

ON BEING 90

A TEISH_ BY ROBERT AITKEN ©

Thank you, everybody, for this nice party. I feel quite overwhelmed. We are recording these words, so for the record, let me thank the planners and those who brought those plans into reality. Thank you everyone for coming, and thank you everyone who telephoned and sent messages of congratulation. The kindness of your messages almost convinces me that those 90 years did not pass in vain.

Now, I suppose, you hope for words of wisdom. Sorry, I don't have any, beyond stuff you already know. Wotthehell, as Archy would say.

It seems to me that the most obvious observation I can make is the gap between what we know and what we do. We know that we come into being, hang out for a while and then go out of being. Nothing survives. Rupert Murdoch will not survive. Bill Gates will not survive. Their organizations and institutions will not survive. You and I and everything we value are completely ephemeral. Do we act as though we know this?

The bowing mat before our altar appeared in our mail after we heard that the seamstress had died. Had we treated her as though her days were numbered? When we stop to think about it, we realize that they are numbered for everybody in this room. That is a poignant fact, and it's sad. Guanyin (Kanzeon) holds our tears in her vase. Namu Kanzeon Bosatsu! Harada Daiun R_shi asked, "How old is Kanzeon?"

Our containment of all beings is the second thing we know and have difficulty putting into practice. True realization of

containment is also conducive to waves of compassion. With Walt Whitman, we are large, for we contain multitudes.

This inclusion is set forth metaphorically as the Net of Indra in commentaries on the *Huayan Sutra*. Each point in the net is a jewel that perfectly reflects all other jewels.¹ Its virtue is the network, as well as mutual inclusion. Each one of us contains all others. The Net of Indra is metaphor extraordinaire. It permeates many of the cases of Zen Buddhism and it permeates the haiku of Bashō. Here's an example of Bashō's network with my comment edited from *A Zen Wave*:

*Suzumego to
koe nakikawase
nezumi no su*

Baby mice in their nest
squeak in response
to the young sparrows.²

“Not only baby mice and baby sparrows, but all people, animals, and things are intimately interconnected, symbiotic—dissimilar organisms living together in mutual dependence. That says it all. We are all of us completely and absolutely dissimilar, living in complete and absolute dependence upon one another. We are a symbiotic universe, a symbiotic family of nations, a symbiotic country, state of that country, island, community, family, and even individual (for we have all kinds of creatures living in our insides).”

Challenge follows challenge, and we are led to the third thing we know and easily forget: the infinitely precious quality of each individual being and thing. Truly great masters show the way.

When Bashō was on his last pilgrimage and lay dying in the home of one of his students, he dictated the verse:

*Aki fukaki
tonari wa nani wo
suru hito zo*

Autumn deepens,
Our neighbor—
What does he do?³

Literally, “What occupation-person is he?” In the deepening mood of autumn, Bashō’s mind turns to the person next door. Is he an artist or a carpenter or what? You might think that at such a time, he would be focused on the seriousness of his condition and situation, or on some unfinished matter. No, he asked about the identity of a person in his network he did not know.

Japanese tend to pigeon-hole people by their occupation or profession, but most people, including Japanese, will be self-centered at the moment of death. That is what makes the verse so unusual. Bashō was a teacher of haiku and of life itself, and he lived this way to the very end.

Well, where does this leave us? Maybe you do not consistently frame your attitudes and conduct with a completely enlightened consciousness, but neither do I. Even at 90, my practice continues. The same goes for anybody with a practice, down through the years. However, the true master of religion and the true master of poetry are seasoned in their practice and realization—in their understanding, and to their compassion. Remember that the first meaning of “compassion” is “suffer together.”

Reading the literature of the Bodhisattva is an exercise in the irredeemable human facts of consequence. The denial of compassion and the exclusion of others are often quite benign and productive, but ultimately and inevitably they lead to war, mass imprisonment, torture and murder. “National interest” is the false maxim used to cover such abominations. The Bodhisattva is far-and-away unlimited by the bounds of national interest. Her sentiment is a feature of the oldest composition in human history.

Take the Chinese poet Bo Zhuyi, for example. Here is an excerpt of his poem about prisoners of war in the ongoing conflict between the Chinese and the Tartars of Turkistan. It was composed in 809 AD, almost 200 years before the Battle of Hastings in 1066:

They were led from the city of Chang-an under escort
of an armed guard.

Their bodies were covered with the wounds of arrows,
their bones stood out of their cheeks.

They had grown so weak they could only march a
single stage a day.

In the morning they must satisfy hunger and thirst with
neither plate nor cup.

At night they must lie in their dirt and rags that stank
with filth.⁴

Thus we get a sense of complicated human cruelty from ancient times, and indeed Homer predated Bo Zhuyi by some 1,200 years, and his *Iliad* presents the same subjection of flesh-and-blood human beings to the forceful imperatives we see on our television screens today, of people denying humanity.

the horses

Rattled the empty chariots through the files of battle,
Longing for their noble drivers. But they on the ground
Lay, dearer to the vultures than to their wives.⁵

The imperatives of human beings to deny the humane leads to widespread killing and also to walls and fences thrown up to separate people from people—the Great Wall of China, for example, and the walls dividing humanity that have likewise been thrown up in the 20th and 21st centuries. One by one these walls self-destruct—somehow by something, as Robert Frost wrote:

Something there is that doesn't love a wall,
That sends the frozen-ground-swell under it,
And spills the upper boulders in the sun,
And makes gaps even two can pass abreast.

Frost wrote this poem in reaction to his neighbor's declaration that "Good fences make good neighbors." It is a shameful kind of irony that Frost is remembered as the author of the line about good fences, when actually he hated the sentiment, as even a casual reading of his poem makes clear.

You might suppose by all this that it's important to realize that all things and all beings are ephemeral and empty, that a single being contains all other beings, and that each being is infinitely precious. Well, such truths are indeed very important, but there is more to realize. The human being who realizes the transitory nature of the self and all beings—personally, to the very bottom—*under-stands* the humane. The human dies, but the humane lives on. This ultimate kind of complementarity is the very ground of the Dharma. The *Heart Sutra* boils down this truth to the basic:

Form is no other than emptiness—
emptiness no other than form.⁶

The brief *Kannon Sutra* sets forth this ultimate fact in the realm of thought:

Thought after thought arise in the mind:
Thought after thought are not separate from mind.⁷

As everybody with a modicum of conscience knows very well, thought after thought arise in the mind. It may not be so clear that each of these thoughts is that very mind. It is the purpose of true masters to help us to grasp the unity of our every-day mind and the mind of Guanyin herself.

This is the great stone bridge of Zhaozhou, and my best birthday present is its full and complete realization by each of us at last.

I dedicate this teish_ gratefully to my late master, Yamada K_un R_shi. Michael Kieran, Jack Shoemaker and Carolyn Glass helped with its composition.

NOTES

¹ Thomas Cleary, *Entry into the Inconceivable: An Introduction to Hua-yen Buddhism* (Honolulu: University of Hawaii, 1983), pp. 33, 149.

² Robert Aitken, *A Zen Wave: Bash_'s Haiku and Zen* (Washington DC: Shoemaker & Hoard, 1978), p. 63.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 68.

⁴ Arthur Waley, *Translations from the Chinese* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1941), p. 174.

⁵ Simone Weil, *The Iliad: or the Poem of Force* (Wallingford, PA: Pendle Hill, ND), p. 3.

⁶ Robert Aitken, *Encouraging Words: Zen Buddhist Teachings for Western Students* (New York & San Francisco: Pantheon Books, 1993), p. 173.

⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 178.