



SHINTAIDO OF AMERICA

Summer 1990 Newsletter

San Francisco, California

This Earth is Precious — Chief Seattle Speaks

In 1854, the "Great White Chief" in Washington made an offer for a large area of Indian land and promised a reservation for the Indian people. Chief Seattle's reply, published here in full, has been described as the most beautiful and profound statement on the environment ever made.

How can you buy or sell the sky, the warmth of the land? The idea is strange to us.

If we do not own the freshness of the air and the sparkle of the water, how can you buy them?

All Sacred

Every part of this earth is sacred to my people.

Every shining pine needle, every sandy shore, every mist in the dark woods, every clearing and humming insect is holy in the memory and experience of my people. The sap which courses through the trees carries the memories of the red man.

The white man's dead forget the country of their birth when they go to walk among the stars. Our dead never forget this beautiful earth, for it is the

mother of the red man.

We are part of the earth and it is part of us.

The perfumed flowers are our sisters: the deer, the horse, the great eagle, these are our brothers.

The rocky crests, the juices in the meadows, the body heat of the pony, and man— all belong to the same family.

Not Easy

So, when the Great Chief in Washington sends word that he wishes to buy our land, he asks much of us. The Great Chief sends word he will reserve us a place so that we can live comfortably to ourselves.

He will be our father and we will be his children. So we will consider your offer to buy our land.

But it will not be easy. For this land is sacred to us.

This shining water that moves in the streams and rivers is not just water but the blood of our ancestors.

If we sell you land, you must remember that it is sacred, and you must teach your children that it is sacred and that each ghostly reflection

in the clear water of the lakes tells of events and memories in the life of my people.

The water's murmur is the voice of my father's father.

Kindness

The rivers are our brothers, they quench our thirst. The rivers carry our canoes, and feed our children. If we sell you our land, you must remember, and teach your children, that the rivers are our brothers, and yours, and you must henceforth give the rivers the kindness you would give any brother.

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the white man does our ways. One portion is the same to him as the next, for a stranger who comes in the night and takes from the land whatever he needs.

The earth is not his brother, but his enemy, and when he has conquered it, he moves on.

He leaves his father's graves behind, and he does not care. He kidnaps the earth from his children, and he does not care.

His father's grave, and his children's birthright, are forgotten. He treats his mother, the earth, and his brother, the sky, as things to be bought, plundered, sold like sheep or bright beads.

His appetite will devour the earth and leave behind only a desert.

I do not know. Our ways are different from your ways.

The sight of your cities pains the eyes of the red man. But perhaps it is because the red man is a savage and does not understand.

There is no quiet place in the white man's cities. No place to hear the unfurling of leaves in spring, or the rustle of an insect's wings.

But perhaps it is because I am a savage and do not understand.

The clatter only seems to insult the ears. And what is there to life if a man cannot hear the lonely cry of the whip-poorwill or the arguments of the frogs around a pond at night? I am a red man and do not understand.

The Indian prefers the soft sound of the wind darting over the face of a pond, and the smell of the wind itself, cleaned by a midday rain, or scented with the pinion pine.

Precious

The air is precious to the red man, for all things share the same breath — the beast, the tree, the man, they all share the same breath.

The white man does not seem to notice the air he breathes. Like a man dying for many days, he is numb to the stench.

But if we sell you our land you must remember that the air is precious to us, that the air shares its spirit with all the life it supports. The wind that gave our grandfather his first breath also receives his last sigh.

And if we sell you our land, you must keep it apart and sacred, as a Place where even the white man can go to taste the wind that is sweetened by the meadow's flowers.

One Condition

So we will consider your offer to buy our land. If we decide to accept, I will make one condition: The white man must treat the beasts of this land as his brothers.

I am a savage and I do not understand any other way.

All Things are connected like the blood which unites one family. All things are connected.

I have seen a thousand rotting buffaloes on the prairie left by the white man who shot them from a passing train.

I am a savage and I do not understand how the smoking iron horse can be more important than the buffalo that we kill only to stay alive.

What is man without the beast? If all the beasts were gone, man would die from a great loneliness of spirit.

For whatever happens to the beasts, soon happens to man. All things are connected.

The Ashes

You must teach your children that the ground beneath their feet is the ashes of your grandfathers. So that they will respect the land, tell your children that the earth is rich with the lives of our kin.

Teach your children what we have

taught our children, that the earth is our mother.

Whatever befalls the earth befalls the sons of the earth. If men spit upon the ground, they spit upon themselves.

This we know: The earth does not belong to man: man belongs to the earth. This we know.

All things are connected like the blood which unites one family. All things are connected.

Whatever befalls the earth befalls the sons of the earth. Man did not weave the web of life: he is merely a strand in it. Whatever he does to the web, he does to himself.

Even the white man, whose God walks and talks with him as friend to friend, cannot be exempt from the common destiny.

We may be brothers after all.

We shall see.

One thing we know, which the white man may one day discover — our God is the same God.

You may think now that you own Him as you wish to own our land: but you cannot. He is the God of man, and His compassion is equal for the red man and the white.

This earth is precious to Him, and to harm the earth is to heap contempt on its Creator.

The whites too shall pass; perhaps sooner than all other tribes. Contaminate your bed, and you will one night suffocate in your own waste.

But in your perishing you will shine brightly, fired by the strength of the God who brought you to this land and for some special purpose gave you dominion over this land and over the red man.

That destiny is a mystery to us, for we do not understand when the buffalo are all slaughtered, the wild horses are tamed, the secret corners of the forest heavy with scent of many men, and the view of the ripe hills blotted by talking wires.

Where is the thicket? Gone.

Where is the eagle? Gone.

The end of living and the beginning of survival. ■

Gasshuku Finances

by Lee Ordeman

gasshuku: a camp where people train together; a retreat where people stay together; recreation.

The best things in life are free, and the same holds true in Shintaido. Even so, more than a few of us have been wondering why this summer's national *gasshuku* should cost so much.

The *gasshuku* is arguably a bargain, but the \$400 price for the three-night, four-day event is the highest yet asked by organizers in the U.S.

Gasshuku committee member Michael Goldberg says that he and other organizers including Jim Sterling, H.F. Ito, and Rob Gaston, did their best to keep costs down. Yet as they made plans for Pacific '90 they realized that some corners could not be cut. "With Aoki *sensei* coming it's very important to have the *gasshuku* take place somewhere which has really good facilities and the ability to expand," he said. "We're hoping for between 100 and 120 people." If 80 attend, the *gasshuku* budget will be met.

Some of us may remember paying \$300 at Shintaido Ten four years ago. Michael points out that this spring those who have taken advantage of the early registration discount will pay only slightly more. "I don't think that's a ridiculous amount higher," he said. "If you figure inflation and everything, \$50 more is reasonable."

At \$52 per night, room and board at the UC Santa Cruz site costs significantly more than, by comparison, at Gualala, where several events were held through 1988. Michael says that despite the success of last year's summer *gasshuku* at UCSC, some participants said they still preferred the seclusion and the redwoods of Gualala. But planning two years in advance for Aoki *sensei*'s visit, *gasshuku* organiz-

ers decided that neither Gualala's YMCA camp dormitories nor its practice field could accommodate as many people as might turn out for instruction from Aoki *sensei* in 1990. The UCSC site was chosen after a search lasting several months as the best and most appropriate within a reasonable distance from San Francisco.

The opportunity to receive instruction from Aoki *sensei* costs more than it would from any other instructor — as it should, according to the International Shintaido Federation fee structure. The Federation standardizes fees in order to keep groups from trying to outbid one another for the attention of Shintaido's founder and other advanced instructors. Michael estimates that a visit from Aoki *sensei* adds, with other expenses, some \$3500 to the overall *gasshuku* expense.

Professionally videotaping this large national event could cost as much as \$1000. Ito *sensei* encourages video taping as a means of recording Shintaido of America history and as a tool for preserving rare moments of instruction for future study.

No matter how reasonable the cost of the *gasshuku*, not everyone will easily afford it. This year we are fortunate to have a *gasshuku* scholarship fund which has been bolstered by contributions from Shintaido Northeast, Bay Area Shintaido, and Southwest Shintaido; over \$2000 has been distributed to needy practitioners. ■

Equipment

Shintaido of America has a selection of equipment available for purchase.

Shintaido bumper stickers \$1.00

Shintaido corduroy hats

red or white \$10.00

2 hats- @\$9.00

3 or more- @\$8.00

Keiko equipment, *boh*, *bokuto*, and *keiko gi* are also available.

We can mail any items to you — or you can come and get them!

Contact SoA equipment manager
Juliette Farkouh at 57 St. Charles Ave.,
San Francisco CA 94132-3032.
(415) 239-4132.

*Includes shipping and handling.

Booklets

The Zero Point of Consciousness and the World of "Ki" \$5.00

Improvisation and the Body \$3.50

Tenshingoso & Eiko \$10.00

Shintaido: A New Art of Movement and Life Expression \$15.00

History of SoA \$3.95

Origins: A History of Shintaido \$7.00

To order, please send a check (including \$2 for postage and handling) to
Shintaido of America, P.O. Box 22622,
San Francisco CA 94122.

Video Texts

Two video texts are also on sale. (Thanks to our video producer, Bill Burtis!)

Kenko taiso video \$35.00

Kata & kumite video
(*bojutsu*, *karate*, *kenjutsu*) \$70.00

(price includes postage and handling)

Keeping a Crystal

Unterbrich den unweiglich,
endlosen Gedankenstrom
unterstehe.
interrupt the irrefutable, endless
flood of thought
wait.

yin yang balance adjusts
i am full of things i can not say.
im nebel des nichts finde / suche.
in the fog of nothingness find /
search.

words have one meaning

Another to others.
also, words tie things down — if you
let them.
words have no meaning.

Energized, words gain meaning, start
evolve around them.
give no meaning.

I may change words that have
meaning,
i am changing.
watch:

Others give meaning,
observe,
judge,
store,
change,
discard them...

Unconsciously I do the same.

by Peter Nagai-Rothe

* * * * *

If a light pierced the darkness
soft shadow of night
like a transparent bat-wing unfurled
in the dark
caught by a radiant rainbow
glistening with bright drops of moon
globe.

by Sandi Gallacci

* * * * *

Something lurks just off the horizon
What can it be?
Do I want to know what I face?

It is Dark and Cold
Yet it is Warming
A safe haven
A protective area
Calling, pleading, living.
Emotion is strong
The fire runs Cold and Dark
The water is thick and heavy like a pile
of blankets
I feel shaky and scared, but I see noth-
ing to fear.
It is all in me, of me, not way to get
away.
It flows like sand and shifts like the cat
No trace to follow, and yet my step is
sure
The path is soft and quiet
No sound coming to me through my
ears
Yet this place is full of sounds

A song of Power and Love
It flows endlessly and is always
changing
So calm, so powerful
A force of Power
Where does it come from?
ME

by Jen Day

* * * * *

"I Think Continually of Those Who Were Truly Great"

I think continually of those who were
truly great.
Who, from the womb, remembered the
soul's history
Through corridors of light where the
hours are suns,
Endless and singing. Whose lovely
ambition
Was that their lips, still toughed with
fire,
Should tell of the Spirit, clothed from
head to foot in song.
And who hoarded from the Spring
branches
The desires falling across their bodies
like blossoms.

What is precious, is never to forget
The essential delight of the blood
drawn from ageless springs
Breaking through rocks in worlds
before our earth.
Never to deny it's pleasure in the
morning simple light
Nor its grave evening demand for love.
Never to allow gradually the traffic to
smother
With noise and fog, the flowering of
the Spirit.

by Stephen Spender
(Contributed by Marsha Coroles)

* * * * *

Silent as the hunter pads
Graceful moves the shadowed night
The hunter hunts the prey
Twined souls striving for contact
The hunter knows
The prey desires
Joined in the gleaming moment
The hunter is dead
The prey immortal

by Jen Day

* * * * *

Identities await in the cloak room ghost fashion — intent upon particular deeds — while freed from these concern laden bits of armorment the circle gathered in amongst itself.

Renewing each other in delight — encouraged by the strides of those feeling least able we all grow — the momentum building in the group dynamic — charging, demanding, accepting — excitation develops in response to nearing thresholds of discovery. Gear and laughter sweating to purge internal strife — tears tearing the night to shreds — swallowing at last the clinging doubts masked a pride — surrendering to the fact of where one is. The present a place of power — the little we have — all on this point — one chance. One life.

The uncertainty of the moment drawing out from us a response unedited — unrefined — honest.

Humanity refined throughout the circle as we all face our isolation and melt it down, wash it off — then donning our ghost selves, now no more insubstantial than yesterday we go our separate ways — less alone.

by David Gallacci

* * * * *

The drum rattles, a small sound,
Barely heard through traffic and conversation,
A leading sound, thin enough for alleys,
Beckoning, come.
And in the listener the unheard drumming
Rhythmic, steady, irritated into focus
By this fragile persistence,
Rises, breaks the smooth surface,
tapping,
Walking, running,
Almost unnoticed, to where the pulse of drumbeats
Holds back all other sound.

by Lee Seaman

* * * * *

Oh, blackest night
of howling wolf
and bane of traveler
unaware.
I am drawn
to your heart.
The darkest portions
of myself
are manifest
in thy
unholy rite.
Begone foul demon
that lurks
behind
my own glowing
eyes.
Begone, I say.
But he just laughs
and quickens
my steps
towards darkness.

by Jen Day

Gualala Reflections

Giant ancient trees
standing silent sentinel
over an aromatic field.

Hushed figures moving wraithlike
across a swaying bridge.
Slowly coming together.

Reaching together past the pointing
guardians
toward the distant points of light.

Dancing.
Spiraling.
Reaching ever further.

Heavenward.

Perception expanding.
Soaring Beyond earthbound limits.

Finally descending again to primal
earth,
to form the ancient circle once more.
Looking outward.

Silence fills the crystal air.

by Linda LeRoux

* * * * *

Draw the circle
Grow the light
Dance the edge of dark tonight
Find the heat
Learn the pain
Mark the line of trust again
Seasons come
And seasons go
Patterns fast and changes slow
Dark the flame
Of beacons flight
Ride the circle home tonight.

by Lee Seaman

A Leg to Stand On

Part One

by John Seaman

Most Americans stand and move as if they had two joints in their leg. This may be caused in part by an unduly restricted image of what constitutes a leg. Nature has provided the normal persons with six joints in the leg. Failure to make use of most of these joints causes restrictions on ranges of motion leading to unnecessary stress on the knees and back.

One function of the leg joints is to "decouple" the movement of the body from the path of the foot. To decouple here means to create a smooth path for the body, relatively independent of leg motions. Decoupling may be compared to the suspension in a car or truck. Early decoupling utilizes the ball of the foot so that the ankle and toe joints flex to absorb some of the shock. In late decoupling, however too much weight is placed upon the heel and therefor more of the shock is transferred to the knee and higher.

The knee is the first joint most Americans use to decouple and alone or without help from the rest of the body is almost always insufficient to

absorb all of the shock of movement, even walking. Some people absorb the remainder of the shock with their back muscles and joints leading to a buildup of stress and ultimately pain and dysfunction in that area. Others manage to complete decoupling only for the head, protecting the brain, eyes and inner ears from movement shock but not the internal organs. Since without proper lower body movement the neck and upper shoulder muscles must be used to accomplish this cerebral bracing, it leads to tight shoulder and neck aches as well as headaches.

In Shintaido, we have a number of reasons for encouraging the earliest possible decoupling action. To make the total body movement as smooth and as graceful as possible, to reduce overall tension, to free the joints for other tasks, to reduce damage to the body and to maximize elastic storage and recovery of energy so that the greatest amount of work can be done with the least expenditure of energy. The ankle and toes can be used like

springs to store and then release energy for the next movement.

There are two obvious tests for early decoupling. First of all, whether the pelvic girdle remains at a constant height. If the pelvic girdle rises and falls through the movement, then too much shock of the movement is being absorbed by the back. Secondly, whether the foot meets the floor quietly even in rapid movement. If a noticeable sound occurs when the foot meets the floor, then the knee — at the very least — is taking too much of the shock.

Without early decoupling, the balance of the body is static. In static balance, the center of body mass must be kept at all times over the balance point formed by the feet. A statically balanced system must remain at or very near equilibrium.

A dynamically balanced system can tolerate departures from equilibrium for brief periods. Dynamic balance, which depends on early decoupling, increases our options for movement. We can tip in one direction and use gravity to accelerate. We can use elastic deformation of muscles and tendons as springs to store — and then suddenly release — energy. We have more ways we can use our legs for support.

Dynamic balancing takes one from three dimensions into moving in four dimensions. Since a great deal of more advanced technique involves more than three dimensions, concentrating on early decoupling helps train one for "ma" in kumite. ■



Shintaido in the United States

Southwest Shintaido

With groups in West Los Angeles, Topanga Canyon, and Gardena CA, and Tucson AZ.

For information contact:

Shintaido of West Los Angeles

2411 2nd St.

Santa Monica CA 90405

(213) 450-4577

Shintaido Northeast

With groups in Durham and Portsmouth NH, Cambridge and Worcester MA, Burlington VT, and Syracuse NY.

For information contact:

Shintaido of Central Massachusetts

46 Cherlyn Drive

Northboro MA 01532

(508) 393-3575

Bay Area Shintaido

With groups in San Francisco, Berkeley, and San Mateo CA.

For a complete schedule contact:

BASEC

630 Silver Ave.

San Francisco CA 94134

(415) 586-1177

Northwest Shintaido

With groups in Bellingham and Spokane WA, and La Grande OR.

For a complete schedule contact:

Blue Mountain Shintaido

2818 Wilson Ave.

Bellingham WA 98225

(206) 676-8543

Calendar

1990

July

1-4, National Gasshuku with

Aoki *sensei* in Santa Cruz CA

October

5-8, Fall Gasshuku in New England

1991

January

6-12, Kangeiko in San Francisco

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Membership 1989

Shintaido of America would like to extend this invitation to all of you to become members!

Your support is the foundation of our national organization.

My 1989 membership is enclosed:

Name: _____

Address: _____

Telephone: _____

- ☐ General Member-\$30
- ☐ Contributing Member- \$50 to \$100
- ☐ Sustaining Member- \$100 to \$500
- ☐ Patron- \$500 to \$1000 or more!
- ☐ Student, full time high school or college- \$15

Please make your check payable to Shintaido of America and send it to Shintaido, P.O. Box 22622, San Francisco, CA 94122. Your contribution is tax deductible.

Greetings from Aoki sensei

Dear Friends:

Konnichiwa! It will be very nice to be back on the other side of the Pacific ocean again, and it is my great pleasure to offer warm greetings on the occasion of the

1990 Shintaido of America National Gasshuku.

If we look around and listen to our planet these days, business leaders say it is hard to read the future due to our interdependent relationships in the world. Religious leaders keep saying that this is the end of the world, as usual. Speaking optimistically, academics hope that this is the turning point. Politicians keep complaining about other countries, saying how unfair their policies are.

Even though we are living in such chaotic, confused times, I am happy to see the Pacific '90 gasshuku committee choose such a fitting theme for this summer event. I really expect everyone in Shintaido to look at our time and use Shintaido as a cutting edge to open a new future.

Let us begin our study with the *Ten-Chi-Jin-Ware* principle in Shintaido. I believe we can navigate through these chaotic times with this wisdom, and I hope every Shintaido practitioner will apply this principle to their daily life when they return home after Pacific '90.

With Hope and Glory,

Hiroyuki Aoki

Founder of Shintaido



Pacific '90 The Cutting Edge

**A Shintaido of America
National Gasshuku directed
by the founder of Shintaido,
Mr. Hiroyuki Aoki.**

Make your summer plans now and join us for a very special Shintaido celebration.

Date: July 1—July 4

Place: University of California
in Santa Cruz

Cost: \$400.00

Phone: Jim Sterling at
(415) 753-2899



Shintaido

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