

December 23, 2008

\$5.00

Vol. 1 NO. 35

The Hanshi Reader

A weekly sampler of Hanshi Stephen Kaufman's writings. ... words that matter!

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World-renowned Author, Universally Acknowledged Distinguished Grandmaster and Educator
A True Founding Father of American Karate – since 1958

Have a fantastic **Chanukah**, **Merry Christmas** and an exceptionally fabulous **Happy New Year** for you and yours. May all of your desires come to pass!

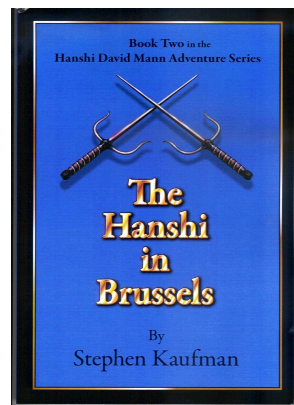


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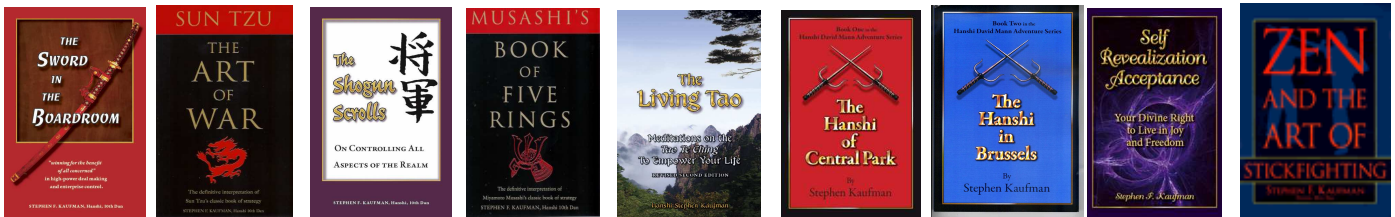


ISBN 0-9779551-7-6

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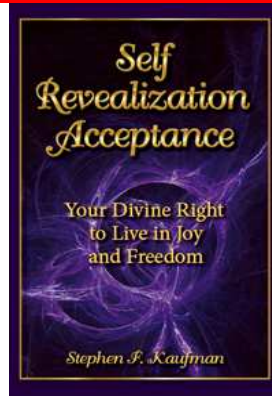
If you can't do it right, you can't do it gnorw! ©SFK



Getting the most out of a Self-Revelization Acceptance

The prescribed method for getting permanent value from the weekly Self-Revelization Acceptance is to listen to it a few times. They are not that long and will not take that much of your time. Once you have the idea that is being presented you should print out the copy on the newsletter and read it while making various changes to it that will enhance your own life experiences. When you read about a particular situation that you want to correct, put in your own words and you will make the Self-Revelization Acceptance your very own. As an example, the words such as changing a situation could also be defined as the cessation of smoking, the refusal to ingest junk food, a new vision of you as healthy and without any physical problems, etc. You are always invited to email me with your ideas for a specific Self-Revelization Acceptance such as the one you will listen to now.

This Week's Self-Revelization Acceptance



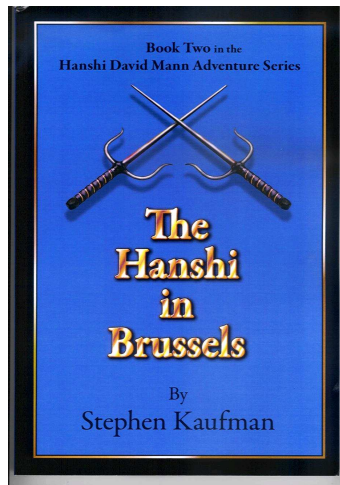
I Appreciate All of My Gifts

At this special time of the year I acknowledge that whatever it is in my life that has provided me with all of the wonderful gifts and pleasures I enjoy, both those I receive and those I give, I am grateful for the ability to appreciate them. When things in my life do not function according to my desires, I take the time to think in terms of my own possible erroneous thoughts that may be keeping them from manifesting physically and mentally. I take it upon myself to further focus on my goals regardless of any frustration or delay and focus with more intensity by demanding from myself the correct manner in which to get things done. I know the **Spirit of the Thing Itself** will bring about all that I desire without hesitation and will also keep me from interfering with myself. The power of my **Self-Revelization Acceptance** is such that I am constantly able to see my desires unfolding before me in perfect form and without hesitation. I am secure in my understanding and knowing of myself that what I want to experience is immediately made whole and complete in my life right here and right now. Should self-anger arise, I quickly quell my ego from creating more difficulty for me by reinforcing my **Divine Right to Live in Joy and Freedom** knowing and believing that I will not accept anything less than the perfection I desire to experience. Whatever I need and whoever I need to assist me in my endeavors is immediately brought into my experience and as a unit functioning on the belief of winning for the benefit of all concerned, it all gets done. All of my intentions are brought to fruition in physical and mental form as an aspect of my concentration on my ideal. All of my desires; exceptional health, secure finances, enhanced creativity, deserved recognition, and life-enhancing relationships are made whole and complete by my clarity of thought and my understanding of my clarity of purpose. I constantly acknowledge the Creative Power of the universe as the former of all things and maintain a true understanding of devotion to my ideal seeing the Creative Power of the universe developing ever more faith OF It in me, as me, and through me. For the intelligence to accept this special gift I am ever grateful and am able to move ahead with true **Self-Revelization Acceptance** of my specialness.

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This week's excerpt

The Hanshi in Brussels



1

On a beautiful Friday morning, a warm day in October, at precisely 11:00 am, the entire eighth floor of NATO headquarters in Brussels blew up, or blew out as the case may be. The entire building collapsed in on itself: the top floors settling into position where the lower floors had been. The immediate dead included seven Prime ministers, eleven Ministers of Finance, sixteen Ministers of Defense plus four hundred seventy-three other men and women of various rank of member nations. That was the immediate count. The final count would be 3416 dead, not including the additional hundreds of seriously injured and dying. NATO's Security Council had called an emergency meeting to discuss the continuing escalation of a renewed military buildup throughout the Kashmir region of Pakistan and India. The latest incident, a Pashtun attack, had been the slaughter of 1473 men, women and children in and around Yasin, a small village situated in the Hindu Kush. Marauding forces had completely leveled the surrounding area for miles in every direction destroying everything in their path, livestock included. No mercy had been shown by the Pashtun and threats to continue with these actions throughout the rest of the country were being voiced unless the US withdrew from the region that had been claimed as necessary for the American exit strategy of Afghanistan.

Within minutes of the NATO blast, the whole world knew about it and everyone began venturing opinions about responsibility. Names of known bin Laden and al Qaeda terrorist organizations surfaced though no one knew more than anyone else did. Sirens in Brussels screamed while world news agencies reported a terrorist attack speculating as to culpability but they had no verifiable information. The chaos was compounded by the multitude of different languages unlike that of the World trade center attack on September 11, 2001 two years before. In less than an hour combined NATO anti-terrorist forces began searching for anyone related to anything and everything related to the meeting. The CIA, Interpol, the Surete, the Mossad, remnants of the NKVD and the newly reformed KGB; everyone with a badge included themselves in. No one could take control of the situation because no one was in charge. The BNP, Belgian National Police locked the city down in its entirety; no one could get in or out of the city. T-52 NATO Street tanks quickly encircled the perimeter of the building and adjacent areas. Belgian troops were deployed to cover all roads in and out of the city while other multinational combat troops began filling the plaza as Brussels riot police positioned themselves around the building.

An American general decided to take charge and ordered his troops to quell the panic and disorder. The French commander thought he was in charge and tried to take command. So did the Germans and Italians. It looked like the whole EU was trying to take charge. The newly appointed Russian commander thought it would be appropriate to cordon off the entire area and wouldn't permit any non-Russian troops to take positions. The situation turned into a high brass stand off that created more of a problem by not allowing fire fighting equipment and ambulances into the area.

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While everyone running around trying to get some semblance of order into effect, a glider with no identifiable markings on its wings came in at about 200 feet. People stood watching as leaflets fell creating further confusion as they tried to make sense out of the message demanding 100 billion dollars in U.S. currency and that any and all non-indigenous troops be withdrawn from every area in the world that they were not indigenous too. If these instructions were not taken seriously within 72 hours, the leaders of every country in the world would be executed one by one in alphabetical order starting with the letter "A." The leaflets did not say if alphabetical order meant by country or by surname. The printing was in English, Arabic, Russian, Mandarin, Greek and Cyrillic. The same demands were simultaneously flashed through the Internet with an untraceable email address. The message infiltrated all major commercial communications networks passing through all satellite cable television networks in local languages and dialects. Everything was interrupted; the transmission of all programming, news broadcasts, soap operas, talk shows, sitcoms, including Oprah, Dr. Phil, and Baywatch. Everyone's weekend was ruined.

2

Richard Martens sat in his small apartment six blocks away from the debacle and stared with interest at the television screen that continued to report on the event and the accompanying bedlam of the previous day. The attack was being called the most heinous act ever perpetrated upon civilization since the World Trade Center debacle. The terrorist group responsible had not yet been named and no one had stepped forward with an admission of responsibility. Mixed reports continued to come forth with typical misinformation about the chaos that had immediately become the world's main concern.

Martens had never thought of himself as the leader of a terrorist group and tingled with excitement at the thought. Single handedly, (well, with the help of some friends,) he had created worldwide terror. Not bad for an out of work computer programmer suddenly thrust into the minds of nearly everyone on the planet. Except of course in those places where things like this didn't matter too much and people were too busy trying to find something to eat. Markus Bellas, one of his accomplices, slept soundly on a sofa in the next room turning over in his sleep periodically making sounds that indicated a heroin induced euphoria. Martens continued to stare at the television. There were still plenty of emergency trucks, tanks, and vehicles. Types he could recognize and types he couldn't. He laughed while thinking about how simple it was to put all the explosives in place and to get in and out of the building without being questioned by anyone about anything. It didn't matter what was going on or where it was going on. Security measures just weren't able to stop deviously intentioned acts. What amazed him even more was that he, Bellas and two others had been in and out of the building at least fifteen times until they had planted all the explosives needed to do the job. But he didn't permit himself to be considered a fool by any means. The money and drugs he had received as down payment had been adequate along with the promised immunity from his employers and though he had no idea who they were outside of his specific contact, he also knew it was only a matter of time before people would be along to kill him. He shook his head wondering where he could hide when they started to come and quickly realized that nowhere would be safe. The thing to do was to grab the remaining money and drugs and get the hell out of there. Bellas and the other idiots could fend for themselves. His romantic nature took over. He would go to Geneva and have face surgery but first he had to get out of Brussels. Hide until things started to calm down then leave the country. He wondered if his martial arts training would be enough to maintain his survival consciousness to the extent that it would be needed. Paranoia began to take over as he slipped out of the apartment with all he could easily carry. If he was careful he could get out of the immediate area without being stopped. He knew it would be stupid to travel through back alleys and that it was best to walk calmly through the streets until he could get to the train station.

Checking for his passport, he felt it safely tucked away in his jacket pocket. Confusing thoughts ran through his mind one right after another as the effects of the heroin started to wear off. Horror struck him as he began to realize that he was responsible for the deaths of thousands of people and the injuring of who knew how many. He began sweating in the October sunshine. He suddenly felt violently ill and had to force himself to keep from vomiting. He needed a glass of water or something cool to put him together before he got to his next fix. Slowly, he began to gain control over himself and turning the corner of Rue de Bonaventure, he walked towards the train station forcing his mind to focus on sobriety in his steps. He knew he would make it. As Richard Martens rounded the corner, three men entered the building he had left only moments ago. They

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walked up the stairs and into the apartment where Bellas still slept and would sleep forever. Now they only had to find one more.

3

Hanshi David Mann smiled to the doorman as he left his apartment building for a walk in Central Park with his cocker spaniel, Thatcher. Her tail wagged with elegance as she walked as if she knew she lived on Fifth Avenue in what David called “Swank Towers.”

Rakim, the doorman, asked him what he thought about the insanity that took place in Brussels. David responded with a typical New York “what can I tell you as long as it wasn’t me” nod and said “unbelievable.” “Rakim, make sure you open up all the packages delivered to the building.” They both laughed as David began walking towards the 72nd St. park entrance. Nothing like a warm autumn Sunday in New York, he thought. Temperature in the mid sixties with the sun bright enough not to be annoying. He adjusted his knock-off Gaultier sunglasses he had picked up at the flea market on Amsterdam Avenue for \$5. Later, he learned that Gaultier was indeed a world-class designer and the real glasses cost about \$275. “Later for that!” he said when he found out.

He waved to a couple of bicyclists he recognized as he entered the park and made his way to the model boat pond. Looking around for park rangers and seeing none, he let Thatcher off the leash making sure to keep his eyes on her at all times. The park was not too crowded for a weekend afternoon even though there were lots of tourists in town. Keeping his eye on the dog meant that he would be able to go home with her. Eventually he “ambled to the Ramble,” as he liked to say. It was here that his life had completely changed some time back. Walking slowly and carefully, looking over the entire area, he passed the small bridge and made his way to the Falls area where his friend Victor Chu had lived in a cave as a homeless vagrant and who was now in the Cayman Islands building a science center for research into ocean physics. He turned up a little hill and passed the area where he had inadvertently gotten involved with a police drug bust and had to defend himself against an attack from two undercover police officers who had not identified themselves. Remembrance of the past flashed through his mind as he continued walking. He called to Thatcher, re-leashed her and continued across the park exiting at 81st street across from the Museum of Natural History making a mental note to visit the Rose Planetarium. He continued west until he got to Broadway and then turned downtown towards Lincoln Center. He hailed a cab but it passed him when they saw the dog. They gave each other the finger. Another took him back to the house.

Rakim came over to open the door. “If you look across the street you will see a car with a woman and a man. The man asked if you were in and when I told him you were out he said to tell you they were there when you got back.” He reached over and patted Thatcher on the head. David recognized the woman immediately. Charlene Dentelle, an Interpol special investigator who nodded to him as she got out of the car.

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