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In 1960 I was living in Manhattan's Chinatown. My mind had the power of the new moon and the darkness of the eclipse of love. I was more miserable than I knew a human being could be. I decided I should do something for my future even if my present stunk and I decided to learn to write Chinese the epitome of words of pictures and pictures of words. Somewhere in my Self I realized this was my destiny. I hung out in a store of fine Chinese art books, brushes, inks, and papers. I'd pour over collections of Chinese calligraphy I especially love the facsimile scroll of the Autobiography of Huai Tsu, the inventor of Running Grass Style. The story was that he wasn't crazy, he just got drunker and drunker as he wrote. It seemed a little bit more like it was a now record of being present to an in the body, totally real, no imagination experiencing of human scale ecstasy to me. It started off in sort of small retentive characters a few to a line and ended up in one to a line huge scrawled characters as wild as the entirety of life itself. An aged Chinese man, Professor Wu, owned the store. A fine calligrapher, Professor Wu was very jolly and had a circle of people who wrote Chinese in his store day and night. Midnight was dinner time in Chinatown. We all carried ink, paper, and brushes with us for we never knew when we would learn. Professor Wu had taught philosophy at Beijing University and Plinceton. He left Plince ton because of too mluch plolotics. Plinceton, plolotics and mluch were the only English words I was ever to hear him pronounce in this quaint British accent. One day *Professor Wu handed* me a note in Chinese that read: THIS BOY CRAZY TO WRITE WORDS IN PICTURES LIKE YOU TEACH HIM TO WRITE PHOENIX DRAGON WRITING Professor Wu asked me to take it to Gim Fong Moy the man who owned the store across the street. Walking across the street and into the store, counting in my head from one to in an effort to clear my mind while fifty and back, sensing my right foot sensing a certain substance in the mirror between the heart of my mind and the heart of my mind to forget to forget my Self according to my teacher's instruction, I saw the kleenex azures and jell-o pinks of an archetypal Chinese junk jewelry store of the 50's. No one was in it. Then I looked up. The high walls were covered to the ceiling with large bamboo papers covered with profuse, fantastic, inconceivable calligraphy: Chinese characters written in perfect night black Chinese flying ink carved brush strokes of birds, dragons, fruits, leaves, ants, corn stalks, lightning, dogs, cats, trees, grass, brooms, rivers, stars, twigs, bees below, inside,

outside, and

in between the sun.

and every

thing else above,

New sun shined ecstatic up the eye screaming high walls as a thin Chinese man in black mandarin robe and cap floated into the store from the eternal back room, took my note and read it. He pointed to the counter. He pointed to a calligraphy on the wall. He pointed to my hand. He pointed to me. He said: "WRITE." It was very difficult for me to write and to maintain a connection with counting in my head and sensing my right foot. I opened my briefcase, placed my paper on the counter, ground my ink, and poured all the attention I could collect into trying to get my brush to copy his writing of birds and dragons. I was very clumsy. I was trying to do things from my real Self like my teacher and sacrificed whatever other abilities I had to this work. I was very ignorant and clumsy say e that I loved to face the unknown. In a few moments w hich seemed a very large nervous painted cloud, Gim Fong Moy placed his chin on my paper facing me. Suns on legs, his eyes were 2 inches from my slow moving inep t brush tip. He started to

llowing dragon. He yelled, "CLUMSY. SO CLUMSY B RILLIANT BLINDING!" He closed his eyes. He stopped breathing. My writing changed. It dragged slow and sure over the paper as if I had done it forever. He said, "ENOUGH," took my brush, a nd stood up. On a new piece of paper, as if he was carving stone, he dead hand dragged some birds that looked like feet holding up a dragon whose body formed an empty circle. He handed me the calligraphy when he stopped. "YOU KNOW WHAT THAT SAY?" He bellowed. "No," I said. "IT SAY, RE MEMBER F OOT. STOP AIR. KILL FINGERS. KILL HAND. KIL L WRIS T. KILL ELBOW. KILL ARM. KILL SHOULDER. KILL BACK. KILL HEART. KILL HEAD. WRITE FROM WHAT REMAINS: BETTER TO REM EMBER THAN FOOT!"

DESPERATE INK BIRDS LIKE FOOT **BEARING EMPTY CIRCLE** DRAGON:

breathe in and out like a fire be

LOOK UP: REAL SELF: NO BREATH: NO MIND: COMPEL BRUSH DRAG ON: