

"Demon"

Friday, June 2, 2000

Wanda called early in the day. Dad, although himself unaware of this has blood in his stool and phlegm, we called Terry right away and he took dad to the emergency room. I had two reports to write for Harvey, and I got them done on time, and delivered them to school. When I got back home, Sara and I decided to clean the gutters before the predicted thunderstorms. I went out first, and instead of waiting for Sara to hold the ladder I went up it by myself. I've done this for the past 20 years, and nothing happened. I was almost finished with the garage gutter, and the last footing wasn't steady. I went up anyway and the ladder folded beneath me, I tried to grab onto the gutter, but fell anyway. The next thing I remember was my lying on the ground, with my right arm seemingly dislocated and sticking out at a 45 angle from my body. I felt no pain, but my arm was limp. I lifted it up with my left hand, got up and, screaming at the top of my lungs Sara's name. She was on the phone with her dad who just got into the emergency room. She hastily got off the phone and drove me to the hospital. The emergency room was crowded but they took me first, since I was by then in excruciating pain. The standard procedures were followed and they found out if I was insured first. I told them, without x-rays, that my humerus in my right arm was snapped in two. I could move all of my fingers quite well, although my right hand felt fully detached from the rest of my arm. I am feeling nauseous, and my body went into involuntary convulsions. The morphine, when they finally gave it to me, felt like a coating of warmth throughout my body. The nurse asked me how I felt, and I told her that I didn't feel this good since 1969. The surgeon came over. He was covering for my orthopedist. He left his convertible top down and the storm just descended. He was soaked. He set my arm into a hard cast. I have to see him on Monday to see how I'm feeling, and if I will need a pin put in my bone. He told me that I should not go to England next Thursday. He gave me some Percoset and I went home.

Before I went into the house I had Sara take me to the spot where I fell and I pissed on it. Patty came over with some sandwiches from Italian Village. I went to the recliner. I conked out. I woke up every few hours, doc told me to sleep in the chair. Sara stayed right by my side sleeping, sort of, on the couch. Tonight will have some friends come over and take the chair upstairs.

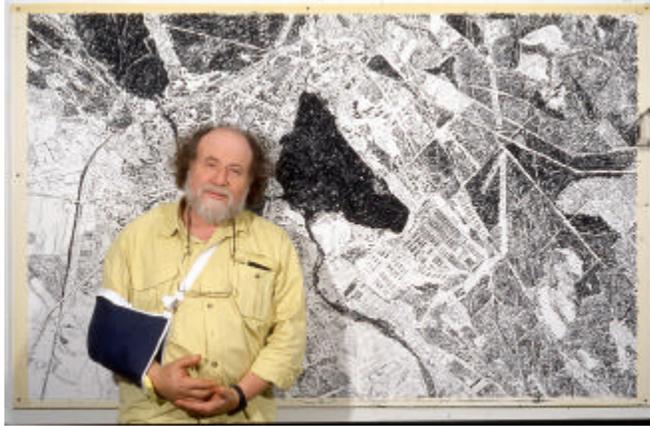
Wednesday, June 14, 2000

12:25 a.m. My right hand is the size of a small cantaloupe. Shit, it just grows and swells some more. This is my drawing hand, now grossly bloated. How much can my skin hold?!

Saturday, June 17, 2000

Another beautiful, sunny and hazily quiet morning. Its just before 9 a.m., and it looks like the day is going to be a scorcher, making this time of my sitting on the porch doubly pleasurable now. Coffee is made, the cat fed, (little Emma will be coming back from the vet in a few hours, such a sweet "sheyfale"). I'm just sitting and sipping on my coffee as I write. My beautiful lover is sleeping upstairs. I just stood there looking at her in the half darkness. Sara's breathing was calm. I felt a reaffirmation of the wonder of our almost 21 years together. I simply am in love with her as any sane man can be with a woman. She gives me her love in return, and our children love and are loved by us. About an hour ago I checked the e-mail on Sara's system. There was a short note from Jeremy thanking us for our love and support which made his accomplishment possible. How can anything be possibly more touching. I have to say that weighing everything I am a very lucky man. My soul is calmed and warmed by love from my family, I have a purpose in my creativity, I am gainfully employed and we have friends and a great place to live. No, the Percocet isn't talking. In fact I had one of the weirdest dreams last night, a dream that got me up at 2:30 a.m.

I dreamed that I was ok, unaware of my broken arm. I was lying in bed awake in my dream, when suddenly a little demon or devil, straight out of a Giotto fresco, grabbed me and entwined himself around my "healthy" right arm. He weighed about sixty pounds and had short, dark gray-brown bristles all over his body, his hands were a monkey's and his legs, wrapped around my arm, ended in talons. I tried to get rid of him, but I couldn't move my arm, which his body completely immobilized. I became greatly frightened and called out for my mommy in Polish, "Mamusi! Mamusi!" but no help came. The demon just clung on growling softly. I tried to shake him off, but he just growled, his toothy grin flashing sharp, white fangs. Slowly, as consciousness started returning to my senses I realized that the growl was the rhythmic purring of the air conditioner in the window, and that my right arm, with its cast, has wedged itself between me and the chair's armrest, thus doubly incapacitating me. I got up, it was time for the pain killer. I told Sara, who was awakened by my motions, or even possible noises, about my dream. I guess, in a way, my dream reflects my reality rather well.



Arie A. Galles in front of Station 13, Ravensbrück.



Arie A. Galles Sinister Drawing #2 15" x 11" 2000 Charcoal and White Conté