

Thoughts related to meaning of 'UNDERDOG' word

'Благ като шекеръ и издръжлив като златото'.

/От изказване на Вангелгия(Ванга) за това какъв да бъде човек/

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A master is teaching a pupil about virtue,
"One ought to exhibit cleverness and strength--",
and Lao-Tsu comes along and says,
"That is not the way. One should appear weak, poor and helpless--".

/От коментар за книга за Лао Дзъ с карикатури/

~ ~ ~

Защо? Защото той може да мисли. Защото може да си измисли надежда. Защото се надява, че пак ще му стане по-добре. Това е неговото проклятие не благословия. Състрадание към робите? Състрадание към войниците и инвалидите от войната? Омраза срещу тираните? Не! Не! Не!

/B. Traven от 'Корабът на Мъртвите'/

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- Добре ми е така.

/Ichi Zato(Shintaro Katsu) на пътът в крайът на филмът 'Zatoichi: The Festival Of Fire', 1970/

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Не е важно какво казваш на тревата. Можеш и да си измисляш разни думи; важното е чувството, че й се радваш и че се отнасяш с нея като с равна.

/дон Хуан от 'Journey to Ixtlan'/

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Песента която искам да ви изпея е за любовта и омразата, по-задушевно казано за силата: силата на любовта, говоря за силата на любовта, за силата на туй сладко цвете което над светъ ще властва и в нова сила ще прераства, ей свят да знаеш само как вониш, размърдай се приятелю че окъсняхме това е шанс да се проявиш, силата на любовта е силата на малко цвете, но не цветя са във умъ ви а с пушки искате да се окичите, и ако вместо тях цветенца вий затъкнете, светъ ще бъде без войни и вред ухание ще се разнася... ей цветята ми, какво направихте с цветята ми, както и със всичко останало, със всичко останало, цветята, цветята.

/От филмът 'Продуцентите'/

~ ~ ~

Don Juan Matus gave us the formidable example of a man who lived according to what he said. And I say it is a formidable example because it is the most difficult thing to emulate; to be monolithic and at the same time have the flexibility to face anything. This was the way don Juan lived his life. Within these premises, the only thing one can be is an impeccable mediator. One is not the player in this cosmic match of chess, one is simply a pawn on the chessboard. What decides everything is a conscious impersonal energy that sorcerers call intent or the Spirit.

/An interview with Carlos Castaneda, 1997/

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It is imperative to leave aside what he called "personal history". To get away from the "me" is something extremely annoying and difficult. What shamans like don Juan seek is a state of fluidity where the personal "me" does not count.

/An interview with Carlos Castaneda, 1997/

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What is Underdog? A man of unconditioned kindness. Devoid of ambition. He searches change not. "Yield and Overcome. Merge with dust." - motto of Underdog. This is an ultimate state of man, a state which preserves, I have known so far. Какво е Подкучето? Това е човек на необушената мекота; недостигнала още, но на праг да се превърне в благод. Той е празен от страсти и амбиции и не търси по-добро, не търси промяна. Това е крайното състояние постижимо за човекъ можещо да спасява, познато ми досега.

/Sanmayce Svalqyatchx 'KAZE'/

~ ~ ~

Смисълът който влагам в *подкучето* е близък с *карма йоги* така както го разбирам от Хейдакхан Баба, но мощно обогатен с '*ACCEPT DISGRACE WILLINGLY*,' и '*HE WHO TAKES UPON HIMSELF THE HUMILIATION OF THE PEOPLE IS FIT TO ...*,' вижданията на Лао Дзъ. Илй както казва подкучето Чъанг Сан в любимий ми филм 'Chinese Hercules' относно трудностите: "**Don't worry. It's a good exercise.**".

И все пак нараняването му се изразява в мъка, а не в гняв, обида, желание за възмездие илй в желание за утеха. И тук се вижда междинното му положение: грубо, при Кунг Дзъ '*REPAY INJURY WITH RIGHTEOUSNESS*(отвърщай на нараняването със справедливост)', при Лао Дзъ '*REPAY INJURY WITH KINDNESS*(отвърщай на нараняването с грижа)', при Исус '*REPAY INJURY WITH LOVE*(отвърщай на нараняването с любов)'. Оттук, една моя интерпретация: '*REPAY INJURY WITH SORROWFULNESS*(отвърщай на нараняването с мъка)' - по-лесно изпълнима от Лао Дзъ и Исус, но по-трудно изпълнима от Кунг Дзъ. Най-най-трудното идва обаче когато се дойде до въпросъ: 'Личното илй чуждото нараняване?'.

Предвид горното мога да кажа че '(пре)изпълнениетъ с мъка' е по-близко за мен описание на 'Underdog' отколкото силний оригинал 'kindness', илй още повече 'love'.

Подкучето е НЕИДЕНТИФИЦИРАЩ СЕ, НЕИДЕНТИФИЦИРАЩ и НЕОБУСЛОВЕН. По-скоро той е в състояние на НЕИДЕНТИФИКАЦИЯ, НЕИДЕНТИФИЦИРАНЕ, НЕОБУСЛОВЕНОСТ. Ако нямаш първото те наричат мухльйо(безхарактерен загубеняк, нищожество), ако нямаш второто - тъпанар(неразбиращ глупак). Да действаш в името на нещо(някакъв идеал) е пример за идентифициране(разделяне, съдене) тоест обусловеността прави действието непрямо(лицемерно) понеже е свързано с неприемане(отсъждане). Мислиш ли се за нещо, съдиш ли за и не, очакваш ли резултатъ, тези трите нямат нищо общо с човекъ стъпил на пътът на подкучето.

/Георги Тодоров Маринов/

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Какво ви засягат моите дрипи?

По тях има радост и много сълзи.

Какво ви е грижа дали аз ридая?

За вашата милост аз не пълзя.

Защо ви е грижа какво ми харесва?

Тук вече е моят, не вашият свят.

Небето ви аз не искам да зная,

добре ми е само в горещия ад.

За вашата милост не искам да зная.

И мъртви ли нося или богове,

не ще ви призная. Какво ви засяга?

С проклятие никой не ще ви зове.

Аз плюя на мита за бога възкръснал.

Не вярвам в небето и Страшния съд.

Възмездие адско не ще ме уплаши.

За мен е единствен широкият път,

Хопла, хей, в открито море, хопла,

хопла, хей!

/Б. Травен, Корабът на Мъртвите/

~ ~ ~

На човек тепърва му предстои да се научи да се доверява на богъ.

/Виссарион/

~ ~ ~

Щом погледнеш идващите пред тебе небесни апсари и не се роди в теб мисъл за дракони, играещи пред вратата ти, щом не се уплашиш от острий меч, който свисти около главата ти, в своето спокойствие си подобен на дзюндзи, който се разхожда в дебрите на планините.

/Древно-китайска пословица/

Знаете ли колко е свещен трепетъ на душата? Знаете ли колко е нежна човешката душа? В душата няма абсолютна никаква грубост. Тя е готова да раздели последната хапка със свой приятел, с най-бедният човек. Тя не прави никаква разлика между мравката и себе си. Когато душата отправи един свой нежен трепет към някое малко същество, то трепва и казва: 'Ето една душа, която ме разбира.'

/Дънов-Учителъг/

Прекалено сериозно възприемаш себе си. В собствените си очи ти си дяволски важна личност. Това трябва да се промени! Тъй кошмарно си важен, че се чувстваш прав да се дразниш от всичко. Тъй дяволски си важен, че си позволяваш дори да си тръгнеш, щом нещата не вървят по твоему. Предполагам, дори си мислиш, че по този начин проявяваш характер. Чиста глупост! Ти си слаб и надут!

/дон Хуан от 'Journey to Ixtlan'/

Войнът съзнава своята болка, но не ѝ се отдава. Затова един войн не навлиза в непознаемото с тъжно настроение. Напротив той е радостен, защото се чувства смирен пред великият си шанс, уверен, че духът му е безпогрешен, и, най-важното - напълно съзнава своите отговорности. Радостта на войнът е в това да приеме съдбата си и истински да оцени онова, което му предстои.

/дон Хуан от 'Tales of power'/

Знанието е по-добро от механичната практика. По-добра от знанието е медитацията. Но най-добър е отказът от привързаността към резултатите, защото при него веднага настъпва покой.

/Бхагавад Гита, Пътът на Любовта/

Веднъж Кунг-цзъ бил в Джоу. Той посетил Лао-цзъ и му задал въпрос за същността на 'ли'. Лао-цзъ му отговорил: 'Това за което вие говорите ми напомня човекът на който костите отдавна са изгнили в гробът и само се помнят неговите думи. Оставете вашата надменност и извънмерни желания, надути маниери и ниски страсти - те няма да ви донесат никаква полза.'

/Легенда/

I know how birds can fly, how fish can swim, how animals can run; yet the runner may be trapped, the swimmer may be hooked, and the flyer may be shot by an arrow; but who knows how dragons ride on winds through clouds into heaven? Today i have seen lao-tzu and can compare him only to a dragon.

/Kung-Tzu/

Истина ли е, че човек никога не може да се промени? Дориан почувства стремеж към неопетнената чистота на своята младост. Тя замина и се посвети на работа отдавайки безкористно времето си на нуждаещите се и никога не пожела пак да изкушава невинността. Щеше да опита да изкупи вината си ... Дориан се бе опитала да убие миналото, ужасната си душа. Сега освободена от всичко тя почиваше в мир.

/От филмът 'Греховете на Дориан Грей'/

Постигналите пълно отречение са освободени от всякакво усещане за двойственост. Те, Арджуна, не са засегнати от симпатии и антипатии и са свободни от веригите на собственото си упорство. Незрелите си мислят, че знание и постъпка са нещо различно, ала мъдрите осъзнават, че всъщност това не е така. Човекът, поел по единият път, ще получи облагите и от двата. Целта на знанието и целта на служенето съвпадат - слепи са тези, които не успеят да проумеят това.

/Бхагавад Гита/

И какво право има човек да се надява, че ще постигне в друг свят това, към което не се стреми в този?

/От „Трите златни перли“/

1. Знай мъдростта да си търпелив през времето на бездействие.
2. Избирай справедливостта за път в животът си.
3. Не позволявай на сърцето да бъде контролирано от желанията, удоволствията или зависимостта.
4. Тъгата, болката и злобата са естествени качества, срещани в делничният живот. Въпреки всичко, работи за да култивираш просветлението на твърдият, безпристрастен дух.
5. Запази в сърцето си уважението към семейството и изучавай литературата и бойните изкуства с балансирана решителност.

/Ширюкен Масамицу Тода, 32-ри патриарх на Тогакуре Рю Ниндзюцу, 1891/

Един Дзен-учител на име Рюкан живеел по най-прост начин в малка хижа в подножието на планината. Една вечер в хижата се промъкнал крадец, но само за да открие, че няма какво да задигне оттам. Рюкан се върнал и заварил крадеца. 'Ти сигурно си извървял доста дълъг път, за да ме посетиш', казал той на злосторникът, 'и затова не бива да си тръгваш с празни ръце. Моля те, вземи дрехите ми като подарък'. Крадецът се объркал. Грабнал дрехите и побягнал. А Рюкан седял гол и съзерцавал луната. 'Горкичикий', унесъл се в мислите си той, 'как бих искал да мога да му даря тази красива луна'.

/Луната не може да бъде открадната. Zen Flesh, Zen Bones/

Нека в едно движение се осъществи одухотвореността на цялото тяло, а движенията се нанижат на една нишка. Нека ти да извира свободно, а духът се насочи навътре. Понякога отстъпваш, понякога вървиш напред, понякога се влачиш. Основата е в стъпалата, същността в бедрата, господарят е в кръстът, формата е в пръстите. Краката, бедрата и кръстът трябва да бъдат в единство с ти. Източникът на движенията е във волята, а не в това, което се намира навън. Бъдейки на върхът, бъди и в ниското, стремейки се напред, връщай се и назад, отивайки наляво, отбивай се и вдясно, издигайки се към върхът, имай воля да се спуснеш в ниското. Нека ясно се разграничат пълно и празно, всеки момент трябва да има свое особено пълно и празно. Бъди като опъната нишка и не позволявай тя да се скъса.

/Чан Сан Фен, 18 век/

За мен има само пътуване по пътища, които имат сърце. По всеки път, който има сърце. По него аз пътувам и единственото предизвикателство, което си струва, е да измина пълната дължина. Там аз пътувам и гледам, гледам, останал без дъх.

/дон Хуан от 'The teachings of don Juan'/

И это является феноменом водоворота: на поверхности водоворот велик, но чем глубже вы идете, тем меньше и меньше водоворот становится - сильнее, но меньше. И почти у дна воронка так мала, что вы можете очень просто выйти из нее без всякой борьбы. Фактически, около дна воронка сама выбросит вас. Но вы дождитесь дна. Если вы боретесь на поверхности, если делаете что-либо для этого, вы не сможете выжить. Я пробовал со многими водоворотами: это переживание прекрасно.

/Бхагаван Шри Раджниш/

Няма 'себе си', което да бъде защитавано!

/От „Трите златни перли“/

Колко е голяма разликата между неприятността, неприязънта, презрението, ненависта, непоносимостта, омразата? ... Или: НЕПРИЯТНОСТ ... ПРЕЗРЕНИЕ ... ОМРАЗА ... Всъщност разлика няма, тя е само количествена, разбира се! Подкучето няма допир с цялата верига развита индукционно след НЕПРИЯТНОСТА!

/Въпросът в Лао стил: Георги Тодоров Маринов/

'You told me, don Juan, that the devil's weed tests men. What did you mean by that?'

'The devil's weed is like a woman, and like a woman she flatters men. She sets traps for them at every turn. She did it to you when she forced you to rub the paste on your forehead. She will try it again, and you will probably fall for it. I warn you against it. Don't take her with passion; the devil's weed is only one path to the secrets of a man of knowledge. There are other paths. But her trap is to make you believe that hers is the only way. I say it is useless to waste your life on one path, especially if that path has no heart.'

'But how do you know when a path has no heart, don Juan?'

'Before you embark on it you ask the question: Does this path have a heart? If the answer is no, you will know it, and then you must choose another path.'

'But how will I know for sure whether a path has a heart or not?'

'Anybody would know that. The trouble is nobody asks the question; and when a man finally realizes that he has taken a path without a heart, the path is ready to kill him. At that point very few men can stop to deliberate, and leave the path.'

'How should I proceed to ask the question properly, don Juan?'

'Just ask it.'

'I mean, is there a proper method, so I would not lie to myself and believe the answer is yes when it really is no?'

'Why would you lie?'

'Perhaps because at the moment the path is pleasant and enjoyable.'

'That is nonsense. A path without a heart is never enjoyable. You have to work hard even to take it. On the other hand, a path with heart is easy; it does not make you work at liking it.'

Don Juan suddenly changed the direction of the conversation and bluntly confronted me with the idea that I liked the devil's weed. I had to admit that I had at least a preference for it. He asked me how I felt about his ally, the smoke, and I had to tell him that just the idea of it frightened me out of my senses.

'I have told you that to choose a path you must be free from fear and ambition. But the smoke blinds you with fear, and the devil's weed blinds you with ambition.'

I argued that one needs ambition even to embark on any path, and that his statement that one had to be free from ambition did not make sense. A person has to have ambition in order to learn.

'The desire to learn is not ambition,' he said. 'It is our lot as men to want to know, but to seek the devil's weed is to bid for power, and that is ambition, because you are not bidding to know. Don't let the devil's weed blind you. She has hooked you already. She entices men and gives them a sense of power; she makes them feel they can do things that no ordinary man can. But that is her trap. And, the next thing, the path without a heart will turn against men and destroy them. It does not take much to die, and to seek death is to seek nothing.'

/The Teachings of DON JUAN, A Yaqui Way of Knowledge, CARLOS CASTANEDA/

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'The smoke really terrifies me, don Juan. I don't know exactly why, but I don't have a good feeling about it.'

'You like flattery, and the devil's weed flatters you. Like a woman, she makes you feel good. The smoke, on the other hand, is the most noble power; he has the purest heart. He does not entice men or make them prisoners, nor does he love or hate. All he requires is strength. The devil's weed also requires strength, but of a different kind. It is closer to being virile with women. On the other hand, the strength required by the smoke is strength of the heart. You don't have that! But very few men have it. That is why I recommend that you learn more about the smoke. He reinforces the heart. He is not like the devil's weed, full of passions, jealousies, and violence. The smoke is constant. You don't have to worry about forgetting something along the line.'

/The Teachings of DON JUAN, A Yaqui Way of Knowledge, CARLOS CASTANEDA/

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Come forward. I'm glad to meet Godfrey's son. He was one of my greatest teachers.

He was there when playing with the other boys, my arm was cut.

And it was he, not my father's physicians who noticed that I felt no pain.

He wept when he gave my father the news. That I am a leper.

The Saracens say that this disease is God's vengeance against the vanity of our kingdom.

As ratchet as I am these Arabs believe that the time that waits me in hell is far more severe and lasting.

If that's true, I call it unfair.

Come, sit. When I was 16 I won a great victory. I felt in that moment I would live to be hundred. Now I know I shall not see thirty.

You see, none of us choose our end really.

The King may move men. A father may claim a son.

But remember that even when those who move you be kings or men of power, your soul is in your keeping alone.

When you stand before God you cannot say but I was told by others to do thus.

Or that virtue was not convenient at the time. This will not suffice. Remember that.

I will.

Then go now to your father's house at Ibelin and from there protect the pilgrim road.

Protect the helpless. And then perhaps one day when I am helpless you will come and protect me.

/King of Jerusalem from 'Kingdom Of Heaven' movie/

~ ~ ~

And the wicked shall inherit the Earth.

You judging me now, John?

Betrayal, murder, genocide, call me provincial.

I am simply seeking to inspire mankind to all that was intended.

By handing Earth over to the son of the devil? Help me here.

You're handed this precious gift, right?

Each one of you granted redemption from the Creator.

Murderers, rapists and molesters, all of you, you just have to repent and God takes you into his bosom.

In all the worlds in all the universe, no other creature can make such a boast, save man. It's not fair.

If sweet, sweet God loves you so, then I'll make you worthy of his love.

I've been watching you for a long time.

It's only in the face of horror that you truly find your nobler selves. And you can be so noble.

So...

I'll bring you pain. I'll bring you horror. So that you may rise above it.

So that those of you who survive this reign of hell on Earth will be worthy of God's love.

/Angel Gabriel from 'Constantine' movie/

~ ~ ~

Oh, my God! What happened to your face?

Nothing.

You have got to stop destroying yourself. You know, it wasn't always like this, Butch. You were the most wonderful children in the world. Wasn't until you all got started with those goddamn drugs. Don't you know how much potential you had?

Ma, I love you. Don't cry. I love him, too. You know, I know things ain't been easy for you. Ma, it hurts to see what happened to us. I don't hate Louis. I hate what he turned into. And I hate myself because I wasn't there for him. Could you tell Louis one day that I love him, and that I'm sorry about things? You know, Ma, I want to see Ruby get the fuck out. Ruby's special, Ma, you know? He's got a strong mind, and one day, you're going to be proud of him. I got to go.

/Mickey Rourke from 'Bullet' movie/

~ ~ ~

Listen, Pop, there's worse things than prison -- your mind.

All three of you should be in jail, where you don't have to work for a living.

I don't think so. You try watching some young cherry from the neighborhood getting his asshole reamed out by a bunch of murderers and rapists. You look at that. It don't matter how bad you think you are. If these motherfuckers want you, they're going to take you. You try living with that.

Welcome home, convict. You're a very touching story. My hemorrhoids bleed for you. Pop... now, why can't you find me a job? I think it's really funny that the horrible convict over here ain't out of jail for 24 hours and you managed to find him a fucking job.

Louis, are you going to have dinner tonight?

What ever happened to death before dishonor?

/Mickey Rourke from 'Bullet' movie/

~ ~ ~

Hey there, handsome boy. Stop. Amazing! Do you know you have a special aura?
You're so young, but you have the bone structure... and chi flow of a kung-fu genius.
If your chi flow can be channeled, then you will be invincible!
Like the old saying: You cannot escape your destiny.
The duty of upholding world peace and punishing evil will be yours. Sure.
This is the scroll of the Buddhist Palm. It's priceless. But as it's fate, I'll let you have it for \$10.
BUDDHIST PALM MANUAL
- You gave him your life savings?
- Yes.

I was saving to study to be a doctor or lawyer... but this was world peace.
Let go of the girl!
Hey! It's the Buddhist Palm! "The 20-Cent Kung Fu Manual."
You must be loaded. Have you killed anyone lately? He's a fool, and she's mute. Losers!
I realized then that good guys never win. I want to be bad. I want to be the killer!

/From 'Kung Fu Hustle' movie/

~ ~ ~

I declare that I am in every one, in every being. So do not hate any one, or cavil at any one. Spread prema always, everywhere. That is the best way of revering Me. Do not seek to measure Me or evaluate Me. I am beyond your understanding. Pray or worship for your own satisfaction and contentment. But to say that I will respond only if I am called or that I will save only if I am thought of is wrong. Have you not heard the declaration "Sarvathaah paani paadham?" You can hear My Footsteps, for, I walk with you, behind you, beside you. When you cry out in agony, "Don't you hear my heart's plaint? Have you become so stony-hearted?" My ear will be there to listen. Ask that I should protect you like the apple of the eye, My eye will be there to watch over you and guard you. Have dhoopam (incense) and scent-sticks for the puuja, and I smell them. I answer to whatever Name you use; I respond to whatever request you make with a pure heart and a sanctified motive.

/Sai Baba, 1963/

~ ~ ~

The day they got the light I AM surprised that you read out a Welcome Address to Me and extolled Me as jnaana swaruupa, Prema swaruupa (embodiment of Supreme Knowledge and of Love), etc. I must tell you that I am no stranger and therefore need no welcome. I am no stranger anywhere, much less here, of all places where I took birth. I belong to you, I am very near to you. Besides, I do not like this praise, for praise places you at some distance, whereas I take delight in being with you, beside you, around you. No father likes his sons to praise him! No son approaches the father with a Welcome Address, in which his scholarship, wealth, strength, virtues are listed and extolled. Kinship evokes kindness; there is no need or chance for formal ceremonial behaviour.

/Sai Baba, 1963/

~ ~ ~

- I can't believe it. Your romantic vision of death with all that grass growing everywhere. I must admit you have a big imagination. But maybe not big enough. Death is much more... simple. After a few months, it gets more interesting. Then after a year, it finally becomes... romantic.
- *Who are you?*
- You don't like my face? Maybe you'd prefer this one. Too young, maybe. How about this one? Better, no? But incomplete.
- *Get thee behind me, Satan.*
- Who are you to even think you can know the difference between good and evil? Are you God?
- *I'm just a messenger. He needs me.*
- How can you imagine that God, the creator of Heaven and Earth... the source of all life... could possibly need you?
- *I don't know.*
- You don't think He can deliver His own messages?

- *What do you want from me?*
- Nothing. I'm here to set you free.

...

- *Don't abandon me. Please. Where are You? Where are You? Please. Is this what You want? Is this what You want? Do You want me to... to burn... without... being confessed?*

...

- You know what you just signed? You just signed away His existence.
- *I didn't mean to.*
- For you... He's a lie. An illusion.
- *No, no. He told me that I would be confessed.*
- In the end it was you who abandoned Him.

...

- You want to confess? I'm listening.
- *I've committed sins, my Lord. So many sins. I saw... so many signs.*
- Many signs.
- *The ones I wanted to see. I fought... out of revenge... and despair. I was all the things... that people believe... they are allowed to be... when they're fighting for... a cause.*
- For a cause.
- *I was... proud... and stubborn.*
- Selfish.
- *Selfish.*
- Cruel.
- *Yes. Cruel.*
- You think you are ready now?
- Yes.
- Good.

/THE CONSCIENCE scenes, 'Joan of Arc' movie, 1999/

~ ~ ~

... бойното ти име ... Господин Дундйо. Господин Дундйо, който се бие по най-хитрий начин, смазвайки юмруците на противниците със собственото си лице. Господин Дундйо никога не напада.

/MAKO from 'Sidekicks' movie/

~ ~ ~

Изкусното тъкане прави многото нишки на скъпоценната одежда да изглеждат едно цяло. Такава е природата на ДАО.

/От „Трите златни перли“/

~ ~ ~

Isaiah 53: [1] Who has believed what we have heard? And to whom has the arm of the LORD been revealed?
Isaiah 53: [2] For he grew up before him like a young plant, and like a root out of dry ground; he had no form or comeliness that we should look at him, and no beauty that we should desire him.
Isaiah 53: [3] He was despised and rejected by men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; and as one from whom men hide their faces he was despised, and we esteemed him not.
Isaiah 53: [4] Surely he has borne our griefs and carried our sorrows; yet we esteemed him stricken, smitten by God, and afflicted.
Isaiah 53: [5] But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; upon him was the chastisement that made us whole, and with his stripes we are healed.
Isaiah 53: [6] All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the LORD has laid on him the iniquity of us all.
Isaiah 53: [7] He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth; like a lamb that is led to the slaughter, and like a sheep that before its shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth.

~ - ~

- 53:1 Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the LORD revealed?
53:2 For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, [there is] no beauty that we should desire him.
53:3 He is despised and rejected by men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were [our] faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.
53:4 Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten by God, and afflicted.
53:5 But he [was] wounded for our transgressions, [he was] bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace [was] upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.
53:6 All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the LORD hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.
53:7 He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth; he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth.
53:8 He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off from the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.
53:9 And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death: because he had done no violence, neither [was any] deceit in his mouth.
53:10 Yet it pleased the LORD to bruise him; he hath put [him] to grief: when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see [his] seed, he shall prolong [his] days, and the pleasure of the LORD shall prosper in his hand.
53:11 He shall see of the travail of his soul, [and] shall be satisfied: by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities.
53:12 Therefore I will divide to him [a portion] with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong; because he hath poured out his soul to death: and he was numbered with the transgressors; and he bore the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

/Isaiah, Bible, Old Testament, Webster version/

~ - ~

- ... do you believe in it?
- I know it Fay.

/Jason Patric в крайъ на филмъ „After Dark, My Sweet“, 1990/

~ - ~

“ZARATHUSTRA” IS MY BROTHER’S most personal work; it is the history of his most individual experiences, of his friendships, ideals, raptures, bitterest disappointments and sorrows. Above it all, however, there soars, transfiguring it, the image of his greatest hopes and remotest aims. My brother had the figure of Zarathustra in his mind from his very earliest youth: he once told me that even as a child he had dreamt of him.

“Заратустра” е най-личното дело на брат ми, историята на неговите най-съкровени преживявания, приятелства, идеали, възторзи, на най-горчивите му разочарования и скърби, над които се въззема светлият образ на неговата висша надежда и най-далечна цел. Образът на Заратустра се е вестявал пред брат ми в най-ранна младост; той веднъж ми писа, че още като дете го е виждал насън.

...
The second part of “Zarathustra” was written between the 26th of June and the 6th July. “This summer, finding myself once more in the sacred place where the first thought of ‘Zarathustra’ flashed across my mind, I conceived the second part. Ten days sufficed. Neither for the second, the first, nor the third part, have I required a day longer.”

Втората част на Заратустра е написана между 26 юни и 6 юли в Силс-Мария: „През лятото, като се върнах пак на светлото място, дете ми светна в мисълта първата мълния на Заратустра, намерих втория Заратустра. Десет дни бяха доста; аз в никой случай нито при първия, нито при третия и последния не съм имал нужда от повече време.”

He often used to speak of the ecstatic mood in which he wrote “Zarathustra”; how in his walks over hill and dale the ideas

would crowd into his mind, and how he would note them down hastily in a note-book from which he would transcribe them on his return, sometimes working till midnight. He says in a letter to me: “You can have no idea of the vehemence of such composition,” and in “Ecce Homo” (autumn 1888) he describes as follows with passionate enthusiasm the incomparable mood in which he created Zarathustra:—

Той често говореше за екстазното състояние, в което е писал Заратустра, как при своите скитания надолу-нагоре е бивал връхлитан от обилие на мисли, които с молив бързо е отбелязвал в тетрадката си, и които сетне, у дома, до късна нощ е преписвал с мастило. В едно писмо той ми казва: „Ти не можеш си представи стихията на подобни зараждания” и със страстно въодушевление той описва в автобиографичната скица „Ессе homo” (есента на 1888г.) несравнимото настроение, в което Заратустра е бил създаден:

“—Has any one at the end of the nineteenth century any distinct notion of what poets of a stronger age understood by the word inspiration? If not, I will describe it. If one had the smallest vestige of superstition in one, it would hardly be possible to set aside completely the idea that one is the mere incarnation, mouthpiece or medium of an almighty power. The idea of revelation in the sense that something becomes suddenly visible and audible with indescribable certainty and accuracy, which profoundly convulses and upsets one—describes simply the matter of fact. One hears—one does not seek; one takes—one does not ask who gives; a thought suddenly flashes up like lightning, it comes with necessity, unhesitatingly—I have never had any choice in the matter. There is an ecstasy such that the immense strain of it is sometimes relaxed by a flood of tears, along with which one’s steps either rush or involuntarily lag, alternately. There is the feeling that one is completely out of hand, with the very distinct consciousness of an endless number of fine thrills and quiverings to the very toes;—there is a depth of happiness in which the painfulest and gloomiest do not operate as antitheses, but as conditioned, as demanded in the sense of necessary shades of colour in such an overflow of light. There is an instinct for rhythmic relations which embraces wide areas of forms (length, the need of a wide-embracing rhythm, is almost the measure of the force of an inspiration, a sort of counterpart to its pressure and tension). Everything happens quite involuntarily, as if in a tempestuous outburst of freedom, of absoluteness, of power and divinity. The involuntariness of the figures and similes is the most remarkable thing; one loses all perception of what constitutes the figure and what constitutes the simile; everything seems to present itself as the readiest, the correctest and the simplest means of expression. It actually seems, to use one of Zarathustra’s own phrases, as if all things came unto one, and would fain be similes: ‘Here do all things come caressingly to thy talk and flatter thee, for they want to ride upon thy back. On every simile dost thou here ride to every truth. Here fly open unto thee all being’s words and wordcabinets; here all being wanteth to become words, here all becoming wanteth to learn of thee how to talk.’ This is my experience of inspiration. I do not doubt but that one would have to go back thousands of years in order to find some one who could say to me: It is mine also!—”

„Има ли някой в края на XIX век ясно понятие за това, което поетите от силните векове са наричали вдъхновение? Ако ли не, аз ще го опиша. При най-малкия остатък от суверие човек едва ли би отърсил от себе си мисълта, че той е само възплъщение, само уста или медиум на свръхестествени сили. Понятието откровение – в този смисъл, че внезапно, с неизразима сигурност и тънкота, нещо става видимо и достъпно за слуха, нещо, което покрътва до глъбини – изразява същността на тоя факт. Човек слуша – не дири; взема – не пита кой дава; като мълния блесне мисъл, налага формата си – избор аз никога не съм имал и не съм се колебал. Един възторг, чийто напън се излива някога в сълзи, при който стъпката ту бърза, ту се бави; едно съвършено излизане извън себе си с най-ясно съзнание за безброй тънки тръпки чак до пръстите на нозете; една бездна от щастие, в която най-мъчителното и най-мрачното не действат като противовес, но като необходимо условие, като необходим цвят в един такъв поток от светлина, един инстинкт за ритмически отношения, който обхваща широки пространства от форми (продължителността, потребността от един напрегнат ритъм е почти мяра за силата на вдъхновението, един вид изравнение спрямо неговия натиск и напрегнатост). Всичко става до висша степен недоброволно, ала като буря от чувство за свобода и необходимост, на мощ, на божественост. Непроизволността на образа, на символа е най-чудното; човек няма вече понятие що е образ, що е символ, всичко се представя като най-близък, най-прав, най-прост израз. Като че ли наистина, както казва Заратустра, нещата идат от само себе си и искат да бъдат символи: „Тук идат всички неща, умилкващи се при твоята реч и те ласкаят, защото искат да яздат на твоя гръб. На всеки символ яздиш ти към всяка истина. Тук се разтварят словата на всяко битие и вратите на всяко слово; всяко битие иска да бъде слово, всяко създаване иска от теб

да се научи да говори." Това е моят опит от вдъхновението; не се съмнявам, че трябва човек да се върне хилядолетия назад, за да намери някого, който би могъл да ми каже: това също е и моят!"

/A part from introduction to 'Thus Spake Zarathustra' by Mrs Forster-Nietzsche, 1905/
/Част от зараждането на „Тъй рече Заратустра“ от Фьорстер-Ницше, 1910/

~ ~ ~
- Една грешка може да те провалыи.

/От филмъ „Китайски Херкулес“/

~ ~ ~
- I should like to know ...

/James Earl Jones в крайъ на филмъ „The Great White Hope“, 1970/

~ ~ ~
For me the word 'Underdog' represents the true meaning of 'sage', 'true person', 'shi[h]', 'wise man' because of yielding and compassion (shown outstandingly in 'Chinese Hercules' movie); and because of thought-word-deed unity in such a being.

/Sanmayce/

~ ~ ~
Who hates killing. The corrected text of Yü Yüeh would make this read, "The man who yields wins."

/A note to last verse of chapter 69 from 'The Wisdom of Lao-tse' by Lin Yutang/

~ ~ ~
Then it's the one who feels grief that will win.

/Robert G. Henricks, last verse of chapter 69/

Therefore, when opposing troops meet in battle, victory belongs to the grieving side.

/John C. H. Wu, last verse of chapter 69/

It is the one that is sorrow-stricken that wins.

/D. C. Lau, last verse of chapter 69/

The one who feels sorrow will triumph.

/R. L. Wing, last verse of chapter 69/

Therefore the side in grief conquers in case of the balance of the forces of two sides.

/Ren Jiyu, last verse of chapter 69/

The underdog will win.

/Gia-fu Feng, last verse of chapter 69/

It is the army that considers itself weak that will win.

/Lok Sang Ho, last verse of chapter 69/

When two fighting armies have similar strength, the side that is sorrowful and cautious will win.

/Xiaolin Yang, last verse of chapter 69/

Thus it happens that when opposing forces meet in battle, he who feels the pity of it assuredly conquers.

/Walter Gorn Old, last verse of chapter 69/

Thus it is that when opposing weapons are (actually) crossed, he who deplores (the situation) conquers.

/James Legge, last verse of chapter 69/

When armies face one another in battle, ~ it's always the tender-hearted one that prevails.

/David Hinton, last verse of chapter 69/

The compassionate party wins.

/Chichung Huang, last verse of chapter 69/

The sorrowful party will win.

/Ellen M. Chen, last verse of chapter 69/

Therefore, when two combatant forces encounter each other, the one with mourning soldiers will prevail.

/Lee Sun Chen Org, last verse of chapter 69/

Therefore, when opposing troops meet in battle, victory belongs to the grieving side.

/Tien Cong Tran, last verse of chapter 69/

Thus, when two comparable armies fight, the lamenting one wins.

/Thomas Z. Zhang, last verse of chapter 69/

Therefore when armies are raised and issues joined it is he who does not delight in war that wins.

/Arthur Waley, last verse of chapter 69/

Thus, when they raise armies that are equally matched, he who feels pity will be the victor.

/Richard John Lynn, last verse of chapter 69/

It is the man of sorrow who wins.

/Lin Yutang, last verse of chapter 69/

The one who is saddened will be victorious.

/Victor H. Mair, last verse of chapter 69/

Thus it is that when opposing forces meet, ~ victory will go to those who take no delight in the situation.

/Tolbert McCarrroll, last verse of chapter 69/

Thus, when two equal-size armies are in combat, the one that is grieved wins.

/David H. Li, last verse of chapter 69/

The one who yields with caution will triumph in the end.

/Yasuhiko Genku Kimura, last verse of chapter 69/

The one that possesses the treasure will triumph.

/Chou-Wing Chohan, last verse of chapter 69/

It is the one who seems weakest that will win.

/Man-Ho Kwok, last verse of chapter 69/

That is why the sorrow-laden side wins ~ When two armies are at war.

/Gu Zhengkun, last verse of chapter 69/

That is why when two forces fight against each other, the one that is full of sorrow will win.

/Chao-Hsiu Chen, last verse of chapter 69/

The army that fights out of love and sadness wins.

/Liu Qixuan, last verse of chapter 69/

That is why when opposing armies meet, the sorrowful side conquers.

/Shi Fu Hwang, last verse of chapter 69/

Therefore when opposing armies meet in the field the ruthless will win.

/Ch'u Ta-Kao, last verse of chapter 69/

The one with pity will win.

/Paul J. Lin, last verse of chapter 69/

Yes, when they cross weapons and attack each other, the one in mourning will win.

/Michael LaFargue, last verse of chapter 69/

In the event of war, those who regard it as a lamentable necessity will win.

/Cheng Lin, last verse of chapter 69/

One who sorrows will win.

/Yi Wu, last verse of chapter 69/

The aggrieved side that feels poignantly oppressed will win.

/Han Hiong Tan, last verse of chapter 69/

... it is the side with the greatest caution that wins.

/Hua-Ching Ni, last verse of chapter 69/

The one that is compassionate wins.

/Chang Chung-yuan, last verse of chapter 69/

The side that laments war will win.

/Henry Wei, last verse of chapter 69/

The one who grieves wins.

/Ha Poong Kim, last verse of chapter 69/

When opposing armies clash, those who cry win!

/Tao Huang, last verse of chapter 69/

... the mournful one - the army of resistance, wins.

/Tang Zi-chang, last verse of chapter 69/

... The man who is sorry over the fact will win.

/Wing-tsit Chan, last verse of chapter 69/

The side that is compassionate shall win.

/Derek Lin, last verse of chapter 69/

Victory will crown the one who is merciful.

/Sum Nung Au-Young, last verse of chapter 69/

Victory will go to them that grieve.

/John R. Mabry, last verse of chapter 69/

... the one who fights with sorrow will triumph.

/Brian Browne Walker, last verse of chapter 69/

But as long as there be a foe, value him,
Respect him, measure him, be humble toward him;
Let him not strip from you, however strong he be,
Compassion, the one wealth which can afford him.

/Witter Bynner, last verse of chapter 69/

So when opposing armies clash, the compassionate are the ones who win.

/Thomas Cleary, last verse of chapter 69/

The side in grief wins.

/Hu Xuezi, last verse of chapter 69/

... the one who does so in sorrow is sure to conquer.

/Paul Carus, last verse of chapter 69/

... thus when opponents are evenly matched the remorseful one prevails.

/Red Pine (Bill Porter), last verse of chapter 69/

For, when the opposing arms are crossed, he who yields, will win.

/J.J.L. Duyvendak, last verse of chapter 69/

Поэтому когда идут войною друг на друга, то побеждает тот, кто сострадает погибающим на поле боя.

/И. И. Семенов, last verse of chapter 69/

Когда две враждующие стороны вступают в поединок, побеждает преисполненный милосердия.

/А. А. Маслов, last verse of chapter 69/

Поэтому, когда в битве войска скрецивают свои клинки, побеждает скорбящий.

/Е. А. Торчинов, last verse of chapter 69/

Выигрывает милосердный.

/А. Е. Лукьянов, last verse of chapter 69/

В результате сражений те, кто скорбит, одерживают победу.

/Ян Хун-шун, last verse of chapter 69/

Плачущий об увеличении своего войска всегда будет победителем.

/Д. П. Конисси, last verse of chapter 69/

Посему, когда войска сходятся для жестокой битвы, ~ Кто скорбит, тот победит.

/В. В. Малявин, last verse of chapter 69/

Когда скрецивают оружие при равных силах, побеждает сожалеющий.

/Б. Б. Виноградский, last verse of chapter 69/

To be continued ...

~ - ~

1:[1] The words of the Preacher, the son of David, king in Jerusalem.

...

3:[18] I said in my heart with regard to the sons of men that God is testing them to show them that they are but beasts.

3:[19] For the fate of the sons of men and the fate of beasts is the same; as one dies, so dies the other. They all have the same breath, and man has no advantage over the beasts; for all is vanity.

3:[20] All go to one place; all are from the dust, and all turn to dust again.

3:[21] Who knows whether the spirit of man goes upward and the spirit of the beast goes down to the earth?

/Bible, Revised Standard Version, Ecclesiastes/

~ - ~

3:[18] I said in mine heart concerning the estate of the sons of men, that God might manifest them, and that they might see that they themselves are beasts.

3:[19] For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them: as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath; so that a man hath no preeminence above a beast: for all is vanity.

3:[20] All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again.

3:[21] Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?

/Bible, King James Version, Ecclesiastes/

~ - ~

[Longman Dictionary of Contemporary English]

underdog:

a person, team etc that is weaker than the others, is always expected to be unsuccessful, and that is often treated badly.

Sentences from books, newspapers, etc.:

And the underdogs fully deserved their win over the Galway men.

As the underdog here, they have nothing to lose and everything to gain.

But the vice-president is now the underdog in this race.

Did they make fun of him for speaking up for the underdog in school?

Pepsi has responded to this multi-pronged assault by playing the underdog card.

They like to believe they are underdogs.

Whether his party is a double winner ... or remains the underdog ... is in the hands of the voters.

Yes, they are the underdog.

[Merriam-Webster's Unabridged Dictionary]

Main Entry: underdog

Etymology: under + dog

1. a loser in a struggle.

2. a victim of social injustice or of ruthless persecution.

3. the predicted loser of a game or match: one not favored in the odds.

[Random House Webster's Unabridged Dictionary]

underdog

1. a person who is expected to lose in a contest or conflict.

2. a victim of social or political injustice: The underdogs were beginning to organize their protests.

[1875-80, Amer.; UNDER- + DOG]

[The Oxford Advanced Learner's Dictionary, 7th Edition]

underdog:

a person, team, country, etc. that is thought to be in a weaker position than others and therefore not likely to be successful, win a competition, etc.

- Before the game we were definitely the underdogs.

- In politics, he was a champion of the underdog (= always fought for the rights of weaker people).

[Longman Advanced American Dictionary]

underdog, noun [C]

1. a person or team in a competition that is expected to lose.
2. a person, country etc. that is weak and is always treated badly.

[The American Heritage Dictionary, Third Edition]

underdog

1. One that is expected to lose a contest or struggle, as in sports or politics.
2. One that is at a disadvantage.

~ - ~

I do not want to see the old grudge.

Не искам да виждам враждебност.

The most important is a strong oneself.

Най-важното нещо е вие самите да укрепнете.

/Fearless' movie 2006, Хуо Юан Цзя/

~ - ~

- Чито-грито, чито маргарито... Что такое "чито-грито"?

- Птичка, птичка невеличка... В общем ничего.

...

- Хорошо, наверное, сейчас в горах, а?

- Ничего особенного.

/Из филмъ 'Мимино'/

~ - ~

"Yea, I recognise Zarathustra. Pure is his eye, and no loathing lurketh about his mouth."

"Да, аз познах Заратустра. Чисто е неговото око, и на неговите уста не се таи никаква гнусота."

/The saint to Zarathustra, 'Thus Spake Zarathustra' by Friedrich Nietzsche/

~ - ~

"... It was thy good fortune to be laughed at: and verily thou spakest like a buffoon.

It was thy good fortune to associate with the dead dog; by so humiliating thyself thou hast saved thy life to-day.

Depart, however, from this town, — or tomorrow I shall jump over thee, a living man over a dead one."

And when he had said this, the buffoon vanished.

"... Честит беше, че само ти се смяха: и наистина, ти говореше като същ палячо.

Честит беше, че прибра мъртвото псе, като се унизи тъй, ти се избави за днес.

Но бягай от тоя град — или утре ще прескоча и през теб, един жив през мъртвеца."

И като каза това, човекът изчезна.

/The buffoon to Zarathustra, 'Thus Spake Zarathustra' by Friedrich Nietzsche/

~ - ~

- Mr. Huo, according to what you say, you really don't know the nature of tea.

- Г-н Хуо, според това, което казвате, става ясно, че не познавате природата на чая.

- It's not that I don't know. I don't really want to know because I don't care about evaluating teas. Tea is tea.

- Не само, че не знам, но и не искам да знам... защото не ме интересува как се категоризира чая. Чаят си е чай.

- But each tea has its own character and properties.

- Но всеки чай... си има свои характеристики и свойства.

- What is the purpose of grading? These many teas are grown in nature, all of them. Is there a discernable difference?

- Но каква е целта на категоризирането? Всички тези чайове растат в природата. Всичките. Имат ли съществена

разлика?

- Yes, once you learn this, you can tell the difference between the teas.

- Да, когато ги разпознаваш... можеш да определиш разликата в чайовете.

- What you say may be right, but the way I see it is, the tea doesn't judge itself. It's people that judge its grading. Different people choose different things. As for me, as far as I'm concerned, I just don't want to make any choice.

- Да, може би си прав. Но по мое мнение... чаят не определя сам себе си, хората го определят какъв е. Различните хора избират различни неща. А що се касае до мен, аз просто не искам да избирам.

- Is that so?

- Така ли?

- Drinking tea is a mood, really. If you are in a good mood, the grade of tea doesn't matter.

- Пиенето на чай всъщност зависи от настроението. Ако си в добро настроение... категоризирането на чая няма значение.

- I've never looked at it like that. I understand that there are many wushu fighting styles. Are you saying no style is greater than another?

- Никога не съм гледал на нещата по този начин. Разбрах, че има много бойни стилове в у-шутто. И ти казваш, че няма такъв, който да е по-добър от другите?

- That's what I'm saying.

- Точно така.

- If that's true, I want to ask you, if wushu does not differ in any way, why then do we fight each other?

- Ако това е вярно, искам да те попитам... ако у-шутто не се различава по никакъв начин... защо тогава се бием помежду си?

- I believe for all the styles of wushu, there is no single one that is superior. All of those who practice different styles of wushu, they would naturally have a different level of skill. Through competition, we can discover ourselves.

- Аз вярвам във всички стилове на у-шутто. Няма нито един, който да е по-добър. Но всички, които практикуват различни стилове на у-шутто... е естествено да имат различно ниво на уменията им. Чрез съревнованието можем да открием себе си.

- What you just said makes me have more respect for you. Enjoy.

- Това, което току що каза, ме кара да изпитвам още по-голямо уважение към теб. Заповядай.

- You first.

- Първо ти.

/Fearless' movie 2006, Танака(Танака) и Хуо Юан Цзя(Хуо Юан Цзя)/

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