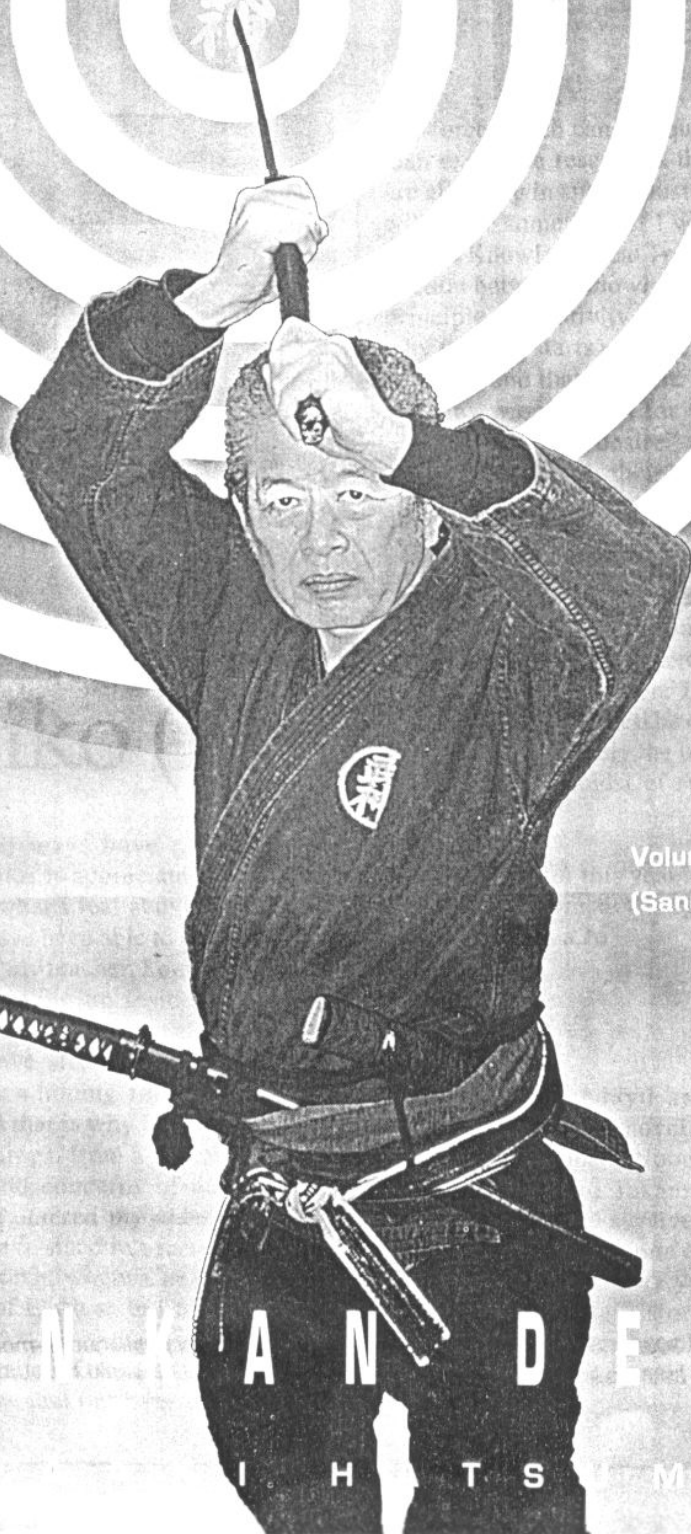


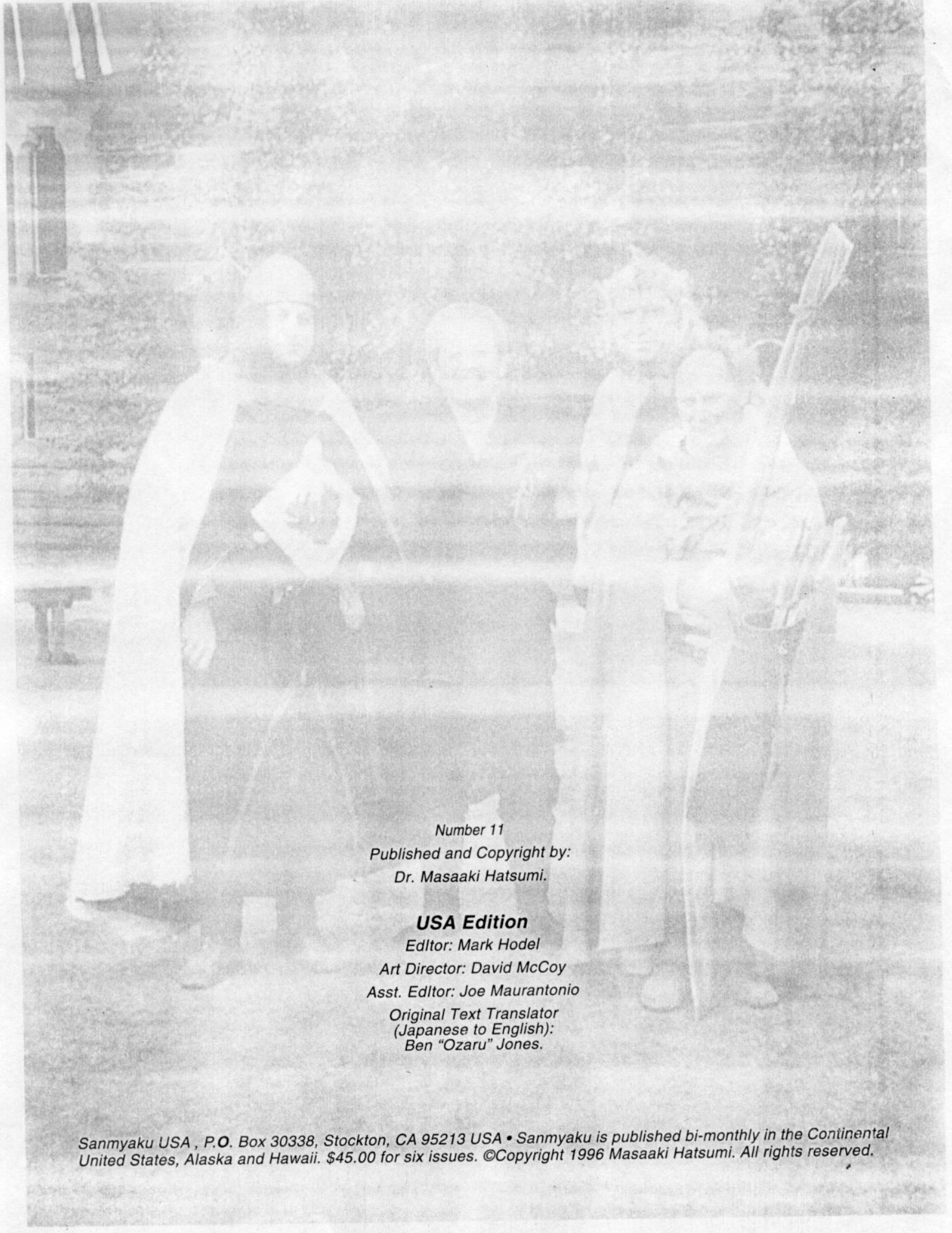
# SANMYAKU



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B Y M A S A M I T S U M I S O K E



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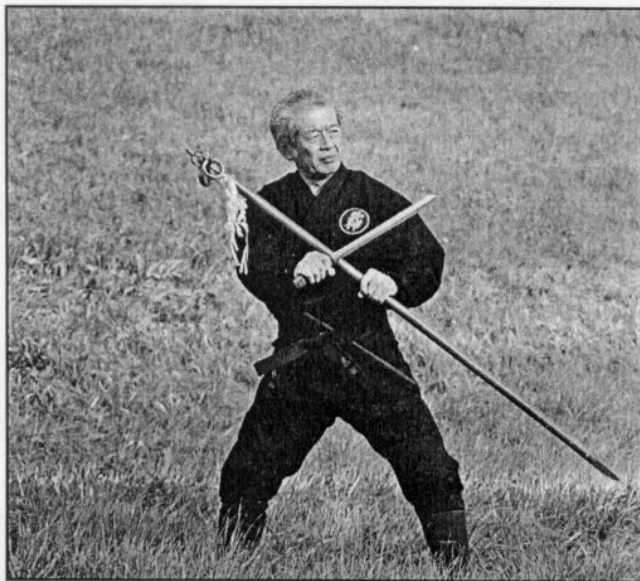
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# Yamabiko



## Yamabiko (I)

The Bujinkan martial ways have grown into a Bujinkan world whose value is appreciated by those in the know. To be honest, what I feel above all else is a sense of gratitude that I have been able to repay to some small extent the favors of my teacher. Sometimes I find a powerful realization welling up inside me of how important it is to have even one person get to know the true martial arts: I believe strongly that Takamatsu Sensei waited many years hoping for someone who could follow his will, and that is why he initiated those who begged for the teachings, from a supreme, sacred frame of mind far beyond concerns of good or bad people. Now that I have entered my elder years, the Bujinkan has become able to stand in a realm of knowledge, of having been known, where Chi (knowledge) also refers to the realm of Earth as in Chi-Sui-Ka-Fú-Kú.

There is a technique called Kokú [void space]. The important thing is to know that our lives contain some

life-force which can be equated with nothingness. Human existence resembles the dust in the universe: we are all living in space. Dust cannot be seen. Maybe you will sense something if I write dust with other characters, as Knowledge and Truth [both “Chi-Ri”]. The connection between Knowledge and Truth is similar to the principle of relativity. Heaven exists in space. That is why training starts with the technique Kokú. It finishes in Kokú, and that is where Heaven lies.

Many people seem for some reason to cling on to weights marked “desire” and “personal advantage.” They forget Kokú, their own existence in space, and willingly hold onto these heavy things. Then they lose the ability to exist in space and plummet down to hell. One teaching speaks of “drowning in mistaken endings,” but babies whose first cries sound out in the space of Mushin can swim under water, so I am sure you see the sense of it. People who have become aware of the world would conversely drown. The Mikkyō worlds Taizōkai and Kongōkai may well be demonstrated in such things, and it is also probably the birthplace of the term Godai. Training in the midst of space — this may surely be called Bufú.

The theme for this year in Jōjutsu. You must not be a Joker on a broomstick — please become instead a Superman astride a Jō.

### INTERPRETATION OF MOMOCHI SANDAYŪ'S PRECEPTS

Momochi Sandayū as portrayed in Murayama Tomoyoshi Sensei's novel “Shinobi no mono” died in battle at a fort during Nobunaga's assault on Iga. However, according to Takamatsu Sensei's evening tales Momochi Sandayū survived. In such matters it is necessary to train so that one can clearly assess the worlds of truth and falsehood (Kyojitsu) in history. According to Takamatsu Sensei's story:

“When Nobunaga attacked, Momochi Sandayū fell back to the Three Pines and then, looking up to the skies,

## Momochi Sandayú's Precepts

忍術は私欲の爲に行はざるを  
 有る國ある爲に五元あるに  
 又身命を危難逃る所無  
 及んば危難持しし行ふ是  
 若し私欲の爲に故にんを  
 うに及ばば祖の術実心破  
 何れ流唐や虎窟流帯流流  
 祖 百地三太夫

### Translation:

*Ninjutsu is not something which should be used for personal desires. It is something which should be used when no other choice is available, for the sake of one's country, for the sake of one's lord, or to escape personal danger. If one deliberately uses it for the sake of personal desires, the techniques will indeed fail totally.*

ordered his vassals to rest with the words 'We are all right now, everything is fine, Nobunaga's attack has finished.' His vassals were worried and sent out Shinobi scouts, but the attack of the Nobunaga forces had disappeared, the sky was blue, the moon was high, and the wind bore them the cries of insects. In time they heard a whirlwind of Shinobi voices from the capital: 'A rebellion by Mitsuhide caught Nobunaga at Honnôji and he lost his life!' Momochi Sandayú's few words of prescience ... his vassals were struck deeply by their wonderful Lord Momochi."

So the tale of Momochi Sandayú developed along different lines from the story in the "Shinobi no mono" novel. Let me now transmit to you all a Kuden from Momochi Sandayú, founder of Iga Ryû Karate and Kotô Ryû Koppôjutsu.

*"Ninjutsu should not be performed for the sake of personal desires. It should be performed for the sake of your country, your lord, or yourself when there is no way to escape danger and it cannot be helped. If you voluntarily perform it for the sake of personal desires, the techniques will verily and inevitably fail."*

I have in my life seen lovers of the martial arts throughout the world, and realized that the major dif-

ference between sports and martial arts lies in the presence or absence of personal desires. This is because I have noticed that those who have strong personal desires and forget to train in the Bujinkan martial arts, in other words those who pursue personal profit, unaware of the global current towards one-to-one training with me, have the immaturity of a self-taught person and are not conscious of their own ranking, so they sink down without seeing the high, strong tide of the Bujinkan's current global status.

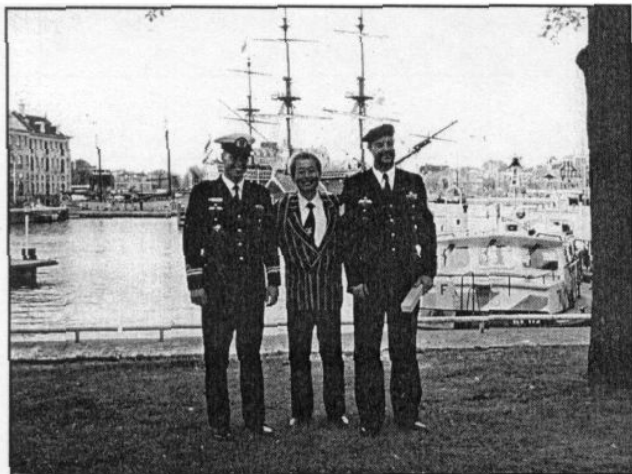
Let me now explain this word "personal desire." It refers to people who treasure the heart of a martial artist as in the Bujinkan type of rules and who are able to continue cultivating (through the training) the essential factor of discernment. Provided it is this kind of "knight's desire," it can be seen as "a good knight" which in turn becomes "knight fertilizer" [multiple pun: all words in quotes are written as "Shi-Yoku"], so that one can get to be a person of shining martial virtue [Butoku Ikô]. Warriors who turned into merchants were from ancient times called "Bushi in Business," which became a proverbial expression for inevitable failure in all aspects of life. I am sure you can appreciate this.



# Yamabiko (II)

The theme for 1996 was the flow of Budó Taijutsu with Ken / Tachi / Daitó Shótó. I am convinced that those who watch the videos from the Netherlands Tai Kai, Atlanta Tai Kai, Alicante Tai Kai, Japanese Seminar and the "Ken / Tachi / Biken" video to be produced by Quest, will all be able to recognize the nature of the Bujinkan and of Budó itself. These videos are indispensable viewing for anyone who wishes to get to know the martial arts. Let me now start by presenting a written version of some facets of the Netherlands Tai Kai, Atlanta Tai Kai and Alicante Tai Kai.

## NETHERLANDS TAI KAI (MAY 1996)



### 1 GLOBAL PROVERB

Holland, a.k.a. the Netherlands. Low lands embraced by the sea, where tulip fields and water windmills converse with the winds of Dover. There is a beautiful song called "April in Portugal..." I wonder if there is one called "May in the Netherlands?" The car runs on. We drive past the "Tower of Tears," where it is said that the wives and lovers of sailors setting out all over the world shed tears as they gathered to see them off. At the side we see the Daniel Jonas Meijer Plein, where a Dutch dock-worker was shot for helping the Jews. The young author of "The Diary of Anne Frank" must have walked this area too. The flights of steps leading up to the entrance of each old-looking house are all of different heights. Apparently the higher the steps, the richer or more noble the person who lived there: the reason is that the space under the steps was where their servants would live.

We are invited to the Koninklijke Marine Kazerne Amsterdam, a Royal Marine base. "Today martial arts experts from the military and special units of the police are awaiting you, Sensei." We enter the base's training

hall. A row of giant fighters. "Here in the Netherlands, Júdó is quite popular isn't it? There is a wonderful Júdóka called Geesink, who spoke of Júdó from his heart. Let me tell you of a global view of Júdó. Inside Japan there is a 'Júdó proverb' stating that small people can throw large ones; but the global equivalent is that Júdóka from a small country, the Netherlands, threw those of the large country Japan. This is a 'proverb created by a spirit of respect and the true essence of the art'."

### 2 AMSTERDAM

The specialists in defending their country speak: "These combat techniques feel different — but all of them are of the type we would need in a real situation." Apparently combat training here in the Netherlands takes place in realistic settings too. The Dutch are ranked quite high in the world for sports involving leg work, as I am sure you will agree if you look at Júdó, football, bicycle racing or long distance skating.

We are invited to an Indonesian meal at a hall inside the base. As a souvenir I am presented with an item of Delft porcelain portraying De Amsterdam, a ship built in 1645 which still floats nearby in the harbor. It is marked "No. 18" — apparently it is a limited edition and a very prestigious item, only given to those of Captain rank and moreover only those who are great heroes. The base's launch takes us from there to the town.

The red lights lure us to land. We stroll through the area of the film "The Woman in the Window." "Sensei, please conceal your camera," says a friend, a plain clothes policeman who was on the streets here for three years. As we look at the people walking around us, he says suddenly "That one's suspicious. If I weren't here as your guide today I'd have nabbed him." Apparently there is a smell to criminals which he can sense and which guides him in to the target. The prostitutes deliver a broadside of smiles and winks to us through the show windows. Their thigh-high costumes invite us in



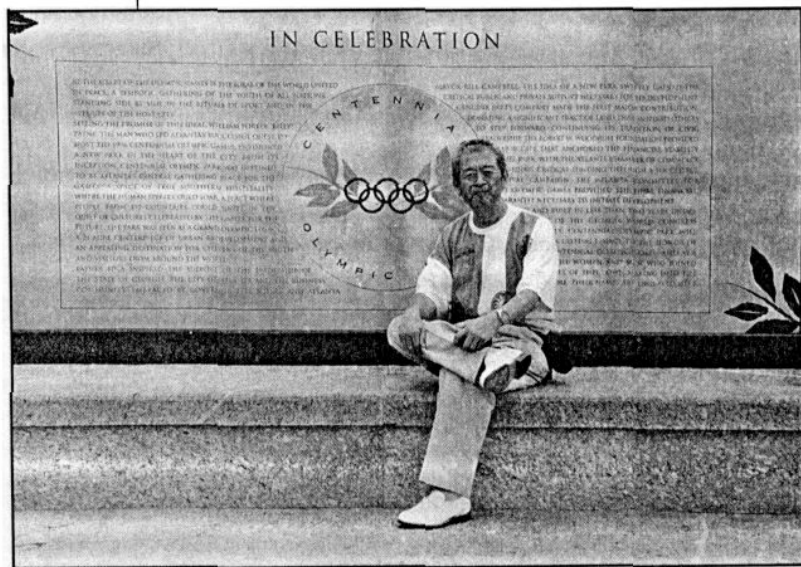
... but the air carries the threat of a counterattack. I return their salute in the language of a healthy man's conditioned response, and walk on. Men suffer from a jinx in that they destroy themselves through drinking (alcohol), playing (gambling) and procuring (women); but now there is another terrible one, drugs.

### 3 TAI KAI

Here we are at the Rood Light. The owner presents it to us as the oldest brothel in this town of red lights. Near the ceiling hangs a puppet playing an accordion. When the switch is pressed he laughs and performs some jolly music. We drink a beer called Westmalle. Apparently this beer is made by the Trappist monks in Belgium. They say the monks never speak, but I wonder if their silence is golden or conceals something more sensual [Westmalle in Japanese is pronounced "Best Mara," and Mara is a religious slang term for the demon between a man's legs...] A friend tells us that in the Netherlands one could pick three people at random and find three differing views on politics, religion or any other matter. It is in such cases that my one-to-one method of interacting with friends comes into its own.

The Bujinkan Netherlands Tai Kai starts. 500 male and female martial artists from 25 countries have gathered here. The theme for this year is "Ken / Tachi / Daitó Shótó / Budó Taijutsu." We start with how to wear a sword, how to draw it, the Kamae, and move on to how a sword flows with the Kamae, and how footwork and the use [written as "Essence of bravery"] of the spine can give life both to the sword and to oneself and the partner. This training began at New Year 1996 using wooden swords. Five swords were broken the very first day. At the Tai Kai too, as the first day began the participants were somewhat tense, yet at the same time in a festive mood. After a while I noticed that everyone had begun to train in a more relaxed manner, and called to Richard to step forward, facing off [mukaeru: normally "direct towards" but here written as "no-Kamae"] with Bokutó. Richard strikes in from Jódan. As his mighty sword descends I use a body change [Taihen] and the power of intention to cut straight through it with my Bokutó, just at the point three inches from the tip. I cut through a wooden sword with a wooden sword. The five hundred people witnessing this incredible spectacle are dumbstruck. After a short pause Richard holds up the remnants of his sword in both hands and says, "I will treasure this for the rest of my life."

## ATLANTA TAI KAI (AUGUST / SEPTEMBER 1996)



### 1 HATSUMI SENSEI / NINJITSU [SIC] SOKE

Could it be that the Atlanta winds, as they call autumn in, are applying makeup to the skyscrapers, the IBM, Westin, Marriott Marquis and Pacific Center? It is magnificent. The famous songs Night & Day and Stardust ride the sound waves to exalt the beauty of Atlanta. We wander through the Olympic Centennial Park. "Here it is!" says Bonnie, pointing. There is a commemorative brick engraved "Hatsumi Sensei / Ninjitsu Soke."

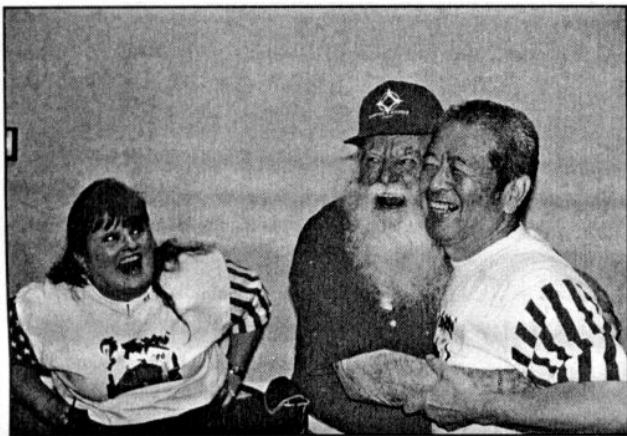
The Bujinkan Tai Kai commences. The Mayor of Atlanta has made a proclamation: "For having selected our City of Atlanta four times for your great event, and in recognition of Dr Hatsumi's exemplary strengths as a martial artist and instructor, I Bill Campbell, Mayor of Atlanta, the site of the 1996 Centennial Olympics and Paralympics, hereby proclaim on behalf of the people of this city that the period of four days from August 30 to September 2, 1996 shall be known as Dr Masaaki Hatsumi Days in our city. Signed: Bill Campbell, Mayor."

I also received messages from Newt Gingrich, Speaker of the House of Representatives ("Friendly greetings") and Zel Miller, Governor of the State of Georgia ("I welcome you and hope that your event is most enjoyable"). Bob Dole, a presidential candidate at the time, wrote that "a sense of responsibility and the importance of good manners are key values for America ... I and my wife Elizabeth pray for your health and everlasting happiness."

## 2. GODAN [10 STAGE OF SATORI (ENLIGHTENMENT DAN)]

Omni Hall, venue for our seminar, is overflowing with the fervor of more than 600 participants. Just as at the Netherlands Tai Kai we delve into the roots of swordwork, this year's theme. Many of the participants have experienced real combat. The hall is not large enough to swing weapons around so we start off with the roots of Sutemi, as a warming up exercise: "let them cut your skin but cut their flesh; let them cut your flesh but cut through their bones; let them cut your bones but cut off their life." I transpose soccer's Koppó for heading into the terms of a Shinai — let them strike with a Shinai but measure the distance. I teach a space of inverted calculation, secret slicing in a realm of wraiths. To get this across I must let my students cut my own body and soul. Such was the relationship between master and student for the Bushi of old, and I teach them this equation. I wonder how many of them grasp what I am doing? Bearing such knowledge it becomes a seminar of Sutemi.

The Fifth Dan test begins. Let us also write it as a Stage of Satori. In it I emit energy from behind the person sitting for the test and strike in with a sword. The person being tested must sense this energy and shift their body to evade it; it is one exercise in the process of Sutemi no jutsu. To be reborn from the world of dead warriors [Shura]. One person after another passes. Amongst them is Brooks Ford, 85 years old, who demonstrates marvelous Taihenjutsu as he passes. It really is as though he is showing us a page suitable for inclusion in the history of the wonderful achievements of Olympic gold medals. I talk: "In my Budó's Shinken-gata there is no Shodan, no Godan, no Júdan, no Sóke. There is nothing but true freedom. Mr. Ford has taught us this inner secret with his own body. Mr. Ford is the strongest martial artist in the world, and I respect him as a Shihan." All the Buyú rise up and give him some thunderous applause.



## 3 MAN TO MAN

The City of Atlanta has always survived with an indomitable spirit, like a phoenix reborn from the flames and ashes of the Civil War. There was a time when I used the nom de guerre Tetsuzan, "Iron Mountain." At this Tai Kai I somehow sensed that I had seen a phoenix fly out of the iron mountain as it erupted. People who study history tend to look back at the past as if gazing into a rearview mirror. The car runs on. I always think that history is created by the present as the car moves forward and should be studied as something of the future, just as one drives with both eyes firmly fixed on what is ahead.

We find ourselves drawn into the images of the world's best video system, at Fernbank Planetarium. I feel as though I am watching the masterful design of the Thousand-handed Kannon, who is reputed to have one thousand eyes. One scene shows the Bolshoi's prima ballerina in action in Swan Lake, spurred on by her trainer. "Do not quest for perfection, as perfection is death. You must go beyond perfection!" A tunnel pierces the wall of perfection and tears flow through it like water from the miraculous spring of Lourdes. I hold one-to-one relationships with my students wherever they are in the world. My only wish is that they should know my Budó. Some people ask me why. "That's what the arts are about. I think that building organizations is like colonization — I don't like it, and it's not the work of an artist. It's far too old-fashioned now. Look at Europe! The countries that built colonies in the past are now trying to join together. The tide of the world is turning, isn't it?"

### ALICANTE TAI KAI (OCTOBER 1996)

#### 1. THE GLORY OF ONE LIFE; ONE CUP OF SAKE

They say that the warrior generals of the Sengoku period often drank alcohol to destroy the influence of a myriad evils and poisons. Uesugi Kenshin too is said to have written "The glory of one life; one cup of Sake" on his deathbed. One head was rewarded by one jug of Sake. "Who will spearhead the attack? If you want another drink go and fetch another head." Estimate the Samurai population of Kamakura in units of Sake ... X thousand jugs?

On the first day of Tenshó 2 (1574) there was a celebration at Gifu castle, and it is said that the gilt skulls of Asakura Yoshinori, Asai Hisamasa and Asai Nagamasa were filled to the brim with Sake and passed around for Nobunaga and the other generals to drink. Skull-cups were a tradition of the ancient and middle



on strange = Chin = penis] confusion. Not one warrior managed to remain mounted; all were thrown off and trampled underfoot." As you may know, this is one verse from the Tales of the Shikoku Wars [Shikoku Senki]. That's all folks.

Here we are in Spain. The mayor of San Vicente comes to greet us with the Reina de la Fiesta, a wonderful mature woman holding a bouquet who has evidently sailed through the ups and downs of life and acts as a symbol for the town. We are told that she is a queen who represents the town at festivals and the like. In July 1953 Itô Kinuko reached No. 3 in the Miss Universe competition. A beautiful

ages, which apparently also existed at the end of the Spring and Autumn Annals period, during the Inca empire, and in the European Völkerwanderung.

One time at a party when I was on an overseas trip, a waiter I hadn't seen before came and placed a beer on my table while we were chatting. We continued to chat; but my eyes followed the waiter. We kept talking. The waiter walked to the counter, talked with the head waiter and went to deliver another beer. Only then did I pick up my beer. The Shidôshi-kai at the Alicante Tai Kai starts. I deliberately do not change out of my training suit first. Rows of high grades, all dressed up in suits. "Listen up, everyone. This event is still part of my seminar. We are still in the middle of training. Many a warrior has been killed at a banquet, you know ...." The next day I had those who had passed the Godan test line up at the front of the hall, and I went up to each one and asked them to present themselves. "When I approached and seemed to be introducing you, this was actually deception — the reality was a test where I smelled you to see whether you had been overwhelmed by your passing and had drunk too much." It was a lesson about a warrior's constant attitude [Kokoro gamae] and normal state of mind [Heijôshin].

## 2 SIMPLICITY

The storyteller taps his fan and begins: "They urged the mares onward — fifty or sixty of them — raised the battlery and drove them towards the thousands of enemy cavalry; no sooner had the war-horses seen the mares then they began to rush backwards and forwards, rear up and dance wildly around, and the air was filled with black dust. The result was absolute bizarre [pun

well-proportioned woman — they say her 1:8 head-to-body ratio was the same as in the ancient Greeks' sculptures of women and harks back to an ideal of female beauty. Images of women may have the realistic "smell" of a mother or a daughter, depending on the country. We visit the studio of Emilio, a potter whose work is enveloped by a Niño type of smell. He says he is a historian too. The hands with the golden touch are applying color above his wheel, and his face sometimes shows a warm smile, sometimes the countenance of a divine genius. "Recently, whenever I fire up the Arabian kiln my heart pounds with excitement and I talk to it. Sometimes it tells me 'Give me some wood — mucho!' Christ too only talked with simple people. He said only the simple can enter the kingdom of God, didn't he?" The master smiles.

## 3 CITY OF LIGHT

Alicante, city of light. A banquet at the Castillo Santa Barbara. The mayor himself guides us around the castle. We look down on the white sand of the beach, beautiful with sparkling lights like a sky full of stars. "Our population is 230,000 but in the tourist season it swells to over one million. Most of them do not stay in hotels but come here to relax in their holiday villas."

"Tomorrow's the first day of our Tai Kai, so ...Do please stay a little longer — life in Alicante only starts around now. Unless you stay up having fun until the early hours, you will die young." We toast each other with the Diamond wine: "Salud! Kanpai!"

The Alicante region is home to 200,000 palm trees. Apparently it only rains four times a year, but they flourish thanks to the rich reserves of subterranean water. We linger in front of the Palmera Imperial, a palm named



after the Empress of Austria and the only one of its kind in the world. Then we sit in front of a fountain near a statue of the Dama de Elche, whose ears are decorated with rings of life.

Isidoro has made a Japanese-style stage for the Adios Party. Noguchi dances the Enka "Hanatora," my wife Mariko dances "Kurokami," and the two together perform the Edo dances "Fukagawa," "Yakko-san" and "Kappore." The potter Emilio says with tears in his eyes, "I am very happy to have been able to experience such wonderful Japanese dancing. I always wanted to experience genuine Japanese art forms, even if only once in my life." He speaks as if his hands were talking to the creations on his wheel. Waves of applause flood the room.

#### 4 SPIRIT OF MU AND MYSTERY

The window of the Hall of Sports is decorated with pictures of Kanó Jigoró Sensei, Ueshiba Morihei Sensei, Oyama Masutatsu Sensei, and myself. I can sense the hard work of my forerunners like a physical object inside my chest. The Head of the Sports Bureau appears and awards me a trophy with the following message: "I have worked as Head of the Sports Bureau for many years, and during that time I have been involved with thousands of events, but none of them aroused as much interest and as many emotions inside me as your Tai Kai has, Hatsumi Sensei. Nothing like this has ever happened before, truly. The town of San Vicente hopes

that sports may help the circle of friendship to grow. So many people have gathered here for your Tai Kai that I hope it forms a bond that will persuade you to come and visit us again sometime."

A Kenpó theme flutters through space: Kochó-gaeshi. I wonder whether the dignity of the martial winds, alive for over two thousand years and still not adulterated into a sport, has blown through the Bureau Head's heart? Mumyóshin, the spirit of Mu and mystery ... Only few people are fortunate enough to have its life-force handed down from one person's heart to their own. "Do you ever create your own techniques?" I answer: "Impossible. My time on earth is a mere 70-80 years. The way of life of the Budó I am learning is a transcendental experience obtained from over two thousand years of physical experiences. So if I look at my own time in a temporal sense, it is pequeño. Living just as your master taught you is like being able to live with the gods [Kan-nagara], it is something along the lines of Japanese Shintó."

#### 5 ISSHI

"Sensei! When you teach you often talk about 'feeling' — what is the feeling of our traditions?" Well, as you know my method of teaching is always to respond to a situation from some space devoid of any plans. The truth behind it is the chromosomes emitted from the golden balls of a man with seven faces. In real combat, you need to change your "color" to match where you



are, right? Like a chameleon hiding in the leaves [Hagakure]. This is another way of analyzing the martial arts term Kyojitsu Tenkan.

I have heard that in the old days, martial arts were passed on from master to student on a one-to-one basis known as Isshi Sōden [see Issue 1]. Well, such things probably did happen, on occasion. But if you ask me, it is rather like a Bufū type of knot between the patience and diligence of the student and the master wishing for even just one suitable person. Even if, as I am now, the natural path of Isshi Sōden changes into a six lane asphalt road, or a sea route or air route, or even if the intention of Isshi Sōden seems to change into a single thread [also Isshi], this just means that it has become an eternal transmission where not one thread is out of place. On each one of the thousands of letters I received from Takamatsu Sensei, from the very first one until my last message from him, he did me the honor of addressing them to Hatsumi Masaaki Sensei. I just found this totally embarrassing, but now that twenty-five years have passed since my teacher set off on a different journey, I have come to feel some divine spirit to the words Isshi in the sense “transmission of one master.” The idea of a ring of friendship coming through sports, and the idea of the “feeling” being “the martial heart holds harmony as sacred” [see Issue 4] ... actually they’re both the same, aren’t they?



## 6 GENE MASTER

“I’d like to ask you once again about Isshi Sōden ...?” “Well, maybe the feeling could be written as something like ‘one thread, matching a rice-field.’ Japan is now pursuing a policy of reducing the acreage devoted to rice cultivation, but it is obvious that this way we will fall into a situation where our spirit, morals, culture and education will all suffer [suffer = gentan = rice-field reduction]!”

“So what about the true nature of the transmission? Huh?!” “It’s chromosomes of course. When the nucleus of a cell splits, unless the thread-like genetic materials, the gene masters [ Idenshi; normally “gene” (written with Shi = child on the end, as with Isshi)] are present, the threads of Isshi Sōden cannot be joined.” “So the old samurai, like, they flaunted their power in terms of their Koku, i.e. amount of rice.” “Yes ... well, as you see if you slice the character ‘Otoko’ in half, the secret of a man’s power is the strength of the rice field. Read out the name of that general from the era of the gods, Tajikara O no Mikoto phonetically and it turns into Ta Chikara Otoko no Inochi (“rice-field strength: life of a man”), so you becomes able to see it in a Bufū style.”

“Oh yes ...” “Is there anyone capable of succeeding you, Sensei?” “There are many splendid men — and women — to whom I could entrust this art. But in Japan, after the rice reduction policy you find the double curse of inheritance tax waiting for you. I really care



too much for my students to force them out into such a field of combat." "You're so considerate, Sensei" "Oh no, not at all. People call me a crappy old man. By the way, I've made over fifty videos and published many books too all around the world, but I say they're a load of crap! That's because I've finished sowing the seeds of Budó around the world, and they're growing really well now. In other words, what's required is some fertilizer — not some agricultural chemical but some good, wholesome, old-fashioned shit."

## 7 ETERNAL LIGHT

The curtain opens. My master's childhood name was Jutaró. A young boy is walking across the stage in high geta. A gang of dozens of juvenile delinquents surrounds him, obstructing his way. Fight. Throws, strikes, kicks. Finally he fights with a weighted tenugui [see Issue 1]. Pause. A young boy and girl holding a special edition shout out "Extra! Read all about it! 13 year old martial arts expert defeats gang of 60 youths armed with pistols and swords!" Curtain.

Jutaró returns to Japan from Qing due to illness. Suffering from intractable diseases, tuberculosis, beriberi and worms, he secludes himself at the top of the Kamenó no Taki waterfall at Mimayama, carrying only three shó [1 shó = 1.8 liters] of rice. He washes the rice in the water of the waterfall, dries it in the sunshine, rubs it between his hands and eats it. He survives on the raw food of the Shinobi, berries and roots. Suddenly an old man appears and forms the hand-sign of the sword. The young Jutaró's diseases disappear. He turns his heart to the Kotó Ryú and Togakure Ryú [Ryú written here as "dragon"] training, leaping, kicking and flipping over in mid-air with rocks and giant trees as his partners ... the young Jutaró's hands and fingers are like a wild beast's tusks! In March, at the age of 24, he bids farewell to his friends the giant snakes and giant frogs and leaves the mountain. Curtain.

At the request of Lian Zong Ming, uncle of the Qing Emperor, Emperor Xuantong, he fights with Zhang Zi Long, an important vassal of the Karate master Zhang Zuo Lin [the character given is apparently wrong]. The fight between the Great Dragon Fist and the Flying Butterfly Fist lasts for over an hour. Zhang is covered in sweat, Takamatsu Sensei is dancing like a butterfly. Liang says "Stop" and intervenes to make peace. Zhang Zi Long: "I lost"; Takamatsu: "Oh no, far from it." They drink together and become martial friends. Zhang says "Were it for the sake of the great Takamatsu, I would run a thousand miles." Curtain.

A scene in Takamatsu Sensei's house; the Isshi Sóden from Takamatsu Sensei to me.

All of the above were in a play performed by my Spanish students. The rows of 10th Dans and other Buyú did not restrain their tears. In the revolving lantern of the Bujinkan an eternal flame burns.

# Tai Kai Videos

Videos of the various 1996 Tai Kai are now ready. As you all know, the theme for the year was an initiation into the three methods of Ken, Tachi and Katana. This means that you also appreciate three methods of Taijutsu, modeled on Sanshin. In other words, I presented a path from the body arts of Kenpó [swordwork] to the mysterious [normally read as "Myó-jutsu" but Sóke often reads Myó as Tai] arts of Kenpó.

I am sure that the three videos from the Netherlands Tai Kai, Atlanta Tai Kai and Alicante Tai Kai will enable you to see better than before the world of the deeper layers of the Bujinkan martial arts. These videos were each produced by the Tai Kai organizer. The name and address of each one is listed below, so please contact them directly and purchase the videos by sending them the necessary fee including postage & packing.

—Sóke

### *Netherlands Tai Kai:*

*Brimkgreverweg 150  
7413 AG Deventer,  
Netherland*

### *Atlanta Tai Kai:*

*4420 Round Tree Lane  
Lithonia, GA 30038  
USA*

### *Alicante Tai Kai:*

*Avda Alicante No. 2,  
E-1, Entlo P4  
03203 Elche (Alicante),  
Spain*





# Letter from Mr. Hino

*On February 28, 1997, while we were training at the Tokyo Budokan, Hino Akira Sensei of the Hino Martial Arts Research Institute appeared and watched. I received a letter from him shortly afterwards regarding what he had felt, and would like to present it here. — Soke*

To: Hatsumi Masaaki, Sôke of the Happô Biken of the Nine Schools of the Bujinkan

Please excuse me for suddenly coming unannounced to your training the other day.

Despite the fact that you were in the middle of a training session and I was not even a student of yours, you kindly talked to me about many valuable things concerning the essence of the martial arts. Thank you very much indeed.

The things you say are totally unintelligible — except to those who have experienced such matters in real life and grasped the essence of the martial arts.

In particular, when I asked, “Surely not everyone can do such difficult things?” you answered, “That doesn’t matter — those who can’t will just die.” That one phrase does not merely embody the essence of the martial arts: the words are truly alive and strike through to the heart of the essence of learning and the essence of education. They also struck deep into my heart.

At the same time (if I may be permitted to sound a little disrespectful) I found emotions welling up inside me: “I’ve found the real thing.” I really felt glad to have come to see you.

Hatsumi Sensei, I think that your piercing wonderfulness is in many ways quite incomprehensible for the many people who call themselves “martial artists” but just stay inside a Dôjô mimicking forms.

In my studies of Japanese traditional martial arts I discovered that they are like a crystal formed from the ultimate in both physical and mental techniques, unparalleled in the world and an art form of the highest kind.

However, I never felt totally happy with these studies, possibly because there were few opportunities to see your name — despite the fact that you fully embody the Japanese traditional martial arts.

To be truly impertinent, let me say that I understand some global sort of feeling through music in the world of jazz, and that I have also had plenty of occasion to encounter the dancing [Nihon Buyô] of people known as living national treasures thanks to the environment

in which I was brought up; I have also studied the world’s top forms of expression, both physical and mental, through dance forms such as ballet.

While I was a student I did heavy gymnastics and was even selected as a reserve for the Tôkyô Olympics.

Although they were not real combat in the martial arts sense, I have experienced some serious, quite dangerous fights where weapons such as chains, knives and Bokutô were used.

So though I say it myself, I believe that my perceptions are quite well developed.

As I studied the martial arts with these perceptions I discovered the wonder of you, Hatsumi Sensei, and the marvel of the person whom even you as Sôke consider your sole teacher, the late venerable Takamatsu, a man who would surpass living national treasures just by standing there.

My biggest question was why you were not justly recognized in the world of the Japanese traditional martial arts despite your tradition being of this country.

This doubt was dispelled once I actually saw you with my own eyes.

It is because you have no form and have actually penetrated far beyond this level that they cannot comprehend!

Hatsumi Sôke, all you are doing is expressing the essence of the martial arts.

My heart is now full of the joy of having rediscovered a jewel greater than any living national treasure.

In particular, the movements you demonstrate remind me of watching the late George Donn and Shona Milk [spellings are uncertain; Donn was apparently famous for dancing Ravel’s Bolero] perform ballet together, and your statement that “This is what Ai-Ki is really all about” were for me easier to understand than ten thousand words of explanation.

I was also surprised that I could not see amidst your students those arrogant people proud of their own strength who are so common in the Japanese martial arts world.

I perceived them all to be staunch, intelligent people who maintained a sense of order.

This should go without saying, but regrettably the current state in Japan is otherwise.

There are so many people who cling to prestige or strut around all day clutching to forms.

The saying "See a parent, know their child; see a child, know their parent" is but too true.

It is all a direct result of the time you have spent following this path, Hatsumi Sensei, and once again I felt your great power and wonder.

I apologize for writing on indiscriminately for so long, but I am still unable to shake off the emotions that arose from encountering you first hand. Please forgive these ramblings as those of one whose body is in turmoil.

I am now in the process of calming this turmoil and writing an article about you.

I sincerely long for the day when I am next able to meet you.

*Respectfully yours,*

*Hino Akira*

*Hino Martial Arts Research Institute*

P.S. To continue my unabashed effrontery with a shameless personal request, I would consider it an honor above all others if you would consider accepting me as a lowly member of your group of ardent admirers.

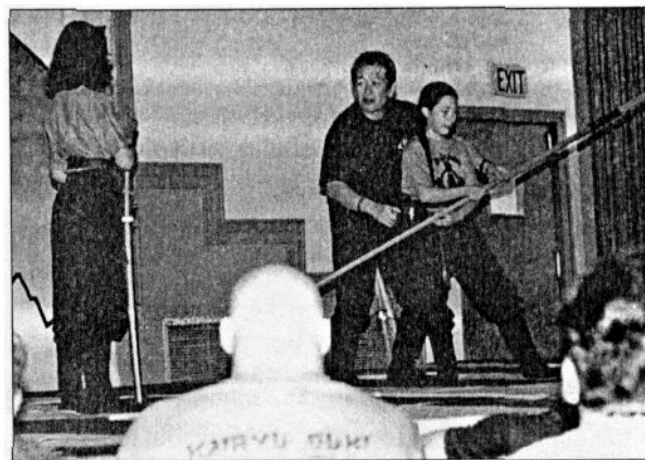
# Arizona Taikai: Child's Play

*By Robert Mattson (7th dan)*

What if you had attended your first Tai Kai when you were 10 years old? Sounds like a strange question from someone who has been 10 four times already. Ever since the Arizona tai kai it keeps coming to mind—each time I try to fulfill Hatsumi-Sensei's quest for a Sanmyaku article. Among the Albuquerque group there were four students from our After school Martial Arts program and one, Sharon, was only 10 years old!

Imagine receiving direct teaching from the Grandmaster and for a brief moment even share the stage with him at such a young age!

On the last day of Tai Kai, Sharon and her older sister Sarah were asked to show something they had



learned during the three days of training. They chose naginata vs sword, and with only a moments notice were up on stage in front of the whole crowd with Soke. I'm sure that I was more nervous than they were since they did a fine job. Hatsumi-Sensei even pointed out a few details of Sharon had used the naginata in a very feminine fashion. When asked what it was like being up there with the Grandmaster, her answer was interesting. Even after seeing Soke throwing grown men about like rag dolls during the previous three days, Sharon declared without hesitation "his hands are so soft and he seems very kind."

Her comment stuck me, especially after training in Japan for two years and receiving a few "presents" (painful presents) from Soke's powerful hands. I guess in the midst of wondering what body part would be manipulated or where I would eventually land, I had never focused on the softness of his hands. The open heart of



a 10 year old cut through all that in an instant. Sharon's observation made it even clearer that we must approach Hatsumi-Sensei as his children and drop our Martial Arts dreams (yumet otoshi). San Shin- the three year old heart (or 10 year old) sees without preconceptions in an open way that let the kindness of Hatsumi's Art touch us directly. We must play like children with this deadly art of Budo-Taijutsu.

As Hatsumi-Sensei worked his magic with naginata and sword, for me the highlight of the Tai Kai was seeing how Sharon along with Tyler, Rob and Sarah (all middle school students) soaked up his teaching and spirit like a sponge. All four trained hard, attending every session and still managed to swim, catch videos and hang out at the "bar." It was a further confirmation that our Budo is indeed suitable for all ages. It not only brings out that child in us old folks and keeps us young, but also helps our children to grow strong and gentle with a true warriors heart (butoku).

*Since this article was written, Sharon and her mom, Tami received their Black Blets. Sharon is now 12 years old.*

## Yamabiko

**(TO ROBERT MATTSON'S ARTICLE)**

I believe that it is very important for human being to keep an attitude of learning — it is good manners. There is a Japanese proverb which states that "When you are old, follow the young ones!" Now I have reached this age, it seems that I need the spirit of learning more than ever before. Then again, there is also a saying that says "When you are old, return to your childhood!" I received the nickname "cute boy" in America almost twenty years ago, but now at last I feel that I have really managed to become a "cute boy." I feel that the Bujinkan Spring has arrived and I can now return to childhood with all of you to enjoy the martial arts.

# Birth of the Japanese Shidóshi Goshinjutsu Society

Every day something new happens. Study the old to learn the new, this is the principle of sun and moon, heaven and earth, and nature. Buyú throughout the world should certainly know how to cherish a universal outlook too. People are coupling and have begun to create a great harmonious ring. In Japan too, sensing that the time to create a ring of harmonious hearts had come, we gathered for a meeting of people with spiritual harmony [Kon-Wa; normally means to chat], based on spiritual talk [also Kon-Wa] of the master's teachings, and called it the First Japanese Shidóshi Goshinjutsu Kai. The venue was the Sushi restaurant Kawatoku [written as River-Virtue]. We discussed how life can be compared to the flow of a river and virtue is equivalent to martial virtue, how traditions are aspirations [Shi of Sushi] and how we should ride on the pulse of Gyóun Ryúsui [see Issues 5, 7 and 8], a divine way [Kan-nagara, see Issue 5] of celebrating longevity [Su of Sushi; extended to form Kotobuku], and treasure the spirit of benevolence, thankfulness and sincerity of the "soul sounds" Shikin Haramitsu Daikómyó.

I appointed the following people to the Goshinjutsu Kai: President, Hatsumi Masaaki Sóke, eleven Vice-Presidents (in alphabetical order) Hayashi Yasuyuki, Ishizuka Tetsuji, Kan Jun'ichi, Kita Kan, Nagato Toshiró, Noguchi Yukio, Oguri Kóichi, Sagawa Iwao, Seno Hideo, Tanaka Hiroshi, Hatsumi Mariko.

With regard to the term "Intangible Cultural Asset," there are many people now who see or view the Bujin

forms, techniques or artistry as being of primary importance within the living, human traditions of the Bujinkan, but as it says in my master's tradition, I am convinced that the heart of a martial artist, the Bujin heart itself is the greatest culture of humanity. Protecting this means protecting nature, becoming awakened to the essence of the eternal life of Nature, and is the inner secret of concord with nature [written as Jinen, implying the wild power of Nature].

The Bujinkan journal "Sanmyaku" is a sacred text to open people's eyes through both good and bad, and I would like you to treasure it as a sutra, a martial text, a book of small virtues, and to re-read it many times, train, reconsider and renew yourselves. "Sanmyaku" is therefore neither a monthly nor a seasonal publication: it is a leisurely [reference to the 14th century book "Essays in Idleness"] publication. Common sense can with a change of heart become emotional sense [common sense = Jóshiki = emotion sense], and there is a danger of people embarking on Noah's Ark and being washed away by worldly passions. I would like all Shidóshi to



understand this, cultivate the stick sense [also Jóshiki] which is born from the heart of a martial artist and guide Noah's Ark correctly. Please grasp the rudder of perseverance firmly and keep going.

*Written on the Tenth Day of March in 1997, the Year of Jójutsu Training*

*Hatsumi Masaaki Nom de guerre: Hisamune Nom de pinceau: Buson*

*[Buson was a famous 18th century poet and painter: Sóke has changed the Bu into the Bu of Bugei]*



# 1997: New Light in the New Year's Cards

Seno Hideo:

I will follow "Mighty gods teaching for eternity; a correct heart protecting one's body," without being washed away.

Nakadai Keiji:

Every month, every day the training becomes more complicated, and for the last few months I have really had to do my utmost to keep up with the pace. At the same time, I enjoy having my mind turn over at full speed.

Yoshida Shin'ichi:

I would like to render myself zero and make this a year for going back to the beginning in the true sense. I hope to continue riding the correct flow, under your guidance Sôke.

Sekiguchi Shota:

I am looking forward to this year's training. I am struck with admiration and sheer delight each time.

Nagase Hiroshi:

I will do my utmost to defend the Japanese martial arts.

Doron Navon:

See you in Japan soon.

Isono Yoshiyuki:

Spring's here; welcome dreams!

Kubo Nobuko:

I intend to continue training with the constant intention of standing on the starting line.

Sasamoto Kunihiko:

I made some martial friends at the English and Dutch Tai Kai. I hope that this year too I will be able to go to some Tai Kai and train with them.

Robert Frazer: [spelling uncertain]

(Bujinkan Okinawa Dôjô):

I look forward to seeing you again, Sensei. Thank you in advance for the year to come.

## Don't Quit

I meet a wide variety of people as I travel around the world. If I encounter a friend whom I can respect for my whole life, it gives me courage and joy. Here I would like to present a poem sent to me by one of these, a truly valiant warrior and my great senior: Joe Vaughan.

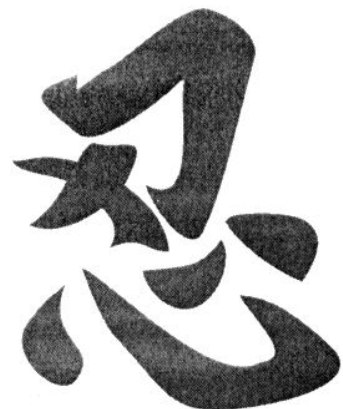
### DON'T QUIT!

*When things go wrong as they sometimes will,  
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,  
When the funds are low and the debts are high,  
When care is pressing you down a bit,  
Rest if you must, but don't you quit.*

*Life is queer with its twists and turns,  
As everyone of us sometimes learns,  
And many a failure turns about,  
When he might have won had he stuck it out;  
Don't give up though the pace seems slow,  
You may succeed with another blow.*

*Success is failure turned inside out —  
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt,  
And you never can tell how close you are,  
It may be near when it seems so far;  
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit —  
It's when things seem worst that ...*

### YOU MUST NOT QUIT !





# Warning

## I HAVE SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO SAY

The Bujinkan has continued to grow along a correct path. We have now reached the time and the high level where it is necessary to clarify where the mainstream of the Bujinkan lies. Some people have exploited the Bujinkan name in the past, and if we fail to clarify this now it will not be possible for us to protect the just traditions of correct humankind. All Bujinkan members! If you learn of some insincere person who is abusing the Bujinkan, contact the Honbu, let just and unjust be made clear, and help us protect the Bufú of the just Bujinkan.

Please consult the Honbu if you learn of some insincere person.

*Sóke, Hatsumi Masaaki*