

Mind Moon Circle

Journal of the Sydney Zen Centre



RESONANCE

SPRING 2018

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Resonance

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The next issue of Mind Moon Circle will be edited by David Pointon on the theme *Selfless Service*. Send your contributions to- david@davidpointon.com

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SPRING 2018
The Theme of Resonance

Here is the Spring edition of our MMC journal for 2018. A big thank you to all contributors who have generously offered their reflections on the theme *Resonance*.

Thank you to Zen Roshi Allan Marett for making available his teisho on the Blue Cliff Record, Case 27: Yunman 'The Golden Wind' pointing to wisdom, clarity and the alleviation of suffering. Allan deftly draws on his life work in his reflections on resonances between the Wisdom traditions of Zen Buddhism and Indigenous Law.

In this edition, we also pay tribute to Tony Coote, Kodoji architect, creative problem solver of the seemingly impossible and bearer of great yarns and quick wit. Tony is handing over his stewardship of Gorricks Run after 33 years at the helm. His work and generosity have been instrumental in providing us with a special place in the empty field where hearts open, tears flow and dear friends meet as one within the sandstone amphitheatre and fields of grasses. Thank you Tony.

We hope you enjoy this collection of Zen stories and images resonating with what it is to learn and unlearn, to suffer and to end suffering and to come home.

With love and gratitude,

Jillian Ball and Janet Selby



TRANSMISSION CEREMONY TEISHO GIVEN BY ALLAN MARETT
***The Blue Cliff Record*, Case 27: Yunmen's Golden Wind¹**

Allan Marett

The Case²

A monk asked Yunmen, “When the tree withers and the leaves fall, what is that?”
Yunmen replied, “Golden wind is manifesting itself.”

Xuedou's verse³

The question already contains the essence,
The answer is also likewise.
The three phrases should be made clear,
A single arrow flies through the void.
Over the great plain—chilling windblasts howling, wailing;
In the eternal sky—intermittent misty rain.
Don't you see the long-sitting traveler of Shaolin who will never return?
Quietly he lies on the grasses of Bear Ear Mountain.

Declaration

Before I begin my talk, I wish to pay my respects to the traditional owners of this country, the Gadigal people of the Eora nation, and to acknowledge that the place where we now sit is Gadigal Land. At Sydney University, where I spent most of my professional life, graduation ceremonies are usually preceded by an acknowledgement that the university sits on a place of ancient learning that goes back millennia. In that spirit I would like to acknowledge that the land upon which our Buddhist institutions sit has for millennia been a seat of Wisdom. Zen Buddhism, like Indigenous Law, is a Wisdom tradition. I hope that my talk today will bring out some resonances between them.

I'm going to begin by discussing Case 27 of *The Blue Cliff Record*, Yunmen's Golden Wind, which takes us to Sung China, sometime in the first half of the tenth century. I'll then introduce some Indigenous perspectives that derive from two *wangga* songs: *Karra mana tjerri* (which addresses the Sea Breeze Dreaming) and *Karra-ve kanya vever* (“The wind is blowing on my back”). For many years now I have sung *wangga* songs such as these—songs that are simultaneously both ancient and contemporary—in both Zen and Indigenous contexts. I've been

¹ This talk was first given at my Transmission Ceremony, which was held at the Buddhist Library, Sydney, on 29 July 2018.

² With regard to sources, unless otherwise stated, I have used the translation of *The Blue Cliff Record* made by Yamada Kôun and Robert Aitken. I have also referred to Yamada Roshi's teishôs on *The Blue Cliff Record*, which have been published on the *Sanbo Kyôdan* website <http://www.sanbo-zen.org>, and to the following translations of the text and commentaries: Thomas Cleary and J.C. Cleary, *The Blue Cliff Record*, Shambala 1977; Thomas Cleary, *Secrets of the Blue Cliff Record: Zen Comments by Hakuin and Tenkei*, Shambala 2002.

³ Apart from lines 5 and 6, the translation of the verse is from Yamada Roshi teishô. Lines 5 and 6 are taken from Cleary 1977.

fortunate to study these songs over a period of more than three decades with masters of the *wangga* tradition and have been authorized to sing them by senior elders from the Daly region, including Dr Payi Linda Ford, who is with us today.

My teachers are too numerous for me to name them all, but I would like especially acknowledge the late Frank Dumoo, the boss of *wangga* business in the Daly region, whom I called “Dad,” as well as Alan Maralung (my first teacher), Bobby Lambudju Lane (from whom I learned *Karra-ve kanya verver*), Tommy and Kenny Burrenjuk, Maurice Ngulkur (from whom I learned *Karra mana tjerri*) and Colin Worumbu Ferguson, who continues to be my friend and mentor. I offer you all a deep bow of gratitude, and especially to you. Payi, for your support and guidance.

Teishô

Case 27 of *The Blue Cliff Record* begins with an unnamed monk coming before the great Zen Master, Yunmen Wenyan and asking: “when the tree withers and the leaves fall, what is that?”

How should we regard the monk and what do we think of his question? Is he a dullard, merely parroting some key phrase about the dharma? Or does he have a genuine question, about impermanence perhaps? Or is he presenting a deeper insight to his master?

My old teacher, Yamada Koun Roshi, observed that we’re not given much information about this monk, so it’s not easy for us to discern exactly what he was asking. My initial sense is that the images of a withered tree and falling leaves indicate autumn—the season when the vitality of summer begins to yield to the cold starkness of winter—so perhaps the monk was using these images to frame a question about impermanence—about how it is when everything passes away.

In classical Buddhism, Impermanence (*anicca*) is—along with Unsatisfactoriness or Suffering (*dukkha*) and No Abiding Self (*anataa*)—one of the “three universal marks of existence” that affect all beings. According to this classical view, it is impermanence that leads us to find the world unsatisfactory, which in turn leads us to try to grasp onto things, or reject them, which in turn leads to suffering. It would certainly not have been out of character for an earnest Buddhist monk to ask a question of this type. “What about the falling away of things and the suffering this causes?”

Yunmen, the great master, responds by saying, “Golden wind is manifesting itself.” This response resonates perfectly with the autumnal tone of the question, since in Chinese poetics gold is the colour that is associated with autumn. We might interpret Yunmen’s response as saying: “this is precisely how autumn manifests; the trees wither and the leaves fall. Things come forth just as they are.”

In the autumn of our lives, as we enter the years when our bodies begin to fail and death begins to seem more imminent, this very state can, in maturity, be experienced as a *blessed* Golden Wind. In many ways, this is where we hope to end up in a mature practice, or a mature life: with an ability to be at one with whatever occurs. The word “dharma,” which is usually understood as the body of the Buddhist Doctrine, also carries the meaning: “things as they truly are.” “The person of great freedom,” writes Shibayama Roshi, the former abbot of Nanzenji, “would be the one who lives in peace in whatever circumstances ... whether the

situation is favourable or adverse. For such a person... everything is blessed as it is. The eternal peace is established here. This is the indescribable spiritual happiness a Zen [person] enjoys.”⁴

Some commentators however—including the compiler of *The Blue Cliff Record*, Xuedou Zhijian—would not have been satisfied with the interpretation that I’ve just given you. For Xuedou, both the monk’s question and Yunmen’s reply are as much about revealing their Essential Nature as being about decay and impermanence. This is made clear in Xuedou’s verse on this case: “The question already contains the essence/The answer is also likewise.”

The character that Xuedou uses for “essence,” 宗 (pronounced *zong* in Chinese and *shû* in Japanese) also means “ancestral source,” and accordingly Cleary translates the first line of the verse as “the question has the source.” The couplet thus simultaneously points both to the essential truth of the Buddha-dharma and to the lineage of the master, Yunmen. These two are not, however, in conflict: they are simply dimensions of the one truth. Each of these two dimensions—the essential and the ancestral—are taken up and elaborated in later couplets of the verse.

For example, the final couplet, “Don’t you see the long-sitting traveler of Shaolin who will never return? Quietly he lies on the grasses of Bear Ear Mountain,” points in the direction of the ancestral source. The “long-sitting traveler of Shaolin who will never return,” is, of course, Bodhidharma, the Indian (or possibly Central Asian) monk who brought Zen Buddhism to China in the fifth century CE, and who sat unmoving in meditation for nine years at Shaolin Temple on Bear Ear mountain. Prior to this, Bodhidharma had a famous encounter with Emperor Wu of Liang. The Emperor could not recognize Bodhidharma as the great sage that he was, but after Bodhidharma has left and crossed the Yangtze River, and once the Emperor had been alerted to who he really was, the Emperor asked his advisor to call him back. The advisor famously responded. “Even if everyone in the country went after him, he would never return.” This is why Xuedou calls Bodhidharma the one “who will never return.”

The eighteenth century Japanese Master Tenkei Denson wrote in reference to these lines of “the eternal, unchanging, living Bodhidharma, who neither comes nor goes.”⁵ That which is “eternal and unchanging,” and “which neither comes nor goes” is precisely what we call in Zen “our Essential Nature” or “our Buddha Nature.” Xuedou’s phrase, “a single arrow flying through the void,” expresses this eternal and unmoving Bodhidharma mind. Here it is, right now, flying through the void, going precisely nowhere.

Tenkei’s contemporary, Hakuin Zenji, skilfully points to the identity of question and answer: “The very substance of the Zen ancestor sitting at Shaolin

⁴ Shibayama Zenkei, *The Gateless Barrier: Zen Comments on the Mumonkan*. Shambala 2000, p.34.

⁵ Thomas Cleary, *Secrets of the Blue Cliff Record: Zen Comments by Hakuin and Tenkei*. Shambala 2002, p.85.

[Yunmen's response] is itself the time and the state of *the tree withering and the leaves falling* [the monk's question]."⁶

In Zen poetics, images such as the withered tree and the fallen leaves point directly to the boundless empty field that has been there from the beginning, to use the words of Master Tiantong Hongzhi. Images of this type abound in Xuedou's verse: "Over the great plain—chilling, windblasts howling, wailing/In the eternal sky—intermittent misty rain." Here "the great plains" and "the eternal sky" represent the boundlessness of our Essential Nature. Keizan Jokin, one of the early Japanese Zen masters and one of our great poets, used similar images to point to Emptiness: "The wisteria has withered; trees have fallen down;/Mountains have crumbled level with the plains."⁷

For Xuedou and other later commentators, the monk's utterance is not so much a question, as a *presentation* of his awakened mind, where everything has completely fallen away. Yunmen's response, "Golden wind is manifesting itself" perfectly balances the monk's presentation with a vision of fullness and abundance.

As I said earlier, in Chinese Zen, gold was the colour associated with autumn, and autumn, in turn, was associated with abundance. This is true not just in Chinese Zen. Some of us might remember Keats's *Ode to Autumn*, which begins: "Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness." Master Tiantong Hongzhi, wrote: "the place of silent and serene illumination is the heavenly dome in autumn,"⁸ and he goes on to urge us to be, "splendid and lustrous like the waters [of the dharma] moistening autumn."⁹

Yunmen's Golden Wind of Abundance is said to be "manifesting itself," that is, it is constantly coming forth, right here and now. Closer examination of the phrase "Golden Wind is manifesting itself" reveals, however, that Yunmen's words reference not only abundance, but also poverty. *Simultaneously* they present the coming forth of things and their falling away and in so doing, they point directly to the Great Matter that lies beyond birth and death. This is the genius of Yunmen's response.

In order to understand precisely how Yunmen points to that which lies beyond birth and death, we need to dig a little more into the language and the poetics of his utterance. While "manifesting itself" is the most common translation of the pair of Chinese characters 體露 (*dilu*), taken *literally* this character-pair mean "body exposed." This is why Thomas Cleary, in his translation of *The Blue Cliff Record*, renders Yunmen's response as: "Body exposed in the Autumn Wind."

Centuries later, in eighteenth-century Japan, Hakuin Zenji latched onto this more literal interpretation when he commented "[Yunmen] saw the whole world uniformly in terms of the realm where subject and object are transcended and your skin is shed."¹⁰ And again, he writes, "when the skin is completely shed,

⁶ Cleary 2002, p.84-85.

⁷ Yamada Kôun and Robert Aitken (trans), *Denkoroku*.

⁸ Leighton, Taigen Dan, *Cultivating the Empty Field*, Tokyo/Rutland, Vermont/Singapore: Tuttle, 2000, p.38.

⁹ Leighton 2000, p.42.

¹⁰ Cleary 2002, p.85.

there is only one reality.”¹¹ This one reality is “the body exposed in the Golden Wind.” When we awaken, the skin of an abiding self is indeed completely shed and the empty body of the dharma-kaya is fully exposed.

What is it that is exposed when everything is blown away in the golden wind that has been blowing since the beginning and which is blowing right here and how? What is it that transcends the abundant coming forth of things and their concomitant falling away? The Zen student must be able to point to this without hesitation.

Winds that expose the true body that lies beyond birth and death also make an appearance in the tradition of Aboriginal *wangga* songs. We Zen Buddhists draw heavily on the wisdom of Indian, Chinese and Japanese masters, but alas it is far more difficult for non-indigenous Australians to access the indigenous Wisdom traditions of this ancient land. You might like to reflect on why this is so.

I began this talk by formally reading a case and reciting a verse about the Golden Wind from one of our Buddhist compendia of wisdom, *The Blue Cliff Record*. I’d now like to sing something from an Aboriginal compendium of Wisdom—the *wangga* songs of North West Australia—and then explore their resonances with Yunmen. You can hear Maurice Ngulkur’s performance of this song if you go to <http://wangga.library.usyd.edu.au/repertories/ma-yawa-wangga/141> and you’ll also find a musical transcription of this song directly below.¹²

The image displays a musical score for a Wangga song. It features three staves: a vocal staff at the top, a didjeridu staff in the middle, and a multi-staff instrumental section at the bottom. The vocal staff is divided into 'VOCAL SECTION 1' and 'VOCAL SECTION 2'. The instrumental section includes 'INSTRUMENTAL INTRODUCTION' and 'INSTRUMENTAL SECTION 1'. Lyrics are written below the vocal staff, and the didjeridu staff is labeled 'Didjeridu'. The instrumental section includes a tempo marking of '♩ = 100'.

VOCAL SECTION 1
Parlando

INSTRUMENTAL INTRODUCTION

Didjeridu

VOCAL SECTION 2

INSTRUMENTAL SECTION 1
♩ = 100

¹¹ Cleary 2002, p.86

¹² Allan Marett, Linda Barwick and Lysbeth Ford, *For the Sake of a Song: Wangga Songmen and their Repertories*. Sydney University Press 2013, p.52.

The text of the song is as follows:

<i>karra mana tjerri</i>	Brother Sea Breeze! He is always manifesting
<i>kagandja kinyi-ni kavulh</i>	himself right here and now, as he has from the
	very beginning
<i>purangang kin-pa-diyerr</i>	
<i>kavulh kagan-dja kisji</i>	The sea is always breaking at the creek, right
	here, like this

This text tells us that, like Yunmen's Golden Wind, the Sea Breeze Dreaming is "manifesting itself/himself." And just as we needed to interrogate the original Chinese in order to discover that what was translated as "manifesting" there literally means "body exposed," so too we need to interrogate the original language of the Sea Breeze *wangga*—Marriammu—in order to understand how "manifesting himself" is actually expressed here.

What I've translated as "he is manifesting himself right here and now, as he has from the very beginning" is, in Marriammu: *kagandja kinyi-ni kavulh*. As is common in Aboriginal languages, the verb is agglutinative, that is, it consists of a verb-stem to which elements are added before and after to inflect for person, mood, tense and so on. The verb stem of *kinyi-ni* is *-nyi-* which means "to make or do." Put *ki* in front—*ki-nyi*— and it means "he makes or does." The suffix *-ni* makes the verb reflexive, *kinyi-ni*: "he makes himself." Linguist friends tell me that these sorts of self-reflexive verb constructions tend to occur only within the poetics of song, and not in everyday discourse. That is, they are unique and special poetic expressions of deep truth.

Self-generation is an important quality of Dreamings, which require no agency beyond themselves for their existence. This quality of the Sea Breeze Dreaming is shared by Yunmen's Golden Wind, which is also self-evidently present and dependent on nothing outside itself for its existence. This is what Tiantong Hongzhi was referring to when he said, "Birth and death originally have no root or stem; appearing and disappearing originally have no defining signs or traces."¹³

When I was studying this *wangga* with the old songmen, we spent many hours mulling over possible translations of this phrase, *kinyi-ni*. Finally, growing impatient, one of the songmen, Ambrose Piarlum, picked up a goose wing fan, stepped up to me and waved it in my face. Going past words and categories he directly exposed the true body of the Sea Breeze Dreaming. Wind and nothing but wind. From a Zen point of view, this was a perfect presentation of the true fact.

The *eternal nature* of the Sea Breeze—in Zen terms, "that which neither comes nor goes; that which is beyond birth and death"—is expressed by the co-verb *kavulh*, which follows *kinyi-ni* and means literally 'he lies' or, as we would say in Zen, "he has lain there from the very beginning," while the *here-and-now-ness* of the Dreaming is indicated by the word *kagandja*, which precedes *kinyi-ni* and means literally, "right here and now."

When, in his verse, Xuedou write "Over the great pain—chilling windblast howling, wailing/In the eternal sky, intermittent misty rain," the reference to

¹³ Leighton 2000, p.32.

“the great plain” and the “eternal sky” parallels *kavulh*, and makes clear that Yunmen’s Golden Wind is similarly boundless and *eternal*; while the references to “chilly blasts of wind” and “intermittent misty rain” parallel *kagandja* in expressing the *right-here-and-now-ness* of the Golden Wind.

So to summarise: *karra mana tjerri*—Brother Sea Breeze; *kagandja*—right here and now; *kinyi-ni*—he is manifesting himself; *kavulh*—as he has from the beginning. This manifestation of the eternal right here and now is what in Zen we call Our Original Face.

Personally I find these resonances deep moving, and wonder whether they might not represent a point of departure for a healing exchange of the type recently suggested by Noongar novelist, and twice winner of the Miles Franklin Award, Kim Scott. In a recent interview on the ABC Away program, he said:

I step toward a possible future via a transformation, because if it’s the case, as I believe, that things like our languages [and I would add, songs] are important—are major denominations in the currency of identity and belonging ... (and enlightened Australia is coming to see this)—then we require some sort of exchange. It can’t be just given over, so it’s the whole exchange, and the negotiation—the protracted negotiation—that I think I kind of enjoy. And I think the history of my people has shown they’re very skilful in that protracted negotiation and dancing around and stepping into the shoes of the other.¹⁴

I hope that in time, we non-Indigenous Australians are able to show ourselves to be equally “skilful in that protracted negotiation and dancing around and stepping into the shoes of the other.”

I’d like now to briefly return to the monk’s question to Yunmen: “When the tree withers and the leaves fall, what is that?” At first I took this to be a question about impermanence and decay, and the associated chain of causation that leads to suffering, but then, guided by Xuedou’s verse and Hakuin’s commentary, I came to see that he was not *just* an earnest monk asking a question about Buddhist doctrine, but also someone presenting his awakened mind to his master.

Yuanwu Keqing, who some sixty years after the death of Xuedou published *The Blue Cliff Record* together with his own commentaries, was also of this view. He thought that if we see the monk merely as someone enquiring into the matter of impermanence, we diminish him: “If you look at him in [such] ordinary terms, he just seems to be a monk involved in idle concerns.” Like Xuedou and Hakuin, Yuanwu saw the monk’s question as pointing in the direction of Essential Nature:

This monk posed a question that was indeed dangerous and lofty ... he undeniably has something marvellous about him. Yunmen did not stir a hair’s breadth, but just said to him, [“Golden wind is manifesting itself.”]. He answered most

¹⁴ <http://www.abc.net.au/radionational/programs/away/saturday-12-may-2018/9734542>.

wondrously, and without presuming to turn his back on the monk's question either. Since the monk's question had eyes, Yunmen's response was straight to the point.

By dismissing the possibility that the monk's question was an enquiry about impermanence and its associated suffering, however, Yuanwu may have missed something, namely that *there is no inherent contradiction* in seeing the monk's images of the withered tree and falling leaves as representing *both* Impermanence and Emptiness. Without a hair's breadth of difference!

Nor is there any conflict in seeing Yunmen's response as pointing *both* to being with things-just-as-they-are and to the totally fallen away, totally exposed, body and mind of our Essential Nature. Again, without a hairsbreadth of difference.

As followers of the bodhisattva path, Zen practitioners vow to liberate all beings from suffering. To me, Yunmen's Golden Wind not only expresses clarity, but also points to the alleviation of suffering. As we read in the opening lines of The Great Prajna Paramita Heart Sutra (which we will chant together later in the ceremony), "The bodhisattva of compassion, Guanyin [or Avalokitiswara], through practicing the deep wisdom of the prajna parameter, clearly saw that all things are empty, thereby transforming all suffering." From the standpoint of emptiness, there is no tree to wither and no leaves to fall, and yet, and yet ... there is no ending to withering trees and falling leaves. This truth is clearly and unequivocally expressed later in the Heart Sutra, where it says: "no old age and death and also no ending of age and death." *Mu ro shi yaku mu ro shi jin*.

When correctly performed in ceremonies associated with death, *wangga* songs have the power, like Yunmen's Golden Wind, to cut through birth and death in order to liberate both the living and the dead. I know this through singing these songs in funerals and other mortuary ceremonies. But I have also learned, from the lived experience of being with the bereaved on such occasions, that they also ease the suffering of the living who have been left behind, by emphasising the closeness of the communities of the living and the dead, which song and dance cause to mingle on the ceremonial ground.

The deep spiritual understandings that *wangga* songs and their associated dances enact continue to sustain people today just as they have through the millennia. It is this understanding that led me to dedicate so much of my professional life to learning these songs, and to responding to people's distress at the loss of ceremonial songs by fostering projects that aimed to help keep these life-sustaining treasures alive.

So let me end my talk with another song, *Karra-ve kanya verver*. You can hear Bobby Lambudju Lane's beautiful performance of this song at <http://wangga.library.usyd.edu.au/repertories/lambudju/71>. I have often performed this song not just in ceremonies for my Aboriginal families in the Northern Territory, but also within our sangha and within my immediate family, when family or dear friends have passed away, or when we are having to go our separate ways, or at times of significant transition, such as this very ceremony. And perhaps this is also a point at which I can also acknowledge that the *shakuhachi honkyoku San'an* that Alex played at the beginning of our ceremony

also has this function. Performed primarily to ensure safe delivery of a newborn—another point where non-existence and existence come so close that they almost touch—*San'an* can also be played to ease our passage through major transitions.

Karra-ve kanya verver rtedi kayanthi / Karra-ve kakkung bende badjalarr:
“The wind is blowing on my back, taking me to my ancestral home, Badjalarr.”
Sometimes, when I sing this song in English, I substitute ‘taking me to my own true home’ for “taking me to my ancestral home, Badjalarr”.

This song was first sung by a being that, viewed from one perspective, is already beyond life and death, and from another, is in the process of moving between the worlds of the living and the dead. The touch of the wind on the back exposes the exigencies of the present moment—the grief at loss that beats down upon the living— as well as the deep truth that from the very beginning everything is beyond birth and beyond death. In Zen terms we might express this as: from the very beginning, nothing to lose, and nobody to lose it. And yet ... And yet ...



Allan at Temple 17, Sekkeiji, Shikoku, Japan.
Photos: Allan Marett



Allan receiving Transmission from Subhana.

RESONANCE

Gillian Coote

The word 'resonance' derives from the Latin *resonare*, to sound again, to resound - or echo – which reminds of this beautiful poem by Ch'ang Yu.

A Ringing Bell

I lie in my bed,
listening to the monastery bell.
In the still night
the sound re-echoes amongst the hills.
Frost gathers under the cold moon.
Under the overcast sky,
in the depths of the night,
the first tones are still reverberating
while the last tones are ringing clear and sharp.
I listen and I can still hear them both,
but I cannot tell when they fade away.
I know the bondage and vanity of the world.
But who can tell when we escape
from life and death?

Ch'ang Yu (c. 810) translation by Kenneth Rexroth



Photos: Allan Marett



SHOULD'VE LEARNT GUITAR

Alex Budlevskis

This is a story about how life in the city can produce deep teachings. After being asked to play at Allan's transmission ceremony I knew that performance anxiety could be a real risk to playing the best I can, and how much people might enjoy the experience of the music. Performance anxiety can affect breath control, pitch recognition, and other subtleties that make a difference to a nice or even nicer sounding performance.

I knew it would be helpful to practice performing in public so I could get to know performance anxiety better, and hopefully learn how to master it enough so as not to affect my playing too much. I decided to wander into the rail tunnels of central station on the weekend as they would have great resonance for the Shakuhachi, and I had seen buskers there before. I wandered through a really long tunnel that goes between Surry Hills and Ultimo which was perfect, and no other buskers were there yet. I had to go to the toilet first however.

I walked further into the rail tunnels in Ultimo looking for a toilet and as I walked through one I noticed a homeless man sitting on a milk crate with a cap held out in his hands asking for change. He had long wild white hair and a big bushy white beard, and clothes a little unkempt. I peeked into his hat as I walked past and he only had a few silver coins in his hat. "Poor fella" I thought. I didn't have any coins to offer.

I finally found a bathroom and on my way back to the intended tunnel I had to walk past the homeless man again. As I looked over him again I had a thought, maybe I could play next to him? Maybe it would help him get more money? I would busk for him as a gesture that he's important too, and help in a way I could. I imagined, maybe this could strike a chord with people too, noticing and considering in their own way how they could help someone doing it tough. Maybe other musicians would see it on social media and cotton on by helping in their own way too? Ideas of a grand plan spurred me on.

I initially hesitated and felt nervous about how it might pan out. I remembered that a prime reason many people are homeless is because of mental health problems, so I decided to be cautious. I figured it would be best to just say hello, talk a little while, and get a sense of who he is.

I wondered up to him, stopped beside him and said, "how are you going brother?" He looked up at me suspiciously and made eye contact, but didn't say anything. I continued "have much luck today yet?", and then I crouched down next to him coming below his eye level. Quickly he decided I wasn't any harm and became very animated and chatty. He had a European accent, I would guess a Mediterranean country. He opened up and talked and talked about the ills of being homeless, the neglect of homelessness by the current government, the pain of being moved on by police when you're trying to make some money for food, and the frustration towards people who aren't homeless and receive social welfare but beg for money for vices. He obviously really enjoyed someone taking an interest and offering an ear as he seemed to just really enjoy talking and didn't ask any questions of me.

After quite a while of me listening he stopped talking and asked “so what are you up to?”. I replied “I was going to play some music somewhere along here.” He rebutted “No! No! Go further down there, you’ll get all the money!!”, and vigorously waved his hand down the tunnel. I said “I thought maybe I could play next to you and help you get more money?” He had only received 70 cents in the last two hours, so I thought it might help. He was initially a bit suspicious of the idea, dismissed it, and kept talking for a while.

Later as the next conversation slowed he reconsidered, “okay, give it a go. I’m not having any luck at all yet.” He hadn’t received a single coin since the conversation started. So, I got my Shakuhachi out and unpacked it from its cover. I put my jacket down to soften the floor for my knees and assumed a kneeling playing position next to him. He kept holding out his hat hopeful for any takings, getting visibly excited.

I started with a simple but very meditative piece called Honte Choshi. It’s a common first piece to be taught and is considered “one’s own piece”. Its traditionally played at the opening of practice sessions or concerts to warm up and tune into the instrument before more demanding songs are played. This piece ends up being played over and over through a players career until it becomes “one’s own”. The piece has a beautiful serenity to it with lots of long tones that drift off into silence, and subtle twists and turns throughout that keep the listener guessing what’s going to be played next.

I played the piece quite well to my own standards, being relaxed and without any performance anxiety affecting the breath, or my ability to cleanly extend long notes into silence. This is really important for the music have a meditative quality for the listener. I was quite happy with the performance and had hoped he had appreciated the calming meditative qualities of the music.

I finished playing and had my eyes still closed for a moment after finishing, and realised I could hear some stirring beside me. I opened my eyes and looked up to see him standing up and packing his things up. I looked up at him with a gesture of “what do you think?”. He blasted - “it was terrible!! I got no money!! Nobody liked it!! You should have learnt guitar!!! Everybody likes guitar, guitar is much better. You should have learnt guitar. I’m going home!!!” I just sat there for a moment with my mouth hanging open, eyes wide. Surprised, but still sensitive, I said “no no don’t worry, I’ll pack up and head somewhere else, you stay.” He replied “No! You should have learnt guitar! I’m going home!”, and he stomped off with his milk crate and cushion made from cardboard and newspaper. I could have sworn I caught a cheeky smirk as he walked off.

“Should’ve learnt guitar” resonated with me like a ringing bell. In one fell swoop all of the ideas I had about playing for him, the purpose of the interaction, the aesthetics of Shakuhachi music, were shattered in an instant. “Should’ve learnt guitar” cut through like the sword that gives and takes life. My ideas or imagination of things were something completely different to reality. He probably just enjoyed a simple conversation, a listening ear, and could restore some of his dignity by blasting my music skills as not good enough for his standards.

Since, “should’ve learnt guitar” has been teaching like a koan. When I make grand plans and they work out very differently for better or worse, “should’ve learnt guitar”

pops to mind. A smirk always crosses my face, sometimes a roaring laugh comes up, and any attachment to the outcome is let go of in an instant of humour. Then, I get on with what's needed at hand. I thought a person at work would have appreciated a professional intervention of a certain kind, but no, they had very different ideas - "should've learnt guitar!" Cooking up all sorts of ideas about where you stand with someone and then noticing it was all a use of imagination - "should've learnt guitar!" Someone was eating at work and they didn't pay attention for a moment and dropped yoghurt all down their leg - "should've learnt guitar!" It just keeps on teaching.

After the interaction I reminisced about the encounter and how much it reminded me of the Chinese koans we absorb ourselves so much in our Zen practice. In many of these exchanges the monk approaches the teacher with a heavily preoccupied mind, full of questions of has or has not, seeking this or that, of cumulative reasoning. The master then cuts through their state of mind by responding in a wholly unexpected way, from beyond conventional reason, leaving the monk free from their preconceptions. The interaction with this homeless man felt so similar. Living on the streets for so long I imagine he would have been quite used to living outside of social convention, so much so that he may have even abandoned much thought of it. If anything, he is a victim of social convention - if you don't look this way, dress clean and nice, have a job to pay your own way, then people walk right on by and ignore your plight. I remember reading about people attending Bernie Glassman's bearing witness retreats, living as a band of homeless people on the streets of New York while also having an intensive daily sitting practice. People would often say, the most distressing part wasn't not knowing where your next meal would come from, or if you would have warmth or shelter for the night. It was how everyday people all of a sudden treated you as if you were invisible. Some were brought to tears by the experience, despite being able to wonder back to their homes, have a shower, and get back to 'normal' life whenever they liked.

I'm a very grateful for this man's teaching. I hope his words can help others somehow through me telling this story. Twofold, as a turning phrase of teaching, but also as a reminder of those lost within convention, and suffering from the very conventions we promote either through will or not.

Alex's verse:

A not so lost soul
Grand plans, grand gestures.
Should've learnt guitar.
Beyond norms, living quietly,
taking what is given.
Should've learnt guitar.
No sentiment,
straight to the point,
straight like an arrow.
Should've learnt guitar.
A heart beats, an eye twinkles.
Don't ever look away.
Strum strum strum,
Should've learnt guitar.



CIRCLES

Sean Loughman

The Chinese ideograph for "resonance" originally depicted two people eating at a table, later simplified to the character for "home", combined with the character for "sound". The idea was that the sound of laughter and conversation as it built up around the table illustrates the principle of resonance. These days, this would be called a positive feedback loop.

When I look back on sesshin and think about how enriching it has been, I remember the fee and am almost offended. Putting a price tag on sesshin makes a mockery of the experience. I would feel somewhat better if the fee were a million dollars, with a special discount of 99.99% for members. This would give a slightly truer reflection of the value of my experience. The price tags we put on the world of form are nominal. What price do you put on the Dharma? Just as the Dharma is beyond words, gratitude cannot be expressed in words and money does not do a better job either. I look forward to the next million dollar sesshin and hope that I can pay it back one day.



The gateless gate and bell-less bell tower of Budakakeji (佛陀懸寺), September 2018.. Photo: Sean Loughman

Of the eighty-eight pilgrimage temples of Shikoku, this is one of the most beautiful and arresting temples, typifying Shikoku in many ways. Bursting with life in its last moments of aching beauty. Not the usual Japanese artistic touch accentuating natural beauty, hinting at impermanence, but the other way around.

These brief moments of coming and going point to that which you can't put your finger on. You can't see it and you can't hear it, but it's there. Ringing true, it makes not a sound.

The market is busy. A person picks their way through the crowd. The aisle narrows, people on both sides. Someone approaches from the other direction. There is only room for one to pass. Bright eyes meet and see through the same eye. Each knows and each knows the other knows. One pauses, one keeps walking. Joy.

This is the way buddhas meet*.

Tomatoes are pricey today.

*How does buddha meet mara?



THIS REVERBERATING UNIVERSE

Sally Hopkins

*This body holds stars,
breakfast, birds in flight,
weeping homeless, buildings, trees,
striped fish, friends, sore toe, warm hand,
flowers and garbage, softest breeze,
gunshots, shouting, child, fog, sand-
This Life! This flash. This endless song.*

Once we really experience that everything changes breath to breath and the moment cannot be re-lived except in memory (and memory is something else again) : have really seen that language (that wonderful tool) is also a limitation that steers our experience in this and not that direction; have really experienced our lack of separateness from everything else, how can we not resonate with the world ? Sexton Burke's Kodoji Wake up bell (made from scrap metal, responding to strikes) is always sounding (it woke me from sleep the other morning.)

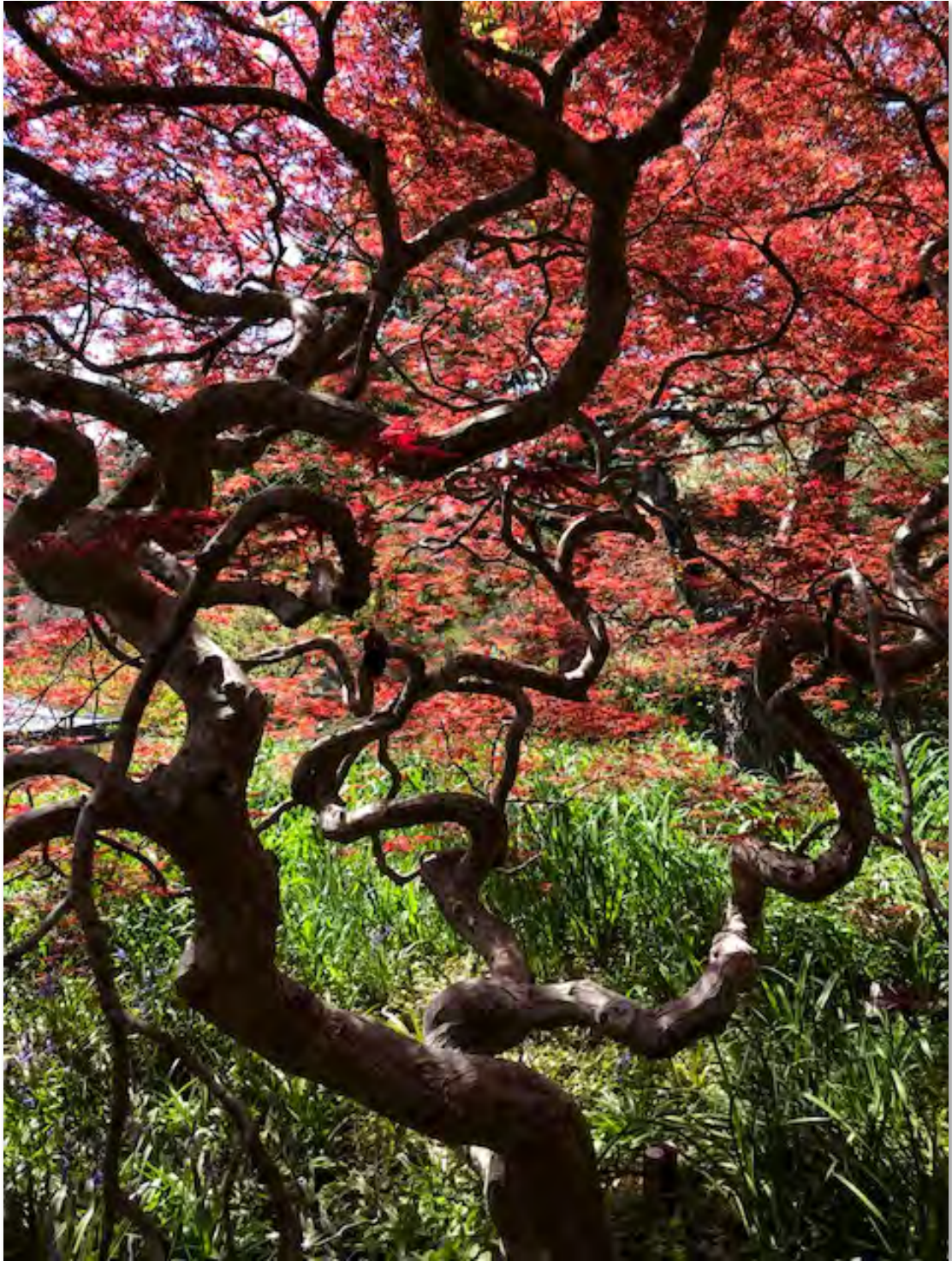
I read Lewis Thomas's "The lives of a cell; notes of a biology watcher". He says our bodies are made up of cells within which are organelles with their own DNA. So this "I" a collection of cells, to be ultimately returned to the soup it arose from. He thinks the world is most like a cell- everything interconnected. So it is an illusion that "I" am unaffected by all that is around, and it's an illusion that "I" don't affect all that is around. Everything is resonating with everything else, whether we see or hear or notice or not. Each moment, each action or inaction, each breath is important. We can see the world as a cell, or we can see and feel it as music, a song, which we hear, to which we respond, in which we join, everything in endless play.

*In the circle
Tears laughter laughter tears
Our mixed bag lives.*

*Two crimson leaves
on the bare wintry tree.
Old man smiling.*

*Fairy Warbler, Gerygone,
what's in a name? Here,
in front of our eyes,
the grevillea tree's full
of tiny feathered bodies,
the white plum tree's shaken
with tiny dark sparks.*





ALL RESONATING, ALL RESONATING
Sue Bidwell

Resonance

Beyond
sensory triggers,
to a deeper,
still place,
intimate
with the universe.

Resonance

Bell,
clappers,
magpie warble,
sounds resounding within
fill the air,
fill the spaces between.

Resonance...

...suggestive of sound,
but what of the sound
of a single hand?

Each koan works within,
resonates with that
which is
soundless and wordless.

Resonance

Inquiring eyes,
laughter-filled eyes,
pain-filled eyes,
eyes closing in death;
resonating within,
no separation.

Resonance

Baby snuggles on my chest,
love flows forth;
tears fall on another's cheek,
love flows forth;
sorrow, anger, hurt and pain,
love flows forth;
all resonating, resonating...



RESONATE, SOUND, SONATA, RESONANCE

A reverie on resonance

Helen Sanderson

Thich Nhat Hanh has emphasised sounding the bell, listening to it, really listening as a way of bringing us back to ourselves, to our true home. When I hear birdsong it wakes me up. What bird is that? - the cockatoo screeching, the butcher bird or magpie song, the mimicry of the bower bird or lyre bird? Their calls bring me to the wild bird world, endlessly fascinating.

When I thought of resonance I imagined my mind/body vibrating with whatever brings me home, like a tuning fork. Bach brings me home, immerses me in sounds that weave in and out and through in endless continuing patterns and I am delighted. Lately I have been playing Bach, such a pleasure.

What or where is home?

Up until the age of eight I lived in country NSW where my father was a teacher of one teacher schools. At 8 we moved to the city. My memory of country living included going barefoot, making as much racket as we wanted because there were no neighbours to disturb, burying a black snake my father had killed under a round tin, and playing with kittens, loving their antics despite their sharp claws and teeth. City living meant shoes, no screaming, living with an aunt who was difficult and the unhappiness of my mother who did not like living in what had been my father's house or her difficult sister in law. This home resonated but not with happiness.

On the other hand, living in our city home meant visiting the house where my aunt, uncle and grandmother lived. Their house felt like home, with its large surrounding garden, full of lovely shrubs, trees and flowers, its kitchen table where there was always room for us, the lounge room with the paintings done by my grandmother and flowers arranged by my aunt. The afternoon teas were a treat. It was a house of welcome. And my aunt and grandmother the chief welcomers. My city home, at Allawah, which I never especially loved, did have some positive aspects, kind neighbours, especially Auntie Florence who looked out for us kids, and welcomed us into her place where we played with her children. My father was suffering from war neuroses so this was protective, and we had a little nearby church, like a country church where we knew everyone, which added to our sense of home. I used to like going there with my mother to do the church flowers after we had raided the neighbours' gardens and my aunt's. And each Wednesday morning before school I'd walk around the block to my piano teacher's place, Mrs Matheson. She introduced me to Beethoven and Mozart after I had learned the basics of reading music. I remember her as a large bosomed lady, always nicely dressed with crystals or pearls and a booming voice. And I loved the piano. Although life at Allawah wasn't always safe, there were several potentially dangerous incidents with sexually predatory strangers, I was fortunate in that neighbours even neighbours who I didn't know were aware of what was happening and looked after me. But the fact that I remember these incidents indicates an awareness of danger.

When I was 15 our family bought a small holiday shack at Hardys Bay Kilcare. It was a great delight and many people enjoyed our family's hospitality there. Initially it was



relatively primitive. The outside loo which Dad had converted to a Lily Hygeia Solvenator, a dreadful contraption, which was also known with horror as the chocolate wheel. When flyscreens came that was the great leap forward as the mosquitoes and sandflies descended like Bomber Command, squadrons and squadrons of them, flying in vicious formation. We had to walk quite a distance along a track to get to the house as there was no road there. and after rain it was slippery as hell. Mr Dick next door leant us his wheelbarrow to cart supplies up the hill. The bush was ours. When we walked in what is now Bouddi National Park. I thought I sensed the presence of God. Maybe it was the spirit of the land or the Aboriginal ancestors. Birdsong layered over great quiet. When we walked along the mangrove shore into this area of bush, we passed banks of shells, middens? And there were great stands of casuarinas, lilly pillies, paper bark trees grey gums and swamp mahoganies, the great forest giants where the sea eagles nested and still do.

It feels holy there like you should speak in whispers, and listen. For many years weeds enveloped that spot but wonderful bush regenerators have worked with the land there, healing and revealing it so it is now possible to walk through it and enjoy it again.

At different times I have been guided by the resonance of a place into making a decision. Once I was offered a teaching position in the TAFE college at Katoomba. When I went there I had a great feeling of constriction. I felt as though I could hardly breathe. It did not resonate well with me. When I relayed my experience to someone I was told there had been a massacre there. I decided on another workplace which seemed ok and spent ten happy years there.

In 2016 there was a Kaldor Public Art project *barrangal dyara*, (skin and bones) by the Wiradjuri/Kamilaroi artist Jonathon Jones at The Art Gallery of NSW and the Botanical Gardens. It is where the Garden Palace stood before a fire destroyed it along with many precious Aboriginal artefacts in 1882 just three years after it was built. Thousands of white shields covered the site. It was a powerful reminder that I was standing on Aboriginal land. Jonathon Jones described how the land around Circular Quay the Botanical Gardens, and the higher areas where the Cathedral State Library and Art Gallery are now would have been used. I remember he said the waterways would have been areas for canoeing and fishing. What is now the Botanical Gardens would have been campsites and hunting and food gathering sites, and the area where the art gallery etc. is now would have been for ceremony, corroboree culture, just as they are used for that today. He seemed to say that the current use of the land today is influenced by the spirit of Aboriginal land use, pre-white invasion. There are many mysteries to enjoy and ponder.

So many things bring me home, like Thich Nhat Hanh's bell, resonate with me: My lovely home, renovated recently, *ding*, singing in church, *ding*, the ritual of passing the peace, *ding*, chanting the kanzeon or the heart sutra, *ding*, and walking around the zendo in walking meditation, seeing the beauty of the flowers and the altar, *ding*, sitting in dokusan with the friendly questions of the teacher which means I am home, I am valued, *ding*. Being with friends who love me bring me home, *ding* and Coco the little black, scruffy, barky, tail-waggy, poodle. *ding ding ding*

THE LIFE OF STARS
Lindy Lee, 2015



HERE IT COMES...RESONANCE WITH THE TRUE CH'NIEN STORY
Caroline Josephs

I am in Japan, visiting my younger daughter who is staying with a Japanese family in Kobe.

I have been invited to stay with the family for some days -- before my daughter Abi and I, are to depart further south to visit other families she has stayed with on previous occasions.

Sumiko, one of the daughters of the family, is a young woman about the same age as my daughter. When we come downstairs with our bags ready to depart, Sumiko is in the kitchen cooking.

"What are you cooking?" I ask.

"My cousin is coming to visit," she says, "And I must prepare."

A little later we are on the railway platform with Sumiko and her mother waiting for the bullet train to take us to Himeji. As it comes into view, Sumiko hands me a little parcel, all beautifully wrapped and ribboned. I take it. It is quite warm. She says, as she ushers it into my hands, 'I give you my heart!' and then, with an uncharacteristic lapse of her usual calm demeanour, she bursts into tears, and falls into my arms, embracing me.

I am taken completely by surprise, touched completely by this spontaneous act. There is no time for more.

Abi and I clamber aboard the train and into our seats, waving until the two, mother and daughter, on the platform -- are no longer visible.

I open the little parcel. In it are freshly made biscuits, still warm from the oven. Each one is a heart.



RESONANCE WITH THE MOB

Diana Levy

I had been a street performer for environmental groups. I had made masks for Greenpeace activists, and designed simple dramatic statements for our actions. I had worn my Ronald Reagan \$-sign-eyes mask (think Scrooge McDuck) down the streets of Broken Hill, in the pursuit of preventing uranium mining at Honeymoon in nearby South Australia. This mine proposed to tip sulphuric acid into the underground



aquifers in a process that I now understand to be called 'fracking'. Our camp out in the desert with the activists was also dramatic; the South Australian government brought in the mounted troops. Benny Zables tipped red desert dust all over himself in a statement, I think, of oneness with the earth.

Then I had moved to Armidale to study drama in an academic setting, after the physical theatre school, Drama Action Centre. My partner Peter and I continued our activism. We ran a radio show called "Radioactive" on the local FM station. This was a great way to keep in touch with issues such as the above, and nuclear-free Pacific, disarmament, nuclear power, nuclear waste. It was the era of conservative heads of government - Margaret Thatcher in the U.K. and Ronald Reagan in the U.S. He was a President whose dementia began while in

office, and who ramped up military spending, especially on nuclear weapons. A group of us arrayed ourselves as these belligerent leaders and marched down the main street of Armidale, banging large plastic drums with nails in them. I was Margaret. (I don't remember whether we got around to making masks.) The event was some kind of Peace Day and it brought together 'the Town' and 'the Gown' (the University of New England).

It was the era of ecofeminism, of women organizing peace camps such as the Greenham Common camp in England, which our own dear Jill Steverson attended¹. An academic at the A.N.U., Dr Desmond Ball² had exposed Australia's entanglements with the U.S. military. We hosted a spy base at Pine Gap in Central Australia, and there is other paraphernalia elsewhere, such as the Northwest communications facility in W.A. This would make us a nuclear target in the eventuality of a war, and complicit in big brother's actions. Some bright brave women decided to stage a protest as close to Pine Gap as possible.



I was chosen as the student representative for U.N.E. But I had end-of-year exams, so while all the other women travelled for three days in buses to Alice Springs, the Student Union flew me there. The great red desert, like a wrinkled cloth, was vast and endless from the plane. Then I was in the camp, with its discomforts and gossip and paranoia and sense of mission. You cannot see the facility; its secrets are tucked behind hills, beyond a wide perimeter fence. Our affinity group³ was largely made up of academics, one of whom in particular had spent much time in Aboriginal community. Maybe it was she who made contact with a group of Pitjantjatjara women who were travelling up from South Australia. They had been on a long journey. It was something to do with a songline. I didn't really understand this. Meanwhile, there was an action at the gates, some braves souls attempted to climb over and were promptly arrested. We all bussed into town to support them at the court, where they were variously charged. I learned a valuable lesson there. There was a very emotional atmosphere in the court, and I became quite worked up. A woman leaned over to me, put a firm hand on me, looked in my eyes and said, *Calm down*. By now I was thoroughly jangled - the exams and flight and camp and police and there are always the extremists in such actions.

Then we heard that we had been invited by the Pitjantjatjara women to their night-time ceremony - *where?* in a river bed. We were driven in a bus - and hopped out at this location - there were some scrubby trees. There was a fire going, and we were asked to sit down. We all mixed in together, aboriginal women with us



(predominantly) whiteys. I had never met aboriginal people before, they were so black and different-looking! We sat and waited in the dark and after a while, a group of women emerged from behind the trees, painted up. They began to dance, firelight flickering on them. Some of the seated women began their ancient song, their ancient rhythmic accompaniment. I had seen aboriginal dance before, when I was a young student, a group of men dancing on a proscenium stage at Her Majesty's Theatre in Auckland. That was weird, and removed. But this was a ritual in which a world-view was enacted for all those present to participate in, and it was earthy and quite foreign. Gradually the movements of the dancers began to make sense to me. I turned to the aboriginal woman beside me and said, *They are picking fruit!* She beamed at me - *yes!* It was a moment of deep resonance - *We, like you, care deeply and are custodians of*

this part of country.

Some years later, and I am the performer whose work resonates with aboriginal women. My performing partner Kirsty Lunam and I were on our second professional year at Woodford Folk Festival, in Queensland. This festival is held just before the New Year and encompasses a wide range of activities, including indigenous artists. Kirsty and I were part of the street theatre programme. We had been working with archetypal masks. This mask embodies an aspect of human nature that is universal, and we were two crones, Hecate and Haggis. The crone is in the third stage of a woman's life; she is beyond naivety, fertility and the nurture of family. She is wise but perhaps a little cranky with it - (she knows what our leaders are capable of). We had worked up a lazzi⁴ in which the two old dears began to insult each other. The archetypal mask is full-face, so insults as with every other action, have to be physically conveyed. Naturally the insults revolved around the nether regions - farts, pretend brown-eyes, poo, wee, maybe there was mimed vomit. Every orifice had possibilities. Haggis lifted her armpit and mimed wafting her body odour towards my character, Hecate. The insults had a certain rhythm, and they had to escalate until there was nothing much left in the arsenal (no pun intended). There is a big element of improvisation in street theatre - it is very dependent on conditions. We began our lazzi on a street (Woodford becomes a pedestrian village) where some Aboriginal women from the Aboriginal contingent of the festival, were sitting. And this situation, of two old women hurling insults at each other, was instantly recognisable to them; it resonated. They chortled, then laughed, harder, and in response we had to find more and more ways to display how much we hated the other! We probably resorted to nose snot, lice, toe jam, until we were exhausted. It was wonderful to have this moment of connection with them - *We humans are a silly mob sometimes aren't we?*

Photos: Diana Levy

(1) Greenham Common was the base for Cruise missiles which were trucked randomly around England as a nuclear deterrent to attack

(2) "A Suitable Piece of Real Estate", Dr. Desmond Ball

(3) the peace camp was divided into groups of about 10, called affinity groups.

(4) stock comedic routine - developed in the commedia dell'artz



**IN SERVICE OF KODOJI:
A TRIBUTE TO TONY COOTE**

Jillian Ball with drawings by Janet Selby

‘Naturally real yet inconceivable.
It is not within the province of delusion or enlightenment.
With causal conditions, time and season.
Quiescently it shines bright.
In its fineness, it fits into spacelessness;
In its greatness, it is utterly beyond location’.

Except from *Song of the Jewel Mirror of Awareness*
Dongshan Liangjie (Tozan Ryokai, 807-869)¹

We would like to close this edition of Mind Moon Circle with an expression of sincere gratitude to Tony who has been orchestral in the design, development, growth and maintenance of Gorricks over many decades. Several months ago, Tony announced that he soon he will be handing over the reins. Thank you Tony for your long, devoted service and love for this very special place that fills the hearts of all who come. Spaceless-ness, eternal beginner’s mind, abundant natural beauty and wildlife, Kodoji is the ancient ground of our sangha.

Tony tells us that a building application was submitted to the Hawkesbury Shire Council for a cottage in December 1984, with approval being granted in March the following year. Soon afterwards the energetic sangha started work on the cottage and it has grown into the beautiful dwelling place we enjoy today. Countless meetings, sesshins, Women’s groups, family weekends, marriages and samus have been held on this empty field.



In gratitude, Janet has provided a collection of drawings from the extensive time she has spent at Kodoji.

Deep bows.



1. Translation: Joan Halifax and Kazuaki Tanahashi, Upaya Zen Centre. Cited in Joan Halifax, *Being with Dying: Cultivating Compassion and Fearlessness in the Presence of Death*. Shambhala, Boston, 2009.





The road to Gorricks Run, Upper MacDonald Valley.



The valley mists looking east, Gorricks Run, Upper MacDonald Valley.



Above: The teisho of the wind.

Below: Goannas and Satin Bower Birds, some of the wild life encountered at Kodoji.



EARLY PHOTOS OF BUILDING AT GORRICKS RUN



Left: Framing the cottage

Mid right: Positioning the water tank

Mid Left: Moving the toilet

Bottom: An early sit in the unfinished dojo.

For more information, go to Tony's website:

[http://www.tonycootearchitect.com/Tony_Coote_Architect/Kodoji - a Zen Temple.html](http://www.tonycootearchitect.com/Tony_Coote_Architect/Kodoji_-_a_Zen_Temple.html)





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