WERE YOU ALWAYS A CRIMINAL?

FREDDIE GREENFIELD

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much I cared for him. Tell me you love me. Tell me you love me. Like I've said already it was Ricky's often most repeated line. You mean a lot to me. You mean an awful lot to me I told him oh I don't know how many times.

"Both Dead and Buried" includes Ma, Pa and Ricky (Miss Hush): "It's only now with them both dead and buried that I have a clear picture of their insanity and their willingness to infect their children with that very same insanity infect their children by association. So anyways Hush sat on the curbstone downstairs and my mother pipes up with he's crying he's weeping and he's saying between sobs he won't leave until you talk to him. Don't interfere ma don't interfere.... Get off my ear ma get off my ear is what I wanted to tell my mother what does she know what does she know what it's all about how me and Hush we'd suck cocks and assholes in public toilets stealing wallets out of different men's pockets while they had their trousers unzipped down around their ankles."

I first met Miss Hush (Ricky) in 1965 but didn't meet Freddie until 1973 reading in Stone Soup Storefront Gallery. Going on and on about subway men's rooms, blowing & shooting up, IRT "A" train, station by station; none of the straight boys seemed offended because they weren't listening, waiting to read themselves, waiting to become stars. Sal Farinella, David Emerson Smith, myself, we heard the music right away...

Freddie comes and goes in the sea: Mystic River Harbor, Revere Beach; Jones Beach; Coney Island; North Beach; Key West; L Street Beach. A Harvard historian wrote about the "unmitigated ugliness of Chelsea," and was glad for the Mystic Bridge connecting Beacon Hill with the North Shore without descending into the depths. Not Portnoy's complaint but Jews who eked out pittances beside the Mystic River & along the Revere Beach Boulevard midway & boxing....

Toni said Oh do you know Freddie; yes I said he's a writer; the best Toni agreed; his prescriptions always passed. Better forgeries than the fabulous war on drugs. For example: acetylsalicylic acid; either doctors are stupid or they lie if they say the pain reliever they'd want most on a deserted island would be acetylsalicylic acid (med students, the correct answer is not ibuprophen).

He can be sly & canny; a bottle of paragoric and two puppies licking his toes begging, o please daddy give me a bottle before I go to bed; o no not now, sit, sit, roll over; do you really need it? well ok but dont keep nagging....
INTRODUCTION

WARNING: READING THIS BOOK MAY BE HAZARDOUS

A doctor authority once introduced juicy picture-story books-films. Like a lawyer, the white coat explained that the work you are about to begin has socially redeeming value (if only as a specimen of pathology).

In this context Were You Always A Criminal is unreservedly anti-social, anti-society. Family and social pretentions flushed down the toilet. No new society. No anti-society pushed. Another world society's just there. In "Orangeburge to Macon and So Forth." "Planed to Boston then by automobile to Miami Beach on the nod. Sexual liaisons with prescription writing physicians one passenger in automobile that's what the passengers job was making croakers."

Re redeeming? Not ecological like returning glass bottles. Nor Christian, nor anti-Christian. Jewish? Beyond Good and Evil? "Beyond Hebraic ABC's!" "Lonely fruitless attempts with my cock to simulate a foreskin, try as I might. Only a year away from entering manhood, my parents inferred, and you remain totally ignorant of the hebraic ritual performance, 'What are we paying to send you to hebrew school for if you're not learning anything?' was the wailing lament I'd hear regularly. Secretly I was learning, from an older man, an ex-cop, how to control my sphincter."

Value? For only $7.95 Were You Always A Criminal is a steal, a bargain. Buy several—for gifts, stocking stuffers, crotch fillers, beach reading. They'll love you for the thought, the size of the gift.

Freddie describes socially redeeming value in his approach (or flight from) pulp romance in "Meanwhile." "I'd met Ricky in New York City, Bryant Park, the park behind the Fifth Avenue Public Library... it slopped out of me husky voiced, me telling him how
What's Freddie poetry and what's Freddie prose? Who can say; just thumb through the scorched records of old Fag Rags or scan Amusement Business (Boston: Good Gay Poets, 1976). One printer rejected Amusement Business because Bibles ran over their presses & we got even at Boston’s Gay Pride Rally in 1977 by burning a King James Bible inside a metal wok; Freddie & I experimented with various inflammables before we went on stage; he held the wok while I threw in the holy texts; next time we'll have pot holders—too hot to carry...

Or Freddie with esophagus cancer in intensive care not being able to answer; the oscillator traced the strain of not being able to speak. A fellow patient with terminal pancreas cancer; Lee Stone & I gross the wife & son who were getting on the dying man's nerves; they call the nurse; he smiles as he follows, saying good luck with his eyes. Freddie recovers fully except for a few millimeters of esophagus which go down the drain...

& his family tried to disinherit him. Were You Always a Criminal? they ask & we got some of their money & we're using it to publish Were You Always a Criminal? If that’s not revenge, what is? Justice? Have we proved that the Criminal Justice system really works? Certainly not until his unpublished magnum opus Money Honey finds a printer & publisher.

“Work” & “Word” &c aren't words to throw around lightly. George Dimsey (who knows the insides of this book like the guts of a fish) says we're lucky to find out about Mickey Finn and The Jockey, Max, Tony, Greg, Steve, Roy, Bobby, John, the Polish policeman, Jimmy Tyler and so forth. But we have yet to hear about Big Al, Andy the Midget, Joe the Bug or Jacky the Kook.

“Grind Store Agent with a Capital P” left me wondering just what is a “grind store.” In carnival midways, so Freddie says, a grind store’s tops, the elite amusement business hustlers run them. They’re best grinding dollars out of marks (marks are us dear readers). Freddie runs a grand Grind Store in Were You Always a Criminal? Strictly professional, jockey, boxer, cocksucker, junkie, rabbi, cop, doctor. Strictly professional, you understand? We're talking about the amusement business, everyone’s a winner, step right up, test your skills. Productivity defeated easily. Were You Always a Criminal? comes out just in time for Freddie's sixtieth birthday. Keep on playing to win, one more throw'll do it....

Charley Shively
Williams Junior High School, 1943
(Freddie kneeling second from right)
Beyond Hebraic ABC's

Toltz, homeroom, music teacher. Dineen, manual training. Kepnes, mathematics. Glickstien for science and Brodbine for seventh grade english. I took another language, french I, but forget the teachers name (was it Delaney, Miss, may I be excused? I have to go to the basement and take a). Mr Wright was the principal of Williams Junior High School and all the pupils feared his thick wooden ruler.


In the afternoon at 3 o'clock it was to hebrew school and Mister Cushmans class. Baking unyeasted bread on their bare heads the tribes of israel walked across the parted red sea. Chasing the israelites close behind came the philistines, but, lo and behold, as the last israelite safely reached the other side, the red sea swallowed the philistines.

The jew killers, uncircumsized, were my playmates, my love objects. The sliding members head revealing the mysterious skin beneath my academic efforts.

At twelve years of age my sexual inclinations were overpowering and those inclinations saw me chosen for every school
athletic team. In class spent day dreaming of sex and sports. Sports and sex took over my psyche completely. Lonely fruitless attempts with my cock to simulate a foreskin, try as I might. Only a year away from entering manhood, my parents inferred, and you remain totally ignorant of the hebraic ritual performance, “What are we paying to send you to hebrew school for if you’re not learning anything?” was the wailing lament I’d hear regularly. Secretly I was learning, from an older man, an ex-cop, how to control my sphincter. For fifty cents a lesson it was decided to send me to a private tutor, a rabbi, who would teach me my obligatory religious instructions. Rabbi Kepnes, the mathematic instructors bearded orthodox pater. As far as the American grammar school went, that was a secondary issue.

“You need a spanking,” said Rabbi Kepnes, in gutteral english, “help make you learn better, understand?”

Yes, I understood. It was common knowledge among my playmates, students of Rabbi Kepnes, how spankings went with the lessons. A light spanking with a cat o’ ninetails over the rabbis lap with ones bare ass exposed. I knew the scene, as intuitive and so very sexually inclined in an exciting and exploratory way, at twelve years of age. Far back as I can remember there were no taboos for me when it came to lusting for the touch of the human physical form.

Born June 20th 1929, a child victim of the economic depression, I was learning rapidly how adults coveted a youthful body. My ex-cop gratefully shelling a dollar bill daily to me after we’d consummate our bedroom escapades. I never asked for money directly and would have given out regardless as sex in itself for me was reward enough, but, I suppose it was a way, as far as the mentality of the ex-cop went, of keeping me on the leash, so to speak.

Fifty cents a day for lessons given to me by my parents to be
given to Rabbi Kepnes, Kepnes the elder scholar of talmudic law.

With the rabbis finger pointing at the first letter of the hebraic abc's we'd start our lessons, "pronounce aleph."

"Arleph"

"No. no. Aleph, aleph."

"Aleleph?" This would go on for ten or fifteen minutes then out would come the rabbis cat o ninetails. "Do you want me to take off my pants, rabbis?" I'd remove my trousers and closely watch the rabbis demeanor change, at the sight of my bare boy ass, from one of a didactisists frustration with a pupil to a fervent state of erotic ecstasy. Over rabbis lap for five or ten lashes with the rabbinical teachers leather thongs. The spanking never administered severe enough to register complaints to one's parents, payee's of my religious training.

In 1941, for me at least, 50¢ was a lot of money. Rabbi Kepnes and the hebrew lessons bored me to distraction. Quite a few times I'd skip a lesson and pocket the 50¢. Trouble was, though, my favorite street playing area was close by Rabbi Kepnes's storefront classroom. If two days in succession went by without me showing for my hebrew instructions there would be rabbis peeking through the above clear glass of the storefront classroom windows. Bottom half covered with a diamond shaped patterned paper to help keep jew killer (gentile) eyes at bay, no doubt. Across from rabbis, also, there were a couple of abandoned tenements, where on many occasions, feeling flush with rabbis 50¢ in my pocket, I'd take Eddie, a young potential polish jew killer, and, with a nickel or dime enticement, suck Eddie's uncircumcised thing ending usually by sticking my own thing between the young polacks smooth hairless thighs and with the help of spit simulate a fuck.
Everything physical about the rabbi I found unattractive. A sour smell of decay that comes from people who rarely remove their outer clothing. The intrigue about the spanking scene with rabbi Kepnes was that it gave me control of an adult authoritarian figure. Show you the control I had; wasn’t long before it was me doing the spanking with rabbi lying face down on a studio couch covered with my rabbi’s silk-lined long caftan coat, bare-assed naked, feigning pain with each thwack I gave my rabbi, “Oo, aah, oh, oo,” my talmudic scholar would moan rapidly jiggling that nude rabbinical rear end until climax on the black silk would result. Stains on the inside of a caftan coat don’t come from snot. Soon as my daily hebrew lessons grew tedious I’d tell rabbi Kepnes, “You’ve been bad rabbi. Pull your pants down, rabbi. Come, lay down on the bed, rabbi, I’m going to give you a spanking.” It went without saying that the lesson money was not expected. Sort of worked like an exchange of spankings. First me, so’s rabbi Kepnes could become aroused by seeing my young boyass, then rabbi’s turn. (Today I only regret not being more sadistic and really lashing the rabbi’s ass a lot harder so that my imprint would have left a few scarred welts.)

Anyway, a year of the bit with the rabbi and my confirmation day at a synagogue took place. I struggled through the ritual recitation with a barely audible mumble. Finished with a sigh of relief as family well wishers shook my hand exclaiming loudly, “Congratulations, today you are a man.” Rabbi Kepnes beside me voicing the yiddish counter part, “A mench, a mensch.” Me, quietly wanting to say, “Drop your baggy trousers rabbi and show the congregation the ass that made my confirmation as a mensch possible.”

No if ands and buts, jewish boys must be bah mitsvahd; must get their ass licked. Must observe the rules of male authority. The rabbi’s ass was an open invitation for rebellion.
What'd it look like, your rabbis ass? A full, firm, round apple-cheeked type with a gray-greenish-yellow complexion. A clean underweared 'fruit of the loom' fellow, my rabbi Kepnes. Although I dimly recall on cold days my rabbi wore long johns, kind that have a shit split opening so when I beat the rabbi in sub-zero weather rabbi would accomodate me by hunching up the ass and with both hands reach behind stretching the cloth shit split opening for better exposure.

Jewboy, so far removed, was I, from a jewboy culture. My culture was the faggothood culture, only I didn't know it, I wasn't aware of it at the time the ultimate social forces had me preparing "for your bar mitsvah," they did say, "the most important event in your life, boy." I had my own physical self to satisfy, yet. Yet nobody ever told me that. At twelve years of age I felt the catholics were my immediate superiors because they had uncircumcised cocks. (In those days circumcision wasn't such a formal practice in christian and non-sectarian hospitals as it is today.)

The yiddish fag is well hidden. The orthodox rabbi is covered by so much clothing as to appear sexually invulnerable. For me seeing my rabbis bare ass could be likened to a non-erotic burlesque strip tease. I was twelve years old having two full-time affairs. One with a ten year old male polack whose rectum, my goal in life at that particular juncture in time, was to penetrate with my cut hebrew cock; I'd already managed to get my tongue up there. The other one with a fifty-year-old irish ex-cop whose rather large foreskinned prick, fortunately, I daily guided up my vaselined hole. Anyway, scenes with my rabbi were extra curricular and had a tendency to bore me so preoccupied was I anticipating getting naked to suck and fuck with my two catholic goyisha shacoorum (gentile bums). It was a shame, true, here I was a year away from being officially declared a man and I hadn't had any sex play with a jew yet. I suppose there were other jewboys who liked doing the sexual things I did, but in the ghetto where I was raised I never
found one, and I'll add it wasn't for want of trying. I pried, I poked and I rubbed many a jew cock as a youth and all I ever got was a flushed red blush in return. As it's said, to make a long story short, by the time I bumped into the rabbis bare ass gyrations on a caftan coat I was completely turned off by jew pricks and behinds. (I was very fond of stuffed kishkee it so resembled my ex-cop's cock. Made to resemble a huge sausage, a cows intestine filled with flour and seasoning and sewed at both ends then baked or roasted in a hot oven.)
Way it's remembered, lips, turning purple. Shoot salt, table salt out of the shaker on Pearl Street the cities last commercial hotel. Way it's heard at the arena gamblers yelling trying to influence the referee, stop it. Save a good boy! Save a good boy!

He's asthmatic. He's got bottles of adrenalin. Has me laughing today. I'd walked into the room while his chest was heaving and his lips were starting to appear bloodless, his face a clayish gray. Rub ice on him one of us said. Where? Where should we rub the ice? Between his legs, between his legs. Between his legs no apparent life. Call the police. Let me say that was all I had to hear, call the police.

Took off from coast to coast and back settling down selling the automobile for junk. Substantial in size the lifeless hunk between his legs the one with chest heaving rapidly massaging the area that had been circumcized. Now living for a short while in flop houses charging twenty cents a night clean sheet and small towel. Elevated had not been removed rattling by getting used to sound from speed highs frantic with sexual urges unrefined.

Lacked a business hustle. Remembered the one with heaving chest graduated bass player embezzled front desk clerk. As I've said that's all I had to hear, call the police. Drove night and day cashing phony prescriptions before meeting a lover buck teeth
tall six foot legs wrapped about his waist thick foreskin busing tables in cafeteria. Got me a job until looking in mirror the reflection becoming awry. Laughing on account of all that needed to be done was to have filled a syringe, filled it with adrenalin. Anyways he lived and a sluie of arrests were the end results avoided in my secondhand automobile an eight cylinder Buick two new tires until brakes ceased to exist planning complete stops hundreds of feet from desired spots pumping and snapping my sphincter.

Rifling bags for narcotics country club door concession dinner dances and other catered affairs in the kitchen snacks of chopped liver on crackers spreads of mayonnaised egg salad. In health exercise section is where the shit was taken, downstairs. Must do something about people from the town coming into parking lot and stealing hubcaps the boss said. Call the police, that's all I had to hear.

At the boxing matches, ringside. Ringside at the boxing matches later after fights fuck in bed toilet paper the wiping ass after.

And it's where I first heard it. Ringside, at the boxing matches. I was twelve years old. Jim, first person ever to fuck me, went with him to initial boxing matches. We went to his bed after the fights were over and fucked when he took it out or rather when it slid out of its own accord I went into Jim's bathroom and wiped my ass with his toilet paper. Save a good boy! Save a good boy!
Mickey Finn and The Jockey? They were familiar names. Mickey I knew casually meeting him for the first time the night Marty Zide tied his clothing in bed sheets and threw it out of a sixth floor hall window into the narrow alley like sidestreet below where I sat behind the wheel of Marty Zide's rental car. It was out the window of The Touraine, Hotel Touraine. Finn had quit using stuff but me and Marty had this shit load of half grain morphine tablets. The majority of the people Mickey Finn knew thought he had gone off the deep end giving up stuff standing on his head doing yoga exercises. It was odd because his friends, ones we knew, hustled... boosters, racetrack touts and so forth. Anyways, here was Mickey Finn watching for me and Marty at three in the morning making sure when we picked up Marty's bundle that no suspicious cops were in sight. It was offered to him, morphine, he refused. Marty turned his face away from Mickey and smirked, so did I.

Jockey Martin. That was The Jockey's last name, Martin. He wasn't riding at the track, getting any mounts, because in the latter few years he'd been in and out of trouble with the law, everybody knows how moral state racing commissions are. Those jockeys, individuals who've been around the jockeys dressing rooms at various horse tracks have said, those jockeys have some of the biggest pricks they'd ever seen. It's also said they have small hands, dainty almost, but wrists that are powerful. They need it, strong wrists, one hand flailing the rump of their mounts
with a whip while the other hand grips the reins. A race riders
grip, probably they hold the reins loose like someone does to
teach a pool cue, firm but loose. So, anyways as far as The
Jockey goes, he’s one of the ones I’d never actually met in the
flesh.

Suddenly, say if I wanted to find out, all of a sudden what’d The
Jockey’s cock look like? Who could I go to? Who could I ask?
time with Marty Zide and I knew he had a fat hunk between his
legs. But what good was it when he only thought about gambling
and drugs. He thought of himself as an A-one handicapper
pointing out to me, see this it ran a mile in so many minutes and
so many seconds. Yes, it wanted to make me cry almost, what
good is your fat prick to me, Marty Zide, when you smell of drug
sickness. When’s the last time it was hard Marty Zide? Anyway,
so that same morning we said goodbye to Mickey Finn and with
someone else Marty Zide had hanging around him we left in
Marty’s rental car for Atlantic City. Marty had got the shit load
of morphine tablets, the half grain tablets, from a couple of really
aggressive people. They weren’t drug addicts. Plus not being
drug addicts themselves they had a grossly exaggerated idea
about the stuffs actual worth. Alright, so the Atlantic City trip
was an evasive action on Marty Zides part. Of course I was in for
some of the drugs because I was providing some of the money for
the trip with my hustling a short change scam and in the process
teaching Zide to do it himself. Actually the person that Marty
took with us he’d met in a poolroom. An attractive fair skinned
irish guy but an uptight sexless snob that you know once we
arrived in Atlantic City and checked into a motel he never
removed his clothes. Then too he was a prude that didn’t use stuff
which in a way was alright with me and Martin Zide. I mean that
was all the more for us.

I don’t know. Anyway it was there in Atlantic City that Marty
Zide pulled this unforgivable shit on me. Suddenly he gets
overly protective or possessive about his shit load of morphine
doling me out a small portion with the excuse the reason he’s
Jockey in Winners Circle at Hialeah
cutting me down is that he had to sell the stuff and give the money to the couple he got the stuff from originally, the two aggressive people I've mentioned. Well that's a crock of shit I told him. Finally, anyway I fell asleep and in the morning when I woke Marty Zide and the irish guy were gone. A good thing I had hid some morphine and most of the money I had on me. Funny part is I wasn't angry. I had morphine. I had money didn't I and didn't it look like I'd never actually get to relate to Martin Zide and his big fat prick that never gets hard?

What did I do? I took my suitcase down to the Atlantic City bus station checked it into one of those twentyfive cent lockers and headed for the toilet hoping to discover a stall with a glory hole. That's just what happened and I had a few breaking the monotony.

The confrontation? Yes, so anyways I had a few hours before a bus would leave Atlantic City. Alright I decided to take a walk on the boardwalk. I'm walking along the boardwalk and who should I spot in one of those bicycle rickshaws, Marty Zide and the irish guy. I just stopped them the blood literally drained from Marty Zides face. Talk about guilt. And he didn't even know I had the cache of morphine tablets I had hid. Anyways, I gave him a verbal blasting. When getting to the point of asking him how could he leave me in such a mess with no stuff, very little money and so forth and what did he now propose to do to rectify matters? Anyways, as I held him hostage, so to speak, him and the irish guy debarked the rickshaw, he sent the irish guy to a hotel room they had booked to get his shit load of morphine tablets so as to make a settlement with me.

To make a long story short don't think I didn't take advantage of his personal guilt, yet. Yet, had Martin Zide been suddenly, say all of a sudden sexually free with me in regards to his big fat prick by attempting a get together and with me trying to produce a hardon I probably would have not been as demanding as I was when it came to the stuff and everything. I mean forget about Mickey Finn and The Jockey.
The minute he said to me if he’d had his way he’d get rid of the pushers this is supposed to be on account of me on account of I was using dope. You know what I mean? as though I was out of it completely, didn’t have a choice. Is it true when you use hard stuff your desire for sex is gone? No, that’s a sadly mistaken lie. A lie lots of times gay drinkers spout, sneering, "oh, don’t fool with him he’s a drug addict." Types I’ve been home with fall asleep before anything happens smelling like a brewery. So, when he said that about the dealers I bought my stuff from I had to make this move reevaluating my friendship with this quean I sometimes traveled with, and worked for, once in awhile.

About the dope and his awful statement it took place in NYC. He had a couple of concessions with The Paul Miller Show playing on parking lots of shopping centers around Westchester County. I had a habit then but despite junk I managed to suck a good few cocks on a day to day basis.

How it came about I had him with me when I went to buy my dope? Anyway, I do know he insisted he wanted to come and I certainly made no secret how enamoured I was with especially heroin; speed, too, on occasion. He likes young dark puerto ricans with big cocks jostling around loose in their pants (it was a hot summer and the trousers most kids wore
were thin). I left him on a busy corner as I crossed the street to get my dope. When I got back I wanted to get rid of him and go shoot my dope; after, if I was into it I'd visit a few subway toilets (keep my sexual sissiness alive). Before I'd got back he'd connected with a boy just like I've described so now there was no problem for me to get rid of him or if worse had come to worse? Couldn't have him actually watch me shoot the stuff such a knocker as he was for dope. Good, he was off with his big pricked puerto rican boy. He really loved giving those kids $20 bills, these ones who lacked the finesse to ask for a fiver (this wasn't 42nd street - it wasn't the eastside - it was uptown broadway in the 90s).

I'd love to have been relating on a sexual level - purely on a sexual level - but you know I had to get up and start each day with an injection. How many people not directly involved with hard dope understand? Who's supposed to educate them? Not only a sadly mistaken lie but a vicious lie as well is perpetrated about the general behavior of drug addicted queans.

The whole thing was everyday you have to make a meet for stuff cautiously so as not to be observed by police, and the police, they are everywhere. So, alright, what I'm saying is a lot of spent energy is used. Money? Money's nothing if the goods are decent. With that and still able daily to get an allotment of cock a quean no matter how dissipated he looks has a reason to be proud.
One thing about being Jewish in NYC even though I'm originally from Boston is that there were a lot of other Jewish dope fiends nearer my age. Dickie, for instance. Dickie Wynofsky and plus he was supposed to be gay like I was, only more people, Jewish dope fiends, knew about Dickie than knew about me. He'd brag how Gersh punched him around, giggling even how he had all these black and blue marks that Gersh gave him. I think they did a bit together on Hart's Island where the cemetery is.

Me and Dickie Wynofsky did a drug cure together. I mean that's what it's supposed to be, a drug cure, where they take you down gradually. That's where and when he told me how Gersh would punch him around. It sounded to me like he was bragging about it. What I mean is you would think that he thought that put him on some kind of pedestal or something, being privileged. I mean I didn't see any black and blue marks and if Gersh did give him any they were gone, healed, so it was just Dickie's word against anybody's.
Let me know my balance?

I had just clipped $90 out of someone's pocket. A man I'd met at a urinal. Sucked his ass and when I had his pants down... it's an old story. A way of life not approved by the masses.

Look, it's making a living... my balance, please.

I then run across the street and get some H from Mike Visconti, a former Italian gangster, since mellowed, feeling simply ebullient with $90 in my kick. The exact moment is where I'm at. I'm in the toilets for thrills, erotic stimulation and if any money comes my way it becomes a plus, a double positive. As long as I remain in toilets there is no need for money, but, life away from toilets has to be supported ... food, rent, drugs. A few years back, in my early teens, I often thought of bringing a lunch when visiting toilets so as not to interrupt my stay with actual physical hunger.

Let me know my balance?
There were a few people around the racetrack, around the stables is where I'd see them hobbling about with bent backs and bowlegs. I thought to myself that they must be ex-jockeys, race riders that had fell off horses or had been maybe kicked by horses but I've since found most of these people are suffering chronic back problems.

Blaming cigarettes in backrooms drinking piss at various urinals, knees scruffy. It was my left knee, my left kneecap that would give way. I explained to people, it's a trick knee I got in high school playing football. What I actually was doing was I was drinking glassfuls of piss right in front of whoever was there and I found that my action was responsible for getting people horny. Race riders, jockeys, people have told me, these same people denying they are into it, the majority of jockeys they've managed to see undressed have abnormally large cocks.

It was the cough from cigarettes that I attributed to my bad back. I'd sit on pricks after a few beers and be able to take the largest ones with no trouble. A few good mouthfuls of spit was all that I needed. What I did at the racetrack wasn't associated with jockeys, horses or the stables, in the parking lot is where I worked and sometimes the horse owners after parking their cars would give me a likely tip on a horse race.
Sometimes, with Max, I'd sit around on doorsteps, but not as a rule. Max was I'd say roughly 70 years old, flabheaven not fat and his ankles and feet were swollen so that all he could get on his feet were carpet slippers... he had smooth skin, hairless chest and his jowls resembled a new born infants ass cheek. I'd take a look at Max, and think, he's an unmistakable old quean from way back when it was chic to lay down and smoke... anyway, the doorsteps we'd sit around on were located on East 8th Street a few buildings in from 3rd Avenue next to the sweatbaths where a lot of men working on the docks lived. What was it? two dollars a night with a restaurant on the premises if you lived there on a steady basis the management would reserve you a walk-in locker... beds upstairs and downstairs dormitory style and cubbyhole private rooms for fifty cents extra. A non-practicing medical doctor and his son, both residents of Brooklyn, owned the place.

We were inseparable one summer. I'd hear of a writing physician, give Max the fee, telling him don't come out of the office empty handed... show him your swollen feet.

I had this petty larceny shortchange con that I'd get enough money so's to cash the prescriptions Max got, to pay for our nights lodging at the sweatbaths, to eat a few chopped liver sandwiches... we'd never starve, me and Max, although food was
secondary. Medicine, Max got by cashing prescriptions, sustained us..... injectible stuff.

The way our days went all worldly business we'd finish before dark then we'd check into the sweat baths prepare and inject what I was just talking about... of course we did it privately in our walk-in lockers. Everyone there is practically naked except for the management gives you a skimpy off-white jacket that just barely reaches the thighs and a 24 inch long towel... anyway, I have large testicles. I'd order the food mostly as I said the chopped liver sandwiches or occasionally omelets, salami omelets, cornbeef omelets... the fellow that ran the restaurant concession, a nickname like Eddy The Polack, it's a polish neighborhood, he was into the same type of medicine as me and Max. If we happened to seem to be falling asleep over the food we were eating Eddy The Polack would come from around his counter giving us a gentle poke... anyway, when he'd give me a poke I'd adjust my testicles, not lift my head, adjust my testicles to signify my alertness.

About nine in the evening the place would start to fill up. On weekends if we wanted a bed downstairs we'd have to occupy one by at least ten oclock or else it was upstairs and the beds upstairs were a different story... anyway, times me and Max couldn't find a bed downstairs, it was hard for Max to climb the stairs, he'd lean on me. Alright, the beds upstairs, the dormitory. . . in the dormitory upstairs sleeping wasn't the big thing it was sex and that was if it wasn't for the injectible medicine, my thing. In other words sex was my thing but for that summer with all the injectible prescription medicine I was sending Max, setting him up with physicians, to get . . . show him your swollen feet. What I'm saying most of the time that summer I'd be too out of it for sex, too sedated, yet actually a few times with Max lying next to me, usually three or four in the morning, upstairs, a stranger would awake me with his mouth and I never objected.

Max couldn't have missed what was going on between me and other fellows though he never let on. I wanted to confirm it so's
that we'd have more in common than the injectible medicine...
Max, you're an old quean, aren't you? Well, anyways, I never
did and it's too late. I dumped Max when I learned I could go
into physicians for my own prescriptions... my ankles and feet
were starting to swell.
Downstairs in the cellar of life exchanging rings airplane travel south. A warm climate working at stealing to support cigarette drinking various narcotics. Told me in his letter he was quiting nicotine again preparing for his latest love by swimming in the bay weather's been warm seventyfive or near eighty everyday.

Three dollar bags five dollar bags on the street drugstore stuff speed cruising toilet pickups going to his friends house for a supposedly crowd of bodies into a proper sixynine. Next late afternoon on midway asking swinger agent copied from in the past if you holding any of that powdered meth. Orangeburg to Macon from Macon to Jacksonville from Jacksonville to Santurce. In Santurce swilling cough syrup and PG (paregoric). Placed to Boston then by automobile to Miami Beach on the nod. Sexual liaisons with prescription writing physicians one passenger in automobile that's what the passengers job was making croakers.

It was in the bus station where I met him this guy. Greyhound bus station in Charlotte through a peep hole passed notes him saying how he liked plump men. Prison discharge suit wrinkled badly when looking in mirror mens room shower food chits and a small cashiers check from a welfare organization got me home to Massachusetts. Hello hello I'm home from
prison. What are you going to do? What are you going to do find a job go to work hustle jog a few miles everyday get back into the business the carnival business get hooked up to a booster as his shade? So he says to me in a letter coyly embarrassed something like I really must have my head examined not only rings but exchanging vows of fidelity.
Look at me now he insisted. You remember, Tony? You remember how I was? Big, big from lifting weights. Situps, situps, doing a hundred situps in be bop alley. The toilet drinking coffee, hot coffee. Hot coffee with the rest of those guys hanging around... ever really listen to bop?

So on the strength of the above, be bop alley, the toilet, the hot coffee... it's all a lot of shit from the drug hospital, I let him, Tony... he had a younger fellow with him, take me to his friends place. Dynamite, dynamite three dollar bags up a couple of flights of stairs. After leaving... forgetful blot, choked by him his arm the fellow with him in front leading, yet, no great loss of confidence. What'd I have? What'd I blow... twentyfive dollars? Probably the kicker is it wasn't a stranger. It was someone, we were supposed to know each other, from a drug hospital.

Everybody crowds into the doorway listening... drummer what's he doing? Is it called a solo? Making noise? Technical remarks about one hand or the other being fast, fast left hand... ever really listen to bop? So, anyways defensively I wiped the episode out of my mind, but for a sore throat... I had a sore throat for a week.
Dynamite three dollar bags? An old queans rehash. Rehash... it's about how when I got mugged a long time ago just breaking into the carnival business, a comedy of errors. Not the carnival business. The carnival business wasn't what I'm refering to as being a comedy of errors. Had to jump into the city for a taste then sucking whatever and wherever and about be bop I'd never understood how to listen, what the heck. Earlier on I'd been drinking whiskey so to this here Tony what was I, a means to sustain his habit, alcohol dulling my senses? Alright, so he and his friend mugged me and it wasn't until the next morning I realized I didn't even have a dime to make a telephone call... bring me a pair of pants, a clean pair of pants. Who would know that I'd lost my pants, had purposely taken them off seeking to drown myself in sexual activity as sort of a balm to my mugging... sort of to ease the pain of my own self ridicule like the time once in similar vicinity survived an intended hotshot, robbed of serious money, seven hundred, flashing money instead of my prick? What comes to mind, readily, quean I knew... kissing each other with mouths full of piss... had his cock pierced. We also knew we'd met before, but neither one of us stood on ceremony mutual sexual tastes being the leveler. No, now if I see a guy, a straight, I can look at them as if they were invisible.

Of course things sure aren't what they used to be, sounds... sounds more sophisticated and anyways my body can no longer handle the stuff it used to handle and as far as three dollar bags it's ancient history. The fellow, Tony, that mugged me I couldn't even have went for sexually. The ideas they have... situps, lifting weights or talking about it leaves me flat.

We, Steve, I and a few others gave our money, score money, to this party, he was in his mid-seventies but still light on his feet. Where he went to score was a poor spanish section of the city and with him... he had pale white skin so that when he went into this section all youngsters sitting on doorsteps knew the guy could be in this neighborhood for only one reason, to score
for stuff. Well, they knew because every day for two weeks he’d been scoring for us... the way he used to say it’s dangerous, dangerous, you get in and out in a hurry. So this particular afternoon he was late coming back and the first thing we thought he’s run off with our money, cursing the fact that we trusted him for so long. Well the guy came back, banged up a little, but he came back, clutching the stuff, priding himself that those guys had him on the ground, punching, kicking him and he resisted, he resisted and wouldn’t give them the stuff... our stuff, imagine, in his mid-seventies and able to move, still light on his feet.
I think it was the end of the line for him when he fell in love with blonde Greg. Would I please do him a favor and patch it up? They’d been fighting. Both of them came into town to work a grind store on Revere Beach for Larry the fellow a few years later found locked in the trunk of his automobile, murdered. Actually the murder has no relationship to them or me... maybe it had to do with gambling, or, I wouldn’t be surprised if some kind of cocaine deal went sour. What I’m getting at is no relationship to ‘us’ because, we, me and Johnny the grind store agent, excluding Greg, identified ourselves as Fags with a capital ‘F’. Anyway, so what he wanted me to do, while he waited in the car, was run back into Sporters, the gay bar where Greg was drinking, wishy washy bleached out Greg, and tell him how his partner, the other grind store agent sitting in the car, loved him. Course we both knew Greg would never acknowledge that love. Alright, they traveled together and had sex when Greg was drunk, but, the total sum for Greg was both of them getting plenty of action. Plenty of action in the carnival business meant plenty of money.

Going back 20 years ago, playing Bridgeport, Connecticut, he bought a new black Continental, Greg and him slopping it up... they both left the midway telling me to cash out the other agents as though he could trust me to give him a good count and he could but I don’t really think he believed it. Later, that same night, or
was it some time the next day, I was told they had had a bad accident, both in the same hospital, maybe Greg didn’t require hospitalization, though the other drove catching the brunt of the crash. A day or so later I hooked in as the shade for the Rhode Island booster, which in turn, being with the booster I rarely got a chance to be on a midway and if me and the booster did happen to show on a midway it was to sell the $300 suits we boosted, or rather, the Rhode Island booster boosted as I acted as his shade. One thing led to another and I didn’t see these two grind store agents until my abrupt falling out with the booster a year and a half later. Was Greg still with him? He was and he wasn’t. According to Greg, by now he despised his partner, Johnny the grind store agent, who referred to himself as Greg’s lover. Greg could explain it, implying, everybody thought they knew my business, he was so sloppy, so weepy.

My problem understanding the situation is I couldn’t believe people I chummed around with went for romanticism... I mean that’s how blind being strung out made me.

Okay, prior to Bridgeport, Greg said, yes, sure he’d used before. It was nothing to me and I shot him a shot in the jabop. He had such good veins I should have been suspicious... who’s in the room at the time but the protesting lover, grind store agent Johnny, of course Greg passed completely out of the picture with me all for dragging him in the hall toilet, this other one, the lover, horrified at my less than tactful suggestion.

Years before, early on, we knew each other from 8th Avenue, from 42nd Street, from 6th Avenue... a dollar was a dollar and none of the people we loved worked at traditional jobs. Troubles of my own dealing with a discontented affair... seems as though time flew. Suddenly released from a house of correction and it’s my name being called loudly... hey, hey, well if it aint Johnny and him telling me how he’s now a grind store agent. How he’s now a fag in the carnival business, meaning he won’t take no for an answer... meaning I should let him break me into the business. Likes to show off stuffing twenty dollar bills in my pocket... yes,
honest me, saying, didn’t he realize this fag, me, now only loves
his junk... still goes for cock of course but loves his morning bang.
Can I get serious with a person that lacks music appreciation...
Jazz, jazz, 1950's stuff, stuff that cooks. Huh, what? is the tight
response.

It was on West 86th Street, one flight up, the room where Greg lay
passed out on the floor. Johnny, I said, give me a hand dragging
Greg into the hall toilet... no, he’d run downstairs to call an
ambulance, so’s it was left to me. Anyway, when Johnny came
back I pointed, he’s in there the hall toilet so he anxiously went
in... what happened was Greg had stirred, had come to... we three
left the room before an ambulance arrived. What did you tell me
you used stuff? You’ve never used stuff... Greg gives me this
sheepish smile... supposed to mean, big thing, so what... he was
more worldly appreciating bluesy ballads, types that swing, that
cook... I thought it was a joke, Johnny the grind store agent, him
getting mad at me for sucking Greg’s cock...
Various concessions were sent over by boat. Ticket paid for by John I flew. John and Bobby came after. No, come to think of it, Bobby and I flew together. John had a way blatantly announcing he could never trust a drug addict no matter how queer. Bobby I found completely repugnant. As it was Bobby'd end getting more money out of the proposition than John would and they were his concessions—a count store—an alibi joint—three buckets plus canvas for the whole smear. Expense money? He'd given it all to Bobby leading to big arguments trying to get my end. Straighten it out later when the show's in the air?

Anyways what really grated on my nerves soon as John arrived he hired a jeep so that he and Bobby could run around partying with young Spanish queans they'd pick up both of them Bobby and John flashing fifty dollar bills ignoring me or else John whining why don't you leave the stuff alone? I'd know he'd be full of guilt for ignoring me so in that way it'd be a snap for me to get back at him by demanding more money than I was entitled to from his alibi joint, the concession I favored, while he and Bobby worked John's count store. Oh we'd meet now and then, John and I, socially, him showing off his latest pick-up one or another of those young Spanish queans he was partial to. We'd drive to his ritzy hotel-cabana type accommodations next to a large swimming pool— it was
off season on this island — place is more or less deserted making it an ideal setting for drinking and sex bouts. I vividly recall an incident. I'm in John's, was it a suite with a refrigerator, no, that was Bobby's. Anyway John's telling one of those young Spanish queans to take out his prick so that I could see what it looked like. A pretty massive hunk and I hadn't any qualms about getting down with it. There I was down with it and at the same time removing bits of my clothing. At this juncture John attempted to pull me away from this young Spanish queans prick. John's smiling. He's a frozen smile on his lips but is really in a livid rage invoked by me on a prick he's invested time and money on.

Leaving stuff alone injectible or non-injectible wasn't a question somebody not in the know personally can deal with. Drinking over-the-counter stuff, paregoric, is just as addictive as injectibles. Limited input five two ounce bottles of stuff within a twelve hour duration. And it was hot, temperature somedays topping the hundred mark, trudging about collecting my bottles, stumbling over the native speech. Even, of all things, using pidgin English. Pidgin English, imagine what it must sound like to an islander - bottle of what did you say?

In back's all shed huts built on stilts. A partly filled marshy area. In front's a modern stadium. Sideways looking from my alibi joint's an armory constructed of what looks to be yellow stucco. Young children, barefoot boys mostly living with their families in the shed huts, clustered by my alibi joint — used as interpreters soon's I got a score from a mark I'd give a few of them, the barefoot boys, a dollar or so smash, nickels and dimes. Islanders enjoyed the same monetary standard we did where we came from. Feeling was in the beginning John seriously thought he might get rich with this off season overseas proposition - that was a big lie. Yet, looked at differently, say focusing on those young Spanish queans, it can be a completely realistic proposition. And me at the time if I'd left stuff alone.
He was younger than me. He was Polish. He lived across the street from me. He went to parochial school. He traded comic books with me in my hall on the third floor, 76 Walnut Street. We traded comic books while people were eating supper. See who's at the door? It's Eddie with funny books and I'd get my collection. His prick with tight skin, out, where I'd have it trying to pull the tight skin back to the slit, so the slit would show where he pissed from. For an extra comic book. For ten cents, that always turned the trick. Money always got Eddie's pants down.

This here is how you lay the note I was telling Stanley. Explaining at the next stop, watch me when I buy the coffee. A couple of years before in the same area, I was with Roy then, we were being tailed. We've been fingered, Roy said. Fingered, Roy? Yes, fingered by one of those persons hanging around the bus station cafe, Roy added, elaborating. If they get a chance they'll force us off the road. Roy didn't need to say robbery was the prime motive of the people in the automobile behind us.

Day ago we'd come into this city, me and Roy, out laying the note. We occupied separate rooms in the same hotel. The hotel close to the bus station cafe. Catty corner from the bus station cafe sat the train terminal containing a quietly active mens toilet. It'd be where I'd be headed soon's I could duck Roy.
When you lay a note, Stanley, I told him, if you're found out act like it's an honest mistake. What Roy did he'd carry a pint of cheap wine in his hip pocket, plus, Roy'd wear a hospital identification tag on his left wrist in case he ever had a rumble.

Roy went to his room. I went to my room. My room was on a different floor below Roy. It was a four story building and the hotel didn't start until one flight up. From my room I went directly to the train terminal toilet.

Who would do that, finger us, I'd be asking Roy the next day with me driving at the same time trying to lose the automobile tailing ours? Either these people tailing us gave up or else lost sight of our automobile. Anyway, we weren't able to lay a note. It was Roy's decision, to be on the safe side, not to return to this city. What I mean is with all the excitement it became too late for either one of us to lay a note.

You can't expect to do it right from the go, Stanley, I said. Keep your eye on me when I buy a package of gum at the next gasoline stop. Roy was great on ethics, money split exactly down the middle, between those traveling together. This city is where me and Roy spent three months in jail for being suspicious out of towners. A case where Roy's hospital identification tag couldn't wrangle us out of that particular dilemma. We both were let out when it was determined there was no concrete legal basis for further incarceration.

At the train terminal by feeling underneath into the next toilet booth I met someone. It was that someone I was in bed with lying naked head to toe. The only stitch of clothing we may have had on was socks. Both of us busy in stated position, me on my back. The someone had spread his legs and my face so to speak was buried in his ass crack, when Roy, just outside the door of my hotel room, knocked and when I didn't reply to his knock began loudly calling my name. To the someone with me
I waved with my hand silently a signal to let nothing interrupt what we were doing. The fact was what we were doing was so pleasurable we both became oblivious of Roy alternately calling my name and knocking on the door.

Stanley, after you lay a note, whomever you're with don't connect until well away from the initial area. What I'm getting at, moving in said manner helps whomever you're with and yourself to stay clean. It was one of Roy's chief theories that I agreed with, staying clean, even if it meant sacrificing any money we'd accumulated. Best, too, if you dress conservatively, dark blues and grays, I instructed Stanley.

Innocently enough it so happens, the last time I saw Eddie he had placed his left forearm in the crook of his right arm the latter end held in a clenched fist. Eddie's fist obviously aimed towards me about to leave the urinal on recognizing him, Eddie, at the sink, whom I hadn't seen in at least twenty years. My intentions just to say hello Eddie, play the rest by ear. I was no longer interested in comic books. I'm sure by intuition he wasn't either. As I was about to open my mouth that's when he wriggled his clenched fist at me, his right fist, as I've said, his left forearm in its crook.
W anting to admit nothing, Verbal, wanting to admit nothing verbal. Pre-carnival age running with a group of older people. Suit, tie, dice in pockets switching one pair of dice to palm at almost the same time dropping the previous pair loose. A dice mechanics job is to switch dice undetected by human eyes. Instructions from experienced older people constantly have at least two pairs of dice in pockets practicing how to switch.

Ricky perfecting his routine, a dance with a reptile, for night-club drag shows. Tell me you love me. Tell me you love me. It was Ricky's most repetitious line. Out hustling dice I'd made money. Now I was into drugs. Try as I might Ricky refused all my offers to turn him on, get him high, same as I was. I had this separate life with older people hustling dice laying groundwork for a career as a professional gambler.

I'd met Ricky in New York City, Bryant Park, the park behind the Fifth Avenue Public Library. I'm pretty sure it's where I met him and I think after we met we went to a bar close by on 6th Avenue for a drink. Although, as stated earlier, wanting to admit nothing verbal, it slopped out of me husky voiced, me telling him how much I cared for him. Tell me you love me. Tell me you love me. Like I've said already it was Ricky's often most repeated line. You mean a lot to me. You mean an awful lot
to me I told him oh I don't know how many times.

Hardly did I know the proper odds on numerical combinations, betting odds shooting dice, when there I was with the group of older people, we called ourselves a dice mob, in a large picnic area near Washington, D.C., on the shores of Chesapeake Bay, squatting down on my knees shaking and shooting dice. The event was an annual tri-state business mens club get-together. Six of us we'd faked our way in.

Ricky broke with me citing the overall reason, drug use. Yet for a short time saw me clean, that is, drug free. Hankering to patch up our differences, showing Ricky money, it may have been some of the money I'd made at the Chesapeake Bay thing, I don't know, anyways I had enough to take both of us down south for the winter. I don't remember what happened to Ricky's reptile, the six foot black snake he danced with in his nightclub act. I recall one of the spots he was booked being raided by police. Drag shows were illegal in most parts of the country then. I purposely broke with the older group of people, the dice mob, because I felt uncomfortable with them so awkward were they sexually.

Was it that season the reason surfaced it would make little difference if suddenly I became capable of saying I love you Ricky whether said matter-of-factly or with profound emotion? He'd look at me and what his look said to me it said bluntly I was full of shit. So it was the season we called it quits by mutual agreement. I had my righteous complaints and so did Ricky have his righteous complaints for once we were able to keep them to ourselves speeding up drifting apart.

B & B on the beach. Playing bankers and brokers on the beach, across from The Tidewater, using strippers, beveled decks of playing cards, bicycles. The living was easy. A good part of the time spent counting the take. It wasn't a hustle Ricky took to. Besides dancing with his black snake in drag Ricky was a
specialty thief, favored burglary. Progression as a professional gambler encompassed more than a few pairs of mis-spotted dice. As I've said, Ricky, as a close companion and bed partner meant a lot to me, false it might seem when I recoiled at his demanding parroting. Tell me you love me. Tell me you love me. What I mean is he meant a lot to me and I wanted him to be a part of my various hustles, the dice, the bankers and brokers on the beach. I mean it was beyond me when consideration was given to the fact he liked money as well as I did. Alright, one thing led to another as Ricky left going north.

In those days gay relationships were never supposed to be anything other than monogamous. Anyway now I was free to sleep with anybody I chose. So began a round of gay bar hopping. Who should I meet but two queans from my Bryant Park and 8th Avenue 42nd Street days, John and Big Alice. Both of them penniless. Both living with Chips Walker the milky white skinned piano playing quean from New Orleans. We were to have a five week affair. Meanwhile...
Never Passed a Fix Up Never Passed a Fix Up...

So hard put broke without a dime standing in front of and then alongside of The Garden Cafeteria. A short while before left a goofball artist his West 49th street place. This here goofball artist a total mess. Total total a complete total mess eveything sink stinking crawling with odors aromas of old and new magazines piled 4 and 5 thick around his bed sheets that haven't seen the light of daytime soap operas in at least a month of sundays.

Wearing my good blue suit my only good blue suit my case good blue hustling suit. The suit worn on the hustle to project an image of respectability. A clean button down ivy league shirt dark tie to match stockings thusly arrayed one time or another even carrying a brief a leather brief. On the 50th street side of the cafeteria by the stairs leading down to 8th avenue subways soon as a person exits my instructions were to cut into them cut into them with a story a story sort of like a miniature stolen billfold hospital visit anything anything to evoke a sympathetic ear short of a blow by blow description of your 24 electric shock treatments in a state run institution tell them you need subway fare money for phone calls to help alleviate frantic situation.

Happened 3 bags earlier full of H cop harness cop on patrol beat said hey you where you from taken by suprise so suddenly
barely enough a second or two stuffed bags in my mouth my mouth with no intentions of swallowing the shit unless the harness cop became suspicious and decided to physically pry open my mouth. Anyway managed a muted mumble the cop in turn answered me with a growled well then go back to where you belong.

The goofball artist his story roughly peopled private wealth send him a check monthly and a separate check to the owner of the building where he lives for the rent is the way it was heard. The rental check to the owner of the building is never late but the goofball artist his check sometimes it comes on time and sometimes it seems like it'll never come especially wide awake awake completely wide awake no nembutals tuinals seconals nothing subject to fits of depre- sions wingding seizures,

So hard put dime stand cafeteria wearing good blue suit trying to bum carfare downtown expected wired moneygram thirty dollars not again not again not you again. Rolled into city literally in Buick 1950 Buick motor humming but brakes shot shot right to the floorboards absolutely nothing stops planned at least one hundred yards in advance managed fifty dollars for the hulk at automobile junkshop in Coney Island vicinity. Motor humming but brakes shot look at the rubber look at the rubber brand new rubber with set of dated papers for proof. Doridens white pills grooved down the middle after going through 5000 yellow capsules nembutals rolled into the city from west coast on the mysterious lam from nothing really that anyone can put a legal finger on driving day and night day and night drug sick with guilt drug sick with guilt and nowhere to score until literally rolling into the city two weeks later from the west coast back to the east coast a little sex here and there on road at rest stops I suppose though nothing leaving a lasting memory of same.
So broke standing with hard put dimes good blue hustling suit kept spiffy neatly pressed while you wait at 24 hour shop even if it meant spending my last cent to avoid jail knowing police approach crummy looking people first. Walked away from downstairs out the door goofball artist left me reflective the dirt the poverty of monthly checks written more to keep him hidden than for actual life sustaining support. He himself the goofball artist he dreads visits from his people with private wealth they have him locked up in properly sterile clean sheeted institutions don’t let him out of your sight don’t let him out of your sight manipulative type manipulative type. Records documented in black and white notarized signatures easy to remember but so hard to forget.

Flops flops seventyfive cent flops secret is not to remove clothes if valued nudity is to be kept meaning once undressed don’t expect same clothing back. The person that introduced me to the goofball artist he had all the stuff about the flops the price the clothes down pat where to stand hard put next to The Garden Cafeteria dimes saved increase change. It was summer summer he knew everybody and everybody knew him on the scene on the scene on the scene that is they knew him and he knew them. Never passed a fix up never passed a fix up...
Queans we knew me and Hush wandering the
street the streets hustling parks haunting parks stealing
breakfast rolls left in doorways of groceries. Shook our
respective heads stealing cash lamps jewelry off of trusting
pickups lead up flights of dark halls.

How much how much? How much do you charge? What do you
do what do you do? I do everything everything for five dollars
ten dollars all night while Hush slept I’d slip out at six in the
morning wearing my jogging suit to look for strangers panting
for sex. Fast sex fast sex one two three one two three and it’d
be over back with Hush issuing an affectionate wet kiss telling
Hush whispering I got rolls fresh rolls fresh rolls. Back in bed
under the covers with Hush he’d expect something to be
shaking as a matter of speaking sexual sexual getting it on in
the morning it being only natural after abstaining all night.
Did I dare explain that when I was supposed to be jogging on
the bridle path avoiding horse manure what I really was doing
was was repeating performances performances going down on
practically anybody willing to drop their trousers or zip open
their flies. It’d be alright actually if it were done for money
money was one thing but doing it for love definitely was not
permissible.
Hush and Freddie, 1949
The whole bit is to be ever alert alert in order to rob anything of value left unattended lamps in shops jewelry billfolds holding cash again and again Hush the B & E specialist myself drifting along trying unsuccessfully to develop a lucrative confidence game. Your stick your stick what's your stick was an expression later used to mean what you did to earn a living. Uptown to the fence having a very small room on 7th Avenue abutting 110th Street. Jimmy Jimmy Tyler Jimmy'll buy anything whether he needs it or not as long as it's stolen property. This time a lamp Hush clipped as it sat like a statue in a mid-city store window near the famous millionaires plaza containing an ice skating rink for ice skating queans. Many queans and there is no mistake about them being queans skating round and round the rink every now and then a more adroit quean carving a figure eight but always queans queans in the winter skating ice skating in the rink located in the plaza owned or named for a famous millionaire. At Jimmy's small room Jimmy offering puffs of sweet smelling smoke we don't we don't Hush and I we concentrate on sucking and fucking sucking and fucking that's our stick primarily sucking and fucking five dollars a shot ten dollars all night. A rough way a rough way a rough way to go sometimes we'd argue continuously half the night trying to remember people banging on the floor upstairs downstairs shut-up you two be quiet. He took the lamp giving us a good price shaking his head from side to side professing not to understand why he buys this stuff. Offhand a few years later inquiring of somebody did they know Jimmy Tyler the Jimmy Tyler that lived on 7th Avenue abutting 110th Street in a small room in a large elevator building. Yes they knew Jimmy Tyler they were sure it was the same Jimmy Tyler doing time for a federal drug bust. Yes me and Hush knew Jimmy Tyler I'm sure Jimmy'd remember me and Hush two queans refusing puffs of sweet smelling smoke those too queans stealing any anything they could lay their hands on.

The Residence Club The Residence Club The Mens Residence Club we lived there for a while me and Hush did where some
of our most vehement arguments took place over the silliest notions concerning love and loyal physical attachments. Talk about lamps stolen lamps massive affairs crashing shattered on the floor against walls glass smashing glass we always had plenty of lamps about heavy based lamps yet at the front desk at the front desk Hush and I maintained a friendly relationship with all clerks on the front desk both day and night wandering in smiling a pleasant greeting as far as I can remember that is.

Down the street a block and a half. Actually around the corner from The Mens Residence Club down 8th Avenue a block and a half was the well known Stillman's Gymnasium where professional boxers trained daily daily everyday every afternoon in fact up the flight of stairs to Stillman's Gymnasium I'd go change to my gym clothes then I'd loosen up shadow box shadow box maybe four or five three minute periods resting a minute in between then I'd be called by one of the many trainers to get ready for a sparring session a sparring session in one of the two rings at Stillman's Gymnasium. Hush Hush I'd ask Hush come on up to Stillman's Gymnasium? Hush come on up and watch me spar? It was my sparring sessions with other boxers that I wanted Hush to watch shadow boxing punching the heavy bag light bag speed bag doing situps and bends stuff like that didn't mean much but sparring I wanted Hush to watch me sparring with other boxers because someone close to me had to appreciate my finesse sparring. I knew the regulars at Stillman's Gymnasium watched me had their eyes on me when I sparred though it didn't count it didn't count at all unless it could be Hush. For approval approval apparently it seems where Hush had to approve of a lot of the things I did. He never came to Stillman's Gymnasium to watch me spar. Hush would look at me and sneer you you're always looking at mens cocks. Basket gazing basket gazing Hush would say over and over again you're always basket gazing at mens cocks. No I'm not no I'm not not all the time no I'm not always basket gazing at mens cocks is what I'd occasionally answer Hush
whenever I tired of hearing it repeated so many times basket gazing basket gazing.

Stoop that low stoop that low that anybody could stoop that low to actually open a can of catfood and eat the can of catfood Hush told me about a quean Hush knew that was staying at another queans house and obviously hungry there must not have been any food around this queans house where this quean Hush knew was staying only the can of catfood and that quean just boldly opened a can of catfood with a can opener and ate it ate it in front of all these other queans who were there and saw this quean Hush knew actually eat. The way Hush put it the quean ate the food right from the can itself.
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