

JUVENILE



DELINQUENT

**THE NOVEL BY
BUFFALO BANGKOK**



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I tried to claw out of my mother's pussy sideways.

It would be my first failure in life. The first of many stubborn attempts.

This novel is nothing but a diatribe. A meandering account of mental illness, affluenza, drug use, depravity, chronic traumatic encephalopathy (CTE), and psychosis. It will focus mostly on demons, despair, although it will contain moments of levity and optimism. It will contain triumph.

This is not literature in its pure form.

This book was inspired by Henry Miller's "Tropic of Cancer," and is dedicated to him. It is also dedicated to bad writers, failed musicians, Dada artists, broken actors, and comedians who enjoy being booed...

This book is in praise of hair metal and gangsta rap.

This book is for CTE survivors and strivers, and people in prisons, both physical and mental, and for those on the outside. The weirdos, demimondes, the outcasts. Those unable and unwilling to conform to consumerist society, groupthink, and traditionalist ideals.

This book will not conform to "TL;DR" culture.

And it will not conform to Cancel Culture, a pandemic in which creators are terrified to express themselves, share their imaginations, deepest thoughts... There will be no self-censoring, no fear of the bloodthirsty vampires of political correctness.

I am not afraid of the vampires and their Stalinism. Twitter Mobs are welcome...

This book is the exorcism of demons, and its stories are written like impressionist paintings. Make of them what you will.

This book, really, is a time capsule. A collection of memories. An account of a journey. Much of it was written during the time of CORVID, in which there was ample time for self-reflection...

This book is not a book. It is a spit in the face, a kiss, and a love letter to letters. It is a stubborn attempt, coming out sideways.

This book is ugly. It is deliberately imperfect, much like life itself.

1

The canvass: A hospital in Miami Beach. My mother in stirrups. My mother, a decent, learned lady, was wailing in anguish. Her svelte frame contorting. Her curly, short brown hair sweaty and matted to her scalp. Her almond eyes flashing fire red.

Me: Like Rosemary's Baby. I'm unnatural. I should never have existed. I'm a demon. Injected like a heroin needle.

You may balk at this, but there was an unholy conception. A train of ghosts and pool of blood.

I emerged from my mother's pussy, on an unseasonably cold December Miami Beach morning. Labor went through the night where a light dusting of snow caked the swaying palm trees. The blast of polar air trumpeting my arrival.

I was born into a puddle of shit, diarrhea, and bloody mucosa and placenta as my poor mother screamed, and the nurses performed reconnaissance.

A luscious Latina, of Cuban or Colombian eugenics, her voice full of diphthongs, passed forceps to the Jewish doctor, son of a holocaust survivor, and he poked and prodded in between my mother's legs, into her vaginal lacuna, and with skill, unearthed me, pulled me, slimy, bloody and shit-stained into a slimy, bloody and shit-stained planet Earth.

My father, the bearded man, was berserk, snapping photos. A biologist, a U of Miami professor, he documented every moment of the birth, scientifically, pictorially, hoping to commemorate and eliminate any degree of evanescence.

Of course, nowadays this might be documented on social media, posted about, heralded to the world, accumulating tons of endorphin inducing “likes.”

But this was 1977.

The event was on film and glued into a photo album. A laminated, plastic one!

Those photo albums, now, seem like tubers growing on a potato...

I was a fat and healthy baby. Placed into a maternity ward, farm of babies, screaming, crying, in rows, in the tabernacle, not knowing what Earth had in store for us. Not knowing why we'd been expelled from the warmth of the womb. Not knowing if we'd grow to be millionaires, rapists, teachers, mass murderers, engineers, actors, accountants, lawyers, football players, homeless, veterans, drug dealers, Presidents of the USA, or janitors.

All our various fates. Our alleles. The rows of cherubs, cute as koalas. Us, on the barrier island of Miami Beach, Collins Avenue.

Us, innumerable souls, meticulously placed in oblong boxes, our first box of life, well, second after the one we'd emerged from, and we were given ducal care.

The nurse who'd feed me, a wraith, her olfactory senses, being around all those babies, daily, had to be finely tuned or non-existent.

I imagine her loving care. Her touching us with tenderness. Immutable, as our mothers recovered, got their vaginas stitched up, slept off the pain, trauma and excitement, joy of childbirth.

2

My father was a pharaoh. In a past life. My first memory is a foggy recollection of him taking me to a baseball game. Orioles versus Yankees, spring training, somewhere in Florida.

When I was a fetus, I moved with my parents, from NYC to Miami Beach, where I grew up, because my Pops had gotten a research position, professorship at the University of Miami.

My father, the progenitor, the bearded man, was tall and strong, walked in long strides. He was a kind but stern man, of Russian descent. He'd been a hippy in the 1960s, but by the early 1980s, he was a hard-working man, consumed with math and science. Consumed with work. Work. Work.

Every day. He'd rise early, leave for work, spend the whole day there, return by evening with a look of both exasperation and elation.

Often, he'd bring me a present. A toy, a snack or something. And I'd await him with bated breath, running downstairs to hug him, welcome him home.

But he had a dark side to him. His temper. He'd flip on a dime, go from happy to angry. Anytime I'd do something wrong, he'd go ballistic. Yelling, cursing, throwing chairs. He'd slap, spank me.

He was also a maniac driver. Far beyond what was considered normal hostile NYC driving.

He'd drive at frenetic speeds, cut people off, give the finger, poke his head out of the window and curse at people in his sharp, nasal, honking Bronx accent.

One of my first memories was him cutting off this car full of Latin people, I think in Miami, and my father screaming out the window at them and them cursing back at us in Spanish.

It's fortuitous that none of those he accosted were armed and that he never had a gun, or else my trajectory in life would have been far different.

However, his driving did in fact change the trajectory of my life.

One dark night, when I was around age 5, as we returned from, something, I don't know, my father was driving at his usual frantic pace when he nearly plowed into another car. He slammed the brakes, and me, in the front seat, in a loose-fitting seat belt, slammed and banged my skull, around the crest of my forehead, on the windshield, hitting it so hard that it cracked the windshield, though I didn't bloody my head.

On the top of my head, I've got a small dent from the incident, visible only if examining it closely.

I'm sure that this incident left me concussed. With all that has come out about CTE, brain damage in football players, athletes, I wonder if this incident changed me, affected my development.

Before the accident, I'd never been in trouble, was a smart, normal child. But after, I suffered from mood swings, depression, memory issues, and I got in fights, verbal and physical and have had various mental issues plaguing me to this day.

Listening to Rosanne Barr's story of being in a car accident as a kid and how it affected her, changed her, and hearing of Aaron Hernandez, other football players' stories, I wondered and still do, if this accident had a similar bearing on me.

Back to the incident itself, I remember after my head smacked the windshield, I saw what was either floaters or stars, and my father, upon witnessing the cracked windshield, told me I was going to the hospital, but I retorted that I was fine. There was no blood. But it sure hurt. I can't remember much else of that night. And I don't remember if we went to the hospital or not.

3

Shortly after the car accident, I'd gotten into karate, inspired by the movie "The Karate Kid."

I loved kicking and punching people. I'd look forward to karate like it was Christmas and would practice my moves, my kicking and punching every day. Air kicks, air punches, punching invisible men in my bedroom. It was all I wanted to do, punch and kick!

I remember an older boy in my karate class. Named Michael.

He'd always wear Adidas everything and was tall, dark and handsome. A Black Panamanian.

I'm not sure why, probably to toughen me up, but our sensei would pit us against each other in sparring.

Michael would kick my ass, literally, every time. No matter what I did, he'd always win, beating on me, kicking me, his body too large, his strength too much.

But I had heart. I'd keep coming, take his shots and not back down until sensei pulled us apart.

The upside of taking Michael's beatings was that it did toughen me up. When I'd go to school, and any kid my own age, size would start to bully me or tease me, I'd handle him quickly, aggressively, making many a snot-nosed brat run to the teachers crying.

I'd fight fair, but I admit that there were times I'd fight unfair as well. Such as the time I'd sucker-punched a kid named Atari in the hallway.

I'm not sure why I did it. He was one of those people I didn't like but couldn't tell you exactly why. Maybe it was how he looked, talked, dressed or smelled. Whatever it was, he'd been alone in the hallway, bent over, digging into his Transformers backpack, and I silently crept up behind him, clutched my hands together, raised them high in the air like I was holding an ax and then I chopped down, violently, cracking the poor bastard on the spine. I still remember him screaming "ah, man!" and me darting off, turning a corner and hauling ass down a stairwell...

There was another kid about my age, an annoying little blabbermouth shit who lived around the corner. I don't recall his name, but I remember him being a total bitch, a whiner, and an annoyance. I remember he'd said or done something that angered me, and I remember having a girl, Alice, talk him out of his house. As he stepped into the street, I jumped up from behind a car and crept up behind him, locked him in a full-nelson and flung him around, like a ragdoll.

I can still hear him crying, whimpering as I throttled his weak writhing body and pressed the back of his neck with my interlaced hands and then threw his bitch ass to the ground, where he rolled around the asphalt, wailing like a wounded animal.

His parents called mine, threatening to call the police if I touched him again.

My parents decided it was karate's fault. They considered karate a vitiation, that it was corrupting me, making me violent, and they withdrew me from karate, prohibited me from partaking in any martial arts...

During my last days at the dojo, the sensei let us watch the film “Dawn of the Dead.”

I had nightmares for months after that, thinking zombies would eat me, hallucinating that zombies were everywhere. I’d pull the covers over my head at night and pray to God the zombies wouldn’t eat me.

My fear of the zombies made me even angrier that I’d been taken out of karate because I figured that if I knew how to fight, maybe I could beat the zombies away before they ate me.

To this day, I wish my parents hadn’t withdrawn me from karate.

I believe, more so now than ever, especially with how fat and weak so many of today’s children are, how undisciplined and listless they are, that martial arts are highly beneficial for kids, teaches them discipline. In fact, after I left karate, I got in even more fights, and lost more of them, being out of practice, knowing less of how to defend myself.

School bullies are the worst of zombies.

4

It was around this time, growing up, that I found a new obsession besides karate; two, actually. The first was music.

From since I could remember, music had a strong effect on me.

I’d hear my parents playing Rolling Stones records and would sing and dance along, dancing wildly, kicking and strutting, like I was Mick Jagger. And in my mind, I believed I really was.

I loved the Beatles, too, especially their earlier pop stuff, “I Wanna Hold Your Hand,” their first record.

I’d play the vinyl, dance around the room, grab a broomstick and become a Beatle, pretend it was me singing, playing guitar.

(It was around then that my parents took notice of my hot-feet, predilection to spontaneously dance. My mother, once a ballerina, decided to enroll me in ballet

classes, which, for whatever reason, I never took to. I can remember an incredibly vivid dream I had during my ballet days of me cutting off my penis with scissors and then ballet dancing in a unitard afterward. I'm sure Freud would expound eloquently on that one...)

As a little kid I loved my parents' records, The Stones, The Beatles, Elvis, but my favorite artist had to be Michael Jackson. His album "Thriller" remains one of my all-time favorites, to this day, and the feeling is inveterate. Oh, how I'd groove and move to that record, dancing around the house like my feet were on fire!

Now I know, of course, that there was a demon in Michael Jackson. No normal grown man has little boys, not his own children, share his bed.

To me, though, there were two Michaels. The first Michael, the Thriller and pre-Thriller Michael, that was the Michael I loved. The Thriller Michael, the suave, slick dancing, moonwalking and multi-octave singing, "Billy Jean" bad motherfucker Michael.

Everything post-Thriller is a different Michael. Certainly aesthetically. The man was consumed by demons, his fame, his upbringing. Not that it excuses anything, but it simply explains it, I aver. His mental development froze. It's rumored he'd been chemically castrated, which could explain more than his falsetto.

Thriller, pre-Thriller Michael was the greatest pop singer. Ever. Period. And nothing, not even an HBO documentary can change that.

5

I later discovered rap and heavy metal. Both of which are still my favorite musical forms to this day. I had a boombox and a Walkman and somehow came into possession of tapes by LL Cool J, Run DMC, and The Beastie Boys.

I remember our house being burglarized and how upset I was that my boombox and LL Cool J tape "Bigger and Deffer" were stolen. Fortunately, my other tapes were on my person and remained safe.

Heavy metal came into my life slightly later, when I was in a store with my mother and I saw the Ozzy Osbourne cassette tape "Diary of a Madman."

Ozzy, on the tape's cover artwork, looked a lot like the zombies from "Dawn of the Dead," which drew my attention, and I felt like it couldn't be a coincidence. This time it didn't scare me. Maybe because I hadn't been seeing zombies for a little while, at this point, and it made sense that Ozzy was one of them. Maybe the other zombies were trying to lead me to Ozzy, after all...

I asked my mother, pointing at the tape, what it was, what was that thing on the tape's cover, the grotesque creature that fascinated me, the creature that I couldn't distinguish from zombie or man. My mother said it was a man, a terrible man, named Ozzy Osbourne, a terrible man who made loud horrible music.

"Cool!" I thought, smiling at the Ozzy tape like it was my Christmas present.

Immediately I loved Ozzy. To this day, any terrible man making loud horrible music or noise or inflammatory writing, that is what I'm all about. I knew this, even as a child. Ozzy won my approbation instantaneously.

Despite Ozzy being a terrible man who made loud, horrible music, my mother still bought me the tape. Why, I'm not sure. Probably to avoid me making a scene in the store, begging her, in tears, or throwing myself to the floor, writhing and screaming for her to buy me the Ozzy Osbourne tape.

Her aversion, use of cash to avoid a temper tantrum a common tactic of hers to mollify me.

And the threat was worth it. How lucky I am to have been such an annoying little shit and that my mother shelled out that 7 bucks to buy that tape!

That tape was gold. Pure gold! I loved it and still do. From the opening riff of "Over the Mountain," I was floored. Hooked. I'd never heard anything like it. I couldn't believe anything as amazing as Randy Rhoades' guitar playing could even be possible. And the song "Believer," the creepy vibe, Ozzy's sonic voice and Randy Rhoades' virtuoso guitar work, that song, the first time I heard it, had me terrified, thinking the zombies would be back, like it was a siren call to them, and I hid under my bed, worried they'd pour in from the windows and eat me!

The record still is a favorite of mine.

Not long after I got cable, discovered MTV, and I found more heavy metal, “Headbanger’s Ball,” and metal is what has given me countless joy, purpose in life, to this day.

Hard Rock. Metal. Loud aggressive, distorted guitars. Screaming vocals. Pounding drums. Dudes who dressed like women and sang songs about Satan.

There’s something comforting to me about heavy metal. No matter where I am in life, what I’m doing, it’s a music I can always return to. Watching heavy metal videos instills tranquility in me. Takes me back to safe places, happy places that I existed in as a child. The music soothes me. It protects me, even now, from zombies...

Metal is still an obsession of mine, and I went through phases where I’d only listen to hard rock, nothing else. However, as I’ve aged, I’ve become more open-minded about music. Though rap and hard rock remain my favorites, I enjoy listening to pretty much everything.

I have two external hard drives, packed with over 1TB of various tunes, mostly metal, rap, electronic music, and pop. I keep two phones, both packed with songs, and one of my pastimes is listening to and watching music videos, mostly on YouTube these digital days.

And yes, I still occasionally will close the blinds, doors, and if I’m by myself and I get the urge, I will dance, dance alone, when no one else can see my Elaine from “Seinfeld” moves and gyrations.

6

My other obsession I developed at an unusually young age is girls. Females.

I’ve always, since I can recall, been attracted to them.

Their bodies, voices, manners.

Their smells. Clothes. Pretty much everything about them.

The first girls I can remember being involved with were in my earliest days, at around 6, 7 years of age.

One was named Michelle. We were in an after-school program together. She was a year my elder, was a bit taller, with sandy brown hair and immaculate cheekbones, pretty brown eyes. I think she was Italian or Spanish.

We'd sneak off, into the woods, and touch, explore each other's young bodies.

I can't remember if she was the first girl whose vagina I saw. It's possible she was. I remember inspecting it, amazed at the hairless mound, her absence of a penis.

She'd look, feel at my penis the same way, with a look of genuine amazement, curiosity.

We'd kiss as well. But most of our time we spent hugging, sitting together and talking.

I wonder where, who, what she grew to be...

The other girl I first remember was Alice (the girl who'd helped me attack the neighborhood fuck boy).

Alice was a year younger, I think, and had short, curly blond hair and blue eyes, looked sort of like Shirley Temple.

We never did anything sexual, that I remember.

The closest thing to it was when we played "show me yours and I show you mine," compared no-no places. I'd played this with many girls in my school.

Alice also showed me something I'll never forget. Being a young child, I was just learning to use my body, learning how it worked. But I didn't know how the female body worked; namely, I didn't know if girls pissed. They didn't have penises, so how would they? If they did, where did the piss come from? Did it just flow out their holes like turning on a shower? I couldn't wrap my head around it. I knew they had to be doing something because I'd seen girls bathrooms, and I knew there must be things happening inside those bathrooms, or else why even have them?

So I asked Alice about it. I wanted to know the truth. Did girls piss? And if so, how did they do it?

Alice, being quite young and naïve, wasn't able to explain it well in words, but did confirm that girls in fact did piss. And I asked if she'd let me see how it was done. Giggling, possibly from nervousness, she complied.

I snuck into a girls bathroom with her and watched her drop her white panties from underneath her plaid sundress. She hiked up the dress so it was over her waist, exposing her bald pelvic mound.

Then she sat to the toilet, legs spread, and I watched. From the top of her vagina fold a tiny pink worm-like thing extended itself, like a small penis and pissed out a yellow stream of liquid. It was like she had a tiny dick in her vagina! I couldn't believe it! It was almost magical how the little pink worm arose from out of nowhere. It was then I gained a whole new respect and admiration for girls.

Girls, the magical beings!

Girls, the bringers of life! Girls who always make me feel so alive!

Alice herself was magical, lively, lovely, and kind. We'd climb palm trees together, pick and collect coconuts. That was our thing. And there was one sunny afternoon, up in the trees, she said something about us getting married.

But soon enough, her family moved away, to where, I don't know, and I never saw her again.

This was around the time when my father became sick.

7

I remember when it started. My father had been experiencing terrible back pains, complaining of them every day, clutching his back, and often limping around the house. Despite his condition, we'd taken a vacation to the woods, stayed in a house in a forest, in Georgia, in the Blue Ridge Mountains.

Driving up there, we stopped at a restaurant to eat lunch. It was a very waspy place. Sort of like a country club. Everyone there was White, blond, blue eyes.

We were the only Jews.

And I think the waiter knew this. I remember him, a chubby, red haired man, with a Southern drawl, and he dutifully attended to all the other customers, sweet as sugar to them, but he totally ignored us, didn't take our order.

Finally, my father complained to management, and I don't remember if we were served by another waiter or if we left.

Perhaps this was my introduction to antisemitism.

While staying at the vacation house, I watched "The Terminator" on Betamax tape, and after finishing the movie, I went to ask my parents if cyborgs were real and if they might kill us one day. The cyborgs didn't scare me as much as the zombies, but still, there were a formidable, credible threat, to my young mind, and perhaps with AI evolving, they're a realer threat than zombies... Which most of us are these days, on our phones, but I, again, digress...

Worried about cyborgs, I walked down the hallway to my parents' room. When I approached the threshold of my parent's doorway, I caught my parents fooling around in bed, which was the first time I'd seen a grown woman naked.

I stared for a few seconds and ran away, ran for dear life, as if my feet were on fire. I was absolutely horrified by the moans my mother was making. It was far worse than the cyborgs!

I was also terrified that my mother's pussy was hairy, and it struck me how different it looked than Michelle's, Alice's, and the several girls with which I'd played "I'll show you mine..." To this day, I believe that seeing my mother's hairy pussy, hearing her moans traumatized me and caused me to prefer a shaved or neatly trimmed vagina...

My father, while at the vacation house, began experiencing even worse back pains, like nothing he'd had prior.

When we got back home, he scheduled a checkup, and, after a couple further exams, the doctors found a cancerous growth, and that he had pancreatic cancer.

I still remember before the diagnosis, driving to the hospital, learning the words "benign" and "malignant" and him having a procedure to see which type it was.

Afterwards, he told me that there was a 50% chance he'd live and 50% chance he'd die. I'd discovered later that he'd told me this because he couldn't bring himself to tell the truth. The cancer was terminal, and he was given about a year to live.

In the months that followed, his health deteriorated.

He lost weight, became skeletal. His skin became jaundiced. His cheeks were sunken. His once thick wavy black hair wilted like a dead plant and fell out. He'd pass malodorous gas. He'd vomit. I remember us keeping buckets around the house for him to vomit in.

He and my mother would fight, screaming at each other, over what, I didn't know then, but I'd found later that it was her trying to convince him to accept the reality of his situation and that it was impossible for him to come to terms with, like he thought it wasn't really happening. He'd been convinced a quack doctor in New York, who was performing a "radical" cancer treatment, involving injecting alcohol into tumors, that that could cure him.

I remember asking him if he died could he please try to talk to me from Heaven.

He didn't really respond to that.

He wasn't religious, and, a scientist, he was an atheist, so I'm sure that on some level, he must have known the gravity of his situation. And as opposed to a religious person, who might find comfort in thinking there'd be a Heaven he'd see, my father didn't have anything to look forward to. For atheists, death really is death.

Even though he was an atheist, maybe because his father had escaped the USSR, arriving to America by boat at age 13, and his father had been an atheist and done nothing Jewish whatsoever, not even celebrating holidays, my father wanted different for me. He wanted me to have the "Jewish" experience and had sent me to synagogue; we'd go every Saturday.

(Thinking back on it, he'd probably wanted the Jewish experience for himself too, was living it vicariously through me.)

Our rabbi was quite helpful during my father's illness. He spent time with my father, as my father's health worsened. They had long talks about life, science,

the Torah. Despite my father's lack of spirituality, he and the rabbi bonded immensely.

(Strangely enough, the rabbi was a Red Sox fan and my father a Yankees fan. Perhaps death is the only thing powerful enough to unite those factions...)

I don't remember the rabbi speaking with me or my mother, however. I don't even recall what he looked like.

I do remember a couple people from my father's family coming over. One was my aunt, an apple-faced frumpy woman who wore heaps of garish makeup and musky perfumes and had come from England. As well as an uncle, a shaggy-faced hippy coming from California. I remember them staying with my mom, dad, and me at the house, during the ordeal.

My father's family were in dismay, and like him, they couldn't accept what was happening. They were who'd suggested my father to see the quack doctor in NYC who claimed he could cure cancer by injecting alcohol into the tumors.

They, my father's family, and my mother fought a lot, much of it due to them expecting my mother to handle all the housework, cleaning, cooking, while she also worked and was attempting to raise and care for me as well as her dying husband.

The family, particularly my aunt, paid little attention to me or my mother, perhaps due to my mother never ingratiating herself to them, my aunt being very possessive of my father, too, and never bonding with, or even making much of an attempt to get to know my mother.

My aunt, my father's sister, had had her own heartbreak, losing their mother to breast cancer fifteen years prior. My grandmother's death also a slow, brutally painful one, her catatonic on pain pills, withering and waiting for death on their couch, in front of the TV, before finally passing away in a hospice.

Then my aunt's father, my grandfather, died in a car accident, five years afterwards. My grandfather and his new wife, plus two other relatives of mine, driving on a bridge in rural New York state, the driver being my step-grandmother, the lady a very short, very elderly woman, who was barely able to see over the

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