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The only malicious words I ever said to my father or mother was at our dinner table when I was 7. I said what my father always said when my mother said something stupid: "Are you going to be dumb for the rest of your life?" There was a long silence. Then my father leaped up and tried to whip me with his belt. This was so unlike my father that as I ran I burst out laughing: "But that's what *you* always say to her." I was faster than my father. He said: "You're not me." It was soon over. And I never said anything in any way malicious to either of them again. This was not difficult as they rarely ever spoke to me after this. One morning in 1968 at five AM my phone woke me up. It was my mother. I hadn't spoken with her for 2 years. At least. She demanded to know: "Who's there with you?" I said: "It's none of your business, you dumb bitch! Get' out of my way!"<sup>1</sup> She made a sound like a gulping Slavic shark: "Well let me tell you something! When I was pregnant with you everybody said, Lena, you got a beautiful son and two beautiful daughters. There's a Depression. Get an abortion. I said: No. I don't want to have this baby either but I'm going to have this baby and give it more love than any baby that ever lived." I said: "Gee. Thanks Mom. Thanks a lot!" She made a sound like a snarling Slavic gorilla and hung up. She never talked to me again. When my father pushed her down the stairs in the Louvre in front of The Winged Victory I wired a dozen roses to her hospital in Paris. The whole mob thought I had softened and it was open season again but I got rid of them fast. She never stopped torturing her three stooges, my father and my brother and my brother-in-law, by trying to get them to get me to talk to her by rubbing their faces in how much she loved me. She loved me the way the Kriegsmarine loved the Ark Royal. She never talked to me again. I assure you this was the end of my fear to the depths of my Self that hurting my mother and not my Self would destroy all inner or outer world's sane to insane:— And this is when it came to pass in the election of President Fiveoclock shadowbrain that not her three stooges, nor my mother, nor the few other darkling rat idiots who subsequent ly tried, could ever and never ever did hurt, frighten, nor torture my Self. Never again.

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<sup>1</sup> Yes. I learned this directive from the great Ayn Rand's ATLAS SHRUGGED.

<sup>2</sup> Yes. I am much more than happy that Ayn Rand was not my mother.