



In 1937: I was four years old: An old waiter in Lindys had just smiled at me in a very friendly way: Then: The old waiter had placed a large handful of silverplate into a big white linen napkin: Folded it: Placed the napkin full of silverplate on my lap: His face turned to horror: He pointed at the bundle in my lap: He shrieked: "Stop! Thief!" I shrugged: "So what?:" Pointing at my father: I [redacted] said: "My fadder's a lawyuh:" My father laughed very hard: Once: Then: He gasped out: "Klieger Katzen!" This was my introduction to Jewish Esoteric Mind Training: My first experience in Real Time Jewish Mind Training occurred when I was three: My mother let me drop a few pennies in the slot on top of the tin blue box in our kitchen counter that had a white map of Is Real: As Israel was pronounced in Maplewood: Essex County: New Jersey: And probably still is: My mother said if I dropped pennies in the little blue box: It would plant trees with my name on them in a desert: Each time I dropped a penny in the slot in the top of the little tin blue box: My mother kissed my ear: Whispering: "You have a golden brain: Duviddle: God bless you:" Now: In 1991: Canter's Restaurant on Fairfax Avenue in West Hollywood: Los Angeles: California: A pale version of those New York paragons of real time Jewish food: Lindys: Rappaports: Rattners: Hammners: Moscovitz and Lupowitz: Juniors: Wolfies: Tip Toe Inn: Yet Canter's on Fairfax Avenue in West Hollywood is a fair approximation of a Jewish restaurant: Sans demonic ancient waiters: The others in California are all low fat fake genteel hummus sabraic: They make non onion non grated potato pancakes sliced out in Cuisinarts: No fat pastrami: Chicken apple salami: Portioned out in farts: But one mystery set Canter's above all real time Jewish restaurants in the entire universe: And: That mystery was the dynamic transparent plastic autumn leafed rectangular ceiling panels: Blazing one after the other: Random turned: But each otherwise exactly the same: The exact same Republicolor photo of looking up through real fall leaves at a Kodak blue sky: Lit from behind by a great bank of buzzy fluorescents seemingly humming: Even all this won't get you to stop talking and look at the food: I have spent many an hour struggling to imagine where these blazing transparencies of thousands of leaves of plastic: All exactly the same: All over the ceiling came from: My real time guess is they are glimpses of a remembrance of the Jacob Adler: Brilliant: Willie Howard: Sharp: Crystal: Fall light in New York. My occult guess is that someone had a job: Unconscious: Desire to duplicate in early 1950's Southern California: Plastic: Gaseous: Pre-panic: Dialect: Serious: Neo-maniac: Peculiar: Not weird: But Ya Ha: Eye slip: Encraptic style: A neo Klimt: [redacted] Ego: Uber Ego: Early Viennese Cinemas: [redacted] thinking version of that paragon of the geometric repetitive Autumnal Semitic Mind: The stalagmite leaf honeycombed ceiling of the Ambassadors Room in the Alhambra in sunny Spain: Where for a few years: All Semites had it pretty good: Until they were thrown out: In 1492: So what?: So the one half-Jew Columbus sailed the ocean blue: So?: So Mozeltov Columbus: So?: One fine day in 1991: I had left Canter's and was walking toward my car grateful for having had at least a gesture of a taste of time removed delicious food: Like the starving beggar of Chelm getting at least a gesture of a glimpse toward the taste of the legendary chicken waved over the mythic boiling water to make the invisible chicken soup: Suddenly: On the side walk before me was an old white haired Jewish woman in a 1930's Odessa cotton dress. She was being totally ignored by all who rushed by her: She sat in the middle of the sidewalk holding a blue box with a white map of Israel on it: It was the first time I had seen a blue box with a white map of Israel on it since I was very little: I began to cry the real time Jewish Dreamer Sand In Eye Deep Nightingale Invisible Harp Mist Mind Eye Song Of The Occult Awake And Singer Odets Where Is Thy Stinger?: I have located my sting?: Precisely?: Duvididdle?: In the exact center of mine coggle?: Out in the farthest welterhine leather strap border of mine Talmud?: Yiddle mine fiddle?: Kiddle?: Vell: Maybe after all: In the death black leather square mega riddle in the middle?: The rush of people was almost knocking over the old woman as she sat in the middle of the busy sidewalk on: The universal wedding: Funeral: Briss: Big hit: Yom Kippur: Extra: Front Row: Or: Pinochle: Plain: Tan: Steel: Folding Card Table: Folding Chair: I dropped a quarter to plant Jews in Israel: In her blue and white map of Israel tin box: The white haired old Jewish woman in a 1930's Odessa cotton dress looked up at me with tears in her eyes: As if I were the last person on earth who knew what a blue box was: She said: "God bless you:" I said: "God bless you:" The sound of a broken violin string opening a little blue bank of light messengers working King Solomon's mine buzzed silent gold picks and probes in the quick silver key in my chest: The new improved brand: Sun: The sun of: You may stay as long as you would like to: In a million times better than Spain sun: Finessed: Blazed down on the last God Bless You: Real time: Old Jewish Lady: In the golden west: