

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THE PERSON TO BLAME for this volume is Patricia Crosby. She was abetted by Luis Gómez, but it was largely as a result of her . . . uh . . . persistence that vague and evasive promises on my part were somehow transformed into a project, then a schedule, then a manuscript. Her motives remain inscrutable, but given her roots, it might be assumed that she still has a soft spot for old cowboys. I am, in any case, grateful to her, and to Professor Gómez, who, indeed, remains for me a Professor.

I am also, again, grateful to the members of my family, all of whom—although a little worse for wear—are still going. Their perspective on things remains important and is nicely exemplified by an encounter that my niece—also a Schopen—had at an American university that shall remain nameless. When the professor of an anthropology course she was taking asked her if she was related to the Schopen who was a “buddhologist,” she promptly and emphatically denied it—she did not know what the word meant, but it did not sound like anybody she knew.

I remain grateful to old friends: John Thiel and Hal Roth—a theologian and a Sinologist—an odd cluster, perhaps, but deep, and old, and true. Our conversations are still about books and ideas even if there are increasingly frequent references to aches and pains, receding hair, or bulging waistlines. I continue to be grateful to my old boss and friend Patrick Olivelle, and I continue to be amazed by his scholarship, his high spirits, and his apparently boundless energy. I am also grateful to another—if unlikely—boss: one Carl Bielefeldt. He had to watch my misguided attempt to make myself over into a member of the faculty of that bastion of free enterprise and liberal politics that is Stanford University. It could not have been a pretty sight, and yet he never seemed to lose his sense of humor. I am grateful to him for this, and for the time spent at Stanford—at least one of the papers in this volume was written there. I am equally grateful to Bernard Faure, at Stanford still, for his friendship and conversation. Our occasional trips to Berkeley in

quest of books, and even our trip to the Palo Alto dump, are among my favorite memories of those otherwise benighted days.

My new boss too had to watch, but, as befits the only monk I know who looks really good in a three-piece suit, Robert Buswell never lost his composure. Also at UCLA, William Bodiford (an amazing source of the most disparate kinds of information) and John Duncan (a fellow country boy) were welcoming from the start. Robert Brown—who, if I remember correctly, started the whole convoluted process that led to Los Angeles—has become a very good reason for going to campus, has put up with a lot of teasing, and generously allowed me access to his personal library (most of which is made up of books checked out of the university library for the next two hundred years). More recently, a young man I have known for many years has joined us, and his enthusiasm for scholarship has, as always, been infectious: Jonathan Silk has never been at a loss for words about my work or anyone else's, has lent me books, provided me references (even when I did not want them), and, even more important for world peace, is learning how to be polite. It is nice to have him near at hand. To all these gentlemen I am very grateful.

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who gives me hope; and Fleming—young in spirit—who gives me meaning. Neither could I do without.

Some details—all but one of the papers in this volume have been previously published. There is in this volume, as in its predecessor, a certain amount of repetition, and some passages of the *Mūlasarvāstivāda-vinaya* in particular are translated more than once. In such cases I have made no attempt to make my renderings exactly alike, and I do not offer any apologies for this. I have left these variant translations because they so nicely show that all translations are only approximate—the same phrase can be legitimately rendered in more than one way. In this volume too there is some variation in the spelling of place-names that has not always been removed, and copious other minor inconsistencies in hyphenation, capitalization, and other matters of national security. These remain in spite of the *fact* that once again—as with the first volume—these papers have fallen into the hands of an excellent copy editor. Working in Austin, where many of these papers were first written, Rosemary Wetherold has *in fact* removed *at least a very* large number of stylistic infelicities (she will most fully appreciate the italicization). Those that remain are my fault, as is the substance, which has been changed not at all. I am grateful to her, and to the University of Hawai‘i Press for taking yet another chance.

