Tomorrow's Living Room
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At ten, I wanted to be a kung fu master like Bruce Lee, bare-chested, sideways, intent on hitting my way out of disaster.

In the unmade and unimagined fluster of being young, I hadn’t yet spent much time on how to be a kung fu master, except to watch Lee get meaner, get faster. He seemed genuinely pissed off, like he meant to kill every actor, cause real disaster.

They attacked one by one (why?), and the last, or next-to-last had knives and guns that went nowhere. “You want some?” (Me, as kung fu master.)

That childhood is now both remote and vaster, and Lee is a death and a continent away. He’d already had his disaster

by the time I was watching every gesture—his kicks, a flip, a scream. It’s evident why I wanted to be a kung fu master, as though desire alone could prevent disaster.