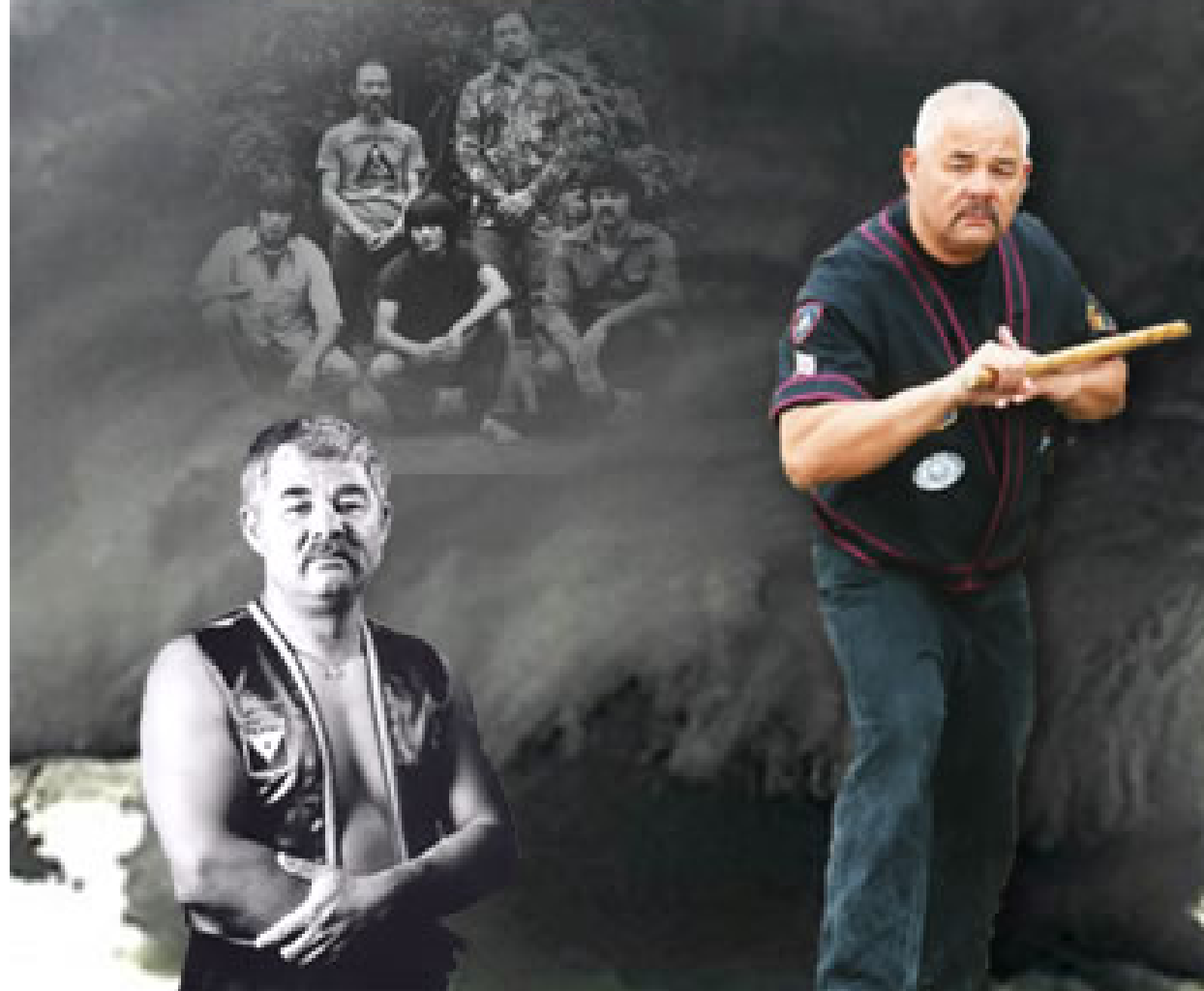


Filipino Martial Arts

Inayan System of Eskrima

Digest

Special Edition
2008



Publisher

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From the Publishers Desk

Kumusta

A long time coming! With the assistance of Guro Jon Ward which I am most grateful too, and also Kristine Strasburger who was magnificent in helping to write up quite a few articles in this issue.

In reading this Special Edition on Mangisursuro Mike Inay and his art Inayan System of Eskrima you will find that Mangisursuro Inay was a very skilled practitioner that brought out the best in his students. He was sensible, warm hearted, good natured, and was very supportive to students and other practitioners.

His students are a very dedicated group of practitioners and constantly promote the art. To some this Special Edition may bring a tear to the eye in the awareness that Mangisursuro Inay left the Filipino martial arts world to early and if still with us many would be benefiting from his personal touch. But his students carry on his ways and art. So if you have a chance attend a seminar of Inayan Eskrima or if a school is nearby that teaches the art, recommend you check it out.

Maraming Salamat Po





Mangisursuro Mike Inay

1944 - 2000

Founder of Inayan Eskrima

Mangisursuro Mike Inay began training in the Filipino Martial Arts in the mid 1960's under two of the pioneering Eskrima Masters in the United States. Mangisursuro's teachers were Grandmaster Max Sarmiento (Kadena de Mano) and Grandmaster Angel Cabales (Cabales Serrada Eskrima). Mangisursuro Inay was one of the first and senior most students of the two legendary instructors, and was instrumental in the formation of the Cabales Serrada Eskrima Association. It was Mangisursuro Inay who designed the ranking system found within the art of Cabales Serrada. Additionally he designed the diplomas for the emerging

organization, two of which are still in use today.

- Basic Certificate
- Advanced Diploma
- Masters Diploma

Mangisursuro Inay then went on to develop Inayan Eskrima, also known as the Inayan System of Eskrima. Here he brought together several different methods of Filipino martial arts to cover the various aspects and ranges of combative theories.

In 1979 Mangisursuro's vision of a united Filipino martial arts organization culminated in the creation of the West Coast Eskrima Society. The purpose of the West Coast Eskrima was to bring together various masters within the Filipino arts to share their arts with the membership, thus preserving and spreading the Filipino Martial Arts. Founding members of the West Coast Eskrima Society include Grandmaster Max Sarmiento, Dentoy Revilar, Narrie Babao, Grandmaster Gilbert Tenio, Jimmy Tacosa, Richard Bustillo and Dan Inosanto. It was the West Coast Eskrima Society that organized one of the first public Eskrima (stickfighting) competitions in the United States in 1982 in San Jose, CA. This competition was one of the forerunners of such competitions held today.

Mangisursuro Inay went on to spread the art of Inayan Eskrima throughout the United States, Europe and Australia. In addition he taught multiple Law enforcement personnel, including members of the CIA, FBI and Embassy Security. He used his knowledge of Filipino fighting arts to design one of the most-well respected and practiced knife defense programs used by law enforcement in the world today. Mangisursuro Inay went on to create a worldwide organization to spread the beauty and effectiveness of the Filipino Martial arts. The majority of Mangisursuro's life was dedicated to the study, preservation, research and continued sharing of the Filipino martial arts.

On September 27th, 2000 Mangisursuro Inay passed away doing what he loved to do... Suro was teaching Inayan Eskrima.

A Warrior's Spirit Becomes His Legacy

By Benjamin W. Berry

Becoming a proficient Eskrima practitioner is a notable achievement, and all students who undergo the rigorous and intensive training required to "play" at an advanced level deserve to hold it as a point of personal pride. For me, it also means bringing that same level of intensity to other areas of life. It was, and is, an effective blend of aggressive engagement while still yielding in the sense of flowing, that is, working with the forces around you-coming at you-in order to open new penetrable areas. Whether relating to interests of a personal, scholastic, business or professional nature, the concept of "flow" is helpful to consider. The idea is not that things are static, nor are you caving-in or collapsing. Instead you become elastic and recoverable. This last point is important to remember during life's low points and temporary set-backs. By fully committing your move - your course of action - and flowing past all resistance, your probability of success is greatly improved. Like Suro Mike Inay used to say, "Expect to get hurt, but go through with it!"

Eskrima first came to my attention in early 1977, the spring after graduating High School, when I was invited by my high school friend and fellow martial artist, Alan McLuckie, to view a short demonstration film, obtained from his brother Phil's friend, Garry Bowldes. The film was introduced as featuring Mike Inay, Angel Cabales, Max Sarmiento, Remy Estrella, Jimmy Tacosa and several others. I did not recognize any of these names at the time, nor could I have known then just what impact seeing this film would have on the rest of my life. After the film ended and the lights came on, my friends looked for my response. "That's it!" is the sum of all I could really say. I stepped out of my friend's impromptu basement theater and into the daylight. But something was different. As I walked home that day, contemplating what I had just witnessed, I felt relieved, exhilarated, focused and committed at once. I had turned away from other arts that I had studied in the past, not fully satisfied with the applicability-for me-of what was presented, but also not discouraged, intuitively sensing that patience would eventually reveal my proper path. That day had finally come. What I had just witnessed on film registered deep inside of me. Immediately, I began preparations to wrap up life in Indiana, and relocate to California in order to commence my training.

For me, the appeal of Eskrima has never diminished from that day to this. My awareness of the vast spectrum of martial arts in existence has broadened over time, yet Eskrima's umbrella of fighting technology, combining beautiful movement, awesome weapons handling, death defying heritage and ability to translate to the self defense needs and concerns of modern society embody such amplitude that it remains unmatched. Eskrima's share of the overall spectrum is more than enough to be worthy of a lifetime of study.

Moreover, I find the Filipino culture itself to be intriguing. The historical roots of the art, as one would expect, have everything to do with its development and evolution. This rich and fascinating context subjected the arts' evolution to the harsh laws of natural selection: Survival of the Fittest. Here's why. The Philippine Archipelago is situated in a vast stretch of the western Pacific punctuated by a massive cluster of more than seven thousand islands. These volcanic islands were populated by a fiercely independent

people. Untold numbers of formidable warriors resided there, and protected their own families and defended their local villages-fighters whose reputations and lives depended on their martial prowess and matter-of-fact weapons handling skill. By sheer virtue of geography, the living and working conditions yielded a web of development that led practitioners to evolve their own highly stylistic variants relative to their island locations; each forming uniquely, like a natural pearl, in semi-isolation, fostering countless nuances colored further by inter-island cross cultural influence. Thus, no monolithic over-arching style of martial art emerged.

The argument could be made, speaking purely in terms of tradition, that Suro Mike's work to connect the three styles of Eskrima that were his foundation into one comprehensive system has historical precedent, and was more nearly like the historical roots than different from the way styles continuously developed in Eskrima's island homeland. Remember, a style is a not final end product; it is a way of expressing an idea, and all ideas are subject to scrutiny. Remember too, that no one expresses a style better than the person who invented it. It is up to those that follow to try to walk that path to wholly embrace the spirit and manifestation of that style in principle before moving on.

The key to System development is solid growth. The valid concern that new ideas and techniques are disadvantaged and inferior for lack of having been actually battle tested is largely answered by coupling development with equally strong and ever more effective and intensive drilling and "pressure testing". We used to have a saying in class that training should be harder than your average fight. That is a tall order, but puts in perspective what to shoot for in terms of intensity. Think of it as testing the air frame of a new aircraft in simulation before it flies. By keeping key principles firmly in mind and rigorously putting it through its paces before hand, you can rest assured things will work as expected when required to do so. This is what I mean when I tell students Eskrima is "a martial art with a brain." Taught well, it attempts to foresee any and all situations, threats and circumstances under complex real world conditions.

And not least of all, there was a sense of brotherhood coming through Suro Mike. A fraternal feeling of those who felt, knew they were being imparted something very special indeed. Perhaps this was natural, as Eskrima's deep roots were ingrained with a camaraderie and interdependency through a deep familial, almost communal sentiment. Perhaps, in days of old, as an antidote to the continual onslaught of tumultuous changes that perpetually swept through the islands, this sense of brotherhood was brought on as a survival instinct of cohesion. Imagine for a moment that you live on a small island, an aspect that is the default condition of your life, and your ancestors, and their ancestors before them. You know of no other life, of no other world. Yet another aspect never changes. Invaders sweep into your waters routinely, with regularity, forever trying to take over your island and your people. Is it any wonder then that great emphasis was placed on martial arts? That Eskrima grew and was kept sharp in this way? That the wavy Kris blade had attached to it nearly spiritual associations? That they practiced their art in competitive fashion until the day it was required in battle? That the intervals between breakouts of real fighting were measured, not in decades or centuries, but in weeks or months? With this backdrop as a stage for the nurture of Eskrima we can see how refinement and propagation occurred. This was the very sense I felt in class in those early days in California when I joined not just a class, but also a family.

Fast forward to Stockton California in the 1960's and 70's, when, thanks to some forward-thinking Masters and their students, a small but significant first generation of non-Filipino students began to get a glimpse into the art of Eskrima. Suro Inay and his teacher/predecessors were among the men that paved the way for growth of the Filipino arts in the U.S. and abroad. This was of no small significance, considering the protective walls, preserving their precious cultural roots, in existence up to that point in time which shielded Eskrima from general public awareness.

I'm not sure how I appeared to Mike when I finally arrived on his doorstep after hitch-hiking to California, but he seemed curiously pleased and surprised. Actually, of the two of us, I'm not sure who was more surprised: I, that I had made it and was actually standing there, or Mike, that I had actually arrived so many months after contacting him. My purposes in wanting to study the Art were several. Among them was the desire to gain a greater sense of confidence and safety when traveling. I began my Eskrima training in the summer. The following spring, after only a few months of solid training, I was scheduled to embark on a long, solo backpacking trip. Mike knew how to customize and adapt techniques for special circumstances. During intensive preparations Mike coached me specifically, at my request, in the defensive use of the walking staff that I would carry as my companion for 2000 miles of the Appalachian Trail, a continuous mountain foot path extending from Georgia to Maine. The special training he provided lent me peace-of-mind during some anxious-but ultimately peaceful-encounters with a bear, a mountain lion, a bull moose, and a "stranger" who stumbled by me while I was sleeping in the forest one night. After my long hike was completed, I returned to California to resume training. I simply arrived back in class one night. He once again seemed pleased and surprised. He said he wasn't sure I'd ever come back. Had he known how much my training had come to mean to me as I thought about it while hiking through the mountains spanning thirteen States, he needn't have worried.

Something else significant changed for me during my training time with Mike; something only I would notice, but that I took to be a real sign of the efficacy of what I was learning. I mentioned that there were various reasons I was looking for a more personally relevant art form. You see, for years I had felt that I was a martial artist at heart, and I worked diligently to meet that aim. But, privately, something disturbing kept happening. After falling asleep, I would dream that I would become engaged in some physical encounter: A fight. As I restlessly slept, the fight would unfold with all the anxiousness and terror that accompanies a nightmare. In these dreams, and they were many and varied, one thing was consistent: I wasn't sure of being victorious. In fact, I wasn't confident at all. As often as not I was frighteningly defeated. And when I did a little better in the dream, I felt like it was by chance, and not by skill.

These dreams came and went. They were frustrating at best, and horrifying at their worst. However, after I was not too far into my training, probably about seven or eight months - as abstract as it sounds - the tide began to turn in my dreams. As my opponents would approach me in the dream (sometimes there were more than one), instead of the usual pounding heart and cold sweats accompanied by an aggressive but too often futile showing on my part, I noticed, even from within the dream, that I was more focused and less nervous; to my surprise, I found myself instantly "reading" the angles of threat, and purely from reflex, evading them and effectively counter-striking to

nullify the attack. For me, this was a momentous psychological turning point; when my subconscious mind took complete control and logically and rationally responded to these attacks.

While my heavy training had been on sabbatical, my weeks and months of hiking through the mountains gave me considerable time to reflect on this phenomenon. And from that time onwards all of my dreams had a completely different outcome; I would dispatch with all of my opponents, and be so excited I would want the dream to continue. To me, this represented a watershed in my training. Not long after that these “fight dreams” tapered off, then ended all together. I’ll never forget the feeling of relief I had, that at long last I was able to face my deepest fears, and resolve them on the inside as my training was teaching me to do on the outside. It was as if some strange curse had been lifted from my inner-being. I knew then that I now truly “owned” this new knowledge, and that it would stay with me forever. I felt sure that if my subconscious mind could construct rational responses within an abstract dream state, that my conscious mind could be fully relied upon to execute the techniques in a real world situation. This illustrates how intrinsically deep Eskrima training may register within one’s being.

Something I really missed while I was away on my hike was Mike’s family. I never lived with Mike for extended periods as some students have done, but I spent many days and nights at his house. These are memories which I cherish. Mike's household was always alive with hospitality and extended an open door to many interesting guests. I was always amazed at how any art could be so structurally similar, and yet so manifestly different as I saw Eskrima expressed through each of the personalities that passed through that house.

Much recognition and show of appreciation must be given to Mary Inay - her talent and caring spirit deserves a long list of credits. In her vital role she was responsible for how well and how fully Eskrima was integrated into their home life, and by extension, how free Mike was to teach and train. I don't think she ever received the thanks she deserved for her immense contributions. Besides managing a demanding professional career of her own, this busy mom juggled parenting two growing youngsters (who would eventually be heirs to their father’s system), and somehow managed keep running the household. She was an impeccably gracious hostess to a veritable parade of visitors coming and going day and night who “joined” the household for minutes or even months at a time. Add to that all of the extra noise and commotion from the clacking of sticks in the backyard and the clattering of feet on the patio and the fence gate constantly banging shut, plus all of the direct and indirect effects of the myriad aspects of running a home-based school, and you have a true testimony of her love, patience and tolerance. She bestowed uncountable kindnesses that simply can *not* be repaid: there were too many...meals, late night meetings, late night hang-outs that turned into early morning hang-outs, people shown hospitality to make them feel that this was *their* house, too. Need a shower? Are you hungry, do you want something to eat? Do you need a ride? It’s late. Why don’t you stay? (I get tears just thinking about it.) So much was given and so much adaptation was made to accommodate the student’s needs. Yet she was always accepting of us, opening her home in ways that few people would.

Her great sacrifice was our gain. Her important role - going on constantly just behind the scenes - was the “front lines” which enabled and nurtured Mike to help him be

the most he could be. She also bestowed a great gift to me and to so many others, enabling all of us to just be there as a part of the family, and take it all in through *osmosis*. They say “it takes a village”? Mary Inay was the village. I doubt that I ever expressed my appreciation clearly enough, so let me do so now. Mary, if you are reading this, please accept my unspeakable thanks, on behalf of all the students, for your extraordinary grace and charity.

An extra benefit of visiting the household was the privilege it afforded of meeting a number of outstanding talented personalities. One such talent whom I have immense admiration for is Remy Estrella who so happened to be Mike’s brother-in-law. Remy is an exceptional eskrimador in his own right who has a singular and nearly indescribable style. I refer to the word Flow often, and I do so as a result of those pivotal early lessons from Remy. He manifests the most clear living example of “pure” flow of anyone I’ve ever met. He could do more, better and faster than virtually anyone - on a less net energy expended or consumed basis. He had energy all right. Plenty, but he was ultra efficient in his moves, wasting nothing. And he moved so smoothly, so incredibly smooth, that it defined the look of magic. And did I mention fast? Yet he taught gently; even in super slow-motion at times. And when the lesson was done you were about a light year ahead of where you started. You were on a whole new plane, and it affected everything else you did. Time and again I’ve tried to pass his lessons on to my students, and often they too see the light, and within a single class period have visibly improved their performance dramatically. Now that is a testament to his teaching ability - that those subtle but awesome lessons have the same effect on my students as he did on me. And maybe students always got lighter and faster around him because of his good natured spirit, and radiant smile-light always makes things faster.

During the period of my training with Suro Inay, the discovery process in his life was a two-way street. First, he was actively exposing himself to the ideas and styles of other notable Eskrimadors of that period through cross training with them and analyzing their systems. He had early exposure to three distinct teachers and styles. I believe it was his ability to blend or link the three systems that was an evidence of his native intelligence. Very early on he was able to integrate, both logically and practically, these three related but widely varied styles into a homogeneous system. Then he was able to meld them, and elements of several other styles, seamlessly into a comprehensive, highly effective and teachable system and organization.

At the same time that Mike was making accelerated discoveries in Eskrima, the martial arts community was beginning to discover him as well. He was gaining respect across the martial arts community both within the Filipino arts, and well beyond. Practitioners in the wider arena of a number of other traditional martial arts styles of the time began to ask Mike and his students to guest teach and host seminars for them. Remember that up until Mike’s generation, Eskrima had been very guarded and was little known outside the Filipino community. Mike was part of this culturally dynamic period as the art began to surface into general public view, and I believe his growth benefited from the mystique Eskrima carried with it. Filipino martial arts were beginning to appear as cameos and vignettes in the movie industry, and a few books and articles were whetting the public’s appetite to see and know more. This new found appeal it carried was not just by virtue of the fact that it was seen as exotic because it was a little known

and seldom mention art, or that it was attracting so many well known aspirants, but more than all that, it was stepping up the game of so many accomplished and seasoned martial artists who wanted access to it because they saw its robust fighting principles and systematic training demystify-without-diminishing the mystical aura of advanced weapons training. For instance, I can recall training with a talented new visitor to class who attended for some time, Ernie Reyes Sr., who came to Inayan Eskrima with deep roots in another art; returned to that art, taking with him considerable skill in Eskrima; then asked Mike for instructors to teach at his school. This knowledge he then successfully integrated into his highly recognized teaching programs and award-winning demonstration team performances.

I think Mike found a kindred spirit in one of his early teachers, Master Max Sarmiento, whose strength of skill and character almost surely was a forceful influence in shaping his attitudes and policies. It is worth noting that to gain the continued attention and affection of a master, the pupil must be deemed worthy of the master's time. I sensed a genuine mutual affinity and respect between them. It is easy to believe that what Max modeled as a person may well have directly influenced, consciously or otherwise, the confidence Mike exhibited in areas of diplomacy, decorum and outreach. Perhaps this is also where Mike gained some of his astute political insightfulness.

Master Sarmiento was revered by many for his martial arts acumen, but was perhaps even more well-known outside martial arts circles for his leadership role as a spokesman and representative for the Filipino community in civic and social affairs. He was a prominent community leader in Stockton, California. Now, Max was a big man in all senses of the word (in contrast with Angel Cabales, whose large presence was packed into a far smaller frame; no less imposing, or deadly, but cut from a completely different cloth). Physically Max was imposing, but in spite of his size, he moved with remarkable grace, fluidity and speed. He was also articulate, polite, diplomatic, refined in manners, calibrated and confident. He carried an air of calm strength and self-assurance about him. He was impressive in all categories. This was brought home to me when I had the opportunity to pay a personal visit to Master Sarmiento at his home in Stockton where we had a fascinating conversation about his life and his work. I wish I'd had more time to spend with the Masters of the Inayan roots, but I am grateful that I was able to also pay personal visits to the homes of Master Angel Cabales and Master Leo Giron as well. I remember each exchange vividly with these unforgettable men. If I benefited this much, how much more must Suro Inay have gained from these men during his extended periods of mentoring from them?

One measure of a strong teacher, and for that matter, a true student, is how unafraid and unthreatened they are by new knowledge, revolutionary ideas and broader concepts. Mike was not only unafraid; he had an appetite for such things. In fact, by temperament and force of habit Mike demanded of himself more and better and different; not for the mere sake of change, but to keep stoking the furnace of growth. As students, we were never asked to be just like Mike. He tolerated broad differences, knowing that the best outcome for each student was one that complimented, and even took advantage of, their personal, unique physical and mental attributes. In essence, I believe Mike tolerated broad differences in his students because he did not feel threatened by them; instead, he found these differences mentally stimulating, and welcomed them.

Mike was not dismissive or judgmental of others. He would deeply consider who they were and what strengths they possessed, and even weigh these strengths from an adversarial standpoint. Beyond this, Mike fostered frequent open discussions in class about how various styles might handle certain moves, and how to relate and respond to them within the context of Eskrima training. In this way he taught his students to be independent thinkers. Mike was a principled man on all levels, but in his classroom absolutely unbreakable cardinal rules were very few; and then usually for our own safety, and always to enhance the quality of training.

There was never any mention, request or insinuation made to those of us with prior martial arts backgrounds that we cease working out with, interacting with or that we abandon connections to past martial arts roots or current interactions. However, Mike did give us one major caveat, which was that we should not sacrifice the quality, intensity and duration of our Eskrima training by dilution through cross-training before having built a good foundation of basic technique and skill in Eskrima. “After that,” he said, “you can always go back to where ever you came from, and take your Eskrima knowledge with you, with blessings.”

Mike often quoted from the great Samurai fighter’s book, *The Book of Five Rings*, written by Miyamoto Musashi. In it, this champion fighter closes out his lifetime of death match battles by turning to writing in a calligraphic hand and painting. Art informed the warrior Musashi, and this was not lost on Mike, who was in fact an artist, too. So I believe Mike’s background as a graphic artist informed his aesthetic thinking regarding Eskrima. And perhaps more than most, he was able to translate that particular skill into a luminous, decorative, and sweeping integration of movements he called “flowering”. He used this term to describe the extra twirls and flourishes an Eskrimador might use for visual effect, to embellish purely functional moves. Think of a basketball player who goes out of the way to create stylish antics at the net or on the rim that go well beyond the basic requirement to put the ball through the hoop.

Mike used the term “flowering” to signify beauty, and applied this term to certain types of moves that continue beyond effectiveness with a continually flowing movement. Most often this is seen in the solo exercise called *Carenza*, a sort of weaponized shadow boxing, where the intent is to enter a mental “zone” and free-flowingly execute a connected series of spontaneous movements. *Carenza* can be done just for the joy of it, to feel and experience unbridled and unsuppressed sequential movement. But in *Carenza* the movement also can be worked out and tested; tested in either amplified and exaggerated mode to really stretch out and get the feel of the gross motor skills involved; or the opposite, where everything is connected by evasive movement in conservative minimized mode, as if one is on the defensive. It gives the practitioner a feel for how the techniques actually feel: either alive and in continuous flow sequence with no interruptions; or as in the case of minimized mode, to actually feel how they connect and pace together-with no danger of injury to an opponent due to an errant move - and also to test range of motion, speed, timing and other practical aspects. Watching *Carenza* in action is as good as any martial arts movie: well-done *Carenza* is absolutely breathtaking in its beauty, and also exciting with just the thought of being on the receiving end. *Carenza* flows right into flow sparring, which can and should be taken into combat sparring in the same spirit.

A great strength of the Filipino arts is the cross-training that occurs between the various classes of weapons, ranging from a broad array of edged weapons to an entire family of blunt weapons, as well as flexible weapons, and not least of all, unarmed combat. By virtue of the plethora of choices, they became thematically tied by principle to effective usage; therefore what is learned practicing with any given particular weapon has a direct carryover to any other weapon. Thus, all of the counters and responses are conceptually linked and mutually reinforced. "Translation" of techniques was always a central theme of Mike's teaching and practice, whether it was in physical application or mental process. Not only was he able to do this "translation" himself, but by example he imparted this ability to decipher a workable solution for any given situation to his pupils. Our training was full of "What if" scenarios, made possible because Eskrima is so feature rich. There are many possible options open to the practitioner, and so a certain "set stage" does not have to be in place for a particular technique or series of moves to work right. In other words, you don't need laboratory conditions to make Inayan Eskrima work for you.

New techniques were taught to us by a "burned in" learning process; the result of thousands of repetitions of movements, much the same way a musician "over learns" a musical passage to assure perfect execution under performance pressure. Eskrima is decisive action using fighting principles, which connect within a well defined "form follows function" structure, and yet are improvisational. In other words, Eskrima allows imagination in application, which keeps things fresh and alive; not stale and rote. It is very similar to the Jazz music idiom which improvises on a central theme and root structure involving tempo, intonation, inflection and melody. These concepts are incorporated, in part, by the use of actual drumming during training. Suro Inay used drum playing in class to help his students develop a mind-body-rhythm connection. Also, I love the concept of outdoor training, and appreciated that the Inayan System embraced that mode of training as often as possible.

In every way, Mike was an independent thinker. This helped shape his art. He talked to me once about his childhood, filled with long days of playing solo out in the forest and field, discovering and exploring the outdoors on his own while his father, who labored as an agricultural worker, toiled in the fields. I also had such adventuresome wanderings as a child, and that experience has played into my adult life perspective. Perhaps it did for Mike as well. It could have been this time spent alone during his childhood that later in life displayed itself in his courageous, independent thinking, and realistic, open-minded view of other arts.

Mike was always up for a new experience, and was fearless about trying almost anything. In fact, it may have been this desire for the ever-new that motivated Mike to keep developing new teaching methods and practices. He wouldn't hesitate long to test things out, and see what could be done with them. For example, I can recall him trying his hand at skills which included archery, darts, knife throwing, ax throwing, spear work, the bull whip, firearms, iridology, herbology, calligraphy, graphic arts (ancient and modern), reading widely and deeply (fiction and non-fiction), strategic military table-top war games, the game of Go, Mahjong, Dungeons & Dragons role-playing games, paintball gun war games ...the list goes on and on. For Mike the point seemed to be a quest, not so much for perfect mastery, but for exposure: To be alive meant to always be on the search for new experiences and greater understanding.

Economic gain was never a primary goal for Mike where Eskrima was concerned. His objective was to spread the Art, so money never entered in as a hurdle or barrier to training for an eager student. The fact was training came first, regardless. To my knowledge, anybody who was motivated by a serious desire to learn was somehow accommodated. I never heard of Mike denying training to anyone solely due to an inability to pay tuition. And notably, students who could not afford to pay for lessons were made to feel no less welcome than those who could pay.

It seems martial artists who discover Eskrima after having trained in other arts have an extra sense of appreciation for it, particularly if they came from non-weapons based systems. In that case, Eskrima brings an entirely different frame of reference to their perspective on the unarmed systems, and often shakes them with startling clarity to see how quickly they are dispatched when unarmed, and facing a trained weapons practitioner. It makes startlingly evident the need to be adequately armed with one's own weapon in order to bring things to equilibrium. And it usually changes their mind about risk assessment and management.

Here lies one of the biggest hurdles to overcome when making a lateral move from another art to a weaponized art. The same past training that can bring you greater appreciation from the outset can also saddle you with hurdles to overcome in terms of incompatibility issues; of making the "fit" when transferring from another art. This is most apparent when considering the quantum change in thinking behind the technique; changes one must undergo when advanced weapons handling is added into the equation. Prior training can bring undesirable habits that can be very difficult to let go of. These habits mostly relate to empty hand techniques which are geared only to unarmed engagement, leaving unwanted vulnerability to exposed limbs and vital organs when weapons, especially edged weapons, are encountered, and suddenly a new range of risks are introduced. So blessed are they who learn Eskrima as their foundational system from the beginning (...so long as they realize what they have!) They have none of the extra baggage to unlearn.

For the students who had prior martial arts training, Mike was skillful at relating his art to other arts, explaining Eskrima techniques in ways that adapted and refined useful elements of what the student already knew, rather than merely casting off all that past training and hard work, and self-esteem along with it. He would relate to it, tie into it, and take what was known from prior experience, even non martial arts related, and build on that, correcting mis-fit or flawed technique when necessary. He would never cruelly tear down or destroy the student's roots, but rather put the student through the refiner's "fire". In this way, he was often able to help his students see the problems themselves without ever saying a word. He would make the student's bad habits or weak technique "self-evident" through repeatedly cracking through their defense until they got the picture. He had the ability to improve a student's current training base, whatever it was, and take the student to new and higher levels of competency as an overall martial artist.

One other thing about Mike, if I may say so, is that he was...well, "Cool". Angel had his trademark Converse Red Ball high-tops and colorful work out vests. Max and Leo had their clean cut styling, and relaxed yet upscale-casual, traditional, Filipino-style shirts. Mike, too, had his own style. He looked the part-the part of a rare breed. Not

intentionally intimidating, but with gravity; Relaxed (artist), but with a point (martial). Whether it was dark glasses and black jacket, or stylish customized casual pull-over shirts emblazoned with the most current emblems or imprints that he himself designed, he made students feel like they were with someone special. This may all seem trivial until one understands, as Mike did, the significance of leadership's visual elements; that commanding leadership was not only about verbal communication, but also how one handled and presented oneself. Like a military General, he knew the rallying power of symbolism. Folks listened to him in part because he looked every bit like what he preached.

In class this became a valuable lesson of its own, only in reverse. Each of us felt free to wear whatever we chose to class without any dictum of training dress code during those early years. Some students took up a look that roughly mimicked Mike's - the look of a martial artist. If so, that style was adopted by desired association rather than by mandate. Others adopted a look with a more military bent; some in athletic wear; and still others arrived in street clothes worn at work or school. Bare feet or boots, sandals or dress shoes; no attention was paid. Actually this "anti-code" dress code probably *was* relevant for one very simple reason: Theory being that you are better off training in the type of clothing you would most likely be wearing if you were actually attacked. For me this was liberating, and yet another indicator of both the maturity of thinking and intensity of our leader. All energy was focused on training and nothing into artifice or meaningless protocol. And more than that, it tacitly implied a message to be true to whomever you are-whoever you want to be: It sent a message of, "I am me; you are you."

As I have spent these past few months thinking deeply about who Mike Inay was, and what kind of an impact he has had on my life, I have gained a renewed appreciation for him. His life sacrifices sparked a flame of knowledge in a new generation of Eskrimadors, and evidence of his life work and passion have fruitfully been made manifest in his students. I believe everyone Mike touched, and all of us whom he taught so much and so diligently and so generously; and to whom he committed his time, his talent, and his whole self, would surely concur that Mangisursuro Mike Inay was a powerful agent of positive change and improvement in each of our lives. His Warrior Spirit will be his Legacy; a lasting legacy that will stand strong and long in our hearts and minds. He taught us well. Well enough to have a clear and unfading notion of lessons learned, and well enough also to distinguish and discern what we will discover and be exposed to in the future. How much more than his All could possibly be expected from any Teacher - a term we ascribe to him with the greatest admiration and affection, and in the most elevated sense, and with the highest regard.

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Willingness to Give

By Roger Carpenter

I first met Mike Inay at a law enforcement conference in Grand Island, Nebraska. That was in 1987. Mike was introducing a knife defense program designed for cops. I had been around many defensive tactics programs for police close to twenty years. I was especially interested in what Mike Inay had to offer.

From that time forward I was privileged to become one of Mike's students, instructors, and friends. We traveled the world spreading Inayan Eskrima until his untimely departure.

Mike's versatile knowledge of Eskrima and his uncanny ability to adapt it to many aspects of police work never ceased to amaze me. He always had what was needed in his mind and could deliver in a moments notice. Probably what made Mike Inay so special was his willingness to give whatever he had to his friends. That went right down to the shirt on his back. I was one of those many folks who expanded their martial arts knowledge no end by way of Mike's teaching and friendship.

Mike departed way before his time. He left his legacy with his many followers around the world. His dream of spreading Inayan Eskrima is alive and well.

Roger Carpenter is a life time practitioner of the martial arts. He holds a ninth degree Grandmaster ranking in Kenpo karate. As a retired sheriff's officer from Kansas he is currently finishing a ten year police peacekeeping world tour. His last three years have been in Iraq.

My Time with Mangisursuro Mike Inay

By Katalungan Guro Dr. Bill Francis

Mike and I would train privately every Sunday Morning. It was a nice routine that over the years turned into a ritual. We would meet at his favorite restaurant in Santa Cruz, and have breakfast. During those meals, we spoke about many different things. Sometimes I would ask him an historical question, sometimes we would talk about techniques, and sometimes, we just spoke about the cute waitress that was serving us.

As our relationship developed, Mike would share personal stories with me about his life and his philosophy regarding the Art of Eskrima. He would also share his dreams, and at times, the disappointments he had encountered along his path. He had an incredible depth of knowledge regarding the history and techniques of the Filipino Martial Arts. I particularly used to love hearing the stories about how things got started in the Stockton/Bay Area back in the old days. Mike always had a great story to share and



Mangisursuro Mike Inay
Katalungan Guro Dr. Bill Francis training

always tried to learn from the people he associated with. I was at an interesting phase in my life, as both a man, and as a Martial Artist, and I think Mike realized that these times together were important to me for many reasons. I can honestly say that I never once heard Mike say an unkind word about anyone.



After our meal, we would drive up to my home and train. As far as the training was concerned, a few things do come to mind. At that point in time, I had a few favorite counters that I tended to rely upon, and as with most practitioners at that phase of their development, this habit can tend to become a crutch if not dealt with. Mike obviously noticed this and would feed me lock and block in sequences that would set up my hand and feet positions in such a way that I would naturally and comfortably utilize a counter that was not one of my favorites. He was able to set this up time and time again, and at the time, I didn't realize how difficult that was to do, until I began dealing with this issue, teaching my own students. Mike was also a big man, with great upper body strength. .

Because of this, our style of Serrada was designed to deal with very powerful attacks. I only began witnessing the speed he possessed later on, when my ability to flow spar became more advanced. I still to this day, imitate his footwork and stick grips, and it is pointed out to me often, but honestly, I never realized it until I went through some of the old pictures of us training together.

I feel it is important to point out that it is not the techniques I remember most about Mikes' Eskrima. It was the energy and attitude he possessed when he picked up a stick. He patiently worked with me and allowed me to develop at my own pace. Mike Inay had developed a thorough, well thought out System of Eskrima, which gave me the roots that would allow me to flower as a practitioner of this beautiful art.

After our workouts, we would sit in my kitchen and drink lemonade mixed with cranberry juice. This was Mike's favorite, and I always made sure to have it on hand when he was around. We would drink lemonade and discuss our workout and plan his next lesson with me. We would once again talk about life and the art, and just enjoy each others company. This is how I remember Mike Inay.



On a Sunday morning in September of 2000, Mike had just finished his lemonade and had actually walked out the front door of my home. He suddenly turned around and said "Bill, do you have a pen?" He then turned and walked back into my house and opened my training journal, which I have diligently kept for over a decade. He opened the first page and wrote the following:

“To Bill, Keep moving along the path, An Old Proverb that I picked up along the way, “It is not in the knowing (knowledge) of the art, but in the doing of the art, that makes you truly a warrior.”

Mike gave me a hug, turned and left. Mangisursuro Mike Inay died three days later, while teaching his Art.

Teachers impart to us many things and I would like to take this opportunity to address my fellow teachers and students in the Arts.

- 1) Make a point of keeping a journal.
Write down everything you can, these memories will be priceless for you and your children in the future. Take pictures and video as well.
- 2) Take this opportunity to go through some old pictures you may not have looked at for a long time. My wife Jennifer and I really enjoyed getting stuff together for this article.
- 3) And lastly, many of our teachers do this for a living, and get by with very little for themselves. If your teacher does not have health insurance, please have your fellow students chip in and have your teacher get a complete physical exam and lab work. This simple gift may save a life.



Katalungan Guro Dr. Bill Francis and family

With Love and Respect, Katalungan Guro Dr. Bill Francis

Dr. Francis is the Owner and Chief Instructor of the Bill Francis Academy, located in Santa Cruz, California. He teaches Inayan Eskrima and Street Defense Tactics. He is an active lecturer and motivational speaker, speaking on the topics of Securing the Health Care Workplace and Applying Warrior Ethics to your Personal, Professional and Spiritual Life. Dr. Francis can be contacted at: (831) 688-4100 Email: bill@billfrancisacademy.com, Website: www.billfrancisacademy.com

Interview with Suro Emanuel Hart

FMA Digest: *How were you introduced to Inayan Eskrima?*

Suro Hart: I started to train in the Inayan System of Eskrima in 1984 under another student and Guro of Mangisursuro Inay. I was taken to the founder's house in the Santa Cruz mountains to participate in my first formal class in 1985. After meeting with me, Mangisursuro Inay was receptive to me becoming a student of his. He said that he had talked to my brother many times about me and looked forward to watching me grow in his art. I was not to pay money for my training but rather stay late after class and clean up. As well I would need to help him from time to time with different projects he had around the school and with training seminars. I started attending classes at Mangisursuro's house three times a week.

FMAdigest: *What was your first impression of Mangisursuro?*

Suro Hart: My first impression was that Mangisursuro Inay was someone I wanted to know more about. Over the years I came to realize I was not alone. Often when Mangisursuro would walk into a room, people would want to know; “Who is that man?” You must remember that I was only 15 years old when I first met him. He seemed like an average person to me. He didn’t seem like a powerful man physically until he started talking to me. It was not the level of his voice but rather the way he talked. He was very clear in what he wanted and he articulated it in a way that made me think he already knew what I was thinking. The longer I talked to him the more intimidated I got. It was not long into the conversation before I knew training from him was something I had wanted to do for a long time. To this point in my life I had been searching for something to focus on. It became clear that Inayan Eskrima and Mangisursuro Inay was an opportunity for me to grow in a positive way.

FMAdigest: *What made you want to do Inayan Eskrima?*

Suro Hart: I have to say that my ideas behind starting to train in Inayan Eskrima were not the most civil. I was young and unfocused with no direction. However in a short time I realized that Mangisursuro was more than a martial arts teacher to me personally. Or rather the martial arts are deeper than I thought and I wanted to challenge myself to impress Mangisursuro with my progression in his art. I guess most 15 year olds are looking for something that they can do in their lives that they enjoy. For me it was something that could keep me alive (in more ways than one) and challenge my body and mind. At the same time, I was intrigued by the structure and applications of the art. I was not experienced in martial arts in any way other than movies or some demonstrations of different arts. I saw very quickly that the weapons in this system gave it an advantage over other styles I had seen.

FMAdigest: *Are there certain philosophies that Mangisursuro had that stand out in your mind?*

Suro Hart: There are a few that have come to represent the foundation of Inayan Eskrima to me for sure. One is the relationship between students and their instructor. He often talked about how it is the instructors’ responsibility to choose the students carefully. Mangisursuro would say how an instructor is judged by the qualities of their students, not only their physical skills but their behavior as a whole. He would stress the connection between the students’ actions and their rank under the instructor. The student - instructor relationship and Mangisursuro’s ideas behind it are some values he pushed the strongest. It was very important to him that his students understood what he believed this relationship to be.

FMAdigest: *You have seen a lot of people, what made Mangisursuro different as a martial artist, teacher and as a person?*

Suro Hart: I think the thing that made Mangisursuro different to me is the way he managed these three areas. In that, as a martial artist he was like any other person. He did not push an ego on you as his student. His practice of the martial art was something that made up a big part of who he was. If you knew him on a personal level, you knew that his

art was the most important thing in his life. As a teacher he was a martial artist. In that he used the martial arts to teach people about many other things in life. Once one of his students understood a concept in the art, he would illustrate how that concept can be translated into other aspects of the students' life. As a person, he was a teacher. He used every opportunity to teach his students. There were many lessons that came to me because I was with him in his everyday life. At the same time on a personal level he was always looking for a challenge and a way to play. When I met him he was in his early forties but at times he would seem to be eighteen again.

FMAdigest: *How did you see Inayan develop over the years?*

Suro Hart: I saw many changes over the years I was involved with Mangisursuro. From training environments, ranking structure, curriculum, teacher students relationships to testing procedures, demos, worldwide seminars, law enforcement training, videos and the relationship to other styles. All of these changes I saw through the eyes of a loyal student and instructor and accepted them because they were made by the founder of the system.

FMAdigest: *What are the underlying concepts of Inayan Eskrima?*

Suro Hart: The bottom line concept of Inayan Eskrima is to be adaptable. There are many ideas and concepts within each style in the system and many ideas that dictate behavior and relationship between practitioners. However one's ability to adapt will have the biggest influence on one's overall skills within the art. Mangisursuro used to say that "Instantaneous adaptability is the key to survival". After that it is a matter of training practically. Grandmaster Roger Carpenter, a very good friend of Grandmaster Inay, sums this idea up nicely;

Train... Hard and Frequent
Fight... When necessary
Win... Always
IT'S NOT A GAME!

FMAdigest: *What is your vision of Inayan Eskrima in the future?*

Suro Hart: As things are always changing it is hard to keep one thing in focus. It all depends how far in the future you go.

Regardless of time my goal and promise to the founder is to maintain the "Basics" of the system and continue to teach regardless of politics and location in the world. Since the time of his death in 2000 there are many people professing knowledge in Inayan Eskrima and their relationship to the founder. Many have added or subtracted material to fit their goals or markets for the art. It will be hard to tell what happens to the system in the future as there are so many people teaching and professing what is "Inayan Eskrima" its history and future. Today each teacher of Inayan Eskrima has their own ideas for the future of the art, some are in line with Mangisursuro's dreams and others are not. More than a vision, I have a hope that as the world changes around me, I can continue to teach what I got from him and do my part to keep Mangisursuro and his dream alive.



Mangisursuro Inay and Emanuel Hart

FMAdigest: *What projects are you currently working on?*

Suro Hart: Although I teach at training camps, seminars, classes, private lessons, and do all the little things that go along with them, there is only one real project, my training in the art.

FMAdigest: *What made your relationship with Mangisursuro unique or special?*

Suro Hart: It was mine! What I mean by that is he had a special way to relate to each of his students individually. He brought people together that under any other circumstances would not travel in the same circles. He had a great ability to relate to people in general and therefore could adapt to different kinds of personalities. The art was the underline factor to many of his relationships but beyond that in my relationship with him things like music, computer games, and the different jobs we shared were common elements that brought us closer together.

FMAdigest: *What is your favorite story about the time you spent with Mangisursuro?*

Suro Hart: There are so many stories that mean so much to me that I don't have one over the other. One that I am often reminded of was when we went to London in 1995. We both loved to listen to Dire Straits and he come up with an idea based on the song "Wild west end" to go around and look for some places that are mentioned in the song. So we went to Angelucci's coffee house and got some coffee, we went to China town and Shaftesbury Avenue. It was a great day spent with a friend. There are many martial art memories of playing with the art, instructors, students, or each other, but the memories I cherish the most are the ones of us doing everyday things.

FMAdigest: *Is there a favorite story you have about Mangisursuro and his teachers?*

Suro Hart: I never did meet Grandmaster Sarmiento and only met Grandmaster Cabales a few times so I don't have many stories. I do feel privileged that I was present in Grandmaster Cabales' house when he asked Mangisursuro to re-join his organization. I was able to do a few techniques with Grandmaster Cabales and be a part of a very important meeting. On the way to this meeting I was able to spend some time with Grandmaster Cabales driving from his school to his house after the funeral of one of Guro Dan Inosanto's parents. On this car ride I was able to talk with Grandmaster Cabales about his ideas for his art in the future. It was a very short conversation and I was left with the impression that Grandmaster Cabales was confident that his art would live on long after he was gone. Being that I was new to the art, about 3 years into my training, it was a very big experience for me to have spent this day with Grandmaster Cabales.

Suro Hart: In my opinion, Mangisursuro's generation of Filipino martial arts practitioners are and where in a special place and time in the development of the Filipino martial arts throughout the world. They started to train in Filipino martial arts at a time when the arts were relatively unknown to the greater martial arts communities and their teachers, for the most part, were traditionalist. They accepted students based on loyalties to them and their art / style. In the 1970's, 80's, and 90's, as the popularity of the Filipino martial arts grew, the traditional relationship between Filipino martial arts practitioner

and their students transformed. During this time things began to shift in terms of the Filipino martial arts being a viable source of income for Masters and Grand Masters of various systems.

Many of Mangisursuro's contemporaries began to build followings of students and travel around teaching seminars not only to make money but also to spread the FMA far and wide. Mangisursuro chose to focus on a group of dedicated students and was late to make the switch into a professional Filipino martial arts instructor. However, when he did decide to teach for a living, he decided to focus on the Law Enforcement communities and other professional Martial Arts school owners. He developed programs that were based on practical applications and a systematic approach to learning. All the while maintaining the traditional systems he was taught and crediting Angel Cabales and Max Sarmiento for teaching him. Although he did develop many innovative ways to train the styles he was taught, he changed very little within them if anything at all.

It was not until the late 1990's that he really began teaching seminars as a means of income. Before this time he would teach seminar for spreading the art and traveling to new places. Along with supporting himself, his goal to preserve the styles and continue to develop his own knowledge and skills stayed clear until the end of his life. He was confident that the Filipino martial arts would continue to grow and spread throughout the world. As well he was confident in his own students to preserve his system and the individual styles within it.

Mangisursuro Michael G. Inay - A great martial artist, a great man, and a great friend R.I.P. the dream continues!

Suro Emanuel Hart

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A Tribute to our Mentor

Mangisursuro Mike Inay's Inayan

ISE/ITO

By Jason Inay

Introduction: The following is an excerpt from the Inayan System of Eskrima Student Handbook:

Mike Inay founded the Inayan System of Eskrima, and was known as Mangisursuro Mike Inay. Mangisursuro was his official title; however most of his students referred to him by his less formal title of Suro Inay. Suro Inay was an amazing practitioner of the Filipino Arts. Not only was he a consummate martial artist, but also a prolific instructor and formidable fighter. Born late in 1944, he grew up in the work camps of the San Joaquin

Valley, where his father (Mateo Inay) was a migrant farm worker. These early days gave rise to the opportunity to train under his "Uncle" Max Sarmiento (Kadena De Mano Grand Master); this was how it all began.

The above excerpt is known to many, and is available on many websites that like to sing the praises of Mike Inay. The following comments are personal accounts, insights and impressions gained from being a student of Mangisursuro Mike Inay, written especially for this article by the folks that continue the traditions and customs of his Inayan System of Eskrima, and the organization he founded, the Inayan Training Organization (also known as Mangisursuro Mike Inay's Inayan at www.inayan-eskrima.biz)

This list includes: Suro Jason Inay, Inayan Sursuro John Peterson, Inayan Sursuro Frank Defanti, Inayan Masirib Guro Jena Inay, Inayan Guro Joe Tesoro, Inayan Guro Tony Samosvatoff, Inayan Katulungan Guro Dr. Bill Francis, Inayan Katulungan Guro Josh Hutchinson, Inayan Katulungan Guro Ron Levy, Inayan Kadua Guro Simone Schloetels, Inayan Kadua Guro Master Kevin Schoenebeck, Inayan Kadua Guro Grand Master Tom Lopez, Inayan Kadua Guro William Duffy, and Inayan Kadua Guro Jeremy Derenne, as well as input from other personal students of Mangisursuro Mike Inay. Continuing the traditions of Inayan Family Eskrima...

Chronology:

It is important to note that there were many different stages or waves of growth and innovation in the Inayan System of Eskrima (informally known as Inayan Eskrima).

El Camino Real School, 1975 - 1976
Calle Marguerita Backyard, 1977 - 1983
Santa Cruz Mountains "The Hill", 1984 - 1989
Los Gatos Blvd., 1990 - 1990
Old Camden Ave., 1991 - 1993
Monte Cresta Ave. Backyard, 1994 - 1996
Tustin Drive Backyard, 1997 - 1998
Community Center at Hammann Park, 2000-2000
Community Center at Fruitdale Ave., 2000

During these phases, innovations and improvements were constantly made to the Inayan System of Eskrima at the discretion of Mangisursuro Mike Inay.

In the early days he founded the West Coast Eskrima Society, a precursor for many of the Filipino Martial Arts groups now active in Northern California. As such, he had a strong influence on the U.S. west coast Filipino Martial Arts scene.

Training in Inayan Eskrima in the 1970's and 1980's was characterized by an Inayan Serrada-heavy curriculum core. It was not considered a good day of practice unless you were unable to fully open your hands as the result of such intense training. Even in those days, Mangisursuro Inay's exuberance for the art and passion for historical content, combat efficacy, and warrior tradition were apparent. Often he would lecture upon the historical underpinnings of the art. He would frequently incorporate historical aspects into the Inayan System of Eskrima drills and techniques. In one such drill, the

"Boat Drill", he would correlate the use of limited lateral terrain to fighting on a "parao" (a Filipino long boat). This is an excellent example of how he would demonstrate historical combat conditions, and how he could use those conditions to sharpen the abilities of the Inayan Eskrimador. It was during this time that he incorporated the use of Ali Bata, Filipino Sanskrit, in the promulgation of his art.

In the early 1990's training progressed with its usual intensity, and the constant innovation of the art was ever present, ever onward. It should be noted that even though Mangisursuro Inay continued to design and develop a structure for training that incrementally enhanced the abilities of the practitioner, he never strayed from the ethnic and cultural roots of his art. He would often state, "The (Inayan) System is complete, it is only our understanding that is incomplete." All the developments he initiated, implemented and taught to his students remain to this day both ethnically and culturally sound.

On "The Hill" Mangisursuro Inay's class trained outdoors; partially in a large broken gravel and asphalt driveway, sometimes in a ploughed orchard, and also in the woods, on the hillside under the trees. Specific types of instructional aids such as tire stacks, tire dummies, and his "Eskrima Reflex Stick" (also called "Inayan Dequerdas Stick", a staff suspended on a rope with sharp and pointy things often fixed to the ends) were utilized to heighten the intensity of the training, and to emphasize the uncertainty of combat. These tools he developed and used were always intended to sharpen the reflexes and skills of his students while maintaining a decidedly Filipino methodology.

In the late 1990's, up until his passing, Mangisursuro Inay continued to improve his family's system of Eskrima. However, instead of increasing intensity he became more refined, subtle and sophisticated in his teaching methodology. In those days, and especially in the last year of his life, the complexity of the exercises brought his students to new levels of mastery. The later development of Inayan Serrada and Inayan Sinawali are evidence of such refinement.

With Inayan Sinawali, Mangisursuro Inay began a thorough implementation of combative application, skill development drills, and criteria for training in this particular style of the Inayan System of Eskrima. The sophistication of the exercises was not in the convolution of techniques designed to lock or "tie up" the opponent. Rather, it was by "*Performing common movement and technique uncommonly well,*" as Inayan Katulungan Guro Dr. Bill Francis characterizes the uniqueness of the Inayan System of Eskrima.

Mangisursuro Inay designed his curriculum with a systematic method of imparting upon the practitioner viable skills that can withstand the pressure of a motivated opponent. For example, Mangisursuro Inay first started with coordination exercises (those that were pre-existing the late 1990's), and then moved on to basic skill drills that developed simple defensive maneuvering. Later he would integrate the innovations and criteria, highlighting his intentions for our system of Kali - Eskrima - Arnis.

Throughout his entire career as a martial artist Mangisursuro Inay stood for integrity in all facets. His method of teaching spoke of patience and insight. The System he founded exemplifies both efficacy and a holistic approach to personal combat, whether armed, unarmed or with projectile weapons (both modern and traditional). Mangisursuro Inay even required his students to learn healing arts, and be certified in First Aid; he himself was a practitioner of Herbalogy and Iridology. Much to his pleasure, both of his

children took up massage, though he didn't necessarily enjoy the sessions they gave him as they started with deep tissue massage. His holistic approach to Filipino martial culture created within his students a high level of skill, ability, knowledge, proficiency and pride. It has been said that "Precision is the Hallmark of Mastery." Mangisursuro Inay executed his art with precision; taught both physically and academically with precision; and was exactly precise with the ethics he expected of his students. Like an arrow to the target, he always hit the bull's eye. In fact, he was filmed many times, with both camera and video, accurately executing "fly-away" disarms, and precisely hitting targets he called out, like Babe Ruth.

Contribution:

Mangisursuro Mike Inay endeavored to promote and propagate Filipino culture and tradition through the Filipino Martial Arts. As a by-product, his contributions had a profound effect upon the Filipino Martial Arts community, martial arts in general, and other organizations such as Pressure Point Control Tactics (PPCT), The Society for Creative Anachronism (SCA), and many other martial systems. In 1979 he was a founding member and the first president of the West Coast Eskrima Society.

Through teaching in the United States, Canada, England, France, Germany, Sweden, and Australia Mangisursuro Inay has influenced many other martial systems. One such system is the Defensor Method, headed by Maha Guro Nate Defensor, which utilizes Inayan Serrada as one of its core methods. It was with contacts such as these that Mangisursuro Mike Inay influenced the martial arts community as a whole. His touch was felt in both the civilian and Law Enforcement realms.

The Filipino way is to be open and approachable; to be forgiving and trusting. Mike Inay was nothing, if not affable and trusting. Many of his students have had the opportunity to live with him, and share in his family's events. They have been welcomed as part of the family in important events such as weddings, and for Christmas and Thanksgiving meals. It is this openness and hospitality that makes Filipino Martial Arts so very different from the rigid hierarchal etiquette observed in many of the other Asian Martial Arts.

"He was always open, willing to make new friends; and coming from a Korean martial art background this was different." - *Inayan Kadua Guro Master Kevin Schoenebeck*

Art:

"Suro Mike was a 'big picture operator'. Suro Mike was trained primarily by Grandmaster Angel Cabales in the short to medium range weapons categories. Grandmaster Angel was a specialist in what he trained his students in. The specialist format was mostly practiced with single short stick for safety reasons, but could employ the use of single or double knives, short stick and knife, double short sticks, short sword, short sword and knife, and double short sword. Suro Mike operated on a 'bigger picture perspective' in that he applied the insight gained from the specialized training of Grandmaster Angel Cabales to a larger array of other weapons that could be used for combative purposes. The larger array of weaponry included, but was not limited to, the various lengths of blunt and bladed weapons, projectile weapons and flexible weapons.

These various weapons are considered to be tools and the mind of the practitioner is said to be the weapon in the Inayan System of Eskrima." - *Inayan Sursuro John Peterson*

"The thing that set Mangisursuro apart from traditional Philippine fighting arts was his approach and philosophy. He was always evolving and improving his Inayan System of Combat; never really satisfied with what was before, but always redefining and growing the art. He was always organizing and creating new ways to express the Inayan System, as in his Inayan Kadena De Mano Lock-Flows, for example. He combined Inayan Sinawali Patterns with technique based training, and finish off with flow and reflexive training to further sharpen the skills of the Inayan Sinawali Eskrima practitioner. With Inayan Serrada, Mangisursuro began to teach his students a version of the style that incorporated extremely close quarters maneuvering; so close that elbows and knees became more viable, as well as negating the possibility of trapping and locking maneuvers. In these areas and many others, he explored; everything from pressure point control to herbal healing arts and Iridology. If he found a weakness or shortcoming in a technique, he would strengthen it and try to make it better. He truly had a warrior's Heart, Passion and Humor." - *Inayan Sursuro Frank Defanti*

"I feel that what was most interesting about the lessons Dad gave were not the techniques or drills, though I loved those greatly, and cherish memories of Eskrima as opposed to memories of tossing the 'pig skin' that most boys have; but his lectures. Many people don't realize that the Inayan Way is not the same without the tradition of lectures, and the variety of subject matter that is discussed in class. Dad would often use quotes from a wide array of books; not just martial arts books, but books on philosophy, military history, psychology and theology. These subjects were common themes in the class discussions he led. I remember he used to quote from *The Gates of Fire* by Stephen Pressfield a lot in the later days of his life; a great book that he required me to read. This was all part of the family art as he taught it to me and my sister. Once, he even made us attend a lecture on the Psychology of Combat given by Shorin Ryu Master Instructor Dr. Paul Whitesell. He would often tell me it was not only the body, but the mind and the spirit that must be honed to make an Inayan Eskrimador" - *Suro Jason Inay*

"...After the weight training we trained in Inayan Eskrima. I never knew what style we would work on, but more often than not we always started with Inayan Serrada basics, and under the watchful eye of the Master I was not allowed to move on until I was moving flawlessly. After basics, we moved on to Lock and Block if we were doing Inayan Serrada that day. Mangisursuro fed Lock and Block hard and fast, even after our arms were already tired and tight from the weight training. After Lock and Block, we Flow Sparring. We began slow, then sped up, then slowed down again; it was our way of getting aerobic training without having to stop. At this point in the training our muscles were screaming. Sometimes Mangisursuro would allow me to video tape our training sessions. Those tapes are among the most important things I own." - *Inayan Guro Anthony Samosvatoff*

"...In class, when my father taught, "don't ask!" was an understood principle among the students. What I mean by that is, my father welcomed questions, and if you

asked a question about a technique or hinted that you didn't understand how it would work.... he would show you! But he wouldn't demonstrate it on the person who asked the question, he would demonstrate it on their training partner! So, there was this one day we were standing in a circle during class. My father just finished showing a technique, and he ended by asking if there were any questions. There was a new student who raised his hand. What was so funny about this particular time was that everyone who had been around awhile took a step back, as if on cue, so the closest person for my father to demonstrate on was the guy that asked the question!" - *Inayan Masirib Guro Jena Inay*

“As far as the training was concerned, a few things do come to mind. At that point in time, I had a few favorite counters that I tended to rely upon; and as with most practitioners at that phase of their development, this habit can tend to become a crutch if not dealt with. Mike obviously noticed this and would feed me Lock and Block in sequences that would set up my hand and feet positions in such a way that I would naturally and comfortably utilize a counter that was not one of my favorites. He was able to set this up time and time again. At the time, I didn't realize how difficult that was to do, and didn't really understand until I began dealing with this issue in teaching my own students. Mike was also a big man, with great upper body strength. Because of this, our style of Serrada was designed to deal with very powerful attacks. I only began witnessing the speed he possessed later on, when my ability to flow spar became more advanced. I still, to this day, imitate his footwork and stick grips, and it is pointed out to me often; but honestly, I never realized it until I went through some of the old pictures of us training together.

I feel it is important to point out that it is not the techniques I remember most about Mike's Eskrima. It was the energy and attitude he possessed when he picked up a stick. He patiently worked with me and allowed me to develop at my own pace. Mike Inay had developed a thorough, well thought out System of Eskrima, which gave me the roots that would allow me to flower as a practitioner of this beautiful Art." - *Inayan Katulungan Guro Dr. Bill Francis*

Code:

"What I found was a man with impeccable integrity, and a person who truly loved his art, his students, and people in general. Here was a man who walked his talk both personally and professionally. Everyone, beginning students, advanced students, masters, and grand masters of all styles and systems had nothing but the utmost respect and admiration for him. It seemed they could not get enough of the knowledge and training he was providing, but moreover, they just enjoyed being with him, as he truly enjoyed being with them." *Inayan Kadua Guro Grand Master Tom Lopez*

"Another expression of his warrior's heart was his creation of the Inayan Code of Conduct: Honor, Respect, Veracity, Justice, Ethics, Loyalty, and Discipline are concepts that speak of the very essence of Mangisursuro Mike Inay and what he was about. He would often read to us from books relating to a warrior's path: books like *Swish of the Kris* and *Jungle Patrol* by Vic Hurley, and *A Book of Five Rings* by Miyamoto Musashi. We would then discuss the various passages, and how they relate to us and the way we express ourselves." - *Inayan Sursuro Frank Defanti*

"I also knew that Loyalty and Honor were two virtues that he wanted his students to live by." - *Inayan Kadua Guro Master Kevin Schoenebeck*

"To Mangisursuro, loyalty was the most important trait a person could have. No matter what your other shortcomings or bad habits were, if you did not have loyalty, you weren't worth much. Also, what race; gender; if you had a handicap; or if you were fat or not too athletic didn't matter to Mangisursuro. As long as you put forth effort and tried with everything you had, he would teach you. I remember there were several months when I wasn't able to pay my fees. Mangisursuro would tell me to just pay next time; that wasn't what he was about. He was about making a person a better person through the Filipino Martial Arts.

It's been seven years since Mangisursuro has passed. The time has not made the pain go away; the questions are still there; but one thing is certain. Because of his devotion, the promotion, preservation, and propagation of the Filipino Martial Arts are being realized. There is one more very important point that Mangisursuro implemented, and that is our Inayan Code of Conduct, just as a soldier in the United States of America's Army has a very similar code called the Army Values; and it is these types of codes that guide the warrior." - *Inayan Guro Anthony Samosvatoff*

Tradition:

Tradition was very important to Mangisursuro Mike Inay. The traditions within his system are comprised of certain events during the year such as the Inayan Beach Work Outs, which are still held by many of his students today; testing procedures; ranking criteria and policy; experience based criteria; class elements and etiquette such as live drumming in class, and the line up formation; as well as very special rank award customs and ceremonies that profoundly impact the students of the system, and speak of the warrior spirit of our teacher, friend, brother in arms, and father. During class you can often hear Inayan Guro Joe Tesoro say, "Mangisursuro did it like this," or Inayan Sursuro Frank Defanti say, "No, he was always evolving," and many other references to the way our founding teacher did things, and that is the tradition of the Inayan System of Eskrima, too.

"You don't know what your parents really mean to you until you lose one of them. Then you realize you have been looking at this person through a magnifying glass, and can only see one aspect of their lives. I was born to a warrior and an adventurer of heart and life; that was normal for me. I thought everyone must have people coming from all over the Bay Area to hang out in their back yard and "play". I thought my dad and uncles' playing with butterfly knives in the living room while I watched cartoons was ordinary. I remember nights with the drums going and the students practicing in the moon light. I remember I was one of those students when I got older. It all was a very natural progression for me; I was born to a warrior and I was raised as a warrior. My father touched so many lives and his influence on the Filipino Martial Arts has reached around the world. As I look back now I can see how martial arts as a whole has been changed by the presence of this man, and how his influence still creates ripples in the martial arts arena. Passion, conviction and love are what drove my father to teach and spread the Inayan System of Eskrima the way he did." - *Inayan Masirib Guro Jena Inay*

"Tradition is an interesting subject with regards to my system. Any worthy endeavor is by necessity maintained and grown by the observance of precedence. The way my Dad designed the Inayan System; not just the physical details, but ranking title and testing criteria, academia, ethics, special events and a number of other issues, set the bar very high. Dad was pretty big on keeping with the traditions he founded. He was very adamant about protecting the System's integrity. His main areas of concern were Basic Curriculum; combative exercises, including live blade training and full contact fighting; but most especially, ethics and morals.

I remember Dad getting incensed when an instructor or student transgressed any of the rules in class, or worse yet, any 'promises' made. I remember when he would get mad at me; strangely, I remember those experiences and how we got past them together very fondly. I suppose without knowing where we come from, how can we move forward to a positive future? He is quoted saying, "Without Honor there is no art, only pretenders in a brawl." Some of his traditions with regard to maintaining the integrity and reputation of the Inayan System of Eskrima, and what I was required to do as future head of the system, are perhaps some of the most onerous lessons he gave me. I remember him telling me in a disappointed tone about having to kick out certain people. He certainly wasn't afraid to be firm when needed.

All of these efforts and measures have given the Inayan name a great reputation. All of that reputation and honoring of tradition was founded around two ideas. The first was his saying of 'RHIP - Rank Hath Its Privileges, RHIO - Rank Hath Its Obligations'; and the second, his fondness of the Bushido Concept of 'giri' and 'on', which roughly means honor and obligation" - *Suro Jason Inay*

"Once every month or so, Mangisursuro Inay would have dinner with the instructors after class. Like the stories and lineages connected with our art, these dinners became a tradition, stemming (so I am told) from Grandmaster Angel Cabales, whose class would often eat together just after training but before sparring. In addition to the instructors at these dinners, occasionally a student would be invited. It was a mark of some distinction. It indicated that the student had shown interest, skill, and perseverance; and gave Mangisursuro and the instructors a chance to learn about the student outside the class setting through interaction. Such invitations were neither granted stingily nor easily, but earned justly.

The first time I had the occasion to be so invited, we went to a local Vietnamese Pho restaurant. I had never had Vietnamese food or Pho before, and I was confused and star-struck both by the menu and at being surrounded by people whose skills I admired. I ordered the basic chicken noodle soup, figuring that I couldn't go wrong, and began to eat it plain.

"No, no, no," Mike said, smiling, with the same teaching intensity he had in class; the kind that turned correction into a positive opportunity. "You can't eat it like that. This is how you do it," he said, and showed me how to add the brown (hoisin) sauce and the red (chili) sauce, and what to do with the plate of greens and sprouts and jalapenos that came with it... and suddenly the food was much, much better. The proper seasoning had, like a proper technique, brought out the richness within.

It sounds like a simple thing, but who else would see that someone was left out, and who else would take the time to teach someone the tradition of a new cuisine? I have a medical problem that requires a special diet. Pho is not only safe for me to eat, but also inexpensive, fresh, healthy, and very convenient in the Bay Area. If I had not had the opportunity to learn this tradition with Mangisursuro, I would never have learned about Vietnamese food on my own. Now whenever I eat Pho I think back on tradition, and on Mangisursuro, and on that smile that let him turn embarrassment into wealth." - *Inayan Katulungan Guro Ron Levy*

Conclusion:

"I had made it to a Wednesday evening training session in the Inayan backyard and we were practicing our Serrada basics, at which I had much to learn. We had gotten to the pass counter on angle five, and while it seemed to be working at the slow speed of our practice, I was moving tentatively and projecting lameness. Mangisursuro came and interrupted us to demonstrate the counter.

Something about his posture and tone attracted my attention at a high level. While there was a hint of exasperation in his attitude, it was not denigratory; it served only to prick up my ears. Something about him was 'projecting'.

He corrected me verbally as he displayed the technique. He performed it in slow motion at first, demonstrating how the hips were torqued to push the passing hand, and he made an issue of how that 'created space' for the tight downwards strike powered conveniently by retracting the hips. And I had the oddest feeling as he demonstrated the technique, as if he were beaming the knowledge of it directly into my brain and into my hands. The feeling only intensified as he performed the technique at moderate speed, so it could flow rationally.

When he had me perform the technique, I 'got it' immediately. It felt as if it has been flash-burned onto my muscles. It held up on several repetitions, and at following classes. It became one of my stronger techniques and it remains so to this day, to the point where I was able to use it picture perfect in a full-speed drill just recently.

I still wonder - how did that happen? What power is that? I have asked other people who have had the opportunity to train with Mangisursuro, and they nod and they remember. They instantly recognize the feeling I describe and recall to me when it happened to them.

When I teach, that is the skill, the ability, the power that I am reaching for. That was the art of Mangisursuro Mike Inay." - *Inayan Katulungan Guro Ron Levy*

"On a Sunday morning in September of 2000, Mike had just finished his lemonade, and had actually walked out the front door of my home. He suddenly turned around and said, "Bill, do you have a pen?" He then turned and walked back into my house and opened my training journal, which I have diligently kept for over a decade. He opened to the first page, and wrote the following:

"To Bill, Keep moving along the path, An Old Proverb that I picked up along the way, "It is not in knowing (knowledge) of the art, but in the doing of the art, that makes you truly a warrior."

- Mangisursuro Mike Inay

Mike gave me a hug, turned and left. Mangisursuro Mike Inay died three days later, while teaching his Art.

Teachers impart to us many things, and I would like to take this opportunity to address my fellow teachers and students in the Arts.

1. Make a point of keeping a journal. Write down everything you can. These memories will be priceless for you and your children in the future. Take pictures and video as well.
2. Take this opportunity to go through some old pictures you may not have looked at for a long time. My wife, Jennifer, and I really enjoyed getting stuff together for this article.
3. And lastly, many of our teachers do this for a living, and get by with very little for themselves. If your teacher does not have health insurance, please have your fellow students chip in, and have your teacher get a complete physical exam and lab work. This simple gift may save a life." - *Katulungan Guro Dr. Bill Francis*

"Even after all the years since Mangisursuro's passing, I still smile thinking about his laugh during a workout. I never met anyone that didn't like him, or for that matter, ever said anything bad about him. I wonder what his final lesson for us was. Maybe we should be looking at his example of how he lived his life." - *Inayan Kadua Guro Master Kevin Schoenebeck*

Written with Love and Respect,

Inayan Inner-Circle Guros, I.T.O., and the Inay Family.

Lessons in Serrada and Life

By Steve Klement

While growing up in Tennessee. I like most other teenagers my age, became very curious and interested in the martial arts. The only martial art I was even aware of at that time was Karate. I nearly begged my Mother and Stepfather to let me take lessons at the local Dojo but they didn't favor the idea and simply wanted me to focus on the activity I was already committed to: football. So fate took its course.

When I turned 16, contact with my father became inevitable and a trip to see him was eventually scheduled.

In the month of December 1983 I



Mangisursuro Inay and Tagaturo Steve Klement

visited my father (Masirib Guro Jeffrey Elliott) in CA by way of TN. It was a long trip by bus and ended up becoming a major turning point in my life. I was 16 when I left on that trip and I hadn't seen my father for approximately 8-10 years. After I got settled in at my fathers place he made arrangements for us to visit his "friend" Mike (Suro Mike Inay). As we pulled in the driveway I had no idea that the man I was about to meet would become one of the most important factors in my life.

After dinner the two gave me a brief explanation about the martial art that they both practiced Suro and my father then proceeded to give me a demonstration of Serrada Eskrima. As the words gave way to action and the sticks started to twirl, I quickly realized this was definitely not the kind of martial arts I had seen! I was highly impressed and slightly confused; I had of course never seen anything like it before. At a pause Suro Inay turned to me and asked if I had any questions. Being 16, I sometimes spoke before I thought and I asked "O.K. what if you don't have one of those sticks and someone attacks you with one?" Well, I didn't mean to, but probably asked this question in a disrespectful way. Without hesitation Suro went to his closet full of weapons and returned with a baseball bat, not a foam replica, but a Louisville slugger. He handed it to me and then instructed me to give him my best shot when I felt the urge! At first I didn't think he was serious but after looking in his eyes I knew I was dead wrong. The palms of my hands started to sweat. I sure wasn't accustomed to hitting anyone with a bat or anyone asking me to hit them with a bat for that matter! It just didn't seem right, but it didn't look like I had much of a choice at this point. After a split second of consideration, I figured I couldn't back down so I decided to give it my best shot. I took one last look at Masirib Elliott who gave me a silent go ahead with a nod. I then focused on my target and swung the bat like I had never done before... The end result - bat on one side of the room, me on the other. Not only was I on the floor but also I had no idea how exactly I got there! Between that point of disbelief and the point of getting my pride up off the floor to shake it off, I was sold on Eskrima!

This was the first of many lessons to come. I like many others before me mistakenly only saw the weapon aspect of the art during that brief demonstration. Seconds later I had no doubts of the ability of the empty handed Eskrimador, and never would again.

*The above excerpted from article: Lessons in Serrada and Life
ARNISADOR Magazine - London, England - February 1995, Steve Klement*



The excerpt above is from an article I wrote some time ago regarding my start in Inayan Eskrima some twenty-four years ago. Time sure does fly when you're having fun...

I was more than privileged to have studied Eskrima from Suro Mike Inay. For anyone that spent quality time with him he soon became so much more than a Martial Arts Master. Indeed, if I could go back in time to change anything it would only be to extend my time with him. They say there are two tragedies in life; not getting what you want... and getting what you want. When Suro Inay passed away I understood

the depth of this for the first time. While living with him I dreamed of moving out on my own one day and teaching his system. It took many, many years of hard work but I finally did move out and under his tutelage opened the Inayan School of Eskrima in Tennessee. After that I was only able to spend a few days a year with him until his untimely passing in September of 2000. Upon hearing the news I instantly felt regret for being so anxious to be on my own. It is the time in front of us that we must strive to appreciate.

When I look back at the time I did have with Mangisursuro Inay I know it to have been a magical span in my life. Travels both foreign and domestic doing what we loved; Inayan Eskrima. He always knew how to make the most of any moment and never passed up the opportunity to demonstrate how the art was important in almost any situation - whether it be physical, spiritual or intellectual.

Suro knew how to be both stern and compassionate at the same time. Though he came from very humble beginnings he could converse with anyone on Societies scale since he was both highly intelligent and down to earth. He could put the fear of life in you but at the same time make you feel safe for being next to him. He was a unique leader in that he truly wanted to know what the people he led thought and felt about issues important to him. He believed in his art and his purpose. To share it with others meant he could show them a path to freedom and so much more. His curiosity and love for life was contagious. As any good teacher does, he certainly made you believe that you could do anything you set your mind to, but more so - he showed you how.

We all have pivotal moments in our lives.

Moments that make the measurement of life itself that much easier. One of the big one's for me was soon after I started living with Suro. When I first moved in I was 16 and all I had were the clothes on my back. Suro took care of me in all ways like a Father and even bought a used car for me to get to School and Work in since we lived up in the mountains. When I was told by Suro of the car I could hardly believe it. This along with the fact that he let me live under his roof in first place - well it was hard for me to comprehend the generosity exhibited. Suro, as always, was keen to my emotions and this prompted a conversation in which Suro ended by saying "Steve, my students and I are family. Each one is dear to me and when I teach them and you I do so as if they are my sons and daughters. You are now living under my roof and are the son of another Guro so it goes even deeper. Know this - even if I were to be reduced to poverty, and all I had left was one piece of bread - you would have half."

After that conversation I understood the meaning of Family. I also knew I wanted to dedicate my life to this art and man - as they were one in the same. In an instant this thing, Inayan Eskrima, changed my life or at least my outlook on it. I wanted to share that with others too.

I was asked to contribute a story of or about Suro for this article. There are so many but none left a bigger impact for me and that truly outline the "feeling" of Inayan than the one above. Speak with any Inayan Senior or Guro and you will no undoubtedly hear similar stories. Suro Inay was incredibly talented in the physical part of our art but



he was even deeper connected to all the things that make it meaningful. He knew how to connect people from all walks of life into this cause we call INAYAN. Though we all miss him beyond what words can express I do take solace in knowing how hard we have all worked to continue his dream and keep his philosophy alive. I am proud to share in this task with my brothers and sisters and to call myself Inayan.



Tagaturo Klement and Guros



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About the author: *Steve Klement is the Chief Instructor of his school (Inayan School of Eskrima) and been an Instructor in Inayan Eskrima for 13 years. He continues to promote Inayan Eskrima by teaching three times a week at his school, by giving both civilian and Law Enforcement seminars and by sharing information on Inayan Eskrima via the public accessible Inayan Forums.*

Reminiscences

By Robin J. McDonald

It is hard to believe that it has been thirty years since my journey began in Eskrima. The year 1977 was to prove pivotal in my life. Early in 1977 I met Garry Bowlds, who began my instruction in Eskrima. In those days there was not much selection so far as martial arts goes. In my home town of Fort Wayne, Indiana there was very little in the way of martial arts to chose from outside of a few Karate schools and a couple of different classes offered at the local YMCAs. During this time period, I, along with Al McLuckie and Kim Satterfield, had been training at one of the YMCAs in Goju-Kai. By chance, Al had met Garry in 1976; however, it wasn't until 1977 that Al bothered to tell me and Kim that he had met someone who had knowledge of the Filipino Martial Arts.

Al finally introduced me to Garry, and my instruction began. Garry was a student of an Eskrimador by the name of Mangisursuro Mike Inay. Of course, we had numerous questions such as: *What was Mike Inay like? What was training like in California? Had he met any of the other guys we had read about in Dan Inosanto's recently published book on the Filipino Martial Arts like Angel Cabales, Max Sarmiento, Leo Giron, or Dan Inosanto himself?* Up until the time we met Garry, our knowledge of the Filipino Martial Arts was derived from scarce magazine articles and even scarcer books. Finally, we had met someone who had first hand knowledge, and I am sure that Garry probably grew tired of all the questions, but in the end he patiently answered them all.

Training with Garry was quite a change from the usual martial arts training at the YMCA, although the YMCA was where I started my martial arts journey, and I enjoyed the training. There was lots of contact with the sticks and other interesting drills such as being put against the pool so you could not back up or - one of my favorites - having my arms tied to my sides at the elbow because Garry thought I was waving them around too much wasting too much energy and not putting my body into the strikes. Later on, in October 1977, Garry, and Phil McLuckie (Al's brother), and I decided to move to California. We basically drove straight through from Indiana to California, stopping only for gas and for a few hours in Salt Lake City to let Garry's Chevy Vega cool down. We arrived on a Saturday, and the next day Garry drove us over so that we could meet Mike. Also present at that first meeting was Remi Estrella, Mike's brother-in-law, and Jeff Elliot. From that point on until I joined the Army, I trained religiously with Mike.

Training was conducted in Mike's backyard and consisted primarily of Serrada with Larga Mano and Kadena De Mano also practiced on a regular basis. There were not a lot of preset drills. These would come years later when Mike began teaching at seminars and realized that he needed something more formatted that the seminar students could take home and practice. This was especially true in the Kadena De Mano area.

At this time the regulars were me, Frank DeFanti, Ben Berry, John Peterson, Len Schoenburn, Michael Amistoso, Fred Madrid, Garry Bowlds, Robert Ramirez, Roger Abad, and a few others. Everyone else was out of the beginning stage, so I found my learning curve to be rather sharp. Mike helped a great deal by constantly calling me over to his house for training outside of the regular classes, normally at least once a week. This pattern continued until I left California in 1981. Like training with Garry, it was an

exciting experience and quite different from when I was training at the YMCA. Mike had a number of interesting training concepts and practices.

One of Mike's primary training methods was contact. Contact at times during basics, a lot of contact during what Mike termed combat lock and block, and even more contact during the sparring matches which included empty hand, knife, and stick. The stick sparring matches went through ever-changing stages. At first, we attempted to use plastic baseball bats during stick sparring. This lasted about a week as we found out they did not hold up, so we said the heck with it and simply used rattan.

We started by allowing any type of hits except hits to the unprotected head. No padding was used either on your person or the stick, outside of a groin protector. Then Mike decided to use head gear so we could hit the head, hopefully without seriously damaging each other. All that we had available were some old fencing masks that Mike had used when he was taking fencing, so we tried those. We initially tried them by themselves but eventually wrapped towels inside the helmets to provide a little padding. This was at a time before all of the sparring protection was available, so we improvised quite a bit with those two poor fencing helmets. Considering the abuse they took, they held up pretty well.

And all was not lost with the plastic bats as Mike found another use for them. Occasionally, one of the new students or the occasional visitor would ask Mike what he would do against a kick. And for some reason this usually occurred in the den of Mike's house as opposed to outside in the normal training area. As the unsuspecting guinea pig was asking the question, Mike would casually maneuver himself to the corner of the den where he would nonchalantly grab, behind his back, one of the bats. As the individual was beginning his kick, all of the regular students would start to grin knowing full well what was coming. The sound of the bat hitting the leg of the kicker was usually drowned out by the laughter of the students.

Another training implement that was used quite a bit was the De Cuerdas staff. The normal variation was a six foot staff that was hung horizontally from an overhead tree limb. Mike had a couple of large trees in his back yard, and these were handy for a number of things as we will discuss later. The students would form a circle around the staff and then proceed to defend themselves. At times the students would circle, and at other times one student would have to stand in the middle and try to fend off the staff that everyone in the outer circle would gleefully send their way.

Empty hands were also practiced against the staff. A number of variations were used throughout training. One variation was to utilize tires with the staff by threading the staff through the hanging tire. Another variation was to have shorter sticks hanging off of the longer six foot staff: either one hanging from the center of the staff, or perhaps one shorter stick hanging off of each end of the staff.

I normally got to Mike's house about 30 minutes before class would start so that I could stretch and perhaps prepare myself mentally for the upcoming class. One time I showed up for class and Mike was standing in the back yard by the De Cuerdas. This was odd because Mike normally only came outside a few minutes before the class started. I could tell by the look on his face that he was somewhat upset Mike was rarely upset, especially during class time, because like most Eskrimadors, outside of his family, he found his greatest joy in teaching and spreading his art. I asked him what he was doing and he replied, "Well, Rob, you know how I am always telling you guys to watch your

hand placement?” He was shielding what he was doing to the staff with his body, and before I had a chance to reply he went on to say, “I came up with a new variation for the De Cuerdas which perhaps will cure some of the guys of their problem.”

He then stepped aside and when I saw his “variation” I started laughing. What he had done was to take a bunch of roofing nails and poke them through duct tape so that when he put the tape on the staff, the roofing nail points were facing outwards. He had created a gap in between the nails of about six inches wide where you could place your live hand without getting stuck by nails. We eventually discontinued this practice as we were afraid that someone would need a tetanus shot. But I will say one thing, after this particular episode, everyone in the class was a lot more aware of where they placed their live hand.

Environmental training was also practiced. This was where the large trees in Mike’s back yard would also be used. Two of the trees were about three feet apart, and each was large enough to hide a person. The student would start, stick in hand, on one side of the twin trees and proceed to walk between the two trees knowing that on the other side of the trees another student was waiting to strike. Having survived the first obstacle in their environmental training, the students would proceed to walk through the backyard where other students waited to strike. This training was done primarily by moonlight. Environmental training also took place when the weather would not cooperate with our training plans. For example, when it was pouring rain, we would all crowd into the den to work out. After all, what better time to practice Kadena De Mano than when all of the students were scrunched up trying not to inadvertently hit or stab one another?

One of the advantages of training at that time was the guests who were continually visiting. These included Angel Cabales, Max Sarmiento, Dentoy Revillar, Dan Inosanto, Narrie Babao, Rene Latosa, Jimmy Tacosa, and numerous others. A couple of the local instructors, whom Mike was training in Eskrima, would occasionally bring their students by so that both groups of students had the opportunity to train with others outside of their normal training partners.

One of the main visits, though, occurred when Max Sarmiento, Leo Giron, and Dan Inosanto visited and the Westcoast Eskrima Society (WES) was created in Mike’s kitchen. This was a monumental event, as it was one of the first attempts to bring together practitioners from the various Filipino Martial Arts. Meetings of WES were rotated between Los Angeles, Stockton, and Los Gatos, California. It was always an exciting time when we students got to attend the meetings.

Honestly, though, for a lot of us younger practitioners it was not the meetings that we were interested in; it was the training sessions that occurred after the official business was concluded. You never knew who would show up at the meetings to spread their knowledge around to those willing to learn or where Dan Inosanto would take Mike and a few of the students. In Los Angeles one time, he took us to meet Lucky Lucay Lucay. When the meetings were in Stockton Dan, Mike, and a few of us would usually wind up going to Dan’s Mom and Dad’s house. I will never forget their kindness of accepting those of us they did not know into their homes and even feeding us. One of the other benefits of going to Dan’s parent’s house, besides the warm hospitality, was that Leo Giron lived right across the street. After eating, Leo would motion to me and Frank DeFanti, and we would walk across the street to continue our education in Eskrima.

Mike was constantly innovating, but there was also a traditional side to Mike. Respect for one's seniors in the arts, regardless of the art, was stressed. This was especially true at WES meetings or when we had visitors drop by the class. To show people disrespect while you were a student of Mike Inay was in Mike's eyes to show him disrespect. Another tradition that Mike practiced was the New Year's tradition. Every New Year's Eve I would venture over to Mike's house where Mary, Mike's wife, usually had refreshments ready. Then a few moments before New Years, while other people might have been drinking and partying, Mike and I would start flow sparring, letting the smell of burning rattan welcome in the New Year. It was the way that Mike wished to welcome the New Year: by practicing his art and being with his family.

Over the years, numerous people have asked me if I thought that the training in the early years was better than in the later years. My reply is that over the years the training did change. I noticed changes in training when I visited in the mid and late eighties while on leave from the Army Special Forces. I noticed changes when I returned to California for 18 months in 1990 and 1991. However, I never really considered the training during the various generations better or worse just different, each with their very own unique flavor. Each generation was different with the exception that each generation has fond memories of training with Mike. Over the years Mike changed, and so did his teaching. Throughout the entire time period that Mike was teaching, his main goal was to pass on the art. In that goal, I would say he succeeded very admirably with each generation that he taught.

Robin J. McDonald currently resides in Albuquerque, NM.

My Memories of Suro Mike Inay

By Kim E. Satterfield

I've been a practitioner of Inayan Eskrima for 30 years, and although most of my Inayan training came from Guros Rob McDonald, Alan McLuckie, Ben Berry, and Garry Bowlds, I was fortunate enough to have trained with Suro Mike several times, and spent a lot of time just talking with him and getting to know him over the years. Many memories about Suro Mike stand out for me, certainly not the least of which was his awesome physical skill. He had so thoroughly absorbed the art that it seemed as though it was a part of his very being. To me, Suro Mike WAS Eskrima, and I find it impossible to separate the man from the art. Training with Suro in such drills as flow sparring and especially in lock and block was to experience what an ancient battle on the beaches of Cebu must have been like. The intensity of Suro's aura and the look in his eyes during play reflected how totally and thoroughly he had mastered the art.

Suro Mike had a passion for Eskrima that few people ever feel for anything in their entire lives but that passion was also part of Suro's gift... he had the ability, within a short time of meeting him, to make you feel the same enthusiasm and passion for the art that he possessed. Suro never failed to bring out the most in his students, to inspire his students to reach inside themselves and dig into that part of us that is ruled by instinct, the "third eye" of Eskrima. To train with Suro Mike was to realize that mastery went far beyond merely the physical; that was only a small part of the overall picture. To

internalize the art to the point that it becomes an expression of self, and not just a person “doing Eskrima” was the ultimate goal of our training, and Mike had the ability to lead each student to that point. Many martial artists are known as masters based upon their physical prowess, but a true master produces “masterpieces”, students who master not only the physical art, but are able to make the art their own, and express themselves through that art. Suro Mike produced many such “masterpieces”, among those that I know of personally: Michael Amistoso, Rob McDonald, Ben Berry, Al McLuckie, Garry Bowlds, Kristine Strasburger, Steve Klement, and others I am familiar with such as Remy Estrella and John Peterson, students who embody the principles of Inayan Eskrima in such a way that Suro Mike would be proud. To train with any of these Guros is to see into the soul of Suro Mike himself.

My most vivid memories of Suro Mike, though, are not of the physical art, but the words of encouragement and inspiration that he gave me over the years. I was beset with several health problems that interrupted my training many times throughout my tenure with Inayan Eskrima, but Suro always urged me to continue on despite the setbacks. Several times, in discussions with Mike via the telephone or Email, I would express discouragement at my situation, but Mike always told me to keep a positive outlook, to keep training, and to use the art as a way to regain my health. Once, at the conclusion of a seminar he was conducting, Suro Mike announced to the attendees that they should strive to be more like “Kim Satterfield over there. He’s had a lot of physical problems, but he’s maintained his speed and skill despite those problems.” Those words of acknowledgment from Suro Mike have meant more to me have been more responsible for keeping me training in times when I wanted to just quit, than any other inspiration or encouragement I may have received over the years.

I also have worked in the area of Juvenile Detention and Corrections for over twenty years, and have had many an opportunity to test the practicality of the various arts that I’ve studied in real situations connected with my work. Without fail, Inayan Eskrima has served me in times when I most needed a no-nonsense way to deal with an aggressive inmate. I shared these experiences with Mike during many of our talks, and he was most pleased that his art had served me so well. Many years later, Guro Rob McDonald told me that Suro Mike frequently told his Indiana students (while they were studying with him in California) that they should spend more time talking to me and listening to what I had to say about applying Eskrima in real life situations, because I had to do it on a regular basis. This recognition from a martial artist of Suro’s caliber told me that I was on the right track with my approach to training.

The last time I saw Suro Mike was at a get-together and seminar here in Fort Wayne back in the late 1980’s. Mike was in town on business, and a seminar was scheduled for Inayan Eskrima players here in Indiana while he was here and available. I spent a lot of time under Mike’s watchful eye those two days, sometimes assisting in presenting new material to some of the attendees, with Mike closely watching me to see how well I had absorbed the principles of his art. Several times during the seminar, Mike would call me over, hand me a dagger and say, “Give me a number five (a thrust to the abdomen)”. As I would do so, Mike would deftly remove the dagger from my hand, and then ask me if I knew that particular disarm. I told him yes, so he sent me to teach it to a group of attendees in the seminar. As I was explaining the finer points of the disarm, I would feel Mike right behind me, watching my every move. He would then take the

dagger, request I perform another attack, disarm me, and then ask if I was familiar with that technique. Again, he would send me to teach the move to someone else. Only after this scenario had played out several times, always with Mike right behind me silently watching me, did it finally dawn on me that he was testing me! Toward the end of that day's training, Mike approached me, told me he was impressed and that I had been well-trained, and that I knew what I was doing. To me, that was a key point to Mike's teaching, to put you so at ease that many times the lesson would literally sneak up on you.

There were also several times during that weekend that Mike and I were able to just sit and talk, getting to know each other on a personal level. It was during these times that I got to know Mike, the man, and was struck by how genuinely humble a person he was. I discovered a man who had truly found his life's calling, who was completely fulfilled and content, and wanted others to share in that joy. How many of us can say that we are happy with the path we have taken in life? The happiness that Mike felt in teaching his art radiated from him, and most certainly was contagious. Being around Mike made you feel that you wanted a little bit of that energy, and to me, that is the most important element a teacher can give a student, the gift of passion for what you are doing, and to live each day with a sense of purpose and fulfillment.

Mike departed from us on September 27, 2000, at the young age of 55. Although he was taken from us far too soon, he left us doing what he loved the most, teaching Eskrima. I can't help but feel that his soul is at rest, secure in the fact that Inayan Eskrima lives on in the capable hands of those many students whom he prepared so well to carry on for him. The greatest lesson that I learned from Mike personally was to always live my life on my own terms, as he most certainly did, and to travel the path I choose with commitment, passion, and purpose.

The Author: Kim Satterfield lives and teaches Eskrima in Fort Wayne, Indiana. He has been a student of martial arts for 34 years and of Eskrima for 30 of those years. He may be reached at: Eskrimador22@yahoo.com.

Mike Inay - A Glimpse Through the Kitchen Window

By Kristine Strasburger

I began training in eskrima in 1981, a few months after the unexpected death of my high school boyfriend. I had never considered training in a martial art before that time. I had never been interested in school athletics, and I had never pursued any real activity other than riding the horses we had. But during that dark time of grief I needed something to focus on besides my loss, and eskrima was available right in my own backyard. Inayan Guro Benjamin Berry had been living in a trailer behind our house for about two years already. He had become a welcome part of our family during that time. He recognized that I needed a safe friend, and a way to process my grief, and so my eskrima training began. Ben trained me privately for eight months, and when he made his permanent move back to Ft. Wayne, Indiana, he brought me to his teacher, Mangisursuro Mike Inay, so I could continue my eskrima training. I trained at Mike Inay's school continuously until I entered into active duty in the U.S. Army in February 1988.

Two things about Mike Inay, the person, especially stand out in my mind above all else: His generosity and his laughter. Mike was generous in every sense of the word. He valued relationships with people, and his giving nature cultivated those relationships. He opened his home to students without reserve. He shared his food, his time, his thoughts, his knowledge, his hopes, his disappointments, his dreams and his friendship. In many cases, he invited students to come and live under his roof for an extended period of time, and in so doing, he formed very close relationships with quite a few people through the years. Mike allowed his students the opportunity to become a part of his family in this way, and he genuinely cared for these students as "sons." Mike's generous spirit had a life-changing impact in some way on everyone he was close to.

Mike Inay and Kristi Alonzo, CA. 1985





Mateo R. Inay 1984

His father, Mateo, who on his own raised Mike from infancy, always had a special place in Mike's heart and home. Mateo chose to live with his son for many years, and Mike welcomed him. It was my privilege to observe their daily interaction with one another, and to better understand who Mike was through the relationship he had with his father. I can still clearly hear in my mind Mike calling, "Daddy!" through the house, looking for where his father might be at the time. Mike must have inherited his laughter from his father. It was an inseparable part of who they both were, and how they both expressed themselves. I believe this shared trait carried each of them through the tough times in

their lives, as well as enhanced the good times. Both father and son had a certain laughter flow easily from the delight of the moment; another laughter over the irony of the situation; and yet another laughter for the painful times. Always, there was laughter. I would like to give you a glimpse of who Mike Inay was through the person and character of his father, Mateo.

Grandpa Mike, as he was called by us students, first entered into my life in 1983. That morning Mike was unable to rendezvous with his father who was coming for a visit from Stockton, California, so I went alone to meet up with him. I was to find him in the parking lot of the local Builder's Emporium. "Just look for a short, old, brown man driving a green Pinto, who doesn't speak English very well," instructed Mike. I pulled into the parking lot, and slowly scanned the rows of cars. As I neared the end of the first row, I caught sight of a dented, olive green, Ford Pinto with a few patches of darker pine color scattered over the hood. I pulled my car up beside it, and inside, I saw a man who could only be Grandpa Mike. Silver-grey hair peeked from under his blue and white baseball cap. His shoulders, only slightly bent with age, supported an old jacket. Dark eyes glistened behind large, round cheeks, and he smiled when I got out of my car. "How di' joo know it was me?" he asked with a little giggle.



Grandpa Mike, CA. 1985

After that initial visit, Grandpa Mike returned a short time later, and spent most of that fall and winter living with us. It was then that I discovered his secret for staying young: he was a hard worker, and he kept active! During his first week back with us a chicken coop sprang from the ground, and the front yard decided to brush her hair and put on a clean dress. Word traveled quickly through the mountain community that there was an expert pruner at the house, and soon the local people were hiring Grandpa Mike to work. One morning I accompanied him into the orchards to learn how to prune fruit trees. He began with the lower branches, talking as he showed me how to cut... "Here, joo watch me," clip. "Like dis," clip, clip. "Jus' do like dis," clip, clip, clip. I watched him attack the branches like people attack a swarm of bothersome flies: wildly. He continued, choosing a long branch to demonstrate several different techniques. "Joo do like dis," clip, "Or like dis," clip, "Or like dis," clip, and the once reaching branch was transformed

into a solitary, protruding stick. As I concentrated on my few branches, he climbed a ladder to reach the higher ones. Half a minute later, I was shocked to see him crawling through the branches, tools in both hands, to get to the other side of the tree. Old people (he was born around 1906) are not supposed to climb trees! After that day I couldn't bear to go pruning with him again. The sight of an old man climbing about in the treetops put too much of a strain on my eighteen year old heart.

Even after a hard day of work outdoors Grandpa Mike insisted on cooking dinner, and what a great cook he was. The food he created was flavored by many years of living and working along side peoples of various ethnic groups in the fields and orchards of California. Soup was his specialty; simmering on the back burner all day, and laden with a variety of fresh vegetables from his garden. Even on warm summer nights his hot soup tasted good. After dinner, if he caught me clearing the table, he scolded, "I do dem later, Grandma." Another specialty, besides his excellent Adobo (recipe at end of article), was garlic fried rice which he made every morning for breakfast using the previous night's leftover rice. Maybe starting each day with a good dose of garlic was another secret of his vitality. At any rate, he enjoyed cooking for his family, and we enjoyed being cared for in this special way.

Grandpa Mike and I really enjoyed our trips to the grocery store together. On our first trip alone we bought a loaf of French bread still warm from the oven. Once in the car, he suggested eating some right away, and I readily agreed. Not sure of how to proceed since we had not known each other long, he began searching for something with which to cut the loaf properly. When I realized what he was doing, I told him to go ahead and tear a piece off with his hands. "Oh, good. Dat's what I was wanting to do," he laughed.

On Thanksgiving Day, 1983 Grandpa Mike got to meet my parents and three sisters for the first time. After feasting on a big dinner, Grandpa Mike taught my sisters a card game. Nobody could figure out which game he was teaching them. He took full advantage of that by suddenly remembering a rule every now and then which he had forgotten to mention earlier, and mysteriously winning every game. At home that night, when asked if he'd had a good time, he replied, "Yes," and giggled, "I like dee fat one." He was referring to my seventeen year old sister, Karin, who wasn't fat, but was the most well-rounded of us sisters.

One morning that first winter I glanced out the kitchen window to see Grandpa Mike balancing on the edge of the bathtub containing the horses' water. He had our donkey tied up next to the tub, and was gripping her ears to hold her still. The donkey swayed as he swung his leg over her back, still leaving one foot on the tub. I went outside to get a better view, and as I approached, a barrage of cussing drifted my way. When he saw me he laughed, still cussing, "When I was boy in dee Pilipine, I had horse, but I can't ride no more because my operacion." It didn't really look like his operation or his 77 years were hindering him much at that moment; at least, it didn't seem so to the poor donkey.

Almost every night during those years that Grandpa Mike shared our roof, as I lay in bed waiting for sleep to blanket my thoughts, the strumming of an old guitar and some singing would drift up through the heater vent, and faintly fill the room. If I had been an outsider listening in I might have thought the sounds were crude attempts at music. But I was lucky. I knew who formed the chords and picked the strings. To me, the melody was

moving. A long life of hard work, joy, sadness, love, suffering, faith, struggle, good times, hardship and hope poured forth from those fingers, and found expression through the strings. If I can be as strong in my life as the beautiful old man who sang those songs, I will be one of the fortunate ones. Mike, his son, was.



Mateo Inay (Grandpa Mike) and Kristi Alonzo, 1984

I cannot begin to express the impact that both of these men, whose lives were so intertwined and connected, had on my life. Of course, the eskrima training was exceptionally good, as all of Mike's serious students can attest to. But that training was the vehicle, not the destination. Mike built his life on relationships. As his father passed that legacy on to him, so he passed it on to many others; but he passed it on to no others more purposefully and intentionally than to his own two children, Jason and Jena. Mike had a vision for his children that had its roots in the absolute love and devotion that his father had for him, and in passing on his vision, he did everything he could do to build his relationship with them as a family, and also as individuals. Through Jason and Jena, more than anyone, Mike's vision for his family and Inayan Eskrima will continue to be passed down to his grandchildren and to the generations to come.



Mike and Jena Inay 1984



Paula Inosanto, Danny Inosanto, Mike Inay and Kristi Alonzo, CA. 1985

My sister, Karin, trained with Mike Inay from 1982 to 1987. Here are her insights and thoughts about Mike and the eskrima training she received at his school.

One of the best things about Mike's eskrima class was the variety of instructors he had assisting him in every training session, from the mellow, silent type, to the hard core Green Beret. This range of personality and teaching style among Mike's Guros was a huge asset to the entire class. We all worked out together at the same time, and Mike had all of his Guros spend time with each of the lower level students. It was an excellent training environment for all of us.

With each one of these instructors we were able to learn something new or learn how to apply what we had learned from a different perspective. Each one of his Guros had his own strengths and ways of teaching, and Mike gave them the freedom to teach using their own personal strengths and insights. There was a strong sense of unity and brotherhood among his Guros which Mike also promoted, and this really came through in their support of one another's teaching styles.

Also, the all-terrain training which we did a lot of was very fun. The unpredictable nature of this training made it seem more like a serious game than a class,



Karin Alonzo training

and the fact that our training was almost always outdoors added to the overall feeling of real-life application.

There was, so much hands on learning at Mike's school that it made learning fun and useful.

Mike was a very patient teacher. He gave a lot of verbal guidance and slow-motion instruction when his students needed it. I will never forget the smile he would get on his face when I would be struggling to do a move right, and then I would finally get it. He would be so proud, and I could see it in his face and in his smile. He was so encouraging in this. Mike was also encouraging to students with physical disabilities and students who were not naturally athletic. His students came from all walks of life and from all backgrounds. He accepted people for who they were, whatever their abilities were, and helped each one of his students do more than they ever thought possible for themselves. Mike recognized that every person has different reasons for wanting to train in the martial arts, and he never discouraged anyone from training with him.

A fun memory I have from class is the times when Mike would have all of us, with blades or sticks, circle around a student in the center, and the center person would have to defend themselves against whoever came at them from the circle. This was one of the coolest exercises we did in class because it was so fast paced and intense. You would never know where the next attack was going to come from or what kind of attack it was going to be. Sometimes multiple attackers would come at you, and you would have to deal with all of them. The best way I can think of to describe the feeling of being in the center of that circle with a blade in each hand is that you are the center of a human slice and dice machine, and the food is whirring all around you, being reduced to nothing. It made me feel like I was a Tasmanian Devil whirring and spinning all around. Anything that comes at you is going to come into contact with the blades first. It was a good feeling, and a fun training exercise.



Mike was very creative in coming up with training exercises that would get the students operating under some adrenaline stress. I remember one time when we practiced defending against an attacker trying to steal a purse. Mike knew the victim's first response would be to hold on to the purse, and sure enough, that is what happened. I still can hear his voice saying, "Let go of the purse! Drop the purse!" when the student instinctively held on. It was hilarious. That was one of

the funniest things we ever did in class.

"Whack, whack, you're done" is my favorite eskrima move to this day, and I have a great story that goes with it from the days when my husband and I were first dating. I always carried a stick with me in my backpack and in my car when I was a student at San Jose State University. Graham was always telling me to be careful because I took a lot of night classes and had to walk alone to my car most of the time. One day he decided to show me how vulnerable I was in an attempt to prove his point. Here is his telling of the story: *There was a creep running around loose on campus at the time, a rapist or*

something, and it was making me nervous that Karin was going to night classes, and having to be alone on campus all the time. One day I told her it was time to put her money where her mouth was, "Bring the stick."

We were standing there facing each other. She had her stick, and I told her, "I am not going to tell you what I am going to do, but you have got to fend me off." So basically, when she said she was ready I went to put my hands around her throat, but my fingers never even touched her because I got my hands maybe half the way there, and I saw that all of the sudden her stick was moving towards my head at an alarming rate, and within a blink of an eye her stick was within a small margin of my left temple, and if she hadn't stopped the stick it would have hit my left temple, and then I saw her hand kind of twist, and then the thing was on its way over to my right temple. It all happened so fast I couldn't do anything

I didn't even have my hands halfway to her neck, when I realized I was humbled already. I was still in the process of trying to get a hold of her when her stick would have bounced off my head a couple of times, so I said, "Okay, I guess it is okay for you to go to school whenever you want. I don't have to worry about you." I wouldn't have had a chance to get her even if I had wanted to, and at that time I was kind of a strong young guy. It was a humbling experience.

I am so glad that I had the chance to learn eskrima from Mike Inay. To this day, even without having continued practicing eskrima, I do not fear walking alone at night. I feel fortunate in that aspect. Many of my co-workers are afraid to walk to their cars at night, but I never am. That makes me feel empowered, and I attribute that to my eskrima training. And I still keep a stick in my car! - Karin Hansen

The following was written by my sister, Julie, who also started training at the Inayan School in 1982.

I studied in Suro Mike Inay's eskrima school for several years while I was in high school. One of the things that I most appreciated about his approach to teaching eskrima - both then and now - was his focus on making sure that we learned techniques with real-world application.

For instance, he would regularly have us practice our defense skills (and develop our reaction time) by putting us in a setting that realistically simulated the type of situation in which we might be called upon to defend ourselves later in life. As dusk brought the obscurity of shadows to the mountain school, he would have his more senior instructors filter through the woods and take cover in the bushes, behind trees, in the shadows of old buildings. Then, each of us would be sent to walk the path.

Always, he insisted that we adopt the appearance of normalcy: just regular people out for an evening stroll. When we carried our weapons, we had to carry them in a relaxed

Mike Inay and Julie Alonzo, CA 1985



position, and he encouraged us to walk at a normal pace rather than creeping along the trail trying to anticipate what was to come. Frequently, he would have us leave our weapons behind. "You won't always be carrying your weapon," he would explain. "You must train for performance in real life, not for performance in class."

His goal was to train our bodies to respond more quickly than our minds could process. Senior instructors would 'ambush' us from their hiding places, and we would deflect the blows, or disarm the attacker, spar for a moment, and then proceed down the path once more.

I often think that this particular training practice is one of the most significant reasons for my confidence in potentially threatening places even today. I know that my body will react appropriately should the need arise. The lessons were ingrained so deeply, that they go beyond conscious control. They are part of me now. - *Julie Alonzo*

The following was written by my mother, Claudia, in response to this entire article:

I am deeply touched by the content of what my daughters have each written, as well as how beautifully they have expressed themselves. It is a joy to reflect in their memories of a remarkable teacher and man who brought so much too so many Escrima students. Jason and Jena are much loved and respected, as was their father. I still smile when I think of Jason asking, "Can I call you Granny.... Granny?" I love it and them.

The stories of Grandpa Mike brought several of my own to mind. I remember him playing the guitar and singing love songs (in several languages, I might add!) to my wicked step-mother. You could almost see the steam coming from my father, Poppa's, ears as he watched her fuss over Grandpa Mike!

I remember the Christmas when I bought Grandpa Mike some heavy-duty leather gloves that were soft like butter. I can still hear him exclaiming, "Damn! Deese be por dolla glove!" They were in fact, \$25 gloves. But to a man who had worked hard in fields and orchards his whole life, the expense of \$4.00 gloves was mind blowing!

Grandpa Mike delighted in showing off his parrot training skills. With a large Amazon parrot on his hand, he pointed a finger and said, "Bang! You dead!" and the bird would flop over head first while still clutching his hand. His laughter, as well as Mike's, echo in my memories.

I am glad that my three eldest daughters had the benefit of Escrima training and gained the self-confidence that goes with that training. Each of them walks the world with ease and grace, armed with keen awareness and a sense of themselves in the world. For that and more I thank Mike Inay. His legacy lives on in each student. - *Claudia B. Alonzo*

Grandpa Mike's Pork Adobo

Ingredients needed: cast iron pot, pork, carrots, potatoes, pineapple chunks, white vinegar, salt, pickling spice, paprika, steamed rice.

- Cut raw pork into large bite-sized chunks, and place in a cast iron stew pot.
- Cover pork with white vinegar, add some salt, and cook on low heat.
- In a separate pan, cook carrot chunks and peeled potato chunks in water until tender.
- Add some pickling spice to the meat, and continue cooking.
- Drain the water from the carrots and potatoes, and add them to the meat.
- Sprinkle some paprika on the meat and vegetables.

- Add pineapple chunks with or without the juice to the meat and vegetables.
- Cook for awhile until it is ready.
- Serve with steamed rice.



The author: Kristine Strasburger currently resides in northern Idaho with her husband, Keith, and sons Timothy and Benjamin. She continues to promote and teach eskrima as the owner and Head Instructor of Heartland School of Eskrima and Self-Defense.



www.HeartlandEskrimaSchool.com

Eskrima/FMA digest

By Ray Terry

The Eskrima/FMA Digest - The premier discussion forum for Eskrima, Arnis, Kali and all other forms of the Filipino martial arts. The Eskrima/FMA forum was created by, and is moderated by, Ray Terry.

The Eskrima/FMA digest forum began in July 1994. Currently there are 2,500 subscribers to the Eskrima/FMA digest and they come from all around the world. It serves as the primary Internet based forum for the discussion of Filipino martial arts.

The beginning of the Eskrima/FMA digest is an interesting story. Ray's primary Eskrima instructor, Mangisursuro Mike Inay, had two instructors; Grandmaster Max Sarmiento and Grandmaster Angel Cabales. In late 1993 Suro Mike Inay related a story to Ray about how when Max was literally on his deathbed he asked Mike to promise to help fulfill his life's wish of spreading the Filipino martial arts to anyone interested in learning eskrima, regardless of their background or ethnicity. Mike was very close to Max and thought of him as "Uncle Max". As a child, Mike had lived with Max for several months when Mike's father was working out of town. So Max's expressed deathbed wish was taken very seriously by Mike.

Max had been instrumental in obtaining approval from the old manongs in Stockton, California, (at that time Stockton was the largest Filipino community in the world outside of the Philippines) for Angel to openly teach eskrima. At that point, 1965, the Filipino martial arts were not openly taught to non-Filipinos.

In 1965 Max was employed as a manager at the Defense Depot near Stockton. One day a few of the workers were practicing karate on their lunch break and one jokingly attacked Max as he was walking by. Max quickly and effectively defended himself using a form of eskrima, Kadena de Mano (Chain of Hands). The karate students were amazed at how easily Max defended himself and they asked Max to teach them eskrima. Max resisted, but he did approach the leading FMA masters around Stockton if it would be ok for one of them to openly teach eskrima. Max was given permission set things up, so he convinced Angel Cabales to open an eskrima school. Angel's school, opened with Max's help, is considered the first open eskrima school in the United States.

After hearing Mike's story about Max's deathbed wish, Ray wondered what he, too, could do to help promote the Filipino martial arts around the world. Ray was already member of an Internet discussion forum for tactical firearms instructors, so he decided to create a similar forum for arnis, kali and eskrima. Nothing like that existed at the time, so the Eskrima/FMA forum was created. Mike was very excited about the creation of the Eskrima/FMA digest as he saw it as a way for all the Guros and students under him to share their extensive knowledge of eskrima with the world.

For the last 13 years the Eskrima/FMA forum has welcomed and been open to all subscribers, from any style of Filipino martial arts. In fact, several Filipino martial art styles owe their current popularity and notoriety to the fact that their instructors were active participants in the forum. The only thing that the moderator consistently insists on is that the discussions remain respectful and open to differing points of view. One style of Filipino martial art neither dominates the forum nor its discussions.

The forum moderator, Ray, has 38 years in the martial arts and currently teaches Sudlud-Inayan Eskrima, Sin Moo Hapkido and Kukki-Taekwondo in seminars around North America. He is also the moderator of a forum for Korean martial arts (KMA) named The_Dojang and he maintains the Internet's Filipino martial arts FAQ (Frequently Asked Questions) as well as the KMA FAQ.

URLs of interest:

The Eskrima/FMA digest: eskrima-fma.net

The FMA FAQ: martialartsresource.com/anonftp/pub/eskrima/digests/fmafaq.htm

The Martial Arts Resource: MartialArtsResource.com

Sudlud Eskrima: Sudlud.com

Mangisursuro...a Martial Arts Original...A Unique Man

By Jon Ward



As I began to put these words to paper it is hard to believe that it had been almost Eight years since the passing of my and so many others teacher and mentor... Mangisursuro Mike Inay.

Mangisursuro Mike Inay was in a word... Unique... a True Original...

Born in an unforgiving time yet loving environment, the agriculture settlements of Central California provided the nesting ground for someone who wanted to make a difference. Simply a man who's passion would touch the lives of thousands...and then some, in those who he had touched...

During this issue you have read many accounts about the life of Mike Inay. In the following I hope to share with you a simple account I hope to share with you the man that touched my life in so many ways...

While accounts of events maybe viewed from different points, these are simple observations from someone who trained with Mike Inay for 10 years and lived with him for 3 of those years...

Suro was simply amazing in his dedication to preserve and continue a legacy that was passed down to him by his teachers... as Suro would say (well there you go).

Mike Inay was a man of confidence in what he did and said. Mangisursuro was one of the first US born Filipino Martial Arts Masters. Although when we as a group started to use the term (he never as far as I can remember referred to himself as master or Grandmaster) I remember using the term Manong (elder, a title used to refer to his teacher Grandmaster Angel Cables) one time... Suro simply said; that he was too young for such a title.

Suro spent over 10 years learning and studying privately with Grandmaster Angel Cabales and Grandmaster Max Sarmiento.

During this time (1970's) he made an amazing effort to propagate what he felt was one of the best and most beautiful cultural assets, in Filipino martial arts. His direct efforts along with Grandmaster Sarmiento's and others lead to the formation of the West Coast Eskrima Society. It was this organization that brought together Master and Grandmaster's of different Filipino martial arts methods of the time in an attempt to preserve the cultural martial teachings that many of these master's brought to these shores from the Philippines. Though idealistic the West Coast Eskrima Society was fairly short lived due to differences between the various masters.

Mangisursuro Inay continued his teachings in the bay area of California. Moving from several locations he eventually ended up opening a public school in Campbell, CA.

This was the beginning of my formal training with Suro Inay. I had been introduced to him several years earlier when he began teaching a series of seminars and then regular classes at Ernie Reyes West Coast Martial Arts Association. This is around

1982. From these seminars I became fascinated with the variety of techniques, speed and flow that Eskrima possessed.

In 1990 after 10 years of Tae Kwon Do I decided it was time to try something new. Fortunately for me Suro was teaching locally and I was able to start my Inayan Eskrima journey. I remember this first night walking in the school. It was actually still under renovation but the door was open and most of the lights were off. Around the corner came an imposing figure, one that Suro carried very well. Quite frankly he scared me to death as he stood there silent asking what I wanted. I simply asked if this was the Eskrima school? He said yes, I thanked him and left... I was there the next day ready to go.

After 10 years in martial arts I had the privilege of working and learning from some amazing teacher. Suro was truly unique though... he had the ability to communicate with people of all walks of life. His students were as varied as the techniques that he taught. From Doctors, lawyers, teachers to professional martial artists, Suro always had the ability to adapt to the students needs. More so Suro once he got to know someone made those around him feel like family.

Mangisursuro walked the life and way that he taught and preached. A warrior from the word go, Suro truly wanted to share the beauty, effectiveness and heritage of the Filipino Martial Arts. His life was one of dedication to a legacy and knowledge that was passed to him by his teachers Grandmaster Angel Cabales and Grandmaster Max Sarmiento. Suro took this obligation very seriously and felt that it was his duty to pass on those teachings to others.

Suro had an incredible eye for detail. He was able to break down techniques and theories to a very base level while being able to communicate them so that each and every student would understand the lesson. Suro was very passive and calm when he taught, but if he thought a particular lesson was important he would make sure that he gave a practical demonstration. A funny story he related to me was when he was teaching a pressure point seminar out of state. Suro was covering a variety of techniques and he could feel a certain apprehension from one of the participants. This was the body builder type who questioned whether such techniques would work against someone as physically developed as he was... well... Suro picked him out of the crowd and in his own special way laid the technique in. So this huge guy starts screaming and freaking out, once calmed down he realized the effectiveness of the techniques but admitted to Suro that he had thought he had hit the wrong pressure point upon feeling the intensity of the pain and thought he had perhaps hit something that would prove fatal. Suro got a good laugh from that and for the rest of the seminar everyone believed every word that came out of his mouth...



In addition to Suro's amazing dedication to his art, he had varied other interests and talents. I was fortunate enough to live with Suro for 3 of my training years with him. In that time I was exposed to a different side of my teacher, for one Suro loved to read. Often I would come home and Suro would be embraced in a book. As was Suro's way

often he would be aloof, I would say hello he would glimpse up over his glasses and grunt hello...I do miss his little grunt. That is how Suro was sometimes, he said very little but he meant a lot. Suro's love of reading made me understand a deeper understanding of my teacher. His quest for knowledge was truly that of someone who quest for a greater understanding of the world was not fulfilled...

As a social bridge Suro loved music! The favorites I can remember were Bob Dylan and Van Morrison. To me it was Suro's way of communicating when the words would escape him. It was his introduction to these and other musicians that opened my perception to power of music and it's meaning. During our time together there were more than a few occasions when we were living together when I would be asleep and be awoken to the sound of a Bob Dylan Lyric. I would simply go down the hallway and look into the other room... there was Suro singing alone or with others... I would simply say "Suro I am trying to sleep" and Suro would look at me and smile... and keeping singing until the early hours of the morning... that was Suro...

Mangisursuro felt a great responsibility to further the Filipino martial arts any way that he could. Whether it be through the individual student, a class or seminar Suro tried his best to make sure that everyone whose life he touched came to understand the dream that started for him in the mid 60's.

In addition to Martial arts and his other joys Suro loved a good meal...I think that's what I will miss most is Breakfast with Suro. He was a man who could share as much with you during a physical class as he could over a dinner. He would share the small things that make the art so effective and special. Suro's lessons were when he wanted them to be...whether over a meal, a plane trip or in class there were special times when he wanted to share a little more...

Maybe my favorite lesson was one night when I was cooking, Suro came up behind me and said "Jon grab a stick" it was that night that he taught me the small things about the punch block on Angle Number Four. He laughed as the few times I got my knuckles burned from not doing the block properly, but eventually was happy that I understood the details of what he was trying to impart to me. There were many lessons like this he gave me but I guess the reason that one stood out was that I burned our dinner as he gave me a lesson I will never forget...

Suro touched a great many people who have went on to perpetuate the growth of Inayan Eskrima. These senior Inayan Eskrimadors not only helped and in teaching while Suro was alive but are now the Gen shared with me whenever they could and I think this is Suro Mike Inay's greatest legacy...he left the next generation with a group of instructors and leaders that will continue the traditions and ways of the old while evolving and enriching future generations by passing on the teaching and beliefs on this theories of the next generation of Inayan Students and Instructors. It is through this group that the teachings and philosophies of Mangisursuro Inay will live on for and continue for generations to come...

Suro was a Martial Arts Original...a man Unique in Spirit and Belief...a unique person that to this day is sorely missed by those who continue his teachings and word...

Of all the lessons and times that Suro and taught me and all that I learned from him though one thing stands out most in my mind. He simply said "as long as I have a piece of bread, you have half..." that statement more than anything else embodies the teacher that so many of us miss...simply put it is our job as warriors and human beings to

take care of one another. Perhaps this is our highest duty and obligation and I think this is truly the legacy he meant for us to carry on.

Guro Jon Ward is the Technical Director and Head Instructor of the Inayan Martial Arts Association. The Inayan Martial Association is based out of San Jose, CA.

IMAA goals are to preserve the teachings and continue the traditions of Mangisursuro Mike Inay while continuing to research the Filipino martial Arts. For more information about IMAA visit www.inayanmartialarts.com

Inayan Old School Remembers

*An Interview with John Peterson, Frank Defanti, Benjamin Berry and Rob McDonald
By Kristine Strasburger*

It is my privilege to introduce a group of men who, as teachers and mentors on the path of eskrima, had a huge impact on my life. These four men were among the most active teaching Guros of Mangisursuro Mike Inay when I began my eskrima training in 1981 at the age of seventeen. At Mike's request, they each invested a lot of time and effort in my training, and I can truly say that I would not be the person I am today if it were not for the unique strengths and perspectives that each of these men brought to bear on my eskrima training. This article is a compilation of a series of emails between the five of us, reflecting on our experiences and relationships with our teacher, Mangisursuro Mike Inay.

Kristine: *Gentlemen, please introduce yourself by giving your name, the year you started training with Mangisursuro Mike Inay, how old you were when you started training with him, and the martial arts background you had at that moment in time.*

John: My name is John Peterson. I began my Eskrima training at the age of twenty, in the first week of November of 1975. Previously, I received training in Okinawan Shorin Ryu Karate, while I was in the Navy from 1972 to 1975. I trained with First Class Petty Officer Lincoln Brevard (3rd Degree black belt) at Moffet Naval Air Station in California in 1973, and I trained with Jun Estrella (4th Degree black belt) in 1974 to 1975, while stationed at Agana Naval Air Station on Guam. I started Aikido training on Guam, but there was a conflict of time between my working schedule and the Aikido training schedule. But I was exposed to Aikido's way of performing martial arts.

Frank: Hi, Kristi. The answers to your questions: I believe it was January of 1976 I started my training. I was twenty-seven years old. My previous martial arts background was in Karate, Tai Kick boxing, and Aikido.

Benjamin: I'm Benjamin Berry. Thank you, Kristine, for organizing this conversational forum. Greetings, fellow brothers in Eskrima. Noting each person's various prior training backgrounds, it seems we share one common theme, that once we came into contact with Eskrima, it pretty fully took center stage, and became the centerpiece and focus of our lives. Such is the force of this powerful art form.

I first learned of the Art in early 1977, and began my training under Suro Mike Inay that summer, at age eighteen. My first formal training was in a Junior High School judo club taught by an instructor with collegiate competition background. After that I

enrolled in YMCA Tae Kwon Do classes under a succession of instructors (where Rob also attended- same home town). But in High School I ended my training in those programs, not satisfied with the applicability of what I was learning. Instead, I immersed myself in ongoing self-study through reading widely published books of the day (Tegner, Oyama and others), and intensive solo practice. It was not as effective as inter-personal training, but it kept hope alive while I held out, waiting to find an art form that I felt I could invest in over a lifetime. I believed persistence would eventually lead me to a system that was right for me. Enter Eskrima.

Rob: My name is Rob McDonald. I started training with Mike Inay in October 1977. I had just turned eighteen shortly before Garry Bowlds, Phil McLuckie and I made the trip from Ft. Wayne, Indiana to California for the sole purpose of training with Mike. Prior to my introduction to Eskrima by Garry I had started training in a couple of Korean styles at the Central YMCA. I say a couple because they had problems keeping instructors around for longer than a few months, so we students were exposed to more than one Korean system. It was there that I met Al McLuckie (who, a year after I arrived in California made the journey himself to train with Mike) who coincidentally lived two houses down from me there in Ft. Wayne. What's the old saying about it being a small world?

After blowing out my knee trying to get my very awkward body to perform high kicks (talk about mission impossible) I looked around for another system. One night Al and I ventured over to the Southwest YMCA where we witnessed a Goju-Kai class, and we decided to try this system. It was a good move because there I met lifelong friend and training partner, Kim Satterfield. My body seemed better suited to practice Goju-Kai and I enjoyed the training; however, my spirit was searching for something else. That something else arrived when I met Garry, and began training in my lifelong love, Eskrima.

Referencing the title of this article, I think that it is appropriate. It brings back a memory of a funny incident at the gathering following Mike's funeral. Frank Defanti, Ben Berry, John Peterson, Garry Bowlds, Remy Estrella, Fred Madrid and I were all sitting at a table reminiscing when I heard this young lady who was passing by the table mutter to her friend, "That's the old guys' table." It still brings a chuckle to my heart when I think about it.

Kristine: *Think back to the day you first met Mike Inay in person. What do you remember thinking about him? What impressed you about Mike and his eskrima play?*

Frank: He was very approachable and easy to talk to. We shared many personal interests, and hit it off pretty quickly. He was also a very patient teacher. If you asked him the purpose of a move, he would always take time to show you and explain why it was done in a certain manner, not give you the standard, "because that is the way I was taught, and that is the way you do it" type answer.

Rob: What I remember most was that I was both frightened and excited at the same time. I met Mike the day after arriving in California. It was a Sunday, and Garry Bowlds took Phil and I (the three of us had just moved from Indiana to California), over to Mike's house to meet him. When we arrived at Mike's house, Remy Estrella and Jeff Elliott were also there awaiting our arrival. My first impression of Mike was, "Geez, he's a big guy." He was heavily muscled, and in the prime of his life when I met him. I also remember wondering about how hard he hit.

Be careful of what you wish for or wonder about. By the time that I arrived in California Garry had gotten me about half way through the strikes, and had also introduced me to lock and block and flow sparring. Garry introduced us, and Mike had us go through what Garry had taught us. I could not really tell what Mike, Remy, or Jeff were thinking about our performance as they all maintained their silence which was somewhat nerve-racking in its own right. I very much doubt that it was my proficiency (I've always been somewhat of a klutz) as much as it was my desire to learn Eskrima that prompted Mike to invite me to join the class.

The following Tuesday night I attended my first Mike Inay Eskrima class. We arrived at class and met the students that were present, and I apologize that today I cannot remember who specifically was at class that first night as I was extremely excited. I do remember thinking, "I am really here in California, in Mike Inay's class learning Eskrima." I had numerous other thoughts that first night which were quickly vanquished with the first strike that came whistling hard at my head. You see, Mike was not the only person who wanted to see what the new guys were made of. Mike did "play" with me a little that first night. I remember thinking, "Boy, he hits hard. Sure answered my previous musings." Garry told me later that it was simply Mike's way to see what a person was made of, and that Garry was happy that I didn't embarrass him. Thus began my California journey.

Benjamin: Rob, I was there the first night you arrived. In fact, I remember you coming in the door, stick under your right arm, and actually where I was standing in the indoor training room at the time. Class had begun, and we were paired up, working on basic strikes and counters. Like you, I was working my way up through strike five. I was really happy to see you there; a familiar face from the Indiana homeland!

Eskrima training for me began as an adventure from the outset, having hitch-hiked over a thousand miles just to reach the starting point. That warm morning under a blue sky I found myself walking through a quiet suburban California neighborhood along a street lined with exotic trees and vegetation. I was so mystified by the sense of semi-reality; I may as well have been entering the Land of Oz. I carefully studied each address, slowly counting down each house number as I came closer to my destination; looking for the one number that would signal I had arrived. Then, at long last, there it was! I took in a deep breath with much anticipation of what would come next. I started up the front walkway. As I approached the door, the last step was finished as if in slow motion. I paused a moment to breathe a prayer of thanks that I had made it, and a blessing for where this door might lead. I rang the bell, and waited. Moments later it opened.

I was overwhelmed by a feeling of amazement and disbelief. Before me stood a most impressive and imposing man, his figure lacking nothing I had imagined.

Penetrating eyes and a curious gaze looked me over as if sizing me up. Soon a smile crept over his face as I re-introduced myself, having spoken only briefly by phone months earlier when I had called to request permission to meet him, and had expressed my desire to be considered for training. His manner was all business, but gracious and hospitable. He invited me into his house, and ushered me to the large side-room that served as an indoor training space. It was filled with amazing photographs and artifacts of Eskrima lore, history and culture. He asked questions and spoke at length about the art. Then he showed me the outdoor training area in his large private backyard, and finally

offered a warm introduction to his family. He finished by saying "Well, you hitch-hiked across the country, how can I say no? Come to the next class!"

Seeing Mike move for the first time was like watching a study in fluid dynamics. It confirmed what I had seen on film, only amplified into three dimensions; even more so when I saw how he imparted fighting traits into his instructors and even into his new students. You could see quality forming at all stages. There was no aspect of the training I didn't like, except the knots, contusions, bleeding, and the (thankfully rare) occasion of being called out as a demonstration during class of how NOT to perform a technique.

Finding Eskrima fulfilled all expectations of what I had searched for in a martial art, and more. It was naturalistic and adaptive to different body types; implemented many weapons; emphasized outdoor and environmental training and had been tested...as I was about to be.

John: I can remember that I was impressed that he knew Danny Inosanto personally because at the time I was interested in Bruce Lee's Jeet Kun Do and Kali. Mangisursuro Mike had an article that he clipped out of Inside Kung Fu magazine that he posted on the inside window of his Bay Area School of Eskrima Academy on El Camino Real in Sunnyvale. The article was by Danny Inosanto, and it discussed Bruce Lee's Jeet Kun Do and the Filipino martial arts. Meeting Mangisursuro was the link to the Jeet Kun Do that I was extremely interested in. Later, though, I just came to prefer the Filipino Martial Arts as a whole.

Additionally, I was impressed with Mangisursuro Mike's size and machismo, which I would prefer in an instructor that I would follow. It's like, if I had to go to war with a leader, I would expect him to be someone that I could look up to. That is what I found in Mangisursuro. Mangisursuro was someone that I could look up to as the type of guy that I would feel confident about following. Once I was shown what Eskrima/Eskrima looked like, I knew that it was for me. Mangisursuro displayed skills that I never saw before, and I was very impressed with him and Guro Estrella.

Kristine: *Who else was teaching alongside Mangisursuro Mike Inay besides his brother-in-law, Guro Remy Estrella, when you first started?*

John: There were no other full instructors teaching, but Mike Anderson was an assistant instructor, still in training to become a full instructor. He never received a full instructor's title that I can recall.

Frank: Angel Cabales, Max Sarmiento, and Leo Giron would stop by and work with the class on occasion. Jimmy Tacosa was there sometimes, but never taught.

John: I just recalled Mel Wong was also an assistant instructor along with Mike Anderson, but neither received the Ivory Medallion that was awarded to full Guros in 1979. Mel Wong and Mike Anderson were Cabales-era practitioners. I can't believe that my memory didn't recall Mel earlier!

Rob: By the time that I arrived in California neither Mike Anderson nor Mel Wong were in class. Mike Inay was the instructor; everyone else was a student. At that time there were no ranks outside of Instructor and Student. The six levels and their variants would come years later. We had a saying in class, "Your stick does your talking for you." The vast majority of the classes over the years were always small, with the exception of a time in the mid-nineteen-eighties when Mike, despite being out of work, decided not to charge for his lessons. Having small classes meant there was no real reason for ranks,

visible or not, as everyone knew where everyone else was as far as skill level goes. When I began training, and continuing throughout the years, we all learned from one another, as well as from Mike. Each classmate had their very own unique way of doing things, and I learned a lot from the others.

Benjamin: Individuals contributing to teaching classes besides Suro Mike Inay were mentioned by others: Remy Estrella, who, thankfully, was in class relatively often, observing and also teaching one-on-one. He left such an impression on me. His stylistic traits and mastery are in a class all their own; Jimmy Tacosa, very occasionally though very impactfully; Michael Amistoso, who did teach when present, and often brought a contingent of his own students when he attended. He was a fighter first, and had a very unique style and mentality, besides being left-handed (and you had better not forget about his right hand!)

During this Calle Margarita Backyard school period there were rare but notable visits from Grandmasters Angel Cabales, Max Sarmiento, Leo Giron and also Masters Dan Inosanto and Dentoy Revelar. Not only did Mike have a large number of teachers dropping by the school, there was also a rich environment created by the energy and synergy of the senior and peer level practitioners. One of the things that continually amazed me was the intrinsic pull Eskrima had which attracted such high-caliber people into its orbit, including a strong student core.

For example, both Frank and John had been training for up to a year or more already, thus both were senior to me by a significant measure, having preceded me not only in terms of chronological training, but by exposure to the old masters way ahead of me. Additionally, they were very consistently present and active in virtually all the classes at the time. They both have and deserve my respect for possessing a precedent standing in terms of the Inayan legacy, but even more, they were instrumental as advanced students in helping me along right from the start, and I owe them both a great deal.

I'll add that Rob is certainly a peer of the highest order, and no less significant a contributor to my eskrima learning experience, both in class and in knowing him as a person. Rob was more than a beginner when he arrived on the scene, having begun his Eskrima training under the excellent teaching of Garry Bowlds. Rob has been an always positive influence on my training, study and understanding of the art, and many of my students have benefited from his teaching, as well.

Lastly, another name comes to mind. Robert Ramirez was a solid martial artist practitioner and senior class member I always liked and looked up to. And, while we all were awarded official instructorships in a fairly close time-frame, all of these practitioners were of immeasurable help in my advancement, and I look up to them.

Kristine: *You guys underwent your training with Mike during a unique and distinct phase of Mike's teaching. Looking back at it now, where do you think he was on his own personal path in the arts; what stage was he in as a teacher? What effect did this have on you and on your training?*

Frank: I believe Mike was approaching a crossroads when I started my training with him. He was an extremely creative strategist and martial artist, and it was inevitable that he would explore more of his Philippine martial heritage.

After his falling out with Angel Cabales he spent a lot of time with Danny Inosanto discussing Philippine martial arts. It was during this time that Mike really started to evolve. We would fly down to Danny's school in LA sometimes, and Danny would give seminars at Mike's place. It was a real Renaissance of the Philippine arts during that time. Mike wanted to unite the Philippine arts, and conceived of the Westcoast Eskrima Society (WES) as a way to do that. The more members of the martial arts community Mike came into contact with, the more he evolved and improved his mother art of Serrada. He expanded Largo Mano concepts and knife disarming and pressure point control. He reminded me of Bruce Lee in many ways, reading and studying everything, using and creating concepts and improving his warrior art, polishing what he felt was relevant and creating what we now today call the Inayan System of martial arts.

As for me, his training gave me the tools to understand martial arts principles, and will continue to promote my own personal evolution in martial arts: Truly a priceless gift for which I will forever be grateful.

Rob: Throughout his life, Mike was always exploring the possibilities, and this period was no different. Most of the class time was spent working on the basics, and then performing those basics in different settings. This is one main area that I have always kept and stressed in my own training and teaching. The emphasis on training was always on Serrada, although during training time Mike would also work on integrating the other two core styles, Larga Mano and Kadena De Mano, more fully. One of his main concerns during his lifetime was that students have the capability to flow throughout the ranges, and utilize their tools in the appropriate time and matter.

His teaching was, as with most instructors, both verbal and nonverbal. At times, for example during lock and block where Mike would deliver multiple hits, Mike would explain what you were doing wrong, and at other times he would simply repeat the sequence of hits and stabs until your body came up with a solution, hopefully before the numerous bruises grew cousins. During non-class times with me, Mike would often work on things that he would be teaching the following week. I guess he figured that if a slow learner like me got it, the other students should pick it up when he showed it during the next class.

It was during this time, outside of class, that I also started to understand Mike's development both as an Eskrimador and as an instructor. There were outside influences at this time, such as Dan Inosanto, but there was also an immense amount of internal influence. My phone would ring and Mike would be on the other end asking me to come over to the house. When I got there I usually found Mike alive and animated with something he wanted to try. This was only the beginning. First, there would be the technique; then there would be the counter; then the counter to the counter; then the application of the technique or counter during "play." This period was where Mike truly solidified the basics within his system, later to be called Inayan Eskrima. This early work allowed Mike in the later years to more fully explore other areas such as Pressure Point Control Tactics (PPCT), seminars, other styles outside of the core three, etc.

This period truly had a profound impact on both my development as an Eskrimador and my future as an instructor. I have carried many of Mike's lessons with me throughout my life, and have passed them on to various students, both my own, and other people's students. I have at times overheard others refer to me as "old school"

which, thanks to Mike's numerous Eskrima and life lessons, I am. Like Popeye said, "I yam what I yam."

Benjamin: I feel that Suro was finding himself on several levels. He always kept his eyes open, cognizant of that was happening in the world around him, but he also began to reach more fully inward, seeking greater self-understanding and depth of artistic comprehension. As he redefined himself he further refined his system, always developing, seeking, questioning, yet never in a wandering sense. Rather more as a quest; he was on a treasure hunt for new discoveries, integrations and "permutations" as he called them. He was always striving for enhanced functional form, never artifice. Whether the end point was something as practical as law enforcement training or fostering the simple beauty and mystique of live blades in motion, "flowering," he lived his life as he practiced his art, with attentiveness, responsiveness and almost magnetically drawn to his vision; a vision that was always greater than himself.

On the diplomatic front this was illustrated through his leadership in reaching out across stylistic lines by co-founding and chairing the inception of the Westcoast Eskrima Society (WES). He sought to help the entire Filipino martial arts community see its day in the state-side sun, and to strengthen and assure its preservation as a unique cultural art form. He rightly felt the Filipino martial arts deserved greater recognition, and that the public would be the chief benefactor of that. This required making tough decisions to weigh and balance issues of hard core traditional training with the current trends in the modern martial arts world. Mike strove to retain essential core qualities without compromise while opening up and broadening the appeal to a wider audience. His many contributions certainly helped that aim. And this excellent example of leadership left an indelible impression on at least one young Eskrimador.

John: Kristi, could you be more specific about what period of time are you referring to? Mangisursuro Mike was on the road to continual improvement throughout his life, so it would be necessary to pin down a particular time or year that you wanted an answer to!

- 1.) The Cabales Serrada Stage (circa 1975 to 1978)
- 2.) The Westcoast Eskrima Society Stage (circa 1979 to 1983)
- 3.) The Santa Cruz Mountains Stage (circa 1984 to 1989)
- 4.) The Campbell Martial Art School Stage (1991 to 1993)
- 5.) The Post Campbell School Stage (1994 to 1998)

These are the different training eras or waves that various students had received their exposure to a continually evolving program that Mangisursuro had shared with them. Each era had a different paradigm in which the training emphasis changed, as Mangisursuro changed. It was a very dynamic adventure for me!

Kristine: *John, I was specifically referring to the period during which you were first training, but since you have distinguished the different periods like you have here, it would be great to have you give your insights into each period as you saw it.*

John: Where do you think he was on his own personal path in the arts?

I think that he was on the path of Independence, trying to figure out where his place in the martial arts community would or should be! He knew that what he possessed and achieved was a very rare gift, and that he must treat it with serious respect. Mangisursuro Mike had a warrior's spirit, and he probably felt somewhat out of place in modern day society, so the question he had to answer for himself was, "What do you do with what you know and what you can do (skills wise)!"

I think that he was fully aware that Eskrima is not going to be as commonly practiced as your typical “fast food karate schools”, as far as commercial schools go. Mangisursuro Mike’s Eskrima training is not suitable to the mass production method of teaching. This was a sad thought for us all, because what he had was way too valuable to just die out from the lack of wide-spread support and appeal.

I will answer part two, tomorrow! Thus answering the 64,000 dollar question of: What effect did this have on you and on your training? I’m loving this one!

John: Welcome to the “Oz Files.” Thanks Benji! It sure is great to read about all you guys’ past accounts! I’ve been using the spell check feature like it’s going out of style. I hope you guys are all doing really well, and are thriving with life’s challenges. Long Live the Inayan Eskrimadors! Hail Mangisursuro Mike Inay. Time now to answer part two of this collective query!

What effect did this have on me and my training? I think that it gave me humble confidence. Humble, because I know damn well that I ain’t the best! I’m just another “Eskrima Brick in the Wall” practitioner Confidence, because I know that I’m better now than I was before training with Mangisursuro Mike. Mangisursuro Mike impressed upon us to “figure it out” when we received our lock and block training. One of Mangisursuro Mike’s sayings to me, and I’m sure some of the others may remember is; “Don’t let your form be your defense, let your defense be your form.” This means to let your personal way of problem solving become your form. Sursuro Frank and I both have taken that to heart, and we both have put that saying into practice over the decades, although Sursuro Frank may have initiated it way before I did. I used to think that we should all move like Angel, because it was his system that we were learning, but we all have different body sizes, heights, weights, mental attitudes, sets of philosophies and unique peculiarities that require us all to move differently.

Additionally, Mangisursuro Mike set an example to us all, in that he practiced a “Big Picture Perspective” in regards to the martial arts. To elaborate further, think of Cabales Serrada. Cabales Serrada specializes in several particular weapons in its training processes. It includes short sticks, knives, short swords, and hands. It is, by definition, a specialized system. Now Mangisursuro Mike introduced the broader perspective of allowing any and all other weapons to be included in the training processes. What I especially got out of that influence is the “Big Picture Perspective Mentality”, so that whatever I am involved with, it is a value added resource, a force multiplier (especially when it comes time to create innovative techniques to deal with difficult problems.) Over the years the “Big Picture Perspective Mentality” has provided a necessary ingredient to helping me in solving the various problems that came up in the process of trying to improve my performance in Eskrima.

Mangisursuro Mike also applied the “Big Picture Perspective” in the limited training drills that were in Cabales Serrada. Mangisursuro Mike had not only come up with new and innovative training drills, but he gave the instructors under him the freedom to also add any innovative training drills that they would like to experience. One of my favorite training drills is to perform counter for counter flow sparring, two on one. Two individuals would team up together to combat a third person. The third person would have to practice a continuous, dynamically executed flanking strategy. It nurtures the third person’s peripheral awareness, mobility, and cardiovascular state.

Kristine: *What was the most intense training experience you remember having with Mike?*

Frank: Training was always pretty intense back in the "old days" ... LOL (laughing out loud)! However, the first thing that comes to mind for me was the unforgiving dequerdas stick. For those that don't know about this training aid, it was a staff that was suspended by a rope and bungee cord from the middle, and hung from a tall tree in Mike's backyard. We would form a circle around the stick and take turns hitting it as it flew into our range. Mike would call out "Circle to your left," and we would move around the stick in a clockwise circle while hitting and blocking the stick as it came into our range as we moved. He would then call out, "Now move to your right," and we would all switch direction and move counterclockwise while hitting the stick. It was totally unpredictable and would whirl and spin in all directions.

Mike was always looking for new ways to increase the difficulty with this training tool.

One of his additions was to put an empty-handed student in the middle of the circle next to where the stick hung, so that he had to deflect it while the circling students hit and blocked the swinging stick. Another addition was placing a circle of old tires around the stick which we had to step in and out of while we circled the stick hitting and blocking it. However, the most intense adaptation of this exercise was when Mike put a real live spearhead on the end of the stick. It really got your attention, and tightened up your movements very precisely.

One time he put nails through one end of the dequerdas staff, but it really tore up our sticks. Another time he stuck the staff through an old tire to add heavy weight; this made our blocking better, as we were unable to just whack it away when it came flying at us.

Needless to say, cuts, bruises and a little blood were spilled during these sessions. I can remember on several occasions when other instructors came to train with us. They would just shake their head and say, "You guys are crazy." Yeah, it was a pretty intensive training tool. Hence the phrase Mike loved to use, "Snooze, you lose."

John: Well, here goes! I would have to say that several things stand out in my mind with regards to your query. First, during an Eskrima demonstration that we gave at Independence High School in San Jose, Mangisursuro Mike and I performed counter for counter flow sparring with machetes. I wasn't used to it, and I was on "high alert status" because I didn't want to cut or get cut in front of all those people who were watching the demonstration. I don't remember exactly what year it was, but I think it was probably around 1978 or 1979. We did great, though, and no one got cut, but man, you could see the sparks fly from the machetes clashing into one another! The audience loved it. You certainly didn't see any black belts in other martial arts doing such things back then. Additionally, before making the rank of Guro, I was put in my place time and time again, because I was somewhat cocky, being from New York and all, and that wasn't going to cut it. So, Mangisursuro Mike would dish out some corrective Lock and Block based discipline to straighten me out, and bring me back to a more humble minded state of being. Mangisursuro Mike was just what I needed to bring me back to Earth. Lastly, I would like to mention that Mangisursuro Mike used to have us use the "Dequerdas" training aid. It wasn't bad by itself, but when he started attaching machetes

on both ends of it, and a tire to add weight and momentum to its effect, and tacks that were taped to the shaft; you kind of wonder where it will end!

Benjamin: Mike was a gifted teacher on many levels. He was able to "read" students and give appropriate challenges to test their skills and confidence levels; to unlock abilities they didn't know they possessed. He would also conduct experiments. For example, one night Mike invited a member of the SCA (Society for Creative Anachronism, the group that does medieval re-enactment) to come observe class, and asked him to bring traditional fighting gear... for two.

Suro introduced him to the class, noting he was "King" of the local chapter, and top victor in their armored-battle competitions. Mike believed in his students and had confidence in their ability to hold their own against virtually any style. After staging an Eskrima demonstration by the class for the special guest, Mike looked around for someone to match up with the battle-seasoned King. I don't know why, but he randomly chose me to go toe-to-toe with the King. The only protective gear we used were steel helmets that looked like large coffee cans. The weapons he brought were heavy wooden clubs of sword length and thinly padded. Usually they wore suits of body armor for these exchanges, but not in this case. The impromptu rules: full contact, no particular strike restrictions, sequential rounds, no formal points- just see how things turned out. And with that, we clashed.

I defended as I would in our lock and block drills and sparring exercises, and countered with some telling hits of my own. Round after round, to my surprise, my conditioning, and my thin confidence held. At last the game was called to a halt. And to my relief I'd gone uninjured despite the intensity and heavy blows of this bulky guy. This proved to me the value and caliber of Mike's training, even as a relative beginner against an unknown opponent. Afterwards our guest challenger thanked and commended Mike, saying he had gained respect for the strong showing of Inayan Eskrima. I went home grateful my training had carried me through, and feeling privileged for being associated with such a talented teacher and dedicated classmates.

Do any of you recall this night? If so, what is your memory of it? Did we switch weapons? Did anyone else have the opportunity to fight, or was it as I remember, just me? Maybe one of you recalls this person about whom I refer?

Rob: I remember that night. A few things stand out in my mind. First, Ben did a very good job. We were all proud of him for putting up, not only with the SCA player, but with the other students' various "comments" and "suggestions" on how to handle the strikes coming repeatedly at his head and body. The calls of, "Get him, Crazy Christian!" coming often. (Note: This last comment was and is in no way meant or implied to be a derogatory comment. "Crazy Christian" was our fond nickname for our Eskrima brother, Ben.) I doubt that Ben heard anything we other students were shouting at him as he was in the moment, but glancing over at Mike near the end of Ben's ordeal you could tell by the expression on his face that he was extremely proud of Ben that night.

John: In response to Benji's question, I remember the SCA guys visiting at Mangisursuro Mike's home, and us getting some exposure to each others' respective arts, but I was glad it was Benji and not me on the receiving end of that exchange. As I remember, the King was Paul Porter, and he was taller, and I would assume, heavier than Mangisursuro Mike. I would be hesitant to try out Paul, because if I failed it wouldn't look good for the School as a whole. I would have expected Mangisursuro Mike to represent his School,

but I do understand that to test the Teacher is often done by testing one of his students, in order to measure the Teacher's ability to impart knowledge and skills. Back then I only weighed about 140 pounds or so! Clint Eastwood once said "A man has to know his limits," and Brother, was I aware of my limitations!

Rob: To answer your question, Kristine, as Ben said, Mike was a gifted instructor in many ways. Mike helped me develop, not only as an Eskrimador, but particularly as an instructor. Mike always considered the two as separate parts. What he wished for in his students was that each student would take the two halves, Eskrimador and instructor, and form a whole. Unfortunately I cannot remember any one particular intense training moment with Mike, as there were several over the years. However, I can relate how the intense moments helped shape me and many others over the years that Mike taught.

As other students' and my own time with Mike increased, most of us began to understand more about the control of fear during the intense moments. Whenever I trained with Mike, especially in private sessions, I was, like when I first met him, both excited and nervous. As time grew, I was better able to control the fear so that it did not lock up my counters and responses. This mental control of fear, I have always believed, was one of the greatest gifts that Mike bestowed upon me.

I and others have mentioned some of Mike's more creative training approaches, such as attaching machetes to the end of the De Cuerdas staff. In some cases, what many do not understand was that it was done in part to gauge the students' reaction, and to determine if the student was capable of overcoming their initial fear of the moment. Mike would always seek to study the students' first reaction. For example, did they step back or did they gleefully move towards the challenge? If they did step back, was it because they wished to study the new challenge a bit, or did they simply allow the fear to take full control, much as when you observe someone taking a fetal position when they perceive themselves to be in danger. And as an instructor I have carried this practice with me in evaluating students.

The student often does not realize that the instructor has not quite put them in the danger they perceive themselves to be in. For example, when you attach machetes to the end of the De Cuerdas, it changes the dynamics of the staff's movement dramatically. Due to the weight of the machetes and the way that they flex, the staff now moves quite a bit slower. Therefore, the student isn't in quite the danger that he or she may perceive themselves to be in. There are still risks, but in the case of the machetes, we had dulled the edges quite a bit. This training was to greatly help me in later years during my Special Forces training; not the actual techniques or counters that I had learned in Eskrima, but the overcoming of obstacles placed in my way.

Another way that Mike helped me progress was in teaching me to read body language and threats, both verbal and nonverbal. At first, like many students, I was unaware of all the lessons that were being taught during intense training moments. Working with Mike, I eventually started to learn how to better read what my opponent was about to do. Some of this came consciously; some occurred unconsciously. What I didn't realize until years later were all of the lessons that were being taught nonverbally. Mike would often attack with the same sequence numerous times in a row, particularly for students like myself, who were (and are) somewhat klutzy, and didn't figure out how to counter the moves until our bodies grew weary of the repeated pain reminders that our counters were failing. It is then that the body reacts on its own to do its best to prevent

future reminders from occurring. Mike understood this, and knew just when to apply this kind of nonverbal instruction.

Whenever he was serious, Mike's body and demeanor would take on an increased intensity level. After working with him for awhile, the students' bodies, whether they consciously realized it or not, would then also increase their own intensity level. This helped the students on many levels. They would start to learn to better sense and evaluate threats, and to also hopefully learn to deal with threats rather than be overcome from the fear of those threats.

Benjamin: Rob, you hit on a very relevant point about testing responses to fright reflex characteristics in students. Students do well to realize much can be done to condition against "Fear Freeze", and locking up under stress. Knowing how to break down the situation and instantly analyze probability versus possibility of injury (or victory) through risk assessment can help keep a cool head, even amidst apparent chaos. Mike taught us how to train the mind to rationally select threats to counter and targets to address on-the-fly with maximum effectiveness.

And one more thing, **Rob:** You, "klutzy"? I beg to differ! There is nothing about you I would remotely associate with the word; quite the contrary. Other words maybe: tough, aggressive, hard to hit, a hard hitter, but not klutzy. But, speaking objectively and on the record (for the benefit of our readers, lest they come away with the wrong notion), anyone who has worked out with Rob would quickly agree with me that they could think of numerous words to describe Rob before ever coming to the K-word. (But I know you know that, Bro.)

Kristine: There really were a lot of intense training moments under Mike's teaching and guidance. However, I think one of my most intense moments came after I left Mike's eskrima school up on Loma Prieta for U.S. Army Basic Training. It happened during the pugil stick training, towards the end of my time at Fort McClellan, Alabama. A pugil stick is a staff with a large pad on each end, and a pad in the center. There is just enough room between the pads for the staff to be grasped with both hands about shoulder width apart. In addition to the padding on the pugil stick, the combatants wear heavily padded gloves, chest and groin protection and headgear with a face guard. I don't recall if there was any padding used on the arms or legs, but the padding we did use was pretty thick. I doubt anyone could have gotten seriously hurt with all of that heavily padded gear on. That made it all the more fun because it meant we did not have to hold anything back where power and hitting were concerned.

Well, that day we had bayonet drills and training in the morning, and went to do the pugil stick training in the afternoon. The pugil stick was a training simulation for a rifle with bayonet, and we were supposed to attack each other the way we would if we were forced into hand to hand combat on the battlefield using a rifle with bayonet. Well, we never actually did any rifle with bayonet training at Mike's eskrima school, but all of the training I had done, especially in the Sinawali style, served me very well that day with the pugil stick fighting. I give credit to the way we had trained at Mike's school that I did not even have to think about how to apply my eskrima training to this new weapon. The right moves were just there, and they worked beautifully.

We started out with all four Companies around the sand pit, each company on their own side of the rectangle pit. All together there were about one hundred and sixty female trainees, plus two or three Drill Sergeants with each Company. To begin with,

everyone got a chance to do battle in pairs, so it was one against one until everyone had a chance to go. After that, they asked for volunteers to go again, so my hand went up. They let me go again, and after that one of the Drill Sergeants decided to put two girls against me on my next turn. I don't remember exactly how many times I got to go that day, but I do remember that it turned into a contest between the Drill Sergeants as to whose Company's fighters were going to be able to take me down. At one point one of the Drill Sergeants threw in another girl on the sly, and all of the sudden I had three opponents trying to hit me. This was not a problem, however, because we regularly trained against multiple opponents in this very same type of active free-for-all at Mike's school.

The thing I remember most about that whole experience was how naturally and effortlessly the moves were there for me to flow with and deal with the opponents. It was almost a surreal feeling. It was energizing, and the crowd, especially the Drill Sergeants, were going wild- that was energizing, too. Because we were so heavily padded there really was no pain involved, and also no fear of hurting the other people. This gave me the freedom to really let loose with some powerful hits. It was probably the most fun I have ever had in one afternoon. I could tell that there were a few girls who had some martial arts training; for the most part, they were the ones who volunteered to challenge me after the first go-around. But nobody had anything like what I had. In fact, no one even came close. I don't think it was me personally who was better or tougher than the others; I think it was the eskrima living in me that came from the excellent training I had received from Mike and his Guros that stood the test and came out on top.

Suro Jason Inay told me a few years ago that Mike loved to tell this story about how I came to be called "The Terminator" for the rest of Basic Training. I think he felt that he was well-represented that day.

Kristine: *What was the funniest thing you remember happening (whether related to eskrima or not) where Mike was involved?*

John: Why is my memory failing me? Let me say that while I know Mangisursuro Mike liked to kid around with some of the Old Timers from my early Eskrima days, that wasn't what was happening much in formal training classes. As a matter of fact, when Sursuro Defanti and I were in Mangisursuro Mike's El Camino Real Eskrima School, there was no laughing or joking allowed during class. Mangisursuro wanted a serious class, without the horseplay, because injuries could be the final byproduct of such displays. I think that it wouldn't look professional to others who are not part of the School, but are watching us to form an opinion on this beloved art of Eskrima.

Some of you used to hang out with Mangisursuro, but my relationship with him was strictly related to the class time. I remember us being told after class, not to hang out because Mangisursuro wanted some family time. In 1978, that also became my reality. I know Mangisursuro was a very clever and witty guy, but I just can't think of anything specifically that was noteworthy! I'm confident that Sursuro Defanti, or one of the other Old Timers, can share a noteworthy memory. I apologize for not offering something, however!

Benjamin: There were many humorous incidents, but this one always brings me a laugh when I think of it, and yet has a hidden lesson of its own, perhaps about trying too hard, and not "flowing."

At the end of every class it had long been a school tradition for everyone to line up silently shoulder to shoulder into rows facing Suro and any other instructors present for a brief question period before the class performed a final salute signaling the end of class. Mike would present the opportunity by asking, "Any Questions?" then look around to see if someone spoke up. To ask a good question was a good thing.

These were very democratic moments. Beginners, all the way through to Instructors could ask a question, or even make personal comments about what they had seen or observed during class. Usually Mike fielded questions, but they also could be directed at others. I found these periods highly informative, whether I was the one doing the asking or not. Sometimes class could be extended another five, ten, even fifteen minutes as he grabbed someone for an impromptu live answer demonstration. Occasionally, the questions were far afield from what class had covered, but more often they would clarify or embellish something just learned. And always the questions were relevant... well almost always.

One night, in front of this large student assembly, a certain student who shall remain unnamed here launched into a simple-minded question which was particularly ponderous and contrived. "Well, if the guy did this move on me, I think I'd do that to him. But if he tried that move, do you think I should try this counter here or do you think it would be better if I tried this other technique first. But then what if..." So, on and on it went.

Now Mike, a deep thinker by nature, but not one for pointless complication, drifted into a staring state. As the student rambled away, an indescribably funny expression fell across Mike's face- squinting, head cocked to one side, motionless. Finally, the student wound down, and the last fragment of his Gordian puzzle hung in the air. There was a long pause. Everyone was still lined up and silent, anticipating Suro's reply- having no guess as to how he would answer this crazy query.

With superlative bluntness and complete disregard for political correctness or charm-school etiquette, Mike once again demonstrated his instructional genius as only he could. With exasperated finality he exclaimed, "THAT is a STUPID QUESTION!" And with that, no further comment was made. Barely able to contain ourselves, everyone saluted out without another word.

You had to be there to get the full effect, but this was pure "Mike" showing a trait we loved about him. He could cut through to the essence of a dilemma with a most unanticipated, yet effective directness. While it sounded insulting on the surface, like a put down, what was really meant by it was closer to "Don't overwork the problem. Go with the Flow, and you will find the solution you need inside the problem, as you automatically react. Flow will tell you what the right answer is. Always Just Flow."

On another occasion, knowing he had a flair for the unusual, I happened to buy him, for a reason I cannot explain- a set of stilts. (Actually, I can explain. I worked at a toy store.) I wrapped them and took them to him as a Christmas present. (How *do* you wrap stilts?) Surprised at the size, puzzled and curious, he studied the strange shape in the wrapper very carefully, probably thinking it must be some exotic weapon. Unwrapping the gift from one end to the other, suddenly his face froze. He couldn't quite believe his eyes. He exclaimed in a half-shout, with mock disappointment, "Stilts!!??"...But then, just as quickly, climbed up on them and started stalking around, grinning like a pirate.

Only after the passage of days could Mike see the humor in this next story. It took place during a business trip Mike made to Fort Wayne, Indiana, where he was booked at a downtown hotel a day earlier than originally scheduled. With some open time available, he planned to get together with friends, and enjoy a day out on the town- such as a small mid-west town can offer.

Well, this particular morning Mike was casually hanging out in the hotel lobby where an area Eskrima student was to pick him up, and serve as his host for the day. Meanwhile, Mike had drawn a bit of unintended attention. The hotel manager had taken notice of him, and began keeping an eye on him. A very close eye. Maybe it was Mike's intimidating attire; dark shades, black clothes, butterfly knife sheathed at his belt, Inayan crossed skull medallion suspended about his neck; not exactly a look you usually see in a quiet mid-west town. Oh, and one other thing, Mike had a *special purpose* black carry case resting at his side.

After a while, the student, Chris Horvath, arrived in the lobby. The manager now grew even more suspicious. Chris was garbed in his usual quasi-military attire; camo vest, bandanna around his head, black military boots and was packing a not-so-concealed side arm (legal for him to do here). But the manager really began to panic when he saw Mike sling the carry case, suddenly displaying the stock butts of two shoulder-fired guns protruding out the end.

That did it! The manager felt he had to do SOMETHING! As Mike and Chris made their way out the door he scribbled down their descriptions. Then, he covertly followed them to their vehicle where he took down their license plate number. As the vehicle pulled away, the manager rushed back inside and placed an urgent phone call to the Authorities.

Now Chris is a major weapons collector, and his van was a veritable arsenal on wheels (all legal, of course). It was also fully equipped with a police scanner which was always ON. As the two drove down the road toward their first destination, an interesting Alert Bulletin aired over the police band radio. Police Dispatch said they were looking for a vehicle of a certain description and license plate number, with certain described occupants--considered armed and dangerous. "Hmmm. That sounded familiar... Hey, wait a minute... It is familiar!! THAT'S US!!!"

That frantic manager had told police that a suspicious pair had been spotted, and that the Cops had better act fast before something terrible happened. So the Police thought they possibly had a pair of trained hit-men on their hands that were poised to strike! In disbelief, when Chris heard this, hoping to avert a disaster, he instantly picked up his cell phone and called Fort Wayne Police Department Dispatch directly to tell them: number one, the cops had the wrong idea; number two, that they were completely innocent; number three, exactly where his van was now; number four, that they were almost to their destination. He continued, telling Dispatch they were: number five, friendly; number six, not illegal and number seven, to please send someone to confirm that...NOW!!! Approaching their destination just ahead, Chris pulled in and just then got the word from Dispatch to stay put, and that a patrol officer would cruise in momentarily to check them out.

Soon, the assigned patrol car swung up behind them. The Officer approached the van very cautiously. After a few minutes of questioning them, the nature of the strange mix-up was beginning to come to light. More than a little embarrassed, the Cop said,

“Well, for the report, I’d better look at what’s in that carrying case, just to be *sure*.” Mike opened the case. And what did it contain? What lethal armament did the Officer find? Why, they were Mike’s weapons-of-choice: a pair of fully automatic brand new PAINT BALL GUNS! And a load of PAINT BALL ammunition! And Chris had driven them right to the front door of the paint ball gun arms manufacturing plant which just happened to be based in Fort Wayne. Mike was headed there to have his two new favorite toys tuned and adjusted by the factory personnel.

So after his “search” the cop radioed in with a confirmation to Dispatch that the terrorists weren’t really terrorists after all, and ordered the Alert Bulletin canceled. After finishing his report, and with one final apology for all the trouble, he got back in his squad car and left. Fort Wayne, Indiana, was safe once again. However Mike was livid. Once he returned to the hotel he read the do-good manager the riot act. In fact, he was so steamed at the affront that for a while he missed the humor in it. The rest of us found it absolutely hilarious. We couldn’t fail to see the *irony* of it all. You see, Mike’s real business purpose in town was by special invitation...to conduct a defense seminar for...can you guess? The Police Department!

Rob: The sound of "Eeeeeee" still echoes in my head. This was Mike's subtle way of telling you that you did something wrong, and plays a part in these next memories. I remember many humorous incidents, but I will relate two stories that are somewhat connected.

One Sunday morning Mike called me up and said, "Come on over, and we'll go to breakfast." Actually, now that I think about it, I believe the preceding statement was prefaced with, "Eeeeeee, you're still in bed?" Anyway, I made it over to Mike's house where Mike, Mary, the kids and I piled into their van. We drove, and we drove, finally ending up in San Francisco's Chinatown. Of course, being in Chinatown we went to a Chinese restaurant for some dim sum. All the time in the restaurant I was glancing around the place thinking that it looked familiar. I was kind of on guard at that point because all the while I was looking around Mike was studying me with a grin on his face. Then it hit me, "Hey! This is the place that had the shootings last weekend." Mike could no longer contain himself, and really started laughing. He found great humor in the incident. At that point in my life I kind of missed the humor. He made some mention about “what are the odds that the place would get shot up again.” It took a few years before I felt that I was able to return the favor of this bit of humor.

During the mid-1980’s, for a period of about six months, I was living in Monterey, California, and would visit Mike and Kristi and the class on the weekends. One of our favorite pastimes was to go to Santa Cruz, and walk around the Boardwalk simply studying people. So, one Saturday afternoon after class, off we went in my 1966 Mustang. I don't know if it was the worn tires, or if the car was out of alignment, or perhaps a combination of both, but whenever we took the Mustang down the winding back roads, the tires would squeal. I am quite sure that it was not the speed at which I drove. Anyway, we went around the first serious corner, and right on cue the tires started squealing. The next corner fast approached, and as the tires started squealing I heard this faint, "Eeeeeee," followed by a much louder, "Rob, you're going too fast." As the next corner was coming up I heard Mike say, "I swear to God, Rob, if we go off this road, I promise that I am going to stab you before we hit the bottom." Yep. What are the odds?

Kristine: That reminds me of another one of Mike's frequent sayings, "You're making me sweat!" always followed by some laughter. I do recall that particular trip down the mountain. I thought you were having a little too much fun with it, and now I know why.

Frank: Mike had a great, playful sense of humor. The first thing that comes to mind:

One evening we were working out in Mike's spare side room. I was filming some moves that Danny Inosanto was showing us, and Mike and Jeff Elliot were sitting on a couch in the background. Mike liked to tease; he called it "garring". Well, Mike kept scooting over real close to Jeff, acting like he couldn't see what Danny was doing, and Jeff would move over a little so Mike wasn't pushing up against him. Well, Mike kept scooting over next to Jeff every time Jeff moved until Jeff finally reached the end of the couch, stopped and looked at Mike, and said the now famous, "Eeeeeee," and got up and stood next to the wall and watched the rest of Danny's demo from there. You could see in Mike's face that he thought this was hysterical. It was a subtle, almost private-moment display of Mike's playfulness. I didn't even notice it was happening at the time. It wasn't until later, when I viewed the film, that I saw this display of silliness from Mike.

There were many moments of Mike with his garring, "Eeeeeee"s, and the ever-popular "Hark". He would say, "Hark!", and smile when someone stated the obvious. Hearing any of these phrases Mike used brings back a wealth of wonderful memories.

Kristine: *Did Mike ever do or say anything that stands out as a special personal memory you have of him?*

Frank: The first thing that came to mind is "No pain, no gain," and "Snooze, you loose." These two statements are not particularly philosophical gems, but they always make me smile and think about Mike when I hear them, or say them myself. They will always hold a special place in my heart.

Kristine: I was always impressed with how Mike used music and songs to communicate his deep emotions and philosophy of life. He really loved Bob Dylan's lyrics and music. The only guitar songs I can recall him playing (there were probably others which I just don't remember) were Bob Dylan songs, and he played and sang them with all his heart.

John: There are several that I can remember to share with you! I remember one time at the beginning of a class, when certain people who said that they would show up, didn't! I was telling Mangisursuro Mike that they said they would be there. Mangisursuro Mike said, "Action speaks louder than words." That statement was one that remained with me. It clued me into Mangisursuro Mike's strategic attitude, telling me that Mangisursuro Mike is going to judge me more on what I do and not on what I say, and the lesson is that I better back up my words with action, or lose credibility and some level of Mangisursuro Mike's respect for my words.

On a different occasion, Mangisursuro Mike was checking out how well and how hard that we all could punch. When it was my time to be evaluated, Mangisursuro Mike observed me punch a focus mitt or padded device, and said, "You could knock someone out with that punch." I was happy to hear that, so it stayed with me.

Another memory that I already mentioned in one of the other answers (and is a favorite one of mine) is the one about "forms and defenses". Mangisursuro Mike said "Let your defense be your form, not your form be your defense." That was a valuable quote that also stayed with me.

Rob also refreshed my memory a little bit. Rob made a mention regarding Mangisursuro Mike's expression which is the sound made that we would spell as "Eeeeeeeee!" I used to hear Mangisursuro Mike use that one a hell of a lot. It makes me laugh every time I think of it. It was an expression that possessed a very real emotion, especially when one's emotion was being stimulated by the sight of danger, near danger, or a serious situation or the like. It's kind of like alarm bells going off in your head when you detect danger or problems. Remember now that we were practicing some things that are damn dangerous at times, and we all would have close calls to dangerous situations. "Eeeeeeeee" was the perfect expression to make a point of the seriousness of the moment.

One of Mangisursuro Mike's common traits that I remember well because I can feel his spirit in my movement when I do it, is when he would perform counter for counter flow sparring. Mangisursuro Mike would lower his center of gravity, and start to pour on the hard fast strikes. It was like he turned into a tornado, except he would be striking from many angles. I refer to this lowering of his center of gravity as "anchoring". Often, when I perform counter for counter flow sparring, it seems like Mangisursuro Mike's spirit is actually driving my action! It is a strange feeling, but it is as if he is here with me! I found that I can turn this energy "on" and "off" like a light switch, when I need to.

Rob: This is difficult to answer because there were many personal moments with Mike over the years, even after I had decided to go out on my own, and especially at his funeral. But I will relate a number of them.

One of the first that I remember occurred a few months after arriving in California. It was a few days after Christmas, and I had been in California for less than three months. Mike and Remy picked me up from the apartment that I was sharing with Garry and Phil, and took me back to Mike's house for one of Mike's favorite lunches, rice and weenies. Mike asked me what was wrong, as he could see that I was somewhat troubled, so I explained that, despite applying for numerous jobs, I had not been able to find a job. I further explained that due to this, I might have to head back to Ft. Wayne for a while.

We talked for a bit more, and then Mike drove me back to my apartment and left me with a few words of encouragement to not worry about the job situation; that everything would work out in the end. A few weeks later Frank called me, and told me to come by Atari and talk to a guy there about a job. Mike had called Frank and asked if Frank could help me out, and Frank had then vouched for me with Roy, my future supervisor at Atari. So without the help of these two my Eskrima training would have been delayed quite a bit. I think that episodes like this help show Mike's personality and genuine concern for people as much, or more, than anything else.

Mike was very giving throughout the years. He took in students that had nowhere else to go, and treated them as one of his family. His love of Eskrima often overrode any business sense he had. He entered into business arrangements with other individuals to promote Eskrima, fully believing that those other individuals were like him, and loved Eskrima more than the all-mighty dollar. During the mid-1980's he was unemployed, but for whatever reason, chose that time in his life to not charge his students for lessons. It took me and Kristi quite a bit of persuading to make him realize that he needed the

money due to his unemployment status; was providing a service; and that he should be charging the students for lessons.

Later on I handled the tuition and other business matters of the school for Mike, and always found great humor in his outlook on money. We would sign up a new student, and he would remark, "All right, no more beans and weenies." followed by, "Let's go to lunch." Occasionally, Mike would come home from a trip (at that time Mike, Andre Green, Emanuel Hart and I were sharing a house), and simply remark, "Oh, by the way, Rob, I ordered some equipment for the school." Andre and I would glance at each other with looks of apprehension. I would ask Mike, "Umm, how much, Manong?" "Oh, just a couple hundred bucks worth," Mike would usually reply. At that point Andre and I would simply start smiling, knowing in our hearts that this was Mike at his most revealing self. Money really didn't matter to him; only his spreading of Eskrima. Andre and I would then start to figure out how we were going to pay for this "Oh, just a couple hundred bucks worth," knowing in our hearts that in most cases it would be substantially more. One time Mike saw my look of apprehension, and said basically what he had said years before, "Don't worry. Everything will work out in the end."

The only thing that Mike loved more than Eskrima and his students was his own children. He was immensely proud of them. He used to have me test them for their next level in the Inayan System. Although every time that I tested someone, I knew that I would have to give an accounting of how they performed, with his children I knew that I would have to give a very detailed accounting of their performance, good or bad. I really don't know why Mike usually chose me to test most people, especially his children, but I was always happy to do so.

After each session of testing his children, Mike, all giddy with anticipation and questions, would ask, "Well, how did they do, how did they do?" I remember one particular occasion where I had tested Jena. After the testing was over I didn't say much except, "Well, your daughter gives as good as she gets," and showed him my out-thrust arms, now covered with numerous darkening welts and bruises that Jena had bestowed upon me during her testing. The look on his face said it all. It was moments like this that revealed how Mike's pride in his children was best conveyed through the look of pride that would come over his face whenever we were discussing them.

Numerous times before class Mike would ask me to work with Jason or Jena on some particular aspect of Eskrima that day. One of Mike's long-standing traditions, especially in the 1970's and 1980's, was to personally pair students up at the beginning of each class. This was done to ensure that each student had the opportunity to work with all the other students. In later years he would sometimes have one of the senior people do the job of pairing up the students. Most of the time, when Mike wanted me to work with his children he asked me to pair up the students. I don't know what the other students thought in those numerous instances that I paired myself up with one of his children. I don't know if they thought that I was showing favoritism or something else, but Jason and Jena are, after all, family. And I really don't know why a look of apprehension would sometimes come over Jason and Jena's faces as they realized that they were going to have to work with their Uncle Rob once again. I imagine that it was my klutziness and lack of control.

There were numerous other incidents. In the early years I would help Mike with the silk screening of the various shirts that we used in class, and at the end of the day he would toss me a couple of the shirts, knowing that in most instances I didn't have the

money to pay for more than one. Later on, when we were living together in Los Gatos, I was going to school full-time and living off of my GI Bill monthly stipend, hence my financial situation was not good. During that time we contracted out the printing of the various student and instructor shirts. I would pick up the orders, bring them home, and show them to Mike. Each time, he would start going through the order, tossing me various things stating, "You'll need one of these, and one of these, and one of these." Throughout all of these episodes I would start to complain, and he would just smile and remark, "Don't worry about it."

But perhaps one of the most memorable incidents that occurred for me had nothing to do with Eskrima, but was simply a life lesson. Shortly before I decided to go out on my own, so far as Eskrima was concerned, Mike and I were at a Taco Bell. When we came out, there was a homeless man sitting by the entrance. We passed the man, and then Mike paused, dug into his pocket, pulled out three or four Ones, turned around, walked back to the man and proceeded to give him the money. The man jumped up and rushed into Taco Bell. Mike turned to me and said, "See, Rob, the man just wanted something to eat."

Benjamin: There are so many stories of Mike's generosity. This particular one holds special meaning for me for its simplicity, but depth.

Near Christmas time, as I prepared to return home to join my family, Mike approached me and handed me a book; deep blue, hard-bound, only with no visible title on the cover. Surprised by his thoughtfulness, I thanked him and politely turned the book over, thinking I had it wrong-side up, but again, saw no title. I glanced up at Mike, and his eyes lit up. I opened the cover and began leafing through the pages. Then... I began understand. I looked up at him again as he said warmly, "Write your own story."

You see, the pages were blank. And you know, I did write in this book, preserving journal notes, training diary entries and so forth.

I noticed this book on the shelf recently. One page I re-read moved me deeply: an entry I'd almost forgotten I'd written. It was a passage filled with sadness and disbelief upon hearing of the passing of Master Max Sarmiento. The process of recollecting so many memories of Suro Inay for this retrospective exchange has had a very similar effect on me. Of course, my relationship with Mike was much more personal than my relationship with Max by virtue of our continual student-teacher relationship, but now I can sense just how penetrating the loss felt by Mike over Max's (and also Angel's) passing was.

I am deeply missing our much loved friend to whom we dedicate these remembrances. We all write our own life-stories, and the same is true with regard to the future story of Eskrima; we need to take time, make time, to preserve our Art in a way that displays its true value, in order that it will be found worthy of future generations who will want to continue to tell the story; and add to it by living it.

Kristine: *How did the time you spent with Mike in training and in friendship with him, especially in your early years of training, change or affect the course of your life?*

John: Well, I was just 2 months short of a celebration of 25 years association with Mangisursuro Mike when he passed on. That should tell you something significant about what I got out of the relationship. Obviously, I felt that Mangisursuro Mike was someone I thought was worthy of my time and commitment, and I highly valued what he had

shared with me. I found Mangisursuro Mike to be highly inspiring, and I decided to commit my life to this Art early on. Being part of this Art has given me a lot of personal satisfaction. I am especially drawn to the technological aspects of this Art, and find something there that is very fascinating to me. Additionally, I found it fascinating, as well as worthwhile, meeting all the high-caliber martial artists over the years through my association with Mangisursuro Mike. Those experiences served as significant side benefits to being associated with Mangisursuro Mike.

I got a chance to watch Mangisursuro Mike's growth over the years that influenced my own personal growth, and the mind-set that evolved with the process. "Think for yourself" and "figure it out" were exemplified in Mangisursuro Mike's teaching, which is a great life lesson. Mimicking what was taught is okay, but tapping into your creative side is better, and I think, more rewarding!

Over the years, Mangisursuro Mike structured the various Inayan System styles and "Serrada-tized" some of the other styles as well. At the time that Mangisursuro Mike was "Serrada-tizing" the Dequerdas style, I spent that time performing the same process with the Kadena De Mano style, but I did that for my own personal use. "Serrada-tizing" is the process of organizing a framework or structure of techniques that are like the Serrada style foundation, only in a conceptual sense of the word. The techniques are not based on the Serrada System, per se, but follow a conceptual influence. That is, there is a cohesive collection of distinct and particular countering techniques that flow well together, and are designed to offer a continuous fluid execution of movement unique to that particular style.

Benjamin: John, when I think of the epitome of loyalty, I think of you. Who else has matched your dedication or demonstrated your humility? Who has more continuous, unbroken years of direct training under Suro? (More "Hours under the Sun," so to speak.) Mike valued you very highly as a dear friend and top Instructor. Others have done much, but who has done *more* than you? Suro took special pride in you- much justified - and comfort, too, knowing he could always count on you for your absolute consistency as a pillar of the Inayan school, reaching back to just about the very beginning. You earned his respect and admiration for your talent, of course, but equally for what perhaps you exemplified more than any other as the spirit of a true disciple. You deserve no small recognition for this. That you have this remarkable history amazes me, and when I think about the store of knowledge and experience you have filed inside, I just shake my head. I'm so glad to hear that you are building on what was taught. You have all the raw materials and "finished goods" necessary to really enhance and add to the Inayan legacy in precisely the way I am sure Mike envisioned it. Well done, John.

Rob: Mike passed on many lessons that are still with me today. From the early days came many Eskrima lessons that gave me a base that hopefully holds as firm today as it did then. Some instructors are concerned with how many techniques that a student knows; Mike was more concerned with whether or not a student could perform their techniques when it counted. And in the early years he provided numerous opportunities for the students to perform those techniques while he was earnestly attacking them. I truly feel that it was this grounding in the basics that was the greatest gift he gave me in the early years.

I have always stressed to those I have helped train that it doesn't matter what you know, but rather whether or not you can apply what you know. One of Mike's greatest

attributes as an Instructor, and one that I feel is essential if you are teaching, was the ability to help a student learn how to apply their techniques. I also relate to my students a little story from my early days of Eskrima training so many years ago.

Once, back when I first began training with Mike, I remember one of the numerous visitors that came by Mike's house was telling a group of us that he had just returned from a trip overseas. We all stood around the kitchen spellbound as he was relating his experiences. What has always remained with me over the years was when he was describing the practitioners of the local art. "They had really great looking weapons and forms," the visitor explained, "But you know," and here he paused a little and then continued on with a smile, "if you hit them with a good old number one they couldn't deal with it." As the years have gone by this simple statement has always stuck with me. I made myself a promise that day that if I should ever have the opportunity to teach, I would do everything in my power to ensure that my students had the best chance to deal with those "good old number ones," and whatever else came their way. All of this came about because of a statement made by one of Mike's frequent visitors.

This was another exciting aspect of training with Mike, especially in the early years; the steady stream of other accomplished Filipino martial art practitioners that we novices were exposed to. You never knew who might show up at Mike's house or who you might have the good fortune of training with at a Westcoast Eskrima Society (WES) meeting. There were a number of practitioners who had an impact on my life and who I probably would have never met except through Mike. People like Dan Inosanto, Leo Giron, Dentoy Revelar, and others impacted me more than they will ever know, but it was the visits of one certain individual who, next to Mike, had the greatest impact on me during the early years.

The rare but memorable visits of this particular man, well known for his countless street fights and episodes of survival, had a profound effect on me. Whereas Mike solidified my basics, it was Max Sarmiento who began my education in the psychology and dynamics of a fight. Max would always take the time to talk about the mental aspects of a fight, and would educate us as to how fights or dangerous situations usually begin long before the first punch is thrown or knife is thrust.

Once, on my first visit to Mike after joining the Army, we took a hike down the mountain where he and Kristi lived. As we were walking, he was relating the sad circumstances of Max's passing less than two years previous. He was pretty broken up, and his face still displayed the sadness and grief that all of us felt at Max's passing. It was at this moment that I learned a little more about Mike. That even though we all embrace the future and all that it holds, we should also strive to honor the past and those who came before us. I miss them both.

Benjamin: I always admired how Mike could really relate to others no matter their background, and he was openly accepted and welcomed virtually everywhere he went. This characteristic was evident in the cosmopolitan mix of those in attendance at class time. We enjoyed and benefited from a diverse range of nationalities, ethnicities, ages, gender and all manner of personality types and experience levels, ranging from highly educated and socially refined individuals to unassuming withdrawn people seeking to overcome shyness and lack of confidence. All found a "place" and were made to feel welcome, but appropriately challenged.

In his personal life, I believe Mike was inseparable from his Art as he climbed on a goal-gradient toward an ever higher and expanding ideal, a continuum of progress and improvement. He inspired others, and they modeled how he lived. He taught us by enabling us- as a true mentor and friend- to have the courage and determination to carry on the struggle to uncover our own true personal identities. He was an encourager, albeit not one to leave you untested. Somehow he managed to help each person find their way along their own path. In this he was remarkably consistent, and I never knew him to do anything otherwise. A goal I hold is to serve as he served if only to accomplish a fraction of what he achieved, not just professionally, but as a human being.

An important lesson he taught was this: DO seek to be influenced by other subjects. Yet, also permit your training to inform those other subject areas as well. DO bring forth new ideas. Create. Invent. Test. But out of respect and appreciation for Eskrima's long and time tested tradition, KEEP THE DISTINCTION! Maintain its proud and venerable tradition, and let Inayan Eskrima contribute a vibrant color to the pallet of the modern martial arts world. And so, these attributes came to reflect a way of living, and a model for me and so many others. That memory of him, my contact with him both through training and via osmosis, is what has echoed back to me across the years.

Suro Mike also taught that it was okay to give training time to rest, to allow knowledge to steep and soak into the fiber of your inner being, and thus to "own" it. Over the course of a lifetime there are periods when circumstances re-route our attention or interrupt our direct involvement. Suro instructed that that is as it should be- with one gentle but firm admonition. "Never let your training or your Art be extinguished." The Eskrima spirit is resilient and will survive until better times, when personal resources and opportunity reunite to rekindle your efforts. Until then keep faith, persist, and you will overcome.

I've found this to be true in my life. Even during periods of low-exposure, when my formal training was suspended for some reason, these non-training periods have paid dividends of their own as I had time to sub-consciously contemplate the philosophy of what "eskrima-mind" really means to me, and revisit the many lessons learned from my experience in Inayan Eskrima. I have found new ways to practice applying those principles to other areas outside the martial arts realm, and continue to notice them trickling into daily life with refreshed meaning.

When the torch of knowledge is passed from Instructor to student, it is incumbent upon the new generation blessed with such a gift to keep tradition intact and burning so it may be carried forth. The compelling force of Mike's passion ignited our enthusiasm; like teacher, like student. Along with hard work and dedication, these crucial elements are the assurance of the continued preservation of the Art, and are the best and perhaps only means to honor Suro's memory, and sustain his life's work.

Frank: Mike's greatest gift to me was in believing in me, and giving me a confidence in myself as a person who can accomplish whatever I set my mind to; and the beautiful gift of Inayan Eskrima. I wrote a poem a while back that kind of says it all for me.

ESKRIMA

My students look for wisdom and guidance,
In this art I teach of grace and violence.

It's the way of the stick and the path of the blade,
But even more about how the pupil is made.

I teach angles of hits with thrusts and cuts,
Dealing with gaps and range, I build their trusts.

With hard work and sweat, all attacks swiftly met,
But in the end, it's their heart that pays debt.

Sometimes there are bruises, and a slight trace of Red,
But those strong of Heart, will shine light on dread.

Klack of the stick, ring of the blade, like a spirit
Its music we make, in a song you can hear it.

To watch over and protect those misunderstood,
In our way, silent warriors for good.

We train for the knowledge, a gift we respect,
For it's in our code that we never neglect.

So it's a truth I hold in awe,
An art old in name, called Eskrima.

By Frank Defanti

Benjamin: Thank you, Frank, for your very fine poem. Contained within it are so many worthy sentiments, presented with such a tactile visualization of what it is really like to train in this art. I printed out a copy to have framed. With your permission, I'd like to display it in my training area so I can enjoy it, and visitors can read it. My gratitude to you for adding Art to Art.

Kristine: *What one word do you feel best describes the man, Mike Inay? Why do you say that?*

Rob: This was a difficult question to come up with an answer for. A variety of words came to mind; Eskrimador, that goes without saying; Instructor, for that answer, simply look at all of his students that are instructing the world over; Father, a very proud father. However as I looked at all of my possible answers a realization came to me that they were all connected by one word: Driven; and I feel that word perhaps describes Mike as well or better than most. Mike was truly blessed with something that most of us strive for but are rarely given, a purpose driven life. I think that there may be a book about this subject, but unlike most of us that simply read about it or dream about it, Mike lived it. At times almost everyone that knew Mike, even those that were not involved in Eskrima, were drawn in to Mike's simple but driven enthusiasm to spread the art of Eskrima. After all, how could we not be? His enthusiasm was contagious.

Did his driven desire to spread the art sometimes cause problems or concerns? Of course it did. I still find a chuckle in my heart when I remember his take on matters of money, "Don't worry Rob, everything will work out." All I or anyone else could ever do was to shake our heads in bewilderment and mutter under our breaths, "Eeeeeee." As much as this drive sometimes affected those of us on the periphery of his life, it most affected his family. But they, like the rest of us, accepted Mike for who he was, an individual whose life mission was to spread the art of Eskrima.

John: Diamond, Mangisursuro Mike is a Diamond! A diamond is a precious multi-faceted stone. Mangisursuro Mike has many facets to his total being, whether it is a Warrior, Leader, Independent Thinker, Innovator, Creator, Friend, or what have you!

Frank: It has to be 2 words for me...sorry. Innovator and Dreamer. Innovator because he was always expanding and improving his love of eskrima; he was never satisfied with the status quo. Dreamer because I feel he dreamed of life as a warrior in another place and time. Mike would get a far away look in his eyes, and I knew the adventure dream was afoot.

Benjamin: When attempting to describe Mike, one would do well to keep a thesaurus close at hand. He was a richly dimensional man; more akin to a forest than a mere tree. However, in addition to loving and fostering his precious children, Jena and Jason, and his beloved family, it seems there is one over-arching attribute which culminated his many gifts. A role for which surely he felt called, and thankfully, for all of our benefit, he responded to without reserve; with his whole being. A role I watched him fulfill toward people from every background and walk of life; without question, and without fail, a lifetime role that never ceased: that of TEACHER.

Kristine: You guys have all come up with some great ways to describe who Mike was. I have to add one more. He was an Idealist. He had some very high and lofty ideals in thought and deed that he strove to achieve in his own personal life, and he asked those close to him to reach for those same high ideals. He set the bar very high for himself and for others. Nobody, including Mike, could ever quite reach that bar, but it was good to have those goals to strive for. Many people go through life without thinking very deeply about the direction they are going, or how they are getting there. I think that Mike had deeply thought out ideas about what the ideal warrior and man was like in public and in private, and he did his best to live out those ideals. He also did not abandon those ideals as his life progressed, and he faced disappointments that were many times due to his own or other people's failures to live up to these perfect ideals. He was an idealist who never did give up.

Kristine: *If you had one more opportunity to speak to Mike face to face, what would you say to him?*

Benjamin: I would say, "Mangisursuro Mike, please accept my humble and heartfelt gratitude for sharing your Art and Friendship, which are priceless to me. My life has been immeasurably enriched for having been your pupil. And thank you for the deep personal sacrifices you, and your family, have endured to make it all possible. I honor your memory and legacy with Respect and Brotherhood. You used to remind us that taking an oath into the Inayan brother(and sister)hood meant that no matter what time passed, or what distance prevailed we should always realize we are now and shall remain connected.

I will never forget your instruction, and when we recall your lessons, I have the feeling somehow you are close by.”

John: I would thank him for sharing his Art with me! Additionally, I would let him know that he can be proud of his son and daughter, as they are carrying out his wishes for them, as he would have liked. They are rising to the challenge of his wishes and they are doing very well. I have watched them both over the last seven years since his passing, and I, too, am proud of them both!

I would love to share with Mangisursuro Mike the additional technology that I have discovered over the past seven years, as it is a direct result of his influence that has allowed me to add something further to this art. Mangisursuro Mike promoted the spirit of “figuring it out”, and I really took that to heart, and am turning it into a physical manifestation. It has given me a lot of personal satisfaction, as well as being something of a “value added feature” that I contributed to the Art. Anyone can just mimic what one is taught; it is another issue altogether to “add to” for the sake of improvement, and to keep the Art on the road to progress.

Rob: I would simply say, "Thanks." For all of the lessons about Eskrima and life; for letting me share in his art and memories; for all the good times, the stressful times and all of the rest that came with this roller coaster of a ride. I would ask him for advice on mending the fences that exist within the Inayan family because I know that it troubles him. I am sure he is happy that his art is still going strong and growing, and perhaps he would say that although those that help perpetuate the Inayan System have taken different paths, they should always remember that those paths started at the same point.

Frank: “I miss you, my friend, and I would like to show you what I have grown from the seeds you planted.”

Kristine: I would say, “Mike, thank you for being open to letting me continue as a part of the Inayan Eskrima family, and for giving Jason the freedom and instructions to form a renewed relationship with me as you were planning for him to be the future leader of the Inayan Eskrima Organization.”

As it happened, Mike gave Jason the “task” of being in contact with me beginning in March of 2000, just six short months before he passed away. I am grateful to have had the internal prompting to get in touch with him before it was too late for him to personally let me know that I was still a part of the Inayan family; and I am grateful that Mike was willing to go through some renewed personal pain in order to allow this to happen.

In an email dated February 11, 2000, Mike wrote something to me that I would like to share here. He said, “Often people ask me to separate my art from myself. But I have come to the realization that, that is not possible, I am my art. And to try and segment it into different parts is impossible for me, although I have often tried to do this. Perhaps others more, wise than myself can do so. But when I teach people, and especially those I care for, I give a part of myself, my life. So I cannot separate business or professionalism from the whole of me.”

It is evident in this quote from the hand of Mike Inay himself, and from all of the memories that John, Frank, Rob, Ben and I have shared in this article, that Inayan Eskrima is much more than a skill set to be learned; Inayan Eskrima, a Way of the Warrior, is a way of life that permeates every fiber of one’s body, soul and spirit, to the very center of one’s being- if one takes the time to truly learn and understand it.

For all of us in the Inayan Eskrima family, Inayan Eskrima has woven our lives together, and created a unique bond that has the ability to override personal differences for the sake of the “family”. Inayan Eskrima has connected us to each other, and in some sense, to the warriors of old who came before us. I think Mike was acutely aware of this, and did his best to take his place in history as both a Patriarch of his own warrior clan, and as the next brother added to the long line of worthy and true warriors who have lived throughout the ages. Mangisursuro Mike Inay, we, your Inayan Eskrima Family, salute you for a life well-lived and a path well-followed.

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Kristine Strasburger resides in Northern Idaho with her husband of sixteen years, Keith Strasburger; son of thirteen years, Timothy Strasburger; and son of ten years, Benjamin Strasburger. She continues teaching eskrima in the Inayan tradition as she learned it, and can be reached via her school website at **www.HeartlandEskrimaSchool.com**.

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My Friend Mike

By Rick Davis

The 60’s were a strange but wonderful time when a generation of kids were allegedly becoming adults in the throes of a war in Vietnam, women’s rights, civil rights, and a unifying questioning of the mores of our parents. I did not realize at the time, how much stranger my life was going to become when I met Mike Inay in 1968.

I had just migrated to California from Arizona with the intent to further my education, but primarily was running from the draft, in a futile attempt to stay out of the military. Killing and or being killed in a crazy war was not my idea of a good time, but just moving around wasn’t going to deter Uncle Sam, but that’s another story. I registered for graduate school at the university in San Jose, and got a job hustling typography (hot type), with a small linotype company. Remember this was in the days before computers. One of the main customers I interfaced with was Fairchild Semiconductor technical publications department. This was a real assembly line type operation, with about 20 or so graphic artists producing manuals. I would walk up and down the aisles collecting the information that needed to be typeset, and discussing each job with the artist. One of the artists was a guy named Mike, young guy, Filipino, but big, about my height and weight, and somewhat intimidating, (later I would realize he was actually just shy). When I approached Mike’s desk, he would just kind of grunt at me, “The job’s obvious,” or “It’s

easy, don't bother me." I would just take his stuff, and hope I did not screw it up because I was pretty sure I did not want this guy mad at me.

If you knew Mike, you can imagine how he chafed in this environment. He had no control over what or when he was doing the job, and Mike did not like others controlling his life. His desk, however, was next to an older Chinese man who did all the hand lettering and calligraphy for the manuals, and he was a chatty character. I actually did not have any business with him, but he liked to talk, and was a tai chi proponent. At the time I had an interest in the martial arts, but no experience, and would listen to his tales of prowess. Mike would stop and lean his head in his hand, and kind of grumble under his breath. Finally one day about a month later Mike just looked at me and said, "If you want to learn a fighting style that works, I can teach you eskrima." Thus began a friendship that would span decades and shape both our lives.

I began taking eskrima lessons at Mike and Maggie's house in Sunnyvale, Ca. Mike was charging me \$5 a lesson, and in those days neither of us had any money, but I was enjoying the lessons, and would always scrape up the money to continue. Mike had a couple of other students at the time, but they didn't continue, probably because of the lack of a proper studio. Mike did not have the money for proper sticks, (we used wood dowels), mats, mirrors, etc. When the weather was good, we trained in his backyard or garage when it rained. Since I was the only student, we would train for hours. I was 20 years old and Mike was 23, so we had the stamina. When it would start getting dark, Maggie would come out, and in her gravelly little voice tell Mike to stop and eat dinner. Thank heaven for Maggie, because usually by this time I was exhausted, and a mass of bruises. I was becoming fairly good at my 1-5 blocks, but was having trouble with 6 and 7 blocks, and my upper arms and ribs were constantly taking a beating. Mike and Maggie were incredibly generous people and would always invite me to have dinner with them. I soon began to accept, and in the evenings we would discuss philosophy of life and play games. We started playing a game called Acquire that was to become a constant over the next 6 or 7 years, and actually kept a record of who won and the date. In our evening discussions, Mike began to share his knowledge of the history of eskrima, and his desire to evolve the art while maintaining the continuity that was taught to him by Max and Angel. In short, he wanted to put his stamp on eskrima and assume the leadership mantle somewhat like a Filipino Don. Loyalty was always a theme for Mike. He would give you the shirt off his back, but if he ever needed a shirt, he expected you to give him yours.

Mike actually was quite entrepreneurial, I can think of 5 businesses that he started, and there may have been others I have forgotten. Mike, Maggie, and I even started our own business I think around 1972, but family began to happen for Mike and Maggie, and Mike needed to get a real job, as the early lean times ate up whatever savings we committed to the business. The business world was no mystery for Mike, and he was quite successful when he wanted to be, but that was not how he needed to live his life, those energies were devoted to eskrima. This was really the one constant in Mike's life. His dream, actually his passion, was to have a following of students and teachers, and continue to develop the art of eskrima. In all other respects, Mike was really just a big kid who loved toys and games, as long as they were games of competition, and toys that a warrior would enjoy. When I first met Mike, he was driving a Shelby mustang GT350 cobra. What else would a warrior drive, and make no mistake, that is how Mike always viewed himself.

For the next couple of years, I essentially was Mike's only student. Mike and Maggie had a daughter that died of SIDS, and shortly thereafter, Jason and Jenna arrived. Mike was pretty busy raising a family and paying the mortgage. During this time my training became quite intense, and I was actually becoming fairly proficient, which was a good thing for my health, as Mike was using our lessons to expand his own command of the art. It was around the end of 1969 that Mike decided it was time for me to meet his instructors, Max and Angel, I was petrified. Max and Angel lived in Stockton, California, where Mike's father and Maggie's family still resided. My first meeting was actually un-eventful, as I pretty much just watched Mike spar with Max, while Angel continually told them how sloppy they were. Eventually they began to accept me, although I suspect they always wondered why Mike was hanging around this white boy. When Max sparred with me for the first time, it was very much like working with Mike, he was powerful and quick, and if your blocks were not crisp, he would go right through them. Angel, on the other hand, was a different animal. Mike, Max, and I were stronger and faster, but Angel was slick and sneaky fast, a master of the Doublete. I was only able to work with Max and Angel a few times, but I will never forget them.

A few months later, Mike got us involved in a Karate tournament that was being held in Los Angeles. We had done a few tournaments prior to this, but they were all hands and feet, no weapons. Mike wanted the exposure, and they actually did generate some students for him, when we would demonstrate weapons combat. While in L.A., Mike took me to meet Dan Inosanto. While we were in Dan's studio, in walks Bruce Lee. Dan was teaching Bruce short stick, and Mike and I actually had the pleasure of sparring with him.

Mike was an innovator, and in many ways ahead of his time. He was constantly inventing new games and contests, and was always sucking Maggie and me into this world. We were out playing capture the flag with pellet guns, before paint ball came around. Once he played paint ball he was hooked, and actually invented a cartridge feed for the paint ball gun before the manufacturers came out with one. We spent countless hours flying combat kites with exacto blades mounted to the struts, trying to cut the other's kite strings. He decided that we needed to be proficient in all combat art forms, and the three of us became very good archers, threw boomerangs, and began to learn to fence with foils and masks. We spent uncountable hours playing board games like Risk and WWII battle games. All of this to Mike was training in strategy and the warrior way. He was always pissed at me because I was such a mediocre chess player. Mike was an exceptional chess player, and probably could have done quite well in advanced tournaments had he cared to get into that level of competition. I think this illustrates Mike's intelligence. He could think 15 to 20 moves ahead, and actually see what the board would look like at that point in the future, including your moves. I would just shake my head and laugh. At this point in time I had two university degrees, but the depth of Mike's mind never ceased to amaze me.

I could regale you with stories about our times together in the 70's and 80's, but I just wanted to give the readers a feel for Mike as a young man, maybe I'll save those stories for a book. I think of my friend quite often, and he will always be with me in my memories and in my heart.

Rick Davis lives in *Petaluma, California, with his wife Judy.*

Mangisursuro Was Truly Unique

By: Nate Defensor

He was known to many as Suro, Mangisursuro, Head Teacher, head pointer of knowledge, head of an Organization. Mike Inay touched many lives in his lifelong quest to teach his system of Inayan Eskrima. He even insisted to spell Eskrima with a “K”, not with a “C” since to spell it as “Eskrima” might convey succumbing to the Spanish conquerors. An admission of defeat which is contrary to Mike Inay’s belief system. Eskrimadors you see never gave up or admit defeat. One of the many credos an “Eskrimador” wears is to never surrender, that you may take my body in defeat but the spirit will never be defeated nor admit to surrender. This is what Mike Inay was all about, full of extreme courage and full of principles true to the belief systems of an Eskrimador.

In a way, he was progressive and also non pro-establishment when it comes to his views of Filipino History unlike the position of the “Illustrados” of Jose Rizal fame who would rather accept and somewhat comply with the Spanish Colonizers that ruled the Philippines for 377 years. He would rather take the side of Andres Bonifacio, the true warrior/fighter/leader who took to arms and led the Philippine Revolution of 1896. He grew up in California but his passion and knowledge of Filipino Martial Art, History, Background, and culture was extensive. He would even go as far as to say and refer to his Inayan System as a Filipino Warrior Art! Borne out of the principles of; Warrior History, culture, and lore. Unique in a way that Martial Art would connote a connection with the other Asian Arts that originated in China and Monk Ta Mo. Or just a play in words, that the origin of this word is from the “God of War” Mars.

This Warrior Art Suro Inay reiterated that was used in Pre-colonial History, used during the Spanish Colonization, used by Filipino mercenaries who even comprised close to one-third of Jean Laffite’s (the Pirate) men of the Battle of New Orleans fame, used during the Philippine-American War, and used during World War II against the Japanese.

An Art used by the Filipino Warriors of bygone years and in many instances in many periods, something Suro Inay is proud of and would prefer it stands out as such a “unique” Art.

He wanted so much to be ‘Unique’, ‘Distinguished’, and ‘Elite’. He dealt with his passion of the Warrior Arts with an “Elitist” attitude. He told me that not everyone will agree with you. You just have to go with those that take your side and project your ideas to that audience. Everyone else on the other side, I need not worry.

One Chicago student, Raphael Chiu, recanted: “One thing I do remember ...is how Mike framed the lock-n-block drill. He said: ‘When you do this drill you should imagine that your family is behind you and that you are the final line between the attacker and your family.’ From what I’ve gathered about Mike, I would say that sums up who he was as a person and what his system was about, at the end of the day, pretty well. Raph”

He learned his craft from the very best, Angel Cabales and Max Sarmiento and other Eskrimadors in the Stockton, California area. He was truly “Old School”. He would at times, on my several visits to his home in Los Gatos in the 1980’s, point out many traditions and rituals that were dear to him. He would even point out works and sayings of Aleister Crowley; indicative of his thoroughness in his personal quest for knowledge and fascination of the occult. Nothing negative of course, but just a sign of Suro Inay’s wide array of reading interests, he was a true Student of the Arts to the end.

He encouraged me to pursue my studies in Filipino Martial Arts. He saw that I was involved in studying multiple Martial Systems but commented that I should concentrate and pour all my energies into a specific System.

He told me once that if you chase two rabbits at once, you will lose them both. I was highly encouraged and I concentrated on Filipino Martial Arts since his advice of many years ago. This is attributed to Mike Inay's convincing philosophy. One of the Inayan instructors, Rob MacDonald, in the 1980's told me Suro Mike Inay frowned on students who learned from a "Chop Suey" approach, rather than a concentrated approach. I do sorely miss both his enthusiasm and his refreshing philosophy. But in my book, both these attributes live on and Suro Inay's legacy will continue.

He was also very creative in his approach to training his students in Eskrima. Alan McLuckie recanted how Suro Inay would train the students in his backyard in the dark without any lights to attain visual sensitivity with just the "glint" of the Moonlight in the background and remembered how difficult it was to do a counter to the incoming angles of attack relying on small amounts of visual aid from the produced Natural environment. Suro insisted on training his Inayan Disciples and Loyal Students in the dark since this was also the way of the Eskrimador when in the past these Arts were taught in secrecy under the Moonlight, even hidden from the eyes of the Spanish Colonizers and continued to get passed on to those fortunate enough to learn Eskrima.

He was not afraid to try various training methods. One time Al McLuckie recalled during the earlier years of "backyard training" when Suro Mike Inay would put a bolo on the end of a staff that would hang on a tree hoisted by a rope drilled in the middle, a contraption known as "DeCuerdas" in Eskrima. He would let the students hit the "DeCuerdas" telling them to avoid the bladed end. Then after a few minutes of this, he wrapped barbed wire on the same side of the device where the bolo was situated and now they have to be careful of making contact with the bolo and the barbed wire. Al McLuckie recalled one of the participants swung with his rattan stick and the barbed wire side pierced and stuck to his stick and then the other end without the bolo and barbed wire knocked him cold whacking his head! Brave, bold and innovative training plus borderline risky business.

One time at a Mike Inay seminar in Degerberg Academy (Chicago, IL), I asked him about "triple hit lock 'n' block". He politely said, the group is not ready and I might be ready for this intense drill. Told me to get up with my rattan stick and he picked up his "Kamagong" stick and proceeded to do the drill with me. All it took was a few hits and I was cringing in pain. Then he politely said, "I told you so!"

Even the ranking system approach was unique in that he would give well-deserving students a medallion upon their graduation in becoming an "Inayan Eskrima Instructor". The medallions looked attractive and made his system unique in a way that he did not succumb to the belts and sashes that other Filipino Fighting Systems who emulated or copied from the Japanese, Chinese, Okinawan or Korean Arts. There was even a unique ceremony in attaining the medallion and a formal acceptance to the Brotherhood of Inayan Eskrima. He established Inayan Eskrima associations throughout the U.S. and Europe. In the State of Wisconsin he formulated Inayan Eskrima associations in several locations. He produced Instructors in Fort Wayne, Indiana with the likes of Al McLuckie, Benjie Berry, and Rob McDonald who were good Ambassadors of Inayan Eskrima. Now the second generation or byproduct of those instructors/Inayan

Guros are now in the mix and keeping Inayan Eskrima alive with active practitioners like Kim Satterfield and many others. He truly believed in his grandmaster, Angel Cabales, as a realist, a pragmatist, and truly down to earth when it comes to the subject of fighting. Unique also in this Filipino martial arts system is the complete approach to fighting ranges and various training drills. There is long range, medium range, and short range. He combined several Filipino martial art systems popular in the Stockton, CA area and the end product is truly a complete/unique system of Eskrima. In the unique world and history of the Inayan Brotherhood, Mangisursuro, where you stand right now there can only be ONE!

Mahaguro Nate Defensor

Defensor Method of Filipino Indonesian Martial Arts
www.defensormethod.com

Memorial to Mike Inay

By Garth Duncan

I met Mike Inay through Kristi about 25 years ago. Having worked with young Kristi and gotten to know her a bit I wasn't expecting Mike to be as... well... Mike. I knew he was into some kind of martial art but was expecting a young naive enthusiast. In the jewellery business I have met a lot of different enthusiastic and intense people, Hollywood personalities, sportsmen, Scottish Clan Chiefs, and a lot, a lot of self important ones... Mike is one of maybe 5 people in my wide travels who has that true X factor, nothing put on, he has the rare quality of a man who is a natural patriarch, strong but humble. To look into Mike's eyes when he was telling you something was a bit like being face to face with a tiger in the wild. One understood without being told that this was Mike's world, wherever he was, he was the recognized alpha male, without the slightest effort or will to be such. The one thing that made him clever is his humility; he would always listen sit and ponder. Then do whatever the hell he wanted, men like Mike don't make the best partners, but one cannot be all things to all people.

Mike really struggled at business, in fact he was crap sometimes, I am as well so I recognised some of the problems. He had ideas, good ideas, and would put them into action, and the money... well, it is a bit like this; if you build it, it will get paid for... How will it get paid for?... we'll work that part out later, yet somehow it works most of the time.

Mike commissioned me to make the rank level pendants. It has truly been an honour to work with him and hear his credo and how it works into every aspect of the balance of life. It's what we all struggle to achieve. Mike is a "Samurai"; Brave men would happily follow him to attack the devil himself... That's what I like to think of him doing just now, or, maybe holding private classes showing Hercules and Achilles some worth while new moves.

Mike has never left my memory; I see him and visit with him from time to time. We will have a lot to catch up on.

The author: *Garth Duncan currently resides on the Isle of Skye where he continues his fine artisan craftsmanship. His website is www.duncan-house.com.*

My Teacher and My Friend

Interviewed By Kristine Strasburger

Chris Horvath, affectionately known as “The Mad Hungarian” for his unique sense of humor and blunt clarity of speech, was both a student and friend of Suro Mike Inay for over fifteen years. In this interview with Kristine Strasburger, Chris tells about his first meeting with Mike as a student, and the impact their friendship had on his life.

Kristine: *Tell me about the first time you met Suro Mike Inay.*

Chris: I first met Mike Inay around 1985 through my eskrima teacher, Guro Benjamin Berry. Ben had previously moved from Ft. Wayne, Indiana to Los Gatos, California in order to learn eskrima from Mike. I began training with Ben shortly after he returned to Ft. Wayne from his 5 years of training in California. I had been training with Ben for about one year when I first met Mike.

On that day, Mike was in Indiana visiting Ben, but none of us students knew that he was there. We had just started class that night. Then, unannounced, Mike just quietly walked into class carrying one of his exceptional close-node rattan sticks (one that had twelve or thirteen natural nodes on it), and said, “Does anybody here practice stick fighting?” Ben then introduced Mike, and Mike took over teaching the class.

The impression I had after that class was, “I have seen the Varsity. Now I know what the Varsity is like.” Ben was good, but Mike was even better. Not only was Mike an exceptional practitioner of eskrima, he was also very good at teaching. He was able to clearly and understandably teach students exactly how the basic fundamentals linked together. He showed us how you could make eskrima really complex, but he stressed how and why it was better to keep it simple. He could demonstrate how the artsy-flashy stuff just doesn’t hold up against an eskrimador with a strong fundamental basic foundation. In addition to this, he showed me how eskrima could work for me, being one who is short and portly. He truly demonstrated how the art is very flexible and can be adapted to work for any body type.

Kristine: *What impressed you most about Mike as a martial artist?*

Chris: More than all other teachers in the martial arts that I have been in contact with, Mike showed stuff that one could easily retain, and stuff that would work. His greatest strength as a martial artist was that his teaching made sense and was retainable. Other instructors also teach what is valid, but they often overload you with information, or fail to connect the techniques in an understandable way, which makes it harder to retain what they are teaching you. Mike gave his students a strong basic foundation and built upon it step by step so that his students could walk away from each training session able to remember what they had just been taught.

Over the years, another thing that really impressed me about Mike was his ability to work well with a lot of different styles of martial artists. He hated with a passion the showing of disrespect toward other people based on style. He was adamant with his philosophy that whenever you interact with another style you must always be respectful of the style and the practitioners. He did not want his students to ever seem arrogant to others based on style. He did a lot of things in his lifetime to promote this view, and I think he positively impacted a lot of people along the way.

Finally, Mike was concerned that his students understand the history and culture of the Philippine Islands and eskrima. I am a history buff, so for me this was an important aspect of the instruction I received from him. Mike was able to relate the history to me from a new and different perspective than I had received from the reading and research I had already done. What he gave to me was the personal human story side of the history, and this made eskrima come alive for me. I have fond memories of us enjoying some really good meals, smoking some really good cigars, and talking about both the history and the future of eskrima late into the night: where it came from, and where it was going. I think he used me for a sounding board a lot because I was willing to sit and listen and soak it all up. He bounced a lot of ideas off me during these times.

Kristine: *How did Mike impact you as a person?*

Chris: On the training floor he was Suro, the Master of his System, but the minute we walked off the floor he was Mike, my friend. It felt like we had a very weird relationship because of that. The respect was always there as my teacher, but I also felt like he was a really good friend. This was a very unique relationship for me, and it validated what I thought about myself as a person. He respected my views and valued my opinion, and he was willing to listen to me and take me seriously as an individual. He was an open and honest person. We were able to discuss and argue all kinds of things, and yet still be friends, and also maintain the respectful student/teacher relationship. I feel honored to have been included as one of his friends in this way.

Kristine: *In your opinion, what is the legacy that Mike Inay left behind?*

Chris: The students who have stayed loyal to him are his legacy. He left a vision of where he wanted to see the art of Inayan eskrima go. His son and heir, Jason Inay, had wholeheartedly been carrying on Mike's vision for Inayan eskrima even before his father passed away. That is his legacy.

Kristine: *If you had one more chance to speak to Mike face to face, what would you say to him?*

Chris: I would say, "Thank you for making me a better person; more dangerous, but at the same time, a more peaceful, calm and patient person." There is no way I can say thank you enough for that. That which was good about me, Mike made better. That which may have been bad about me, he made me look at and helped me see that I could decide to keep it or toss it. These gifts that he gave me are truly priceless. To this day I miss him as my teacher and my friend.

Chris Horvath resides in Woodburn, Indiana.

Kristine Strasburger lives in Spirit Lake, Idaho, where she teaches eskrima out of her backyard school. For more information visit www.HeartlandEskrimaSchool.com

Mike Inay - Eskrima Master and Friend

By Dieter Knuettel

I first met Suro Mike Inay in 1990 when my friend Bob Breen from London called me and said that he had a great instructor coming over, and asked if I would be interested in hosting a seminar with him here in Germany with the DAV. I still remember Mike and his student Kirby Crawford, who assisted him on this first trip, standing at the gate in Frankfurt airport. Mike had an expression on his face that said he really hoped someone would come and pick them up. He did not know me, and only had the information from Bob that I would be there to pick him up. On the trip from Frankfurt to my home in Essen it was soon clear that we would have a good relationship. We talked a lot, and both found that the other was a good listener.

I had him come to Germany four or five times. He was always teaching seminars that were very good: well-structured, good content, very good teaching and contact with the students.

Soon we started to talk about making videos. He was very interested in doing them, and I was, too. Producing



Preparing for filming videos with a direct student of Angel Cabales and Max Sarmiento - Wow, great! It was good for him and his Inayan to get publicity, and good for me and ABANICO because I could film and distribute authentic material from an excellent Master.

I was quite impressed by the performance of Mike Inay and Emanuel Hart during the taping of the videos. They were very organized, and they could perform their material very well. I especially recall the end of Serrada 2, where Mike wanted to show angles 6 – 12, 3 variations each with “flowering”, little variations and additions to the standard counters. Usually, the producer



Larga Mano filming 2000

would film them one by one, because if a mistake happens, one can easily cut out the mistake and repeat only that one number. But Mike wanted to continue as far as possible. It was the end of a hard day of filming, and usually the concentration is very low by then. Not so with Mike Inay. We filmed all 18 combinations in only 1 take. This is sensational. No mistake, no hesitation- amazing! We filmed 8 videos all together: Serrada 1 + 2, Sinawali, Kadena de Mano 1 + 2, Larga Mano, Reactive Knife and Pressure Sensitive Nerve Areas, (PSNA). I appreciated his knowledge, skill and teaching qualities, and he respected my professionalism in producing the videos.

Mike Inay was a man with a lot of humour. I remember one time, when he was here with Emanuel Hart and Roger Carpenter. They had a game going on. It was called "draw". They carried folding knives. When one person called "draw," everybody had to draw, and open their knife as fast as possible. It was funny in the house, but quite embarrassing when they did it in the street, always laughing their heads off. One time, Mike was sleeping on the lounge, hands crossed under his armpits. Both his knives were lying on the table in front of him. Emanuel entered the room, saw Mike sleeping and his knives on the table, and knowing he would get him, he shouted, "Draw," and while you could still hear the sound of his word, he looked into the open knife of Mike who sat there laughing: he had a third knife hidden in his hand under his armpit, just waiting for this.



1990 1st seminar

We always had a very good time when Mike was there, and we always looked forward to his visits. Over the years, through the seminars, the filming and the talks about the editing, a very special relationship grew. It was one of mutual respect. He saw me teaching my students many times, and he also saw my students grow in Modern Arnis over the years.

The special thing about our relationship was that I was not his student; I was not part of Inayan, and yet I was still helping him spread his system of eskrima. I made contact for him in France, Denmark, Sweden and of course in Germany, where we went to teach. I was not expecting anything from him- no aims for any recognition, rank, certificate, titles or anything else. This made him open in our private talks, where he told me many things about the early years with Angel Cables and Max Sarmiento, the Westcoast Eskrima Society, and also about the problems he had with Angel when he split from him. At the same time, I could tell him about my problems with my teacher, and he always had an open ear and some good advice. Some advice came too late, but he helped me to understand some situations that I did not understand before. Through these talks we became very close friends.

During his last visit in May of 2000, we taped Larga Mano, Reactive Knife and Pressure Sensitive Nerve Areas (PSNA). The editing was not so easy, especially of the PSNA video. It took me some months to complete because I wanted to make them really

good. When they were finished I was VERY happy with the result, and I knew that Mike would be proud of them. So I called him to tell him that I was finished, and that I would only make the American NTSC video copies to send to him so he could see the final result. He was very excited to hear this news, and we had a nice talk.

Two days later I had the DVD's packed, and I had just written his address on the envelope when I decided to take a look at the Eskrima Digest to see what was going on. I could not understand what was written there: RIP Mike Inay! I knew what it meant, but I thought it must be a mistake. I had just talked to him 2 days ago! I had his parcel in front of me!

It was such a shock, and I needed quite some time to grasp the idea that he was gone.

Suro Mike Inay has left the world, but he will be remembered by his students, friends and everyone who saw his videos and DVD's. I am proud that I had the privilege to know him and to be his friend, and that I could help him through my videos and DVD's a little, so that he could bring his dream, to spread the Inayan System of Eskrima all over the world, a little closer.

I lost a true friend, but he will always be in my heart.

Datu Dieter Knuettel

Senior Master of Modern Arnis

Owner of ABANICO

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San Jose, CA backyard training 1996

About the author: *Dieter Knüttel, started martial arts in 1967 and FMA in 1978. Since 1984 he is exclusively concentrating on Modern Arnis. He received 6th Dan Modern Arnis and the title "Datu" 1996 from Grandmaster Remy Presas . Currently he holds Lakan Pito, 7th Dan, Senior Master of Modern Arnis He is the chief instructor for Modern Arnis in Germanys DAV. He founded his video company, ABANICO, in 1989, and produces quality martial arts instructional DVD's with an emphasis on Filipino Martial Arts.*

Principles of the Inay System of Eskrima

Inayan Serrada

Serrada literally translated means “to close” or “to shut”. Serrada is a medium to close range style emphasizing the use of blade or stick 18 to 26 inches in length. Responses or counters to strikes are primarily linear in fashion, with the main theory being to close in on an attackers strike to shut down his or her power and speed. Serrada translates to both knife and open hand applications. Serrada is considered one of the most important styles within Inayan Eskrima because it bridges the gap between long and short range defensive counters and attacks.

Inayan Kadena de Mano

Kadena de Mano literally translated means “Chain of Hand”. Kadena de Mano is the primary open hand and knife system within Inayan Eskrima. Kadena is one of the most complex styles taught within Inayan Eskrima due to its training drills and it’s ability to flow from one theory to another. Knife defenses, open hand counters, trapping skills and nerve strikes are cornerstones of this style.

Inayan Larga Mano

Literally translated Larga Mano means “Long Hand”. Most weapon encounters will begin in this range. This Inayan style emphasizes evading oncoming strikes and countering to the attacking limb. Inayan Larga Mano is based on the Kampilan sword, widely regarded as the largest indigenous blade found in the Philippines.

Inayan Decuerdas

Decuerdas means, “to cord”. This style is based on reinforced weapon blocking and counter striking. Theories include parry, block, block and parry and weapon to weapon disarming. This is a basic but highly effective form of Eskrima.

Inayan Sinawali

Sinawali translated means “to weave”. In this style two weapons, usually of equal length are used in set offensive and defensive patterns. From this the practioner is introduced to different theories of executing the same blocking and striking sequences. Sinawali is one of the primary ways that that the left and right hands are taught to work in harmony and rhythm together.

Inayan Espada y Daga

Possibly the most complex of all Inayan styles, Espada y Daga literally means “sword and dagger”. This is considered one of the mother arts of Eskrima. This style teaches the left and right hands to work not only together, but more importantly how to work independently of one another. Espada y Daga focuses on block counter while at the same time positioning an opponent into a trapped or locked position.

Inayan Sibat/Bankow

This is the “Staff and Spear” method found in Inayan Eskrima. Based on many of the Inayan Larga Mano concepts, this styles focus is on the use of distance and the length of the weapon to block and counter.



Standing: Angel Cabales, Max Sarmiento
Kneeling: Jimmy Tacosa, Remi Estrella, Mike Inay



Suro Inay with Guro Dan Inosanto and students
early 1970's



Inayan Serrada - Vol 1 (DVD)
 Inayan Serrada - Vol 2 (VHS) (DVD)
 Inayan KDM - Vol 1 (VHS) (DVD)
 Inayan KDM - Vol 2 (VHS) (DVD)
 Inayan KDM - Vol 3 (DVD)
 Inayan Largo Mano (VHS) (DVD)

Pressure Points (VHS) (DVD)
 Reactive Knife Defense System (VHS) (DVD)
 Inayan Dequerdas (DVD)
 Inayan Sinawali (DVD)
 Kadena de Mano "Basics" (DVD)



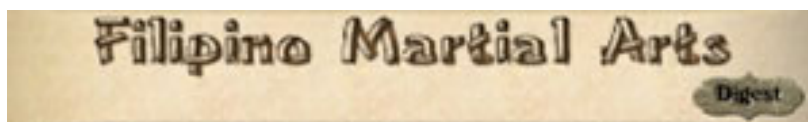
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