In combination with the training school of the Knights Templar.

Initiate,

I have broken up many fights. I have umpired much sparring. I have mostly trained on the street, in cafés, bars, although have had some private tuition. When meditating in power stance I have envisioned lightning from the Heavens to the Earth. I have experienced lifting another as though weightless in fa jin when a proponent was outnumbered two-to-one in grapple, I have heard intending combat, I have seen combat intention, I have viewed potential impact points in colour. I have parried opponents on four, five, occasions in single defence. I have nullified a strike by an accomplished martial artist whilst training them the skills of another. Others unknown to me have demonstrated skills in sight of me that I have taught to another. On two occasions I have experienced time-lapse whereby I counted one-two-three, one-two-three-four, while the second hand of a clock remained in stasis. I have focussed chi to both reduce injury and to repel another. I have traversed many levels, many planes, many dimensions. Faster than lightning. Quicker than wind. The wisdom of the mountains. As ever in beginning. We share our strength, we share our breath, we share our wisdom, we share our schools. All things and everything again. An art taught to both Jesus Christ and Satan as they sparred, as used by God to subdue Satan to Hell. Eden. Health, fitness, self-defence. Healing.

They are never fighting you, they are only merely fighting themselves.
As amiable to an individual and an army.

Training Programme

Longevity breathing
Internal organ massaging
Relaxed stance
Sensitivity training, energy ball
Power stance
Steps, footwork
Three arm movements
Directed breathing
Circular breathing
Standard basic self-defence
Stance / \ | / hand, wrist
Standing arm swaying practise, blocks, turns, pulls
Wrist strength practise
Wrist swing
First swing
Turn swing
Full movement
Dance combination high/low arms
Focussing chi

I see no reason for us to kill each other. In that case, we shall share our skills.
The pen is mightier than the sword. The sword is light in the Samurai hand.
**Introduction**


Always good to see you
Always brilliant to be here with you

If you are unsure of your endeavours pass this introduction to another.

**Testimonies**

He's a sensei, he's a master, he's a Jedi, he doesn't like being called Jedi, he's a Guru.

He healed a long-standing difficulty so well I introduced a friend similar.

Makes sense.

Sensei. Wisdom is a finely balanced coin. I shall ever be gracious with the wisdom you have shown me here.

I may travel all extents and corners of the universe and in no fear nor terror I shall ever greet all as friend such is the wisdom shown to me by my friend in mastership.

**Reading**

Longevity Breathing Intro, Breathing Exercise To Develop Concentration

Becoming a Writer: The Classic Inspirational Guide by Dorothea Thompson Brande

The Book of Five Rings (五輪書 Go Rin no Sho) by Miyamoto Musashi (宮本 武蔵) many translations are available

The Book of Tea by Okakura Kakuzô (岡倉覚三)

en.wikipedia.org has valuable entries on both The Book of the Five Rings and Miyamoto Musashi. The Onna-bugeisha (女武芸者, "female martial artist") was a type of female warrior belonging to the Japanese nobility. Although 'duelling with knives' seemed touted as a methodology for resolving disputes in the contemporary era, possibly in chop-stick form, there was concern as to how much was learnt in this progression during the duel; tournament martial arts is traditionally full-contact, half-contact, no contact, or zero contact whereby the proponents are so skilled they seem merely to be having a conversation which seems animated in gesticulation. The odd person may be tricked into a plastic gun in a bandstand or a samurai sword running along a street half-naked. Yet whilst knife crime in the contemporary era could be classed as leading to potential samurai training along a path, it is also predominately known that an unarmed martial artist has an advantage over an armed opponent, as once disarmed, the opponent is reduced in standing and skill. During practise, I developed a training technique of a combined practise of samurai sword-work and tai chi unarmed fighting applications - as given in the progressive era, metal detectors, nets, pad-down searches, multiple opponents, although weapons training seems applicable in practise, in tournament, merely unarmed, unarmoured.
Training Programme

Most movements are presented as standing stances, however the exercises may of course be conducted whilst sitting down. During a period whereby my seizures were particularly bad, I still endeavoured to lay in a Qigong type stance.

* Longevity breathing

Longevity Breathing Intro, Breathing Exercise To Develop Concentration

* Internal organ massaging

Using a similar method to belly dancing, I practised massaging my internal organs in exercise for health and fitness. Gentle undulating stomach movements to massage the organs in the abdomen, and gentle chest movements to massage the lungs and heart, and to possibly practise the contemporary method of surviving a heart attack by coughing.

* Relaxed stance

Qigong relaxed stance, knees slightly bent, arms flat by side (exercise can be varied as palms facing to side, palms facing to rear).

* Sensitivity training, energy ball

* Power stance

Arms by side covering sides and kidneys, fists clenched. Knees bent in Qigong stance and then body lowered slowly over time (remember the 70% rule), body raised slowly again at end of exercise. Raised dragon claw stance, practise raising feet on toes and front pads to gain height, increase reach, strength practise.

* Steps, footwork

Y-singi step, an ankle ball step, place ball of foot on floor first to establish root or smash foot, balance weight shift to full foot on floor. Ankle ball can be placed harder to accelerate step. Bagua mud walking sweeping step. Bagua step (weight shifting step, weight shift from foot to foot so one foot is always firmly on floor), (Bagua circle walking). Raised dragon claw step, stepping on toes and front pads as though walking in ‘high-heel shoes’.

* Three arm movements

From power stance, Tai Chi/Bagua/Y-singi punch (sternum shatter, multiple impact chi heart stopper), Tai Chi/Bagua open palm (best way to a man's stomach is through his stomach, best way to a man's heart is up and through the stomach), Tai Chi wrist movement and pinch grab combined with rising via toes and front foot pads to give long reach and pincer.

* Directed breathing

The type of breathing that matches medical Qigong movements to breathing. Directed breathing with combat applications, e.g. exhaling on block or strike move.
* Circular breathing

Double, triple, circular, breathing.

* Standard basic self-defence

Standard basic self-defence techniques.

* Stance \ / | / hand, wrist

Samurai/Tai Chi stance, starting at Qigong standing position move one foot slightly forward and one foot slightly back depending on handedness or proponent opposite siding. \ / | hand wrist, place back of hands against each other if single practise, against proponent if joint practise. Practise static pushing hands (like a static arm wrestle). Back of palm/wrist can be used to block against wrist/arm/fist/palm/kick (or palm pad).

* Standing arm swaying practise, blocks, turns, pulls

Progress static arm into swaying arms practise. Extend wrist movement into turns (escaping own or proponents move to grip), pulls can be made by grasping wrist, pressing backwards and pulling hard in forward direction of proponents original move to off-balance in balance. These practise moves form the basis of the practise game.

* Wrist strength practise

Samurai hand grip, handed hand \(^{\wedge}\)/ }, practise tensing and relaxing fingers, palm, wrist, in open grip. Continue unhanded hand. Circle.

With wrists back to back, as backs of hands were in practise. Strength practise, pushing hands. (Aikido).

* Wrist swing

With wrists back to back, as backs of hands were in practise, swaying in flowing directions so as to practise block, pushing hands.

* First swing

Variant of Qigong first swing, second swing

* Turn swing

Variant of Qigong turn, turret, swing, hand/wrist {flick off)

* Full movement (combat application of Dragon and Tiger style)
* Dance combination high/low arms (similar to Wushu Taolu)
* Focussing chi

I have focussed chi to both reduce injury and to repel another.
Combat application practise

Pray. Stood in stance eyes closed. Imagine theatre of arts. Visualize the targets. Clear mind. Open eyes. Scan field. Practise painting/marking imaginary targets in the field of vision, close eyes, and visualize targets. Now practise calculating the moment of these targets, tracing. Reset. Continue practise, also alternative scenarios, e.g. non-combatants. Reset. Continue practise. Full practise is pray scan field paint targets close eyes trace execute open eyes. Reset. Safety procedure:: kneel placing palms upward crossed on knees. Reset.

Training application

Stood in stance. Eyes closed or open. Imagine being within an imaginary globe which is a wire-frame mesh distanced ever so slightly away from the extent of arm’s length. The mesh is both horizontal and vertical forming a three-dimensional grid which is a mapping of an infinite set yet in a finite complexity such that each point (or in alternative practise square) on the grid is a block or an impact point towards which the practise is conducted.

Knights Templar comparing wisdom in a sense that in a sense of all direction in all sense | Stance, training stance (Qigong standing practise) | Samurai starting standing grip rh, thumb curled, small and ring finger curled, two fingers longbowman draw curved | Palm pad, lower plan impact fingers closed curled tiger claw, | Curled finger chop, side, fingers as clawed | Knuckle roll tiger claw winged dragon | Tai Chi sternum shatter fist, thumbs | Step ankle foot hammering fist | (Bruce lee one inch punch, tiger, dragon) | [Junfan] dragon wing blocks | aa | AA | ee | [Junfan] dragon wing blocks | (Bruce Lee one-inch punch, tiger, dragon) | Step ankle foot hammering fist | Tai Chi sternum shatter fist, thumbs | Knuckle roll tiger claw winged dragon | Curled finger chop, side, fingers as clawed | Palm pad, lower impact fingers closed curled tiger claw, | Samurai starting standing grip rh, thumb curled, small and ring finger curled, two fingers longbowman draw curved | Stance, training stance (Qigong standing practise) | Bagua leg power training (Qigong standing practise, lowered, remembering the 70% rule) | Y-singi step | Tai chi two, three, arm movements | Stance

Resources


Lineage

Liu Hung Chieh Babaji A
Bruce Kumar Francis Radha Baba AA
Paul Cavel Babaji AAA
Jem McEwan

Mr Justin Robert Daw
Daemon Hunter Satan’s Killer
I don't know why it was yet in 2008-2010 whatever I did they killed another in order to kill me, as such, I trained myself and an imaginary other half the most subtly dangerous martial arts skill on all Hell, Earth, Heaven, Eden.
Adventures

In 2007 I would regularly journey up to the seafront to practise martial arts. Power leg training in a Qigong/Bagua stance, I would meditate as I looked across the water. One morning I envisioned lightning from the Heavens to the Earth.

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In 2008-2010, in a voice which was behind me and above and to the right. A female voice spake. "You have the right to execute God's will". My body moved into a martial arts stance. The voice said, "What does this mean to you". I forgot about it. Some weeks or months later, possibly under conditions of prolonged torture. To start with I wasn't sure whether I believed them although it may have possibly been true, after a few more, it didn't matter whether I believed them, my mind or subconscious believed them, and I would lose temporal consciousness and experience severe traumatic seizures, after which I would move from where I had been unconscious into the bathroom, look in the mirror amidst tears, fill the sink with water, wash my face, and then pray for forgiveness, at which point a voice would say I had done nothing wrong. I did this each time they killed someone. In hindsight, with a starting phrase of, "You have the right to execute God's will" and what happened later, they were attempting to train me as a killer which has no qualms, morality, or decision, about executing the kill. I know this, as they trained me to execute a knelt static non-combatant target, as well as leaving a knife with a target under body guard such that at such a time the position is under breach, the target had the option of joining in the fight, leaving the wrists bound so as to have a story of being the captive, or an eternal exit strategy. Previously another group had trained and attempt to offer as an truly professional assassin, whistle, pin step, paper clip, cross, plaque. Therefore, around 2013, when a young man was stood at the bar explaining to me that he has to amount £25,000 in savings as although his heart transplant has been good to him over the years he wasn't sure when he would need a new one, and agreeing with me that he could see why had I placed Dorothy Brande's book on the reading list as it wasn't always helpful to have a master that was as critical as the ancient ways, I didn't mention that by change I saw the book for sale for 50p on a bookshelf in the same bar, but I did tell someone else some years later. Another form of torture was to state they they would kill me three days later, and then not kill me, which they did three times; under the Geneva convention, human torture, human psychological torture (), EU legislation, UK law. We share the same God, the same vision, the same dream, my friend, family.

****

We were standing in the queue waiting to get into a pub/club type thing. I felt we had been waiting a while and I wasn't sure whether I wanted to go in. "I'm not sure if I want to go in here". Moments later the door frame of the venue glowed red, as though it had red silly string sprayed around it. Moments later the venue doors swung open and two bouncers ejected a customer. I decided I didn't want to go into the venue and so ventured onto the club where I would meet my friends later.

****

The giant haystack had been going round pinching people's bottoms in the club, he had been warned-off a group of dancers. I had drawn a line. As the giant moved forward a young man standing a way behind ran down the steps and across the dancefloor and bundled the giant to the floor. I lowered my stance and lent forward and waved the young man away from the grapple as the dancing continued around us. The young man hid in a lower stance amongst the crowd and disappeared. As the giant haystack stood up I ran forward, jumped onto him with my legs wrapped round his sides and simultaneously chopped on the top of both of his shoulders forcing him to wrap
his arms around me to balance. I looked at the bouncer behind his left shoulder, with my thumb up, the bouncer gently shook his head and said, "no". I let the haystack go.

****

I was sitting on a low wall in town, near the square, opposite side to the sundial, smoking a cigarette. A lad ventured toward me and asked for a cigarette, which I obliged, and he then walked off. A little while later, he and another man squared up to fight, in the square. It was obvious they wanted to fight, exchanged heavy blows, drawing blood, and one of the two took off his t-shirt, much to the pleasure of a young lady standing on my right, she kind of wiggled on the spot - blood, flesh. By now I was standing as well. The fight continued, and in the melee moved towards where I was standing, and continued onto the grass bank behind the wall where I was sitting, resulting in a one on one grapple. Another man joined into the grapple on the floor. This didn't seem right, two against one, and the one was already 'winning' without the other intervening. I moved and lifted the second man away from the combat. I was now standing on my right and seemed agitated. The lady on my left moved towards us and said some words. We all moved off. I walked toward Royal Parade past the square onto the Plaza. A police car drove slowly past me, and I remember the officer kind of huddled-up in the car seat. There were two of them. In a car. They seemed quite small. Fa jin.

****

Twenty to thirty body shots, my proponent is going to hurt themselves, 'Lego' figurine hands, contact with base of hand at inner elbows, holding force of biceps at base.

****

I entered the busy bar and conversed with a friend and then met with one of my masters. The master told me that someone had walked up to him and told him that they knew karate. My master interpreted this as a threat. My other friend had told me that her son had recently passed away and she was out again for a drink in retrospect. My master realised that not only had the man threatened him but he had done so on what was effectively a wake, and whilst he had been talking to the karate man he hadn't had a chance to talk to the bereaved and was having to hear the news from me instead. By this time nature was calling so I excused myself to the gents. As I entered through the toilet doors there stood a rather large man facing me, whistling, presumably having just redone his trouser flies. I said hello, "Hello my friend", and attended to the matters in hand. Later I stood outside smoking a cigarette. The man whom had been standing in the toilets walked past and the master was running out of the door identifying him as the karate man he had mentioned. It was all I could do to stand between my master and the karate man. I held the palm of my left arm directed toward the karate bloke given that he was out of favour due to the timing of the incident. The master indicated he wanted to fight by running toward my hand. I did not move my hand and he moved back a couple of steps. The karate man on my right ran forward, before he reached my hand and I pushed against his belly with my palm. He ran off after this and spoke to a man standing by the pub window who was also my friend. "You saw him, he hit me, he hit me". Ok, have it your way. The neutral witness in standing. The master walked back and I stood in stance where I had been standing. The karate man moved back to be on my right facing my side. "We all friends". "We all old friends." "We are all friends now". The karate man realised I was counting down in parable whilst standing with my right knee in an anvil looking at the eyes of the neutral witness to see a reflection in his eyes as to when the karate man moved and the karate man moved off before I reached zero.

****
Akin to the sketch in Only Fools and Horses, one of the masters I was lucky enough to train alongside, once, after a couple of drinks, went to put his arm on the bar only the hatch was lifted up. He fell through and down yet managed to hold his stance perfectly. Another time in training I stood in stance as the master ran at me, hurling insults. I never knew whether the practise was training - that is avoiding the temptation to break stance and move, in strike - whether it was discipline, or whether I was merely supposed to stand in stance without falling over. Some years later, when being tortured via hypnotism in the mystic realm, the illusion generated as though in nightmare, was a visual illusion in which screaming faces appeared and ran at me. It would be apparent that the training may have helped in these instances.

****

2014/15. I was stood waiting outside a fast food outlet in Plymouth City Centre, smoking a cigarette. A disagreement had arisen between a tall young lad with dreadlocks and a gentlemen perhaps more approaching middle age. An incident had occurred, words were exchanged, the young lad walked away, and then shouted back, the other gentleman became aggrieved, angry perhaps, and they moved towards each other, exchanging heated words. I moved into a different position, almost automagically, now standing at a point half-way between them and my starting point. The argument continued and blows were exchanged at arms length. I looked around the crowd and remember a middle aged couple standing next to each other although they were not holding hands, they seemed to be chatting about proceedings; the expressions on their faces changed slightly, they looked worried, concerned. I moved a little closer. I looked back at the engagement, the blows were landing on each others arms, possibly one body contact. The right hand side of the gentleman's head glowed red slightly, at a point in between the temple and top of ear. I moved so as to be slightly between them, and put my left arm between them, the palm facing the right where the younger of the two stood. The three of us stood motionless for a moment. I remember thinking to myself, 'give me some words, give me some words', given that I was standing between two men, both of them considerably larger than myself, the younger lad much taller, the gentleman much wider. Luckily I was wearing sunglasses. "It's a hot day guys". The gentleman raised and pulled back his right arm in trebuchet in preparation to strike, and then thought better of it. In hindsight, most people would at least turned to face the impending strike; although my palm was facing the victor, at that point I was neutral. The gentleman walked off, back to his car and his partner. The younger lad walked off. I met my Mum and had lunch.

****

It was strange that afternoon. Instead of my mind making a decision as to whether to join in the fight or not I felt myself analysing the moves. In hindsight, to an observer it must have looked hilarious, the two were locked in a standing grapple, and I was kind of grappling around them attempting to figure out how they were doing each move.

****

The round didn't last long. The guy on the left twatted down the young lady on the right in one move. As she was crawling on her knees standing up she said, "Master, master, let me have another go master". She stood up. The guy twatted her straight down again in one move yet it was good she had the courage to stand up.

****
I was standing at the ground floor bar in the club. It was reasonably busy. To the left a young lad entered the bar area, his head was lowered, his chin slightly covering his neck, as though in a trance. He approached at speed and went for my right wrist. As I glanced to my right I noticed a young lady moved forward a few steps, I said to her, "We're just sparring" as he continued to strike against my hand and wrist, although I don't think I was looking at him. I looked back, the hand and wrist spar continued briefly and then it was over.

****

Contact initiated. I stepped into stance, left foot back, right foot forward, left arm behind back. The street fighter launched tirades of swinging punches each deflected with a swoop of the arm and a flick of the hand. Why are you scared when you can fight like that. Kicks followed, each padded down in similar phase.

"Don't kick above the waist."
"Now he thinks he's training me."

Unrealising a combat was actually in session, I allowed a move in close to body and leg contact. The opportunity was missed as two fell into the grapple, legs wrapped. Realizing it was a position I did not want to be in, and that I really should have killed him before he hit the floor if we were being proper, I stood up. Combat was over. My masters had taught me how to breathe. How to sit upright. How to stand. How to walk. I never saw myself as in combat. Sameness again, in repeated combat, an antagonist merely falls over when examined in gaze.

****

I was dancing in the window in the top dance area. The tunes were flowing. A group of young women crossed the dance floor, one stepped up into the window area and said she knew me from when she used to work in one of the local fast foot outlets a few years back. I danced with them for a few tunes and there was some twirling. They smiled and left. I dropped back onto the main top floor dance area and continued away. A young lad weaved through the dancing crowd at speed towards me. Without a sound he came in with a fast round of punches. I deflected these away using the usual unknown style and the young lad backed away. As I glanced left I noticed a young lady a few dancers away moved forward a couple of steps and whispered, 'Take it outside', bearing in mind the tunes were banging; the young lady then stepped back very slightly to her starting position only slightly forward. I continued dancing in my usual style, looking back to more front, although I was dancing on the spot and the lad was in front slightly to my right, the young lady on the left had moved slightly out of my attack angle. The young lad motioned as though to approach again - I fencing-stepped forward, jabbing him in the stomach with my finger as he stepped back in retreat with every successive jab in rebuke. After a few steps he left. I continued dancing.

****

I was stood around the corner from the exit doors of the now shut club, smoking a cigarette, deciding whether to go on to another pub or club or venture back. I had been caught up in the wave of the crowd as we had all been bundled out. From about one hundred, one hundred and fifty metres away I could see a lad moving at speed along the side of the pavement on the opposite side of the road towards me. As he stood next to me I lent in slightly, "Are you ok?". He smashed his fist into my nose which prompted exploded. "You best go home mate," said another young lad, moving the other guy away. I figured he was right and went to the local 24-hour spar shop for tobacco. My
hands and presumably face were covered in blood. "It's ok," I said to the counter assistant, "it's my own blood".

****

I was dancing on my own in the club. The tunes had been good. The tunes were good. The bar was to my left, next to my left the railing-bar and drinks shelf, in front the DJ box with poles for dancing to the right, the doors slightly behind me. A young lad entered my front vision moving rapidly left to right and then arced around so as to be approaching from my right side. I continued dancing. He came in with a tirade of punches, I deflected these with my right hand. He backed away. I continued dancing. He came in again with a second tirade of punches, again I deflected these away with my right hand. As I looked up and left at my still dancing left hand, I thought to myself in question without thinking. 'How can I make it obvious to this guy that I am only using one hand', I placed my left hand behind my back. The lad started a run in for a third tirade of punches. A voice sounded behind me which I interpreted as the door staff, "I've seen it all now". The young lad backed off and returned away. I continued dancing. In hindsight I hope the bouncer didn't think I had put my hand behind my back in face of him. I danced for a while and ventured home.

****

She was walking round the pub kicking peoples shins. I saw her walk up to someone, kick them in the shin a few times, walk on to the next person, kick them in the shin a few times, walk on to the next person. She walked up to me and raised her left leg and I wrapped my right leg around hers in a spiraling snaking whip like ivy and placed her leg back on the floor. I was told some years later that she had passed away from cancer, and it may have been around that time that evening that she was diagnosed, I am uncertain, she went on to have a very happy relationship.

****

Freezing. She arced around the both of us at a pace of much speed akin to a lightening move of a Norse Goddess. To the two of us it looked like walking pace. "Blood.". She had spoken softly she had arced around the both of us and had looked at the gentleman on the floor whilst we had stood looking at nothing in particular as though frozen in time. I had looked away for a moment when I saw anger in the floored person's face before events began. I looked at the person on the floor - He is on the floor. He is covered in blood. He is moving. I looked back at the master, of some sixty years, whom had reacted as fast as lightening and had floored the man some twenty years his junior in one twisting punch and said to him. "He's already on the floor, he's already covered in blood, now stop.". The master was told to leave. The master departed. I looked back at the man on the floor whom was now standing up, holding his hand to his face. Facial injury indicated by hand. Later confirmed as a split lip. I got you off one life ban, Master, yet as there was already another outstanding life ban I had to favour with the decision of the owner. In actual events, when I spoke to one and spoke to the other some weeks later, neither could remember what had happened. The master still concurred after several meetings that the man whom was floored hit him first on the nose, and he recalls leaving the area with a bloody noise which took a week or two to recover - yet he may have just meant we are blood cover my error the man insulted me what else could I do. In my own witness I did see the floored man moving or motioning to the master to begin with, and he had an angry look on his face, his eyes wider open, and his head tilted slightly back at this point I looked away. Whether the floored man hit the master first or whether like I the master sensed the anger and moved in order to reduce a worse injury or fate it was unknown. It was unknown to me in all as I had looked away prior to the events as I had seen the look of anger in a face before. Some time later the man whom was floored was neck-locked with another after allegedly insulting him, so perhaps the issue was left as a matter of Karma within which all has already been resolved. The master later
returned to the same venue and was thrown out again although this was probably my fault as he had only recently returned from abroad and by that time had expected the place to be under new ownership and so had expected not to be banned, so was effectively banned again as I had not told him the place had not yet changed hands so the ban was not yet lifted. Although the master was known to become what some would call cantankerous in the evenings after a few drinks, this was most likely as by that time he had relaxed for the day and was recounting the stories of wisdom with much vigour, even later in the evening this may seem as rather cantankerous, yet at this point it would most likely be as a master of such standing would then surely be keen to receive a meal feast banquet in free air with his family and his colleagues and his students such is the greatness of all wisdom in Babaji.

****

A friend of mine was on probation. She told me that sometimes her emotions became such they extended into adrenaline and then anger. I told her that instead of fighting random strangers when she felt like that she should fight me. I was stood at the bar, pool table end of the pub. The track started playing on the jukebox. Franz Ferdinand - Take Me Out. She was stood at the other end of the pub, at the corner bar. "I'm just a crosshair...". As the lyric sounded her head moved down and to the right, she arced around the bar, towards me, and landed two high kicks, one on each side of my head, and then walked away. Another evening, she did the same, only without the lyric, and as she raised her leg I caught her ankle with my fingers and thumb and indicated how I would snap it.

****

"She's right there, master. Right there inside and on the left. All you have to do is walk up to her and tell her that you taught me Kung Foo". I went into the building, and there she was in black and red sitting on the seating by the left-hand side. I sat next to her. "My friend asked me to tell you that I taught him Kung Foo". I looked away momentarily. "I so did not". I looked back. We sparred ** with our right hands. Perhaps the one handed style had other applications, I had previous thought that maybe for use in prolonged combat (change palms) or against multiple opponents (combine palms), yet the young lady was pregnant, so perhaps useful for a young woman carrying a baby in her other arm, such as the Virgin Mary bearing Jesus Christ in her arm.

****

They had been chatting away amiably enough. Suddenly the conversation became more heated and escalated and I found myself stood between them. My mind calculated that the guy on the left would attempt a strangle neck hold on the guy on the right and the guy on the right would punch the guy on the left. Somehow I was then in a position where my left hand was in a neck hold on the guy on the right, and my right hand was wrapped around the guy on the left's right fist like paper. There was an instantaneous pause, then the two were bundled into a ruck and maul by the other persons presents. Amidst the bundle, as one of the men exited backwards, his right hand moved forward in a clenched fist, once again I wrapped my hand around like paper and squeezed gently, and then the maul was out of the building.

****

It was his birthday that day. He went to kick my shin and I almost took his knee-cap off. We went outside. A tirade of punches with both hands were deflected with my right hand in the usual style. I tapped down a few of his kicks with my right foot before they amounted into steps. He then came in with a round-house kick, which I deflected. He then seemed to be coming in with some sort of
twirling death style combination of round-house punches and round-house kicks. "I'm going to have to start fighting" I thought, although in hindsight this sounded more as "I'm going to h-a-f-t fighting" in the compacted language of high-speed thought. From the position I had been stood statically in, I realised I was going to have to make a foot movement. I moved my right foot forward one or two inches and simultaneously raised my right arm and caught his right arm and wrist and twirled it back behind his back and walked him back into the pub.

****

Anzacs. He ran at him as he stood with his back to the bar. I counted, one, two, three, steps; he raised his arm and swung the bottle at him at bowling pace overhand down strike. Everything stood still for a moment. The bottle was placed perfectly against the man's jaw. I moved forward slightly. The bottled-up bloke handed me the bottle. I thought, 'do I give him the bottle back or not' (so far he has done the right thing). I said, "Did you mean to hit him with the bottle". And after a short pause. "You two are friends aren't you". The man remained stood back to bar and said, "He cracked my jaw bro". The bottled-up man had not cracked my jaw so I presumed he meant they were friends. I handed back the bottle. The next time I saw them the first walked into the centre of the pub, twitched his hat as if in announcement, shortly before the second of the two waded in and the first turned and followed to the back of the bar. This seemed fair.

Incidentally, he could have tilted his face to avoid the bottle yet he maintained his stance toward his friend.

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The master stood at the shoulder of his master of at least thirty years practice. With his head up and to the right he shouted. "All you have to do is shake his hand nicely". We went to shake hands in the traditional Western way. There seemed to be a difference in our styles. My hand reacted, escaped the loose grip, spiralled, I indicated how I would break his wrist. The back of my right hand ended against the back of his. The starting position of <pushing hands>. Over the next fews weeks his students presumed I had somehow won. When I spoke to him later I apologised, "I am sorry, although it looked as though I won I didn't teach you the game before we started". However, at that point, I still could not remember the practise game style in full.

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He shook my hand and attempted to snap my wrist. I showed him how I would snap his wrist (thumb fingers), elbow (elbow lock), shoulder (shoulder lock and push with other hand), stopping short of snapping his neck. He walked on and said, "Sorry, Justin".

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The tai chi master of thirty-years and one of his students arranged a meeting.

I see no reason for us to kill each other. In that case, we shall share our skills.

****

The barmaid looked beautiful. In every way, face, smile, hair, general chatter. Dare I say it, I considered her amongst my friends. I was sat at the bar, not speaking much. I became aware that I had been sat next to a rather large gentleman, seated to my left, although my barstool was slightly
back in what was behind his right shoulder in angle. The bar was busy, with considerable background noise and general bar banter. Amidst her conversations the barmaid said, "He keeps breaking people’s wrists when he shakes their hands. Shake his hand". The gentleman and I shook hands in the Western manner. His hand suddenly reacted and it was as though he went to break my wrist, I escaped the move, spiralled my wrist, and indicated how I would break his wrist, and then returned to the starting position of <pushing hands>, the back of my right hand against the back of his, and then both our arms dropped. We both sat there for a while and pondered on what had just happened. I had figured the barmaid had meant I hand been indicating how to break peoples’ wrists when shaking their hands. The gentle giant took off the beads he had wrapped around his neck that were held with no clasp and put them in his pocket. He asked me for a cigarette and we went outside. He had difficulty rolling the cigarette so I rolled it for him. We stood smoking cigarettes. As he was moving around a ten pound note appeared to have dropped out of his pocket. I picked it up and gave it back to him. Shortly after as he was walking around his keys appeared to drop out of his pocket as well, perhaps as the beads were in his pocket. I picked up the bunch of keys and gave them back to him. He seemed a little worse for wear after attempting to finish the pint he had at the bar. Later he said, "I want you to have these", and he gave me the beads he had in his pocket that were wrapped around his neck held with no clasp.

****

I had seen the man a few weeks earlier, after not seeing him for a year or two. We spoke for a few hours as he danced around in spar. Standing like an Italian gangster. He spoke. "I have your CD. I have your books. I want you to initiate me." He told me why, as he told me what he knew. In protection. Witness. He continued to speak, "this <pushing hands style> what is it, teach me, teach me". His hands and wrists struck on my right hand and wrist as he tried to guess one of the shapes of the style. First one hand, then the other, then both, repeating contact. He threw everything he had at me with both hands. "That's it isn't it". More repeated blows. I rested the back of my right hand again the back of his. "Yes, that's it. That is the starting position of <pushing hands>". The evening continued amongst more conversations. Of course, I know what he knows too, and so do the people who told him.

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We sat, holding a note of the Chinese currency between us. Chairman Mao. "Ah, Chairman Mao, a very good likeness. Although he looks a younger man than the photographs I am used to seeing. Ah, like how the Thai peoples may have a picture of the King of Thailand, a picture of the Buddha, and a picture of their family, in their home".

"There is no way I am teaching you these Japanese and Chinese styles of martial arts. We are sworn enemies". "Given that you are a Chinese person speaking to me in English is it with this hand [left] is it with this hand [right] is it with both hands [both] what is it".

****

As I walked through the door into the shaded room the blade flashed indicating her presence. She must be of the school of The Flashing Blades. As she started talking I noticed that the light in the room was off and she had positioned herself so as to be caught in the moonlight and was indicating a cutting motion toward what appeared to be a padded object in her off-hand. Knife in the hand bang down. I ran three steps so as to be behind her angled on her armed side caught her armed wrist from behind and using my other arm as a scooping sweep swoop. The drop zone was a few steps on as the bed was positioned to the side so I continued the manoeuvre so there was a clear
landing area on the floor. In the fall to the grapple I had managed to disarm her yet I realised she really didn't want to let go of the knife so passed the knife to her other hand. Landing beneath her so as to cushion her fall on top of me, we then rolled into a position whereby I had one hand pinning her armed hand at the wrist to the floor and my other sided knee holding her other arm to the floor as she lay on her back with me part straddled and part entwined over her. Opening pin. As we caught our breath in locked eye contact I realised she truly was of the school of The Flashing Blade as so far all that had happened was that I had moved the knife to her unhanded hand and so the murder becomes manslaughter at best. I flicked my eyes at the knife and then back rapidly to hers so as to catch her glance which indicated if I was going to attempt to shuffle to disarm the knife her move would have been to knee me in the back in attempt to cause either a loosening on the pin or a slackening on the knee. I indicated in my eyes that a knee to the back was unlikely to make me flinch although we had not been in that position before. The aim of the knee to the back was so that she could attempt a roll and twist and stab me in the back. I took that as round one or two. Our gaze was still. Things were taking too long. Before she could start calculating moves I made my move and went for the knife. We resulted in a laid down position whereby our handed sides were locked and our unhanded hands held the knife between us. The knife was now pointing up, one hand each on the handle, the blade positioned flat between us, one side each against our stomachs, positioned to slice the stomach and abdominal region. In our hand strength movements the position was clear. Murder suicide or mutual suicide pact. The blade would have turned slightly to make the incision, a thrust up ensuring the mice and a twist back the same given that neither of us were going to let go of the handle if the match became a balance of strength. I spoke and gave her an opportunity to speech. She chose to motion her head and cry. After her tears had stopped she looked me in the eye. With a deathly smile to match the mirror in her eyes she moved her hand slightly which I took as round three, that's three times she has attempted to indicate, I lifted her off the floor whilst maintaining a grip on her armed wrist, loosened my hold on her other side so as to enable me to turn her round as she rose to her feet, and maintaining a firm grip on her armed wrist, walked her out of the room and shut the door. Thrusting the knife would have been slightly out of our role play.

We were always friends, like sister and brother, and it was always, in the manner and mannerism of Inspector Jacques Clouseau and Cato Fong, good to have someone to keep you on your dancing toes, if sometimes the lipstick was perhaps far too realistic in tone and shade. In protection. Witness. OXO cube.

Life in the Security Service and in the Royal Protection Squad, a sense of humour. You know this bloke who turned up at the wake and threatened one of my Masters and ambushed him on the way home. Well if he turns up tonight and you don't see me again just remember that I love you. Sister.

****

Within the specialist unit it was often helpful to have a magickal assistant. Prior to an expedition outdoors I would hypnotize myself with the appropriate sets of instructions for the mission. I would then speak to the assistant, "If you want me to kill everyone, say my name as 'Justin Robert Daw' if you want me to stop killing everyone then say name as 'Justin Robert Daw'". Which would effectively calibrate that mission on a one off basis, hypnotizing me for the duration of the expedition. Only one of my assistants activated the k-i-l instruction set, yet as there was no one else in the room at the time I figured she was merely having a bad day.

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They stood in stance. The backs of their hands against one another in starting position. Without causing injury, damage, harm, to either participant, the aim and objective of the practise is to clearly
and cleanly indicate how the wrist could be broken at which point the round halts and position is reset to the starting position.

****

He wasn't happy. He wasn't happy with one of us or both of us. There was contact. I looked up and to my right. My friend took a step backwards. Words were exchanged. I left the area and arranged a taxi. The driver, known as Mr Wolf, said to me, "Justin, you have an onion on the side of your forehead". Mr Wolf was a medic, I visualised faint red dripping blood on the side of my forehead, it wasn't bleeding, it must be swollen, puffed, or bruised. I spoke some words. Mr Wolf said, "Justin you have a bit of onion on your forehead". I peeled something off my forehead, it was indeed a piece of onion. Turns out there were three body shots, I figured he had picked up my mate and threw him across the round, turns out he put me in a special neck hold and picked me up and threw me, I merely returned to the starting position, and on leaving, used the hot-dog my friend had bought me as a distraction by lowering and dropping to the right, which must have made contact with my other friend at which point I ended up with a piece of onion on the side of my forehead. Turns out he was hungry so we ate a meal another day.

****

I had felt the power of chi in my hands using the practise technique yet hadn't in my feet. I was stood, limbering and stretching, I elevated my feet alternatively and circled them in the air as though the 'mud walking' style of Bagua. As my feet circled I could feel chi in my feet as I had in hand practise. I had often used the mud walking step to brush away spilt drinks on pub and club floors, a very apt demonstration of how the step can sweep away mud and water in disperse so better footing can be maintained. Smoking a cigarette outside. I stood watching the tai chi master of thirty-years as he stood conversing with two of his colleagues. I was awaiting the start of the bout against someone whom was of a style unfamiliar to me. As I stood the master appeared to sense that I was waiting. As he spoke to his colleagues he demonstrated two or three foot movements and a handed arm movement. I didn't know how to thank him as he was still engaged in conversation so I paced up and down a little way behind his back and then continued on. Back into the bar. As I stood near to the man I tapped out the track the band were playing in precision, matching each beat, freestyling slightly ahead or slightly behind as was my whim - fair enough yet dance memory could account for this. The band made two mistakes in the track and I managed to tap even these; although the songs were covers unless the blips were in the original live version that was attended it was perhaps still some feat. The man stood up and walked off to the gents, and cast back a gentle smile, almost a laugh. It didn't appear that it was footwork that was in contention. Later we were sat next to each other at the bar. We both seemed a little bored. Some friends stood between and around us, but I think this just made him a bit nervous as we were all friends and knew each other so sometimes it looked as though we were all setting out in stance in set play. I danced my can along the bar with the tracks, and tapped and teased. I lifted my elbow up a couple of times. And he echoing lifting his arms up of couple of times. The final piece of the puzzle was learnt. I lifted my elbow again slightly and our arms collided and he threw everything he had at me. My right arm moved. Three contacts in block. He remembered better of it. Later we both reached for our drinks around the same time and accidentally bumped elbows - we hadn't accidentally triggered ultimate violence at all. I had again learnt something by way of introduction.

****

It had been a brilliant gig and the band had been fantastic and the dancing had been good. We were outside on the street. The gang street fighter moved towards me and initiated with a punches with
both hands deflected in the usual manner and he followed in with a few tentative kicks which were padded down or tapped down with my foot. "There must be some footwork". I moved in and stood on his foot in a pin. Then adjusted the step to show how the ball of the heel could be applied in healing foot break. "There must be legwork". I moved in and showed how topples could be thrown by placing the lead leg in between the proponent’s legs. More punches, chops, slaps, and then progression onto wrist and elbow locks as we danced around. Moving into <pushing hands> and swinging arm practise, interspersed with conversation amidst the performance. "You have a natural talent". "You have an innate ability". Like how a master might train an apprentice with encouragement. More banter and barter and then a break in the fighting. "The reason I am fighting with one hand is". I looked behind at my unhanded hand. I had a cigarette in my hand. "I have a cigarette in my hand". Wouldn't want to risk a burn. I switched hands. He threw everything he had with arms movements as I utilized my unhanded hand. At one or two points I may have used both of my arms in successive blocks. It wasn't so much a fight as a spar. Afterwards I demonstrated the arm movements from the night before which now seemed familiar to another style. It would appear on another plane I had etched out my name, carved out my patch, showed I could defend my line. The next day they sent two just to check that the other guy didn't make a hasty decision given he hadn't won another championship match in a couple of years so I hope I didn't rub them up the wrong way and it's now clear that we're all friends in the end.

****

We stood there in the centre of chaos. I had spiralled through four, five, to get there. I weaved, turned, and set. The champion arced yet realized from our stances he would be disarmed and would have to resort to the dagger so thought better of it. I heard a voice behind me and to me side, "Help me", I arced and mimed beheading the man in one move. The man put his head on the bar as the priest spoke words. The man reincarnated in his own life stood. Were there any ghosts or hauntings from a previous life, previously live. Be gone.

We sat at the bar conversing. We sparred a little. Every time the new barman went to the other end of the bar we sparred again, and if he walked back and saw us we'd just laugh with our arms around each other, we're not fighting or wrestling we're just messing about.

****

I was standing in the gents toilets in a popular local inn and it was apparent that someone had been sick all over the cubicle and toilet floors. The boss lady walked in and asked if it was me, I said no but two or three people had mentioned to me that there was sick there. It wasn’t the first time I had been in the gents toilets with the boss lady. On another occasion she had asked me to accompany her to the toilets so she could do some essential maintenance. I stood in the same position, standing guard over the door. The boss lady dropped paper towels onto the top of the pools of sick and spiralled her footwork. A bit like mud-walking, I said, she chuckled.

****

I stood in stance. The proponent utilized both hands as I blocked with my right, arm. I looked away and at the master sat on the stool behind and beside me as proceedings continued. "What more do you want me to do, blindfold myself?". Wait.

****

The motorbike engine roared the wide tyre leaving burnt rubber. I walked across and placed The Joker card on the edge of the turf in reverse reflection. I had a chat with an old friend and there was
dancing. In champion the two met again. "This is brilliant I haven't had this much fun in ages full out all and all full on full contact, sparring". Demonstrating such techniques was usual behind walled walled, that is walls so high no one could see over unless they had enough skill to prosper. As the biggest punk rock the venue had seen danced its mosh of all moshes we two sparred, one to fighting to front with two arms, one fighting with one arm, stood a back.

****

Some of my friends called me grasshopper. One day at the local inn, there was a grasshopper on the stone window sill visible behind the metal bar which served as a drinks rest. The grasshopper evaded our attempts to move it to a safer place and merely sprang in jump. As the grasshopper jumped it seemed to flap its legs slightly after the falling edge of the arc of the jump such that it appeared to jump in mid-air. It must be considered that the grasshopper has hairs on its legs which it extends as it flaps its wings so as the enable the power of levitation on the flight of the wind.

[I posted this article on Facebook and a Nelson Raphhael posted 'Electric charge flight']

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Things are not always so clear cut. I remember one night at a bar I walked up to a couple of guys and the jukebox seemed to go quiet as I said, "send out your best fighter". Being one of around VX, one of them sat at a table immediately seemed to fall off his bench and knock over the table and his pint, possibly to give a distraction so one of his mates could have a free hit, I looked over. Later, I hurried outside to a group of two, talking, one whom was in the rugby team. I think that they thought I was going to be funny when I was just reading books at the time and wanted to chat. Perhaps not the most innocuous of introductions.

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They never told me the name of my martial arts school although I once may have heard it spoken, it has two arm movements and one leg movement in common with Jeetkunedo, two blocks and a kicking block.

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Although I never officially taught martial arts, in 2019 I was offered £50 an hour to do so, and in 2017 I was offered £250 to print leaflets in order to give lectures on meditation, unfortunately I was too unwell at the time.

****

"I'd marry you, Justin". Which I thought was a bit odd as her son had told me she was a lesbian and had recently split up with her partner. In hindsight he might have been being a brilliant mate to me, yet as he said this in front of his mum, whom I figured he wouldn't lie in front of, I presumed he must be telling the truth. "I'd marry you, Justin". Years later, I perhaps perchance heard in voice, "I'd
marry you, Justin"

"Thank you for showing me that stance master, I shall practise every day beyond death".

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333. At a time during the torture in 2008-2010, the torturers made it see as though they were killing people in sets of three. They would kill three people in a certain way, and kill another three people in a certain way, and so on. One of the methods was to give me two clues as to whom they were going to kill next. [Martin Clunes, video killed the radio star, sometimes they used stars names to kill, Freddie Starr ate my hamster]. They would then kill someone, and then tell me a third clue as to whom they were going to kill, at which point it would be obvious as to the name of whom they were going to kill, yet they did not give me the third clue until after the fact. [3][333][9][**]

At the point at which they had killed 27 [more correctly 12 were already dead, so approximately 15] persons, I was aware that they were killing persons if I was to continue, and yet I was drawn to continue otherwise the persons lives would have been in no vain, no vanity. 44 locally. 360 internationally.

****

An artist, a sculptor, asked me if it was a good idea to teach martial arts to a person whom had previously been in prison for violent crime. Another day I asked a diviner if it was a good idea for the man to be a sculptor, was it a good idea to teach the person martial arts. She replied, yes, yes. I had taught the person a defensive martial arts technique, in the endeavour that he would be able to use blocks, catches, turns, to subdue a proponent rather than using an aggressive technique, in flow. He also had a very good rugby tackle. On the day the nine of swords had been divined. In a general context, the Nine of Swords is another of the fear and anxiety cards in the Suit of Swords. It is a Minor Arcana card of mental anguish, remorse, guilt, regret, joylessness and despair and you may wish you could go back in time and re-write the past when it appears.

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The young man was already at the inn when I arrived. I learnt afterwards that he had surrendered a can of Fosters which was in the bar fridge, understandable as the bar had Fosters on draught. A short while later he approached and told me he was a Taoist Priest, I said I was a Christian Buddhist and Taoist. I asked him if he was a Warrior, a Priest, or a Healer. He said he was a Warrior and asked me the same. I replied I was a Warrior, Priest, Healer. I gave him the internet address containing these documents. He returned to where he was sat, sipped on his beer, and looked at the website. He returned back a short while later, and strangely seemed to apologise. I didn’t think much of it, and we chatted idly for a while. Another day he appeared with two of his compatriots, one of which positioned himself to my right as though observing the second sat to his left in such a manner that he was at his left shoulder in angle, himself on my left. I was at the corner apex of the bar so the two were effectively facing each other. He explained to the student on his left that “I was like him, a Sensei, a teacher”. Him saying teacher was helpful as I had temporary forgotten what Sensei meant as he spoke, as the language translation matrix in my mind scanned the word and I looked bemused. The two then seemed to slap each other a bit, as though in playful martial arts sparring. He then spoke to me, “He’s out of control, how can I control him”. These things made me wonder if they were students of the Fire school. With my index and middle fingers pointing forward and my other
digits tucked back and thumb tucked up over, I moved my right arm in slow motion until my fingers were in contact with the right side of his neck as though I was feeling his pulse, pausing momentarily and then retracting my arm. He then slapped his Sensei a few times and said in a chuckle ‘slapping the vagus nerve’. I had meant the gesture merely as a signal to the student that he was out of control and he should stop, dead. The Sensei then moved my arms around a bit as though he wanted to spar. I strangely didn’t. We had a few contacts with our arms and I remember him slapping my face one, twice, three times, at which he seemed to indicate that this showed him I could take a hit. He then held the back of my right hand against his cheek as though in apology and to show to God that we are friends and nothing was meant by the contact. He continued to chat away to his colleague on his left, the man on the right was mostly silent. It was then as though I was signing out what the Sensei was doing next. A look to the left, a turn around, signed by my hand on the bar in view of the seconder. I remember whispering to the seconder while facing forward, “You do realise I’ve just signed out what he’s doing next”, similar to how when dancing in a local club some years before a young Lady said to me, “You do realise you’ve just out-signed the DJ”. They went outside a short time later for a cigarette. I patiently rolled a cigarette giving them time to smoke half of theirs, and then toasted my glass toward the CCTV in the corner and then toward the clock behind the bar. Venturing outside it appeared that the other two had left and only the Sensei remained. We chatted whilst smoking our cigarettes and I remember him saying that he had the idea of making fishing weights out of glass, although I wasn’t sure what he meant by this, and I said that this was a good idea. We returned to the bar and continued our drinks although didn’t speak to each other much more that evening. ‘Making fishing weights out of glass’ may sound like ‘out of glass, making fishing weights’ -> ‘out of glass-> I see you outclassed me so easy’ and ‘making fishing-weights -> you figured there was no point fighting me’, giving the phrase ‘I see you outclassed me so easily you figured there was no point fighting me, and it was obvious to you that I was fishing for a fight, being the warrior that I am’, although he may have meant, ‘I see I outclassed you so easily you didn’t bother fighting back’.
A Journey of a Thousand Miles Begins with Six Breathing Lessons

The six breathing lessons presented are designed to give you internal strength and to gradually enable your mind to settle and concentrate for long periods of time on whatever you choose. Moreover, this practice, done consistently, will awaken the energy of your lower tantien (the hara in Japanese, ka in Sufism), the fundamental energy center for all beginning Taoist practices of meditation, healing, or psychic development.

What is Taoism?

Many traditions based on ancient philosophies and religions have vibrantly continued into modern times. Taoism is one of these traditions, whose practical methods and techniques of implementation within daily life are little documented in the West. One branch of Taoist philosophy is about developing and using one’s personal chi or life-force energy to strengthen, heal and benefit oneself and others. This branch encompasses two broad methods: the Water and the Fire. The Water tradition, based on the philosophies of Lao Tse, emphasizes effort without force, relaxation and letting go; like the flow of water slowly eroding rock. The Fire tradition, developed 1,500 years later, emphasizes force, pushing forward and breaking through barriers. The practices are of the Water tradition, which has received little exposure in the West.

The 70 Percent Rule: The Foundation of All Taoist Water Method Practices

Welcome to the Longevity Breathing Introduction Program. For all the lessons in this series, remember to take the limits of your concentration only to a maximum of 70 percent of your capacity (this is a general rule for all modes of practice). Inhale and exhale only 70 percent of what you could push yourself to do at your most extreme effort. This guideline allows you a comfort zone for your body, your central nervous system, and your ability to breathe and concentrate, so you can do the activity in a relaxed fashion that reduces, rather than increases, internal stress. Beginning from an effortless position, you may, over time, gradually increase the duration of the in-breath and out-breath, along with the intensity with which the mind penetrates the internal sensations of the body and its energy. With this gradual progression, the action of breathing itself will induce relaxation and calmness in your body. With the 70 percent rule, it becomes more relaxing, over time, as you extend your breath from ten seconds to thirty seconds, to one minute, to two minutes—a shift that should bring major benefits to you over the course of your lifetime.

FOCUS ON PRACTICE Longevity Breathing, Lesson 1: Feeling the Breath

Stand or sit comfortably with eyes and mouth closed. Place the tip of your tongue on the roof of your mouth and gently rest it there. Relax all the muscles of your face. Let your mind become aware of your breath entering your nostrils as you inhale and exhale. Feel all the sensations (physical and nonphysical) to the end of the inside of your nostrils, including the movement of your nose hairs.

After you can feel the movement of breath inside your nose, continue following the sensation of your breath in stages. As you become aware of the breath itself, let your breath penetrate progressively down the center line of your body and feel everything along the way. First, to the bottom of your throat. Next, to your lungs, your solar plexus, your navel, and then your lower tantien, which is approximately one-third of the distance between your navel and genitals. Practice
five to ten minutes or more, keeping in mind the 70 percent rule, so you progressively relax, avoiding
strain to either your body, breath, or mind.
This is a general breathing process. In the lessons that follow, the breathing process will be described
in greater detail.

In all water method Taoist practices, the 70 percent rule permits you to become comfortable and
relaxed when you do exert 100 percent of your unreserved, non-tension-bound effort on the activity
at hand. As you get better and better and significantly extend your capacities with practice, if you
stay with the 70 percent rule, you will be able to accomplish controlled breathing in a relaxed,
comfortable, and effortless state of being. When you are satisfied that you can do one lesson, go on
to the next. Progress at your own pace. The primary purpose of learning these breathing lessons is,
then, to give you a technique to train your awareness so that you can use it to become conscious of
the inside of your physical body and its energies. Remember to always breathe in and out through
your nose unless some medical condition precludes it. In the beginning, perform the breathing
lessons in a standing or sitting position and avoid drafty, cold, or damp places.

**FOCUS ON PRACTICE Longevity Breathing, Lesson 2**

- Place the tip of your tongue on the roof (hard palate) of your mouth.
- Take a complete breath. A complete breath consists of a smooth inhale and exhale with no holding
  of the breath whatsoever after the end of either the inhale or the exhale.
- Gradually make your breath longer and longer. To the best of your ability, each breath should be
  quiet, soft, and relaxed. Practice for five or ten minutes.

**He Breathed from His Heels and Lived to be 800 Years Old**

The famous Taoist Peng Tzu is recorded in the imperial archives as having lived over 800 years. Even
though this story is hard to believe, the penalty for forging an imperial archive at the time was
death, giving this tale much more credibility. Whether you take the astonishing account of Peng
Tzu’s longevity as fact or fiction, it is certain that many of the fantastic qualities of body and mind
that the Taoists have been known to possess for millennia are rooted in their ability to take the art
of breathing to what many would consider super human levels. © 2010 Energy Arts, Inc. All Rights
Reserved. 5 I was diagnosed with emphysema in 1994. Like many people, I was a shallow breather.
Longevity breathing taught me how to exercise unused portions of my lungs and strengthen them. In
2000, a lung function test showed an increase from 17% to 47%. --Walter Rapaport, Recording
Engineer, Jerome, Arizona In the Tao Te Ching, Lao Tse says, “The wise man breathes from his heels.”
The full depth and meaning of this enigmatic statement goes beyond what can be covered here.
What can be said is that there is more to breathing than air going in and out of your nose and lungs.

**790,590,000**

Within this nearly incomprehensible number is a secret that has been right under your nose around
28,800 times a day since the time you were born. It is the number of breaths the average human
being will take in a lifetime. Along with the heartbeat, the breath serves as a primary metronome for
the functioning of your body. Imagine if you could use those 790,590,000 opportunities to become
as healthy, clear and vital as possible. If there were only one thing I could do to help Westerners, and
to mitigate the ongoing health-crisis, it would be to teach Longevity Breathing. If you do nothing else
except learn to breathe well, it will dramatically improve the quality of your life as one of the most
important portals to healing, relaxation, rejuvenating sleep, athletics, graceful aging and spirituality.
It is also a necessary foundation practice for anyone interested in the arts of Tai Chi, Hsing-I, Bagua,
Qi gong or Meditation.
“I was diagnosed with emphysema in 1994. Like many people, I was a shallow breather. Longevity breathing taught me how to exercise unused portions of my lungs and strengthen them. In 2000, a lung function test showed an increase from 17% to 47%. --Walter Rapaport, Recording Engineer, Jerome, Arizona

The Slow Death of Shallow Breathing

Doctors report that up to ninety percent of Americans do not fully use their diaphragms while breathing. They take shallow breaths and only use a portion of the lungs, even when they believe they are taking deep breaths. Not using the rest of the lungs is like starving the body from one of its most important rejuvenators. Holding the breath is particularly common when people are angry, fearful, tense or highly focused; it often results in the nervous system reacting to the pressure with a physiologically based stress response. © 2010 Energy Arts, Inc. All Rights Reserved. When you contract, your energy is inherently blocked from moving freely and locks up somewhere in the body, most commonly the shoulders, stomach or jaw. Moreover, when people take shallower and shallower breaths or hold their breath, their bodies become more and more sluggish. Releasing stress becomes difficult so tension lodges in the body and cells. Over time, it takes progressively more energy to maintain the same amount of concentration or physical activity. Imagine what happens to your body as you age.

In one of my stress-reduction seminars, I asked business executives to type lecture notes on their laptop computers while simultaneously remaining aware of their breath. Within minutes, most of the participants’ breath became shallower. Many of them stopped breathing for seconds at a time. Many were lucky if out of a minute, they actually breathed continuously for ten seconds. Executives, many of whom are high-functioning and extremely intelligent individuals, were surprised to learn they had such a difficult time maintaining the smooth flow of breath while working on their computers.

FOCUS ON PRACTICE Longevity Breathing, Lesson 3

• Consciously count each of your breaths, first for 2 breaths, then 3, then 4, then 5, then 6, then 7, then 8, then 9, and finally 10 breaths, without losing count or spacing out.
• Begin with one set of 10 breaths. Progressively build to 2 sets of 10 breaths, then 3, then 4, then 5 sets of 10 breaths until, without getting distracted, you feel each inhale and exhale. Be sharply aware of your count.
• In the beginning, you can use your fingers or beads to keep count, but eventually you will want to keep track without any external support, thereby strengthening your mind’s awareness and continuity.
• Do your best to breathe and count in a relaxed manner, without tensing up. While counting, do not project into the future. Concentrate on the breath going through your body at the instant it is doing so.

Why bother learning to breathe better?

I frequently ask my students, “What is breathing?” The standard reply is that air comes in and out of the nose, thereby pumping more oxygen into the body. Although technically true, this story is far from complete. Longevity Breathing can help shallow breathers to:

• Fully engage the diaphragm, which physically causes air to enter and leave the lungs.
· Recondition the nervous system from the reflex of perpetually going into stress to the reflex of going into relaxation.
· Improve the circulation of fluids and the natural movement within the internal organs, making them less prone to disease.
· Help the body rest and receive the optimal benefits of sleep.
· Deliver more oxygen to all of the cells.
· Strengthen the movement of chi (energy).

Longevity Breathing can help make the inside of your body become fully alive and healthy. It cultivates your ability to relax at any time and to concentrate on what you are doing for long periods of time without becoming distracted. Put simply, Longevity Breathing gets your chi movin’.

**Nobody is Going to the Hospital for a Relaxation Attack**

Longevity Breathing helps open up your body and counter the involuntary clench of tension with relaxation. Of course, it takes training to recognize the connection between your breath and your emotions, particularly when the negative emotions come crashing in.

Most have never considered that they are capable of staying relaxed and aware even in stressful situations. However, as you practice Longevity Breathing, you learn to use this important skill to calm yourself down, helping you to act with clarity, so you don’t make a negative event worse. The calmer you are, the more easily your chi flows and grows. The steadier and less inhibited the chi flow, the more oxygen the cells can absorb. As your cells receive reinforcement—continuous breathing over weeks, months and years—they become more efficient, improving your circulation. It is a powerful synergy. Throughout a lifetime of activity most people have trained their bodies to be tense and hard, which in turn restricts their chi flow.

**Your Nervous System Is Your Interface with Life**

Your nerves govern the sensations through which you experience your life. When your nerves are smooth, those sensations are vivid and clear and add a great deal of joy to your daily life. When the rhythm of the nervous system is taxed and spiked, the quality of your felt bodily sensations is dramatically decreased. To make this point very obvious, clench your hand into a fist, squeeze it really hard and keep it there, and see if your ability to feel your hand goes up or down.

**FOCUS ON PRACTICE Longevity Breathing, Lesson 4**

· Be very aware of—that is, feel—every sensation of each inhale and exhale.
· Feel the movement of the breath as it moves your nose hairs. How does each bit of breath make the inside of your nostrils feel?
· Follow and feel the connection of each micromovement of breath to your conscious awareness.
· Gradually build to 1 set of 10 breaths, staying acutely aware of how your mind follows each breath.
· Increase to 2 sets of 10 breaths, then 3, then 4, then 5 sets of 10 breaths, all the while concentrating on your conscious awareness.

What happens to your mind when you clench your fist like this? What happens to your breathing? How long can you maintain this clenched fist before your mind starts churning with tense thoughts? How long can you maintain this clenched fist, period? The moral of the story is that tension is not sustainable, and as it goes further down the line it’s negative effects increase.
This is a primary reason why stress is such an insidious plague of our modern age. Stress is really just a fancy word for tension. The hustle and bustle “hurry up and wait” lifestyles of our modern age are shredding people’s nervous systems and in the process, numbing them to much of the happiness that is possible through the higher level of body awareness that relaxed nerves create. The reason that this becomes so relevant to breathing is that the breath is a direct portal into the nervous system. In fact, breath training is the easiest and most available tool for gaining access to the nerves and beginning to relax them into a state of clarity.

It is this deep access to the nerves that is responsible for many of the spectacular feats of body control that masters are known for in the East. If you take your breathing practice far enough, it becomes a way to bridge the gap between your sympathetic and parasympathetic nervous systems. This has the capacity to take you to whole new levels of body awareness and sensitivity.

Higher level training aside, you do yourself an enormous favor when you even begin to learn to use your breath to pattern relaxation into your nervous system. Doing so will allow you to continually shed the stress of your day and nurture a visceral feeling of well being that only a fully alive body and mind can provide. To accomplish this takes less effort than you might imagine and is well worth the small investment of time and effort. You wouldn’t put up with a fuzzy signal on your television or favorite radio station. Don’t settle for a fuzzy second rate nervous system!

Increase Your Mental Stamina

In Western culture, one image that seems to exemplify people in deep concentration is the sculpture by Rodin called The Thinker. Basically, he is hunched over and punching himself in the jaw—not exactly a poster child for relaxation. How long do you think that thinker could hold this position? Maybe ten or fifteen minutes? Probably not for three hours.

Now consider the figure of the Buddha sitting quietly and serenely while he is in contemplation. He could easily sit there for a week. And many experienced meditators do sit for weeks at a time. When you are relaxed, your concentration and focus have immense stamina. Conversely, tension eats stamina. Although it may seem counterintuitive at first, relaxation increases strength and stamina. Relaxed breathing nourishes and increases mental stamina.

FOCUS ON PRACTICE Longevity Breathing, Lesson 5

• Extend your conscious awareness of each micro-inch of breath from your nostrils down to the base of your throat.
• Feel the front, sides, and back of your throat.
• Begin with 2 breaths, rest, then take 2 breaths again, and repeat until you can do 2 breaths successfully, without breaking your awareness. Now do 4 breaths, etc., until you can do 1 set of 10 breaths completely, with continuous awareness and no gross tension.
• Now work on 1 set of 10, having each breath relax every muscle and nerve in your body.
• Next work on relaxing the mental tension of your mind’s conscious awareness on each breath. Keep at it until your attention can remain focused in a relaxed, comfortable manner.
• Gradually increase your breath work from 1 set of 10 breaths to 2, 3, 4, then 5 sets of 10.

Your Blood is the Train, Oxygen is the Cargo

Having more air in your lungs is only responsible for about 5% of the actual benefit that can be realized by increasing the quality of your breathing. The real benefits lie in the smooth flow of blood and fluids through your system and the smoothing of your nerves.
If you have discomfort, pain, or dysfunction in a part of your body, chances are that the flow of blood and other fluids through that area is less than optimal. If an area is starved of life giving blood flow, even in part, that area will be weak and not functioning to its designed capacity. The smoother and more unencumbered the diaphragm and breathing process become, the deeper the positive pressures caused by breathing can work their way through the tissues of your body.

By learning to breathe with your whole body, and having the sensation of the breath enter into every nook and cranny that you can perceive, those places inside yourself that have remained dormant will come alive. As this happens, chi, blood, and fluids can then flow freely. The blood is a train that delivers the cargo of fresh, nourishing oxygen to the cells of your body. You can have all the cargo (air/breathing capacity) you want, but without the delivery mechanism of the blood it will do you no good. A smooth, even, relaxed breath provides the vehicle to move the oxygen that you’re taking in to the deepest layers of your body.

**Breathe Like a Baby**

Longevity Breathing begins with the belly. The basic nature of Longevity Breathing is to get everything inside your body—muscles, internal organs, fluids—to move in sync with your breathing. Belly breathing creates one rhythm using the metronome of your breath, patterned after that of a baby. Everything inside a baby’s body moves in tandem with its breath, the secret to the infant’s boundless, virtually limitless energy.

When you breathe from your belly, you pressurize the inside of your stomach cavity front, sides and back—thereby moving your diaphragm and drawing air into the entirety of your lungs. As your lungs fill with air, all your internal organs, tissues and blood vessels expand. Instead of feeling sluggish or contracted, this kind of breathing fully wakes you up, increases your ability to focus and gives you more energy without the buzzing sensation associated with caffeine intake or an adrenaline rush.

**FOCUS ON PRACTICE Taoist Internal Breathing, Lesson 6**

- We are now going, in stages, to continue the awareness of breath down to just below the navel.
- Begin with 2 breaths. With each, on the inhale, continue the awareness of your breath from your nose through the center of your body down to the bottom of your chest. Without breaking your conscious awareness of your breath, on the exhale follow your breath back up your chest, to your throat, and through and out your nose. Keep trying until you can do this without a break in your awareness.
- Next, with continuous awareness and body feeling, follow the inhaled breath from your nose to your throat through the center of your body to the bottom of your chest, down to the middle of your stomach, and on the exhale, back up to your chest, throat, and out your nose. Keep trying until you can do this without a break in your awareness.
- Inhale downward through your nose, throat, and chest, ending at your navel. Retrace the same path on the exhale. Practice 2 breaths, rest, and continue over and over again until you can do so with a relaxed body and mind in a comfortable way with continuous awareness.
- Continue your inhalation (from nose to navel), breathing downward to the middle of your belly, about half the distance between your navel and pubic hair. The Chinese call this location the lower tantien. Practice until you can breath down to the lower tantien with uninterrupted concentration, feeling, and awareness in a continuous, comfortable, and relaxed fashion both mentally and physically for 2 complete breaths.
- Expand to 3 breaths, then 4, then to 1 complete set of 10 breaths.
- Increase to 2 sets of 10, then 3, then 4, then 5 complete sets of 10 breaths.
• This exercise will significantly increase both your ability to feel the inside of your body and the strength of your conscious awareness.

**Give Your Organs an Internal Massage**

Breathing with the belly moves the diaphragm strongly, as is commonly found in many breathing systems. What is unique to this system, however, is that the beginning as well as the later stages of Longevity Breathing very gently massage your internal organs—liver, spleen, kidneys and the back of the heart. Gentle massaging is all that is necessary to improve blood circulation and lengthen connections between tendons and ligaments. Although many of us know the importance of exercising our muscles, the idea of exercising the internal organs is something we may have never considered. Illnesses rarely present themselves in the strongest parts of the body. But, as with any system, you are only as strong as your weakest link. Over time and without exercise, the internal motion inside the organs slows down and diminishes the flow of blood and other fluids within them. The connecting ligaments and tendons respond by contracting, bringing the organs closer together and limiting mobility and circulation. Eventually, they harden and complications arise. Using the breath to strengthen the internal organs is a big deal, not a small one. It will help you to stay healthy.

Follow Through These six practices can be done at anytime—just after waking up or before falling asleep, on the bus, taxi, plane or subway, during work, etc.—and in any position—standing, sitting or lying down. Take every opportunity you can to practice. A regular practice rhythm is essential when learning Longevity Breathing so that eventually you can maintain this breathing without effort 24 hours a day, even while you are asleep. Overtime this will make relaxation your nervous system’s natural state as opposed to a rare occurrence.

**Learn how to take your practice to the next level**

We hope you have enjoyed the Longevity Breathing Introduction Program. It is our goal to bring the wisdom of Taoism to the West so that practices like these will have real benefit in your daily life. If you are interested in learning more and taking your practice to the next level we invite you to check out some of Bruce’s products. *Longevity Breathing DVD* Need a visual aid? Animations show you how these techniques work to massage your internal organs and give you greater lung capacity. You also get to see a Longevity Breathing class with Bruce. Then, at the end of the video, Bruce will guide you through a fifteen-minute practice session. An essential training aid for Longevity Breathing.

* Taoist Breathing 2-CD Set Bruce Frantzis leads you through a progression of 24 Taoist Breathing practice sessions. CD-1 teaches you to feel your breath and avoid holding your breath. Next you learn how to inhale into different parts of your body to strengthen and massage your internal organs and spine. In CD-2 you will learn Taoist breathing techniques enabling you to become aware of your emotions and deepen your meditative focus. *Tao of Letting Go Book* In a down-to-earth, easily understandable style, Bruce Frantzis gives you powerful methods to let go of tension, fear, anger and pain. You can learn how to work with your chi—internal life-force energy—not only to improve your health and calm your mind, but also to reclaim genuine happiness and awaken the great spiritual potential inside you. *Taoist Meditation Circle Online Group* The Taoist Meditation Circle features guided audio sessions of Bruce with a new meditation each month. Each session will build upon the skills learned in the previous month. Clear, powerful and engaging, the Taoist Meditation Circle offers a step by step guide to move into stillness and the depths of your mind.

Bruce Frantzis is a Taoist Lineage Master with over 40 years of experience in Eastern healing systems. He is the first known Westerner to hold authentic lineages in qigong, bagua, tai chi, hsing-i and Taoist meditation. He has taught these Taoist energy arts to more than 20,000 students. Dr.
Frantzis trained for over a decade in China and also has extensive experience in Zen, Tibetan Buddhism, yoga, Kundalini, energy healing therapies and Taoist Fire and Water traditions. You can learn more about Bruce and get free training tips on his website: energyarts.com
The ability to concentrate is clearly useful in almost all spheres of life. Counselling is no exception. The ability to concentrate on what a client is telling them will enable a counsellor to engage more fully with the client. It will enable them to pick up on more detail and nuance in what the client is saying rather than merely the 'gist' of it. Furthermore, the better we can concentrate the more interested and engaged we will appear to the client. Another way of putting this is that if we cannot concentrate sufficiently on what the client is saying the more difficult we will find it to summarize, paraphrase, and reflect back to the client. We might then run the risk of seeming disinterested and in the worst case lose the client.

This exercise is derived from an introductory Taoist breathing technique. It would typically have been used as a preparatory method for spiritual or martial development, but as the author recognizes, it could be usefully applied to develop the ability to concentrate on whatever we wish. “The big challenge in the preparatory phase of Taoist meditation is learning to concentrate on what you are doing for an extended time without becoming distracted. One of the best ways to achieve this ability is through breathing exercises.” (‘Relaxing Into Your Being’ B.K. Frantzis, page 38)

Here is an abridged step-by-step guide to this breathing exercise. It is likely that with regular practice the practitioner will develop the ability to concentrate for longer. Initially you should aim to practice for between five to ten minutes. As you become more comfortable with the exercise you can extend that time providing you do not over-strain or over-extend yourself.

1. Always breath in and out through your nose unless some medical condition procludes it.
2. Only ever take the limits of your concentration and breathing to a maximum of 70% of your capacity. Inhale and exhale only 70% of what you could push yourself to do at your most extreme effort.
3. Stand or sit comfortably with your eyes and mouth closed.
4. Place the tip of your tongue on the roof of your mouth and gently rest it there.
5. Let your mind become aware of your breath entering your nostrils as you inhale or exhale.
6. After you can feel the movement of breath inside your nose, let your breath penetrate progressively down the centre line of your body and feel everything along the way. First to the bottom of your throat. Next, to your lungs, your solar plexus and your navel.
7. A complete breath consists of a smooth inhale and exhale with no holding of the breath whatsoever after the end of either the inhale or the exhale.
8. Consciously count each of your breaths, first for 2 breaths, then 3, then 4, then 5, then 6, then 7, then 8, then 9 and finally 10 breaths, without losing count or spacing out.
9. Begin with one set of 10 breaths. Progressively to 2 sets of 10 breaths, then 3 sets, then 4 sets and so on and so forth.
10. Do your best to breath and count in a relaxed manner without tensing up. While counting do not project into the future.
11. When you lose count, do not try and pick up where you left off, simply start from the beginning again.