

The Kingdom of Dust

PIOTR MASZTALERZ



A sad story about the happiness

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The Kingdom of Dust was published in Polish in 2018. This is a book about being an Uchideshi- a full time student – about building a full time Dojo, and about the nature of teacher-student relationships.

For us it is also another way to support our home, the Dojo, during the Covid Pandemic.

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“I was in Wroclaw as an uchideshi¹ for six months. I lived in the dojo,² and during this time I spent 700 hours training. Apart from Aikido,³ weapons, Iaido,⁴ and zazen,⁵ I had to practise Brazilian jujitsu,⁶ Krav Maga,⁷ yoga and karate. My nose was broken twice, my elbow and knees were damaged, every day new bruises appeared; I had a few concussions. For many days I had difficulty moving due to the all-pervading pain. Sensei made me do cryotherapy—I walked half-naked around a room in which the temperature was -125°C. We fasted for four days, drinking only water. Because Sensei knew about my fear of heights, he ordered me to climb in rope parks between trees, many meters above the ground. He left me in other cities so that I had to find my way back by myself. I was in England, France, Germany, and the Czech Republic—I went to some of those countries illegally, as my visa had already expired. Once, Polish nationalists mistook me for an Arab and threatened me with death. Never in my life I have been so tired and terrified. Never have I suffered so much, hated so much, or been so happy, and never I have felt more alive. It was the worst and the most beautiful time of my life. And I want more.

Diego (Chile), six months as uchideshi in Poland

1 Uchideshi – in Japanese, an “inside disciple” – a student who lives in the dojo and is devoted only to the training.

2 Dojo (in Japanese, “place of the Way”) – a place for practise – a room, or a whole building.

3 Aikido – a Japanese martial art created by M. Ueshiba (1883–1969).

4 Iaido – the art of drawing the sword.

5 Zazen – the practise of meditation.

6 Brazilian Jujitsu – developed in Brazil, a sport version of Japanese jujitsu.

7 Krav Maga – an Israeli system of self-defence.

Introduction

First Murashige⁸ Sensei died; two years later, it was Chiba⁹ Sensei. I told a story to one of my students and confused the place, time, and people who were there with me. Time tangles everything, enhances memories. I was scared I was going to lose it all, that is how it started – from writing down a few important stories, conversations.

This is not to be a book about Aikido. Nor is it to be a book about Chiba Sensei. I have no right to write about Aikido because it is different for each one of us. Neither is it possible to describe Chiba, because this man spent almost 60 years on the mat, his life itself is a great book, a volume full of stories and of the thousands of people he encountered along the way. There were many who knew him as a teacher better than I did and, there were those who went through more with him, their experience being more intense, more beautiful, and much more terrifying. This is a subjective story about what 30 years on the mat did to me. A story about trying to follow one's passions as strongly as possible. But most of all it is a

8 M. Murashige shihan (1945–2013) 6 dan, Japanese Aikido teacher, assistant instructor at San Diego Aikikai.

9 T. K. Chiba shihan (1940 – 2015) 8 dan, Japanese Aikido teacher, chief instructor of San Diego Aikikai and founder of Birankai International.

story about what happens when on the road in front of you stands a real teacher.

I started by describing what I had learnt with Chiba Sensei. I used to sit down at an internet café with a cup of coffee and write. The words flowed out themselves. The story would unfold for a few pages and then die. The end. The coffee and the memories both finished. I had allowed myself to write organically and this is how many stories came alive. After some time, I re-read them and realised that, for a person who does not understand the context, they made no sense. It was as if I were describing the peak of a mountain without the story of the weeks spent climbing it. This is how I came to understand that I must write about myself.

I had tried to shield myself against this kind of exhibitionism as much as I could, but without it the stories about being a teacher would completely lose their meaning and strength. Progress is a confrontation with one's own weaknesses, or at least acknowledging them. This is how you must study yourself – calmly and with no mercy.

The moment of simple childlike understanding can come from reading an ancient manuscript as much as it can appear in a drill instruction manual. This is the reason that the motto that underlies each one of the following chapters are so varied. But this is not important as long as they compel the reader into even a moment of reflection.

I am using initials because what we went through was a personal journey and I have no right to share real names and surnames. The world of martial arts is a world of ambitions, passions, and emotions. I apologise to everyone who could

be offended by my words. Many people can receive the same experience totally differently. We may look the same and do the same things, but we feel and see something different, filtering everything through our upbringing, values, religion. Most of what happened exists more in my head than in reality. But this is how it is.

CHAPTER ONE

Before Why?

I look over my books. Some time ago I realised that the majority of them are memoirs by insurgents, descriptions of wars, accounts from extermination camps, and biographies of the greatest scumbags in history. All are about people who have been put up against a wall and forced to make ultimate decisions. All are about the determined or defeated. All are about times that are both distinct and terrible. It is as if I have been unconsciously searching for the answers to questions which I cannot put to rest, which haunt me.

What happens to a person who fights, not for love, for a new car, or even for their motherland, but for a single breath? What

happens in the head of a mother whose child is pulled from her arms? What happens inside you when you are paralysed with fear, when the worst horrors, ones you have only met in your nightmares, become true? Does blood really have a metallic taste, and can you choke on it?

Do I have the strength within myself to jump from a train that races through hundreds of kilometres of frozen forest?¹⁰ Or will I be sitting in the corner of the carriage whining and squealing in fear about what is to come? Waiting like a pig to slaughter.

I do not know.

Me and my own. We are the first generation orphaned after the war. We are the first generation free from such hardship – without blood, tragedy, exile, conspiracy, *filipinki*,¹¹ barricades. We are people who have not been told by life whether they will be a hero or a traitor. Do we have the strength to sacrifice ourselves, or would the fear of pain and hunger change us into a shadow of a person trembling in the corner?

They even took compulsory military service from us, thereby creating a legion of aged children who cannot, by any means, now be dragged to adulthood. We caught the end of martial law, and with wild enthusiasm we ran to the streets. It turned out that the worst thing that could happen out there was a kick up the arse, and even then, most of what was happening we exaggerated in our heads. For a while we had an enemy; he was bad, and we were good.

¹⁰ Russian and Soviet authorities exiled many Poles to Siberia from the 17th to 20th centuries.

¹¹ A *filipinka* was a homemade hand grenade produced for the Armian Krajowa in occupied Poland during World War II.

Imbued with Katyn,¹² Hussars,¹³ coats of arms, Lwow's children,¹⁴ we spend our whole lives searching for our time – our distinct time – the time of black and white. The years go by and everything is grey. No one is entirely bad or entirely good. Somewhere inside we feel like wild animals. We are waiting for this time as if it were our destiny, but it never comes. Instead of blood and grieving widows, we have new mortgages and cars. The wimps who would be crushed by the first breath of war now live with their mothers or are our bosses in banks, corporations, or insurance agencies. Who knows whether a hundred years ago I would have drowned in a clay pit behind a barn? Or maybe I would have been eaten by a goat, or killed by scurvy or tuberculosis. Either way, canals¹⁵ and petrol bombs have been replaced by mindless hours spent gaping at a screen and eating junk food. We are warm in winter and cold in summer. We have air conditioning in our brand-new cars and internet in every place possible. Wolves that chew mouthfuls of grass pretending they are cows. Or maybe they are not wolves – maybe they are, and will be, sheep.

War, suffering, and fear are evil. Then why am I both fascinated and haunted by them? Why can't I stop thinking about them? Why do I dig inside myself looking for remnants of fear? Why, when I am asked to present my ticket on the tram, am I overtaken with guilt even when I do in fact have

12 The Katyn massacre was a series of mass executions of nearly 22,000 Polish military officers and intelligentsia carried out by the Soviet Union.

13 The Polish heavy hussars of the Polish-Lithuanian Commonwealth formed about 1500.

14 Lwów Eaglets (Polish: *Orleńta Lwowskie*) is a term of affection applied to the Polish teenagers who defended the city of Lwów (Ukrainian: L'viv), in Eastern Galicia, during the Polish-Ukrainian War (1918–1919).

15 During the Warsaw uprising in 1944, members of the Armia Krajowa and civilians used sewage canals to escape. *Kanał* is also the title of a 1957 film by Andrzej Wajda.

a valid ticket? I am scared of ZUS,¹⁶ the tax office, and official letters. Am I a wolf or a rabbit? I want to know who I am and how much I am worth. I want to believe in myself and trust in myself. Only then will I free myself from such tenacious uncertainty. Then I will be free.

Maybe this journey is a therapeutic trial to put myself in a position where I can no longer hide. It was not a conscious choice, but ultimately, looking back I can see that this would explain everything that has happened to me in the last 30 years. The fact that I stumbled upon Aikido was just a coincidence. Perhaps it, too, became a victim of this therapy. The poor thing fitted perfectly to who I was then and what I was looking for; it went along with the list of my complexes and my dreams.

It impossible to understand my whole story without a few words about the place I started my journey from. I am nobody special and I have not achieved anything particularly extraordinary, but my journey is all I have. I was born and raised in a different Poland. It was much simpler – grey and crude. Everything was done slower and the results were never as you wished. Without cell phones, without cars, every kilometre had to be paid for with pain in your feet and with perpetual boredom. Every decision had to be thought through multiple times and cost a long trip to the nearest city: one kilometre through a field and an hour by tram.

Winter was harsh and summer was hot; relief was brought only by a cool dip in the clay pit. When the cold came, we burned coal – as soon as I could carry a bucket, I carried coal

¹⁶ ZUS is the Polish Social Insurance Institution, a government agency.

to the cellar with my mother. In the cold mornings I bartered with my bladder for every minute I could spend longer under the quilt. We had no phone and on our block there was just one landline. This was not important, however, as we had no one to call. Everyone lived close by.

We grew up in packs of kids, running around the neighbourhood. There was everything: secret hiding places, football matches on the street, runny noses, nicking baskets of strawberries, broken arms, throwing cherries pips at passing cars, fishing for sticklebacks . . . The first time I went abroad was at Agricultural College. It was 1986, and we went to the GDR,¹⁷ where Secretary Honecker¹⁸ was still king. Our job was to sort the rotten potatoes from the factory conveyer belt. In front of me hung a portrait of the secretary splattered with fly shit. For us it was like touching a different world. Shops were full of sweets and colourful cans of fizzy drinks. We took kilograms of gelatine and coffee grinders back to Poland. We also had space heaters, but I cannot remember if we were buying or selling them. The Spetsnaz army was stationed in the village next to ours. I can remember hanging out with the soldiers. They sat with us in our rooms, showing us pictures of them breaking burning bricks with their heads. It is hard to explain the repressions of my generation to the young, and the old need no explanation at all.

A generation raised in grey stability. Where, even with the obvious lack of colourful perspective, there were reliable certainties: education guarantees work, the country provides for

¹⁷ GDR East Germany, officially the German Democratic Republic, was a country that existed from 1949 to 1990.

¹⁸ Erich Ernst Paul Honecker was a German politician who was the General Secretary of the Socialist Unity Party of Germany.

the minimum of your basic needs, you won't die of starvation, it's not worth it to stand out, don't let yourself dream too much because it's ridiculous.

In every family there was a drunk, a priest, or both. No one was either too rich or too poor. I know that what I write only applies to me. Inside my head I had built a cage made from my complexes, insecurities, lack of self-confidence. This was the result of those times and of those people. There was many of us like this and many of us remained like this – even though in the meantime everything around us changed completely. Or perhaps it was just me?

We lived in the villagelike suburbs of Wroclaw. Out there in the city there were elegant people with cars and clean flats. In the post-Soviet blocks, they built a life for themselves in flats with straight walls and nice furniture. They dressed their kids in smart uniforms and drove around in Fiat 126p's.¹⁹ We, on the contrary, had nothing straight or clean.

Life in Poland is safe. Nothing is going to eat you. When it isn't winter you can sleep in the forest; it's hard to die of starvation here or become lost in the wilderness. It is enough to walk a few hours in a straight line and you will reach some people or a bus stop. To survive here, you do not need the skills of a Bedouin in the desert or of Dersu Uzala²⁰ in Siberia. This safe mediocrity pours into us and makes us soft. Of course, we have drunks, poverty, and severity; we had opponents; we had occupiers, thieves, and informers. All of those, however, are internal enemies. Each Pole has inside of himself a hero,

¹⁹ The *Fiat 126* (Type 126), a four-passenger car with a rear engine, was the most popular car in postwar Poland.

²⁰ Dersu Uzala was a Russian hunter portrayed in a 1975 Soviet-Japanese film of the same name directed by Akira Kurosawa.

a drunk, and a traitor. Such seeds are planted deep inside, but upbringing is that which waters and nurtures them into something specific. At least, I have to believe in that. This greyness is my curse and my strength. The little scared-Pole was, is, and will be living inside of us.

Each September I ask the kids where they went on holiday. A seven-year-old boy tells me: 'Tarnobrzeg²¹ or Turkey, I can't remember.' I can remember each day I spent in the GDR when I was sixteen. Each journey I make now is experienced by the hungry seven-year-old within me. My heart is made of post-communist dust and it will never have enough. I praise Tony Halik ²² and his silly stories. Thanks to him the hunger of the journey lives within me. I deeply believe that even though I have seen most of the world, the power that carries me through and gives me passion is this greyness and the ashes of the childhood in which I grew up.

²¹ Tarnobrzeg is a small city in southeastern Poland.

²² Toni Halik is a Polish-Argentinian film operator, documentary filmmaker, author of travel books, and traveller.

Niuniek

“*It is better not to learn at all than to learn from a bad teacher.*

T.K. Chiba

I cannot remember much. Part of a building in Wrocław that was once a school now houses a huge testing centre. In the mid '80s it was home to a Technical Agricultural College. It smelt of machinery grease and scattered around were remains of old Soviet tractors.

The buildings were neglected, occupied by hundreds of teenagers hanging around dressed in knock-off jeans. The majority were boys from surrounding villages. Kids, rustic like dry bread with brawn. There were also a few boys like me from Wrocław who would never get into a normal college or whose parents didn't care either way.

That was a different time and a different world. We were growing up in Communism, quietly accepting the greyness and powerlessness. In education we saw nothing else than an extension of childhood. You had to go to secondary school, and you applied to go to university to avoid going to military service. Everything was simplified and controlled. We were studying just enough to pass, and good grades brought more shame than pride. Learning a language was not useful and, as a subject, was no more important than learning the intricacies of emptying a cesspool. In this whole rusted world of hillside

ploughs, manure spreaders, and internships in the PGR (State Agricultural Farms), it was Niuniek that we feared the most.

I do not remember his full name, everyone just called him Niuniek. A prefect even once came to the class to deliver a register to 'Professor Niuniek.' He was a history teacher, located on the first floor, and we knew about him from the first day of school. In the world of blacksmiths, tractor-driving instructors, and turnery teachers, he was the most terrifying. Physically he reminded me of a young Marek Kondrat in *Playing with the Devil*.²³

His homosexuality was unquestionable. His character was so strong that even in this austere, agrarian world, where acceptance was unheard of, it was never talked about. There were rumours that he brought his boyfriend on school trips. I do not know, as I never witnessed that, but for me it fit his character. He hung around with female teachers drinking filtered coffee from a tall glass and carried with himself a leather handbag-like satchel. His effeminate gestures and high-pitched voice did not fit into our system. For most of us he was the first homosexual we had ever seen.

He would inspect our badges and the cleanliness of our uniforms before we entered the class. After an initial test, according to the marks, he divided our class.²⁴ Those with seconds – the lowest of the group – sat on the left; those with thirds and fourths, opposite him. The higher fourths and fifths sat in

²³ *Playing with the Devil* was a 1979 TV and theatrical production by J. Drda. It was very popular in Poland.

²⁴ The Polish grading system in higher education was based on the 5 to 2 scale, where 5 is the best mark and 2 is the worst. Moreover, students can also be marked with additional signs of + and -.

the row on the right-hand side. The best of us were called experts and sat in the corner behind one of the huge old maps which hung from the walls – blessed with the privilege to sit in their place and do what they wanted. There was only one condition – if, during one of the terror-filled classes, someone did not know the answer, Niuniek would suddenly strike the map with his stick and shout, ‘Expert answer!’ If the expert in question failed the professor three times, then he lost his place.

I had a strong four; the position of the expert was beyond my reach. After each test we swapped places again. Establishing the first division of the class, Niuniek spoke to the seconds and the weak thirds: ‘I am speaking to you for the last time. There is no possibility of you passing this class, so I will not waste this nightingale’s voice on you.’ He turned his back on them and never looked in that direction again. He led the classes facing the other students. At the beginning of each class, he selected five students to undergo an oral test. The prefect was excused, as he was preparing maps for the class. Niuniek would open the register and run his finger up and down the list of names. ‘Perhaps the seafood menu today? Oh, I haven’t seen this person at La Scala restaurant in quite a while . . .’ Here he would call out a surname, then a second, then a fourth and a fifth. Four of them were asked to write the answers to the questions on the board, whilst the fifth had to answer orally next to Niuniek’s desk.

Niuniek was ruthless and malicious. His sense of humour was phenomenal, perverse, and merciless. At the time of black-and-white communism an intelligent man, ground down by

the system for his obvious, discernible homosexuality, was either consumed by ruin or turned to bitterness. His salvation was teaching and his passion for history. He knew that he had ended up in a shabby school where no one cared for his subject, but within it he had created his own small, fully controlled world. We were still kids, and for us, such charisma and strength were equally fascinating and frightening. Even the roughest, hardest boys from the state villages feared him.

Niuniek divided the community that was our class into simple groups and then went on to berate certain individuals. He knew about his aura of fascination in regard to men and the awkwardness that accompanied it for us, but he managed to disarm it by making fun of himself. He ordered us to clean up, brush our hair, look smart. For those who were already blessed with facial hair, the expectation was to come to his classes cleanly shaven. One of us was always, regardless of his grade, named the most beautiful boy of the class. Looking back on it now I can see that amongst the sea of anonymous faces, hundreds learning in overcrowded classes, he was the only one that built a living relationship. Perhaps it was ridiculous and toxic, but at least it was personal and consistent.

‘What does it mean?’ – A student was landed with this question during his ritual morning questioning.

— What does what mean, Professor?

— You said, idiot, that your name is Lichtenstein?

— Yes . . .

— What does it mean? In Polish, what does Lichtenstein mean?

— I don't know, it's just my surname.

I remember that Niuniek threw him out of the class, demanding that he find out immediately. It was a time of no cell phones, so the student had to run to the telephone box and call his parents to find out the answer.

– 'Bright stone!' he exclaimed as he ran into the class, panting.

Another time a friend named Pawel who arrived to class unshaved was sent back to his dorm. He returned with his face covered in small bits of bloody tissue.

Many of us had nicknames. I remember almost none of them. In second grade I became 'Anteater', I do not know why. Maybe it was because of my big nose, which I had a habit of picking.

In third grade, during one of the lessons, Niuniek addressed me.

'Anteater, for the next class I would like a letter from your mother confirming that she is aware that for three years you have come to your history classes with your hair uncombed.'

In my house, children had to be clean enough for our parents to tell them apart. They did not have high aesthetic expectations – in this field I am and always will be a cross between a wild pig and a badger. I was surprised by this command and I assumed it was a joke. The next class he immediately asked me about the letter and consequently threw me out. After this happened for the third time, I went to my parents who, more through laughter than from embarrassment, wrote the letter for me.

Why am I writing all of this? Personally, I did not have a great bond with Niuniek. I liked the subject that he taught, but for him I wasn't particularly special. He did not show an extraordinary liking toward me, but he was the reason I went to study history and, subsequently, became a teacher. I do not know if he would care. My friends told me, a few years after I left the school, that he died of AIDS.

Aikido

“*When I speak about victory, I speak about the victory over your mind. A calm and open mind is a goal to which you should always aspire.*

M. Ueshiba

Before we continue, my dear reader, I propose that you should get to know the principles and practices of this martial art. You must understand a few basic concepts, because without them, later you will be lost. I spent my whole life practicing Aikido. For all these years the mat remained the thing that was constant and secure for me. I changed my jobs, place of training, friends. Hundreds of students turn into a sea of names. Only the practice was constant.

Aikido is a Japanese martial art. It was born late in the '40s, created by the legendary Morihei Ueshiba – who we call O-Sensei – a great teacher. He based it on Japanese swordplay and old systems of hand-to-hand combat – jujutsu.

We practise in keikogi, traditional training attire (gi – attire; keiko – training). Traditionally we wear only white or black belts (obi – belt) Those that are advanced also wear wide dark trousers (hakama). We use wooden weapons which consist of a sword (bokken), a staff (jo), and a knife (tanto).



After O-Sensei's death, main division of the organisation is the school of Aikikai, based in Tokyo. In the main centre (Hombu Dojo) which is led by a descendant of O-Sensei, who is called Doshu (meaning 'head of the path').

The place where you practise, regardless of whether it is a rented hall in a school or a place solely dedicated to that function, we call a dojo, the place of the path. At its centre is the kamiza, which can be just a portrait of O-Sensei or a complete construction within the dojo which is based on traditions of Buddhism or Shinto. We call the teacher Sensei. The training begins and ends with a ritual. Students sit in a row and along with the teacher they bow, kneeling in a Japanese seated position (seiza), first bowing to the kamiza and then to each other. After the warmup (aikitaiso) and practise of falls (ukemi), the ways of moving around (ashi sabaki), and walking on the knees (shikko), proceeds the main part of the training – practise of the techniques. Aikido is based primarily on throws, locks, and holds, which most of the time are practised in pairs. The attacker is called 'uke,' and the one who performs the technique, 'tori'. That is all – we do not have fights, sparring, or competitions. You can draw a slight comparison to meditation or yoga in pairs.

The main concept of Ueshiba was to direct the power of the attacker against himself. He preserved the traditional ways of attacking from the original systems – mainly grabs (-dori) and attacks based on sword cuts (shomen-uchi; yokomen-uchi) or knife thrusts (tsuki).

The aesthetic aspect of Aikido attracts many people. The movements are wide, performed with a straight back, and

in its entirety are reminiscent more of an elegant dance than a deadly confrontation. As practitioners of a traditional martial art, we are bound to follow an array of rules within the training. Above all, silence, and obedience to the teacher.

I started practising in a huge group in 1988 in AZS AWF (Sports College) Wroclaw on the no longer existing Zielinskiego Street. The group was led by young people in their 20s under the eye of Daniel Brunner Sensei, who visited them twice a year from Lausanne in Switzerland. It was this man who, by the fire of his engagement, sacrificing his time and money, supported, saved, and navigated us for 30 years.

Thinking back to that huge hall, the entire generation of Judoka and Aikidoka are flooded with nostalgia. The free market and damned capitalism were ultimately the reason for its closure, and the groups were scattered around small commercial clubs around the city.

Aikido survived this transformation much better than Judo. It seemed that the system-spoiled Judoka were lost within a world of paying for training and electricity. Aikido was never supported; it was never a sport – it was financed by amateur associations. For us, there was no difference between the systems. Internet and video games dragged young people away, depleting their need for engagement, and soon these huge groups were turned to small and closed environments.

In 1997, fresh from my black belt exam (student level – kyu; master level – dan) I set up a group in a college in the Kozanow district of Wroclaw. I was not too enthusiastic about starting, as I was terrified by the jungle of tax offices and paperwork, but I had no choice as I had to eat something whilst studying.

In those times you taught Aikido not for money but for need to fulfil a mission. Until now I am ashamed, deep down, of the money I made even though I know this is ridiculous. I graduated from my university and left for a horribly difficult and gruelling year in London where I had been invited by Minoru Kanetsuka Sensei, who was a resident of Aikikai England. For most of my time there I lived illegally, rat-like, as thousands of others did. I was a construction worker, a kitchen porter. I slept in the flats of Gypsies. I practised as much as I could, but I did not manage to find myself within this system. Disappointed with the lack of direct contact with the teacher and my inability to understand his message, I returned to Poland, where, in the meantime, Daniel Sensei had been trying to establish an Aikido system which was then taught by T. K. Chiba shihan (teacher levels: fukushidoin – teacher's assistant, minimum 2nd dan; shidoin – teacher, minimum 4th dan: shihan – teachers' teacher, minimum 6th dan)

We were brought up in a rather nameless system of different teachers from the Aikikai circles. Not a single Japanese teacher came to Poland imposing their interpretation of the form or approach to the training. For many years we had been tossed around various trainings and seminars trying, with great effort, to join elements from different systems. Despite our over-optimism we gave birth to Frankenstein's child, whose hands and legs moved independently from each other, each in a different direction. Chiba Sensei led a school, not an organisation. It was a small group (in comparison to other systems) made up of people blindly following him, and one which he taught in a way that I had never seen before.

This is a story about how I entered this world and what happened to me.

Sensei

“Our eyes met for the first time: it was a moment I will never forget! I did not know what to do so I bowed as deeply as I could. O-Sensei said to me: ‘Martial arts are very hard. Can you do it?’ I said: ‘Yes, Sensei’.

T.K. Chiba

Twenty years ago, as a young instructor I set up my first group. I was still a student. Aikido was popular, and a few posters around the city drew around 50 people to the gymnastic hall in Kozanow, Wroclaw. Most of my students were not much younger than me; many of them were people my age. Back then my inexperience in life had tossed me turbulently around the world, and so I didn’t know much about being a conscious teacher. After one of the trainings a young man approached me as I was folding my hakama. He bowed to me and said, ‘Sensei, teach me. I want to be your student.’

We all burst out with laughter. I laughed about it for many days after and, until now, when I think about it I cannot help myself from smiling. Thank god I did not ruin anyone's life with my juvenile approach, and in this case the young man did in fact turn out to be literal madman. Nevertheless, the whole story shows how different the understanding can be of a teacher's role.

'Sensei' is a teacher, a doctor, a lawyer. Among the Japanese it is just a polite title, nothing more. The transference of this word and the symbolic connotations it brings to our culture gave it a mystical meaning – one of great power. There are many who do not want to be called by this name, and there are equally as many who want to be called it but should not. It is a power over human souls and a great responsibility. It is a cross to bear, a burden, fuel for the ego.

It is the first step to being frozen, immortalised as a monument and a symbol. It makes you consider who you are; demands that you take responsibility for everything you do both on and off the mat. Sensei is a teacher – someone who you allow to be yours. Sensei is someone to whom you can refer only in this way – because nothing else fits. When, many years after graduating secondary school, in the queue for your groceries you meet your old teacher and you help her carry her shopping up the stairs, you call her Mrs. Professor. That is the only thing that fits and that is the only thing which is appropriate. The Polish language is much more convenient here than English, in which everyone is addressed as 'you' – in this case the word Sensei creates a distance because it requires the use of the third person. The almost obsolete

manner of addressing your mother and father in the third person was reborn in the dojo, and seems natural for everyone.

– Can Sensei please tell me . . . ? – a young man asks, and his father opens his mouth in disbelief and envy.

There was this guy, Grzesiek, who began training with me when he was seven years old. His father trained too, he was also a prospective teacher, and my friend. The years went by, marking the mat with drops blood and sweat and, finally Grzes turned 18. In the dojo's kitchen he, along with me and his father, drank his first legal beer. Then, in a feat of curiosity in how the human soul develops I reached out my hand to Grzesiek.

— You're an adult now, call me Piotrek.²⁵

Initially he reached out his hand but stopped halfway, looking at me and tilted his head. He tutted, sighed, as if something didn't quite fit.

— Noooo – he groaned hesitantly – I would prefer not to.

The student chooses his teacher, not the teacher his student. That is it. You are a Sensei or you are not a Sensei. If you want it or not. For most of my students I am not a teacher, I am just a paid instructor. Occasionally one of them matures enough for a more serious relationship. I cannot do anything. The whole process happens on their side. My duty is only to be consistent and honest. That is hard enough.

There are those who negate this relationship. Twenty-something-year-olds at the start of their path call me 'you'. I look into their eyes, and customarily reply:

²⁵ A nickname for Piotr.

— I think, sir, you are mistaken, because I am not accustomed to being called ‘you’ by little shits.

There was this lady in secondary school, who would, for my witty comments, answer in a similar style: ‘I am not used to entering into discussions with people who shave themselves with a towel.’

It is something I remember to this day.

On the other hand, the need for authority is great. People are looking for a word which will not only show respect but also establish distance. In its own way, it will ultimately put you on a pedestal and will create a model to follow. I can remember one of the first trainings at university, when one of the students who had been struck by a strong nikkyo (a nasty joint lock applied to the wrist) fell to his knees and screamed, ‘It hurts, Professor!’

The word Sensei is a vessel containing a secret which a student has not yet grown to know, and for that reason, it gives a teacher a huge amount of credit when it comes to trust. It is a mutual agreement, thanks to which both sides can sculpt a shared monument. Many times people get so deeply involved into this relationship that the artificial monument becomes more real than the human – a human with his flaws who cannot bear it.

I am writing these words in a hotel in Warsaw. At midnight, in an empty room. On the floor below Waka Sensei is staying, the 36-year-old great-grandchild of O-Sensei. We brought him here today for a conference of 700 people which celebrates 40 years of Aikido in Poland. As a representative of one of the

schools, I sit here now, as one, along with a small group of those taking care of him and his Otomo – young ushideshi from the Aikikai headquarters in Tokyo.

As we ate dinner earlier, I spent the whole time observing this small, still relatively young man, who has already become more of a symbol than a human. How much does this burden cost him? How much does this dehumanisation squeeze him like tight-fitting shoes? There is sincerity in his eyes, however, as if he were a pope or a president and he is condemned to engage in small talk about unimportant things until his death. This is an extreme example of sacrificing one's life in the name of a symbol.

Sensei-ing, in itself, is much simpler. I do not know when this appeared. At the beginning Sensei-ing made me feel uncomfortable – I was too young, and it was not natural. Later, it became something which gave me relief. Perhaps it is because I started to be the age of the parents of my students, and Sensei simply became a substitute for 'sir' or 'professor'. This word dehumanises, reminds us of the role, obligation, and most of all, it limits personal relationships. For an instructor it is a prison, and for a teacher it is freedom. In the relationship with Chiba Sensei it was utterly natural, and it happened by itself. For us, he was Sensei.



A Road to Perdition

He was perhaps 25 years old; his name was Willy. We met him at an Aikido camp in Poland somewhere in the middle of the forest close to a lake. It was, I think, 1995. He invited us to the South of France, where in a months' time, the legendary Chiba was supposed to come. I do not know what lured us in – neither I nor my girlfriend had ever been so far away from Poland. We did not have any money or idea about Chiba's school. I had just got my black belt and she was one step behind me. We competed, and in our relationship, Aikido was possibly always more important than each other.

It was in this way, that in that summer 20 years ago, a pair of 20-year-olds set off hitchhiking from Szczecin to somewhere near Avignon. To this day, I think back to this journey – sleeping, during a storm in a corn field, on a pile of trash, in a gas station close to Nuremberg: the reek of fear, cigarettes, and exhaustion. It was the first time we had been so far away; we were both scared and poor as church mice. We arrived at our destination one day early and, for many hours, we waited in Avignon, hiding ourselves from the unbearable heat in Rocher de Doms park. We drank water from the fountain and finished off the last morsels from the tins we brought from Poland. This mix of exhaustion, anxiety, and awe for the beauty around us will forever be defining.

Like the Barbarian in the Garden²⁶ – fifteen years later, as a teacher appointed by Chiba, I would be leading classes there. He and I would be going to Avignon for a coffee and an ice cream, travelling in an air-conditioned car. Back then, it was a world we feared, and one which we could not afford, mentally or financially. We felt like peasants walking around the corridors of the Louvre in dirty shoes.

Finally, we reached the small town where the seminar was taking place. It was here that I saw Chiba Sensei for the first time. More than his person, I was shaken by the atmosphere of his training, the gloom, murk, and sadism. This was how I saw it, and I did not like it at all. Aikido, for me, was a refuge protecting me from the stress and nightmares brought by life. But here they lay on the mat like a piece of bloody meat. For the first time I saw a teacher shouting at his student. For the first time someone tried to rip off my arm and hit me with it. Instead of majestically wading in a beautiful stream surrounded by other magical unicorns – I was in a cage with a pack of mangy, hungry hyenas who had been thrown a scrap of meat. – And I was the scrap.

I liked none of what I saw. The movement was rough and sharp, the ukemi was loud, people were sadistic. Most of all, I did not like that I did not know anything and, with each movement, each technique, this become more exposed, and I had no ability to hide it. I could not fall after receiving their techniques and so I could not take the pain that they caused. I did not know the weapons and did not understand their importance.

²⁶ *The Barbarian in the Garden* is a book of essays by Zbigniew Hebert on the culture and art of Italy and France.

I was 25 years old, armed with my fresh black belt and a massive ego. In my dojo I was the golden boy, but here it turned out that the unicorn was in fact a rhinoceros who thought he was skinny. Stupidly I went for black belt training. Sensei taught the second part of Kiie Sansho, the kata of 'Three Victories'. He did not show any basics – he performed the whole form with an assistant, it lasted around 40 seconds and I had no time to even process this before someone had tapped me on the back. I was like a child in the fog. I had no idea what I was supposed to be doing. Ego had driven me there and now I was paying for it. After a short while he approached me and fixed the position of my wrist and then my leg – and there his patience ran out. I did not know what to do, so I smiled stupidly. In all the big, nameless traineeships, the teachers were kind and reassuring. You wanted support and a welcoming atmosphere, you paid for it, you got it. Here, the teacher looked at me once more, realising I was a lost cause and he was only wasting his time. He frowned and walked away without saying a word.

Years went by, and after I returned from London, we drifted in the direction of Birankai, which was Chiba Sensei's organisation. I had my doubts, after the first meeting my ego was still hurt, but I had been unavoidably soaked up by this system, although, I have to say, that the real fire had appeared just after our direct contact. It was at this time that, in the mountains of Alsace, in a small village Labaroche, in April, a summer school for Chiba's students took place. Around one or two hundred people came there. For a few years we attended, slowly learning the system. It was perhaps in 2001 when I understood that I wanted to live with Aikido. I finished my

degree and I tried to accommodate the training and work. After a few trials I realised that nothing interested me as much as the mat, and that in each job I was simply selling my time which I could be using for my own development.

I remember the conversation I had with Daniel Sensei. I said that I wanted to become a teacher, and he looked at me and said, 'I will agree to this under one condition: That you go to Chiba Sensei to become his ushideshi and you stay there until he agrees.'

I was not surprised, but I was relieved. After my return from England I was disappointed and lost. I did not know what to do with myself. One evening I was walking back to my parents' house. I walked through Lesnicki Park and after crossing the bridge I went down a steep path. This was where I thought about the legendary San Diego. In this tangled mess of doubt, regret, disappointment, and uncertain future, the answer appeared. A challenge. A legendary hell. Why not? It was an ideal choice.

The kid's classes were thriving, so I had enough money put aside for a ticket and food. A few months later Daniel Sensei officially asked me to do it and the only thing left to do was to ask Chiba Sensei. But, as fate would have it, a few days before the next meeting in Labaroche I broke two ribs on the mat, and I moved with great difficulty. Nonetheless, I went there, and for one week I watched the Aikido from a chair six hours daily. I loved the training but watching it in this way was boring as hell. On the third day I fell asleep and fell off my chair, a stupid stunt which immediately became a running joke amongst everyone there. On the fourth, I put on nice

clothes and I went to ask for an appointment as ushideshi. The teachers lived in a nice house with a garden. A few of them were sitting around a table on the patio. Someone told me it would be difficult. The only thing I was ashamed of was that I could not train and so could not show them what I was capable of. I did not give them the exact day of my arrival, because I had to sort out my visa. It was two years before I was eventually able to. I went to the embassy in Krakow probably four times begging in a crowd of highlanders. It was during this time that I ended up in Strasbourg training with Gabriel Valibouze Sensei – who was, back then, one of the most important teachers of the system in Europe. Finally, by some miracle, I got the visa, and in December 2003, I went for the first time to San Diego, to live as the ushideshi of Kazuo Chiba.

Money

“*Money is your servant if you know how to use it. If you do not know, it becomes your master.*

Publilius Syrus

When you follow your passion, money is your biggest obstacle, and the best excuse. The groundbreaking bi-

ography *Okrążymy świat raz jeszcze* (We will circle the world once more) tells the story of how, in the year 1926, two 20-year-olds from Poznan set off on a journey around the world – with a few jars of jam and pickled cucumbers. It would take them four years, and they would visit Sweden, Norway, the Netherlands, France, Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Mexico, USA, the Havana Islands, Japan, China, Indochina, Malaysia, Ceylon, Tanzania, Congo, Senegal, Morocco, Spain, France, Italy, Austria, and Czechoslovakia. 1926. With hardly any money. Or what about the wild adventures of Kazimierz Nowak?²⁷ A man who, in the '30s, travelled across the whole of Africa by bike, camel, and canoe. From North to South and back again. Defending himself from lions with his bicycle pump. Everything is possible if you want it. Money is not important unless it is important for you; if it is, only then do the impossibilities arise.

Passion is measured by the price you are willing to pay for it. That is it. For me, money could always be found, because priorities were established. When people my age took mortgages to pay for a flat, I rented a room. When they took loans for a flashy new car, I took the tram. In my years of chasing after knowledge and seeking out a teacher, I had no other ties holding me back. A pay-as-you-go phone, all my possessions in two backpacks, no loans. Find someone to cover the next training, and the following week I could be on the other side of the world. Without a wife, without kids, without loans, without debts, without contracts.

27 Kazimierz Nowak (January 11, 1897 – October 13, 1937) was a Polish traveller, correspondent, reporter, and photographer.

For many years I lived in rented boxes. I played at being a samurai – the most expensive thing I owned was a sword. A few books, a backpack full of clothes and the walls covered in wooden swords, sticks, and bows. Nothing interested me apart from training and going on trips abroad to seminars. I do not know how many people I offended and alienated. I did not meet anyone outside of this world. They didn't understand me, and I didn't understand them. Sometimes life ties us to a place by a net of spiderwebs. As a 20-year-old I could go away for half a year and nothing would happen. Now it takes me three weeks to make up for a two-week trip. Piles of bills, dozens of calls. For the teacher, the time of the open search and gypsy lifestyle finishes somewhere around 30. I cannot be an eternal child because it is around this time when the responsibility for others begins to appear. I paid for most of my trips myself. The first half-year in California was expensive – in the middle of my stay my money ran out and my ticket lost its validity. I hung there futilely, wondering whether the problems would solve themselves. On Saturdays and Sundays, I worked a bit on a construction site – enough to eat, but not enough to come home. Finally, one of my friends from Chicago reached out and for two weeks I went to work on a building site with other Poles.

Leading the children's group paid me enough to go away and, after some time, Chiba Sensei did not want to take any money from me for living in the dojo. Other teachers also did the same when they smelt on me a madness similar to their own and took a symbolic amount of money.

Over the last 15 years I have been in France 40 times, 15 times in Great Britain, 5 times in Switzerland, 3 times in Austria, 4 times in Kenya, 3 times in Chile, 6 times in the United States. I spent a year in London and another in San Diego. There was also Japan and Canada. Now it is simpler – I go as a teacher and those who invite me cover the costs. Yet in the beginning it was difficult. For all those years of training, I did around 65 week-long camps. Half of them took place abroad. The cost of a week-long conference abroad was approximately the average monthly Polish wage. We are a poor country and I wasn't very wealthy. For years, I went to these camps with sandwiches in my backpack, pouring boiling water on instant noodles, and sitting, making a small pint of beer last two hours.

Going away is addictive. I had it easy because I made my choices – I wanted to live that way and that was the price. For my students it is a passion, and fun. Simplifying it – until they are 30, they go with the current and spend all their money on seminars and camps. After that, life catches up with them and they leave it all for loans and mortgages. News ones, overcome with passion, take their place.

Real fire is felt by people with passion, and they are the only one's worth working with. I was hungry and poor on the other side of the world. But there was always someone who would help me because they felt that honest fire inside of me. Now it's me who pays for the training of my uchideshi. Recently a friend told me the story of how, in the '80s, her sandwiches packed, she hitchhiked to Germany with her friends for a seminar because someone had given them free tickets. The

whole family chipped in and they managed to collect 10 dollars. Chased throughout Europe by pure passion and the hunger for adventure, they arrived at their destination. The teacher didn't accept their letter of recommendation and demanded that they pay. For them, it was an unimaginable amount of money. In just a few hours, the people who took part in the training got together and paid for their places.



CHAPTER TWO

Uchideshi

“I am Hub McCann. I’ve fought in two World Wars and countless smaller ones on three continents. I led thousands of men into battle with everything from horses and swords to artillery and tanks. I’ve seen the headwaters of the Nile, and tribes of natives no white man had ever seen before. I’ve won and lost a dozen fortunes, **KILLED MANY MEN** and loved only one woman with a passion a **FLEA** like you could never begin to understand. That’s who I am. **NOW, GO HOME, BOY!**”

Robert Duvall as Hub McCann²⁸

Chiba

To understand who Chiba was, there is only one thing you need to know: he belonged to the group of those rare people who fall in love with one thing and dedicate their whole life to it. Their whole time, their whole attention. He was a soldier, one who served Aikido – he believed in his mission and sacrificed his whole self for it. For it he abandoned Japan. Under the command of O’Sensei he spent 10 years in

²⁸ *Secondhand Lions*, dir. Tim McCanlies, USA 2003.

barbarous Britain where they overcook fish and it always rained. Under the same orders, there he spent years building the foundations for the international organisation in Tokyo, and following another command he then went away to spend the rest of his life in the United States. All because, when he was a teenager, in a small book shop in Tokyo he came across a book about Aikido and first laid eyes upon a portrait of Ueshiba. Apparently, this is the exact moment when he understood that he wanted to follow Ueshiba as his master. He packed his bags, and for three days he sat in front of the dojo waiting for approval to enter. Regular, composed people are terrified of such characters. They should be. For him, the training or studying wasn't a hobby but a sense and centre of life. The rest was just a side effect – a marriage arranged by Ueshiba, a house close to the dojo. There were no holidays, only summer schools, sleep was only a rest from the training. He hosted the first generation of uchideshi, so he even had to give up his privacy. Home and dojo intertwined – he gave his whole self to people.

It is these kinds of people you must be afraid of because with each gesture, each word, they show you that you don't do enough.

For most of us Aikido was a nice hobby, an interesting way of spending one's time. He was an apostle and a madman, and we were playing with that which he had sacrificed his life for. Like a child who plays with his insurgent father's gun. In another time and place he would, most likely, have stood with an axe on the front line of the army, or have been a kamikaze²⁹ pilot or a suicide bomber. Or maybe I am mistaken,

29 Kamikaze (divine wind) – the World War II military division in which

and he would be a monk? Aikido is what made him. He was wrenched away from Japan, but he took her everywhere around the world with him. In this way after thousands of years he had more of the old Japan inside him than what was left in his native land. Wrenched from the field of battle 300 years ago, that is how we used to talk about him. The art which he sacrificed his life to was not his mask, it was just him. This was why he was not able to play the role of peaceful master. Aikido was his life: complete, natural, honest, and organic. He lived with fascination and anger. With great patience and fits of rage. For us he was the god of Aikido. A concerned god who accepted hard work in silence without praise and punished faults in a divine rage. He broke bones, screamed, and beat.

He was a living man, not a mask. A legend, one of few living students of Ueshiba. After years spent with the founder of Aikido, he knew what he was doing – and no one could challenge that. Inside him he held an ultimate truth which everyone had to agree with. What he was doing was beautiful, terrifying, and true. Around this core, like around the eye of a cyclone, circled broken hands, knee surgeries, bruises, pain, stress, fear, and a sea of sweat. Chiba was honest and open for everyone. Anyone could enter inside if they managed to confront what was happening outside.

Uchideshi

“As Jesus was walking beside the Sea of Galilee, he saw two brothers: Simon, called Peter, and his brother Andrew. They were casting a net into the lake, for they were fishermen. “Come, follow me,” Jesus said, “and I will send you out to fish for people.” At once they left their nets and followed him.

Mathew 4: 18–22

In Japanese, the term “uchideshi” means a disciple living inside the dojo (*deshi* – disciple, *uchi* – inside), as opposed to “sotodeshi” – a regular student who lives in their own home and comes only for training. Uchideshi is the remains of a primordial and very personal relationship with the teacher. In our culture it is equivalent to a journeyman or an apprentice.

Imagine, my dear reader, a young boy who appears on the doorstep of a cobbler’s workshop and is received in to work. He sleeps on a pile of sacks in the back room, he cleans, he does the shopping, he serves the family of his master. As time goes on, he starts to handle simple jobs that do not require a great amount of skill. Then he receives singular, more complicated tasks. He moves from the cellar to a small room. He gets to know the master in all of his virtues and flaws. He puts up with the moods and the malice. As time goes on, he opens and closes up the workshop. The master gives him a part of his own duties, himself staying only to overlook the



work. Finally, one day, after years of common living, the youngster receives the approval to set up his own workshop and master title, or maybe even takes over the workshop of his own master. This whole process takes years and is intertwined with physical maturing and the transfiguration of a boy into man. This model has existed in many cultures. The passing down of a craft, of artisanry and of skill, took place in a one-to-one relationship. Heart to heart, as Sensei used to say.

The uchideshi lives in the dojo, he opens it in the morning and closes it in the evening. He cleans it, he fixes it, he repairs it, and is responsible for it. He takes part in every class. He is constantly tired, sleepy, and hungry. He puts his former life in suspension – he is not in a relationship, he doesn't work, he doesn't study. The dojo, for him, is a mix of a monastery and a prison to which he has appointed himself. Often, he travels from very far away. Uchideshi come from different countries and speak many different languages. Like Rob Cole, the hero of N. Gordon's book *Medicus*, who had to travel through the whole of the then-discovered world to follow his true calling. Many uchideshi had to learn a foreign language, sell most of their belongings, and set off on a journey of their life. Pushing like salmon against the current: in the name of existence and death. The importance of this message is condensed into a symbol, the imprinted hand of Chiba Sensei – a seal hung in each dojo controlled by him.

This model is, of course, interwoven with the relationship between father and son, and this aspect cannot be ignored. A teacher as a substitute for a father is the binding force.

The phenomenon of uchideshi which truly interests me has nothing to do with the students. It applies to a very specific type of people, and to compare them with normal students would be harmful for both sides.

The relationship between sensei and uchideshi is special and personal. It awakens extreme emotions, as the relationship with the teacher transcends traditionally accepted roles of student and trainer. In many cases the personal relationship with a particular person is much more important than the craft which is taught. Uchideshi begins from the feeling of hunger, the feeling of “not enough”. From the awareness that what you are doing is not enough. Uchideshi is a state of mind in which the dream takes control of reality. Uchideshi is doing what you really want to do, not what befits you. It is a time to confront yourself and take responsibility for your failure. A young person packs their backpack and goes far away to find themselves. Maybe this is the reason why, for all these years, among hundreds of students, I found only one person from Wroclaw who wanted to be an uchideshi in their own city?

The ultimate truth of being uchideshi is born from the initial choice. This need does not thrive in all soil. A teenager who chews on the pulp of TV, for whom parents are a vacuum cleaner in his room, is not suited for it and would not agree to it. This is a program for those who are squashed, drained, dissatisfied by life.

Leave everything and follow me, come with me. Live in the dust, in pain, sleepless exhaustion, and constant discontent with yourself. You will see doors; I will show them to you

– you walk through them if you can find strength within yourself. If you manage, nothing will ever be the same. Not better, but different – deeper, more true.

In 20, 30 years, during a dinner at your Auntie's with her poorly dyed hair, over a plate of *golabki* and *bigos*,³⁰ some fat Uncle Janusz³¹ will be boasting that during his youth he practised Judo, but he stopped because, wife, work, injury and so on. That he could have been good, that if he had pushed forward then . . . The only thing I can guarantee you is that you will look then at your son and he will know that you went until the end and that you regret nothing. That is it. For me, it is worth it.

³⁰ Gołąbki, bigos – traditional heavy old-fashioned Polish dishes typically served at family gatherings.

³¹ Janusz – A Polish name, also used as slang for our version of a “red-neck” poorly educated, conservative, old-fashioned person.

The Pressure Cooker³² (Kocioł)

Each dojo is a different anthill with strictly defined social roles. There is a teacher, there is one alpha male, a few wannabes, a few nice ones, some social climbers. The dojo sometimes also generates a clown, a gossip, the prettiest one, and a few sidekicks. A bit like in the office of a secondary school. Only through seminars and big summer camps do over 200 people show up from 20 different dojos. All social roles drop like masks. All people, except a few recognised by others, lose their invisible powers. The positions built through years are obliterated. Everybody looks the same, and a beginner can often block the technique of an advanced master with a beer belly. Somewhere under the surface of learning the techniques a panic-stricken trial of quickly establishing a new hierarchy takes place.

Chiba Sensei was aware of this, and I am under the impression that his presence was able to limit this silly behaviour. This is how human nature works. Of course, similar situations always took place, but in comparison to the mass seminars of nameless participants, we had this much less of this.

³² The original title for this chapter is Kocioł – the Polish nickname for the most active part of the soccer stadium which is full of crazy fans and hooligans. “Pressure Cooker” is a good translation; it was also the nickname for Chiba sensei’s dojo at Fairmont Avenue in the 1990s. The author never trained at this place.

Everyone sees what they want to see, through the filter of their own experience. Our relationship with Chiba was special and primal, and it was the most important thing for us at the time. Like in Maslov³³ – the basic need is one of saving your own ass. It was primitive and addictive. I called this the pressure cooker, like the most dangerous place in the stadium stands. Just next to the kamiza,³⁴ close to the teacher there is a lot of space. The beginners hide away timidly in the corners, the old teachers or the lazy ones also run from there. This is a place of feeding your ego and risking your health. Here is where the teacher sits and where the young lions descend. The former and current uchideshi, the young, and the gifted, full-time uke.³⁵ All of this collides here and boils over. I loved this place.

I was around 35 years old; I was big and strong. Stiff, but I hadn't yet reached the limit of my abilities. I could be quicker, stronger, more dangerous. You left the training almost on all fours. Sometimes before it you had to take an ibuprofen or two. Atavistically, every day we had to establish the primitive hierarchy between us anew. Sensei was sat on a zafu,³⁶ under the kamiza, and pretended he didn't see it. When two of us clashed – most often he averted his eyes and waited until the issue solved itself. Sometimes he jumped up and intervened at the excess of violence. Most often with violence.

33 A. Maslov (1908–1970) American psychologist who was best known for creating Maslov's hierarchy of needs.

34 Kamiza – having its origin in Shinto tradition, a central place in the dojo. In Aikido is made up of, most often, the portrait of O'Sensei and calligraphy with the inscription of 'Aikido' or name of the dojo.

35 Uke – In Aikido practice, the person who "receives" the technique.

36 Zafu – a pillow used for sitting during meditation.

Many didn't understand the message. Through the basic effect of getting to know your own limits and tough training which exuded violence, he was sending the strength of his own school into the world. Only players can play the game. There was no bad blood between us. Indeed, there was envy, sometimes anger for unnecessary violence. However, this was like the wind – it passed, and the only thing remaining was the respect for the other's work and the readiness to measure up to the better ones. The more sweat, the more respect. Sensei built this atmosphere, and he was the lead actor in this play. Most of us knew the roles and we played them instinctively. The main tool here was his reputation and fear. Everyone who practised Aikido had heard of him. Among dozens of teachers who were active at his time and learnt from Ueshiba, Chiba Sensei held a special position. He was able to join his past – the time spent as an uchideshi to the very founder of Aikido – with his tough character and a unique, deadly serious devotion for the essence of this art. In a world without rivalry – without rivals – he grew up to be Darth Vader, and his dojo was the Death Star. The tales of his brutality and unpredictability preceded him; I had heard about them from many people who had never even seen him. I grew up listening to them, and I feared him before I met him.

Aikido, in its purest form, fulfils dreams of such an art without unnecessary violence, which can be practised by anyone. It draws in the people who are afraid of forms with more contact, or due to their own convictions, choose the one which offers a clean conscience, simply because of the ethical message which it maintains. However, everyone needs to feel that what they do has meaning. Chiba Sensei – with the gaze of a Samurai,

violence, and broken hands – authenticated not only his own practise, but all of those who do soft and cosy Aikido. They need him to show everyone what potential of violence lies in Aikido. That they could also do it this way, but they decided to do it differently. Sensei knew about it and used this fact to build his own legendary reputation. Of course, there were many who rejected his teaching. However, on his side he had a history of being uchideshi to Ueshiba Sensei and an immense respect from his students. The Japanese supported each other, and despite the significant differences in what they were teaching, their underlying loyalty always came first.

Obviously, what many thought of the brutality and violence was utter nonsense. It was a mixture of a difficult character and a sociological forming of one's own image. A bit like the head of the mafia family, he was building his own reputation as well as that of his school.

He functioned, albeit quite well, on the map of different mafia families which did the same using their own image for better or worse. His character would never allow for creating a mass current/torrent/wave with hundreds of clubs or local organisations. He destroyed everything that he built, and he never stopped testing the limits of endurance, of loyalty and of the standard of his people. It was his home – as time went by, he forced the closest ones and best ones to run away. On this level he used people like pawns in a game of chess. He changed tactics, turned them against each other. A piece of meat, not a cream cake – this is what often came to my mind when I observed him. A real practise, not a mask not an

artificial game. Raw meat on the counter. Not an artificially sweetened dessert.

“Small is beautiful”, he used to say. He was not able to build a big organisation because he had to oversee everything. This rupture between the ambition of creating an empire and destroying everything that was not controlled defined his demeanour. From one side he wanted to be like one of the most prominent and popular teachers. Big, famous, at the centre of attention. On the other hand, he knew that only a small and controlled group can work on the level which guarantees the progress that aligned with his definition. Ultimately, he got stuck somewhere in between.

Aikido is a world of dreamers – amateurs. It’s not a sport with an established structure which can be verified through competition and assessed through a score. Neither is it a cult or a mafia family – in most cases one is just following a hobby or a dream in their free time. As much as you want and when you want. The language through which we convey the message needs to be adjusted to the target group audience – this is how you build an empire. On a simple message, on an undertone, and foremost on a safe and anonymous indefinability. It is a simple corporate PR which is shrouded by a certain type of mythological trademark. In this world, where the teacher is a symbol – a corporate image for hundreds of clubs, organisations, and thousands of students – personal contact would be absurd. But this is the only way Chiba could do it. When I appeared in the organisation, he personally knew all the black belts and many people with white ones. In all the countries that he visited, his people would always be

there. He remembered the names and stories from the past. “Small is beautiful”, he used to say. I would add that it’s also terrifying. A. de Mello cited, in one of his collections of short stories, a conversation between two priests:

— In this year, our community has come much closer to the Creator. – one of them says with pride.

— Did you gain more followers? – the other asks.

— No, we lost 50!

We were never large in numbers. In its time, in the United States, the organisation grew to around 60 clubs. In Great Britain there were maybe 20 and in continental Europe maybe around 15. We ran individual clubs in Chile, Kazakhstan, Canada, Mexico, Kenya. We couldn’t grow because Chiba wanted to operate us like an army in a time of war. He hated weakness around his closest ones, who he trained intensively. At the same time, he accepted and rewarded with ranks many people who were often mediocre yet submissively loyal. This contradiction was the reason for the resentment felt by many of the close ones – those who went with him through the hell of training and personal pressure. Those who couldn’t understand why others got for free that which they had paid for with their life and blood. At the same time, the people who had been recognised for their rank even though they were from a different organisation, and without any difficulties, managed to get close to Sensei, but most often received false communication. They believed that the gift received in times of war is something well deserved and well earned. Yet Chiba was always in a state of war, and adequately to the situation, he took on mercenaries whom he did not fully trust.

Tangled in alliances with other teachers in the headquarters and deadly loyal to the family of Ueshiba, he was prepared to die in battle.

For years we watched as he wrestled in his fight against the world of Aikido. We saw him when he understood that the war was only taking place in his head. When he understood there is no enemy, no army, and no one wants to die. Perhaps this is what explained his language. The way in which he wanted to lead his group. It was a mixture of an authoritarian mafia boss, a father raising his children, and a priest; his words were freighted with messianic significance and a responsibility for bearing the true message of O'Sensei to the next generation.

It all sounded, to people outside our circle, unnaturally serious and utterly bombastic. This is because most of us treat Aikido as a nice way of de-stressing, like keeping fish or stamp-collecting. It is almost as if the chairman of the philatelic society was to induce his members to die in the name of a new series of mallard-decorated stamps. Or if he beat you for ripping the corner of a stamp. Aikido had become a hobby, a product – like fitness, a trademark. Chiba couldn't find himself in this world because this world wasn't serious enough.

Illusion sold the best. He took on a mask of a brute because it gave him freedom and winnowed away most of the weak people who tried to build their position without training.

95% of instructors are hobbyists who work full-time in other professions. Two or three times a week they dress in a keikogi and a hakama, and they go on the mat. I did that for years, but in the back of my head I always had a thought that it was

make-believe. If martial arts are a discipline to which you must sacrifice your life, how could I teach it if I hadn't done that? If, in reality, I spend more time on the toilet than on the mat teaching others – not to mention for my own practise?

A man in a corporate machine is a stork³⁷ for one person and a frog for another. Apart from this is the everyday considerably senseless chase after money. In Aikido he can find his refuge. The dojo and the mat become an escape from the monotony, hard work, endless paperwork, chattering clients. It becomes a sanctuary, a place in which you cut off the everyday and do something special, just for yourself. Additionally, the instructor – often also a cog in the corporate machine, exhausted with the everydayness, stress at home or at work – finds a place where he is a half-god. For a few hours in the week people listen to him, no one laughs at him, berates him, no one argues with him, no one will even correct him. The dojo, a small microcosm, funds him with a daily therapy. If we add here an apparent physical supremacy, we will have a full picture of playing with the teacher's role. Obviously, being a professional does not make one a better teacher than an amateur. I know a lot of amateurs who are better than a tired professional who is bored with his job. Certainly, for Chiba taking on the role of a full-time teacher was much simpler, as he was a Japanese, trained by the founder of Aikido. He didn't risk being ridiculed, because no one would undermine his expertise. He was a descendant of a culture which created this martial art; he understood its origin and essence. Unlike us, he was a servant of a true message, not a surfer on the wave of illusion.

³⁷ Storks are large, long-legged, long-necked wading birds living in Poland.



He had a little house with a garden on the outskirts of San Diego, a few blocks away from the dojo. He drove a battered white Toyota and he was always driving into something. As ushideshi we were always fixing broken mirrors or a bumper. I can remember one of us, furious after a heavy training, who walked down to the parking lot, stood next to Sensei's car, and, indicating to the numerous dents, snapped, "And who is the one with no spatial awareness?!"

Sensei drove this car like a teacher: without caring at all about the rules. Once, in the middle of the night, we were waiting for him on the street, guarding the parking spot in front of the house of one of the instructors. Suddenly a black shape appeared – it turned out that he was driving around with no lights on. Not one of us had the courage to tell him.

I was always fascinated by the phenomenon of the creation of the feudal relationship Chiba had with his students. He didn't tolerate resistance; he was authoritarian and sometimes cruel. How does this role function in present everyday life? Apparently, once, whilst fishing, he caught the thigh of a surfer with his hook.

— Cut the line! – the surfer screamed.

— Pull out the hook! – shouted Chiba.

In this dialogue, as in a koan,³⁸ there is everything. The more I think about it, the more I am terrified by the simplicity of the message.

Everyone has to stand in a queue in the post office, fight with ZUS or whatever bureaucracy they have in the US. In those

³⁸ Koan – an exercise in the practise of meditation. A question or a form.

moments, the role of a great teacher must have been very hard for him. However, everyone who knew him confirmed that it was not a mask, it was him.

Perhaps for 50 years it grew within him? When did this happen? After all, he left Japan as a 26-year-old. He sailed on a ship through the ocean for long weeks, up to the coast of England. Was this boy already an all-knowing master back then? Mind you, that is a stupid thought. He was a kid with some raw knowledge, unfamiliar with the language, with no money, probably always hungry and scared. In a strange, foreign world, a different religion and culture. He told us that he couldn't stand the weather and overcooked food. He missed fresh fish and he hated the English chattering about nothing. Was this boy, lost in the cosmos but with a mission of popularizing an art which he loved like a woman, already a teacher then?

Once, both of us were sitting in a small café opposite the dojo on Adams Avenue.³⁹ After half a year of training five, six hours daily, I wanted to thank him. I asked him for five minutes and he invited me for a coffee. That itself was a big joke. As an Uchideshi for six months I had a complete ban from drinking coffee. Now, at the end of the training Chi-ba invited me to a coffee house and, looking straight into my eyes, he ordered a double espresso. I took some kind of a spicy herbal tea, which gave me diarrhoea for the whole day. In this time, I had already led a dojo in Poland which trained a hundred people, and there was another hundred in the children's group. I wasn't ready, I wanted more. For

³⁹ The San Diego Aikikai dojo was located on the Adams Avenue, in a building which used to be a bank.

the first time in my life I felt that I was drinking from the right source. I needed more and more. I didn't want to come back, I didn't want to fool the people who saw a teacher in me. I told him that.

'You will never be ready.' He looked at me seriously. 'When I left Japan, I was 26 years old. Do you think I knew much? Everything I know now I learnt much later'.

Coming back to the pressure cooker, I was bubbling up with youth and ambition. There was a deep need in me to show my commitment to Sensei.

"You have to decide if you want to be a sergeant or a general," he told me once after a heavy training where I had been fighting for my life. "How long will you still pretend that you are a teenager?" he continued.

I knew what I wanted but inside of me everything was rebelling against it. He wanted to make me a leader, a teacher. A conductor of an orchestra. Yet, I wasn't ready for that. Perhaps I never really wanted it? Each of us has their goal, their own reason to go on the mat. Each of us deals with their own dirt, each one different.

I knew people who were only interested in opening the doors to their inner demon. They had the potential to be much better technically. However, for that they would have to build a cage from the technique and, at least for a moment, to tame their aggression and other emotions. And this is not the reason they were there.

It's Not a Sport, It's Not a Recreation – It Is a Madness

“ (...) it is necessary to know that the martial art is back-to-back with death. However, the potential death is in an inevitable balance of tension with the instinctive desire to survive. This fact bears itself heavily upon the seeker's mind and body in the training process, while vividly emphasizing the existential dignity and respect of the lives of the self and others.

T.K. Chiba⁴⁰

The training was hard and dangerous. We were young, and every day we were stronger and more agile. The blood was boiling inside of us and the dynamism which beamed from Sensei was like a green light for our own experiments. Aikido is a work on repetitive techniques. There are no sparring matches, official competitions, contests, training seasons, peaks of the abilities, teams, or representation. This is the biggest beauty and equally a curse of what we do. A blessing for a lifetime of work, and an excuse for complacency and sloppiness.

In Judo or in wrestling, for the first half of the training you calmly and patiently practise the techniques. No one is

⁴⁰ T.K. Chiba, *Aikido Forum*, Victoria Aikikai, 1985, [online:] <https://aikidosphere.com/kc-e-beware>

blocking, no one practises with a partner. The whole storm of emotions is waiting for the second half: the sparring match or the fight. This is when you throw out all that is inside of you; you block, you tug, you dominate, and you work through the waves of everything that will reach your head in the times of the extreme exhaustion.

Traditional Aikido rejects training in fighting and is based solely on the repetition of the forms. There is no confrontation or sparring matches; in theory there is also no rivalry. But that is only an illusory truth, as the irresistible need for a constant re-establishing of a hierarchy within a group lies within human nature. For that reason, a whole sea of emotions seethes somewhere under the surface in almost everything that we do.

An uchideshi lives in a dojo, trains for five, seven hours every day. He cleans, eats, and sleeps. This is all. Everything that he does is connected to the training. A man must cook in this training. He must practise Aikido, breathe it, love it, and hate it. He must stay in the dojo the whole day. He must, at all times, bang his head on the wall of his own limitations. He must study them endlessly. He must try do something hundreds, thousands of times, something that he couldn't even do yesterday. The whole dojo: cleanliness, water, gas, electricity, and toilets are his responsibility. There are no excuses and there is no escape into work, school, friends. Responsibility, the lack of privacy, and a place for physical and mental escape is what characterises this time.

I have practised many different styles, and the school of Chiba Sensei was the only one to use such an extreme ter-

minology. Training on the verge, brushing up against death, here and now, the awareness of the place, time, and danger. All of this sounds incredibly dramatic and, for most of us, it is just funny. The classical strand of the art became diluted and the training is, most of all, a leisure pursuit and a way of de-stressing. It is based on positive reinforcement and on stuffing the demand up with the supply. This manner has created an image of a safe, faceless system, in which nothing is “too much”. You can learn a bit, get a bit tired, relax a bit. At Chiba’s Sensei nothing was “a bit”. In the relationship with him nothing was comfortable or simple. In a fitness club you can run on a treadmill accompanied by nice music and air conditioning. You can watch pretty girls and parade in your designer clothes. An instructor stands next to you and feeds your ego with compliments. Sensei would, most likely, run in front of you barefoot with a rucksack full of rocks. Screaming at you the whole time.

But perhaps I was the only one who saw him that way? He had a fantastic sensing of people and he approached everyone in a different way. At some, he shouted incessantly, at others he never raised his voice. There were those to whom he never even spoke. I am trying to find words to express what struck me the most about Chiba Sensei. The only word that comes to my mind is Truth. Aikido can be an illusion, like patriotism or love. Then, it is only a cloud of ideas – it is more a dream than a tangible matter which can be weighed and measured. When did it start to be this way? It seems like the unique concept of avoiding the violence, which was tangentially introduced by the charismatic O’sensei and found fertile soil in the superficial West. To know a martial art is,

primarily, a masculine need, which has nothing to do neither with the authentic situation of danger nor with the reality of our modern times. This is applicable to any discipline. All professionals know about this, regardless to the style which they teach. Those schools are closed systems, most often impossible to compare. As time goes by, they become hermetic by creating an internal system of ranks, titles, and hierarchy. Small microcosms and a simplified model of the world.

After the introduction of firearms, physical domination was set aside. For most people the knowledge of the martial arts became another attribute and a tiger tooth on the necklace of the alpha male. The instrumentalism of this phenomenon is both amusing and terrifying. In general, we choose a discipline which would suit our personality type and our way of perceiving ourselves. In the process of creating the self-image of a typical redneck, training in MMA will be as important as a gold chain, a tattoo, or a pit bull. An over-intellectualised highbrow would, if he were to train at all, choose Aikido, Tai-chi, or something else which will fit into his individual list of dreams and imaginary qualities. Of course, there are exceptions. Martial arts evolved from their educational and practical purposes to become a sport which is focused on the score, a hobby, or a pure business service.

Aikido is not a sport, and the training is based on the constant practise of the same forms in a similar way. For months, years. Aikido, for the majority of us, is a hobby and not a profession or a number one priority. It is a way of de-stressing, a passion – like collecting stamps or keeping fish in an

aquarium. It lasts for years and for many is a reason for pride and sense of a happy life.

Training is truly relaxing. It gives strength to work, patience to bear the moaning of the boss, mother, or wife. All of this is true; however, for me, it was always too little. Somewhere in the back of my head I had a feeling that it was all just a joke. That it was not serious enough and that I was not making use of the tools which I carry. Aside from this, we are operating with terminology which does not at all apply to the reality of our times. We utter words about practise on the mat and off the mat, about far-distant goals and changing one's life. About a journey to perfection, constant practise, and thousands of repetitions. About an evolution of the body and the spirit. We are operating with the language from the movies like *Karate Kid* and *Star Wars*. There is not a big difference between the common perception of the relationship between teacher and student in martial arts and a conversation of Yoda with the young Padawan. In fact, this is one of the biggest diseases of the modern teachings of martial arts – the image of the teacher was taken by pop culture, ground up and dumbed down. It became a fixed mask which is, on the one hand, sought out by people who believe in this image of a student; on the other, by teachers who are putting it on and who are selling what the consumers want to buy. All of this path towards enlightenment has thrown me into many places and groups. All of them were more or less alike. They were hermetic and they followed a similar set of rules. All of them, with no exception, believed in their own exceptionality. All of them, before I became an uchideshi of Chiba Sensei, disappointed me with their lack of true commitment. It is

hard to explain because I really do not think of myself as exceptionally talented – I do not like my own Aikido and I do not like to teach people who have a similar physical build to mine. This was, however, the first school and style which was searching for value in an attempt at discovering and attacking one's own mistakes. We were our biggest enemies. Sensei did not allow a vain pose of uniqueness. We were all joined by a fear of his appraisal. Also by a real checking of our development. It was a living school.

Pain

“*Salt in our wounds, a whole carriage of salt,*

So no one can say that it doesn't hurt.

Rafał Wojaczek⁴¹

Pain is what separates the illusion from the truth and the dream from the reality. Many of us become so attached to illusion that we run away from pain and treat it as pointless. But in fact, there is good pain and bad pain. Physical pain, pain of helplessness, pain of anger and resentment. Pain of death, experiencing, pain of someone's departure

⁴¹ R. Wojaczek (1945–1971) was a Polish poet of the postwar generation.

and pain present in the birth of a new life. The shell breaks and something dies in agony so that something else can be born in pain.

Living in a world of painkilling, motivation, assertiveness, and looking for the positives, we move further and further away from unpleasant experiences – every kind of pain we consider as bad. It was only some years ago that every evening we came back from the playground or from school with grazed knees, elbows, and black eyes. Burned by the sun, wind-beaten, frostbitten cheeks, stung by a nettle, stung by bees and wasps, sticky from nut juice. A ten-year-old boy had a Swiss Army knife and everyone, every now and then, was whacked with a stick or at least a small rock. In the time of my childhood everyone got their foot trapped in a bike wheel. Pain, smaller or bigger, accompanied us always and we knew many flavours of it. Burns, cuts, bruises, grazes. Everyone at one point fell asleep with their fingers in a glass of cold water or soothed their burns with milk. Pain was a part of growing up and no one had any resentment against it. Your tooth hurt before going to the dentist and the dentist hurt even more.

Pain as a warning and as a consequence. Pain as an unavoidable thing. Pain in your heels scraped by shoes that were too tight and pain of a poorly plucked out splinter. Pain from tiny needles of glass and the seeds of rosehips. As in the Matrix, we chose a life of pain for us and our families. Every ache in our throat, head, or muscles we fight with a painkiller. Kids sit inside houses, in front of glass screens and cry when they are bitten by a mosquito. It is a magical lethargy – like after a few hours of watching TV. It is warm and the air condi-

tioning in the house, the garage and at work, causes us to drift through life like in a pleasant dream.

Good pain is the pain of breaking out of this dream. Pain of cold, hunger, fear, danger. Losing control. Sometimes it seems to me that the main tool of Chiba Sensei was precisely breaking a person out of this shell. People who live in the illusion of nice Aikido, where nothing is supposed to hurt, believe that stroking each other during the training should be done with a smile on your face. Those people chafed Chiba like a blister on his ass. It was at these times he had an expression of pure disgust on his face and he avoided them like the plague. If such situations took place on our seminars, we knew that he expected the utmost “hospitality” from us, and familiarising with the local reality. I saw this so many times that I am no longer surprised by the foolishly earned reputation of this style.

We lived in a terror of word games, political pressure, and mutual friction that was invisible to the untrained eye. There was no space for any illusion because each of us was busy with the trials of surviving or forgetting about what was happening on the mat. If training is the process of upbringing, our little journey into adulthood, it needs to consist of all of the grazed knees, getting lost in the supermarket, and running noses. If it is to be a farm of chickens on steroids, detached from fresh air and real food, it will be a journey into illusion. It would be no different to the dreamy gliding in the impersonal, air-conditioned world. We will juggle the pop-culture images – as if after putting together a cabinet from IKEA someone called themselves a carpenter. Perhaps

this is the reason why such crowds go for Yoga, Zumba, and other anonymous nonsense. There you can keep your bubble, no one touches you, no one gives you pain, no one throws you, you remain safe in your own world. Even if you break a sweat or are left panting, you do it on your own terms and as much as you want.

Pain and tiredness were the first experiences that people had in Chiba's school. Those were the doors to a magnificent garden. The garden was beautiful and menacing. Full of all the writhing mess which could eat you, cut you, or burn you, but still was beautiful.

The pain of a changing body. Muscle soreness, the sensation of aching and stiff muscles, pain of being wrenched away from the tomb of stagnation. Pain of tiredness. Every morning I woke up and I lay for a while without moving my finger (there is a song by the band Voo Voo⁴² that paints a picture: "I lift one hand, I lift the other hand, I lift one leg, I lift the other leg . . . I am alive").⁴³ Somewhere along the way there was almost always pain that awaited me. Sometimes it was simply sore muscles, a sprain, or a bruise. Sometimes it was something more serious. In the world of everyday pain, bad, big pain is truly big and bad. I fall to the floor, knocked down by the wave of paralysing suffering. I feel sick and I find myself in a foetal position surrounded by people who I now hate – I want only for them to go away and leave me alone just for a minute. I am 45 years old and for the last 15 years something hurts me every day. I cannot see the end of this, because the body is getting old and takes much longer to heal.

42 Voo Voo – Polish rock band.

43 Voo Voo, 'Ja Zyje' from the album Sno-powiazalka, 1987.

The devil of pain surrounds me, trying to get out differently every time. Bad pain of a break or fracture, strained spine, or knee always terrifies me. It is a setback. Cuts, injury, a hurt shoulder or even a broken arm is nothing. I can live with it and teach with it. What I am afraid of the most is injuring the lower part of my spine and my knees. This would mean hunger and the end of the dojo.

A sportsman has his career. When he is 30 years old the time of hard work and pain, extreme diet, constant muscle soreness is over. He can become a trainer, step back from the sport, or play around in leisure pursuits. I will do what I do until the end of my life. In our industry there is no retiring. In the mornings when I am 70 or 80, I will take my cheap set of dentures from a glass and I will go on the mat at 6am. Possibly I would have to get up much earlier to try and take a piss. I am condemned to be within sight of young people to see weakness in me.

A young brat who kicks a ball in a second-league club will have a ligament transplant and rehabilitation only two days after an injury. We live in a world of local medical centres. No one cares about us, and a ripped off knee puts you only in the queue to earn a treatment in half a year. Rehabilitation in four years. The system will eat you and spit you out, the strongest will prevail. So many people quit, not because they didn't like the training anymore, but because they were scared of our medical care. I saw Chiba Sensei whose physical shell began to rapidly deteriorate and age. We saw this anger and rage towards oneself. That this is the end, that the pain starts to eat at you every day. It gets worse and worse. Injuries

heal slower and the body starts to implacably stiffen. Pain no longer appears; it is there to stay. Dozens of smaller and bigger injuries. Harmless, ignored, sometimes new, sometimes scary. "If you wake up one day and nothing hurts you, you are dead," they say. This saying comes back to me all the time, making me less happy and more sad.



Injury

“

Why do you scream? What, your leg?

This guy's head was ripped off and he doesn't shout, and you do over such a petty thing.

– Józef Piłsudski⁴⁴ to his wounded soldiers.

The smallest ones were the worst – a scratch on your wrist was not an excuse to miss the training. After a few days, the sweaty and infected cut would grow so that you would have to put a bandage on it. Instead of drying up it would fester and inflame. The bandage rubbed against it, and after a couple of weeks from a little scratch it would grow into serious wound, filled with pus. The same thing happened with grazed knees. Always, when I came back after a break to the rigour of being uchideshi, I suffered from an inflammation of the nerves in my elbows. This nastiness radiates all the way down to the little fingers – in the night I would be woken up by a pain which would cause both of my palms to shake. It would go away after a week or so. We practise barefoot and each of us after some time got accustomed to different types of fungus which grew on the mat. The French prefer to use mattresses wrapped in rough blankets, which are slightly softer than plastic tatami mats.⁴⁵ After just two hours of training on them the skin between my toes begins to crack and bleed.

⁴⁴ J. Piłsudski (1867–1935) Polish statesman and head of state. He is viewed as a father of the Second Polish Republic re-established in 1918.

⁴⁵ Tatami – The Japanese name for the training mat. Modern mats are made of foam covered with plastic. The traditional Japanese ones are made of rice straw and igus grass.

Always in the same spots: under the little toe of my left foot and just along the nail of my big toe. Invariably, for over 15 years. I treat it with antibiotics, but I feel as if this fungal devil sits somewhere inside of me, waiting for me to put my foot on the mat – then it attacks, tearing the skin. It cannot be taped up or ignored.

In the case of more serious injuries the scenario is as follows: a student falls badly and dislocates his shoulder. If no one in the dojo resets it, he goes to the doctor. The doctor orders him to stop training for two months. Sensei looks at him and says: one month. A month of sitting on the mat in seiza and watching the training for 5 hours every day. An hour in seiza is a pure pain, five is a nightmare. Tricks don't help, double socks, squirming and fidgeting, being still, leaning, crossing the feet. Nothing helps. After two weeks the student reports that he feels fine and he can practise. This is how, in the dojo, you can heal a dislocated shoulder not in two months but in two weeks.

There were legends among the students about our predecessors. The tales of titans magnified by time which were comforting and inspiring. The tales that you can keep training with a dislocated shoulder – you can secure it with a bicycle inner tube. The bruised and swollen palms you need to cool not with ice but with packets of frozen peas because they fit to the shape of your body perfectly. The cuts on the head from the sticks, should be held closed with the membrane from under the shell of a broken egg. When the membrane dries up it patches up your skin better than stitches.

We lived in a hermetic world – condemned to natural remedies more than to antibiotics and X-rays. The Pole, the Mexican, the Albanian, the Columbian, all the weirdos from the second- and third- world countries. Without money, without insurance. I remember how, during an exam in San Francisco, my knee, which was unhealed after surgery, popped out of its joint in one movement. The feeling was horrific, but as an uchideshi I couldn't leave the mat and stop attacking. I was taking ukemi.⁴⁶ I don't remember who was passing and for which rank, but I ruined this poor guy's exam. I suffered until the end of my turn and I sat down in seiza with my knee which had I simply destroyed. I couldn't leave so I sat there, like an idiot, with an aching leg doing everything I could to control my sphincter. After the training I quickly covered it in ice. On the same day, Sensei sent me away to see a willowy 50-year-old man with a mop of hair. They called him Doctor Fu and he was a medic in the Navy Seals. He stuck three needles in my knee – without any painkillers, 5 centimetres deep – and plugged them into a current of electricity. The next day I walked without limping. We also used moxibustion, burning sticks of compressed dried mugwort thick as a thumb, to put on the aching spots. In the room there was a cupboard filled with bandages, splints, we had walking sticks and even an old wheelchair. There were neck braces, a fridge full of icepacks, and you could buy an arnica ointment in the office. An injury was part of the practise and dealing with it was a test, an opportunity to check yourself. Studied poses and techniques were just an illusion if the pain destroyed them, and a man dropped to the floor in convulsions.

46 Ukemi – Japanese meaning “receiving body”. When one “takes uke-mi” they attack and absorb the technique by falling or rolling.

Some of the forms, especially the ones in which weapons were used, were inextricably connected to pain and were a test of strong will and determination. I can remember looped kiri-otoshi⁴⁷ with two partners. You attack the head of your opponent with a wooden sword and he goes off the line and cuts with his own sword. And again. Occasionally one of them hits your palm. The wave of pain goes straight to your head and your hand opens. You cannot stop because the other person is already waiting for the attack, so you begin to make mistakes. The hits now come more frequently, and the outer side of the palm begins to puff up like a ball. Often, the skin tears and start to bleed. Each hit now hurts much more. Weakness takes over the body and every Samurai transforms into a trembling child. As time goes on you learn how to observe this process and to notice when you begin to lose control. The form works when you stop fearing the pain. You stop fearing the pain when you get used to it or when it becomes indifferent to you. This is one difference between art and sport: we do not train people so that they win. We prepare them to die. Dignified and with no regrets.

Only, how to practise so it doesn't become a banality? After all, we know that no one is going to die here. People have been practising Aikido for almost 80 years, and I think that no one has ever died on the mat. I once read about a man who, during a practise in the headquarters of the Yoshinkan – one of the styles of Aikido – fell after one technique and never got up. However, he was suffering from some kind of terminal illness and his family was prepared for such a sorrowful and sudden event. Especially significant was the reaction of his

⁴⁷ Kiri-otoshi – A technique from the school of Chiba Sensei practised with a wooden sword (bokken).

wife who approached the teachers and said, “I am happy that he died here. He loved this place; it was a good death.”

Once I was coming back half-conscious from a knee surgery. I remember that I was in a glass lift when the doctor told me, “For you, the sport is finished. From now on it’s just strolling.”

It wasn’t even a serious surgery. Arthroscopy of a knee: three little holes and resection of the meniscus. They “shuffled” around the kneecap and that was it. People have their ligaments transplanted or their broken bones drilled with screws to then come back to do what they can’t live without. I had just finished my first run of 6 months in San Diego. I was strong and I believed in what I saw there. I knew that it is me who owns the body, owns the knee, not the other way around. It was my first serious injury and I remember I was concerned after the conversation with my doctor. I didn’t believe her, but I was concerned. I knew I would keep practising and nothing was going to change that. I felt that what was inside me was much stronger than my body, my shell – that this body, those injuries, were there to fulfil their purpose. Now, after many years, I know that neither the injury nor the surgery was serious enough to stop me. Not then, not now. This is precisely what separates the madmen from the hobbyists. We are not able to stop because it is the only thing that makes us who we are. We don’t have anything else.

My knee broke on Tuesday morning – Thursday afternoon I had a treatment, on Saturday I was signed off, and on Monday I had five trainings. I have already led classes with my ribs fractured or broken, with a concussion, broken fingers

and toes, a broken nose; I have led classes with a high fever, with viral conjunctivitis; for years I was healing new types of athlete's foot. I have broken my midfoot, ripped the ligaments in my calves and thighs, I limped around the training room supported by a walking stick when I had sciatica. Once I lay motionless on the mat for 12 hours when my disc had slipped. From walking in the mountains with the youth group I got an abscess on my butt that was the size of a ping-pong ball. For a week I trained, with no falls, with a meter of string in my butt. None of this stopped me training for longer than two days. There was so much of this that sometimes I don't even know if something happened to me or to someone else. When training is the goal – there is nothing special about that. When the goal is something different – pain will stop you. I don't want to idealise this approach because there is also something sick/perverted/twisted about it; but the strength which lies within it is remarkable.

Stevie from England was hit in the nose by a stick whilst he was in the middle taking ukemi for Sensei, in front of everybody. He ran to the changing room, reset it, put cotton plugs in his nostrils and came back to continue training. Michal, my student, was hit in the face by my elbow right before his exam. He ran to reset his bleeding nose, right front of his mother's eyes, then he came back and passed a beautiful exam. I broke one of the bones in Krzysiek's forearm when doing kote-gaeshi⁴⁸ – he didn't even feel it but the whole room of beginners groaned. Ordered by me he went straight to the emergency room and came back with his hand in a plaster to watch the rest of the training in seiza.

⁴⁸ Kote-gaeshi – a technique for Aikido which is based on the bending of one's wrist.

Roo in San Diego pierced her heel with a sharp sword whilst doing a beautiful jump with an overhead cut. She went to the hospital herself where they put in some stitches. She was back in time to help us to prepare dinner with Sensei. More? There is more of it. One could talk about it for hours, as the right atmosphere births a true, illogical fire. In the place where it is done for real. In the place where it is really happening.

“Is something wrong?” asked Sensei when we tried to lift our bodies up from a pool of blood.

“I’m fine,” was our mantra.

This is nothing special. Don’t pity yourself. The others have it much worse. It is just a broken bone. Somewhere, over the years of this madness, there appears the ability to ignore trivial matters. The internet is full of it: boxers with dislocated shoulders, a ski runner winning with her leg broken. A syndrome of giving up to pain, hiding away behind an illness is something natural. An injury awakens compassion, pity, a willingness to help. For one moment we are in the centre of attention. It is an addiction, and I know a few people, even among the advanced, who were addicted to being ill. It is not a normal hypochondria but the perverse Aikido-type. People hide away in an illness or hundreds of illnesses, constantly coming up with new syndromes of fidgety legs or an upset ear.

I am slowly entering an age in which I will begin to pay for my stupidity. For training with a dislocated shoulder or slaying my unhealed knees. As an answer to a question Sensei asked me after my injury, I said boastfully that my knees have survived the surgery as if it was nothing.

“I was lucky,” I said.

“You weren’t,” he responded sadly. “Your body is strong, but you will lose those muscles around 60 and then all of the injuries will return once again, but much worse. All the fractured elbows, fingers, shoulders, and knees, all will strike you at once or one after another. With rheumatism, pain and god knows what else. You are writing a book which you will, eventually, read . . .”

Obviously, none of us cared about that. We were fascinated by the atmosphere and the power of those people. Whilst she was in the middle of the mat, Gabriella, a tall journalist from Australia, hit Chiba Sensei with a wooden sword. The skin on his forehead split open and he went away for a while to stop the bleeding. The girl froze, terrified at the thought of what would happen. Sensei came out of his office with a smile on his lips, pointing to his forehead.

“Very good *shomen*,⁴⁹ right in the middle!” he laughed.

He never mentioned it again, and for us the message was clear. No one is perfect and we all bleed – the only thing that matters is whether we do it with class and dignity.

The most poignant story, for me, is one I heard from a third party, so I don’t even know if what I learnt was completely true. However, it became an inspiration for me for many years and on various occasions it gave me strength to win in the battle with my moaning body. One of the French teachers had kidney surgery. It got nasty, as it became infected, so they had to cut him open again. Complications had crippled his body – the man was lying in hospital, weighing not more

49 Shomen – overhead strike.

than skin and bones. Everybody was terrified and gradually started to say their farewells. The message of Chiba Sensei was simple. He expressed his sympathy and then he said, "Move your ass and get better because someone needs to take care of the dojo. The surgery is the surgery, but how long you will be lying here?"

I don't know how true it is, but for me it is a powerful tool. At this very moment, I am sitting in my office after five hours of training. My students from the advanced group do pull-ups on a bar, a few are throwing knives at a target. I have ice on my knee which swelled up yesterday for no apparent reason, and it's now twice as big as the other one. Two weeks ago, my back snapped – I couldn't bend over for four days, then I was hit with a flu. There was a time when injuries didn't heal for years. Like a small, vicious devil, they circled around inside my body, gnawing on something new every day.

After some point you stop worrying. Chiba Sensei wore bandages and supports like medals. Proudly. I understood it later. He was a symbol that even with a damaged shoulder or a bandage dripping with blood, you do not stop your journey, you do not hide, you do not leave the mat. He taught us what was important. After something like that, none of us could run out of the training room with a bruised finger.

I wonder if some part of those manifestations wasn't staged. They probably were. I myself have done similar things many times. Who can bear more, who is stronger. Silly, juvenile grappling can become a brilliant tool for building a group and toughening people. Like when, during a summer seminar in the south of France, Davinder – who was then, I think, a 4th

dan – trapped his finger in a door. Blood rushed under the nail and the finger began to swell. We were sleeping in tents on the northern side of a hill which was battered by mistral wind all day long. In a small house lived our host Michael, an old freak who was keeping a rather big marihuana field. We were sitting at a table in the garden, the wind incessantly blowing everything off it. Before the eyes of the students we pierced Davinder's finger with a red-hot safety pin. Blood squirted on everyone. The pressure from the finger went down and the next day he could train normally. At spring camp at Labaroche,⁵⁰ we used to cut the blisters which had appeared on students' palms after gripping the swords.

Students thought that we were lunatics, they looked at as if we were madmen – but we knew it would be better than if they were to see weakness in us; then this admiration-based relationship would die at once. When does the contrived front of power end? As you wake up in the morning alone, with no audience and the big and little pains begin to encircle you? It is not cancer – you tell yourself. I will pass. You are no one special. A boxer can handle more. However, a boxer, if he is good, earns big money at what he does, and then he retires. I am 45 and I can see no end. I will die in the corner of the mat like a dog: with mycosis and god knows what else. Or perhaps I will, like the wrestler played by Rourke in one film, take fists-full of painkillers and I will end every training covered with ice-packs?

When a young girl, an Uchideshi, damaged her elbow after a training, I gave a motivational speech. I began with con-

⁵⁰ Labaroche – A commune in the Haut-Rhin department in Grand Est in northeastern France. Location of the Birankai Spring Camp for many years.

cussion, then I covered the topic of broken noses and finally I talked about fracturing your mid-foot. I looked at them and instead of concern I saw smiles on their faces. I asked them why they were smiling and they started to tell me, one after another, about each of their injuries. As if from the shadows, everything came back. Who took who into AE: open fractures, carrying people to an ambulance on a mattress. A girl who was kicked in the face, which we then covered with snow as there was no ice, passed an exam for the 4th kyu the next day with 11 stitches in.

Once more life hit me in the face. You are not special. Those people follow this path just like you, paying for the learning with blood and pain. And still they are here. It is easy to fall into the trap of pitying oneself or becoming a megalomaniac. Working with pain was, in the teachings of Chiba Sensei, something very basic as physical suffering is, definitely, an opposite of dreams and illusion. I think that the fight with a naïve image of Aikido was something which tortured him for his whole life. For him that was the door which could be opened only by those who he wanted to work with. Those who he didn't want would smash against those doors. Pain, blood, injury – this is what makes the training real. It rips off the mask and pulls you out from the Matrix. You are no longer an imaginary elf frolicking with a shiny sword around a meadow. You are overweight, the sword is not shiny, and you have dog poo in-between your toes.

Silence

“When a job applicant starts telling me how Pacific Rim-job cuisine turns him on and inspires him, I see trouble coming. Send me another Mexican dishwasher anytime. I can teach him to cook. I can’t teach character. Show up at work on time six months in a row and we’ll talk about red curry paste and lemon grass. Until then, I have four words for you: ‘Shut the fuck up’.

Anthony Bourdain, *Kitchen Confidential*

“The old master used to teach us: Reject all of your desires, be like withered ashes and shrivelled flowers, close your lips and do not open them until they are covered in mould.

D. T. Suzuki, *An Introduction to Zen Buddhism* (author’s translation)

There is a need to speak within us all. Sending forth empty words which are an attempt to keep others’ attention – this is the domain of Western culture. It brings to mind an Italian family dinner or American small talk. We have a need to fill the emptiness with words. Silence, in our conception, only fuels a vicious circle of thoughts and awakens anxiety. It is a long process, but Zazen teaches how to make peace with the silence. The first thing that it awakens is a flood of

thoughts, dreams, and various paths one could take to escape. We also perceive an interaction with the other person very verbally. In the case of a teacher, that would be long hours in a car, a plane, in train stations or airports.

Chiba Sensei used to say that throughout the years he spent with O-Sensei, during hundreds of hours of common travelling, he spoke to him only a few times. Communication between Sensei and Otomo takes place on a non-verbal level. What comes naturally and is universally understood in Japanese culture for us brings one of the biggest cultural dissonances. Many hours of silence between people to us seems like an unnatural way of covering up a conflict. Like children – we are constantly sending verifying signals. The role of a student is simple. They give answers and ask only when it is necessary. They guess the things they should be doing and do them.

The first time Chiba Sensei visited Poland was incredibly stressful for me. I could not believe that he would ever want to come. In the times when I was his uchideshi, he told many stories about his travels. Then he always turned in my direction and said:

‘I will never go to Poland. It is too cold there!’

A few years later we organised a summer school in Wroclaw that would take place just after Sensei was in England. We wrote an unofficial invitation – not to teach, but to visit Poland for pleasure. After a few days we received a response: ‘I would be happy to come for it all’. For whole week I was running around him with others, trying to guess his every

wish and bombarding him with words. I remember a conversation with one of the teachers from London.

‘Silence,’ he told me. ‘Recently, I drove him in my car for four hours and on purpose I didn’t speak a single word to him. He expects that, don’t push anything.’

A year passed. Before the next summer school, I took him fishing on a cutter and for a cruise on the Baltic sea. There were a dozen or so of us. We caught fifty fish, one kilo each, which a few guys took in ice and nettles to Wroclaw to be smoked. From Gdansk we flew, just the two of us, to Wroclaw, via Warszawa. I went with him to the airport, and it turned out that the plane was cancelled. The next one was in seven hours. I stayed alone with him. We came back to the flat and we had all this time ahead of us, just us two. Then I reminded myself of the words of the British guy. Silence. I felt guilty because of the delay and I was had an impression that he felt reproach towards me, but silence gave me calmness and a defence against the pressure. Suddenly, I found safety in it and a place for myself. We sat all those hours in silence. In silence we went back to the airport and in silence, without a word, we flew to Warszawa and then to Wroclaw. During all those hours, I might have offered him coffee a couple of times.

Sensei told the stories of his travels with O-Sensei. How he found out that in an hour they would be going to a different city. He had to pack and call for a taxi within that time. O-Sensei would get in the car and then he would go straight to the train. In the meantime, the one accompanying him, crushed by the weight of the bags, had to clear the way for

him, buy a ticket and reserve a place for him in the carriage. O'sensei acted as if he simply didn't see him.

When we landed in Wroclaw, Sensei went to the exit, where he was welcomed by our teachers. I stopped in front of the exit. If I left the hall, I couldn't pick up the luggage.

'We can go,' said Sensei.

'Let's wait for Piotr', said one of the teachers, 'He doesn't have a car and he has to pick up the luggage.'

'There's no need, he will be fine,' he said, not even turning his head in my direction. And he left. They went together to the car and left me in the airport with the luggage.

Back in San Diego, he once confessed: 'My father used to say that a true man shows his teeth only once in few days'. There is no grinning, joking around, senseless chattering, guffawing, or even a pointless smile.

And yet, our communication is based on those signals. As children we call out to our parents like chicks, chirping constantly, searching for contact. This way we are never left alone, and we don't learn how to be an adult. It is a lesson for me which I am still discovering. In cultures which are closer to nature a father takes his son and they travel through the bush, taiga, desert, in silence. They are silent for hours lest they scare away the game or attract predators. They are watchful, alert, a bit scared. In our safe reality this has been lost somewhere. I can recall that in my childhood, before autumn and winter every couple of days my father took me with a sledge for wood. We searched for dry wood or discarded timber. With a long saw we cut it all for hours and,

alternating in pushing and pulling, we dragged everything to the house. There was not a lot of talking then. There was silence. Back then there were still a lot of wild bushes and forests which belonged to no one. Overgrown bushes and fallen trees on the post-PGR⁵¹ fields. Later, the area became domesticated – now everything is trimmed, raked up, belonging to someone. I was embarrassed by those trips for wood. No one else did it and I felt like a beggar. Most of my friends bought a few tons of coal and we, like paupers, collected twigs from around the neighbourhood. Now I look back and I treasure this time – maybe over the years I have idealised this memory and my butt has forgotten how cold it was. In silence and in cold I got to know the sound of my father's panting, the smell of his sweat and breath. In the thousand moments of despair, anger, and exhaustion we built something deeper than empty chatter.



Exhaustion

“We conduct the following experiment: we put a rat into an aquarium, and, subsequently, after five minutes we put a second rat into a different aquarium. In this way, in two aquariums we have swimming rats. After ten minutes we observe: in the aquarium on my left-hand side: the rat is already starting to drown. It becomes weak, you can clearly notice its faint breathing. You can see bubbles of air which come from rat's nostrils, the nostrils which are just under the surface of the water. You can see how, subsequently, the rat weakens, and the rat drowns. Whereas, in the aquarium on my right-hand side we can see a rat which was placed there five minutes later. A rat which is swimming and who goes on the plank of wood very easily. In those times, the rat rests. It evens its breathing a bit. . . . We place a rat again in the aquarium on the right-hand side. The rat swims again. . . . The tenth hour of the experiment passes. The rat . . . is still swimming. . . . it can be seen that the rat often comes back to the place where the plank of wood was placed before. . . . The fifteenth hour of experiment passes. The rat, which was swimming for almost fifteen hours, drowns.

From the film *Szczurołap*⁵²

I remember that, almost thirty years ago, one of my first teachers highlighted that Aikido is something you study, not exercise. It is a practise, not a training. The point is not

⁵² *Szczurołap*, a documentary about a professional rat exterminator directed by A. Czernecki. Poland, 1986. Author's translation.

to get tired, break a sweat, get sore muscles. What counts is the understanding, not pointless and senseless repetition. We practised three times a week in a massive hall at Zielińskiego Street.⁵³ Before our practice was the Polish judo training session. Kruszyna, Kubacki, Bałach, and others: sweaty, massive, muscular judoka rolled out from the hall, half dead. In the corridor there were dozens of us waiting. Skeletons in glasses, teenagers, and weedy intellectuals. Even though in comparison to them we were just a group of amateurs, our training incorporated many elements of general fitness, strength training, or acrobatics. Not because we knew how important these things were – there were simply no good aikido teachers or training background, so the half of the training we stole from judo, karate, wrestling, and European gymnastics. At the same time, indoctrinated by the instructors and our own pride, we believed that what we were doing was, developmentally, more advanced, and better. Now that time has gone by and now, being forty-something, I take judo and ju-jitsu classes privately. The only reason is so that I truly understand my aikido. As a kid, right under my nose I had the best of Polish judo, and I did nothing about it. Perhaps this is how it is supposed to be? To understand something the circle needs to close.

I know people who, in their years of training, never broke a sweat. The lack of an open fight and an easy-going atmosphere allows you to hide in the over-intellectualised corners. This is where the fat masters and the prattling on instead of training comes from. T. K. Chiba Sensei was building an atmosphere

⁵³ This judo hall, AZS AWF Wrocław, has since been transformed into a shopping mall. Old Aikidoka and Judoka avoid the area because it hurts their hearts.

of his dojo based on fear. Authority, his past having spent time in the company of O-Sensei, knowledge, rank – all of this based on the relentless feeling of fear. Anybody who contradicts this is lying. A fear that Chiba would hurt you even if you were a beginner, and an even more interesting type of fear: that you would disappoint him. It is a phenomenon that, even after Sensei's death, brings us together, the people who were closely touched by his hand. I wake up in a cold sweat in the middle of the night because I dream that I will be late for the training.

When Aikido arrived in Europe and the United States, like a wild weed it sprawled into the world without competition. Firstly in Europe, then in USA it spread in many different branches, wild blends of ours and the Japanese tradition, mentality, and desires. As a shapeless cloud of ideas which couldn't be verified, those peculiarities bloomed everywhere with infinite colours and concentrations of toxins. I could only imagine what the Japanese shihan⁵⁴ felt. What Ueshiba's students felt when they saw what sprouted out from those seeds thrown into the wind. They defined the teachings of Ueshiba completely differently – from the physically demanding, militaristic Yoshinkan school⁵⁵ to the contactless system in which the main subject of studies is the legendary energy called *ki*⁵⁶ Chiba Sensei based his system on a very strong physical contact and a pressure which you put on your partner. In traditional aikido, in contrast to sports, the physical background and ability are not an integral part of

54 Shihan – the highest rank of teachers in aikido and other Japanese martial arts.

55 Yoshinkan – a school of aikido created by Gozo Shioda (1915–1994), famously used to train Tokyo's riot police.

56 Ki – vital energy.

the practise. Training consists of a warm-up, which lasts a few minutes, and the rest is repetitions of forms with a partner. That is all. Sensei built, in the world of uchideshi, a cult of a strong body. Training was physically exhausting if you wanted it to be. There was always a way to escape into a slower tempo or bend the rules slightly, but the stress and the pressure from his side was constant. During my first visit to San Diego, a few people were preparing for their *dan* (black belt) examinations⁵⁷ As a part of the preparation, every Friday for a couple of months the whole group underwent a mock exam which lasted for two and a half hours. It took place during *kenshusei* (teacher trainee) training, and of course as an uchideshi I took part in the practice. I remember one of those trainings in particular: two and a half hours in *suwari waza*,⁵⁸ techniques performed on the knees. My first partner was called Ben and I can only remember that he had a massive, bald head. I opened dynamically with *shomenuchi* – a strike to the head from above – but he didn't control my hand and entered with his head. Something cracked and a moment later I fell with my elbow to his eye socket. A brow bone fractured, blood spouted. Someone covered him with ice, and I was told off by one of Chiba's assistants.

'What happened?! Why are you sitting? Go and find yourself another partner!'

The next one was Roo, higher rank than me and better. We fought together until the end of the training. During this type

⁵⁷ In the system of Aikido, junior practitioners are kyu ranks (from 5 to 1) and seniors are dan ranks (from 1 higher). Practitioners with kyu ranks wear a white belt. People with 1 dan or higher wear a black belt and wide trousers called hakama. Hakama at times can be granted to people who still hold a kyu rank.

⁵⁸ *Suwari waza* – aikido techniques performed from a kneeling position.

of class, you fight for your survival. It is crucial to impose your tempo on the partner. It is not a fight – it cannot be finished early. The time is predictable. It will last for two and a half hours, regardless of what you do during that time. The most important thing then is to impose your physical rhythm on the partner – adjusted to your own body, length of breath, technique, and stamina. The first ten minutes is, most often, enough to tire your partner enough to adjust to this tempo. That day, Roo and I fought for domination until the end. She gave me a black eye and I didn't even know it. Sensei sat under the kamiza, watching us all as if he was feeding on this invisible life trembling in the air. Many times, we broke through what marathon-runners call a wall, a crisis. I don't know how many times I lifted myself up, not believing that I would go on. At one point, Sensei stood up, went up to us and fixed some mistake of ours. I was young, strong, and still I had no idea what he was talking about. We were separated by a fog; I couldn't see anything through it. I was simply grateful that I could sit down. Suddenly, I realised that I had never felt so relaxed. Literally, I felt my internal organs hanging on fascia. I have never sat so deeply in seiza either. 'I guess I have, finally, relaxed all my muscles,' I thought. In this moment, in the fumes of tiredness, some kind of chest opened up in my head with a loud crack. I reminded myself that, apparently, only the rectal sphincter is tense all one's life. If I relaxed everything, probably also the sphincter – I murmured to myself. Instantly, of course, I had decided to tense it again. I was so tired I didn't feel anything. Following, then, a natural pattern of logic, I reached the conclusion that evidently I had also relaxed my sphincter. It took me a while

to join facts together. Chiba Sensei was saying something to us, standing a meter away from me, and I only thought about one thing, 'I am sure I have shit myself, I am just too tired to feel it yet.' The conclusion made sense because I was dripping wet from the sweat. The next step was to check it organoleptically. Slowly I began to lower my hand, which I put in the side cut of the hakama and followed down in the direction of my butt. There I held it for some time. Then, slowly, I reached my hand in the direction of my face, feigning contemplation and deep thoughtfulness over Chiba's words, which I couldn't even hear. I probably looked like a student fascinated by the lecture. In reality I was sniffing my fingers, checking that my sphincter worked. On the verge of losing consciousness, those fumes of nonsense devoid of logic are a powerful and fearsome tool. Only a teacher aware of its potential can use it.

What do you get from this type of training? In a primitive way it shows you how much you can do. It is a basic message. After surviving three hours of falling, you cannot complain about an hour of training. You know then that it is only an excuse. I used to say to my panting students at the university: 'A tired student is the one who hates me so much he wants to throw himself at me but he knows he can't do it because he won't have a strength to get up. And he passes out after a failed attempt to spit at me. That is tiredness, gentlemen. For now, you're just short of breath'. A person who runs a marathon will never see a 10km run as a life achievement. The feeling of confidence and self-assurance with less fear appears. On the level of a group, a cohesion is born which is sculpted by a common effort and experience. We live in a comfort zone.

Whether you want it or not, the majority of our life choices serve us to not go beyond the level of tolerated tiredness, hunger, pain, physical and mental suffering. However, the strength of a human is created by attempts to exceed those borders and extend this level. Absurd initiation ceremonies, torture in military camps, kicks in the stomach during karate trainings, are all attempts to push beyond this level of comfort. Observing oneself in those moments is a treasure, and it is what creates the strengths of a person in the world of martial arts. Technique becomes a tool for overstepping the border of exhaustion, pain. As running is a tool for millions of amateurs who dream about a marathon. Each time one meter, two meters further. Each time with more proficiency they break through the wave of exhaustion, walls of crisis.

Sleep

“*I only wanted to eat and sleep. That is, it. Always tired, exhausted. Always hungry. Never well-rested. It was so important to me, to sleep – even only for ten, fifteen minutes.*

Chiba Sensei on being an uchideshi⁵⁹

Anywhere and anytime. Even only ten minutes. Like a dog – to curl up in a bundle, kneading the grass around – to

⁵⁹ From a lecture by Chiba Sensei at Hampshire College in Amherst, Massachusetts, in 2000.

fall asleep. Sleep is an escape from stress, fear, sometimes hunger. Sleep is mine.

‘Uchideshi is able to use even five minutes for sleeping’, Sensei used to say. ‘Uchideshi is always tired, hungry, or sleepy. Most often, all those things at the same time.’

We slept everywhere: on the floors, rugs, mats, benches. Wherever. Alone, in pairs, in a crowd. I always needed silence for that and to have reached a certain level of tiredness; the chattering of others disturbs me. However, when you cross a certain point, those problems no longer exist. You will collapse anywhere. When body and mind understand that this crazy mayhem of daily training will not finish soon, what awaits you is a process of collapse. The strength that you brought from home runs out after three days; the next crisis will hit you after three weeks. The energy runs out and the body, in panic, searches for new sources. The third month of an everyday battle passes by and everything collapses. The car slows down, and all the lights dim and fade away. You feel as if you were still going fast, but in fact the only thing keeping you in motion is momentum. Major and minor injuries appear, the body is drowsy, and the spirit is lethargic and absent. It lasts and lasts. Unconsciously you search for a discipline in eating, sleeping more, and taking it easy during the training. In a natural way the body finds its own rhythm, the way of obtaining energy appears. A process of evolution begins that is fascinating on the physical as well as any other aspect. Here sleep is one of the most basic elements. You learn how to respect it – every opportunity, every fifteen minutes. Here comes this first night when suddenly the uchideshi gets up and asks everyone to leave because he would rather go to

sleep. The sleep is alert and anxious. All the worries of the day appear in it and you are like a hunted animal which reacts to every rustle. However, once in a while this tired body falls into deep, rock-like sleep, and you wouldn't wake up even if a train ran over you. At this point the atavistic readiness to regress into becoming an animal is pervasive. I once asked mothers I knew if they were not afraid that they would crush their baby with their body whilst they were sleeping. They all smiled at me and said that it was not possible. Chiba Sensei, reportedly, was able to wake up when O-Sensei was walking in the direction of his room. Always. I believe that, because I know the sleep of a roe deer that perks up its ears. A wild animal lives as long as it doesn't drift off into this state too deeply. Like the Capitoline geese. Or, perhaps, like a few-years old child of an alcoholic, who can hear the father's footsteps on the stairs through their sleep?

Sometime after his stroke, Chiba Sensei locked himself up in his house. For a few weeks he did not come to the dojo. The senior students called me and ordered me, as the lone uchideshi, to go to his house and help him with the garden. The weeds were getting too high, and before long the neighbours were going to call the authorities. I enjoyed going there and I saw no problem, so I agreed. However, there was a problem. Chiba had forbidden it, and did not want anyone to help him. This is when I understood that it would not be easy. They sent me to a man who was locked up in a small house, armed to the teeth with things that he didn't even need to break my neck. A man who did not want me to be there and, additionally, who could feel when someone was getting close. I came in the morning, under the delusion that he would be still asleep.

The windows were shut blind from inside with blankets and the house was overgrown to its windows. It looked like the cottage of a granddad-weirdo from American movies for teenagers. I plucked fistfuls of weeds, tossed them in a pile, and from time to time I glanced over to see if the shutters had opened. Slowly I approached the windows. Finally, I had only one pile of weeds left. I picked up a flat stone and saw a long snake lying there with his tongue sticking out. It was fat and with an abrupt end as if it was cut short with a spade – it looked a bit like a thumb. It was a sunny day, and its skin was glowing. I have never touched a snake like that before, and with a childish stupidity I reached out with my palm in its direction. My hand cast a shadow on its head and the young rattlesnake rattled and slithered away into the last standing clump of grass. And so, from one side I had a devil who was most surely watching me from the gap between thick blankets and from the other a terrified young snake, hiding in a bush. When I plucked the grass to the last blade – it was nowhere to be seen. It must have run away.



Seiza

“All pain is bad, but not all pain should be avoided.

Epicurus, *Letter to Menoecius*

Seiza is pain. Seiza is a weakness and a fight with your own self. Seiza hurts everyone. It is one of the most natural positions for a child, who kneels sitting on his feet. In the history of Japan, it was a result of frequently being on the tatami, the position was also passed through to martial arts, from karate to judo, kendo or aikido. It is a ceremonial position which signifies a readiness to fight. A position from which it is easy to stand up while the hands remain free. Seiza is a formal position in which people sit ceremonially at the beginning of training (keiko) and while the teacher demonstrates the techniques. For people from the West, this position is painful after just few minutes. You lose sensation in your legs, you get cramps, your knees suffer. The longer you remain motionless, the greater the pain is. This is probably why, for Chiba Sensei, this position was one of the basic tools of teaching. Each summer school concluded with a session of Q&A that was hated by the uchideshi. A hundred to two hundred people sat in seiza on the wooden floor around Sensei (the mats were already packed up) and he, for an hour or two, told stories and answered questions.

‘Sit comfortably,’ he would say after some time, smiling.

Guests from outside our school and junior trainees trustfully crossed their legs and sat comfortably. Seniors exchanged bitter smiles, as the game was just about to begin. People closest to him sat just next to him and did what they could not to move. It seemed like he noticed every twitch. Every lean in. I recall those sessions through a cloud of nauseated pain. I can remember all the times when the cramp defeated me and for a moment I sat with crossed legs, trembling with relief. God be my witness that his eyes instantly caught me like a starving vulture. I remember pain on the verge of fainting or throwing up. After a week of falling and throwing for five, six hours every day, everything hurts twice as much.

It was, perhaps, in Michigan, during one of the last summer schools. We sat around, trembling with pain. Chiba looked untouched and his seiza was completely natural. Then I noticed a trick which was applied by the Japanese and a few Americans who just came from Tokyo. After each of Sensei’s jokes, they leaned forward, almost touching the ground in front of them, laughing vigorously. In this time, they shifted their legs and straighten them up a little. Cheaters – I thought, but on the next joke I was also on the edge of falling flat on my face. Next to me there was some guy who wasn’t from our school. He sat the whole time with his legs crossed, hunched like Gollum. Suddenly, he straightened up, sat in seiza, and raised his hand.

‘What are the meanings of a triangle, a square, and a circle in aikido?’ he asked politely.⁶⁰

60 A circle, a triangle and a square – concepts originating from the Shinto tradition which are commonly used in Aikido to illustrate the physical

I hate you, little piece of shit – I thought to myself, somewhere deep in my land of pain.

Sensei looked at him and began to explain.

‘A triangle signifies stability. Or maybe that was a square? No, I think it was a triangle . . .’ he scratched his head. ‘O-Sensei explained it so many times, but you know what? I had to sit in seiza and I was in so much pain I didn’t even listen to him.’

The pain of seiza is a special pain. You can hold it quite comfortably for around forty minutes. Then the nasty things begin to happen. Generally, you lose sensation in your legs. There is a theory according to which you should not move because if you do blood will begin to circulate again and the pain is unbearable. You can faint, throw up, you can do anything – as long as you stay in seiza. An immortal theory of ‘it will be fine’ proves itself perfectly here. American wrestling mats are probably the worst ones in that respect. The foot is positioned flat, the toes are crushed into the floor in some weird way, and after a moment you can already feel paralyzing cramps. On one of the summer schools, I sat in the first row during the lecture and there was no possibility for me to change my position. I was squirming tremendously and, suddenly, in one moment I got a cramp of my right foot. It was the first and the only time when I decided, in some wave of energy and determination, to face this crap – and I sat through it. I almost fainted but I did it. It turned out that what worked was a full tensing of the whole body. I thought that I would burst, but the wave of pain suddenly stopped.



How long can you sit like that? Apart from the hell of Ichikukai,⁶¹ where for four days you sit like that for around thirty hours, the worst for me are the exams. They can last as long as four hours, and as a leader you cannot expect your students to endure the pain if you are not capable of it. By showing a weakness, you allow them to do the same. And by forcing them to do something you don't do yourself, you commit the basic sin of a teacher. You do not send a student for a journey which you yourself didn't undertake. Seiza is a physical sign of an order and discipline.

'You are no one special,' I say to my students. 'When it really hurts, you look at the person on your left and then at the person on your right. It hurts them equally. You are no one special. Neither is your pain. On this square of the mat before you sat dozens of others, who fought with the pain as you do now.'

I hate seiza because I know it is necessary. Because it hurt, hurts, and will hurt. Because it sends me into the depths and every day it is my mirror. Seiza is stupid. Uncomfortable and unnecessary. This is an explanation for those who lost the fight against this pain. I once sat in seiza during exams held by an enormous organization. They lasted for around two hours, and the only people who sat in this position were me and another guy who was Japanese. I knew him because he was from Chiba Sensei's circles. Over a hundred other people were in the room, and they sat as they wanted.

This is when I noticed how our physical position influences the general discipline. Seiza is orderly: you sit straight, and

⁶¹ Ichikukai – a legendary centre of *misogi* purification practise in Tokyo. The initiation comprises four days of sitting in seiza for many hours.

you keep your palms on your thighs. That is all. There is no leaning forward, chattering is technically constricted – you need to turn around to talk to someone. In an atmosphere without an appointed position, everything fell apart and was lost. At the beginning people sat with crossed legs, but without the zafu, after a while, most of them began to lounge around and spread out on the mat. They could fidget, so they began to lean towards each other and talk. At the beginning shyly, quietly – then, unreprimanded, shamelessly – they started to chat freely. In the black mass of trainings of Birankai you would be thrown out in a flash for such behaviour. Behind me, literally like on a beach, a couple was lying down. The guy was chatting up a girl, telling her his life stories. I looked at the Japanese man and he pretended not to see any of this.

I remember the cult of seiza in Hombu Dojo in Tokyo,⁶² four-year-old kids sat motionlessly for long minutes to quarters of an hour. A discipline, silence, and a physical position. The educational relationship with those elements got lost somewhere; I have absolutely no idea how you can give them any logical significance and explain to Polish people what it is all about. I mostly play around with the given challenge to endure pain because such a challenge works for Polish feistiness. As time goes on, the understanding for that tool appears. However, most of all I need to force myself, with no mercy, to sit in seiza. Every day.

Zazen

“*The body has obtained an equilibrium. Take a deep breath and rock to the right and to the left. Focus, sit motionlessly, and thinking will become unthinking.*

Dogen⁶³

The session of zazen started at 6 am. Sensei sometimes came at 5 am and sat in his office, no one knew why. I was scared that he would catch me sleeping, so I got up just after 4 am. I took naps on a fold-out armchair, with my face directed to the glass doors which faced the car park. When he drove in, the lights of the car woke me up and I could greet him at the door. I managed to do it many times – every time he looked at me like I was a madman. We prepared zafu pillows and the square zabuton mattresses to sit on. Zazen lasted for an hour and a half with breaks. As an uchideshi, I was first on the mat and I had the right to choose my spot. I always sat in the same corner, next to the medical kit. Through a window I saw a bit of a pavement and a tree. In California it is already light at 6 am, and for long months, every time around 6:50 am I saw a middle-aged woman running on the pavement with her head tilted in a funny way. A few times I

63 Dogen Zenji was the founder of the Soto school of Zazen. Quote is from Funak zazengi, przel. M.Karnet, Krakow: Wydawnictwo A 2003, s.51, (translated by author).

saw hummingbirds flying close to the tree. None of us liked zazen, and those who didn't have to did not come in the morning. Around ten or fifteen people always appeared, but they were different to those who tried to rip each other's heads off every evening. Most of the tough guys ran away unless Chiba Sensei had, in some way, convinced, extorted, ordered them or I don't know what else.

At the beginning I liked zazen. As soon as I realised that I was able to sit in stillness for an hour and a half, I decided, putting the pain of the legs and spine aside, that it was not that bad. No one beats you, no one screams, no one tramples you. It is safe. I had sat regularly before, during the winter in France. In the dojo there, however, it had been 5 degrees and I sat straight after I crawled out from my sleeping bag. A nightmare of cold and freezing snot. It was different here. The smell of morning California, flowers, sun, incense. Silence. Zazen in San Diego was like a trip to heaven – at least at the beginning. I sat in half-lotus posture.⁶⁴ In many parts of my body I am stiff as Pinocchio; however, I have unusually well stretched legs for lotus. Zazen, for the few first months, was an escape from the pressure for me. I sat straight, with my face towards the wall, locked up in my head. My legs, like clockwork, began to go numb around twenty-third minute after taking the position – so what awaited me during a session was only seven minutes of a light pain and my own oasis. After around three months, Sensei came to me and forced the lumbar part of my spine out forward. For the love of God, I

⁶⁴ In the practise of zazen you sit in stillness on a pillow with your legs crossed. Both knees should be touching the floor. Depending on your flexibility, you can sit with one calf on top of the other one – this is called half-lotus – or in a more difficult position with either foot stretched on the opposite calf, which is full lotus.

couldn't bear this position for one moment. The spell was broken and sitting slowly lost its charm. He struck the final blow after some time. In the silence of the morning, in the middle of a session, his words and husky voice entered our heads like a rusty knife in the throat.

'Don't feel safe! When you lean your head backwards, I know you're dreaming, when you lean forward, I know you're falling asleep!'

And this is how he killed all the fun. Sometimes in the middle of a session, when silence soaked into us, the palms became heavy and swollen with blood, and our throats dried up. When the heart slowed down, and breath became longer, when from time to time reality and dream intertwined, this is when he let loose a raging roar: 'WAKE UP!' His voice was hoarse, and I felt as if someone had pulled me up out of a blowhole by my hair. My palms trembled and my heart was pounding. On Fridays, after a week of beating each other's heads with sticks and thirty hours of rolls, we had an extra hour of zazen in the evening. I was tired as hell, and silence in darkness was just an inducement for me to fall asleep. I limped through this hour heavily, every few minutes falling into a new dream.

A session of zazen is nothing. Anyone can endure it, even every day. The real fun begins when you do sesshin.⁶⁵ Sensei made kenshusei do one or two sesshin every year. Moreover,

⁶⁵ Sesshin – A multi-day zazen practice consisting of many consecutive meditation sessions beginning early in the morning and ending late at night. In San Diego it would start on Friday evening and continue until Sunday afternoon.

once every year, in the monastery in Seattle, the gruelling eight days of sitting⁶⁶ took place.

I took part in sesshin for the first time in April 2003 in San Diego. I flew from Chicago after two weeks working on a building site in Jackowo⁶⁷. Wrenched away from the land of Poles and relocated in the world of Aikido, I shoved myself straight away into the beginning of sesshin. I gave Mrs. Chiba everything that I had earned towards the expenses of the following months, and at once I joined the group on a zafu. There were perhaps thirty people in the room. Sesshin was led by a monk who had been invited by Sensei. We sat in two rows opposite each other. Exactly in front of me sat Misa, a bit on the right Chiba Sensei. It was Friday afternoon. We sat in a session which lasted for 40 to 60 minutes, until around 9pm, and then on Saturday from 5 am to 1 pm and from 3 pm to 10 pm, as I recall. On Sunday from 5 am to 4 pm or so. Sessions were interlaced with chanting sutras, ceremonious meals in silence, and samu – meditative work. For three days I sat motionlessly with an awareness that Chiba Sensei was constantly looking at me. He sat like a rock, proud and straight. I remember how on one of the sessions in the morning, the horizontal rays of the red sun illuminated Misa's face. I was looking at her when her eyes began to water, and for the first time I saw a person crying in stillness. I was young, strong, and physically I endured those few days with ease. We approached everything like a great challenge. We

66 Rohatsu Sesshin – An eight-day sesshin conducted around the beginning of December every year to commemorate the enlightenment of Shakyamuni Buddha, which occurred when he saw a star at dawn on the eighth day of sitting.

67 Jackowo, Chicago Polish neighborhood

did those things mostly considering them the price of being with Chiba Sensei. I remember a monk who warned us: 'Do not do it only because someone tells you to'. He was right, but young age has its right of stupidity, and back then we had other priorities.

During sesshin, compulsory conversations with a monk take place. The monk sat in Sensei's darkened room, and in front of the entrance to the hall a huge bell was placed. During designated hours we lined up in front of this bell. One after another we walked towards it and rang it before we talked to the monk. A good leader, even before the conversation has begun, can recognise the mood and maybe even the character of the person by the way he rings the bell. I got it into my head that the monk would ask me something and I would respond with whatever came to me. I was a bit embarrassed, but there was no other choice, and after hitting the bell I walked into Sensei's room. I sat in front of the monk in silence, waiting for a question. It lasted for a while until he asked, quite impatiently:

'Don't you have any questions?'

I got a little confused and quickly made up a question about having a head rush. This phenomenon had appeared when I tried to focus too much on my breathing. It was quite horrible. I felt that the world was spinning, and I was falling backwards, endlessly. There was also a feeling of mild nausea. I had heard about people with sudden labyrinth disorder and they described the exact same thing. I only experienced it during zazen when I closed my eyes and counted my breaths. When the sensation appeared, it lasted even half an hour after

I had opened my eyes. I also felt that my palms, the fingers in particular, were fat like sausages or inflated balloons. It seemed like my head was up in the sky and my butt hung just above the ground. As if I was 10 meters tall and I swayed in the wind. I don't remember what he answered me. Probably that it would pass with time. And imagine this – it did pass.

We heard dozens of funny stories about those conversations. One of the girls peeled away from her sitting on the second or third day and entered monk's room.

‘What is shomen?’⁶⁸ he asked her.

In a delusion between dream, pain, and reality, she heard what she heard. She leaned forward and hit the stern monk on the head, the air trembled with a model shomen.

Another legendary story is about a teacher from France. He entered the monk's room during the eight-day-long Rohatsu. This is another level. Days and nights merge in an endless mirage. On Monday you suffer, on Tuesday you are in hell, on Wednesday and for half of Thursday you fly like a bird. In the evening you fall again into the hell of pain . . . And so on. I don't know what state this man was in as he entered the darkened room in which the monk sat, illuminated by the light from a solitary candle.

‘What is ikkyo?’ the monk asked.⁶⁹

The French teacher had promised himself earlier that he would do the first thing that came to mind. And he did. He licked his fingers and stubbed out the candle. Total darkness

68 Shomen (uchi) – an overhead cut, a basic attack in a sword training.

69 Ikkyo – “First technique,” an aikido basic.

set in, total silence. They sat like that for a while, until the monk said quietly:

‘Well, yes, but this is my candle . . .’

I can also remember quite a funny story from a shorter, one-day long zazen session. During one sit I saw A., an Albanian deshi, beckoning to me. I entered the kitchen silently. Here a bit of drama took place. A. and M. a student at the dojo who was from Mexico, were preparing pieces of cake and green tea which were supposed to be served during the breaks between sits. As uchideshi, I was also responsible for that. It turned out that we didn’t have any green tea. We were running out of time, and we knew we were screwed anyway. We poured boiling water over sweet strawberry powdered tea and we went with a tray to the dojo. In theory, one of us should now emerge with dignity from behind a curtain and hit two pieces of hard wood (taku) together twice. Except that the taku had been left on the kamiza behind Sensei’s back.

Now, a Mexican, an Albanian, and a Pole are a combination which serves only for improvisation. In general, all those countries function by being tied together with wire, string, and duct tape. All of us are programmed with a default setting of solving problems in a minute. I do not remember who appeared from behind the curtain, covering the other one from the eyes of Chiba Sensei and who proudly hit together the clogs they had found somewhere. I poured out the strawberry tea, and to this day I remember the mixture of surprise and fury which appeared on Chiba’s Sensei face when he tried it.

My second sesshin I did in Japan, many years later. The weekend before, we had survived the nightmare of misogi, and

in the weekend following, we were supposed to sit through an entire two days.

The place where this occurred, Ichikukai dojo, had one floor for the Shinto ritual of misogi, and the upstairs for the Buddhist practice of zazen. While waiting for the leading monk and his assistants – a bunch of clean-shaven teenagers – we lined up in two rows in front of the entrance to the monastery. There were around twenty or thirty people there: the vast majority from Japan, a few Bulgarians, Mexicans, Sikh, and me. None of the gaijin⁷⁰ spoke any Japanese. I was exhausted. I had lost my voice after four days of shouting, I had damaged the nerve endings in my feet and I couldn't even feel needles inserted in them (yes, I tried it). Sesshin in Japan was supposed to be much harder than the American one. We were in the motherland of this practise and I expected hell. Allegedly, keisaku would be broken on our backs every session.

A keisaku (or kyosaku, in the Soto zen tradition) is a flat piece of wood, in translation 'a waking-up stick' or 'an encouraging stick'. In our tradition, if you cannot focus on the practise or you are struggling not to fall asleep, you can ask the leader for help. You bow and join your hands in the gassho gesture.⁷¹ You lean forward and you bow your head and, in order to help you, a monk cracks the stick down on the muscles between the shoulder and spine.

I have heard about a place in Tokyo where the keisaku are lined up on a wooden bar under the ceiling and monks break them on a person's back if they move even slightly. And that

⁷⁰ Gaijin (literally: a person from the outside) – A common term for foreigners in Japan.

⁷¹ Gassho – In Buddhism, a gesture of raising folded palms in the air. It signifies gratitude or respect.

you don't need to ask for help – everyone is so eager to offer it to you that the wooden keisaku is not able to bear this excessive amount of care.

Here, the hall was large, and we sat in two rows facing each other. The foreigners were in one line, the Japanese in another. The leading monk sat on the platform – a funny-looking podium which we had dragged in the previous day. I was physically totally exhausted, which made this practise much harder for me. My head and body had just come back from a trip to hell, and sitting in stillness for the next three days was the last thing I wanted to do. It also seemed that for the locals, zazen was not a priority. The teacher walked in, passed through a row of Japanese who were wearing their traditional, ancestral kimonos, and sat on the last zafu. We chanted the Heart Sutra⁷² and after a few breathing exercises he rang a little bell signalling the beginning of meditation. At the same moment, all the Japanese simply fell asleep. Starting with the leader, who leaned his head forward and after a moment began to snore, quite explicitly. For a while we pretended that we didn't see this, and later we looked at each other, slowly shrugging our shoulders. This day I shared with my friend my nightmare of falling asleep during zazen. Zazen does not hurt me and, when I am tired, I easily fall asleep. I wake up even quicker, but then I doze off again. In this way I can have thirty or forty totally different dreams during one session. I hate them, and they make me feel sick.

⁷² An extract from the Buddhist teachings, recited during the practise of zazen.



‘I bought special tablets in India’, he told me. ‘After one of these you won’t be sleepy at all. You won’t be hyper like after a coffee, you just won’t want to sleep’.

I do not know what tempted me to take it. On this day everyone slept through every session. Everyone except me. I felt like an idiot who had woken up on a spacecraft during the hibernation of the entire crew. A trillion light years away from the destination. I counted all the wooden planks on the floor and ceiling five times. I twirled circles with my thumbs in one direction and then the other. A hundred times each. – Wait a minute, someone else wasn’t asleep. It was M., who was haunted by knee and back injuries, and he was going through a horrible and silent battle with the pain. I decided not to look at him so as not to feel guilty. He trembled in spasms of pain the whole day. That evening, during a break, one of the Bulgarians won a bet against me. He said that, while sitting on his butt with his legs straight, he could touch his toes with his chin. He could. It turned out that it was simply a good combination of flexibility, long feet, and short legs. A few years later, in the corridor of the dojo at Hubska street, I witnessed one of the youngsters licking his own elbow. From that point I knew that everything is possible.

The following day, pain came to me. In the space of one day my fatigued body took a journey through all my old injuries. I do not remember what was there exactly, but all the sprains, damages, and fractures came by to say ‘hi’. For a few sessions I felt as if someone had rammed a knife under my shoulder blade. My body shivered with pain. When the session ended

and I finished sitting, the pain would dissolve, only to appear again after the break.

On the second day, the monk led a lecture, interpreting one of the Buddhist scriptures. Each of us got a book in kanji, and at certain moments we flipped through the pages, nodding our heads in understanding. In the middle of the hour-long lecture one of us realised that we were holding books upside down. One of the strongest memories I have from this sesshin is meeting one elder who came into the room in the middle of the day. Hiruta Sensei told us to observe him. We were sitting next to the zafu pillows, stretching our legs when he suddenly entered. He ambled in between the rows of people, limping with a hunched back. He was maybe around eighty years old, maybe a bit younger. The bastard inside of me woke up and whispered: 'What is there to look at?' The grandpa limped to Sensei and with difficulty and a grunt he sat in seiza in front of the leader, who was maybe half his age. They bowed to each other and the old man began his Via Crucis back to the other side of the room. He was grunting and panting, and we felt the pain of each of his steps. Sensei waited patiently until he reached his pillow; finally, after bowing he collapsed his butt onto the zafu. Hiruta Sensei hit the bell, beginning an hour of stillness. This is when I looked at that old, sick man, who, in front of my eyes, transformed like an inflatable mattress. In a few, maybe a dozen seconds, he straightened up his back and his crossed knees touched the ground. He extended his head to the sky – his face changed into something proud and somewhat frightening. Now he was no more than fifty or sixty years old and was twice his original height. His posture was illuminated with dignity, vigour, and calmness

so grandiose that, immediately, I felt ashamed for the pity and discountenance I had felt a moment ago. This man didn't even twitch for an hour. I had a feeling that sitting in front of me was an enormous tiger, ready to jump. As I found out later on, he had spent his youth in a monastery mediating for long hours every day. He sat like that for few hours, maybe three or four, and then he stood up – again overwhelmed with his age. He repeated his Via Crucis, bowed, and left the room. I never met him again, but I still see him. That inner strength, dignity, confidence, pride, calm.

Our training is based on a relationship with a partner. Even when it is intensive and heavy, it might often be empty and meaningless. It can feed your ego, basic instincts of domination, an inferiority complex, or feelings of superiority. In the microcosm of the dojo – both during the classes and outside of them – we are bombarded with external impulses. Only silence and facing yourself can give depth to this practise. In zazen, like in iaido, you can only cheat yourself. You are alone and you are fighting with yourself. You fight to win and to lose with yourself. This is the reason why so many people do not want to do it. From the very beginning, zazen forces you to work hard. The stillness hurts, physically and mentally. Knees and back hurt, the body rebels against you, it itches, shrinks, and puffs up. You lose to a fly and a mosquito, to a drop of sweat on your back or on your nose. Most of us, the grand, inflated masters, cannot stand themselves for an hour. The vicious circle of thoughts is even worse. We produce numerous escape routes from the silence and calmness and, at the beginning, the rare breaks between the clouds in the sky terrify us more than they reassure.

I am not a teacher of zazen. Like the work with the sword, I do it so that it strengthens my aikido. It is for me like taking a long bath – one with a sword in your hand, hidden under the water. After returning from San Diego I didn't do zazen for some few years. I had to mature into it. I tried a few times, but it looked as if my uncertainty spread amongst the people, because after a few months I was left on the mat by myself.

I remember a morning in one of the rooms – it was in a rented hall we used for training. This is where we sat facing the wall like we did in San Diego. Behind us a lathe factory was located. It was morning, maybe 6.50 am, and apart from me there was just one girl sitting there. At one point, we heard the loud roar of an engine, and then the walls trembled. The building wobbled and our heads were sprinkled with plaster dust. At that moment I recalled the collapse of the trade fair building during the pigeon exhibition in Katowice⁷³ in 2006. I was paralysed in my stillness, and God knows what the girl sitting next to me felt. The waves of doubt, the desire to run away, an even stronger need to endure it all – all of this was strong and real. It was probably the most truthful zazen I have done in my life. From that day on, in moments of doubt, I always visualise this event.

After the session we looked up. Precisely over our heads, around 30 centimetres from the wall, a wide crack had appeared across the entire length. I realised that the ceiling had split.

⁷³ On 28 January 2006, the trade hall of the Katowice International Fair where the 56th National Exhibition of Carrier Pigeons was happening collapsed under heavy snow. Of the roughly 700 people in the hall at the time of the collapse, 65 were killed and some 170 were injured. More than 1,000 of the pigeons survived.

The Poison and the Medicine

“ *Sola dosis facit venenum.*⁷⁴

Paracelsus

Taken in excess, a dose of medicine becomes poison. I heard Chiba utter that sentiment many times. When I wanted to take my students with me to Japan for a very tough training, he got mad.

“As a teacher, you need to do it by yourself first,” he snapped, “to see if for you and your people this will be medicine or poison!”

When we spoke about his former students scattered around the world, who did not keep in touch with him and who taught outside of the organization, he used to say:

“I am like medicine. If you overdose on me, I am bad for you. They had enough.”

I didn’t understand. Perhaps because I had been searching for this source for so long? I was already mature; I was an adult, and perhaps this experience did not transform me from boy to man? I soaked in the poison slowly. I didn’t understand how you could have enough. After I had spent a few years

74 “Only the dose makes the poison”; a quote attributed to Paracelsus (1493–1541).

with him, he eventually forbade me to come anymore. That was when I started to search for the others – those people who were the subject of the legends we told each other in San Diego. His knowledge was inside of them, whether they wanted it or not. Regardless of how far they would run away – they were still the ones closest to him. One of them, who was particularly close to Sensei, accepted me as an uchideshi, but demanded that I ask Chiba Sensei for his permission. I was shocked because I knew that he remained outside of the organisation and that they no longer talked to each other. Chiba only laughed:

“If you don’t speak to your son – does he stop being your son? Of course you can go.”

I began to notice a pattern. The closest ones, who roasted in his fire most intensively, eventually ran away and hid in the corners. They led their own groups according to his style of Aikido but, at the same time, they did not keep in touch with him, they would not contribute to the growth of his organisation. A part of this was a result of their inability to understand the vision, to accept the double standards which Chiba would apply while building his school.

Imagine a family without a mother, where a man raises the children. Very early on, the oldest son begins to help him. The father remains extremely harsh and demanding with him. He punishes him for every mistake and does not show any signs of warmth. For the younger children, on the other hand, he is a bit more like a granddad – giving them more freedom and appreciation. This is how I see it: when the son grows up, he wants to set up his own family and no longer needs

such strong contact with his father. The father-son dynamic is a key to understanding the relationship. Traditionally, in martial arts we call it a teacher-student relationship. However, let's not kid ourselves. The phenomenon of uchideshi is, in its entirety, based on the substitution of a demanding father. Each of us has a deep need for a mature relationship with his father who will introduce us to the world and will be a critical advisor rather than a supportive partner. It is not a coincidence that this place gathered so many colourful characters from strange countries: Mexicans, Albanians, Kazakhs, in the older generation Cypriots – there even was a half-Egyptian, half-English. People whose cultures valued a strong father-figure, the man of the house. A father who introduces you to adulthood rather than displaying forgiveness and care. During my trips to Africa, I saw it extremely clearly. In the tribal dynamics, the father is the one to be feared: Father will hit you if you make a mistake. Next time your mistake will cost you a lot. In places where life is still harsh and dangerous, the role of the father remains primal. In African culture, the early stages of bringing up a small child are controlled by the mother. The helpless child lives in the world of her closeness. The father is almost absent – he appears later, when the child is ready to learn how to hunt, to work in the field, to fight. After a symbolic act of the first haircut (a ritualistic act in a rite of passage) he is placed under the charge of the father. This model functions in different versions in various cultures. Additionally, the initiation aspect is also crucial – a symbolic transition into adulthood. It primarily involves men, and is apparent in the majority of cultures spanning from the legendary rituals of ancient Sparta

to the admission system of modern, elite, military services. The remnants of this atavistic need for verification remain around us in the initiations of fraternity houses and baptisms by fire. The role of the father is to be an example and to teach. Harshness, violence, and physical domination are an intrinsic part of this model. In this way, the path into adulthood leads through a period of a total trust along with a full domination by a parent – through a time in which the child copies the behaviour of the adult – until the period of rebellion and a rejection of the restrictions. What follows, at the end, is a natural separation and the establishment of a family on one's own. Although this simplified pattern describes specifically a path of human upbringing, it could also be a definition of a true learning of anything. It constitutes the foundation of the famous stages passed through when studying many Japanese arts – shu, ha, and ri,⁷⁵ which Chiba Sensei often referred to. Before me there were dozens of others; after me, there were a few more. Each of us was touched in a different way and received this experience differently. In ourselves, there is an understanding of each other. Without words, because you cannot describe it with words – although I keep trying.

Life continues to toss me around the world, and in various places I sit in pubs with a pint of beer alongside people who touched Chiba before me. A true relationship can be felt immediately. In a glance, in silence, in a deep feeling of guilt that you have let him down. What also appears is resentment. Like towards a woman who has broken your heart – reaching so deeply but without respect.

75 Shu, ha, ri – a Japanese concept of reaching mastery in an art. The stages are shu, or copying the form; ha, or breaking the form; and ri, transcending the form.

People with passion act instinctively and illogically. Perhaps he saw a person more as a creature with weaknesses.

“Chiba Sensei will find your weak spot and will break you. He will smash you into pieces and he will watch you put yourself together. He will help you, if necessary, but he won’t do it for you. If you do not have enough strength to pick up the pieces, he will leave you shattered and walk away. The world is full of people whom he broke and who still live in the past.” This is what his first uchideshi told me. “Do you know why our relationship is so intense?” he asked. “Because never, for all those years, did I let him in, I never gave him the whole. He knew it, he felt it, and it made him crazy.”

Sensei was like a person searching for ambers on the beach. Among thousands of pieces of glass and grains of sand he wants to find a shiny amber. He grasps hundreds of pebbles and pellets in his hands, rubbing them, squeezing them – from time to time he encounters a shiny stone. In the meantime, he rejects the worthless waste, others he mashes to dust. In our unending longing for the perfect template of a human, we leave no space for weakness. Nobody is perfect, and this is who we most often look for in a fabricated relationship with a teacher. A stage of idealising and fascination, as in love, takes over the true perception – and only when it is over can you make a real choice. Because only then you can see a real person. Sensei died. He became, for those who did not drink his poison, only a symbol. An icon which we will now juggle around like we do our image of O’Sensei. For my students he will only be a surname, a badge on my shoulder. For me he is a scar and something which, I hope, I will never let go of.

I am sitting in a small coffee shop in a Turkish neighbourhood in London. It is Sunday morning, and opposite me sits I. He doesn't allow me to call him Sensei, but I do it anyway – for myself more than for him. In a minute we will go to the dojo, which is located in the basement of a 400-year-old church. We are sitting opposite each other, and he does not stop telling me stories. He speaks all the time, as if it was all boiling inside of him. I am a good listener, and I enjoy it, so that is what I do, only adding something from time to time.

He saw Chiba for the first time in England in 1983, and after two years of saving money he left for San Diego. Today, he is in a group of three or four people who experienced the most. Twenty years have passed, and he still doesn't speak about anything else. I meet him every few months in Poland, England, or Scotland, and after five minutes of chit-chat we always float toward the subject of the man who shook both of us. I listen to him and I see clearly how much he tries to discover himself in it. How much work he puts into scraping the layers of illusion from the myth. How beautifully he sees a human in a teacher, not what he would like to see. For me, it is still too early. Besides, perhaps, I didn't boil in this broth enough.

It is a grand question. As children who grow up in the shadow of a famous father, who try to measure up to him all their life, we get lost in this comparison. How do you find your real self in it?



Shomen

“The King did not wrestle with the knot for long. “It doesn’t matter” he said, “which way you undo it.” And with a sword he cut all of the strings. In this way he either mocks the oracle or he has fulfilled it.”⁷⁶

K*iri-otoshi* is a special form. A variety of this technique can be seen in “The Seven Samurai.” Kurosawa introduces the character Kyuzo – a quiet Japanese warrior. Kyuzo fights with a wooden sword. The opponent approaches him, and he steps off the line, almost invisibly, and cuts through him. Then he calmly explains that he was faster, and he won. In this scene, the enemy functions as a symbol of impatience and self-confidence. He is luminous with aggression, a reluctance to admit his defeat. He insists on a repetition of the technique using real swords and he gets killed.

This scene in the movie explains a Japanese concept of a full expression of physical technique, awareness, and focus – synchronised in the right time. The execution of the technique lasts literally one second. This second contains long years of training, meditation which leads to full control, acceptance of death to which we consciously expose ourselves. One’s entire life, the past, and the future – all of it explodes in one second, like a supernova.

⁷⁶ The story of the Gordian Knot, as recounted by Quintus Curtius Rufus (paraphrased by the author based on Historia Aleksandra Wielkiego [The History of Alexander the Great] edited by L. Winniczuk).

For me, kiri-otoshi is a definition of the school of Chiba Sensei. It is the essence of his life, character, desires. A second of magic, nightmare, and truth. We stand opposite each other. Our swords touch at the tip and through this contact I feel the slightest movement of the opponent's muscles. With my left foot I take one step forward. To maintain the distance, he takes one step backwards. We both raise our swords above our heads. Me – to expose my hands. Him – to attack and to use the opening. The opponent closes the distance and, while taking a step forward with his right foot, cuts vertically through my hands and head. He cuts in order to kill. The power of his cut comes from hundreds of thousands of repetitions. It is a legendary shomen (overhead) cut which we repeat for years and which recurs through everything we do: iaido, aikido, weapons. When the cut drops, I take a step backwards, without withdrawing my body. I twist my hips and the sword misses my head by a few centimetres. At the same time, I make my own cut. Following almost the same trajectory, the sword meets my opponent's blade and slides down along it. The difference of the angles deflects his cut. At the end, my blade hits strongly into the tsuba (hand guard) at the base of the blade. The attacker's sword drops to the side and his body is fully exposed. A man who performs any form is called 'Shidachi' and the attacker – 'Uchidashi'. Uchidashi works on the cut – it needs to be real and honest. Most of us, despite years of experience, are scared to hit or to cut another person. Only by having full confidence in the skills of a partner can one reach the stage of a form that is alive. Shidachi needs to expose his hands and head for a cut. He needs to fulfil his task in a way that lets him stay within

striking distance without escaping. When the technique is performed well you can literally feel the breeze on your face when the sword of your partner cuts the air next to your head. The form itself has so many technical details that it is enough to see it once to recognize the level of practitioners. As in Iaido – there is no way to cheat; nothing will happen by chance. The foundation of all of this is the magical and cursed shomen – a simple vertical cut.

‘Shomen’ means a cut to the head. It is a basic dynamic attack in aikido, which refers to the primal work with the sword. You can recognise a person by their shomen, just as you recognise a horse by its teeth. You only need to lift your sword and then lower it. That is all. This movement is repeated with the jo (staff), with the bokken, the sword, and in the interpretations of hand-to-hand fighting in body art. Thousands of times. In the mainstream lineage of our art, weapons are neglected; because of that, the analogies to swordfighting are purely theoretical. I originated from this lineage, but it turned out that in the world of Chiba Sensei, weapons are sometimes treated more seriously than body art. It is in weapons training where you get to know the letters and the words in order to write poetry through body art. You cannot do it the other way round.

Sensei reached the primal understanding of the movement exactly through shomen. We repeated it with no end. In a group, by ourselves, with all the possible weapons and without them. The rules remained the same. Extension – a big movement and relaxation of the upper body. It was my curse. I was strong, but my shoulders were tight. By training for

years with my shoulders tensed, I built muscles around them. The body learnt to hide in the strength of my shoulders – if I was not controlled by a teacher, I returned to repetition of errors, again and again. Like the cursed release of a string in a bow, as described by Herrigel,⁷⁷ the cut needed to happen by itself. The only way of understanding it are thousands of repetitions under the eye of a teacher. Muscles hold for as long as they can – but finally they let go and once every hundreds of cuts, a single proper one will emerge.

We were standing with our legs spread over a meter wide. In a circle. We lifted our swords over our heads and with a bend in our knees we let them drop, whilst our straight upper body put more strain on our stretched leg muscles. We cut together, one after another, counting to ten in Japanese. My right hand was covered in cuts and my shoulders were raised. The grip was weak, and the line of the cut was crooked and unsure. A single technique reveals everything. Aikido, simplified to a basic cut or a step, shows your weakness and hesitation. With no mercy it reveals the phony mask, strength, control, it ridicules all the movement, tricks, and all of the unnecessary decorations that you hang stupidly on this tree.

Months passed and I repeated shomen hundreds and thousands of times. Every day, I stood in a dojo, by myself, in front of the mirror and just for my peace of mind I did at least 500 of them. It was not a lot, but at least I calmed my consciousness down. It is not true that you can suddenly understand a technique and then repeat it flawlessly. Sometimes a proper execution will shine through, but for most of the training time you penetrate many layers of losing control.

⁷⁷ Eugene Herrigel, Zen in the Art of Archery.

Weeks, months, years of treading the same worn-out path through tiredness, numb muscles, fatigue from repeating the same process. The anger you feel at yourself emerges. You understand the basic mechanism that drives you. Every day you move around confined to the same thoughts, jumping from one to another as if on ice floes. The body grows strong. The worse the shomen, the physically stronger it is, because a movement which is supposed to happen by itself is jerked by the muscles – as when lifting the weights in the gym. I needed more and more repetitions so that the movements would grow natural.

I went to the US for a few months, as long as my visa permitted. Later I came back to Poland to teach. I remember once when I flew to San Diego after being gone for a year and a half. The Iaido training had just started and as usual we were standing in a circle. Shomen was my obsession; for all of the months I spent in Poland I had practised intensively to finally understand it. Sensei walked around with a white fukuroshinai⁷⁸ on his shoulder, and he was watching us. There were a dozen of us, each counting loudly in Japanese. After a few hundred repetitions, when we were dripping sweat and panting loudly, Sensei suddenly stopped and pointed at me. He ordered me to go in the middle and demonstrate shomen. People lowered their weapons and sat down, making the most of this short break. The faint belief that I had finally got it woke up in me – my obsessive pursuit of perfecting the cut that had lasted for over two years. It was about time for a sign from the master that I had been moving in the right direction. He told me to stop and turned towards the others.

⁷⁸ A fukuroshinai is a length of partially split bamboo wrapped in leather. It is used to practise techniques with contact in some sword schools.)

“This is the worst shomen performed here for a very long time. I tell him to let go and stop controlling” – he turned towards me with a frown of disappointment. “You are oriented on the right hand and you don’t do anything with that. You are wasting my time.”

I was 30 years old and it was hard to offend me. Training with Sensei quickly cured an inflated ego. It was transformed into aggression, energy in the forms, and a competition between ourselves that was more or less hidden. Therefore, he could say anything about my character, my appearance, God knows what else, but not about my shomen – so many hours and thousands of repetitions . . . It hurt, but at the same time I realised something – it was just at that moment that I truly saw the right arm during this cut, and the unnaturally curved and crumpled shoulders. I would like to say that from this moment onwards everything changed, that my shomen is good, but it doesn’t work like that. Life is not a fairy tale, and for 15 years I have continued to limp through my shomen, every day. If you don’t do it regularly, you forget. Like Sisyphus, who lets go of the rock. If you let yours go, then you need to move your ass and go downhill, to start everything from scratch.

There is a beautiful story about a boy who was taught by a storyteller. The master ordered him to learn one story and tell it every day. He was never happy with the result, and tortured his student by making him repeat it hundreds of times. He didn’t approve of anything, and the student finally got fed up and left, searching for a different purpose in life. One day, hungry and cold, he found himself in an inn that was

hosting a storytelling competition. Having nothing to lose, he told the hated story. He won, and the crowd cried with laughter for a long time. Everybody was delighted; however, he saw only what he was doing wrong.

This beautiful fable, though perhaps a bit naïve, has in itself a primal truth. It is all about our own abilities and limitations – it is not about being better or worse than someone else. In this world, we float around banalities that we listen to throughout all our life, but once in a while, in a flash of understanding, they really talk to us.

On the day I'm remembering now, I felt strong and confident. My partner was my age; he had similar experience and was on a similar level as me. We had good weapons, strong tsuba, and we were synced. We began carefully, when we felt more comfortable, we went faster and stronger. We didn't put each other in danger, and although the forms were very powerful, nobody got seriously hurt. That jacked us up even more, so we sped up. For me that was a period of fascination with the power of the form which I slowly discovered. I cut stronger and stronger and I was filled up with contentment. The power and certainty made me happy. My heavy, thick bokken hit my partner's tsuba with a loud thud. I don't know when Chiba Sensei appeared in front of me. He must have been watching us and he came to check whether there was any truth behind this façade. I remember only that he pushed my partner away and stood in front of me.

"Do it with me" he said, looking strangely.

At the beginning I thought that he wanted to show the form, but he was the one to attack. I was excited and ready. We

raised our swords, and at that moment I noticed that he didn't have a tsuba. Chiba Sensei's hands were unprotected, and if I did the form half as strongly as before, I would break all of his fingers. He attacked me without hesitation. Fully dazed I hit his side, committing a basic mistake. He looked at me.

"Don't worry about me, cut for real! I will be fine."

The next cut I did correctly, but definitely too slowly and too late.

"Stronger!" he shouted, and lifted his weapon.

Through my head ran dozens of thoughts. He is my teacher, I cannot hit him, if I hit him I will hurt him. He is over 60 years old, I must not, I cannot! He stood with the sword above his head and with cold, calm eyes he looked at me. Everything I had considered a certainty and power two minutes ago, fell apart. He hit and I messed it all up. My hands were trembling, my technique crumbled, and I was eight years old again. He stopped, looked at me, grimaced and walked away. For a couple of days, I couldn't sleep. I spent the whole time thinking about what I should have done.

The idea of a student who would be able to harm his own teacher is so illogical that no explanation of this incident made sense to me. Did he, like Akela,⁷⁹ have to be exiled from his own pack? I was furious at myself. Having taken an expressway from a false feeling of confidence to the level of quivering jelly, unable to dominate an old man, terrified me. Years passed and the thorn kept on pricking me: I re-

79 In the Jungle Book by Rudyard Kipling, Akela is the leader of a pack of wolves that adopted a human child. When part of the pack bands together against Akela to drive the human out of the pack, Akela leaves as well and becomes a lone wolf.

lived this scenario hundreds of times. Sometimes, in my thoughts I cut frighteningly and for real; sometimes I left the dojo, throwing my bokken at the kamiza. Sometimes I only screamed. A rational solution did not exist, but back then I did not know that.

Five years passed, and I went to San Diego for a few months every year. My visits became less frequent and shorter as time went on. At the end, Sensei agreed to visit Poland. It was year 2007. There were 200 people on the mat. The seminar had already been going for a couple of days when, during a weapons class, Sensei did the same thing to one of the teachers from France. This guy, exactly as I had five years ago, completely fell apart. At that time, we were practicing with fukuroshinai. I saw the entire emotional breakdown of the French teacher from the third row, sitting in seiza. Being one of the 200 people on the mat. While I was watching it, the whole story came back to me: sleepless nights, doubts, and anger. Suddenly, everything went quiet and the people around me disappeared. I felt my heart rate speeding up. My hand involuntarily clenched the weapon and squeezed it so hard the bamboo squeaked. Sensei finished up with the Frenchman and turned towards the crowd. Everything inside of me was screaming: I am here. I am ready. Now. I was breathing deeply and calmly, and I was sure of what was about to happen, although it did not make any sense. He looked around in the sea of heads for a long time, as if searching. I knew he was looking for me. Or perhaps it was my certainty that called him? He looked at me and nodded. Everything unravelled, as if in a dream. I only know that I was calm, as if I was looking at myself from the outside.

There was no one there apart from us, and I went in to die or to kill. Normally, being in the middle with him as an uke we all show off in front of each other – to a greater or lesser extent. Later on, for a long time I kept thinking of what I was feeling back then. Apart from an absolute readiness, there was also a tremendous indifference. I did kiri-otoshi four times, hitting him in his hands very strongly and precisely. I felt calmness and strength, but I didn't allow it to overcome me. I was fully indifferent to whether he hit me or I hit him. The form was stable and correct secured. There was no feeling of guilt, fear, or excitement in it. I lived through a moment of a true harmony. A brushing through the truth – and I was smitten by it. That evening, during the official dinner for the teachers, Chiba Sensei got up and, with his glass in one hand, he introduced everyone to each other. Between his index finger and his thumb there was a massive bruise. He pointed at me and said:

“Today he cut me four times exactly in the same spot. Very good.”

There was pride in Chiba's eyes. There is no logic in it. This kind of experience exceeds morals and rationalising. The realness of the relationship with the teacher transcends over-intellectualisation. I don't have many experiences like this one. They stick out from hundreds of trainings with Sensei. Years will pass before I understand its meaning – if there is a chance to understand it at all.



Enliven the Weapon

“*Put your sword back into its place; for all who take the sword will perish by the sword.*”

Matthew 26:52

In Aikido we use a few types of weapons. Those are: a wooden sword (bokken), a wooden knife (tanto), and a wooden staff (jo). Additionally, in the system of Chiba Sensei we sometimes practised with *wakizashi*, short wooden swords. We also made ourselves *fukuroshinai* – lengths of partly split bamboo wrapped in leather. For iaido, at the beginning, we used unsharpened *iaito* practise swords. In the iaido martial art system, at least in Europe, using sharp swords is forbidden due to safety reasons. We practised *koryu* – old school – styles of iaido as an addition to aikido; we were beyond the organisation system of iaido and we did not care about those kinds of rules. An active, considerably large market in the trade of authentic Japanese swords functioned in the US. It was pumped up primarily by the hauls from the Second World War and then by the wide stream of imports after the war. So, practically, every kenshusei (teacher trainee) and most advanced students practised with swords that were hundreds of years old and had been made in ancient Japan. Chiba Sensei was an expert on swords, and he studied this topic for many years. He was the one to choose the weapon for his students, and most of the blades went through his hands. Woe to those

who did not take good care of their swords, on whose swords Sensei noticed rusty *tsuba* (handguards) or cracked scabbards.

For Chiba, training with a sword was equally important as the aikido itself. Over decades he managed to construct a system in which the physical elements of working with sword and body intertwined and complemented each other. Similar elements were to be found in the techniques with bokken and in the throws. The concept of relaxation of the shoulders and the dynamic footwork was repeated everywhere. Training with the wooden bokken was deepened by the work with traditional, sharp sword, teaching us the real cut. In addition, we sometimes practised tameshigiri, cutting targets made of rolled reed mats soaked in water. Everything was coherent and ruthlessly consequent. Each mistake in the hand-to-hand technique echoed everywhere else: with jo, bokken, or during training with sword. And the other way around – there were sometimes those rare moments of enlightenment. When you finally understood something that had been right in front of your eyes for many years. Those moments helped to understand it all.

I guess Chiba had to wrestle with the importance of this training. He had to bestow upon it a deeper meaning, because it always brushed up against the danger of Japanese kitsch. A gang of adult people in pyjamas, waving their swords senselessly. It is a natural tendency – only strong discipline and discovering some kind of reasonable definition of training will save you from floating in this direction. Chiba Sensei chose danger and deadly seriousness. He pushed us into responsibility for the heritage of his ancestors – that was the terminology he used.

How do you avoid 'kitschiness' and create a tool for working with real issues from things completely detached from reality? The sword training was so serious and frightening that, once we started to talk, it turned out that no one liked it. Like going to the dentist. Fear, pain, real danger.

We pretended nothing. There were broken noses, concussions, fractured fingers and ribs. No one counted bruises or sprains. The atmosphere wasn't nice, and no one tapped anybody on the shoulder. Once, before my time, Sensei, furious, had chased some poor student out with a sword in his hand, and the guy fled from the dojo. Apparently, one of the first uchideshi hightailed it for the hills for two days dressed in keikogi. This, perhaps, was why we had real weapons. Not the Chinese fakes. Along with the sword you undertook a responsibility for it and for the training. I saw people who bought 200- or 300-year-old blades, often spending their last penny. They lived in rented flats, close to the dojo, they slept on a mattress, and a sword was one of the few things they had in their rooms.

You could not neglect the training. The last element of the forms in iaido is noto – putting away the sword. The story has already happened, the dead body lies at your feet in a puddle of blood, and you return your blade to its sheath. Then you lower your hand, which is clenched on the hilt. This movement symbolises the tremendous stress you experience after taking another person's life. You are not able to open your palm –you slip it, still clenched, down the hilt. Woe to those who ignored those details. When we practised junto, a form that represented assisting in ritual suicide, we assumed a role

of a helper who cut the head off a person who was opening his belly with his own weapon. During this form, the commands need to be uttered quietly and with the respect demanded by the time and the place. In the American circus of Mac-Donaldised versions of martial arts – pink kimonos, plastic swords, and everything for sale, this seemed like a stronghold of logic. To get the sense of tsuki – a thrust with a sword – Sensei told us to study the example of the assassination of left-wing statesman Inejiro Asanuma.⁸⁰ As Asanuma spoke at the podium, a youngster entered and managed to penetrate his victim with a thrust supported by the weight of his own body before being captured by the guards.

You had to take care of your wooden weapons. The best ones are made from Japanese white oak. It is treated as a national treasure and, apparently, you cannot take logs of this timber outside the borders of Japan – only the finished products. Various schools prefer different models and profiles of bokkens. Our system uses heavy contact, with wood hitting wood, so most often we used heavy Iwama bokkens – allegedly designed by Saito Sensei⁸¹ himself. At one point we put our bokkens into a trough filled with linseed oil for a couple of weeks – sometimes months. Then, for the same period of time, we wrapped them in with dry cloths and we waited until they sweated off the excess. Some people would drill into the weapon with a thin bit and perfuse them with oil for many days that way. The oil would drip down between the growth rings all day long to finally leak away through the

80 On October 12, 1960, Inejiro Asanuma, during a political debate transmitted live on television, was killed with a wakizashi (short sword) by 17-year-old assassin Otoyo Yamaguchi.

81 Saito Morihiro (1928–2002), one of the early students of O'Sensei was the head of the main Aikikai dojo in Iwama.

center of a sword over a meter long. Some made their own tsuba (handguards) from leather. The health of our hands depended on the protection offered by the tsuba, and here there were many ideas for survival. From massive plastic ones to the standard rubberized plastic ones, up to the most expensive ones, made from the skin of a bull's forehead.

I specialised in making fukuroshinai from split bamboo wrapped in leather. I learnt how to do it in San Diego and then for a few years I supported my dojo by making dozens of them to sell in Europe. Firstly, you had to split the bamboo sticks. Bamboo is a grass, so it is rather a pleasant and simple labour. Then you had to wrap it all in a piece of leather. You puncture hundreds of holes, through which you thread a lash, in a specific way. In the end you have a lightweight weapon that is safe for both sides. The biggest problem was finding high-quality bamboo in Poland. For some time, I imported it from the south of France. We cut the plants in the mountains of Provence when they were still green. After being cut down they had to be gimleted while they were still green so that they did not split while drying out.

Sometimes during the exercises we used hockey gloves, but Chiba believed that we felt too secure in them and were not careful enough. In my dojo I work with them so that the fear of hurting people does not restrict you in the search of your own strength. In zazen every one of us sat with a bokken in front of us. Sensei wanted to keep us close to this weapon, to make us accustomed to it, forced us to touch it.

A few years before I left for San Diego, I slept in a dojo in Strasburg. There were a dozen of us from Poland there; we

had come back from the camp in the Alsace mountains and we decided to spend two days there. It was the middle of the day; we were sitting by ourselves in the dojo when Chiba Sensei walked into the kitchen. He was strolling around the garden and he entered inside, seeing the light. He sat on a chair. He was holding a dirty, crooked twig in his hand. While looking at us he made short movements with his wrist, waving with the stick he brought. Always work with the weapon. Even if it's small movements, always be doing something. Until it becomes a part of your body. He was sitting there with a piece of French pear, like a village granddad. He was never too preoccupied with his clothes, and outside the mat he more resembled an old guy, tired out by life.

Most of us slept with a weapon. It was illogical and silly, but it happened naturally. In the pervasive feeling of danger, having a bokken or a knife at hand provided, to some extent, an illusionary sense of security. Even now, when I sleep in the dojo I put a machete under my bed. My sword was forged in the year 1460. In the Bizen school. Once upon a time it was a long blade, but somewhere, along the way, someone shortened it. It looks terrible, like an old butcher's knife. It has many scratches and fractures. From the repeated polishing, the surface layer is long gone, and it is very far from being a Japanese national treasure. When I die, my son will take it over. I was born in 1971; my father in 1940; his father in 1910; then 1880, 1850, 1820, 1790, 1760, 1730, 1700, 1670, 1640, 1610, 1580, 1550, 1510, 1480, 1450. My son will represent the 19th generation of people owning this object.

Something so personal, which defended someone's life – and perhaps even took someone else's – now lies on the first floor in a post-communistic block of flats inside a chest of drawers from Ikea. A few hundred years ago someone had it tucked away behind a belt, riding his horse through poor Japanese settlements. Perhaps a samurai, perhaps a bandit. I touch the blade, I clean it and I become a fragment of this story, as real as them. Maybe even more, since I have chipped it on an aluminium pipe of a tent during some kind of youth camp in a Polish village. A Japanese blacksmith, living in 1460, probably would clutch his head in disbelief.

And What Would That Change?

“*And when he comes for me as well,
The Purple Watchmaker of the Light,
to stir the blue in my mind,
I will be waiting ready and bright.*⁸²

In the movie *Bridge of Spies*, an old Soviet mole is captured by American agents. Even in the moment of his sentencing at trial he keeps an absolute calm, what would almost seem like boredom. When asked by the protagonist if he is not terrified of what is happening around him and if he is not worried, his response is always the same: “And what would that change?” He keeps the same calm while he is painting, conveying secret information, putting on his coat, and receiving a life sentence for spying.

Months of fear and uncertainty passed before I found peace inside myself. I went from Poland to San Diego to a man who was considered to be one of the best. He accepted me as a personal student and every day for hours I experienced his classes. The whole journey I went through to get there was for me a burden as well as an obligation – my greatest fear was that I would disappoint. The obligation weighed so heavily that it physically tensed and restricted me.

⁸² From the song *Zegarmistrz światła* [The Watchmaker of Light], text by B. Chorążuk, performer by T. Woźniak, 1972.

In Aikido there are no sparring matches or fights. The pressure is hidden deeper, somewhere else. For us, the ceremonial trainings with Chiba Sensei were like an addictive black mass. Not a self-defence course but an hour of juggling with explosives. After a warmup and rolls he called someone out, he showed a technique on them a few times, which then we repeated. The problem was that Sensei did not show the technique beforehand, and we all knew about that. Sensei kneaded us like clay, cornered us like a cat. This first time showed your quality as an uke. The technique was performed with full strength and speed. The response could only be intuitive. Most often it was also poor. The forms that followed were more predictable and slightly safer. It was not about us learning the little steps, but to use those techniques for more serious matters. A yudansha, or black belt, already knows all the techniques, because in Aikido there are not that many of them. They now become an object of study; our fears and needs slowly pass through them. They become a tight piece of clothing, a mirror. More and more they reflect who you are and what you feel. In this way, when he called me to be his uke I barrelled in with the whole burden of responsibility and years of training. I was young, strong, very physically able but at the same time stiff and numb to any contact. Apart from an obvious fear of injury, my biggest problem was my over-eagerness. I was like a dog on a walk – jumping around him, wagging my tail. The true relationship in its real form is like the calm before the storm, and then explosion. Two wolves staring at each other in a deadly silence before an attack. The air gets thick, every step is conscious and steady. The short forms, especially those with weapons, contain the

essence of life and death. The stillness before the lightning, then the flare and later, the peal of thunder. There is a tranquillity before the attack, the response in the silence and the sound of the body falling on the mat. The solution turned out to be repetition and hard training.

As the time went by, I got used to the stress before the call. With admiration, I watched some of the uke. They seemed unaffected by what was about to come and a calmness beamed from their physical posture. It came with time; there was no enlightenment or sudden understanding. I called it a syndrome of "Screw it, what will be will be." Zazen helped a lot, when I repeatedly imagined forms in which he broke my hands or snapped my neck. Chiba Sensei knocked me out two times, punching me in the face. He bruised my hands a zillion times with jo and bokken, but it was nothing serious. For me, the key was an acceptance and a permission for what was about to come. In this moment I went there with no baggage and slowly I stopped speaking, and I began to calmly listen. The dog stopped jumping, begging to have a ball thrown. A toy pinscher gradually transformed into a wolf. I do not say that I became a better uke. Perhaps a little bit, because the stress of the anticipation tensed my shoulders and before that I felt no contact. The stillness I discovered opened my eyes. "The worst thing that can happen is he will kill me," I would say to myself. Then I walked, confident and calm. A physical certainty is different. You hold your body straight, you have no fear in your eyes. Allegedly, you can tell if somebody is ready for death by their eyes. There are not a lot of emotions there anymore. A few hundred years ago, when hundreds of thousands of dirty bearded faces, armed with swords and axes,

waited for a battle, this is what they probably were thinking of. Screw it, whatever happens, happens. In a moment, the stones will drop from the sky followed by a cloud of arrows and somewhere from behind the hill beard-faces with axes will rush out. It will be a miracle if you survive or don't have to have some part of your body chopped off. It will be horrible, and it will hurt. The only things that can save you are faith or training. One or the other – because only these can prepare you for death. The Soviet agent probably kept calm because he had always been certain that they would catch him eventually – he accepted it as his faith long ago. I can imagine that the only emotion which he allowed himself to feel was a slight surprise every evening. Perhaps he turned off the lights, and when nobody saw, he raised his eyebrow slightly and murmured, “Surprisingly, I got away with it again.”



Contact

“*If soldiers are punished before they have grown attached to you, they will not prove submissive.*

Sun Tzu⁸³

Contact on every level. Chiba Sensei based the entirety of his technical message on physical and mental contact – on the mat and outside of it. Ubiquity and awareness. Like a mother who observes her child out of the corner of her eye – she doesn’t need to watch it constantly, but she knows where it is and what it does. Control. Like a farmer who watches over a growing crop. This comparison with a farmer comes back to me for various reasons. Most of all, I am fascinated by the phenomenon of maturing to change and readiness for receiving a truth. A teacher is a man who plants the seed, waters it with his own attention, and waits. From time to time, he can adjust a sapling which grows in the wrong direction, pull the weeds, or straighten up the support stake. However, much of the work needs to be done by the plant. It is the one that penetrates the surface of the soil, that fights with the sun and rain, that withstands the attacks of vermin, and, most importantly – it grows by itself.

I saw many people who were too preoccupied with their students’ every step. They positioned them in ideal poses, adjusting every element of the movement so that their form

83 Sun Tzu, The Art of War.

died. A man who is corrected all the time does not find any freedom in the form, and eventually loses all interest in the training. A plant which is watered too profusely will rot; if it is tugged from the ground it won't stretch or grow faster. Everything has its time and lasts. This is very hard for the YouTube generation to understand. There is a type of knowledge which accesses deep, and one which flows down the surface, even if something is heard a thousand times. You can hit your head on a wall for years and never see it.

Chiba Sensei sat in front of the kamiza and watched us. Even now, in my memory I have an image of him sitting in half-lotus, in stillness. More than at us, he seemed to be looking through us. For him, the dojo was like a field where we grew. We were hit by the wind; it rained on us. Sometimes the plants barged into each other, twigs broke with a bang. Some turned out to be weeds; some grew tall but bore no fruit, only shadow. Around some of them, nothing grew because they poisoned their neighbours with a toxic venom. At times he got up and came up to help. However, in the majority of cases he only sat there and looked, allowing nature to take care of the progress.

One day a beginner appeared in the iaido classes – he was neither a kenshusei nor an uchideshi. He came for the first few months, practised the basic form, shohatto.⁸⁴ In solitude he slaughtered this short form twice a week for 90 minutes. While he was doing it, he slouched terribly and made basic mistakes, waving and flailing his sword around. Watching him was painful. Chiba Sensei did not correct him at all. He

⁸⁴ The first of the Shoden set of forms in the Muso Shinden Ryu school. It is performed from the seiza (kneeling) position.

tortured us, criticising every little thing, yet he didn't look twice at that student's hunched back. The guy waved his sword like a mace for many weeks, looking like a blend of Gollum and a troll. After three months, Sensei finally got up and approached him. He put one hand on his forehead and the other one on the lower part of his spine. With a quick movement, he straightened up the guy's entire back. I still remember the surprise in the student's eyes. He did not hunch over after that. Simply, he matured to this knowledge and understood it. Suddenly, all the pain in his spine that had accumulated after the weeks of slouching disappeared. The straight back allowed him to work with his hands freely. Proper posture solved five other issues. Sensei could have forced him to straighten up at the very beginning. The student, however, was not ready for it, because he did not yet have body awareness. He had to waggle his sword around, like a young person who needs to go out and let loose before they can settle down. In this way, instead of breeding artificially puffed broilers, you can raise a wild animal.

Like a farmer who looks over his field. How knowledgeable do you need to be, how responsible? How many plants will break or shrivel up before you learn this? The contact and the control. The constant awareness. The relationship with Chiba Sensei functioned beyond words – when the physical contact was broken, when we all went back to our cities and countries, the invisible contact still lasted. We were unceasingly accompanied by the feeling of responsibility and fear of disappointing him.

At times you had to write reports; as he sat physically in front of kamiza, watching over our training, he equally held an invisible net of his students around the world. Like the master of puppets with his fingers widely spread over the stage – he performed big and small dramas. I still don't understand this aspect. He was a man who wanted to control everything, but he acted on a scale which you can't control. But he still tried. He destroyed everything that eluded this, that grew too big. That had enough of this control. Deru kui wa utareru – the nail that sticks out gets hammered down. This Japanese proverb perfectly describes what happened when he lost control.

We had to, regularly, write essays. For every exam for dan (black-belt) level, to obtain permission to train somewhere, and on other occasions. Sesshin for the first time, three days of zazen – essay, describing the impressions. Rohatsu for the first time, eight days of meditation – essay. You go to learn in a different country – essay. One, two pages with a description of your observations and comments. It was important not to rush into an analysis of your own problems but to focus on an individual understanding of Aikido. As uchideshi, we hated writing. We were machines for doing cleaning and taking falls, not for over-intellectualised contemplation. The best at writing were those who gave the least during the class. We were always fascinated at the way someone who was mostly focused on mucking about and hiding in the corners of the mat had so many wise reflections. The essays by uchideshi after days of horrible sessions of zazen were always predictable and similar: “I did it because I had to. It was terribly hard, and it hurt all the time. I still don't know why I had to do this, and

if I had a choice, I wouldn't." Sensei would sigh helplessly. Honesty was equally our weapon and our shield. After many years I, myself, require from uchideshi honest reports when their time living in the dojo ends. In the majority of cases I find out things I didn't know about. So often we project our own thoughts on someone else that, in the end, we have no idea what people around us think.

Many times I heard that you needed to write to him by hand. That he wouldn't receive emails, wouldn't read printouts or letters written on a machine. Only those written by hand. Many people had told me that, so at the beginning, that was what I did. However, my handwriting is dreadful and delivery to the US takes weeks, so after a first shy attempt at sending an email to his secretary, I continued to contact him that way thereafter.

When I lived in the dojo, every day I saw piles of letters. Reports from internships, private correspondence, accounts and denouncements of others. He was always complaining that people flooded him with a mountain of this sludge. Those were the costs of totalitarianism. Absolute power, even a constructive one, one with a human face, produces side effects. Denunciatory activities, fighting for influence, jealousy, and everything which doesn't go along with the beautiful vision of Aikido. He knew about this, and although he complained about the inconvenience, he had an even bigger problem with those who didn't write to him. I never wrote voluntarily. Only when he ordered me to send reports or when I had to ask for his permission to take part in a seminar. I felt that I should write regularly about what I was up to every few

months. However, I was not doing anything special. All day long I was on the mat, practising or teaching, 5 to 8 hours a day. At times I went for a seminar, to teach or to learn. What do you write about? About your doubts? About what you have achieved? He was a legend and I saw those mountains of papers. I hadn't thought of anything that he didn't discover himself many years ago. Now, after many years, I think that I should have sent him postcards. Something along the lines of: "Hello Sensei, I am doing fine. I am cultivating my field, everything is growing. Regards, Awatemono⁸⁵."

There was this young guy in France. Many years ago, when I lived in the dojo over there as an uchideshi, he signed up, and I was responsible for him. I remember that, as a teenager, he made tea for the teachers by putting the teabags straight into the electric kettle. Years passed and he grew up and matured, and beautiful Aikido blossomed in him. He was one of those young talents and at the same time quiet and modest. He reached 2nd dan and his teacher sent him to San Diego to learn. He lived in the dojo for a few months and Sensei was incredibly happy with him. The problem was, however, that everything went great for him. The process of teaching an uchideshi at Chiba Sensei's was based on generating a problem and developing it under the circumstances of permanent stress. Forcing to do un-doable things. He required you to bounce off the walls of your own limitations for weeks or months, so that it leads you to a small, or big, enlightenment – if you finally managed to break through that wall. The young Frenchman was so able that he did everything

85 Awatemono(Scatterbrain) Nickname given to the author by Chiba sensei

he was ordered to do well. He ripped a basic tool out of the teacher's hands, and Sensei was lost. He needed a reason to be offended by him. He needed drama.

The time passed, and the guy came back home with praise. Sensei was still boiling, searching for an excuse to build a true relationship with him through extremely intense emotions. A few months passed and the youngster did not write a letter to thank him for the stay. It was enough. The avalanche started, and after a hysterical attack from Sensei, he forbade him to come ever again. I remember when he told me this story and I responded that never, not after any of the five times I was there, did I write any stupid letters. I didn't need to because I generated enough drama when I was there, and I simply wasn't that gifted in my movements. Or, perhaps, I was simply too old to play this game?

At the end of his life, Chiba Sensei taught us how to die and he hid in his house, stopped replying to any letters. I sent him official letters, a few times asking for permission to go for a seminar, but he never replied. Trained by him in the way of dramas, when he was no longer around us, as teachers, we began to generate big and small conflicts of our own. The school began to crumble, even whilst he was still alive. As if it was only a monument, unable to exist without its living protagonist. Everything was based on his charm, and at the end we were not even able to talk to each other.

After one of those dramas, I received an order to send a report to Chiba Sensei. I was involved in that conflict and I remember how I sat in front of a blank page wondering what I should or shouldn't write. I made 10 versions of the same letter.

From honest and emotionally engaged ones, to short and factual. In the end, I sent a formal note filled with a few dry facts and a statement that I did not want to manipulate him as a person who was directly involved. My personal opinion, I said, I will include in a different letter. For many months nothing happened, and I, of course, was bluffing. I didn't want to write to a dying man whom I respect about what I truly think of his life's work. Besides, he hadn't replied to my letters for years.

After three months I received an email from his secretary: "Sensei still awaits your opinion." I was hit on a head with a hammer because I had cornered myself. For three days I wrote the letter of my life. Eight pages criticising what he had done and what we all had done. I don't know how many versions I deleted, but finally I pressed 'send.'

For some time, I waited for a blow. I knew that I had just made myself into the nail that sticks out. If he had been healthy, probably within a week I would have been called back to San Diego. I know a few stories like that. As an example: the secretary calls back a teacher from England to San Diego. A former uchideshi – within two days he is at the airport in California, he hails a taxi to the dojo and arrives straight to Chiba Sensei's office. For starters, he gets slapped in the face, and then finds out that he has just been expelled from the organization and that his teacher never wants to see him again. And that he must go back. One of the poor guys even managed to get the same taxi because the driver hadn't left yet.

However, Sensei has never gotten back to me, maybe he was too old to play this game or maybe what I wrote was not that strong after all. Or, perhaps, he never even read it.

The Kitchen

“Jola: When I was passing my driver’s licence exam my teacher told me, “You have to drive as if everybody wants to kill you.”
Szu: You had a good teacher.

(from the 1983 film *Wielki Szu*⁸⁶)

Every day after the last evening class, I rushed back to my room. I had to get myself in order, clean the table, and prepare it in case Sensei wanted to stay with us. I would put some peanuts or Japanese crackers in a little bowl. On the floor next to the corner of the table I hid an ashtray. He smoked like a chimney, and he was embarrassed about it. He told us stories how he started to smoke as a four-year-old during wartime, collecting cigarette butts off the ground. His mother caught him and gave him such a hiding that he didn’t come back to it until he was a teenager.

Japanese people of his generation did not have a clear definition of what an addiction was. Drinking or smoking wasn’t a sign of weakness. Chiba drank red wine, so I would place a glass close to him and have a bottle at hand. If he went straight home, I would put everything away.

86 *Wielki Szu*, a Polish film directed by S.Chęciński.

During these evening gatherings, we sat on zafu (meditation pillows). The room was small, 3 meters by 9 meters, but it could fit up to 15 people.

There was a Japanese table, half a meter tall. In the beginning everybody sat on their knees in seiza, then slowly moved into more comfortable positions as time went on. As long as Sensei was in the room no one would slouch, lean back or support themselves with their hands on the floor. With him appeared an atmosphere of training, tension, and discomfort.

Guests from all over the world sat around him happily and played out a repetitive and truly boring performance over and over again. They came there for the same reason I had – to be close to him for a few days and then to talk about it for the rest of their lives. Even though he is portrayed differently, Sensei was a skilled politician, a man who desired fame and applause. Like anyone who has devoted their whole life to something unique and has only studied that one thing, he needed validation of the reason behind such extreme decisions.

They chattered and he laughed jovially and nodded his head. For us, the entirety of this performance was shallow and incomprehensible. It was similar to being in the house of an alcoholic who has washed and dressed up his children and now is joking around with some distant next-of-kin, pretending to be a happy family. The children, however, know what they know, and regardless of this circus-like atmosphere of bliss they will not come within an arm's length of their father, because they know better. Also, when the next-of-kin are not looking, he shoots daggers at them through his eyes as if to say, "Just wait until they are gone."

The guests had a great time. They were sitting next to a leg-end. They talked and they could ask him questions – always the same ones. How did you begin to practise? What kind of person was Ueshiba? It didn't matter where they came from, they all felt uncomfortable in the silence and apparently thought they had to kill it with stupid questions. He, on the other hand, always responded, and as long as the questions were not amazingly stupid, he surprised us with his patience. God forbid a question would be asked by one of us. That was not the reason we were there, and the only thing he could do was to grunt: “Baka!” (“idiot” in Japanese). When the guests disappeared, the atmosphere became completely different. We sat in silence for the whole evening. Sensei could attack at any moment, either beginning to criticize all of us or someone specific. Each of us had heard those rants before, and after some time none of us had any secrets. Often, they involved something personal, so very quickly those who really wanted to be close to him grew a thick skin. Obviously, he could also be kind and charming, even to us. However, no one trusted him – we knew that somewhere there a danger lay in wait. Alcohol loosens tongues. After a while, some things start to slip out – and then the lion would jump at your throat. The right relationship between teacher and his students should be like a nonintrusive piece of music. It plays quietly in the background and nobody minds it. Everyone knows their place in this melody and appears at precise times with the accurate volume.

In silence you can eat and drink for hours. When the moment of relaxation comes – for a joke or a question – it appears by itself, naturally. We liked the silence because there was

stillness in it and a break from the stress of training. Except that Sensei was like a volcano. He despised stagnation and the feeling of safety; he destroyed everything if dust settled on it. The music of understanding played softly in the background, but no one felt safe. Sometimes something slipped out. Someone did or said something stupid and a crack would shatter the harmonious chain of sounds. Everyone would open their mouths and stare at the fool in amazement. What followed was an explosion.

Or not – in that sense Sensei was unpredictable. Once, on some formal occasion, a certain giggly Mexican lady brought two litres of vanilla ice cream for the shared dinner, but escaped unscathed. Sweets were blacklisted. Sweets are fodder for childish weakness, and Sensei fought with our inner children and despised them with pure and deep hatred. Obviously, he was correct. We all know that sugar destroys teeth, fattens the body, and fools you with an illusion of fake power. Obviously, sweets are bad, but he didn't like them anyway. Old Japanese have different tastebuds. The young ones are already changed and formatted by McDonalds and TV, but the elders still eat raw fish and rice porridge for breakfast. On the pragmatic level of understanding the dos and don'ts in the life of an uchideshi, there was no consistency. On the one hand, we were forbidden coffee or sweets, but on the other, we stuffed ourselves until late at night, drinking seas of beer or whatever else you wanted. After years of leading my own dojo, I now know what he wanted to do. Back then I saw in it some rational consistency – he just followed his instinct, wanting to build a natural relationship with his students, based on the primitive honesty and responsibility

for oneself. So many times, he compared it to the irrational love toward a beautiful woman, but I did not know that this relationship also needed to be natural, like a dance of lovebirds. Inexplicable, understood only by those who were touched by this disease. We were stuck in a trance, enchanted for months, some of us for years. The table and those dinners were a tactile manifestation of that. He, at the head of the table, like the chief of a tribe, a father in a Mongolian yurt, a mafia boss, a pope on the Synod, a ringleader. The rest of us, sitting according to some weird hierarchy born out of animal instinct. When we were at the level of a wolf pack, such things happened naturally, and they offered peace of mind and a sense of meaning. With this language he reached us, irrespective of our age, sex, nationality, religion, past, or level of advancement in the art. Arm in arm sat a sniper from the Navy Seals, a builder from Mexico, a poet-plumber from California, a Jew from New York, and a historian from Poland. Everybody felt the same.

“Awareness is much more important than religion,” Chiba used to say. Once someone told me to never sit next to him as an uchideshi. I don’t know why, but this really stuck in my memory. I always sat far away, and I never let him out of my sight. For that whole time, I only let something out twice – and both those times I paid severely and immediately. With time you create a deceptive feeling of security, because the routine becomes predictable and safe. Back then, I was 32 years old; he was 62. He got old and turned grey. Without a keikogi and a bokken, in a worn-out T-shirt and shabby jeans, he looked like an old uncle – it could seem that he was kind and warm-hearted. His eyes, however, were made

of steel, and I felt that this whole thing about being “nice” irritated him so much that he would have preferred to tear it out from himself and beat us up with it.

It was perhaps during my last stay. I lived in the dojo with A, an Albanian from New York. He was a quiet and a focused man, marked by a Balkan simplicity which I envied him. He appeared to be a man whose desires, thoughts, and actions were all unified. Sensei sensed this honesty, and for me their relationship was always a model of what dedication and trust can build. On the mat they collided with each other like a hammer with red-hot metal. Sparks flew everywhere. Sensei yelled at him, trying to release even more of this honesty, and he nodded and tried his best. Later, they never spoke of it, as if the fire had extinguished itself on the mat.

On the day I am thinking of, the two of us, along with M, went to Sensei’s house to pick up an old table which was supposed to replace the one in our room. I had been in the living room a couple of times, when invited for official dinners or to eat something after working in the garden. His house was different than the dojo. Cats, grandchildren running around, a piano . . . Naturally, an atmosphere of family warmth appeared, and we felt much more relaxed. Sensei sat in his place, and also behaved differently. We were rarely there because, also for him, it was much more difficult to keep up his mask and consequently play his role around piles of laundry or running children. We took the table, packed it in the back of a pickup truck, and drove back to the dojo. I remember how scared I was, sitting in the back. I held the table with my hands and prayed that we would not be stopped by the police. In



Tijuana, which was 10 miles away, entire families travelled on highways on the back of trucks, but here it was still America.

The relationships between uchideshi were strong and honest but at the same time childish and immature. The three of us were around 30 years old, raised up in poverty in Albania, Poland, or Mexico; we all found ourselves as students of a man who had grown up in impoverished postwar Japan. And all of us had been tossed into the wealthiest part of one of the richest countries in the world. In a childish way, we were constantly competing. To be closest to him, or to be the strongest, or bravest, or the one who didn't care anymore. It is a cliché, but we were fighting for a father's attention. It was probably stupid and inevitable, but also something that was stronger than most of the things we felt in our life.

We dragged the table to the uchideshi quarters and left it leaning against the wall for a moment. That was when we noticed, hidden under the table, two extended wires, in the place when Sensei normally sat. We set the table up and began to wonder what their purpose was. I don't remember who solved the riddle, but at one moment we all got chills when we realized: He kept his sword there. At home, while having dinner – under the wooden tabletop – he stored a weapon. Exactly when we, distracted by children, cats and that bloody piano, had finally felt safe. We wrung our hands, as one always does when, after many attempts, whatever you do seems useless. While drinking beer we spent ages trying to arrange a short sword on the wires in a way that would allow you to cut a human in one motion.

A few days later, we were sitting at the new table during an official dinner. We had forgotten about the whole situation, and none of us had enough courage to ask him about it. Sensei spoke to some people, and the quiet music of our dependency played on in tune. Suddenly, all three of us heard the clatter of wood and metal wires. Straight away, we understood what was going on and we looked at him. He had habitually moved his hand under the table, and had encountered the sword we had obliviously left there. Everyone else kept eating, unaware of what was happening. He glanced at us and understood that we knew. He nodded, and without looking at any of us, quite angrily grunted, "I see that you figured it out."

"We were only wondering if it was for a sword or a sawn-off shotgun," A said quietly.

"You'll never know," Sensei answered.

We never spoke about it again.

Of course, it was all nonsense. He was not a Yakuza boss or a gangster. It was a game; he never killed anyone. He didn't have real reasons for keeping a weapon under a table. I also saw that his face of disappointment in our discovery was rehearsed. However, none of this had any meaning. What was important was the real attention. Perhaps he had done it all deliberately from beginning to the end? Perhaps he had given us this table fully intending us to find those wires?

In the life of an uchideshi, the distinction between what is really happening in your tangled relationship with your teacher and what you imagine after some months is ever-changing.

Very often I was scared that what I had imagined while I was sitting by myself for days had nothing to do with reality.

I gave up everything, I sold all that I had, I stopped paying all my taxes, ignored letters from the Revenues, my studies, I messed up relationships with women and I went away to another part of the world. Something pulled me here, something which seemed to make everything worth it. Here was someone who spent his life the way I wanted to spend mine. I got so tangled up that I had nothing to lose. I ran out of money, my ticket expired. I stopped thinking about it and grabbed hold of the training. Now, it seemed each of his comments was not only a way of improving my technique, but an attack on my whole life and the decisions I had made. I remember lonely nights when I couldn't sleep because of the tiredness and the plethora of thoughts running through my head. Nights during which strange birds interwoven into a reed mat on the floor next to my bed came to life. I remember when one of them tried to fly with only one healthy wing, the rest of its body rotten, producing slime from which twisted bones poked out. How much of all of this was born in my head and how much really happened?

One of those times I was bustling about in the kitchen after class. As always, I appeared at the table last, unnoticed. Everybody was already eating and drinking beer. I sat down at the end of the wooden tabletop, opposite Chiba Sensei, who was talking to someone. Everyone was busy, so I thoughtlessly grabbed a bottle of beer, opened it, and started to drink in silence. The attack came straight away, and I wasn't ready for it at all.

“Don’t drink from a bottle like an animal! Use a glass!”

He yelled at me for a while, and I realised that when I had been busy in the kitchen, I hadn’t heard the conversation going on around the table. Apparently, it was on the topic of using a glass. I was told off, and there was nothing special about it. It was neither the first nor the last time. I poured my beer into a glass, apologised, and kept on drinking.

A few years passed. I came back to San Diego and again found myself at the bottom of the food chain in the dojo for a couple of months. I was the last one to sit down, again, opposite my teacher who was conversing. Perhaps I recalled the story about the glass. I looked around, unnoticed. Sensei was sipping wine and everyone else was drinking beer from the bottles. I was speechless. This made no sense. I remembered vividly the situation from a few years back. Arguments about drinking a bloody beer from a bloody glass. And now all of these people, obsessed with him, are drinking – no, gulping – beer down straight from the bottles?

And there, sitting at the end of the table – the ultimate fool. The first Pole who had come to America to spend money and not to earn it. An idiot who had gotten into debt again, broken up with some innocent girl. And again, had no place to live when he came back. And for all of that – nonsense, an insignificant game of roles. I took a bottle and I opened it. All of this was so ridiculously sad. I gave my whole life to this circus and it turned out to be a joke . . . The little Polish gnome in my head had a great time. I don’t even know where I took the strength from. Screw that. Not for him and not for them. Some consequences, some significance for me.

Otherwise, there is nothing inside you to respect. I got up, fuming, and went to the kitchen. Surrounded by chatter, I poured the beer into a glass and I raised it.

In all of this noise, around the sounds of conversations and clatter of bottles, Chiba Sensei sat motionlessly at the end of the table, looking straight into my eyes. I lowered the glass. He raised his hand and pointed at me. The chatter immediately stopped.

“You remember,” he said slowly, weighing the words. “And this is the moment. This is what counts.”

Food

“*The devil said to him, “If you are the Son of God, tell this stone to become bread.” Jesus answered, “It is written: ‘Man shall not live on bread alone.’*”

Luke 4, 3-4

In the world of my childhood, no one was on a diet. We stood in the queues to the butchers and chocolate was only for Christmas. In the world of my childhood, dinner was always served with soup. There was sausage, smoked to ashes, and hominy made by grandma from a recipe from Lviv. Once a year

we slaughtered a pig and the patio, crowded with metal bowls full of pieces of meat, smelled of blood. Food was a trophy, and a real man ate everything. Being a picky eater was a sign of weakness. No one was allergic to anything; you ate out of hunger. We never left anything on the plate.

We would run around the yard carrying a piece of sausage. There were no Italian restaurants, no sophisticated cuisine. There were exotic tastes, but there was no hunger either. This is what created our way. Food was a tool and fuel, not a goal in itself.

In San Diego, a handwritten rulebook of meals hung in the dojo. I remember that when I first saw it, I thought of it as a sign of American weakness. I had it drilled into me that food didn't matter. You did it because you had to. That was it. "We eat meat to have strength for our practise. We receive with respect the sacrifice of beings which had to give their lives. We only put as much as we can eat on the plate; we do not waste food."

Fifteen years have passed, and Poland has changed. Massive chains of supermarkets throw away tons of good products every day. Kids have everything in excess and don't know hunger anymore. Reading this rule book now, I understand the attempt to limit the absurdity of consumption. Back then I read it as a sign of capitalistic spoiling: everybody is on a diet. During one generation – from kids who at the church were given a bounty of salted butter and blocks of tasteless orange cheese – we have grown into adults who have more than they need. Christmas no longer smells of tangerines, and chocolate isn't a reward. As was true of many other things that Chiba

did, the purpose of controlling our food I understood only several years later. During my time as uchideshi, it seemed stupid and cult-like to me. I don't think I ever gave myself into it fully. I cheated, mostly with sugar, which gave me the strength for at least one class. At the end of the week, we were very tired. I would sneak out to Adams Avenue, to the grocery store next to the dojo, to buy a chocolate bar and flavoured milk. Apart from guaranteed diarrhoea, it gave me a kick for the first practice. But then the packaging had to be disposed of. At the beginning I threw it away in a bin in the car park, but then, at some point, I saw Chiba Sensei looking through our garbage. From that moment onward, I threw it away on the way back. Sensei checked our fridge and the trash can in the dojo. Once a week we all had dinner together, for which each of us had to prepare something and then explain what exactly was on the plate. Most of the time there would be a traditional dish. I managed to cook chicken broth and a beetroot soup. Later on, I came up with meals which were safe and cheap. Most of us were unable to uphold the rules of eating, though. In our spare time we devoured sweets and drank coffee. The official regime of the dojo was based mostly on Japanese traditions. We ate plenty of fish, rice – I can also remember strips of roast squid, prawns, soba (buckwheat noodles), pickled radish. We didn't eat red meat, as it was too expensive. Looking at it now, I see how much I wasted an opportunity to control my own body. Limiting the diet and cleaning up the way you eat can change your entire life. Uchideshi live in the world of extreme emotions and on the edge of physical exhaustion. Because of that, food becomes one of the naturally emerging forms of self-reward. A way of

comforting. Food, sleep, and alcohol. Anything that can take your mind away from the dojo, even for a while. In the times of O-Sensei, in postwar Japan, the uchideshi were always hungry. Every big meal was a celebration. Chiba Sensei told us that once he was cleaning the pot after cooking rice and poured out the water, which still had a few grains of rice in it. Then he saw O-Sensei's wife carefully picking out those leftover grains from the mud. Likewise, my grandmother was furious at seeing food being thrown away. People who have been touched by poverty, war, labour camps, and such will be happy with a dry piece of bread until the end of their days.

A teacher wants a serious student. Now I understand it. He doesn't want to lead classes twice a week. He doesn't want to teach how to twist the arm, but to show the path of self-control. By enforcing a regime, Sensei was seeing how much he could interfere in our lives. Food is an escape – if we also gave that away, the only thing left which was truly ours was sleep. This is, of course, just part of the truth. The most obvious thing is that during intense training you have to respect yourself and not to eat rubbish. That after red meat, man is sluggish and gets tired easily. That fast food is poison and that you can give yourself cancer. That you have to control your weight because a fat teacher is a disgrace; he shows you that he has no control over his body. I remember eating unrefined brown rice. The bloody stuff had to be boiled for almost an hour. A few people ate nothing but that for a week. On a roll of showing off I asked for more details, but he instantly forbade me:

“You are from a cold country and you need meat.”

He believed that you should only eat products which grow naturally in your area. The world got crazy, though, and now in the middle of winter in Poland you can eat papayas, mangoes, and bananas.

The diet accompanies the practise of meditation as much as it used to accompany medieval Catholic monks. Perhaps you need to mature to it? Fighting with food is a fight with one's self. It is also a means of control. From one side I see Chiba as a master who tried to limit his own diet as well as his students'. He was aware of the role of food, its influence on the training, on self-awareness. He was disgusted by weakness, gluttony, and the lack of attentiveness of what you are consuming. But on the other side, there was this hungry little boy living inside of him who had grown up in old-time Japan. The one running around in a pair of too-large zori sandals through the ruins of postwar Tokyo. He loved to eat and drink. He ate good things, and he could cook. He respected himself; however, he was far from a martyr. Now, many years later, I also have uchideshi, and I can see how independence and simple skills, such as cooking, doing laundry, responsibility for cleaning, in life are as valuable as having the heart for training.



Hunger and Survival

“Once, when I was six years old, I saw a magnificent picture in a book called *True Stories from Nature* about the primeval forest. It was a picture of a boa constrictor swallowing a wild beast . . . In the book it said: ‘Boa constrictors swallow their prey whole, without chewing it. After that they are not able to move, and they sleep through the six months that they need for digestion.’ I pondered deeply, then, over the adventures of the jungle. And after some work with a coloured pencil I succeeded in making my first drawing . . . I showed my masterpiece to the grown-ups, and asked them whether the drawing frightened them. They answered me: ‘Why should anyone be frightened by a hat?’

Antoine de Saint-Exupéry⁸⁷

I felt that I had to start controlling what would reach me. I felt that I had to start filtering out what came my way. To not take anything on, to not eat, to lock myself in and hide away. To wait it out. Like a dying elephant or that snake from *The Little Prince* that had stuffed itself with much more than it could really fit. Each next piece of information bounces off me, it does not fit in. I do not understand what I know, information contradicts itself and I cannot put it in order, find a meaning. Only those who have had to, or wanted to, acquire a lot in a short time will understand this. For years you take the knowledge without any criticism, based

⁸⁷ Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, *The Little Prince*. Translation at deji.chez.com/se_eng/textes/littprin.htm

wholly on trust you hide in the safehouse of being a student. Knowledge bears responsibility – you have to fill it with life. From time to time, take all of the puzzles and lock yourself up in a room. Do not let anyone in while you unscramble it all. Throw away the pieces that don't fit and finally build something. There was a time when I bluntly listened to anyone and training in seminars over and over was natural for me. I was a sponge that would absorb anything. Years passed by and each word stayed with me like a rock in my backpack. Instead of running, I walked, until I finally collapsed under all that weight. I stopped listening and reacted with aggression. I remember seminars when I had to leave and lock myself up in a bathroom for a while. There was too much of everything. I wanted to hide, to close my eyes. To take one technique, one movement, and let it work. To see where that would lead me. Without people, without words, without explanations and masks.

In the middle of the night, I sit close to my four-year-old son, who is having a nightmare and is breathing heavily, and put my hand on him. Like a wild animal, he can feel the warmth and my smell. Suddenly he begins to breathe calmly and deeply, and he relaxes fully. He drifts off into a peaceful sleep.

This is how I felt when I was hiding inside of myself. The battle cannot be endless. For me and those like me, every day is a battle. The analogy with food is exceptionally accurate. In every culture, in every religion, the basic way of treating overeating or food poisoning is to stop eating at all. Like a hungry animal, we wake up and change: from a dog into

a wolf, from a goat into a deer. You can hear more, you can feel more.

There was this one time when I decided to challenge myself, feeling mostly anger caused by the lack of the control over what I was eating. It was in Poland, years after being an uchideshi in San Diego. All the doctors I know said that fasting is a placebo, and all of those theories about burning the deposits of old pork sitting in our gut is the same kind of nonsense that can be compared with “aikido” plasters. However, they also said: if it works for you, do it. There was really only one thing that interested me – do I own the food or does the food own me?

When we began, there were four of us. One of us did it every year; the rest of us had never done it. There was a skinny uchideshi from Chile among us: he did not want to, but he had to. The first day was easy. I don't like breakfast, and I don't get hungry until midday. Then it gets tough. Like a chubby teenager, I paced around the flat and my wife made fun of me. I knew that if I managed to go to sleep, I would wake up with no hunger the next day. I had done that many times before and I knew that it was my weakness, playing with me. I felt hunger that was not there. The second day was the same. My body had plenty of energy, and four hours of training did not influence the level of my hunger at all. I drank only water. In the evening I went through the same circus of going back and forth to the fridge. The third day was the worst. In some suicidal attack I made myself do cardio training and then finished with pullups on a bar. I spent the whole evening lying on my side, dreaming about a roll with

roasted pumpkin seeds. I even thought about just putting some in my mouth and sucking on it without swallowing. The awakening of the animal happened in a theatrically clichéd manner the next day. I took my dog for a walk and I was happy. It was autumn, I could see the colours of leaves and the sky more beautifully and fully. I could appreciate smells and the wind passing through fingers of my open palm. It was like when you change into a werewolf and you can hear a burp of an ant. Somewhere deep inside I clearly knew what was happening – it was my body understanding that the provider had not found food for three days, and so it needed to activate the hunter-gatherer program. Still, I only drank water, and I lost a kilogram each day. The hunger had completely vanished, I found peace and lightness. It was the fourth day – the uchideshi who got slimmer just from exercising 30 hours a week began to faint, his weight had reached 60 kilograms. We left him behind and went on, watching enviously as he ate his first cooked carrot with tears in his eyes. I kept on losing weight and the hunger did not return. Slowly my enthusiasm and strength also disappeared. The body understood that the operator had lost his mind and was not searching for food. At this stage it begins to eat itself from the inside. Apparently, the muscles go first. You are watching this like a TV show, with the satisfaction of a kid picking scab off his wounded knee. On the fifth day I started to stumble, so I bought two bottles of beetroot juice, which I was recommended for a boost. The shits appeared instantly in a terrifying colour of beetroot red. It turned out that the juice should be from cooked beetroots, not raw ones. On the sixth day I fainted twice. I had to ease up on the training

because I floated more than walked. I reached the end with no major problems. The whole thing lasted for 20 days. At the beginning we excluded meat, then around four days before the fast we ate only cooked vegetables. Then, for the whole week, nothing. You come back to life afterwards for the whole week by eating only cooked vegetables. My first meal – two potatoes, a carrot, and half a stalk of parsley – almost made me vomit. One potato would be enough for the whole day, easily. Like the hell of Ichikukai⁸⁸ – you find out, most of all, that what you define as a hunger, limitation, doesn't exist. That I don't have to, that I can do anything. With a relaxed lifestyle, you can survive on water for 14 days, supposedly even 21 days. To free yourself from something that you define as an obligation. Like a snake, I digest everything that I have inside of me. The elephant made out of meat; the elephant made out of information. I throw out everything that poisons me. I look at the adverts during the pre-Christmas period. An older man looks greedily and mournfully at a massive pork knuckle. His wife, nudging, says that he shouldn't do it because he will suffer the next day, that it's too greasy for him. The voice in the background responds – don't worry, stuff your belly and then take the medicine XYZ. Apparently, the concept of remedying overeating by consuming even more things appeared along with the modern advertisements of the nineteenth century. The teachings of martial arts say to reject such illusions and masks and not to collect them – said Chiba Sensei. Awareness, rejection, and acceptance – key words. To chew on this. He told us to chew every bite 30 times instead of jumping on a piece of meat ravenously like a dog. We used chopsticks because the bites were smaller then. The same

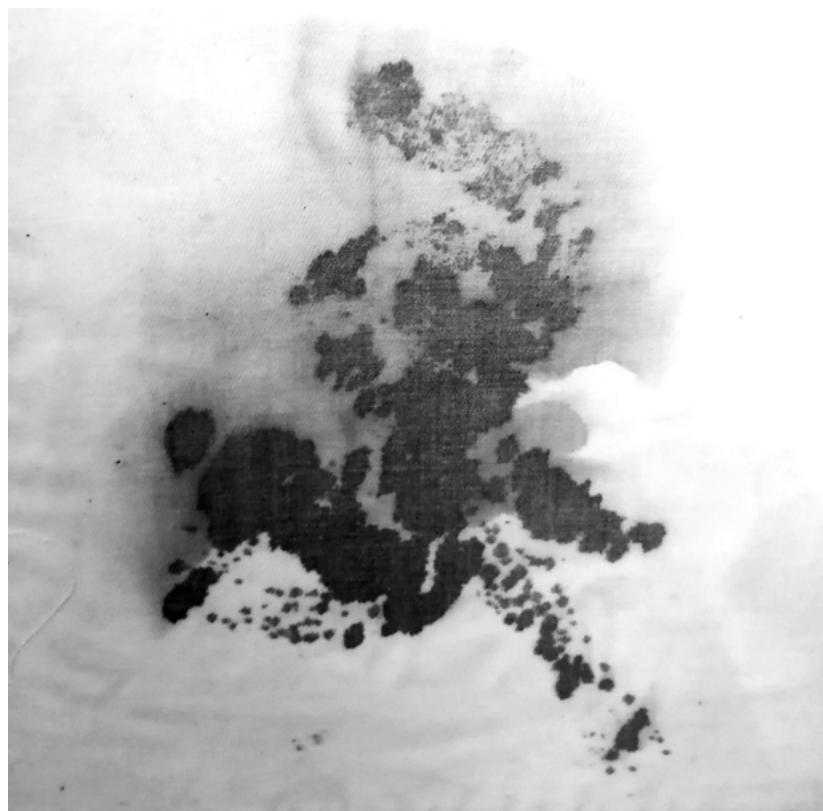
88 An intensive session of misogi (purification) training in Tokyo.

applied to knowledge. The period of a solitary work with no impulses from outside was a gradual tranquilizer. Here, however, I was escaping, because I no longer felt hunger, it was too much. In the world of abstract explanations and mock fights you had to mature enough to accept the truth, as much as to reject it. Like Oyama⁸⁹ who practised alone in the mountains, like Gonnosuke Musō⁹⁰ who after looking to Musashi Miyamoto disappeared into the mountains for 40 days before he created the jo (staff) as a weapon. In each culture, isolation and time for yourself was a part of legends, beliefs, and truly important stories. Somewhere deep inside of us resides the same thing. The need for seclusion in the wilderness and time to sort things out. It doesn't matter if it's a Japanese imitating an old samurai. It could be you – searching for strength like Simeon Stylites⁹¹, like Jesus in the desert.

89 Masutatsu Oyama (1923–1994) – the creator of kyokushin karate.

90 Gonnosuke Musō (XVI/XVII century) – the creator of jōjutsu Shintō-musō-ryu school.

91 Simeon Stylites (390–459) – a monk and an ascetic, a Russian Orthodox and Catholic saint who spent 40 years on a pole a few meters long, sitting on a platform which was around 4 square meters.



Drinking

“Is that vodka?” Margarita asked weakly. The cat jumped up in his seat with indignation. “I beg pardon, my queen,” he rasped, “Would I ever allow myself to offer vodka to a lady? This is pure alcohol!”

M. Bulgakov⁹², *The Master and Margarita*

I grew up, as many of us, with the stench of digested vodka. There was nothing special in this, because vodka was then a part of our life. In fact, it was much better than anywhere else – the real darkness took place outside our home.

For my entire childhood there was no alcohol. None of us tried it, as the problem lived under the skin, under the surface of the earth. Every day it pulsated with small and big dramas. Like in other houses, Mother Vodka was at the table, not ashamed of her slaves – for us she was a secret and an invisible enemy. This was a different world. There weren’t hundreds of various cocktails; no one considered beer to be alcohol. There was no whisky, rum, or eggnog. This was a world of vodka, moonshine, hooch, pretty much muddy rotgut from a den. There were no alcoholics, only drunks.

92 M. Bulgakov, *The Master and Margarita*. Translation at <https://www.goodreads.com/quotes/618903-is-that-vodka-margarita-asked-weakly-the-cat-jumped-up>

Being a drunk was a state of mind, social status, and a definition of a person. The final mark and a way of awaiting death. A living death. Being a drunk was the end of any kind of transformation. It mutated like some kind of animal – from a child into the cocoon of a teenager, and then from this emerged something final. Who knows what? A teacher, a priest, a police officer, a communist party member, a head of PGR or a lady from the butcher's. Some of them mutated once again and their final form crept out: a drunk. In those times in my area, everyone had a TV at home – more or less in colour – a dog on a chain, and a drunk in a family. If it wasn't a father or a mother, it was definitely one of their siblings. We had those in every house on our street. Opposite us lived Mrs. Packo with her son. I cannot remember his name, but he was one of them. He trudged around wearing a grey pinstriped suit and a T-shirt. She, with a small scarf tied on her head like every woman back then, ran a drinking den located in a half of a house in the suburbs, built in the times of Hitler. Sometimes when our group played on the street, our ball would land there by accident, and we took turns sneaking in to get it. In her house Mrs. Packo kept bags full of wheat and corn, some knick-knacks; in drawers she stored piles of old watches, rings, and other wonders that were brought by her slaves. They appeared every evening. Like zombies. Sometimes to buy, sometimes to beg, sometimes with hostility and drunken weeping. I saw it all from my window. Her son was the first one to drink himself to death.

She had an exceptionally vicious cockerel we were all terrified of. One day the little bugger jumped on her back and pecked at her so severely that the wound got infected and she died.

For me, alcohol was the blood of the devil and a sign of illness. I knew very clearly that if I tried it, I would stain myself and betray something fundamental. Now I know that I felt special because of this, and I wanted to hide myself from it more than to show power. After all, I saw victims of this disease each day.

I never tried any alcohol until I went to university. I think I was 24 years old, and it didn't taste nice to me at all. I tried it because I could no longer remember why I didn't drink. Maybe my wounds had healed, maybe I somehow matured to it. Perhaps it was too late for it – or, perhaps, it was never in fact a forbidden fruit – more like something which we blamed for the hell of our childhood?

Polish Aikido was different back then. Many kids trained, and the instructors were twenty-something-year-olds. The atmosphere was a hybrid of a Catholic youth group, Boy Scouts, and a sport club. There were no cigarettes, no alcohol. There was authority and a feeling of responsibility for the youth. Perhaps that is why I hid in this world. Alcohol was domesticated by teachers from the West: with wine, the culture of drinking, special glasses. Drinking for the taste, not to get drunk. Alcohol also appeared among the grown-up students during summer camps. Drinking is a part of Japanese culture, like any other. Many Japanese, due to a botchy gene, get drunk quickly and cheaply. Additionally, in the world of a constant pressure at work and a hysterical fear of losing face, they have to have some kind of a safety vent. Perhaps this is why some of them work like ants for 20 hours, then drink like pigs for the few remaining ones.

Time spent with alcohol is time of forgotten honesty, which you leave behind in a pub, in stains of vomit. I have never seen Chiba Sensei really drunk. Alcohol was part of our relationship; however, even here everything was a minefield full of rules and traps. In a relationship with a student, alcohol offered additional tools for pulling out secrets and highlighting weaknesses. He never stopped being our teacher. He was who he was – at all times. Now I can see how important that was. Most of the long-term uchideshi would never let their defences down in his company. We drank beer because it tasted great after the training. As long as he was in the room, no one was crazy or went overboard with drinking. Apparently, it used to be different. The senior students told us stories that you had to run away from the dojo before midnight, because if you were still there when the clock struck twelve, a bottle of whiskey appeared on the table, and until there was not a single drop left, there were no excuses.

During my days I only saw Chiba drinking something stronger than beer a handful of times. In those cases, usually one of the older students would offer to give him a lift home. Alcohol in the States penetrated the culture in a different sense. You drink everywhere, and most people drive after a few beers or even a larger amount. It is the result of the lack of random controls on the streets. The democracy has got into people's heads, and as long as you drive straight, and you don't shoot passers-by, no one has a right to stop you. There is no practise of organising preventive raids like in Eastern Europe. Perhaps this is why the uchideshi or the seniors offered him help with transport – it was the right thing to do. Sensei would normally accept these offers. I asked him

only once – it was late, and I was the highest rank and I had built up precedence in the room. He stood up from the table with a difficulty, so I approached him, hesitantly.

“Sensei, can I give you a lift?”

As it turned out, he was not that tired, nor drunk. He suddenly jumped at me with a yoko-geri side kick, at the height of my ribs. I had never trusted him once in my life – I always approached him as if he were a ticking bomb – so I managed to dodge the attack and his foot missed me. If I hadn’t been alert enough, I’d have been kicked and probably would have ended up on the table amongst the bottles and the leftovers. I wonder if this is what he wanted.

‘Good reflex’, he nodded, a bit disappointed, ‘But never ask me that again.’

There was only one time I got really drunk and went for training the next day. We drank at the summer school in San Francisco. We were in student halls of the state university. All the floors were occupied by our group. Me and another uchideshi lived with Chiba Sensei on the top floor – the 12th floor, I think. Like the highest level from Bruce Lee’s last movie. You had to beat everyone up on your way to reach us.

In the middle of the week, I was called by a teacher from Manhattan, whom we had gotten completely plastered in a most shameful and unchivalrous way the year before. His revenge was brutal, and I only remember unchronological snippets of it. The blanks I filled out with the assistance of my camera, which was, as it turned out, used by most people that evening.

And this is how, at midnight, the police barged in, quite ridiculously enforcing their newfangled opinion that they take the ban on consuming alcohol in student halls utterly seriously. Like Rejtan,⁹³ inebriated, I fell into their arms, asking to have a photo taken with the American police. They didn't agree to handcuff me for this picture, although I really wanted it. Because what person with my PESEL number⁹⁴ wouldn't like to have a picture where they are handcuffed by police in San Francisco? Holy fuck, it's like in a movie. The photo shoot went on and on. The police left, and it was only in the morning when I realised that pictures come out much better when you turn your camera on.

In the morning I went for training. I survived the first Iaido class with difficulty. I was an uchideshi and there were 200 people in the room. Regardless of who was teaching, I was always called as an uke. I remember that, with a sharp sword under my belt and a wooden one in my hands, I was trying to repeat a form without puking on the older man before me in front of the crowd. I managed, but the following class was classical aikido with the twisting of little paws and the merry jumping of somersaults. I sat close to the doors and far away from the centre of the action. After a warmup, the teacher called someone up. A guy attacked and she, with skittish excitement, turned around and batted him a meter and a half into the air. He flew nicely, but then banged to the floor, breaking his fall heavily. The vibrations ran through the entire room and I could feel the floor around me pulsat-

93 Tadeusz Rejtan (1742–1780) – A Polish politician who on one occasion, to prevent the passage of the partition of the country, bared his chest and lay down in the doorway to prevent anyone from leaving the chamber.

94 PESEL number – The Polish national identification number.

ing subtly and not at all pleasantly. After the next breakfall, I ran straight into the exotic bushes and palms trees outside.

Why am I writing all this? That was the only time in my 30 years of practise when I really got drunk and went to training – and I lost.

Alcohol is a part of training in martial arts. Everybody drinks. Drink and practice. Regardless of how much you drink, you have to go to class. Alcohol is a part of this legend, and it is difficult to judge that. Alcohol is an escape from the stress, and a disease that people go through, as if in the story of their life they had to drink a proper amount of this crap. Most teachers stop at some point, as if they had enough. Of course, there are also many alcoholics who crash because somewhere along the way they are hunted down by the monster of addiction. I saw some teachers who, as soon as they left the mat, were given their flip-flop sandals and a beer by their assistant.

It seems that the stories of moderation are also intended for those who need to try to live without it beforehand. Because no one will achieve anything if they do everything in moderation. We are there to relish in the training. 'Moderation! Moderation! And he died,' as alcoholics used to say. Alcohol is a part of most of the cultures which Chiba Sensei encountered. I can't remember any Muslims, apart from one teacher from France. I also never saw him putting pressure on non-drinkers; although there were scarcely any, they were always respected.

Many years have passed, and thousands have come and gone through my own dojo. Among them were policemen, spies, ex-convicts, soldiers, and security guards. They created the

strength of this place – along with themselves they brought life and validated what I was saying and teaching. The dojo which I create is to be a stronghold and a safe space for everybody. It is a delicate structure; a teacher needs to cherry-pick his friends and know who he will allow to be close. Know who to allow to influence the dynamic of the group. So far, everything works. So far, everything grows.

Policemen and Thieves

“My God, send me a dark night so I can go rustling,
So I can steal two white horses . . .

Jerzy Ficowski,⁹⁵ *“Song of a Gypsy Horse Thief”*

He was one of those sly tourists who come for seminars to have their card stamped with a famous name. They have their picture taken with a teacher and then for few years they brag about it to everyone around. We paid for every moment with Chiba with blood, sweat, and tears. They came in like tourists to the zoo in which we sat in cages. This one, in addition, signed up for a private chat. The rule was simple: in the afternoons, those who wanted or had to talk with Chiba Sensei put their name on a list. Most often he came to every

⁹⁵ Jerzy Ficowski, *Cyganie w Polsce* (author's translation), Warszawa: Interpress 1989, pp. 93.



country only once a year and many wanted to talk to him in peace, to give an account; a few were called into the office to explain themselves. Chiba Sensei approved the list and then we took care of those meetings. There could be no delays, we had to plan everything with perfect timing, bring something to drink, sometimes to translate. In this way we found out many irrelevant personal stories – yet, even more often, we simply listened to reams of political sludge.

I have to admit that listening to those conversations taught me a lot about being a teacher. The questions and the reasons for meeting showed us what those people really wanted from their teacher. Serious people, who had never seen Chiba in person, asked him about private stuff or personal decisions. I was shocked by how much they needed not who he was, but what he came up with. Sometimes he played this game and for a well-rounded question he gave well-rounded, politically correct answers. Sometimes, he wasn't in the mood for that and he snapped at the person. He was only human; he was most likely flattered by this image but was often annoyed with the labels.

That day, a tourist-friend from outside of our school squeezed into the conversation, and between many silly questions he asked an interesting one.

“I teach in a centre where I have a group of young criminals. They are keen, but I have my doubts, perhaps they will use the training for the wrong purpose?”

“Do not judge people. Those criminals are, most of the time, more serious students than ‘normal’ ones. Even if they use violence on daily basis, it becomes something natural for

them. They practise harder because this is what they expect from the training. If they have ever risked their well-being or their life, it is easier to explain weapons training to them. The dojo is a place of refuge. A place where a criminal and a policeman meet and train together.”

I do not know if he understood it. It was like when Chiba Sensei told us that honest training and awareness are more important than religion. People who lived on the edge of the law attracted and fascinated him. I think that the image of himself and the dojo that he was trying to create was validated by those kinds of people.

Thus, instead of a group of IT specialists and over-intellectualised yuppies with transparent hands, who look simply ludicrous whilst talking about a sword cut, he had a cultural mixture. Mexicans, Marines, Navy Seals. The morning training was led by an instructor of hand-to-hand combat from the FBI.

It was 2003 when I got there. A few months earlier the Mexican police had begun to crack open the horrid drug cartel of Ramon Felix⁹⁶ in Tijuana, where one of Chiba Sensei's students had established a dojo.

El Chapo⁹⁷ was just becoming a king, and everyone was talking about Los Zetas.⁹⁸ All of this took place a few miles away from San Diego Aikikai. In the first decade of the century, in the Mexican cities of Baja California, there was blood on

96 Ramon Arellano Felix (1964–2002) – the leader of the Tijuana drug cartel.

97 Joaquín Archivaldo Guzman Loera, El Chapo (born 1954 or 1957) – the most powerful Mexican drug lord.)

98 Los Zetas – a Mexican criminal group. Ex-commandoes, hired by the cartel, took the control of it over and began to act independently.

the streets every day. I remember my first trip to Tijuana for a weekend. You had to ask Sensei for permission, and his first reaction was a refusal.

‘They will arrest you, and it’ll be a circus again’, he growled. However, he thought about it, and finally he agreed. He pointed at me and said to M: ‘Watch him at all times and don’t get arrested. I won’t bail you out.’

Some time before, a group of kenshusei had gone to a bar in Tijuana on a Saturday night. A fight broke out, and tough guys from the dojo faced off with a few of the local thugs. The whole thing was obviously a set-up, and the police were waiting for the dumb gringos outside. One of them managed to escape, and in the right moment bribed el comandante. This is how our boys managed to dodge a classic “prosecutor” trick.

A drunk fool was locked up under any kind of petty excuse and informed that the prosecutor would look into his case on Monday morning. For a terrified whitey, this meant 48 hours in a Mexican prison, and in his head that would at least end up in him being raped. Because that kind of thing had already happened in the dojo, it seemed that Sensei was scared that the dumb Pole would get into similar trouble.

The dojo in Tijuana was located on one of the main streets. We went there many times. Aikido wasn’t that popular there; the group was small, and people were nice. I remember seeing a hole from a bullet in a window. During our trips, they always sat me on the back seat and put a hat on my head. I would never drive, because apparently I would be stopped immediately by the police, who would be extorting money. At that time, there was fighting going on between the mil-

itary and cartels, and the highway south of Tijuana through Rosarito and all the way to Todos Santos was still checked by armed soldiers. They jabbed spikes into the bags being transported on the trucks going north to San Diego. Apart from drugs, their main business was human trafficking. While I was working in construction in Chicago, I met many Polish people who had crossed the Mexican border with “coyotes.”⁹⁹ In 2003 the price was 2,000 dollars. Chicago is a fascination, a Polish jungle, where nothing works legally. An American land of democracy and liberty turns out to be very tolerant of those who pay taxes. As long as you pay, no one checks your work permit. I met people who had companies with 15 trucks, employing plenty of people. They had incomes, accounts, and credit cards, but they had been living in the States illegally for 10 years. They did not fly by plane or take a bus because that was where passport control could take place. If someone was found out this way, they would be kicked out of the country instantly, and there was nothing left for them to do but to come back, again illegally.

For the brave ones, Mexico was quite cheap. There are no visas, so it is easy to get there. Contacts with Mexican smugglers came easily because the Polish worked very closely with illegal Mexicans. It is known that no one lays down plaster as well as them. In the middle of the freeway from San Diego to LA, before the passport control station, there are road signs that I haven't seen anywhere else in the world – they show a family with a child, running. This is because you can run across people who are fleeing from the control. This was the

⁹⁹ Coyotes – criminal groups which specialise in smuggling people from Mexico to the USA.

reality of San Diego. A make-believe city with wealthy, flowery suburbs and houses worth a few million dollars.

For the most part, pleasant and well-put-together individuals came to the dojo. In general, Aikido doesn't attract the criminal element, because to achieve any kind of expertise you have to dig through the ritual, the difficult study of falling and impractical attacks. In terms of usefulness, for an active criminal, in the majority of the cases, it is not attractive at all. However, for Sensei this was supposed to be a place of refuge. Where a convict and a policeman could train together. A master is supposed to be something in between. A dojo is supposed to be purgatory, a place in between heaven and hell. He believed in distinct characters, simple in a beautiful way. They say that once they found a corpse lying on the doorstep of the dojo. I don't know if the poor guy was killed or if he drank himself to death, but apparently Chiba Sensei was happy.

The Responsibility

“*My strongest fear was that I might dishonour O-Sensei’s fame because of my lack of proper weapons skills. I did not want people to look at O-Sensei, who was then a highly regarded martial artist – one in a million, established in an indisputable position as such – and say, “He might be a great master, but look at his student. Is that all he has?”*

– Chiba Sensei¹⁰⁰

A teacher is responsible for passing on knowledge. That day the training was interesting, and we were well-rested. Strong bodies began to play with the technique – yet we apparently did not approach the class seriously enough, as we had to pay for it later. I don’t remember anymore exactly what Chiba said, but he finished with a pompous:

‘O-Sensei was the first one, then I, and now you – you are the third ones!’

My first reaction was a grin. O-Sensei was a legend, like Genghis Khan or Leonardo da Vinci. Chiba was his student, an icon, something which had scared me since my childhood. And me, I was a guy from Poland, no one special on the mat or off it. Clearly, it was a bit of social engineering used for building and integrating the group. Years later, however,

100 T.K. Chiba, *The Position of Weapons Training in Aikido: A Consideration of the Unity of Body and Sword*, 1999.

I understood that he was serious. In the world of Aikido, his approach was utterly individualistic and special. In fact, apart from those closest to him, no one understood him. The facade which could be seen by the majority during grand conferences was misconstrued as violence and aloofness. Only through close contact and heavy training could one see the integrity of his message. In the world of big names and celebrities who attract hundreds of people on the mat, our school was tiny and insignificant. 'Small is beautiful,' Sensei used to say when this topic was mentioned. Being the third ones in the line of this message seemed to us ridiculous and pretentious. Especially since most of us were not interested in that. Perhaps we were there more for him than for the Aikido itself.

O-Sensei had taught for dozens of years. People had left him, set up their own schools, and referred to his message. Decades had passed, and more and more masters and high ranks appeared. Today, 50 years after his death, fifth- and sixth-dan practitioners from various organisations number in the thousands; their rank means nothing more than a place in a specific little hierarchy. There is no room for comparison. People with high ranks have almost no chance of meeting each other, living in closed-off communities. Everybody refers to O-Sensei's ideas and uses the word "Aikido," the meaning of which has already been diluted. On the lips of thousands of people, it is received as something completely different. When Chiba Sensei told us about the responsibility for conveying the message of Aikido, we knew about the ocean of interpretations and opinions that this world was drowning in. For precisely that reason, what he said was an absurdity

for us. I needed years and many conversations with my own uchideshi to finally understand it.

I am me – I am responsible only for myself and for what I believe in. For me, Ueshiba is history. I didn't know him; he died before I was born. I don't know Japanese; I didn't get to know the culture well enough to discover the roots of the martial art that I have practised all my life. My guidepost on this road has been my contact with a teacher. This is my Aikido.

Chiba wasn't the only student of O-Sensei. Like a sponge, he was soaked with him – yet in a different way than others. He saw in him something other than his friends saw. For some, the Founder was a warm, kind, older man; for others a strong and wise master; for still others, a charismatic leader worthy of sainthood. For Chiba, O-Sensei was a man who held his demons by the throat. He was a man who Chiba let inside, a man for whom he opened Pandora's box. Before him, he confronted the nastiness that crawled out from it. Ueshiba was an inspiration, an icon, a motivation, and a constant pang of guilt. Ueshiba didn't even have to know that. This is simply how it was. Chiba knew his smell, the feel of his hands, his moods. He recognised him by the sound of his steps on the corridor. He knew his wife and children – they lived together. He was a part of his life. Palpable and honest.

For Chiba Sensei, Takeda, O-Sensei's master, was only a name and a legend – just as O-Sensei was for us; it was Chiba and his message that were the most important. He was the one we knew and were fascinated by. He taught us loyalty to the family of O-Sensei and to the Aikikai Foundation of Hombu

Dojo – like a samurai teaches children loyalty towards a clan and a crest. And, like O-Sensei's students did, each of us also saw something different in our teacher.

When Chiba died, thousands of orphans around the world displayed his portrait on their kamiza. I don't know why, but I chose a picture in which he looks angrily at me, as if he wanted to say, again: 'Baka [fool]!' Many people display photos in which he seems proud, content, smiling. We, too, took from his teachings only that which we wanted. Only what we needed him for. How much was Aikido in this teaching? I don't know. I stepped into his world – Chiba was a king there and I wanted to serve him. If he ordered me – within the framework of his understanding of Aikido – to shear sheep or to sew shoes, I would probably have done it. Because with each day I saw his experience. I saw what influence the things I was doing had on me, even if it was something completely different that did not fit in the traditional concept of the training. Now I believe that there is nothing more in it than a message that came from him – a teacher, a master, a father, a craftsman, a mentor. Even if he was hundredth in line to receive it. For me, he and the responsibility are the only things that count. I am no one special, I have no rights reserved to the word 'Aikido', or even to my teacher's teachings– there were so many of us. Our destiny is to give something that is wholly ours to people, who will understand it in their own ways. The only thing that is repeated in all of those messages, the only thing that connects them, is honesty and a human giving himself fully, trusting the other. I don't even know if what I am doing is still Aikido, or if it is a creation of different times and different cultures. I could

name dozens of people better than me. Who had greater talent. Who had more patience, practiced more intensely. Who understood him better. Aikido blossomed in them, and in his eyes you could see pride and contentment from a job well done. Today, none of them teach; many do not even train anymore – they left this chapter of their lives closed, more or less. I could name dozens of people who were not physically capable of doing it. They did not understand what he wanted from them and were on the verge of a breakdown at every training. People who he had thrown out, who then came back. Fat, weak, stiff. Many of them still teach. Why? Because the feeling of responsibility for the message has nothing to do with a talent or potential. I don't know anyone who, after years of doing nothing, was suddenly pushed by a feeling of obligation to open a dojo and start to teach. You have it or you don't.

After my return from the States, the head of the Sports Department of the University of Wrocław called me and asked to meet me. I went there not knowing what to expect. A man who I had never met before sat in his office and asked me to lead Aikido classes at the University. I looked at him, surprised.

'Why me? There are many teachers.'

'Do you know my name?' he asked.

He gave me his name, and I remembered a tall, blonde guy from 10 years ago. I remembered the name of his son, and it turned out that, in those times, that was enough. I was just starting to build my own dojo back then, and after the first training I felt as if I had touched the feet of God. The room was full of young, fit men who, out many options, had

chosen Aikido. I was ecstatic. For every 100 students who trained once a week, maybe three or four came to the dojo. For a few years I gave them an opportunity to do one extra training session for free. Over the course of 15 years, around five thousand people had passed through – and maybe two had earned a black belt.

A Teacher's Care

“*I know, the polokoktowcy don't love us. But we shall love them until they finally love us back.*

– Nadszyszkownik Kiklujadek

In the middle of my first stay in San Diego, Chiba Sensei went to France for a spring school in the mountains of Alsace. I was living in the dojo, and it was there that we were informed that he had had a stroke. I didn't feel abandoned – perhaps more glad about the sudden calm in the dojo. Without him, there was none of the nervous, pervasive feeling of a possible cataclysm. I lived in the belief that this man was immortal, and I couldn't imagine how a stroke could kill him. Everything returned to normal quite quickly, however, and until the end of my stay he continued yelling



at us while we tried to survive. Two years later, I travelled from Poland to San Diego. I remember when Chiba called me to his office on the first day, and said:

‘When you were here last time, I had a stroke in the middle of your stay, and it took me a long time to get back to normal. I did not care for you enough. Now this will change.’

It did change. It was then that I came up with a certain life motto that I still use to this day: the only thing worse than the lack of the teacher’s attention is the teacher’s attention. You have to understand – I hadn’t suffered from lack of attention. Sensei probably felt ashamed of his sickness and weakness, guilty for neglecting a man who had come there from other side of the world. From where I stood, though, I already had more attention than I could bear.

Those two months were much more intense than the previous six had been. I especially remember iaido. One training was led by the assistant teachers, advanced students. For a few weeks, Sensei stayed during these classes and sat in seiza on the wooden floor behind me. Wrong! – he shouted all the time. That was a true nightmare: he didn’t correct me, he only shouted that it was wrong. The teachers were frightened by his presence and no one had enough courage to correct me, so I struggled by myself. One of those days, I just tried to draw my sword from its scabbard while sitting in the seiza position. For over 20 minutes I attempted to execute the movement on the leader’s command, but even before I had moved, Chiba shouted his ‘Wrong!’

I can also recall one quite silly story from that time, about a French woman. She was my colleague – back then she was

a 58-year-old lady who was only visiting for a few weeks. She wasn't living in the dojo, but at somebody's house. It was a period when Sensei was paying particular attention to me, so I tried hard to do my best and I was under a lot of stress. Sensei told me that since I knew her, I was responsible for her. What that in fact meant was that it wouldn't be proper to beat up an older lady for her own mistakes – but I could be a human punching bag. She tried really hard, and I never had any problems, apart from one day. All of us were very impressed that she survived the training. On that day, the iaido class was about to start, and I came on the mat and saw her sitting on the side, wearing her street clothes.

‘What are you doing here?’

‘I'm done for today. I will just sit here and watch iaido.’

I yelled at her and told her to run to the changing room and get dressed. I had 10 minutes to save my ass. She tried to say something more, but I did not listen, I only growled. She got changed and trained until the end, and after the class she rushed home. We sat that evening with Sensei at the dinner and someone started to compliment her.

‘Yes, that woman has character’, Chiba Sensei conceded, growing animated. ‘I told her to give up iaido and even so, she still trained. A strong woman.’

It took me a few years to gin up the courage to tell her about it.

A teacher's attention is a fascinating phenomenon. It is like a poison which you cannot overdose on. My dojo is full of transparent people. Those who are moving in the corner of my eye. Kind, well-behaved, who do everything properly and

on time. However, all of them are in the dojo once or twice a week. Apart from some basic information I do not know anything about them. Sometimes 10 years pass I don't even know where they live, what they do exactly, what the names of their children are. Many times, I made the same mistake – I thought that they wanted and needed the same thing as I do. An intense relationship with the teacher. More and more. This almost always ended up the same. When the light shone on them, when I focused on what they were doing and started to be interested in their life – they began to recoil as if they were tortured. And then they ran away. Most of the time it was just for a while, until the situation died down and I focused on a relationship with someone else; then they came back. But many have never returned. Apparently, everyone needs a different dose of courage.

Therefore, this whole theory about a tight relationship between a student and a teacher being a condition for making progress is also nonsense. The transparent ones could also be good. They didn't need attention – they even avoided it. On the opposite end of the spectrum were those who obsessively needed this attention. I call them 'vampires', but they have many names. They are visible, always at the centre of attention. They begin every sentence with 'I' or 'me'. They define the world as something that is happening around them – the rest of us are just extras in this play. I have met many people like this; the relationship with them is very difficult, and, sooner or later, ends in conflict. Addicted to the attention, they train more and better than others, because on many levels they need validation, the constant impulse coming from feedback.

For me, the dojo is home. I bring my whole life there and I am very immensely disappointed in the lack of engagement of most of the students. For them, it is just a place of relaxation twice a week; for me, it is everything I have. Then those Others appear; after some time, the dojo for them becomes even more important than it is for me, and I am the one who gets lost. Those people feed on the relationships inside of the dojo. They play up the conflicts, and often they are the ones to provoke them. A quiet place of refuge, suddenly, for me becomes a pack of wolves, a bush fire which I do the best I can to put out. I go from being, for the vampires, an impartial god to being just a person, one of them. This begins, typically, with criticism of the teacher, talking behind one's back. The small microcosms of the dojo in which they have been hiding become too tight for them. Mostly, I am the one that pinches them, and there is always a conflict. They domesticate that place, appropriating it by achieving higher and higher ranks, by coming more and more into the centre of attention.

The problem is, though, that the main character, the protagonist, in the dojo is me, and the dojo is always a monument of my madness and my mythomania. This living place creates a structure around one person. And, although I attract people similar to me, with time it is my position which troubles them, and a conflict happens. It sounds terrible, but it is as natural and primal as it can be. At the beginning a son who is growing up in a house is fascinated by his father and wants to be like him; as the time passes, he becomes increasingly independent and starts to live his own life. He begins to make the house his own, not on the level of childish fantasies and

inclinations, but through the world of the father. The do's and don'ts begin to bother him, and above all, the illusion of his father's omnipotence disappears. More and more clearly, he sees the imperfections of his father, and his envy towards the power and position keeps growing. This performance is repeated every day – in a large dojo, there is always someone acting out this play. A vampire is easily recognisable and can be removed at the beginning. For the few first years, however, he is incredibly valuable for the dojo. He brings life, awakens engagement in others as well; and although the poor little creature is doomed for an Aikido death, in the meantime he can be quite useful.

I am still living under an illusion that they can be led in some other way. That they will not burn up like a moth flying into a flame. It seems to me that I was also like that, but somehow I found a constructive place for myself in this world. I am getting old, and the repetitiveness of these processes becomes increasingly tiring. The only things that change are the names and the faces. The tastes and the proportions of human features are roughly the same. For now, old age plays to my advantage. There is a bigger age gap between me and my students. Most times I remind them more of their parents – that means that, as a teacher, I do not have to take part in the primitive fight for domination among the people of my age. Now I come into this relationship as a substitute for a parent. Mostly, at the beginning, I am a 'cooler' substitute, but after a time I inevitably reach the phase of generational conflict. At some point, I will enter the position of a granddad. I don't yet know what that will mean, but I am moving from being a living peer to becoming a symbol,

more and more – something that they imagine as a teacher but doesn't in fact exist.

You Are No One Special

“*And no one pours new wine into old wineskins. Otherwise, the wine will burst the skins, and both the wine and the wineskins will be ruined. No, they pour new wine into new wineskins.*

– The book of Mark, 2:21–22

F. was a tall man, broad-shouldered. He seemed thin, but years of training had given his body the litheness of a cat and shaped his body with muscles. When I met him, he was around 40 years old. For me he seemed like a man from ‘the other side’. Someone who had completed a journey that I was halfway through as a personal student. He had two adopted children, and he had broken out from his house across the country for a week to once again breathe in the air of being an uchideshi. He didn't want to sleep in our room; every night he took his sleeping bag to the kamiza and slept on the mat, inhaling his youth. For me, he was one of those people who featured in the stories we told every evening. He gave the impression of being a warm and kind person. I knew, however, that only someone really crazy could live in a dojo for seven years. We spent a few nights, just the two of us, drinking everything that there was to drink in the dojo.

Chiba Sensei had many guests, and alcohol seemed to be the safest gift. Every few months Sensei ordered us to take all these bottles to the uchideshi room. Most of the time there were local, expensive, and sophisticated beverages. For us, people who just wanted to have a beer after a training, it was torture. We had neither the time nor the stamina to sip on a Chilean pisco or foreign grappas. During those few nights, we downed everything that was there. Hugo joined us, as he finally found two people that he liked – something that was extremely unusual. F. and Hugo told many stories, but there was one that stuck with me so deeply that I'm still trying to figure out its meaning. It is the story of how F. finally stopped being an uchideshi.

He had lived in the dojo for seven years. I can't remember if he was staying there for the whole time; probably some of the time he spent living outside of it – however, as an uchideshi or kenshusei you are still a slave, voluntarily. You become a part of the dojo, like a teacher or like the kami-za. For the beginners and the advanced students, you are a constant element. You create part of the atmosphere of the place. You know everything about everyone and everything. F. loved the training and this place. Despite the pressure and the physical exhaustion, it was his world, and he didn't have a feeling that he was wasting his time there. He was happy because he was doing what he loved. He was in the here and now, like being in love – taking pleasure from every day. Despite his injuries, sometimes despite poverty, fatigue, and stress – he did not calculate, did not meddle, did not think about the future.

Sensei had an inner radar, and he could smell the people who wanted to manipulate him somehow or use him for their own business. Those ones he kept at a distance. With people who were basing their relationships on honesty he would build, after some time, a strong and personal bond. It did not necessarily mean that there were only positive emotions. It was more of a father-like attachment based on care and responsibility. However, in the world of martial arts, that involves plenty of physical and emotional pressure, constant torment. For this week in the dojo, I saw their special relationship, and the warm, paternal care Chiba Sensei felt for his former student, his life, his family, his choices. I felt this warmth, which he would probably deny, and I felt jealous. I don't even remember if it was seven years – it might have been longer or shorter. He came to the dojo as a teenager and he matured on the mat. Sensei became his father; the mat became his home. F. had never considered abandoning this life. But even though it took years, as it does for everyone, the time also came for him. The sponge soaked up so much that it couldn't take even a single drop more. He woke up and for the first time for seven years he thought: I've had enough, maybe it's time to change something. A few days later, after class, Chiba Sensei called him into his office. F. sat down and Sensei said:

'I was observing you for the last few days and I see something serious has happened. I think that your time has passed. In one month, you must move out from the dojo. You cannot mix the old wine with the new one.'

That night we sat in a dark room, sipping on some fragrant elixir, and we wondered how he had taken that. The technique is always a manifestation of a personality and a mood. A good teacher, through an ikkyo, can see what is happening in a person's head. This cannot be hidden if you know how to look. An absent-mindedness, aggression, focus, lack of focus – it is always a manifestation of what we bring with us onto the mat. Sensei smelled it. He gave F. a month to sort out his business and ordered him to lead his last class. It was a special session – everyone came. A farewell training for such an important person – someone who was almost as important as Sensei; someone who they couldn't imagine this place without.

Sensei observed the class, sitting in front of the kamiza. Everyone was ecstatic. After seven years of toil, F. was truly brilliant. Brilliant in receiving the techniques and taking falls, brilliant in weapons, brilliant in Aikido. He had to be brilliant, because he had survived. At the end of the class, everyone was lined up, waiting for the official part. There were bows and a speech. I can only imagine what was said. Probably he was thankful, he tried to make jokes, probably he tried to be serious – but most likely he teared up. Those to whom he was speaking probably were also crying. This is when Sensei got up. The atmosphere was elevated and everyone was moved.

'Good class', he said, looking at F. 'But remember, you are no one special!'

And he walked away. He left them all behind. I don't know what the poor uchideshi expected or what the people expected. This man, ten years later, still tears up when he tells this story.



Twelve years have passed. I have a dojo in which around 200 people practise. Most of my older group are people over thirty or forty, almost everyone has black belts. During the last few years, I had five conversations in which I have said: 'You have to leave, because you cannot mix old wine with new'. Not one of them understood it. I also needed ten years, and most of all I needed to lead my own dojo and to observe a group from the outside, to understand this. Studying is a particular process with repetitive stages. At the beginning, people are lost and trustful. They repeat the forms and learn their physical shells, copying the elders and the teacher. Then they find themselves in it and begin to feel more confident. Strength, speed, and certainty appear in the movements. That is a period of euphoria, naïveté, and immense activity. Those people often commit to the training more than to anything else in their lives. They save up only for schools and seminars. They get addicted to the trips, the atmosphere, and the simple world of the dojo. Here, everything is clear and precise. From social roles to the simple responsibility for your own physical movement and progress. But after some time, life catches up with everyone, with bills, children, a complaining wife. Girls want to have a husband and kids; guys have had enough of injuries, constant exhaustion, they finally want to buy a new car instead of their old heap. Time, and money, is needed somewhere else.

You need to reevaluate everything. This is a difficult point at which many resign because they don't see a place for themselves. The technique and the strength remain. So does their place in the inner hierarchy of the dojo. However, bitterness and lack of motivation appear. At the same time, a

new generation is emerging which is just entering the period of enthusiasm and abandon. It is incredible how much the cynicism of the seniors can destroy the youngsters. A drop of bitterness spoils a barrel of honey. I have experienced it so often, every time saying to myself: 'Now I understand why he did this!' Why he did it in that way, in the presence of all those people, after all those years. Why did he say: 'You are no one special'?

I want to believe that he did it only for F.'s own good, because such a solution destroys the ego. After some years, a person still remembers those words, and something orders him to reflect on it. Because it is true. None of us is special – there were hundreds of people like him, and there will be thousands more. We are special for ourselves because we live with ourselves and we develop. The teacher is responsible for the dojo. An ever-changing river of human's fates: I am in it today; tomorrow there will be others who also have a right to their mistakes and naïve dreams. The dojo is like a forest in which, at times, trees that are tall and strong are growing. However, as years pass, their branches cast shadows everywhere so that nothing can grow around them. The process of creating a place for the others is a topic for a different story.

Conflicted

“*Those who are only obedient in their will, but have a mind that is opposing, will only enter the monastery halfway.*

– Ignatius of Loyola¹⁰¹

Andriej was a small-time mafioso from St. Petersburg. Perhaps that sounds exciting, but I imagine him standing in some dodgy doorway, wearing shabby trainers and a dirty tracksuit, picking at sunflower seeds. In that world, nothing is entirely legal and the authorities and the mafia are intertwined so deeply that, in the end, no one is on either side. I knew Andriej from Poland; he had come to our seminars, accompanied by an older guy who was missing a few fingers on his right hand. They had a fancy SUV, and when someone asked them what they were doing in life they always said, laughing, that they were businessmen.

Andriej got to San Diego because of me. I had finished my first stay there, and I was back in Poland when he asked me for my intercession. In the letter I wrote to Chiba Sensei, I shared what I knew about him – I emphasised that he was very dedicated, but I also wrote that I didn't know him that well. Sensei said yes, Andriej got a visa, and after a few months we met in the dojo on Adams Avenue in San Diego.

¹⁰¹ I. Loyola, *Pisma wybrane*, Kraków; Wydawnictwo Apostolstwa Modlitwy, 1969 (author's translation).

He was already there when I arrived, living with Sergiej from Kazakhstan. The two stuck together, thick as thieves, mostly because neither of them spoke any English. A few Russian-speaking dojo members helped them to survive, organizing free English classes for them, helping them get extensions on their visas. English wasn't their strongest suit, and because I was at every class, I got pressed into being an interpreter from English to Russian. Sergiej was a descendant of Russian aristocrats who had been deported to Kazakhstan after the revolution.

For me, Aikido is part of a therapy for illnesses of the soul. Our Polish weakness, a constant fear of the authorities, a respect for strength and certainty, an anxiety for the future hidden deeply somewhere, and a feeling of being under endless threat. An emotional and personal approach to everything that I encounter in life. The Russian soul is a distillation of that. If we are *caffè latte*, they are a *double espresso*. In their case, everything is on the surface. They are honest and foolish at the same time – foolish in the warmest and most disarming way. It is a bit as if they are governed by emotions which we struggle with in our own life. This childish *naïveté* and honesty, openness, singing and hospitality, all of their inner child, conceals a barbarian. A harmony exists – but in the times when it unravels, you can feel Katyn¹⁰² and gulags in the air. The bigger the *naïveté*, the bigger the monster buried inside. A dragon can be awakened – sometimes by vodka, sometimes by fear. I became friends with them quite quickly, although it wasn't easy for me. Both of them created

¹⁰² Katyn – This is a reference to the massacre of 22,000 Polish military officers and intelligence agents by the Russian NKVD, which took place 1940. The mass graves were first discovered in the Katyn Forest.

a shelter out of their Slavdom and I, knowing the ropes in San Diego, didn't have to hide away anymore. For the rest of the time, I was on the side of the executioner, and like a Volksdeutscher¹⁰³ I yelled at them in Russian, translating Chiba's insults. They understood that we liked each other, but for me that was very difficult. They constantly reminded me of who I was and what I was running away from.

Andrijej wasn't doing so great. At first, I didn't know what was happening, because the guy was young and physically skilled. There was a strength in him, but at the same time, something basic inside of him was broken. Aikido with Chiba Sensei is not a game of words. It happens on the level of emotional connection. You do not have to understand the words or speak to him. You don't have to understand English to be here and now. You have to be present. And Andrijej was severed from the electricity. He was not there. Sensei could sense his potential and did what he could. That meant that he hit and screamed – then he only screamed. The hitting made sense only if it did the work of awakening, and Andrijej quickly took on the role of a beaten dog. Sensei immediately stopped pushing him when he noticed that this tool stopped working.

I remembered a different Andrijej from Poland – smiling and focused on the training. It turned out that his problem was a young, beautiful wife whom he had left at home. Perhaps he had a fire inside of him and a passion for Aikido, but his

¹⁰³ *Volksdeutscher* – A person whose language and culture are German, but who is not a citizen of Germany. In the Second World War, the Nazi regime compelled Polish people of German origin to register as Volksdeutsche and gave them certain privileges. Some committed atrocities on behalf of the Nazis, and today being called a “Volksdeutsche” is an insult in Poland, like calling someone a traitor.

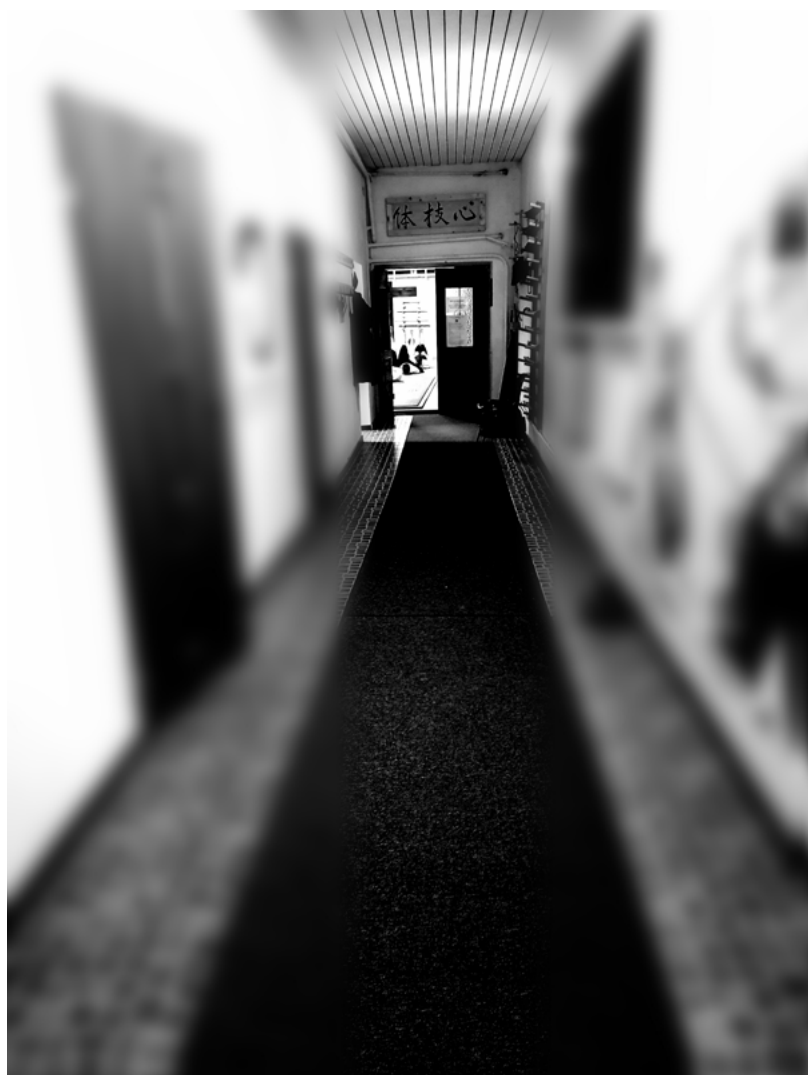
heart stayed with this woman. He called her every day and then he cried. She pressured him to dump this nonsense and go to work or become a businessman like any other Russian guy – to bring her from the muddy outskirts of St. Petersburg to sunny California. One day during dinner, Andriej disappeared. We looked for him, and finally found him curled up on a sofa in the dark dojo. Sergiej came to him and asked, ‘Are your parents okay?’

‘Parents, whatever. It’s the wife’, I corrected him.

‘To hell with her . . . wife . . . ’ growled the Russian monster in Sergiej. ‘You can change your wife, but not your parents or kids.’

I stayed there for a long time, in the dark dojo, thinking about the simplicity and the strength that these men held inside. I was searching for that in myself; sometimes I can even see it. It is somewhere, suppressed and snarling – but even now, after 30 years of training, I cannot say if it is a wolf or a Labrador. For these men, Chiba Sensei was like Putin or Genghis Khan. He was a manifestation of inaccessible power and authority. Once, during a summer school in England, a group of Kazakhs made an embroidered portrait of Chiba Sensei as a gift for him. Some kind of a deep, Byzantine need to describe God and an acceptance of his omnipotence was, and still is, present inside of them.

Andriej’s situation got worse and worse. A heart in Russia, a beaten-up ass in the States. The woman did a much better job than Sensei. I had a fleeting idea that two of them would hit it off and poor Andriej would be destroyed, or would rise from his knees as a monster. There is a frightening power in



simplicity because it is certain. Uncombed, with thousands of shitty little threads of evasion and shame. Sensei, thanks to his Mongolian roots, could feel this power inside of them. He knew that from the dust, dirt, and ashes of the desert rise mighty flocks of warriors – like Nestor Makhno from the Ukrainian steppes.¹⁰⁴ We who have lived for centuries at the foot of this volcano are aware of it, and we are still waiting for the new eruptions.

Andriej was broken, and he wasn't working. Torn between two worlds, he was not present in either of them. We had dozens of conversations, but there was no solution. He could not stay here because he had never arrived. After six months or so he found some contacts, most probably in the local 'brigades', and with Chiba Sensei's approval, he dove into California. I never met him again. I had seen this type of thing a few times before. To a greater or lesser degree – the lack of a full presence destroyed the whole process. Sometimes people do it on purpose as a kind of a defence mechanism.

There was this one talented guy in the dojo. An observant Jew, living in a local neighbourhood. At first glance he did not look like someone who trains. Neither his clothes nor his behaviour resembled anything even close to our bearded stereotypes. On Fridays he went back to his house on his bike, and he did not eat pork. In the dojo we ate mostly rice and fish, so we did not even notice that. He did not live in the dojo, but when I came there he was almost an uchideshi – he trained every day and he helped out in the dojo. He folded Sensei's hakama and he cleaned his office. He was often used

¹⁰⁴ Nestor Makhno (1888–1934) was a Ukrainian anarchist, the leader of the Revolutionary Insurrectionary Army of Ukraine ('Makhno movement').

as an uke, and he truly had his share of suffering. At the same time, he lived close to his religious community. Sensei, as was his habit when he felt someone's commitment, wanted to see how far he could push the boundaries.

At some point this young guy stopped bowing to the kamiza. In a traditional dojo, classes start and end with a ceremony. We bow to the kamiza, where usually a calligraphy of the kanji for 'Aikido' and a portrait of the founder of the art, Ueshiba, are displayed. In some circles of Judeo-Christianity, this generates an understandable problem. A bow from the kneeling position that is commonplace in Japanese culture is mistaken for a sign of worship. This provokes many misunderstandings. 'Awareness is more important than religion' – that was a phrase Sensei repeated endlessly, most often without being understood by those listening. Finally, Chiba Sensei used his contacts and invited a local rabbi to the dojo. They sat in seiza in front of the kamiza, Chiba Sensei on a zafu, squinting his eyes. The rabbi, in a low voice, muttered blessings in Hebrew, punctuated every now and again with a deep 'Amen'. The Pole inside of me trembled and pulsated. At that point, mystical words from many cultures mixed up, queasily, within me. At the end, the rabbi nailed a mezuzah¹⁰⁵ to one of the pillars of the kamiza. During dinner, Sensei said that he also needed to invite an Imam to remove the spell of Aikido from Islam too. I don't know if that ever took place. The significant thing, in any event, is what happened after that. The young Jewish guy said that for him it didn't change anything – he still would not bow.

105 Mezuzah – A parchment on which verses from the Torah are written, placed in a decorative case; in Jewish tradition, it is nailed to the doorposts of a house.

This is when I understood – and since then, I have met many people like that. They construct a few shelters in which they hide like a hunted animal. When the rabbi pushed, the guy escaped in Aikido; when Chiba Sensei cornered him, he covered himself up with his religion. In this way he always found a way to escape. That happens, obviously, unconsciously. However, I can imagine how uncomfortable the juncture of those two worlds was for him. Worlds he wove between, which were for each other an escape.

I found Aikido when I was a kid – for me, it was an escape from the problems in my home. The community was a substitute for family relationships and I felt good. After some time, my sister also began to practise. The worlds got mixed up and I didn't like that. Later on, Aikido became my entire life. Firstly by myself, then with my wife, we moved everything to the dojo: time, relationships, emotions, work, and stress. The more we are there, the less we are outside. The dojo became the second – sometimes the first – home. Here is where our dog walks around, where our son practically lives. The dojo, in a natural process, eats up our privacy. People walk all over ours, while trying to protect their own, for many years. It is a weird world.

Time and Place

“If the enemy leaves a door open, you must rush in.

– Sun Tsu, Sun Pin¹⁰⁶

It was the annual summer school in the south of France. A few months earlier I had returned from San Diego after being there for half a year. This was supposed to be my first meeting with Chiba Sensei since my stay in his dojo. My group from Poland had been going there for two years, and I hoped to have, at least, a conversation with him.

A summer school is a week of training – around six hours a day with a main teacher and assistant instructors appointed by him. Our organization is not big, but it runs in ten countries in Europe. The particular summer school I am remembering was, I think, in 2004. Back then we were still strong, and the group was developing primarily because of Chiba's Sensei charisma and activity.

Class had already started and we quietly joined a row, with the teacher's permission. I pushed to the front, maybe hoping that he would notice me. After half a year of spending many hours with him every day, I stupidly got it in my head that in this crowd of 150 people I would be someone special. I remember when he appeared in the room. He walked by

106 Sun Tzu, *The Art of War*, p. 115.

rows of people, looking at them with a mixture of a trained, frosty indifference and a full presence. His gaze passed over me without slowing down. And that was all.

The first day of school had passed. I felt uncomfortable because a few months ago I had been responsible for his every step in the dojo; I had been taking care of everything. Now he appeared in the room, surrounded by a cordon of people whom I did not know, older than me and with a higher rank. I don't speak French, and basically by at the end of the first day I felt like I was on holiday. It was a bit sad, because the whole consequence of being uchideshi here did not work. I couldn't understand it, but by the end I felt the convenience of this situation. No one needed my help.

At the end of the first day G. sensei came to me. Two years ago, I had been his uchideshi in Strasbourg for a month. He said:

'You were an uchideshi – you have to take care of Sensei. Before and after the training, you take over. They have no idea what to do. None of them have ever been uchideshi.'

I looked at him like he was a madman.

'But I don't speak any French, I don't know them. They are higher ranked, and they have it figured out. What am I supposed to do? Walk up to them and push them away? After all, he wouldn't want that.'

However, G. sensei had not made a suggestion. He had told me to do it.

'Go there and do your job. Open doors before him, bring him water, stand by him at all times.'

At the next break between classes, G. sensei looked at me with reproach in his eyes, so, hesitantly, I jumped in front to open doors for Sensei. He noticed that and started walking even faster, not giving me a chance. He walked away and I stood there like a fool. Exactly as I had expected. Then, I tucked my tail and withdrew into the anonymous crowd – as I do. The next day G. sensei berated me again. I was told off for not trying.

‘Go there and take what is yours. Don’t ask questions, take it. You’ll see what happens.’

I knew exactly what would happen: I would look like a fool again. I felt uncomfortable. Not even on my own account: as I thought, I was forced into a group of shihans; one would tell me to do things that another did not want to be done. Sensei, in between classes, sat down at a table under a canopy. The people who were organising the school, being typical southerners, had quite a loose approach towards ceremony, and Sensei either had something to drink or he did not. Burning under G. sensei’s glare, I decided to try here. During a tense break I walked towards Sensei with a glass of water and put it on the table. He thanked me and I stood behind his back, saying nothing. Staying out of reach of his hands and legs. People came in to talk to him and I stood there. He felt my presence and he looked at me out of the corner of his eye. During the next break I did the same. And the next one. On the second day he stopped glancing at me.

Then quite a funny situation occurred. We were about to start an iaido training, and I stood behind Sensei with a sword under my belt. In fact, I stood there pointlessly. From a group

standing opposite us, a tall guy moved into our direction, in a decisive walk, looking at Chiba Sensei. He took two steps and began to pull out his sword. I don't know why I did it, because the chance of him actually attacking was close to zero – but instantly I jumped in between them, holding the hilt. It was stupid and cheap, like a bad Japanese movie, but it worked because the terrified guy took a few steps back with fear in his eyes and looked at Chiba, who laughed out loud and said:

‘Don't worry about him’ – he pointed at me – ‘he thinks that he is my bodyguard’.

I then thought about what would happen if I encountered a stronger opponent who would not take a step back. It turned out that they had been appointed for a sword presentation and I had made a fool out of myself. However, that was when an interesting thing happened: from that moment on until the end of the school, about every small thing – calling teachers, organising conversations – he asked me. Or rather, he ordered me. Even more interesting was that local teachers just got out of my way.

For years I have been thinking about what happened there and what the consequences of it had been outside the mat. To go and to take. A damned indecisiveness and a maze of thoughts. Hundreds of thin, dirty threads wrapped up around my legs. I cannot, I am not able to, I am not good enough. My whole life I was jealous of those who just go out there and do – with the certainty of a person who was already there and who has already done it. I have always held back. Each move, each decision was foreshadowed by dozens of thoughts and

doubts. Everything needing to be filtered through complexes and fears. Always going back in time to the '70s, to the district of Zlotniki in Wroclaw. I remember when I was living illegally in London, coming back dirty and hungry every day after job hunting to the sweatbox I rented from a Gypsy family, and I walked past a building site where a small house was going up. All I had to do was to walk in and ask for a job. I couldn't do it for all those months – I always came up with an excuse. As the time passed, I wasn't even able to convince myself anymore, and I stayed by myself with this dirty burden of weakness and limitations. I didn't try to fight it – I just looked at it. This building site, this little house – for me it became a symbol of my weakness and indecisiveness. Short moments in which you have to do something because a specific time and space generate an opening. The doors have been breached, and the one who is awake and attentive will walk through them. A pensive, hunched-over slouch will not. Perhaps, in general, a cow on a meadow sees nothing; perhaps it sees things, but nonetheless will never move its ass.

We have this form in Aikido – a cut with a sword that drops straight down to the centre of your head, and the only thing you have to do to avoid it is take a step to the side. It takes years to free yourself from panicking, twitching, hiding, and escaping. The physical movement and position always manifest a person's strength of a character and their problems. As though laid out in the palm of your hand, you can see complexes, uncertainty, fear. You can also see aggression or darkness in a person, which can be hidden at the beginning. It is easier in training. When you are executing the techniques, you expect the doors to open. Every form is



about that. Attacking and receiving. An execution, a throw, or a pin is always performed just as there is an opening, so you learn to act exactly when the door is left ajar.

How can you keep this attentiveness outside of the mat? Physically, and in a general sense of what is happening? Chiba Sensei was sitting beside a fire during one of the Polish summer schools. I was next to him. Next to us someone was grilling a sausage. At one moment, something sizzled; the sausage broke in half and fell into the fire. The guy sighed with resignation as if his dog had just died. I looked at the sausage in the fire and understood: now I have to reach for it with my hand. The thought was so strong that blood rushed to my head. At that very moment, Sensei leaned forward and put his hand in the fire. He took the sausage and gave it back to the guy. Fat was dribbling from his palm, and in his eyes was his disgust at the guy's weakness and my indecision.

Why do those moments appear in such absurd circumstances? Not when we are in ancestral kimono with a 500-year-old sword. They do not talk about lotuses and a cosmic ki. A small hiccup of enlightenment appears when I see him with a cigarette between his lips and a sausage in his hand. A folksy life, a folksy enlightenment.

Murashige

“O-Sensei called me for shomenuchi ikkyo and nailed me to the mat with one finger. He said, ‘Get up’ – but I couldn’t. I tried and tried, but I couldn’t. A total disaster. That is my first memory of O-Sensei. Then he did it again. He held me down with a finger on my neck. And I couldn’t move again. And from the mat – probably laughing – Kazuo Chiba sat and watched.

– M. Murashige shihan, talking about meeting O-Sensei.¹⁰⁷

It is very hard to divorce Mark (Morihiro) Murashige sensei from his legend. I had it easy because I didn’t know this legend; through a child’s eyes, I saw only a warm, petite Japanese man who was always smiling. He was never happy with what I was doing; I could never do what he told me to repeat correctly. Once, when he threw me over his bald head, my nose burst open like Winne the Pooh’s balloon. Twice, after being thrown by him, I had a concussion. Aside from all that, when I hear his name I am flooded with a wave of warmth and grief. He was, despite what he was doing on a mat, full of an absolute good, care and kindness. He was a silent samurai. A man whose phenomenal Aikido was hidden outside of the world of big names and seminars. This is how I remember him. Simple in his relations with others, which were fuelled by honesty. Without politics, without meddling. There was an honesty in him, because you could not get from

him anything else but knowledge. He did not sign certificates, he was not recognisable; a picture with him gave you nothing. He was an older man who showed the pumped-up masters that they knew nothing. Then he would pat them on the shoulder and keep walking. I was always under the impression that he was closer to deshi, people like us, than to the teachers.

Before classes we always swept the parking lot and the street and sidewalk beside the dojo. Trees planted along the street were always dropping red fruits that had to be swept up. Every day Murashige sensei came 15 minutes early and helped us to sweep. He had a red pickup truck and worked as a chef at a sushi bar. I am too old to cherish the illusion that there are people without an ego – but I couldn't see his. In his case, the form was based on total relaxation and the judicious use of timing and body weight. He would drop his relaxed hands and you would fall on the floor. He was a slim man who came up to the height of my chin. His shoulders were loose, and his wrists were dainty and thin. He particularly liked one form in which he only had to make a small movement of his wrist and the person who was holding it would fly 2 meters away. It looked like magic, but in reality it was simply an awfully painful lever, executed by the dynamic of the attack.

Murashige sensei gave us food. He wasn't as strict as Chiba Sensei and, probably, he wouldn't be as upset if he caught us eating sweets. I remember a Sunday when Edmund, the 19-year-old son of a shihan from England, and I got a package of doughnuts. That day a Mexican businessman had taken us on a cruise on the bay. We took turns steering the yacht and the time passed. We saw walruses eating massive squids. In

the evening, in the dark dojo, we started to stuff our faces with our forbidden doughnuts. Someone knocked on the door, and we panicked, scrambling to hide the doughnuts. Murashige sensei came in, bringing the leftovers from a party at his restaurant. He spread tuna sashimi and many pieces of sushi before us. We were stuffed with fast-food doughnuts, but he was sitting there, so we also ate a kilogram of raw fish each. The next day, we both had diarrhoea.

There is always a moment at a Japanese party when everything goes to hell. It's nice, fun, there's good food, beer, conversations. However, in nature there needs to be balance, so during every pleasurable party comes a time of humiliation.

'Let's sing!' someone says.

And the pleasant atmosphere goes down the drain.

In Murashige sensei's restaurant, everyone sang. He began, then the waiters running the food, the chefs who were preparing the food. Then – no one knows why – the customers also began. This Japanese need to fraternize through the loss of face is a mystery to me. No one could actually sing, but they didn't care, because embarrassment was a part of what was happening there. For me, however, that was too much, and you could tell because I never sang.

After this time what fascinates me in the character of Murashige is the dropping of the mask. Chiba Sensei was a dominating character, the head of the dojo. There was no space there for anyone else, and Murashige took on his role with humility and a smile. He was born in 1945, in the family of a famous student of Jigoro Kano (the founder of Judo).

His father, Aritoshi Murashige, had been an executioner in an army in China during the war. Every person who knows history, understands what that meant: a lot of blood on one's hands. Kano Sensei sent him, as he also sent few advanced others, to O-Sensei, to study Aikido. The senior Murashige stuck with it, and finally he became a teacher. If I remember the stories correctly, Aritoshi Murashige was also a teacher of kendo, and they had a little dojo in their garden. He travelled a lot, and when from time to time he came back home, he ran the house with an iron first.

Years later, I remember being in a small Indian restaurant close to the Shinjuku train station in Tokyo. I was at a long dinner with Murashige sensei's sister, his son, and my friend M. from Mexico. From Murashige sensei's sister we managed to draw out some stories about his childhood. Each of us had been treated roughly by our fathers. I remember being beaten with the electrical cord of an iron; M. was hit with a stone whilst running away after he told his father what he thought of him. Our asses were all bruised, but that evening I learned that our fathers were just a slimmer version of Santa Claus. Aritoshi Murashige was Lord Vader. This is the only way you can describe him. Flowers around him withered when he walked by, birds fell from the trees, and cats caught fungus. Chiba Sensei told us that in postwar Japan, the name Murashige was used to scare children, the way our parents used the Black Volga story. So this was the house where Murashige sensei grew up. He met Ueshiba as a kid. He was around 11 years old when he began practicing with his father, going on to train with the founder of Aikido. In the '60s he ended up in New York, helping Yamada sensei lead



his dojo.¹⁰⁸ We heard stories about his fights in Central Park. I knew that was a part of his legend, and I never took them seriously. As an uchideshi I wanted to see people for what they really were, not a collection of myths. For that reason, both Chiba and Murashige, for me, had to be enough as they were. And they were.

After New York, Murashige came back to Japan and I believe worked as a salesman for a company that made camera flash-bulbs. In 1981, he again went to the States, this time to San Diego, where he worked at his brother's sushi restaurant. One day he left the kitchen and noticed three Japanese men at a table in a corner. On the other side of the world, his sempai had found him: Kanai, Yamada and Chiba were sitting there like yakuza footsoldiers.¹⁰⁹

'Perhaps it's time to do Aikido again, Murashige?' they asked.

'I am settling in San Diego and I will need your help,' Chiba Sensei added.

Kanai had already been in Boston for a long time, and Yamada in New York for even longer. Now Chiba had joined them, and together with Akira Tohei¹¹⁰ in Chicago, between them they divided the Aikikai-affiliated dojos by region for a few decades. And then, just like that, Murashige sensei joined San Diego Aikikai, and with a smile on his face he took on the

108 Yoshimitsu Yamada (born. 1938) – 8th dan shihan, presently the head of the United States Aikido Federation and the chief instructor of New York Aikikai.

109 Mitsunari Kanai (1938–2004) – 8th dan shihan. He was one of the founders of the United States Aikido Federation and the chief instructor at Boston Aikikai.

110 Akira Tohei (1929–1999) – 8th dan shihan. One of the founders of the United States Aikido Federation, the head of the Midwest Aikido Federation.

position of assistant instructor. His son, Teru, grew up in the dojo, first as a kid, then an adult, and, finally, as kenshusei. Some of the seniors in the dojo called Murashige sensei by his adopted first name – Mark. I couldn't do that. What this man did on the mat, many called magic. Struggling with the consequences of Kawasaki disease contracted as a child, he had, reportedly beaten US records for life expectancy with this illness, which damaged the heart, living for almost 70 years. He underwent many surgeries, but after all of them he came back on a mat. Increasingly weak, slimmer, and more transparent. I remember his palms, thin wrists, and total relaxation. This style was probably a result of his condition – he couldn't overtax his heart, so he worked with technique. 'Too stiff, relax, drop your hands, you are too strong,' he always said.

Each time, when I came back after months of break, I would see him, and he would repeat the same words. He took me to the side and told me off: for my physicality, for my eating habits, my lack of attention. Together with his son, who had friends in Bulgaria, they planned a tour around Europe. They wanted to visit Poland, but that never happened, because of his health. The last time I saw him in 2011. He and Chiba Sensei had parted ways. No one knew what the reason for their falling-out was and our little world really was full of gossip. Both of them kept it a secret. Murashige would never tell anyone, and no one would ever ask Chiba. Eventually, Murashige sensei moved to a big dojo on the coast where he taught one class a week. After their argument we couldn't train with Murashige sensei anymore. That was always the

case when Chiba Sensei cut ties with a teacher. Officially, the clans were in conflict, and we did not contact each other.

In fact, quietly, we were still in contact, and Chiba Sensei knew about it. He did not lose face as long as we kept it to ourselves. Then, in 2011, I went to Chiba Sensei's dojo for a conference of teachers, and stayed for couple of days.

Murashige sensei was at the house of one of the local teachers. I brought him a rungu from Kenya – a traditional Massaian club which looked a bit like a thighbone. He was happy with it, and a few people got whacked with it. Sometime later, without Chiba Sensei knowing, I went for a training led by Murashige at his new dojo. The space was massive, the style was different, but people tried to repeat everything that we did. He called me to take ukemi many times and corrected me often, as if recognising that I came.

After the training I hoped to take him for a beer or something, but he was in a rush and he left in his pickup. I never saw him again.

'Beware of Murashige', someone once told me in San Diego. 'Beware of him even more than of Chiba Sensei. When Chiba gets mad you will know it. He will scream, there will be steam coming out from his ears. With Murashige, you will see no difference.' Apparently, something in his eyes would change, but it was hard to see. He would look like a kind, smiling man, but it would be an executioner approaching you, ready to rip your head off. His father would awaken in him.

Every time I was in San Diego, Murashige sensei would say that I had just missed his son, Teru. As a result, we didn't

meet for a long time, although I had heard a lot about him, and Sensei claimed that on the mat we would either really like each other or break each other. One of those times I went to the dojo again and I came on the mat, late. I sat in the corner watching the students who were warming up. Chiba Sensei sat before the kamiza as they moved up and down the mat in shikko – walking on the knees. I knew most of them, and noticed only a few new people. At one point, the curtain which separated the dojo from the corridor parted and a toddler, around a year and a half old, ran onto the mat. He stood in the middle of the room and looked around. He went up to a Japanese woman and put his hand on her shoulder. No one reacted – Chiba and the others seemed not to see the child. He tottered around people with the wide steps of a kid that is just learning how to walk. He spread his hands as if they were helping him balance. After some time, he approached the kamiza and, trying to stay on his legs, he leant on the shoulder of Chiba Sensei, who sat there motionlessly like a monument. They stood like that for a while, the small one and the big one, and I regretted that I didn't have a camera with me. After some time Sensei put his massive open palm on the kid's face and pushed him quite strongly backwards onto the mat. The child was thrown a meter or so. He took one, two steps back and, cushioning the fall with his hands, took ushiro ukemi – a roll backwards. He bounced up like a ball and looked around as if nothing had happened. He stayed like that for a minute, and then he walked away. Everything happened without any words.

After the training we sat, as always, in the uchideshi room. I was intrigued by what I had seen, so I finally asked, 'Sensei,

I have taught thousands of children, but I have never seen one roll like that before. Where did he learn that?’

‘That is Teru’s son, one of Murashige’s grandchildren,’ said Sensei, as if that was an answer.

‘Yes, but this kind of talent . . .’ I began again.

‘It is normal, he has the blood of a shihan’, Sensei said with finality.

Hugo

“ *Instead of asking the Khan, ask the doorman.*¹¹¹

– Mongolian proverb

Hugo was an old Japanese man missing one finger. He was as nasty as a gnome. Venom oozed out of him with each word and gesture. He was like an Asian version of Dobby the house-elf. He sat in the office of the dojo, his back turned to the doors, and he played solitaire all day. He was around 60 years old, short and stocky, with loose jeans strapped tightly with a belt around his big butt. He wore greenish and grey t-shirts, and he shuffled around in the dojo in slippers. His round head was shaven bald, and from his chin dangled a long, grey, wispy beard like that of a Chinese sage. He also had small, round glasses which fulfilled the false image of hidden knowledge and literateness. Beginners crashed into him like a ship into a rock. They looked up to him with a foolish admiration because he fit perfectly the idea of the dojo they had built up in their heads. The problem was, however, that he was like the screech of nails on a chalkboard.

‘What do you want? No one wants you here’, he would growl. ‘I don’t like kids’, he would say slowly, looking directly into the eyes of terrified parents.

¹¹¹ A. Bielak, Koniec siwata mongolskich koczownikow [<https://weekend.gazeta.pl/weekend/1,177333,21693596,koniec-swiata-mongolskich-koczownikow-ci-ktorzy-odchodza.html>] (accessed 13.03.2021); author’s translation]

Why did Chiba accept him? Hugo was his contradiction. In a theatrical manner he ignored the role of a god, growling and complaining about everything and everyone – including Chiba himself. He had limitless respect only for Sensei's wife. He hated the uchideshi and their predictable, repetitive, shallow admiration for the place and for Chiba.

Hugo was a part of the dojo. He moved like a crab and lived in dark corners. He changed light bulbs and tended to the toilet paper. He plunged toilets and killed pests. He was an organic part of that place – like mould on the wall, like a big, fat rat in glasses. He had soaked up the dojo, he was poisoned by it and grew into it. Apparently, he used to train and had 2nd dan. Apparently, he had been diagnosed with heart disease and stopped training, but Sensei took him in. Apparently, he lived in a trailer. Apparently, he had a cat. Apparently, he had some family. Apparently, once or twice a month he went to Las Vegas to lose 100 or 200 dollars. Apparently. Before I moved to San Diego, I was warned about him. They said: 'If you have to ask him for help . . . don't ask'. He welcomed me with reluctance and a fistful of Polish jokes, the Chicago standard. I had bigger problems, so I just ignored him. For long months I lived there just by myself, so I learnt how to avoid him. I like solitude, and there was enough space to miss each other in the corridors. At the beginning I even tried to greet him when he arrived at dojo around 11 am. He never responded, so after some time I stopped trying, with great relief. And this is how we accepted our selfish life together. We divided the space and we both lived in the dojo alone, next to each other.

It was after few of those months that he suddenly accepted me. Every evening he came to me and sat in an armchair in the uchideshi quarters, complaining for long hours about everybody. With apparent satisfaction, he spoke about people who he frightened. About children who cried because of him. I like to listen, and this pathological quasi-friendship lasted. I came back there after two years and it was his reaction I wanted as much as Chiba Sensei's. He did not disappoint me.

'Why the hell did you come here, no one likes you here', he grunted.

We lived together well – like two old, bored spouses. He never ate or drank with us. He would come for a while and then sneak out again.

People reacted differently to him. I was charmed by his venom, because I believed that it was only an attempt to hide an inner warmth which was in him but which disgusted and embarrassed him. And in this way this little man shaped a defence mechanism, so the world wouldn't perceive him as a wimp. Some people simply hated his boorish mask and couldn't stand his presence in the dojo. He despised the political upstarts, and they despised him. I have nothing against them, though; if I were American, I would probably have the same ambition. I also understand the dissonance that is created when, while you're worshiping Chiba like an omnipotent God, you have to justify the presence of Hugo. For me he was like a soul of the dojo, a reminder of the flaws and the force that lies in them. He was like a medieval *portarius*¹¹² in a monastery. The one who opens the door a crack at the level of your face and

112 *Portarius*: in medieval Latin, a doorkeeper, gatekeeper.

growls, 'What do you want? Go away!' He was a reminder that this is not a service point, it is not a place for everybody. And that your motivation needs to endure much more than mean-spirited comments from an old Asian.

That one night, I was leaving for Poland again and few people came to me to say goodbye. Before he went home, he appeared in the back room, supposedly checking to see whether that bloody Pole had finally gone home. I pretended that I wanted to hug him, and the old grump ran off into the hallway, jumping around, while everyone else was laughing. I went after him, and even though he was pulling away I hugged him and thanked him. That didn't fit me, nor did it suit him – probably was the result of a few beers. He growled clumsily and walked away. He got into his car and went home. On the way, he lost control of the wheel and ran into something. Apparently, he died on the spot.



How Old Are You?

“Many young teachers who open a dojo and began to teach without the ability to shift into being a teacher – and not just a student anymore – will face regress, often without even knowing what is happening.”¹¹³

– Chiba Sensei

With his little house Chiba had a garden of perhaps 30 x 60 meters. A piece of grass and a few trees in the front. On the right side of the house, a narrow passage ran to the back, overgrown with weeds. An additional gate and a narrow path. In the garden there were a few beds, a place for compost, a few trees. I worked there a few times, digging out roots and weeding the garden. Always when he wasn't there. He did not use uchideshi for his own purposes; most of the time it was his wife who asked us for help when he wasn't there. Only once I helped M. repair the roof. He came out to see us then, accompanied by his younger grandchild, and watched our labour. The next day I visited him to say goodbye. He was sitting in an armchair in the garden, smoking a cigarette. I sat opposite him and for five minutes I ceremonially gave shallow thank-you's. He had hundreds of conversations like that in his life, and I knew that what he was saying was also a ceremonial autopilot. It went silent at one point, and after a while I understood that this was the end. We shook hands

¹¹³ 'Young Lions Face Challenge of Self-Examination', Musubi, January 2013.

and I began to walk toward the gate. I struggled for a second with the latch, and suddenly I was overtaken by a wave of regret. I had flown over here from the other side of the world for just a couple of days. This relationship was my life and I had never even understood the nature of it; I had so many doubts and, in the end, our whole connection was just empty words. I turned around and asked him if we could talk, honestly. Now, from the perspective of the time, I have no idea where I found the courage to do that. Back then I had to be really in a position with no exit, crammed there by the pressure of political tensions, very lost, to do such a thing. I sat there for half an hour asking him things I normally would never dare to ask. In the dojo I would probably have been kicked out, but here we were alone, and he wouldn't lose face. At one point I told him:

'When I'm with you I turn into a kid. I feel as if I was 15 again, and I behave that way. I lose my maturity. Perhaps it is this relationship that takes away my accountability and makes me childish. I hate that. It seems to me that you have that effect on many people.'

I can recall the astonishment on his face. Back then I had already been beaten up on the mat for dozens of years, five or more hours, every day – to define myself as a student had completely lost meaning, and did not work. For my mental health and for giving meaning to what I was doing I had to feel I was a teacher and an adult. Being in a junior role began to grind against me, and he knew it was a time he should leave me in peace and let me teach. I look at those solitary souls who were exhausted by the relationship with him and scattered around the world. Once, before going to

sleep, I remembered the story of Ged, the hero of the book *A Wizard of Earthsea*. His first teacher, Ogion, settles down far away in the desert to find himself in loneliness. When a sponge is soaked, it cannot absorb anything more. When a snake devours something massive it needs to hide away, cover itself with leaves and wait to see whether what it just ate will poison it or energise it – that is the moment of truth. Is that the destination of that whole process? To finally stop, even though everyone else is still running. Wait a second, stop! – you scream as if newly awakened. Actually, who am I? Like Forrest Gump who, after weeks of running, suddenly stops and says: ‘Enough’. We shed our skin like snakes, step by step. There was a time when in my naïve trust towards my teacher I felt like a teenager; then came a period of losing myself in my own ability and a fascination with movement itself – I felt as if I were 22 years old. Around 40 I was like someone who is 29. Now I am slowly catching up with my body.

All day long, you are surrounded by young people. You throw them around, you crush them, touch them, smell them and feel them. You get infected by their youth, and sometimes it’s difficult to feel who you really are. Maybe death is when your sensations catch up with your age? All of those who left Chiba Sensei because they had had enough – did they finally understand how old they were?

A few hundred kilometres north of San Diego, in a very famous university city, where Barańczak¹¹⁴ and Miłosz¹¹⁵

114 Stanisław Barańczak (1946–2014) was a Polish poet, literary critic, scholar, editor, translator and lecturer.

115 Czesław Miłosz (1911–2004) was a Polish poet, prose writer, translator and diplomat.

worked, a certain Japanese man was teaching aikido. I never met him, but he was reportedly as heavy as Chiba Sensei. He had a student who had moved there from Europe especially to train with him. This student settled down in the US, and for long years he absorbed his master's teaching. He was as close to his teacher as one can be. For many years, in every class, at the teacher's beck and call. He was held up as an example of a good student and a grand talent. He absorbed and absorbed. – Until, finally, the day came. In the middle of class, breaking every rule of etiquette, he got up and headed for the door.

'Where are you going?' his teacher asked him.

The guy looked at him, calmly, and said,

'That's enough. I'm done.'

He left and never returned.



What Is Your Name?

“ ‘I cannot enter’, he said reluctantly, ‘unless you help me’.
The doorman responded.
‘Say your name.’
Ged, again, stood motionless for a while; for a man never
says his own name out loud, unless his own life is at
stake.
‘I am Ged’, he said, loudly. Then, taking a step forward,
he walked through the open doors.

–U. Le Guin, A Wizard of Earthsea

I’m trying to recall the name of the woman who taught me Polish in technical college. I can clearly remember one particular lesson. She said a few sentences which got stuck in my memory.

‘People are divided into two types. The first one will think of that as a white wall’ – she pointed at a space next to the board. ‘The other type will come closer and notice an endless mosaic of textures, cracks and wholes. The imperfections and details. You are one or the other, and it cannot be changed. That is your nature. The nature of a mechanic or a poet. A dentist or an artist.

Then I realised that the world mixes up those two abilities, and it is full of poetic mechanics and mechanical poets. A martial art is a way of seeing the world from those two perspectives simultaneously. Taking into consideration the

mad and illogical chaos which surrounds you, you have to act in a simple and logical way. Consistent. A true warrior makes a decision within the space of seven breaths and then sticks to it.¹¹⁶ The world in its chaotic nature offers us an endless number of questions for which there are no easy answers. For that reason, so many of us get stuck between one imperfect solution and another. From the beginning I knew that I was the second type of person. That I see all of the doubts and imperfections; that no wall will ever be straight for me. That the grey dust in me cracks all the walls around me. The white changes into grey and simple answers never appear in my head. My path is a learning process of decisiveness and looking at the wall from a distance. If 30 years of training have taught me anything, that would be it.

Another teacher and I were on the way to Sensei's house. Chiba was walking between us. In the middle of the journey, he turned around and said, 'The time has come to give you names.'

He walked a bit more and then threw a Japanese word in my friend's direction.

'What does it mean?' my friend asked.

It was something about a dragon with beautiful eyes. I don't remember exactly, but it sounded proud, lofty and exemplary. Perfect for a bio on a website or as a line to pick up girls. Chiba Sensei turned in my direction:

'And you shall be Awate mono', he said.

116 Tsunetomo Yamamoto, *Hagakure: The Way of the Samurai*. This text was an inspiration for director Jim Jarmusch when he made the 1999 film *Ghost Dog*.

‘And what does that mean?’ I asked, a bit upset that probably a dragon with googly eyes was already taken.

‘You need to find that out for yourself’, he snapped. I focused so that the words didn’t escape my memory. It would be a bit of a shame to forget your own name. That same day I sent an email to Misa, his Japanese secretary in San Diego. In the evening I wondered what type of eagle, tiger or maybe even demon it was going to be. Misa wrote back that there must be a mistake, that Sensei could not call me that name. I double-checked and wrote back to her again, asking for the translation because I was sure there was no mistake.

‘Oh God’, Misa replied, ‘I didn’t expect that from him. Awa-te mono is not offensive, but it’s a rather unkind word for someone who has a big mess in their head.’

To hell with tigers and eagles. A man with a messy mind. Actually, I wasn’t even surprised by that. But it made me upset. I never spoke to him about it, and, possibly, he treated the whole event as an indignity test because he has never publicly used that name. A few times, while writing very honest letters to him, I signed myself in that way.

Even more interesting was the story of the name of my dojo. I started leading the dojo quite early, when I was still studying – and in the company of other uchideshi I was special in that sense. At one point, there were a few hundred people in the dojo; this was equivalent to fully half of the American branch of Birankai. D. sensei, my first teacher from Switzerland, who had sent me to San Diego, told me to ask Chiba Sensei for the name of the dojo. A dojo may have two names: an official one which meets all of the legal and organizational require-

ments, and a second, Japanese one, given by the teacher. Most have just the first, formal one. In our system, that is a combination of 'Aikikai' with the name of the city. For me, then, 'Wroclaw Aikikai' was a logical reference to San Diego Aikikai, Manhattan Aikikai or Strasbourg Aikikai – places where I had served as an uchideshi. The Japanese name is given by the teacher, and most commonly is a combination of Japanese syllables, a poetic metaphor. 'A place where character is formed', 'The house of fire', and so on. There are people who care about those labels, but I never did, and also taking into consideration my rather short-term relationship with Chiba Sensei, I did not expect that honour. When D. sensei proposed that I ask Sensei to name the dojo, I hesitated. To be honest, I did not care about it enough to risk the trouble that the subject might bring. For an uchideshi, a conversation with him was like dancing on a minefield, and you really had to know what you wanted. That was June, 2003. I had just completed a half-year-long residency in the dojo, and I went with Sensei to a café to talk. We soon ran out of topics to discuss, and our cups were still full. There appeared what I defined as an awkward silence – but what in fact could be, as I found out years hence, a comfortable coexisting in silence. Searching for topics in panic, I dug out the issue of the name. 'What the heck', I thought, and I asked him, politely. He looked at me and didn't say anything for a long time. He took a sip of a coffee and he asked slowly, looking into my eyes, 'Who is your teacher?'

In my head ran a hundred hamsters on a wheel. Who is my teacher? With my heart I was already there, as I had never lived through something as intense, as honest, as full of



respect from both sides and frightening at the same time. Simultaneously, D. sensei had been a father and a mother for me since I was 14. I was one of only a few of his students who got really far on that journey, and in his eyes I saw both gratitude and pride. He had sent me there. I remember exactly what I was thinking back then. I wondered whether Chiba was testing me. Trying to see if, after just few months spent here, this upstart would cleave to him, forgetting about the man who had sent him there and brought him up.

‘Sensei’ I said, confidently, ‘my heart is here, and I have never experienced anything more real. However, D. is my first teacher. I do not want to hurt him or to deny that relation.’

He looked at me and he never came back to the subject of the name of the dojo. Neither I nor D. sensei understood that. A year later, D. sensei ordered me to ask again, and this time Sensei plainly ignored my question. I was fed up with making a fool out of myself, especially because I really didn’t need any of this. In the meantime, I became ‘Awate mono’ and, quite logically, I was afraid that a presumptive name would be similar in its poetic meaning. The issue died down and few years passed. We were in the Biskupin neighbourhood in Wroclaw in a flat where Chiba Sensei was staying with a few shihan during one of the Polish seminars. D. sensei called me into a room, and in my presence, he took out a paper scroll with Japanese calligraphy.

‘My friend is a master of calligraphy’ he said, ceremonially. ‘This is what he prepared at my request as the name of Piotr’s dojo: ‘A place where swords are forged’, or ‘A place where you practice heavily’. He gave the scroll to Chiba Sensei.

I stood there like an idiot, not knowing what to do. I did not care about this name and I knew I was there as a stooge – they were both sniffing around, checking who was actually controlling my dojo. I loved them both, but I knew back then that the only thing I needed to do was to keep a safe distance and not speak. Of course, the name would be like Saruman's hand imprinted on my forehead. Probably more for them than for me. In general, I was tired of that topic because it had all happened without my involvement and I had no influence over it. Sensei looked over the calligraphy, rolled it up again:

'It is executed well, good technique', he said, 'but the name is inept. I don't agree.'

And he left us both with our mouths wide open. Once again, he showed that he preferred to play the game than to close the topic. The name-giving process was a more productive tool than the act of naming itself – as that would have closed the topic.

Fifteen years have passed, and I'm about to begin a class in my own dojo. People sit in a row, unevenly; I go on the mat and we all bow to the kamiza. Next to a portrait of Ueshiba hangs that unfortunate calligraphy, rejected by Chiba Sensei. It has been there for six years now. It suits the imagination of the people who come to train here perfectly. It depicts bushes in black ink, very Japanese, with chops stamped in red. Some five thousand people have come through those doors. On average, 40 classes every week, for six years, since this place first opened. That's ten thousand classes. Two bows in each class – that comes up to 20 thousand bows. No one has ever asked the meaning of the massive inscription that they all bow

towards. Out of all five thousand people, not a single person was interested in what was written there, except me. It might as well say 'spring rolls' or 'ladies' toilet'. I was tempted to also hang an inscription in Japanese saying, 'You don't even know what you're bowing towards, you fool'. That idea still makes me laugh – maybe at some point I will have enough courage and stupidity to do that. . . . I kept the inscription, even though I am not using the name. This scroll is a definition of my relationship with Chiba and with D. I look at it a bit like a child looks at his harsh father's belt hanging in the hallway. There is more sense and depth in that than in some momentous words from the movie Karate Kid.

I remember one other evening in San Diego, many years ago. Someone had come from Singapore or Hong Kong and, as a gift, brought a bottle of some expensive, famous sake. I was sitting very dangerously close to Chiba Sensei. He told us that this sake was special due to the unique shape of the bottle. A device at the bottom of the bottle allowed for it to be set on a 45-degree angle, but this was possible only when there was still sake in the bottle. We drank all of it quickly, and smooth, political conversations kept on going. Uchideshi should never smart off or chatter, so I sat silently, drinking and eating. People were still debating, and my sight went to the empty bottle of sake. There were a dozen people there and I, for a half an hour or so, mindlessly tried to put the bottle on its side. I finally managed, and it stood still. I smiled to myself, and it was then that I noticed Sensei looking at me with a furrowed brow. I had just disproven his theory.

'I think I just understood the nature of a Pole', he said seriously.

‘Sensei, for me this bottle is the only straight thing in this room.’

Fish

“*For he and all his companions were astonished at the catch of fish they had taken, and so were James and John, the sons of Zebedee, Simon’s partners. Then Jesus said to Simon, “Don’t be afraid; from now on you will fish for people.” So they pulled their boats up on shore, left everything, and followed him.*

Luke 5:9–11

Chiba Sensei used to fish. His son did not become an Aikidoka – something which perhaps bothered his father – however, he was, reportedly, a great fisherman and angler. Sensei spoke about him with pride, and I was under the impression that for him fishing and Aikido were the same thing. How is this connected with martial arts? I discovered my own way, and I have no idea what exactly Chiba Sensei found in it. I heard a lot about the gear that he had and about the fish that he caught. Sometimes he happened to bring his catch to the dojo. Often it was tuna, which we ate raw as sashimi.

It reminds me of that quote from the Bible: ‘Don’t be afraid; from now on you will be fishing for people.’ I look at the immensity of the peaceful ocean. The water is calm and the float gently sways on a long, invisible wave. I am sitting

alone, in silence. Everything is done. The bait is cast out, a hook with a worm is hanging somewhere in the depths, luring fish which are or are not there. You realize that despite the apparent calm, there under the surface, life is teeming. You are sitting there and looking calmly at the float. For a minute, or perhaps three hours. At any moment it can tremble delicately or disappear under the water completely. In this stillness, there is also a readiness to act. In the film *The Warrior*,¹¹⁷ the legendary Marek Piotrowski,¹¹⁸ destroyed by an illness common to boxers, says with difficulty: 'They ask me how is it possible that in everyday life I am so slow and in the ring I move so quickly? I tell them – look at a cat, it sleeps all day and moves slowly, but when it needs to attack . . .'

While we were sitting zazen, Chiba Sensei ordered us to put a wooden sword in front of us. It was there at arm's length. Like the weapon of a gunslinger. Or, perhaps, like a float which we were looking at, ready to yank at any moment?

In its own way, fishing was for him also a form of being on the brink of life and death. – At least, the fish should think so.

My dojo was always big. Every day I pierce through dozens of conversations, I pass dozens of faces in the corridor. I am searching for peace and quiet in this crowd, but it is not easy. Every face, every conversation drains the life out of me, and every day wears me down a bit more. A few years ago, I discovered fishing. Even on the days when I usually have morning class at 6.30, I get up before 4 to feel the calm, even for just an hour. When everything else is done, I can just wait.

117 *The Warrior*, dir. J. Bławut, 2007.

118 M. Piotrowski (b. 1964) – the highest titled Polish kickboxer, a multiple world champion.

There is no past or future; there is only now. Everything: the lure, the float, the spinning reel, the stretched fly line, a good position. I am ready. Each breath becomes longer and longer, and I do not want or need to think about anything else. I become a part of everything that surrounds me.

In spring or autumn, the frost still pinches your ass in the morning and the sun, minute by minute, destroys the internal and external chill. One day, staring at the river, I must have been still for quite a long time, because I began to hear the rustle of leaves behind me. The fishing rods stood dead on the stands, covered in delicate frost. It was so cold I couldn't sit, so I stood in a straddle. From the leaves appeared some kind of weasel or ferret – I don't know what it was. It was completely white, beautiful. It approached me from behind and slowly came in between my legs. It sniffed around the fishing rods and, dignified, walked away.

Sensei told us about a certain Zen teacher who went fishing without a line. He just sat over the water with a stick. One day he invited Chiba Sensei to try.

'This is too much, even for me', he told us, laughing.

During the second summer school we held in Poland, I took him to catch cod in Gdansk.¹¹⁹ We sailed on a fish cutter for over an hour. There were maybe ten of us. We fished for the whole day, and at the end we dragged a hundred pounds of fish back to Wrocław. He seemed satisfied with the number, although disappointed with the taking of the prize. Cod-fishing is a bit like pig-beating. Thanks to depth scanners, you can

119 Gdańsk (Danzig in German) is a port city on the Baltic coast of Poland.

easily find shoals and sail over them with the cutter. Then, ten or twelve people cast a line with a shiny lure at the end of it. You feel a jerk and you drag the fish to the surface. The change in pressure does its job, and the fish is almost dead when it reaches the surface. There is nothing of the manly, hours-long fight with the elements.

Sensei looked happy. Back then he was maybe 71. In the middle of the day he went belowdecks for a nap; he did not fish a lot, but for many days he told everybody about this expedition. I do not know where he fished in California, but on the coast, he probably caught a lot of massive tuna, salmon, maybe even sharks. Puny Baltic cod, half a kilo each, probably did not make much of an impression on him.

Fishing in Polish cities is much more a game for boys with sticks than it is a real adventure. Except, that is, for the catfish-fishers. Somewhere in a four-storey post-communist block of flats near my home lives a certain youngster. He lives there in between grey blocks. He reminds me a bit of those anonymous weirdos you meet in front of a grocery store. He speaks fast and voluminously. He smokes one cigarette after another, and does not inspire trust. He could be a criminal or an alcoholic. He is perhaps 25 or 30, or maybe 35, who knows. Probably he works somewhere, he lives somewhere, he eats something. I do not know. The only thing I know is that the only thing that he really does is fish for catfish. This is where his heart is at.

I met him when I was searching for the peace of *zazen* in on-land fishing on a river. I did not want people and their shitty fisherman's chit-chat. That moment when some Janusz with

a moustache jumps out of the bushes and makes comments on how I've tied all the knots on my fishing rod. One day, he appeared with a cigarette in his mouth and a spinning rod in his armpit. He spoke for 45 minutes as if the world was about to end and he had to get rid of all those thoughts. His life was hunting those massive catfish, a few dozen kilos each and 2 meters long. In the world of retired gaffers on bicycles who are happy to catch bream or a loach, he was truly a Captain Ahab, I kid you not. He waited impatiently for the season – even in the winter he would go and stare at this grey, urban river; among leafless trees he would scare crows, drunks and lovers. Under the surface of a muddy river there is something bigger than me. In Wroclaw, there are catfish that reach two and a half meters. That grey, dirty water that I have stared at all my life conceals monsters. Dragons do exist. They feed on greyness, and they get bigger and bigger.

Chiba once explained the way you should hold your sword: gently and tender-heartedly. How many times do we stand opposite each other, our only contact being at a sword-tip? A trained and quiet body and a controlled weapon which becomes a part of my hand. I can feel the trembling of my opponent's sword; I know what he wants and what he will do. I feel his pulse. It is like holding a fishing rod – he said.

There is a pond in Wroclaw in which you can no longer fish. I went there, like a fool, because it was quiet, green, and empty, even though I had never caught anything there. Not a single little fish. Never – that's the kind of slouch I am. That day I had already been sitting there for a long time, and I was thinking about going back home. Suddenly, mi-

raculously, something caught. That was the moment when I felt the biggest fish of my life under my control. All of its movement, fear, anger, pounding heart – I could feel all of it in my hands. For a moment I felt her life. Then I messed something up and a massive tench jumped over the water, beautifully arched. She broke free and swam away and I couldn't sleep for a week, furious at myself.

I heard once that Chiba Sensei took all of his fishing equipment to the beach and set it on fire. All of those fishing rods worth hundreds of dollars, lures and God knows what. Everything went up in flames. I do not know how much of that is true, because legends about him live their own life. However, that one would suit me. Because, perhaps, all of this writing of mine about simple allegories is raising an already dead monument to someone as alive and changeable as he was?

Once I proposed wild-boar hunting to him. I was very tempted by the idea of taking the legend into the bush and waiting for a Polish wild hog. All muddy and frightening. Let's kill the inner Polish boar together, I thought. He laughed at me and said that he only dreams about confronting a wild boar with a spear or a knife in his hand. Perhaps that was a similar case with those fish? Finally, under the surface, something bigger and stronger was lying in wait for him, something that would possibly defeat him one day. That is the fight of the old man in Hemingway's book.



Getting Old

“ ‘A pip from a watermelon – I want to be young forever’
– all three said at the same time. And that was it. Pippi
switched on the light. ‘Wonderful!’ she said. ‘Now we
will never be old, and we will never have corns or other
misfortunes.’ ¹²⁰

– A. Lindgren, *Pippi on the South Seas*

Youth seeps from us like resin. The gentle, barely visible bark of a new tree expands and cracks deeper and deeper, like skin on the dry feet of an old person. The life power that seethes in us when we are young now hides inside. Hair falls out like dry leaves in autumn and fingers are twisted by old age like brittle twigs. Day after day we become more fragile, and we resemble our father or mother whose old age terrified us. My father never cared about clothes – he made my mother furious when he wiped the soup stains from his face with the tablecloth. He was always smacking, panting, and farting. He went bald around age 40, and the less hair he had on his head the more he had in his nose and ears. He is still burning with the fire of passion, and as the years go by, the less and less he cares about anything else. As if that passion is the truth and everything else is just pretending; he has no power, no will to pretend any longer.

¹²⁰ A. Lindgren, *Pippi on the South Seas*, Polish translation T. Chlapkowska, Warszawa: Nasza Księgarnia 1960; author's translation to English.

I look at my swollen joints and fingers, which are slowly growing crooked with age. I look at my feet, cracked by decades spent on the mat. I decay, I crumble, I grow brittle. More and yet more unwanted folds of dead skin. I fall into myself more with every passing day. Ad nauseam, I repeat the transformations my own father foreshadowed.

My granddad died in a hospital and I, as a 15-year-old youngster, was given scissors used to cut the dog's talons to chisel down his diabolical claws, which were yellow and ingrown into his fingers. That was old age. My skin was pulsating with life, I could feel it everywhere, whereas he was a log with thick, cracked bark. He faded away.

Chiba Sensei grew old in front of our eyes. A man who had terrified generations became weak and slowly ebbed away. I presume that is the reason he was so angry. He wrote beautiful texts about ageing as an unavoidable and important stage of our existence. They were rich in metaphors of the winter of life and dignified dying. However, from one day to the next he must have felt more and more trapped in his weak body. Every day for 60 years he had sweated and panted, jerked and pushed, fallen and thrown, and he understood the world through touch and physicality. Through movement and body-to-body contact. He sharpened the weapon of his body all his life. He kneaded himself and broke himself many times. He pushed himself through injuries and diseases. And now that body was ending. Slowly, knees, shoulders, wrists said: that is enough, no more. The cage was closing in on him and he was suffocating in it.

‘I am old’, he said to us once in some kitchen in some country. ‘You can still push forward, but for me this is the end.’

It was as if a musician lost his hearing, or a pianist lost his fingers.

‘As long as you can, fight with ageing’, he said. ‘Not the physical one, but with becoming a fossil and surrendering.’

I remember the summer school in Poland when he went running after senior teachers, holding a stick and shouting. They were around 60; he was almost 70.

‘Don’t surrender to ageing!’ he screamed.

Just like that, your face and fingers decay. Like that, your grey beard dries up and your breasts start to hang. Just like that, the life inside of you can also shrivel up. There were seminars when one of those senior teachers sat in seiza and took it better than any of us. We broke into a cold sweat from the pain, and he stared at us, with satisfaction, to then get up and walk away without a problem. Accepting ageing doesn’t mean you can’t fight it. We are like pieces of old, dry clay that needs to be kneaded between warm palms. When it is left motionless, it hardens and starts to crumble. It is cold and coarse. The longer we can push life into the bark which covers us in ageing, the longer that tree can live.

I remember the morning training with Doshu in the Aikikai Hombu dojo in Tokyo. All of the 80-year-old grandpas went there, and with no mercy they fell to the floor on their butts for an hour. There was no sitting in front of the TV, stuffing one’s face with chips or grumbling about HR. A dignified ageing. With no plastic surgeries, with no fake pretending.

My grandma who was 85 years old would drag buckets of coal up the stairs, because she knew that as long as she did that, life would keep circulating in her veins. Getting old is the process of changing your role from that of a student to a teacher – if you want to be a teacher. If not, but you still decide to train, it is the process of accepting the change. The reduced range of movement, daily pain. Accepting the loss of youth. Accepting the power of the new generation.

Snakes

“Faith is weakening. The wolf is enraged and sets fire to hell.”¹²¹

– Lao Che [Polish rock band], “Stare Miasto”

I have a tangled mass of snakes living in my guts. Normally they are asleep, and I cannot even feel them. Sometimes, however, a single word, a single gesture is enough to wake them all up. They writhe and bite. I am filled with bitterness and fury. I lose control of myself. This is a malady of my profession. We all have it, and each of us is afflicted with it for years. A teacher very quickly gets used to his role and becomes addicted to the admiration of his students. The ceremonious silence during training is unconsciously perceived

¹²¹ Lao Che, “Stare Miasto”, from the album Powstanie Warszawskie, Ars Mundi 2005 (translation from tekstowo.pl).



as recognition, which deepens the feelings of exceptionality. For professionals, it is a poison which seeps into us for long years. On the mat, no one questions our words, no one undermines us. Everything is tainted with mental – and most of all physical – domination. That is a horrible mixture, especially for people who are weak. The venom gets into strong ones as well, however. Over the years, it will even seep through the bulwark of near-saintly humility. Drop after drop.

I do not know if I am strong or weak. I know that I have this disease, and it is my heaviest cross. The training has pulled me out of my complexes, it has made me mentally and physically strong, and has sharpened my awareness, but I have not managed to cope with the venom. During a conversation with a student, Chiba Sensei addressed the supposition that Aikido changes one's personality. I remember his distinct answer.

‘No. I have trained for 50 years and I am exactly as I was. My personality hasn't changed, I am just aware of it now.’

For 30 years on the mat, I have met many people, and I guarantee you that neither Aikido nor the training has changed anything. The mean ones are still mean, the jealous ones are still jealous, and the shy ones are still hiding in the corners.

While being addicted to the benefits of his position, the teacher needs to maintain functional relations with those who are like him. Most often, that breeds conflict. Scuffles and slights that play out over decades create deep-seated hatred. Chiba Sensei worked with many people over the years. Very often, the relationships within the framework of various federations ended with theatrical quarrels and the breaking of contact. Chiba Sensei was a man of passion and vision, a madman

who most certainly had difficulty with compromise and accepting others' opinions. In addition, he had a position which ensured his role as an authority. His legendary reputation, as well as his role as a leader, had put him on a pedestal. In the ranks of the other Japanese teachers, a few of them were sempai (senior) to him. With those men, he had never had an open feud.

I have made an effort to study those conflicts and to understand them. Chiba Sensei was not an ideal person. He had the same disease all teachers have. He also had a nest of snakes inside of him. However, his case was much more severe.

A young guy who already has black belts in judo and karate becomes a personal disciple of the legendary Ueshiba. He spends seven years with him. He speaks his language; he understands the local culture and the history of martial arts perfectly. He consciously chooses the life of a teacher. His marriage is arranged by O-Sensei. As Ueshiba's soldier, he travels to the ends of the world, abandoning his motherland. For decades he becomes an apostle of Aikido, living in poverty, without knowing the language or the cultures of countries in which he lives. Already, then, there are people around him who teach poorly and with no understanding. For decades, he fights in vain with interpretations that are empty and detached from reality. The more he fights, the more the mediocrity around him rises. Something which he loved and sacrificed his life to, in his eyes, has begun to mutate into a monstrous travesty. Back then the snakes must have already been growing inside of him. I think that this is why

he started to do zazen. Because zazen is the music that puts the snakes to sleep.

My grandma died when she was 86. At the end of her life, she made up with my mother, much to everyone's surprise. After 50 years of fighting, she lulled the snakes to sleep – or, perhaps, she outlived them and they finally died. A few months later, my grandma was dead. Just as if that hatred and passion and anger had fuelled her, giving her the power for life.

I look at senior teachers who still talk about little slights they received 40 years ago, and I see the venom dripping from their mouths. They are all sick with the same disease. In a world where there is, in theory, no competition, an atavistic need to establish a hierarchy gets into the bedrock. It bubbles up and boils there, uncontrolled and unpredictable. Under the Aikido land of love and harmony, an active volcano is seething. Sometimes an eruption destroys a big part of paradise, and the unicorns run around the meadow with burnt asses for a while.

I have known hundreds of teachers and every single one was sick with it. Only few of them could admit it, though. People are divided into those who look into the tissue after blowing their nose and those who never admit they could produce snot. How many nights was I unable to sleep because the snakes coiled and took over control? The only thing that changed were the people who were making me furious. Once, at university, I worked with a legendary karate teacher who had been a pioneer of his style in this part of Poland. Then, inevitably, the time of pioneers had passed and the younger

generation entered – more resourceful, better at understanding the way the market worked, perhaps greedier, perhaps simply cleverer. For a year I shared an office with that man, and for that whole year, he spent an hour every day telling me about his enemy, the student who had taken his place. This man has committed his life to his hatred. I am convinced that he talks to himself while he is driving. I looked at him and I knew I was sick with the same disease that I already had inside of me. My practice of misogi purification training in Japan has made me aware of that. I do not know if I unconsciously plunged into the nest, or if being there made me aware of being locked up in this cage, and that unless I broke out I could never go any further. That after almost 30 years I am still a slave to what others say about me.

The tether exists only when you believe it does. When an elephant is small, it is tied to a small stake in the ground. It tries to break free, but it is too weak. Then it grows up and the stake remains the same. The elephant no longer tries to get away, because it does not understand that it could easily pull up the stake. A dog which is let off the leash comes back when called. It doesn't run away because it doesn't know that it doesn't have to come back. Do I have that freedom? Can I break free from the venom? Or can I only observe and accept it? I do not want to be a victim of my own self. The venom devours me and takes control. And when you pass your 40th birthday with the tires screeching, it is even worse. You begin to sum up what you have already done. And if you have, as I do, a passion and a goal, you know how little you have actually accomplished. I like hard training. I do not mind if someone else is better than me; I am not bothered by fatigue, pain,

hunger or cold. The worst thing is that venom which I produce myself. Over the decades it has preserved everything: my muscles, bones, skin. Sometimes I wonder if I would survive without it. Sometimes it is gone for a long time, and I think that maybe my snakes have died. However, like an alcoholic, I am a slave to them. It will be this way until I die. They will keep me alive, or they will kill me – I don't know yet.

A few years ago, I felt that I had had enough. That I had created a prison of my own making. Like the hero of a horror movie, I was sitting at a table in a dusty room, the windows covered with thick curtains. In the armchairs around me sat dried-up corpses that I was constantly arguing with. The air was musty and still. I had been breathing that dust for many years. I could no longer leave that room, even though the doors were not locked. I began to break the bonds, titles and relationships that were fed by this stagnation.

The snakes are still there, but I feed them less often.

Where Do The Monks Pee?

“ *Buddha's heart, devil's hands.*

– Japanese proverb

The second time Sensei came to Poland, it was as if he was returning back home. There was no sign of that kindly old man from a year ago. Now, a dark lord had come; I could already feel it at the airport. I did the best I could for those few days not to get into his black books and not to make any mistakes. We were handling everything well, but Sensei seemed to be searching for any problem, so I knew it was just a matter of time. In the end, it was me who messed it up.

That day, even though it was summer, it rained for the entire day. I remember the tapping of the rain on the roof, and that at that point I did not realise what it meant. For a few days now I had sent a student to help him to get to the dojo. Enraged, he had insisted that he knew the way. I had finally given in. But this day, it was raining, and it turned out that the umbrella in his flat was broken. Chiba Sensei had waited for some time, and then he came by himself – soaked, wearing his leather jacket. The leather had soaked through and he had massive stains on the shoulders of his keikogi. It was when I saw this that I understood: there would be no better occasion. I was under the impression that he was

even slightly pleased about it. I was severely berated, and then I stopped existing for him. He did not speak to me for a few days, he did not correct me during classes. He chose different people to present the techniques. He performed his own show. Everyone who has been through such a thing at least once knows that you cannot let go at that point; this is just the beginning of the test.

From the victim's perspective, there is not much you can do. Stay by his side and wait for it to pass. In taking care of him I was directly replaced by someone else, but I remained nearby, aware of my role as a whipping boy. I knew that if I went further away, he would start looking for me. It was this tension in waiting that he was after. A few days later, there was a wedding and then a reception party planned for Michal, one of the instructors. All of the teachers were invited. On the morning of that day, I stood helplessly in front of my wardrobe. Minutes earlier, I had found out that I would be seated next to Chiba Sensei and there was no way of changing it. My wife looked at me with pity in her eyes.

'Why are you so worried? It's a wedding; everyone will be nice.'

'You don't know him. Everything matters.'

'What are you talking about?'

'He doesn't have a suit, so he will come wearing just a shirt. If I come dressed the same, he will tell me off for not being elegant enough. If I wear a suit, he will tell me off for wearing when he is not.'

‘You are 40 years old’, said Kasia, tapping her finger against her forehead as if I was nuts. ‘He is a kindly old man – stop telling yourself all of those things.’

I knew that there was no point in explaining. In the end, I wore a shirt and jacket but no tie. I drove to the church; everyone was already there. Sensei with the other shihans in the front, all the rest in the rows behind. It was a small, wooden, rural church. The priest, aware of the character of our group, spoke nicely about Aikido and life. The mass had passed calmly and I watched with satisfaction as the legendary shihan kneeled and stood along with the crowd in a rural Polish church. Mrs. Chiba was observing everything with a great interest. The mass finished, and everyone exited the church apart from Sensei, who, attracted by the altar, went closer. I struggled through the departing crowd, and after a moment, we were left alone in the church. He looked at me, so I said, ‘I studied the history of the church, Sensei, so if you have any questions . . .’

‘Where is the toilet?’

‘Er . . . there is none. There are no toilets in a church’, I responded, pinned to the ground by this question.

‘So where do the monks pee?’ he snapped at me.

I spent my youth in churches. I made the pilgrimage to Czestochowa five times, I wrote my MA thesis on the history of monasteries, and that had never crossed my mind. Faeces, being profane, must be outside the place of sanctity, I thought. Later, on the Internet, I found dozens of discussions on this topic – apparently the dualism of sacred and profane is not



so prominent anymore. People are outraged by the lack of toilets. The world is changing.

We left the church, and Sensei looked completely shocked by the lack of a commode in a house of worship. One more cultural difference. Buddhism and Shintoism do not fight with the body and do not delineate good from bad. Right now, he was theatrically offended by me and the dualism of Christianity. We walked into the wedding hall, which was located next to the church. I noticed with horror that all of the teachers were seated at one table, while me, Kasia and Chiba and his wife were seated at another one. The rest of the places were occupied by the 20-something-year-old friends of the newlyweds.

In panic I found Michal and asked him to change the seating arrangements. Sensei doesn't like being surrounded by strangers and he isn't speaking to me. This is a recipe for a drama. Michal, however, was in a different world. He had just got married in a room full of shihan, and I soon understood that my efforts were futile.

I came back to the table where Kasia was talking with Mrs. Chiba. Sensei was sitting like a statue. I took my place next to him, waiting for an explosion. Kasia smiled at me, trying to lighten the mood. After a while Chiba Sensei glanced at me and winced. He touched my jacket and growled:

'What are you wearing? Now how do I look, next to you?'

I heard a deep groan from my wife, who finally understood the rules of this game.

'Jesus, that is so stupid', she sighed to me later.

I squirmed around like an eel. Sensei pretended that I wasn't there, but I couldn't leave him because someone had to keep his wineglass full. Apart from my little drama, the party was in full swing. And it soon turned out that every drama can get even more complicated. Someone turned on a microphone and now, one by one, we had to introduce ourselves. I translated it all to Sensei, and yet I felt no enthusiasm from him. The torture began; everyone slowly got up and said a few words about themselves. I sat thinking what I could do to not to make him do it. Seeing what was happening, Sensei went for a cigarette. It took some time, but he came back before his turn. I leaned into his and Mrs. Chiba's direction to say: 'Maybe I could introduce all of us . . .'

I don't know where I got that idea. He looked at me.

'No! I will introduce myself. I don't trust you. I don't know what you will say!'

When his turn came, he got up, coughed, and the room went silent. The aikidoka had been waiting for this, and people from outside our world already seemed to know that this was none other than the dark lord.

'I am BB. Big Brother, Bad Bladder, or Big Beast, and that' he pointed at Mrs. Chiba 'is, unfortunately, my wife'.

There was a stillness in which only Mrs. Chiba quietly and genuinely chuckled. Later, he said a few funny things and the room burst into laughter. Then, some creamy vegetable soup, broccoli I think, was served. It had little spheres of puff pastry floating on top. Sensei poked them with his spoon and looked at me.

‘What is this?’

I exchanged a hopeless look with Kasia. In Polish, we call them ‘pea puffs’, but they are not peas, not really puffs . . .

‘I don’t know’, I admitted.

‘You eat this, and you don’t know what it is? Sensei gloated.

Because of him I became a teacher – in the spirit of controlling my life, myself as an uke, taking care of what I say and eat. And at the same time, I stuffed my face with some foam balls, not even knowing exactly what they were made of. I lost that battle.

That same evening, I drove him to his house through the villages of Dolny Śląsk.¹²² He sat silently in the back seat, together with his wife. I hoped that this evening with him would come to an end and that I could go back to the party and rest a bit. An oncoming car flicked on its high beams as it approached, and I instantly slowed down.

‘Something is wrong with your car – do you have lights?’ grunted Chiba Sensei from the back.

‘There is a police car in the next village, trying to catch drivers for speeding. This man just warned me. I’ve already slowed down.’ I said with resignation.

‘What nonsense is that? How can you warn people about the police? The police are there to help people.’

I didn’t know how to explain this to him. We are in a country where you do not trust the police, officials, or any regulatory

122 Dolny Śląsk (Lower Silesia) is the northwestern part of the historical and geographical region of Silesia in Poland.

agency. We do not trust them; beyond that, we mistrust each other even more. We drove into the village.

‘Look, Sensei’, I pointed out the police car, hidden behind a little shop, with the policeman holding a radar gun. He looked with disbelief at me and then at the police car.

‘I give up, I don’t understand you.’ This time it was he who spoke with resignation.

A Monument of Madness

“ *A nest (nidus) is built by animals mostly for protecting their young, but also for defending against an enemy or as a permanent shelter.*¹²³

– The Great Universal Encyclopaedia, Illustrated, entry for “Nest”

A true dojo is always created around one person. It doesn’t matter if they are good or bad. It doesn’t matter how well trained they are. It is a manifestation of the ego of an individual. A dream, a plan, an idea, an ambition, a complex, a fascination, a need, a compulsion, a feeling of a duty – whatever the reason is – in the centre there is always one

¹²³ *Wielka Encyklopedia Powszechna Ilustrowana*, Warszawa: Drukar-nia A.T. Jezierskiego 1900, t. XXV, p. 248. Author’s translation.

person. I have seen this many times. The death of the teacher kills the dojo.

The physical death of a known teacher always breaks whole organisations. The motivational death of a teacher kills a dojo. Sometimes a place is transformed under the eye of another leader, but most often it withers and crumbles. Whenever Chiba Sensei left for a couple of weeks, the dojo would empty out. In the first week, a lot of people would show up out of habit, but then – less and less. After he retired, only few of them continued to go. The ones who had been there for him sailed into their own lives. I look at my own students and I wonder what would happen if I disappeared, died, broke my spine. Right now, my dojo is a melting pot. A hundred or so adults, a hundred children; workshops; classes for students, parents with kids; seminars on falling; free classes for kindergarten and schools; classes for universities and theatres. However, doing all of that is like trying to put on pants that are too small. Without me, all of my students would train twice a week and the dojo would return to being a ‘natural’ leisure club in a rented hall in some school. Only if someone takes on each form of responsibility – for bills, connections with other dojos and organizations – is there a chance for something more serious to survive. But does it make sense, and is it natural? There is nothing wrong with that. For me, this is a job and a passion – for them, it is only a passion. I like to read books, but I do not have to open a library.

I still have in my mind a scene from a dream I once had. Chiba Sensei, like the chief of a tribe, stands on a hill with a sword in his hands. In a moment there will be a final battle for life and death. Something he has prepared for his whole life,

which he has prepared his people for. He runs down the hill and, alarmed, turns back to look behind him. Instead of an army, he sees a group of obese kids with cardboard swords. Wearing paper hats.

‘It’s time to die!’ he shouts, trembling. There is no excitement from the crowd. You can hear:

‘What do you actually mean?’

‘I can’t today, I have to leave early.’

‘I’m allergic to pollen; I’d rather stay here.’

‘Is this covered by insurance?’

‘It’s not for real, though, is it?’

‘Why are the women in the second row?’

‘We spoke about this, and we agreed that maybe we’ll do it tomorrow.’

Sensei is shaking, devastated. He is on his own, no one understands him and no one wants to die with honour. He breaks through the sea of mediocrity and runs down the hill, alone. And here awaits the biggest tragedy: there is no enemy. There is no one who would wait for him with a sword. Perhaps he ran away? Perhaps he was never there? What is the point of this kind of life? In an endless sea of mundanity, searching for a reason to die with honour.

‘I know thy works, that thou art neither cold, nor hot. I would thou wert cold, or hot. But because thou art lukewarm, and

neither cold, nor hot, I will begin to vomit thee out of my mouth.¹²⁴

This quote comes back to me, constantly showing the horrible power of uncertainty, mediocrity and indecision. A lukewarm and slimy mind. Because martial arts make no sense. You cannot explain it, and lukewarm mediocrity leads nowhere. Even we, as uchideshi, were with him like pilot fish, only for a time. We swam next to him, eating the leftovers and cleaning his dojo as we would the skin of a whale. He was a marathoner – we just accompanied him on his run for a moment. After some time, he either surpassed us or we changed our direction. Many stopped. His mission was not to whisper but to shout – shout with life. Not to accept mistakes; not to forgive hesitation. Throw people out from the dojo, fail them on their exams. To abhor stagnation, to generate conflicts and to scold people for fighting. To tear off their paper hats and hit them on the head with them. Chiba knew that a dojo could be a fake, comfortable illusion or an organic, terrifying place. To be the latter, it needs to devour people and vomit some of them up. And he knew that it would devour him first. That he would become, of his own accord, a mask, a symbol; he would de-humanise himself and walk away like a medieval king.

‘For this reason, many consider that a wise prince, when he has the opportunity, ought to create some enemies against himself, so that, having crushed them, his reputation may rise higher.’¹²⁵

124 The Bible, Revelations 3:15–16.

125 N. Machiavelli, *The Prince*, chapter 20. (Translation from <https://effectiviology.com/strategy-lessons-from-machiavelli-the-prince/>)



The wide-ranging drama and gossip which were arising about him built the dojo that he wanted; they assured his reputation much more than anything else. An income could not be the priority. Aside from being a place of study, the dojo was also a field for experiments and a sociological theatre where he performed his plays, as the needs of his organisation demanded. I am reminded of an iconic joke: A Soviet television station makes a movie about the kind-heartedness of Stalin. In one of the shots, a small child comes up to Stalin and says: 'Uncle, give me a candy.'

'Get out of here!'

In that moment the camera cuts to a placard that reads: 'And he could kill him!'

One theatrically expelled student was more useful for the structure of the dojo than accepting the manifestation of mediocrity among the advanced. Like that soldier from the special forces who was kicked out of the kenshusei (teacher training) programme for missing a class. It turned out that he had gone to a meeting with his combat friends. Chiba showed no mercy and he never took him back. That story, however, lived for decades as a warning. One way or another, to make a decision and stick to it. A fight with mediocrity and shabbiness. This is how I remember him.

The world today tries to wedge us into the role of a battery chicken on a farm. We are told what to eat, what to wear, what to do, what to buy. What is suitable and what is not; what to like; what is valuable and what is not. What is a waste of time and what is cool. It is easy to switch off, to float

on a lukewarm river in a mediocre lethargy, to be lifted by a dreamy current to the grave. In the lethargy of gaping at a TV; in the lethargy of Slavic mindlessness, picking sunflower seeds; in the lethargy of some small-town woman, sitting in a window on a pillow. Sensei dragged us out by our hair from this water and didn't let us go back. After his death, many started to go downhill from the cliff into a lukewarm river. We began to put in orderly, reasonable sentences what he had done to us, trying to dial it down and to understand. However, there is nothing to understand – you had to feel it. That was hitting the face of one who is asleep. It was not stuffing our faces with lukewarm pulp, but taking a red-hot potato in our hands. Who will stay on the shore, and who will drift away into the greyness? Do we really need a daddy all the time? Will his teaching become poison without him? Or do we have to kill the message because its creator has died, and now, naturally, we will change it all into an easy-to-swallow plastic symbol?

We will see.

LATER

Hubska¹²⁶

“It’s bigger on the inside!

– Doctor Who¹²⁷

My dojo, Wrocław Aikikai, is located in an old railway industrial unit in quite an obscure neighbourhood. The sizable low-income tenement on the opposite side still bears bullet holes from the events of 1945. Seventy years have passed and no one has patched it up. Its residents still use coal heaters and walk up and down the creaky stairs, dragging buckets of coal. The whole neighbourhood used to be like that: grey buildings riddled with holes, intermittent as a beggar’s teeth, and a wind pushing empty plastic bags

126 Hubska is the name of the street where the dojo is located.

127 Doctor Who, a British TV series that began in 1963, tells the story of Doctor Who, a “Time Lord” who travels through time and space in the Tardis, a vehicle which, from the outside, appears to be a British phone booth. Most people’s reaction upon entering the Tardis is to exclaim, “It’s bigger on the inside.”

along the cobblestones. Now, the new city has begun to arrive here as well. In the beginning, a few beauties rose up in the spaces between the greyness. Shiny buildings with straight, clean walls and glass doors. Banks and restaurants. They gained a foothold and began to push out the poverty and the surrounding drunks into compact groups in tenements, like Native American reservations. Then coffee shops and ice-cream parlours started to emerge. Different worlds coexist here together. There are local round-the-clock off-licences which sell small bottles of vodka without asking for proof of age, as well as elegant cafés in which you can order a latte-macchiato-extra-double (for those who prefer to pretend that they do not occupy the lands stolen from the Apaches).

Every week, on the premises of a nearby brewery, a health-food market pops up. The elegant and ecologically-minded from all over the city arrive to buy overpriced apples and lambswool knickers. The natives put their pillows on the windowsills and watch the strangers coming in their shiny cars while stuffing their faces with potted meat, as un-ecological as possible. The two worlds meet only in Lidl¹²⁸ and in church. Those who come to the church still have something that keeps them there, but everyone comes to Lidl. This is where the class division dissolves – the new ones fumbling in the sales basket next to the old ones.

I wanted to create an old place for the new and the old. I cherish the illusion that there are more of those from the tenement than from the health-food brewery or Lidl, but the truth is that you will probably find a little bit of everything. The Reservation sinks into us, whether we want it or not.

128 Lidl is a discount supermarket chain that operates in Poland.

It was raining heavily, a wall of rain. I was standing with my back to the doors of the dojo when I noticed my wife staring at the parking lot, her mouth wide open. I turned around to see a shabbily dressed old man with a long beard retreating slowly into the rain.

‘He just brought some swords,’ Kasia muttered.

‘What?’

‘He just put two Japanese swords on a stand in front of the doors.’

I went outside. In the rain, on a battered stand, were two swords, soaking wet: katana and wakizashi – long and short. The bearded man had already dissolved into the rain like a character from a Kurosawa movie. I took the swords inside. Homemade, foul as hell, hilt too long but terribly sharp. The scabbards were burnt on the ends. I assumed that the old guy would come back in a minute demanding payment for the commitment shown by the act of bringing the forfeits inside. Days, weeks, months passed, and he never came. I put the swords on my desk. They reeked of cigarettes and smoke. They were grey, crude, and terrible. They were born in the fire of the orcs, they were like a one-dollar machete from Rwanda – cheap, dirty, but sharp and mysterious. In this savage, stale greyness, darkness and a dire strength were hiding. The strength of a tenement pocked with bullet holes.

A year passed, and we sat on the mat with the doors to the dojo open. We were drinking beer and talking, eating pizza. Suddenly a man about 60 years old, massive and clean-shav-

en, was standing in the doorway. He looked me straight in the eye and smiled.

‘How are the swords? Useful?’

It turned out that he was a blacksmith from a workshop somewhere in the Reservation. He had forged the swords in his spare time and clumsily made the scabbards by himself.

‘Why did you bring them without saying anything?’

‘I like to drink, and when I’m drunk, I get stupid ideas. You are a shogun, and you know what to do with them. Keep them.’

A year and a half passed. One day, the young girl who worked in our reception called me for help. At the front door of the dojo stood an Apache woman, maybe 50 years old, with fire in her eyes.

‘I came for my swords’, she barked furiously, reeking of alcohol.

‘What swords?’ I didn’t get it.

‘A guy left two swords here some time ago. Give them back! They’re mine!’

She spoke with a Ukrainian accent,¹²⁹ and the whole situation started to seem truly absurd. I told her to come back with the smith, and after a while they both came, apologetically. The blacksmith, his head bowed, muttered, ‘Yeah, it’s true. Those are Ruda’s swords.’

129 After the war (2014), a large number of Ukrainians came to Poland. Many of them practice aikido.



So for two years, I had been keeping the two samurai swords belonging to Ruda.¹³⁰ I gave them back, and apparently, they travelled further to Ukraine. And from there . . . who knows where they went?

When I opened the dojo, I also started an uchideshi programme. I did not labour under the delusion that crowds would come to live in a railway unit in Huby¹³¹ and train seven hours a day. The first ones were black guys from the wilds of Africa: first Daniel and then Ben. Both of them terrified, away from Kenya for the first time. They hid in the dojo the entire time, and I had to haul them to the city by force and leave them there so they would find their way back. Slowly they got used to the world of *mzungu*.¹³² For the first time they saw a white beggar, a white janitor, the first closet racist. They saw the multi-layered Polish Catholic racism – a fascinating phenomenon which will not let you accept that your daughter is going out with a black guy. At the same time, when one of them was sweeping the parking lot, I was accused of keeping slaves. In their honour, the uchideshi room was called ‘Africa’. The name remained, regardless of who was living there. The next one was Emil, I think, a young painter from Kazakhstan – for three months. Then the floodgates opened. Russians, Ukrainians, French, a guy from Austria, a Chilean, a Portuguese, Americans. All of the cultures, religions, traditions, holidays, clothes, languages, diets. All of them different and all of them the same. The dojo strips everything off in the first training. No one is black or white, atheist or devout. There is nothing apart from sweat and blood, nothing apart from an honest

130 Ruda means “redhead” in Polish.

131 Huby, the name of the district where the dojo is located.

132 Mzungu/mzungi means “white man” in Swahili.

searching, or giving up and moaning. Every one of them, after just a few days, would show the real reason they had come. So far, I have not met anyone who came here for the Aikido itself. The training is just a tool which they want to use to fix something in their real life. Sometimes they want to run away or look at something from a distance. Sometimes they miss the fire of dedication. The training strips them of their religion, credos, race, age, sex. It washes away their country, language, education, and profession, like a sea wave washes off mud from a rock. What's left is sweat and a heart beating hard from the training.

Not everyone can see this. For most of the people it's a world of training twice a week; only I and the uchideshi themselves can appreciate the effort or dedication. The dojo is pulsating like a heart. After a period of intense workshops, seminars, demonstrations, comes a time of silence. The uchideshi leave. Many people take a break or give up on training. The corridors become empty, and the silence is everywhere. The dust kicked up by the battle settles down, and then I roll up my sleeves and take a rag into my hands. The years go by, and only one thing stays the same. At the end, ultimately, I am my own uchideshi.

Ghosts

“It was so hard and intense that many times I came close to a nervous breakdown. I used to see strange things: every night a ghost used to come to me. I don’t know whether it was supposed to be a man or a woman. At that time I did not realize how close I was to a breakdown, but now I realize, of course. Just before I fell asleep each night it would come to me. It was really frightening. I could sense its presence. Then all of a sudden it would become like a one-ton weight on top of me and I would not be able to move. Eventually I found a solution to this. I took my bokken to bed with me, and as soon as I felt its presence, I held my bokken strongly . . . and then it was OK. This was due to exhaustion, I think.

– T. K. Chiba¹³³

Chiba Sensei told us stories of years of visions and exhaustion. He slept with a bokken next to his mattress and had dreams that he was killed. The feeling of constant threat on the mat and off it leaked into his sleep. It surrounded him, and after some time, in the delusion of tiredness, the line between dream and reality dissolved – through a dream he perceived reality, and through reality, dream. Zazen only deepens that feeling of existing between two worlds. A person who meditates a few times a week for years finds himself a place in a dimension which others do not understand. Zazen

¹³³ Interview with Kazuo Chiba Sensei published in the magazine Fighting Arts International no. 70.

is not sleep – it is readiness and calm. It is also the practice of sitting and observing the clouds of thoughts moving before our eyes. Sits which last many days are a way of disconnecting from everyday life and delving into the entire jungle of fears, memories, and dreams. Even if you do not swim in it, you sit on the bank of a river which is flowing endlessly. For those few who want to be poisoned by the training, dive into it, burn entirely in its flames – for them, the dojo is inside. It is a creaking door through which you enter your haunted kingdom.

You cannot compare anything to the lonely nights in the dojo. All day long, this place is abuzz with life. Crowds of children run in the corridors, screaming and giggling. The thuds of falls resound until the late evening. The uchideshi closes the doors, turns off the light, and tries to fall asleep after hours of wandering the empty corridors. The doors creak, the floor squeaks. In the night, the ghosts and phantoms come out. The feeling of responsibility for the place makes sleep anxious. At the beginning, you constantly hear sounds, and you start up in bed every few minutes. I remember that in San Diego I only slept until 4 a.m. – I was scared that Sensei would be able to walk in on me while I was sleeping, that he would stand over me – so, like an animal, I adopted a shallow and alert sleep. However, in the morning came a sleep which was deep and full of terrors.

In every dojo I have ever slept in, my sleep is jittery and I am woken up by any little sound. It is clear that I have carried that fear with me, and the time and place would open those doors. However, when you are an uchideshi, everything is happening for real. The dojo is truly haunted, and the ghosts

are not imaginary. In San Diego I dreamt of wounded birds with long beaks. Our room was windowless and every sound from the building was muffled; I fell into an alert sleep very quickly. I hovered over the bed and nothing hurt. In New York, the dojo was terribly hot. A massive iron radiator which you could not adjust belched out heat right next to one small window that was left ajar. Even the cold air of January did not breach the curtain of heat, and my hands and feet swelled up in the night. I finally managed to get to sleep, but it did not bring me any relief. When you turned the lights on, the legendary cockroaches of New York, big as a thumb, fanned out through the entire dojo.

In Strasbourg, in the north of France, I lived in a room which had snow blowing into it constantly through a crack under the doors. In the night, the temperature dropped to 5 degrees and I slept with all of my clothes on. It was miserably cold; I remember the mornings as a never-ending fight with my bladder. At 6 a.m. I would crawl out from my sleeping bag straight to a mat to sit, my face to the wall, for an hour and a half of zazen.

I hate the cold. Ever since my childhood in a coal-heated postgerman¹³⁴ house, the bed, apart from being a place of rest, has been a shelter from the cold for me.

The dojo on Hubska is like a furnace. PKP, the Polish railway authority, has its principles, and when it puts the heating on, the heating is truly on. The radiators boil water and the dry air is full of dust. It is perfect at night; however, the winter days on the mat are unbearable. From the front desk

a 30-meter-long corridor stretches to the training room, separated by swinging doors. The most comfortable place to sleep seems to be the warm mat. However, since we began having classes there five years ago, I have slept on the mat maybe three times. It wasn't a good place. I felt anxious and I constantly thought that someone was walking through the doors. It took a long time, but I finally found a place for myself: at the end of the corridor, next to the entrance, on a sofa. When I am alone in the dojo, I always sleep here. The corridor is dark and quiet. I fall asleep quickly, and always I have one of two dreams. At first there was only one. In this dream, I am lying in this exact place and from the other end of the corridor someone approaches me and leans over me. Sometimes he is carrying a knife, sometimes he appears in a coat and a hat. I have never seen his face. I feel a deep and primal fear, hopelessness. Unsuccessfully, I try to wake up. In a loop of dreaming about waking up, I fight with my fear. When you dream about falling asleep, you never know if you have actually woken up. I have this dream to this day; however, now it has changed into a different form. When I fall asleep, I can see a whole group of people who come here to train. They pretend that they cannot see me, ignoring me. I run between them, looking for their teacher, screaming that I do not want them here. The worst dreams are after heavy training. At these times, I am fully aware that I am asleep, but the apparitions are still real and I am still terrified of them. Over the last five years I have slept on this sofa maybe a hundred times, and I always have those visions.

As the time passed, I moved into my office, where I cannot feel the ghosts or the nightmares. That magical place is spe-

cial. It took me some time, but finally I understood what my motivations were for choosing that location. My dog always feels the responsibility of a protector, and this is where he lies and observes the dojo during the day. Primarily and physically, this spot is the centre, a place from which you can best hear the sounds from both ends of the building. This is where you control it. This is where you place your palm on the wall and feel the doors opening.

There is an armchair here. Very comfortable, with a big back. Not a lot of people know that it is electric, and you can draw it back so that it is almost flat. Most uchideshi have slept on it. No one knows why, but it pulls in people and their visions. Some time ago, a friend of mine, one of the instructors, was dying of cancer, and he took it home because he was choking on his own saliva when he lay in a bed. He slept in it during his last nights, and after he died, we put it in its old spot again. Not a lot of people know this armchair was a deathbed, and they are happy to sit in it.

The doors at the entry to the dojo were expensive. They are airtight; they don't bang when you close them, but a quiet vibrating wave pulsates throughout the dojo. My dog, perceiving this with his perfect hearing and his vestigial wolf genes, jumps up and runs to the doors. After some few months of solitude in the dojo, the uchideshi, too, begin to hear that quiet, almost inaudible flutter coming from the centre of the building. I, myself, do not know what that is – are those vibrations of an almost-silent 'poof' in the distance? In the crowd of the people chattering in the kitchen, suddenly my eyes meet the eyes of an uchideshi.



‘Someone is here’, we both say. The rest look at us, baffled.

There is an animal inside of us, and incredible possibilities, awoken by solitude, stress, fear, and a bit of hunger. Diego, an uchideshi from Chile, was delusional for the first months. Every night in Africa, the uchideshi room named in honour of its first habitants, someone tried to kill him. The guys from Kenya, being used to crowds and little space, got lost in the dojo, which was 300 square meters. They were afraid of the long corridor and the silence in the night. They also fought with nightmares.

Once, at 6 a.m., I was sitting in an armchair in the magic place, waiting for the morning classes to start in 30 minutes. I was there alone with an uchideshi and the lights were off. On the wall opposite hang dozens of framed pictures. I was looking at the wall, half-asleep, and at one point one of the pictures became a deformed face looking straight at me. A face with details – nose, eyes, an accurate contour. The picture was of Marcin, one of the advanced students, performing *irimi nage*.¹³⁵ His body, *keikogi*, and the wall of the dojo had created the perfect image of a head. As if, from the corner of the picture to the middle of the wall, someone was staring with interest into the place where I was just drifting off. Diego, the Chilean uchideshi, was truly terrified. After weeks of nightmares in Africa, he was beginning to fear that room. In the evenings, the uchideshi, after the whole week of training and cleaning the dojo from 6 a.m. until 10 p.m., are finally able to sit in silence and eat at leisure. And yet a stuffed belly does not help when falling asleep, or to escape nightmares.

135 *Irimi nage* – a throw that is one of the basic techniques in Aikido.

Each place has its own unique character, its distinctive smell. Until I die, I will remember the smell of the massive dojo on Zielińskiego street in Wrocław – a mixture of dry wood on the floor, dust from the mat, and cleaning products. San Diego smelt of oriental plants, arnica, the warmth of California nights. In the night, the corridor was long and dark. There were no windows, and at the end there were swinging doors that would creak sombrely. This place was a pit which I dug out with my own hands, like an animal. This is the corridor to my insides, into everything that created me. There are ghosts here; the faces of the dead are in the cracks on the walls. The coiled-up dragons of your fears sleep here, waiting for you, if you have enough courage to face them. If they ever disappear, this place will simply become an empty exercise, and it will be a time to walk away. Being uchideshi in a dojo is a magical and a special time. A time when everything is possible; a time when you need to switch everything off.

Kamiza

“During the Aikido training (always at the beginning and the end) with the utmost celebration you pay respect to the portrait of Ueshiba. You pay your respect to the master, the teacher who led the training, the temple of the fight [dojo], swords, jos and other props. Hear what the Bible is teaching us: “Do not make idols or set up an image or a sacred stone for yourselves, and do not place a carved stone in your land to bow down before it. I am the Lord your God. (Leviticus 26:1)

– Witold Kirmiel¹³⁶

Three times a week, in small rooms, kindly people hang an inscription of the word ‘Aikido’ in Japanese, sometimes alongside a portrait of O-Sensei. We call that place the kamiza – ‘kami’ is the word for ‘deity’ in Japanese, and ‘za’ means ‘seat’. The kamiza also can mean a central spot, the head of the table.

A permanent, real dojo is alive. Blood circulates in the walls and when you put your hand on them you can feel the pulse. The heartbeat comes from the kamiza, because that is the true centre of that place.

Each dojo has the smell and taste of its teacher. Created from madness and from sacrificing one’s life, it has his palm im-

¹³⁶ W. Kirmiel, Drodzy Przyjaciele, aikidocy. List rozesłany do nauczycieli aikido w 1993 [My dear friends, aikidoka: A letter sent to Aikido teachers in 1993], collection of the author.

printed on the doors. The dojo is his inside, and each step taken there is a journey into his soul. Whether he wants it or not – what he has created is a grand, physical model of the cage in which his life rattles.

G. in France had two silly monkeys hanging on either side of his beautifully constructed kamiza, to remind him of his origins. Chiba Sensei put two kamizas next to each other – one Buddhist, one Shinto. On the side, on a long bamboo pole, a banner bearing his family insignia, stars in a moon, hung proudly – shapes on a red canvas. On the top was carved a coiling dragon – a symbol of the year in which Chiba Sensei was born. On a stand made of antlers rested a bokken which was given to him by O-Sensei. The Shinto kamiza had a small mirror on it – a sign that for any answers you must search inside of yourself.

Every day I changed the water and put out fresh fruits and flowers. – Or at least, I should have. I always forgot about it, and motes of dust covered the surface. The flowers withered and the oranges shrank in an ugly way. I was scolded for that by many people. Although I knew it was my responsibility, I still forgot about it all the time.

Somehow, I couldn't find myself in it, or perhaps unconsciously I was boycotting that whole celebration of the kamiza. When my dojo was created, I couldn't decide how the kamiza should look. Christianity and the Decalogue are like the marrow in our bones, like a force keeping us together. A living dojo needs to be true and reach inside of the real me – not the me I fancy myself to be. My heart is made not out of Shinto legends, but from the ash of our incense and

the austere Christian feeling of guilt. This is what I have to face every day, because it is the material from which I try to sculpt myself. I see people who have truly gone through a heavy slice of life with Chiba Sensei and then they left, trying to find their own way. Many of them stopped bowing to the kamiza. They bow only to their students. However, everyone builds a kamiza. Why?

After few months of torturing uchideshi, I order them to sit in front of the kamiza with me. They know its every corner, each of the weird objects lying on the black wooden board. They have cleaned and dusted it a few times a day, cursing all of the dusty cracks. In the centre there is a stand for weapons, on which are a bokken and two tanto, handmade by Daniel Sensei from Asian ebony – gifts which I have been collecting for years.¹³⁷ Beautiful weapons, but fragile – I never use them; they stay on the kamiza. On the left side there is a root, big as a god's head. It is gnarled and black, and it looks like a heart which was ripped out, or the head of a devil with horns and pointed ears. Once, Mateusz and I were walking on the dry bed of an African river, I saw traces of the paws of big cats in dry mud. After an hour we reached a place called the 'Gate of Hell', on the sandy hills where hot springs stinking of sulphur boiled in caves. The heat was excruciating, and we stood there alone, at the gate of hell. Then I saw that something was boiling in one of the muddy sloughs. With a stick I pulled out that root, that heart of the devil, and I took it with me to the other side of the world. Now it lies in an old post-rail barrack in Wrocław. On the right side of the sword is a big flat stone covered with hun-

¹³⁷ One of the uchideshi scorched the handle of the bokken by putting a candle under it.

dreds of holes and cavities. I stole it from a secluded beach which belonged to a monastery at the Sea of Galilee, in the place where Jesus walked on water. In the life of that stone, two thousand years is nothing, so I believe that it must have been there back then. And in this way, the sword is lying between hell and heaven. Normally, the conscious uchideshi sit there with their mouths wide open, not knowing whether they are in the presence of a madman. For five years I have hidden things inside this kamiza, things important to me and for us all. Things that make us who we are and things which we are afraid of, fragments of our history, symbols of fear and happiness. And this is what we bow to before and after training. To our past, to an awareness of who we are and what creates us. I rub in my palms the dust of the path which creates me. There are beautiful and noble things, as well as the dirt of uncertainty and shame. To kill the illusion, to look at myself as I am. With my limitations, weaknesses, and the potential for noble things. This is what I bow towards, accepting what I am.



Kids

“So, when I was as I was in this photograph, I wanted to do things that are written here, by myself. And then I forgot and now I am old. And now I have no time, with neither the strength to lead wars nor to go the cannibal’s land.

– Janusz Korczak¹³⁸

Between 7 and 10 thousand kids – that is how many have passed through my hands at the dojo, kindergartens, secondary schools, on-the-job demonstrations and regular classes. When I made up my mind to do this job, my friend from Berlin asked me, ‘Do you know what the worst thing about working with kids is? – The parents.’

In that crowd there were a lot of kind, good, and polite kids; however, the ones you remember are the little devils. It’s too bad for the thousands of others who are nice and a bit transparent. Most of them are adults now, and I have no idea whether we influenced them in any kind of way. Somewhere, in hundreds of hearts and heads, I exist as a frozen image: ‘that guy from Aikido’.

Mariusz (age seven) was a boy with autism. Skinny and tall for his age, he had a nice face and did not seem like a child with a deficit. One of the symptoms is a need for attention and fixating on single words – most of the time the ugly

¹³⁸ L. J. Korczak, *Król Macius Pierwszy*. Warsaw: Foksal 2018, p. 5 (own translation).

ones. I once threw him out of class because he was in a loop of calling other kids morons. He couldn't stop, and when he came back to the room with remorse –even at the entrance to the mat – he cast another automatic 'moron' at his victim.

One day he was stuck in a loop in the boys' changing room, and quickly it got quite loud. Eventually it went too far, and someone hit someone. The victim's mother stormed into the changing room and started to yell at our Mariusz. Now he had a new victim and new words –he was screaming at the woman: 'Shut up!' At the sound of those words, his father came through the doors, exactly at the moment when Mariusz, pleased to the utmost with all the attention, screamed at the woman like no one has ever screamed before. Then everything happened really quickly. The woman – directed by what, I can't really tell – slapped the kid in the face so hard that his feet flew into the air. That triggered the father, who began to shout at her. Both sides wanted to call the police and in general did everything but care for their kids. At the same time, our Mariusz, who had probably never been hit in his life, ineptly tried to deal with the situation. Unfortunately, he did not do a very good job, because he ran up to the woman and slapped her in the face. The woman ran away, and we never spoke about it again.

This reminds me of a legendary story of a high-ranking teacher who was slapped in the face by Chiba Sensei when she did something incredibly stupid. He realised quite quickly that he had gone too far, and said: 'Well, there's a possibility that I've reacted too impulsively. There is only one way to leave

this situation without losing face, like teachers of martial arts. You also need to hit me.'

And hit him she did, so that the whole room resounded with the echo. Sensei nodded.

'I understand that this is solved, and we don't have to come back to it.'

Rafał (age nine), during one of the relaxation exercises, was supposed to walk slowly through the room with his eyes closed and his hands in front of him. I did not foresee that he would run at full speed and smack into a wall. He was covered in blood, and with my own hand I pulled out one of his teeth from the wall where it was embedded. I put it in my pocket and then I gave it to his mother. Apparently, the dentist managed put it back into place. They say that you need to keep the teeth pulled with the roots in a glass of milk or in your own mouth. Somewhere in the city is a 20-year-old guy whose tooth I kept in my pocket for an hour.

Sławek (age eight) was running around the room when I slapped him with a belt on his back instead of on the butt. He stopped, and instead of a nice Sławek, a possessed demon turned in my direction with wry face.

'You piece of shit', he said 'that hurt. I will kill you!'

And he threw himself at me for that exact purpose. Later his mother said that he sometimes had fits of rage.

Filip (age eight) sucked on a glass at summer camp, giving himself a perfectly circular bruise around his mouth. That same Filip, a few years later, slid under a table on his knees

and hit a wall while we were playing darts. I was at the emergency room with him for three hours. I recently found out that the 20-something years old Filip has a kid. I hope that it will also suck on a glass.

Michał (age 11) walked up to me with a strange walk while we were having a fire one evening at a summer camp.

‘Can I go to the toilet?’

‘Wee-wee, or a poop?’

‘A poop’, he said sadly.

‘But will you make it?’ I said, stupidly.

‘No’ – a firm, calm reply.

Agnieszka (age 7) – fell and caught herself on her hands during class. She broke an elbow bone. Two months later, at a summer camp, she broke the same bone, 10 centimetres higher. Altogether I spent six hours with her in the emergency room.

In 2005, at a summer camp in Radków,¹³⁹ we had an epidemic of stomach flu. At its peak there were 11 kids throwing up and shitting themselves all night long. The crew slept in their clothes, every now and then changing basins full of water.

Gabriel (age nine) was celebrating his birthday. His father said that he had a surprise for the group prepared, and asked if we could finish five minutes early. He was sitting with a big bag on his lap, and I assumed that he wanted to share some sweets. When the time arrived, he came to the middle

139 Radków (pronounced “ratkuf”, called Wünschelburg in German) is a town in Kłodzko County, Lower Silesia, Poland.

of the mat and asked the kids to sit around him. We sat in a small circle, and he took out a 2-meter-long python from this bag; the creature coiled up on the mat. The father wanted to give it to kids to hold it. I was looking at that madman, terrified, and stupidly I threw myself on the boa constrictor. It wrapped around me, and my prayers must have helped, as it did not strangle me. I politely asked the man never to come here again. I think that this is when I got at least one stomach ulcer.

For some time, a guy in a cowboy hat and dark glasses had been coming to the children's classes. He sat like that for few weeks with the parents. One of the days he was there by himself, and thinking it would be nice to be polite and finally get to know him, as he had been bringing his kid around for such a long time, I struck up a conversation.

'Which one is yours?' I asked.

'Which one of what?' he responded, startled.

'Which kid is yours?'

'None of them', he said nervously. 'I come here to watch them.'

I was overcome with rage and I threw him out of the room. He never returned. This was a huge mistake on my part, as I should have said nothing and called the police. I was told off by the police for that, because you can never know if a man like that is dangerous. From that moment on, we stopped allowing people in for the kids' classes.

It took me many years to realise that more interesting things were happening between the parents in the corridor than on



the mat with the kids during the kids' classes. As it turned out, the adult classes generate weddings; the kids' classes, divorces. At the end of one summer, one of the mothers came up to me.

'I'd like to sign my son up, but he cannot be in a group with that boy.'

'Why? They don't like each other?'

'They like each other very much, but my husband has left me for his mother.'

Jakub and Pawel (age seven and nine) were very gifted children. Nice and kind. Their parents drove an expensive car, wore expensive clothes, had expensive phones. After few months, his father came up to me.

'So, how it is with those exams? When can my eagles pass for the yellow belt?'

'Well, the yellow one takes two years. After this season they will pass the white one; next year the yellow one.'

'But they're doing so well. We can organise an exam especially for them, right? Let's say in a month.'

'No, that is not possible. The whole system is based on that, and besides, the other parents would probably eat me alive . . .'

'I'm sure we can figure something out', he smiled at me.

We did not figure anything out, and soon he took the kids away. I wonder what happened with those two really great boys, whose house was being steeped in such poison.

Paweł (age 12) came up to us and gave us his phone on the bus going to summer camp. (We have a strict no-phone policy, as they destroy all our work from within.) As Paweł was turning in his phone, one of his friends suddenly got up and said, 'Give them the other one as well!'

Paweł turned red and told us what his father told him before the trip: Give your teachers this phone willingly and you will get credit for it. And keep this one (he added, giving him another phone) a secret and call us from it.

Dominik (age nine) was in the middle of a field with others, running around and playing a game of looking for treasure. The kids were bent over a map, trying to decipher the clues. I was standing there, quite bored in fact, and watching them. Suddenly Dominik left the group and ran towards a big bench. Calmly he slid his trousers down and sat on it with a bare bum. The rest of the children – there must have been 10 of them or so – didn't notice anything, as they were still poring over the map. Dominik put his winkle between the slats of the bench.

'Jesus, man, what are you doing?' I couldn't stop myself.

'I'm peeing', he said, surprised.

Krystian (age 10) – was in the cleanest room at summer camp. Ten-year-old Dawid was living there, and he terrorised the group and ordered them to clean regularly. Each day, the room got the maximum points for cleanliness. And each day it stank more and more of human poo. On the fifth day our eyes were watering because of the reek, and we did a general inspection. As it turned out, 10-year-old Krystian did not use

a toilet. He pooped in his pants and then he wrapped up the half-kilo load in a plastic bag and put it in a closet. The room had to be clean, so in the closet next to each other lay rows of poos from Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. I called his parents and said that the kid must be seriously ill, as he was pooping in his pants, and I was immediately taking him to a hospital. The Mother cracked and admitted that he did that a lot, but she felt no need to tell us about it. She took him home the next day and he never came back for classes again.

Mateusz (age eight) could, as I recall, swallow hot dogs like a cormorant swallows fish, without chewing. During camp at midnight, I was sitting in the corridor with the teacher who was on the night shift when the phone rang.

‘Have you done anything about the sexual assault that my son is experiencing?’

I nearly fainted. Immediately I blamed the other teacher I had been working with. Apart from me, he was the only one there, and I since I was not assaulting anyone it must have been him. I sprang to my feet, intending to kill him.

‘Who . . . when?’ I stammered over the phone.

‘My son is being sexually assaulted by the boys in the room he is living in.’

‘Eh?’ I stopped halfway to the room of the teacher I had sentenced to death. ‘How are seven- and eight-year-olds assaulting him?’

‘They walk around the room naked, and sometimes they touch his butt.’

The parent is always right, and that very night I separated the kids.

Wiktor (age 12) was slightly autistic. He had difficulties with coordination and many physical tics. He convinced 10 kids at camp that their rooms were haunted. Then he removed the spell by spraying them profusely with insect spray, in exchange for bars of chocolate. The spray was confiscated.

The next one was my fault. It was the stupidest and the coolest thing I have done yet. I was coming back with a group of 11-year-olds from the city. It was getting dark, and for some reason I decided to take them through the forest. There were maybe six or eight of them. We walked through a field of wheat into a dark, heavy grove. Dusk was near. I knew the way, but with each step it was getting darker and scarier. We jumped over a small stream in a dip in the path, and this stupid idea came to my idiotic brain.

‘Sit down on the rocks’, I said, ‘I would like to tell you a story’. It was totally dark, and all I could see was their shapes in the silent gloom of the forest. ‘This is a story which took place a long, long time ago. Many years ago, in this spot, there was another summer camp with children. The boys were walking through the forest in a place exactly like this one. One of them noticed that his friend had gotten lost while they were walking. He stopped to look for him, and suddenly he noticed a shape in the bushes. He walked closer and saw the boy lying still with his eyes wide open. There was something attached to his neck, which from one second to the next looked more

and more like his friend's body. Finally, the body became just an empty, transparent bag and the shape adopted a human form. The boy took a step back, snapping a twig under his feet, and when the monster turned to him he saw its eyes were completely white. The terrified boy did not move until the monster walked away. Then he ran towards his companions, who he heard in the distance. He wanted to tell everyone about what had happened, but the white-eyed boy had already joined the group, so he didn't say anything. He reached the camp and a nurse locked up the boy with white eyes in an isolation room because he wouldn't talk and his eyes were white. Every night, the boy escaped from the room and drank the blood of other children. One day, before the end of the camp, he disappeared. He went back to the forest and the kids were taken back to the city, pale and sick. The body of the boy who got lost has never been found.

I was talking and talking, making the story up as I went. The kids were silent; only one boy was goofily commenting on what I was saying. The rest of them were scared – Filip was the only one who didn't give a damn, and I saw that it wasn't working on him. That was when it came to me.

'It was exactly 20 years ago', I said, with sadness in my voice. 'That boy who saw his friend's death and did nothing – it was me. It took me 20 years to understand that there was only one way. He is still haunting children, so in the middle of the night, I brought you to him.'

Chaos ensued. Everyone apart from Filip jumped to their feet and ran screaming into the dark forest. The path was straight, but they tripped over rocks. Someone fell into a patch

of nettles. I followed them, cackling like a moron. I didn't know that this was just the beginning. On my way I caught up with the sociopathic Filip, who was walking slowly with hands in his pockets. The stupid idea spree was in full bloom: I told him to hide, then ran to the other kids.

'Where is Filip?' I pretended to be terrified, 'I think he got Filip!'

'Run!' shouted Wiktor, just before falling headfirst into the nettles. 'The white-eyed boy! Run!'

I went back to get Filip and, quite pleased with ourselves, we calmly returned to the camp where 45 kids were no longer asleep. Hysteria welcomed us, as my wife was trying to put down a rebellion of frightened kids. The story had already spread to everybody, and from the hidden phones it had even reached Wrocław, which was 150 km away. I was reassuring parents that everything was all right until 3 am. As it turned out, as they were running back in a panic, the kids had met a couple of lovebirds, and the guy was a dead ringer for my assistant. They had called out to him while they were running through the forest to the camp. You can't imagine how terrified they were when the doors were opened by the very man they believed they had run past some 500 meters back in a dark forest. For sure it was the white-eyed boy.

Marek (age 11) was a kid with autism. He ran around the room absent-mindedly. As he was passing me, I leaned in his direction to scream 'faster!' Terrified, he jumped straight up and hit me with the top of his head, breaking my nose in three places.

Maciek (age nine) was scratching his butt constantly for two days. Finally, Kasia ordered him to show her what he had there. Contagious impetigo – a nasty skin disease – had already eaten away a wound as big as a fist on his bum. While cleaning it, Kasia got infected, and then she had that crap on her hands.

I was sleeping on a couch in the dojo, in a place where kids often jump around before the classes. I woke up with conjunctivitis. For a week I had to hold my eyelids open with my fingers while driving, as the photophobia was making my eyes close. For two weeks I had to put medication in my eyes.

Filip (age seven) ate half of his certificate.

Jaś (age six) was going around the mat on all fours, licking his palms before he took the next step.

‘What are you doing?’ – ‘I’m Spiderman.’

Two 10-year-olds whose names I cannot remember tried to stick a dead algae-eater into the mouth of another boy. (There was an aquarium in the corridor.)

Some of the stupid ideas become a self-criticizing certificate, signed by a parent and the teacher. Among the examples we have framed in the dojo are: ‘I allowed my friend to slap me in the face because he does it lightly’; ‘During an Aikido class I grabbed my friend’s weenie’; ‘During Aikido training I licked Artur’s feet’; ‘During the class I sneezed into my friend’s keikogi on purpose’.

Apart from these minor incidents, working with kids is pure pleasure.

Sausage Dogs

***D**uring the First World War, such a case was known in Poland: two young Polish aristocrats who were soldiers on the Austrian front made a bet on who would be the first one to be shot, and jumped out of the trench. One got killed; the other one had a scar on his head for the rest of his life. It is clear that every one of us condemns this type of juvenile recklessness. However, there is something in the corners of the Polish soul which pays respect to a grand gesture of this type. Each of us will mutter: 'Well, in any case, I prefer that over those who let out a cry and flee to a deep, dark corner when the first bullet appears'.*

– Stanislaw Cat-Mackiewicz, Londyniszcz¹⁴⁰

My wife was taking part in a workshop at a teacher's centre. Mateusz and I packed a few things and drove there to spend what was left of a Saturday and a Sunday. While Kasia was at the lectures, we went to walk in the forest or to a nearby lake. I even tried fishing, but there were no great results apart from one weedy bream. Mateusz spent the time playing with a replica of a Heckler & Koch automatic rifle – a massive piece of junk that spit plastic balls and looked horrendously serious. It weighed a few kilos, and you could feel a deep inhumane murk in it. We packed everything up some time later and dragged it all to the attic of our hotel. We were there during the off season, and we didn't see anyone

¹⁴⁰ S. Cat-Mackiewicz, Londyniszcz. Cracow: Uniwersytet 2013, p. 29. Own translation.

else around. We were bored, waiting for Kasia and chatting about stupid things. I was cleaning the gun, and from time to time I looked through the window. Between me and a pine grove that stretched out for a hundred meters or so was an empty path. In the middle of the path stood a small sausage dog which was looking at me arrogantly. There was no one around, and I had a massive automatic rifle, loaded with plastic balls, in my hands.

What happened next is the key to the rest of this story and one of the most interesting afterthoughts I ever had in my life.

The sausage dog was looking at me and I was looking at it. I glanced at Mateusz, and both of us shrugged our shoulders. I aimed the first shot at a trash can standing nearby, just to check how precise the rifle was. The ball flew a meter to the left of the can. I remember I even waited for the dog to turn its head so that I wouldn't hit it in the eye. The next ball ricocheted a half meter in front of the dog and then hit it in the tail. It yelped and ran away. After that, everything happened very quickly, and got as nasty as it could possibly get. The owner of the centre stormed into our room – he was, as it turned out, the owner of the dog. He quickly put all the pieces together and summoned the police, calling me a thug and a sociopath. He confiscated my ID and told me to wait for the forces to arrive. In the meantime, Kasia had already heard about what her stupid husband had done. I still blush when I think about what could have happened. I have a dog myself, and I probably would break the hands of anyone who tried to shoot him.

The owner, furious, was shouting that he was a teacher at the university – I was praying that he wouldn't Google me, because I had been working there longer than him. After an hour of humiliation, the police arrived. Countering his version of the story – me trying to kill the dog with a rifle – I presented mine, about shooting a dog with a plastic ball from a fake gun. The young policemen escorted me to my car. I opened the boot; Mateusz took off the blanket and both of the guys in uniform took a step back (remember, no one in Poland has guns), then bent over to examine the fake weapon. Mateusz, who loves his gadgets, had assembled everything onto the rifle that could be assembled: a night vision device, lasers, a collimator, and God knows what else. I sighed and said honestly:

'I have no idea what came over me. There was a path, there was a dog, there was this rifle. Bloody hell, anyone would shoot.'

Hell yeah, they had in their eyes. They were young, they were in the police, they were attracted to guns. Probably, if the owner hadn't been around, they would have taken the rifle and gone into the bushes to shoot something. – Not that that would be out of line. I got a warning, but it wouldn't go on my record, whatever that means. However, that was the moment of greatest shame in my entire life, and I still think about what drove me to do what I had done.

I once saw a shirt that read: 'A reputation is something that you build your all life, and you destroy in five seconds'. From that moment on I promised myself to never do any bad sausage dogs – this is what I call an impulsive, antisocial,

illogical action which you realise you've committed just after doing it. As when, in Hell's Gate National Park near Nairobi, Mateusz and I were racing on bikes and suddenly decided to bet on who would cycle between a giraffe's legs. The giraffes ran away – and probably this is the only reason I am alive to write these words. We also tried to crawl, holding knives in our teeth, to ambush some wild African pigs. Then we had to escape through bushes full of wild animals and who knows what else, as we were chased by a herd of buffalo that barred our path. The alpha male especially riled us, standing in the middle of the path 100 meters in front of us and not letting the two Polish boys on bicycles through. According to the information on the Internet, the animal weighed around 500 kg, and we're embarrassed to admit that we chickened out. We went on through the bushes, but our defeat was painful, and the feeling wouldn't leave us. I remembered that I had a fold-up slingshot in my pocket knife, and we came back to that 'little' shit to at least shoot it in the butt with a pebble. The slingshot was crap – before we had even unfolded it, there was not a sight of the herd of a hundred buffalos.

Why am I writing all of this and what does it have to do with Aikido and Chiba Sensei?

Nothing and everything. Of course, I do not compare my shooting a sausage dog with plastic balls to the legendary story about the young Chiba killing O-Sensei's dog. There are so many versions that it is hard to know what is true. Our training was based on pushing one's limits – physical endurance, pain, stress, fear. Are you able to sit still for three days? Can you shout one sentence for four days? How

much pain can you take? What type of experience awakes primal strengths which you are not even aware exist? And most of all, how far can you go? Sensei told us a story that once, out of curiosity, he did bunny hops for a mile. This is a traditional conditioning exercise for the thighs – while squatting, you jump on your toes like a rabbit. For us, a mile was an unimaginable distance. However, no one questioned him, because a year or two ago we would not have believed that we would be able to do things we were doing now. The social norms and behaviours of ‘normal’ people suddenly did not apply to us, because we could do more. I remember one conversation we had, after the third beer, when Chiba Sensei told us again about his first meeting with O-Sensei. He had dragged a large blanket with his belongings to Hombu (the headquarters) and sat in front of the dojo without a recommendation letter. O-Sensei was not there – he was supposed to come back in a couple of days – so the uchideshi did not let him in.

‘I was sitting there, motionless, for three days’, he said to us then.

I was slightly too relaxed from the beer and I had a mouthful of food. Normally I would not have said anything, but the words somehow left my mouth by themselves:

‘And peeing?’ I mumbled.

‘I didn’t’, he snapped.

And what? Maybe he didn’t. Once I only drank water and didn’t eat anything for seven days. And there are those who don’t eat for 21 days. It’s possible.



The master of sausage dogs was L. Sensei. Stories about him are the stories of hundreds of various sausage dogs: he was able to smell the opportunity, like a sociopath, as if he saw the world differently than everyone else. Searching for a challenge for him became a method of teaching, of separating the real students from the fake ones. Once he was walking in the south of France with a teacher who was very similar to him, on the edge of Pont du Gard, a Roman aqueduct 50 meters high. They simply looked at each other, and then both jumped down fully clothed. I don't remember which one broke their sternum, but he had to lead the classes like that for a week.

I met his student, A., first. A quiet guy from Albania who had been at San Diego for a couple of years. I am under the impression that I liked him more than he liked me. He was quiet and nice, but extremely infected by the sausage dog syndrome. He kept on repeating that it all started with L., and every time we did something really stupid, he would say that he learnt that in New York. We started with the silly thing of going to the cinema without a ticket. With confidence. Then we stayed in the cinema for a few movies. Another time we stole a whole truck full of compost in order to save a withered cucumber plant next to the dojo. If you were a resident, you could get compost for free – massive piles of it were stored in the desert outside of the city. We were not from there, so we had to resort to a robbery mission. As a tourist, I risked being sent back to Poland for stealing muck, so I begged off the second run. Yet another time, on a Sunday morning, one of the uchideshi noticed a 1.5-meter-long snake in the parking lot behind the dojo. As there were mostly Europeans around, no one had a slightest idea about snakes from California. We

didn't know if it was a venomous one or a constrictor, if it had escaped a breeding house, if it was dangerous. The nature of the sausage-dog syndrome is based on an atavistic, and, it would seem, Polish sentiment: 'What? I can't do it?' As it turns out, this phenomenon is widely known and present around the world.

It took just one moment. We were running around like children, in nothing but our pants, chasing the snake with a bucket. Finally, we managed to cover it. One of us sat on the bucket; the rest stood barefoot in the bushes, around the grapevines that clung to the wall. I remember to this day the feeling I had when we lifted the bucket to discover that the snake was not there. We stood there, barefoot, in grass reaching our knees, with a meter-and-a-half-long snake coiled up somewhere nearby.

Finally, I found it. We made a split stick and we pinned its head to the ground. A. and I had both seen in movies that you have to grab it by its head so that the bugger doesn't bite you. Only – do you have to hold the head from the sides? Or maybe from the top and bottom? We didn't know. I don't know how it happened but when I lowered the stick, the bloody thing wrapped around A., up to his elbow, and he started to lose the feeling in his hand. It ended with him putting his hand in a trash bag. We unwrapped the snake, and on the count of three A. slid out his hand and I pulled the bag shut. The snake eventually also escaped that trap.

There were many more things like that, but I can't remember all of them. I didn't fit into that group at all. I was an ass at best, not a bush-fighter; every 'fun' thing like that nearly

gave me a heart attack. However, those constant cockfights of who was stronger, who was faster, were a natural process which everyone went through. Even in a world which had, in theory, no rivalry at all, no medals or competitions, it happened all the time. Who can be closer to the teacher? Who can be a better uke? Who will fold Sensei's hakama? The hierarchy of the ranks and the teacher's favour is like a minefield seeded with ceremonial and human ambitions.

I arrived in New York in January 2009. The small dojo was located on the corner of 35th Street and Sixth Avenue, a five-minute walk from Times Square, on the floor above a Korean or Vietnamese restaurant. Only this type of place would put up with the constant sound of hard falls overhead. In Manhattan, it is impossible to find a training space on the ground floor, and on the higher floors there will always be some whiner who will complain about the noise.

On the first day the teacher introduced me to some dealers from Jamaica, wrapped in quilted parkas. They stood in the doorway day and night, shuffling around like the guards of the dojo. For almost a whole month I lived there by myself. In the mornings I had class, and then until 3 p.m. L. threw me out, so I wandered around Manhattan. It was cold, and there was this unbearable wind between the skyscrapers. In those few weeks I saw everything there was to see there.

The sausage dogs appeared quickly. L took me to a museum and told me to enter without a ticket. He is small and non-deceptive, but I weigh 90 kg, so a couple of security guards had already caught me on the stairs. I played the 'Me no

‘speak English’, and they sent us back to the ticket counter. L was furious.

‘You are too big, and you ruined my trick’.

I stood in the queue and looked at the massive board with the prices – \$25 per person was beaming with a huge number from afar. In front of me, small groups of three or four people moved – families that were throwing a hundred-dollar bill on the counter. L. gave me 50 cents and said, ‘Buy 2 tickets’.

‘But one costs \$25!’ I groaned.

‘Pay 50 cents for two tickets’, he snapped at me.

I walked there like a lamb to slaughter. Being taught by him was a priority for me, and I really cared about it – he was checking how much. How much you can make a fool out of me. He took a safe distance, and I approached the ticket counter.

‘Two tickets, please’ I said defeated, putting the two quarters on the counter. I can remember the look the woman gave me, tilting her head slightly. She took the change and gave me the tickets.

‘Next!’ she said.

I took two steps back, not knowing what had just happened. L. grabbed me by the shoulder and with his other hand pointed at the board with the prices.

‘Read it carefully once more.’

I looked at it again. Next to the huge black ‘\$25’ was written, in a tiny font, ‘suggested price’.

‘The entrance here is free, and any fee is just a donation’, he said sadly. ‘Look at all these people. Without a second thought they give away hundreds of dollars. As a warrior, you have to see this. You have to behave like a rat in a city, not like a chicken on a farm.’

I looked at the tangled queue of people. They really did look like cows, mindlessly chewing on cud.

That day, when we were leaving the museum, L. pointed out in the crowd a hooded, wrinkled old man walking towards the doors a few meters in front of me.

‘Run to open the doors for him!’

‘For who?’ I wasn’t sure.

‘That one!’ he pointed him out once more.

‘Ok!’

I dodged through the crowd, overtook the older guy and, like a well-trained butler, opened the doors for him. He looked at me without any expression and I froze. Through the door walked the one and only Woody Allen.

‘He comes here often’, said L., cackling.

I can remember the moment when I failed during a sausage-dog trial. We walked together on Fifth Avenue, the priciest street in New York, when L. stopped in front of some chain café.

‘Go there and take two coffees without paying’, he said. I entered the café and I realised that this was too much. Halfway to the counter, I turned back and said:

‘If you got caught, you would get a ticket, at most. I would be deported to Poland for stealing coffee, and everyone would hear about it. This test is different for both of us, and I am risking much more. Besides, this is just stupid.’

L. was Chiba’s greatest student. He was the person who had reached the deepest and, beyond argument, he was the one whom Chiba loved like a son. He was (and still is) a madman who realises that his strength comes from this craziness, and he decided to explore exactly that. My strength comes from the greyness and the dust which is stuck inside of me. His, on the contrary, is from insanity, from the fact that he doesn’t belong in this world.

I can see that fire in his eyes, and I can only admire and envy it. A few times he told me about what, apparently, Picasso had said: ‘As a teenager, I had already learnt how to paint like the masters, but it took me many, many years to reach the point where I could paint like a child.’

Once we were sitting, the four of us, with his student A. and Chiba Sensei in a university dorm room in San Francisco. That is to say, they were sitting on a sofa and we both – me and A. – were on the rug, in seiza. Chiba Sensei was telling us about the beginnings of Judo in the UK, and he mentioned a teacher who was able to light a cigarette with his feet: open the packet, take the match out from the box, strike it, and put it to a cigarette. All of this using only his feet.

‘I can do that’, A. said suddenly.

Chiba Sensei looked at him, reached across the table, and threw a packet of cigarettes and matches in our direction.

‘Bring a camera’, he ordered me.

I was sitting there for over 45 minutes. A. was struggling, but finally he lit the cigarette. He burnt his feet and made a few holes in the rug.

The sausage dog is a wide notion. For me it signifies the impulsive need to go through the doors that suddenly appear in front of me. Most often it is something extremely stupid, always something quite primal. The sausage dog also has huge educational value. It teaches you who you really are. There are good and bad sausage dogs, there are stupid ones and very stupid ones. To not sleepwalk through your life, to actually have something to remember. Even something stupid. I still wake up in the middle of the night, wondering what I have actually done in my life.

Pilecki running away from Auschwitz.¹⁴¹ Piasecki, a bandit who fell by the wayside to be a writer.¹⁴² Tomasz ‘Tarzan’ Wójcik who signed on to the Resistance wearing the coat of a German general he had just killed.¹⁴³ Or Stanislaw Suplatowicz, who came up with the idea that he would become a Native American.¹⁴⁴ Those were true biographies, those were the true histories.

141 Witold Pilecki (1901–1948) cavalry officer, a member of the Home Army, and resistance leader in KL Auschwitz, a fugitive from the camp.

142 Sergiusz Piasecki (1901–1964) a soldier, smuggler, convict, writer, and intelligence agent.

143 Tomasz ‘Tarzan’ Wójcik (1908–1951) was a cavalry leader who joined the Resistance leader Ponury (Jan Piwnik) wearing the coat of General Kurt Renner, whom he had killed. He died after being stabbed in Chicago in 1951.

144 Stanislaw Suplatowicz (Sat-Okh) (1925–2003) was, in the official version, the son of the chief of a Native American tribe and a Polish woman who had run away from Siberia. During the occupation he joined the Home Army (Armia Krajowa) and fought in the Resistance. According to



One day I went shopping at the local grocery store with my four-year-old son. He escaped from me and ran into the street, and in all of the chaos I left my wallet with the money from the dojo on the counter in the shop. I came back there 20 minutes later, but the wallet was gone. On the surveillance video I saw a typical sausage dog: two well-dressed young guys were buying juice and a few small bottles of vodka, and finally they noticed my wallet. First they checked the documents, then they found the money. I saw in their eyes a glimpse of the bad sausage dog, and they ran out of the shop. They took the money and threw the rest away. After cancelling my cards and reporting the case to the police I came back home to find a note on my door. Someone had found my wallet – an older woman who had been picking her granddaughter up from school. She gave it back to me and I invited the girl to train at the dojo for free.

A few days later the police called. They had caught both of the boys, who turned out to be 17 years old. They gave me their names and I Googled them. They were on the city handball team, students from the school nearby. The parents wanted to meet me, because if I dug deeper into this case, it could practically destroy their lives. Though I was furious, I quickly reminded myself of the owner of the centre whose dog I had shot. I set up a meeting with them at the dojo. I thought for a long time about what was happening. Just a few years earlier, having been driven by a similar impulse, I had done a stupid thing, and I myself had been waiting for the police. Now I was the owner.

I knew how important the feeling of shame was, and how sobering that whole experience would be. I waited for almost two weeks, and on Monday evening the two boys came to the dojo, accompanied by their daddies. Despite their young age they were huge guys, a head taller than me, with hands like loaves of bread. I took them to my office. The room looks like a secret chamber from *Highlander*¹⁴⁵ – the only thing that is missing is a bearskin or a boar's head. On the walls hang African spears, knives, axes, bows, arrows, sickles, and masks, and on the stands are Japanese swords. (That room was burgled a few years earlier; the thief entered through the window and only stole five swords and a Prussian bayonet from the nineteenth century.)

The four of them sat opposite me, and I, expecting an aggressive defence from the parents, began by addressing them directly:

'I do not blame the parents. Boys get older, and they have a right to do stupid things. It's probably not your fault.'

I was thinking about the mask of a teacher and the illusions people have when they come in here. I decided to play on that, as there was an opportunity not be missed and I wanted to see how far I could take all of it. I wore a bloodstained keikogi, and during our conversation I rolled up my trousers and put an ice pack on my knee. I was talking about my job, about the failure of the education system, which was the reason why kids whose shoes cost more than my whole salary were stealing wallets. I was talking about the cancelled cards and hungry children, and generally got a bit ahead of myself. The

145 *Highlander*, dir. Russel Mulcahy, 1989.

boys were terrified – both of them at the beginning; then in the eyes of one I saw a growing fury.

The parents entered the conversation, proposing to return all the money and keep the case quiet. I took the money, and then I asked if they knew what their sons had been doing in that shop, after all. The boys started to squirm in their chairs, and I instigated the second round of the torture. On my laptop I shared a video of two exemplary 17-year-old athletes buying three small bottles of vodka at 3 p.m. on a Thursday.

‘Well, you forgot to mention that’, mumbled one of the fathers, and the father-son alliance crumbled.

The enemy was now fractured, and I could strike. At this point a black guy in a hakama entered the room and bowed to me, instigating panic. He asked me in Swahili if he should prepare tea or coffee for the guests. I translated, and responded that there was no need, as they didn’t want any. In fact, that was the sum total of my Swahili, but they couldn’t know that. I had opted not to use English, as the boys probably knew it and it wouldn’t work at all.

The enemy spluttered and became more and more defenceless. I prepared the final attack. For that I needed to secure the flank.

‘The boys are athletes. They train . . .’ began one of the fathers.

‘Handball. Yes, I know.’ I stopped him. I said the name of their coach and the name of the club. They looked at me, hopeless.

It was an important moment, which I could easily blow. Now, all I needed to do was to lie casually and calmly, or to not lie at all.

‘Did you see that we are just opposite a police station?’ I asked. ‘Half of my students are policemen; the rest are lawyers and tax officers. You stole money from their children. On the second day I already had your pictures and all the information I needed. It was way before I got your names from the police. This is not your lucky day.’

I played *va banque*. The little shits can drink and steal – now they knew my address and my name, and I couldn’t afford new windows and tires. Apart from that, the offended parents could denounce me God knows where. By suggesting my relationship with the police and the tax office, I protected myself from this angle. It worked, and at the end I said what I had been preparing for the whole week.

‘The solution is that they come here for a month or two to clean the toilets. Initially, I wanted to send them for the daily trainings, but why should I force someone to do something that others pay for?’

I looked at them. One of them was completely destroyed, and it looked like he was nodding to show how much he agreed with me. The other teenager was biting his lips in rage. The strength in him was seething so much that I felt the air around him pulsating. He was on the verge – another moment, and he would jump on me.

That was a month ago. Since then, they’ve called me a few times to reschedule coming to the dojo. Probably they will

never come. However, for sure they will never take anyone's wallet again – just as I will definitely never again shoot a sausage dog with a fake machine gun.

There is small aikido and there is big aikido. There is a set of exercises and techniques to twist someone's wrists, and there is a relationship with a person, a community, and education. There is the magic of a place which can be a fake museum or a living tool.

There is a scene which still plays out before my eyes. Chiba Sensei leaps up from his place in front of the kamiza and with a roar goes striding towards some poor guy. He stands in front of him, raising his bokken, and points it at him.

'You think I won't kill you? What will they do? I will go to prison and I will do zazen all day!'

The guy trembles, crushed by the aggression. Sensei lowers his bokken, turns around, and walks slowly back to his cushion before the kamiza. This is when I see it: as he walks, a smile is playing merrily on his lips.

“After returning from Japan, I avoided misogi training for six years. It was so traumatic, so profound to me that I spent years digesting it. In the meantime, I put it in my head, explained why I didn’t do it anymore, why I didn’t need to. I just wrote the book and described everything I remembered. And then, forced by friends, I finally returned to Ichikukai and saw with horror how I had invented many of these things myself. The details did not match. It doesn’t matter, and I haven’t changed anything I wrote back then, because it’s that kind of experience. It happens inside you and the details mean nothing. In the end, I just saw it like that.
–Piotr Masztalerz, June 2021

The Gate To Hell And Paradise

“Survive in hell and do not despair.

–Silouan of Athos¹⁴⁶

There is a magic place in the suburbs of Tokyo. A portal to a different world. The gate to Hell and Paradise. For years I had heard stories told by those who had survived the journey to Hell. Those who ran away – they hide in the shadows and don’t tell anyone a thing about it to the end of their days.

¹⁴⁶ Silouan of Athos, K. Palys OP, Wstap do nas umrzec, ‘Gosc Niedzielny’ 5/2005.)

We were sitting at a long table in a pretty café in the centre of Concepción, in Chile. There were 20 of us, maybe more. Good wine, beer, and a mountain of meat.

Chiba Sensei took his place at the head of the table, far away from us. I was sitting with M., and we were talking with some attractive girls. The pressure of training and living with Sensei was temporarily lifted; it was really nice. He must have sensed that, because he called me; in a second I was standing by his side like a schoolboy.

‘I want you to consider Ichikukai. It’s time.’

A moment later he said the same thing to M. We both nodded and the subject was closed. It was not the first time, but we both knew that a suggestion is not yet an order, and we could always come up with some rationalization.

It was just after my wedding, and I muttered something about asking my wife for permission.

‘Nonsense!’ he growled. ‘You have a wise wife, just tell her you’re going away and you don’t know when you’ll come back.’ He saluted me and laughed hoarsely.

Kasia would let me go anyway. She took me as I was, with Chiba, Aikido and the dojo. She knew that without all of that I would tire both of us out. I was just looking for an excuse.

A few days passed and the tension between us grew. We did what we could, but Sensei was always searching for a battle, and it was just a matter of time.

Poor M. was a punching bag. The four of us were staying in a tall hotel, on the seventh floor, I think. Daniel Sensei, my

first teacher from Switzerland, and Chiba Sensei each had a nice, big room; I was sharing the adjoining room with M. We cooked for them and took care of the basic things. We were already 40 years old, but we ran around as if we were 20. I think that he wanted to send us there anyway, but he was looking for a reason to give us the order.

‘I am no longer suggesting that you should go there’.

A few months passed, and I met Chiba Sensei again, this time in Poland. I was joined by D. – a Sikh from London, also condemned for a trip to Hell. The three of us were sitting in the kitchen.

Sensei told us about the trip to Japan and we simply nodded our heads, making peace with our fate. I learnt back then that you have to cut the legends in half – I did things that others had made out to be a near-death experience and they turned out to be just difficult.

We knew that, at the end, it came down to physical and mental suffering and time. That was all. He knew that we didn’t understand where we were going, and he wouldn’t let it go.

‘On the third day, Jesus will come to you’, he suddenly addressed me, and I reacted with laughter. Quickly I realised that he was not joking. I tilted my head, surprised.

‘Jesus will come to you’, Chiba Sensei continued: ‘He will look at you and say, ‘Come with me! This is wrong!’ Sensei looked at me and snapped: ‘But you will not go! You will stay!’

I was sat there, not knowing what to say. The image of a Jesus who would bother to go to Tokyo just for me was very funny

to me. I couldn't stop thinking about the Saviour who would beckon me: 'Come on, leave this and let's go for a beer!'

'But', muttered D., also fighting with laughter, 'I am a Buddhist'.

'Buddha will come to you', Sensei was furious; he could feel that he was losing control of the conversation and we were not getting it.

'Do you think they will come together?' we wondered.

That whole conversation, hilarious at the time, would become deadly serious a few months later.

You cannot write about Ichikukai, and it also makes no sense. It is an extremely intense period of misogi, or purification practice. In a small Shinto temple you sit for four days in seiza with your eyes closed. You scream one sentence over and over as incense wafts around you. Around you are sitting dozens of people who have been through it before. Now they are rhythmically screaming with you, ringing bells. That is all. When you scream too quietly or if you stop, faint or fall, they will slap you on the back. Each session lasts from 30 minutes to one hour, with a half-hour break between sessions. They take away your phone, passport, money, and shoes at the beginning.

Before we started, a massive Japanese guy in an ancestral kimono, who looked like a yakuza boss, looked at us and said:

'Zazen gives you a chance for enlightenment. We guarantee it.'

Among some optimistic slogans, an extremely charming one has been engraved in my mind: 'There are only two ways to

leave this place with honour before the end: in an ambulance or in a coffin', and 'It will be a journey to heaven through hell . . . and then back to hell again.'

I have seen a lot of places that have created their own legends. I do that myself in the dojo. We are building an image on exaggerated stories. In this case, however, nothing was exaggerated. On the contrary – in comparison to the hell that I visited, the slogans which I just quoted offend me with their simplicity and innocent sweetness. I am reminded of a Dominican monk who wanted to promote the monastery to future monks with the slogan, 'Join us in order to die'.

Of course, to face the inner demons, you firstly have to have them. For the young Japanese initiates, it was just physical torture.

Jesus did not come.

For many days I wondered how to put it into words. And it suddenly came. It was like giving birth to a thorny dragon with your mouth. Because here was born some horrifying animal, dirty and ugly like a Komodo dragon. Oozing venom from its spikes. Tearing off my throat from the inside. I was vomiting up that creature for four days.

My voice changed. Within a few hours I had destroyed my vocal cords for a month. Pushed by an inner need and at critical moments by blows from invisible hands, I let out ever-changing howls.

We were surrounded by terror and by respect, a weird mixture which punishes weakness but tolerates honesty. I remember when I forgot to breathe. The chant died in my mouth, and

I stopped rocking rhythmically. It must have been on the third day. Fed only rice and water, the body sweated, losing litres of fluids. After each session my keikogi was soaking wet.

Then, I forgot how to speak and breathe. I was sitting like that in the dark, and I waited, I don't know for what. They must have noticed, because someone came to me quickly and sat behind me. I felt warm, strong hands on my shoulders. Someone was rocking me gently, shouting loudly. I felt the rhythm and I gave in to it. While leaning forward I was contracting my diaphragm and after a while – like a car that starts its engine during the frost – I finally began to breathe, involuntary. I calmed down and gradually began to scream, my voice hoarse. The gentle pushes now changed into stronger slaps on my back.

After two or three minutes I came back from the gates of hell. My angel patted me on the head and walked away in darkness. I do not know who it was.

On the first day I opened my eyes a few times. In front of the altar, a Shinto monk was circling in a funny little hat, holding a plank of cherrywood in his hand. The incense was smoking. Everything was interesting to me, and my body still had strength. Another time, after opening my eyes, an older lady in glasses was sitting in front of me. My eyes met hers, and then she slapped me in the face.

'I told you to close your eyes!'

I did not open them after that. In that darkness, too, was the devil. He must have had injured knees, as he stood behind me, hitting on my upper back with his fists so that I trem-

bled with pain. He could stay behind me like that for several minutes. I never knew when it was going to stop, as the blows came from the darkness and were irregular. I couldn't tense to prepare for them.

It was already another day, and I wasn't thinking straight. We were all stuck deeply in our own nightmares, not talking at all during the breaks. We were lying our sides in a small room, slowly straightening our numb legs. Some initiates had to be led into the room or carried into it.

The devil came every few sessions, and in my bemused head he grew into my number one enemy.

For a few hours I didn't think about anything else but taking revenge. Amid the roar of screams I came up with a plan. When he was standing behind me, close enough, I would hit the back of my head into his lower belly. This would make him lean in toward me; then I would grab his head and throw him over my shoulder onto the mat in front of me. Before they could get to me, I would punch him in the face at least three times. It would be enough.

I remember the strength that this plan gave me, and that I truly wanted to do it. I walked in there proud and confident. I was sitting there for hours waiting for the devil, but he never came. Perhaps he could smell the desperation on me and kept his distance.

I heard about a karate teacher who could not bear the beating and opened his eyes, preparing for revenge. Six or seven people were standing around him, and they began to beat him up. The man leading the ritual saw clearly that the guy

was crumbling – maybe he was clenching his fists, maybe he was hunching over. The karate guy tried to get up on his feet, but they were totally numb, and blows were raining down on him from above. When he slumped over on his side they stopped. One of them looked at him and asked:

‘Have you calmed down?’

‘Yes.’

‘Are we going to continue?’

‘Yes.’

They sat him down, brushed him off, and left him.

Without your eyesight, producing screams that tear you from inside, exhausted with the extreme effort and the ceaseless stream of thoughts, you cannot dream, escape into fantasy, or fall asleep – all the easiest forms of escaping that you learned from zazen are impossible here. Your thoughts are shattered by the screaming and pain. You do not create them; with time you began to ride the scream as if you were riding a horse.

For an hour I had a vision of an army running downhill, carrying me with its scream. Euphoria, rage, happiness – all of that carried me and I did not feel fatigue at all. For those hours I tried to shout out 50 people behind me. Then I returned to my childhood.

Apparently, my nervous system, confused by the lack of stimuli and a horrific wave of endless pain, had decided to play itself a recording. We had two fields: one of them close to our house, along the road; the other further away, next to a woodlot. We used to hunt sticklebacks behind the ditch.

Two huge poplars grew over the ditch, one of which had an old tyre hanging from it. We used to swing there with an entire crowd of kids from the neighbourhood, and we would jump over the ditch to take shortcut to our field.

I had totally forgotten about this place. Now, 30 years later, my brain dug out that image and in a hypnotic roar I returned to that ditch. The details of the place – rocks, clumps of grass, an abandoned plank of wood – all of that came back. Basically, the darkness that had surrounded me for the last two days suddenly turned out to be a movie theatre where someone was playing a film.

The colours were bright and real. I had an absolute feeling of the place and I felt that I was shouting, but I was also controlling that other me. He walked on the grass; he was jumping over the ditch. He was happy.

The session finished and I had to go to my room for half an hour. I was devastated – I had visited the heaven of my childhood and I wanted to go back there. I didn't talk to anyone, lying half asleep, waiting impatiently to return to the misogi room.

After the break, when we began again with the practise, I returned to that same spot. For another half an hour I was wandering around the fields, and I was happy.

Looking back, I think that for me, this was a moment when I had a brush with extreme physical exhaustion and a mental breakdown. My body and my brain took control to create a shelter where I could hunker down. So many things happened during that period of time, but I don't want to – and

I can't – describe most of it. I know that something within me cracked, but again, I don't know what. I walked away from that place a different person, and I knew only that I didn't want to pretend anymore.

After that experience I set up a permanent dojo. With every year I have distanced myself more from the politics, relations with people I do not like, leading classes which do not suit me. This is still a process. I can see the results more clearly and I am less able to judge them. My wife says that a confidence in what I do appeared, and I became consistent in rejecting compromise.

For many months I couldn't describe what had happened in Japan in my letter to Sensei – because I myself did not know. Then I met him in England. I asked for five minutes, and I went to his room.

'Sensei', I said 'I did misogi at Ichikukai, as you wanted. I went there to die, but I don't think that's it, I think I can do more. I don't know how to describe it. Something happened there, but I don't know what. It was all so absurd and so stupid, but also powerful at the same time. '

He nodded and answered:

'It's supposed to be absurd, that's what this is about.'

I returned there six years later. It was even more powerful, more real, more terrifying. But that is a story for a different time.



The Toxic Ones

“Avoid those who are loud and quarrelsome – they are a torment to the spirit.¹⁴⁷

– Max Ehrmann

An instructor that I know, who spent many years as an Aikidushi of Chiba Sensei, has a small dojo in the basement of a church from the seventeenth century. There is not a lot of space there, and not everybody who would like to join is admitted. The classes are hugely expensive, and the teacher is particular about who he admits. At the beginning I couldn't understand that. My inclination to admit everyone and constantly build a bigger and bigger group results from a few factors. Firstly, I thought (and still believe) that a numerous army makes the general. In my specific environment, the people who decide to follow you create your strength. Additionally, the more of them you have, the more secure you feel. The ego grows and the complexes stay fed and asleep, waiting for worse times. People in Poland do not pay large monthly fees, and the rent and bills for the space are constantly growing out of proportion. Only quite an aggressive marketing approach and crowds on the mat can support such a situation. However, there is no doubt that the future is in small, cult-like groups, isolated from one another. A spiderweb of organizations that despise each other. We are consistent

¹⁴⁷ M. Ehrmann, *Desiderata*, Poznan: Media Rodzina 2011.

in our lurching after the West, repeating its mistakes and screw-ups. I see no possibility of that changing.

But let's get back to the small dojo of that teacher I know. He told me, 'If a person came to me reeking of problems, I would not admit him. I would tell him that we have no spots left. I am on the mat for many hours a day. This is my job, and I do not want to spend my time with crazy people on my own accord.'

Aikido is quite a specific discipline. Weird people, people who are at a weird time in their life, are drawn like moths to a flame. There is a specific smoke which follows them; they shine with a murky light. Each of us sees it differently. For my part, during conversations with them, I feel in them heavy stone and a cold strangeness. I see it in their eyes. Hundreds and thousands of people leak through our fingers. I touch them, I talk to them, we look at each other. They float in front of me like a river: steadily and in one direction. Sometimes there are eddies, sometimes the flow slows, and yet most of them do not wake me up from this soft half-sleep. When one of the Toxic Ones appears, you can feel it straight away. They are almost never able to pretend to be Normal. The Normal Ones come into the dojo unsure of their decision. Slowly. At the beginning they train two or three times a week, without a name, and they feel fine with it. They run off right after class; they don't want to get mixed up in the life of the dojo yet. In time we learn their names. It takes a few months, and then we begin making small talk in the corridors, without frightening them. After three or five months they will tell a joke. Maybe a year goes by and they will come to one of our parties. This is how time cooks people so that their fear

disappears. After a year, most of them will be gone anyway; this is why I never even learn their names. The Toxic Ones are different – from the Normal ones and from each other. They usually cannot pretend to be one of the Normal Ones and they behave unpredictably. I take them in with no hesitation. Part of it is that I don't recognize most of them, the other part is that I believe that everyone needs the training.

Thirty years on the mat have passed, and I know that my relationships with those madmen have influenced me much more than my dealings with the transparent types. The ones that are a problem are not real madmen – those you can recognise straight away. Like that young guy who once came to the dojo to sign up in the federation and declared that he already was 4th dan, a rank which had been given to him by the planet Saturn. Like the 2-meter-tall guy who came on to the mat during a kids' class led by my wife, who is 1.6 meters tall, and said that he was throwing down the gauntlet before the Aikido teacher. Those were clearly medical cases.

The problem is with people who bring darkness to the mat – darkness which slowly oozes out day by day. Like tar slowly brimming over. A faint odour at the beginning turns into a stench that becomes unbearable for everyone. I learnt to recognize the darkness in the eyes, the avoidance of eye contact, the tense mouth and cheeks. They bring in troubles, divorces, financial problems, all of the murky dirt that should stay in the changing room, but which obviously cannot be left there. They manage to hide it at the beginning, but it becomes impossible to conceal as the darkness tears open their chest and leaks out.

What is the different between a dojo and a club? In a club, people come to a rented room to train twice a week. They dress up like samurai, they play their part, then return to their 'real' life. The dojo is real, and the fire of relationships there melts all the masks with its heat. Most of all, I cannot pretend anything. I sit there on my ass for 10 hours a day – no one can pretend for that long. Sooner or later I will spit out something mean or I will lose it and scream at someone. And this is how I am the first one to become real.

Then the uchideshi become real. Then the advanced students. Then the rest. When people are forced by the dojo to drop their mask, they hate the masks of others. And, with time, the entire dojo becomes real. Beautiful in its realness and ugliness. What creates us as practitioners is the progress through the change and awareness. Who am I, and what is choking me? Without truly facing that, I can't do anything real. I still cannot reject the Toxic Ones at the beginning. My training is physically challenging, and I consciously set aside the mythology of the ethical message. I don't talk about ki, energy, love, softness. This, from the start, repels people who are searching for a pseudo-cult or an illusion, a place where they can hide away from the world. Divorcees come here – before, during, or after their divorce. When the relationship crumbles, they look for a place and time for themselves. They break free from their homes; often they come back to what they were doing in the past and things they associate with youth and freedom. Those students do not have the one year that it takes to get to know the group. They come straight to the kitchen and sit among us like old friends. They have only a few hours of escape from a foundering relationship,

and they want as much as they can get, as intense as possible. They get drunk on their freedom. Then they finally get the divorce, and they fill up their free time with training, they escape from the empty house. Then, most of them find a partner – for example, in the dojo – and they float away.

Is that being used? This type of question makes sense only if you are someone like me. For most people it is not. The dojo is like an open gym, and aikido is a universal tool. It took me years to grow into my responsibility. I am a professional who has been searching for serious people for serious years. It is a hard job and a difficult art. I do not lead divorce counselling sessions; I am in charge of a dojo which teaches techniques. So, yes – I feel used, and for years I was fed up with it. However, I know that most of them will not understand this, and I have chosen this profession myself with all its implications.

People bring an incredible richness of tastes and colours here. So many personalities, so many weirdos. With time you learn how to ignore most of them. You divide them into groups to make it easier for yourself. This means they lose their individuality, but it is easier to survive in this stream of faces. The majority are the nice and transparent type. People who know their place, and it's always somewhere in the corner. Invisible. Those kids and adults you do not remember. The faces all run together.

I remember the first time the illusion broke for me, many years ago in France. I was new in the dojo and I didn't know everyone yet. A young man with a black belt and a hakama showed up for the advanced class. The training was led by one of the assistants. The chief instructor arrived 15 minutes

before his class was to start and, on the way to the changing room, he spotted this guy.

‘You!’ he shouted, ‘Come here!’

That shout and the harshness in the voice, for me, did not suit the dojo at all. Something was not quite right. Up to that moment, everything had been nice and controlled. That form of being nice and fulfilling certain expectations was quite an important element of the world I grew up in. The teacher grabbed the student by his shoulder and pushed him into the room. He closed the doors. I do not speak French and I didn’t understand what it was all about, but I could hear horrible screams. I didn’t know what to do with myself. The guy, probably thrown out, got dressed and left with his head hanging. I never saw him again.

Back then, there were many situations like this. Everywhere where the teacher was Chiba Sensei, those scenes repeated from time to time. The master of those performances was Sensei himself. Of course, there were always a reason for it – those people, in his opinion, had to leave if the dojo was to be something more than an anonymous fitness club. Sensei knew that for the quality of the training in the dojo, one theatrical beheading would be better than the monthly fees from five madmen. A performance that is well directed and used effectively can be a legend for many years, and can maintain the atmosphere for many seasons. I know dozens of those stories.

One guy’s name was Max. He was 30 years old and he had already been divorced 4 times. In his house in San Diego, he had 11 cars, driving a different one every day. He was nice and

he trained strongly, but something in his processor was not right. That day Sensei had been watching him for a long time. Finally, he quickly got up from the cushion and approached him. The guy had, consciously or not, been repeatedly ignoring Sensei's commands and was on the verge of breaking his partner's neck. He did something stupid again, not aware that he was being observed. Sensei lost it:

'Something basic is missing in your brain', he said gravely but loudly enough so that we all could hear it.

It is a phrase which we use until this day to define all of those especially interesting types that we ran into while teaching. So many stories . . .

Like when two teachers came to San Diego for summer school a few days before it was to start. Instead of taking part in the morning classes, they convinced a young uchideshi to blow off the training, and the three of them went for a coffee. Sensei was like a shark – he smelled the blood. As if nothing had happened, he appeared at the class when they were not there. When they returned, he theatrically threw both of the teachers out from the organization and the dojo. The uchideshi, ensnared by the sempai-kohai (senior-junior) relationship, had had no choice; he had been obliged to go with them as they were higher rank, but he also had a tough time for a while.

What fascinated me was the reaction of the expelled teachers. One of them simply gave up and left. The other told me a story about the incident many years later:

'We did a stupid thing, and we knew it. Aikido was everything to me, and it was inconceivable that I would break my relationship with Chiba Sensei. So I played the fool, and I did not acknowledge what had happened. The next day I came to class, and I was sitting on the side. He threw me out again and I came back. What could he do to me? Punch me, break my nose or my hand? Offend me? He has done that many times before. It is nothing.' Sensei shouted a few times but then just gave up. This was another instance when someone broke the code, finding that you can only lose the game if you play it.

Myself, I could never really shout at anyone. When the situation is stressful, I react with laughter and some amount of dry sarcasm. I do not lose control of myself, and I cannot explode. When I throw people out from the dojo, it normally ends with me apologising to them. I get to a point where I tell the student that they are ready to leave and do their own thing and that I am proud of them. Only once, in a fit of rage, I threw a girl out of class because of her lack of respect for those with a higher rank.

The dojo attracts madmen, and I have no right to judge them or to reject them, in the majority of cases. I am one of them. At the end of the day, they come to me. They come for the first training; they take part in it or they just watch. And after the class, they say, 'Yes, this is the guy, he will understand me.'

One day, I'm waiting for the light to change next to a bus stop and a crowded tram stops. People pour in and out and everyone is busy with themselves. This crazy, bedraggled woman is sitting in one of the seats, talking to her boogers.

She sits like that with madness in her eyes, and I, not knowing it, choose to stare at her even though I could look at anyone from the crowd. Then, as if feeling my gaze, she turns her head, first one way and then in the other direction, looking for something – her eyes pass over the tram and then the entire street – to finally find me. She begins to smile at me and she waves, gladdened, as if she's just found her family.

Bartek

“Many teachers do not know that it is the student who chooses the teacher and not the other way around. The teacher can only accept it or not.

– T. Miyamoto Shihan¹⁴⁸

His name was Bartek. He entered the dojo hesitantly with his head low, looking around warily. I was sitting behind the desk, chatting to someone. He came closer and asked to enrol. I remembered him, and as we spoke it turned out that he had trained with me when he was younger.

‘Man, where have you been all this time?’ I asked.

He dropped his gaze and started squirming. Something clicked.

¹⁴⁸ Quote from a private conversation with Tsuzuro Miyamoto (1953–), 8th dan shihan and instructor at Aikikai Hombu Dojo. Miyamoto Sensei had a long association with T. K. Chiba Sensei.

‘So what caught you, and why?’ I blurted, regretting it immediately when he took a step back as if he’d been shot.

‘Drugs and stealing’, he muttered. ‘An older lady taught us zazen in prison. And she sent me here.’

The older lady lived on the eighth floor of an eleven-storey-tall apartment block. I do not know how or when Buddhism infected her, but she and her flat both reminded me of the aunts and grandmas who hang a picture of the Pope or St. Francis on the wall. You would only need to exchange the holy pictures for a portrait of the Dalai Lama and the figurine of Saint Mary for one of Ganesh, the elephant god. Externally, she resembled hundreds of other grandmas and aunts – a petite woman with grey curls. On the inside she was a volcano of energy and passion. For many years she went by train to a few rough prisons where she led meditation classes for thieves and murderers. From hundreds of convicts, she attracted the lost ones and gave them hope. Many of them were probably only escaping the routine, but even that was important. For some time I had been helping her to bring donated TVs and books to the prison. It was an interesting experience – all of that waiting at the reception, the dismantling and the search of the electronics. Then going inside and the thorough searches. On my way I saw dozens of curious faces as the convicts wandered around the courtyard. I always wondered at how easy it was to end up here. Would I survive such a situation? All it takes is losing your focus behind the wheel and your world changes completely. This is how a 30-year-old child, after five years of prison, came to stand in front of me. He was lost, radiating insecurity and

fear. He came for every class, and he always stayed late to clean. I often gave him a lift to the room he rented; we talked a lot about his work, his flat, his family, and training. He got close to me and my wife. I fell into that trap very quickly. He asked me about everything – my opinion was the baseline for his decisions about his work and living situation. It took me some time to understand what was happening. He had gone to prison as a young guy, and like a monk in a monastery, he had a secure minimum of everything covered there. No decisionmaking – only passivity and a lack of responsibility. When he left there, he returned to the last place which he associated with youth and innocence.

His vision of Aikido was quite naïve and exaggerated. He wasn't very good in class, because he tried too hard and he didn't understand that he wasn't there to train at all, but to prepare himself for freedom. For some time I paid him to clean the dojo, because his minimal income did not cover the basic needs. As he did this, I kept an eye on him. I decided to be honest, and I told him that I didn't trust him as he was a convicted thief, and he had to earn trust.

The dojo attracts crazy people like a magnet, and it had been robbed once before. I remember the occasion; we had inside many valuable things like radios, bicycles. The thief opened the window to my office and stole only five swords that people kept at the dojo.

Bartek took the lack of trust well, and for some time I was indeed watching him. Then, as I had promised him, I gave him the keys and he started coming by himself. For a while, he lived in the dojo for two or three weeks at a time. He was

obsessed with the idea of finding a wife. He wasn't too bad, but on the first date he would propose marriage, and the potential candidates reacted as one might expect. Slowly I tried to push him into making his own decisions. I was calling the older lady, and together we were helping to put this 30-year-old baby back on its feet.

One time he was gone for a few days, but then he appeared again. Apparently, he had been visiting his family. He came back to classes, but that mad devotion was not there anymore. For the first time I saw in his eyes some kind of hostility, and for sure a lack of trust. Then he was gone for good. After few days I called him, concerned. He did not pick up my calls. A year had passed since he had first come through the doors of our dojo, and I was truly worried, feeling responsible for him. What if he had cracked and gone back to drugs, or had felt sorry for himself and shot himself in the head?

It took a few weeks; the older lady and I searched together with no result. One day, she called me:

'I found him. It's all good, don't worry.'

'Why did he disappear and not answer my calls?' I was furious.

'Try to understand', she said calmly. 'He was floating on the surface. For him you were half-prison, half-freedom. A cage with open bars. Now he doesn't want to know you anymore. He finally wants to leave this behind.' I understood, but it hurt.

Every time he came back to us, he had been diving back into prison. In the lack of self-confidence, in our physical and mental domination. I was not someone who reached out to

him from above, but someone he stood on to reach the edge. I never saw him again.

Each time, a different game is being played here. 'It is not the teacher who chooses the student, but the other way around', Miyamoto Sensei told me once. This was a cliché that I didn't understand. It sounds naïve and banal, but it is a cruel truth. As a teacher, I don't have influence over anything. Only those who want to come will come to me, and they will take what they want. I can't force anyone into anything. I'm playing a unique game with each student, and in many cases I do not know their real motivation or even the rules of the game. For me, as time goes on, it is getting simpler and simpler – I teach the techniques and the attitude towards them. The performance that they create out of it is, largely speaking, an illusion, and most often I don't want to have anything in common with it. Aikido in the sense of usefulness is detached from reality and, truly, most of us mainly wash their dirt on the mat and not learn a reaction to a grip from behind.

There was a woman. I can't remember her name nor her face anymore. What is a 35-year-old woman doing at morning classes? We train from 6:30 am; she was there in her stupid blue sweatpants at every class. She stayed after the training, and she sat in the dojo even if she was alone –after a while I suspected that she had a crush on me. That day after class we were sitting in the kitchen, and I really wanted her to leave so I could take a nap.

'How come a Polish mother from the suburbs of Wrocław has so much free time?' I started, wiping the table.

'I'm sorry, I am waiting for the hospital to open.'



‘What hospital?’

‘Psychiatric’, she said with confidence.

‘You are a nurse’, I answered for myself, and it all became crystal clear. She comes to the city too early and she comes to the dojo because all the other places are closed. I calmed down.

‘No’, she said, looking me straight in the eyes, ‘I am a patient. I’m undergoing treatment there.’

‘It’s impossible’, I answered, ‘No one would let you leave at night.’

‘I have a small child; the court said I could go home to him at night.’

‘OK. So what is the treatment for?’ I had lost confidence, and I was no longer wiping the table, I was just looking at her.

‘I stabbed my husband with a knife. I missed his heart by this much.’ With her fingers she showed maybe 2 centimetres, squinting her eyes in a grimace. ‘And the court sent me for three months of observation.’

The rest happened mostly in my head. The air in the kitchen became thick and the woman looked at me provocatively, watching to see how I would react. On the shelf next to her was a knife block. Between us was a long table.

‘And you are aware’, I started to choose my words carefully as I looked at her, ‘that before you reach the knife, I will have enough time to throw a chair at you? And before you stand up, I will be next to you?’

She looked at me without fear, as if she was testing how much I was playing. Then she tilted her head and she said with a smile, 'He had it coming, you know. He was beating a one-year-old. Besides, I have a support group now, and it is much better.'

A few months later she proposed that I lead classes for her support group. However, the vision of a dozen women who have already stabbed men with knives and are undergoing treatment for being violent was beyond what even I can take on.

Chiba Sensei used to say that he could tell if someone had killed a person from their eyes. Once, during an intensive three-day-long sesshin (zazen meditation retreat), the doors to the dojo opened and a fat 50-something-year-old guy in oversized jeans entered. His wallet was sticking out of his back pocket, and the phone on his belt was switched on. He had a chat and then he joined us. He was fidgeting in on his cushion, panting and wriggling – and after few hours he just left.

Sesshin is an extremely hard undertaking. You remain motionless for most of the day. Each moment – meals, breaks, time for samu (cleaning) – is strictly controlled. The fat guy with the cell phone was a contradiction of everything. He made every possible mistake that, had we done it, would get us thrown out from the dojo – and nothing happened. After the sesshin was over, someone asked Chiba Sensei over dinner:

'Who was that weird man?'

‘I don’t know’, he answered. ‘Once, at 5 am, he knocked at the door and asked if I was a teacher and if I would be leading zazen. I said yes, and he just came in and joined me.’

The Anger

Rychu reeked of problems from the beginning. He was big and not at all shy. He stuck out from the beginners’ crowd with his improper handshakes and his aggressive eye contact. He spoke a lot, and started to address me as ‘you’ rather than the correct and customary ‘Sensei’. I felt the darkness and I took a little step back, observing what he was getting up to. Anything was possible: Rychu could as well just jump on me with a knife as he could try to kiss me. Training wasn’t going well for him, but I figured out that he was bearing his own cross and was solving problems that had nothing to do with the techniques. He was commenting and answering stupid questions during the training. In general, any chit-chat during the training is unacceptable and not allowed. Most of the advanced students looked at me with curiosity. What will the Butcher from Kolistra Street (as they used to called me in the Kozanow neighbourhood) do? How will he react to that behaviour? – The Butcher had no bloody idea, as he had never been in that situation before.

After I had told him a few times, nicely, that you do not talk on the mat, for some time he calmed down. However, something in Rychu was seething. Rychu was seeking confrontation without even knowing it. The abstractness of Aikido and its lack of competition also opens a murky door. Somewhere in him was a belief that all of this doesn't really matter that much, and that that man in the middle is not that important after all. The Rychu Syndrome is fascinating. As it turned out, he had a father with a strong personality, but he was an only child. Raised with the illusion of uniqueness, he despised authority and hated having someone telling him what to do. At the beginning, because of my ignorance, I did not see it. He was big and strong, at the same time a bit fat and overconfident. He stopped talking, but now he began to block the techniques that were shown and to fight with the beginners. At the same time, he was truly a nice guy, and I had begun to like him. Those two contradictory faces began to pinch me. I knew that the blister would break open soon, and something nasty might happen.

In Aikido you learn the forms – there is no competition, as the techniques are too dangerous and you cannot practise them without the collaboration from your partner. A bit as if you were learning how to shoot in pairs – I aim and say 'now' and he falls. At some point, your partner would point out the ineffectiveness of this approach. The solution would be to shoot him, but he probably wouldn't agree with that approach, either. Rychu reached the brink of being tolerable and the atmosphere was unbearable. I could see that he here he was cleaning some of his family dirt and I didn't really want to play an empty-suited father. At the next class, we

spent the last 15 minutes wrestling. Everyone got into pairs, and they could wrestle however they wanted: choke, tug, block, and throw. I was watching them, and I noticed that, apart from determination, Rychu didn't have any technique. I waited until he got tired, and I approached him.

There was happiness in his eyes. He jumped on me, pushing me onto my back as if he wanted to kill me. I waited in the guard position, surprised, until he had exhausted most of his strength. With sadness, I watched that wave of rage and the extreme need to tear me to pieces. For the first time, he was a hundred percent where he wanted to be, and he did what he wanted to do. As if he were a vampire sucking on my throat, he was trembling with happiness and satisfaction that he was dominating me, and he was once again a unique only child. Of course, he had no idea that in the full guard I was the dominant competitor. He didn't know that for five years, without any particular aptitude but with consistency, I had been training in Brazilian jujitsu – and I was just waiting for him to get tired. He didn't know that the whole performance had been planned the day before, and I had waited purposefully until he had nothing left. He didn't know that at the Institute of Technology I had been taming malevolent bulls like him for years.

When he finally panted in his happiness, I threw myself on him and started to jump on him. I intentionally prolonged it so that he understood the situation and that my absolute physical domination would get to him and overwhelm him. A few times I let him believe that he could do something, and then I knocked him over again or choked him in the exactly

the same way, so that he felt utterly helpless. In the end, his pride let go and he tapped out like a ridden horse. I walked away and left him on his back, sweating, panting, and red as a brick. I did not feel good about it, but after years I knew that this was the only way I could reach those parts of Rychu that were not working properly.

Rychu disappeared. I wasn't surprised, because he had to digest what had happened. It had finally gotten through to him that in this small, forged microcosm which is the dojo, my domination, which is sanctified with tradition and function, is also total physical domination. This Daddy, if you are not obedient, can still slap your butt. He was gone for half a year, and I assumed that his ego simply couldn't take that domination and he was not able to make peace with the consequences. That he was not special. However, Rychu was special. He appeared after half a year – he had lost weight and he entered the mat as if it were a ring. I have many students, and I had simply forgotten what had happened six months earlier. The class went on, and at the end Rychu looked as if he lost his sense of life. He came up to me.

'Why there was no wrestling today?' he muttered reproachfully.

'Shit, I forgot about that', I answered, honestly just now remembering about the thing that happened.

'I was practising for half a year', he retorted bitterly, and walked away, leaving me with my mouth wide open. He went to the bar and did 20 pull-ups. Then he went home. I stood there, dumbstruck, thinking about what the hell was in his head. An obese loser turned into a strong chap. However, the problem stayed the same and nothing had changed. Some-

where out there, for half a year, this man had been fuelled only by a need to defeat me. There was no willingness to develop, there was no self-control or self-awareness. All of that was not about aikido at all. It was not about the dojo, respect, or a teacher. It was some murky, dark mess. I have no idea how to reach those kinds of people, and I don't even know if there is any point in trying.

During the next class, I jumped on Rychu again. From that time onward, he has appeared every six months, and I beat him up. Then he goes back home and trains to kill me one day. If his madness is greater than mine, he will probably succeed at some point.

This is not an isolated case. People like this appear all the time and I have no idea what to do with them. So far, I have been stronger than them; training regularly I can still dominate them physically. Why do I do it? Why do I mark my territory in such a primitive way? These kinds of people are always very similar. They resent domination and authority. At the same time, like overgrown children, they display an unfulfilled need for authority and boundary-setting. The pure fact that someone who controls them exists is both repulsive and alluring for them.

In the classes at the university, I encountered an extreme case of this sickness. I always take an uchideshi with me for those classes – at that time, it was Michał from Warsaw. Michał, being used to my firm position in the dojo and clear rules, took a strong dislike to one of the students. The guy was quite petite; the type of the person who annoys you with their looks as soon as you meet. For the whole term

he threw me challenges with each word and gesture. It was exceptionally stupid, especially considering the fact that the first two weeks of the classes gave him the opportunity to quit the course. One of the physical signs of respect in the dojo is kneeling in the seiza position. When the teacher is demonstrating a technique, students sit in this uncomfortable position. Within body language lies another form of domination. Like a teacher who stands above the student. Well, this student was particular. For half a year, I constantly had to sit him on his ass, as he would be half lying down, leaning over the radiator, commenting sarcastically about everything I was doing. I am quite a clever guy and very snide – I can appreciate a good quality snark. However, all there was to this was pure rage and venom. I knew that there was nothing logical I could do. After a few classes, we went again through the idiocy of wrestling. I remember that I scrubbed off half of the skin of his face on the mat. I also remember vividly the childish anger and helplessness that emerged.

My uchideshi fell into an even worse trap. He despised this student so much that he could not think about anything else. They were similar in strength, so they were condemned to that toxic relationship for many months. This is a part of the training, because every one of us has, deep down inside, such a shithead. Looking at such people, we often find it in ourselves. The dojo, the position of the teacher or the senior students, life choices – all of this is suddenly questioned. The person we encounter has no idea how deeply he influenced others. What is interesting is that often those types of people establish relationships with teachers that are much more compelling and deep – although personally I do not know of any cases

in which they have had a positive outcome. They are a train wreck, a test for both sides, but I haven't seen anyone whose Aikido would be improved by such an approach. I haven't seen anyone who would be changed by such an approach either. Those people seem to be like rainclouds on the horizon. And like clouds, they pass. And as with rainclouds, there is no reason to blame them for who they are – it's not their fault.

The Beast

“A man found an eagle's egg and put it in the nest of a barnyard hen. The eaglet hatched with the brood of chicks and grew up with them. All his life, the eagle did what the barnyard chicks did, thinking he was a barnyard chicken. He scratched the earth for worms and insects. He clucked and cackled. And he would thrash his wings and fly a few feet into the air.

Years passed, and the eagle grew very old. One day he saw a magnificent bird above him in the cloudless sky. It glided in graceful majesty among the powerful wind currents, with scarcely a beat on his strong golden wings. The old eagle looked up in awe. “Who's that?” he asked. “That's the eagle, the king of the birds,” said his neighbour. “He belongs to the sky. We belong to the earth – we're chickens.” So the eagle lived and died a chicken, for that's what he thought he was.

– Anthony de Mello, *The Song of the Bird*

In the crowd of over 200 people, he was like a black sheep in a herd. You could spot him from miles away in his navy tracksuit on the first day of summer school that year.

Chiba Sensei called me to him and asked who he was.

‘That guy signed up a few weeks ago; he’s a total beginner. In Poland we don’t make people buy a keikogi, and anyone can practise in a tracksuit.’

‘That’s good’, Sensei nodded, ‘In that way you’re not hindered by money.’

‘I am so sorry for the way he practises’, I went on, idiotically, ‘His posture is bad and he’s totally uncoordinated.’

Chiba looked at me as if I was a fool.

‘What kind of teacher are you? Are you blind? He’s the best one here!’ He approached the chair that his keikogi was hanging on. ‘Give this to him from me!’

Marian was maybe 17 years old. He was wired like a microwave, or a colt whose legs all worked separately. I observed him, wondering what Sensei saw in him – and for the love of God, I couldn’t see anything apart from the attempts at physical self-destruction. He was determined and stubborn, that’s true. However, I couldn’t see in him any physical ability that would make anyone rave about him. I gave him the keikogi, bitterly jealous, as I had never got anything from Chiba Sensei myself. It was probably a conscious game, and only after some years can I see all of it more clearly. He was teaching me how to teach, to look at the other, instead of going only into our personal relationship. To look more

widely than just him and me. A teacher is responsible for the students, and for himself – you have to see them all like a great picture and not focus only on yourself. I gave Marian that damn keikogi, and I said:

‘I don’t know you, and I have never received anything like that from Chiba. It is a huge honour, and if you don’t respect it, I will find you and beat the shit out of you. If one day you decide that you’re done with Aikido, bring it back to me.’

‘Okay, thanks’, said the youngster, as if I had bought him fries.

That time I looked at him differently and I saw that he was sticking out of the box of the ordinary a bit. In fact, he did stick out of the box of the ordinary. He kept on practising, and he smoothed out some of his disjointedness. I remember one day after the morning training we were sitting at breakfast, and a few senior students were talking about their preparation to run a marathon. Marian was listening to them, and he suddenly said, ‘Okay, I will run it, too.’

They began to explain to him that you need to prepare and all. He was nodding, but there was a certainty in his eyes, and I knew that he was not really listening to them. From that moment he never walked, only ran. Everywhere: to the dojo and back, carrying his backpack and his bag with wooden weapons in it, which clacked as he went. I would have been driven up the wall from listening to that clacking. Perhaps his brain was working in a different way, because Marian was somewhere deeper – somewhere where the sound of weapons hitting each other a gazillion times didn’t bother him at all. He ran that marathon, and out of the 3,000 people that took part he finished 40th. He beat the senior students,

who had been training for months, by half an hour. I asked him how it was.

‘I got tired’, was all he said, and he shrugged his shoulders.

A year passed, and I think he moved to study in a different city. He came back to do the same marathon, and afterward we met again in the kitchen in the dojo. This time he had taken a half hour longer to run.

‘What went wrong?’ I asked, ‘Were you not prepared?’

‘Everything went well’, he answered, surprised.

‘How come? You ran slower.’

‘I ran well. Last year I ran too fast. It wasn’t fun at all. This time was good.’

He really knocked me back in my seat, and it was only then that I remembered what Sensei had said. And yet I was still so blind, and I didn’t see anything. So many capable and gifted guys. And what? With one sentence that kid showed me that he understood things that took me years to grasp. That he’s just got it. And that he doesn’t care that he has it – the way a cat is flexible and a dog has an excellent sense of smell. Before it was too fast. Now it is OK.

Years passed. The youngster graduated, started looking for a job; he was struggling and trying to pretend that he was just an ordinary corporate no-man in a suit. So far it is not working for him very well, as the darkness leaks out from him and tangles his shoelaces. This is not his world, but apparently, he needs to get burnt to find his own. I don’t interfere; I only observe him with curiosity.



And what happened to the keikogi? It got soaked up with Marian and his spider's soul. Its fate was decided in the moment of the handover. He will never admit it, but he left the keikogi of a legendary Aikido shihan on a bench at a tram stop. Somewhere in the lost and found lies one of Chiba Sensei's keikogi, covered in dust, with 'Beast' written on the collar in Japanese. The beast sleeps somewhere on a shelf.

Exams

“So, he took the sheep-lion to a pool and said, “Look!” And when the sheep-lion looked at his reflection in the water, he let out a mighty roar, and in that moment, he was transformed.

– Anthony de Mello, *Awakening*

My friend had not been allowed to take an exam for a very long time. I heard the story a long time ago and I can't remember the details anymore. I think it was for 3rd dan. Something like half a year before a summer school Chiba Sensei had conducted a mock exam, and afterward he had yelled at my friend in front of everyone.

‘You’re hopeless, forget about it, you won’t do!’

Although his pride was hurt, my friend took it, as any of us would take it. After some time, he even made his peace with it. It seemed that his indifference irritated Chiba Sensei, because after some time he said, in front of everyone:

‘Since I forbade you to test, your Aikido became much better. Apparently, once you don’t care that much it works in your favour. Get ready, you’ll be testing.’

Perhaps he truly was better, perhaps Sensei was just playing with him. A few months passed. Then, during a big summer school, the teacher who was conducting the exam called everyone who was testing for Sandan. My friend got up and walked to the middle of the room.

‘Where do you think you’re going?’ Chiba Sensei shouted at him, ‘You can’t test! Who told you that you could?’

I might have mixed up the details of that story, but the overall message is accurate. The guy’s ego was crushed like it had been run over by a steamroller, and the message reached hundreds of terrified people from other dojos. Like when Sensei was preparing a few of his students to test for 1st dan at a summer school: after a great exam in which they did much better than students of the other teachers, he had failed only them. Everyone else passed. The message was clear: what you do is good enough for you, but not for me. My people, who are doing it better than you, still don’t make me content. Try to make me content. Satisfy me.

In Aikido there is no official rivalry. There are no competitions, medals, championships or champions. The only lever here

is the ranking system, which can be a useful tool as well as a form of destructive control, submission to a teacher and an organisation. From the beginning, I fell in love with the way Chiba's school conducted examinations. Taking a test for rank was free, which is not at all common; most organizations see exams as one of the main ways to make easy money from students. Also, Chiba failed people with no mercy. The exam was a bucket of ice water. In most systems which are based on hobbyists paying for exams, it seems inappropriate to fail people. Here, everything is free, so you have full control; you face a parent or student from a different standpoint than that of a vendor to a client. That test is a ruthless verification of one's approach to training. As an examiner, I often feel like a dentist who is looking into a beggar's mouth for the first time. In the beginning, I was tainted by my years of pushing people through the ranks. A long time has passed, and now I am able to look someone in the eyes and say, 'Try again'. A failed exam is a blessing and clear feedback for someone who needs information about themselves. However, we live in the world of illusions, and most people come here to escape stress, examinations, being graded. A grown man with kids and a career doesn't come for his dream training in the evening in order to be yelled at. He needs a pat on the shoulder and the illusion of being a ninja with a little bit of a beer belly.

During the first-ever summer school in Poland, Sensei told us to organise an open discussion. The teachers sat on chairs in a circle and somewhere around a hundred students were in the audience. I can't remember anymore what the conversation was about. Everyone had to give their opinion on a certain

topic, and at the end Chiba summed it all up. One thing led to another, and the examination system was mentioned.

‘You are like a gardener’, he said. ‘You observe your students as if they were fruit on a tree. To give a rank too early is like picking an unripe fruit. A rank needs to be given to someone who is on the level. It is as simple as that. You cannot pick an unripe fruit, nor can you leave it on a branch too long, or it will rot. Timing is the key. That is the main skill of a teacher.

‘A man is not a machine’, he continued. ‘There is no way of setting a deadline. Progress needs to be immediately awarded with a rank. Otherwise, people will not know that they are on the right track!’ For me, apart from that simple confirmation of development, the stress of being examined is one more opportunity – to give up the masks and to force the student to make a step into adulthood.

The exam lasted for over an hour, and Kaska was practically dying out there. She was 15 then, I think, and she was testing for the right to wear a hakama. She had been training in the kids’ group since she was seven. Always shy and timid, with time she had grown up to be a pretty girl. She was strong, but she didn’t know it – now, on the mat, even though she was doing everything well technically, with each second her shyness and timidity controlled her and pushed her into victimhood. She was there, but it seemed like she wasn’t. She was throwing people correctly, but it was as if with each one she was apologising for what she was doing. She was controlled by emotions and shame. As if she was playing a role which tired her so much that after an hour she was close to fainting. I had been sitting in seiza for an hour and

a half, and I was mostly fighting with my own pain. Kaska was brushing over the borders of her resilience. Her technique cracked and she was fighting to survive. Each time she was trying to be someone, to control her emotions and to do what she thought she was supposed to do. Exhaustion breaks the studied technique, and it lets free the caged animal. The bars dissolve and the beast walks out. Sooner or later. That always happens – the only question is what will grow out from the cocoon: a crying mouse, or a furious wolf?

I remember the silence in the room. Everybody was looking at this nice 15-year-old girl who was fighting for her life. They looked at me – a sadist who was abusing a kid. She was purple, panting and gasping for air. I looked at them, and in their eyes I saw a mixture of hopelessness, respect and pity. One of the beginners covered her mouth, terrified. Then into the dojo walked smiley Edek – 185 cm tall and 100 kg. He warmed up lightly and sat down in the row with the others. I ordered a change of partners and fresh Edek quickly approached Kaska. He was 6 meters away from her when she noticed him. She groaned, devastated, and leaned forward like a runner after a marathon, resting her hands on her knees. And this is when it happened. Every time I feel like I am done with teaching I recall that moment. She straightened her body, and with a new energy – where she took it from, I don't know – without waiting for him to come she walked toward him. Edek had just enough time to grab her arm before she stepped back and hit him in the face so strongly that the echo of it buzzed in the whole room. Edek was off his feet and fell on the floor with a bang. I don't remember if she slapped him with an open hand or hit him with a fist,

if she was screaming at that point or not. This is when the child died, and a warrior was born.

People were cheering and applauding. Suddenly, she was full of energy again and she finished the exam in a beautiful way. Now there was no uncertainty in her. She was straight and proud. 'So, it's a lion, not a mouse', I thought. I have seen this many times before. Most often in the case of boys turning into men, but also in the case of women. The technique as a tool of confronting oneself. This is cracking open a cocoon. The potency of that process can be terrifying, but it opens the eyes, and once you have experienced it you cannot forget about it. I just sit there and try not to interfere. A plant blossoms by itself.

Metal, Clay and Dirt

“ *With my hammer I hit it, uplifted in comfort,*

As I need my creation to be urgent and grand,

And from that precious metal my heart will be sculpted,

A heart that is tempered, gallant, a heart that is proud.

–Leopold Staff ¹⁴⁹

¹⁴⁹ L. Staff, “Kowal” (1901). In *Wybór poezji*, Wrocław: Ossolineun, 1963, p. 3. Translated from Polish by Anita Szymańska.

In Prace, a neighbourhood of Wrocław, was a huge compound of buildings which belonged to the University of Agricultural Sciences. Within the labyrinth of red post-German walls stood a forge. In the second or the third grade we practised there. That meant that once a week, instead of going to school, for eight hours we travelled back in time to the Medieval ages. We got the winter term, and every hour we ran out into the snow to wash our sweaty, dirty faces with it. I can't remember the name of the teacher anymore – he was big and hairy. He had to do some side jobs during his worktime, and over the entire apprenticeship we forged medieval axes out of leaf springs, ten of which he wrapped up in a newspaper and took with him on bus number 103, headed to the city centre. There were a few of us working in pairs, one senselessly shaping a round bar to a square so that the other could do exactly the opposite – for several months. Two of us, maybe three, every shift were the assistants of the master. We worked on those axes for the whole eight hours. On the first day he taught us a boxer's stance. Left leg behind, holding the axe with the right hand in front. The left hand with a short hit would follow under the right armpit or the elbow, depending on the length of the handle. The hammer weighed 5 kilos. The blacksmith would hold the burnisher and a red-hot axe and two of us would rhythmically hit the metal with our hammers. We were 15 years old. The work was wretchedly tough and our hands quickly went numb, the forge was horribly dirty, blackened, full of rusty sheet metal and rods. There was always someone who would burn themselves or get hurt. The blacksmith was a foul-mouthed brute. I can still remember a fog in the corner of his mouth. On the other

hand, we were all sweating together with him. We were all tired and dirty. The fire was burning, and we stank of coal. There were sparks flying around, metal bloomed like cherries in spring. We felt strength, and for the first time in his life a boy was a master of something so seemingly immutable as a piece of metal.

I think this is exactly the same power that is needed to change something fixed – the power to create and to control; maturity. In martial arts, comparing the practise to the work of a blacksmith is so common as to almost be a cliché. The world has changed, and not a lot of young people have a chance to see real, heavy creative work. To experience that true transformation takes place in dirt, heat and tiredness. Metal that is polished, painted, smoothed, tapped gently doesn't really change. The cracks and flaws remain, and all that work is just like painting over rotting wood. The construction is weak.

A Japanese sword is reforged many times, folding layers on top of one another over and over again. You cool it down and you heat it up. You burn out flaws and you reject poor-quality material. The same happens in the course of real training under the eye of a real teacher. Like metal, the student must be red-hot and ready to work. Body, muscles, mind – ready and aware. The pressure from hard work and control is preparation for the real change: to confront one's own limitations. There is no easy way out, there are no shortcuts. The real thing is created in hundreds and thousands of blows. The work changes the blacksmith's body: it begins to be covered in muscles; it hardens; the smoke of the forge becomes an intrinsic part of him. It is absorbed by the pores of his skin, and it changes him. Like a collier's lungs, like a smoker's cancer. One aim

of this work is to produce an object by understanding the material and the mechanics of the execution. The aim of a blacksmith's work is not to lose weight or to relax, nor to make as many objects as fast as possible. The blacksmith doesn't care if he's pretty or if the forge is nice and clean; he doesn't even notice the small burns. The blacksmith curses. The blacksmith drinks. The blacksmith is real. The forge is his home, his destiny, his medicine and his poison. The forge gives him the strength to live, and the forge will also kill him. All of the plastic dollhouses in which we seem to be living, like in a dream about the future, crumble when confronted with the simplicity of the forge and its painful truth.

There used to be a forge close to the dojo – something like 5 km north. Master Błotnicki sometimes took me and some students in to play around with the basics. After two weeks of heavy labour we sculpted 'Aikido' in kanji, and with the help of the smith we managed to make a *yari* – a spearhead that I put at the end of a jo. The smith moved to Opole, though. I miss it very much.

I recall looking at the *hamon* – the temper line – of Japanese swords with Chiba Sensei. He taught us the correct procedure for observing a blade: the proper gesture for receiving it from its owner, the way you hold your palms and the fluid movement of removing the weapon from the scabbard to look at it. Sensei also used to collect *tsuba*, the hand-guards for Japanese swords, which are another expression of a smith's mastery.

Similarly, the work of an Aikido teacher has been compared to pottery. A smith warms up the iron and strikes it when it is

hot; a potter moulds the clay, dries it, and bakes it. Our physical contact, the permanent shaping, moulding and working of the body is akin to that process. It is true that getting old dries us up and makes us friable, the way dry clay crumbles. The body must be constantly kneaded and stretched. A few weeks without practise is enough for the body to stiffen and change. Everything hurts, screeches, throbs.

In our system, the work of uke occupies the centre of our attention. It is his awareness and physical presence which we are testing with each movement. The teacher shapes and bends him, changing the range of movement and pushing him to the limits of his physical abilities and mental endurance. With time, all of the limits expand – if you get a good piece of clay.

In the dojo, we wanted to make humidifiers for the radiators. The heaters were old and blazed ruthlessly. The air was dry, and in winter you couldn't breathe. We had been putting wet towels on the heaters, but it didn't make any difference. It turned out that Michał, a teacher of pottery at the Fine Arts Academy, which had just opened their new building a few streets from the dojo, was training with us. I made an appointment with him and together with my wife and an uchideshi we went to his workshop. At the beginning we kneaded the clay until it became uniform and flexible. Our hands warmed it and it became soft. Then we rolled it out with rollers the width of a thumb and we shaped our humidifiers. They were flat containers about 30 cm tall. The one Michał made was flat and well-shaped; ours were . . . different. Mine was quite rough-hewn and just ugly. Then we left them to dry. After

that stage most of them cracked. Michał patched them up, and again waited for a few days. Then he fired them, and again – most cracked. He fixed them once more, and for the final firing he covered them with glaze. It is the same with our work. Of the dozens of people that you mould and try to shape, many will crack, many will leave. You learn about people, doing it clumsily at the beginning – many times their failure is your fault. Pots crack even at the last moment, and you can never really know if your hard work will result in anything. Just like in a forge – the work is physically hard, heavy, and thankless. One moment of distraction is enough for a pot to crack or for metal to overheat. This is all the same.

The Maasai People

“In the evenings elders would ask, quietly, ‘Why shouldn’t we be content with killing the cows that trample the fields, take the fertile parcels of land, and leave most of Tutsi alive?’

– Jean Hatzfeld¹⁵⁰

Their chief’s name was Benga – 180 cm tall, more ‘big’ than fat. He had a face of a good guy, but he also beamed with confidence. This is probably what allowed him to escape the bush and reach Nairobi. He was the representative of

150 J. Hatzfeld, *Une saison de machettes, récits*, Paris, Le Seuil, 2003.

a few Maasai villages located in the wild hills, four hours' drive away from the capital of Kenya.

With Robert we rented a Mitsubishi Pajero, and along with my second student, Daniel, who was from Kenya, we waited for the chief at the West Gate in Nairobi. He came with his wife, who didn't speak a single word to us throughout the entire journey. On the contrary, Benga talked all the time. We drove on a highway for several hours and then we took a turn into some pretty and well-tended villages. Apart from the ground, which was blood red in colour, nothing was surprising for me here, and I was quite disappointed. In all the villages, people were moving on the street, driving, cycling in both directions. Balancing buckets of water on their heads or dragging bags full of goods. Those villages in Kenya reminded me of my childhood – a Polish road, where you had to walk for ages to a PKS bus stop, and the only car belonged to a neighbour who lived two street away. Where you bought things with the knowledge that you would have to be able to carry them back home. I can still remember hauling cans of paint for a kilometre from the bus stop.

I think it was Kapuściński who wrote how much Africa was changed by plastic containers. They allowed people to be free from the weight of earthen pots, and they changed the sense of distance. Now you could go further to get water. You could be a greater distance from the river, take more from it, and wash or drink more often.

The villages began to thin out until they eventually disappeared, and we entered the bush. The road ended and now we were driving through an endless grove of wild trees that

were 4 or 5 storeys tall. This was not the boundless fields of Amboseli; the trees grew only a few meters away from one another, and everything that put roots in the earth had thorns and was defending itself from being eaten.

We could see giraffes that were sticking out over the tree-tops. There were also flocks of zebras that wearily watched the cars pass by, just as Polish cows do. The route wound in between the trees, every now and then splitting off from smaller paths or joining with another slightly bigger road. It was more a track than an actual road, and every turn looked exactly the same as the previous one. The chief was leading us with confidence, right, left, right, left. This leg of the trip took us almost three hours.

Finally, we reached a foot-beaten square surrounded by metal shanties. We stopped in front of a shop. The chief left the car and began to talk with the locals in Maasai. People began to pour out from all of the shanties to approach us. Some of them hesitantly, the others with their hands stretched out to welcome us. Most of them were dressed the same as us; some wore the traditional Maasai red shawl and carried a stick. I looked around in slight disappointment. This is where we were supposed to spend a few days? This is the famous wild bush? It reminded me more of Poland in the eighties, and my apprenticeship on a state agricultural farm.

In Africa, time doesn't flow – time stays and melts. No one is in a rush, there are no schedules. So we stood like that for an hour or two, until finally the chief told us to get back into the car and we went further into the bush. It turned out that those shanties with a shop were the last stronghold of civi-

lization, and the world of the real Africa was still in front of us. That place had not changed for the last 200 years. There was no cell reception, no electricity. Only endless hills and paths across the red ground in a sea of short trees.

We stopped next to the chief's house. The construction was like the little houses on plots of land in the middle of a city – concrete walls and a roof made of corrugated sheet metal. In the chief's farmhouse there were some goats, and cows returned there for the night as well. From between the trees an old man with a wizened face appeared, wearing a red Maasai shawl. He approached us. I was the lowest rank in the whole group, and Benga introduced me in Maasai. The old man stretched out his hand. I also stretched out mine and he spat on it in a theatrical gesture. I looked at Benga, who told me that his father had just given me his blessing. I remember that I promised myself to check, after I came back, whether Benga's father hadn't simply spat on me and in fact there was no real blessing involved. (I still haven't done that . . .)

The traditional tribes which were under the chief's leadership were scattered among the hills. Benga was in a rush – a meeting was taking place in a nearby village. One of the elder residents was in hospital and had had surgery. The native tribes are not covered by any health insurance, so the community was gathering money to pay for the surgery. We did think whether the whole party was organised because of us, and whether this whole thing was not a way of getting money out of us. We went for another journey through hills, jumping over massive rocks. Robert and I had grown up in Poland watching movies with Tony Halik, and we were having

the time of our lives. The Maasai people who were walking in front of us had probably never seen a white person before, and we were not in a fake outdoor museum for the rich, but in the darkest depths of Africa.

The chief was asking us about Aikido, and seemed to not understand the rules of it at all. We passed another settlement, where we met people who were not going the meeting. Old women and kids with snot down to their waists. I remember a naked kid, two years of age or something like that, who was sitting on a pile of ashes and cinders. He was scrubbing nasty ulcers on his face with fistfuls of dust. Later I read somewhere that a bath in ashes is a tradition here, and a means of disinfecting the body.

The last hill was really tall. We reached the top, and on the other side we spotted our goal. Hundreds of Maasai people were gathered in a big meadow below. All of them in red shawls, from far away they looked like a living bloodstain. The sky was cloudless and blue, and the trees were green – I remember the intensity of those colours to this day. For the next 30 minutes we were greeting everybody, shaking hands with men and women. Children also approached us. They stood in front of me, and I would put my open palm on their head and hold it like that for a bit. Straight after that they ran away. I remember those bald heads, red-hot from the sun. We had bought a massive packet of biscuits on our way and we distributed them to the kids like the Pope passes out communion bread. It was gone in a split second. I had wanted to buy some chocolates, but Benga forbade me. He said that they would melt, and anyway after them the kids

would be unbearable. (That reminded me of Chiba Sensei and his dislike of sweets. How often is the process of learning a return to the primal traditions, and what is its essence?)

The Maasai people are divided according to their age; initiations on several levels allow them to step up to the group of their peers. Thus, the women were standing under one tree, younger boys somewhere else, adult men in another spot. The ceremony started, and it turned out that Maasai people love speeches. I can't remember who was first, but it went on and on. We were brought little stools, and as honoured guests we sat together with the Makaai – the elders. Benga also joined us, as a representative of the villages in Nairobi. The leaders of certain villages shouted out long sentences, one by one. After each round the whole crowd cheered, screamed, and jumped up and down in applause. Then everyone waved bills up in the air and gave them to the master of the ceremony. The crowd went crazy.

It took an eternity, but suddenly Benga turned into our direction and said:

‘Now it's your turn. A speech.’

We pushed out terrified Daniel, who spoke for a while in Swahili, interrupted by the cheering of 300 Maasais. Benga was translating for him. Then Robert stood up and went to the middle. Never a shy one, he painted before the crowd a vision of the freezing, mysterious country of Poland. After that, we spoke about Aikido and our mission, and at the end, he introduced me like a big master, and he said:

‘We could give a demonstration . . .’



The crowd was jumping, screaming as if they were about to eat us or make drums out of our skin. Then it was my turn. I don't remember what I said, but I used big words and it made an impression. Benga was interpreting and the crowd was swinging their spears, cheering. It turned out that he was fighting to be chosen as the leader again in the upcoming elections, and our presence was a gift from heaven for him. Lord only knows what he was telling them about us.

After the money collection, it was time for a party. We went deeper into the bush, in between spreading trees that looked a bit like olive trees. Here, again, each age group took their place. Together with Benga, who already had a shaved head and was married, we were sitting with the elders. Those senior citizens had maybe ten teeth altogether; their faces were wrinkled and they had shining black eyes. One of the youngsters brought a used canister with blood-red water from the river. One after another we washed our hands and faces. Then the kid put the canister on the ground, in between us. We were served boiled goat meat from an old, chipped pot. The pot was followed by the gaze of all the kids who knew that they couldn't eat the best parts. I respectfully took a piece of the tongue; the meat was rubbery and covered in sand. The elders chewed the bones and threw them behind themselves, into the bush.

'That's for the hyenas', murmured Benga with a smile.

'They will come here in the evening?' I asked.

'What do you mean 'They will'? he said, his mouth full. 'They are here all the time.'

A moment later a young guy came to the canister that we all had washed ourselves in, looked around to make sure no one was watching, lifted it, drank from it, and left.

We slept in a tent outside the camp. The Maasai people did not invite us to stay overnight in their shelter surrounded by a palisade. Wooden stakes protected the inside circle from groups of lions and hyenas. We were left outside. It was getting dark, and we decided eventually to sleep in the car or at least to make a fire. It went completely dark when we went in search of wood – the bushes close by were cleared of anything usable and like fools we walked with headlamps, deeper and deeper, searching for twigs. That was one of the stupidest things in the world. I remember a hare that ran away from me into a bush 200 meters from the village. It could have been anything. It was the middle of the night; I was in a middle of the bush in the middle of Africa. I was terrified and happy. In the distance, the light of the fire glowed, and I didn't want to go back. Lions, hyenas, elephants, antelopes, giraffes, and zebras – all of which could be a meter away from me. The darkness around me was pulsating with my fear and with the curiosity of everything that could be hidden within it.

Africa has a different smell. Night in Africa smells even more different. I ripped a thick branch from the ground, tall as a man, surprised that the Maasai people hadn't hauled it to their camp yet. I dragged it back on my shoulder, thinking that my friends would applaud me. Around 10 meters later I dropped it and I began to dance. Apparently, the Maasai people had a good reason not to take an anthill back to their camp. When I returned to the fire, there were a few teenag-

ers sitting around it. Their heads were shaven, and they had just finished their first initiation ritual and circumcision. As the time passed more and more of them began to join us, appearing from the groves and bushes, so that in the end there were 40 of them. Then they began to sing and dance. In the background you could hear women singing at different fires, the song of the silent bush. The vibrating breaths and hums that were emitted by the dancers' bodies as they leapt were so primal, so natural. It was not until a few years later, in Japan during the Shogaku Shugyo ceremony, that I once again felt and heard such deep and real sounds.

In San Diego, during the weapons practice, we would stand in a circle and practice cuts with swords. Each of us counted to ten, one by one. The sound was supposed to awaken everyone around. It originated from the diaphragm, not from the throat, and it was supposed to be a manifestation of your inner animal. You don't buy anyone, you don't pretend, you do not put on a mask. You are not scared of losing your face, you are not afraid to squeal or that your voice will break. It doesn't matter to you. With time you discover your own voice – but only when you stop caring about others listening to you. It comes naturally when you finally understand that everyone is focused on themselves and not on criticising others. My voice is hoarse and terrifying. It scratches my throat, even though it shouldn't. In the world of control, this is a little moment of forgetting oneself.

Around 1 or 2 A.M., the kids went back to their villages. Tired from the sun, the day, the singing, we threw everything that was left into the fire and went to sleep. At 5 A.M. my bladder

woke me up. I stuck my head out of our tent, looking for lions and hyenas. The goats were bleating and cows were mooing in the chief's enclosure. The fire had just died out and the smoke was slowly seeping from it, so I threw in the rest of the twigs. I sat there by myself for a long time, until a boy around 10 years old appeared from the bushes. He held a machete in a leather sheath. Without asking, he sat on a tree trunk next to me and began to pick at the hair on my legs with his dirty fingers. At my waist I had a huge military knife which reached to the middle of my thigh. It had a ball, a compass, and other bells and whistles on it. The kid was fascinated by it. I gave it to him, and he took out his machete from the sheath. At 5 A.M., in the middle of the African bush, I held in my hand a Maasai's machete with a massive inscription on the blade: Made in China.¹⁵¹

151 During the time when the Tutsi were being slaughtered by the Hutu in a nearby Rwanda in 1994, many Chinese machetes were bought and distributed.

A Goat

“ ‘Hey, Hambei [his nickname, after a famous ronin named Kanai Hambei who had revolted against the Tokugawa regime during the mid-Edo period and was subsequently killed]. You know that if I am going to die, I don’t want to die on the tatami,’ I said to him.

‘I agree,’ he replied.

‘How about us going to Tibet to die there after killing a few bad guys?’ I added.

‘That’s a good idea.” He went on to say, ‘There are plenty of nasty guys out there... very, very nasty guys, aren’t there?’

– T. K. Chiba¹⁵²

Ben was born in Uganda. As a teenager he moved to Kenya and found a job in Nairobi as an assistant to a British documentary filmmaker. I don’t know exactly what his responsibilities were; I assume that he was a gofer. When I met him, he had a black belt in karate and had just begun to practise Aikido in the Japanese embassy where Mateusz was teaching. After a few years he became a candidate for being an uchideshi in Poland. As we had for Daniel, together with

¹⁵² The last conversation with M. Kanai, Floating Along with a Cosmic Wind, <https://aikidosphere.com/>

Mateusz we chipped in for a ticket so that Ben could spend three months in Wrocław, practising every day for 5 to 8 hours.

The culture shock was massive. The work of an uchideshi is based on honesty and heavy training. You couldn't say that he was lacking that. However, the distinct African sense of time and getting lost in white Europe had to be very tough for him. He did many stupid things, and there was also a tragedy that happened, but I won't be writing about that. We took care of him like he was a child.

I returned to Africa sometime later. Ben knew I was coming, and he wanted to pay back the care. He was living in a place close to Nairobi, and he invited us there for a village party. While I was still in Poland, I found out that I would be the one responsible for killing a goat at the ceremony. On the day I was supposed to be returning to my country, expecting bloodshed, I wore shorts and flip flops. Mateusz brought his sharp Japanese knife smuggled from Poland, and I was hoping that I could just cut the goat's head with one cut. We finally arrived after an hour of travel through the slums in a cart. The village was nice, and the house was tidy, by Kenyan standards. I remember a hole in the roof and one room with a threshing floor covered with a rug. We sat on a sofa in front of which there was a TV. In general, that was all.

The seminar finished and we were saying our good-byes. A goat came in through the open doors. It walked around the sofa, ignored by everybody. I looked at it with sadness in my eyes. I was thinking about the angle of the cut and the height. I didn't want to hit the floor with the sword.

The head of a standing goat is at about the level of the head of someone who is about to commit seppuku. In that traditional act of suicide an assistant, the kaishakunin, also takes part. Most often he is a friend of the one committing the act. When the samurai, who is sitting in seiza, punctures his abdomen with a knife and begins to cut, he collapses forward, baring his neck. At that moment, his assistant beheads him in one clean cut. The cut is made in such a way that the head is cut off completely, but it doesn't roll on the floor in a disrespectful manner. This requires proficiency and technique. In our school of Iaido, this form is called Junto. It is executed slowly and with respect; even its name is pronounced quietly. I had practised it thousands of times, and now I had a chance to perform it for real.

I felt sorry for the animal, but it was to be killed and eaten anyway. I had been preparing myself for this moment my whole stay there. I was ready.

When I was a kid, I often helped with killing the pigs. At the age of 15 I was soaked through with the blood of a pig that had been cut with a knife in the wrong way. Another time, my mother came out from the barn riding a pig that she had not cut properly. I can still remember my grandmother from Lviv, who taught me how to kill rabbits by hitting them on the wall of a shed. And my mom showing me how to kill them on a chair in a room. These things always enervated me, and after each act like that, I promised myself never to take part again.

I can also remember a certain walk with a dog. My father named our Doberman Bamboo. He was considering Asphalt,

but that seemed too racist to him. Bamboo was an unpredictable, vicious little shit. I loved that dog, even though he once bit a chunk of muscle from my thigh. He was massive, and looked like a devil. That day we were walking through the fields behind Zlotniki – a meadow in Wrocław. My father was always saying that inside of us are Ukrainian steppes. He claimed that this was what attracted us, not the mountains. I was 15 years old and imagined that the post-communist fields covered with waist-tall grass were an African savannah. Bamboo was running around happily, coming up to me from time to time as if checking that I wouldn't leave him behind. We wandered for hours.

Years ago I read Nowak's poem:

My childhood walked across fields, with my dog

The dog barked and from the kingdom of barley

Escaped an angel, naked like a friend

Who jumped from a willow tree into a forest hay of river.¹⁵³

Everything comes back. That day, Bamboo caught a female duck in a ditch. He shook it, but then gave it to me when I ordered him to. I remember that ragged, warm body in my hand. Mixed feelings fought inside me. Pride at hunting an animal, resentment, desire to impress my parents, satisfaction from taming the wilderness. At my side I had a sheath knife that I always wore in case I wanted to practise throwing it into a tree. It didn't look scary, and it was blunt and worn from the constant hits. I decided to polish the duck off so that

153 T. Nowak, *Dzieciństwo moje*, own translation.

it would suffer less. I can't remember anymore how long it took. The knife did not want to cut, and in my hand I could feel the warmth and the chaotic heartbeat of the murdered animal.

My father and his father bred pigeons their whole life. My grandfather, killed by the cancer he earned by smoking like a chimney, had, just before his death, marked circles in the sky with his finger, asking if the pigeons were flying. Both, with no mercy, would snap the neck of the sick or weak ones. We would find rotting or dried up little bodies of baby pigeons buried shallowly in our garden. For me, the act of killing was much more difficult. I was defying it as my own weakness, but at the same time you could call it sensitivity or a little bit of imagination. In the end I finished off that poor duck and I took it back home. We baked it in the oven. It was small and hard as a rock. I can still feel her heart beating in my hand.

The elders of the village didn't approve of the sword, so I was given a long knife. It was made all of metal, with a thin blade that moved inside of the handle. I had expected something like that to happen, and for that reason I was wearing shorts and flip-flops. I thought that I would take the goat in between my legs, lean its head back, and then cut its throat. However, the chief of the village told me to kneel and to literally cut its head off. The animal had coarse, stiff fur. I was prepared, and I did everything as if I was in some weird, serene dream.

Back then my wife and I had a golden retriever – a bitch whose name was Tasia. We didn't have kids yet, and that dog was like a family member to us. The goat reminded me of Tasia – when I grabbed the animal by its neck, it hit me

that, apart from the horns and coarse fur, holding it awoke the same familiar feeling. I was surrounded by a few elders who helped me hold the goat still. The knife was moving in the handle, but at least it was sharp. In the sun of Africa, the blood and meat were beautifully red. In a frenzy which took I don't know how long, without any feelings, I was cutting meat, tendons, skin. Blood was dripping into a bowl and the animal was trembling the whole time. I had to use that shitty knife to penetrate its spine. Only then did the goat stop wiggling its tail. Around us still stood a dozen people. Mateusz, who was a vegetarian, had run out of the house, so I was the only white person. I remember the kids from the village, pushed by their parents to be in the front row. In that manner they got used to seeing blood and cruelty, they were learning about the role of an animal. A few four- or six-year-olds, encouraged by their parents, started to play around with the cut head. A moment later I hung the goat by its legs on a tree and, guided by one of the elders, skinned it and opened its stomach. The guts fell out on the red ground and immediately turned black, because a swarm of flies landed on it instantly. People from the village began to come for the free party. From the top of the insides I scooped out kidneys, and the kids began to fry them on a sticks over a fire. I also took the head of the goat and put it over the grate. My next job was to turn it around and scrape the fur from it. When it was fully bare, it would be used to make a delicious soup. The goat looked at me reproachfully, its burnt tongue sticking out. The meat was being sorted then, and some pieces were already baking. The kids ran around in the puddles of blood. I washed the remains of blood from my hands and legs and

I went to the airport. For the entire flight to Europe, I was digging out goat's blood from under my nails, with the smell of meat and blood in my nostrils.

I was thinking about those kids. The primal forcing of the youngest ones to watch an execution or killing animals was an important element of education in many cultures. We try to protect our children from cruelty, but in their world, it is probably crucial. The side effect of that is sometimes cruelty towards each other. The post-election slaughter that happened in Kenya, the nightmare of Rwanda, show the collective ability for self-harm. It is the result of getting rid of the fear of blood and the act of killing, which is ubiquitous. In our culture, most people live in an illusionary world and dream that meat is made in a supermarket. When my four-year-old son found out that schnitzel came from a pig, he wanted to find it right away and pet it. We accept the horror of that animal's life, as long as we don't have to physically participate in its death or take any responsibility for it. The African goat which I killed had a happy life in comparison to chickens held in their own Auschwitz which were used to make those tidy chicken-breasts sold on a pretty tray in Tesco. And still, after years of fighting with my own weakness, I am aware of my limitations. Every day, making an angry face, I practise taking away someone's life with a wooden sword hundreds of times – at the end of the day, a cut or a hit is nothing other than that. Conscious training makes me think about the truth of this act. Am I aware of its consequences? When the sword punctures a body, mine or his – will I feel the resistance of the bones, will there be a lot of blood? All of that is a little bit terrifying; I didn't choose Aikido to study

killing and death. But in the message of Chiba Sensei there is a strong root, a common theme. Everything – meditation, sword, aikido, the message – begins and ends with the awareness of life and death. The consciousness and severity of what we do forces anyone who wants to study this for real to confront this truth.

Sensei told us that he could see in a person's eyes if they had ever killed anyone. I can remember a guy from the Navy Seals, a Marine Corps colonel, a few instructors from the Marines in San Diego; I can remember a retired fighter of Che Guevara from Bolivia. Those people became themselves through the training, and the exercises gave their life a conscious meaning. Especially the part with weapons, which, on a certain level, culminates all potential situations of losing one's life in almost one gesture. They are drenched with the responsibility for another person's well-being.

Sensei resented superficial, oblivious repetition of the forms. He wanted a black mass, not fitness. Not all of us will go to war. God willing, not all of us will have to protect ourselves or kill. Not everyone will use their training in self-defence. The only sure thing is that we will all die – and for that matter, this is what our training is preparing us to do.



A Guru

“ Give me a line of souls! – So much I resent this lifeless construction,

Which plebes call the world and which they used to worship.

–Adam Mickiewicz, *Dziady*, part III

In the `70s and `80s, Polish Aikido was cultivated on fertile ground, full of a variety of seeds. Hundreds of people were practising, following a fuzzy idea more than a real art. Those vague statements and elusive illusions were precisely the reason why anyone in this practise could find something for themselves. There were no Japanese, no Internet, not VHS, no movies, no books. Nothing but the debris of dreams. From a series of old, worn-out photos, which were copied over and over again, the teachers created their own interpretation of the divine movements. With their eyes hungry for the miracle, they sought magical energy and superhuman strength. It was at that time that 20-year-olds became leaders and gurus. Egos grew without control – for some it was empowering; for many it was destructive. It wasn't their fault they were doing what they could. A poor country did not attract Japanese residents, and no one was here to verify the over-intellectualised, make-believe theories.

Those were quite strange times. We were mixing magical orenaite (a technique of unbending arms) with massages, meditation, chi gong and gods know what else. I was maybe 17 years old, and I was walking barefoot on hot stones; I attended Czestochowa pilgrimages; I can also recall a meeting we once had in someone's flat in the Sepolno neighbourhood where guy who came from Katowice checked our auras. The same man made a business of removing spells from flats, giving out invoices by the metre. Everything was going to shit. The system was just collapsing, Aikido was attracting many people connected to the church. At the same time, many clubs, searching blindly, would trudge into esoteric practises rather than falls and waving a sword.

In that messy epoch, a few very interesting characters emerged. One of the pioneers of the Wild West times was a guy from Poznan¹⁵⁴, I think. He was very focused on his spirituality – even when he was in technical school he had discovered that he could communicate with ghosts and the other dimensions. He quickly set up his own cult. The real world did not appreciate his cosmic energies enough, and just after he threatened to kill the Pope and to blow up the Jasna Góra¹⁵⁵, he was locked up. He is a leader of one of the most interesting cults now, fighting as much as he can with the Church and with anyone who wants to fight with him.

Another curious guy was one of the leaders of the Aikido movement in Poland. He managed to leave the country in the '80s – becoming a student of Mitsunari Kanai Sensei, who

154 Poznań is a city on the Warta River in western Poland.

155 The Jasna Góra Monastery in Częstochowa, Poland, is a shrine dedicated to the Virgin Mary and one of the country's places of pilgrimage.

was a friend of Chiba Sensei. When he came back, he began to teach in Poland. Then one day, the Lord Jesus Christ came to him and ordered him to abandon the cosmic qi and Aikido. In a divine madness, he cut his sword into pieces, he burnt his hakama and sent an apostolic letter to instructors and students. In the wave of rapture, many people connected to the Church left the art.

I am sure that there were many more characters like that, but only a few were there right at the time of the initial pioneers when their fire could blaze fully. I had the opportunity to meet one of them personally.

In the `80s we used to practise in a huge judo hall. Apart from us there was no Aikido in Wrocław – except one place. A 20-year-old man broke away from the original, small group of Wrocławian pioneers, and in the mid `80s he set up a group at the University. Whereas we were very physically oriented, basing our training on the all-round development copied from judo and wrestling, they practised spiritual Aikido, which was more real in their eyes. In those early years of training, I would hear stories about them – a bit like tales of a wolf in a dark forest or about fairies dancing in the meadows. Even at that point, there was no crossover between our worlds, but both sides needed to have an enemy to sustain their own identity.

That guy started to teach Aikido as a PE course at the university and quickly got many students. I saw him sometimes at seminars. He was from my teachers' generation, and we really didn't have much to talk about. Sometimes his head was shaved military style; sometimes he had a head of curly red hair and a long beard. As if he was searching for himself

inside and out. He had to be around 30 years old then, but in my eyes, he was already a formed and confident teacher. I remember in October 1993, when I was 22 years old, I was strolling with a girl around the Szczytnicki Park,¹⁵⁶ and we happened to end up in front of the room where he was teaching. There were hordes of students in the building. In those days you could only sign up for classes in person, so students would set up tents and camp out under the university gates a day or two before registration started. It's hard to believe now, but in those days there were campgrounds on Grundwaldzki Square¹⁵⁷. Teachers would sign up students for selected courses in the huge hall.

He saw us in the doorway, and he called us to him. We were surprised, as we didn't know him that well. He just had finished the registration – the rosters were full – so he walked with us to the gardens behind the studio. There was a wild apple tree whose branches passed through the fence into the other side's allotments. We picked a few of the sour fruits and sat on the grass. That meeting lasted for 45 minutes, maybe an hour. I cannot remember at all what we talked about. In fact, he was the one doing all the talking, the words flowing in some formulaic stream. He looked into our eyes; his voice was quiet and calm. His words slipped into my ears like warm snakes. He tilted his head as he spoke, and I felt as if I were in a trance, or at a poetry reading. Very quickly I was overtaken by feelings of dissent and resistance, and for most of that conversation I fought the domination that

¹⁵⁶ Szczytnicki Park in Wrocław, Poland is located to the east of Plac Grunwaldzki and the old Oder river

¹⁵⁷ Plac Grunwaldzki is a former square, currently a major street and important transit point in Wrocław, Poland. The nearby universities and their dormitories make it one of the centres of student life in Wrocław.

I could smell in each word. The leash exists if you believe in it – I started to suffocate and I was scared at that moment that someone was trying put one over on me. He was sure of what he was saying. He dominated us with his tone, age difference, and position, and I sensed that the meeting was an attempt to tame me. Of course, all of that depends on the perspective – my companion, as it turned out, didn't have that impression at all. She could feel my anger building up, but she didn't understand the reason for it.

Now, years later, I still wonder what exactly happened there. On the one side there was a young shit, the golden child in the dojo, teaching without knowledge and mostly driven by the power of ego and hunger. On the other there was a 30-year-old man who, without realising it then, was trapped by a mask that he himself had created. A teacher without a teacher. A man of a massive potential which, probably, he himself didn't understand or control. In the '90s he was leading dozens of Aikido courses, spreading his own understanding of the art to thousands of students. In that sea most of them didn't give a damn, or thought of him as a madman. However, many found in him what they were looking for – directions, confidence, a guru. At the same time, Japanese shihans scattered around the entire world were dreaming of having as much impact as we had on daily basis.

This is how, in a world uncontrolled by any organisation, foreign or local teachers, external leadership or a curator, this man was able to work for over 20 years, teaching whatever he wanted and however he wanted to thousands of students. There was in him a primal human wisdom, a need to study

oneself. He was surrounded by passionate, wide-eyed people who listened to his words with calm faces. And he would talk and talk – like a Kipling snake, putting everyone around to sleep. Sometimes they would sit through the entire training while he talked about a bus ride he had just taken, about leaves or the air. He had in him that rare force for action. Even now I don't know if it was a façade or madness. Someone saw him lying under a tree or a cross. He would explore various diets, fasts, methods of breathing. There were so many stories. Our paths would cross over the years – often I saw him on his bike, hairy and shabby. There was much more of yoga and meditation in him now, Aikido began to seep away. I have no idea how he combined it all. I don't know where he found a place for himself in all of that.

I went to England and then to the States. When I came back, the people from the studio called me to offer me his job. I went to him to ask if he was okay with it. He said that he had left Aikido and was doing other things. He had gotten old and unwell. I remember that he was trying to cure himself with nettles, chestnuts, and other remedies from the old tales. For a couple more years we shared an office, and many times I sat with him and listened to his stories. Now I was 30 years old and he was past 40. It was obvious that he was still trying to take on the role of a guru in our conversation. He was a kind man and a good soul, but I could see that now, after a decade of playing a single role, he couldn't find himself in any other. On the other hand, I had just come back from a shihan, a student of Ueshiba – so there was no way he could explain to me what real Aikido was anymore. All that I took from my toil on the mat in the source was simple: 'Shut up

and do'. No tantric wailing, no nettle elixirs or searching for the third eye.

He wasn't really interested in what I was doing there or what I had learnt. The solemn fact that I could know more than him was not in his definition of our relationship, and he decided to ignore it.

It is a fascinating phenomenon that I was attracted to him like a moth to a flame. I saw a man who accepted some concept. Without knowing the language, without going to the source, mixing traditions, religions, and arts – he created something unique and all his own. All of that built on a strong personality and a confidence in his own exceptionalism. He was beaming with warmth of character – that particular drug which lures you with its smell of a master and of wisdom. I was looking at him with envy. If I only had a drop of his madness and confidence. What if, with those things in my heart, I had met Chiba and given him my heart to teach? Or what if they – leaders of cults and cranky madmen – met Chiba? What if they would let him lead them and use that strength in a constructive way? Or, perhaps, none of them would ever obey him – perhaps they needed that bubble of vague absurdity to create their own microcosm. Probably some of them did.

I met the guru a couple more times over the years. He came in to observe how I taught the kids' class, then left in the middle of it without saying a word. I don't know what he is doing or where he is now. The times and people were just changing. In the 20 years of leading my dojo I have met a number of those who looked up to him. Many of them train with me

now, and their memories of that time are very different. The country has changed; there are no more people like that. There are no more gurus, no more followers. Sometime in the mid '90s people became more interested in spending money than looking for spiritual awakening. The only ones left in the cults are ageing post-Kaspirowski¹⁵⁸ orphans; the young ones went to the shopping mall instead. The rest was killed off by the Internet.

The times of the divine madmen are gone. The only thing that is left are short videos online – but even there they lose hands-down to a farting cat or a belching competition. What comes to my mind when I think about them is their potential and strength. In different times they would have become reformers, prophets, revolutionaries. They wanted to scream, they wanted to shout. They wanted an enemy. The bigger the enemy, the bigger the mission. Those people wanted to burn and go all the way. Many of them are mental cases, but this is how it is. Greyness and mediocrity, mortgages, instalments, bills, sales, day jobs, pay raises – destroyed everything that they were. The magic power to influence the people disappeared because people changed. The new generation was not looking for what they could offer them. Now, a guru reminds us only of a greybeard talking to a trash can at 4 am at the railway station. And we all have that greybeard inside of us.

And in the face of all of that, something died. There are no great leaders or great movements, no followers or heated discussions until the morning hours.

158 Anatoly Mikhailovich Kashpirovsky (born 1939) is a Russian psychotherapist of Ukrainian origin who achieved wide fame in the late 1980s in Eastern Europe as a hypnotist and psychic healer.

And all of that is so bare

pale weak

coffin of the year

a midget

I do not understand

Absolulu

I go on

the minimum plan

remains unchanged . . . ¹⁵⁹

– Lech Janerka, 'Absolulu', from the album *Plagiaty*

We are all striving for the great battle, enemy, drama, and true victory. Even as I write these words, I have a slight hope that they will conjure up resistance in someone – perhaps even aggression. I am mostly scared that no one will care to read it, and even if they do and they reach this point, that the content will leave them indifferent. In its own way, my work, similarly to their madness, has consisted of searching for people who are not indifferent. I look with respect to the people who walked this path before me, clearing the way, with the snow up to their waist. They got lost, they fell, they walked backwards and forwards. I look at them and I go faster, putting my feet in their tracks in the snow, avoiding places where others have fallen into a ditch. After me, even

159 L. Janerka. 'Absolulu', *Plagiaty*, 2005. Own translation.

quicker, come those who are looking at me and my mistakes in the same way. If you have eyes, you can see. I am 44 years old now, and recently, with my 22-year-old uchideshi from Chile, I picked a few nuts and sat down in the garden of the studio – in the same spot. I tried to listen.

The Dreams

“*The last thing a patient wants is to get well. He doesn’t want to get well, he wants relief. Eric Berne, one of the best psychiatrists in the United States, described it very graphically. He asked us to imagine a client who is neck-deep in a cesspool. (Yes, he called it runny excrement.) And that client goes to a doctor, and you know what he says? He asks the doctor, ‘Could you please help me keep people from making waves?’*

– Anthony de Mello¹⁶⁰

This is a world of dreamers. Boys swinging sticks and pretending to be knights. This is a world of magic and big slogans. A world of love, harmony, respect and other words that sound nice and most of the time do not mean anything. This is a world in which you become the good guy. This is a world in which you fight with evil, demons, zombie, bad aliens and other Nazis. This is a world of childish illusions

¹⁶⁰ A. de Mello, *Rediscovering Life: Awaken to Reality*. Translated from Polish.

which we cultivate for years and decades. This is a shelter and fantasy in which we hide from the real world.

In the real world we are surrounded by tax returns, papers, insurance, commercials, weakness. We are not samurai, only a cog at our job, an old grandpa for our children and a codger for our wife. Nothing is fully black and white, everything is grey. Nothing is fully good or bad. Each day we make decisions, not a single one of which is ideal – and then we live with the consequences. Even us, we are not as good in this world as we would like to be. We are absorbed by sins large and small, by dirt and various shades of grey.

On the contrary, in a dojo, for a few hours you put on white and become a muddy, overweight fairy ambling through a meadow full of flowers. You are not the prince of Excel, banging on a keyboard all day like a woodpecker, stuck in one of the million miniature cubicles which all look the same. You are special and unique.

I still don't know when – if at all – I should wake my students up. When is it time to trample on their dreams? When should I grab them by their hair and pull them out from this illusion? If what you do is supposed to make you better – that can happen only through self-awareness. Should we create a fictional, alternative world in which people will hide like adult dumplings with plastic swords at a comic-con? 'Chop-chop! Did I get you?' – 'No, because I had an invisible shield!' This is a nightmarish side effect of the popularity of what we are doing. No one wants to be the king of Excel, because there are millions of them. Everyone wants to get a black belt, but no one wants to be hit by a black belt. What comes to my

mind is Roland Topor and his Queen, whom no one wanted to marry¹⁶¹. We are stuck in the illusion of our own desire, and we never use the wonderful tool we own. Aikido training can show the whole you. Whether you want it or not, you bring to the mat everything that creates you. The only chance to get rid of that baggage is to accept it and confront it.

By building my own dojo, I began a process of destroying those childish ideas. Irrevocably and without mercy, each day the tolerance for illusion was seeping out from me. That process took almost five years, until everything trickled away.

The dojo is a living creature inside – it is not ideal, and it is not anonymous. I should be able to sell dreams – for the rent, for a new toilet and toilet paper. I had that ability for a long time, but I don't anymore. The uchideshi can see that – they hatch out as their real selves after a month or two.

The dojo has two faces. There is the shallow illusion from the outside, which is seen by people who come here twice a week. They pat each other on the shoulder, they roll around a bit, they sweat, they wipe down the kamiza, maybe they vacuum the corridor and they go home.

An uchideshi is like a church mouse. He lives here, breathes with this place, takes in its smell and atmosphere with his entire body. Slowly, he discovers a different world. Regardless of how much he cleans today, tomorrow the same mess will appear. As if the clutter-filled chaos was something completely natural. Uchideshi fight with leaky toilets and pretty individuals who do not wash their cups after using them and who pee on the floor. Uchideshi are always freezing

161 R. Topor, Four roses for Lucienne

or boiling. They are always sleepy, tired and in pain. They wrestle with 'masters' who come here, well-rested, for an hour in the evening once or twice a week, to show off and throw around a poor, exhausted guy. Uchideshi move between the screaming kids that are waiting for a class. In a half-dream of preserving energy for the next training, they fall into a lethargic state like cats – anywhere and anytime they can. And at some point, the conversation inevitably happens when, blindsided by their discovery, they say to me:

'Those people do not understand anything, they don't know what is really happening here and what this place is from the inside. How it lives, how little they do here. That they are just touching it? What is the point of that?'

I look them in the eyes and say:

'You came here for two months, and only after a month you noticed it. Next month, when you're gone, I will still be here.'

Then the anger appears. When the relationship begins to be real, when life every day is a true experience and not a sugar-coated illusion – the real feelings appear. It's like eating a piece of meat and a turnip that you just dug out from the ground instead of a frosted cake. I once asked Chiba Sensei about this.

'I cannot understand it. I sacrifice so much and most of the people do not even see this. What they are doing is just a shadow of what they could be doing. I cannot put the two together.'

'I try to see what's good in people', he said as if changing the subject. 'And to be grateful for that.'

I made a wry face in response to those words, as they didn't suit my question, and neither did they suit him. This was when I saw Chiba Sensei shouting at us every day; I couldn't really believe that he was searching for what was good in me. Then years passed again, and in front of me on the mat sits a young guy from Chile. He sold what he could to be here, and every day he exhausts himself training for six hours. His nose has been broken twice, his knees and his back are hurting. He doesn't have a return ticket, and he is furious at his own limitations and tiredness. Next to him sits a Polish guy, roughly the same age. He didn't come for the training last week because he had to study – he said – but his parents told me that he bought a new game and he plays it all night.

Once I thought that we all had the same potential. Now I know that inside each one of us, a different animal lays dormant. A sloth that wants to sleep, a hungry wolf, an angry Tasmanian devil, a scared mouse. When a tired doctor who delivered six babies that day comes to the dojo, I have no right to compare him to a kid who is on the path of finding himself. For both, the dojo, me and the training are totally different tools, serving different purposes. Is that the beauty of Aikido – that we don't discriminate? There is no position for the champions, who are the most serious ones? I still don't know how Chiba could cope with that. He was deadly serious and his language spoke only to those who would put an imaginary leash on their own necks. We went there to die. We were the cult, kamikaze, we wanted our own blood on our hands. I was coming back from those trips and I hit a wall with the approach of people who didn't understand me. I didn't stand a chance. Because there were more of them.



And most importantly, because they were as right as I was. Each of them has a right to their own approach, and this is both the beauty and the curse of what we are doing. This is where the building of it all begins and ends. With the passion and its place in our lives.

Some time ago I was asked to lead a discussion about living with passion for a coaching group. There were owners of small businesses, small and big corporate sharks, and in general people who do jobs which I have been running away from my whole life. I spent a long time preparing for it, mostly thinking that I didn't really have a lot to say apart from describing an attempt to blindly follow what seems honest and real. This was when I realised that passion is not a dream. In fact, passion is a curse and a discovery of who you are – and a dream is an escape from what you don't want to do but you are doing anyway. Most self-inflicted harm makes people run away from real life and into a dream. They torture me, themselves and their families. A dream is something that removes you from the real problems; a passion is something which you cannot dismiss. This is a curse which can destroy your life, family, relationships with others. Passion and obsession are almost the same thing.

Most of those who were wandering around the world after Chiba Sensei were people without close ties to their families. Without partners, without children. We didn't own a house or a property somewhere else. And we didn't care, because we were where we wanted to be. We are all settled down in our own places with kids now. Because there is also a time for that. There is a time of being a student and a time of

being a teacher. Blessed be those who, at the right time, had a chance to meet the right teacher and understand it. And made use of it.

Cleaning

“When the guru sat down to worship each evening the ashram cat would get in the way and distract the worshipers. So he ordered that the cat be tied during evening worship.

After the guru died the cat continued to be tied during evening worship. And when the cat expired, another cat was brought to the ashram so that it could be duly tied during evening worship.

Centuries later learned treatises were written by the guru's scholarly disciples on the liturgical significance of tying up a cat while worship is performed.

– Anthony de Mello¹⁶²

There are the kinds of places where the cleaning is more important than training. I have heard of oak floors destroyed by the daily mopping. A ritual of dusting, wiping the kamiza and sweeping the mat. Every day repeating the same tasks and the mantra of the endless fight with the dust. In Japan, we would get up at 4 A.M. to clean. We walked through

¹⁶² A. de Mello, 'The Guru's Cat'. In *The Song of the Bird*. New York: An Image Book, published by Doubleday, 1981.

corridors and rooms, one by one, sweeping and dusting them in a sacred hundred-year-old custom. One day, I entered a long corridor and instead of opening one window, I opened all of them. A moment later I was caught and reprimanded by one of the Japanese; I had apparently messed up the sacred order of things. From that point on, I never changed the sequence. I saw that you clean for the sake of cleaning, and not so that something is clean afterwards.

Once, after the misogi training was over, I stayed by myself in the Shinto temple, which was lined with mats of rice straw. It smelled of wet wood and incense. We cleaned here a few times a day, always in the same manner. I looked up, where normally no one looks, and I saw flat lamps hanging just under the tall ceiling. On each of them was a thumb-thick layer of dust. Not one of the Japanese took notice of it or cared about it, and when I started to clean it they didn't stop me, but they looked with disbelief.

To clean and to clean up: from then on, I began to think about that. There were different tastes and atmospheres in all of the places in which I trained, but all the serious ones had one common quality: a brush and a rag. Everything after the truth begins with cleaning a dirty toilet. In my dojo, there are two worlds. The first is the one seen by a beginner – changing room, the training room, clean toilet. The other is a jungle of human relationships, corridors and rooms in which an invisible tornado of dust goes wild. Old pipes, cracking for no reason, the flushing mechanism in the men's toilet that has constantly been getting broken for the past five years, driving each uchideshi crazy. I once asked one of them who and what he hated the most in the world. After a few months

of solitary living in the dojo, he pointed to that toilet with real rage in his eyes.

‘I hate that flush. I fixed it ten times and it is still broken. When I buy a connecting piece for it, it is always too small or too big. Someone will always wrench out the holder or kick the pipe. It’s never-ending. A devil lives there, this thing is cursed.’

After a few years a guy who owned a construction company showed up, and he simply fixed it. The rest of us looked at each other for a few days, waiting for the flush to explode. And he simply fixed it, as the things belonging to Yossarian from *Catch-22*¹⁶³ simply disappeared in the dead soldier’s tent. He simply fixed it.

A dojo is, as it turns out, an entanglement of old electrical cables, radiator pipes, old gas fittings, suspended ceilings where rats and mice live. In all of that circulates a power which has to get out somehow – it settles down with dust, pours out with water from a flush, with a cracked pipe and brown rust on the radiators. A few days after Mariusz fixed the cursed toilet flush, a valve on a radiator burst. The dojo hates order. The dojo hates peace.

Once, I came a day early for a seminar in Strasbourg. The dojo there is beautiful and polished by the teacher and students. I showed up just in time to see the main teacher and his uchideshi crawling out from the canal next to the dojo, both covered in human waste. Because, apart from the kamiza, sweeping the mat and other chores good enough for the dreamers, there is daily work in the dust, dirt and grime,

163 *Catch-22*, J. Heller

which most of us wipe from memory. For a flower to grow, first you need to get dirty with the compost. This is what the uchideshi are taught. It is not work in a flower shop; it is scattering muck every day for years before the most beautiful flowers can grow.

I saw two types of people. There are those who roll up their sleeves and do the work themselves, like one teacher in Japan who would always do everything himself, regardless of who was helping him. He was not embarrassed about a rag, dust and dirt. Chiba Sensei had in himself such a strength that everything around just happened on its own accord. He did not push anyone to clean, but that dojo was always clean, and you did things to get them done, not just for the sake of doing them. Perhaps this was because his priority was physical training, and not all of that fake gloss which is important for the people who are scared of real confrontation on the mat. A real forge is always dirty, because there is fire there and sparks fly. Real training is an organic confrontation with one another – sweat, dust, blood and puke. Each of us brings our own character and story to the dojo. Each teacher makes the dojo in their own image. This is my approach to cleanliness, my past, my priorities. Here, the dust and dirt store up, and when the things start to fall out of the rooms, that is when we go to kill the monster in the wardrobe, thinking that we may slowly begin to tame the place. I don't really believe that though. The dust is alive here. I may be winning a battle, but in the end, it will come and get me. I don't know where, but the monster lies dormant, and it is waiting for me.



Dust

“*DUST: Particulates suspended in the air, which consist of a variety of substances that can, given a sufficient amount, be seen with the bare eye. They can even be seen in seemingly clear air; for example, if there are rays of the sun. Bigger particles instantly fall to the ground, while smaller ones can hang in the air for a longer time; the finest ones, which are not visible to the naked eye, are suspended even in the calmest air.*”¹⁶⁴

It was once a railway canteen, and then a gay bar – the first one in the city; it was called the Reading Room. We entered that space for the first time in June 2010. At the beginning, the amount of work to be done in the place terrified me. The rooms were painted bright green, the ceiling was taped up with layers of newspapers and covered with patches of laminate. Small brackets hung on the walls. The wooden floor was delaminated and uneven, with a difference of 20 centimetres in level. The main space was almost 130 square meters.

There were amenity rooms on the other side of thick partition wall. Wooden mock-ups of brick tenement walls were screwed into the entire length of the 25-meter-long corridors. Everything reeked of cigarettes and a ton of dust.

¹⁶⁴ Wielka ilustrowana Encyklopedia Powszechna, Kraków: Wydawnictwo Gutenbergs, t. XIV, p. 216 [Reprint Kurpisz, Poznań 1995]

The decision about building a permanent dojo had already been made. Together with Kasia, I put everything we had saved toward buying a flat on the line, and then, with a mixed feeling of horror and excitement, we began to work. I was scared that I would be left to do everything on my own – I expected it, even. But for three months, from June until the end of August, 40 people helped us. Often they were people who didn't practise Aikido. The things were happening of their own accord, and a bit as if I were raising a small baby or building a nest, I was doing everything in a trance-like state, certain that what I was doing was good and this was how it was supposed to be. We were hatching something real, and I did not regret anything.

Most of the people who helped me then are not in the dojo anymore – they drifted away to their own worlds and lives. I remember every single person and the story of each object that is here. In the beginning we destroyed the fake brick tenement walls. We spent a few days peeling the newspapers from the ceilings. At the same time, others put in the front doors and did the changing rooms. We hired a specialist to do the bathrooms and toilets. People made benches, cabinets by themselves; we also built a beautiful kamiza. An artist – a friend of one of the iaido instructors – painted images of twisting bamboo on huge sheets of paper which we hung on either side of the kamiza. We painted the entire training space, along with the changing rooms and the kitchen, in one day. Robert – one of my students, whom I lived with later among Maasai people in the mountains of Kenya – brought a generator, and thanks to him, what we thought would take us many days we finished in one. The floor was

the worst. I tried to forget about it, and for many months of hard work I simply avoided dealing with it. It was crooked and battered. Apart from that, I had to put something under the mats to cushion the falls. In that case there are normally a few scenarios. In professional training rooms built on concrete, you can put old tires – hundreds would be required to cover 200 square meters. Then you put planking on top of them and finally, on top of that, you put a mat. Once in a while you need to change the planks, for example when a heavy person falls on them. This would lift the floor up by a dozen centimetres. The previous owner had made a first layer of Styrofoam and laid OSB boards on that. We did the same, and the result was terrible. I broke down, and only because of Robert's persistence it turned out quite straight, after some adjustments. The first mat we had was old and ruined. I quickly patched it together from various sources. Part of it I had bought some time ago from the university, part of it I brought back from a crazy trip to Lausanne, from Daniel Sensei.

The dust was always there, and it is still there. We tamed it a little bit, but I am no fool – from the beginning it was the king of that place and showed that it was not scared of us. The clumps of it were dense and massive – not specks but huge, solid clumps of dust. Sometimes I was under the impression that there must have been a dust storm in the night, like in the desert, when everything swirls around and then settles down. For five years we have been learning about it, and we have acquired some new tricks in the battle against dust. Recently, we replaced an old carpet with a wooden floor. Now, the dust has transformed into dirt clumped with hair.

I take a piece into my hand and I try to understand what is in it. According to the definition, dust consists of hair, skin, fur, mould, fibres of clothes and furniture, sand, pollen, rust, ash, insects' eggs. During training, when we fall, we shake off the dust of our entire day. A few times a day, every day, we sweep the floor, throwing clouds of dust outside the dojo through the entrance doors to the courtyard. Once in a while we also sweep the parking area (not too often, as there are always cars there). The entire block around the dojo is filled with old, crumbling buildings. They are around 30 years old, destroyed, and further away they turn into cobblestone. Everything here smells of old Poland, of a heritage park from the PGR days. When it rains, puddles form in the middle of the yard. The cracks in between the boards grow bigger each year, and it is more and more difficult to sweep out the soil, dust and dirt. Weeds grow around the doors from the training room to the outside: millet, wheatgrass, crabgrass. They also grow in different places, but the majority of them are always around those doors. Every year I pull them out, and only after few years did I understood where they come from. All of that organic dust we sweep outside a few times a day sifts in between the cracks of the boards and begins to live. I was looking at motes of dust and soil, clumped together with human hair, from which a weed sprouted. A miracle of life from the dust and dirt which we shake off ourselves with each fall and roll. Every day dozens of people bring their life, a story of their day, work, school here – and they lose atoms of that in the changing room and in the training space.

Our war with the dust is doomed to fail. Every day, like a mantra, we repeat the same duties, and every day a new

layer appears, unfazed by our dedication. Sometimes, during a spring or summer morning, the rising sun enters the space through the side windows. In the columns of bright rays a few times a year you can see the numerous specks dancing around us. They settle down on everyone and everything. We breathe it in. All of that greyness which surrounds everyone around us like a weakness is also inside of us. This is the thing we shake off, cleansing ourselves just a little bit during each training. Perhaps in that way, a miracle of life will explode in the cracks of the boards outside. Who knows?

Our strength arises from that endless greyness inside of us. We try for years to shake off the dust and imperfections. All of those shameful little curls, tufts, crusts, pieces of skin, effluvia – whatever disgusts you and whatever embarrasses you. All of that which doesn't fit the perfect IKEA furniture and smoothly painted walls of expensive new flats. I look at the people who routinely sweep the floor in the dojo. They go all together, side by side, bored by the monotony of the work. It is like brushing your teeth every day – it is not an exciting adventure you look forward to. It has to be done, although nothing will happen if you let up on that duty once in a while. With time we make that place more familiar. The flat interiors begin to give an air of anonymous and safe fitness training. This is a dangerous path; it must be remembered that the place needs to reflect the people's approach to the training. A dojo where students don't clean should be dirty. The day we hire a cleaner is the day that place dies.

Above a toilet bowl I have hung a piece of paper: "If this place is dirty, it only means that you didn't clean it."

And What Comes Next?

“He took to writing poetry and visiting the elves; and though many shook their heads and touched their foreheads and said “Poor old Baggins!” and though few believed any of his tales [...]

–J. R. R. Tolkien, *The Hobbit*¹⁶⁵

There is a short story about a man who comes back from a war. I can't remember the title or the author. He returns to his wife, sad and blue. Weeks, months, years pass – and he is not able to find peace or happiness within himself. Finally he decides to build a house, and he chooses a place on a hill. He smiles at his wife, and after a while he says: ‘This is a great location for a machine gun emplacement. We can defend ourselves for a long time.’

A real experience of being an uchideshi marks a person in a similar way. Nothing will ever be the same again, and the place where you went through that hell will remain in your heart forever.

In the documentary *A Pizza in Auschwitz*,¹⁶⁶ a miraculous survivor of the concentration camp takes his whole family to Auschwitz after many years to show them the place where he lived through the most terrifying and intense moments

165 J.R.R. Tolkien, *The Hobbit, or There and Back Again*. http://www.mrbaugher.com/uploads/1/8/3/6/18362941/hobbit_text.pdf)

166 *Pizza in Auschwitz*, rež. Moshe Zimerman, 2008

of his life. So that those close to him could see the place that made him who he is. Of course, it is insane to compare such a traumatic experience to being an uchideshi. The biggest difference is that people in the dojo push you to reach the limits of your goodness, and at any moment you can count on their help. After all, this is your place and your family. However, the pressure of the teacher, the hard physical training, the threat of losing one's health, the constant fatigue and pain mark you deeply and make this period one of the most important in your life. The intensity, simplicity and honesty of that time can get you hooked – with the passing of time it becomes more or less idealised. We forget about the everyday turmoil and fatigue, we miss a simpler life without choices, without the daily grey repetitiveness of buying one's life with work. After being uchideshi, you have to pack your bags and come back to reality. This is when one of the most interesting and difficult periods begins. A student doesn't know yet that his role as uchideshi is not yet finished, and the seed begins to sprout. – Or not. What to do with knowledge that seems to be completely unsuited for 'normal life'? That little variety of PTSD of ours manifests itself in different ways. A few students of mine, after coming back from being uchideshi, quickly got married and had kids. This doesn't mean there was a constructive end to the story; I would even say that it was – in its own way – an escape from the consequences. The uchideshi needs to consider whether he wants to live the life of the teacher that he followed and admired. A youthful adventure, even if it took a year or two, is something completely different from zazen every day until the end of bloody forever. It is something other than struggling

with bills and dealing with your damaged knees. They saw their teacher and his life in poverty, living out of a suitcase after decades on the mat. Their journey would have to start with no luxuries, with only few students. Most of them say, definitely, no. Out of thousands of students in Poland, only a few even decide to be uchideshi in the first place. And out of those few, once every few years there is one who decides that he wants this life.

My departure from being an uchideshi was easier than most. I had started to seriously travel with a black belt and in a big dojo when I was 29 years old. I didn't have to make any important life decisions – I was only reassuring myself. I didn't have to come back to training that was less intense in another dojo; the intensity depended on me. In that way life spared me the cross that most people carry when coming back to normality – a cross I don't envy. Most often, after months of being an uchideshi in a permanent dojo, a student returns to where he came from. To his first teacher – in a little training room, often rented for three evenings a week, in a school gym. His teacher never experienced living in the dojo himself, his technique is weak, and deep inside he fears losing his student. The former uchideshi is lost, as he doesn't see the purpose of that experience. He is not ready yet for his own dojo, so he needs to find himself a place in this one, which is just a shadow of what he has seen. Very often those people break any relationship with the teacher who trained them. Often, they stop training altogether. They know, unconsciously, that playing around, pretending to train will not be enough for them. That now they can only do what they have seen as uchideshi. At the same time, they

don't want that, as it would destroy all of their life plans. They can be stuck in that trap for years.

When you live in a dojo you feel like you are in a dream which after a few months slowly becomes reality. After returning home, the same happens with the everyday. Days and weeks pass, and you still don't feel that you belong to this life. As if you were in the dojo all the time and this was just a dream.

I had an online chat recently from a guy from Chile who, six months after coming back home, still couldn't find a job or the will to find himself in his dojo.

'You haven't returned yet', I told him. 'You are simply self-sabotaging because you didn't close that chapter yet. You have to come back here to calmly finish your training or to hate me, resent me. You have to do whatever you have to do to close that door. Otherwise, you will always be stuck between Poland and Chile. You won't be able to live normally.'

The first guy I sent to France to be uchideshi came back and began telling other students that they should stop training with me because what I was doing was a joke in comparison to a 'real dojo'. At the time, I was furious, though now I understand that he needed to cope with all of it. And also – the guy was right! To be a personal student most of the time doesn't last longer than few months – sometimes a year. This is a time of particular motivation and effort. The student commits entirely to one idea, he feels so special and so much better than anyone else. The time of that motivation is limited, however – and then you come back to the everyday with a sense of uniqueness and often with your ego through the roof. In my case, sending students to different teachers also

had another facet. They were returning from their journeys to my dojo, where there were as many things to do as in the place they just been to. Except they were not *my* uchideshi, and they didn't want to fall into that dynamic here, in their everyday life. I can particularly recall one of my first black belts who, after coming back from France for many months, appeared only for classes, and didn't help out with anything. He didn't clean; he didn't help with the construction work. A few months later we went to the dojo in France where he had been an uchideshi. In five minutes, the guy transformed into the perfect student – he was out and about, cleaning and shouting at other Poles, me included, to do some work.

'Time to wake up', I told him, 'This is lying to yourself. You do this because it lasts for a few days, you can afford to keep up your mask in that time. But these people know you, and they are aware that you do jack-shit in your own dojo every day.'

Illusions that we create about the past to make ourselves feel special will, sooner or later, crush us. We imagine a teacher; we assign a deeper meaning to his words and actions. We need to explain the suffering to ourselves, and the sacrifice with which we paid for that experience. We freeze that experience and the memory of that time. We build idealised other homes for ourselves.

The dojos change and evolve. I am still changing and building my own up. People come and go. The energy grows and subsides. Daniel, the uchideshi from Kenya, returned for two months, five years after his first visit. He wrote to me that it hadn't been enough, that he hadn't closed that chapter, that he missed the place and the people. I warned him that

we are a river, and you can never enter the same river twice. However, he was hungry, and he didn't listen. I remember those first weeks of sadness when it struck him that he missed something that was long gone, people who had drifted away into their own lives. After some time, the new people and the new dojo carried him away again.

Being an uchideshi is hell with benefits. You bleed, you starve, you clean and you never have a full night's sleep. At the same time, you go around the world to international seminars practically for free, you eat with the teachers. You know everybody and everybody knows you. You are at the centre of attention. When that time is past, you don't need to suffer anymore, but most of the benefits disappear along with the duties. This is hard, and many people cannot let it go, because they have become addicted to being important. Having a cookie and eating a cookie. So how is it? Is it worth it? At the very beginning I said that this is a real experience that you pay for with your own life. That the truth about yourself is crude, and it can only offer you a painful awakening, like in the Matrix. Being uchideshi is for us – a few of us – a necessary dose of poison injected into the body. You could live without it, but what kind of life would that be?



Death

“Gravedigger

When you dig my grave

Could you make it shallow

So that I can feel the rain

– Dave Matthews, ‘Gravedigger’

There was a man with muscular dystrophy. I met him once, when a rabbi came to the dojo in San Diego bless a Jewish kamiza. In the corner, in a wheelchair, sat a thin, contorted man. Apparently, he used to train, and had a black belt, but then the illness came. For years it pulled him towards the wheelchair, and finally, towards death. He had stayed in touch with Chiba Sensei for the entire time, and that merciless process of slowly dying was somehow under the control of the teacher. I wondered then if dying was infectious. If, when that man was disappearing, falling inside of himself a little more every day, before Chiba’s eyes – Chiba wasn’t dying as well, bit by bit?

Death is present every other moment in this book. Hugo, the fierce guardian of the dojo, died; kind and warm Murashige Sensei died as well. At the end, Chiba Sensei also died – he who had talked about death all his life. Who had waited for it

and treated it as his final training. As his last performance, his last lecture. The one who had said that he lived by his love to Aikido – like you would love a woman. A guardian of the royal princess, dramatically in love with her, died. ‘It is time for death, when you have loved great things with stupid love.’¹⁶⁷

He told us once about a legendary shihan who was destroyed by cancer. Sensei went to the hospital where he lay, weak and emaciated.

‘Chiba, bring me a wakizashi, I will put an end to this. I don’t want to die this way.’

Sensei told us that he wasn’t brave enough. However, seeing a fighter being eaten alive from the inside shook him. In our pathetic building of his monument while he was still alive, we treated his death as a beautiful last lesson – the lesson of dying. Each time after hearing this, I got mad. This is bullshit! – something yelled inside of me. Dying of cancer is terrible, foul. Cancer took away half of my family, and no one will convince me of the beauty of dying. I have been in too many of those worn-out hospital corridors, the houses of the dying in Wrocław. Sensei didn’t want to die that way – he refused treatment and locked himself up in his house. A few of his students went to San Diego to be with him at the end. That didn’t even cross my mind – I didn’t feel that close to him. It was clear to me that he wouldn’t want me to be there. I didn’t know that it happened; one day I just received an email. A few weeks later, one of the instructors in my dojo died tragically, turning our entire world upside

¹⁶⁷ K. K. Baczyński, *Z głową na karabinie*. 4 grudzień 1943, Wybór poezji, Wrocław: Ossolineum 1989, p. 209. Own translation.

down. We were all soaked in death, guilt, helplessness. We received Sensei's death calmly, as if we had been waiting for it. He himself was addicted to death all his life. In his Don Quixotic way of fighting with illusion, dying was the best weapon.

New-Age hobbyistic dancing crumbled in the face of Chiba's mourning for a dying student. One of the shihans from England died of cancer after a long fight. . We were all a part of that dying. By learning about it, by gradually taming it. Another teacher had been killed along with his preschool-aged daughter on a highway coming back from a seminar in the States. In the modest dojo garden in San Diego there was a little shrine with an inscription for him. Pictures of dead students, like soldiers who fought an enemy, were always placed on the kamiza. Every day and every training, reminding us of the gravity of what we do.

Many years ago, when I was a graduate student in history, Mateusz brought me the diaries, apparently never published, of the adjutant 'Nurt', deputy of the Home Army commander 'Ponury'.¹⁶⁸ They were leading an army of 600 freedom fighters who hid for years in the woods surrounding the city of Kielce. At the time, I was living in one of those huge post-German tenements with high ceilings and an impressive staircase, which would have been beautiful if it wasn't shabby and full of piss. I had no heat, and with a hat on my head, burrowed

168 The Home Army was the Polish independence underground, which took guerrilla action against the Germans in the Świętokrzyskie Mountains. Its commander was Jan Piwnik, alias 'Ponury' (1912-1944). 'Nurt' was the pseudonym of his fellow commander. Home Army soldiers were persecuted by the Communist authorities in the years after World War II.

into a sleeping bag, I read this coldblooded diary about everyday death and the enemy's tightening grip. Every day, names of friends who had died were read from a brief. Death was lurking everywhere – in combat, in illness, in informers, in treason from one's family, in spies. The commanders were able to drink vodka one day with a man they would execute the next. Every day held the threat of getting a bullet to the head, torture, suffering of loved ones. Stripped of humanity, I thought. A man turning into an animal. A man being a beast, a man being a forest. A man who smells of blood, pine trees, fire and fear. A man sleeping like a doe, with a grenade wrapped up under a stinking jacket.

Chiba told me to bring him a copy of *Ashes and Diamonds* by Andrzej Wajda – I'm not a fan of that movie because I don't like Andrzejewski's book¹⁶⁹ – however, I understood what fascinated him in it. A man from the forest who doesn't fit into the post-forest world. Sentenced to death when the simple rules of the terrifying forest do not fit the tangled threads of the world of grey people, where no one is exactly good or bad. I once sat in his living room and watched the same story with him: it was a VHS of the movie *Brother*, a Japanese story about the yakuza. Takeshi Kitano, with a smile on his face, blows up a network of low-level drug dealers in the States, inevitably condemning himself to be executed by the Italian mafia. Drawn to death like a moth to flame. This is simple and cartoonish, but I am more and more compelled by that

169 *Ashes and Diamonds* is a 1958 film based on the book of the same name by Jerzy Andrzejewski. The film focuses on a former Home Army soldier who is an actor in the postwar anti-Communist underground.

simplicity. As if, with the passing of time, a man comes to have enough of that permanent greyness and ambiguity.

Once I had a cancer for a day. Some idiotic lung X-ray before I went to a camp with kids. The nurse left the room with that studied calmness on her face. She gave the picture to my wife and she asked me to come to the room. She showed me a spot and she said that it was a tumour, a lipoma or something like that. – There it is, I thought, as if it was only a matter of time. – Finally, something is happening for real. She told me to come back in the evening and speak to the doctor. That day I broke down a bit, I organised insurance and a few other things. In the evening the doctor said that this particular machine makes a spot exactly in that place every few pictures. So that's the story of my cancer. I have nothing to be proud about. However, what happened then – the deep relief I felt – scared me a little bit. Many times, in the mayhem of trips and idiotically intense trainings, I would catch myself longing for death. Not any death – but one with a sense, for a cause. Protecting my wife, my kid. Ideally, a quick one that wouldn't hurt too much. Does everyone have that?

Cancer consumes in a hideous way. It sucks up a person from the inside like a black hole. It takes one's dignity over days and months of suffering. It is a ruthless death sentence with which you can only bargain for the next day. Chiba Sensei was 75 years old – for him, death was already approaching. Aging, which he had tried to chase away with training and a strong body, attacked him from the inside. I don't know why that was. Did he suck up cancer with thousands of cigarettes, or was it caused by something random? It happens around

40. This is when, on many levels of your life, you begin to pay for the stupidity of your youth. Attacks approach from all the sides. Unpaid instalments from bankers bombard you. All of the happy, youthful improvisations scare you, taxes and insurance retaliate with red ink on papers from frightening bureaus. Marriages began to fall apart, abandoned kids begin to hate their parents. A beer belly begins to cover up your shoes. A woman, with terror, recognises her own mother in the mirror. Friends start to get sick. Diabetes, hepatitis, dysentery and other shit begin to appear. And, at the end, our Catholic cancer. Every now and again someone withers up and dies.

A few years ago I wanted to lose some weight, so I went to get some tests done. The doctor – my student – took me for a private conversation and with all seriousness told me that I had diabetes. That cheered me up, as it meant that I could blame my fatigue, constant cravings and lethargy on a health condition, not ageing and laziness. Straight away I began to feel sorry for myself, wearing my condition like a medal. – A bit like those very obese people who, after slimming down and losing a hundred kilos, begin to preach to everybody about diet and a healthy lifestyle, forgetting that not that long ago they used to eat like a pig. So in that way my diabetes – which I had earned by consuming tons of chocolate bars – was my new adventure, a reason to be self-obsessed. However, that same week I got a call from my friend Bari, a Krav Maga instructor, a crazy guy with 4 black belts. He told me that they found a few lumps and that it wasn't great but he would fight that shit and he would return to the mat. That same day one of my students, who had just had a second

baby girl, told me that it wouldn't be easy; the baby was born with albinism and was very likely to develop some kind of disability. My doctor struck the final blow, as he said that it wasn't full-blown diabetes I had, but the stage prior. And so I was standing there with my almost-diabetes when people were suffering for real. They fight for real. They die for real.

Chiba Sensei died in his house, the windows covered with thick curtains. For long weeks he refused chemo and whatever else they wanted to give him. At that same time Diego came to the dojo – a new uchideshi from Chile. A nice guy. For the few first days he was meeting people in the dojo, he was getting familiar with the place. He hadn't yet encompassed the absurdity of the multi-layered nature of what he was getting into. One of the first people he met was a kind and warm-hearted instructor. A few days later, that man, who had battled depression for years, took his own life. I remember Diego's face when it dawned on him that we were preparing for the funeral of that nice guy he had met two weeks before. He sat there with his mouth wide open, and before my eyes, his childish idea of fun holiday in Poland was transforming into ridiculous horror.

'This dojo is alive, people die here!' the Chiba in me growled, and I left.



The End

“*I kindly ask everyone to forgive me, and likewise this book – cracked and uneven, not an account of my own life, neither a fantasy, where everything is tangled together and impossible to understand; but I have written it out of pure love.*’

– M. Hłasko, *Następny do raj* (Next Stop – Paradise) ¹⁷⁰

“*When the long winter nights come on and the wolves follow their meat into the lower valleys, he may be seen running at the head of the pack through the pale moonlight or glimmering borealis, leaping gigantic above his fellows, his great throat a-bellow as he sings a song of the younger world, which is the song of the pack.*

– Jack London, *The Call of the Wild* ¹⁷¹

I think this is the end. My coffee mug is half empty and I can't get any more words out of myself. All of the experience of the last 15 years of the 30 that I have spent on the mat fits into almost 400 pages. Perhaps 10 years from now I will read it, and from 40 years I will make 75 pages. Ten years later, 20 pages – and with the passing of time I will be getting rid of layers of that onion. Hopes, ambitions, illu-

¹⁷⁰ M. Hłasko, *Następny do raj*, Warszawa: Agora 2017, s.189. Own translation.

¹⁷¹ J. London, *The Call of The Wild*. <https://www.scribd.com/book/286744887/The-Call-of-the-Wild>

sions, fear, delusions, true and fake friendships. In the end, on my deathbed as a deserving grandfather, I will look at my family and a few of my students, maybe I will be able to squeeze out a sentence which will really matter. Or perhaps I will look at them and say:

‘You all standing here like that – then, bloody who is in the dojo and training?!’

I hope that I haven’t offended anyone with my writing. In this huge world there is a place for each approach to passion. We will all fit in.

All of it is nonsense, my subjective perspective on a process which is different for everyone. All of these pages were only to magnify, to convey the atmosphere and fire in which people’s dreams are truly burning. A sad happiness for which you inevitably pay with health, money, family time. Sometimes it means relishing something until the end. Shorter or longer periods of awakening from the lethargy of mediocrity and greyness. Periods in which you stand, naked, without a mask, in the full light. Periods when the frightened cat turns into a tiger, when the stray dog discovers a wolf inside of it.

Or perhaps I simply wanted to explain it to myself, to unscramble pieces that did not fit in something that would make it clear for myself and others? It doesn’t matter now. This is love, and you can’t explain it – you have to be silent and feel it. Chiba was a master of fire and blood. He was burning and he was living. He was primal, terrifying and beautiful. He was like fire and water; he would seep out of any cage. He incessantly destroyed what he built. To raise a statue to him would be to kill his power. I think that our responsibility is

to fight with him, to take down any monument. To evolve by ourselves and to live in movement and understanding. To get away from the definition of him that is beginning to form now, as he himself cannot change anymore. Will I become a priest of the old religion in a dusty temple, or will I still throw wood into the fire until it becomes mine, yours? Different, but true. God help me.





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