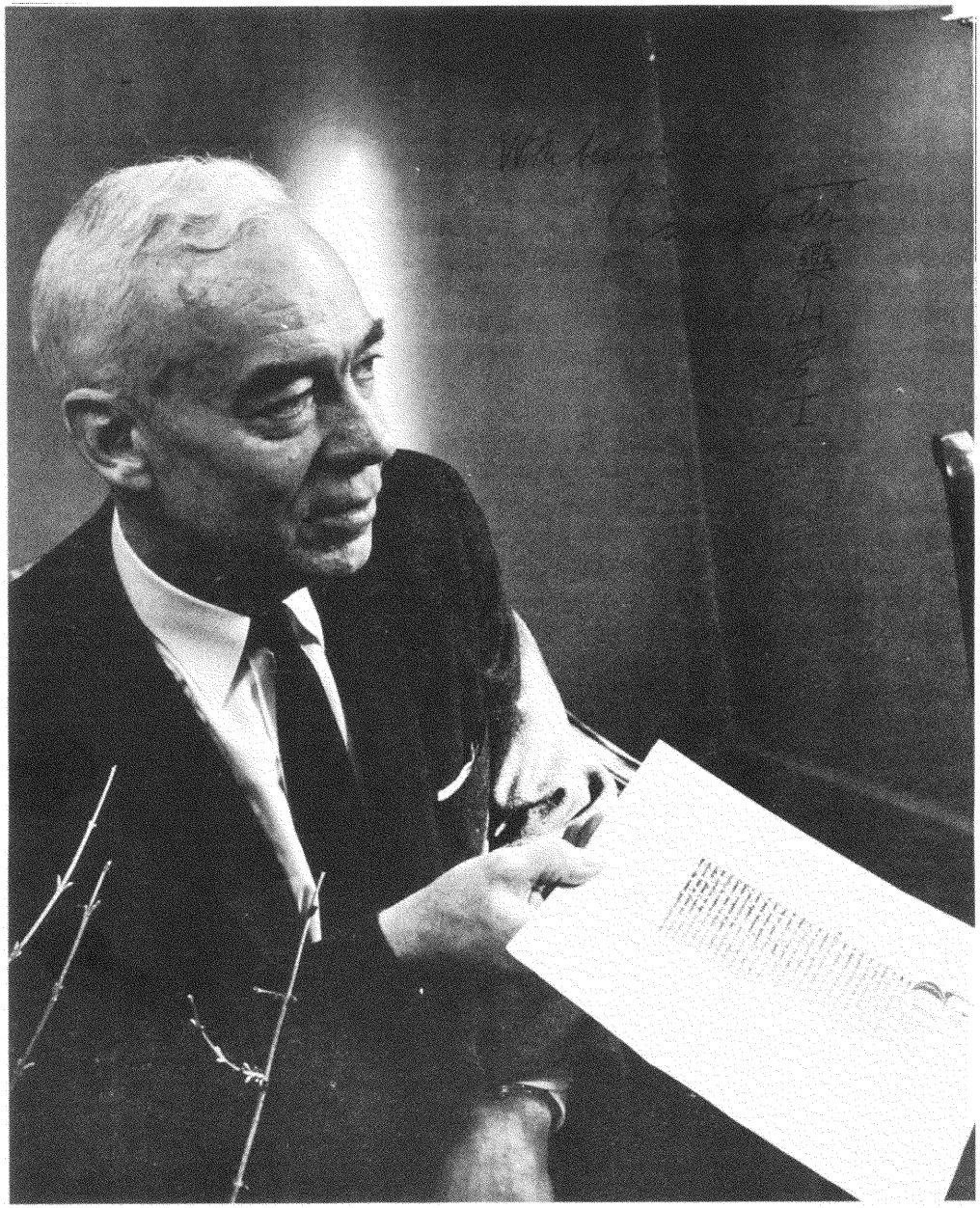
Zen Notes



from Admont to Zen

The World of Historian George B. Fowler

MICROFILMS of untranslated medieval manuscripts lie stacked on one cupboard shelf; another holds the half-completed correlations of twenty-four additional manuscripts. On a yellow lined note pad, heavy, jagged handwriting outlines notes for a comparative study of medieval political theories. In his office on the twenty-ninth floor of the Cathedral of Learning (University of Pittsburgh), at home within the spires and groined vaults, George Bingham Fowler labors--one of the world's most respected scholars of the Middle Ages, and professor of history at Pitt.

The tall professor, whose white hair and black hyphened brows accent an aristocratic bearing, has spent his years at the University giving life to the period between 400 and 1400 A.D. which, for most of us, means only Camelot, guilds and feudalism.

" Not everyone finds the Middle Ages as fascinating as I do," Fowler admits. But many Pitt students would disagree. They have been surprised to find in Fowler's classes that thirteenth century French politics can be as intriguing as the maneuverings of de Gaulle, and the intellectual life in an Austrian monastery as varied and stimulating as that offered in the Student Union.

Fowler's students range from sophomore undergraduates to graduate students doing individual readings for their comprehensives, and those laboring over theses. His 1961-62 academic schedule includes four undergraduate courses. The first concentrates on ancient history, particularly western Asia and Greece; the second covers the Roman Empire. Two classes in medieval history trace the years from the disintegration of Greco-Roman civilization up to the beginning of the Renaissance.

" The 'Renaissance'--a misnomer and a highly exaggerated historical period," medievalist Fowler asserts with fervor. " There was no dramatic break and awakening separating the Middle Ages and that period following. Artists, science, and the great universities all flourished during those so-called 'dark' ages. The Renaissance actually made few changes, except that men began scheming to make slaughter wholesale. The Renaissance also fostered 'art for art's sake' and set up the artist as a man apart--and thus forever separating the layman from creativity."

A course with Fowler is no snap. After tackling a trimester of ancient history, one still bewildered but appreciative student admitted that among other educational contributions, Fowler's class had made him enormously aware of his own ignorance. " And that's the purpose of any liberal arts course," Fowler says. "With its attempt at critical evaluation, its discipline, and its ties with other areas of learning, history forms the broadest and most dependable orientation for worthwhile study in liberal arts."

The subject matter of a Fowler history class encompasses more than dates, battles and fallen monarchies. Fowler is as likely to be making a pronouncement

on "the abdication of American parents" as on Pope Gregory VII. A discussion of the English language as contrasted with German or French may punctuate a lecture devoted to the reign of Ramses IV. Students still quote Fowler's thoughtful and persuasive arguments against mediocrity in education which consumed a class period several years ago, and a few remember verbatim his moving plea for religious tolerance.

This broad humanistic approach to the teaching of history is designed, Fowler points out, to show students their links with the past. "History is human experience moving through time, or, as the great Professor Huizinga of the University of Leiden in Holland puts it, the intellectual form in which a culture gives itself an accounting of its past. I try to relate the events of history to the world of the twentieth century collegiate--to show him where mankind has been and, by the examples of the past, where mankind is heading. So the course covers more than a skeleton outline of dates and kings. It digs into the art, the religious feeling, the sociology, economics and morality of the period under scrutiny.

"Students reflect the pitiful formlessness of Western civilization," Fowler continues. "We in America have broken with our rich past, the roots that tie us to Europe. Consequently, our society is without shape or direction, without roots or clearly established norms. I hope my courses may help students to understand where they've been and, by historical example, to understand today's world and where it's going. The United States in 1962 parallels medieval Europe in many ways. Medieval man feared the unknown Mongol hordes from the east as we today worry about Russia. The meaning of existence and the vital relationships between man and man, man and God, consumed the medieval mind as they do modern thought."

Fowler confesses that students often complain that his courses are too tough. "But history is life, and essentially complex. How could an honest instructor make it easy?" Fowler's approach at first unbalances the student who has breezed into class expecting to be issued a step-by-step syllabus of what's to come. What's to come in a Fowler class seldom follows the neat chronological march of a syllabus or textbook. In fact, pleading undergraduates have only recently persuaded him to adopt a textbook, a "crutch" he abhors. "Of necessity, a textbook must simplify history and block it off into trim distinct eras and events. It can present but one point of view, that of its author. Differing opinions written by men of the era itself must be covered in individual readings. We must remember that behind every work there is a man, and this man gives his particular coloring to his historical accounts."

Individual readings in original texts therefore receive major emphasis in Dr. Fowler's classes. Focal point of an undergraduate's trimester is a lengthy paper. The student first picks a subject, then works with Fowler on a plan for extensive background reading. No novels, textbooks, or encyclopedias allowed, and the student often finds himself dusting off a translation of a fourteenth century monk's manuscript uncovered in some obscure library corner. After burrowing himself into the subject, the student then submits an outline from which the final paper is written. Twenty-five pages on such topics as "Saint Bernard and His Ideas on

Education" might at first seem unlikely to impress a sophomore with his rich cultural heritage, or help him to better understand his own world.

"It is during this research and reading that student becomes scholar," Fowler explains. "He delves into his one chosen topic, correlating varying opinions, deciding for himself which explanation seems most accurate. As a scholar, he discovers the complexity of factors shaping any one historical figure. Multiplicity hits him in the face, and along with the isolated facts and figures the student may pick up through the paper and in my course, he realizes, as the one fellow put it, 'the enormity of his own ignorance.' Hopefully, he will be inspired to reduce this enormity."

Fowler's been on the Pitt faculty since 1948, coming here from Briarcliff where he was academic dean. He was also an associate in international relations at Columbia University where he earned a PH.D., and a lecturer in ancient history at Barnard College. Fowler earned his M.A. in history at the University of California. A graduate of the U.S. Naval Academy, Fowler served ten years in the Navy, including three years during World War II.

With his wife, the former opera student Bodine Smith, Fowler lives in a carriage house within walking distance of the University. They are the parents of three children. Their youngest son, Neville, a lieutenant in the Navy, was killed in a plane crash last September. The two oldest are Pitt graduates. Rosamund, Col'50, is a writer for a New York publishing house, and C. Worthington (Duke), Col'52, is a captain in the Air Force with SAC.

One of the most interesting and popular of Pitt's informal evening courses given this winter was Fowler's trenchant examination of "The Great Religions in History." The twelve-week course traced the history of the great faiths of mankind, ranging from the cults of ancient Egypt and Babylonia to Zoroastrianism, Christianity and Buddhism. "One religion per week, and you should have heard me trying to compress Hinduism into sixty-five minutes!"

Fowler's teaching doesn't end with the boundaries of Pitt's campus, either. A twelve-week look at great focal points in history is currently being held under his guidance at the Y.M. & Y.M.H.A. The Pitt history professor tutors a small group of local churchmen and scholars in the refined art of paleography--the deciphering and translation of ancient writings. Paleography and historical research demand a working knowledge of many languages. Fowler has a command of German, French, and Latin, a working knowledge of Greek, Spanish, and Italian, and an interest in Japanese, Sanskrit, and Tibetan.

In addition to his other talents, Fowler has done four hundred television shows. "Does that top Paladin and Perry Mason?" he asks with a wink. Fowler's "Adventures in Arts and Civilizations" was telecast by KDKA-TV for a year and a half (1958-59). Beginning at the unlikely hour of 6:30 every weekday morning, the popular program carried early-bird viewers on an entertaining and educational romp through history. "We began with Socrates and marched straight through to 1500 A.D. I then said goodbye to Columbus and stayed in Europe," the television veteran explains. "As far as I'm concerned, history ends there. All the rest is current events."

Fowler's deeper affections lie with historical research and, more specifi-

cally, with the Middle Ages. Since 1929, he's been a member of the Medieval Academy of America, and the American Historical Association; later, he joined the Renaissance Society of America and the American Catholic Historical Association.

In explaining his fascination with the medieval world, Fowler cites the religious atmosphere of the time. "As during all eras of great creative achievement and intense humanism, religion and a belief in the spiritual side of man prevailed. Man found peace within himself. It was a 'time of unstable equilibrium,' as Sir George B. Sansom defines it. When there is no peace without, man tries to compensate by seeking a peace within. The ruler, in such a period of instability, was often considered to be a living law, a *lex animata*. He was above politics. The ruler therefore felt this sacred trust, and tended to rule conscientiously."

When asked if these convictions did not label him a monarchist, Fowler replied with a wry smile. "Well, you might say that I do mourn its passing."

Years of research have given Fowler a deep respect for the scope of medieval thought which is reflected in an abiding enthusiasm for a thirteenth century intellectual named Engelbert of Admont. In fact, the University of Pittsburgh history professor ranks as the world's leading expert on this medieval theologian, little known in this country, but considered by European medievalists the greatest scholar in Germany about 1300.

"Engelbert is a key to unlock the medieval mind," exclaims Fowler. "Although an abbot of a Benedictine monastery, Engelbert interested himself in the secular world. He delved into the natural sciences, medicine, ethics, philosophy, music, and politics. A many-faceted scholar, Engelbert wrote on such a variety of subjects as the causes of longevity, changes in the weather, how to educate a nobleman, art and aesthetics, and how to read a book."

Fowler's doctoral dissertation, *Intellectual Interests of Engelbert of Admont*, was published by the Columbia University Press in 1947, and soon afterwards distributed by the Oxford University Press in Great Britain and India.

Germany's renowned Monumenta Germaniae Historica, a group which publishes texts on the Middle Ages, is waiting to publish Fowler's definitive edition of Engelbert's writing on the *Origin and End of the Roman Empire*. Fowler started work on this edition in 1951 when he won a Fulbright Research Scholarship and spent a year in Europe "working like a dog." "I scrambled through half the dusty, crumbling monastery and library basements in Austria, making microfilms of all relevant or possibly relevant manuscripts." Microfilms from this and later trips will furnish the Pitt scholar with food for publications and studies for many years.

In 1953, Fowler was asked to join the famed Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, the American haven for scholars. There, two years were devoted to further work on Engelbert manuscripts, particularly on those dealing with the education and government of princes.

Fowler's writings have been published in historical periodicals and reference works throughout the world, and the list keeps lengthening. He's just now correcting galley proofs for his "Additional Manuscripts of Engelbert of Admont" to be published this spring by a leading French learned journal.

On the wall of Fowler's cluttered office, a delicately beautiful Japanese

grass painting hangs beside medieval engravings. His bookcases juxtapose *Folk Arts of Japan* and *Alcuin and Charlemagne, The Mongol Empire* and Friedberg's *Corpus Juris Canonici*. For if the world of Engelbert of Admont ranks as Fowler's primary interest, then the mystical world of the Orient is a close second.

"Any research in history inevitably leads one to the Orient, and once I heard the voice that calls east of Suez, I was enthralled," Fowler said. His interest was first aroused in 1931 while he was teaching at one of New York City's Ethical Culture Schools. Classes ended two weeks before most of the students were expected back at their homes. A group remained at school, with nothing to do. Fowler volunteered to conduct a two-weeks summer class, and the Far East was somehow chosen as a subject. "A reckless decision, since I knew almost nothing about it," confesses the scholar who is now a member of the American Oriental Society and who has served as president of the First Zen Institute of America since 1944.

From this first contact, Fowler's interest ballooned. He became a student of Oriental religions and Zen Buddhism in particular. "My wife and a cousin of hers still laugh about a lecture on Vedanta to which I took them in the early thirties. Even the appearance of a genuine swami in full regalia failed to induce them to return for further lectures," Fowler remembers. "I think they were afraid of being forced to walk on burning coals or sit cross-legged on steel spikes--so little was known about Oriental religions then."

A knowledgeable student of religions, Fowler labels himself a "seeker." He finds in Zen Buddhism, as in the great Oriental religions, a core of serenity and practical mysticism alien to the Western mind. The Zen monk practices self-discipline and contemplation in order to achieve an integration of spirit and a peace around which his whole life may be centered, Fowler feels. Contrary to popular belief and the current beatnik addiction to a pseudo-Zen, true followers of the religion are not isolated mystics. They involve themselves in life with a "controlled dynamism" and a "brimming vitality," as Fowler puts it.

The Pitt professor finds obvious parallels between the atmosphere created by Zen, and that which prevailed for Engelbert. Fowler's special project for the future will be a comparison of Zen Buddhist monks and the Benedictines of medieval times. He wants to point out the similarities in their mental serenity, in the religious climates created by each. Toward this end, Fowler continues a World War II introduction to the study of the Japanese language.

This study is sandwiched in between his work on those untranslated microfilms, that paper for the German historical society, a consultation with a junior who's having trouble with his term paper--and a crowded teaching schedule which next year will be even busier with a new history majors' conference for outstanding freshmen and sophomores and a new Greek history class.

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HISTORY WAS MADE IN CHICAGO IN 1893 when in that year Buddhism was officially introduced into America at the World's Parliament of Religions. The following entry occurs in the list of delegates: *SHAKU, MOST REV. SOYEN (also called Kogaku), b. 1858, head of the Engakuji division of the Rinzai Zen sect; a scholar in the sacred books and doctrines of Buddhist sects, having studied in various monasteries in Japan and Ceylon under the guidance of leading priests and teachers.*

To establish a point of history, I wish to concur in the statement that Buddhism was officially introduced into America at the World's Parliament of Religions held in Chicago in 1893, and I hope you will permit me to claim this date as the official introduction of Zen as well. Speeches noted in a somewhat cursory inspection of the 1600-page, two-volume tome recording this event do not seem to have gone very far in differentiating Zen from Buddhism as a whole, so it is perhaps stretching it a little to claim that Zen as such was officially introduced into America on that occasion, yet I feel perhaps I may be permitted to do so, in the person of our ancestor and the teacher of Sokeian's teacher, Some doubt is even cast by a sentence on page 61 on the question of whether the Japanese delegates who took part in the event may have been said truly to represent Japanese Buddhism: "As the Buddhist and Shintoist communities in Japan were divided over the wisdom of attending the Religious Congress, much credit is due to the Japanese delegates who voluntarily undertook the journey which brought them to this memorable conference."

But if we consider an introduction to be the actual impact of a concrete personality I cannot think of anyone better qualified to make that introduction than the Soyen Shaku shown glowering for his portrait on page 419, and uttering words that even in their translation ring out clearly in this commemoration year, the seventieth anniversary (Japanese reckoning) of the occasion. They are as appropriate today as at their original utterance, perhaps more so, in the light of events of the past month.

ARBITRATION INSTEAD OF WAR I am a Buddhist, but please do not be so narrow-minded as to refuse my opinion on account of its expression on the tongue of one who belongs to a different nation, different creed and different civilization.

Our Buddha, who taught that all people entering into Buddhism are entirely equal, in the same way as all rivers flowing into the sea become alike, preached this plan in the wide kingdom of India just three thousand years ago. Not only Buddha alone, but Jesus Christ, as well as Confucius, taught about universal love and fraternity. We also acknowledge the glory of universal brotherhood. Then let us, the true followers of Buddha, the true followers of Jesus Christ, the true followers of Confucius and the followers of truth, unite ourselves for the sake of helping the helpless and living glorious lives of brotherhood under the control of truth. Let us hope that we shall succeed in discountenancing those obstinate people who dared to compare this Parliament with Niagara Falls, saying, " Broad, but fruitless."

International law has been very successful in protecting the nations from each other and has done a great deal

Dear Everyone:

IT WAS a cold but bright April afternoon just thirty years ago, when the cherries which border the Lake Biwa Canal were beginning to scatter their pale pink petals onto the ruffled surface of the waters, and the slender, graceful branches of the intervening willows, turning a pale green, were swaying in the spring breeze, that you might have seen an American lady, accompanied by a Japanese gentleman of the old school, wearing ceremonial dress, cross the bridge and proceed up the long avenue lined with cryptomeria trees which leads to the outer gate of Nanzenji. That they were not strangers could be seen from the fact that two Zen monks, still wearing their heavy winter robes and their thick corded girdles, their shaven heads bare, stopped as they passed the visitors and bowed with long, deep bows. The lady and gentleman returned the salutation, and then paused for a moment to comment upon the lovely stone arch of the bridge over the lotus pool, still brown and withered from the hand of winter. Through the low gateway of the first wall, which bears the five stripes indicative of imperial patronage, they passed, then turning a little to the left they took the road which leads to the main temple or Hondo. Where the sunlight filtered between the giant cryptomeria trees, the tiny new leaves of the maples made dancing shadows on the wide dirt path. Up the broad steps of the great, grey San Mon, or Mountain Gate, they walked, and under its wide-spread curving roofs of thatch. Then instead of continuing on toward the large red lacquered building, whose open door revealed an inner darkness which even at a distance was relieved by the golden gleam of the huge figures on the high altar, they again turned a little to the left. Before them the long, sloping roofs of a group of buildings could be seen over the top of the white wall which stretched back into the pine woods on the North and up the slope to the East. The wall was broken by a tile-roofed gate whose main doors were wide open still bearing marks of having been freshly swept with a brush of twigs, and stone entrance blocks not yet quite dry from recent washing.

The paper shoji of the main building within the enclosure were pushed aside, but not a person was to be seen. On the entrance stone the gentleman stepped out of his immaculate geta with their white leather straps, and standing on the shining boards of the verandha, he clapped his hands and called out sharply. "Tada-ima." Immediately there was the sound of bare feet running and two young monks, newly shaven and shorn, wearing their best blue robes, kneeled in welcome on the pale tatami of the inner room. The lady, struggling with the knots of her shoe-strings, could not return their salutations with anything approximating grace. But they, with that dignity which is the natural gift of every Japanese in his own social environment, disregarded her predicament and waited with apparent unconcern until the western shoes had been arranged in order by the side of the white-strapped geta. Then beckoning with a motion of the hand which, if the lady had been at home, would have indicated that they wished her to

depart immediately and at once, but which in Japan meant a cordial invitation to follow, they led the way down matting-covered corridors along verandhas bordering lovely old gardens, and then into a medium size room, the reception room which had evidently been prepared for their coming.

Here again the paper shoji had been thrust wide open, wide open to the sunshine and the gardens both. Two cushions had been placed in the seats of honor near the tokonoma in which hung a black and white painting of the Kannon, the Buddhist Goddess of Mercy, complemented by a simple arrangement of pine branches. In one corner of the room was stood a painted screen whose pattern time had obliterated except for here and there a faint golden glimmer. Another cushion before which lay a large, thin book covered with a purple and silver brocade cover, was placed opposite to the cushions for the guests. This constituted the furnishings of the room. Or so the lady thought as she kneeled in Japanese fashion at one side of the cushion which had been indicated to her. But when the two monks had retired after many times bowing their foreheads to the tatami, and she felt a little less restraint about looking around, she saw standing in the opposite corner of the room, oh horrors of horrors, a wonderful morris chair. Upholstered in bright green velour was the morris chair, and its red mahogany arms were dotted with pearl buttons which if pushed, as she later found out, sent the back down with horrifying speed, and caused arms and footrests to spring out suddenly from least expected hiding places.

There was again the soft, quick pattering of feet in the corridor and in the open doorway stood a short, elderly man. His head was closely shaven as was his face. He was wearing a long voluminous kimono of coarse, dun-colored material, and around his neck was a sort of bib of old brocaded stuff which hung almost to his waist. On his feet were knitted tabi of white wool. He bowed, but not so low as did the lady and the gentleman, who quite hid their faces as they three times put their foreheads to the floor in strict ceremonial fashion. With a short, quick gesture, the priest motioned them to take places on the cushions facing him.

With curt, terse phrases he exchanged greetings in Japanese with the gentleman. The two monks reappeared, bearing red lacquer cups of tea poised high on red lacquer stands, and plates of thin, dry rice-cakes. The formality of tea-drinking was soon completed. The priest, with penetrating gaze, was scrutinizing the face of the lady. When he turned to speak to the scholar, for it was plain from his gentle, slender face, his near-sighted, bespectacled eyes, and his long, stiff eyebrows which stood out at right angles to his high, rounded forehead, that the gentleman was a scholar, the lady in turn so scrutinized the face of the man to study with whom she had travelled some eight thousand miles. It was a rugged face, old, but at the same time young. The lips were thin and straight; the chin firm and even protruding. On each side of the mouth were deep lines running downward from the nostrils, lines which characterize the face of practically every practicer of Zen. But it was the eyes of the priest which intrigued the lady most. They were brown eyes, dark brown eyes, of course, for Nanshinken Roshi was a Japanese priest. But in them was such life, such vitality as the lady had never seen before and saw only again in other men who had also accomplished what this priest had accomplished. A kindly face, but a face of energy and of will.

After some exchange of words the scholar turned to the lady and in her own language told her that the Rōshi had agreed to accept her as a pupil. He went on to explain that since the Buddha had attained to enlightenment through meditation, it was through meditation and meditation alone, indefatigably practiced, that the lady herself might hope to glimpse the Truth. The priest then opened the book which had all this while lain before him. He read, and the scholar translated as before, a curious short story which ended in a question. " You will meditate upon this question," said the priest. " Since you are a foreign person you cannot sit as Japanese women do. Therefore I have had this chair, gift of a pupil of mine, brought in for you to use. You will sit thus." (and he sat in the chair in a position resembling that of the meditation posture). " You will find your own house, with servants running about, noisy during the day. My house near the temple gate is unoccupied. The monks will keep it clean for you. Please use it for your daily meditation. Come each morning to the monastery for the key and return it in the afternoon when you have finished. I had hoped that the monks would allow you to come with them to the evening meditation in the Zendo, but they do not wish a chair brought into the Meditation Hall."

A few more words and the interview was ended. The scholar and the lady bowed deeply again to the priest, and the two young monks escorted them to the entrance. Perhaps a half an hour had elapsed. Again the American lady and the Japanese gentleman were walking down the long avenue lined with cryptomeria trees which leads from the Main Gate of Nanzenji.

Thus ended my first lesson with a Zen Master.

At my own lovely Japanese house, " Shōunso " or " Pine Cloud Villa," at the far side of the city and on the bank of the River Kamo, every morning at five I awoke to the sound of the bell of Shōkokuji, a nearby Zen monastery, as it came floating to me over the fields. After two hours of meditation, and a good American breakfast of fruit and toast and soft-boiled egg and coffee, and after plans for the day had been settled with my secretary and with Katō San, my housekeeper, I would go up to the monastery and ask for the key to Senkoan, the Rōshi's little house. And at four o'clock every afternoon I would return the key, after a day of meditation and of study and of occasional conversation with the monks whose duty it was to keep the little house clean and in order. Sometimes I would be asked to have tea with the Rōshi, and sometimes he would come to pay me a visit. But never was my work discussed. And thus three weeks passed.

The morris chair which had been brought over from the monastery had long been relegated into disuse, when one afternoon the Rōshi came bringing me an invitation from the monks to sit with them that evening for meditation in the Zendō or Meditation Hall. It was with flying feet that I went home that afternoon, and with a swiftly beating heart that I returned to the monastery at seven, wearing simple Chinese clothes, and a thick dark cloak, for the weather was still very cold.

I shall never forget that night. The pine woods were deserted and almost dark when I walked up the wide dirt path. The little sliding gate in the monastery wall had been left ajar, and inside the tall young monk, Essan, was waiting for me. Silently he pushed back the kitchen gate for me to pass. And silently we walked through the deserted monastery.

Past the kitchen withits great black iron pots and smoky brick ovens, past the bath house, the store houses, the vegetable gardens and finally to the covered passageway which leads from the Rōshi's own apartments to the Meditation Hall itself.

At the door of this long, silent building, by the side of the rough rope geta, I left my shoes, and once inside its dusky stillness with upraised hands and palms joined together I bowed three times, once to the shrine of Manjusri, the Bodhisattva of Wisdom and the patron of all Zen Monasteries, once to the head monk of the Meditation Hall, and again, as I stood before the place on the raised platform where I was to sit, I bowed to the assemblage of monks. As I took my seat, hardly daring to look around and yet eager with curiosity, I became conscious of a long line of dark figures sitting opposite to me on the raised platform which ran the length of the building. And on either side of me stretched another such line. In perfect silence they sat, seemingly immovable, each onean equal distance from the other and each one an equal distance from the front edge of the long platforms. With downcast eyes they sat, and folded hands, their dark robes flowing gracefully around them. Like statues they were, statues of the five hundred lohans in the temple at Soochow.

I settled myself and tried in spite of the strangeness to meditate upon my koan. There was the slop slop of straw sandals on the stone floor, and the smell of incense floated back as a monk passed by. Then softly and from a distance came the sound of a wooden hammer beating upon wood, slow dull strokes at first, and then quickly and more quickly until with a terrific crash which seemed to shatter

Ryosen-an, Daitoku-ji,
October 8, 1962

the very roof above me, it ceased. The sharp stroke of a bell and those motionless figures came suddenly to life. With unbelievable agility they were on their feet, girding up their heavy robes, and in single file marching with long, slow strides around the open center space. Around and around, faster and faster they went until they were almost running. Again the sharp stroke of the bell, and each man was at his own place. Another stroke and each bowed deeply, still another, and all were sitting motionless as statues again. A dim electric bulb was switched on and the candles were lighted before the shrine. The head monk andone other slipped quietly from their places, and taking each a long smooth stick, they bowed low before the shrine, and again to one another. Then with slow, noiseless tread, the sticks held with military precision over their shoulders, they began their endless vigil, sentries against the coming of that most dreaded enemy of earnest Zen monks, the God of Sleep,

Outside the night had settled down upon the mountain and deeper and deeper was the stillness within this dim hall. The constant rushing of the mountain stream became but a part of that silence. The chill wind blowing through the open doorways left the stillness but deeper than before. And when from far, far away came the sound of the bell of Eikandō it was as if those deep, sweet tones were absorbed into the bosom of that silence as is a dew drop into the sea. And thus we sat. All sense of time and place melted away. Within us as without only eternal stillness reigned.

(to be continued)

Eteju

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toward arbitration instead of war. But can we not hope that this system shall be carried out on a more and more enlarged scale, so that the world will be blessed with the everlasting glorious bright sunshine of peace and love instead of the gloomy, cloudy weather of bloodshed, battles and wars?

We are not born to fight one against another. We are born to enlighten our wisdom and cultivate our virtues according to the guidance of truth. And, happily, we see the movement toward the abolition of war and the establishment of a peace-making society. But how will our hope be realized? Simply by the help of the religion of truth. The religion of truth is the fountain of benevolence and mercy.

We must not make any distinction between race and race, between civilization and civilization, between creed and creed, and faith and faith. You must not say "Go away," because we are not Christians. You must not say "Go away," because we are yellow people. All beings in the universe are in the bosom of truth. We are all sisters and brothers; we are sons and daughters of truth, and let us understand one another much better and be true sons and daughters of truth. Truth be praised!

A COMMUNICATION FROM THE MAHA BODHI Society of India asks us to give publicity to the birth centenary of another of the Buddhist delegates to the World's Parliament of Religions, listed as Mr. H. Dharmapala of Ceylon, then in his early thirties. The person and eloquence of this speaker made an impression on the assembly that is preserved in a letter published at the time (in the St. Louis *Observer*, September 21, 1893).

"With his black, curly locks thrown back from his broad brow, his keen, clear eye fixed upon the audience, his long brown fingers emphasizing the utterances of his vibrant voice, he looked the very image of a propagandist, and one trembled to know that such a figure stood at the head of the movement to consolidate all the disciples of Buddha and to spread 'the light of Asia' throughout the civilized world."

THE MESSAGE CIRCULATED BY THE MAHA Bodhi Society is from Sri Jawaharlal Nehru, Prime Minister of India.

I am glad that the birth centenary of the late Ven'ble Anagarika Dharmapala is being celebrated. By founding the Maha Bodhi Society of India and in many other ways, he brought a fresh impetus to the study of Buddhism in India. Buddhism all along has been honoured greatly in India even by those who did not profess themselves as Buddhists. Lately, however, this has become a more active interest and the message of the Buddha has inspired large numbers of people. In today's world of nuclear weapons, the message of peace and non-violence has a particular importance and appeal.

I hope that the centenary of Anagarika Dharmapala will bring out this aspect even more, for it is something which affects all of us, wherever we may dwell.

DURING THE COURSE OF A RECENT VISIT with Senchu Murano, Managing Editor of *The Young East*, one of the few periodicals the Institute subscribes to, I remarked that the celebration of the seventieth anniversary of the coming of Buddhism sixty-nine years after the event caused some confusion in American minds and that a number of people had asked me about this. Mr. Murano's eyes sparkled with his instant riposte: "But you Americans base your whole calendar on a similar reckoning from the birth of Christ as the beginning of the Christian era. He had to be one year old when he was born. You should tell people that." Wish I'd thought of it myself. ED.

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Founded in 1930 by
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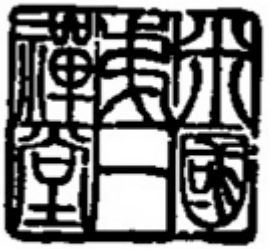

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