



BODY Dialogue

Journal of the U.S. Shintaido Movement

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PEACE IN PRISON AND BEYOND

by

Jennifer S. Wilkov

Sometimes, life just doesn't make sense.

One minute, all is well in the world. The next, you feel like Alice in Lewis Carroll's famous story, *Alice in Wonderland*. Only instead of Wonderland, you've been dropped into hell.

One day I was a successful financial planner with a designer wardrobe and a cozy apartment on a tree-lined block. The next, I was an inmate in one of New York's most violent prisons.

The trouble started when a relative recommended an investment opportunity in California—an operation that was buying foreclosed homes, fixing them up, then reselling them at a profit. He invested himself and I followed suit.

Continued on p.3

I N S I D E

Invitation to Quebec	2
Five Alternate Stages of Shintaido	5
Waterfall Training in Japan	7
Otaki Meiso	8

Depression and Shintaido:

An exercise in discerning "you" from "them"

by

Heather Kuhn

Collective intuition tells us that depression has reached epidemic proportions and that it has something to do with our modern accoutrements, society's insatiable appetite for technology despite technology's glaring shortcomings when it comes to the social impact in our lives. Isolation with one's computer can be a breeding ground for all kinds of unhealthy, unnatural, inhuman behaviors. We are not hard-wired for our technology's bodily demands. (In that light, maybe it's *normal* to be depressed!)

Depression is infrequently brought up in conversation, at least by the individual who suffers from it. Since one of the symptoms of depression is difficulty in concentrating, seeing beyond one's current state and talking about it can be painful. To make matters worse, feelings of despair and shame often dominate the depressed person's emotional environment which only compounds anxiety and social awkwardness. One thing is clear, the symptoms of depression are difficult to live with, both for the depressed individual and for loved ones, friends and coworkers. It is tricky to know how to help someone who is depressed, and mostly because they themselves might not know.

I have heard several times that Shintaido acknowledges the extremes of humanity. This statement has always been profoundly encouraging to me. As someone who has struggled personally with the depression monster and who has held an ongoing *kumite* (partner practice) with a chronically depressed parent, I have felt the debilitating confusion and frustration one experiences in trying to communicate with someone who is depressed. Being caught up in restlessness, irritability or orneriness can be confusing, but calling it by its name, *depression*, is key to finding relief from the chaos and cutting through that confusion.

Continued on p.6

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Quebec Workshop Announcement

"Vers le Ciel", a workshop celebrating twenty years of Shintaido in Quebec, is scheduled for Friday, September 4 through Sunday, September 6, 2009.

Classes will be taught by Haruyoshi Fugaku Ito and Shin Aoki. The event will take place in Quebec at l'Attitude, a facility that teaches and offers touch/massage therapies. Three *keiko* [classes] and five meals are included, plus opportunities to experience other offerings from L'Attitude. Cost is \$295 (\$275 for SOA members, \$345 if paid after September 1). Contact Michel Van Waeyenberge (info@attitudemassotherapie.com) for more information.

H. F. Ito is founder of the Taimyo Network for Peace, an international group established in response to the tragic events of September 11th, 2001. He is the first Shintaido practitioner to hold the rank of Master Instructor. Now in his 60s, he incorporates his lifetime of learning in Shintaido, international relationships, and caregiver communities into body movements that are natural and easily accessible to people of all ages.

Shin Aoki is a Senior Instructor of Shintaido of America, and holds Yon-dan in both Shintaido Karate and Shintaido Bojutsu. He has practiced Shintaido in Japan and the USA since 1987.

Shintaido of America would like to encourage all practitioners in the United States to consider attending this event. We in SoA have developed a strong relationship with the practitioners of Shintaido in Canada, particularly those in Quebec, through the workshops Ito has led at the Shintaido Farm in 2007 and 2008. This is a wonderful opportunity to celebrate with them twenty years of Shintaido in Quebec!

DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSIONS

The next issue of *Body Dialogue* will be in January, 2010.

Please submit articles, poems, pictures to the editor at:

newsletter@shintaido.org. Deadline for submissions is November 15, 2009.

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Peace in Prison...

Continued from p.1

At the same time, some of my clients started inquiring about real estate opportunities, and I asked the compliance officer at American Express, where I was working, if I could mention this one. He said AmEx didn't deal with "hard property" real estate but that I could refer people independently if I filled out the proper securities forms. I did so, then told a few people about the investment, while advising them to do their own homework.

About a year later, in August 2005, I launched my own financial planning business. Things went swimmingly for the first year, until investors-including members of my family and me-stopped getting any returns on that real estate deal. So an attorney and I paid a visit to the owners of the California company. After the meeting, the attorney deemed the operation a scam and said I should report it to the authorities.

I did so immediately, in October 2006. A month later, several plainclothes officers confronted me on my street. "You're gonna let us in your apartment, or we're gonna beat the door down," one of them snarled. They confiscated my cell phone, computer, and files, while another set of police cleaned out my office nearby. I was stunned, but I thought my stuff might help them nail the crooks.

Eight months later, when I was sitting in my office one morning in a favorite outfit-Ralph Lauren top, white pants, white heels-the police returned. I was arrested and accused of being part of a \$1.6 million real estate fraud, since I'd recommended the investment and had received standard referral fees. (Of course my family and I had lost a substantial amount of money in the con ourselves, but that didn't seem to matter.) After I answered a slew of questions from an assistant district attorney, my criminal defense lawyer-who, by the way, was from the firm that had unsuccessfully defended Martha Stewart-advised me to agree to a deal with the DA. If I pleaded guilty, I'd get sentenced to six months in jail but could be out in four. "Four months is better than four years, which is what you could get if you go to trial and lose," my lawyer said. I hated the idea of making that deal, but since I was new to the legal field, I took his advice and signed the papers. That was January of 2008.

The next few months, while I awaited my sentencing, I moved my belongings into storage and stayed with friends, as I'd put my apartment on the market prior to the legal nightmare. I worked as a book consultant, since I'd written and published three finance books myself. I tried to do some research on Rikers Island and the Rose M. Singer Center here in New York City that is a part of the New York State Corrections Department, but Googling turned out to be a mistake. What popped up were reports of abuse, injustice, and rape, along with news of guards running an alleged prison fight club, in which inmates were forced to beat each

other to a pulp. Nonetheless, any New York City dweller sentenced to less than a year on state charges gets sent there.

Terrified, I started preparing for hell. I sought advice from self defense experts, and enlisted them to shout insults in my face so I could practice my response. I cut my hair and donated it to charity, because I'd been warned that prisoners could yank it, hard. I talked to my mom constantly. She believed I was innocent, as did my friends-at least, my true friends, who even wrote letters to the judge about me. A few people couldn't cope and dropped out of my life. Meanwhile, a tsunami of unflattering stories about me hit the media-*The New York Times*, *The New York Daily News*, *The Associated Press*. The headlines were infuriating, and humiliating. I felt increasingly angry about pleading guilty.

In June 2008, I went to a criminal courthouse in downtown Manhattan to be formally sentenced. The courtroom looked like something straight out of *Law & Order*, with old-fashioned wood-paneled walls, wooden pews, and a sign above the judge's head that said "In God We Trust." I stood before the judge and asked her if I could withdraw my guilty plea. The answer: No.

That same day, I said good-bye to my family, my cell phone, my normal life. Then I was handcuffed and escorted to a dingy basement room called "the bridge," where I waited with a bunch of prostitutes and drug addicts for the bus to Rikers.

The key to success when these circumstances hit your life is housed in the choice you make for how you are going to handle it. Will you weep and cry and cower in fear? Or will you stay grounded and focused and look for the silver lining in all that happens to you?

Remember the old conversation in September around the water cooler: "What did you do this summer?" Some would remark about long vacations with family, visiting kids at summer camp, taking time off to go to the beach and relax and read.

My summer last year was not filled with any of these. Instead I took a trip to hell - Rikers Island.

Spending four months in the worst facility known to many around the state, not to mention the country, was not the way I would have chosen to spend my summer. I never knew anyone who had been in jail - which I knew of. I certainly felt like a foreigner in a strange land, and I looked like one too.

Here, people vied for control - inmate to inmate, inmate to Corrections Officer, and even Corrections Officer to Officer. An environment focused on gaining control of another person is frightening indeed. It is filled with foul language, disrespect of people of all races, ages, colors and religions, and a focus on instilling fear and reducing self esteem.

How does one keep her sanity and control over herself in such

Continued on following page

Peace in Prison...

Continued from page 3

a hostile and volatile environment?

I used many techniques - everything I have learned over several years of studying, learning and teaching in the Personal Growth community. One of the modalities I brought into my sphere for remaining calm and centered was Shintaido.

Now, I must tell you that I was cautioned by Sensei Don Cardoza at the Wellness Resource Center in Massachusetts not to indicate to anyone in the prison that I was trained in any martial art. So finding ways to practice Shintaido in this strange world of violence and control was challenging. I really had to thoughtfully consider how I was going to do this so I could have the comfort and care of Shintaido without showing it to anyone else.

The power of visualization was one of the key tools I used. Denis Waitley, a well-known motivational speaker, worked with Olympic athletes and measured their brain activity when they envisioned themselves performing their world class sport. Using visualization only, their resulting brain activity was identical to how their brains would respond when they were physically engaged in the real activity.

I decided to use this same premise and visualized myself doing *Tenshingoso* in the *dojo* (place of practice) at the Wellness Resource Center in the early morning, running *Eiko* in the field in Japan and in the dojo up at the Shintaido Farm, and performing parts of *Taimyo Kata* that I could recall. I also visualized a few boh techniques that I had learned with Ishii and enjoyed immensely.



Jennifer Wilkov Running Eiko

As a sentenced inmate, I was required to go to the Inmate Assignment Office to get a job. All sentenced inmates work in the jail - it's a rule. Me? I got assigned to work in Horticulture - perfect! I had always wanted to learn about gardening. Having the opportunity to be around living and growing plants, bright flowers, pure herbs and beautiful butterflies was a blessing. The freedom of the garden sustained me in so many ways.

Every day I would bow when I entered the garden to offer my thanks for the opportunity to work there. At the end of the work day, I would bow again out of respect for the dojo where I had learned, practiced and celebrated Mother Nature's fine influence in my life.

The garden also provided a rare opportunity for me to share Eiko with my bunkmate, a lovely Muslim African American woman. She transformed so much that summer - Shintaido taught her to fall in love with herself. Part of my curriculum for her included running Eiko barefoot in the grassy patch in the garden where we both worked.

One day, I told her I was going to show her a type of meditation - not the "sit-still" type but one filled with energy, joy and Spirit-Shintaido! When I showed her and subsequently taught it to her, it was breathtaking for her. She felt like she was floating on air - far, far away from the prison we were in. It was miraculous to see the joy on her face! She loved it!

Shintaido brought me peace and calm throughout this life-changing experience.

As time progressed, I became more open with my meditating. At times, I would sit seiza on my bed and go into Mokuso to deeply connect with the emptiness that I so enjoy in Shintaido. This felt phenomenal in such a chaotic and cluttered place.

Toward the end of my time, I moved to a bed in the dormitory that was located by one of the back windows with a cage on it. There, the sun would rise in my window each day, illuminating my life. I could see the sky clearly out that window through the bars and disconnect from the dormitory and the other inmates behind me. It was just me and God - simple and free. There, in the early mornings at sunrise a few times a week, I would do the Ten Point Meditation in full form. Most of the other inmates would be sleeping so it was safe to meditate openly, performing these full movements in such a small space. A few of the inmates inquired about it, and my bunkmate was intrigued by it. Everyone respected my space and the calm this brought to the environment, even if for a few precious moments.

The sensitivity I had to people's energy was also enhanced by my Shintaido experiences. Being able to sense people's fears, concerns, and curiosity about something I was doing was a blessing. It kept me safe from those who might have harmed me and allowed me to stand in my silent strength without having to confront anyone.

In fact, a young hooker affectionately dubbed me "Jenny from the Block." She would stand up to me and taunt me as if she was going to threaten me. Her threats were good natured ones, those of a child teasing a friend. This behavior, however, would allow me to stand tall and stare right through her. In an instant, she would walk away saying, "Oh no. I'm not getting into anything with you." This did great things for my safety as it showed the other inmates not to mess with me.

Continued on following page

Peace in Prison...

Continued from p. 4

Thank God - they didn't.

Every night, my bunkmate and I would each pray in our own ways for peace - peace within ourselves, for the dormitory, for all the women inmates and the male and female officers, and for world peace. Part of my prayers included blessing those whom I had judged and also those who have judged me.

In jail, everyone is equal. There are no judgments of one another. That's where fights begin, and most people don't want to engage in these power struggles.

There is no place for an ego in jail. Just like wars and other confrontations that manifest as a result of egos clashing, so it is in jail where egos just create big troubles and big fights.

When I was released on October 1st, 2008, and got to leave this short trip to hell behind me, I had just 26 days to go before my 40th birthday. Funny how life does that - it releases you from one place of madness and chaos into the next. As one of the guards once said to me, "If you can survive this place, you can survive anything."

The experience you have with this transition is once again housed in the choices you make.

For me, the only choice was to move forward, listen to my life, become more aware of new choices I wanted to make for myself, and find the best way to celebrate the Big 4-0.

My choice? I went skydiving and found my peace and calm in the clouds. Flying with the Angels and soaring with the Eagles... that was my wish, and I got it.

A dear close friend emailed me a great comment upon seeing this picture of me in the air skydiving. What she said sums up the whole experience and the choice I made to see the silver lining of this experience and to make a difference in the lives of those whom I met last summer as well as those I continue to talk with about it today: "From prison to skydiving. Only you." ***

Five Alternate Stages of Shintaido

(These could replace *nuke*, *nobi*, etc.)

Stage 1: What the heck is this all about?
I'm completely confused.

Stage 2: We seem to be doing the same few things
over and over and over.

Stage 3: What's the right way to do this?
Everybody tells me something different.

Stage 4: I get it now. I'll correct everybody else,
including my teacher.

Stage 5: I need another lifetime (at least)
to learn everything.

Stephen Billias

Shintaido Northeast Fall Gasshuku

Shintaido Northeast will be holding our Fall Gasshuku on Columbus Day weekend, Oct. 10 - 12, 2009 at the Shintaido Farm in Deerfield, Massachusetts. Minagawa-sensei will be coming from England to be our guest instructor. Joe Zawielski will be Director of Instruction for this event. The theme of the gathering will be: "Transitions and Transformations," a lovely idea for autumn in New England. Ann Sievers and Nancy Billias are co-managing the event.

Our thinking about the theme began with a consideration of the transitions in tenshingoso, and how the five movements need to flow smoothly into one another (similarly in kiri-oroshi or kumi-bo, when one changes attack or changes from receiving to attacking). As we thought more about it, we began to reflect that this theme would allow us to bring our attention to transitions everywhere: in the world, in Shintaido, in our individual lives. We hope that you will also find the theme a fruitful focus of reflection.

Join us for what is sure to be a beautiful gasshuku! Please see the SoA website (www.shintaido.org) for registration forms.

Pac Shin Pictures from 2009 Workshops



Derk Richardson



Michael DiPietro rolling Gorazd Drozina

Shintaido and Depression *Continued from p. 1*

What has helped me to identify depression in myself is closely tied to the mere act of showing up to *keiko* [class]. I find that what the body thinks it wants during a depressive episode is to shut down, remain still, quiet and closed. While it is important, of course, to rest and give oneself the space to heal, more often than not, what my body actually needs feels mysterious. Having the courage to show up to *keiko* regularly and opening in that way seems to address the mystery and help release nervous energy. Once the nerves have calmed, the clarity can shine through. I begin to ask myself; "Maybe I am depressed; is there some reason I might be depressed?" Often I am able to pinpoint where the anxiety turned in on itself. I think, "Oh, I feel anxiety because I had that difficult conversation earlier." The ritual and forms within Shintaido have come to be trusted friends. When your world suddenly stops feeling safe, being able to rely on form is a blessing.

It is not always the best idea to push one's self to just show up, however. I remember during a Shintaido Northeast Gasshuku [retreat], I was unable to find *um*. I tried and tried, hanging out there for much longer than anyone else, feeling frustrated and knowing that if I could not find *um*, then *ah* would be meaningless. In this ungrounded predicament, it became clear to me that my Qi was significantly depleted and I was desperate to close the circuit and reconstitute. In other words, practicing Shintaido helped me to realize that there may also be times not joining in group practice may be part of the solution; that I would have little to give until I attended to myself. Looking back, I might have decided to take a long walk, to instead sit under a tree and meditate, and most importantly, let go of the perceived expectations of others.

It is widely accepted that exercise, with its release of endorphins, aids in the relief of depressive symptoms. While Shintaido is a sort of exercise, I believe the positive effects it may have on the depressed individual have more to do with the sensitivity training and partner work that are so critical to the essence of our art. We are encouraged to take care of ourselves and each other. Often we flex the listening muscle in order to perform movements with grace and to be good leaders/followers during *kumite*. This checking-in with oneself and other is an invaluable resource in assessing whether it's a "you" thing or a "them" thing. Perspective affords truth, and truth engenders sanity.

Specific Shintaido techniques well-suited to addressing depression include *toitsu kihon kumite* and *Eiko kumite* [fundamental exercises with partner] in constructing personal boundaries without hurting others. During *kumite* the practitioner seeks to meet his or her partner in a place of careful neutrality, having a sacred agreement to learn one another's truth, to honor it while also honoring his or her own. Anything which happens from that place is therefore safe and one is free to explore limits which might otherwise be scary. Since the mouth is often quick to over-articulate what we are going through as a depressed person, non-verbal communication allows for the distilled version to be transmitted.

Wakame [seaweed exercise] asks us to release, trust to follow, and help others to do so in turn. How can we ask ourselves to relax and to go with the flow? Do we get to decide what the flow includes? Of course, the resounding answer to this question is "no" but if we can only tap into a place where we relinquish control, we might be able to emulate that in our lives outside of *keiko*. Depression is often something that shows up unannounced. If the universe is our *kumite* partner, letting our *keiko* partner take the wheel is in essence a way of saying "I trust the universe to act in my best interest".



Heather Kuhn Running Eiko

In *Eiko*, the reaching and sending helps the body to "see" beyond immediate conditions and to find that "other energy source." Encouraging that muscle, the one that reminds us to not give up, trains the mind to see that the depression "too shall pass," and indeed, it always does. The act of extending greatly counteracts the proclivity to make one's self small when depressed.

Shintaido's offerings are considerable. It gives us an outlet to better ourselves in the company of others bettering themselves. It teaches us techniques the body learns and becomes familiar with over time, in the dojo and out in the world. We strengthen the ability to choose, surrender, and defend space, and to brighten, to know when to slow down and when to muster courage. Practicing these life skills seems important in the context of society's current challenges.

In the endeavor to alleviate the effects of depression, feeling connected to a community which spans the world and having a means to interact with people in a constructive way is a mighty precious commodity. Precious in a way that an iTouch space-cam x-box strawberry phone lapel stove dicta-sleep twitter orgy can never be. ***



More Pac Shin Pix: Michael D. rolling Tom

Shintaido Waterfall Training - May 2009

by

Patrick Bouchaud

It was not long after I started Shintaido that I first heard someone mention the experience of "standing under a waterfall". I immediately established the link between this image and our practice, and marked the notion as a kind of crowning ritual at the heart of Shintaido. More than fifteen years later, I traveled to Japan to join Ito and Chris Ikeda-Nash for waterfall training.

We took off on Sunday morning, after breakfast. The day was rainy, although it was only drizzling at this point. Ito hoped that it would clear up: "Underwater experiences are less fun when it is raining outside!"

Neither Chris nor I knew the location of the waterfall - we had half expected to stumble upon it during our hike the day before. Now we learned it would be about one hour's drive. Was this the one hour's preparation time Ito had mentioned? Then there would be no further preparation at the site, which made me feel uneasy: I had relied on this eventuality to make myself ready.

Chris and Ito had picked me up at the airport on Friday. Chris was actually waiting at Starbucks, sipping a strong coffee - he had not been able to sleep the night before. Chris was going through an extremely challenging period, both in his work and family lives. He qualified this trip as a kind of Bardo - in Tibetan Buddhism, the passage from one's life incarnation to the next. His most pressing concern was to know whether he would be able to connect to the internet and check his email from the inn at our destination - it turned out that he would not, and that it was a good thing.

My life situation was quite different, but no less stressful. I felt that I was jumping from one major milestone to the next, the same way as, as a kid, I once ran from one table to the next in a deserted classroom: no way to stop or to go back. This trip was the latest milestone.

In Tokyo we took the express train to our destination. At the precise moment when I reclined on my seat, Ito pressed the arm button. I fell backward, hearing Ito's command: "Accept!"

The innkeeper and his son were waiting for us at the station: one hour's drive to the inn, up the hillside of a... volcano!

I should have known - had learned it at school a long time ago: earthquakes, volcanoes, tsunamis... Japan is built on temperamental ground. But knowledge is one thing, reality another. Only then, in front of the fuming mountain, did I get a sense of my life being in the hand of Mother Nature. Only then, did I start to believe that I had entered Japan. From this moment on, every detail - the perfect courtesy of our hosts at the inn, the straw mats neatly partitioning the floor in our little room, the futons which

we took out of the cupboard, even the dedicated sandals at the entrance of the toilets and, later on, the markings of sacred emplacements in the woods - all these struck me as concrete evidence of the existence of a world which, so far, I had considered a myth, a kind of working hypothesis specifically designed for our martial arts practice. Now it was as though a big IF, like a veil, was being gently pulled away from my eyes: IF such a world exists.

On our way to the waterfall, we were passing a series of hotel ranches, complete with wooden effigies of cowboys, bullhorns and what-not American-way-of-life-isms by the side of the road.

"There is a paradox," I asserted. "Shintaido teaches us to go all the way. But ultimately the goal of Shintaido is to help us live and cope with this world - which is all about making compromises ..."

"I am talking about work: people practically implore you to take the lead and show them the way. But in fact, little do they care about the way - so long as somebody is driving ..."

"I mean, we all want to give everything out, if only once. But now before giving everything out, I want to know that it is going to be worth it..."

"There is your paradox," Ito said.

Finally Eiichi - Ito's assistant, whom we had met at the inn on Saturday after our walk - parked the car alongside the river. Time to stretch our legs, and to abandon the comfort of our vehicle.

The falls were a short walk upstream. As we got there, the drizzle was turning into a steady rain. Chris and I, upon Ito's instructions, immediately started to undress, putting our clothes into plastic bags, until we were standing naked but for a white loincloth and straw sandals. By then Ito was already waist-deep in the waters, throwing salt and chanting, a ritual meant to warrant our protection. All too soon he was back, gesturing for me to follow. I took two strides across the water - No way! - then jumped out, signaling for Chris to go first.

But of course I had to follow. So I went, gritting my teeth against the icy cold biting deep into my bones.



Continued on following page

First we did Tenshingosō [Five Heavenly Truths], knee-deep in front of the fall. Then, as we made our approach, the tumbling waters started to hit us, like increasingly strong hail. Each barrage, as it splashed against my head or shoulder, sent mocking shock waves directly through my belly, defying me to resist. Now that was really unfair, as I was already busy dealing with the cold - not to mention the morning's coffee, and the beer from last night. In no time my resolve dissolved. Before I knew it, I was back onto the rocks, would have gone any distance to find rocks to stand on, out of these waters. Ito came out.

I tried to do Yoshin along with him, but the waters literally punched my arms, as soon as they were up, all the way back down to my sides.



I came out again. Meanwhile, Ito went all the way to the wall, behind the waters. I could see him turn back, step forward and stand, shouting forcefully, while Chris - who, as far as I could tell, had spent most of his time in the thick of it - joined in yelling all of his heart's contents. When they were done, Ito made a gesture to inquire if I was. I asked for one more time. Hands joined above my head I went, one step at a time, as a supplicant - not a conqueror - right through the falling waters - to the place where Ito had been. And I turned around. And I stayed.

Shivering began as soon as we came out. I hurried to put my clothes back on, while the violence of the spasms increased. Also, I wanted to take pictures for Eiichi and Tomoki, who were next - a way to share and express my gratitude. Looking at the photos now, I realize how simple and pure their forms were, especially compared to my own, hectic experience. They expressed honesty and total offering. I had needed time to get ready, to find my own way, without forcing, through the accumulated layers of good reasons, of indulgences, of bad memories.

The next day we took the train back to Tokyo. I had requested to visit Shintaido's birthplace, so Ito took us to the Park of Chuo University, where Chris and I did Taimyo Kata [Great Mystery]. As we stretched under the sun, I realized that I had known all along that I would make it, eventually: Because I was there. Because I had always been.

The next day I jumped back to Switzerland.

Otaki Meiso -- Waterfall Meditation

by
Chris Ikeda-Nash

Two nights at Asama sanso (the inn on the volcanic Mt. Asama), walking on the mountain each day, Patrick, Ito, very fine companions. Forest so beautiful, food so good, old charcoal kilns on mountain-side. Before this, months of stress, struggle, long hours working or trying to balance self to go, moving towards joining Ito to travel to Asama sanso. Going higher to ridgetop, altitude sickness, approaching home of hermit, preceded by stations of split firewood. Many trees, flowers, emerging for springtime, loping mountain goat.

Teshii and Nii arrive, through flowering trees we see white gi (martial arts uniforms) approaching. Great spirits, full enjoyment at dinner, tempura wild greens.

Dawn, too long in ofuro (public bath), lights off. Then squatting, standing up too fast, very dizzy. At same moment, someone turns on the lights . . . bright light, face level, explodes into my eyes. I fall over, roll on slate soft floor, feel very good . . . Man enters ofuro, sees me, then very frightened. I have to return to show him that I am alright. At breakfast, Ito says "no more satori!"

Then, Teshi, Nii, car, we are riding to the waterfall on left side of road, feelings growing. Walking up stream, excited as we approach waterfall, rainy air and water cold, strong pull. Strip to loincloths, Ito in first, prayer, salt and sake. He says "Go in offering, go in asking."

Into water, to falls, Tenshingosō, cutting, tsuki (punching) . . . into falls, cold blow to entire body, reach rock wall, turn, sand/earth hold feet fast, sharp packets of water bruising head and shoulders, rough shiatsu down through feet into the earth, feeling space of body, sand, rock, pounding water, coldness. Is world compressed? mind very big?

Water is visual field of large splinters of clear and black ice, moving, shifting, very quickly. Then, stepping out, to turning field of sensation filled by entire place, all the people . . . then perception refocuses, compress . . . compress . . . and squeeze entire physical creation onto flat plane, being in it, roar of crashing water . . . everything contained in this thin film, almost nonexistent. Sharp splinters of clear and black ice, ever changing, shifting. Later, back at the rooms, still shaking from hypothermia, can see black eye, marks on face. Ito, longest in the water, comfortable, not shaking.

Leaving mountain, traveling . . . Yokohama park, Shintaido beginnings . . . Ito poignant. Bright sunshine, flowers birds insects. Some parts of the park the same, some have changed.

walking on grass,
suddenly
darkness
bodies in white
moving
all around us
then bright sun
white butterfly
cuts our bodies

VIDEOS

Kenko Taiso II & III: (\$20)

Demonstrates a series of more advanced health exercises and stretches that two people can do together, and introduction to group warm-up movements. Also includes sections on self-massage and seiza meditation with the diamond mudra. Excellent for instructors or group leaders who are leading group warm-up exercises.

Golf-Do (\$20)

Master Shintaido Instructor H.F. Ito teaches the Way of Golf, exercises designed to help golfers: (1) stretch and limber up; (2) relax; (3) focus and concentrate; and (4) enjoy. Using a golf club instead of the traditional six-foot oak staff, Ito demonstrates how to stretch, relax the body, and prepare the mind for a pleasurable round of golf. Golf-Do provides insights into the unification of mind and body that produces the best of golf.

Life Burn (\$20)

Document of the live painting / Shintaido / music performance collaborations at the Theater Yugen in San Francisco in August 1992. Featuring painting by Kazu Yanagi; music by Henry Kaiser and others; and Shintaido movement led by H.F. Ito.

Roots of Shintaido (\$20)

Footage from the 2001 West Coast winter retreat in Juarez Springs New Mexico. Two lectures by Master Instructor H. F. Ito on the history, lineage, and philosophy of Shintaido in relation to Japanese karate and sword traditions, footage showing the relation of fundamental open-hand techniques to closed-fist techniques, and bokuto movements 1-9.

Set of all 4 videos above: (\$70)

DVDS

Kata and Kumite (\$15)

H.F. Ito gives instruction for kaiho-kei (opening and challenging) exercises with Michael Thompson and Robert Breant. Includes: kaiho-kei group practice, Bojutsu kata (hi no kata, kaze no kata, sho-dan, nidan), Jojutsu kata (taishi, hojo), karate kata (sanchin, tensho), kumibo (bo vs. bo) arrangements, kumitachi (sword vs. sword).

Kenko Taiso Instruction (\$20)

Produced by On-Site Enterprises, presents the classic Shintaido *kenko-taiso* warm-up sequence with detailed explanation. The 15-minute warm-up sequence is an easy-to-follow routine that is excellent for those who are relatively new to body movement.

Taimyo/Tenshingosō (\$15)

Master Instructor Masashi Minagawa performs Taimyo Kata, then leads a group of students through Tenshingosō. This beautiful DVD, set in an English park, provides a step by step illustration of the Taimyo Kata form, as well as basic Tenshingosō technique.

Self Care Program for Hospice Caregivers (\$15)

Master Instructor H.F. Ito leads hospice caregivers in a Shintaido program designed to relieve the stress of their emotionally demanding jobs. Master Ito uses the Shintaido techniques of Kenko Taiso, Wakame, and Tenshingosō to teach caregivers how to relax

BOOKS

Cutting the Blue Sky

various authors (\$20)

An anthology of the best articles from the Shintaido of America newsletter over the past 25 years. There are 32 articles by students and instructors, 33 photos, 162 pages, grouped by topics: the roots of Shintaido, cultural clashes, spiritual development, using Shintaido in the world, and musings on timing, facing death, the invisible world of the 4th dimension, and passive resistance.

Untying Knots: a Shintaido Chronicle

by Michael Thompson (\$20 / \$15*)

This autobiographical memoir by one of the co-founders of Shintaido of America tells of the author's cross-cultural adventures in France, Japan, and California in the course of his 25-year Shintaido career.

Shintaido: the Body is a Message of the Universe

by Hiroyuki Aoki (\$20 / \$15*)

For years this textbook has served as a gateway and guidebook to the practice of Shintaido. Includes sections on the history and philosophy as well as detailed explanations of technique. 120 pages, illustrated with photos. This second printing features more information about the ten Shintaido meditation positions.

MINI-BOOKS

Tenshingosō and Eiko

by Hiroyuki Aoki (\$10)

This booklet is for Shintaido practitioners what the Diamond Sutra is for Buddhists: a concise yet thorough description of the basis of practice. *Tenshingosō* and *Eiko* are two of the fundamental movements of Shintaido, which embody philosophies and prescriptions for human growth.

The Zero Point of Consciousness and the World of Ki (\$5)

In this interview Mr. Aoki describes his experience of reaching the "space of *mu*" (nothingness). He also discusses his unique understanding of *ki* energy (life force).

Origins, a History of Shintaido

by Shiko Hokari (\$7)

One of the founding members of Shintaido relates the stories of Rakutenkai (the group that developed Shintaido), and of Aoki-sensei's early days.

Improvisation and the Body (\$3.50)

Japanese jazz musician Toshinori Kondo discusses Shintaido, performance, and music. Illustrates how one artist benefitted from Shintaido by going beyond his limits.

Student Handbook

by Faith Ingulsrud (\$3)

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BODY *Dialogue*

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新
体
道

"Shintaido" means "new body way." It is an art form, a health exercise and meditation through movement developed in Japan in the 1960s. Shintaido grows out of the roots of ancient martial arts and meditation traditions, but the aim is to help modern people rediscover the original wisdom known by the body and realized through movement.