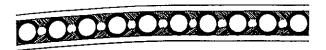
A Dispute in Sign Language



Zen master and his one-eyed student lived together in a monastery. One day a wandering monk came to the Zen master and said, "If you will accept me, I wish to study with you."

The old monk replied, "Decide first if you belong here. Go into the garden and speak to my student. Converse with him in any way you wish. After that, come and tell me your decision."

The visiting monk nervously went out into the garden and saw the oneeyed monk meditating. "I will show him how profound I can be," thought the visitor. "I will converse with him in sign language."

Approaching quietly, the visiting monk tapped the one-eyed monk on the shoulder and held up one finger. The one-eyed monk held up two fingers. In response, the visiting monk held up three fingers. The one-eyed monk held up his fist. When the visiting monk saw this, he dashed out of the garden to tell the old monk his decision.

He came upon the old monk at his chores and gasped, "I do not deserve to stay here! I am unworthy of being a fellow student with the enlightened young monk I met in the garden!"

The old monk paused in his work and asked incredulously, "Are you speaking of the young one-eyed monk in the garden?"

"Yes!" exclaimed the visitor. "His knowledge is far superior to mine. I will humbly leave."

"Please tell me what happened in the garden," said the old monk, wideeyed with amazement. The visitor explained, "I approached the venerable monk and decided to

that they all are one. I immediately ran here to tell you I must leave." With a revealed the limitations of my understanding. He held up his fist to show me show the Buddha, the Dharma, and the Sangha, the community. Then he Dharma. I persevered in the discussion, however, and held up three fingers to Whereupon he held up two fingers to indicate the Buddha and his teaching, the converse in sign language. I held up one finger to indicate the Buddha.

A moment later the young one-eyed monk stumbled into the temple. He sigh, he turned and left the temple.

"Calm your temper," said the old monk. "Please tell me what happened in grumbled and shouted, "Where is that scoundrel? How dare he insult me!"

three fingers, pointing out that there were only three eyes among us. I could bear congratulating him that he has two eyes. Then he insulted me further! He held up finger, indicating that I have only one eye. I held up two fingers, politely visitor interrupted my concentration. When I looked up at him, he held up one The young monk explained, "I was peacefully meditating when that rude

it no longer. I raised my fist to punch him in the nose and he ran away!"

the garden."