



from *The Brooklyn Tornado*

Is NOT a wrestler: (Brooklyn Accent) "From Canarsie, taking all comers" at a Coney Island sideshow circa 1948. I had just completed two weeks of work in Middle Village, Queens, taking my siestas in Mt. Olivet cemetery, whose management begged me not to lie down for my lunch nap as it was freaking out the bereaved. A daily game to search out ever more secluded environs; beneath the trees, behind the headstones: asleep. Across Metropolitan Ave. is the Kmart whose parking lot houses an elevator that descends to the Queens branch of the NYC Board of Elections. A subterranean complex housing the voting machines I was hired to fix and a small ill-trained, disgruntled, donut-glutted, glazed-over army of nebulous purpose, the likes of which I've never seen in NYC unless touring from Ohio. To be fair there were some gems, such as one Ulysses Hall: sixty-something African-American retired airforce fighter-jet mechanic, AKA "U-haul". Returning from my siesta to that fluorescent dungeon with my sunglasses still on he drily noted, "You see any sun in here?" "Just You." The only ray that breaks through the ranks of the waddling dead. The degree of disfunctionality of this affair can be assessed based on two of many facts. Every election NYC is sued by New York State for the manner in which it is handled in the five boroughs, just one more way we shovel money into Albany. The other is the fact that I was subcontracted by a company in CANADA. That's right, after needlessly sending truckloads of cash to Albany, NYC issues some bonds so a company in Canada can get in on the money squandering affair known as a "NYC election". Which brings us back to September 16, 2010, I had received my check from Canada, seeing as it was from Canada I couldn't cash it. . . .

