It's a different world a different world today than my time back in the early 1950s. There was the music of course be bop jazz it just coming in to its own listening much too intently listening to hard not hearing much more than noise blaring noise capsules gelatin capsules selling for two dollars apiece three for five three gelatin capsules filled with horse fairly decent horse for five dollars.

Hush. Hush got his nightclub act together doing an exotic dance in drag with a black snake. On and off again with Hush when it was felt by me finally that Hush could be put up with only as long as I had my junk figuring down deep if Hush took his first fix of stuff we'd meet again as old lovers like we once were at the beginning enjoying simple things rolls and cream cheese in the morning. Here was some really good shit really good horse and it was way beyond me Hush didn't want it Hush wasn't having any of it. Innocent though it may sound I figured the way I figured it was whereas I liked the stuff why shouldn't Hush like it in fact I was sure I was sure once Hush had a taste it would be the answer for both of us what I mean is making a go of it our love affair making a go of it was very important to me sex too but sex wasn't all that encompassing anymore with me a loving relationship corny though it might sound to me bred from familiarity oh it was mixed up mixed up the shit the really good shit. A chance to deal to deal shit me and Hush
equal partners wasn't I already going into the city and buying a couple of ounces a week living with Hush again bagging the stuff in his apartment the basement apartment on Village street with the snake in its basket on the pipes near the ceiling the hot water pipes it likes the heat it likes the heat Hush said that's why I got it up on the pipes. The snake was up on the pipes every once and awhile I'd go out and walk around the neighborhood by prearrangement I told people I thought could be trusted at certain hours I told them I'd be on so and so street no no definitely not no they couldn't have my address. No I wouldn't go for that I assured Hush as long as we're living together no one gets our address. I knew Hush wanted to make money I knew that about Hush I knew that and if we were making money both of us together I figured heck won't that make our love affair last. So anyways at certain hours I'd be selling sometimes capsules of shit or as would happen occasionally running out of gelatin capsules I'd bag the shit in cellophane.

About the rolls and cream cheese in the morning a throw away thing a piece of nostalgia how like one time how we used to go shopping together when we lived in the city it predates the junk on 9th avenue we used to go always looking for a bargain always like maybe really cheap hamburger so cheap that when we'd fry it it would fry away to nothing well the hamburger was for to be poured over rigatoni in a tomato sauce we were so proud both of us between ourselves about our Italian tomato sauce it gets better everyday Hush said and I said it too I said it too it'll be better tomorrow and even better the next day. Hamburger trovvi hamburger trovvi Hush would order whenever we ate out hamburger trovvi that's raw hamburger with onions salt and pepper at least I think that's what goes into it. I didn't know I couldn't figure it how Hush could eat raw hamburger I'd ask how can you eat raw hamburger Hush? Shows myself how innocent I was.

The drug dealing bit? Alright Hush couldn't take it not the
actual dealing he was all for that the money the money coming in steady it was myself on stuff get away from me get away from me your high Hush said and I'd answer listen Hush I'm the same person the exact same person I always was. The way I figured it I figured Hush was using the idea that because I got high on stuff I was a different person it left me dumbfounded dumbfounded so to speak. For me it all boiled down to wait until Hush gets curious enough to try the stuff then I'd say Hush see didn't I tell you isn't it great isn't the shit great Hush we'd embrace we'd embrace and everything between us me and Hush would be fine fine both of us nodding nodding talking to each other in husky whispers.

Alright so Hush never was curious enough about stuff to try it and soon dampers were put on my dealing bit when these two cops I still remember their names Chisolm & Gibbons these two narcotic cops that's what they were known as narcotic cops both of them with identical florid beefy looking faces I never could figure out which one of them was Chisolm and which one of them was Gibbons it didn't matter anyways because they were they always seemed to be like inseparable twins Chisolm and Gibbons if I seemed to be seeing them both around wherever I was at near Hush's basement apartment or close by Village street then there was no mistaking they had to be on to me on to me that I was dealing horse. One day lucky for me one day on a whim when I was supposed to go deliver some stuff to someone a person who'd already paid me in advance incidentally it's the way I did business getting paid in advance just as a precaution in case say the money was marked if something did come off and I was searched the marked money wouldn't be on my person so one day on a whim right before I was to go make a delivery I said Hush Hush go to so an so street corner and see if it looks fairly safe nobody among my buyers knew Hush nor did the two narcotic cops Chisolm & Gibbons. So of course what happens Hush comes back down to the apartment in a few minutes and said there's these two beefy guys in a doorway right across from where your buyer is waiting and
Hush goes on to describe them and I said Hush Hush that's Chisolm & Gibbons yes Hush Chisolm & Gibbons the narcotic cops.

Later on sometime Hush gave up dancing with the snake I don't know if it was right after I gave up dealing drugs or what anyways it was about that time the time Hush saw Chisolm & Gibbons anyways I had this thing where this person I knew a few years before we were in the service we both got thrown out and I was a young real hotshot hustler when we were in the service. So anyways he called me up and I said hello exchanging pleasantries and I said this is a surprise you're the last person I expected to call me what's up what's up what's going on. Anyways he was down south at a popular resort making money hand over fist so to speak hand over fist and it was right up my alley he figured gambling using phoney cards and dice just like when we were in the service so anyways I said alright alright I'm coming down there he wanted to know did I need money he'd send me money to go down there no no I said I don't need any I'll be down there though I told him. Again me and Hush on the verge of breaking up or had broke up for all I remember so I went to Hush and I said Hush look it I'm going south to this here popular resort so you want to come do you want to go with me Hush and Hush answered yes sure yes he'd go with me. Anyways I was elated really elated that Hush was going with me here it was I thought it was all over with us practically over and no it wasn't over no it wasn't over yet.
The thing behind me's a fan blowing on my back. Know what I mean, Peter? These people, ones we knew close, shot up with many times, married, so to speak, to the clinics, the clinics. And their lives they don't have any control over. It's the clinics, they belong to the clinics. So, so that's why when you asked me what about the clinics? You jumped at me saying you had to shower on account of the ocean being exceptionally salty today. I felt the same way, agreeing with you, ocean's a lot more saltier today than yesterday...
Bridgeport is where the show was Amusements of America. Midway located across from the ocean beach to take a fast duck in in the afternoon let's go swimming let's go swimming also a heavily cruised toilet downtown in an old fashioned railroad station one gay bar nearby and a room at the Y paid for daily.

I wasn't driving my own automobile yet. Soon's I got off the bus there was a message for me the show's in Bridgeport I forget how I got to Bridgeport by train probably from Boston so right away is why soon's I got off the train first or one of the first things I did after dumping my bag in a locker was look for the men's room sign alright so that's why I knew this is the spot I'll spend a lot of my leisure time. Next thing I did was hire a taxi to take me to the midway slim and trim me slim and trim after a short while before completing three years six months and nine days in prison.

Well hello hello look who's here look who's here and look look he looks so wonderful wonderful Freda looks so wonderful my pet name among queans in the carnival business Freda for Fred he and she or her interchangable. We can't get over it really me and Al how wonderful you look after doing how much time three years six months and nine days in prison in prison hey everybody here's Freda just out of the joint. No kidding no
kidding Freda you look wonderful wonderful almost as good as you looked ten years ago when you and Hush were going together and I was going with Joey remember Joey and Al and Al Miss Al was picking up sailors on 42nd street blowing them blowing them beating them up if they got nasty.

Hush when's the last time you seen Hush Freda when's the last time you seen her? Did you know that did you know Miss Al went with Hush before you went with her with Hush yes. So we went and I got a room at the Y it was a big Y with plenty of available rooms on weekends on weekends that's when the place could be counted on for activity sexual activity action. After that same night when the last mark straggled off the midway come on let's go to the bar the gay bar downtown so with Al and this other queer who thought she was my sponsor because she once got me her lawyer friend to defend me her lawyer friend who helped get me get me three years six months and nine days. Freda's back Freda's back no kidding you look wonderful wonderful then I explained how I used to jog jog everyday in prison jog around the prison yard practically everyday everyday jog two miles everyday sometimes five five miles cocks cocks sucking lots of pricks oh plenty of pricks plenty of them everyday everyday everynight everynight I had a lineup of guys guys that wanted their pricks sucked and of course accommodating Freda. That's it that's it I said to myself I'm not going to come out of prison looking lumpy lumpy so little by little I built this thing where everynight I had these guys lined up waiting for me waiting for me to suck their pricks in my cell they'd wait sort of lined up sitting on my bed each cell had its own individual outside area in the rear a small enclosure a small enclosure it's where I took these guys in orderly fashion one after another and they were so well behaved so well behaved thanking me thanking me when I finished with each of them Freda Freda we don't know what we'd ever do without you. How wonderful she looks doesn't she look wonderful everyday I said practically everyday I'd jog two miles sometimes as much as five miles it's why it's why to this
quean who thought she was my sponsor it’s why I look so wonderful so wonderful when the lights went out this is after the early lineup our cells were left open wide open this was minimum security we queans we known queans all worked on the farm and at night our cells were left wide open from cell to cell from cell to cell bed hopping was common and me you know me you know aggressive Freda you know she got most of the action earlier earlier on it was sucking lots of sucking but once the lights were out if anything that’s the time the fucking took place the actual fucking this one number this one number like I’d sit on his prick literally sit on his prick facing his face facing his face looking into his eyes while I sat on his prick and he humped up and down up and down and he had no choice but to look back look back into my eyes returning looks into each others eyes anyways soon’s I felt his prick was in my ass for a complete fuck a complete fuck literally well I’d jerk off jerk off facing his face looking into his eyes and you know how you know how a quean knows when a prick’s just about ready to come to come in a queans ass well don’t you think Freda would shoot her load all over this numbers chest all over this numbers chest at the same instant I’d feel the first throb of his come in my ass know what I mean how a quean feels a numbers prick throbbing its come up her ass honey oh up Freda’s ass honey so I wasn’t going to come out of prison lumpy lumpy from inactivity so I made up my mind that like I said I’d jog everyday practically.

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Mutt & Jeff the newspapers called them one's tall one's short. Bandits their real names the tall one was Kelly and the shorter one was Murphy and they both managed The Moss Bar located on the uptown side of 8th Avenue between 42nd and 43rd Streets NYC a gay bar and both of them Kelly and Murphy were themselves gay although I can't swear to Murphy's sexual proclivities. Kelly though Kelly and Johnny Hagen little Johnny Hagen a quean I knew a quean I had slept with more than a few times in spite of the fact Hush and I were a steady couple anyway Johnny Hagen and Kelly were supposedly lovers. Everyone was sneaking around sleeping with this one or that one nobody was supposed to know anything at all like Johnny Hagen and I would use this queans apartment this quean lived closeby on 43rd Street going crosstown towards 9th Avenue it would happen so casually maybe Hush wasn't around maybe out turning a trick and Kelly wasn't I don't think the jealous type but if Bob was around Bob was one of these legitimate business guys replete with suburban home in New Jersey secret ties to a family and all that shit but if Bob was around Bob was madly in love with Johnny Hagen he'd pay all of Hagens bills plus take him everywhere make sure he had cash on hand so if Bob was around me and Hagen wouldn't allude to sex anyway when Bob was around on occasion we'd all go bar hopping Hush and me and Bob and Hagen and Bob of course paid for everything
beer and liquor Kelly never took part in these excursions
Kelly was all business running the bar running the bar The
Moss Bar on 8th Avenue him and Murphy Mutt & Jeff. Mutt
& Jeff bandits the daily newspapers referred to them as as in
a familiar frontpage headline Mutt & Jeff bandits terrorize
westside merchants.

When it came out that they got caught the Mutt & Jeff bandits
and that their real names their given names were Kelly the
taller of the two and the other one the shorter one was Murphy
we were all of us that hung around The Moss Bar we were more
than a little surprised we were aghast aghast at the idea that
Kelly and Murphy could be in reality the Mutt & Jeff bandits.
For myself these were people I knew that I'd see everyday I
may not have been on intimate terms with them although I
was sneaking around having sex with Kelly's steady Johnny
Hagen lots of people regulars that came into The Moss Bar
were shaking their heads saying poor little Johnny Hagen poor
little Johnny Hagen I don't know if it bothered me much that
much that I worried about Johnny Hagen. Had to watch my
step with Hush a good part of the time I wanted to end it to
break up with Hush his jealousy his blind jealousy his drunken
rages his suicide attempts so I was meeting numbers on the
quiet along Central Park West along the walk outside of the
park itself the walk lined with benches meeting these different
numbers and going home with them when I knew Hush wasn't
around and of course still Johnny Hagen once in awhile and
even one time the blonde drag queen star Titanic the same
Titanic that worked at the Club 181 of course Hush wasn't
suspicious of me making it with people we actually knew Hush
thought all the people I made it with were strangers casual
pickups well that was a lie if there ever was one.

Can't be quite sure about events dates it could have been when
I first slept with Johnny Hagen me and Hush had not gelled as
an inseparable couple that may have taken a few months
before we moved in together so it might be an exaggeration on
my part the thing me worried Hush’d find out Johnny Hagen and me used this here queans Dick Dick Corberts apartment on 43rd street. This here quean Dick he was a set designer and an actor although not a well known personality to the general theatre going public the theatre people on Broadway knew him and taking into account what he and a friend of his another quean said that the reason he wasn’t working in any Broadway stage productions at the time was that if the casting people knew you were a quean you were automatically excluded. This here was the early 1950’s. Alright alright so as far as I know that was the end of Kelly and Johnny Hagens affair and also Kelly and Murphy were no longer associated with The Moss Bar a new manager took over but the same crowd still hung out there a new face would pop in and soon become a regular.

Alex was a new face for a couple of weeks. Where they come from suddenly here they are at The Moss Bar sitting in booths with their particular crowd around them like a well established institution. They all just got out of jail a lot of them a heck of a lot of them even Hush even Hush come to think of it did his 18 months in a New York State reformatory discharged 17 years old enlisting in the navy the United States Navy a sailor a sailor a gay sailor with a large pronounced cock showing through bell bottoms blues and whites blues and whites whites in the summer and blues in the winter special custom made dark blue gaberdines. What we’d do me and Hush between 7th Avenue and 8th Avenue on 42nd Street we’d look for gullible people soldiers sailors marines anything so to speak wearing a uniform three or four of them together was a good setup for us it was me did the approaching asking them what were they looking for what were they looking for what type of thrills sex were they looking for sex did they want sex for a price a reasonable price in that case yes me and my friend can provide a place where they can go where everything goes everything goes do you want to fuck do you want to watch everything anything a regular circus it was all the come on the place the whole smear fictitious me and Hush we’d have hotel
keys we’d get them whenever a trick of ours hired a room so when we’d finish with the trick we’d keep the key rarely if ever did a trick want to keep the room themselves zipped fly and they’d be gone so me and Hush we’d hold on to the keys for example The Dixie Hotel. The Dixie had two entrances plus a lower basement a bus station known as The Dixie Bus Station and it served mainly The Trailway Bus line and the toilet was always crowded jammed packed jammed packed it seemed all against the urinals jerking off or softly stroking stroking it softly so the main entrance to The Dixie Hotel was on 42nd Street and we could walk right through me and Hush and exit on 43rd Street so it was ideal showing potential dupes a key to a room in The Dixie implying yes it’s a suite of rooms yes sex no you pay first you pay us then we take you up the elevator flashing the key always flashing the key at them telling them what a great deal they were getting cheap cheap something like a drop in the bucket $20 for instance or actually anything we could or I could wring from them invariably with me doing the talking Hush and I would get the money then I’d lead them to the elevator let them get on first then quickly I’d thrust the key on them and just as quickly step back into the lobby as the elevator door closed and me and Hush we’d beat it out of there in a hurry out the 43rd street exit maybe gleefully grinning if we were successful these were our happiest moments together.

So that was one of our hustles whenever we got hold of a hotel key or two of course it had to be a busy place with multi exits in one door and out the other so to speak anyways all this stuff took place right around the corner from The Moss Bar so one day when Hush wasn’t with me one way or another I got talking to Alex sitting in one of the booths at The Moss Bar he was drinking probably beer I was probably drinking a coke or a 7up oh I didn’t drink much then rarely rarely maybe a beer once a week otherwise soft stuff cokes and 7ups. So anyways Alex is rubbing my leg kissing me on the neck I think someone warned me he goes with this really really jealous spanish quean and it was true it was true because I knew this spanish quean and this quean was madly madly in love with Alex so
anyways we ended going to set designer actor Dick Corberts place same place I went with Hagen it was easy Dick was mostly always in The Moss Bar and he was always agreeable in fact he got me in bed himself a few times nothing special though but with Alex it was pretty nice only thing was we had to worry word wouldn't get back to this spanish quean. I didn't want any trouble and neither did Alex so anyways that's as far as it went maybe twice twice that I went to Dick Corberts apartment to suck off Alex suck off Alex's big Polish cock he had that type of cock an uncircumcised big loose foreskinned Polish cock and I could see no wonder this spanish quean was so wildly in love with Alex. Alright so everything doesn't end here. What happened was that Alex had my name and phone number in his address book. I was clean having not yet thrown my lot in with Hush our affair was still in its initial stages not yet thievery for thievery's sake alone. Alright so Alex got picked up by the cops the cops accusing Alex of robbing the Park Avenue apartment belonging to the Roses that's Eleanor and Billy Rose Billy Rose a well known Broadway producer Eleanor Rose the former Eleanor Holms Olympic gold medal swimmer then for a long while B movie personality anyway when their apartment got robbed it generated a lot of publicity with Billy Rose going on radio and television appealing to the people that were responsible for robbing their apartment to please please if you have an ounce of decency give yourselves up give yourselves up to the police and return our property the property being a two foot square steel safe containing among other things Billy Roses favorite pearl handled gold plated 25 caliber automatic pistol. Actually it's unimportant all these details what's important to me anyways is that this caper Alex was accused of this caper had its start in The Moss Bar where good luck or bad luck would have it the Roses valet or houseboy as Billy Rose put it my houseboy my houseboy when me and Eleanor got home we found our houseboy bound and gagged the place ransacked the safe gone the safe that contained among other things my famous pearl handled gold plated 25 caliber automatic pistol so anyways the houseboy a
west indian quean used to spend his leisure time in The Moss Bar and in The Moss Bar the Roses houseboy met a friend of Alex's a guy called Blackie and when the Roses weren't home he'd have Blackie come over he'd entertain this here Blackie and it seems Alex and Blackie and a few others from their immediate group that hung in The Moss Bar what they had in common with each other was that they knew each other from prison so what happened what took place what took place one day when Blackie had a date with the west indian quean at the Roses apartment Blackie had this plan worked out with Alex that Alex would come by the Roses apartment I'm not sure of exact details but anyways they'd made it up beforehand how they'd tie and gag the houseboy and pull off the robbery. After all this shit so to speak was over and done with the people in The Moss Bar the regulars the regulars in The Moss Bar tried to make it appear as though the west indian quean was in reality not a victim himself of the robbery but a co-conspirator along with Alex and Blackie of course that was a lot of hooey. A lot of hooey that's a lot of fucken crap some of those in the know would say. Anyways to make a long story short because the cops had Alex's address book and my name was in it so now even though the cops had Alex they didn't have Blackie this despite Billy Rose still going on radio and television and now thinking he knew who he was dealing with making intimate pleadings on a first name basis with Blackie Blackie Blackie please give yourself up please please something like save your immediate family the heartache or similar puke evoking language although personally I never bothered to listen I know it's what this here Billy Rose was saying. So anyways yours truly me I got picked up pulled in by the cops that maybe you know I was this here Blackie they were looking for so they brought me to the precinct the 47th street precinct where they had Alex and he must of said no no that's not Blackie. They'd beat him pretty bad his head seemed swollen twice its size his arms were covered with a mass of red welts he was sitting six feet away from me managing not to show a flicker of recognition towards me but he did I forget how get a rolled wad of paper to me with a telephone number and after the cops turned
me loose what else could they do I called the phone number explaining to the people on the other end of the line how the cops had Alex and he needs help and a lawyer or words to that effect and they said yes yes they already knew all that so that was that and a few days later at The Moss Bar talk had died down about Alex and Blackie and the west indian quean the Roses houseboy.

The above scenes Mutt & Jeff bandits sex with Johnny Hagen sex with Alex and my eventual involvment with the cops trying to pin if they possibly could the Billy Rose thing on me if only because my name and phone number showed up in Alex's address book was all sort of fading out being a regular at The Moss Bar and of course as soon as Hush and I got a place together a place on 71st street a block and a half from central park like we both of us me and Hush we were outgrowing The Moss Bar so anyways we started going to The Silver Rail on 6th Avenue and its sister bar The Terrace around the corner on 45th street owned by the same people jewish gangster people not gay but at least hip enough to hire gay people so it wasn't really too long before me and Hush were regulars at The Silver Rail Bar and The Rails sister bar The Terrace The Moss Bar though The Moss Bar was something else entirely.
In other words in other words Dutch would say in other words to a mark on the midway in other words this time if you win take back your money all the money you've spent in other words hitching up his pants squirming his neck around all your money back and the prize if you win in other words in other words words words Dutch would repeat take the ball swing the ball swing the ball and knock down the bowling pin emphysema coughing drooling gagging where he couldn’t barely catch his breath phlegm spit and snot dribbling down his shirt front taking a swig of bourbon whiskey not in front of the joint not on the midway later on in the automobile either first the red Marlin the red Marlin the American Motors experimental sports sedan or later on later on smashed to smithereens in Georgia in Atlanta in the outskirts of Atlanta looking for the baths the gay baths so the next morning the next morning picking out an Oldsmobile an Oldsmobile a really fine running automobile cheap cheap eight or nine hundred lacking proper papers papers bill of sale and stuff like that headed for Macon Macon Georgia Macon’s bus station toilet gloryhole desegregated one fifth one fifth at a time of really good bourbon good bourbon in other words in other words Dutch would say in other words you won’t get sick you won’t get sick drinking really good bourbon hundred proof bourbon hundred proof bourbon one fifth at a time on the dresser in Macon Georgia. In other words in other words Dutch would explain in other
words I'm not Dutch at all I'm German I'm German I was born in Germany and came over here in other words when I was very young and when I was ten years old they sent me back to live with my grandmother with my grandmother on a farm in Germany warm milk from cows just milked chickens good food plenty of food in other words in other words it was The Polack The Polack that started calling me Dutch The Polack with a big prick a huge prick take the ball swing the ball knock down the bowling pin swing the ball and knock down the bowling pin smoking the same brand cigarettes as The Polack filters low tar low nicotine hard to drag on drag on in other words Dutch would repeat repeat on the midway in front of a joint in other words when you knock the bowling pin down with the ball the swinging ball you get your money back all your money back you've spent plus a prize in other words.
I'd look in I'd look in on the stem I was where they advertised a famous jazz drummer poolroom upstairs couple of doors away billiards it was called a billiard parlor all carried their own pool sticks cues downstairs the subway toilet 50th street a local stop my name was on the wall taking on all comers large or small old or young hotel room number telephone welfare hotel midtown mostly for those recently discharged from state run institutions had stuff stashed in checkroom for over three months wrote them the checkroom while away please hold on to my stuff you know sort of like a certificate of consent be so kind as to because he's getting out soon as he can't be held forever can he seafood seafood poo rack a saki poo rack a saki ever hear that one held in a mental institute a mental institute for drug addicts and at the time only one felony conviction only one felony conviction held against him so I said to this here person at the reception desk say I'd really like to get onto the maintenance program the maintenance program for drug addicts a program that seems to work well for confirmed drug addicts going on to explain how I was actually certifiably a confirmed drug addict yes then sort of casually mentioned various institutions I'd been stuck in and was told sorry we don't have or we're not set up to care for your type it was sanity being questioned caught me dumbfounded awe struck reach out just reach out and slap this number in the face thirty dilaudids — thirty dilaudids I had
stashed in the checkroom where at the Y the Sloane House Y in the checkroom and listen I was clean clean as a whistle so to speak only just discharged having a hotel room a welfare hotel room on W47th street guys calling up from the 50th street subway toilet wanting to meet me did I like to get beat did I like to get pissed on plus besides the thirty dilaudids there was speed and goofballs tuinals and meth tuinals and meth tuinals and meth everything carefully wrapped in one of my two bags checked in the checkroom of the Sloane House Y the Sloane House Y for over three months until my then recent discharge from the mental institute for drug addicts.
I was in my early teens it was summer and I was working with my dad helping him paint gas stations he worked for Maloney the painting contractor dad got paid according to various items he painted for instance a gas pump paid 75¢ or replacing a logo and painting the trim on a sign would pay say 90¢ sometimes we'd paint a complete gas station building signs pumps and everything else in sight. It was at that time I found out my dad was really truly insane of course at the time I wasn't able to articulate the fact that he was insane all I was capable of doing was run to my mother telling her saying in a weepy voice ma I don't want to work with daddy ma I don't want to work with him ma and of course she was a hopeless case herself laying on her back in a hospital waiting to give birth to her fourth child her first pregnancy in nine years it was a mistake a mistake I overheard a relative remark they themselves my mother and father were incredulous when the doctor confirmed my mothers pregnancy. I have this hazy remembrance of them being secretive in front of their children talking sometimes pig latin sometimes a halting yiddish.

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 so anyways the cops came and took Hush away I suppose they'd figure he belongs in a mental hospital of course I didn't give a hoot I didn't care I'd had it two years living with Hush and I'd had it. He's sitting in the gutter literally in the gutter the poor thing my mother said sobbing sobbing his eyes out. 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 unsuspecting down around their ankles.

She'd say to me she'd say she'd say I want you to see a psychiatrist an analyst an analyst I want you to go to an analyst ever since I was thirteen or fourteen years old she'd been carping on and on about how she wanted me to go to a psychiatrist every now and then I'd counter with ma why don't you go you go to a psychiatrist she'd smirk back at me oh I don't need one I don't need one. Oh she was scared of herself her thoughts her homicidal leanings you know what she'd say to me on occasion you know what I'd answer what ma what am I supposed to know then she'd come out with it you you ought to be shot I hear you you ought to be shot for the way I act she said put against some wall and shot by a firing squad I think she meant. Definitely definitely she was insane insane no more saner than my father and really really I knew how insane he was.
Young guys young men you know fourteen fifteen sixteen coming down to the midway with stuff to sell radios TVs blenders electrical stuff just clipped and we people we agents in front of our joints maybe an item worth ninety a hundred we people we agents would offer a ten dollar bill here you want it take it or leave it they all had habits ten dollars enough for a couple of bags black veins tracks scar tissue from when the needles clogged strike a match and heat the clogged blood to unclog it and not bothering to clean off the sulphur soot from the needle then getting a hit in a vein and the soot the black sulphur soot gets under the skin leaving a black mark forever forever maybe someday they tattoo something over their tracks mother or fathers gravestone marker in prison thats why I could always tell a dope fiend where the tattoos are and Im usually right theyre covering up old tracks I mean you know I'm a dope fiend myself if anybody should know what their talking about.

Young guys like I said young men irish for the most part a few spanish it was right off of Third Avenue and a 138th Street where we were holed up so to speak the show the show Amusements of America nobody said to us we agents you people you agents youve got to stay I mean if I didnt have a habit myself what I mean is staying in the city its where the best drugs were anyway its where I got one of my best pieces of flash a small ex-
pensive leather cased radio from one of them for five dollars like I said take it or leave it irish skinny I could easily have took his pants down if I hadn't had my own habit to contend with take it or leave it I said five dollars for the radio so along comes this other guy a middle aged man a looker sort of walking the midway gawking smiling friendly a potential mark and I just bought the radio admiring it the bargain I got an outright steal anyway its a hot sweltering end of July day and I couldn't believe it I couldn't believe it hes walking down the midway by all the joints and none of the agents are trying to call him in I mean I got so excited I was holding my breath waiting for him to come by my joint hoping no one had the good sense to grab him before me and finally here he was in front of me I sighed let out my breath and said to him hey mister excuse me pardon me mister you know very politely sir can I show you how this gosh dern game works I dont want your money I said keep your money in your pocket the rest was ancient history flashing the radio at him for starters anyway it was a five hundred dollar score end of July hot sweltering day take it or leave it and I still owned the piece of flash the radio.
Way before oh it was way before that I ever even thought about using shit or smoking anything other than tobacco that was a bother where what I was supposed to be a professional athlete a boxer a gay young boxer when me and my boxing manager pulled into town Binghampton New York for a match a six rounder or a four rounder something like that a young up and coming number my manager told people told anybodyd listen my boxer here young up and coming look Jack whens the weigh-in what times the weigh-in Jack what time five oclock Ill be back walk around town be back excuse me pardon me can you tell me wheres the bus station the train station toilets toilets for local fucking around fucking around sucking anything at all anything looks good or bad the fight itself the match is forgotten only in Waterbury Waterbury Connecticut they wrote up this guy I was slated to meet the semi-final to something or other plastered all over the front page continued on page so and so on the sports page son of a former local champion oh would I'd have loved to get him in bed eat out his asshole son of a former local champion twenty wins in a row undefeated blond rangey blue eyed just my type my type tongue literally drooling for a suck his asshole his cock couldn't barely hardly think worried about his buildup in newspapers son of a former local champion undefeated Jack I said I asked my manager how can you do this to me Jack throw me in with someone having such an awesome or what do you
call it reputation yes really scared thoughtless to the point where at fight time bell rang went out three punches former local champions son was down once twice bell sounded end of round one round two started as a replica only this time he was down and out and in order to revive him they had to throw water on his face blond blue eyed and actually what I wanted couldn't be expressed put into words not fight him suck him dry his asshole his cock my type rangey blond blue eyed so thats what I had to do you know before a boxing match in a town visit the bus station toilet the train station toilet action action cocks anything anybody Jack what times the weigh-in take a walk around town Jack.

Freddie Fields, author's professional boxing name
It was a remarkable street Hanover street there was The Casino Burlesque across from Kelly & Hayes Gym one flight up where professional and amateur boxers trained downstairs a pawnshop with a trumpet clarinet and two pairs of heavily padded boxing gloves in its window hotdogs up the street next to another burlesque house Old Howard The Old Howard to be exact nearby a bookstore buying stolen books for resale Jimmy Jimmy from Washington DC keeping his habit stealing books others ordering mailorder books under fictitious names from specialty clubs speed nembutals seconals tuinals dilaudid paregoric yet to sleep with any of them any of the other drug addicts kept away scuffling if we kissed me and Joe Busa Id turn it into a squirming tease picked up by police on a really truely bum rap doing what maybe ten to fifteen so howcome howcome he isnt Joe isnt out on parole why well it was offered only Joe Joe Busas got to tell the parole board Im guilty Im guilty but hes not its a bum rap Joed come in you know Id be fixing or just finished fixing and Joed grab me hug me kiss me serious seriously and he had something Joe had something between his legs usually it was up at Yummys Yummy Taylors place the projects the red brick projects and Id be sort of embarrassed squirming out of his arms hes madly in love with me madly Im shooting up shooting up and so is he though not hardly as much anyways I dont think too late too late me Im cured Joes away Joe Busas away on a bum rap what
are you going to do thats it thats it hes away.

And what are you doing I asked I havent seen you in ages he was selling magazines from a bootleg stand in front of the subway stop at Union Square a far cry from Bostons Hanover street or Beacon Hill drug addicts come from Washington DC saying I squealed anyways it wasnt so so this other one he ended up doing some time on Deer Island he was from Washington DC also same as Jimmy Jimmy Waters only he wasnt stealing books.

And I was impressed very much impressed with his cock he was selling shoes a lot of dope fiends sold shoes womens shoes every male dope fiend out of Washington DC it seemed to me sold womens shoes at one time or another soons you make a sale Gene told me you can draw money commission that way the other one said the one doing time on Deer Island the one that told everyone I squealed on him that way you got your money and you can leave the shoestore for a short period Ill be right back Ill be right back be back in a second so to speak and do your coping know what I mean get your stuff and shoot up in the cellar downstairs in the shoestore toilet do you understand what Im talking about you sell them everything not only shoes accessories pocketbooks leather gloves matching leather gloves Gene asked remember when you sucked my cock vaguely vaguely came into the store the shoestore on Tremont street rung up no sale on the register took money out of the register be right back didnt even work there didnt even work there I did though I worked there Gene said I did that yes you did that did that yes you did that repeated he said I squealed on him imagine that Gene that I squealed on him breaking into the Medford pharmacy after he finished at Deer Island he was sent to the federal can for a parole violation tattoos he had and milky white skin and a gorgeous a gorgeous cock really no kidding a gorgeous cock fat with foreskin barely covering the head a very pronounced head yet of all of them of all of those dope fiends I knew almost you
can say almost intimately Joe Busa Joes the only one ever gave me a tumble know what I mean so to speak hugging me and kissing me me squirming squirming and giggling out of his arms oh Joe stop it Joe Joe youre embarrassing me Joe no I dont believe actually that they were my words.
From the courts mostly everybody has been committed for thirty day observation periods ignored by doctors until one day somebody says you're going to see the board the board a half a dozen people seated at a conference table and right away I started talking saying listen I'm not sick I don't belong here you know what I thought was intelligent conversation and they're all looking down at sheets of paper xerox no doubt of what I was supposed to have done to be there in the first place chased his private physician around his table no around his desk what's this physician stuff he was a doctor a psychiatrist recommended to him me by two card carrying communists gay communists it was primarily on account of I was shooting a lot of shit in those days I think breaking up with Hush and everything blaming junk everything on junk and actually loving it loving junk and this doctor this psychiatrist writing me legitimate prescriptions for dolophine and dilaudid nembutal tuinal and seconal saying Fred look Fred I don't want you buying street drugs of course by street drugs he meant horse he called it heroin and of course I complied yes as long as he kept writing legitimate prescriptions I mean what a joke who had money for horse on a steady basis hadn't I myself been forging prescriptions for the past five years forging prescriptions for the same stuff he was legitimately writing for with his valid narcotic license number stamped in the upper righthand corner of his personalized prescriptions alright so I don't know it was one thing or another
pressure by people biological family city police officials so the
doctor was pressured to agree for his own good and the
protection of innocents including himself his patient me who
chased him around his desk should be committed.

Alright so he was committed I was committed legally for
observation through the law courts after a couple of weeks
drinking vast quantities of instant coffee painting in oils dull
palm green scenes of isolated pacific islands eating jewish food
chocolate bars halvah bring me some sardines cans of sardines
will you will you or else dont come to see me get me out of here
get me out of here will you will you alright so after seeing the
board I was attached to a special group of a dozen or so people
and I think it was twice a week we were all dozen or so of us
herded to the basement of the building we were housed in
strapped down on individual leather covered tables told now
count backwards from number twenty or thirty an hour or so
later to awake upstairs lying in bed an hour or so completely
obiterated.

Alright so at first I was filling his dilaudid prescriptions at the
pharmacy across catty cornered across from his office the
pharmacy at the intersection of Massachusetts Avenue and
Beacon Street until he moved his office a short distance away
to Bay State Road and he told me fill the prescriptions at The
Kenmore Pharmacy located on Commonwealth Avenue in the
Kenmore Square area didn't you actually catch up to the doctor
punch him in the mouth bloody his mouth did I did I then then
this hour or so that was occluded from my memory the
technical term you've suffered occlusions maybe the ones
owned the pharmacy at the intersection of Massachusetts
Avenue and Beacon Street realized how valuable the prescrip-
tion narcotics you know the shit dolophine dilaudid nembutal
tuinal and seconal were if sold so to speak under the table so
alright they reneged look doctor we have nothing against you
personally only how about having your patient fill his prescrip-
tion somewhere else.
There's no finer feeling than leaving a doctor's office with a prescription for morphine or one of its potent derivatives going into the drugstore on Bellingham Square. I'll wait for it not having to worry is the guy the pharmacist calling the croaker for verification did you write a prescription doctor thirty morphine tablets for one of the Jewish kids hangs around Bellingham Square you did you didn't the police have been here doctor yes doctor yes doctor about this Jewish kid forging prescriptions.

What are you what are you the cop asked you certainly don't look it I couldn't help it what was meant actually was was whose fault was it who was to blame usually don't find many Jewish kids using shit do you that's a lot of crap put bluntly why is it why is it what's wrong with alcohol drinking alcohol nothing nothing nothing wrong with it hey during the second world war what was I sixteen working at the GE in Lynn city of Lynn so naive didn't even know the common rhyme don't go out the way you came in graveyard shift remember clearly like it was yesterday second world war didn't want me quitting high school get a high school education go to college learn a trade anything get out of the house pay board what five a week five dollars a week he works hard hard wash and polish his car big black Buick big black Buick 1936 Buick 1938 Lasalle another long fat big black automobile for me to wash and polish then what
a fire in the engine looking for trouble under the hood with a lighted match a wooden match lit with his thumbnail then another one a 1941 Cadillac same type of touring car shipyard carpenter anybody can hold a hammer was a certified carpenter B sticker to buy rationed gasoline what was I a young queen didn’t even know it polish his automobile town actually loaded with sailors sailors and I didn’t even know it heard them whole bunch of young queans public gardens going simply wild or gaga or whatever you call it something about a sailor there’s something about a sailor thirteen buttons at any of two bus station toilets unhinged unbuttoned every time a sailor has to pee peering down the whole lineup through a crack in a toilet door anyway knowing enough to see what I was looking at saying to myself often oh would I love to oh would I love to.

There’s no finer feeling than leaving a doctors office with a prescription for morphine or one of its potent derivatives going into the drugstore on Bellingham Square I’ll wait for it not having to worry is the guy the pharmacist calling the croaker for verification did you write a prescription doctor thirty morphine tablets for one of the Jewish kids hangs around Bellingham Square you did you didn’t the police have been here doctor yes doctor yes doctor about this Jewish kid forging prescriptions.
Do you want some seafood Gamsuns thirtyfive cent luncheon special when 1938 according to the hearing test or tests seafood not for fucken thirtyfive fucken cents chow mein chop suey then later or before from eleven oclock to three oclock in the day-time after that time you pay the full price basement bargains eye ear nose and throat clinic having the same identical loss dying young overdosing on desoxin cold shook and shot.

All fingers so to speak pointed at me as we me and the others the whole shmear of tribal insanity why was he found dead dried blood mouth stained from where it gushed nothing like a good hit of speed desoxin shit put in a small bottle and shook with a syringe full of cold water else if it's hot it'll gel that's what I always said hot it'll gel he took after you he took after you shed my tears a few weeks later meanwhile I'd been upstairs not out of morbid curiosity I'd lived there myself in those two attic rooms lived there myself a few times when I'd got out of prison between bits lived there twice then when I'd get out seems like he'd be in prison so I knew the two rooms backwards and forwards so to speak pretty sure I'd find a stash hidden somewhere up there attic rooms converted into a studio refrigerator gas range toilet bath shower sinks living room bedroom in the closet in Ronald Malcom's jacket a gray suede with torn pockets I reached in felt something in the lining of
the jacket tearing the pocket I was into a little wider I got out a roll of bills some two hundred odd dollars well that came in handy you know my habit and all rent of a cheap room I had in town relax a bit not having to be so tense and frantic hustling up money for the following mornings bang.

His name was Ronald Malcom Malcom was his middle name he was five years my junior had my foot in the door once once in NYC on the eastside we'd been out cashing stolen money orders that is I'd been cashing the money orders for him it was supposed to be a fifty-fifty deal fifteen thousand dollars worth a slow process going from clothing store to clothing store making a small purchase making out the money order waiting for change so anyways when I came out of a store I'd hand him the proceeds just in case something happened whatever so the money wouldn't be found on my person any ways I'd done about five thousand dollars worth when I came out of the last store he was gone money money orders originally he'd stolen them out of one of the many drugstores he'd broken into not for the money actually but for the drugs the cocaine the morphine and so forth anyways he was gone with the money we were supposed to split fifty-fifty also the remainder of the MO's of course I didn't care about the MO's that hadn't as yet been cashed what I was worried about first was that while I was in the last clothing store he'd somehow managed to get arrested well after a couple of hours I called the local police station nothing no he wasn't there oh oh I thought the drugs the drugs he'd been staying with me of course he had all these drugs in fact I was supposed to be selling some of the drugs for him so in turn he kept me supplied with the shit oh oh sure enough when I got back to my hotel no drugs no money no Ronald Malcom he'd left me a note and some paper you know a few uncashed money orders and here I was with an oil burner of a habit and suddenly nothing not a cent and the only way I could cash a money order or at least attempt to cash one was of course to have some drugs in my veins alright for a short time I was stymied what to do what to do how could what happened
happen this this this total betrayal a betrayal that left me not only sick physically from of course the lack of proper drugs my body for so long had become accustomed to but also emotionally anyways one thing leading to another I found out where he was staying managing despite venomous denials denials that Ronald Malcom was there to get my foot wedged in the door and finally he appears threatening to stab me my foot with a knife if I don't leave and get my foot out of the door hey I think I replied I'm a dope fiend go ahead and stab away I'm not leaving until I get some money and some dope anyways he did stab my foot once once that took place though it sort of acted to stir me on hey I'm a sick dope fiend getting stabbed by a penknife in the foot by Ronald Malcom isn't going to deter me don't I know Ronald Malcom don't I know him anyways the ultimate end of the matter was I managed to bulldoze my way into this here apartment where he was staying bloody foot and all so although I forget exactly due to the traumatic effect the event had on my psyche we did arrive at a settlement him saying suddenly almost as suddenly as when he left me high and dry drugless and penniless him saying suddenly he doesn't want any trouble I don't want no trouble I don't want no trouble here's the drugs here's some money trying to make it appear I wasn't really entitled to said money and drugs until I probably told him if he didn't change his attitude I'd take all the money the drugs now it was my turn for venomous confrontations.
Had been to Stillman's Gym early finished training sparred a couple of rounds it's so long ago barely remember sparred a couple of rounds with either the middle-weight or lightweight contender for nothing gratis didn't get paid because it so happened the contenders the two contenders we had the same trainers who is he who's he the young guy sparring met and was taken to Sardi's restaurant by wealthy middle-aged Scandinavian man had on proudly blue French suede sports jacket later after dinner to his room the Scandinavians at the then prestigious Waldorf Astoria Hotel undressed with or without vaseline oh you're a boxer professional yes eighteen years old just turned eighteen this past June June twentieth eighteen years old and obviously a good fuck a pretty good fuck living steady with Hush and getting fucked by Hush sometimes oh roughly a couple of times a day of course the Scandinavian wasn't told thought fleeting thought when'll be the right time to ask this guy for some money or wait for surely surely he doesn't have to be asked so everything sort of just slipped away a date for tomorrow showing up the Scandinavian showing up at Stillman's Gym next day wearing neatly expensive dark blue suit striped tie delicate much too delicate for Stillman's Gym given the brush off true true though had to meet Hush at Coney Island meet him on the beach in the sand in front of the bathhouse another close one another close call what if what if Hush ever found out
Freddie with former trainer/manager
Big Bill Wienberg
about it what happened at the bathhouse before even meeting Hush the guy with the badge saying the other guy was blowing you wasn’t he in whose locker room booth when he saw it was the other way around thinking, oh if Hush ever finds out about this showing identification papers professional boxers license alright go ahead get out of here and don’t ever come back and here’s Hush there’s Hush sitting with a towel on the sand where’ve you been where’ve you been no place no place Hush just got here just so happy so happy to be with Hush just like nothing ever happens yesterday today never even got any money from him the Scandinavian didn’t know what it was menu written in well not understanding what even a la carte meant eighteen years old this past or that past june filet mignon coffee and a really rich piece of pastry wearing proudly blue french suede sports jacket.
Out busy looking for something usually junk or money for junk sometimes though even with money no junk was to be had it’s a panic it’s a panic had people literally sitting in gutters anything doing anything doing I mean if you had a doctor kept it quiet quiet else what I mean is people on the street other users like myself were frantic if there was just a hint a whisper hey hey did you hear so and so so and so’s holding stuff why there’d be an all out rush gang looking to bang you out busy like I said looking for something I mean you could have all the money in the world so to speak what good is it without junk what good is it walking down Broadway with a hardon showing through my pants proud actually in a way that I could still raise one a hard on even during the panic why well I had my own brought it with me from New England some of it the stuff stolen from a Maine pharmacy Ronald Malcom showed me see these cans labels fifty years old laudenum that’s alcohol and opium I know that I know that and the opium’s all settled into a gum on the bottom and this other one see it’s a bottle see you even can see it the opium well I didn’t get any of that stuff maybe a little taste but the next time you go out take me with you will you maybe it was the same day I asked later in the evening about midnight it rained heavily he came by my room on Marlboro Street alright come on let’s go in this rain in this downpour hurry up it was only a couple of blocks away on Commonwealth on Commonwealth Avenue so
he put me in front of The Somerset Hotel the pharmacy was across the way on the first floor of this brownstone house with three bay windows Ronald Malcolm he broke the side one near the stairs yet I couldn't see a thing from where I stood in the doorway of The Somerset later he startled me I didn't even see you come out of the pharmacy he said to me I had to go to my room he lived up the street from me for a tool another screwdriver or something he went across the street back in through the same window and he came out an hour later and I didn't see a thing not a thing in fact I walked back to my room and there he was with three cardboard boxes of stuff I mean that was fun counting the different various types of narcotics we had some really really powerful stuff.

I mean it's a junk hardon it comes from sort of out of the blue it feels good though like most hardons I'd get bold with it walking down Broadway letting it stick way out acting nonchalantly matter of fact like I wasn't aware I had one a hardon an occasional guy coming the opposite way licking his lips at my hardon me reaching down giving it a little tug of course that's fun too.
There have been times when I've been literally desperate for work hard work anything where I could make a buck there were construction jobs as muckers building an underwater tunnel and you know they were making good money on that job I knew this one guy he knew I was gay he was gay himself gangster type not that I was that much different a type than he was anyway he had a muckers job in the tunnel and I said Steve how about me getting on at the tunnel how about it think you can get me a job in the tunnel I mean at one time I even belonged to the laborers union so I mean I knew the score so to speak like if Steve knew one of the foremen blah blah and so forth he says oh you're too soft for that stuff I mean like he knew I had a pretty extensive oilburner of a habit oh Freddie ha ha he laughed at me you could never do the work of course I knew better that it wasn't true long's I had some junk in me three or four hundred dollars a week these muckers were bringing home of course at this time I did have my little short change hype for fifty sixty dollars a day but you know there's nothing more secure than a steady weeks pay at least that's what I told myself but what really really upset me is when Steve said your too soft too soft for the job Freddie not that it couldn't have been a true fact only it was then that I realized how some people looked at me me I mean I was once an athlete and I mean I used to jog a couple of miles a day oh that Steve he's another story entirely later on a few years later
when I got sent to prison I happened to get hold of a Boston newspaper and there's a picture on the front page of Steve Poulas bartender manager of Cavana's Bar & Grill sprawled on the sidewalk in front of Cavana's with a couple of bullets in the stomach and I found out later when I got out that it was his ex-boy friend that shot him and there was a whole mish-mash of a sexual scandal involved where Steve was madly in love still and forcing himself on his ex so the ex just waited one night until Steve got done work and let him have it and the funny thing about it is the ex-boy friend could have got out of going to prison if he'd agree in court not to testify about how they had sex and everything in detail I mean it was Steve's family that I understood wanted it covered up a moneyed greek family I believe but this jerky boy friend wanted to boast about how he's so to speak killed the monster Steve Poulas claiming he himself the ex was really not gay at all but straight and that Steve used to arrange to watch him have sex with females I mean what a crock of shit that was so anyways the courts sent him up for fifteen or twenty years and who cares not me no but actually the real story was that Steve Poulas was married with three or four young children and the boy friend would supposedly have sex with his wife while Steve watched so that's what they Steve's immediate family wanted covered up in court and so the boy friend could have got off with maybe a probation if he kept his mouth shut but obviously he didn't and they sent him up.