

Memoirs (a ninth draft) by Harold Dull

The version that follows is intended for those that already know Watsu. If you don't, go to www.watsu.com and look at the descriptions and videos posted there before you read this memoir.

All that follows are my mind's renewal or reconstruction of my memories. Rather than going back (or rather coming up) period by period. I recreate the memories up through five lines or paths:

Family

Poet

Body

Watsu

Celebration.

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I Family

Mother's mother, Gladys J. Martinson, in 1925 became the first woman real estate broker in Seattle. Mother is her second daughter and, not being as attractive as her first, is a disappointment to her. Her mother parades her sister, Margarite, as her beautiful daughter, and hides Mildred. The pain of having a mother who saw her as defective was something that affected my mother's whole life. Gladys has a salesman's drive to present whatever she has as the best that there could be. She has two poodles, Prince and Princess. When they begin to age she has them put down and replaced with a new Prince and Princess. Whenever she gives us a present she hovers over us until we succumb to her pressure to acknowledge how great it is, something that has turned me off to Christmas and gift giving ever since.

Gladys is given Whidby Island's Sunlight Beach, as a commission for a real estate sale. Some of my first and best memories are on that beach in front of her house. The smooth sand of the tide flat goes so far out, the houses become a thin line on the shore and I can no longer hear the yelling and shouting of the families within, as I run and chase the gulls up into the bright sky.

There isn't a holiday that doesn't slip into a drunken chaos. Mother doesn't drink every day, but she is a binge drinker. She disappears for days when things get too hard for her. Coming home one night, she picks me up out of bed to show me off to

her friends, showering me with love. Another time I am sitting beside her chair at a family gathering slipping her the beer the rest are trying to keep from her.

Mother often brings me to Gladys's little white brick real estate on Phinney Ridge where she works as a salesman. Being a salesman, mother keeps changing our houses, none, lasting more than a year. She also keeps changing husbands.

My father's father, Fred F. Dull, is always in the same red brick house with a big cherry tree in the backyard, three blocks away from the real estate. In my one memory of my father, George, he is tossing me up high in my grandfather's house and catching me. We are both laughing. I am two? Mother says a load of logs fell on his head and he was never the same afterwards. When they separate my Grandfather, assumes my father's role in my life. As I grow up, moving in with my grandfather becomes a choice to escape the chaos that surrounds mother.

Memories are tied to places. During the war, in a house in the suburbs we have a victory garden. A hummingbird is trapped in the screened porch. Underneath it I hide the gummy candy I don't like after I buy them from the pennies I steal from my mother's purse and add the images that wrap them to my collection. My stepfather, Arnold, finds the candy and forces me to eat it. I get sick.

My Mother and Arnold buy a tavern on Whidbey Island, Cozy Corners. We live above it where I set myself up at a window to shoot down Zeros. The war is still on. I fight with my stepfather who tries to get me to do chores. My first brother is born. The eight years I have as an only child are over.

Mother drives me and my brother out to a farm on Whidbey Island." You are going to stay here for the school year. I am divorcing Arnold because of the way he treats you." Arnold has not been that bad. I feel guilty for making my brother grow up without a father. Our year on the farm is one of my happiest. The elderly couple taking care of us had been missionaries in Japan. Her chicken curry is wonderful... and the pond ... and the haystack I jump into.

Mother has a new husband, Roland. We live in a house on the shore, on a bulkhead a few feet above Puget Sound. I have a rowboat and row all the way across to Hat Island. I spend hours trying to dam up a stream before the rising tide takes it out. Roland is a lieutenant in the navy. He is being stationed on Guam. We cross the Pacific to join him. We live on the ground floor of a large quonset hut. Typhoon Allyn hits the island. When the winds wheel around to the other side, I stand outside sheltered by the flat wall of the quonset at my back. Everything is flying around. My second brother is born and is named after the storm. After a delightful year, my stepfather is discharged because of his drunken outbursts and we head, via Waikiki, home.

My grandfather is the one constant. He welcomes me to his house between all the moves. He had been a supercargo overseeing the placement of cargo on ships. Unlike my mother who is areligious and apolitical, he is a fundamentalist and an

anti-semitic: "Anglo Saxons are the lost tribes of Israel, the true chosen people." He regularly takes me to his Pentecostal church. The altar call has a powerful pull, but never once do I go up to be saved. I cannot accept my mother, and everybody else, being doomed to hell. But I feel the pull and lying in bed trying to sleep, when the curtain moves, I pray to Jesus to not end the world yet. I don't want it to end. In church they celebrate the bombing of Hiroshima, welcoming it as a sign the end is coming and, being saved, they alone will be taken up to heaven. I tell my grandfather I will not go to church again. He accepts it. I do not lose his love.

We buy a house on the road on Whidby Island. The front of it is converted into a real estate. We are surrounded by farms and woods in which I take my 22 out to shoot rabbits. My stepfather's drinking is getting more violent and abusive. He had been on the first sub sunk by the Japanese at the beginning of the war and struggled to survive in prison camps until the very last day of the war. One day I walk in and he is abusing my mother. I knock him out. He doesn't abuse her in front of me again.

I become the youngest licensed real estate salesman in the state of Washington. Not old enough to drive, I accompany customers to show them beach homes. I also become the junior checker champion of Washington, joining a tournament I happened onto one day walking around Green Lake. When I turn 16 my grandfather buys me a used Dodge which I soon total driving it up and down a roller coaster gravel road. I am lying on my back, dust pouring down from the ceiling, the radio still playing.

In a move back to Seattle, I work for a real estate that is not in the family. I sell a couple homes which helps towards my upcoming expenses at the University of Washington. My grandfather helps the rest. I don't want to have anything to do with sales, to have to pressure people to make a sale. I major in physics, and the next year in Pre law and Philosophy, and for the last two years in Creative Writing. My grandfather continues to help me with my rent, rather than insisting that I live at his house which is a bus ride from the university. In my last year I share a store front on the waterfront that is the place where well known black and white jazz musicians whose unions will not let them play together join to jam after their performances. Almost every night I am half woken to the most wonderful music twenty feet from my mattress on the floor. Some of the regulars take me on as a kind of mascot to other jams.

Whether they understand or not what I am doing (which I don't always understand myself) both my mother and grandfather have faith in me, a love that has helped sustain me, whether I stay in contact or not.

I consider myself fortunate to have three women as mates in my life. I meet the first, Dora, before I graduate. Neither of us believe in marriage. The way I welcome her back from a long voyage with another boy friend without any jealousy, adds to her decision to join me in my move to San Francisco. We arrive in San Francisco on July 2, 1957, the same day, my third mate, Pavana is born there, and join the scene as a

couple. Dora's in your face campy nature complements my quieter one, and fits well in a scene where most of the poets are gay.

In our second year there we move up the coast far enough to still be able to drive down and join the scene every weekend. I have a convertible. I lower its roof to keep me awake for the two hour drive on the treacherous coast road after the bars close. Dora teaches at an elementary school and I drive the school bus. The next year we move into a one room school on a native american Rancheria where I teach grades 1 to 9. Even with the expenses of our weekends with the poets, we are able to save one teacher's \$5000 salary, enough to travel bohemian style in Europe for two years, at the end of which my grandfather flies us back to San Francisco with the twin daughters born on Ibiza.

When we join the poets in the afternoons in Aquatic Park, the twins run in every direction. I work for the post office day and night confident that if I fail to memorize all the zip codes., they would put me on unemployment. I fail. Dora already has a job lined up to teach. We have a deposit on a house over Tomales Bay where I plan to write, draw unemployment, and take care of the twins.

One morning I come home from the post office to an empty house. Dora has taken the twins and ran off with one of my best friends, a gay painter. I am devastated. I had taken her so for granted. I follow them to the lower east side in New York where I rent a cockroach infested room in which I have my typewriter stolen the first night. I collect my unemployment and take the twins out into Washington Square every day until my unemployment runs out, the worst six months of my life. I love New York in other times, hanging out in the Cedar with the poets and painters, giving a poetry reading at St. Marks, meeting Nina Simone, glorying in the deKoonig Retrospective, regularly hearing Thelonious Monk, showing my youngest brother around after taking him to the Montreal World Fair, a trip back across the country where I climb into my first wild hot spring, but this time I am ready to get out of New York.

I am hired to drive someone's Volkswagen bug to the Oregon coast. My spirits lighten each mile I am closer to my coast. Finally I step back into the poet's bar, Gino and Carlos'. Sitting alongside my friends is a beautiful woman with a slightly sad smile that attracts me. She becomes my mate in my next family for nineteen years. Ila has a son, Byron, who is seven and under psychiatric care. We take well to each other, and the three of us move together to a house in Stinson Beach.

My grandfather helps me enter a graduate program in teaching English as second language at San Francisco State. I commute to classes from the beach three days a week. On graduation we move up to British Columbia where I teach English at Vancouver City College. It rains every day.

The next year we move down to Mexico City where I have my own English program and develop my own material at a small graduate university with a great library. I

sink myself into the incredible pre-columbian world, study Nauatal and read the Spanish translation of Sahugin's interviews with its survivors. Almost every weekend Byron and I jump on a bus or train to visit another one of the ruins.

Ila is pregnant. After much searching we find a doctor who will allow me to be present at the birth. Coming out of the bank with the cash to pay the doctor, I step onto a bus into one of the craziest acts of my life, which easily could be my last. Three burly thugs press in around me and slip the money out of my pocket. I am close enough to the doors to reach back and keep them open spreading my arms. Blocking the bus's progress I shout 'Me han Robado' over and over. Someone slips me the money. After making sure it is all there I step off the bus and find another way home.

It is the year of the Olympics. Police are rounding up people from the street. Students and others are protesting. I slip into the largest march I have ever seen. We fill the Zocolo. Fortunately I don't join the next night's march that fills Tlatelalco Square. The army surrounds and fires into it. They carry off and burn hundreds of desapericidos. None of my students disappear, but the front of our university has been shot up. Three years has been just enough time to be in Mexico City. Our family returns to San Francisco

I get a job teaching with San Francisco Community College. The four years we had been away were years of major changes. We rent a house in North Beach but most of the poets have died or moved away. Ila's second child, my only son, is born in that house. We buy a large house on fifth Avenue close enough to take the kids down to Golden Gate Park every day.

I discover natural hot springs and seek out as many as I can out in the woods. Ila completes her studies to become a nurse. Byron decides to join his father in New Mexico. One day he comes home with a fever so high that Ila takes him to the hospital. Later she calls me that he has died. Nobody knew what killed him but a sample was stored that was later identified as the hunta virus.

Devastated, Ila throws herself into a very intense program to become a Nurse Practitioner. I start studying Zen Shiatsu and offer sessions and small classes. One of my clients is a record shop owner and the credit he gives me helps me build up the collection of classical music that I still have. Another regular client is Ila. My Tantsu seems to diminish the sadness that first attracted me when I was suffering the loss of my twins. A sadness I later come to realize is the occasional surfacing of a deep level of depression, in spite of which Ila continues to be a loving and supportive companion and mother.

I continue exploring hot springs and eventually find my way to Harbin Hot Springs where I start offering classes weekends. An ideal situation: a loving wife and children I return to every week, and a place as open as Harbin where I am free to connect with others as long as I live up to our agreement not to become attached,

but Harbin comes to the city. Harbin and the school I have set up there, co-sponsor a booth at an exposition in San Francisco with a video of me giving a Watsu. I offer Tantsu sessions at the expo. The last one I hold is a beautiful young woman who cries in my arms.

Three months later she comes to Harbin and gets a Watsu session. She lives close to Golden Gate Park and asks if she can ride with me to Harbin on the weekends. She attends my Tantsu classes there. She grows on me. She tells me she fell in love with my hara in that video. My runs through Golden Gate Park start detouring to her house. I am in love with two women. For a year, I fantasize that it can somehow work out.

Finally, unable to live that lie any more, I tell Ila. I go into retreat at Harbin without seeing either one. I trade a Watsu with a bio-energetic therapist who has me lying on a table where a huge globe of light pours in from above my feet as tears and a chant pours out of me; "I have no power of my own. I have no power of my own. I have no power of my own."

Ila insists I go to a therapist with her. There I am finally able to tell her I want to leave her and move to Harbin. I move to Harbin. My son wants to be with me, but he doesn't want to live at Harbin. For the next months I go down to the city every week to take him and my daughter out until he decides he doesn't want to go out with me. Ila refuses to speak to me. The ramifications of my action go far beyond what I anticipated.

At Harbin Pavana moves in with me into the little building where I offer classes. After the divorce is final we are married in Harbin's warm pool. A couple years later a child comes to me in the middle of the night a month before she is born. Looking around she says she is happy that she is being born in a house with books, "I love books". I ask her what her name is. She says Calias.

I already have had enough children and experience in co-op nursery schools but Pavana has not. I don't want to deny her that. I'm glad I didn't. Calias is a joy. Her first two years we live together a few steps away from the pool in which Watsu came into being. Dunking her in it she swims before she walks.

We move into a house twenty minutes up the road from Harbin at Ettawa Springs. The house is on a bank over a year-round stream. Standing on its deck we look straight down into the water flowing under us. We go down daily to Harbin where Pavana runs the bodywork school and I teach. The community is still helping raise Calias, but having our own place in the woods with no others nearby, sharing the changes from season to season, walking up the stream in the summer and feeling the house shaking from the boulders being pushed down the stream in the storms, for almost 25 years, and remodeling, perfecting it, and dealing with the legal problems a nasty new neighbor brings us, all add to our bonding as a family. And all three of us have our places in the Harbin Community and the Water Family.

At an early age Calias begins studying Watsu. Before her birth Pavana accompanies me on all my trips. When Calias is 13 I have her fly to Rome to join me and, after extricating her from customs, I take her through my favorite museums and churches in Rome. Florence and Venice, where to our delight the biennial is open to us. In other years I bring her to Paris, Barcelona, and Madrid, the whole Prado.

To celebrate the 25th anniversary of Watsu, Watsu instructors rent a hotel with a large hot springs pool in Italy. Pavana and Calias join me and Watsuers there when I fly in from a round the world teaching tour. We enjoy tremendously our weekend there with our Water Family.

Calias completes her training to be a Watsu instructor and the Board votes to acknowledge that Pavana, who has done much to help the development of Watsu and kept my feet on the ground, and Calias, are in line to inherit the trademarks and the Registry.

In 2015 a forest fire takes out Harbin. In three days I get on my upcoming flight to Europe, sure the fire has taken out our house, too. Parting, I ask Pavana to tell the Insurance company, Farmers, to find us a house in Berkeley. When Calias and I get back from Europe all our furniture and books that include many from my days in the University, and all my vinyl records, all that I had assumed lost in the fire, were in our new house in Berkeley. Farmers had them carted out. The fire had taken out the bridge to our house and everything around it, but not the house. When our insurance money runs out we find a couple housemates to share our house in Berkeley.

Having been healthy my whole life, in 2010 I had my first bout with cancer, a tumour at the base of my tongue. Radiation took it out and within two months, Pavana, Calias and I were flying to India to teach. Seven years later cancer returned to my tongue but this time it spread. After a complete laryngectomy I can no longer get into a pool. Calias takes a week off from her Speech Pathology Master's program and joins me. Serendipitously, my first daughter, Maude, has recently transferred into the same hospital as a doctor in pediatrics. The last time I have seen her was when she flew out from the East coast to be with me during my first episode of cancer. Having them both together means a lot to me.

Family matters.

II Poet

The first poems I am drawn to are those of Dylan Thomas. It is my second year at the University of Washington. I am in bed. The full moon is at my window. I sit up in bed and the moon enters into a long rhapsody. At the end of that year I switch my major from Philosophy to Creative Writing.

In my third year at the university I sit across the table from Stanley Kunitz . One time he is leading the class through a discussion and praises of my first poem, Ice Age; another time, my poem, Corners. It is published in New World Writing. I am a poet. Up to now I have feared growing up as having to finally choose between the worlds of my mother or my grandfather. There is a third world. I am a poet.

Almost every day that year I sit at that table as Kunitz leads us through William Butler Yeats's powerful poems, a foundation I much appreciate (sixty years later I still have Yeats's books on my shelves).

Like all students between the Korean War and Vietnam I have to join a Reserve Officer Training, The field I select is Psychological Warfare with the crazy idea that there might be psychologists there who will recognize me as too unstable for the military. At the meetings I start drawing Navaho Sand Paintings on a blackboard. My behavior convinces them that I am a repressed homosexual. They discharge me.

In my fourth year I am sitting across the table from the poet, Theodore Roethke, who has returned from his sabbatical. He christens me the Prince of Lassitude.

Two poets turn up to give readings at the University, Alan Ginsberg and Gary Snyder. They open my eyes (and ears) and strengthen my determination to move to San Francisco when I graduate in 1957.

In the fifties poets are flocking to San Francisco. The three who had started the Berkeley Renaissance after the war, Jack Spicer, Robert Duncan and Robin Blaser, have moved to San Francisco where they are at the center of the now much larger San Francisco Renaissance.

Reconstructing my own experience of it from 60 year old memories can barely scratch the surface of all that is going on in that unique and remarkable scene. One of the participants, Lewis Ellingham along with Kevin Killian, writes a book that goes into great detail:

Poet be Like God
Jack Spicer and the San Francisco Renaissance

I can only call up shreds of memory and what is still preserved in my poems written at that time, though the effects and gratitude of being a part of that scene continue in me.

Almost every night we meet with Jack Spicer in the poet's bar, the Place. When the Place is shut down, we meet in Gino and Carlos. Some afternoons we find each other on the lawn at Aquatic Park. We join in public readings. On Sundays we meet to share our latest poems and help each other ferret out the best, the most spontaneous parts of them. It is an exciting, vibrant continually creative scene. Poetry matters.

Jack Spicer and Robert Duncan both have books or serial poems in progress. They bring the latest episodes to the Sunday meetings. Sometimes we bring poems that unbeknown come from some common source in the air.

The first time I attend the Sunday meeting, I read poems I had written in Seattle. Jack asks if I had the last line in mind before I finished them. I probably did. He says that is one of the things that characterize academic verse. The next poems I read at the meeting are my new much more open Bird Poems. Jack is pleased. He encourages the White Rabbit Press to print them as a chapbook, my first. At a subsequent meeting I read my poem, the Door. Robert Duncan includes it in his own book alongside a poem by Joanne Kyger.

Joanne, George Stanley, Ebbe Borregard and I are christened the White Hopes.

I am called in for a physical for the draft which I thought my discharge excuses me from. Sitting across from me the examiner asks if I have seen a psychotherapist to deal with the problem that caused my discharge. Outraged I stand up and say, "No. I am a poet!". They don't draft me. It is true, I avoid psychotherapy and drugs and religion, anything that might disturb the mysterious source of the poem, the light that appears to write the best of the poems, the same light that draws me up into it or pours down into me years later when Watsu and Tantsu come into being?

Dora and I move up the coast. We come down weekends to the poet's bar and the Sunday meetings and drive back up after the bars close, the top of my convertible down to keep me awake for the two hours on the treacherous coast road. Most poets visit us for rests in the country.

We save up one of our salaries, put everything in storage and head for New York. A Yugoslav freighter with a never ending diet of potatoes, and stopovers in Casablanca and Tangiers, slowly takes us across to Italy.

Stan Persky, a poet who had been on the scene, is stationed in the navy in Naples. It is our first destination. We settle down in Amalfi and rent an apartment over the Mediterranean for the month of November to write. Being off season it is affordable. We explore the whole area. In December we stay in Rome, freeze in a room that has no heat, receive the pope's Christmas blessing in front of the Vatican. Wherever we

go in Europe, we look for a scene. Except for maybe Schwabing in Munich, and the left bank in Paris, we don't find a poet's bar. I continue writing poems, and take a stab at a European edition of J, our own journal, but nothing that I write in Europe is up to what comes to me when I am in the middle of the scene.

We fall in love with Florence. I bring a student card and visit all the museums. I learn about art, something I had never studied in school. We hang out with a couple American artists living there. I begin studying Italian. I obtain a complete recording of Dante's Comedia in Italian. I become so attached to the stones of Florence and the clear lines in its art that it becomes hard to appreciate Venice when we get to it next. We travel around as long haired bohemians and are used to being stared at wherever we go in Italy so it comes as a surprise when people look the other way in Vienna.

We stay in Berlin, Amsterdam, Brussels, London and Dublin, visiting museums, making freinds and sometimes being invited to their places in the country. But the place where we most feel at home is Paris. The day we arrive everyone is walking around looking up for parachuters from North Africa who are said to be about to drop down from the sky.

Alan Ginsberg, whom I had read together with at poetry readings in San Francisco and had visited in his flat in New York, is staying at what is called the Beat Hotel behind Place St Michel. He directs us to a room there. When he moves out Alan turns over to us his room that has a balcony over the street. Stan Persky happens to be on leave in Paris. When he is not looking for boys up by the University, he joins Dora, Alan, Gregory Corso (or Peter Orlovsky?) and I on our nightly rounds to bars and strip joints that always end up in Les Halles, the great early morning market. I love it.

One night we are invited to a party being held by the publisher of Olympia books. I have my first, and only, taste of Heroin. Blind drunk I am wandering around the streets of Paris. Two Arabs pick me up and drive me to my hotel without expecting anything. We stay in Paris three months, getting to know the paintings in all the museums and studying French. Our funds run low and we head for the cheapest place in Europe, Ibiza in Spain. It is off season. We rent a villa in which I write a novel. Dora has twins. My grandfather buys the tickets to fly us home to San Francisco.

Dora and I are invited to Robert Duncan's house in Stinson Beach. We get someone to watch the twins and make our way to the top of the Matt Davis trail. We don't give ourselves enough time to get all the way down before dark. After Robert and Jess retire, I sit up listening to Bach's mass in B minor, trying to catch in words the experience of getting lost on our way down, but I cant. I start it over and over. A few days later I open the notebook and realize the poem is there in all its starts and stops. It becomes my next White Rabbit Book, "The Wood Climb Down Out Of". It foretells the coming to an end of my relationship with Dora.

That house in Stinson Beach, which has since passed into the hands of Lew Ellingham, becomes the house that, when I get back from New York, Ila, Byron and I move into for the next two years, the house in which my next White Rabbit book, the 'Star Year', comes into being, and the last house in which I see Jack Spicer alive.

In the Star Year Ila and I lie out on the lawn looking up, learning the constellations. I continue to drive into San Francisco for the Sunday meetings, and 3 days a week for my classes. I go down to the beach almost every day to body surf. The water is very cold. I have no wet suit. I focus on the brightness in each wave's breaking. I don't feel the cold. One day I sit on a log out over the waves. As the brightness of each wave breaks a voice comes out of my mouth in a language I have never heard before. One last voice answers all my questions; 'your voice is everybody's voice'.

Stan Persky has returned to San Francisco. He starts Open Space in which each month for year a few of us in the San Francisco Renaissance can have whatever we want of our latest work published. It is great and amazing correspondences between our separately created poems amaze us. We are all part of a scene.

Gary Snyder, who has a class in poetry at the University of California asks me to come and read my new book, "Star Year", to his students. I do and, liking the group, I suggest that, if they want, they could have their end of course party up at my place in Stinson, under the stars. They all come.

Another visitor is Jack Spicer. He had loved a long poem I had posted in Open Space, the "Night of the Perseids", and surprised me with 500 copies of a beautiful White Rabbit book. To my eternal shame I didn't welcome his gift. I had already made changes to the text. Later he returned from Vancouver where he had been trying to recover from the ravages of his alcoholism and stayed with us. It felt like he had come to say goodbye. He read his beautiful new poems at the watershed Berkeley Poetry Conference.

I am invited to read at the conference, but not having the place on the program I had hoped for, and listening to my friend Stan Persky sabotage the conference, I decline and just attend the readings. That is a turning point. If I had read my new Star Year, my path as a poet might continue on its course and not be distracted into the water. Watsu would not have come into being. Maybe.

The next time I see Jack he is dying in a hospital bed in San Francisco. I spend the next years, in Vancouver and Mexico, writing my book for Jack, Flight Over Still Water, which, except for its place in my collected poems, has not appeared as a separate book.

It continues to surprise me that Jack's poetry has not received as much recognition as it should. It shouldn't surprise me. He positions himself between the Academic with its 'Well Wrought Urn' and the upcoming Beats with their performance poetry. I had already identified myself as a Bohemian before the Beatniks came along. The Bohemian is someone who dedicates himself to his art. For me the source of that art

is the potential for whatever is within to be drawn up into the light, up into a creative dance. The poem is that dance which, like the dance of bees, directs us to something we have no idea exists.

The first year of the Sunday meetings another powerful poet regularly attends, Robert Duncan. The space created between Spicer and Duncan reminds me of the space between my mother and grandfather. I continue to occasionally see Duncan, being one of my first Wassage clients he spans my two worlds.

Spicer was the first person close to me that died. Mexico was the perfect place to get closer to death, something continually celebrated in its pre-columbian culture and re-enacted in its treatment of demonstrators. A few poems came out. Jack was and still is with me.

When I return to North Beach, the poets are gone and the Flower Children are in the Haight Ashberry. Some doors are closed and some are open. I discover the body in a new light and take poetry into the water.

View Harold's book of poetry, "Finding Ways to Water"

and hear Harold reading On the Origins of Watsu and other poems at

<https://www.watsu.com/PoetryBook.html>

III Body

My first love is Sheila (or her twin sister, Shirley) who comes to my tenth birthday party at the Tavern. I grab a box of Hersheys off the shelf and give it to her. She opens it and passes them out to the others. I am mortified.

Across from the Tavern is a woods where, behind the trees, we show each other our private parts, and an auto shop, on the doors of which, I scribble the names of all those parts, which I am later required to scrub off.

Later, alongside our house on the bulkhead, I recite those names to a girl and unbeknownst to me, to her mother in the house behind us. She calls the sheriff, who warns me they might have to send me to jail which I escape by being taken off to Guam in two weeks. On the way I stop at my grandfather's house. The girls across the street call me up to their bedroom where, lying on beds, legs open, their clothes are disarrayed to show me their private parts. I don't know what to do. My stepfather, sharing his sailor's wisdom, tells me that everyone I miss, I am one behind the rest of my life. This is the first one, a number that continues to grow.

Stopping to swim in the pool at the zoo in San Francisco before I get on the ship to Guam, someone slips behind me and holds my penis under the water. I don't know what to do. It feels good, but who is this guy? On Guam a friend and I start holding each other's private parts when we are in a beautiful tropical pool. He slips under the water and takes mine in his mouth. I do the same, only realizing later he is just pretending when I see my ejaculate being eaten by the fish around us.

On the way home from Guam a girl and I slip up on top and, leaning against a smokestack, kiss and fondle each other. A passing seaman smiles. It was a beautiful voyage.

On Whidbey Island I want to take a girl out but don't have a car yet. I ask a friend on the farm across the road to drive us. Comes the time to go and he says a steer got out and he has to get it back before he can take me. I join him and jumping on the steer I grab its horns and bring him down. When we get back to my place with the girl, he is the one who makes out with her.

Another girl at school invites me to come in the middle of the night and join her in the barn where she sleeps. I tell her I don't drive and might bring a friend. It's O.K.

We cross the pitch dark field. I climb into the barn window and take hold of her. She hadn't told me that her little brother sleeps out there with her. It's him. My friend is already making out with her. Finally it's my turn. That most important moment has come. I come right away.

Like many adolescents I have little control, but I have a lot of energy. The only time I have a problem is when I am at my lowest point in New York City. I meet a girl at a bar in the village that has a large barrel of peanuts. She talks on and on about Wilhelm Reich and the right kind of orgasm. I take her to my room. I get her in bed and I can't. The lowest point. 100 behind.

Another girl I meet at that low point is one that hangs out with us when I take the twins to Washington Square. I spend a couple nights with her but she has the disconcerting habit of disappearing if I stop moving while making love. She goes into a coma. Is that to be considered one ahead or one behind? Or is it a weird number from another reality? I am happy to be back on my own coast.

There is one perfect moment whose details are lost, are not needed. I move to Seattle for my last year of High School. I invite someone to come up to our place on Whidby Island for the weekend. I don't remember her name. I don't remember what we did. We are in my bed. There is an incredible sweetness I will never forget.

There is sex education in high school. Our science teacher walks in and lays a book on the table in front of each of us and walks out. An hour later he walks in and picks up the book. I must have missed the clitoris. It isn't until I am almost thirty that I realize what it is there for. And another thirty years before I realize that my penis is one of the two kinds experts categorize as showers or growers, and that, being a grower, its flacid size was nothing to be ashamed of, not that it was that flacid in High School, which is why I prayed to God that the teacher would not ask me to stand and answer a question.

We get through.

I read about the clitoris and its role. I feel what is rising in my partner. I can lock into that rising so completely that I cannot orgasm until she does. Later I have a partner with multiple orgasms. I learn I can orgasm with her without ejaculating and stay locked in until the next one. At the end there is no need to ejaculate. The orgasm, by its nature, is complete.

Having come to this in my own practice, I start reading about this kind of orgasm in Tantra where it is a spiritual practice.

When I learn Zen Shiatsu I am surprised to feel the rising under my thumb or elbow. I can lock into it until it comes to completion and it is time to go to the next point. I carry this into the water, into the body wave which is not a release but an access to the ground of our being. I call the Tantsu and Watsu we are developing, Bodywork Tantra.

Going into the pool at Harbin, naked in the middle of the sexual revolution, was an invitation to heal whatever pain lingered from the rejections of adolescence. As Watsu was developing, a door was opening to go beyond that pain. The love we feel for whoever is in our arms in Watsu, the heart wrap, is complete in itself, is sacred.

The Body Wave that appears is sharing that love in the ground of our being. The more we recognize the beauty of the one in our arms, the more we can celebrate that beauty through the body wave whether it is strong or barely perceptible, without having anything to do with sexual needs.

I tell Pavana when she joins me at Harbin that, after coming out of a year of painful lying to my wife, I will keep her informed of whatever I do. (Though in retrospect, it was my pain. I loved both. I didn't want to lose my family. I needed to be at Harbin to develop the potential in what was coming through with Pavana's help?)

My Osho sanyasin Tantsu organizer in Germany asks me if I sleep with my students. I say 'no' and ask if other instructors do? She says about half. I certainly don't during a class. My sanyassin students often house me and show me around after a class. One night in their center in Munich, in awe that my Tantsu was being so welcomed, I danced up into the stream of light that kept pouring and pouring into me. Though I probably could have done anything with them, when we were alone, if they wanted, I developed a form of Tantra in which there was no penetration, joining them energetically as I helped them through their orgasms.

I am playing with fire.

Once between classes in Germany a student takes me to a beautiful baroque church in Bavaria where, looking up, the two of us rise together up into its very high white spires, soul mates drawn up into the light. I didn't wait till the end of the second week to start my practice with her. Afterwards she drives me around Germany. I return to Pavana in a state of confusion. She takes Calias to visit a friend in Philadelphia.

Pavana returns. I stay and gradually rebuild trust, thankful I didn't get swept away and lose everything that Pavana and I are building together. I decide to not promote a Non-entercourse Tantra..

WABA with the help of very able professionals develops a code of ethics that I am happy to follow.

I develop simpler forms of Watsu and Tantsu that can help everyone get in touch with their Body Wave.

I age.

IV Watsu

I search through the woods for hot springs. I happen upon a woman sitting in a pool. I ask her if she would like a massage. I am forty years old. I have never had a massage, let alone given one. She says yes. She shows me how to get under her shoulder blade. We become friends. She teaches me massage. I set up a padded board in the hot tub pool I had built in my backyard to massage people on. I call it Wassage.

My friend practices on me the Zen Shiatsu she had just studied. I love it. I take classes with Reuho Yamada. I go to hot springs and practice on whoever is there. One morning at a hot springs I wake up before dawn and go down to the pool. A woman is in it. I give her a Shiatsu while she sits in the water. When I finish she turns her head from side to side and says she hasn't been able to move like that since she had been in an accident. She says she felt healing in my hands. I thank her. My joy at hearing that stays with me as I stride up the side of a mountain, in awe that something like this could happen through me. At the top the circle of trees are filled with light. God is here. I drop to my knees. He bends down and lifts me. Holding my arm, He walks at my side along the ridge. He guides me down a stream. The streambed below is tangled in brush. There is an easier path along the gully's side. "Which way do I go?" "Whichever way you go I am with you." -words that never leave me. I sit out on the bank over the pool - such brightness- the pool, the children splashing in the water, the trees, the birds singing in the branches, are all sitting in God's hand. We are all sitting in God's hand. I look down at my own, open to hold others.

I continue studying Zen Shiatsu with Waturu Ohashi in New York, and offer Zen Shiatsu classes in my home. I study with its creator, Shizuto Masanaga, in Japan and offer classes at Harbin Hot Springs.

A woman floats me in the warm pool one night and a body wave takes me up into a world of light. I want to take others to that place. I apply the stretches of Zen Shiatsu while floating people. My students watch and want to be shown how to do what I just did, but as in Zen Shiatsu, stretches open the flow of energy. I follow wherever that energy takes us around the pool. I can't repeat it. When I lean someone against the wall, as I lift my hand off their crown chakra, we spiral heavenwards, two intertwining dragons.

I slow down, stay in one place, and drop into the emptiness at the bottom of the breath. The getting lighter of the one in my arms draws me up out of that emptiness. This Waterbreath Dance opens every Watsu. I am amazed at how much oneness I have with whoever I float at my heart, even those I would never have imagined being one with. I am no longer amazed. The heart holds, wraps around whomever

we float. It is our oneness with everything. Once felt, there is no way we can violate the trust with which someone lies back in our arms.

Zen Shiatsu's principal of being, not doing, finds a home in the water. The more we hold somebody's whole body, the more the stretches and moves come out of the depths of the breath that we share. With the help of many, those stretches and moves evolve into a form that can be learned and adapted to anybody.

I, and some of our students, start introducing Watsu into facilities around the country. I am surprised how quickly it is accepted as something their clientele need.

My assistant, Minakshi, and I drive to the first facility that invites us to teach their staff. I wonder if I should leave Watsu's more intimate moves out. I don't. They invite us back. I tell them I was considering leaving those moves out. The staff are glad I didn't. Those are what their special needs clientele most need.

I am invited to Israel to teach the staff at their largest facility. To this day hundreds receive Watsu there every week.

I am invited to Phoenix to teach the staff at their largest facility. I do and receive reports at how much it is helping their clients until I am told the corporation is shutting down the pool. A building with doctor's offices will generate more income.

I am invited by Cameron West to teach at an Easter Seals pool. She becomes a Watsu Instructor and to this day volunteers to help us on the new WABA board.

Michele Chelenza becomes a Watsu instructor and develops a Watsu Instructor Training Program. She also donates a lot of time and money in getting Watsu out to spas.

Another early arrival on the path to become a Watsu Instructor from the Therapy community is Peggy Schoedinger who still introduces Watsu around the world. As the head of a committee, she blocks the Physical Therapists attempt to have a law passed that only Physical Therapists can work in the water. She continues to add to the list of conditions Watsu is found to alleviate.

Another therapist to become a Watsu Instructor, Mary Seamster, invites me to teach at her center in Northern Washington which, unfortunately, has since been closed by the authorities when they saw a glowing report about classes there in a newspaper. She has since built a beautiful center in southern Washington where classes and Instructor conferences are held. She too, continues to volunteer her service on the WABA board.

The latest Watsu instructor to have her center shut down is Anat Juran who has been working for years to establish a Watsu School in Australia and has been taken to court by a neighbor.

The same year I develop Watsu, I bring its close unconditional whole body holding back onto land in Tantsu. Students at Harbin from Europe ask me to come and teach Tantsu in Geneva, Paris and Munich. My organizer in Paris is the head of the French Shiatsu Association. He brings me back to Paris each year. In Geneva I do the first Watsu in Europe in Lavey les bains. In Germany, Helen Schulz and others find pools where I can teach Watsu. They begin learning and training to teach it.

A student in a Watsu class in Germany offers to give me the experience of a wonderful form of Aquatic Bodywork that he just learned, Waterdance. He has me put on noseclips and takes me under. He doesn't bring me up at the right time to breathe and my head hits the bottom. I am afraid that if this is someone's first experience of Aquatic Bodywork they would never want a Watsu.

Next year Aman Shroeter and Arjana come to my Watsu class in Germany. They had been developing Waterdance. Arjana gives me a Waterdance session and, not hitting my head on the bottom, brings me up when I need to breathe, I enjoy it. Arjana goes on to study Watsu with me and Minakshi at Harbin. She becomes a Watsu instructor.

Minakshi proposes we invite Arjana to teach Waterdance at Harbin. We do. I, and several Watsu instructors at Harbin, enjoy sharing that first class. It is a completely different experience than Watsu. My body wave goes into multiple dimensions when Arjana or Minakshi Waterdance me. When I am brought up I want to go right back under. Not everyone is ready to face the challenge of being taken underwater. I encourage its being added to our program after someone has had or studied Watsu without having to face the challenge of surrendering their breathing.

Someone moves his massage school from Santa Cruz to Harbin and then, sells it to a resident who has been assisting him. The new owner asks if I would like to go into partnership and offer Zen Shiatsu at the school. I do. He wants to move to Thailand and sells his half to me. I now own the School of Shiatsu and Massage. I never intended to own a school, but Pavana is here to help.

We establish a Watsu practitioner program the same length as the school's Massage practitioner program, 100 hours. It is the last year any vocational school can establish a program without first proving there are full time jobs waiting out there in the field. Even though the program got under the wire, to continue a program a school still has to prove all its programs lead to full time employment in the field for most of its graduates. The only exception is a program at a non-profit. We develop an educational non-profit, WABA, the worldwide Aquatic Bodywork Association, and sell the school to it. I am the right person in the right place at the right time. A year later we could not have a Watsu program at the school.

In Europe we had talked about having a non-profit to oversee the development of Watsu, Tantsu and Waterdance. Now that we have a non-profit to own the school it is logical to extend its use to promote and oversee Aquatic Bodywork. It is not a member association but has a board of directors.

I have already started a registry to store the records of our students around the world. Someone turns up in our classes at Harbin who sets up databases on the internet for banks. He offers to set up one for WABA in exchange for classes. I convert all the records in the school's database to one that works on the internet. The offer is withdrawn. I learn HTML and the mark up language needed to present and share data on the internet. I work on the Registry that stores the transcripts and authorizations ever since. It holds the water family together. Instructors have to add their classes to the Registry to get students. Practitioners need to be on the Registry to list themselves to the public.

Harbin offers to build the school its own center with pools. We invest our savings in it. Eugene Tsui designs a complex of five geodesic spheres. The actual cost of it exceeds the architect's estimate by many times, a cost on which our monthly rent is based, an amount that is difficult to generate, particularly since we open the same month as the 9/11 takedown of the twin towers and many prospective students, afraid to fly, decide not to attend.

Watsu continues to grow at a faster rate in Europe and elsewhere than in the U.S., primarily because there are more pools and a culture that values social services. I teach Watsu in almost every country in Europe as well as Israel, Turkey, India, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, Brazil, Chile, Argentina, Canada, Mexico and Costa Rica.

I am invited to present Watsu at a conference of birth preparers in Monaca. There, Robert Fraioli, a doctor who heads Italy's Natural childbirth association invites me to teach Watsu to midwives and childbirth preparers in Northern Italy. They are amused by my Italian which is influenced by my year going through Dante's Comedia line by line, canto by canto. I teach in Italy every year. There are now more than 20 Watsu instructors in Italy and a wealth of pools and a population that welcomes holding and being held.

We have a Watsu Instructor Conference in Europe every year. I fight to avoid territoriality, to ensure students can continue our worldwide Watsu program with authorized instructors anywhere. I invite my first organizer in Geneva to the conference in Italy. I am shocked when Arjana announces that she owns Watsu in Switzerland. When Arjana and Helen Schultz started their IAKA schools in Switzerland and Germany, they obtained the Watsu trademark in each country and signed agreements that they were obtaining it as my representatives and that I had oversight as to how it was applied. I assumed that they were for German speaking areas. Fortunately, Arjana has not blocked other WABA instructors from teaching Watsu in the French and Italian parts of Switzerland.

Over the thirty years many issues come up.

Linda De lehman, a Watsu instructor from America who has taught many classes with me, moves to Europe and begins teaching there. The Germans object, claiming that her teaching there should be approved by the European instructors.

One year, the Instructor Conference is held in Austria. The German, Swiss and Austrian instructors announce that they will no longer honor the agreement they had made to follow the worldwide Watsu program and add their students to the Registry. They have formed their own program in IAKA. I am told they want their students to experience both Watsu and Waterdance in their first class, so that they can process whatever the work brings up before attending their training. I feel Watsu can take most people to a level of accepting whatever had happened without having to relive it.

Helen Schultz tells me I can look at the instructors at the conference and retire with the satisfaction every teacher seeks, knowing that their students turn out better than themselves. I don't retire.

The German IAKA invites the other instructors to join them in forming a European school. I had resisted the Germans attempts to have more control in previous conferences. Now, to my relief, the other European instructors choose to stay in WABA instead of joining them. The next year the Italian instructors, who work mostly in teams, ask me if they can develop classes that complement the program that all instructors follow. I agree to give it a try and set up an Italian Training Institute on the Registry to which they can add and list their supplemental classes. It works so well that now more than 30 Training Institutes are on the Registry and complement our worldwide core program with classes developed for their populations.

Issues continue to arise.

Jun Konno asks me to come to Japan to teach Watsu. My schedule is full but one of our Watsu instructors, Bascia Szpak, is in the area. I refer her. Jun wants further classes with me and brings his students to classes at Harbin and Hawaii. He becomes a Watsu instructor and opens a Training Institute in Japan where he organizes several classes for me to teach. Jun had been the head coach of the Japanese swim team when Japan joined the boycott of the Olympics in Russia. He quit and attended conferences on Aquatic Exercise which he introduced into Japan. He saw Watsu at one of the conferences. When he learned Basic Watsu he told me that it would be honored and taught for centuries in Japan without change like the tea ceremony. Then I developed a new Basic Watsu. The Watsu students at his Institute meet once a year to review both the old and the new Basic Watsu. Having taught countless Watsu 1 and 2 students in Japan, I keep asking Jun to organize a Watsu 3 that completes our core program. Jun keeps telling me that they are not ready for its Free Flow. In the meantime another Japanese, Toru Ogasawaru, has completed his Watsu instructor training in America and attends Jun's review week. While there he demonstrates some Watsu 3 moves and Free Flow.

I get an email from Jun telling me to watch out for him, that he is not real Japanese, that he is a bad person. It doesn't fit well with my own experience of Toru in my classes. His training of practitioners in spas, would open a new world for Watsu in Japan. Jun's students are mostly Aquatic Exercisers. The next time I teach in Japan I arrange a meeting of the three of us. To no avail. My ten year contract with Jun happens to be ending. Toru organizes my Watsu 3 in Japan and opens his own Training Institute in Okinawa.

When Jun is training to be an instructor, he assists me in my favorite pool in the world, one that a hot spring fills alongside the Ocean in Hawaii, or used to fill. This year an eruption of the volcano fills it with lava. We are doing our Watsuchanics, going through the moves without a person in our arms like Tai chi. I suggest to Jun that he develop a form of Aquatic Exercise that opens with these moves and concludes with participants floating each other in their arms. He sees its potential for Japan's aging population and develops, what he calls Ai Chi.

About 10 years after Jun left the Registry as a Watsu Instructor, he happens to be offering an Ai chi instructor course at a Watsu Center in France where I am finishing a Watsu 3. We are very happy to meet again and welcome each other's successes.

Another issue develops in Brazil where I teach several times and it is hard to get students to complete their Watsu courses before they start teaching it themselves. A problem there, and elsewhere, still being worked on.

One momentous occasion is the celebration of Watsu's 25th year and my 70th. The Watsu instructors in Europe rent a whole hot spring hotel in Italy for the weekend. I have been teaching in Australia and New Zealand on a round the World trip. Pavana, Calias and Watsuers from all over join me in Italy. I receive word from Harbin while I am in Australia that we can no longer have the Watsu Center. I join the beautiful celebration without telling anyone until my parting words. Everyone is stunned. Cristina Levi offers a sizeable donation to help. I don't accept, knowing it would not match the amount Harbin plans to make from the center. Cristina has bought an agroturism with large stone buildings on a piece of property almost as big as Harbin's and is building a beautiful Watsu pool and a Tantsu space overlooking the hills of southern Tuscany. She offers to help us move to Italy but I would lose my medicare and still have too many things to do, but I gladly come there to teach every year and meet our Water family.

The loss of the Watsu Center was a blow, but we were able to do much for Watsu in the five years we had our own center, enough time to fully test and, with the help of many others, establish our programs, including those that train instructors from all over the world. The school changes hands and ends up belonging to Harbin Hot Springs. I continue teaching there and all water classes there continue to be added to the Registry.

An issue develops around the non-profit WABA that had purchased the school from us. I had operated the Registry through it and we had a Board of Directors made up mostly of Watsu Instructors who oversee our programs. A senior instructor was elected by the board to be its president. He tried to take over control of the Registry not realizing an earlier board had voted to acknowledge my ownership of the Registry for whatever WABA still owed me for the purchase of the school. No longer having a school to justify its non-profit status, WABA was dissolved.

The instructor who tried to take control of the Registry, forms his own International School of Watsu and invites Watsu Instructors to teach in it. Except for a couple who were trained in an instructor training he had set up, almost none join him.

Two instructors, Tomasz Zagorski and Gianni de Stefani, come up with the idea of forming a new WABA that is a member association that includes practitioners and instructors of the many forms of Aquatic Bodywork such as Waterdance and Healing Dance that have long been welcomed onto the Registry. The new WABA is set up in Switzerland. We work out how it could closely work with the Registry which continues to store the transcripts and authorizations of the members and collects the dues that go to the new non-profit. Gianni de Stefani, a Swiss Italian who is active on Watsu Italia, helps us oversee the Watsu trademarks that the Italians originally took out for us in the Madrid convention. There are so many like Italo Bertolasi and Keli Procopio that have continued to help us establish Watsu and Tantsu in Italy and elsewhere. Thomas Zagorski, who heads the Polish Institute and brings Watsu into the programs of Olympic Athletes, helps set up programs and institutes in Russia and Eastern Europe.

The new WABA works so well that the IAKA instructors join. I am invited to Germany to celebrate the 20th anniversary of IAKA. I show them our latest developments. They have a powerful practitioner association and have done much to get Watsu accepted in their countries. But now that they are surrounded by WABA training institutes, they agree that when they teach outside the German speaking countries, they will teach the WABA forms and add their students to the Registry.

In order for students to be able to continue their Watsu studies with more than a hundred instructors around the world, there has to be a standard form and levels on which it is taught. The 50 hour Watsu 1 introduces the transitions into Watsu's major positions. Watsu 2 explores what can be done and adapted in those positions. Watsu 3 introduces advanced moves and Free Flow. The first 16 hours of Watsu 1 can be taught as a Basic Watsu. Working together with countless instructors in America and abroad has helped develop and test each part of this core program. Training Institutes allows it to be supplemented with courses appropriate for the population served.

Getting instructors to catch up with the latest changes in the form has been a challenge. I had authorized the first Watsu instructor at our school before sinking

into the emptiness of the Waterbreath Dance had been incorporated to be the start of every Watsu. She insisted on continuing to start every session by rocking the one in her arms as a baby. She also insisted that the 100 hour class that started that way was all that practitioners in spas needed when we added Watsu 3 as a requirement in a 150 hour program. She left the school and the Registry and taught her 100 hour program in spas.

In the first years Basic Watsu was intended to be an introduction to Watsu. Students followed what the instructor showed with someone in their arms, stretches and moves from different parts of the Watsu 1 form just to experience them. It was not intended to be learned as a sequence. But many instructors went on to teach it that way, creating stress in students being forced to learn the moves in one sequence and again in another when they attend the rest of Watsu1. Also, following along, watching what the teacher does with someone in their arms, does not help the student be with the one in their arms.

I develop a new Basic Watsu that could be learned in a weekend without ever having to follow along and brings everyone to a level of Watsu connection from the beginning. It gives participants a form they can practice with family and friends. Since it is the opening moves of most Watus, it does not have to be re-arranged in Watsu 1. I develop this new Basic testing every move of it with many of our instructors. When I feel it is as good as it can get, I present it at instructor conferences in Europe and America and most instructors now use it, except the one who tried to take over the Registry. He had just developed his own material and DVDs based on the old form.

Now that we have a Basic form that really brings people into the soul of Watsu, with the help of many, we've made necessary adjustments to the core form that grows out of it, and I promise 100 instructors to not make any further changes, I turn my attention to something I've been wanting to do since Watsu first came into being.

I saw in our first drop in classes how much participants got from floating each other. I also saw how much Watsu was needed in clinics and spas. Fulfilling that need on what I call the vertical dimension demanded our attention. Now that the program to fulfill that need is set up, I turn my attention to the horizontal dimension. I have already developed a form of Tantsu that anybody can share in rounds of three called Tantsuyoga. I explore how the ease of learning and the power of three learned in developing those rounds can be applied to sharing the simpler of the new Basic Watsu moves in Rounds. I have also been working on a Tandem Watsu in which two Watsu a third between them. I discover that in our new Watsu Round the opening moves of the new Basic Watsu combine beautifully with the powerful closing moves of Tandem Watsu.

About this time a huge fire in Northern California takes out Harbin Hot Springs and the access to our house. We are moved to Berkeley and my daughter and I search pools where we can continue developing the Watsu Round. We find that six people

can share it in a 3-4 hour class in a pool with a 12 foot diameter and each have a profound experience floating each other. I show the Watsu Round to instructors at our conferences in America and Europe and we are encouraging practitioners to help bring as many people as possible to its joy of unconditional holding. I include it in my new book:

Watsu Basic and Explorer Path on Land and in Water

V CELEBRATION

The memoirs above look so far back down the past that all my memories are reconstructions of reconstructed memories. I rushed to bring them all out before my surgery on September 9, not knowing if there would be time afterward, or if there would be an afterward. But there is, and I can now continue the memoirs from that date when I was on the operating table for 12 hours. Since the cancer had started to move from my tongue down my throat they performed a complete laryngectomy. Since the edge of the tumor was too close to my carotid artery to cut it out, I have since had a series of radiation treatments to remove what remained.

Now I begin a new stage of my life. It is unlikely I will ever be able to eat food or speak again. Since I breathe through a hole in my throat, I will never be able to go into a pool and do Watsu again. But my mind seems to have been unaffected and I can work on the Registry and a new Watsu book.... and I can walk in the woods ... and I have a lot of support and love from my wife and daughter and the whole Water Family.

I sent the above memoir to my friend, Minakshi, and today received the following from her:

Thank you for including me. There were so many problems with WABA and I recall this to be true. However, I missed your optimism. Usually you would have presented a positive or humorous point of view. At the end you did tie it together. I missed something earlier like: "although the problems rose to the top I was buoyed by the joy of teaching." Then share some memories of special classes. The one at Peter's facility still stands out in my memory. What inspired me especially that time was how clear the importance of being happy while learning was. It wasn't so much about learning the material as finding joy. You don't teach that specifically, you role model it. Of course so many classes/years (of joy) at Harbin. You must have special memories of classes in different countries. At Ettawa you shared with me once about special friends you have made over the years. If it doesn't seem appropriate I guess you don't need to name names. I remember the husband of the doctor in Rome who was your age and a composer, if I remember correctly. The fringe benefits of Watsu. The special places you got to visit on your travels. I

remember the artist's home that we saw while we were in Italy. Perhaps there were too many galleries to be specific but at least another mention. You brought me to tears at the museum in New York City when you expressed your joy over a painting of de Koonig. You didn't want to do it for some reason but your compassion for my ignorance won out, I think. Perhaps you could find motivation in your memories to express yourself about art in a way that even I could understand. You mentioned elsewhere your experience with sharing with your soul mate and perhaps another reference to art in the waba section would not be too much. I remember the museum in Boston when the time was up and you were in the room with Degas' dancers. You were whirling with joy like a kid in a candy store as you said "good-bye" to your friends, from my point of view. How well you were always taken care of during your travels! Oh how I enjoyed being a part of it all!

My mother always said I had been a happy baby and the poet, Jack Spicer, in his farewell to me, said he was amazed at how I was able to remain so positive.

For me, the Heart Wrap that begins a Watsu is love and when that love moves us it is joy, whether it takes us through the moves of the form or Free Flow. The more our body as a whole is engaged, the more we engage someone's whole body, the more the creative is brought into play. The whole is greater than the sum of the parts, the greater our joy.

My experience with poetry in which the line is an engagement of the breath and light that appears to write the most spontaneous, prepares me for Free Flow. I teach 562 Watsu classes. 132 of these are Watsu 3 intensives. Each student in my Watsu 3 receives a free Flow from me. Each has been Watsued before. I feel honored to be invited into the middle of their life long Watsu session. Body waves often draw us together up into the light.

The class at Peter's is one of the first Watsu 4 intensives. Focusing on the Body Wave and exploring freely in threes and other combinations brings the whole group into new levels of joy.

My friend in Rome, Susan Levenstein, is a Doctor from New York (and a Watsuer) who regularly invites me to stay in their flat. Her husband, Alvin Curren, is the only friend I have my own age who is as much engaged in his creative work as I am. He is a composer and I have enjoyed many of his events, one in which wolves were projected on the walls of the Tiber while we walked through an orchestra amid the cries of wolves. Thanks to them, Rome has become my favorite city.

On my first trip to Europe I fell in love with Florence and its art. On each of the forty plus additional visits to Europe I have come to appreciate more and more places and artists. Besides having so many people surrendering in my arms I feel very fortunate to have been able to see and return to so many masterpieces. Painting is unique among the arts. Its wholeness is right there in front of our eyes. As in a Watsu, when

I feel that source of the Creative, the joy is a body wave (imperceptible to others except those close to me).

When I got home from the hospital I started reading poetry again. I also read a book about Emergence, the theory that the universe is self-evolving. When I first encountered writings about Emergence more than ten years ago I recognized it as being behind those poems that write themselves, and behind those moments in Watsu Free Flow when the creative is most powerful, when the whole is greater than the sum of the parts, the wholeness I saw as characterizing the creative. Stuart Kauffman in his "Reinventing the Sacred" carries the creative one step further. He says it is God.

He also writes that in the last three hundred years science has pushed the humanities into the background. The creative arts and the humanities should be again honored. Facing what is happening to our planet, all that I had been doing seemed to be called into question, but reading this gives me encouragement. No matter what will happen the creative should be celebrated in the present. I have been doing this most of my life. The poetry scene I was drawn into in San Francisco was an emerging event, as was the way so many have been drawn in to help in the development and spread of Watsu, an event continuing to evolve in which I still have a part in my work with the Registry and my books.

Other poets in the San Francisco Renaissance also saw their poems as being dictated, as emerging. Since coming home I have been listening to music and downloading audible lessons, studying how music has emerged over the years, adding to my limited list of favorite composers, just as thousands of visits to museums around the world added to the number of artists whose work, and the unique way each brought the whole into it, I came to love and celebrate. The search for the unique whole in each civilization underlay my earlier studies of the Egyptian, the Mesopotamian, the Greco-roman, the Chinese, and, during my three year residence in Mexico City when I visited ruins almost every weekend, the Mesoamerican civilization that with its ingrained violence tests our ability to celebrate it as an emerging creation. But in ours we have Hitler and Trump. After reading all of Jack Spicer's work, and Robert Creeley and Charles Olson and Robin Blazer, I downloaded and heard for the first time the poems of Rumi. I am now waiting for books so I can jump into the civilization in which such beautiful poetry was created. There is a lot to celebrate.

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