

"This Japanese Acupuncture Doctor Is Quite Special"

On the way in the cab, I opened the window to let the snowflakes drift in and land on the sleeve of my new black parka. There is just enough time to see their form before they turn into drops of water.

I know each one is different. I have been told this when I was a child but somehow in this flurry, the awe of the moment when I first heard this impossible thing floods over me. There are so many snowflakes how can they all be different. This dream like state lasts from around 26th and 9th to 35th and 3rd.

I press lower level, walk down a corridor and into a comfortable well appointed loft like basement with large framed Japanese calligraphy and soft leather couches. There is a picture of Ken and Tina Turner and various shots of Guru Mai. It's a very upscale version of a Chinatown acupuncture clinic with thousands of herbs and teas behind a counter.

Ken arrives.

Sussan told me to expect a very kind and interesting man who is sixty-five but looks twenty years younger. A real healer with deep intuition who told her things that were uncanny. He gave her some teas and various esoteric pills and ointments. Our stomachs have been a little iffy since Turkey (I had an amoeba). Nothing major but we like getting a tune up at this time of the year.

I'm sitting on the couch. Ken comes in and shakes my hand and then sits on the floor in front of me in between the couch and the coffee table. He is gentle but firm and decisive. There is a simple clarity about him. I am immediately comfortable. This is a wise man who couldn't hurt a flea. "Fo las three hunder year my family been talking to body. I star talking when I was three and practice professionally when I was twelve. Jus like good musician. Let me touch yo ris and talk body see what he say. Firs to large intestine. Ah he says I am fine. Ah berry good. Stron. Heart berry good."

Moving his thumb up and down both wrist and applying various degrees of pressure he talks to all the organs, tells me what they say and describes how they work in his simple but unique language. I have had quite a bit of advice from Chinese doctors. This method is much more detailed than any of the others.

"Ha ha, small intestine and gallbladder need help. Small intestine he say I not getting enough blood. Small intestine is tube come from under belly button. He freak out. Get gas if gallbladder not give

enough help. I fix. I give Sussan tea but for you I give treatment. You want acupuncture?"

He was so disarming I was under his spell and of course I said yes.

He and his smart looking Austrian ex ballet dancer assistant usher me into the needle room. "Take off everything but you underpants."

"I don't wear underpants bad for your sperm count

Kens laugh is friendly and very scrutable. I lie face down on the massage table and before I can say Kamikazi, he is sticking needles into me. The first one goes in to my neck and then goes in some more, then just as I'm reaching

my threshold of pain he starts to twist the needle and it goes in some more. My muscle tenses and I stutter a perplexed, "Isn't that too deep?"

The second needle goes in even deeper.

"Wait a minute Ken Old Boy. I'm not used to this." But the third and fourth needle are already in. When the fifth needle hits I issue an unmitigated "shit," a verbal one. Ken says, "Relax. Body responding great is blushing red. If it not respond good would be blue."

I say, "Ken what kind of acupuncture is this?"

"This ancient Kobayashi family deep acupuncture.

I love you, but I don't want you to come back. I cure you in one time. That why this deeper than other acupuncture. Jus relax. Your body strong. Now you 54 but look 45. After you feel 38."

Ten more needles go in.

Ken, have you ever read the Marquis de Sade?"

"Haha. This Japanese torture chamber.

Ten more.

"Ken, there is a butcher shop down the street you could go and work there"

"Haha."

Ten more.

"Ken, you Mother Fucker. How many needles are you going to put in? "Almost finish hard par. Nex pa easy piece cake. I give you 'maca' when you finish. special plant from Peru. Only grows in Andes at 14,000 feet in freezing wind where no other plant can grow. It is aphrodisiac for men and women, increase energy, good mental clarity. Women can use for hormone imbalance, fertility, sexual stimulation, hot flash, loss energy. Men can use for healthy testosterone, seminal fluid volume, more good sperms."

"But Ken, I don't need any extra help. Do you know how strong my libido is already? I need help to calm down. Let me tell you. Do you know when I started to masturbate? When I was four."

"Haha. Very interesting.

"When I touched myself I saw an orange glow in the center of my forehead that got brighter and brighter. And when I first played the note E on the piano, when I was three, I saw the same orange color! There was no association with girls. But by the time I was six, I was kissing girls at play time and I was attracted to the legs of my teacher Miss Albright. I would masturbate during rest hour and sometimes Miss Albright would choose me first to go out on the playground because I was lying so still. But really, I would be furiously masturbating and I would wish she would choose me last. Of course there was no sperm, but I would have to go to the boys room to finish. There were little six-year-old spasms.

Freud says that boys go into a period of latency because of the Oedipal desire for the mother and the conflict with the father. Well, this never happened to me which is why I could never trust Freud.

"Hahaha. Hmmm very interesting. I never heard a story like that before. You must be special. I think sex better if not too often, one a week good. Better to save energy for enlightened moment of release."

"I think so too Ken"

"But maca is still good for you you see...haha"

By the end there are a hundred needles (usually there would be fifteen or twenty).

And I'm glued to the sweat-soaked hole in the head rest. I could have stopped it but something told me he knew what he was doing.

"I go you stay later my assisten come take out needles give you moksa fire".As I lie there the pain begins to even out but my neck is getting very sore and every time I go to move the needles dig in deeper. After about forty-five minutes in this position I figure I better start to scream to get someone to come back.

Kens assistant hears me and comes in. "Excuse me darling, but how much longer before you take out the needles?"

"Vel you know you von't get zi total effect unless you let the needles stay in. Even when zdart to take them out it takes a long time because I give you moksa fire". Finally she comes back after another twenty minutes and pulls out the first needle and in its place she puts a little cough drop sized piece of incense which starts to burn upon contact with my skin. "Tell me when it gets to hot and i take it off."

"It's hot...hot you can take it off now hot hot now ...now it's really hot." "Ok, now I take it off."

She is really very concentrated and we start a conversation sort of. so where are you from? hot

hot.

"I'm from Austria.

"Hot hot. So is Ken is a student of Guru Mai? Hot."

"No. She just send him patients."

"Hot. How long have you been with him?"

"Three years before I was in the art profession but I was always very serious about studying oriental medicine and I'm also going to med school. Ken is amazing he has cured so many people from cancer and other diseases the more I'm with him the more impressed I am, hot?" "Yes." "Almost finished. I will go then you can turn over. We're not finished with you".

Even though she said turn over, it never occurred to me that they would start again. I thought-actually, I wasn't thinking so straight. Ken must have come in the room but I didn't notice. He just appeared next to me and before I thought to think, I felt more needles going into my arms, stomach, belly button. Many needles. Then Miss Austria came in to start the fire treatment while Ken was still sticking me like a Japanese voodoo doll. As he started with my eyelids, eyebrows, third eye and behind the ears; I decided to distract myself by telling them the story of Wanda Von

Sacher Masoc.

"Hey Miss Austria, have you ever heard of Wanda Von Sacher Masoc?"

"Vel I have heard the name but..."

"Well you know everyone knows about Sadism, especially you and Ken, but not that many people know about Masoc; the other side of the equation. Wanda Sacher was a young poet in her early teens in Vienna at the turn of the century. She was hired by an older woman to write love letters to a man. The woman was in love with the budding poet Masoc. But Masoc found out and fell in love with Wanda. They got married and had two children. Wanda didn't know until after the marriage that Masoc had a fetish.

In order to write, he needed to be hit with a leather strap by a woman dressed only in a fur coat and high heels.

Wanda writes magnificently about this in her memoirs. She writes in the high German romantic style like Novalis and Goeth. She is always pure and sublime.

Masoc needed to publish to support the family, so she had no choice. It's not really an x-rated film at all, it's PG. Masoc did go on to write one of the seminal books of the period, "Venus in Furs," which earned him the second billing with de Sade...hot hot hot hot hot hot!!!!!"

This actually happened yesterday and today I feel amazing really. You should go to Ken ASAP.
Ken Kobayashi 145 east 35th st.