

“I am Cadmium Red”

By

Paw Thame

**Emails exchanged between artist Paw Thame and
Chris Dodge**

(Edited by Ma Thanegi, September, 2010)

*I am doing the art of living, daily is
making a painting without canvas,
brushes, paints.*

I want clean artist life.

The first reaction

Dear Chris

I am all time rebel, full-time trouble-maker, one of the art-revolutionists in Burma, never follow, never agree with many people in Burma. I do not want living in foreign countries, I do NOT like telling me to re-establish again in Burma. I never ever try requesting to hang my paintings on all their art-galleries panels. I do not need to worry where I live. I do not care all.

I do not need FAME, FAMOUS, RICH, RE-ESTABLISH, RE-INTRODUCE.

My daily focus, my duty of this life is to create real artwork only.

My issue is clear, deep. I am not interest whoever wrote about me or not. I do not need to read again or forever. Please Chris, don't do re-establish me, give up. I like that way. I decided that I will not write myself about what I did.

I am Cadmium Red, primary colour. I am not secondary colour pink.

PT

Following replies

Dear CD

My writings must be my statements, depositions, not my autobiography. I am more skill writing in Burmese language than English but I try to write all in English, my second language because I have Burmese font software in this machine which is not familiar, not friendly for me.

I am on the right track. I satisfied writing, you see most in details. My writings are like my paintings. I see clear. No matter publish or not, I will keep doing both, painting & writing what I want. I never try before I do not believe myself, I really wrote all because of you, power of friendship is working.

PT



That is me,

Very look alike, flat-top hair cut, stripe cheap-shirt, short, bandage on my knee, wearing cheap-slippers. Easy to make this because always in my mind. After you read my boyhood & this drawing is good combination. Lovely boy life is over.

The deluge begins

I am not diplomats, journalist, I am artist, a painter, I do not want telling to others with beautiful words, cleverly, wisely, nice presentations, that's the way I am doing. I am writing maybe I am not decent. Does not matter, I decided present truth is the most important.

1. Drawing in the dust

I used to draw with any sticks on the ground, sometime white chalk on wood panels of our house, sometime on wet sand.

I come from small village Seik Khun, around 1000 population community, all typical pure Burmese, located 7 miles away, west side of Shwebo small town.

My grandfather was real farmer, lived west bank of Muu River, is in between Ayeyarwaddy and Chindwin Rivers. My father had many half-brothers, half sisters because my grandfather married many women, one after one. I did not know how many women he had married. Even my father could not count, also he did not know all of his half brother, sisters who all lived near my grandfather's house. His village is big, the name of the village is Mukan Gyi. Sometime I went over there by bullock cart, I can operate, I know how to talk to bulls.

Grandfather worked non-stop, hard working, hard to see him taking rest, he grow all vegetables, all around year. Whenever we went he was getting so excite, feed us his special fresh foods. He want to give his all

vegetables, my bullock was always fully loaded. He was long life. When my father passed away in 1975, I back to my village for my father's funeral, we sent message to him. He got so upset, telling to all: I must die before my son, why he died earlier than me. His life more 100 years is wonderful. Grandfather, my father, both very tall & big built, I want like their size, but I not have.

In primary school registration, I learnt that I was born in 1944, but I am not sure, because one gentleman grab me on the street and forced to put at school, he did my school registration. A few years later I found out, even my father's name is wrong in registration but I did not try to make correction because sound is close. I was grown up in pioneers' life, no electricity until 5th grade. I was not interest going to school. I enjoy drawings all the time. I did not want to play with other children.

I have big black marks, clear 3 fingers shaped at the back of my left ear. Seik Khun villagers used to look at my marks when I was a little boy. A lot of them believed my past life was human, now reincarnation. I remember in my mind, I was dying on the bed, the room has a little light, without window, almost dark. 4, 5 women were watching around me, water-pot on fire-wood, one women touch her fingers to pot bottom, I saw her fingers are with black charcoal, then she touched my ear, still that scene in my mind.

Probably, I died after that. Wonderful memories from last-life.

I was the eldest son of 6 kids at my family. I was busy with helping to parents, useful in everything. I think, that is the one reason, my parents forgot to send to school. For me was good, I can get more time to draw. Time past, one day I was drawing on street, that man, named U Tun Aung stop his bicycle at my back and sent me to school. He explained to teacher, this boy like drawings only, no other interest.

The teacher want me happy at school, she allow me drawing in class. Later I help to teacher drawings on blackboard for the class. My parents found out U Tun Aung put me at school. That's the way forced to sent me primary school. Since before 1st grade, I understand the shades, volumes are connected with lights. I can draw all kinds of fruits, different car designs by my memories. That is wonderful thing in my blood, in my body, not by generations because both my parents side people were not interest in arts. My parents did not support me, paying too much attention on drawings. I collected penny by penny money to buy a student water color cake box then hide it under my pillow. After all kids & parent went to bed, I started light up kerosene lantern and coloring. I am still getting that, my first water color box smelt.

I was 3rd grade at primary school, my parents cannot pay lunch money to buy food at school canteen, they

give me 2 bananas and Burmese snack, very cheap, everyone can afford that snack. I want money, I need money. I interested guns, I like all toy guns, my parents cannot afford to buy foreign made, expensive toy-guns. I need more money. Finally I decided, I will make money by myself. I can make copy any thing, I will copy banknotes, make fake banknotes.

First problem was paper, same thickness of real bank notes paper. I found first page, white blank, from school text English Grammar book from India. One page can make 2 bank notes only, no more, that's all. I copied fake banknotes from real Kyat 1 note, after my parents went bed, top-secret. I copied both sides, with pencils, back design was a paddy transport-boat in river.

Then I put my drawing banknotes, exact size too, I put in dusty ground, so after that, almost like authentic banknotes. I need more papers, I stole same papers friends' same English grammar books, cut it out. Make again, and again, I saved all my drawing fake banknotes at safe-place, hide it all.

My primary school teacher U Toke like drunk, gambling, he used to play cards, drunk. I knew that place which he play cards. One evening, I went there, he was concentrate to win, busy with cards, he did not see me. I told other guys, I want to put money on his side, betting, they accepted my request. I put my

fake banknotes, we win, I got real money from that betting. I left all my fake money to them.

They did not know, keep on play. After I got real money from their gambling, first I bought toy gun, play, I cannot play in front of parents, hide it. Second, I bought some snacks what I want to eat. A week later, they found out I did those fake money. At my school, U Toke show my fake money to Principal and my class, what I did. I got punishment, they hit me with big cane stick at assembly.

No one forgot my money-making story. My talent make -money, I do not need to worry about money. That is funny true story. Not funny now, I made illegal banknotes felony, 7 years old.

When I was 4th grade, I want to have garden, different plants, I told to parents. They do not interest on plants, I got sad. I went to my teacher's house where many beautiful plants, I touched their leaves and talk with plants, I love them, I treat them like human baby.

When I was boy, I always hate hair-cut day at barber -shop. I run, run and hide somewhere. Two, three men grab me and sent for haircut was usual. I cried that day all day long. I do not like forcing me what to do. But one day, I saw 2 tempera water color landscape paintings, hanging on the wall of barber-shop. I just got inspiration. I want to know how to paint like those 2 paintings. I look at many times and I tried like that at home. I change my mind, now I want, like to

haircut because I want to look 2 watercolors again & again. That was my real first time getting inspiration.

I will explain you about my second time getting inspiration.

One evening I went to big, well-known Ingyindaw Pagoda I found many paintings, subjects are related Buddha-life, enamel on tin plates. That evening, I got second time getting inspiration. I want to paint like that. I went alone, laid down at the middle of paintings, on the cold marble floor, repeatedly look after look, again and again.

Now my subjects were dramatically switched to figures from landscapes. Those twice inspirations were remarkable for my early life of from primary to middle school days. I remember all until now. If some one ask me about my inspiration, suddenly I will answer those 2 things. I could not answer the artist names of 2 watercolors at barber shop and enamel on tin plates paintings. Later, after studied world art history, 20th century art, modern trend, contemporary arts, maybe I can answer specifically ,exactly who the internationally artists influenced me

Before end of primary school, I painted a lots of watercolors without knowing color theories.. Someone like it, I was ready to give away. Every one noticed my talent. In between middle school years, I always got many prizes. My school proud of me because my paintings were all time at 1st place.

I am traditionally under the Buddhist teaching. I had three uncle monks from both parents sides. My mother's side 2 Buddhist monks, all her brothers, my father's side one his brother was Buddhist monk too. Their influence hit me. I must follow what they want. I could not draw in summer school holiday times, I must study Buddha-teaching or I was going to be novice, that is their order, no excuse. Three times I am novice when under 13 years old, one time 3 months at monastery.

Those uncle monks are so close to family, cannot refuse anything. My uncle monks are my examiners, if I fail their Buddha-teaching exam, they beat me. . I was living under their Buddhist regulation & instructions. So I must go to become novice at least 3 times, I stay at my one of uncle's monastery, woke up every early morning, on a begging around to the village, back to monastery, and went to regular school with dressed up as novice.

This is funny part. When I was in-between 3- 10 years old, all my uncle monks want my photos, my parents brought me to portrait studio in Shwebo, main road, many times.

I was not interest, dressing up different clothings, pose in front of photographer, under the spot, strobe powerful lights, too much photographer's instructions, I was so disappointed, mostly I opposed them ,run, cry, I do not want photos. My uncle

monks put photos in frame, hung at their monasteries, because I am their favorite nephew. One time what I did I put one big slipper inside photo shop drinking water pot while they were busy. They did not know what I done, naughty behavior. Three, four days later photographer found out, definitely I did, I admit him. He always telling that story until I was in university.

Thanks to all three uncle monks because I used to compare arts & Buddhism because of them. They asked family financial difficulties, those monks solved my parents financial need. I made comments to them, some my words are not decent, blunt, they said that you are more than monk, your knowledge is more than regular-monk. I went to their monasteries every evening. All night time was hard for me, praying, chanting long hours until 9 pm, hard to finish my school home works. Many homeworks were not finish.

Sadly one uncle monk was murdered by his mental-patient. That uncle monk gave treatments therapy to many patients. I was young at middle school, someone gave me information, When I run to uncles monastery, his dead -body was fresh, his head was near his body, beheaded, his thick bloods on the floor. I cannot forget that, I was cry, cry at his monastery. No one have experience sending me to psychiatric therapy, like in USA, poor knowledge over there. I got nightmare. I was 10 years.

in my memory always fresh, at any time I can make painting that scene, that subject, but I remember I painted one murder-scene, very probably my mood in that painting.. Subject figure, dead-body, hard to predict male or female, more abstract form, the whole canvas blood everywhere. I painted at night, early morning 2 am at Mandalay University hostel. Might be inspired by my uncle dead scene.

Again! During my high school years, I painted J.F.K, Lenin, Stalin, Karl Marx, such as famous politicians, revolution characters, without photo reference, by memory. In Shwebo, just small town, no one could beat me in arts. All my cousins & friends are proud of me. Always my ambitions, my hopes are so big in Shwebo. I never easy to agree with, I think all my high school friends knew, they left me alone. I like it.

My parents could not afford to buy a bicycle for me. I was going to Junior High School by foot, less than 2 miles. One Roman Catholic Church was not far from home, almost half way to school. When I passed front of church most of the days, I heard organ music which I was so interested to listen. So I used to sit down on concrete-steps at near church front door and enjoy organ music, all school days. One day, one of the priest noticed me, see me, asked why you were here? I replied to priest at once, I liked organ music, I wanted to listen everyday. He laughed.

About 2 weeks later, the priest asked me another question, do you interest to learn, study the bible? My answer was YES because I had small knowledge, if you want to learn English you need to read the Bible. The priest made arrangement with correspondence bible school in Yangon, Sule Pagoda Road. Bible school sent parts by parts, monthly.

I studied, answer, mailed back to Yangon. Within a year, I got a Diploma from school.

I never ever told to my parents, all relatives who believe Buddhism, about that Bible study. I found the kindness to all from my bible study, Christianity religion since

I was 8th grade.

I like to tell how my art-life related with my mother & her business, traditional -textile cottage industry. My mother love too much her textile business, no others, only this one she interest, she did. My family system is not like other family, I tell you. All mothers, housewives in Burma are busy with cooking, taking care kids, job. My mother did not do those things like other Burmese women all her life long. How strange.

My father make all things, cooking food, preparing food, taking care all kids, bathing kids, dressing clothing them, all he did. He like it. My mother concentrated her business, busy with her work, that's all. When I got hungry, I asked to father, mother did

not know what kind of food to-day-special. When dinner-time my father called all, mother too, my father want all eat at same time together, he did not allow one by one in and out eating. That's house-rule.

My mother was only eating, father cooked all my life, all his life for all. He did not eat with us, he explained this dish is how deliciously he cook and sometime family problems solved at dinner-time. After we all eating over, father eat alone our left-over. Think, like this kind of father, how many fathers can follow like my father's kindness? I cannot do like him I am sure.

If someone interest in him I can say this. My father love to drink local fine liquor. He taught me how to drink at my teenage. After I became adult he allowed me drink together. My mother got so disappointed. He taught me how to play cards, poker, all card games. Our house was play-cards house, always 2, 3 tables with people. He want to teach me pool, bought pool-table. I told him, I did not like that, wasting my time, I did not learn pool. I want to read, make drawings, coloring instead is not waste the time. He gave up teaching pool.

My father is regular-villager, typical Burmese but he want no generation gap, he is up-to-date man definitely. My mother very skill in textile business, she want me to learn all the many steps of her business. I was busy, helping father's kitchen, boil rice, cooking is

my duty, laundry, house cleaning, school home works more bigger than my tiny body.

I started learn driving was high school in Shwebo, stay with uncle family. One of our neighbor had 3 ton big truck for rent, loaded transporting goods to Mandalay. They love me, they had one daughter & one nephew, Ko Mya Maung. I told them I want to learn driving, they did not want me drive. One day, Ko Mya Maung was driving with me, on the way I approached cleverly, requested Ko Mya Maung, please, please, I want drive, please let me drive. First he refused, then he allowed. He explained me a little. I drove that 3 ton truck was my 1st driving car in my life. So dangerous, entering into narrow bridges which British constructed. I love driving too much, no complaints, I drove cross countries in US & other countries. I love cars, it is works of art.

Funny story how I learnt riding bike. In Shwebo my cousin had British made 500cc, single cylinder head BSA bike, he used to give me ride at back seat on his bike. During riding I watched how he engaged 1st gear, how to synchronized clutch & gas handle bar levers. I never ask him any questions, he said the bike is too heavy, you are skinny, cannot handle, do not try to operate. Okay.

One night, I went to my friend Myint Than I told him, you want to ride motorcycle, he said yes. I told him my idea, you need to help me to push the heavy bike,

about 600 lbs. We waited until my cousin and others went bed. After make sure they fell in sleep, me & my friend pushed the really heavy bike far from my uncle's house around mid-night. I started engine, very hard, kick-starter old system, no starter motor at all. Finally engine started, run, very well, I engaged 1st gear, the bike start move, both were so happy. I forgot to switched 2nd gear, just like that I learnt self riding bike with no worries. One day my cousin found out I operate bike very well, can handle, he allowed me to ride bike. I got so much excitements, riding bike in small town, Shwebo.

I interested photography, one camera which my uncle monk gave me 120/ format, manual camera, learnt basic course from Shwebo Photo shop. I shoot all my high school festivals.

I like that job 2 reasons, one is related my art subjects, two is easy to get close high school girls. I like some beautiful girls, easy, I can get girl-friends. I chase girls.

I made dates secretly with girls but I afraid getting marriage, I want more higher education to study art, my ambition, I did not want any disturbance on my future artist-life. I stay careful.

My uncle high school teacher and his wife too at my school, I did not care them. Some girl told to my uncle couple, I got called to principal office, got warning many trips. I never get lessons, repeatedly I say I love you to beautiful girls. One my philosophy is, man need

woman. Women is necessary for men. Do you like that? I had different beauty girls, I am artist, lines must be beauty, I knew the lines of beauty, also I appreciate girls beauty, younger age beauty. I love all, I dated at different times, I got always worry with 3 girl-friends same time at high school. But I am not womanizer.

My hair is too long again, close to traditional Burmese man hairstyle, long hair in knot like my father. I do not have tattoo, my father was full of tattoo, the whole-body. He used to explained me when he took tattooing day, he got so much pain about 2 weeks could not move, the whole body was swelling about Burmese Tradition.

Then, all young guys took tattoo no matter how they got pains, the important reason is all girls did not accept propose guys without tattoo. Burmese tattoo is one of our traditions. He also explained which design is for what, this cat design, that ogre is guard, head of the defense department, this letter is meaningful so..so. I keenly interested those Burmese tattoo designs. Especially before go to bed, I requested my father, want to look again, all my father's tattoo designs are in my memories. I had presented in some of my paintings. I only like to look my father's tattoo designs over and over again because of my loving art sense. Now my hair is growing, will make like my father's hair style.

My father was tall more than regular Burmese men, skin color is light, not dark like others, good looking Burmese man, with long-hair in knot, real Burmese. Loving kids too much not only his own, the whole village kids too. All the kids gather at our house, my father want them, let them play, show them how to play. Busy with many kids, excluded me, I was drawing boy, I do not want play. All kids knew my nature, they never invite me play with them.

My father love many different businesses. I have seen many, and he is animal-lover, all wounded dogs brought to home, give medical attention was his regular kindness. We were living with many animals, dogs, pigs, goats, horses, geese, parrots. My father used to talk with his favorite parrot. She was waiting my father, she eat food from my father's mouth, talkative, she stay on my father's shoulder. My father cannot live without parrot. I had a female horse, geese, pigs, my parent brought for me because of my animal-love. My horse she was waiting me until school over. I run all the way to her after school. She love me, kissing me. I slept with my baby pigs, they love to sleep under my blanket in cold winter of upper Burma. My horse was under the tree. We cook food a lot for our animals, very important matter at our house.

I really appreciate love from father, mother. I remember, how they take-care me, how they treat me in details. They did not push me to become an artist, also they can not suggested me to become educated

person, cause of their poor situation, under the poverty stage. I scare to go back poor is sure. I am so afraid going back to poor. (After I made big in-come in Yangon I gave big amount money many times to my parents, but father passed away in 1975 while I was teaching art-days in Yangon. Mother passed away in Dec 2007.)

I learnt everything textile business from mother. Every one knew Seik Khun fabric for men wear, famous nation-wide, many cottages industry in my village. My most interest is my mother made design-samples, color-dyeing. My mother is more artistic than father. Father is more love, kind to kids than mother, more close to kids than mother. Mother is more strong-mind than father. Unfortunately one time 1970 I got arrested, 11 charges of anti-government politics, mother never cry, she said you lucky, you got long vacation in Shwebo jail, new-experience, face it, do it. It was more than 3 months. My father was almost crying, send food for me fried fish Ngapigyaw put in old Horlicks bottle for me.

During I was in Shwebo jail, I wrote art articles, sent to Movie Lovers Magazine. Shwebo jail head of the office was also famous short story writer, Myaung Mya Maung Ko, so he allowed comfortable in jail , we chatted at his office, he treat me very kind not like other prisoners.

I love writing since Shwebo 9th grade, I wrote some art articles sometime in monthly Burmese magazine, people did not noticed about my writing.. I like my best was about Modigliani's life, I presented new style, new format writing, not like regular biography, in 1978 around in Moe Way Magazine. I wrote some arts articles in Movie Lovers Magazine. Chief Editor U Ba Swe encouraged me to write; he said you make painting, easy you can write.

So I can tell, I got color-theories, strong-mind from mother, animal-love, interest businesses from father, all are direct or indirect hit me. My father was not city guy, uneducated, regular typical Burmese villager, with long hair old Burmese hair-style, tattoo on his body. Eldest son, me, I interest Modern art, up-date approach to art is strange-wonderful. All the wonderful things are happening.

2. I love too much my Mandalay University

Actually, I was a tough guy at high school & Mandalay University Arguments, disagreement, something I did not like of someone's attitude, behavior, I beat, hit with my fist or knife or some kinds of weapon. That is fighter character. I never hesitate.

People, especially my two wives, knew I am dangerous-situation guy, go wild, they need to hide his guns, weapons, that's all, they did not know my past, my psychology, my uncle monk's thick bloods, his dead body no head, still in my eye.

Shwebo people knew I was fighter, one of my elder cousin was all time at my side encourage me, you are right, beat him, we hit to others together. We hit them until nearly to death, unconscious, then sent to ER hospital not far my uncle's house. I ride motorcycle of cousin, dressed-up very tight pants, pointed shoes, 1960 fashion, Beatles hair. I dressed up very well since high school in Shwebo, I used to dress up suit & tie at Mandalay University.

Me & brother was very notorious, scared us in Shwebo. I start drunk since 9th grade high school. I learnt from one drunkard and brew myself, I drunk, left over I sold it. I like liquor business. I tried to own liquor store in US many times in Kentucky, not succeed. My uncle did not know what me & brother did together. I fought to one student in my MU hostel room by knockout almost dead, because of his big-mouth.

All right, I passed matriculation exam with my 2 cousins. My problem hit me again. My parents are poor, they could not afford to send me to University. I always want more higher education. That's big mountain problem for me. My uncle couple, my parents, want me to get some kinds of government job. They knew I had strong art-study ideas, if they allowed me to University education, I will go all the way to art field. I wanted use my education for getting out from poverty and applied to my art-study. I never use my art talent looking for exit.

Anyway, finally with my artificial promises not to study art, they sent me Mandalay arts and Science University with small amount of insufficient monthly support. I went to Mandalay University 1964-65. I come with horse cart, one black tin trunk, one bedroll, I see tall pillars like Rome. How beautiful.

I started broke my promises, always I spent my time at library, brought 6,7 art big books to my room, read

after read, think more and more instead of attending classes. I want to become true, real artist was my goal. Failed 1st year exam, because of study 20th century art, I did not care. I read more, more, and think after think. I used to make my own notes since 10th grade when I study any subjects. For example, I read a book, take break, think, until well understand, write down my own notes with my examples. Sometime I read a book 3 times at least. If something I want to know, I do not need to go to original book, I read my notes.

I owe Mandalay University, the art-books donated by Colombo plan changed my art-life Colombo plan was one project Australia aid to Burma. I wish, I want to look at again all those art-books. I eat small amount, I read, study art was big amount at my MU which gave birth me as an artist. When I think about Mandalay U life, I got emotions because she sent me to art-world.

When I was teenage my father taught me how to drink, how to play cards. He said must not going to be drunkard, also did not allow professional gambler life. My parents can sent Kyat 125 a month by money - order, tuition fees Kyat 15 per month, hostel fees Kyat 57, laundry charges about Kyat 15 , not much money left in my pocket. I cannot go to eat at MU food shops all the time. If I have money I feed to others, same thing they feed me, alternative system. (We do not like you pay your food American system, we seriously think about that system is less-sincerity. When I went to food-courts at mall in US, sons & daughters paid for

their own food, they do not pay for their own parents' food, eat, talk together only. I do not like it that American system. All my friends hate too.)

I decided to make money by myself until to finish this degree, cut out family support. What I did, very interesting, I went to gambling. I did not back to home almost 7 years.

I became professional gambler, make money, spent cleverly, bought some art-materials. Sometime, run out of cash, went to pawn shop, left my bicycle and other stuff, got the money, kept gamble. All knew I was gambler at Mandalay University.

I broke all his rules, I went pro gambler, I became drunkard. I took drink liquor in between 2 classes break, at MU. I got Hepatitis twice, I destroyed my pancreas, because of heavy drunk. I saw damage in X-rays. (Start showing rare disease syndrome in Hawaii. My pancreas was uncontrol of acid amount, delivering many times acid amount than normal.)

I was very bad U student, drunkard, but all my girlfriends from MU never stop me, they love my character. Still they remember me, I got some messages from MM.

I was at MU, every most of the night were sleepless like owl. Read art-books the whole night, slept day time. And I also addict to Mandalay Anyient dance

performance entertainment at night, only at two, three a.m. back to MU hostel.

My parents & relatives did not know how I was running at MU. Remember, in 1966, I got big, big amount of money from gambling. I was very useful art guy at MU, so authorities gave me, allow me to use the sports stuff big storage room. I did not get worry to pay MU hostel monthly payment. The storage room was unhealthy, too cold inside, I slept on concrete floor with small mats & blankets. When I had no money, Liberians, all my professors, tutors, friends feed me. No matter spent with gambling, keep painting. All paintings were full of walls. I did mostly MU annual magazine illustrations, postcards for special occasions, T shirt designs for all sports tournaments, in everything art works for MU. That MU was like my parent. All the people from MU treat me very kinds, totally understand me. I became general secretary Student Art Association, secretary Hiking & Mountaineering, because of hobby. Some of my professors purchased my paintings, I was not happy because I lost my painting; they feed me food give accommodations, even one professor gave me hair-cut because they did not want to see my long hair. I stop, quite decided not go back to gambling. I made invest and bought amplifier set, and rent to MU ceremonies. Privately I made pawn shop. All many ways making money spent to buy art materials and my art-projects.

During I was MU student at Shwepyiaye & Aung Mingalar Hostels, MU gave me bigger room, special, useful student for art-related affairs. All my paintings hung full of walls. All my friends used to gather, talk, make argument, at my room. Believe it or not 10 to 15 students in that room. My rule was only one. I did not allow criticizing, commenting all my art works because they without art-education. I did not want to hear ignorant words. First I will get sick & tired, second I got angry, third I will kill them. Can talk about beautiful, smart, freshman girls, can talk about gambling, can talk anything excluded art-topics. They listened.

When I made money from gambling, I rent 2 horse-carts (Mandalay-taxi), brought all, went to fine Chinese restaurant, feed to all, drink what they want, don't eat stupid nasty U hostel-canteen junk dinners. They were wishing for me to get more money from gambling. Poor student-life but so much fun, happy. I spent 7 years long with that situation, really fun, fun. All my MU friends called me PAW PAW, never call Paw Thame. My all girl-friends call the same. I still love all of them. Some already passed away, so sad..

I was stupid, I did not care my health, kill the bottle system, drunk without eating food. Especially MU student life was the worst. I got Hepatitis, Jaundice, my eyes, my skin color went yellowish , could not eat solid food, liver was swelling internal, got damage at

pancreas, when I move, liver was touching to some body organ, getting so much pains.

The very first time was at Aung Mingalar hostel of MU. I like to tell, one of my great professor U Ba Min, Math Department who love art, he make painting, western classic music lover, Burmese songs lover help me when I got sick. We put him president position of Art Association.

Sometime I got disappointed with Rector or Registrar U Tha Saing for art exhibition matters, U Ba Min comforted me, cooling down me. I remember U Ba Min 's blue major painting. U Ba Min lived with Dr. Sein Lwin, working with bone specialist Dr. San Baw, now in Florida. U Ba Min & Dr. Sein Lwin take care my hepatitis problem, they came to my hostel room. U Ba Min love singing Burmese songs. Even his math class, students ready in class room waiting him, he was singing Burmese song in corridor, only after finish singing he went into class room. He never went to class without finish the song in corridor. After back from US scholarship his first assignment was at Magwe College, he told me that he rent a boat, sailed in along Ayeyarwaddy River only for singing. I love U Ba Min, so romantic. All my MU professors love me. I told them direct, went their office, asking to get money, dinners. They said that this student is so strange, not like others. Our MU community was more sincere than Yangon Universities. I love too much my MU. In 7 years at MU,

my life was full of art movements and touched good and nice people.

Every one knew I was crazy in modern art in Mandalay, alone. Before final year in MU bachelor degree, I opened my very first art gallery in Mandalay (1970). Sold many paintings. I back to my village, my parents textile already moved to Myitkyina, Kachin State, The house was empty, I opened 8,9,10th tuition classes. Success. Most of my students passed exams. Before their exam, I got arrested 11 charges of anti-government put me in Shwebo Jail with 20 Naga race rebels. I brought art-books, read, paint in jail Gallery kept going on. All the prisoners like me, also my paintings, making paintings in jail was my job. I back to free-life from Shwebo detention centre in 1971. After got out from jail, I bought many art-supplies and went to Kachin State, Chin State, paintings all over at China, India borders.

MU campus is small population students, know everyone each other, no matter taking different major subjects, helping each others, not like Yangon University. I love too much my MU, also my friends from MU. I did not attend classes, all my friends sign for me at attendance sheet, girls friends copied lectures to my note books, when final exam close, they made me warning to study, I don't.

My choice room-mates must be ethnic persons, not Burmese. I live at hostels with Chin, Kachin, Palaung

students. I lived with my friend Than Aung is Palaung race from Mogoke, poorly he has polio -disease, he can not walk too fast. When we went to classes, I waited him, walk together, he is good looking guy.

Those paintings exhibited at Myitkyina Information Centre. U Win Tin, chief editor (20 years arrested put in jail, because of ASSK, NLD, journalist, recent freeman) made publicity all my Kachin state subjects in his Mirror Daily newspaper. I stay or lived in Kachin State more than I expected. I love the people, traveling in insurgent, remote area, not safe, brown, black color code areas.

My parents textile industrial business over there in Myitkyina, but I rent my own big house change to art-studio. Some paintings sold.

Northern part of Burma, Myitkyina, Kachin State, close to China Huanan province. I love to travel all around. Some time went to Putao, snow, ice caps mountains around me by pilot friend's charter old Dakota plane. Went to different ethnic villages, famous Burmese jade mines at Hpakant, met tribal people, make paintings all over there. All oil paints were still wet, so left paintings at their villages. Mostly I used to drive Land Rover defender for off roads, in the jungle, a friend of mine offered me that vehicle, his father was Dr. Htun Shwe, General Aung San's close friend. Some unlucky night, we met beautiful big cat, tiger, was sitting at the middle of 2nd war world famous Ledo

Road. I went drunk all time, when I want to wake up for freshness, I used opium. Both were alternative system for me. I was widely travel to different states in Burma because of my MU friends who brought me to their homes. I like Myitkyina, healthy foods, getting different fruits every single month, delicious. I am missing all friends in Myitkyina; one friend was law enforcement officer brought me unusual places.

I could survive in Kachin State.

Finally I round up until 1972, depart Kachin State heading to Yangon by train from Myitkyina.

3. They are my back-bones

Within 7 years at MU, I tried to learn art academically, went to Mandalay Fine Arts School asked to principal for evening classes. One of their school rule was at least 10 students need for one class. No one, I was alone. Unfortunately, I could not get chance to learn from the school. But principal knew my ambitious, solved my problem, sent me to artist U Aung Khin who used to paint impressionist style, I went by riding my bicycle.

He is rich, his wife was hard working. His job is painting everyday. We went to teashop at noon, evening time we went to sip liquor to restaurant near his place. He was soft-spoken. He could not explain most of my questions, I just watched during his painting days. I was reading a lot, I told him I want to change, I am not satisfied this Myanmar art-stage. I gave him some books, he could not read well. But U Aung Khin & me keep talking art. He also knew my strong mind which he love. I love his life, lucky, nothing to do, only painting and I love his easel, big size tubes oil-paints, big canvases because I was very poor University students.

U Aung Khin had nice jeep, I can ride with him wherever we went. I like his figures, especially cows. Some of his works are very close to Paul Gauguin. He had 3 young lovely daughters. His wife Daw Tin Tin was busy, busy with her work. During his painting time, I watched, but his technique are not influence me because I already read impressionists.

In France & Europe are art-revolutionists also roots of future arts. U Aung Khin has interesting biography, born at small village, unknown west side of Chindwin River, the other bank of Monywa (business town. U Aung Khin very good looking, good completion. His parents sent him to his brother monk to Yangon. His brother Buddhist monk used to go in & out for food round to famous artist U Ba Nyan's residence.

Then the monk request U Ba Nyan to teach art to his younger brother U Aung Khin. Those days many British art collectors visited at U Ba Nyan's house. One British couple wanted to adopt U Aung Khin, requested to U Ba Nyan who denied, not given permission to British couple. U Aung Khin seen many U Ba Nyan paintings because he was living with U Ba Nyan & his wife. U Ba Nyan along his all life, married good wife, only paintings, very lucky man also artist. Hard to find like his life.

U Aung Khin knew I am poor student, he feed me, bought whisky, Mandalay Brandy, Mandalay Rum for me, every single time. He spoke too low, soft, always

smiling. When I got mad, angry, change my attitude, he smiled. His personality is so smooth, so gentle. I told him all my ambitions, I am not satisfied Burmese art situation. He look at me and smiled again. One of the remarkable gentleman artists in my life. How can I forget him.

One day U Win Pe come with his British-made Austin sedan car. Knock on the front door of my sport-storage room. He introduced himself, he heard about my craziness of making modern presentation paintings. I noticed U Win Pe is very clear-mind, so honest, very low-profile. He was young, 30 something, already principal Mandalay Fine Arts School. I show him all my recent art-works. I was so poor student, I could not afford some art-materials, my oil tubes were not artist level. U Win Pe told me that he want to supply canvases, art materials. I never forget that day. He willingly allow me to use his painting-materials. I did not have much material, but whatever I had material, I used, making what I want, my desire, my mood is number one, with drawing-pencils, Pelikan brand color inks, Chinese genuine ink-cake, Chinese bamboo brushes all mixed media on my paintings. I owed him. What ever I talk about art, he pay attention. After that I spent most of my time to U Win Pe's studio at his school. My professor always told me you go wrong school, wrong university because I went all the time not their class but to U Win Pe.

Artist U Kin Maung read, study many books, then he want to speak out what he like the points. Most of the time U Kin Maung & me went together teashop with U Aung Khin, 3 people made art-talk. Sometime U Kin Maung visit Fine Art School. He meet U Aung Khin, U Win Pe, me. Mostly I was at U Win Pe's studio. U Kin Maung hair style was always clean cut. The face is tiger-character. I cannot forget his contributions .

U Kin Maung went out doors sometime, he made sketches open market stall, Burmese snack shops & customers. He put compositions with modernism. I had seen many sketches at his studio. If you get his sketches you own part of his history.

I spent many time with U Win Pe & U Kin Maung. More made art-talk about modern ways & means. I used U Win Pe's art materials, canvases. We used to make our own canvases, use glues, plastic paint primer coated on all canvases. Some good weather days U Win Pe, one of his art student Aung Win & me went outdoor with his Austin car, such as Mandalay Hill or south moat of Mandalay old palace. Most of U Win Pe's paintings are nice, bold, sharp designs, new color combinations. I like very much those day U Win Pe's paintings.

I met Kin Maung Yin at U Win Pe's school. Kin Maung Yin's works are mostly non-objective . I love too. I brought one time Kin Maung Yin to my town Shwebo

and surround towns. One another time I invited Paw Oo Thett, he was my art-guest at my village.

U Win Pe teach me direct & indirect. I told him all about how I feel this, that. My discussions are going to learning, got lessons many time. I use to clean up my mind. I admit in everything. My way of thinking is positive, optimistic. I like mostly all artists from Mandalay, more serious, more strong studies. Back in art history, artists, musicians, song writers, photographers, movie makers, all artists from Mandalay and upper Burma are serious persons, real artists. I grown up over there, I build up my art life at Mandalay.

I truly knew all about the things. I do not have narrow local-minded. I am telling the truth.

In Mandalay, we never think about HATE. We support each others. We made art-exhibits, sometimes went to Yangon together for art-exhibit. Those years sometime American embassy, French embassy arranged evening party with art only. Very peaceful, bought art-materials, back to paint. I met my lovely one Shan friend Sai Kyaw Htin at Agriculture Institute. His paintings are good. Mostly we together art exhibits at his institute. Later, Bo Nyo (pen name Nyi Pu Lay) the youngest son of Ludu U Hla & Daw Daw Mar got permission to run art gallery at their newspaper building. My works, Sai Kyaw Htin, Bo Nyo

paintings hang up and opened. Bo Nyo was running, talking customers, like director, sale-man.

One afternoon, I went to U Win Pe's office at Mandalay Fine Arts School, almost after office hour. Most of them left already, even his office staff was gone home. I told U Win Pe I brought fine marijuana, ready to burn. He said ok. We get high at his principal office, long hours until sunset. Suddenly his wife Daw Khin Myaing arrived to office, ask, why you not back to home, I got worry. Maybe U Win Pe forgot about that. I remember. We hide marijuana, now we can tell. That is happy time.

I met U Win Pe's old music friend, U Thein Maung, he used to play piano at well-known Mandalay Myoma band. He is true musician in my life from Burma. U Win Pe have big music talent, very skill playing Burmese xylophone since he was kid, he learnt very systematic, also he can play any instruments, one of his favorite instrument is flute, he always play flute while we made paintings. U Win Pe gave me some musical knowledge to me. I have no talent in playing instruments, I had play bamboo xylophone in my village, some basic old Burmese classical songs, that's all. I can not erase from my life, pianist U Thein Mg who suggested me to practice listen the western classical music. I am listen music much times. U Win Pe always told me no music business related people can not listen music like me. I like U Thein Mg's suggestion. I am listening western classical music

more than other categories until now. I enjoy listening U Thein Maung's interpretation of Burmese old classical. Music is really big matter for me. Music subject is very related modernism, is my understanding.

U Win Pe told me about horizontal & vertical music difference. After I understand, vertical music is so close to modernism, I found out, such as Jazz music. Now I appreciate much vertical music, listen classical & jazz is most. I appreciate all music categories, all music formats more than regular persons. I cannot live without music, without motorcycle, without making paintings. I love singing songs, I used to learn how to sing old Burmese classical songs, some days U Win Pe play piano, I sing Burmese songs at his studio in Mandalay.

U Kin Maung, U Win Pe, both are major important artists in my whole artist life. Always I am thinking about that. I close with U Kin Maung, U Win Pe since MU. I went only two places, U Kin Maung, U Win Pe, their residents. One point we have is same, we want to present new art, new forms, we are not satisfied same old presentation.

U Kin Maung supported my ideas, my thoughts on modernism. In summer time, MU final exam over, I did not back to my home town, I went U Kin Maung's house, stay the whole summer, until MU re-open. We painted, canvases making, stretching canvases, put

primer undercoating, reading, everything together. U Kin Maung is precise, systematic. He want fine canvases. Our preparation take a few days because U Kin Maung make glue more times until satisfy.

Night time I read, the next day, we discussed what I read. Day time with natural light, we make paintings at his extension building connected with his main house. We used to paint side by side, take break, look at all paintings, U Kin Maung asked me why you decide to do this, I answered him why I did like this. He smile, told me, do it. He never rejected my idea, he want to know my thoughts only.

I like Kin Maung Yin talking style about art-concepts, direct, crystal clear, completely right, bloody right, no diplomatic, no fake polite. Sometime Kin Maung Yin write articles, read.

I got much inspirations from U Kin Maung & U Win Pe, I want to paint like U Kin Maung paintings solid color, flat paints with sharp lines but composition & design, development are my own design, composition. I want to do that like U Win Pe designs, figures, compositions during I was MU student.

Inspirations can hit you at any time, at any place, look at from any things. Influence is another story, part of art-concepts but not the direct, exactly copy. U Kin Maung, U Win Pe and me are under the modernism concepts. U Kin Maung & U Win Pe both are more experience than me, studied, made experiments

earlier than me, older than me in age, I was younger than them. I can say they influenced my art life; Inspirations coming from them, modernism- influence hitting to me. U Win Pe become famous movie director, short story writer, successful, he is primary artist.

I never lying, hiding, not telling the truth to U Win Pe. Anything what I want, I have to talk, I am telling him direct, sometime I criticize him personnel affairs, cause & effects. He know my character, attitude, my analyzing.

U Win Pe is bright man, learnt right quick, very skill in designs, his choice color groups are not usual, will not follow same old, love to experiment in colors, techniques. After he did experiments, he will not hide, he will explain to the right persons. I use to tell him what I believe, my thoughts, my ideas, my concepts. He is like my big brother, I told him, direct without introduction. He always kind to me until now. We respect each other. That's why I wrote: wherever I made move, U Win Pe is there. was happening in his mind.

Many people, most artists already know I am so close with U Win Pe. One thing is; no one knew I have birth mark, deep vertical line on left fore-head, big one, coincidentally U Win Pr have the same like me, same side. Buddha can know our both past lives, we probably also closely related in past life, I

believe. Sometime I got messages from some where awake me; I knew what U Win Pe is happening, but I do not tell him, something miracle. (One day I was driving to Austin with his friend Dr. Tin Than Myint, I told him U Win Pe was something wrong, maybe not healthy, at least getting headache, suffering terrible. I forgot about it what I told him, keep driving to Austin. After we just arrived at his son's house, suddenly Dr. Tin Than Myint went into his son's house, I was still at driver seat, the engine is running too. A few minutes later, he run to my car and told me you are right, I made phone call to U Win Pe who is getting terrible headache in NYC.)

Summer time, I made paintings with U Kin Maung, together at his house. U Kin Maung treat me like his 2 sons who are not interest in art. Read, paint, discussions, eat, drink local liquor, very unforgettable years with U Kin Maung. U Kin Maung like Modrian's composition, plane colors, sharp lines. One day I paint Sagaing Kaung Hmudaw Pagoda and filled up major blue combo of colors. All lines are sharp. I feel not satisfy, to finish painting. U Kin Maung look at my painting, he did not say to stop that painting. While I was going to town, U Kin Maung locked up my painting. After I back home that painting was suddenly disappeared. I asked U Kin Maung he said that painting was done, no need to touch again, he unlocked and gave me, like that. Sometime I am thinking myself, I was materially poor in Mandalay, touched with real, true, respectable artists U Aung Khin, U Kin Maung, U

Win Pe, Kin Maung Yin was good, richer to richer to my mind. They are my back bones.

Widely I traveled in Burma, another my activities is I had done some kinds of contribution to other universities & colleges. Most of my tutors, professors, got transfer to other universities & colleges. One reason is because of connection, another reason is I love to do, to help their educational activities, for example, annual magazines, art-exhibits.

In 1973 my first one-man art exhibit in Yangon at Lokanat Art Gallery, U Khin Nyo, Registrar of Mawlamyaing College met with me at exhibit hall. U Khin Nyo invited me to make paintings in Mawlamyaing College. After art exhibit over, I went to U Khin Nyo, stay at his house, make paintings. U Khin Nyo lived at College campus; we used to meet all teaching staffs at canteen. Rector was Dr. Mg Di, my old chemistry lecturer at MU. All departmental tutors, demonstrators were young, a lot of fun at teashops. U Khin Nyo is so gentle, good-heart, kind person. He treat me like his own brother. He arranged those paintings art exhibit at Mawlamyaing College. Mawlamyaing College purchased most paintings. Now I did not know about those paintings at Mawlamyaing College. Dr. Maung Di & U Khin Nyo, both are not like other high ranking officials of education dept. They appreciate arts, they love arts, they encouraged me, supported me. Both wanted to decorate with original paintings Mawlamyaing

College. Both made arranged purchasing my paintings. They decorated paintings at administration office, main library at Mawlamyaing College.

One day, I told Dr. Maung Di & U Khin Nyo, we need to collect some other artists paintings, not only my paintings here. Both like that idea, they gave me big amount of money to buy other artists paintings. I back to Yangon, I had such a amount of Mawlamyaing College fund, I bought some artist's paintings from Lokanat Gallery, Artists' Showroom at Scott Market, other art-exhibitions, I sent to Mawlamyaing College.

Before I never explain this. So Mawlamyaing College collection is not only my paintings, other artists paintings too. I remember some are old master's paintings, realism, impressionism, masters U San Win, U Ohn Lwin so...so... I bought but I did not remember all.

I stay at Marine biology Dept, new research lab, eat together with carpenters and made about 80 paintings. After they finished their construction job, I was alone, no electricity, day time painting, night time visit some friends houses at village. I drunk too much amount again with villagers. My life was like Paul Gauguin in Tahiti. I started drunk local liquor from morning to until went to bed. Traveled around some villages with friends, so enjoyable, I did not want to go

back to Mawlamyaing College or Yangon. But, I had to go finally 1974.

In Yangon I meet Baji Aung Soe, modernist. He graduate from well -known poet Rabindranath Tagore 's Shankiniketan University in India is really, really eccentric artist. Around 1970-1975, he used to stop by Lokanat art gallery, we made art-discussions many times. After I opened Peacock Art Gallery, most of the day he spent times here. Sometime he drunk month to month, so many problems are happening, his son & wife called me & Sonny Nyein. I made something arrangement for him, stay at my house, use my studio, art materials, paint whatever he want. He follow what I want, after we got many his paintings, exhibition follow. I had seen so much troubles he gave to many people, not to me. He love me. I like him very much, very talented wonderful artist in my life.

He was big drinker not all the time, but sometime very heavy drinker. Personality like movie star, handsome, mostly with long hair. He love to dress fashionable clothing. No generation-gap, loving to younger people.

U Kin Maung, Baji Aung Soe, both love me because my ambitious subject is big, same like their desire. I did straight, right on my track. I love to create painting without fear; that is my life. I do not want afraid, or such as making money by selling paintings.

When I met Ko Sonny first time, talk about art, chat discuss modernism related topic a little, then he left. Since that 1st time I meet Sonny Nyein, I knew myself, this is the one, my forever artist friend. Hard to find modern sculptor, especially in Burma, all other sculptors are same old thing, same presentations, they never think about new approaches.

We made art-discussions many, many time, always I am satisfy with Sonny ideas. He absolutely understand me what I am doing. He became one of my family members. Every Friday evening, he arrived to my house after his USIS office hour, he spent all his weekend times until late Sunday. I ruled at my house, must never cooking pork meat because Sonny is Islam religion, we all must respect all religions.

After I moved Peacock from downtown, my ex-wife Phyu Phyu Win and Sonny are friends. They discussed about my bad behaviors, hard-head. Sometime he suggested me cooling down my mind, I accepted, he do not want me fighting with Phyu Phyu Win. Ko Sonny is part of my life & art. I heard about now he is doing well, with travel agent company his own, I was so delighted. I think, I am lucky, I have good friend Sonny. I cannot complete every story about Sonny, I can present only one example. One day, regular domestic family problem, no money at home. Phyu Phyu Win & me made arguments, blaming each others, so almost fighting. Sonny knew our difficulties, he bought one my

painting and gave me about Myat 200 big sum then, to solve money problem. That kind of friend I have, I never forget that story.

Ko Sonny is very nice, smooth, gentle, perfect personality, positively solve all the problem, optimistic person, very ambitious modern sculptor, no others in Burma, I knew too much about my art friend Sonny what inside his body. I knew Sonny Nyein many times cleverly, wisely, skillfully cover some case some problems for me, he never say. But I know. I know.

I met very 1st time famous artist Kin Maung Yin was at U Win Pe's Mandalay Fine Arts School, east side of old palace which we used to look at beautiful sunset with palace east gate & moat. Kin Maung Yin is keenly, seriously interested contemporary art, modernism. During his painting time, he grab the brushes, touching to canvas is so skillful, handling painting medium is so unique. Kin Maung Yin never talk ridiculous matters. He do not talk too much like U Win Pe, Kin Maung Yin use to tall good jokes. Someone walk around near his fresh-work, wet-painting, suddenly he run to his work, do not touch! Do not touch! I cannot make another this, that, space is untouchable, full of beauty, he will speak.

I was in and out at U Win Pe's studio, most I spent my times here, slept in studio on the wood floor; studio next to open-air theatre. Those days Kin Maung Yin paintings were nonobjective, his choice are

secondary color group, he love white. His arranging are synchronized, compositions, not symmetric, but balance is perfect. His brushes go precise on all over his canvas, one color to another inspirations are so beautiful. Kin Maung Yin is real paint

U Kin Maung, Kin Maung Yin, U Win Pe & me used to discussed with green-teapot, one by one drink, keep talk. He hate someone did not respect to others. One evening, I was just arrived, U Win Pe & Kin Maung Yin talk too loud, making arguments, almost fight each other, I did not know what's the matter. Not too long U Win Pe said to Kin Maung Yin, GET OUT! I was inside the studio, they were outside at living area.

Suddenly Kin Maung Yin entered in studio, grab his pillow & blanket, crying, crying, so hard. I was quiet. Later Kin Maung Yin went to open-theater, his plan was he will sleep on theater wooden floor. The sun already set, dark outside, Kin Maung Yin come back to studio because he scare of ghost. No one knew this funny story, only U Win Pe, Kin Maung Yin and me. I love Kin Maung Yin, many many love him.

Kin Maung Yin use to come to Mandalay from time to time, made trips to other towns upper Burma. He love to listen western classical music, his turn-table is always at his bedside. Do not confuse, Kin Maung Yin is more experience, more going real creative works than others. He is also talented architect, absolutely artist.

All along my artist-life from Mandalay to Yangon, I had a lot of foreigners friends, my painting-collectors from different countries, coming to Burma with different careers, Gerald Kelly is one of them. Originally GK is Irish nationality, he did not like most western culture . He had civil-engineer degree, from MIT or some fine Institution or University, bright engineer, jobs are always welcome him from around the world, great engineer. The whole his life, he work for many South East Asian countries, government projects because the reason is he love oriental culture, people, their food. Only he used to back to his family, Dublin at Christmas holidays about 2 weeks, all other time he is in some Asian country. He did not like some high-technology even he is an engineer, how strange. He love simple-life. He told me his mistake was not become Architect. He love arts, music, paintings. He had many arts knowledge, art-education, no one can fool around him in arts subject, not like some foreigners. Gerald Kelly wait me after school hour, we went somewhere eat, drink every day.

One afternoon ,I was lecturing my evening section art class, he was looking at my movements from my back, then waited me at my office, After class over, he self - introduced me named Gerald Kelly. I thought, that was just regular event. No, totally wrong, he show up every afternoon, we went in his Toyota land cruiser jeep UNDP official marking car to different restaurants, eat Burmese, Indian, not Chinese food, drink whisky, beer together. Gerald Kelly dressed up light-green safari

suit everyday, every month, the whole years, he had 2, 3 same color safari suit. We used to drink real Scottish whisky Dewal's at Strand Hotel which he fell in love colonial genuine design hotel where he live.

He love my paintings, always said my style is very bold, determinations are sharp, not like other artists work in Burma, you are great, bright, young artist, I had ever seen. He love my friends, my community, my students too. He used to arranged Christmas party with my students at Strand, every year during he was in Yangon.

U Win Pe knew that Gerald Kelly is always at my side, we made many trips to out of town, eat rare tiger, geese meats, drunk, fight each other. The next day, he show up, smiled, apologized me, then another time, fought again, another apology happen again.

I made painting on road-side, he did not mind waiting near by. We were not together only his office hour. He like to dress me up supply clothing what I want, but he never take free anything from me. He treat me sometime like his kid.

He had 7 kids, he told them about me. When I see them, they already knew about me. He want me close his kids, I am like his one of family members. Actually, he want to support me financially, he told me many time. Gerald want me only make paintings. He is like me, anything not accept easily. He knew very well I am aggressive, ambitious in art. Every year, he sent post-

cards, long letters to me, I saved all, he let know me all about his affairs, no secrets. Those are most important points in between Gerald & my relationship.

I need 5 good friends only, I do not need 500.

4. Yangon life was rough

Lokanat Gallery established in Yangon, I became member but I was in Myitkyina not in Yangon. I sent my paintings to Lokanat Gallery by air, some of my friends are pilots who took my paintings to Lokanat. I used to free-ride air planes, many trips to Putao from Myitkyina, so beautiful snow-cap mountain ranges. After Lokanat Gallery sold my paintings, they send money to me by money-order. I spent those money in Kachin state, mostly my money went to gambling at night-time, I painted only day-time, drink local Kachin liquors, smoke opium, eat pig-BBQ Kachin style, out-door paintings to Maikha and Mali Kha Rivers, hunting most days, so enjoy, forgot to go to Yangon. Finally I left Myitkyina sadly.

I noticed that Yangon artists not welcome, giving me troubles, sour tastes until now. I was hardworking, workaholic artist, serious artist, I got many successes, money & famous. I knew already, artists from Burma do not want to discuss about me. They will tell to others; Paw Thame is aggressive, bad, villain, bad-behaviors, furious, everything misunderstanding matters. I was originally coming from Upper Burma, Shwebo, typical Burmese. Yangon people had local-

mindful. That is one reason they do not want upper Burma born artist in modern trend. They hate me. My physical look is with long hair, moustache, jeans, like punk. I don't want them to know what is inside behind it. Later I found out, no one welcome me. Then I decided; I will exhibit alone, myself without others. I look at all artists, first their work, talent, ideas, presentations, skill. Second, their nature of mind, personalities, behaviors, habits etc.

Before 1964, rarely art exhibitions in Burma. Most of art activities are not real art-exhibits, We can call art-evenings, American Embassy, French Embassy etc made parties, they arranged to hang our paintings at their parties, just few hours, someone can appreciate, and got chance to purchase the paintings, that's it.

Less than one year in Yangon I can make my 1st on -man art-exhibit at Lokanat 1973, mostly every year I presented new art exhibits until end of 1979. I participated some group-exhibits, but I stay away group-show, because artists talk too much, hard to reach agreements. 1974, my one -man show at Lokanat was banned by Government; totally shut down, take away some of my paintings, arrested me, put me at Kyautdadar Township Police station cell room. U Thein Tun took me out from Kyautdadar-cell room less than a week. I salute my friend U Thein Tun, now big businessman in Burma. Government arrested not only me, but also my paintings too.



I drunk every single day until 1975. I used to drink at least 3 places a day, Kokkine Swimming Club, Orient Club, Inya Lake Hotel, Strand Hotel. Every morning got hang over, keep drunk after drunk. A lot of people scare by me because after drunk, my mind went out wild, wild, so bad. I slept many places of Yangon, downtown roadside on platforms like homeless people. After I woke up around 2am, I lost money, no ring, no slippers at all. One evening I drunk at Aung Myint, Soe Soe's house, then rent taxi to downtown. On the way, I did not like taxi driver, I choke him his neck while driving. The taxi went out of control and upside down. That night I slept at near Ahlone lumber mills. When I woke up many people looking at me, they thought somebody killed me and throw away here. Think how I was stupidly worst, worst living in Yangon. Another one time I drunk at Yangon Medical Association building, forcefully kicked artist Mg Di's head like a soccer ball. I lost my front 2 teeth at

fighting in exhibit hall. All bad things I did, until I got Hepatitis, not eating well, not healthy, only heavy drinks.

Every one afraid to drink together with me because I can explode at any time. My drinking style was not diplomats, killed the bottles. That's the one point Yangon people afraid, hate me.

I will write down how I struggled in Yangon as an artist life. I had no plan where I live in Yangon. I did not too much thinking, worry on the train from Myitkyina. I will face all difficulties. My parents gave me a lot of their merchandises, just in case to make money. Really I had no place to live in Yangon. One of my Mandalay friend's parents just purchased a house at Golden Valley. They gave me, allowed me to live there. I was painting all days & nights, bought fried rice Kyat 5 from Chinese restaurant, eat as breakfast, lunch, dinner, the same rice. Many paintings done at that house.

Later Aung Myint (now big artist) invited me.. He did not paint those days, but working at Government Jute Factory. I like to credit to Aung Myint & his late wife Soe Soe. Both had good heart. She back to home from work, no rest, she cook for all, Aung Myint's another 2 friends, their kids & me. I always thinking about that but I had not said to Aung Myint. I salute Soe Soe, never forget from my heart.

Those paintings went to 1973 my 1st one-man show at Lokanat. Some went to Manila, Philippines art

exhibit sponsored by Burmese business man Volkswagen auto dealer.

I heard that some people are happy I am not living in Burma. I left the country because of my ex-wife's wish in end of 1984. I did not do anything wrong, I knew myself. Misunderstanding on me forever will be okay. Do not care any single thing. I am telling my old students, one day, if I back to Burma, Yangon will be transit station only, I will stay away Yangon, all the way spent my time in Aung Ban, red land, pine plantation art studio. I am still doing my way.

Anyway, I drunk too much, did wrong stupid things in Yangon was not good. Totally, I switched to positive at 1975. I learnt good drinking system from elder persons, one of my old professor & diplomat friends from many embassies. Artist Baji Aung Soe got a little money from monthly Myanmar magazines for his illustrations. He grab small money, spent all, at old Tower Bar, south side of Scott market, drunk, went crazy. He told me how he feel so bad. That day was one of my emotional moments. He went out of control many times with me at roadsides of downtown Yangon.

Many people never forgot my drunkard days, years, in Yangon. My bad mood, bad attitude is still alive in Burma, so true.

I was born with free star, I like totally freedom, so live free artist-life. what I want, I paint, I never listen what

they want me to this, that, I did not worry for the money. I stay away never accept commission portraits. Some want my signature on portraits, my students Win Maw Han (son of artist U Thaug Han) did sketches, fill up colors paints, he so skill than me. I did final touches, sign that portrait, called to pick up right now. I did not want to look long at those portraits. Just like that. They paid my high price for one portrait. I hate it. Don't destroy my mood, my freedom, please. I am kind of in hardship, abnormal artist. These sentences are my life, part of my mind, he value of my artistic kinds. Read carefully what kind of artist I am.

I discriminated by most artists in Yangon since 1973 because of my modernism. Hardly I did not visit their same old tourist -art show room at Scott Market. I did not agree anything with them. I was so wild wild, they think I am out-law because they do not understand modernism. They can copy only, not totally know the path of universal- art. Even though I painted with Burmese subjects, my art-thought, my art-style full with flavor of internationally approaches. I can not change my way, I promised my art since I was Mandalay U.

I want to point out, Chris, you went to Library of Congress, found 1958 Burma art article, Burma paintings, subjects, technique, theories are same old thing in 1958, same old thing now, based on traditional matters. During my high school student life

in Shwebo, small town, around about 1963-64, I was thinking that point.

In 1975, I back painting trips from Mawlamyaing College, ex-UN General Secretary U Thant died in NY by cancer. His elder brother U Khant's son is my friend in Yangon. They both came down to me at Lokanat, they want me to paint U Thant's portrait. I was eagerly to salute, to honor to U Thant. I had no extra blank canvas 22 by 34 inches size. I erased one painting, covered by one white coat. I did not slept, not eating much 4 days & 4 nights, after that portrait completed.

They used that my portrait painting funeral to all the way students & monks demonstrations. Then government crush demonstrators, took over that painting and I got arrested. I really don't know where that portrait, might be somewhere government warehouse?

Four times I am arrested, #1 in Shwebo jail as a political prisoner, #2 in Mawlamyaing jail because of related with anti-government labor association members, #3 in Yangon Kyautdadar Township Police Station less than a week for 1974 art show, #4 in Yangon related with former U Thant's portrait, arrested and just questioned me and release.

(Shwebo jail time they let me know 15 days ahead, so I can bring art-materials canvases, oil paints, art books. I read, paint in jail. One time I got run out of blank canvas, I took off plywood from ceiling and painted on

this. Head of the jail authorities knew it, all of his assistants told him, but he did not take action because he is a writer, he appreciate artist-life, he invited me to his office, talk about arts. All prisoners included murder cases people love me because they like my sketches & paintings. They offered me some foods, cigarettes, 2 packs a day.)

Later I got free again from detention centre this #4 time. Politically bad weather, shut down all Universities, all students hanging around teashops, nowhere to go. During that situation, some art enthusiastic students forced, push me to teach them. I started only 4 students, they demanding was more & more. That time I stop my stupid drunk, decided to open my Language of Vision Art Institute, hired office staff, rent Lokanat space.

My art-school name was Language of Vision Art Institute, how beautiful. I believe art is language, universal language. I want meaningful of my school name. My teaching -technique are not like 2 government Fine Art Schools in Burma I want make understand creative arts to all. My art institution was unique, well principled, teaching techniques are modernized. I was teaching 150 students morning section, and another 150 at evening.

In Burma there was Yangon, Mandalay Fine Art Schools, Yangon University Art Club, in old time U Ba Nyan make art-classes for British civil service

foreigners in colonial era. U San Win make art classes for foreign diplomats. All art-lessons were giving basic drawing, color theories etc. Most of these students become amateur artists, so-called Sunday painters, who never complaint, no making arguments.

When I decided to contribute my art experience to my students, I was thinking about that matter. I enjoy too much creative-art, contemporary art. I don't need to follow up old fashion way of teaching-techniques. One of my beliefs, creative -art is not teachable subject, can teach only basic matters. So I did not like giving name Art-School to my business. Everybody can know Music & Creative art work (painting) are international or universal languages.

Modern presentation paintings are big problem for regular persons, will get tired ,if they do not understand the characters of lines, beauty of lines, power of lines, energy of rhythm, the strength of colors such as so..so. After looking at many different presentation of modern-paintings, they will start using the common words: amazing, wonderful, colorful, unbelievable...etc, then quiet, silent, no other words.

Why this situation happen? They do not think about to study technically on this subject is the answer. I told to my art students; study technically all subjects, not only art subject, then talk, speak out, go discussions, panels, workshops. I cannot name you intellectual

without technical study. Don't worry, if you are not afraid seriously study, you will own many words, you will talk much, you will get more & more satisfactions is sure. Most of my students understand what I mean.

All students love me too much, like their own brother. Their parents, most of them are gentlemen, rich & famous, big rank of government services, trust me too. Even I did not need to eat or cook at my house, students' parents made schedule Monday to Sunday where I must go to eat at their houses. Still now all my students call me teacher or big brother. If you are school -teacher, you can more understand the relationship in between students & teacher' pure love. I love my all art students, same I am getting their love with purity. Sometime I got angry with them, some girl students told me cool down, don't treat us like that. Their voices still hearing in my ears. I thought they are my own kids. I miss all. Some days I want to live like before. My students used to cook, eat together at my house. How can I forget them.

Those days my institute was so popular, government approved my school, I got permission to buy art-materials from Government Shop, like the 2 government Fine Art Schools.

You already know I am low-key guy. I open my Institution is not for popular matter because of that political weather. Success a lot, all my students are very well, still respect me. I wrote necessary teaching

technique 7 volumes. No copier machines at all. Aung Myint had old style wax paper hand-printing business, he made copies, help me for my books.

I teach my students morning & evening sections. Office, teaching system, all were professional style. All my students' parent trust more and more, attachment in-between students & me are so tight. I love them, also they love me. Every weekend, rent 2 buses, made excursions to out of Yangon. U Win Pe enjoy with my students at all excursions. My students love U Win Pe. Busy with teaching & paintings days to month to years. Later extend correspondent course delivered to the whole country. Art-students were more and more coming, fill bench by bench. One of my students' family offered me one place on Maha Bandoola Road.

I was young, bright, success in artist life. I did not know how many enemies I had.

I want to tell the HATE I have. I hate dishonest artists, dishonest politicians, another my hate is, Burmese people are not unite. That is big topic. I have seen dishonest artists in Burma, I still see many dishonest politicians around the world. I never wanted to become a politician in my wish-list, always, never change; my ambitious is to become a true artist.

U Win Pe & me are always optimistic persons, so we did not want to tell that story, keep in our mind forever. Actually, U Win Pe & Paw Oo Thett are same

age, grown up same atmosphere, same art-lessons from their instructor artist U Ba Thet in Mandalay.

One story between Paw Oo Thett & me which U Win Pe knew all about.

After I open Language of Vision Art Institute at Lokanat, the first Peacock Gallery & Period Studio in 31st Street in Yangon, all success. Paw Oo Thett saw many students, in morning & evening sections. Paw Oo Thett, me, we live at Lokanat. After I open my Institute within a year Paw Oo Thett planned to start recruit 3 or 4 people to open the school like my own. I knew this is copy-cat matter, but he can do, I don't mind.

One evening, down stair of Lokanat on Pansodan Street, right front of Shwe Myodaw teashop at road side, Paw Oo Thett aggressively told me (you are younger than me, the school business is mine, not for you. you need to stay away teaching art subjects) I remember 2 or 3 witness around there. I was not comfortable his words, talking like that. I replied him, on the spot (I would not stop my business. If you are not agree, I didn't care you or anyone). I was so disappointed and told UWP. I decided I must cut out friendship with Paw Oo Thett until my last breath. I am Buddhist, I knew that is simple, plain jealousy. So I follow up my decision until he passed away in 1993. Many people tried to make mediations but I did not accept. U Win Pe knew about my straight mind. I

decided I will cut out friendship with Paw Oo Thett. At the same time, the people from Mandalay Association, Head Quarters at 29th Street corner of Merchant Street, Yangon, want to do mediation in-between Paw Oo Thett & me because both persons are from Mandalay. They want me to talk with Paw Oo Thett. I did not accept, absolutely refused. That happened 34 years ago.

One of my idea was I want to show to their parent my students' money from painting. I want to prove the common language of money which everyone understand the meaning. They, my students are innocent, they did not know too much, they did not demand me how to do.

I still one of the member of Lokanat Gallery's founders. I did not need to care. My name's first letter is P, Peacock is beautiful, colorful bird, Burmese people love peacock which used in important themes. So I decided myself, gallery name will be Peacock. I want to sell my students painting at this Peacock Gallery. So the real cause of opening new page of my art-life Peacock Gallery is to sell my art-students paintings.

What I did next step. I had a good carpenter, ordered different small to medium sizes inner frames, stretched canvases. Then called all students, come here, about 6 persons can paint at one time. I will supply all paint medium & fully inner/outer frames

with canvas. After I sold one student's painting, I figure the real cost, will took it out.

That time all universities already re-opened, my students went to their universities. After their classes over, all the way come to Peacock, make paintings. All were in & out. All smooth, run well. One student Phyu Phyu Win my girlfriend future wife, 13 years younger by me, she can paint very well, very bright. After her classes over I used to meet with her at that 31st street

I knew what subjects easy to attract to customers or definitely can sell by my experience. I gave them one by one my choice subject, techniques. All are ready, their only job is they need to make painting here. I corrected all student paintings, final touches and gave lecture again. According by my record show the figure was at least 300 different sizes paintings sold in a year. I gave their money to my students, I never forget their happiness. It was real happened in Yangon. Notes, good idea with achievement was working at Peacock art-gallery. Tell me who know this. I am the one know about this real cause.

In my records, I wrote which year, what I did, when, where, with who. That's it. I stay away writing comments, criticize. If I made comments or criticize, so dangerous, especially to all other artists except U Win Pe who understand, like my own big brother. I can talk him with many ways. Other words, he already knew my character, my behaviors, my way, my style,

also what happen in my mind since I was so young. I can not substitute, replace other persons.

My guidelines must hit Modernism which is major subject, my ambition ,my aim is on modernism, all my examples must be from modern era starting time end of 19th century to now. I understand creative art constructions are not teachable. I cannot teach exactly creative arts, if you think teachable, you are totally wrong. So I was given my students guide-lines, watch their creative-power, if they are going wrong track, I will put them back, go with their creative art, give them freedom. My books are just books, I cannot name more than that. Later, I got another idea, extended to correspondence course to the whole nation-wide. I did not remember all my students, I did not reorganize all. Now I found some artists at web-sites, some wrote they are my old students. I am thinking, their appearances in my memories.

(I was in Honolulu. one day I got one phone call. One lady called me; she said that she was working for UN Aids project, volunteer service, English language teaching at Thai-Burma border Refugee Camp, she now holiday in US. She ask me do you know Min Kyaw Khine, I answered her yes. He is one of my close students. I went to her, give art materials and clothing for him when she go back. Min Kyaw Khine was doing some art-works at camp at border, unstable place, unsafe area. From time to time, I heard about Min

Kyaw Khine from some persons; he was okay, living, struggling life in Thailand is hardship, I knew it, so many difficulties is around the corner at any time. Thai-police are mother-fuckers, son of bitches, artificial Burmese politicians are liars, fuckers, accepting funds, aid stuffs, money from many countries, they can live at border with comfort. Regular refugees went to hell.

Min Kyaw Khine is now in US, keep struggling for his survival life, like others. He contact me, talk about his old day in RGN stories, life in Thailand, fucking stories. He is not lazy, alert, hard-working, strong mind, energetic, ambitious, art-lover, artist, never giving up, his head is bloody but unbowed guy, solid. Especially, he is devoted real-man, helping all his friends when they need, whenever, whatever, right now supporting his parents, 2 sisters, donating to his old teachers in Yangon.

In my memory, I see Min Kyaw Khine came to Peacock Gallery with his father, good Burmese gentlemen. Min Kyaw Khine was 14 years old good boy. No matter he grown up to adult-man he is still 14 in my eye. Understand, I am very emotional artist, sensitive, teacher, educator. All my students are on the art-track is my goal. I credit Min Kyaw Khine, I want all my art - students strong in art. I am proud of my all students now. That happiness delight me, my goal is like that.)

In 1977 I changed my mind, more serious, want to go art for art sake.

I decided to move Peacock Gallery from down town to outskirts Yangon, my house not far from U Win Pe. I did not want to worry for paying monthly rent. It was in 1977-78. I did not explain anyone why I move, how my mind made decision but I truly understand making money from painting is destroying the art quality. That is the one of my reasons I was doing other business in my past.

5. She is still dancing

Peacock, beautiful, colorful bird. I, Paw Thame adopted her name for modern-art in Burma . Even I did not expect her strong power this much, but no need to amaze, we all artists purity's reflection never fade away. I am writing about her with all my heart, with tearfully eyes. Do not forget Peacock Gallery is abstract art-form, new form, new design development in Burma, She is still dancing, she will keep dancing in art-history books on the pages.

Peacock Gallery One opened with my art-student is chapter one. I want to show their parents to respect, to appreciate art more & more, they cannot think about art work creating is unnecessary. U Kin Maung visited Peacock, just after opened, he was so delighted, looking all my students paintings on panels and he said Peacock reached golden era, I was waiting your golden time. I did not fully understand when he told me. Now I knew what is the real meaning he taught to me. U Kin Maung got so much happiness at Peacock that moment was outstanding

Peacock Gallery Two I lifted the curtain in Yangon 1975 was remarkable day one of pure-modernism, rebel art gallery. More important, with members Baji Aung Soe, U Win Pe, Kin Maung Yin, well-known prominent modern concept artists. Others are Sonny Nyein, Ma Thanegi, Nyi Nyi, Gyi Saw and me. All Peacock artists are not junk, not tourist -art makers, true modern artists. We are going more solid modernism with many interpretations, cleverly presentations. All art-concepts are advanced, bold, never show sign of weak, strong unity, small is good, full of variety of presentations. We concentrated modernism 7/24, we do not notice but we are making Art-history in Burma. We do not care anything, only to know is what we want to present next exhibit.

Ko Sonny is real serious, art-educated sculptor, one and only in Burma, how good, that is my real close friend. He graduated from Fine Art School Yangon, sculpture major subject, but he want to present new modern-approach sculptures, so wonderful matter for me. He is the most important artist at Peacock, whatever he decided I agreed, we together worked for Peacock, arranged different new art presentations, anything. After I got marriage, Sonny stay with us at every weekends, he arrived Friday late evening, back to town day was Sunday afternoon. I love my friend who understand me too much, he also knew I am extremist in modern arts. Sonny was major person, major artist no one cannot deny. I can not talk about all concerned with Ko Sonny, so much to tell.

Another two premium members of gallery are Nyi Nyi & Gyi Saw, they are friends. Nyi Nyi reached out to me before he finished high school, bright, understand right quick, I did not need to explain him in details. A little talk, he understand more. I was painting at Lokanat Gallery, Nyi Nyi was near by me. One day I encouraged him to use oil media on canvas. I allowed him to use my media, canvases. He painted subject was two buffaloes in waters, color scheme was major green group, yellow ochre, raw sienna, just harmony, not contrast colors.

Not too long Yangon Art Council annual art exhibit held. Nyi Nyi participated with his first oil on canvas painting and State museum purchased his very 1st painting from exhibit. How wonderful. During I was teaching other students time Nyi Nyi assisted me. When we opened Peacock One, Nyi Nyi was the most important part at gallery. Sometime he gave me good ideas what we need to do. He graduated from Medical Institute, he leave from Burma about 1990. Now busy physician in LA, still painting, just not too long ago, he told me his watercolor is at LA County art exhibit.

I like quality in anything, I hate cheap stuff. I created art galleries from Mandalay to Yangon Peacock, with quality. My art institute with quality, no bullshit, no junk students, all my students become good person, all fine people, look all of them. If you see my students lazy, villains, tell me, point to me I challenge to all.

I was so delighted, all my friends come every weekend, they well-established artists, some architects, some pro-photographers. some poets ,some writers, some performers, some movie makers, they gather at my gallery. I saw them over there, over here, all over the gallery, all were seriously made discussions. I feed them from breakfast to dinner, I can afford it, I transport them where they want to go.

Always, what I want, what I paint I found out mood is important, mood come from your mind which is abstract form busy, busy all the time. Your mind is not pure, hard to get good-mood. Good mood carried to purity. If your mind is busy with financial problems, family affairs with human being difficulties, how can you get good mood. Good mood push me to create art work. I understand like that.

I do not want money making from selling paintings for living; want to do more serious on art. I try to find out money making from other business, do not need to worry for living and create painting is better, comfortable for me. I had art -gallery, restaurant, auto -service station, auto-parts shop, plants-nursery, taxi-business, about 6 businesses at the same time under Burmese Way to Socialism. Most of the artists were under the poverty in Yangon. No one could not predict my in-come. I am the only one knew, I am administrator, management director, even my ex-wife she has Bachelor of Economics degree, she did not know, she asked me.

My parents could not teach me, I learned management myself from books. I knew the time is money since I was in Burma. When Peacock gallery was at downtown I used to brought my food, sandwiches, rice, fried eggs. I do not want wasting my time & money. Sometime I went lunch with my students, giving them for their happy hour, not everyday. Some people told me downtown is full of shops, easy to buy lunch, why you always brought lunch from home.

They did not know about me, who I am, what I was doing. No explanation. This country, US, capitalist, strongly believe time is Money. Time is your salary, your in-come. I totally agree. I had seen many people in Burma wasting their time, without agenda, without check-list, no calculation, so don't know how much money left.

Peacock was at the middle of my garden. Plant-nursery business I started in Yangon earliest before other people make big real plant sale shops. I created that horticulture business with my botanical, biological back ground. Foreigners came to Peacock, purchased paintings, bought plants at the same time. I am taking care my plants all year around, winter, summer, monsoon. Most of my plants were variety species of tropical-plants. I was busy with watering, preparing for next season, mixing up compose soil, repairing water-hoses, fixing the pump so many jobs. All my artist-friends visited every weekend to

Peacock, I do not need to do greeting, I always watering my plants, wet shorts, no shirt. My plants love western classical music, I play mostly Mozart's pieces in the morning and looking around how they grow last night, what I need do more for them.

Movie director Ko Wunna & family live nearby. He is very skill director also famous novel writer, short story writer. He hate pretension like me, very simple. Many movie directors are pretenders, liars, shit people, son of bitches not like Ko Wunna, U Win Pe. He visited many time, stay, write scripts novels at my house many time, he said good mood here. Peacock was not only modern art place, all different art people's place, Peacock is good mood place.

U Win Pe quit principal job from Fine Arts School Mandalay, become movie director. Some of his shooting, I went with him. He got many credits along his directing art life in Yangon. His art background applied to his movie making, One day he visited one of my art exhibit, one of my painting was same size 4 canvases put it together, same subject, I like to educate the viewers how develop from nature to new final stage presentation.

U Win Pe later he told me, he want me to do like that idea for his one movie title. I did that his assignment, he like it but his producer did not understand because my figures are almost non-objective forms. Rarely I criticized his movies, he invited me most of his

previews. We used to watch some good, artistic presentation foreign movies at American Embassy Annex, Australian Embassy, French Embassy, one time he was ride at back seat of my motorcycle , he got scared.

He used to come to Peacock at morning, was there all day writing scripts, back to home was late evening. He talk with all my guests all day long while I was watering plants, I do not need to talk my guests.

All artists in this world are human, not animals, not dogs, they are people. All artists daily life is like other ordinary people, their inner mind feeling, suffering is same like others. I suffer, I got so much pain for my country Burma, I got sick & tired about Burma affairs. Every one knew my country's politically weather was so bad during I was in Burma under General Ne Win's Burmese Way to Socialism which other socialist countries disapproved. Under that kind of government, how I struggled my artist life in Burma, I cannot believe so many successful activities I done.

This is my real comments, this is not my criticism. Every one knew my country's politically weather was so bad during I was in Burma under General Ne Win's Burmese Way to Socialism which other socialist countries disapproved. Under that kinds of government, how I struggled my artist life in Burma is I cannot believe, so many successful activities I done. Ne Win was receiving wrong data, trusted his

fucking cabinets all of them saying yes yes yes. Burmese Way to Socialism destroyed my little beautiful country, blocked every thing, English language learning is minor he ruled in education, cut out the world, he blindfolded my Burmese people.

Foreigners did not know the real deep history, just thin layer, those dishonest politicians sent their own people to hell. That's why I hate dishonest politicians. Corruptions born, more and more, day by day.

I will explain how corruption was popular.

One good example is Restaurants business. I made deal to get license with municipal department, Ward Councils, Township Party, police station, altogether at least 7 departments connected with my restaurant business. All departments wanted money from me. If I did not pay the money to them, they make problems, business will not be smooth. They came to my restaurant, eat free, take my money, take carry-out foods to their home. I was patient, I was looking at that corruptions with fully-smiles. I am mathematic man, I figured it out how much my money went to them, this corruption took how much. I tell the truth, Kyat 7000 every month from my net-profits was gone to them, to all 7 departments. I was patient because I want to make the big amount money instead of selling my paintings which hanged on Peacock panels.

I passed that ruining business-life in Burma, until the last day before I leave.

I hate corruptions. I am so sad our country & India neighbor got Independence from British, almost same year. 60 years later so different. Our people not united, talk big-mouth, love corruption, show off, try to bully each other, what happened, never learn lessons is our highest problem.

You can see, my life is like my painting with colors, some time terrible, good, bad, all mixed up.

I had some girlfriends during Mandalay U, but I am not womanizer, I support women's rights. I want only one good understandable wife until my last breath. I like smart, educated, beauty, young woman. On the other hand, I don't want stupid, out-of-control, uneducated, ugly, old women. I did not want to get married when Phyu Phyu Win asked me in 1979, I enjoy time with many students. I used to say all my girlfriends since Mandalay University, I cannot married you, I already married art; in other words married to women full of trouble, married to art is harmless, peaceful-life. Also I left my parents house since 14 years old, most of my life, I lived myself no experience sharing with others. She pushed me going to marriage, finally I follow what she want. She is smart, educated, looking good not really beauty.

Most of artists are opposite way of my nature discipline. I cannot create art-work if everywhere

messy, underwear in living room, breakfast plates, left over foods in the sink, blankets on the floor etc. I practiced when I was a little boy, I am going to freedom of artist but I am well principle, organized, managed myself, I am practically using most of academic subjects from different level school. I eat food carefully thinking Chemistry, manage my finance with Math, living with Physic. I calculate any situation.

The early first time I got disappointment with Phyu Phyu Win after just marriage. I back home, I saw her shoes, slippers at front door were messed up, clothing drawer chest not organized. I did not hesitate, told her, I could not live like this situation, then she to switch my system. I did not mind clean up everywhere, house, garden, animals, kitchen, all around house-keepings. I will do man or women jobs all, no separations. I was sometime electrician, plumber, carpenter, house painter all I 'm doing. So I am hardly visit other people's house. I am not like conservative Burmese style husband, sat down at dinner table, bring this, that. I hate it.

Specifically, I want to tell one story it was happened at Phyu Phyu Win's family in Yangon. One day, I did not remember lunch or dinner, I was eating with Phyu Phyu Win's father. His wife, my mother-in-law was stand near the table. My father-in-law suddenly yell to his wife, where the spoon, how can I take food

without spoon... brah brah, like that I noticed that his attitude so bad, even after she quickly gave the spoon, he was treating his wife like a slave. I could not eat well that day, I got upset, I told to Phyu Phyu Win that I would not eat together with your father for future, never ever, ever. She agreed what I said.

Phyu Phyu Win was grown up with her grand-parents they adopted her as a daughter. Her grandparent left Burma, they want to take her with them, she is their toy, her parents rejected. Grandparents are Christian religion, rich, many properties in Yangon. They give properties to Phyu Phyu Win so her sisters, parents call her Rich Lady. Anyway she was richer than me, of course, rich Grandparents' toy.

Nobody knew my domestic problem with me & young rich wife. Note, those days, under the funny Burmese Way to Socialism, people were so poor, mentally going to depression. I was so lucky, I am artist but not poor, had house, cars, restaurant, can live comfortable because of my businesses income, not wife's richness. Daily money flow was enormous, every morning I went to bank for deposit, no need withdraw. No wonder I can easily feed, help to my artists at Peacock. No big deal for me. I busy with my artists, Peacock affairs, businesses affairs. I had original British Mini Cooper, little baby red car, I love it. I had some other vehicles but mostly I drove my Mini.

All family members of Phyu Phyu Win are English speaking, more westernize type. Now all are abroad, some in England, some in Australia, etc. All educated people. She spoke English very well but hide it. She had English name, hide it too. Even she did not speak English at home. She came from that family but she never before show interest western-culture in Yangon with me.

Before marriage I did not hear any loud voices from my Phyu Phyu Win want to go western world.

She did not tell me anything, in 1984 she started filling up migration forms from American Embassy; her elder sister and husband live in Hawaii, sponsored. I did not touch papers, just look over, period, forget about it. I am not interest at all. I ignored what she was doing for migration plan, went in/out with my Mini.

Actually, I did not want to live any other foreign countries. Finally I signed the applications and did not expect visa. American Embassy visa counselor called us, visa alright, Counselor is professional-level drummer, want me keep making paintings in US. I told her you go alone first, after 6 month or one year later I will follow you, I did not interest to go, no matter visa was ready. She was not agree, must go together. Again, I told to visa section counselor, I want to live in Burma another one year, I want her go first. He said that we want you go with her together because of

paperwork are so complicated. They win, I lost. They destroyed my happy life.

Before I leave the last days of my country, all my good friends got seriously sad, U Win Pe was at the top of the list. He did not want to come to airport. Before I leave, I stand up at my drive-way gate, my tears down, look at my buildings, all my good friends gather here, when I can see again?

That scene, figure-scape is my nightmare. Yesterday during writing, I cried many times, cannot count.

I fold this place, this Peacock Gallery. Think how I feel so bad.

6. Maybe hope can grow

My move to Yangon from Mandalay was big plan, big operation, migration to US was bigger than that, country to country. Do it, face it, start thinking optimistically. I can travel all museums in US, I can look paintings very close-up, not from art-books. All right, go for it, that was my first thought before I leave. .

The lovely big birds jet planes flew to US, carried us, dropped us at Honolulu International Airport. After I hit my first step to concrete floor; I thought first, I am like a baby frog in the well, so deep how I climb out. Second, I thought, now I am now in the world very wide, maybe hope can grow, I can become one of the international artist which is my dream.

Honestly, clearly I want to write how an artist struggled for survival in foreign land. Phyu Phyu Win's elder sister's husband picked up us at airport. He name Peter Swan brought to their military resident. He was active duty under US military, map department. Good man, good soldier, no smoking, good father. We occupied one master bed room at their house of military complex. We had some money,

I bought art-materials, canvases, started painting all day & night, finished a lot.

One day, 3 state department employees arrived to me. They introduced me & they will go to Yangon American Embassy for service, heard about me here in Honolulu, stopped by on the way, want to buy my paintings. I show, they bought some, brought back to Yangon. I was thinking, what the hell my life, after I left Yangon, my painting from Hawaii to back Yangon. I got so much homesick, I want to go home like my painting. That was 1st sale in Honolulu.

New life was not bad. At that time, one of my old patron German lady Mrs. Tzscherchael, like my mother, supported me \$1000 dollar monthly via her sister from NY. She collected many my paintings in Yangon. She bought almost the whole one-man show 1974 paintings. She tried many time for me to get out from Burma, my plan was I want to continue art education, somewhere art-institution in Bonn, she like my idea. Yangon German Embassy tried for me too because her influence. I went, met ambassador many times. Burmese government blocked. Annually she show up at Peacock, brought everything for me, even clothing, fine whisky so..so. Now she practically supported me. I must salute her. I called her to arrange my art -exhibit in Germany. Then she started activate, some people called me, want to look paintings. I sold some again, very nice.

Within those day, Mrs. Tzxscherchel called me my art-exhibits will be held one month at each different city in Germany, Bonn, Berlin, Frankfurt so..so. I already sent all my paintings. She was friend of German Chancellor. She arranged curators, buy framers, she afford it all. She told me to invite Burmese ambassador in Germany. I did not agree, I said that they are weak in arts, I did not want to invite, but formally we need to invite them as friend. Finally we invited, Burmese ambassador & wife attend at opening reception. Exhibit was so success. All TV news paid attention. I could not read all German language exhibit articles. I got another step reputation now. Some Burmese monthly magazines wrote about that exhibit, I found in Cherry Magazine. My situation is still artist, no more, no less.

I want to talk with some art-galleries in Honolulu, I did not have transportation, car, they had 2 vehicles, but I did not want to drive other person's vehicle. So I look at newspapers classified, included yellow pages, learn how to ride bus system to down town, find out art-galleries. I photographed my paintings at home, made catalogue, ride buses, talk with galleries. Some galleries are selling only limited copy prints, some are members only, not accept outsiders. Central Art Gallery, change business from California is selling Antony Queens, Salvador Dali only. Small artist from Burma afraid to go. They like my works but biggest problem was commission. Most of them they will take at least 65%, I can get only 35%. No way,

sound like they tried to pissed me off or shitting. I gave up, I would not go again. I will continue finding out other ways.

Phyu Phyu Win stay home, she did not know how to get jobs, started depression, homesick.

One day I went to Honolulu Art Association, explained them I just newcomer Burmese artist, I was not agree 65/35 system, not happy for me, how can I sell my paintings, where, please find out. They said that they can help me, gave me one space at Zoo fence near Waikiki Beach, tourist area, weekend 2 days only, will charged me \$4 a day. I decided I accepted I did not care, I will open at Zoo fence better than 65/35. I took risk, rent one room studio apartment at downtown, paid high rent, left wife at her sister house, I lived alone, kept make paintings. Someone help me transportation pick up/drop off at zoo fence. No sale at all. Sat down, smoke cigarettes, tourist did not like my paintings. Anyway I was not to give up, keep going and sat down, hang paintings with hooks on zoo wire fence. No sale but I love it.

But some Burmese residents in Honolulu heard about one Burmese artist at Waikiki, and come see me. They contact me to look paintings. I sold some again. One UN retired Burmese couple named Richard Paw Oo contact to East West Center director, at University of Hawaii, for to arrange Burmese art exhibition. We did.

At reception evening, we feed Burmese coconut noodle to guests, desert was Burmese sweet cake. All love to eat, enjoy with my paintings. From Yangon I brought collection paintings Baji Aung Soe, Kin Maung Yin, Sonny Nyein, Shwe Aung Thame. All TV stations, newspapers made publicity, successful show, run a month. Later more exhibits with Honolulu Art Association, later PBS TV Station want Burmese food cook show. Phyu Phyu Win & her sister did it.

Not too long East West Center gave me assignment, exhibition planning for cultural exchange program. They give job as they love my Burmese show arrangement. My job was, every single month to arrange international artists' works in hall. All show sare already in schedule, this month Pakistan paintings, next month from Taiwan, like that.

Easy for me, Sonny Nyein & me used to do at Peacock. My achievement was meet some international artists, chat with them. I got office, Toyota mini-van, student-helpers. I made exhibit poster designs, hang their paintings, put sculptors, filled up indoor plants, all exhibit facilities are in my basement office of Jefferson Building. Hawaii is tropical weather, every day 87 degree, daily dress up T shirt & sneakers, no true winter. So I started study T shirts designs and make Art Exhibition East West Center design. They love my idea, success again. Some very famous company also crazy shirts store from West Hollywood

connected me, I sold one design \$600 dollar. More & more busy now.

I was working at university campus, I want to take some art related subjects, I met art department professor. Finally I took advance course Photography professional. I gave up going to zoo. A little bit begin of stable life. Phyu Phyu Win moved in our downtown small apartment, started working, later 2 jobs.

I went to labor office, looking for another any job. Labor department sent me Japanese-own famous Hawaiian factory, make macadamia nuts chocolate candy. Why I accepted candy factory job? I want to know the small business nature and marketing.

I learnt many business matters from candy making factory.

Company owner Mr.Horiruchi likes me very much. I did not tell him my past experiences. He noticed that my own principles are good, that I am thinking well, then he gave me more salary and I became one of the department supervisors. He want me to stay with him after all employees left, he gave me overtimes and dinner. His hobby is carpenter, he did many factory-needed carpentry work. We used to go Home Improvement store, bought lumber and accessories. I learnt from Mr. Horiruchi shipping etc. He found out I am artist from Burma, we discussed about arts, political weather around South East Asia. He made

outer frames for my paintings, he said don't buy, expensive, he will do for me

I am artist but interest in science subjects, high-technology. I knew I will hit the computer in US, and before I leave Yangon I sent Phyu Phyu Win to computer knowledge-people.

I owned my 1st personnel computer in Hawaii 1986 before internet era, no Windows. I got 40% student-discount from IBM, during I attended photo classes. I spent some amount money included color printer, too, early computer times, just new arrival to market. Those days the highest memory was 640 k only, funny now. I used my computer for photo-business, long ago, but now still learning, some not familiar, some not friendly-use. I do not want generation-gap.

So I got 2 jobs, one class, but still selling some painting. I did not mind, I am workaholic, can handle it, I did not stay free 5 minutes. My understanding is, must work hard for survival in other countries. Phyu Phyu Win is hard working too. Now no family time, hard to see each other. We both attend the evening English classes too. More & more busy.

Phyu Phyu Win's grandparents came to see their toy. They love their toy so much amount.

They enjoy with us, family gathering. I love them too much, so gentle, decent, kind.

We had many good friends in Hawaii, nice Island State, Burmese community was small but more unity than other states. Met at beaches somewhere, eat pot-luck system at everyone's houses. Now we bought small Toyota for transportation. Phyu Phyu Win did not like to buy many cars, just one. I like to own many cars, always she disagreed my many cars plan. Hawaii is one of the expensive living cost states in US but both working hard, many jobs doing.

I met a few people, not many, mostly met lack of art-education wherever I moved in the world. Before I was in Burma, I thought only my people are weak in art-education. After I found out the people from other countries have same. For me, I am not interest talking with lack of art-education persons. I will not discuss any art-related topics with them. I do not want hearing them talk art, stay-away is the best policy. I knew that they not appreciate art-people, they do not hang one painting on their wall. I zip it up my mouth, just say Hi, Hello, no next time meet, no next trip, forget about it. I decided I am blunt, non-negotiable.

I was still taking pro-photo class for degree. My instructor was son of American ambassador to Japan, his wife is Japanese. He work for NY Times & Playboy magazine, Japan version. Great! I lucky, I was only student for Advance Courses, no one had good stamina. I took major for photo-journalism & techniques. One on one class, very special. He gave me very remarkable lessons in photo-subjects.

My thesis choice was 'Homeless People in US'. I went to beaches, parks shot homeless people, gave them cigarettes, lighters. My instructor like my idea, want my photos, I told him to exhibit. I did twice photography exhibit. I left some of my photos for future classes.

Now I will go photo-field. I quit candy job, Mr. Horiruchi upset. Instructor gave me part-time school-lab job. I accepted. Easy to get photo lab jobs for me because I finished classes. I took another 2 photo jobs, one full-time, another part-time. One lab work in the morning, another one was evening section.

Many immigrant-foreign born people included Burmese people are proud of living in US, living in big cities, such as NY, LA, San Francisco, Chicago so..so. I am not like them. Their way of thinking and me are different. Mostly, they love too much materials, may be their thought is not deep, their feeling amount is small size. I think about material is for use only, no other definitions at all. My life came from small village, under the poverty, I get comfortable life in Yangon, some amount of material-property in Yangon, I did not need to love US for the material-property. Another point is I am long time, experienced artist, I am thinking art in everything, not like regular persons, not like without-art-education people.

I became photo lab-manager tourist-photo business, I control all hiring, firing, writing invoices, talk with

many hotels front desk, buying papers, raw films etc. I in charged all employees., money flow very well, company gave me good salary, every 3 month I got raise, one bonus I got was at least \$1500.

After I finished photo Advance Course, I worked photo-businesses. I met young guys as co-workers. I met one young Japanese man, just graduated from UCLA. He is Honolulu born, 4th Japanese generation living in US. That young guy 's name is Jon, he spell, he don't want John. He is bright guy, contemporary, advance guy, not like other regular employee. Within a short time, Jon noticed my thoughts, my ideas, my concepts, then we get good, understandable friendship. I like Jon, he understand art, whatever any art topics, right quick. Both we are happy with art-talk at work station. He used to bring rare, underground projects of Japanese movies, most are rare presentations, obsessions, sexual affairs. I watched at my apartment. Some Japanese girls asked us what kinds of movies you guys watch, talk about that subject all the time, they want to watch. We said no, but those girls are so curious, we gave some movies to watch at home. The next day, Jon & me asked them how about you like our movie, no answer, totally quiet, gave back video tape and run away.

Jon got bachelor degree of UCLA with video-graphy subject. Jon & me reached agreement to built our own video-editing business, figured it out how much we need to invest to buy editing component electronic

stuffs. Jon told me, don't worry he had the money good enough for that business. Phyu Phyu Win & me were working hard, no matter living cost high in Hawaii, we saved some amount money. I told Jon, I had some money we can start own business with \$35,000.

I lost that business opportunity with Jon, because of move out from Hawaii State. Jon & me encourage each other. I told him, don't stop study, I want you keep going to doctorate degree with art. He listen my words, before I leave, he enrolled master degree in fine arts at University of Honolulu. His full name is Jon Shiseido. I made jokes; Shiseido family people are rich in Japan, their beauty products are very popular. He told me, your friend Shiseido is poor in US. I gave all my inner, outer frames, stretch canvases to Jon when I leave Hawaii.

I want to back to Burma every day. Working good, life is comfortable but I did not want to live in other country. Both made good money. We can save most. No matter, how we had chances living in dream island Hawaii, no matter good money flow, we planned to move out. Phyu Phyu Win's grand-parents want us move some other states in US for more to fill up knowledge. We did not like California Sunset State, crowed, too big size. At that time Phyu Phyu Win is bright girl, progressing at her job site, wherever she move, her company can do something job for her.

More and more Phyu Phyu Win & I were hard to talk, time is not enough for us.

We lived 6 years is unbelievable, but everyday I want to go back Burma. I was not fully happy, a little bit, I called halfway happiness. My fully happiness is Peacock gallery with all friend –artists. I always want to back home to Burma, want to built up Peacock art gallery, want to see more growing, want to enjoy with my artist friends, definitely I am not happy in US. Phyu Phyu Win told me stop repeatedly saying back to home, every single day too much. I said no, I cannot stop. I know she had the sad feeling like me but she did not show like me. For example I listen, enjoy music all my whole life. When I play Burmese music, she requested me to switch another kind music. If I listen Burmese music she got so much homesick. I understand how she was upset.

She told me, I did not forgot, if I want to struggle artist life in NY, she will support me, very nice, but I did not want to live NY, I did not like NY, many reasons. I am traveling guy, I was widely traveled in Burma. We had no chance to travel on this Oahu small island. That's the reason to move out.

Final decision was to move to Atlanta, famous in US civil war history Georgia where her sister family already lived, so I think better Phyu Phyu Win near sister. Before move we go vacation one time, check out. Atlanta famous in US civil war history, everyone

knew Gone with the Wind famous novel was born at this town, author Margaret Mitchell. For me, Smithsonian Museum will close to me, easy drive to DC. I always want to pay respect all old masters, modern trend contributors. Those reasons made us to move. All round up, called movers co. professionally packed all. Quit all jobs. Moving cost was more than \$5000, more than country to country expense.

Remarkable I like to tell, how all friends, companies told us, we could not stop you guys move out from Hawaii, one day you guys feel not happy in Mainland, we will gladly welcome you, will give back all jobs. How sweet, my tears down. Leaving Hawaii was sad again. Left Burma, now we left lovely Hawaii, Pacific Ocean, blue. All islanders use to telling me; the Pacific Ocean will call you to back Hawaii. They believe ocean call. I believe too. One day if I will go rich, I will buy nice house will live in Hawaii again like Hollywood celebrities. Yes, I wish, I want grab blue ocean, volcano, mountains, springs, all the lovely nature again. Just watch me.

I use to, I am idea man source from creative arts, I respect creative 100%.No strange going modern artist. Any one want to change art -history, of modern era, ok, do it. I created many my ideas to arts & my businesses. I did not like follow to others, I hate copy-cat. I am not dreamer, think, analyze, decide, do it right a way. Watch my own arts, paint style, if you had art education, art back-ground, you can see my mind

on all my canvases, very clear. I am practical type, never hesitate, never wasting my time. Living in Hawaii proved that points. I keep going, my look-back is only history books. Always go, go, move, move, paying attention on arts.

Now Hawaii activities over, I will continue art life in Mainland, southern American territory, one of original 13 States, Civil War battlefield Georgia, big city Atlanta. Start over, no job, no in-come again. Note, do not, never, think about moving State to State in US in February, the month is dead, all businesses break, hard to find job.

Coincidence, I arrived to Hawaii in February, same thing I moved to Atlanta in February. I had so much American experiences, knowledge, one day I can open another school 'All About America' in Burma.

Martin Luther King's Civil Rights born in this town, city was so bad black/white skin color problems, discrimination matters was full-time. Extremist KKK headquarters was not far from city, north side, on the way to Chattanooga, interstate 75.

Moving to Georgia was sour, bad-luck, ugly to me. Let me tell to all I am not junk, I am not American red-neck, I am one of the leader in arts & businesses in Burma, also good teacher, good art-instructor, but I stay low-profile, not big-mouth, simple, clean mind. I believe; honesty is best policy, respect to everyone

included my young students but I had many enemies, in Burma, here, why they don't like me:

1 is their misunderstanding on me much, much more

2 is, always I am moving forward, too many art-activities in Burma & other countries. # 3 I am not follower, I lead many.

4 I am angry -man, easy to get angry, show up my anger to others. I am trying to think by Buddha's teachings, better to positive. But I hit, beat, blow, grab the gun, and touch the triggers many times.

5 also I am harsh, right quick type, do-it-now.

6 I am aggressive

Anyway, 4 weeks later end of March 1990, I got manager job in One-hour Photo Lab in Atlanta. Not too long, I got fired because I fought with another female employee. I was not quiet, fought back to company by the help of labor department. I win without attorney. They lost, must pay compensation to me about \$5000. Good, I stopped looking for another job. Bought art-materials, stay at our expensive-rent apartment, make paintings. Then contract to Atlanta Art Council and arrange art-exhibit, first Burmese art exhibitions happened.

After one month of art-show got another photo lab job again, new company, investment from Europe,

just started. Company like my experience, gave me company-owned Ford Escort Station Wagon, American Express credit card, sent me South Carolina for latest higher-tech training. Stay Hotel, eat at different restaurants, attend classes. After finished from South Carolina back to work in Atlanta office. Not too long, another problem hit me, I made argument with some managers. I got fired another one more. I went back to labor department, fought back, same old story like before. Second time win, got another \$7000.

Back to painting, this time I plan trip to California by driving with my Cadillac Eldorado sport coupe. Put all small water color painting in trunk, hit the I-20 west, top at all rest areas. Displayed my paintings around my car for sale. I sold some, got gas money, keep driving LA, I did that way.

This trip is not only to LA, also South San Diego, south of the border to all the way north to the end of CA state & Yosemite, Adam Ensel's black/white photo subjects place, all other historical parks but also Sacramento City, San Francisco. I shoot many photographs. I use to travel alone by driving, no complaint myself. I can drive alone Atlanta to LA, drive 20 hours, not stay motel, slept at rest area 4 hrs, not stay motel, eat Macdonald Big Breakfast.

Back from LA was another route, north side I-70, passed Las Vegas, Colorado Mountain to east, destination Atlanta. Then got another photo job that

was professional -processing, family photo business. Many well-known, well-established pro-photographers dropped their film, we process, print-out for exhibit, museum quality. For me another plus experience.

Year later business slow down, I got lay-off. Brought the paper work, pink slip, took compensation money about \$8000. All photo jobs, twice was fire, one was lay-off, collected money from all 3 companies was total \$20,000 which money went to art-materials and food, paid the rent, what the hell again. But we had some big saving money brought from Hawaii at the bank. I am not stupid, well management.

April 1992 I planned next trip to Nyi Nyi & Candada who just completed MD exams, got the job working one of GM hospital in Flint, Michigan State, close to Canada. I told Phyu Phyu Win, I'll hit the road to Canada. See Nyi Nyi, I saw his water colors, very good paintings. I think, he did show at his hospital. Even April over there was still cold. I stay at his apartment near hospital and brought Nyi Nyi to Canada, drove inside Detroit tunnel with my same Caddy. We went Quebec. I bought my favorite art-books, cheap, also if you made payment with US dollar, another 25%discount less. So I got a lot. Heading back to Atlanta, not know storm going hit me.

One day after back from Canada, Detroit, etc Phyu Phyu Win told me she planned to leave, she had

exactly date when. I did not expect. My words were to her, we came to this unfamiliar, different-culture country together, think:

1. When got marriage, you had pushed, forced me, now you want to leave, separation; imagine
2. I did not want to come to this country, you the one did it

I like make sense, I want fully reasons why you want separation like western culture. I am still respecting my Burmese culture.

She was quiet. Until she leave she denied to give me reasons why she want to broke up. I requested her 3 times, don't do it; she did not listen, hard-head. She want the last day farewell last dinner together, western style, and said I love you.

Final day 3 August 1992 we went Korean BBQ restaurant at Marriata, north-west Atlanta,

I used to eat 4, 5 days a week. At restaurant, I requested her again, don't do it. Not succeed. My mind, anger went wild, out of control. Owner couple was so upset. On the way back to apartment I drove reckless, she scared. Back at house she saw 50 bullets ammunitions in the plate on coffee table, 45 mm military special Hungary pistol. She got so afraid, suddenly left without taking her stuff included gold, jewels. How do you like this scene?

My anger was in my whole body, out of control. I wanted to kill, put all her stuff in car, fully loaded-pistol on passenger-seat, drove to her sister's house, she must be over there.

I arrived first, later she show up. Her sister couple was shaking but they love western culture, copying everything American culture, this problem was none of their business, they did not want talk to both. Their only worry was murder could happen in their house. I understand; I told them do not worry about that, I could kill her some other spots, not here.

That afternoon or evening, I dropped all her personnel belongings to her. She wanted to withdraw \$25000 from bank and go back to Hawaii. I agreed, take it. She never lie me. The next-day, while I was going somewhere, she left the special letter at apartment, I found it, saved it, I have it. She might throw away my bunch of love letters, I cannot find. She got tired of reading my love letters, not really love letters but mostly I wrote art related.

She abandoned me, she dumped me. I was thinking, I need to show up, decent, stay on the line with optimistic. I saw her last day was at her sister's house. After her sister told me they dropped her to airport, she already leave to Hawaii, I called my friend, say Phyu Phyu Win will be over there, she told me before she want to get new car, help her. That' all. That's the separation, back to single life.

I am thinking my case, I am this make-sense guy. Nothing do without meaningless, full reasons. That's why I asked to my Phyu Phyu Win, give me full reason when she planned leaving me. I corrected, making adjustments for my art life, believe it.

Phyu Phyu Win told me like that I still love you, we can continue friendship as friends instead of husband & wife status, I am leaving. I got so angry I cannot forget about that.

I will not forgive all, if something giving me hard-times, I am Buddhist, I believe next-lives, I will carry all revenges to next life. I will face them in next lives. I am positive not negative but I believe this philosophy. Chris told me sometime, forgiveness to other is hard, that is totally right! I never try to forgive. I do not want to speak with them, no longer, forever.

I live with 2 women long years, so different.

Phyu Phyu Win is bright, love learning, energetic, do something never giving up, hard -head, she do not like clothing, she like a little fine jewels, like some western-culture, language pick up right quick, interest art subject, she like reading, can face the problems, tough, sporty, like to attending classes.

I had no time think about Phyu Phyu Win even 5 minutes after she leave me. I create myself busy.

7. Both paintings suddenly disappeared

One my philosophy is, anger is like atomic power, do not use for killer-bomb project, use for electricity will be positive. If with anger I want to kill Phyu Phyu Win is like make a bomb, negative. If forgot about it, think, do for my future is positive. So I must do, try myself without her. No need to think about her.

I went out for lunch, found one vacant-room for lease at one shopping center near I-85 South to Florida. I thinking of retail shop, I decided to lease without I have any merchandise, take risk again. No problem, the whole my life was risky rough road.

One Chinese friend family from Hong Kong introduced me to one wholesale company, before I once help this Hong Kong family. Now they want to do something for me. I went to wholesale warehouse, looked all and I purchased arts & crafts also related merchandise like cheap posters, ready-to-hang. All-time excellent selling posters are Elvis Presley, Marylyn Monroe, and the Duke, John Wayne. Pay with credit card about less

than \$1000 valued, drove back to store, displayed and opened.

Short to the point, my store name was Warziya Marlar, international arts & crafts store. The meaning of name is Diamond Flower. The store not far distance from Gone with the Wind writer Margaret Mitchell's house. I was proud of it. My marketing aimed to European tourists on the way to Florida route. Within a few months, business is okay, no employee, owner-operator only me. . My profit-net was at least \$600 a day, customers were pilots and Eastern Airline employees and tourists from Europe countries. The store revenue was going up \$100,000. I did not sit down, I did not think about Phyu Phyu Win, no more anger. I was on right track, after she left, thrown me out. All my customers were international-knowledge persons. I bought one half ton size Dodge van for store and Mercedes 500 convertible for me. Painting everyday at store, while talking with customers.

I met one friend, white American guy who owned pawn-shop where I used to visit many times. His pawn shop is very nice, big space, organized, well decorated every rooms & panels. I love, appreciate his ideas, talk about arts too. Our friendship is very good shape. Also he is a serious hunter who went hunting with his 14 years old son, every single weekend. I do not support hunting, I am animal lover, he never invited me to hunt.

He knew too much about guns & gun history. You already know, all American loving guns is normal, regular. He told me, he wanted me start collection of classic guns, limited edition guns. Yes, I agree and did it. He called me by phone, come and look this, that gun. Anyway I collected some limited editions, hand guns, shotguns. In my mind, guns are art-works, nice craftsmanship, every parts are precise, barrel colors, grip's colors, are so beautiful. I love authentic colors on guns. That is my main reason I want to own those lovely guns, they blacksmith art.

I traveled 3, 4 states, every week, long way driving to Washington DC, Smithsonian . I love traveling like driving, no complaint at all. For the business trips to Alabama, Tennessee, Kentucky, Georgia was enjoyable. Meet the people, chatting with them, learn from them, talk about local news was very nice.

I enjoy visiting many antique shops, thrift stores, garage sales around the US nation. When I made trips or traveling for business, I stop, looking at stuff. Some people throw away or clean up their house, I appreciate their stuff. Number one, my reason came out from my heart is that during I was touching even a glass I feel, I miss the elder person, owner of this glass. I was thinking, he or she appreciated his or her stuff when the sun was shining on their shoulders. I got sad. Right now, please look at their stuff inside the broken brown boxes. The shoppers passed near those old boxes, they do not want close, thinking nasty. I sat

down on the floor, look in the boxes, oh! what poor stuffs inside boxes.

You feel like this I cannot know; I found amateur artists' paintings, Sunday painter's paintings with their original outer frames. I do not care their subject matters, techniques, size of painting, pigment quality, damages, medium. I really care their soul, their spirits, their mood, years ago, now gone maybe. I went the store many times, I look again and again, I gave my time until I catching their spirits. Then I bought those paintings at my final visit. I collected, I hang up on the wall of my house, look more and more . I never stop buying like those paintings. I appreciate so much; I respect that unknown amature artist's painting with their signature or without their signature. I am thinking in the dark night, if they make visit to my Texas house, they see their paintings on the wall, they will get their happiest day ever. I warmly welcome those amateur artists. Now I own their kind-spirits. This is my one project.

Sometime I bought stuff with American Express card \$8000 gone within a day, they want cash only at flea market in Kentucky. I had experience all flea-markets, I go to many. One stuff I bought \$35, I brought back to Atlanta, I sold that stuff at my store in same day, \$650.

I am giving only this example how my knowledge can make money.

I used to go Kentucky Derby racecourse where I can look lovely horses. A week before horse-race people need money, sell truck loads stuffs \$600 valued they sell for \$60, just like that. I bought, loaded in my big cargo van, resell in Georgia.

I rent ceramic cottage factory, hired employees, I was doing Native Indian Figures for stores. I gave instruction to my employees to paint this, those colors. Time was not enough. I know by my experience what customer wants. All my stuff are selling good, more and more busy. I spent \$100 gas money a week, my house rent was \$700 per month, I had no time to stay home, back home night 11pm, slept on couch, 7 am go.

I went many trips to Smithsonian from Atlanta. Why I always made museum trips, my answer is I am charging my battery. I can look all old masters paintings, closely, not like in the books. Every single trip, I got new, new, inspirations. Wherever I go I used to visit museums, book stores, used photography stuff stores, art galleries. Northern Georgia mountains are beautiful range, Tennessee is country music city, meet young musicians, went coffee shop at downtown, look beautiful creature, majestic animal horses & beautiful Kentucky girls, eat at country restaurants corn-bread, fried cat-fish , I spent my time with meaningful used

to go many antique shops, flea markets, bought stuff, appreciate all the stuff.

I applied for American citizenship for travel document. Long time ago I qualified, but my feeling was not want for be citizen, I hesitated. Anyway for me easy, their examiners satisfied of my American knowledge. Within 5 minute done, 2 weeks later attended American Citizenship ceremony at Atlanta City Hall. The people from 87 countries became American citizens. All happiest day, greeting each other, laughing, loudly talking in hall. I was only Burmese that day. I was not happy, opposite way thinking, I lost my country citizenship. I cried that day.

Now the sale at my store down gradually, Eastern Airline went bankruptcy, all my customers from airlines lay-off. Start over! I switched to wholesale, then I supply to retail stores. My profit will be down, I can get only 15% profits. I was the middle man in-between factory and retails. I am risky artist. I supplied stores in Tennessee, Kentucky, Georgia, 3 states. Rent 2 storages in Tennessee and West Kentucky. I drove 3 states, every week with one ton cargo van, supplied arts & crafts merchandise.

I traveled widely in this nation. I met native Red Indians drink moon-shine local whisky, cook deer meat on hot engine block, real mighty things. I used to brought my male chow dog Mighty, we traveling together, he sat on front passenger seat, he chew

sunflower seeds which he like. He did not like uniform people, police, highway patrol. In the van two loaded guns, one long-range rifle shot gun, one pistol hand gun for just in case defense..

I am animal lover, from my trips, I collected, adopted rabbits, turtles, baby deer, dogs. I enjoy feeding them. Remarkable, one snake show up, used to sleep under my van in Kentucky in every trip, the same snake. I told to people, I had guard, the snake under my van, I show them. My dog knew all fast -food signs, we used to stop and eat fast foods from Kentucky Fried Chicken, Burger King, MacDonald's.

I still do wholesale art & crafts supplying to retail stores in Tennessee, Kentucky, Georgia Sates, driving, driving, sometime went to Chicago where my Mandalay old friend, Dr. Winston Kim, working at Ford's one hospital, enjoy with him & some other friends.

In 1992 U Win Pe wrote a long letter to me, he want to come here. I knew he had difficult time in Myanmar, government block all his paths, his income money less. His financial situation was so worst. Those days he had no assignment for movie making, nothing he can do. He told me he start writing short stories, new style creative presentations, he got such big amount success in short stories writing.

Sonny Nyein came here in 1993 with Burmese artists Tin Win from Beikthano Gallery, Min Wai Aung of New

Treasure Gallery, their trip to US sponsored by USIS, Yangon. I want to see my old art-friend Sonny, stopped all business, shut down store, all the way drove to DC. We talk at sculpture garden, his favorite sculpture gallery of Smithsonian. Sonny was upset my family broke, U Win Pe too. They want see Phyu Phyu Win & me together forever. I deserved it, what can I do, nothing.

That time I got UNESCO request letter for to participate 50th anniversary International Human-Right Publication and to make Aung San Suu Kyi book jacket. I read What Daw Suu want, think 3 weeks, got final design, I stay at one old hotel near DuPont Plaza, DC, finished painting in room, and send to Michael Aris, husband of Aung San Suu Kyi. Recent military government banned that book, they don't like me either.

In 1994, could be in September, U Win Pe hit O'Hare airport for his writing program of Iowa University. U Saw Tun from Asian Studies Department of Northern Illinois University help him to come here. U Win Pe did not know U Saw Tun & me are old buddies since Mawlamyaing College. I went to Chicago, greet him, I attend Burma Affair panels sponsored by Open Society at NIU compound. I went to U Win Pe to Iowa, back to Atlanta. I asked U Win Pe, after complete his program what will do. He did not want back to Myanmar.

I had plan, I will close all my business in Atlanta, a friend of mine gave me the whole house, allow me to live in Pennsylvania. They already moved out to other state. I will hit to east coast but U Win Pe said cold over there, we need to shelter in warm place, his old friend MD is in Texas. I totally shut down my business in Atlanta, loaded all my stuff in one ton van, drove to Iowa with my dog Mighty. U Win Pe & me & Mighty hit the road Jack to Texas. Remarkable, all the way we sing non-stop till to West Texas. After unloaded all stuff, we went to Los Angeles for U Win Pe 's business, we stay Nyi Nyi's resident. Then back to Texas, make paintings together at MD's one of his house. Within 2 months finished a lot. I met Kyi Kyi Aye, that was 1994. Now U Win Pe went to NY, I left alone, I keep paintings and did Buddha-studies, paintings, reading, meditation, practicing all my time, never stay free.

In 1995, I drove with old small Toyota corolla hatchback to NY, to UWP. Paint again NY surround subjects about 3 months, made trips to east coast Buddhist Center & monasteries to West Virginia, Pennsylvania, DC. After that, left all paintings, back to Texas.

After back from DC trip, I took care more my health problem, it was 10 years now, repeatedly same old happening from time to time.

I got run out of money; I need to do something to get money for living. Austin, 286 miles away, central, had

plenty jobs. I moved to Austin, looking for job. I got 1st job in Austin was funny, for cabinet furniture making, carpenter factory. Look, I am not complaint, I can do any jobs. I did not care. But I still looking for better pay, better jobs in Sunday newspaper classified.

I found one job-opening, absolutely not related my back-ground, private investigator.

I went, filled up application, video training, passed tests. Operation manager Mr. John Jackson told me, don't worry this job no matter you did not have past experience, I know you, Asians are more qualify than local Americans, do it. He is Vietnam War veteran, retired marine. He told me that he stay twice Yangon Strand Hotel from Hanoi to back US.

I was not too much interest but I work for living. First I work part-time. After I quit library cabinet factory, I see JJ again. He suggested doing full-time. Now I was working with fire arms, I am working with guns instead of paint-brush.

Also I was working with many US government departments, writing reports every single day. I found out I create working way with my study at American criminal, bad-situations. I had 33-35 cases in my hand, sometime got sick & tired, stressed but I use Buddha - teachings at my armed job, I think this is the art of solving human-conflict. I am doing this job is the art of making painting.

My pancreases throw out acid, health went worst maybe because of stress-type of job. I called to Kyi Kyi Aye this happen. Still we were regular friend, not too close girlfriend.

I made trip in 1997 to DC with my jeep. U Win Pe was just started working for Radio Free Asia. I stay at his Hamilton House apartment, U Win Pe cook everyday. I was painting only, my health was not really good. I finished about a dozen more or less paintings DC subjects, left at his apartment, and back to Texas. Especially I change life-style, took medication, all year in 1998, after that much much better. But I kept drinking whisky, hard liquor, smoking cigarettes. I noticed myself, my body metabolism changed, I can't drink or smoke like before, dramatically down grade.

I went in 2000 to Kyi Kyi Aye, I told her; you are alone here, I was back to single after Phyu Phyu Win left. We had finished all, my divorce legal paper is in my briefcase. Do you want to go back Yangon? I asked her. She really did not want back to Yangon because her previous husband is schizophrenic, went crazy, financial situation bad and other her own reasons. I ask her, you had one marriage, same I had, now both are free, if you want we can live together. After that agreement, we lived together. She is opposite way of me.

I was coming from country side, country boy, strong-mind. She was city girl, born in Mawlamyaing 13

August 1953. She is younger than me, like my ex-wife. I was working in Austin, she was in west Texas, 386 miles distance.

I had no secrets, all wide-open, telling the truth, not pretend. Kyi Kyi Aye poor knowledge, poor education, but she understood my nature, my heart, my attitude, behaviors. She love me too much, she depends me too much. I love her too. I write many love letters but mostly art related.

She buy many stuffs, more than enough, we do not need buying much amount grocery or in other things. No wonder, she did not read, real regular person, no art loving background, no art-educations, traditional Buddhist only. I encourage her in ever thing but her talent, her IQ level was not standard, I can not improve her. Sometime I got angry with her. The one thing is, she understand why I got angry, how I want her more progress. I told her everyday, learn how to appreciate art, learn about short-to-the-points Buddha-teachings from me. But she use to be out of control, because she lived under the Socialism political weather with nothing to buy, so she want to store all stuffs at home. My policy is, if you buy something you must use, not waste. If not use, don't buy. Believe it or not I am still eating her bought left over after she passed away one year.

I like woman with beauty, she had beauty more than good looking. I did housekeeping, prepared foods for

her. I always told her, please wait, I can take care more after my retirement. She got many lessons from me, I told her, I am artist and educator. I support education to all, my life is based on my education. I did not like pretension which destroys all, I studied modernism but I did not talk about loud, big mouth at public area.

During I was living with Phyu Phyu Win, she cook, I was only eating, thanks her. When I lived with Kyi Kyi Aye, I cook most days, she was not healthy, she cook some days, very delicious, systematically she learnt from her mother. Traditionally all mothers teach their daughters how to cook, how much amount, ratios, this spice is for that, all trained daughters. I love my country traditions. Cooking is art, I brought some Burmese cookbooks, read, experiment, I asked Kyi Kyi Aye just 2, 3 times only, then familiar, I can cook. I used to compare with making painting, almost same, I thought like that. Anything I do, I compare with art.

Most female love to dress up for better-looking, I support it, but most women did not learn about designs & colors, just copy from fashion show or other women. I educated her think, try, learn yourself, not success. We went out together, before we go she asked me how to dress up, I opened her closets, drawers, took it out clothing, wear this top, that shoe, this jacket, from top to feet I display on bed. Next time, same question like before, I did another combination. Very clear, she did not get art-education, she did not get Buddha teaching from me until she

passed away. She did not understand everything is related with art, so poor,

We had Kyi Kyi Aye's health-problem was big one, costly in this nation. She had strong medical - insurance, they pay 75%, we pay 25%, but we paid a lot. Example, her doctor put her hospital 3 days, cost at least \$ 33,000. One day for blood -transfusion was \$3500. Her liver was destroyed by millions of viruses from dirty Insein General Hospital, Yangon. Another, her diabetes blood-sugar level out of control from family-generations, asthma since she was 12 years, all complicated.

We spent clinic visits charges, laboratory charges, prescriptions & medical-aids, stay hospital charges, think about that. I got much medical-knowledge because of her illness.

I told Kyi Kyi Aye I want to stop work, I retire early. She said no, you are healthy man keep work for me, I scarified for her. I need to work for her medical bills, she cannot work. If someone hate me they will say Paw Thame had not good-heart. I like telling to others, if they are right, I not take care Kyi Kyi Aye. She knew my kindness-heart.

I told John Jackson about my health problems, he make my work-schedule flexible, what I want they did for me, every other week 3 days work, 4 days off. So it's mean I am working like part-time job, my pay scale is full. Enough money, working hour was small, that's

the reason I keep working. I enjoy driving 600 miles both way in between Austin & Big Spring, not the problem, no complaints.

I like to salute, pay respect long years living two women, Phyu Phyu Win & Kyi Kyi Aye who both are excellent, 5 star rating. Both, already gone from my life, one is alive, one was passed away. If they did any mistake, wrong, I did not speak at least 2, 3 weeks, I stormed the whole house, all stuff got damages. After back to normal, I apologize them. I admit I am so sorry, they forgave me.

I am still getting pain of memory for when Phyu Phyu Win & Kyi Kyi Aye hide all my weapons, ammunitions, they so afraid. I worked in Austin, carry guns on my duty, all guns stay with me. Kyi Kyi Aye hide my weapons at home, she scare, I had many guns, I am sometime so angry, mad, grab the guns, she had seen. I controlled my mind. Whatever I love the gun as an authentic work of arts.

Unfortunately, Kyi Kyi Aye passed away, 2008 in February Valentine Day. She say, I love you too much, sweet. When something emotionally upset happen, my nervous system in my spinal cord is shaking until getting pain.

My taking care to her was over. I got so sad, upset. Why? When she was alive, sometime I show my anger, my anger went terrible, so dangerous. I remember what I did. My ex-wife & my lovely poor girlfriend Kyi

Kyi Aye told me the same: if we have own kids, my anger will kill them, no kid is better. See how bad anger I am.

I love all my friends' kids but I never think about my own. I had a trauma, no one knew: I was eldest son, I took care all my younger brothers, sisters until 5 minutes before school bell ring, someday late school, could not do school homework, no drawings & no painting my watercolor, I gave all my times helping to my parents & their kids. I was forced to wake up early 4 am, make fire, cook big amount of rice for all. I napped in dirty kitchen, every morning. I thought, when I got marriage one day I will not have own kids, I decided; that's my personnel psychological trauma. I told Phyu Phyu Win & Kyi Kyi Aye. I do not need my own-blood next generations.

Many friends suggested me in Yangon I must have children, I did not listen. I did not want attachments which can not giving me hard-time. I cannot think about baby crying in the house is beautiful sound. I never worry when I getting old, all my kids will take care me. I want no depending on others. I told to Kyi Kyi Aye, I will do myself, don't do any single thing for me. If I depend, I am ashamed of myself. I told to Phyu Phyu Win & Kyi Kyi Aye many times if I become disabled, I can not walk, I will crawl to grab my stuff. I did not like depending on parents when I was boy, they knew.

I cannot become a good father, I do not have my own kids, but I became a good-teacher. I am thinking all my art students are my own kids. I did not care own-blood or not, I can give my love to others, no limitations. I enjoy with going to tea-shop, I enjoy, they are busy in my kitchen, cooking, eating, went to shopping, listening what they talk me about Yangon local news, about their girlfriends, usually boys talk about their girls, my student girls never talk about their boyfriends, they shy according our Burmese tradition, they do not want to tell me.

Think about me, my life in US is not like before. Sometime I got so much disappointed, what the hell I am here in US, I was blaming to Phyu Phyu Win, because of you, you destroyed my Yangon life with my students, become angry, I cool down my mind again and again. Still I want back my old-days with my students

Some of my close friends criticized me, when I live without speaking 2, 3 weeks to Phyu Phyu Win or Kyi Kyi Aye, when I got angry with them. I listened to them, study all my past-stories, I was not starter the problems, some one started, touched me was first. Then my anger came out enormous amount, non-stop, terrible, dangerous. Now I control under Buddha-teachings. Stay away is the best for me; Phyu Phyu Win & Kyi Kyi Aye leave me alone many times, even Aungnet my smart dog already knew leave me alone with my anger.

I like smart, beauty women. I love to look them like art-works. I told to my ex-wife Phyu Phyu Win, I want to back Burma to Peacock without you, I can enjoy with young beautiful movie actresses, she said go tomorrow, buy one way air ticket, don't come back. She is 13 years younger than me, she was one of my old art-student, she can paint very well, we sold some her painting, very bright learn right quick, I lost like that girl is big lost for my life. I got many lessons. I deserved it. I lost Kyi Kyi Aye is big lost too. Her beauty disappeared suddenly from my eye, I feel so sadness. We live at this house two together, and now one gone, think how I got sad, upset. I back single living.

Actually Kyi Kyi Aye is not qualified but her beauty is more than Phyu Phyu Win, she love modeling in photograph. I shoot her uncountable times with this house and she love to looking at her own photographs. She organized her photos with a lot of albums. Wherever I live, all the paintings are hanging on the wall without empty space. This house is small, country-living home, not much space. I do not want posters, calendars, personnel photos on walls. Kyi Kyi Aye want to hang her photos so I gave her one panel, arrange all her photos. One panel is only for her. No matter after she passed away, I keep hanging her photos at the same place, I do not want remove. I organized her clothing still like before she died. The clear reason is I appreciate her, same I must appreciate her stuffs.

Both Phyu Phyu Win & Kyi Kyi Aye are like 2 my paintings, different sizes, major color combinations, compositions, one day somebody purchased and both paintings suddenly disappeared.

8. My life is like my painting

Five months after Kyi Kyi Aye passed away I decided stop working.

I live in west-Texas, small town, quiet, friendly, typical older Americans, Vietnam War veterans town. Sometime some art-association invite me, they gave me one hour lecture \$300. I am living in Texas, like that life-style. Now I stop working money making job, going to low-income American standard, I am so carefully managing myself. I was thinking, low living-cost place best, can spend more for art-materials, don't think about money from selling painting. I cannot afford like Chris, like U Win Pe, in Maryland, I knew the high living cost there. Finally I decided, warm weather state Texas.

With money making job in Austin, I spend cautious, stay away financial difficulties, stay away any source of problems, I must cautious in anything, I must more obey my own rules & regulations. Most close friends, my students, know I am discipline man. I am comfortable with my own rules, regulations

I am doing the art of living, daily is making a painting without canvas, brushes, paints. I daily compare art and practical life, kind of my second nature.

When I made painting, I control my brushes, from here to there, within a limited distance, limited area, color separation, also limited space only, not more than that, balancing the colors, balancing the composition, trying to make right decisions from starting to finish.

I noticed controlling in making paintings is taking major decisions, after I decided what to do, what I want, this, that; control start activate, and then balance. So short to the point, only 3 things: right decisions, control & balance in making painting in life. Last 34 years ago, I told to my art-students, making a painting is full of right decision, full of control & balance, you will face your practical-life like making a painting. So the other words, you came here to learn not only art subject, but also you are learning, practicing for your future-life. They did not understand in class, now they understand what I said.

You are always trying to make right decisions, controlling yourself, balancing yourself like bank account. I call that is the art of living. Out of balance, control, wrong decision can not make a quality art-works. Do you think, Jackson Pollock is out of control, out of balance, doing wrong decision when he made large paintings with gallons and gallons of paints? No

way, if you watch documentary film of Pollock, you can see his making balance, control & decisions in film.

Did you ever seen out of control persons? Yes! I've seen many. Very easy, we don't need to learn from psychology classes. Most cases without talking with him or her, we can find out. Wrong decision makers are kind of out of control, I think.

If you are out of control, never think about balance your money, doing wrong decisions your life will fuck you, your future will fuck you. I watch John Travolta hit movie Saturday Night Fever, in movie Travolta's hardware store employer told to him who do not think about his future, this dialogue: you fuck your future, one day your future will fuck you. I remember that words.

One of my policy is; I must work hard. U Win Pe always told me you are workaholic. I do not mind, if odometer in my body, the meter will show millions of mileage.

Another policy is; you can do it, I can do it, you cannot do it, I will do it. I did many different categories of business is proving I can do it like you. One of my habit is I am commanding myself. I use to write signs, put on the kitchen cabinets, on the refrigerators, every where, then I read my signs and obey my commands since middle school students at my parents' house. All my friends from Mandalay U must obey my

command signs at my room. In Peacock Gallery I make signs, all obey, no complaint.

I always moving guy, different states, many job-types categories, not like other Burmese who stuck at one state with their relatives, community, love tourist traveling. I am sick of their life-style, I will not care, where I live without Burmese community. I like study US history, new country with fine constitution. I want to meet with real local Americans. I can not satisfy talking with Burmese people only at monasteries. My interest is differ, then I did not interest Burmese communities topics, no arts subjects about buying \$250,000 valued home, eat, laugh.

I did not do too much social life with Burmese community, American community both. I gave up social life after moved out Hawaii. I found out myself, I don't need many junks around me, I don't need to listen not-interest topics from them, I am not patient Easy to start my anger, easy I can get mad. I did not like much Burmese people in foreign countries, their wrong attitude, bad-behavior, big-mouth, many I had seen. But I respect all Buddhist Monks. I went to Austin Theravada Monastery, very limited. I am doing some for monastery, pay respect all monks, but stay away traditional Buddhist ceremonies which is kind of social-life. Mostly I did not use telephone calls to others.

I talk only U Win Pe, Chris Dodge, my student NY, that's all. I have not trouble maker teenage daughter, stupid wife, crazy sons. I am not doing stupid family members jobs. No one to argue me, so simple life, I concentrate to create new paintings is the only job.

The theory is simple, if your family is big, definitely you will face more problems, difficulties, worries, more needy in materials so so. I cannot afford big family project

I cannot handle like my parents. So I afraid big family project, never think about that at all. In some cases, big income is not important, right spending is more important, my belief. I met many family in US, husband & wife's income is annually more than \$350,000, they are facing finical problems; I thought, what's wrong with this?

Buddha 20% of human age went to sleeping time. I did not sleep many hours, I do not sleep standard 8 hours. Especially nights are special gift for me, quiet, no traffic noises on the front road, I am sailing in the dark. I can think about new presentations, new ideas, for the new day paintings, walking around my property, so ..so, beautiful nights.

Usually, I wake up, early, at 3 am, start watering plants, lawns, it takes hour, depends on their needy water. Later dawn, blue light touch to my house, I looking at vast sky, so delighted. When I got the first ray of the beautiful red light of the sun, I start play

Vilvadi's Four Seasons. After that, I pay respect to Buddha, play his Sutras, listen, think about it, during sipping a cup of tea. Clean up all junk e-mails, check up new version of down-loadings, try to make healthier the main-engines at 3 computers which running all day long. I do not turn on TV news, I cannot see liar politicians face on TV screen, I appreciate international culture, arts, crafts. I do not like politics, politicians' life, liars. I will stay away politicians, better, comfortable. I hate political-games, campaign promises. I met many artificial -flavor Burmese political activists in US, I do not want to become close to them.

I can sleep day or night without taking sleeping medicines, never used. When I traveled, slept in my car at rest-areas. In Austin night-time work, no sleep at all on-duty. I carried, brought dog food brown-bags, soda, bread, sandwiches in my car. I gave away soda, sandwiches to homeless people, dog food to their dogs at traffic-lights intersections. All homeless dogs knew my car, dogs are raising their legs, make me greeting, I so delighted.

I found wounded deer, dogs, birds, I stop driving, park the car, put in my car, send to animal hospital. Those things I did all night-long. I used to tell Kyi Kyi Aye how many animals I saved their lives in this week. I enjoy it. Think I am stupid, crazy, bad, villain, please.

I did not need to take prescriptions, medications I do not accept all western medications, most are chemicals. I like to use Burmese traditional medicines, I still using salty powder, blood purify powder, Tiger Brand hot balm rub which my dog hate. I have so much medical experience in this US because of Kyi Kyi Aye who got illness all time. I knew how to make payments to medical institutions, labs, clinics and all about prescriptions. I do not want like Kyi Kyi Aye's health, I cannot afford for myself even I paid off her medical bills. The only way is I need more taking-care myself, no other choice. Some of my old students called me; they will take-care me, do not worry. I said I will do myself, I do not want to depend on others. They depend me, that's okay.

I switched my life style, I command myself, eat more healthy. Kyi Kyi Aye eat more foods for health, I feed her. We had organic eggs at home, home-grow fresh veggies. I rarely ordering fast food, delivery to home, or eat at restaurants. I cook 300% at home in US. I was working in Austin; I took my lunch from home instead of buying fast-food. That kind of person I am. All my friends spent at least \$25 a day, going to big belly beautiful body, cannot run. I am light, no getting any pains, I can handle very light, right quick. I am cyclist too.

I eat more grains, not much starch, rice a little, proteins, fibers. I always think about eating is art. Your control and balance on your desire, your craving food

is major, I use to oppose my desire. I am eating food, alternative system, not much starch, eating with rice is not more than 50%. I never reach the number of 140 lbs weight, all the way straight 135 lbs, light body weight, run, jog, walk fast. I do not eat over my amount, less than standard amount. I am eating something every 2 hours.

I like dress-up fine clothing, if I have ugly fats, big belly, how can I wear, no way. Phyu Phyu Win always making me jokes, this man love clothing more than women. If I do not care diet, I can not dress up with fatty body. Anyway taking care myself is one of my job.

I use to make paintings pretty close to kitchen, or part of the kitchen, easy access to back yard door. Two reasons close to kitchen is: I can eat whatever I want food, when I can feel warning sign I must eat. Number two reason is, getting more natural light, enough for making paintings. The light, very very important to get right color, I do not paint with florescence lights which can get wrong color schemes. I am thinking about Paul Klee who used to paint in kitchen. He prepared food, cooking, making paintings and taking care of his kid in his kitchen. Whenever I am in kitchen, I am thinking about him.

i am under my control, balance, right decision, I am always trying. Normally US gas price was a dollar per gallon around many years, but last 5 years ago gas-price went up dramatically to today. Gas is daily use

for transportation, no other choice, pay for it high-price. I paid that high gas price, I think spent \$300 per month, if not I can not do the job for salary. So I need to make balance, I need to stay away buying unnecessary stuffs, thinking about I must budget on some stuff. Food price went up in 2007, 33% at least, some 50%, must pay for it again. Now, I am living with big cautious of balance, control & right decision.

I manage very clever my finance, I will tell exactly. I recorded all my expenses in US after the day I hit this US soil to until this writing-time, all on the record; who can do like me, think! I spent most on art-materials and my cars.

Believe it or not, natural-gas bill is \$13.70 per month, no matter how winter mess-up. Electric utility bill is \$50 per month, using 300 kilo watts. Water utility bill is \$69 per month, I never stingy watering plants, lawns. Cable TV bill is \$26.23 per month only, no need many channels, I do not waste my times sitting in front of TV. Land phone + DSL bill \$52 with lowest plan, I do not need cell-phone at this my situation, no emergency at all. I don't need it because I am not calling to many people, I am not talking ridiculous topics to others. Total is \$210.73.

No \$20 green in my wallet, no fill-up gas since 4 months ago, I am switching vehicles, using leftover gas. Driving to shopping, post office, some office business are within one mile. What the hell of

economy crisis? I can survive, my happiness never fade away. I always making joke to my close Burmese friends, I can open an institution how to survive in US, instead of art-school. May be one day in Burma, I can open that institute.

Controlling, right-decision making in painting is giving me one fine lesson to carry into my life. That is true, not fake story, I am always under my controlling, trying to get right decisions. But no one is perfect, I am not perfect too. Sometime I made terrible wrong decision. When I realize, I am ready to admit. I believe admitting is very necessary which I like to do. I am not getting shy, I can admit to every age-level persons when I know my mistakes, wrong-doing.

Mostly, I made visit electronics stores, antique stores, thrift-stores, car-parts stores and home improvement stores. I use to buy paints many gallons, always 50-100 gallons in my storage. I carried art to anything for my own world. I painted this house which is colorful place. I save much money from house painting job. I think about this house is my canvas. I painted, even on roof some place, all my driveways, walkways, all different colors, different designs, changed in every year, I am painting all around year. I did not follow house-painter's season, they paint house in fall & summer, not paint in winter, I painted in cold day, night. If I got idea the next-day I paint no matter cold or hot weather, I will use extra light, paint night too. I painted Himalaya Mountain Range panoramic view on

backyard wall, media is all kinds of house paints. The reason I paint Himalayan Mountain is, I can see mountains from my kitchen windows.

I tried to understand the value of time, wasting of time, how to manage your money, what to do to-day since middle school student life. I had my own daily agenda. After I did, finished up I ticked that one, also I have a list what I will paint, subject -list, my check list is always on the table. I learned from some books. I love it, comfortable, never get the problem at all.

When I was photo-lab manager, I managed 2 labs, different-time, the company gave me full power; do this job like your own. I want check list to all my employers, so I printed out for them, do the job with check-list, if not something wrong, I warned them I will fire at once, on the spot. My management made more profit for company, so they gave me more money, more power. I managed from home by phone to employers with my check-list. It is still work.

Phyu Phyu Win & Kyi Kyi Aye absolutely knew about my systems. They approved, non-stop doing something, always trying something. I use to doing 2, 3 things at the same time, for example; soup pot is on the stove, microwave is warming up something, I am looking for something. I want to get more time, no waste, that's why I am doing like that system. I am one-man operation; I want to finish all myself without

others' help. Time is money, save your time & money but don't be stingy,

I have 2 diplomas certificates from different institutions, subject is Motorcycle Repairs. I enrolled correspondence. Two-year courses, I finished earlier than 2 years because of my bike experience, my grades are A+. My friend's service station hanging my diplomas on their wall, they proud of me. I still riding 750cc big bike. I started ride 500cc British BSA bike in Shwebo since 9th grade and I ride bike in Mandalay U too.

I ride motorcycle from Austin to Mexico border Del Rio town. I plan to ride to Alaska. I love explorer life, outdoor man. My main mechanic is motorcyclists, I am still riding bike with my buddies. I visit their service station from time to time, beer party every evening is our tradition like gathering at barbershop. I enjoy with all my buddies. They knew I am artist. I like motorcycle is part of my life. Without motorcycle, without making a painting, I cannot live this life.

Let me tell you, I like driving different engine power, different body type, fine vehicles since living in Myanmar. All right, many cars I own, is not matter of art, my passion, my life-style only. I am only one driver, no need many cars, ridiculous I knew, but I sometime need fun, want to play with something. My auto insurance agent told me, stop buying car, I did not want more money from you. Kyi Kyi Aye never

complaint, whatever I want to get car, do it, she never stop me is strange. My own cars many at home, company provided company car, so more vehicles. All the time buy cars, house, by cash, saved interest. Kyi Kyi Aye told me if she have plenty money, I want to buy for you what expensive car you want. I show some half million valued car catalogue, tell her, buy this baby for me, she smiled.

Why I love to own many cars, motorcycles? When I was young boy, I like all cars, my parents are poor, life under the standard poverty, how can they afford to buy a car. My dream was to own a car. I can draw all 2nd world-war leftover cars from Shwebo. I used to draw on wood panels of our house by chalk.

I destroyed my mother's weaving loom parts, I got wheels from her loom and built a toy car, I made engine sound by my voice. When I was in Mandalay U, some of my friends driving nice, sweet jeeps, land rovers, I cannot afford. The most I can buy was Honda motorcycle from gambling. U Win Pe is lucky artist, his parent bought car for him when he went to Mandalay U. I cannot own foreign made expensive cars at Mandalay U, now I own 6, 7 different cars, some expensive. I told Kyi Kyi Aye if I owned these cars during university years, I can get more beautiful girlfriends who love to ride fine cars. That is my old dream, past dream, now come true.

I like to dress up all my cars since I was in Yangon, everyone love to look my red Mini Cooper. I put optional stuffs, I am not stingy, my ex-wife did not complain what I work on with my cars. I say I am artist, I think about my car is empty canvas. I decorating, putting stuff is I am creating a painting, same thing. I switch one car to one car every 2 weeks; I am driving 2 luxury sedans, 2 SUV, 2 jeeps. I sold some, some trade-in to new models. Mostly my friends want to buy my cars because they knew I took care all my cars like my own human babies. All my cars have proper names. I call all my cars 'my daughters'. I talk with my car. I say I need to buy something for my daughter, Kyi Kyi Aye understand, I thank her.

My mechanics, my body shops, paint shops in US know about me wherever I move, Georgia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Texas. Most work I did at home myself, some they did, they do not want money from me; when I want to fix this, put this one to this car, they say don't worry. If I found something at their shop, I want it, they say you can have it. I drive too much in US, so many accidents happened in many different states, sometime the whole vehicles gone total. Company cars are not the problem; we got money back from insurance company. In US drivers can be dead at any time, accident can happen at any time.

Everywhere selling good health stuffs, weight loss, hair-growth, and energy for sex. Those 3 kinds are at the top of the list, always popular. If you visit to

doctors' clinic in US, he will suggest you, eat diet, do exercise, quit smoking

I told to doctor, my way of exercise is not going to gyms with nice sport suits, no exercise machines at home, no jogging, running at public parks, no hiking trails. My exercises are car-wash, car-care, housekeeping, landscaping, gardening, trimming my trees, digging the ground, creating a pond for my ducks, all hard labor jobs. My doctor smiled, no comments. He already like my eating, no need to discuss about diet.

Okay, talk about my smoking habit; I started smoking Burmese cheroots in high school in Shwebo, but my uncle couple school teachers, not allowed. I became cigarette smoker at university, read modernism books, pause, think about Van Gogh, Gauguin, smoke a cigarette. My record of smoking went up without filter 2 packs a day in Shwebo Jail. I quit smoking 4 years in Hawaii, my acid amount delivered many times than regular from my pancreas. Nicotine stimulate acids, so I decided to quit, but my health was not progress even without smoking. I told many doctors, I will not follow all of you instructions, I will smoke again but I can not smoke much like before, maybe my metabolism changed in my body. Now I am smoking a carton for a month.

One day I read an article from AOL web-page: car-care, washing, cleaning is one of the best exercise. I am not alone.

9. I am still alive

After Kyi Kyi Aye gone, my dog Aungnet is the best family member, close-friend. I am living with art, not women.

The people from Burma did not notice that US is full of HATE country. Everyone in US easy to use that word, H A T E, even all the kids easy to use word HATE. I hate you telling to their own parents. Most people are not reading books, weak in study, can not write well, daily life communications only. Sometime, I am sure, your cars are clean, your house is clean, neat, your landscaping is nice living, your grasses are deep-green, but people hate you instead of admire, it happen depends on their educational-level. That's why I want higher-education to all in this country.

Some foreign policies by US government are hate-other-countries. I know their unfairness, I always criticized their foreign policy. The big problem is, everything they want to win, want to win Vietnam War, want to win Iraq War, so many times invaded other countries based on their democracy reasons, they do not show the hate which is behind-the-scene, hidden.

I did not want my neighbors, they do not interest arts. No art-back ground, no art-education. South side neighbor took retirement since 1973, not too old, retired from Air Force. I did not see him doing something; even they do not mow their grass, not clean up landscape, always out of town with trailer. North side neighbor is blue collar, always jail-time with DUI, many trips to jail. I do not need friendship with them. Back of my house is church. Almost I am the only one, so I can play loud-music, can talk with my animals, free, free, no complaints.

This my country house is decorated with artistic ornaments, antiques, many places to sit, chatting places, full of arts & crafts, I created since I purchased year 2000, 9 years ago. Old computer monitors on roof, like great surrealistic Salvador Dali's house. One day, cable service 3 guys replaced cables at this house, they said Character House. I am living at character house.

My physical exterior is good-shape, strangers hardly predict actual age, my mind is 17, think strong, decide bold, do right quick, no generation-gap, using high-technology, dressed up contemporary designer's clothing, riding big bike, driving different cars, what else..... this my life-style. Hate me, please.

My house is 24/7 super-clean, my lawn deep green, my garage, storage is organized, all my trees, vegetables, plants, animals are healthy, all cars are

ready to hit the road, all kinds of foods are on the table, all my paintings are full in house, art-materials supplies are big amount. Hate me, please.

No baby crying in my house, all category of international-music, international movie DVDs is big library. I used to listen music non-stop, all my life long, jazz, classical.

One day, monk ask Buddha one question, what kind of heat is the hottest? Buddha gave clear and sharp answer, hottest heat is jealousy.

Most jealousy persons have also lying & pretending character. So they have 3, not only one bad sin. I repeat again, most jealous to others persons are liars, dishonest, easily pretend to others. Those 3 are good or bad behavior, answer yourself, admit yourself how many times jealous to other in your life?

In west, jealous is daily-basic-used light word.

Example, one person got big bonus, take long vacation; another guy can say, I jealous you! That's all, not serious, very light. Jealousy, is not like that, poisonous, a snake with poison. Jealousy is invisible, abstract form, stay in their mind, later explored like dynamite, jealousy is like that. Think about what I said. Jealousy is thing which destroyed in everything at past, is destroying at the present, will destroy in future.

I must write about my dog and all animals at home, because they are my friends, my life, also my companions. I had adopted many dogs in Burma, I gave salary to vet to take care all my dogs' health, annual rabies shot is regular-basic. When I came to US, I left 7 dogs at Yangon house, Phyu Phyu Win's parent wrote about my dogs were waiting, waiting, waiting me at my gate. I was shaking while I was reading that letter. Love is so wonderful. How I suffer, I am still so sad.

When I was boy my horse, she love me, she think me her little baby, she so kind, so gentle touch, kissing me. I love my horse with all my heart, talk with her, she was waiting me after school bell ring, I run as much as I can to her. In winter, extremely cold nights, I slept with my pig near kitchen fireplace. My geese, I grab their long necks, play with them. I told them, don't go too far from house, back to home before dark, they listen my command, how can I forget them. I used to telling them, I will see you in next-life when they died.

Every day here, I am talking with my dog, chickens, ducks, birds, my plants, my vehicles, that's all. So simple, beautiful life. When I get out backyard, my dog Aungnet start telling me what she want, I feed her, then went to chicken-house, all chickens, ducks telling me, I feed them breakfast. I am feeding chickens at least 4 times a day. All my chickens talk with me, very intelligent too. They are giving eggs everyday; I do not

need to buy organic eggs from stores. All ducks same, in US duck eggs pricy at oriental grocery store.

I use to adopt baby size chickens, within 8 weeks they grown up right quick, middle school student size. All are healthy, eat fast, walk too fast, I am thinking I want to send them next Olympic, track & field competition, maybe they can get gold medal in short-race. All my chickens have proper names. My chickens love boil-rice. I told them, today lunch will be rice, they understand, their favorite. I use to cook 3, 4 kinds food at one time, then put in containers, stored in freezer.

One chicken love to listen songs, singing, dancing, modeling. After I noticed her, I put her in house. She not like Burmese songs, only western songs. When I play western songs, she run very close to speakers, seriously listen, then she sing & dance in front of speakers. Also she like watching TV, but not like Burmese movie. She know how to walk like model. Kyi Kyi Aye & me named her Top Model. She use to sleep under my bed; this Top Model chicken is so strange.

I love my male rooster, I name Chief, he is making Good-morning cock a doo a doo. I told him make more, he did . He is so decent, soft spoken, teaching to young chickens. During my painting time I take a break, I talk with birds, chickens, Aung net is always with me. I use bi- lingual, English & Burmese. All the

neighbors looking to me, what the hell this guy, talking with animals. Absolutely, I do not care.

While I start sweeping, birds show up around me, start singing, talk to me to-day's weather, how they enjoy their life at this house etc. I tell them why sing same thing, make different song. Next day they sing other song, unbelievable. I feed at least 200 different birds at my house since year 2000. Now they changed their mind, not going back to park, most sleep around my house eat here. Every where, I put water for them. When I went around house, all birds start talking me, I replied all. I understand all my animals communications, also they understand my words. Those are part of my daily life with painting. One of my motorcycle friend said how wonderful, you have animal-love, your heart is something.

In US, where ever I made trips, I stopped by at plant-nursery, plant-shops. I tell Kyi Kyi Aye how to give love, how to take care plants. Every spring season, we use to grow veggies, tomatoes, chili plants at least a dozen different, eggplants, water melons, squash included Burmese squash, green-onion, cilantros at home. We both got happiness with plants. I call all my trees, sons & daughters, because I talk with them.

West-Texas winter is colder than in central and south. When temperature fell to 19, 20, all veggies die. Okay, veggies gone, not a problem, we will grow next time. The problem is tropical house plants; they can not

survive at outside house. So I put them in house until end of winter. Many tropical foliage took a lot of space at living room. That is the only way I save them, every year.

When I visit Washington DC, I spent my time not only modern art, contemporary museum, but also botanical garden at Smithsonian Mall. Temperature control cost is spending millions of money a year at Botanical Garden. DC weather is cold at least 9 months in a year, I cannot afford like Smithsonian Botanical Garden, so put all plants in the house only. I found out, local plants such as from south of the border Mexico plants, Texas native plants, survive at outside house. All the tropical-plants are foreigners, they love hot, they hate cold weather. They cry in cold weather. Who brought to here, when, I do not know. Tropical plants do not want migrate to here, somebody forced to come to cold place in US. They are not happy, they are like me, I was born, grown up in Burma, with tropical weather, Phyu Phyu Win forced me to migrate to cold place US. I compare my migrated life with my tropical plants. I learnt lesson from my lovely plants.

A poor little cat, no one taking care her, homeless, she don't know where she can get her food, where she can get a nap. I asked myself; why don't you give her water, why don't you let her nap at front porch. I saw her napping on my rocking chair near my front door. I totally do not want to wake her up. Aungnet, patrolling all night long, sleepless, I saw her sleeping

at near my back-door. I absolutely do not want to wake her up.

My dog Aungnet is perfect, I have never ever got like this dog. She is female, chow, chow, full-blood, originally from Tibet, pure black coat, hairy the whole body to cover on nails, long hair on all legs like Budweiser beer horses. She is so intelligent I talk her bi-lingual, English & Burmese, she understand all I said. I got Pungent from Austin, last 5 years ago is kind of lucky. I had many dogs at my past. When I compare them with Aungnet, she always took first place. I had never ever seen like her excellent behaviors.

She do not sleep, patrolling all night long. She is so smart, stay at gate, looking 2 directions, back & front house at same time, she never miss any strange things. During eating time, she heard some strange voices or she got something suspicious smell, she stop eating, looking for, do the job is major, eat the food is minor. She do not like other any dogs, she want giving her love to me, no others, no substitute.

She do not like riding in trucks like red-neck's pit bulls. She love to ride luxury sedans, not economy cars. When she get in the car, first she check the seat must be leather, press her leg to seat how soft. Also she use to sit soft, comfortable couch in house, want to nap on my blanket. Whenever she eat her foods, so smooth, never rush, slowly eat. She knew her eating time, sometime I was busy, she remind me, talk to me

she is hungry. She never eat leftover, always she want fresh. She love candy but she do not eat cheap candy or menthol flavors. After she got candy, never eat inside house, went to backyard lawn, she do not want mess up in house.

I use to buy fresh beef neck bones from local meat markets for her. She chew, then save in her house. All her stuffs, her bones, balls, in her house. She know I do not want any mess up on lawn, so she always put back her stuff in her house. She love play with different balls, I play soccer with her. If she want to stop playing, she grab the ball, put in her house, it means finish for today. Whatever I do at back yard, she is stand by near me. When I mow the lawn, she is side by side of mower, she follow the mower until finishing time. Most of the time she show me, she put her stuffs, straight line, triangle shape, square shape. I look at her designs, admire her. I do not understand why she is doing like those shapes.

I use to leave her 4, 5 days; she knew my schedule when I be back from Austin. Before I leave, I always told her, watch our house, behave yourself. After I back, she talk a lot what's happened here. I always thank to Aungnet's mother who gave me such a wonderful daughter to me. I cannot call her only my dog, I appreciate her more than human. She is my companion, she can read my mind. Last 2, 3 weeks ago, I got angry after she killed a chicken, she was quiet, stay in her house 4, 5 days. She like fashion

decorations, wearing earrings, necklace, different clothing.

I can tell Aungnet is not dog.

Homeless cats, over populated around my house is a kind of problem. Aungnet do not like them, when she saw cats, almost out of control. Today I found 4 kitties, 3 red & 1 totally black, near my air-con unit at north side of house. I saved them, given water, later I will give back to their mother. All animals want to live in house, today is at least 100 degree of Texas heat but this house is comfortable, cool, trees around the house controlling the heat wave without using air con. I went out to chicken-house, changed clean fresh drinking water. They love to talk to me, 7 young chicks are growing fast, within 2 months reached adult size, so intelligent. They knew I am taking care of them, they asking food, like to follow behind me. Last 4 weeks ago, one chicken, her name is Ni Ni , she could not walk, something damage at her one leg. I checked her, rubbed by muscle pain reliever Tiger Balm. After 2, 3 days treatment, she can walk very well.

BREAKING NEWS: Aungnet bite to death a cat. She broke the sin Do Not Kill. She do not care her next-life of Buddhist philosophy.

Buddhism is Practicalism, or the art of living & dieing or controlling the mind & matters, that's the way I understand. I study like that. Poet Tin Moe heard

about my Buddhism study from someone before he passed away, he called me; he thought my Buddhism study is like other regular people, I explained him, no way like others. Some of my friends think about I am going to Buddha-scholar, studying Buddha traditionally way like other people, they thought they will see me conservative style, dressed up like old-man, talk like Buddhist-monk. Totally wrong, I dress up, talk normal I read, ask questions to monks, practice, make comparisons with art-subjects. I use examples not from Buddha teachings. Buddhism is not religion, it is telling the art of dying, the art of living, practically doing, not dreaming.

Talk about harmony, talk about contrast. In paintings, I am friendly familiar using those 2 systems. Look, my life is full of contrast. Other people's life born with silver spoon is harmony, keep doing generation's business people's life is harmony. I am not like them. I am going with contrast, always facing risky is contrast. Hard working is contrast; take an easy way is harmony.

I love contrast. If you like to get more excitement, automatically stay on contrast. If you want to show bold, sharpness, contrast is nearby, around the corner. My daily basic life is still contrast too. Making painting, such a certain time, make pause, do landscaping, then paint again, later stop painting, clean up interior of the whole house, housekeeping is blue-collar job. Mostly stay with contrast, I am one-

man operation in everything without another person's help.

I am self-starter without obeying other person's orders, commands, instructions. The way I did, the way I am doing. Absolutely quite right result is, I trust myself more & more, getting the taste of independence. I hate dependent on others, all my life. I do not want to live, do not want to discuss with depending persons. I told to Kyi Kyi Aye, don't do anything for me, I can do myself. One day, unfortunately if I disable person, I will try my best, myself, I will grab a spoon, try to eat myself, don't feed me. I do not trust too much teamwork. Making painting is one-man operation, not teamwork. Movie making is team-work. I will not have patient if I do teamwork. I hate to wait other persons.

A friend of mine artist U Win Pe & me were chatting, art topic-discussions He want to introduce a guy who seriously interest Burmese artists' paintings, Burmese art-history. The man, he is Chris Dodge who is studying himself Burmese paintings movement long ago. He went to library of congress, looking for to read articles about Burmese arts.

I meet some art scholars, researchers, specialized in African arts and others. I did not see, a person who specialize study in Burmese arts. After Chris Dodge look at my past what I did with long art-exhibition

list, he decided to make a trip to my house in West Texas.

I told him, See you at Midland Airport, I am long hair guy near the luggage roller. Chris Dodge said that Midland was familiar place, last 25 years ago he visited, this trip is like an anniversary. I went to Midland Airport, only 37 miles away from my house, easy drive, straight line west bound I 20, not big deal. Midland Airport is small potato, not like Chicago O'Hare, the signboard of airport is bigger than airport building.

He saw me from air port upstairs, check out. We walked to parking lot, before I ignited the engine, I showed my category outlines what we will do, my check-list to Chris Dodge. We drove back, all the way to home both non-stop talk, talk after talk. Chris Dodge is energetic, I like his intelligence, also I like his curious questions. Within a short time Chris Dodge & me friendship is like an old friend.

I already wrote a lot about my art, life from my memory, I guarantee, all are true stories, honestly I write. The reason is I want clean artist life, I do not hide anything, all open. If you like or not, agree or disagree is not my business. I did my job, done, that's it. I want to refer U Win Pe's example, he told me that all the people are like different color tubes for using in paintings. One guy is green, another guy is red, all colors of people will be different.

I like Buddha-teachings, Buddha way; Buddha given the way how to get out from trouble-life. Such freedom Buddha give. He never say, you must believe, you must follow what I say. He say, think yourself, afterward make up your mind. I am same, if you do not believe or trust what I write, is never mind, not my business.

I respect to all, I learnt the value of respect from my country traditions and from U Win Pe. Seriously, I must say Thank You to my parents, my teachers from primary to high school, all professors, rectors, deans, tutors, demonstrators from Mandalay University, my art-collectors, patrons from all countries, all staff from Mawlamyaing College, my students' parents from Burma, their sons & daughters, good friends from different states in Burma, my close art friends from Burma, my old art masters, friends in US, Christopher Dodge, his daughter Laura, bright, lovely.

I met all are good people, good-heart persons. You may notice that all are nice, decent, educated, appreciate art; I am very proud of all.

When I arrived in Yangon I have nothing, I was struggling, I had many dreams, within 6 years all my dreams came true. I got famous name, big amount money within 6 years, sometime I do not believe myself. It was true. No one can know how I tried hard.

After moved out from Burma to United States, I became zero again, struggled same like in Yangon.

I am the same person. I never stop trying, I am do-something guy. My understanding of the best way of paying back my thank you to all is make real art-work.

Thank you all, I am still alive.

PT

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