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The Monthly Newsletter from
the Aikido Center of Los Angeles

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The Aiki Dojo

道の為、世の為、人の為、合気道

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Rev. Kensho Furuya
1948 – 2007



Nothing is Insurmountable by David Ito Aikido Chief Instructor

At least with me, Furuya Sensei wasn't always the easiest person to be around. I always felt like I could never let my guard down around him or I would suffer the consequences of not being vigilant. Sensei's strictness and unreasonableness forced me to have to work harder in order to be successful.

More than 20 years ago, our dojo hosted a large group of Aikidoists from Omiya Dojo in Saitama, Japan. For a week or so, we took them sightseeing during the day and trained with them at night. It was a lot of work and I made a lot of lifelong friends, but I also learned a lot too.

One night I was driving a group of students back from dinner and got lost on the way back to their hotel in Little Tokyo. When I arrived an hour later than everyone else, Sensei was waiting for me. After Sensei saw the guests into their hotel, he got really mad at me. The reason why I got lost wasn't technically my fault, but Sensei wouldn't listen and just yelled at me and slammed my door. All the way home, I was brooded and was mad for hours.

Sensei didn't care that I had no sense of direction. He also didn't care that there was a street festival which prevented me from exiting my normal exit or that the person I was following started driving erratically. The only thing that Sensei cared about was that I was late.

I was mad, but I knew on a certain level that Sensei was right. I wasn't anyone else's fault but my own. It didn't matter who

drove too fast, what surprise occurrence popped up, that I wasn't from that area or that I didn't have any sense of direction. The real reason why I made a mistake was that I wasn't prepared.

After Sensei's rebuke, I went home and looked up the addresses and telephone numbers for all the restaurants that Sensei liked to frequent. Once I got the addresses, I found them in the *Thomas Guide*. For those of you reading this under the age of 30, a *Thomas Guide* was a map book that people could use to look up any street address. That night I made about 20 maps on graph paper and put them in my *Filofax Day Planner*. For those of you under 30, a *Filofax Day Planner* is an organizer that you would keep all your addresses, phone numbers, calendar and any other information you couldn't memorize. Organizing the information and maps gave me a quick reference system for those times when I found myself in a precarious situation.

I drew the maps on graph paper and always oriented the map with the mountains at the top because in Los Angeles, the mountains are always to the north. I also used different colors to help me orient so I could quickly know which way to go. Once, a friend of mine looked at my maps and couldn't understand them because I had drawn them based on how my mind worked and with the mountains always at the top. I created the maps so that I could orient myself in a moment and quickly find my way back to the dojo.

Continued on page 3...

“Where does this Path take me, with only my teacher’s teachings as the light? This warm light comforts me among all these cold dark shadows we call Life...”

–Rev. Kensho Furuya



“The great and most profound aspect of the traditional martial arts is the wonderful sense of trust that is cultivated between the teacher and the student. The student should be able to trust their teacher, at the same time, the teacher works arduously towards the welfare and benefit of the student. How wonderful!”

–Rev. Kensho Furuya

Nothing is Insurmountable *continued from page 2...*

Truth be told, I actually never had to use the maps in an emergency situation because whenever Sensei asked me to take him somewhere, I always made a new map or looked at a previous one that I had made before hand. Because I looked at the map before I picked up Sensei, I was able to do my best and memorize the map so I rarely got lost driving him.

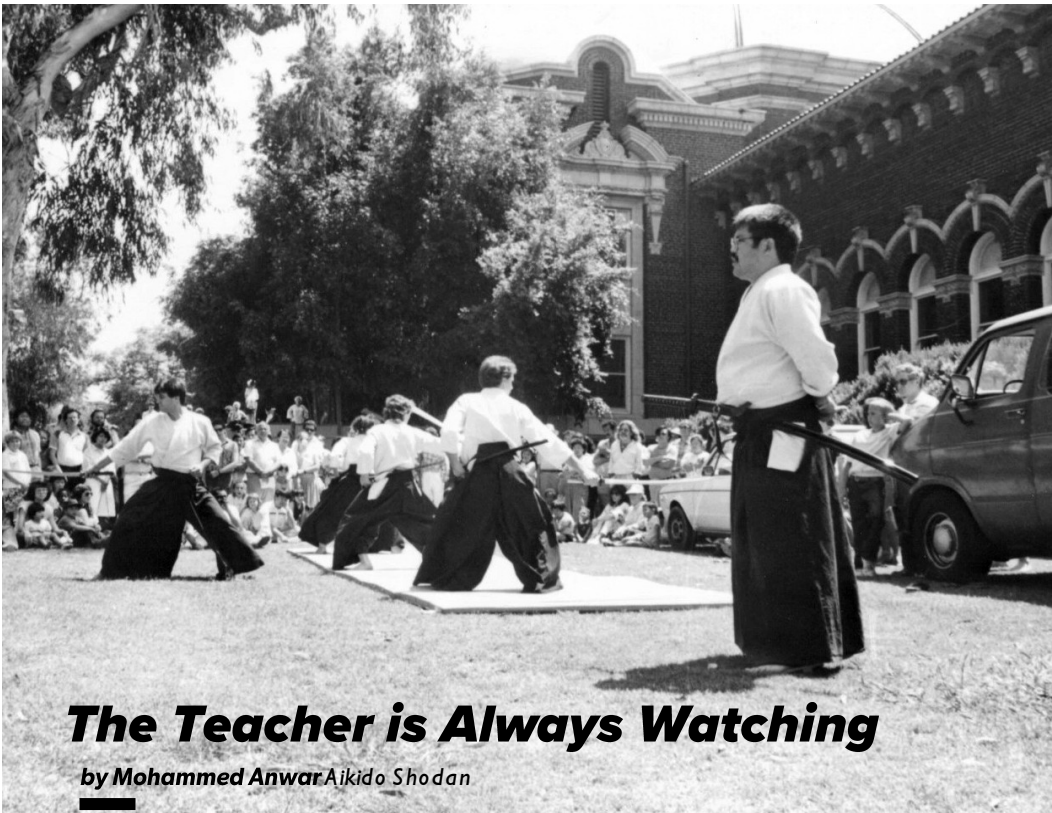
This situation typifies a lot of my training under Sensei. Most of the big things I learned while studying under him, he didn’t actually teach me. In a nutshell, I would make a mistake then I would find my own solution and hopefully not make that same mistake again. Telling this story to another student, he said, “Oh, that’s metagaming.” He explained that



to *metagame* is to understand all the rules of a situation then look at a problem from a different perspective than how most

people typically do. I could have waited for Sensei to give me a solution to fix my problem or I could assess the situation and the problem and find my own remedy.

I studied under Sensei for 17 years and one day until his passing. I learned a lot about Aikido, but I also learned a tremendous amount about life. Studying under Sensei, I learned how to be prepared and I realize that these “maps” have made me the person that I am today. To this day, I still make these “maps” in every aspect of my life and in everything that I do. I am grateful for the time that I spent studying under Sensei and I learned that in Aikido training and in life, no obstacle is insurmountable. Thank you, Sensei. •



The Teacher is Always Watching

by Mohammed Anwar Aikido Shodan

Thinking back on my earliest visit to Furuya Sensei's original dojo so many years ago, the memories have developed some ethereal qualities. I was interested specifically in learning Aikido, and after searching for dojos online I'd traveled to this new location by bus. The bus left me with a few blocks of secluded urban decay to walk through before reaching an alleyway with the dojo entrance in the midst of the surrounding atmosphere. A narrow walkway of uneven stepping stones lead through a dampened garden of bamboo trees, and at this point these mounting experiences started to evoke an impression of a retro martial arts action flick. When I stepped inside the feeling was even stronger as I looked at the dojo interior, which I'd later hear described as "more Japanese than Japan." It is wholly unsurprising that a year or two later that dojo would in fact be used in a martial arts movie.

The similarities would continue as when I asked about meeting the instructor, the senior black belt discreetly hinted that while he was upstairs, it wasn't a good time to meet him. It would be a few more classes down the line before Sensei actually taught a class I was in. In the earlier classes everything seemed so overly precise that as I tried again and again, I was always getting the technique wrong, and when Sensei came down I would soon discover what the figurative deep end of the pool was like. When class was over, Sensei seemed to simply vanish though that was likely my exhaustion by the end of that class keeping me from noticing when he went back to his office. It was at this point I had to think about *how* if I was going to learn Aikido. I thought I would have to do this again and again and again for at least a few

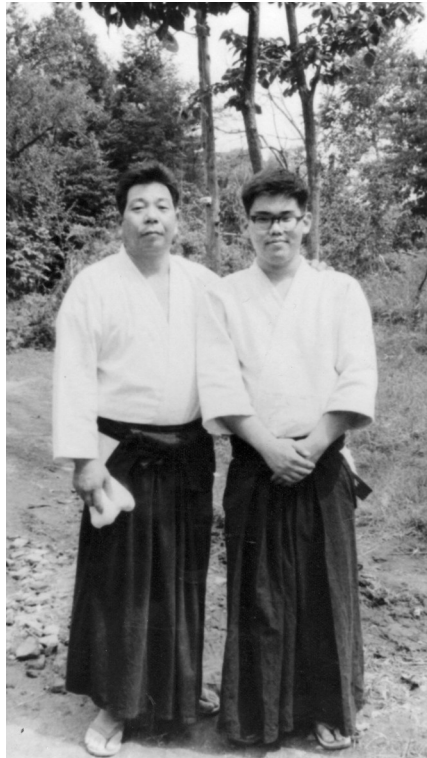
years. This was a path of some challenging training and I would have to muster up some grit.

Despite Sensei's elusiveness however, he was aware of everything that was happening on the mat. He was always watching from his small office above the dojo, and he noticed everything, right down to minor things like the way I would adjust my belt every time I stood back up after a throw, or when something was slightly off somewhere in the dojo. Although we couldn't see when Sensei was watching, I eventually came to feel that ever watchful presence. Occasionally he would hold meetings after class, and during one meeting where I felt like I had little to contribute to the topic being discussed but Sensei was still quick to notice and point out that I had spaced out. "*What did it matter on that subject? Why was that a big deal?*" I had wondered. Chances are, Sensei must have felt that my wandering mind was an issue that I needed to work on or something.

After Sensei's passing a few years later, that tension inducing watchful presence above the dojo had faded, and soon afterwards the dojo moved to a different location with a similar but different layout as well. However, the training with Sensei had left a curious lasting mark on my subconscious that perhaps echoes back to the unusual atmosphere that I'd first stepped into those many years ago. No superstition intended, but those times when I am asleep and "dreaming" that I'm training, I can always feel Sensei watching the mat from somewhere upstairs – even in the dreams where there isn't really an upstairs in the dream. A teacher like Sensei is always watching. •

"It's hard work sticking to the main path we call Do (道) or 'The Way.' Following The Way is like trying to chopping down a large tree. We should continue to chip or chop away at the main trunk however long it takes and no matter how difficult it is until we complete the task. When I see some who have lost sight of the main path of Aikido, it is like watching them trying to bend one of the tiny branches of this great tree hoping they can conquer the whole tree more easily. Stick to the main path!"

– Rev. Kensho Furuya



From Teacher to Man

by Shaun Menashe Aikido 3rd Dan

Furuya Sensei died before I could really get to know him well. I have a few stories from my time as his student but not like those of the senior students - just a handful of memories that albeit special, constitute a mere glimpse of a person.

I got to know Sensei through his passing and by supporting the dojo and by the Aikido he left behind. Working with Ito Sensei, I realize that running a dojo was difficult. In those early days it took 10 people to keep pace with what Sensei's did by himself.

Sensei was a huge personality and draw and his presence was the glue that kept many people affixed to the dojo. I think some people left because they felt Sensei was no longer there after his passing. Yet, for me, Sensei was everywhere.

Packing up the old dojo was like an unpacking of Sensei's life. I spent hours and hours with Ito Sensei carefully wrapping Sensei's treasures. It was impossible to distinguish between priceless antiques from mass production items - Sensei treated everything as valuable. My days were spent amid bubble wrap, newspaper and Buddhist antiques. With every wrapping, I became fascinated.

While Sensei had departed this world his mind seemed preserved in his upstairs library. He had so many books! In the early days, we collated his massive collection. I took pictures of the book titles when no one was looking and I purchased some of the English titles. I also tried my best to decipher the Japanese captions under the museum quality photos of antiques with Japanese dictionaries and translate apps on my phone.

Organizing Sensei's *tsuba* collection was one of my greatest treats. Looking at one *tsuba*, I was immediately enamored by

what some thought was "toggle light switch plates" motif. I poured over Sensei's Daily Message, his book *Kodo* and any of Sensei's other musings for some insight as to their meaning. I realized that Sensei must have unlocked the mystery of martial arts philosophy by deciphering these themes and it quickly became an obsession of mine.

Looking over Sensei's vast collection of papers, books and things, I discovered that Sensei was the foremost student. Sensei had reams of pages and pages of research on swords and *tsubas*. He also assiduously studied calligraphy and the tea ceremony. Sensei studied Buddhist texts and he had been ordained for a time. Sensei being a priest and his collection of Buddhist art and books was my first exposure to what would become the most important change in my life as I chose to follow in a similar but different path of Buddhism.

Packing up Sensei's life, I learned that Sensei experienced many hardships in his life. In the loss of his parents, serious injuries, students having come and gone and weight gain, he became no stranger to suffering. Yet, Sensei always seemed to filter his ups and downs through the lens of training. Each day, he chose training as his life. For better or for worse, this was his Aikido life. This was not Sensei's hobby. Aikido and training *was* Sensei.

Knowing the man behind Sensei only encouraged me to try harder in my own life. To me, Sensei was a triumph over adversity and he seemed to squeeze the most he could out of his human potential. The trail of efforts that Sensei left behind was his path to greatness. In seeing his life through a more unfiltered lens, becoming great felt like a possibility. What a lovely thing and what a wonderful man. •



Keeping Your Edge by Ken Watanabe *aido* Chief Instructor

For a long time, I always wondered how Furuya Sensei seemed to get better and better at the techniques despite not training regularly. His own teacher, second Doshu, Kisshomaru Ueshiba was in Japan while Sensei was thousands of miles away in Los Angeles and running his own dojo.

I took Sensei's ukemi for many years, and over that time I could swear that his movement became smoother and softer, yet at the same time, more powerful. While a physically strong Aikidoist might manhandle and wrestle their *uke* by forcing the throw or pin, Sensei's technique wasn't like that all; it was something very different.

At some point, Sensei's movement stopped being just a technique and ventured into something much deeper, maybe more metaphysical. I would wonder, "How on earth did he do that?" I know that I fell down, I know I felt my balance break, and I know I got thrown, but there was no logic or reasoning behind "how" the throw worked. It was to me at the time, inexplicable.

Years after Sensei's passing, I realize that the Aikido basics were in a way his teacher. Sensei always said, "When you get lost in the technique, go back to the basics and find your way again." I think that is how he got better; by reviewing the basics and then refining them.

Sensei always simply stated that "Advanced Aikido techniques are simply the basic techniques done at a very high level." Maybe there are fancier, more ostentatious techniques with lots of grip changes and transitions in one single throw, but at the highest level, the moment the opponent attacks, they are already thrown or pinned.

Without guidance from someone else, it is difficult to make this happen. Without a teacher or guidance, what would prevent someone from doing whatever they feel like doing or changing whatever they feel like changing?

Sensei was very strict regarding both the technique and our attitudes as students. In fact, most of the times when Sensei really got angry at me wasn't because I did the technique wrong, but when I was being selfish and only thinking about myself instead of how my actions and thoughts affected others. In short, if I was sloppy and made more work for others, I was in trouble.

A regular scolding I got was when my "edge" as a martial artist was beginning to dull. Everything with Sensei had to do with being "on the ball," whether it was hosting guests or taking his *ukemi*. "Being on the ball" meant doing the right thing, at the right time, but it boiled down to caring about what it was that I was doing.

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“Aikido is like a Samurai sword. We can easily see the curvature, the length, the width, the temper-line, its style and on and on but we cannot actually see the sharpness of the edge. It is too fine. Yet, the part that we cannot easily see is really its most important part – its the heart of the sword. In Aikido, in the same manner, it is usually the part we cannot see that is the most important. Actually, we can see it, we just have to be alert and aware and constantly looking for it. Please continue to train hard.”

–Rev. Kensho Furuya

Keeping Your Edge *continued from page 6...*

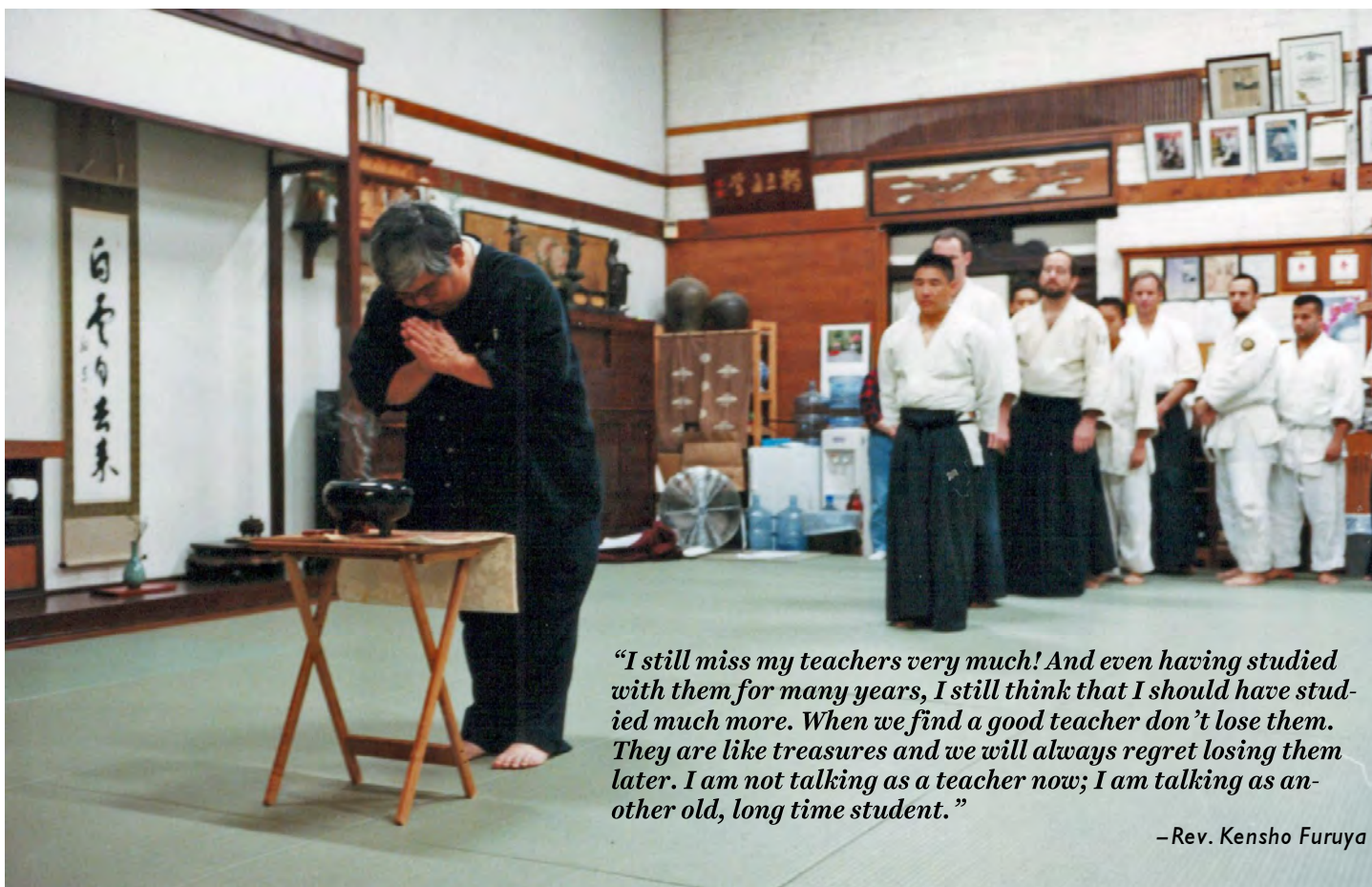
If one doesn't care, then anything is fine whether it's right or wrong or good or bad. It takes caring to do things well and to do them correctly. Once we stop caring, then our descent begins.

Sensei always said, “There are no accidents” meaning that things happen because we let them happen and it boils down to whether one cares enough or not. If we cared, we'd be alert, we'd make sure everything ran smoothly, or we'd make sure that there was a contingency plan in place. Sloppy, to Sensei, equated to not caring. Not caring meant mishaps were sure to happen. Mistakes themselves aren't actually what is bad, but rather the mindset behind the mishap which is really egregious.

To Sensei, being strong wasn't about how hard we could throw someone down. To him, true strength was in caring about others instead of caring about one's self. To sacrifice one's own comfort for the sake of someone else is the mark of true strength.

In a self-deprecating way, Sensei always called himself a “third-rate teacher.” A teacher, they say, is nothing but a stepping stone for the student, and I'm just guessing that Sensei was training us, not for himself, but training us so we would be better students for the next teacher. I knew that he always became impatient and irate whenever we had trouble catching on, but I realize now that he wasn't upset for himself, but that he was upset for us. I think that Sensei knew that there was no time to waste when it came to catching on to the basics.

Of course, no one is completely selfless. Everyone has a moment when it's important to think about themselves. The toughest lesson, one even I am still trying to perfect, is truly developing what Sensei called “a caring heart.” Our bodies are relatively easy to train compared to our minds and our spirits. This is why remembering our teacher, not just with memories and anecdotes, but with our bodies, our minds, and our spirits, is so important. Once we truly forget our teachers and the spirit of their teachings then we truly stop learning and we stop growing. •



“I still miss my teachers very much! And even having studied with them for many years, I still think that I should have studied much more. When we find a good teacher don't lose them. They are like treasures and we will always regret losing them later. I am not talking as a teacher now; I am talking as another old, long time student.”

—Rev. Kensho Furuya

Memories of Los Angeles

by **Santiago Garcia Almaraz** Chief Instructor, Aikido Kodokai

Every March since Furuya Sensei's passing in 2007, Ito Sensei invites many of us who were Sensei's students to share some of our experiences with Sensei so that new students and readers of the *Aiki Dojo* can not only remember Reverend Kensho Furuya but gain a better understanding of our teacher.

With every year, as I reflect on Sensei, I realize that with time, memories can become diluted and how easily it is to forget. Thus, it is a huge responsibility to share these stories and that is why it is important to keep remembering Sensei. Sensei left his indelible mark on many of us and influenced us in such a way that, today after almost 13 years, we are still together, training hard and sharing his legacy and teachings.

I happened to find myself on Sensei's doorstep some 24 years ago and in my case, it was Sensei who opened my eyes to not only Aikido, but he also started me out on the path of *budo* that he loved so much.

Every year, I would come from my home in Spain and spend a month or so with Sensei and I always envied those other students who lived near the dojo and were able to enjoy classes daily. My relationship with Sensei was a little bit different from those who spent nearly every day with him and I respect and admire all those students for putting in the time and effort to be Sensei's students.

In my case, my relationship with Sensei was a bit more peculiar since I did not live close by and had to travel from Spain to Los Angeles to receive training from Sensei. I enjoyed the time I spent training in the classes when I was in town, but most of all I cherish the private times I spent with Sensei. Sensei taught me privately on the mat, but he also taught me off the mat when I accompanied him the of rest day doing his daily chores. Together we spent time doing the more mundane things like going to the bank, buying office supplies or going to the post office. I spent a lot of time asking Sensei questions and I would learn so much as we chatted while we waited in line or while we ate a meal. Every interaction with Sensei was so interesting from talking about martial arts to taking him to his many “hidden” gems in Los Angeles.

The times I spent with Sensei were so deep and valuable, but looking back, I realize it was such a privilege and one that I wished that I would like to have taken more advantage of and squeezed more out of every minute with him.

It might come as a surprise to many that Sensei was so very strict and that we would have to be careful how we carried ourselves around him. Sensei was the type of person who drew a line as to how one was supposed to act and that there were consequences if we behaved inappropriately or if we practiced in a mediocre way during class.

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Memories of Los Angeles *continued from page 8...*

I used to drive Sensei around to complete his errands and sometimes wait in the car until he was done. The very first time I drove Sensei, I didn't know that I was supposed to open his door and instead opened the door from the inside by just popping it open for him. Sensei got in and didn't say anything at first, but I knew I was in trouble. When Sensei did speak, he told me that it was rude to do that and I should have anticipated a more polite way to open a person's door for them. From that point on, I always opened Sensei's door from the outside and waited with care until he got in before I closed it. I realize now that in that incident my understanding was too shortsighted as I thought that pushing the door open from the inside was appropriate.

People of today might think I am exaggerating or that Sensei's demeanor was too serious, but this was traditional training. With the passing of time and as I teach my own students, I am grateful that I had such a good teacher who cared enough to teach me. I realize that a good teacher only wants their students to learn, think and reflect so that they can get the most out of each class.

Sensei constantly admonished us that, "There was no time left" and that he had so much to teach us. Sensei's strictness demanded that we had to always be awake and attentive in each

class. Anytime that Sensei noticed that the students, especially the seniors, were lacking attention or concentration, he rebuked them, got angry or stopped the class immediately to highlight what was being done wrong.

From my first class with Sensei, I noticed an intense atmosphere of continuous attention and concentration by the students. A class full of students all seemed to respect Sensei and were attentive as he explained the techniques. I feel like I learned something in every class. Sometimes Sensei corrected something because I did many things incorrectly and sometimes he corrected everything because I didn't do it all correctly.

I think Sensei knew that one day he would not be there and he felt that he had to give us as much as he could and that in order to do that he had to be strict. Sensei needed to teach us to be aware at all times because sometimes we were careless or lacked attention and that annoy him because he wanted to make sure we were the best prepared for when he was no longer here.

Every trip to Los Angeles, I am happy that Sensei's students are all working hard to keep his memory alive, but I always miss him every time I visit Los Angeles. Sensei's teachings have greatly influenced my life and he taught me that I can always go one step farther in not only my training but in my life as well. •



The Tree, Not the Blossom

by **Steven Shaw** Aikido Sandan Iaido Sandan
Aikikai Tanshinjuku Senior Instructor



Steven Shaw

March 28, 1974 – March 9, 2019

There are many lessons for us in every moment of our lives. We often neglect the importance of these moments because they seem so ordinary. For some reason we need our lives to hang in the balance in order to reflect deeply enough. This is probably the reason Zen Buddhism became so popular in the samurai class, and why the cherry blossom was such a powerful symbol as well. Many samurai fell in the fields of battle while still in

the spring of their lives, and the process to be at peace with that sacrifice at a moment's notice required a great deal of reflection.

This year I had the opportunity to accompany my daughter on a journey to Kalamazoo, Michigan. She had a synchronized ice skating competition in late January. When the location and timing was announced, I reacted with, "Why would they schedule the competition in Kalamazoo in January? The weather is not ideal." My wife laughed and acknowledged my logic, but it wasn't given much seriousness until the week before the competition when a once-in-a-generation Polar Vortex was predicted to descend on the entire area. My wife began to express concern and her anxiety for our trip and safety began to increase. Winter Storm Jayden was its name, and on Monday our flight was cancelled. We rebooked, and on Tuesday that flight was cancelled;

we rebooked, and on Wednesday that flight was cancelled. The competition was on Friday, and we were supposed to be in Kalamazoo Wednesday night. We were running out of options. We did, finally, get on a flight that arrived Thursday and we were able to make the competition, as was everyone from my daughter's team. The driving was treacherous. We witnessed the aftermath of many cars losing control, and observed a red mid-size SUV thread the needle between two other cars on its way into the piled snow along the road's edge, a soft landing for a frightening event that became a reminder for me to drive slowly and carefully.

At many points in the process, I considered cancelling the trip. My wife declared that she was, "Calling it." The trip and the competition was not worth our lives. What is worth our lives? We are here for only an instant compared to the span of time that is the universe. What is worth our lives? The question repeated itself at every weather report, flight cancellation, and mile driven along the treacherous roads. What is worth our lives?

Living is the simple answer. Living is worth our lives. I hope to see you on the mats, soon. •

Editor's note: *Steven Shaw posted this article to his blog Reflections Along the Way on February 3, 2019. Reprinted with permission and without editing.*



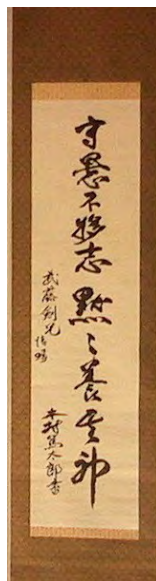
“We shouldn’t dwell on death, yet it should never leave our minds. Being aware of the harsh reality that we can pass away at any time, should urge us to live our lives fully and meaningfully. It is hard to find the right Path for one’s self, but once you find it, like Aikido, do not leave it but pursue it whole-heartedly with all of your body and spirit. We think that we have all the time in the world, but, in reality, we do not. In the years that we are allotted, there is not that much time to do very much!”

– Rev. Kensho Furuya

Untitled

Hidden away, I teach and struggle alone,
Only a few can see the tiny mountain trail,
Leading to an old gate, my home!

Editor’s Note: *Furuya Sensei posted this poem to his Daily Message on February 8, 2003.*



守愚不移志 黙黙養其神

This is the last *kakejiku* scroll that Furuya Sensei put up in his *tokonoma* on the day he passed away. It was an unexpected “death poem” or *jisei* (辞世) of sorts. It seemed to be Sensei’s farewell last teaching as it was a very apropos last admonishment to all of us, his students. The last scroll is translated to mean:

Be Humble
Be Strong
Always Keep Going

UPCOMING EVENTS

行事

March 3-10 Visitors from Spain	June 27 (Saturday) Intensive Seminar
March 6-8 Furuya Sensei Memorial Seminar	July 4 (Saturday) Dojo Closed: Independence Day
April 25 (Saturday) Intensive Seminar	July 11-12 Zenshuji Obon Carnival
April 26 (Sunday) O'Sensei Memorial Service	July 25 (Saturday) Intensive Seminar
May 30 (Saturday) Intensive Seminar	October TBA Salamanca Spain Seminar

The Furuya Foundation and the Aikido Center of Los Angeles (ACLA) admit students of any race, color, and national or ethnic origin to all the rights, privileges, programs, and activities generally accorded or made available to students at the school. The Furuya Foundation and the Aikido Center of Los Angeles do not discriminate on the basis of race, color, and national or ethnic origin in administration of their educational policies, admissions policies, scholarship and loan programs, and athletic and other school-administered programs.

Aikido Training Schedule

合気道 時間割

Saturdays		Wednesdays	
6:30-8:00 AM*	Intensive	6:30-7:30 AM	Morning Practice
9:30-10:30 AM	Advanced Class	5:15-6:15 PM	Fundamentals
10:45-11:45 AM	Regular Class	6:30-7:30 PM	Regular Class
Sundays		Thursdays	
9:00-10:00 AM	Children's Class	6:30-7:30 PM	Regular Class
10:15-11:15 AM	Regular Class	7:45-8:45 PM	Open Practice
11:30 AM-12:30 PM	Fundamentals		
12:45-1:45 PM	Open Practice		
Mondays		Fridays	
6:30-7:30 AM	Morning Practice	6:30-7:30 AM	Morning Practice
6:30-7:30 PM	Regular Class	6:30-7:30 PM	Fundamentals
Tuesdays			
6:30-7:30 PM	Advanced Class		

NOTE: Visitors are welcome to observe our Morning, Fundamentals, or Regular Classes.

*Last Saturday of the month is Intensive Seminar by Invitation only.

Iaido Training Schedule

居合道 時間割

Saturdays		Sundays	
8:00-9:00 AM	Regular Class	7:45-8:45 AM	Regular Class



The Aiki Dojo

is the Official publication of the

Aikido Center of Los Angeles

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The Aikido Center of Los Angeles

has been awarded Official *Konin* recognition by the Aikikai Foundation, Aikido World Headquarters.

Our dojos are committed to the study and practice of the teachings of the Founder of Aikido, Morihei Ueshiba and his legitimate successors, Nidai Doshu, Kisshomaru Ueshiba, the present Doshu, Moriteru Ueshiba and Hombu Dojo-cho, Mitsuteru Ueshiba.

Affiliated Dojos of the Aikido Center of Los Angeles



Aikido La Gomera Aikikai
Kodokai Dojo



Aikido
Salamanca Aikikai
Kodokai Dojo



Aikido Valladolid Aikikai
Kodokai Dojo



The Aikido Center of Los Angeles

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The Aikido Center of Los Angeles is a not-for-profit, traditional Aikido dojo dedicated to preserving the honored values and traditions of the arts of Aikido and Iaido. With your continued understanding and support, we hope that you will also dedicate yourself to your training and enjoy all the benefits that Aikido and Iaido have to offer.

FOLLOW THE US ON SOCIAL MEDIA



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