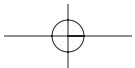
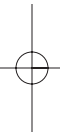
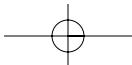
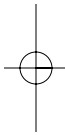
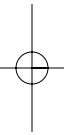




Book II.
The Trainee.





Book II.

The Trainee.

12th. November.

Rev. Hajime and I had a wonderful day visiting the language school in Shibuya. It was my happiest day in the world outside since I left England. The world really is a magnificent place.

14th. November.

Permission has been granted for me to attend the school and Rev. Tarō came with me for the first time so that I could learn how to find my way on the trains and buses for myself. The class seems to be full of Baptist missionaries. The teacher was a bit worried about this but I can see no cause for it. After all, so what? They are Baptist and I am Buddhist—and we all learn Japanese together—fine.

I have again asked Rev. Hajime if I am to be given a definite job here—I now realise that what I should have asked for is a job that is listed in the books since I am already doing the job of taking what foreigners come to the temple round it. My heart seems to be doing some queer things—bumping about—it made me feel a little sick—went to bed early.

15th. November.

We have now translated quite a lump of the Denkōroku. It is amazing how much of it seems to be being said inside my heart as I write it down. I startled Rev. Hajime to-day by asking who had written it in reality—I know that it is said to have been written by Keizan Zenji but it seems to have been written in eternity. He looked at me with worried eyes and said, “Be careful, be

careful, we will break your heart.” I laughed and said, “You can’t; nothing can. Physically I can die but spiritually never.” He grabbed me by the wrist and looked deep into my eyes then drew away and held his head in his hands. “I would not have believed it possible,” was all I could get out of him.

25th. November.

I have to move from my room to let the old priest who went to hospital have it. Rev. Hajime told me that I am to be *anja* to both of them. I am so glad—it will be an honour to serve them.

29th. November.

Despite all of the things going on around me my peace is, as it was, unshatterable. It is something so big in which everyone here shares.

1st. December.

To-day the order came from the Director that I am to be *anja* to the lecturers, that is, the three officers upstairs. I now live in the corridor since there is no longer a room for me to live in. I am so pleased that I am now “on the books” so to speak. It is not so pleasant knowing that one is here but not here in the eyes of the temple. I cannot help wondering how they have worked that one out with the press. I went round and bowed to every door of the temple, as do all trainees here, to tell everyone what my job is. I wonder why some of them laughed at me when I told them I enjoyed it?

4th. December.

The fourth day of *Sesshin* and I am wondering if I shall be able to keep it up. I can scarcely move my arms from the beatings. All this goes on and the peace sits there, neither smiling nor moving, crying nor remaining still. My heart is giving me much trouble.

6th. December.

It seems, according to the junior trainees, that everything Japanese is perfect and nothing else is any good. They have

spent most of their spare time to-day criticising everything I and other foreigners in the world do but I must say nothing in reply. Although it is Sesshin they spent most of the night playing mahjong downstairs. I went to the Zendō and Morning Service and came back to find them still in bed. How am I to understand what is going on?⁴ It is at times as if the evil of the whole world lies upon my back and I have to support it. How easy it would be to end it all.

This is madness—it is deluded thinking. I must turn and fight or I will stop my training—I do not know how to fight but I must. What they are up to is not my concern—it is the dust upon the mirror of the mind—and the mind is not there. I once asked Rev. Hajime if I could give my will to him since freedom from desire only comes when there is no wanting, no knowledge and no having, but he refused to allow me to even think of it.

8th. December.

I have been beaten every day since October the first and eight or nine times every day since Sesshin began. These last few days have been quite remarkable, however, in that whatever it is that sits in the Zendō just sits and sits and doesn't care whether I am alive or dead. Just my body bows when it is beaten and the stick bows too.^{11,13}

15th. December.

Was sent to lecture to some Americans in Yokohama today. Their questions were very disappointing and extremely shallow. I wonder why I never noticed such things before?

16th. December.

I was sent to get a sack of rentan-coal from the store this morning. On the way back to our house something seemed to go snap inside, my head began to swim and I genuinely saw stars. I dropped the sack of coal and it split open. The juniors from downstairs came to find me and were furious when they saw the broken rentans. I cannot remember exactly what happened but I think one of them struck me, then they went away taking the

rentans with them. Somehow I got back to my room where Rev. Hajime found me on the floor. He sent for a doctor and they took me to hospital. They want me to stay in but I have refused. They tell me I have had a small heart attack and must not carry anything heavy or do anything more strenuous than reading a book for several months. The doctor was very unwilling to let me return here but, since the hospital belongs to the temple, he could not argue about it. He let me go back in a taxi with a supply of medicine and strict instructions to Rev. Hajime to look after me.

28th. December.

Fainted in the Hondō this morning and two priests carried me back to my room. Rev. Hajime was very annoyed that I had not stayed in bed. The disciplinarian came to see me to-day along with quite a number of others. I have never before known them to be so friendly. Rev. Hajime says that it is now common knowledge that Zenji Sama is annoyed with Rev. Ichirō for what he has been doing with me and has agreed that he, Rev. Hajime, shall be allowed to teach me in future. Rev. Ichirō came to see me to ask how I was and to tell me that, since he was so busy, Rev. Hajime was going to teach me at such times as he was unable to do it. I wish my brain and body were not so tired—my spirit is willing to do everything but my body feels exhausted and my heart beats so fast I am wondering what is going to happen.

29th. December.

The exhaustion has increased unbelievably yet my meditation is so wonderfully peaceful. I heard this morning that I have passed my examination in Japanese which I took on December 3rd. It is amazing I could write properly for my shoulders ached so much from the beatings that I could scarcely hold the pen.

30th. December.

Went to the Zendō but was so dizzy I had to come back. One of the trainees from downstairs came up and grumbled

because I had not gone to meditation, so I went back again but Rev. Hajime saw me staggering through the door and immediately sent me out. Unfortunately the trainee downstairs did not believe me so I tried to go back for a third time but was so ill I could not make it. I rallied a little by lunch time and wrote the above. Even this exhaustion, although I feel ready to drop, is very peaceful—it is as I used to feel before being operated on years ago—the peacefulness that comes with the acceptance of the possibility of death—it is strange and very pleasant.

31st. December.

I am so hungry these days. Yesterday food kept floating in front of my eyes as I tried to meditate and I could even smell it. And then I saw London and Paris and Rome and they seemed so very pleasant and inviting. And a voice kept asking, “Why don’t you chuck it all? You could dine out on what you have already done for the rest of your life.”³¹ Even the rain was beautiful as I looked out at it. I must find the strength to fight against this; I must never stop meditating. It is the one thing I must never do.

The New Year celebrations went on all night. First we went to thank Zenji Sama for teaching us during the past year and then, after a ceremony in the Hondō to welcome in the New Year and pray for peace, we went back to his room to wish him a happy New Year. We had a big feast and plenty of saké and then an hour off before meditation started again at three in the morning. And this is going to go on in much the same way for three days along with the arrival of many guests. It is really fascinating and very wonderful. I wish I felt better so that I could enjoy it more.

2nd. January.

Rev. Hajime went to the Council to tell them I must rest by order of the doctor who came to see me yesterday or the hospital will not be responsible for what will happen to me. I went to bed very early and got up late but am still very shaky. Rev. Hajime gave me some saké to make me sleep.

3rd. January.

Woke up late and felt much better but my heart is still not good.

4th. January.

If I go slowly I am all right. I shall return to the Zendō in the morning.

5th. January.

Went to meditation and was beaten again three times. It is as well I do not suffer from fear of the kyosaku or I would by now be surely dead.

9th. January.

Have been out begging with everyone here every day since I have been able to walk again. It is so wonderful to be able to be with all the others.

10th. January.

Rev. Hajime came back to-day after being away since the third. I told him about Rev. Minoru who is living up here now, giving me Buddhist history lessons every day of the week. He was very pleased.

I said, "Always you say that I must be useful and I am trying my best to be so. But I find the attendance at ceremonies I do not understand very troublesome. Will you explain them to me?"

Again he smiled. "Consult the Lord," he said, "always He will tell you." Then he stopped. "No, that is too unkind, I will help you to translate."

"Going back to the business of being useful," I said, "I am always *trying* to learn, every minute. Because I could not talk to people here I tried to learn Zen when cleaning this house and you know what happened as a result of that. My understanding is mine and I can only show it to you in my actions—whether you believe it is right or not does not matter—whether you think my actions right or not does not matter for I do not do them with any motive other than the best I can

manage. You say I am clever with words but you are wrong—clever people do not enter monasteries and do the sort of things I have done—they stay in the world and enjoy their comforts. Clever people do not cross the world to try and do something about the mess they have got themselves into for they do not know they are in need of help. I am but one person—a despised woman. I have been here almost a year and the time has flown by, forgotten almost as a dream. You say I am hurrying—I must—for there is no time to lose. I cannot fully give you my thought; I try to see everything I do and say in the spirit of the Lord but my body does not seem to be strong. You say I have ‘too keen feeling’ to exist here safely. Tell me, how can I become stronger—you say I must find my own way—but even the night watch of this temple has a lantern to dispel the darkness.”

I wrote this down for I knew he would lose track of my words. He read it and then he wrote the following, very deliberately:—

“I have read through your writing. I have been beaten with your sincerity. I, too, am trying to do the best as possible. I do not know that what I am doing is right or wrong. Your sincerity will be promoting you. It is enough for you only to *try* to do something in order to make yourself useful. I should beg your pardon because I lose sometimes my temper; it is bad Japanese trait. I am treating you as I treat a familiar disciple. And, as the result, I pretend sometimes to lose my temper. You may do everything as you think best. Perhaps there may be many useless things for you because of the difference of customs. Because of this reason the outside ceremonies here will be useless for you as like as the Sōfugin [memorial ceremonies] inside this temple. Now again I should say to you, when there is a high character it will shine gradually on outside world. Please ask everything when you want.”

I bowed and left the room.

11th. January.

Rev. Hajime called me into his room early this evening so that we could get on with the translation for as long a time as

possible before the bell went for bed. During these very cold evenings there is no evening Zazen for the sake of the physical health of the trainees who are all too few at this time of the year and, with the large number of ceremonies and other things to attend to, would become exhausted and ill if expected to work non-stop from three in the morning until nine in the evening. I must admit that it is a concession that I myself deeply appreciate, much as I would like to do my evening meditation.

He said nothing for a few minutes after I had bowed and greeted him and then he spoke softly.

“It is going to be very difficult for you to do the formal Chief Junior ceremony since you are a woman and this is a male temple,” he said, “but Zenji Sama is determined that you shall be properly educated. It is possible for someone in your position to become Chief Junior without ceremony if you satisfy the actual Chief Junior requirements.”

“What are they?” I asked.

“You have already fulfilled them,” he replied. “A Chief Junior must be able to lead all his or her fellow trainees both by example and learning. You have already learned to handle your kōan of daily life; that is, you have learned how to find peace in the midst of hatred, distrust and prejudice. In consequence of this you have become a shining example to the other juniors here. You know your own spiritual indestructibility and you are not afraid of standing alone for what you believe to be right; and when you are wrong you do not complain about the consequences to yourself. In other words, you have learned to sail your ship on an extremely dangerous sea; a sea more dangerous for you than for anyone else here. All the rest of being Chief Junior is simply ceremonial which you can learn from a book.”

He waited for me to speak but I was silent.

“A Chief Junior must lead all his fellow trainees by example at all times and in all circumstances. You have fulfilled this requirement in every respect and your knowledge of basic Buddhism is excellent. With time you will know Zen teachings just as excellently.”

“What are the basic differences? Are they very great?” I asked.

“There is no *basic* difference. Zen is the closest of all the Mahayana schools to the original Buddhism of Shakyamuni Buddha. However, it has expanded the original teachings as time required that expansion, always keeping in mind that what was required of a Buddhist was the following of the spirit of Shakyamuni and not the letter of his words. Thus his basic kōan of suffering has become expanded into the first chapter of the Shushōgi which is the basic kōan of every living person at the present time, the understanding of birth and death and the full acceptance of them. When one speaks of suffering to the average person he thinks of a pain in his big toe or tooth-ache. The old words of Shakyamuni were right for his time but are not fashionable in ours; we want the explanation of the reason for existence, which is what Shakyamuni wanted but, with our more modern education and differing fashions in words, we call it the understanding of the reasons for birth and death. Shakyamuni found himself free from suffering after accepting it completely; we become free of the fetters of birth and death after accepting them completely. This is not a complete explanation but you can do your own research. Compare the Four Noble Truths with the Shushōgi and you will understand me. In a similar way you must take all the Buddha’s teachings and apply them to your own particular case after you have compared them with the teachings of Dōgen Zenji. You will find that they are progressing still, and expanding to meet the needs of the present day just as they did at the time of Dōgen; if they do not, then Buddhism must, of necessity, die for it has ceased to live in the present and is only a shadow of the past. Such shadows lead to dogmatism and rigidity.”

“Have you any other suggestions for Scriptures that can be compared in a similar way?” I asked.

“Many, but you must find them out for yourself. Only by such means will you ever learn how to make Buddhism live, grow and expand.”

“What you are saying is that I must make Buddhism pulse with life, my own life, if it is to be of any real use. That means that I must become greater than my own teacher; I must for ever leave him behind.”

“Correct.”

“Shakyamuni Buddha and I are one, as are all Buddhists with both him and me, and not merely all Buddhists but all people and all things both animate and inanimate. And none of us have anything to do with Shakyamuni Buddha.” I paused for a moment, so that he could thoroughly digest what I had written, then I continued. “Shakyamuni Buddha is of no importance at all at the present time and Shakyamuni Buddha lives for ever in me.”

He was silent, simply looking deeply into my eyes; then he spoke softly.

“You should ask Zenji Sama for the Transmission,” he said.

“If Transmission is what I think it is I do not understand you. As I know of it, Transmission is received when all training is finished and the master wishes to give his seal of approval to a disciple before he goes out to teach. I am anything but ready for that.”

“That is a popular misconception. Admittedly it is the giving of the seals of the master to someone whom he knows has understood his Own Nature but they are only given when the master is certain that the disciple concerned regards his training as just beginning every minute of his life and not when he thinks of it as being over. In other words, not when he thinks of himself as being enlightened and having nothing more to do. Understand the ‘gyate, gyate’ of the Hannyashingyō as ‘going, going,’ not ‘gone, gone.’”

“Doesn’t one have to have had some great kenshō before such a thing takes place? All that happened to me in October was that I realised that there was nothing more I could do but train myself constantly every day of my life and that I was the worst trainee in existence.”

“In so short a time after the event that is all you *are* going to understand of it,” he said smiling softly. “But, as you continue to train constantly, many things will become deeper and

clearer to you as a result of that kenshō. The peace within you will become more profound. Look back on yourself to last summer and what do you see? Read over this conversation on Shakyamuni Buddha; you did not know that you could make it; you know that it did not come out of your intellect and I have not told it to you. Therefore, Who did tell it to you?”

Something inside me jumped with a certainty of the rightness of his comments but I was still stuck with what I had heard of as being kenshō. “Something is very strange since that event in October,” I said, “and that is that none of my books make sense in the same way to me as they used to do. I am having to read the whole lot over again and it is quite startling what I am finding out. It is like living in a totally different dimension from what I used to and having to learn everything from scratch again within that dimension. Words don’t have the same meanings, people can’t press the buttons of my emotions and get the reactions that were customary. I don’t know who I startle most, others or myself. And it’s awfully alone; not lonely, just alone. I watch things and see things that I never saw before and, when I have a conversation with someone, I understand something totally different from their words from what I used to. People who knew me before are having problems adjusting to me, I am certain, but—oh, I don’t know, I could be wrong. I really don’t know anything any more.”

“For a mere three months since your kenshō that is quite good progress. You should be nicely ready for Transmission in a few months’ time.”

“But I can’t see people in the same way as I used to; it is all so different,” I said, “I really don’t know what I am talking about. I hope it makes some sense.”

“Of course you can’t see people in the same way as you used to. But your new way of seeing them is extremely interesting and you know it. Just be careful you do not become an observer. Remember you must participate and not merely watch otherwise you will become a useless stone Buddha. To thus be passive is quietism. And stop trying to get back to the other side of the river. It was you who tried to cross it with such mighty

efforts so you have only yourself to blame for having succeeded in crossing. You are trying to grab back your old ways and understandings as does everyone when he first understands. You know in your heart that there is no way back to giving your old emotions and thoughts their original sway over you. Simply sit still and accept what has happened and that you must now do everything from a totally different dimension as you call it.”

“It isn’t a matter of disliking it; I love it—no, that’s wrong—I don’t know what I feel about it—you see, love doesn’t mean the same thing any more either. I suppose I am just wondering if I am functioning efficiently—I don’t know what I am trying to say—I have no means of expression—all words have been grabbed away from me.”

“Wrong, you threw them away; what has happened you have done. There is no magic here.”

“How can I talk to you? I have no words to use—that’s hopeless—I don’t need any words to talk to you. I know that and I don’t know how I know it. And I don’t care because both you and I know that it doesn’t matter. You tell me I am ready for Transmission. Somewhere I read that the master’s and disciple’s eyes have to flow into each other and they laugh—what the hell am I talking about? None of this makes any sense and none of it matters.”

He became extremely animated and, for a moment, I thought he was angry. “Such tales are worse than stupid and useless,” he said hotly. “There are masters who mistake their own hypnotic powers, and the willingness or gullibility of their disciples to submit to them, for a genuine kenshō experience but they are worse than wicked. They are worse than jugglers playing tricks. There is, of course, a certain type of person who loves such things and they get their reward. Such eye-flowings are the equivalent of spiritual orgasms and leave one with the same flabby feeling afterwards that a physical orgasm leaves; such people enjoy what they think is spiritual joy for a few days and then return to being exactly as they were before it happened except that they now think that they ‘know’ and so they are in a worse state after their ‘understanding’ than they were before

it. A person who experiences a true kenshō is conscious, as you are, that he is the worst trainee in existence and that he is completely unworthy of what has happened to him. He can only preserve his state of awareness by always remembering how much he still has to do to make himself worthy of what he knows he is. Do not think that any such thing as you have described happens at Transmission; there is no play-acting; the master and disciple *know* each other. There *is* a flowing between them of which they *know* but it is not as you have described it. You will know the Turning of the Wheel of the Law when it happens.”³²

“Forgive me for asking such stupid questions and for disturbing you. I do not know how to talk any longer in words; and yet I must use them. It must be because my Japanese is so bad. I am sure that, if I could speak better, there would not have been the problems that have arisen with Rev. Ichirō. I know that they are really all my fault.”

“The problem is not one of language; it is just that you do not yet know how to express yourself in your new dimension as does no-one in the beginning. You will be able to use words again but with a totally different power than before and a totally different meaning for those who have the ears to see and the eyes with which to hear; for they will be hearing with their eyes just as much as they will be seeing with their ears and you will be talking with your heart. Already you are doing so. You are making perfectly good sense to me. But, as yet, you lack confidence. In a month’s time you will have mastered your new dimension and then there will be no stopping you. You could have said nothing you have said to-night even a month ago. But it would be good for you to improve your Japanese so that you can move about the temple much more freely and talk to everyone at all times. I will tell Zenji Sama you wish to be Transmitted.”

I was about to tell him that I did not want to be Transmitted and then stopped, realising that I did. I had known it all along, and so had he, without saying any words. Already our hearts were talking confidently to each other without any help whatsoever.

The night bell rang. I wished him good-night, bowed and left the room.

16th. January.

I went to Zenji Sama's room this morning and, in the presence of several others, completed the ceremony of Chief Junior. It was so wonderful to have it without any fuss and an awful lot of formality as would have happened had I actually done it in the main hall. When it was over we all had tea together and then I went back to my room together with Rev. Hajime.

"Zenji Sama says that if you continue as you are you will be Transmitted some time in the late spring or early summer."

"Really? He really thinks I'm good enough?" I said, truly amazed.

"It isn't a matter of being good enough or bad enough. Normally you would be Transmitted immediately but, because you are a foreigner and a female, he wants to make absolutely certain that no-one can ever accuse him of doing something he shouldn't actually do. He is quite afraid of Transmitting you and being told that he did it far too early. It is reasonable, knowing the difficulties that he has had here in just being able to keep you in the temple." Did I detect something grudging in his tone? Of course not.

"It doesn't really matter whether it's done early or late. I don't mind. The joy is that he is willing to do it," I said, my voice very still.

"It is advisable that you don't talk very much about the fact that he is going to do it otherwise there could be trouble. I doubt very much if Rev. Ichirō would be very happy if he knew that it was going to happen although it is none of his business." Again, something grudging? No.

"I don't see why I should keep quiet about it. I'm not ashamed of being Zenji Sama's disciple, nor am I ashamed of the fact that I'm a foreigner and a female, and you know it." My voice was again very still.

"That may be true but the fact remains that, although you can now handle the kōan of being both foreign and female, you

still *are* a foreigner and a female. At *all* times the kōan has to be overcome in the situation in which one finds oneself right *now*—solving it is a continuous process—and the situation you find yourself in is that you are still foreign and still female and will be fifty years from now; this kōan is going to appear again and again; it is soon to appear in the shape of Rev. Ichirō who is not going to be overhappy that a foreigner and a female has become the direct descendant of an Archbishop of Japan.” Again that tone in Rev. Hajime’s voice. What *is* it?

“It is still none of Rev. Ichirō’s concern. I am not becoming *his* direct descendant; I am becoming Zenji Sama’s.” Stillness—stillness everywhere.

“That is an excellent answer but it is time that you knew some of the problems that exist in the Buddhist world. Each one of us belongs to a different family. In the time of Shakyamuni Buddha there were only He and his actual disciples. Then, as those disciples travelled, they took disciples and so the family tree branched off in many directions and many schools of Buddhist thought. Our line comes directly from Makakashyō down through Ananda and, eventually, through Bodhidharma who took Zen to China. Eventually it came to Japan as a result of Dōgen Zenji who became the pupil of Tendō Nyojō when he was at Keitoku-ji in China. There is not just *one* line from the Buddha but many, for although everyone is descended from Bodhidharma in China and everyone here in Japan is descended from Dōgen Zenji, the fact remains that, since Dōgen Zenji in the twelfth century, many *more* lines have formed. Dōgen Zenji’s own pupils, through Keizan Zenji, became legion. Keizan Zenji had a great disciple named Gassan who founded one of the two greatest lines in the country. You and Zenji Sama trace your descendency through Manzan, the other great line in Japan. I myself am from Gassan. That does not make any difference in the real sense of Buddhism, for we are all one in the Spirit of Shakyamuni Buddha, but we are all different because we are descended from different lines and the teachings, and the techniques employed in teaching, are very slightly different according to the temperaments of the people through

whose hands they have passed. However, your line, coming directly from Shakyamuni Buddha, through Bodhidharma, through Dōgen Zenji, through Manzan Zenji and eventually through Zenji Sama who, at present, is living here in this temple, although it is one of the most powerful, is only one of *several* lines in Japan. There are more; however, they are not nearly as important as are my own, Gassan, and yours, Manzan. After the formation of the administration some years ago many problems came out; for the not-so-very-scrupulous among us decided to form into parties, known roughly as the Gassan and Manzan.”

“Do you mean to say that trainees squabble over which lines they belong to for religious/political purposes?” The idea seemed inconceivable yet he was completely serious.

“Yes, I do. Very much so. At the moment the Manzan line is in power in the administration so Zenji Sama can afford to do anything he wishes, including have you here in this temple, but the day may very well come when the Gassan line will be in power and you will find it very difficult to live in this temple; and, perhaps, even very difficult to live in Japan.”

“I see. So what do you suggest I do?” Be still, be still.

“I strongly suggest that you do not anger Rev. Ichirō. The elections for the administration take place every two to three years. I believe that from next year it is going to be every two but I am not sure of this. The Gassan line could well get in then and life would be very difficult for you.” Again that grudging tone in his voice.

“I’m having difficulty with words again, Rev. Hajime. It’s awfully difficult to understand how people like priests can—well—sort of form up into political parties; it’s even more difficult to understand how they can give them the names of great saints like Manzan and Gassan.” Do not be pulled off centre. Be still.

“When you know more about our administration you will understand a lot better. There are priests who don’t even register their disciples at all with the administration for they feel that, in many ways, it is far too corrupt. There are also many who feel that to register them with the administration is the only

way. I myself have always obeyed orders and so I register my disciples. Zenji Sama, too, has always obeyed orders, and so you have been duly registered but, whether this is good or bad I am not prepared to say; just I do that which I feel has to be done; just that and nothing more. Zenji Sama is a great man. Because of his greatness he can afford to register you with the administration and, at the same time, break its rules. I wonder sometimes if he is right in doing it.” The grudging tone was turning to one of censure and I was conscious of holding myself absolutely still.

“I am not going to listen to any criticisms of Zenji Sama. He is my master and always will be; whatever he does, right or wrong, in the eyes of the world, will always be the law for me.” An echo coming from a great distance.

“There speaks the good disciple but you may find that to live by that will be very difficult at a later date. You should be warned of the political dangers.” Did I detect a faint sneer in his voice or was it—jealousy? Surely not.

“Even although I know that nothing can destroy me?” An echo in stillness.

“Yes. You have understood the Lord of the House. You have understood that you are indestructible. You have understood eternal meditation but you have not yet understood the ‘with’ within the Denkōroku; for the ‘with’ is everything else around you and you must regard all that as Buddha as well. If you do not you will have great problems for you will then regard Zenji Sama as *the* Buddha and you will look at Rev. Ichirō as something that does not have the Buddha Nature.” A return to his old voice. I must have imagined what happened before in his tone.

“I could never do that and you know it. I know that Rev. Ichirō has the Buddha Nature and so do you.” Take off the brakes; no need to hold still.

“That may be but the fact remains that, unless you can take into consideration the feelings and aspirations of the Gassan line, you will never understand Buddhism fully.” Again—faint jealousy? My awareness seems to be so much clearer.

“What you are telling me is that I have to regard the Queen of England, the President of the United States and the Emperor of Japan as symbols of the Buddha Nature just as are you and I and—do you realise that we’d have to include Hitler in this as well?” His voice tones forgotten. All that matters now is the understanding.

“It is not ‘we *would* have to include Hitler,’ we *do* include Hitler. If you cannot see that he, too, possesses the Buddha Nature, however misguided he may have been, you are never going to understand Buddhism completely. You are always going to chop off a part of the Buddha Nature and say, ‘That little bit isn’t clean; that little bit isn’t nice.’ You cannot do that.”

Even as he spoke I understood completely what he meant. There is no part of me that can ever be chopped off. There is no emotion, no feeling, no thought, no word, no deed that does not come out of the Buddha Mind. I said this to him and went on, “Then the sex act is part of the Buddha Nature and expresses the Buddha Nature at every turn, for it is, of itself, clean. What we have done is made it dirty with our own guilts and misuse.”

“You are correct.”

“Eating and going to the toilet and washing clothes and scrubbing the floor are all part of the ‘with’ for they are all expressions of the Buddha Nature.” I stopped, amazed at myself.

“Go on,” he said.

“. . . and the sun and the moon and the stars and the earth; and the digging of the earth and the flowing water; these too are all expressions of the Buddha Nature, and the tongue I use to speak these words, and the food I eat, and the differences in the tastes; ‘by comparing them you can’—Yes! that’s what the Scripture means. ‘By comparing them you can distinguish one from other,’—and yet they’re all the same thing; they’re all expressions of the Buddha Nature and there is no way in which they can be separated off from it; and there is no way in which one can separate off any person or being or any living thing or— or centipedes even, and they’re such—now—no they’re not.”

“What were you going to say?”

“I was going to say they’re such—horrible looking things.”

“Do they make you shudder?”

“No, but—I don’t quite know what they do now. They used to terrify me. You know I told you about what happened when Rev. Tarō put an insect (I can’t remember its name now) on my head and, normally, I would have been terrified. Instead I took it off—I know what it was, a praying mantis,—and do you remember I took it off and I wasn’t scared of it at all? It was really a very lovely thing.”

“Of course, you had suddenly understood that it had the Buddha Nature, and you weren’t afraid of it because, if you were, you would have had to have been afraid of yourself.”

“Then when we are afraid of some external thing we are inadequate within ourselves—afraid of what the thing represents, and it is because we are afraid to live that we suffer from fear. Life is opening up so much, so widely, so vividly It’s like seeing a huge panorama instead of looking through a keyhole. That’s what it’s been like since I had this kenshō; like looking at a great scene which before was only glimpsed when you raised a curtain a fraction; almost instantly the curtain would be dropped again,—and now fear and love and hate do you remember I said to you last time that words have totally different meanings?”

“Yes, I remember.”

“Well, now now they do have totally different meanings but again in a totally different way. It is as though they change their meanings from moment to moment, flowing, nothing sort of fixed any longer; it’s like seeing each word in a kaleidoscope.”

“Ah! you have at last understood ‘Ūji.’”

“‘Ūji?’”

“Yes, you already have a very bad translation of it in one of your books.”

“Oh, yes. Ūji—on Being Time, Dōgen Zenji’s writings. I used to have a lot of problems with that. In one way I couldn’t understand what the translator meant but now I think I know. Existence, Time. It’s not Existence, Time, it’s a flow and, whereas before kenshō we understand fear as a sort of thing that

we're stuck with, at a later date, now, for example, I understand fear as something totally different. It's it's something that grows smaller and smaller as we become less and less fearful inside ourselves and what I was afraid of in the insect was something I was afraid of inside me. Now I can . . . I can look at the centipede even and see that it's just a centipede and nothing to be afraid of. You know I've got a friend down in Kyoto who tells me she is constantly attacked by them but they've never attacked me. It's really very odd."

"Why should they attack you? They know they have nothing to fear from you."

"No, that's very true, in fact, they get out of my way. Hey, I don't know how to express these things any longer."

"Give it time. I told you to give it a month or two and you'll be able to express yourself magnificently. You're doing awfully well right now."

"Oh! You know, I think if I were capable of being frightened what you've just said would frighten me."

"But it doesn't, does it?"

"No, it doesn't, and I'm wondering why it should."

"You are still not used to your new dimension."

"I see."

"Let's try again."

"Going back to the business with regard to Hitler, what we've just been talking about means that what we couldn't stand in him, what gave us such awful horror, was the realisation that we could do identically the same things as he did; we all had the potential of cruelty in us and that shocked us so horribly that we had to kill it in him. We realised that it was within us, good and evil both being part of us along with the Buddha Nature; he allowed evil to be in the ascendancy and we *knew* he was wrong. Our *mistake* was that we could not *accept*, and so transcend, the evil side of ourselves. I am not saying we should have allowed Hitler to run the world; obviously he could not be allowed to get away with evil; we had to go to war. But we wished to turn our eyes away from the fact that we *could* do the same things that Hitler did. We decided that he *alone* was evil

instead of saying 'I could be evil too; Hitler is a mighty example of what I must *not* become.' Looked at this way Hitler becomes an important teacher for me and I must be grateful to him for showing me what I could become. This is the reason why it is so difficult to keep the Precepts and why the Truth can't be given to us until we have kept them and learned to make them our blood and bones. We don't *want* to know that we can be evil so where is there any need for Precepts? Thus, no-one can enter into the Truths of Buddhism until he has made the commitment of becoming a priest otherwise he could use the knowledge of his own indestructibility for all sorts of evil purposes.³³ He would know his own true freedom and wouldn't care two hoots what he got up to with other people."

"That is completely right. You have understood the 'with' at last. You see, from now on you can carry on from there and there will be no difficulty in understanding, and you will know that you must hold everyone and everything as the 'with' aspect of the Buddha Mind and recognise that, whatever aspect of the Buddha Mind it shows, the Precepts must always hold it within themselves."

"Then making the Precepts part of my blood and bones means that the Precepts will eventually fall away because I will be their actual embodiment."

"Haven't you realised that, in your case, the early moral form of them already has? You have gone on beyond morality."

"I thought they had but oh dear, there goes the bell. We'd better go to service. Can we continue this later?"

"To-morrow. I have to go out this evening."

We bowed to each other, the first time he had bowed to me fully, and I left the room.

17th. January.

Rev. Hajime came back this morning, instead of last night as he had originally arranged, but it did not really make very much difference because as soon as he had eaten he called me into his room and said, "I think it's about time we started translating the Precepts."

I said, "But I already know them."

"Yes, you know the version that most people are given but you do not yet know the Kyōjukaimon."

"I heard it during my Jūkai ceremony."

"Did you understand it fully?"

"No, the Japanese was too old for me to be able to."

"That's what I meant, so we're going to translate it. Get some paper and we'll get on with it at once."

I settled down at a side desk, which he has now arranged for me in his room, and he got out the old book and started working on it. We had just finished the beginning preamble and had got to the first Precept, "Do not kill, but no life can be cut off. Do not kill Buddha. Do not cut off the life of Buddha," when he said, "Before we go any further I want you to explain that."

"Oh. 'Do not kill.' I understand that."

"But do you understand 'not cutting off the life of Buddha,' because only that is real death?"

"I think so. May I tell you what I think it is?"

"Of course. I am waiting."

"As I understand it, it's a matter of mind attitude in the sense of the *kokoro*, the heart-mind, wanting to do harm. One frequently accidentally kills. We kill millions of microbes every hour of the day just by breathing and we're always treading on grass and insects and things like that. To 'cut off the life of Buddha' is to *will* to hurt, to harm; to *will* to kill, if you like, the compassion within ourselves; to *will* to kill the feeling that other creatures have the right to live."

"Go on."

"Let me think. How can I put this? The trouble is I know what I'm trying to say and I can't get it out."

"I know that one but what are you going to do when you have to lecture to people who come to you with questions like this? You have to be able to talk to them on these matters; you have to be able to explain them."

"Yes, let me think again. I know what it means. It's the 'with' we were talking about yesterday."

He smiled. "Take it from there."

“If we kill something deliberately there’s a bit of ourselves that we’re cutting off and there’s something even more than that. We’re saying that something hasn’t got the right to live, in other words, that something hasn’t got the right to be Buddha. There’s something that we’re not accepting there’s something we’re saying just well, can’t *be* Buddha. That’s the Precept that everybody breaks when they say, ‘Oh, well, this is pure and that’s impure.’ When they say that a purity is It means that if I say that Hitler is difficult to see as a Buddha I am trying to kill Buddha; if I say something is unclean I am killing the Buddha Nature within that thing itself; if I say but that means that morality has to be thought of from a totally different angle, for morality is only a rule of thumb: that which leads to a higher, truer morality—a morality beyond morality.³⁴ At a later date, as we spiral in, we discover that we cannot really live completely by the Ten Precepts, otherwise we are always working out which one to break and which one not to. We have to live by the Three Pure Precepts, but even they are not enough. Every time we look at somebody and say, ‘Well, I can see the Buddha Nature in so-and-so but I can’t see it in him over there,’ we’re literally killing the Buddha and it’s our own delusions that kill the Buddha. That’s why we don’t know that we ourselves *are* Buddha. That is why we are not enlightened. Because we cannot recognise the Buddha in all things we constantly kill the Buddha. We can know, we can feel instinctively, that the Buddha is everywhere but we have not understood the ‘with,’ we have not understood that our bones, flesh, blood, marrow yes, and our sexual side as well, and all the mud and the things we hate and all the torture side of ourselves and all the evil, all is *the* aspect of the Buddha Mind. We have to learn to accept it and work through it and bring compassion to bear on those who only exhibit one aspect, and even love them whilst we restrain them because, only by so doing, can we teach them better things. So every one of us is a murderer every day of the week; every time we discriminate against someone else.”

“Quite correct.”

“That is the meaning of ‘do not kill.’ It is not just ‘don’t go out and slaughter an animal for food,’ it is ‘don’t discriminate against other people, don’t set yourself up, don’t say “I know who’s a true teacher and I know who isn’t,” ’ because, instantly, we are killing. All the Precepts interact upon each other and spiral in. After a bit we get over the fact that the Ten Precepts are the limit of morality and go on to something deeper. We come to where the Ten Precepts fall away and all we have to live by are the Three; to cease from evil, to do only good and to do good for others.”

“That’s right.”

“Then they fall away too, because they’re still bounded, and we are left with the True Heart within us which is the Buddha Nature. That’s why ‘Homage to the Buddha, Homage to the Dharma, Homage to the Sangha’ are the only *Real* Precepts and anybody who takes the refuges completely has taken the Precepts. It means that I believe there is within me something greater, something far more wonderful than I have yet been able to show to the world. It means that I know that within me is something intrinsically good and that I can be worthy of it by being better than I am; that there is a teaching which can help me and that there are priests who have realised their True Nature who can give me guidance.”

“Good. Now you have understood ‘do not kill.’ You have understood that no life can be cut off and you have understood it from the moral, from the Lord of the House and from the ‘with.’ You have gone through the phases and now your training must express it. At a later date you will take it deeper still.”

“I’ll try. I honestly will.”

“I believe it but you will fall many many times and every time you fall you’ve got to scramble back; and you’ve got to go on believing that you *can* scramble back.”

“That’s the meaning of faith. Faith isn’t a belief in an outside God; it isn’t a belief in something external. It’s the belief that one can always go on and do better than one has done before through the guidance of the Buddha Nature. That’s the *real* meaning of belief.”

“Yes, so it is.”

“Faith is the faith in us. It’s the faith in the Buddha Nature; in our possession of it. Now to really try and put it into practice.”

“We will go through the other Precepts steadily over a period of time and you will find that they are all one and the same Precept.”

“Can’t we do them now? ‘Do not steal, but there is nothing to be stolen.’”

“To-morrow. Don’t try to rush. The world takes time to develop and so can you. You’ve already got a long way. I want you to settle down and work quietly; let these things sink in. Remember that just having a kenshō is not nearly enough; all that it does is open up the panorama; whether or not we want to see it is another matter.”

“Yes. Seeing God is one thing and knowing how to live with Him is quite a different one or, better still, becoming a saint is quite a different one. That is the meaning of endless training.”

“Correct. What you have to do, now you have seen it, is learn to understand and express it.”

“But don’t you realise that you’re—well,—sort of not teaching me anything, you’re dragging it all out of me?”

“That is how Zen is taught. The master only points the way. Remember what it says in the Scriptures, ‘Trainees contain the ultimate, masters contain the means; correctly blended this is good.’ All Zenji Sama and I do is point. You have done the work and you walk alone and you can walk alone very well indeed. Why do you want any more?”

“It’s just a totally different concept of teaching, that’s all. Always, when I was being taught before, the teachers were putting stuff in, never taking it out.”

“That’s the usual concept of teaching but it is wrong. We must realise that within us is a great storehouse of knowledge; all we have to do is tap it.”

“Isn’t there a danger of becoming swollen headed?”

“Very much so. You must watch constantly for the desire for power. There will even be power struggles within your own mind. The nearer one gets to mastery the worse they become.”

“Yes, I can see the danger of that, but if I really *can* see that everything, that every aspect of me and the universe is *the* Buddha Nature expressing itself at all times then I’ll be able to handle it.”

“Good. Leave me now. I have to prepare a lecture for this evening.”

“Thank you, Rev. Hajime. In any case I must go to some ceremonies. I now help with the memorial ceremonies in the Hondō.”

“Yes, I know. There are about seventeen this morning. You’ll probably be pretty tired.”

“I suppose I shall be. Anyway, can we continue this evening?”

“I don’t really know; I may have to go out again this evening but we can certainly continue again to-morrow.”

“Thank you very much.”

Again we bowed to each other and I went to prepare for the ceremonies.

Changing my robes to go to the Hondō it struck me that the last two or three lines of the Zazen Rules really *are* extraordinarily apt. After all, he wasn’t putting anything into me; he was dragging it out just by throwing out ideas. And through and through my mind kept running those last few lines, “If you do these things you will become as herein described, then the Treasure House will open naturally and you will enjoy it fully.” I *own* the Treasure House and *always* have owned it. What an idiot I have been not to have noticed it before and not to believe, not to realise that the only person who could open the door to it was me. I really am very stupid.

18th. January.

My illness came back again to-day; in fact my heart was so bad that I was almost unable to move. The trainees downstairs were a bit angry about this; they were really very angry indeed

I suppose. They came up to know why I had not been to Morning Service: it is so difficult trying to explain to them. I wonder sometimes if my Japanese is really as bad as they make out. I seem to make everybody else understand me but—I wonder—don't they *really want* to understand downstairs or is it just me?³⁵ It really must be me—I think.³⁵ It *cannot* be them.

Anyway, Rev. Hajime went away and won't be back for ten days so I'll try and rest as much as I possibly can. I went to see the Director to tell him of the state I was in and almost collapsed at the door. He was very kind and told me to stay in bed so maybe he'll explain clearly to the others here.

28th. January.

Rev. Hajime returned this morning and I told him the problems that I've been having, notably the fact that, although I told the Director about the situation with my health, either he forgot to tell other people about it, or he was just too busy to, because it seems that none of the Dōans or officers knew that I was ill. Rev. Ichirō turned up and was pretty angry about it but, finding me in bed, went away again. I told him to contact the doctor at the hospital; I hope he did so. It seems I have been forced to lie in bed for such a long time and the medicine they're giving me is really odd; powders with tablets embedded in them. A bit difficult to take too. Anyway, it seems to be making me feel a bit better. It also seems to be making me quite sleepy.

29th. January.

There was a tremendous rushing round in the temple this morning. The festival of Bean Throwing is to take place soon and that means that most trainees are going to be in the grounds with side shows, having fun. It's the big, official festival of the Spring; and I'm told it always snows! It's also officially the *first* day of Spring. February 2nd seems a bit early, to my mind, to be celebrating Spring but it's a nice thought. Winter does seem to have been rather long.

Anyway, as well as the side shows, there are going to be big processions of all the local dignitaries and merchants who are

coming to throw beans. I'm really looking forward to seeing it; that's if I'm well enough to get outside.

2nd. February.

It's now six o'clock in the evening. I went to watch the bean throwing; it was really quite remarkable. There were three main processions, one at about noon, one at three in the afternoon and one later this evening at five o'clock. Everyone who was going to throw beans went to the big guest rooms where they changed into special old time Japanese costumes. They have to pay fifty or a hundred thousand yen each to attend this ceremony and they have to be a specific age; boys of seven, for example, and men of twenty and forty-five; I'm not *sure* of the actual ages. They went in procession to a platform ramp which had been built from the center-front of the Butsuden right out into the gardens. They went into the Butsuden for a special ceremony after which some of them won prizes because their admission tickets had lucky numbers. Some of the things they won were big Bodhidharma dolls. They were each given a tray of beans and, after the ceremony, they came out of the hall with the Director at their head. The Director shouted, "Out evil! In, Good Luck!" in very old Japanese, whilst throwing beans into the crowd of several thousand spectators, and everybody threw beans along with him. The throwing out of beans is the throwing out of all the old year's bad luck and the bringing in of the good luck for the new year. Odd that Buddhists should have a ceremony like this but it's rather fun. It reminds me a bit of the way in which the Christians took over the old pagan festivals in England.

When it was over everybody went back to their respective rooms, changed their clothes and had a big feast. As I said earlier the procession and ceremony took place three times but the most interesting was that in the evening for all the participants carried paper lanterns. There were thousands of people in the garden to catch the beans. And it wasn't only beans they were throwing; little oranges and all sorts of other things went through the air. I can't remember exactly—well—in fact, I

didn't get close enough to see what all the other things were for, of course, they wouldn't let me join in. A bit awkward being a foreigner. I sometimes wonder what I've done wrong to be one. I also sometimes wonder which it is the worst to be, a foreigner or a woman. Anyway, I thoroughly enjoyed the day but it would have been nice to have been closer to everyone.

I had to come back to my room halfway through the second ceremony and go back to bed because my heart was causing me so many problems. It got a little better, however, and I was all right again in two or three hours but I missed most of the second. And now, as I write this, I'm feeling a bit queer again. Maybe I shouldn't have stood around so much.

4th. February.

I was so ill this morning that Rev. Hajime got very angry with me for having gone to the bean throwing. He said I'd thrown away everything that I'd done to try and get better in the last ten days. The doctor took me off to hospital and then rang Zenji Sama. He was very angry about the state I was in and said that I must go away for a rest; but there's nowhere I can go to. I asked Rev. Hajime if I could go down to his home temple but he said that there was no possibility of it whatsoever so I must just try and stick it out here and hope that I improve. Of course I've got some friends down in Kyoto but, somehow, I don't think they'd be too happy to have me. I was never terribly close to them when they were in England. I suppose I shall always be a loner and the fact that they dislike foreigners and females so much here makes me more lonely still but the joy remains within. That, at least, is mine and always will be and, if this heart problem of mine kills me to-morrow, I'll know that I found what I came looking for. That's the glory of this whole thing; I *found* what I came looking for! What is even more amazing is that I can talk about it and I never knew any of it was inside me; I marvel at this every day. I suppose this is what is meant when they say that a Buddhist is born alone and dies alone; he is complete, needing nothing. He finds the peace within himself, the peace that was always there, but never really has anyone else that he

can rely on other than himself. Oh, I'm making a mess of this; I don't even know how to express it. Maybe the illness is causing problems but I'm peaceful and awfully happy.

26th. February.

I returned to the Zendō this morning. It's been almost a month that I've been away sick but at least it wasn't during term-time so there was no real problem. Everybody glowered at me. I suppose that was to be expected. I feel awfully guilty at having been ill so long and having neglected my training in this way. I really should have been with everybody else doing everything with them. I'll make up for it now. I'll really work like mad to make up for it.

28th. February.

Rev. Hajime wouldn't translate any more of the Kyōjukaimon to-day, nor listen to explanations of it, because he felt that it was more important for us to work on part of the Denkōroku. We worked so hard we almost completed one chapter; now I am busy writing it up. It will probably take me quite a long time so I doubt if I'll get a chance to do anything more with him to-day; in any case, he's awfully busy.

Good to feel so much better but I'm terrified of some of the things that I know I've got to be able to do. For example, I must be able to do OBon dancing. I don't want to collapse out in the gardens. I wonder if I could really no, I'd better not do that. It's wrong to talk to Zenji Sama over a matter so unimportant. I asked Rev. Hajime about it and he said that I must do all things at all times. So I must really try. I'd love to be able to do it—the only thing is—can I?

1st. March.

Rev. Hajime, as soon as I entered his room this morning after Morning Service, said, "All right, now I want to hear your explanation of the greatest of all the Precepts, 'I take refuge in the Buddha.' It's the one and only Precept that really matters."

"But I thought we were going to do 'Do not steal' to-day?"

“Yes, I know you did but there is no point in your doing that for you already understand it. You have already done extraordinarily well on that set of Precepts.”

“What do you mean?”

“By the way in which you explained ‘Do not kill.’”

“But what about, oh, of course, you’re right. They’re all the same Precept. Stealing, killing, coveting, all are the same thing. I’m taking something away from someone by killing him; I’m stealing his life; coveting it; I am treating him as less than Buddha. I I don’t know how to put this but yes, I can understand now what you’re talking about with ‘I take refuge in the Buddha.’ I’m in an awful muddle this morning.”

“No, you’ve just had quite a long time when you haven’t exercised your mind on what you learned during your kenshō and you need to get it going again.”

“Can I try again?”

“Of course.”

“‘I take refuge in the Buddha.’ The Ten Great Precepts aren’t really the first Precepts.”

He smiled quietly. “Yes?”

“No, the first Precepts are the things we get when we’re very young; when we’re very definitely spiritual children, not spiritually adult, not autonomous.”

He stopped me for a moment to look up two or three words and said, “Yes, autonomy, that is a good word. Autonomous, that is a good word.”

I said, “We start off with ‘I’ll *try* not to kill’ and ‘I’ll *try* not to steal.’ ‘I’ll *try* not to’ . . . all sorts of things. I’ll *try* not to covet and not to lie; but it’s *me* that’s going to do the trying. At a later date we say that we *won’t* do it. Because there’s no *point* in our doing it; we would only be hurting ourselves.”

“That is correct.”

“It is only later, when we get to these ten *Great* Precepts, which speak of something other than morality, that something is saying to us ‘you mustn’t do that.’ We’ve then got to the state when the Buddha Nature rules us and tells us what to do.”

“And what *is* the Buddha Nature?” he asked.

“It’s the ‘I take refuge in the Buddha.’ It is the Buddha Heart Itself which takes refuge in Itself.”

“Yes.”

“As I said, we start off by saying, ‘I’ll *try* not to do this or that and then come to the Precepts which we get when we’re ordained in which we say, ‘I *will* not do this or that.’ Then come the Great Precepts when the Buddha Nature Itself is telling us ‘Don’t do that.’ The Ten Precepts are a sort of rule of thumb. They show us the diversification.”

He stopped me to look up the word “diversification,” smiled, and then said, “Go on.”

I said, “It’s they explain to us the diversification, the ways in which we can make mistakes, the ways in which we can make a muddle of our lives. We find that, when we kill something, we are also killing the Buddha and everything else that is around us as well as the True Nature within ourselves; if we steal something from another we also steal from ourselves for we think there is something we haven’t got; in coveting something from another we covet from ourselves because we think there is something that we are without. It’s not that we have to get rid of *self*; we have to get rid of our own *inadequacy*.”

He stopped smiling and studied me with great care. “Go on.”

“When we get rid of our inadequacy we realise that we *know* we can do no wrong for neither right nor wrong exist;³⁴ we don’t *need* the Ten Precepts for we have already ceased from evil. Since there is nothing that can be stolen from us and nothing to steal, since there is nothing that can be taken away from us, we ourselves cannot steal; since there is no life to be cut off there is no death.”

“Yes.”

“So we really *do* cease from evil, do only good and do good for others. The Ten Precepts drop away and all we have left are the Three Pure Precepts; just that and nothing more. I’ve explained it awfully badly.”

“No, you haven’t. You’ll explain it a lot more clearly later on but you’ve got the idea all right. You have understood that the Ten Precepts don’t matter.”

“Oh, but they do. They are the focal points of our responsibility. Supposing I’m faced with a decision such as speaking against someone who is doing wrong. I must speak, otherwise he could do harm to others; and I’m stuck with the karma of speaking for I have broken a Precept; in breaking one I have broken all of them. I have, well, tried to destroy him in the eyes of others, to kill him; to steal his reputation from him; to covet it.”

“Yes.”

“So I’m bound by the consequences of my action; but I’m also bound by something else; the Three Pure Precepts, to cease from evil, do only good and do good for others. This means that I must take the consequences of my actions without complaining about them in order not to commit a much greater fault. Just as it is impossible to keep the Ten Precepts perfectly, because they’re always interacting upon each other, so it is impossible to keep the Three Pure Ones perfectly for, in order to cease from evil and do only good and do good for others, we are still sometimes going to have to break the Ten. So we come to the Three that matter, the Three Refuges. To get advice from those who are more learned than we are, that is the Sangha, is to take *refuge* in the Sangha; to take *refuge* in the teachings of the Buddha is never to be afraid when those teachings cause us to suffer as a result of the law of karma; to take *refuge* in the Buddha is to have *faith* in the Buddha Nature within our own hearts, to listen to the Voice of the Eternal Lord. Christians, I suppose, would call the Buddha Nature the Holy Spirit.”

“We have nothing to do with Christians.”

“Oh, but we do. Their spirit is identical to ours. They call it something different, that is all.”

“I am not prepared to go into that. I do not know enough about Christianity.”

“I do and I know that’s what it means. Anyway, when we take refuge in the Buddha Nature, which is in our own hearts, and the teachings of the Buddha Himself within us, when we act completely from our hearts and not from our heads or emotions, we are ruled by nothing. We’re obeying our own higher or Buddha Nature. So, from the very beginning, we have to do

something about all these Precepts because we have to allow our higher nature to show before we can do anything real, before we can be truly responsible people. This brings us full circle back to the rule of thumb, the Ten Precepts, not to kill, not to steal and all the rest but we must still accept the responsibility of not being able to keep them perfectly and take the consequences thereof.”³⁴

“Good. I want you to write everything out and let me see it when I come back.”

“Why, are you going away again?”

“Yes, I shall be away for quite a long time. I probably shan’t get back here until term starts at the beginning of April.”

“Oh dear, it is so unfriendly here when you’re gone.”³⁵

“Nonsense. You have to *keep* peace within *yourself*; you cannot rely on other people. How many times have I told you that a Buddha, a human being, man or woman, is born alone and dies alone?”

“That’s very true. But all of you can talk to each other. And you don’t despise each other because you’re men or because you’re Japanese.”³⁵

“It was you who chose to come here. Because you chose to do something unusual you must put up with the unusual consequences. It is not my fault that you are a woman or that you are a foreigner.”

“I’m not complaining, Rev. Hajime. I’m just thinking how wonderful it would be to have a friend or two.” And, even as I said this, I knew something else. I knew that a priest has no friends—not if he is a real one. That all of these young people can talk to each other doesn’t necessarily mean that they are friends. They *talk* to each other, that is all. What, after all *is* a friend? From what I have seen of people, when in the world, I know that all they want me for is to discuss themselves. They are terrified of doing anything more; terrified of being friendly with another human being. I have so much that I want to give but I must not thrust it on those that don’t want it.

“What are you thinking?” he asked.

“Nothing at all, Rev. Hajime, it wasn’t important. Just silly thoughts. Please forgive me.”

“What are you going to do while I’m away?”

“Oh, I’ll probably write up all the stuff we’ve been doing and the notes on the Denkōroku. Get everything ready for when you come back.”

“There is a group of American tourists coming to-morrow. Would you be good enough to take them round the temple? You know that Zenji Sama has asked that you look after all foreign visitors that come here.”

“Yes. What do I do about getting information on the history of this temple?”

“Ask anyone you wish.”

“Somehow I don’t think that’s going to be good enough. A lot of them won’t talk to me.”

“Well, what is it you want to know?”

“I have got a small brochure on the temple in Japanese but please tell me about each of the buildings. The Japanese is so old that I just can’t read it.”

“Nonsense. You have been studying Japanese for some time. You should be able to read quite a lot.”

“That I should be able to, and that I can, are two different things. Please help me.”

Somewhat grudgingly, for he seemed to be in something of a warm temper, (why I couldn’t work out) he quickly scribbled down a few notes on each of the buildings and told me to fill in the details. I hope I can get enough information by to-morrow. He went away later this afternoon and that’s it, I suppose, until he comes back at the beginning of Jūkai. It’s going to be almost a full month again.

3rd. March.

The American tourists arrived. They attended a banquet with Zenji Sama and I was called in to be introduced to them and to discuss many things with them. Most were from various offices and military bases throughout Japan. Some of them wanted me to lecture to them on my life in the monastery, what

I was doing and what Buddhism had to teach and I agreed to do so. It looks as though my loneliness may actually be lifting a little. I must be a very bad trainee if I can't really live completely alone, if I *must* have human company. But I don't know. What *am* I trying to do? Am I trying to be *too* perfect?

Several of the Americans invited me to their homes; it will be wonderful to be with Western people again. I wonder when I will be able to go? I bet it won't be for several years yet. They may have all returned home by then.

4th. March.

Rev. Ichirō arrived at my room with three reporters this morning and informed me that, if I didn't see them, he would go to Zenji Sama and say that I was uncooperative. I told him that he could go to whomsoever he wished; I was not going to be cooperative. He went away in a temper. He is very careful now to come only when Rev. Hajime is away. I must really try to be somewhere else for the long summer holidays.

One of the cameramen tried pushing his camera in my face to get pictures because he thought they would look good whether I was willing to talk to him or not. I left the room. Unfortunately, in rushing downstairs to avoid him, I jogged my heart a bit. Now I suppose I'll be ill again. Oh, why do these people keep this stupidity going?⁴

Since the Americans came yesterday my loneliness has become all the more poignant, all the more obvious. I didn't realise how much I enjoyed seeing them. This afternoon I decided I had better try to do something about this and the only thing I could think of was to go and tell Zenji Sama. It seemed an unimportant thing to see him about but I really didn't know what else to do. However, I knew that the only way I could get to see him would be if I were to take him a present since I wanted to see him officially; that would be the only way I would get past all his assistants so I went out and, knowing that he loves goldfish, bought the largest and most beautiful fan-tailed fish I could see. It didn't cost an awful lot; only three hundred yen which is about six shillings.³⁶

I went to Zenji Sama's house with the chubby fish in a plastic bag. There was much bickering with the assistants but I insisted that, since I had a present for Zenji Sama, I had a right to see him and, what was more to the point, intended to do so. After a long argument with me pointing out that Zenji Sama was, at least officially, my master, whether they liked it or not, I was permitted to go into the garden and look at him through his window.

Zenji Sama, apparently feeling that this was not quite right, kindly opened the window and came out, smiling gently.

As a result of all the bickering and argument I began to stammer, in really atrocious Japanese, and with one eye over my shoulder at the scowls of the assistants, that I had brought him a present.

"I have brought you the most perfect fish I could find for your pond," I said.

He flashed me a lovely smile. "But a perfect fish cannot live in a pond with other fish. So I will keep this one in a bowl in my room until it becomes less perfect." So saying, he took the bag and disappeared back into his room again.

I'm not sure how long I stood in the garden staring at the closed window but it must have been for some time for I came to myself again to hear the chief assistant asking me just how long I intended to stay there. It was as though my mind had been turned inside out. Here was I, trying to be absolutely perfect according to the Precepts, terribly earnest, sincere almost to the point of morbidity in some ways, trying to explain how to live completely and utterly by the Precepts and completely and utterly by one's own heart, sitting in the Meditation Hall every morning, even getting there before anyone else did, with the attitude of mind, "Beat me, I need it, I've been so bad in the past," and wondering why everyone avoided my company.

A thought flashed through my head, "But it doesn't really matter what they think. What matters is that I am as perfect as I can be." What Zenji Sama said had definitely shaken something loose inside me though. I bowed to the assistant and left the garden.

5th. March.

I didn't go to the Meditation Hall this morning; I stayed in bed. Just before breakfast I got a telephone call from the irate senior assistant in Zenji Sama's house. After scolding me soundly for not being at meditation he informed me that Zenji Sama had accorded me the unprecedented honour of wishing to drink tea with me. Since I had not been to the Meditation Hall he, the assistant, could not possibly understand why.

On reaching the house I was not at all surprised to find Zenji Sama standing by his goldfish pond holding the fish I had brought him in a bowl.

"Let's put this fish into the pond before we drink our tea," he suggested and together we emptied the contents of the bowl into the pond and watched the fish scuttle away. We went indoors to have tea and cakes and, when we had finished, he said, "I expect you in the Meditation Hall in the morning."

"I shall be there, Zenji Sama," I replied. "Afterwards, may I help dig up the weeds in your garden?"

"With pleasure. I will come and help you myself," he said.

I bowed and left him.

The questions and answers we had exchanged were exactly what I felt they should be. They were part of what went on yesterday and they are the answer to my question about loneliness. What he has really said, especially in the last part with regard to the weeds, is, "Strive for perfection within but don't make a parade of your striving so that the world shall call you holy." I've been striving so hard; I'm sure that's why they're so unfriendly. I must always be sitting still in the Meditation Hall within my own heart and not make a show of being in the physical Meditation Hall. I must appear at all times to be quite natural. Wrong deeds, words and thoughts—they are the weeds, and they must be rooted out. But, since neither master nor disciple are perfect, this is something which we must do together and not separately. And, if I'm a wise disciple, while honouring my master as my teacher, I must not copy his mistakes, and I must recognise that he, like me, can make them. I mustn't

become so attached to perfection that no-one wants to be with me. That's how I understand what he was saying.

When I went to see him yesterday I felt as though I was all tied up with wire and now I'm all shaken loose again. I'm back where I was long ago, the day that I knew the bucket of water was completely clean, always will be and always was.³⁷

I worked like mad for the rest of the day. At everything and anything—writing about the different things I've been discussing with Rev. Hajime and this incident of the goldfish. I'm keeping a whole stack of notebooks now as well as this big one for the diary. It makes such a pleasant change to be able to write. It doesn't really matter whether they're friendly or unfriendly downstairs. What does matter is that I make myself worth knowing. I must at all times work on *me* so that it won't *matter* whether I am a foreigner or a female.

8th. April.

Rev. Hajime came back this morning. He seemed quite refreshed after his long holiday but there was a sort of yearningness about his eyes. He said it was called 'natsukashii,' loneliness in spring. I pointed out to him that 'natsu' meant summer not spring but he said, "Early summer always makes one homesick."

I wanted him to check all the things I'd been writing but he didn't really seem interested. He just gazed out of the window and kept grumbling about the fact that he'd had to come back to the temple and how much he wanted to be at home. I really felt awfully sorry for him but there wasn't much I could do. So, in the end, I just left him.

In the evening he called me into his room; there were two large flagons of saké on the floor. "I want you to drink with me," he said. "It will help cure the problem with your heart. It will make you sleep more."

"Rev. Hajime, do you think it's wise?"

"Are you saying that I shouldn't drink? Are you saying that I'm bad?" He was returning to his very bad English again.

"Of course not. I'm just saying, is it wise?"

“You know quite well that most of the priests in this temple drink.”

“Oh, no, Rev. Hajime, not all of them drink. Some do.”

“Most do. And *I* have every intention of drinking as much as I want to. If you don’t want to drink with me I’m not interested in teaching you anything.”

“But that’s blackmail, Rev. Hajime.”

“You call it blackmail! Get out of my room.”

“All right. I’ll drink with you. Can we translate some more when you’ve—when you’ve drunk a bit?”

“If I feel like it.” His temper got steadily worse throughout the evening and, in the end, at about half past eight, I made his bed and asked to be excused. “You’ll be excused when *I* feel like it.”

“Yes, Rev. Hajime.” I sat down on the floor again, looking at him worriedly. He had drunk almost the whole of one flagon and was beginning to eye the second. I opened one of my notebooks and started reading it.

“Do you realise that it is very rude to read when you are sitting with me?”

“Rev. Hajime, I just don’t know what to do. I honestly don’t.”

“You must do everything right at all times.”

“Believe me, that’s what I’m trying to do right now.”

“When the master is drinking you observe him drinking. When he sleeps you observe him sleeping. When he is angry you observe his anger.”

“Yes, Rev. Hajime.” I sat on for a few more minutes, watched him nod off and fall upon his desk, sound asleep. I wasn’t quite sure what I ought to do so, in the end, I picked up one of his quilts and put it round him at his desk; I then turned out the light, lit a small night light beside his bed and left the room. There seemed nothing else to do.

I hope he doesn’t worry me like this too often. Between all the things that normally go on here, and now his beginning to drink, life is, to say the least, quite difficult.³⁵

9th. April

Jūkai began to-day. It was a typical Spring day—raw, cold, bright and beautiful. I was looking forward to going to the Jūkai ceremonies again now that I know so much more about them from Rev. Hajime's explanation and was bitterly disappointed when I discovered that the job I'd been given was washing up cups and saucers for the guests. But there'll be other Jūkais, other years. I'll see the wonderful ceremonies again.

I was a little disturbed to overhear Rev. Hajime talking with one of the other seniors in this house. "She insists on having an actual job," he was saying. (But I have not insisted!)

"What do you mean?" replied the other.

"Well, she wants to be able to go to the ceremonies and be in with everyone but it's quite impossible. I mean, after all, she is a foreigner and a female."

"We can always give her *just* the job of washing the dishes."

"That's what I thought and if there isn't somebody else to *bring* the tea she can, of course, bring it. There won't be *too* many important guests in this particular house." I broke in on this conversation. I couldn't resist it. I tapped on the door of the room and entered. Instantly everyone had bright smiles. "Oh, do come in, Jiyu San. Do come in, please. We want to see you. Are you looking forward to Jūkai?"

"Yes," I said. "I am very much looking forward to Jūkai. I very much want to go to it."

"Oh, that won't be possible this year. Um,—after all, you did Jūkai last year so there's no real *need* for you to go to this one. Uh,—when you become that important, having done it once, you don't need to go again."

"But I understood that people could go as often as they wished."

"Oh, yes, yes, people frequently do."

Rev. Hajime suddenly cut in quite curtly, "Your job will be that of 'chāju,' that is washing up cups and saucers from the guests' tea."

“I see,” I said, “Is there the possibility that I can do something different next year or is this going to be my job every year?”

“Why do you think you’ll be here next year?”

“Forgive me. I see that I am presuming.” I left the room. If it wasn’t for this peace, this beautiful thing, inside me, something would have died during *that* conversation. I must see that, even with Rev. Hajime, I’ve got to be very careful how far I trust. And yet I’ve got to trust everyone at all times and in all places. It’s so very difficult to know how to live; and yet there was that—there have been these wonderful lessons—wonderful discussions—I don’t know what you call them—with him on the Kyōjukaimon and the Denkōroku. He tells me that I must accept the ‘I’ and the ‘with.’ He’s accepting the ‘I’ but not the ‘with.’ Oh, that’s wicked. I’m blaming him. I’m doubting him.³⁵ I’m becoming—no, it’s not wicked, I must just not defame the Three Treasures. I must be very careful not to cut off the Life of Buddha. I must *not* steal another’s reputation. I must *not* covet his maleness. I must be content and satisfied with *me* at all times. Thus, and thus only, will peace be completely mine. Whether others understand the ‘I’ and the ‘with’ is not my problem. That *I* understand them is *my* problem.

13th. April.

I have been in this temple exactly a year now. In some respects the time has gone awfully fast, in others, terribly slowly. Jūkai is continuing: to-night is the great confession ceremony. I was very wicked. I stole out, after I’d finished in the kitchen, to watch the procession. I watched everyone going off in the direction of the three great abbots and, in my spirit, I went with them. Whether I can be there physically or not doesn’t really matter. It was odd because I suddenly felt that someone was beside me and, looking round, saw the old cook. He’s so deaf, poor old man, and yet there’s something so warm about him. He looked at me, then looked at the procession, looked back at me again and smiled, then beckoned. We both went away together.

He took me to his room above the kitchen which was scrupulously clean, flawlessly immaculate. It must be the cleanest room in the whole temple; it is in a sort of attic loft. He made tea for me, then bowed, smiled and said good-night. As I went back to my room I noticed the people returning from the ceremony. More than three quarters were women. My 'crime' in this instance is definitely that I am a foreigner.

I really haven't seen Rev. Hajime, except as he flashes past in magnificent robes to attend the ceremonies, carrying beautiful fans, looking gorgeous, for the whole of Jūkai. Then, this afternoon, I found him in his room again. I wouldn't have found him only his door was open. He looked at me, glared, and then glared even more at the trees outside. "What's wrong, Rev. Hajime?"

"I hate this place." I didn't quite know what to answer so I was about to go on to my own room when he said, "Where are you going?"

"Uh,—nowhere."

"Then come back here." I returned to his room; it was about five o'clock in the evening and he must have just finished his supper. During Jūkai we all have 'obentō' boxes which are a species of luncheon box. This is because it's not possible for us all to get into the Zendō together, there being so many guests here. "I intend to drink again. I want your company while I do it."

"Yes, Rev. Hajime." I found it difficult to say the 'yes.'

"Go and get me three bottles of saké."

"*Three*, Rev. Hajime?"

"Don't argue with me; go and get them."

"Where—where do I get them from?"

"From the store-house, of course. Here's the money."

"Yes, Rev. Hajime. Will they give them to me?"

"Of course they will. I am an officer. I have ordered it."

"Yes, Rev. Hajime." I went downstairs to the store-house and asked for the three bottles. The trainee in charge gave me a strange look but handed them to me. When I got back to Rev. Hajime's room with the three bottles I found that he'd already found the necessary cups and the special little earthenware

jug-like container in which he warms the saké over his fire-pot. He poured out a quantity and began to heat it.

“It is good hot,” he said. He drank for some time, insisting that I join him. I became more and more worried, watching the amount he was drinking.

He became steadily more morose as he drank. I tried to make small conversation with him—about everything and anything—I talked of the Spring. That was my undoing—I talked of the Spring. Suddenly he exploded in a violent temper.

“I refuse to be Godaikō in the morning! I absolutely refuse!”

“But you’re due to be Godaikō in the morning, Rev. Hajime. What can I do about it?”

“You’re to go down and tell the Director that I won’t do it. I absolutely refuse! I can’t *stand* this temple! I want to be home with my family!”

I sat still for a few minutes. “Why haven’t you gone to see him?” he screamed. “Tell him I want to see him—tell him I won’t do it—tell him anything, but I won’t do it!”

“Yes, Rev. Hajime.” I got up, went down the stairs, thought for a moment, went along the corridor, came back up via the stairs at the other end of it and went to his room.

“Yes?” he said.

“The Director isn’t in his room, Rev. Hajime.” I knew I was lying. I also knew that in the morning he would feel differently. This is what he meant. Sometimes we must break the Precepts in order not to do something worse. If I were to tell the Director that he was drunk, heaven only knows what the consequences to him would be. I felt this was the wisest thing to do.

He looked at me, “We’ll wait a bit then.”

He continued to drink and drink and drink; then, in another fit of passion, he said, “Get down there again and see him!”

He started to scream and rage in Japanese so I rose and went down the stairs again. I knew that he was very, very close to falling asleep with the amount he had drunk for there was no way in which he could resist sleep in the state he was in. I stayed downstairs for a few minutes. Several of the junior trainees came out to see what was happening for the noise coming from

Rev. Hajime's room was quite unbelievable; it was as though he was throwing everything about in it. I realised that he was trying to stand up and kept falling down but I didn't enlighten the juniors. I don't know what my face could have looked like; perhaps it was very worried. They gave me a strange look and went back into their rooms. I walked slowly along the corridor again and back up the stairs—the other set of stairs at the opposite end. When I got to his room he was standing, very unsafely, holding on to the wall.

“Well?” he said.

“The Director has gone to bed, Rev. Hajime.” Another lie, and I knew it was another lie, and I was willing to accept the consequences whatever they may be; and then it was that I knew there wouldn't be any for what I had done was completely the right action.

“Then wake him up,” he said. I picked up the two remaining bottles of saké; one was now completely empty, the other was begun. I took the near full one, carefully made his bed and stood the bottle beside it, opened the bed, so that it looked inviting, and pointed to the bottle standing at its head.

“Rev. Hajime,” I said.

“Yes?” He was still trying to balance holding on to the wall.

“Your bed's ready and there's saké beside it, *warm saké*.”

“Where?” He staggered forward, falling on the bed, and within seconds was asleep.

I covered him, turned out the light and took the full bottle back to the store-house just in case someone who shouldn't get hold of it did.

“Would you keep this for Rev. Hajime, please?” I asked.

The store-house trainee looked at me thoughtfully. I thought I saw, for a moment, a flicker of compassion in his eyes, and then he said, “Of course I will,” and carefully put the bottle under the counter in the store.

I went back to my room; a lot of things seem to be rocking and falling round me. Idols seem to be falling and crashing from their pedestals; but then, what an idiot I've been to stick anybody on a pedestal. I bet Zenji Sama has some faults too; and I'd tried

to be so perfect a goldfish! But I must still try to be as perfect a goldfish as possible. Now here I go blaming other people and praising myself again; I must really remember that what they do is *not* my problem. What *I* do is *my* problem and always will be.

13th. May.

Life has become unbelievably hectic since my last entry. Many people have died from the cold weather this year so there are many memorial ceremonies. One of my chief duties, when not attending Rev. Hajime, is to attend all services so I really haven't had much time to write. Perhaps it's as well since Rev. Hajime has been drunk almost every night of the week. I can't make out what's gone wrong with him. He says that it's sadness in Spring; the fact that he's away from home and doesn't want to be; so why doesn't he *go home*? He doesn't *have* to stay here. There seems to be no real point in his being here if he hates it this much. Anyway, he stays and insists that I heat up the saké for him in the evenings and keep him company while he drinks it. I have managed to get him to do a lot more translating though, which is something. It does help. He has insisted that I write out what it was I understood last September. He says that I should make it into an article for the temple Journal. I tried doing that and he seems very pleased with it; in fact, he went off this morning in high glee with regard to it. It sort of, well, makes me wonder. One minute he's soused—soused out of his head—and the next minute he is overjoyed with regard to religion. I'll have to rethink everything; all my ideas with regard to holiness and unholiness; what *is* religious and what *isn't*. I really have to be able to include the secular within the holy and see no difference between the two. It's so *easy* to talk about these things and when I have them presented to me—well—there they are and I've just got to accept them as they are and never query them. There's no way I can.

Rev. Hajime came back from wherever he'd gone to and informed me that I must go to Zenji Sama and ask him for the Transmission. I didn't know what to say to him so I asked if I could think about it and he said there was nothing to think

about. But I've got to know whether I'm good enough in my own heart. I think that, in order to be sure, I'll spend the entire night in meditation. It's an odd sort of feeling to know that you're ready for Transmission and to know that—yet I *do* know because, in all the strange filth and mess and muck³⁵ that's going on all round me, it isn't really filth and mess and muck; it's just the world and that's part of the Buddha Nature as much as I am and I must see it as part of the Buddha Nature;—stranger still, I can see it as part of the Buddha Nature—and that's all right and always will be all right. It's very strange when I think about it all.

14th. May.

This morning I went to Zenji Sama's room, formally dressed in my kesa, taking my mat, together with the assistant and Rev. Hajime carrying incense, to ask for the Transmission. The old man seemed to be giggling with joy; it was almost as though he was bubbling over. He went to the private altar in his room; a very beautiful private altar; very beautiful and secret; it had great golden doors in front, black lacquered with gold fittings. He opened the doors and took a silken bag from behind the statue in the far corner of the case (for that is really what the altar is; a big, magnificent case). The bag was made of gold brocade, lined with white, on the front of which was a swastika; not the sort that you see on the Hitler flags which look so horribly evil and turn from right to left, but a gentle and incredibly beautiful thing that seemed almost in motion, coloured in delicate shades of pink and white that fanned to gold, and turned from left to right. I could almost feel it move.

“Within this bag lie the silks,” he said. “Copy them, study them and, when you have done so, return for the ceremony.”

I made the formal bows and, together with Rev. Hajime and the assistant, left the room. I was told that the official silks had come from the administration section for me to make my copies of the silken certificates which are the sign of the Transmission, as had also a special book into which would be written that which my master had to tell me. I went to my room. It had all

been carefully prepared. Everything cleansed, everything washed and polished, clean and shining; the desk so clean that one could see one's face within it. No-one was permitted to come near my room; within it I sat still in meditation, as I have sat in meditation for the last twelve days, ever since my last entry—because I have to *know* if I am fit to do this. I need to know—oh, so badly—and now I know that it isn't a matter of fitness or unfitness; it is that which *has* to be done. That is why I went to see Zenji Sama this morning.

As Rev. Hajime opened the box I saw the beautiful silks, three of them, over two metres in length, half a metre wide; such delicate silk, you could see through it; yet so crisp it was like paper and, woven into it, the plum blossom crests; the plum crested silk of the Transmitted priest—and with it, the book.

Rev. Hajime opened the first of the three silks from Zenji Sama's bag and told me to copy it. Of that which I wrote and that which I saw I may not speak in this, my diary, for it must for ever be locked within the heart of a Transmitted priest but, as I copied, it seemed as though the world unfolded and all life appeared before me, clear, bright, explained. That which I understood last September herein had its explanation. The Blood of the Buddhas which is the keeping of the Precepts of the Buddhas; the explanation of life in the world which is life in heaven, the exhibition of compassion, love and wisdom to all creatures; the Life of the Buddha which is the knowledge of the Buddha that always lies within oneself, always was and always will be. I saw them spread out on silk and I knew that they were mine forever. As I copied them, and the papers that had been handed down from master to disciple since the days of Bodhidharma, papers that have been regarded as too holy to put into print, I understood the glory and the joy and the honour of being a Buddhist.

All day long I have been copying. My hand can barely hold this pen as I now write but it does not matter. The candles and the incense still burn upon my altar; I still wear my kesa and sit upon my mat for, during the weeks of Transmission, one may never be without the incense or the kesa, as indeed one is never without incense or kesa throughout one's entire life. Rev.

Hajime has been sitting outside my door most of the day, keeping everyone away who came up to see me; keeping everyone away who may come to talk. It has been a quiet and amazingly still day; still, still and yet terribly alive. To-morrow I will write again. One silk is now finished; there are two more.

16th. May.

After Morning Service and meditation I went to the kitchen to collect my breakfast. They were startled to see that I was still wearing my kesa and wanted to know the reason why. When I told them I was to be Transmitted a gasp of amazement went up. My breakfast was handed to me and I went to my room.

I didn't do the second silk to-day. Instead I copied a number of the secret papers. They are fascinating and amazing; many are in code for they must never be looked upon by unworthy eyes. I do not blame the ancients for keeping this information from those who should not see it. It would indeed be very, very wrong for anyone who is unfit to know the freedom that is truly his.

21st. May.

I have at last finished all the secret papers. To-morrow I will start on the second silk. It has been physically very tiring, sitting here day after day. Writing can be physically exhausting, especially since it must all be done in Japanese, with a brush and I am, in any case, not used to writing on silk. But it has been unbelievably wonderful to sit here, still. No sound, the incense smoke rising, writing; writing that which has been known for thousands of years and which has now come down to me.

Even when Rev. Hajime got drunk this evening, came to my door and bowed, his red face bobbing, it was just an aspect of the Buddha Nature. There was nothing to be turned away or to turn away from. A drunken Buddha is still Buddha just as a small daikon (radish) is still a daikon.

23rd. May.

I started work on the last silk but was so exhausted that I made mistakes and Rev. Hajime had to telephone for another

piece of silk. I was writing in the wrong direction, reverting automatically to going from left to right instead of right to left. That is what comes of being Western; coming out of a Western background. I still tend to be conditioned by that which is my own past. Anyway, the silk will arrive to-morrow. I will spend the rest of to-day in meditation.

27th. May.

I have had to spend almost four days in meditation since the silk was not readily available. Apparently it is only kept in sets and Rev. Hajime had to find the person who makes it. After some time he found the maker in a tiny little place near Kyoto. Rev. Hajime got the silk and I was able to start on it to-day. Physically I am exhausted but my whole spirit seems to be bathed in joy. As I wrote to-day I knew somehow that, whatever being here has cost me physically, it will always have been worth it.

28th. May.

I shall finish the third silk to-day and I am told that to-night the ceremony will take place. It is strange to think that to-night I shall see the holy of holies, that which is, and know that I am, and always have been, within it.

29th. May.

Since the Transmission ceremony did not take place until almost midnight I have not had time to write anything concerning it until this morning.

At about eight o'clock in the evening I had to go to Zenji Sama's room to take to him, for his signature and seals, all the papers and silks that I had copied out. I took them in a big, blue silk handkerchief which I have had for some time. After giving them to him I bowed and left the room. Later I was taken to his private bath-house where I was allowed to bathe prior to the ceremony itself. When the bath was over I changed into a spotless white robe, koromo and kesa and returned to my room to wait for the ceremony.

Round nine-thirty I was sent for and again went to Zenji Sama's house. Rev. Hajime was supposed to come to the ceremony too but he seemed not to have arrived by the time I got there; however, they sent for him and he came at a run very shortly afterwards. He, myself and Zenji Sama's assistant were then given dinner, a very special dinner of eggs and rice, that had been sent in from a restaurant. We waited quietly, expecting Zenji Sama to join us, but it seemed that he did not intend to do so. So the three of us had our meal together and then Rev. Hajime, perhaps feeling that, since the ceremony was not going to take place until midnight, it was too long to sit around in the Chief Abbot's house, went away. I kept my robes on, full koromo and kesa with mat, because I had a feeling that Zenji Sama was not going to wait until midnight and I was right. Rev. Hajime had only just left the room when who should arrive but Zenji Sama, fully dressed for the ceremony in koromo and kesa, carrying his mat and book. He was somewhat annoyed that Rev. Hajime was not there but said the ceremony could go on without him. I was taken into the Ceremony Hall which proved to be Zenji Sama's chief guest room; it had been hung from ceiling to floor, both walls and windows, with scarlet hangings so that there was no way in which anyone could see in. Someone was dispatched to find Rev. Hajime.

I cannot tell what happened at that ceremony for it is not permitted to be written down. Suffice it to say that there was that between our hearts which was known, has been known and always will be known from the beginning of time. We knew each other completely. We needed no theatrical performances, none of the external trappings that usually ruin religion; just the intense beauty of being together, our hearts One Heart within the Buddha Nature. When he called my name he was not calling my name. When I looked into his eyes it was not Zenji Sama that I saw but Shakyamuni Buddha. Thus between the two of us rose up the most exquisite of all life which is the Life of Buddha itself, it flowed from one to the other directly from the Lord of the House.

The night wore on. He explained many, many things and asked to see my explanations again, the ones that I had written out. When the bell went at three-fifteen in the morning for meditation the ceremony was barely over and he and I went to the Meditation Hall. During the meditation he made an announcement. What he said was that understanding was possible in less than a year if people were truly willing and anxious to meet the Lord and that I was his true descendant. The words seemed to fall on an electrical silence within the Meditation Hall.

All the way back to my room after Morning Service people were looking at me sideways; they did not seem to want to look straight and I had a strange feeling that Rev. Hajime was not nearly as friendly as he had been before. It is odd how close my heart seems to be to everything that matters since last night. I seem to know instinctively what is going on inside everyone.³⁷ I know and feel their fear, loneliness, prejudices, hates. I feel so much more. I know, above all things, whether they are truly training or not in the real sense of the word. Most people can tell when others are sincere in some sense but not in the real one, not in the only one that really matters. Now I know completely and utterly, for the first time, that the only *real friend* I have in this whole temple is Zenji Sama and when he dies I will really have to leave here very quickly. He is already over eighty. I shall have to be very careful or there will be great difficulty for me here from now on.

This evening the disciplinarian arrived. He smiled at me and brought with him a bottle of whiskey informing me he had every intention of drinking with me and Rev. Hajime. The three of us settled down and, after I had had half a glass, which was very, very little for we were using tiny saké cups, he said, "You see how easy it is to break the Precepts. Last night you promised that you never would and to-day, look at you, you're drinking whiskey!"

"Yes," I said, "to keep the Precepts on that level is an impossibility."

"And?" was his reply.

“There are no Precepts on that level for a man of integrity to keep. All is clean to those who are truly training themselves. To the man of religious *integrity* there is no such thing as indulgence.”

“Can you truly and safely live by that?”

“I will try.”

“Are you saying that this whiskey is clean?”

“There is nothing wrong with the whiskey; only what people do with it. Human *indulgence* is all that has ever been wrong with whiskey. I have drunk two sips which will relax me and allow me to sleep so I am intensely grateful to the whiskey but I neither want nor need it. What I have said is my understanding of the Middle Way. *I* am in charge of the whiskey; the whiskey is not in charge of *me*.”

He nodded. “Good. You have understood well. I do not need to drink any more.”

30th. May.

Rev. Ichirō, who had been away for several weeks, came back to-day. As soon as he arrived someone told him that I had been Transmitted and that Zenji Sama had named me as one of his heirs. Rev. Ichirō sent for me at once and ordered me to bring my papers with me. I could not find Rev. Hajime anywhere so there seemed no way in which I could possibly check with him. I went, taking the papers again in their beautiful silken handkerchief. Everything in me wanted to see Rev. Ichirō. Everything in me wanted to embrace him within that which I and Zenji Sama shared for I was sure that it was possible; I was sure that what had been wrong in the past was my fault. Rev. Ichirō had stepped out for a few moments prior to my arrival so I waited with the trainees next door to him; they were having tea.

One of them grabbed me by the arm and said, “Hey, we want to talk to you.”

“Really?”

“Yes. We heard what Zenji Sama said this morning. We want to talk to you.”

I felt rather shy and looked down at the floor. Just at that moment, however, Rev. Ichirō came by the door and they took me to his room. Looking at me with some disdain he said, “You are too quick to do Transmission. You have not the right.”

“It was Zenji Sama’s wish, Rev. Ichirō. Surely he has the right to make his own decisions if he wishes.”

“How can you possibly understand it?”

“I have brought with me the explanation which I wrote. Perhaps, if you read it, you may know that it *is* possible, even for a woman, to understand some things.”

He took the papers from me and read them through slowly. Then he gave me a very strange look.

“I do not know how you have done this.”

“Neither do I, Rev. Ichirō; however, I *have* done it and it is thanks to you and everyone here,” and I bowed fully to the floor where I sat.

“Let me see your silks.”

I handed him the handkerchief and he opened it.

“You have made mistakes. There should be no hard corners on any of these graphs. All of them should have rounded edges.”

“Zenji Sama’s ones had hard corners, Rev. Ichirō.”

“Then Zenji Sama’s ones are wrong.”

“Yes, Rev. Ichirō, I will tell him.”

He gave me a strange look and then said, “No, no, don’t, but perhaps sometime you should copy out another set.”

“I’d rather not, Rev. Ichirō. I’ll remember to tell my disciples to make the corners rounded. It is very easy to remember.”

“Zenji Sama did not tell you?”

“No, but Zenji Sama is very old. He probably forgot.”

“You must be sure that they are done properly when your descendants copy them.”

“Yes, Rev. Ichirō.”

“Just a moment. I will send for some trainees and let them see these.” He called in the three special ones who lived next door to him and which I had just left, lit incense and showed them the papers and silks. When he had finished he said, “Right, go back to your room now and think carefully over

what you have done. I hope, I pray, that it may not have been a mistake on the part of Zenji Sama.”

“Can the seeing of God ever be a mistake?” I asked.

“What do you mean, the seeing of God?”

“That’s what it is. The recognition of that which is, and was, and always will be. I see no harm, no conceivable harm, that can come to any living thing from such a beautiful experience.”

His eyes narrowed. “Get out of here.”

I bowed and left the room. When I got back to my own room I found Rev. Hajime sitting at the door of his and told him where I had been. He raised an eyebrow in query and his anger mounted tremendously when he heard. “How *dare* Rev. Ichirō ask to see your papers and silks. There is no person in existence that has the right to do such a thing, absolutely no-one. Didn’t you know that?”

“No, I didn’t know; I didn’t know it at all. I thought it was all right amongst priests. What am I supposed to do? I can’t tell a senior that I am going to disobey his orders. When he tells me that I’ve got to go and see him I have to go and see him. I had no idea that he was not permitted to see the papers and silks.”

Rev. Hajime sighed. “People take such advantage of you and they’re going to go on doing it. When Zenji Sama is dead you will find life here very dangerous.”

“I know. I know that he’s the only true friend that I’ve got in the whole place.”

“I’ll get some tea for you,” he said. “Come back in a few minutes when you’ve taken your robes off.”

I went to my room and found, sitting on the floor, a little, old priest²⁰ whom I had seen sometimes in the temple but not too often. He bowed to me and said, “I am one of Zenji Sama’s oldest disciples. I have come to congratulate you and to thank you for becoming my sister.”

“That is very kind of you,” I said, bowing in return. “Very kind of you indeed.”

“I want to tell you,” he said, “one day Zenji Sama will die. Where will you go when he dies?”

“Why, I really hadn’t thought about it. I don’t think of him as dying.”

“I know you don’t but you should. You are now his direct descendant as are quite a number of us. It is very important that you think about it. We will not be able to stay here when he is dead.”

“Why not? The Vice Abbot likes me very well.”

“Yes, the Vice Abbot is a good man. But this is not his temple any more than it is Zenji Sama’s except during his lifetime. I do not know that you will be able to stay here after Zenji Sama’s death. You should give the matter thought.”

“As you wish.”

“Have you done your endless bowing yet?”

“Endless bowing?”

“Yes. You should do twenty-five bows at least to the altar in your room here out of sheer gratitude for Zenji Sama’s accepting you as his True disciple.”

“Oh, I’ll do that gladly. I didn’t know I was supposed to do it.”

“You are.”

“Thank you very much.”

He looked at me thoughtfully, “O Bon dancing rehearsals begin to-day; I presume you will be dancing. Every trainee who has not yet been here a full two years is expected to join in.”

“I don’t know that I *can* dance; I’ve been so ill for such a long time I don’t know if it is safe for me to try to.”

He looked a little concerned, “If you don’t I think there will be trouble. You should really try.”

“I’ll certainly try. I’ll certainly go along to the rehearsal and see what happens.”

“Good, it takes place at six o’clock to-night.”

“I’ll go then.”

He got up and left. I have never known his name and, although I asked him for it, he did not tell me. At that moment, just as he had left, Rev. Hajime called me into his room through the partition. On arrival there I asked him who the newcomer was.

“He’s not very welcome in this temple,” he said and there was slight anger in his voice.

“Why?” I asked, “he’s such a charming old man.”

“He’s one of Zenji Sama’s older disciples. He’s probably ambitious: he’d probably like a job here.”

“Surely anyone would like to be in the head temple with Zenji Sama?”

“Huh!”

He did not want to offer any more information so I didn’t pursue the matter but simply said, “What’s his name, Rev. Hajime?”

“Oh, I don’t know. It doesn’t matter.” He turned away, obviously not wanting to tell me.

“I hear OBon dancing is starting to-night,” I said.

“Yes, you will be expected to perform.”

“Do you really think it wise, knowing how ill I’ve been? I’m still taking the doctor’s powders three times a day. They make me awfully tired. There are times when I stand up and . . . I quite . . . I almost reel about. I don’t know if I *can* dance.”

“Well, you had better go along and see.” He seemed very off hand; not interested in doing anything in particular. So, after we had drunk tea, I went away. Somehow something has gone sour in him since last night.⁴ No, that’s wrong, something has gone sour in him since this morning. Since Zenji Sama made that announcement in the Zendō the whole place has gone strange.⁴

Around six o’clock this evening I went along to the OBon dancing rehearsal and the first thing that happened was that I found myself surrounded by dozens of juniors, all eager and anxious to talk. I talked as best I could to most of them and then Rev. Ichirō came on the scene. He got very, very angry because they should not be talking to me and I should be dancing. It was a little strange since the dancing had not yet started. Anyway, somebody got the record player going and the instructor started explaining the dance movements. I tried joining in on the first dance but almost collapsed halfway through the first section so went quickly to sit on the grass at the side. We were performing outside in the evening air.

Rev. Ichirō came over. “I suppose now you are going to pretend you are not strong enough to do it.”

“I’m not pretending, Rev. Ichirō. I’m *not* strong enough to do it.”

“If you’re strong enough to stay up all night to do Transmission”

“Yes,—yes, I was and I felt pretty awful all day long, physically, because of it. But I went. It was not something I can do any night of the week and it certainly didn’t take the sort of exertion that this is taking.”

“All those bows didn’t take a lot of exertion?” Sarcasm showed in his voice.

“Yes, I told you it took a lot of exertion, but not of the dancing type; and I’ve had a lot of sleep during the day. But I really can’t dance. There’s a difference between doing a big ceremony and resting afterwards and dancing around half the night.” I was determined not to be angry.

“Oh, well, I’ll just have to tell Zenji Sama that you’re not willing to join in with the others in the temple,” he said and swept away.

I watched the others dance. They obviously all wanted to be friendly but they saw Rev. Ichirō and they looked side-ways or away. After a bit I went back to my room. I thought about some of the things Zenji Sama had told me. The warmth and the joy glowed inside me.³⁷ The silly things of the day and Rev. Ichirō didn’t seem to be important at all.

5th. June.

Sesshin started this morning. Halfway through the afternoon I collapsed and was unable to go back to the Meditation Hall. I had returned to my room for just a few minutes before tea because I thought that I was going to be ill and I didn’t want to collapse in the Meditation Hall itself. I barely made it in through the door before I actually fell. Rev. Hajime sent for the doctor and he was, as usual, angry. But he now has a resigned shrug that isn’t helping matters at all for it is making a lot of other people angry.

6th. June.

Went back to Sesshin this morning and, as the beating was continued, as the kyosaku thundered round, I felt myself so wonderfully anchored, so still, so strong. It was as if I was rooted in iron; sitting there firm as a rock, immovable. It didn't matter whether I died or lived; and what was inside me didn't care whether I died or lived. It was still and magnificent, and always has been, always will be.³⁷

9th. June.

Sesshin ended to-day but in many respects it has been the most wonderful Sesshin of all. I just sat there still, magnificent as a rock, as if an iron being, an iron man; and all the thunder and the roar has gone round, the world gone crazy, the beatings, the yelling, everything happening; and I sat still, unmoved by anything. It was as if I was but a stone that had been thrown into a pond; a stone that had fallen to the bottom and lay there still. The ripples spread out in all directions and I could feel, as they went, that they comforted others and others comforted me. I could feel others sitting still within this still centre and all the thunder and the roar going on round them. It didn't matter in the least for everybody and everything was still.³⁷

And then Sesshin was over; the most wonderful Sesshin of all. Around ten o'clock this evening the doctor arrived and insisted that I rest whether the temple likes it or not. He gave his shrug after hearing about Sesshin and said that the temple didn't care whether I lived or died. Perhaps he's reasonable. After all, I and they haven't taken all that much notice of what he has said. But how *can* I be ill here? This temple is hardly geared for sick people. Well, there's not an awful lot to do from now on until next term anyway. I can go to all the ceremonies, Morning Service and meditation and I can rest in between as much as possible. Somehow I'll manage to get some rest.

10th. July.

I've been in bed on and off ever since my last entry. A lot of people complained. We've done a lot of translating, Rev. Hajime

and I, and Rev. Ichirō has been his usual unfriendly⁴ self. Some of the trainees have been kind and some have been nasty. It's really been a perfectly normal slice of life I suppose, just that and nothing more. And still I sit where the Iron Being sits. It's fascinating to know that it doesn't care whether I live or die and that it doesn't matter; and yet it matters because I must always, at all times, continue to train; I must spread the ripples in all directions. It's fascinating to both spread, and receive, them from others; the ripples of strength, the ripples of iron.

13th. July.

The OBon dancing ceremony took place to-day for the opening of the festival of OBon. At about six o'clock this evening everyone was summoned to the gardens for a group photograph before the ceremonies began. Zenji Sama had his special chair carried to the centre of the grounds near the tower on which the OBon dance band, which consists primarily of drums and a record player on the top platform and those who are doing the demonstration dancing on the second, is situated. The chair was placed in front and all the officers grouped round him with the junior trainees behind. Zenji Sama settled down on his seat. I had chosen for myself an almost hidden place right at the back but Zenji Sama turned round, hunting for me. Suddenly I was grabbed by one of the prefect trainees and informed that I had to stand right behind Zenji Sama. There were murmurs of dissent in the crowd, silenced instantly by a glower from Zenji Sama and, like it or lump it, I was put behind him.

When the photograph had been taken, the ceremony to start the dancing and to open the temple altars for everyone who wished their dead to partake of holy food was performed. There was another group photograph and Zenji Sama again insisted that I stand behind him for this one. A number of people complained terribly, especially about the fact that a foreigner was going to be dancing and allowed at the ceremonies. I decided to say absolutely nothing.

When the dancing was over (and I did my best *not* to dance very much) I went back to my room. Rev. Hajime called me into his. “You understood the OBon dancing?” he asked.

“Yes, I think so. As I understand it, it is the time when everyone remembers their dead and so they have a great festival for everyone to join in. It’s a memorial service, memorial ceremony,”

“It began a little differently from that. It was started as a ceremony by the Tokugawas when Christianity first came here. The Christians did very well and then the Portuguese and the Dutch started using Christianity as a means of controlling Japan politically which resulted in Christians being persecuted. At this time, since there were quite a number of Japanese who were Christians, the ceremony was started. The priests went round blessing all the private Buddhist altars in people’s houses by order of the Tokugawas. It was the priests’ duty to see if there were any marks on the statues of the Buddha that were of a Christian nature and, if there were, to have the family brought to justice. The official excuse for doing this was that there was going to be a festival to remember all the dead; the OBon Festival.

“I think the *religious* meaning is possibly the same as that of the Christian All Souls Day,” I said.

“What do you mean by ‘All Souls?’” he asked.

“It’s when people remember the dead—when they commend them to God—in Christianity.”

“Yes, that would be about the same thing except that here we believe that they need much more help than that. They need to be fed spiritual food in the place to which they have gone.”

“What do you mean by ‘fed?’”

“Well, most people, when they are very, very normal have a lot of problems. They frequently do not die in the best of spiritual states. Because of this Buddhists believe that they spend at least three years in hell which isn’t, of course, a permanent place. It’s somewhere where they will account for their karma.”

“Surely specific hells have nothing to do with Zen doctrine at all?”

“Oh, no, this is something that has crept in as a result of national usage, just that and nothing more,³⁸ but it is a widespread belief. These people are believed, because they are in the world of the Hungry Ghosts or hells, not to be able to take spiritual food since, every time they try to eat, the food turns to fire as does everything they drink.”

“So that is the meaning of those pictures of the hungry ghosts; the tiny throats can’t swallow anything. The bellies are huge and distorted because they’re so hungry.”

“Yes, but you should understand that, in the religious sense, it is not food that they’re having the problem with. It is True Teaching, True Religion. They’re so narrow-minded, their throats are so constricted, they can’t *understand* or take anything in.”

“Yes, I can understand that quite clearly.”

“We, as Buddhist priests, take it on a practical level because the average peasant can’t understand what I have just said. We have a big feast during OBon, called Segaki, at which everyone can offer food to his dead relatives and friends in the hope that, wherever they are, what has been offered to the priests here will be offered to the dead in the place where they are. The dead can acquire the merit and become free.”

“I see, so that is the meaning of OBon.”

“Yes, and we have the dancing and the lanterns because we’re overjoyed at being able to help the dead.”

“That makes very good sense.”

“It also made good political sense,” he said with a chuckle. “It certainly resolved the Tokugawas’ problems and it resulted in the deaths of a good many hundred Christians.”

He looked at me suddenly and said, “You know, it’s going to be a hard day to-morrow. We’ve got to go round and open all the altars.”

“Can I come?”

“No, you cannot. It would be very embarrassing for many Japanese to have a foreigner at the ceremonies. After all, many of their dead were young people who were killed during the war.”

I gulped. It was useless to try and explain to him that many young Britons were killed during the war and that that would not stop us from having a Japanese come round if he were a priest. It was useless to try and explain that sort of thing. Perhaps one day it will be different.

“Good-night,” I said.

“What are you going to bed for?”

“The bell has gone, Rev. Hajime. I don’t want to disobey the rules. Good-night,” and I left him.

The reason I had given was not the real one and he knew it.

14th. July.

After Morning Service and meditation I went to Rev. Hajime’s room before he went off to do the OBon ceremonies.

“Rev. Hajime,” I said, “do you think it would be possible for me to go down to your family temple in the west? Do you think I could, really? I’m terrified of being left behind here for the summer. Well, not terrified exactly, that’s the wrong word; but I don’t think it would be wise after what happened last year. I’ll pay your wife if she will let me stay and rest.”

He looked at me for a long time and then said, “If Zenji Sama agrees I’ll let you come.” I bowed and thanked him.

About two o’clock this afternoon I went to see Zenji Sama and, without any difficulty, was able to see him immediately. I explained to him what I had come for; I had written it down first. He smiled and said, “Yes, you need a rest, it will do you good. I’ll gladly let you go,” and he gave me ten thousand yen for the fare and to help with the financial situation when I got there.

When Rev. Hajime came back I told him all this and he said, “Mmm, he didn’t give you very much, did he?”

“Well, I didn’t expect him to give me anything, Rev. Hajime.”

“You’re his direct descendant; he should have given you much more that. Besides, that’s not enough for my wife.”

“Well, don’t worry. I’ll pay more than that; there’s no problem.”

“Hmm, well, we’ll see.”

Something a little disquieting went on in my mind. Perhaps, perhaps I shouldn't have asked. I turned at the door.

"Rev. Hajime, don't have me unless you really, really don't mind my resting."

"Oh, no, no, it's fine," he was all smiles again, "Fine, no problem whatsoever. I'll look forward to having you. We'll be going down on the eighteenth."

I bowed and thanked him.

18th. July.

After what seemed to be an incredibly long journey I arrived at Rev. Hajime's temple. It is very beautiful, very quiet and very large for a small country town. As soon as we arrived I was greeted by his wife and children and it was suggested that I rest at once. I was extremely grateful for the journey had certainly exhausted me.

21st. July.

It was wonderful to have these few days to lie still, not doing very much more than getting up for meals and cleaning my room. It is so wonderful not to have to rush about behind bells. I was somewhat concerned at lunch to-day, however, by a very strange expression on the face of Rev. Hajime's wife. She and her husband kept looking at me sideways. There had obviously been some sort of discussion of which I must have been the subject but of which I knew nothing. After the meal was over Rev. Hajime called me into his room.

"I want to talk to you," he said.

"Yes?"

"My wife and I had a discussion last night as to whether or not we should throw you out. We decided against it, though."

Something seemed to clutch at me inside and I felt my heart give a sickening lurch. "Throw me out, Rev. Hajime? Have I done something wrong?"

"You should understand that, since you are a guest in my house, you should do everything that is required of you."

“I didn’t know that anything had been required of me. I thought I was just here to rest. That was the arrangement, anyway.”

“It is not the arrangement in my wife’s mind; besides, she wants to know how long you are going to be here.”

“Oh, I can go to-day if that’s what you wish me to do. I . . . I have no definite plans, Rev. Hajime.”

“I want you to stay here until the end of August when I go back.”

“I can’t do that if your wife isn’t happy about it.”

“If you go back before that Zenji Sama will be very angry with me.”

“Yes, I understand that. But . . . but I . . . I can’t—sort of—stay in somebody’s house if they are not willing.”

“How much money have you got? I want you to stay until the end of August.”

“Oh, how much is it going to cost for me to stay here until the end of August?”

“A lot more than Zenji Sama gave you.”

I could feel my heart bumping round and I knew that I needed to take some more medicine.

“Rev. Hajime, what have I done wrong?”

“My wife wanted the toilets cleaned out; she wanted the kitchen scrubbed. You’re in bed.”

“Rev. Hajime, I’m *supposed* to be here for a rest.”

“Well, we can’t have somebody here who’s just resting about; people will talk. You’ll have to do everything she wants, otherwise you can’t stay.”

“That’s fine, Rev. Hajime, I’ll go back to Tokyo right now.”

He looked at me. “You can’t do that.”

“Yes, I can. It’s the only sensible thing to do.”

“Go to your room and stay there.”

I left him, went back to my room and started to pack. I was all packed within ten minutes. Nothing happened so I took some more medicine and, carrying my two little cases, went to the front of the temple. There, on the steps, I found him and his wife sitting together.

“Where do you think you’re going?” he asked.

“I’m going to the station, Rev. Hajime.”

“You’re going to do no such thing.”

“Look, I can’t stay here. You obviously don’t want me to.”

“We’ll give you a definite decision in twenty-four hours. Now go back to your room.”

“I want to go, Rev. Hajime.”

“If you go I’ll make it impossible for you to stay in the temple with Zenji Sama.”

I looked at him. For the first time in a long, long time I saw again something that had worried me once before, a look of incredible selfishness. I turned away.

“All right. I’ll go back to my room but I *want* to go back to Tokyo.”

I heard nothing more from either of them all day. I didn’t go to supper.

22nd July.

I didn’t go to breakfast this morning; I went wandering in the graveyard instead. There Rev. Hajime found me.

“We’ve decided that we’ll let you stay,” he said.

His whole attitude was totally different. He was smiling, his old benign self again but, as far as I was concerned, my whole rest had been ruined. The peace of the place had gone.

“I don’t *want* to stay, Rev. Hajime. Please let me go.” My voice was very quiet.

His face went hard instantly. “Do you want to ruin me in Tokyo?”

“Of course I don’t.”

“But, if you go back now, that’s what will happen. Zenji Sama will never forgive me.”

“That’s the measure of it, isn’t it?” I said.

“What do you mean?”

“The measure of it is *your* advancement in Tokyo, not that I get better.”

“Of course I’m concerned that you get better.”

“Yes,—yes, you’re concerned that I get better!”

“Come along, it’s breakfast time! You’ve got to come and have breakfast! After that we’ll be translating into English a lot of the things that Zenji Sama gave you for your Transmission. It’s very important that we do this.”

“I’d sooner get someone else to do it with me, Rev. Hajime.”

“Nonsense! Zenji Sama has given you to me. We will start immediately after breakfast.”

In the living-room Rev. Hajime’s wife was sitting at the breakfast table. She was obviously trying to be friendly but it was also equally obvious that she hated my guts. I ate unhappily. Rev. Hajime dragged me off to one of the guest rooms where we started translating.

Halfway through the first of the secret papers he said, “Japanese woman wears a white hat at her wedding so that her horns of jealousy shall not show too often. Sometimes wives forget this.”

I made no comment but continued to write. We spent most of the day translating; towards evening I became so weak that I requested a rest.

He said, “Aren’t you going to do any housework?”

I shook myself and said, “What needs to be done?”

He looked at me oddly and then said, “You’d better go and rest.”

25th July.

After breakfast this morning Rev. Hajime’s wife informed me that I had got to start taking services in the temple. I thanked her and said that I would enjoy doing them very much. There are many memorial services for people whose dead relatives are in the graveyard outside. I was also informed that, since Rev. Hajime was on holiday, I must do Morning and Evening Service for him so that he can have a rest.

I got down to doing these and thoroughly enjoyed them. It’s rather fun being able to use all the different instruments and finding out what they can actually do and what they can’t. I have never been allowed to do anything of the sort in the temple in Tokyo.

After lunch Rev. Hajime informed me that I was to go round with him for his parish OBon ceremonies; I was to carry the bags as he went from house to house. He insisted that I walk behind him. After we had gone some distance I felt that it was virtually impossible for me to go on with the weight of the bags in the intense heat for my heart was causing me so many problems. I begged him to let me go back but he refused. When I got back to his temple later I was so exhausted that I collapsed on the floor in my room. There I remained until some time later when I came to to find his wife sitting on the floor beside me, her mouth pouting angrily.

I sat up, feeling my heart jerk, and asked if there was something I could do.

“Yes,” she said. “How long do you propose to stay here?”

Something inside me groaned ‘not this again.’ “I am perfectly willing to go whenever you wish,” I said.

Just then Rev. Hajime came in, swore at her, told her off and she fled in tears. I asked him what was wrong.

“One of the parishioners came round and asked if you were my new girl friend,” he said, giggling all over his face, “It’s upset her.”

“I’m not surprised,” I said. “What amazes me is the callousness with which you’re behaving.”

“Callous? What is ‘callous?’”

“Never mind,” I said, “Just you are callous. That is all.”

I got up and went into the living-room. He followed and sat down beside me at the table; the wife sat opposite.

He spoke coldly, “Do you know what she wants?”

“No,” I said.

“She wants a ring.”

“Well, that doesn’t seem too dreadful a thing to want. Why shouldn’t she want a ring? After all, it’s a long time since you gave her one at her wedding.”

He stared at me. “It’s a wedding ring she wants,” he said.

Something shot around and jumped about in my head.

“You mean you *haven’t* given her a wedding ring yet?”

“It isn’t the custom in this country. Why should a man be bothered to give a woman a wedding ring?”

“I see.” There was a resigned tone in my voice, bored almost, hopelessly bored.

“She *wants* a wedding ring,” his voice was peevish.

I stood up. “I don’t intend to be involved in a quarrel between husband and wife. Please let me go back to Tokyo.”

“I won’t. You’ll stay here. I’m not going to have you ruining me.”

“Then count me out of what is going on between you and your wife for it is neither my concern nor my business,” and I said this loudly and clearly in the best Japanese I knew.

I left the living-room and went back to my own one, repacked the two or three things that I had taken out of my cases for the previous night and walked out the door; as I slid it open I heard Rev. Hajime and his wife come running out.

“Where are you going?”

“To the station,” I said and I walked out of the door.

Halfway down the hill to the station Rev. Hajime caught up with me.

“If you go to that station I’ll ruin you with Zenji Sama in Tokyo.”

“Go ahead,” I said.

He continued to walk beside me; we arrived at the station. As I walked up to the station master to buy my ticket Rev. Hajime forestalled me.

“When does the train arrive from Nara?” he asked.

“Oh, it’s already gone,” said the station master.

“Good. My foreign guest must have missed her friend. We’ll go back now. Good-night.”

I turned to look at him, he was all smiles. The station master smiled and closed up the station for it was the last train. I looked at Rev. Hajime. Something inside me wanted to hit him but there was that still, lovely silence inside me, which Zenji Sama has made all the clearer, the Iron Man, and this made all the idiotic things going on outside of me of no matter. I just turned away.

He looked at me, “You must come back now.”

“I shall come down for the first train in the morning, Rev. Hajime.”

“No, no, you’ll feel quite differently in the morning, you’ll see.”

He grabbed my cases and rushed back up to his temple. There his wife had warmed some saké and was busy making a big meal. Everything was all smiles and happiness. I was the welcome, wonderful guest; and I felt *sick*.³⁵

26th. July.

I was so ill to-day that I couldn’t get up and go. It’s hardly surprising considering all the noise and racket the two have made over my being here in the last few days. It’s hardly surprising also considering how drunk Rev. Hajime got last night; and he expected me to get drunk too but I did not. I want to write to Zenji Sama.

This morning another girl priest turned up from Tokyo. Apparently Zenji Sama sent her along to be a companion for me. Zenji Sama really is a wise man. I was a little worried, though, by the way in which Rev. Hajime behaved towards her because it is very obvious that he *does* like women perhaps too much.

28th. July.

Rev. Hajime insisted on taking the other girl and I to Kyoto for the day. I wanted to see some friends anyway and I was able to do so. They were, as I had thought they would be, not too friendly since, after all, they are in Rinzai and I am not. Anyway, it was nice to see them and we all had tea together. We got back rather late. The other girl and Rev. Hajime spent most of the day talking together and I was left to wander round more or less on my own which was very, very pleasant indeed. It’s been the pleasantest day since I came down here apart from those first few at the very beginning of my stay. I wrote to Zenji Sama.

1st. August.

I was supposed to go to Nara this morning, along with the other girl and Rev. Hajime, but I was too sick to go so she went with him alone. Rev. Hajime's wife was a bit peeved because I didn't go off with them but it really wasn't possible. I would only have ruined the day for both of them. There's one thing though; I've heard no more about the family squabbles since my determined efforts to go off. Every day Rev. Hajime tells me how important it is for him, and for me, that I stay here and how anxious he is to continue the translations; we've managed to do two or three hours every day. He's a bit bombastic about the translations now. He insists that some of them be done in really atrocious English because it makes a more exact translation. At a later date I'll sort it all out; when I'm away from here though, not here.

2nd. August.

I came into breakfast this morning to find both Rev. Hajime and his wife, as well as the other girl, looking very worried. The memorial service for the atomic bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki is to take place in a few days time and some of the townsfolk are furious because I am a foreigner. It seems I represent everything that happened in that bombing. I wasn't sure whether Rev. Hajime and his wife were more concerned for their own safety or for mine. Anyway I promised them that I'd keep well out of the way and not go out at all so as not to cause any problems just in case there are demonstrations. Around this time, I am told, everybody gets really upset over that memorial ceremony.

3rd. August.

I became so ill again to-day that it was not possible for me to get up at all. It is obvious that, even if Zenji Sama permits me to return to Tokyo when he receives my letter, I shall be too unwell to travel alone.

7th. August.

I have been desperately ill since the third. To-day was the first time I have been able to get up and go to the living-room or be with other people. I find it increasingly difficult to live in a country where children are given the rights of adults—I don't know what I'm trying to say—so much I want to write down—but I can't make it make sense for the moment. I was able to walk around a little and be up for a bit. I'll try and write out what I meant about the children later.

8th. August.

Still no answer from Zenji Sama. There is a small wooded mountain, or fairly high hill, behind this temple. I was advised to go there, or anywhere, to-day because of the hatred of foreigners over the atomic bombing memorial ceremony. Rev. Hajime gave me some food to take with me and I climbed the hill very slowly and lay down beneath the trees for most of the day.

When I returned in the evening his wife was angry. She felt that I should have been there to answer questions as to why so evil a bombing was permitted. It was useless for me to explain to her that I was British and, at the time of the bombing, almost a child. I couldn't be responsible for it. Knowing the uselessness of any explanation I didn't try to make one. I just bowed to her. Later in the evening the ceremony was reshown on T.V. and she became even more angry. She insisted that I should do a thousand bows for what had happened, I told her I was quite willing to go off again if she wanted me to and she changed instantly. Her eldest daughter told her she was wrong to behave thus but the wife became very angry with her although she is twenty-three. I left the room. It was obvious that only the wife was angry, not the town. The whole thing was so incredibly painful, so hopelessly distorted; and yet the stillness remains within, unmoved and certain.³⁹ I thank whatever powers there be for the fact that I met Zenji Sama; that he taught me how to be still within myself. And I also thank whatever powers there be that I have been able to see what is going on here. How glad I am that I am British!

15th. August.

Still no word from Zenji Sama. The temple OBon ceremonies started to-day. Rev. Hajime insisted that I become his assistant, carrying the incense for him. It seems that, after the incidents over the Hiroshima memorial ceremony, he feels that some sort of genuine attempt must be made to force his wife to at least be reasonably friendly towards a foreigner. As a result I found myself carrying the incense offerings for the ceremonies. After the first few, which were a little tense, the congregation almost began to be friendly; this helped much. In fact, it meant that, in the end, we were all able to have a meal and a drink together. In many respects it's been a very happy day. At least there was some *genuine* attempt at becoming friendly. If once the Japanese can understand that I have two eyes and a nose, as they have, all may yet be well.

16th. August.

Rev. Hajime took me to quite a number of outside ceremonies to-day after another big quarrel with his wife; she was determined that I should not stay in the temple. I begged and begged him to let me go but he says that he doesn't care what happens now; he is not going to let his wife win the argument. It is really a terrible situation to be in. I telephoned Tokyo and asked if I could speak to Zenji Sama to tell him that I wanted to come back but it seems that he is away and will be until I get back on the twenty-eighth.

17th. August.

There were more ceremonies, hundreds more. I'm almost reciting the Scriptures in my sleep. Rev. Hajime said to me this morning, "Why can't my wife be like you?" I must get *out* of here.³⁹ If only I had somewhere to go. I *could* telephone the British Consulate but how would I explain the situation? No-one would believe me; I don't *know* anyone and I cannot afford a hotel—they charge the earth.

We have been continuing to translate slowly but surely. We have almost completely finished all of the special ceremonies

and the secret papers that Zenji Sama gave me at my Transmission. If it hadn't been for that, and the fact that I've been writing a fair copy of them, I think I'd have gone mad this month. And yet—I know I wouldn't. Nothing can drive me mad any longer, not even the idiocy that's going on here.

28th. August.

Oddly enough, for the last ten days, things have gone really well. The wife seems to have made a genuine effort to try and like me and I know I've made a similar effort to try and like her. My health has improved a bit too and we've finished all the translations. We go back sometime to-day and I'm really looking forward to it.

1st. September.

The new list of jobs has gone up in the temple and, to my joy, I've discovered that Zenji Sama has approved of my going to one of the side temples here to learn ceremonial. It means that at last he is really going to let me become a priest. It's so wonderful to think of. Admittedly, it's only the very poor man's temple, the place where all the people who really can't afford a ceremony go; where all the bottom-grade trainees are sent when they have to learn to do ceremonial. But never mind—it means that at least I'm going to learn. I did something like ten ceremonies there, all very short, only about ten minutes each, this morning. I either carried the incense or played the instruments; and on two occasions I was allowed to actually do the present-ing. This made Rev. Ichirō angry afterwards; one of the juniors told him about it. Apparently he wanted the job himself. I bet that causes some problems later on.

2nd. September.

Zenji Sama sent for me this morning and wanted to know how my holiday had gone. Rev. Hajime insisted on coming with me and told him a long story of all the places we had visited and what a wonderful time we had had. I listened to him and decided to say nothing. After all, what would be the point?

If I create more problems here, in a country which, at best, is only just about tolerating foreigners and, at worst, hates their guts,³⁵ I could do Zenji Sama as much harm as I could do myself. I must remember that, when one is in a foreign country, one likes everyone until one leaves. I have forgotten who said that but, by golly, he certainly knew what he was talking about.

I see from the notice board that there is another foreigner due to arrive from England; somebody called Jim Harris. It'll be nice to have somebody else in the temple who speaks English and can share in the miseries of being foreign.³⁵

The great ceremonies start to-morrow; they have them in Autumn the same as they do in Spring but they don't include the specific Jūkai ceremonies. These now are big memorial services for anyone who wishes to come. They'll be interesting; I'll have a lot of work in my new job. I wish my heart felt better.

8th. September.

Rev. Hajime has continued his translations; we've been working like mad. My heart gives me trouble on and off. Rev. Ichirō made it impossible for me to do the precenting in the temple ever again because, he says, there are enough young Japanese who want the job. Anyway, I did quite a lot of it when I was in Rev. Hajime's temple; it probably won't matter terribly much. I've now got quite a fair copy, in English, of everything we did at Transmission. Now I've got to work it all out and understand it clearly. Zenji Sama gave me a good explanation of it.

9th. September.

I met Jim Harris this morning. I have watched him come and go ever since he arrived and this was the first opportunity I had of meeting him. He managed somehow to get to my room without being stopped by anyone else here. So far Rev. Ichirō has had him so much under his thumb that we have had no opportunity of meeting whatsoever. He told me how much he wanted to be ordained as a member of the priesthood and I asked him if he had any idea of what would be involved; he said

yes because he had already gone through one ceremony (I presume it must have been Jūkai). I told him that I thought he should approach someone like Rev. Hajime or Rev. Ichirō and he went away.

Some hours later he came back to me with a very strange look on his face. “Rev. Ichirō says that I am already ordained.”

“But how’s that possible? You don’t wear robes and you have an unshaven head.”

“I know,” he said, “I find it very odd.”

We spent the rest of the day together. It was good to have someone to talk to in English. It’s a pity he has to go off tomorrow.

10th. September.

Jim went away to-day; I saw him off at the station. He promised me he would write.

11th. September.

There were many, many ceremonies to-day; there must have been twenty-three or so and we were still working on more translations of the Denkōroku and other things. It has been a wonderful day. I do wish I felt stronger.

12th. September.

I had a letter from Jim this morning. He still wants to be ordained; it’s now rather worrying since he says he wants to be ordained by me. I have refused.

15th. September.

I don’t know how he could have done it; Jim wrote to Zenji Sama. Yes, Jim wrote to Zenji Sama to complain about my refusal to ordain him. Zenji Sama sent for me, it was the first time I have ever seen him really angry, and told me exactly what he thought of me for refusing to ordain another human being. It was useless for me to point out that I had only recently been Transmitted and that I didn’t know that I *could* ordain

anybody yet. It was equally useless for me to point out that I thought that he had already been ordained. In the end I gave up.

I went to see Rev. Hajime and told him all that had happened; he grinned all over his face.

“Zenji Sama wants some grand-disciples,” he said.

“Rev. Hajime, if this man has *already* been ordained by somebody else how the heck can I ordain him? All I’m going to do is cause all sorts of problems.”

“Yes, that’s for certain!” his voice was sarcastically dry and unhelpful.

“I don’t know how to do the ordination ceremony; for that matter, I don’t believe it’s in English; we haven’t translated it yet. How can I possibly ordain him? What about the legal side of it? Getting the forms from the administration and that sort of thing?”

“Easily done, and there’s also the fact that we can translate the ordination ceremony. I’ll tell Zenji Sama in the morning that we’re starting the translation so that he can get it done in English. Many people don’t register their disciples at all but it can be done if you wish.”⁴⁰

“Rev. Hajime, I don’t *want* to ordain him.”

“Nonsense. You want to. Every trainee in existence wants disciples.”

“I don’t know about that; there’s something about him I don’t want.”

“That is bad Buddhism and you know it.”

“Yes, I’m sorry, you’re right on that.”

It’s amazing how he has changed since we came back; his behaviour has returned completely to what it was like before we went away; if anything, he is much more friendly than in the beginning. I must be careful not to go anywhere near his home in the future. He found a copy of the ceremony book and we started work on the translation of the ordination ceremony.

16th. September.

This morning Rev. Hajime told Zenji Sama that we are starting work on translating the ordination ceremony and Zenji Sama was all smiles.

20th. September.

We finished the translation of the ceremony this morning. We've done it in both English and Romanised Japanese so that it will be understood by everyone there.

Life here has been very pleasant since we came back but I'm a little worried about Rev. Hajime. I would have said he has become almost—fond of me. It's rather frightening; I don't want to cross swords with, or cause pain to, his wife under any circumstances. I came here to be a priest; just that and nothing more.

23rd. September.

Many Western visitors came to-day, all of them from various American bases. It seems they remembered me from the time they came here to dinner. They wanted to know if I could spend some time on their bases now and again, give some lectures and get to know them. The invitations were numerous; it was very wonderful to meet them all. I agreed that I would come and many gave me their names and addresses; two of them especially said that if I ever needed help I was to let them know since they are in important positions and can give me help if necessary. They were particularly worried about my health. I thanked them very much and assured them I would contact them in time of need.

27th. September.

Term has been going really well. It's amazing the amount I've learned; it's equally amazing how much translating has been done. We've worked and worked and worked. Only one thing is worrying; the danger with Rev. Hajime is getting worse. There's no doubt in my mind now that he really likes me. What really shocks me is—that I *could* like him. I must keep an eye on this with great care. I must *not* allow it to happen. It could be so very dangerous.

15th. November.

Zenji Sama called me to him and, in a voice of thunder, told me to either go and ordain Jim or leave his temple. Apparently

Jim has written to him again. I bowed and promised him that I would go as soon as I could make the arrangements. Rev. Hajime suggested that I should go sometime when Rev. Ichirō is not in the temple; it seems that he will be away around the 20th. of November. I don't like doing things by these hole and corner methods.³⁴ Why the heck can't they be done openly?

26th. November.

I arrived to-day at the temple in Kyushu where Jim is staying. The people here seem very, very anxious that I should understand that he has already been ordained. I was shown a certificate he has and it certainly looks as though he *has* been ordained. In desperation I rang Zenji Sama but he refused to listen and said that, if I didn't get on with the ceremony forthwith, he'd forget he'd ever known me. Meanwhile, the priests here, especially the elderly one in charge of the temple, have been ringing up the Patriarch, of all people, to tell him what I'm trying to do. Arguments flew back and forth between Zenji Sama and the Patriarch. It is so worrying. My heart is rushing round. Rev. Ichirō is one of the Patriarch's people and the priest here got hold of him. He exploded at me over the 'phone. Now it seems that, if I do the ordination, I'll please Zenji Sama but upset the Patriarch and, if I don't do the ordination, I don't know whether I'll please the Patriarch but I *do* know I'll be thrown out by Zenji Sama. Under the circumstances all I can do is perform the ceremony; no trainee may ever disobey his own master.

The calls shot back and forth from Tokyo to Kyushu; they must have cost a fortune. Two local priests turned up and tried to persuade me not to do the ceremony but I decided that I must be adamant; I've got to go ahead with it.

28th. November.

I did Jim's ordination to-day. There have been nothing but 'phone calls ever since I got here; yells and screams from the one side and exhortations from the other; but I did the ceremony. One of the two priests who was here tried to grab the razor from me as I was shaving Jim's head but he didn't succeed. Just

before the ceremony itself they threatened me with . . . I don't know what they *didn't* threaten me with.

Finally Jim turned to them and said, "If you don't let this go through I'll go down to the river bank and cut my own hair." After that they let the ceremony take place. One of them still tried to grab the razor, though, as I said, as I was cutting the last piece of hair from his head.

When the ceremony was over everybody suddenly relaxed. There was a huge meal; there were flagons of saké; the priest who tried to grab the razor now tried to get drunk and succeeded very well as did the other one who was with him. The two insisted that both Jim and I drink a lot to celebrate but I just did *not* want to. I drank a little and so did Jim. Halfway through the meal we were both appalled by a conversation which we couldn't help overhearing since it was at the table where we were sitting. The one who had tried to grab the razor was saying to the other, "This one will be fine; he's really perfect." "Yes," the other one was saying. "He'll be really perfect for someone or other."

I presumed that it was the drink that was talking; I *hoped* it was. The drinking went on. I had a bowl under the table and was carefully emptying my glasses into it each time they were refilled but there was no stopping the two priests, who were drinking like mad, or the head of the temple who was plying them with full cups. Finally one of the two leaned across the table and gave me a great splashing kiss. He was so drunk he didn't even know where to aim so it landed in my left eye. He then slumped backwards and fell on the floor in a heap; there the head of the temple covered him with a blanket. The other one sagged down and slept beside the table.

I got up. If it hadn't been for the peace I'd found in meditation I think I would have been in hysterics;³⁹ Jim was appalled by the whole meal.

I went to my room. I went to bed since it was now about eleven in the evening. There seemed no point in staying up any further.

29th. November.

I woke this morning to discover I had one of the worst cases of tonsillitis I've ever had; whether from the cold in Tokyo, the worry or something else I don't know. My glands were atrociously swollen. I am to stay here a few more days and then go back to Tokyo.

7th. December.

I got back to Tokyo to-day. My neck is still terribly swollen. A friend of mine from Hawaii called to see me. She brought me warm underclothes and some medicine for my tonsillitis. It's helped.

8th. December.

I remembered nothing more of yesterday until now. After my friend had gone I was visited by Rev. Ichirō's junior assistant who requested that I visit Rev. Ichirō's room. I went and the first thing that he said to me, after I'd bowed on arrival, was, "What do you mean by doing this ordination ceremony against the wishes of the Patriarch?"

"It was according to the wish of Zenji Sama," I said. "I cannot disobey my true master."

"You disobeyed the Patriarch!"

"When he stands in the way of my true master I have no alternative."

He eyed me coldly. "He had already been ordained! You have stolen this disciple to be a grand-disciple for Zenji Sama! He does not belong to your line. He will never be your disciple and I shall see to it that he will never be your disciple!"

"I did not want him for my disciple. I told you that, I think, when you telephoned me. At any rate, I told someone; maybe it was Rev. Hajime, I can't remember now."

My tonsillitis was giving me very great pain and there was nothing much I really felt like discussing with this man. He ranted and raged for a long time then he grabbed a stick from under the cushion he was sitting on and said, "I am going to beat you thirty times; you will never forget it."

I looked at him; then suddenly everything went into that strange, slow, *adagio* dance that it had gone into once before—that it had gone into the night of my *kenshō*. I remember somehow, instinctively, putting my hands in the *gasshō*. I felt the blows falling; the only feelings I had were of surprise and amazement. This was actually happening and nothing in me could believe it. It went on and on for some time; he steadily lost control of himself as his temper mounted. A strange silence had come over that entire part of the temple. People in the other rooms, which were only made private by paper dividers, had ceased to say a word. It was as if the whole temple held its breath.

Suddenly, as though something had hit him, not knowing quite what—perhaps it was shame, at least I thought it was for he knew that he had lost his temper and that I had not—he threw the stick from him and yelled, “Things are just as they were! You don’t own him! He belongs to our line not yours!”

I said, “People can only belong to a line if they want to belong to it. You have to be willing to be taken by the Buddhas and Patriarchs. You cannot be taken by force. If you disbelieve me study the papers that you received at your own Transmission.”

He gulped. I heard a strange sound coming out of him, a rattling noise. I took from my sleeve the letter that Jim had sent me, his request that this ordination be done.

“I obeyed an order from Zenji Sama. I did that which had to be done.⁴¹ It’s not my problem that you like it or do not like it.”

“Do you want to be beaten again?” he screamed.

“No,” I said.

“Then get out of here!”

I rose. I was not conscious of pain for I was already suffering quite enough from the tonsillitis. Fortunately my heart hadn’t cracked under the strain; all I could feel was surprise and all I knew was that everything was terribly, desperately slow.

I must have walked back to my room but I don’t remember. My next conscious memory is that of waking up in the arms of Rev. Hajime. My head was on his knee and a doctor was bending over me, putting a syringe full of something or other in my

arm and telling Rev. Hajime that I was suffering from shock. They then took me to my room and put me to bed.

I don't know where the rest of yesterday and last night went. I suppose I must have slept. The doctor insists I go to hospital. Everything seems to move so slowly. I woke up to see Rev. Hajime with a little spirit stove beside my bed cooking something and the old, old cook, standing there with something that looked tasty in a little bowl, telling Rev. Hajime how to prepare it. He didn't say anything but his eyes were very full of feeling, full and beautiful. Rev. Hajime was all concern and it seemed quite genuine. They finished preparing the food and I took a few mouthfuls.

"Jim insists on coming here," said Rev. Hajime. "Do you like the idea? He wrote to Zenji Sama about it to-day."

"I don't know," I said, "I really don't know."

"You should go into hospital for a time," he said.

"Yes," I said.

25th. December.

Jim arrives to-day; I'm not sure what time.

26th. December.

Jim said that, since he was Zenji Sama's grand-disciple, he had the right to come here just as much as I did.

I went to see Zenji Sama. My legs feel very shaky, my whole body feels as though it's crumbling around me but the Iron Man made it walk.³⁹ I told Zenji Sama how much Jim wants to stay here and he has agreed that he may.

Rev. Hajime has a new job in a totally different part of the temple. He was moved out this morning. This means that, of course, I have no room since, up until now, the room I have had was the one that had belonged to him when he moved into an empty one to give me a place to live last year; now I have no room at all. Rev. Ichirō came to see me. He informed me that Rev. Hajime would now have no time for doing any sort of translating whatsoever. If it wasn't for the peace inside me I could have sworn that he was gloating.³⁵ Anyway I now have no room.

I asked for a new one; in the meantime I am in the corridor outside.

31st. December.

All trainees went to see Zenji Sama to-day to thank him for the year and to ask him to continue to teach us for the coming one. Jim came with me.

1st. January.

Jim is causing some problems in the Meditation Hall. He insists on wanting to do things his way rather than the way of the temple. He also insists that his papers be changed to say that he definitely *is* my disciple and not someone else's. It seems that he was originally registered as someone else's disciple although, he says, he did not do the ordination ceremony nor was he told that he had become a trainee-priest. Rev. Hajime went to the administration section to-day to get the papers changed over and was successful. Zenji Sama is very pleased that he is now definitely his.

There seems to be such a lot of fighting over who owns trainees here. I wonder if they understand really and truly that no-one can ever own anything. They're supposed to know it. I wonder why they don't? Ah well, true Buddhists are just as rare as are true Christians I suppose. I still have possessions.

We had barely got the papers back from the administration section when Jim started to complain about my trying to make him keep the rules. Zenji Sama is not pleased about this. He says that I must force him to do what he wants him to do.

2nd. January.

The Patriarch arrived this morning and wanted to see me since he wanted to find out what had happened in Kyushu. After I had bowed I told him, as best I could, what had taken place and he nodded and said that I had done the right thing. He annoyed his assistants greatly by insisting on staying to talk to me since they were afraid he would lose his train. He was a very charming old man and very, very kind. How the heck can such

a person as he have a descendant like Rev. Ichirō?^{4,35} I must *not* think things like that.

Jim has been complaining bitterly about another sharing his room with him. Apparently the person who made all the arrangements for him to come to Japan promised him a room to himself. He made so much trouble that the temple officers got very, very angry. One of them blew me up for having such a troublesome person in the temple.

I have been informed that the only room available for me is a small three-mat one that is sometimes used by the night watchman. It was suggested Jim move there but he absolutely refused and threatened to write to the person who made his original arrangements. It seems that the officials here are very afraid of outside opinions so it was his roommate that was moved instead.

Meanwhile I have moved from the corridor into the tiny room. It is incredibly small and dark, with no electric light and no windows. Somebody rigged up a tiny bulb in the centre. There's just enough room to stretch out and that's about it—and I and my bed are in there. Oh, well, at least I have no alternative but to lie down now.

3rd. January.

Relations with Jim are worsening. He wants to be here completely on his own terms and not on those of the monastery at all. I had lent him quite a few things so that he would have robes, etcetera, for he has nothing suitable for here. The temple in Kyushu had also given him a tremendous number of brand new clothes. He brought all the things I had lent him and threw them in my room saying he didn't want them and never would want them or me; he then went off in a temper. He hasn't spoken to me since. That was early in the day.

Now it is early evening. I went to see Zenji Sama a few minutes ago and begged him to find me an old temple where I may rest, quite alone, without anyone; just genuinely rest, but he refused. He told me he wants me to promise to stay here until he dies.

6th. January.

A very strange thing happened to-day; it was as though I was failing. It was as if I had turned . . . yes, as if I had turned the wheel of my life in the opposite direction and said, "All right, this is too much. I'm going to go away. I'll leave you my body since you want it. I'll just go." I could feel myself failing. I could feel myself accepting the failure; relaxing various parts of my body into death. My heart is messed up; I've got tonsillitis like hell; Jim has only used me; the political machinations here are unfit to live with; Zenji Sama won't let me go away and Rev. Hajime is obviously helping me only for the purpose of bettering his position and enjoyment.^{4,35} I have watched this last development in horror; it is too dangerous to continue. And so I relaxed into just giving up, being done with it all and then it was that a miracle happened.^{37,42} I can only call it a miracle. I was lying on the floor, having finished the ceremonies of the day, thinking of the Kanzeon Scripture. I had just come to where it says, "When threatened by court judgements or when the military or a tyrant should oppress a man, if he truly thinks upon the name of Kanzeon he will be saved," when the 'phone rang in the office next door and someone told me that the two Americans who had insisted I visit them if I were in need of help had come to see me. I went to the front office, near the front door, and they were appalled at what I looked like. They would hear no excuses, they would not even hear of my seeing Zenji Sama. In no uncertain terms the husband told the office trainee that he was taking me away and that I would not come back again until I was completely better. I was taken right away from Tokyo in a huge car to the military base and there put into a warm, comfortable room with a soft bed. The wife sent for the doctor and that's all I can remember.

15th. January.

I got up for the first time to-day. The doctor has been treating me for exhaustion and malnutrition. My feet were strong; I could walk. My heart didn't rattle around. I don't know what the medicine is that the doctor's been giving me but it certainly

works. It was so wonderful to wake up each morning, look out at this beautiful garden and not hear the shouting and screaming and yelling that I have heard since Jim arrived;^{4,35} and yet, even through it all, the stillness remained, still as beautiful as it ever was.³⁹ After all, the horror that goes on in the everyday world is symbolised by the beatings and the stupidity that go on in the Meditation Hall. Everything that goes on in the temple is to teach us to put up with the idiocy of life and not be pulled off centre. I am so grateful to all the trainees who taught me how to find the Iron Man within.

I talked about this and many, many other things to the people in the house. The husband and wife fetched many of their friends and they are going to have a party to-night. I have been talking almost all day. They seem to be quite fascinated by what I am saying.

The party was great fun.

29th. January.

We have had parties almost every night for a week. I am really getting a little bored with them but it's been such a wonderful change. What is even more fascinating is the number of people who really *want* to learn Buddhism. They are sitting round for hours just listening to what I have to say. I did not realise it was that interesting. In fact I did not think it was interesting at all.

3rd. February.

It is good to be back in the temple after so long a time. I had no idea how much I missed it. Anyway, I am back now and I am with Zenji Sama again even if I can't see him every day of the week. This morning Rev. Hajime came to see me.

"I have some news for you," he said.

"Oh, really?" I replied. "What?"

"Rev. Ichirō is going to be sent abroad."

"Whatever for?"

"Well, maybe Zenji Sama thinks that, since he doesn't seem to like foreigners very much, he should go and live among

them. That way he can learn that they have the Buddha Nature just as everyone else has.”

“That should improve relations between me and the rest of the community no end,” I replied.

“What you mean?” he said sharply, lapsing once again into the weird English that I thought he had left behind him over a year ago. “Nothing much; it is just that Rev. Ichirō has an awful lot of friends here. He’s a very powerful man as you have said. They’re all going to know that he’s been—sort of—shall we say removed—as a result of what he got up to with me in November.”⁴³

“What he think and what other thinks is not your problem!” he replied hotly.

“It is very soon going to be my problem if he has to leave for another country. I do wish you’d stop behaving like an ostrich.”

“What is ‘ostrich?’”

“It’s a bird that buries its head in the sand whenever danger threatens it or anything near it.”

“I am not ostrich. I am Japanese man.” He thrust his chin out obstinately.

“I’ve never met anyone so good at avoiding the point at issue as you are,” I sighed.

“What is ‘point?’”

“It just got lost in the volubility of your comments.”

“What is ‘volubility?’”

“Look. Let’s stop playing games and get back to where we were. You know darned well that if Rev. Ichirō gets thrown out of this temple there’s going to be trouble both for me and for you,” I felt myself getting tense.³⁵

“No, not for me, only for you. Perhaps I am quite safe. I not foreigner like you. Why should I be concerned at what happen to you? That is your problem, not my problem,” he turned to the window, the epitomy of arrogance.

“There are times when I think you’re the biggest humbug that I’ve ever met.” I must watch my disgust,³⁵ it has been growing ever since his drunken outbursts.

“What is ‘humbug?’”

“Well, if you look it up in your dictionary, you’ll see that it has two meanings. One is a rather nice, weird shaped peppermint sweet (candy) and the other is somebody who isn’t worth knowing. I leave you to work out which is applicable to you.”

He suddenly sat down and said, “Shall I make tea?”

“Fine, if you want to.”

“Why don’t you and I?”

I got up and walked to the door, opened it and looked out. “You know, if I were to get a spade, I could dig up a couple of those trees and set them back in the ground with their roots in the air and their branches nicely covered with earth.” I knew that my voice was grating;³⁵ I could not help it.

“What you talk about?” he asked, obviously taken aback.

“I talk about this. You and Nansen have one hell of a lot in common.”

“I and Nansen?” he was still bewildered.

“Yes, you and Nansen. Nansen had got things so darned cock-eyed, because he couldn’t handle his situation, that all he could do was think of cutting the cat in two. That’s exactly what you’re doing right now. Dōgen Zenji says, ‘Cut the cat in one,’ you cut it in two.”⁴⁴

“And I suppose you think *you* are greater than Nansen? You can cut cat in one,” frustration was causing him to growl; I knew the danger signs; a thunderstorm travelling at a hundred miles an hour.

“I can stick my sandals on my head. If you’ve got things so damned cock-eyed I might as well dig up a couple of trees and stick them in the ground upside down. Chao-Chou at least understood that Nansen was wrong even if he didn’t know how to put the situation right. If your attitude of mind continues, the Buddha Body will be rent and torn and twisted and maltreated, cut in bits; screams and howls will come from every direction.⁴³ If I were to go to Zenji Sama this morning and get him to change this order perhaps good could come out of it. We’ve *got* to cut the cat in one. We *can’t* cut it in two. Don’t you understand what I’m talking about?”

“Why should I understand? It is not my problem.” A voice full of frustrated greed.

“Oh, go to hell!”^{5,35}

I walked out of the room and made my way through the garden to Zenji Sama’s house. It was very early, only just after Morning Service. We hadn’t had breakfast yet and it was really highly illegal to go visiting at such an unearthly hour.

I crept into the house avoiding the assistants as best I could by tiptoeing round corners and managed to get at least as far as the first guest room although not to Zenji Sama’s room itself. Out came his girl assistant glowering at me, as usual, for arriving at the master’s breakfast time.

“I suppose you’ve come for a meal?”

“No,” I said, “I’ve come to see Zenji Sama. May I see him, please?”

“You may not! He is about to eat.”

I had deliberately raised my voice with the words, “May I see him?” for I knew that the paper dividers between his guest room and his living room were so thin that he was bound to hear my voice and know who it was since I was not speaking Japanese. I had deliberately said these words in English knowing full well that she would understand me.

A peremptory order came from behind the screen. She glared at me, said, “Go in!” and walked away.

I went to the door, knelt down and opened it. “Zenji Sama, good morning,” I said.

“Come in,” he replied. “What is the matter?”

As best I could I told him, in my atrocious Japanese, what was going wrong and what I feared. He looked at me for a long moment.

“Yes, it will be very difficult for you but you should have realised that you were creating the difficulty when you allowed him to beat you,” he said quietly.

“How could I have prevented it?”

“You could have refused. By accident someone made the course of karma by registering Jim; you continued it.”

“If I had refused I would have had to leave the temple.”

“Of course, there would have been no alternative. You would have had to leave the temple for you would have disobeyed a senior,” his voice seemed to hold a sigh.

“Then either way I’m stuck.”

“Of course, as was Nansen. You quoted Nansen’s cat to Rev. Hajime. You took it at one level, now I take it at another. You cut the cat in two when you accepted the beating from Rev. Ichirō and now you have just shown Rev. Hajime that he is cutting the cat in two. At all times the kōan appears on different levels and it is always the same kōan. If your action had been at one with the Truth there would have been no karmic residue.”

“Yes, Zenji Sama. You know, I cannot help thinking that, now I have been so ill, perhaps I should have a rest.”

“What would you like to do?”

“Is it possible that somewhere in this country there is an old temple that needs a priest which I could take over for a bit?”

“Of course not! Always you are to be here with me. You may not avoid the cutting of the cat,” his eyes were full of sadness, as if I had hurt him.

“But Zenji Sama, do you want the cat cut right under your own roof? Do you think it is wise?”

“Do you dare to disobey my order?” There was no anger in his voice.

“No, Zenji Sama.”

“Then you should listen to my words. You have cut the cat by permitting this to take place, albeit you had no alternative as you think, but you had an alternative which was to walk out of the temple. There was no problem. You chose to stay in the temple so you had to cut the cat at that level. There was no alternative. Now you can choose again to stay in the temple and fight through the cutting of the cat, stitching its body together again, or you can go off and leave the cat in pieces. Which do you prefer?” His voice was very gentle, applying no pressure either way.

“You know well which I prefer, Zenji Sama, for there is no alternative to it.”

“That is good. Then the problem is solved.”

“Please may I ask your Lordship a question?”

“You may.”

“Surely there must come a time when there *is* no alternative to cutting the cat because not to do so would create some greater ill, some much worse catastrophe, disaster—I don’t know. Please, Zenji Sama, surely there *must* be a time, if what you say is true and I do not doubt you, when one *must* cut the cat.”

“Yes, there *is* such a time.”

“Then I did right in cutting the cat.”

“Yes, you did right for then. Now it is right to stitch the cat up again, and to-morrow it may be necessary again to cut the cat.”

“Yes, Zenji Sama, I understand your words but I must admit they are very frightening.”

He smiled gently. “Life is only a frightening thing without meditation; if we really live it we *must* meditate. Life can be so very terrifying that most people retire from it. They retreat into amusements, play cards or mahjong, go to theatres or lose themselves in drink—or run away to old temples. All this is because they are afraid of cutting the cat when they know they must cut it, and stitching it together again when they know they must stitch it together. The kōan is endless. Always in daily life it appears; and must be mended at all times in daily life. That is the meaning of the kōan in daily life—the genjōkōan. Cutting and stitching and all the time meditating below the turmoil going on around us.”

“Yes, Zenji Sama.”

The door opened. “Zenji Sama’s breakfast is getting very cold.”

He looked at me. “We will have tea first,” he said. The girl glared and went away to get it.

“To continue with regard to the cutting of the cat. It will be very difficult for you. If your health gets any worse I will definitely think about finding you a temple but you must first make some attempt to put the cat back together,” his smile deepened and broadened, almost as if the two of us were conspirators.

“Yes, Zenji Sama, I understand you.”

The girl brought in the tea and we drank in silence.

He looked out at the garden and said, “Do you really think you could dig up a tree and stick its roots in the air?”

“I could try,” I said, “as did Chao-Chou.”

“Yes. Chao-Chou’s action, as Dōgen Zenji rightly points out, is the most important part of the story but so few people understand it. I’m so glad that you have done so. Leave me now. I must eat my breakfast.”

I bowed to him and left the room. The girl glared again as I went by but I did not care.⁵ Somehow I will manage this. Somehow I will manage, Buddha alone knows how, to put the cat back together, but I know a time may come when I will have no alternative but to leave the pieces lying around. This, then, is part, or an aspect, of the *kokoro-kanashiku*, the great grief, that at all times we do the very best we can and that ‘best’ can never be enough—the Cosmic Buddha, God, is within us—and we are not the Cosmic Buddha, God. This, too, is endless training; the constant trying, the constant going on, always trying to put the cat back together. So long as the *trying* lasts, so will Buddhism. The teaching of both Rev. Hajime and Zenji Sama is identical; the problem came as a result of the former speaking from the point of view of the egocentric self whilst Zenji Sama spoke from that of the Lord of the House and so the latter’s teaching cannot only be understood—it can be accepted and applied.

20th. February.

Every day since my last entry (February 3rd.) Americans have been coming here. They are determined not to leave me alone with the Japanese again under any circumstances or so they have said. Many have come for the whole day every Sunday. They keep me company; they come to ceremonies; they come to meditate; they want to form a meditation club. Zenji Sama is overjoyed and it is so wonderful to have people to talk to. They have been bringing me food and medical supplies; above all, they have been bringing me love.

Jim is still not speaking to me but I suppose that cannot be helped. He is working in the kitchen. They are blaming me for

the way he is behaving; I barely know him. All I have done is obey an order to ordain him. Maybe I should have done a better job; I should have tried to teach him in a different way perhaps. I must remember that it is I that is always at fault if the pupil does not learn.

10th. March.

Constant stream of foreign visitors, day in and day out. I am hardly ever in the little box room, which is a blessing, and Zenji Sama is even more overjoyed than before. He is now talking almost of having a foreign temple. He is actually beginning to like the idea of finding a small place for me to have because, he says, then the foreigners will have a definite place to go to if anything ever happens to him.

My health has greatly improved but a couple of the American doctors are very concerned about this little room that I am in. They actually spoke to Rev. Hajime about it and just now I heard I am to be moved to what is virtually an outsize cupboard on the other side of the corridor. If I keep the doors open I can see the sun coming in through the windows on the other side of the corridor so at least it will be all right for the Spring, Summer and Autumn. I'm not sure what it will be like in the Winter.

The two doctors were really furious with Jim. They seem to think that he is one of the most selfish people they have ever met but, well . . . what can I do?

He doesn't worry me. If he *wants to be* selfish he will have to *be* selfish. I cannot stop him. There is nothing I can do. It takes as long as it takes for someone to convert; *I* found that out last year. There is no way of speeding it up.

My health is greatly improved though. It is so wonderful to feel strong again. I will never be able to thank these Americans enough for what they have done for me. They more or less took someone who was on the edge of death and brought them back to life again. Just before I left the base, on the 2nd. of February, the husband there said to me, "If you ever leave Japan come to America. Please help us with what you have learned here. We

feel sure that you can.” I promised him I would. It is a promise I will keep.

We have not had much time for translations since Rev. Hajime has had his new job. Administration takes up his time to a tremendous extent but we have managed to get most of the ceremonies translated; funeral, wedding and all the things that will really matter if I ever become a full parish priest as well as quite a lot of legal stuff that I will need to know. I get the feeling that I am going to need these things fairly soon, especially since Zenji Sama is so interested in having a temple for foreigners.

8th. April.

We began Jūkai to-day. Rev. Hajime wants Jim to go to Jūkai; he wants to try to resolve the difficulties between us. He called him in to see him and told him exactly what he thought of his selfishness, which didn’t have much effect; then he told him that, unless he did something about it, he would never be able to go any higher than a bottom-grade junior trainee. This *had* some effect and he agreed to come to me and see if there was any way in which we could work things out.

I have long been beyond caring whether we ever work it out or not. He has spelled trouble for me from the moment of his arrival. Anyway, we had tea together and that was it. Rev. Hajime called me to his room.

“It is Zenji Sama’s wish that you should go up the ranks now that you have got as far as Transmission and have your own disciple. The next rank is Kessei.”

“Don’t I have to do Zuisse first?”

“Yes, you *should* do Zuisse first but, you see, you are not a Japanese and you are not a man. You may have the *rank* of Zuisse but you may *not* do the ceremony.”

“Then I don’t think that I’m terribly interested in the rank,” I said.

“It is necessary that you do it. It is necessary also that you fight the prejudice against women here.”

“Whatever for?”

“For the sake of Japanese women,” he said. “Surely that is the least you could do for them?”

“I thought you were against all this sort of thing? I thought you approved of everything that happens to women?”

“I am not any longer sure that what they are doing is right or wrong. I look at you and I look at my wife. In you I see something magnificent and free; I have never met a woman who can think as you think so I wonder about educating women. In my wife I can see that the same things you have are there had she been given the right to use them. I wonder, have men done wrong? To-morrow there will come to this temple the head of all the women priests in this country. She wants to see you. She wants you to try and fight for the right to do Zuisse so that all women may do it. She thinks that you, a foreigner, and the favourite of the archbishop, have a better chance of doing it than has anyone else and, once you have done it, all can do it.”

“I see. If that is your wish then that is what I will do.” I bowed and left him.

9th. April.

Rev. Myotsu came to-day together with several of the girls from the women’s office of the priesthood. We discussed the plight of women for a long time and I discovered the many wonderful things that she has done to help them, not least of which was her going to the administration and, finally, to the Japanese parliament itself to fight for their rights when the war had ended; how she had won for them once more that which they had had in the twelfth century and which the Tokugawas had taken away in the sixteenth, the right to do Transmission. And now she was also trying to win the right to do the congratulatory ceremony of graduation, called Zuisse, at the head temples. All the other higher ceremonies were open to men and women equally; but this one, recognition of graduation by the Emperor was, as yet, not. A woman may be a full priest, complete with certificates, but may *not* graduate publicly. As I listened to her I was fascinated by her courage. Here was a kindred spirit, someone who had suffered the agonies that I had

suffered and who was willing to fight on. She told me of another woman in Tokyo who had been in a similar position to me in another of the great temples and who had fought on alone and had succeeded. She renewed my spirit and gave me encouragement. I know it's going to be tough but I'm well now. I'll help her all I can.

I had a long talk with Jim after this. I told him what Rev. Myotsu had told me and the way in which we would be able to help the women if we really tried; he agreed that, whether we like each other or not, whether we get on well or not, we should at least pull together for the sake of others and so it was decided that, when I went on after Zuisse to the higher ranks of the priesthood, he should become my Chief Junior at my ceremony of Kessei.

23rd. April.

To-day I entered Tokubetsu Sōdō so that I can get a Sei degree (roughly equivalent to a Christian Doctor of Divinity). I hear I already have a first.

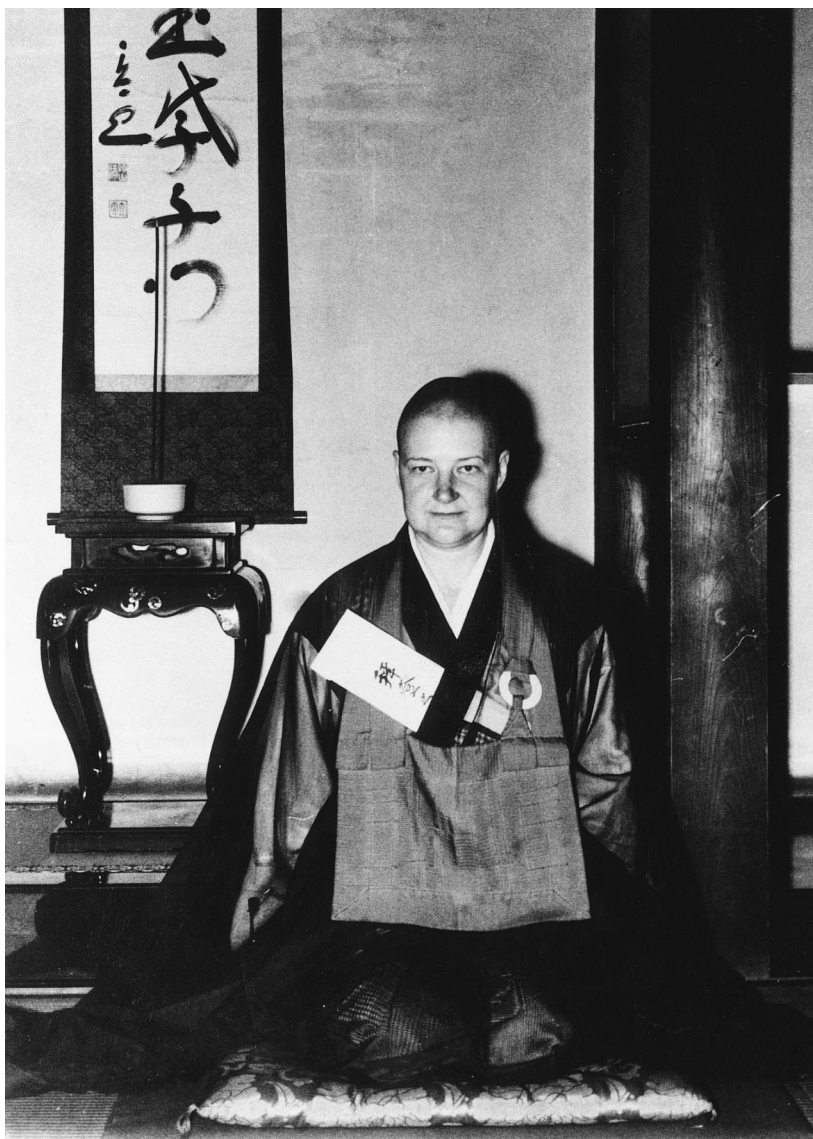
10th. May.

Since my last entry the foreigners have continued to come as much as ever. I told them that I am to do my Zuisse in the morning and they were overjoyed. Several wished to wait and stay in the temple in order to see it.

At six o'clock this evening I was taken to the special guest hall, dressed in the red kesa and slippers of the graduating priest, to spend the night in the abbot's guest room.

11th. May.

This morning I was taken to the Shrine of the Founders of the temple before the actual ceremony and then trouble struck. Everyone that I could see seemed to be complaining about my doing the ceremony. There was to be one other person who was to do it with me, a young man from another temple, who seemed to rather like the idea of having me with him but everyone said it would be degrading for him to do it with a woman.



The author after her Zuisse ceremony.

Just before the ceremony was due to start I was asked if I would wait to do mine later on. Some sixth sense told me not to and I insisted on doing it together with the young man. I could feel the fury in all the men standing there but I fought on. I was

going to do that ceremony; I was not going to wait for I knew there was going to be no second chance if I did.

Standing in the centre of the hall with the two rows of priests on either side of me was like standing in an empty street with shuttered windows waiting for a gun-fight. No-one wanted to look out. No-one wanted to see. No-one wanted to accept; and I didn't care for I *knew* I was right. *I went on!* I listened to the offertory, I heard myself proclaimed priest, I heard the young man proclaimed priest and I didn't care about the chauvinism and the narrowness and the meanness all round me for I had done right.

When I returned to the special guest department in which I had spent the night the certificates that we were to receive were read out but mine was not the normal certificate. It did not say that I had graduated. To my amazement the Director read out a certificate which said that I had been nominated by Zenji Sama to become the Buddhist Bishop of London. I didn't know quite what to do. I didn't know whether I should say, "This is all wrong. I don't want the job. I want the other certificate," whether to be pleased, sorry or startled. I just didn't know what to do. I sat there numb. I had got all this way and what had I got? Was it better or worse? Was it wise or not? Was it *real* or not? Was anything in this place where people lived by trickery worth having?^{4,35} And then the Iron Man inside me smiled quietly and said, "It doesn't matter. You are you, always were and always will be. Sit still within your own heart. Care not for what goes on externally."³⁹

After the reading I went round to all the different officers of the temple to thank them, as was the custom, but most of them were in such a bad temper over it that I didn't even get a curt nod from many. I received my graduation certificate by post; at the last minute prejudice had intervened to refuse to present it publicly.⁴⁵

12th. May.

Zenji Sama sent for me this morning. He has decided to give me my own temple so that I shall be able to rest more and

look after the foreign guests properly. It seems that there is too much hatred of the foreigners here, especially the great numbers in which they are now coming. He wants me to consolidate them so that I may turn them into a firm body that cannot be broken. He has found for me, he said, through Rev. Hajime, a tiny, very old temple. It is extremely poor; the priest who was there before me died of starvation but at least it will be mine. No-one can interfere with me there; that will be wonderful.

He also asked me if I was willing for Jim to officially enter the Meditation Hall here for he has been sitting outside all this time. Something inside me said no and I told him so. I could not give him any reason why. I just knew that it was the right thing to do.

He nodded. "I think you are wise," he said. "I, too, do not yet think that he is fit. I find myself wondering what to believe. We have both seen him, you and I. I think it is well that he does not enter my Meditation Hall; not, at any rate, until you are happy about it."

"I hope that one day he will be able to enter it, Zenji Sama."

He looked at me. "One day all beings must be able to enter it."

"Yes, Zenji Sama."

"To-morrow I want you to go and see your new temple. If you like it let me know. Come back, get your things and stay there, at least temporarily, for I want you to be able to do the ceremonies of Kessei. Before I am dead I want to see you legally able to teach."

"Yes, Zenji Sama, but please don't speak of death."

He smiled. "I am not so young. Now go and leave me."

I bowed and left him.

13th. May.

Rev. Hajime and I journeyed all the way down to see the temple this morning. It took many hours but it was worth doing. It is quite close to Rev. Hajime's own temple; that is about twenty miles away on the other side of a mountain range. It is very small and very derelict but, to me, it looked like Buckingham Palace. It will be mine and mine alone; and here I can rest and

help my American friends. Odd that they think I'm teaching them; they do but I don't.

I worked and worked at cleaning the temple up a bit (it was in an awful mess) and I met the town council and a lot of other people and they seemed to like me and I liked them.

We spent the night in the house of one of Rev. Hajime's friends.

14th. May.

We travelled back to Tokyo to-day and I went to see Zenji Sama.

"It's the most beautiful place I've ever seen, Zenji Sama. Thank you for letting me have it."

He smiled gently. "It is time you had it for you are ready and worthy to prepare for the great ceremonies of Kessei, becoming a teacher; and for that you must train your Chief Junior, Jim. He will give you a lot of hard work and a lot of pain." He smiled sadly.

"I'll try all I can, Zenji Sama. I can't tell you anything more than that."

"Go down and get the temple ready. It will need much preparation. By about November it should be ready for the ceremonies and I will send Jim to you just as soon as you are ready for him."

"Do I *have* to go and leave you, Zenji Sama?"

He smiled. "Listen. You have gone through more of a hell here than anybody I know and you've come out of it because you did what had to be done without fear. That could be because I am here or it could be because somebody else is here, I don't know, but you need, above all, to be able to make your way now for yourself completely alone. You have to *choose* whether you want to go on from here and the only way you can do that is to go and be completely alone for a time. If you like, this temple will become your Bo Tree. Sit beneath it, grow, flourish, learn and study in detail. When you are ready, hoist the flag of Kessei that all may come to test, to understand and to be sure."

I bowed. "Thank you, Zenji Sama. I swear to you you shall not lose your faith in me."

A wistful look came over his face. “You say that now but the time *could* come⁴⁶ At all times you will have to choose which way you will go, that which is contrary to my teaching or according to it. There are only volunteers in Buddhism. This you must know by now. Go now and let me know when you are ready to hoist the flag of Kessei.”

“Sayonara, Zenji Sama.”

“Sayonara, Jiyu.”

We bowed.

This afternoon, having packed what I could that would be of use to me, and with a bed that Zenji Sama has ordered to be mine (a set of large cushions) I was put on the train, with the help of several friends, to go to my new temple.

Here ends the Story of the Trainee.