

The immaterial dimension



The way of the warrior & The Spirit
Shidoshi Alfredo Tucci





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The immaterial dimension

The Way of the Warrior and the Spirit



御慧玟

Shidoshi Alfredo Tucci

*To my wise father "White Eagle",
who flies high with the Great Spirit.*







The immaterial dimension

"Time is the best author: it always finds a perfect ending."
Charles Chaplin

"I am interested in the future because it is the place where I will spend the rest of my life."
Woody Allen

Faster or slower, time passes, it is an experience we all have. Time gives us our real dimension and measures us as much as space itself, or even more; it gives and takes away without doing anything, because its dimension is as abstract as it is puzzling. Sometimes we look back and it seems that life has slipped away like water through our fingers, like sand grains on a windy day. Others, however, when observing the changes experienced, we have the impression that eons of time have passed and thousands of things have happened.

Spells of mind? Hocus-pocus neurons fleeing in disarray? Honestly, I don't care. What I want to point out and share is the phenomenon that even though we all experience it in a different way, it makes us all equal: the fleetingness of life.

The way we fill the thousands of moments that are concatenated one after another, most often unconsciously, is what we call life. What it was, no longer exists, nevertheless it remains in our memory and sometimes, for many, it does so as a tyrant anchoring, an antique chest of identified pains and joys with no more power than that we grant it.

What it is, is crumbled and mixed most of the time in the branches that hide the forest. Few are the moments in life in which we attend and are protagonists our consciousness of being and living that particular moment. They leave us just as they have arrived, in the same way as when we strive to take command in the middle of a vivid dream: we get lost in the smallest thing.

The future, the arcane secret that the most experienced in occultism and even the most ignorant beings try to decode, is an empire where it dwells a single certainty: finitude.

At each step, hidden, fate is pressing; at each step, hidden, free will, wise or ignorant, imposes its limited but determining designs.

We choose, we opt for a path, when in fact what we are doing is dismissing millions of them and in doing so, the stone in the pond doesn't make waves, but tsunamis that reverberate hitting the confines of infinity; so in the end, cause and effect get entangled creating a sense of continuity, which is but one more deceit to disturb our lucidity.

Time is the greatest deception and the most imperative of the realities that frame us. As inevitable as elusive, as perishable as eternal; *tempus fugit*, time goes fast, flees, fades, because its dimensional reality is immaterial and through it, even the most ordinary of the mortals experiences the confrontation with the transcendent.

That expiry is what compels us, persuade us and urges us to fulfill the intended purposes. That which is eternal in us is not what gives us the stamp of continuity, the hallmark of individuals, the peculiarities to which we cling. The eternal, the spirit that animates our first and ultimate nature defines itself indefinable, because even more subtle than time itself, it has much finer garments; the spirit, like water, seeps into the strainer of the temporal; what remains stuck in there, is not the essential.

Time, more than anything else, is the stage of our work. Places change, the characters intermingle and confuse the passing of the acts and scenes; even the script itself, subject to change, corrections, cross-outs, studs, side notes and improvisations, *mutatis mutandis*, it is reviewed and revisable. But time, ah! Nothing escapes its action on this plane.

Bullfighter of vanities, exterminator of objectives, butcher of all personal prominence, time is a merciless executioner of every vestige of particularity. Measuring rod for everything and every being, Kronos devours its children without exception, for we all belong to it. Sublime monster, divine executioner, is in its gallows where everything takes its right measurement; where, pious at times, pain ends; where the certainties are diluted.

Time doesn't pass, we pass through it. We leave strips of ourselves in each encounter, sculpted by its blows or polished in its sandstorms; the strength of its dimension always shapes us, models us and, at the last moment, finishes us. But without it, what would it change? Nobody volunteers to the way of consciousness, because "carrots" have more supporters than the "stick". It's a king with bad press, but only time provides us with the opportunity for change. His designs, far from being cruel, are great, because evil also surrenders to its power.

What has a beginning has an end. What's important in all this? Everyone answers this question his own way, but none can ignore the question. Herein lies its power, herein lies its command.

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3.0

Senso

amor y relaciones en la Red





"Educare"

"Two things are infinite: the Universe and human stupidity ... and I'm not sure about the Universe."

Albert Einstein

*"There ain't no more correction, no more respect."
(Uncle John leaning on his walking stick)*

Etymology tells us that to educate, from Latin "educare", means "to guide from the outside", as well as "to take out what you have inside." Educating is the most noble and elevated profession; like being a doctor, it's rather a priesthood than a simple job.

My grandfather was a master, and he was it in more ways than one. He even helped me with Latin, which was then a matter that we all had to study, although at that time it was depreciated as being something useless; but strangely enough, it has been one of the few things that have really helped me later in life (of course, infinitely more than all that string of nonsense and uselessness that they made me memorize).

Having information doesn't mean to know; knowing how to use the data is what works, and using them wisely is what counts. In education, character is to be molded with painstaking care, like if you were cultivating a plant, trying to cut here and there every possible "wrong direction" with great care and affection, but mostly, irrigating and fertilizing the ground so that growth occurs.

But "wrong direction", respect to what? Every era, every culture has its taboo. Every Master will err if he is not able to perceive the confines of his ministry. A real good Master is not only aware of his own boundaries, but he also knows that his first achievement will be to not become, consciously or unconsciously and for the sake of his own defects, the castrator of what the student may have inside or give of self.

However, the final goal is not the accumulated data, not even its functionality, because in the end, it's not only the results what counts in education; perhaps this could be so in a world that lived outwardly, however what it usually happens is that we individuals live in both directions, toward the outside and toward the inside, and certainly you can reach a great social success while remaining an absolute idiot, unhappy and hopeless. A Master should never forget that he is treating with unforeseeable material.

It's obvious that for me, educating doesn't mean teaching data; educating is teaching to live. The Master will part from the strands that the pupil has, and his task is that of making these strands visible, polishing them and leading them to the best of the proposals that they can give birth. If the student later builds with them a chair or a cruise ship, it's up to him; and not only because freedom is a great thing, but especially because pretending to intervene otherwise will inevitably end in disaster. Transmitting our frustrations, pretending to cure ourselves in somebody else's body, has always the same price: Our own and others' misfortune. Therefore the Master, like a wise and loving father (or a mother), should get involved to the same extent in which he should practice detachment. Arduous task, indeed, but not without satisfaction, because there is no pleasure like seeing flourishing what you planted; and even in a selfish way for he who loves knowledge and wisdom; as his magisterium suggests, teaching is the best way to learn.

And speaking about that, they say that nothing teaches more than personal example. Well, this is false. Example doesn't teach by itself, rather it's something from which we can learn. The Master who believes this provision and tries to impost its reflection is wrong, because the students will notice what the Master kindly perceives, and they will interpret it according to their understanding and inclinations, and it's well known that what for some people is great, for others can be horrific. The wise respects the difference, because evolution only arises from it.

But, where are the boundaries of teaching? Unfortunately, we have no accurate maps to delineate this border because we all have our own character, our strengths and weaknesses, our wants and goals. Knowing how to ride a horse does not mean being able to ride all the horses in the world. My dear friend, Colonel Ramos Alcaraz (requiescat in pace), a special Raid rider, hated riding dressage horses, because he said "they had more springs than a computer". To him, riding meant pace, trot, gallop and jump, that is, getting from one place to another on a horse, experiencing the joy of freedom, coming and going across the fields, being one with the noble beast, and so, making monkey shines on a horse was not only unnecessary, but also something that could even be dangerous, because while you thought you were ordering "ahead", the mount could be understanding "behind".

It seems that in these things, as in many others, common sense is

completely irreplaceable; same thing happens with humility. Filling up your head with things, data or assumptions (that's what opinions are), like if you were filling a container, will not help anyone to fulfill his or her destiny, to be better and freer, wiser, or happier. Knowledge is overrated as much as wisdom is undervalued.

Getting to be simply impeccable in the noble task of education is extremely difficult without the right combination of commitment and detachment. Exceeding the limits or falling short is the most common outcome. There's no Master that has not been frustrated in his efforts, there's no teacher without disappointments. But we will always justify ourselves, because we are individuals and therefore we need to be the owners of our reflexes, we want to love each other, we want to be loved, to be respected. Humans are herd as well as individuals. The tribe, whatever the conception we may have about it, is essential in our lives and this principle is engraved in our genes.

Although life is a personal experience, the social dimension of our being cannot be either overlooked or turn into a whole that enslaves us or postpones what is only ours. To Caesar what is Caesar's... Today, what they call education is to associate data with an alleged and always false functionality; anyone who has graduate in the University knows this big lie. Experience and field work are what make the expert, the Master is brought up by time and the stubborn perseverance in understanding.

They say that you only know something when you are able to teach it properly. This is the truth, rarely explained, about why the master needs the pupil. The emphasis is always put in the other direction. But it's in emptying ourselves, in contrasting ourselves trying to explain what we believe we dominate, when we do understand our limitations, it's the moment in which we discover our deficiencies and, sometimes, we even are amazed to find out that we knew more than what they taught us. And as the old Spanish saying goes: "A clever learns more from a fool than a fool from a clever."

The sentimental assessments don't make good the exploited experiences. I value my military service as much as or more than anybody else, but not because it was good, but because I made something good out of this experience. For many of my colleagues it was quite the opposite. Setting it as a universal point is a tremendous presumption.

With sentimentality you end up just kissing even the stick that has been hitting you, but for the true Master, ability is worth a thousand

times more than strength. The stick cannot be an everyday means, but an exceptional resource. Pain freely inflicted (as it is almost always) does not support any justification, but it's always a sign of the flaws and shortcomings in our magisterium. Today I regret few things of what I have lived so far, but I keep always in mind the day in which I spank my beloved she-dog Eleuteria, when I didn't know to teach her otherwise. Did she learn? Yeah ... but was it necessary? Or was it simply showing my disability? Only the infinite affection that I felt for her could compensate somehow the formation of her character, which in any case it was noble, dignified, courageous and infinitely sweet, because that was what she had inside her.

Children are a sensitive matter; the fact that they are malleable doesn't mean that they can stand everything. Educating them requires wisdom, temperance and grace. The elder ones, although tougher, are but grown children, believe me, the rule cannot be very different. More flies are caught with honey than with vinegar!

“Pain freely inflicted (as it is almost always) does not support any justification, but it’s always a sign of the flaws and shortcomings in our magisterium.”





Old age

*"The old man cannot do what a young man does;
but he does it better."*

Cicero

*"We all want to get old,
and we all deny to have grown old."*

Quevedo

In Japanese culture, the sixtieth birthday is the most important of all. Japan considers that this anniversary is equivalent in importance to the day of birth of the individual himself, so that birthday is celebrated throughout the year.

For the Japanese, in the anthropological imaginary of their culture, the 10-year cycles are considered as "Karmic cycles". Ten is the first of two-digit numbers and somehow means the entry into another dimension of things. All this is embodied in a known geometric figure, since they represent every period of 10 years as one entire segment of an upward equilateral triangle. After the age of 30, the first of two triangles are complete. A second triangle, this time downward, is formed with the segments representing the following three decades.

Both triangles overlapped, form a six point figure (the Star of David) so that on reaching the age of 60 all six points are defined and, once united, allow the creation of the circle, symbol of fate and perfection (the symbol for Infinity is formed by the union of two circles). Closing the circle is thus that magical moment in our 60th birthday, i.e., the birth to a new stage or, as they look at it, the time when a man is finally ready and complete to do what he has come to do in this life, a time when the fate cries higher than any other force.

Japan has an excellent life expectancy in the first place, closely followed by Spain, among the countries that can be called as such (San Marino and Hong Kong are ahead, but because of their size they are rather considered as cities).

The Japanese certainly enjoys good health and activity in the old age. There are many reasons that interact to create this state of affairs. Some of his most guarded secrets are of course a healthy diet that includes algae, with a high content in minerals; fish and vegetables, as well as condiments, and supplements based on soy beans

(shoju, miso, tofu, etc.), fermented vegetables that safeguard the intestinal flora and, of course, exercise, some mythical examples and specific for the elders, as the "Densho butsu no kami".

Perhaps their last and most precious secret is the "Do o raku" (translated as "playing or having fun with the Tao"), something that, from a distant way, we could transcribe in our culture as "hobbies", although actually, these activities are much more than hobbies and turn de facto into a practical work, where age, far from being a barrier, is an incentive, an added value where experience can be translated into "mastery". It is this Mastery which in turn motivates and engenders respect and interest of the youngest, encouraging them to learn from them.

This generational meeting, which otherwise couldn't be recreated artificially, is decisive in giving meaning to life, because from a certain age, simple things like feeling valued or useful, become the backbone of the intention to stay alive. Over the years we all become physically weaker, more dependent and this generates not only depreciation but also discouragement. Older people begin to become "invisible" to others. Besides, for them the absence of primary stimuli must be replaced by self-will to stay alive. Much of what was happening until then automatically in the physical and hormonal levels, as a result of the very exuberance of life, must be replaced now by conscious attitudes "manually" managed.

The virtuous circle of this relationship is established when the other party also takes advantage of the meeting. For the youngest, contact with older people allows them to moderate their excesses, tempering their judgment and, of course, dimensioning themselves within time by seeing their own figure reflected in the mirror of what someday (at best) they will become.

What makes the miracle of that generational meeting and this virtuous circle, is a series of activities, some of them crafts, others arts and techniques, which have the virtue of generating in its performers a certain encounter between mind, spirit and body. In all these activities, the natural decay of the body not only is replaced by the growth of the spirit and the accumulation of experience as an added value, it can also be infinitely increased, since it doesn't depend on force, a decrepit attribute, but on consciousness.

These activities are of the most varied nature, ranging from Japanese painting Sumi-e, to arts like Kyujutsu (Japanese archery),

Origami (Japanese paper folding), ceramics, "Ikebana" (flower arrangement), sword forging, manufacturing of traditional products, Martial Arts, etc.

This reverence for elders is something of which we have a lot to learn in the West, where usually the youngsters live with their backs turned to their elders and where the standards and values of the youth have usurped the right space that entail conquests needing a whole life of efforts to be acquired. Instead of that, we have cornered the elderly and dismissed the usefulness of their experience in the context of awarding and celebrating the external values such as the economic plunder, success at any price, and selfishness as an accepted banner.

The information society and the electronic advances have not helped, rather they have created a strong barrier and a perfect excuse to devalue any previous experience, as if now everything was new under the sun, when the truth is on the contrary, always in this life, we talk about "the same dogs" but "with different collars".

The biggest prisoners of this state of affairs disguise themselves as youngsters up to ridicule, be it to attract the general attention be it to preserve their privileges. Men resort to dyes to hide their gray hair, women spend millions on creams and both men and women are turning to cosmetic surgery to stop or delay a process that cannot be aborted.

Growing old, as Groucho said, it is what happens if you live long enough. There is no special virtue if it's not filled with content, but there's no demerit either. At the end of the day is the horizon that awaits us all, as I said ... in the best of the cases.

The alternative to a birthday is death, so it's fair to say that old age is an achievement, a privilege and a value in itself, but it is even more when it's decorated by experience and mastery in something worth it to be transferred to those who will remain here, by the way, and don't forget that it gives a lot of humility to every one... They, too, (the youngsters) come with an expiration date. Nobody has expressed it as well as the brilliant author of "La Celestina", D. Fernando de Rojas: "No one is so old that could not live another year, nor so young that could not die today."

Living a great life is not only living a long life. The fact that old age can be something tasty, appetizing and worth it living is the job of a lifetime. A culture that gives precedence to the values of youthfulness is certainly not the most appropriate framework, but each and every

one can turn back the tide, of course, being aware of the real versus the imaginary.

Death is the only unshakeable certainty in our future, but there are many positive ways of organizing our lives in which virtue can prevail in such a way that, as Neruda, we can also say at the end and at all times, that of "I confess that I have lived".

Once distilled the nectar of the experiences, nothing equals the power, the tempered look and the gentle smile of an old man, a human being who made the most out of his days. If, as the Japanese think, the sixties are the true birth to this life, we don't even have the luxury of a minute to start preparing ourselves and meet the best of our destinies. May nothing ruin that commitment, life is a fleeting treasure and old age its golden icing ... if we know how to live it

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Reflections Haiku and other songbirds...

Shidoshi Jordan publishes every day his deepest thoughts on his Facebook page and he has the courtesy of sending them to me. They are always the result of profound reflections on the most varied issues and, following the ancient epistolary custom of the classics, and in spite of the fact that we meet continuously, I send him, by way of a comment, my views inspired by his profound questionings. Some of them will form a part of these editorials, because even out of context, they result pertinent in certain way; they are, so to speak, almost a species of modern Haiku.

My pen, more and more lazy, is shortened in explanations, because he who can understand, understands with little, and he who does not want to understand will not understand, however much I extend my explanations; so it is thanks to your stimulus, my dear Shidoshi, that these texts will see the light. For those who want to read Shidoshi Jordan's original texts, remember that they appear published free every day on his Facebook's page.

To what extent can we control the nature of people or things?

The river can be channeled, yes, and with great effort! but sooner or later the water will get into the sea. Any artifice generates risks, because when the water contained in a reservoir is suddenly released, it generates a destructive wave ... (or electricity in a turbine!).

Nature nonetheless, always prevails and all we can is defer it, modulate it. Any attempt of absolute control, sooner or later generates an absolute lack of control.

"You cannot stem the tide", reads the saying, and so, the great forces of life, evolution and fate, always sneak through each and every gate we can establish.

Sobriety is neither an antidote, nor an impregnable bastion, but it's an equalizer of disasters. Likewise, reflection will not prevent us from swallowing each and every bitter pill, but it will allow us to learn from them and maybe, if only at times, will let us break the destructive cycle of the snake biting its own tail, of the broken record repeating again and again the same mistake ... But evolution is also passing peace-

fully to the following one, without fear, and yes, with illusion, because however much illusion is a deception, it's "our deception", and therefore the indispensable instrument with which our nature endowed us to move forward; the carrot is so necessary as the stick for the donkey to walk.

Consciousness

Consciousness is the privilege of the spirit and therefore no one can silence it forever, because we cannot escape from ourselves.

The elevation that it promotes is eternal, because it's in its nature to partake of the evolving push, and because of that, it must not be forced, but only remove the barriers that surround it and contain it, let it come. Raised the ramparts, as the water, it will flood everything in our day to day, and though there might be background clatter, its silence will impregnate us, with the same naturalness with which water wets everything it touches. But even soaked in it, we can walk naked as the king of the story with his invisible dress. How many times the child that we have inside is the one who shouts: "the king is naked!" The brainy intellectuals do not reach the depth of that cry, the mind does not reach where the spirit reaches, only the child's innocence opens those sacred doors. How much mystery and power enclosed in them!

Where is the limit of responsibility with oneself and with others?

The Master has no choice but to intervene. When?

Every system; every nature; every context, whether anthropological, historical or social, create its premises.

If we take freedom as a great premise, everything will be reduced to a reflex action of our natures (that of the Master, of the student, in their contexts) any excuse is justified or justifiable, because everything is, if looked at from the appropriate angle or framework.

From the Unamuno's "Let others invent!", to the responsibility of a father, all is perfectly understandable, all is acceptable in the doing of a Master... everything! but, will it be really positive for both?

Life itself puts us every day in front of our limitations. To what extent must be pushed the river that flows alone?

Everything is a matter of degree. There are teachers who decide to do, others to make do, and still others who take advantage of the appropriate circumstances so that events occur, that evolution acts, that the major destiny of each student can find its place.

Everyone here, as usual, will act according to his or her nature, the mixture of both will pay off, with its mistakes and agreements. What would be considered wrong?

From a certain point of view there are some points to think about: what instead of opening prospects, closes them; what instead of modeling, amputates; what instead of pruning ends in cut; what only removes the excess and forgets about supplying what is missing; what treats with excessive rigor what should be treated with compassion and what, on the contrary, (beyond the Master's nature or convenience) treats with disdain the unforgivable, and that, like most things, is a Variable border.

We return to the natures, we return to the particular, we return to the context.

You cannot tame a thoroughbred like a Percheron, or a Percheron like a thoroughbred. Is the taming you learnt the right one for that horse?

"Each bull has his own fight", but, is it necessary to fight every bull what comes out from the bullpens door?

Sometimes not to do is much more than to do. And sometimes you'll just ask yourself: But ... What the heck!

Above all particular, larger values act, greater forces are imposed, we are all a tiny part of other titanic ones, we can only find the way in the narrow hallway of our destinies, one millimeter to the left ... two to the right ... assume our own destiny with delight.

If playing cards and losing is a pleasure, what will it be to win? ...

- Well, my friend... That's talking to God! -

“Consciousness is the privilege of the spirit and therefore no one can silence it forever, because we cannot escape from ourselves.”



Tithes of wisdom

In this new issue I will continue deploying my small epistolary reflections inspired from the reading of the texts that Shidoshi Jordan hangs every day in his Facebook. With no other pretension than that of taking a look at any matter that he has touched on his text, and thus providing the readers some angle of reflection on eternal matters, I do not pretend to pontificate, or tell the last word; nonetheless in a world in which reflection is threatened with extinction, I hope these tithes of wisdom can serve so that those whoever it may concern, can read them, if necessary use them and, why not, make them their own.

Personal evolution

Personal evolution is such a great mystery! We change everything without changing our essence, because what we really change, in essence, is only the fitting. But tiny changes in the center mean huge changes in the periphery (the archer aiming); mind, emotion and especially the spirit; the more in the center (and the more we are identified with the real center), the greater the effect.

The essential mass of our personality marks the differential of transformation; the greater the mass, the greater the change (the bow tension). So we who are "intense by birth", we rotate apparently millimeters and the world trembles (for better or worse), hence the importance and increasing responsibility of sobriety, temper, reflection ... and, at the same time, nothing matters ... because we are not responsible for having a critical mass ... it only matters what we do with it, because we will be the first ones and last ones to be rewarded, the first ones and last ones to be punished, and we will be rewarded or punished... by ourselves... the rest is just a mirror that reflects us, a bouncing wall ... What a great mystery is the personal evolution!

We are... what we are!

It's true! We are what we are!

Indeed! Movement is only produced by difficulties ... but too many of them also block us when they get to beat us... And anyone who has not been defeated, raise your hand!

It's true ... and yet, ease leads inexorably to difficulty. A balance that we must manage wisely: the brave, by measuring himself in his courage ... The coward in his fear ... The lazy, in his laziness ... Much of "whatever", even joy!, brings pain... standing still means ending up by decomposing yourself, but if you keep moving too much, sooner or later you'll lose the center.

Is it necessary suffering so much? The river always reaches calmly the sea... Old age has its advantages too!

Acceleration

One of the more interesting and at the same time less weighted aspects of the acceleration on humans is that of unmasking its devices. If we start from the idea of person (in Latin, actor's mask), they fall at full speed pushed by the winds of acceleration. Hurries and rush are always bad counselors; like goes the Spanish saying that the writer Benito Pérez Galdós attributed to King Fernando VII, when his troubled valet didn't manage to dress him well: "Dress me slowly because I'm in a hurry" ("Haste makes waste"). The Spanish collection of proverbs is fraught with wise phrases that expose this same idea in the most charming way: "Hurries are a thing of thieves and bad bullfighters". The Spanish collection of proverbs is fraught with wise phrases that expose this same idea in the most charming way: "Hurries are a thing of thieves and bad bullfighters".

Parsimony, temper, always requires a thorough management of the acceleration that invades us and surrounds us. The world is rushing and those who are unable to evade its pace, invariably become slaves to circumstances.

Hurries, when there is no right temper, pull out from within our primordial natures, because there is no time for concealment or imposture. But for everyone there is a threshold of pressure-acceleration (which are the two sides of the same coin) where the force overcomes us, and then the only weapon is having worked deeply our consciousness.

Crisis and change

Crisis, from the Greek κρίσις, means "decision"; it defines a moment of completion or rupture of a process that defines things;

from there that it can be also translated as "judgment."

The accumulation of energies around a central axis, gravitating in a specific scenario, follows no random patterns that either are released for lack of strength of the central axis and are wasted, or are condensed increasing its solidity and then rush into something. In any case, everything that has a beginning, has an end. Therefore, is not the least among the wise the virtue of detachment.

The reverse side of intelligence is arrogance

There is a mechanism which is intrinsic to the human being and to the way his thinking is organized, to the way his brain works, which is analogy. With great success, analogy has led us to succeed as a species, even though we are not really a paragon of virtue or physical talents.

With analogy, starting from something known, we managed to infer by similarity conclusions to respond to the unknown. Then we apply reasoning to verify the discovery and pass it to the next generation. A great system, no doubt. However, this positive aspect of our peculiar way of being thinking animals, bears hidden on the bottom of itself a terrible reverse side, which is the root of arrogance.

Forced by the imperative of need, the above mentioned process of trying to know what we ignore by means of comparison, which takes us to position ourselves constantly before the unknown through challenges, carries implicitly in its abuse a terrible trend to believe that we are the exclusive bearers of the truth, and definitively the owners of a throne that doesn't fit us, because it will always be more what we don't know, than what we know.

As the real challenges are less than the imaginary ones, it's easy to reverse the positive of that procedure and fall into its dark counterpart. That's why the most protected generations, less contrasted with difficulties, accuse much more this defect. And that is also why certainties and security in the personal history are frequently strong points of a temper in which arrogance has installed itself.

Only the one who has fallen knows about his limits, measures his smallness; although there is no better antidote to arrogance than defeat, learning from it is quite another thing.

Those of us who have a tendency to arrogance, perceive the change when years mature us, because we become temperate (not

lukewarm), and we look at the world and our reactions with perspective. Tolerance is a first symptom, understanding is one even better, and compassion is the final one. These are the unmistakable signs that something has changed and modulated our nature, but without forgetting that we are what we are.

At the end, a goat will always be drawn to the mountain, or, as they say, a leopard never changes its spots.

“Personal evolution is such a great mystery! We change everything without changing our essence, because what we really change, in essence, is only the fitting.”



Beyond the line...

"Even the unexpected ends up being a habit once you've learned to endure"

Julio Cortazar

"To say that something is natural actually means that it can be applied to all things"

Socrates

The human being's capacity of enduring is paradigmatic. It is certainly this feature, along with our adaptability, what has made us the winning species on the planet. We are plastic, elastic, and capable to acquire any form and to integrate ourselves into any situation conforming to it.

My friend Paco, an exceptional therapist, genius of so many things, told me years ago talking about food: "Alfredo, do not worry so much about food, we will soon eat shit and we'll be even able to metabolize", to which, as it's customary in him, he added an old joke, the one about that South American president who asked one of his advisors about the situation of the country.

- "Sir, I have both good and bad news for you - answered the advisor -. Which one do you want to hear first?"

- "The good news" - said the President.

- "We're sunken in shit up to the neck, and soon that's all we will have to eat." - said the advisor.

- "Well, I see, that's the bad news! Now what's the good news? - asked the president.

- "No, no, sir! THAT WAS the good news! ... The bad news is that there won't be shit for everybody."

Accustomed as we are to resist, we often forget that this is not the purpose, nor the natural state to walk the paths of life. To the pressure of the environment, we add our internal pressure, much larger if anything, as it conditions the way we react to what comes to us.

We must relearn to ventilate ourselves, otherwise we will exhaust our reserves, and that, far from being a healthy attitude, will prevent us from fulfilling everything we have come to fulfill.

Being always up to the brim, one single drop will destabilize the

glass liquid and will cause it to overflow. Especially in the critical phases of our lives, when we must draw from where there isn't anything, this principle becomes evident before us. Emptying, then it is more important than refilling, releasing ballast more important than dropping anchor, cast out air more important than blow it in. We should not fear this situation, because that abandonment, to which we must surrender, will make us stronger, but above all, it will let us float on our shipwreck.

A friend of mine, a scholar of many things, used to call this attitude "to stand from beyond the line", that is, to place yourself from the line toward the outside or the inside. If the limit, the line, represented the absence of symptoms, he maintained that health, understood as something assertive, should be beyond that limit. Health, well-being, the natural, was being beyond the absence of negative symptoms; rather, it was an assertive and positive state, from which we could assume, with guarantees of success, the EXCEPTIONAL, something that sooner or later will come to us and knock our door.

Sun Tsu said it this way:

"He who uses ordinary forces to fight and extraordinary forces to win comes out victorious. He, who on the contrary, always uses the extraordinary forces, will exhaust in his campaigns and when the time comes, he will lack resources to deliver the definite blow to his opponent."

Endurance, our resistance, adaptive capacity, intelligence and the ability to impose our judgment and resist changing, may eventually lead us to stand on the edge of the abyss. The stronger, the more intelligent you are the worse in this case.

Resilience is not enduring. Genuine renewal is not to select what we "want" but what suits the new stage of our spirit. Pressing crisis undress us little by little. Travelling with a lightweight luggage, not only external, but especially internal, will help us to better face the transit.

No need to worry ... what is worth keeping will still be there when all pass. Things and people also have the custom, that ability of insisting on their own attempt.

Crisis force us to reconsider the essential and in doing so, we all must place ourselves "beyond the line", so as to have room to live ... and not just survive. Enduring is not enough, we must learn to enjoy again; arduous task in the middle of a crisis, I know, nevertheless indispensable.

Only with the stick with the donkey walk ... Yes, but he will end up beaten, injured and sore everywhere. Using the carrot will be like "oiling" the bearings of our vital system, it will give space so that all the good reaches us, and, most important, when that happens, we can appreciate it. It is the joy and not the absence of pain which provides space to resist the stakes that life will give us in the future, margin to live in peace, because peace is not the opposite of war - it's love - but its simple absence.

When the fathers of the American Constitution included in their ideology the pursuit of happiness as a human right, they opened a door to hell and another to heaven. Nevertheless, giving yourself a chance, withdrawing to the winter quarters to wait out the snow, enjoy the simple, go back to the basics, is the real fast that will allow us to heal our wounds and then return to daily struggle, with much greater strength, wisdom and compassion. All, without exception, we must relearn to love; docile as a child, curious and simple, and the winds of life will not find resistance in our simplicity. The storm will pass and we will continue firm on our feet ... or at least crawling on all fours.

Going back to the beginning, to that child in all of us, heals many wounds; taking his strength, feeling his candor, heats the most wounded hearts and lets the blessing of his strength, joy and blind confidence that everything will come, because the guardian of confidence in life, is the child within us.

**“Pressing crisis undress us little by little.
Travelling with a lightweight luggage,
not only external, but especially internal,
will help us to better face the transit.”**



Shizen, the People of Tengu

The very essence of the Shizen people (the naturals) is based on their philosophy, the Huzu, and the E-bunto (literally "the great force that is common to everything"), a conglomeration of knowledge and traditions about the behavior and nature of the Universe energies and their interactions.

But their best known aspect is their warrior knowledge, the Bugei, brilliantly shared in this magazine for years by Shidoshi Jordan Augusto in his monthly column (as well as in many other broadcast and print media).

Little or nothing has been written about E-bunto, except for a couple of books of this yours servant, and of course the few treatises that Shidoshi Jordan published years ago in Brazil.

This wisdom, in a totally unprecedented manner, has been kept secret since the time when the Shizen people amalgamated as a resistant culture against the advance of the Yamato invaders, back in the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries in the Japanese Islands, from which they were the original inhabitants.

Passed down from Master to pupil, the Miryoku (so known in Shizengo, the language of the Shizen people), were wise shamans, counselors and doctors who took care of the spiritual and material welfare of the people. Without the intervention of texts, students prepared themselves during several years living with his teacher, learning the arts and sciences of the visible and the invisible.

Today I have the honor of bringing Shiniyuki Sensei to our front page. He represented the apex of the whole Miryoku tradition, a giant in which converged centuries of studies over the mystery of the Universe and which he managed to take a step further.

From one of the four villages that made up the Shizen people, specifically Yabu, he worked as a Miryoku in Ogawa Sensei's school in Brazil that was linked to the village of Kawa. A dauntless man, holder of an incredible knowledge, Shiniyuki Sensei was nevertheless a person of a humble appearance and a simple life, like those who had preceded him.

There were many the scholars of Ochikara (as E-bunto is called in Japan) who sought his knowledge, visiting Brazil. His fame crossed all borders and for decades he carried out his work caring for Ogawa Sensei's school.

Those who knew him well, tell extraordinary spiritual feats about him, leaving a small group of trainees ready to continue the tradition: a group of 8 people, men and women, who learned the difficult arts that make up the E-bunto.

His Kokeisha or successor is Professor Michie Hosokawa, a lady of whom those who well know her say that she is a living Minikui, that is, a Master of the spiritual Arts and Secrets, a peerless "priestess" who holds a powerful character and has exceptional skills. For years, she was the Ona Kakushin of Shiniyuki Sensei himself, to whom she professes even today, years after his death, the greatest affection and respect.

I was fortunate to meet Shidoshi Jordan Augusto 10 years ago, one of the few inner students of Shiniyuki Sensei. When I learnt about the depth, power, and wisdom of the E-bunto, I developed a passion for all that. Today, years later, I have been honored as one of the Kokeisha of Michie Hosokawa, thus remaining formally inserted within a lineage of giants, a fact that overwhelms me as much as it encourages me, in the same proportions.

For all these reasons, I'm sure you will understand the pride and pleasure with which I bring at last to these pages the figures of two such great people and share with you part of the modern history of the Shizen People.

It hasn't been an easy road, but everything has its moment. So today I'm extremely happy for this opportunity of presenting to the public the existence of the spiritual roots of which I feel and I am part, knowing that all this will make possible to extend to more people the admiration that this culture and its highest representatives have produced in me, and make it known to many who, because of the secrecy itself that always surrounded the Shizen People, could never have even suspected about its existence; a culture as ancient as extraordinary, quirky and wise, that explored like no one else, and with an extraordinary courage, the intricacies of the invisible world. Fair admiration and respect for the knowledge and those who hold it, which no doubt will incite in many other people, now and in the future, a similar echo. As Shiniyuki Sensei himself said, "The E-bunto is something to be admired by many ... followed by very few ... and understood by even less."





Discovering the invisible

"It is only with the heart that one can see rightly, the essential is invisible to the eye."

Antoine de Saint-Exupéry

"A frog in a well cannot conceive of the ocean."

Zhuangzi (Chuang Tzu)

It's not the first time I see myself in this quandary, and probably it won't be the last one either. It's a bit strange trying to explain in a simple way what I am talking about when I say spirituality, especially when I want to distinguish it from religion or mysticism. Spirituality, as I conceive it, is the knowledge and positive interaction with the invisible. Therefore, the first point I must face when I give a talk on the subject, is to place people in front of the invisible, with eyes to see the invisible.

A Herculean task, since the concept of life is modulated by the mystery of perception and this is the basis of our entire subjective Universe.

Nobody, basing exclusively on reasoning, will be capable of changing the whole system of "subordination" of the world that has been established by pertinacious and forceful contumacy, in the consensus of the group, day after day from childhood... and much less someone from outside, with a simple chatting. So, I am aware that the only thing I can try is to make a breach in the impenetrable and consolidated concept of perception; the rest of the process will be, at best, like a fairy tale told to a child, and at worst, like trying to explain color to a blind man.

Not that I am intending to change or impose my outlook above other viewpoints, however, when I am asked to talk about something, I understand that the other party wants or needs to hear what I have to say, and given that we speak "different languages", I only can establish a bridge by questioning the mean of communication itself.

We spend tons of energy trying to keep up the castle of our personal universes; really the only thing capable of breaking those thick walls is a spiritual initiation on a path strewn with empiricism, a pair of hard bollocks to keep going when everything's falling down, and an extraordinary craving for knowledge.

For all this, the topic of perception is not however paltry, because when we studied it in greater detail, we understand how unreliable and limited our conception of the world is. Admitting this particular is easier to take my questioners to the real paradigm of Matrix, a universe of energies and tensions which the ancient Shizen priests, the Miryoku, so aptly described.

When we realize that the "skin" of matter is only a concept created by our mind, it's easier to understand that everything is a flowing of associative vibrations, vibrational frequencies and energies amalgamated by laws of affinity and repulsion. Matter is just a denser vibratory rate, which has at least two points to generate a frequency and what we see or perceive through the senses is therefore only a part of the range of energies that make up this material world and other parallel worlds.

The laws governing these worlds are what the ancient Shizen shamans studied in the e-bunto, "the great force common to all." It is true that such knowledge is so vast and so special that it has nothing in common with the kind of knowledge you acquire when you follow a correspondence course or attend University classes. Most of them are so complex and specific, that cannot be explained outside a system of relevant values (its own culture) and consequently through an initiation, something, like Shiniyuki Sensei said, "to be admired by many, practiced by few and understood by even less"...

But those experiences have opened my perception to a completely different view of the Universe and not simply to an opinion or a subjective assessment, but also to the possibility of interacting with those powers, energies and tensions in an effective, empirical and palpable way.

What does it mean? Well, one thing is what you might think, or the way you'd like to build your personal Universe, and quite another is to explicitly corroborate actions beyond the normality or the consensual agreement reached by the collective reason.

The achievement of the Miryoku was that of exploring the unknown with no value judgments, not even questioning the existence of the impossible, but doing it from empiricism.

Such empiricism of the Miryoku arose from the need and became strong through their incomparable tenacity; in the harsh Hokkaido winters, at 40 ° C below zero, you cannot go wrong twice... when vil-lages were stalked by forces vastly superior in number, their oracles couldn't afford to be approximate or malleable.

If Universe itself has an Order, as everything that man has scrutinized seems to show, such order should be understood. Ring any bells? It's something that science as a method has been pursuing for a few centuries. Not satisfied with understand the Order, ancient Miryokus tried to establish an interaction with it and so they discovered that impossible is only a state of mind.

Spirituality is not mysticism, although there may be spiritual paths which are also mystical; spirituality is not religion, although for some people the latter is a necessity quite respectable.

“One thing is what you might think, or the way you'd like to build your personal Universe, and quite another is to explicitly corroborate actions beyond the normality or the consensual agreement reached by the collective reason.”



Hot summer

"Freedom, Sancho, is one of the most precious gifts that Heavens gave to men; the treasures that enclose the land and the sea cannot match it: for freedom and for honor, one can and should risk one's life."

Miguel de Cervantes

"He, who will not reason, is a bigot; he, who cannot, is a fool; he, who dares not, is a slave."

William Drummond

We had a hot summer in many ways. The sum of seemingly unconnected events, however, shows how, behind the scene, it's being written a coherent work which incorporates, through repetitive messages, a well-defined plot line.

Eclipses in the way, Uranus challenges, Pluto sweeping everything established... the energetic climatology is rather thick. The energies are loose and liking one another at the ends.

Bad times for mettle, wisdom and sanity; good chances for populism, ignorance and violence. "Dead shells" must be broken so that something new is born and this is always painful, sometimes even atrocious, uncontrolled, and baleful.

Cheap populists of both left wing and right wing are rubbing their hands in the troubled waters of the current political chaos, as they strive to get the biggest piece of the pie; people are sick and easy-peasy solutions such as "Let's build a wall with Mexico" find a ready audience everywhere, because the West does not see any output to its proposal and lifestyles. Middle classes are halving and while 99% of them fall inexorably, only 1% jumps up, to the group of obscene wealth, there where cows fatten as hippos, in paradise, (definitely tax havens) ... And nobody is going to bell this cat, because cats scratch and look after their stuff with great care..

They are the signs of the times: The rope gets tensed because everything is becoming increasingly polarized, and because nobody wants to tell the truth for it's baneful, and far from shining encouraging and illuminated by its own force, it would not only find deaf ears, but also ostriches that hide their heads underground.

The West and its culture are falling as they were and, at best, they unfold into something new that has not yet been born, but it will no longer be what it was. The central axis of the earth is turning to China, because the "anything goes" now underway and in the DNA of the times, is already installed because it comes standard. Centuries of slavery mandarins, emperors and tyrants have made school... man gets used to anything...

Is a bad moment the one we are going through in this no-man's-land, where, as the wise warns us, "we shouldn't stay too long"; there reign the Freebooters, profiteers and liars, the smoke sellers, those who can tell people what people want to hear, not what it can be, and this is as simple as the handle of a bucket: There is no such thing as a free lunch, and there will never be... but being the mass weakened and cradled in the opiate sleep of WELL-BEING (rather than WELL-DOING or GOOD-BEING), there isn't much more we can ask the herd, except that it bleats plaintively in their way to the slaughterhouse.

It's been a while since I unfolded my views on what was happening socially, I did for years in my previous books and I must say that I sincerely regret having been right in everything I announced. In those days I ran out of energy warning, pointing, calling people to order, to have discretion ... I was much younger ... but not stupid, and already by then I had realized that the battle was lost; before anything could get any better, it necessarily would have to get a lot worse; since then I have concentrated on what is tangible and is within my reach, on what concerns me and my environment, and also on the important thing that is always invisible, that is, the occult and the spiritual. This will be my path, and you will always find me in it; I can't help however, (old habits never die at all), with no other intention than that of talking like the one who is commenting about the weather, to share with you the chagrin of the raging storm that has fallen on us this summer...

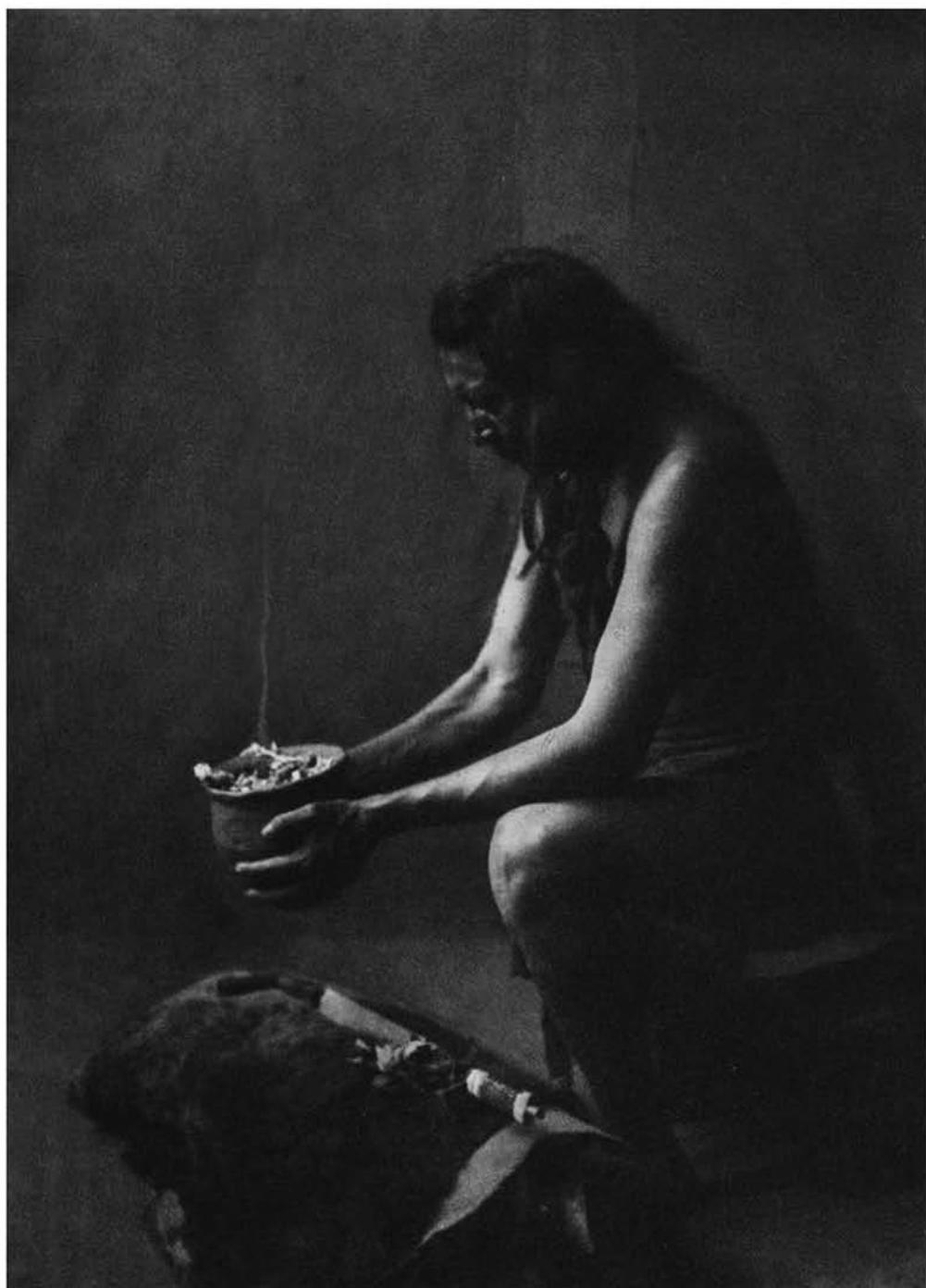
At one time I was like that meteorologist that warns about what is coming; I am now like the farmer who sits safely waiting for the storm, simply aware that this time he is not caught in the open by the dark cloud of the hailstones.

I can't help but warning: Beware the siren calls, the false prophets and the easy ways out, because not only there is no shortcut without a hard work, but also, not all roads lead to Rome... some go straight to hell and, believe me, it does exist and it's here, very close ... The fragile virtue of our achievements, can fall headlong with a single mis-

step. Freedom is a precious conquest, a peerless hotbed, the touchstone that makes possible that everything changes. What we have might not be perfect, but just take a look at your side and see the options ... they simply suck...

Everything is globalizing, starting with the worst. In any case, communicating vessels, once removed the doors that separated them, make descend those who are on top and raise those who are bellow. But in the first moment in which the limits break, what do we have? Waves! Exactly! ... that's it... Some summer we are having... and it's been like that for a few years now!





Shamanism: One step back?

"Men are part of Creation and shamanism is our way to connect with this whole."

Will Adcock

*"The beauty of the trees,
the softness of the air,
the fragrance of grass,
they speak to me.*

*The summit of the mountain,
the thunder of the sky,
the rhythm of the sea,
speaks to me.*

*The faintness of the stars,
the freshness of the morning,
the dewdrop on the flower,
speaks to me*

*The strength of the fire,
the taste of the salmon,
the trail of the sun in the sky,
and the life that never goes away,
they speak to me,
and my heart soars."*

Chief Dan George

"Birds of a feather flock together", goes the proverb. Things are organized by affinity. "Within the same plane, like attracts like", reveals the holy book. This grouping generates accumulations and these in turn produce an intensification of their own vibration, generally and unless wisdom or deep reflection mediates, up to their complete saturation.

So it is both in the material world and the spiritual world. These cohabitations possess their positive and negative side, their advantages and disadvantages. The loss of criterion and personality in the least mature and experienced individuals is one of those negative constants in groups. To follow blindly the leader and the lack of discretion make that groups that meet in the affinity of the ends, act in a sickly way and lose the central axis, so even if a good intention was leading them in their juncture, this would do that they would get lost in the marasmus of madness, evilness and destruction. They say the road to hell is paved with good intentions!

Fanaticism is one of the worst outcomes of these deposits. People lose any and all perspective, any capacity for understanding, since this faculty, by its own nature, involves seeing anything from different angles.

Fanaticism is like donkey earflaps, which prevent him from seeing everything around him except what he's got right in front. Like donkeys, these individuals will be able to go round and round around the wheel, believing, however, that are moving in some direction.

The accumulating effect that involves the law of saturation before mentioned tends to accentuate and intensify continuous a feedback: two individuals meet through the Internet and in a couple of days they decide to behead a priest in France. The word is full of this type of situations, maybe not of such a media impact, but driven by similar force. Destroying is so easy... and building is so hard!

What drives our lives? Have you ever stopped to think about it?

It would be arrogant think that everything is in our hands; and little diligent to believe that we have nothing to do with it. For the greatest minds, huge and incommensurable forces like destiny, are not antithetical to the concept of free will. This understanding requires maturity, waist and knowledge beyond the purpose and scope of this text; let's say only that destiny is, according to Shizen wise men, ambiguous and ironic by nature. Many things that should come into our lives, because so it was written, can be postponed or be unhooked under the accumulations that overlap our own bubble. The sequence of events is never by chance, but the result of an energetic goldwork and tension arithmetics, perfectly measurable in the world of shamans.

Seeing things only from the logic overrides our way of addressing this mystery in an effective way. There is much more power in seeing man as a bubble of energy than limiting him to a mass of flesh and bones in his social context.

As shaman Don Juan said, "The problem of modern man is that he intuitively has his hidden resources, but he doesn't dare to use them. Humanity needs now more than ever to be taught new ideas that have to do exclusively with the inner world; Shaman ideas, not social ideas; ideas about man facing the unknown, facing his personal death."

Idiots, those who speak only one language, often rely on logic to convince themselves of how wise they are by keeping their paradigm, while the rest of the group applauds them even with their ears. But to decide and act effectively in the grounds of the mystery, one has to go beyond the vulgar, the consensus and the natural.

Few roads have been faced with enough fortitude, courage and sobriety these byways and all of them have paid the price. However, remaining in our comfort zone will not fix anything nor will it be a guarantee of anything, other than ignorance, an evil of which we will not always be able to defend ourselves. Consciousness has no substitute.

The true ways of wisdom always exceeded the limits accepted by the group, but it won't be the first time nor the last, that mankind must take to evolve ... two steps forward and one back.

“Seeing things only from the logic overrides our way of addressing this mystery in an effective way. There is much more power in seeing man as a bubble of energy than limiting him to a mass of flesh and bones in his social context.”



The boundaries of the plausible

"First, this is a world of energy, and then a world of objects. If we do not start with the premise that it's a world of energy, we will never be able to perceive the energy directly. "

Carlos Castaneda

"No problem can be solved from the same level of consciousness that created it."

Albert Einstein.

"I don't think that consciousness is generated by the brain. I think the brain is a receiver of consciousness."

Graham Hancock

The fact that things are hidden from view doesn't mean they are invisible. Even what is invisible to the eye, it will not necessarily be so by other means. But the blindest person is the one who refuses to see. From childhood we are conditioned by the consensus of the environment and the people who educate us, to accept a Universe of realities which is coherent in its own premises. It is therefore natural that we learn to simply refuse to consider anything out of them. In extreme cases, when people are very sensitive to the invisible, this denial generates such maladjustment contradictions that the individual, prisoner in a bipolar sea, feels completely unable to move in a coherent way between both worlds: the one of personal feelings of the invisible, and the one of the rocky coherence of the group consensus; so it's not unusual that the person ends up committed to an insane asylum with a mental breakdown, or "stuffed with pills", completely baffled and at the limit of stupefaction.

The perception of the invisible is not impossible, and I no longer speak of the subjective, which can always be the cause of controversy, but the confirmation parting from tools capable of objectifying the decoding of energies and tensions, as if you were using a manometer or pressure gauge to measure the blood pressure, or better yet, a Geiger counter to recognize the invisible presence of radiation.

Reality is a preconditioned description, passed throughout the filter of the senses and the sieve of the group preconceptions. Dealing with

the invisible requires a leap in the void or what is the same, an initiation into some sort of paradigm so contrary to ours, that it generates a rupture in our description of the world. That same break up is the door that opens up the possibility of a consciousness jump, big enough as to open ourselves to the unthinkable, but for that it's necessary to close that distance with a new frame of references that accepts, beyond ambivalence, a new conception of the Universe and of life.

For not continuing to skate in the subjective, consciousness paradigms shouldn't be based exclusively on faith, because we have all been educated in reason. Otherwise there will be a substitution (religion versus reason) or, in the best case, a bipolar cohabitation, stretching ourselves like chewing gum to the limit of what is acceptable for the most elementary of consistencies, and without it, there is not, nor there will ever be real power in such positioning. Cohesion is so indispensable to confront the winds of the life, like it's sobriety to confront the infinite.

The advantage I have found in the study of e-bunto, the science of Shizen shamans, is that it deals precisely with this point, that is, the ability to interact with the invisible through tools and findings perfectly objective in a "science" of the invisible, but necessarily disturbing for our consensus.

Probably the most striking thing in this trip was to meet up along the path with companions a priori absurd and improper of such an ancient route. Chemists, engineers, quantum physicists, find excitingly stimulating and consistent the principles and formulations of the Miryoku, the Shizen shamans. The way in which those men, without the tools of modern science, managed to reach such knowledge empirically is a question that cannot be answered here. That requires diving into their world, and that's what it means to be initiated.

Carlos Castaneda had to go through a thousand calamities to deconstruct his rocky consciousness universe and start to lean out to the vision of the ancient Toltec shamans. The description of the process during that interim resulted in some of the most influential books in the thinking of the twentieth century. I, like him, a student of anthropology, I lean out to the encounter between worlds so far apart, with the certainty that there is a bridge between the two, but it will always be something internal and individual, an acrobatics of consciousness that requires a colossal, cyclopean inner jump, and as he,

I see that there is very little energy available in the individuals to carry it out. But nothing is completely impossible, especially when the force that pushes its achievement is the need ... and there is much.

In general, modern man has lost every connection with his inner self, denied its existence or transferred it exclusively to an organ, the brain. Confusing the machine with the driver, he has become entrenched in the search for it.

But science itself, on its last frontier, continues opening doors toward the breaking of paradigms commonly accepted in our daily lives. We are able to explore its applications (it won't be too long before quantic computers start to be sold in stores) but it's unable to bear the consequences that such knowledge create in our description of the everyday.

We know that time and space are permeable dimensions, but we don't conceive that we can transcend them, because real magic, the one that plays with the Magnus, the "Great", requires that we ourselves become great.

When shamans, from the inner strength of their certainty, became fire, air, water or land, they managed to shake the Universe transcending the confines of the space-time continuum, because beyond matter, we are conscience, spirit, and we are made of all of what constitutes the Universe.

The lesson of the ancients: Moving at will the dial of our being to tune up the necessary bands and touch these frequencies, far from impossible, is something demonstrable. But the science of the occult is a border that can be only trespassed through the transformation of our being, and the first step is to really want to do it, because, believe me, it takes work! A lot of WORK!

“We know that time and space are permeable dimensions, but we don't conceive that we can transcend them, because real magic, the one that plays with the Magnus, the "Great", requires that we ourselves become great.”



The dregs

"If you see me in some of your thoughts, hug me, I miss you."
Julio Cortázar.

"What matters are not the low blows we receive, but the print they leave on us."
Yasmina Khadra

What is left, what remains at the very end, is often all there is in reality. Our personal history programs us; facts are forgotten but the marks stay. We can forget about the facts themselves, but the ruts by which water flowed one day remain printed in our personal and unique orography. What makes up our own landscape are often those paths; what makes us act in one way or another are not so much our highly valued knowledge and different skills that overlap like small highways drawn in a cyclopean landscape of immense marked canyons, tilled by emotions, patterns and quite often by situations unconsciously lived.

Thoughts, reasoning, reflections, our esteemed modern brain in a word, perhaps is not as important as it itself thinks. How many times have we acted in a way completely opposite to what it tells us?

In this sense we are all bipolar, we are all sailing in contradiction, because we live immersed in a world of opposites, where perceiving the value of the complementary is not always easy to appreciate. The best example: tastes, that usually whimsical decision that decants us in front of any person or situation in the first seconds of the meeting. If we can be so categorical in the small things, why can't we see that we are so also in the big things?

Reason, logics, even what we call moral, much too often have the same value as that of a fart to fend off a lion. The lion, the mighty lion, is much more basic, older and less malleable than our prefrontal cortex.

The roads started on the eve of our existence established primitive guidelines that sanction the territory of our truths with immense power. Roads for synapses to pass precisely thereabouts and not right next; to decide the opposite to what we think that is good, or to what others have agreed in the form of rules.

Knowing yourself starts with knowing that we are sailing in a continuous sea of doubts; certainty is just an illusion, a decision that perhaps comes from another place and another hidden will that it would displease us to accept if we came face to face with it. But we like to feel important, scanning the horizon from the command deck, sailing the storm of life, because accepting our smallness and the scarce maneuverability of our choices, and of the one that takes them, would be even worse. Who is really on the command deck?

In the end, that is at every moment, the remainder, the dregs, are all we have to face our present, to decide about the future, that monster we face from the self-imposed certainty in a sea of considerations chosen much more arbitrarily than the way we would like to accept.

The Being itself, what pulsates and flows behind all that is what the ancients called the spirit, the breath that fills every corner of this complex biological gear, this network of roads, synapses and electric shocks that is the brain. Without it, the empty shell is only a pretense; death is the certainty that teaches us that truth, the price we have to pay to see beyond the obvious, the evident.

The brain is not what we are... it's the mechanism, and its roads are the dregs of past experiences, and you know: Water that has passed by can't move the mill... but it sure sets out a path!

“Thoughts, reasoning, reflections, our esteemed modern brain in a word, perhaps is not as important as it itself thinks. How many times have we acted in a way completely opposite to what it tells us?”





Incompetence

"Pride is the antechamber of the fall."

Shiniyuke Sensei

"Sometimes it's important that the fool believes himself a sage, because in his little wisdom, someday, he might realize he's silly."

Shiniyuke Sensei

"If television had promoted the village's idiot, before whom the viewer felt superior, the Internet drama is that it has elevated the village's idiot as the spokesman of truth."

Umberto Eco

We live in a world of incompetent people. Mastery is a rare flower that is conspicuously absent. People consume things without questioning them, swallow instead of eat, and stick to the menu.

Engineers who dare to call "easy open" to devices that are impossible to use; "customer service departments" of telephone companies that only care for you when you say you're going to change to another company; doctors who limit themselves to applying protocols without considering the overall condition of a patient and they screw up... The world has been filled with "technicians" and "specialists" who all they see is the sky they glimpse from the rim of their small hole, talking machines, robots, who install absurd inventions, motion detectors that automatically switch on the light in the bathroom, but if you don't keep shaking your arms you risk to get in the dark in half the urination; self-assembly kits that don't contain all the pieces; computers that possess "goblins"... The modern world is a constant struggle with the results of the incompetence. In a next life I will become an Amish!

The world of Martial Arts is no stranger to this scourge. Modern society has created wonderful ways to interact, such as the Internet, but hidden behind the secret of anonymity, millions of incompetent individuals spend their time on forums promoting campaigns to destroy someone's reputation, simply because they dislike the person. Everybody gives his or her opinion, and when they are admonished and shamed, they all claim: "It's my right!" And what is worse,

many equally incapacitated to judge others, laugh and applaud their stupidities. The phenomenon is not new; the inappropriately named "democratization" of the media began when anyone could give his or her opinion on anything in the public media. I always remember my dear grandfather, who lived the birth of television, when in certain occasion he saw a shrewd reporter, microphone in hand, who was asking people on the street what they thought about a complex issue that is beside the point now. My grandfather, who as a Schoolteacher possessed a natural sense of "autoritas", after hearing the guy in question said slowly and laconically: "And what do I care about the opinion of this man, whose only virtue to discuss this matter is that he was walking by the area?"

The ultimate cause of all this mess is the universalization of the incompetence. It was not about being, but about pretending that you were. Thus began the obsession with acquiring a degree or title in whatever discipline (an "illness" colloquially known in Spanish as "titulitis"), and it was imposed because someone realized that selling a title was profitable, when we all know that paper bears everything. Pinning medals on one's chest has never been as easy as today, "everyone is a gentleman, everyone is a thief", as the tango says... "And all rolling about in the same mud". On the other hand, "consumers" do that, consume, because no one has prepared them to think, and without thinking there is no criterion. Suddenly opinion-makers, today called bloggers, appear, and the lobbies spent their money with them.

Opinion and judgment arise from thinking, which is modulated with learning, and this in turn, lives of a totally missing habit, reading. Reading not as an object of accumulation of information, a consumer good, but as a means to think. The fact that something is written or published does not make it true. The "old professor", Tierno Galbán, said we should read exactly like chickens eat, i.e., they first lower their head down to nibble, and then they raise it to swallow. To swallow what you read, you should raise your head from the book and think about what you just read ... before you continue swallowing.

Incompetence is a recoilless plague, because everything that feeds it is in a phase of progress and growth.

The destruction of the authority is at the base of the insignificance of this reviled principle today. Mistaken for authoritarianism, the authority died and has been replaced by fame. Today's heroes are so

simply because they are known; they, icebergs of the abundance of the information waters, are simply a repeated and recurring image in that sea of over information. It is the only criterion that remains to consumers without judgment, choked with so many things. What a paradox! In the times of the society of information, the criteria of the age of the tribes is what has imposed itself, that is: the foe is the unknown, the one who is different, ergo ... friend is the known one... and thus we will swallow anything, whatever!!

Individual incompetence makes incompetent people great, so the problem does not seem to have a good remedy. In our martial world is no different, there are few who shine with true light on this confusion and they must endure legions of incompetents who want to be at the same height. Any whippersnapper, newcomer to this world, with just a few months or years of practice, dares to opine about the teaching of someone who has been a lifetime into it.

Opportunism, usurpation, is always a demonstration of ignorance and pride, and the latter always precedes the fall. Bad business for those daring, because sooner rather than later, life will place them on the site they belong, because fame, however large it is, will never replace knowledge when one gets down to work. In the end, it is among the pots, as Santa Teresa said, where also one finds God.

Please, people of the phone company! I've been three days without Internet! Somebody do well his job!

Well folks ... We're all screwed

“The destruction of the authority is at the base of the insignificance of this reviled principle today. Mistaken for authoritarianism, the authority died and has been replaced by fame. Today's heroes are so simply because they are known.”



The limits of the Imperceptible Madness, initiation, transgression and knowledge

"The question that sometimes drives me crazy: Am I or the others crazy?"

Albert Einstein

"What the caterpillar calls the end, the rest of the world calls butterfly."

Lao Tse

Where does the day finish and night begin? Everything in the Universe answers to the law of degrees. The perception of the senses is always a limited, but varies from a species to another one, from an individual to another one.

The seven "holes" of the head are known in some cultures as the seven "deceptions". And if the fact of counting on limited sensory tools were not enough, we possess in addition the capability of structuring these impressions within preconceived parameters, variable all of them in each species, in every culture, in every individual.

For us humans, that we grow so slowly and depending on our parents for so many years, this stage is an opportunity to mobilize our enormous cerebral capacity, through learning, in which culture takes a value that superimposes to instinct.

Such feature tends to separate us from what is innate, to build a new category that encodes the reality within the specific patterns of our environment and culture. In all of them, though, a confrontation between the two principles is generated: Nature and culture are almost always antithetical.

Culture shares the same stem as cultivate. It's the result of the change from a hunter-gatherer, nomad and solar life style, to the fixed settlements of lunar cultures.

Every culture is based on the taboo, and that binomial: good vs. evil, relevant vs. prohibited; as a practical reduction for the group survival, it has been very useful, however, in what concerns to exploring

true knowledge and personal lucidity, it can turn out to be not only extremely inadequate, but also futile and certainly frustrating.

The formation of the transferred values is the result of a lot of variables: affection, parental knowledge, feeding, stimuli, addressing, personality, evolutionary and technological level, etc. Nevertheless, we all have to fit into the patterns agreed by the group in which we grow.

Nobody, whether active or passive, escapes that influence, which predetermines the way in which from then on, we will analyze the signals and information that will feed our brain, and the way to interconnect them to give them a sense. Those who are unable to carry out this task within the coherence of their own group, or look beyond the limits of what is accepted and acceptable by the consensus of their culture, will be treated as madmen.

Modern psychiatry, undoubtedly influenced by the evolution of modern thought and the contributions of anthropology, began, frequently by comparison with other cultures, to seriously question these precepts.

How can we possibly affirm who is crazy and who is not? And what is much more important: what does it mean to be crazy?

The arrogance hiding the thought that our perception of the world is the only and correct one is the basis of all this nonsense. At the end, societies are based on rules which in time depend on taboos. Lucidity quickly fades when we try to fit the universe in the small sack of the structured values of our culture. We cannot put the moon in a pool however big it might be, all we can do is to gaze upon its reflection.

One of the most interesting points of the initiation in other cultures is the breaking down of the rigid walls of our perception. The deep immersion in traditions and cultures - the more remote in time the merrier -, gives us the chance to look at ourselves and the world with different eyes. This renewal is not trivial, and certainly not simple. The Zen phrase superbly expresses it: "Before Zen, the mountain is mountain and the lake is lake. During Zen, the mountain is no mountain and the lake is no lake. After Zen, the mountain is again mountain and the lake is lake. "

The first point after the breakdown of schemes is the need to move, which takes us out of our stagnation. All true initiation will question our comfort zone. Many people are unable to overcome this stage and acts like the scared snail that hides its horns in its shell at the first sign

of danger.

In a second phase, the initiated person hastily tries to fit both worlds, but under past and recognizable criteria and values. You can also get lost at this stage.

Finally there comes the moment to feel really lost and to accept one's own ignorance. In the last stage, the initiated is fully integrated into the new conscience spaces and learns to recognize the true values of his or her nature, through everything positive that has survived the experience. At that time, and after several "mystical" deaths, a rebirth occurs ... "The mountain is again mountain and the lake is lake".

All initiation into deep spiritual cultures generates disruptions in our consciencial continuity. In many ancient cultures, "power plants" were used to break the rockiness of our perception and learn to conceive the inconceivable. This is not the case of the Shizen culture, in which I have been deeply involved in recent years, but the goals sought by these maneuvers are important in every initiation process and are achieved by other equally effective means.

The fact of understanding that the world is a description encrypted by the senses and by its analyzer opens life and consciousness to considerations that native cultures would easily frame as madness.

And yet, it's amazing to see how things have changed! ... information itself is not a valid divisor any longer... We don't live in linear or flat Universe, although this is what our senses tell us. When someone said that the world was round, they wanted to burn him. Science discovered the anomalous behavior of particles at the quantum level, but so far, we simply haven't been able to integrate that knowledge into our daily lives. The everyday world remains anchored in our linear and flat consciousness.

The true spiritual paths, and I'm not speaking here of religions, but studies of the invisible, have decoded information on the nature of the occult, that collide head-on with our perception. It's normal, since our perception has been shut and structured to perform other functions and to perpetuate a knowledge that has been overturned to the perpetuation of such systems, not for the awakening of individual conscience in front of the abyss of the unthinkable.

In schools there is neither a subject that is called "Yourself" nor practices aimed to teach to question perception, but to anchor it in the paradigms of the group. The rebirth nowadays of ancient cultures,

like the Shizen, has the force provided by the need of the collective consciousness to transgress those limits, to look into infinity with sobriety and gallantry, with the full force and the power that exists in humans, much more than flesh and bones, much more than a list of possessions.

A new man arises from the ashes of this confusing time, remixed and wheedler, fruit of the graft of those old cultures in new vineyards. Who will dare? To those who do it ... I greet you!

“In schools there is neither a subject that is called “Yourself” nor practices aimed to teach to question perception, but to anchor it in the paradigms of the group.”





Arrogant Masters or the irrelevance of idiots

"Pride is admission of weakness; it secretly fears all competition and dreads all rivals"

Fulton John Sheen

"Pride is a shabby architect: it lays the foundation on top, and the roof tiles on the foundation."

Francisco de Quevedo

Believe me, in these 30 years running this magazine, I have known about everything. Fortunately, I've met more good and interesting people than those of the other kind. However, it hasn't been uncommon that I'd run into the face of some occasional arrogant character. Well, it must be said in all honesty that in this subject I am not the "Infant Jesus", and though I would never throw that first stone that I have reflected and modulated my nature, it seems fair to state, especially for my own good. I have learned to listen and not to judge; to seek the meeting points; to draw the real boundaries in relationships (which rarely coincide with those that we would like); to conciliate to come to operative, sensible and constructive options; and even to allow that the last word is not always mine. Sometimes I get to achieve it, sometimes not so much, but the mere fact of being aware of nature itself and the intention of modulating the worst that it entails, manages to mean the best of each person, no matter how she or he ticks.

That said, today will not be one of those days in which I come in these lines to contain my natural tendencies, probably to the pleasure of some readers and friends who enjoy the sharpest versions of my pen. Let each one identify in his or her guilt with the constants that I will indicate. I will never be the one who points out at anybody (one is a gentleman), with names and surnames. With that I will not create more enemies, because those who can feel pointed by my pen, they will do so "motu proprio", that is, on their own, and they receive the penance from their sin itself, and because the post of enemy is so important that it simply turns out to be too large for them.

What need does a Master have to speak evil of others? When someone talks like that, he degrades himself getting always below everyone. However, this is one of the most frequent situations in which we are involved, when two or more Masters come together. In the welcome speech to the BUDO MASTERS of Rome, I repeated the joke that Moni Aizik told me that day and it was greatly celebrated.

- "How many Masters are needed to perform a technique?
- One to carry it out ... and a thousand to criticize it."

To appear great, you don't need to make others small; all you have to do is show your strength, your shining, but for that, you have to have them. More than a few would pay a fortune, if they had it, for appearing in the cover of the magazine. They believe that consecrating themselves on the altars is all it takes to be great. Greatness, my friends, does not come from that fact; rather, it precedes that factor. A front page is not a goal, it is a consequence, and if that was the case, the result would necessarily be banal and fleeting. But for those who live by appearances, that fact seems sufficient. And ultimately, who am I to deprive them from their enchantment? Anyway, I am a professional, and I always try to warn people, but friends ... there is none so deaf as he who will not hear.

The Masters infatuated in their ego covet recognition, because deep down they do not feel internally to the height of their dream. There was a moment in their path, where the external brightness dazzled his eyes, and if they ever had the dream of achieving greatness, it was melted in the adding stripes on their belts and satisfied in the hanging medals from their chest, or succumbed to the easy applause of their faithful followers, ending up collapsing in a burlesque figure, much closer to the clown than to the hero who perhaps one day guided their steps to the martial road.

In his suffering and personal *via crucis*, sooner rather than later, they collide with reality. The most fortunate ones wake up with a hang-over and correct, although the majority remains more and more rooted in their idiocy, mutated into a caricature of their former selves. Inexorably one day, they run into me, because, even if you want to expel gases higher than your ass, as the French say, a fart is a fart... and it generally stinks!

Spitting upward is a wrong policy, because the spit always falls downwardly. Once again I ask myself: what's the need of having a falling out with me, if my only function, my commitment and my job,

are not other thing than helping you achieve your dreams? And believe me when I say that most of the time I do it gladly; because gladness modulates the obligation in wonderful ways, turning any work into pleasure and providing to the blending of any recipe that ingredient that distinguishes the good from the extraordinary. This dividing line is called respect, gratitude, earnestness, and recognition, and all this usually ends up reducing itself in one and only ingredient called "friendship."

People do not know what they can lose with a single word, with a single attitude. Recently a friend and teacher, fallen into social disgrace (it must be said ... in the course of duty), and stoned in the media, was criticized and despised by the entire martial community. I did not sign up for that coven, because I will never be an animator, not even a spectator, of the misfortune of others. However, knowing as I knew the truth hidden in the news, being questioned by another Master and friend, I spoke well of him and encouraged the latter to reconnect again. As a result of this conversation, months later, this second Master brought to the life of the first a wonderful work opportunity, which will probably change his life. Yes, my friends, as the saying goes: "You catch more flies with honey than with vinegar! If only for practical reasons, some would do better feigning humbleness than displaying the unmistakable plumage of arrogance.

Adopting an arrogant attitude implies assuming a faculty or thing that one does not possess and expressing oneself in a despotic way or scornfully towards the others.

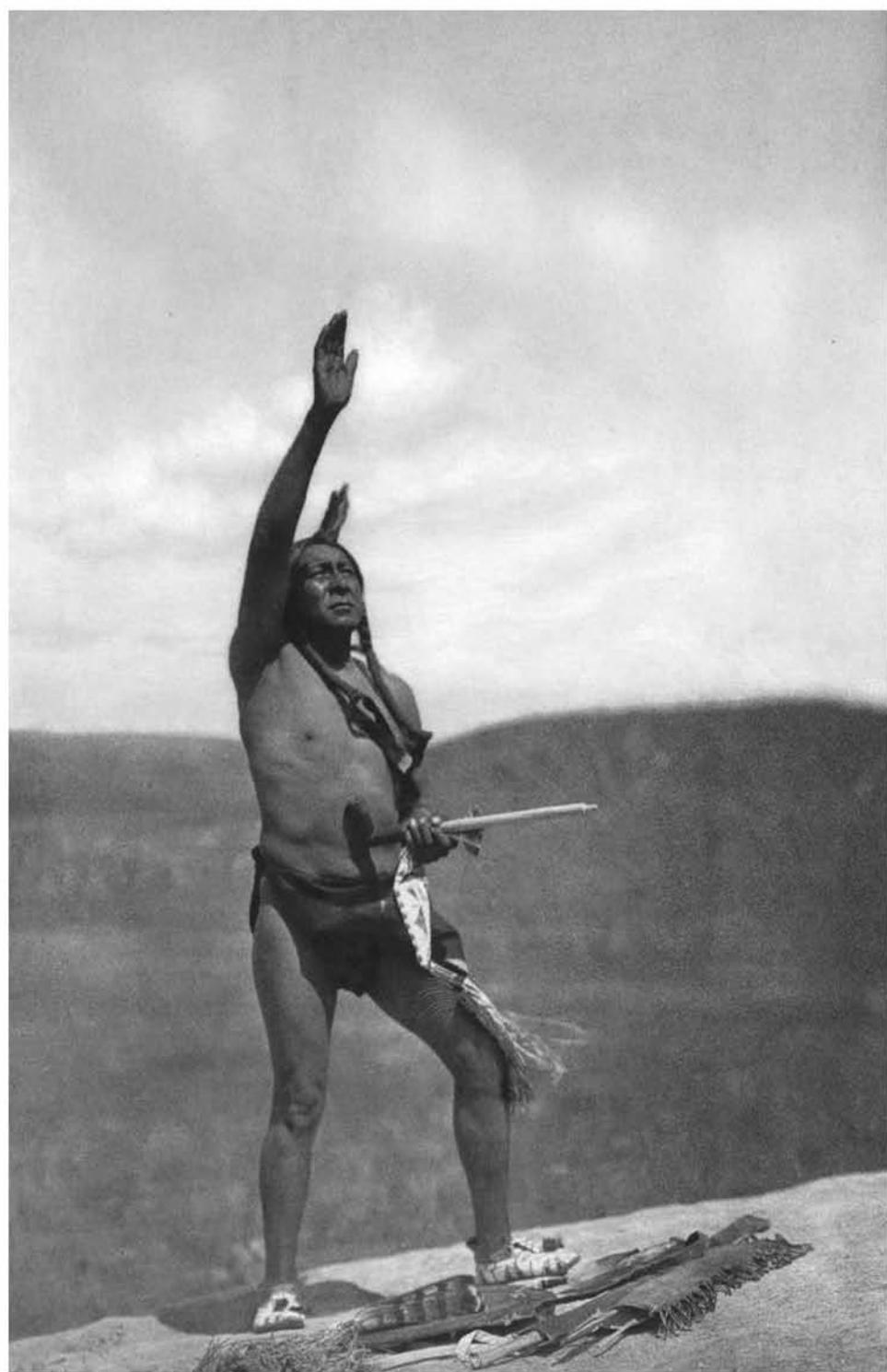
The arrogant is an idiot, a word whose Greek root, "idios" (ιδιος), speaks of one who is "alone" and only deals with his things. Ignoring others, placing them underneath, always brings misfortune, because in the eyes of those who really count, it discovers the place along which we are really walking, and let us not forget that nothing annoys more the arrogant person than arrogance itself, and this, no doubt, whether positively or negatively, surrounds all the important men that have been in the world.

The bisector in front of arrogance relies more in the way each one deals with it, than in the fact that it exists. There is also something positive in the negative. Positive arrogance is the one that does not let the other person trample you, the one that places everyone in his or her place with deeds, in silence, with a smile. Fear them much more than those who dress fancy and shout out their preeminence and

greatness from the roof tops, because the former ones, quietly, are really the ones that will make your life miserable and without you even knowing it. Because arrogance is in Yang what revenge is in Yin and ... Watch out! because they always walk hand in hand.

Do not awaken the sleeping Dragon, because the smoke that comes out of his nose hides the fire of destruction... Because the tail that in dreams he stirs with small and innocent rattles, is the lever of hell when he decides to hit his enemies with it... And above all, because when a Dragon turns his head, he does so once and for good... Cold as a reptile, inside him hells are cooking. Bad business...

**“Do not awaken the sleeping Dragon,
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The Martial Universe and its Underworlds

“What you get with violence can only be maintained with violence.”
Mahatma Gandhi

“We become aware of things when we stop to look at behaviors and events with greater distance than when we were fully involved in them. Through that reflection, our state of wisdom increases.”
Jean Shinoda Bolen

Trying not to be repetitive (something we are all, in one way or another, and we always express ourselves from what we are), I have avoided returning to this subject in recent years. However, we all mature and modulate our speech, hopefully we deepen it and the proposal here is to contribute. On the other hand, the readers of the magazine are not a closed and fixed group. The magazine is a variable transmission belt which is constantly enriched with new additions, many young people who (I don't want to be presumptuous) could obtain advantages to enlarge or qualify their panoramic view of the subject that frames this title.

Mars, the god of war, the “super macho”, curiously is born in mythology without intervention of any male principle, since Jupiter, warned that a son would dethrone him, avoids those births by eating or canceling the results of his multiple human and divine contacts.

His wife, Hera, fed up with her husband's attitude and his sterility, decides to fecundate herself and from such magic Mars is born. Therefore, the pure masculine principle is, paradoxically, the son of an exclusively feminine end. As a symbol, it's interesting to observe how the medium, throughout history, transformed the term when it tried to transcend its own nature, by placing the word "Arts", before "Martial.

From a mythological perspective, we no longer speak here of Mars, but of Athena, born from the head of Jupiter, mediating a singular mid-wife, the brutal Vulcan, who busted Jupiter's head to allow the birth of Athena (Minerva).

She is a warrior, but she's wise (she is born from the head of the god of gods!), therefore she wears the golden armor; temperate (her mother is prudence), she is the goddess of commerce, knowledge and the Arts.

We see here two well-differentiated archetypes. While Mars is the god of war, Minerva is the goddess of Martial Arts. The first is a primary force of definite nature; capricious, angry, violent and aggressive. The second is temperate, wise, dissuasive rather than violent, but warlike at last. Ultimately, two very different ways from facing the same fact: the confrontation and domination of others.

War is the result of the most elementary of dissociations. In many cultures it is represented as the number two, because once the difference is generated, once a line is marked on the ground, war exists in potency. Is differentiation what generates dissension. In Greek mythology, the primary forces of creation were two: Eros and Eris, the two brothers and sons of Chaos. Eros is the force of Universal attraction. Eris is the force of repulsion. Its appearance is what generates the order in the Universe. Eros and Eris are opposites and complementary: one gathers the other divides; in their infinite combinations, these forces in mythology create the Uni-versus (the "One in movement").

The first temple that Romans usually built when they arrived at a new place had its invocation dedicated to Mars, but once it was conquered and integrated in the empire, the cult to Minerva was imposed. However much both forces speak about the same thing, they do it in completely different tones.

We haven't evolved that much since the times of Rome, or maybe we have, but its Universal principles are still as valid today as they were then. Archetypes are eternal forces that do not change or evolve, energies that have always existed and will exist, frameworks that allow those most intelligent and wise among men to analyze their lives and environments to understand beyond the forms, the reality in which we are all inserted and of which we are part.

I see the images of the war in Syria and I see the troops of Attila devastating the lands through which they passed. I see a policeman stopping a thief, and I imagine the soldiers, once conquered the lands, maintaining the new order. I see the modern MMA fights and I see the gladiators. I see a Martial sport competition and I see the image of the ancient Olympic Games, a representation of the war to be sublimated. I see a Master performing a Kata and I visualize a monk looking for answers to the eternal questions.

All of them participate in one same Universe, but they do it from uneven positions, with very different objectives, weapons and tech-

niques of their own, different styles and attitudes. They are ultimately underworlds, within an eclectic Universe, but dissimilar, although they participate in a same ground, they're all located at very different heights.

In this magazine they all have their site, but don't get confused; what is on top can't be on the bottom and vice versa. The mature and tempered warrior is wise and he avoids discord, confusion and impetuosity. It is normal that with our 30 years of life, our inclinations as a magazine are made visible in content and forms. But it was always like that. "The conscious warrior," the title of one of my earliest books, defined my position on the subject and with it that of the magazine I am directing. You see, it turns out that the conscious warrior has always been one step beyond the violent and contumacious warrior. That is why today, as before, I say: Watch out, you impetuous young men! The strategist surpasses the man of action and the wise beats the impetuous and aggressive, because one is placed above, and the other will naturally fall below.

The order of the Universe is merciless and places each and every person in their own place; he who lives by the sword dies by the sword. To remain in appearances and not transcend the forms is but a form of imprisonment. Who sees the martial without approaching Minerva, will be stuck in a dark world, where blood and violence are everything. When the moment - your moment - comes, be brave and make a jump, make the primary transgression of the warrior to the wise; in the meantime, try to pass through that stage without the scars being so serious that the consequences cannot be overcome.

Look out for violent passions! The consequences can be immeasurable! The inexorable step, when the direction is forward and upward, the transgression and transcendence of every warrior is to become a man of knowledge. Not everyone will achieve it, but it wouldn't hurt to try, because stagnation leads to rotting and because more of the same is not better ... it's simply... more.

My grandmother used to say: "He who does not run with his head will have to run with his feet!" And feet get tired ...

**“The mature and tempered warrior
is wise and he avoids discord,
confusion and impetuosity.”**





The importance of being honest

“If thieves knew the advantages of being honest, they would be even if only for convenience.”

Basilio Antonio Tucci Salvi

“You cannot pretend to be continually what you are not, so the best strategy is the truth. It saves energy and without energy, men are only a piece of meat.”

Huang Ta Cheng

My father died while I was still a child, but many things of his personality transcended his earthly existence to reach me, most of times seasoned in the beautiful reflex that he managed to leave in other people. A charming, insightful man, with a great presence and strong sympathy, he left an extensive and beautiful memory in those who treated him. Despite having edited many important titles during his life, including the Spanish classics, he was not a man to write or leave quotes, nevertheless, there is a sentence that he repeated all the time and that influenced me from the first time I heard it from my mother while remembering him. The phrase read:

- "If thieves knew the advantages of being honest, they would be even if only for convenience."

I have never been a moralist man, rather, I have considered morals a hindrance, as it is understood in general lines. That is why moral judgments have never been my cup of tea, so to speak. Morality, understood as a group of agreed standards with regard to some ideology or doctrine to rule the public behavior of individuals, has always seemed to me more a cut-off to individual and collective growth, than a support to it.

Morality (from Latin *mōris*, "custom", and hence *mōrālis*, "relating to practices and customs") is simply something I despised as soon as I reached the age of reason. The socially agreed by consensus was worthless to me and my generation; we were emerging from a dictatorship in Spain, a time where we perceived Christian religion and its precepts as a castrating load of a life in black and white, that we all definitely dreamed in color.

It took many years for maturity to nest in me and I had the ability to delve deeper into this point. First I understood the convenience, use-

fulness and necessity of the regulations, for although "the countryside cannot be closed off behind doors", as the old Spanish proverb says, after considering human race and its facts (I thought that the other people were as good as my family and my friends!), I realized that it was convenient channeling so many different human passions, and this could only be done based on the stick and the carrot. Chaos as an alternative didn't seem to be a good idea.

Always, however, and even today is still so, I argued that the lesser legislation, the more freedom. I argued (and I still do), that opinions about political correctness are personal, but no one has the right, nor must he impose them on others, under the always suspect excuse of doing it "for the common good".

Even today it keeps revolting me to think that the "Pope" State pretends it has the right to fine me if I don't want to fasten the safety belt when riding in my car, because although I do it *motu proprio* for self-protection, nobody can sponsor me in the use of my body, which is definitely mine!, and not an asset that has been granted to me in usufruct, thanks to the generosity of its true owner until my death, the State, at which time my relatives will certainly have to spend a fortune to get rid of my remains.

There is not even "damage to third parties" in here as an excuse, and if what they claim to force me keep swallowing their pills, is the public health payments and expenses that could cause such a condition, let them offer me the option, once I get the age of reason, to resign of social security and seek private insurance if necessary, but I don't recognize their right in this matter, as in many others.

The modern state possesses the monopoly of filibustering, previously divided into smaller groups, "the parties" (as said of groups of looters who rushed into the countryside to storm passers-by and travelers, stealing their properties or charging tolls for passing through their territories); this is the origin of the term "party", which in turn makes mention of groups that are busily engaged in politics.

To impose or try to impose our ideas to others, however good they may seem to us, is a Karma that I don't want to assume. My master of painting, homosexual, zebras don't change their stripes, always repeated another Spanish old saying: "Let everyone make a coat out of his cloak", and then he added "... and a flowerpot out of his ass." In other words, let everyone do as he or she pleases.

Customs (*mōris*) change; law itself, just a reflection of them, goes

even years behind. The chains of injustices that are generated are enormous and it's not infrequent that what they claim to try with their proclamations, is just the opposite of what they achieve with their promulgation.

Freedom is the most important breeding ground for individuals to grow; exercising it is to have the right to learn, because you don't learn without mistakes. Banning is the best way to give things recognition, see, in this regard, the case of prostitution, drugs or homosexuality banned a thousand times throughout history, and even today in most countries. Human stupidity is almost infinite and the road to hell is often paved with good intentions.

However, when we speak of morality meaning ethics, and going even further, when what we speak of is its root "Ethos" (character, personality), it becomes a private article that embellishes and adorns our spirit. If ethics studies human behavior, ethos is that set of characteristics that define us as individuals.

As defined by the Oita, the old wise men of the Shizen people, morals fits much more with an Ethos than with morality. For the Oita, morals is that set of rules that the individual follows, not for fear of reprisals or the opinion of others, but because he himself decides so; it's ultimately what the individual would do, even when no one can see him.

This idea of what we badly call morals (since the terms and their root carry in themselves an objective sense, which we cannot ignore in the always complex and divergent context called communication), is an idea and a concept of great value in my current positioning as a person.

Most people do not know to what extent my father was right in his statement. In my contact with people I see it every day; how many have lost great opportunities in their lives for lacking Ethos, for acting in "small" routes before big decisions, and vice versa. How many, being small, have become great in the eyes of others and the world showing their Ethos and with it the greatness of their character, for acting with solid criteria, rather than for simple convenience. What is convenient, as my father implicitly said, is paradoxically in "being," not in "looking". Honesty, in respecting the other, attracts the just and positive consideration of others and their respect, because man, an animal that is social because is helpless and weak, will always need others. Even monkeys make gifts to make alliances! We men can go

a little further, don't you think? After all, the great Law is always fulfilled: Within the same plane, we always attract the same as we emanate. If only for convenience, consider the initial proposal ... Let's be honored! ... And they will honor us.

“Freedom is the most important breeding ground for individuals to grow; exercising it is to have the right to learn, because you don't learn without mistakes.”







小川伝統の証
小川家系
川月村の歴史
川月御隠門殿

貴方は小川家族の学校で天狗の
伝統的な練習を修得した事を認定す
る。天狗の伝統的な後継者です。

細川実千恵



2019年 2月 10日



Kokeisha Documentation

Established Documentation (official)
Documentation of the Ogawa tradition
Ogawa Genealogy
History of the Kawazuki village

Goemon Kawazuki Dono
You studied the deep and classic tradition
of the Ogawa family,
understanding its deep concepts.
You are eternally successor to the classical
Tengu tradition.
Hosogawa Michie
Date

