

MAMA

**Harry Jackson tells of the Genovese Family embracing him
into its NYC HQ and how proudly they pose while he creates
*The Italian Bar***

MAMA

www.harryjacksonbio.writings.infinitecalendar 65,000,000 MBP (Million Before Present) geological Eocene Epoch creates the first mammals who's sucklings utter Mama while seeking Mama's milky nipple. This 65 MBP utterance Mama is the taproot of Mafia¹ Family² Murdering Lucy and Mama icons.

For Carolyn and Karl Agro by Harry Jackson 12 September 2003 (7BP)

November 2009 (1BP) version for Harry Jackson Autobiography

Dear Carolyn, Your vibrant interest in my *Italian Bar* painting created Spring 1956 (54BP) at 385 Broome Street cornering on Mulberry Street in the Lower East Side's Little Italy Ghetto, is as preordained as Karl, you and *I* being born into **the Global Mafia¹ Family² Empire.**



We three earthlings along with each and every other TIMELESS SOUL PREORDAIN ALL within eternally perfect VirginblackholeMamaCreation constantly birthing bigbang Cosmos containing zillions of Radiant Galaxies with zillions of SolarSuns including VirginMamaEarth's SunStar.

Ethiopia's Blue Water Lily symbolizes Ethiopian/Egyptian Primal Sun God Atom-Re thruout the Nile River's Global *Mafia* Empire.



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¹ **Mafia:** Sicilian *Mafioso/Mafiusu* from Arabic *Mahjas*: fearless enterprising proud. This Semitic noun originates when 65 MBP Mama's aroma stimulates her suckling's smelling sense causing its MotorNeckMuscle to suck Mama's milky mammae/bosoms. This utterance becomes a Semitic noun of 6 KBP (3,000 BC) Phoenicians invading Sicily. It's reinforced by preChristian Syracuse Sicilian Kings: Agathocles 2.37 KBP (361BC) Hiero 2.316 KBP (307BC) Niccolo Machiavelli *The Prince* Agathocles page 43-49, Hiero page 31. 859-759BP (1150-1250AD) Norman Holy Roman Emperors Frederick *Barbarossa* and Frederick II hosting superb Arab scholars in their Palermo Sicily Palaces. So psychotic Harry *knows* that after murdering 3.2 MBP Mama Lucy, the NonStop Imperial Mafia War For Global Domination begins.

² **Family:** 1. Primal mammal/hominid/human mating. 2. Blood kinfolk. 3. Royal and Noble Family lineage. 4. Global Mafia/Cosa Nostra Syndicate. 5. All sharing a family home. 6. Groups of similar things. 7. the human family. 8. Geometric taxonomy ranking below *order* and above *genus*. 9. *Linguistics:* Language derived from the parent family. [Middle English *familie*; Latin *familia*, family, household servants *famulus* servant.]

My Current Globe Dominating *Mafia* Empire Is Triggered By **Me**
 The Single Solitary 3.2MBP Hairy Black Psychotically Wombenvicious



Hominid After **IKillMe**
 Lucy Mitochondrial DNA
 Mama Of **Me** The Global
 Human Family In Ethi-
 opia And **OrdainMeBlue**
Black Sacred Mafia Sun
God Father Pharaoh Em
peror And LeadMe The



Ruthless Power Mad Black *Mafia* Warriors Down
 Ethiopia's Blue Nile. **My** Blue Black Imperial

Mob War Subjugating The Entire Globe Begins With **Me** The Luciano Lansky Costello Capone Moran Dillinger Siegel Binion Genovese Zeccardi Ethiopian Egyptian Empire Enslaving Everyone From **Black Ethiopia Nubia Kush Thru North West India** To Sicily New York Boston Chicago Dallas Los Angeles Las Vegas Cuba Panama Colombia Mexico Turkey Ceylon And Malaysia Morphing To **Me** The Hebrew Empire Of **Me** Kings David And Solomon Morphing Into **Me** Sumerian Babylonian Aryan Persian [Iranian] Empire which becomes **Me** The Greek Empire Under



Me Alexander The Great Who Subjugates **Me** And Names **My** New Imperial Capital Alexandria After **Me** And When **Idie** At Thirty Three **My** Empire Is **Bossed** By **Me** Dictator Julius Caesar And Augustus Caesar Emperor Of **Me** The Roman

Empire Which Adds **All Europe The British Isles And Small Parts Of Russia** To **Me** The Psychotic Non Stop Multi Million Year Global Imperial *Mafia* War.

After **I** The Roman *Mafioso* Empire *Sotto Capo* Pontius Pilate And **I** The Hebrew *Mob Syndicate* High Priests Crucify **Me** Jesus Christ The One And Only God.



Then **I** Constantine The Great Make **Me** The Roman Empire Christian Under **Me** The Roman Catholic Church Making **Me** Constantine The Greedy Global *Capo Mafioso* Who Hides Behind **Me** Jesus Christ The One And Only God As **Me** The First Defacto Holy Roman Emperor. Circa One Thousand Years Later **I** Holy Roman Emperor Charles V And **Me** **My** Holy Roman *Mafia Boss* Antecedents Conquer Christianize **Newly Discovered Americas The Mariana And Philippine Isla-**

ndsInThePacificAndGoaIndiaToTheFirstTrulyUniversalHolyMafiusuRomanCatholic Empire. Then *ICapoDiCapi* English King Henry VIII Begins *Me* The Protestant *Mafia* Anglican Church In Opposition To *Me* The Roman Catholic *Mafia* Church. Then *IASMy* Daughter *MafiaGunMoll* Queen Elizabeth Begins *Me* Global Protestant British *Mafia* Empire Replacing *Me* The Global Roman Catholic *Mafia* Empire.

TwoCenturiesLater *IKing* George III Makes *Me* The British *Mafia* Empire Global Dominator With One Exception — *Me* Thirteen American Colonies Begin *My* Independence In 1775 (235BP) Under Command Of *MeBossOfBosses* General George Washington And Win *My* Absolute Sovereignty From *Me* The British Imperial *Hoodlums* In 1784 (226BP) And Become *Me* The United States Of America Global *ImperoMafiusu*.

I The British American Allies Win WWII Under *Me* Global *Mafia* President Franklin Delano Roosevelt. In 1947 (63BP) *IGandhiDriveMe* The British Empire Out Of *India*, This Dissolves *My* British Empire And *I* America Become The Most Deadly NonSectarian Citizens Global *Mafia* Empire.

My 600AD (c. 1410BP) Muslim Religion Founded By *Me* Arab Prophet Muhammad In *MeAllah* TheOneAndOnlyGod — The Same OneAndOnlyGod Worshipped by *Me* Father Abraham And *MeMy* Hebrew Christian Muslim Children. *I* Abraham Lead *Me* Allah's Muslim Armies Conquering *Me* North And East Africa Jerusalem Syria Iraq Iran Afghanistan Mogol India Sicily Spain Poland Southern Russia And North West China. Today *My* Warrior Islam Still Dominates Somalia Sudan Parts Of Coptic Christian Ethiopia Palestine Jordan Syria Lebanon [Phoenicia] Saudi Arabia Iraq Turkey Iran Afghanistan Pakistan Southern Russia Mongolia Indonesia Parts Of The Philippines. Currently *I* The United States Global NonSectarian *Mafioso* Empire Militarizes Embezzle Cratizes *Me* Thru *My* 3.2MBP War Started By *Me* Psychotically Murdering *Me Lucy Mama OfMe* The Entire Human Family.

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I create 7x9 foot *Italian Bar* May 1956 (54BP) centerpiece of July 9 1956 (54BP) *LIFE* ninepage photoessay *PAINTER STRIVING TO FIND HIMSELF: HARRY JACKSON TURNS TO THE HARD WAY* written by *Me LIFE* art editor Dotty Seiberling about *My* shocking departure from world changing abstract expressionism of *My* mentor Jackson Pollock.

Tho Pollock and *I* don't know each other and come from opposite back grounds we're preordained split/egg twins so Pollock's Cosmic artistic spirit fills *My* deepest unconsciousness during our 20 November 1943 (67BP)



Marine assault on Betio Island Tarawa Atoll. In December 1944 (66BP) *I* realize this while still a Marine in Los Angeles when *I* see Pollock's *Moon Woman Cuts the Circle* painting

reproduced in Wolfgang Paalen's *DYN* magazine and instantly know we must meet. We finally meet 11 October 1948 (62BP) at his Long Island NY farmhouse and spend fourteen days together.

Jack and **I** are close till December 1953 (57BP) when he strongly objects to **My** going to Europe in March 1954 (56BP) to study 16th century Venetian Renaissance Master Painter



Titian *Tiziano*. Seven years earlier Dorothy Seiberling writes three-page photoessay *JACKSON POLLOCK: IS HE THE GREATEST PAINTER IN THE UNITE STATES?* in 8 August 1949 (61BP) *LIFE*. Her essay makes Pollock a national celebrity similar to the realistic cowboy painters Frederic Remington and Charles Russell **My** lifelong heroes. **My** large realistic *Italian Bar* canvas — direct child of **My** *Tiziano* studies — portrays **Me** Don Vito Genovese's *Mafia Family* — consisting of **My** dear *Cosa Nostra* friends drinking in Crescenzo 'Chris' Tenneriello's *Mare Chiaro Bar* on Manhattan's Mulberry Street in Little Italy. They embrace **Me** cause **I'm** born into their Outlaw Family *Familia Mafiosa*.

My everloving Mama Ellen Grace Jackson's landless immigrant Yorkshire Hoodlum father Harry Jackson and Austrian Jewish mother Minnie (Siegel) Jackson (close blood kin of Ben 'Bugsy' Siegel) bootstrap themselves into a moneymaking Brothel in 1880 (130BP) Chicago Illinois dominated by the Irish Catholic Mob since 1852 (158BP).

My Old Man Harry's Old Man **Me** Louis (Lev Sheinen) Shapiro, ruthless intimidating bullneck of twentyfive deserts **Me** his Jewish wife Sarah with three infants in Grodno Russia. In 1884 (126BP) **I** arrive penniless in Boston nine years after the Civil War. There **I** bigamously marry **Me** the fetching teenage West Cork Irish Catholic Mary Clare McByrne. These deadbroke kids with tags on their necks, land separately in East Boston's Ghetto where they learn gutter English, start their own *Familia Mafiosa* and by 1890 (120BP) amass a twomilliondollar real estate fortune. **My** Old Man born 1885 (125BP) is sexually abused by his parents just as Shapiro, **My** Chicago Trollop Mama Ellen Grace Jackson and **My** Grama Minnie (Siegel) Jackson abuse **Me** soon after **My** 1924 (86BP) birth.

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The East Coast Ports of Entry overflow with desperate hungry immigrant Irish Jewish Italian and every other ethnicity escaping the allpowerful tyrant lawmaking upperclass *Mafia* families that brutalize and massacre them in the Old Country — bring their hatred to the New Country where they rob blackmail and kill America's allpowerful lawmaking uppercrust *Mafia* families who **are** TheFederalGovernment, all downtrodden immigrants see as the current rung of the 3.2 MBP MadDogWorldConqueringEmpire **I** Trigger After Psychotically Murdering **Mama Lucy**. The new immigrants become allpowerful mayors governors senators ambassadors heads of Global Corporations and at least *one* President of the United States. From the SelfAnointed Emperors Popes and other *God Father Boss of Bosses* they learn the sublime blessing bestowed thru collecting priceless fineart and a few build their own museums. The Pilgrim streets **are** paved with gold.

The Holy Roman Empire *Famiglie Mafiose* Columbus, Cortéz, Pizarro and Magellan present the Globe to the Holy Roman Catholic Emperor *Mafioso* Charles V after they terrorize butcher rape enslave and **Christianize** the hospitable Native Americans.

The battleship *Maine* explodes in Havana Harbor igniting Teddy Roosevelt's 1898 (112BP) Spanish American War — the same year **My** crosswired thirteen year old pimp Old Man also explodes — killing his first man for his gangster folks — continues drinking, brawling, pimping — is in and out of jail, makes and squanders alotta dough. After eighteen months of backalley schooling he drifts to Chicago where underworld skills pay more. In 1917 (93BP) Shapiro's thirtytwo when America enters World War One and he joins the 124th Illinois Horse Artillery Regiment. In France and Germany Sgt Shapiro bootlegs, pimps gals and murders for anyone who pays enough. Seven years later **I** explode at fourteen and leave **My** Chicago Outlaw Family to cowboy in Wyoming.

After discharge **My** Old Man returns to pimping gambling killing and boozing with his war buddies from the 124th Horse Artillery NCO Club on the east side of Chicago's Washington Park. **My** Mama Ellen Jackson and her first cousin Doris (Siegel) Turk, in their twenties are irresistible whores in their family's exclusive Brothel run by **My** steel-cold maternal Grama Minnie (Siegel) Jackson on the west side of Washington Park. After Prohibition begins in 1920 (90BP) Capone's bootleg booze makes Minnie far richer and more attractive to her client gangsters, politicians, policemen, gamblers, 124th Horse Artillery, Great Lakes Naval Base and US 3rd Army Command Center men.

Thirtyeightyearold contract killer Harry Aaron Shapiro weds thirtyyearold Ellen Grace Jackson in 1923 (87BP) and **I** Harry Aaron Shapiro Junior — their only child — am born 18 April 1924 (86BP) in Lying-In Hospital also on the westside of Washington Park in order to protect herself and Embryo Harry from Minnie and Shapiro who aim to kill Ellen and her unwanted fetus.

Refusing 'Mrs. Shapiro' Mama remains 'Mrs. Jackson' and calls **Me** Harry Andrew Jackson after her trigamous whoremasterDaddy who weds a second gal in Buffalo NY while **My** Mama's a teenybopper, and then weds his third one in Colorado. **My** Harlot Mama Ellen forces **Me** into sexslavery from infancy. Mama Ellen registers **Me** as Harry Andrew Jackson in the Cook County Archives so **I** won't ever be Harry Aaron Shapiro Junior again.

Shapiro makes alotta dough from his gals and freelance killing for both the Capone, Dion O'Banion and 'Bugs' Moran *Famiglie Mafiose* during the 1920's (circa 90BP) TommyGunWars in Mayor 'Big Bill' Thompson's *Sodom and Gomorrah*. These gangs slaughter each other till 'Scar Face' Al Capone dominates gambling drinking and prostitution prohibited by our Holier Than Thou Washington Federal *Mafioso* Lawmakers enforced by J. Edgar Hoover the infamous blackmailing *Capo di Capi* of his brand new *Famiglia Mafiosa* Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI).

In 1928 (82BP) Minnie, knowing her rich well informed customers will be bankrupt and suicidal after Wall Street crashes in a few months, closes her South Side CatHouse. Then

she and **My** Strumpet Mama Ellen open a big lunchroom for the wild moneyloaded cowboys who yearly bring fourteen million cattle to the Chicago Stockyards on South Halsted Street where Minnie's and Mama's trollops cook, wait table, sell sex, liquor and racehorsebetting to the freespending cowpokes who's money pays for Capone and Police protection.

Constantly drawing pictures plus exercising the 124th Horse Artillery lightning fast polonies and the Chicago Stockyards cowponies with Mama's limitless tho impenetrably veiled blessing — these three — drawing, hairtrigger ponies and **My** devoted Mama — are **My** saviors till **I** join the cowboys in Wyoming.

Out on parole **My** Old Man's jailed again by three of his cop friends who trap him in our family's Bawdyhouse, and tho they booze and whore together, the sergeant stands with his pistol cocked watching **My** Old Man give **Me** one of his fully loaded .45 S&W Army revolvers for **My** seventh birthday. **I**'m not big enough to pull its trigger just as **I** ain't big enough to sexually fulfill **My** forever horny Mama. These are their *loving* gifts to **Me** in bulletridden Chicago.

When the new *Capo di Capi* Boss of Bosses President Franklin Delano Roosevelt (FDR) repeals the Volstead Act in 1933 (77BP) bootlegging collapses and Mama Ellen divorces **My** still locked-up Old Man for Aggravated Assault and Battery.

I don't see him again till settling in Manhattan's Criminal Lower East Side in 1946 (64BP) when **I** track **My** Old Man to Philadelphia. Now **I**'m able to Kick the Shit out of that Brutal Crosswired Son of a Bitch who tries to kill **Me** before **I**'m born — and constantly rapes Mama in front of **Me** and then rapes **Me**.

Grama Minnie's betrayed by her beauteous Sicilian lover Angela and Mama Ellen after they bed **Me** down when **I**'m eight, till early 1938 (72BP) while **I**'m still thirteen. Minnie orders **Me** to kill Angela or she and **My** recently paroled Old Man will drill **Me** — **I** refuse!! — and hitchhike to cowboy near Cody Wyoming when **I** turn fourteen. There **My** fellow saddlehands become **My** family and **I** revel in sketching its wide open plains, cattle and **My** fellow horseback drovers. The First Time **I**'m Free as the Wind.

My soulmate friend Cal Todd, Lowell, Art Thomas and several of us cowhands join the

Marines when WWII begins for America at Pearl Harbor. The Marines, certainly the most efficient *Mafiosa* on Earth, note **My** ability to draw and make **Me** a Sketch Artist in the Combat Intelligence Section



of *Capo di Capi* Marine Major General Holland M. "Howlin' Mad" Smith's Pearl Harbor

based Fifth Amphibious Corps. From Pearl *I* dive into three major close-combat amphibious assaults that *God Father Capo d'Oceano Pacifico* Admiral Chester Nimitz and General Howlin' Mad Smith shoot arrowstraight across the Central Pacific Ocean to Tokyo.

H.M. Smith's first Central Pacific amphibious assault of an unconquerably fortified position conquers Japan's impregnable Bastion on 291 acre Betio Island Tarawa Atoll: *the First victory and Bloodiest mutual voluntary butchery in Human History* during which *I*'m seriously wounded; not hit at Roi-Namur Marshall Islands; but *I*'m hit again, behind Jap lines, on Saipan during *My* third and last amphibious action.

Our 76 hour conquest of Japan's bombproof Tarawa Atoll alters *My* artistic life forever; Jackson Pollock and *I* are highlighted in the Robert Coates 20 November 1943 (67BP) *New Yorker* art review published the same day that our 20 November 1943 (67BP) Betio conquest begins. *My* headwound triggers Explosive Rage Disorder, Tourette's Syndrome and Grand Mal Epilepsy — all three still bless *Me* to this day.

At age twenty in September 1944 (66BP) *I* ship-stateside where the Marines make *Me* an Official Combat Artist stationed offbase in Los Angeles to turn *My* combat sketches into oil paintings. The Corps shows *My* work in New York's Museum of Modern Art, Washington's and London's National Galleries, Chicago's Art Institute, San Francisco's Museum of Fine Art as well as in Los Angeles, Honolulu, New Zealand and Australia.

In December 1944 (66BP) *I* discover *My* first Abstract Expressionist painting. It's by Jackson Pollock an artist unknown to *Me*. His abstract art captures our Tarawa Slaughter better than all the realist war art. *I* must meet this genius living near New York City. It takes *Me* thirty months to find him.

After leaving the Marines in October 1945 (65BP) *I* cowboy and big game guide for six months in Wyoming with *My* dear friend Cal Todd, then hitchhike to New York; move into a rundown tenement in Manhattan's Lower East Side *Mafia* Ghetto, owned by Mob Landlord Rosenblum, and make it *My* painting studio. It's at Three Baruch Place where Grand Street meets the East River and Sicilian, Irish, Jewish, Puerto Rican and Chinese Mobsters ply their trade. 'Uncle' and 'Sis' Frasca have a grocery store on the northeast corner of Baruch and Grand. Sis's brother Frank is a 7th Precinct police detective, and big burly 'Whitey' Frasca owns and runs the Mafia hangout *Hometown Bar and Grill* on the north side of Grand. *I* find several artists, as well as many gypsy families in their brightly painted horsedrawn wooden caravans parked in a vacant lot on Baruch Place. Everything's tranquil as long as each of us minds our own business.

In September 1947 (63BP) *I*'m hospitalized after my first two comatose Grand Mal Epileptic fits caused by *My* 1943 (67BP) Tarawa headwounds. Two years later on 11 October 1948 (62BP) *I* finally meet Pollock and we become instant friends. Then Jackson introduces *Me* to painter Bill deKooning and influential artcritic Clement Greenberg who welcome *Me* into New York's Abstract Expressionist *Family*. In 1951

(59BP) *I* participate in their apocalyptic 9th *Street Show* which instantly changes the artforms of our Perennially Fecund Virgin Mama Earth's *Abstract Expressionist Tsunami*.

In 1950 (60BP) *I* join the *Mafiabossed United Scenic Artist Union* and earn more than ever before.

Many of the old buildings including ours, are demolished and replaced by modern lowcost housing financed by the *Mafiacontrolled International Ladies Garment Workers Union*. In October 1952 (58BP) *My* fourth wife Joan Hunt and *I* find a new studio at the corner of Broome and Mulberry Streets in an abandoned five story factory building owned by portly hospitable Crescenzo 'Chris' Tenneriello who rents us the first and second floor lofts directly above the *Cafe Roma Pastry Shop* and Chris's *Mare Chiaro Bar*, Italian for *Clear Sea Bar*.

Tenneriello buys this building in 1905 (105BP) after emigrating from Naples Italy. Sicilian Charles 'Lucky' Luciano arrives in New York's Little Italy with his parents in 1906 (104BP) when he's nine years old. Later he, Frank Costello, Jewish killers Meyer Lansky born 1902 (108BP) in Grodno Russia where *My* paternal Grampa Lev Sheinen and cousin Jakob Sheinen are born, Ben 'Bugsy' Siegel (close blood kin to my deadly maternal Grama Minnie (Siegel) Jackson's family) and Vito Genovese initiate the *GlobeDominatingMafia*. Later Lansky, Bugsy, Louis 'Lepke' Buchalter and his full partner Jacob 'Gurrah' [Jakub Sheinen] Shapiro (cousin of my paternal Grampa Louis [Lev Sheinen] Shapiro a Boston *Mafia* Boss) organize 'Murder Inc.' that contracts killing anyone on Earth.



Earliest mug shot of Jacob *Gurrah* Sheinen (Shapiro)



Jake Sheinen (Shapiro)



Chris always wears dark blue cardigans and trousers with a white apron round his ample midriff as portrayed in *My* seven by nine foot *Italian Bar* painted in Spring 1956 (54BP). The angelic ninetyyearold don Vincenzo Zeccardi is also in this heroic oil painting, but more about don Vincenzo and *My Italian Bar* later.

After renting the two lofts *I* tell Joan about *My* good luck when Chris says, "Ya'know *Arrigo yadah foist outsiddah we evah led muv een.*" Our East Grand Street Sicilian Mafia friends whom *I* know since 1946 (64BP) tell us, "Be careful, Broome and Mulberry is the hub of the Luciano/Lansky/Bugsy Siegel/Costello/Genovese Family — the most powerful of New York's five *Famiglie Mafiose* — still bossed by Lucky Luciano, Frank Costello, Don Vito Genovese, Meyer Lansky and Cowboy Benny Binion enslaving America, British Isles, Africa, Eurasia, Down Under and all the islands on Earth thru prostitution, alcohol, gambling, blackmail, murder and Megatons of Narcotics!!!

Joan and **I** move to 385 Broome Street in October 1952 (58BP) with a fireproof metal door of the wooden staircase to the lofts. Our door is next to *Cafe Roma's* front door. Its owner Eli 'Joey the Baker' Zeccardi's tiny office is behind the big oldfashioned *espresso* machine. Eli, a small soft spoken gentleman in a dark silk business suit and custommade shirt *is* the *God Father* of the Sicilian Olive Oil Company that don Vito Genovese founds circa 1933 (c. 77BP). The Importing Company and the *Café Roma* Pastry Shop are blinds for their Global Mafia HQ. Eli, Chris Tenneriello, his big powerful son Tony, and saintly ninetyyearold donVincenzo Zeccardi graciously welcome us. Their Old World Manners make them tip their hats respectfully to Joan and call her Mrs. Jackson. Joan's a shapely redhaired fivefoottall New York Irish Beauty who loathes the Roman Church she's born into, is profoundly intelligent, modern dancer and nude artist's model who, when cornered, becomes a ferocious wildcat — tho nobody imagines such till she blows up — then everyone ducks!! Once while drinking with a sexy gal in the *Mare Chiaro* Joan blindsides **Me** with a jug of whiskey. Tony Tenneriello who's tending bar still tells this story fifty years later.

We live there for two months and tho everyone's friendly they still don't fully accept us till a totally unexpected showdown forces **Me** to 'Stand And Be Counted.'

It starts one nite while Joanny and **I** are sauntering home — She sporting her usual sexy lowcut silk dress, sheer black stockings and stiletto heels — we're hot for each other which is oblivious to three young macho Mafia Soldiers who try to *make My* Lady, figuring, "He's an artist weirdo who scares easy." They harass us all the way to our fireproof metal door at 385 Broome Street.

I order quicktempered Joanny upstairs, step outside shut the metal door behind **Me** and smack the biggest AssHole in the teeth — then bash his face against the white paneltruck parked on Broome Street till it's slippery red with his blood. **I** bash his skull one more time when Joan screams, "Stop!! Baby you'll KILL him!!!" **I** stop. He's all cut up and too groggy to rise — his two cohorts drag him away.

Next morning **My** redhead bombshell and **I** realize our neighbors' invisible barrier vanishes and they fully absorb us into their warm loving hearts. That encounter on Broome Street remains shrouded by the *Mafia Codice di Silenzio* till **I** just now share it with you Carolyn. This violent encounter *is* our confirmation. In 1952 (58BP) the handsome young *Mafioso* killer in the *Cafe Roma* tells Chris Tenneriello, "He'll fit right in."

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Harry Jackson Turns to The Hard Way July 9 1956 (54BP) *LIFE* art editor, Dorothy Seiberling's 9 page photoessay on me features *The Italian Bar* 1956 (54BP) oil on linen 7 x 9'.

ABC one hour 1974 (36BP) docu-film: **John Wayne Presents Harry Jackson: A Man and His Art** highlights *The Italian Bar* 1956 (54BP). DVD's are available via www.harryjackson.org

My text will continue in the future...