grey is in.

JHSN: And grey coordinates so well with more grey. And maybe a little brown. [laughter]

Q: Are there many vows?

JHSN: When you become a full nun, you take something like four hundred vows. But what's important is not the letter of the precepts. It's not even the spirit of the precepts. The important part of taking vows is the direction. If you've got strong direction, the question is not whether something is right or wrong, but why do you do it? Zen Master Seung Sahn gives us a lot of space to interpret that. There is a constant challenge of where to spend your time. What priority do you give Zen center work? What priority do you give your own practice? What about resting or exercise? Everybody needs to work those issues out for themselves.

Q: I've often wondered who decides where nuns and monks live. Are you stationed somewhere?

JHSN: Well, for me it was very easy. I have a student loan, and I need to stay here and pay it until that's taken care of. For

monks and nuns who have an open situation, Zen Master Seung Sahn likes them to spend a year in Korea to see clearly what the monastic life is about. Ultimately, where you're located is a matter of what's a good match. Zen Master Seung Sahn may strongly suggest something, but it's not a command.

Q: What advice would you give to someone who is considering becoming a nun or a monk?

JHSN: You have to want to do it one hundred percent. Ninety-nine percent is not enough. A hundred and one percent is too much. If you have a clear direction, there is no problem. But if your direction is in some way not clear, no matter what situation you're in, there will always be a problem.

Q: What has surprised you most about life so far?

JHSN: Being here having this interview with you.

Q: Has there been a change in your opinion of what Zen practice requires, since your first years of practice?

JHSN: When I first started to practice, there was a funny little period when I read D.T. Suzuki, and expected marvelous exploding-mind openings. And before my first interview, I had heard all these things about Zen Masters, and would walk into the interview room with real trepidation. The interviewer would always try to make me feel at ease, but it wasn't easy for them, because I was so nervous. I thought at the time Zen was something special. Now I see it is not so special. It is only practicing every day, every day. Trying, trying for ten thousand years non-stop. For me, that consistency is the only thing that has made any difference. I didn't see that when I began.

Q: I am puzzled about intensity in practice. Many suffer burn-out, while others seem to thrive on hard training. Can you offer an explanation of this?

JHSN: For people who practice really hard, there is a danger of holding something too tightly. That is why we call Zen the middle way. We do not want a practice that is too tight, or one that is too loose. If your practice is too loose, then your center never really becomes strong. If your practice is too tight, besides your practice you have your idea of practice. The important thing, again, is direction. If you have strong direction, that is the same as having great love and great compassion. So you always have try mind. But if you don't have strong direction, your love and compassion is not really strong. So small ideas appear and grow.

Q: Do you have any plans for the next few years?

JHSN: Yes, I plan to practice.

*Ji Hyang Sunim is director of Cambridge Zen Center. Gak Jin Haeng Ja Nim is kitchenmaster of Providence Zen Center.*



245 Walden Street  
Cambridge, MA 02140

(617) 661-1519



George Bowman, M.A.  
Contemplative Psychotherapy

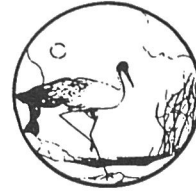
Guiding Teacher  
Cambridge Buddhist Association

# Hakomi Therapy

Lakshyan Schanzer  
Psy.D., M.S. Ed.,  
Licensed Clinical  
Psychologist

Couples • Chronic Pain •  
Biofeedback • Most  
Insurances Accepted

Meditative, client-  
oriented, body-  
mind psychothera-  
py • Individuals •



Providence,  
Woonsocket,  
Roger Williams  
Medical Center  
(401)941-0032

## Richard Shrobe

C.S.W., A.C.S.W.

Psychotherapist  
Specializing in the Gestalt Approach

201 East 34th St., 5th Floor, NY, NY 10016  
(212)689-7740



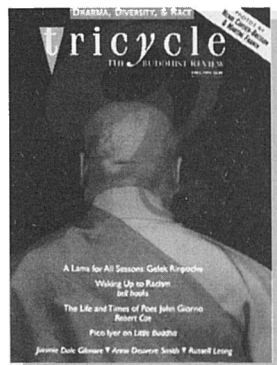
Center for  
*Preventive Medicine*

Dr. Tadeusz Szykowski  
Licensed Acupuncturist

ACUPUNCTURE  
HERBAL THERAPY  
NUTRITIONAL COUNSELING

312 Waterman Avenue  
East Providence, RI 02914  
(401) 434-3550

## See the world like you've never seen it before.



From sports and popular culture, to literature and traditional teachings, to the toughest social issues facing us today, Tricycle offers a Buddhist perspective that is both educational and engaging.

**Tricycle**  
THE BUDDHIST REVIEW

The world comes to light in Tricycle.™

4 issues/ \$20 annually—call 1.800.950.7008

657PRIM

Shasta Abbey Press ☸ Buddhist Books for Study & Practice

Writings  
of the  
Serene  
Reflection  
Meditation  
(Sōtō Zen)  
Tradition



Translated  
or authored by  
Priests and  
Lay Ministers of  
the Order of  
Buddhist  
Contemplatives

**Serene Reflection Meditation**, 6th ed. - Seventeen articles on meditation practice by Rev. Master Jiyu-Kennett, late Abbess of Shasta Abbey, and disciples. With photographs. (\$6.00; S & H \$3.50, Can. \$4.00)

**The Shōbōgenzō or The Treasure House of the Eye of the True Teaching**, Vol. 1 - A new and valuable translation of Great Master Dōgen's Dharma talks given from the heart of meditation to his 13th century disciples. Dōgen is the premier master of Japanese Sōtō Zen. 11 chapters, 193 pp. (\$15; S & H \$4.00, Canada \$5.50)

7.25% sales tax for CA residents. Call for free brochure or send \$3 for new illustrated and annotated complete catalog of meditation supplies, tapes, books and statues (free with order and to meditation groups and Buddhist organizations).

Shasta Abbey Buddhist Supplies

Dept. P, 3724 Summit Drive, Mt. Shasta CA 96067-9102  
1-800-653-3315 (916) 926-6682 <http://www.OBCON.org>



## May the Mind Flower Bloom in Endless Spring



### Year-Long Zen Intensive

- John Daido Looi, Abbot and full-time resident teacher
- Residencies available from one week to one year
- One year of residency includes: 2 Angos & 12 Sesshins, retreats in martial arts, Zen arts, and Buddhist Studies
- Nestled in the Catskill Mts. on a 230 acre nature sanctuary

*Call now for free retreat and residency catalogs!*



**ZEN MOUNTAIN MONASTERY**  
PO Box 197PP, Mt. Tremper, NY 12457 (914) 688-2228  
Fax: (914) 688-2415 E-mail: [dharmacom@delphi.com](mailto:dharmacom@delphi.com)

# Zen Echoes

Talks on cassette by Zen Master Wu Kwang

## Tape #1

**Every Time Water Touches the Skin, it is Wet...** In Case 78 of *The Blue Cliff Record*, "Bodhisattvas Attain the Basis of Water," we encounter the teaching that both bondage and freedom are to be found right within our six senses. This tape helps us look carefully into the heart and truth of seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, touching, and discriminating.

**This Tiny Tail is Very Strange Indeed...** Case #38 of the *Mu Mun Kwan*, "A Cow Passes Through a Window," takes a look at how we encounter "obstacles" on the path to clarity and awakening, and addresses what it means to be human as we pass through the window of our lives.

45 minutes each side, \$10.00.

*This tape has some minor background noise.*

## Tape #2

**Lost in the Sea of Yes and No...** Side B investigates Case 15 "Dong Sahn's Sixty Blows" of the *Mu Mun Kwan*. Wu Kwang Zen Master tells the story of Dong Sahn's evening of agitated deep questioning, "Where was my mistake?" The importance of the attitude of questioning in meditation is explored.

**Giver and Receiver are Both Blind...** Side B looks into Case 76 of *The Blue Cliff Record*, "Tan Hsia's 'Have you Eaten Yet?'" Wu Kwang Zen Master helps the listener peel away the notion of blindness, and enter into the true blindness of "Don't Know" mind.

45 minutes each side, \$10.00.

## Tape #3

**I and All Beings Attain the Way...** Are you deaf? Are you blind? Are you mute? Case #88 of *The Blue Cliff Record*, "Hyeon Sa's 'Three Kinds of Sick People'" and the historical account of Buddha's enlightenment are the basis of this talk. How we relate to not just what we see or hear as pleasing and beautiful but also to pain, to sorrow, to injustice, and to inequity is probed in this tape.

**His Eyes Were Turned Around...** Zen practice is encapsulated in the life and faith of the Sixth Patriarch of Zen in China. This talk is based on Case #23 of the *Mu Mun Kwan*, "Think Neither Good Nor Evil" as well as 14th Century Zen Master Taego's poem in honor of the Sixth Patriarch.

45 minutes each side, \$10.00.

*Zen Master Wu Kwang—Richard Shrobe Soen Sa Nim—is the abbot of Chogye International Zen Center of New York. He was given inka, or certification as a Zen teacher, by Seung Sahn Soen Sa Nim in 1984 and received transmission and the title of Zen Master in 1993. He began practicing Zen in 1966. Wu Kwang is a lay teacher who is married and has two grown children. In addition to his Zen teaching, he works as a psychotherapist and trainer of Gestalt therapy.*

Add \$5.00 shipping per order. RI residents add sales tax.

Primary Point Press

99 Pound Road, Cumberland, Rhode Island 02864

(401) 658-1476 • Fax (401) 658-1188

Internet kwanumzen@compuserve.com

Open

Month

Already

a Mistake



## TALKS BY ZEN MASTER WU KWANG

If you have no wants, then you have complete freedom and no hindrance. But there is no intention there, no helping this world.

Zen has an expression: Attain your mind which is before thinking. Before name and form. Completely still and quiet.

Next, perceive name and form. The sky is blue. The tree is green. Each thing is the truth, just as it is.

But, that kind of freedom is not the last word in Zen practice. The last word is, "I cannot get freedom. I still want something!" So, how do I use my wants?

If you have no want then you can't have any desire.

If you have no desire, then you have no feeling.

If you have no passion, then you cannot have compassion.

So, how does one light the fire, cook the rice, and turn it into something that everyone can eat? That is our Zen practice.

\$18.95 • Primary Point Press  
Cumberland • Rhode Island  
Order on page 16



The Cambridge Zen Center is a residential meditation center under the direction of Zen Master Seung Sahn. Students from various countries and backgrounds participate in this innovative combination of monastic training in an urban setting. In addition to morning and evening Zen practice, the majority of residents work or are students in the Boston area. Cambridge Zen Center offers a variety of programs, including weekly talks, interviews with Zen teachers, monthly retreats, and meditation classes. Cambridge Zen Center welcomes visitors and new house members.

For more information contact:

## Cambridge Zen Center

199 Auburn Street, Cambridge, MA 02139

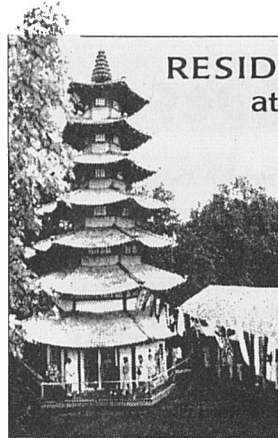
(617) 576-3229 • cambzen@aol.com

ZEN MASTER: Seung Sahn  
ABBOT: Myo Ji Hab Jang

## NEW YORK CHO GYE SAH

45-18 48th Avenue, Woodside, NY 11377

Tel. (718) 706-1749  
Fax. (718) 392-3011



## RESIDENTIAL TRAINING at Providence Zen Center

99 Pound Road, Cumberland RI 02864  
401/658-1464 • fax 401/658-1188  
kwanumzen@compuserve.com

Providence Zen Centers offers meditation training in a supportive lay community setting. Residents engage in formal meditation each morning and evening, and participate regularly in retreats, while working in the outside community • Please write or call for complete information.

### **Inflate your zafu, deflate your ego!**

Our INFLATABLE ZAFU, at only 6 ounces, great for travel! Black, Navy, Royal, Purple, Burgundy, Green. \$23 Postpaid. Also: traditional Cushions, Benches, Bells, Books & More! Guaranteed. Mastercard & Visa. Free brochure.

Carolina Morning Designs,  
Dept. PP, P.O.B. 2832,  
Asheville, NC 28802. 704-683-1843

**SINCE 1985!**



## General Sign Midwest, Inc.

"Quality and Affordability in Professional Lighted Signs"

Robert E. Friend

433 N. Lafayette Avenue • Griffith, IN 46319-2212  
Office (219) 924-5650 • Pager (800) 979-2985

## Summer Kyol Che

at Providence Zen Center • August 5-24, 1997

Summer Kyol Che is a time to investigate your life closely. This retreat will be held at the picturesque Diamond Hill Zen Monastery in Cumberland, Rhode Island. It will be led by Zen Master Dae Kwang, who is a monk under Zen Master Seung Sahn and abbot of the international Kwan Um School of Zen. He has traveled widely leading retreats throughout the United States and Asia, including 90-day retreats in Korea.

Entries are Tuesday August 5 at 10:00 am, Saturday August 9 at 8:15 am, or Saturday August 16 at 8:15 am. Exits are any day at 8:15 am, a minimum of three days after entering the retreat. Retreat fee \$40 per day. Full members and college students \$30 per day. Dharma teachers \$20 per day. Please register at least one week in advance of the entry day:

99 Pound Road, Cumberland RI 02864-2726 USA  
Tel 401/658-1464 • Fax 401/658-1188  
kwanumzen@compuserve.com  
www.kwanumzen.com/pzc



## Seoul International Zen Center



Hwa Gye Sa, 487 Su Yu 1 Dong, Kang Buk Gu, 142-071 Seoul, Korea  
(82-2) 900-4326 • Fax: (82-2) 995-5770 • 73420.3052@compuserve.com

## International Kyol Che Summer Retreat

May 21-August 17, 1997

The Seoul International Zen Center is sponsoring its sixth annual summer retreat in Korea under the direction of Zen Master Seung Sahn. The host temple for our retreat is Hwa Gye Sah, the home of the Seoul International Zen Center, located on beautiful Sam Gak Mountain in the north of Seoul. The teacher of the retreat will be Do Mun Sunim, JDPS, who will give regularly scheduled talks and kong-an interviews. Zen Master Seung Sahn and Zen Master Dae Kwang will also visit the retreat to give special talks and guidance. Kyol Che means "tight dharma"; the schedule includes a minimum of 11 hours a day of formal practice and work. Participation in the ceremonial life of the temple will also be included. The retreat is open to anyone, beginner or advanced student, who can sit for a minimum of one week. The fee per week is \$155 USD. Entry is permitted on Saturdays at noon. Please contact us for more information or to register (at least seven days in advance) for the retreat.

# The Kwan Um School of Zen



99 Pound Road, Cumberland

Rhode Island 02864-2726 USA

(401) 658-1476 • Fax (401) 658-1188 • Internet [kwanumzen@compuserve.com](mailto:kwanumzen@compuserve.com) • <http://www.kwanumzen.com/>

## North America

*Guiding teachers are listed in italics*

**Bo Kwang Zen Center**  
36-25 Union Street, #1C  
Flushing, NY 11354  
(718) 353-2474

**Cambridge Zen Center**  
*Mark Houghton, JDPSN*  
199 Auburn Street  
Cambridge, MA 02139  
Office (617) 576-3229  
Fax (617) 864-9025  
Personal (617) 354-8281  
[cambzen@aol.com](mailto:cambzen@aol.com)  
<http://www.kwanumzen.com/czc>

**Kwan Um Zen Community of Chicago**  
*Zen Master Soeng Hyang*  
c/o Ron Kidd  
550 West Grant Place, Unit 3A  
Chicago, IL 60614  
(312) 327-1695  
[ecutler@openport.com](mailto:ecutler@openport.com)  
<http://www.ecnet.net/users/uaadams/bultasa.html#top>

**Chogy International Zen Center of New York**  
*Zen Master Wu Kwang*  
400 East 14th Street, Apt. 2E  
New York, NY 10009  
(212) 353-0461  
[silkealy@aol.com](mailto:silkealy@aol.com)  
<http://www.tagonline.com/Ads/NetResults/chogy.html>

**Chogy Sah Temple**  
45-18 48th Avenue  
Woodside, NY 11377  
(718) 706-1749  
Fax (718) 392-3011

**Kwan Um Zen Community of Colorado**  
*Zen Master Soeng Hyang*  
c/o Richard Baer  
8445 W. Elmhurst Avenue  
Littleton, CO 80123  
(303) 979-1655  
[kuzcc@aol.com](mailto:kuzcc@aol.com)

**Cypress Tree Zen Group**  
*Zen Master Soeng Hyang*  
P.O. Box 1856  
Tallahassee, FL 32302  
[arudloe@garnet.acns.fsu.edu](mailto:arudloe@garnet.acns.fsu.edu)  
<http://garnet.acns.fsu.edu/~kap1877/zen.html/cypress.html>

**Dharma Kai Zen Center**  
*Robert Moore, JDPSN*  
c/o Aikido Ai Dojo  
6727 South Milton Avenue  
Whittier, CA 90601  
(310) 696-1838

**Dharma Sound Zen Center**  
*Robert Moore, JDPSN*  
P.O. Box 31003  
Seattle, WA 98103-1003  
(206) 783-8484  
Fax (206) 448-0564  
[barry108@aol.com](mailto:barry108@aol.com)  
<http://www.oz.net/~tharris/dszc.html>

**Dharma Zen Center**  
*Robert Moore, JDPSN*  
1025 South Cloverdale Avenue  
Los Angeles, CA 90019  
(213) 934-0330  
Fax (213) 933-3072  
[76467.705@compuserve.com](mailto:76467.705@compuserve.com)  
<http://members.aol.com/DhrmaZenLA/DhrmaZen.html>

**Empty Gate Zen Center**  
*Jeff Kitzes, JDPSN*  
2200 Parker Street  
Berkeley, CA 94704  
(510) 845-8565  
[egzc@emptygatezen.com](mailto:egzc@emptygatezen.com)  
<http://www.emptygatezen.com/>

**Furnace Mountain**  
*Zen Master Dae Gak*  
Box 545  
Clay City, KY 40312  
(606) 723-4329  
[daegak@aol.com](mailto:daegak@aol.com)  
<http://www.win.org/library/staff/webweaver/furnace/fmhome.htm>

**Gainesville Zen Circle**  
*Zen Master Soeng Hyang*  
c/o Jan Sendzimir  
562 NE Second Avenue  
Gainesville, FL 32601  
(904) 373-7567  
[jan@zoo.ufl.edu](mailto:jan@zoo.ufl.edu)

**Gum Kang Zen Center**  
*Zen Master Dae Gak*  
35-20 147th Street, Suite 2B  
Flushing, NY 11354

**Indianapolis Zen Group**  
*Zen Master Dae Gak*  
c/o Joyce Janca-Aji  
2814 West 33rd Street  
Indianapolis, IN 46222  
<http://www.trader.com/users/5012/2121/>

**Kansas Zen Center**  
*Stanley Lombardo, JDPSN*  
1423 New York Street  
Lawrence, KS 66044  
(913) 841-8683  
[lombardo@kuhub.cc.ukans.edu](mailto:lombardo@kuhub.cc.ukans.edu)  
<http://www.idir.net/~lpl/zen/zencntr.html>

**Lexington Zen Center**  
*Zen Master Dae Gak*  
345 Jesselin Drive  
Lexington, KY 40503  
(606) 277-2438  
[daegak@aol.com](mailto:daegak@aol.com)

**Mojave Desert Zen Center**  
*Robert Moore, JDPSN*  
c/o Thom Pastor  
901 El Camino Way  
Boulder City, NV 89005  
(702) 293-4222  
[sittinzen@aol.com](mailto:sittinzen@aol.com)

**Morning Star Zen Center**  
*Robert Moore, JDPSN*  
1599 Halsell Road  
Fayetteville, AR 72701-3902  
(501) 521-6925  
[bt24761@uafsya.uark.edu](mailto:bt24761@uafsya.uark.edu)

**Mountain Spirit Center**  
*Juniper Way*  
Tehachapi, CA 93561  
(805) 333-7204

**Nashville Zen Group**  
*Zen Master Bo Mun*  
c/o Steve Warren  
3925 Estes Road  
Nashville, TN 37215-2212  
(615) 298-3754  
[warrens@ctrvax.vanderbilt.edu](mailto:warrens@ctrvax.vanderbilt.edu)

**New Haven Zen Center**  
*Nancy Brown, JDPSN*  
193 Mansfield Street  
New Haven, CT 06511  
Office (203) 787-0912  
Residence (203) 777-2625  
[nhzc@aol.com](mailto:nhzc@aol.com)

**New York Chogy Sah**  
45-18 48th Avenue  
Woodside NY 11377  
(718) 706-1749  
Fax (718) 392-3011

**Ocean Eyes Zen Center**  
*Robert Moore, JDPSN*  
11582 Ale Lane  
Stanton, CA 90680-3535  
(714) 894-0177  
[dochong1@aol.com](mailto:dochong1@aol.com)  
<http://navi-expired.web.aol.com/pub/oezc.htm>

**Ontario Zen Center**  
*Zen Master Dae Kwang*  
c/o John Carducci  
22 Oakmont Road, # 1514  
Toronto, ON M6P 2M7, Canada  
(416) 604-0534  
Fax (416) 314-6202

**Original Root Zen Center**  
*Zen Master Dae Kwang*  
600 21st Street  
Racine, WI 53403  
(414) 638-8580  
[amsonlai@post.its.mcw.edu](mailto:amsonlai@post.its.mcw.edu)

**Zen Group of Pittsburgh**  
*Zen Master Dae Kwang*  
c/o Paul Dickman  
1126 Heberton Street  
Pittsburgh, PA 15206  
(412) 441-6393  
[dickmap@chplink.chp.edu](mailto:dickmap@chplink.chp.edu)

**Providence Zen Center/ Diamond Hill Zen Monastery**  
*Zen Master Dae Kwang*  
99 Pound Road  
Cumberland, RI 02864  
Office (401) 658-1464  
Fax (401) 658-1188  
Residence (401) 658-2499  
[kwanumzen@compuserve.com](mailto:kwanumzen@compuserve.com)  
<http://www.kwanumzen.com/pzcc/>

**Santa Barbara Zen Group**  
*Robert Moore, JDPSN*  
467 Cole Place  
Goleta, CA 93117-1650  
(805) 967-8941  
[raimisi@cs.ucsb.edu](mailto:raimisi@cs.ucsb.edu)  
<http://www.cs.ucsb.edu/~raimisi/zen.html>

**Signal Hill Zen Center**  
*Robert Moore, JDPSN*  
c/o Bill Cooper  
2504 East Willow Street #107  
Signal Hill, CA 90806  
(310) 424-2929  
[becooper@ix.netcom.net](mailto:becooper@ix.netcom.net)

**Wausau Zen Group**  
*Stanley Lombardo, JDPSN*  
51077 River Bend Road  
Schofield, WI 54476  
(715) 355-7050

## South America

**Comunidade Zen de Sao Paulo**  
Rua Guaraciaba, 416  
Sao Paulo SP CEP 03404, Brazil  
[tania@cpd.ufrgs.br](mailto:tania@cpd.ufrgs.br)

### BECOMING A MEMBER OF THE KWAN UM SCHOOL OF ZEN IN NORTH AMERICA

(In other parts of the world, contact your local affiliated Zen center or regional head temple.)

Your membership in a participating center or group makes you part of the Kwan Um School of Zen sangha. Your dues help support teaching activities on local, national, and international levels. **Full membership** benefits include discount rates at all retreats and workshops (after three months of membership), and subscriptions to *Primary Point* and the quarterly school newsletter. **Associate membership** does not include program discounts. Send this coupon and your first dues payment to the Kwan Um School of Zen at the address at the top of the page. Please circle the dues for the membership category and payment plan you prefer.

|           |            | Annually | Quarterly | Monthly |
|-----------|------------|----------|-----------|---------|
| FULL      | Individual | \$240    | \$60      | \$20    |
|           | Family     | 360      | 90        | 30      |
|           | Student    | 120      | 30        | 10      |
| ASSOCIATE |            | 60       | 15        | 5       |

Specify the North American center or group that you wish to be a member of: \_\_\_\_\_

Name(s) \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Phone Day \_\_\_\_\_ Phone Evening \_\_\_\_\_

Fax \_\_\_\_\_ E-mail \_\_\_\_\_

MC/VISA/AMEX \_\_\_\_\_ Expiration \_\_\_\_\_ Signature \_\_\_\_\_

## Europe

Amsterdam Zen Group  
*Zen Master Wu Bong*  
c/o Wojtek Kulwanowski  
Eerste Oosterparkstraat 128-3  
1091 HH Amsterdam, the Netherlands  
(31) 20-693-2622  
Fax (31) 20-693-2622  
ffrie@tip.nl

Barcelona Zen Center  
*Zen Master Wu Bong*  
c/o Xavier Vidal  
Passeig del Born No. 17 4o 2a  
Barcelona, Spain  
(34) 3-310-7022  
Fax (34) 3-431-7195

Zen Zentrum Berlin  
Head Temple, Western Europe  
*Zen Master Wu Bong*  
Gottsched Str. 4  
13357 Berlin, Germany  
(49) 30-456-7275  
Fax (49) 30-892-2374  
<http://user.cs.tu-berlin.de/~wilz/kuzs/d/index.htm>

Beograd Zen Center  
Head Temple, Yugoslavia  
*Zen Master Wu Bong*  
Radica Petrovica St. 23  
Zemun, Yugoslavia

Bratislava Zen Center  
Head Temple, Slovakia  
*Zen Master Wu Bong*  
Ludovita Fullu st 58/22  
84105 Bratislava, Slovakia  
(421) 7-714-096  
Fax (421) 7-769-141  
lubor@internet.sk

Brussels Zen Center  
Head Temple, Belgium  
*Zen Master Wu Bong*  
Rue Fossé-aux-Loups  
17 Wolvengracht  
B-1000 Bruxelles, Belgium  
(32) 2-270-0125

Budapest Zen Center  
Head Temple, Hungary  
*Zen Master Wu Bong*  
Arpád u. 8 VI. 156  
H-1215 Budapest, Hungary  
(36) 1-276-1309  
Fax (36) 1-275-1219  
100324.1547@compuserve.com

Cologne Zen Group  
*Zen Master Wu Bong*  
c/o Horst Schad  
Münstereifelerstrasse 55  
50937 Köln, Germany  
(49) 221-44-51-35  
Ullmann-Partner-Wohnbau@t-online.de

Gdansk Zen Center  
*Dorota Krzyzanowska, JDPSN*  
Kartuska 278A  
80-125 Gdansk, Poland  
dorota@buddhist.com

Kladno Zen Center  
Head Temple, Czech Republic  
*Zen Master Wu Bong*  
Na Vyhaslém 3260  
272 00 Kladno, Czech Republic

Kosice Zen Center  
*Zen Master Wu Bong*  
c/o Oleg Suk  
Bukurestska 28  
04013 Kosice, Slovakia  
(421) 95-62-64-126  
silvasi@oko.fei.tuke.sk

Krakow Zen Center  
*Aleksandra Porter, JDPSN*  
ul. Smolki 14/1  
30-503 Krakow, Poland  
(48) 12-56-24-28

Lódź Zen Group  
*Dorota Krzyzanowska, JDPSN*  
c/o Sławomir Walas  
ul. Nawrot 76 m.34  
90-042 Lódź, Poland  
(48) 42-51-60-80  
Fax (48) 42-32-24-81

Oslo Zen Center  
Head Temple, Norway  
*Zen Master Wu Bong*  
c/o Jacek Slebodzinski  
Bjerkelundgt 2  
0553 Oslo 5, Norway  
(47) 22-35-35-36

Palma Zen Center  
Head Temple, Spain  
*Zen Master Wu Bong*  
c/o San Felio 6  
07012 Palma de Mallorca, Spain  
(34) 971-728-981  
jiranzo@lix.intercom.es

Centre Parisien de Zen-Kwan Um  
*Grazyna Perl, JDPSN*  
35 Rue de Lyon  
75012 Paris, FRANCE  
(33) 1-44-87-0813  
Fax (33) 1-44-87-0813  
76673.2373@compuserve.com

Piła Zen Group  
*Dorota Krzyzanowska, JDPSN*  
c/o Bogumiła Malinowska  
u. Grabowa 12/2,  
64-920 Piła, Poland  
(48) 86-72-28-93

Prague Zen Center  
Head Temple, Czech Republic  
*Zen Master Wu Bong*  
c/o Michaela Mazacova  
Na Petynce 70/182  
169 00 Praha 6, Czech Republic  
(42) 2-350-406  
ppp@server1.gts.cz

Riga Zen Center  
Head Temple, Latvia  
*Zen Master Wu Bong*  
Ostas 4-42  
Riga 1034, Latvia

Rzeszów Zen Group  
*Aleksandra Porter, JDPSN*  
c/o Jerzy Babiarz  
Zwiczycza, ul. 30-lecia 39  
35-083 Rzeszów, Poland

Saint Petersburg Zen Center  
*Zen Master Wu Bong*  
Tret'yakov V.  
Molchanova st.  
21/33 Pavlovsk,  
Saint Petersburg, Russia  
(81) 2-312-9487  
Fax (81) 2-114-1471  
arthur\_jusupov@p23.f3.n5051.z2.fidonet.org

Szczecin Zen Group  
*Dorota Krzyzanowska, JDPSN*  
ul. Zoledziowa 10  
70-765 Szczecin, Poland  
(48) 91-612-567  
pomer@wtca.geis.com

Szeged Sangha  
*Zen Master Wu Bong*  
c/o Mészáros Tamás  
6724 Szeged Makkoserdő,  
Sor 24, Hungary  
magyarz@everx.szbk.u-szeged.hu

Ulianousk Zen Center  
*Zen Master Wu Bong*  
c/o Pavel and Larisa Michin  
ul. Lokomotivnaya 112,1  
432 012 Ulianousk, Russia

Vienna Zen Group  
Koreanische Zengemeinschaft  
Buddhistisches Zentrum  
Head Temple, Austria  
*Zen Master Wu Bong*  
Biberstr. 8/19  
1010 Wien, Austria  
(43) 1-402-43-79  
Fax (43) 1-512-37-19

Vyborg Zen Group  
Head Temple, Russia  
*Zen Master Wu Bong*  
c/o Sasha Nemkov  
Primorskaya st. 9-25  
Vyborg 188900, Russia  
(7) 812-291-0298  
Fax (7) 812-782-4490

Vilnius Zen Center  
Head Temple, Lithuania  
*Dorota Krzyzanowska, JDPSN*  
Rulikiskiu 19  
Vilnius, Lithuania  
(370-2) 745003

Warsaw Zen Center  
Head Temple, Eastern Europe  
*Aleksandra Porter, JDPSN*  
04-962 Warsaw Falenica  
ul. Malowiejska 24 Poland  
(48) 22-15-05-52  
(fax same after 9 pm)  
Personal 48-22-15-04-00  
kwanumzen@jantar.elektron.pl

Warsaw Zen Group  
*Aleksandra Porter, JDPSN*  
c/o Anna Golab  
ul. Lesna 27  
05-840 Brwinow, Poland  
(48) 22-10-41-81

Zagreb Zen Center  
Head Temple, Croatia  
*Zen Master Wu Bong*  
c/o Emil Štimac-Vincenc  
Rapska ul. 24a  
10000 Zagreb, Croatia  
(385) (1) 611-34-16  
esvince@public.srce.hr

Zurich Zen Group  
Head Temple, Switzerland  
*Zen Master Wu Bong*  
c/o René Bucher  
Bahnhofstr. 21  
CH-8703 Ehrlenbach, Switzerland  
(41) 1-391-9922  
(41) 1-391-8680

## Asia

Seoul International Zen Center  
Head Temple, Asia  
*Do Mun Sunim, JDPS*  
Hwa Gye Sah  
487, Suyu 1 Dong  
Kang Buk Gu, 142-071 Seoul, Korea  
(82) 2-900-4326  
Fax (82) 2-995-5770  
size@bora.dacom.co.kr

Singapore Zen Center  
*Do Mun Sunim, JDPS*  
c/o Kwan Yin Chan Lin  
Jalan Asas 50  
Singapore 2367  
(65) 764-0739  
Fax (65) 763-6863  
eseok@singnet.com.sg

Su Bong Zen Monastery  
*Hyang Um Sunim, JDPS*  
32 Leighton Road  
5/F Starlight Hse  
Causeway Bay, Hong Kong  
(852) 2-891-9315  
Fax (852) 2-575-0093  
clements@asiaonline.net

## Africa

Bamboo Grove Zen Centre  
*Heila Downey, JDPSN*  
c/o Charlotte Jefferay  
9 Mount Street  
Grahamstown 6140,  
South Africa  
(27) 461-26163  
ascjiwarthog.ru.ac.za

The Dharma Centre  
Head Temple, Africa  
*Heila Downey, JDPSN*  
c/o Heila and Rodney Downey  
26 White Street  
Robertson, Cape 6705,  
South Africa  
(27) 2351-3515  
Fax (27) 2351-3515  
dharmken@iafrica.com

Johannesburg Zen Group  
*Heila Downey, JDPSN*  
c/o Neil Muir and Fanus Olivier  
P.O. Box 1080  
Buchleuch  
Johannesburg 2066,  
South Africa  
(27) 11-807-6066  
Fax (27) 11-807-6081  
olivier@icon.co.za

Poplar Grove Zen Centre  
*Heila Downey, JDPSN*  
c/o Margie and Antony Osler  
P.O. Box 232  
Colesberg 5980,  
South Africa  
(27) 51-753-1356

Rondebosch Dharma Centre  
*Heila Downey, JDPSN*  
6 Lulworth Mansions  
St. Andrews Road  
Rondebosch, Cape 7700,  
South Africa  
(27) 21-686-3698  
rons@aztec.co.za

## Australia

Queensland Zen Center  
*Kwang Myong Sunim, JDPS*  
87 Pembroke Road  
Coorparoo  
Queensland 4157, Australia  
(61) (7) 397-3314  
qzc@eis.net.au  
<http://www2.hawkesbury.uws.edu.au/BuddhaNet/ba9.htm>

# Glossary

beads: a string of beads resembling a bracelet or necklace, used for counting bows or repetitions of a mantra in various sects of Buddhism.

Bhikkhu (*Pali*): fully ordained monk.

Bhikkhuni (*Pali*): fully ordained nun.

bodhisattva (*Sanskrit*): a being whose actions promote unity or harmony; one who vows to postpone one's own enlightenment in order to help all sentient beings realize liberation; one who seeks enlightenment not only for oneself but for others. The bodhisattva ideal is at the heart of Mahayana and Zen Buddhism.

bodhisattva teacher: in the Kwan Um School of Zen, one who has met certain training requirements, usually over at least ten years, and has taken sixty-four precepts.

bosalnim (*Korean*): in Korea, a lay woman who helps at a temple

Buddha (*Sanskrit*): an awakened one; refers usually to Siddhartha Gautama (sixth century BC), historic founder of Buddhism.

Buddha-nature: that which all sentient beings share and manifest through their particular form; according to Zen, the Buddha said that all things have Buddha-nature and therefore have the innate potential to become Buddha.

Chogye order: the major order in Korean Buddhism, formed in 1356 by the unification of the Nine Mountains Schools of Zen.

Dae Soen Sa Nim (*Korean*): title used by Zen Master Seung Sahn's students in referring to him; "great honored Zen Master."

dharma (*Sanskrit*): the way or law; the path; basically, Buddhist teaching, but in a wider sense any teaching or truth.

dharma room: in Zen Master Seung Sahn's centers, the meditation/ceremony hall.

enlightenment: awakening.

hapchang (*Korean*): literally, "palms together;" a hand position used in various practice situations.

hara (*Japanese*): the vital energy center of the abdomen; in many Zen traditions considered the seat of the heart-body-mind.

HIT: the sound of a palm or stick hitting a table

or floor; used to cut off discriminative thinking.

inka (*Korean*): "public seal;" certification of a student's completion of, or breakthrough in, kong-an practice.

interview: a formal, private meeting between a Zen teacher and a student in which kong-ans are used to test and stimulate the student's practice; may also occasion informal questions and instruction.

Ji Do Poep Sa Nim (JDPSN) (*Korean*): "dharma master"; a student who has been authorized by Zen Master Seung Sahn to teach kong-an practice and lead retreats. The title is "Ji Do Poep Sa" for teachers who are monks or nuns.

kalpa (*Sanskrit*): an endlessly long period of time.

karma (*Sanskrit*): "cause and effect," and the continuing process of action and reaction, accounting for the interpenetration of all phenomena. Thus our present thoughts, actions, and situations are the result of what we have done in the past, and our future thoughts, actions, and situations will be the product of what we are doing now. Individual karma results from this process.

kasa (*Korean*): brown piece of cloth worn around the neck or over the shoulders, symbolic of Buddhist vows and precepts.

KATZ! (*Korean*): traditional Zen belly shout; used to cut off discriminative thinking.

Kido (*Korean*): "energy way"; a chanting retreat.

kimchee (*Korean*): spicy pickled cabbage.

kong-an (*Korean*; *Japanese*: koan): a paradoxical or irrational statement used by Zen teachers to cut through students' thinking and bring them to realization.

Kwan Seum Bosal (*Korean*; *Sanskrit*: Avalokitesvara; *Chinese*: Kwan Yin; *Korean*: Kwan Um; *Japanese*: Kanzeon): "one who perceives the cries of the world" and responds with compassionate aid; the bodhisattva of compassion.

Kyol Che (*Korean*): "tight dharma"; in Korean Zen tradition, an intensive retreat of 21 to 90 days.

Mahayana (*Sanskrit*) Buddhism: the Buddhism practiced in northern Asia; encompasses schools in China, Korea, Japan, and Tibet.

mantra (*Sanskrit*): sounds or words used in meditation to cut through discriminating thoughts so the mind can become clear.

moktak (*Korean*): fish-shaped wooden instrument used as a drum to set the rhythm for chanting.

patriarch: the founder of a school and his successors in the transmission of its teaching.

samsara (*Sanskrit*): the cycle of birth, death, and rebirth.

sangha (*Sanskrit*): in the Mahayana and Zen traditions, the community of all practitioners; may refer to a family of students under a particular master.

senior dharma teacher: in the Kwan Um School of Zen, one who has met certain training requirements, usually over at least nine years, and has taken sixteen precepts.

sutra (*Sanskrit*): Buddhist scriptures, consisting of discourses by the Buddha and his disciples.

transmission: formal handing over of the lineage succession from teacher to student.

Yong Maeng Jong Jin (*Korean*): literally, "valorous or intrepid concentration," paraphrased "to leap like a tiger while sitting." In the west it is a short silent retreat of two to seven days involving thirteen hours of formal meditation practice a day. Participants follow a schedule of bowing, sitting, chanting, eating, and working, with an emphasis on sitting meditation. During the retreat each participant has interviews with a Zen Master or Ji Do Poep Sa Nim.

Zen (*Japanese*; *Korean*: Son; *Chinese*: Ch'an; *Sanskrit*: Dhyana): meditation practice.

Zen center: meditation communities which may include a residence. All the Zen centers in the Kwan Um School of Zen are under the spiritual direction of Zen Master Seung Sahn, and each offers regular practice and periodic retreats.

## Subscriptions and Change of Address

The Kwan Um School of Zen, 99 Pound Road, Cumberland, RI 02864-2726 U.S.A. • (401) 658-1476 • FAX (401) 658-1188

\_\_\_ For a three-issue subscription, I enclose:

\$12 in U.S.  \$15 in Canada  \$25 international

\_\_\_ For a nine-issue subscription, I enclose:

\$30 in U.S.  \$36 in Canada  \$60 international

Payment in U.S. dollars by: VISA/MC/AMEX; personal checks drawn on a U.S. bank; postal money orders; or bank checks payable on any U.S. bank or banker's agency.

VISA/MC/  
AMEX \_\_\_\_\_

exp. \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_ Please make the following change of address: (Please enclose the mailing label from this issue)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Country \_\_\_\_\_

Subscriptions to PRIMARY POINT and the school newsletter are included in membership of affiliated North American Zen centers (page 29). Notify us of your address change to insure you receive every issue.



# DharmaCrafts

MEDITATION SUPPLIES

**Statues, Cushions, Ritual Objects**

**For Zen and Tibetan Traditions**

**Incense, Benches, Books**

**Wholesale and Retail**

**For Catalog Send \$2 to:**

**DharmaCrafts, Dept. PP**

**405 Waltham Street**

**Suite 234**

**Lexington, MA 02173**

**617.862.9211**

**The Kwan Um School of Zen**

99 Pound Road, Cumberland, Rhode Island 02864-2726 USA

DO NOT FORWARD

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

Non-Profit Org.

U.S. Postage

**P A I D**

Permit #102

Manville, RI