
Book IV.
The Eternal Bo Tree.



The author sitting in front of the Kanzeon statue on the main altar in the Ceremony Hall at Unpukuji, her temple in Mie Prefecture.

Book IV.

The Eternal Bo Tree.

*17th. December.*¹³⁰

I have been sitting alone in meditation for most of the day. As I watched the statue of Kanzeon I could have sworn that I saw her hands move and I heard again, loud and clear, the beating of the wings; they have been beating and beating every day since I have come out of hospital. I saw the hands move, I heard the beating of the wings, and something inside me turned and said, 'yes.' A full acceptance and a full obedience. The meaning of 'gyate, gyate' which is eternal meditation. One call, one answer and the two are one.

Dark shadows flit across the corners of my eyes. They have done this for some weeks now; ever since the operation. It is as if death is stalking me, greedy for its lost prey, flashing past. I am still very weak and must spend much time resting. I feel the wings trying to lift me: I am a baby eagle, trying to rise from its nest on a high mountain, knowing that it is only a matter of a few weeks before it must fly away for ever. And yet this is not a leaving of this world but an entering into it; a leaving of the nest. I am still unable to stand fully upright and it is with great difficulty that I descend staircases although I have no difficulty whatsoever in climbing them. The wings practice their flight during my sleep, pleasantly anticipating the freedom of the open sky in the full strength of adulthood, fanning themselves softly, pulsing with thrilling life. I am utterly alone in this temple with no means of communication with the outside world except the telephone in the wine shop. I am content. It is glorious to be alone as I am now. Great surges of strength rush

through me and the wings beat faster. I can never cease to give thanks for the indestructibility which I know to be mine.

18th. December.

Letter from a friend in Kyoto asking if there is anything she can do to help me. She has heard of my operation. I have asked her if she can come here for a short time. The letter has been coming since the twenty-third of November. I wonder why it took so long?

25th. December.

Have been basking in the joy of being here ever since my arrival. The wings fan themselves wherever I go; a great surge of joy rushes through me and I soar into the sky. Zenji Sama is for ever here, closer than he ever was in life. I bought myself a few delicacies for my Christmas dinner and a tiny bottle of champagne. Zenji Sama, Kanzeon and I spent Christmas together—and it was FUN. I have a tiny television set and spent a happy hour watching it. No grand party or dinner at the British Consulate this year; not even the invitation.

26th. December.

I dreamt of great, soaring mountains and a high eagle's nest perched in a cranny; a blue sky that stretched to eternity. Although I am alone, as the world understands the term, I am so full, so utterly complete. Night comes; the glory of the universe is mine. That I can get up so seldom does not matter. I seem to have had a slight relapse since coming here.

31st. December.

All day the drums of the Shinto shrine on top of the hill behind my temple have sounded the knell of the old year. It is now almost midnight and the villagers are flocking to the shrine.

1st. January.

Midnight has struck and the new fire has been kindled on the hill. The gate to my temple stands wide open and wine is

upon the altar for all who wish to toast the New Year. I drink to a new life on my forty-fourth birthday which is to-day. I sounded the temple bell here one hundred and eight times, one for each sin that a Buddhist can commit. It is the first time since the war that a bell has sounded across the paddy fields and mountains from this temple. The last bell was taken to make into war munitions. Harry arrived whilst I was ringing the new one. This new bell, although small, rang out loud and clear. I am very tired; the wings fan softly; I will go to bed.

Later. Some villagers came to congratulate me both on the new bell and for the New Year. I am very tired and very happy. I will stay here until the wings carry me to where I must go. A leaf goes wherever the wind blows it—it does not disobey the wind.

A card came from Rev. Hajime wishing me a happy birthday and a happy New Year. He asked how I was and hoped that I was enjoying myself. He also said something I never thought I'd hear him say—he said that he now realised that my temple is very useful for me. I wonder why he never realised it before?

A letter also came from one of the English-speaking newspapers offering me the opportunity of writing for them once a week for the next month and then once a fortnight thereafter as their religious correspondent. They are going to pay me six thousand yen an article. It will certainly help my finances, especially if anything goes wrong with my being paid by the temple in Tokyo.

Harry, who has been the newsletter editor, is now going to write the newsletter from here. He will be staying with me until July. He had heard how ill I had been in Tokyo and has come down to look after me. It is indeed very kind of him to do so. He insists that I lie still. For the first time we thought of turning the newsletter into something more than just a chatty communication. I've not mentioned it before in this diary because I didn't consider it important; up to now it has just been a letter that was sent out to people who have been in the Foreign Section for some years, wanted to know how each other were doing and get some information on the group in general. Now, however, we are going to send with it at least one Buddhist article a month—a sort of lecture—as well as give news of everyone.

We have sent out lectures in the past but it's the first time that the newsletter will incorporate them as part of itself. It will certainly keep the foreigners together much more. At the moment, with everyone so scattered, it's the only way I can think of doing what Zenji Sama wanted.

2nd. January.

"Whyever did it take so long for the doctors to find out what was really wrong with you?"

Harry asked me this as we were having coffee this morning. I was a little worried as to how to answer, since I didn't really want to alarm him, but he was obviously unwilling to be put off.

"Tell me about it," he said. "Why was it?"

"I really don't know," I replied, "except that—well, here in Japan things are all—fixed. For example, the doctors took innumerable X-rays but each time, and always for the same reasons, believed nothing was wrong. I am a foreigner and so rather bigger than most Japanese. The shadow of the growth on the X-rays was so big that the doctors always believed there was a flaw in the film. No Japanese would have a growth that big so it wasn't possible for me to have one."

He stared at me appalled. "But how could they *all* think that it was a dud film?" he asked. "How could *all* the films be dud?"

"I know it doesn't make very much sense but that's exactly what happened, exactly the problem—the doctors didn't believe in a growth that big and so they didn't think anything was wrong."

He was silent for a long time. "I'm not satisfied with that for an answer," he said.

"Whether you are satisfied or not is up to you. It's the only answer I can give you for it is the only answer I know; it is the reason they gave me—that and the fact that the growth was hidden under my intestines which made X-raying difficult."

"How do the doctors feel about it now? Aren't they rather ashamed of themselves?"

"Harry, can't we change the subject?"

“No. Look at you; you’re not well yet; you should still be under a doctor’s care.”

“I can’t afford it, Harry. Not at the prices they charge here; it’s impossible—I can’t *afford* it. Forget about it. I shall be all right.”

“But there should be some sort of after-care—I mean—how do you *know* you’re going to be all right?”

“I’ll be all right. Stop worrying.”

“I don’t know what to do.” He got up, paced round my little living room, walked into the Hondō, stared out of the main door and came back into the living room again. “Listen,” he said, “you’ve got to see more doctors; you’ve got to make sure that this thing is completely finished.”

“Harry, it costs three thousand yen just to sit in the doctor’s room; just for use of the *room*, let alone seeing the doctor. Then there’s three thousand yen for the use of the instruments and three thousand yen for the fact that the receptionist looks after you—I can’t *afford* that sort of money. I haven’t got it—if I die then I must die—there’s the long and short of it—now forget about the thing, will you? If you don’t, I’ll have to ask you to leave me.”

He sighed. “Then at least let me try and get the British authorities to help.”

“No, Harry, don’t. If you do they’ll only tell you what I’ve more or less been told by friends whenever they’ve mentioned cash to the British authorities. None of the latter will ever help you financially in a foreign country. You’ve got to get that firmly through your head. The only way they’ll do it is if they deport you and then you pay them back after you get home. Now stop it, will you? Why don’t we get down to some work on the newsletter? After all, if we are going to send out a big one we should get on with it.”

“All right,” he said, “if that is what you really want to do. What shall we write about?” We were silent for a long time; then he said, “Why not write about our new bell and the new life we are going to live here? I want to include a lot of news. I think we should be much more careful about who we let in.”

“What do you mean, ‘careful about who we let in?’”

“Well, in that Tokyo temple you had to take everybody that came but here you can choose who you’ll have. It often occurred to me, watching that bunch, that some of them should see a psychiatrist not a priest. I think we should make it a requirement that anyone who comes *specifically* from a foreign country to Japan to study Zen should be checked out to see if he’s a bit queer in the head.”

“That’s a funny comment to make.”

“Look, out of all the people who have come to Japan *specifically* to study Zen, I’ve met exactly three (of which you are one) that were not a bit odd. All the rest had come in order to flee from something. It’s the reason why they’ve made such a mess of things with the Japanese.”

“Some of the people who come over do create trouble for the Japanese; but not all of them by a very long way. My personal estimate would only be about two to three percent, but that is quite enough to show—and be remembered. I don’t like breaking the Precepts by speaking against my fellow foreigners even if some of them—well—aren’t exactly out of the top drawer and are running away from life.”

“Whether you like it or not I’m going to talk about this in the newsletter. People should be checked out with great care. We should make sure that they are of good character before they come here. You’re living here alone, you know. You’re in bed, an invalid, for much of the day. Such people could place you in considerable difficulties.”

“They’ve done that for a long time—a very long time.”¹³¹

“I’m also going to put in something about the sort of things we need. You know, we need a much bigger bell than that one out there.”

“But I’m happy with that bell.”

“Yeah, but we’ll need a bigger one. And we need to mend the Meditation Hall—we need to do such a lot of work.”

“All right, Harry. You go ahead, you write the newsletter, you write all your news.”

“Will you write the article?”

“If you want me to. I’ll write about our new bell. I’ll call it “The Song of the Bell.” After all, it is a New Year.”

“You don’t really want to talk about nasty things at all, do you?” he said. “You don’t want to talk about this business of what happened in the hospital, you don’t want to talk about any of it.”

“Harry, forget it. It’s all in the past. None of it matters—don’t you realise that? Absolutely *none of it* matters.”

“But, I mean, supposing they did all this—deliberately, to harm you?”

“So,—they didn’t harm me. What are you worrying about?”

“Supposing they had?”

“Oh, Harry, shut up. They haven’t. What people do, whether they do it for good reasons or bad reasons—there’s no point in discussing it. Good or bad reasons are of no importance to anybody. One’s own training is all that matters and this shows in our reactions to the behaviour of others. Do that which has to be done and stop bothering about others’ motives.”

“I wish you’d explain that to me more fully.”

“I will, but I can see the mayor and some other people coming and I’ve got to do a memorial service for them. Now be a good chap and help me with the ceremony.”

He sighed. “I shall come back to this.”

“All right,” I said, “but enough for to-day.”

3rd. January.

I was sitting by the window watching the Winter sunshine, feeling the gentle fanning of the strength that is fast returning to me, when Harry went back to the conversation of yesterday; this time from a totally different tack. He wanted to know why the other trainees in the Tokyo temple seemed to be so utterly cold-blooded with regard to my illness.

“You know, Harry,” I said, “there are a lot of mistakes in Zen training, not least of which is the idea of many people that a Zen master, Zen priest, must be beyond human feelings. True Zen teaches that a priest has human feelings, always has had them, always will have them and always must have them.

People seek for wisdom first, instead of compassion and, as a result, Zen is frequently learned, both in this country and in the West, as something which is cold, starchy, distant; completely lacking in compassion and love; something to be experienced alone rather than lived with other people. When I was entering the Meditation Hall as a new trainee, and all the newspaper reporters and the like were causing problems,¹³¹ the priest who was standing with me, the one who was to lead me round the Meditation Hall, was standing there almost as though he'd dug a hole, jumped inside it and pulled the earth over the top of himself. It was unfortunate—a grave misunderstanding of Zen, but it does so often happen. Time and time again I get letters from people who say they're studying Zen; they talk of having no concern for anything other than their meditation, their Sesshins and how many kōans they have solved. But other people *are part of* their kōan, their all-important training. They forget about the heart of Kanzeon completely; and that's what training is all about. They come to Zen to seek wisdom, to gain power, instead of training themselves to be worthy of wisdom when they have become compassionate. Zenji Sama worried about such people. The most important teaching of Buddhism is the expression of compassion and love for within them lies true wisdom. Zen training is the search for wisdom within compassion and love; without these two, compassion and love, Buddhism falls to pieces. A Zen master is not someone who is icy cold, isolated in order to find his own perfection so that he may sink into it; he trains himself so that he may be able to show wisdom through the expression of compassion and love.

“You know, I'm putting this very badly but the best way I can describe it is by that old story of the Zen priest who'd been meditating for twenty years, thanks to the patronage of an old woman. At the end of the twenty years the old woman paid a prostitute to visit the priest, embrace him and then ask, “What now?” According to the story, when the prostitute had done this, the old priest said, “An old pine tree grows on a barren rock; nowhere is there any warmth.” The old woman was so furious when the prostitute reported this to her that she burned

the old priest's house down. When asked why, the old woman said, "He didn't have to evince passion but he should have understood compassion enough to know how to teach and help the prostitute in her situation." He should have known, in other words, compassion and love whilst, at the same time, not giving in to the desire of the prostitute. But he had no compassion, he had no love and, in consequence, he had no *real* wisdom because wisdom is expressed in compassion and love. I suppose what I'm trying to explain to you is this. The sort of thing that goes on in those big temples where they train Buddhist priests—the sort of thing that went on in that temple in Tokyo—is something that is tailored, if you like, for young men who are going to become members of an organised, hereditary priesthood. They learn to live within the system in much the same way as one learns to live in a boarding school. When things got difficult one either deliberately managed not to be present or else learned how to become 'invisible' by digging a non-existent hole. Many of the Buddhist priests 'dig holes' all the time in those big temples; so do Christian priests and so do thousands of people I know, especially Westerners who come to study Zen. In fact, they think that that sort of detachment is the be-all and end-all of Zen training—completely detached from the world. But Zen training is *not* to be detached in that way from the world; it is to be *concerned* in the world but not *involved* in it so that it overwhelms you. You *have* to be concerned in the world but you must *not* be overwhelmed by it otherwise you can't act. So many of these people are afraid. They think that if they do not spend all their time in formal meditation then they will never be able to be completely detached from worldly affairs. However, if they were in *true* meditation, which *requires* no formality although it may use it, there would be no problem because worldly affairs couldn't affect them anyway. That was the wonderful thing I found out. You can be concerned about the world but not affected by it. You can act but be completely unharmed. That was the terrific lesson I learned, thanks to what went on in the Tokyo temple. It didn't matter how badly they seemed to treat me or how unconcerned

they were—I found the peace I went looking for and I discovered how to keep it *and* act completely within their system—for that matter within any system. That temple is just a small world where everything is magnified a thousand times compared to similar situations in the world outside. That the priest I was with at my admission did not wish to be involved was not my problem; it was his.”

“What could he have done?” asked Harry.

“I don’t know; I am not him.”

“You give me such strange answers,” he said.

“Harry, listen. I don’t want to sound swollen-headed but I have great difficulty in thinking any longer as the world thinks because the world understands involvement from the point of view of what I used to call ‘soap-opera.’ I understand concern and involvement from a totally different angle. You remember I told you a long time ago about all the mess that went on in England as a result of the couple that came over and the person who wrote letters asking for a Buddhist priest and then said he didn’t want one if it was going to be me? Well, in the beginning that sort of thing mattered and it hurt; and then it didn’t matter at all and I could continue to work perfectly without any problem whatsoever. Those who want to believe and those who don’t, don’t matter. What does matter is that *I* do my own training and am still willing to try and help anyone who wants help. An awful lot of people in temples don’t understand what the principle of training is; to be concerned but not overwhelmed. And the more one meditates, the deeper one goes into meditation, the less is the danger of being overwhelmed. But this stage cannot be reached by never coming out of the temple; one needs more than formal meditation for this. Every act must be a meditation too; one must not appear as a plaster saint. You’ll see what I mean as I get better at trying to explain what I’m talking about.”

He shook his head. “In a way I know what you’re trying to say but I have great difficulty in understanding how such people can behave like this—people who are supposed to be priests.”

“Harry, stop trying to think of them as saints; they’re not. They’re people who are doing the best they can as they are—you’re suffering from the idea that there are thousands of saints in the Buddhist Church when there aren’t. Young men who are in this priesthood are there because their fathers were there before them—at any rate, most of them are. In the old days in Buddhism people went into the priesthood because they felt the ‘call,’ if you like. Nowadays the majority of Japanese go in because it’s a hereditary priesthood and, if they don’t become priests, their families will lose the temples. This means that we’ve got a totally different type of person from what we had hundreds of years ago. The type that went in because they wanted to really do something about themselves are very, very few in number now. I met about three or four in the temple in Tokyo amongst the actual junior trainees. Look, I’ve got to get on with doing a lot of things. Why don’t we go back to this conversation later?”

“All right,” he said. “I want to go into the village anyway.”

4th. January.

When I was working for the Christian Church I found politics everywhere (religious politics) and a large number of people who were trying to live moral lives, as they understood the term ‘moral.’ Here in the Buddhist Church I have found politics everywhere (religious politics) and a large number of people who are trying to live moral lives. But I have found something else too—I have found at least five saints that I know of—at least five people whom I would call saints—and twelve more who are on the way. When you think about it that’s not at all bad.

I know I was talking to Harry yesterday about people who go into the priesthood because their fathers did but, in all the years I worked for the Christian Church, I never found anyone who had got as far in religion as have the five I’ve met here or the twelve who are following in their footsteps.

5th. January.

“Those young men who come into the monastery because their temples belong to their families,” said Harry after we sat down to coffee this morning, “what sort of kōans did they have? If you’re supposed to have a natural kōan when you come into the monastery, and they’re just coming in because their parents were in the priesthood, whatever *is* their kōan?”

“I would imagine it is just the fact that their parents were in the priesthood,” I replied. I knew that I was smiling wanly but I couldn’t help it.

“What do you mean?” he said.

“Well, for me, if I had got to go into a job, whether I wanted to or not, because it was the only way in which I could keep the roof over my family’s head, and I was interested in doing something else, I think I would have a pretty *big* kōan. It is said that the kōan arises naturally in daily life and I *know* that it does. Certainly, as I see it, having to become a trainee in a place like the Tokyo temple, if I really didn’t *feel* like doing it, or hadn’t got the inclination, would be, to me, a very, very big kōan.”

“What can you tell me about the natural kōan?” he asked. “For some people it seems to be so much bigger than others.”

“The size of the natural kōan is in ratio to the time it has been possessed and the spiritual development of the person concerned,” I said. “Many people seem to have their present kōans created when they are very young, some at birth or even before. What on earth am I here for? Whatever is the use of life? A person who is constantly being told that she is facing death, as I was as a small child, finds herself wondering—is there anywhere in this whole world where there is joy? What’s the reason for it all? That’s what it came down to. And, because I’d had it such a long time, it was all that much more powerful. Most youngsters have a healthy, lively childhood; I spent my first five years, according to my mother,¹³² in hospital—so I needed to find a reason for living early; a lot of other people don’t seem to need to. They just have the normal problems that come as a result of growing up. Many people get their natural kōan at puberty; others later still. But the size of that kōan, its

immediacy, is exactly in ratio to the amount of time that they've possessed it and how urgent it is to do something about it, i.e. their spiritual development."

"Does that mean," asked Harry, "that if one's kōan isn't so big the understanding that one gets isn't so big?"

"There's an old saying—'big misunderstanding, big understanding; medium misunderstanding, medium understanding; little misunderstanding, little understanding.' But, you know, you shouldn't try to think of enlightenment in such terms—because it *is* enlightenment you're thinking of."

"I didn't say enlightenment because I know you don't like people to use the word," he said.

"I know, but you're thinking it and that's what matters. Enlightenment is one and undivided. It's not something that you get piecemeal. They were always bashing this into my head in the Tokyo temple and I know it to be completely true. Enlightenment is enlightenment. That you have a big glimpse or a little glimpse doesn't alter the fact that you *see*: that you *understand*. You should remember that."

I got up from the table to wash the coffee things and Harry followed me out to the kitchen. "Why don't you let me do that?" he asked.

"If you wish," I said.

He looked at me. "You neither try to stop me doing things nor encourage me to do them. You should go back to bed."

"We must each do our own training in the best way we can."

He shook his head, took the coffee things from me and washed them up.

6th. January.

Harry has been asking me a lot of questions about the attitude of mind of my friend in England with regard to my returning. I still have to rest on the bed most of the day and he spends much of his time sitting beside me.

"You are from New Zealand, aren't you?" I said.

"Yes," he said. "I really can't understand what is going on; I really and truly can't. Every time I've gone to England people

have been so—supercilious, I suppose, is the word—to me because I’m from the Colonies. I’ve got to the state when I don’t want to go to England and now I hear of what happened to you—I don’t know what to believe—you’re one of them, not a Colonial.”

“There’s something you should understand about England, Harry. I and others have been of this opinion for many years. The English haven’t yet got over the effects of having had the Colonies; of having had the Empire. And, as the husband of that British couple said when he was staying here, the British will never forgive me for going native. Look at me—I am wearing the robes of the local priesthood and I’ve got a shaven head. There’s no crime quite as bad as going native in the minds of the generation above mine and they are the ones in control.

People in England are perfectly happy with Orientals and foreigners teaching Buddhism because—well—they’re someone from whom they can learn as dilettantes. But, if one of their number takes that learning seriously, if one of their number really wants to do the job completely, if he truly *believes* in what he is doing, then he’s in great trouble. You can admire these things if you are British, you can enjoy them, you can dabble in them, you can participate in them, but you mustn’t *believe* in them. You see I *believe* in Buddhism, I don’t dabble in it. That is the ‘crime’ I have committed and why I probably cannot return to England. I have ‘gone native’ as far as the British are concerned.”

“Do you realise what you’re saying?”

“Yes. Yes, I fully realise what I’m saying. I’m saying that as long as I live I will probably never be able to return permanently to England. And, you know, in many respects you’re in the same situation. You are from New Zealand. Admittedly your parents *left* England and went there but they, if you like, went native too; they left England and became Colonials. There is no crime quite that big in the mind of some Britons. I’m not explaining this very well; and I don’t particularly understand the mind-attitude behind it. It’s very un-Buddhist. You know, I can remember as a child at school what

used to happen on Empire Day. Everybody had to go down to the big hall and stand in front of the map of the world on which all the bits of the Empire were marked in red; it went the whole length of the room. We used to sing the Empire songs and be proud of ourselves because we were the mother nation of the Empire. We were almost taught to look down on the Colonies. They were places that hadn't yet got *our* culture, that must at least be fifty years behind us in understanding. Nations who weren't in the Empire were regarded as being thousands of years behind us, living in the dark middle-ages of stupidity and heathenism.

"I can remember when I was about ten looking out over the sea and wondering what on earth Paris was like; wondering if the French lived in trees. That sounds ridiculous but it's a fact. We were brainwashed that way. One day, years later, I got the curiosity bug and started travelling—and I discovered that the rest of the world did pretty well—just as well as we did—in fact, many did an awful lot better. But, in making that discovery, I put myself outside the pale enclosing my former acquaintances; I was cut off from them because I had recognised that other people were equal with the British. It's a grave crime to commit in the minds of some, you know, the recognition that other people are human. But, Harry, why talk about these silly, useless things? One day I shall leave Japan and it won't be very long from now—I know that. And, when I go, I probably shan't go back to England."

"Where will you go?"

"I don't know."

"How about coming to New Zealand?"

"I'll go wherever the wind blows me. And I'll tell you something else; wherever I go I shall not be ashamed of my priest's robe or my shaven head. I shall wear them proudly until I'm dead, whether people think I've gone native or whether they don't, because what I told you was the truth—I *believe* in what I'm doing and I don't care two hoots whether other people like it or lump it. I found what I came looking for and I'm overjoyed."

“You know, I’ve been watching you closely. It seems as though there are great surges of life rising up in you every now and then.”

“Harry,” I stretched myself, “you shouldn’t ask questions about some things—just they happen. You do your own training. Right?”

He gave me a queer look. “All right,” he said, “if that’s the way you want it.”

7th. January.

According to Dōgen one should never tell one’s dreams to the foolish. After talking to Harry yesterday I wondered if I should tell him about the fanning wings and the black shadows; the latter still flit across the corners of my eyes. I don’t think I should; I don’t think he’d understand them. It’s very difficult to answer his questions for he is in the state I was in some years ago. It is like trying to teach someone to swim from the opposite bank of a river. All you can do is tell them to dive in and encourage them to keep going until they reach you. I just don’t know how to answer him in a way that will satisfy. If I tell him the truth he won’t believe me. I so want to share what I have with him and I know that he isn’t ready.

11th. January.

Harry was asking me about the way in which drugs are being used to get Zen experience over in the West. I heard a little about this when I was in the Tokyo temple but nobody took very much notice of it.

“Do you really think you can get the same experience through drugs?” he asked. “Because, if so, it would be well worth doing.”

“I can tell you this, Harry,” I said. “From my experience of drugs when they were used on me in hospital—and they used a lot whenever they operated on me—I found that the effect of the drugs wears off. Maybe you *can* get a feeling of well-being as a result of taking these drugs—psychedelics or whatever—but the effect is going to wear off; the feeling of well-being is

not going to be permanent. On the other hand, that which one gets as a result of training oneself in Zen *is* permanent. So long as you keep up your training, so long as you always do your meditation, so long as you live within the Precepts of the Buddhas and do that which has to be done, you will *always* have the magnificent and wonderful peace that I can guarantee you comes as a result of studying Zen. And that peace requires no stimulation other than actual meditation.

“From what you tell me of these drugs they are extremely expensive and I suspect they would be very, very dangerous to the human body; I have yet to find any drug that doesn’t have *some* side-effects and many are serious. But meditation has no side-effects whatsoever of a detrimental variety. The only thing meditation does is make you incredibly healthy.”

“What about you? What about that illness?”

“That’s got nothing to do with it. According to the doctors I had been ill in that particular area for a good many years; the growth had just lain there undetected. I know for certain that if it had not been for the peace of mind brought about by meditation that growth would have killed me. Exactly the same thing killed both my mother and my grandmother. It’s out now. The doctors are wondering how on earth it was possible for me to put up with the incredible pain of the last year or so of it without any medication whatsoever. If I hadn’t been meditating I couldn’t have stood it; and it was my inner strength, faith, if you like, the peace within me, that made it possible for me to go through the operation although by then I had no confidence whatsoever in those performing it. You see I didn’t care whether I lived or died—it didn’t matter for I was at peace with the universe. There was nothing that could possibly be added to or taken away from me. Since greed for neither life nor death entered into it I was doing that which had to be done. There were people in that hospital who had to be given pain killers for days and weeks after their operations but I was up and walking the next night and out in four days after mine. People are still wondering how and why.”

“But you *do* need after-care and I want to get you some.”

“Oh, stop whining about after-care. I can’t afford it. The best after-care I can give myself is to meditate like mad. You’ll see—I’ll get better.”

“But you can’t even stand upright yet. You have to rest most of the day.”

“Miracles don’t happen overnight. I’ll manage. I’ve been thinking of digging a pond in the garden. It will be nice to have a goldfish pond and that will give my stomach muscles the necessary exercise.”

He looked appalled. “You’ll hurt yourself.”

“No, I won’t; I’ll be fine.”

He went into the kitchen to cook lunch and the post arrived; with it came a letter from that man in England who started all the trouble so long ago—the one who first wrote for a Buddhist priest. As usual the letter was extremely rude. I suppose some people just never learn.

13th. January.

A card came from Rev. Hajime. It said that he was terribly busy but on the ninth he talked to the new Zenji Sama, together with his new staff, about the Foreign Section. Apparently they’ve still not made up their minds as to whether they want foreigners. He said that they want me to go on with my work here and that they do not object to sending cash for this from the temple itself. Well, at least we shan’t starve and I will look after the foreigners as best I can here.

30th. January.

Another letter came from Rev. Hajime to-day. He said that he was still extremely busy and that the Patriarch had died on the nineteenth. It is *so* sad—first that wonderful old priest I visited in Kyoto, then Zenji Sama, then the Zenji Sama of the other great Zen temple of our school, then the Vice-Abbot Elect of the temple in Tokyo and now the Patriarch—all five, the five great saints of which I spoke—dead in the space of a few weeks. The twelve who are coming up are much too young to take over yet. I am very much afraid of what may happen for

the people whom I know will now take over the top positions are politicians. They have not the spiritual calibre of those five.

Rev. Hajime's letter continued to say that the current generation of officers is becoming younger but that he is not sure that the change is better or worse. He may well say that.

It seems I am to get three thousand yen a month for the next three months and ten thousand yen a month from April.

Rev. Hajime says that the new Zenji Sama is not concerned about (interested in) having foreigners in the procession at his Jōdō ceremony which will take place the day after *my* Zenji Sama's state funeral.

The letter ended on a rather sad note. Rev. Hajime wrote that he was in a very difficult situation concerning the debts of the Tokyo temple and how to pay them. He indicated that it was difficult for him to explain this in a letter. Whilst Zenji Sama was alive Rev. Hajime was for a time the temple treasurer and he arranged many loans, to make the building of the new Hondō possible, by order of Zenji Sama. I suspect that he is now being blamed for having done so. I cannot help feeling that this is just another political move. I hope that no harm may actually come to him although I am deeply worried by his obvious involvement in politics—it grows worse daily. He has always vacillated from one side to the other. One day foreigners and women would be wonderful and the next not worth knowing depending on whether or not Zenji Sama was in residence. On the days when Zenji Sama was there Rev. Hajime thought that the foreigners and I were important; on the days when Zenji Sama was away Rev. Hajime thought us a damned nuisance and said so. Whenever I asked him about his ambivalence he said that his change of mind was caused by his drinking. There is something in me that really winces when I am with a person who licks the boots of whoever is in power. I feel it to be so dangerous for him spiritually. I wonder sometimes what exactly will happen to him. I have seen him change so much throughout the years from a wonderful, truly spiritual person to something that—no, I won't say it, I mustn't say it, I mustn't even think it.¹³³

Harry was sitting in the window seat looking a bit moody and I asked him what was wrong. I was lying on the bed.

“I don’t know,” he said. “Knowing what you had to put up with in that temple I can’t understand why the heck you ever stayed there.”

“That’s because you don’t know the nature of discipleship,” I replied. “If you did you would understand it.”

“Tell me,” he said.

“A disciple is someone who truly believes in his master. But it’s more than belief. I don’t know exactly how to put this, Harry, but I promised Zenji Sama I’d stay with him until he was dead. I did just that. I promised him I would guard his foreigners. I am doing that, too, to the best of my ability. Discipleship, you see, entails obedience, however unusual may be the circumstances and the requests of the master, because that which the master passes on to a disciple is so exquisite, so wonderful—I can’t explain this to you. You’d have to go into full-time training to do Transmission and become one with the master as I became one with Zenji Sama.”

“But you never had any physical contact with Zenji Sama.”

“Of course not. Discipleship doesn’t require physical contact. What are you talking about?”

“Well then—is it like *spiritual* love?”

“Oh, it goes far beyond spiritual love—far, far beyond that. It’s a willingness to do anything that is asked of one, the willingness to go through hell if necessary and come out the other side.”

“Isn’t it very dangerous to have that sort of a belief in someone?”

“It can be—yes, it can go wrong. But if you truly believe that all men are the possessors of the Buddha Nature, if you truly believe that the master who is in front of you possesses the Buddha Nature, there’s absolutely no danger. You don’t seem to understand very much about Buddhism although you’ve been with me so long. You don’t seem to realise that you have to really *believe*; you have to have real faith. This is a religion; it’s not a way of life. There are so many ideas floating around; that you can get enlightenment by means of drugs and the like.

People meditate in order to be able to do better work, to be in possession of this or that, but such desires come out of greed because they feel basically inadequate. They are not the ‘ends’ of Zen. If you would truly study you have to really *believe* that there is something greater than yourself and that you can find it within you. You have to go and find the best person possible and learn from him or her; and you have to completely and utterly trust them when you do it. When you believe in your greater self you are at peace with you and you get rid of the inadequacies I spoke of. You need no drugs; you are competent at work; you possess yourself completely. But the loss of inadequacies is a side effect of enlightenment; it should not be confused with it although it is one of its signs.”

“Tell me more,” he said.

“Unless you can see the master as the incarnation of Shakyamuni Buddha, unless you can see every single thing as possessing the Buddha Nature, as I told you, you are never going to understand Buddhism. And when you do see your master as being the incarnation of Shakyamuni Buddha, when you see his Buddha Nature in front of you at the moment of Transmission, when you *know* that you share that Buddha Nature with him and with all things, in spite of the fact that everything is different and each thing is individual as it is and yet one within that Buddha Nature, then it doesn’t matter two hoots what goes on around you; you stay with it permanently; you are always there and always at peace. What the world does is the world’s private problem—it can’t harm you once you find this place. Whyever would you walk out on the Buddha once you have found Him? If you have *truly* found Him you are always in heaven. What the world is like is the world’s problem, not yours. Your problem is that you do the best you can at all times; that at every minute of the day you work like mad on your own training to make yourself worthy of the master whom you have found.

“You have to love the master in such a way that whatever he asks no sacrifice is too great, no duty too small, too insignificant; you must do it to the very best of your ability at all times

however menial it may seem to the world or however great. I'm not explaining this very well. You have to experience it to know it. Unless you are willing to give that sort of obedience, to show that sort of sincerity in training, you're never really going to find the peace and freedom, the immaculacy of Zen, you're never going to find what I suppose you would call enlightenment—understanding, peace-of-mind—I don't care what you call it. I was willing to follow Zenji Sama to heaven or hell because wherever he was was a greater place than heaven. And now, thanks to him, I am always in that place because he showed me how to find it. And so I give thanks to him every day of the week, and to all the other Buddhas and Patriarchs before him for they showed him how to find that place so that he could lead me. And, you know, I so want to take everyone else there but I can't unless they want to go; the only way they can go is if they have the same sincerity and obedience that I gave to Zenji Sama."

"Are you telling me that I've got to take a master if I would find it?"

"Unless you are willing to learn, unless you are willing to be humble enough to believe that there are things you don't know and that there are things you can learn from other people, unless you are willing to look at everything around you and learn from it at all times, you are never going to know the peace of Zen. So long as you suffer from the idea—that is a master or that is not; that is a teacher, that is not; that is a Buddha, that is not; so long as you live in these opposites you will never know the peace of anything. For everything in existence *is* Zenji Sama; everything stands within Zenji Sama's eyes as it does in those of all the Buddhas and Patriarchs before him and in those of the Cosmic Buddha. When you look at the Zenji Sama that is around you with gratitude in your heart for its very existence, no matter how it may behave towards you, then you'll understand Zen."

"What *are* you talking about?"

"Zenji Sama exists everywhere; Shakyamuni Buddha exists everywhere. I stayed in that temple because the way in which

people behaved, what they did or didn't do, was of no importance. What *I* did was what mattered; my reactions, how I behaved as a result of what they were doing, was what mattered. As Dōgen rightly points out, 'It is not the truth or falsity of the teaching that matters but the truth or falsity (sincerity) of the training of the trainee.' If the trainee is really sincere in his training he can always find the truth even when what the world regards as devils surround him. He must be willing to lay his life on the line if he would be reborn in the world of the Buddhas and Patriarchs."

"Then a master isn't necessary. All I need do is suffer."

"A master is *always* necessary. *Everything* is the master. Suffering is unnecessary."

"I don't know what the hell you're talking about!" He jumped up and paced the room.

"Sit still in the place where you're asking the question and you'll hear what I'm trying to say," I said. "Stop looking for *specific* masters; stop worrying about external things; stop worrying about what people did and what people didn't do. Just stay still inside and listen to the voice of the Lord of the House."

"I'm going in to meditate." He walked into the Hondō and sat down.

I really am very bad at teaching people; I know what I'm trying to say but I don't seem very good at getting it over.

1st. February.

We started work on the next newsletter. It is a great help having Harry here but I do find it very difficult trying to teach him. He asks so many questions. The answers I know but I don't know how to get them over. And, quite truthfully, all I really want to do is bask in the glory of the peace inside myself. Yet I am pleasantly disturbed by the beating of the wings. I suspect they are trying to tell me that I should not just sit here and bask; I have a feeling they want to take me somewhere and I know that I don't terribly much want to go. It is so peaceful—and yet there is an urgency in the wings, a fanning, a growing strength—the beauty of the endless blue sky that I see every

night beckoning me as did the sea when I was so young. It's as if all the mystery of life and the joy of being born again were new every moment. This time it is not just the world I shall cross when I take wing; limitless space and limitless time are mine.

12th. February.

"I still don't understand this business of the master and disciple," said Harry this morning.

"What don't you understand?" I asked.

"Well, did all the trainees in the temple have the same feeling for Zenji Sama that you did?"

"I really wouldn't know; I'm not them."

"Don't give me an answer like that—it doesn't help. I need to know" He was getting annoyed.

"Listen, Harry, I was Zenji Sama's own private disciple, the person whom he himself ordained and Transmitted and whom he licensed as a full priest. That made a special relationship between him and I. Surely you can understand that?"

"Yes. But didn't that relationship exist between all the other trainees and him?"

"Oh, no. You've got to understand that most of them came from other temples. Their masters ordained them and then sent them to Zenji Sama to be educated. As I said, that Tokyo temple is like a big school; people are sent there to be educated in Buddhism."

"Then presumably the other trainees would have a similar relationship with their masters to what you had with Zenji Sama."

"I would hope they would—I would really hope they would but I do not know."

"Do you think they would have done as much for their masters as you did for Zenji Sama?"

"If they were true disciples there is no limit to what they would do—because, you see, the master and the disciple are one, completely and utterly one. They may be different in time; one may have been born physically at an earlier time to the other; but they are reborn every moment that they look upon each other; every second of the day and night they are one life

that is constantly arising, going to bed, sitting down, sleeping, walking, eating; it is the same one life that belongs to Shakyamuni Buddha. Shakyamuni Buddha is not dead.”

“I’m still stuck.”

“How?”

“Well—I can’t understand why the temples should have been the way they are. What you’ve described I know you went through because I was there.”

“You need to understand the difference between now and olden times. Long ago people went to monasteries solely because they wanted to do something about themselves and they chose a suitable priest with whom to study—the best one they could find. When they had learned all they could from him, and had found the Truth within themselves, they received the Transmission and that was it. In Japan, around 1600, the priesthood’s function was changed by the government, since it feared the power of the priests, and most of the temples were then only used as funeral registries. A hundred years or so ago the priests were allowed to marry and the temples became hereditary; like it or lump it, the youngsters born to the families living in those temples had to study for the priesthood in order to keep the temple in the family as I told you. This meant that a lot of the youngsters who came, a lot of the youngsters who come to-day too, did so because it’s a job; because there is no other way they can keep the roof over the heads of their relatives. They don’t come particularly to do something about themselves; idealistically they may believe it but that is about as far as it gets for some of them. They come in order to learn the job of being a priest, a profession, go back and do that job. The number of people in that Tokyo temple who had come to genuinely do something about themselves seemed to be remarkably few.⁶⁰ And it’s not just *that* temple; it’s true all over the country—every Zen temple in existence is in the same boat.¹³⁴

“But there *are* people who come to genuinely do something about themselves—I met at least a dozen when I was in that temple and they were all doing pretty well. As I’ve told you

before, I also met at least five saints all of whom are now dead unfortunately. But others will come up—you'll see."

"How did the others there, the ones who were the professional priests, react towards the ones who were trying to do something about themselves?"

I smiled ruefully. "They thought them pretty odd.¹³⁴ You know, it's like every other profession—worldliness, assisted by time, has done an amazing amount of damage. It's a sort of erosion; the world gets in gradually. First it's some little thing that the government agrees to do in return for something that the priests want done; then it's another little thing here and another little thing there—'If we alter the curriculum thus, then we can make the government happy;' or 'If we agree to do such and such then we can make this or that official happy;' before you know it you've got a whole bureaucracy running your monastery and all religion has flown out of the window. Zenji Sama tried valiantly to prevent that from happening. He did pretty well but the bureaucrats won in the end, at least temporarily; until another such as he arises."

"How do you know?"

"I used to watch him fight them; I knew the misery that it was for him; the officials always trying to force him to give in to what they wanted. The temple seemed at times to be almost divided into two sections—the bunch that ran the administration, that dealt with all the bureaucratic stuff, and those who were teaching religion. I'm not trying to say that the bureaucrats weren't really religious; in their way they were. I'm not trying to say that the 'holier-than-thou' bunch, as they sometimes seemed to become, that were trying to run the educational side, were better either. But it is true to say that if you want something more than a tree underneath which to teach you're always going to have to agree to do something that the world wants done; you are always going to have to take time out from your teaching to spend with suspicious government officials. If you're happy with just a tree you can *know* the Truth without worrying about houses, taxes and the like but you may still need licenses and permits just to open your mouth in some countries.

Then there are patrons. A patron who's giving you food may only want you to teach what he wants to hear. If you look after, and do everything for, yourself you have the right to believe what you wish but you may not have the right to say it to others without a government permit; and then in troupe the bureaucrats, suspicions and all, dragging behind them psychiatrists to test your sanity and heaven alone knows what else if you don't make sense as they understand the word. And when you gain help from officials, emperors, presidents, as soon as you have corporations, the truth is frequently scattered to the four winds. If I ever do go back to the West I shall try and do what Zenji Sama himself wanted to do without any such things as corporations and the like. But I don't know of any country that would let me be completely free in that way; I would probably be arrested for vagrancy.

“Dōgen Zenji refused to compromise his teachings which is why he had such a hard job to keep a monastery together. It was not until a few years before his death that he became abbot of a big temple. He spent almost all his life organising small communities up and down the country and refusing to take what could at best be regarded as bribes from emperors and the like because he was afraid of what would happen to the purity of his teaching. That's the way I want to do it when I leave here. I'm often appalled by the compromises I've been forced to make just to be able to do *anything* in this particular temple. Do you know what happens every time I try to ordain somebody? First I have to get the mayor's permission, then I have to get the agreement of several of the priests in the area, then go to the prefectural administrator in the next-door city and then to the administration in Tokyo. None of these people turn up at the ceremony (the people I ordain are foreigners in whom they have no interest) but all have to be placated or there is trouble. When I've got the seals from this lot, which cost the earth in time, presents and fees, I *may* be permitted to have a disciple; everyone wants a finger in the pie and money for the non-existent work that most of them do. It's so absolutely contrary to everything that was originally true

Buddhism. Such customs are things we don't have to carry across the sea when we leave here.

"Zenji Sama was quite right when he said that an awful lot of traditions have grown up in our school of Zen and, indeed, throughout the whole of Buddhism—traditions that are utterly useless, a complete waste of time. All that is needed in Buddhism is a master who has been truly Transmitted, a disciple and a tree underneath which to sit."

It was already eleven o'clock in the morning and I knew that I had a memorial ceremony at twelve after which there would be the customary banquet so I had to get Harry to make his own lunch whilst I got ready for the ceremony.

20th. February.

A letter came to-day from a married couple that want our help in order to enter a temple here. Harry asked me where I thought was suitable.

"Absolutely nowhere," I said, "if they want to go together."

"You're not surely advocating that they separate?"¹³⁵

"I'm advocating that they separate whilst they are in training in temples, yes—for one very good reason. If they both go to a male temple the wife won't be allowed to train properly because she'll be a female in a man's world, a lay female than which there is nothing lower; she will always be on the fringe of things, treated a bit like a third-class kitchen maid. If they go to a woman's temple they won't let the husband in the door and he's going to be miserable. The obvious answer is for one to go to a woman's temple and the other to go to a man's. They should make a definite decision to do this for a period of a month or two at a time, come back together again and then go off to the temple for another month or two if they want to. So help me, I wouldn't recommend *any* married couple to go to a Japanese temple together. It would be extremely unkind to both sides. I hate having to suggest that they separate but, honestly, I don't know what else to do. I saw so many people hurt in that Tokyo temple; I don't want it to happen again."

Harry sighed. “We’d best put that in the newsletter, then, because this is about the eighth letter we’ve had asking about arrangements for married couples. How do you feel about them coming here?”

“There should be some way in which married couples can train together but there’s something in me that says that the marriage itself is always going to be a barrier to actual training.”

“Whyever should it be?”

“I think it’s got to do with the *Japanese* attitude to the master-disciple relationship and the fact that a marriage is itself a unity. It’s like putting a third party into the marriage—a master. A truly *married* couple has to have a unity of spirit just as the master and disciple have to have a unity of spirit. A married couple in training for the priesthood here in Japan would be a bit like having a religious triangle. Lay couples just coming in now and then are, of course, a different matter. I’ve seen so much happen just with Rev. Hajime—he’s got his wife in his temple (she’s officially a ‘nun with hair’)—and the Buddhist priesthood; the priesthood is always getting in the way of his marriage—he goes off to the Tokyo temple, for example, to be a lecturer and leaves his wife behind since she cannot enter a male temple and, even if she could, would be so low in rank that the marriage would be ruined. He’s married to his job; the wife’s duty is solely to produce young. It is an extremely unhappy situation for any woman; I wouldn’t want it if I were married and I would certainly not marry a *Japanese* Buddhist priest under the circumstances. The Buddhist priesthood here, as of now, has no room for matrimony. One day, many years from now, I’ll try to work out how it’s possible for married couples to train together in a monastery but this is certainly not the country and I certainly don’t know enough yet to be able to do it.”

“All right,” said Harry, “we’ll tell them all this in the newsletter.”

This afternoon we did a lot more work on the mending of the temple. The new high altar on which we started work some time ago will soon be finished. One of the local priests has brought along a friend of his, who is a professional carpenter,

to help with it. We're also going to widen the temple itself by building a new front on it. It's about time it had some new front walls. There have been almost no repairs done on this place at all for two-hundred and fifty years.

27th. February.

"The other day you said that what other people did didn't matter; what does matter is our reactions to what they do."

"Yes?"

"Do you think any of the things that were done to you in the early days when you were in the Tokyo temple were done deliberately in order to get you to react in specific ways?"

"You mean were they manipulative to get me to specific states of awareness? Is that what you're talking about?"

"Yes."

"No, I don't believe it at all. No true Zen master, no true Zen trainee, ever manipulates anybody. The kōan arises *naturally* in daily life; we don't *need* to give it any false assistance. We don't *need* to manipulate anything to create the kōan. The seeming use of manipulation has been the objection of many to Rinzai for years for they think it is the setting up of an artificial situation. However, in *true* Rinzai and Sōtō this is not the case. In Rinzai you are given a kōan which should, of course, agree with your natural kōan. Some say that when you've gone through all three-hundred odd of the official kōans you are *officially* enlightened but this is not so with a *real* master. The kōan arises *naturally* in daily life. A *true* master, whether Rinzai or Sōtō, uses the situations as they arise, for they are *natural* kōans, along with the traditional ones, for you are with him to learn how to live *naturally* at peace. Everything the trainee does tells the master something about the trainee. The master notes these things and uses them to point the way for the trainee to his *naturally True* state. That which arose *naturally* for me in the Tokyo temple was the fact that I was a woman and a foreigner in a Japanese man's temple. It was a natural problem, given the culture here, a natural kōan; it needed no manipulation whatsoever. The kōan arose every day of the week, every minute, every

hour. It continues to arise now but I know exactly what to do with it. Through it I solved the real kōan, belief in me, faith in my own Buddha Nature. This is to solve the kōan of everyday life which contains all kōans. Once the barrier of the opposites is broken for one situation it remains so for all others provided one keeps up one's training. To solve the kōan of everyday life is to understand the Truth of Buddhism and to live completely at peace without doubt. You'll have to find that which is *your* natural kōan and learn to deal with it, then you will live naturally and at peace without doubt—you will bathe, if you like, in your Buddha Nature in this world; you will *rejoice* in living in it, regarding Samsara as a beautiful playground in which you can help all living things as well as yourself, in which you can show them how to enjoy their lives because you yourself are the living proof that the Lord of the House can be found within this world. In other words, you will have learned to handle the kōan of everyday life. A manipulated situation is not natural; when you leave it you will not be able to behave naturally and normally in situations that *do* arise naturally. You will always have to live in a manipulative, or manipulated, situation. I don't have to tell you the terrible dangers that would arise from that. I don't have to talk to you of the horrible dangers of tyrants who manipulate thousands of people. Just think of what it would be like if you had a person who manipulated his disciples. They would be automatons in his hands; he could be a complete and utter tyrant. They would never, in fact, be free at any time or in any place. At *all* times one must learn to handle one's own kōan for *oneself*; all the master ever does is point the way.

“No, I can assure you that none of the stuff that was done with me in Tokyo was done deliberately from the point of view of manipulation. It may or may not have been done deliberately in order to hurt me. But who cares? From where I am now it doesn't matter two hoots as I told you the other day. But I *do* know that it was not done to manipulate me.”

29th. February.

A card came from Rev. Hajime. He tells me that if I do not come to Zenji Sama's state funeral in April he will buy some red roses for me which will be put upon the altar. He also tells me that a British friend came to collect some of the things that I had left behind. He is very kindly going to bring them down here when he visits me in a week or two's time.

1st. March.

Harry has been working on the newsletter. He has collected a lot more news than I would ever have dreamed of putting in, including the fact that the mayor and town council have decided to put a completely new roof on the entire temple. It's about time! Part of the old one fell in the first year I was here; I remember having to have it repaired at my own expense.

He's also written about married couples since we had that discussion the other day. I'm a little worried about what he wrote—that and a couple of other things. I'll record them here just in case they are ever talked about at a later date.

1. If you are a married couple we advise that you separate and go to different temples after you arrive here. We hate to suggest that you separate but Japan can be a crucible which can melt down the strongest Western marriage simply because of the Japanese attitude to women. Jiyu Rōshi has spent more of her time healing broken marriages than she cares to remember. Since this attitude to women is simply Japanese custom and has nothing to do with Buddhism it is a pity to harm both your marriage and your faith. It upsets the husband to see his wife underprivileged and excites jealousy in the wife to see her husband getting preferential treatment. There is also the fact that many temples dislike having married couples and may refuse to take you because of this.

That's not strictly what I told him. Anyway it's what he wrote. The second warning he gave was concerning invitations to Japan. I quote,

2. Be very careful how you accept invitations from Japanese in foreign countries to visit Japan. Please do not misunderstand us. Most invitations are sincerely meant but some are not and we know of at least three people who gave up excellent posts in their own countries to enter temples only to find that they were not really expected to come when they got here or else were expected to stay for only a very short time. We all know the expression, 'Come and stay sometime,' which all of us have used from time to time in our own countries, knowing full well that the invitation was extended to be polite and not meant to be taken seriously. We get the feeling that the Japanese do the same sort of thing and perhaps some of us have misunderstood them. But it is difficult when the invitation comes in writing from an important priest to believe that he is merely being polite. Therefore we would suggest that you do not refuse such invitations but that you think very carefully twice before accepting them.

I wonder if it was necessary to put such a thing in the newsletter? I know *why* he put it in. Since Zenji Sama's death there have been many, many discussions in the Tokyo temple as to whether I was ever really invited to come to Japan. Some people, including Rev. Hajime, even discussed it whilst he lived, saying that Zenji Sama had told them that he had never issued the invitation. All this in spite of the fact that back in England I have several letters to prove that I was invited as also the special letter for my visa guaranteeing me to the Japanese government. In my own mind there is absolutely no doubt that I was invited; that other people think I was or wasn't doesn't really matter. But Harry is quite right, I suppose, to talk about this because several other people have had similar experiences—one of them went back to San Francisco last week almost crazed from what had happened.¹³⁶

I shouldn't be talking like this in this diary. It is wrong. If he went crazy it was because there was something wrong with him. I must be very careful what I say. I must equally be very careful what Harry writes. We must not give wrong thoughts to people.¹³⁷

The third warning Harry wrote said,

3. Be careful not to excite jealousy in the temple. The Japanese are no more jealous than any other nation but monasteries the world over are special and different from the ordinary world in that they are closed communities and, with everyone living in his next-door neighbor's pocket, as it were, character flaws show rapidly and mole-hills soon become mountains. Be specially careful of attracting the favor of the abbot or abbess of the temple concerned for their attendants and temple officials can be very jealous of their positions and jealousy sometimes drives them to create rumors and scandals of a most revolting nature. More important still, we know of two who were so insanely jealous of Jiyu Rōshi's success in Zen and her position in the temple that they thought nothing of trying to destroy her reputation in the eyes of the temple authorities and, for that matter, wherever else they went. There is much more I would like to tell you about this for Jiyu Rōshi has suffered bitterly owing to the late abbot's affection for her but she will not permit me to print it. She has never said anything and I would not have known if I had not accidentally found her diaries one night when I was acting as her night-nurse. She is not pleased that I read them.¹³⁸

He's darned right I'm not pleased that he read them! He'd got no business fiddling about with this diary. Perhaps I ought to burn it—it might be the best thing—although the warning could be well taken. I know of somebody else up in Tokyo who had a really rough time. The female Rōshi at the temple she was in had an assistant who screamed and cried every time she had to do any work other than that of attending the Rōshi. Yes, maybe he's right in putting some of these things in. Maybe people should be warned of the dangers when they come here. I know that if I'd known a lot of things I certainly would have been far more careful.¹³⁸ I know something else too; under no circumstances would I ever have come without Zenji Sama's direct invitation. I'm not in the habit of going anywhere without

invitations anyway. So whatever they say, whatever anyone believes, I *genuinely* believed myself to be invited and I *know* that Zenji Sama genuinely invited me.

3rd. March.

A letter came from my friend in Kyoto. I had written to her to ask if she could possibly come and help me since she had offered to—this was back in December when I first got here. I now have a reply—three months later. She talks at some length about how much she would love to come but can't do so because she mustn't stop her meditation and must be at Sesshin. She talks a tremendous lot about her 'shugyō' and her 'meditation' and how to sit and how she can't sit correctly in the half-lotus position any longer; and she *still* talks about how much she would love to be able to look after me. If she really wants to why doesn't she come and do it? This is what I was talking about only the other day—people who are always talking of how much they want to do things for others but never do them—the coldness of many who go into Zen for the sake of wisdom without first understanding the necessity of compassion and love. I might have died in these three months if it hadn't been for Harry. There have been times when I was close to it but Harry pulled me through. This letter talks of all the work she's had to do—she must clean the temple garden for the trainees there and she's got to help with the washing-up and help with the cooking—there are eight or ten other people there helping with her. Ah, forget it. If that's as far as her Zen has got, if that's all she understands after so many years in the East, she's best left alone where she is—and I'm best off with Harry.¹³⁹

5th. March.

George arrived this morning. He was one of the original eight that Zenji Sama had early on for that first great Jūkai. He is going to be ordained as a priest. Zenji Sama had told me to ordain them all as they required it. This will be the first one. He'll be here for a short time getting together the necessary robes and other things before the ceremony takes place. I shall

do the ceremony sometime in April then we can both go to Zenji Sama's funeral together.

10th. March.

I have been instructing Harry in various ceremonial duties so that he can assist me with the playing of the mokugyo and gong at the memorial ceremonies. We had four of them to-day. When they were over Harry went back to his previous conversations on the master-disciple relationship whilst I was lying down to rest. "Am I right in believing that you were learning from Rev. Hajime but were really Zenji Sama's disciple?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.

"So you were also Rev. Hajime's disciple."

"No, at no time was I ever legally Rev. Hajime's disciple. I did ask him once if I could become it and he pointed out to me the reasons why I couldn't."

"Why couldn't you?"

"Simply because I had been Transmitted by Zenji Sama. You cannot legally be Transmitted twice."

"I thought you could."

"I believe you still can be in Chinese Buddhism but I am not sure. If you think about it carefully you will know quite well why you can't. Transmission implies the seeing of Buddhahood within your own master. When you look at your master you see Shakyamuni Buddha in him just as he saw Shakyamuni Buddha in the master before him; and so did all the Patriarchs right back until the physical moment when Makakashyo beheld the historical Shakyamuni Buddha. If you go to a new master because you are not satisfied with the teaching of your present one you are virtually saying, 'This person is a master and that one is not completely so,' or 'This person is a master but that one is more of a master than this one is.' You remember I explained to you that enlightenment is not something you get piecemeal? Buddhahood is a whole thing—the whole of life *is* Buddhahood—every living thing, every animate, every inanimate thing is *the* whole of Buddhahood. That cup is the whole of Buddhahood; Zenji Sama is the whole of Buddhahood. Therefore, when you

are Transmitted, your Transmission is whole. How *could* you change masters after Transmission?”

Harry was silent for some time then he said, “But there are people who do change masters.”

“Yes,” I said. “They are called ‘zuishin’ and they don’t really *change* masters. The word ‘zuishin’ means a ‘follower of another.’ Usually a zuishin is somebody who, after Transmission, feels that there are still things he doesn’t know and, his true master being dead, he goes off to continue learning from another master. But a zuishin is always looked down on by the entire Buddhist Church for he is dragging his true master’s name in the mud, as it were, by implying that he didn’t give him all of the teaching at his Transmission. I know of only one zuishin in this country. I very nearly became one once, when it was so difficult to get to Zenji Sama but, you know, after I thought about it deeply, I realised that another master had nothing to teach me that I hadn’t already learned at my Transmission. And it was about then that I started seeing Rev. Hajime more clearly; then I *knew* I couldn’t become his zuishin. After this I started understanding Buddhism a lot more clearly too. You either see your master as Shakyamuni Buddha or you don’t. If you don’t you are simply a person who has done a ceremony which is not a real Transmission. If you do see, as indeed I saw, there is no way in which you can really follow another even when you are hurt and angry as I was. You cannot tear up the Buddhahood of your own master.”¹⁴⁰

“Some people become zuishins, I’m told, simply because the new master they wish to follow is politically powerful and can give them a job in a really rich temple. I’ve heard of this happening. Fortunately I’ve never met such people. The Administration Department decries this practice horribly but there’s not much it can do about it other than provide the stigma of being a zuishin. I think they are right in refusing to permit people to do Transmission twice.”¹⁴¹

“Hmmm, I see. Tell me something else.”

“Yes?” I said.

“Can you explain the cruelty of the Japanese to animals?”

“If we’re going to have a long, long discussion on this sort of thing I suggest that we get some coffee first.”

“All right,” he said and went out to make it.

“Apropos of what we were saying earlier, before we get off on a new subject,” I said, “I think you should perhaps know that there is, I have heard, the rather unfortunate custom of masters *selling* disciples in Japan.”

“Selling them? What are you talking about?”

“Some priests can’t get disciples at all, so they go to those who can get plenty and offer to pay cash to borrow one so that they can do Kessei. The disciple becomes the borrower’s Chief Junior and goes back, after he’s done his Chief Junior ceremony, to his original master. Then there are those who don’t just want to borrow. These, it would seem, literally ‘buy’ a disciple for a large price. Since the disciple must obey his master he has no say in the matter. I got very worried when I discovered that Rev. Hajime had let one of his daughters go to a childless family. This wasn’t, of course, so that she could become a priest; this was just because the other family hadn’t got any children. The idea throughout Japan is that families shouldn’t have more than two children. It’s a good idea to prevent overpopulation but there’s something in me that winces at the thought of a parent or master selling or giving away one of his kids.”

“Yeah, I know what you mean but I’m not quite sure why it is so revolting.”

“It is, isn’t it?”

He nodded. “Tell me, do the people who get sold, the disciples, do they go willingly?”

“Not always. I believe Rev. Hajime told me of a couple who ran away after their masters had collected up the cash. Presumably there was a reason why the person they were sold to couldn’t get a disciple in the beginning. Perhaps that was why they ran away.”

Since the kettle had boiled and the coffee was already made we went to the living room.

“With regard to animals,” I said, “you must understand that Buddhism has always taught very great compassion for *all*

animal life. And you must also understand that the Japanese are not strictly Buddhists—they are Shintoists first and Buddhists, Christians or whatever else second. Their nationality, Japanese, and their national religion, Shintoism, come before everything. Shintoism deals with everything temporal—you get married in Shintoism and buried in Buddhism. Whereas Buddhism teaches compassion for all life, Shintoism teaches that the Emperor is God and you are his child from the moment you open your eyes because you are a Japanese. It seems that animals are for use and enjoyment. The feet of unwanted animals are tied and the poor creatures put underneath the temples. It's the Japanese compromise between the compassion of Buddhism and the omnipotence of Shintoism. You don't kill an animal because Buddhism says that killing is wrong; instead you put it underneath the temple. Thus it becomes the Buddha's problem since He refuses to allow you to kill."

Harry shuddered. "I don't *want* to know any more about it."

"If you do I suggest you get in touch with a friend of mine who works on one of the newspapers in Tokyo. He's been fighting this sort of thing for a very long time."

"I'm still worried about that article you wrote when you were in the Tokyo temple. You know the one? Why foreigners make a hash of Zen?"

"Yes, I now realise that it was a test—a test of my loyalty. Was I loyal to Japan or to the foreigners? Ever since the beginning there have been tests like this. Who was I in with—the Japanese or my own people? I sometimes wonder about the Buddhism of some in that Tokyo temple—there's still the 'them' and the 'us.' There are Japanese and there's the rest of the world. You remember when I first arrived how Rev. Ichirō told me about the terrible things that had happened to Japan as a result of the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombings? I can remember how he reacted when he realised that I was going out on a limb for the sake of the Westerners who were killed in the war rather than the Japanese. If I'd been a bit more alert then I'd have recognised what was happening. All through my stay in the Tokyo temple I was constantly being asked, 'Are the foreigners

who are coming here loyal to Japan or are they loyal to you? If they are loyal to you why are they studying Japanese Buddhism?’ They weren’t talking about me; I was merely the representative of the rest of the world. I can remember some really important people coming from one of the military bases. I was told that if they were loyal to Japan I should get them to arrange for the return of Okinawa. I remember Rev. Hajime telling me this and thinking how preposterous the idea was. Zenji Sama never mentioned anything of the sort and neither did the Director. As far as they were concerned Buddhism was one and undivided.¹⁴²

“After Zenji Sama’s death I was asked the same question again in a different form. ‘Where *does* your loyalty lie?’ I can guarantee you I would never have written that article if I hadn’t been so ill.”

He put a hand on my shoulder. “I can believe that; it’s totally contrary to anything I’ve ever known you write.”

“I’m awfully glad that the worst thing I said in it was why some foreigners make such a mess of Zen. What I wrote was true. But, if I’d not been so ill at the time, that article would never have been written at all.”

I looked out of the window and saw the mayor coming up the path. “Quick,” I said, “let’s get rid of the coffee things. Here comes the mayor.”

Harry went to the kitchen to get on with lunch and I sat back, hoping that the mayor brought good news about the mending of the temple roof.

12th. March.

I had a card from Rev. Hajime. The British friend who has been collecting my things from the Tokyo temple has told Rev. Hajime that he will pick up the rest within the next day or two and bring them down here to my temple sometime in April. It is good to know that the officials of the Tokyo temple are going to give my address to the foreigners who have been going there. It has been very worrying up to now for quite a number have been trying to get hold of me. It seems that some of the new

staff members there have been unwilling to tell them where to find me. It was also good to know that the Cashier's Department will soon be sending the cash that has been promised to me if I run the Foreign Section from here.

One thing is somewhat disturbing, however. Rev. Hajime wrote that a bad rumour surrounding us is spreading and that we must fight for it for the sake of our honour. He will see me on the seventeenth. I wonder what bad rumour he's talking about now? I'm not there so it can't be about me. Maybe someone is trying to get rid of Rev. Hajime, and probably the Director.¹⁴³ I wonder what the rumour is about this time?

15th. March.

Harry has been doing much work on ceremonial and is now extremely valuable as an assistant—really valuable. Two of the local Japanese priests—one a man, the other a woman—are coming along regularly to help here also. The man especially has been doing a lot of work on getting the front of the temple rebuilt. He is the one I spoke of in my earlier reference (20th. February) who brings with him the expert carpenter. The temple looks so very different. It is so pleasant to have safe walls. I shall be glad when the mayor does something about the roof as he has promised.

16th. March.

Harry asked me to-day why it was that the Japanese have always referred to me as Jiyu San instead of Kennett San which is the polite form of address. I suppose one could say that it is because I am a woman and, as such, cannot be taken seriously. But that wouldn't be true since the other women I have met in monasteries are at least addressed correctly; they are not, as I was, spoken to in the familiar terminology reserved for children and servants. No-one is permitted to use another's first name without permission. Harry insisted on knowing about this but I didn't really want to discuss it. I don't see any point in discussing it. Whether they were rude or not, whether they couldn't be polite to a foreigner or whether they wanted to be deliberately

rude to me as an individual is neither here nor there. I learned what I came here to learn. I met Zenji Sama; it is enough for me that I met Zenji Sama. I don't need to make idle speculations. I have too much to do.

In years to come maybe people will ask such questions; at the moment finding the answers is very difficult. I tried once to get the Japanese to change what they called me, to use my surname instead of my priest's given name, for I knew that what they were doing was, in their culture, very impolite, but they would not take the matter seriously.¹⁴⁴ What can one do under such circumstances? And why bother about it? It is a pity that people worry about unimportant things. I must really try to get Harry away from trying to discuss matters of this sort—they don't count. It matters so much more that one works upon oneself.

17th. March.

The 'phone was installed here to-day. I have been notifying all my friends of my 'phone number. A 'phone should make life a lot easier.

24th. March.

Harry went to Nagoya to-day and I went to Kyoto. Just as I was leaving the temple a small boy came up to me carrying a little kitten. It was black and white, very, very thin and looked very ill. He asked me if I would give it a home. I told him to keep it for a couple of days since I would not be back from Kyoto until the twenty-seventh when I would gladly accept it. He said he would look after it.

26th. March.

I got back from Kyoto earlier than I expected. I was somewhat appalled to hear dull cries coming from under the temple. When I looked I found the little kitten. It had been put under the temple, as is the custom with unwanted animals, so that 'Kami Sama' (the Shinto equivalent of God) could take care of it. This method of disposing of unwanted animals, which I find particularly irresponsible and cruel, I have been unfortunate enough

to witness far too often. Hundreds of unwanted little creatures were disposed of in this way beneath the temple in Tokyo, sometimes stuffed into boxes and, according to friends of mine, sometimes with their feet tied. I was able to retrieve two little kittens once and looked after them until one was killed in a fight and the other left home. This little creature—the one that came to-day—is terribly thin; not a bone in its body that cannot be seen through the miserable fur and his little tail is broken. I find the breaking of cats' tails a revolting habit. The Japanese believe that there is a death-hair in a cat's tail. If the tail is waved over a person, and it has not been previously broken, then that person will die. This superstition is so powerful that people go around breaking cats' tails. I will keep this little fellow—I rather like him. I will call him Thomas.

28th. March.

Another letter from my friend in Kyoto. She's saying that she is sorry she wasn't able to come. I had hoped she might still have managed to since I felt that it would be better for me to have a woman in the house nursing me during my convalescence rather than a man. She said in her letter that she had hoped to be able to come but had waited for her Rōshi to come back to settle the programme for the next month or so. On his return he had arranged several Sesshins and she was going to have sanzen and numerous other things for a very long time to come so there was no way in which she could possibly come even for a short visit. Well, if that is the sort of teaching that her Rōshi is giving her, all I can say is that I was extraordinarily fortunate in whom I had to teach me.¹⁴⁵ There is so much more to Zen than just rushing off to Sesshin and going to sanzen. I can just picture what Zenji Sama would have said if someone had told him that they had a friend who'd been very ill and needed some help; not to have given it would have been an extraordinarily *good* way to get shied out of the Tokyo temple. She ended her letter with the suggestion that I get one of my "sporting priest-friends" to give me a "spin" in his car all the way to Kyoto. She informed me that, although her mornings

and evenings were tight, she could generally muster a couple of hours during the day. She would find it awfully nice if I came down, and if I was driven in a car it might not be too much of a strain for me. As for her, should something unforeseen open, she would grab the 'phone and "rush it" with pleasure. Ah—the rest of that letter speaks for itself.¹⁴⁶

31st. March.

A letter arrived from Rev. Hajime. It said that at the end of last month the office appointments meeting was held as usual and my name, 'Foreign Guest Master,' was crossed off the registration list by the opinions of many of the other officers. Zenji Sama,¹⁴⁷ he said, put his weight on their side. He writes that this is very sorry for me and the foreigners. At least from April I may get ten thousand yen for my work, not for study, as an outside officer of the temple. He said he was trying to tell this coolly, but there is some hope because the new Zenji Sama said that when the circumstances have changed (he thinks that means when some of the officers leave) he will do something for me and the foreigners. As of now, however, it is not worth trying to do anything there.

I am not at all surprised by this. They are at least paying me to look after the foreigners even if they don't want them in the temple itself. With regard to my own training I have no problems; I finished going up the seven ranks of the priesthood long before my Zenji Sama died. All I now have to do is settle in and look after the foreigners to the best of my ability. I rather like the idea.

I telephoned Rev. Hajime after receiving this letter and asked him if I had 'carte blanche' to go ahead and look after the foreigners here as I think best. He said that I had but that I should report what I am doing to the Tokyo temple once every month or so. I asked if I needed to check everything I did with them before doing it and he said he didn't think so. I expect *that* will come back to rebound on me at a later date; I shall do something and they'll say I hadn't the right to do it.⁷³ Well, that's fine by me—I'm not worried about it.

Harry came in from the kitchen wiping his hands. "Tell me," he said, "why did the Director embrace you and say 'magnificent' when there was no response from you?"

I sat back, stretched and smiled. "Oh, that's very comical," I said.

"What's funny about it?"

"You don't understand the Eastern mind. A man and woman able to touch each other without desire is regarded as something quite remarkable in the East. The East believes that no-one can touch a member of the opposite sex without going into transports of ecstasy therefore Orientals think all Westerners are extraordinarily lewd. One Chinese, who came to the Tokyo temple, shook hands with me at the Director's suggestion and trembled in terror afterwards. He said that he would never be able to again control his physical desires. As it seems to me Orientals just can't understand our being able to have physical contact with each other and yet not suffer from a desire to instantly jump into bed and rape one another."

"You mean to say the Director was testing you to see if you *did* have any physical desires when you touched another person?"

"Yes, and he found my lack of response absolutely magnificent. He told me once that it was one of the things that really made him respect foreigners—that they could touch each other and have no physical desire. He was always of the opinion, until the time he tried embracing me, that Westerners were extremely lewd. After that, after he found that there was no response from me, he said that his opinion of the West went up a hundred percent. I find the whole thing extraordinarily comical. Imagine what he would make of the 'kiss of peace' in the Catholic Church."

Harry gave me a queer look. "There are times when I'm awfully glad I'm Occidental!" I chuckled and he went back to the kitchen.

1st. April.

We started work on the newsletter for this month. Harry wrote much about the temple improvements, saying that the

Hondō should be completed sometime this month. He also talked of the ordination that is going to take place soon; the ordination of George who, by the way, is still here. He has been doing much studying and getting his robes ready for the ceremony.

A couple of items of information that Harry put in the newsletter I think should be mentioned here. One was concerning food and medicine. He wrote,

For those intending to enter Japanese temples the big difficulty for most people in temples of our school is the lack of sweet foods in comparison to the large quantity of salty and sour ones. The priests compensate for this by eating heartily, at the funerals and other outside ceremonies they attend, of the food offered to them by the parishioners but the average foreigner here in Japan cannot do this. Jiyu Rōshi was seldom allowed to go to outside ceremonies when in the Tokyo temple [not strictly true; I went to quite a few when I was with the Director but not a fraction as many as did other juniors;] and so she acquired the usual disease resulting from this deficiency of diet, i.e. inflammation of the salivary glands. This can be extremely painful and so we advise that you stock up on sweet things before you enter a temple and nibble at them occasionally. We also recommend that you bring a supply of your favorite antibiotic, laxative and any other medicine you may need. Remember that you will not be allowed outside the temple for some time after you enter it except with special permission and it is not wise to ask for this too often. So get visa papers and sightseeing done before you take up your residence in the temple buildings. Under no circumstances get the desire to go on a shopping spree after entering. If you get the wanderlust when you are inside you will only harm your own reputation and inadvertently the reputations of your fellow foreigners.

I'm glad he's talked about the problem of the sour and salty foods. It's amazing what a strange deficiency that actually is, the lack of sugar. The Japanese eat far too much of it in many respects but, for some peculiar reason, it is not provided in the

temple diet and all the priests supplement that diet either by going out to funeral meals, as Harry says, or by buying huge boxes of bean jam cakes which are incredibly sweet and cloying. Without them they would be in great trouble. When I was in the Tokyo temple it was extremely difficult in the early days and so I had this problem with my salivary glands; getting antibiotics to treat it was well nigh impossible. I eventually succeeded, it is true, in curing it but it was very painful and I still have a lot of problems when eating sour foods. I'm glad Harry has put this into the newsletter.

He put in something else too. I must really watch that young man. His comments were concerning experience.

I once asked Jiyu Rōshi what a Bodhisattva was and she replied, "You can see them everywhere all the time." Giving thought to this during the past few months I have come to think of anyone who does anything for others as a Bodhisattva. Applying my thought to the above comments on food I get the following:— Jiyu Rōshi bought her experience the hard way in the Tokyo temple and she is giving it gladly and freely for our benefit. If she had been willing to break the temple rules she could have saved herself the illness she had as a result of food deficiency but we would not have known of the problem nor would we have known how to deal with it and we would have suffered in consequence. We do not like having to tell you to bring food into the temple but we cannot honestly think of any other solution to the problem. This is another side of Bodhisattvahood; striving for perfection but accepting the inevitable when faced with a common sense problem. Next time someone does you a good turn gratis think about his or her Bodhisattva potential. Don't just say thank you and wonder what they're going to get out of it for doing it for you. And having thought, do something about discovering the joys of genuine gratitude.

I'm not quite sure what that young man's learning. He's certainly on the right lines although he hasn't got very far. But he worries me. He seems to be taking up cudgels in my defense

like a white knight. I don't *need* one.¹⁴⁸ I'm quite complete without his assistance.¹⁴⁹

I tried to tell this to Harry, as best I could without hurting his feelings, for I know that what he's doing he believes to be for my good and his reply was, "If you won't look after yourself then someone else must do it for you." Well, perhaps I'm *not* looking after myself. I feel very well. I'm doing plenty of work now; yesterday I started digging the pond in the garden. My body is beginning to get straighter. I hope that, by the time I do George's ordination, I shall be able to stand completely straight. No, I'm doing this all wrong. I must be very grateful to Harry. He's done a wonderful job looking after me. I know that he doesn't understand a lot of what went on in the Tokyo temple. I know that he's very angry with them about it. Until he can understand the mind of the master and disciple, until he can appreciate that which existed between Zenji Sama and I, he is going to feel anger at what went on and my duty now, my training, is to be patient with him and understand that what he is doing is for my good just as what was done in the temple in Tokyo was for my good. I will ask his forgiveness to-morrow for having had such wicked thoughts concerning him; for having even contemplated being angry with him over this.

2nd. April.

I explained to Harry what I wrote in my previous entry and asked his forgiveness for having misjudged him. I tried to explain to him that he and I, if we are to truly understand and practice Zen together, must try to practice it on the same level at the same time. I don't think he understood me so I told him to listen not to my words with his ears but with that part of him that meditated within his guts; then he would understand my meaning. He gave me a very strange look, made gasshō and went to meditate.

15th. April.

There are many, many ceremonies to-day. We have had so many funerals this year. There are so many memorials.



The author ordaining one of her disciples at Unpukuji.

16th. April.

George finished his robes and everything is ready for his ordination on the eighteenth.

18th. April.

I ordained George this morning; this is the first ordination done by my own wish. When I ordained Jim it was by order of Zenji Sama and so he was not really my disciple; he was his. The same is true of the Chinese girl but George is mine because I didn't *have* to do it. I didn't do it because there would be trouble if I refused; I did it because I wanted to. He is an extremely capable man but unfortunately has asthma which is not helped by the climate in this part of Japan. We had a big party afterwards. The priest from the local temple who has been helping me, as well as the woman priest from the other local temple, were also there.

The rebuilding of my temple is completed now, except for the roof, and it looks very beautiful. This ordination will be the first big ceremony we have had since the temple's completion.

I telegraphed Tokyo to tell them of George's ordination and several telegrams of congratulation arrived from the new Zenji Sama and the officers there. Since I am still officially working for them, although I am doing it down here, I felt that it was my duty to let them know. I telephoned Rev. Hajime and he said that I was quite right in sending the telegram. He told me that I should report everything of importance.

19th. April.

It was good having both Harry and George helping here with the many ceremonies that took place to-day. One of them played the mokugyo and the other the gongs; I was the celebrant. George has come to all the lectures and discussions that Harry and I have had in the past few weeks but he's extremely quiet and hardly ever offers an opinion except when alone with me.

23rd. April.

George went back to Tokyo this morning; I was sorry to see him go. It has been very enjoyable having him here.

26th. April.

I received a letter from Rev. Hajime congratulating me on George's ordination. He told me that I can have one new Chief Junior each year but not more and that I should find out from the priest who has been helping me how the necessary forms are filled in for this. He also told me that if I elevate the status of my temple, which would cost two-hundred thousand yen, I can have several Chief Juniors each year. I don't see the point of doing that. I can't see myself having more than one Chief Junior a year anyway. He says that if I do want more than one he, Rev. Hajime, will have to be the priest who does the ceremonies unless I pay the two-hundred thousand yen. He also said that George's ordination papers should be sent in by the priest who has been helping me; if I study them I will know how to write out future ones. If the priest cannot do them, or doesn't know how to, I should go to Rev. Hajime's temple on the first of May since he will be there on the thirtieth of this month. He

then said something else. At the beginning of next month the governing body of our school of Zen will meet after which he thinks that many problems will be settled. I wonder exactly what problems he's talking about? I wonder if they have anything to do with the foreigners coming to the Tokyo temple?

27th. April.

I went to Tokyo to-day since Zenji Sama's state funeral will take place to-morrow. It is the first time I have made so long a journey since my illness. Tokyo looked very different from when I saw it last. I suppose I was still so ill I didn't really see it very clearly. I am staying in my old room; I never noticed how grubby and old it was before. It's really surprising. I had no idea it was in this state nor had I any idea that the authorities had never mended the mats on the floor. Odd how one doesn't notice such things when one is living in a place permanently. It is almost as though this is the only room they have never bothered to do anything about. There is also only one other room in the temple that has glass doors instead of paper ones. I asked Rev. Hajime about that once and he said that it was because this room and the one next door to it are not really in the temple. I asked him what he meant by that and he wouldn't answer me. It seems the Japanese make the distinction of using glass doors in houses for rooms that aren't really there. I asked another priest about this once and he said that such rooms were given to people who were unwelcome guests.

28th. April.

Zenji Sama's state funeral took place to-day; George came to the ceremony with me. I was told I must sit with Zenji Sama's disciples. Unfortunately the girl disciple who has always been very anti me objected to my sitting beside her and complained to the priest in charge of the seating arrangements. He told me to go and sit elsewhere. I did so and was grumbled at by the temple officers for not wishing to sit with my Zenji Sama's ashes. I went back to my rightful place behind the catafalque and the girl disciple complained again; so I took no

notice whatsoever of either side and just sat there with Zenji Sama; it was the most sensible thing to do.

I have never been a demonstrative person but during the procession I was swept by such a flood of tears that I could not control them. Someone jumped up from the audience (it's a little difficult to call it a congregation for they were very noisy) and pushed a camera in my face to photograph me. I'm past caring with these people; in the old days, when I first came here, I would have been very angry. Now it doesn't matter at all. If they have no manners that is their problem.

When the ceremony was over there was a big feast and George and I, as members of (the dead) Zenji Sama's religious family, went to it. I was asked what we were doing there by one of the priests in charge. I was rather startled by this and said, "Why, I am Zenji Sama's foreign disciple." He huffed and went off to ask if this was true; presumably someone told him that it was. All the disciples, including George and I, were given copies of Zenji Sama's translation of the works of Keizan Zenji as well as a beautiful plate; Zenji Sama's calligraphy was painted on it.

When the meal was over and the gifts had been given out I went back to my room. Rev. Hajime came to see me. I told him what had happened at the ceremony and banquet and he became very angry.

"Who was it asked if you were Zenji Sama's disciple? Who was it said you couldn't sit there?"

"Forget about it, Rev. Hajime. It is over."

I thought of going to the bath house but decided against it. Why create problems? I can always go elsewhere. I walked along the corridors to take a look at the gardens and met one of my friends. He asked me if I was going to be at the Jōdō ceremony for the new Zenji Sama in the morning and I told him no.

"You're staying here the night though?" he said.

I stopped to think for a moment then I said, "No, I'm not. I'm going off now. This may be the last time you'll see me. I really don't know," and I held out my hand. He looked at it and then shook it.

“All right,” he said with a grin, “foreign style.”

We smiled and gasshōed. I went back to my room. The Director was there to see me, hovering by the door.

“Next time you come,” he said, “if you do come again, will probably be the last time you will ever see me.”

“Why, Reverend Director?”

“I will have to leave here very soon. I have told you that whilst I am here you will always be welcome but you would be well advised never to spend another night in this house.”

“I will remember that, Reverend Director.”

“You would be well advised also to remember that many overtures will be made to you; and there may be some threats. Politicians— —. You must choose wisely. Will you promise me you will?”

“I’ll try, Reverend Director.”

“Come to my room for a cup of tea.”

I went to his room and made the tea for him. We sat and looked at each other for a long time.

Then I said, “I’m going to stay with a Japanese friend of mine tonight just outside the city. I’m not going to stay here. I don’t think it would be wise for I don’t intend to come to the new Zenji Sama’s Jōdō in the morning. He might be very unhappy to see foreigners there at the moment and, if he is friendly towards them, I don’t want to cause him any problems with the officers that may antagonize him.”

“You have to see him,” he said.

“What about?”

“He’s going to be giving out the gifts that Zenji Sama left for people and you are on the list. You will have to see him to-day.”

“But it’s already late, Reverend Director.”

“It’s only five in the evening. The gift-giving starts in about half an hour. Come, I will take you.”

He took me to Zenji Sama’s house, the house that had been specially built for him and in which all my brother and sister disciples were waiting for the new Zenji Sama. When my turn came I went up to him. He handed me a piece of paper informing me that a sum of money had been left to me by the will of the former

Chief Abbot. I thanked him. He was not very friendly nor were the officials around him. I bowed and left the room.

Outside the Director took both my hands in his and gasshōed them to his head. “Good-bye, Jiyu San,” he said.

“Good-bye, Reverend Director.” I turned and left Zenji Sama’s house, collected up my small bag and went off to my friend’s house.

29th. April.

My friend says that he is arranging for me to have another temple, much closer to Tokyo than my present one, so that I can look after the foreigners better. He is very angry over what has been happening at the big Tokyo temple. He feels that their attitude to foreigners is very wrong. It will be interesting to see what develops as a result of his work.

1st. May.

I returned to my own temple to-day and found Harry busily at work mending things. There have been quite a number of ceremonies and he has very competently handled them although he is a layman.

After I had rested he talked to me about what he wishes to do with this month’s newsletter. It seems that fourteen people have written to complain that I ordained George but would not ordain them. It is true that quite a number of people have asked in the past but I refused to ordain them because I didn’t think they understood the meaning of discipleship properly; I don’t think that ordination should be entered into at all lightly or in a hurry. Bearing this in mind Harry has written quite a long piece about discipleship and the difficulties of being ordained in Japan. He also wrote a lot on the difficulties for women when living in Japanese monasteries; the innumerable privileges accorded men and the prejudices against women. Well, I suppose it is advisable for people to know these things and so enter monasteries with both eyes wide open. I suppose it is wise but it is indeed regrettable.

We now have a regular Zazenkai twice a month for the local villagers and anyone else who wants to come. It is proving very valuable. The village is much more behind us than it ever was before.

Unfortunately Harry will be leaving in July. He's always been one of those people that has itchy feet and he now wants to wander off again, this time to see what mainland China is like. I shall be very sorry to see him go. He has been one of the most helpful people, and one of the best friends, I have ever had; the sort of person whom you don't expect to do things but who always seems to come out of the woodwork when you're in need of help whilst those whom you always thought were your friends are busy trying not to be around.¹⁵⁰ Bearing in mind the fact that he is going to be going away, we put an advertisement in the newsletter for this month saying that I needed a permanent companion-assistant. Harry pointed out that financially it was a rotten job but a wonderful opportunity. Financially there's nothing attached to it at all. I very much doubt if he'll get any applicants but it was very kind of him to try.

6th. May.

George, who came down on the train with me from Tokyo to make sure I was safe, left to-day. It's amazing how much I am enjoying the company of my trainees. It is so very pleasant to have sincere people with whom to discuss religion. Every day I feel the wings beating softly. I wonder where they want to take me? I wonder if I'm imagining it?

15th. May.

A letter came from Rev. Hajime, a rather important letter. He sent the papers for the registration of George's ordination, telling me that I must send with them a copy of George's birth certificate and two photographs to prove that the ordination had taken place. Then he said something else. When I was in Tokyo for Zenji Sama's funeral I had again heard of the problems being caused by the very heavy hospital bill that I still have not been able to pay. Apparently the hospital sent it to the Tokyo

temple authorities since I had said that I had no money, the hospital being of the opinion that they, being my employer, should pay it for me. Rev. Hajime told them that the temple would not touch the bill under any circumstances and telephoned the British Consul to tell him that paying it was the duty of the British authorities. The Consul was not pleased about this since he had told me that the only way he could pay the bill was if someone were to lodge a complaint against me and have me deported. Some time ago I asked the new Zenji Sama if he would be good enough to lend me the money on condition that I guaranteed to pay him back at a later date. According to Rev. Hajime's letter he is not willing to lend me anything at all and I know of no-one else with sufficient cash.

The letter ended very strangely, Rev. Hajime saying that he was coming down to his own temple. I have been asked to lecture at one of the temples of another school of Buddhism and I asked Rev. Hajime if this were permissible when I rang him this evening. He was quite cold about it and said that what I did was of no concern to anyone.

Whenever he ends a letter in the way he did the one that came this morning it means that he wants me to pay him a visit but, after what I heard him say, after hearing his tone of voice on the 'phone, I don't think I had better go. I must write to the hospital and explain to them that they should not, under any circumstances, write to the Tokyo temple about the money for the hospital bill. I don't know how I'm going to pay it—I honestly don't think I'll *ever* be able to pay it—and I know for certain that the Japanese never will. If Zenji Sama had lived there would have been no problem but it is different with the people who are in power now; such things are impossible.

We were having supper late this evening when a special delivery postcard arrived from Rev. Hajime to say that the temple in Tokyo, that has offered me work, wants me on the twenty-fourth of this month. I'm not at all sure how I'm supposed to get there unless they are paying my fare to do so. I cannot go back and forth to Tokyo any longer as I did in the

old days; I just cannot afford it. I will ring the temple sometime to-morrow and find out what the arrangements are.

22nd. May.

I went to Tokyo to-day since the lecture that I am required for takes place on the twenty-fourth and I had promised some friends that I would stay with them whilst in the area. The temple I am lecturing at has paid my expenses and promises me a fee as well. My friends actually live beyond Tokyo in Saitama; they are the ones who are arranging a new temple for me in the Tokyo area. The husband, a very important Japanese and an extremely wealthy landowner, has quite a number of temples on his land; he is going to let me have one of the empty ones for the foreigners. He speaks excellent English and has been around the world several times. It was good seeing him this evening. We talked much about the new temple and to-morrow we shall go to see it. We shall also visit a priest who lives in another temple nearby under whose protection the empty temple has been for some time.

23rd. May.

I visited the priest I spoke of yesterday and he was overjoyed to see me. He is not of our school of Zen¹⁵¹ but, as far as he is concerned, my being different does not matter; he just dislikes seeing empty temples. I did not realise that there were so many empty temples in the country. They are under the auspices of other priests, one priest having perhaps as many as six or ten. He lives in one and visits the others, as occasion requires, to do funerals. The particular temple they are thinking of for the foreigners is large but rather difficult to get to. In many respects I think it is more difficult to get to than is my own one in the west; there are far fewer buses. In addition to this the bus doesn't stop anywhere close but we will see how it is for people to get here, see which of the two is the most convenient and make our decision after a few months as to which we keep; the new one or the one in the west.

24th. May.

I went to the temple in Tokyo to-day and eventually lectured there. It was rather strange. I had understood I was *expected* to give a lecture. It had been arranged by a young priest and his wife, who know me very well, who speak excellent English. But the temple belongs to the young priest's father and mother and it seems that the younger pair had not fully checked out the willingness of their parents for me to give the lecture. This was very odd. I had been told they had agreed and were inviting me; now it seems they were unwilling for me to come although they sent the cash. I have a horrible feeling that their change of mind has something to do with the political machinations of the Tokyo temple or, worse still, stem directly from my 'phone call to Rev. Hajime. I have an equally horrible feeling that *he* is no *true* friend of mine but, if I do not trust *him*, *who* can I trust?

The mother, who is also a priest of their school of Buddhism, seemed particularly annoyed about my coming; I'm not quite sure what to make of her. She was obviously very worried about the political implications of having someone from an Imperial temple lecturing at her temple. I suppose *it is* all temple politics again. I really don't understand it and I don't very much care. I went along to lecture as required and that is what I've done. I shall be staying the night here.

There was a large banquet when the lecture was over during which the mother asked me many questions about the Tokyo temple. I felt that a lot of them were of a political nature and I sensed that it was very dangerous for me to answer them. It was very difficult to keep the conversation on something other than this. She seemed very anxious to know what the temple's attitude to foreigners was. I can see that I could be placed in some extremely difficult situations if I were to go to other temples regularly and yet I have to earn a living. The young couple definitely wanted me to come again but the parents obviously had second thoughts, all of them connected with the political dangers of having someone from the head temple. I sensed that if the Imperial Tokyo temple didn't want foreigners then no other

temple should really consider them. I can see this attitude being a great danger to the foreigners here. I must think more and more about the possibilities of leaving Japan. England is definitely out; Malaysia is not a good idea for I can only stay there for a limited time. I can, of course, go to the temple in Tokyo, the new one, or I can stay at my one in the west, or I can go to one of the Commonwealth countries or to America. America would probably be the sanest place to go to since so many of the people I originally taught live there and would like to have me. But I just haven't the wherewithal on which to go and I see no means of getting it. So probably the best thing I can do is just sit still, either in the new temple or the one in the west, do what I can to obey Zenji Sama's orders to keep the foreigners together and see what happens. It is obvious that this is not the place to be; it is rampant with politics and I don't want to be played off against the Tokyo temple and this one by turns. That would be really terrible—and disastrous.

25th. May.

I went to the Tokyo temple this morning and visited Rev. Hajime. He was very unfriendly—very unfriendly indeed. It was as though we barely knew each other. I wonder what is wrong?

I told him of the possibility of the new temple and he said that he would go with me to see the officials to make sure that I would be all right there. Something in me feels worried about this; something about the way in which he said it. I find myself wondering, “Am I with a friend or an enemy?”¹⁵² I wish I knew. There are no such things as enemies in *true* Buddhism but this temple has changed so much that I no longer really know it. The peace inside me is magnificent. The wings tell me, “Don't stay, don't stay, pass on by. These people are not Zenji Sama's any longer. You will always belong to him. Do not stay.” But I *must* trust someone in a foreign country; if I don't trust Rev. Hajime who else *is* there to trust?

As I left Rev. Hajime's room I saw the Director waiting for me. He held my hands and said, “Whilst I am here you will *always* be welcome—understand? *Always.*” He then left me.

I have arranged to meet Rev. Hajime to-morrow outside one of the local train stations. We will meet the officials of the new temple together. I will spend the night with friends.

26th. May.

I met Rev. Hajime outside Shinjuku Station and the two of us went in a friend's car to the village where the new temple is situated. It is indeed a beautiful temple but it is far from anywhere and I find myself wondering if it will be possible for the foreigners to get here. I see no way unless they actually have cars of their own; it will be very difficult otherwise. The village council and the mayor talked with my friend and Rev. Hajime, discussing the possibility of my becoming the priest. It became obvious that Rev. Hajime was suggesting that I *didn't* become the actual priest of the temple, only its temporary caretaker. This rather surprised the council although some of them seemed to have been expecting it. It certainly surprised me. I cannot understand fully what is going on; I thought I was to become the priest. I know that my friend had told me that I would be caretaker temporarily, to see how the villagers and I liked each other, but it seems that Rev. Hajime is determined that that is all I ever shall be. He was constantly speaking about the priest who owns this temple as part of his string and saying that we had to consider how he would feel about a foreigner taking it. I was under the impression that this had already been arranged. I can see many sticky problems coming out of this. I must be very careful or there will be great difficulties.

After we had left Rev. Hajime at Shinjuku Station my friend told me that he felt that the villagers were not too happy at having Rev. Hajime there. Neither he nor they really trusted the officials of big and important temples. This had certainly come over very loudly during the interview. He asked me to return to his house and spend the night there. His wife was very kind and so were his family.

27th. May.

I went to the Tokyo temple to-day, out of politeness, to thank Rev. Hajime for having gone with me yesterday. He and I both went to see the Director. He told the Director that it was indeed a large and apparently very prosperous temple. He pointed out that the priest who owns it will be very upset at losing its revenues and that he was originally trained in the Tokyo temple. The Director was obviously unquiet about the whole matter and unhappy at what was being said. Rev. Hajime continued in this vein for some time saying how far off the temple was and how difficult it would be for the foreigners to get to; I almost felt as though I were stealing it from its rightful owner; his attitude was *so* negative.

After he had gone the Director took my hands in his again. "You are always welcome remember. But I think you should consider somewhere other than Japan. I shall not be here longer than next March at most. They may get rid of me sooner than that."

"Get rid of you, Reverend Director?"

"Yes, things like that happen in our school of Zen."

His comment reminded me of something I had been told a long time ago—something that I hadn't even noticed at the time as worthy of writing down—an instance that had happened when I had been here only a very short time. It was when people were arguing about my right to be in the Tokyo temple—whether or not Zenji Sama had really invited me. It was way back in my first year and I had deliberately hunted round to find the person who had been the interpreter for Zenji Sama when he was in London. He had been a teacher of English at one of the local universities and I had had great difficulty in finding him. Finally I managed to; he was working for an obscure company in Tokyo. He had been very anxious *not* to be found by me and, although I had set up the appointment, would only stay with me for a very few moments. I asked him why he was no longer teaching at the university and his answer had been, "When you know more about our school of Zen you will understand these things"—almost exactly the same words as those of the Director. Even at that early date he had been warning me of the

political problems as had also the Director once so long ago—as Rev. Hajime had warned me of them and now as the Director was warning me of them again. I can remember asking this young interpreter about Zenji Sama’s invitation—had he *really* invited me or not? and he had refused to give me a direct answer—yet he knew that Zenji Sama had; thus do politics change situations. I would be well advised to go somewhere else but I haven’t the money. I will sit still, as I said yesterday, either in my own temple or in the new one, and see what happens.

I said good-bye to the Director. Each time we say good-bye he seems to look at me for a longer period as though he wants to take with him a lasting impression. I get so much of the feel of Zenji Sama from him; there is so much sadness in his heart and such complete acceptance of the situation.

I returned to my own temple. It was good to be home again.

28th. May.

Many ceremonies were waiting for me for several people who should have had memorials during the days I was away had held them over so that they could have them done when I got back. At about three in the afternoon we were finished and Harry wanted to talk about many things again. He wanted to understand clearly what it was that had happened when the British couple were here; he wanted to understand what it really meant to ‘mirror’ somebody as I had explained it to him.

“Why didn’t it work?” he asked. “After all, Rev. Hajime is a very competent priest. Why couldn’t they understand him?”

“Possibly because Rev. Hajime is no longer as excellent a priest as he once was.”¹⁵³

Harry stared at me. “What do you mean? He’s an enlightened man.”

“Enlightenment isn’t something that stays with you just because you once had a kenshō; you have to work hard at your training to be really and truly enlightened. A master once said, ‘Unless you keep up your meditation, unless you keep up your training, even the greatest kenshō will remain only a beautiful memory.’¹⁵⁴ You see, knowing that you have the potential of

Buddhahood is one thing; working on yourself at all times so that this potential will always show, so that you are always literally ‘becoming Buddha,’ as it says in the last part of the ‘Hannyashingyō,’ is quite another. Many people are satisfied with knowing of the possibility of Buddhahood within themselves without ever realising that the knowledge of the possibility entails doing something about it. There are those who think that because they have the Buddha potential they need to do nothing. I watched Rev. Hajime; I worshipped at his shrine; I thought him the most intelligent, most holy priest I had ever seen. I watched him as he taught when a simple lecturer in the Tokyo temple—a joy to behold, someone in whose Truth one could lie back and bask. Then I watched contrivance appear. I saw him behaving like a saint in others’ presence but as a selfish man in mine. I was a nuisance. One time I saw him he told me I and other foreigners would be welcome as servants but nothing more. The next minute he was smirking and fawning over his foreign guests whilst hating them in his heart. Naturally they wouldn’t believe me if I were to tell them such things. You know, in many respects the priests who marched up and down the Hondō with their pride showing were a lot better than was he when he walked in one morning, deliberately trying to look artless, deliberately humble—you knew he wasn’t because you could feel something stirring within him—ambition. This was the day he said to me that he didn’t want advancement in the temple simply because he was helping me. At the time I couldn’t work out what it was that worried me about him; now I know. It was the recognition within himself that I could be very useful to him and the fact that he didn’t like the knowledge. One of the troubles with a big place like that Tokyo temple is that to remain a saint within it may mean going completely against the will of the majority.”

“Do you realise what you’re saying?”

“Yes, that saints aren’t to be found in great temples; they’re where I found them—in back streets—or else trying to do a magnificent job against incredible odds as were Zenji Sama, the Director and some of the very old seniors.”

“What went wrong with what was being done with that British couple?”

“Self was still in the way. Rev. Hajime was *trying* to teach them something. When a priest mirrors another person he doesn’t deliberately *try* to reflect anything. He should have his own self so much out of the way that the other person reflects in him quite naturally. The moon and its reflection are one but Rev. Hajime and that couple were not. There was Rev. Hajime who was trying to teach and there was the couple that were to be taught; so he was using contrivance in the mirroring rather than just using that which came naturally, rather than being completely himself—with no *visible* self—and therefore a reflector for what was in front of him. Can you understand what I’m trying to say?”

“I think so,” he replied, “but not completely.”

“Do you remember that other couple that came up from Kyoto—that very strange pair who, after they came here—? Do you remember I told you that I felt that they were evil, really evil and I didn’t know the reason why? They were interested in manipulating people, and they wanted to see what would happen to people in stress situations. They had caught me, as they thought—a tame Zen master living alone—and could put me into stressful situations and see what would happen. I can remember the husband telling me that I needed to be taught how to eat spaghetti and I told him I didn’t need to learn. He then said, ‘But if you want me to stay in your house you must allow me to teach you many things. After all, that is what I’ve come for.’ I pointed out to him that I hadn’t invited him to come to my house nor had I asked to become his student; he had asked me if he could learn Zen; either he came and learned or he could get out. After that they spent hours and hours trying to put me under stress. One of the things that kept me from being in difficulties was the fact that I was ringing the gong every hour on the hour and holding myself very still inside. It infuriated them because all I was doing was going on with my work without getting involved in their manipulations. I was not *trying* to create an artificial situation so there was no way they could get

at me. They managed to get at some of the other temple priests in the places they visited.

“What I’m trying to say, in a very mixed-up way of course, is that this pair were trying to mirror others without ever having done anything about themselves; their mirroring was an attempt at controlling the minds of others; and Rev. Hajime was fast going along the same road. Someone who truly mirrors another knows that the moon and its reflection are one and that there is no difference whatsoever between them. This is real mirroring—the mirror image which is not separate from the real thing. All is one and all is different. You must understand the ‘all is one’ and the ‘all is different.’”

“I’ve never heard you talk like this before.”

“That’s primarily because you’ve always discussed very earthy matters. It’s worrying when you just discuss worldly things. I want you to go to much higher ones and stop worrying about silly people.”

“But if I don’t know the mistakes they made how am I going to know how not to make them myself?”

“Well, try to understand that any situation that is controlled or contrived is the result of the egocentric self’s will; anything that arises naturally is not contrived by the egocentric self’s will. Remember the difference between deliberate thought and natural thought during meditation? It is *deliberate* thought that you have to cut off; natural thought is right and unavoidable. You cannot avoid hearing a dog barking outside when you are meditating; it is not going to damage your meditation unless you deliberately think, ‘What a nuisance—a dog is barking.’ You should understand mirroring from that angle. If you meditate properly just there is a dog barking and you continue to sit; you have not thought about the thought; you have not taken it apart, analyzed whether it is annoying *you* or not—just you have continued to sit. Do you remember I told you of how I asked Rev. Hajime—I think it was Rev. Hajime, I can’t remember now—about the problem of wandering thoughts during meditation and he said, ‘This morning under my robe a flea was walking; just I noticed it had strong legs’? That’s how you have

to think of wandering thoughts—don't *deliberately* think; be natural. Mirroring is done in the same way. Natural mirroring is quite right for then one catches the Lord as He flashes by. But contrived mirroring is willful and ends in brainwashing—it's dangerous, wrong and evil for it is a *deliberate* attempt to control another being and to usurp the prerogative of the Lord of the House."

"This is the first time I've ever heard you say anything about Rev. Hajime."

"I know, and it's very wicked of me to have done so. But I've watched him change so much over the years. In the end I found myself putting on the brakes for fear of what I might learn from him. I can remember standing, as it were, on the edge of a precipice and realising that he was hurtling over it; and I put on my brakes to stop myself following him. After that the Director started teaching me. I think he knew that I needed to go on and that the person I was with had ceased his training in the real sense.

"There are pitfalls all the way, Harry, both for new trainees and for masters; you need to know and remember that. I've found them—so help me *have* I found them! If Zenji Sama were here I know he would agree with me on this."

"But don't some people, in the early stages, deliberately mirror others?"

"If you get someone in a temple in the very early days who absolutely will *not* understand what is going on deliberate mirroring is sometimes used. An American acquaintance of mine in another big temple was given a mirror trainee who went with her everywhere and was scolded, beaten and grumbled at all day long whilst, in fact, it was she that they wanted to scold and beat. She cottoned on to what was happening in the space of a few hours and wrote an article about it saying how, in the end, she screamed inside herself with the horror of what she was really like. Oh, yes, it is done occasionally but for it to work you've got to have somebody who's really very, very sincere and you only want to do it once; if it doesn't work that once you never want to try it again."

“Maybe Rev. Hajime thought that that British couple had got that far.”

“He may have thought it as a result of what their letters said but when he met them he should have realised that their words didn’t match their behaviour at all. He should never have attempted mirroring under the circumstances. So often people’s words are excellent but their knowledge of Buddhism, as shown within their actions, is non-existent. A true Buddhist can show his understanding of the ‘all is one’ and ‘all is different’ at all times in every movement he makes. He shows the reflection of the moon to be the moon itself and the moon itself to be the reflection; and he can exhibit this in the way in which he lifts the needle or waves the hossu or eats his food. Harry, I’m awfully tired. Can we stop for now?”

“If you really want to but this is getting very interesting.”

“I’ll talk more about it to-morrow or the day after, depending on what we’ve got time to do. We’ve got to start the newsletter to-morrow.”

We left the subject and I went into my room to rest. I still get these dizzy spells. I wonder what they are? There’s a sort of dull headache at the back of my head. Well, I wasn’t imagining the last thing so I suppose I’m not imagining these either. But I certainly haven’t the cash to have them checked out. I doubt, as things are, if I ever shall.

2nd. June.

A card came from Rev. Hajime. He thanked me for my letter (I had written to him concerning the new temple, telling him that I felt that he was perhaps not a hundred percent behind my idea of going there). Regarding the many things that I told him, he wishes to talk when I see him next time. He writes that the new staff around the new Zenji Sama seems to be trying to get rid of us by making several rumours and that we are in the process of fighting with them. No letters have come from foreigners for Zenji Sama. All the letters that have come have been sent off to me. He says that I do not need to pay the postage.

I had also written to say that several of my friends felt that their letters weren't getting through to me since they had not had replies. I wonder what the rumours are that he is talking about?

I showed this card to Harry.

"Do you think the rumours he's talking about are concerning you and him?"

"I honestly don't know," I replied. "The card specifically says that the new staffs are trying to get rid of *us* by making rumours and that *we* are fighting with them. I'm not fighting with anybody; I'm not even there so I don't really see how it *can* be me. But, knowing Rev. Hajime's knowledge of English, it could *well* be me."

"What could they be making a rumour about now?"

"Don't ask me! When somebody wants to make a rumour it's very easy to do. You know that as well as I do. Let's get on with the newsletter—that's a lot more important."

"What shall we write about this month?" he asked.

"Well, we have an ordination. You remember that psychiatrist from one of the bases who wants to be ordained—one of the original eight who was with Zenji Sama for the first big Jūkai? He's coming down sometime to be ordained. We can certainly write about that."

"What's his name?" he asked.

"Fred," I answered.

"Ah, yes, I remember him. That's one article," he said. "Good. What else?"

"Well, there's the possibility of opening the Foreign Section in the Tokyo temple as well as that of opening it in the other one that my friend has found for me. I don't think we should put the last in just yet, however, just in case it falls through."

"What are the possibilities of our opening up again in the Tokyo temple, the royal one?"

"As far as I can understand the new Zenji Sama wants a study group rather than actual disciples. He's not too happy about the idea of having foreign disciples—thanks, I suspect, to the behaviour of certain people who were in the original group with Zenji

Sama. But there weren't all that number of problems—I know that and so do you. There were four-hundred people; out of them three or four caused difficulties. But it's always the three or four that cause difficulties that stick out like sore thumbs. They're the ones that everybody hears about; not the three-hundred and ninety-six. The three or four are the ones that the new Zenji Sama is talking about right now; he prefers a study group."

"Yes."

"So we'll put that in too."

"All right."

"We can put something in about the Zazenkai. We should also, I think, make sure that the people who pay subscriptions for the newsletter send them to the Tokyo temple rather than here; Tokyo is paying me to do this job."

"Do you think that's wise? If they are trying to get rid of you . . ."

"Who ever said anything about that?"

"Well, I don't know; I wonder sometimes. If they are they would have all the cash and the addresses of the subscribers—and you'd be left in the lurch."

"I don't believe that of them; I *can't* believe it of them."

"O.K., if you want to act that innocent— —."

"Harry, there are times when you worry me very much."

"All right, have it your way."

"We should also put in something about the new main altar," I said quickly in order to change the subject. "It's completely finished but not yet paid for."

"All right, we'll do just that. Have you written a lecture yet?"

"No. I'll do one on books this afternoon."

5th. June.

A large number of people arrived to-day from one of the American universities. The class is, at the moment, travelling round the country to various seminars. They are going to be here for about a week. One of the professors who came with them seems to be very concerned that Zen is going to try and take over the world, everything he believes in and has ever

believed in. One feels worried about such people. Zen doesn't do things like that; it's not out to control the world. It's funny what these psychologists think up.

9th. June.

Harry left this morning for a couple of days to attend to personal affairs. Also, this morning I ordained Fred. He arrived, together with his wife and two children, and we had a very pleasant ceremony. It was unfortunate that I had not been able to get all the forms sorted out before his arrival but I really didn't know that he was coming to-day; his letter has not reached me. There was nothing prepared in the way of paper work but that can be done later. I sent a telegram to the Tokyo temple explaining to them that I had just ordained the second one of the eight of Zenji Sama's original disciples.

Rev. Hajime who, it seems, is on a visit to his temple, rang me up to say that he was coming over to see Fred and was very upset that he had not been able to come to the ordination. Had I known that he'd been in his own temple I would have been glad to invite him.

10th. June.

Rev. Hajime arrived to-day instead of yesterday. Since Fred and his wife and family had stayed in my temple he was still able to see and talk with them. He brought Fred a present.

I asked him what exactly the rumours were that he had written about on his last card and he said, "Did I write about any? Oh" and that was all. One wonders about that man sometimes.

He talked to Fred for a long time and then I told him that we were planning to have another Kessei here in September so that George could become Chief Junior before I went to the new temple. He promised that he would come as the lecturer.

12th. June.

A number of people have arrived and, apart from our daily lectures, we are very busy perfecting the garden, putting in many beautiful trees. The pond is now finished and we are about to

build a fountain; we'll then stock the pond with fish. The mayor has promised a load of gravel for the paths to complete the garden and it should look very beautiful when it is done.

We are also starting the Wesak dance classes for the local children. Admittedly Wesak will be about a month late this year but the children love the idea and we will celebrate it in the garden.

30th. June.

We had Wesak, the Buddha's birthday celebration, to-day. All the flowers and trees were in full bloom. The sun streamed down on the lovely garden and the statue of the Baby Buddha, underneath its flower-trimmed canopy, was on the steps outside the front door of the temple. The place was exquisite; the joy around wonderful. All the parents came to watch the children, wearing their best kimonos, dance. A friend of mine came from a nearby temple to lecture.

1st. July.

Harry and I started work to-day on the last newsletter he will do before he leaves. As this is our fifth anniversary he wants to do a special article on our history and how the Foreign Section started rather than have me write a lecture. I have agreed to this. We put something in about the book of my lectures that is being published in Singapore. We spoke of the Sesshin and the fact that George will be doing his Chief Junior during that time. We also said that I would be in Tokyo from the twelfth to the eighteenth of this month. I am going to see the new temple again although I don't know if I like the idea of having it; I have grown very happy here. But we will see.

Harry was very concerned about a Buddhist priest in England who, at the moment, is having a lot of difficulties. Someone, it seems, is trying to give him a very bad reputation. Harry wanted me to take up cudgels in his defense.

"No," I replied, "there is no point in it."

"But you can't just let them sacrifice him like this."

“If there are true Buddhists in England they will meditate and their hearts will tell them the truth of the situation. As for the rest, let them go their own way—leave them be; there is nothing we can do.”

“But you can’t just leave people like this.”

“Yes, you can and sometimes you have to; sometimes there is no alternative. Get on with your meditation; leave them to get on with their meditation—and let those who want to make rumours and fight, the scandalmongers, get on with making rumours, scandalmongering and fighting. There is nothing else one *can* do. If he is a true priest he will sit still within his own heart as I did long ago; there will be no problem.”

“Well, if you won’t write something about it then I will!”

“That is up to you—you are a free agent, Harry.”

“Can I quote what you said?”

“About what?”

“That if they are true, all they will do is meditate?”

“You may tell them from me to get on with their meditation and leave those who want to fight to fight. That is *all* you may tell them from me.” I turned from him and went to my room.

12th. July.

I went to Tokyo to-day and visited the Tokyo temple to make arrangements for some of the foreigners who, it seems, are having difficulties in getting hold of me; I also took several articles to the newspaper for which I am now working since it was on my way. The atmosphere in the temple is very strange; it does not feel right. The Director seems to be going round in a little shell of his own, isolated in the midst of everything.

I asked Rev. Hajime about the rumour—I wanted to know what it was but again he wouldn’t tell me. I feel sure that it has something to do with me but he will not speak. He was extremely unfriendly until the last moment of my visit, quite different from when he visited me in my temple. I stayed only a short while—just long enough to complete my business. I have far too many friends in the area to stay in a place where I feel so uncomfortable—and I have much too much work to do.

14th. July.

I spent yesterday with friends in Tokyo and to-day I am looking after the affairs of the new temple. I shall be moving in sometime in September and I have to make a lot of arrangements with regard to furnishings and various other things. I shall be staying there for a period of two weeks out of each month; this way it will be fair to both the temple in the west and to this one. I made an attempt to find the priest whom Rev. Hajime says owns it. I wanted to talk to him since I had heard so many rumours about his unwillingness for me to have it, but it seems extraordinarily difficult to find him.¹⁵⁵

16th. July.

After much work with many friends here in Tokyo I am returning to my own temple to-day.

17th. July.

I received a letter from Kyoto. I am going to be lecturing there on the twenty-third of this month and the friend who had originally promised to look after me says that she will be glad and happy to see me on that date, or possibly the day before. She also wants to know if my 'phone has been connected yet. It's been in some time—I thought she knew. The rest of her letter was simply gossip about various Britons we know. She is glad that I have recovered.

22nd. July.

Went to Kyoto to-day and was able to meet my friend. She was unfortunately very busy at her own temple and so could only spare an hour for me which we spent in a coffee shop. I stayed at another friend's temple—not the one at which she was staying. It was obvious that she was not happy at the idea of my going there and I didn't press the point.

23rd. July.

The lecture, which was to an American university class studying here in Kyoto, went extremely well. Many of the students are coming to my own temple to continue their studies.

28th. July.

I've been making arrangements for George's Chief Junior which will coincide, of course, with my again doing Kessei. I have also been busy with raising the status of the temple; to-day the confirmation arrived. It is good to know that I and the temple now have the right to do many other ceremonies.

A letter came from Rev. Hajime enclosing the receipts for the cash I had sent to the Administration Section for Kessei and raising the temple's status. I had previously complained to him about one of the junior trainees sent to help me because of his incompetence. Now Rev. Hajime was considerably annoyed. Whether he is annoyed or not, I refuse to pay out money, hard-earned money from the American point of view, for people to help me here if they are incompetent at the job.

Harry left this morning; I was very sorry to see him go. The rebuilding of the temple is now complete except for the roof which the villagers themselves will be doing in a few weeks' time. I'm going to miss Harry but the wanderlust has caught him again; I hope he finds what he is looking for. I had to come all the way to Japan—I wonder where he has to go to, all the way from New Zealand?

31st. July.

A card came from Rev. Hajime apologising for complaining about my comments concerning the junior who didn't know how to recite the Scriptures. He has tested several others and discovered that two of them do not even know how to recite the "Hannyashingyō." It is very easy for this sort of thing to happen in a temple as big as the Tokyo one where people are constantly having to ask off from ceremonies and classes because of conflicting duties. And it's so easy not to notice who is and is not in a class when the class is of over two-hundred people.

Rev. Hajime says he cannot come down as early as he had hoped on the first; he will only be able to arrive here on the second because the new Zenji Sama and many of the officers of the Tokyo temple are temporarily away and will not be back until the first. He asks if I can rearrange some of the Kessei ceremonies so as to be certain that he can be here for all of them. He does say, however, that if it's not possible he won't mind. I really don't think that it is possible. I can't put off a whole lot of people just because he isn't here.

George arrived late this afternoon; he has got all the necessary things ready for his Chief Junior. A new young man, Robert, also arrived; he is going to act as cook for the Sesshin. I worry a bit about him. He seems to be very much involved in doing things at very high speed. If I were—well, no, I'm not a doctor; I can't make that sort of a decision—but he does remind me of someone I once met who suffered from manic-depression. I hope he's not ill. He says he had an extremely rough time with the trainees in the Tokyo temple, one of whom, when he stayed there the night, was particularly obnoxious.¹⁵⁶ I must try and find out more about that.

1st. August.

Sesshin started to-day and so did Kessei. George is doing a magnificent job as Chief Junior. Unfortunately a couple of the trainees who have come to help me from other temples, since there are over thirty people here, are causing considerable problems by spending money on food and various other things that the temple can ill afford. I hope that this does not continue. I have had to tell them very firmly to take the food back. This caused a lot of trouble but there was no alternative.

Robert is also causing quite a bit of trouble. He is convinced the world is against him.

The newsletter will be late this month owing to Sesshin—there is no alternative to that.

2nd. August.

Rev. Hajime arrived early this morning and was overjoyed to see the temple so beautifully mended and the garden blooming. He was amazed at the new Meditation Hall. George did his Chief Junior well and all the ceremonies went well too. The manager of the local head office was duly impressed with what he saw. The Americans who are here (most of them young) are all extremely keen but the intense heat is not helping the Sesshin and we have had to put up five electric fans in the Meditation Hall. All the girls are sleeping in what was originally the club and which will, when finished, become a separate Meditation Hall. An elderly lady has very kindly consented to look after them. She fussed about them as though they were the royal princesses. Most of them understood it as kindness; only one or two found it annoying.

8th. August.

Sesshin ended to-day and we were able to start work on the newsletter. The news this month consists mainly of information with regard to the Sesshin and the fact that Segaki will be held on the twenty-fifth. I am concerned about Robert. He seems to be deteriorating fast. The only time he is really competent is when he is able to rush round and not think about anything, when he can work himself into a frenzy. If he has to sit still and think he becomes very strange and ill.

George and I have been working on getting the papers sorted out for the administration. He leaves for Tokyo to-morrow.

16th. August.

Robert has now become extremely ill. He spent all day yesterday being so terribly paranoid that I became quite frightened—not frightened in the sense that I was afraid of what would happen to me but of what was going to happen to him. I notified a doctor friend of mine on the base where he works of his condition. There is no doubt in my mind that this young man is very seriously ill. There are things I cannot even confide to this diary for they would be too dangerous; and I was so

exhausted yesterday from trying to keep him on the right side of sanity that I couldn't write anything.

Last night Robert started screaming because his room was only separated from mine by paper walls and he said that he could not possibly sleep that near someone else because of the fear of them taking him over, of being possessed. I took a bed out into the garden. Sleeping there meant getting bitten by the mosquitoes but at least Robert felt safe.

17th. August.

This morning I took Robert to the train and said good-bye to him; I do hope he sees the doctor. Life really is sitting beneath the eternal Bo tree; every day the demons attack, every day comes the eternal kyosaku; every day one is enlightened by calling the earth to witness the effort of eternal training and meditation. Now I know why a master cannot handle delusion cases until many years after his own understanding.

I went to Rev. Hajime's temple in order to help there. His wife was extremely cold. The whole atmosphere of this temple has changed amazingly from when I was last here. Then I had actually begun to think that Rev. Hajime's wife was beginning to like me a little but now she is looking at me most peculiarly and making it quite obvious that she does not want me here. I asked Rev. Hajime if it were possible for me not to come to help in future, since I did not wish to so upset his wife, but he said that I was imagining things. He insists that I stay here the night.

18th. August.

I stayed the night very unwillingly and this morning the wife was ruder than ever before. Rev. Hajime's disciples are copying her and Rev. Hajime, although in English he is saying he is against what they are doing, is encouraging them to do it when he speaks Japanese. He forgets that I speak Japanese well enough to know what he is saying. In one breath he tells me not to worry about what is going on and in the next is aiding and abetting it. As soon as the ceremonies were over I got ready to leave but he refused to let me, insisting that I stay another night

because the villagers would talk about him if I didn't. I still wanted to go and he threatened to give me no more help with the authorities unless I stayed. Knowing how dangerous this could be for both me and the other foreigners I agreed very unwillingly to stay.

19th. August.

I returned to my own temple this morning.

25th. August.

Another letter came from my friend in Kyoto. It contained much the same things that her letters have always contained—promises of meetings and nothing more—hopes that friends of mine will take me to Kyoto to see her. I'm getting rather tired of this sort of letter.

The British friend who has been kindly helping me with my moving, etc., arrived to-day with a relative of his plus several boxes of things that I had left in various places. He intends to take me to Kyoto for a day out. George also arrived.

George had problems registering his Chief Junior papers with the local Administration Section. They insisted that I, as a woman, cannot have a male Chief Junior since no man would study under a woman—ergo, George is not a man! We took George along to the local Administration Office. My British friend stayed outside whilst George and I went in; the local priest who has been such a good friend to me in the past also went. The official there refused to do anything with regard to the papers—I could not have a male Chief Junior and that was that. I pointed out to him that I had already got one, that the ceremony was already done; he said that George *must* be a woman. I explained that Rev. Hajime understood that George was a *man* and so did the Tokyo temple officials; George offered, if necessary, to prove that he was male. The official told him he could have the certificate but it would have to say that he was a woman. I said that Rev. Hajime was willing to be responsible for the situation. The official grudgingly put the seals on the papers and told me to take them to Tokyo. Rev. Hajime was

senior to him so if he said it was all right then it was not his responsibility. I *must* find some priest to take Rev. Hajime's place. Having to stay in his temple is a high price to pay for such dubious advantages as using his name provides.

26th. August.

My British friend took us sightseeing to-day to several different places. It was very enjoyable for I have done almost no sightseeing in Japan and one of the things I am looking forward to is being able to go round and see something of the actual countryside.

27th. August.

I went to Tokyo to-day. One of my main purposes in doing so was, of course, to take the papers for Rev. Hajime's seals so that they can go to the Administrative Branch. There was absolutely no problem with the seals, however the Administration Section now says that I've put the papers in too late for this season so they are going to have to ante-date George's Chief Junior by three months. I agreed.¹⁵⁷ I really cannot be bothered with arguing about this sort of thing any longer.

I went to stay with the friend who has arranged the new temple; the last details were finalised for my moving in. However, I was still unable to get hold of the actual priest who owns this particular temple. Since I move in some time in September I feel I really must contact him.

28th. August.

I returned to the Tokyo temple. The atmosphere with regard to foreign guests was very, very strange so I did not stay there.

29th. August.

I returned to the Tokyo temple to-day and found an Australian woman and an American pianist there. It was odd that both were in the Vice-Abbot's guest department instead of being in either my, or Rev. Hajime's, rooms. The whole atmosphere was one of:— keep all foreigners as far out of here as possible.

Rev. Hajime and the others were still polite in a way but not *really* polite. I wanted to get away as soon as I could. I promised I would take the Australian to my own temple in the morning. Both are spending the night temporarily at a hotel in Tokyo.

I spent the evening with George, the two of us discussing many things with regard to Buddhism. Rev. Hajime is of the opinion that George is ready for Transmission. I am not sure about this; I personally do not think that he *is* ready for Transmission, but since it is Rev. Hajime's opinion, and so *may* have been Zenji Sama's, I'm going to go ahead with the Transmission ceremony. I shall write for the silks.

30th. August.

Returned to my own temple with the Australian.

5th. September.

A card came from Rev. Hajime to-day. I really think they must have their affairs in an awful muddle in that Administration Section. This card says that they have decided to make an exception in George's case and accept his papers for Chief Junior. Will I please send them back to them. As I understood it this had already been arranged and they'd already got them! At the same time Rev. Hajime says I should send in the Transmission papers so that the silks may arrive on time for George to do his Transmission. The card ended by saying that everything was going very well and that he wanted to write. How different he is on paper from what he is when I meet him. There is something very odd going on in his temple and in the one in Tokyo—and, above all, in him.

The Australian woman is creating a lot of problems with regard to training. She has great objections to what it is. She is like the Chinese girl who suffered from the idea that all you had to do in Zen was sit still and everything would be done for you.

I have been packing a few things ready for going to the new temple.

17th. September.

Another letter came from Rev. Hajime to-day. It said that the Administration Section has accepted George's Chief Junior and is now waiting for his seal so that they can send his Transmission papers. I had asked Rev. Hajime several things about the advisability of performing ceremonies in the new temple since I have not yet been able to meet the priest who owns it; Rev. Hajime's answer was rather strange. He said that the previous "housekeeper" was asked to start doing ceremonies gradually and that it will be the same with me. He says that it is best that way. I can't help feeling that I had better stay in my own temple, where I definitely *am* the priest, rather than try to move in such an uncertain situation but, if I do not take the temple, my friend will be very upset after all the work he has done. Rev. Hajime says I should ask the priest of the other local temple about the legal owner. He also says that the new Zenji Sama has shown no change from when I met his son during my last visit. He is still, I suppose, not interested in foreigners. I do not know what else he can be referring to. I don't remember meeting the son.

The last part of Rev. Hajime's letter was almost sinister. He said that he has been thinking about the quarrel between us when we went to the Administration Section and to my new temple and he has found that the fault was his. He then likened himself to someone who carries something and feels that it is becoming heavier but who cannot throw it away. He asked me what such a person feels about it and said that that was his feeling now and he did not know the reason.

I had not been conscious of the fact that we were quarelling. I knew that he was not at ease and I knew that he was very angry over the fact that I had a man for a Chief Junior and was thus causing problems with the Administration Section. Yet they themselves had said in the first place that it was all right and so had Zenji Sama. One minute they say I am to do these things and the next that I am not to. I remember asking them if they were also angry about his ordination and was he all right, was he really ordained? They had said yes, any woman could

ordain anyone. I had then asked about Chief Juniors and they said, sometimes yes, sometimes no. It is not *customary* for a woman to have a male Chief Junior. I asked them why they had permitted me to go ahead if they were so uncertain and they had no answer.

I am sorry if I am becoming a burden to Rev. Hajime. I knew that something was wrong but this is the first sign he has made openly concerning it. I must make sure that he does not have to bear anything unnecessarily because of me. I really wonder about what is going on in that Tokyo temple; I know there is much more than I am hearing of.

18th. September.

A film company from Canada wants to make a film of village life in Japan. I have been making the necessary arrangements for them but there are considerable problems since they wish, of all things, to photograph a Japanese family bathing together. Quite reasonably the Japanese feel that this is not polite—I honestly don't blame them.

20th. September.

The Australian woman is refusing to do any training whatsoever and is pretending to be ill. I know there is nothing wrong with her but there is nothing I can do. The weather is very hot and she insists on having almost every piece of bedding in the temple around her in a temperature that is eighty-five in the shade. What is really wrong is she wants attention.

21st. September.

The Australian declared that she was better to-day and wanted me to take her sightseeing in Kyoto and Nara. She says that she will pay all expenses. I feel worried about going for I don't feel that she can be trusted. Anyway, I agreed to go with her. On arrival in Kyoto she made several very unfortunate scenes about the cost of the hotel. I foresee a very gruelling three days. I should have trusted my instincts.

24th. September.

I am extremely glad to be back from Kyoto. The whole visit was a fiasco. The Australian is again saying that she is ill and can do absolutely nothing. She spends all her time lying in bed.

26th. September.

George arrived and the Australian was immediately better. George is ready for his Transmission; the papers and silks arrived to-day. The Administration Section may or may not have objections to my doing things, I really don't know, but it works awfully hard to make sure that I get everything on time to do them with—even if it makes difficulties about their being registered. They sent a certificate giving me the right to do sanzen together with the silks; so I now have my teaching certificate ratifying Zenji Sama's True Transmission.

27th. September.

George started the written part of his Transmission to-day. He'll be doing the paper work first; this is fortunate since the Canadian film unit will be here to-morrow.

28th. September.

The Canadian film unit arrived as well as many of the priests whom I had arranged to come for the ceremonies they wished to film. The Australian got up, completely recovered as I suspected she would be when the filming started.

29th. September.

The Australian is trying to cause estrangement between George and I. It is extraordinarily unfortunate that she is here during his Transmission.

One of the people from the Canadian film unit telephoned me to complain about being charged a thousand yen each for the services of the priests who came yesterday. She seemed shocked at finding out that one does have to pay people who work in this country just as one has to pay them in others!

4th. October.

It is fortunate that George has so much to write otherwise this Australian would cause him unbelievable problems. I have suggested she leaves and have telephoned to my British friend, the one who took me to Kyoto, to say that, if he is in the area of my temple, could he possibly come by, collect her and take her back to Tokyo. She says she cannot possibly travel alone and George must look after her. George doesn't know quite what to do and I foresee problems if she is still here on the day when he does his Transmission ceremony; at the moment I see no way in which this can be avoided.

5th. October.

George's Transmission day to-day and the Australian is insisting that she comes to the ceremony. No Transmission has ever been witnessed by anyone other than the priest, the disciple and the priest's assistant who is usually in the same line as that of the priest or master doing the ceremony. I tried vainly to explain this to the Australian and got a girl in to keep her company during the ceremony itself but she spent most of the day crying and saying that I am casting her off and refusing to let her see things. This evening she went into a torrent of rage, screaming that I was doing secret witch ceremonies to harm others. Fortunately George was bathing and so out of ear-shot. She has so much the attitude of mind of a voyeur that just having her near me is sickening.¹⁵⁸ Whether George was ready for his Transmission or not I know one thing for certain—what has been going on has definitely concerned and upset him. I hope and pray that it may not harm his training.

6th. October.

We completed George's Transmission at midnight. The Australian woman created an atrociously bad atmosphere but the ceremony went, on the whole, well. I think, however, it would have gone a lot better if we had not had the Australian here.¹⁵⁹

It is possible that he was not ready—very possible. But many such ceremonies have been done in the past on people

who were not completely ready and, at a later date, they understood fully what had happened; I do not feel that there is anything to worry about. It has always been George's way to believe that he wasn't really sincere or wasn't really interested. For a man who is not interested in Zen, or not really sincere about it, I have never seen anybody work so hard. He does excellent training every day of the week. This Transmission will be all right but it may take a year or two to crystallise.

My British friend arrived with his car and has agreed to take all of us back to Tokyo. I, in any case, have to move in to the new temple and officially take it over so, since he has such a large car, I have been able to pack all the stuff I need to take with me. I am not taking more than I absolutely need—just the bare essentials. Something tells me that this temple is not going to work out—I don't know why. My friend is going to start late this evening because he wants to drive throughout the night. He has a strange liking for visiting shrines late in the evening and he wants to visit the one in Ise before we go. That means that we've got something like a twelve to fourteen hour journey through the night.

7th. October.

We arrived in Tokyo this morning. The Australian complained most of the night about the lack of room in the car and because I had taken little Tom in a basket at my feet. She is of the opinion that the cat has been horribly spoiled ever since she arrived. Considering the state the poor little creature was in when I first saw him the least I can do is try and give him some comfort now. We left the Australian at a hotel. She said goodbye to George and my friend and gave me a triumphant sneer over her shoulder as she swept through the hotel door; it was one of the most expensive hotels in Tokyo. Both George and my friend were obviously embarrassed. George went to his club.

We got to the new temple to discover that it was still locked and that no arrangements whatsoever had been made for my arrival. I got my friend, after leaving my things at one of the houses in the village, to take me to the Tokyo temple whilst the

necessary arrangements were made. When I arrived there it was obvious that no foreigner whatsoever was welcome. I waited in Rev. Hajime's room for him to come, hoping he might explain what was going on. His assistant walked in with a broom and started sweeping—an extremely rude thing to do when someone is sitting in a Japanese room. He informed me that if I didn't get out he would sweep the dust over me. I went to the Director's room and found that he was just getting ready to go out.

"I'm going temporarily to my temple in the north," he said, "I told you that whilst I was here you would always be welcome but I am the last of Zenji Sama's people. Do *not* come back to this temple."

"I have nowhere to go to-night, Reverend Director."

He looked worried. "Be gone before the bell goes in the morning."

"Yes, Reverend Director, I understand you."

"And don't *ever* come back." He put his hands on my shoulders. "Promise me you won't *ever* come back."

"My Zenji Sama's grave is here."

"That's in the garden—that's all right. Guard yourself."

"I will, Reverend Director."

I went back to Rev. Hajime's room. He was there and looked up shocked at my entrance.

"Why have you come?" he asked.

"To collect up the few oddments I left here and just say hello to you. Is there anything wrong in that?"

He sighed, got up and lit a cigarette. "Whenever you come I smoke much more than I should," he said.

"Rev. Hajime, what on earth is wrong with you? If you don't want to have anything to do with me at all I'm quite happy about it. If I'm such a burden to you for heaven's sake say so—and let's be done with it."

"No, no." He turned back and his face had changed completely. "Let's have some tea together," he said.

We both had tea. Presently the door opened and in came the girl who had had the abortion.

"I brought your 'phone bill," she said.

“My 'phone bill?” I said. “What are you talking about?”

“You’ve been making 'phone calls while you were here, you were sending out for meals, you were . . .”

“Look here,” I said, “I haven’t touched the 'phone in this temple since I left and the last 'phone call I made was temple business. Now let’s stop assing about—I am paying no 'phone bill at all.”

“It’s two thousand yen,” she said, “and I’m not leaving until I’ve got it.”

I turned away from her and tried to continue my conversation with Rev. Hajime but he was looking worried.

“You must pay her,” he said, “I know you’ve been calling out for food to be sent in. You always were.”

“I shall *not* pay her,” I replied. “I do not have a 'phone bill in this temple and I am not going to be forced into paying one. What do you think you’re up to?”

The girl, instantly realising that he was on her side, came in quickly, “Yes, you’ve got to pay it.”

“I shall not.”

Rev. Hajime lost his temper and yelled, “I’ll be damned if I’m going to put up with being in the middle of two women!”

“As you wish,” I said. I held my mind very still, stared into the fire-pot, meditated and continued to drink my tea. The girl took the telephone slips, tore them up, threw them in my face, walked out of the room and slammed the sliding door.

“You mustn’t worry me like this!” cried Rev. Hajime. “I can’t have it; I can’t put up with it. I can’t stand it!”

“Rev. Hajime, what’s been going on? I need to know and I’m *not* going to be put off. Your behaviour has become steadily more insulting.”

“She says that you’re in love with me; that you told her so when you were on the ship going to Malaysia; that you cried in her arms about it. My wife knows. Everyone here knows.” He jumped up. “I *want* to insult you; I’m *going* to insult you.”

“That’s *really* funny!”

“What do you mean? It isn’t funny at all.”

“It *is* funny! Do you realise that my cabin was packed full with twenty or thirty people having a party, seeing me off; that we were drinking pink champagne? You were there.”

“I don’t remember much.”

“No, I can believe that; you were too drunk. I doubt if you could remember anything of that night. But I *do* remember a lot about it because I was *not* drunk at all and a lot of other people remember too if they are honest. I’m not at all surprised at what she’s saying concerning me.”

“Why?” He stared at me in amazement.

“Well, if you knew a bit more about women you’d know. She wanted very much to have your body and you wouldn’t give it to her; you told me so yourself. So she presumed I had got it.”

“Yes, I know; I ought to have given it to her.”

“You ought to have done no such thing! Because you didn’t give it to her she felt that I was the one in the way. I feared she might be jealous a long time ago but I didn’t let myself believe it. And now she’s blaming me, in a weird way, for the fact that she never got you. She made up this tale—it sounds good. In her type of logic it even makes sense.”

He looked at me in concern. “You really think so?”

“I don’t think, I know. But stop worrying, Rev. Hajime. To-day will be the last time I shall ever be in this temple if I can avoid coming.”

“Don’t say that—it isn’t true—you mustn’t say things that aren’t true!”

“It is true. Good-bye, Rev. Hajime.”

“Please at least telephone me; please write to me.”

“*No*, Rev. Hajime, I will *not*. If our relationship ever starts up again it will be by your doing; it will never be by mine.”

I rose and left the room.

“I still have two or three of your things,” he said.

“Be good enough to put them outside your room, or outside my room, by to-morrow morning so that I may take them with me.”

“All right,” he said.

I went back to my room. It was the second time I had noticed how dark and dingy it was, and how uncared for by the Maintenance Department compared to the rest of the temple. The notice outside the door that said "Foreign Guest Department" had been painted once and never painted again; normally such notices are painted every three months. The mats on the floor were in an atrocious condition. Little Tom nestled up close to me (I had left him in the room whilst I was waiting to see Rev. Hajime). I had some fish for him and he ate them. I borrowed a bed from one of the cupboards in the Guest Department and slept very badly. At three in the morning I rose and, with little Tom in his basket, went to an all-night restaurant in the city.

7th. October.

This is really a continuation of yesterday's entry for I wrote most of that in the restaurant that I am in at the moment. I shall go to my new temple as soon as it gets light.

Later. I returned to the new temple and found one of the village elders waiting for me. I was able to put my things away and get somewhat settled in. Unfortunately two newspaper reporters were there also, summoned by the village elder. I foresee much trouble with this again.

8th. October.

Things are very quiet here and I'm able to do much meditation and work cleaning up the place; it is badly in need of being looked after. But I see no way in which the foreigners can possibly be induced to help pay for the mending of another temple. My British friend, as well as the British Consul's wife, have visited me here.

8th. November.

Another Japanese friend of mine to-day went with me to see the priest who really owns this place. He is not at all friendly and not pleased that I am here. He is more or less saying that everything was done without his knowledge and then publicised

in the newspapers. My Japanese friend has advised me to leave the temple at once and return to my own one.

9th. November.

Returned to my own temple. There were a number of letters waiting for me, notably one from my friend in Kyoto wanting to know many things—how I was getting on—just news as usual but no sign of her coming here to help me. I still get very dizzy now and then but I have noticed that this is primarily when I eat certain types of food. It's very difficult to buy the other types on my salary, however, because they're so expensive.

The newspaper articles I am writing are being well received—that, at least, is something.

13th. November.

Another letter from Kyoto—just chatty news as usual.

14th. November.

The dizziness comes and goes every time I eat bread, sugar or rice. I wonder why?¹²⁰ It really is worrying—yet every day the wings beat more strongly—and the desire to go somewhere else (but where the heck to?) grows stronger, too.

A local priest visited me to-day. He told me that if I were to offer myself as a disciple to the new Zenji Sama he'd probably be glad and happy to reopen the Foreign Section in Tokyo. I wonder if that was a piece of official information or just a fishing expedition?¹⁶⁰

1st. December.

I appeared on Japanese television to-day, discussing the work of the former Foreign Section of the Tokyo temple and the overseas branches that have come out of it—their development and plans for the future. On the program with me was a Western junior trainee from the Tendai school of Buddhism; a Japanese priest and scholar were also on the program. They were obviously not too happy about the success that the Foreign Section has had.¹⁶¹

5th. December.

A letter came to-day from Rev. Hajime. He has somehow found out that I am visiting the Administration Branch on the fifteenth of December and wants to go there with me; he wants me to change the date to the sixteenth since the fifteenth is a Sunday—that was an oversight on my part. He then went on to say that he feels that he will soon grow tired of playing religious politics, although he does not like it even now. He says he is thinking of removing “this stone” [i.e. this Stone Buddha—himself] from the Tokyo temple. The new staff apparently does not like my having a room in the temple there. They can have my dark, grubby little room, no problem. Rev. Hajime said he would see me on the sixteenth and suggested that we have supper together at that time. What on earth does he want to have supper with me for? I see no point in it.

9th. December.

Another letter from my friend in Kyoto who is all agog about the new temple. Not much else except news of what she is doing.

16th. December.

I went to Tokyo to-day. Rev. Hajime was at the Administration Office when I arrived there; I handed in the papers for George’s Transmission. Rev. Hajime was very charming. He informed me that he had specially taken ten thousand yen out of the bank to pay for dinner for the two of us this evening. I could see no reason for such a spendthrift action; after all, that’s more than I have to live on for a whole month!

He took me to a Chinese restaurant not far from the station outside which stands the Hachikō statue and ordered a huge feast but I was not hungry. He ate hurriedly, obviously enjoying it very much, and got very drunk. Then he started asking me questions. Perhaps it was the relaxed atmosphere, perhaps it was because we were away from the temple, socializing together for the first time in our lives, that caused me to relax sufficiently to tell him of my future plans for the Foreign

Section and my own temple even when all my instincts told me not to. It must have been the saké he had drunk, I don't know what else, but I saw something appear in his face that appalled me. Before this I do not think I have ever seen such greed, ambition or—I don't know what it was—it was horrifying. It happened when I mentioned the Japanese friend of mine who arranged the new temple for me. He said, "Such a person should belong to me in my temple, not to you, a foreigner." Seeing that look, everything that had happened since I met him somehow fell into place—every single thing. I couldn't explain why but it did. The look passed in a flash, gone, over—but I had seen it; and nothing could ever be the same again between us. What I had been seeing in Rev. Hajime was what I had wanted to see, not what was really there. I had seen a man one could respect, who was just training and training and training, doing a magnificent job on himself. Now it was as if a veil had been torn from my eyes. I saw an ambitious, greedy, selfish little creature, afraid for its own position in the Tokyo temple, not caring a damn who it hurt in consequence. No wonder *something* in my guts had always seemed uneasy when I was with him. What a fool I had been to always think I was imagining it.

We said good-bye to each other and I went back to the new temple. I decided I would try to give it a few more days and see if I could sort things out with the legal priest, apologising to him for having taken it over before asking his permission.

17th. December.

Two friends of mine came this morning and we all had lunch together. It was very enjoyable.

21st. December.

I had to go to the Tokyo temple, like it or lump it, to pick up two or three things I had left in the main Guest Department. The temple office had notified the temple down the road that the things were there and they would like me to collect them. I had no intention of visiting Rev. Hajime but unfortunately couldn't find the chief guest master and was told that he was in

Rev. Hajime's room. The priest who told me said, "Come on, let's go together." He knew me quite well and I could think of no good reason, that was explainable, as to why I couldn't go. So, very reluctantly, I went. The chief guest master was overjoyed to see me.

"Ah, you've come back to look after the foreigners who are coming to-day. I asked Rev. Hajime to tell you," he said. "There's quite a lot of them. We've got to have someone to take them round the temple. I was just asking where you were."

Rev. Hajime made a grimace. "Shhhh, don't say that to her!" he said.

I looked at him, I looked at the chief guest master—the latter was nonplussed. "Why, isn't that what she's come for?"

"Shhhh," was all Rev. Hajime would say.

The chief guest master went away looking worried and I was following him when Rev. Hajime stopped me. He called a young priest in the Guest Department. A very unfortunate scene ensued for it was obvious that he wanted to hurt me as much as he possibly could in front of this young man; he was very annoyed when he realised that he wasn't succeeding. I just sat still. The young priest told me that hundreds of foreigners had come to the temple and that he and Rev. Hajime were looking after them; that they would be looking after them in future; that I needed never to come again. I turned to Rev. Hajime.

"Is this true?" I asked.

"Oh, you need never come again," he said.

"That's *not* what I asked. I asked you if it was true that hundreds of foreigners were coming here."

He exchanged a knowing look with the young trainee and said, "Of course not. I've told you the truth."

"Yes, of course, Rev. Hajime. Forgive me." I rose. "I have to get back to my own temple. Good-bye."

I went along the corridor to find the chief guest master waiting for me near the door.

"I really thought you had come back to look after the foreigners," he said. "A lot of people are wondering why you are not here."

“Really? I was under the impression that I was not expected to be here.”

The chief guest master shook his head. “I really don’t know what’s going on,” he said.

“Reverend Guest Master, neither do I but it was good to see you again. Good-bye.” I left him and returned to the new temple.¹⁶²

23rd. December.

A letter came to-day asking me to go with the wife of a doctor friend of mine to see Rev. Hajime. The doctor wished to complain about the ill-treatment of foreigners. I did not want to go but felt that I had no alternative. I wanted to go back to my own temple to-day, there having been more problems with the rightful owner of the new one.

I was appalled at the way in which Rev. Hajime treated the doctor’s wife, taking no notice whatsoever of her complaints. She was obviously feeling extremely uncomfortable. When she left she gave me a strange look and said, “Is this how Buddhists behave?”

I went back to my own temple immediately after this and found several letters there, one from a young man who, it seems, went to the Tokyo temple, applied to enter and was refused by Rev. Hajime. This letter has been waiting for me since the nineteenth. Rev. Hajime had certainly not told me about it yet he had either written to him or seen him in person.

24th. December.

It was very enjoyable to go to Nagoya to-day and buy something tasty for Christmas dinner, to be alone in my own house without others about.

Lately I have been feeling weak every time I get the dizziness. I really must be careful what I eat. I am listless and very thirsty.

25th. December.

Christmas was very solitary and *very* enjoyable. I don’t think I can remember one which was more enjoyable. I ate my

little Christmas dinner alone, I watched my little T.V. set alone and I meditated in my temple alone. I know that's awfully bad Buddhism but, by golly, I did enjoy it!

31st. December.

A card came from Rev. Hajime saying that he had translated the letter I had sent to the new Zenji Sama requesting that he be my guarantor if I stay in the country. I sent that letter ages ago. Why is it only now that he has translated it? I sent off another letter immediately saying that I had already arranged for my guarantor to be the head of the Administration Section since he is also someone in my Zenji Sama's line.

To-night it looks as though I shall spend the coming of the New Year completely alone. I shall ring my bell at midnight and on the altar will be the great mochi that one of the parishioners brought some time this afternoon; I shall have the celebration wine for those who wish to come and drink it. I'm really looking forward to this new year—a new year without ever having to go up to Tokyo, for I'm not going back to the new temple ever again any more than I am going back to the Tokyo one. The new one belongs to someone else; I should never have gone there. The last person I know who really matters to me, the Reverend Director, has either left the Tokyo temple permanently or will soon; I know Rev. Hajime for what he really is. From here on I do indeed walk alone—and I am looking forward to it. How strong the wings seem to have become in the last few hours. My fledgling days are past.

1st. January.

I spent a most enjoyable birthday. The big mochi, brought by the parishioners, was on the altar; the mayor came to see me and was annoyed because the mochi had been put on my altar instead of on that of one of the other temples in the village.

2nd. January.

I received a notification from a bank to-day telling me that Zenji Sama has left me two hundred thousand yen for whenever

I am in need. It is a wonderful present—I certainly never expected it. I knew that he had left me something—but I never really believed I would get anything.

3rd. January.

The young man, who has been waiting in Tokyo for my reply to his letter, is arriving sometime to-morrow night. His name is Peter.

4th. January.

Peter arrived late to-night and wants to study here for some time. He is tall with extraordinarily vacant blue eyes. It is as though he has lost his soul and is hungrily hunting for it.

5th. January.

A letter came from Charles in America telling me that he is sending five thousand dollars in American stock for me to sell so as to be able to go to the United States any time I want to—so that I can look round and possibly found the Foreign Section in America. I knew that if I sat still and waited Zenji Sama and the Buddhas and Patriarchs would show me the way. As a leaf I went where the wind blew me—to the new temple, to Tokyo, here to my own temple. It seems now that the wind could very well blow me to America. But I also know something else. It is my duty as a Buddhist priest to leave no stone unturned in my attempts to try at all times no matter what the odds. Therefore, before deciding to go to America or anywhere else, I will make one last great attempt to try and keep the Foreign Section here in Japan; not because it *must* stay here, but because it feels like unfinished business. I will make one last attempt with all of them in Tokyo—with Rev. Hajime, with all the new officials and with the new Zenji Sama. If it fails I will believe that the wind *is* blowing the leaf away from Japan and back to the West. During this one year I will wait and see if anyone in England writes. If they want me I will go; they know that I have lost Zenji Sama; I must always keep the door open for anyone and everyone. Just as at my Kessei I said that the temple gate would

always stand open to every living thing whilst I am here, so will I keep open the gate of the Buddha Nature within me for the entire universe, for anyone and everything that wishes to enter. I will try once more—then make the decision to go or stay. The wings fan softly; I know they seem to be telling me to go now but my instinct is to try just once more and, with this young man here, maybe it will be easier. He wishes to live here permanently and I believe that he is sincere.

15th. January.

I have been teaching Peter many things. He needs to know so much. In many respects he has to start Buddhism almost from scratch. This is a blessing in disguise. If he wasn't starting from scratch I would probably have to get him to get rid of an awful lot of pre-conceived ideas. This young man speaks Korean haltingly. Such a talent will be useful later on.

A letter came from Rev. Hajime—an extremely sad letter. The day after Christmas I sent him a New Year card and a mochi¹⁶³ out of politeness, since he had taught me many things in the past, but had received no reply. Then this letter came. After wishing me a happy New Year and a happy birthday, he said that I should recheck the affair of the new temple since he felt sure that there had been misunderstandings there. He then went on to say that he was very sorry for me, regarding his wife. Apparently when I 'phoned last year to speak about what had happened with regard to the new temple she had looked very hurt. After that, for three days during his stay in the temple, she apparently spoke not a word to him. He did not understand the reason. Then, on the last day, she told him many things about me which she said had happened in his temple during the past several years, things which have hurt her very much. He suggested that perhaps the problems arose from the difference of customs between Westerners and Easterners. It seems his wife behaved to me as she had to a delinquent youth who had once been placed on probation with Rev. Hajime in his temple. She seemed to think of me in the same way as him in spite of everything Rev. Hajime did. So long as she knows that he is in contact

with me, apparently she will continue to behave this way. He concludes that it is indeed a very piteous thing and hopes that I may come to work in a more broad-minded setting without having to think of shallow-minded people such as them. It seems that, although he thinks that I can do this, he himself cannot “abandon” them and so, after leaving the Tokyo temple, he will live his life as a poor priest of a temple in the country.

I find myself wondering very much what he is talking about. I know that last year, and in the years past, there have been differences of opinion between his wife and I, primarily due to misunderstandings of customs. But I had not thought that I had done anything to hurt this woman so deeply. After all, I barely know her and I have not visited the house much except for my stay during the first year. It seems very strange that she should be behaving like this after so many, many years. If Rev. Hajime does not even want a New Year greeting I am content; in any case I am not happy with his double dealing in the Tokyo temple. I told him last year that I did not wish to see him again. In his mind perhaps the differences between East and West are so great that there *is* no way in which the two can come to mutual understanding—absolutely no way in which they can ever really get together. If this is so I know that his thinking is wrong but I cannot give him my experience. He may *know* that all is one within himself but he does not know how to stay in unity with it in the all is different. United by the all is one he is yet separated by the all is different. How many centuries will it take for East and West to come together, and live together, completely in harmony, without worrying about the small things, the shallow things, that make them different?

16th. January.

Peter has been finding many of the old manuscripts that I translated with Rev. Hajime. He located quite a number of them whilst doing various jobs throughout the temple—not least of which was covering jam pots. Having in the old days got what information I felt was important from them, I had started to make use of the paper—paper being somewhat expensive and

therefore scarce. Peter is very pleased with these manuscripts and is studying them avidly. Over the next few weeks I intend to teach him much. He has expressed an interest in becoming a member of the priesthood. I am thinking that it would be a good idea to allow him to become a junior trainee fairly soon. Unlike a Transmitted priest, a junior trainee can leave any time. I do not like hurried ordinations but if I ordain him quickly he will not be so easily made a pawn of by unscrupulous people. If he is my legal disciple he will at least have a modicum of protection whilst in Japan. The priest who has been helping me and the woman-priest next-door agree with me about this.

20th. January.

I went to a very famous temple not far from here, in the mountains of Ise, to interview the priest for an article for the newspaper.

31st. January.

To-day I ordained Peter as a junior trainee. It was a very simple and a very happy ceremony. The two priests—the one who has been helping us and the woman—both came as witnesses.

I have noticed, as I said, that every time I have a dizzy spell I seem to become weaker, but I seem to become weakest in the afternoons as well as being dizzy when I wake up in the morning. I cannot help thinking that it would perhaps *be* wiser to go back to the West so as to be able to get proper medical help—I see no way in which I can ever afford a doctor here. But it is wise that I do not speak of these things. I do not wish to worry this young man.

1st. February.

My friend in Tokyo who helped me get the new temple has sent me some translations of the works of Dōgen. I intend to correct the English for him to the best of my ability and send them back.

The two priests who were at Peter's ordination have many outside ceremonies and the woman-priest is shortly to do

Kessei—she wishes me to help her. These things keep me very busy. There were many ceremonies to-day.

2nd. February.

I received a card from Rev. Hajime. I had not expected to ever hear anything more from him. I had telephoned the Tokyo temple's Financial Department to say that it had not sent my monthly cash; Rev. Hajime's card said that the treasurer will be sending it shortly. He informed me that the head of the Administration Section wants to talk with him about becoming my sponsor although I have already arranged everything. He also told me that he did not wish to come to any more Kesseis in my temple. I was not expecting him to.

Peter has to go to Korea in order to renew his visa since the Japanese authorities will never permit anyone to change their visa status within the country. Since Peter is now going to have a totally different type of visa, thanks to the head of the Administration Section in Tokyo who has agreed to become his sponsor as well as mine, it is necessary for him to go to Korea to get the status changed. I shall go to Kōbe on the twenty-eighth to see him off on the ship.

28th. February.

We went to Kōbe to-day and stayed with the treasurer of the Tokyo temple who is the priest of a very large temple in the Kōbe area. He had come home specially after hearing from his wife that I had telephoned. He was extremely rude, wanting to know why we wished to stay in his temple and why I had telephoned his wife to ask if we could. I pointed out that one of my disciples, Peter, was going to Korea to get a new visa and that all we needed was a night's lodging; if it was inconvenient we would gladly go to a hotel; I had only asked to stay there since priests were supposed to stay in temples.¹⁶⁴ He grudgingly allowed us to stay.

1st. March.

We spent a rather uncomfortable night in the treasurer's temple. This morning the wife, who has always been an extremely good friend of mine, apologised for the behaviour of her husband, begged me to forget all about it and also begged me to visit her regularly. I said that I would certainly think about it.

I saw Peter off on the ship to Korea and then I returned to my own temple.

2nd. March.

I started work on the March newsletter. It will be a joint effort for March and April. The newsletter has suffered sadly since Harry went away. I have been asked to do a lecture tour in the United States for a couple of months and have agreed to do it. I spoke of this in the newsletter as well as Peter's ordination.

3rd. March.

I was invited to assist at a very important ceremony in a large temple in the neighbouring city. There was a large meal after the ceremony and then one of the priests approached me with the suggestion that, since it was obvious that I could get many foreigners for disciples, especially young ones, he and several others would be glad and happy to pay a sum of money to me if I would acquire disciples for them. I couldn't believe what I was hearing—I didn't *want* to believe what I was hearing. I had heard of such things being done; I told Harry about them but I didn't really believe it—not until now. After all, where I come from we don't sell our children. I tried to explain this to him but he said that it was quite usual in Japan for a priest who had a large number of disciples to send some of them to other people; thus all priests could have a disciple and be able to do Kessei. If a priest couldn't do Kessei then he couldn't make money at ceremonies for he was not regarded as being high enough up to demand good fees. I was too disgusted with this to say what I wanted to say about it. The priests were very upset when I would not agree to help them; they said I was in

Japan and should follow Japanese ways.¹⁶⁵ I suppose this will be another nail in my coffin as far as they are concerned.

7th. March.

I had a letter to-day from Rev. Hajime—just a short note saying that he had translated a lecture I had left behind in the Tokyo temple and which I had originally intended to give at a temple near here. It is good to have the translation—two years late!

I went to another temple to-day for an interview so as to write another article for the newspaper. The finances here are so far working out fairly well—so long as I can continue to write articles and the Tokyo temple continues to send my monthly cash. Peter has a very limited amount of money. The time will soon come when I shall probably have to finance him.

I had a letter from England to-day; from a young man who is interested in my going to England to lecture if I am actually going to be in the United States. It is the first letter of this sort I have had from anyone in England. If my fare can be raised I will definitely go. I have written to tell him this.

8th. March.

The villagers have been collecting the money for the new roof and I have been going round with the town council to help with the collection. It was unfortunate that the roof didn't get put up last year but I suppose it was only to be expected. After all, we had done a lot of mending.

9th. March.

There was a big funeral in the city west of here to-day to which I was invited. I couldn't understand the reason why for I knew none of the priests at the temple and it is very strange to receive an invitation from so far away for something like a funeral. But, since they were going to pay and I needed the money, I went.

During the meal, when the funeral was over, the priest of the temple took me aside to ask if I was going to America with Rev. Hajime. I was startled for I had no idea that Rev. Hajime was

going to America. The priest laughed and looked knowing when I said that I didn't know, making it quite clear that he knew that I knew and understood why I wasn't telling. The knowing smiles going round were quite revolting. As soon as possible I returned home and wrote a letter to Rev. Hajime demanding information as to what he had been saying concerning me.

10th. March.

The Kessei of the woman in the temple next to mine took place to-day. It was obvious that people were not too happy about my being there.

21st. March.

I received a reply from Rev. Hajime to my somewhat terse card concerning the incident in the distant temple. He said he had been invited to lecture in a certain city in America at the beginning of July, that the schedule was up to the person who had invited him and that my going to America had nothing whatsoever to do with him. He continued that he was surprised to know that I was seeing only the bad side of him, that in my eyes he had no good point whatsoever.

I don't know who to believe and I was stupid to write him the letter in the first place. He is quite right to grumble—I should not have allowed myself to be pulled off centre by a bunch of idiots¹⁶⁶ at a funeral.

1st. April.

Peter returned to-day. The mayor of the town here is not too happy about my having another foreigner living here permanently. I find this strange because originally he was extremely pleased with the idea of a large number of foreigners here and had even given us the parish hall to turn into a Zendō. I suspect that the parish hall has always belonged to us but was sequestered by the town when the temple became derelict. However, the mayor is not happy that a large number of foreigners may be here and says that I must not ordain any more without his express permission.

A Japanese lady arrived this afternoon bringing with her two young American girls who are on an exchange program and wish to study Zen. I have been teaching them together with Peter.

The mayor gets ruder every time he comes. There is something going on of which I have no knowledge but, as I said earlier, the leaf will obey the wind. If the wind is blowing it away from Japan then it will leave; if the wind does not blow then it will stay.

5th. May.

We started rehearsing the village children for the dances for the Buddha's birthday celebration which will take place in about two week's time. Peter was extremely good at helping with this.

I heard on my grape-vine that the Director of the Tokyo temple officially left, after almost forty years there, on the 31st. of March. He went, as he had come, carrying his trainee's box and wearing a black robe, down the temple path to the station on foot.

15th. May.

We celebrated the Buddha's birthday to-day. The children came in beautiful kimonos for the dancing and their parents were overjoyed with the celebration. As of old, a friend of mine came to give the lecture. Peter took a number of slide photographs. Some day perhaps they will remind us of much that has happened here.

15th. June.

About thirty people from one of the university classes in Kyoto arrived to do Sesshin here. Another professor was again somewhat worried about the spread of Zen in America since he felt that it was going to try and take over the world. He was especially frightened by the two of us. I wonder what he thinks one middle-aged female and one young man barely in his twenties can do to take over the world?

18th. June.

Went to Kyoto with the university class and took them on a tour of Mount Hyei as well as giving a couple of lectures at the Kyoto International House. It was a very enjoyable day. I stayed in an inexpensive hotel rather than bother anybody in a temple.¹⁶⁷

I have received no money whatsoever from the Tokyo temple since the first of March and our financial situation is now very serious. At the beginning of May I wrote to the wife of the treasurer in Kōbe to ask her if she knew what had happened to my monthly cash and begged her to use her influence with her husband to get him to send it. By way of reply she telephoned to say that if I'd go to Kōbe once a week to teach English to her daughter she would arrange that I got ten thousand yen a month, the equivalent of what I was getting from Tokyo. It seemed a peculiar way of solving the problem but I agreed.

I have been going to Kōbe every Saturday, in consequence of this, since about the middle of May. It has caused a lot of problems with the village for they feel that *I* should be there to deal with *their* ceremonies; they're not happy with a mere junior, Peter, doing them for them. But I have to earn sufficient money to run the temple and I see no other means than this teaching. Now, from to-day, Peter has no more cash and I must support him too.

I telephoned the Tokyo temple to ask the treasurer what had happened but there was no reply from the Treasury Office. I thought of telephoning Rev. Hajime but decided against it.

3rd. July.

To-day a young priestess came from a temple in the north of Japan. She wants us to go to her temple for a big festival and appear on television there. She originally came solely for me but, when she discovered that I had Peter with me, she wanted him to come as well.

10th. July.

We went to the young priestess's temple to-day. We were wined, dined and fêted; then we appeared on television. It was

obvious that the young priestess's family, however, was not terribly pleased to see us.¹⁶¹

12th. July.

We returned to my own temple this morning. The young priestess has asked Peter to marry her! My mind boggles.

13th. July.

I have to make arrangements for my trip to America. George has been helping me through a friend of his to whom I wrote. To-morrow I must go to the American Consulate and see about the necessary visas for myself.

14th. July.

I went to the American Consulate. It seems there are going to be some problems with regard to my going to America for this lecture-tour. Unless I misunderstood what I heard, I must get a letter of sponsorship from every university that is inviting me. I'll write to a friend in Tokyo about it; I felt that the Japanese clerk didn't fully understand me.

My weakness is increasing as is the dizziness. I wish I could afford better food.

10th. August.

Many villagers arrived to-day to mend the temple roof. They say it will take two to three days. Peter is unhappy since they will not let him help them mix the mud. They say that a foreigner does not know how to.

11th. August.

To-day there was a typhoon which caused great havoc at the back of the temple, almost ruining the new mats that we have just put down. The roof had been stripped off and it had not occurred to the villagers to put tarpaulin over the huge hole. Unfortunately it was my bedroom that suffered.

12th. August.

The villagers finished mending the roof to-day. It looks extremely good from the front but the mayor put all the new tiles on the front for cosmetic effect and all the bad ones on the back—which means that the living quarters still leak badly. He also insisted on taking the new tiles off the gate roof (Peter had done a good job tiling this) and put old ones there instead. He says he is not willing to mend the living quarters, only the Hondō.

13th. August.

I was too weak to take the long walk from three this morning until noon to open the houses for OBon so Peter did it for me. The mayor was extremely angry over this saying that I had not obtained his express permission to do it. It is no use pointing out to him that he has no jurisdiction over the town temples; it is equally no use pointing out to him that I am not well.

To-morrow Peter will do his Chief Junior ceremony. He has done extraordinarily well up to now. To-morrow will be the first time that Rev. Hajime has not come to the ceremonies. I have invited someone as lecturer. I hope all will go well.

14th. August.

We did Kessei to-day so that Peter could become Chief Junior. It was very different from the first one. Only five people were present—the necessary number of witnesses, as well as an American friend of Peter's and several other people who came for the Hossen ceremony only. But it was very enjoyable. Unfortunately the lecturer was useless since he couldn't believe that foreigners could understand what he was talking about. He was amazed when he discovered that I could translate what he was saying. The Japanese never cease to be amazed at a foreigner who can speak their language.

There is still no money whatsoever from the Tokyo temple. This going to Kōbe every week is taking its toll of my strength. Peter went with me once in order to help me but I can't allow that to happen often; I cannot allow myself to become completely useless.

28th. August.

To-day was the great Segaki for OBon. The temple was packed and it was good to have at least two assistants for Peter's friend has stayed on. When it was over we all spent a very happy evening together.

29th. August.

I took some of the money Zenji Sama left me and we all went to Kyoto to-day to shop for temple equipment of our own to take with us as and when we leave Japan. I think somehow all of us know that we are going to leave fairly soon although nothing has actually been said. It was also the first day of real sightseeing I've ever had here—sightseeing that was worth doing, that is. We visited several temples that I'd always wanted to see including Nanzenji where Dōgen Zenji himself was once abbot—the temple he walked out of when he felt he wasn't yet ready to teach. How well I understand that feeling.

We spent the night in an inexpensive ryokan¹⁶⁷ and Peter and his friend played chess.

30th. August.

We returned to my own temple, after seeing Peter's friend off on the train, to find that a letter from Rev. Tarō had arrived. He wants me to go to his home temple in Hyogo where his master, who is now an official of the Tokyo temple, wishes to meet me. He says there will be a big feast in my honour as well as a lecture for me to give to his parishioners. I was overjoyed at receiving the letter and telephoned Rev. Tarō at once to say that I would be delighted to come.

1st. September.

I went to Rev. Tarō's temple. He was very, very pleased to see me and we spent a happy day together talking over old times in the Tokyo temple. His master arrived late in the evening and I was truly fêted with very great honour, being served from the red-stemmed tea bowls and cake stands used only for very great priests. But there was something about the

whole thing that didn't feel right. I knew, from the moment his master entered the room, that Rev. Tarō was worried about something. He couldn't look me in the eye. He obviously didn't want to be there.

His master continued to wine and dine me into the night; he talked more and more about the Foreign Section, about affairs in the Tokyo temple, about the new Zenji Sama, what his new staff wanted done. And he made it very clear that I would be welcome in the Tokyo temple if I became the zuishin of the new Zenji Sama. He explained patiently that I could not officially become the new Zenji Sama's disciple because no-one who has become a full priest can ever again become a true disciple of another, only a zuishin. He continued to talk soothingly, waiting for my answer. I evaded giving one. I needed to think clearly without wine in my head. I could be misunderstanding what he was saying. But I couldn't help knowing that I had been invited to this temple, and fêted in this way, to show me that if I were willing to desert Zenji Sama, if I were willing to become the follower of another, there would be no difficulty with regard to my staying in the Tokyo temple and reopening the Foreign Section there.

2nd. September.

To-day there were several important ceremonies for OHigan after which I lectured. Rev. Tarō's master then went back to Tokyo and Rev. Tarō and I were left alone. He still could not meet my eyes and I knew that he was not happy about what he had heard.

3rd. September.

Rev. Tarō saw me off on the train this morning. We took a long look at each other on the platform. I think both of us knew that we might never see the other again. As I got into the train I said, "It won't happen."

He nodded. "I know." The train pulled out of the station.

When I got back to my own temple I was surprised to hear loud laughter and the television set going full-blast in the living room. I entered to find the priest from the big temple in the

nearby city sitting at the table with his son, together with Peter, smoking and drinking. I asked what they were doing there and learned that they had come to invite my disciple, but not me, to an outside ceremony. I refused to let him go.

When the priest and his son had gone I suggested that Peter went to meditate; I went to my room. After Peter had gone to bed I went to the Hondō and sat in front of the statue of Kanzeon. I knew I was looking down a deep abyss; I knew that I was saying, “Why not? Why not chuck it all? Why not go over to this new Zenji Sama? Peace and quiet from want will be yours. They are promising you everything—security, a good job, cash, food, medical benefits, maybe even honour—you name it, they’re offering it. You can have the lot; you don’t ever have to worry again; you don’t have to go off into a strange, cold world to a foreign country.” I also knew that I could just give up utterly. I *need* not keep trying to do this—to *hell* with the other foreigners, let them find someone else to fight for them, to teach them, to help them out of their troubles. I can sit here in my little temple until I starve—just like the priestess who had this temple before me. What is the point of trying? I found what I came for and I can die without regrets, even alone and in poverty. It was as if Kanzeon pointed to the two roads—both completely open, both completely mine. Everything in the temple was still. I could go whichever way I wanted, any time I wanted. I looked at the two roads, one leading to glory, comfort and ease, the other into despair. Between them rose a mountain range,¹⁶⁸ faced by a sheer cliff, with no visible way up. Beyond that mountain range I knew lay a new life, a distant land, unknown challenges, and unforeseen hardships. I felt the wings fanning softly, strong and vibrant, and I felt something else. I felt Zenji Sama there saying, “You are free. Go whatever way you wish.” And I knew completely and utterly that I *was* free and that I *could* choose whatever way I wanted. Again I looked at the two roads and the sheer cliff. I was not conscious of making a decision, only that I did not go down either of the two roads; I was only conscious of leaving the Hondō, going to my room and there writing a letter to Rev. Tarō’s master. I told

him that I was Zenji Sama's disciple, that I always had been and always would be; there was no way in which I could possibly become the zuishin of another. The offer from the new Zenji Sama was a great honour. Perhaps in years to come I may be able to reconsider but I could see no possibility of it whatsoever now. No other priest in the Tokyo temple was required to give up his master in order to work there. If I were to become the zuishin of another I would be denying, in my own mind and indeed in the eyes of the Buddhist world, the complete enlightenment, the complete Buddhahood of Zenji Sama; this I could under no circumstances do. I said that I would gladly and happily serve the Foreign Section and make all the foreigners loyal to the new Zenji Sama but I belonged to my Zenji Sama and always would. I folded the letter and went straight out to post it although it was midnight.

The dizziness I have been experiencing has been joined by a dull headache whenever I eat certain foods, always starchy items. I will get this checked out when I get to London.

9th. September.

To-day I had what I *know* will be the last letter I shall ever receive from Rev. Hajime. It said that he had talked about my coming to the Tokyo temple again with the officers and that they do not agree to my coming here. According to Rev. Hajime, the new Zenji Sama has the same opinion. So now there is no hope for me in the Tokyo temple. He says the cash due to me since April will be given when I leave Japan (about sixty thousand yen).

He also spoke of a young Japanese who very much wants to be ordained by me. He says that his father is completely against it; I suspect that that is at Rev. Hajime's instigation.¹⁶⁹

10th. September.

We went to the American Consulate. Since I have, in any case, to go on to England, there seems to be no problem whatsoever in my getting a short-term visit visa for the purpose of doing the lectures although I have indicated that I would like to

immigrate; it will be the business type. I shall go on to England when the tour is over and decide where I will eventually settle after seeing my own country again. I am still in six minds as to whether to take everything with me now or leave some of it here just in case I ever come back, but a large part of me says I should take everything and find a place to store it until I decide whether I am going to immigrate to America or live in England.

27th. October.

We have been packing steadily and making arrangements to leave. The dull headache and the weakness is with me permanently now; I feel that I must get to a doctor soon or it may be too late. I have told the mayor that I may return and he is happy. He is willing to look after the temple until that time. The priest who has been so kind in helping us mend things is going to take quite a lot of our furniture, either to store or to keep if we do not return. To-morrow, after everything has been moved, I shall leave this temple and go to stay with him whilst we make the final arrangements.

28th. October.

To-day we left my own temple. After going through the gate I turned to have one more look at it, to fix it in my mind. I had seen my possessions taken away in two lorries, one to be stored or kept by the priest who has helped us, the other to a ship in Nagoya harbour which will take it to a friend of mine, there to wait the final decision of where I shall settle.

We stayed with the priest who is my friend. We shall be with him for three days whilst arranging the shipping and customs release of our things.¹⁷⁰

29th. October.

The ship carrying our effects sailed to-day.

30th. October.

My priest friend took us for a farewell dinner; oddly enough in Rev. Hajime's home town. It was very enjoyable.

31st. October.

We left on the bullet train for Tokyo and went to stay with the British friend who has helped us so much in the past with mending the temple and lending us his car on so many different occasions. I took little Thomas with us in his basket.

1st. November.

Peter wanted to meet Rev. Hajime to arrange the registration of some of his papers. We went to the Tokyo temple garden to see Zenji Sama's tomb and he had his photograph taken beside it; he then insisted on paying Rev. Hajime the visit. I said he could and went to wait for him in a small restaurant in the town where I had coffee. When he returned he was obviously not willing to talk about anything that had happened and it was with great difficulty that I finally pried out of him the information that Rev. Hajime had a young American with him—a girl living in the room next-door to his. This didn't surprise me in the least; he had no need to worry about hurting me with the information; I had long ago suspected as much. When I refused to become the new Zenji Sama's *zuishin* I knew that I had signed my own death warrant in the Tokyo temple. Rev. Hajime had told them that I could not be there any longer since I had fallen in love with him and his wife had found out. It is amazing how wishful thinking can produce a certainty.¹⁷¹

This evening we had dinner with George at a Tokyo hotel. Rev. Hajime turned up for just a few minutes, together with the treasurer. Apparently he had asked Peter where he could see me, since he must discuss the registration with me, and he had told him of the hotel to which we were going for dinner. Rev. Hajime told me that he had brought the treasurer with him as a chaperon. Apparently the girl who had the abortion told his wife I was in love with him and he is now terrified she may write to her again. He had a drink with us, asked me about Peter, asked what his name was (which seemed strange since he'd met him only that afternoon) and then left; thereafter the dinner became enjoyable.¹⁷²

2nd. November.

We left my British friend to-day and went to stay for the last night with the American friend who looked after me during the three days of my illness in Tokyo. I was not at all happy about the way in which I had behaved to Rev. Hajime the previous evening; perhaps it had been because the treasurer was there. I felt that, since I was leaving Japan, perhaps for ever, I should make one last attempt to make our parting a pleasant one.

Peter was out shopping so I telephoned the Tokyo temple and got straight through to Rev. Hajime. The first thing he said was that he would not be able to see us off on the 'plane in the morning although I had not asked him to; that he had to go to the new Zenji Sama's Kessei. He was obviously trying to be friendly, telling me how much he was interested in what we were doing, but I felt that his heart was not in his words. We talked of mundane things for a few moments then I heard my American friend coming in at the front door and said good-bye. I have made my last attempt; I have done everything within my power; there *is* an end.¹⁷³

3rd. November.

*And each man kills the thing he loves,
Let this by all be heard;
A coward does it with a kiss,
The brave man with a sword.**

This poem has been going through and through my mind ever since I got up this morning; and it was with me during most of the night. Rev. Hajime's friendship; how easily it could be shattered as soon as it was not politically advisable for him to retain it. 'The coward does it with a kiss'—the betrayal of all his old friends in the Foreign Section. What was the cause? Political manoeuvring? A new Zenji Sama? Or his own personal ambition so that he, Rev. Hajime, could take over the Foreign Section, could go to America?¹⁷⁴ Oh, who the heck cares?

*From *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*, by Oscar Wilde, Unicorn Press, London, 1948.

We arrived at Tokyo airport. I wrote the above poem on a sheet of airport stationery and posted it to Rev. Hajime; it was the only way I could stop it running through my head.¹⁷⁵

George, several Japanese friends of mine and the gentleman who had helped me get the new temple were all there to say good-bye to us. The last had got over his bad temper as a result of my leaving the new temple. Our things were safely on the 'plane; all we had to carry on was our hand luggage and Thomas. It was good that he was able to travel with us in the cabin.

I said good-bye to everyone and we made our way to the immigration desk. I turned to wave to them and then went through the barrier. We waited in the lounge for a few minutes and then they called us to the 'plane. As I went up the ramp I knew that my eyes were filling with tears; I felt a grief that I have never before known at any time; I was extremely glad that Peter was in front of me. As I stepped off the ramp onto the 'plane itself there, in the doorway just above me, was the vision of the old priest, this time wearing brown robes, whom I had seen once before so very long ago wearing black in the Tokyo temple. But the *tatte-mōsu* no longer hid the face; and it was the face of Zenji Sama. He sat completely still, utterly at peace, filling me with himself. My eyes streamed with tears and the vision was gone but within my heart I heard, loud and clear, the words "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the ends of the world." The wings surged with life and I felt my spirit soar into the sky. The eaglet had left the nest; no longer an eaglet but an eagle. The stewardess closed the doors of the 'plane and I looked out of the window. I saw the little Japanese boy who had so badly wanted to become one of my disciples dashing the tears from his eyes as he waved from the parapet. Tom sat on my lap; the stewardess had been very kind—she had said he did not have to stay in his basket. The 'plane was already airborne, high above the clouds. For a moment they parted and I had my last glimpse of that great, sprawling city which is Tokyo; the clouds closed over it as we continued to climb. And then we were indeed in the blue sky which stretched to eternity.

474 · THE WILD, WHITE GOOSE

Gyate, gyate, haragyate, harasōgyate, Bodhi, sowaka.
Going, going, going on, always going on, always *becoming*
Buddha.

