

On a warm night in 1942, I lost my Self walking with my father and a few of my friends down Broadway in [EXIT] Times Square. I forget [EXIT] what my father had taken us to see that afternoon. Perhaps it was the time at the Winter Garden when Olsen and Johnson's *Sons of Fun*'s head usher, Frank Abuse, climbed up a ladder to our box and placed a fire engine red wig on my father's bald head to protect rubber spiders down on the audience in the dark. It was at this time that I became very interested in the Frankenstein monster. I was imprisoned in a rather bulky, crude [EXIT] and difficult Competition Freak brother-in-[EXIT] law, Phlegm Schwartz, who was very frightening. My mother was craftily in her endless quest for a delusional security, for a total control of my father, and revenge on her prettier brother.

They didn't kill me but they destroyed my father. Phlegm told me that he had been frightened to death by Frankenstein when he was little in the dark in the middle [EXIT] of the street, Show the refined, just subtly latent homosexual paranoid, X f child mental death and trembling put it one dark I ourse. And there we were: And there I was: The T square whore: Times Square: Where The Truth rose anic screaming out from death house neon electrocted We passed a theater covered from side walk to the sky Frankenstein movies was showing: I, in all truth, do Of, Living Room Of, Toilet of, Dining Room Of, or awe trance at the solitary thing that scared my hunter's carved Disney trophy box to slam E ight dark terror queen of peace, joy and intelligence X something resembling my sisters, the chief plague X tal joy of life and light death: The next thing I knew T of the posters of the electricity castle monster: Then I

plain, dirty, dark theater: It seemed chandelier land of glassed zombies hanging in sleep stars in a brain dead train rush red velvet seat dust. The movie star ay movie: The gray movie which ever and uneventful to me compared to on massacre of me by my brother's twin of my life: his stooge, my brother's twin ect witch sisters, the fruit bats of the biting clawing scheme ming hunting, the e folkways resource mother of terror:

realized that I had entered the surprisingly upside down to me. I must have been in a gung from invisible gallows feet dangling ce soaked in a strange smell of fold up pl
 * wasn't full of red blood: It was just a gr
 * Frankenstein one it was, seemed plain
 * the daily dinner table ritual humiliati
 law the chief henchman of the terror
 * Isted Igor of the terror of my life; my tricky, cooing, snapping, sw
 terror of my life: my mother, the devious alpha queen of the nigh
 wolf terror of my life; and her mean sacastic, brutal child tortur

*Dark fortress in a cadaver, excavating for a mine
 Lived a half-dead, flat head monster all tied up in a bind.
 A large child in a nazi helmet brain, its boots slipped low
 In malevolence, and despair, and no room to grow
 Walking like a two year old fear in a haunted house
 Infested by cruel furies and by assorted lunatic louse
 Never quite wholesome as unscrewed wooden hand,
 Or as sparkling as the devoted killer-peasant fire brand,
 Had my brother's neck bolts, my brother-in-law's brow,
 My grandmother's suspicion of decency, my father's silent glares,
 My syrupy sister's wince, bitter sister's growl,
 My grandmother's cruel mouth and my mother's brain
 Made sick things seem normal yet inventively insane.
 Bitch stitched to howl like a twist knifed owl,
 He was no good at all at running up stairs
 But he had nothing at all wrong with his chin
 Sitting under the wire-wired serpent grin,
 Pleasant to have to shriek a squawk
 When you must undertake a
 * Cannot quite make a
 * Falling tree walk.
 * * * * **

Do you wish you could be
 ■ So completely cut up as he? ■
 Wish you could die

As blistered and sore as a burnt out sawed up heart in a dead hate tree?
 On a hard iron bar-bed flying, scream high into the darkening lightning sky?
 Heaven a cold, black square just big enough for a child's bed to fit through
 The raw dream of embryo spring? or would you rather become a human being?
 I walked out of the movie into the night amused by its foolish darks, sad
 fake spiritual lights, presumptuous grays, disappointed by its lack of
 authentic terror. A phony flathead in white lead paste, makeup and
 neck bolts is zero to a brave, resourceful child who night after night must
 defend himself from the attacks of seven sharp, giant malicious rats. I
 looked for my father my friends who I believed would be waiting for me.

I saw everyone else in the world all dressed up that night out on the great white way rushing before me in all its fabled electric zap crap. Not them: The only place I was intimate with on Broadway was Lindy's restaurant. I walked up Broadway to Lindy's and stared into the window at Lindy's famous cheesecake on a plate. I knew very little of prayer: I knew that when Jews were not in temple they prayed before a wailing wall and cried: I decided to pray for my deliverance. Facing Lindy's cheese cake in my little brown suit, little brown fedora, and little camel hair overcoat, I rocked back and forth in silent prayer: An angel, in the plain cloth coat and wire eye glasses of the Jewish women of that era who read books, came up to me and gently smiled: She asked me if I was lost: I said, "No." She asked again: I was about to say no again when tears flew out of my eyes: I felt betrayed by my tears: In my family demonstrating pain or ignorance by any one but my mother received ridicule: That I was nine years old and didn't know how to find my father meant to me that I was guilty of the Jewish sin: I was stupid: That my father was ignoring me and not paying attention to me and allowed me to get lost occurred to only the deepest layers of my mind where my Self, my heart, my life lay hidden like a little refugee, a bag of diamonds around his neck in a poor overcoat in a den of giant, flashy, fashion plate searchlight blazing sharp nazi spy bankrupts: As I trembled in unstoppable tears, the kind woman took me to a policeman on the big traffic island in the middle of Times Square: The policeman took me for a silent ride on a double decker bus top: In stern silence he did not tell me that I would be alright: He just stared straight ahead silently: I thought he was taking me to jail, arresting me for having been stupid enough to get lost: We arrived at the police station: I was surprised to see my father and friends waiting for me: My father the semi-mysterious twinkle in his eye: He was very happy to see I had been intelligent enough to find a police man to ask for help: I was a hero. I never told any one in my family that I wasn't afraid of the Frankenstein monster or its creator, who compared to my family were very pleasant child loving sort of humans: I never told any one in my family about praying facing Lindy's cheesecake, or my tears before the angelic woman who had saved me.

They would have laughed at me and called me a liar: They would call me a liar whenever I spoke the truth about anything I saw or anyone who was kind to me: They didn't believe in me or kindness: It made me strong and clever and forced me into the craft of having to become my own father and mother and sister and brother, the stooge of no one, and give of warmth and approval to my Self, and totally unsuited to ever becoming that a come of all mental mediocrity, the team player: Although it made me very strong g, it led me into the dark cruel revenge counter attacks of telling them in elaborate detail, dinner after dinner, of the most marvelous things that happened inside my being and before me in the art theater of daily life: then seeing them forced by their own cruelty to refuse the existence of the wings of intelligence, creativity, inspiration, in beauty, and good fortune in their fierce up holding of chained-foot, total slavery to deadbeat mental poverty: s dark and monstrous forced labors: It was as if I were left hanging in heavy clogs to swing by my neck alone and in terror in a dark stor m B avarian cave: Like Socrates I reasoned life to be a bad movie ie but there must be a way out. I knew youth must be served. But with an apple in its mouth? A knife in its heart? On the back of a hacked ice swan?

I did not understand then and I didn't want to realize my father, the man who knew where every last é was in many businesses, who was my last hope for kindness in my family, had lost me and had joined the enemy, and although it really had to my profound dishonor

In dream failure hurt me enough for a lifetime To have fallen to sleep and lost my Self hurt me more than enough
 To be caught stupid in a sleep star noose was bad enough
 Yet that his father had lost him was even for the child who was never at a loss rough enough to grind him star tough