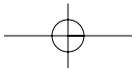
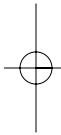
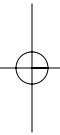

Book III.
The Parish Priest.



Book III.

The Parish Priest.

16th. May.

I arrived at the station nearest to my temple round three in the afternoon and was met by Rev. Hajime's wife. It was a little worrying meeting her again, after what had happened on our previous acquaintance, but she seemed very friendly and anxious to help; I must admit I was very glad of her aid. She had a taxi waiting at the station and we set off for the village together. It was impossible for the taxi to go up the very narrow village lanes, which are really only suitable for small ox-carts, and so, after the taxi had got stuck at the top end of one of them, we decided that it would be best to get out and carry my cases and the rest of my luggage to the temple. The temple itself is very old, very, very old, about two hundred and fifty years, and that, for an unattended wooden building, means that it is in a bad state of repair as I said earlier; but it doesn't really matter so very much; it is actually mine to rest in. The fact that the doors don't lock and the roof leaks isn't so very important; what is really important is that I shall be able to get better alone; at last be able to rest.

The local town council, as well as the temple council, came to greet me and it was obvious from the beginning that one of them, a woman, was determined that I should spend most of my time in her house rather than live in my own temple. I decided that I was going to discourage this and made it very clear that, however kind her offers of staying in her house were, I had every intention of staying in the temple itself and nowhere else. I hope this didn't annoy her but really there is nothing else to do. My bed and a number of other things had already been sent

on before me and delivered, for some reason, to this woman's house. I was, however, able, with the assistance of an ox-cart, to take everything to the temple. There I began to unpack. It was somewhat disconcerting to see every "child" in the village that was under the age of twenty-one staring in through the windows watching me but I suppose this was to be expected. I mentioned the matter to Rev. Hajime's wife and she suggested we put up the wooden shutters. For May it is very hot, and this is a hotter part of the country than Tokyo, so putting up the shutters was not a terribly good idea but at least we got rid of the audience. Now I have to hope that if I have my windows open at night I don't get an audience staring in. It is also a little disconcerting that there is no fence or wall around the temple. The other two temples in the village have walls but mine doesn't. I hope I shall be safe here; I don't see why I shouldn't be though; after all, they've got nothing against me as far as I know. One of the bigger problems is the fact that there is only one light bulb in the whole building; this has to be carried on an incredibly long cord from place to place. As soon as I can I must get the electricity fixed properly.

17th. May.

I spent a wonderful night just sleeping; it was so marvellous to be able to get up when I felt like it. Unfortunately I was disturbed this morning by the good woman from down the road. Her name is Mrs. Suzuki and she wanted to be certain that I was all right. I assured her that I was and that the one thing that I needed to do more than anything else was rest. Rev. Hajime's wife had explained this to her before leaving me yesterday but she had to come to make certain for herself. It was very kind of her but I did so want a very long sleep.

After talking with Mrs. Suzuki for most of the morning (most of the time I'd hoped to be working on cleaning up the place) I was able to start sweeping and cleaning. Only one room has mats and that is the one where the altar is; presumably I have to live around the altar but, with time, I will mend up the other rooms. They need mats and the walls need some attention;

part of the roofing needs attention too, since it seems to be sagging, but it won't take very long.

18th. May.

I went to the nearest city to-day to do some shopping. On my return I found the entire village council sitting on the temple steps. I was told by the mayor that no priest, in fact no-one in the village, ever went to the city without telling him. He had to know where everyone was; since I had gone I should at least have brought back a present for every member of the council including him. I thought this was peculiar and so made a 'phone call to Rev. Hajime's wife who, after chuckling a little about it, informed me that it was the normal procedure in places where the system was still completely feudal such as the mountain villages. I asked her how it was possible that things could be so modern in Tokyo and she said that feudalism still existed even there and, if I were to go to the smaller cities, I would find them about twenty to thirty years behind the average city in the West as well as feudal. If I went to the larger towns I would find them about fifty years behind; in the villages or smaller towns I would continue to step back in time until, in the mountain villages, I would be somewhere in the thirteenth century. I wonder how I shall get on in this sort of a society; and yet it's rather fascinating. I've never seen anything like it before. I've heard of feudalism, I've read about it, but I wonder how many people ever have the opportunity of living in it?

19th. May.

A publisher friend of mine from Tokyo came to see me this morning. He was rather concerned about the fact that the bathroom here is falling down and so is completely unusable. Almost the entire house from just beyond the door that leads to the actual Hondō is in a state of such dilapidation as to be literally collapsing. He has decided to donate a bathroom and the whole of a porch, including a covered walkway to the well outside. This last will be of great value in bad weather. How very kind he is.

I wrote a letter to Rev. Hajime telling him of this and also of the fears that Jim has had with regard to one of the junior disciplinarians in the temple in Tokyo. I do wish he would do his own dirty work.

20th. May.

I was required to assist at a funeral to-day. It is the custom to pay something like two hundred yen a funeral; the equivalent of about two shillings. Small wonder that many of the priests find it impossible to earn a living when they have families and have to take other work. All three of the other local priests work in various ways. But the funeral itself was totally different from the ones that I have participated in in Tokyo up to now. In fact it was so different that I felt I needed to record it here. We all went to the home of the bereaved family and there performed a ceremony for the dead whilst the family members prepared the body. No-one here is needed as an undertaker although all funerals are arranged by undertakers in Tokyo. The body was placed in the kowtow position in a large wicker basket which the family manufactured for themselves; it was dressed in a white kimono with the head shaved like a priest's for a Buddhist funeral is, of course, a ceremony of ordination to the priesthood. Holding a rosary in its hands in the basket, the body was covered with a white cloth over the top of which was laid a gold brocade kesa signifying the fact that the person was indeed a full priest. The following day another, larger ceremony was held, the ceremony of ordination. When it was over everyone went in procession to the cemetery carrying the wreaths. The four chief mourners bore the body in its wicker basket on two poles. In front of the place of cremation were three large stones, one upon which the celebrant stood, one which was used as an altar and one upon which the basket was laid prior to being burned. There was another short ceremony and then the basket was taken to a pit a few feet away and placed on top of a bag of charcoal; another bag of charcoal was placed on top of the body. When the burning had got under way everyone went back to the house where the ceremonies had been held and settled

down to a large meal. It is required by custom that every member of the priesthood shall drink otherwise the dead cannot be happy in the heavenly world to which they have gone. It seems that unless the priest is willing to drink the dead can have no joy in the Western Paradise. It didn't take very long for me to learn how this type of drinking was done to prevent excess. Everyone is provided with an incredibly small cup; one sips at it and constantly passes it round to others. If one is careful one consumes no more than a very minute quantity of alcohol but, even so, it is not a custom that I much like although, whilst here, I have no alternative but to go along with it.

I received a letter from Rev. Hajime to-day saying that he has started sending in the papers for my Kessei to the administration.

21st. May.

I heard this morning, by a very roundabout route, that my mother is dead. Apparently she died last year on December 3rd. Because my brother feared that I would give the money she has left to the Buddhists (he is very anti-Buddhist) the fact that she had died was not told to me. Indeed, he had told his lawyers that he did not know where to find me although he knew this to be a lie. I would not have known of her death if I hadn't written to a friend in London saying that I hadn't heard from my mother for a long time. He had asked his mother, who lived quite close to mine, to see how my mother was. It is a terrible way to learn of a mother's death. I am indeed paying a heavy price for doing what I believe to be right for me.

22nd. May.

I received a letter from the lawyers who are acting for me on behalf of my deceased mother—my friend had contacted them. It seems I have no alternative but to start legal proceedings. I wrote to the lawyers to tell them that all I want from the estate is some pictures and two photographs; one of my father and one of my mother. I don't really want anything else.

3rd. June.

I received a card from Rev. Hajime wishing me well in my new home. It was good to have so kind a thought.

6th. June.

Another letter came from Rev. Hajime this morning. He told me of many things that are happening, including the fact that Jim has a bad cold. He also told me that any money that is put into the box outside the temple is legally mine. With regard to the letters I wrote about the junior disciplinarian he says he will have to be very careful in case they cause problems with Zenji Sama; he could be very angry with the young man concerned; I have written to Rev. Hajime to tell him to do everything to prevent such problems. He told me something else too; that the parishioners here want me to teach English to their children. That should be fun. It will certainly be a change from the sort of people I've been teaching in Tokyo; all I ever got out of the girls there were giggles.

10th. June.

I have reclaimed three of the rooms. It is now possible for me to have a private room behind the main altar; this was originally the guest room. It took a lot of cleaning up but it's good to have a private room. I've also cleaned out and mended the indoor toilet so the whole place is beginning to take shape as a little home. It's hard work but I can do it steadily at a slow pace. I wonder though how I shall be able to get the whole place ready in time for Kessei; I've got to have every room livable in by then.

13th. June.

Received another letter of encouragement from Rev. Hajime. It really does help to have someone occasionally write and tell you to keep at it when you're cleaning up a place in the mess this is. I'm very grateful to him for these stray letters.

18th. June.

Another letter from Rev. Hajime requiring me to fill in all sorts of documents with regard to my history, almost life story, so that he can send everything to the Administration Section for my Kessei. It's amazing the amount of things they want to know; some of them seem so unnecessary and everything has to be done out in triplicate. I then have to collect seals from all sorts of people including the mayor of this village. Because this is a feudal system no-one can even do personal ceremonies without getting the mayor's permission. So I have to get his seals on the papers first, then take them to the local city and get the boss of the city's seals and then send them to Tokyo where they get sealed again by the administration. What a system!

1st. July.

It is getting very hot here but, all things considered, everything is going really well. The only slight problem is that I have arranged to take my baths in Mrs. Suzuki's house. Unfortunately this has made her very happy and some of the other villagers very angry. I shall have to arrange to bath in other houses or there'll be jealousy. Anyway I'll have my own bathroom soon. I've got used to visiting the villagers and going to their homes to recite the Scriptures. They're really a very friendly collection of people, very gentle and very kind. They're just a farming community with the usual mean elements but, on the whole, they're very sincere. Their meanness is, I suppose, reasonable. After all, being a farmer in this sort of area isn't exactly being a rich man.

I had another card from Rev. Hajime who was very sad to hear of my mother's death. He told me that it is perfectly all right for me to conduct the Segaki ceremonies for OBon. He also told me some rather interesting things. There is absolutely no difference in the rank of a male or female priest but still only men may perform the congratulatory ceremony of Zuisse, graduation recognised by the Emperor. I can wear colored robes and a golden rakusu after doing Kessei as the men do because it has been decided that I am to be given a first Kyoshi, or first class

degree, as a result of the training I've already done in the Tokyo temple.⁴⁸ This means that I can also become the priest of the highest rank of temple if anyone ever wants to appoint me. I'm really very fortunate to have been able to study in so important a temple.

6th. July.

More papers arrived from Tokyo requiring seals. I seem to spend so much of my time in the local city collecting them. I wonder how many more they'll need?

10th. July.

A young man named Andy arrived this morning. He's come all the way from Tokyo; Rev. Hajime has had him in the temple there for a few days prior to sending him down to me. It seems that he's heard about me from somewhere and very much wants to help with getting the things ready for Kessei. It's very kind of him. He's an extremely good handyman and this means that a lot of the carpentry that I couldn't otherwise have done very well by myself will now be done properly. I'm really very grateful to Rev. Hajime for having sent him.

23rd. July.

I heard from my lawyers to-day. My brother is going to contest my mother's will every inch of the way. There seems to be no alternative but to fight. It's terrible that his relations with me have become this bitter but the worst news of the day is that Zenji Sama has collapsed. Apparently he just folded over in the Hondō and was carried back to his room; he hasn't moved since. The doctors say he has diabetes but it sounds more like a stroke to me. Rev. Hajime wrote to tell me that I shall be the last person Zenji Sama will ever Transmit personally.

The news of Zenji Sama's collapse has hit me so very hard; I wouldn't have believed that anything could have done so, not even my mother's and father's deaths have affected me as this has. There is that between Zenji Sama and I that is so exquisite

that just the thought of his being harmed in any way, even by a natural illness, is as a mortal blow to myself.

24th. July.

Now that I am so much better and the temple is in pretty good condition, all things considered, I have decided to start a definite schedule of ceremonies for morning and evening together with periods of meditation. Andy loves the idea and we're hard at it. The temple itself is beginning to look very beautiful. Of course it's not got the gold brocade and the gold carvings of the other temples here but that doesn't matter. It looks really good just as it is and I know we're going to make a success of the place. Zenji Sama wanted somewhere for the foreigners and, if we work hard, we'll have one; the first person to come has been Andy. At a later date Jim will presumably come too but, in the meantime, Andy and I can get on.

A number of newspaper reporters turned up to-day thanks to Rev. Ichirō who has just come down to his own temple and has discovered that I am here. It seems that the man is determined to extract every bit of publicity he possibly can out of me and any other unfortunate foreigner he happens to come across.

The parishioners are constantly bringing us vegetables and bags of rice, giving us help in many directions, telling us where to get things and how to get them. One of the kindest things was to take me up the mountain behind this temple and show me some of the more dangerous insects and plants around here so as to make sure that no-one who comes to stay with us gets hurt.

Another letter came from Rev. Hajime telling me that my cousin's house in London is acceptable as a temple. Because of the certificate I was given when I did my Zuisse I found myself priest of a non-existent temple; it was then required of me that I find a place so as to turn it into an existing temple! The only place I could think of was my cousin's house. Some people from the administration went to England on a business trip, paid a visit to the house and approved it. So I am now not only Bishop of London but have a "palace" which isn't my own and a "cathedral" which isn't there.

Rev. Hajime wanted to know if I was willing for Jim to enter the Meditation Hall in the Tokyo temple properly and I have at last agreed that he should. I hope he may be worthy of it. It is a terrible thing to enter the Meditation Hall and be insincere.

29th. July.

The letter I wrote to the Emperor came back to-day duly translated. Apparently the original has already been sent off. I also got another card from Rev. Hajime saying that Jim has entered the Meditation Hall. It is good to know that he has at last done it although he will only be in Tokyo for a couple more days before he comes here to help me. The weather is getting very hot. The locals now just sit around and watch the rice ripen. I suppose there isn't very much else to do.

1st. August.

I received a card this morning to say that Jim will be arriving some time to-day together with the odd-eyed white cat (it has one gold eye and one blue one) that has been his companion for the last two months in the temple in Tokyo. There's only one real problem and that is that he's coming to the station close to Rev. Hajime's temple and both Rev. Hajime and his wife are insisting that, since I am meeting him, I must spend the night in Rev. Hajime's temple with him. I don't really want to do that at all. Rev. Hajime also tells me that unless I'm willing to help him in his temple for the OBon festival on the 17th. of August he is not willing to help me with any further translations.

10th. August.

Jim has been here for almost ten days and he and Andy aren't getting along any too well. Andy is a rather straightforward, old-fashioned young man and a lot younger than Jim is. I hope there aren't too many complications as a result of this. To-day Jim wanted to officially enter this temple. He said he'd never been allowed to do the formal entry into the temple in Tokyo, that is, make the formal walk to the front gate and wait there to be admitted. Both Andy and I felt that this was a bit of

play-acting on his part, for his words didn't ring particularly true to either of us, but we decided that the kindest thing would be to let him go ahead and do it if he really wanted to. He made the formal walk to the front gate and stood outside it for an hour waiting to be admitted. One of the villagers saw him and, wondering what we were doing, came and scolded me for being cruel to him.

12th. August.

Received another card from Tokyo requiring information as to the exact area of the ground on which my cousin's house in London stands; apparently this has to be noted before the building can be formally regarded as a temple by the authorities here. They also wish to know if I am willing for the name they have suggested to be put upon the certificate. I agreed.

Several Americans have come to the temple in Tokyo. Rev. Hajime is telling them all to come down here.

I had a long discussion with Jim over many things concerning his past life and am becoming increasingly concerned at what it has been like. I feel desperately sorry for him but I cannot help wondering if he is not perhaps hiding in the priesthood from the fact that he doesn't, at the moment, know how to live life in any way other than to run away from it.

13th. August.

At three o'clock this morning we started the OBon festival for the village. The bell of the largest temple rang and I and the two priests from the other temples went around to officially open the altar in each house in the village. Visiting each house in turn, we recited Scriptures and offered incense on the family altar and were provided with refreshments; always beer. Consider the fact that there are something like one hundred and seventy-eight houses here, that it takes from three in the morning until about two or three in the afternoon to get them all done and one is offered beer in each; the state one is in when the ceremonies are over is a little difficult to describe. I very soon discovered that I must be very careful not to drink more than a sip in each house;

this annoyed the villagers but certainly saved me a lot of problems. The other two priests didn't seem to be so worried and one of them, I'm afraid, got very much the worse for wear.

15th. August.

Segaki ceremonies in my own temple took place to-day and I was very grateful for the help of both Andy and Jim in the performance of them. It was the first time I had been celebrant at a big ceremony and, although I had learned how to do it along with all the other ceremonial when in the temple in Tokyo, it was a totally different thing to be doing such a ceremony completely alone for the first time with no Japanese assistance. Jim caused me quite a few problems by constantly ogling various female members of the congregation and a couple of the town council members complained. I must do something about him. He really is very worrying.

16th. August.

Apparently Jim has gone round the village saying that he feels he ought to have a temple such as this and asking the villagers if they would take a vote as to who they would prefer, him or me. One of them actually wrote to Rev. Hajime to tell him about this and see if it was possible to have him; Rev. Hajime wrote back to say that not only is he not qualified, he is just barely a newly-made member of the priesthood, not having even done his Chief Junior, let alone his Transmission. It's going to be almost impossible to run this temple if I am to have someone like this living in it with me, constantly upsetting the villagers, yet I have no alternative but to keep him here for he is legally my disciple and thus my responsibility. There are times when I think that Zenji Sama has complicated my kōan very much for me; and times when I think that maybe I was the one who complicated it for myself; I didn't *have* to ordain him.

17th. August.

Against my better judgement I went to help at Rev. Hajime's temple to-day together with Jim. I told Rev. Hajime

many of the difficulties that are the result of having Jim in the temple with me but there seems to be nothing that can be done about it. He *is* legally my disciple. There were so many Segaki ceremonies; we did something like forty this first day and, at the end of them, Rev. Hajime gave everyone a big feast. There were twenty or thirty other people helping at the ceremonies with us for Rev. Hajime's is a very important temple. As usual there was much saké drinking when all the work was over. I'm sorry to say that Rev. Hajime got very drunk and fell asleep beside the table.

19th. August.

We have been doing ceremonies in Rev. Hajime's temple solidly for two days. I am almost reciting the "Kanromon" in my sleep but I made some money for doing it; a thousand yen for each day's work which is something like a pound. Having been fed well we all went home. It was good to get back to my own temple and find that Andy had looked after it well whilst I was gone. There is really nothing like having your own bed in your own house to sleep in although I must say that Rev. Hajime's wife was very kind during the past two days. She showed none of the signs of hatred, sullenness and temper she exhibited last year. Perhaps it was just because I was living in her house and she was worried over my being ill. Let's hope it was that.

20th. August.

Received a very short card from Rev. Hajime to say that he's safely back in the temple in Tokyo and is missing both Jim and I very much; he is sending all the foreigners he can to be with us here. This means that there'll be quite a few here for my Kessei. Jim asked me many questions to-day. Like me, during my own training, he is wondering why the wall is still there but his questions seemed insincere.⁴⁹

"Is it wrong to search for the absolute?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied. "When I asked this question of Rev. Hajime he said that the reason why the wall was still there was because I was still young in spirituality."

“If it is wrong to search for Truth what am I doing here?” he asked.

“You know, I asked the very same question,” I replied, “and do you know the answer I got?”

“I have no idea,” he said, already seeming disinterested.

“Well, the English he used was very bad; the meaning came out as ‘Go on, go on, always *going* on, always *becoming* Buddha.’ His actual words were, ‘After going on we shall be reaching there.’”

“You’ve often mentioned that you don’t get happiness out of meditation but you do get absolute peace,” said Andy. “What is peace?”

“Again the only answer I can give to that is the one that Zenji Sama himself gave me, ‘Peace is everywhere if we meditate properly.’ It’s the way we live that makes a place peaceful. It’s not something that we can find; it’s something that we ourselves create from within.”

“Have you found it?” he asked.

“Yes,” I replied, “but not in a way you can understand. All the mess in the world goes on just as it has done but it doesn’t affect me any longer. That’s all. There is no stress or strain if we do everything naturally; there is no mental struggle, worry or trouble. That is what it means to be Buddha.”

“Can one really do it?”

“It is possible but it has to be worked at every hour of the day and night. Peace is not something you get permanently and don’t have to train to maintain afterwards, believing that it’s going to be yours forever without any work on your part. You have to do a lot of work on yourself to be able to keep it.”

“Do you think we could set aside a specific time each day for some questions and discussions of this sort?” asked Andy.

“Certainly. I don’t see why not. In any case I’ve got to train Jim for his Chief Junior. It’s a good idea.”

And we left it at that. Gradually our schedule is beginning to form. We have our meditation three times a day, our Morning and Evening Service; we work on mending the house and now

we're going to have our questions and discussions. It looks as though this is going to turn into a real, live temple.

21st. August.

This morning, after we'd finished working, Jim said to me, "Can you start teaching me now for my Chief Junior?" I tried not to show that I was hesitant but something in me was not too happy about the idea.

"All right," I said, after a couple of minutes pause, "I'll show you what you have to do for the actual ceremony."

We spent an hour and a half rehearsing then he said, "What about the questions and answers?"

"Have you ever seen a Chief Junior ceremony?" I asked.

"No," he replied.

"Do you know the sort of questions that they're likely to ask you?"

"No."

"The best thing I can do then is find some for you. Because it wasn't possible for me to do my own Chief Junior ceremony in the Hondō like everyone else, since I was a woman and a foreigner, I had a ceremony in Zenji Sama's own room after which he gave me the certificate. I only had two people there as well as Zenji Sama; one was my Benji and the other Rev. Hajime. Let me find you some questions with their answers. Do you want them?"

"Please." Both he and Andy seemed very eager.

I found the verse that is usually recited by the Benji at the beginning of the questioning and ends with the sentence, "The Emperor could not understand these answers so Bodhidharma crossed the river and went to sit facing the wall in Shōrinji for nine years."

"My answer to this poem," I said, "was the following, 'When we see a leaf fall from a tree we can know that it is Autumn.' My Benji replied, 'We must not be muddled by the changing of the four seasons.' 'Every sight is the same Autumn,' I answered. 'You say Autumn,' he said, 'but you are making a mistake in that, in seeing the flowers blooming and the leaves falling, you are thinking them to be the real sight of the Truth.'

‘Be still and you will know it.’ ‘Congratulations,’ he said. ‘Thank you,’ was the reply. ‘Unclear. Please teach me,’ said another. ‘Please listen carefully; they never ever change their colours.’ ‘The real presence of Autumn is that they never change their colours,’ he challenged. ‘Still you do not know the eternal sight that is told by our ancestors.’ ‘Congratulations,’ he said. ‘Thank you,’ was the reply.”

When I finished speaking both Jim and Andy were silent. Then Jim said, “Isn’t it customary for people to take these questions and answers from a book?”

I said, “Sometimes. In many cases here in Japan they are prepared from a book; however, some are still done completely spontaneously. Wouldn’t you like to do it that way?”

“I don’t know that I can,” he replied. “I don’t know that I can speak Japanese well enough.”

“Well, we can always do it from a book. Many people do.”

We left it there, deciding that, nearer the time, we could rehearse him from one of the chapters of the special book. He can, as have many Chief Juniors before him, do it by this method.⁵⁰

1st. September.

The house is almost completely in order now; we have even got a living room and two bedrooms. We went round, all three of us together, begging disused, old mats and furniture from people here; finally we have a little home together. It’s so wonderful to have something of our own; at any rate *I* think it is. I sometimes wonder if it’s good enough for the other two but it is certainly marvelous as far as I’m concerned. I don’t know when they will start work on the new bathroom but, when it is finished, the temple will be complete.

5th. September.

Andy had to return to Tokyo to-day. It was rather unfortunate but there wasn’t very much he could do about it so we wished him good luck. I look forward to seeing him as soon as he can come back again.

6th. September.

To-day three reporters arrived from a magazine which is reputed to be the worst in the country. I absolutely refused to see them for I knew that the only news they ever printed was sensational and distorted. Unfortunately they insisted on standing outside the door, pounding on it, for something like two to three hours; Jim got very worried. Then one of them put his fist through the glass in the top of the door. This terrified Jim so much that he started panicking. I suggested he went out via a back window and over the neighbour's wall to the house next door. This he did. By now the reporters were yelling obscenities; it was remarkable to me that none of the villagers seemed to be around to hear until I remembered that they were all in the fields harvesting the rice. There was no-one around to help me so I sat down to meditate. In another couple of hours it was too dark for the reporters to stay outside any longer. They went away threatening to come back in the morning.

Jim returned and I visited the local policeman. He wanted to know why I had refused to see the reporters and I told him bluntly that I felt that there *was* such a thing as privacy in this world to which I was entitled as were those with me. He told me that, if I wished to stay in Japan, I would have to think differently, there being no such thing as privacy for a foreigner. He did, however, agree to come back in the morning if the reporters caused us any more problems. They did indeed come back in the morning and I *still* refused to see them. They went off threatening to visit the local town council.⁵¹

9th. September.

I received a card from Rev. Hajime telling me how impressed he was with Andy who, he felt, had become an extremely earnest young man whilst being in my temple. Well, all we've done here is hard work and meditation. Just that and nothing more.

There seem to be two main factions in the village. One is run by Mrs. Suzuki who met me when I first came here and the

other, which seems to comprise the majority of the villagers, by a woman who lives on the other side of this temple. Such situations are very difficult for a priest coming to a new village; I should be beyond involvement with either side but it is obvious that there are political factions even in so small a community as this and I will have to be careful that I do not tread on the corns of either side. I have agreed to bath in other houses on alternate nights so as not to cause jealousy with the rest of the villagers.

25th. September.

I received a long letter from Rev. Hajime to-day concerning the Kessei arrangements. My special robes have been ordered and the number of children for the procession has been fixed at somewhere around fifty. There is such a lot to be done; making sure that there are enough people to come and prepare the feasts for all the priests who will have to be here; making certain that I have enough beds for everyone; booking the two choirs, one from Rev. Hajime's temple and another from the local town, to sing in the procession. It is really amazing what a lot has to be done. The Chinese abbot has sent me a thousand dollars to pay all the expenses since I have no money of my own and no means of completing my Kessei without financial assistance. The Japanese here will give none although the cost of a new priest's Kessei is normally borne by his parishioners.⁵²

3rd. October.

The money for the new bathroom, vestibule and covered walkway to the well arrived to-day and a number of the villagers came to start work on it. They estimate that it will take about a month to finish; they are also getting me an electric pump for the well. Apparently my publisher friend has given a hundred and thirty thousand yen for all of this. It is indeed a wonderful present. Rev. Hajime wrote to say that the money has already been deposited to his account ready to be given to the villagers as soon as the work is finished.

4th. October.

At the discussion to-day Jim said to me, "During meditation this morning I seemed to almost disappear with everything around me but I was so afraid that I stopped myself. I was afraid of what might happen. Ought I to meditate in my room instead of in the Meditation Hall or is it better not to? I want to meditate during the day in my room in any case." Again his voice did not sound sincere.

"The only answer I can give you," I replied, "is the one that they gave me when I made exactly the same request. 'We must be in the Zendō whenever others are there.' You can do it in your own room at any other time if you wish."

"What does that mean?" he asked.

"It means what it sounds like. If you have some spare time by all means go ahead and meditate. Use any spare time you've got but you should know that when it's a work period we should all work together; when it's a meditation period we should all meditate together. That's the way they taught it to me. Do you remember I told you once about what happened when I was in the garden weeding and I wanted to go off and weed by myself?"

"Oh, yes," he said, "but that . . . that was a different thing. That was you."

I said, "No, it's not different. You and I are identically the same. You shouldn't go off by yourself. Why do you consider yourself different?"

"Well . . .," and his voice trailed off. Suddenly he changed the subject. "What happened to that young disciplinarian you wrote the letters about?"

"I don't know," I answered. "I think he was given a different job in the temple. I don't know anything more about it."

"Perhaps he liked punishing people or beating them up when they were bigger than he was," he said. "Maybe it makes him feel bigger than he is."

"According to Rev. Hajime," I replied, "it's not right to use the *kyosaku* on anyone if they're sitting correctly and it's wrong for people to talk and lecture when others are sitting; but, as he told me, there are many traditions in that temple we were

in Tokyo so, well . . . it's a bit like a large boarding school. According to Rev. Hajime we should be allowed to sit quietly without being disturbed by anything."

"What's that got to do with dealing with him?"

"With who?" I asked.

"That young disciplinarian," he replied.

"Nothing," I answered.

"Well, are they going to deal with him?"

"Why are you so anxious that they should deal with him?" I asked. "You mustn't be vindictive."

"Oh, so now you're going to become holy."

I got up and went to my room. On the way I noticed that the building of the bathroom was getting well under way. The far wall, which had fallen down entirely, has now been completely replaced and the vestibule is almost finished. How very pleasant to have so beautiful a bathroom.

5th. October.

I received another card from Rev. Hajime to say that my robes are finished and he has had a specially good red one made. He also seems to have got a bad cold. The date of my Kessei has been fixed for November 28th.

18th. October.

To-day several village women came to discuss the arrangements for the Kessei procession and to tell me of the children who will be the Chigo-san. They also wanted to arrange many things with regard to the food and we decided how much it was to cost for the entire three days of ceremonies; something like two hundred pounds or the equivalent of two hundred thousand yen.⁵³

20th. October.

Rev. Hajime wrote to say that he will be arriving on the 29th. of October so as to be able to discuss many things with the villagers with regard to my Kessei.

23rd. October.

Again Jim and I were having a discussion. I feel that I am doing a really atrocious job of teaching him.

He said to me, "When shall we reach perfection? That's really what I want. To be complete. To be free to do as I wish."

I answered, "We are never ever complete, without responsibility for eternity."

"That's awful and it's wrong."

"No, it isn't," I said, "and you must learn not to disobey my teaching. You must listen. If you don't you will not be fit to become a Chief Junior."

"Well, if perfection and freedom to do as I like are not going to come for eternity what am I doing here?"

"You are here to do the very best you can at all times and in all places. That's all there is; to do the very best one can. Dōgen Zenji himself said, 'Always we must be disturbed by the Truth.' If we are satisfied with the state we are in, if we are complete, then we are never going to learn anything and we are certainly never going to train ourselves for the training itself is that which matters."

"Humph," he sat silent for some time, then spoke again. "You know, I've been happier here these last few weeks than ever before in my whole life, in spite of the hell of Sesshin that they put me through up in Tokyo. Odd as it may seem I was just beginning to find it advantageous around the fifth day."

"It's a hard road to enlightenment," I said, "but, according to Zenji Sama, it is right under our feet. You and I had some sort of experience but there are many who don't have any."

He sat silent again staring into space. Then he spoke slowly. "How do you explain that to the world?"

"To live simply and normally, if there is no doubt, is enlightenment itself. Rev. Hajime told me that and I now know it to be a fact for myself."

Again there was a long pause before he spoke. "I'm beginning to think that we sit facing a wall and are beaten to make us realise what fools we are."

“Enlightenment is eternity,” I answered. “We should awaken to it every moment wherever we are.”

“I think that enlightenment is to understand and know that we are free in a way that cannot be expressed in words,” he said, “and to be able to do whatsoever we wish with that freedom, to do exactly what we like.”

“According to Dōgen Zenji, according to Zenji Sama and according to my own experience,” I replied, “we can realise enlightenment through the course of our daily life. We cannot tell of it in words or know it through intellection; only through changing our attitude of mind and, thus radically changing our behaviour, do we understand it directly.”

Again a long silence. Then he spoke. “We must always go on then? I am sometimes very ashamed of myself for sitting down and going nowhere for so many years and for hurting so many people.”

“In Japanese, ‘fusei,’ as they call it, is the first step in the training of a Bodhisattva.”

“What is ‘fusei?’”

“Not to be pleased with the self,” I replied. “I took the four Bodhisattva vows in London, and again in Malaysia, after I found Buddhism as a child. I so wanted to share my joy with everyone. Do you know what the Bodhisattva vows are?”

“No,” he answered.

“The version I took goes like this, ‘I promise to abstain from all that will make further bad karma. I promise to strive for the enlightenment of all beings.’ I like that translation rather better than the one usually used. I thought that you’d already taken the Bodhisattva vows?”

“Well, I did that thing back home but I honestly didn’t know what it was that I did.”

“You know, that affair worries me. I wonder if you really were ordained or not.”

“Why worry? You’ve done or re-done it. It’s proper now.”

“Let’s hope it is,” I said.

We had to leave it there for some guests had arrived and I had to do a ceremony for them.

29th. October.

Rev. Hajime came early this morning and spent the entire day. He explained many things to me; how to decorate the altars, how to arrange the rooms for the ceremonies, the order with regard to which the ceremonies should be carried out. I wrote everything down carefully. He was overjoyed with the way in which we had mended the temple and the amount of work that had been done on getting a congregation. He felt that the temple was a totally different building from the one he had originally seen.

When he had gone Jim sat silent and a little sullen, looking at me rather strangely. "You realise that he is in love with you, don't you?" he said.

I couldn't quite believe that I'd heard what I thought I had.

"You're mad," I said. "He's a priest and so am I. What are you talking about?"

"You don't have to be that innocent with me," he said, sneering.

"I am being neither innocent nor guilty. I just do not know what it is you speak of."

"All right," he said, "but I'm glad to know that you are not in love with him. I think it is a blessing for your sake."

I just shook my head, walked to my room and that was it for the day.

2nd. November.

There was trouble again between the villagers and Mrs. Suzuki since they feel she is trying to hog my company. I assured them that I intended to go round to see them all equally and peace was once again restored.

The bathroom is finished and is truly magnificent. For the first time since coming here we were able to turn on a tap and not have to use the pump. It makes such a difference with regard to the cleaning as does the fact that there is now a covered walkway to the well and sink. It's amazing how we miss these little, simple things. We think of them as being our normal rights and only appreciate them when we have not had

them for a time. One can never realise how helpful they are if one isn't suddenly faced one day with being without them. That's one of the great advantages of Zen training. It takes everything away from you and all you have is the one mat on which you live, two meters long by a meter wide, the two cupboards behind it in which to keep your clothes, books and bed, the space on top of the cupboard for your food bowls and the place underneath the one mat for your shoes. You learn to live in that small amount of space and you learn that that's all a human being really needs; and it's so appreciated when you get a bit more. How delicious is water. How beautiful it is to be able to keep clean in one's own house.⁵⁴

5th. November.

An unusual letter arrived this morning from the Director of the temple in Tokyo. It was written in Japanese and there was a translation with it from Rev. Hajime. It simply congratulated me on doing my Kessei and told me that he, the Director, was happy and willing to send the four or five trainees I had asked to come to it. He also told me how much Zenji Sama is looking forward to seeing me again and how much he himself is looking forward to seeing me too. It is the first time that he has written to me and it looks as though he's really sincerely interested in what I am doing. Perhaps, when I go back after this ceremony, there will be others from whom I can learn as well as Rev. Hajime. That will make such a difference.

11th. November.

The finishing touches are being put on the Kessei ceremony arrangements. A long letter came from Rev. Hajime explaining the last few things, plus a tremendous bundle of official documents that I again have to seal and take to the mayor and then to the officials in the city before sending them back to Tokyo. I seem to have been doing nothing but get seals for the last three months.

Rev. Hajime tells me that, although there will be many people who will object to the fact that I am wearing a red robe for some

of the ceremonies, I should, nevertheless, wear it. Women can go all the way up the ranks of the priesthood but prejudicial customs still remain; he wants me, as does Zenji Sama, to fight these prejudices for the sake of all the women in Japan. I suppose it is a wonderful opportunity to be in the spearhead of such things but I really have no personal interest in them. I found what I came looking for. Just I do that, however, which has to be done. If it is the will of Zenji Sama that I fight prejudice then it is my will also.

I hear that the Administrative Section has sent the temple certificates for my cousin's house in London.

16th. November.

I received a card from Rev. Hajime to say that Zenji Sama is sending me a hossu for use at the ceremonies as a present to me personally along with a bamboo sword, the sword of Manjusri, to raise the rank of my temple and show that I have the right to teach. I hear that it is the first time that he has ever sent such things to a woman and the first time that anything of the sort has been sent to a foreigner. The temple in Tokyo is sending me a gold brocade cover for the altar.

Rev. Ichirō has finally left Japan to go to his new post.

18th. November.

I received another card from Rev. Hajime to say that he and the Director are buying many presents to give to those who are coming here for the Kessei ceremonies since many great priests intend to come. I have only invited twenty-five of my friends but it looks as though far more than that are going to turn up.

26th. November.

The guests started arriving to-day. I have borrowed many futons for them and most will spend the night in the big clubhouse in the temple garden which will eventually become the Meditation Hall. I do not know what time most of the people I have invited will arrive; the ones who got here to-day I do not know at all. At the moment there are many people in the temple

busy making food. It is like running a hotel. It's amazing that the floors of this old building are able to stand up to the weight of so many people.

27th. November.

There are already fifty-four priests in the temple. The Kessei flag flies above the roof to tell everyone that I am ready to accept their challenge, to debate with them and to prove that I am a priest and teacher. The rehearsals for the ceremonies start to-day. I gave Jim to the five junior trainees who I had arranged to come from the temple in Tokyo; they can teach him the book version of doing the Chief Junior ceremony. This is a common practice. He does not feel he knows the Japanese language well enough to do it differently.

At about five o'clock this evening the priest whom Zenji Sama has selected to represent him arrived and was greeted by a great beating of drums and ringing of bells which many of the priests have brought with them. I have borrowed a large drum from the village and also have a number of small bells. Zenji Sama is still completely paralyzed down the entire left side of his body but the doctors are still insisting that he has diabetes. These people and their fear of losing face; if they say one has a specific disease they may not change the diagnosis even when they are wrong. I sincerely hope that I am never seriously ill in this country.

After the formal entry of Zenji Sama's representative we had the Nyudo no Hai ceremony at which Jim officially entered the temple as Chief Junior. This was followed by the formal tea ceremony. Rev. Hajime, Rev. Jirō, who has come as the official lecturer, and I sat at the far end of the hall. The rest of the priests were grouped in two rows facing each other on either side. The formal tea was brought and then Rev. Hajime read out the names of those who would take an active part in the running of the temple for the days of Kessei. He also gave a long talk on why I, a woman and a foreigner, was being allowed to have such rank as this in a Japanese temple. He explained that many women in Japan were eligible to do the ceremonies but afraid

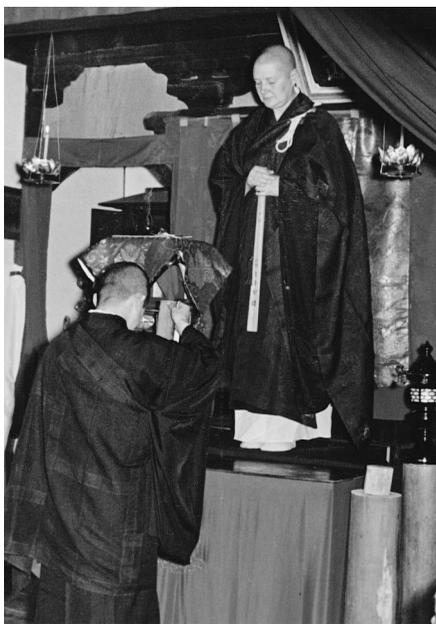
to because of Japanese custom. They should see that there was one who was unafraid in spite of the many difficulties. He wished everyone to know that I was doing the ceremonies at the wish of Zenji Sama, the Archbishop. We then drank the cups of tea we had been holding, each taking the same amount of sips exactly together so that we all set the cups down at the same time. When the tea ceremony was over we went to bed. The house is so full of people.

28th. November.

The really important ceremonies of Kessei started to-day. The waking-up bell went at two in the morning; everyone rose and went to meditation and Morning Service then cleaned the house and gardens. The villagers have built a huge ramp, as an extension to the front of the temple, to take the weight of so many extra people. After breakfast (we had formal breakfast in the club-hall) I was taken to the mayor's house where I took a formal bath and prepared for the procession. Thirty priests and fifty children formed up for the procession outside the mayor's house and I, in my red and gold robes, walked under a great red umbrella, carried by one of the members of the town council, from the mayor's house to the temple. At the front of the procession went the two choirs ringing small silver bells as they sang. The fifty children wore gold crowns and elaborate, cloth-of-gold costumes, thus representing the royal children who brought lotus blossoms to the Buddha on the day of his enlightenment; each carried a lotus blossom.⁵⁵ After every three children walked one of the priests. The procession stretched for something like two miles. On arrival at the temple-gate my assistant, who was one of the chief priests of the big temple in Tokyo sent specially for the purpose by Zenji Sama, one of his own assistants and very important, handed me the incense as I said the formal words, "Whilst I live the gate of this temple shall never be closed to any living thing." This is known as 'the formal opening of the gate.'⁵⁶ Then, to the thunder of drums, I entered the temple and walked to the main altar where I dedicated myself to the service of the village, all living things and



“Whilst I live the gate of this temple shall never be closed to any living thing.”



“As I stood upon the altar there was no difference between me and he who stood in front questioning me for we all sat upon the altar of the lotus together . . .”



*The author with the Chigo-san, or royal children,
and guests in celebration of her Kessei.*

the teachings of the Buddhas and Patriarchs. Next I asked for the spiritual guidance of Zenji Sama without which I shall be useless for no priest is capable of anything unless his master⁵⁷ helps him. I then went to my room to change from the red and gold of the chief priest to the purple of the priest who is to be questioned upon the altar to see if he is indeed the living Buddha.

As I stood before the altar, saying the prayer that all priests must say before they mount it, "The white clouds are still above the altar; I pray that He⁵⁸ Who teaches me shall help me now," I knew that Zenji Sama⁵⁹ was there with me and always would be no matter what clouds may one day hide him from my sight.

The questions came in a language-style that is difficult even for those who speak Japanese—imagine an average Englishman trying to speak Chaucerian English—yet the answers came easily. As I stood upon the altar there was no difference between me and he who stood in front questioning me for we all sat upon the altar of the lotus together and all trained together in the same way. Whether I answered in English or Japanese did not matter for our spirits were one. The words were of no importance—there was only the meditation within which one stands

upon the altar—that beautiful meditation in which there is no disturbance—in which the white clouds are still.

I heard the sound of the Shōmei striking the wooden block. I heard the words pronounced, “I proclaim that this is well and truly Buddha; that these answers have been well and truly given.” I had not seen the huge audience. There had been but Zenji Sama and I in that hall and we two had been one; all others had been aspects of the two of us and we had been aspects of them and of Him. I saw Zenji Sama’s representative smile softly as I offered incense and thanked Zenji Sama for being with me—at that moment I knew a joy even deeper than that of Transmission. Speeches of congratulation were then made by all the important people and my assistant read congratulatory telegrams from all over Japan.

We had lunch and then the ceremony of Chief Junior took place. The other juniors had rehearsed Jim very well and the ceremony was a success. He is now a Chief Junior and I a full priest. Everyone attended the large feast and I was called to the club-hall to thank all the people of the village who had helped me; they were having a big feast too. The priests drank much but it didn’t matter any longer; these things were of no importance. I was extraordinarily exhausted but I felt that I must take time to write this. Such a day must never be forgotten.

Andy was there and so were several people whom I knew from the American bases. They took photographs and were happy for *their* priest had made it; *their* priest had been accepted—she was not only a foreigner—she was also a female.

29th. November.

Everyone got up at three o’clock this morning. We had meditation, Morning Service and breakfast and then all the guests left. I took down the Kessei flag—the red, yellow, green, white and purple flag of the full priest which I may fly now whenever I wish. Anyone may come and debate with me. Oh, what a glory and an honour it is to be a Buddhist priest.

30th. November.

Andy, Jim and I were so exhausted we just didn't get up until noon. This was probably very bad but we really were terribly tired.

2nd. December.

Rev. Hajime wrote to say that he was very pleased with my Kessei and that everyone in the Tokyo temple felt that I had done it excellently. He said that everyone thought it was wonderful. He said one thing that concerned me somewhat. He feels that Jim is not exactly my best friend and that perhaps he should have an old temple of his own somewhere else. He thinks he may always make problems for me in the village since he is very jealous, always trying to take what others have. For some reason he is of the opinion that I am going to Transmit him. I never said I would and he is certainly not ready for it.

Zenji Sama is getting peeved because I have not returned to the temple in Tokyo yet. He sent me word that Sesshin is going on there and asked bluntly, "Don't you want to be with me?" I am always with him even if he cannot sit in the Meditation Hall physically with me. I will go to Tokyo as soon as I can. There is no cessation of training whatever one's rank in the priesthood; Sesshin is not just for junior trainees.

12th. December.

Jim was staring moodily out of the window instead of being bright and attentive at our discussion this morning. Suddenly he said, "Isn't there a danger of becoming apathetic if one just accepts things without fighting them?"

"Your understanding is only intellectual," I said. "It's no good doing it that way. You must understand through your own experience for yourself. You shouldn't try to rush things."

"I wasn't aware that I was rushing things," he answered. "You've misunderstood what I was saying. I wasn't complaining; only saying that the Buddha seems to have abandoned the

method we are using for a more peaceful one. You say that realisation is possible by this method.”

“You are always trying to rush things,” I replied. “You must understand everything from your own experience as I did. Your experience is not yet very deep.”

“It’s not that much shallower than yours.”

“I have been in Buddhism since I was very young,” I replied. “You have only been in it a matter of a few months.”

“Well, I intend to do Transmission before I go,” he said.

“Are you going?” I asked.

“It seems you’re not willing to keep me! It’s your duty, though. You ordained me and the temple in Tokyo sends you money.”

“I can’t support you financially. I can barely keep myself. You don’t seem to realise that I don’t have that kind of money. It took everything I’d got to do these Kessei ceremonies.”

“I thought it was expensive. I don’t know why you did it. We could have lived on the money from Malaysia.”

“I had an opportunity which will not come again. The money that came from Malaysia was not for living on; only for these ceremonies,” I answered.

There was a long silence during which he again stared out of the window. “Don’t you find it rather frightening at times to realise that you cannot do what is expected of you?” he asked, “you are not a master if you cannot keep me.”

It was my turn to be silent then I said, “The country of the Buddhas will be established gradually. Until that time all we have to do is keep going. Gyate, gyate; go on, go on, always going on, always *becoming* Buddha. Our present civilisation is founded on greed, on killing and plundering. It’s wrong, a mistake. I believe that we need to establish a different type of civilisation run along the lines that the Buddha laid down, based on his doctrine; a doctrine which teaches that greed, killing and plundering are wrong. One day there will be a civilisation under the protection of the Buddhas and Bodhisattvas. My duty is to train myself and, when the opportunity arises to establish that civilisation, to do everything I can. That is all I am going to do,

all I can do and all I'm going to try to do. Just train myself and, in being ready, exhibit the world of the Buddhas in my own life style that others may want to copy. The kingdom of the Buddhas can only be established by people like us. So we're the ones that have to do the training in order to bring about the civilisation of the Buddhas. We must change ourselves if we would change the world for *we* are the world."

There was another long silence. "Kanzeon has a thousand arms and a thousand eyes. Which one is the true eye? Which one is the true arm?" he asked.

"All is one," I said. My voice was very still.

"Since enlightenment is here and now, in all things, and all we have to do is get rid of self, what is the use of asking questions in the Hondō? There is nothing to be asked."

Again my voice was very still. "You are thinking too shallowly," I said.

"The simplest things are always the most difficult to do. That is why so few people are enlightened I suppose."

"You are thinking of enlightenment too narrowly," I replied. "You must think of it on a much wider scale than this. It must embrace everything at all times and in all places."

"When are you going to Transmit me?" he asked.

I was silent and rose to leave the room but he came behind me.

"I *want* to be Transmitted!"

"I will write to Rev. Hajime," I said and left him.

13th. December.

Jim was again staring moodily out of the window. The sun was very wintry and it has indeed become very cold in the last few days. Suddenly he glared as he looked up at me.

"You know, if you don't Transmit me, I can always tell people that Rev. Hajime likes you perhaps more than he should. They'll stretch it from there."

I stood still. It was as if everything inside me stood still; my spirit, my mind, everything and I and Zenji Sama and the temple stood still—a solid oneness.

"Yes," I said, "you could say that."

“So—will you Transmit me?”

“Only if Rev. Hajime thinks it’s a good idea.”

I walked on past him to my room. A card and letter arrived from Rev. Hajime. In them he applauded my idea to allow Jim to return to his own country. He then said that a Transmission ceremony has its own built-in safeguards. I know that a Transmission ceremony for those who are not ready to be Transmitted remains but a ceremony. Just that and nothing more. The secret teaching is never written down, only given in the middle of the ceremony at the master’s discretion. One can only be *Transmitted* if one is *ready* to be Transmitted. That which happens at a Transmission ceremony can only be understood when the two spirits are willing and ready to meet in mid-air. I still see no reason to Transmit Jim. A priest must be single-minded yet practical.

25th. December.

I received a card from Zenji Sama to-day, together with one from the Director. They both say they are looking forward to seeing me on the 30th. of the month, ready for the New Year celebrations; they want me back to look after the Foreign Section which is growing rapidly. The head of all the women priests in Tokyo also wishes to see me. They tell me that Jim has been booked on a ship. It will sail at four o’clock on the 30th.

Andy cooked Christmas dinner. It was rather fun having Christmas dinner in our own house. It was very simple; just some fried vegetables and pancakes, but it was our dinner in our house. How I love such simple things.

26th. December.

Rev. Hajime wrote to say that it would not be possible to get silks for Jim’s proposed Transmission in time for him to write them before leaving. I have no doubt there will be consequences.

29th. December.

Jim, Andy and I returned to Tokyo this morning. Jim leaves to-morrow. Andy stayed the night in the Guest Section of the

Tokyo temple. It seems that the same “friend” in London who wrote to Rev. Jones to tell him not to ordain me when in Malaysia has now written to Zenji Sama to say that, as I am a woman, I should not be allowed to return to England to teach. The only people whom he is willing to welcome there as teachers will be Japanese men. Zenji Sama is furious about this. He thinks that I have misled him in saying that I taught Buddhism in England. I have assured him that I have not lied to him in any way but he says he must make certain by writing to other people in England to check what I have said. It is terrible that Zenji Sama, so sick and ill, should be worried by such silly things. How is it possible that people like this man in England can call themselves Buddhists?⁶⁰

30th. December.

Jim left this afternoon. Just before he left Zenji Sama sent me the letters that my so-called friend in London has sent him. This man is terrified that I will go back to England and teach. Whilst I was away he wrote to Zenji Sama asking for a teacher of Zen to be sent to England and Zenji Sama said that I would be ready this December. This was what prompted the letter saying I shouldn't be sent, that I wouldn't be accepted; now Zenji Sama is terribly muddled. He doesn't know who to believe. He gave me the letters to read since, in Buddhism, if someone speaks against another, the person spoken against must always be told so that he may know his enemies and teach them better Buddhism. I sincerely hope that whomsoever Zenji Sama writes to in England to clarify the situation does not make it worse through misunderstanding his motives.

After saying good-bye to Jim I returned to the temple where I found a large number of trainees very glad and anxious to see me. I have been moved from where I was living before and am now beside the Director whom, it seems, I am to be assistant to. It will be indeed very helpful to have the post of assistant to the Director as well as looking after all the foreign guests. What an opportunity to learn! A really wonderful new year lies ahead of us. Certainly the trainees were all glad to see me back again. It's

amazing what a difference it makes when Rev. Ichirō isn't here.⁶¹ It's like being in a totally different world.

We all had a party. Several of the others were convinced that I must be very unhappy at the departure of Jim and insisted on doing everything they could for me.

31st. December.

The last day of the old year—perhaps the greatest year of my life. No, that isn't true. I don't know which is the greatest; the year I was Transmitted, the year of my great kenshō or this year, the year of my Kessei; they have been three such wonderful years. It's as though I was reborn when I had my kenshō; after that I became alive for the first time in the whole of my life.

Towards eleven o'clock this evening we all went to the great hall to bow to Zenji Sama. We bowed to his empty chair; the saddest thing I have seen is his empty chair. As we were leaving the hall someone beckoned and I was taken to his private room where he lay in bed, completely unable to move. I thanked him for his help and for the wonderful year; he told me he had seen the photographs of my Kessei and was overjoyed. We talked for a few moments and then I had to go.

1st. January.

After the New Year ceremonies I went again to see Zenji Sama to wish him a happy New Year and a speedy recovery. Those of us who were his real disciples were allowed to have breakfast in his private guest room but it was not the same as when he is there; there was an empty space at the top of the room by the toko-no-ma. Now the formal New Year celebrations are over and we are relaxing. We are drinking the New Year wine, waiting for a year in which Zenji Sama is ill, in which I have been taken under the wing of the Director. My room is beside the Director's, as I said, and two rooms away from that of Rev. Hajime. I am in the administration block, quite close to the main door, so that I shall be readily available for the foreign guests.

10th. January.

Apparently Zenji Sama did write to someone in England to check my so-called friend's comment that a woman cannot teach Buddhism. To-day a letter came for me, as well as one for Zenji Sama, which made him absolutely furious. It said that, although I can teach Buddhism, and have taught it for a good many years, there is just no room at the moment for another school of Buddhism in England since they are well satisfied with the Rinzai school. I was afraid that if Zenji Sama wrote he might make matters worse. There is so much sectarianism and fear of competition in Britain in spite of protestations to the contrary. Quite reasonably Zenji Sama is thinking that there is a genuine attempt to prevent our school of Zen being spread in my native country, especially in view of the fact that he was asked for a teacher in the first letter. Unfortunately everybody here has to have their letters read if their master is present and Zenji Sama demanded to see the letter that came for me. This said that the writer knew exactly what a rōshi was and obviously *our Zen's* type of rōshi was totally different from that of Rinzai. He stated that the word 'rōshi' clearly has two utterly different meanings in Rinzai and in our school of Zen and that the British know the Rinzai well. He maintains that in Rinzai it means a very rare flower of long years of enlightened effort, matured by five or ten years' work after the Transmission is granted. He also assured me that the fact that someone is a rōshi is *never* published aloud⁶² and that there are never any exams, degrees and ceremonies. A rōshi, he said, must have attained a whole series of large scale satori and have been further trained to teach. Only then can such a man take sanzen or use kōans for his pupils. He concluded that in England they have met four such men in twenty years and one other who is more of our school but is also Rinzai trained. Thus, he informed me, the term as used in our temple has obviously a very different meaning from that of Rinzai.

It was hopeless for me to say that I didn't want to translate this letter for Zenji Sama because of his illness. It was equally hopeless for me to try and translate it differently. Rev. Hajime

was with me and, noting my hesitation, took it and translated it word for word as it had actually been written. I hid my eyes from Zenji Sama's grieved face. Then, quite simply, he said that obviously no-one in England understood *any* school of Buddhism at all if they suffered from the idea that satori was gained piecemeal and that the Rinzai school had the monopoly. He dictated a long letter which he ordered me to write to England. I took it down and went back to my room where I wrote it out. It was obvious that it could not be sent for it would be completely misunderstood. It was equally obvious that there was no way, at the moment, in which this matter could be sorted out so, in desperation, I went back to Zenji Sama alone.

"Zenji Sama," I said, "please forgive me. I have no right to go against your wishes but may I respectfully suggest that this letter is not sent?"

"Why?" He was still very angry.

"Because I don't think it will be understood. May I ask Zenji Sama what it was he actually wrote in his letter of inquiry to this person?"

"Yes," he said. "I asked him what criminal activity you had been up to prior to coming here that made it necessary for you to hide in a monastery and not be able to return to England."

I gulped. "I see," I said.

"I also said that I had named you as my direct disciple, as one of my Dharma Heirs, and that you have the title of Rōshi because you have earned it. At a later date you will receive the certificate of sanzen from the Administration Branch."

"Did you write it in English?"

"Rev. Hajime translated it," he replied.

"I see," I said.

There was a long pause whilst his girl assistant brought in tea for he obviously didn't want to talk whilst she was there. When she had put down the tea things and gone away, with a few pleasantries having been muttered to her, he said, "If you think this reply is unwise what do you suggest I write? You know the British. You are one of them. You should therefore know what it is safe to write and what it is not."

I said, “As brief a letter as possible would be the best, Zenji Sama, and I would be very grateful if you did not ask me to write it. For obvious reasons it is not what I should do. I have spoken of this matter with another Briton and he suggested this.”

“But I want you to do all my foreign correspondence.”

“Zenji Sama, there are so many priests here. Rev. Hajime is good at English now. Why don’t you let him do it? It would be much better if you had him rather than me.”

He thought for a moment. “Yes, perhaps you are right,” he said. “I understand what you mean.”

He rang his bell to call for Rev. Hajime. When he arrived he said, “I want you to write a letter.”

Rev. Hajime looked worried. “Yes?” he said.

“I want you to write to this man in England and tell him that he obviously understands nothing whatsoever about true Zen.”

“May I suggest something, Zenji Sama,” Rev. Hajime ventured.

“Yes.”

“Might we say, ‘I have read your comments with regard to our school of Zen. It seems that you, a layman, know more of what a rōshi is than does an Archbishop of Zen. Under the circumstances there is no need for any further communication between us.’”

“Yes, that is excellent! That is exactly what I wanted to say,” replied Zenji Sama. “Send it!”⁶³

I knew what this letter would do and I knew that I had no power to do anything to prevent its being sent. I did not dare again tell Zenji Sama that it was unwise.

He looked at me. “Do you wish to say anything?”

“No, Zenji Sama.”

“You perhaps still think the letter is unwise?”

“At this juncture I think any letter is unwise, Zenji Sama.”

“That is because you are afraid. There is such a thing as Fūgen; you cannot always live in Kanzeon. Kanzeon is passive; she allows everything to happen; Fūgen is active and moves when he must move. The duty of Fūgen is to teach. These people

obviously do not understand Buddhism at all and I must teach them.”

“Zenji Sama, there may be some terrible consequences to me as a result of this.”

“You are my direct disciple. As such, it is your duty to bear those consequences.”

The meeting was obviously over. I bowed. “Yes, Zenji Sama,” I said as I rose and left the room.

I have noticed in the last day or two some difficulty with my physical sitting in the Meditation Hall. It’s as though the top of my left thigh is larger than it should be and is causing me great pain in twisting itself into the lotus position. It’s probably just the cold and nothing more. I’d best forget about it.

20th. January.

We have had foreigners coming to the temple every weekend now since the big New Year celebration. It has really been very enjoyable to have English-speaking people with me. They usually come on Saturdays, stay overnight, hear lectures and practice meditation. We decided that, for this weekend, we would have a full-scale Sesshin which would last two days, Saturday and Sunday.

We settled down in the laymen’s Meditation Hall; there was a lot of squirming on the part of those who couldn’t sit properly but, on the whole, it went extraordinarily well. Rev. Hajime came to see how we were doing and went off to report very happily to Zenji Sama.

30th. January.

As a result of the Sesshin a lot of people have decided that they want to meet regularly as a Zazenkai, or meditation club; to have a complete day of meditation, a complete day away from their bases; to be quiet and discuss the ways of the Buddhas. Up to now the people who came were different each week. Now we will have regulars. Rev. Hajime was a bit worried. He wanted to know whether the people who are going to come

regularly are loyal to Japan or America. I found this extraordinarily odd and asked him what he meant.

He said, "This is Japanese Buddhism not American Buddhism. How can they learn Japanese Buddhism?" I couldn't quite believe what I had heard so I asked him to repeat what he'd said.

Then I said, "But Buddhism is beyond nationalities."

"Then you should find your own form. You should not be copying us."

"Doubtless when I am in England I will find my own form but, whilst I am in Japan, I must do it the way that the Japanese do. What does it matter whether they are loyal to Japan or to America? They are Buddhists first and Americans second just as I am a Buddhist first and a Briton second. I'm not a Japanese."

"Then you are different from us."

"Yes," I said, "and I am also the same. Remember all is one and all is different."

"How dare you try to teach me!"

"Rev. Hajime, what's wrong with you?"

"I am of the Gassan line; you are of the Manzan. We are different lines. Why *should* I teach you?"

"Well, if you don't want to, you don't have to."

"You are more interested in those Americans than you are in me."

"I am a priest who is doing her job; if you will excuse me I will get on with it," and I left him.

31st. January.

It seems that the letters that came from England have become known throughout the entire senior community. It is a great shame for everyone was quite obviously determined to try to fully accept both me and the foreigners who are coming here. In this place there are absolutely no secrets; it's just like living in each other's pockets from one end of the buildings to the other. There is no way in which there can be anything of the nature of privacy. The contents of the letters are known and the whole

place is seething with disgust. Those who had reluctantly agreed with Zenji Sama to co-operate in really accepting me and the other foreigners in the temple are now openly saying that they were right in being reluctant; those who were eager to accept me are sad and wondering, feeling almost that I have let them down, their faith badly shaken. I wonder what it is I have done to earn such treatment from my fellow Britons? I know that some of them were extraordinarily jealous of me when I was invited to Japan but I cannot—I cannot understand how they can carry jealousy this far; if indeed it is jealousy. I just don't understand what is going on there; my mind boggles.

2nd. February.

To-day we had bean throwing; this year it was totally different. Although there was much snow it was tremendous fun. I was helping in one of the side-shows in which people could win things; old-time Japanese fair prizes, imitation cherry-blossom branches on the ends of which were fastened good luck charms; nothing very elaborate. I thoroughly enjoyed helping look after the stall. We started at about eight in the morning and finished somewhere round dusk. The stall was just a platform with four poles holding a tarpaulin over the top together with a little counter that we rigged up. It was very cold but it was so good to be with all the junior trainees. Fortunately they have not, as yet, been affected by this business in England and are just as anxious and happy and pleased to see me as they were when I got back from my own temple. I felt rather sorry for one old grandfather, with his small granddaughter, who kept paying out ten yen to see if he could win one of the prizes for the child; he kept drawing the wrong numbers out of a large box of pieces of paper. In the end, when the others weren't looking, although he had again drawn one that wasn't worth anything, I gave the child a prize and she and her grandfather went away happily together. After all, she was only three. It isn't good to make a child of that age unhappy.

6th. February.

To my surprise I was informed this morning by Rev. Hajime, in a somewhat disgruntled tone, that I am to go to the chapter meetings of the officers every day to explain and discuss the foreign business of the temple. Zenji Sama has decided that everyone must know what is happening with the foreigners whether they want to or not and he is insisting that I attend the chapter meeting in order to discuss with the officers what I intend to do and what rooms I shall need to use. When I got to the chapter room there were some quiet grumblings in the background about my not being an officer of the temple, that I should not be there and had no right to be there. I decided not to hear them. It seems the safest thing.

I explained, when all the others had finished their business, what the Foreign Section was doing and what I proposed to do with it. The information was received in absolute silence. The Director drank his tea, doing little more than stare into his cup. The rest of the officers did much the same thing. When I had finished they did not even say thank you. On the whole it was a bit like drinking tea in a mortuary. Anyway, I complied with Zenji Sama's requirements.

8th. February.

The Director informed me this morning that I will be officially assisting him at the ceremony for the Buddha's death which is to be held for the temple children in the main hall. He asked me if I had studied the duties of an assistant and I said yes.

"Good," he said. "Do you realise that no woman has ever yet assisted at a ceremony in the main temple?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Do you realise that there will be many who will criticise you for doing it?"

"Yes," I said.

"Then come with me."

I went to my room and changed into my robes, my special ceremonial ones, and went back to his room. He was still sitting quietly at his desk.

“Well?”

“What do you wish me to do?” I said.

“It is the duty of my assistant to get my robes and get me ready for the ceremony. Haven’t you ever done that for Rev. Hajime?”

“Uh, I’ve got him his robes, yes, but I’ve . . . I’ve certainly not dressed him.”

He smiled. “I don’t mean from scratch. Just the koromo and kesa.” His voice held a hint of great amusement.

“Which ones do you wish to wear, Rev. Director?”

“I shall wear red and a gold brocade kesa.”

“Do you need a tatte-mōsu?”

“No.”

“Do you need a hossu?”

“Yes.”

“And you will need a mat?”

“Correct, and *you* carry the mat.”

I got the necessary things and assisted him to dress.

“In the morning,” he said, “I wish you to make certain that I am awake as soon as the rising bell rings. You should also bring a plum in sugared water and a cup of tea to my bed.”

“Very well,” I replied.

“Then you should get my robes ready, light the incense in my room, make certain that the candles are burning on my private altar and then go with me to the Meditation Hall. I have already changed your seat so that you are sitting opposite me. Do you realise that you will also be sitting opposite the chief disciplinarian?”

“Yes,” I said.

“It doesn’t worry you?”

“No, why should it?”

He smiled. “Good. There seems to be no problem.” Then he said, “I don’t know how people will react to your being my full assistant and, you know, I don’t really care. Zenji Sama is extremely ill. I was once his Chief Junior. Now I am the Director of his temple. That makes me, to some extent, your elder brother. As this is so, and our father is no longer well

enough to be with us at all times, I have told him that I will take you under my wing whilst I remain within this temple.”

“What do you mean, ‘whilst you remain within this temple?’”

“One day Zenji Sama will die. As soon as that happens, or perhaps within a very short time of it, I shall have to leave here. You should know that, at that time, there will be no room for you at all here for the next abbot is not in our line.”⁶⁴

“I see.”

“You should be prepared, at all times, to leave here as indeed I am. Your certificates and papers should always be within your trainee’s box.”

“At all times I am in all places as are you. Why does one need to worry about certificates and papers?”

He smiled. “You and I do not need to worry about them but the world outside does and, from what I can see of your friends in London, they are going to worry very much. With the ideal comes the actual. Do not *pretend* to be holy; do that which has to be done for the good of all. Now let us go to the ceremony.”

I lit the incense, placed it upon the sambō and, together, we left the room.

9th. February.

As soon as the bell rang this morning I went to the Director’s room. I’d noticed that he had a dimming switch on the light over his bed and I put this on so that the light should come on gradually and not disturb him too greatly at the beginning.

He blinked up at me and smiled. “There,” he said, “is the makings of the perfect assistant; an assistant that understands that the chief priest whom he assists has feelings.” I looked down.

“Have you brought my sugar plum?”

“I have forgotten.”

He smiled wickedly. “You see, you didn’t think it through enough. You were thoughtful in one thing but not in others. You have to be thoughtful in all ways at all times.”⁶⁵ Thus is Kanzeon.”

“Forgive me, Reverend Director.” I left the room immediately to get the plum, sugar and tea. On my return he had already

dressed. I set the cups down in front of him and got his robes ready. He watched me whilst he drank. I had already lit the incense and candle upon his altar. He walked to it and bowed, then turned to me and said, "Let's hurry. We mustn't be late."

I followed him to the Meditation Hall and sat opposite him for the first time. I was glad not to be sitting opposite Zenji Sama's empty seat for it would have constantly reminded me that he was ill. It was very kind of the Director to have my seat changed. I can guess the reasons why.

After we had had breakfast and I had given instructions to the junior trainee, who is also on the Director's staff, to clean the room and arrange the new flowers on his private altar, it was time to go to another ceremony; a very big one. I got the Director's robes ready, made sure that everything was correct in the hall and set off in procession with the other trainees. The Director had already gone to Zenji Sama's lodging ahead of us for the ceremony was so important that his procession had to start from there. It was not until I got to Zenji Sama's house that I realised I had forgotten to bring the *tatte-mōsu*. The bells were ringing, everyone was waiting, including the important guests, and I had forgotten something! In desperation I fled back along the corridor. It is almost a mile and a half from Zenji Sama's house to the administration block where the Director and I have our rooms. I hurriedly found the *tatte-mōsu* and flew back to Zenji Sama's house. Kneeling down before I opened the door, and endeavouring not to look puffed, I bowed to the guests inside. To my relief the other assistant who was to help me at the ceremony had made tea and the guests and the Director and everyone else were happily drinking it. The Director's eyes twinkled as I came in but otherwise his face showed no sign of anything.⁶⁵ I carefully dressed him and we went to the ceremony which went extraordinarily well.

When it was over and I was back in his room, putting his robes away, he said, "It is said that no assistant knows how to do his job until he has made a dire mistake in the presence of the Emperor. Let's have some tea."

I made tea and we drank it together. I had noticed that my leg was still giving me some trouble and I asked him if it was possible for me to pay a visit to a doctor.

“Of course,” he said.

“I think it’s only a pulled muscle, Reverend Director. I don’t think it can be anything more than that. It just feels extraordinarily stiff and is extremely difficult to twist up in meditation. I think if I have it looked at nothing more serious will come of it.”

“Go ahead,” he said. “I’m going to rest for a couple of hours anyway. I am rather tired.”

I looked at him. He was obviously very old.

“Thank you, Reverend Director,” I said and went off to see the doctor who told me that there was absolutely nothing wrong. So I must just forget about it. It’s not important.

I have been so busy looking after the Director and writing up the translations that Rev. Hajime and I have already done in the past that I have not had time to report everything that has been happening in this diary.

18th. February.

It is really wonderful to have so much to do; performing ceremonies, going to meditation, looking after the Director, making sure that the assistant cleans his rooms properly (he has a suite of four as well as a balcony and a beautiful garden) and making certain that everything is done to keep his robes clean and mended. There is a tremendous amount of teaching that he gives every time I walk into his room. We were celebrating an important ceremony to-day, one of a whole collection of memorial ceremonies since it was his ceremonial duty day;⁶⁶ there were something like forty of them. Just before it he turned to me and said, “By doing ceremonial we can see that meditation is in all things, in all work, in all places. As we walk round in the nenge, always clockwise, always going in one direction, never going backwards, always going on, we can understand the ‘Hannyashingyō.’ As we stand still to recite the Scriptures we can know that, whether we are lying down, standing up or

sitting still, that which is within us can be still and complete. Always the movements and the stillness are one thing; always the going, going, going on. Sometimes a priest places incense on the altar and sometimes he smells a cabbage in the pot. Sometimes he sits in the Meditation Hall and sometimes he goes to the toilet. Whatever he does must be a religious act; an act of a Buddha; for all work is the work of a Buddha. If he can see any difference between the secular and the sacred then he does not understand Buddhism at all. We can know this by how flustered he gets when he assists at a ceremony. If others frighten him, if the form of the ceremony is all that matters, if what counts is doing the ceremony exactly right as opposed to *doing* the ceremony, allowing it to do itself, if he is in any way embarrassed, he does not understand the ceremony. He who works from his centre, he who lives within his centre and radiates therefrom, can do all ceremonies without doing ceremonies and all ceremonies are needed. All of everyday life is a ceremony of gratitude. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, Reverend Director."

"You do," he said. "I watched you this morning. There were several people who were grumbling under their breath, hissing at you for not standing correctly or not holding the incense correctly or not putting it absolutely straight in the bowl. And I noticed what you did. Everytime you made the *gasshō*, put to rights what they had complained about and, when they had nothing to complain about, you made the *gasshō* and did nothing more than just stand or sit. That is to live from the centre. I am pleased with you."

"Yes, Reverend Director." I bowed and the procession started again.

19th. February.

I went to my first important outside ceremony to-day. It was a funeral at which the Director was the celebrant. I had never before seen how a Zen ceremony in an upper-class house was celebrated. It was necessary to take all the funeral and ceremonial furniture from the temple itself to set up the equivalent of

a full-scale temple in the house of the dead. I did not know of this. I did not realise that, in the cities, there is such big business in funeral halls with very expensive, beautiful mortuaries and crematoria. I had only ever seen the pit into which the local farmers, after laying out their dead, burned them up. But here, in a magnificent coffin, enclosed in a carved carriage with bamboo and cloth-of-gold screens, the dead was placed upon a high altar which had been erected in the main guest room of the house. In front of it were more elaborate wood carvings all of which were borrowed from the undertaker; great carved lanterns, dragons holding lanterns. The dead was indeed the Buddha upon the altar! A kyokuroku had been brought from the temple, as well as the necessary bells, gongs and drums. Six other priests, myself as the Director's assistant and the Director conducted the funeral. When it was over a magnificent hearse, decorated in black and gold with a canopy over the top held up by four golden dragons, came to take the dead to the crematorium and two junior trainees were dispatched to recite the Scriptures whilst the body was burned. After the departure of the hearse there was a great feast in the house where we had performed the funeral. I am extraordinarily pleased to discover that the Director does not drink. He does what I do; takes three sips and says that if that isn't enough to get somebody to heaven he doesn't know what will be. I am relieved to find that there are people in existence in this priesthood who do not give way to parish pressures as do some of the priests that I have met.⁶⁷

20th. February.

I have so much work to do now that it's beginning to be impossible for me to look after the foreigners but it is wonderful to be so busy. I am learning so much about ceremonial; I didn't realise there was so much to learn. Every day I find something new. Every day there are different types of ceremonies and the Director and Rev. Hajime say that I am the perfect assistant because I instinctively know what to do and, if I make a mistake, it is obvious to no-one; I can rectify the errors as I go along. However there is one problem. When these outside

ceremonies are over there tends to be . . . it's as if I were a conversation piece. I don't know what they would normally talk about at big funeral meals but I become such a matter of discussion for being a "strange, rare thing, a foreign priest," that I feel I am almost being made a public show of. To his credit the Director talks about normal temple business, the dead, and the funeral and treats me as if I were an ordinary assistant but some of the other temple officers obviously like to take me along because it is very, very enjoyable to have a conversation piece whilst they get drunk. I wonder, do such people regard me really as a priest or even as a human being?⁶⁷ But then, what the heck does it matter what they regard me as? I *know* I am both.

The Director's teaching on this was good when I asked him about it. "Let them go on as they are; the state of *their* training is the state of *their* training. You are in *your* state of training. Do not criticise the state they are in. Just do your own training which may, for the time being, mean being a conversation piece."

25th. February.

I was sent for by Zenji Sama to-day. He was lying back in bed moving the one hand that he still has the use of. His eyes were closed and he was looking much older than I remember him.

"I want you to become my foreign secretary," he said. "I want you to do all the foreign business that I have; to deal with all the letters that come."

"Zenji Sama, I can't always translate them properly. I don't know Japanese well enough."

"You can always get Rev. Hajime to help you but I want *you* to write the letters. I do not want to make mistakes with foreigners. You told me it was perhaps best if I hadn't written any letters to London. I am thinking that I could have made a big mistake, that what you said was right, and so I will trust your judgement from now on. I want you, and you alone, to write letters. After you have told me what is in them and I have told you my wishes I want you to write all the foreign letters."

"Zenji Sama, that is such a big thing. I . . . I could be dealing with really important foreign people. This temple is the

royal temple. We frequently have government members come here, cabinet ministers. The Emperor comes twice a year. Besides, I have written some really silly letters to London myself over what has happened—I frequently make mistakes like that—but I was so angry⁶⁸ because they had caused you to worry when you were so ill. I shouldn't have written the letters I did. Considering all this, I don't think I'm capable of doing so important a job."

"I think you are, for you know how important it is; I think you are the right person and I want you to do it. I also want the entire temple to know that, whatever is said in London, whatever is said *anywhere*, whatever anyone may think, *I* trust you. You are my true disciple and always have been; *I* trust my *true* disciple. This is my wish. Do not cross me in it."

"No, Zenji Sama, I will obey your wish but I truly wonder if I am capable of doing that which you feel I should do."

"Whilst you have such thoughts you are capable. Leave me now. I am very tired."

"Yes, Zenji Sama." I bowed and left him.

26th. February.

When the opportunity arose I told the Director of Zenji Sama's wish. He said, "Zenji Sama is very clever. By trusting you thus absolutely no-one here can doubt your integrity with regard to the affair in London but you may find that such favour will cause you great problems later on, especially as soon as Zenji Sama is dead. Remember my warning. Whilst *I* am here you will be safe; when I am not here go quickly. Under no circumstances stay here when I am not here."

"Yes, Reverend Director. There are some other things I have to tell you about. The Americans want me to go down to their bases at least twice a week to lecture. May I do this? It's going to mean that I shan't be able to attend you so much."

"It will be good for you to get out a bit with your own people; it will be good for you to get some Western food. I do not want you ill again as you were before. It will be good for you to go there. How long do you think it will take you each day?"

“Well, it will probably take me an afternoon and evening twice a week. Is that all right?”

“Yes. In any case you must learn to teach; the sooner the better.”

I thanked him and went away to make the necessary arrangements.

28th. February.

At the chapter meeting this morning I was informed by the chief guest master, the treasurer and the disciplinarian that I must keep records of all the foreigners that come to the temple. They want a properly organised department for the foreigners since this is what Zenji Sama also wishes. He called them all to him yesterday and told them that an absolutely new and complete department is to be set up. There must be no difference between its status and that of the other departments of the temple. He has also given instructions for me to buy the necessary equipment for the office. I asked if there was a specific way in which the records were to be kept and was told, “As we keep ours,” so I presume that I had better study the ancient business methods of the Chikoryō quickly otherwise I will make some bad mistakes, employing modern ways in a Middle Ages setting.

3rd. March.

To-day I was able to get the various items of office equipment together; the main office gave me the necessary cash from the temple funds. Unfortunately, when it arrived, there was no place to put it. It seems that the person in charge of allocating rooms does not want the Foreign Section to be set up and so is unwilling to give out a room for the purpose. The reason he has given to Zenji Sama is that there are no spare rooms in the temple. All the things are waiting in one of the halls. Some seniors really do make problems here.⁶⁷

4th. March.

Rev. Hajime has arranged for me to share the Treasury in which he works. He has to be out of it for a large part of the day and he says that someone is needed to guard the safe. By so doing he has been able to get all my office equipment at least into a room and out of the corridor and hall in which it was standing. I wouldn't have thought that such a safe as his needed guarding! It is huge. I don't think I've ever seen one as big or as old. My desk has been placed in front of it and I sit there, officially guarding the safe, in fact doing the Foreign Guest Department work and listening for the Director's calls from the next door room whenever he wants me.

My leg is a bit odd; I started limping to-day. Maybe I should go and see another doctor. It is getting quite difficult to sit.

10th. March.

The Empress arrived to-day. She comes twice a year to pray for her ancestors. All the head temples in the country have shrines such as this and the Imperial family goes to each one in turn to pray for their relatives.

I had just come back from visiting one of the bases when the chief guest master came up to me and said, "Quickly, you must go to Zenji Sama's guest department. It is very important." Unfortunately he didn't explain why. The only thing he said was, as we went along, "You really must meet this lady. It is very important that you meet her." Just as I got to the steps that led up to Zenji Sama's guest department I saw a large concourse of priests and ladies and, in the centre, one middle-aged one who looked rather kind and who was obviously the person concerned. She smiled at me as I came up to her and, since no-one seemed to be willing to introduce us, I held out my hand. She shook it with great glee, obviously enjoying herself and thoroughly pleased with the fact that I had offered to shake hands with her. I noticed that everyone seemed to be startled but, since nobody explained who she was, I felt that I had done the right thing and, to my delight, she began speaking in English, telling me how glad she was that I was there and hoping

to see me again on her next visit. She passed on and I joined the crowd that was with her.

When I got back to my room the Director paid me a visit.

“I want you to shake hands with me,” he said.

I looked a little startled but agreed. “May I ask why, Reverend Director?” I asked.

“You shook the hand of the Empress of Japan. No living person has touched that hand other than the Emperor. You do not realise what a great thing you have done.”

“Really? I’m awfully sorry. Somebody should have explained to me who she was.” I had barely got these words out when my door opened and the entire staff of officers appeared, formed a queue behind the Director and, each in turn, required me to shake hands with them; behind them came a huge queue of junior trainees. Ah well, I suppose shaking the hand of him or her who shook the hand is the next best thing to shaking the hand.

11th. March.

There are many arrangements going on at the moment for a great celebration to be held next year. At the chapter meeting this morning we were told that a whole new branch of the temple is to be opened to deal with it. There have been people working on this for the past ten years but now they are to have a large, complete staff and a whole new set of offices. The temple staff is going to be very swollen. It will be interesting to see what new priests come. I am told that my part will be to look after the Director as usual as well as all the foreigners who may attend.

18th. March.

Now that I am sitting in the Treasury most of my spare time Rev. Hajime has much more time for translating with me than he had before and we have got going again on many of the things that we had not, as yet, been able to finish. Apart from this, work continues as usual with me looking after the Director, his household affairs, assisting him at all ceremonies, going off to lecture and teach and looking after the foreigners. I really don’t get much time to write this diary.

20th. March.

Things have gone so awfully well since January; I have been able to learn a tremendous amount. I thought everything was going too well to last. This morning a letter came for Zenji Sama from that “friend” of mine in England. I don’t know what it is that I have done to deserve such friends; his behaviour really does make me wonder.⁶⁷ After apologising to Zenji Sama for having written about me in the way he had, he then said how ashamed he was that Zenji Sama had checked out his words with another person; however, as is usual with this man’s letters, he can never prevent himself from being vitriolic. He went on to say even worse things about me than he had before. He explained that in Europe they are accustomed to think of a *rōshi* as an enlightened *man*, an absolute master of the Dharma and a teacher of *very* high standing. The British, he said, know from experience that few of these men are likely to be found and he stated that all those who come to England from Japan confirm this. For this reason he was startled to be told that “Rev. Miss Kennett” was a *rōshi*. He told Zenji Sama that I could certainly return to England at any time for I am English and there is also certainly nothing to stop me teaching Buddhism, as do other ladies in Europe. He ended by saying that he had no desire to quarrel with me and that if he was unhappy it was because of the way I had been made the messenger of information which he felt should have been addressed personally to himself.

I had completely forgotten about that “information.” It had happened within months of my coming to Japan. I had been required by the Administration Department to explain to this man that he had been ordained as a lay Buddhist and not as a priest. This was reasonable since he had never been in a training monastery but there had been a misunderstanding at his Reception Ceremony. It had never occurred to me that he would blame me and carry this matter around in his mind for such a long time. The authorities had told him he could come to Japan to be trained as a priest, they had apologised for the mistake, and here he was still blaming me for the fact that I had been

required to write him the letter explaining it since the authorities could not write English.

After Zenji Sama had read this letter and talked to me about it I said, “Zenji Sama, please don’t ask me to have *anything* to do with answering letters to this man. Obviously anything I say, anything I do, is going to be held in evidence against me. Whatever I try to do to help him he is going to misunderstand; whatever I write is going to be misinterpreted. I see no point whatsoever in perpetuating this sort of misery. Please, Zenji Sama, let us not even reply to this letter. I don’t think it deserves a reply.⁶⁷ I don’t think it *needs* one.”

“I understand,” he said. “If I have a reply to this letter I will get Rev. Hajime to make it but know that I still want you to be my foreign secretary in all matters other than this.”

“Thank you, Zenji Sama,” and I left him.

21st. March.

To-day a letter came for *me* from my so-called friend. He is really angry over the way in which I was required to be the messenger of what he considers private information. I thought at the time that the Administration Department should not have used me for the job but they haven’t got anyone who speaks English well and, to make matters worse, no-one who really knows him. As they said, it was reasonable for them to think that I, as his friend, would be the best person to break the news to him as gently as possible and I certainly did try to do that. Anyway, after telling me about all this and giving me a lot of information on his own history in Buddhism, he did at least have the decency to say that what had happened was not my fault. He wanted to know who it was that had required information as to his qualifications as a priest but I felt that this was not a matter that I should discuss with him. After all, such a thing as that is best left in the limbo to which it belongs. He pointed out that he didn’t think that any further monasteries were needed in England because of the economic problems and then, as usual, went off into his usual tirade. It seems that there is no way in which he can prevent himself complaining to me because Zenji

Sama has made me one of his heirs. He said that he was not happy about my being described as a *rōshi*, explaining that in Britain they have come to expect a great deal from anyone given such a description:— absolute mastery of the Dharma, a high degree of enlightenment, and being an “exceptional” person altogether. To most Western Buddhists, he said, this is not a matter of either priestly degrees or anything comparable. He cited the example of a lay *rōshi* who had recently passed his way who had a high reputation, higher than most clerical ones. He informed me that the present trend even among many Buddhists in Japan seems to be moving away altogether from the temples and the priesthood according to all reports, including official ones.

He then said that he was glad I had given him a cat a few years ago. I don't know. I came here to do something about *me*; I didn't come here to be able to go back and convert the world. As I knew when I came here, if I could convert *me* I'd be happy. I've no desire to go back to England; I've no desire to go *anywhere*. All I want to do is stay here with Zenji Sama and train to the best of my ability; and these people keep behaving as though I am about to take over their little tin-pot organisations.⁶⁷ This man is the one who wrote to Zenji Sama in the first place requiring someone to come to England. Zenji Sama offered me and now he hears that there is no room for any further teachers in London. What this man really means is that there is no room for me; but then, maybe I knew that long ago when the war⁶⁹ ended and so many young people like me had no place to live, no place to go, other than abroad. I sometimes think that the crime my generation committed was coming back from the war.⁷⁰

I have been required to make preparations for the foreigners here for *Jūkai*. It will mean a lot of work and I must admit I'm looking forward to it. Zenji Sama is sending many, many letters to me to translate and so my time is completely filled. I suppose I ought to reply to this man's letter. I don't know that I can; not, at any rate, in a way that will help him for his mind is completely closed to me.⁷¹

My leg seems to be giving me greater difficulties.

Late this evening I sat down to draft a reply to the letter that came this morning. I felt I must make an attempt. I probably didn't say the things I have said at all in the way in which I should have said them. I asked the Director before I did it how I should reply and he said, "Even the most enlightened man has difficulty at times in doing such things as this. Just do the very best you can and, whatever you say to him, do it with love in your heart. Do not do it with any intention of hurting. The art of being Fügen is to love the creator of karma whilst he is reaping its fruit. To have respect for him as the Buddha who, nevertheless, must take the consequences of his actions. In so doing, and *only* in so doing, can the person learn the true purpose of karmic consequence which is to teach and not to punish." With this in mind I sat down to write the letter.

Halfway through it the Director came to my room and said, "Hold still within the centre or you will not be able to speak the Truth; you must reply to this as you replied to the questions upon the altar of the lotus. When men cut off a limb from the Buddha, or beat him, always his place must be calm and still and filled with the heavenly deities." He then left me and I wrote the letter as best I could. I told my friend that I felt that what he had written was rather brutal and there seemed to be quite a lot of hostility in his words towards our school of Zen; certainly this is how Zenji Sama feels. I cannot remember the exact words I used; I do not doubt that I made a lot of mistakes in that letter.

There are few people, I suppose, in existence who can understand that I really love England very deeply. To know that Buddhism there is so gravely misunderstood makes me long to return to teach the peace and joy that I have learned here, but this is not going to be possible if mistrust is going to be sown from one end of the country to the other by people like this man.⁶⁷ The Americans are constantly telling me that when I leave here there will always be a home for me in America; perhaps I should consider this as a possibility. If I were to go to England, as things are, Buddhism could be torn to pieces.⁷²

9th. April.

We started Jūkai this morning. There are a number of foreigners attending and I have had to spend a lot of time explaining the various ceremonies to them. They seem to have some objections, however, to ceremonial; they feel that it is not as important as is doing meditation. I explained to them what the Director had explained to me about the use of ceremonial, moving meditation, and finding their centre within themselves, finding that all activity is meditation, but it is obvious that they do not know it in their hearts yet and some of them do not even believe me.

16th. April.

The old chief lecturer who I had found so wonderful and who welcomed me when I first came here left this morning and a new one arrived this afternoon. The first thing he did was praise me to my face after he had sent for me. He then told me that other foreigners were not as I was. *I* had understood the wonder and the beauty of Japanese religion, which was true religion, but other foreigners didn't understand it at all. He had met many of them. I explained to him that we were going to have a lot of foreigners here and he became angry.

"I do not think that is good," he said. "Having one is one thing, having a number is different. In any case, how can foreigners understand our religion completely? Foreigners are not as we are."

I wondered if I was misunderstanding his words so I begged to be excused. I *could* have misunderstood him. After all, my Japanese is not nearly as perfect as it might be. I sincerely *hope* I misunderstood him.

21st. April.

Another letter came to-day in reply to the one I had sent; it would really have been better if I hadn't replied. Zenji Sama sent for me. It seems he knows of the other letters that I have received and is furious that I had somehow circumvented his finding out what had been written; I only did it so as not to

worry him. I don't know who it is that has snitched to him. I know that there are other people who keep letters from him when they feel that there are things that will hurt him. There must still be someone here who is determined either to discredit me in his eyes or to harm him.⁷³ I hope against hope that it is not the latter.

I did not want to translate the letter for him and I explained to him that it was a private one to myself but he insisted on hearing it and sent for Rev. Hajime. As usual my "friend" had completely misinterpreted and misunderstood what I had said. The letter was just full of frustrated greed and envy over my being in the temple. One paragraph was particularly telling. He said that the difference between a nun and a priestess is purely academic in the West. He mentioned that there is one nun, "of a sort," living in England and that she has to live alone as she cannot live in any of the monastic houses now established. The Bikkuni order, he explained, is regarded in Theravada, the prevailing stream of thought among British Buddhists, as being extinct. Nuns are therefore treated as lay-women. He went on to remind me that priests and priestesses are suspect in English Buddhist circles anyhow,⁷⁴ since they think that the word is really a misnomer in Buddhism and many people have spent many years denying the existence of such people in the Buddhist fold.

When Zenji Sama heard this I thought he was going to have another stroke and both Rev. Hajime and I were horrified.

"We shouldn't have translated it for him," I gasped.

Rev. Hajime said, "We had no alternative. He insisted on hearing."

But Zenji Sama was all right. "If that is what he thinks," he said, "then he is denying me who made him a Buddhist. He is saying that I, as a priest, am not a priest." He turned his eyes full on me; they were terrifying. "If he wishes to follow such thoughts, if he wishes to follow such beliefs, I forbid you ever again, whilst I live, to write to him, speak to him or have anything whatsoever to do with him. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, Zenji Sama. I understand you."

I was very frightened for I was sure that he would die on the spot.

“I forbid you to have anything to do with him,” he repeated, “ever! Not merely whilst I live. Forever! Do you understand that?”

“Yes, Zenji Sama.”

There was a long silence. I was grieved by the terrible suffering in his face. I didn’t know what to do or say and then suddenly inspiration came.

“Zenji Sama, to-day or to-morrow—I’m not sure which for I am waiting for a telegram—there is a young Chinese girl coming here to become my disciple. She will be your grand-disciple. I will bring her to see you as soon as she comes.”

The pain vanished from his face. “A young girl to become my grand-disciple?”

“Yes, Zenji Sama.”

“Ah, you mean my grand-disciple?”

“Yes.”

“That is good news. Bring her to me as soon as she comes.”

I bowed. “Is there anything I can do for you, Zenji Sama?”

“No. Do not reply to that letter,” and he closed his eyes. Rev. Hajime and I bowed. We both left him.

On the way back through Zenji Sama’s house the chief assistant became extremely angry with me for upsetting Zenji Sama so much.

“If someone hadn’t told him that I had had these letters he would not have been upset,” I said. “There are things you withhold from him. How is it that he could have learned of these letters?” He looked uncomfortable. “You have access to him at all times,” I said. “There is only one way in which he could have got that information.”

To his credit the assistant looked even more uncomfortable and, if it had been possible for him to blush, I think he would have done so, but he turned away and made no further comment. I’ve probably made an enemy.⁷⁵ Ah well, at this stage it doesn’t make much difference. He had obviously told Zenji

Sama about the letters. I must remember that he is no friend of mine and certainly no friend of Zenji Sama.^{67, 76}

22nd. April.

I received a letter from the parishioners of my temple to-day requiring me to come back for some ceremonies. The Chinese girl arrives some time this afternoon. I must go to the port to meet her.

23rd. April.

After spending the night here, the Chinese girl, whose name is Andrea, went with me to my own temple. The journey seemed long and tiring although we went on the new express train. When I got out I found that my leg was causing me more trouble than usual. What did it was probably just sitting in one position for so long a time.

6th. May.

I sent telegrams to the temple in Tokyo to tell them that I was ordaining Andrea this morning. I took her to see Zenji Sama on the 22nd., just after she arrived. He was overjoyed, all smiles and happy, but I must really make sure that I shield him from any more shocks of the sort caused by the letters from England. Whilst Zenji Sama lives I will never write to those people again whatever happens; such worry for him is just too cruel.

The ordination was attended by some friends of mine one of whom had been in the Tokyo temple with me during my first year and has now returned to his own temple; he is now married. Andy came down from Tokyo specially to be a witness. Just as we were about to do the actual ordination ceremony Andrea had second thoughts; she wasn't sure if she wanted to go through with it. After a few minutes she decided that she did and we went ahead.

7th. May.

I told Andy about the problems in England since he is a fellow Briton. He looked somewhat concerned but said he didn't think it was worth worrying about; he then went back to Tokyo.

10th. May.

I telephoned Rev. Hajime from the only local call-box which happens to be, of all places, in the wine store and was somewhat appalled to hear that Andy, on returning to Tokyo, had gone to see him and said that what was happening in England was my fault and that, by writing the letters I had, I had caused the problems with the people concerned. He is blaming me completely for having written the letters and for not having persuaded Zenji Sama to make no replies at all. He seems to have forgotten that the letters originated in England, not with me. Rev. Hajime is now in a very strange frame of mind; he doesn't know who to trust. I wonder sometimes if people understand fully what it is they do. Rev. Hajime blew up on the 'phone. He wanted to know how it was possible for one Englishman to speak against another Englishman in such a way to a foreigner, for no Japanese, however badly he had behaved, would ever be spoken against by another Japanese to an outsider; and no *Buddhist* would ever do so either; he was shocked and surprised at Andy. I suppose all these problems come out of the differences of national attitudes of mind to others. Is talking against others, I wonder, a British national trait? What a terrible thought; and yet I *am* beginning to wonder. But why should this man in England, and now Andy, want to harm *me*? It makes no sense; I barely know them. The Japanese have this wonderful feeling of nationality, of family, of belonging. Anyone who speaks against one Japanese speaks against the whole Japanese nation; anyone who speaks against an Englishman is merely speaking against one individual. It is a pity that the people who make all these troubles in England have no comprehension of what it is that they do over here.

The other thing I heard was that someone is spreading a rumour in the temple to the effect that I'm in bed with someone. I wonder who? It's a pity they haven't got something better to do than gossip.⁷⁷ I've got so much work; even if I wanted to get into bed with somebody I wouldn't have the energy to do it.

11th. May.

I had a card from Rev. Hajime this morning; he was very kind. He said that an unclean mirror cannot reflect a true picture; I must be careful not to be blinded by the dust that people throw or I shall not see the reflection clearly. It is a good warning. I will remember to watch out. It was kind of him to send me the card.

There were three memorial ceremonies to-day. It's amazing how much I have learned whilst being with the Director. It really helped. I can be celebrant so much more efficiently now.

14th. May.

There are distinct disadvantages in having a lot of money. Andrea is the daughter of a Chinese millionaire and she seems to think that she can buy enlightenment with cash. Her main interest at the moment is visiting the nearest big city for presents for her family and new clothes for herself. I explained to her that a priest's duty is solely to wear robes and nothing more but she doesn't seem to understand what being a member of the priesthood is. I now wonder very much about why the person who sent her to me, a Chinese priest of high standing, recommended her as a perfect person to enter the priesthood. I am really worried. I doubt if she will make it past the very early stages of her training.⁷⁸ Certainly she shows no other signs at the moment. What shall I tell Zenji Sama? The news will upset him very much.

19th. May.

A card came from Rev. Hajime to-day. He told me that the Administration Department is sending me a special certificate in English to prove that I am a priest for as, and when, I may need it. This is because of the letter from England concerning nuns and priestesses. I am sure it will be very useful. They are also sending me a copy in Japanese.

One of the priests in this area comes to visit me frequently and is helping very much financially by inviting me to outside ceremonies. It is very kind of him to do so much. Andy arrived this morning. The certificates I had been promised also arrived.

25th. May.

A card came from Rev. Hajime to say that I am expected back in Tokyo on the 31st. Zenji Sama is, at present, at a spa not far from here and wants to see me. The only way that he could get another doctor to look at him was by going away from Tokyo as if cured. He became officially ill again at the spa and a new doctor has diagnosed a stroke. Now he can be treated for what is really wrong with him without causing the first doctor to lose face. What a system! I sincerely hope I never fall seriously ill here. There were many outside ceremonies in the village to-day.

30th. May.

Some friends of mine from Kyoto came to see me to-day. It was good to have them here. Unfortunately there are so few trains that connect with the two buses a day leaving this village; we were only able to spend a few hours together.

14th. June.

A card came from Rev. Hajime. He said that Zenji Sama is now deeply concerned at having been so angry with me for not showing him the letters; he says he completely understands my reason. Another letter has come for Zenji Sama from the person he wrote to in England concerning me. Rev. Hajime's card said that this letter from England has caused Zenji Sama much concern. Apparently part of it proves that my opinion was right; that he is refusing to allow our school of Zen to be spread in London. He said that when I come back to the temple he wants to know all about it. I don't know "all about it," and, if I did, I don't know that it would be wise to tell him. Why can't he let this confounded mess sink into the limbo to which it belongs and leave it there? It would make much more sense than constantly stirring it up. They tell me I must know that mud exists but not stir it up: just grow lotus blossoms in it. The lotus roots are in the mud but the stem and the blossom rise out of it. If the stirring continues surely this mess is only going to get worse. What am I doing, criticising Zenji Sama? Whatever he does is *right*. I must keep the mirror clean; I am becoming the worst of

all trainees. I must let others go on and do my own training; just that and nothing more.

17th. June.

Another letter from Rev. Hajime. Just before I left to come here I carefully packed everything in my room. With the exception of three boxes and a basket containing clothes that I will need when in the Tokyo temple, I have arranged for everything to come here. Some friends of mine, connected with the British authorities, are coming to spend a few days with me and will bring the things with them in their car. It occurred to me that if, as the Director says, it could be dangerous for me in the Tokyo temple when both he and Zenji Sama are away, it might be advisable for me to be down here much of the time until Zenji Sama returns and this means that I'll need many of my things. By leaving just the bare necessities in the Tokyo temple I shall be able to come here and work efficiently whensoever I wish. With regard to the mess in England, Rev. Hajime said something very sad; he said that human beings are really selfish animals, but that they want to dream of perfection. When they speak hatred and evil they are dreaming of perfection. He concluded that I should remember what he said to me when he saw me first, "Be very careful or we will break your heart." That applies now to my own country as well as here. His English was a little quaint but somehow it gave the letter added poignancy. He sent me a couple of hundred envelopes and some special stationery that has been printed for the Foreign Section as well as my office files and told me to do the work for the Foreign Department from here and look after my new disciple. I know that he is warning me to stay away whilst Zenji Sama is not in the temple. Perhaps I somehow knew instinctively that Zenji Sama was going to go away; perhaps that was really why I packed my things as I did. Oh, what silly things people do! Whyever can't they love and accept each other?

20th. June.

It is getting extraordinarily hot here. Andy, I and my other British friends from Tokyo are busy putting up a wall around the temple. It is going to cost us thirty thousand yen the villagers tell me. I can't help feeling that if we had bought the materials ourselves it would have cost a lot less.

30th. June.

We have finished the wall but the villagers are refusing to allow us to put up a gate for "fear of the foreigners inside." They think we will make it into some sort of fortress and they themselves won't be able to get in to get near their statue of Kanzeon. It is no use our trying to explain to them that this is not so; that all we want is to be able to close the gate at night and feel safe from people who put their hands through doors that are only made of paper and bamboo. I'm not at all sure how we are going to deal with this problem but I know we will have to.

4th. July.

Another card came from Rev. Hajime. Zenji Sama, who has now returned to Tokyo, is still getting letters from this man in England. According to Rev. Hajime, he asked why I didn't go back to England, and said I should go back there soon. Rev. Hajime has discussed the situation in London with the Vice-Abbot whom I have met on one or two occasions. He has rather different opinions on the subject from Zenji Sama, according to Rev. Hajime, but the latter did not tell me what they were. Somehow Zenji Sama's alleged comments do not ring true. Something in me finds it difficult to believe what Rev. Hajime said about him. Zenji Sama has always implied that he wants me here until his death.

We are continuing our schedule here as usual, working hard at our meditation and Morning Service and having our discussions. Andrea is causing some problems, still insisting on being out most of the day sightseeing and not doing very much in the way of genuine training.

9th. July.

I received a card from Rev. Hajime in reply to one I had sent concerning the difficulties with the village over the gate. According to Rev. Hajime, if he explains to the villagers what I have asked him to, which is simply what I set down earlier in this diary, viz. that we need a gate so as to be able to feel completely private and safe at night, everyone's feelings here will be hurt. It is useless for me to try to explain to him that it is not the villagers of whom I am afraid. The people I have to be careful of are the sort who came from that magazine last year; they printed an article about me none of which is true for they never met me. The photographs they had were acquired from Mrs. Suzuki, photographs I had given her. The article said that I am setting up a great new sect of Buddhism to be run by foreigners, a foreign temple, here in the west of Japan. This has infuriated the officers in the temple in Tokyo who say that I am trying to set myself above Zenji Sama. Zenji Sama is deeply hurt by the whole affair for he knows the true story; he knows that I do not want to be here; so does the Director. This sort of thing is going to go on as long as I have no means of keeping people of an unsavory⁷⁹ character out of here.

I telephoned Rev. Hajime to see if there was any way in which we could sue the magazine concerned but he says there isn't. After I had told him I realised that he was right. Suing them, like everything else, could only make the matter worse. What a blessing is meditation. Without it I could not survive.⁸⁰

12th. July.

I have been trying to teach Andrea for days but she refuses to listen to anything I have to say. She quite obviously believes more in Shin Buddhism than she does in Zen which, after all, is what she was brought up in, and I have suggested that it might be as well if she goes back to Shin rather than stay with us. It would make a lot more sense.

Andy has been helping much with the carpentry. The house, apart from sections of the roof, is now in extraordinarily good condition. My leg is still causing me much trouble. To sit for

forty minutes now is almost agony. Andy denies everything Rev. Hajime says he said. Who the hell⁸¹ am I to believe?

19th. July.

Another card from Rev. Hajime asking me to teach English to some of his villagers. I have agreed to do so. He complained bitterly that I have not written him any letters since the one in which I asked about the gate. I really haven't written to him because I didn't want to cause him problems. This mess in England is quite enough for him to put up with; Zenji Sama seems to be constantly complaining about it; the other officers are at him concerning it with regard to me. If people don't see letters coming through the post from me they're not going to be able to ask what it is I'm talking to him about. If I write to him well there's the danger of rumour too. I don't want to give wrong impressions. I don't want to worry anyone. These are my affairs, not his.

20th. July.

I heard of two young people I know who are coming from England to visit Japan. I telephoned Rev. Hajime to ask if it would be possible for them to stay in the Tokyo temple. They are coming, it seems, to check me out on behalf of the person whom Zenji Sama wrote to in London! I felt there were some misunderstandings on the 'phone, however. It is sometimes extraordinarily difficult to explain things in the Japanese language, there being no absolute equivalent to, or even approximation of, some British terms. I tried to explain clearly but it was obvious that Rev. Hajime did not understand me. Again and again I tried to explain to him but, in the end, he said he must hang up because the 'phone call was costing too much money. Part of me wondered if the misunderstanding was deliberate; what a wicked thought to have! Of course not. *I must* stop this.

31st. July.

A letter came from Rev. Hajime to say that he has been made Vice-Director. There are rumours running about the temple

that his advancement first to Treasurer and now to Vice-Director is due to the fact that he taught me, Zenji Sama's pet. Because of this Zenji Sama is pulling him up the ladder.

There has been a grave mistake over the occupation of the young couple coming from England; because of it they are going to be treated as if they are V.I.P.'s rather than ordinary guests. I must rectify this quickly. I must make it clear that there is a mistake otherwise I shall be in very great trouble. I *knew* Rev. Hajime had misunderstood me on the 'phone.

I wrote a letter to Rev. Hajime to this effect, trying once again to explain matters clearly. I can only hope this clarifies the situation.

1st. August.

Zenji Sama is demanding my return at once. A peremptory telephone call came to the village call-box and Zenji Sama's assistant didn't mind how long he had to wait on the other end for me to be called there. He said that Zenji Sama wanted me at once. I explained my difficulty with physical sitting, that I did not understand what was wrong with my leg; he implied that I didn't want to be with Zenji Sama. I agreed to return on the seventh.

4th. August.

A card came from Rev. Hajime asking me to meet him at his temple to-morrow. He wants to talk of what has been going on in London, especially about the "friends" that I have there. I have told him I will come.

5th. August.

I went to Rev. Hajime's temple this morning. His wife was neither friendly nor unfriendly and, after we had had some tea in the general living room, Rev. Hajime settled down to discuss the things he wrote about yesterday. I explained to him again, very carefully, what I tried to explain in my last letter but he was obviously in no mood to listen. He became very angry and said, "So you have told us that these people are much more important than they are!"

“No,” I said, “I have tried to explain to you that their occupation does not fall into any exact category that you have in Japan. It is higher than one description and lower than another, something in between. You Japanese insist on putting everything into pigeon-holes which must fit exactly. We don’t.”

“Then we have laid on all these elaborate arrangements for nothing,” he said. “These people are not important or influential. What use are they to us?”

“They can help clarify the letters received from England concerning me.”

“That only helps you. Why should we welcome them if they have no influence in high places to help us?”

I got up. “I think I’ll go back to my own temple, Rev. Hajime. I see no point in staying here.”

“You had better come back to Tokyo quickly or there will be great trouble for you.”

“Why?” I said.

“Because Zenji Sama can have your visa cancelled at any time since he is your sponsor. Without a sponsor you cannot stay here and you will certainly get no-one else to sponsor you if Zenji Sama decides to withdraw his support.”

“Why are you behaving like this?” I asked.

“There are many rumours because I have helped you. I do not like these rumours. I do not like it said that I have become Vice-Director because I know you.”

“It isn’t true and you know it,” I replied. “Why do you worry about such silly things?”

“What do you mean, ‘such silly things?’”

“Whenever I have worried about things like that in the past you’ve told me not to worry about them.”

“So you presume to teach me again?”

“No, Rev. Hajime. Please let me go back to my temple.”

“You have gravely misled us with regard to these two people from England.”

“I have told you the truth as best I can. If I have misled you I am sorry but it is not my fault that you have made elaborate arrangements for welcoming them, nor is it my fault that they

are not influential enough for you. I told you the truth. I told you they were both higher and lower than you thought; that they were something in between the two. If you can't understand that, and act accordingly, then there's not much I can do to help you. They can clarify the letters from London if they will, that is all."

I said good-bye to his wife and went home.

7th. August.

I returned to Tokyo this morning together with Andrea who has decided to go back to Malaysia; she says that Zen is not going to give her what she had hoped for. Her idea of Zen, it seems, is that all she should have to do is sit in meditation for hours on end, be waited on, do nothing else and—behold, she would be in heaven! I'm afraid the Buddhas and Patriarchs don't make life that simple; it's much more complicated than that. I applaud her intention to leave Japan.

8th. August.

I went to the port to-day to meet the young couple from England. It was good to see them again. I took them back to the temple in the car that Zenji Sama had provided. As soon as we arrived Zenji Sama sent word that he wanted to see them at once. He was overjoyed as they walked in. He looked up at me from the bed, trying to rise, saying, "Now I will hear the truth. Now I will know." Something clutched at my heart for fear he would again be disappointed. I do so not want that for him.

He asked them about the letters from London. They were very obviously non-committal; they did not want to speak in front of me. Zenji Sama hid his disappointment and, after having tea with them, turned to me and said, "Anything in the temple they want they are to have. Do you understand me?" I could feel his disappointment but his compassion was boundless.

"Yes, Zenji Sama," I replied.

"Good," he said and lay back in bed. "I am tired now. Please leave me."

I bowed. "Thank you, Zenji Sama."

As we were getting up to go the wife turned to him and said in English, “We have very wonderful monks in England. We have one who has been ordained in every Buddhist sect in existence so that he will be able to bring all the Truth together. He knows every teaching and practice. We do not believe in sectarianism in England.”

Zenji Sama gave me a strange look, obviously requiring an interpretation. I made no reply but a university professor friend of mine, who had come from Kyoto and who spoke excellent English, translated for him. The old man gave me a long look, then seemed to heave himself up in the bed. “You know,” he said, “*anyone* who meditates runs the risk of being grabbed by the Cosmic Buddha. You should remember that.”

The professor translated this into English. “What does he mean?” I was asked.

“He means,” I said, “that what you have said indicates that meditation is not much practised in England. What matters most to you is the study of doctrines, Scriptures, practices, debating and lectures. He wishes to point out that bringing all the schools of teaching together is not nearly as important as meditation.”

Zenji Sama asked the professor what I had said and he told him. The old man said, “He who meditates runs the risk of being grabbed by the Cosmic Buddha. If you do not wish to know the *Truth* of Buddhism just study the Scriptures and doctrines, lecture and read books. Do *not* meditate. But, if you meditate, know that you *will* be grabbed by the Cosmic Buddha. The Cosmic Buddha *is*.”

The professor looked at me and I almost imperceptibly shook my head. There was no point in interpreting that. Zenji Sama looked at me, smiled softly, the professor and I bowed, and all of us left the room. As we went out the girl assistant said, “Don’t forget what Zenji Sama said. They may have *anything* they wish in this temple.”

10th. August.

One of the two guests from England, the wife, is causing some problems because she cannot sit properly. She insists that

she must have chairs to sit on; she cannot sit on the floor. I can appreciate how difficult this is for someone with a chronic physical disability but the fact remains that *she* wanted to come here; I see no way in which the rules can be deliberately waived for her even if she is *not* able to sit on the floor comfortably. Both she and her husband made so many waves this morning that I didn't quite know what to do.

The Director had arranged several special ceremonies for their benefit. Such an unprecedented honour for a guest has been unknown before now in this temple and the officers are grumbling loudly. They feel that these two are receiving far more honour than they should. It was unfortunate that the wife, halfway through one of these special ceremonies, got up saying she was going to leave because the floor was too uncomfortable for her to sit on. When I suggested that she should not do so since the Director had been kind enough to arrange the ceremonies in their honour she said, "Then I must sit in that chair over there," and made for the celebrant's chair which was in the middle of the Hondō. I could hardly believe my eyes. A couple of my friends watched with faint amusement as I charged across the hall to prevent what was obviously going to be a catastrophe.

My own difficulty with physical sitting is growing much worse but I have no alternative but to try and sit. I pointed this out to the wife but it didn't seem to have much effect.

The Director called me to his room shortly afterwards and said, "I think it is well if your young friends and you visit the Vice-Abbot in his temple. I have arranged an air-conditioned car for the three of you."

I knew that what he really meant was that these two were causing too much trouble. When the husband insisted on finding his maps in his suitcase before he got into the car, no matter how much that car was costing the temple by being kept waiting, I saw the Director's smothered disgust and exasperation. I bowed to him and asked him to forgive me. He smiled gently and said, "Not your fault." I got the pair into the car and we drove off. I heaved such a sigh of relief.

I can only guess what the other officers in the temple will be saying now. What a reputation England is going to get here! First all those letters and now this.

17th. August.

The couple from England and I went over to Rev. Hajime's temple this morning. He had asked us to go because of the OBon festival and he wanted me to assist at the ceremonies. When they were all over we had dinner together and Rev. Hajime had a long talk with us. He explained much to the two with me concerning my 'fight' for women's rights in Japan. To his very great surprise they were not happy about it. They obviously did not consider that such a thing was either necessary or wise.

We all went to bed late but Rev. Hajime called me to his room again when the others had retired. "You know," he said, "I'm wondering very much about these two. Why was it that they wanted to be treated as ordinary members of the Buddhist Church here?"

"I thought I had warned you, Rev. Hajime, as I tried to warn Zenji Sama, that in England the Buddhist Church is thought of in a totally different way from what it is here. They want to be treated as ordinary members of the Buddhist Church *as they know it*. Their exact words in their letters to me were that they wanted to be treated as if they were 'monks in training' but they don't know what 'monks in training' are. And if we treat them as such they're going to be very worried, very frightened and very upset."

"But they *said* they wanted that. Maybe that is what is wrong." He was staring out of the window and across the balcony outside his room. "You know, I think the best thing we can do is to mirror them."

"Rev. Hajime, that will be terrible. That will cause unbelievable problems and equally unbelievable trouble!"

"Nonsense! They're very sincere people. I think it will work."

"Well, I don't."

"Look, unless you show them their pride—and they are incredibly proud, just listen to what they were saying this

evening—unless you show them their pride while they are young they are never going to know that they possess it.”

“Rev. Hajime, if you make me ‘mirror monk’⁸² you will really destroy me in England.”

“No, I won’t. They will understand. And don’t argue with me.”

I sighed. “There seems to be no way in which I can induce you to understand this,” I said, “so the best thing I can do is just hope and go on.”

“You’ll find I’m right,” he said, patted me on the shoulder and, as we bowed and said good-night, whispered, “Don’t be afraid. It will work.”

I went to bed with very considerable misgiving.

18th. August.

Rev. Hajime went ahead with his intention of trying to treat the couple as if they were an ordinary pair of monastic trainees. He set me up at every turn, yelled and screamed at me, pointed at me with the finger of, “Look how proud she is.” Everything I did was wrong; however many times I bowed I was wrong; whatever I tried to do I was wrong. I knew that it was all done to show them themselves but they did not comprehend this. The wife got more and more disgusted with me. Finally, since their misunderstanding was causing them to become incredibly hard, I told them exactly what we were trying to do.

The wife turned away in disgust. “I knew there was something wrong with you all along. That is why the letters were sent from London. Now we have the proof of it from your teacher’s own lips. He himself is saying how proud and ambitious you are.”

I turned to Rev. Hajime. “I told you it wouldn’t work; I told you they wouldn’t understand it. The only time you can mirror another person is when he is truly seeking the Way and undergoing monastic training as *we* understand it.”

Rev. Hajime looked worried, very worried. “Perhaps I have done wrong,” he said.

The husband instantly came in, “Of course you haven’t done wrong to show us what she’s really like. That’s what we came over here for. Now we can go back to England and explain quite clearly that it was wrong for us to even consider her in the first place—and definitely unnecessary for us to take the trouble of coming all this way to do so.”

Rev. Hajime’s face was consternation itself. “But . . .,” he was about to go on but I got up, walked to the door and walked out. I walked and walked through the town, up the hills, finally to the mountains beyond them. I must have walked for something like three miles. A beautiful mountain stretched in front of me on top of which was a small Kanzeon temple. I have never climbed a mountain in my life before to-day; to-day I went up one. It wasn’t too difficult. The little temple was deserted. I lay down on the floor and stared at its ceiling—a ceiling that was rotting from disuse—on mats that were rotting for lack of cash to mend them for no-one, apart from the town council, has the repair and care of this temple and there is never any money available for it. After an hour or so I sat up and looked out over the balcony. The panorama was magnificent—Lake Biwa in one direction, more mountains in another, the sea in a third. My own temple was not visible but it was somewhere between the mountains and the sea.

I stayed there for a long, long time meditating. When it began to get dusk I realised that it would be very dangerous to stay there any longer for I would have no means of finding my way down the scarcely marked path and, although the weather was hot, although it was August, it was likely to get pretty cold. I carefully picked my way down to the town and, instead of going back to Rev. Hajime’s temple, went back to my own one. Fortunately there was still one bus left. I caught it with about five minutes to spare.

When I got home I found the couple there. They had apparently forced the door to get in and had a letter with them from Rev. Hajime. I really didn’t want to talk to either of them; I didn’t want to be bothered with them or anything else. I had gone to Japan to do something about me. I’d found my peace and

quiet and was happy. And here was this bunch of idiots⁶⁷ yelping and screaming against my going back to England when I hadn't asked to and didn't want to; I'd made it quite clear that I'd never thought about it and was not at all happy at the suggestion. They were telling me that I couldn't go back to something I didn't want to go back to and they were jumping up and down like a pair of baboons in case I did. I am beginning to really understand the value of all those beatings in the Zendō; they teach you to be at peace when the world breaks out in idiocy.

I took the note from Rev. Hajime to my room. It was very simple. He said he was very sorry for letting me get angry and he wanted us to have a talk with the couple. He thought I had better not change my mind about throwing them out, for not to change my mind was good for both me and others. He concluded by saying that he would expect me at the temple we were supposed to be helping at this evening as I had promised.

I'd forgotten that particular temple. I folded the note and went to the temple leaving the couple there. The other bus back to the town where he lived had not yet gone; it was the one I had just come over on. I boarded it and went to the temple. The ceremonies went as usual. Rev. Hajime asked me to be his personal assistant and I agreed. He then asked if I would like to stay the night in his temple.

"Not particularly," I said.

"Where will you go then? There is no way back to-night; there is absolutely no other bus."

"I can walk."

"It's more than twenty miles. You can't walk it in the dark. Besides it would be dangerous."

"I see."

"Please stay the night in my house."

Something in me said, "What the heck, why don't you? There's no point in making a big thing out of this. You told him it wouldn't work—he didn't believe you. How could he? He doesn't know the nature of the British as you do; he doesn't know their outlook on life. And how the heck were that couple

to know that what he was doing was mirroring when they don't know Zen teaching methods any more than you did when you first came here? You knew that they couldn't understand what was happening; you knew that he hadn't explained it to them. What took place was bound to be the result of what he did."

And the other side of me argued, "Yes, that's true. But if he'd listened to me, if he'd understood that they couldn't understand it, then this situation would never have arisen."

I went back with him. His wife was very kind and I stayed the night there.

19th. August.

I went back to my own temple this morning. The couple were very standoffish, very cold. I went round doing my work, attending to the necessary business of the temple, seeing the village officials who usually come once a day, arranging ceremonies, getting on with looking after the everyday spiritual life of the village as a parish priest should. In the evening, after we had fired up the bath, I sat in the little living room reading a book. The young couple were bathing together and talking rather loudly. It is extraordinarily difficult in rooms that are only made of paper and bamboo—one doesn't *want* to listen but one *can't* help overhearing. Admittedly there was glass on these doors (the ones to the bathroom) but that didn't help matters very much. I had no alternative but to hear what was being said.

The wife was telling the husband that they should go away as soon as possible—go off to Kyoto to their other friends. Obviously I was no good; I never would be any good. What Rev. Hajime had said was quite true. I was incredibly proud and ambitious and, as such, unfit to be a teacher of Buddhism. If I couldn't put up with the fact that they were going away, if I couldn't "take it," as she put it, then that was just too bad. That was what they must do. They had come on a wild goose chase; they should never have come.

I listened helplessly then finally said in a clear, loud voice, "You should know that I can hear what you are saying. I'm sorry but I cannot help it."

20th. August.

The husband asked me to go with him to the local city to-day. He was the one of the two I had known best in England and he is still in two minds as to whether what he heard in Rev. Hajime's temple was true or what I had said it was—a means of teaching—lateral teaching. I explained it to him again, as best I could, but he was obviously not convinced. He told me that he had decided to come out with me by himself because he wanted to talk about it without his wife being there, she being much more interested in the Rinzai school and therefore inclined to look for flaws in our methods. He wanted to give our school a fair chance but it was quite clear that this could not be; the damage done by Rev. Hajime's mirroring was just too great. His faith in my words was just not strong enough.

We returned to the temple and the wife, whom he and several others in England in recent years have regarded as being fairly good at Buddhism, made it quite clear that she neither believed nor trusted me and, above all, that she didn't like me. We went to bed but I could sense that they slept uneasily.

28th. August.

There has been an uneasy truce for the last eight days. We have gone about our business, they reading books and meditating, me doing my ceremonies, meditating and getting on with the running of the temple. They are not too happy about ceremonies but they come to some of them.

Segaki took place to-day. Some villagers did not come because of the argument there has been over the gate—not that that matters very much. Those who came were the ones who had had dead relatives this year and, really, Segaki is only for them. The fact that it is frequently turned into a public show, or public holiday, has got nothing to do with actual Buddhist teaching.

During the Segaki ceremonies we remembered a dead girlfriend of the husband. He had been particularly fond of this girl before his marriage and she had died of cancer. I had gone to the funeral with him in England and his wife had gone too. She hadn't been happy at the funeral; she was furious that he was having a

Segaki ceremony celebrated for the dead girl. She refused to offer incense or prayers. Something in me winced horribly. How is it possible that one can remain jealous of the dead?

Anyway, when the ceremony was over, they started packing their things. Tomorrow they are going to friends in Kyoto.

29th. August.

I and the couple went in the car of a friend of mine from here to Kyoto. My friend, a young Japanese, wanted to show us many of the beautiful sights in Kyoto but the couple were in too great a hurry to get to their friends and away from me to appreciate what was being done for them. This angered my friend considerably; he thought they were being incredibly rude. He wanted to take them to several parks on the way but they didn't want to go. He lost his temper and took them to one. This added to the tensions in the car very considerably. It also didn't help my friend's driving which has never at any time been particularly good. He parked the car on top of a ravine so that they could see the magnificent view. They refused to look. This put him in so furious a temper that he put the car in first gear instead of reverse and we almost shot over the edge of the cliff. One blessing at least came out of this. The pair in the back kept quiet until we got to Kyoto.

30th. August.

To-day has been *so* wonderful. Absolutely no-one here—no villagers and not that couple! I know this is bad Buddhism but I am still human. It's funny but I'm getting to the state when I don't *want* to see anybody or know anybody. I know that's *awfully* bad Buddhism; I know it's the Arahant ideal; I know I'm becoming a very bad trainee but, so help me, people are as ungrateful as all hell and they all know it! Why the heck have I got to be the one and only saint in existence? What am I saying? I must double my efforts at meditation; how easy it is to fall out of training. Just listen to my words.

31st. August.

I'm thoroughly ashamed of the way I felt yesterday. It was a terrible way to be. I rang Rev. Hajime and told him and he told me that Zen masters feel that way sometimes. The important thing is that it doesn't last for longer than a few minutes with them. I told him that it must have lasted for most of the night and he said, "How do you know? You were asleep. As to the way you felt, remember that a Zen master is a human being not a god. Shakyamuni Buddha had feelings all his life. Zen masters can weep in spite of stupid Western ideas to the contrary. Even saints feel relief when the tortures inflicted on their bodies cease. You felt relief when this couple left your house; that was all."

There were many outside ceremonies to-day. The priest from the local temple who has been helping me so much invited me to help celebrate Segaki at his temple and I went along. It was really very enjoyable.

A 'phone call came from Tokyo to the local call-box late in the evening to tell me that Zenji Sama's cat has died. Strange that Zenji Sama's old disciple should have rung me up to tell me that. He thought it strange too. He said that Zenji Sama had expressed the wish that I should know.

3rd. September.

A letter came from Rev. Hajime. It was odd because it was sent special delivery and I found myself wondering what could be so important that it needed this type of expensive postage. He asked me how I was getting on in the incredibly hot weather that we are having now and then said that Zenji Sama is still thinking the same thoughts as before with regard to England. He wants to talk with me about the subject when he will see me next. Zenji Sama seems to dislike the idea that I stay in Japan for such a long time when there is so much trouble going on in England. He feels that the two people—the one who first wrote to him and the one he wrote to—are not Buddhists for they are fighting so very much, longing to be powerful and being jealous of each other. Rev. Hajime then asked me to tell him the

exact schedule of the young couple who came from England when they return to the Tokyo temple. He enclosed three letters for them which had been opened because of the temple's innocence of English and asked me not to blame anyone for this.

I felt concerned for I knew that the couple would not understand the reasons why the letters had been opened. I have explained so many times that there is no way in which one can have secrets in a temple such as the one in Tokyo but still foreigners cannot understand that, if they stay there, their letters are bound to be opened. I suppose Zenji Sama's hope is that I will return to England and convert the people there. If I can manage to completely convert me I will have done something pretty wonderful. In order to be converted one has to want to be converted. As things are, I don't know of anyone in England whom I knew in the old days who *truly* wants enlightenment. They all talk about it, they all say how wonderful it is but I don't think any of them have any idea of what is involved in having it. They think of it as living in a state of bliss; I know that it brings peace and joy but—*no* happiness of the type they are imagining. A Zen master knows grief in a way that few ever know it. "He who meditates gets grabbed by the Cosmic Buddha;" said Zenji Sama, "don't meditate if you do not want this to happen," to which my heart replied, "When ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." Certainly this would seem to be true in the case of the couple now in Kyoto. I must make Zenji Sama understand this.

I'm still having much difficulty with physical sitting. It is getting worse and worse. It has got to a state where I can only twist up one leg; the other one seems to refuse to move. I must really see the doctor again.

13th. September.

I returned to Tokyo. The fact that Zenji Sama had deliberately had me 'phoned to explain about the death of his cat gave me much cause for thought. I went round the village before leaving and found a small, male kitten. I took it with me when I returned. On arrival I went straight to Zenji Sama's room and said, "I have brought you a kitten, Zenji Sama."

His eyes were closed but I knew they were smiling. “Thank you,” he said. “I knew you would.”

I put it on the bed and his one good hand searched for it. The little creature snuggled round in the bed clothes and cuddled up close to him. Zenji Sama’s face broke out in a big smile. “Thank you,” he said. “It is so wonderful to have something warm and alive to feel.” It wasn’t a very pretty kitten—it was the only one I could get at such short notice. It was a very plain tabby as cats go but it made all the difference to Zenji Sama.

When I left the room his assistants were fuming. Whatever had I brought that thing for to give them extra work? “I brought it,” I said, “because I knew that Zenji Sama wanted it and I also knew that I was the only one who would get it for him,” and I left them.

I should have bowed to these two but I didn’t; something in me absolutely refused to.⁸³ I am reminded of a conversation I had with the Director on one occasion in which I asked him how I should behave towards people who obviously were not exhibiting the Buddha Nature at all times and he said, “Where the Buddha is not do not linger.” I asked him what he meant and he said, “If you linger much when the Buddha Nature is not evident you’ll be tempted to fall into error, to live from the ego-centric ‘I’ in the presence of the egocentric ‘I.’ There is no alternative to this happening occasionally but the more often it takes place the more you will get out of the habit of exhibiting your own Buddha Nature at all times. If such people cannot catch the Lord at the moment It flashes it is best not to linger in their company for a million years may pass before they will look—and you have not got that much time to spare.”

I know that Zenji Sama is very ill; I know it must be incredibly hard work looking after him for everything must be done for him. But “with the ideal comes the actual;” with the Zen master comes the lonely old priest, denied a wife and children because of his calling. And now, close to death, he obviously longs sometimes for something warm and alive that he can touch and feel without people giving him a bad reputation; and a little kitten is perfect for the job.

How is it possible that people who have been looking after him for so long can be so blind to this simple necessity? How is it possible that they can understand so little of the True Mind of Kanzeon?⁸⁴

1st. October.

The young couple from England were due at the Vice-Abbot's temple to-day and he and I, and a large number of important Japanese, met them on the station nearest to the temple. The Vice-Abbot has decided to go ahead with all the plans he had made for them originally, treating them as though they were genuinely V.I.P.'s with great influence in government and other circles. Apparently, if he did not do so, after making the arrangements, he would lose face with all the important local people. But it is obvious that the person who is going to take the blame for this, after the couple have gone, is me. The fact that I tried to explain the situation, that I tried to explain it *exactly*, is neither here nor there. This couple just did not fall into the exact category that the Japanese wanted them to and the fault, since blame must be laid somewhere, is going to be mine.

2nd. October.

The couple came back to Tokyo to-day to say good-bye to Zenji Sama. He struggled to sit up in bed for it was obvious that he still wanted to hear the words from their own lips that I had done nothing wrong in England and could return there whenever I wished. Assurances in letters, it seems, are of no use to him. He must hear it from people in person. And the obvious sectarianism that is going on in British Buddhism is just too unbelievable for him, beyond his comprehension; Buddhists do not quarrel. Here he had two live people. From them he was still hoping to hear the truth.

He continued to struggle to sit up, finally gave up and asked the university professor, who had again come from Kyoto, to interpret so that he could be sure of the answers from someone other than me, "Can she return?" he said.

The husband looked a little uncomfortable and then said, "I'm afraid your school of Zen, as I have seen it here, would be thoroughly unacceptable in Britain. The means of testing people by the use of the mirror monk which has been explained to me and this business of constant beatings during meditation would be completely unacceptable. Other schools of Buddhism obviously have much better methods—much better actual teaching methods. The fact that you are none too interested in the Scriptures is also worrying. I am sorry, there is simply no way that I can see this school being accepted in Britain."

Zenji Sama tried to hide the pain in his face and said, "Can she not return to England?"

"There is no legal barrier to her return," said the husband.

"She was very unhappy there," said the wife.

I was startled by this for she had not known me for very long or particularly well in England; although I had had the ups and downs common to all people of the war generation—the ups and downs of the unwanted and unneeded—the fact remains that I had had a good many happy times in England. If I hadn't I would not have stayed to the age I did there.

Zenji Sama was silent. Then he said quite quietly, "Good-bye," turned to me and said, "Take them to the port;" he then turned his face to the wall. I bowed and left him.

I took the couple to the port and they went off on the first part of their journey which would take them, via Russia, back to England. A typhoon is due in this particular area of Japan tonight. I hope their ship gets safely away from it. The typhoons here can be really nasty.

On my return to the temple I was sent for by Zenji Sama. I sat on the floor beside his bed and for a long time he didn't speak. Then he said, "As long as I live I want you to stay in Japan. Will you do so?"

"Yes, Zenji Sama," I said.

"As long as I live I never want to hear another word about England."

"Yes, Zenji Sama."

“As long as I live I do not want to hear that you have written to anyone in England whatsoever nor that you have at any time communicated with any Briton whatsoever. If you are my disciple you will obey this my order.”

I was appalled for I have friends—friends whom I occasionally visit. I wanted to tell him this but I didn’t for I knew that he was in no mood to listen. I kept silent.

He put out his one good hand and touched me on the shoulder. “You will have to think of Japan as your country from now on,” he said. “Can you do that?”

“I will try, Zenji Sama.”

It must have been the touch of his hand that caused it for my voice started to catch as I said, “Please get well soon. I want you back in the Zendō.”

His lovely smile burst out again. “Thank you for that feeling,” he said, “but you and I are always in the same Zendō, you know that. Go and leave me now.” I bowed and left him.

3rd. October.

I was asked to have tea in Zenji Sama’s room with some of the senior officers. Zenji Sama had obviously been upset by something or other. It was very difficult to know what it was; then the new senior lecturer started talking. He said nothing directly; just that it was obvious that a lot of the people who came from foreign countries were not exactly of the best type. They were people that their own countries didn’t want to keep; otherwise they wouldn’t have come. What he was trying to get over to the other officers was quite clear—that there was something wrong with me, that I had done something; that was why I had fled to Japan, why I had run away to enter a monastery, to hide from my past. This was the whole purpose of my coming.

Zenji Sama said nothing for some time. Then suddenly he burst out at me, “Why did you come? What have you done?”

“I have done nothing, Zenji Sama. You may check with the police throughout the world; you may check with my friends; you may check with whoever you wish—I have done nothing wrong.”

“Why is it that only such bad foreigners come to this country?” This from the lecturer.

“The Reverend Lecturer is right. Why is it that only bad ones come here?”

“They are not all bad, Zenji Sama. There is much misunderstanding, that is all. What is needed is much love, much compassion, much understanding on *both* sides. They who come here are trying to deal with something of which they know nothing. You are trying to deal with something of which you know nothing. How can you blame them? I do not understand you. First I am told that I am not to see or communicate with any of my fellow Britons when I have done nothing wrong. Now I am told that all my fellow Britons are bad and, by implication, so am I.”

I could feel my anger rising and yet, even with the anger, I could feel the complete peace inside below it. My meditation was holding me still. This saved me for I anchored it in the peace within Zenji Sama himself but the quarrel was there hanging above us like a cloud. The lecturer continued to make snide comments. I sat completely silent, moved my legs as best I could into the meditation position and just sat there meditating. The lecturer hadn't noticed; Zenji Sama had. He put his one good hand into the meditation position over his abdomen on top of the bedclothes. The lecturer went on. I took no notice.

Presently Zenji Sama opened his eyes and said, “Well, that was an interesting conversation. Good-morning.” We left him.

On returning to my room I found some papers from the Japanese government on my desk. They were application forms for becoming a Japanese citizen. This afternoon I visited the British Consulate and asked what would happen to my British citizenship if I were to become a Japanese. Was it possible to have dual nationality? Apparently in Japan it is not.

On my return to the temple everyone I met looked at me oddly. The quarrel (if quarrel it can be called) between Zenji Sama and myself had been blown out of all proportion to what it actually had been by everyone in the temple. It would seem that the new lecturer really does hate foreigners. Apparently

something happened to his temple during the war; it lost most of its money and lands in the reshuffle of temple wealth that was undertaken by the American government during the occupation and he is determined that every Briton, every American, everybody, in fact, who is not a Japanese, shall pay for it.

As I walked past one of the office doors I heard a hissed comment, "Foreigners are lower than animals!" I hurried by and went to my room. I need to think. Above all I need to know if I *want* to be a Japanese. I will go down to my own temple to-morrow.

4th. October.

I moved everything that I could—that I had left and would not be likely to need—from the temple in Tokyo to my own temple to-day. I shipped these things and intended to follow. I was about to go through the door when an order came over the intercom for me to go to Zenji Sama at once. Normally I always go to see him before I leave the temple but I had no intention of doing so on this occasion. I went to his room. The chief lecturer was sitting there. Zenji Sama was obviously suffering great pain; it was equally obvious that it was pain of mind. He spoke to me in a voice that was grating strangely.

"Some of the officers here think that I was wrong to Transmit you," he said. "They tell me I have done great wrong in having a foreigner in the temple; that you have brought some atrociously bad foreigners here. This last pair were unbelievable. I need to know once and for all if you are properly Transmitted or if I did wrong—if you were unfit, unready. I order you to go to Kyoto where lives the greatest living saint of our school. He is old, he has the same illness that I have, but he can confirm or deny your Transmission. You will go and see him. You will take him this letter from me. When I get his answer," and he looked around at the assembled officers, "I will abide by whatsoever that answer is and so will you. Now go."

I took the letter he gave me and went. The train to Kyoto left around five this afternoon. I shall arrive there early tomorrow morning.

5th. October.

I visited the priest that Zenji Sama had sent me to; his temple was miles out in the country beyond the outskirts of Kyoto. He was lying in an upstairs room; nothing of him seemed alive except his eyes and one hand. The situation of himself and Zenji Sama was so alike I was immediately struck by it. I had handed the letter that Zenji Sama had given me to the assistant who had taken it up and read it to him. I was then taken upstairs to see him.

The old man looked at me for a long, long time. His eyes looked straight through me and all through me. They were incredibly beautiful eyes; they radiated a peace that I have only seen once before, on the night of my Transmission. Something within me answered the look and I *loved* him. He held up his one good hand in the gasshō and I gasshōed back with both of mine. He turned to the assistant and said, “Hajime-cun⁸⁵ used to be one of my junior trainees when I was in Tokyo at the same temple where her Zenji Sama now lives.” The assistant bowed. The old priest then said in a totally different voice, “Write to Zenji Sama, ‘I have seen. I am happy.’” He turned back to me, flooded me once again with his look and said, “Return to Zenji Sama soon. He will be waiting,” closed his eyes and the interview was over. The assistant said he would write to Zenji Sama.

I went back to my own temple and telephoned Rev. Hajime. I told him all that had happened and that a letter would be sent from this old priest to Zenji Sama.

My difficulty with physical sitting is getting worse and worse. It is almost impossible for me now to even sit on a chair. The only thing I can do comfortably is lie flat. The will-power it is taking to keep this thing from breaking me is quite unbelievable. There seems to be no doctor available and, if there were, none of those I have seen seem to know what is wrong so why should anyone else? I *must* be imagining it.

6th. October.

A letter came from Rev. Hajime to say that Zenji Sama is already beginning to change his mind with regard to foreigners.

After I left he exploded even more about the type of foreigner he was getting and the fact that he could get no proof with regard to me from my fellow Britons. But the fact that I am away from him is upsetting him greatly and he is longing for me to come back.

Rev. Hajime made one comment that was surprising—that the old priest I had visited had become genuinely useless. I wonder if that is because he called him Hajime-cun—that little boy Hajime?⁸⁶ I indeed hope that there is not a darker reason—that the officers are not going to go round saying that because he has approved of my Transmission he is now old and useless; it is so difficult to live amongst people who are determined to believe ill of you.⁸⁷ More and more it occurs to me that the sanest thing I can do is go to America when Zenji Sama dies and not stay here at all. There is no point in running risks with such people as those I have encountered from England. I suppose I was no threat to them while I was just lecturing on Buddhism in London. But what threat can I be now? All I have done is work on *me*. I never intended to go back and take over their organisations. I've got enough problems dealing with me.

Many ceremonies took place this afternoon and Andy arrived. I still wonder about whether he did make accusations about me to Rev. Hajime but have said nothing more. If it is his nature to talk about others behind their backs that is up to him; he is helping mend the temple—just that and nothing more. If he does not wish to understand or learn real Buddhism that, too, is up to him—just that and nothing more. He is busy mending the front steps.

9th. October.

Another letter came from Rev. Hajime. It seems I am to be given the official title of Director's Assistant and Foreign Guest Hall Master as well as the official rank of a Junior Officer of the temple in Tokyo. This is Zenji Sama's order. The letter says that I should not expect any of the privileges of being a junior officer however.⁸⁸ I shall probably get paid as one but I must not expect anything else. The certificate stating that I am a junior

officer has already been posted on the temple notice-board. It is both Rev. Hajime's and Zenji Sama's opinion that, whatever rank they give me, the other officers in the temple will refuse to acknowledge it. The letter ends with an interesting comment to the effect that the cat that I brought to Zenji Sama was very effective.

The letter orders me to return to Tokyo but the difficulty with my left leg is now so bad that I do not intend to go. There would be no point whatsoever since I cannot obey the rules by going to the Meditation Hall and doing everything else that is required of me. To go back in the state I am in physically would be most unwise.

A letter came to-day from the British young couple who are now once more in London. The husband is reaffirming what he said originally—that our school of Zen is just not suitable for England. He said that he had given much thought to the many things we talked about since returning home. It seems he now feels that he was absolutely right in advising me against returning as a teacher in the near future. It is not only a question of the person that Zenji Sama wrote to and the one who had originally written to him. He simply cannot think that our school of Zen as he saw it is for export to Britain. He says that whatever the rights of beating, this method would just not be tolerated, whether under Zen or any other label. Then he commented on the question of testing which he says I put forward as an alternative, saying that, apart from anything else, it seemed to him that this is not a method of tuition but only of examination. Other schools of Buddhism, he says, seem to have more definite methods of actual instruction than this. He concludes by saying that he is sorry to sound so negative but must tell me frankly how it strikes him and hopes that I will believe he writes as a true friend to say that I myself still have personal problems to overcome as my teacher very well knows. My “fights” with the ecclesiastical machine, it would seem, are not exactly conducive to the peace of mind I need, according to his analysis. He then offers to stand ready to advise or help me in any further way, now or in the future.

I went over to Rev. Hajime's temple with this letter and blew up.⁸⁹ After all, if it had not been for his intention to try and force this couple to study Zen as if they were junior trainees, presuming that they were just as serious, instead of realising that they were a pair of dilettantes, none of this would have happened and Zenji Sama would have been saved much misery. Zenji Sama and he were always talking of the trust that must exist between master and disciple—so why did they not trust me over what was written from London? Why keep on about 'proof?' Proof of *what?* I had been made the scape-goat in too many situations here. I needed to make a stand. Nowhere in Buddhism does it say that one must put up with this sort of thing and say nothing.

I exploded for some time, ending with the fact that I do not intend to do anything further about the female priests' rank in Japan. They must do it for themselves. I have never seen such an ungrateful bunch! Most of them are furious over my being in the head temple in Tokyo and give me no backing-up in what I try to do for them; most of them are furious because I'm in a temple with a bunch of men and they cannot enter it; most of them are saying that I'm up to heaven alone knows what there when I'm doing my best to train in Buddhism. From here on they can all help themselves—I don't care a damn⁸¹ for any of them! I ended by walking out of the house and wandering round the streets before going home.

10th. October.

Rang Rev. Hajime to apologise for yesterday. He was very kind and invited me to his house to-morrow for dinner.

11th. October.

Something strange happened to-day. On the way to Rev. Hajime's temple I was thinking of Zenji Sama, thinking of what I had promised him—to stay with him until his death—when I suddenly knew something for certain inside myself. I had been thrown into a somewhat odd state of mind over the papers that I found on my desk concerning Japanese citizenship. I had been

disquieted by them. “Is it really possible for a Briton to become a Japanese?” has been going through my mind for a long time. Zenji Sama obviously believes so; so do quite a few others. Why should I remain different from everyone else around me? Such a thing was wrong, utterly wrong.

I was about halfway down the main street which, at that time of the evening, was almost deserted when I suddenly realised that Japan and England were one and the same. I have known it for a long time—ever since my great kenshō—but this was a specific thing that hit home, as it were, in the same place but from a different angle. I realised it in a way that flooded my whole body and mind and, for the first time since starting my wanderings some fifteen years previously, I felt that I had a physical resting place. I quickened my pace, determined to tell Rev. Hajime that I was going to go ahead with the change of citizenship; to tell him again I was sorry about my previous visit. The British affair was such a trivial thing.

At the door of his house I overheard his wife say to him, “Why do you keep on inviting that foreigner here? She’s not one of us and never will be.”

“It is Zenji Sama’s wish not mine,” he replied, “it is he who wants foreigners.”

I stopped dead in my tracks. The vision of the oneness was gone. As long as I live there will be a difference between a Briton and a Japanese, not in my mind but in theirs. It was then that I knew that I would not become a Japanese citizen—not because I could not but because the Japanese would not really let me.

I stood there for a full ten minutes on the doorstep before entering. When I did everyone in the house was smiling a welcome. They wanted me to stay the night but I refused. I said I must return to my own temple and went off to catch the last bus.

The Chinese abbot has always offered me a place to live and study any time I want it. To-night I wrote him a letter saying that I will gladly accept his offer.⁹⁰ It seems the wisest plan. I am not ready to go to the West; I doubt if I ever will be.

20th. October.

A card came from Rev. Hajime to say that the officers of the temple in Tokyo insist I must either cancel all my studies or give up being an officer. I cannot study and be an officer at the same time. They have been very much against the fact that I was put into Tokubetsu-sōdō, or special training, which also carries with it the right to get a Sei-kyoshi degree, something which is the equivalent of a Doctor of Divinity in Buddhism. I was put in for this during the Spring before last and have been studying for it steadily ever since. Now, it seems, the officers are willing to fly in the face of Zenji Sama's orders and say that I must either stop all my studies and lose the possibility of my degree or give up the right to be an officer of the temple. It does not seem to matter that Zenji Sama is giving the orders. Now that he is so sick I am beginning to appreciate fully what it was that the Director told me. If anything happens to him I will indeed be in difficulties. I'm extremely relieved that I have written to the abbot in Malaysia.

I wrote to Zenji Sama to tell him what the officers are trying to do. I realise this will make trouble but, if I discontinue my studies or refuse to be an officer, he will be infuriated. It is best he knows what is going on.

30th. October.

Rev. Hajime sent me a long letter to-day. In it he thanked me for telling him of the great wrong that he did with the people who came from England concerning me. He had no intention of doing such a thing at all. It was all done by his ignorance of the difference between Britons and Japanese, and he begs my pardon and asks my forgiveness. He said that he accepts all that I have said and does not want to repeat such a grave mistake.⁹¹ The letter I sent to Zenji Sama has apparently caused considerable problems with the officers. Zenji Sama is determined that I shall do both—studies and be a junior officer. The Director has decided the following:— if I want to finish my Tokubetsu-sōdō and get my Sei-kyoshi I will merely get the certificate of

being a junior officer. It is the only way he can persuade the rest of the officers to do what Zenji Sama has said.

Then he mentioned that I also told Zenji Sama I will be leaving in order to go to Malaysia. Zenji Sama is not happy about it but the certificates proving that I have been here will be sent from the Administration Department. They want my reasons for going to Malaysia in writing. I am to do my Sei-kyoshi examination next April. Apparently the degree will be given automatically if I pass. He asks me to be careful of my health.

I suppose this is the best compromise possible. After all, from the previous letter nobody intended treating me as an officer anyway, although Zenji Sama says I am one. So, if they are going to give me the certificate plus the cash, make sure I do the job, blame me when it goes wrong but give me none of the glory and, at the same time allow me to get my Sei-kyoshi degree, I am doing better than I could have hoped for. It just isn't worthwhile hitting one's head against a brick wall with such people.⁸⁷

6th. November.

A card came from Rev. Hajime. The Administration Office says I need no extra certificates. The first-class Kyoshi I already have is all I need and the Sei-kyoshi I will get next year. They are not willing to give any other certificates whatever Zenji Sama may order. He then said that he has completely lost his courage and confidence to help me. After what has happened with this affair in London he has become afraid of doing something wrong and asked me not to expect anything from him.

Well, if British Buddhist politicians set out to destroy me they certainly seem to be doing a pretty good job in the worldly sense. The only thing that is so wonderful is the peace within me. They can destroy my reputation, destroy my body, cause me to starve to death—I suppose they could conceivably get me thrown out of the Tokyo temple—but there is one thing they can never harm and that is my inner peace. Truly the old Zen story of the monk who comes home and finds everything in his house stolen is a true one. The monk even gives the thief his

clothes and, after the latter has gone, looks at the moon and says, "If only I could have given him that wonderful moon." Oh, if only I could give England the peace that is within me.

7th. November.

A 'phone call from Tokyo to-day. Zenji Sama has ordered me back at once. I did not go.

15th. November.

My difficulty with physical sitting has reached an all-time peak. I can no longer even sleep.

16th. November.

There were many, many ceremonies in the temple to-day. I somehow managed to sit on the floor for them. The thing that made it possible was what can only be described as eternal meditation; this I found during the beatings in Tokyo. One sits still whilst everything else goes on round one, whilst all the craziness and idiocy and pain and horror continues—all one does is sit, anchored and still with peace and joy within and the smile, as it were, within one's guts.

I was looking for that smile for so many years. How wonderful indeed it is to have found it. How much I want to share it and how impossible it is to make other people understand.

29th. November.

Zenji Sama is furious. He demanded over the 'phone—they had to actually hold the instrument to his own mouth—that I return at once. Whenever anyone else rings up now I take no notice; when he speaks I hear. I shall return to Tokyo to-morrow.

I have noticed over the past few months how my distrust of everyone other than Zenji Sama is growing. It is very worrying to note this—very worrying indeed. I find myself wondering much about it. But, whenever Zenji Sama himself speaks, there is no problem; only when the others do. I must watch this; it is very bad.

30th. November.

I returned to Tokyo to-day and Zenji Sama immediately called me to his room. He informed me that he wants me to gather and look after all the foreigners that have been coming during the past year. He wants a grand Taikai with them for the New Year and he wants me to get all their classes going again. He said it was very important to him. He was very kind and very gentle; I agreed to do as he wished. He also told me that one of his other disciples is going to England soon to study at London University and he asked me to help him with regard to getting his visa from the British Consulate. His name is Rev. Isaburo.

1st. December.

Sesshin started to-day. It is physically impossible for me to sit. I really do not know what to do.

2nd. December.

The officers are grumbling loudly because I cannot sit. I begged that I may take a chair into the Meditation Hall but they would not permit it. I went in and sat in agony for something like two hours.

I am organising the Foreign Section as best I can through the newspapers. It is indeed fortunate that, as a result of the problems with the newspapers in the past, at least one reporter has become a very good friend of mine as have a couple of radio announcers. They are giving much help simply by telling people through their various media that the temple will be open to all who have been here before for the New Year celebrations.

I seem to be beginning to gain weight.

8th. December.

Sesshin ended to-day. I have sat at least two hours every day during the week. I'm not at all sure how.

9th. December.

I hope to stay with a friend of mine in Tokyo for a couple of days. I want to think out what happened at Rev. Hajime's

temple alone. I need to think some more on this business of becoming a Japanese. I know I can never do it but there is so much I need to explain to myself.

12th. December.

I returned from my friend's house this morning. I got back very early—about five in the morning for breakfast. To my amazement I discovered that I was speaking Japanese with an English accent and using a lot of the grammar wrongly. This startled many in the temple considerably but not nearly as much as when I walked into the Meditation Hall carrying a knife, fork and plate instead of a pair of chopsticks and a begging bowl for breakfast. Later, in his room, the Director asked me about it. We were waiting for the start of the many ceremonies that took place to-day.

"It is impossible for me to become a Japanese," I said, "for none of you will ever let me do it."

He sat down slowly and eyed me thoughtfully. "What happened when you were in your temple?" he asked and I told him. He was silent for a long time then he started to make tea. When he had finished he said, "Tell me how you feel."

"Numb," I replied. "I knew that moment in the main street near Rev. Hajime's temple that I could do what you want and become a Japanese. I was even eager to do it. I knew for a few brief minutes that all was really one—I know it still. I know that racial differences do not matter in the least for they are the delusion of mankind; and, after hearing Rev. Hajime's wife's remarks and his answer, I know that delusion, even in the priesthood, is compounded by greed and obedience to superiors."

⁹²"How can I answer that question? Only you know the workings of your own heart. I know that there is much prejudice here against me because I am a foreigner and a woman. Only two or three days ago, when I returned here and went to do Nyudo no Hai in the Meditation Hall, another trainee who was doing it with me (a boy of seventeen) was handed the incense stick instead of me although I am a junior officer of the temple. Zenji Sama heard about it and got angry, stopped

the ceremony and ordered the incense to be handed to me. How do you think I felt? And do you think that Zenji Sama's stopping the ceremony changed the prejudiced minds here one iota? All that came out of this incident was a deeper despisation of me and a lot of false, external smiles. The so-called equality of women in our school of Zen is something to which lip service is given and nothing more. There have been a million such incidents as the one of the incense stick and I have ignored them as Zenji Sama told me to. You have tried repeatedly to induce me to become a Japanese, even telling me that the colour of my skin was changing. Do you remember? But for what? Am I of political value to this temple? Is it because you feel sorry for me over what has happened in England? I know that many foreigners are merely used by Japanese temples for publicity purposes. This temple did that with me until I refused to see any more newspapermen and Zenji Sama backed me up. Then what happened? Stories about me were told behind my back to both the newspapers and magazines which have caused untold unhappiness to my friends and relatives. What am I supposed to learn from all this? When I was a junior here I repeatedly asked to be sent to the women's monastery not far from where my own temple is so as to avoid the problem of being a woman in a men's temple but no-one took any notice of my request; and everyone still goes on complaining about my being here. You say that all is one, and I know that it is in a way that I could never have known it when I was in England, but the delusion of Japan, and of this temple, is so great that no practical use can come of the knowledge as things are. Look at the way you Japanese treat the Koreans who have been for centuries in Japan. I am told they're not even allowed the right of citizenship although they know of no other country than this. They cannot attend Japanese schools, vote or get work other than that of a menial nature; and they are descended from the Royal Korean potters. You carried them off from Korea hundreds of years ago.⁹³ No country in the world is as racist as is Japan! The Negroes of America think they have a rough time; they should try living here!"

I was out of breath. It was as if all the injustices of the past few years were oozing out of me like the pus from a boil. The Director was staring at me in amazement for he had never heard me make so long a speech. Then he said, "You are not in the women's temple because Zenji Sama thinks it is good for both your training and ours that you stay here. If the trainees here, either young or old, or senior officers are prejudiced against women, and foreigners in particular, maybe they can see their delusion as a result of your misfortune and learn compassion."

"And what of me?" I said. "What am I supposed to learn?"

"Strength to stand against the stupidity of the world. You will need it when you return to the West.⁹⁴ The prejudice, as you have found out from your so-called friends in London, is no less elsewhere than it is here. It is just that here it is a lot more concentrated. Why did you imagine that the Buddhists of England would welcome you when you return?"

"I thought you wanted me to be a Japanese? What has that got to do with my returning to England?"

"If you had not overheard that conversation between Rev. Hajime and his wife there would probably never have been any necessity for you to return to England."

⁹²"I see. In other words I was to stay here after what had happened in London without ever *knowing* how people really felt about me and foreigners in general. I was always to think that anti-foreign comments that I heard, or thought I heard, were imagined. I was to be a creature that was a cut above the Koreans because I was of use to the temple but of whom no-one could forget that I possessed two round eyes and a long nose. That is Japanese Buddhism—and I've just had some examples of British Buddhism! I find myself wondering what would happen if the Buddha were to return to the world now. I find myself wondering if there is anyone in existence who knows really what he taught. Do you realise that in forcing me to stay here, instead of letting me go to the women's monastery, you have made me the object of the jealousy of every female trainee in this country? Am I to understand that Zenji Sama wishes this so as to show the women priests their mean nature; or to show

them that they are jealous? What do you think I am, a saint? Believe me, I am human and I came here to do something about myself because I *knew* I was human; I did not come in order to lead and teach others either directly or indirectly as a result of being a sort of guinea-pig to show others their faults. It seems that I am to be an eternal mirror monk; but that job isn't forced on anyone else here."

He sighed. "Long ago I taught you the 'Sandōkai'—'With the ideal comes the actual like a box and its lid.' It seems you are still, to a certain extent, stuck with the ideal. You *must* know that it exists—of course you must know that it exists. If you don't you can never understand true Buddhism. As I told you a long time ago, however, understanding—enlightenment—whatever you like to call it—does not bring happiness, only the kokoro konashiku—the great grief—out of which comes the all embracing all-acceptance and selfless love of Shakyamuni Buddha, the actual, which unites it with the ideal. You must *know* the ideal; you must *accept* the actual. Only thus can you help others and yourself. Things are as they are because of the greed, hate and delusion of the world. The only people we can do anything about are ourselves. Here in this temple we have the opportunity of being true Bodhisattvas; to be mirrors of the Truth to all our fellow trainees so that they may see that which exists within themselves is the greatest of all callings."

"And if I go to America how does that particular teaching help the oppressed Negroes and other minority groups there?" I asked. "Am I to tell them that things are as they are and that they must learn to accept them?"

"As things are now, have they any alternative?" he replied. "The only certain cure for such a situation is self-knowledge and, as each of us does something about himself, so does the day of help for these unfortunate people draw nearer. We have to do something about ourselves in order to help them. They have to do something about themselves in order to help us."

⁹⁵ "Please listen to me, Reverend Director. Zenji Sama seems to be playing God, and he is not God, and neither am I.

So help me, please. I am merely a woman who is trying to do the best she can.”

“That is all Zenji Sama wants of you or anyone else. This temple is a small world which mirrors the great world outside. In it, as you yourself once wrote, can be found every type of human being, from the saint to the sinner, and every vice as well as every virtue. ‘With the ideal comes the actual like a box and its lid.’ The greatest teaching this temple can give is that of all-acceptance which is the understanding that all is one and all is different. You know that both Japan and Britain are identical. You also know that they are different.”

“I shall never become a Japanese citizen. I am British and I shall always remain so.”

The Hondō bell started to ring for the first ceremony and I went to fetch his robes from the cupboard and light the incense since he was to be the celebrant. I turned back towards him.

“You have said that I am the best assistant you have ever had. Was that, too, because Zenji Sama ordered you to have me?”

“I obey the orders of my superiors without question as does Rev. Hajime whose conversation you overheard. There is such a thing as too great a sincerity in training and you are suffering from it. For example, you have upset the washerwoman here because your mending of the embroidery on my robes is better than hers is and I prefer it. You would do well to strive more for the actual in some respects than for the ideal.”

“But that makes rubbish of Buddhism.”

“Sometimes I raise the eyebrows of old Shakyamuni Buddha and sometimes I do not. There are times when it is prudent not to be Buddha and times when it is prudent to be Buddha. Remember the words of Dōgen Zenji. ‘It is not wise to tell your dreams⁹⁶ to the foolish.’”

The bells of the Hondō, Zendō and the long corridor were answering each other as they rang down for the celebrant’s procession and the Director and I left his room to go to the Hondō.

“Kane areba hatō, hō hibekeba saidō,” he said. “ ‘If the bell is ringing you must put on your robes.’ When Zenji Sama dies another will ring the bell.”

“I have heard whisperings that the Vice-Abbot will not want the previous abbot’s disciples,” I said.

“A bell rings according as it is struck and we answer it in the same way. The ‘all is one’ and the ‘all is different’ manifest themselves in all things at all times and in different ways.”

We were already in the Ceremony Hall and had to leave it there. There were something like thirty ceremonies.

15th. December.

There are four-hundred people coming for the New Year celebrations and I’ve arranged for six assistants to come and help me. Three of them are friends of Andy’s. One is a Yugoslav girl who speaks good English; two are Japanese who speak reasonable English; two more are friends of mine from one of the American bases and Andy himself. They will all spend some time here, help run and organise the Grand Taikai.

23rd. December.

I have been invited to spend Christmas at the British Consulate.

25th. December.

I went to a party and Christmas dinner at the British Consulate to-day after getting permission to do so from Zenji Sama. It was very enjoyable to have a British meal once again and to be with my fellow Britons. I asked Zenji Sama if I could go because of his prohibition with regard to England and he said that, provided I was only with government officials, he had no objections. What he does not want me to do is have any contact with people connected with British Buddhism.

When I got home in the evening, feeling very happy and with a large slab of Christmas cake for the cold days to come, Zenji Sama’s assistant was standing near the door together with the chief lecturer. They both scolded me for having been out to a party. Apparently Zenji Sama had told them; and the lecturer said that I was no Buddhist since I was enjoying Christmas.

29th. December.

A large number of people are due to come early on the thirty-first so I arranged for the six assistants to get here to-day. I told the chapter; some were happy, others not. There were the usual grumbles. The great hall has at last been finished and Zenji Sama ordered the Director to be celebrant for the opening ceremony in it. This meant that I was the first person to carry out the duties of priest's assistant there.

31st. December.

Early this morning we started preparing the temple for the guests, marking passages with coloured ribbons so that the people would know how to get to their rooms. This was necessary since most of them speak no Japanese. It was a lot of work and by noon we were very tired. I went to inspect everything after lunch and found that all our work had been undone, ribbons taken down, cushions, beds and eating utensils put away. Apparently some of the junior trainees had been told by the senior lecturer that we were messing up the temple. I went to see Zenji Sama and he rang for the senior lecturer, told him to mind his own business, and then I and my six assistants had to re-do all our work—getting all the tables ready, getting all the rooms ready, putting out the cushions and beds once more. It was really a bit much!

I probably shall not have time to write about what happened to-day until long after it is over for the whole celebration is going to take until this time to-morrow and I shall certainly have no further time for writing to-day. I and the assistants are now waiting for the guests to arrive.

1st. January.

It is six in the evening and I have been asleep since about three this afternoon. I didn't get to bed until then and am really feeling knocked out. More than the expected four-hundred foreign guests arrived and they all made large contributions to the temple to help with the cost of the new hall which, although finished, is far from paid for. The ceremonies were identically the

same as they have been every other New Year with one important difference. I not only had to look after and co-ordinate the arrangements for all the guests, shepherding them from room to room and from ceremony to ceremony, I also had to assist the Director at all the ceremonies themselves since he was the celebrant. This meant that I was not off my feet from about five in the afternoon until twelve noon to-day; and, as soon as the foreign guests left at nine o'clock this morning, I had to look after the Director's private guests until three this afternoon.

The foreign guests on the whole were extraordinarily well behaved. Most of them, of course, came for recreation, to enjoy their New Year, a fact which greatly annoyed some of the older priests here. But they were really very well behaved and everyone thoroughly enjoyed the day. Many of them, however, did not want to have mochi for breakfast this morning and the temple authorities were very angry when they found that most of the food was being wasted.

I had apparently just got to bed when an announcement was made on the intercom that I must clean up the mess that the guests had left behind them. Fortunately all my six assistants were so dead tired, having had so much to do, that none of us heard the announcement and some of the junior trainees cleaned up. I must be sure to find out who and thank them for it was indeed very kind.

2nd. January.

The 'phone doesn't seem to stop ringing to-day. The number of people who are congratulating the Director for the New Year is unbelievable. I am constantly answering the 'phone. Also, many people who were here last night are wanting to come to the various classes for foreigners that Zenji Sama wishes me to arrange.

One of my duties as the Director's assistant is to bring the celebration wine to the guests who come to see him and I shall be sitting most of these next two or three days in the Director's private room for this purpose.

Halfway through this morning the Director told me not to let any more guests in since he needed a rest. I went into his inner room—not the one that he uses as a bedroom but the one just in front of it and prepared a day-bed for him close to his kotatsu. I was about to go when I had a feeling that he wanted to talk to me; I very much wanted to talk to him so I lingered a little.

“What is it?” he asked.

“Reverend Director, the belief in the West is that Zen masters are super-human; they must have no feelings whatsoever. When the sort of things that have happened with me in England occur Zen masters are not supposed to be disturbed by them in the least nor are they supposed to do anything about them. I am supposed to be Zenji Sama’s direct descendant and, of course, that means, as far as the British are concerned, that none of this sort of thing should touch me in the least, nor should I be concerned about it. But I am concerned and, to a certain extent, I’m hurt by it. I suppose that means that I am no good, that Zenji Sama did not properly Transmit me.”

The Director looked at me for a moment and then said, “There is no such thing as a Zen master that is super-human. All Zen masters have feelings; every living thing has feelings. And what those people are up to in England is enough to ruin a saint. There have been many legends that have grown up in Zen. You should know that all Zen masters were, and are, human as was the Buddha Himself. All were born, all have to die. The only difference between them and ordinary people is that they have found peace within themselves and so can put up with the behaviour of people such as those who came here recently whilst still feeling somewhat hurt by it.”

“Knowing what sort of stupidity sometimes exists in the world, why did Zenji Sama so insist on checking this affair out in England? What was the cause of it all? He receives a letter asking for a Zen teacher. It must have been obvious, after he got the second letter, that the person who wrote it didn’t like me and definitely didn’t want me. His villification at times makes him sound almost crazy. Then Zenji Sama digs up this hornet’s nest. What was the purpose of it?”

The old Director sat up and looked at me sadly. “Zenji Sama is old; he is very sick. He has not got long for this world. In many respects you are his favourite disciple, the one upon whom he pins most of his hopes for the things that he’s always wanted to do—the opening up to the Truth of foreign countries and the continuation of his line there. The disappointment to him was incredible when that letter came from England. He wanted to find out if you had in any way lied to him. And I think there was another reason; the amount of pressure being put upon him by certain people here, both in this temple and outside it, because he had a foreigner and a woman in the temple itself. He wanted to be able to vindicate you in the eyes of everyone so that, when you leave here, there is no way in which anyone can point the finger of suspicion at you.”

“Why couldn’t he have trusted me?”

“That is an unreasonable statement. Have you ever thought of what the pressures are like for him here?”

“I can guess.”

“Then forgive him. All he was trying to do was make certain that true Zen could be spread in the West from an irreplicable source. It is not possible to do this if the vessel that spreads it has any faults or weaknesses. You know what this temple is like. It is a veritable hotbed of intrigue, scandal-mongering and genuine spirituality.”

“I’ll grant that. I’ll grant that there’s certainly far more spirituality here than I’ve found elsewhere—of the real variety; and certainly far more scandal.”

“Zenji Sama wanted the safety of your reputation.⁹⁷ He wanted to be certain that *nothing* could harm you on your return to the West as I said. He wanted to prove to everyone the unassailability of your reputation whilst he was still alive and strong enough to fight.”

“As it is he’s proved nothing.”

“I think he’s proved quite a lot. He was forced to have you checked by the greatest living Zen master—you went to Kyoto, he saw you and completely and utterly approved of Zenji Sama’s Transmission of you. I saw the letter that was sent.

There is not a single person in the whole of this country that can point a finger at you and say that you are not a true Dharma Heir of Zenji Sama.⁹⁸ So he can die in peace; that others are willing to accept you or not no longer matters, it is of no importance. Even if you can never return to England, and at the moment he is determined that you shall never do so, wherever you go you will teach true Zen. Whether it is as a priest or as an ordinary human being there is no way in which you *cannot* teach true Zen.”

“Reverend Director, I’ve still got human faults and failings; I still get annoyed with people like those from England.”

“And so you should. How else will they be cured? A Zen master is not a quiet nincompoop who goes around saying everyone has the right to beat him up, ill-treat him or slander him. Remember, where the Buddha is not do not linger; where the Buddha is do not stay. A Zen master does that which has to be done. He does not sit upon a throne, worshipped, a perfect specimen. He is a human being who knows what has to be done and does it. People like the couple who came from England get the sort of Zen masters they deserve, the variety at whose feet they can worship but who can teach them absolutely nothing. Wherever *you* go you will always be able to teach those who are *really* looking. There is no way that you can avoid it, absolutely no way, for you exhibit the signs of enlightenment without knowing it and all those who exhibit them, without fear or favour, without worrying as to whether they will be *seen* to be Zen masters, are *true* Zen masters. You know how to show sympathy, benevolence, tenderness, charity. Why do you think it was that Zenji Sama telephoned you about his cat? He knew that there was only one person in the whole of Japan who would understand his need and to whom he was really close enough to mention it. He had tried everyone here and been told that there was no such thing as a tom-kitten in existence in the whole of Tokyo. He is a bedridden invalid. Do you realise that he had to telephone all the way to the west of the country to get someone to hear that he was lonely? You didn’t consider whether the officers here would be happy about it; you found a kitten and brought it to him. You didn’t consider the effects of this upon

yourself; you didn't check as to whether it would be wise for you politically to bring it; you brought the kitten and you gave it to him; and you took the consequences from the officers. He who gives comfort in such ways understands tenderness and sympathy; by such signs as these we know the Zen master. He is warm flesh and blood with great influence over others because of his great love for all living things. Sitting still and magnificent like a stone Buddha upon a throne is useless. A Zen master is someone who is alive, real, vibrant and unafraid. You exhibit all these traits. You were certified to exhibit them by the greatest living Zen master. Whatever the world may do to you, you are Zenji Sama's true heir."

I was silent for there was nothing whatsoever that I could say. Then he said, "Zenji Sama wants you to write one more letter to the couple in England to try and explain to them what Rev. Hajime was doing with regard to the mirroring."

"Reverend Director, they're not going to understand."

"Never mind. Try."

"But what's the point?"

"Don't argue with me. It is your duty to keep on trying, there is *never* a limit to trying, just that and nothing more. Don't quarrel about it; don't argue about it; do it."

"Yes, Reverend Director. But, you know, this business has left a nasty taste. There's something almost like a shadow that lurks between—no, not between, *near* Zenji Sama and I as a result of this mistrust."

"It will go and the trust between you will be all the more magnificent because of it. Many true disciples 'quarrel'⁹⁹ thus with their masters once and later know that the quarrels never took place. Go and leave me now. I am very tired."

I said, "Even as I 'quarrelled' I knew in the depths of me that there was *no* quarrel." He nodded.

I left him and went to my room to write the letter. Again I tried to explain many things to the British couple as clearly as possible but something in me just isn't in this. I don't feel that those two are ever going to understand if I explain from now 'til doomsday.¹⁰⁰

3rd. January.

Still dozens of people coming for the New Year; still I am plying them with New Year wine. It's rather enjoyable being with the Director all the time during this period. He is so pleasant to be with and so obviously wants to teach at all times; he makes his every movement a meditation.

When I got back to my room this evening I found Rev. Hajime sitting on the opposite side of my desk looking concerned.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"Oh, if it's not one thing it's another," he said. His voice was almost a groan.

"What now?" I asked.

"It's one of the girls¹⁰¹ who works here. She's pregnant."

"Really?" I said. I didn't want to sound terribly interested or uninterested. I felt that it was really not my business.

"Yes. She says that one of the trainees here is the father."

"Oh?" I said.

"She says she got pregnant by this young man because I refused to give her my body. It is the first time such a thing has happened in six hundred years."

I said nothing.

"She said that because I would not give her my body she went ahead and got somebody else so that she could imagine it was me."

"Is this girl a member of the priesthood?" I asked.

"No," he said. "She's just an employee."

"We should be grateful for small mercies,"¹⁰⁰ I said.

"Do you think I was wrong?" he asked.

"Wrong about what?"

"Wrong in not giving her my body when she so desired it; wrong to let this happen."

"That's a peculiar argument. Supposing you *had* given her your body; she might have been pregnant by you and your family life would have been ruined. Really, Rev. Hajime, this is a daft conversation!"

He leaned back against the wall. "Yes, you're right. Forgive me. This whole business has shaken me considerably."

“I can see that.”

“Would *you* have a talk with her?” He had risen, his hand on the door, and was turning back to look at me.

“What for?”

“Because you are older than she is and I think you might be able to get some sense into her head. She wants to abort the baby.”

“I’ll certainly try and stop her doing that. If there’s one thing that would be wrong it would be that.”

“Why?” he asked.

“Because I’ve yet to find any woman who has had an abortion who hasn’t regretted it terribly afterwards.”¹⁰²

“Have a talk to her,” he said. “I’ll arrange it sometime. Good-night,” and he left the room.

4th. January.

There have been many, many ceremonies to-day. The Director teaches me every time he does a ceremony. The slightest thing I do wrong he corrects in so gentle and perfect a way that I can learn at every moment.

I did quite a lot of translating after lunch with Rev. Hajime, continuing with the works we’ve already been working on. Late in the afternoon the Director called me into his room. “Your Sei-kyoshi is coming up this year,” he said. “You will get the questions soon.”

“But I haven’t read any particular books. Well—yes, I have—I’ve read an awful lot, but shouldn’t I be getting specific tutorials or something from someone?”

“You’ve been working with me for over a year. That is more than most people ever get for a Sei-kyoshi!” He had an impish, wicked grin on his face as was usual during such conversations. “If you can’t turn what you’ve learned from me into the answers for a successful Sei-kyoshi examination then you just aren’t fit to have a Sei-kyoshi.”

“I see. Where is the examination going to be held?”

“You’ll be given the questions and you’ll be able to do them in your own time whenever you wish.”

“But I’ll be able to crib!”

“No, you won’t. It’s impossible to crib from books on Sei-kyoshi questions. What you have to write is what you *know* by *experience*, not what you’ve read. You’ll find out what I mean when you see the questions.”

“Well, how do I know I can do it?”

“You can do it. Don’t argue with me. And go to bed. I’m tired!”

“But it’s only five in the afternoon!”

“Oh, yes, so it is. Oh well, I’ll go to bed anyway. Good-night,” and he disappeared into his inner-room.

6th. January.

For the last few weeks the difficulty with my leg has eased somewhat. It’s still extraordinarily difficult to move but the pain is no longer there. I went along to the local Western hospital for some tests.

8th. January.

Came out of hospital to-day; the doctors were unable to find anything wrong with me. This leg really is worrying. I am not sure if it is the top of the leg that is causing the trouble or the bottom of my torso where it joins the thigh.

23rd. January.

There have been so many foreigners coming to this temple that I’ve had no time whatsoever to write anything since my last entry. The amount of work that I now have is quite incredible. As a result of my going to see the old Zen master in Kyoto, there have been no further comments whatsoever with regard to whether Zenji Sama did right or wrong in Transmitting me. Those who previously got angry about it and wanted proof are now extremely silent—too silent, I feel. I know there is something brewing with them but there is no way that I can put a finger on it and I know that it will not actually expose itself until Zenji Sama is dead. The rest are accepting me happily and gladly, far more so than they ever did before. On the whole it’s

extraordinarily enjoyable to be here. I do not see Zenji Sama very much; his assistants are making it more and more difficult for me to get near him but I am doing what he wants done. Although some of the other officers are furious because I am attending the officers' chapter meetings and refuse to acknowledge me or gasshō to me, I am carrying out Zenji Sama's wishes to the best of my ability and it doesn't worry me any longer if others are happy about what I am doing; nor does it matter whether they think of me as a fellow officer or not.

A letter came from the British couple to-day. It merely gave me the news of what is happening in England and no comments whatsoever on the letter that I had written to them. As I knew when I wrote it, the thing was a lost cause.¹⁰⁰ I'll take the opportunity of going to Malaysia, possibly to stay there, for I certainly do not now want to stay forever in Japan. There would be no point to my doing so. In many respects I have truly become a monk—I have no home whatsoever. Admittedly I carry a British passport but that is all.

24th. January.

A letter came from the Chinese abbot to-day promising me a ticket to Malaysia in August; he wants me for at least three months. He was extremely kind. He said that, after all I had gone through here and in recognition of the qualifications I have earned, he has decided to give me a really enjoyable holiday. He has booked me a first-class cabin on a cruise ship since he wants me to get a real rest. It is incredibly kind of him.

25th. January.

I have almost no time whatsoever to write this diary because of the tremendous number of foreigners that are still coming here. I am lecturing almost every day.

Zenji Sama is complaining that I do not see him enough. Several flowers arrived in my room on several occasions and I was just unable to go and see him for lack of time; I did manage to go one day only to be turned back by the assistants. I went to the garden outside his room, tapped on the window and

heard his voice call. I opened the window and went in. The smile he gave me was full of joy. "You came," he said.

"I've been trying to come for a long time, Zenji Sama, but it's extraordinarily difficult to get in here. And when I do come it's almost impossible for me to see you alone. Is it possible that I *could* see you alone sometimes without your assistants? There is so much I want to talk to you about."

He didn't reply. He said instead, "I want many foreigners to come here for bean throwing. You are guarding them all for me? You are keeping them all safe?"

"I am doing my best, Zenji Sama. It isn't always easy but I'm doing my best."

"Good," he said.

"May I see you alone sometimes, Zenji Sama? To-day is such a joy!"

"I will think about it," he said. "Look after my foreigners; look after them all."

"Yes, Zenji Sama."

His hand dropped back on the bed and he closed his eyes. I left him before his assistants could find out that I had got to his room unannounced.

29th. January.

Have been arranging, through the newspapers and radio, for the foreigners to come for bean throwing. It will take place, as usual, on the second of February. And now, I suppose, my 'phone will start ringing, as it did just before Christmas, and there will again be hundreds of applications.

2nd. February.

We had bean throwing to-day. A hundred and eighty foreigners came for the ceremony and two of them won the right to throw beans. It was very enjoyable to watch but I am so tired I have no time to set down the details. It was different last year when I had time and could describe everything. Having done it once, however, it doesn't need to be done again. In this diary

the described events of one year will remind me of all the years in time to come.

3rd. February.

Started to cram for my Sei-kyoshi exam—it's probably a bit stupid but I decided I'd go through all the books again that I have been told to study in the past three years. I shall also read all others I can lay my hands on in the Library and Archives.

3rd. March.

No time to write this diary before to-day since I have been studying non-stop in addition to attending many ceremonies and giving lectures. The Director gives me no teaching in words; just to watch him every moment that I am with him is an unbelievably good lecture.

I started the Jūkai classes for the foreigners to-day. At least eight people wish to be officially received as full Buddhists. Of the four-hundred that came for the New Year some sixty to eighty come regularly each week to five different classes. Out of the above-mentioned, eight wish to become full Buddhists and, eventually, some say they will become full priests. It is really wonderful news for Zenji Sama. I went to see him and told him all about it. It was as if the sun shone from his face. He said he will arrange the many things that will be needed to make it possible for the eight to do Jūkai. He thinks that unless *he* makes the arrangements there will be no room for them to meditate in, no way in which they can get meals and no place for them to sleep. He promised he would help me with all this and I left him.

Halfway down the corridor I went back again. In spite of the assistants, in spite of everything, I returned.

“Zenji Sama,” I said, “would you give me the right to order the rooms and other things for the foreigners' Jūkai?”

“Why?” he asked.

“Because other people may pretend that you didn't say that the foreigners could come or that you forgot to make the arrangements. If I say that *you* have given me the authority to

book the rooms and the food no-one will dispute my word. I am sure of it.”

He smiled. “Go ahead,” he said.

“Thank you, Zenji Sama,” I replied and left him.

9th. April.

The foreigners came to-day for Jūkai. The Guest Office, however, refused to let me have any rooms for them to sleep in and I was forced to go and see Zenji Sama again this morning. I told him that the office was refusing to allow the foreigners to stay in the temple for the nights of Jūkai although I had told them that Zenji Sama had given his permission for them to do so.

Zenji Sama nodded his head sadly. “Very well,” he said, “send for the chief guest master.”

I told the assistant and the chief guest master arrived.

“I have instructed Jiyu to use my chief guest room for the foreign guests who will be here during Jūkai,” he said. “That guest room is to become the Zendō for all foreigners in this temple. Since I can no longer sit in it with my guests it is wasted space. The foreigners may thus have it for their Zendō without taking any space usually available to others. Do you understand?”

A gasp of horror came from the chief guest master. “But, Zenji Sama, that is your private guest room!”

“Yes,” he replied. “I am aware of the fact but you say there are no spare rooms in the temple. I shall be moving into my new private house on the other side of the temple soon—the house that has been specially built for me by a friend. That means that this house will be completely empty and I am giving at least two of its rooms to Jiyu to use for these eight foreigners—so that she may teach them, lecture to them and prepare them. I want them to become my disciples before I die. I want all eight of them and, when I am dead, Jiyu will look after them for me.”

The chief guest master glared at me but could not argue.

“What about the food, Zenji Sama?” I asked.

“The kitchen will provide food for these guests.”

“What about payment?” cried the chief guest master.

“Jiyu has already arranged that. They will pay the same as do all the Japanese guests who come here.”

The chief guest master bowed. “Very well, Zenji Sama.” He swept out of the room.

“Thank you, Zenji Sama,” I said and bowed.

“It will be good to have my disciples in the room beside me,” he said, “I will be able to feel their closeness. Bring them to see me often. I want to see them at least once a day.”

“Yes, Zenji Sama.”

I went away and made the necessary preparations for the guests to move into their new accommodation. I had an incredible amount of difficulty in getting beds to put in the room. Finally, however, after a lot of argument, I succeeded.

It is truly amazing how much the foreigners are getting out of this particular Jūkai. When I went to bed to-night—and I slept in the same room that they did—the feeling of joy and anticipation was so real, so wonderful, so different from the jaded¹⁰³ feeling that one frequently gets from the Japanese.

13th. April.

This is the last day of Jūkai. There are something like four-thousand other guests in the temple but, as far as the eight foreigners and I are concerned, close as we are in this huge and magnificent set of guest rooms, close to Zenji Sama, it has been a very, very wonderful time.

Zenji Sama sent for us again to-day. He wanted us all to have a final tea with him before the eight went back to their bases. One of them was very disgruntled during tea and Zenji Sama, who had been propped up in bed, beckoned me over with his good hand and asked what was wrong.

“Well, Zenji Sama, he feels that there’s been too much tea-drinking and too many cream cakes in here with you. He says he came here to be disciplined and we have not disciplined him.” I felt that it was unwise not to tell the truth.

The old man’s face crinkled into a slightly wicked, impish grin. “Give me that dish of cream cakes,” he said.

“I beg your pardon, Zenji Sama?”

“Don’t argue. Give them to me.”

I gave him the dish. He held it with his one good hand while I supported the other side for fear that he should drop it.

“Call him here,” he said.

I spoke to the young man concerned, asking him to come over to Zenji Sama’s bed.

“My friend,” he said, looking the young man straight in the eye, “I want you to eat this whole dish of cream cakes.”

The young man stared at me. “What’s he talking about?” he said.

“I think his meaning is this,” I replied. “You are saying you came here to be disciplined and you are complaining that you weren’t disciplined. But discipline doesn’t have to be what we want it to be.”

He stared at me again. “You mean”

“I mean this—discipline can be having to sit and eat cream cakes and drink tea; or it can mean being beaten in the Meditation Hall. Discipline is discipline. It does not necessarily take the form that we want it to take.”

The young man took the dish of cream cakes, put it on the floor, walked to the door and stalked out. Zenji Sama’s chuckle followed him.

15th. April.

The great festival for which they have been preparing for the past ten years started to-day. Over twenty-thousand Japanese from all over the country are attending the five-day celebrations. I have to attend the Director at all the ceremonies.

20th. April.

My Sei-kyoshi examination questions came to-day. They are as follows:— 1. The priest Jizō said, “When we do not know we have everything.” 2. Jōsai Daishi said, “Everyone is the vessel of the Dharma and every day is the best day.” 3. In the “Tenzo-kyōkun” there are three minds, pleasant, old and great. 4. Explain the opinion of Dōgen Zenji on our daily life. 5. Add nothing and break nothing. Explain this. 6. What is the history

of the way to explain the doctrine of our school of Zen a) on the eve of a funeral, b) at a memorial ceremony?

I considered these questions for some time. I decided that, for the next two days, I will do nothing but meditate.

22nd. April.

Having meditated most of the time since my last entry I started writing the actual papers to-day. The Director was very kind in giving me the two days off to meditate as well as the time in which to write now. I am recording the answers to the questions here since it will be easy for me to translate them into Japanese from this diary. They are as follows:—

1. The Chinese “Book of the Regulations of the Zen Monastery” says, “Sacred or common, monks are endowed with such a power as penetrates the whole universe.” The German philosopher Eckhart said that a man shall become truly free and as pure as the day he was born when he has nothing, wants nothing and knows nothing. Therefore, if a man knows he is enlightened, he is not for he still clings to the knowledge of knowing. We are only conscious of what good health is when we have not got it. When a man is joyful, loving and generous at all times, without wishing to know why, he is enlightened. We are only conscious of needing to know something when we do not know. Therefore, not to know is not to need, and not to need, know or have is to manifest the True Self which is that which is most familiar to us since the True Self needs nothing adding to Itself and nothing taking away from It.

2. The Dharma is inestimable and all-pervading for all life is a manifestation thereof but most people are prevented from showing their true Buddha Nature because they clutch their own opinions and so produce the artificial “self” which desires instead of accepts. Thus the true “self,” or Dharma Nature, Buddha Nature, which accepts all and does not want, have or know anything is hidden. But we are part God and part animal and the two parts cannot be separated. The selfish “self” and the Dharma Nature are one. The God-Nature, Dharma Nature, is the accepting part whilst the animal-nature is the selfish one.

The True Vessel of the Dharma is he who works to help both self and others. In so doing his animal-nature is transcended thus transforming inadequacy, externalised as greed, into adequacy, externalised as acceptance of all things. Thus he is always at peace. If a man has such a mind every moment is ever changing, ever constant, kaleidoscopic. Dōgen taught that those who make use of every moment in this way, adequate within themselves, find every day to be the best they have ever lived.

3. The three minds are not three but one, each interacting upon the other, for the mind of gratitude, or joy, is exemplified in the mind of love by the mind of generosity which shows itself in its immobility and impartiality. So there are not three minds but three aspects of the One Mind. If there were three minds the mind would be divided against itself and the trainee would be constantly asking himself with what mind did he do each act. Since there is nothing from the first, however, this One Mind becomes illusion when it is clutched at—it can only be understood when we do not search for it, when we are joyful, loving and generous. Therefore the mind of the true trainee is intangible to himself but tangible to others—he is only conscious of doing that which has to be done. He does not know with the ordinary mind when he is enlightened; he always knows when he is not.

4. Zen is the experiencing of the Buddha Mind and so Dōgen made no special effort to provide a means for analysing theoretical reality. To Dōgen, “to be able to say” and “not to be able to say” are self-identical. He therefore regarded training as the supreme work of the trainee. According to him one should not just *know* Buddhism but *become* Buddhism. Finding that discriminating intellect did not resolve his doubts he found a solution through the unification of training and experience; contradictions can only be truly resolved through Zen action. His realisation that “the Mind itself is the Buddha” enabled him to break the religious impasse reached by the Tendai and Shingon doctrines of “the body itself becoming Buddha.” He insisted that training must be carried out without relaxation even in a degenerate age. He found deep meaning in unremitting

effort to realise eternal truth with his whole personality. He asserted that there was no difference between training and enlightenment and emphasized non-duality. So Zazen is not just sitting but training based on enlightenment. Dōgen's Zazen, therefore, is not a means to an end but an end in itself. It enfolds no gain and no expectation. It is a way of living in one's True Self. Consequently there is no wish to become Buddha and no striving with a kōan. Since training is enlightenment there is no end to training even after understanding has been reached. But Dōgen did not believe only in sitting. He purified and permeated daily work with the basic spirit of Zen for daily work is true Buddhism. He taught that Buddhism lives and works in daily activity. For those who make use of every moment every day is a good day. Such Zazen, without "thought," frees us from the duality of body and mind and removes the delusion that we and the Buddhas are separated. It enables us to realise the unity of all things.

5. It says in the "Genjo-kōan" that if birds separate themselves from the sky or fish separate themselves from water they die for fish live by water and birds by the sky just as the sky lives by the birds and the water by the fish. The order of things must be accepted as it is with no attempt to change it. Yet change is constant in the birds, the sky, the fish and the water and all accept the change within themselves and do not notice it because the change is familiar and usual to them. If we feel the need for something to be added we have not found the True Self for the True Self is complete and needs nothing. Conversely, if there is the need to break something we have not found the True Self for therein there is nothing to be broken.¹⁰⁴

I will do the sixth to-morrow. I am very tired.

23rd. April.

Too tired to do the sixth answer in English first so told it to Rev. Hajime who helped me turn my bad Japanese into better.

29th. April.

I sent in the papers as soon as they were all translated and to-day I received the certificate of my Sei-kyoshi from the

Administration Section. Apparently my answers, though short, were quite satisfactory. The Director says the real examination took place earlier; I had been seen *living* the answers to my questions and so passed.

30th. April.

I was invited this morning to have coffee at the British Consulate along with some other British people in the area. Ever since my telling the Consul that I was thinking of becoming a Japanese citizen I have been invited to various functions, dinners and parties. The Consul has made it quite clear that he is not at all happy about the idea of my becoming a Japanese citizen.

When I got back to the temple the Director sent for me. He wanted me to mend one of his robes that had been somewhat damaged and, as I sat on the floor sewing, he said, “The kōan appears naturally in daily life. You now know well what your kōan is.”

“Yes, Reverend Director. It’s the fact that I’m a foreigner and a female at the wrong time and in the wrong place.”

“That isn’t good Zen—‘wrong time and wrong place.’ It is always the right time and the right place.”

“I beg your pardon. You are correct.”

He smiled. “You are handling that part of the kōan, being foreign and female, extraordinarily well. I hope you realise that.”

“I am doing that which has to be done.”

“Correct. That is the way in which the kōan always has to be handled. In the early stages it is very easy. We always think our first kenshō is so huge—the kenshō that makes it possible for us to be *truly*¹⁰⁵ Transmitted. But it is after Transmission that the *real* kōan really appears. The problem with Rinzai-ists is that they believe that once they have solved the three-hundred odd real (as they call it) kōans that other people have solved then they are fully enlightened. But they have never, in most cases, learned how to deal with, solve, their own *real* kōan. This is the problem with Rinzai. *We* know that the kōan goes on forever and the deeper one meditates the more one understands the self, the better one is at dealing with, solving,

that particular kōan. For example, you could not have dealt with what has happened in England three or four years ago; it would have broken you. In many respects to be able to stay completely sane when everybody else is acting insanely around you is the greatest and most important sign of enlightenment. The sane man in a mad world is the enlightened man—which doesn't alter the fact, of course, that when the world is mad the sane man is in grave danger."

"In the country of the blind the one-eyed man is king," I said.

"Tell me about that," he said.

"Oh, it's a story by a famous writer concerning a man who finds himself in a strange valley in which everyone is blind and where those who have sight are regarded as deformed. The man thinks that because he has sight he will be able to help everyone and become their leader but he ends by becoming their slave as well as being blinded in trying to escape."

The Director smiled. "It is a good story and a very Zen one. You should remember to be very careful how you go with the Truth within your heart. There are times when it is absolutely necessary to behave like an ordinary human being; and to be insane in the presence of the mad. That is why it is said that the Dharma Treasure is he who has realised the Truth and behaves as an ordinary man. He who goes around like a stone Buddha, sitting on pedestals waiting for people to worship him as a Zen master, is in grave danger for one day he will be proved to be inadequate and will end up very dead. That is what went wrong with Christ, you know. In the country of the blind he did not know that the one-eyed man was in great danger—if he threw his weight around because he could see. He should have kept his sight to himself, silently within, and done his teaching according to the Zen method—just doing that which has to be done at all times, being sane when everybody else is insane but not forcing his sanity on other people."

"Then you think that the way in which I have handled this affair with regard to the young couple from England is right, completely right?"

“You didn’t allow them to play games with you; you didn’t allow them to play games with us. You have done nothing wrong and you know you have done nothing wrong. You have something they have not and, as they are, will never have. This is to have something indeed. But don’t try and force it down their throats.”

“Reverend Director, what am I to do? I feel that Zenji Sama still wants me to go back to England.”

“Zenji Sama wants you to be able to act effectively and efficiently wherever you are. It is true he *had* hoped you would go to England but, now that he knows what the situation is like there, as he has said, he wants you to have nothing whatsoever to do with England at least whilst he lives. And he certainly doesn’t want you to leave Japan—neither do I. As I’ve told you, I’ve never had such a good assistant. Do you know what you really need?” he added with a grin.

“No.”

“More confidence in you. It’s the problem of most women. They don’t have enough confidence in themselves. You need a bit more confidence and a bit more pride—just that and nothing more. You know the Truth. Don’t be afraid of going ahead and doing what you believe to be right. And, above all, don’t be pulled off centre by silly idiots who tell you they know what a Zen master is. If they do, bow to them, congratulate them, tell them *you* don’t know, that they know more than you do and walk on by. That’s all I have to say to you on that. Don’t bother with them. And remember that he who can keep sane when the world is insane is the Zen master. You kept sane when everything here was going crazy. You never doubted Zenji Sama even when you were hurt by him and, in his heart of hearts, he never doubted you.”

“Thank you, Reverend Director. It’s been a great comfort talking to you.”

He smiled. “Your friends at the Consulate are inviting you a lot lately.”

“Yes,” I said.

“Is it because we suggested that you should become a Japanese?”

“Possibly, but I hope it’s because they want my company. I’m swollen-headed enough, and lonely enough, to hope that.”

“That is a human thought. It is good that a Zen master retains human thoughts. Too many of them go off the rails and become isolated, icy-cold, hermits almost, distant stars to be worshipped because they enjoy the worship, because they are afraid to let it be known that they are still human. The true Zen master is a very *human* being. Good-night.”

“Good-night, Reverend Director.” I bowed and softly closed the door as I left the room.

1st. May.

I had a long talk to-day with the girl who got herself pregnant. I pointed out to her that a woman who has her child aborted always remembers within her heart that she has destroyed that which is part of her own self. I have met many girls in my life who have had abortions and not one of them has ever been completely happy again. I tried to convey all this to her. I finished by saying that if she had the child, and had no home for it, I would be willing to adopt it since I have some money in England and no-one to leave it to; I am the last of my family and have no living relatives. She said she would think about this.

2nd. May.

I was disgusted to hear a rumour circulating round the temple to the effect that I have been in bed with someone. It is so bad that I went off to see Zenji Sama. Zenji Sama was furious about it too. Someone had already told him.

“What am I to believe?” he said. “I know that you and Rev. Hajime are often together; I know that you and the Director are often together. Why do you worry me so much?”

“Zenji Sama, you should not have a woman in this temple. It is not fair to you and it is certainly not fair to me.”

“How can I be certain about these rumours?” The old man twisted on the bed.

“I will get you proof, Zenji Sama, but I’m deeply hurt that you cannot believe my words.”¹⁰⁶

He turned over as best he could and did not answer.

As I stood up I said, “If you cannot trust me there is no point in my staying here. Good-bye, Zenji Sama,” and I left the room.^{106,100}

I went to the local Western hospital and asked if I could see a woman doctor. They told me there was a German woman doctor living in Tokyo who had been there during the war. I went to see her.

“What’s wrong?” she asked.

“Doctor, I’ve got a very strange request of you.”

“Yes?” she said.

“There’s a rumour circulating about me that I’m in bed with somebody and, in all my life, I’ve never been in bed with anyone. I am as much a virgin now as when I was born. Can you examine me and write a certificate of proof as to whether or not my hymen is intact?”

She looked straight at me. “Who’s been saying this?”

“Oh, somebody or other where I live. I don’t know who the heck’s been saying it.”

“It’s a pity they’ve got nothing better to do than gossip,” she said. “Come on in.”

She took me into her surgery and examined me, then said, “It is obvious that you have never been touched by anyone in all your life. I will write you a certificate to that effect.”

“What is your fee, doctor?”

“Nonsense! Nothing. It’s the least one woman can do for another under circumstances such as these. But you should come and see me more often. You don’t look at all well.”

“I don’t think that is terribly surprising. I’ve got a most peculiar thing going on at the top of my left leg; I wish I knew what it was. And I also seem to be putting on weight at an enormous speed. I will come again if I may.”

“Please do.”

“I haven’t really gone to doctors much because—well, I don’t seem to get—perhaps it’s that I can’t talk to them well enough in Japanese—I don’t know—but they don’t seem to be able to find anything wrong with me. I went into the local foreign hospital for three days of tests and they could find nothing wrong. But this thing at the top of my thigh still causes me incredible problems. I don’t *think* I’m imagining it.”

She examined me. “One thing is certain,” she said, “something seems to be going very wrong with your glands. Look at the weight you’re putting on.”

“I know. It’s very worrying.”

“Come and see me frequently.” She smiled as we went to the door. “I’ll try and look after you.”

“Thanks,” I said and left her.

When I returned to the temple I packed what was left of my things and then went to bed for it was already bedtime. In the morning I will go to the officers’ chapter for the last time.

3rd. May.

I went to the officers’ chapter meeting and, before anyone had time to say anything whatsoever, I put the certificate of my virginity on the table in front of the Director.

“Here is proof that I have never been in bed with anyone in all my life,” I said, “and I challenge whoever it is that said that I have to come forward and tell me who I have been in bed with.” There was absolute silence in the room.

“Whoever wants to accuse me, come out and do so.” There was still silence. I rose. “I thank you all for having me here these past few years,” I said. “I shall be going to Malaysia soon. Good-bye.” I bowed, left the room and went back to my own.

Within minutes the Director was in my room. “Jiyu San, don’t go.”

“Reverend Director, there is no point in this. There’s a limit and I have reached it.”

“Who do you think has been making up this tale?” he asked.

“I wish I knew.” My voice was grating.

“It is not a man,” he said.

“*Not* a man?”

“If I were asked to make a guess I’d say it was a woman. Whom have you upset here?”

“The only women here are the employees. There aren’t any actual women members of the priesthood other than the one that lives in Zenji Sama’s house. She hates my guts but I don’t think she hates me enough to do this.”

He was thoughtful for a time. “Maybe,” he said.

“Who am I supposed to be in bed with? What’s the actual rumour, Reverend Director?”

“You’ll find it hard to believe but the majority of them think that you’re in bed with Zenji Sama. He’s the first choice. I presume I must be the second and Rev. Hajime the third.”

“That’s unbelievable—and it’s sick! Zenji Sama is as ill as he can be—he can’t even stand, he can’t even move.”

“Don’t expect logic from idiots.”

“Ohhhhh.” I sat down. “Reverend Director, please help me. What on earth are they going to get out of this, whoever this person is?”

“Jealousy is said to be the prevailing trait of women in Japan. Everyone here is convinced that you suffer from it to exactly the same extent as a Japanese.”

“I see. But what’s *this* woman going to get out of it? Does *she* want to get into bed, whoever she is, with Zenji Sama?”

“No, but she wants to ruin you, to discredit you.”

“And what’s the temple getting out of it?”

“How many times am I to tell you of the political factions in Japanese religion? Zenji Sama’s faction is waning; he is dying. His enemies are gathering ready to pick his bones if they can. Why on earth did you suffer from the idea that we were a bunch of saints here? We’re not! Saints are rare anywhere. How many have you got in your country?”

“To my knowledge, none. We’ve been stupid enough to believe that they all exist over here.”

“Exactly. Just as the Japanese have been stupid enough to believe in the past that they all exist in the West. It’s high time you started using your common sense. There are no more saints

here than there are there—either in our church or in the Christian—but saints exist. You have met them. You have met Zenji Sama; you met the one in Kyoto.”

“And I’ve met you, Reverend Director.”

“Don’t call me that!”

“I’m sorry. Reverend Director, the way I handled this particular aspect of the kōan was totally different from the way in which the old Zen master handled it. You remember the story? Somebody says he’s the father of a child and all he says is, ‘Is that so?’ as they hand the child to him. And, when they come to collect it, having found out it isn’t his, and to apologise to him, all he says is, ‘Is that so?’ I’m not really very good. I should be able to handle kōans on that level.”

“Listen. Too many people misunderstand that type of kōan. For a man, that was the way to handle that particular kōan. For a woman, the way you have handled it is the correct and only way. A man will always be given the benefit of the doubt by his fellows but a woman never. Therefore, when a woman has to handle this particular kōan, she needs to have proof of her innocence. You have proof which, incidentally, is no longer proof.”

“What are you talking about?”

“That certificate was dated yesterday.” His face was impish.

“Reverend Director, please!”

“However hard we try there will always be people who will be able to make something out of nothing. Don’t worry about them. *You* know that you are completely innocent; *I* know that you are completely innocent; everyone here who really matters knows that you’re completely innocent. The problems are being caused by two people. It’s the old saying that you have quoted to me several times:— empty cans make the most rattle.”

“I’m still going off to Malaysia, Reverend Director.”

“I can’t stop you but I hope that you come back. I think you will. Zenji Sama needs you.”

“As I feel at the moment I don’t want to ever see Zenji Sama again.”^{100, 106}

“Ah, the ‘quarrel’ continues.” He rose. “I am going to miss you. I want you back. Remember that.”

“I’m going to my temple to-day, Reverend Director.”

“Have a good journey.” He bowed and left me.

I picked up my one small case, looked at the other two that I’d packed and then decided ‘no.’ I would leave a few things; I put them in the cupboard. I went off, caught the train and arrived at my temple late this evening.

4th. May.

It was as well I came down for there have been many ceremonies. I’ve been continuing to mend the temple—there are all sorts of things that still need to be done. There were quite a number of letters here also. A large number of the foreigners from Tokyo want to come down for part of the Summer. Since I had already told them to give me at least a fortnight’s notice before coming, none of them have turned up when I wasn’t here. I answered most of the letters but found it impossible to sit because of the difficulty with the top of my leg again.

3rd. June.

I had a letter from Rev. Hajime this morning enclosing the ticket which has come for me from the Chinese abbot. He also told me that Andy is leaving Japan.

16th. June.

I have had so much to do; there has been no point in trying to write this diary. Just I am recording a letter that came from Rev. Hajime this morning. There was no particular news in it—he obviously wanted to talk to someone for a few moments. He said that he was so busy that he had no time to think—but he still had time to write that!

The difficulty with physical sitting seems to be decreasing a little again. I wish I knew what’s wrong with me.

20th. June.

Another letter from Rev. Hajime. It seems that Rev. Isaburo, who went to England and whose visa I helped to obtain from the British Consulate, has been causing quite a few problems

there. Instead of doing what he'd said he was going to do, study at London University, he told people that he was officially the Buddhist Bishop of London sent by our school of Zen. This caused an uproar. Now he is back in Tokyo. I really do not intend to get involved in this mess. Rev. Hajime says that when Rev. Isaburo comes to the Tokyo temple (apparently he is keeping well away from it at the moment) he will be able to tell me more about the affair. I don't *want* to know about it—ever! But I expect I'll be forced to listen.

Rev. Hajime also said that the Tokyo temple's university wants me to lecture on Zen in English. Something inside me tells me I should go back; they want me in July. But, unless I make it quite clear that people are to stop assing about with silly rumours, I will always have problems. I feel the time has come to make a stand.

26th. June.

I've not answered any of Rev. Hajime's letters which is perhaps the reason why another one came this morning. This one was rather remarkable. After asking me how I was (the first time anyone has been that polite since I've been in the Tokyo temple) Rev. Hajime told me that the Director did not intend to say or do anything concerning the accusation made against me. He also informed me that the Director is ordering me to return to the temple at once. He says I had told him I would not return unless I was invited but the Director says he is ordering me back. The disciplinarian, according to Rev. Hajime, says that he has never had anything against me; someone has apparently implied that he has. I wonder who that was?

Now, Rev. Hajime says, everything is fine. If I return to the temple I shall be treated as an officer except in one respect—the others will still not permit me to be celebrant at Morning Service. I am to have all the responsibility, all the worry, all the cash, do night-watch, fill in all the forms—everything except this. In spite of the fact that I have been celebrant both at graduation and other times this is the one thing that the chief lecturer will not agree to my doing. I think I will stay here.

2nd. August.

We've been working hard and the temple is now magnificent. I've even got a garden started. I got a pond marked out and I intend to have fish in it at a later date—if I ever come back from Malaysia. It's been rather fun planting all the trees and shrubs.

A letter came from Rev. Hajime, brought by one of the villagers who has just visited the Tokyo temple. Rev. Hajime says that the girl who became pregnant went to a doctor, together with the Director, and had her child aborted. The letter went on to say that she is feeling very sad and that he is very sorry for having asked me to help her. He asks me to forget about this matter. Forget about it? I had offered the child a home. It's as well I had made no actual plans. And what an age to abort at! Six months—that child could see.

17th. August.

The local priest at whose temple I have been helping lately has given me so much work to do that I really haven't had nearly as much time for looking after the village affairs as perhaps I should have done. The village wants me to do several lectures this summer for the old people.

Rev. Hajime telephoned to require that I help at his temple for Segaki. I did so and lost the last bus back but his wife refused to allow me to stay in the temple for the night. I walked back. I'm really extremely tired and my leg is causing a lot of trouble; fortunately, however, not when I am walking.

20th. August.

A very strange card from Rev. Hajime. He said that I had not written and offered to give me a big party if I did not want to see him again. Then he asked if I did or didn't want to see him and concluded that it seemed I did not. Therefore he will give me a party before I go. It is up to me, he ended.

Whatever is wrong with the man?

29th. August.

Another card from Rev. Hajime. I made a gold brocade kesa for the Director some time ago and now I receive a card from Rev. Hajime saying that the Director is very pleased with the kesa. Rev. Hajime also says he is shocked at some of the comments that I reported to him once—made by some of the villagers here. He wants to hear about them. I wonder why he is bringing up all this back stuff? Is it as an inducement to get me going in soap-opera conversation with him again? He's going the wrong way about getting me to write.

An American arrived from Tokyo to look after my temple whilst I am in Malaysia.

28th. September.

I returned to Tokyo this morning since my ship sails on the thirtieth. Something in me wanted to see Zenji Sama; something in me equally said, "Why the heck should I bother?" I sat in my old room,¹⁰⁷ grouching to myself about this, when the Director came hurrying in.

"Jiyu San, Jiyu San, Zenji Sama will *have* to see you. You can't go off without seeing him." His smile was impish, roguish.

"Reverend Director, do I *have* to?"

"Yes, you *do* have to! Come on. I'll come with you."

He took me by the arm and hurried me along the corridors to Zenji Sama's new house in which he is at last installed. Zenji Sama writhed in an effort to rise on his one elbow.

"Jiyu San, it is good to see you."

I *thought* there was something between us—a hurtfulness, a barrier, a loneliness—I don't know what it was. And then I *knew* it wasn't there; that I was imagining it.

"Hello, Zenji Sama," I said. "I'm going off to-day."

"Yes," he said.

I bowed. Neither of us said good-bye. Something told me I was wrong to go. I had promised to stay with him until his death.¹⁰⁸ I left the room.

When I got back to my room the Director looked at me intently. “While I am here you will always be welcome. Just I want you to remember that.”

He then did something very strange. He put his arms round me and hugged me, then stood back. “You do not respond at all,” he said.

“Did you think I would?”

“It is good for me to know such things, specially when people ask questions,” and he left the room.

29th. September.

Spent most of the day going round to various places in the Tokyo area dealing with affairs that I have to attend to, making arrangements for the various foreigners who wish to come to the temple to wait until they hear from me, cancelling classes.

30th. September.

The ship sailed this evening at about eight and I have time to write this. At around five in the evening I went to the Kōshakudai (the great entrance door in front of the kitchen) and there stood, dressed for a journey with all the junior trainees lined up in two rows on either side. And then of all people, the chief lecturer turned up. Since he was the ranking senior Rev. Hajime and the Director approached him to do the official farewell ceremony. The lecturer bridled.

“Why should I?” he snapped. “I have nothing to do with her.”

The Director’s eyes became a little steely. “You will *do* the ceremony,” he said.

“But you are senior to me.”

“I am not here now,” and the Director turned on his heel and walked away.

The lecturer looked at the assembled company, none of whom were officially hearing anything; he looked at me; then he did the farewell ceremony.

I went off by car, with two friends of mine, to the ship. At about six this evening twenty of my trainee friends turned up on board together with three bottles of pink champagne and there

was a party in my cabin. Everyone toasted me; it was obvious that every one of the juniors was upset at my going. There was not one of them who had not heard of the virginity certificate and several congratulated me on having gone to get it.

The girl who had been pregnant was there too but there was something rather horrible about her; she obviously now hates my guts. I really don't know very much about how to handle women.

Rev. Hajime said something very odd. He was drinking the pink champagne rather too quickly and spluttering as a result. Then he said to me, "That young couple that came from England—the wife was really very jealous of you. How long have you been in love with her husband?" I couldn't believe what I was hearing.

"What *are* you talking about?" I said. "I've never been in love with him at all. I only know the man from attending lectures." But Rev. Hajime had already forgotten what he said—too deep in his cups.

One of his daughters was there. She has become extraordinarily friendly with the girl who had the abortion. The two were whispering quietly in a corner, chewing on a box of sweets that an elderly lady had brought me as a present and the elderly lady was getting annoyed about it.

Then the announcement came, "All ashore that's going ashore," and everyone left. They waited on the dock and, as the ship slipped into the night, cheered and threw streamers. Rev. Hajime was too drunk to do anything. His daughter and the girl were talking to each other seated on a bollard and the junior trainees were having great fun throwing the streamers to me. All things considered, a great send-off.

14th. October.

I have had no time to write until now. The Chinese abbot had arranged lectures for me in almost every major city in Malaysia and, as soon as I had finished, there were hundreds of young Chinese who wanted to talk and get advice on various subjects. I am amazed at how much I seem to really know. I

have lectured at four different universities. I now have a few days off. I start again on October 20th.

A letter came to-day from Rev. Hajime. I had written to the Director of the Tokyo temple and to the Trainees' Club chairman thanking them for many things and telling them why I felt I did not wish to return. Apparently Rev. Hajime does not want to translate either of the letters for them. Instead he wants me to come back. He says that the parishioners of my temple also want me back. More than half of them voted for me to stay in the parish although I was originally supposed to only be there for three years. This is unusual since most Japanese do not have much interest in religion nowadays. He also said that he is losing his courage to continue to be a priest although he knows he will be one for the rest of his days. I can guess how he feels considering the political machinations that go on in that Tokyo temple. When in Japan I had asked him if the Vice-Abbot would be willing to be my guarantor after Zenji Sama's death, always presuming, of course, that the authorities *really* want the Foreign Section to continue in the temple. The last few months prior to my going down to my own temple made it quite clear that a number of them were really beginning to get interested in the foreigners. Rev. Hajime says the Vice-Abbot hasn't yet decided.

20th. October.

The Chinese abbot went with me to the local immigration office to-day. Although he would very much like me to stay here in Malaysia it seems physically impossible for me to do so under the existing law. The Malaysian government's new policy is that absolutely no-one who has not been living here for ten years or more can ever become a permanent resident of the country. It's all part of their new policy to make sure that they get rid of all foreign religions¹⁰⁹ within as short a time as possible. All the Christian missionaries are to be out of the country and their schools closed within the next ten years. This means that there is no way in which I can take on the temple that the abbot would like me to have here. It's rather unfortunate for I would have liked to have stayed with him. He has been so

extraordinarily kind and so obviously understands real Buddhism. He reminds me of a young form of Zenji Sama. How much I miss Zenji Sama.

The Chinese are going to print the lectures I have been giving together with questions and answers which were included in the seminars.

Only one thing has marred this tour. The Chinese abbot took me for two days to a temple high on one of the hills. Unfortunately the priest there was obviously very afraid of women and treated me very badly. I shouldn't have done it but I got into a huff; probably because I was so tired. I got out of it very quickly but I must remember to keep my training going in every situation, remember what the Director said, remember what Zenji Sama said—and remember that the enlightened man has feelings! It is important to remember that the enlightened man is human at all times.

2nd. November.

Another letter from Rev. Hajime; not a very helpful letter. He said that I am not expected to return to the temple in Tokyo. If I do return I should not expect to be treated particularly well. The Vice-Abbot has said nothing yet concerning his willingness to be my sponsor.

There was one ray of good news; Zenji Sama is extremely pleased that I sent him a card and letter. Rev. Hajime says, however, that Zenji Sama has no reply for me. The Trainees' Club chairman has not answered either. Rev. Hajime again reiterated that the village is expecting me back; he then went on to say that the Director is not at all interested in the foreigners and does not want the Foreign Section to continue.¹¹⁰ In addition to this, the Junior Officers' Club have refused to have any women in it whatsoever.

Rev. Hajime ended his letter by saying that his private opinion is that if I want to come back to Japan and work for the foreigners who are here I had better do it outside the Tokyo temple, in my own temple, otherwise I will always have to feel miserable.

I wonder. Is this letter temple politics or is it Zenji Sama's will? The only way I shall know is if I meditate deeply and act accordingly. I can trust no-one's words;¹¹¹ the only thing I have to trust is my own heart and, so help me, whilst I live, that's all I will ever trust again.

3rd. November.

I spent most of the day in meditation; then I wrote a letter to Zenji Sama. I told him that I was listening to no opinions other than those of my own heart; that I had written a book; that I will return if he requires me to look after his foreigners; that he himself should let me know if he wishes me to return; that he should not communicate with me through a third person; how much I miss him.

23rd. November.

A letter came from Rev. Hajime this morning together with one from the Director. Rev. Hajime's was very interesting. It was itemized very simply and, after saying that he had received my letter (I hadn't written him one), said that:— 1) He will come to see me at the ship on my arrival at Yokohama and bring someone else with him to help bring me back to the temple. 2) I should bring the presents I have for Zenji Sama. 3) Since it is now Winter they will bring my Winter clothes to the ship. 4) My room waits for me. 5) The Vice-Abbot says that I should come back to the temple quickly. 6) Concerning his last letter, he has found that some parts of it are changed but he wants to talk about this when I come back.

The Director's letter said that he is glad to hear that I am well and successful in Malaysia and he is sorry for not writing for a long time. He feels that it is up to me whether I come back to the temple. He offered no suggestions with regard to the presents I have for Zenji Sama.

The two letters seem at variance¹¹⁰ but obviously someone read my letter to Zenji Sama; it is also obvious that the prevarication that has been going on has been stomped on by Zenji Sama. My heart was right when it decided not to listen to the

swayings and the runnings back and forth of Rev. Hajime's comments; I was right to go over his head directly to Zenji Sama himself. From now on I will never again go through Rev. Hajime for anything for it is obvious that he is too busy sitting on both sides of the political fence for me to be able to trust him in matters between myself and Zenji Sama. Every day I think how wonderful it will be to be with Zenji Sama again. I should never have left him.¹¹²

3rd. December.

We went to Singapore to catch the boat for my return to Japan. I will stay with Zenji Sama until his death as I promised; then I will leave Japan or live in my temple, whichever is the most advisable at the time. This is my decision. I am extremely tired. My brain is reeling from too many lectures and meeting too many people but I have ten days on this ship and should be able to rest. We call at Hong Kong on the way and I will be able to visit some friends.

It has been a wonderful visit; I know that I have true friends in the priesthood in Malaysia. I know that they would love to have me in their country if the governmental authorities made it possible but there is no way in which this can be arranged as yet. In a few years' time the situation may be different. At least I am *wanted* here. All that has to be changed are government regulations, not anti-foreign feeling.

My body is swelling terribly. I don't know if it is from eating Chinese food, living in the heat of Malaysia or the result of what is wrong with the top of my leg. I have a feeling that the two last are interrelated but I cannot be certain.

5th. December.

I have been unable to sleep for two nights as a result of having overworked during these last three months. I went to see the ship's doctor who gave me some tablets. Perhaps to-night I shall sleep.

10th. December.

I have been sleeping well. All I needed to do was relax and get my nerves wound down from the overwork.

When we arrived at Yokohama Rev. Hajime and Zenji Sama's own private chief assistant—his new one, not the old one—were waiting for me on the docks. I was taken back to the temple and there informed that I was to have dinner with the senior officers to-night by order of Zenji Sama. He had arranged a special party for me with them. I had brought quite a number of presents with me but not enough for all the senior officers; this caused considerable problems at the party. Several officers were very angry because they didn't all get something equally good. This business of giving presents every time one goes somewhere is not only extraordinarily expensive but, to my mind, extremely unnecessary. The party, on the whole, was not much of a success; the chief lecturer saw to that. He is obviously furious that I have returned but there is nothing that he can do about it.

Zenji Sama sent word that the foreigners who used to come are to be notified at once since he wants them all for New Year. He intends to get out of bed and be carried to the Hondō to talk to them; he feels this may be the last time he will ever see them. I am glad that I have returned. Although I am still hurt in a strange sort of way over this business of his checking everything out concerning me, there is something between him and I that nothing can harm—ever.

I asked Rev. Hajime, when the party was over, why it was that there was a new chief assistant in Zenji Sama's house. His answer was that the previous one had become infatuated by one of the girl-priests who had been temporarily staying here. Zenji Sama had found out about it and become extremely angry. One day the chief assistant was missing and so was the girl, leaving behind the assistant's wife and baby. Apparently it hurt Zenji Sama very, very greatly. I can well believe that it has.

Zenji Sama sent for me as soon as the party was over. "I hear that the Chinese are printing a book of your lectures," he said.

"Yes, Zenji Sama."

“They are to be printed here too.”

“May I rewrite them, Zenji Sama, to make them better?”

“Yes.”

“Zenji Sama, you have always said that I was not to write any books because of the way in which the average Westerner who comes here goes away and writes books and articles without ever having learned properly.”

“I want your book.” His tone was slightly angry.

“Yes, Zenji Sama.”

“I want copies of everything you have translated with Rev. Hajime. I want them printed.”

“Yes, Zenji Sama. I am *glad* to be home.”

A big smile broke out on his face. “You never went away.”

25th. December.

It has been extremely hard work getting all the foreigners together but, thanks once again to the newspapers and radio, it has been possible.

To-day I again had Christmas dinner at the British Consulate. One of the first 'phone calls I got after my return from Malaysia was from the Consul's wife saying she would like me to come over. We had a very enjoyable party and a very enjoyable Christmas dinner. Now I am back in the temple and I suppose I have another year ahead of me—and a year after that and a year after that—of living with prejudice and trying to help the foreigners as best I can—and being near Zenji Sama.

31st. December.

It was not possible for me to get any assistants from outside this year. The chief lecturer refused to allow them in and I was not able to get to Zenji Sama to explain this to him. So I arranged that four or five friends of mine amongst the junior trainees should help instead. They can't speak English but they're willing to try and understand what the foreigners say to them.

We have been getting the temple ready most of the day. Only two-hundred visitors are expected this year. Zenji Sama

complained bitterly when I told him a few days ago that two-hundred was all we were going to have. He said that it was my fault that there were so few; if I had not been away for such a long time there would have been many, many more.

1st. January.

I don't know how I looked after those two-hundred last night. The chief lecturer refused to allow me to have all five assistants and I found myself with only two to deal with all the beds, meals and attendance at ceremonies as well as looking after the Director at the ceremonies as his assistant. When everything was over at six o'clock this morning I came back to my room hoping to rest but the chief lecturer refused to allow me to do so. I had got to clean up the temple from the foreigners and no-one was to assist me. However, the Director wanted me to look after the celebration wine for his New Year guests; the chief lecturer was screaming that I'd got to clean up the temple. I suggested they talk to each other. The Director won.

My difficulty with physical sitting was incredible to-day. I could not sit at all and the size of my body is becoming frightening.

2nd. January.

I didn't go anywhere near the Meditation Hall this morning; I slept right through all the bells; my body flatly refused to do anything else. I looked after the guests in the Director's guest hall; hundreds of them came, as they did last year, and at least six of them suggested again that I become a Japanese. I made no comment.

3rd. January.

This is the last day for the New Year guests to come to offer their congratulations. I really am not sorry. I am so very tired.

4th. January.

I have two lectures to give to-day at one of the American bases. Many foreigners have booked to stay for weekends or

other periods here and there are also tour groups that I must take round the temple. Taking people round the grounds and buildings has always been one of my jobs. I really do need to get someone to help me; the job is getting a bit too big in some respects. All Zenji Sama's foreign letters come to me; he still insists that I answer them all. As soon as they are written I take them to him for his approval and signature; he often says, "I trust you, send them off." I wish he wouldn't do that; I want him to read everything I write.

10th. January.

I went into the temple hospital to-day for tests to find out what is making me get so fat but they can find absolutely nothing. They've decided I am to stay in for a couple of weeks to see if they can get my weight down. They say that I am imagining what is wrong with my leg.

2nd. February.

Bean throwing again. A huge crowd of foreigners—at least one of them won the right to throw beans.

10th. February.

So many ceremonies. I just don't know which way to look—so much work, so many outside lectures. Some of the trainees here don't believe that I give lectures, they think I am socialising, so I asked the Director if he would come to one with me but he refused. Instead he says he will send one of the juniors sometime.

18th. February.

This morning, after we had finished all the ceremonies and just before lunch, Rev. Hajime called me to his room.

"What is it with you British?" he asked.

"What do you mean?" I said.

"Well, after you had boarded the ship to go to Malaysia last year, a letter came from Andy saying that it was you that had caused all the problems in London; that if you hadn't egged

Zenji Sama on to write and check out the situation there none of the unpleasantness would have arisen.”

“Rev. Hajime, I do *not* intend to get involved in that mess again. From now on I know *nothing* about it and never will know anything about it.”

“I cannot understand the minds of you British. Why should he do this?”

“I cannot understand a lot of things; just I do the best I can to the utmost of my ability.”

“Andy is certainly no friend of yours.”

“Really?”

“He doesn’t seem to be any friend of ours either. He wrote some disgusting things about the other temple he’s been staying at not far from here. I am thoroughly disgusted with the whole affair!”

“What did he say?” I couldn’t help my curiosity at this.

“He said that he was convinced that our school of Zen is no good whatsoever¹¹³ and he’s going off to join somebody he’s found in India who is a real master—somebody called a Maharishi.”

“I see.”

“You’re not disturbed by that?”

“Rev. Hajime, *I’m not* interested.”

“Oh, well, if you’re not interested why should I waste my time with you?”

“I promised Zenji Sama I would have nothing more to do with what is going on in England. Whilst he lives I won’t do so and I am only staying here whilst he lives.”

“Then why do you keep going to the British Consulate? It annoys him considerably.”

“The British authorities invite me to their functions because I still hold a British passport and Zenji Sama agreed to this. Some of the officials are also very good friends of mine.”

“Then you are going to become a Japanese?”

“No, I am not. I am doing that which has to be done.”

He stared at me oddly. “We should continue our translations sometime,” he said.

“I agree,” I replied and left him.

21st. February.

Again, after all the morning ceremonies were over and I was trying to sit back for a few minutes peace and quiet in my room, Rev. Hajime came to see me.

“It’s about that man, that disciple of Zenji Sama’s who went to England,” he said.

“Yes?” I said.

“There are letters that need to be written.”

“Yes?” I said.

“It needs to be explained quite clearly to the British that it was not our idea that he should go there and proclaim himself to be Bishop of London. It is necessary that they should know he went there officially as a student.”

“I see.”

“You will write the letters?”

“I would rather you didn’t ask me to. I have promised Zenji Sama I will not get involved with what is going on in British Buddhism. I intend to stick to that promise.”

An American friend of mine was sitting in my room at the time. He had come a few minutes earlier and intended to spend the next week in the temple. After Rev. Hajime had gone he asked me about our conversation. I explained the situation with Zenji Sama as well as what had happened in England.

“You know,” I said, “there’s one thing I can’t understand and that is the willingness of the British to be so gullible with regard to foreigners, and Orientals in particular. People of their own nation in Buddhism they frequently treat like dirt; an Oriental as God Almighty. You know, in many respects they are exactly the opposite of the Japanese. The Japanese trust no-one unless he’s Japanese and the British trust no-one unless he’s foreign.”

My friend looked at me thoughtfully. “I’m glad this Bishop affair happened to the British and not to the Americans,” he said. “I always thought *we* were the most gullible people on earth. I’m glad to know we’re not.”

1st. March.

I was putting away the Director's robes in the afternoon after all the day's ceremonies were finished when he turned to me and said, "How do you view the way in which the kōan expresses itself in daily life?"

"The whole of existence is the kōan," I said.

"Explain that."

"From all directions come flying objects. The only person who makes it from here to there is the one who goes straight on regardless and the 'from here to there' is still."

He nodded. "I had noticed," he said.

"Noticed?" I answered.

"Yes, I had noticed. Nothing deters you. You now take no notice of any of the quarrels that go on; you take no notice of any of the discussions for or against foreigners; you arrange everything that Zenji Sama requires you to arrange; you do not ask if others are pleased or displeased. You do everything to the best of your ability. You are not pulled off centre by what is happening in England nor by what is happening here."

"What are you trying to tell me, Reverend Director?"

"That yours is a dangerous and a magnificent course."

"It is the only course open to me."

"Of course," he replied. "*Living* life is a dangerous occupation; most people just exist, fearing to *live*. How to *live* is what you came here to learn; to find the courage to live and to be completely peaceful while you do it. It will not be long now before you receive the certificate from the Administration Section proving that you have the right to teach."

"Really?"

"Not long," he replied.

"I see."

He smiled. "You show no more interest in that, and no more disinterest in it, than you do in the affairs of London or the affairs of this temple."

"They have nothing to do with me. My concern is to do my training to the very best of my ability—just that and nothing more."

He bowed, took my hands in between his and gasshōed them to his forehead. I left him.

21st. March.

Too many ceremonies for me to be able to write about anything!

25th. March.

Went to some outside ceremonies to-day and then down to one of the American bases, taking with me one of the Director's other assistants. The assistant didn't quite believe what he saw, and when I got back this evening it was obvious that he was furious about it for he had discovered, and indeed reported, that I had not been playing games down on the base but doing genuine teaching. I am amazed that I hadn't thought of this particular form of idiocy before. Apparently it has been the current belief in the entire temple that I do literally nothing when I go out except enjoy myself. They should try it sometime! As I walked into the Director's office three juniors were sitting there muttering together and I couldn't help overhearing their conversation. It was to the effect that a Japanese could do the job on the American bases just as well as I could and they should make arrangements to make sure that one of them got it. So the next thing is that they are going to try and take over my job with the Americans. They're welcome to it if they want it; I'm not in competition with anyone.

30th. March.

There was a strange atmosphere in the temple to-day. I don't know what it indicates but it worries me. *Later.* Someone told me that Zenji Sama has become blind.

1st. April.

At the officers' chapter this morning it was decided that there is to be a big shake-up of all the junior officers in the temple. According to the senior lecturer those working for Zenji Sama have been with him for too long. They are all to be

changed. The only one who will be left with him is the girl who has nursed him throughout his illness. Since she is Zenji Sama's private employee they cannot touch her. She is viciously anti me. The lecturer also said that I have been with the Director too long—that is to be changed too. This is a very serious matter for Zenji Sama. It means that he will have to get used to a whole new set of people; people who are not his own Transmitted disciples. It means that the person who has always cooked his food in the kitchen—the food that he has enjoyed so much—one of the few pleasures left to him, will be changed also; and it means that I shall no longer have the Director.

When the meeting was over, the Director came to see me together with the chief disciplinarian. The latter thanked me for the three years that I have worked with the Director and said that, in many ways, he's extremely sorry about the reshuffle but there is no way in which he can fight the chief lecturer's decision.

After he had left the room the Director, who was drinking tea on the other side of my desk, said to me, "It is as well that you have learned to walk straight and without fear for now you must be really brave and walk alone."

"This whole thing was aimed at me, wasn't it?"¹⁰⁰ I said.

"You should not think such wicked thoughts. They are not good."

"Forgive me, Reverend Director. You are right; I am wrong."

"Guard the foreigners well," he said, looked at me for a long time, then, as I got up to open the door for him, he embraced me once more, stood back and said, "Still absolutely no response. Magnificent. I was right," and he went to his room.

2nd. April.

A large group of foreigners came to-day. I was shocked at the way in which the Guest Department reacted towards them. They would not allow them to have any cushions to sit on and the meals that had been arranged were deliberately cancelled. The Director must have suspected this sort of thing which is why he gave me the warning he did yesterday. I thought of

going to see Zenji Sama but, instead, made excuses to the foreigners and got things together as best I could. I'm going to sit still for a day or two and see what happens.

5th. April.

I received a letter from a Japanese gentleman who wanted me to correspond with an English friend of his who is interested in learning about our school of Zen. After much thought, for I do not intend to break my promise to Zenji Sama, I wrote to him to say that if his friend writes to ask for instruction I will place the letter before Zenji Sama.

9th. April.

Sesshin for the foreign laymen started this morning. The Director watched us and wanted to come but it was obvious that he did not dare to. The chief lecturer walked by the door and made some very rude comments about the foreigners who were sitting there. Fortunately none of them could understand his Japanese; I hope they couldn't!

17th. April.

I found a flower in my room to-day. It had been put there by an old washer-woman¹¹⁴ who was leaving the room as I entered. She looked at me and said, "Zenji Sama."

I remembered this old woman from a long time ago. She has always been very kind and very self-effacing.

I went immediately to Zenji Sama's house. I went in via the window rather than go through the room where his new assistants were.

"Jiyu," he said, "I am becoming deaf as well as blind."

"That sometimes happens, Zenji Sama." I raised my voice so as to make sure that he could hear me.

"But, if I am deaf as well as blind, I am useless. You realise that I started going blind whilst you were in Malaysia?"

I had heard rumours but this was the first time they had been confirmed. He had not seemed particularly blind when I visited him on my return.

“If I am blind, paralyzed and deaf what use am I?” he said.

“Zenji Sama, you mustn’t talk like that. You finished writing a book only a few weeks ago. You must start another.”

“A Zen master should only live whilst he is useful.”

“Zenji Sama,”

“A snail carries his house with him wherever he goes and he dies within his own house. That is the Lord.”¹¹⁵

The door was rudely opened by someone I didn’t know. “What are you doing here?” he demanded.

“I came because Zenji Sama sent for me.”

“You have no right here. Leave at once.”

Zenji Sama’s voice came from a long way off. “Guard my foreign disciples.”

“Yes, Zenji Sama.”

“Get out of here,” said the assistant. I bowed to Zenji Sama¹¹⁶ and left the room.

22nd. April.

It was late in the evening. I was finishing off the accounts since the new treasurer has demanded a complete audit of all the books of the Foreign Section. He wants to make certain that I have not embezzled any of the cash that the foreigners have given. It would be a little difficult to embezzle anything since I have to pay everything in every month and have the books signed regularly on the thirty-first by the treasurer himself who also checks all the bills and expenditures.

I had almost finished when that old disciple of Zenji Sama’s, the one I have seen once or twice before, came very softly into the room with one of the members of the Tokubetsu Sōdō who has been studying with me and who has always seemed to be very quiet, as if off in the distance somewhere. The two sat down on the floor and bowed. Then the old disciple said, “Guard Zenji Sama’s foreign disciples. Guard them well. You have written the book that Zenji Sama wanted?”

“Well, I’ve done most of it—yes, but it isn’t printed yet.”

“Let me have the manuscript.” I found it and gave it to him. “What about the manuscripts of the things that you have been translating with Rev. Hajime?”

“So far only one of them has been written up properly—that is the ‘Kyōjukaimon.’”

“Let me have the manuscript.” I gave it to him. “What about the lectures you have been giving to the foreigners?”

“Well, we have been printing them on a Gestetner for the last year and a half. I’ve been writing them up.”

“Let me have them. I will turn them into a book.”

I gave him the manuscripts and he put them in his sleeve after carefully folding them. Then he said, “To-morrow your Tokubetsu Sōdō will end. You will be officially graduated as having the right to teach although you will not yet have your teaching certificate, only that of having finished Tokubetsu Sōdō. It is Zenji Sama’s wish that you attend the graduation ceremony.”

“Thank you,” I said.

Just as he got to the door he turned and said, “Zenji Sama’s cat is dead.”

“I will remember,” I replied. He bowed, so did the young man with him, and I was left alone.

I telephoned to a friend of mine whose cat I knew had recently had kittens. She has promised me a beautiful black one for to-morrow.

23rd. April.

I am not at all sure of what has happened to-day. I do not want to make any sort of judgement on it. At the officers’ chapter this morning the Shūryo Shiki, or graduation ceremony, was announced but the actual time of it was not given. I therefore asked Rev. Hajime what time it would take place but he said he didn’t know; he would tell me when he did. I was still working on the accounts for the Treasury. Lunchtime came. After lunch I went to the Director’s room to ask him some questions concerning foreign matters. I also asked what time the Shūryo Shiki was to take place.

“It took place this morning,” he said.

“But Zenji Sama wanted me to attend it. He sent his eldest disciple last night to tell me so.”

The Director looked amazed and then called Rev. Hajime. Rev. Hajime got angry. “She’s got no right to do a Shūryo Shiki,” he said, “no right at all! Why should she be allowed to do it and be a junior officer at the same time? No-one else has the right. Why should she?”

The Director said nothing but rang his bell for his new assistant. “Tell the chief disciplinarian,” he said, “to set up the main hall for another Shūryo Shiki. Jiyu San has not yet been officially graduated and it seems there was some mistake this morning. She should have been included in the ceremony.”

Half an hour later I entered the Ceremony Hall to officially receive the certificate of having completed Tokubetsu Sōdō. The certificate had a blotch on it. As I learned afterwards, the Records Department was furious at having had to write it out.

20th. May.

Charles, a very old friend of mine from America who also knew me in England, visited the temple to-day and is staying the night. He was very concerned when he discovered that I had not contacted him although he had been in Japan for some time. To tell the truth although I had known he was there I had made no attempt to contact him for one very good reason: he had gone to Kyoto immediately upon his arrival and, knowing the situation prevailing there, thanks to the British couple, I had not wished to contact him for fear I should cause him embarrassment or problems.

I explained this to him together with what had happened in England as a result of the man who had originally written for a teacher. He looked deeply concerned.

“But surely they would welcome *anyone* who is legally permitted to teach, who is a real teacher?” he said.

I gave a laugh—not a very nice one; I couldn’t help it. “I’ll show you exactly how anxious they are to have a real, live teacher,” I said. “Read these,” and I showed him the

originals of the letters that had come from both my so-called British friends.

He read them and became very sad and silent for a long time. Then he said, "If you do leave here where will you go?"

"Probably to my temple," I said. "I have nowhere else to go."

"You can always come to America. There are thousands of us who'd love to have you over there." Then he stopped and looked at me thoughtfully. "But what would you come on?" he said. "Of course, you have no cash."

I smiled rather ruefully. "Do you realise that from one week's end to another I have barely enough cash to get me down to my own temple?" I said. "Do you realise that I wouldn't have the money to scrape together for the fare to get any further than that? That's what's so funny about this affair in England; I literally haven't the cash to get there. And these people are yelling and screaming that I'm about to go back and take over."

"How much is it going to cost to stay the night here?" he asked.

"Oh, it's only a thousand yen," I said.

"Come on, let me give you a lot more than that."

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"Because the legal charge for staying here is a thousand yen a night."

"Well, let me give *you* something."

"Whilst I work here as the guest master for the foreigners I work here as guest master for the foreigners. The charge is a thousand yen a night."

He sighed. "Well, it was nice seeing you again."

"Yes," I said, "you and I have been like ships that pass in the night for a good many years. We meet in a country, we wave to each other—'Hello, good to see you, good-bye'—and that's it."

He nodded. "You're the only person I've ever known like that."

"Oh, well, maybe it's just my way." I stretched.

Rev. Hajime knocked on the door. He had got some beer and wanted us to have a drink with him. We both did.

I got the room next-door to mine ready for Charles, complete with a mosquito net, and warned him to get inside it as quickly as possible since the mosquitos are wily and sit on the outside of the net waiting to push inside when you lift it up—to get in with you.

When I told him this he said, “Ah, they’ve got it all figured out, have they?” That was that.

21st. May.

This morning I took Charles to the main entrance and wished him well on the next stage of his journey; he is going back to America. I had a feeling that he was turning round to see if I was watching him but I wasn’t; I just continued on my way back to my room. It was nice seeing Charles. I wonder where and when I shall see him again?

31st. May.

I have had so much work to do with the foreigners there’s just been no time to write anything. I have stopped going to the Meditation Hall because the atmosphere has become so strange. I go to the foreigners’ Meditation Hall instead for we still have the right to use Zenji Sama’s big guest rooms in his old house. There I and the foreigners meditate together. It is bad to be cutting ourselves off like this but I cannot expose them to the hostility that I feel exists. It is obvious that the people gaining power here do not want foreigners. I wish Zenji Sama would let me take them away. *I* know that all is one but it does not seem possible that some here will ever find this out.¹⁰⁰ Zenji Sama is dying and the abbot-to-be is a member of a different line; but we are all one in the Buddha Nature and whatever people may do, whatever may happen, I will see as a manifestation of that.

1st. June.

One of the foreigners who has been here for a very long time got into a furious temper to-day. It was primarily my fault;

I know that. I went to his house to apologise but he refused to listen; indeed he refused to see me. I should not have told him of the hostility here with regard to foreigners. That was what caused it all. But I was so lonely; I wanted to tell *someone* about what was happening and why we were in the foreign Meditation Hall instead of being in the big one with everyone else as we should have been and, indeed, would have been had Zenji Sama still been in full control of the temple. His deafness has resulted in some amazing things here.

But the young man wouldn't listen and there was no way I could make him. He had gone off, like a knight on a white horse, after I had told him of the situation, to see the chief lecturer. And the chief lecturer had more or less told him it was not his business which, of course, was to be expected. I blame myself completely. If I had told him nothing this would never have happened.¹¹⁷ I must remember, a priest has no friends in the worldly sense whatsoever, and no-one in whom he can confide other than his own Buddha Nature for, if he tries to confide in anyone or tries to make a friend of anyone, then he appears to be insufficient within himself and the person he confides in is eventually going to turn upon him.¹⁰⁰

Another foreigner here, a young man who, it seems, has jumped his ship in Yokohama, has been causing problems with the lecturer. During the work periods he has not been completely dressed as the lecturer feels he should have been. Apparently he had his sleeves rolled up; I have told him he cannot do this. He says that he will do exactly as he wishes.

I have to go out this afternoon to a ceremony. I hope I shall be all right; I don't feel any too well.

4th. June.

I am back in the Tokyo temple after being away for three days. I don't remember going to the ceremony that I mentioned in my last entry; I don't terribly much remember anything. What I do remember is finding myself this morning in the house of a friend in the very rich district of Tokyo where most of the

foreigners live. My friend told me that I had been there for the past three days. I do not remember why.

I 'phoned to a doctor friend of mine on one of the American bases or, rather, I didn't 'phone him, the friend who was with me the other day, George, did. George and the doctor, Fred, took me off to a Tokyo hotel and then brought me back here. George had a long talk with Rev. Hajime. He wanted to know what it was that was actually going on; he too had noticed the atrocious treatment of the foreigners. He did not tell me what Rev. Hajime said to him but he urged me to go to my own temple as soon as possible. I shall leave to-morrow.

12th. June.

Most of the foreigners who would have attended Sesshin at the Tokyo temple are coming here, including twelve from an American college that are spending their Summer term here in Japan.

19th. June.

I am extremely tired from all the work with the foreigners. Being completely alone here makes it very difficult. The young man who was staying in the temple, the one who had jumped ship, is coming down to-morrow to help me. That will at least be something.

We have started sending out newsletters to all the foreigners. He helped me with them just before I came away and it seems that we shall now have a newsletter each month. It will keep everyone together and benefit those who cannot get here.

30th. June.

I received a card from Rev. Hajime this morning. It was a strange card. He says that I wrote to him but I do not remember what about. He says that all has been arranged. He asked me to go to his temple on the fifth of next month since he is going to have a party for viewing the beautiful flowers in his garden. I wonder what he's talking about?

1st. July.

A letter came from Rev. Hajime—indeed a very strange letter. He writes that he thought that Zenji Sama was willing to allow me to do all things there but he does not allow me to do so. Because of the reaction not only there but throughout our entire school of Zen he says that Zenji Sama does not want foreigners at the risk of bad reactions in our school of Zen.¹¹⁸ He reports that he has never seen Zenji Sama in such a hot temper before and that, if I cancel all my “requirements,” there is no problem. He ends by saying he does not like to write this letter but he must; he is very sad to have to tell me such things.

Zenji Sama would never say such a thing about the foreigners. I do not *believe* that that is what he said. I *know* he said none of it. Sitting still and listening within my heart I know this letter is a lie.¹¹⁹

I do not want to go to the party at Rev. Hajime’s house.

Another Sesshin begins here to-day. Another college professor from America, who has a class presently studying in Japan, is bringing something like thirty people here. Three friends of mine from the American bases are coming to help. That, at least, will be something. The priest from the neighbouring temple who has always been kind is also coming to help. There is so much work. I could so do with a permanent assistant.

8th. August.

Another card from Rev. Hajime to say that he has not yet seen the Vice-Abbot but is still asking him if he will be my sponsor when Zenji Sama is dead. I have not answered the card.

13th. August.

OBoon began to-day. I am exhausted from going round to open all the houses. My leg is causing me problems again and now, to add to it, every now and then I get a strange dizziness that hit me those three days when I was in Tokyo.¹²⁰ Whatever it is that is wrong, it’s not imagined; this thing’s real. My body has put on sixty pounds.¹²¹ You can’t do that sort of thing through imagination!

15th. August.

The young man who had jumped ship is leaving us to-day. I was somewhat surprised to learn that Rev. Hajime had told him to go through the books I had left in the Tokyo temple and find the ones I wanted brought down here. He had read through most of the private papers that I had left in one of those books and was surprised at some of the teachings of Zen. These teachings are only given to people who are ready to have them. It was obvious that they had disturbed and worried him.¹²² I told him that he should not have read them but it did not help. He left to-day in a very peculiar state of mind.

17th. August.

I went to help at Rev. Hajime's temple to-day for the OBon festival. I knew that if I refused there would be trouble and it was just not worth it. When the ceremonies were over Rev. Hajime said to me, "That young man who missed his ship says that your brain is unhealthy."¹²²

"Really?" I said.

"Yes. He read some papers of yours; he was very concerned about them."

"The papers that he read are the private ones given at Transmission. He read them because you permitted him to do so when you told him to look through my books."

"I don't think that's what he was talking about."

"That is what he told me. If he says my brain is unhealthy then the deep teachings of Zen are unhealthy."

Rev. Hajime considered me for some time then broke into a grin. "Anyway, what does it matter? We are together; I intend to get drunk to-night."

"Go ahead," I said, went to the room in which I was to stay and shut the door.

19th. August.

A couple of people came from Kyoto to-day saying that they have been recommended to me as the only person who is at present running a temple for foreigners in this country.¹²³ I

couldn't help feeling that they were rather peculiar but they had good references—I checked them—and so I didn't argue.

They had been in the temple some hours when I felt the necessity to ring the gongs—I didn't know why but something in me said, "Ring the gongs every hour on the hour." Ringing the gongs is something that is frequently done when somebody who is unfit to be in a temple is in it. It is done by priests to make certain that they keep their minds in meditation no matter what distractions are around them. I saw it used much when I was in Malaysia. There was one temple where the priest was doing it constantly—every hour on the hour—because of the large numbers of people who wandered through the temple imagining that if they rubbed their rosaries sufficiently something magical would happen with the Buddhas and Patriarchs. Now here was I with something warning me that I needed to do it; so I did it. It certainly helps to keep one's mind fully in the meditative situation.

28th. August.

Segaki was held at my temple. Hundreds of people came, both foreign and Japanese. It's amazing how these ceremonies have picked up since I have been living here full-time—truly amazing. The fees for the ceremonies have gone up too. I didn't ask for them to be put up; the parishioners did it of their own free will. From something like ten yen a funeral they have gone up to two or three thousand.

The couple who have been staying here for the past ten days went back to Kyoto to collect their things. In spite of the peculiar atmosphere that they give off, they have behaved quite well and have certainly seemed to try to follow the curriculum of the temple.

29th. August.

The couple came back to-day. As soon as they entered the temple the same thing came over me—the necessity for ringing the gong. So I'm ringing it.

My difficulty with physical sitting is excessive. I tried using a chair for meditation.

2nd. September.

I had a letter from Rev. Hajime to-day saying that the Vice-Abbot is willing to take up my visa guarantee. It also said that the Director is expecting me back in the temple. I suspect that the lecturer is missing otherwise that comment wouldn't have been written. The letter ended by asking if I was all right. Yes, he hasn't heard from me since the 17th. of August and he's not likely to.

6th. September.

A card came from Rev. Hajime. It said that the lecturer and several other officers are completely against my having any assistance if I come back to the temple. They are also saying that I may not bath in any of the temple baths because I am a foreigner and a woman. They are not willing for me to do any ceremonies either. The Director is powerless against them; Zenji Sama is sinking fast. I can talk to no living thing about this for the response I would get would be the same as that of the young man whom I upset in Tokyo. As I said earlier, a priest has absolutely no friends. He must be completely sufficient within himself. The only things in which I can confide are the pages of this diary and that which is within my heart. I record—just that and nothing more.

I have been ringing the gongs every hour. To-day I knew the reason why. I accidentally overheard something from one of the couple staying here which I had not meant to hear but could not help hearing. It was to the effect that the general opinion in Kyoto, thanks to the couple who came from England, is that people only come to my temple when nobody else will accept them because they are no good. So that is why I've got this pair. I suspect that for some reason they have been thrown out of several temples. I must be careful that they do no harm to any of my people from Tokyo. It's the old problem—Rinzai against our school. I'm getting so bored with religious politics.

8th. September.

A very short note from Rev. Hajime to say that he is enclosing one from the Director and that the Vice-Abbot is waiting to see me when I return to Tokyo. The Director's letter was interesting considering what Rev. Hajime wrote on his last card. He said that, if I continue for a long time to be in the Zendō and the Hondō every morning in the Tokyo temple, all the things that were denied to me at our last meeting will eventually be given. He ended by saying that he respects me and is expecting me there. He does not agree to send any of my things that are left in the temple to me at this time.

I am not going to listen to either him or Rev. Hajime; they swing from one side to the other like monkeys in a tree. I will only listen to my own heart and to Zenji Sama who speaks to it directly. The Director knows well the physical difficulty I am having with sitting at the moment; it is physically impossible for me to be in the Hondō and Zendō with my leg as it is. I have been forced to sit on a chair at the Sesshins here and I am finding more and more how wonderful it is to be in meditation at all times. One can have one's mind in that state at every minute of the day, not specifically just when one is sitting down in a specific place.¹²⁴ This I now know well. I found it out long ago when I had so much work looking after the foreigners. Under no circumstances am I returning to Tokyo at the moment.

Apart from my difficulty with physical sitting, there is also the fact that, if I move quickly, I become very dizzy; especially so if I try to walk fast. My body is huge—it has now put on almost seventy pounds. I don't know what's wrong with me but I know that something is. The doctors say there isn't anything. It would be physically impossible for me to rush round the Tokyo temple as I am. I have got to be clear-headed when I walk; when I go down a staircase I mustn't fall down because of dizziness. If I were to try to go quickly when the bells ring I would collapse.

I telephoned the temple and told them this. I don't think they believed me.

The couple from Kyoto have finally shown their colours. It seems that they have been thrown out, as I suspected earlier, of every temple that admits foreigners; my temple, according to Kyoto, will take anyone. What happened this morning with the couple made it imperative that *I* throw them out. I found them copulating in front of the main altar. They said that Zen gives you the right to be completely free, to do whatsoever you wish; so they were copulating in front of the main altar. I did not know that such disgust could arise in me. I told them to get out at once but they made no move to do so. I threatened to call the local police and, after some considerable delay, they packed their bags and went. I cleaned the temple completely from one end to the other and did a purification ceremony. Now a great peace is with me for there is no-one here—just me, the statue of Kanzeon and, of course, as always, Zenji Sama.

I do wish I could move more quickly. It is so inconvenient not to be able to hurry round and get on with things. When cleaning the temple I had to sit down eight or nine times because of the dizziness.

20th. September.

Another letter from Rev. Hajime. He tells me that he is coming down on the 23rd. of this month and wants to visit me on the 26th. It is interesting that he wishes to visit me here; he has done that so very seldom.

The Vice-Abbot, it seems, has become very careful about foreigners. According to Rev. Hajime this is because of some “disgusting things” that he has heard concerning them. He says he wants to talk to me about this when he comes here. He also says that, after hearing comments of certain of the officers there with regard to foreigners, he thinks I had better not return there. If I do so I will find far more difficulties and feel much more unhappy than I was before. Instead of returning there he feels I should be able to work more effectively in my own temple or some other place. I may use the name of the betsuin of the Tokyo temple if I wish.

I must consult my heart and know if this is Zenji Sama's wish or Rev. Hajime's.¹²⁵

21st. September.

Many of the foreigners who have come here tell me that it is very important that we rebuild this temple so as to make it big enough for everyone. It is a good idea. They say they will collect the money.

26th. September.

Rev. Hajime came to my temple to-day. What he had to tell me was disturbing. It seems that the couple I was forced to throw out had spent some time in a temple belonging to one of the disciples of the Vice-Abbot and had done identically the same thing there that they did here. Apparently they have been copulating in front of the altar of every temple they stayed in. This has caused considerable disgust at foreigners throughout the country. This was all I needed to "help" the Foreign Section at the moment!

28th. September.

Short note from Rev. Hajime telling me that a friend of his will supply the wood for the rebuilding of my temple at a very moderate price.

30th. September.

I went to the 'phone booth in the wine store to-day to answer a peremptory call to return from the temple in Tokyo. I had to hurry in order to get there and almost collapsed on the floor of the wine shop after arriving. I *must* remember—I cannot move quickly any longer.

I don't know about going back to the Tokyo temple. I need to know Zenji Sama's wishes.

6th. October.

Another letter came from Rev. Hajime. It tells me he has been hesitating to write this letter. On the 4th. he reports that he

saw Zenji Sama and read to him the letter that I had sent him. The Director and the treasurer were present. He says that he has not the courage to tell me what Zenji Sama said. He asks what I have done with him; he cannot understand it. He says he will tell me the details when he sees me next. He ends by stating that there is now no hope for me to return there unless I become extremely miserable. About my finances, he will arrange for me to receive them in my temple. He hopes I am always well.

I half believe it and half not. I feel sure there is nothing wrong between Zenji Sama and I, never has been and never will be. I *must* believe this.

8th. October.

Another 'phone call ordering me to return to Tokyo at once. I said that I was too ill.

9th. October.

Another letter from Rev. Hajime. The letter said that the Director wants to talk to several of the officers before I come back to Tokyo. Between these peremptory calls to return and the letters telling me not to the only thing I can do is sit still. This is indeed the Bo tree. When all the powers of Mara attack you from all directions there is but one thing to do—sit absolutely still; and *ground* oneself.

10th. October.

Another letter from Rev. Hajime. He said that a statue left behind here is a present to me. He also said that the young man who left it now denies that he said I had an unhealthy mind. When Rev. Hajime came here I asked for details about this and he said that this particular young man, together with the one that I upset during the Summer, had had a discussion on the subject. Now I have it on paper that it never happened! I no longer care whether it did or didn't. I no longer care *who* is telling lies!

Rev. Hajime says that he is going to make sure that I get sufficient cash to be able to continue here. He also says that the Director does not want Zenji Sama's cat.

Rev. Hajime went on to say that I should get some sort of work, any sort I feel like, so as to be able to support myself. He also wants to know if I still want the robes that I ordered. Why shouldn't I? I am a priest and I always will be.

This evening I dreamt, or imagined, I do not know which, that a 'phone call came. This time it was a woman's voice and I recognised it as that of the old washerwoman who has brought me flowers from Zenji Sama. The only thing she said was, "Zenji Sama has a lily for you." I will return to Tokyo to-morrow.

11th. October.

I don't know how I did it but I returned to Tokyo this morning. I went to see a doctor because I was in such great pain. It wasn't merely difficulty with physical sitting any longer; it was genuine, terrible pain. But he said he could find nothing wrong. I had arranged to have lunch at the British Consulate and then go on to stay with friends in the evening. I was very much afraid of going back to the temple in Tokyo; however, after lunch, something said that I must. I started to the station but the pain was so great I decided against it. I telephoned the temple and got straight through to Zenji Sama's house. I explained to Zenji Sama that I was on my way but was stopping off at a doctor's surgery to try and find out what was wrong. Zenji Sama was incredibly kind.

I got to a friend's house and found that it was impossible to keep any food within me. Having vomited severely I felt a lot better. I then wrote this. I will try and go back to Tokyo after all. I feel as if Zenji Sama is trying to reach out to me urgently.

28th. October.

I was taken to hospital from my friend's house at two in the morning of the 12th. Now I am waiting to be operated on. It seems that I have a large growth, which may or may not be malignant, and which must be removed as soon as possible. This is what has been causing the trouble with my leg.¹²⁶

Rev. Hajime was standing at the foot of the bed. The temple had been telephoned to say that I had been taken to hospital.

This afternoon, whilst they were trying to X-ray me, I collapsed. They were trying to induce me to stand up; finally they had to lay me flat for the X-rays. They tell me there are many complications not least of which is the fact that my bowels have been inoperative for several days. They hope to be able to operate on the 31st.

31st. October.

Rev. Hajime and Rev. Tarō came to see me to-day. They are to stay here during the operation. This is by order of both Zenji Sama and the Director. With them is the elderly lady who has been a good friend to me and at whose house I have sometimes stayed. She is Japanese and she will be staying throughout the night. The hospital authorities are not pleased about this for I am not in a Japanese hospital, where such things are encouraged, but a foreign one. The operation takes place to-night.

Rev. Hajime brought me an omiage—a folded paper with words written upon it and ten thousand yen inside it. It came from Zenji Sama saying, according to Rev. Hajime, “Get well soon. This is to help you pay the bill.” Rev. Hajime tells me that Zenji Sama wants to know the instant I am out of danger.

4th. November.

I had not thought it possible that one could feel so ill. Early in the morning of the 1st., when the effects of the anaesthetic had more or less worn off, the events of the night—an unbelievable night—gradually become clear. The operation took place at seven o’clock in the evening. Around two-thirty in the morning I can remember waking up; the Western doctor at the foot of my bed telling me that it was all out; Rev. Hajime and Rev. Tarō had gone home, the lady from Tokyo was standing by my bed. There was a sound in my ears of a rushing wind, a great beating of wings.

They kept it from me until to-day—Zenji Sama died as I came out of the anaesthetic just after he heard that I was out of danger.

Rev. Hajime, Rev. Tarō and the Director all sat at the foot of my bed this afternoon. Rev. Hajime was peculiarly silent.

Then he said, "It was as if he was determined not to die before he knew that you were going to live." I said nothing. "You should realise that he gave his life that you might have yours." Again I said nothing. The Director came up to me and put his hand on mine. "Get well soon," he said. "The foreigners are waiting for you." Rev. Tarō smiled and waved.

Later. I left hospital to-day. I tried and tried to go yesterday because that was the day on which they held Zenji Sama's funeral but the doctors wouldn't let me. It is rumoured that, since I am not a Christian, I cannot have free hospital treatment.¹²⁷ I really should have gone to a Buddhist hospital. I am extremely weak but I cannot afford to stay here any longer at fifty-thousand yen a day. As it is, I do not see how I will ever be able to pay this bill.¹²⁷

One of the kindest people I know of is the British Consul who has agreed to take me into his house, the consular residence, until I am strong enough to go about again by myself. Both he and his wife are among the most compassionate people I have ever met.

When I got to the hospital door there were no taxis available and no-one seemed particularly willing to try and find one for me. One of the doctors happened by who knows me from the Consulate and lent me one of the British Embassy cars. And so, instead of having to try and catch a taxi on a busy road, I went to the British Consulate in an embassy car.

18th. November.

I have been in the Consulate ever since I left the hospital. In addition to the hospitality of the Consul and his wife I was invited to attend several social gatherings held at houses of the British community here. I also conducted a ceremony at the Cenotaph on the eleventh for all the British war-dead who happened to be Buddhists.

I was shocked on arrival at the Tokyo temple this morning to find it almost completely empty. There are but sixty trainees left out of the original two-hundred and thirty; and thirty of the sixty are officers. I had barely arrived in the temple when I

heard the bells and gongs ringing for a ceremony. Although I am having to use a stick in order to walk I made my way to the Ceremony Hall. They were holding a memorial ceremony for Zenji Sama. It was the first time I have been able to offer incense to his memory.

I got back to my room but the new Abbot (the former Vice-Abbot), the now Zenji Sama I supposed, suggested that I went to his old temple in the mountains. It is very quiet, very peaceful; it also has sulphur spring baths which he felt would help me get better quickly.

1st. December.

It was very cold up in the mountains but it was worth going. Rev. Hajime sent me a card on the 24th. to say that the new Zenji Sama wants me to stay in the temple and look after the foreigners. He said that he was very busy and that I should stay in the temple in the mountains for a little longer but it was obvious that I could not. I returned to-day. The new Chief Abbot, the new Zenji Sama, had his Shinzan, or ceremony of officially entering the temple, to-day. It was magnificent—utterly magnificent. I do not think I have seen anything as magnificent as this before but I could not enjoy it for my heart was with *my* Zenji Sama—I know that's bad Zen but a large part of me wants to die and be with him.

3rd. December.

A letter came for the new Chief Abbot from the man who started all the trouble in England. I was asked to answer it. The letter said that from Hawaii he had learned of the death of the Chief Abbot on the first of November and he is sorry to hear this. He offers his condolences to the new Chief Abbot and all those who were close to the late Chief Abbot. He writes that he was told that Zenji Sama was ill for some time and also blind so it must have been what they term in the West, 'a happy release from suffering.' He says that he is advised that the new Zenji Sama has taken over as the Chief Abbot and wishes him a long and happy term of office. He reports that he has the card which the new Chief Abbot gave him, which is framed and hangs on

the wall and there is also the small green kesa to remind the writer of him. He concludes that it seems a long time since the new Chief Abbot was in London and that he would find changes in London Buddhism now: it is growing well, he assures him, and promises to become a very live movement in the future.

Can't this man let Zenji Sama's bones grow cold before he tries to find someone else to use, to suck up to?^{100, 128} How long is he to continue in his evil path?¹²⁹

15th. December.

Thanks to the chief lecturer no more foreigners are to come to this temple. According to the new Chief Abbot he is not willing to risk having any more foreigners here if it is going to upset people to the extent it's upsetting the chief lecturer. The chief lecturer himself is going round saying that foreigners are only animals—that's all they ever have been and all they ever will be; he has arranged matters in such a way that all foreigners are being excluded from the temple. There is no longer a single disciple of *my* Zenji Sama left living here.

I was about to go and finish my packing when the Director's door opened very softly and in came Zenji Sama's old disciple; the one who has come to me on several occasions before. He held a package in his hand. "These are for you, Jiyu San," he said. "They are the kesa Zenji Sama wore at your Transmission and the kimono he wore under his own ordination robe as well as another. They are yours." He bowed and disappeared.

This evening I stayed with a friend of mine whose dog was dying and who wanted me to make the decision to have it put to sleep for her. Since the dog had already shredded its tongue from the agony of a tumour I arranged for the vet to come to the house and performed the necessary ceremony over the dying animal. My friend was in a very bad emotional state and I stayed with her for the rest of the night. I telephoned the temple to say where I was.

16th. December.

To-day I went to lunch with a British friend and paid as much as I could of my hospital bill. The Chinese abbot has sent

me a thousand Malaysian dollars towards it but, since I had been in the hospital for almost a month, this did not begin to cover the cost. My friend was not at all nice.

“If you couldn’t pay you should have gone to a Japanese hospital. It was your idea to join the Buddhists not ours. Why should we keep you free in the luxury of *our* hospital?”

He pronounced the first half of the word ‘Buddhists’ as one would pronounce ‘bud.’ I had told him that the new officials of the Tokyo temple were refusing me any financial assistance towards the bill since they thought it extortionate; they wouldn’t even lend me the money; the remainder of the bill was something like a million yen.

“Why should we help you?” he repeated.

“I hear that, if I had been a Christian, there would have been no bill. The wife of a C. of E. parson here was given free hospitalisation and free air passage home when she was ill recently.¹²⁷ Are Buddhists so different?”

My host’s wife was obviously very embarrassed but he took no notice.

“Why should we do that for you? Have you ever helped Britons as the Christians here do? I see no signs of the Buddhists doing anything.” He was walking about, pacing with annoyance.

“The Tokyo temple has had many Britons under its roof.”

“Did they get free food?”

“Frequently.”

“Huh!”

I said nothing. To continue such a conversation would have been pointless. We ate lunch in an embarrassed silence. I excused myself as soon as possible. The wife was very distressed.

This evening a parson friend of mine from the local Christian Church brought his car and we took everything to my temple. The Treasury has given me my office furniture. The neighbours had a meal ready for us when we arrived.

Here ends the Story of the Parish Priest.

