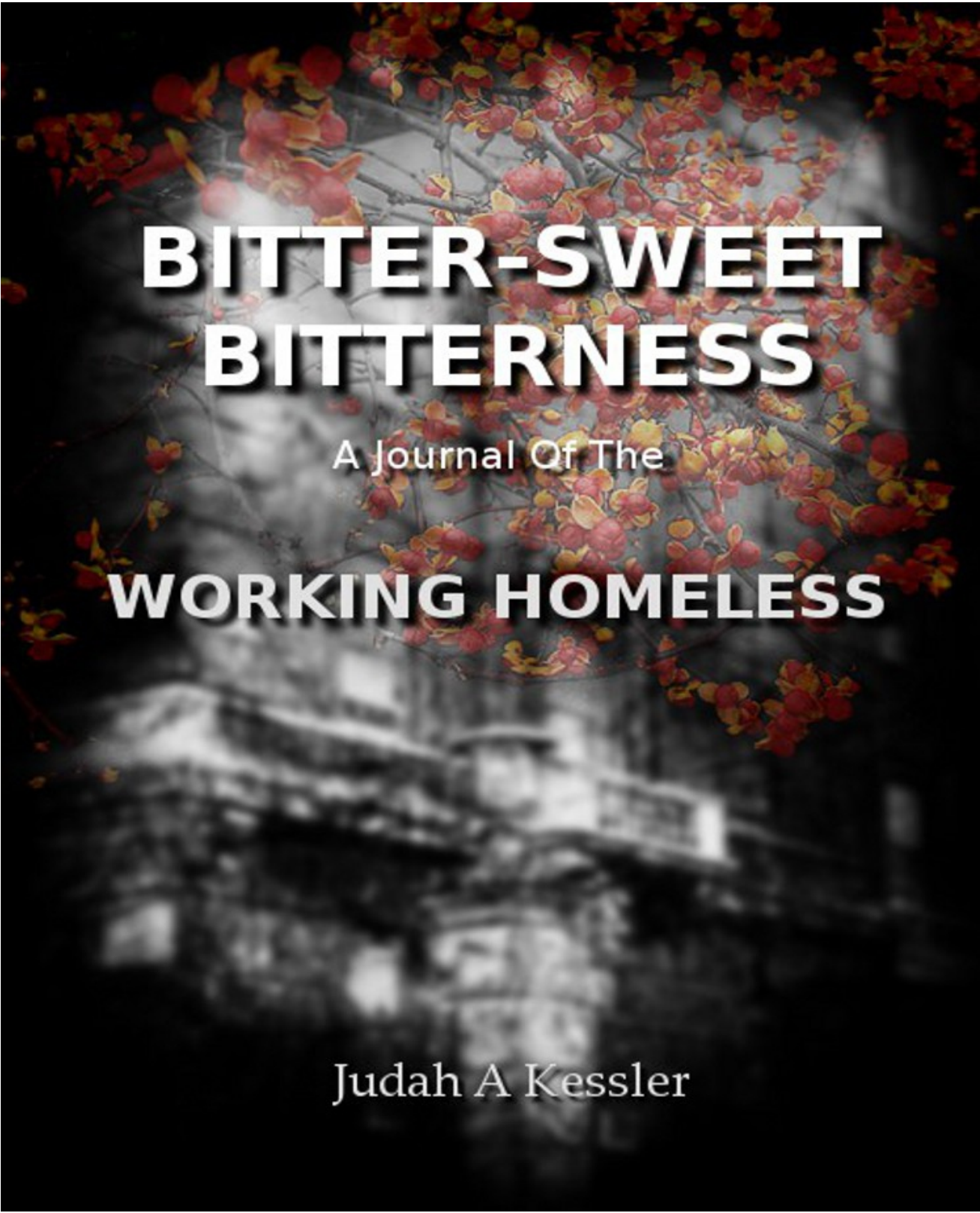




BITTER-SWEET BITTERNESS

A Journal Of The

WORKING HOMELESS

Judah A Kessler

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On Monday I slept beneath the stars
under a London Plane.
On Tuesday I showered, fresh and clean
in the midst of a Winter rain.
On Wednesday I woke with a grumbling stomach
I hadn't eaten in days.
On Thursday my dinner - al fresco but canned,
swiped from a dumpster in starvation's haze.
By Friday my clothing was soiled and worn
my skin began sinking and hanging on bone.
On Saturday kids came - threw bottles at me
and the policemen kept yelling "Go HOME!".

Came the dawning of Sunday morning
and all took a turn for the best:
By Sunday evening
just shortly past sun-set
I'd laid down
closed my eyes
for my longed-for and yearned for
Peace...
in my final rest.

#2 Train Flatbush 18h 08.19.04

AS A MATTER OF HOPE AND FAIR WARNING

It was once said, by a reader of the Journal entries that follow, that I tend to use vulgarities to a great extent in the accounts I've logged. At the time, I thought her sensibilities were just a bit over-active. I've never been the type to abuse vulgarities or profanities, unless pushed to the extreme of my personal limits of temper and ability to cope. I grew up with a father who had no control over his own temper, would become verbally, vociferously and physically violent. It was traumatic, and something I prided myself in not repeating.

On editing these entries, I must admit, though not apologetically, that I am rather surprised, to some extent, at how often the word "fuk" appears in many manifestations. (I used this particular spelling because, to my thinking, the spelling made it merely an "expression" rather than a statement of the actual implications... for the most, but not necessarily in all parts.) But I do not make nor imply any apologies. These notes are the expression of despair, complete absence of hope, the realization of having been so completely abandoned. Not merely exposed to the depths to which humanity can free-fall, I felt imprisoned, bound to a situation that offered no foreseeable respite. I was drowning in the bleakest vulnerability, every question I asked of those who either proclaimed to be able to or want to help seemed to result in constant reprimands or, if I asked the same question of different people, contradictory advice and direction was the reply. Even as I recorded in the Journal, on one occasion, early on in my days at the Shelter when I expressed my confusion and frustration, the reply was quick and cutting and equally frustrating: "You want answers but you're not asking the right questions!" When I was bold enough to ask "What are the 'right questions'?" the response was, as the previous, cryptic at best, "Whatever it is you want to know!" The out-come of this episode is documented in the Journal notes but I will say at this point, I quickly learned, first-hand, what it is to truly be "despondent". And, being in a most unfamiliar environment, amongst people who seemed to completely lack any compassion, any sympathy at all, any human kindness only served to exacerbate my own frustrations and disgust with myself as well as a profound disappointment with and in others. There was no one to turn to for support, guidance, input, or simply a soft response, a bit of advice or a kind word of encouragement.

Therefore, my anger, anguish, confusion, frustration and disappointments all poured onto the pages of my note-book, as often as was possible. And, as the bile rose with-in me and splattered onto the paper, it did so in the language that I was becoming all too familiar with: vernacular.

I asked a reader/editor and a friend who knew of my situation at the time, whether or not to change the vulgarities, perhaps giving little indications of what the words actually are. I was then supported, consoled and advised: "Edit but do not censor yourself. Your words are raw and harsh because that's what your life was at the time. If you soften anything, you deny your readers the privilege and the gift of actually knowing what it was like, what you experienced and that would make the entire project worthless and almost a lie."

The vocabulary is as the vocabulary was, not as a matter of sensationalism, nor as an unnecessary attempt to shock, rather, on advice, I leave my notes as they were written, sometimes as I laid on my metal-frame, single bed, listening to the creaking of a plastic mattress and the wobbly bed-

frame, or, on a moving subway train, packed with the bodies of unknowing and unconcerned strangers (and other Homeless persons), sometimes under a tree in a park or under the beating sun on a beach or a bench.

With the writing of the original Journals, the transcription into digital format and this subsequent publishing, it is my most sincere hope that these words will provide an education not only to the reader but to those with whom the reader discusses the issues confronting the Homeless as well as the “Working Homeless”. I hope these entries give reason for pause and serious consideration to the plights of both, the Homeless and the “Working Homeless” and that there will be a better understanding not only of the political aspects but of the human aspects. I hope that this volume will teach that just as those who are considered to be “normal” members of any society have dreams, hopes, aspirations, feelings and emotions, so too, the Homeless in general share those same qualities. When disparaging remarks are made against the Homeless, they cause as much pain as they would when made against anyone, anywhere. These are very easy points to ignore so often and I've come to understand that disparaging remarks are not always made with a conscious attempt to injure. But again, I hope this brings an awareness to the fact that, even when said flippantly, the wound caused is deep and, as I write, I can say, irreparably damaging.

“Homelessness” is not, as a norm, a dream, goal, or aspiration. It's not something that children grow up thinking about, and through their life-time, when asked by Auntie or Gran'ma “What do you want to be when you grow up?” they puff their chest and with a brilliant little smile, proudly and defiantly respond “Homeless!” Homelessness is neither a career move nor a life choice. Homelessness can strike as suddenly as cancer, and sometimes, with the same impact and results.

As for “Working Homeless”... During my time in the Shelter, and even to this day as I compose this introduction, it's a term that still shocks many people in strange ways. Some have questioned it as an error in terminology: How can one have a job, a regular job, a steady income and yet be “Homeless”? Impossible, incredible unless the person who's gone Homeless is simply irresponsible. Homelessness is instantly associated with the unemployed, the unemployable, addicts of some kind, a failure in judgement or general mental faculties. It's associated with alcoholics, drug abusers, general derelicts, those who will not or cannot hold a job, those who have no intention of living with-in the confines of what is perceived by the majority to be “normal social functioning” and with those who cannot or will not maintain an income.

Well, sadly but truthfully, this is America, this is New York City and this is their common story.

In 2008 when I first entered the Shelter “system”, I had no job, no income, and, for a while, no foreseeable prospects. With blind determination to “make the best of a worst situation”, the obvious occurred to me: If I was to get out of there, out of the present unpleasant situation, I needed income, and in order to have an income, I needed a job! As time passed, I soon saw that the offers of “help” to get a job would either be very slow in happening or, as I learned from listening to others who had been in the shelter system for some years already, perhaps wouldn't come at all. I resolved to, one way or another, get a job... on my own volition. The reality was that now, in the Shelter, I had the essentials: A place to bathe and a place to rest. From there, I could move on. In relatively short order, I learned that it wasn't all as simple, as easy and as convenient as my naïveté was leading me to believe. But, in just under a month's time, through nothing more than independent determination and a admittedly, a few curt words with some apparently apathetic “Social Workers” I HAD landed a paying job! Keeping that job is what presented my next challenge.

It took just under a month. I successfully got a job. Each morning I would wake at 4:30 a.m. I'd

shower in the shared shower-room, often before the others on my floor were awake, dress and head out the door like any other working-class New Yorker. I stood waiting for buses and trains just as the rest of the other commuters would do. I would work from 8:00 in the morning until 5:00 in the evening, for 12 consecutive days. I had every other week-end off. I was making 9.00\$ per hour... pre-tax. And there-in lies the first blunder in judging the Homeless: Generally speaking, one's "value", one's income is based solely on "pre-tax" figures. I, for example, calculated my hourly rate of pay, on average, after taxes were taken, to be, in a best case scenario, to have averaged some six dollars and small change. I was in New York City where, as I overheard one afternoon, two college-aged women walking along the sidewalk unaware of me or anything other than themselves for that matter, talking with each-other about life in New York :

"Where are you living these days?" asked the first.

"Here, in the city." replied the second.

"How great for you! But isn't it expensive to live in the city?"

"Not really. I was really lucky; I found a really reasonable, 1-bedroom for only 3500.00\$ a month."

Imagine for a moment, that I, a well-educated, well-spoken, mature gentleman, struggling daily for my post-tax 6.00 dollar hourly wage, was residing in a public shelter and in the very vicinity of that shelter, was someone paying out rent in an amount that far exceeded my monthly income! And remember, that I was not only one in the same shelter, and certainly not the only one in the vast system of shelters just in the city of New York. This is only one plight of the "Working Homeless" in New York and any other city, town or village the world over. Being employed and having an income is in no manner, sufficient to support even the most basic of needs. And each day, many people leave Homeless shelters to go to work, earning a wage that comes no-where near supporting even the basic necessities of every day living, particularly... a "home".

In my own experience, some have suggested that holding multiple jobs or working longer hours is a solution. The fact is, sadly, that more and more, people work increasing hours when possible. But, working more hours increases income which triggers increased taxes which, all so often, decreases the "take home" pay. Even today, as this manuscript is being composed, the circle consists of working to pay rent for a place in which to sleep and freshen for the following day of work to pay rent for a place in which to sleep and freshen for the following day of work to... In the Shelter, the expenses of rent and utilities, and, if one can avail one's self of the scheduled services, food, are all but eliminated. However, this should not give the impression that this provides increased disposable income. Once again, an hourly net income of 6-7\$ provides for transportation to and from work and precious little more. For a working person, the schedule of provided meals in a shelter does not always coincide with free hours. In my particular case, I had to be awake at 4:30 a.m. each work-day and I had to out the door by about 5:00 a.m. to meet the bus that took me to the trains that got me to work by 7:00 a.m. Breakfast was served at 5:30 a.m. in the Shelter. I worked from 7:00 a.m. until 5:00 p.m. and prompt "quitting time" was never a guarantee. Lunch at the Shelter was served at round noon and dinner, at round 6:00 p.m. Even on those rare days when I would be able to leave from work on time, my commute back to the Shelter would be the same 2 hours as was the commute to work... and that was if I had good luck. As subway riders can and will tell you, there are no guarantees in arrival times with public transport. No matter how I tried, dinner at the Shelter was never an available option for me nor was breakfast or lunch. This said, I was responsible for my own meals (most of which were consumed on the aforementioned trains during a commute) and, if I was to continue working, I needed to eat.

*We take our meals
as the wheels roll beneath us
and mile after mile
of cold steel track passes by.
We are alone
but in a crowd
there are many around us
and
many more who surround us,
sit beside us
across from us
strangers, all
who stare at us
but will not speak with us.
We do not eat in comfort.
No table before us,
no proper chair beneath us.
We eat
quickly
not looking up.
We eat
rapidly
not tasting.
We eat
alone
surrounded
by strangers
crude strangers
who do not know us
and
who do not care.*

(I'd written the above prose one day as I tried to eat a sandwich while commuting on the subway between jobs. Taking a "meal", usually a peanut butter sandwich, as I moved along had become common-place for me. Eating a "hot meal" had become completely non-existent.)

There are clothing issues for the Homeless and the Working Homeless as well. Yes, there is limited clothing available, for free, at some shelters at some times. But that clothing comes primarily from donations and it is nothing like the local "Goodwill" or retail outlet where a variety of sizes, styles and fashion are available. There is also the matter of demand. In 2012, according to the New York City Coalition for the Homeless "Currently 48,700 Homeless men, women, and children bed down each night in the NYC municipal shelter system." (<http://www.coalitionforthehomeless.org/pages/basic-facts>) Consider then, the Shelter in which I stayed, one of many in the city, provided 850 beds and often there were many more men in the building waiting to be assigned to other shelters or simply seeking refuge from the elements only for a brief while. Even at 850, the demand for clothing was still great. Clothing is an on-going expense for the Homeless, particularly when weather changes, season-to-season or even day-to-day. And, more often than not, the clothing available for free is, as I've said, donated and consists primarily of sports-style apparel. This is great if your work is casual, but not appropriate if you're

working in an office environment. Most often, I would buy shoes from low-end retail outlets, particularly when they were on sale. One of my fondest memories of running shoes is having worn the soles completely down to where there were rather large holes in them. I wasn't aware of the holes until the first day I started out for work on a rainy morning and, by the time I'd gotten onto the bus, my feet were soaked through, wet and cold. I'd only bought the pair of shoes about three months prior and now I needed another pair. At 15\$, for me, this was as costly as a 50-dollar pair of shoes would have been in my earlier days. It also meant that I now had to choose: a new pair of shoes or more food? The food won out and the shoes? I learned to put plastic bags over my socks before putting on my shoes on rainy days. (I'll suppose this brings a bit of understanding to why many of the Homeless are seen sporting plastic bags on their feet.) When, at last, I found it possible to buy new shoes, I did so, at the same store, for the same price and, obviously, the next pair lasted only about as long as the previous pair. Where a 50-dollar pair of shoes would have, in all likelihood, lasted several months longer, had I not discovered the plastic bag/socks solution, new foot-wear would have become a issue at a regular 3-month interval, something I could ill afford.

I was fortunate to have had the luxury of a locker in which I could keep my clothing and my toiletries. I was in a shelter. I want to stress an obvious but often over-looked fact about those who do not come into the Shelter system: they do not have a closet in which to hang clothing, they do not have little cabinets in which to store toiletries.

These are "introductory" issues that the Homeless are confronted with each and every day. The list could fill volumes, and more are included in the Journal notes that follow. But for now, here, on these pages, stereotypical "myths" are busted, myths like, the Homeless are purely indigent and they are free of financial obligations. Indeed, just as with anyone else, even the Homeless have necessity-related expenses. Shelter living is, in no way, care-free, and the "life of a vagabond" more than certainly is not simply the life of "the open road and open spaces, care-free and wild". The Journal notes, I hope, will provide more insight, and promote a better understanding of general days in a Homeless Shelter of the Homeless and the Working Homeless.

During my days in the Shelter, and even to this day, I'm glad when the opportunity presents to discuss the issue of the Homeless and of the Working Homeless. I'm still amazed at how many people are still puzzled by the term "Working Homeless", how many are unaware that there are "Working Homeless" people. But one summation I enjoy giving to anyone, to promote further thought is something I started telling people when I began my own experience in Homelessness:

When you are in a store, an office, a health care facility, any business for that matter, you don't know where that person who is providing you with a service goes at the end of his or her day, where s/he lays down to sleep or where s/he has come from before being here, where you are together. Imagine, that person providing you with a service of any kind could be Homeless, in a shelter or anywhere. Please consider this fact.

As I've recorded in my Journal notes, I can recall being a home-care provider and hearing the child of my client say to the father, "Please get up, get dressed, tuck in your shirt, you look like a Homeless person!" I can still hear the statement, "You NEED to get up and shower today. You're starting to smell like a Homeless person." In my own silence I would think: This morning, I got up, got dressed, tucked in my shirt after I showered... and I've come here, into your home, from a Homeless Shelter. And I've come here to work today, to provide you with a service. I am here to *help* YOU. Imagine that.

The Journal took 16 months to write, in note-books.

It took well over 2 years to transcribe, as you will see.

It took almost 5 years to become what you are reading today.

And over the course of all that time, I will tell you: Most of the memories, good and bad are still vividly clear, and many of the wounds are still very raw and painful.

In all fairness to all those who are, have been and very well might be Homeless at some time in future, I feel an obligation to clarify a point of intention up front before the matter is brought to my attention through some misunderstanding: This book is the result of a Journal kept by me, a person who became Homeless and who held a legitimate, paying job while living in a public shelter for those who have no “home”. From there comes the term “Working Homeless”. This is not a Journal of the Homeless who are sleeping rough, living, as it were, on the streets, in abandoned buildings, tents, boxes and the likes. This is not a Journal of those who eke out their support by any means other than to report to a particular place, at a particular time, on a particular day to perform expected and enumerated duties and tasks. During the writing of the Journal on which this book is based, I held what is commonly called “a job”. I was expected to perform with-in the confines of stated times, perform specific duties and for doing so successfully, I would be paid a prescribed wage (albeit a wage that failed miserably to provide me with an income that would afford me self-sufficiency... obviously).

At no time, and never in my life would I feel that the “Working Homeless” were more or less deserving of more or less support and assistance than those who did or do not “work”. And I want to make it specifically clear that in my own mind, heart and soul, I firmly believe that any person who has the desire to change his or her situation in life should be afforded all the help that society has to offer to see to it that s/he has the ability to do so.

This is an example of daily “living” as a Homeless person both in and out of a public shelter, who is employed. I personally experienced a relatively brief period of “sleeping rough”, under a tree, in the open, shelter-less as it were. I was, oddly enough, fortunate at that period in that I was not “gainfully employed”. But when it came to having a job and trying to reside in a shelter that I thought would be of some assistance to bettering my situation and helping me to get back on my feet and back into a place of my own, the chaos and mayhem lent itself to being counter-productive, frustrating and seemed futile. My recourse was to either allow defeat, perhaps remain in “the system” indefinitely or, as was my choice, learn to focus on my own goal, and vent quietly, to myself. Obviously, I chose the latter and here is the result... this book.

One more point: The subtitle of this work is “A Journal of The”. It is certainly not “THE” Journal and it is certainly not a definitive work on the subject. It is “A” Journal... it is “my” Journal and these are “my” experiences. As a chapter here states “Not all shelters are equal”, not all shelters are the same, not all Homeless people are the same and not all Homeless people have the same goals and aspirations.

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A PROMISE KEPT

“You can write! You NEED to do something with this, man! This isn't just *your* story...this is *OUR* story! It's *ALL* of our stories! *Please!* Promise me you'll do something with this!”

(* One of my shelter-mates said this one evening when he saw me writing in my notebook. I promised. This is my promise... kept. Thank *YOU* for reading and learning “*OUR*” story.)

The Journal took 16 months to write, in notebooks. It took well over 2 years to transcribe, as you will see.

It took almost 7 years to become what you are reading today. And over the course of all that time, I will tell you: the memories, good and bad are still vividly clear, and many of the wounds are still very open, raw and painful.

Aziz: You're probably right, they're not ready for it. But as we agreed on Liberty Avenue, under the A train at Rockaway Boulevard... Here it is my Brother... Here it is indeed.

FOREWORD

It wasn't easy, this morning, waking up knowing that there was no way out. No money left and none coming in. The rent was so far behind that there wasn't a glimmer of hope that I might be able to stay even one day longer. I couldn't fight it. I was so far behind in every debt I owed and I had no ground to stand on, no bargaining leverage, I couldn't make any promises. The choice this morning was to wait until I was physically thrown into the streets or to simply walk away, leaving everything where it was. I couldn't even afford a place to store what little I had left in my life. I was over 50 years old, had worked all my life, sometimes at jobs I truly didn't like, for people I didn't like, but I worked... always worked for even the smallest things I had. To look at what surrounded me in my "home" wouldn't make an impression on most people. I didn't have rare and precious antiques or collectible pieces of art; I didn't have all the latest styles in clothing or anything with "designer" names. What I did have was all the necessary essentials, and a few little things that connected to memories, memories that brought me moments of wonder and happiness and peace.

Where I was going, which was something I wasn't even certain of yet, I couldn't bring anything with me other than the clothes on my back and a little more, just to be ready for changes in weather. I had no car to store anything in, nor to provide any sort of shelter. I had no cart to pull about with me. I had no luggage I could pack and roll about town. I had no choice this morning but to leave everything where it was and let whom-ever come along and either throw it all into the streets to be collected by the sanitation department or, if anybody wanted, to take something or all with them. Maybe the clothes would end up at a Goodwill or a church bazaar. Maybe the furnishings would end up at a Salvation Army. Hopefully, something would manage to find its way to somebody who needed and could use it. That could be my "legacy", to have donated something needed to someone who would appreciate it.

The silly things, the things connected only to my own experiences, my own memories, my own existence would probably be tossed into black plastic trash bags and somebody would curse me and them as they dragged it all out to the curb.

This morning, I went around, dusting, washing, putting everything in order as if the place was about to be photographed for some magazine spread with an article on "better living" or as if guests were soon to arrive. Why? Only so that I could be remembered for being considerate, neat, and so that the place wouldn't require a major over-haul as it was prepared for the next tenant. Yes, I thought about the strangeness to that all, putting the house in perfect order now, and when all was where it should be and settled, this morning I'd walk out the door, out to the streets and leave it all behind... forever. I'd never be back, never see this place I'd called "home" again, and never be near anything that was in it. But I couldn't very well just leave anything out of order. I even made the bed in a fashion and manner similar to a hotel: clean linens, neat folds, fluffed pillows. The place was "welcoming" and I was leaving it, forever. But somehow, instead of allowing the reality of the situation to dominate my thoughts, I shut my brain off, or it shut itself

off, away from the brutality of being stripped of my history and home. Somehow, somewhere, my thoughts were all about “presentation”. Everything had to look good. I wouldn't be remembered as having been careless. Right to the very end, it was important to me to be “presentable”. That's the way I'd been raised, and now, even now at my age, I still believed that the way I lived was a direct reflection on the way my parents raised me, and I couldn't insult them, not even now.

When everything was where it should be, even down to the flat-ware put in order, the freshly washed tea towel folded and hung neatly at the sink, I stopped, looked about the place with a careful eye, making certain that all was as it should be. When I was satisfied that there was nothing more to be done in this house, I turned to the door as if just going out for the day, to shop, stop by somewhere to see somebody, not giving any further thought to the fact that once through that door, there was to be no “return”.

Out in the hall, I turned, locked the door (so that nobody could simply walk in and trash the place in my absence), knowing that the superintendent had a key, and quietly walked away, down the hall, down the stairs and out onto the street. It was... the end. My life and times were now gone, and I'd never have them back; no music, no art, no books. No seasonal clothes, no “good shoes” or every day shoes. No comfy blankets to cover me at night, no bed to lay on, no pillow for my head. Everything I'd worked for through my life-time... gone.

During the day I avoided all opportunities to think about what had happened this morning. I made certain that there was a place I should be, people with whom I should talk, things that I should accomplish. Everything and anything to keep my mind occupied. In the brief moments when my brain was invaded by the realities of my situation, I threw it all aside with rationale and justifications: This isn't unlike others who have their homes destroyed by sudden tornadoes, floods, fire, earthquakes; this isn't unlike victims of war who are forced to flee in the middle of the night, leaving everything but what they can carry. I'd always mourned for those people, cried when I saw the coverage on the news, or read the history books, or heard the first-hand stories of the “survivors”. Today, I lived all of that and in my mind, because I had to, I justified my own misfortunes and in my own way, aligned myself with those people. Now, instead of being an inexperienced sympathiser, I was with them. It didn't make anything easier, but it gave me some logic and perspective. “Avoidance”? “Denial”? Whatever it was, whatever it took, this was all I had and as long as it served a purpose, it was fine with me. So all that day I held onto those thoughts when I had to, when I was confronted with the silence and solitude and the moments when harsh reality came to slam my head with the butt-end of its weapon. And it served its purpose... for me... for the moment. Otherwise, I spent the day, finding people I knew, sitting and chatting with them about their lives, their problems, their experiences, their stories, their joys. To them, I was simply having a regular day, nothing noteworthy. I maintained my sense of humour, compassion, interests. It was, for all the world to see, nothing out of the ordinary.

It wasn't easy that night, that very first night. The day had come to an end and all the people with whom I'd chatted blithely all day were leaving. They had homes to go to, meals to prepare, chores to attend to, lives to live. They had showers to take and beds to lay down on, blankets to cover themselves with, normal, routine, mundane events that kept them in their own stabilities. As they walked away, got into their cars, disappeared into the distance, my world became increasingly more silent and alone. When at length, the last one had gone the reality of my situation became almost unbearably obvious: There I stood, solitary, just me and nothing at all. The sun was setting, the day-light was slipping away and I had absolutely nowhere to go to, no meal to prepare, no chair to relax in, and later, no bed to lie down on. Something inside me

crawled deeper into my own mind and there, a story began to unfold. I began to walk, slowly, toward the rising night sky, into the darkness pondering and preparing for the long and empty night ahead. I'd have to find a place in which to hide tonight, someplace comfortable enough to fall asleep, undiscovered, unnoticed. This was MY situation and I wanted no one else involved until I could sort it all out, come to terms with it. But I needed to rest. I could find my way into the subway system for the night, but riding along, through the tunnels, exposed to what-ever might come along wasn't an option I could accept tonight. News stories of people who had only dozed-off even for a moment, waking to find they'd been robbed or worse, stabbed or somehow otherwise injured popped in and out of my consciousness. No, that was not an option, not for tonight. Tonight I needed an opportunity to evaluate, to think of what tomorrow's day-break would offer. Tonight I need silence, and I needed to be able to rest enough so that tomorrow, should I survive through this night, to appear as if all was well with the world and to have the fortitude to continue my personal charade of "normalcy".

I continued to walk, slowly, just walk, forward, thinking, in the ever-darkening silence.

Moments would suddenly, and without warning, rush at me, slamming into me like opposing soldiers on a battle-field, heavy clubs and butt-ends of rifles smashing me in the head and face: the staunch reality of the situation would appear, not to kill me, but to inflict such horrendous suffering that my insides would actually wrench, my stomach would contract and it felt as if I would heave, grossly and grotesquely, everything inside my body, internal organs included. I rapidly diverted my attention away from that with the thoughts that this is "now", and in 5 minutes from "now", again, in the words of my Mother: "This too shall pass". And silently, I continued to walk... forward.

That night wasn't easy, but I did have one very important aspect on my side: It was Summer, a warm, dry, star-filled night and I was in one of the very few and rare spaces in New York City that would be empty, devoid of people, and gave no cause for anyone to be lingering or wandering about in the darkness. And then, I had a bed-sheet, I had a beach, I had a place to lay down, alone, in silence, where I could, if possible drift off and away, into sleep, for the night... if not... forever. And I walked, forward until I found a place, out of the way, into the darkness with no idea what was to come during this night or what was to come when the sun rose tomorrow. And as I walked, in my own mind, I turned all of this, the situation, the reality, into some kind of adventure, a challenge, a new experience, a matter of curiosity: I'd sleep out in the open space, nothing to shelter or protect me, alone, tonight; this could prove to be some kind of amazing! I found a place, a spot, on a dune, in the tall sea grasses, not far from the open Atlantic, I spread my sheet, put my back-pack down for a pillow, laid myself down and as I watched the stars above, glittering against a magnificently clear, deep blue-black sky, I listened only to the sound of the surf and finally, drifted away... to sleep.

Yes, prior to reaching this point, this day, I'd talked about the impending moment when this day might come. And yes, I did, without begging, talk lightly about the conditions that were leading to this moment. I knew people who could have opened a door, people who had the space to take in my few belongings for safe-keeping, people who could very well and comfortably provided even a corner of a room, space on a floor where I could put a blanket to lie on at night. But Life has a way of teaching us many lessons. I have always recalled the words of my Mother when I was rather young: "In the course of your lifetime, you will have many 'acquaintances', not all of them will be your 'friend'. But if, at the end of your life you can honestly say that you have even one 'friend', you'll be a very lucky person." Well, now I was being repeatedly slapped with the reality of those words and I was learning, through an excruciating lesson: I was now surrounded by

“acquaintances”, and “friends” were no-where to be found. Painful as it was, it was the fact, the reality and at this juncture, there really was nothing to do about it but accept, acquiesce, surrender to it and decide where to go from this point at which I stood... alone. Not a pleasant prospective. But, as each moment passes, things change, time changes. I'd always told people who'd lost loved ones to death: People who tell you “It'll get better.” are liars. It never gets “better”... it gets “different”. And, in general, in times of distress, my words of philosophical advice were always “Hang in there... things will get different.” Now it was my turn to take that advice to heart and all I could do now was wait to see just what “different” would come... and to face it all... alone.

ALL SHELTERS ARE NOT EQUAL (NEITHER ARE ALL HOMELESS PERSONS)

I do not consider myself to be “racist” in any manner at all and have, as a rule in my life, never pre-judged any-one, particularly based on skin colour, ancestry or origin. Comments and references in my Journal may appear to be completely contradictory to this statement. But I want the reader to know and to understand that the “name-calling” and derogatory references made were done based solely on the actions and words of the individuals and had absolutely nothing to do with and pre-conceived ideas or notions about the people to whom I refer.

These following pages are my Journal of 16 months' stay in only one of New York City's 2,352 (<http://www.coalitionforthehomeless.org>) shelters for the Homeless. For a very brief while, due to storm threats, residents around the city were transferred to different shelters for the safety and welfare of all. I've noted in my journal, the very obvious differences between what was my “permanent” shelter and the one into which many of us were placed to weather-out the storm. I've also noted how we, the Homeless, were notified of the relocation, how little information was given concerning the relocation and the conflicting information that was given. But in the interest of having some, albeit limited grounds for some degree of comparison of conditions and situations at other shelters, it's not uncommon to interact, even on a daily basis, with other Homeless residents who have, at some time in their past, been in one or more other shelters, and it's not uncommon to hear them compare conditions, services, personalities of staff and other residents from around the city so every Homeless day is a learning experience in many different ways.

Although it certainly is an arguable and often denied point, there are some shelters where conditions are so deplorable that they are, for the most part, used quite similarly to “penal colonies”, places to which disrespectful, detrimental, and otherwise undesirable persons can be and often are transferred. The mere mention of the names of these places was, all too often, enough to make someone shiver, the reputations were that horrible. One was known to be so uncontrolled, the conditions so bad that apathy was the “rule” by which the place was run. There, it was said, a person could well expect to be assaulted or even murdered as he slept. In another, illicit and illegal drug and sexual trafficking was so common-place that not only was a blind eye and deaf ear turned, but it was as if this was perfectly normal, legal and acceptable. Still another was accessible only by 2 bridges over a river. One bridge allowed vehicular traffic, the other was strictly pedestrian. Both were closed over-night so, in effect, there was no way to get to or from the shelter during certain hours. (It must be noted that in case of emergencies, the bridges were certainly open, in consideration of the safety of all persons. Unlike many other cities, so I've learned, New York IS quite responsible with respect to the safety of its Homeless population... to

the best extent possible: *“When modern homelessness first emerged in the late 1970s, thousands of Homeless New Yorkers were forced to fend for themselves on the streets, and many died or suffered terrible injuries. In 1979 a lawyer named Robert Hayes, who co-founded Coalition for the Homeless, brought a class action lawsuit in New York State Supreme Court against the City and State called Callahan v. Carey, arguing that a constitutional right to shelter existed in New York. In particular, the lawsuit pointed to Article XVII of the New York State Constitution, which declares that “the aid, care and support of the needy are public concerns and shall be provided by the state and by such of its subdivisions....”* <http://www.coalitionforthehomeless.org/pages/the-callahan-legacy-callahan-v.-carey-and-the-legal-right-to-shelter> - I have included the complete text of this document and strongly recommend that all agencies, groups and individuals who have any connection with the Homeless read it and continue further research on it.) But before I go any further, I must interject: this practice is certainly not to be considered as a matter of cruelty.

Although, when I first entered into the “Homeless System”, my attitudes toward and my perception of the treatment of my fellow residents were quite radical, and, admittedly, quite “bleeding heart”. All too often, I found the treatment of and approach to many of my peers as being little less than atrocities against human beings. Transfers were effected at 11:00 p.m. as residents slept. These involved the gathering of belongings, thrown into plastic bags, waiting for someone to provide one-way fare on public transport (subway or bus), and often travelling for an hour or longer to the new destination at night, regardless of weather conditions. At the next shelter, there were further delays involving paper-work, registration, and re-settlement. These transfers could, and often did occur on week-days... a particular inconvenience to the “Working Homeless” who would have to report for work the following morning, most often, without sleep through the night, and still in the state of disarray from the relocation. Indeed, this was, in all likelihood, the worst scenario for any working person, but add to this the facts of being “Homeless”, having been forced to relocate to unfamiliar surroundings and having been forced to relocate perhaps against one's own will and yes, it did appear then, and, to some extent still does, in my opinion, to be harsh and perhaps unnecessary. “Why” I would often ask myself “can this not be handled with advanced notice or during day-light hours, or even on week-ends?” In some instances, I was given my answer.

As I say, not all shelters are equal and, neither are all Homeless persons. All too often, in my opinion based on observation and personal experience, the need to transfer someone from one location to another is essential to the proper and respectful operation of a particular shelter. What I was initially unaware of is that certain resident populations were assigned to particular locations based upon several criteria, which, I learned, may include a psychological and psycho-social evaluation. The shelter to which I found myself assigned was, as the rumours went, among the best in the system where services and general calibre of residents were concerned. And, I must add, we were “the hub”, the “intake centre” for all shelters. In retrospect, and after thoroughly reading through my journal notes of those days, I must admit that, over-all, the rumours proved to be true. As I learned, again through direct, personal experience, “my” shelter was, in fact, run quite smoothly and generally with a great deal of respect and consideration, for the most part and in comparison with other shelters. So, for example, when a particular resident felt it his appointed duty to ensure chaos, to create disturbances, to threaten the welfare and health of other residents, to compromise the stability of the structure (by damaging the property for example: destroying lavatory fixtures, as was done - and I even have an entry about just that very thing) it was in the best interest of all persons in the building to remove the instigator as promptly as was possible. If this had to be effected in the middle of the night, then, it had to be done and was. And, since, in most cases, there were 3 or more residents in each “dorm” room, and in some as many as 15-18 persons, very often, the removal of the “problem resident” was a

relief to the others who remained because, more often than not, the instigator caused mayhem even with the dorm-mates. (I have given 2 personal accounts of such a situation in the journal entries that follow.)

Admittedly in some cases this was merely the result of frustration of having been offered assistance and services which were either not forth-coming or were delayed for extensive periods of time. I repeatedly heard complaints from my fellow residents that they'd been in the shelter for a number of years, waiting for the "promised" housing and the assistance they were expected to be given when the housing was procured. Equally as frustrating was the constant, and most often unconscious tension and anxiety caused by never being certain of one's own safety. It wasn't until months later when I caught myself, one morning, coming to the realization that at any moment, someone could come along the hall, or into a room, and without warning or provocation, harm me or any one of my "dorm-mates". And, even with-in a dorm, none of us ever really knew what the other was capable of, or what the other person may be thinking at any given moment. It was a fact that there were many on parole, or who were facing the fate of ex-convicts: unable to get work because of some infraction against the law for which they had already served sentence but who would not be hired because of their history. Most were repentant, and quick to admit an error in judgement or having had committed a "crime of passion", of the moment. Some were not so humbled and some of those were still seeking some kind of revenge. All of these thoughts can cause disappointment to turn to anger, anger to hatred, hatred to deep-rooted bitterness. That bitterness can certainly become over-whelming and, at some point, can, and in fact did, manifest in someone lashing-out on some unsuspecting bystander.

I always recalled, while I was in the shelter, having gone to the internet to research what I thought of as "life and times in a Homeless shelter" and what I'd found: "Kevin", a young man in his later 20's, had found himself Homeless. He'd gone to a shelter, I'm not certain which one he'd mentioned in his on-line account, but that doesn't matter, his story then, carries on even to the moment at hand. In that shelter, he was given a mat to put on the floor in one very large room. There were no partitions for privacy, there were no beds, no pillows. "Kevin" used his duffel bag for a pillow. As his account reads, one night, without provocation, as he slept, a man suddenly came to him and beat him so seriously that he, "Kevin", had to be hospitalized for a period of time. His assailant was, as was later discovered, suffering from some sort of mental illness and in his delusion, believed that "Kevin" had assaulted and robbed him previously. As I recall, "Kevin's" account mentioned that, in the darkness of the large room, he resembled his attacker's attacker. And that's all it took. "Kevin" became an unwary victim, due to no fault of his own. This, I realized, could happen to anyone, me included. (I've since tried to find this account again, but in the world of digital technology, things change, data changes and, very much like Homeless people will disappear, unfortunately, so to it seems, "Kevin's" accounts of his experience have as well. Sad... very sad indeed.)

Imagine then, if, as I've documented, this was the condition, the situation in a shelter that was considered one of the "best", what it must be in the other shelters that struck fear simply by the mention of their name. I won't mention the names of those shelters here and now. With the aid of the internet these days, the descriptions I've already provided are sufficient foundations for further exploration and research. And the purpose of this book is not to disparage any particular shelter, person or persons. So I leave it at that with the hope that those who read this will be prompted to conduct their own research in the interest of a better understanding of this issue.

I also must admit that much of how a person responds to the situation in a Homeless shelter

depends to a great extent, on the individual's own personality, perception of and approach toward those who offer aid. As I learned and would repeat to my fellow residents, the success in leaving the shelter, to changing one's life and circumstances depends most on one's own determination and resolve to help one's self and to either pursue one's own goals and ambitions alone or to use the meagre services available only to augment one's own capabilities. But in no way and at no time should any one of us simply sit back and wait for what we thought were the solutions, to be delivered to us. That, I realized and professed, was certainly not going to happen.

As time progressed and I did get my own job, with long, tedious hours and all but unrealistic commuting times, I came to understand, amongst many other things: Not all Homeless people should be given housing, that there never will be a complete end to Homelessness. One of the most basic truths about Homelessness is that there will always be those who simply cannot and those who simply will not be able to be sheltered alone; there will always be a need for a public shelter system for some. This is why, when I first turned to popular social media on the internet I was then and remain a staunch opponent of those who, all too often without any experience with a general population of the Homeless, cry out "We can and must bring an end to all Homelessness" and those who insist that ALL Homeless people must be given a "home". This is not the reality. The reality is that there are those who, as we, the shelter residents would put it, "hit a bump in the road of Life" and there are those who simply fell hopelessly into a large pot-hole on that same road and are lost at the bottom of it. For the former, a hand up and the compassion needed to bring stability back is all that's necessary. For the latter, the best that can be done is to put something appropriate over the pot hole to provide some protection against the elements, keep them from harm, provide the basic essentials to life and accept that this is all that can be done for them.

As a bit of a post-script to this chapter, I really must add an experience that followed the days of my Journal in New York. Appropriate to the title, indeed, not all shelters are equal nor are the laws concerning shelters, or the Homeless. It came as a repulsive shock when I investigated into the shelter provisions of the State of Vermont for example, and found that, unlike the legal provisions established in the city of New York, Vermont's perspective is, in the 21st Century, archaic, dreadfully out-dated and generally unsympathetic and uncompassionate. From large "cities" to smaller towns and villages, the general shelter system is still based solely on the notion that those who do not have a home of their own can and will hold some form of employment at all times. It's almost taken for granted that all persons seeking the aid of a "Shelter" are experiencing a transient period of inability to provide basic shelter and that that period will be brief. As appalling as it could possibly be, in most cases, residents of Vermont shelters are put out each morning by 7:00 or 8:00 a.m., regardless of weather or other circumstances and they are not permitted re-entry until some time between the hours of 5:00 to 7:00 p.m. This hold true for the warm Summer months and the bitterest of cold Winter months. On rare occasions, some exceptions are made and hours are modified. But these occasions are extremely rare and the modifications can be changed or completely revoked at any time and without any notice. Likewise, even in the larger "cities", there are no guarantees that even a bit of floor space will be available to those who seek a refuge from the elements of Nature. There are no provisions to lighten the burdens of the Homeless.

I experienced all of this when, one day, I found myself in need of temporary shelter when I first arrived in Vermont. Subsequently, in conversation with someone I met who had been in the State for some 20-plus years, this atrocity was supported. I give, simply and concisely, as reference, her story:

She and her husband had to leave their home when fire took it from them. The husband worked a night shift job and the wife did not work at the time. Prior to the fire, they both kept the same routine and schedule: he would come home from work in the morning, they would have breakfast together and both would go to sleep during the morning hours. In the evening, they would both wake and spend time together, just as day-shift working people would do... only in reverse. When they found themselves in the shelter however, this was not to be allowed, considering the curfew hours and those hours when residents were prohibited from being in the shelter. For the first weeks the couple were in the shelter, the husband was not allowed to come into the shelter to sleep after having worked all the night before. He was forced to sleep in his car, often parked on or close to the shelter property. And this too, is where his wife would sleep, having stayed awake all the night before, as she had done previously. As this story ends, they did, eventually manage to have some provisional concessions made with the shelter, and, on some days they were allowed to maintain their previous routine. "Some" days. Otherwise, they were told to vacate the shelter by 7:00 a.m. and there was no consideration given to the fact that they would be sleeping in a car, no matter what the weather conditions were. Thankfully, this situation didn't last for very long for them.

As I put this manuscript to publication, this is sadly, still in effect.

Once again I say: Not all shelters are equal, and I add that not all cities or States are compassionate.

Brief References/Glossary :

-What would other-wise be chapter titles are the manner in which the Journal progressed. I kept this format to stay as close to the original as possible.

- Numbers appearing at the beginning of a day's entries: XXX/XXX The first is the number of days of Homelessness/The second is the number of days in the Shelter

-Italicized parentheticals have been added as additional descriptions or clarifications and are not in the original notes.

-In order to protect client and patient confidentiality, names may or may not be actual.

-**Times** are recorded in a 24-hour/military clock. Thus, "3h" is 3:00 in the morning, "16h30" is 4:30 in the evening.

-**Temperatures**: Unless indicated by the letter "F" following a number, temperatures are in degrees Celsius.

-References to the "**Fort**" and "**Bakfort**": In the earliest days of my Homelessness, my refuge was in an abandoned military fort, active in WWI and WWII and decommissioned for many years. Long left to the course of Nature, it provided rudimentary protections from some of the elements. The name or exact location of the "Fort" is, for the purpose of this book, not necessary. But because there are references made to "dunes", I will note that the "Fort" was located at the shore of the Atlantic ocean, which was sensible and convenient, considering its original purpose.

-**Tnumbers**: References to locations "T" followed by a number are building locations as were assigned by the military when the "Fort" was originally constructed and by which we knew each building.

-**HoBe**: Howard Beach, Queens

-**Numbers and Letters**: 1,2,3,4,5,6,7,A,B,C,D,E,F,G,L,M are subway train routes. Double-digit numbers (14,15,21,22,35,53,60, &c.) are bus route numbers.

- **BBLib**: Brighton Beach Library, Brighton Beach, Brooklyn
- **MMLib**: MidManhattan Library, 41st Street on Madison Avenue, Manhattan
- **FDLib**: Fordham Library, Kingsbridge Rd, The Bronx
- **PenLib**: Peninusla Library, Rockaway Beach, Queens
- **FRLib**: Far Rockaway Library, Far Rockway, Queens
- **SSLib**: Seaside Library, Seaside/Rockaway Park, Queens
- **BklynCenLib**: Brooklyn Central Library
- **RAA**: Rockaway Artists' Alliance
- **D18, E4, F**: My assigned beds.
- **B116, B59, etc.**: Streets in Rockaway where "B" is "Beach".
- **5W-101 & 6E-22**: Dorm-room numbers.
- **voys**: "voy" forum boards on-line.

THE JOURNAL AND THE JOURNEY

What follows from this point is direct transcription of the notes written in 2 note-books: "Monogram" and "BlackNotes". Each note-book was purchased at a "99-Cent Store" and the titles are given only as a reference to the description of the book itself in which the original notes were written.

For the most part, the only editing on these notes has been for spelling, and clarification of some rather obscure references or lines. I've intentionally left the matter as it was written because, in its own format, it's more indicative of the emotional, mental and physical states in which the notes were written and I was advised, often, to present them just as they were intended, at the moment they were written.

Once again, I give a warning that the vocabulary may not be pleasant for some readers, the content may offend some people, the grammar isn't particularly professional. But these are not short stories from romance novels. These are an account of "life" in a men's Homeless Shelter in New York City, "... the most populous city in the United States and the center of the New York metropolitan Area, one of the most populous urban agglomerations in the world."
(http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/New_York_City)





01.August 2008 - Monogram

Friday, 15 August 2008:

Was awake almost the entire night, worried about paying the rent. At approximately 4h30, I called for my balance. 2.71\$! I hoped that payroll simply hadn't been posted yet but grew sick at the possibility it wouldn't be at all. So by 5h30 I began packing up, preparing for the hotel to come take my belongings. - Again, at 6h30, no payroll! Maybe not until 9h? I prepared for death. The thought of losing what little I have

made death so much better. I have all the pills I need - By 9h, I left. Carlos was on the desk and doing something. Didn't speak. I held the door for the young girl who was my neighbour on the 2nd floor. Carlos never even looked up. I left - 9h30. 2.71\$! I put 2\$ on my MetroCard (*bus and subway fare card*) and headed to the Fort. - My god! How it RAINED! Lightning! Thunder! Beautiful! But it screwed me up and out of my plans for a quiet retreat to the dunes and death. - At 12h, took 2 Oxycodone. 12h30, 2 more. 13h, another. 12 is the max per day I learnt at the library (PDR) this morning. I was on my way. - 16h.

Penelope left. It poured! I stayed in T7 with (*the name of the person is ineligible in the original notes*) waiting for Tommy to return at 20h. A full storm raged, and passed. Tommy and Tony, then Geoff and Mary arrived. They rehearsed their "Improv" skit. I was STONED! and pissed. It was still raining and I didn't know where I'd spend the night in the rain. - Oddly enough, Mary and Geoff offered a lift to 116th tonight! I thanked them and just said "I'm good." - I think all left approximately 23h30. It was drizzling. I went out, put on my rain poncho (from the 99-cent store) and started to the beach. Hero Road gated! I turned back, went into the Bakfort, perhaps to Harris E. or W. A helicopter came by. The poncho is white! I could be spotted. I took a pee, went back to T7. Everybody gone. - All chairs and lounges were soaked! Put plastic garbage bag and poncho on wooden settee, crunched on it and tried for sleep. - Heavy air traffic. Nervous about Parks Police. I didn't sleep well all night but, it didn't rain any more. - VERY cramped and uncomfortable.



Saturday, 16 August:

Woke at 3h, VERY, VERY COLD. Towel for cover. Tried for more sleep. 5h30, gave up. Laid awake until 6h30. Good timing. Parks Sanitation came up to get garbage! I got busy with lounge cushions as if I should be here for it. - Thankfully, had left-over cold coffee from yesterday. A few sips. Penelope had given me some cigarettes. Had one. - By 8h or so, Penelope arrived. Thought my presence unremarkable. We talked. She went for a walk. I sketched. - When she returned, I told her about being “un-domiciled”. She asked how much would get me in (*back into my apartment*). 180\$ I told her. She dropped the subject. - Apryl and her band arrived at approximately 10h. Penelope and I moved things back to T6. - Telephone message from Nurse Nancy. Has a pt. (*patient*) for me on Monday. I told her can’t take the case and why. She agreed Rosaria (*a nurse who had previously reprimanded me due to her own personal involvement with a patient for who I was hired to give in-home health care and due to a lack of understanding of the current status of that patient*) isn’t professional and hoped I’d be available soon. - Penelope suggested I tell Geoff of my dilemma and ask to crash in T7 over-night. She thinks he’ll be OK with it. - While cleaning the fridge in T6, frozen pizza. Penelope told me to set up the microwave. 3 slices. Said go to T7, get soda. I did. Heated and ate all 3 slices. “You must be absolutely starved! You poor thing!” - When she left at 17h30, she left me in T6 to lock up. I said I was thinking of going for a swim, taking a shower (in back of T6). She agreed, good idea, suggested I leave back door open for access. Offered a small “Dove” soap for my shower. Left me about 6 cigarettes. too. - I did go to swim. Cold! I can’t take cold any more. I’ve done too much of it, esp. last night. Came back to T6. COLD SHOWER! But I’m showered. - It’s 19h08 as I’m noting. The warm sun is setting. Cream-gold in the sky. A few clouds. Cool breeze. My bathing trunks drying on the porch rail. Nobody RAA (*a local group that had the building*) here. Tommy said something about much music and drinking at 16h. I’m just as glad to have this peaceful time. Some people arriving for theatre at T4. I have access to T6 for the night. No place to sleep in there but it’s shelter. Can’t decide between sleep and death tonight. Either is a viable option. - Would like to curl-up and sleep right now. Don’t know if anybody’s coming to RAA though. If I go into T6, too dark to write/sketch. Can’t turn on lights. Visible to road. Need to figure where to sleep in there. Shelter beats waking through the night. - And so, by 20h30 I’ve put a sheet on the table, my tallit (*my tallis or prayer shawl - I’d brought that with me on the day I walked away from my apartment along with my pocket Bible*) in the Brighton bag made a pillow and the sea sheet, a comfy cover. (*The “sea sheet” was a very large sheet that had washed up on the beach one day as I laid there, already Homeless, in the hot sun, uncovered and unprotected. Oddly, I had only just thought that I was in need of some protection against sun-burn and, as I sat, staring out into the ocean, I noticed something being tossed by the waves. I walked to the water’s edge and there, in the waves, was a “king” size bed-sheet, in perfect condition! That day, I took the sheet, laid it on the sand to dry and then made a “tent” under which I managed to get some rest, semi-protected from the sun’s rays. I subsequently laundered it and carried it with me... always, as a “gift” from some un-known source.*) The moon was FULL, rising beautifully over the soccer fields. Awesome! To be true. People were arriving for the theatre in T4. The Fort was in its glory. Heavy black clouds were coming from the main-land. The sun-set made them glow fiery hot red-orange! Hell was above me. Peace was inside me. I turned on no lights. There was more than enough from those in the parking lot. And the “Exit” signs in T6 glowed red. All was quiet as I climbed on the hard table, put my head down and covered me with the sheet. Hey. I was warm, dry, sheltered. I needed no more from life at this point. Clean. Showered. Sheltered.



Sunday, 17 August:



Woke a few times during the night. I remember doing the same thing many times through my life. Nerves. Fright. Terror. Depression. I don't like it but it's my existence. - But I got off my table at approximately 6h and began cleaning the coffee maker. FILTHY! Grounds in the works and all. I'm just now watching the first pot of coffee coming through. Oh well. I'm not other-wise occupied. Mopped the floor down twice as best I can. I've got terrible cramps this morning. It's most fortunate I have access to the loo! I'm in dire need. - Yet, the sun is rising over a bucolic Fort and into a sky of magnificent blue. Coffee's on. Fresh-brewed. 2 cigarettes left. Looks like a great day to go to the beach and die. Go, whilst the world is at peace. It's a comfort to me to know I have that choice. - Haven't brushed my teeth since Friday morning. Rinsed with hot salt water though. I wonder how long these clothes I'm wearing will hold. I wonder where all my other clothes are. Death on the beach. We'll see. The choice is there. I have choices. - 8h53 still alone. Allergies?

Cold? Stress? Congested. Chest and nose. Just not feeling too well. Can't afford sickness. Unless it's my message: which choice to take. - 20h03 in the library, T6, at the desk... Penelope arrived about 10h. I was relieved to see her for many reasons, not least of all, that I would have had to explain my presence here and had she not come, ran the risk of being locked out. As it went, she spent the better part of her day cleaning a fridge. I was her "company". I spent most of the day feeling miserable. Cold? Flu? Allergies? Exhaustion? All of the above, no doubt. (Even now, I'm sneezing. Nose dripping. Eyes all water! Feverish. Who knows?) She wanted (wants) me to ask Geoff for permission to stay here and I agree. He came by briefly. Feeling and looking ill. Was supposed to attend a wedding (on the beach) for one of the teachers from the Summer programme but was too sick. I didn't mention staying here because of his illness. Penelope agreed it was best not to right now. But, she told me of a woman who took residence on the porch of T7 without any permission. It presented a terrible problem for everybody. I assured her I'd do all possible to avoid all troubles. - This evening I went to the wedding with Penelope Felt poorly dressed (jeans, T-shirt, corduroy shirt, flip flops). Went to the reception at the picnic area here. Beautiful! Traditional Korean. Plenty of food. I ate well. Hopefully it will all settle well in my stomach. - Penelope and I came back to T6. She gave me cigarettes for the night, suggested I have access to the library to read if I'd like, said she doubts anyone will come round for any reason tonight. Even mentioned turning on a light and the radio! I said I feel best not drawing ANY attention here. She agreed. - It's 20h20. 25,5 (*Temperatures are in degrees Celsius*) degrees. I could use a shower but the one here is cold only. NOPE! NEED to brush my teeth and will soon need to shave. But right now, the day is finished and there's nothing I can do about anything until tomorrow so I just need to do what must be done to feel well enough to attack a Monday. I'd like to hear music, sketch, take a walk, WASH MY CLOTHES, BRUSH MY TEETH, settle in, watch TV. But (my stomach is bubbling!) I'll be happy if I can simply sleep through the night and wake trouble-free in the morning. - 20h35 Cleaned my teeth with a ScotchBrite pad! Feeling cleaner! I think there's a full moon tonight. Beautiful out there over the Fort. But I just heard a car door close out front!

Monday, 18 August:

(Writing at 6h31 on Tues. 19th at the 315 (*The building number at the beach*) crosswalk!) A “typical” night of waking through-out. 5h, the sanitation trucks came by. At one point it appeared to me that they could see in through the window and see me on the table. But on further thought, I doubted it. So back to sleep until 6h30. I need a shower today. - I was on the porch when Penelope arrived. Working on sketches and working on making it appear that I’d only just arrived. That’s my first concern; it should always appear that I arrived so early and never like I’d been here all along. - Feeling a little better this morning. The cold/flu symptoms are less today. - So Penelope seems happy to see me this morning and we get into our art. She, to her sculpting and I to my sketching and the day goes by. She tells me to heat the frozen pizza that’s in the freezer. She’s making certain that I eat. One slice left. At the end of the day, it would be all I’d eat (save a chocolate rabbit). - Geoff came by to tell her (Penelope) that the floor of T6 will be painted on Thursday during the day. She was concerned about her sculpture. I was/am concerned about the weather and where I will go for the day AND THE NIGHT! And then it hit me: THIS PAYCHEQUE DOES ME NO GOOD. I CAN GET MY BELONGINGS BUT I HAVE NO PLACE TO PUT THEM! I’M TRULY, ABSOLUTELY, COMPLETELY HOMELESS THIS ENTIRE WEEK-END AND THERE WILL BE NO CHEQUE THE FOLLOWING WEEK! - OK. It’s coming to the end... That’s what it’s doing. So? So... I’ll do what I do at the time. I don’t know what the weather will be on Thursday, so I don’t know what I’ll do. Penelope says I should ask Geoff about staying... sleeping... in T7. Thursday is the music until 2h on Friday. Friday is the Improv. Wednesday are classes. Alas. Alas. No room in the inn. We’ll see what happens. - Meanwhile, the day comes to an end. Some guy (Frank) visits Penelope then latches on to me long after Penelope leaves. I wanted to shower before sunset! - As it turned out... The day closed with 2 voice mails: Srully from JCCRP (the Medicaid application was declined. We need to change it.) and somebody from the Ben Franklin Democrats (231st St.) (A YEAR OR MORE LATER) could I submit a proposal to re-build their entire web-site? So I went to do what I had to do that I haven’t done is quite a while and then went back to T6 (having retrieved my voice mail in T9) to shower. - TAH-DAH! FINALE! I’m drying in the bathroom of T6 and I hear the front door open! I step out of the loo. Geoff is here. I tell him the shower is post-beach. We schmooze about his recent not feeling well. He cleans a spoon. I continue to dry off. He leaves. I dress. I look over to T7 and there are 4 or 5 cars and G’s truck! It will be an evening for them here. I CAME BACK TO MY DUNES with a 227g chocolate bunny for dinner, coffee for the morning and NO CIGS! - Tried to find a place by 220, under some trees but because of still air, the mosquitoes were thick. So? Back to the old place on the dunes, tried and true, 20h30 to watch sun set and moon rise and darkness fall...

**Tuesday, 19 August:**

at 7h16 (22deg) Just finished recording yesterday and the sun has come from orange to hazy pale yellow. The breeze is nice. The sun is warm. But the PAIN in my right testicle is horrific! I want a cigarette. The elastic on my bottom teeth needs replacing. (*Unable to afford proper dental care, I had to “bind” my bottom teeth with a rubber band to keep them from separating and eventually falling out.*) I need to wash these clothes I’ve been wearing. I should go find out my status at RPH today and I think I’ll have the runs at some point during the day. So I’m opening this day’s entry with a bitch.

Hey! 21 days (*until my birthday*) and I finish 52 years. And, aside from the experience of sleeping on the beach, watching a full moon rise, seeing another magnificent sun-rise, my existence is WHAT! TORTURE for the most part. HELL for another part. - 8h58

Porch, T7. Sprinklers on, per Tommy's request. The sun is up and hot. The back door of T6 was not locked when I got here! I could have come here earlier and even last night. But, all said, living on the dunes was nicer. Still, this morning, I wonder if Geoff (and Tommy) know I'm Homeless. Tommy asked "If you're here... on the days you're here early, would you turn on the sprinklers?" Geoff didn't seem at all surprised to see me in T6 last night. - 9h06 Penelope's here. It's 19h31 I'm under a tree on the bay side of the Cement Road. Somewhere by the corner of the Hero Road. There's bayberry and a little poison ivy to keep me hidden from view on the side and the branches above to block aerial. It's the aerial I've been most concerned about. Police helicopters. As I ponder it now, being busted might be a blessing. I'd have shelter and meals... that's a lot more than I have now. Tonight I have candy to eat and I'll be sleeping on soil, not sand. Well. We'll see how it all ends up. This should be interesting after sun-down. But for now, I'm reclined on an open black plastic trash bag for ground cover. Boots off. As comfortable as could be, considering. And all the while I'm remembering that I have all I need to simply drift out of all of it. I have the option. - Meanwhile, the day. I must begin noting that I took a close look at my teeth, this morning and it was disgusting! They haven't been properly brushed since Friday morning! So I cleaned them with some sea grass which I used like floss. During the day, I scrubbed with salt on finger. But, yuck! To think that my teeth could be so filthy! - So Penelope arrives and she tells me that she brought me a baloney sandwich for lunch! I was so appreciative... Of course! When I asked her for a smoke, she said she'd remembered not leaving me any and was going to call me to apologise. But she didn't and I told her that that would have been silly. - The day went along fine. She wanted to know more about how Edlyne Belanton fukked me by not processing my time sheets. I gave her the full scoop. - Sully came by for the first time in ages and told of squashes and pumpkins growing out in The Fort. Told me of some beach plums too. When he left, I borrowed a bike and brought back 2 large squashes so Penelope could see them. (She left them, by the way.) Went back for what I thought was pumpkin but turned out to be another kind of squash. I cooked it in the microwave. Rather good. Left-overs are in T6 fridge. - 19h58 It's getting too dark to write much more because I'm under this tree. It's 25 degrees. Nice breeze. My stomach is a bit "off". It was gurgling last night and no BM all day today. I hope the stomach holds. But for now, before it gets too dark, time to make for some sleep. I've got a very tough 3 nights coming and no guarantee of income again come Friday. But I have my meds... my way out... my option. (7h37 on Wed.) To conclude: Tommy came out to the Fort and worked on the walls. Then Janet came to say that they were judging submissions for the next exhibit coming in Sept.. that meant Penelope and I lost our calm day in T6. Then Geoff came to set-up for his evening class tonight. Ah! CLASS TONIGHT! I wouldn't have T6 (or RAA) at all! No choice in the matter. Tonight is out on the beach in The Fort! The thought actually made me sick to my stomach. I wanted to vomit. No shelter. Out in the cold with no-where to go. I kept getting nauseous every time I thought of it. But, I was gifted with a diversion in the way of being brought in to the panel of judges. My opinion was asked for and I got to judge about 5 entries. It was really very interesting and it did serve to distract me very well. I kept hoping it would take a while and, as it turned out, it didn't end until about 17h30. - I'd wanted to shower today but never got to. What I need more is to wash my clothes. That never did happen either. But I got to stay with people and in shelter for the day. - Oh, Penelope's phone charger works on my phone too, so I charged it. The down side is, I've got only 6,50\$ on it! I need to call the hotel. Hopefully they've just put my stuff into storage. I got



a call from JCCRP saying the Medicaid application was declined. I need to go back there. And I need to call Edlyne to see when I'll get paid. I need to make calls. I have no time on the phone! - So, at about 18h, everyone left. But of all the things to happen, as she was getting to the car, Penelope did something I'd have NEVER expected. She told me that the classes end at 22h and that I'd need a way to get into the building, so, she gave me her key to T6! I thanked her, from and with my heart and told her that, as long as the weather was OK, I'd just stay away from RAA all night. She won't be back until Friday morning now. And on Thursday, the floor of T6 will be painted. So I really shouldn't be out here too early, so to avoid questions. But she gave me the key and some cigarettes for a while (5). She drove off and I headed to the beach. - There was enough day-light left to scout out a new place for the night. The dunes are beautiful but a) I don't want to keep to the very same spot for too long and b) I really want a place not visible to aerial surveillance. So, I took to the woods this evening. I was hoping for a little clearing under a thicket of bayberry. I looked over, under, in and through the area east of 315, west of the Hero Road, south of the silos and north of the Cement Road and just in time, I found a smaller tree where there was a clearing beneath, bayberry around and very little poison ivy to consider. I can stand up, still concealed. I can lie down, stretch out. There's enough breeze to ward off most mosquitoes. No shelter from rain but I won't need to worry about waking before morning beach surveillance begins. Nor, do I need to worry about sanitation trucks or cars or even early beach goers. I can sleep as long as I can in the morning. I cleared away twigs, that might snap, should I move in my sleep. I opened the black plastic trash bag to make a liner/ground cover. A sheet over the plastic, a sheet over me and I was settled for the night - Now, at 8h18 this Wed. morning, about the night...



Wednesday, 20 August:

08h18 I'm on the beach, warming up in a beautiful, bright sun. This morning's air is so crisp. Clean and clear that even the details of Sandy Hook are quite visible from here. Picture perfect weather. I just need to raise my core temperature a bit more. Last night got to be so cold that I had thoughts of just throwing away all caution and going to T6. Or, going to the hotel and begging to be let in. Yes. These are the August days: Hot while the sun is up and cold through the night. September is coming (and I'm Homeless, with little-to-no salvation in sight) and the Autumn. I was asleep by complete sun-down. But when I woke through the night the moon dappled on the ground and on me, through the leaves. All wasn't total darkness. Even in this misery, there is beauty to be appreciated, and I do appreciate it. - I woke about 5h and enjoyed the fact that I didn't have to jump up and bolt into the world. I was concealed this morning. So, I opted for a while longer on the ground to wait for full sun-rise... and warmth. It came at about 7h15. - Well, the white sheet is filthy now, from the soil under the tree. But I rolled everything up,

leaving nothing behind and left through the bay-berry and out into the world to a beautiful morning on an empty day. - On the flip-side: my clothes need to be washed. I could do them at T6 and it would be a perfect line-drying day. The sheet needs to be washed. I need to be washed! But horrible for the first time in days, I need to take a shit! And as I sit here, writing, I'm surrounded by sand flies! Talk about filth! I'm attracting flies. The tide is in. If it would get a bit warmer, I could go into the water, maybe take a dump in the sea. There's a fisherman right where I am but I can move west on the beach. I'm thinking that's what I'll do. Take a swim, dry out on the beach. Try for a shower at T6. Maybe just go to the hotel today. So much to think about. - 10h10 This is almost too horrid, too miserable to be real! SAND FLIES! 10h34 at T7: SWARMS! No matter where I went! Or what I did! SWARMS! BITING! Nightmarish! Impossible to believe! Couldn't stay there! Couldn't sit! Couldn't stand, lie, be still! Even here! On the porch! They're HERE TOO! Biting my feet! 2 of them on my knee! And, to add to it, somebody's on the back porch. I'm not alone. I can't help but think it's a message: I shouldn't be here today. Yes. There are things to be done... elsewhere. I was hoping to do them later. I was hoping to shower this morning. But it's becoming obvious that my hopes are to be dashed. But, at least, I took my dump and my stomach is better. Not "all" is lost on this beautiful day. - 11h20 Geoff and Tommy came by. 3 girls are on the back porch "for the day". T6 is open (for them). I got the radio for me (on the front porch). But I wonder... Tommy noticed a blue tarp on Harris East and asked me what it is. Geoff immediately replied "That's his (my) house". What, and how much do they know about my days (and night) here, in The Fort? - Meanwhile, the sand flies are killing me! - 13h38 SHOWERED! T-shirt washed. I've accomplished nothing more. The flies were at me all day. I couldn't sit on the porch and draw. This day has been misery. But, I'm showered. 2 cigarettes left. It's only going to get worse from here. Maybe I should do my meds (*a stash of pain killers and tranquilizers that I carried with me for when everything got to be just more than I could take*), go to the beach? Option. And, even showered, sitting in the sun and breeze, a fly won't let me be. Yes. I've died. This is Hell. - I rang the hotel. Rob answered. His affect is similar to that of someone who is on heavy medications or should be heavily medicated. I told him who was calling, feigned a sudden on-set illness, told him I didn't abandon and that I'd be coming in to settle my account. He told me I've been "banned" for not paying rent or checking out when I was supposed to. I asked, "Can you tell me what was done with my belongings?" "No I can't. Ashley handles all of that. She won't be in until later." "OK. Can you tell me when she'll be in?" "Her plane lands in an hour." OK. What the fuk does that tell me? - I didn't call back this evening because I don't have the time on the phone to waste trying to get to her and I really don't want to hit her with this right when she comes back from holiday. I don't want to piss her off by being part of some bullshit that I know she'll be hit with anyway. But the time on the phone is even more of a concern to me. It was 6,50\$ when I started my calling. - OK. Add to that, a call to Premier Agency. Luz says Edlyne is in a meeting out of the office. I tell Luz I'm calling to see if my time sheets were put into payroll. "OK. I'll give her the message." - I called. I learnt nothing. Neither good nor bad news. Just nothing... neither more nor less. But it cost me time on the phone. - I washed my Dor Chadash T-shirt (*a shirt I'd gotten for free when I participated in a "Salute to Israel" parade. The term means: "New Generation".*) and went back to the porch to try drawing. In spite of the general calm and quiet, I couldn't think of a thing and even as I tried, I couldn't concentrate long enough to come up with an idea. - Tommy came back this evening. Geoff too. Geoff didn't stay long but we chatted about British and American humour. Tommy came after Geoff left. He and I put in some landscape solar-powered lights. He said he wants to power-wash the floor in T6 tomorrow. Will be at The Fort about 9h, left about 18h. I was alone! - 19h30 the sun was getting low. I headed back to my little tree. Tonight I've got another plastic bag for ground cover and a large piece of black fabric that should be warm (found it in T7) Looks like a curtain of some kind. Heavy, black fabric curtain. There were people on the roads in The Fort so I had to be careful where I went. But, of course, at first, I couldn't recall where my spot was! A few mis-shots and finally! It was like

coming “home”... a familiar place. How sad: a tree in an abandoned army base could make me so happy. I set right to putting down plastic (long enough for me to stretch complete), fabric, sheets and me. There was a bit of time to lie and look at the sky through the leaves and listen to some stragglers making noise on the Cement Road. - The last I recall, the time was 20h20 and I rolled to my side for the night.

Thursday, 21 August:



It's 11h10, front porch, T7. Lovely weather. Geoff's art class in progress in T6 since 10h. I've been here since about 7h. Watered the what-ever it is that gets watered. Finished the sketch I started yesterday. Am tired, hungry, in massive pain (upper back, maybe lungs) and have smoked 2 butts found on the ground here. I also am noticing that I'm beginning to develop an odour. Not disgusting but quite unpleasant. - Notes on last night: Slept generally well but woke quite cold just before midnight. The black fabric was a help but not a complete solution. - At one point, for no reason, sneezing and coughing uncontrollably! The cough tasted of blood. I didn't bother to check or look. It finally passed and I went back to sleep. If it's anything at all, I hope it does something damned soon! - Then, maybe around 1h or so, the air FILLED with the smell of burning wood! It happened Tuesday night also. I'd figured it to be idiots on the beach but THIS time it was HEAVY and annoying. A mystery. We'll see what tonight brings. - Then, this morning, as I was lying in the cold waiting for those first glimmers of morning sun-light to play on the leaves

over my head, the sanitation trucks came along the Cement Road. That was interesting but, after they dumped the trash back at Sully's area, almost right beside my head, under the ground, I heard a sound like steel wheels screeching on steel track! There's a bit of a mound surrounding the area where I sleep and it curves. I doubt there's any sort of tracks in the ground. But it does give me cause to think seriously. I don't think I'd drifted back to sleep and heard or mis-heard the sound. But, as strange as it (the noise, etc.) is, I'll just have to wonder. - And so, the sun came up and I got to RAA to begin the watering of the gardens. After all, mustn't let on about living ("living"? THIS is "living"?) in The Fort. Must to look "purposeful". - Tommy and Geoff arrived in the late morning. Somebody on 139th donated yet another sofa for T7. I went with Geoff to get it. Lovely house with Mexican house-keeper... of course. But, as we drove to 149th, it hit me: I haven't been out of the Fort in almost a full week! I've been in The Fort and in the woods all this time! What's making it a bit worse is I'm getting comfortable with it! My brain is coping with this as a some-what "long-term" situation. It's as if I'm slipping out of reality and into some sort of oblivion... and I'm not fighting against it. On some level, it's frightening. I need a haircut. I need a shave. I need clean clothes. I'm about to lose everything other than what I carry about. Maybe my brain has reached its end. Maybe I've finally snapped. I just don't know for certain. - Meanwhile in spite of pain in my back (kidney?), I helped get the sofa into the truck. - Tommy has supplied me with cigarettes all day and gave me money to get him 2 packs so we'd have all day. - Got back to The Fort, un-loaded the sofa. Tommy asked me what I want for lunch! Now people are feeding me. I'm at the bottom. No-where to go but up and sideways. He and I walked over to Kate's, . He got me a great sandwich! 5,99\$ and I got a little tour of Roxbury, a new perspective of The Fort. - The sandwich, potato salad and chips were perfect! Food! Food! Food! It's come to that. And my heart melts because of the help and sense of camaraderie. These people know so little of me yet, they offer what they can. I'm cursed by Creation and blessed by those around me.

I don't know why. I don't understand it. It makes living easier. It makes living more difficult. I just continue existing. Nothing more. Nothing less. - This evening, I helped paint the floor in T6. The only clothes I have are what I'm wearing, yet, I'm painting. But it was a distraction and, in that, a joy. - Tonight was the music of Moon Stage. Tonight, I felt a part of everything. In fact, tonight I felt OK about helping myself to beer. And, as I stood in the crowd, I looked around in the darkness and thought to my-self: I'm the only ONE in the crowd who knows this place best. I know it in the daylight. I know it in the darkness. I'm not afraid of it at night. A little sense of pride which led to... - The concert was over. Mat and I sat alone, on the back porch of T7. We talked about being Gay in Rockaway. He's 20 and born/raised Broad Channel. He told of getting into sorts of relationships with men who are emotionally unavailable. I listened. I tried to give inspiration. I'm an old Gay man "fathering" a new generation. He told me he wanted to try an over-night in the dunes. I was exhausted and looking forward to sleep. But I offered the chance and he accepted. By 2h30 on Friday morning, we were on the dunes...



Friday, 22 August:

Up and awake by about 6h this morning to the sun-rise. A restless 3 hours on the dunes. Mat was up and walking the beach as I told him to stay until the sun had the chance to take away night's dampness and chill. The sea grass and we were damp with dew. Autumn is rushing in. My nights out here should be severely numbered to the few. - We got to T7 and I dozed in a chair. Mat took the wooden settee. When I woke a about 8h, I put on the water for the gardens JUST IN TIME! Geoff arrived about 8h30! Fate turned in my favour, Mat woke on time too. - Geoff stayed a bit, we talked, he left. Penelope came! NORMALCY RETURNED! Mat left for home. I watched him walk to the gate. I wonder what he made of the night. Nothing happened. I wonder what he thinks of it. (We slept, my arm over him. It was warm for a change. But... Nothing of any interest happened. Ah well. Not that I wanted anything of any interest to happen. He's sweet, too young, not my type to date. Still, a very sweet impressionable young man. Enough said.) - Tommy came and occupied time. Liz Green (Albert's wife) came this morning and lingered... and lingered... and lingered. I didn't speak. She didn't either. She and Albert were at the concert last night and no words were spoken. I'm relieved. So today, I simply cleaned the back yard of T6. Penelope had gone out to get coffee and a donut for herself and me. She offered to share her coffee with Liz and, of course, Liz accepted. Mooch! I grabbed my donut and finished it quickly. Meanwhile, Tommy busied himself power-washing the front porch of T7. - WELL, AS IT WOULD GO TODAY, MY BALANCE IN THE PAYROLL ACCOUNT IS NEGATIVE TWENTY DOLLARS! HOW! I HAVE NO IDEA! FROM 71 CENTS TO NEGATIVE TWENTY DOLLARS! AND ON THE DAY WHEN I NEED THE MONEY! EDLYNE CLAIMS IT'S TROUBLE WITH THE BANQUE AND NOBODY GOT PAID. HSBC, SHE SAYS. I DON'T CARE. I WANT MY MONEY! NOW! FUK ME FUK ME FUK ME! So here I sit, looking forward to more time in the woods and closer still, to losing everything at the hotel. Little by little I go to nothing, nothing, nothing. - But, at about 15h, I grabbed the shower. It's 16h31. I'm clean. My bowels are trying to clean me out. But I'm clean. - NEGATIVE TWENTY ONE DOLLARS AND TWENTY-NINE CENTS! At 16h32. FUK FUK FUK! And it's Friday! I just don't understand it. Alone in the back of T6, broke, Homeless, hungry. Is there a reason? No. Not really. It just is and I have to handle it. But my horoscope says

that my “time to shine” is coming. Death. And my art-work will be worth a fortune. That will be it. For now? To occupy some time before going to my little tree in the Bakfort for the night. I’m sketching on a blank page in my little pad. - (recording Sat. 18h54 in T6) As I got up to close T6 Kristen and Matt came by en route to T7 where they were going to sit a while before going to the show at T4. I wasn’t feeling like being alone and truly not looking forward to being in The Fort tonight so I went to sit with them a while. As we sat, Tommy came with a case of wine, some sliced sausage, cheese and bread. The night began! Tony came to join. Albert’s Liz invited herself. The talking went on and on into the night, through to the early hours of morning. At peak, there were about 8 people talking about just anything and everything, and drinking wine. I even had some wine. As the night went on, people began leaving and some of us grew exhausted. I have no idea what time it was when I covered Kristen on a settee on the back porch but that’s when it was decided that the remainders would take a sofa for the night in T7. Tommy put out the lights. Matt, he and I took a sofa for the night. I was thrilled to spend a night inside for a change. It was too late to go out to the Bakfort and I wasn’t looking forward to being cold and wet in the dew again. - Frighteningly, I laid on the sofa, not at all comfortable. I actually WANTED to sleep outdoors! Being “confined” in a building bothered me! I’d been sleeping in the woods for a week and it seems I’m snapping and slipping away from civilisation! It terrifies me, even now as I journal this. But, I gave in to the anxiety and headed out into the back yard to the bench by T8, went to set up my blankets and such AND BROKE THE ZIP ON MY “BRIGHTON” BAG in the dark! Now THINGS ARE TURLY BEGINNING TO FALL COMPLETELY APART! Still, I set the blankets up and tried for comfort. As I dozed off, the sound of a coon woke me. She was at the bench. I lifted my head and said: “Fuk-off you! I’m staying here tonight whether you like it or not!” and tried to drift off. Moments later, I was so bloody cold, I just got up, gathered my covers and went right back inside, fumbled in the dark to find an empty sofa and threw myself on one, terribly soft, uncomfortable sofa. But, I was chilled through, exhausted and in a warm building. I laid down and went to sleep.



Saturday, 23 August:

It’s 19h20 The clock shows 25 degrees in here. I’m in T6, radio playing CBS-FM. I’m feeling like shit. Headache. Fatigued. Unsettled stomach. Everything in and about me is hoping to be able to stay the night. It’s been a terrible day. - We all woke at about 7h this morning. I came over to T6 to make coffee. Geoff was already here. A group from the Mormons were due to arrive at 8h to do some work around the place for 3 hours. I was tired, fatigued, out of sorts, in no mood for much of anything. The sun was hot. But I just pushed myself through. Eventually Kristen went for Dunkin Donuts. (They ate them. I had a few “holes”.) I cleaned the back yard of T6 and tried to fix the broken zip on the “Brighton” bag (and I’ve failed) for most of the day. Penelope came.

There was a lot of noise all over the place! Penelope sculpting, the work crew banging, people moving all around. I took Matt out to the Bakfort in search of beach plumbs. We found several little bushes out by the fresh water pond. Brought some back. - All I wanted to do is find a shady place in which to sleep, but tried for same bench I tried to sleep on last night. It was in too much sun. - 14h and everybody (Tommy, Kristen, Matt and Tony) left for a day on the Dragon Boat. They'd eaten lunch on the front porch of T7. I wasn't invited. I didn't invite myself. So, when they left, I came in to T6 to sketch and be with Penelope. - I NEED to cut my hair! I NEED to wash my clothes (even though Penelope says I'm amazingly clean. You'd never know I'd been in these clothes, in the dunes, the woods, painting, etc every day for a week!) I also NEED to wash the sheets I've been sleeping on. - So at about 17h, Penelope took off, leaving me to lock up and "do what you do". The breeze in the parking lot was chilly. When I mentioned going out to the Bakfort, she said "Don't go back there tonight. You need to stay inside tonight. Stay right there. By now they all know your situation and I don't think anybody would say anything." I reminded her that the crew was out on the boat and would probably be back around 2h Sunday morning. She just said "So?" We left it at that. Now, at 19h44, the sun is setting, I ache. I'm trying to figure whether or not I should stay. I'm thinking that I could just tell the truth about not feeling well enough to traipse out to the woods, needing the loo, etc. After all, is there really any harm in being here? - NOTE: I'm sick about losing what was left at the hotel. I'm sick about not being able to get it because I have NO money. I can't call because I have no time on the phone. I've got ONE fare on my MetroCard. The coming week-end is Labour Day. I won't be able to find a room out here. I just have so much running through my head that's making me physically sick! - The rubber band on my bottom teeth needs replacing too now. - OF INTREST: This morning Tommy asked me how I am with talking to Albert's Liz (*since she and he are primarily responsible for me losing my job and being in this situation*). She and I spoke about The Fort last night. I said I have no intention of being friendly with her and he told me "She's a hole and if you fall into it you'll never get out! That whole family's no good." Emily, the daughter, did some work for RAA a while ago and tried to collect unemployment. When she couldn't, it went to the Labour Board. It cost RAA thousands! Lately, Apryl Green, the sister, has used T7 for band rehearsal, giving no notice, no fee, and has billed her band for some fete being held at RAA. Unilateral decisions. So, I'm being protected, in a sort of way, from being further injured by them. So maybe there will be some sympathy and compassion if I'm discovered here tonight. I don't know. Right now, as I write, I'm feeling so awful, it'll be worth being discovered. It's a chilly night. The sky is a bit grey. It's 20h04. There are people going to T4. I just need to look "not too comfortable" if somebody comes during the night. But I'll make me as comfortable as possible other-wise. I just wish I knew if anybody will come in. When the day on the boat is done, they have to come back here. Tony's car is here. Somebody might want to use the loo. I could opt for trying to climb into T7 at some point. But that would have to be much later because there are people outside now... I don't want to "break in" any-where and ruin any trust I've earned... I'd have to climb out in the morning so as not to unlock any doors... I'd have to find a place to sleep other than a sofa... too involved. Best to stay here and risk what-ever.





01.1.August 2008

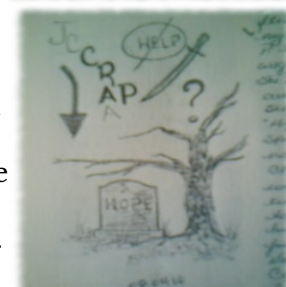
The End Begins Monogram

Sunday, 24 August:

6h44 A difficult night into a difficult morning. The sun is just rising over a bank of clouds. Finally! Light. I woke at 5h59. Car doors out side. I have no idea what's out there. - Last night, sleep by 20h20 or so. Up at 22h59. Congested. Sneezing. Difficult breathing. Coughed. Cleared. Returned to the table to sleep. 1h57 this morning. More congestion and sneezing. But it was warm enough to sleep under a doubled sea-sheet comfortably. THAT was most important to me. (It's 24 degrees as I write this.) But (But. But. But!) just now, feeling a bit clammy. Tired. Dirty. Have cleaned my teeth, had coffee, finished the half cigarette from last night. Just waiting for a "good" hour to turn the water on for the gardens. Then I'll know more of the out-side world. - At approx. 6h20, a woman dressed in red sweat-shirt, black slacks, sports bag on one shoulder, J&R store bag in hand walking across parking lot. Homeless too? - 6h45 and a car out front. I don't know... - 7h20 The gardens are being watered. I'm just throwing all caution to the wind. I'm tired of all the bull-shit. When I got out to the front of the building, the parking lot was EMPTY! The RAA/Dragon Boat crew had come and gone as I slept. There. It's done. At least I slept in shelter last night. - NOTE for this morning: I need to bathe today: arm pits. It was bound to happen eventually. - (7h50) It occurred to me over-night that this would have been my check-out weekend, had I been at the hotel. I would have had to be out on Friday morning until Monday morning. Isn't that just a fuk in the ear? (18h27 - T6) Simply given up on all the formalities of hiding, opened the back door, turned the radio on. Come what may. I went out to turn the water on for the gardens at about 8h and - never mind. I got that "empty parking lot" in. What I learnt much later in the day is that they'd all left at 9h30 last night. They came, took their cars and were gone as I dozed! My existence is constant torture. Just constant torture. I can't really know if/when somebody will decide to drop by, for what reason, for how long. And even though Geoff and Tommy have been in dire straights in their own lives, I don't know that they'd be compassionate, kind, understanding about providing a bit of shelter for the night... even tonight when the forecast is RAIN! (I shouldn't complain about rain tonight. I've had a clear week all along. Rain is due. Rain is the match for my existence!) On that venue, I'm in and out of just staying here and if somebody comes in, simply being boldly honest about needing to go to JCCRP in the morning and needing a sheltered night's sleep tonight. I asked Penelope what might happen if I'm "discovered". She said "I just don't want you in a position to be told not to ever do that again." Neither do I. but, for now, it's a risk I'll have to take. As it is, my lungs are filling with mucous. I've slept in cold and wet. Rain will



only make me ill, not dead. I'll just have to do this and give it a try. Worse comes to worst? I still have my arsenal... my way out of it all. - So the day: Very calm. Very relaxed for the most part. The guys came to get some sound equipment for a concert at Riis this evening. Penelope and I took a walk over at 16h and stayed a bit. She was going to leave me there and I reminded her that I'd left my belongings in T6. Ah. So we left together and walked back. As she was leaving, she gave me cigarettes for the night and said "Just in case... you CAN'T stay out all night." The key. She IS an aware person with genuine good feelings and intentions. I just wonder: As much as she professes to love Tommy, she didn't offer a space in her home when he was in need. (Though I'm to understand that her entire house is as it was when she lost her family. It's a shrine to them.) For me, she brings coffee and some food. But she won't intervene or offer shelter. Well. She has her reasons and I'm certain that she does what she can. - So it's 19h05. I've no idea when the concert will end. I've no idea if the crew will find cause to hang out after, use the loo, what-ever. I don't WANT the confrontation but tonight it's important to get a sheltered sleep. So? So. - One note! I hate coughing in here! It's empty. It echoes. It's not sound-proof. My coughs can probably be heard in the parking lot! - I'm going out back for a while. A smoke. A sketch. It's windy out there! It's 25,5 degrees in here. (6h57 Mon. T7 porch) I stood in the window of T6, looking out on the parking lot of T4 for the longest while, uneasy, watching the RTC cars leave, watching other cars come and go. Uneasy tonight. I knew the concert crew had to return and would probably stop at T6 for some reason. I KNEW! I WAS RIGHT! With the remaining sun-light I moved a chair to the window to sketch. At about 20h20, the door flew open! It was Tommy. I waved. He didn't come in. He asked "When are you leaving?" "I don't know. I'm just finishing this sketch." He left. I couldn't sketch. Uneasy. I took to standing at the window again, trying to work out where to go and what to bring, even for a few hours into the night. At about 21h20, I went out to back door to check on T7. Lights on. Apryl and Jan were sitting on the back porch! If I headed into the Bakfort now, I'd been seen. If I stayed in T6 and they came in I'd be nailed. I chanced staying a while longer, not knowing when the rains could come, not really knowing which way to go. I just waited, standing at the window. - Everybody at T4 was leaving. I thought I should go to Kristen, ask her to phone Tommy to ask for some permission to stay. As I thought, she left. The parking lot was empty. Again, I ventured out, this time with the Brighton bag and an open garbage bag for some ground cover. T7 was dark and empty. I tried laying on a bench in the back yard, thinking I should stay there until at least midnight. It was relatively warm, a soft breeze, clear skies. I could stay on the bench for now and then go back to T6. I'd left the back door open. Then I thought about that woman this morning. What if she's here and tries the door? If she goes in, what then? I went back in. It was well after 21h by now. I put the sheets on the table and decided to leave all of it to Fate... On cue, Fate rolled in on 18 wheels at top speed! I was just drifting off when the front door flew open, the lights flashed blaringly! Tommy walked in and then back out. Kristen came in. I'd jumped from the table. "We were just talking about you." Kristen said to me. "Talking about me?" I asked. "I asked if you finally left that old woman you were staying with." And she walked out too. Well. Here



it was: Honesty and Sincerity time. I walked out the door. It was 22h10. No sign of rain. Tommy was on the phone, in front of T7. Kristen was on a bleacher. I went out, into a situation of complete uncertainty. My head reeled with options and alternatives but wouldn't stop at one long enough to come to any decision. There was a preying mantis at the door. I encouraged it out of the building then went over to Tommy to unload my truths about tonight and tomorrow. He looked burning angry but was calm. "If you'd been caught in there by anybody other than Geoff or me, it would be bad for you and Penelope. Her heart's in the right place but she let you stay there after she left. Other people have the key to that building. If it had been John who walked in, it would have been his life. If Jan or Apryl caught you in there..." Then he said "You should've said something when I saw you in there earlier." I told him I hadn't decided to stay at that point AND ASSURED HIM THAT PENELOPE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT. I STRESSED THAT POINT. He and Kristen went into T7 and I went into T6 to sketch and wait. A moment later, the door opened. "Yo." I got up. Tommy said "I'm locking you in here for the night. Look. If this gets out, it will hurt Penelope. Please don't hurt Penelope." I ASSURED HIM I

WOULDN'T DO ANYTHING TO HARM HER. HE SHOOK MY HAND AND SAID "You're good for the night." I thanked him saying that this was more important to me than life. He replied "Life is more important." And went back to T7. - I did the only thing that made any sense at that point: I went back to the table to sleep. I'll need my strength tomorrow. I've only got a one-way fare (and money for the phone) and it's a long walk to Mott, even when it's fair weather.

Tomorrow threatens RAIN!

MEMO: Kristen has offered to bring me some scrubs tomorrow night. With those, I can return to work at the very least! Here I go again with my bull-shit optimism, headed full-speed into Hell.)

DREAM: Sun-Mon: Attended services at Beth-El synagogue. Evening services. Many people. I wore tallit (Conway's table cloth). Flash to Riverdale Temple. Got to services a bit late. Noticed I was wearing tallit to evening services. Told it was fine and it was a good idea because it was a bit chilly anyway.)

Monday, 25 August:

7h57 22.5 degrees CLOUDY. T7 FRONT PORCH: I woke at 6h and sketched my rest time to 6h30. I SLEPT RIGHT THROUGH THE ENTIRE NIGHT LAST NIGHT! NO COUGHS! NO SNEEZES! NO PAIN! The sprinklers are on. It's peaceful. A prelude to some sort of disappointment or disaster to come. No help from JCCRP no doubt. Penelope said she'd be here between 8h30 and 9h. I doubt it. But... - I've been sitting here since 6h57. A moment ago, I got up to move the sprinkler just as the Parks Police came by! The timing was impeccable. - I wonder if I have money in my account. (I doubt it.) No matter what, I'm going to try for some sort of housing today. The days are getting too, too short and the nights are getting too, too cold and wet. But if nothing comes of it today, this week, on a pleasant day, my art-work will become valuable and that "time to shine" mentioned in my horoscope will arrive. It's "Obit Week". This is enough! 5 days to 53 (*my 53rd birthday*). Time to check-out. Time to go, depart, to leave. Time to exit, get out, escape. Time to rest, relax, to sleep. Time to finish, to end, to close. Time to die. - It's 8h11. I'm going to sketch a bit. More art-work for the vultures to pick on when I'm gone. - 16h14 Under the tree. Yes. 16h14 and under the tree already. The sky is clouding with only small breaks of sun. Penelope says the weather reports claim that the big storm that was expected has "passed us by" and "blown out to sea". I think maybe she's blown out to sea. - My kind and considerate days are done. My days of compassion are over. - I got SOME pay today. 117\$! 20\$ (22) for the

phone. 8,50\$ for a pack of cigarettes. Gone! 15-dollar MetroCard. Shot to hell. Went to JCCRP about shelter. Sully actually made some phone calls! Jacquie won't see me until Wednesday. As it stands right now, I can go to E. 30th and 1st for some sort of intake into the Homeless system, spend the night on the subway, spend the night in the Bakfort. How kind. How thoughtful. How considerate of the world. (I'm soaked with sweat right now. Sitting on the black plastic, shoes off, trying not to cough, considering my "option" of the pills.) But, all said, I thank Leetha for finding the address for the Homeless Coalition (she told me she'd been there and they helped her tremendously) and I thank Sully for taking the time to make those calls. It wasn't enough. But it was more than a "come back Wednesday". (16h27 Three helicopters just flew by. Direction 116th Street. Great! They'll be up and down the beach all bloody night now.) So, meanwhile, nothing was mentioned to me about last night. I told Penelope that I stressed that she had nothing to do with it. But while I was gone, the tongues wagged like lace in a hurricane. "They" (Tommy and Geoff) are "upset" with her because she didn't lock up. How many times was I there, alone, and Geoff said I could hang out and lock up?!? So the blame goes to Penelope. And to me she says I "should make (myself) scarce around here." During the day is OK. But not after she leaves. Says Penelope: "My ass is on the line and that upsets me." So, it might be cutting my own nose off to spite my face, but I've had enough of these childish pranks at the RAA. They've done nothing to "promote" anybody but themselves. They throw tantrums because they're chaotic, undisciplined. They blame one another and each other for misgivings and wrong-doings. (I'm being hovered over by a helicopter at 16h41!) And, in this event, they're pitting Penelope against me. I simply told her that I've had enough and today, I say "Good-bye". She said that she understands that I'm upset about today but that I should come back. "We'll be here for you." Right. Like you've been here for me all along. I packed my things and came out to the tree. - I rang Edlyne and Nancy to say I'm available. Edlyne was distant. Nancy said we'll keep in touch. Kristen said she'd bring scrubs at 19h30 tonight. Unless I get hit with intelligence between now and 19h and take my "Option", I'll go to T4 at 19h, gather the scrubs and ride the subway until the 99-cent Limit opens tomorrow. Toothbrush, toothpaste, coffee and deodorant (and shampoo). How I'll schlep it all is beyond me. What I'll do about the things at RPH is beyond me too. But "essentials" are needed. - 16h50 and one military helicopter is just leaving after hovering at about 169th Street all this while. Now. Maybe I can nap until 19h? I'm exhausted. Thought of going to the building behind 315 but I'm too tired for all that walking. Temp. has gone from 27 to 16 but it's muggy. I believe my plan to go to T4 and the subway is best for now. 12 hours on the subway and a day at Brighton Beach. OK. - 18h20 on the beach at Hero Road. 4 other people here. The ocean is absolutely swimmable! I'm thirsty. Penelope phoned at 17h01. Kristen brought the scrubs. They're in T6! "Please cal me." Says Penelope Why bother? Say I. - Overcast to the open sea. The sun is breaking through to the west. A breeze but the sun is hot. I rested under the tree for a little. Sand flies are coming. Where will I go for the night tonight? Bakfort or subway or shelter. I fear the shelter. Theft. Fighting. Having to leave in the middle of the night. I'm thirsty. Maybe I'll just go to the Fort restrooms for water then decide. My feet hurt. 5 more people have arrived. It would be nice to pass the night on the dunes. I'd like to be outside. Why? I'm slipping into Homelessness. I'm so thirsty. And I'm tired. The scrubs will be heavy. More to carry. Maybe tonight, on the dunes, my "Option". - (TUE. 7h28 on the beach, in the sun. 19 degrees) I got my water. A long, slow walk. I'm slowing down now. Saw Tony and Tommy heading into T6. Nobody outside T4. I went to T6. Tony came out. "What's up man?" he called. "You seen Kristen?" "No. Not yet." Some talk about 19h30 and he went inside. It was 19h16. I had a cigarette. Other RAA people began to arrive. Meeting. By about 19h25 I headed back to the tree for the night. By darkness, I was down for the night. It was very warm and the doubled black cloth was very, very warm. I was set.

Tuesday, 26 August:



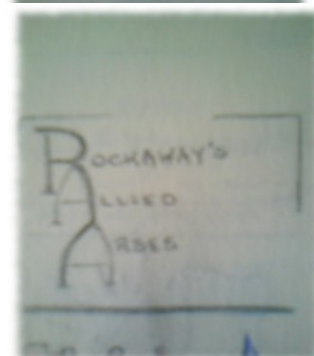
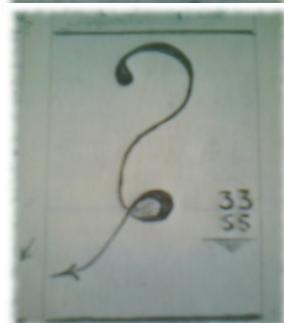
7h38 19 degrees: The black cloth doubled did keep me quite comfortable through the night. When I woke at about 1h18, it was something around 16 degrees. I was a little chilly but able to go back to sleep, in spite of my panic when the sky looked overcast. It looked like rain was coming. But soon, I saw 2 stars and dozed off again. - Somebody was racing and screeching tyres in the parking lot at about 1h30 or so. Loud. I was glad to be in the Bakfort and not at T6 this time.... in case of a crash. But, I went back to sleep. - I'm thinking the temperature must have been down to near 10 degrees during the night. It's getting too cold for being out all night. The thought of a shelter scares the shit out of me. But it doesn't seem to be much of a choice. Funny: sleeping on the ground, in the shrubs, under a tree feels safer than in-doors in a protected shelter. But today, I'm going to give "the shelter system" a try. If they start confiscating things, it's done. No shelter! Yesterday, Srully said I should be eligible for inexpensive housing. Again! The "should be" but no direction, instruction,

information on how to get there. It's always half-assed. Well? - The entire zip part of the Brighton back is now off. Ripped as I packed-up this morning. All is beginning to fall apart. I'm beginning to look soiled. I'm beginning to smell Homeless. - On my way out to the beach this morning I thought: The whole Summer could be seen as an exciting story. One pay-cheque and into a hotel. Working on the peninsula. Being with artists on a defunct military base. Dropping into homelessness. Sleeping on the dunes and on the ground under the tree. Ah, to spin this into a play! - There just might be something to that. This morning I saw what's been rumbling in my chest this week past. It's thick, green, almost ball-like globs of heavy mucous. I coughed it up, spat it out and it drops to the ground, almost keeping some form. From the nose, all is clear. From the lungs there's signs of infection. - Well. 8h11 and we're up to 20.5 degrees. I've been alone on this beach. It's wonderful here. I don't want to leave... not to a shelter... not to move... not to leave. So much I've hoped to accomplish here. Look. I'm at the complete opposite end! What happened? What the bloody fuk happened? - At about 9h I left the beach, walked out past T6 and 4 to the gate and boarded the Q35 to Brooklyn. I was going to my 99-cent store no matter what this or the next day holds! And, I was going to see Brighton again... no matter what! And so I did. I got coffee, shampoo, a deodorant spray, toothbrush and toothpaste. Why? Because I'm an idiot. That's why. No place to shower, need a damned home and work, but I've got my little toiletries. Oh well. (By the way, it's 1h54 on Wednesday as I write this from the bed in Peninsula Hospital.) So, with toiletries in bag and bags weighing me down to the point of pain, on to the 68 bus to Brighton Beach and for rubber bands for my teeth. I haven't brushed my teeth in 12 days and the band is stretched. So I need to scrub the teeth and change the band. What a pain in the arse! those little rubber bands. BUT I found CLEAR at NY Apteka (2,59\$ for 75). Great! I can be found dead on the beach with no tell-tale rubber band on my teeth. Lovely! Super! Just brilliant! Right. Off to the boards to FINALLY make coffee at the Ocean Parkway water fountains. Sat on the bench, looking across the water, the very calm, quiet water to Breezy, Rock Point, Roxbury and, of course, the Fort. The distance from Brighton to Breezy is almost negligible. The bay is so small and the water at Brighton truly is calm, compared to the Fort. It was a happy time to return to Brighton this morning. I'm still quite comfortable here. But it was almost sad to see the little beach at the little water, so calm, so docile. I remembered when Brighton was "ocean" to me. -





(8h02 Wednesday PENINSULA ROOM 308) I remembered when I thought of Brighton as “Home” because in Brighton, I had Peace. This morning, again, in Brighton I had Peace. But so much has changed. - I turned on the cell for a bit. Another message from Penelope, using Tommy’s phone! I sat at Seaside Park, in the shade then decided to go back to T6, get scrubs (since Kristen was sweet enough to bring them, and I couldn’t decide what else to do with my existence from there. Of course now, with the stuff from the 99-cent store and the fact that the sun was up full, carrying the backpack and Brighton bag became almost impossible! It actually hurt to bear the weight. And my lungs wouldn’t take in any oxygen. I felt I was being crushed just waiting for the bus. I prayed I could simply crumble to the ground. Coney Island Hospital: home for the night. But, no such luck and all the connections were almost instant. By about 14h or so, I was walking (slowly) back through the gates of the Fort, angry, pissed-off, tired, exhausted! I got the scrubs. Took 2 sets actually (blue and teal). Spoke as nicely as I could (considering the events of Sunday and Monday). I asked Tommy, directly, about being “scarce”. He said “Maybe that’s the way SHE feels. You’re a member. You’re an artist. You’re just not an artist-in-residence.” So, there we have it. I jotted a Thank You note to Kristen, put it into the bag with the remaining scrubs and was going to leave all in T6 but she was in T4. I opted to bring the bag and thank her in person. - Meanwhile, figuring I’d head to the intake centre for the Homeless and didn’t want to schlep so fukking much any more, I broke down what I only needed to sleep in the Fort, put it all in a black garbage bag, put the bag in a tool-shed behind T6 and, with considerably less to weigh me down, a cold and crude “Be well” from Penelope (she truly is spaced... just as clueless as she can be and yet breathe), I left out the back gate of T6, strolled heavily to T4, gave scrubs and thanks to Kristen, spoke briefly then left with little more than “Ciao”. It’s not so much a feeling of uneasiness around them now because I see them as rather childish, infantile, sophomoric (from Penelope through Geoff and Tommy et al) but today, somehow, I TRULY DID NOT have ANY energy left in my body for any more anything. The coughing fits and hot flashes all night. Then the bloody cold and wet. These people all around me just letting it all go, letting me drift off into my Homelessness and not caring. Then, the weight of my backpack and the weight of the world all just CRUSHED ME! I walked out the gate of the Fort, boarded the Q22 bus and, en route to yet undecided destination, decided to at least find out what the hell is going on with this body (and maybe push Medicaid even harder?) and so, B116th St. passed, B67th St. passed and there was the sign: “EMERGENCY”. Peninsula Hospital, here I am. I’ve heard horrors. But the WBs (*former patients of mine*) didn’t seem to mind it. What’s the worst that can happen? They find nothing and toss me out in the middle of the night. I’ll be on the A train until dawn. OK. Let’s go. - In the door at 16h04. Chest pain, SOB (*Shortness Of Breath*), no energy. On a



stretcher by about 16h30, of course, blood work, hep(*heparin*) lock. The questions about residence. (I gave them the old address on B116. I couldn't very well tell them "some tree on a sand dune".) and insurance (they didn't like "Medicaid pending" so I threw in a might possibly be 1199 (*Union insurance... Truth is, the Union had refused to give insurance coverage even when I was working.*). The attitude changed.) Then wait and wait and wait in the ER until... The labs came. Imagine THIS: PLATELETS SHOULD BE BETWEEN 150 AND 400. MINE? 50! NO SHIT. NO CLOTTING FACTOR. POTENTIAL BLEEDER HERE AND OF ALL THE THINGS IN THE WORLD TO BE DX (*diagnosed*)? THROMBOCYTOPENIA!!!! I USED TO LUV THAT WORD AND NOW? BINGO! I'VE GOT IT! Dr. Makkar and I got a bit of a chuckle about it and then he said that he'd like to admit me, at least over-night, monitor the chest pains and confirm the THROMBOCYTPENIA. "Inside" for the night. Blessing or curse? The next doctor to examine me (Russian) asked a lot of personal questions INCLUDING sexual orientation (none x approx. 20 years) but EXCLUDED religion. Not that I've anything to hide but I just found it intrusive. I can understand they might need to know a lot of such things, but between him NOT identifying himself and most of the staff doing that, I just needed a little control over my failing body and the situation around me. - Well, I kept looking at the clock. I'm used to being asleep at sundown! The ER became loud. Even the staff. At 22h I tried for a snooze. Nope. More blood. Then tags and such and off to the 3rd floor for the night - Well Penelope? You got your demand for a while. I'm a long way from your precious RAA now.

01.2 August 2008 - The Peninsula Days Monogram

Wednesday, 27 August:

9h53: Peninsula Hospital Room 308. Not much sleep last night. In the room by about 1 or 2h Proventil/O2 at 5h followed by Heparin IM. Sun-rise. Breakfast. Housekeeping. Me keeping. I slept in my jeans and socks. I'm nodding as I write. I'm cleanish. Used the 99-cent stuff. Brushed my teeth! But I see I'm dehydrated. Face and arms very dry. Well, well. No shower Monday, Tuesday, now Wednesday. Washed but not showered and looking none the worse. - Breakfast is for cardiac. Low salt, low fat. Decaf coffee. I ate everything. - Need to nap. Need to talk with an SW r/t D/C to ? (*Social Worker related to discharge to un-known destination*) 13h28 Have finished lunch. The most sensitive female Russian doctor came in to examine me this morning. (Kleymanova) compassionate. Kind. Attentive. She got me Ensure TID (*three times per day*). She had a student with her. A Muslim woman. During the examination, the student told me that the thrombocytopenia was ruled out and the Dx (*diagnosis*) is (MAMA?) EMPHYSEMA! When she asked if I had any immediate problems I told her I was used to being asleep early, the admission was late and the activities during the night have left me exhausted. As she left the room she looked back and whispered "Sleep". Soon, a cardiologist came in. More heavy breathing. He's ruling out coronary and recommending a Nuclear Stress Test, out-pt. - 13h53 I'm off telemetry. The nurse who took me off asked me if I know why I'm off. I said it's because of the Diagnosis of Emphysema. She mentioned something about insurance and COPD being used to get paid. She also said something about me having no complaints since I got here. Meanwhile, my head SPINS when I cough, my limbs are achy, my eyes focus as if through fever. And the man across the hall keeps yelling for a nurse and Jesus Christ. And I asked to speak with a Rabbi and all that was done was messages were left. I see me freezing on the subway tonight. It's already too late to get to Jacquie at JCCRP. - Meanwhile, half of them should know even half the pain I'm lying here quietly enduring. Even just the physical pain... - So I got IV antibiotics, a thing of Advair. I'll probably be out right after sun-set. Ah well. 53 years old, minus 33 (1933) is 20 years. 2008 minus 1988 is 20 years. These people keep telling me I'm 52. Maybe I have to wait until Saturday to get out of this "life". 3 more days. Can I manage? I don't know. I just don't know. - 14h37 I want, so much, to close my eyes and rest. But I'm afraid I'll be



awakened by being shoved out the door. (20h06) Just woke. Sweating. A bit hungry. Right arm pit smells of arm pit and that deodorant/body spray I got at the 99-cent store. I need to wash again. I just need to wash all of me: clothes and the whole thing. - Nurse Rose came in earlier to give me IV meds. She said I'll have an echo-cardiogramme tomorrow just to make sure the pulmonary has nothing to do with the cardio. They're thinking CHF (*Congestive Heart Failure*). Mum had a touch before the CA Dx. (*cancer diagnosis*) Anyway. I'm here for another night. - Two NA's came in for vitals. One noticed my journal and the writing. People are amazed by the size of the writing. This led into my sketch-book. Believe it or not, I now have one person who wants a repro, in paint, of the Ann Murray photo of the Fort. The yellow sun-set! Another one wants another large painting. (Me? I want a cigarette.) At one point, there were 3 NA's in here. One asked where I'm from. She noticed "You have an English Canadian accent." How odd. After all these years. - So my temp. was down to 97,6. Why the sweats and chills then? I've washed the foul odours away and am back in bed. Tired? Depressed? Hungry. Yes. It's 20h59. I'm less congested. Discharge on a holiday week-end to go... I must talk with a Social Worker tomorrow.

Immediately! (I just thought: Midnight is 24 hours here. One whole day. Or: 16h was the first 24 hours. I came in only yesterday.) - Watching the Far Rock A (*the elevated subway train I could see from my window*) going by makes me think: I'll be living on it before too long. I can't get over the frequency of them, even at this hour! Where do they all disappear to? When one waits in The City, it's an eternity between trains. Outside the window here, it's only moments. - OK. I'm feeling weak. A nap, perhaps. - (By the way: A funny. I've been swallowing half cigarettes. Today and the tobacco is coming through in my stool. If this place wants a sample, how odd will they find that? - This Nurse, Tim., is on the mark. He's holding the Heparin SQ since it makes no sense for an r/o (*rule out*) thrombocytopenia (bleeder?) to get Heparin.) (He's also good for the eyes, ear and only 51.) Most important, he's caring, concerned, compassionate. A real mensch! - I lucked out tonight. The Respiratory Therapist was really down to earth. She saw a sketch of mine and said "That's beautiful! You're as good as me!" and she smiled. We had a fun chat while I had the Proventil. Good people on the shift this time. - Tim tells me that with the Solumedrol they're giving me now, I have to be on it for a couple of days and then put on Prednisone before Tx (*treatment*) stops. I wonder if that's how it will go or will I be a "test patient" and simply tossed when their "learning service" is done with me. Does it matter? No. Not in the least. If what they do to me here causes more pain, I'm happy to go at the age of 53.



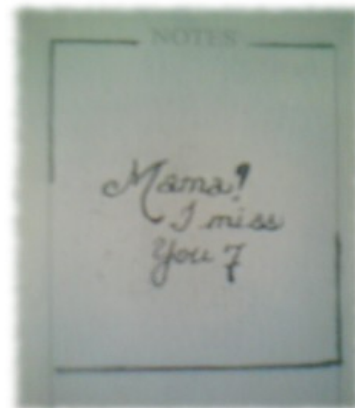
Thursday, 28 August:



5h47 20 YEARS AGO ALREADY. 20 YEARS...(Reference to the date my Mother died, but it was actually on the 22nd of August; I was forgetting dates I'd known.) If I just lay back and close my eyes, will you come for me this morning? Or is all of that simply more bull-shit we're fed over the span of our lives? Lives! Lives? What exactly is "Living"? Some miserable joke to punish those of us who are cursed with it and by it. - The sky is becoming a morning lavender. There are 4 ships on the horizon facing the east, as if waiting to head right into the rising sun. 5h58 Dawn is coming. It's 22 degrees in this room. Would it really make any difference if I didn't occupy this bed? Will it make any difference if I no longer occupy this space in this world? No. Not at all. - An A train passed. It took on the colour of the morning sky. - I don't want to be in here today. I want to be out on the dunes or under my tree. I don't want to be cold tonight. I don't want to be cold and shivering. Never again. But I don't want to be in here... or in anywhere, today. I want to be back out "there" to just be out "there". 6h04 It goes from peaceful to painful here. Silence to "God help me!" The sky is becoming quite beautiful. The lights on the ships sparkle. "God

help me" indeed. There is no God to help any of us. Why do you suppose you're in here now? "God help me". How can anybody be so stupid? I'm tired. Was still awake at 23h last night. A little shut eye. Let's see how that works. - Nope. Respiratory. Good thing it's the nice one from last night. Good people on a bad day. - 10h01 Echo-cardio this morning followed by a breakfast and a sponge-down in the loo. Pulmonologist came by. Med student. Cindi is the Nurse du jour. She's SDA and loves talking religion. - The NA let me make my own bed this morning. They're impressed with the job I've done. I'm given a few moments to smile with others today. Mum would like it that I can make others smile. She probably did the same. - 10h18 Cardiologist: "What are you still doing here?" Check the breathing. Don't notice IV meds attached. - Time to think: Discharge. What next? It's Thursday. JCCRP won't be of any help tomorrow and I doubt Jacquie will be of any immediate help. So, it's really quite simple: Out the door and into the shelter. - Perfect timing. Dr. just confirmed: DISCHARGE TOMORROW MORNING! FRIDAY! HOLIDAY! WEEK-END! OK. So, if not shelter, then subway. But for how long? Subway isn't long-term. And, what about bathing? This is the end of Summer baths on the boards, water fountains, public loos. Even at this juncture, a social worker here won't get me anywhere other than the public shelter system. So? No hope again today. It's up and out and that's all. Well. Maybe on Saturday I'll have lovely beach weather and can sit out on the dunes and say... GOOD-BYE! My birthday gift to me. - 11h01 I called the Soc. Work office myself. Let's see how long it will take this time. The hospital might as well know the whole truth no matter what. - 12h03 Some woman from Accounts came. 1199 Insurance doesn't come up with my number. Imagine that. I told her it should be Medicaid. They don't want to hear that. Dr. LARISA KLEYMENOVA said discharge will be tomorrow morning. I heard the woman from Accounts talking in the hall right after she left here. Somebody said "You HAD to ask..." the woman from Accounts mumbled something and another voice said "You can see right through them. Right?" So. No lunch has come. Me? I'm preparing to be launched out of here at any moment. Though, chances are, it won't be until it's dark (and cold) out. If that's the case, it'll be subway tonight, try JCCRP tomorrow followed by Shelter Intake or tomorrow, Homeless Coalition, the JCCRP. All I know is that I'm not looking forward to any of it and I don't know why I'm even considering any of it. Just give me a good beach day and my place in the dunes. GOOD-BYE! - 14h14 I have a

243lb. room-mate now. Good sense of humour and looking to rest. Hopefully I won't disturb him with my coffee - WHAT THE FUK? Coffee? COUGHING! OK. Let's move on... I just called the Social Workers' office. Mary Ann (?) is out of the building! Well, why the fuk did she tell me she'd be back in an hour? I'm a bit pissed at this. But hey! Everyone else has been fantastic (or pretty damned close). And Dr. Russian-Iyor in the ER didn't note anything derogatory in the records. So? I'm good. For now? I'm packed for tomorrow but certainly not prepared. Tomorrow, Fate gets another chance to kick me in the face. Do I dodge? How? Let's see... - 18h43 Marianne DID come back. She took the matter in all seriousness and sincerity. Most of all, she was non-judgemental and didn't promise anything more that she could offer. When I told her how much that meant to me, she blushed and said I was going to have her crying. She said she wished she could tell me of a studio immediately. She said she will call JCCRP in the morning and work with them and her own resources. She told me she will do all that she can and make no promises. Imagine? Another mensch. She admired my art work. Told me I have a wonderful sense of humour. Told me I'm handling the whole situation exceptionally well. I told her the truth: People like her help people like me cope. She sat with me for a very healthy hour. No telling what to expect from this but it just made my burden a little lighter, now that somebody outside the milieu knows the fact. - As I wrote this, a clergy man came into the room to say a prayer over my room-mate. Mr. Bailey! I put in 3 requests for a Rabbi and get nothing. But the Christian support is there, on the spot. It's rather interesting. Though I must admit: Marianne came after I called directly. I requested the Rabbi via the staff. - So, here it is 19h14 AND MY NECK IS SHAVED! Cyndi (Nurse) got me a razor (not the newer, but the old model, in white plastic). My neck bled like crazy. Thank goodness I haven't taken Heparin in a while. But I can't find my nail file! Oh well. All this travel. Something had to go missing (beside my sanity). - It's been a very quiet day today. I'm hoping for sleep tonight to be ready to hit where-ever tomorrow morning. Ah... for a cigarette and non-decaf coffee! My hopes are simple. - And so, 21h13. No meds. No "treatment". Nothing. Cindi brought me ONE aspirin and ONE multivitamin. So this is "discharging". Cut it all abruptly and out. Well, I'm only upset about it because I could be trying for sleep. But I did another small sketch from a cell-phone picture. Anyway, I'm nervous as all hell about tomorrow. No-where in particular to go. 86\$ in the banque (at least I believe it's that much), no idea what the weather is going to be for the week-end. No certainties other than all of the uncertainties and me in the centre of them all. - Now I know there's no life after this one. My Mama would never have allowed all of this to come to this point. I still have my "Option". I'm thinking Saturday... Happy Birthday to me! - But for now, 21h20, time to try for some rest. Mr. B. has been sleeping soundly and flatulating all evening. May he continue his sleep through the night.



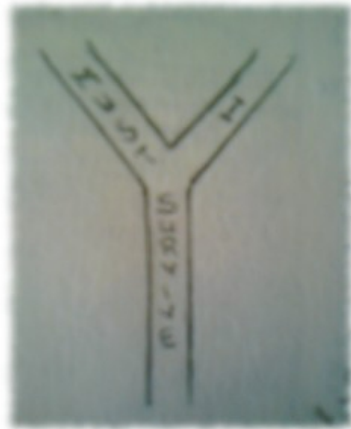
Friday, 29 August:

6h40 A night of almost NO SLEEP AT ALL to make being discharged to Homelessness more attractive than staying here even another day. The guy across the hall yelled and hollered. My Mr. B. got up to pee, slamming into everything. He turned the air conditioner off completely. I slept in such a sweat that I actually HAD to wash-down this morning! (Though, from the odour in my socks, you wouldn't know I've bathed. But I'll hopefully take care of that today...) - It's rather off: I have no idea what the current weather is because the drape between the beds is drawn and the blind on the window pulled. I have no idea what weather is to come. And weather is about the most important thing I need to know... especially now. But, if I think about it, it (the weather) really doesn't matter. It will be as it will no matter what. I just need to get out of here, clean my

clothes, sleep in peace somewhere, wake to coffee and a cigarette. - I'm not ungrateful for everything these people do. I'm just feeling better and it's time to go. - 13h15 I was reviewing the discharge meds with Cynthia when Marianne came back into the room saying we needed to put the breaks on the discharge talk. Seems there's a law: I came in via ER and was admitted. Since the hospital knows that I'm Homeless, it cannot, by law, release me. Marianne must now file a shelter application for me. I said I don't want to sponge off the hospital. She assured me that I'm not. When I asked her what she would do in my place she said: "Unpack your pencils." Then added "You've got a guaranteed roof for the next couple of days." There isn't anything I could do for Saturday, Sunday and Monday anyway. I don't particularly LIKE this situation because I'm now trapped INSIDE (not OUTSIDE like all along) for the duration. I can't go outside the building! Mr. B. has the a/c off and blinds pulled. It's hot in here. Not comfy. But, on the other hand, no concerns about rain or cold night. I have wasted 25\$ on a MetroCard (I'll see if anybody else can use it and give it to them). But I won't have to ride the rails, through the tunnels, screeching wheels, loud brat children. I won't have to roam about, plotting where to lay down at night and I won't be hanging around RAA property. Penelope gets her demand: I'm scarce. Still, strangely, there's a part of me that wants and needs to get OUT. I think the Homeless thing kicked-in. Now I know why Homeless people stay that way and reject shelters. - 13h32 I could fall back to sleep now. I don't want to. Don't want to appear lazy. Truthfully, there's nothing I can do around here. Not under the law. Still, sitting or lying about isn't going to get it. Especially for 3,5 more days (at least). I'll need to work on a routine. I just wish I knew if they were moving me off the Telemetry Unit. I could wash my socks and undies if not. - Well, I no sooner got that line down and it all came round. Dinner arrived (PORK!!!) and the guy from Transport. I'm off to 2N (as if that means anything to me. So, I got to finish eating and the next thing, I'm out in the hall. The farewell at the Nurses' station wasn't as friendly as the atmosphere had been all along. When Dr. Kleymenova came in to check on Mr. Bailey, she walked past me. "Hello." (blunt). On her way out she made a point of stopping to mention, to my face, "You have no place to go." How lovely for her to be in a position in MY country of origin, to be so opinionated. Enough said. Cynthia told me she got me a room with somebody nice. I just wonder why/if these people take this personally. Seems Marianne is the only one who has a clue. - 257A I think. Room-mate out on dialysis when I arrived at approx. 16h or so. The room? Typical Med/Surg: clean but not meant for comfort. Small closet. I have no bed table. But, I have a bed, walls, ceiling, floor. I'm not wondering where to go for dry and warm. I'm not hiding from helicopters or pompous artists. I may be an out-cast but I'm not an out-law (yet?). And, I'm thankful for this much. - When I went down the hall to get a bed-gown, a young woman greeted me: "How are you doing, my friend?" As she gave me the gown she said "You'll be OK here until they find someplace nice for you." I asked how many knew. "I'm your Nurse, Sasha. I got the information in the report. But nobody knows your business." We'll see. But she's sweet and I hope we'll got on well. - So, I'm not in a mood to settle-in. But I did manage to wash, under shorts. Believe it or not, even after being worn 15 days, they're almost perfectly clean! Item one done. Socks next. Little steps in some direction. - There's a woman down the hall who just moans with every aspiration. Of course, there must be some Hell to all of this. The staff is generally loud. I can see me trying to sleep my way through all of this. - Room-mate came in. I don't know what time. I was in "trying to sleep" mode. Young, well-spoken, Black (the TV was on Ch.13 when I got here.) I dozed in and out, on and off.

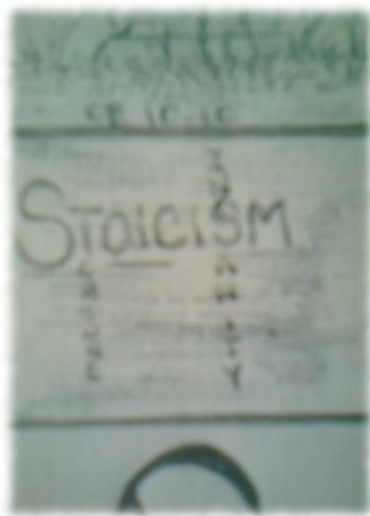
Saturday, 30 August:

7h45 IT'S RAINING THIS MORNING. EXPECTED TO RAIN ALL DAY. I WOULD HAVE BEEN OUT THERE LAST NIGHT, THIS MORNING. THIS IS STRANGE. BUT I'M NOT FORGETTING MY "OPTION". - MEANWHILE... restless sleep last night. DID wash my socks this morning. Brushed my teeth too. Need to file my nails. Need to wash my clothes. Nothing can be done for 3 days now. A blessing and a curse. - I'm antsy. Want out. Right now the only reason I'm staying is because of the kindness of Marianne. - RAIN. ALL THOSE FAIR WEATHER DAYS AS I SLEPT THE BAKFORT. Image? - 11h40 Mary Beth from the Hosp. Soc. Services. office came by this morning to ask questions. She's completing the shelter application. A bit of news that comes as no surprise to me: When work comes and I take it, I leave here to go to work and I'm out, OUT of here. No coming back. And, it will, most likely be filed as "AMA" (*Against Medical Advice*). No further responsibility. Completely on my own. Let's face it, This situation is horrible right now, but where will you be going at night? - Now, come to find out, my room-mate's housing is hanging by a thread! He's on eviction from the Hammels! So, it looks like we've been slapped together by the fates, to, if nothing more or less, give some sort of support. I wish I had the energy to give support. But, no matter what, I figure I'll provide something, somehow. It's what I do. - 12h25 Jackson's MD is in. They're talking surgery and J. wants it done at Mt. Sinai. And he wants to be out of here by Monday. BUT he's being treated for some infection (in the blood stream). Why am I noting this? I don't know, really. What I'd like to do is have a cigarette, a walk, a breath of fresh air. Some freedom, liberty, dignity. What I need to do is carefully weigh the situation as it is, for what it is, what it has to offer and most seriously, weigh alternatives. It's not easy now, but is this a gift? THE chance to stop the falling? Is it temporary relief? Is it a reprieve, a respite? Is it a moment to regroup, get strength to head back out there? I've always told my patients that, if they've spent their lives doing for and never allowing others to do for them, life can come along, slap them down, and here, in a hospital bed, is how they're forced into taking time to relax. It's difficult, but I'm trying to accept my own advice. Will I succeed? I don't know. Will I try? Yes. If not for me, for Marianne. She's taken a leap. I can't throw away her efforts. - So, meanwhile, there's going to be a psych eval coming! Oh! La! What fun! Let's see what bias is brought into this session, what prejudice, what nonsense. I just keep in mind the fact that I most certainly can pick up a pen and write it all to a complete halt at any moment of my choosing. But, I'll have to spend serious time considering the results. For now, lunch is done (13h10). Sasha brought it in, with a smile. "Hello my friend." The good part of her addressing me the way she does is that she knows my situation and she's treating me as a fellow human-being. It does me good. A semblance of my human dignity. - So, this is my 53rd birthday: in a hospital bed, Homeless, booking into the shambles of a public shelter away from where I'd been so happy to have reached (Rockaway). Bouncing from one run-down shelter to another, on what? A daily



basis? Yes, there's a lot of serious thinking to be done. A LOT of SERIOUS thinking to be done and NOT a LOT of TIME in which to conclude. - I've got 4 cigarettes left. I'd truly luv to smoke one, at my leisure, but I can't. It's been, let's see, almost 4 days since my last smoke. You know? I'll chew half to celebrate my birthday. Then, perhaps, a nap. Then, more thinking, pondering... - Note: No calls from Penelope or Tommy. I left them on Tuesday afternoon. No word since. Nice to know I'm being thought of. - 17h32 The day is almost done. Dinner came and went. My last "Happy 53rd Birthday" note. The "birthday" is over. Jackson over-heard me asking for an emery board and called his wife to ask her to bring one from home. Then he apologized for eaves-dropping on me! Hey. Earlier, he needed 25 cents for his TV payment and I had it. I gave it. Why not? After dinner, he offered Entenmanns's donuts. His

wife (I think) is here. I should give them time together. They have each-other. - My jeans truly and seriously need to be washed. - I'm having my half cigarette. Just mixing with saliva. I wish I could smoke just one. - I've been steady damp, sweating all day. I need to bathe. - 17h42 I had the phone on for 10 minutes. No signal but I get time and date. 3-bar charge. No messages. I very well could be dead. But I'm not. Not in a manner of speaking. - A thought came to mind earlier. Maybe it's worth a jot here: My Mum Loved her children. She worked hard to make sure they had the best of what she could give. She protected her children. Me? For as long as she could and for as long as she had to. Is it an injustice if I let the rest of the world destroy me? Must I survive because she did? - One thing I'm looking forward to is dumping a lot of the past into the lap of the psychiatrist coming for the consult. Maybe even ALL of it. I'm 53. I've been shoved into being here. It's time to get rid of the bags and see what happens. - Oddly, I'm missing the dunes something awful! I'm actually home-sick for the tree. I've sketched it twice. I'm missing every bit of those days except the cold. If I could figure out how to dodge that, I know I'd go back. It's interesting... I guess this is how the permanently Homeless become that: You get it into your life, you learn, you adjust, you fall into it, it becomes you, you become it. The mystery and intrigue are gone. You see that you CAN live in basics and you see that it has its beauty and it's not so horrible. Meanwhile, here you lie, on this bed, 24 hours, no breeze, no sun, no surf, no sand, no air. People coming and going and commenting and talking and, like tonight's nurse comes in, sees me lying on the bed in my jeans and wants to know why I'm dressed and where I'm going. Hey! Let me out the door for 10 minutes a day THEN ask me questions. Stop my sweating, then talk. I only take up a bed. I don't present any more work for anybody. I do all my own. If I could, I'd do more. So? So. It's time for me to calm down if I'm going to see this through. The major point to keep in mind? I can pull out at any moment. I just need to remember the circumstances in any event. - I wonder what the Rock Park Hotel has done with my clothes, books, etc. it hurts to think about it. I'll have to ask a Social Worker here to contact them. - Weather forecast for the coming week: clear and hot. Rain on my birthday. Last year I was at B60. This year? B50. - I'm going to try to snooze a bit while the floor is relatively calm. - The calm didn't last. I didn't snooze. Spoke for quite a while with Jackson. It was a good, interesting talk. As he points out "You've probably done things for others in your life. Now you can sit here, rest, relax. Meals are prepared and served. You have a bed and fresh linens. I sometimes think of it as a little vacation." He's absolutely right. I should focus on what I AM receiving and not on what I've lost. Creature comforts are provided. Yes, there are problems. But, thinking perfection? Even the Bakfort has the trouble with cold and wet. So, here or there, there's trouble. But here? Meals are hot, cooked, delivered. The bed is raised, mattress, clean sheets. No need to worry about the weather or police. It's a matter of perspective. Meanwhile, I'm still sweating all the time. Jackson doesn't want air conditioning and he's closest to it so...

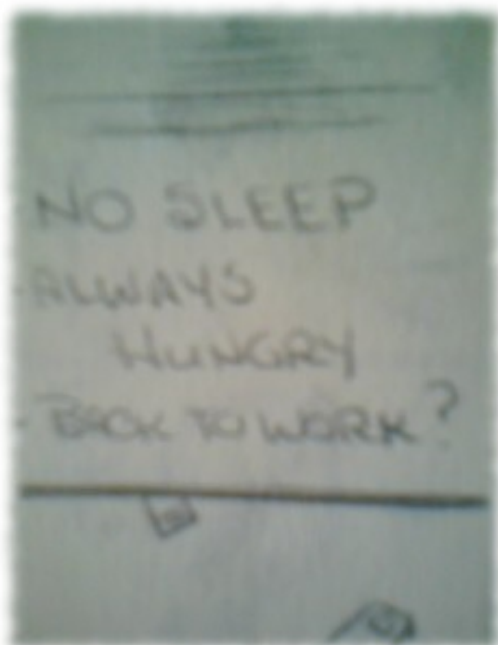


Sunday, 31 August:

9h19 It was a miserable night. The woman next door, the moaner, was non-stop. I don't hold it against her. The poor sweet-heart is tangled in a horrible fashion and must be in pain. But her pain management is poorly unsatisfactory. - Jackson too, was having a rough night, restless. It was a difficult night to keep my calm. Then, at about 4h, the nurse comes in to put a new, blue ID band on my wrist as I slept! - But right now, I'm actually SHOWERED! Breakfast was a joke. I'm tired. The weather is just gorgeous. I'm exhausted. - 17.03 Dinner's done. I've been in here 5 days and I still look forward to a cigarette! FIVE bloody days and I still want a

smoke. Ah well. I'm showered, in hot water, soap, body wash. Showered! Yay! Arm pits are already a little in need of another wash. But it's good to feel clean. And J's wife brought the emery boards, he gave me 6. I used one and MY NAILS ARE DONE!!! HANDS AND TOES!!! All that's left between me and total humanity is hair and beard. - The jeans are taking a urine odour. They need to be washed VERY SOON. - Meanwhile they came in to test for PPD (*tuberculosis*)! I refused. Brenda, the Nurse, runs a Home Care Agency and understood why I refused. I know it's for the shelter referral but enough is enough! - 19h50 I'd no sooner noted that when I had to move my bowels. First time today. No sooner going and they're yelling for me. Chest X-ray! It took me a moment to wipe and when I came out of the loo, nobody was waiting. Moments later, the Tech and machine arrive. I told the Tech I'd had an X-ray on Wed. You know they don't care. They're programmed only to respond to the bigger voice. Mine doesn't matter. So we take another X-ray, in the bed. Off goes the Tech. Moments later? I need to go down to X-ray. They didn't get enough on the shot. So? So I figure this will take an eternity. I'll lie down. I did. That was during day-light hours. It's dark now. And I have to note here, along with all else: Hospitals are noisy and mostly inhuman and inconsiderate. I've got Roomie here, slamming doors and windows. I've got NA's and the likes, in the halls, yelling to one another. TV blasting. Vocalisations simply for the purpose of making noise. Dropping crap in waste bins. Noise... for the sake of noise. No reason. No purpose. It's difficult to keep in mind that it's not intentional. It's even more difficult to accept inconsideration. It becomes almost impossible to not simply get up and go. But, the truth of all in this is in what I've heard and been told and have come to know actually is the truth of the situation: I've spent my life doing for others, I've worked and worked and worked no matter what. Even volunteering. I've managed to not be idle. I've worked and paid into a system of taxation that's failed me. This is as good as it will get for a while. What I need to do is learn to use this situation, this condition, to the best possible opportunity. It's not that I have to be awake at a certain hour. I don't have to be some-where at a certain time. I can actually sleep on and off, nap when-ever. In return, I have this bed and no concern about weather. Food? Yes. The quantity is diminishing and I spend every waking hour hungry. I figure they send only the absolute minimum required caloric intake to keep me from breaking down ill. It's painful. But, I need to hold on. Why? Why not? Playing this to the end will be interesting. And it's not a public shelter. Yes, I'm sure the staff will begin to wonder what the fuk I'm doing here. I'm certain some already know. But, as I say... it's not a city shelter. All I need to do is save what's at the hotel. If that goes, I go. So, there's always the "out". - So, 20h44 and I'm still waiting to go to X-ray. The floor is calming down. Ch.13 on TV. I've had to pee since I started writing. - 21h33 Went to pee. Haven't been to X-ray. Checked the phone for messages. NOTHING. NONE. So much for RAA. Right? I'm thinking that if I last through this, maybe I could go to Louisiana after Hurricane Gustav. But bottom line for now, for the night? I'M SO HUNGRY THAT I'M ACTUALLY IN PHYSICAL PAIN! MUSCLES. HEAD. EVERYTHING! There's an idiot out in the hall making sneaker noises. A nurse, a group of staff, doing the chat-thing. Jackson's getting his meds. Hopefully, pain included. Hopefully everyone entitled will get their meds. The house is calm at the moment. Jackson's restless, closing windows and such. Well, I'll hope.





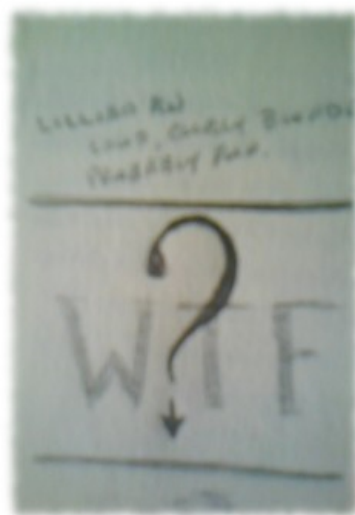
02. September 2008

Monogram

Monday, 1 September:

1h39 Jackson's having a bad night. Poor guy. Like Mr. Bailey said, you always hear men crying in hospital. Well, what can be done? The nurse is bringing meds but, just now, as J's in the loo, the NA comes in with a contraption, stands right outside the loo and yells "Where are you?" So, I've lost it. I've spoken. "He's in the damned loo! You stand there yelling like he's half way down the road. JCAH (*The Joint Commission (TJC), formerly the Joint Commission on Accreditation of Healthcare Organizations (JCAHO) and previous to that the Joint Commission on Accreditation of Hospitals (JCAH)*), is a United

States-based nonprofit organization that accredits more than 19,000 health care organizations and programs in the United States.) should be here for this." - So I'm soaked with sweat from fatigue. Eyes burning. Head throbbing. Hope. I'm not going to be able to ride this one through. Not at this rate. No sleep. Always hungry. Thinking of work? At this rate I'll be completely burnt in no time. Even now the moaning drags on. Not on the rest of the floor. No. It's quiet out there. It's only in here. No pain management. No patient respect. THIS is "Health Care"? I see me back out on the streets in no time. But, before that happens, I'll get in a hair-cut and beard trim. It's time to just ride this for what I need for as long as I can. - Odd. I want a bloody fucking cigarette now! I've got 3. I'll be eating half to-night. - Got it. Half a smoke. I've got 2 patches (14mg) but at the rate I sweat, they'll be wasted. If I trusted them, I'd go for tranquilizers. Hey! I still have a psych consult coming! By then? I should be a case. - Meanwhile, it's 2h03. J's moaning, pfutzing in the bed, dropping things on the floor, anxiety attack. - 2h56 Jackson's hyperventilating. Pt. (*patient*) in 259 fell. It's taking the entire floor staff almost 10 minutes to get him/her up. Loved discussion in the room. Talk. Talk. No action. So now we have TWO situations and ALL staff in one room. Me? My head is pounding. I'm hungry. Tired. Nauseous. And the nurse asks the fallen patient "Do you have pain?" - I wonder when they'll try to confiscate this book because of what's in it. - Somebody's asking if the Dr. has been called. Somebody's taking pt's. vitals, snapping "Relax!" at the pt. Jackson's calmer. The window in here is open. Fresh air. Feels good. I wish I could enjoy it. It's pleasantly cool in here. Probably just too cool outside. But outside is beginning to look very good. No wonder the Homeless take to the streets. - 3h10 "OK GET YOUR THINGS TOGETHER. YOU'RE GOING TO ANOTHER ROOM." - I didn't move a muscle and the command just dropped. But, Jackson decided to play the drama to the best. I tried to help him and his breathing but he wouldn't help himself at all! So I took to my bed and the sketch of my tree. How I miss my corner of the Bakfort! He has Respiratory and X-ray in there. I finally went to the Nurses' Station and the DOC told the staff to relocate me. So, at 5h01, I'm in room 252, alone, TV working but CBS-FM playing. Not a scenic room. But I'm alone. The air conditioner is on. I have the window bed. I think there was some kind of precaution in here. Gown in waste bin. The bed is old, not so comfy. Again, I have to be cut short of some things. But hell. It's my 3rd bed since admit. If anybody comes looking for me, they'll never find me. Right now, I'd like



something to help me sleep. I'd like to get some sleep. I hope I'll be able to catch some during the day! - September! Shit! Summer is gone! And here I am, in the Rockaways where I wanted to be... but Homeless. Just what the fuk happened? - As Jackson put on the act, I thought back to Albert Green. Thanks to my caring, I'm here. J. could be another mistake. It's best I'm not where I could help. He (J) has been kind but Albert Green was too. Look where kind people get you. - 8h28 Got some sleep. Some. Sound. Now there's a magnificent breeze blowing through the window, across my back and out the door into a hallway of idiots. Save Linda, my little spark o'hope. I woke knowing they'd lost me. They did. I'm brushing my teeth in the loo, a knock on the door. "Who's in there?" The NA's come into the room and leave. They look. No comment. Now I learn, no breakfast. A "nurse" from last night comes in. "Good morning. How are you?" I'm in no mood. That's how are I! I recount the events of this morning. She says "I know. I know you from last night." Well? LAST NIGHT I asked for a Tylenol. This morning, I haven't gotten it yet. "Would you like a Tylenol?" (8h36) Lillian comes in. "Mr. Kessler! You have a headache?" - I have to work on this comedy. Friday night RAA. Homeless in Peninsula Motor Lodge. - JACKSON'S INTUBATED AND OFF TO ICU! HE'S SEDATED. MY "BUDDY". THIS IS UNREAL! I need to think, plot, plan, get the fuk out of this disaster! And I need to do it like now. A day of serious planning ahead. - 10h46 Kleymentova strolls in. "Good morning. I gave you Tylenol. Did you get it?" TEN FUKKING HOURS AFTER I ASKED AND THY'RE FIXATED ON TYLENOL! She waltzes in. She waltzes out. She's very different. Not so compassionate. - So, this morning, we have been subjected to chest X-ray, blood work. - 11h25 New pen from Brenda (?) who just gave me the "You're so talented." shit. But

I told her how easy it is to judge others knowing nothing about them. She backed off, told me to come to New Haven Home Care Agency, register for work. She's focused on me finding a home. I'm telling her I know why the Homeless go back to homelessness. She can't understand it. I don't suppose any of them can. But I've got Tues. and Wed. on my steroids. Thursday? Back to the open air? If not sooner. By the way: Jackson: Pulmonary oedema. - 18h27 it's been too quiet on the floor all day. I don't dare ponder the night. Right now it looks to be very difficult for me. I KEEP VISUALISING ME IN ELLENVILLE GENERAL! IN MY MIND, 209 IS RIGHT OUT-SIDE THE WINDOW, KERHONKSON IS JUST DOWN THE ROAD. FOR BRIEF MOMENTS, I WAIT FOR BIRD, LOU, JULIE TO COME OR CALL. AND THEN THE ACTUAL SNAPS IN AND THE ANXIETY PAINS ARE INTENSE. TRULY PAINFUL. FOR A FEW MOMENTS EARLIER I WAS SO CONSUMED WITH HATE FOR C.M. THE THOUGHT OF LOSING EVERYTHING TIGHTENS MY THROAT. SO I SNAPPED BACK TO ELLENVILLE. - I NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE... JUST FOR A FEW MOMENTS. I NEED TO GET OUT!!!! I NEED TO HOLD ON FOR A LITTLE WHILE LONGER TO SEE WHERE THIS GOES. I MIGHT GET SOME PLACE IN A BOARDING HOUSE OUT HERE. I WON'T KNOW IF I SCREW IT ALL AT THIS POINT. AND IF NOT? THERE'S ANOTHER OPTION ALWAYS THERE AND SOME NICE WEATHER IN THE FORECAST. - The last does of steroids is Wednesday morning. That's tonight, tomorrow, tomorrow night, Wednesday morning. - 19h40 and I'm cleaned and tucked and very ready to end this day. 19h43 and I need to find a place for the night. Not at 20h20 any more. The night is falling this early already. Soon, all will be dark at 17h! Soon there will be a solution to this mess.



Very soon. It won't go on like this too much longer. One solution or another. It's stopping. Meanwhile, planes are coming by so low! It's actually beautiful against the sun-set. The floor is good. Brenda(?) stopped at the door to call in "Good-night Mr. Kessler!" I told her to stop calling me "Mr. Kessler". "Sorry Judah." She's Jewish too. A nice note. I hope she'll be here when all the shit hits the fan tomorrow. I keep thinking, the first thing I did on admission was ask to speak with a Rabbi. It still hasn't happened. Actually, the only questions I have yet to be answered is "Why is it so important to come out of this a survivor?" I don't see the need. But, for now, I'm just waiting for the taking of last vitals. I need to try for some sleep tonight. I know I'll be needing it. And listening to CBS-FM is approaching danger: too many deep memories that shouldn't surface now are rising. Dorothy, Donna, Aunt Sis, Jamesway, Kerhonkson, Lou, Marc... too many. Not good right now. So... 20h19 Dylan

just sang "Like A Rolling Stone"... "How does it feel?" I know now. (P.S. I'm SO HUNGRY).

NOTES: THIS IS PRISON! TO BE PROHIBITED FROM STEPPING OUT OF THE BUILDING? WHY? THIS IS SIMPLY PRISON! I HAVE NO RIGHTS, NO DIGNITY, NO FREEDOM! THIS IS PRISON! I NEED SPACE, AIR, SKY!

Tuesday, 2 September:



7h22 It's 21 degrees in this room! Lovely! A little breeze blowing in through the window. The sky is blue. I've WASHED in the loo. Shampoo etc. Thorough. Clean "gowns", jeans (still not clean), underwear. Ready for the massive bull-shit that I know is to come with this day. More opinions (negative), more suggestions and recommendations, more judgements. But no actions. Nothing to actually MOVE me forward or up. Just a lot of opinionated, ill-informed CO2 spewing out of mouths that have enjoyed their meals, spoken with friends and loved-ones, and are quick to fire verbal jabs at me, especially now when I'm down. So? I'm ready for it... more or less. Tomorrow is last Prednisone. I can leave then. Will it be difficult? Probably. But not forever. - I'm starting a list, to weigh which is better: to stay and work through this or to take off and escape. The list is fair. - NOTE: IN PRISON, PRISONERS ARE GIVEN TIME OUT OF DOORS ROUTINELY. HERE, I AM CONFINED, WORSE THAN IF SENTENCED FOR SOME HEINOUS CRIME. LEAVING HERE HAS BECOME MORE A MATTER OF ESCAPE THAN MUCH ELSE. - 7h42 They cackle in the halls, banging all sorts of carts and equipment. I woke this morning, quietly. No one around. I went to the loo to bathe.

Bang, bang, bang on the door. "OK. Just checking." They return to yelling down the halls, giggling and cackling like school children and old hens. (I have headache now.) HEY! As of today, I've been in here a week. I haven't smoked a cigarette. BUT WOW! DO I EVER WANT ONE RIGHT



NOW!!!!!! at 7h56. - 12h17 About 15 minutes ago, a woman walks in the room. Social Worker. No more Marianne. I'm not on "her" floor! So, the recounting of the tale begins again. I tell... Mrs. listens. She asks if I've ever heard of Chabad. I tell her I have. She asks me if I still want to complete the application for the shelter. WHAT? What are my options? What alternatives? "I've heard terrible things about shelter" says Mrs. I tell her that I can't be here, like this, any longer. I stress that I need to go to work. I need to be presentable. She says I look terrific. I stress the importance of trimming beard and moustache. The comment drops to the floor. Dead. I tell her I feel imprisoned. She doesn't get it. (Of course not. She's a Social Worker. Even looks the part.) She mentioned something about being discharged. Discharged? To Where? When? I thought they couldn't discharge the Homeless. See how realities bend? I told her

that Peninsula put me on the steroids, I've one more dose, I'm back to the streets. I'm not going to risk coming off the steroids while on the streets and being brought back here in an ambulance. Besides, I want to be healthy enough to go back to work! Well. Words fall on the floor and die. She's off to call Chabad in Cedarhurst. (*They're a group of Orthodox Jews who profess to help all who are in need. I'd gone to them several years prior, looking for some help with finding housing in The Bronx... they told me to go to Catholic Charities... Jews "helping" Jews, indeed.*) We already know that that's going to get us a lot of exactly what I've got now. - 12h57 Lunch done. I've begun getting everything together for tomorrow. 10am meds and me out the door. I'll go to check my chart this evening... for "Schitzengigglez" See about discharge. However... One thing I will make sure of and that is that I do not sign out AMA. - (How, I wonder, do other people accept a situation like this with ease? How could anybody just take this bed, this room, take the services and not feel some obligation? I hear of people who have been Homeless for years, come into hospital time and again. Yes, I've paid my debt to society (from conception!) and so, am deserving of this shelter. But from the system, not the people. And, of course, I want to work my way along. I take nothing for granted. But how, I wonder, do others just take and ride this?) - It's not "AMA". It's to retain some human dignity. - The sky is still a silver-blue and the breeze coming in the window is warm. - Where will I go tomorrow night? - 20h24 I got a roomie this evening. So far, quiet. I'm being nice me, considerate me. No reason not to be. Even as I'm being screwed yet again by Fate, Life, Creation. The social worker came back, said she'd phone Chabad, the Rabbi was in a meeting. She left. End of that story. Then, I went to tell the Nurse that I want to see my chart this evening when the floor gets quiet. Can't, unless the primary MD is present! Fuk! I'm in "Out of here at 10Am meds" mode. I want to see my Dx, TxHx, Soc. Svce. Notes, D/C plan. (*Diagnosis, Treatment History, Social Service Notes, Discharge Plan*) I want to know about Medicaid. I'd like to see the "Homeless" comments. Meanwhile, at 20h39, the floor is alive with all sorts of cacklings, planes are taking off on last night's arrival route which could have been so beautiful to watch if I could have darkened the room tonight. But more-so? I want a bloody cigarette! I want to take a walk down the street! I want to go to the Fort! I NEEDED TO GET OUT OF HERE! My chest feels as if it's collapsed. I can feel my pulse in my nose. More? I don't think so. I just figure I'll leave here, head to the subway for a MetroCard to Far Rock. Go tell Sully the latest, listen to Jacquie give me some line about not having any resources for emergency housing and being sent out to public shelters and other such bull-



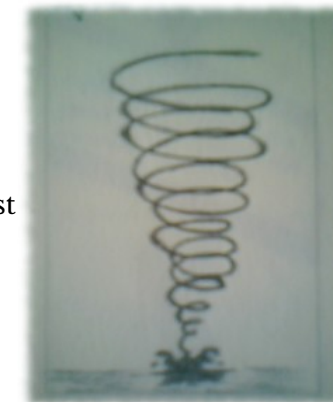
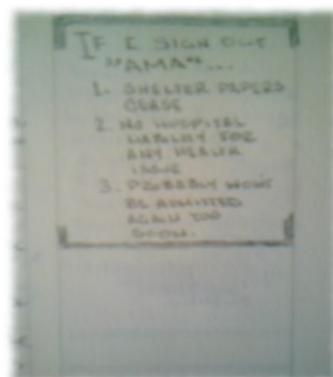
shit. Then? The Fort for my nail file and check my “bed clothes”. Into The City to the Coalition, if there’s time. If not? 30th Street. Alternate? JCCRP to hear of their failures then to Bakfort to bask in the sun and finish all of this bull-shit. All said, all written, all done, I’m fed-up, burnt-out, at then end, no more. It’s 21h04, I’ve got the TV on since probably 19h. I’ll pass the control to the new guy and try to get some sleep for tomorrow. It might be my last “bloody sun-rise”, but I’ve been through enough, enough, ENOUGH! This isn’t life. It’s not living. But I will not be tired tomorrow along with all else.

Wednesday, 3 September:

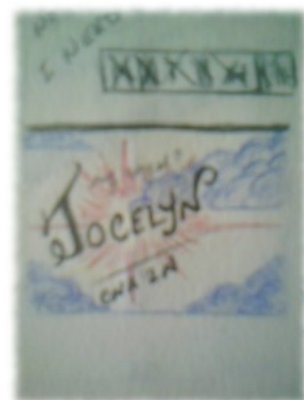


7h40: Not exactly a restful night. But, lets face it: there’s much on the agenda today and I didn’t exactly end the day in peace. What, with the bull-shit about the chart and being dumped by a social worker. So now, I’m sitting here, on the bed, waiting to shower. At 6h48 I brought a note, neatly penned on a paper towel, to the Nurses’ Station: “Pt. 252B WED. SEPT. 6:48AM REMINDER: PT. WANTS TO VIEW HIS CHART TODAY. PLEASE NOTIFY PRIMARY MD AND OBTAIN PERMISSION..” My chest feels

more like a closing steel cage. My head is just a mass of pain set on my shoulders. It’s a bit overcast this morning but warm. I’m in the mood to just do/behave the way I’ve been treated: primarily ignored. Just to ignore the rest of them, do what I must, use the phone, watch TV. That sort of thing. That’s the early part of the plan. Next? Meds. Shower. Dress. Leave. Let’s see how the day turns out and where I’ll journal the day’s events this evening. - One major comment I want to include here is how there’s NO consideration for patients. The yelling, banging, screaming, talking, etc.. Almost unbelievable. - Vitals taken. The day begins. Let the screwing begin. - 2 NA’s and a Nurse trainee have come in, pass the time, make merry in the morning. The RN trainee doesn’t want me to leave today because she’ll have to take an admission. She’s on until 19h! We’ll see. I’d like to be nice and kind. - 10h01 Just came out of the loo. HAD TO DO A DIGITAL (*physically and manually remove stool when it won't pass on it's own*) TO MOVE MY BOWELS! Could not pass the stool! Yet another reason to get up and out of here... constipation. - It’s 10h Time to start bugging folks: shower, chart, housing, discharge, etc. - 15h35 I got my shower AND I got to go OUTSIDE FOR ABOUT 15-20 MINUTES. Thanks to the social worker, Nursing Supervisor and an Aide! It was a delight. I even smoked my last cigarette in the park. Humanity! But it wasn’t to last. Lunch was pork. I didn’t eat it. No big deal. I rested for a while and then... About 14h40 I used the phone. Called Edelyne to see about work. She hounded about proof of address!!!! No assignments coming with-out it. SO, AS A MATTER OF TECHNICALITY, I’M OUT OF WORK NOW! THE HOLE IS DEEPER AND DARKER. I’M LOSING THE LIGHT! RANG



NANCY. CALLER ID GAVE HER THE HOSPITAL ID! Fukked! I was honest. Told her I'm here as a patient. Told her that Premier isn't giving me any work. She said she'll find me private duty. I don't trust her anymore. I have no cause to trust anybody... especially when I went to Kleymenova and asked for permission to see my chart and she OUT-RIGHT, BLATANTLY, DIRECTLY SAID "NO." NO? WHY? "I DON'T KNOW. BECAUSE IT'S ILLEGAL." WHAT'S "ILLEGAL" IS THAT THIS RUSKY IDIOT IS ALLOWED TO HOLD A POSITION WHERE-BY SHE CAN WRITE WHAT SHE WANTS IN A CHART AND HIDE IT FROM A PERSON. SO I ASKED HER WHAT SHE'S HIDING, WHAT SHE DOESN'T WANT ME TO KNOW. NO REPLY. SHE JUST FLIPPED THROUGH THE PAGES, CALLED FOR MY SOCIAL WORKER. WHEN THE SOCIAL WORKER CALLED BACK, KLEYMENOVA ASKED ABOUT THE SHELTER APPLICATION. "TWO WEEKS." SHE CALLED TO ME ACROSS THE NURSES' STATION. "THAT'S NOT ALL I WANTED TO LOOK AT. BUT SINCE YOU OBVIOUSLY HAVE SOMETHING IN THERE TO HIDE, I NO LONGER TRUST YOU. STAY AWAY FROM ME." - I've called for the social worker. I was dressed and ready to leave. But not yet. Not that easy. As I told the social worker today: Peninsula gets paid while I'm here. My presence makes the staff's job easier. I didn't get into this situation intentionally. - 15h53 Kleymenova is outside the door talking with someone. Ah, she's talking about another pt. at the moment. But I wouldn't put it past her to try some bull-shit to either get me to leave or to put me on psych. eval. I DON'T TRUST HER AT ALL! Why she would want to harm me, I don't know. What she's already documented? I don't know. But I want to record that, with every bit of my humanity, I beg all of Creation that Larisa.Kelymenova experiences, personally, directly, first-hand having no home to go to, no one to turn to, no help to be found, and nothing but empty cold to look forward to at the end of the day. - So, I'm in bed gowns and jeans. 16h In 3 hours it will be night. No sense bombing out the door for that. There's one more hot meal to come (maybe) and one more night to sleep in a bed (maybe). A sit-tight and wait for a Pt. Rep. (who probably won't come either). If I have to wait through dinner and dinner comes, I eat.. If I have to wait past sun-down, I sleep. Tomorrow? Back out to nothing... well... Homeless Coalition and Shelter Intake. - 16h08 Kleym and Co. came by. Apparently, it's "hospital policy" that patients can't see their chart! Right. Also, Kleym tells me St. John's will discharge out to the streets! Imagine? So Kleym comes in all "sweet-sweet". Like I trust either her or a Social Worker now. And word from Chabad? They don't deal with housing. Fuk-nuts. My list of possibilities is in the "Notes" column. I'll ponder... I wonder where Jocelyn is through this. She came on and came in like a buddy. Of course, I've nothing to say to anybody around here any more. - 16h34 The dinner trays are here... I wonder... If none for me, I can go, be free! Food stamps and a heavy, non-restricted... oops... the tray has arrived. Dinner. - For a moment, I thought my portions were being reduced. Unless the guy in the other bed is in the same situation, this is the "Cardiac" diet. Designed to starve a person to death. They don't give him any additional, but the dear Jocelyn is trying to keep us fed by getting a sandwich up. I have one. She said to call for 2 tonight. If one comes for me, I'll take it. Fuk! I'm thinking of just walking anyway. May as well enjoy what I can. But I wonder: Why do I even bother? I just can't figure it. I just can't. 18h34 the sun is dropping from the sky. The temperatures will drop into the teens. Heavy rains on Saturday. Will I be at the Fort in the rain? Should I just duck out and head south? Will Homeless in the South be better? So much to think about. The only thing I know for certain is: Tomorrow won't be any better.



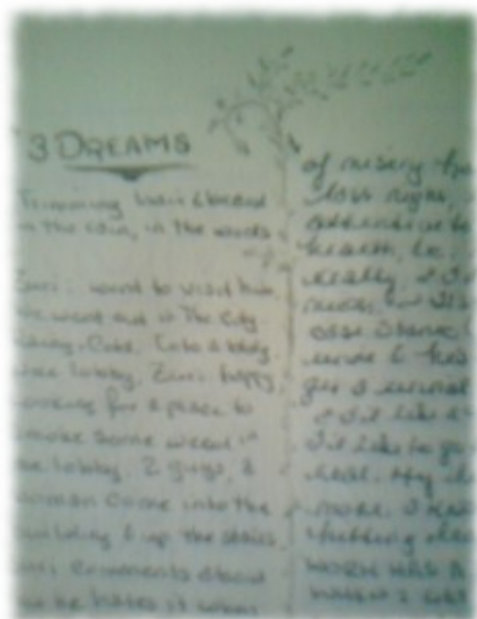
Thursday, 4 September:

6h03: Three weeks now and here comes the depression with the day-break. A grey-blue sky hangs over Peninsula this morning. A shroud of misery hangs over me. The male Nurse on duty came into the room last night, looked at me, grunted something, left. He's been quite attentive to the guy in the other bed here. Lengthy chats about good health, etc. Not that I mind, particularly. Not that I mind at all, really. - I don't understand why I have to pee so often. I'm not drinking much. - It's stupid of me, really, but I don't want to go to use the loo in case Stanic (roomie's name, I think) needs it. But right now, I'm holding urine and he's in for the second time in the past 10 minutes. I'll have to get a urinal today. - 6h34 I've peed! I noted last night's dreams then went to the loo. - I'd like a cigarette now. I'd like a real coffee. I'd like a walk along the beach. I'd like to go to work! Depression. I need to sort this all out. It no longer is real. My defences are all up and my brain isn't accepting the realities any more. I KNOW about this situation. I TRY to work through it but I keep hitting dead-ends. - I MUST GET OUT OF THIS HOSPITAL! I MUST FIND WORK. WORK HAS A PAY DELAY OF 2 WEEKS IN ANY EVENT. NO HOUSING FOR 2 WEEKS. WHEN I GET WORK I CAN'T STAY HERE. -

GOOD/PERFECT SOLUTION? A LIVE-IN! THE ONLY WAY THAT MIGHT HAPPEN? EXTRA-CARE OR NANCY. I NO LONGER TRUST NANCY AND DON'T DEPEND ON HER SO I HAVE TO FIGURE A WAY TO DO THIS ON MY OWN. (I still don't know why my survival shit is fighting. It would be so much better to die. It's an option. It should be the only option. - Elizabeth is back on this morning. I like seeing her. She's the one who told me I must sit tight and get what I deserve, that life is a struggle and the winnings don't go to the swiftest but to the one who endures. I don't want to endure! So why am I still her writing? HOPE? DEFIANCE? STUPIDITY? - 6h50 I'm ready for a nap already. I'm sitting here, on the bed, nodding off. - It's supposed to be a scorcher today. - "Meds" this morning? ASA, MultiVit, stomach antacid. No more real "meds"! - 13h23 I have a letter for the nurse to drop in the box down-stairs.

The letter is to Ashley about my belongings. She comes to tell me "I gave it to the guy." People have no sense of responsibility to anything or anybody! These, the ones I've met here, who are like that I wouldn't raise to the level of dick-head. I trust absolutely NONE of them. Not even the sweet and kind. - Meanwhile, I've passed the day sketching in this journal, speaking only when I feel it necessary (about my letter), being ignored, trying to escape into sleep, wishing I could go sit somewhere QUIET, have a cigarette. But the blue skies are going grey. It's quite hot and a bit humid. Too late to head to the Coalition. Weather doesn't look good for pills on the beach. So we'll give it another evening and see how disappointing these idiots can be. I can't fathom that there's no place for a single. White, healthy, working man to go before dropping right off the face of the world. But that's the way it is. - There's a cloud coming off the ocean. A storm to follow? And me, in-side? - I didn't even brush my teeth yet today! And who the fuk notices? Who the fuk cares? I had the phone on earlier. No messages. Not even RAA. Just proves a lot. -NICE! MR. S. IS FARTING AWAY THERE AND THE STENCH IS COMING AT ME! DISGUSTING shit! Well, when I decide to put on the air conditioner, I'll remember this consideration... Air is on. I'm going to... I don't know... wait for the rain? - 18h08 No rain. Not even more clouds. Just another day. Quiet. Keeping to myself. Trying to sleep this night-mare away. No such luck. Then, after dinner, THE HA-HA happened. PSYCH. EVAL.! I can't be certain if it was for the shelter application or an order from Dr. Melanoma [sic]. But it was brief. The nice psychiatrist admired my art-work and left. I wonder if he'll be back after reading my chart. No sense being preoccupied. What will happen, will happen. (Fuk! I want a cigarette!) (OK. That written...) - Phone's on. No messages. I've been in here for





NINE day (9 "Supper" lists) and no call from Tommy, Penelope, nobody. Wow! What an impact I've had on peoples' lives. So this all proves: I die. I'm dead. That's it. That's all. Another lesson on another day. Thank you and good-night. (Not yet. Too early.)

3 DREAMS:

- Trimming hair and beard in the rain, in the woods.
- Zuri: went to visit him. We went out in The City. Rainy. Cold. Into a building. Nice lobby. Zuri happy. Looking for a place smoke some weed in the lobby. 2 guys and a woman come into the building and up the stairs. Zuri comments about how he hates it when non-residents get into the building.
- Penelope is in Oma's house. We're packing her things. I will stay on after she leaves to close the house. I have no home. I'm Homeless. She knows but won't let me stay in her house while she's gone. My siblings come by to bring things out. They too know I'm Homeless but make it clear that they're not offering a place. I tell Penelope not to worry about things in the house, I'm close by and can get

what might be needed. A woman comes by. She talks to Penelope Through the pantry window. She comments on her many achievements. Penelope tells how intelligent she is. Time for Penelope to leave. It's night. It's raining. I get her to the car. She leaves. I'm relieved because tonight, I have shelter in the rain... but no home.

NOTES: ("NOTES" was a separate column on the pages of this note-book where I drew little sketches, made quick notations on a day's events, plans for future dates and general quick thoughts... similar to a "shopping list")

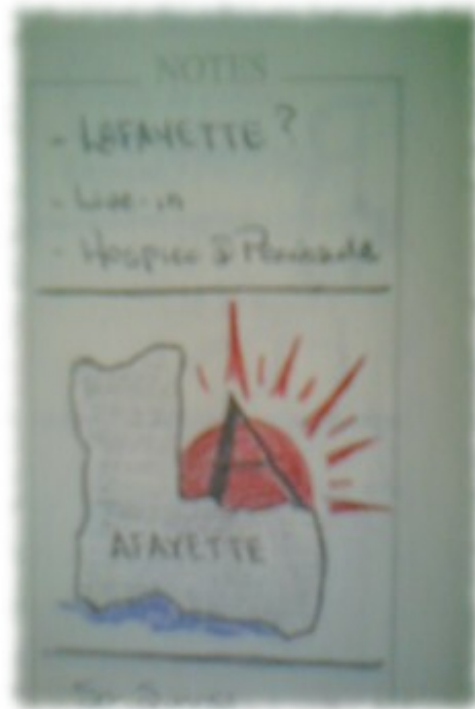
- Home base - Catholic Charities
- Homeless Coalition
- Shelter Intake
- JCCRP
- OR-
- Stick it out here for 2 more weeks!
- ?
- OR-
- "OPT-OUT"
- ?
- OR-
- Louisiana

Why do I continue this? Isn't the world... ALL of Creation, telling me that it's time to end it? Creation is pushing me out and I'm just not complying. Truly. It's time to stop shoving back. It's time to go...

HOPE?

DEFIANCE?

STUPIDITY?



Friday, 5 September:

7h35 Uneventful evening. The fucking radio on all fucking night. Of course, he gets meds to help him sleep! But the blame isn't his, it's that moron Nurse who turned it (the volume) up. - I'm having great difficulty focusing my eyes this morning. The general use glasses are failing. It's been coming for a while. - Last night, I thought: MY SUIT, GOOD SHIRTS, SWEATERS, GONE, GONE, GONE, GONE, GONE, GONE. COLD WEATHER CLOTHES, GONE!!!! Why can't I just throw a grand stroke and die? I'm so stupid. I don't need the stroke. I've got my keys to "out of here". But the weather is supposed to be a bit on the rugged side this evening and all day tomorrow. So, it's a matter of patience. As it is, a mist must have come through last night. The bed-table top, air conditioner and window sills were wet. Had I been out last night, I'd have been quite wet this morning. And the sky is grey, no sun, even now at 8h. I'd have been quite uncomfortable. So, it is good that I managed to stay and not leave on Wednesday. Even Jocelyn said, again, last evening "You just get comfortable. You have a roof for a few more days." And the Nurse I like so much: "You just sit right here until they find some place nice for you!" I'm trying. It's just too much like a jail! - The Aide who brought me out the other day is on today. Pleasant. I'm doing my best to be the happy-go-lucky one. (The radio plays "Brandy". My heart goes to Dennis Nixon. My chest collapses into itself. It happens every time.) The staff are truly wonderful for the most part. Supportive. I just need to get my own part of this misery together... one way or another. - It occurred to me: If the psych. was here last night as part of the shelter application, the application hasn't gone as yet! If what the soc. worker says is true, it takes TWO weeks to hear back! I CANNOT DO THIS HOSPITAL-THING FOR TWO MORE WEEKS! - OK. So one more note on the morning: My BP was a steady 100/70. It's not a steady 90/60. As of yesterday, I'll take the vitamin C but nothing more. I should be drinking more water but don't feel like running to pee all the time. HOWEVER, I don't want to have to pull stool again. It's about my comfort now. Things to ponder as I waste away everything. - Dream: does this dream tell me that my letter WILL get to Ashley and all is NOT lost? - 9h53 Sink bath. Clean bed. Painful memories of Dennis Nixon, Dennis Pearl, Joe Cont., Joe Cork. Painful. Painful. Painful. - 15h07 Stancil has been discharged. I'm alone in the room again. I'm worried about what's to come. The social worker came in earlier. Told Stancil that they need the bed for "sick" people. She spoke with him and listened to him at length. She ignored the fact that I was in the room! So, Dr. and Soc. Worker are avoiding me. Stamina! That's what I need now. - Interesting man across the hall. We've exchanged quick glances. He's tall, slender, shaved head, grey beard, long fingers, no ring. I'll eventually strike a chat... unless they pull him or I get some sort of night-mare room-mate. - For now, I'm just waiting for an opportunity to call the WBs to see what's there. I wonder if Walter returned home and they got another Aide from Premier. If so, I'll have to see what can be done to change that! If not, there's something for my mind to work with. - Jocelyn's on this evening! Stancil's bed needs stripping. I'm sketching and the past keeps stabbing me in the heart, deeply. The radio is off. No more reminders! - 17h35 The guy across the hall came into sit in the sun and use my other reading glasses. W.I. accent. A little hard of hearing. But he's doing the crossword in the paper so there must be something OK there. Not that it's going to make any difference much longer. - Dr. K. came in, very sweet: Any new problems?" she asked. We talked. She judged. I must get back to work and into a place of my own. She was a Dr. in Russia. Came here with husband and daughter. Husband divorced her. She went to school on LOANS!!! for immigrants. How nice for her to have the LOANS option. - Next line? Jocelyn is joining the band. In one breath I must go find work, get out of here. Same breath: the hospital must find me a place, locally, because there's a lot of health-care work out here. Once again, they're all so ready with useless advice, but not ONE of any of them will DO anything... like make a referral, ask to submit my CV, make a phone call, give me a job (Brenda? New Haven Home Care?) So, as of now, I'm thinking: Hurricane due tomorrow. I'll wait it out here. Sunday is supposed to be fine. Tues.

another rain. Wednesday's high in the 70's! So the cold is coming and I've got a day and a half to make drastic changes. NOT ONE FUKKING SOUL is going to help me out of this! So I'll leave on Monday morning, first thing. Hey. I still have my "Option" and a nice day on the beach. - FRIENDS? WHAT THE FUK? - Haynes is the guy across the hall. - 20h01 Well! Haynes is now my room-mate. Smells terrible of urine. Interesting guy though. Jamaican. Jackson, my previous room-mate, has returned to the floor and is in Hayne's room. Jackson is as if nothing happened AND he knows Haynes. So we're a little posse. Only trouble now is the matter of windows. Haynes is moaning that it's chilly in here (22 degrees). I want the wind to blow out the door (from shit to piss the odours go). I'll need to figure this out somehow. meanwhile, it should prove interesting all round. Jackson's back and that will give me a little more stamina to buck this system, I believe. Hey! shit happens for a reason. Let's see what this manages to accomplish. - 20h47 and I'm ready for sleep. Evon has his magazine to read, TWO blankets (I got him a second one). Jocelyn just came in to check on us. (She'll be 65 in 8 days. Bless her.) Jackson's across the hall. And I can't imagine how this new social circle happened but of ALL things in ALL places, now I'm part of this "3 guys of 2 North" thing. Maybe it's intervention because I was feeling a bit alone and getting ready to bolt. Maybe it will turn out to be the cause for my bolting. One thing for certain, I've met 2 guys from "The Rock" with whom I might or might not keep in touch but will always know if our paths ever cross again. (How funny that Evon should wind up in this room! To think I'd had my little phantasie and here it is... almost. Ah well, he's got the wife so, as usual, it remains my little joke... on me. Life remains constant: Hateful!) I'm going to try for some sleep.

DREAM: As I arrived at RPH to get my belongings, even though I had no money, the Mgr. (a guy... Kevin Dick from elementary school!) was handling my letter to the hotel and some paperwork. He told me they got my letter just in time! As I'm listening to the Mgr. Cyndi appears with Tony! I'm livid and ask what she's doing here. "To help you! I couldn't let you lose everything!" (The great act). "It never bothered you before!" I yelled at her. She and Tony played the caring ones to the hilt, I just got increasingly angry. Somehow, I got Cyndi and Tony to pay for redemption and continued storage. But I got to yell at both of them.

Saturday, 6 September:

8h51 Breakfast done. Cloudy day. I slept-in until 8h15. The night was OK. Quiet enough. I've got a bit of a headache this morning. Evon is very neat and tidy and a fusser. First comment this morning: "This room is only a tad warmer than Alaska." Earlier this morning I woke in a sweat. - OK. So fine. - Why do I still crave a cigarette? Fukked-up. - I just wish I could know what to do on Monday. Is it better to go alone? Or will something better come of staying here and going through this bull-shit? I wish I knew. - No call-back from the WBs. But it's Shabbat. Maybe tomorrow. But the ROOM PHONE rang last night. I wonder... That's enough wondering for today. My heart is pounding, my chest is closing, my heart is throbbing. All's normal. All's well... enough. - Oh jolly, bloody, fuk! I've been Homeless for TWENTY-BLOODY-FUKKING-THREE DAYS! OVER THREE WEEKS! AND STILL, THERE'S NO RELIEF IN SIGHT. NOBODY AROUND TO HELP. NOBODY WANTS TO UNDERSTAND. MAYBE THIS IS MY ANSWER... JUMP! AND WORRY ABOUT IT AFTER. THERE'S ALWAYS GOOD WEATHER COMING AND A NICE PLACE ON THE BEACH... - 13h09 Lunch done. Feeling rather like shit. Tired. Achey. Slept on and off from just after breakfast. Brian (Jackson) came over talking with Evon as I tried to nap. Nurses yelling. It's quite something how there's no consideration for anyone. Still, I've learnt some about Evon: fisherman, drinker, a bit on the irresponsible side, husband and parent. Alas. - Meanwhile, I'm pondering and considering Monday. My heart is still pounding. My chest still feels as though it's collapsed in on itself and nobody is aware of it. And my HATRED of siblings, Edlyne Bellanton, the Al Green family and almost the world, grows to extremes causing



such pain that it's almost audible and visible. When I go from this world, I will go in a grand explosion of pure, distilled, basic elemental essence of HATE. - I wonder if these people think me quite the loon: quite Homeless, drawing landscapes, writing in my note-book. Hey hey hey. The one who's walking life's tight-rope. Tee hee hee. Oh well. It truly doesn't matter anyway. - 19h11 It rained a bit today. It's raining a bit now. No major storm.

Although the report from yesterday said between 20 and 24h tonight. I haven't had the TV or radio on all day. I tried to sleep it away. Did, for a while. The sketch for today is horrible. I forced myself to draw. Mountain cliffs. It was a waste. I didn't feel well. I didn't feel like drawing with-out reference. I had a headache and not one fucking somebody asked me how I was... all day! - Brian and Evon get into a "Who gives a fuk about you anyway?" today. Evon's been here for 3 days. No one's called or come looking for him. Some neighbour actually saw him being taken away in the ambulance too! It got me thinking: I've been here for 11 "suppers". (I count the menus from the meal trays: breakfast, lunch supper is one day. I have 11 sets.) When I left T4 I said I'd probably come to Peninsula. I said I wasn't feeling well. So? From being on the Fort even back to the days of just being with Penelope every day, every day, to not being there at all, and not being missed? This tells me everything I need to know about the RAA. Am I disappointed? Yes. Am I crushed? No. And, as I've pointed out already, Tommy, Penelope, Geoff, Kristen, Matt... they've know about me sleeping in the Fort. Tommy offered shelter in the bus. Tommy was the only one who offered shelter from the rain. So now that I'm not there, all is perfectly fine for them. And with this time away, I learn that I can go, enjoy a sit on the porch at T7 or T6 and I DON'T HAVE to do shit for ANY of them. What's more,

I don't need membership in RAA to enjoy The Fort or the buildings. It's all Federal! If I make it through all of this alive (I make no promises), MUCH is going to be horribly different. - It's only 21h14 and I feel as though it's 24h14! It's still raining, but there's no indication of any terrible storm. I've eaten my little sandwich and banana. The stolen Ensure was never replaced. Evon has been chatting-up a whirl-wind (I wish he'd wash... I had enough of this with dear Bradshaw). And

now, the place is as a hospital should be... and I'm just about ready to take advantage of it and try for some sleep before the night gnats come for "vitals". - Well, it's raining. it was blustery. I'd have had to find shelter in a battery tonight (if not Tommy's bus). But here I am, on a bed, finished a sandwich, ready to get under the covers. Focus on that.



NOTES:

NOFS SOLO ALONE 1 PLUS 0(zero) I - JUMP! ALONE - Y MUST I SURVIVE

HOSPITAL POLICE PROHIBITS DISCHARGING THE HOMELESS. SO HERE I AM. - IF YOUR SOCIAL WORKER WAS WORTH HER WAGES I'D BE GONE BY NOW. - 11 DAYS NO CALL FROM THE RAA... - TOMMY OFFERED THE BUS FOR

SHELTER. - IF I SIGN OUT "AMA"... (1) SHELTER PAPER
CEASE (2) NO HOSPITAL LIABILITY FOR ANY HEALTH
ISSUE (3) PROBABLY WON'T BE ADMITTED AGAIN TOO
SOON.

Sunday, 7 September:

6h26 The day is beginning again. Clear skies on this 12th day of captivity, 24th day of homelessness. It's quiet in this room. It's quiet on the floor. I slept rather well through the night. How unfortunate that my sleep had to be ruined by my waking this morning. Ah, but one day, soon. I won't disturb my slumber ever again. For now, I have headache, nausea. I need a haircut, shave, brush my teeth. I'll try for basin wash at some point. For now? It's a lovely morning, I'm awake and very sorry about it. - 7h35 I've tried about 4 sketches in the space on the page. Erased them all. I can't focus on any subject long enough to come through with a sketch. It's 7h35 on a clear day and I'm in bed! This is fucking fucked up! And, quite frankly, I'm getting fed-up with all the W.I. and Guyanese and assorted other accents around here. I'm trapped in a 3rd World! - I'm actually rotting away in here. Rotting away. My brain is going dim. How to get out. How to begin the cycle of escape. That's all I need to figure. Where to begin! - 10h23 Washed... basin washed. Window open. Nice breeze coming in. At 8h this morning, the temperature was 68 degrees. I wonder what the days and nights to come will bring. My mind just will NOT grasp this homelessness. This pen won't even write the word. I can't seem to figure what to do when I walk out the door of this hospital because mentally, I can't seem to get past: out the door, go for cigarettes and a jumble of JCCRP, the Coalition, Intake, laundry, food. Nothing long-term. No long-term solution. It's a new experience, having NO SHELTER! I've had a car in the past. Now I don't even have that! But this hospital thing has got to stop, stop soon, just stop! - 20h20 The sun is gone from the sky. I've finished my turkey sandwich and Ensure. My teeth and gums, upper left, are sore. Evon is whining about being cold. The breeze coming in the window is almost warm! Another night lost in here. I could be, or should be out there in weather like this! Brian and I were talking about it earlier. A tent and sleeping bag. That's all it takes. The tent to protect from wet. The bag to protect from cold. All I need is the money. - Meanwhile, my eyes won't focus well tonight. I'm wearing the stronger glasses too. Not good. - I had the cell phone on for a while. No messages. People aren't worth caring for or about. - I'm antsy about getting out of here. I wish I could figure the logistics. But Brian does have a point when he tells me to ride it out and ride it through. Tomorrow's yet another day. STRENGTH AND COURAGE! - I have to wonder about Evon though. There are moments when one would believe that he and I are some kind of an item. A look. A glance. After all, he did come to his door to wave that day. When I talk with Brian, he's obviously displeased and will demand speaking time. This evening, he pulled back the curtain between the beds to talk. Hell. If he wants to do something, I'm quite willing (after a little washing-up of course). Relationship? Probably not. But a bit of "Occupational Therapy" certainly wouldn't hurt. And hey! Brian said we could pass for brothers. We're equally tall and built. How funny is that? So, if he's cold, I know how to make for warm. But I do need to stop for the night. I'm tired. - I was writing, I was doodling. I looked up. Evon, lying on his side, staring at me, in silence. Is there something I'm not getting? Or something I'm fabricating? Oh, what difference would it make anyway? None. I'm a dead-end road. He's 57 and wants more life. Not working. But a fling? Hell yeah! (Time for sleep now Bonzo!)



DREAMS SUN-MON: 7-8

(1) Driving new car over back roads that were undeveloped. Many, many new homes! Driving fast! John in car with me yelling at me to slow down. We got to his house. He was preparing to go to some cook-out. Knew I had no place to live. Would NOT even let me stay in the house for the day.

(2) Working at Peninsula. First day on job. Had E. as my pt. Got no help or support from Nursing staff. Very early in the morning (dark out). E. wanted to know the time. No clocks any-where. Wanted to bathe and have cigarette. I told him I'd get bathing supplies, but NO cigarettes! Had to take bed out of room into hall. E. went to arrange shower. I went to get supplies. Could barely fit into room for supplies! Got soaps at last... Outside, working. Many Nurses working, having in-service. Smoking! I asked how this was possible. Told "Depends on who you know around here." Continued to work. Said nothing.

(3) Wash clothes in Zip-Lock bags. I washed and saved the Zip-Lock bags.

**Monday, 8 September:**

8h05 TWO DREAMS last night. Woke this morning, most uneasy about being here. Just not quite comfortable. Anticipating some turmoil. - Beautiful weather out there this morning. - Evon is down for echo-cardiogramme already. I wonder if they'll discharge him soon. - I'm thinking about the fact that my homelessness is getting into my dreams! But no solution. Unless there's some element I'm over-looking. I'll work on that. But today, I'll call JCCRP. See what Jacquie has to offer. (8h12 and 65 degrees F.) It was cold last night. I put the heat on. Time to seriously think about where to go! I still can't quite grasp the fact that this hospital room is all I've got left. It just can't be like this! It just can't! 13 DAYS IN HOSPITAL. 25 DAYS HOMELESS! - I'm just growing increasingly HATEFUL! - 19h25 Sun is gone already. Day is done. It was wasted. It was interesting. It wasn't worth being here for. - Kleymentova has shown her nastiness with Evon (proper spelling) by coming in a telling him that his primary physician doesn't ... no... won't see him because of his drinking. And she told him this in the room so I heard it! It pissed him off! Rightfully. Then she came to me and mentioned the Social Worker. So I told her how this one stopped the process for what-ever reason. She didn't understand me completely. But I don't expect her to. I really don't even care anymore. She isn't worth my time. - So I got one sketch done today. It's getting easier to sketch but more difficult to come up with ideas. Although, I tend to keep going back to Shawangunk. I don't know if I should drop this dream of Rockaway and go back to those mountains to die. Or should I live-out my end at Gaston. No matter which, there's no place out there for me to call "Home" and being here isn't an option much longer. I can't take much more of this imprisonment. - On top of all of this, Evon seems to have a rather slipped nut. Hallucinations. No, more like paranoid delusions. He described a scenario where-by he was constricted by some ex-girl's boyfriend who tried drugging him IM (*intra-muscular*). Threatened to hack him to pieces, etc. Today he claims that he came to the ER because he escaped BUT that his tormentor followed him in ! OK. Of course there's something terribly wrong with him... I find (found?) him attractive. That says it all. Still, if the situation presented... - Well. My armpits are disgusting. A shower tomorrow. It's supposed to rain. I'll stay the day. No sense busting out in the rain. For tonight? The air outside is gently moving. There's a cricket outside the window. A new group of evening staff. Quite the ugly bunch. Evon is reading Time., I'm hungry, even after my sandwich. I NEED TO FIGURE OUT WHERE TO GO TO GET THE BLOODY FUKKING HELL

OUT OF HERE REALLY PRONTO SOON!!!! - Oh, I wrote the "Hate" letter about siblings, in-laws, Margot and Edlyne. It's written, done and in a jar addressed to that fuk-off at 19 CTN, ready to be tossed to sea (or simply placed beside my dead carcass on the beach). At least the guilty fuks have been recorded. Fukking murdering morons. OK. End of day.

DREAM: Liz (C.) and I are attending some benefit do in some high society. I am spending most of my time moving about trying to avoid her. There is a woman there who has been giving me food. I'm not grateful to her because she's only given food and not another thing. I need a home. I'm Homeless. But I feel I must thank for the food and do so by way of telling her that people are making compliments on my weight gain. (This woman looks like Mrs. Farnaby from "Mulberry" but is Margot). I bolt for the door to get back to the train station. Some women are talking about "the old rail line" and the schedule and cost of tickets. I'm very glad to see these people. I run, RUN down the dirt road (17k) toward the sun-set. There are translucent stones along the way (beach). A woman yells to me "You can carry your back-pack too, at no extra charge!" We laugh. I see the sun-set (and the Shawangunk mountains), stop running and yell "Why am I not here? Why am I not there?" I'm sobbing.

Tuesday, 9 September:

6h53 Clouds in the sky (lyrics to remind me of the fukking bull-shit misery caused by that useless sister! First bloody-fukking thing in the bloody-fukking morning!) ("*Rain*" by Dorothy Morrison) but they're breaking up a bit. It got cold last night. It was damp in here this morning. It's supposed to rain today. Evon will be discharged, though I can't see how, since he has no clothes. - My gums are swollen. Painful. I brush my teeth but need the good brush. - This morning's dreams woke me trying to catch my breath. I'm breaking-down. My chest has collapsed. First thing in the morning. Anxiety! I'm breaking down and there's STILL no one to talk to, no one to advise me, no one to HELP ME! FUK YOU ALL! What I need to do is decide on a destination and jump. Just get up, shower, dress, GO. Eliminate all the details. Focus on me. GO! If I don't do this now, I'll break-down and seriously become one of those insane Homeless. Bad? I'm not so sure. But dead would be better, and can be done.

DREAM: In the dream: I WAS RUNNING WET ON A DIRT 17K, HEADED TOWARD THE SHAWANGUNKS. I SOBBED: "WHY AM I NOT HERE? WHY AM I NOT HERE? WHY AM I NOT HERE? WHY AM I NOT THERE?" I was home-sick for Shawangunk. I missed Rockaway. Split. Torn. Shredded. I sobbed. - Now, awake, I need to go. But I don't know where to go. I just don't know which way to go. FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME IN MY ENTIRE LIFE I HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO ONE TO TURN TO AND ABSOLUTELY NO WHERE TO GO. I'M SIMPLY VOID. - 7h14 The clouds are coming in again. I need a shower today. Soon, I'll need to wash the scrubs I've been wearing. The floor is quiet. Soon it will be "vitals", breakfast, "meds", opinions, judgements, questions, no help, no help, no help. Where can I go on cold, rainy nights? I'm thinking Norwood. No Pookie any more. Probably no Nick. No Janice. No Rita. No Jack. No Jim. I want to vomit. I wish I could. Schrader Bridge? I doubt it. I want to vomit. I wish I could. - DRAW! SKETCH! AVOID? YES! AVOID! It's my ONLY HELP! Like Marianne (the Social Worker) said: "Un-pack your pencils..." - 11h43 STORM! RAIN! - I'm showered. Social Worker came in, no intro. Jumped into Evon. Suggested discharge to ETOH Tx (*Detox*) programme! I commented to her about no proper intro. "I know what I'm doing." Was her reply, and she drew the curtain between the two beds. "I don't think so. I'm still here." "And you know the shelter system." - 20h43 A truly ridiculous day. Kleymentova wouldn't let Brian come across the hall to this room. When I went over to his, an NA came to throw me out. We were treated like children! The Social Worker avoided me. Evon yelled at Kleyment because of an X-ray of a hand that Kleyment said he was too drunk to recall. I simply pointed-out: You come to the ER complaining of chest pain. Why would they X-ray your hand? Well. When it came down to the bottom line, that was the point

that settled the matter. But the “damage” was done. We 3 were questioning authority and authority doesn’t like it. So, somewhere along the line it was done that Evon will be discharged tomorrow. That was before he told the Social idiot his tale of terror. Now we’ll see if somebody doesn’t call a psych consult. Even now he’s insisting that something is planted in his knee brace where-by the guy can play music in his ear. In one respect, I hope they keep him here, in this room, a bit longer. He’s fukking nuts and I know it. But, in another respect, it will be fine if he goes. If he goes off one night, what the hell will happen? Anyway... my teeth are killing me and I have no salt nor my iodine! - MEESSAGE AT 15h15 TODAY: TOMMY. HAVEN’T SEEN YOU AROUND IN A WHILE. JUST CALLING TO CHECK IN WITH YOU. GIVE ME A CALL. It was exactly TWO weeks ago today, 14 days that I’ve been in this hole and only now do I get the call. Oh well. It came. It won’t be returned. - So, what I need, still, to decide is where I’m going when I walk out of here. I don’t know that I’ll make it to the “shelter” bit. I’m either going to Gaston or Shawangunk at this point. Which one? Time will tell. - It’s 21h16. Nice breeze coming in the window, a few planes leaving in clear skies. A bit chilly in here but that might be partly due to the pain in my teeth/mouth and head. Evon is watching TV. I have to pee and try for sleep. I’m hoping to see Jocelyn. I’m hoping Mariane is OK. I’m wishing I could make my mind up as to where I’ll go when I leave here! The truth of the matter? My mind just will NOT accept being Homeless! My efforts now? Getting myself to simply deal with non-existence. The end. - 3 more sketches and I’ll have 55 for the book. I think that will dictate when I leave here.

Wednesday, 10 September:

7h13 The woman across the hall is moaning that gurgling moan/whine already. Non-stop! This morning I want to go over and yell at her to shut the fuk up! The staff is strolling the halls, laughing and just having a jolly time of it. Brian is on the phone, discussing his pending surgery to have one sub-clavian removed and another inserted. There are complications involved. He’s annoyed. Evon woke in a demanding sort of mood. Went down the hall to shower. He’s planning on leaving this morning. The Social Cow told him she’d get him a set of scrubs to wear when he leaves. He has no shoes. - TV shows 59 degrees F. Night bringing seriously cool temperatures. I’ve got to figure this out! - My gums are sore. My right nut hurts. My heart throbs. My eyes burn. And that woman across the hall is STILL gurgling/whining/moaning relentlessly! More rain in the forecast. A couple of chilly nights to come. I scan my brain and areas from Ulster to The City. I can’t think of where to GO! I’ve GOT to find SOME where to GO TO! - It was just past 8h. A man walks into the room, comes up to the bed. “Good morning. How are you?” He’s carrying tubes and syringes. I can’t see his ID. “It depends... What’s all that for?” “Your doctor ordered blood-work.” “No.” I refused. (A) Who the fuk are you? (B) No doctor discussed ANY “work” with me. (C) Kleyim isn’t even speaking to me on general terms. (D) I’m not in the mood to be poked with needles. - Meanwhile, breakfast is done. My armpits are going bad again. I need to take a dump and I NEED TO FIGURE WHERE I’M GOING WHEN I WALK OUT THE DOOR! - 13h49 I did the blood-work because it was (allegedly) requested by the shelter system. This draw hurt like hell and left quite the lump! And I spoke with Kleyim, who is being a bit nicer today. That led to a chat with the Social Cow who is also being quite sweet. She says she’s hoping for some word by Friday. Me? I’m at a point where I don’t much care any longer. (Evon was showered and ready to go by about 8h. He’s just leaving! Disposable scrubs and 5\$ from the hospital. It’s gone quiet. In a sense, I’m glad he’s gone. He’s pig-headed and can be inexplicably nasty. B. says it’s the ETOH. It was getting to the point where I was losing my patience with him. But now? There’s an empty bed. A connection with the outside is gone. I don’t know what kind of Hell they’ll put in this room with me. That bothers me the most. Hopefully I’ll be granted at least 2 days’ reprieve and 2 night’s sleep with fresh air and peace. But I’m not counting on it. I know better. Meanwhile, my sketches are bringing me to Shawangunk now. The memories are so painful! SO painful. I find

myself lying back in the bed and actually saying "Oh my god!" But I've got 2 more sketches to bring all to a total of 55. Then, hopefully, I can leave here, go to The Fort, put the 55 sketches into book form: a little hard/cloth cover. A day's work plus getting the materials from a 99-cent store. 2 day's work at most. After that? The beach... the end. I've had enough of all of this. And to be thrown away into the shelter system is like just so much recycled trash. As I understand it, it's only for the night. At a certain hour one must leave for the day. Yes, I can fill a day. But what I want to do is fill my day with work, my evening with relaxation, my night with sleep. I don't see that EVER coming... especially not now, not with these memories and hate and sadness. Best choice: a couple of cool nights out while working on the sketch book. One fine day on the beach somewhere and just go. It won't make any difference to anybody anyway. - I asked, again, to speak with the Rabbi here. I'm not sure why or what I'll say, but I actually feel the getting older and it's time to stop it. I'm getting older and more useless. - I think of Zuri. He too, felt he had no one. Little did he know... he had me. Now? Neither of us has the other. So? Now I can go look him up... his way. I hope it will be a great re-union! - It's 14h22 The sun is shining. A few clouds on the western horizon. Soon, the sun will gush in through the window. Brian is off the floor somewhere. I'm solo, alone, solitary. Alone. Alone. Alone... - 20h32 Evon finally left well after lunch. He truly didn't want to go but his attitude made his departure a relief. But the loneliness set in and even now, there's that hole in my gut. I've done with my evening sandwich and a piece of pound cake that Evon brought me when he came back this evening. Had a nice visit with Brian for a while, just sitting in his room, talking, until his wife came. I'm trying to fill time. I feel I have to fill time now. I'm not thinking of leaving here to a shelter or other housing. It's a matter of a day at the beach, out to sea, to my Shawangunks and anywhere else in Creation that I decide to go. It's my 54th sketch. - One thing I have to note is that I'm going to miss this room something awful! The view of landing jets, departing jets... MAGNIFICENT! It's almost like bird-watching: different air-lines, different colours, different size place. All, so wonderful! Sometimes I am as excited as a little kid. So, I did say I wanted to live in Rockaway. (These planes are STUPENDOUS! Shadows. HUGE shadows with little lights, floating in the night sky!) I guess I should have specified the conditions. Well, for now, I get to be here, in Rockaway, enjoying the air traffic, hope for peace in this hospital and wait for my moment of walking out into the world, making my book and taking it to sketch 54. - 21h17 TV on. I want a smoke. My gums are sore. It's a cool night. I'll be out, alone, in the cool night, soon...

DREAM: Filming an advert for some product I was familiar with, I saw the crew taking a break from filming, mulling about in the water on some sort of bay area. Cows. They were using cows, in ocean water. I was amazed at the aspect: cows and the sea. 2 cows broke from the herd and were frolicking. I went to the terrace to have a cigarette and watch. - In the apartment, a breach of security. A Homeless woman stowed away in an under-the-floor area where the air conditioning units were located. I knew the area because I'd been at the apartment during construction. - (Same dream, switch) Staying at someone's home. Run-down. Dirty. Cyndi, I recall. A stray dog. Hungry. Dirty. I take it in. Feed and bathe it. Cyndi is angry with me because of the dog. She sees it suffer and doesn't care. - I'm lying down, not feeling well. She comes in, sweeping the floor. Kitty litter. She sweeps a large amount across the floor at me. She just stares at me. I look at her. Nothing is spoken. I understand that she wants me to leave. I have no place to go. The dog and I leave.

Thursday, 11 September:



7h08 Overcast this morning. 7 years since the World Trade Centre atrocity. How I can still recall it so vividly. How my web-site with photos and such are gone. How my life, my past, my existence is gone. Nothing from before remains. Nothing, Nothing at all.

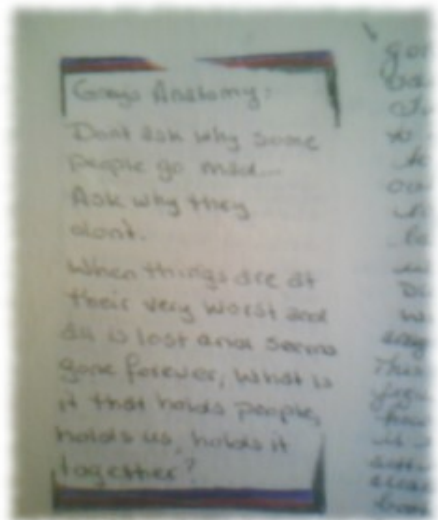
Penelope said that I could re-invent myself out here in Rockaway. I suppose I've done that: a free-loading indigent, useless, friendless, ready to die, in silence, alone. What ever happened to the happy guy who took 3 rooms for 700\$ a month in 3150? Wow! How he got wiped out of existence! And in his stead, here I am. Alone in a hospital room. - Why did I grow so hateful of the old German man in my dream last night/this morning? Why the German? Why did the dream end with cuttings of philodendron being rooted in vases? WHY, IN THIS DREAM, AM I NOT HOMELESS? A CHANGE. BUT SHARING THE ROOM WITH 2 OTHERS: BLACK AND LATINO. BUT I'M NOT HOMELESS. Why so angry with the German? Things to work

through today. - It's overcast. This room is empty. The floor is quiet. May it stay this way while I try to figure out what to do next. - One more sketch for my book of 55. I wonder how the book will end. Then I have to get out of here to compile it, to put it together, to go and get out of all of this... ALL of this! - 19h25 The sun is setting. Night again. But out of this day came a touch of humanity... the clouds cleared, Brian went to surgery. I was alone for the day. 54 sketches for the book. The index is done to number 54. As I sat, having a snooze, I thought to go to Rachel, my Nurse for the day to check on permission to go outside. She told me that she had no problem with letting me leave the floor to go outside. At that moment, I didn't want to go but wanted to know if I could when I had cigarettes. So. I can. Next? I asked Brian (before he'd gone to surgery) if his wife would get me a pack of cigarettes. She did! (Ultra-lights, but they're cigarettes!) OK? I'm sitting quietly, having dinner and Rachel comes in, asks me why I'm not getting kosher meals! She's Orthodox! She arranged to change my meals to kosher! We talk about "looking Jewish". She doesn't. I don't. We talk more. To top it all off, Jocelyn's on tonight. She's back! She took me out for a walk (and 2 cigarettes) around the hospital parking lot and into the Nursing Home. She knows somebody in Home Health. She's going to try to hook me up with a live-in! No promises but a try! And, I come back to the room and there's another tray: Kosher! Containers of egg salad, potato salad, apple sauce, apple juice! Food! More food! So, for an evening, for a night, I get to be human. I got to talk about my feelings with Jocelyn. She keeps encouraging me to hold on. Oh, and the Social Worker claims: she called JCCRP twice and left messages on their voice mail, and she put in a call to the hospital rabbi, and that all the paper-work for the shelter is in. Do I believe her? Hell no. But I'm allowing her little game and being "thankful". - Fun note for the day? Brian and Jocelyn were telling me how they luv watching the planes out here! - 20h59 Stevie Nicks on the radio and my entire body aches with the pain of melancholy! It even hurts in my feet. Such a wonderful evening. But you know? This is the "good" I do deserve before I go to the beach, the sea, my mountains. Yes, it's a great day and good times. But it's truly time to finish my little sketch book and leave. One more sketch. One more sketch.

DREAM: I managed to return to Rockaway park Hotel, room number 2. It had a kitchen, and 2 rooms. I was preparing a meal before going to work. A Black man came in and went to the front closet. He was looking for his clothes that he always kept in there. I said it was OK with me. I went to the bedroom to dress for work. Clock radio was giving the news. I didn't catch any of it. Returned to kitchen to find a young Latino in there with all sorts of groceries. Apparently he too had access to the place (3 of us). I knew I couldn't say anything because I had to be OK with being allowed to return in the first place. This kid was preparing a meal for his girl-friend! Hungry, I

went into the next room where 2 old people were sitting having breakfast. It was a hospital tray breakfast. I went back to the kitchen for some food for me and the kid was listening to music, water spraying everywhere! I fixed that, returned to the other room. The old lady offered me her left-overs to eat. She'd drooled into every-thing! She smiled at me. I let it pass. The old man, a German, offered. He handed me empty cups! I was so angry at him. I told him he was an insult to all Germans, the reason the world hated us and he should go to Hell. He said, backing against the wall, "THIS IS HELL!" So I said "You should never die and stay right here for eternity!" I went to the kitchen to find food. Nothing! Just cuttings from a philodendron in some glass vases. I cleaned the kitchen. I was hungry.

Friday, 12 September:



7h18 Overcast. The floor is dead silent. It's strange: almost a full house yet no one is moaning... not even the staff. - I had a terribly restless night. I'm exhausted. I don't believe I actually got much more than a few moments' sleep all night. No dreams. Just no rest. - I've brushed my teeth, had a BM, washed my arm-pits and well, that's the extent of it. I don't much care about the rest. The door is closed. I could go back to sleep. I don't want to. I'm growing very anxious to get out of here. Very anxious. And there's an intro to the sketch book to write, something scathing. I want people (if any) to know how painful these sketches have been! I want people to know why there was so much pain and who caused it! Nobody cares about it now. Nobody will really care about it ever. But I just won't go in a little veil of silence. So this day opened, off to doing nothing again, except waiting for this new day to end. - 12h06 Evon came round about 11h30. Said he had to go to Medical Records. Brought me a pkg. of 2 little banana-nut

muffins and a can of Mountain Dew. I'm wondering where it came from and why he brings it to me. Hell! It would be better if he'd stop bringing stuff and offer a place to stay. From what I hear him and Brian talking, his block (63) is tough. But I wanted to live on 67. So? Anyway, it's sweet of him to even think of me at all. - Breakfast this morning was Kosher! The eggs, scrambled, microwaved to the point of rubber. Really disgusting. It's as if we're being punished for being kosher. Sometimes I wonder. - I'm ever so tired today. But it's day-time, not sleep time. I could benefit from a shower but truly? I don't have the care, concern or ambition to go down the hall. - My life is slowly moving into non-existence. Perhaps this is good. Perhaps these are the days I have been awarded to obliterate my mark, my remnants, my "footprint" in Creation so that I can leave and all of my space will be available for some-body else. I'll be forgotten even before I'm gone. How 'bout that? - One thought: I've been in Peninsula for 17 days. I've asked to speak with a rabbi 3 or 4 times. The Social Worker told me that she put in a call twice. I've seen no rabbi. Just a thought to note. - 20h10 Dark. Raining. The room is empty, save for me. They took the other bed out earlier to replace another down the hall. It's made this room feel huge and empty. And it couldn't happen at a worse time. I'm about to slip a mental cog here right about now. But to recap the day's events: At about 13h30, Joyce (NA) took me down-stairs where I had two cigarettes and got to stand out in a light drizzle. Somehow, I got the feeling that I can handle just walking out of here. Little did I know. And I got back up to the room feeling sure enough about getting out of here with no place to go to. But, little did I know. - Next thing I know... Janet, Nursing supervisor comes in, introduces herself, sits at the window and starts schmoozing. She asks if Roseanne (the social worker) is helpful. I told her how uncertain I am about everything



because I'm getting partial information and it's vague at that. Janet went for my chart. She explained that I could not, just glance through it but if I had a specific item of interest, she'd go through with me. I wanted to know how I was going to be eligible for a "medical" shelter instead of a general and what's the difference. Come to find out, Roseanne actually found the COPD diagnosis and is trying to ride that to a "Medical" shelter. Why? Because she thinks it should be better than a regular shelter. Interestingly enough, these people are familiar with sending folks to shelters, but they can't tell anybody anything about them! It's another Margot, "You can go to a shelter" situation! They're all completely clueless, but they keep throwing people into shelters. Well, Janet was good enough to take the time to come by. I appreciated that. She left and I tried to do some drawing but I'm empty these days. Nothing in the way of art. OH! She (Janet) asked me if I was familiar with the RAA! As if anything there would do me any good. As if it's done me any good so far? She and I discussed the sense of community here, in the Rockaways but as we see, it does me not one bit of anything. - So, I'm sitting here in the room alone. Outside, the rain is coming steadily. Roseanne walks in to hand me a list of "Walk-In-Drop-In" shelters! She tells me that Kleymenova told her that I'm free to go now and that I don't need a medical shelter! But Roseanne gave me the option of staying until Monday to see if any word comes in on the medical shelter. KLEYMENOVA WOULD TOSS ME OUT OF HERE AT 16h ON A RAINING FRIDAY!!!! NO PLACE TO GO! THE CENSUS ISN'T AT 100 per-cent SO THEY DON'T NEED THE BED! I thanked Roseanne for the option, said I'll hold steady for Monday and told her how Kleym's attitude toward me changed as soon as she learned I'm Homeless. Roseanne told me that Kleym and her little side-kick are giving her a hard time and are being quite miserable and rude toward her. I keep thinking of how I'll luv reporting this to the media. Roseanne is trying to do the humane thing while the "doctor" is trying to throw me out at the end of the work-week, in the rain! Well, the good thing is that Roseanne and I have made amends. Although I told her about "Home Base" in the hope she'd try them while I'm here but I don't think she will. I'm giving her leads to networking. She's not picking-up on them. Oh well. More leg work for me when I get out of here. - Next: dinner comes. Kosher. Horrible. Meagre. And no sandwich for later! Breakfast was disgusting. Lunch was a sorry joke. Dinner was a curse. But just as I was finishing THE RABBI CAME!!!! We schmoozed about the question "Why?". He spoke on why we cover our eyes for the "Sh'ma" (*The Shema is an affirmation of Judaism and a declaration of faith in one God. The obligation to recite the Shema is separate from the obligation to pray and a Jew is obligated to say Shema in the morning and at night (Deut. 6:7), why we schuckle (the ritual swaying of worshippers during Jewish*



prayer). We touched on my homelessness. He had to leave. Everyone's right there to lend a helpless hand. Even the rabbi. Still, he was quite nice enough for the moment. It was just such a great relief to be able to sit with a rabbi. I've only waited 17 days? - Rabbi leaves, Brian comes in. We get to talking about me being tossed. He insists that I just hold tight until they actually throw me out of here. Seems he's hanging on for some reasons too. Mortgage difficulties that can be way-laid while he's in hospital. We're "in it" almost together. But he knows something about the system. Seems Fate put me here for shelter from the cold and rain, and put Jackson and I together for much-needed moral support! I'll have to see about keeping in touch with him after. He's worried about losing his entire house. Meanwhile, he's got family living there who won't help. Familiar? - I've got another note to Ashley ready to go. I was hoping to get it into the letter-box down-stairs tonight (and have a smoke) but the day-shift Nurses left, the evening shift NA's came on (none of them are very kind-hearted) and it got to the hour where the front door is locked for the night. I suppose I could try hanging out my window for the smoke but... it's not worth the

possibility of being tossed immediately. It's 21h43. Planes are flying but the clouds are thick and low. Can hear but can't see. It's a light drizzle again and I'm exhausted from almost no sleep last night. And, that male Nurse with the attitude difficulty is on. So? I NEED a shower but I NEED SLEEP! Over the week-end I'll finish the 55th sketch and introduction to the book. I'll plan my day of discharge and that night. I'll have me prepared for the worst. AND I'LL HAVE ME PREPARED FOR MY OPTION TO COMPLETELY OPT-OUT.

NOTES:

Grey's Anatomy: don't ask why some people go mad... Ask why they don't. When things are at their very worst and all is lost and seems gone forever, what is it that holds people, holds us, holds it together?

According to the Rabbi: Always ask "Why?" It's what makes us Jews. There won't always be an answer but that doesn't mean that we should stop asking. - Survival is something even our cells do. Most people don't throw in the towel. (Ah. But will I?)

Kleymenova wants to put me out at 16h on a Friday, in the RAIN!

4\$ bus fare at subway station

Post Office

JCCRP

Rockaway Home Care

(Change for phone?)

LAUNDRY!!! (Wear teal scrubs)

HOME BASE

NIGHT:

42 Beaver St. NYC

39-40 Bond St. BK

Saturday, 13 September:

6h42 It's 21 degrees in the room. 65 degrees F. outside. Slight cloudiness in the sky. I'm up, after a night of utter anxiety attacks. I'll have nothing to wear in this cooler weather if everything at the hotel is gone AND even if it isn't, I can't afford to pay to get it out AND I have no place to put it if I do! So, this morning I'll be finishing the sketch book 55. I'll hope like hell to find some work space at RAA to put it together this week coming. Tomorrow is the opening reception for ART SPLASH 2008. I just hope I can get my little sketch book done. And then? A quiet day on the beach into a peaceful night into eternity. It's time to go. I've done all I can and all I should. What's more, I've done my best. I'm alone now and nobody cares. I'm alone now and the race is all finished. I'm alone now and whether I'm alive or dead makes no difference at all. I came from my mother's womb alone. I came into this world alone. It's time to leave it all... alone. I've done my best. There's nothing more. - 21h22 THE PARTS OF THE SKETCH BOOK ARE COMPLETE. 55 SKETCHES, INDEX AND LETTRE. DONE. COMPLETE. NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS GET IT ASSEMBLED. THEN? GASTON. WE GO HOME. WE GO HOME. - Stancil is back. How strange is that? Olga took me down to the letter box this morning. I dropped another note to Ashley to make certain they know I've not abandoned my belongings. I had a smoke. Olga said I'm not supposed to have a cigarette. I'm wondering if that's why Kleymenova is so determined to dump me... insubordination. She says don't smoke, gives me a diagnosis of emphysema and I smoke. An affront to the doctor. No doubt. Ah well. So she shoves me out into no-where. Thank you dear Ms. Kleymenova. - Jocelyn took me for a walk this evening She tells me of a Black girl down the hall who comes in here and stays, sometimes, for months because she has no home and simply refuses to leave. The claim here is: Kleym has cleared me medically. I can walk out at any time I choose. Once I do, absolutely everything that's been done as far as shelters, etc. is completely wiped-out. And Peninsula has no responsibility for me. I've walked on my own, of my own accord. On the flip side, I'm still covered by the law that prohibits the hospital from discharging me to no-where. IF I can tolerate the looks, the attitudes, the generally nasty demeanour of Kleymenova and her Kleymenettes, I can actually keep this going. The good of that? Shelter, food, bed, shower. Bad? Never getting to work because I can't leave. Trapped. Confined. Imprisoned. What do I want right now? Finish the 55 Book, go HOME! So, I'll see what comes Monday. We work from there. - 22h28 Jocelyn got Stancil some cookies. She's on until 7h. Offered to get me something. I declined the offer. I appreciate that she takes me out for a while. She never came through with the connection to "Al" who works at Peninsula and a Home Care agency. She's suggested I apply for work here via Roseanne. Well, what the fuck? Maybe I will. Shits'n'giggles. Right now? Bottom line: It really is time to go home. - Let's see if there are dreams tonight. I've hung the Kabbalah sefirot (*the 10 attributes/emanations in Kabbalah, through which Ein Sof (The Infinite) reveals himself and continuously creates both the physical realm and the chain of higher metaphysical realms*) over my bed. A pencil sketch with a paper towel "frame". - Time for the 23h news. Night shift on. Sleep?

NOTES:

PH-RPH 9h MON

55 SKETCHES

WE GO HOME

HOMELESS:

Hurricane, flood, fire, tornado

NOTHING REMAINS

31!/19!



Sunday, 14 September:



7h 71 degreesF Over-cast. The air conditioner and bed table were wet this morning. Weather report calling for 84 degreesF. Today is the opening reception for Art Splash. Today is "Broadway On Broadway" Today I have only the clothes I slept in for two weeks. Today I am in this prison waiting to die. That's what it's come to... I'm just waiting to die. My clothes are at the hotel. Maybe they're not. I've no place to go at night, when it's cold. No offers of employment, even from those who could employ me. No employment, no income - no income, no home - no home, no clothing - no... I need a shave, a haircut, a bread trim, deodorant. The calluses are coming back on my feet. That's interesting because I haven't worn shoes in 19 days! My own body hates this and me. I want to make the book of 55 sketches and leave, just leave all of this behind. None of this is worth the effort. -I was up at 5h27 with the yelling of the staff in the halls. They have absolutely no consideration, no sense of anything or anybody but themselves. Yelling to each-other up and down the halls. I

got up to pee and came back to bed. Back to bed. That's all I ever do... back to bed. - Well, this miserable day has begun. I have no urge, no inspiration to draw anything. No inspiration to write prose. Nights are now dreamless. Days are simply a burden. Tomorrow I've been Homeless for 32 days and in here 20. Other people get out of this. How do I? - Gaston. - 7h50 I came out here to Rockaway to separate from the world, get away from everything and every body. I came here to leave the bull-shit and heart-aches behind me, to be new, different. How strange: I'm in this hospital room, alone... no friends, no family, no one to turn to... severed from everything and everybody. Now, the decision to make is: IS THIS A BEGINNING? OR IS THIS THE END? AM I EXPECTED TO RE-START OR SIMPLY STOP? Is it time to think? - Rachel is on this morning. She tells me that Brenda too is Orthodox! In her words: "This hospital is infested" with Orthodox Nurses. Then she says "Maybe this is why god put you in the hospital" (to come back to religion). "We'll make a rabbi out of you..." - I just want a cigarette, a shower, a long walk, a bus ride, out of here, out of this. - 16h24 and I've just come from a shower and, may I report, a "Battery Kessler". The sun is coming into the window as well as heat and humidity. A very hot day indeed. Joyce took me down-stairs for 2 cigarettes at about 13h or so. It was more like July than September. But, come Wednesday, the night temps will be dropping. I probably will be as well. - The day has been one of sleeping on and off. Avoidance. - Rachel is now calling me "Rabbi Kessler" and she and Brenda got into the "only" Jew is and Orthodox Jew bit. How cute. But Rachel asked if I have tsitsis (*the fringes worn by the Orthodox Jews*). I told her no, but I have my tallit. "Katan?" she asked. "No. Gadol." (*"katan" is the small prayer shawl, where-as "gadol" is the larger.*) She's encouraging me to wear my kippa (*yarmulke*) all the time. Honestly? It's fun. I'm Conservative and happy with that. - Now to the dirt: the ghetto woman in 57 got caught today. Seems she had a Black man with her in bed all night. A White man came to bring her something, caught her with the other one, got pissed. I didn't hear any hollering or such, but security was sent for. Meanwhile, I hear that she has been discharged in the past, to shelters and such, in The Bronx and will come all the way back to Peninsula because here, she can get away with going to smoke, or, as is suspected, get her drugs and come back in! She's been known to stay for MONTHS while suitable shelter is sought for her. MONTHS! And so, I've been unofficially instructed to bear in my mind that: I will leave when she leaves. Do I want to stay here? Oh hell NO! But until I can actually figure how to leave and not fall on my face, it appears that this is where I'll be. Besides, I'm looking quite forward to

the END of all this bull-shit that some folks call "life". A comfy day on the beach and, as I wrote yesterday... We go home. - So, it's past 17h. Dinner was here and gone and was terrible. Same as yesterday, I believe. Microwaved to DEATH! Kosher? Punishment. - Jocelyn's been floated over to Pediatrics. I'm going to have to see if I can't get Judith to take me down for the few moments. I'm also going to have to see if there's an ATM about in case I'm here through this pack of cigarettes. Hey! I don't know about my decisions from one moment to the next! Right now, I'll go see about an "escort" to the door. Dinner trays are being picked-up. It's visiting hours. Maybe? - 18h30 Jocelyn came in with a styro-plate, Salisbury steak, potatoes, chocolate milk, apple juice. I enjoyed the milk. Then I enjoyed the steak. OK. It's not Kosher. But food is more important. Especially now when I'm looking at being Homeless and out in the world again... soon. I asked her if she'd walk me down. She said she'd be back in an hour. The sun is setting and as much as I like being out in the dark, I'd rather go during some daylight. Judith hasn't returned to the floor yet. I might be able to find a sympathetic Nurse (Rachel? Elaine? Maybe. Brenda? Lecture!) but, I'll wait to see if Judith or Jocelyn will come through. If not? I'll expect that. - Finished my roll and Ensure. Would like another smoke but Judith took me out earlier and well, there won't be another tonight. - I'm not looking forward to tomorrow at all! 20 fucking days in here! 10 days short of a fucking month! As I think about it, I'm breaking a sweat. I really need to get out of here



whether these buffoons help or not. Shit! Time to just GO. - The bit about wearing a kippa? Maybe Rachel is right. Maybe coming here has a "greater reason." I'm just thinking. - Meanwhile, Stancil and I have been watching TV. My stomach is bad. I'm having horrible chest pains. It doesn't look like a good night for sleep because of anxiety. A day of exhaustion to come.

NOTES:

Legal Aid at Pensinula-Premier Negligent

32/20

_Where to shower? _Income won't begin for about 3 weeks

_Housing not affordable for 6-8 weeks (October) _Warm clothes?

Homeless. Homeless... Moonlight sleeping on a midnight lake...

Mama 5748

No SENSE IN SURVIVAL



02.1 September 2008

The Bellevue Days

(Taken from the on-line edition of this Journal.)

Welcome, dear reader! If you are seeking information on the Homeless Shelter System of New York City and have come to this page, you're on the right track. This journal has been composed by an actual resident of that very system. If what you need is some general information, quickly, then please allow me to enlighten you:

The system is set so as to bring each and every person involved (or exposed) to complete and utter chaos. The system of information and intake, the system of general applications is the complete and utter antithesis of logic. There is no rationale. There is no rationality. There is no sense to or in anything that transpires in any average day, at any average, given moment.

The shelters are comprised of a complete cross-section of each and every type of humanity imaginable and unimaginable. There are those who reap the benefits of a roof over their head, a hot meal provided thrice daily (at no charge or expense), a bed (metal frame, of no consequence or description), clean linens weekly. There are limited services in Social Work and Medical. But even these defy description to the intelligent or even mildly intelligent.

The "residents" vary from those who are appreciative of the basic elements of daily existence to those for whom absolutely nothing will suffice. There are those who will follow along with anything and everything that may happen to them at any given moment, undeterred and unfettered. Meanwhile, there are those who will, at each turn, at each tick of the clock, protest, audibly and vulgarly, disrespecting even the very basics of human dignity. This behaviour is not limited to those who reside in the shelter system. It continues on to those who have been provided employment (gainful employment) in the system in positions of what are known as "Operations", "Security" and general "Staff". One is diligently attacked on a most regular basis by those who are known to be "Case Workers", "Social Workers", "Security" and general "Staff". Comments the likes of "Why are YOU in here?" and "Just what made you Homeless in the first place?" and a particularly personal comment (received with-in the first hour of my "intake"): "You don't belong here. Jews have a lot of money, you know. They control the government. There's no reason you should be in here. You're a Jew and Jews don't belong in the shelter. You have no right to be here." These are common-place attacks on one's intelligence and personal dignity.

There are those who will steal from you, even as you lay sleeping (half-sleeping, if you're bright enough to realize the need to remain alert at all times) in your bed, immediately beside your personal locker. There are those "residents" who make a career of doing such things. Most of these are known as "Over-nighters", or, those who will come in for one night only, lurk about the

building and rooms, looking for an open locker and an unwitting victim. Once found, they take what they like and disappear out the door. They may wait a few days before returning to the shelter to scoff-up more booty or, there are those who make it a nightly venture, having neither fear nor shame. Again, this activity is not limited to the “residents” as there are those who don the “blue shirts” of the “Security” staff and will, in the middle of the night, feign a “bed-check” and, finding some item placed on top of a locker, under a bed or even ON the bed, will remove the item (simply because it is there for them) and continue on with their nightly rounds. General “Staff” is particularly adept at this, having access to the open and empty dorms between the hours of 9:00 AM and 4:00 PM, Monday through Friday when all “Residents” are to be removed from the premises.

I encourage you to read this “blog” in its entirety. However, if what you are seeking is specific to the New York City Homeless Shelter System, then please begin with the entry “The Bellevue Days”.

Responses and replies to this “blog” are always welcome.

If you have come across this information during its construction period, I beg your kind indulgence and patience. At present, this is being written and transcribed.

There is word that the shelter receives funding in the amount of 100\$ per day per resident.

Statistics show that full capacity at the shelter is 850 beds. Should these items be factual, then the following is true:

850 beds x 100 dollars per day:

85.000,00 (eighty-five thousand) dollars per day

595.00,00 (five hundred ninety-five thousand) dollars per week

2.550.000,00 (two million five-hundred fifty thousand) dollars per 30-day month

31.025.000,00 (thirty-one million twenty-five thousand) dollars per 365-day year

The fact is: It is NOT in the best interest of the “Case-Workers”, OR, for that matter, ANY of the employees of the Shelter System to ensure the successful exit of ANY “Resident” at ANY time. Each Resident brings the above-listed funding into the Shelter. Lose a resident, lose funding!



2.2 September Bellevue - Monogram



Monday, 15 September 2008

6h30 THIS is going to be a difficult day! There's a truly beautiful breeze blowing directly in through the window. A warm, strong breeze. I was awake at 4h40 to a magnificent full moon shining in against a blue-black sky and I was gifted with the chance to catch 2 seagulls, way up in the air, flying by the moon! - I just need to figure the little details of hygiene and such and I need to get out of here... not soon, but now. The hole is still getting deeper. I've got the 55 Book to complete. Then a lovely day on the beach... the beach... the beach... - But for now, Stancil is lying there quietly "bating". I've noticed him doing it before as well. So why couldn't it be a younger guy? A more attractive guy? No matter. At least, this morning, I know "my little guy" is still very much alive... and kicking. Yes. It's stimulating to know, to watch this man having at it under his blanket. Too bad he isn't having at mine. And to think he'll be discharged today. - The night shift is leaving. Day shift is on. The yelling in the hall is ridiculous. The staff! And here I sit with nothing to do, no-where to go, no reason to be awake... no reason to be wake... no reason to be awake. - Today is going to be a difficult day, They're going to pressure me to leave. It's been, today is 20 days here! 32 days of being Homeless.

Perhaps today is enough. It's not getting any better and I'm no closer to figuring anything out. The sky is clearing. Warm breeze blowing, and I'm awake for no reason. - 7h05 The sun is just rising. The day staff is on the floor. Stancil is still working it. And I'm still awake for and with no answers and no reason. - 10h46 IT BEGINS: LITTLE D.O. (*Doctor of Osteopathic Medicine: She was "assigned" to me when the "Primary", Kleymentova learned that I was Homeless.*) COMES ALONG THE HALL THIS MORNING AND SCREAMS "MR. KESSLER! WHAT ARE YOU

DOING HERE? I THOUGHT THEY TOLD YOU YOU COULD GO ON FRIDAY!" - So I brought her into the room and asked: How would you feel if somebody handed YOU a list of shelters on a Friday at 4pm and told YOU that you could leave in the rain? The answer? "I would be happy that somebody was giving me information to find a place to go." Of course you would. No empathy. No sympathy. No concern. But she said she's worried that I might contract something from a room-mate. Yeah. Right. Me too. So, I politely pointed out that it's difficult enough that it's my Mum's yartzeit (*the anniversary of someone's death*) and I've no-where to go to say Kaddish (*a prayer recited aloud, preferably in a synagogue, with 9 other men*), and with the fact that I'm being thrown out on one side and told that there's more being done on the other side (Rozann giving me the choice to wait for word today) that I'm about ready for a psychotic break. As she left, I closed with "I'll just finish this by mentioning 257." the room with the broad who takes full advantage of



this place and is down-right abusive and gets away with it. - It's going to take all of my strength to remain calm in here today. Meanwhile, Debra, my NA du jour, is clowning about in the hall. I asked her earlier to take me downstairs and she said she would when she had the time Well? - Rachel is trying to figure a way to get a minyan (*the referenced group of 10 men*) to recite Kaddish for Mama. - Wednesday is supposed to be the coolest night this week. The weather is supposed to be good. Perfect for sitting on the beach... - Kleym came by. Told me my labs are perfect, my x-rays only show the COPD (from cigarettes, of course. Not the subway or anything like that, of course). (It's 12h09) We talked a little about my situation. I told her of my apprehension of walking out of here without direction and my anxiety attacks. She said "I would have anxiety too if I were you." The loveliest thing I could hear. Maybe she meant it. I doubt it. But it was nice to hear. Meanwhile, I've been reading Tanach (*the Bible*) all day. The weather is beautiful. No one has come by to take me downstairs.

The floor is quiet. Brian is in respiratory distress and scheduled for dialysis. I'll be on the floor alone. ALONE! Oh, but Kleym asked AGAIN if I don't have friends or family. Again, I told her that I wouldn't be here if I did. My Mother didn't raise a beggar or an abuser. But... I'm ALONE, ALONE, ALONE, AGAIN. - 14h19 Roseanne came in all cheerie. "We found a place for you." She hands me a post-note. On it is the address for the Shelter Intake Center on E.30th. I could have gone there on my own but Roseanne says "Arlene" is the person who confirmed this. As I write, she, Roseanne, is going to get me a Metro Card (*a fare card to use on the bus or subway*) to get into The City. I'm looking at a night on the subway. It's too late to go to the Fort. It would do me no good right now anyway. I'll take a shower then go. Rozann (*the proper spelling of "Roseanne's" name, as I finally learned, she'd never properly introduced herself and never wore any visible identification, much the same as the other hospital staff, until today*) gave me a 4-dollar card and 2\$ "for coffee."

BEACH! GASTON!

END

18h05 On the boards (*the boardwalk*) at 121st Street. The weather? Hot. Breeze. I could really take a pee. How odd is this? I'm preoccupied with saying Kaddish for Mama. The sun will be completely gone by the time I get out of services. I'll have to use the 2\$ left on the MetroCard to get into The City. But, here I am. Sitting on the board-walk as if the world is fine. I'm numb. Just numb. In some fashion, I can't believe I'm out here, empty, alone. For some reason I keep thinking "Bradshaw". What keeps me from going to him? Pride? Guilt? Fear? Why him? When I left Peninsula, I went down 54th. Plenty of places to hide-out for the night. Do I dare? I don't know. I just don't know. I tossed my letter to Cyndi in the jar, into the waves. I BEGGED the heavens for help. Is Bradshaw the answer? Why? - No. - Don't ask that question. - One bar of power on the phone and 22\$ in time. If I had the power, I have the time to call some-one. But who? I took the bus here. I sat on the bus in some numb, dead silence. My brain





has left me. It won't accept this. Clouds are coming in from the west. The beach is almost empty. Lufthansa just banked out over the ocean heading east. What am I going to do? The world has gone so closed-in and yet so wide open. Ships on the horizon. Why couldn't I be on one of them? I'm not "afraid" right now. Numb. Sick to my stomach. It's so very quiet. The sun is burning a bright strip on the water. It's actually quite beautiful. Maybe, if I'm honest about all of this at service (*evening service at the local synagogue*) there will be some glimmer of hope. Why do I even think of hope any more? I'm wearing my kippa. Rachel says it will bring me luck. Another Lufthansa plane flies over-head. The waves are only whispering. People are strolling by. Hey. My arms are still rather tan. So? As of now, I'll mention my situation at service. If nothing; The city shelter. If good. OK. If not? The Fort tomorrow. Buy a charger for the phone. Maybe I'll actually try Bradshaw. What the fuk? There's nothing left to lose anymore. Even rejection can't be bad any more. - Recapping on Tue. - Never got to do that so I'm recapping on Wed. 17 at 12h27 at Tribute Park: So, I made it to Mincha/Maariv services and the

prayers were said in such a low voice that I could barely follow. But Kaddish was said for Mama. I am relieved, happy and proud. May it be the one to bring Mama the glory she so deserves. Service was over and done with such rapidity that it felt like a train-wreck. And no rabbi. But before service, I spoke with an older man who was born and raised in the Catskills! Ferndale! We spoke of Sullivan County of old. It was a delight. And after, the cantor (?) came to say "It's good to see you." He should only know the pain in my heart at that moment. My new congregation! I'm being torn away! Well, there was no hope to be found there this evening so, quite hopelessly, I walked to 116th St., boarded the shuttle. The sun was just below the horizon and the sky-line over the bay was brilliant red-orange. I left a note on the train "begging" god's help. In my stunned silence on the shuttle, my heart screamed to be taken out of this misery, for intervention, to stop the Hell. It didn't do me any good. I took the A train to Broadway Junction where I realized I can take the L train to Union Square for the Nr.6 train to 28th St.! Standing on the L platform I was treated to a glorious full moon! But too, a full moon and I was heading for the shelter! I got on the L, caught the 6 and walked across 24th St., past Zuri's (He's dead now... not there). How strange. I lived there once upon a time. Now, I live no-where and reside every-where. Somewhere on my walk I shut down mentally. The protection my mind has developed from so many years of terror and abuse. Admitting to myself what I was about to do would have proven horrible terror. My brain blocked all but the fact that I was in The City. I just walked in the darkness of night. And there it was! A narrow walk-way between a grand old brick building and a construction site. A dark, fenced-in, wooden walk-way, leading to the back of the brick building. More darkness, inside me and around me now. I focused on nothing and kept walking... just kept walking... just kept walking. A court yard. Men. Smoking. Casually dressed. Guards, dim lights. But the men, mostly Black and Latino, weren't fighting. It wasn't at all violent. It most certainly wasn't welcoming, but I didn't sense any danger. I walked in the smaller door to the side of the main entrance. Stark. Dirty. In need of fresh paint. A sign: "Welcome to the E.30th Street Men's Shelter. NYC DHS (Department of Homeless Services)". It was to become "official" now. I'm "Homeless"! And I'm heading into the "Shelter System"! I was confused. But I was also under the impression that someone named "Arlene" would have noted my impending arrival so, maybe it would be a little more pleasant, once inside. And, I thought, if it's truly a horror, I'll just walk out and head for the A train and maybe the beach. I didn't have to stay. I didn't have to be pulled into this. I was still free to choose. I walked through the metal detector. It alarmed. I continued. Back-

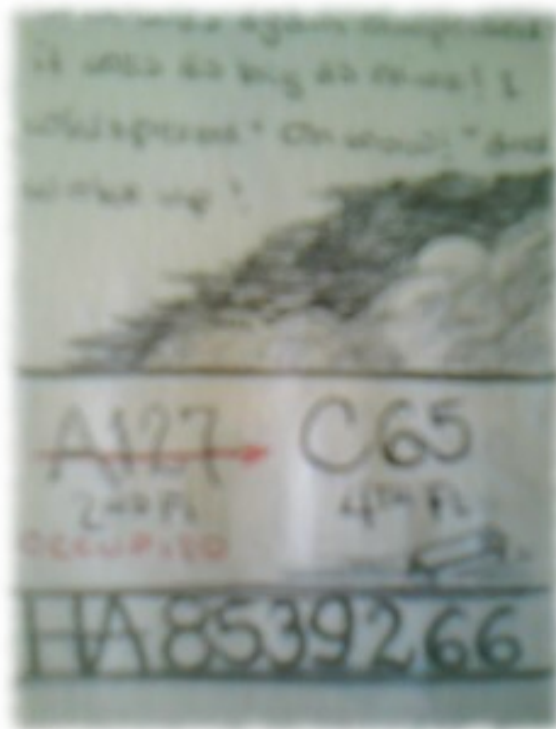
pack and hoodie through the x-ray. Wand over front. Turn. Wand over back. The “Go ahead”. To where? Down the hall to the lady at the desk... a block away. Turn left. Down the cavernous hall to the desk. Sign the sheet, last 4 digits of my social security number. She handed me a flimsy black trash bag. In it were two small brown paper bags. Each, I found, contained: an apple, pint of milk, plastic container of orange juice, small snack-size white cheddar popcorn, baked cheese crackers (fish) and turkey on hamburger roll. (While I sat waiting, I drank both juices, at 1 each, popcorn and cheese fish and watched the other men toss the milk into a galvanized garbage can! The waste! Food! Disgusting!) There were 6 of us in the waiting area. BUT, BEFORE getting to the waiting area, the lady at the desk pleasantly instructed me to go down a set of granite steps to what resembled a hotel check-in desk. The man there politely asked for photo ID and social security card. I was comforted by the request. It was more “controlled” than simply letting people wander in. He filled-in some form, handed me a purple index card, time stamped, on which he wrote my name, social security number and something that looks like “14RMS” “Upstairs to room 42”. What? “Up the stairs, to the left. Wait in the room. Somebody will call your name.” “Thank you. I’ve never done this before.” Again, 5 of us in the room. Me? The only “White” and I was still wearing my kippa. A young, Black kid who said he’d come in from Long Island. An older man with dreads. A well-dressed man with a piece of brand new luggage. A well-spoken man who was referred by Re-hab. A man who seemed to know the system. I looked at my card: 9:11 (21h11). We waited. We waited a bit longer. Then, we waited a bit more. Finally! Called. A squat little Black man with an Africanish accent instructs me to follow him. I do, wondering if my “file” is there already. “Sit.” He says. Not “please”. Not “Mr. Kessler”. Simply “Sit.” (14h05 Seaside Library... continuing recap) His name is “Shockeye”. Fitting. Ill-tempered and blatantly anti-Semitic. “Jews run the government with all their money” said the man who typed the comment about me being Homeless, jobless and looking for a place to “leave” (instead of “live”). “Yes,” I replied, “And all Black people are on Welfare.” “Your last address.” As I spoke, he typed, one finger with delayed hunt-and-peck. House number: Beach, street name: 116th Street, city: Manhattan. “I believe it should read ‘Beach 116th Street’ and ‘Queens’” I offered. “I will ask the questions and you will answer.” I simply shut down and shut up. The address was rejected as not found. I said nothing. Next, across the room. Finger-print and photo. I’m a file now. But NOTHING about or from Peninsula and no “Arlene”. Click. Flash. Back to Shockeye who had to find someone to correct some errors he had made on some hand-written forms! Imbecile! Oh, and by the way: Father’s last name: Kessler. Father’s first name: David. Penelope said to re-invent me. OK. I will. Half-steps. David Kessler would have been a better spouse and parent. But David’s Hebrew nick-name simply fits: Dudu. “Thank you for your patience.” says Shockeye. I say nothing. It wasn’t a question. He repeats the statement. I repeat my silence. I am returned to the waiting area. It’s almost midnight. There are more men waiting. Suddenly, another roll call. 3 men out for moments. They return with yellow forms. They’re going to Ward’s Island! I don’t want to go to Ward’s Island! A Black man is telling dread-locks that he’s hoping for “E. 3rd street”. Dreadlocks doesn’t quite grasp “Ward’s Island”. The E.3rd says “Island. A body of land surrounded by water.” It breaks the ice. The 3 to Ward’s are gone. Dreads gets called. I should be next. So I am. I’m given, by Shockeye, a yellow form. A bed, for the night, right there! No travelling! OK. Bed



number A57. "Second floor." says Shockeye. I am dismissed with form. It reads "One night". It gives a combination for a lock. It does not tell me how to find it. On the second floor I find a lone desk. In the caverns, by the stairs, a lone Black woman at a lone desk in what may have been quite beautiful surroundings at one time (for moments following construction). Pleasantly, she directed me. I was relieved and appreciative of her kindness. Onward, still thinking "At any moment I can still go for the beach." The room. Closed door. Solid, no window. I open it. Dreads is in there! shit! The bed number is written on the wall above the metal-frame-and-spring. Plastic mattress. Plastic pillow. The locker is the size of a chest of drawers. One large compartment on the right. 3 shelves on the left. A bag of linens and a little white plastic bag of toiletries inside. The "gift bag" cinched my appreciation of the farce. I made the bed. I put the pillow case on the pillow and put me on the mattress, fully dressed. No removal of clothing. I might need to bolt during the night. - Through the night we were joined by a young, quiet, Black man and a pierced, rather strung-out White guy who, immediately upon entering, moved his locker! (21h20 at the shelter... waiting again). BANG! It didn't last for long. But the guy made me a bit nervous. I half-slept, on and off, all through the night, in my clothes, kippa included. - Right or wrong, my heart beats a simple prayer: Those who turned away from me and those who led me to here, should suffer 10 years for every moment I suffer through this. Amen.

NOTES:

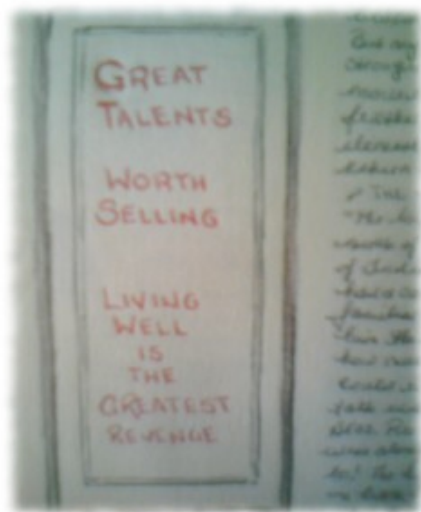
As I drew (*a little sketch*) at 19h46 on Sun. 16.10, it came to me: Being in the batteries of the Fort, alone, was my preparation for being in this shelter!
The souls of the tortured wander these halls. 400 E 30th.

**Tuesday, 16 September:**

Recapping on Wed.17 21h30 at the Shelter. 7th floor. Waiting. Woke this morning, burning eyes. About 6h30. All was relatively quiet in the room. But in the hall, the place was alive, busy, kicking and yelling. I watched my roommates in silence. Strip the bed. Linens in the bag in which they came. I could have showered but was in no mood. I wanted out. OUT! As I write this, I can't recall how I learned it, but I knew I needed to be back by 22h. OK. Out the door! Just out! No cigarettes. But Dreads needed a light. I swapped. He gave me a broken Marlboro menthol. I took it and left the building. Stopped at Duane Reade on 28th. A pack of Camel Lights at LONG last! COPD? Emphysema? Good. Kill me! At the corner I stopped to enjoy a smoke. - My back-pack is so heavy these days. My legs don't want to hold me and it. I descended the steps, wobbling. Feet, ankles, calves, thighs all painful. But I wanted to get out to The Peninsula. I wanted to get to the Fort. I wanted to work on my sketch-book. I wanted to get back to The Peninsula! I put 4\$ on the MetroCard and I was

on the rails: Nr.6 train to the L train to the A train to AIR and OCEAN! - I don't want to be seen on 116th St. so I took the A to Gaston. Arrived about 10h30 and when I got to 67th street, it was so calm, so quiet! It was Life itself. I actually wanted to drop and kiss the side-walk! Truly! Didn't, of course. But I headed to the bus stop. The sky was hazy. So was I. (Continuing 1h32 Thu. 18th. Bed 108 - SINGLE BED/ROOM!) The sun was hot when it broke through. I got the Q22 and rode along through the village I've come to think of as home. It was nothing less than pure delight to be back. Funny. I'd only been gone over-night but it felt like an eternity. My emotions tossed between wanting to go to the beach... forever... and wanting to fight through everything to come back home. I still can't quite figure it out in my head or my heart. (Brighton, Ocean Pkwy. Thu. 18.9 at 8h55) - When I got to the Fort, I had some trepidation about how I might be received. There was no telling. Almost 3 weeks have passed since I walked out that gate and in that time, only one phone call. But I resolved to tell the truth, bluntly, and little more. It would be quite telling, the attitude I'd face. Yet, this was the Fort, the place in which I'd "resided" for two weeks, all day and all night. I know this place better than all of them and I had more right to be here than the rest. If the reception was to be miserable, then so be it. I was in no mood to play stupid with anyone. I headed toward T6 where Penelope's car was parked and the door was open. - I walked in. All was set-up for the exhibit. Radio on. Nobody in sight. Suddenly, from behind me I hear: "You're not welcome here." Penelope was in the library. She stood in the door-way with a big smile. She was joking. I wasn't quite sure. "How are you?" she asked, walking toward me. "Come here." And she opened her arms, came closer and gave me a hug. I hugged, half-heartedly. Here was a person who, although I knew in my heart, had done all she could for me, to help me to the extent of her ability, in the long-run, stood by and watched me drop to the depths I'd reached. Five weeks and I'd actually grown bitter, even toward her. "Not good." Is all I could open with. Truth. Nothing more. I told her the gist of the past 3 weeks. She listened. I said I could use a coffee. She offered to share her de-caf but when I said I'd rather a "real" coffee, she got out the machine and gave me run of the place as had been usual. I asked if T7 was open. She gave me the key. She told me of an installation behind T7 that I should see. I made coffee, went to get fixative in T7. She asked for more details about the past 3 weeks. I gave them, digest/summary. She gave me the latest on Fred and such. She told me that Albert Green had come to the Art Splash reception on Sunday, took a fall, cut his arm. His mother implied that the floor was wet and caused the fall. I told Penelope to be very careful, there were probably looking for a law-suit. She agreed. I volunteered: as his Home Care-giver, I'm in a position to be of great benefit to RAA in a law-suit. Albert was very unsteady on his legs and should not have been about unguarded. She agreed. I told her that I would welcome the opportunity to be part of a prosecution against Albert, considering how instrumental he and his family are in my current situation. Indeed, I'm actually hoping they try something. It would be my reparation. - Time went along and the conversation flowed as if there'd been no break. Penelope brought me up to date and I, she. - Tommy and Tony arrived as I was finishing spraying fixative on my sketches. (Phase I of "55" completed.) A hand-shake and enquiry about the 3 weeks. He asked about my work. I simply summed it into "They essentially got me fired." I'll leave it at that. We'll see how this affects their views and reception of the Greens. I don't expect allegiances to me. But, I'll give them the rope. They'll either swing or hang with it. - As the day passed, Penelope and I talked. She told me of her experiences and events with Jose. We got to me again. I read her my blurb for "Sketch 55". It actually gave her goose-bumps. She encouraged me to learn to abandon the inferiority I feel due to my child-hood. She encouraged me to always remember: Living well is the best revenge. She told me that, no matter what I might think, I have great talents, well worth selling. She made me think: My mother invested a great part of her life to ensuring the survival of her children. Destroying myself would be a direct insult to her, her efforts and her memory. I don't need to come out of this simply for my own, but to show the world my Mother's success in raising a child of talent and an adult who many in the world happen to like and admire. And it's quite true. She

promised to nag me about it constantly. - It got to be 16h. As usual, she drove me only to the gate and left me at the bus stop. I don't suppose her kindness will ever extend further than that. But, in her heart, she means well. She does what she feels she can. No more. No less. We agreed we'd see each-other on Friday. She drove away. - PHC (*The Hospital*). Brian was glad to see me. Jocelyn had the day off. We talked about last night and I summed up the lot of it by saying: "They lied to get me out" and I pointed out how they manipulated it at a time when my social support (he and Jocelyn) were off the floor. He agreed. As we spoke I couldn't help but think of how difficult he and I are but how we get along. In some strange twist, we've become "Friends". "Friends". All quite simply. As I got ready to leave, he went to his wallet, sorted-out some bills, folded them and handed them to me. "It's not much, but at least you'll have a little something in your pocket." I didn't count it then, but it turned-out to be a five and five singles. Here's a man with medical and financial problems of his own, extending a kindness that surpasses the world. Meanwhile, those of better means with-hold. Life. Existence. Creation. The lesson. The education. "Friends". I accepted his kindness graciously and gratefully. As I left him this evening, my heart was a bit stronger. This had been a day of intense moral support. - I walked up to B59th street A station. The sun was, again, just below the horizon and there was the usual blaze of brilliant red-orange blazing into the coming night sky. I hated leaving The Peninsula even more tonight. But my heart was stronger and my determination to succeed and pass through this all the stronger still. As I crossed the bay I recalled how the sculpture behind T7 had moved me to sit on the back steps and silently weep. A sheet, a dress, 2 burnt logs, some feathers, hundreds of shells. The elements of "my home" in my homelessness. The elements of the place I call "Home" from which I've been ripped and to which I will return in better times. I have purpose and determination. I have "Friends" here. - THE NIGHTMARE: I was back at the shelter by 21h. In the "holding tank", as we refer to "the lounge" on the 7th floor, I finally got to chat with the little fellow who reminds me so much of Schmulik! What a charm! A delight. I didn't catch his first name. Something of Indian/Paki origins. Family name sounds like "Maddy". He's lived in Long Beach, had a condo in Tampa, lost his work there, came back to NY thinking he'd find work. How familiar! He said he's thinking of journaling his experiences at the shelter. I showed him these, my notes, this, my journal. All the while we spoke, I couldn't help but think of how much I was drawn to him. How could I not be? Schmulik! I have no idea if there could even be a deeper "camaraderie" and I doubt there will be. But, I got the chance to talk with him. When bed assignments came, he got the 7th floor, I got the 2nd. Separation. Alas. Perhaps we'll meet at some other juncture. In fact, we did, in passing, as the night went along. - I was assigned A127. As Fate would have it, a room with 5 beds and lo! The bed was occupied! And, by some beast of a White man: big build, long hair, hair on back and shoulders. Nothing I wanted as my enemy! I want NO enemies in this place! So, back to the 7th floor for re-assignment. It was already almost midnight by now. I was exhausted from lack of sleep last night. My back-pack seemed to cut into my shoulders. My feet and legs ached terribly. The guy who assigned me to this bed actually admitted to having made the mistake. I waited for re-assignment. The 4th floor. C65. Five beds. One room-mate. My combination for the locker worked. His did not. I tried all the locks. His combination was useless, but he took it in stride. I gave him my extra set of linens. He thanked me. Told me that he'd had an argument with the Mrs., left her at home to come for the night. He had to be in class by 9h tomorrow. He's an adult student. He was wearing a suit and black, silk shirt. Ah, the cross-section of the Homeless. - Tonight, I made the bed, removed shirt and shoes, got "comfortable". Second night. I was falling into place. I removed my kippa. - We were joined by 3 others before lights were put out. The room went dark and quiet. We were all exhausted. It must have been close to 1h by now, and we have to be out of the place by 8h. - Tonight I slept... and dreamt!



DREAM

Daniel G. and I were at a club, drinking and dancing. It wasn't a Gay club, but it wasn't quite straight. I was sitting on a wall of sorts when he came over and sat on my lap, facing away from me! Playfully, I leaned back, bending, and as I did, he leaned forward and somehow opened my pants and sucked my dick into his mouth! It took me by surprise and I sat up, reaching for his dick as he too, sat up, smiling. He leaned back, essentially lying on top of me. I grabbed his dick and was again surprised: it was as big as mine! I whispered "Oh wow!" and woke up.

NOTES:

GREAT TALENTS - WORTH SELLING - LIVING WELL IS THE GREATEST REVENGE

A127 (2nd Fl. Occupied) - C65 (4th Fl.)

Wednesday, 17 September:

(It's 10h42 on Thursday. 18.9. I'm on the boards at Ocean Parkway. I've just finished the recap for Tues. The sun is up in a slightly hazy blue sky. A beautiful breeze blowing. It's calm here. A container-ship is pulling into the harbour. Ah, my first Financial District job: Containership Agency. Inc. 1 Western Union Plaza. Remo B. and Elliot, AnnRay and Peggy. The WTC hadn't been quite complete and Battery Park City was being started as "capped land-fill". But I have catching up to do right now...) WHAT A DAY leading into WHAT A NIGHT! - This morning, a SHOWER and out the door into that strange world of expensive East 30's. It strikes me how we, the Homeless, reside amidst the affluence of Kips Bay. - This morning, a direct route to the P.O. (Post Office) Back "Home" on the Peninsula. The box wasn't very full, but the mail in there was all from Beth El! I'm absolutely on the roster now. More to make me feel good about myself. Remembering a comment made by Brian yesterday (You have to invest in yourself). I got a 5 dollar money-order and 2 envelopes. I've requested my PPD results. I'll need them for further job-seeking. I'm "Investing in myself" now. - Off to the Seaside library to catch-up on this journal, check the Voy boards and some e-mails. There was a birthday posting to my Newburgh board on my birthday. How dare they!?!? I'm NOT flattered in the least! No e-mails thought. Dick-heads. Self-serving shits that they are. Anyway, the morning passed. - A trip to Waldbaum's for "lunch". HEY! I'm still getting food stamps! I had lunch in Tribute Park and there's still 184.66\$ left. I can EAT again! - As I was passing Wendy's on Beach Channel Drive, a horn tooted at me. I turned to see, of all people, David F., the physical therapist, at the drive-through window! I stopped to chat. He's just returning from his honeymoon. He asked how I'm doing. I simply put it off to time-off for a while, told him I'd given-up on Premier and asked if he still had Albert Green. Well! Seems Green's insurance dumped him! No aide. No therapy. I didn't say much more on the matter lest my anger and bitterness came out, reiterated my availability for private duty and continued on to lunch. - As I say, then to the library and at about 15h30, on the bus (from 120th and not 116th) to PHC. Brian was in dialysis but I was told I could visit him there. I did. He was having a bad day. Pains in the shoulder-blades, difficulty breathing. (Continuing Thu. 22h02 A108) Complications. I don't like it. No word on his MRI either. I try to keep his spirits up. He's happy to see me when I visit and this evening, before I left, he gave me a half of a tuna salad sandwich he had left over. He looks after me. Friend. - At about 19h I grabbed the Q22 bus to 59th for the trains back to the shelter. It kills me to have to leave the Peninsula. My brain still goes numb when I do. I just can't handle this yet. Not the reality of it. - Tonight was another



night of complete farce. COMPLETE FARCE! Arrival about 21h. Through the metal detector and up to the 7th floor sign-in. Down the hall to the holding room to wait. Lots more guys tonight. No Maddy. But another guy whom I've seen, sat beside me to talk. I never did get his name so I'll refer to him as "N" (nameless?). He's getting fed-up with the way things are handled around here. But we all get that way, I imagine. Me? I admit, my brain is in denial. I just roll along with it all. There's nothing else to do. Speak and you cause resentment. Get that and somebody's going to put the screws to you. I'd rather roll by knowing I have my "options" out there. Anyway, in the course of our talking, he took a look at my sketches and proposed that he and I collaborate on a comic strip for the news papers. He liked the art-work until I told him I'm not so good at drawing people. That's when he got a little too critical: didn't like the order in which things were drawn, picked-out things in the sketches that he didn't care for. Me? I let it all go. I know how, why, what is in those sketches. That's enough for me. So we continued talking until roll-call. That's when the evening took off: His name wasn't on the sign-in list. Mine was though. I got my bed assignment and came to see. 2nd floor. A108. I OPEN THE DOOR TO THE ROOM, IT'S A SINGLE BED! SINGLE ROOM! BUT THERE'S A GUY IN IT! AGAIN! I TELL THE SECURITY GUARD ON THE FLOOR. THE DRAMA COMMENCES... She says I have to get the guy out. I should tell the security guard in the area... I tell her that it happened last night and I'll take another assignment. She insists the guy needs to go. I tell her he's got his books and such in the room and he's sitting on the floor. No good. It has to escalate. I have to go to the administration to have the guy removed. I don't want to go that route. Just re-assign me like last night. No. I end up being brought to the first floor. A third DHS cop gets involved. He tells the Africans on duty and ONE OF THEM SAYS THAT I NEED TO GO IN,

MOVE THE GUY'S STUFF, RE-MAKE THE BED WITH MY LINENS AND MOVE IN. DHS COP DOESN'T LIKE THAT BECAUSE IT WILL LEAD TO AN ALTERCATION THAT THEY WILL HAVE TO BREAK IT UP. THE AFRICANS DON'T CARE. OH, PRIOR TO GOING TO THE ADMIN, I'D GONE BACK TO THE 7TH FLOOR TO TELL THE TEAM OF 3 (2 WOMEN, ONE MAN, ALL AFRIKAN) ABOUT THE SITUATION. ONE WOMAN BELTS OUT "SEND THE CLIENT UP HERE!" RIGHT. LIKE I HAVE THAT AUTHORITY! SO, DOWN AT THE ADMIN DESK, THE DHS COP NOTIFIES THE DHS SERGEANT WHO SAYS TO SEND THE ADMIN UP-STAIRS FOR A CONFRONTATION. ADMIN TELLS THE COP TO SEND THE SGT. DOWN! A VERBAL BATTLE COMMENCES VIA MESSENGER AND RADIO. THE NEXT THING I KNOW, THE GUY FROM A108 IS STANDING IN THE HALL WITH HIS JACKET ON AND HIS LUGGAGE! HE'S OUT OF THE ROOM. THE COP WHO WAS TRYING TO HELP ME TAKES MY MEAL TICKET/ASSIGNMENT, TELLS ANOTHER COP TO STAY WITH ME AND DISAPPEARS UP-STAIRS! NOW, I'M WITHOUT MY TICKET WHICH MEANS I'M NOWHERE AT ALL! I LOOK UP AND THERE STANDS "N"! SEEMS HE GOT ASSIGNED TO AN OCCUPIED BED BUT WHEN HE TRIED TO FIX IT, AN ADMINISTRATOR TORE-UP HIS

TICKET AND MADE HIM START ALL OVER AGAIN! THE PLACE HAD GONE INSANE! MEANWHILE (13h28 at T6) ALL I WANTED TO DO IS GET A BED, GET SOME SLEEP. THE DHS COPS WERE IN A BATTLE WITH THE DESK CLERKS. ONE GUARD WAS ASSIGNED TO WATCH ME. I COULDN'T GO ANY-WHERE BECAUSE ANOTHER DHS COP HAD TAKEN MY MEAL TICKET. "N" WAS PISSED OFF. SUDDENLY, A CHANGE OF SHIFT. A TALL, BLACK WOMAN TAKES THE DESK. EVERYTHING CHANGES. SHE TAKES CONTROL, GETS ON THE PHONE. I'M CALLED TO THE DESK. I'M GIVEN THE BED A108. SHE'S GOING TO FIND ANOTHER BED FOR THE PREVIOUS OCCUPANT. SHE CHECKS A LIST, GIVES ME THE COMBINATION TO THE LOCKER. IT'S DONE IN UNDER 5 MINUTES. THE PREVIOUS A108 COMES TO ME TO ASK: WOULD I BE WILLING TO SWAP BEDS WITH HIM SO HE CAN RETURN. HE'S ON MEDS. THEY WERE CHANGED TODAY. HE FELL ASLEEP AND MISSED SIGN-IN. A SECURITY GUARD HEARD HIS REQUEST AND HAD TO TELL HIM SEVERAL TIMES THAT NO, NO SWAPPING. I TRULY DIDN'T WANT TO ANYWAY. - ISSUE SETTLED, I WENT TO MY BED. IT WASN'T 10 MINUTES, PREVIOUS A108 COMES WALKING INTO THE ROOM! "DID I LEAVE ANY NIK-NAKS?" NO. THE ROOM IS CLEAR. "OK. SORRY TO BOTHER YOU." HE LEAVES. I TRY TO SETTLE-IN. ABOUT 20 MINUTES LATER, HE'S BACK! AGAIN, WITH THE NIK-NAKS STORY. AT THIS POINT I'M BUGGED AND THINKING HE'LL BE AT THIS SHIT ALL NIGHT. I FIRMLY TELL HIM THIS IS THE SECOND TIME HE'S COME IN, I'M TRYING TO GET SOME SLEEP. HE APOLOGISES. HIS NAME IS CARLOS. HE WANTS TO BE FRIENDS. HE'S HARMLESS, DOCILE. I DON'T WANT TO BE "FRIENDS" BUT I DON'T WANT TO BE ENEMIES. CARLOS LEAVES, I PUT ON A SET OF SCRUBS. THE DAY IS DONE. I GO TO BED... HOPEFULLY, TO SLEEP A WHILE. IT'S ALMOST 2am! - At some point during all this mayhem, I met Mike, next room. Private. He tells me that I'm now in the "Permanent Wing". This should be my bed for the duration. I just MUST make sure to sign-in ON TIME, ALL THE TIME! One mistake and I begin again. Oh. I've seen how that goes.



Thursday, 18 September:

(still at T6) Construction next door is a perfect alarm. 5h30, they begin. I slept the few hours and would have liked to sleep and additional few. But I still don't know when THEY decide we must vacate. So, I threw an instant coffee together in my water bottle and headed across the hall to the shower! What a joy to shower! Bolt back to the room, dress and run for the exit. Today? Brighton to Jackie's for a 99-cent shirt if possible. To the 99-cent Store for laundry soap. (22h Fri. A108 waiting for a shower) They had NONE! I got 2 white T-shirts at Jackie's. 99-cents each. Caught the B68 to the 99-cent Store. Got a pillow case to use as the cover for the 55 Sketches. 3 pairs of

white socks and a package of disposable razors for tomorrow's haircut. On the B36 and off to Rockaway. Got in to visit Brian. Kleymenova saw me in the hall and wanted to know why I was there! "To visit a friend!" I told her. As if it was any of her damned business. As I visited, Rachel came by to give me the addresses for Chabad in Rockaway AND the main office on Eastern Parkway. She says I'll enjoy the one on Eastern Pkwy. They always have something going on there. OK. But the ones (two) in Rockaway? Maybe they'll be able to connect me to some work! I'm hoping (not strongly, but I'm hoping). I'd gone to Waldbaum's for my lunch before going to the hospital. A peaceful little lunch in Tribute Park, and I brought 2 boxes of Drakes Cakes for Brian. As I told him, I have no money but I have Food Stamps. I "gift" with food. - Jocelyn wasn't on this evening again. I'm sorry. I'm waiting for her reaction to my having been tossed out. So... - I left at about 18h15 and arrived back at the shelter at about 20h. Finally got to talk with Dennis, a really pleasant Black guy from, of all places, Castle Hill! He'd been sleeping on the Pelham train for a while before coming to the shelter. He also told me that he'd been having trouble with the administrators but only the Africans. Well, come to learn, Shockeye gave him shit too, as do the ones in the main office. When I get out of here, I'd like to see them all deported. They're just bloody miserable. - So, it turned into a rather other-wise early night. But Mike, next door, got tossed somehow! My connection to answers is gone now. I have to wing it! - Oh. Before I close today: I met a guy from A127 room (where I was assigned to an occupied bed this week). Jewish. Mike. It's the kippa that's starting conversations. - While waiting for sign-in this evening I heard Maddy extolling the beauty of Indian women. I guess he's straight. Oh well. He's not all that attractive with-out his baseball cap on I learnt. - Tonight the Puerto Ricans in the next room were arguing in the hall. Trash! They should be sent back. - THE BIG NEWS? THIS MORNING I NOTICED A FLOOR PLAN ON THE WALL. "PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL"!!!! THIS IS THE OLD BELLEVUE! SHIT! IT EXPLAINS A WHOLE LOT ABOUT WHY IT LOOKS LIKE A PSYCH HOSPITAL. AND THESE ROOM WERE PROBABLY LOCK-DOWN AT ONE TIME. GIVES ME THE ICKS! (Now to try for Friday's entry... on Friday night!)

Friday, 19 September:

22h32 Still waiting to take a shower. They gave me fresh linens today and they're brand new! And I got a pillow! I'd made one with the extra linens, but now, tonight, I have a pillow! Figures. I don't know if I'll have this room tomorrow. With my Fate? I'll probably end up in a dorm room of 7 beds. Oh well. I need to get out of here quickly anyway. So, today... I begin at 5h with "Security" banging on the doors to wake us all for breakfast. Some Ubangi came to my door, pulled it open and yelled what sounded like "bread fox!". Eventually I figured it out. So I rolled over and tried to go back to sleep. Finally, I couldn't so, out to the shower. (They just did a bed-check! Good thing I'm NOT in the shower! Shit! Whew! But the timing is great: The shits next door have been smoking. I can smell it through the wall or in the window. Toss 'em!) Anyway. AS I WAS GETTING READY TO LEAVE, THE WOMAN WHO WAS ON THE DESK WEDNESDAY NIGHT WAS HERE ON THE FLOOR AND WHEN I WENT TO THANK HER FOR HER HELP SHE SAID "GOOD-MORNING. HOW ARE YOU MR. KESSLER?" SHE REMEMBERED MY NAME! I WANT TO GET HER NAME AND WRITE TO THE PAPERS TO THANK HER! - An inspection is due today so we had to strip the bed. Explains the good linens. But I was on the number 6 train by 7h30 and off to The Rock! - What a joy. What a pleasure to go back there each day. I don't know what I'm going to do when I have no more car-fare to get back. I'll need to start pan-handling this week-end! - Got the train to 116th and went to Waldbaum's for my lunch. Got a Fage (*Greek yoghurt*) for Penelope too. Why not? Eh? George was there in the market! We chatted about smoking the various herbs in the spice aisle. He made yet another reference to chaps. Shit or get off the pot, dear George. I left him and took my groceries to the 53 bus and out to The Fort. - Indeed, Penelope was there. It began as a pleasure to see her but she somehow turned into

her ridiculously stupid side, telling me what's wrong with my life, how, with my talents and intelligence I should be very gainfully employed, making judgemental statements without knowing facts or even taking the time to listen to them! We finally stopped talking (thankfully) and I set-up in the loo and took a HARICUT AND BEARD TRIM AND SHAVE!!! For the hair, I used a little craft scissor. It did the job well enough! - Had my cheese on a roll, microwaved, a yoghurt, 2 puddings and coffee. - 23h13 I GOT MY SHOWER! FOR THE FIRST TIME IN I CAN'T RECALL HOW LONG, I GOT TO BED CLEAN! THE FLOOR'S GONE QUIET. I WISH I COULD HAVE A SMOKE. I'M HAPPY AS SHIT I HAVE AN EXTRA BLANKET. IT'S 23.5 DEGREES IN HERE BUT I WAS CHILLED AFTER THE SHOWER. A SHOWER! NOW, LET'S HOPE FOR SLEEP THROUGH THE NIGHT. - To finish a journal for to-day: Shirl came by The Fort to work on her sculpture. We talked very nicely indeed. She missed me Sunday, Art Splash. We talked about becoming famous for our art. Then she said something most kind: "You've already lost more... Nope... not today, Thurs. This is Friday. Oh, right. So is this. I'm trying to catch-up with this at 10h15 on Saturday at T6. I'm too pre-occupied or tired or what-ever. So, let me go on to Saturday. Just to close Friday: WHAT A MAGNIFICENT HIGHT'S SLEEP! I was starving. But, I slept.

Saturday, 20 September:

10h17 at T6: Thirty-seven days of Homelessness and day six at the shelter. The sign on the door says that we must be out of the room MONDAY THRU FRIDAY FROM 8:00 TO 4:00. It stays nothing about Saturday and Sunday. But it was so unusually quiet this morning. I've risked making the bed and leaving the "essentials" in the locker. Ms.Peace said I can meet with her today after 16h. So I'll be back well before sign-in and what-ever. So now I have one plastic bag in tow. - The trains are running horribly! 37 minutes between L! I'll be leaving here to give my-self time. - Stopped at KeyFood for some lunch cheese, rolls. Got 2 frozen, 9-slice pizzas to leave in the T6 freezer for the folks. Food stamps. - Penelope's in a snit. Sweeping and pretty much ignoring me. She didn't eat the yoghurt I bought for her yesterday. It's still in the fridge. Oh well. - 10h58 I helped, a very little, moving a table and chairs with Geoff. He was pleasant, but, a comment mad on his way out the door: "I'll be back to talk with you in a little while..." has me troubled, considering Penelope set up her sculpting and left about 30 minutes ago. She's blatantly not speaking to or with me today. I wonder, I wonder what's coming now. I'm sitting here, alone. - 13h58 Time to go. The sky is beautifully blue. The sun is wonderfully warm. The slightest breeze. A perfect Rockaway day... Cut short. And I've been ignored through it all. But I got my Brighton bag and re-inked it. 3 coats of fixative. So? - 2 cheese sandwiches. 2 puddings. I'm bringing 2 PopTarts back. It's going to be some kind of evening... I fear. Well. Madame Atheras gets her Monday alone. I NEED TO GET MOVING AND GET MY LIFE! - 21h11 A108 I left T6 out the back gate, silently, walked behind T4 and out the gate to the bus. That's it. That's all. In silence. I had nothing to say to anybody. Geoff never did come back to talk. I'm just as glad. I had nothing to say anyway. (Damned Ricans are at it again. Yelling in the hall-way.) So the 22 driver was familiar. Nice guy. We talked about the "other end" of the line. Made for a good trip. When I got off at B67th I heard a big "Hello!" Debra! The HHA from Premier whom I'd met months ago! We got to talking. I told her the truth about my present situation. She gave me her home number and told me that if it gets really bad and I consider going back to the beach to call her. "I have a big apartment and you can sleep on a spot on the floor before you go back to the beach." Imagine? Hey! Maybe she does and maybe she doesn't mean it. But she didn't have to give me her number! I was in need of good people after the brush-off at RAA. - I dozed on the trains back to the shelter. It was hot on the A and I was a bit sweaty. Something I can't afford. But I've got my flip-flops (green) and bathing trunks with me. I re-inked the Brighton bag. So, laundry day is coming! - Got to the shelter at 17h. I'd cut out of RAA at 14h30. No queue to speak of getting in. Went

directly up to the 7th floor to find my case-worker. Well! There's a reason her name is Peace. "Peace" indeed! She listened to me. She spoke with me. She respected me. She preserved my dignity. She told me that she didn't take her job here for the money but because, if she can help even one person's life, it makes her happy and that's why she's come. She told me stories of previous clients. She's a God-fearing woman. She suggested trying for porters' jobs in Jewish schools and such. When she asked how I became Homeless, I told her. Then I told her that the agency won't assign me cases because I have no perm. address. She was taken. "It's their fault to begin with! You see? No responsibility." When she asked what my pay was, I told her. She was actually angered. "They abuse you! How can they do that and get away with it? You are worth so much more! They are abusing you!" Dignity. All about dignity. She was another God-send, and with what came after the Intake interview, Debra and Peace were necessary. - By the way... A108 has become my "Permanent" bed. Of course, that doesn't mean much, so I learnt. THEY SHIPPED DENNIS OUT TO BROOKLYN THIS EVENING! As I was leaving Ms. Peace, walking past "the lounge" I heard "JUDAH!" Dennis called me. (Oh, and while I was sitting in Mrs. O's office, Maddy came past. "I'm looking for the Jewish Missionary's office." I joked in a Yiddish accent. Anyway, when my interview was done, I went into the lounge. I was still carrying my back-pack and such. Dennis reaches out, shakes my hand and tells me that he'd gone out this morning and when he returned, there was a note on his bed to report to "Operations". He was being transferred immediately! When he commented on it, they told him that he only had 21 days here anyway. When he said he'd only been here about 8 (I think) they just told him that they found him something quicker. SHOVED OUT. LAST MINUTE. ON A SATURDAY! Ah, like PHC! We're not "people". We're just some shit they get to play with! So, I heard this, told him to give me a moment, came down to put my pack away, have a smoke and a drink of much-needed water. When I got back up to 7, he was on his way out! Forbell Street. The Grant St. station on the A! Out at the Queens border! Close to Rockaway! He asked me to walk with him to the Nr.6 train. I gave him my directions to Queens (6-1-A) instead of what they'd given him (6-4/5-A or something like that). On the way, he gave me a cigarette, told me he'd had some really miserable notions about Jews until meeting me. (It looks like I'm becoming the good-will ambassador for world Jewry here!) Rachel said "Wear the kippa. It will bring you good luck." Well, I don't know about the luck but it's certainly changing attitudes.) I gave him a swipe on my MetroCard so he didn't have to use the fare on his. He gave me his cell number. I gave him mine. He said he'll keep in touch and as the train pulled in, we shook hands and he said "I'm gonna miss you brother." One of the things he wants out of life is to win the Lottery, buy a building and use it for a shelter for Homeless men like us. I pray he gets his dream. He said he'll call to let me know how Forbell is. I'm going to give him a call tomorrow on my way to Rockaway. Maybe I can meet him, we'll stop at Waldbaum's and I'll take him to the Fort for "lunch". How fucking "chic". - Well, it's 22h01. I've showered. This journal is up to date. I'm going to try for some sleep tonight. Ah... if only I had clean clothes at this point. Well, more motivation to get a "life" and stop this "existence". - 22h20 The door opens. The door closes. Bed check. Bloody Ricans slamming doors and making noise in the halls! Trash bastards. I'm going for lights out!

NOTES (measurements of my dorm room)

Door: 92x40

Old door window: 17,5x5

Bed: 74x47

Room: 12ft deep x 7,5 ft. wide

Locker:

36 wide x 48 high x 25 deep

L: 17inches wide x 45 inches high

R: 17x16,5/12/16 (sections)



Sunday, 21 September:

About 11h Backyard T7 Good night's sleep. Up. Shower. Out. Rang Dennis. No answer. Left message. Got the train. Rang him at Broadway Junction. Wanted to bring him out to the Fort, show him where I "lived". I'm a bit disappointed. But, maybe there's a good reason why we didn't connect. I just hope he's not back on the trains. - Penelope and Geoff are being civil. No indication of animosity. - I ate a cheese sandwich and 2 puddings. - The sun feels good. The breeze is great. I need to wash my clothes. - 21h30
JUST WHEN YOU BELIEVE ALL HELL HAS BROKEN LOOSE, ALONG COMES EVEN MORE!!! W. BENJAMIN IS IN HOSPICE.

CA/SPINE! MY ADP ACCOUNT WON'T BUY A PACK OF CIGARETTES TONIGHT! MY METROCARD EXPIRES TUESDAY! A HUGE BLISTER ON MY LEFT FOOT BROKE JUST NOW WHILE I WAS IN THE SHOWER! Oh, Dennis never called. OK? OK then. But I met Debra at the 20/20 Market on 59th. What a charmer she is. Hugs and all. Was going to wait for me to come out of the market to make sure I got in and out OK. AND ONE OF MY BOTTOM-FRONT TEETH IS A BIT BAD. I'm exhausted. Went to x-ray with Brain today and I brought him back to his room! - It's warm in here tonight. It's noisy in the hall. The wall by the bed is a sub-divide, board-not-plaster and the scum in the room next are smoking in there. I can smell it. Tough times are here again. 21h42, the scum next door are yelling and slamming doors and such. My eyes burn. My foot burns. The wall is moving because of the shit next door! I need sleep!

**Monday, 22 September:**

7h02 Waiting for the shower. Miserable sleep last night. Woke at about midnight and could fall back to sleep all night. Drenched from sweat at one point. Just anxiety and panic. No money. No travel. My PPD (Tuberculosis Test) results will come in the mail and I won't be able to get them! Job? How? It all just keeps compounding! I can't walk great distances now because of my blistered foot. I've got a 5\$ US and a 5\$ Canadian. 60-cents in change. Clothes are filthy! Blood on the sheets from mosquito bites. If I can't get to RAA and Penelope, I can't charge the cell phone. I wonder what evil I've committed to be so deserving of this situation. Well, one thing is for certain: kippa or no, it's my survival first! From now on. The Hebrew people fought, destroyed, killed, lied for survival. Today? MY TURN! - 18h15 on the shuttle at B116. A heavy day. A very heavy day. I stopped at Waldbaum's this morning. 2 yoghurts, Starbuck's and a box of Ring Dings for Brian. Off to The Fort for a silent treatment from Penelope and empty donation jars! OK. I asked Penelope if she was pissed with me. "100 per-cent." was her reply and all because she detected an attitude from me yesterday about my having made coffee! - 21h11 A108 Dead tired. The day has gotten to me. The shelter is getting to me. But! I'm showered before bed (the only normalcy - shower before bed - in my existence). So I should focus on that first step to a "Return". Meanwhile... I spoke with Penelope on the matter, told her that, of all the people I have in my life these days, I don't want to lose here to some argument that can be settled. Truth? Well, if it's so friggin easy for her to get pissed and shut me out, I don't need HER either. But for now,



just for now, I'll try to keep some peace. So, that settled, I had my breakfast... in a lot of silence. - I ALMOST FORGOT TO NOTE: THE PPD'S WERE HERE THIS MORNING! FOR SCHITZENGIGGLES I STOPPED AT THE P.O. AND THERE THEY WERE! POST MARKED THE 19TH! NOW I CAN GO TO EVERY AGENCY AND HOME ON THE PENINSULA... NOW I NEED CARFARE! BUT I'VE GOT "MY PAPERS" NOW! - OK. So Tommy comes by T6 and leaves. By noon I left too. But not before grabbing 4 cigarettes from Penelope's pack. Hey! I was going to go for the whole pack. I'm still not THAT miserable yet though. I headed to 148th to find Chabad. Why? I figure I'll tell them I'm available to work. Maybe they can and maybe they can't help. Well, they don't have an actual centre. The Rebbe, Lev Osbo... OK... Osdoba, a young man, directs Belle Harbor Torah Inst. And has "Chabad" in his home. I was most warmly welcome. We talked. He asked if I'm looking to rent (basement). Of

course I said I'm interested but the 600\$ base rent didn't set well with him. Oh well. Too bad. However, he did invite me to services at the "stiebel" (*a small gathering place, often the private home of some-one, where Jews gather to pray as would be done in a synagogue*) on 137th. So... So what-ever. - Left there. It was still rather early so I decided to bring my PPD report to Extra Care. TIMING!!! The Nurse-Director was there! She signed-off on my file! Ms. Thomas gave me the W4 to complete. She wanted me to return with a photo. (The HHA's - Home Health Aides - supply their own photo for ID. Cheap-ass agency, but I gave her one of my passport photos.) My ID is done! The paper work is done! I'm employed by Extra Care now! They even took the RPH address! I'm on my way back already. SLOWLY. Sure. But what the fuk? Eh? (21h33 and the scum next door is at it, pounding, yelling. Reasons to get the fuk out of here!) - Moving along... it was too late to hit Far Rock at this point and the sky was clouding so I opted for my stop-over at PHC. A downhill slide... Brian was in dialysis HAVING A NEW LINE INSERTED so I wasn't allowed in. I went up to Hospice on 3 to visit WB. No name on room 337! The nurse told me he died this morning! Unexpectedly! So now, WB is no longer viable, Zami is in Brooklyn, my private duties are gone! I have nothing appropriate to wear to a shiva (*a week-long period of mourning following the death of a near relative*) call. Life shows me my shit worth again. If this is Karma, I REALLY want to know what I've done to deserve THIS shit! But the nurse was kind and we chatted and I'm thinking of trying for a spot on the Hospice unit. PHC is thinking of turning 2N (of ALL units!) to Hospice. What the hell? When I get the CNA I'll give it a try. Or even before, for Schitzengiggles. I went back down to see Brian. Kleymenova won't let up on the nosey bullshit. "What's going on?" she asked when I got to the floor. "Visiting." I said without stopping. I spent about an hour with Brian. He's in a toque (*ski hat*), he dozed. I left. He'd be on dialysis until 19h anyway. It was about 16h at that point. - The Q22 bus to 119th St.. Library! Internet! Barbara! Old times. I got to EVERY e-mail account and EVERY "voy" board. Interestingly enough, not one e-mail or post to or about me. Dead. Gone. Forgotten. Finished. And Ms.Peace thinks I'm "empty" without people. Ah-hah. Well! So what? I hit it all and left at the end of my computer time. Barbara had left while I was on-line. - To Waldbaum's. (Oh. 3,60\$ left to my name on the ADP card! Fukking broke now!) 2 pkgs. 70-cent turkey, a "PMR" roll, a box of PopTarts (I just finished the last pkg. as I journal), chocolate milk and a quite dinner in Tribute Park. I hope I can have another tomorrow evening since my MetroCard expires tomorrow and that means no more Rockaway for a while unless this shelter can do something for me. We'll see. I won't expect it. I put in a last call to Dennis: on the trains? - Before the horizon went red, I left for the shuttle. The day was done. - As I came in here

this evening (I got the 15 bus from 14th and 1st. It didn't save time but it dropped me off almost at the entrance to this asylum), the guard yelled "meal ticket and ID" at us. I come in, put my ticket and ID on the x-ray, back-pack and sweat-shirt in to scan, position for metal detection and one security guard, Black male moron says to me: "Where's your ticket and ID sir?" as I'm being "wanded", having that metal-detecting wand passed over and around me. I reach to the x-ray machine to hand them to him and he barks "They don't do me no good over there!" I didn't dignify it with a reaction. He took his time looking at the documents. I believe I disappointed him by not even blinking. Useless dreg (like the spics in the hall-way now at 22h06). - So, I speak with no-one lately. This room seems to be sucking cigarette smoke from some-where all the time. That and mosquitoes. - My major concern is laundry and having no jacket. It's getting chilly these days. But right now, in spite of the Rican shit conference in the hall, I'm going to try for SOME sleep now.



Tuesday, 23 September:



21h34 A108 I'm tired. I want a shower. I want a smoke. I want to get to sleep. I can't. I'm waiting for Ms.Peace to come off her break. I spent over an hour looking for her from 20-21h. Couldn't find her. When she finally appears at 21h30 she tells me she's on break! I want carfare for tomorrow! Rockaway Health took my application papers today, will do finger-prints and orientation tomorrow. I need to be there by 13h. I'm entitled to carfare and damn it, I want it! I haven't eaten anything here. I've used 3 sets of linens and some toiletries. So, I want the carfare! - I was on the train already at 8h. Stopped at T6 and offered to buy a pack of cigarettes from Penelope for 5\$ since she pays only 2,75-dollars plus shipping. She wouldn't do it. Rather, she chose to offer me cigarettes from her pack and to tell me that I owe her a carton. How charming is she? How typical. Anyway, I left at about 10h30 and went out to JCCRP. Leetha made 4 copies of my PPD report... FREE! We spoke about the shelter and such. She said she was

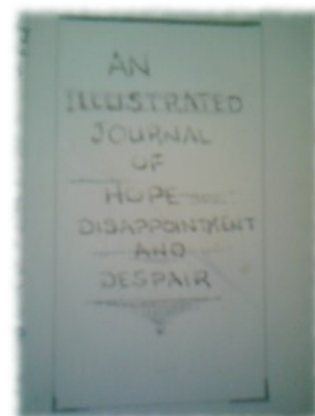
doing well. I said I was doing better. I spoke with Srully about the anti-Semitism here. I left, armed with my PPD report and went to Rockaway Home Care. - Carol Haynes, Recruitment Mgr, took me in, gave me some forms, took copies of what I had (certificates, passport, etc.), a photo, and the next thing I know, I'm to report tomorrow for orientation! Hey! Of course, I have to come up with 3 references again. I have to do that before the orientation. And right now I'm exhausted and it's 21h57. Time to go back up to the 7th floor. - 22h28 I got the voucher for carfare. I have to get the MetroCard in the morning at 7h. P.O. wasn't very friendly but she did encourage me to keep going for more money. Well, of course I will. - As I waited for her to "appear" (from the office across the hall from where she should have been) some young guy showed up looking for her. He was sweet and took a place behind me to wait. BUT Ms.Peace said that HE had come to her before I did and so she took him before me. Truth? I'd been looking for her since 20h but no sense in arguing. The mentality around here makes it futile. Suffice, I'll get carfare to "home" tomorrow. Let very LUCRATIVE WORK FOLLOW IMMEDIATELY. - I'M NOT GOING TO SHOWER NOW. Too damned tired! (Wed. A at Euclid to F.R.) After the agency I went walking to find Brenda's agency on New Haven. Unless there's something I missed, New

Haven only goes down to 19th St. and the address is 15-26 on the Ave. SO I got on the Q22 bus to PHC. Arrived about 14h or so. Brian in better spirits and condition. I was in teal scrubs and learned that precious few pay attention and look past the scrubs. I got away with bringing Brian back to his room. His room-mate spilled water, I cleaned it up! We joked about me being on the payroll for all the work I do there. It's not really funny at all. - I got to chat with Rozann for a moment. Told her of the miseries of being in the shelter. She feigned some kind of compassion but it was obvious she has none. Hers is a job... nothing more. - When I told Brian that I'm hoping to get carfare for tomorrow from the shelter, he gave me 5 singles, 4 quarters. Again, he said "We never know when it could be us and when we can, we should help." I owe HIM more than anyone can imagine. I WORKED for Margot and had to gravel for everything. Now, I'm meeting people who do, as I've always done, simply because they can. This is the world. - Leaving Rockaway today was painful. Not knowing when I'll return or how. It actually hurts. My bitterness increases terribly. - Spoke with Dennis as I crossed 28th Street. He suggested we get together on Saturday in Rockaway. I need to get the carfare for it! I deserve to have a good day away with somebody "real". RAA is shit. Geoff and Penelope were talking about a guy who was interested in joining this month. 25\$ until December and another 25\$ in January. The "annual" is the calendar year. Geoff said "Even if you're on Welfare, that 25\$ isn't going to break you! And if it's that much to you, we don't need you as a member." No. They don't need me as a member. But while I am, they can deal with me shoving my realities at them. Let them face me, my situation, the people I'm

meeting now. Self-serving, delusional dick-heads who believe "RAA" is actually important. Nepotistic idiots. A day with Dennis will be a delight... even only on a platonic level. - I move along here...



NOTES:
OPEN THE DOOR WITH
HOPE...
NOTHING BUT DARKNESS
WITHIN
AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL OF
HOPE
DISAPPOINTMENT
AND
DESPAIR



Wednesday, 24 September:

11h22 A-TRAIN GASTON! I got on the Nr.6 at 28th at 10h06. Hazy sun-shine on the sea. It's so good to be HOME this morning! It's best that I'm away from the shelter and The City. But, I'm starving! Good that I have time to grab something somewhere to eat. I just need to find a place to eat it out in Far Rock. (12h45 at Rockaway Home Care) Spent about 45 minutes on-line at the Far Rock library! Must remember that they give more time there. Didn't get to eat and worse, could use a BM. But I've made it for orientation... early. Good. Good. - Meanwhile, this morning's events: Didn't want to get out of bed. So tired. But by 6h30, was showered and ready to roll. 7h at the "office" where we sign-in in the evening. That's the time and place I was told to be by Ms.Peace At 8h30 I was STILL there! At about 8h45 I got in and the nice lady told me to go down the hall to the office noted "Carfare". Down the hall to a truly soft-spoken, delightful woman who took my voucher and handed me four dollars in cash. It was well after 9h by now. I bolted to my room, grabbed back-pack and Brighton bag and down the stairs. Daniel (so is the name of the guy who'd gotten his papers torn-up the evening I got A108) was standing in the court-yard. We got



to talking and walking. He walked me to the train. From him I learned: physical and psych take one day each. I need to get to Ms.Peace by Friday to keep my bed. He's waiting for re-assignment and housing. He's a Vet. He gave me a cigarette too! Says he'll drop by my room tonight after 22h. At the rate I'm fading, I'll be asleep by then. Maybe he'll be too. Right now it's an effort to keep my eyes open. Ah, to sleep under the stars again... to SLEEP... SLEEP! SLEEP! Not yet. Not now. Soon. But for now, I hope they'll get on with orient..... I have no idea idea about him... I have no idea what I was just writing. I'm dozing off sitting here and there there are 3 others come in. Must wake up! It's already 13h08. (Approx. 16h45 A at Mott) Orientation and finger printing done. In-service tomorrow 9h-13h! I was going to try for the medical and psych at the shelter tomorrow! But a job is much more important AND Rockaway has LIVE-IN! I could get out of the shelter that much sooner and on with the general life. I just need to get my car-fare tonight. If so, I'll go for In-service tomorrow morning.

I'll have to be on the train by 7h though. I can do that. - Not taking time to eat. PopTarts in the room at this point. But I have my cigarettes now. The little things matter so much. - Orientation was truly informative. I give them that. - I notice that I'm smelling "Homeless". That dusty odour from un-washed clothes. I need to attend to that. If only I had the confidence to ask P.O. Then again, I MUST see her this evening for car-fare again. We'll see. Too bad I probably won't make it to dinner at the shelter. A new experience. - People are boarding the train. Let's get this over with. I need sleep. - (22h26 A108) Blue scrubs bottoms washed and hanging in the window. I shredded a plastic bag, put it across the window. Tenement shit that I am now. A pair of socks and the hospital socks are hanging on the bed frame. Laundry. I'm in my bathing trunks, indeed. When I came in this evening, Mike, my first or second room-mate (2nd I believe. He came in wearing a suit. His combination didn't work.) told me that there's a basin in the shower room on the 6th floor and he's been doing his laundry there. Told me I should come up to do mine. When I finally do my jeans that's where I'll go. I just need a place to hang the wash. - So I got back about 18h and saw Ms.Peace She was a delight this evening. Very chatty and engaging. Real or psychotic? No telling. But appreciated. I came to the room, finished off 8 PopTarts, went back upstairs... nope... washed the scrubs bottoms, hung them in the locker then went out for a smoke and upstairs to sign-in. Car-fare at 21h30. Back down-stairs to wash socks. Back up-stairs to a pleasant Mr. Brown. 4\$ car-fare! I'm going to try for In-service tomorrow. No sense fukking around at this point. Back down-stairs to hang the scrubs in the window. - No sign of Daniel. I'm glad. - I'm developing a cough. That tickle-in-the-throat cough. I need sleep! - The guard on the 2nd floor this evening is Greek! She and I spoke a bit. - 2 Haitians on the 7th floor were speaking French. - Mike passed me up-stairs. Hand on my shoulder. - It's good to know people... for many reason. But I've met more wonderful people in here. Truly. - 22h42 Time for lights- out. No shower tonight. I'm exhausted! - (21h59 on Thursday) Twice during the night somebody came by, opened the door and let it slam. One of them might have been Daniel. I needed to get my sleep so I didn't budge.



Thursday, 25 September:



22h02 I really need to get some sleep tonight! It's RAINING! And I hear it's supposed to rain all through the week-end! So much for hanging with Dennis. Isn't life just strange? I was looking forward to it. Well, once again: there's a reason. As it is, I'm showered, extra blanket on the bed, socks, under-shorts and a T-shirt washed and hanging in the window. The hall is quiet. I've got nothing to complain about... I suppose. As for the day? It began at 5h30. I didn't want to get up but the in-service was being given. I went! Quick shower and out the door. On the 6 by 6h50 and at Mott by 8h30! Figures. Early. So I went to Associated for a large jar of Bustello instant coffee (yay!) a bag of rolls, jar of peanut butter, bottle of honey, box of PopTarts and some Little Debbie pastries. 19\$! My Food Stamps are down to 81\$ until the 10th of October. But I won't need coffee for a while. - The in-service was tedious, boring and covered 2 topics I just did in April for my certification. But it turns out for the very best: RHAS scheduled my physical for today! Once that's passed, I'm eligible for work! Here's hoping for a nice live-in spot... immediately... in Belle Harbor or Neponsit. Although Seagirt at B.20 is very lovely too. Anyway, on the break

during in-service, I stopped up at JCCRP to tell Leetha (I think that's her name) the news about RHAS. She was in the pantry but took a few moments to talk with me. And she gave me a little bag of lotions, soaps, shampoo, etc. Somebody gave them to the pantry. They're from Hampton Inn, Biltmore, etc. Great stuff! Smells so clean! She also handed me a little pamphlet on the word of God and Jesus. (It only just hit me now, at 22h21: Jesus? At JCCRP? Oh well.) And so, I returned to the tedium of in-service... almost nodding off. - That done, the walk down B.20 to Seagirt to the clinic for UR and blood. Oh, and a general physical where the doctor told me my BP is 90/60 (which is what it was almost every day at PHC), my weight is 163 (hey!) and I have asthma (left lung, lower). Duh. Off I go, back up B.20 (admiring the area: Russian and Hebrew and a LOT of Blacks) to the Far Rock library. A couple of postings to the Newburgh voy, a cross ref. to a posting on 1955Brokenwaves, Google search for me, one for this shelter ("Argile Sox" wrote about it in a book in 2006. I want to read that book!). No e-mails at all. Dead or not, I'm dead. JK is dead an living in Kips Bay... in a shelter for Homeless men who now call the old Bellevue Psych lock-down their home. OK. I'm dead. I get the point. Time to move on, move along. Yes, I am alone. - Back on the A at Mott. How I hate to see that zero balance on the MetroCard! It was about 16h or so. The wind was coming up, cloudy sky, beautiful crashing waves! I do so miss Rockaway! - While I had a signal, I phoned ADP to get the routing number for the ADP card for direct deposit at RHAS. It should arrive in 7 days. - On the train, I ate 4 PopTarts. I'd finished the Little Debbies during the day. Living on sugar again! - 22h38 I'm hitting for sleep. The trash is in the hall now. Worthless shit. At this hour! - Continued on Friday morn... (Fri .26 10h28 Midtown Library) RAIN! This morning I forced a small BM and right now, as I sit calmly, my bowels are struggling to clear them-selves. I don't want to "go" because I've only just settled at the end of an empty table by the window, away from any and everybody else. My 99-cent poncho is on the chair beside me, wet. I'd rather not carry it about until it's dry. But, life and existence being what they are, what I'd prefer doesn't matter. Let's see how long I can hold out. - I'm noticing that I didn't finish yesterday's entry. For the sake of continuity, I'll do that now and then get to the farce that

is today: (Last evening) Got back to the shelter at approximately 18h. Could have been a bit earlier but I'm not certain. Time there is irrelevant. Went to A108 to drop my back-pack and shove 2 PopTarts down my throat and up to the 7th floor for car-fare for tomorrow. I've no place to be tomorrow but if they're going to give me cash, I can use it or, I can certainly travel at some point. Not to mention, I might need it to get to work immediately. Best to have it when needed. Little did I know how smart this decision was to become. Ms. Peace was in but had a client there. I waited. When I got to see her, only some moments later, she seemed pleased to see me but said I'd have to come back for car-fare because she had an intake to complete. .. OK. So I was kind and pleasant, thanked her for her continued support and kindness, went down-stairs to make a wash. About an hour later I was back on 7 using the New Haven Agency as my destination for car-fare. She was a bit supportive of my job search efforts but stressed the need for more money... says she knows Home Attendants receiving 12-dollars an hour. Well, I'm looking forward to being another of them. I left with the voucher and headed back to A108 to make make-shift line in the window to hang my laundry. I used the cloth medical tape. Not perfect but it serves my purpose. I also took the time to throw together 2 peanut butter-and-honey sandwiches. In spite of not being able to properly move my bowels I'm constantly hungry. But I mustn't get caught with food in the room. There are signs about, some-where, that prohibit it. I can understand why. We have men in here who can't make a bed or keep the shower clean. SO, I got a few moments to lie down before heading BACK up to 7 to sign in for the night. Useless moments for actual rest. But a lie-down none-the-less. - 20h and BACK on 7. Mr. Brown made the announcement about needing to have our meal ticket in hand or it's back to the end of the queue, and THEN came the crack in the head: NO CAR-FARE would be distributed tonight! It was a horror and a relief to me. I wanted to get the matter settled now but I wanted to shower before bed too. So, without car-fare available, I could simply go back to A108, shower and try for a full night's sleep. OK. - As I was getting ready for my shower, Angelo, from A109 came in to visit. We talked, laughed. He told me about his health troubles: plastic body parts, rehab., daughter, etc. Mike, from A109 came too. It's nice to be known by people in here, but not too much. I tell them that I get up in the morning and GO. My feeling is: the longer I'm in or around the building, the greater my chances of falling victim to something. Besides, I'm certain that there are those who don't want Jews around. Best to keep moving, keep busy, keep away. - I did pass a guy from down the hall who reminded me of the coming high holy days. I have no appropriate clothes to wear to services. I'll be alone, dreadfully alone for all of them this year. As I smoked out-side, some guy asked if I'm Jewish. I'm wearing a kippa. What do these people think? But, so far, the only truly negative experience was Shockeye. (11h20 and I'm fading into dozing here!) - Generally, this evening I've been a bit apprehensive. There's bad weather coming, many new faces, tempers and the likes. I make my presence very scarce. - The day closed with shower, journal, bed by about 23h. - Note: When I came in this evening, the DHS cop who helped me the evening I got A108 assigned, quickly scanned me with the wand and asked if I had guns in my sweat-shirt. We both smiled. When he sees me in the building he asks how I'm doing. Humanity?



Friday, 26 September:



11h52 Midtown Library. The rain seems to have abated. It's quite chilly in here now. I arrived at 10h28. I'm hungry but there's just no way to sneak a nibble. I opened the pack of PopTarts, broke a bit, but can't get it from bag to mouth! People are situated so every move can be monitored. It's a poor day for lunching in Bryant Park too. Maybe I'll be able to get into the stacks at some point to grab a bite. I still need to get on-line to find the office of VNS Home Care. Ironical: I'm wearing the teal scrub top and am on the second floor... "Health Information Center". Medical! I'm fitting-in here as I do on 29th at the shelter (being so close to Bellevue and NYU). But before I fade off an out (O! Thankfully! It's 12h03. The afternoon! I can return to my room in 4 hours.) THE FARCE OF THIS FRIDAY: Construction next door woke me up at 5h26. I rolled over and dozed until about 6h45. Had to pee and dump. Got the pee but not all of the dump. Had my coffee, headed for the shower. A new guy was coming to take the shower. No contest! I got it. Am I starting to actually LOOK "Seasoned" in the shelter? Shower done, dress, lock-up. 7th floor by approx. 8h10 to queue for car-fare at 8h30 and there I stood. 4 behind me until, at long last, somebody

came to tell us to go to another office down the hall! No note on the door. No thought, no consideration! So I lost my 1st place on the queue but I didn't mind. Angelo A107 came by this morning. According to him, the entire week-end is expected to be a wash-out. RAIN! And me with only one set of clothes. At that, I've worn most, jeans, for 43 days now! If they get wet it's going to be a terrible odour! So, anyway, I get to the guy at the desk who THEN tells those waiting that he has no more car-fare and we're to wait "in the lounge". That's come to annoy me in the first place: the "lounge". No-where to sit, filthy, depressing... "lounge"? But I go. As with last evening and the car-fare but with PO, there is no return time made known: I go to "the lounge" to sit at the window and stare blankly out at the mud in the construction site and at the rain coming out of the sky to curse me. A woman comes in speaking in a very loud voice. She is a Substance Abuse Counsellor with info. on re-hab and recovery programmes, to tell us there is no more Welfare, we must be working and on our current job for 6 months before trying for Section 8 and other bits of good information to help us get out of the shelter. I listen until some guy who was turned away at the car-fare desk comes in to tell me that the REAL car-fare office is now open! Again, I was the first there this morning but I've lost my place! But I know enough to shut my mouth. Pissing them off gets you nothing more than further attacks on your basic human dignity. I just grab my back-pack and go. It's the same woman as Wednesday morning: kind disposition, soft spoken, compassionate demeanour. I'm relieved. We exchange thoughts on the weather. She tells me she's to attend a shower tomorrow. She hands me papers to sign. I do. 4\$. I thank her, wish her a good week-end, depart. I need to pee and to shit. I need to get out of the building. I need to eat something. I need to figure what to do with my day. I hate being in The City. I head numbly... as I am most of the time when I'm in the shelter... to the exit. I'm out. A man wishes me a "Good Shabbos" (*good sabbath*). It's strange how many Jews are in the shelter. But none wearing a kippa. Today I think how it could be to be seen going into the shelter wearing my kippa. It would make a great news story! Given, of course, only if they'd make public the Edlyne fiasco. Who knows? Still, it's interesting about the Jews in the shelter system. - A smoke and I'm in my 99-cent poncho and out on the streets, wandering up and over to here, the Midtown library where, at 12h56, my eyes are fading, poncho is almost completely dry, back is sore

from sitting, bladder needs emptying and so do the bowels, I'm hungry, the temperature has dropped 2 degrees and some clown turned on a fan and I'm half way through the day. So. I'm caught up with the Journal. The place is beginning to fill up. A list of things to hit on-line, an appointment of time on-line and the rest of the day from here. - 16h52 A108 (2E-22) Hit the Internet for my 45 minutes and hit ALL e-mails (nothing), Wordpress and searches! Peed and strolled back to the shelter. At the end of 35th street is a ferry and a small park. Had my 2 sandwiches in the park. (Ate the broken PopTart en route.) Being by the water was soothing. The waves of the river broke in places, some rolled along, others hit the cement wall and rolled back out. I found myself feeling sorry for the waters of the East River: so confined, so beaten by boats, so filthy. Oh, to stand at the open ocean again where the water is master to the land. (The little shell I carried in my sweat-shirt got broken some-how. The pieces are in my window. But Killian's post-card of the Fort's dunes is in the plastic on the wall beside the door to remind me of "Home" where I'll return, soon, successful. I actually hate being here, in The City. The buildings are ugly, too, TOO much noise, too many "beings" wandering about. I want to go home to Rockaway!) So, after eating, I meandered down 1st Av. to here. How silly to look at the well-to-do and their pamperedness. May they enjoy it whilst they may. At the rate the economy is going, some of them may end up as some of us. Those of us who have always struggled now have it better. We learnt what to do to get by. I arrived here just past 16h, hung the wash back in the window, had one more sandwich and now? It's 17h06. I can relax until 20h for sign-in. It's calm here now. I don't know what I'll do tonight. Only 3 cigarettes left BUT when I put the 4\$ car-fare into my wallet there was 2\$ in there already! 6\$ in the wallet. 1 dollar in change! Ah, to be filthy rich! - Nap time on this dreary evening. If I could know I'll keep this room I'd wash my jeans tonight. But with the way this place plays with people, there's just no telling. (21h11) Mike (from room A127) and I got to talking this evening. Hungarian Jew. Family gone is Auschwitz. He's 50. We talked about surviving this "shelter" business. He, like me, doesn't see the sense in it, the surviving. I said that our relatives survived through the war so I'm supposing we owe them that much to continue the tradition. A guy from Washington Heights, a Puerto Rican, probably in his 50's also, said he remembered when the Jews and Germans were there. "You could eat off the streets" and "They all worked together. The left and you don't see that anymore." We talked about how this system and its people tries to rip basic human dignity out of each of us and how there are men in here, clients or what-ever, who do the same thing. Some of them are here for a while. Others come as "over-nighters". Me? I get the gut feeling that some over-nighters come in to steal what they can get and leave until their next steal. When I woke from my hour's nap earlier, I was having a sandwich and the door flies open. Young, Black guy standing there. Said nothing, closed the door. Checking to see if the room was empty? To see if there was something to take? Nobody can ever know for certain. This place brings out the good and the base shit in a being. - As we're talking, comes a White guy. Wants to know about signing for his bed. Chris B. (A.K.A.: Boxer) came in last night from Downstate (*prison*). His supervisor told him to leave his stuff in his locker today while he took care of his parole business. While he was gone, the shelter emptied his locker and assigned him a different bed in a 7-bed room. He's pissed. Can't blame him. This fucking place (and I mean that, they fuk everybody when-ever they can) has absolutely no respect for humanity. At the very top of the shit list is the Africans, and there are so many of them employed here. They're no different than old junk-yard dogs... just plain nasty. Actually, that's no so true. Junk-yard dogs become nasty over time. They're probably adorable little puppies. These Africans are most likely born of nasty parents, drop from nasty wombs of nasty women and, in spite of any resemblance to humans, choose to become more nasty. Moving along... - I went up to 7 to sign. Ms.Peace comes along, takes me off queue into the office. She wants to know how it went today. TODAY she wants to know. I simply said it went well and that I'm now registered with 3 agencies. I am. As for yesterday's? They need the results of the blood-work and drug test before giving me a client. I thanked her for encouraging me and giving me

the ability to see past my situation. She said it's what she does every day. She encouraged me to go for more money all the time. She's right. When I left her, I went to the end of the queue. It avoids any bullshit from the gnat-brains here. She came out and told me to go back to where I was. I declined. Hey. It makes no difference when I sign, as long as I sign. - Went down for one more smoke. A guy asked if I'd save some of my cigarette for him. Well, I had one dollar in change and bought 2 "loosies" (*hand-rolled cigarettes*) and gave him one. As I queued to come back in, a low-life jumped the line in front of me, un-noticed by those behind me. I don't waste my time with that kind. - As I stood down there tonight a thought struck me: Surviving thought these 43 days has taken some kind of stamina. It's also hardened my heart in some fashion and educated me in many other ways. I've been "Homeless" before but alone. Now I have to hone my instincts and watch others. It's disproving everything the old man ever said about me all through my life: useless, gutless, brainless, sissy, pansy, fruit, etc. I wonder how he'd react if he knew I was here. I wonder how he'd react if he could see how and where I am. I wonder how they all would feel and react if they could see this. I suppose the siblings might feign "care". The old man's so far gone he couldn't grasp any of it. They're all as useless as the shit in this place. I waste my own brain-power on any thoughts of them. - All the while, there's the sound of some hissing like steam coming from a radiator. It's been non-stop all the while. I think it's the sounds out-side coming in through the window. Traffic and the ventilation from the hospital (NYU) across the construction lot. (NOTE: 8 Jan 09: The hissing was a generator running a pump on the construction site. The building across is Bellevue Women's/Children's shelter and Bellevue Hospital) Never, never, never any silence here. - Tomorrow will be an interesting day. No Rockaway. NOAA predicts rain through Sunday. Here comes the real test of my ability to stay sane. - As I'm writing, Angelo (A107) comes in. He's had a really miserable day and, well, the whole system is trying to fuk him over just as he's getting his life together. I mean, he's managed to get a job... on his own. From what he tells me, he does everything he can for his 2 daughters. He's a good man at heart. So, here it is, 23h27 and we just stopped talking. All I try to do is tell him that he shouldn't let others get him down or keep him down. Again, I'm doing everything I can to help somebody else. But, as I've learned, this is what I do and I can't think about getting any of this support back. It just won't happen. Still, in my own heart, hardened or not, I hope for the best for him. - (10h08 Sat.) Angel came back as I was writing. He'd gotten his socks wet, running around in the rain all day and was going to wash them. I've got 4 pairs, so I gave him a pair of mine that I hadn't worn. I figured he could wash one pair, wear the other. He threw the old pair in the garbage! Oh well. That's why "them that's got shall get, them that's not shall lose." - I finally put out the lights well past midnight. Hopefully I've accomplished some good with this day.



Saturday, 27 September:

44 days Homeless/13 days in the shelter. 10h14 A108 Not a good night's sleep. I couldn't drift off through most of the night. I try to do good by others and can't even be given sleep in return. Oh well. What the fuk? And it got so cold during the night. Ah hah! I guess I'm supposed to be thankful I have a second blanket to cover my-self with. OK. Not really "OK" but it's all I'll get so I may as well live with it. - First thing this morning Angel wakes me to tell me it's time for breakfast. I said that I skip breakfast and he went on. I went back to sleep, nice and warm. Had the alarm set for 8h. By the time I finally woke, it was 8h29! shit! I've got 2 cigarettes left and nothing on my agenda for today. NOAA says 90 per-cent chance of rain. Angel says he slept till noon last



week-end. I should jump up and out the door into a rainy day of wandering for nothing? Not! So, at 8h30 I made a sandwich (peanut butter/honey/Kaiser roll) had the left-over coffee. I've managed to get rid of my finger nails and file-down the toe nails. The pinky-toe, right foot is quite nasty and cracked with fungus. On my next visit to PHC I'm going to do a "show and tell" and tell them it's from their shower. - Meanwhile, I could use a smoke. I took a couple drags off the Newport I bought last night. I'll try for a couple more and then a shower. I also need a real BM before my entire inside goes. I can't do another digital... not here. - I wonder how the folks of RAA-T6 are these days. Dick-heads that they are. - Had the phone on for a few moments. No messages. - It's been almost dead quiet here this morning (save, construction which began at about 9h or so). Are the scumbags getting their rest to raise hell tonight? In any case, I'll enjoy it while I can. But for this morning? A shower. I need to see Ms. Peace this evening. (P.O.: Ms.P.O./Parole Officer. How funny. Hah!) - 13h48 I'm showered and dressed. Did "lunch" here with Angel. Lunch: container of juice, 2 granola bars, a small container of something that might pass for potato salad and a sandwich... processed meat of some kind with cheese on whole wheat. Leave it to the day I go for total non-kosher. Do I care? Hey! I ate something. Maybe this evening I'll try the dinner menu. - So Angel is trying to borrow money from his family. You know? When you're where we are now, nobody will help. As I wrote before, NOFS; not one fucking soul. Shit. I'm only 3\$ away from a pack of cigarettes and I GAVE the half Newport to Angel this morning. I have to check the give-aways. Cigarettes and socks. I'm not learning! - At about 17h I'll go see P.O. Hopefully I'll keep this bed and I'll wash my jeans this evening. Meanwhile? I could use a cigarette, (I'm so friggin horny today for some reason), and a nap. I guess I'll settle for a nap while I can. - 18h58 I'VE WASHED MY JEANS! 44 DAYS AND I'VE WASHED MY JEANS! - It's about the way a day gets broken-up around here that plays on one's sanity. Breakfast at 6h. Lunch at 12h30. Dinner at 18h Normal? Yes. But in between is waiting for the shower. Waiting for a case-worker. Waiting for a bed assignment. Waiting for a meal ticket. Waiting to wait for something or somebody. I showered this after-noon then came back to the room with 2,5 hours to wait to see P.O. for my new meal ticket. I fell asleep waiting. Went up to 7 at about 17h as others were going to eat. On 7, I waited for almost 45 minutes to hear "Why are you here?" (I note: She and I discussed ALL of this just last evening. "My meal ticket expires tomorrow. You won't be here. You told me to come to you today." "Oh, I will give you a paper one because I don't want to get up." Imagine? And walk just across the hall! Oh my!) "Did you do your medical today?" "No. You told me to do it on Monday. I didn't know it



could be done an Saturday.” (I note: She told me Monday to Friday, 9-5. I’m hearing 8h from other “clients”.) It took all of 5 minutes for this and I waited, third in the queue, 45 minutes. By the time I got back to 2E-22, I had just less than an hour to get dinner. I chose to wash my jeans. WASH MY JEANS! Angelo came to tell me that dinner was chicken, sweet potatoes and broccoli, (Hospital food?) - 21h42 WHAT A NIGHT THIS TURNED INTO! Angel comes by, makes himself at home. We talk. While we’re talking, I want a cigarette and so does he so I ask how much a pack of tobacco is. He tells me 1,50\$. So I figure, I can roll a pack at 1,50\$ or go without until I can afford 8.45\$ for 20. What the fuk? We’re out of here. It’s just past 19h so there’s time. I put on the blue scrub pants, my boots and we hit a bodega on 2nd. OK. “Tops” and “Bugler” all 2.50\$. Bugler comes with 40 rolling papers. 40 smokes at 2.50\$? Sold! And me, in scrubs and a kippa. Too cute. But now, Angel wants to buy a bottle. Says he can get something for 2.50\$. We go to the park on 28th where I proceed to try rolling a cigarette. I

haven’t rolled in years! (10h35 Sunday) First try wasn’t all that bad. As Angel said, a little loose but pretty good. And, as I see, “Bugler” is a Turkish blend. Camels! If the 40 papers make 40 cigarettes, I’m going to stick with this at 2.50\$! As we’re enjoying our smokes, some young, maybe 20 year-old, kid shows up. Well dressed. Well spoken. Hair pulled back. A bit of a throw-back to what we used to call “Cha-Cha Disco”. He and Angel get to talking about getting a bottle of something and the kid agrees to go in on it. We head down 2nd. The kid’s name is Marvin. Latino. A little buzzed or just “off” altogether. The 3 of us walk into the liquor store. I’m in scrubs and kippa! The other 2 choose a bottle for 3\$ and change. I toss in 50 cents. They’re 10-cents short. The Chinaman behind the counter lets it go telling them not to come back if they can’t bring all the money. Me? I stay mute and head for the door. We head east on 26th or 27th and Marvin stops under some scaffolding. There are 2 older men there, one on a chair, the other behind a chain-link fence, on the ground. Both are sleeping. Marvin goes over to the one on the ground, feels around his chest, pulls out an empty juice bottle. The sleeper doesn’t stir. Angel opens the half-pint, takes a swig, passes it to me, I take a swig. Rum. I pass it back, it’s passed to Marvin who empties half or so into his own bottle. A lot of activity for about a shot each. Then comes the “entertainment” (as if Marvin’s earlier display of his masculine prowess wasn’t enough when, on 2nd Av., a stretch limo passed us. Allegedly, there were several girls in it and Marvin does a little flailing gyration, trying to entice them. His efforts resulted in his standing alone on the side-walk, staring down the avenue where the limo had been but was no more.) This time, Marvin informs Angel that he is pimping the old guy in the chair and “maybe what he wants is what you want.” Me! I’m mildly amused by this and wanting very much to get back to the shelter to sign for the bed for the night. Angel takes this offer in stride and politely declines the offer. We leave our little street merchant and head back, getting a kick out of the whole affair, stopping to roll another smoke. -



Angel needs car-fare to get to a new job in the morning but has no voucher. Why he doesn't know the protocol and I do is something I don't understand but I figure I can learn a new twist to the car-fare game by following him. We go to 7 to sign for beds. Ms. Peace is on duty. I simply sign, tell her to have a good week-end (she's off Sun. and Mon.) and step out. Angel asks about his car-fare. She tells him to see the supervisor, Mr. Alexander (one of 2 with the same name). This is the one I've never been quite certain of: rather androgynous, wears excellently colour-co-ordinated clothing from cap to shoes and tasteful cologne. So tonight I learn it's "Mr." So, Mr. A. is in "the lounge". Angel goes in to enquire about car-fare. I wait in the hall and am interrogated by some "security" flunky who wants to know what my business is. I tell him thrice. He doesn't understand that I'm simply waiting for someone in "the lounge". Out comes Mr. A. followed by an irritated Angel. Mr. A. told him he has to come back later but, as is always the case around here, doesn't say how much later. Angel gets angry and starts sarcasms which leads into yelling which prompts me to get him to the stairs and away. OK. A save. I tell him NOT to aggravate these people because it defeats everything. He argues that he'll jump fare tomorrow or walk. Eventually he's a bit calmer and we're on the 2nd floor. - A stop at A109. More drama. This young Black man is having trouble procuring a job because of several misdemeanours, a couple of gun possessions and 2 attempted murders. All, it must be noted, simple misunderstandings. He's also the head of 3 Brooklyn "clicks". 1 raises show dogs (the "Dog Pound"), another protects the children and elderly (Silverbacks), and another is simply a gang of kids with excessive hormone trouble and no brains, looking to do some basic violence on an on-call basis. Well, this little chit-chat brings us even later into the night. I've heard Angel's history of molestation (*he'd been repeatedly molested through his younger life... by family*). I'm hearing this guy's history of being misunderstood. I'm thinking I'm tired and want to get some sleep. Finally, we break when I go to pee. But Angel comes to my room for a final smoke, a bit more chat. Because I didn't go to diner, he gave me his sandwich from his dinner. I gave him 2\$ that I had left from getting the Bugler. Hell! He needs it to get to work! Brian helped me when I needed. I pass the kindness of humans

along. Angel rolled 2 more smokes and JUST SHORTLY AFTER we'd finished our last smoke for the night, the door opens... BED CHECK! The guard asked if everything was OK. I said that we were just talking about life. He assured he was just making sure everything was OK and excused himself for disturbing us. Angel was laying across the foot of the bed. I was sitting against the wall at the head of the bed. Well. If anything was made of it, so what? Let the pea-brains amuse themselves if they need to. - FINALLY! The day ended! - A note here: Angel has told me of his HIV status, drugs problems, Gay encounters, Gay relatives. I'm not suggesting anything. I'm just noting. NOTES:

When the whole world has just gone "wrong".
(A slanted sketch in Monogram)

Where are the spirits of those who were confined to these rooms? Are they the mosquitoes that torment us in the night?

I NO LONGER HAVE ANY HATRED IN MY BEING. ALL HATRED HAS BEEN DISTILLED DOWN INTO THE MOST BASIC ELEMENTS AND IS NOW AN ALL-CONSUMING BITTERNESS TOWARD EVERY-THING AND EVERY ONE. AND I WILL DO NOTHING TO CHANGE IT.



Sunday, 28 September:

11h32 45/14 MORE RAIN! NO SLEEP ALL BLODDY NIGHT BECAUSE OF DAMED MOSQUITOES ALL BLOODY NIGHT! NO FUKKING SLEEP ALL NIGHT! - I would be most remiss if I failed to note that the floor in the 3 stalls in the shitter on this floor are a miserable, bloody-fukking insult to every aspect of Creation! There isn't one moment of any given day when the damned floor isn't so soaked with pee that it flows right over a flip-flop! The fukking area with 6 sinks is wet because we're doing our wash there and these river-rock-beaters can't quite figure out how to keep the water IN the sink! As for the shower? There again; water all over the floor! Fukking bunch of bloody brain-dead morons! The lot of them! So, now that that's been noted... I was awake ALL night with the mosquitoes in this room! Today, more blood spots under and on the pillow. Just as I was beginning to doze off (5h45 for the alarm) the alarm went off. I'd told Angel I'd have breakfast with him this morning. At about 6h15 he came by. I got up, brushed my teeth, splashed my face, he returned... from breakfast! OK. Hung around. Took the 3 cigarettes I'd rolled for me for today. A109 came by. They shared a smoke in HERE! I'm going to put a stop to that today. I'll lose my bed because of this shit. Anyway, they left at about 7h and I went back to sleep for about 2 hours. It's raining again today. The main library opens 13-17h (why the fuk do they even bother? Four fukking hours.) Thankfully I don't HAVE to leave the building today (although I'm still not quite certain about it. The signage reads Mon. through Friday. 8-16h Nothing said about week-ends. So it's another one of those "Figure it out for your damned self" issues, and today it's pissing me off in spite of the dropped load in this morning's shower right after a rather delightful BM. But...) - I have to find an EBT market locally. There are Gristedes all over this friggin neighbourhood and none of them have the little sticker or signs for credit/debit cards. I'm out of peanut-butter and honey and bread. It's 12h04 and I could go up to lunch but I really don't want to. I'd like a smoke, but not in this room, and I don't feel like going down and out and back through security. I might just nap a bit and, if it's not too miserable, go to the library for a bit. It would be nice if the rain would stop. - My jeans aren't drying very well. - The floor has been relatively calm all morning. - The "shshshit" of the vent system for Bellevue is almost maddening. 2 weeks in this place! I need to get out! But I need a charger for my phone so I can get called to work! You know? Since "friends" and "social workers" won't and haven't helped me so far, it's time I help myself... phone charger, warmer clothes... it's time. And God will help me in these endeavours... no matter what. - I'm napping now. (17h24) Napped until about 13h45. Left out of here about 13h30 and walked up to the library, taking streets and avenues with the least amount of people. This is Manhattan. I don't want to see anybody I know. I just don't want to talk kindly to anybody I know. I have nothing kind to say to anybody I know. - The sun broke through making it hot and muggy. I had a cigarette and noticed my thumb and middle finger are tobacco-stained. How charming! And I have no way to clean it. - No Internet at the library! No copy of Argile Sox (who went from Wall



St. to this shelter). I went up to the 3rd floor, art and literature. Emergency BM. Somebody bathing in the centre stall! Ah, these days. Then for a browse in the stacks for instruction on drawing faces. Nothing of any inspiration but I took 4 or 5 books and went to a table. As I sat there, 2 men came from the stairs. One mumbled something and the other commented "It's a shelter for the Homeless". I wanted so very much to quietly stand, softly stroll over to him and sharply punch his face to the back of his head. Be it so or not, I shall pray that you learn, first hand, the feeling of homelessness. Daily, I pray for the same for all those who coldly let me slip into it. I'm terribly bitter. I make no effort to change that. - A young Black girl came to ask if there is any significance to the colours of my "yarmulke". I told her they're "John Deere" colours and there's no particular significance to any of the colours. She politely thanked me for taking the time to answer her question. - As I was leaving, I heard a "psst" and stopped to see a young Black man motioning to me. I went over to him. He asked if I knew him. I said I might but wasn't sure. He's from here, 2nd floor, "Michael's room". Ah! "Which Michael?" I wonder now. A109? A127? 6th floor? No doubt I'll find out soon. - The walk back was quick. The DHS guard who helped me the night I got this (A108-2E-22) bed asked "How you doing, sir?" He's magnificent in his respect for dignity. I wish I was in a position to help him in his career or something. - I've returned to my chamber. My jeans are still in the window. They're still wet. It's 17h45. I'm quite hungry. There's no food left in my locker. Dinner is served until 19h I don't want to go... alone. And of course, I know there's nothing kosher. With my good fortune and fate, no doubt it will be pork anyway. I should go, find out if Gristedes will crumble if I use EBT there. Soon the sun will set, the day will end. Angel will be here with stories of work. - This morning somebody set off the fire alarm. Smoking in the room should be kept down for a while. - People are milling in the loo and hallway. Every movement echoes. A stall door slams, toilet flushes, a voice, foot-steps. It's all amplified. No TV. No radio. No music. No news. No energy. No affect. Today is my challenge to maintain some sanity. Tonight at 20h30 I sign for the bed. This routine is gnawing at me. Tomorrow? My psych eval. After that? A world unknown and unknowable. The administration plays with us as if we were un-human toys. - Angel's room-mate, the old Black man with white hair keeps coming and going. My wall wobbles every time his door closes. The sound of Bellevue's ventilation system wooshes non-stop. The sun is setting. Another day in the shelter. - There is the stench of this place and the stench of Manhattan and the stench of all that both personify. The stench of merely existing. The stench of banality. The stench of the complete insanity and irrationality of it all. Just stench. It make me nauseous. I curse, with each heart-beat, all those who could have helped keep me away from this and did nothing. And when I say "all", I go back to the day I left 3150. Pookie too. The bitterness has finally gone that deep. - I noticed in the library, that the hair on my fingers is darker and more noticeable. I always wanted more body hair. Maybe I'll get it just at my moment of death. I'm tired. I'm hungry. There's nothing to eat. It's 18h05. Doors slam and echo. People walk and echo. Voices carry and echo. What the fuk am I doing here! (No echo.) - 20h49 Signed for bed. Security monkey doing the sign-in tonight in the Case-Workers' office. We had to queue in the opposite direction and in front of the lift! One of the P.R. junkies from A104-5 cut the line but, there's no sense in saying anything to that kind of shit. Besides, as I keep in mind: I'll get there eventually. I just don't like the idea that sign-in happened earlier than 20h30. In this shit-hole where protocol is so fukking important (when it suits some shit-head's purpose) any excuse to screw a resident over will do. Tonight, this may be an excuse to play us all, shift us around by claiming we didn't sign and causing all kinds of bull-shit. I just hope not. I'm hungry and not in the mood. Besides, it's friggin raining again so taking to the streets is not an option. - RAINING AGAIN! MY JEANS WILL NEVER DRY AT THIS RATE! - So I signed-in and went out-side for a smoke... in the drizzle. Came back up. Washed my socks. They're hanging in the window now. - I went through the bags of papers and such. Got my medical papers together for tomorrow. PPD, PHC D/C, RHAS bloods, just in case they come in handy for tomorrow's circus. Threw a lot out. No need to keep most of it. - There's a mosquito in

here that needs to go. I can't afford yet another night of no sleep. - 21h No messages/calls on the phone. - No sign of Angel. He was supposed to work until 20h. I just hope he gets in by 22h to keep his bed. Too bad I stick out so much here. I can't pass for anybody else but me. - I don't recall if I mentioned: the guy in the library today offered me a donut! I keep remembering that kindness. - 21h48 Angel's back. Brought a bottle of rum. I get 2 swigs. He's in a good mood too. Hey! He brought a friend into the shelter! Imagine that? Recruiting! Anyway, he and A109 are in his room smoking AND, some guy mopped the loo and shower! - This is becoming the social hall and folks is hanging here. They've finally left me alone. But, its nice to have a little posse. Especially here where we've got THIS in common. Oh, and hey! Angel gave me the 2\$ back! Now let's compare to all those so-called "friends" in life. Fuk! - 23h25 I have a feeling we've had out first "altercation". Angel was giving some guy a hard time about the shower and the next thing I know, the wall between his room and this one is banging and I hear "What the fuk are you doing?" So much shit over a shower. Anyway, thankfully, I see A. and some other guy out in the hall. No telling what happened but I'm sure I'll get the details eventually. - 24h38 Angel got his shower and has gone to bed. The fight? I still don't understand it. A Black guy hogging the shower. The P.R. Doper got involved. I don't know. Well. I'm off to sleep. A busy day, stuck in here tomorrow.



Monday, 29 September:

46/15 9h50 In the tank on 7. A beautiful day out there today... wasted, just wasted. Had breakfast at about 6h with Angel. Got about 45 minutes extra sleep. Got a shower and went out for a smoke. Back in and up here by 8h45 to stand and wait in the hall for my "physical". JUST NOW I'm told to sign-in! JUST NOW I'm told to come back TOMORROW AT 8h! SO I put my name on the 2nd page of the waiting list for "Psych Only" and now I get to sit here, rotting away, waiting some more, on the fukking floor! Again, last night, broken, light sleep. I'm getting to the point of losing my patience. I need a charger for the phone. I don't know what to expect when called for work. It's becoming a dead-end loop. It's really all counter-productive. It's farce, pure farce. If I can ever publish this journal, there are so many details I don't write but hope to remember. But the top and bottom line? Absurd farce, from beginning to end. - 11h12 Still in the tank, sitting silently on the floor, in the corner, drawing/sketching in the "Notes" borders on previous pages. Sitting here, while the sun shines in clear blue skies outside the grated window. Sitting here, in silence, in the corner, with guys who boast about their criminal records. Sitting here, listening to the jack-hammers and trucks drowning out the inconsiderate woman who is calling out names in the hallway. How long does it take to interview and classify somebody in here? How much intelligence could it possibly take to know who is and who is not a threat to self and/or others? And to think that I get to waste another day tomorrow. And I can't help but believe that it's done mostly out of spite, slovenliness, just plain inconsideration and only a bit of being over-worked. - Phone on for a moment or two. - 11h59 Still in the fukking tank! I'd swear there's some guy telling these Hispanics to go find housing in Newburgh. To see Señor. Resnick! - 12h34 Still in this fukking room with no idea what is to happen (or not). And the weather is beautiful and lunch is being served on the 3rd floor. Construction next door has recommenced. - Sydney addressed me as "Jew-man" earlier.

Got a rise out of one guy. (*The one who heard Sydney turned to me and asked "Did you hear what he called you?" I smiled and said "Well, I'm a Jew and a man, and he doesn't know my name. So what else would he call me?" The guy smiled at me and said "You're OK!"*) Anyway, says he's heard from Dennis. That's nice. I can't be too what-ever. - I guess I'll go down for a smoke. As I say, "what-ever". - 12h52 Went down. Had a smoke. Got back. 6 of us sitting here. Got a chair by the window! At 16h I'm going to my room. This is too much now. Meanwhile, more "illustrating". - 17h08 at A108 at last! The psych. eval. lasted about 30 minutes. Intrusive questions, as expected. I did get the chance to "out" the old man so now there's a record of being abused! Siobhan (Nurse/Psych) asked about my "support" structure. I told her I have none. Otherwise? I'll jot more later. I'm going to try dinner here this evening at 17h30. - Oh, the day has gone cloudy. There's talk or rain for Tuesday and Wednesday. But tomorrow I have to be on 7 at 7h30 for the "physical". Then, at 16h I have to get a new "meal ticket" and a voucher for car-fare to get to the P.O. on Wednesday (no RAA!) and hopefully to see Brian! Maybe Friday I'll try to "acquire" the charger for the phone. Life is all about challenges, meeting challenges and taking care of "SELF". If I've learnt nothing more, I've learnt that much here. - The jeans are almost dry too. Jeans for the New Year! - 18h21 A108 Back from dinner. 2 hot dogs, dried out sauerkraut, instant mashed potatoes, fruit-cup (mostly water), orange juice (frozen), coffee. Some baked beans and 2 slices, whole wheat bread. It hit my stomach and I had to go. But I went out for a smoke, made it back up-stairs just in time! H₂O trots. Maybe it was breakfast? Egg, juice, Cheerios, coffee, orange juice. Hey! The "food" was hot. I can't complain. - SO, I stand and wait for medical for a good hour before somebody tells me that I had to go IN to the office to register. Right away, they can't take me today. Come back tomorrow at 8. (More like 7.) I sign the register for psych. There's a whole page already done. I sign and wait, and wait, and wait. It just so happened that I decided to check the list as my turn came! The forms are very much the same as being admitted to St. Vincent's: release of info, consent, right, etc. That was just to open my chart. Then more waiting. In the questions: Medicaid? Nope. Why the fuk hasn't anybody just done the fucking forms? Hearing voices? Seeing things? Drugs? I admitted to doing and not liking weed and coke. Hx of abuse? OH YES! Hx of being abusive? Alcohol abuse? (With my old man-David-as an example of it!) How do I handle stress: here and in general. (I wanted to say: I've pissed away an entire day here. Nobody tells anybody how things are done or what's expected. I'm sitting here the gentle man and you want to know how I handle stress?!? Instead, I said: I avoid it or, if possible, try to defuse.) How do you feel right now? "Positive." Thank you. We're done. (Oh yay. Tah.) - So tomorrow I get my medical. I need a new meal ticket. I'll go for car-fare. I'll try for real food at Gristedes or D'Ag (or try to find an Associated or C Town) (tee-hee. White-Jew-trash that I am). A trip to the library with the artists. And since it's Rosh Hashannah, I'll hope for nice weather. IF I get another 3 or more days in A108 (2E-22) I'll wash my sweat-shirt too! - Now? 18h41. Nap! Got to be back on 7 at 20h for bed signing. Always a little something to be done. - Oh. And I took the plastic "frost" film off the bottom window. I can see out into the world! and light came in! - One note: I told the pseudo-shrink-lady that I'm homesick for the peace of Rockaway. Also told her about Shockeye's nasty comment. She feigned "appalled". Me too. NAP TIME! (I wonder where Angel is...) - 18h51 A note on the door. ROOM CHECK! How sweet. - 22h14 Angel and I went up to sign in and then out for a stroll down 2nd to the liquor store. 2,75\$ for half-pint "Georgi" and a seat on a bench in a project on 26th or 27th. Ah, another swig... for the New Year. - A guy wished me "Hag sameach" (*happy holiday*) as I came out from signing in. Mike A127 saw me in the lift and called "Happy New Year!" Meanwhile, I'm remembering last year, sitting on the bench in "Riverdale", alone, sketching under the street lamp. I'm thinking of how much I'd looked forward to being at Beth El in Belle Harbor this year. It hurts. And I can't help but hope that those who turned their backs when it mattered most have a year very similar to what they were so instrumental in bringing to me. I don't ask to be forgiven for having such sentiments. Forgiveness is not appropriate. God knows and understands.

Tuesday, 30 September:

47/16 7h56 7th floor "lounge" Woke at 5h30, showered, dressed, woke Angel at 6h. Up to the 3rd floor for breakfast of: chocolate chip muffin, Fruit Loops, coffee. I saved the peach for later. Down-stairs to hit the loo. TWICE. H₂O runs again. A 20-minute nap and up there for my medical at 7h30. Waited for the registrar to get in. I was 6th on the queue already and FIFTH on the list and she, the registrar, has the fucking set of useless balls to say "I already have 4 on the list but I'll put you down and hopefully you'll get in this morning or this afternoon. I'd like to know what the fuck they do that takes a whole fucking hour! Idiots and morons! The bloody lot of them! I screwed a whole day in this shit-hole yesterday. It might be over-cast and cool right now but the idea of sitting in here for ANOTHER day is pissing me the jolly fuck off! - I'm wearing clean jeans, socks and under-wear for the first time in 47 days! It's the New Year! I spent 21 days in a hospital, had 2 physicals since April. This is just more than fucking enough! I have no-where in particular to go to, save the library and maybe the market for real food, but I sure-as-shit don't want to piss this day away in this shit-hole! - Now that that's off my chest... - 12h 4th floor library with 12h30 appointment on computer. - Got called for a physical at about 10h! It lasted almost an hour and a half! The Nurse, Black, Islander or ? had race issues, particularly with Jews, but in the course of conversation, we went into some very pleasant talk about health-care and the shelter population. Over-all, it was a good experience. AND I GOT A FLU SHOT! MY FIRST! She described flu symptoms and all I could think of was that I can not afford the flu now, especially since I'm not eating as I should, have no warm clothing, not sleeping well, need work. There are flu-like symptoms to come, but I've been assured they will be mild and only about a day. Hopefully, this is true. - On my way out of the building, a guard wished me a good holiday. It's really quite amazing, how aware the most unexpected people are. - For some reason, I'm in very good spirits... in spite of being exceptionally hungry. - The Nurse told me that A108 is my "Permanent bed" until transfer and, if I'm not working, I'll probably be put in an SRO. Me? I'm truly hoping they'll find a civil one in Rockaway! - Meanwhile, I'll get info on the free CNA courses. There's a 5-year waiting list for the free LPN but I'll look into that. The application for VNS Home Care. And away I'll go. Dinner is at 17h. I'll try to get to Ms.Peace by 16h30 to give her my medical form and get my new meal ticket. Angel wants me to help him write his memoirs this evening. So far, nothing on my agenda for tomorrow. On the way back to the shelter today I'm going to look for food... FOOD in the markets (I've yet to see "We accept EBT" in D'Ag or Gristedes but at this juncture, I'll give it a try). I'm dead-ass tired too but there's no-where to nap in this city... save Central Park and that's too far away and it's a bit over-cast. So, I wing it for now. - I figured I'd chance a D'Ag on 3rd. Maybe a Fage yoghurt, bread of some sort, something to make a sandwich. Well, almost 20\$ later, I left D'Ag with a Fage, whipped cream cheese, V8, Arrowroot cookies, Martin's potato rolls, 6 mini Jif peanut butter. Twenty bucks off my EBT. But, it's for and from Food Stamps. So, a walk to the park at the end of 36th for a quick 3 sandwiches and a yoghurt. - 2 women and a man came by. One woman came over to me to ask if I was performing *taschlik* (*a ritual of tossing bread-crumbs into a river signifying the throwing-off "sins" of the previous year*)! When I told her I was simply grabbing a bite to eat she said "Bon appetite. B'tay avon." I replied "Merci beaucoup. Toda raba." Its' becoming quite charming, how many nice people I'm encountering. Maybe Rachel was right: the kippa brings me good luck. If it would only bring work... Live-in in Neponsit! - Back at the shelter by 17h10, drop my pack in the locker and up to 7 where I got Ms.Peace immediately. She inquired about my work situation. I made better of it saying that I have to get my ID on Friday. "Do they have something for you?" I don't know yet. "Will it be live-in?" I don't know yet. "Have hope. Pray on it." Indeed, I do. "You are my new rabbi." I told her. A new meal ticket until 6 Oct. and I bolted to A108 to wash my sweat-shirt on day 47! - Angel was already in when I arrived. I woke him for dinner. Although I'd eaten, I went for dinner: Cubes of chicken in some watery gravy, boxed potato, spinach, frozen grape juice, frozen apple sauce, nasty orange, 2 slices whole wheat bread, pale coffee. It really is quite disgusting but it kills the

appetite, and I believe causes IBS. But, I ingested it. Then, a nap. - At about 19h30, Angel came back to A108 to show me the one page he'd written on his memoirs. He wasn't kidding about his spelling. What was on the page bore little resemblance to what he spoke as he read it. He wants me to correct his mis-spellings. It would require a re-write. But I encouraged him to continue. On the 25th of Oct. he will be 39 and yet, he's almost a teen in many ways. He needs encouragement more than critique. Tomorrow I might help him get a library card and give him a couple pointers on the computer so he can keep a blog for him-self. That is, if he shows up at the library while I'm there. - An early night. Lights out by 22h! My stomach is in turmoil. Near accident this evening. I do believe all of this is beginning to take me down. No doubt, one day, soon it will. For now? I close my mind to it all... just close my mind.

Addendum: When we went up to sign for our beds this evening, I noticed that Angels' entry was blank. It's right about mine so I caught it immediately. I told him and he didn't believe me. Went back in to look and insisted that he did sign. Come to find out at about 23h, he did sign, but, he signed beside A. Rivera's name! Security came to check and, good fortune, corrected the error and let it go.

NOTES

5769

2 NEW YEAR GREETINGS

Schmulik

Zuri

MAMA

THIS WORLD WILL NOT DESTROY

WHAT MY MOTHER LOVED

AND SUFFERED SO MUCH TO

CREATE AND NURTURE.

I SURVIVE BECAUSE OF HER





03. October 2008 - Monogram

Wednesday, 1 October 2008:

48 HOMELESS/17 SHELTER 9h21 Bryant Park. I just finished last night's notes. Been here since about 8h40. Took a chair and a table off 40th. - Slept past the 6h alarm this morn. Didn't wake Angel for "bread fox". Got me together instead. But he managed to wake in time to get breakfast for himself. (Come to find out: sausage on some bread! I missed the pork!) So, I got a shower and a load this morning. (4 guys looking rather ragged. One came up to me to bum a smoke! I guess I don't look so "Homeless"... yet.) - (Note: I'm still not comfortable, smoking rolled cigarettes. I'm still waiting for them to be mistaken for a joint.) - Angel and I strolled over to Broadway and 34th. He's got a "meeting" at 10. I'm

pondering registration with VNS Home Care today. Truth is, I need to find another kind of employment! This is just not getting me anywhere! I need my CNA and a couple of days to apply at all the "homes" in Rockaway. I'm determined to go back to The Rock but I need a constant income! This style of existence is breaking me down. And I'm hating this residence in The City more and more. But, it's been a lovely morning here, in Bryant Park and now? I need to pee. Off to the library. A re-work of my CV? - 3 young girls are at the upper level, sketching. Artists all around. Why can't I make a living doing my art? - 9h42. Time to move. - 12h30 at Partners In Care. - Did my 45 minutes on-line at the library. 2 "windows", steady research. New HHA CV and printed 10. The printer gave me 10 blank sheets too! Drawing! Then came directly to Partners In Care/Visiting Nurse agency. Application and a general 20 question, multiple choice. Waiting for interview. BAD NEWS: THEY WANT WHITES! HERE WE GO! SCREWED! I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY I GET SO SCREWED! AT LEAST 50 DOLLARS FOR WHITES! WHERE THE HELL WILL I GET THAT? 13 CAR-FARES? WTF? Well, I've nothing else pressing today. Let's see how far I can get with this. More to note in this journal, if nothing else. Next entertainment? Suing Edlyne and Premier. - 12h45 Just getting closer to A108 time. I'm hungry. Where to take lunch is next. - 15h38 the river-side park as yet another day comes crashing to a close and my bowels want to explode all over NYC! Yes, I've eaten. 3 sandwiches and some cookies. One sheet of paper and several smokes of tobacco left. I went through the interview at Partners In Care AND ANOTHER PHYSICAL! This time, only urine and the stethoscope. No blood! Thankfully. And, at 15h I was just crossing 2nds Av. I hope Angel didn't come looking for me at the library. What I thought was to be a passing of a few hours turned into the entire day! SO now I know how to occupy a whole day: interview at Home Care agencies. - Ending the day here, at the water, is a nice way to close chaos. What a shame it's so loud, with the helicopters coming and going. Right now, 2 of them. - Homeless men here too. I'm developing a silent camaraderie with the Homeless. Walking up 7th for my physical, 2 tables, manned, for contributions to the Homeless. I almost whipped out my meal ticket. Hey! I need contributions too! About 75-100\$ for new whites. Will anybody help me there? Nope. I suppose I'm hardening.

(Right now, I'm hoping to control my bowels until I get to the toilet.) - 16h11 Time to head back and try for car-fare for tomorrow. Chabad? Money for whites? I can certainly try. - 19h26 A108 Got car-fare voucher for tomorrow. - It's been raining. No sign of Angel. Washed a pair of socks. I'm tired. Very thirsty this evening. The floor is quiet. If it could always be this way. I got 3 cigarettes out of the papers. One left I believe. Went down to smoke one. Now to wait to sign in. Hopefully a good night's sleep. Please!

Thursday, 2 October:



49/18 7h29 A108. 21 degrees Clear morning. The construction crew are wearing hoodies this morning. Cold weather is coming. I have no heavy clothing. - Showered. Dumped. (X2) Carfare 8h30. My stomach/bowels not quite "right". Angel was sick last night. Nausea. - Something in this room smells like urine. I wonder what and how (but certainly not "why"!)- A few minutes to relax and head to 7 for the miserable 4\$. I've 3\$ in my pocket and no more Bugler. - Chabad today? I wonder: will they fail me, yet again? For a group so set on helping, they've yet to give ME any comfort OR SOLACE. Maybe today they'll prove me wrong. - 9h11 Bryant Park. With carfare and a new pouch of Bugler (2,50\$). The old one gave me exactly 40, the number of papers included in the package. - The library doesn't open until 10h. Something I learned when I got to the door. So I'm here, on a chilly morning, with my (relatively) clean sweat-shirt, in the shade, having a smoke and appearing as if my life has purpose. I'll go to the library to look-up Chabad. As it stands at this moment, I'll go, be honest, get nothing, waste the cash in my pocket. Meanwhile, my bowels are still quite un-settled and I've got no-where to "go". The

world is a place of un-ending torment. - I find I'm becoming less tolerant of the noise, congestion, and general "being" of Manhattan. It's hitting every part of my person and weighing heavily. I'm fed-up with hearing Spanish spoken. I'm fed-up with "conversating", anti-Jewish comments, pushing, shoving and needing to be on my guard at every moment. I'm moving from generally annoyed to completely fatigued from it all. But it seems there's no way out at this juncture. Premier. ExtraCare. Rockaway and now, Partners In Care. FOUR agencies and no work! Something is terribly wrong! And my stomach churns with the threat of losing control of my bowels. Even my own body is growing hateful of me. If I were a junkie, had AIDS, mental illness, I could be better off. A convict. Better. But this is the "reward" for being a kind, considerate, helpful human-being. None of it makes sense. None if it. - 9h27 When there's a need for something, time passes slowly. The world is spiteful. - 10h30 4th floor library. I've pee'd and feel better. Computer at 11h. As I came to a table to sit, some Asian bitch walked right up to the place I was headed for, grabbed the chair and sat down! Not a good start. AND, I JUST NOTICED THAT I'M NOT WEARING MY KEYS! THEY'RE UNDER MY PILLOW, BACK AT THE SHELTER! NO KEYS! I'LL BE WORRIED ABOUT THEM NOW! - 16 lap-tops along the wall. Internet, e-mail, word, I had a lap-top. I created web-sites. I did graphics. I journaled. I collected music. All worthless now. All gone. - 18h A108 Did my 45 minutes on-line, mostly looking for Chabad. The 770 address is on Eastern Parkway at Kingston Av.. The Kingston Av. stop on the Nr.3 train. Crown Heights. So, off I went. A quick stop at Bryant Park for a smoke, walk to Times Square. How that's changed. All new signs that project and move and just add to the mess that is this city. I was tired and hungry and in no mood for any of this. But, I went. A few moments later and 4

stops past Grand Army Plaza... Crown Heights. Just in time for Mincha services and the school to let out. Black Fedoras EVERYWHERE! I went round a block to get a feel and my bearings. Found 770. Not what one might expect of a "World Headquarters". I think it was Schneerson's house. When I walked in, men davening (*praying*), even in the foyer and narrow halls. Movement. Constant movement. Confined. Nobody noticed me in my jeans, work-boots, with back-pack. Or, they chose not to notice me. There was no one to speak with, no one to ask questions of. I left, forlorn, walked down Eastern Pkwy a bit, sat on a bench, had a cigarette and pondered, alone, in silence. The sun shone but the breezes were quite chilly. I wondered what Mum would do in such a situation. Barge right in, no doubt. I thought: I can't say they didn't help if I don't at least ask. I began to feel so isolated, right in the midst of what I can only describe as a "hive of Jews". I got up and started to walk. As I approached an "approachable-looking" elder, not wearing basic black or Fedora, I asked "Where might a person begin to inquire into information, direction, help about social services?" "The office of the Coalition." "And where might that be?" "Kingston and Carroll. Go to the corner, turn right." OK. I asked, he told, I walked. On Kingston and Carroll I asked a shop-keeper "Where might I find the Coalition office?" "You see the butcher at the corner? The next door." "Thank you." A quick stroll. The office is in a non-descript front but clearly indicated "Crown Height Jewish Coalition" (if one is standing directly in front of it.) (18h55 It's COLD in here! Thankfully, I have an extra blanket to put over me. I've managed to grab a nap.) Inside, 3 young men in "BlackHats" are speaking with an Orthodox woman about Social Security and the likes. THEY'RE SPEAKING HEBREW! Charming. When it comes my turn, I'm flustered, but I tell the woman that I've been living in the shelter, have just found work but need white scrubs and shoes. I've no money and no income. She's attentive and kind. She suggested I go across the street to a clinic to see if maybe they can help me. So, I go. At the clinic, the nice lady doctor, in American English tells me that they don't wear scrubs there and recommends that I look on-line. Well she didn't quite get the "I'm broke" part but rather than make an issue, I thanked her and departed. (There was a woman patient there, with 2 small children. They spoke French, Hebrew and English!) back to the Coalition office to tell that I got no help. The kind woman softened and began looking-up places on-line where I could buy scrubs until she finally understood: I'm Homeless and penniless. (By the way: as I was walking into 770, an old man, holding some paper cash in his clenched fist, held out his hand to beg money... FROM ME! I shrugged, told him I have nothing to give him and am in search of help myself. I doubt it registered with him at all.) Meanwhile, at the Coalition, g'veret (*Mrs.*) starts to look for telephone numbers (they assume I have no home but I have phone?). First number: MET COUNCIL! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THEM? Two more numbers: one for "east side" the other for "west side". I told her the shelter is on 30th and 1st Av.. She covered Manhattan. No addresses though. When I mentioned Met Council she said I should try the other numbers. Maybe they could intervene for me. At least maybe one of them could provide the money to buy the scrubs. So! I thanked her with all my heart and set out to find a BROOKLYN library (thankfully, I have a card!) to look-up addresses for Met Council and the 2 telephones. - On the parkway, I asked a cop for the nearest library. "Just down that way." but he didn't say how far. In the direction of Grand Army Plaza, 4 subway stations away. OK. I began walking. About 5 blocks later and no library, I ask 2 Black men, standing in front of a house. "How far am I from the library?" "About 6 blocks." OK. I'll go it. It's chilly. The walk will warm me. So where the hell do I end up? Brooklyn Central Library at GRAND ARMY PLAZA! In I go, swipe my card... IMMEDIATE appointment! Reverse look-up on the phone numbers: "East Side", United Jewish Council, 235 E. Broadway. Chinatown! "East Side"? OK. Next number, "West Side". West Side COJO. One's by City Hall, the address for them is 450 West End Av. (81/82). OK. What's a "COJO"? Of course! It's "Council of Orthodox Jewish Organisations"! Silly me. It looks like God is tryin' t'tell me something. Orthodoxy, here we come. Ready or not. Next? Met Council. Been there. They screwed me on my rent at 3150... no, wait, Jane Street! Waited so long to get my rent cheque to me that I was out! Anyway, 80 Maiden

Lane. 21st floor. No hours on their web-site. Idiots! I'll have to wing it and hope like hell. But, I did get the info I need. Tomorrow, I'm armed and ready. But I'll have to post-pone the Partners In Care bit for a week. I KNOW I can't depend on ANY of these groups for anything expeditious. Out the door of the library, into a clear, sunny, chilly afternoon of 16h (or so). The number 2 to Nevins to the number 5 to Union Square to the number 6 to 28th to the "Chateau Bellevue". I think I got in at about 17h or so and I was weak from hunger! 2 peanut butter rolls (Martins) and an entire small cup of peanut butter direct. A bit of coffee and a wash: corduroy shirt and socks. My shirt is REALLY BEGINNING TO SHOW WEAR! THE COLLAR IS WORN AND THE BACK IS GETTING THIN. To think I have (had?) another that's been worn only 4 or 5 times. When I think of what might be gone (lap-top, leather, suit, CD's, etc.) I get sick with anger. I'm not hateful. I'm so bitter that each heart-beat is a prayer for retribution! But, no sense in going into all of it here. Save the space. Move along. A nap. 30 minutes. Down for yet another smoke and here comes more incredible stuff! Round about 19h30 I went up to Ms. Peace for a car-fare slip (and to stroke her ego as I do, always). As we spoke of the "good news" of today, she wrote the voucher. I was out of there in moments and queued for sign-in already at 20h03. Mike, a construction guy who calls me Kessler (Addendum: Sonny) and I talked about job-hunting. He thought I was in construction! Hey! To me, that's a compliment. As we're talking, Mr. Brown makes his night announcement about having meal tickets "in your hand! Not in your pocket. Not in your arse. In your hand!" "I'll have car-fare at 9:30(pm)." He asked how many wanted car-fare and when it turned out to be only 2 of us, we got to go ahead of the queue, GET CAR-FARE AND SIGN IN! By 20h40 I am back in my room, journaling all of this. It's 21h10 right now! And although I'd like to have something to eat (the locker is void of food) I just don't know what I'd get at Gristede's to bring back so, I'll be a bit hungry tonight. - I'm not too certain if it's under-nourishment for the day, fatigue or what but my throat is a bit scratchy, as are my eyes. Or is it the flu shot? Or is it the fact that it's 16.5 degrees in here?!? And it's quite a chilly 16.5 degrees! None-the-less, there's also one less mosquito too! And I don't see any on the ceiling tonight! Hopefully I'll get good sleep, be ready to hit the streets in the morning, followed by Rockaway! I need to get to the post office and try for RAA and PHC to see Brian. It's going to be one HELL of a day! Let's hope for perfect weather. For now? 21h19. A smoke and bed I hope. No sign of Angel. I hope he's up-stairs signing in and I hope he doesn't expect to be entertained until midnight. - Almost 22h. As I went down at 21h33 for a smoke, Angel was coming in. The queue down-stairs was a mess! Long! I smoked, but never again so late! A Moroccan asked me "Manish'ma?" (*How are you?*) Speaks Hebrew, French and German. The "blüdel" (*idiot*) in front of me spoke German. Imagine? Languages other than Spanish! Coming back in was relatively quick but you could tell the guards are under pressure. - I'm waiting to see Angel and then, to sleep.

NOTES

19h30 car-fare slip Down for a smoke

20h03 queue for sign-in

20h40 back in room with car-fare and signed-in!

Friday, 3 October:

50/19 6h51 18.5 degrees! NO WATER! Got to sleep by 23h last night. Woke at 6h15 to 16 degrees! If I hadn't managed to acquire the extra blanket along the way it would have been a sleepless night. Still, to wake this morning to NO WATER? Luckily, my clothes are clean. But my body isn't. I need to take a dump, brush my teeth, take a shower! I've got some travelling to do. Today is supposed to be Rockaway and I'd like to go clean. - I'm also thinking about weather and clothes. It's cold and I've got no jacket or coat and very limited layers. The "hole" returns and with it, the darkness. Cold. What to do about the cold? - Well. I snuck a bit of a smoke in the room, waiting for word on the water. It's almost unbelievable. NO WATER in a city shelter. But

then, why should anybody care about 850 Homeless people? I've learnt from the likes of those who called themselves my "friends" and "family"... when you get right down to the bottom line, NOBODY calls, as long as THEY'RE comfortable. (8h09 Sat.4) WATER! Just as I finished writing, we got water so I bathed in the shower, in, out, done, dressed, out. Walked to Herald Square with Angel. The library didn't open until 10h and that was too late for my plans for the day. I walked across 34th to 8th and, after what felt like an eternity waiting, caught the A to Home! This morning, I didn't even mind the change at Broad Channel! And, it was warmer in Broad Channel than Manhattan. What a pleasure to hear the announcement: "Shuttle to Rock Park". I felt like the soldier coming home from years at war. - Tide was in and the sky was over-cast. The cloud-line followed the beach. Ah, Rockaway. The end of the continent, end of the country, end of the State, end of The City, end of the weather system. - B116th. Out of the station and to the post office where there was mail for me and the previous box-holder. Mine consisted of an invitation to "Taschlich" (passed) and a card notifying the congregation of Walter B's death, and a statement from my ADP Paycard. I was pissed: no direct deposit info from ADP! Well, off to Waldbaum's for food. - Another happy return to a most familiar place. Up and down the aisles; bread, cold cuts, snacks and through the self-check, out the door. I knew where I was and how to navigate and I was there and gone and on my way! Home! A stop at B116 and Newport for the paper, on the Q35 and out to the wilderness of Funston! The clouds were to my right. The beach and sun were to my left. - As I got off the bus at the gates of Ft. Funston, the sun was shining, the usual wind was blowing and it was truly warmer. A pit stop at the public loo and to T6 where Madame Penelope was busy polishing her stone already. - As harsh as it might appear, I wasn't particularly thrilled to see her. Yes, I miss the Fort. No, I do NOT miss the RAA or its ilk. But, being the trooper, I feigned the missing, did the kissing and admired the sculpture (which I think is a waste of an other-wise beautiful piece of stone). We schmoozed about life in the shelter, life in general. Nothing deep or personal. Geoff came in to work on priming some stretched fabric he'd found and will use for a portrait, commissioned. He's trying to use a stretch fabric of some kind instead of canvass! It's not working as he'd like. Duh. It's not canvass. Oh well. Ripping off the client. Bastard! Typical bastard. Anyway, I made my little lunch at noon and read the latest horrors of home in the Wave. - Finally! Left alone to grab my hidden toiletries and the little scissor I used for hair-cut! Part one of my purpose accomplished! - About an hour later "Billy" came by to leave some kind of machinery for Geoff. He and Penelope were in the lot out front. I borrowed her charger - it will be returned to her, of course - and took my leave to head to Peninsula Hospital. - A NOTE: Life, existence, the world, current situation has made it that I need to acquire necessities in any way possible. At this juncture, if I'm to get the fuk out of this hole I'm in, I need work. Work will have to phone me. I need to keep the phone fully charged. If I asked with all due politeness and humility, I'd get a "No" on the matter of the phone charger from the woman who would never put herself out to drive a few blocks into Rockaway or even into Brooklyn on her way, to give me a lift. Same woman who saw no harm in letting me live out in the Fort. So, I do what I must these days to get out of where I am. Let God and all Creation judge me. I just don't care any more. I'm doing what I must to make the best of this shit I'm dying in. Don't like it world? SHOVE IT! - As I was headed for the gate, a KINDNESS! Billy pulls up and offers a lift to 116th! He's a welder. Rockaway. We talked about the "small town" of Rockaway and how "a stranger will come by and offer a ride." (Truth? I'd like to offer him "a ride"!). But, well, I don't know why I didn't. Still. I didn't. Maybe one of these days. Maybe in the Bakfort.) And so we parted at 116th and I went to 112th and up to the boards and down to 54th. - The sun was wonderfully warm. The breeze was strong. The ocean was a whisper and I was on my way. Stopped for a cookie break and smoke at 74th. My feet were beginning to hurt. I noticed it's easier to walk the boards than concrete sidewalks. I missed flip-flops. I thought, I spoke; "I WILL return to Rockaway and I WILL live here comfortably and I WILL do it for my happiness and to spite Life." I continued my walk, noticing how the boards deteriorate down in the 60's and 50's.

At last, 54th. I had to leave the sea. - As I got to Beach Channel Drive I had the feeling that Brian wasn't at PHC. As I entered the grounds and looked at his window, I had a strong feeling that he wasn't there. As I left the lift on the 2nd floor, a dialysis Nurse looked at me and said "He's not here." There. Confirmed. So I went to the unit to find Jocelyn and there, at the very end of the hall, she was! I stopped at the desk to learn about Brian's discharge. The Nurses were the expected patronising, assuring me that he was ready to go. but the look on an NA's face told me better. Kleyменова sat in her corner and didn't speak. I was quite fine with that.. I have nothing pleasant to say to her anyway. So, I moved on to see Joycelyn who, when she saw me, gave a wonderful greeting and hug! Asked me how I'm doing, how did they discharge me, where I am living. When I told her how they lied, she said I should have re-admitted and I should sue. Gave me the name of an attorney who'll take my case AND the one against Premier! (Now I have to go back to Far Rock for that. And I will!) We went in to sit in an empty room and talked. I told her of my dilemma with the scrubs. She said she'll see what she can do. She asked me if I have a warm jacket. I said all I have is all that's here. "We'll take care of that." THEN SHE HANDED ME A 20 SAYING "HOLD ON TO THAT."!!! YOU'LL NEED TO GET TO WORK AND THINGS SO YOU HOLD ON TO THAT." A 20 FROM SOMEONE WHO CAN AFFORD IT LESS THAN SO MANY OTHERS! HOW TYPICAL! It makes me all the more bitter toward the liars and miserable fuks who hold tightly and bullshit a person! Yes, this 20 is a pair of white sneakers OR a set of white scrubs OR a telephone charger OR more phone time. AND it's something that could have come from an RAA donation jar OR somebody's loan OR a simple gift of compassion and understanding. Well, I learn to hold back until I am taken care of. - Time went by, Joycelyn took my PO address and phone number. It hurt to leave but she made me feel confident that things are only improving. - I walked down to the Frank (44th) station for the train back. I stood on that platform, looking across the trees and the brush and over to the ocean. How magnificent! How much my "Home". On the way to PHC I got to 67th and was embraced by Gaston. There's still time and the opportunity to come home to Gaston. I'll remember that. I remembered that at Frank too. The train came. It carried me up the shore, across the bay and... away. It was about 17h or so. - At 1st Av. I took the bus because my feet were so sore that I couldn't walk. In 2E22 a turkey sandwich, a beef sandwich, a nap, a cigarette, sign-in. At 20h45, I went down for another smoke. Sonny and Angel queued. We talked? When I came up to the room, Angel was just getting down from sign-in. The census seems low. I told him I was tired, sore, needed sleep. We cut the

day and the night. - A note: At PHC, Lillian said "You want a bed? We have plenty to chose from." Funny(?)

DREAM

Penelope was exhibiting her works at the Newburgh library. Her recent "Deco" piece was the centre of attention. She stood, smiling, beside it, not speaking but posing as if for some photo-op



Saturday, 4 October:

(51/20) 10h30 2E22 Just finished yesterday's entry. I woke at 7h35, started this with coffee. I've showered and dressed. It's overcast, chilly. It's quiet in the halls and miserably noisy out-side. Angel said he wanted to go to lunch here and then to the library for his card and computer time. I really don't want to wait around that long in the shelter, Honestly, I don't know how these people can just piss away a day. Even a cloudy, chilly one. Oh well. I'll have a bite to eat and get to the library. Kippa



or not. I take my traditions on MY terms from now on. - 11h53
 18.5 degrees. It's cold. I'm cold. It's drizzling! In the Wave:
 Shirl is going to have a reading tomorrow! I'll have to miss it!
 Fukked again! And I shouldn't be angry or bitter? Fuk! -
 13h29: ANGEL HAS BEEN TRANSFERRED OUT! TO
 "PROJEN". HE'S GONE TO THE 7TH FLOOR SCIMS
 OFFICE. THE TRANSFER IS TODAY! FROM HERE ON, I
 SPEAK WITH AND TO NO ONE! IT'S THE BEGINNING OF
 SOLITARY. I WANT TO PUKE! - 15h29 River Park:
 Everything in our lives gets ripped from us so easily.
 Especially those that provide us with any semblance of
 happiness, joy, comfort. I saw Angel to the bus just now, as I'd
 seen Dennis to the train. East 3rd St. Project Renew. A guy in
 the yard at E30th said it's a much better place. E.30th is only a
 "clearing house". Angel's 21 days were up today. Tomorrow is
 mine. The rumour is that I'll be out to who-knows-where by
 Tuesday. Another shuffle in my life. Well, I found this place
 by the water. It gives me a little happiness. Yes. This too,
 must go. I'm alone again. I know some people at E30 but
 none to sit and talk with. Lonely nights are coming... empty
 nights. A "why" question: WHY HAVE I NOT BEEN
 CALLED TO WORK? - The sky has cleared. Sunshine. Cold
 breeze. - Angel gave me a heavy jacket! It fits me very well.
 Odd olive-sort-of colour. Black lining. But it will keep me
 warm. I suppose I must be thankful for that much. An
 exchange: camaraderie for warmth. Warmth against the
 coming cold, provided by a Homeless man. "Homeless". His
 mother has a place, with basement. He sees her daily. Stored
 things in her basement. (Maybe she lives in a project and
 can't offer him space?) "Homeless". I have no one and no
 where and nothing. But I have a warm jacket. My mind is
 like a pile of wind-blown cinders. Like melted plastic. Like
 vomit. Yes. Like vomit. Nothing is making any sense. This
 morning I stared out my window and wondered about Anita
 (*my cousin*). This family abandoned her too! How cruel!
 Relatives of immigrants. She was the daughter of
 immigrants. How cruel. Just dumping humanity on a whim.
 How miserably cruel! But the sun is shining warmly on my
 neck, the river rushes by. The traffic behind me is almost
 maddening. Will I be transferred in the night? Tonight? No.
 Not until there's a cold, rainy night. That's how it will be.
 The only "appropriate" way to handle me. And all the while,
 I wonder why I'm still here - still alive - still going.
 Curiosity? Morbidly morose curiosity? To see just how
 much of a further beating I can take? It's SO VERY past the
 time when I should be GONE. - 16h It's cold and the
 beginning of an empty night. - 16h44 Angel rang. HE HAS
 TO WAIT UNTIL 23h FOR HIS ALREADY-ASSIGNED
 BED! There's TV to watch. Dinner is spaghetti and meat
 sauce. He says it's cleaner than here. He sounds lost. Hey! I

had a massive anxiety attack when I got back to the room! Ate 2 cereals, 2 turkey sandwiches, the 3 graham crackers he gave me. I'm a mess alright. Security came by about 16h55. "Hello. Are you alright?" No! I'm not "alright". But there's nothing you can (or would) do to make it any better. - A Note: The jacket co-ordinates with my back-pack. "Olive" must be my new, up-and-coming colour. - Angel works tomorrow. Library Mid-town 13-17h. Shirl's reading is 13-17h. All I know is, I'll need diversion. Ms.Peace is off Sunday and Monday. Yom Kippur is Wed. night. Synagogue around here? - 18h19 Just came up from a smoke. Conversation over-heard as I waited to go through security (in Spanish): "You have to go to Newburgh. Broadway and Liberty. You take the train, Metro-North, to Beacon, and bus for one dollar. You tell them you're Homeless and you don't want to go to a shelter. They'll put you in a hotel or motel." NEWBURGH! It's still the welfare capitol and easy-street for the dregs. If only I could put this on the "voy" board somehow! But as I came back to the 2nd floor, anxiety attack in full charge, I thought "How different am I from that shit? Just because I'm HERE in the shelter system?" - What a day! What an evening! Nothing more or less than anxiety. And I believe I have to see Ms.Peace this evening about my meal ticket. I don't want to. I don't want a new one. I don't want to see her. So it means "shut down" and go simply to pass some time. I'll go at 19h. If it takes an hour, I'll queue for sign-in. Then, I can sign in, come here, try for sleep. I'll have to face tomorrow alone. - All told, what I truly TRULY NEED IS TO FOCUS SOLELY ON GETTING OUT OF THIS SHELTER, OUT OF THIS SYSTEM, OUT OF ALL OF THIS AND NOW. NOT LATER. NOW!!!!!! - As I write, the sun is setting and the sky is dark, dark grey with ominous clouds. My chest is closing in on me. The room is closing in on me. ANXIETY ATTACK! in dead silence. - (Note: WHAT HAVE I DONE TO DESERVE THIS?) - 18h48 It's ever so dark out there. Thick with clouds. Angel's bed is being moved about. A new guy already? I want to cry. I want to punch something. I'm sick to death of being bloody-fukking stoic! Sick to bloody-fukking death! - 21h17 Ms.Peace extended my meal ticket to the 8th by making an 8 out of the 6 and initialling it. I can't wait to see what this will cause and if it will be reflected on the sign-in sheet. We had a really great chat about language. She's Nigerian. I told her how I live African English. She told me how she hates Black-American English. That done, I queued for sign-in. She was running it tonight. Then, after sign-in, a diversion from anxieties by having a talk with Mike, (from A127, now on the 4th floor). He grew up in Riverdale! We even talked about living in Riverdale Park! Seems people have done it for years already. Little communities are there! He also told me of a synagogue where they let you sleep on the benches over-night and give you food. It's in Chelsea. Since I don't have "proper" clothes for Yom Kippur, I'll look into it for services on Thursday. I won't be able to go Wednesday night because of sign-in. But maybe I can catch week-day services anyway. Why? I don't. know, exactly, Seems "God" is in Hate mode with me of late. But maybe the routine will help. Rabbi Lewis said it does. I'll try anything now. From the looks of this floor and the sign-in, new people are coming in and none look "civil". I want out of here. Soon! Then, think of Mike: 3 compressed vertebrae, bowel problems so bad he can't stray too far from a loo, ETOH. My problem? I just hate existing. Tired of life itself. Well, I snuck my half cigarette. Library at 13h tomorrow. If my feet will manage, a look-up on that synagogue. Food shopping. (No more food stamps on the account until Friday and about 40\$ left now.) It's 22h03 and the hall-rats are congregating. Me? Time to try for some sleep. - Thank you for the jacket, Angel.



Sunday, 5 October:

12h05 2E22 (52/21): My stomach is churning. An emergency trot before shower (and dump... daily? Why not?) Woke first time about 7h. Finally up at 8h30. Kept very busy this morning cleaning the locker, organising, trying to make packing and schlepping easy. I do think I can manage with only minor difficulties at this point. - Angel phoned at 10h30. "Call me back." - It rained over-night into this morning so I didn't rush to wake up. - Cleaning crew mopped hall and loo. I heard a woman "Hello? No smoking." Me? I've had 5 cigarettes this morning in half-cigarette intervals. - Library open at 13h. I'll go. Shirl is having a reading today at 13h. I'd like to go but not for the 20 that Joycelyn gave me. I need that for whites. Besides which, although I've nothing against Shirl, I've no real desire to participate in RAA any more. YES! I want and NEED to get back to Rockaway but NO! Not to the RAA. - So, 12h30. A bit of sun. I'm off to the library. - 14h50 Library. My eyes don't want to focus! Fatigue? Or a bit of depression? Don't know. Don't care. As I waited (from 13h25 to...) for my 14h appointment, I doodled and a woman wanted to know where I got this book. Then she saw my "doodles" and remarked "They're really exquisite!" Says I should make good money at it. OK. Another "should" with nothing more. The person is OK but you know? Fuk the "should"! - Got on-line. ADP disputes (O.D. fee AND a 5-dollar cash back? WTF?). Forbell and E.3rd found. Atty. in Far Rock found. Angel added to Grand Central. Posted to voy Newburgh. Re: over-heard yesterday. Even checked some e-mails! Busy! A second call from Angel. Now I'm checking. Nothing. Blanks. OK. - Looks like good weather out there. I'm quite hungry. It's 15h. This was the only thing on my agenda. Perhaps I'll go for a smoke and check the 3rd floor. Sign-in is at 20h. Can go back to "cell" at any time. - 12.65\$ on the phone. I need money for minutes! The "NEEDING" never ends. - 18h46 2E22: Left and went to D'Ag at 38th on 3rd for cream cheese, peanut butter, yoghurt, PopTarts, rolls. The peanut butter should have had 6 containers. IT ONLY HAD FOUR! Fukking fukked! But I didn't go back. Why bother listening to them accuse me of trying to get away with something? I ate. That's what's important. - Spoke with a man who was walking a dachshund. Good moments spent. It got chilly. I came here at about 16h45 or so and passed the time sorting through my little notes and tearing them into little pieces. Had a cigarette by halves. - The sun is setting. Another day gone. - Tried to phone Angel twice. No answer. Well, I tried. - My locker is looking quite neat and tidy. Ready to pack and go. Some guys have been here 2 months. I don't want to be here that long. I'm quite anxious to go now. Too bad it gets too cold at night. - I need clean linens. Maybe this Wednesday. I don't know and don't much care. - Looking forward to sign-in and sleep. LONG walk tomorrow to Met Council and LONG walk back! - 20h58 Signed in and the fukking lunatics have taken over the asylum tonight: One fuk tried coyly, to take a place in the queue in front of me. I disappointed him when I said "I don't fukking care". DHS little security manned the sign-in table. There's no "control" over anything at all on 7. - I noticed Angel's bed (A107) isn't assigned. They just couldn't wait to move him but there's nobody to take the empty bed. - Down-stairs for a smoke and some trash on the 2nd floor has a boom-box in the window blasting what I can only call "niggershit". LOUD! Even DHS security isn't stopping it. - The hall over here in the East Wing is full of cigarette smoke. 3 security guards at the desk in the Centre Wing. All goes unnoticed.

NOTE: Synagogue 23 b 7/8

On the sign-in queue, the ass behind me was blasting some shit ring-tone tune as "security" walked by playing with a text phone. Behind Mr. Ring-tone, some moron kept shouting vulgarities at what-ever. Right now there are some idiots slamming doors and toilet seats. Everything is falling apart. I truly NEED to get out of here! But I keep my own person and emotions and thoughts pulled deeper and deeper inside. I think of my nights in the Bakfort. There's no sense reacting to any of it. This place is the actual proof that there are "human" brains that are biologically and organically pitifully inferior. It is a grand promotional support for a "Brave New World". There truly ARE those whose destruction could make the world a better

place. - And the doors in the hall slam on and on at 21h 13. - I'll be out of here early tomorrow. Let the weather be good! - PopTarts for snacks. A sketch or 2. Bed. Lights out.

DREAM

I'm in a small, crowded, small-town candy store to get 4 or 5 pcs. of candy. Fat man at counter. Busy with slow customer in front of me. As a favour to him, I count for exact change. He sees my small purchase and points it out to fat woman owner who says "Since he wants to be like that here..." and she calcs. one piece. at a time. I'm furious and yell at her, punching her, telling her I was trying to make it easier by counting exact change! She apologises but I'm in a rage, punching her, poking at her breasts, telling her she's fat, disgusting, foul-odoured! She keeps apologizing. I keep yelling, punching, poking. She follows me out of the store and down the stairs. I'm still yelling and poking. She's sweaty. Fat and sweaty. I wake up.



Monday, 6 October:

(53/22) 12h52 Met Council 10th floor. SO TIRED! I slept last night but sleep is no longer restful. Woke at approximately 5h40, had coffee, jumped into shower and dressed and bolted for the door. I may have left just past 7h because I walked down 2nd to 3rd Street. Found "Projen" at 8 E.3rd. Nice building on the outside. Typical E. Village neighbourhood and "common" Homeless trash on the streets. It started to drizzle. Said I, to God "You wouldn't dare!" God heard. He didn't. I walked to Broadway and down to J and R, off to - no, wait - OK. Yes, Fulton St. where I stopped for a smoke, and a phony phone talk as I smoked. Onward to Maiden Lane. Arrived SO early that by 8h11 I had already been sitting, established, at Pier 17. I noted: 12degrees. It was 49degrees F. at Houston (at 7h50). Cloudy. Feet hurt, back wet from sweat. Could use a BM. Left approx. 7h. Angry this morning. Rang Partners In Care at 8h50, told to call back at 9h. Sick of people, congestion, noise. Sick of passing so many places with so many memories. Kips Bay. Barbara and Eileen and Zur, 22nd, lived there, Lower Broadway, futon for Jane St., John St., Duncanson and Holt-reinsurance co. and

Sinclair, 40th and Madison, Nancy, Liz, Lord and Taylor, Mama, Takashimaya, 36th and 3rd-Dakota, Judy, Joyce, Alex... Too much. Too much. 8h40 heading for Met Council. - And so I did. Met Council, 80 Maiden Lane, 21st floor. William at the reception. He asked if he could help me. I told him I doubt it but I'll try. I told him, bluntly, of my walking from the Shelter, my homelessness, my need of uniform. He invited me to have a seat. A welcome invitation! I read the Jewish Sentinel as I waited. An Iranian man of quite a certain age, dressed very well, claiming "Refugee" status, looking for an apartment immediately! I over-heard a young woman tell him that it doesn't work that way. There are waiting lists and such. William kept me abreast by telling me that someone from Crisis Intervention would see me at about 10h. His English, spoken, grammar are a delight to the ear and I told him so. As I'm sitting and reading, a tall Black woman

comes in, stands in front of me, introduces herself as “Jackie” and asks how she can help me “this time after so many years”. I’m still on file! (I’m nodding off as I jot this too!) I took the leap and told her that the cheque, years ago, arrived after I’d lost the apartment. Lip service to having tried. She heard my story. I told her that since then, I’ve lost faith and trust in people but have strengthened my faith in God. (Well, I test him now.) - 2E22 at 15h20 - She told me that if I have faith in God then I have to have faith in mankind. Then she told me that I should have called before coming in. It would have saved a lot of wear and tear on the body. I said that my body doesn’t make much difference these days, I’m in the shelter. Even at that, I’m in it simply for the experience. I was blunt. I told her it was a simple choice between the shelter or death, and I still can’t be too certain why I chose the shelter. She told me to wait a few moments, she’d be right back. Well, a very few moments later she came back to tell me that I needed to go to a store where I could buy what I need, have them write an “estimate” and bring that back to her. “I deal in vendor cheques, not cash.” She told me there’s a uniform store up on Nassau, get the “estimate”, bring it to her on the 10th floor. She didn’t say they’d cover it. She didn’t say they wouldn’t. My feet were sore already, I was hungry, tired, thirsty. I went. It was about 11h by now. - Up Maiden to Nassau, up Nassau to the end. No store. I was at Pace already and, well, I thought, if they teach Nursing, somebody should know where to get uniforms. I tried. - In the lobby, the security guard, a lovely, soft-spoken woman, told me she had no idea where to get uniforms. I joked about no longer being able to look in a phone book since everything’s on the Internet now. But just as I turned to leave and start walking all over the Financial District, THERE, beside her, a phone book! 2005, but a phone book! She gave it to me and I went browsing. Most stores are in The Bronx and New Jersey. Many are up-town. One was only at 386 on Broadway. I could just about manage that walk. I thanked her and left. - O.K. Uniforms is about 4 long blocks from Pace. Avi, the proprietor, young, black kippa and the longest peyot (*side-locks as worn by some Orthodox*) I’ve ever seen, tucked up slyly under the kippa, greeted me with “Shalom”. (Rachel? You were so right about wearing a kippa!) I told him what I needed. Jackie had said “two” sets of scrubs and shoes. So I told Avi. I went through what they had in scrubs. A woman asked if I was finding what I needed. I was, but needed the shoes. “Size?” 11. She replied “Weppa!” but went into the back and moments later came out with a box containing size 11, white, professional but comfy shoes! OK! I found the scrubs, had the shoes, Avi printed a receipt for me. 113\$. I figured “Not a chance” but thanked him and returned, slowly, limping, to 80 Maiden. It was about 11h40. A woman gave me a “Standard Application” for persons under the age of 60. It struck me when I told her I’m under by only 7 years. ONLY 7 YEARS! Shit! But I completed the application, she copied my social security and Benefits cards and gave all, with receipt, to Jackie. More waiting. I asked if I could eat my 2 little sandwiches (peanut butter and cream cheese, made this morning before leaving the shelter), she said “Of course!” I promised not to leave crumbs. She thanked me. I ate and as I ate, Jackie passed to leave “Enjoy your nosh.” I said “If my sugar goes down too much...” “Don’t go getting sick on me now!” We chuckled. She left. I finished and began journaling. - As is obvious by the writing, I was falling asleep as I wrote. It was horrible! I couldn’t keep from dozing off! It’s become that way now: I get someplace out of the shelter and I doze off! It’s got to be because, in the shelter, EVERY second is on watch, on guard, expecting violence of some kind. (Even as I write this, at 19h21, the Spics are in the hall, wandering like feral chickens, yelling and slamming doors. So conducive to relaxation. TRASH!) Get out of the shelter into the world of civilized human, humane beings and the body collapses. - I didn’t see her return but in a matter of maybe 20 minutes, she, Jackie, came from her office and asked me to come with her. We went back to the 21st floor. En route I told her of my entry into the shelter. I’ve resolved to tell everyone I can about Shockeye. She said it’s a shame how people can be so ignorant that they choose to stop thinking beyond such stupidity. We arrived back where I’d begun on 21. Jackie bade me have a seat. - It wasn’t 10 minutes later when she returned with an envelope. Handing it to me she said “You can open it. I just prefer doing it this way.” IN THE ENVELOPE WAS A 100, A 10, 3

SINGLES, THE RECEIPT! NOTHING MORE! NOTHING LESS. When I thanked her, she said "None of us knows if or when we might be on the other end of this. I just hope someone will be there to help me if my time comes. Meanwhile, I do what I can. Happy New Year. Good luck." I was (and still am) numb. En route to Met this morning I was angry, knowing that I'm worthy and deserving of help. I've given, given, given, in silence and when-ever I've asked for help I've gotten just less or not at all. I expected that today. OK. So I got just exactly and nothing more. But I received help... nothing less! Jackie and I parted on the 10th floor. Me? I hobbled directly back to O.K. Uniforms, handed Avi the cash and proceeded to PAINFULLY limp and hobble back up-town. It was about 14h. I thought the slow, painful walk would take at least 2 hours. Well, even with a stop at 17th and 1st for a smoke, I was back at the shelter by 15h10! WITH MY WHITES! (20h59 signed-in, smoke.) Met Mike on the way in at 15h. Chatted a bit. I wasn't sure I'd be allowed in before 16h. I so needed to get off my feet. The PAIN was horrible. I was thirsty. I needed to pee. What another blessing to come to this vacant, stark, cold room, take off my work-boots, wash my socks, t-shirt, scrub top, lie down. The sun poured in through the window and directly on me. I fell asleep for almost an hour. - 16h38 I woke. I decided to break the 20 from Joycelyn for another pouch of Bugler, having finished the second pouch today. Flip-flops on and downstairs just in time to see DHS Security in action! A tall, thin, very dark Black man. I'd seen him a couple of days ago. Scars on his bald head. Surgical. I remembered thinking he'd be trouble. Indeed, he was. The take-down reminded me of the Wingdale days but this time, no "sheet" no Ativan, just cuffs. The big, burly White guy with the kind face smiled. "This is the second time." I waited until the fracas was done, had a smoke, not wanting to get too close, then hobbled over to 2nd for smokes. En route back, stopped at an obscure bench in the projects, rolled a smoke and hobbled back for 2 peanut butter and honey sandwiches. Time to journal the day and wait for sign-in at 20h. - As Fate would have it, at just past 20h, FIRE ALARM! Harsh. Shattering. Haunting. Awful! The electronic blips, at different pitches, echo all through this hollow, empty, cold, concrete asylum. I focused on climbing the 5 flights but at one point it almost choked me. I don't know what, exactly, it evoked but I was, for the briefest moment, in terror on the stairs! Deep breath. Climbing slowly. Non-stop to 7. All was as if nothing unusual was happening. - And so, 21h17, the trash is making havoc in the halls. I'm just going to get to bed and hope with all, for sleep. I wish I could take something to help but the only thing I have has codeine and if I have to take a drug test, I'll be screwed. So, I'll suffer through trying for sleep. - It's cold in here tonight. I closed the window. The forecast in the elevator on Maiden Ln. said 44 degrees F for tomorrow night. Winter is coming. It'll be interesting to see if I make it that far. This is all beginning to wear me down, mentally, emotionally, physically.

DREAM

I napped this evening. A dog. Jack Russel? Black, brown and white being attacked by a larger, short-haired, grayish dog, in the stairway here, in the shelter. I grabbed the large dog at the neck to choke it, with both my hands. It reared, pulling the neck-skin up over it's eyes. Its tongue protruded. It went limp. I left it on the landing and called the little dog to follow me. It did. I looked back. The large dog regained consciousness, tried to follow me and the small dog, but couldn't. I was surprised that I managed to choke the large dog and happy to have saved the small dog. I was prepared to kick the large dog if it got too close to us. I woke.

NOTE: WHITES and SHOES! FULL UNIFORM! Jackie-Met Council. O.K. Uniform-113\$ Total Resched PIC Orientation for Mon.13 October.

Tuesday, 7 October:

(54/23) 8h44 Bryant Park. 46degrees F. A horrible night, last night. RicanTrash in the hall most of the night. - Woke 6h16. Shaved. Painful. Bad razors! Showered. Dressed. So much pain, right foot blistered! So much Pain! - Cold this morning. Not enough for a heavy jacket, too cold for sweat

shirt. - Hobbled slowly up to here. Library open at 9h. No particular destination today. Certainly can't walk any great distance. It would seem this is truly a "Homeless" day. Considering trip to Rockaway but not certain. Just a touch down. - Two brief messages from Angel. "Call me." It's costing me phone time. How to get 22\$ to put on the phone. Dilemma du jour. And where to charge the phone today. Dilemma du jour deux. - I find time dragging yesterday and today. When I'm not hurried, neither is time. Always arriving too early. - When I get up from here there will be more pain. As I sit here, more cold. 5 more minutes to library. There's no sunshine to be found in the morning. No warmth. This can't continue much longer. I can't take much more of it. I simply can't. There are places I could go. But I can't walk! My worst dread has come to be: "Can't walk." 2 minutes to library. A slow hobble. A bit of time on-line. Then what? I just don't know. - 10h58. A to Rockaway. 75 minutes on-line at library. Immediate appointment. Posted twice to Luach. - Only 9.50\$ on phone. Had to block Angel for now. - Tired. Dissociated somehow. Hungry. - MetroCard was 7.50\$ not 7\$. - Nap time on the A. - 21h28. A108. SpicTrash in the hall. Doors slamming away! Fuk! It's almost amazing how stupid these morons can be and still they manage to breathe. Just amazing. Black and Beige alike. - Anyway, I'm in. Throat coated with sand. Nose dripping. Eyes dry. Head heavy. Something's coming on and it ain't Christmas. I can't afford to feel like shit now. I just can't! I just won't! - Believe it or not, some dick-head is tapping on something at the construction site next door at this hour! Sometimes the world's just hateful. But, I did manage to get my new meal ticket, valid until the 14th, sign-in and wash my socks from today (the blister broke) and a set of whites (to take out the folded creases - replacing them with plain wrinkles). I could wish for a good night's sleep but it won't happen, so why bother? - The day: off the train at 116th and to the post office for nothing but 2 pieces of junk for the previous "resident"! - I need my direct deposit info. Fuk! To Waldbaum's for today's lunch and snack. Food Stamps down to about 11\$ and more not due until Friday. Time to watch. The markets in The City are too fucking expensive! But as I went through the aisles of Waldbaum's, it felt good to be "home". So familiar. So quiet. So needed. - The Q35 to the Fort. Penelope and Geoff. Both working and both quiet. I truly admired the glass-like, almost liquid-like appearance of Penelope's sculpture as she buffed and waxed. It honestly is a wonder that happens to the stone. The piece? Not to my taste. The "art"? Magnificent! - Ego-stroking. That's what I do. - Geoff is painting on a huge, stretched bit of brownish fabric, not canvass. Brick wall. No doubt for the Halloween do (the one I'll have to miss again this year!). But both of them, very quiet. - I arrived about 13h! Later than I'd expected to arrive. Still, the peace, the quiet, the serenity, clear skies, sea breezes, warm sun... feeling of "home"... I didn't care about anyone or anything. I had my lunch in the back yard. - Geoff left. Tommy came. Penelope's mood brightened. I'm obviously not HER COMPANY OF CHOICE. Ah, then, but, what the fuk? Eh? Tommy told jokes. Geoff returned. They smoked a dube out back, cracked jokes. Tommy told me of his few days working on the "Nugget" bar in Monticello! (or, Montighetto, as he called it). Of ALL places! So we talked Catskills. It amazed him that so many people up there have guns. Duh. He stayed at someone's home out in Swinging Bridge. Ah, well then. It was a bit of fun to tell my "I remember that when" tid-bits. - I left at 15h30. Fare well, Funston. As delightful as it may be to be there, the most blatantly obvious fact that remains is that, for all the hoopla the RAA claims, NOT ONE, knowing I'm in the shelter, need work and money, NOT ONE has done ANYTHING, NOT EVEN OFFERED to help me in ANY way. I think of this, always. Not that I care. I just note it. - (22h01 BLOODY MUTHERFUKKING USELESS DICKHEADED SHIT MOUTHED SPICS IN THE BASTARD-FUKKING HALL AT THIS BLODDY ARSE-FUKKING HOUR!) - Out to PHC to find Joycelyn. Yay! She was there and so happy to see me! I told her about getting the whites. She was planning to get them for me! Dinner trays came. She put one together for me. Chicken, veggies, pasta, potato, soup, coffee, pineapple chunks. I hid in 257 and shoved it down so quickly, lest I get caught. Klembitch was on the floor. (22h15 I have to try for some sleep!) - (9h02 Wed. at library. Feeling like shit)I just don't want to deal with her interrogations and, as with this evening, false

smiles of concern. Two-faced bitch. And, while I'm on the two-faced folk: Brenda, who comes at me with judgement, tells me about New Haven Home Care and does absolutely NOTHING to help me along to getting back to work. Her first question to me was "Are you working?" Not a "How are you?" As Joycelyn pointed out, Rachel will do things to "help", Brenda will simply spew words. She's generally useless. But then, I did find, in a previous conversation with her, that she's one of those "Orthodox" who believes that, if one is not of "her" belief, one is unworthy of even her attention. And this is a Nurse! We move along to the next patroniser: Rozann, who came to the floor as I was about to leave. A simple, blatantly forced smile. Why does she bother? I asked her about the paper-work allegedly sent to the shelter to "Arlene". I told her it's been 3 weeks in the shelter and nobody I've spoken with knows of any "Arlene" DEFENCE! The tone, turned hostile and she blurted "Of course I faxed your records over! How do you think you go in there in the first place?" I calmly replied: "Just like anybody else off the streets. I went through the general procedures like everyone else. And all along I asked about the records and nobody knew what I was talking about." She continued to insist and dropped the acronym "PLU" for "Arlene and Vanessa C....", a Nurse, and another name I can't recall just now. I tried to allay her tension, made my point and she toddled off, irritated. So? So. - Joycelyn's talking about buying me a set of pots and pans for my apartment already. She makes certain I eat. She's planned on buying me clothes. She's actually taking care of me. And she says "That's just the way I am." Yes. And it's just the way I'd always been... until now. We parted, her telling me that she's on the week-end and asking if I had carfare to get back. Where has she come from and how is it my life is touched by her? Now, of all times. She's a blessing... a true gift. A miracle. - It was about 17h20 when I left PHC, got the Q22 bus to 139th St. Stopped by to see Lillian B..... to pay respects. She candidly replied: "Not well." Told me how she'd planned on bringing Walter home. How difficult the coming Bar Mitzvah will be. She wept a bit and asked if I'm still in the area. No comment when I told her that I'm in The City (no details). Said she was cooking "for yontiv" and couldn't talk but ended with "Come by any time." I never got inside the door. But, I suppose that's better. I needed to back anyway. - Q53 to the 2 to the 5 to the 6 to 28th. I was back in by about 19h30. - Upstairs for meal ticket. Downstairs for quick nosh and water and such. Back up-stairs for sign-in. Down stairs for smoke. Upstairs to end a busy day in a fucking hell-hole of Earth's trash. - Noting, however: as I did my little laundry, a new face says "Big holiday coming up for you, huh?" White guy. We joked about the starvation of Yom Kippur and tradition vs. religion. There are some pleasant people around in the world. A few... very few...



Wednesday, 8 October:

(55/24) 9h38 Midtown Library 2nd floor. I'm continuing... VERY, VERY little sleep last night! Stuffy, runny nose. Couldn't breathe well because of scratchy throat. Couldn't get comfortable. My mind wouldn't shut down! Miserable. I even had to get up to pee at one point. The next thing I know, I'm looking at my little clock. 6h58 - Coffee. Shower. Quick half smoke. Feeling run down, run over. Tired, tired. Scratchy throat. Runny nose. I'm dozing here. No plans for the day. The phone is charging. The time is passing slowly! SO slowly. - Sign on the 7th floor at the Shelter tells that linens for 2nd floor are exchanged on "Wednesday". I'd planned that for today. However, the sign on the 2nd floor tells "Tuesday". Bloody inconsistencies and stupidity! But I went to the "linen office" on 5 only to find it locked! FUKKED AGAIN! So I just left and came

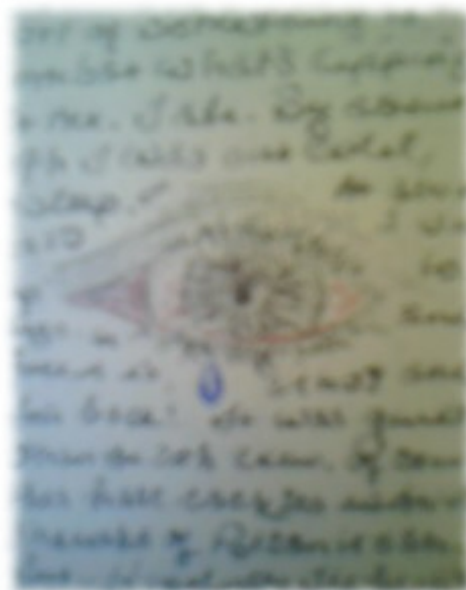
here, arriving for a queue and entry. - I'm run-down this morning. But I've got a few things that can be done. Let's see how we manage this comfortably coolish day. - 18h46 in 2E-22. This place is as good as dead. Silent. Wonderfully silent. I've just awakened from a sleep of almost 2 hours! It's sun-down. Yom Kippur. The fast has begun. Will I make it this year? No promises. - Got on-line with an extra 15 minutes. Had I known, I'd have done my CV and cover letter. I got both written as I sat at the table on the 2nd floor. I also got the cell phone charged fully. Now all I need is money for it. - Received an e-mail from Met Council Home Care, addressed to "Miss" Judah K. Even there! Stupid women who either don't read or don't pay attention. Anyway, applications are on the 21st floor. I'll go and give the Shelter as my address. Maybe they'll get me work and get me out of here. Too much? Most probably. I also sent a "Thank you" to Jackie. Will have to write her one as well. Perhaps tomorrow while I fast. - I managed to stay in the library until about 13h30 then went over to Bryant Park for a smoke. 2, actually. Sat at a little table with cell phone to ear, talking full conversation-like to nobody. And I carried it along until almost 14h30! If anybody knew... there I was. The phone wasn't even turned on! But it passed the time until I went over to Chabad. Now there was an experience. Yes, it's the old Takashamaya building! 2nd floor. Elevator opens directly into a room full of tables, chairs... an Ark! Like a fancy dining room with an Ark! A woman in an office behind plexiglass invited me in. Katherine (with a K.). She took a call. Tomorrow's services at... A pre-fast meal for 36\$ per person. Suggested donation for tomorrow 100\$. Oh well. And I had an invitation to attend in Beth El, Belle Harbor, free! My own congregation! I told her I'm Conservative. She told me she's Reform! We both agreed we're ALL Jews and it doesn't make any difference in the long run of it all. She put me down on the list for Kol Nidrei tonight and tomorrow's services! I told her I'm stuck in The City, no proper attire. She told me they have many different people attending, back packers, Israelis and 2 Asians. Of course, there will be the rich, mid-town Jews as well, but I shouldn't stay away. "The holiest day of the year and they should turn you away because of attire? What kind of message would that send?" She invited me to linger, browse, write, read, meditate. I did browse. Chumash, Talmud, Tanach, Siddur... Orthodox. I thanked Katherine. She bade me enjoy this evening. I left. - Now, About D'Agostino's on 38th. I'm fed up! Little rolls on the bin. 3 at 1.15\$. The girl rang-up 69 cents EACH for 3. I didn't notice until I got to the park to eat! Last time the peanut butter. Now I'm pissed! Giving them money! OK. Food Stamps. But money none-the-less. Last time! - 3 dinner rolls with cream cheese. Yoghurt. Relaxed. A smoke. 16h and back to Castle Bellevue. - A female guard on the 2nd floor and I spoke. She tells me of stories of ghosts about the place. We laughed about the plans to turn this into a hotel. I said I want to come for a night and tell the guests what it was. We laughed. She said I'd put them out of business. - I came in, had 3 rolls with peanut-butter and vanilla frosting, an instant green tea, laid down to sleep. - 19h33 (1933! *Mum's birth-year*) I ate for the last time. I feel I should. Nose is sore and runny, runny, runny. Coughing. Sneezing. A little better than before. But to go hungry now, when the body needs energy. First mitzvah is to save life. I have. Now I fast. - The schmucks are working at the construction site outside my window! I know they're breaking a law of some kind AND disturbing my peace! - A door closed in the hall. The morons return, like the monkeys to the wicked witch in Oz... - 21h09 Met Mike (2E-21) on the queue tonight. He's back on the 2nd floor in what used to be the "Over-night" beds. Good talking with him. But these "friend-ships" are fleeting. Although, he's been pretty constant. One can't figure anybody in here. None of us knows anything about anybody. - I'm feeling weak. Mike says I'm supposed to get a grey blanket. I'll have to get linens! Somehow. - A little reading from the Tanach for Yom Kippur and to sleep. I discovered my Dor Chadash t-shirt in with my tallit. It was filthy! Washed it thoroughly. It's hanging in the window. I hope it will be dry enough to wear tomorrow. I might just go to service at 9h. (No doubt God will see to it that the shirt isn't dry enough. - I thought today: How would Riverdale Temple feel if I showed up and let it be known I'm in the shelter. But, in my heart I know exactly... it wouldn't touch any of them at all.)

Thursday, 9 October:

19h58 (56 Homeless/25 Shelter) YOM KIPPUR DONE. A TRULY MISERABLE DAY! THIS COLD PEAKED WHILE I WAS AT SERVICES! I SOAKED ALL MY TISSUES AND BANDANA! ABSOLUTELY SOAKED! AND HERE I SIT ON THIS BED, HOT FLASHES, TISSUE STUCK IN MY NOSE, SNEEZING, EYES DRIPPING. JUST BLOODY MISERABLE! PLEASE! LET THIS BE THE WORST OF IT.

- The alarm was set for 7h and, like yesterday, I woke at 6h59. Took my time getting up. I wasn't sure if or where I'd go to services. By 8h20 I was out the door with no particular direction or destination. It looked as if it had rained last night and appeared to want to rain again. But somewhere in the streets I decided to head to 23rd to find that synagogue "Riverdale Mike" told me about. And so I walked along to Chelsea. The City was quiet so the walk wasn't too much of an effort. I felt like last week's shit 2 Fridays from tomorrow. But I got to 23rd. There, mid-block, south side, an old synagogue. I'm still uncertain how, but I simply crossed the street and walked in. A

woman stood on the stairs to my right. I asked "Have services started?" "We were waiting for you." she replied. A Latino, non-Jew (no kippa) bade me leave my back-pack down-stairs in what is a small "Beit Midrash". I left the pack, brought my tallit. "Up-stairs to your left." he told me. I went, non-stop, as if I've been there all along. In the sanctuary it was delightfully old. An old man led services, the Chazzan's voice was pure song! I learnt later the congregation has no rabbi. But the service was magnificent! Attendance began sparse, increased, thinned. I was given a card: I opened the ark at page something-or-other. Another amazement at how comfortably I walked up to the Bimah, opened the curtain as instructed (manually) (no electric Ark here. Conservative!), continued to daven, closed, shook hands, returned to my seat. Ah, Jews. Comfort. - The schul, Emunath Israel, has a balcony and a mechtiza of sorts. A Plexiglas separating 2 rows to the right. Conservative! Comfort. If only my nose and eyes weren't dripping NON-STOP! Well, I made it through schachrit, yizkor and most of Mussaf but by 13h I couldn't take any more. I had nothing left to blow my nose or dab my eyes. I went down to the men's room, washed my saturated bandana, wrapped it in some paper towels, got my back-pack and departed. - The day had become almost Summery and warm! So I walked to the end of 23rd, 11th Av, to some new "park" there. I took off the kippa and had a smoke. God forgave me even as I went to do so. I am atoning and then some: Shelter, Homeless, jobless, foodless, Food Stamp-less, fasting (I did have a coffee though before leaving the shelter), friendless, alone. I am in constant atonement. - For an hour, I feigned talking on the cell-phone. Familiar? I'm getting quite good at it really.) - Partners In Care called. Left a message. Will re-schedule Orientation. Please call back. I did. More bloody voice-friggin-mail! Why can't they simply re-sched and tell me! It pisses me off and wastes phone time! - Anyway, I got to sit in the hot sun and the shade, going between too warm and too cold. At 15h45 I started back to Castle Bellevue. - Exhausted and SO thirsty and hungry I made an educated decision: I drank 2 green teas and finished the frosting and 3 rolls. I'm sick! I need some sort of something to combat what's ripping at me. I ate. But about 17h I was out cold asleep. At about 20h50 I went up to sign-in and here it is, 21h09 and I'm back! It was quieter than the 20h crew. Of course, this hall cackles with the shrieks of Ricantrash. But... Hopefully I'll be in the dark and asleep soon. - My feet are sore. My nose is raw. My eyes burn. My head aches. My heart is heavy. My thoughts are dark. - But a note before closing this day: The DHS cop who helped me the night I got this room has remained THE MOST respectful person (save my case-worker) in



this entire place. He always addresses me as “Sir”, always asks how it’s going. This evening we spoke on the stairs. I mentioned something about getting old. He said “One day I’ll be old too.” When I went out for my smoke after 19h, he simply wand-scanned me in saying “You’re good sir. Thank you.” One good human-being in here who allows dignity. - Oh, last night, a young guy came in just ahead of me and dropped a black kippa! Another Jew in here! I wish I knew where. For all the talk of tzedaka, why are Jews in this shelter? Lip service and nothing more. - I’ve got to wash my bandana for the second time and try for some sleep here amidst the hell. - One more note, As I left this morning, I lit a cigarette. As I did, I whispered :OK God, HIT ME!” and with that, my right foot slipped on the rubber, non-skid runner! I didn’t fall. But how funny was that? - (My eyes and nose are a steady drip now.) MISERY!

Friday, 10 October:

57/26 9h20 Bryant Park. I broke down just before lights out last night. Took one pain killer and happily, I don’t recall a thing about last night’s sleep. That means I slept right through. I did have 2 dreams, but I only recall part of one. BUT THE MOST EXCELLENT NEWS OF THIS MORNING IS THAT ALL THAT DRAINING YESTERDAY HAS BROUGHT ME TO A DRY DAY TODAY! INDEED, I PEAKED YESTERDAY. And this morning is a clear, warm, comfortable day. I just wish my clothes were clean. - Up at 7h. A coffee and a hit (cigarette). The shower and 2 pairs each: filthy socks and under-shorts! Water all over the floor. At 8h11, DHS came tapping on the door, opened it then let it slam. 2 minutes later! Same, with-out knocking. Just to slam. They are pitiful. I let it go. No sense bothering with it. - Out the door and a casual stroll to Partners In Care where I spoke, enjoyably, with Ms. Cummings and am scheduled for a one day “Skills Test” on Monday AND “Orientation”, PAID, on Wednesday. IF I’m correct, I’m paid for orientation at Rockaway as well! Money coming. But if it’s in cheques, it’s all but worthless. Still, maybe I’ll get out of Castle Bellevue and on to something better. Time will tell. - Here, they’re tearing up the sod, tossing it like carpet tiles. It’s perfectly green. I wonder where it goes from here. I can think of many places where it could go to excellent use. Living grass, thrown about. Man treats grass AND humans the same: disposable. - The longer I spend here, in The City, the more I come to dislike it. I want, so much, to get back out to Rockaway and live a peaceful life. May yesterday atone and make me worthy of being so blessed. - 9h43 and waiting for the library. After that? Dead space in the day. - 15h at the river-side. These are the good days of being Homeless and jobless. A beautiful day. Comfortable. Only (of course) I’ve eaten my little lunch and my bowels are gurgling! Of course. Still, I left the library at 13h, spent 30 minutes or so at Bryant Park talking to myself on the phone (again). Went to D’Ag on 28th. Food Stamps came in today. When I mentioned the over-charge on the rolls yesterday, the head cashier gave me 92cents refund! Cash! Plus the 30 in my pack, I have 1.22\$ cash! And the 10 left from Jocelyn! 11.22\$! I’m getting so close to that condo on the beach! OK Maybe something I ate wasn’t fresh. But the afternoon of dead space is almost done. The total misery of yesterday has passed into 2 fits of coughing because of a tickle. The sun is warm but the breeze, refreshing, and when I get back to Castle Bellevue, I’ll wash my socks and nap. I even have something to eat later tonight! Now, to plan for Rockaway tomorrow. I hope. - 19h53 From about 16h30-almost 19h30 I slept! BUT THE BLOODY-FUKKING SNEEZING, RUNNY NOSE, WATERY EYES, TICKLE IN THE THROAT, HOT FLASHES ARE ALL BACK, FULL SWING!!!! NOSE-BLOWING AND COUGHING FITS. JUST LIKE YESTERDAY! - I dreamt too. Viv and Montreal, “Little Drummer Boy”. - Rolled my last 5 smokes. Had one here. Cleaned the window sill. - When I did my little wash earlier, got talking with a guy who I spoke with, doing his own wash a few days ago. He’s from Houston! Has been to Lafayette, Port Arthur, Lac Charles and hitched to NY! Georgia, Ohio, Tennessee. Older guy. Said I could get to Lafayette in 2,5 days if I stay on the Interstate. It’s so tempting! Ah, the guys you meet here! - Anyway, I’m going to sign-in after 20h30 again. Meanwhile, I’m just

COUGHING AND DRAINING AGAIN! SHIT!!!! - 21h55 In for the night. The queue at 20h30 was all the way down the hall so I went out for a smoke. When I got back to 7, it was just past the half-hall. Must be a full house these days. Sonny was standing in the hall. THEY BUMPED HIM! RE-ASSIGNED HIS BED! CLAIM HE WASN'T IN IT AT 1h30! YET, 9 OF HIS DORM-MATES SAY HE WAS THERE! THIS IS HOW THIS PLACE FUKS WITH PEOPLE! So, again, I MUST prepare for some kind of bull-shit to happen JUST when things begin to come together. SOME-body will pull SOME BULL-SHIT when I can least afford it. -



Meanwhile, this after-noon's wash (undies) is dry! I'm ready for tomorrow and hoping for un-medicated sleep tonight. - 22h41 AND THE RICOTRASH STARTS THE BLOODY FUKKING BULLSHIT! THEY REALLY SHOULD BE WIPED OFF THE EARTH! ALL OF THEM!

DREAM

Viv and I were together. She was staying at my apt. It was on Liberty St. in Newburgh. I had the Volkswagen too. She had to go buy Bugler. We were rolling cigarettes. I went to park the car in front of the building. I turned on the radio to a Spanish station. "Little Drummer Boy" tune but lyrics: "Here he's come again, pa-rum-pum-pum-pum" in English with Spanish accent. I thought "They just can't get anything right. Not even on the radio. Then, I thought of Mum and how happy I was to be with Viv...

Saturday, 11 October:

(58/27) - 21h29 A108 Over-all, it was a super-superb day. Of course, it ends with coming here and, at this hour, having to bear the yelling and door-slamming of the Ricantrash. Ah, but nothing in Creation is with-out price. This is my fee for the lovely day. - I slept for the night, for the most part. Two dreams that I'll try to fit in this journal. (I'm on page 78 of 81.) But right now, the day... Up at 6h30. I took my time to shower and such. Left about 8h for Rockaway! I didn't wear the kippa though because of the trains, buses, and shopping. Well! What a trip! Construction on the Canarsie line (L) so I had to take the Nr.6 to 14th St, the L to Myrtle-Wyckoff, the M to Myrtle Av. the J to Broadway Junction, the A to Broad Chancel and the shuttle to B116th. I asked the token clerk if I still had a transfer on the card. "You have until 10:26." It was about 10:15 already! I bombed to the post office. NO, NO, NO BLOODY FUKKIING ADP INFO! FUKKING AFTER-BIRTH IDIOTS! So, a dash to Waldbaum's where it cost me too much because they had none of my 79-cent cold cuts so I bought "Butterball", and no "Total" Fage with honey and no Muenster cheese! But I got substitutes and a small jar of instant coffee and bolted for the bus with 5 minutes to go. 10h30, the bus left, with me on it! To The Fort. Geoff, Tommy, Billy were working on the Moon Stage, welding and painting. Penelope finished her sculpture and was working in clay for her next one. Peaceful. Beautiful. I cleaned the back yard of T6 and potted the baby pine for indoors. I'm interested to see if it survives. Over-all, I took it easy. Kristen came by and I got to thank her and bring her up to date. She's taking courses in EMT, phlebotomy, NYPD, all sorts of Civil Service jobs. I gave her the Queens address for the free CNA. Somebody she knows lost 40 thousand dollars because of this "recession" and her Mum has had to forget about retiring. It's all shit these days. At about 15h or so, I left for the 22 to PHC. Used an empty MetroCard and was about to get off the bus when the driver said "Don't worry about it." Truthfully? I did it on purpose so to have the full fare for the train back and unlimited time visiting with Jocelyn! Hey! I deserve a "free ride". - 2N was quiet. Jocelyn was at the desk. I joked about getting a room for the night. Lillian said they had one waiting. (22h20 I'm exhausted... tomorrow...) (Sun.12 13h25 Mid-

Manhattan Library) Jocelyn greeted me more warmly than family. Seeing her feels as if I'm re-uniting with family. She asked how I am and how all is going. We talked on until 16h30 when the dinner trays arrived. She pulled one, put it to the side for me. She makes certain that I eat. She fed a patient as I ate. (I had the stew with pasta. Good, hot food!) I stayed until 18h and as I got ready to leave, she handed me 2 Fives and a 10. I'm now into her debt for 40\$. But I can certainly use the cash. She also asked my jeans and shoe size. "We'll take care of that." she keeps saying. Yes, I can use more clothes but I can't go deeper into anyone's debt. And learning to accept is difficult. - It was painful leaving... Jocelyn, Rockaway. A perfect evening. The foliage at the shore is changing. Deep greens, reds, yellows. An awesome sun-set sky. Gentle breeze. Peace. Peace. Peace. It's my "Home". I want to be there! - Only 3 trains back: A to 14th/8th Av, L to Union Square, Nr.6 train to 28th. Ms.Peace was on the sign-in table. The queue was short, sweet, quick. She asked how thing are. "Very good. And I hope better when you get back." She's off Sun. and Mon. - In the room for the night. Hungry, hungry. Ate. journaled. Set my alarm for 8h30.

DREAM

Rooftops. Friends walking. One takes "path" to edge. I have a breakdown. Aware of what's going on but unable to communicate. Spasms. Come out of it in posh house. Am Homeless. Must get back to check-in. - Strange Frisbee-like thing flying haphazardly. It lodges in a tree by utility pole. A pigeon is attached to it. Legs stuck in branches. Rungs on pole to climb but I'm terrified. Too high.

Sunday, 12 October:

(59/28) - 13h48 Mid-Manhattan Library. Continuing. I did it! Slept-in until 8h30! Earlier I had to pee but wouldn't get up to go. Forced myself to stay in bed. - AT ONE POINT DURING THE NIGHT I WOKE, LOOKED OVER MY HEAD OUT THE WINDOW TO SEE THE MOON! MEMORIES OF THE BAKFORT. HOW I WISH! - Had my coffee and a bit of my cigarette. Got my things together for the day and off to the shower. WELL! Somebody left 2 pages of straight porn and a latex glove in the shower room. The floor was covered in water. A woman was cleaning the toilet rooms with bleach. I don't understand why the shelter allows these

vermin bastards to destroy the place! It's fucking bloody disgusting! I wonder what sorts of disease breeds in there. I'll probably find out, the hard way. - Showered, dressed, out by about 9h30. The City was so quiet! The sky, perfectly blue. I walked to Jack's 99-cent on 32nd. I browsed for almost TWO hours and came away with a nail file, clippers, stuff to make the room smell better and 2 sketch books. THE SAME SKETCH BOOKS I GOT AT THE 99-CENT STORE IN YONKERS! - Strolled to Bryant Park. French music again at the carousel. Began a sketch of my Bakfort dunes. Came here. - I'm hungry. Time to take my PC. - 18h57 Dark. Already. If this place (Castle Bellevue) could always be as it is right now: silent. - Got 5 CV's and covers corrected and printed. Finished the 1st sketch in the library. Stopped at Jack's 99-cent on 40th for Yardley



Lavender soap. They've got my CI Av socks there! Yay. Now. If only I had cash. I've got 15 left. - Got back in, ate peanut butter and cheese, and Fage. Hey! I did my nails AND my jeans! Just trimmed my beard too! Ready for tomorrow. I want to take a quick shower before bed tonight too. This hole (room) smells better. I got dryer sheets and air spray. At last! No funk. Now, if tomorrow - NO! Tomorrow WILL be perfect. - E-mail from Jackie at Met Council: "All I ask is that you pass along your blessings to somebody else. HAPPY NEW YEAR." Jackie? I shall. I do. - At 20h20 I WENT UP TO SIGN-IN, LOOKING FORWARD TO A NIGHT'S SLEEP AND AS I LOOK AT THE LIST I SEE: UNASSIGNED! I'M MOVED! "GO SEE ALEXANDER." I DO. NEW BED! NEW CASE WORKER! NEW BED! NEW FLOOR! RUN, PACK. UP TO 5. SEE MR. JAMES! TURMOIL! SHUT DOWN. MOVE ON. MR. JAMES IS HANDLING OTHER XFERS. "GIVE ME YOUR PAPER AND HAVE A SEAT IN THE LOUNGE." FUK THEM ALL IN THEIR BLOODY "LOUNGE". 21h21 IN THE "LOUNGE" 5TH FLOOR. I'M WAITING, WET JEANS IN PLASTIC BAG. SWEATING LIKE I'M FEVERISH! THERE'S A CRAZY NIGGER THREATENING TO PUNCH SOMEBODY AND PACING... "MOTHERFUKKER" TO EVERYBODY AS HE PACES. I LEFT MY PAPER WITH SOME DUMB FUK IN AN OFFICE. LET'S SEE HOW LONG I'LL BE HERE. - 21h48 BED D18 IN A ROOM WITH 3 OTHERS. I'M BY THE DOOR! WINDOWS ARE BLOCKED WITH SCREENS AND THE BED IS BESIDE 2 LOCKERS. MY LOCKER IS PAD LOCKED! NO COMBINATION! I GO TO A "CASE WORKER" WITH A VERY HEAVY SPANISH ACCENT. HE TELLS ME TO GO TO "OPERATIONS". DOWN TO THE 1ST FLOOR. I WAIT, AND WAIT, AND WAIT AND FINALLY TELL THE "NIGGER" AT THE DESK ABOUT THE LOCK. "NOBODY AVAILABLE TO OPEN LOCKS TONIGHT. TELL THEM TOMORROW." I HAVE TO BE AT WORK BY 8. "TELL THEM TOMORROW." BACK UPSTAIRS, SPANISH GUY TELLS ME TO GO BACK AFTER MIDNIGHT! So, 22h21 BED MADE WITH DISGUSTING "FRESH" LINENS. A VERBAL FIGHT IN THE HALL. DOOR OPEN. LIGHT ON. I'VE GOT THE FEELING THIS IS A VIOLENT FLOOR. I'M WET, SWEATING! I SO WANTED A SHOWER BEFORE BED TONIGHT! I'VE GOT TO BE UP AT 6h! NOW, AGAIN, I ASK "WHAT DID I DO TO DESERVE THIS? WET JEANS IN A BAG AND NO-WHERE TO HANG THEM. WHITES AND NEW SHOES IN ANOTHER BAG. MY BELONGINGS ARE ON THE FLOOR! I'M THINKING "OPTION" FOR TOMORROW. OFF TO THE BEACH. BACK TO ROCKAWAY! - THIS ROOM REEKS OF FLATULENCE! - YES. TIME TO CHECK-OUT... OF CREATION. - AT 22h30 I TRIED FOR SOME SLEEP, TO NO AVAIL. UP AT 24h04. DOWNSTAIRS TO "OPERATIONS" WHERE THE BITCH JUST TELLS ME "WE DON'T CUT LOCKS ON THIS SHIFT. COME BACK TOMORROW." (I'LL BET THAT IF I WASN'T A JEW THEY'D DO IT!) SO, BACK UP-STAIRS, GRABBED A HALF SMOKE IN THE SHOWER ROOM, BACK TO THE BED TO TRY FOR SOME SLEEP. - FROM 1h-1h30, D17 IS IN AND OUT. I'M NOT ABLE TO SLEEP ANYWAY. SOME KIND OF EQUIPMENT RUNNING OUTSIDE. THIS IS SUCH A GRAND FUK OF ALL THE TIMES.

Monday, 13 October:

(60 HOMELESS DAYS 60/29 SHELTER) 8h25 Partners In Care CLASSROOM. I HALF-DOZED ALL NIGHT (MORNING!) THE FLOOR WAS QUIET BUT MY MIND WASN'T. ALARM CLOCK AND PHONE GOT ME AT 5h30. TO THE SHOWER. ANOTHER GUY (2 SHOWERS) SMOKING. ME TOO, IN THE SHOWER. HE TELLS ME THAT THIS IS THE FLOOR FOR WORKING PEOPLE WHO ARE TO BE SHIPPED OUT TO HOUSING. YES, AND A108 WAS TO BE MY PERMANENT BED. SO? I SHOWER, DIG THROUGH MY THINGS, GET MY WHITES ON. DECIDE NOT TO BRING FOOD. ROOM-MATE ASKS HOW I SLEPT. "SLEPT?" HE COMPLAINS ABOUT ONE GUY'S SNORING. D15 IS ASLEEP UNDER HIS COMFORTER. I'M DRESSED. MY TROUSERS ARE TOO SHORT! JUST GO. GET OUT. I WANT, SO MUCH, TO HURT EVERYONE! I LEAVE, STROLL TO BROADWAY, NICE MORNING. ARRIVED AT

1250 BY 7h14! CAME IN AT 7h30. SIGN-IN AND TAKE A SEAT IN EMPTY CLASS-ROOM. - 8h35 10 WOMEN IN THE ROOM. NO CLASS YET! I COULD USE A BM AND A NAP! ANXIETIES ABOUT MY FEW BELONGINGS. THEY'RE UNDER THE BED! - 8h38 FINALLY! CLASS? NOPE. NOT YET. - 19h22 D18 The room is hot. It was a very warm day. Class of 16. Most were bright. Most. A lot of information was covered. The instructresse said 3-weeks worth in one day. I stayed awake all through. I still don't know how, stress. Pure stress. But the important thing is I'm in Wednesday's orientation. That begins at 7h30! So let's see what bullshit these dick-heads pull on me tomorrow night. A shift at 23h to a 10-bed room? Fukheads. They're all so pitiful. When I got out of class I was hungry, thirsty, tired. Thoughts of getting food and going to the river, but HAD to come back because I don't have access to the locker. - *When I got in at about 17h30 I told "Operations" about cutting the lock. The whore on the desk took the bed number and said it would be done after dinner. It's 19h30. Dinner's been over 30 minutes ago. Let's see (that they don't fucking show again tonight.*) AH, MY MEAL TICKET? VALID 10/12-10/14 FOR BREAKFAST ONLY. I ate the turkey (whole package, sneaking bites), 3 rolls, 4 Little Debbie's. If I didn't have food here, I'd have had to go with-out. NOW the fukkers want to starve me too? I want to publish this journal now more than ever before. - My jeans are wet, hanging on the bed rail. If they get rusty? I'll die in them - Right now I'm hoping Partners In Care will put me to work immediately. Live-in. - I'm thirsty. Must go dig through the bags for my bottles. Coffee's ready for morning though. - Oh, the machinery running all day and night? A pump at the construction site! ALL DAY, ALL NIGHT! - Tonight I want to shower and sleep. Must be out by 8 tomorrow. The guy in D17 is really quite nice... and clean. But I don't look forward to spending time in this room. D15 is empty. I hope for "normal" and clean. My spirits are sinking (and I'm running out of pages in this book!) - Just noticed: Room number 5W-101! NO COMMENT. - No shower. Too tired. Lights out. Gotta try for sleep tonight! - NOTE! George, D15, lost his bed last night due to failure to sign-in. HE GOT HIS BED RIGHT BACK TONIGHT. WOULD IT BE LIKEWISE FOR A WHITE MAN OR A JEW?

Tuesday, 14 October:

(61/30) 10h30 Mid-Manhattan Library: SUKKOTH - I am here, in blue scrubs, 2nd floor, since 9h, alone, on a beautiful day while my jeans are drying on my bed in the Men's Homeless Shelter and I'm hungry and I'm wondering "Where are all of those charitable Jews who should invite the poor into the sukkah to join them in their meals and celebrations?" I wonder this as I sit here alone in my blue scrubs, passing this time on this festive day of celebration. - Last night I slept. I slept. I was told I could expect the lock on my locker to be cut between 22 and 22h30. I put the lights out at 23h. I woke this morning, 7h20, still unable to access the locker. I had my cold coffee, shat, brushed me teeth, smoke, HOT SHOWER, dressed, stored belongings under the bed and departed. It's very difficult to be positive today. 5 hours and 15 minutes to "use up". I'm tired. I'm hungry. I am, above all, bitter. - 13h10 Still at the table. Going for a smoke. Then PC time. Then (Ducer! * It was bound to happen sooner or later. I have no idea what this word is supposed to be as I type.*) I'm hungry! - 16h25 riverside. Accomplished precious little on-line. Did open a blog for this journal. Now to figure how to get it all typed. Far Rock library? Just the fare for a day out there will wipe my cash out. Well, we'll see what comes. It would be perfect to get a live-in, West of B.116th, commencing this Monday. Orientation is tomorrow. I put my request to the metaphysical. - Found that Emunath Israel serves breakfast and hot lunch during the week. Sent an e-mail for more details. Used my name, told them I'm at the shelter. Maybe tomorrow after orientation I'll check at the library. I'm in no hurry to get to the shelter any more. - Am doubtful I have locker access yet. - Dinner? Fage: plain and with honey, 3 dinner rolls with cream cheese, Cadbury Caramello and Starbucks vanilla. Entenmann's choc.chip cookies for munchies. - It's getting chilly here. I'll be forced to head back soon. My meal ticket expires today. I wonder how I

get a new one now? My primary concerns" 1) Are my things intact under the bed? 2) A good night's sleep for tomorrow. 3) Getting an immediate assignment. - Shit! 30 days at the shelter! And fuk! 61 days of homelessness! - 2 tugs bringing a tanker out. I wish I was on it. - (19h55 19h55 on the 15th) Finished my "dinner" in peace and strolled back to Hell and waited for sign-in. Up here, 6 guys constitutes "a long line"! On 7, a "regular line" is half the length of the hall. So, I get to the office to sign in, mention my meal ticket and sure enough, all shit hits the fan because nobody knows who my fukking case worker is. So, the one in the office has to issue another "temporary", valid until Thursday AND IN THE MORNING (when I'm supposed to be at orientation), I have to see some Ms. Reed or Reade or _ to find "my" case-worker! OK. Ah well.



What the fuk? Just more bullshit. Like the plate on the Rockaway pick-up reads "You just can't fix stupid". - AH BUT I ALMOST FORGOT: WHEN I GOT BACK TO D18 THIS EVENING, EMPTY ROOM, STILL NO FUKKING ACCESS TO THE FUKKING LOCKER! PISSED, I GRABBED THE BLOODY PAD-LOCK, GAVE A FIRM PULL AND... POP!!!! OPEN!!!! SHITFUKGODAMN! SO! I PULL OUT THE GARBAGE THAT WAS IN THERE, PUT ALL INTO A PLASTIC BAG, TEAR A TOWEL IN HALF AND CLEAN THE WHOLE INSIDE WITH THE AIR FRESHENER. HEY! IT DID THE JOB. NEXT WAS ARRANGING "ME" IN THE LOCKER, SLIGHTLY DAMP JEANS AND ALL. WHOLE BLOODY-FUKKING ORDEAL TOOK ABOUT TWO BLOODY HOURS AND THEN SOME. NEXT? A TAPE TAG ON MY OLD LOCK (FROM 2E-22 WHICH I TOOK WITH) AND TWO SIGNS

NOTING, IN RED, "LOCK CHANGED 10/14 DO NOT CUT LOCK". NO DOUBT ONE OF THESE EVENINGS SOME IDIOT WILL BE BY AND JUST CUT THE BLOODY LOCK ANYWAY. IT'S THE NATURE OF THE EVIL, NASTY BASTARDS IN THIS HOLE. BUT FOR NOW, I'VE GOT "ME" IN A LOCKER! - Meanwhile, this evening had good conversation with Rey (17) and George (15). Rey knows the Lower Hudson Valley and Monticello! He drove trucks up that way in the late 90's. He's from the Virgin Islands. George was in a shelter in Chester (LaGuardia maybe) and knows Monroe! George is a really young guy of Puerto Rican lineage. (I still have yet to carry a full conversation with 16. But he, like me, doesn't eat the food here. I suspect he's African but I can't be at all certain. Pleasant thought.) So, Rey and I talked until almost 23h30. George came in a bit "out" and passed-out on the bed. - So, there you have it. The first day of Sukkoth and me? In a shelter. - Oh, I went to shower, George saw me take the kippa off and almost had a fit. "What are you doing?!" He'd worked for the Monroe Jews (I can't help but wonder if they took advantage or anything of the sort) and had never seen anybody take a kippa off. It was almost endearing, as I explained that I don't bathe, swim or sleep in a kippa. - I've become quite the spokes-person for "regular, normal, every day Jews"! So, the Beit Din can go shove something B'tachat as far as I'm concerned. The bigoted dopes. - Shah-lohm.

Wednesday, 15 October:

62/31 20h57 5W-101 George is passed out. 16 is dozing. Rey is somewhere in the "Castle". The bloody pump is running in the construction lot next door but, it's calm as I'm catching up her before sign-in. - WHAT A DAY! - (At 20h43 I went to sign-in. At 20h48, I'm back at the bed!) - OK. Last night I set the alarm for 5h15. I was awake at about 2h, 3h45, 4h47... 6h! Slept through the alarm! Up, coffee, piss, brush teeth, shower and smoke (no BM x2 days), dress, out. Got to

Partners In Care at 7h20! Of course, we had to deal with dramas, late-comers, folks who didn't complete forms, had no documents AND MY NAME WASN'T ON THE LIST! (22h showered). THERE WERE 3 OR 4 NOT ON THE LIST. BUT IT JUST MADE ME UNEASY. I WAS TOLD TO PUT MY NAME ON AND SO I DID. ORIENTATION WENT THE WAY MONDAY DID, FOR THE MOST PART. IT'S REALLY AMAZING HOW STUPID SOME PEOPLE CAN BE AND HOW MANY CHHA'S ARE THAT STUPID, AND SLOW! BUT THE WHOLE ORDEAL WAS INFORMATIVE AND PROFESSIONAL AND HOW THOROUGH. Partners In Care REALLY WANTS THEIR PEOPLE TO KNOW EVERYTHING! IT'S GREAT TO BE PART OF AN AGENCY THAT COVERS ITS PEOPLE AND SUPPORTS AND INFORMS THEM! - WELL! BY 17h15 THIS EVENING I WALKED OUT OF THE VNS BLDG. WITH MY I.D. AND A CASE FOR FRIDAY MORNING... SO. OZONE PARK. BUT QUEENS! ONLY 12 HOURS A WEEK BUT "PERM". AND THIS IS STEP ONE TO GOING BACK HOME! 7,25 HOURS PAID FOR TODAY. A CASE. I'M WORKING AGAIN! AND WORKING TOWARD GOING HOME TO ROCKAWAY! NOW I JUST NEED TO KEEP MY FOCUS ON NOTHING ELSE BUT ME!!!! - My biggest concern right now is having car-fare to get to work. I should be getting paid, but it'll be coming in a cheque. The cheque will be going to B116th and that's as good as nothing. ADP won't send me the information for Direct Deposit so there's now way I'll be able to buy my transport. You see? Fate. Life. Creation. All Existence. Constantly fighting against me, against me, against me. I've got 15\$ to budget. 16\$ just to get to and from work. Typical. - But for tonight, I can't find a fucking case-worker who knows shit about anything around here. My meal ticket is good until tomorrow. The floor is calm. I've smoked and showered. The day is closed!

Thursday, 16 October:

63/32 9h13 Centre Hall 5th floor - I've been sitting her for 45 minutes waiting for some allegedly super-tall woman named "Miss Reed/Reid/Read/Reade/What-the-fuk" to appear from down the hall. The morons who get paid in this anus of creation constantly amaze. They're excellent at walking up and down halls, carrying papers of all sorts, popping in and out of doors, appearing to be either terribly busy or seriously perplexed. But, the fact is, they serve no purpose, have no purpose, and simply should have been abortions. I asked for Ms. R. and company. "If you sit right there (where I am) you'll see a tall woman come out of a door down the hall." 45 minutes. No "tall" woman. I asked about a Mr. James. 4-12. Night supervisor. But does anybody know if he's on tonight? Nope. Not one functioning brain cell. I've no patience anymore. Slugs, earthworms, general vermin, each, singularly, possess greater intelligence than the mass on the payroll here. And the floor goes empty and quiet... save those who wander in their miasma. - Mean-while, I can't kick the cold completely. Nose won't drain and coughing hurts and is productive. I'm not alone with the symptoms. I keep my focus on me and going home. ROCKAWAY! - 9h27 No "tall woman" has appeared and I must get to Partners In Care to correct my mailing address. One more shot for "Miss R and company." and I'm out of this shit-hole. - 10h52 Mid-Manhattan Library. Arrived 10h30. Waiting for a computer. This shit-head from 2E, the "dope addicts" room, is here. It's a day for the shelter to be out on the streets. But it's hot and muggy. I'm tired and sweaty. And somebody re-booted the PC! - OK. Done. No e-mails other than an on-going argument with my ADP Payroll card and I'm in no good mood for that this morning. 11h43 - THIS MORNING, IT FINALLY HAPPENED! MY ENDS LOOSENED AND I GOT SHARP-TONED WITH THIS BITCH IN THE SOCIAL WORKERS' OFFICE ON THE 5TH FLOOR. SHE HAD THE BLOODY AUDACITY TO ASK ME WHAT I NEED! I DON'T BLOODY KNOW, OTHER THAN AN UP-DATED MEAL TICKET. AND I ONLY NEED THAT TO GET INTO THE FUKKING BED! MORON! SHE FOUND MY NAME ON SOME HIDDEN LIST, TOLD ME TO SIGN ON SOME SHIT LIST TAPED TO THE WALL IN THE HALL AND "HAVE A SEAT". I'VE ALREADY HAD A SEAT. TWO SEATS. I HAVE THINGS TO ATTEND TO. SO I

PUT MY NAME ON THE LIST AND LEFT. AT 9h30. WHAT A BUNCH OF DOUCHE BAGS! - As I crossed 31st at 1st and 2nd, I ran into that guy who has reminded me so much of Walter S..... He was verbally attacked by the same bitch and all he needed was some direction! He told me he'd gone for a walk to calm down! What kind of bull-shit must we deal with in that place? What? If I could learn where the salaries of the staff are coming from I'd simply send a few choice words and...well... nothing would come of it. The entire lineage is probably shit. - So, at Partners In Care the address is in. Of course, in this day of rapid technology, the change "might" get in this week or next week. I was kind. I was pleasant. I simply thanked and left, kindly, came here. From here? Lunch, somewhere. Probably back at the river. Then? Back to the 5th floor to... sketch, read, write, take a seat, wait, wait, wait (how great! The pen ran out of ink! from "waiting" too much!) "Ms. R..." is supervisor 8-18h. Mr. J.... is supervisor 16-24h. I have to be out, in whites, tomorrow morning, 6h30/7h. So today? I'll just be an annoyance by my presence. - 14h30 Riverside. I've just eaten. The usual: 3 dinner rolls with cream cheese, 2 yoghurts, and bottled coffee. But today, 2 chocolate puddings too! And my bowels are now awake. - It's extremely warm. The sun is hot. Light breeze. Humid. Overcast. Looks like rain. I'm exhausted. Congested. So much in the chest. It's so peaceful. I'd really just love to nap but don't dare to. - I keep thinking: Margot, Rabbi Lewis. How the story of my presence and departure must read, according to them. Cyndi, John, Joe. What, if anything, they've said in front of Michael and Sarah. I think of how they'd be so pleased to know I'm in the shelter. 1 pair of pants and boots. All of them, so very pleased. - I'm not looking forward to going back to the shelter and sitting there. But I must. I wonder if they haven't already gone into the locker and removed everything.... Including my whites for work tomorrow. It would be typical of that place to do so. Well. One more smoke and "into the fire". - 16h09 THIS HAS TO BE DOCUMENTED! THERE WERE 5 NAMES ON THIS MORNING'S LIST WHEN I GOT BACK AT ABOUT 15h15. I SIGNED AGAIN, CAME TO THE ROOM, PUT MY THINGS IN THE LOCKER AND WENT BACK TO THE OFFICE. SO THE DAMNED AFRICAINNE TELLS ME THAT SHE NOTED MY RECORDS "CLIENT SIGNED AND LEFT". THEN SHE TELLS ME THAT MY CASE WORKER, MS. S....., HAS CALLED TO SAY SHE WILL BE OUT SICK FOR A FEW DAYS AND MR. J.... WILL NOT BE HERE TONIGHT. SO! THE WORLD CAN GUESS WHO'LL BE GETTING FUKKED. AGAIN, AT ANY MOMENT. THEN MS. NO-IDENTIFICATION TELLS ME TO COME SATURDAY, 10h "BRRRING PEPPEZ" TO SHOW WHO I WORK FOR AND WHAT "OW-WEZ". "YOU COME FRRRRAHM DEE SEVENT FLOW'WAY. DEE SISTEM EEZ DEEFERRRENT HEE-YUH. YOU DIDN'T ASK THE RRRRIGHT QUESCHUNZ." (*Bring papers to show who I work for and what hours. You come from the seventh floor. The system is different here. You didn't ask the right questions.*) OH, I'M TERRIBLY SOH-RRR-EE. PLEASE FUK ME. IF THIS SHIT ISN'T EXPERIENCED FIRST HAND, IT'S UNBELIEVABLE! - And so, my meal ticket is no good after tonight. There's no one to give me a new one. I still don't know "DEE SISTEM" but my socks are washed, hanging on the head rail of the bed, I'm tired, will go for a smoke some-where after a brief shut-eye. - Brief? I woke at 18h32! And I could use more sleep. Well, tonight. Meanwhile, the armpits of my t-shirt are "ageing". I need to figure a way to wash and hang this stuff. Hopefully, I'll have the weekend. - (Fri. 17h27) Here's how "DEE SISTEM" works: I went to sign-in, told Santiago the situation about the meal ticket. "You have to see somebody across the hall." Across the hall I go. 2 people sitting in their respective cubicles. One, shoving food in her mouth, messy, looking like she was about to vomit something as a man seated beside her desk is completing some form. I wait quietly. Mrs. looks up at me. I apologise for disturbing her repast. She's obviously annoyed. I tell her I was "referred". Missy asks, snappedly "What do you want?" I tell her I need my meal ticket extended 2 days per Mrs. What-ever who is filling in for Ms. S... "Oh I can't do that!" "Well, could you tell me who can?" "Lemme see wachoo got." I hand her my meal ticket, upon which, she scribbles "10/18/08" and something slightly resembling "402" and pushes it across her desk at me. I thank her and depart. Such is another moment dealing with those employed by DHS. - Later this evening, I get into a chat in

the hall with Rey-17 and Kendall and another guy from the floor. Kendall has a saving sense of humour about being here and says "I have to call my travel agent because this surely isn't the vacation package I booked." We all get a laugh and continue to talk about what it takes to service this place. I hear the shelter gets 100\$/day/person here. As we discuss, 3,000\$/month to keep us here. It would be cheaper to give us 1,000 or 2,000\$/month toward our rent and help us get on with our lives in dignity. Likewise, the position of the case-worker is to help us get out of here and return to living successfully. If they do, they've done their job. However, if a person gets fed-up and walks out, essentially returning to homelessness, the official records only indicate that he's not in the shelter and the implication is that DHS has been a success. So, there we have the ... excuse me... DEE SISTEM! Leave and go home? They're happy. Leave and go Homeless? They're happy. The 100\$/day? There's 2000 other people waiting for your bed even as you sleep in it. Nobody here (wanted?) you before you arrived and nobody will miss you when you go. Period. - And so, discussion and education done, I took a hot shower and smoke and by about 23h30, lights out.

NOTES

RAY TELLS ME THAT THE CLEANING LADY WANTED TO KNOW "IS HE A JEW?" AND WHEN HE TOLD HER THAT I OPENED MY LOCKER SHE SAID I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO DO THAT.

Friday, 17 October:

64/33 8h13 WELL! Last night showed me why I'm here and why I should be, at least, partly thankful: EVER SO COLD! 2 blankets doubled and still COLD. So, I must remember the nights at 19 City Terrace North when it was so cold I had headache and my bones felt brittle and I got the night-marish sinus infection. I must remember that here, total strangers can treat me disrespectfully but at City Terrace North, my own siblings did so. Here, I'm transferred from bed to bed. There? I was thrown completely out. Family... it means absolutely nothing. - So. The day: RUSH. STOP! Up at 5h30. Prepare. Shower. Dress. GO! By 7h06 I was on the Pelham to Union Square, Canarsie train. Broadway Junction. Lefferts train. 8h15, I wasn't sure where to get the Q10 so I walked round the block and got an empty bus. Of course it was empty. It wasn't going the full route and so, about 4 stops, I was at Rock. Blvd., still uncertain of distance. Ah. One block down, 3 over. Wrong direction. Asked. Other direction. There it was, right on the corner. A relatively short walk from where I'd started. 8h27! Early. Another walk round the block and... The client's daughter answered the door. She'd told the agency she wanted AFTERNOON!

Mary (daughter) didn't want me to stay! I'm in whites. It's cold. I've no-where to go. My carfare's limited. I asked to call the agency from their home. She agreed. Brother (Steve?) was asleep in the



living-room. She had to wake him so I could use the phone. I called Kristen, told her of the change in hours. She OK'ed and said she'll try to get me a morning client and pay me for my "travel time", what-ever that might be. I'll find out when I receive it. Then, I was invited to coffee. Come to learn, Steve is quite a history buff. The family is from Austria-Hungary. German is spoken. We talked for quite a while. I met "Honey", their Rottweiler. Precious dog. Affectionate. The kicker? Maria is the VNS. I'd met her one day on the peninsula. She covers Rosario's patients there... meaning... a connection with the Albert Green farce! I'm nervous about the stories that may have or might circulate about me because of that. I'll need to be prepared now. But, I stayed until 10h30, met Mr. T. VERY heavy man, of course. A challenging case, no doubt. - When I left, I timed the walk to the train. 15 minutes. Then walked along Liberty Av. to Cross Bay. Decided to take the Q53 to the post office (and Waldbaum's). It's an odd thought: This is where Liz C. grew up. All these years later and I'm walking "her" streets. Why didn't we do this during the time we spent together years ago? Well. We didn't. That's all there is to it. - B116th! Back home. Ocean to one side. Bay to the other. Home. Familiar. At the post office NO ADP INFO! Only a card from Beth El

announcing another death. The 3rd since I affiliated. I'm saving the cards/announcements. The membership is dying and here I am, unable to pay membership. WORSE... unable to even attend services! I feel empty, lost, angry, bitter. - Waldbaum's 15\$ in shopping. THIS should last me about 3 days. Lunch at 11h45. Tribute Park. Tide in. Crisp wind. Calm. Soothing. Comforting. Home. Quick. I decided to return to The City. A miserable choice but no carfare to use for more travel and no change of clothes. So, to the Fort and no Jocelyn. - Broad Channel: 2 guys walk toward me on the platform. I recognize one. He recognizes me. We shook hands. He's from the shelter! Imagine. Meeting at Broad Channel. We exchange greetings. He and company walk on. I didn't want to talk with him much anyway. I was leaving home and not in good spirits. - Tried to nap on the trip back. - Looking out the window: The leaves are changing. "My leaves are changing." A lot of yellow and gold. Spots of deep reds. Summer is gone. I'm gone. I am coming home soon. I'm coming back. This is my home. I love it here. I will NOT be kept away! - By 15h50 I was back in the shelter. Everybody in the room. - When I came in downstairs, the guy from the 7th floor was in the corridor, sitting. (He reminds me of Walter. Someone addressed him as "Jesus".) We talked about the way we're treated here; the verbal abuse and such. He did get his business attended to but is still sensitive to the mistreatment. He's been here a month and a half and has been thinking he's alone in the confusion, misinformation, absence of information and direction, the abuse. He smiled as we talked. He was relieved. It did my heart great good to see that. I assured him and then told him he has his heart and his mind. I advised he protect them both, this place is designed to attack and destroy both. I suggested: Mothers do their best for their children. Don't let anybody else destroy a Mother's work and efforts! He thanks me. No need to, really. It's why I'm here. - The rest of the evening went along as time does in here. We, of 5W-101 talked. At 21h I signed for my bed. I was the only one at that moment. A sweet, older Black woman sat alone in the office. The radio played. She was most kind and sweet. I appreciated her human-ness. - Back in the room, I prepared for my shower/smoke. After that? Day 64 of homelessness, Day 33 in the shelter... closed. I was bathed. I was on a bed. I was inside.

NOTES

BITTERSWEET BITTERNESS

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL OF

HOPE DISAPPOINTMENT AND DESPAIR

Saturday, 18 October:

65/34 13h54 I'm in the room! With the exception of 2 smokes downstairs, I've been inside all day! It's a bit on the cold side out anyway. So... And, as I write, I'm alone. An odd situation. I should go out. But I've no-where to go (on Shabbat), no appropriate clothing (that "mid-season" thing) and no particular drive to go anywhere. The first day in 33/34 that I haven't been running all day. - I woke at 8h, took my time. A shower. Dressed. Went to see Ms. Uloma (Enyi), the case-worker, at 10h05. Today she was relatively polite and took the time to explain a bit more to me. The actuality is that I'm no better off than ever, just that some things are more specific than before: I'm to see my case-worker x2/week - but for now, since my case-worker is out until ? I'm to see Ms. E. every (get this) SATURDAY AT 10h (what about my religious services? Hmmmmm?) My meal ticket is now pink and valid 10/18-11/01 but that doesn't give any guarantee of bed. She kept reminding me of the "temporary" status of all of this. - I'm "mandated" to save 60 per-cent of my salary and will need to provide proof - on demand, of course. I've a letter to bring to Bellevue Hospital Monday morning (before work, of course)

(moron) to apply for Medicaid. A list of "Rights" that mean nothing. A list of responsibilities and warnings. Up to this morning, my file was missing more than it should. So, all (I suppose) is now current. Any difference? No. Of course not. So, that all done, I used the rest of my morning sorting through papers, organizing papers, putting order into my existence, had 2 sandwiches and too much sugar. Right now I'd like to nap. I'd also like to go outside. I can't decide. I should have washed something. I will, later. It's just a relief to have the "formal preliminaries" done now. I can breathe a bit while waiting to be fucked the next time. - Oh. And on one of the forms "Target" date to be tossed: 30 November! - 17h17 Hot soup. I went down for a smoke mostly just to get out. There was an empty styro-container on the window ledge. Remnants of soup visible. I'd just eaten 2 peanut butter and frosting sandwiches. Hot soup. How delicious that would be. Hot food. A hot meal that wouldn't make me sick. A hot meal served on real plates with real flatware, on a table, in an environment where I could take my time and actually taste the food and enjoy it. How many YEARS has it been? I don't remember. Now I know why taking a day like this is not good. I've been in this room most of the day. I washed an RAA t-shirt and a pair of socks. I've had time to think, to ponder, to contemplate, to grow... even more bitter. The bitterness is growing into hatred. And the one person who comes to mind with favour is Tommy. Tommy Burke, who said "It isn't ideal, but the bus is there." The only one who made a kind gesture. - I have the jacket from Angel too. Angel Ortega. I need to contact him. I've little time on the phone though. It would do me good to see him. But he has family and he works on Sunday so tomorrow is not possible. Well? Today, because I am idle, is a day for slipping into reality. Reality is not a good place to be lately. Thinking is not a good way to pass idle moments. Tomorrow I must get up, get out, get going, keep going, keep moving, figure this out, figure the way out, one way or another. - It's getting dark in here... again. This place is always dark. I keep thinking of those poor, tortured people who used to be locked in these rooms! I can leave. They could not. The staff then and the staff now. Not at all different. Simply abusive, cold, apathetic. But I can walk out at will. Those before us couldn't. They screamed aloud. I scream in silence. - The day ended with a great chat with D16. He's from the Cote d'Ivoire! When he talks of it he's absolutely energetic. Tells me I could go, get an excellent job, beautiful home and always respect.



He showed me photos of his wife and 9 children. One is dead, though I'm not certain of the cause. He speaks French and I'm trying to get the nerve to try mine again. Anyway, he says he'll give me a name and address there if I should ever decide to go. I'll be received with joy, live and eat free. You see? It's as we do discuss around here, often: the world is lovely and people are respectful. It's here that people are worse than shit. But daily, our conversations (amongst most of the residents) turn to mutual respect and basic human dignity. The staff are relentless in their attempts to belittle us. D16 showed me a photo of him with the president of Cote d'Ivoire. His children are there, 2 in England, 1 in The States. The boys are military with degrees. The story is the same through-out this Hell. So we try to support one-another in our efforts to maintain dignity. - It was a hot shower again before sleep. I'm happy I can return to that aspect of my own, normal life: a shower before bed! How wonderful! - George (15) missed sign-in AND bed-check tonight. He'll lose the bed and the 3 of us will have to deal with what-ever comes. I hope it's (he's) clean and quiet and mature! - Late, late, George returned. Noise, drunk (as usual). Fumbled about and went to bed. I wonder. He's too young to be here (he was the last to be out of LaGuardia so they put him here) and too young to be so into booze. This place is a lesson. I wonder that the purpose of the lesson is.

Sunday, 19 October:

66/35 11h59 Still in the room. Showered. Dressed. 15 and 16 sleeping. 17, gone. I've washed the under shorts and a white t-shirt. The green shirt I'd washed yesterday and the socks are dry today! Rolled 6 smokes. Need more. Straightened the locker and am almost ready to get out and to the library. It's chilly in here though. 21,5deg. But I hear it should barley break the 60'sF. It's getting too cold for my sweatshirt and corduroy shirt but not quite cold enough for Angel's jacket. And I keep thinking of all that's probably lost from the hotel. It hurts. Very deeply. Honestly... why the fuk do I let this keep going? Curiosity? Or what? *17h09 "WE WILL NOT HAVE IN AND OUT ALL DAY"* So I'm back. Went to the library. Got another note to Ashley typed and printed. Spoke for a while, with the woman who admired my sketches and this journal. Very good to talk with her. Then, at about 15h, strolled back. Stopped at Gristede's for food. Got my coffee and found my cheap cold-cuts. (10cents more than Waldbaum's, of course) so I had meat today! - Coming in, the x-ray detected a glass jar! The guard asked me to open my bag. The coffee was in the back-pack. She wanted me to open the grocery bag. I did. She looked in the bag then at the scanner, cleared me. OK! And to think: I'd planned to get the coffee tomorrow. Oh well. It's done. I came to the empty room, unpacked the groceries and ate 2 pastrami sandwiches, with mustard! 2 apple sauce. I just wish I could remember how it tasted. I ate so damned quickly. And, sure enough, a security guard came in, looking for George. Then Santiago came in, looking for George. And I'm trying to feed myself through it all. But, it's just a little too cold for the riverside park today. - I had a thought too: it's getting colder and I have no gloves with me. My Hell is developing very well. - Food done, I got my water bottles filled. The water here has been cloudy the past 2 days. I'm drinking it anyway. Maybe something in it will cause death. That would be delightful. I can hope. Time for a casual smoke. Now, I could have violated house rules and gone to the loo or shower room. But, I went outside. Coming in, one security guard looks at my ticket and ID and comments "IN AND OUT. HUH SIR?" "I came out for a smoke." "BEST NOT MAKE IT CHAIN SMOKING." "No. I keep it down: up and down stairs." Through the door and the next security guard makes the comment: "WE WILL NOT HAVE IN AND OUT ALL DAY." "No, we won't." I replied quietly, smiling. So, what we WILL have is violations of house rules and fuk security. There's nothing written prohibiting smoking. It's just because (I hear) 26 people are supposed to be on security this evening and only 18 showed for work. Poor schmucks. So we, the residents, are expected to be considerate? Not. The tables are turned. Time to return kindness. Dumb fuks. - 17h34 Time for a nap. 16 is here, quietly. I'm a bit fatigued.

Monday, 20 October:



67/36 10h Mid-Manhattan Library here I sit, with at least an hour to spend. - 10h59 And I did it reading a book on what to do with a Psych. Major. OK. So this morning, Ms. E. gave me carfare. BUT insisted that my employment/assignment sheet have a "letter-head"! Like I want PIC to know I'm in the shelter. Well? Library, Internet, print! Voila! 10 of them. You know? If the shelter wants to play, then let's play... to my advantage. They won't give me Saturday to attend service. I'm not eating their food. I'm not getting linens every week. I'm not bugging them for every little thing. I'm running independent. So? So! - 11h04 I'm going to get this show on the road. It's chilly out today and due to be VERY chilly on Wednesday. I'm in scrubs and white shoes! Ms. E. wanted me to apply for Medicaid this morning and tell them I'm unemployed. Right! I dress like this for drama. (I'm not actually a Nurse. I just play one in the local Homeless shelter. NEXT!) - 20h42 Castle Bellevue. Left at about 11h30. Took the D to W4 to

the A and walked Rockaway Blvd. The stroll is about 25 minutes. The total trip was about 1,5 hours. (Coming back? 1 hour 45 minutes.) When I arrived at T/cient's, the Physical Therapist was working with a new model Hoyer and couldn't figure it out. Truth? Neither could I. Oddly, I had been thinking that I wanted to meet the PT (*Physical Therapist*) and OT (*Occupational Therapist*). So? 50 per-cent done. I'm glad. I want to meet the team, just in case of any "fall-out" from the "Green force". - Well! Mary and Steve fed me cakes and coffee. Mary asked if it was OK if some weren't kosher! To go from the anti-Semites of the shelter-staff to this family is such a relief, a blessing. Much needed and so appreciated. And they're supportive of my presence and their father. My whole-hearted hope is to get the father up and walking with the walker before Thanksgiving... Sincerely. I hope to. For him. For his family.- Left a bit past 16h. Took the Q7 to the A train, Broadway Junction L, Union Square 6. What shit! People! Bodies! Crowds! Congestion! I want OFF of this island (Manhattan) and back to my Peninsula! I hate this city! Honestly. I hate this island! Honestly! Nobody knows how it hurts to go to work so close to "Home" and know that I have to come here at day's end. It just might kill me after all. - Walking by Lefferts, Linden, Rockaway, I think of Liz. Her childhood neighbourhood and here I'm treading it. Creation is strange and quite fukked-up. - So, back at Castle Bellevue, I shoved a pkg. of Buddig turkey (with mustard - no bread) down my throat, 2 little apple sauces, the rest of the Wheat thins and some chocolate frosting. Breakfast, lunch and dinner. Put on my jeans, washed a white T-shirt for work, chatted with Rey-17 and now, it's 21h and 21degrees, the 4 are all accounted for. Rey's somewhere about but George-15 and 16 are here. It's quiet, save the never-ending drone of the machine in the construction site next door. That must be a violation. But I'm in no mood to piss away my phone time complaining about it, knowing my complaint will amount to nothing and go no where. - Tomorrow? The Medicaid application. Car-fare for Wednesday. Papers and case-workers. General Homeless bull-shit. - 22.2, I've come from a good, hot, shower. Santiago comes to the room. "Is everybody home?" All 4 us are here. "Everybody's home." Home? Well there's been good talk all evening. George has been here since May! Shit! Rey is reading. 16 is silent and looking through some papers he keeps in his locker. "Home"? Kendall's in the hall talking jokes. Robert-105 comes by to tell of some guy who keeps showing up in his bed. Tells me he can hook me up in a 2-bed on the other side. "Home"? Maybe. But one thing this place does is turn total strangers into "family". Most of us are "equal". Some of us are insane. Others are clinically out to lunch... and dinner. But we're all in here. And the world is out there. It means something, I suppose. Tonight I wonder how I've survived 36 days of this. But, no matter what, I know I'll miss the guys I've met in here. - I saw Jesus earlier. He smiled and greeted

me as a friend as we rode the lift. I'll have to go find him up on 7. - U. was right: DEE SISTEM is different here. All told? Few exceptions, it's a bit more "human". - 22.32 Good-night.

NOTES

STEAM!

RED DRAGONFLY

Lavage

Tuesday, 21 October:

Oct 68/37 7h52 - 5W101 And so begins the steam season it's up. And I have no clothing appropriate to the coming weather. Again, I'm looking toward bitter cold. Cold. Cold. Cold. I don't mind the cold. I love the Winter. But not when it rips my meagre body apart. And it looks like this year will be the worst of my life. My heavier clothes are out of my reach (if there at all). This will be a "make or break" Winter. Perhaps my lessons will have been learnt, my time served, and on 21.12 I can finally go to that Peace I long for. I can go "Home"... to stay. - But for now, there are chores and tasks and events to be journaled. The sun is shining and I must be out of doors and in the light. I must keep moving. For what reason? Toward what destination? I've no idea. But I must move on. And so, I shall. - 8h40 And

yet another "Hurry! Rush! Stop! Wait! Have a seat." Bellevue Hospital. Medicaid Office. Of course, it doesn't open until 9h. So? So. "Have a seat." And so I do. What else is there to be said? There's one person before me. No doubt, the window will open and we shall let the mayhem begin! But I've got my car-fare for work covered. That's my major concern. And yes. As I write, there's one who waltzes in, believes himself to be above the world and takes a stand at the door, instead of "having a seat". Humanity. How worthless. How strange. How stupid. - 18h45 WELL! A day to write about and try to remember. To begin: I was at the wrong place at first, but caught my error on time. Got to a lovely lady at reception who told me that my application from JCCRP was OK. All I needed to do was put it in the basket at the desk and someone would call me (Have a seat). So, I did. It was about 9h30, shortly, a kind voice called my name and yet another kindly woman asked me to take a seat, at her desk. She'd put in my information and was ready. Soft-spoken. Kind. Attentive. Brief. It was an amazing delight to be treated humanely. Of course, the catch" I need to apply for unemployment! Edlyne Bellanton screws my payroll and I've got to try for unemployment. You know? If I could know that it wouldn't track to PIC, I'd do it and let Premier know about the screw-up and my situation in the shelter. But for that, the time will come when I get to the lawyer. Anyway, I'll either have to go that route or let the application be denied. We'll see as time goes. - By 10h30 I was feeling rather positive and came back to the Castle Bellevue to deal with the case-workers. U.E. is off but she said she wanted me to see Ms. R... (as I see her name) or Mr. W.... My "ILP" (Independent Living Plan) had to be signed and my "official" assignment sheet from PIC had to go on my file. I had it figured: The first part went well, the next would make up for it. - Into the building, up to the 5th floor. After a few moments



of waiting at the door to the "Social Workers Office", I asked a man in the office across the hall (where we sign for our beds and get car-fare) for Ms. R... or Mr. W..... "What can I do for you?" he asked. As usual, no introduction or identification. I was talking with Mr. W.....! Legally blind, good spirited, Mr. W..... I told him about Ms. Enyi and her instructions. He brought me across the hall (from whence I'd waited) opened the dutch door and bade me in. In a cubicle sat a refined-looking woman, thin, striking. An island accent. Soft spoken. Ms. R.... She asked me to take a seat. Again, gentle, dignified, respectful. She asked me the particulars of my visit. I told her. She got my file. She made quick work of what needed to be done. Organised. Dignified. I was a human-being with human dignity. And when she'd finished, she asked me if I had any questions. I asked about car-fare for tomorrow. I asked if my direction (focusing on my work above all else) was the proper way. She said it is. Then she asked: "Are you fighting with anybody?" (No) "Are you cussing at anybody?" (No) "Are you signing for you bed each night?" (Yes) "Then you're 'compliant'. You're fine. See your case worker each Saturday and good luck." I thanked her, for



the time, the information, the help, the respect. I left, feeling quite good and quite confident... in spite of the fact that she took a copy of my HHA certificate. I don't know exactly why she felt she needed that. But these people are so preoccupied with paper-work. I suppose my life is too meagre - I went to the library. - Now, en route, at 36th and Park, as I stepped up onto the sidewalk, I missed stepping on a RED DRAGONFLY. YESTERDAY, WAIT, SUNDAY, WALKING DOWN PARK AVE. AT ABOUT 35th STREET, OUT OF NO WHERE, A RED DRAGONFLY CAME AND HELD ON TO MY SHIRT FOR A MOMENT OR TWO. IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK, CROWDED STREETS, RED DRAGONFLIES FIND ME... OR, I FIND THEM. OMEN? SIGN? I HOPE THEY HAVE SOME WAY OF KNOWEING HOW I ADMIRE THEM, WISH THEM NO HARM, APPRECIATE THEIR PRESENCE IN MY LIFE. RED DRAGONFLIES. IT MADE ME THINK OF THE BLUE-

BLACK DRAGONFLY THAT LANDED ON ME AS I SAT AT THE BROOK IN NEW PROSPECT. THEY'RE QUITE BEAUTIFUL, MYSTERIOUS, CHARMING. I WONDER WHY THEY FOUND ME. - At the library, I inquired about the PC's (*computers*) at the "Job Information" section. A young lady told me that they're the same time/appointment as those on the 4th floor, but she signed me onto one as a "Guest". These, on the 2nd floor are limited only to specific tasks. No searches. No e-mail. But, being a "Guest", I could use these and then go to the 4th floor for my regular Internet. A THIRD KINDNESS IN THE SAME DAY! So I searched Psychology, Counselling, jobs, associations. Then, at about 14h, went to the 4th floor and got an immediate PC! The mouse was malfunctioning so it cut into my usage time. But I got to what I wanted. - Went to the 3rd floor to look for Psychology books. So many are "Unavailable", Missing/Stolen I'm presuming. - At 15h I was quite hungry and headed across 40th. There, at the corner of 2nd Av., a Gristede's. Buddig meats and a package of hamburger rolls, a box of PopTarts, a bottle of coffee. A stroll to the river-side park to eat! - The tide was in. There was enough sun to make it comfortable. A Black man stood at the rail, hands raised, he faced East, he chanted. A cormorant dove and rose with fish in beak. It too was dining. I ate. I spilt coffee on my jeans! But timing was good and it was only small spots. I headed back to get the coffee out quickly. - JUST IN FRONT OF THE SHELTER, SUSAN Sz.! PREVIOUS PRESIDENT OF THE CONSERVATIVE ON 250th! SHE RECOGNISED ME! SO WE CHATTED... BRIEFLY (THANK GOD). IT WAS GOOD TO SEE HER, THOUGH I DID ALL NOT TO MAKE CONNECTION TO THE SHELTER. (NOW I WONDER WHAT SHE'D DO IF SHE KNEW. AH. THE LINE: "YOU'LL BE JUST FINE.") SHE REMINDED ME THAT THEY'LL BE DANCING WITH THE TORAH TONIGHT. YES. YET

ANOTHER CELEBRATION DENIED. ANOTHER REASON TO MAKE THIS SHELTER-SHIT AS SHORT AS POSSIBLE! ANOTHER BIT TO ADD TO THE BITTERNESS. - In and to the room by 16h30. I decided to wash my jeans instead of “spot washing” the coffee out. As I was washing, Kendall came in: “You’ve GOT to see this! Come with me. Leave that (the jeans).” He brought me into the shower room. It smelled like fresh BM. He told me to look into the stall. I expected to see what I’d seen so many times before down stairs on the 2nd floor: faeces sprayed all over the wall, floor, bowl. But what WAS there truly was remarkable and something I’d never seen before. In the toilet, clean water, and completely intact (probably the most remarkable aspect), a STOOL! It had to be approx.45cm long and, at the widest, approx.35cm around! Of course, those who saw it had many jokes to make. But I immediately thought of how that stayed in somebody’s bowels and how it could have possibly passed intact! The only thing I could logically presume is that there is, or, at least was, someone there who is into serious fisting! The anus/rectum had to be so stretched to permit that circumference to pass... intact. Well, as I say, the jokes continued until, at some point, the stool was removed, by someone, somehow. Fortunately, the removal happened before I got there to do it. I’d gotten gloves and apron ready to go but when I arrived to do the job, it was done. Still, it deserves mention simply on medical and biological merits. Not to mention: the things you see in the shelter! - And so the evening went by. George, Rey and I discussed the philosophies of shelter living. I told George about my trepidations on the first and second nights. We joked about “being in Bellevue”. George said “But it’s getting better now. Right?” I replied “Worse!” jokingly referring to the oddities and insanities. But the truth of the matter is: Here, on this floor, the loo, the showers, the halls, the room... all are kept quite clean. Most guys are asleep (or, at least quiet) by 22h30. My inability to fall asleep and remain asleep is my own problem. Over-all, considering the whole situation, it’s not too bad. It is, after and above all else, giving me the opportunity to re-start my life. I can focus on employment, money, getting on my feet. And there’s just enough pressure and distress to keep from becoming “comfortable”. - One note: Rey tells me that clothing is here as well. I need a referral from my case-worker but I can get under-wear, shirts, trousers, jacket! And so, with the coming cold, I will! Meanwhile, I NEED to post this recent letter to Ashley. - Well. My jeans are washed. Second time in 68 days. What have I become?

Wednesday, 22 October:



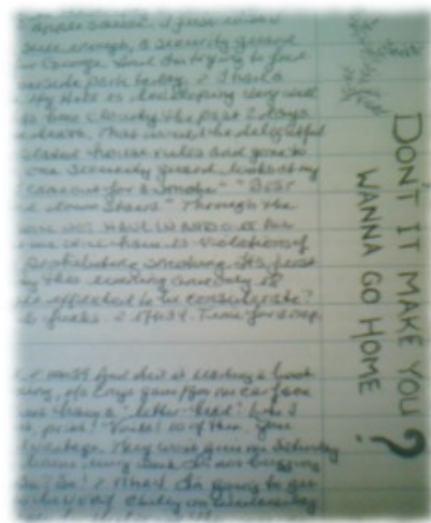
10h30 69/38 Mid-Manhattan Library - Up at 6h30. Fumbled about during morning routine. No particular rush. Had to be at PIC to give Ada the “lease” and then? Ah hah! A message on the phone! RHAS! They’re just waiting for the finger print report. But! Hey! I’ve been thinking of them and wondering. So, this is good news and the message said all else is fine! And so, out the door I went. Inside we had STEAM. Outside I learnt, it’s 45F. I didn’t wear the jacket from Angel. It’s chilly. At PIC, Ada was a doll. Remembered me by sight. Actually apologized for the inconvenience. I told her I had to come into The City for MCU anyway. Well! So she did the photocopy and off I went. - At 34th and Madison, there was Jesus (7th floor)! He wanders about all day! Poor guy! He’s got the limp and they still force him out. I told him to hide-away in the library. He hadn’t known about it! Once again, my past has prepped me for my present. What then is my present preparing me for in future? I don’t know that I want to know.

- I came here, for an immediate appointment. ADP finally sends me the info for Direct Deposit!

I'm settled on a new MCU account which I'll need if PIC and RHAS send cheques. Oh well, Life... fukked up. - Got a day and a half of this journal onto the new blog. It's going to take time because I'm writing small and this is being written on page 87 already. Still, it's going to be fun, reading and recounting as I go. So... - 10h44 Time to move out, move on, move along, get to work. I've got 2\$ to put on the Metro-Card which will cover today and Friday work. 7\$ in the backpack. 4\$ coming for carfare tonight. Another 4 on Thursday. MCU tomorrow. 2 pay-cheques pending. All is certainly not perfect. But I have no family and no friends. So THAT'S a reason to be cheerful today. - Out! Into the sunshine and crisp morning air! - (On Thurs.23.10 at 11h06 Mid-Manhattan Library) I'd finished the entry and was preparing to leave when I spotted George(15) making a reservation for the computer! How odd it seems to meet guys from the shelter, out on the streets and now, in the library! Ah the ways in which people get to know people in this city. So we spoke briefly and were on our respective ways. NYC. - I took the D to get to work. Put 2\$ on the MetroCard, giving me car-fare to cover this week in full. As I walked the tunnel to the train, a guy was singing: THE FIRST TIME EVER I SAW YOUR FACE". The (my thoughts are so scrambled as I think about this. Every thought crashes into the next!), Dennis Nixon. The blue VW. 208. Woodcock Mtn. Rd. Mister G's. Downing Park. Pain. Memories. Melancholia. Sadness. Depression. Anxiety. Roberta Flack. My music. Gone. So much... gone. The next tune began... "NEITHER ONE OF US WANTS TO BE THE FIRST TO SAY GOOD-BYE"! I kept walking but my entire body went numb! I actually had to think, to concentrate on moving, walking. The grip of depression was horrific! Had I the opportunity, I'd have simply shut-down at that moment, sat quietly and died. It was a most frightening and amazing experience. Just a depressing over-load of darkness. But, at the top of the stairs, I managed to pull a bit together and make it to the train. - Arrived at Rock. Blvd. at noon! An hour to spare! I walked. Stopped at a deli. Cheese Danish, croissant, Nutriment. 4\$ off my Food Stamps. I was starving! Walked slowly and ate. Still, I arrived at the client's at 12h40! When I'm in no rush, time passes so slowly. - It was an OK 3 hours at work. Their Hoyer was replaced but Mr..Tretter is so heavy, we had complications. Coffee and cakes were served. How they spoil me. One brother confided: We like you. You work very well with my father. We're thinking of asking for more hours for you. Maybe 8 each day. That could be good or bad. I'll have to make the very best of it, no matter what. It will be much needed income! - At 16h07 I left the house. Q7 to the train and back to Hell. It was ever so cold! - Back at the shelter, there was steam! A welcome relief! I washed my "hoodie" and the wash water was disgusting! But little by little, everything is getting washed. (Of course, the forecast for the week-end is RAIN!) - Got to talk with George. He reads Robert Frost, Steinbeck, Steven King. Read "Anna Karenina"! Even some Tolstoy! It just goes to show how we can't "presume". - As the evening went, I shoved 2 cold-cuts sandwiches down and waited to sign in. Rumour: 50 people waiting for beds. NO margin for screw-ups tonight! At about 21h45 I signed-in. At about 22h, security came for me. I hadn't requested my car-fare and it was noticed! The case-worker (Stinson? I'll have to check that to be accurate) was SO pleasant about it. And I was so grateful! I'm depending on that car-fare to help me get on my feet! When I told George he said "They don't ever do that, come get you for something like that." Maybe this is a good omen... things will change and all will be better... soon. - A hot shower. A warm bed. Another day... done.

NOTES

DON'T IT MAKE YOU WANNA GO HOME?



Thursday, 23 October:

11h51 70/39 Mid-Manhattan Library Continuing.. WOW! Did I ever sleep last night! Woke at almost 7h! The hour I'm to be "on the train to work". My "hoodie" wasn't completely dry but enough to wear. Not having access to weather reports, and the steam being up, I've no idea what to wear out-side. - Shower, half a smoke. Dress. My stomach/bowels are bothering me lately. Cramps last night and the urge to "go" this morning. - A WALK! Down to MCU at Lafayette, by the Centre Street court buildings. The horrors begin: Not only was the morning temperature about 2C, when the nice lady at MCU put in my social, a notice came up! "NSF activity" from Ridgewood Banque (formerly City and Suburban)). NO ACCOUNT OPENED TODAY! Long story short (it's noon now, I'm hungry. Haven't been on-line. Need to contact the banque. Need a nap too.), I settled the issue at hand quietly and began the walk from 2 Lafayette up to the library. It's cold out! I'm hungry and tired. My thermometer registered 11deg. when I got in. So! As it gets colder, it gets tougher all round. - So now I have car-fare for tomorrow. 5\$ for MCU and 6\$ in the wallet. Tonight: car-fare for tomorrow. 10\$ in the wallet. One moment at a time. I need more cigarettes too! But what I'd like most, is a nap! - 17h14 Back at the Castle where my clock tells me it's 26deg but it feels like 36deg! Can't say they're trying to freeze us out. - When I got in at about 15h45, George and 16 were both in. George was shaving and getting ready to go out. 16 was snoozing. I washed my corduroy shirt and an RAA t-shirt, ate my 2 meat sandwiches and the rest of the chocolate frosting on the last 2 rolls. Food's gone and only 60-something dollars left on FS. I'd gotten a new pouch of tobacco and rolled 5 for tomorrow and a few to "quick draw" in the loo. (Less tobacco in those.) George left. The place has gone quiet, save the TV next door and 16's sneezes. - I'm still worked-up about MCU. I spent 45 minutes on-line searching for contacts for Chex System, Ridgewood Savings. I don't know if I got through to Chex Systems but everything else bounced back. I'll have to fight this one slowly. MAN IT! - Rick came by to remind me it's dinner time. Since my bowels aren't all too good, maybe I should try a meal. But not tonight. I want to get to the P.O. tomorrow before work. - I need a hair-cut, a beard trim, shave, manicure, pedicure. I have the energy for... a nap. - Took one! Until Rey came in. I woke at 19h18! Dreamt I was taking a Nursing final exam. Don't remember much more than that. The question I woke on: "What is 1917? 19/17." "What do we call that?" And my answer, that I was waiting to give was "A greater possibility of one out-come over another." Which, in the dream, I was sure, was right. Hey! It was a dream. The teacher liked me... and he was "Hot". - Now, if all the little morons in the loo would leave so I could grab a "quick draw". - Oh oh oh! As I'm walking back here this afternoon, I cross 34th Street at 3rd Av. right in front of the QM Express bus to FAR ROCKAWAY B.21! Don't it make you wanna go home?

Friday, 24 October:

19h40 71/40! At the Castle. All's calm. 16's spewing viruses with unabashed sneezes and we're the only 2 in. 26deg again and it feels like 36deg. - I'm not certain what time it was when I left this morning (and oh, I didn't want to get out of bed). It was a bit past 8h. The Canarsie train stopped at Wyckoff again. The next train went through to the Junction. I got to The Rock by 10h30! At the P.O., 2 cards from the synagogue and my ADP statement. The balance? Almost 40\$ OVER-DRAWN! ANOTHER 5\$ "PURCHASE/CHASBACK"! I'm bloody-well fed-up! I HAVE to clear the banque records NOW! I'm not going to have THIS shit screw me too. It figures. I got the card from Premier. That place means no good at all! - And so, being on a "Pay Per Ride" card... I bought an envelope and posted a letter to Ashley. This one tells the whole saga, gives her an address and phone to contact me. Now I get to the news that EVERYTHING in ALL of my life is GONE! What will I do? I just don't know. I should have been dead already. Maybe THIS Winter. Maybe. So I added a hand-printed "Thank You" to her and how I miss Rockaway, dropped it in the slot and headed for the Q53. Bought "The Wave" (*local, "home-town" news paper*) for the first

time in ages, got the bus to Rockaway Blvd. Looped back to Sutter Av. and a C-Town for some yoghurt and snacks for here. Ate the 2 yoghurts as I walked. That's how hungry I was! Good thing I carry the plastic flat-ware all the time. - Even with the casual walking, I was at Rockaway Blvd. and 115th Av. at 11h15! Luckily there's a place to sit, and so I did. Had 2 PopTarts and 2 puddings, read the paper, smoked a cigarette and waited for the time to pass. - Was at my patient's at 12h45. Now this was an easy day. Mitch (OT) and PT came. In 3 hours with them there, I had little to do. So I encouraged, observed, ate, had coffee. 16h came quickly. - As I waited for the bus to the train, the skies darkened. The forecast for tomorrow and Sunday is rain. In spite of not getting the "Thurs" car-fare this week, I'm planning on being at the Fort and PHC on Sunday! Rain or not! - The trip back here served its purpose very well: This morning the bay was remarkably calm, beautiful, amazing. The air was delightfully clean and comfortable. It was a post-card /calendar photo day. Coming into The City screws your spirit, what, with all the idiots in the way, the traffic, the noise, congestion, yelling, general stupidity. I MUST get AWAY from here! - I got in after the usual queue of regulars and idiots, and new-comers, to a furnace! This place is so warm it's unhealthy. Washed socks, teal scrub-top, white T-shirt. (The scrubs top is dry already. That's how hot it is in here!) Kendall and I had a discussion on why we're in the shelter. A guy from down the hall came by in black Muslim attire. By this point, the discussion with Kendall dropped into religion. When he asked "Can we all just get along?" the Muslim guy simply said "Yes." It touched me deeply. - Next line of business? Food! I shoved 2 peanut-butter sandwiches down my throat. I keep remembering how I did the same thing at Ahlena's, Cyndi's, Jim's and Margot's. I haven't actually tasted food in almost SIX YEARS! A bloody fucking disgusting shame, that. Always something or someone to keep me from eating. Food! Is it any wonder I can't reach a healthy weight? Well, I rolled a few cigarettes. Tried a "quick draw". I'd rolled it so tight it was a waste. - And so, this brings me to 20h25, a quiet floor as we approach "sign in". 26,5deg. I need a haircut, beard trim, shave, manicure, pedicure, over-haul. No George or Rey. Just me, 16 and his "funk". Why these people won't shower is something I'll never understand. But, as long as I'm clean and their funk doesn't stick to me... - George squeaked in at 22h tonight. A guy came round not 10 minutes before to do bed-check. Rey had to bend the truth a bit when asked if George was here. I just don't know how he (George) gets away with coming in way past sign-in... and drunk on top of it! OK. So he's the youngest on the floor. Maybe everybody has a little "parental" thing happening. But even as Rey told him tonight, he needs to start showing some responsibility. The weather's turning colder and more guys are looking for shelter. This place will turn over his bed- and we'll have to put up with something new. Yes. It's all selfish. But, it's fact.

Saturday, 25 October:

16h32 72/41 "IF YOU CAN BECOME COMPLACENT BEING HERE, THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOU." - 17h32 Dancing Queen. George took out his radio. The song came on. He was dancing to it. - It's 21h. The temperature in here has finally dropped to 26deg. Most of the day it was 29! I spent the entire day in here. Napped for about 3 hours. - George, born January... 1965! Joe's age! Asked me "How do you fix this?" He meant, him. He's got dreams/notions of jumping off the Tappan Zee Bridge. This evening, Rey gave him the riot act. G's under the impression that the world will go his way forever. There's always been somebody there for him. It's sad. He looks about 24, here he is, 43. Sad. He had Rey tearing. It's good to know that there are people who care about others. Me? I'd like to be able to help George I'm willing. But, truth is: my heart is dead. Once, I'd have wanted to help from the heart. Today, I want to help from the head. Hey! Maybe that's a lesson I needed! Maybe this is another step toward maturity. I don't know. That's the trouble. I just don't know. Meanwhile, George went back out at about 20h. Rey told him to be back before 22h. It's 21h13. No sign of little George But there's a cool breeze coming in the window. It's pouring with rain. A bit of thunder. A bit of lightning. Let it all happen tonight.

I've got car-fare for Rockaway tomorrow. I'm looking forward to the 16h meeting of the new Writers' Group. Hoping to see Jocelyn too! - All my clothes are clean. I'm ready to go. - Now? For a smoke and a shower. - A stormy October night... in Bellevue! How "Halloween"!

Sunday, 26 October:

21h42 73/42 21h42-22h18 Two starts. No notes. Insane evening. Pushed day. To begin (on Monday 10h03 at the Mid-Manhattan Library): George lost his bed last night! Truly. "Unassigned".

Out. Gone. At about 1h30 this morning, Operations (my favourite "Lady" from the 0-8h shift) came in and stripped the bed. She apologized for disturbing us. A "Lady" in all respects. Lights out for a few moments and THEN: In comes this skinny, beaded, be-decked and ear-ringed, greying black guy who proceeds to turn the lights on and put his linens on the bed... perfectly... neatly... time-consumingly! This is followed by rattling of plastic bags and some muttering and mumbling... to himself! Suddenly, as I'm thinking he looks neatly dressed and appears clean, the "cloud" covers me. FOUL! SWEET!

DISGUSTING! CHOKING ODOUR! He's nuts and funky! The bed moves. The bags rattle. He leaves, presumably to shower. Not so lucky. He'd put the light off when he left the room, moments later he returned with his stifling funk, the light went on again... and so did his mono/dialogue! More plastic bags.

Finally! Light out again... in the darkness "click click". He's lit a cigarette. Rey caught it and told him to take it to the bathroom. The guy bolted silently. I had to say something at this point because I was amusing myself with thoughts of murder. "This is gonna be a fun night." I said aloud. "Thanks to George." Came Rey's reply. And soon, too, too soon, Chatter came back, with funk, tossed himself on the bed. I tried covering my nose, mouth, face with my blanket, to block the funk. Nope. Rey used his air freshener. Nope. I got fed-up, pissed off. It was 2h39! I opened the dorm door wider. SOME relief. I drifted to sleep, watching to see if Chatter made any moves toward me or the others. - 7h30 and all are awake. Chatter has managed to cover his feet AND the floor round the bed with power. He dressed, gathered his things, left the corner a mess and disappeared, leaving the rest of us hoping he wouldn't be back... EVER! - I showered, put on the Dor Chadash t-shirt and the blue and white kippa and with Rey and a guy from down the hall, left. Today, for me, is Rockaway! Rey and Co. got the up-town 6 and I went to the down-town. Something must have been off in my head (after the night? Really?) because I had some trouble putting money on the MetroCard. I just forgot how... briefly. A little guy working on the turnstiles told me what I was doing wrong and when I finally got it, he said "B'seder?" (OK?) More Hebrew! It's quite interesting how many people speak some Hebrew these days. So, I got the 6 train to Union Square where I got the 4 to Fulton and try for the A which doesn't stop on the down-town side because it's running on the F line so I'm supposed to take the up-town A to W4 to change for the down-town A which is what I did after walking up and down 4 different sets of steps trying to get a J train at Fulton only finding locked gates at each potential entrance and no signs to inform us that the J was not available. At about noon, I was walking into T6. PEACE! - Penelope was her usual "fake" (as I've learnt) "So glad to see you." Luckily we didn't see much of each other while I was there. I didn't have time to get lunch before arriving (I got off the train at Playland and grabbed the bus from there: to avoid 116th and to get on the bus before my transfer expired). I ate candies and helped myself to coffee - mate. With great fortune, Shirl arrived and asked me to help her build her contribution to the RAA Halloween do. I did. Gladly. - In T7, work is full in



preparation for the Halloween celebration. Hallways, rooms, mummies, etc. being constructed. Tommy gave me a tour of what it will be when completed. Asked if I'd be there and seemed mildly disappointed when I said I couldn't. But I enjoyed the tour. - For brief moments, Penelope and I sat on the back porch in the wonderfully warm sun and talked politics. It's become an effort to talk with her, remembering how she told me to be "scarce" and tried to pin it on Geoff and Tommy. No trust any more. - Well, the day went by too quickly. I attended the first meeting of the new "Writers'" group. No comments now because I had to bolt at 17h to get the bus to PHC. - Got to PHC at almost 18h. It was cutting time close! But Joycelyn was busy, dinner had been served so I didn't get to stay too long. Now, she tells me she has "bags" of clothing for me. Warm things. She mentioned gloves. Wants to get together during the week, out of the hospital to give me what she has. And then she hands me another 20! I'm in need of cash right now, so I accept. But I'm in to her for 60\$ at this point. She tells me not to think about it, but I must. - Well, by 18h30 I was on my way to the train. (Jocelyn said that 44th was a dangerous station, better to go to 59th. As I said: one's as bad or good as the other but 44th is closer.) Stopped at DunkinDonuts for 3 Bavarian crème. Just what I needed ,sugar. Somebody had dropped a lit cigarette, half-smoked, in the empty lot so I finished it (and I wonder why my lungs are so bad). - The sun was gone. Night in Rockaway. Kriste! It hurts to leave there! It's "Home". To think that I'd exchanged drawing and painting ideas and hints with Cathy... writing ideas with the Writers' group... rushed to see Jocelyn. Good times and good people... across good waters. - Back at the Castle Bellevue, the news for the day is: I went to sign for the bed and George's name is back on 15! How the fuk he does it is anybody's guess. Yes. We're happier than all shit that he's back. But, if there's any truth to what folks is sayin', he's run out of back-up and is on his own. If he pulls shit again, loses his bed or the likes, well, "Junior" will find himself "Homeless" in the shelter. (This morning when we were leaving, he was on a chair, leaned up against a soda machine... sleeping. It was sad but hey! You want to see how far you can go before getting smacked? Now you know.) - So, the day ended with George coming back to a 29deg room...

Monday, 27 October:

20h30 74/43 20h03 at 5W-101 - 28,5deg 15,16 and 18 are here. 17 out in the building some-where. - This morning I got to the Mid-Manhattan Library at 8h50 45 minutes on-line and to type a letter to try and clean the "ChexSystem" records so I won't be collecting pay-cheques that are of less value to me than the paper and ink. - Left at about 10h45. D to W4 to A, Q7 to Lefferts and found a FoodTown in walking distance. A quick 7\$ shopping and to work. BUT! A CALL ON THE 646 NUMBER. PIC IS QUESTIONING THE PRIVATE DUTY HOME CARE! SO NOW? COMES THE EFFORT TO DODGE A CONNECTION BACK TO THE COW! WE'LL SEE WHAT WE CAN MUSTER. DID IT BEFORE. DO IT AGAIN! - AND, I'M RUNNING OUT OF TIME ON THE PHONE! - MY LITTLE TOE NAIL IS GETTING EVEN WORSE WITH THE FUNGUS! - It's just happening again! Creation is trying to slam me. But, work was a delight and Mary served apple strudel and pecan pie and I filled-up on it and coffee. - The train ride back was a horror. Rush hour. - George was here when I arrived. Still is... amazingly. I washed socks and undershorts. Made 3 cream cheese and honey sandwiches. Of course, quickly, hiding, eating rapidly so as not to be discovered. It's 20h27. I'm waiting to sign in and shower and hoping for some sleep! Tomorrow is "Linens Day". I need fresh and another blanket (just in case... I've got 2, folded to make 4 layers. It would be nice to have 3, unfolded. And I haven't had fresh linens since the 12th when I got this bed. It's time. - Ah... a breeze! What a charm! - Oh. This morning? 7h30 through 8h, idiots in the showers! At a time when working people need the showers! Fuuuuuuck! - OK. Anyway... - In an earlier talk with George about Rockaway, he asked me if there's a place called "Gaston"! He knows somebody out in Rockaway who told him to take the train to Gaston... but on the map, there's no "Gaston"! So I took out the maps and held a geography lesson. Odd,

but it pisses me off that somebody “on the mainland” knows about “my” Gaston, my refuge, my peace and what looks to be my final destiny... one of these days. - So the floor went quiet. I had my shower. A breeze comes by now and again and yet, another day is gone.

NOTES

Living well is the best revenge - Live well back Home!

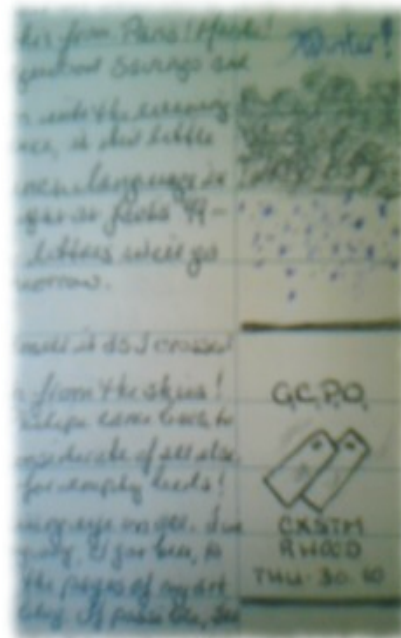
Shirl: COPY SKETCHES (4X6/5X7) FRAME and EXHIBIT

SELL

MARKETABLE!

Tuesday, 28 October:

75/44 19h04 Mid-Manhattan Library RAIN! THUNDER! LIGHTNING! My jeans are soaked. My shoes are soaked. Well I certainly couldn't have dry weather all of the time. But my 99-cent poncho came in handy again this morning. - This morning: I SLEPT UNTIL 8h22! After a very restless night. It's becoming increasingly difficult to fall asleep and stay asleep. I'm not consciously aware of being depressed, but there are the symptoms. And, let's face it: Depression is long past due. But I got up, took a very small BM, grabbed a quick smoke, brushed my teeth, showered, dressed. I GOT LINENS TODAY! Nasty but clean. Well, as “clean” as can be expected considering from whence they've come. - Jolly! I took the table by the window on the 2nd floor. Usually, it remains empty. No. Not this morning. A group of brats has come to join me. Quiet though they are, they're seemingly un-aware of my presence. A “class outing” of some sort. - My jeans are now cold and wet, and the rain is falling harder. Lovely day. Surely it will become lovelier as my back goes into spasm. It's beginning to. The rain is falling. The temperature is falling. Pain will follow. Guaranteed. - 14h10 4th floor. Appointment on PC at 14h30. I'm finally dry. Just came in from smoke. Imagine? I've been in the library all day! How reminiscent of the Newburgh days. Let's see: 5 years of this “wandering” all day? My stomach is growling, I'm hungry. It's wet out-side AND COLD! COLD! COLD! It was cold on the 3rd floor, where I spent the morning. It's a bit warmer here, on the 4th. But my feet are damp and cold. But



I'm not OUT on the streets or parks or rivers. Things for which to be thankful... as if I could be thankful these days. HAH! Well, I can look forward to excessive heat later, back at the Castle Bellevue. And my timing away today should bring me back in at 16h. So? So. - 19h22 C.B. 23deg. All are in. I almost feel for George. He left this morning but was here when I got back at 17h30. I know how it is to be used to being out most of the time and then... grounded. But, there's “responsibility” and it hits all at some point. - As I wrote, the ONE security guard who has unfailingly treated me like a human-being came by the door and said “How you doing?” She'll never know how much good she does for someone who needs to be recognized as a human being. If there is any justice any where in ALL of Creation, let it bring her all happiness and contentment. If more people were as she is, this world would be closer to Utopia. - Well, all I've left in the larder is 3 buns and some peanut butter. 6\$ cash. 40 cents Food Stamps. 13 days until more Food Stamps. The meagre days are coming and the temperatures are dropping. Here we go. Cold weather and Homeless. What I wouldn't give for a drink right about now. - 20h04 The room is full of French! Philippe wanted rolling papers. I detected the accent. Asked where he's

from. Paris! Marde! So now, he and I are babbling away. How c'est tou'cute la! - My 2 letters to Ridgewood Savings and ChexSystems are stamped and ready to go! - And, indeed, the French language flowed on into the evening. Had it been Quebecois, it would have been a sweet tonic. But being "French" from France, it did little to actually lift my spirits. OK. I'll face that fact" I'm an elitist snob (where the French language is concerned). I happen to prefer "my" dialect. Merci. - Having the envelopes, bought at Jack's 99-cent store for 1.29\$, and remembering the stamps I've had I'm happy that my letters will go to the post tomorrow! - Tonight? Try for sleep. I've got my car-fare to work tomorrow.

Wednesday, 29 October:

76/45 10h31 Mid-Manhattan Library 3rd Fl. Winter was in the air this morning! I could smell it as I crossed 32nd Street at Madison and as I came across 40th toward 5th? Slush from the skies! I'm wearing the jacket from Angel this morning. What a "save" - Last night, Philippe came back to the room twice, well after 22h30! Friggin frog. So "Parisien" of him to be inconsiderate of all else. So sleep was broken (common). Then, at about 3h a woman came to check for empty bed! The nights are getting cold. The Homeless all seeking shelter. It's time to keep a wary eye on all. I've been "in" long enough to figure: there will be more "strangers about. - Anyway, I got here, to the library, just before 9h. Got my PC appointment and, thankfully, have re-done the pages of my art blog! Somehow, the "originals" ceased to function. So I'm re-building the blog. If possible, I'll build a duplicate, just in case. Good to have back-ups... PARTICULARLY WHEN I THINK OF HOW ALL OF MY PREVIOUS WORKS, SITES, PHOTOS, JOURNALS, MUSIC, etc. ARE GONE, GONE, GONE!!!! (It was the "first thought of the day" this morning.) So, for now, I'll focus on re-building what's left of me, work on some re-invention based on recent events (not pretty) and move along from there. - Right now it's 10h46. A little book search and to the rails. I've no food with and no desire to shop for any today. 12 days til more Food Stamps. Lettuce sea. Eh? - Left the library at about 11h. D to A. Got to Lefferts in the rain. Grabbed the Q10 bus to Rockaway Blvd., 121st Av.. The sun shone! But it was COLD. Mr.Tretter(patient) was up, looking good but in no condition to do much. Cookies and coffee for 3 hours today. When I left, no rain but breezy and crisp. As I stood, waiting for the bus to the train I thought of how fortunate I am to have this jacket from Angel. Otherwise, I'd have been standing there with the hoodie and cord-shirt, freezing. How Fate threw me a "Good" this time. Grateful? Yes. Yes, I am. - Back at the "home", I washed 2 towels. I now have 3. There's something about having towels. If only I could bring the larger one from T6. But washing and drying it here will present problems. - The night was long. George stayed in tonight in spite of his plans to ship out after sign-in. We were up until 23h30, talking. Books. Geography. All manner of topics. He's really knowledgeable about so very much! - As usual, I had a great deal of difficulty falling asleep.

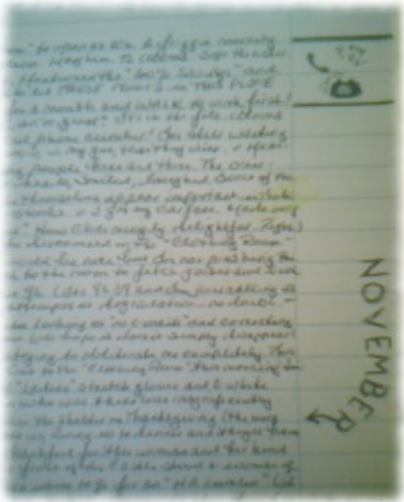
Thursday, 30 October:

77/46 9h26 in the Castle. Waiting for the "Clothing Room" to open at 10h. A friggin morning. Up at 7h22. Toilet. Teeth. Shower/smoke. Fire alarm. Mayhem. To Ms.Uloma Sign the register. Wait. Car-fare. She's pushing about my first pay-cheque. Mentioned the "60 per-cent Savings: and "downstairs". As if she thinks I'm stupid enough to let THESE IDIOTS IN THIS PLACE take MY MONEY! I'll hold my un-cashed cheque for a month and WALK to work first! I'd given R..., the supervisor, my assignment sheet... an "original". It's in the file. Ms.U had it in hand. NOW she wants one with address and phone number! I'm still waiting for some moron here to fuk this job. And, I just KNOW, in my gut, that they will. - Meanwhile, the "security guard" in the hall was directing people here and there. The over-nighters were herded. The rest of us just shook our heads, smiled, laughed. Some of the little idiots in blue shirts do all they can to make themselves

appear important while the rest of us find it entertaining. Little laughing-stocks. - I got my car-fare. Made very nice chat with Ms.U (she said I'm being "compliant". How charmingly delightful. Right.) and am now waiting to see what "treasures" are to be discovered in the "Clothing Room". A sweater and jeans are essential. Shoes/sneakers would be nice but I'm not pushing the Fates. What will be interesting is trying to get back to the room to fetch jacket and back-pack after. We're not "allowed" to be in the dorm past 9h. (It's 9h39 and I'm journaling as I stand at the locker.) Well? Here we go... more attempts at degradation... no doubt... - 13h26 Mid-Manhattan Library 3rd fl: It's chilly on the floor. I've just spent 45 minutes looking at "no e-mails" and correcting the links on my art portfolio blog. It's cleaning up nicely now. Let's hope it doesn't simply disappear. But at the rate everything else is going, it seems Creation is trying to obliterate me completely. This too shall cease. I will be eradicated and erased. - Got to the "Clothing Room" this morning. I'm now 2pairs of socks, 2 t-shirts, 1 thermal t-shirt, 1 scarf, 1 pair of "Ladies" stretch gloves and 2 white cotton boxers ahead. No pants. No shirts. But the woman who was there was magnificently HUMAN! Very sweet. Very pleasant. She told me: if I'm still in the shelter on Thanksgiving (the very thought makes me ill), the Bowery Mission sends a bus to get us, bring us to dinner and they'll have coats. I'm being thankful for my jacket. I'm exceptionally thankful for this woman and her kind demeanour. - Left with George at about 10h30 or so. Out front of the Castle stood a woman of Hispanic decent. She wanted to know if this (the Castle) was where to go for an "HA Number". Liz (her name - can't lead to any good if history proves and prevails) is on an eviction from her place in The Bronx. A guy (Ivan) told her to meet him at 30th and he would help her with "Intake". She arrived late (Liz). George and I filled her in on what to expect. She was so thankful to us for our "help". She a CHHA! Making 800\$/month. Her rent is 900\$. She's 3,000\$ behind. Already blew a "One Shot". Has a court date for tomorrow morning (in Bronx Housing... M. Doherty! How I remember her with the greatest respect!) tomorrow morning. OSC (*Order to Show Cause*). I told her wonderful things about Doherty and tried to impress upon her that she should be nice and respectful. I gave her support referrals, she gave George job referrals. We networked in the cold wind. Again, doing the jobs of the "case-workers" and "social workers". It's fucking disgusting! I'm doing somebody else's JOB at no pay! Well, as it ended, I figure I'm due for a mega beating-down for being of any assistance to this woman. Indeed! - Right now, I'm truly hungry. Would like a smoke but have none rolled, will finish my "Tolstoy" and head out of here. I can't go back to the Castle before 15h so I've got 2 hours and 10 minutes to blow away... - 15h08 Getting out of here and on with what remains of the day. - The time went by well occupied. (It's 18h54 Friday. CB) The woman who's been so interested in my sketches stopped to chat with me awhile when we left the library. Politics. Obama's anti-Semitism. The library's bias against her, personally (says she, because they perceive her as Black. I believe she's Indo-Pakistani). As we parted, she asked which direction I was going so she could go opposite. She didn't want "them" thinking we were collaborating for any reason. "Them"? I don't know who "them" is/are, and yes, I wonder more about "her" than "them". Still, she's well-enough spoken. We'll see what comes of it in the passing of time. - And so, I opted for a food shop at Gristedes on 40 and 2nd. Buns and Buddig. 8 of each, to last through Saturday. And it all made it through! (*Food brought from out-side was prohibited in the Shelter and would be confiscated if found.*) That and some "Detail" wire brushes to scrub the calluses off my feet. - IMPORTANT NOTE HERE: LETTRES TO CHEXSYSTEM AND RIDGEWOOD SAVINGS POSTED FROM GRAND CENTRAL P.O. - 3 sandwiches for daily meal when I got in. There'll be no weight gain at this rate. Oddly... Rey tells that he got a meeting with Ms.U, "Miss R..." and Mr. W..... (case-worker, Asst. Spvrs. and Spvrs.) because they're concerned about his 5lb. weight loss. I find it strange that not one has noticed that MY name or number doesn't show up for eating meals here. 46 days and 3 meals and nobody questions? Ah... how "same" my existence. - George rang Liz this evening. She got her ConEd paid, is in her flat. From the joking and laughter, I'm presuming George has found a new "play-mate". Meanwhile, me? PLAY THIS!

Friday, 31 October:

78/47 19h25 CB Here goes. Up at 5h45. THE SHITS! Brush my teeth. Lie down. Get up. THE SHITS! Take a shower. Get dressed. To Ms.U for car-fare. Wait. Wait. Wait. Approx. 8h20, a voucher. Date of trip 10/22. Had to get it corrected. Back. But this was AFTER: following Ms.U down to the 3rd floor (Supervisor) because car-fare wasn't on the 5th floor yet, then back up to the 5th floor because car-fare was en route! And all the while? Me, ever so sweet and understanding, patient and compliant. My thought? A bunch of brain-dead, moronic gits! So, I got out of here by something around 9h or later. - Walking toward the library, which opened at 10h this morning (gits?), a "never mind that!" I went directly to Grand Central. THE SHITS! "Bathroom East", not one stall available. "Bathroom West", a brief wait. All for very little. But the urgency, the cramps! - Business done, no time for anything else... to HOME! ROCKAWAY! At the P.O. notices for classes at the synagogue which I would have TRULY enjoyed (Kabbalah) but can't. MCU info and application for an account my first cheque from PIC for 66\$, 9 hours. I'm missing the previous cheque! Anyway, this one will remain un-reported to this bloody institution until next week. If I'm to keep 60 per-cent and "live" on 40 per-cent It leaves me with 26.40\$ each week. Carfare, at 12\$ right now leaves me 14.40. (22h31 I walked in here this evening to the fucking odour of flatulence! Now! Again!) - NOTE: 60 per-cent TO BE SAVED "DOWNSTAIRS"! THESE MONKEY-BASTARD REFUGEES THINK THAT I'LL TURN OVER MY FUKKING INCOME TO THEM TO HOLD? FUK FUK FUK NO! (3h35 on Sat. I'm sitting in a stall on the toilet. 16 is snoring so that justifies the slamming of windows, screens, and yelling from Rey. This fucking place has GOT TO GO!) - OK. So it's Saturday. 13h09 D18. To finish: I got to the P.O., got on the bus. Got to 121st with time to sit and read The Wave. Got to Mr.Tretter at 12h40. Brother J. begins to tell me that the family sees me as the best of all the home care team, they want to "negotiate" with me to keep me on after the term of my assignment. But, they want more progress. H. won't co-operate. I don't believe he's able. But I do what I can with him. Then comes the line "This Jew doesn't want to be a failure." I'm not merely a person now. I'm a "Jew". This bends me a bit out of sorts but I keep in mind, this family isn't exactly all it could be: 2 grown sons and a grown daughter, living with aged parents. I'm in a shelter, but I'm on my own. Nobody to lean on or fall on. And when I get in the house? H. has shat himself! I'm not on the clock yet but am at work already! M. (the daughter) tells me that the agency has phoned. An eval. She praised me. Yet, as we spoke she said, rather irritably, "He comes early and leaves late." I note it to myself, think of the extra service they derive, consider my own comfort and move on, in the smell of shit and mayhem of trying to clean 310lbs of dead flesh and fat. During my shift I made certain to get old H. up and down and moving. Good show. Finally, 16h04, I clock out and brother J. wants more schmooze. I'm polite and leave. - Miserable train ride back. - I'm out of smokes. The camel jockey in the usual deli ignores me. The next deli down doesn't have Bugler. I get Tops. I'm annoyed, but the day is done and I want to relax. I get to the dorm? FLATULENCE AND ARM PITS! All is reminding me that I must escape! Not that I need reminders. 3 cold cut sandwiches and the candy from M. The daily meal. - Sign-in, bed check. Shower.... Cold, because some moron adjusted the temperature. Some reading. Tanach. I want to find the exact words of the "law" concerning work on Shabbat so I can freely go to the library and freely smoke. George signed in for his bed and headed out for the night. His case-worker, Mr.Lapinsky. is covering his absence tonight. Certainly not promoting responsibility. An observation. I need to deal with my own situation. - Lights out by about 23h30. Another day of existing completed.



04. November 2008 - Monogram

Saturday, 1 November:

79 Homeless days. 48 days in this "Shelter"! Fuk! 13h33 (D18 - A Shabbat "in") As noted in yesterday's entry, I was shot awake at 3h30 this morning by Rey's tantrum of grumbling, yelling, and slamming windows and screens. The shit of one day carried to the next. So, I got up, went to the loo, had a smoke, came back. Fell asleep until about 9h. In the shower, some fuk-nut broke the shower-head in the first stall. The idiot in the second stall suggested that I go use the shower in the East Wing. Being the brain around here, I used my bandage tape to repair for the moment and showered. - A 10h with "Ms.Uloma". I was on time. She was late. Margaret was in the linen room listening to old country and reggae music. "Great Pretender", "Send Me The Pillow That You Dream On". Fond and hurtful memories as I waited for "Ms.Uloma". - The appointment went well enough. Quickly. I have car-fare for Monday morning and a new "Meal Ticket" to the end of the month. She wants my pay-stub to use toward my "Housing Application". I'll see her next Saturday (PLEASE GET ME OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEN!) - Rey tells me his woes about the snoring. He's trying to change rooms! I'm completely selfish about it. I don't like his flatulence and the fact that he's almost proud of it (no qualms about discussing the odour), but he's clean and quiet. What will come in his place to torture me? He discusses the snoring with 16 who get into his "political asylum-they're trying to kill me" routine. I ignore, read Tanach. Rey leaves. 16 comes to me "You've experienced much life..." he begins. I suggest he let the matter ride. We're all here, in the shelter, until we can get out. Life is too short. In the end, we die and nothing matters anyway. - (I'm a bloody Counsellor in this fucked place!) George comes in, goes to bed. - I'm keeping to myself from here on. I need to find the way to more money, quickly, long term, and bust out of this place. - And the generator outside drones on. It's 31deg. in this shit hole. I've eaten the last of my food. It's 13h58 - 14h43 Have just added 3 more sheets to journal. 99 pages! Of HOMELESSNESS! - 16h54 At 15h30, I decided to nap. I've just awakened from a truly wonderful, but heart-breaking dream. Even in my sleep I'm trying to get to Shabbat services! - It's 31deg in here again today! Unbearably HOT! - 18h29 WELL. ANOTHER PART OF ME AND MY EXISTENCE IS GONE, GONE, GONE! I ACCIDENTALLY DELETED EVERY PICTURE ON THE CELLPHONE! CREATION GOES ONE MORE STEP TO WIPE ME OUT! - ?h54 Temperatures dropped down to 30deg! - Signed in. Went for a smoke in the shower room. The one I 'fixed' this morning is broken again. But, it's no surprise. Only an hour ago came the news: Somebody took a shit, in the hall, right beside a garbage pail! On the floor. In the hall. Took a shit. This is what humanity is now comprised of. If I could be amazed any more. But I can't. If there is a reason for all of this, a simple, divine reason why I must experience all of this, I'm almost afraid to ponder it. - The day is gone. Tonight we go off "Daylight Savings Time". The darkness will be coming earlier. I'm having anxieties about it. This place is miserable, with fluorescent lighting. My vision is blurred as it is. What's to come is unknown. And the holidays. Thanksgiving, Chanukah, Christmas. New Year. I wonder how many of them I'll pass in here. Will I be with the same 3 in this room? But right now, the immediate, present, I'm hungry and I've got absolutely nothing to eat. Only coffee. Ah. Well. And as I write, George appears to be gussied for another night out. The days go by...I "escape" in dreams. Some good. Some bad. My "normalcy" is in my sleep now. My little "reality" is my dreams. I look forward to them. Perhaps I'm slipping away. I'd really like a few martinis tonight. If I trusted anything in this place enough, I'd take a Vicodin. But I don't want to sleep that deeply. These are the times I miss the nights on

the beach. But tomorrow is yet a new day, with new possibilities and potential. It's a chance to move forward, upward, onward and most important - OUTward. May that be the direction! - Round about midnight, George comes waltzing in. I know because I was having major problems shutting my mind off to fall asleep. I'd been lying in bed from since about 22h. The pump/generator outside seemed particularly loud tonight. My thoughts on how to get out of here, comfortably, kept rolling, etc. So George's first line of action, in a dark room where 3 people are apparently asleep... gets on the telephone! Chat. Chat. Giggle. Chat. Next? 16 gets up and goes to the loo. He comes back and Rey gets up and TURNS ON THE BLOODY LIGHT! My turn. I get up, put on my scrub top, grab a cigarette and lighter... SLAM my locker closed and go for a smoke and some cooling down time in the loo. Middle of the night. So much for that "extra hour" of sleep this evening. It was probably about 15 minutes or so later when I decided to return to bed. The lights were out, George was snoring. I got into bed and the next thing I know it was/is...

Sunday, 2 November:

80/49 11h27 I've been awake from since 9h30! I got my sleep. Gulped my usual morning, cold coffee, off to the loo for morning smoke. I'm hungry. My stomach is a mess. Bowels want to but can't move. My back is painful because the mattress keeps sagging to one side. Brush the teeth. Get ready for shower. Kendall comes to tell me that somebody shat BEHIND the toilet in one of the stalls! As he says, "It's getting worse round here." Rick says he had to clean shit out of a shower stall lately. It's getting worse. But then, this is no "home" and isn't supposed to be. - Very early this morning I heard, in the hall, radios: "D19!" "East or West?" "West" "D19" "East or West side?" "West. WEST!" over and over. Harry. Off to hospital. This morning, he's here, walking about with EKG patches and tapes all over his chest. The guys call on me. Is it legal to let him out of hospital like that? Of course it is. Well, that's not what they wanted to hear. Oh well. I didn't want to hear the word "Hopeless" associated with me. Life is Hell. I showered. - 16 comes to me to show some storage documents to support some claim to property mentioned in his conversation with Rey yesterday. Tells me he understands why I slammed my locker last night. Said nothing, walked out. Yeah. So? Meanwhile, the other 2 are avoiding me, not speaking. Yes. George is awake only just now. I guess it kicks the world's arse when the "Old Sagely Rabbi" type drops a bomb or just becomes "human" Oh well. Tough shit. - Right now I need to figure how to get to the library in spite of my sore back and how to eat for 8 days on 29.68\$ in Food Stamps. - When it comes to thinkin' 'bout anything but MY welfare, I just don't have the time... - 12h34 on the steps of 101 Park Av. Back, sore. Bowels? Reminding me that they're present. Weather? Lovely. Mood? Miserable. A pastry that used to be 2 for 1 dollar cost me 75 cents. But I needed to put something in my stomach. I'm quite hungry. - Am noticing gargoyles on buildings near by. I remember when I had a few of my own... I remember when I had a life and home. I remember how it all got lost: family and friends. And now I sit here, waiting for the library to open and I've got 2.52\$ to my name. - Oh, I got paid 58\$ for orientation and travel time. I never received the cheque. So MORE money I should have. - My bowels want to move, of course they do. I sat for the longest on the john for nothing. I'm on Park Av. now. My body hates me. Creation is hateful. It's all just disgusting.- So The Wave said that "Stimulus Cheques" MUST be delivered and gave the info to check on where undelivered cheques went... on-line. Might be 600\$ there! A month's rent! Fuk me, but I'll look into it. Shit. I'm in a shelter now. What next? Goal or is it Gaol? WTF? As they say. - Library. BM!!! - 13h16 Mid-Manhattan Library Appointment at 14h. Some funky, nappy thang is at my appointed PC. I went to Grand Central for the BM. Just in time. But the bowl was filthy and the floor was wet. The world is a miserable place today. And my bowels gurgle. - Returned Tolstoy in the "Quick Drop". Something less to schlep. I've really no time to read for enjoyment lately anyway. - 20h22 How odd and yet so VERY complimentary: As I'm sitting at

the computer, one screen on the art blog, the other popping searches, a young Orthodox guy (black kippa, trousers, coat, shoes and white shirt) come up and says "How are you doing?" I nod, trying to get through my responsibilities. "Are you visiting here? For how long, may I ask. Are you from Israel?" I answered "No. I'm from New York." "Oh, I thought you were from Israel. And you have such a frontiersman look. But obviously you're no frontiersman to the computer. You have a rugged appearance." So, Now I'm looking like a "Halutznik". "Rugged". I'm a "rugged" Jew. Ah hah! - Anyway, I made it all through that and a trip to Gristedes and back to here (D18) with a stop for yoghurt by the river... another yoghurt, 2 peanut butter/frosting sandwiches and no shits. Happy to report. - I got back just before 16h to an empty dorm! A guy named Ron (or Rod) came and asked to buy a "rollie" (cigarette). I gave him 2 papers and tobacco. Told him he could "have" them. I'm stupid. - Oh, I checked my "Economic Stimulus" cheque. I DIDN'T QUALIFY! Fukking IDIOT BASTARDS. Not enough income. Morons. - Earlier this evening as I tried for a nap, Harry (next door D19) was fighting with some Spic-idiot in the hall. It got so bad that Operations had to come up. Yes, the times they are a-changing... for the worst. - On "Operations", the GREAT NOTE: I come in this evening and make a stop in the office for some toilet paper (in case)... THE WOMAN WHO HELPED ME THE NIGHT I GOT ASSIGNED TO A108 AND ADDRESSED ME AS "MR. KESSLER" WAS ON THE DESK! WHEN I TOLD HER HOW I'D BEEN HOPING TO SEE HER TO THANK HER SHE SAID, SOFTLY "I REMEMBER YOU." SO I THANKED HER AND SHE SAID (SOFTLY) "THAT'S WHAT WE'RE HERE FOR." "NOT ALL." I REPLIED. WHAT A MOST TRULY MARVELOUS HUMAN-BEING SHE IS. - Well, 20h50. George is in. Reading. 16 is napping. Rey isn't in yet. I'll go sign-in, get an early shower. That should fuk the night up well enough. Tomorrow I've already got my computer reserved at 9h30. And... work. - I've calculated: 66\$ per week, 264\$ per month, 81\$ for an Unlimited MetroCard (freedom to ride and travel!) and a remainder of 183\$. 60 per-cent of the 264 is 158.40. 24.60 remains (per month or 6.15\$ per week. Woopee! Fuk!)

Monday, 3 November:

81/50 19h39 D18 I can't believe I slept through the night last night (after trouble falling asleep because Harry decided to conduct a general conversation in the hall AND THE BLOODY MORONS AT THE CONSTRUCTION SITE NEXT DOOR - BELLEVUE HOSP - WERE CUTTING AND HAMMERING WOOD WELL INTO THE NIGHT!) Woke around 7h. The usual morning routine. Out the door and to the library. Arrived 9h10. Immediate computer. (Appointment made for tomorrow morning again.) Fixed my "Art Blog" on WordPress. Will work on another for CV's. One central repository for all CV's. Went to the 5th floor. Psych and Counselling books! Took one out for reading. If I... NO! WHEN I get out of here I'm going full-force into Counselling! Using this time to refresh, renew and learn more. Ah, but the "Express Checkout" wanted an address confirmation so I had to go to the desk. No big deal. But how odd it should happen now, when I'm in the midst of "record-cleaning" with the banques. We'll see. On the way out of the library, chatted with the security guard who is considering HHA work. So, at 11h35 I was at the D at 42nd. - 12h14 at Lefferts! Q10 to Sutter! It all went like clock-work because I didn't want to be early. So I took a stroll for a few blocks. - Woah! The planes come in to JFK SO CLOSE TO THE TREE-TOPS! IT WAS GREAT! - Got to Mr. Tretter's at about 12h50. Clock in at 12h58. Daughter got him dressed and into a wheel-chair and we were out on the front porch for about 45 minutes. In retrospect: They didn't ask if I'd mind (for health or safety). Between that and brother Joey's comment to the letter-carrier about "schwartzes", I'm seeing this family as another "Green" family... inconsiderate and not very bright. I'm "on guard". But Mr. Tretter STOOD ALONE, 4 or 5 times at the rail! Excellent progress! I'm hoping it continues and improves. At 16h08 I left. Q10 Lefferts A Broadway-Nassau-Fulton (waited through 5 and 4), Brooklyn Bridge, 6, 28th. Here. - En route the reality of all of this past 50 days in this miserable

shelter began to strangle me. I've been nauseous ever since. For several, long moments, as I crossed 28th street, I thought I'd lose my mind completely. I actually had to "hold on" consciously! - (20h18 signed-in already!) - It's all really starting to get to me. Time to BOLT, GET GOING, GET MONEY, GET OUT! - As I queued, a guy named Patrick was coming in for the first time. I offered him the help I didn't get when I came here. How strange it felt to go down "that hallway" again. But the incident took my mind off my anxieties for a while. But... they were here, waiting for me in this room. - 2 peanut butter/frosting sandwiches for meal. Roll a few cigarettes. I'm running low again! - Searched through the PIC papers for cheque cashing. Found it and how to report the cheque I didn't receive. - Today, in Queens, it occurred to me: An "Unlimited" MetroCard will allow me to get to a lawyer to sue Premier and to travel about (back to Rockaway) and not have to be concerned about car-fare to work! Tomorrow I will be busy... FOCUS! ESCAPE! - Well, 20h31. All here are present. My stomach is knotted. 28degrees. The bloody generator is going in the lot next door. I'm planning my showers and HOPING for some sleep tonight. Vicodan? All I know is that I want OUT! - By the way: since I slammed the locker door the other night, it's been "peaceful" in here. Just noting.

Tuesday, 4 November:

(The BlackNote Book) 82 Homeless 51 Shelter (Recording on Wednesday, 5 Nov. 10h01, 5th floor Mid-Manhattan Library) I was going to wait until I'd completed 100 pages of the other journal (having reached page 94 already). But I purchased and modified this book on the 4th and so, since it was a good day over-all, perhaps opening a new Journal on a "good" note will lend some "good" direction to the metaphysical and further entries will follow suit. As I say: Lettuce prey. - This morning, I took my time preparing to leave the shelter so as not to have time standing on 40th street, waiting for access to the library. It was a warm day and Angel's jacket was a bit "over-kill", but I had my "agenda" and no time to fall back. - Library. Internet. Looked-up Legal Aid offices for Harry (D19), cleaned-up the Art Blog on WordPress. Gleaned some useless e-mails and left. En route to the library I'd decided to check with PIC on the status of the missing cheque and had found the "free" cheque-cashing place nearby. So? Out the door and to PIC where, to my amazement, the cheque had been returned, marked "Moved", addressed to me at B116th. No questions asked, I gave my ID, they gave it back with the cheque! - To cheque-cashing where, just before 11h, it was completely empty and yes, no hassle cheque-cashing. I cashed 2. Why not? I'd made a list of little items that I must have to keep moving forward and the fuk out of the shelter: a)black trousers, b)dress-shirt, or one with collar, c)dress shoes, comfortable, black, d)luggage to move OUT with, e)beard trimmer, f)"unlimited" (to begin my Freedom Train) MetroCard. For the next 7 days I won't have any concerns about "carfare", "case-workers", vouchers, etc. Yes, it would be a delight to collect some extra cash. But, in the first place, I don't trust anyone in that "system". I keep thinking that there's going to be a "cap" on the amount and/or a day of collection to get it all back. Never mind, I can't trust any of them to provide the voucher or the cash regularly or timely. Better to have the means to get to work, in pocket. So, I do. And, I've got agencies to register with, agencies to re-connect with, lawyers I want to see, the post office, maybe even schul! I need the freedom to RIDE! to TRAVEL! to GO! By 10h52 I was on the downtown Pelham/Lex. And by 10h55 I was back on the Brighton/Coney and off to Jackies and Ocean Parkway! Tired? Yes. Of course. Every night is the same: Midnight and the bloody-fukking trash takes to the halls to yell and rant, and shortly after, George comes stumbling in, drunk, clanging his locker. Not to mention the never-ceasing drone of the generator outside the window at the Bellevue construction site. But, at the moment, on the train, headed back to Brighton, I wanted more to see that I was "going" than to rest. - As the train crossed the Manhattan Bridge, I looked out at the East River, noted Brooklyn to my right and, inside, I smiled! - Ocean Parkway! There was a strange bit of mist hanging low above the open ocean. The air was comfortably cool.

I breathed deeply. Ocean air again! - The façade of Jackies is now quite clean, modern, glass. They renovated with the new construction above. But inside is the same: merchandise, arrangement, floor plan, prices, cute old Russian women. How wonderful to be back to the familiar! Too bad they had nothing on my list. Nothing my size. Nothing enticing. But I browsed a while. Truthfully, I was enjoying just being back in Brighton... my original refuge and respite from shit. - Departed from Jackies and walked along BBA toward CIA for the B68 to the "99cent Limit". Passing what used to be "Bertha's" (now Kings), I decided, having the time and carfare, to browse some more. Bingo! Flannel shirt: 4.99\$. Long-sleeve, blue T-shirt, heavy weight: 7.99\$. Black, linen pants (lined), drawstring, good length, thankfully adjustable waist: 2.99\$! Not "Perfect". But "perfect" for now! - To the bus. 99-cent store shopping? This journal, 2 cakes of soap, hangers (miserably cheap crap these days), banana chips (I was hungry), water (and thirsty) and a foam sanding block (to keep working on my feet!). Oh! Tah-dah! Shopping! Moving FORWARD toward moving OUT of this shit-hole-Hotel-Bellevue and BACK to MY existence! - It was about 13h30 by now. The sky was grey, my mood was almost brilliant. But!... I'd forgotten to LOCK my locker when I left and it was very much on my mind. Too many shit-heads wandering about the halls and dorms like free-range idiots and all with an eye for error... like mine. I got the trains back. Besides, I have great difficulty breathing lately and the weight of back-pack and purchases was getting to me. I needed to stop, and a ride on the rails was good way to do that. - The B to Atlantic for the 5 to Brooklyn Bridge to the 6 to 28th. One "fling" purchase: A pack of Camel (Light) cigarettes! Ah, the joy. A filter. A cigarette! Normalcy! WTF? Why not? It made the walk toward the shit-hole a bit easier to handle. - In 5W-101 was sweltering! Why there are 2 radiators, open full in that dorm is anybody's guess. I was alone. Un-packed and decided: Need glue to convert this wire-bound to "non" and 20\$ on the phone. Rite Aid on 31st and 2nd. Done. Return to dorm, "fix" the journal. - The others returned in time to rest before dinner. There's precious little conversation of late... oddly, enough, since the night I slammed the locker door. Have I frightened them? Little Jew-boy can get pissed. Oh my! Who knows? Who cares? Oh well. I did have good conversation with Kendall though: The kinds of men in the shelter; 2 PhD's, most of us are clean and presentable... etc. - As for the rest of the day? Common. The usual. I did get to sign-in shortly after 20h instead of having to wait until 21h or so. Showered shortly after, looking forward to an early sleep. You'd think that I'd know better by now. Yes, I did get under the covers by 22h but the bull-shit in the halls began shortly there-after. Most of these shit-heads don't work, so they sleep as late as possible, leave when they must, come back when they can (16h) and go back to sleep. Under "normal" conditions it could be said that it's depression. In this situation it's bum-fuk laziness. So, as is the case, I laid in bed until fatigue took hold.

Wednesday, 5 November:

83/52 19h32 5W-101 A rainy night. A comfortable 22degrees. Up this morning at 6h30, not so happy nor well-rested. But that's the way of it lately. I need to get out of here! But, I showered, dressed, left at about 8h05 or so. I considered taking the M15 to 42nd street but actually walked up 1st Av. to catch the M42 to 5th Av.. An over-cast morning and very warm. The bus had about 4 or 5 cameras mounted in the ceiling. This is what the world has come to. - Oh yes... and Barack Obama won the Presidential election. A Black man in the White House. If this is what the nation wants, by the majority of votes, I say nothing. Otherwise, I think of a line I heard recently and can't recall where: "How long before he becomes a martyr?" Observationally it proves that "Whites" are quite in the "REAL" minority and this will give the rest of the population the opportunity to show the world exactly what they are in terms of intelligence and humanity. Personally, I fear the worst. This may just be the time to re-think Israel and Montreal. Time to get out. Not so much for survival as for not bearing witness to the stupidity. But, inauguration

isn't until January and then 4 years. Time, only time will tell. Meanwhile, I'm wondering how Israel and Montreal are these days. I've resolved to re-commence the job searches, salaries, rents in both. Schmulik! EyFo atah? (*Schmulik? Where are you?*) - Time on the computer went quickly, but I hit ALL the e-mail accounts this morning. Nothing of note in any, of course. Up to the 5th floor by 10h to begin this Journal. Left at 11h15 for the D train. What a pleasure to have the fare all ready! - Lefferts by 12h again, I walked back along Liberty, just because. Stopped at KeyFood, got cookies to kill the hunger. Grabbed the Q10 at Liberty and Lefferts. Arrived at Mr. Tretter's at 13h. - Joey was sitting on the stoop when I arrived and wanted to discuss the election. Since I'm now aware a)there's something not "right" about the 3 kids and b)they have no problem letting their prejudices be known, I just don't want to get into any subject matter that could bring me to another "Albert Green" fiasco. Besides, I was about to clock in LATE! - As I walked in the door, needing to pee and wash my hands, Mary had her father in the wheel chair, ready to go out-side. I had time to put down my back-pack, clock in and go to the porch with H! Well. The "nice" was bound to end eventually. Let it be now. - The 3 hours went along. But by 14h we were inside due to drizzle. But H. and I had a good talk about the history of the house and neighbourhood as we had our coffee. At about 15h Mary took Joey to the bus. He's headed to Windham for 6 days. Apparently the family has property of some sort up there. He'd actually wanted to hire me for a week-end so he could take H. up. I declined because of work on Saturday. This did not please "the children". I don't care. A trip to Windham would be lovely even a "working" trip. But no, NOT with this family. Something tells me "don't". I won't. I left at 16h02. - Drizzle. Got the Q7 bus to the A train to the L train and, HAVING THE FARE, the bus right to the shelter! But, maybe it's the cookies (the only thing I've eaten all day) or fatigue or depression, my stomach's gone sour. Needless to say, this is slamming me hard. - Nobody at the entrance when I arrived. I went right along, got the elevator and was looking forward to being able to rest and relax for a while but when I got in the dorm? Pits! The odour of pits! Disgusting! 16! Something just doesn't hit right. He bathes but the odour remains. I wanted to vomit, because of fatigue, depression, disappointment, the stench. So? - I did a wash. Diversion. Avoidance. Who cares? - After the wash, had "lovely chat time" in the hall with Kendall and Rey. - Oh! Received a reply to my Home Care advert on Luach! Must investigate tomorrow. - And, as I did the wash, had a chat with George who has been hanging with Liz (25 y/o) who has asked him to help her move boxes into storage. We did a little "therapy" this evening and, shockingly (to me) George wonders why Liz is attaching to him, considering he's in a shelter. The boy's thinking! I'd like to do a few "sessions" with him before I leave here. Maybe... oh, I don't know. It would be nice to know I "did" "something" with my time here. - Well and anyway. It's 20h32. George and Rey are napping. 16 is just sitting on the bed with his coat on, staring. Somebody shat in one of the toilets and, because it doesn't flush properly (the line must be clogged) left the shit and wads of paper in it. The loo stinks so I finally flushed the bowl. Honestly? If I don't get out of here soon, it'll kill me. - As I'm writing, a guy from down the hall popped his head in the door: "Hey Judah. You writing your memoirs of the shelter?" Imagine? - Note. Rumour has it that today's NY Times is re-selling at almost 200\$! History. First Black president. I wonder where I can mooch a copy! - 20h45 Signed-in. The wonderful lady security guard is on this floor tonight. What a touch of "human-ness: to talk, albeit, with her. - BUT WHEN I CAME BACK AND WENT TO OPEN MY LOCKER... A ROACH SCURRIED UP THE LOCKER DOOR! JUST AS I WAS NOTICING HOW "FRESH" IT SMELLS BECAUSE I KEEP THE SOAP-BOX OPEN! WELL, IT WAS BOUND TO HAPPEN, CONSIDERING THIS PLACE. TOMORROW I'LL CHECK THE CALL FROM "MOSHE" ON THE "LUACH" POST. HOPEFULLY IT WILL BRING ENOUGH TO GET ME OUT OF HERE. Although, the fact remains: I've no furniture: no bed, no chair, no dishes, no clothes, no anything. But when I moved in at 232nd Street (*my very first flat in The Bronx, on my own, of my own*), I had nothing then too. So? - Time to shower. I've got... Talked with Rey. Lost the thought.

Thursday, 6 November:

84/53 (7h47 Fri. morning) Up, showered, out by about 8h30. Stomach/bowels bad but... 6/L/A to Far Rock. Leetha at JCCRP. Carol Hayes at RHAS (finger print report still not in but when a case comes available they will call me). FR (*Far Rockaway*) library from about 11-12h (putting prose on Dunes Sojourner), Mandel's office (left message with secretary), walked around FR to V.I.M. (browsed, bought black sneakers at 19.99\$ to make a set of "normal" clothes), passed by the "Fashion" store selling scrubs and got a set of navy (first sales woman, Indian, avoided me because of cigarette, second woman, very helpful. Man at register, Arab, addressed me as "Brother" as did Arab at bag-check). Rang "Moshe" (responded to advert of Luach)(he needs a tutor for handicapped foster son, 14 y/o, Hebrew, Yeshiva studies), Q22 bus to Post Office (another member of Beth El has died!), Waldbaum's for "binding" food (Gristedes has ruined my EBT card!), walked Rock Freeway to 108 and Rockaway Beach Blvd. for bus to PHC. (Joycelyn on, very warm welcome from most of staff, hot meal in room, 15\$, will see her Sunday). Left PHC about 17h30, train at Frank. Cloudy. Beautiful. Deep breaths of good ocean air. A/L to 1st Av. Cigarettes at CVS, cheaper than Duane Reade. Arrived dorm, all in good spirits. "Hook" of some kind under D16. We're concerned. Signed-in. Day passed quickly! Very tired. Stomach very unsettled. - Guys (Ken, Rey, George) all agog over porn mags (some from the "Imam") - Anyway, too tired to shower, from discomfort in bowels. To bed, no shower. Whole night: NO GENERATOR/PUMP/VERY PEACEFUL!

Friday, 7 November:

88/54 (on Sat.) Not exactly my "best" day in spite of looking forward to it when I woke, after a typically restless night, but one without the generator running. I was out by about 9h and, since libraries didn't open until 10h I decided to take the rails and go to the Fort in the morning. 6 to 5 to 2 to the Q35. Ah, how peaceful the Fort was this morning. How encouraging to feel human. How comforting to breathe open air. -T6 was busy. People working on the Moon Stage, Geoff working about the studio, Penelope working on her latest sculpture. Talking with her is useless any more. As of recent times, she just wants to be argumentative. She talks of things she knows little or nothing about and is vehement in her presentation. She insisted that Republicans have "always" been selfish and have "never" done any good for the country. This was her reaction to my having told her that they abolished slavery, gave western land to early settlers free, got the women the right to vote. She insisted that Israel is a terrible place to live because Israeli Jews are selfish and greedy, but she admits that she's never been there. As I spoke, she interjected and went off on tangents. What I'd hoped would be relaxing and pleasant turned into an inconvenience. The Fort can only become my refuge as long as I avoid conversation. I don't know what's going on out there but there's some sort of hostility in the air. At noon, I left, Q22 bus to 119th (not 116th). Walked to the P.O. My 66 dollar cheque for the week. - Met "G" waiting for the Q53. I was reluctant to talk with him, not knowing if he'd recognise me or if he'd even want to talk with me (RAA politics, ant-Semitism, the likes). But he came over, shook hands. We talked all along the bus ride until I got off at Rock. Blvd... at 13h06! LATE! I called the agency to tell them about my tardiness. - Finally arrived at Mr. Tretter's at 13h38! Again, Mary had him ready to go sit out doors! I barely had time to clock in and didn't have time to pee! H. was in down spirits. I sat with him, trying to help him into a better mood. Never did learn the bad news he'd received that put him in poor spirits. None of my business. I'd hoped to get him walking by the 27th. I don't know that he will. I believe that he can, but won't. Well, the day went along, sitting at the ramp in the cool evening until 16h08 when I left. - I'm glad I got the MetroCard. A to L to 1st Av. for the bus. - But I discovered that I'd used all of my cash, save 5\$ for MCU, and I wanted to get black pants and a tie. I MUST GET INTERVIEW CLOTHES AND GET OUT OF THE SHELTER AND OFF THE ISLAND OF MANHATTAN! IT'S GETTING TO ME NOW AND

I CAN'T HANDLE IT! I'M HEADING TOWARD A BREAK-DOWN! - 2 peanut butter sandwiches for meal. No more bread. No more food. 9\$ in Food Stamps. I don't know if more will be posted on Monday. - MY TOWEL WAS STOLEN FROM THE FOOT OF MY BED TODAY! IT WAS DAMP FROM MY MORNING SHOWER. I'D HUNG IT OVER THE FOOT OF THE BED AS I'VE DONE ALL ALONG. WHEN I RETURNED THIS EVENING, IT WAS GONE! - And so, the day ended and I didn't bother to shower. No generator running. To bed 22h34.

Saturday, 8 November:

86/55 10h57 D18 Woke at 8h25. Little shit and quick smoke. Feeling "detached", "dissociated", fatigued. Up twice because of snoring (16) during the night. Had to wait for a shower! The guy whom I'd seen "checking rooms" on Thursday was in the one shower that isn't broken, taking his sweet-ass time! By about 9h30, I just took the other stall but, as he came out of "his" I noticed that he's terribly bruised about the right side along the ribs! NOBODY should have to be beaten like that (unless he provoked it somehow, but since I've been in here, in this "shelter", - now there's a friggin' joke: shelter! - I've learnt better. It takes nothing and no reason for some of these dregs to try and display their frail "masculinity" by picking fights where none need be. All I say lately is: this will be running the nation.) So, I simply went about my shower. - 10h appointment with Ms.Uloma Curt. Brief. I showed her my first pay-cheque stub in the envelope marked and labelled by the post office showing it was misdirected. She accused me of giving the agency the wrong address. She "waived" the "savings requirement" of 60 per-cent because it's my first pay. THEN she asks why I'm not working full-time, AGAIN she asks. I've been over this with her at least 5 times! THEN she suggests I look for other work and go for CNA training. SHE OFFERS NOTHING! BUT CAN SUGGEST ALL SORTS OF SHIT! When I told her I'm putting together some clothes to go for other work, she tells me about the clothing room here. I tell her, I've been. She asks me what days I work next week. I tell her: Mon.Wed.Fri. She asks what days I have off. I tell her: Tue. And Thurs. She tells me to come to her on Mon. and she'll give me a list of places that give clothing. I remind her that I work on Mon. She digs into her desk and tosses a list at me. She then instructs me to follow her across the hall. As we leave the office she asks if I've corrected the mailing address for my pay. I simply say "Of course." She copies my pay stub. I ask her if we could possibly change the time of my appointments with her... "WHY?" "BECAUSE I HAVEN'T BEEN TO A SYNAGOGUE IN ALMOST 2 MONTHS. I'M A JEW (I WEAR MY KIPPA ALL THE TIME! I THOUGHT) AND SERVICES ARE ON SATURDAY" "AT WHAT TIME?" "9:00." "UNTIL WHEN?" "NOON." "YOU'LL COME TO SEE ME AT 8." AND SHE CALLS THE NEXT NAME ON HER LIST. I? I JUST WALKED AWAY FROM HER. NO SENSE DISCUSSING ANYTHING. SHE'S OBVIOUSLY TOO STUPID TO GRASP ANYTHING OTHER THAN WHAT HER FEEBLE NIGERIAN MIND HAS BEEN PROGRAMMED FOR... INCLUDING ANTI-SEMITISM. And, so, I journal, at 11h43, in relative darkness. 15 and 16 sleep. 17 is out somewhere. - I made a point of stressing, and I DO mean "STRESSING" the facts that I don't eat here, I no longer receive car-fare, all I want is a place to shower and sleep but above, beyond all else, I NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE SOON AND QUICK. - Truth is, my mood, my mind, even my body and being have gone sour. I've no patience. I've no charity. I've no capacity. - So, I'm trying to decide where to go on this frigging bloody day. I'm hungry. I want to get to the libraries. I'd like to do "the old circuit" (The City, Brooklyn and Queens) but I'd have to remove the kippa (I should think). But you know? Maybe I just won't. Maybe I'll just go, be a 21st Century Jew and go. Be defiant. Be realistic. Be "me". After all: who the fuck are the rest of the world to "judge" me? (I'm just in a bad mood all round.) - 18h06 Another day gone. I never went out and now I'm hungry. 15\$ in my wallet and 9\$ in Food Stamps and admittedly, I'm just being too damned lazy to go get something to eat. And, I'm just watching time go by until sign-in and sleep. Napped for an hour from about 12...no...15...15h. Time is wasted in this hell-hole. - Rey is talking about being out by

month's end. If I'm still here, it means getting somebody else in that bed. I dread that. I dread being here then. I dread being here in 5 minutes from now. Why don't I have what it takes to make more money? How did I get dealt the "poverty" card? In a week's time, it will be 2 months in here! I absolutely MUST get OUT! But how? I NEED to know! I'm not asking "Why?". I'm asking "How?". - This evening was quite "interesting. The 3 of us, 15, 17 and 18, had quite a few laughs: Rey, Danny, Alex and the group usually pass the time in a game of dominoes. Tonight, every time somebody came to get Rey, he refused to go. It seems Alex plays by his own rules and those rules change to fit his position of "Win or Lose", and, when he loses, he's one of those who plays the game as a matter of life or death, taking the fun out of it. So, the arguments erupt about who plays fair, who makes it uncomfortable (and who needs to bathe... a common topic in the shelter). "I don't want to play with...!" "Aw... c'mon!" "No! Because..." So I took what George called "The Perfect Parent" position saying things like "You're grounded!" and "If you boys can't play together nicely..." and "I'm going to take the dominoes and put them in my locker until..." and the clincher came when I got up, headed for the door saying "I'm just going to have to have a talk with Alex's parents!" We got such laughs! It's great to be able to laugh in these conditions. As I say (to others as encouragement AND to remind myself): the moment you stop laughing, start worrying. So true. It's a sad and miserable way to exist: in this shelter where there are so many people trying to rip human dignity out of you, right through your chest. To find the "Truth" in it all; that it isn't worth the seriousness, and to laugh is healthy. To think that I was so very nervous and anxious about coming to this room (5W-101). I've been fortunate, for 2 out of 3 of my "room-mates" and most of the guys on this floor. I say "2 out of 3" of the room-mates because 1 of them, 16, worries me, what, with his stories of being hunted, someone trying to kill him, his poor bathing habits and snoring... not to mention that he mumbles to himself. But, we get a laugh. It's refreshing.

Sunday, 9 November:

87/56 Payment for the good moments came quickly during the night. That generator/motor/pump was off, giving some pretty shocking peace in the room BUT! The bloody-fukking SNORING ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT! IF I slept an hour total, it was quite an accomplishment! So, when I got up to shower at about 8h30, I was still exhausted! This is bull-shit! That shit-head sleeps through the night, keeping Rey and I (George is usually bombed and so, sleeps through well enough) at sleep deprivation levels! I do know that the snoring is unintentional and that perhaps I should make an agreement with 16 that, should he snore at night, I can tap him or the bed and hopefully he'll roll to a position where it will stop. But that's all in a "Gentleman's World". This is a shelter. I don't know how that would go over. So... - The day: The subways are screwed up. No news there. The morning trip went along: 6 to 4 to Nevins to 2 to The Junction to the Q35. Arrived T6 about 12h45. The day was shot. And the "ladies" were hanging the next exhibit (ANOTHER one I'm missing!!!) Cold shoulder greeting from Tommy. At one point. Penelope running about, as usual, making herself important to her-self. I tried to offer assistance but?... But... I finally let the "ladies" go ahead (the pictures aren't level - with the floor, ceiling, each other - none of my business). Then! Jose shows up and Penelope goes into her "grandeuse", coming to me like a little high-school girl telling me how she's all flustered and how much he wants her. Well Penelope. If this is what your 87 or 88 (Janet calc'ed: Married at 13, 2 sons born maybe 5 years later, they'd be 70 - she's around 87 or 88) year old mind needs to tell itself (along with telling me to make myself scarce), so be it. Geriatrics should be allowed their harmless phantasies. And so, I stayed and enjoyed just being back on the Peninsula... back on "The Rock". - It was a glorious day anyway. - Left at about 15h. Q22 bus to PHC. Well. In spite of the fact that I told her I'd be there today, Jocelyn didn't bring those "bags" she keeps telling me about. I was a bit relieved, to be honest. I don't have space in the locker and I wasn't looking

forward to carrying too much back on the buses and trains. Then too, there's coming in at the shelter: metal detectors and scanners and searches. Too much "stuff" take too long, slows the queue and pisses people off (including me, I must admit). But, I did get a hot meal tonight. It's the part of the visit I appreciate. Apparently the staff knows about it too. Seems they know I'm in the shelter and are supportive of me. Phelicia (one of the Nurses who had been assigned to me while I was in PHC) came to me and said "How could you forget me after all I was your Nurse?" I assured her that I remembered everybody's name: some for good, some for not-so-good. But when I said something about being remembered and warmly welcomed back, having not annoyed anybody she replied "Are you sure you didn't annoy anybody?" I assured her that I know that there are some who don't like my presence at PHC but I don't particularly care. (I didn't say how hateful I am that I got "thrown out" and tossed into the shelter). So, the evening went. Joc gave me her phone number... but tonight, no money. What a relief that was! I'm already up to 75\$ I owe her. All told with all my heart and soul, although I don't know why she's taken such care of me, she's been my Blessing, my Angel, my Hope. Dear. Sweet. Wonderful! - Leaving: Q22 bus to 116th St. for the Q35 bus to The Junction, Nr.2 train to Nevins to the Jerome train to the Pelham train. I was back by 20h. Tired. Exhausted and looking forward to sleep. Nobody will ever know the pain I suffer when it comes to leaving Rockaway. And tonight I brought a snail shell back. Heavy. As if something's in it. But it has no odour and somebody put a "Mag lite" to it. Empty. But heavy. I'm keeping it in a "zip-lock" bag just in case. If there's a crab in it and it gets out in the shelter, one of these bastards will kill it. Hopefully it is empty and I can hold onto it... as a reminder of my ultimate goal: to go back to The Rock... successfully. It hurts terribly to leave there. - Well, let's blame it on sleep deprivation but tonight? **THE SHIT HAS THE FAN AND SPLATTERED THE WALLS! TONIGHT TURNED INTO A "NIGHT IN THE SHELTER"!** **ALMOST COMPELTE WITH MURDER!** It was almost midnight, the room was dark, the generator was off, relative quiet and all 4 of us were asleep when the snoring began... in earnest! Not just a steady, light, regular snoring but the intermittent low, grumbling mixed with snorts. I tossed. I turned. I waited for Rey to say something or bang something. When it didn't happen my own thoughts turned to thinking how unfair it is: Rey and I work. 16 doesn't (the snorer). Here we are, awake for more than half the night because he (16) won't change his sleeping position or make any effort to stop the snoring and there he is, sleeping soundly and snuggly. I snapped. I quietly opened my locker, took the little plastic bottle of talc and tossed it into the corner over bed D16. Thwack. Thud. Next thing I know, he's up and fumbling in his locker, in the dark. Then Rey gets up, goes calmly to the door, turns on the light, goes back toward his bed and yells. "Yo! Who you takin' that weapon out for?" (About a week ago, I happened to glance across the room, under bed 16 and noticed a long handle of some sort. I brought it to Rey's attention and, on closer observation we discovered it was a paint roller with the extension for the roller cut off. Effectively, it was now a sharpened "hook". At the time, we said nothing but...) The idiot had taken the "hook" out of his locker! When confronted by Rey, he went into a rage, accusing Rey of trying to kill him "wi dis!" (the talc bottle). I feigned waking at the moment, looking confused. I said nothing. Rey denied trying to kill anybody and assured the raging idiot that IF he wanted to kill him, it would be done, certainly, quickly and there wouldn't be an argument about it. Again, he asked after the hook. 16 denied having a weapon at which point Rey calmly said "We'll see about that." And left the room. - While Rey was gone, 16 moved to the wall-end of his bed and put something on the floor. I couldn't see what it was. He sat there. - Rey returned with 2 "security" guys who asked to see the "weapon". 16 denied having a weapon and returned to accusing "Sumbuddy try to keel me wi dis!" holding the powder. Security told him to open his locker. He refused. They told him they could cut the lock, if necessary. Again, he refused. So, at that point, they, "security" told Rey and 16 to go with them, downstairs, to "Operations". Out they went. - George finally woke up and, the room, being still, I went over to find the denied "weapon". Not under the bed but George discovered it between the locker and the wall! Between

the beds (15, George, and 16). We left it there and I went to get “security” to bring it as evidence. Ah yes... what do you suppose? African “security”. He comes in, looks at the blatantly obviously modified item and, with a smile says (in catastrophic English) “Ees for paint!” I snapped at him “NOT like THAT ees not for paint!” I didn’t want to fight with 16 but I was prepped to plow another African bastard idiot tonight! Unfortunately, this one went strolling out the door, essentially leaving an obviously potential confrontation. Moments later, he returned, asked for a newspaper, wrapped the handle of the hook and strolled out. - It was about 1h on Monday morning when Rey and 16 returned. 16 wanted further confrontation but Rey told him to shut up and get some sleep. I did. I think the 3 of us slept a little better, knowing that hook is gone.

(Note: In the mayhem, in my exhaustion from prolonged sleep deprivation, stress, anxiety and all the rest that goes with being, what seemed at the time, “institutionalized”, I repeated the account of the incident with “the hook”. I leave it here, as it was recorded, even with the incorrect date.)

9.11 Sunday: How strange that this date should come up like this since what I want to get on here this morning (Monday at the Lib.) is “concerning”. It goes back to the snoring problem with 16. Today was bad enough, since I didn’t get much sleep last night because of the snoring. But sure as shit, didn’t it hit again tonight and just as surely, I’d had more than I could take! About midnight, I just couldn’t stay awake any longer and thought that if the rest of us had to suffer through this snoring bunk and be awake all night, he shouldn’t have the privilege of sleeping through it, waking the next morning all fresh and rested. So, the only thing I could think of was to toss a small plastic powder bottle at the wall above him and so, I did. What happened next should be documented so the world can see and know just how slanted the “justice” is in this shelter: 16 went into his locker. We (Rey and I) could hear him fiddling with the lock. What I didn’t know is that he (16) took out that “modified” paint roller he has had for more than a week now! It’s the “hook” and he went for it! Luckily, Rey noticed it, got up, turned on the light and confronted 16 with “Who you taking that weapon out for?” 16 denied there was any weapon but Rey and I both knew exactly what was going on. Rey left the room and said “We’ll see...” and in a few moments, in came Security. But what happened and transpired was a farce! The 2 from security questioned 16 about the weapon. He got up and almost did some sort of song and dance about somebody trying to kill him (with the powder). Finally, security, rather than look for the hook, took Rey and 16 to the Operations office for further investigation. While they were gone, I went to look for the hook. George noticed it between the locker and the wall, between his bed and 16’s! So I went and reported this to the security on the floor. This guy took his sweet-ass time getting to the room, and when he DID get there, took a look at the hook and smiled, saying “Is for painting...” By this time (shortly after midnight) I was pissed and exhausted. So I just looked at this guy and said “It’s been in here for almost a week! What I want to know is: How did he manage to get it into the building? Where was ‘security’ when he brought this in?” No comment... of course... Yet another moronic African who has been pandered to and allowed into the country to do nothing and get paid. (I’m just calling them as they are... no personal bias...) and out the door he went. Moments later, he returned, asked for a newspaper and picked the hook up off the floor. Rey and 16 were still out of the room. What happened exactly, I still don’t know. But when Rey and 16 came back, the argument continued with 16 threatening to get his son after Rey (he claims he’s in the Army here) and yelling “I’m a true African!” Rey got right up on him and they took the argument into the hall for a while. After several moments of musing about the locker, 16 finally calmed down and Rey simply told him to turn out the light when he was done. I don’t like this idiot (16). He talks to himself and has told a story about being here for “political” reasons. He claims “they’re out to kill him” here and that Rey has been planted to do the job. He’s even claimed that Rick is part of some “curse” put on him and his family in Africa. Things are not so “kosher” about all of this....

Monday, 10 November:

88/57 Up this morning, feeling like shit. Aching head. Burning eyes. Tired as all hell. Well? Only about 3 hours of sleep last night! Fukking bull-shit! But, I did take a little solace (and, admittedly, joy) knowing that 16 didn't sleep well last night either. - Headed for cheque-cashing. Empty! A delight. Then directly to the Mid-Manhattan Library for a few hours. Nothing really accomplished on the Internet but time successfully passed. It was a chilly morning and I was in no mood to wander aimlessly. - Clocked-in at 12h59! Mary wanted to send H. and I out for a while but decided it was just too cold. I was relieved. I DID work with H. today and he actually stood, on his own, not holding the walker. I truly do want to see him walking, with the walker, by the 27th. Anyway, as it was time to clock-out, came the runs! I don't understand it. There's so little in my body these days. It was a ride back to the shelter with a lot of mouth-breathing and holding my bowels! But tonight we were able to have a few chuckles again. - First, the "concern": It seems Wards Island Shelter suffered a power failure and DHS bussed most of the "residents" over here. So many, in fact, that the 8th floor here became bed-space! The Wards Island bunch are rumoured to be "seasoned" and un-civil. "Concern". - Meanwhile, I moved my bed from the wall and discovered a centipede stowed away. (I'd been "entertaining" Kendall and the crew with "Wingdale: antics, using my blanket as a take-down sheet. Kendall kept telling me that I'm frighteningly convincing.) My heart went out to the poor insect. It reminded me of my mountains. But Rey wanted it "gone". As the poor bug tried for escape, Rey moved his locker in frantic search for it. The same man who, just last night, invited battle with 16 (who, by the way, shot a few threats on Rey's life saying "I am a true African!") was now panicked because of this little creature. Well, it all passed and, to my relief, the centipede disappeared. I returned to the "Courtyard" (hallway) for a while. - Later, Rey got up to leave, stopped at my bed and said "Old man, can I go play?" (dominoes). I said "Yes, As long as you play nice." See? We can have good moments in spite of all the bull-shit... and our environment and circumstances. It certainly isn't "Home". It certainly isn't comfortable. We're certainly not happy here. But we do manage out better moments. So, Rey went to play. - George and I talked about dances of the 80s, New Wave and House music (he had the radio on and I recalled that it's been a good... good?... 4 years since I was able to sit and listen to the radio. We talked "clubs". The Tunnel, Limelight, Pyramid. He's ten years younger than I but managed to have "some" fun with what was left-over from "my days". - Ah, so, another day gone. Not too bad. My stomach is horrible. I've got Food Stamps (and an increase too!). Rey let me use his cell phone to report that mine won't "swipe". I have to go to B59th to take care of it... on Thursday. So? Who needs an excuse to go "Home"? Not I! - What I meant to write before is: Rey let me use his phone to report that my EBT card won't swipe. I'm trying to write and pay some attention to what's going on around here. Every evening there's a buzz, everybody coming in and out of the room. It's a double-edged situation: to be popular is good in this environment; to be too much alone and solo can be dangerous. But how I miss, and need those days of coming "home" from work or travel, to be alone with restful down-time. But not to be now. Creation continues to punish, and I still don't know what wrong I've committed. I'll most likely die never knowing. Life is a curse, not a gift. That's why we have no choice in the matter of being born.

Tuesday, 11 November:

89/58 Veterans' Day/Remembrance Day/Linens Day. Woke. Showered. Got my linens. I'm up to 4 blankets on the bed and 3 sheets covering the mattress. Today's sheets were crisp, fresh, clean. The pillow case had the odour of having been stored somewhere enclosed for too long. So, but, and, I made the bed and headed out the door into a lovely day. Cool. Clear. Nice. - Decided on the train to The Junction, just in case of screw-ups on the A. The connections were pretty good too. - At The Junction I decided to drop into Target to check on beard trimmers and, good news

or bad news, found a Remington, rechargeable, for 20\$. I prefer my old one. I don't like being trapped into needing electric for this thing (as with the phone!) but I need a hair cut and a good beard trim so I've lost the 20\$ and gained a trimmer. No doubt, it comes with regrets. - Trimmer with, on the bus, out to the Fort. - The travel over Marine Park Bridge was magnificent! Clear skies! Perfect views across the Peninsula, over to Coney, out to sea! It was an absolute delight to be back! I'd been thinking about charging the trimmer and doing a hair cut. I was almost weak from hunger and was hoping to get a slice or 2 of the frozen pizza I bought and put in T6 for the weed-heads, in case they got hungry some night while they smoked themselves into a state of mental retardation. The same pizza that seems to disturb Penelope, and Geoff simply wanted to throw away. Yes, all that bothers me. Wasteful ingrates. But, I was to get nothing: no haircut nor food. Penelope wasn't there so I had no access to anywhere. Undaunted, I decided to head into The Fort, get some cell-phone photos to sketch. - As I approached T6, Tommy was coming out of T7. We were the only 2 people in the Fort. I'm reluctant to talk with him these days. I can't say why, exactly. It's more of a gut feeling that tells me that he's not to be too close. I may be wrong, but I may be right. He called to me. We chatted a bit. He asked if I'm working and still in the shelter. He offered that he was en route to Brooklyn, having been in Rockaway for 2 days, phone dead, needed rest. (As I write and think about it, I'm grateful to him for the offer of the bus. But when I look, he takes odd jobs, off the books because he can't hold a legit job due to some felony. He spends most of his time getting drunk or stoned and mucking about RAA with working guys or with Geoff - who paints pictures, looks like shit and gets stoned. THIS is what Penelope has aligned herself with. And I should feel somehow "less than" that because I'm in the shelter? Not!) So, we parted ways. He strolled out to the bus, I strolled into the back fort. I was alone! It was quiet! It was great! I ducked into Harris W. for some photos and a truly brief Battery K. And I mean "brief". But accomplished. Continued along Ranger to the end and to the Cement Rd./Fishermen's parking lot. Stopped at Battery Kessler for some out-side photos. I didn't have my light so didn't actually get in for good exploration. A few photos of the "view" and a stroll down to "my dune" for a few photos there. It's almost odd how "attached" I feel to that spot and how I actually wish that I could go back. When I got to the tree, it was the same. And I started looking for other, better spots to be ready for Spring! That time out in the open really did something to me and now I want to go back to it! - A stroll on the beach got me a conch shell, in good condition! A dead star-fish was washed in. The beach is terribly eroded these days. The Winter months are coming. You can tell by the beach and the shells. You can tell if you know what to look for. - It was just the perfect day out there. Just the perfect day, even though I was actually weakened from not eating all day. And so, at about 15h30 I headed back to The City. The Q35 got delayed because the Marine Park Bridge opened. I didn't care. The sun was just a beautiful gold, washing over everything. I was at peace. (My stomach/bowels, on the other hand, were in turmoil all day.) - When I got to 29th and 2nd, I went shopping for what could have been food for 2 days but became one meal. Hey! I was almost starving! I need coffee but, since glass is forbidden in the shelter and the DHS crew is new, I just don't want to be bothered with the formalities. I'll need to get the coffee and put it into zip-lock bags. Yet, another reason to get out again... SOON! - When I arrived at the dorm, it was empty! I was alone to make my sandwiches (4) and eat my yoghurt. Not "Kosher" but just at this moment, I didn't care! I made the meal and as has been the situation these past YEARS, I shoved the food in so fast that I tasted none of it. I am not to ever enjoy eating anything, ever again. What made it all the more "enjoyable" was when, not 20 minutes after I'd done eating I was bolting to the loo! Good thing I didn't stop to eat at Tribute Park! Add to that the fact that some idiot shat all over the bowl in the next stall and didn't clean it! Food consumption was such a pleasant even all round. Right! Fuk! - So, I tried to settle in, nap, enjoy being alone when Rey came in. Not for long and he was out the door. Said he was going to get something to help him-self get some sleep. Moment later, the rum arrived. I was invited to share, and so I did! Sadly it didn't touch me in the least. - Down the hall, one of the

guys was having a porn-night. Kendall dragged me down to see, as if I should be interested in straight porn, or any porn for that matter, at this point. And what a charm listening to 2 men in the room discussing how small their penises are compared to the Black men on the video (so now I know why I'm considered "large"). Then, Richard (who still strikes me as familiar and I can't figure why) asks "Are you supposed to be watching this?" because of the kippa. I said "Probably not 'supposed to' but what's the problem?" They actually look at me as being quite religious. Maybe Rachel was right: wearing the kippa is lucky. (And maybe I'm Golda Meir). - So, we shared the rum, had good talk, everybody in the room accounted for tonight. - George admired the conch shell and wanted it. I promised it to him either when he leaves or I, which-ever comes first. - Tuesday's dead.

Wednesday, 12 November:

80HomelessDays/59ShelterDays. - 10h17 Mid-Manhattan Library I just have to post quickly this morning as the shit at the shelter seems to be happening fast and hot these past few days. In a conversation with R. the other evening I learnt that the "weapon" that 16 has been hiding (and was discovered and reported and taken by "Security") was never reported officially. There's something very not kosher about the situation and that African prick and I don't like it. I don't trust him and I certainly don't like the fact that not only does he keep weaponry in the room, but he manages to get it into the building AND when it's discovered, the incident is hidden. There are 3 others in that room. This moron is psychotic (he claims there are people in the African government planted in this country and in the shelter who are trying to kill him. Last night I heard him talking with some new face, another African, and again, the photos of the Ivory Coast were drawn out and the stories of persecution and attempted murder were the topic of the discussion. He swears R. is out to kill him. He swears the tall, bald guy down the hall is planted in the shelter to perform voodoo on him. I want to bring this to somebody's attention, but since R. went to one of the supervisors with the weaponry report and it didn't get documented, it looks like we're all on our own.) OK. So I've put this out here, on the Internet. If anything should ever happen to any of us, let this be found? I'd appreciate it. - 11h40 Mid-Manhattan Library Restless night. The earplug didn't completely block the snoring (of 16 AND George). I'm quite tired. Up. Peed. Brushed teeth. Tried the beard trimmer. I need to muck with it to figure it out. Showered. Dressed. Out with Rey. Mid-Manhattan Library at 9h! Immediate appointment on the PC but is SLOW for the last 20 minutes so I LOST the last 10 when I got fed-up. Came to the 5th floor to catch-up and complete Mon. and Tue. Entries. SHIT! I HAVE TO LEAVE FOR WORK! - 19h47 D18 The old brain is finally showing signs of wear. 11h45 and I'm sitting in the library as though I've not a place in Creation to go to. Just there, writing along. Well. No matter. I clocked-in at 12h59. Mr. Tretter was tired today but I read him the Riot Act: If he's not interested in improving, I'm wasting my time with him. Steven (the son) over-heard and gave me the "thumbs up". Mary approved as well. I know there's more to H's inability to walk than simple laziness. I do know this. But I also know that he'd given up a while ago and, there's the fact that his kids are living in his house that bothers me. (Shit! I didn't get to do that: live at my parents' until well past the age of independence. And I NEVER had the opportunity to get firmly established and ready to be tossed around. I'm in a fucking shelter now! And I've no sympathy for others.) So, I'm looking to get him some of his (H.) independence back, as much as is humanly possible. My existence is bloody-fukking fukked. Maybe I can make somebody else's better... if not my own. - On the way back to the shelter, stopped to get more yoghurt and some dinner AND COFFEE! The yoghurt really does help my intestinal problems. Probably because my diet is so miserable. As for the coffee? Bought a jar of instant, stopped at the projects on 28th and emptied the jar into a zip-lock bag! SO fukked-up! But, got it all through "security" at the door. - Came in. Ate. (If "eat" is what you want to call it.) Did a small wash. Everybody's quite quiet this evening. It's 28degrees in here

right now. This place goes from hot to cold. It's miserably un-healthy. - Oh! As I came in this evening, I saw and chatted with Mike (formerly A109)! Just as I'd been thinking: Dennis, Angel, Sydney, probably Sonny are gone. A familiar face! I haven't heard from Dennis in a long while. I have to call Angel when I have time on the phone. And one of these nights I'll have to sneak up to the 7th floor at sign-in to see if anybody's left. I wonder what's become of Jesus up there. Shit. My presence won't be of any note up there. Not that it should matter at all. Not that opinions in here should. - Well! 20h21. I'm right up to date with this! - (Or, so I thought) At some time around 23h, the yelling and hollering commenced! And, in earnest! The Viet Cong down the hall, drunk, no, nasty, loud drunk started hollering what sounded like "Harry!" at the top of his lungs. Simple foot steps in this hall echo terribly. This yelling was almost ear-shattering! The night wasn't bad enough, being so hot in the dorm that I slept on top of the covers. I'd only just about fallen asleep when this shit began. Well, of course, our "security" team was called to the scene. Tonight they missed no opportunity to show us all just how completely useless they are. The VC kept yelling and they stood, gawking! If it hadn't been so annoying, their completely moronic stance and gawk might have been amazing. But it went on like that for 45 minutes, if not an hour before 2 DHS cops came and, at long last, hauled the shit off the floor in cuffs! Why it had to take so long is what burns me. But, as I say, "security" showed their stupidity and uselessness in full colour and glory; from the stupid Africans to the fat little White dyke-ish thing. - When silence returned, I turned and went to sleep. Close the day (at 1h the following morning... SHIT!)

Thursday, 13 November:

91/60 DAYS AT THE SHELTER. But Saturday is the official 2 months. It's 19h39. 28,5degrees. At 4h52 the Viet Cong was back on the floor as if nothing had happened! I say no more. THIS describes this entire place and the system all by itself. Suffice to say, VC ended-up back in his bed and when we all woke, he was soundly asleep... again, as if not one blessed thing had happened. Life and justice in the shelter. - And so, we move along to the day. Moving. On the go. On the run. Non-stop! In the rain. (And did my Gaston look beautiful today!) - Woke at 7h15. For the shower, dressed and out the door. My bowels were grinding but I just kept going... moving... on the run. 6.L.A.Straiton.B59th. Very quick. Very polite when they put my FS card number in the computer, there was a glitch. Somehow, the application for Medicaid (which still hasn't been approved) messed my case number. But it was all resolved and in moments, I was back on the A to Jay Street for my new card. When I got to Brooklyn, the rain was coming steady and I just couldn't remember how to get to Livingston! Asked a cop. Straight down Smith! At the office, it was another matter of moments and I was out the door, in the rain, with the old card and the new. The "Seq" changed from 3 to 4. - Back on the A to the post office. Empty! Nothing. Oh well. It's not like I'm corresponding with the world of late. So, I got the shuttle to Broad Channel and the A train to Mott Av., to the FarRockaway Library. Brief wait and a computer. I managed to compete my first 3 days of this Journal on the WP blog. Little by little, it goes on-line. Little by little this will get louder and louder. To what end? I don't know. But I want it off the note page and on the web page! - I'd planned on trying "the loop" (Queens, Brooklyn, Manhattan libraries) but got back on the A at 15h, hungry and tired. Homesick for The Rock too. I decided to shop for something to eat and head to the shelter. It was very difficult, leaving my Peninsula today. It would have been a joy to stay... at home. Creation is cruel and Life is a burden. - When I got off the train (at LONG last) I didn't dare go to Gristedes with the new card. I recalled going to D'Ag when Zur and I were on 24th. Sure enough! It's still there. So, I did "dairy" food shopping for dinner. But, as I got to the front door, I stopped to look across the avenue at 330. Zuri... Why? How? Why? What happened? I'll never know. But I'll always wonder. - And so, I did my shopping and tonight's dinner consisted of 2 cream cheese sandwiches... an entire block of cream cheese and a yoghurt. This dairy will either flush through or stop-up. We'll see... eventually. - Got in

about 17h. Washed my jeans. It was hot enough to dry them. And so, I'm ready for the night... hopefully, to sleep.

Friday, 14 November:

92/61 22h18 (On Sat.10h38. It's pouring rain. I'm in no mood to battle it.) Daily news: Took my time leaving this morning and got to the library about 30 minutes early. In. On-line. Checked e-mails. Blogged another day and bolted at about 11h or so. - Post office. Pay-cheque. Letter from ChexSystems that told much, said nothing, dated 6 Nov. Getting this shit settled is going to take more time. Time, something I don't have! So, I got the paper, got the bus, got to work at 13h13. H. is having a bad time of it now. Weakness in both legs. It concerns me. I hope it's only transient... for his sake and mine. Truth about this case: I could work very well with him... alone. His kids are unrealistic and demanding of him. They let him deteriorate over a period of years and now they expect everything to be repaired, 3 hours a day, 3 days a week. But I'm paid for what I can do. I'm trying. - 16h30 I'm on the bus. It's drizzling. It's Friday evening. No cash. Half pack of cigarettes. Chocolate chip cookies and PopTarts left to eat. Another week-end. Another typical week-end of hunger and deprivation... with one exception: THIS week-end I have decided: I AM A GOOD HUMAN BEING WHO HAS SPENT HIS ENTIRE LIFE TRYING TO DO THE BEST POSSIBLE FOR EVERY OTHER HUMAN BEING. I HAVE BEEN A GOOD JEW, TRYING TO FOLLOW THE LAWS, RULES, REGULATIONS OF MY TRADITION, HERITAGE AND RELIGION. I'VE RETURNED TO WEARING MY KIPPA, AS A SIGN OF PRIDE AND IDENTITY. THIS IS THE 21ST CENTURY NOW. OUR "LAWS" ARE, FOR A GREAT PART, OUT-DATED. NOT THE LEAST, THESE TIMES REQUIRE FLEXIBILITY IN SO MANY WAYS. SO, IF I NEED TO CONDUCT BUSINESS ON SATURDAY, GET MY CHEQUE CASHED, GO TO ROCKAWAY, ETC. THERE IS NO REASON THAT I SHOULDN'T... EVEN WHILST WEARING MY KIPPA. I'M STILL A JEW, STILL A GOOD HUMAN BEING! AND, I'M ABOVE PRESUMPTION OF OTHERS. IT'S TIME TO BEGIN A NEW SCHOOL OF THOUGHT AND BEHAVIOUR. SO, IF POSSIBLE, I'LL CASH MY CHEQUE ON SATURDAY, RIDE THE TRAIN TO ROCKAWAY. AND I'LL BE A JEW WHO ANSWERS TO NOBODY BUT MYSELF AND GOD! So, we'll suffer through hunger tonight and see what tomorrow brings on. And so, that decided (decided)... a night at the Castle Bellevue. - Tonight, Kendall decided to come in all but completely wasted! So many of us banded together to make certain he didn't leave to go out and get more drunk. There's a remarkable camaraderie in here. But the shocker came when one of the "security" guards (Juliet) came to get him to escort him to sign-in and then escorted him back! When I went to sign-in she said "He's drunk but I don't want him to lose his bed." A nice, "good", kind woman. How rare! How wonderful - And so, the night went along into the usual. George went out. Rich tried to remind him to get his shit together. And the rest of us try for sleep. I say "try" because there are steel plates on the street outside and they bang and rumble as cars and buses run over them. Life cannot be peaceful. Somehow, I'm not worthy of peace.

Saturday, 15 November:

93HOMELESS/62SHELTER/2MONTHS.DATE.SHELTER 15h27 DREAMS: Last night I dreamt that I was in a hurry to get out of here but had to see Ms.Uloma for some reason before leaving. I arrived on time but there was a crowd waiting to see her when I got there. She'd told me that she would see me right away but when I got to the door of her office, she walked down the hall (toward the East Wing) saying something about needing to do some other business first. I was nervous about my appointment and pissed because she'd lied to me. - I just woke from an hour's nap and another...
DREAM: I was out at The Fort. The old man had driven me out. He was working out there on

some carpentry thing. I was waiting on a chair outside a “DuaneReade/Walgreens” sort of store. Nancy (Tommy’s girlfriend) was there, waiting. We were talking when 2 guys whom I knew came in. One had a plastic package with an opened bottle of cologne in it. “This just doesn’t look good.” he said as the other one went into the store. I recognized the two from the shelter and knew they were up to no good. I got up, said bye to Nancy and went to find the old man. I asked Nancy “Are you going into town?”... Town. “The City.” (meaning 116th) She said she wasn’t. The old man (I never saw his face in the dream because he was wearing a hooded sweat-shirt) said to me “There’s somebody looking for a ride out of here but I don’t know who it is.” He wanted to give the person a lift. “Sounds like it might be Tommy.” I said. I turned to go look for him to ask and... I woke up.

- This morning, I took my time getting ready to see Ms. Uloma I’d wanted to go to services this week but instead of making my appointment with her in the afternoon, she wanted me to see her at 8h. Even if I’d gone to 23rd Street, it wouldn’t have given me enough time to get there. And, sure enough. I showed up at her office at 9h45 and her list already had about 6 names on it! She comes out of the office telling me that she’d called me already. I asked her how that was possible. “Isn’t your name on the list?” “Not yet. I’m just getting here to sign.” She took the next on the list. I waited. 2 before me. (Last night’s dream?) So, when I finally got to her, she asked when my meal ticket expired (end of the month), she gave me the supposedly “bi-weekly”-but-“weekly” “Re-assignment” forms to sign (she told me I’d get one bi-weekly but she gives me one every week). Asked if I’d gotten more hours on the job. I told her I hadn’t but PIC has an “Open House” on Monday and I’m going to attend. “Why are they looking for more people when they can’t give more hours to those they already have?” She asks me. “That’s what I’m going to ask them on Monday.” I recounted how, on our first meeting, she’d told me how I was new to the system on the 5th floor and wasn’t asking any questions. I’ve learnt, I assured her, to ask. She actually remembers the incident and smiled. I figure, she’s proud for having imparted some sort of wisdom. Meanwhile, I’m simply “ego-stroking”. She told me that I need to get full-time hours and when I’ve had 30 days of full-time work I’ll be eligible for housing assistance. She recommended a security job. 1 class of 8 hours and I’m “Certified”. 10\$/hour to start. Full-time job immediately. She claims she’s done it. But she also claims to have a law degree that she gave up after some years to do social work. Claims her daughter gave up anaesthesiology for a general practice. Her son is giving up telecom for security. I wish I trusted her but, I have no reason to do anything of the sort. We also discussed the plants in her cubicle. She claims her house is full of them as well. Well? As I say: trust, I have none.

- Kendall came by. He’s out to look at an apartment they’ve arranged for him to take. As I’m to understand it, they pay rent and security, give furniture allowance and a pots-and-pans-and-dishes set up. His “new place” is out on Eastern Parkway. Flatbush, I believe. I’m looking forward to hearing about it.

- Spoke with Dennis B. today! He phoned this morning. I called back. He’s still at Forbell, working in the kitchen there, washing dishes and doing as much as he can to “avoid the riff-raff” as he puts it. Says the residents are un-thankful and it’s getting to him. What amazes me is his “sensitivity”. He’s in the system. How can he retain sensitivity? Personal sensitivity! Says he pulls breakfast, “brunch” and dinner shifts (at no pay) just to avoid the residents. Has found friends in the kitchen staff. Is still surprised when residents lie about shit. I’m almost shocked that he’s so naïve about it all. Well, it just goes to show: we don’t know and, as I’m fond of saying, must never presume.

- OK. So, as I write, it’s dark in the room. I’m sitting at the foot of the bed using the hall light because George is still napping. It’s 16h38. After “official” sun-down, I’m thinking I should go for food. I’ve a dollar cash. Might buy a “rollie” or 3 from George. Life on the inside. Earlier I had coffee with creamer and honey to kill an appetite. Hey! Shabbat’s over. I did another one. Forced. But I didn’t shop or travel.

- Tomorrow? Out to The Fort. Maybe hair-cut. Definitely the “reception”. Maybe see Dennis. But to be sure, NOT HERE. George says the paper forecasts possible flurries on Tuesday. Winter approaches.

- 19h25 I decided to go out, get food, come back, eat FOOD! NOPE! I’M NEVER SUPPOSED TO EAT... EVER! I’d unpacked the back-pack

for carrying some “food” back. I’d even put on my new, never-worn, black sneakers. Hey! At 16h the sun was shining. Everything had to be dry by 18h40. Jacket on, ready to go. Got the lift... empty. Out the door. Fukking BLOODY RAIN! NO umbrella. No poncho. Just me and the bloody-fukking RAIN! I turned right round, back upstairs. Wet shoes. Wet jacket. Wet attitude. NO FUKKING FOOD! AND... TOO LATE FOR DINNER HERE! SO? As usual, I “fast” again, like EVERY STINKING BLOODY SHABBAT! While Jews round the world sit down for a special dinner following havdallah? I’m ready, with headache, to pass out from hunger. A good Jew? Oh, why not just fuk me even harder? Eh?

Sunday, 16 November:

94/63 21h31 In bed, signed-in, piss-poor mood here. New morons roaming the hall, all 4 of us are in the room and in silence. Good thing too. Miserable night last. I had trouble falling asleep to begin with. As I began, at long last, to drift off, 16 went into active with the snoring shit! So? It woke Rey who then really kept me awake. It just never fails: I look forward to a particular day and the night before is sleepless. So this morning I slept a bit later than I’d hoped. Got no sleep on the trains or bus (6 to 4 to 2 to Q35) and arrived at the Fort, wanting to nap at 11h30. Penelope and Tommy were there. Tables were set for the reception but Penelope was still going on about how things should be and look. Tommy had me laughing as he poked fun at Penelope. All said though, the reception as I walked in the door was very good. I mean, I was well-received. I don’t, somehow, expect that any longer. I can’t help but recall that Penelope lied to me, telling me that Geoff and Tommy suggested that I make myself “scarce” this Summer past, and Tommy confirmed that that was strictly her wishes and not his or Geoff’s, but, as he (Tommy) pointed out, my dues are paid and I’ve done nothing against the RAA. So, I’m welcome. And so I was. - The gallery reception went along well. I got a bit of food in me and, I’m happy to report, 4 or 5 glasses of wine! YAY! I’ve needed that for a while. As I said, the night Kendall got so bombed: I want to enjoy being drunk and that’s just impossible in the shelter. I didn’t get drunk today, but I did enjoy the wine. And, of course, the attendees were the incestuously usual crowd. Jimmy, yet again, put himself out in every conversation (with me and over-heard) to make some mention/reference of/to Jews. I’m not sure if I find it curious, humourous or annoying, but I do find it quite typical of that calibre, ilk and type. Too bad. But... - The day rolled into the Writers’ Group and it was quite the delight when a “new voice” (Megan) asked “Isn’t anybody pissed?” after hearing all the sing-song, la-dee-dah prose read. So I gave my readings of “I will take my medication” (which floored people at the ending, Dan in particular. “I wasn’t expecting that!”) and “These days I put pen to paper...” Shit! Shirl reads her darkness openly. Here’s my chance to toss out a few bits of stuff. Ah, the Metaphysical will RING! - So, the meeting was another delight. Unfortunately, after, in the parking lot, Megan was talking with a member of the Group who is already published and I was invited to either beer or tea, but could afford neither and didn’t have the time (the meeting ended at 18h and I needed to get back to the cell!). So, as I walked, in the dark, out of The Fort to the Q35, yet another reason to get my life together, get MONEY and GET OUT of that friggin’ hell-hole shelter became obvious! - The trip back was uneventful and good. Taking the Q35 cuts a lot of time from the journey. - You know? I’m just writing this in on Wed. 19th at 11h21 (Mid-Manhattan Library) and I can’t recall anything back at the shelter. So, it must have been OK. Evenings have been humourous lately. George And Rey are great room-mates. If only we could get rid of 16. That said...

Monday, 17 November:

95/64 (Wed.19: 11h25 Mid-Manhattan Library) Up and bolt today! Hurry! Wait! Run! Stop! CashZone first thing this morning. Money! Yay! New MetroCard! Yay! Rockaway! Yay! VNS on

Rockaway Beach Blvd.. Make their “Open House”. Asked about my hours. Told to talk with my supervisor (I have no idea who that is). Got info for George (on CHHA offers for free classes). - When I left? The CRAMPS! The intestinal PAIN! I searched for libraries: Peninsula? 13h! Bus to So. Ozone Park. 13h! Bus up to Lefferts. 13h! Cursed and so cursed! And only 11h30! To distract my mind, I dropped into “Dollar Days” on Liberty-off-Lefferts to look for my “haircut” mirrors. Took my time browsing and trying to hold my bowels and just as I was ready to leave, there they were! Perfect mirrors! Not the “perfect” price (99cents) but even at 3\$ each, it wasn’t 10\$. Sold! Bought! A trip worth the while and to think I’d have missed them if the libraries had been open and I didn’t feel as though I was about to shit my toes up. So, by 12h I’d cashed my cheque, gone to Rockaway, found the So. Ozone and Lefferts libraries and gotten the mirrors I’d needed. OK. I still had an hour before I had to be at the client’s. I walked down Lefferts to about 134 or 135, came back up, taking my time and still got to the house early enough to hear J. tell me that they believe I’m the best thing to happen for their father and that when my assignment is

done, they’re quite ready to “negotiate” private duty. Of course, there’s no mention of the cash value of this “negotiation”. I expect it’ll be loaded with “perks” and no cash. The saddest part? I’d like to see Mr.Tretter recover some independence but I really don’t feel comfortable in the “family unit”. But, if the money is right? I’ll take the job. I NEED to get back to something “mine”. - Tonight I got back to the shelter, opened my locker, hooked the mirrors on the doors, laid the “Wave” on the floor, changed into my scrubs and... HAIRCUT! AT LONG LAST! Not my best, but at least the hair is cut! I’m not crazy about the new trimmer but it cuts hair. I’ll settle. (It eats me up inside when I recall all of what I’m now considering “GONE” forever.) Anyway, my hair is now cut. I look neater, cleaner. And I feel closer to human. - And so (since it’s now 20h51) to the night... THE NIGHT OF MORE BLOODY-FUKKING SNORING! It was unbelievable! Almost non-stop! Even the ear-plugs didn’t block the friggin noise! Rey said that Ms.Reid told him that she would re-assign the guy in bed16. Yup. Right. Sure. And so, it was yet ANOTHER sleepless night!



Tuesday, 18 November:

96/65 I'd say "I woke this morning" but I really only "napped" last night (this morning... fuk) so, I got out of bed later than hoped and planned. Just did a "forward motion" of non-stop: shit, smoke, brush teeth, shower, dress, out. Exhausted. Burning tired. Hungry. Exhausted. Hungry. By about 10h30 I was at the Junction for the Q35. I was actually looking forward to having a couple of slices of the pizza I'd bought, thinking of Tommy and Kristen when they smoke in T6 (and Penelope wanted to throw out!). But, as I neared T6, the parking lot was empty! NOBODY was there today! Of course... I was hungry, food was involved, I'm not supposed to have food. And, it

was windy and quite cold. The weather report had said possible flurries. Still, there was sunshine in the Fort so I went directly to the beach. Why? Because I was there and so was the beach... and RAA or not, I was really glad to have the day to myself. No bull-shit (from Penelope mostly). Just me and thoughts, surf, sand, sea. I walked the beach. - One fisherman. A dead ray. A dead gull. Tide in. Not many shells. I sat for a while by "my dune", just to sit. Walked up to Battery Kessler and over to 411. Tommy really did clear it out with his machete! Not complete, but more than enough. I'm truly sorry I told anybody about the place and have resolved and vowed: Anything else I find in The Fort, I keep it to myself. Now I understand the secrecy of those who know The Fort. It should be respected and protected. Oh. I did get some photos on the cell of 411. I'd like to do a sketch of it before Tommy has his little groups run amok around it. And so, a slow and peaceful walk came to a close as I walked through the gate to the 22 and headed out to the library at Far Rockaway. - I got another "Journal day" on-line and by 15h, left. Stopped to do some food shopping at Associated. Even though that end of The Peninsula isn't "home", I still feel I belong there and I hate leaving! It rips a piece out of my heart each time. - On to the A. The sunset on Jamaica Bay, through breaks in the clouds was actually radiant! What a beautiful travel it is. I just wish that when I got to Broad Channel, I could get on the train back to Rockaway to go HOME! One day, very soon. Never soon enough. - Back at the shelter I ATE! 3 sandwiches, 4 PopTarts. There was water at the cooler so I filled my bottles. (The tap water had been beige all day. So, in spite of the Deer park bottled, I was happy to have drinkable water.) The sandwiches tasted so good. I was just so bloody hungry! And to think, the food came in from Far Rock! - Oddly, coming into the building was quite easy tonight. No queue! As cold as it was today and tonight, there are no crowds packing in. But George commented that there have been 2 buses transporting to Wards' Island each night. The shelter system is actually packed. 850 beds in here, alone, and no room for anybody. Yes. Being here is a hard kick, square in the face. THIS is "Reality"... and it's truly disgusting. - So, I looked forward to a night's sleep BUT IT DID NOT COME. BRINDOU (16) IS STILL HERE! AND AGAIN, THIS NIGHT WAS DESTROYED BY HIS BLOODY-FUKKING MISERABLY ROTTEN STINKING SHIT SNORING! I DIDN'T DRIFT OFF TO SLEEP EASILY TO BEGIN WITH. SO MANY OF THE REGULARS ROAM THE HALLS, YELLING AND GENERALLY CREATING HAVOC. MORONIC SHIT-FOR-BRAINS. THEY SHOULD KNOW BETTER. BUT AS I FINALLY DO GET TO SLEEP, BRINDOU'S BULL-SHIT OPENS. NO MATTER WHAT I DID, EARPLUGS AND ALL, I COULDN'T ESCAPE THE NOISE! A CURSE! AN ABSOLUTE CURSE! AND NOW, HE'S GOT ANOTHER "FRENCH"-SPEAKING AFRIKAN CHUM WHO COMES BY TO VISIT. I JUST DON'T LIKE IT. I DON'T TRUST HIM, ESPECIALLY SINCE HE'S GOTTEN AWAY NOT ONLY WITH HAVING THAT "HOOK" IN THE DORM BUT THE FACT THAT IT WASN'T REPORTED! AS R. SAYS: THERE'S MORE TO HIM THAN WE KNOW... AND I DON'T LIKE IT. AS IT WENT...

Wednesday, 19 November:

97/66 22h59 Rey, George and I were awake through to 1h30 this morning. Brindou snored through out talking. I told R. what I think of Ms.Reid (another lying sack of shit). He suggested the 3 of us go complain together. Sounds like a good idea on the surface, but me? I don't believe it will do any good at all. None of them can be trusted or relied upon. Anyway, I'm thinking of other ways to handle this: including a report to the Mayor's office about weaponry in here going un-reported and ignored. We'll see. But I will go to my CaseWorker and tell her how it's affecting my sleep and my work. - As it turned out, I over-slept til 8h this morning but managed to get out and to the Mid-Manhattan Library by 10h. Got another day and a half "Blogged", including a comment about today. I'll just add this on when the time comes. Left at 11h45 and got to work on time! H. was having another bad day. No accomplishments. It bothers me. - Left just after 16h. At 17h15 or so, the temperature on 3rd Av. was 3degrees. The cold is upon us. - At the shelter, I just

came right on through. NO QUEUE AT ALL! In the dorm, I had 3 sandwiches and did a wash. The day is complete. - Right now, 23h11, 16 and 17 are sleeping. George is out in the night. The temperature in here is 23degrees. There are SPICS out in the "sitting area" waiting for beds and kicking up noise. Fukking trash. They should be put back out on the streets. Actually? They shouldn't be allowed on the floor. There should be a place to confine them on the 1st floor. There should be an enforced rule prohibiting any noise on the floor after 23h. But, bottom line: if you have no assigned bed, you should be in a "holding room" on the 1st floor. If you can't behave, you don't need to be here and should be put out. - But for now, it's 23h16, no snoring. Time for lights out. I'm not expecting a night's sleep so I'll nap until the bloody African bolts R. and I out of sleep AGAIN! - How I HATE it here! - Oh. As I headed for the stairs this morning at approx. 9h30 I heard "Mr. Kessler!" I turned. Ms.Uloma was standing at the office door, smiling and waving to me. I'm sure it wasn't for any good. - Enough. I'm caught up at last. Nap time (I hope.)

Thursday, 20 November:

2h32(19degrees) 98/67 No sense even trying for sleep any more. Brindou is snoring. Security and some staff are yelling in the hall. About 10 minutes ago some fat arse bastard comes knocking on the door yelling "BEDCHECK". Not 10 minutes before that, George comes rolling in all chatty and then gets on the phone. (Today I finally said "Of all the nights, this one! No snoring. This is bullshit. Just bullshit." Rey told George to take the phone out to the hall - he didn't...) When security wouldn't shut up in the hall, the bitch complaining because somebody called her "bitch", I got up and went to the hall to say "I don't know how we're expected to hold jobs when we're not allowed to sleep. Quiet, for a night's sleep, to go to work. Is that asking for too much?" I got no answer, no response, just dead stares. I feigned going to the loo. And now? Even as I write, the fukking African is in full snore, the cunts are yelling in the halls and it's only about 2h30. So much for a pleasant day tomorrow. AGAIN. THIS IS NIGHT THREE OF NO SLEEP! In a while, if I'm still awake, I'll take my shower, get dressed, get on a subway to somewhere to sleep. THIS, DEAR FUK-FOR-SHIT-FOR-BRAINS, IS HOMELESSNESS! And yet? Not much different from nights at Margot's when, at about this same hour, she started cleaning closets. Imagine that? Imagine that! Anyway, I'm sitting/reclining reverse on the bed, using the light from the hallway to see what I'm writing. The brief wash I'd done earlier is almost all dry. The socks are damp, the t-shirt is already folded. I've a towel needs washing. I think I'll get to that now. No sense even trying for sleep any more. - 3h22 My mistake. George as the sorer... snorer. Rey phoned him to wake him so he'd turn to his side and stop. Meanwhile, I washed a towel and snot-rag, had a smoke, took a pee. I'm not planning on any sleep any more. It's a bit too early to shower, although somebody actually is. I can hear the whine of the shower running. Perhaps an over-nighter? Poor bastard. One came down the hall earlier. Imagine: coming in from the cold, getting a bed at 3h only to have some bitch-butt cunt wake you at 8h to tell you it's time to get up? Meanwhile, Brindou was awake and Rey just went to the loo. Me? I'm passing time. The P.O. opens at 6h. The 99-cent store in Midwood opens at 9h. Library Mid-Manhattan at 10h. The library in Queens at 10. Brooklyn Central at 9h. And there's all that travel (and sleep) in between. And now some fuk is mucking about down the hall, banging shit. But you know? This really is a typical night here. I'd just adjusted to it in the course of time, never journaled it because it seemed mundane. But it truly does depict what every night in the shelter is like. No wonder (any more) that there are those who prefer the streets. No wonder... anymore. - The air in here smells like drunks. George - No wonder... any more. - 13h11 By almost 4h I simply gave in and laid back. Actually fell asleep until 8h21! But that 4 hours wasn't restful and wasn't enough. But that doesn't matter. It was all I could get (in spite of the fact that George was still sleeping as I left at almost 9h30. SHIT! How the hell does he do it... AND get away with it?) Well. No sense wondering. No wonder... any more. - I've made my way to Seaside Library. - 19h34 Back at the Hotel Hell-hole.

Eaten. Shat. Waiting. - Yes. I made it to Seaside. The day went: IRT to the Q35 to the post office. Nothing of note there. Then - NO NO NO. Wait. I'm so tired I can't recall this morning! My first trip of the day was to my 99cent store! 2 pairs of Thinsulate gloves (they didn't have black but I did get some for work and for every day), a book light (to replace the one lost at the hotel), a 2009 calendar book for work (smaller and lighter weight). There was more that I'd have liked to get but... Oh yes. Advil PM. What the fuk? Let's hope it does help with the sleep situation. At this point, I don't care what I sleep through any more, just so long as I sleep. I just hope Brindou's bloody snoring doesn't keep me awake and I have to go through the following day half dead. Only way to know is to try. - B36, B3, Q35. Post office. Library by about 13h (13h11 as noted). A very brief wait for a computer. Finished posting a half day and checked a list of shelters (not a good list, unfortunately) and some e-mails. Out to the Q35 again. It was nippy today out "Home". But the quiet was wonderful. - Brooklyn Central library to post another day's journaling to the blog and to the train. I'd wanted to do the Mid-Manhattan Library but hunger took me. 3 to Atlantic to the D to W4 to the A to 14th to the 6 to 123rd to D'Ag. Walked to the hell-hole where the queue was a mess! I'm not used to waiting any more. - When I got to 5w-101 I was alone! I ate! 2 peanut butter and cream cheese, some V8, donuts. Food at last! I don't know what did it but something got to "move" shortly after I'd eaten. Not "too much." But enough to change a mood. First time in 3 days. At last. - One thing about this day: I wore my "beach ring" all day and all day I had to battle hard-ons. Fatigue or what? Well. At least I know that the equipment functions properly. - 20h07 and the "muscle pimp" across the hall is kicking up noise and shit with Harry in the hall. Harry looks doped-up. But these abortions know how annoying hall noise is. Yet, they have no respect for anything or anybody. Retards. Truly. Retards. I grow more hateful of ALL people the longer I'm in here. (Of course, then there's Charlie. 193cm of "Oh. Just once." But only "just once".) - I'm waiting my turn in the shower for Battery K. before bed tonight. Tomorrow is Friday. I'm planning on P.O. in the A.M. and P(ay)C(heque) in the P.M. Let's see how it gets fukked. - Showered. BK. Goodnight nurse.

Friday, 21 November:

99/68 11h35 Lefferts Lib. Just got up from my 30 minutes on the PC. Blogged another half day. Checked some e-mails. Now I get to sit by the window, looking out on to Lefferts Blvd. How strange: I'm hanging in Liz's old neighbourhood. A curse to her parents. (Oh my. Tee-hee.) - I can't say that the AdvilPM worked last night but I can't say that it didn't. I did fall asleep before somebody put the lights out and I suppose the Advil helped that. But at 0h24, Brindou's bloody snoring woke me! So I stuffed the earplug in my left ear and soon fell back to sleep until about 6h! No BM this morning but hot shower, another BK, casually dressed. Out by 8h and off to the Post Office. (My cheque was there. So too, a statement for my Premier Agency payroll card: Overdrawn. The usual. Morons. I'll have to get rid of that damned card lest it does me more damage.) Stopped for the paper. Back on the train to here. - I left the shelter at approx. 8h and arrived at RockPark at 9h45! Ridiculous! Unsatisfactory. This is the 21st Century! It should be better. But, no sense wasting ink on the matter. - I'm drowsy this morning but my stomach is good and I'm hungry! Imagine? I'm hungry. I was good about not finishing every edible last night so there's stuff to eat later. And I'm thinking that this will be my week-end of pride (and defiance) where I'll be travelling, etc. in kippa. No more wasting a day, sitting in that shelter, wasting away. - This morning, out-side the gate, a young "resident" came to me to ask: "Do you live here?" (motioning to the shelter with his head). I didn't even think to say "No". He was amazed. I'm setting a new bar on the "Jewish reputation". I should take my act to the road, make money "freeing Jews" and impressing Gentiles. Hah hah. - 12h04 and I could use a nap and lunch. Being at Lefferts already takes away so much stress. It's not Rockaway but it's not Manhattan (or The

Bronx). And I'm "moments" from work. It's about a 20 minute walk. Maybe I can stop at the market for something to nosh later. I don't know. Not sure. But I would like a nap. No time. No place. Little reminders of homelessness. - 20h09 Back at the "assylum". - I left the library at 12h24, walked casually down Lefferts. Stopped at KeyFood for bread, honey, cheese (for peanut butter/cheese sandwiches for today's "meal"). Clocked-in at 12h59! H. was having another poor day. I'd really like to talk with Maria (his RN) about his weakness but I fear she'll think I'm trying to show her up and resent me for it. Rosaria certainly didn't appreciate anything I did for "her" patient. Although Nancy claimed she appreciated my services to her patients. Still, I want to talk with Maria then, I'll call her. If not? I won't. - Left H. approx 16h15 and came directly to the shelter. Brief queue. - Rey was in when I arrived. We talked about the snoring last night and I got some interesting info on Brindou. Seems when the window screen bolt is moved (open or close) B. bolts up out of sleep! There's a very serious psychosis there... paranoia or what-ever. But it has Rey and I concerned. If he (B) starts so easily AND has a weapon, we 3 (Rey, George, and myself) are in a bit of danger here, should he "go off". As I told Rey: He'd better kill me completely right off. If I can, I'm going to get a picture of him with my cell. I'll send it to some place (a Photobucket) on the Internet, just in case. Maybe to the blog for this journal. Any way and meanwhile, it's agreed that if and when he keeps us awake with his snoring, it's unfair that he should be well-rested whilst the rest of us suffer sleep deprivation. So, we will do what we can to ensure he gets no sleep either. I want to mention it tomorrow when I see Ms.Uloma I doubt she'll take any action on the matter... she's a fellow African. (She's Nigerian. He's from Ivory Coast. But I'm sure in these matters, they'll stick together. It's shameful but I used to admire Africans. Being in this shelter has brought me to despise them. Arrogant. Loud. Unclean. Disrespectful.) But, I'll give it a go. If one (or more) of "them" kills me? So be it. - That said, the 3rd toilet won't stop flushing tonight and there's a sign on the hallway wall indicating that the water will be turned off "Staurday" [sic] from "9-5". In the meanwhile, we, in this room directly across the hall, will have to listen to it (the flushing) ALL NIGHT! (I'll be taking more Advil tonight anyway.) But I did a basin wash already, so? - I didn't cash my cheque today. I saw no need. I've got a small cash-stash here and there for cigarettes for the week-end. I've got eats for Saturday (Staurday?) and Sunday. So I can certainly wait. - Right now, at 20h40, it's sign-in. Kendall was crocked at 18h and headed out for more. George says Mr.Lapinsky. (his CaseWorker) has agreed to "hold" his bed overnight. He (George) is out to get bombed tonight too. These guys trust case-workers. Fools and idiots be they. NOBODY in this place is to be trusted. And that's not just my own general, innate distrust. It's the way of this shelter and the system. - 20h43 The Wildcats have come to clean the loo and I'm off to sign-in. - Signed in. Advil taken. Off to (try for) a night's sleep,

Saturday, 22 November:

100 HOMELESS/69SHELTER 9h38 Slept through the night with one interruption. 12h50 In the dorm. Why? The day is all but finished. Very cold out. Sunny. But cold. Ms.Uloma doesn't feel well today so my little "appointment" with her took until 10h30. Just screwed the morning and, subsequently, the day. Another Shabbat gone. If I could attend services in the morning it wouldn't be so annoying. But I can't even do that! Well, no sense getting worked-up over it. - The water is off and, of course, I could move my bowels right about now. I've eaten (peanut butter/cheese) and it got my system going. Oh well. - 16h30 At 13h I gave up and gave in and "napped" until 16h when cramps hit! Luckily, the water was back on by then. A tiny BM that didn't match the magnitude of my cramps. 4 days worth of food hasn't come through yet. So now I'm looking forward to a day of serious runs. Typical of how this day has been all along. It started OK. I woke at about 6h30 with the alarm feeling rested and ready to go with the day. I had my coffee, took my shower, dressed at a leisurely pace and was fine, looking forward to getting out of here for the day - may be to The Fort (just to go). Rey and I have arranged George's bed to

look as though somebody was in it and he'd lost it from being out all night. Rey even did the top of the locker up with socks, toiletries and a box from a lock. It looked like somebody had actually taken the bed! When George came in - well, before he came in, a guy from across the hall came by to buy a cigarette from me. (50 cents, I accepted the money. In this hole, one takes the cash. I've already given away "rollies". No more. And certainly not cigarettes. But the guy gave me a "Buy One Get One Free" coupon! Hey! 50 cents for the cigarette and a free pack! OK. The rollies are paid.) When he came to the door, he whispered. Rey asked why he was whispering and when he pointed at George's bed we had to laugh. Next, Rick came buy to check if George was here. When he too thought there was somebody in the bed, Rey and I laughed at what a great job we'd done. So, when George came in, (he was beyond drunk and just slightly past fucked-up to begin with) he looked at the bed and all he could say is "Mr.Lapinsky. fucked up." He was certain there was somebody in his bed. I held my chuckles to myself. I wanted to see how far it would go but Rey lost it and told him what we'd done. He was only mildly relieved but then, he was so drunk at that time. I'm wondering how he'll be when he wakes up (he's been asleep all day). - Game over and to Ms.Uloma who wasn't feeling well. What should have been a brief encounter was an eye-opener, aggravation and annoyance. She's on my back because I'm working only 9 hours per week which doesn't entitle me to housing. Like it's MY fault! She's pushing the "Security" job issue like she's got a personal interest in it. When I told her about Brindou's snoring keeping me awake, her solution was to MOVE ME! I told her "No. I don't need the problems of moving to a new room, adjusting to new people and all that. Not now. Just leave it. I'm very sorry I even mentioned it now!" This "move" idea came even after she said that she'd received a complaint from "17" about it! Mindless! And, let's top it off with: I have a "supervisory review" of my case on Thursday at 10h. Thursday? Thanksgiving Day. 10h? She's REALLY putting the shaft up my shit hole: Weekly appointments on Saturdays so I can't go to services; now, Thanksgiving with R...? Yeah. It's just obvious at this point. SHAFT! So, I was in quite the mind-set when I left her office. No mood for the rest of the day. - THEN CAME SOMETHING I JUST NEVER EXPETED TO SEE IN HERE! I came back to the dorm to get a cigarette and went across to the loo and as I walk in, my eyes hit, at the last sink, some blonde, dressed 60's mod, putting on MAKE-UP! And she looked like a GIRL! Guys were coming/going doing the same thing I did: DEAD STOP in disbelief! Yes. It was a guy. We knew it. But it was quite a shock to see none-the-less! OK. That's your style and your life and what-ever one wants to call it. But, as far as I'm concerned: You want to be in the shelter and do that, you're just looking for some very serious trouble. If you get it? Too friggin bad. Not to mention: I've given up my own life-style (as always), my religious practices, and much, much more. But this. THIS shit goes? What the fuk is THAT all about? Oddly enough though, Miss Thang just went about bi'nness without skipping a beat and sashayed out of here like it was OK. It was an experience and a lesson in basic humanity and a sign that I'm still very stuck in some earlier days. So be it... I'd rather be quite dead now anyway. - Excitement over and seeing that I wasn't going anywhere AGAIN today, I passed some time washing the exterior of my locker and settled-in and put hems on the "wash cloths" I'd done by tearing a towel up. The frayed ends kept making threads in the shower which got caught on toes and fingers. So? I sewed them. - Now, last night I understand there was a group of people out front of the building giving out long-johns, scarves, gloves to the Homeless. This afternoon at about 12h there was a group giving turkey, ham, sweet potatoes, etc. THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO ACTUALLY ACKNOWLEDGE AND CARE! It brings me to think of how true it is that humanity (humanity) skips over the "good" and "kind" in the world only to see the nasty and shit. Meanwhile, I was in here, eating cold sandwiches and PopTarts. Oh well. WTF? As they say. - (17h33 George just woke and put on the light. I'd been writing by my little book-light all the while.) - And so, that brings me to now. My stomach is still cramped. There are signs in the loo "No Smoking In Bathroom". The water's on. George is awake. Rey is out. Brindou is out. The day is gone. The only libraries open late are Brooklyn and The Bronx. Too late now. I'm faced with

the hell breaking loose as it's time to go to sleep and yet another night of broken rest. Why not death? Hmm? Why not death? - 20h53 CW's talking (high speed, as usual) about going to church. I don't get that privilege! I get appointments with a case worker on the day I should be attending religious service. It makes me resentful. But I suppose it's a part of something to force me to find my way out of this horror. I don't understand it and there's no answer. Then again, there never is. All I know is: All that fairy-tale bull-shit about "Higher Being" and ancestors looking after us when they're "gone" is bunk. I am alone now. There's nothing and no-one to give any help, aid or support. I'm alone. And, on that thought, I try for sleep. AdvilPM taken and a hope for sleep tonight. That's all there is. No more.

Sunday, 23 November:

101/70 9h31 Woke at 8h30. Almost 12 hours of mildly interrupted sleep. But even with the snoring, George's coughing, Rey's flatulence, I managed to go back to sleep right away. All said, I did sleep. - had to block Angel from calling again. From 17h37 to 17h59, 4 calls! Yes, I'd like to talk with him but I just don't understand the multiple calls, one right after another! Anyway... - It's been so quiet on the floor this morning. I've gone to the loo. Tiny BM. Where is all the "intake"? No "output". It's in there, somewhere. At this rate, I'll be heading for a hospital bed in short order and a disimpact (*manual disimpaction used to remove stool in cases of serious constipation*)... or surgery and a colostomy. - This morning's first thought was the calculations for the year 2010. First thought of the day: Death. Peace. When? When? Not soon enough. Just not soon enough. - For now? Waiting for the shower. The Mid-Manhattan Library is open 13-17h. Brooklyn, 13-18h. Today I'm going to travel to both, blog the journal, look to tomorrow and more blogging. I want all of this on-line. Why? It's all I have left to my existence. The rest... 53 years... is gone. I'll die in a shroud of hate and resentment. So be it. - A delightful start to a day, this. No? - 13h15 Mid-Manhattan Library. Reservation at 14h. - After passing the time sketching this morning, I walked up to here so to pass time not standing and waiting. It's not really that cold out, but I just don't feel like "standing and waiting". However, I am feeling some-what dissociated from the world, not at all at peace with anything and quite disgusted with everything and every-body. And people aren't making it any better. Walking slowly, erratically on the sidewalks, 2 got ahead of me as I queued to get in here. Another pushed ahead as I as I queued for the reservation. And it seems the retards have all been given day passes. Either that or the mild cold has frozen their brains (what brains there might be). Yes, I'm in the mood for death... mine. But that would be kindness and justice... neither of which exist in Creation. - And so, on 34th I passed a wheel chair, parked against the front of a building, so loaded with wool blankets that, if a body was/is actually under them, one can't tell. Wool blankets... those that were distributed free, in front of the shelter last week, in the middle of the night. I didn't get one. I was already in bed, under the "Summer" blankets I've managed to hoard from various linen days. - I suppose it's all beginning to get to me lately. My computer, clothes, books, all my Internet work, art work, writings, gone, gone, gone, gone. No remorse. No feelings at all from those who shoved me along to where I am today. And, as I think on it: why and how did I get here? Because I'm a fuk-up-idiot. I cared for and about the very ones who turned away. I've let Fate and Creation handle things. I've followed the bloody "Golden Rule" and everything and every one has trampled me and my existence into nothing. Now I'm an "HA number and case file", wandering about NYC each and almost every day. I have no past. I have nothing tangible of my past accomplishments. I have no "me". But I do have a want/wish/hope/dream/desire/prayer: That those who are responsible for this, no matter how remotely, not die, but suffer one year for every minute I suffer and 10-fold. Compassion? I have none. And I'm not trying to find any... in myself or others. Enough has reached more than enough. - (Mon. 24. 10h09 Mid-Manhattan Library) By 21h I'd signed-in and was looking forward to a good night of (broken) sleep. But, Kendall stopped by and we all had a few good laughs for a

while. There are moments when great laughs can be had, even in this place of deep oppression, depression, despair. I've been fortunate in having been placed in a group of (mostly) good guys. - Kendall is talking of going to someone's home on Thursday. Rey too has plans. George has family or friends in The City or The Bronx. Brindou? He'll probably find some pathetic African bigot to take him in. me? Alone. The Beach. What-ever. - So, I took my AdvilPM, tucked me in and waited for sleep.

Monday, 24 November:

102/71 10h17 Mid-Manhattan Library: Sleep didn't come until about 5h30 this morning! The brain wouldn't let the body go. No particular thoughts. Nothing specific. Just no sleep! By 7h21 I was up and off to the shower. Charley was in the next shower this morning. Always making with the conversation. If he only knew... If I could only figure out "why". Not my "type" but a taller man than I and, in spite of his almost "coke-induced" ramblings, a good man. Well, anyway... Out by about 8h15 to cash my cheque and come here to the library where I'm blogging away (and not much else these days). - As I sit to catch up with this journal, a message from M.Trett. H. has a cold. I shouldn't come to work today! I'm sitting in my scrubs. It's not even 10h30. I NEED the money! But I could do the library loop today and blog more. Not to mention, I could get food? Or go to the Fort (and piss off Penelope - if she's there.). Well, here goes. I'll call the necessities and see what the day does. I'm tired anyway... - 12h43 Brooklyn lib. Mary cancelled. Kristin has nothing for me. Rockaway got my prints back but the client they were going to give me is in hospital. Nancy has nothing but told me that Premier is not VNS vendor any longer. So, having the day to myself, I've actually blogged-in to the 27 August! (Page 15 of 94 in the "Monogram" note book. Only 79 pages to go. Tee hee.) Now? I've got to pee (never gone to the loo here), am hungry, can't decide between the Fort or Far Rock. But, once I pee, maybe... the Fort? Ah... let's see where the day shoves this Homeless old worth-nothing. - 19h41 at D18. So, I used the loo at Brooklyn Central, walked out the door and down the stairs. In the middle of Grand Army Plaza, I rang Angel. Seems he lost his bed one night and got shipped here, to Bellevue for the night! He'd been working and he lost his bed! This whole system is so counter-productive! A bunch of total worth-shit-for-nothings. But, I get what I want: bed, shit, shower, done. So? So. As we settled it, I'll ring him this evening (I blocked my number on the cell and his number from mine) and maybe we'll meet up tomorrow. - Ah. Tomorrow's Viv's birthday. I miss her and hope this Life has given her all the Very Best possible and more. - So I got on the train to The Junction and to the Q35 to The Fort. I had no intention of going to The Fort. I was headed to Far Rockaway library. But I looked in at T6. Empty parking lot. I can't help but think dear Penelope's staying away so as not to be there if/when I go. It's sophomoric of me to think such a thing but she's certainly capable of such nonsense. When the bus arrived, to my complete delight, Willie was the driver! How truly wonderful and spectacular to see her! THE link to my most joyful days on the Peninsula. But she was exhausted and not her usually good-spirited self. She didn't exchange smiles or talk so I took a seat quietly until we got to Mott. As I left the bus we got to chat. It had been a difficult day for her but as we talked, the Willie I'd come to know and luv returned and it was well with all again. - To the library where I got a computer immediately and blogged more. By the time I was ready to leave, it was already 16h! An entire day had gone by. So I stopped at Associated for "dinner" and on to the A to return to the Hotel Shit-hole. - 18h, nobody too much on queue. Rey was in the room when I arrived, on the phone. I changed and ATE! hoping for a quick night and a sleepful night. - At about 20h11, rang Angel. He'd been sleeping! How these people sleep is beyond me. Asked me to call back in an hour. So I did. He's got a meeting tomorrow at 10h. I should call him at 11h. (By 11h I'm well on my way around!) - By 21h15 I'd taken my Advil and was under the covers, hoping for a death-like sleep. - Notes: When I got in this evening, I put a bottle of water up on the cooler. Cut my finger on the cap. Bandage of toilet

paper and Elmer's glue. - George is in a self-destruct mood. Claims he's useless. Imagine? Talking about jumping from bridges. For some reason, he's infatuated with the Tappan Zee. Says he's heard of successful jumps from it. But, he doesn't know where it is. As I told him tonight, he's only heard tell of suicides but not attempts that didn't end up in death. We also discussed the inhalation of salt water and how it burns. How about that? Me, talking somebody out of suicide. Hey! He's 43 (so is my estranged brother). He's cute. He's got childish charm. He really could be out there and most likely, happy. He just needs to give himself a break (and cut back on the beer). And so, in the midst of "therapy", he fell off to sleep. Hopefully all will be better tomorrow. These holidays are just impossibly difficult for all too many. And in here? In a shelter? Some have family or friends to go to. Others (me?) have no one. Me? I've spent a life-time learning to dodge it all until it's all a lot of shit. I wouldn't take the holiday spirit from anyone. But I sure as hell can try to help make it all more "real". And hopefully tolerable for those who could be devastated by it all. My "gift" to humanity. - And so, my AdvilPM taken, I hope for nothing more than a night's sleep. Amen. (Bullshit!)

Tuesday, 25 November:

103/72 Happy Birthday Dearest, Sweet Viv! Where-ever you are, I hope, with all the heart that I have left, that you're content, at peace. I miss you, and have missed you all these years. - And so, the day: It's 21h14. Advil taken. May this be a night like last night... sleep all the way through. - This morning brought rain and with it, I slept until 8h. A brief shower and off to catch the M15 to 42nd, the M42 to Madison and an immediate 10h15 computer. After blogging, I'd gone to the 5th floor to journal and the phone rand. Kristin. A 2-hour client, 4 days, B25th. Well. It's 8 hours more than I have, so I took it. And I work 2 hours on Thursday, Thanksgiving, at time and half. Make up for the 3 hours lost on Monday. It conflicts with my appointment with R... on Thurs. morning but, I need the money and I need to take cases for the agency. It's going to be tough: 10-12h in Far Rock and 13-16 in So. Ozone. But hopefully it will lead to something better, quickly. Right now, the job is top priority and to hell with all else. - From the Mid-Manhattan, to the 7. Times Square and the train to Grand Army and Brooklyn Central. And rain. Not a heavy rain, thankfully. Another immediate computer. Another page of the journal blogged. When I left, the rain was letting up. I timed a trip: To the Franklin Shuttle and Rock Blvd. Just about an hour. If I go to Brooklyn Central before going to So. Ozone, the trip would be about 1,5 hours. Good to know. But for today, I stayed on the train to Far Rock. - B25 is by Bayswater. Private houses. Hopefully my 2 hours each morning will be light work, in a good environment. - Got my hour at Far Rock library. Printed some prose pieces. I think there's a reading on 7 Dec. at T6. Anyway, as I got to Far Rock, the ocean waves were beautiful, the sky was almost clear, sunshine. Sunshine in Rockaway. It was good to be "Home". After all, Rockaway is "Home"... where I should be... where I want to be... and, at the end of these days, a difficult place to leave. - At about 16h30 it was back on the A, back to The City, back to the Hotel Shit-hole. - Got off at 23rd street. DuaneReade for cigarettes. The guy down the hall gave me a coupon. B1G1. 2 packs! A stroll past 330. It's still unsettling, passing that building. No Zuri. (No Viv. What happened in my life? What's happened TO my life?) A stop at D'Ag's for yoghurt and sweets and... Hell. - Coming in, the "junkie Puerto Rican" from the 2nd floor was behind me, doped-up and throwing fits, slapping the walls and yelling. How I would have enjoyed twisting his head and breaking his neck! Not just because of this but for the nights he kept me awake when I was in A108! But? But. He's just not worth the results. I'd be blamed. So, through the door, the x-ray, the metal detector and up to the room to eat. - By 20h45 I'd signed-in. By 21h15, AdvilPM. By 21h45 the hope for sleep. And early morning tomorrow.

Wednesday, 26 November:

104/73 6h47 NOT ONE BLOODY FUKKING MOMENT OF SLEEP ALL BLOODY FUKKING NIGHT! I'VE BEEN OUT OF BED FROM SINCE 4h28! THAT BLOODY-FUKKING YUBANGY SNORING ALL NIGHT! Rey slammed a locker at 4h15. There was no sense even trying for sleep any more. So I gave up trying. Hung out in the hall until now... It's going to be an interesting day... - 10h20 Far Rock library. "Interesting" day? More like generally screwed! I was on the 6 at 8h11. Arrived at B25 at 9h35. No answer at the door. Kristin confirmed the client has been admitted to hospital! No client! No money! No shit! I'm so bloody exhausted. Mary Trett isn't sure if I should work today. She's going to call me at some point this morning. And I'm low on phone time. I've got 23\$ to use and 10\$ I'd like to save. This morning, in the hall, I "sold" 2 of my cigarettes for 60 cents. Smoked THREE before I left! (Shit! I was awake and because of Brindou, there was no going to sleep at all.) You know? I'm actually getting to be quite the racist with the "preferential treatment" I'm witnessing in the shelter. I mean: A weapon was found and confiscated in Brindou's possession! It was never documented and no punishment is given. The "security" (laugh!) staff, the social/case staff, "Operations" staff: Black and African. An obvious bias is there! - 18h03 On the shuttle at Rock Park. Me alone, in the car with my Waldbaum's bag of yoghurt and cream cheese and V8 for tonight's "meal". And 2 types of Buddig turkey for tomorrow's Thanksgiving meal. (Sandwiches on the Fort beach.) And so the day draws to a close. Here I am. Miserably and truly heart-sick about leaving Rockaway... Here we go... Back at the Hell-hole by almost 20h. - I sat on the train and watched my Home disappear. At Broad Channel, I stood at the southern end of the platform and just stared at the "sky-line" of Rockaway, in the darkness. I looked at the trestle that spans the bay and came to hate it because it leads away from, and loved it because it leads back to the place I miss, the place I call "Home". Some Black guy came up, excused himself. He needed to pee... and did so, off the end of the platform. I couldn't dislike any of it. Facilities for basic needs aren't provided. He began talking (and wouldn't listen to me because he had head-phones on) and wouldn't shut up! The next thing I know, he's trying to sell me "God". Pathetic. The train came. I boarded. I read the paper. I was exhausted. - Waiting for the bus at 14th and 1st: Thoughts: Zuri? Why did you leave? Why am I back here in this neighbourhood where I once lived? Why here, where there are memories? The Eye and Ear Infirmary! Margot! The cow. haKalbah! Memories. I hate being in The City! I hate the traffic, the noise, the people, the buildings. Hate it all! I'm so bloody bitter now. I don't harbour "hate". "Bitterness" is all in and around me. It's no longer transient moments. It's full-time bitterness. It's ALL bitterness. The bus came. - Entry: 5(*Reference: Bed number. I never did get to know these guys by name... only a bed number.*) at "security" was stoned. The monkeys asked to see my socks! (yeah well.) In the room, everybody was "in" I was starved! 2 rolls, a bit of honey, half block of cream cheese each. I ate. - Sign-in. As I stood waiting, "the old guy" from 20 came out to the hall, stopped, hand to chest, laboured breathing. He stopped to sit on a trash can. Next thing, a guy is asking him if he's OK. The old guy asks for help to his room. He's got me and the other guy. Before long, everybody on the floor knows he's bad and we're keeping watch. Meanwhile, Kendall's having his own night of bliss and, like about a week ago, is making plans for more (drinking). Shoes, phone, cash "removed", he's "escorted" to his bed and another "watch" commences. For all it's worth, there's a remarkable camaraderie in this place. It's a shame that the world can't function like this. What a wonderful place we'd have. We "residents" know almost nothing about each-other, and it doesn't matter. We're "here", in it together. Honour amongst out-casts. - My Advil is taken.

Thursday, 27 November:

105/74 "Thanks (for nothing) giving". The Holidays "begin. BANG! 15h D18. Who the fuk really cares? Really ! - Here I sit, dressed. Over-cast out-side. The plans to go home, Gaston, the Fort,

dashed. Done. Beard trimmed. Shaved. Here I sit. It's been "a day". It was a night of deep sleep. From (I think) 23h to 9h. I hear I slept through the 2h (2:00am) bed-check. Good for sleep. Bad for not being aware. Aware is necessary at all times in here, especially lately when there are "over-nighters" coming and going. But, I slept! I'll accept that for its own merit. - The one we know as "Muscle Guy" knocked on 20's door today to check on him. A few of us stayed here through the day. Some went to dinner at the Bowery Mission. Some partook of the "Holiday Meals" here. Some have gone to friend or family. I don't understand: Friends and family... who let these guys stay in a shelter? And yet, these guys keep their connections with these people. I don't understand. Invite them to a holiday dinner and send them on to a shelter. There's a lot that's wrong there. But, who am I? Nobody. - This morning, I showered and such and certainly didn't rush to my 10h appointments with Ms. Uloma. Signed her list at about 10h20 or so, sat, waited. At about 10h40 she called my name... "Kessluh!" "I have good news for you. Your case worker has returned. You sign on her list over here." As she blithered, Ms. Simmons called me into the office. I was sweet. I was charming. I did the ego-stroke. We begin almost from the beginning... again. But, my weekly appointments are Tuesdays now. I can go to services if I so choose! Even to Rockaway... if I so choose. Let's see if I so choose. I'm just wondering what sort of social worker this Ms. Simmons is. No matter. I don't trust her either way. - 16h31 I've had my turkey sandwiches. I'm having a peanut butter and honey sandwich. George just left. Rey's been gone. Brindou left early this morning. Kendall will be leaving soon. All said, the entire floor is dead silent. Well. Here am, as always, as usual, alone. Imagine? Thanksgiving... alone in a shelter for Homeless men. Alone, in the shelter, on Thanksgiving, eating peanut butter and honey on a roll. Thankful? Me? Oh yeah. Very. Uh huh. Right. OK - I've washed some socks and my under-shorts. I'm still dressed in shirt and jeans (but bare-foot). It's becoming evening already. Too late to head anywhere. With trains running the Sunday schedule, I couldn't make Rockaway in under 2 hours. As I pointed out to George: 2 hours there, 2 hours back with no stop in between? Round-trip, I'd be back at 20h30, just in time to sign for the bed. Why bother? What I think I WILL do is nap. Sleep is something I haven't gotten much (or enough) of lately. Sleep whilst the place is calm or forever lose your peace. - Somehow I don't really want to sleep. But I don't want to stay awake either. This is the closest I've been to my own life-style in months: quiet, alone, inside, on a holiday. - What is a "holiday" anyway? A lot of nothing, really. An excuse to do nothing. And so? That's what I'm doing. I think I'll wash my jeans... - 21h24 And so I did. And they're on the locker. Did 2 pairs of socks and my under-shorts. Accomplishments for the day. - Well, signed-in, took my Advils early. Sat up talking with Rey until 23h55! It was a very quiet day. It was a very good day. Gave me down-time. No sense being concerned about tomorrow. It will take care of itself when it gets here.

Friday, 28 November:

106/75 11h37 FarRockaway Library. Up with the alarm. I don't know exactly how, but Brindou started his snoring shortly after the lights went out. My stomach knotted. My anger rose. The stress level hit the roof... and I drifted off. 6 hours of sleep. But, so far, it was enough. I'm functioning. Talked with Rich, Rey and Kendall this morning. What a crew! What a great beginning to a day. Good people. - Hit the rails by 8h. Post office by 9h43. Cheque for what is now, a "full week". Got "The Wave" and the bus at 118th. It's a glorious, slightly over-cast day in Rockaway. A bit of a chill in the air but just the kind to make me heart-sick at the prospect of leaving. - On the bus, a few stops later, "How the hell are you?" Debra! A wonderful addition to the "Home-Coming". We sat on the bus, talking about agencies, hours, rates, housing, Section 8 all the way to Mott. She's a charm, and such a part of what I know as "Home". - And so, we parted and I got my time in and blogged the second day of September. What a trip down the old memories, back to where this Hell began. It's actually getting difficult to enter because it really

was the beginning of the end. Makes me wonder who will ever get to see it... and if anybody will ever get to see it. Well, if nothing else comes of it, at least there's a record. My past journals are gone. This one? I'll protect it. - So, by noon I was on the train to Rock Blvd. The ocean was beautiful! I didn't want to leave and Fate stepped in to help: the bridge was open! We sat for about 10 minutes at... Gaston! And I certainly didn't mind that at all. - Made it to work and clocked-in at 13h exactly! H. was in good spirits. M. said it was the best he'd been in days and said that he'd been asking for me. How charming. I got some good work in with him today and told M. and J. that I believe he really does want to walk again but he just can't. I'm thinking Parkinson's or something. They're talking extending my time. Not increasing hours though (so I'll be forcing more from PIC or going with Rock. Home Svcs.). When I left this evening, I felt good about what got accomplished. But... I'd eaten half a Cadbury bar before and too many cookies during. My sugar was WAY off on the train to The City! I wanted to sleep. I actually couldn't get off the train at Broadway Junction and even at 14th St. it was a great effort! But I managed to get to the L to 1st Av. and on the 15 bus. My original plan was to cash my cheque tonight but... nope. Came to the Hotel Hellhole. - NOBODY at the entrance and the elevator all alone! - Almost "normalcy"! (But nothing to eat for "meal". Probably OK since I can't move my bowels for about, oh, a month now?) - Managed to wash 2 T-shirts. The Dor Chadash won't come back to white any more! My clothes are being ruined! Well, then so is my life. But there are other things to note (at 22h14): The old guy in 20 is looking quite a bit worse now. He really shouldn't be in this shit-hole. He needs proper medical attention. He's bone and skin and his breathing is heavily laboured. It's a perfect scenario of in-humanity and apathy. But the guy down the hall actually brought him his dinner. We do tend to take care of each-other. Shit! If WE don't, no one else will. For all the evil this place represents, there's some truly wonderful goodness and kindness in there too. To wit, I've got George's jackets, shoes and back pack in my locker. He was already bombed when I got in this evening. He's pulling his nights out way too thin lately so we (we?) decided to try to keep him in tonight and that was the only way to do it. It's working well. It's 23h31 and he's out cold in his bed. How we'll do it on the week-end is another story. But he's in, safe, asleep for tonight. What's best is, he doesn't know who took his things or where they are and everybody's taken the blame: Me, Rey, Rich, Kendall... the crew. Ah... I'm feeling like a "parent". But, why not? - On my way up here this evening, the lift passed the 5th floor and stopped on 7. When I got off, Ms.Peace was in the sign-in office so I stopped to say hello. She appeared glad to see me. We spoke very kindly and briefly. (More ego-stroking. They'll remember me when I'm gone... for nice reasons.) - 22h38 Rich and Rey are doing push-ups in the hall. Bed-check's been done. I have no sleep aids for tonight. Am thinking of maybe trying for services tomorrow if my 2.99 dollar black pants pass. Either Beth El or 23rd. We'll see how/IF I get any sleep tonight. (As I write, Brindou is already starting the snoring bullshit so it may be a sleepless night. I need to find out why this bloody African shit is here! And I will.) Rey's coming back. My book-light is going dim... so are my eyes. Time to try for a nap until...

Saturday, 29 November:

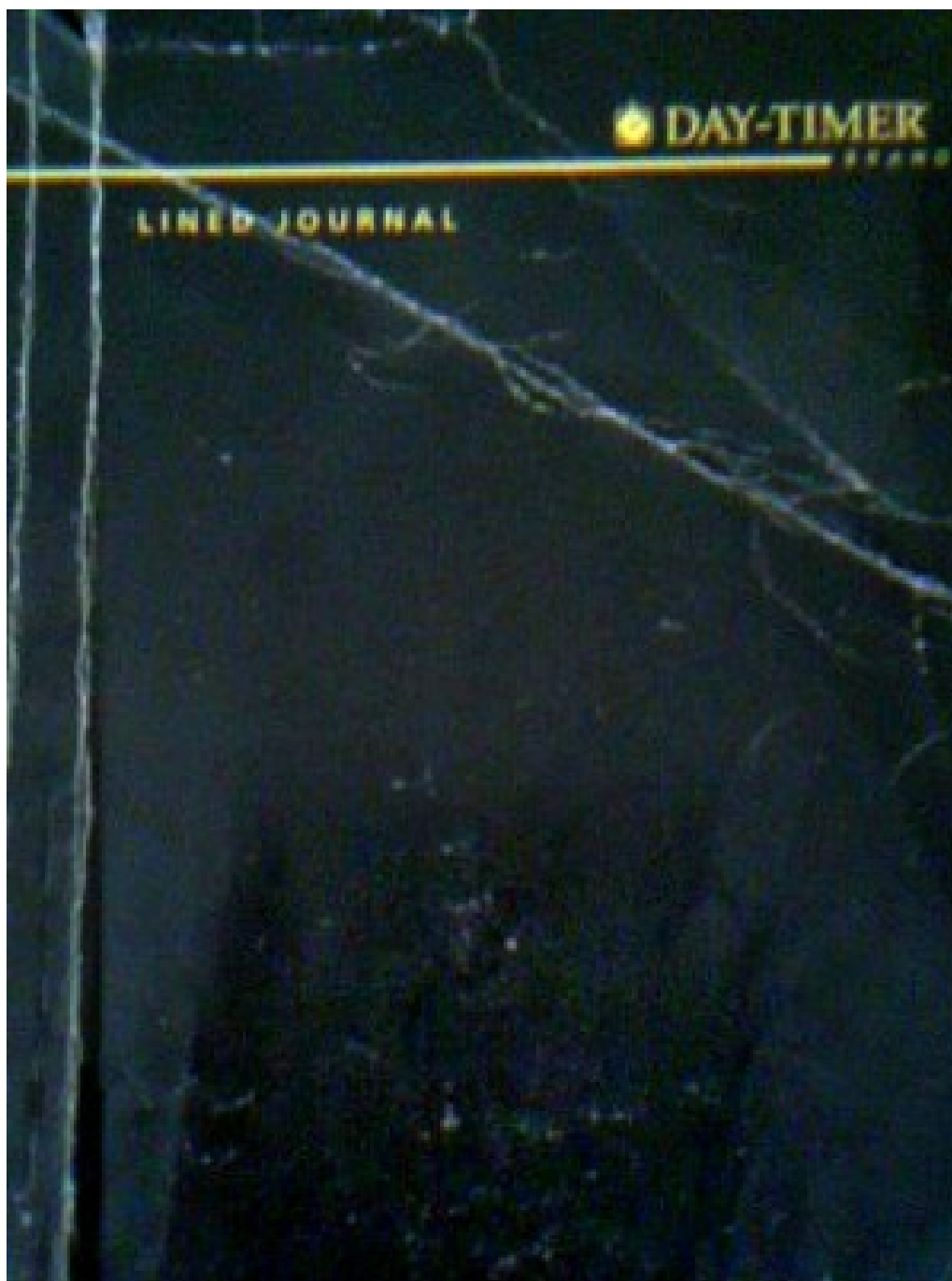
107/76 15h33 Well, another Saturday of "observance"... FORCED! The bloody snoring began around midnight. At 0h55 Rey, George and I were still very much awake. George reading the paper by the light of the hallway. Rey and I talking roads, towns, etc. in the Hudson Valley. We were awake. Everybody needed to be awake! As it ended... this morning I woke at almost 10h30! The day was screwed. Lost. (15h57 and I'm still in my blue scrubs. Haven't showered. Didn't brush my teeth. Ate some peanut butter and honey. The day. Shot! - At about 6h31 I woke, briefly (because my alarm woke Rey who woke me). George stepped out for a quick smoke and I returned his clothes. As of even now, he's not sure who pulled "The Kendall" on him, though he has his suspicions and I admit to nothing. But, as much as it actually hurt me to keep him in last

night, I know it was for the best. Even Kendall told him: "They do it because they love us." True. - Another one for the book: Rich had to see Ms. Uloma this morning. He gets to her and she tells him "I am no longer seeing people on Saturday I have 15 new cases so I will have to see you another day." Rich says "OK. What day?" "What are you doing now?" "Nothing. I'll sit and read the paper." And so he does. 10 minutes later, Ms. Uloma comes out. "Richard? Why are you still here?" I told you I couldn't see you today." True. But she never told him what day she could see him. I note this because THIS is one perfect example of what the entire system is. The absolute distillation of complete and pure stupidity. Is it any wonder that this City is so bad off? Now, what I'd like to know is "Who's letting these morons get these jobs AND who's letting in the home-land African failures? We have a major problem... and this one ain't "US". Well, Rich has been here long enough... he's riding along with it. - And so the day, what was left of it, went along. Quiet, peaceful, calm for truly the most of it. Yes, there were brief moments of some little out-bursts (most from the Latino down the hall who talks, argues, and fights with himself. But aside from that? Just quiet. - This evening everything changed for a while. The place came alive again. The sun went down, everybody either returned or woke up. Saturday and Sunday are the only 2 days we can catch-up on sleep. They're the only 2 days we don't have to hear: "Goodmorning! Time to wake up. You have to be out of here by 9!" And so, we sleep. At sun-down, we gather in the hall. We talk, mostly about the misery of our surroundings, or environment, the abuses we've taken... in silence... from the refugees who are our "captors"... those who bark at us like mad dogs, perform their inquisitions, probe (needlessly) into our personal lives, tell us we must get out of here and "back into society, meanwhile knowing that we are the only thing keeping a roof over their heads and food on their tables. But there's also talk of troubles with each-other (snoring, yelling, absent hygiene, those who pee on toilet seats or shit on the floors). Tonight there was talk about Harry: taken out by ambulance, admitted to Bellevue. There was talk about the ageless old man in 20, how much longer he'll survive here, why he isn't being cared-for in a proper facility with medical, how completely fucked-up is our system and our world when a man can be so neglected and abused and so obviously in need of so much more than this place gives. But, all the while, we, who have so little to offer, give all we can, when and where we can. And we laugh. We laugh about and at our position, our situation and the bull-shit. We laugh at and about our tribulations. We laugh because if we don't laugh, we'd murder... justifiably. We laugh... Then, the day comes to a close. Some little idiot comes down the hall screaming "Bed-check!", accompanied by one of our finest "security" guards. Two noses probe into dorms where guys are trying for sleep, getting ready for sleep or chatting with room-mates. In any case, "Bed-check!" is designed to make certain we each know that THEY can, will and DO disturb us as much and often as makes them happy. - George is out for another night. A shame. Good kid gone bad... going terribly worse. Tonight? We let him go. - Rey and I hope for uninterrupted sleep but we both know... that's not going to be. Brindou will make certain we suffer through the night. We've registered our complaints. Now we can be certain: He's here to ensure that we don't ever get enough sleep to work successfully to get out. He's just another bloody-fukking African, planted here, by "them", his fellow refugees, to ensure misery. Unfortunately, he is successful.

Sunday, 30 November:

108/77 19h25 At about 0h28, indeed the infliction of misery began. Snoring. But, for some reason, I managed to sleep through it after a brief period of contemplating the demise of that filthy, foul smelling, mal-odourous, ill-mannered, "I KEEL YOO!" Trrroo Ahfreekahn" piece of shit. - 2h18 and George returns. I only very briefly note that and again, return to sleep. - 6h30. Awake for the day. Awake to the day... to the RAINY day. Awake to another day of botched plans: I'd considered a trip to the Bronx Central library (Muhammad, the self-professed Muslim is walking in the hall, shuffling his slippered feet, be-decked in "silk" pyjamas... shorts, bottoms,

mock-belching. A perfect portrayal of what it is to be “Muslim”.) Today I’d hoped to log as much as possible in 45 minutes. Then head to Brooklyn Central for 30 minutes and out to the Fort for the rest of the day. What I got was: Rain. The Woodlawn train ran local all the way so I decided to take it to Kingsbridge, where I could get the Bx9 to the library. Turned out to be an excellent decision. But when the train came up at 161st, it was revoltingly disgusting! There are TWO COMPLETE Yankee Stadiums (stadia?) and NO PARK! The new stadium is packed tightly into what used to be quite beautiful open space with beautiful trees. As we continued toward Woodlawn, the scenery worsened. Graffiti. Tags. I was disgusted and ashamed to be associated with the place. The “element” has certainly succeeded in destroying the place... from the nepotistic Rican government to the Afro-what’s-its. Who let them in in the first place? Human waste. That’s all they are. The buildings, stations, streets, just everything is a trash dump. I’m thankful to be old, getting older, closer to death and out of here. - At Kingsbridge, a pack of cigarettes at Duane Reade and out just in time to get the bus. Not one seat on the tandem was clean! Every one had that black glob on it! 9h on a Sunday morning, in the rain, and this! So I stood to the library where it got even more “Rainy Sundayish”. - Got computer 4 on the 3rd floor, immediately and happily, got a couple pages logged in the 45 minutes and TWO extensions. As I was typing for the 3rd extension, the PC crashed. After some ado, an appointment on Nr.6 on the 4th floor. Up there, Nr.6 had crashed previously. I re-booted. It took longer than 5 minutes. I lost my appointment. More “ado” at the desk. I got Nr.10. Much more logged but by now it was just afternoon... and still raining. What to do? Bx9 to Kingsbridge. Shopping (food) at Associated/Morton Williams. 26\$ later, back on the train to 14th St., to the L train to 1st Av. to the M15 bus to arrive back at the Hotel Bellevue (choke!) by about 14h and some. - I was THE ONLY one coming in! - In the dorm? Sleeping George, Nquoan Brindou busy washing clothes (in the sinks). I got to cleaning my locker, making my sandwiches (cream cheese, peanut butter and honey) and eating. By 15h I was napping. A rainy day. I’m exhausted because Nquoan snores all bloody night. I napped. - Woke just past 18h! No light. Needed sleep. A nibble. A nosh. Not much else. - Kendall came to tell about Harry. Harry’s still complaining about the hospital but wanted K. to help him sign-out AMA. Rey and I talked him out of it. (They moved H. to another room and he’s on 1-to-1. Psych. It would seem dear H. is out of the shelter system as he wanted, but not to where he wanted. Alas.) - This evening? Kendall comes into the room with the Harry Updates and, as usual, he and Rey get to talking about “pussy”. I’ve yet to encounter anybody so totally preoccupied with sex as these two. Their talk, language, thoughts, ideas, ideals are base and disrespectful. But the way they enjoy their talk, the laughing and such makes the experience more like being part of high-school kids’ bantering. It’s childish. And these are “men” in their 50’s! Well. Better they should go about it this way. There are others who are simply evil and threatening... Nquoan Brindou as a perfect example. - I got into conversation with a guy from next door on THAT subject. It seems that Brindou is enjoying some sort of “Political Asylum” in the shelter. Capable of murder, and all that would happen is he’d be transferred to another shelter! We’ve begun to doubt that the name he’s using is his at all! The way I see it, it’s time to figure a way for him to be “out”! Gone! Even the one next door told me: When he complained that Brindou threatened him (with murder), the shelter moved HIM and NOT Brindou. It wouldn’t surprise me to learn that ALL these African rejects are together somehow: from Soc. Svces., through “security” on down. The advice? To leave him alone, wait until he attacks and then go for self-defence. Me? I’ve got other options. Especially since that mal-odourous bastard brought that hook into the room and got away with it! WE shall see. - Otherwise, we, the rest, laughed on into the night and by about 23h15... it was over, done, closed.



(BLACKNOTES)

05. December 2008

Monday, 1 December 2008:

109/78 10h54 Mid-Manhattan Library Too early to go to work. Too late to head to Brooklyn Central, Queens libraries open at 13h. I could use a nap! I got my cheque cashed and next week's MetroCard done. (I've even done my little "Budget" list for the interrogation tomorrow, to cover my "assets".) But waiting to get in here this morning I have to put up with... "Do you read the taylmood?" "They have one across the street." A guy named Daniel, claims to be a Texas Jew, sees me at the shelter and wants to talk! And I'm in no mood (or condition for that matter - this morning my bowels want to burst but can't. I'm wondering where the food I eat is going, where it is and why it's not coming through!) I'm, only sufficiently civil. It's all I've got lately. Fuk! I'm tired. Running down. It's December (Happy Birthday Dear Bette Midler!) and I want to be out on the ocean... DEAD! OK? OK then. - Meanwhile, it's 11h30 and I'm getting out of here. So big fukking bloody shit there! (Good way to close and entry. Yes?) - 22h22 George's been blasting his radio for the past 2 hours or so. Brindou left for about an hour. He's lying in his bed now, seething. He hates the radio! (I know because he told me, back when he had something to say to me.) I'm enjoying the fact that he's so miserable. Yes. I'm enjoying it. The radio is too loud. I'm not particularly fond of what's playing. But, it's pay-back. How lovely! - I got in at about 19h30. When I left the job, I hit 3 99cent stores by Lefferts looking for a cheap ledger book to record my spending (for tomorrow's interrogation). Not one! Came into The City. Went to Jack's on 31st. Nothing. D to 42nd. Jack's on 41st. Nothing! Staples on 42nd. Nothing under 8\$! I figure I spent 99cents on this journal, I'm NOT spending more on some book that I need only for the whores, bitches, sluts and shits in this bloody prison. So, I caught the 15 bus on 2nd. Tried RiteAid on 30th Street. Nothing. I came in ... starving. Low sugar. - 2 sandwiches: turkey and chicken with mustard, each. The food made a large difference. You see... tonight, for some reason, as I stood at the N.E. corner of 30th and 1st, I looked at this shelter and all I wanted, needed to do was vomit! Truly vomit! Today, it, the place and all it's realities, got to me! I'm disgusted with it and all it is and represents. But, a deep breath and it was past. - After a relatively brief wait through the "security" entrance and having to all but force my way on to the elevator, I was upstairs at the locker. Didn't bother to wash my hands... as I undressed, I slapped together my 2 sandwiches. The food made a little difference in mood. Just a little. - (Tue. 8h28) George was shit-faced when he came in at about 20h25. Rey said he'd been out only 2 hours. Tonight, at time to go to sleep, the booze did what booze will do and the mood went from manic to crash. It's actually a regular course for him. We talked about him, his place in Creation. I tried, again, to impress upon him that he takes life and existence all too seriously. I know what that's like and how silly it truly is. I don't like to see anybody suffer because of their existence. I might not be correct in my point of view or position on life but, the best I can do is make somebody else a little less burdened. I'm not. But hopefully they can be. It's unfortunate, but he's another one who won't help himself. I

do what I can. It's all I have. I don't like life... existence. Maybe somebody else's will be better... because I was... here... "was".

Tuesday, 2 December:

110/79 8h41 At 8h17 I arrived at the "Social Svcs." office to no list, no Ms.Simmons. I got a chair in the holding area (what "they" call, the "lounge") and journaled the remainder of last night. At 8h21, Ms.Simmons showed. And so, here I sit, appearing calm, letting her do what-ever she believes she needs to do to give herself importance and authority. Mr.Walker. is roaming the halls. Even the supervisory makes themselves appear to be "in potent" (important). And all the while, they only thing they maintain is their incompetence, their insignificance. If it wasn't so sad, it might be humourous. If they weren't so pathetic, it might merit some pity. But, they make themselves appear to be so terribly busy doing something that appears to be so terribly important and all they while, those of us who have watched this act over a period of time have come to know: they're impotent and incompetent. They serve no purpose other than to generate little blue folders of paper. It's what they do. It's what they are paid to do. That's the beginning, end and in-between of it all. And so, I sit, apparently calm, and wait until Ms.Simmons does what Miss Ms.Simmons does to give Ms.Simmons a sense of purpose in her other-wise useless existence. I am, only slightly amused... - 8h56 A trip down the hall. No list. Madame is sitting at her desk, staring at her computer monitor. It appears... important. - 9.06 The list is up. Missy's hour are "9-5". Charming. - Some shit-baby signed before me! It's the way of this hole: shit first... just like an arse-hole. WELL! WHAT A DAY IT ALL BECAME! - At about 9h30, Ms.Simmons called the guy ahead of me. He wasn't there so? Me! My turn! In I went to be greeted some-what kindly enough. It was Ms.Simmons and a new face. A 'White' face. Youngish woman. Ms.Simmons introduced me to her. She introduced herself as "Jaimie" First Name! Hmmm. I asked what her "position" is in all of this and she told me "Social Work Intern". Social Worker! Liz! Oh no! So I told her about Liz, her degree, her job currently. I wanted to settle the issue of where I stand with Social Workers. Then came the "business" and Ms.Simmons tells Jaimie "I think I'll give you this one." (meaning to pass me along to the intern. What? I'm a trinket?) We had to review my entire chart/file. Ms.Simmons does all on the computer and, of course, "all" was missing so we had to build my history. But all through MY appointment WE had to deal with interruptions: Code 3's, acronym explanations, policies, etc. Did I mind? Not at all. It actually showed me how much of their system I've learnt, and it showed Ms.Simmons how much (almost... never let them know "all") I know. Although she did put me wise to the "60 per-cent savings" account: It MUST be separate and used SOLELY for savings... no with-drawls! Well, this should prove to be some fun. I'm just hoping that I'll be able to open the account in 4-5 days. I don't want THEM handling MY money! Anyway, meanwhile... We all 3 had some good laughs about most of what goes on around the place. Ms.Simmons says she's going to push Medicaid ("You have COPD!" "Yes." "Are you on medication? Doctor's care? Have Medicaid?" "No." "You NEED Medicaid!") Says she wants to commence the "housing" part of my file. We'll see what she gets to actually "do". Especially if I'm handed-off to Jaimie. As the old tune went "But it's all, in the game..." - By 11h17 I was in the loo, with Kendall. I needed a smoke. I'd gotten my linens whilst waiting for my "call". So I went to the dorm, got me together, shoved the lines into my locker and tried to salvage the day. - All said: the morning went delightfully well. Let's see where Ms.Simmons and Jaime go from here. - 15 bus down to 14th St., walk to Union Square for the Q to Sheepshead Bay. 99cent shopping! It was chilly and damp out so I took my time browsing. Managed to get a book to track spending, calendar for '09, pencil sharpeners, soaps, air freshener. Necessities in existence. Then, I didn't know where to go/what to do. Back to the Q. On the trip back I decided to browse Pearl Paints artist supplies on Canal Street. Funny thing: when I came up to the street on Canal, I was on the "Uptown" side of the subway. It turned my sense of

direction all wrong! I've always come on the "Downtown" train! How programmed, ingrained it all becomes to us over time. But, again, a casual browse, got what I wanted and left. - As I started walking East for the bus, I decided to try calling Angel. What do you suppose? I'm all the way down on Bowery... He's up on 34th St.! We decided to meet on 3rd Av. at some point. He was walking. I grabbed the bus. I don't know how, but he managed to make it to 14th and 3rd in the time I took the bus to 24th and 3rd, bought a pack of cigarettes and walked to 30th and 3rd! I phoned him. We agreed I'd meet him on 14th. "What side of 3rd are you on?" I asked. "The left side." "East or West?" "I'm facing the traffic. it's going in... SHIT! It's going in both directions!" "Never mind." I'll find you when I get there." I walked this time. Well! The reunion at 14th was just spectacular! I was SO Happy to see Angel and opened my arms to hug him and did I ever get a hug in return! THIS, dear Creation, IS "FAMILY"! Neither "has" or "has not" in the common sense. But what we DO have is a mutual bond of survival and abandonment. Those who once claimed to care for and about us, those who professed some "love", those whom we loved or cared for or cared about simply dropped us into the Great Pool that is Creation and left us alone. We had nothing, no one and no where to go and ended-up in an in-human, and inhumane society of the public shelter system... where we have... each-other (those of us who are fortunate enough to find each-other). It was wonderful seeing him again. One of his first statements was "I miss you, man!" And that was a mutual sentiment. We are more than "friends". We're Comrades. We walked down to E.3rd and talked. He'd been walking all day, looking for work. (No easy tasks: walking in the cold looking for work in this economic void.) I wanted to make certain he ate. As it was before, when we were both at 30th Street, he wanted to make certain I ate. He invited me to come in to eat with him. I declined on the grounds that I had food in my locker. (I just didn't want the hassle of going through the machinations of metal detectors and security there AND back at 30th Street.) I waited inside the door for him and watched the routine of a different shelter. It appeared more civil to me. Less vulgarities (although Blacks will be Black and incapable of civil communication no matter what or where. A White woman chastised a Black for his repeated use of the word "fuk". He behaved as if she was insane. They just can't comprehend. Stupid bastards.) I talked with the "guard" about the differences between there and 30th St. After an hour, Angel returned. We trolled over to Washington Square Park to sit on a bench... on a cold December night... to talk. He's sad that I was alone on Thanksgiving and will be for Christmas. I told him how and why I'm better off away from family and friends. As I told him of my own history to homelessness, he told me he's still writing his own life's story, in spite of spelling troubles. But he understands why I feel better alone and, after a little encouragement from me, it seemed he felt a bit better about being by himself. Hey! I don't try to destroy other people's sentimentality. I only try to make it easier to live with. - He walked me to the bus stop on 1st, the bus arrived (too) quickly. A firm hug and the day was done. - On the bus ride back I wanted to cry: He has family! How fucking miserable of them to let him be in a shelter! Me? I'm so very fortunate: no "family" and no "friends... no "attachments" and no disappointments. I'm so very fortunate. - Back at 30th, it was the regular: The room smelled awful (the air freshening gadget can't compete with Brindou's odour!) George came in slightly drunk. He put on the radio. Brindou finally left (he hates the stations George puts on). I enjoyed the fact that Brindou was disturbed. Kendall came by to tell of Harry. We all talked about our concern for the old man in 20 (his room is still the way he left it!). Some talk about the need to get laid. Some laughs. Some bitching. A pretty good balance. Sign-in. Bed-check. The end of another day... a splendid day.

Wednesday, 3 December:

111/80 19h58 D18 I don't know how, but I slept last night! One (maybe two?) But I woke from a dream, yelling at Cyndi!

DREAM: Angel and I had come to attend a wedding that she was orchestrating We'd both been

invited. Angel came dressed in a suit. Cyndi disapproved of his clothing and attendance. So, as he came in, she snapped at me: "Look at him! Dressed like that! Is he coming to the wedding?!" I yelled at her "No you ass hole. He dressed like that because that's how we dress in the shelter!" (I woke myself saying "No you fucking ass-hole!") Rey heard "No" and "fukking..." something but he just figured I was dreaming. And so, the day began. - Mid-town library for another logged day. A bit of French look-up. Got a book on the history of "Canadian French" (due back Christmas Eve!) Off to work for a non-productive day of coffee and sweets. The clients are extending my 9 weeks! I can't go on like this working on 9 hours! I have to change it somehow. And, I will. - Came directly back to the shelter to do some wash: 2 t-shirts, 4 pairs of socks. - I'm exhausted. it's quiet in the dorm. Brindou and I. It had better be a good night's sleep! I've got travel plans and libraries tomorrow. The forecast is for rain. Of course it is!

Thursday, 4 December:

10h14 I am ensconced at the Bronx Central Library as I type this morning. I'm jumping ahead of myself in this journal here because the events at the shelter are coming too close to violence and I want this on-line in case... Nquoan Brindou is certainly not to be trusted and added to that this morning, some idiot came into the room, must have been about 2h or so, after knocking at the door and yelling "Bed check!". The fact is, he didn't come in to check the beds. He just knocked on the door and yelled. Rey got pissed and confronted him. The idiot actually had the balls to tell Rey to go "fuk his mother"! Well, I too, would have taken a real offence at this and certainly, Rey did. SO he pursued the matter and apparently, the situation came to threatening. I was only some-what half awake when I saw the moron come into the room to note Rey's bed number! This morning, when I got back to the dorm to dress to leave, I asked Rey about it. He said he was going out to meet the idiot and take care of the situation. The idiot actually told Rey "You won't be on this floor tomorrow night." (meaning tonight). - This whole situation is coming to the point where it looks like we have to start watching-out for our health and well-being in general. I'm not afraid of anything happening. I'm just cautious about the whole situation. There are some terribly disturbed people in this shelter and the administration does absolutely nothing about it. - Meanwhile, there are Africans wondering about, demanding money from people (the one in D19), taking the whole situation for granted, talking like foul-mouthed gutter trash and not one person does anything along the lines of stopping any of it. - The ceiling in the shower room (5W) has been leaking all night. This morning I had to clean the damned floor before taking a shower. There are people on staff who are getting paid to do this (the idiot "Bed check!" bastard for one) and who are leaving it all up to the residents. There's a policy that points out that we are not to be forced into working in the shelter. This is forced labour, no matter how you look at it. - All said today, this situation is teaching me to be less tolerant and less kind to a great many people. There are, and this is blatantly obvious, those who SHOULD be eliminated in order to bring the world to peace and harmony. There are those who SHOULD be gotten rid of in order to bring the world to a better stance. And those who SHOULD be eliminated are very obvious! - Meanwhile, I return to my logging my written journal from along the way. I'm only on 2008.09.09 this morning and there's much more to be done.

DECEMBER THURSDAY 4. 15h48 FAR ROCK LIBRARY. I'M TYPNG THE EVENTS OF THURSDAY, 11 SEPTEMBER (HAVING FINISHED WED. THIS MORNING...) WITH MUCH MENTION OF EVON AND AS I'M TYPING I HEAR "EXCUSE ME!" THE WOMAN BESIDE ME ASKS "ME?" AND NOTHING SAID. I LOOK UP AND WHO DO YOU SUPPOSE IS STANDING AT THE COMPUTER IN FRONT OF ME TO MY LEFT? EVON!

(*From written Journal)THU 4. 112/81 (Notes: Bedcheck. "Go fuk your mother" to Rey/H₂O mop

shower/The Bronx Central Library 9h-11h/Bklyn Central/Far Rock/Evon at FarRockaway Library/back at 18h/Wash/nap/Charlie "Oh good! You're alone"/Muscle "Foot fetish" On Fri. 5. 10h36 Far Rock) Somewhere around 2-2h30, one of the shelter's scenarios, showing what it is to be here: I'd been asleep (between breaks in sleeping) when the knock came and the voice yelled "Bed-check!"... but nobody came into the room to "check" anything. Next thing I hear is Rey, in the hall, talking about "working people" and asking why somebody, who has no authority to do bed-checks would knock and yell in the middle of the night. Somehow, I drifted back to sleep in spite of the screaming. (I suppose I'm either getting used to it or I'm just breaking-down from fatigue... no complete sleep.) Then, when we were actually up, about 7h30, Rey tells me that the response to his statements was a "security" guard telling him to "Go fuk your mother!" When he responded, the fat-arsed prick who started the incident came in to get Rey's bed number and told him "You won't be on this floor after tonight." - So this is how the day began. The most shameful part of it, as I think on it all is that it's so common-place that I almost have no interest in recording it. It's just one incident of abuse in a barrage of so many and all days have some. The exception is when somebody on staff treats or addresses any one of us with any respect, courtesy or dignity. Meanwhile, we're now faced with being concerned about retaliatory bull-shit taken by the lard-arse and his "security" moll. We, in 101, get along. Our immediate concern is Brindou. But we know what his story is. Nobody wants to have to deal with new bullshit. But, the administration has only one way to amuse itself or exercise its authority: move/displace/re-assign the residents... and they're quick to do that... often, for no apparent or logical reason. - Time will tell. - More? There's a leak in the ceiling over the toilet in the shower room. Last night, the entire floor was covered by about 2cm of water! I left it. Rey insisted that somebody would come to mop it. Nobody did... until I did! At 8h, or so, there I was, mop and bucket, doing somebody else's JOB, for which somebody ELSE is being paid! At wit's end am I? Yoo betcha! But, the floor was clean for morning shower. And I knew it. - Out the door, into the world. Away from the madness. Into the insanity. Away! - From 9-11h I logged the journal at The Bronx Central library. A quick stop at Associated on Kingsbridge, primarily for coffee. (2\$ cheaper than the Manhattan groceries!) and DuaneReade (cigarettes). On to the Woodlawn train to Nevins to the 2 train to Brooklyn Central. - New Brooklyn library cards are out and we've got until March to change over. But I need official something with address! So... We'll figure it. I don't want to and can't afford to lose ANY library privileges, especially now, being Homeless, and computer-less (and so thankful and bitter to my dear, sweet "friends" and "family" for this experience.) - From Brooklyn Central back on the trains. Another trip on the Franklin Av. shuttle. Oh! Hurray! (and shit), and off to Far Rockaway to continue logging. - Although I've taken the liberty of logging this "item" on 8539266 already, it's worth the mention here as well: I'd no sooner completed the entries mentioning my being into to Evon, back in the "Peninsula Days" and was somewhat lost in the memories associated when I hear "Excuse me!" I ignored it. The woman to my right responded "Me?". Nothing more was said but I caught, from the corner of my eye, her staring at me. I looked up and there, at the computer across and left... Steamfish! "It's good to see you, man!" he said, with a big smile. (If he only knew.) I finished my logging. I had a mission. We exchanged e-mail addresses. He asked if I still had all the information he'd given me when he left Peninsula. (I do) "Because you never know. Yunnuhstanwahmsayin?" He reeked of alcohol. Nothing's changed. Nothing's changed. - (D18 Sat. 10h55) I was back at the shelter by about 18h, a bit proud of the land I'd covered today and exhausted. But there was wash to be done, a nap to be taken. I did both. - At one point, Charlie came in, looked around and said "Oh good. you're alone." and made like he was going to close the door. Rape? Robbery? Murder? I just smiled. None of the possibilities would have changed much of anything, especially my out-look on everything. - Charlie drives me to nap with his machine-gun ramblings about everything and nothing, leaves. Next? "Muscles" comes in. "I never told you, but I have a foot fetish and I came down the hall and saw those (my feet) lookin' so good. I almost came in and took a big chomp out

o' them..." - Ah, the things that are said by those who have no clue. (Truth? I just couldn't stand either of them for any longer than I'm forced - by current situations - to deal with them. They're nice enough but enough's become too much. Especially CW. But...) - And so, wash done, quick eats, a shower, "Battery", sleep... or, what's come to pass as "sleep" these nights... NONE is ever uninterrupted.

Friday, 5 December:

113/82 (On Sat. 6 11.46) After an on/off night's sleep, up, shower, etc. and on the rails to "Home". And to the post office. NO CHEQUE! It's a small one, thanks to the Trett family, a client who became an "admit". But not getting a cheque is too much of a reminder of how this all got to be... this "Homelessness". It ripped at me... PHYSICALLY. It took my "all" to stop the physical pain: my joints, my cells. It was an awful pain. It was draining. If I didn't have anything I wanted to do, no place I had to be, I'd have dropped to the sidewalks or gone back to The Fort. It would truly have been debilitating, destructive. But I still have carfare through Monday on my card. I can still get to work. Ah, "work". Friggin "work". And no pay. I need to change that... soon... now... drastically! To the library. Another 2 pages logged and off to "work". - Non-productive. H. isn't making any progress, 2 more weeks of this. Mary's talking of extending it. I don't want to. I need more hours. I need to see improvement. I need money! None of that will come by staying there. - After work, I called Kristin. "I'll let you know when the last day comes." And no news of more hours. So? Back to the shelter... - I came right in, finished my "food" in the locker. Another Saturday of fasting! But THIS Saturday, I'm going to do what I want. Another attempt at "21st Century Jewry" in the plan. For tonight? Laundry! Catch-up. Sunday requires clean clothes. And so, the wash got done, I "ate". - Brindou's tchum came by. "I see you guys in here. You're all cool. You get along. Why you pick on this one?" (pointing to 16's bed). I made it abundantly clear: I pick on no one. We pick on no one. I mind my business, do what I must do for me and don't bother with other people's problems. I have no "sides". And it's true. All of it. I have neither need of nor use for enemies. Especially not in here. Tchum left. Charlie came by. Keith came by. Rey came back. Brindou came back. George came in, signed for his bed and left. People came. People left. - At one point, Charles and I were singing Gospel in the loo. Great acoustics. But I find that I have to truly make an effort to sing any more. I just don't have "music" in me. Dead...

Saturday, 6 December:

114/83 13h! Sometime after midnight, some fat-arsed Black bitch came down the hall shrieking "Bed-check!", clicked the lights on, came into the room and stood there, looking. Noted George's empty bed and walked out, put out the light and went on with her annoying shrieks. I'd refer to her as an arse-hole but that status is too high. Arse-holes are necessary and help with specific function. This moron is useless. - True to form and place, another night of broken sleep. But I'm getting better at falling back to sleep when the interruptions end. - This morning, 16 was on his phone at about 4h30. I couldn't make out what he was saying (French) but there was reference to "cutting". What? Who? I don't know. But I don't like it. And, at about 10h30, some "security" thing came to get him. A case-worker wanted to see him. No. I don't like any of this. - And so, I overslept until 8h! No synagogue. No post office. I cleaned my locker. Mopped the floor in my area. Charlie gave me 45cents for a cigarette. I've got 4,5 left! The radio is on. George is asleep. Rey's been reading the paper. I've completely cleaned edibles out of my locker. We're sharing the joy of sleeplessness with one who keeps us awake through the night: radio on, generally going through the day. I have a set of scrubs to wash and ALL my laundry (to speak of) is done. - The weather report is saying SNOW for tonight and tomorrow morning! Winter is coming. - 16h13 Showered! Laundry done. - CW's become a complete mooch. Cigarettes this morning. Mirror

now. Something. Always something. It wouldn't be so bad if he'd come to GIVE something. As it is, he's no different from those who got me here: take, ask, take... never offer, never give. I'm empty, damn it! - At the end, I finally got up, got out, got food. Over-priced, low fat cream cheese, yoghurt, butter-milk biscuits and a bag of "Dirty" chips from Louisiana. D'Ag. Now, my food stamps are low. Cash is low. The thing that pisses me off most? D'Ag has no selection of anything, it's miserably over-priced and everything is low fat! But, I ate today. And I got out of the building... for a change. I needed that the most.

Sunday, 7 December:

115/84 (On Tues) FLURRIES!!!! Nothing too much to notice... but FLURRIES!!!! SOME SNOW! The crispness of the air. Empty streets. Blustery winds. Winter's comin'! And I was up and showered, out the door and on the trains and up to The Bronx... at the Central library by about 9h30. On the rails, first thing in the morning. - The ride up Jerome is miserable. How the recent "residents" in that borough have managed to trash it! Paint! Paint! Paint! Tags. And just more pain all over. It's a slip-back to the 60's when the subway cars were covered. Today, the pandering and patronizing pricks in the boro government have made it a haven for their lowest-life vermin to breed and destroy. It all just reminds me of cancer cells, multiplying, unchecked, uncontrolled, destroying, disgusting and depressing. If my family had come to this country at this time I believe they would never have stayed. To think this place, The Bronx, the place I "lived", the place I've left and returned to, the place I'm so far from now was once the place I called "Home" and was the place I'd always gravitated to. Now? It's a place that disgusts me. My links, my ties, my "life" are all severed. Time to move on... Time to move along. - And so, I got my time on the computer. Logged another few pages. I was off and away to Rockaway. - Smooth trip! Woodlawn line to Nevins and out to The Junction. - The sky over the Fort was broken: cloudy, clear. The wind whipped at me, against me, around me! It was the Rockaway I'd known from the beginning. It was truly "Home". I saw Penelope's car in front of T6. No more jubilation. No more looking forward to seeing her. It's all changed lately. I'm detached from the "Alliance", from the people there. Somehow I'm above and beyond it... them. But, as I thought, my dues are paid through this month... I'm entitled to participation and a place to sit until the dues expire. It's a rather empty feeling. But it's what it is. I don't care and have no desire to change... especially not back to as it was. I didn't dump them or disregard them. I owe no apologies. Concurrently, I expect none. - The reception by Penelope was "typical"... the effort she made to be her glorious, jubilant self was so very transparent. She welcomed me, without leaving her chair, as boisterously as she would ANYBODY. She forgets that I'm fully aware of her pretences, put-ons, fabrications, lies. She's no more happy to see me than she'd be to greet her alleged "Nubian ancestors" and I know it. (*Note: Penelope had a DNA trace done at one point. She'd always taken great pride in claiming that she's 100 per cent pure Greek. However, when the trace showed that she was descended of "Nubians" she suddenly and sternly began to identify with Black people and became quite radical about it.*) But, I return the pleasantries of the moment. It's useless to be other-wise. - I "settle in" a bit. There's a cigarette butt in the ashtray on the table. I light a cigarette. "Be very careful who sees you smoking in here. They reported me and complained" she says. (OK Penelope. Kick one. Your point.) I continue my smoking and the front door opens. Tommy comes in, neither too happy nor disappointed to see me. Good greeting. He asks if I'll be at tomorrow's general meeting and holiday party. When I tell him I won't, he asks why. Rather than going into the curfew (again) I just blow the subject off. (Truth is: I don't feel a camaraderie there any more and have no particular interest in participating in some "do" I don't feel particularly welcomed at.) Tommy leaves. He's working over in T149. He comments that there's an "Access A Ride" outside the door. (I know who it is! I just KNOW!) I get up, go to the loo to finish my cigarette... in the bloody LOO! The door opens. Penelope whispers "Look who it is! Don't get caught with that (cigarette)!" Moron that she is, she

didn't know who it was... A fat thing hobbling with a "Rolator", over-bundled, walker over-packed. Albert Green! Yes! I KNEW it! Come to play his guitar! No escape. But I don't care any more. (Ah. What I've learnt about not caring, from my days at the shelter... for which HE is quite and mostly responsible.) Neither greetings nor acknowledgements of his existence from me so I don't know if any came from him. Not that it matters. HOWEVER, as I was preparing some hot tea water for Liz G. (with whom I enjoyed the day tremendously), lard-brain Green comes to the table beside me and says "So what battery are you living in?" (*referring to the rumour that I am Homeless and living rough in an abandoned military battery on the Fort... showing again, the compassion and concern of others*) Maintaining my own dignity, and simply for the sake of a reply so as to let the obese retard-in-breed know that I actually heard him I softly said "This one." And let it go at that. The sack lumbered away to the corner where it situated itself on its Rolator, preparing for what was the perfect demonstration of stupidity that only a Green of that species could carry off. - Dan G. tried a few songs on his guitar. A guest guitarists who sounded like some mixture of Leonard Cohen and Gordon Lightfoot attempted to entertain. Both songsters were soured by the horrific overly loud, terribly audible twangs and off-key plucking of the moronic imbecile behind them. It was an atrocity second only to any historic genocide of worldly proportions! Green obviously had his own agenda as not one string he plucked gave a tone in tune with anything else played. - Well, I still thoroughly enjoyed Liz G's company. We talked about writing, The Wave, politics (of Broad Channel), play on words, art, you-name-it. She's a fascinating and delightful person, and magnificent company. - Readings: 4 of us got our turns. I read 1 "Rockaway" piece and 3 gutsy "pissed" pieces including "On Monday" and the piece on "Presumption". I got my point across... even if it was missed. - Penelope had left at about 13h30 so, at 16h, Dan and we were expected to clean up. We "tidied". I was offered rides (to the bus). I declined. My association is diminishing. I want nothing from anyone "RAA". My "membership" has done nothing for my art. It was a year's membership to provide an education in what is NOT necessary. - So, as the sun rapidly took the day-light with it as it retreated somewhere out beyond Breezy Point and New Jersey, I boarded the Q35 to The junction to return to the Hotel Hell-hole. - As I recall this evening as I write (Wednesday the 10th at 19h39), it was a "typical" evening of stench from Brindou, George blasting KTU on the radio, Rey trying to nap, me grabbing something to eat, sign-in, bed-time. - But, all said? What a fucking day! - I've decided: The Greens are too active and participatory in the RAA and, considering I'm in this shelter because of them, primarily and likewise have lost my computer, CD's, files, books, clothes, etc. primarily because of them, I will NO LONGER support the organization with my dues but will use the premises as I need to when I'm in the Fort. Hey! I wanted non-affiliation in Rockaway anyway. There it is.

Monday, 8 December:

(As with some other days in this journal, details for this date were never written or recorded.)

Tuesday, 9 December:

16h11 right now, I'm at the FR Lib. It's been a DAY! I should be logging the written "Monogram" but so much is happening at this juncture that I can't... I have to get this down as it happens... - This morning, CW was back at his recent turn of affections. I was miserable tired, having gotten not nearly enough sleep last night and really wanting to turn back and go to sleep. But I was supposed to have an appointment with Ms. Simmons (my CaseWorker) at 9h so I had no choice but to wake. And so, coffee taken, and no BM at the crapper, I headed for the shower. Brindou somehow beat me to that and so, I had to wait... in the loo, with CW. - At a while, Brindou leaves the shower and I head in... and so does CW! BUT, it was after the shower when "IT" all hit... the affection turned physical. He was "obviously" sincere about the gestures and the touching. I could

see it under his towel. (I hoped he couldn't see my "appreciation" under my towel, but I was in a position not to really care at this point.) He kept asking me if I understood that he has "issues" and reassuring me that if I felt uncomfortable with the situation, I should tell him and he'd stop. I just said "I'll be thinking about it." - I got to the dorm, changed and headed for the "lounge" to wait for Ms. Simmons. Well, an hour passed and still no sign of Ms. Simmons but Jaimie was there, at Ms. Simmons' desk so I signed (when the list finally went up on the wall, at some point after 9h) her list and waited longer. - It finally got to be after 10h. I have things to be done and there was no sign of Jaimie or Ms. Simmons. I went to the door where some old guy told me that Ms. Simmons wasn't coming in and that nobody was taking her cases today. (Thankfully, my "Meal Ticket" is good through next Tuesday so I don't really NEED them at all... A good feeling...) I went back to the dorm to get ready to leave. CW showed at the door... waiting for me. I talked a little to Rey who commented the truth (as he and I see it so far): CW appears to be a very little child caught in a very large body. To me? CW is, as he puts it, lonely and vulnerable and probably coming off some kind of long-term high from who-knows-what. (I keep this in my mind at all times. It's not that I don't trust him... it's just that I don't trust him... and why should I? He's on parole. He has appointments with his P.O. (*Parole Officer*) I don't know what the particulars are and I certainly don't see him as a "Relationship"... although a "Release" would be just great at this point. Still...) So CW waited and walked me across to 30th St. and Madison Av. and we talked. He says he'd had the one fling with the mother of his daughter. He's 50 and the daughter is in her late 20's as I recall. He says he doesn't know exactly why he "chose" me, but he just felt a "magic moment" and a "sparkle"... and he trusts me (that I won't discuss our talks with anybody else). He acknowledged that the shelter is no place to conduct anything toward anything further but that there may present some situation or circumstance where we might be able to at least sit, get affectionate and he's looking forward to that. (Well, truth be told, me too.) He talked about getting a single dorm and we could spend some time together. - OK. Facts here... I don't trust him. I know he's hardened by life and turns. I know he's capable of some pretty petty and hard actions (he felt no remorse about taking some guy's cell and using it as his own and I'm sure it would go further... even to things of mine). I also believe that he's probably thinking of what HE can garner, financially or otherwise, by a liaison with me of any kind. I believe that most of them in the shelter think that I have resources and that I have the capability of busting out at any moment. I believe they all think that there's some financial benefit afforded me some-where. And I believe that CW believes that too. Ah... if they only knew how stupid those presumptions are. Meanwhile... I gave CW a hug in front of Levine's bookstore on 30th and I went in, and he walked east. - Now for some GREAT NEWS! I HAVE MY SIDDUR (*prayer book*) BACK! Levine's had it, soft-cover (as I discovered last night) and so, today, I bought one. Why? Because I feel a little closer to "whole" with it. I feel a little closer to "value" with it. And I'm happy with it. The purchase left me with only 10\$ to my name until next pay. But I feel that it was one of my greatest investments in ME! and my life. Today, I'm one step closer to getting back to my life the way I want it. - Siddur in back-pack, off to Brighton to the beach for a stroll and a good mind-clearing. Then, to the library where I got my "new" Brooklyn library card. I'm "official" there again. No loss. - Got a 30 minute session on the computer and back on the train to here where, as I walk in the door, who do I see? "Steamfish"! Drunk, as usual. He's telling me that I'm his "bro" and that I'm a good friend. He's glad to see me. He brought up the incident with the attempted murder (from our Peninsula Days). He tells me that Brian's wife stabbed him badly but that he doesn't know where he is. Alas. And he's pushing this book "The Secret Servant" by Daniel Silva again (as he did the last time). As I waited for the computer here, he had me all over the place, so I had to wait a bit longer for the computer. - As I'm waiting, a Jewish guy comes up, strikes up a conversation, tells me he wants to start a book club of sorts here in the FarRockaway Library and would like to have me join. Says I strike him as "Post yehsiva". Well, the nice lady at Levine's and I got along swimmingly (she, Orthodox and appreciative of the Conservatives). - So that's the

day. I'll probably note more in the written journal and post it here. But I had to get this part done before it disappeared. (And... just in case something should happen to me in the event of C.?) - (On Wed.10.12 9h07 Mid-Manhattan Library) When I got back to the shelter, there was a queue, of course. But it went rather quickly and I was glad for that because my Food Stamps had been posted and I did some shopping at Associated (Far Rock). FOOD! I thought I would have to go with-out. Anyway, I made it through with no trouble and as I climbed the stairs to the 5th floor, I passed Brindou. He was dressed in a jacket and slacks, carrying a bag. When I got to the dorm, George had the radio blasting! He was in rare form... He'd managed to have Brindou re-assigned to some other bed on the 4th floor! Well! There was some elation but, as is usual for the lesser of brains, they never thought about what might come along to occupy the bed. Sure enough, a 60 y/o White guy comes in and proceeds to tell of his quad by-pass and show the scars. Rich (name) asks me if I mind classical music played low. Of course I don't mind... played softly. He has a radio. He gets together as much as he can and settles in with radio playing softly. This displeases Rey (of course). "Are we going to have to listen to opera all night now?" OPERA? OK. No class. No sense. No brains. I point out that it beats having to listen to that KTU bull-shit all night and that it's NOT "opera", it's "classical" and he should know better. I lost it, I have to admit. I went into a small tirade on how the working class in the shelter are paying taxes which pay for the shelter while the others, who won't work and pay taxes "Ride the Jew". I think I got my point across. I went for a smoke... I came back... I was exhausted. I tried for some sleep... hoping for some sleep... It was NOT to happen...

Wednesday, 10 December:

118/87: 9h13 Mid-Manhattan Library - It wasn't much past midnight when Useless George came in, drunk, as is common. Bang. Bang. The locker opens. Crumble. Snap. Crinkle. He opens some sort of package. Mumble. Mumble. Mumble. He and Rey are discussing the music playing. It disturbs Rey. Too fucking bad, eh? I'm hearing it ever so softly until... Useless George goes to sleep, at long last, and then it begins!!!! SNORING!!!! Just like before! ALL BLOODY NIGHT! FROM 2h46 THROUGH UNTIL, IN COMPLETE EXHAUSTION, I PASSED OUT TO SLEEP... UNTIL 6h15 WHEN MY ALARM WENT OFF!!!! NO FRIGGIN SLEEP ALL NIGHT AGAIN! The useless, the jobless, the effortless, the worthless get to rest and the working-class suffer. So, as I type this, I'm miserable. I'm tired. My head throbs. I could fall asleep right in the midst of this typing. These are the times that remind that we MUST get out of this dump! - BUT, on a much better note... This morning CW waited for me to shower. Before and after we got to begin our exploration of potentials. A little nip-to-mouth ("Oh yeah, you know how to do it...") and a little fondling and a setting-straight of "uncharted territory" which was respected. It ended with a tongue kiss. Can you imagine? Something I'd only thought about and never thought it could really happen? Well, well, well... Too bad it couldn't be completed. - So here I am, ready to kill something and the whole day is ahead of me. I'll be off to Lefferts when I leave here and then to work. Tonight? Sleeping aid! Early. I have to eat something too. Let's see. I don't dare to hope. - 19h46 Just waiting to sign for the bed. 2 sandwiches, 2 PopTarts. Orange drink. Washed 3 pairs of socks. Talking with/to no one. I'm exhausted! I just hope these new "Rest Simply" tablets make me do just that. ALL night. - CW dropped by for a brief moment earlier. What I wouldn't give for the opportunity to jump his bones tonight, thoroughly exhaust myself, wrap me around him and go to sleep! I've given the situation between us much thought during the day: Relationship? No. But physical? Oh yeah! - On that, I could use a smoke. Let's see how THIS night can become yet another fuk-up. (Hey! I wonder if my "Ride the Jew" comment offended anybody. As if I care a crap. Truth: I don't volunteer my taxes, they're ripped from me. I WORK to pay them. They in turn, pay into the pot that pays to provide this shelter. Those who don't work, benefit on the backs of us who DO. Fuk that!) - Oh. Note. I nodded right off at the client's today! Shit! - 10h16 A

little something for the Journal. Every week-night, round-about 20h, the (a)cleaning crew comes round, pretending to "clean" the loo. Between 5 and 7 Black men (tonight, a young woman accompanied... Why? In a MEN'S shelter) come with buckets, spend between 3 and 10 minutes yelling, laughing, banging in the loo and they leave. These are the "Wildcats". They're paid for and are expected to clean these loos. Truth of the matter is: If we didn't have Rich, no cleaning would ever get done. Rick's "purpose", it seems, is to clean. He told me once: "I didn't grow up in dirt. I'm not going to live in dirt." Even in a public shelter, there are remnants of dignity. - So tonight, I've eaten, washed my socks, taken my 99cent sleep aids.. Tonight, I hope for sleep. - CW has disappeared for the night. George I wonder. Was I not enough? Too much? Ah well... - (Thu. 10h The Bronx Central Library) At 23h46 I was still awake, lying in bed in a sweat. George was reading his paper by the light from the hall, Rey was quiet, Rich (Brindou's replacement) had awakened and was rattling plastic, banging about in his locker. Out in the hall, the niggers (and there's no endearment in that term!) (*Note: There were many of us who had taken to addressing each-other by the term, and, as I learned, it had many connotations; the term of camaraderie as well as, indeed, that is how we were treated more often than not.*) were yelling, cussing and complaining. I laid in the bed, silent, trying to figure where I could go, on a rainy night, to get sleep. Trains? Parks? Beaches? the Fort? As I pondered, I dozed off. I'd taken the sleep aid at about 21h. 3 hours later? Still awake! And pissed.

Thursday, 11 December:

119/88 10h10 The Bronx Central Library: Bowels bad today! But I made the best of what I had of a day of rain. Out of the shelter and to The Bronx Central library from 9h30 to 11h! Logging the journal. Then, out to Brooklyn Central for another 30 (or so, or less) minutes. Out to the rain again and another 2 to the Shuttle to the A to Far Rock Library. yet, another hour of logging. - In between all of this? As I stood waiting for the Bx9, Kristin called to give me a client... right around the corner from the client I've been working with! Another 3-hour day, but I was glad to have it so close to the one I already had! Of course, things being what they are, by the time I got to the A from Far Rock, it was cancelled! Back to the 9 hours per week I already have. The doors keep closing, the windows keep opening and I keep getting shoved out of them. (And I'm writing this on Fri., 12.12 at 19h23) So? As always, I plod along. But, much logging was accomplished. I take comfort in that. - As the rains subsided tonight, so too, the temperature. Winter is trying its best to conquer. Thank you Angel, for the jacket! - It appears I'm on some sort of shit-list in the room. I get a silence or, when I speak, blunt replies. Too bloody bad... for them. No doubt it has something to do with my "those who don't work" comment. Fact is, there's no reason why George and Rey don't work, aside from being leeches on society. The way I see it now: I'm working, paying taxes that pay into this "shelter system". All I get from this "system" is a place to lay down at night (not necessarily to sleep) and a place to shower. I ask for no more. I receive no more. Meanwhile, they eat, sleep, drink, clothe, get fresh linens regularly... FREE AND CLEAR! Riding on my tax dollars. Fuk them! - When I got in, and through to almost 23h, George had his radio blaring. I don't even get "calm" after a day of being on the move. So? Fuk them! The day will come... My day will come. - Kendall's talking about leaving here tomorrow. "They" found him a studio in Crown Hts. His departure will leave a very large, very noticeable void in the every day life around here. He left his phone number. I'll try to keep in touch. - Got to see and talk with CW this evening. He said he made himself scarce because he wasn't feeling well and didn't want me to see him that way. In the conversation, he mentioned something about clothes. When I said I too need good clothes, he spoke on going to the bars, hooking up with somebody for a night and acquiring necessities that way. OK. It runs through my mind and at moments, I actually feel almost entitled, considering the ways I've been through. But, but, butt... I'm always thinking: he's into me for something... more than the companionship. So, that's fine. I'm not into it for "Love"

of any kind. And if I'm wrong about it all? Well... I'm wrong. That's all there is to it. - At about 20h I took 2 sleep aids. The night didn't close until past 23h. I put my head on the pillow and with great difficulty, drifted off...

Friday, 12 December:

120Homeless(about four months!)/89Shelter(GOING FOR 3 MONTHS!) 19h59 I am SO BLOODY EXHAUSTED! When I got in from the day, the only thing available to eat: 2 rolls and some orange drink. I wolfed that down even before getting out of my scrubs! Then, changed into blue scrubs, got water, wash some socks and under-wear, hang the wash, grab a smoke. My eyes are burning. I'm EXHAUSTED! - Ah, the day... Beginning with something around 3h this morning, Rich (16) starts moaning in his sleep! Next thing, he's in this locker, banging shit about and dropping more on the floor. I don't know when it finally stopped but it went on for a while. Me? I finally drifted back off to sleep. - The alarm went off at 6h15. I woke at 6h45. Morning smoke, tiny dump, brush teeth, hot shower, dress and bolt! Plans were: PO, Lefferts library, work, cash cheque, the Hotel Hell-hole. Plans were blown to bits! - I took my normal route to Broadway junction but this morning, out of curiosity (and believing I had the time) I stayed on the L to the end... Canarsie. And in Canarsie, the real day began: 8h43, Kristin. Do I want a morning client? Well, YES! ANOTHER 3-HOUR X 2 DAY! Howard Beach. OK. Fine. 6 hours more is 6 hours more. Time? 9-12! OK. I'm on my way... AFTER the post office. Back on the L to Broadway Junction to the A train to the Shuttle to RockPark P.O. and NO CHEQUE! 6 cigarettes and NO CHEQUE! AND ONE DOLLAR to my name. Oh well. Nothing could be done about it. To the Q21 to H.B. - It was just past 11h when I arrived at the new client's. Ah-hah! No Care Plan. No Nurse. No nobody. No anybody! Husband and wife. Out of "position", I spoke with the wife, did an assessment, told her of her rights and potential increase of hours and coverage. As I'm "engaged" in some Home "Care" (to put it delicately), the Nurse arrives! I continue... with MY duties whilst Mrs. and Nurse discuss in further detail, the items I'd mentioned. Results? 4 hours x 5 days! BINGO! 20 HOURS MORE PER WEEK! Next week: 29 HOURS! (I'd phoned my other client before getting to the new pt. and Mary said not to come at 14h today. THAT WAS another "gift" of the day. If she'd wanted me to come, I'd have been working until 18h30 or so and not had accomplished...) At 14h30 I clocked out. Kristen had called to confirm M-F, 8h30-12h30! Everybody's happy BUT as I clocked out, Mr. Guadagno took a dump. I worked an extra hour. But too, Mrs. sent a neighbour out for coffee and she paid my coffee AND a toasted bagel with cream cheese. So? So. I left at about 15h15 for the Q21 back to The Rock. At the post office (at about 16h) THE CHEQUE! Elated, I got the train to The City. - My god! The sun-set was truly magnificent! Not the red-orange but brilliant white, gleaming on the bay! Breath-taking! (Homesickness grabbed my chest.) - Back at the Hell of Manhattan, changed the cheque, walked to Hotel hell-hole, got a pack of cigarettes, came in. Nobody at check-point. Fujardo ("security") was actually pleasant (full moon tonight). - Got into the room and ate my rolls, changed, did my wash. - When I came back from the wash at 19h23, the stench was just putrid! Rey seems to believe that his little game of flatulence is acceptable. Well, perhaps in his little island home "his people" enjoy inhaling the odour of each-others' bowels. Perhaps they all agree with it. If so, he should return. Meanwhile, I wonder if it's not some act of aggression against me. If so, not much of a problem. I'm hoping to request a room with "Working Class" people at my next meeting with a case worker (tomorrow morning). I need sleep! I don't need children. - Enough of that. At 20h30 I took my sleep aid. (It's 21h35 now). - At 21h20, "Ripley" came by to inform Rey that Brindou is on the floor. - Kendall is getting his hair cut in the hall. "Muscles" is doing it. Kendall's looking quite "clean". - No George. No Rich. Peace... for the moment. I've faith that they'll both be back to ruin a night's sleep. Rich is about somewhere. He's signed for his bed. George? I'm fed up with the shit he pulls all night, disturbs sleep and lays in bed all day! I'm just fed-up with most

of this shit. - But, it's time to read the Wave and try for a nap tonight. - Hey. No sign of CW He went out (or so he said he would) at 23h30 last night. - I almost forgot: A letter from Chex System arrived today... MY NAME'S CLEAR! MCU HERE I COME!!!!

Saturday, 13 December:

121/90 10h39 Almost unbelievable! A night's sleep last night! Up at 8h40. Rested! A brief shower. Very brief. CW and a quick lick of "spice" this time. A quick encounter with Ms.Simmons about Tuesday. Clear skies. Very brisk day. Now? Out and wing it. - *NOTE ABOVE. MEETING WITH Ms.Simmons* - "Winging" consisted of getting on the train to Parkchester Library to find Ginette. I was really looking forward to seeing her today. But, when I asked the charming moron at the desk for her, Ms. Moron snapped "She don't work here anymore." Well, what did I expect? I was being "Revolutionary" by being out and about on Shabbat, wearing my kippa. Zap! I got it. Still, I wasn't destroyed. I simply headed back to the train. Called Ginette and left a message. I hope she's OK. I hope she's got a warm home, a way to pay her rent and food. I care. - Whilst on the train, I decided to hit the Midtown Library just to do a bit of research on "Speech Therapy" and post-stroke therapy for Mr. Guadagno the new patient. 6 books later, and not much info, it was 16h25 and I was walking to D'Ag's for cream cheese, yoghurt, V8 and cookies (meal-time). It was cool, not too cold. Great walking weather. I enjoyed it. Until... - It all came to being back at the Hotel Hell-hole. 17h20 or so, the door to the room was open, lights were out. I flipped the light switch... the 3 of them, fast asleep! Fuk! Not one of them works. George had been out all night and now, here it is, sleeping? I left the light on, came in, opened my locker, prepared my sandwiches and ate. (I finished the whole bottle of V8 too.) - Washed 2 T-shirts, pillow case and towel and, as I was beginning to settle down? BM! Emergency! One of these "clean-outs". It's uncomfortable but I'm happy when I get one where I can just "go". - And so, CW came into the loo. He'd been sleeping too. He's bummed because he's got no money these days. I'd give him some (carfare) but he managed to go out the other night. These guys are interesting: Never have money but can always manage to get enough to get drunk or high. Meanwhile, I'm working and can afford carfare, a pack of cigarettes and not much else. I've learned one thing though: I DON'T HAVE SO I CAN'T GIVE anymore. Period. - And now, at 19h55, I'm on the bed, stomach grumbling. Rey is fumbling about, Rich left a few moments ago, George is laying in his bed. It's relatively quiet, so far. And I'm anxious about tomorrow night and sleep. Ever since the days of the Cow, sleep has been important... and rare. - I wonder if my emphysema will grow to lung cancer. I wonder if it will take me down in about 2 years. - When I came in this evening, I had a nice chat with Vivian, the Greek guard. She's a piece of work. I like her. - I could use a nap until sign-in. I wonder if I'll be afforded that luxury. Or is it reserved for the non-employed? - No nap. 20h42. Signed. Stomach still churning. The unemployed are here... and awake... of course. The hall is a-buzz. They do nothing all day, all week and then do their best to keep the rest of us down. Ah, the life. So I took my sleep aid and will try to try for some sleep during the night. Will it happen? I doubt it... I always doubt it. Hopefully this won't be much longer. And, as I've said (written) in the past... I have my "Option" and 8 days to Winter! Ah... the beach... and Winter.

Sunday, 14 December: 122/91

After a night of limited sleep, I got up, bolted for the door, out to the street. A chilly Sunday morning in The City. How I've come to hate being here. But by 13h, I was out on the grass of the Fort... and no Penelope! Oddly, I was a bit happy about that. As I walked across the Parade Field it came to me: My membership expires at the end of the month and I have no intention of renewing. It's done me do good, being a "member". No exhibits. No "promotions". The 25\$ would be better spent on a weekly MetroCard or the phone. I'd been so happy when I joined RAA

a year ago. I still don't know why it never got posted to their books when I gave the application and cash to Penelope but, it won't happen again. - In T6, Janet and 2 women (sitters) were there. I took my pencil sketches to the "library" and sprayed them with some fixative. Sadly, it was too late. They'd smudged. But they're still OK. Janet asked me when I was going to exhibit. I felt like telling her the truth: when the board members take the elitist stick out of their arses and face the reality that 25\$ is a hardship for the "common artist". But, as is my general belief... it's not worth the effort of saying. I let it blow over. - Geoff came in... Haircut! Imagine. Told that Penelope has strep throat. Mentioned something about calling her. Right. Just as much as she called me during my 3 weeks in Peninsula. As is said in Montreal: "Fukdat!" What a new me. - Speaking with the 2 other women I learnt that one was raised in Tel Aviv! She told of the old Ramat Aviv (open, open spaces) and how all is built up now. Herzeliyah, Netanya... high-rises, Israel has become "American". How very, very sad. - The day went to evening. The Writers' Group met. I didn't read. Martha K. did. An old piece about food washing up on the beaches of Breezy... something I've now heard for the 3rd, maybe 4th time. When Dan suggested "Spoken Word" events at openings and receptions, Martha shot the idea to death, favouring the RAA! A Breezy retard elitist. What a crock of shit! And me? I'm "Rockaway" enough to resent it. Well? Yet another reason to keep my "dues" to myself. Nepotistic in-breeds. My original intention of going to Rockaway was to get away. I'll go back, and stay away from the rest. But that month of "living" and "residing" in The Fort gives ME the "upmanship" that the rest don't and never will have. The Fort will always be "home" to me... without them. - And so, at 18h30, as I walked out toward the bus, waves crashing against the beach off in the dark, the Fort really was "Home". - Q35 to The Junction. On to a Nr.2 train and suddenly... As the doors were closing I HAD to jump! My bowels were about to give way! Up the stairs, down the street, into Target. JUST IN TIME! The fatigue and stress are taking a toll on me. Malnutrition too. Got to the toilet and was afraid I'd never be able to leave! Painful. Bloating. Pressure. About 20 minutes, unable to get up. Little by little I'm falling apart. Little by little. - Finally, back to the train, tried to nap, tried to hold my bowels. - By somewhere around 20h I was back to the miserable reality of the Hell-hole, needing sleep... I tried. I took 2 of the sleep aids I'd bought this morning at the 99cent Limit (Yes, that right! I'd gone there before going to the Fort! - I'm journaling this on Tues. at 21h51. - I'd gotten soap, sandpaper - for my feet - a pkg. of cookies to eat. Then took the B36 and Q35. How could I have forgotten? How? I'm EXHAUSTED! - Meanwhile, the 3 shit-heads of 5W-101 managed everything possible to keep me from sleep!

Monday, 15 December:

123/92 IF I got 3 hours' sleep all night it was a lot.. 15 and 17 chatting. 15 SNORING on into the night. 16 moaning, tossing, In and out of the locker. Snore. Click. Clack. Bang. ALL BLOODY NIGHT! When my alarm went off at 4h51 I could barely sit up in bed! George won't work. Rich can't work. Rey doesn't work. None of them seem to WANT to work. And so, their nights go on and on and in complete selfishness. A group of utter waste! This place is another attack, attempt to kill me off! And what a lesson on the failure of humanity. Worthless. The lot. - But I managed my morning and was on the 6 train buy 7h06. I clocked-in at exactly 8h30! at the new patient's. Anthony was glad to see me. Ida was relieved. It was a "heavy" day of work. My heart throbbed and my eyes burned. Miserable misery! But I made it thought. - When I left Howard Beach it was terribly warm. I was glad that Mary cancelled today. I was sweating... from the warmth of the day, my jacket and fatigue! I looked forward to getting to bed... BUT... somewhere along the line I decided to try to open an account at MCU whilst I had the opportunity. So, at Broadway Junction I grabbed a J train to Chambers St. and in I went. Well. Journal news for today: CHEQUE AND SAVE AT MCU! It took some time but IT'S done! I'm relieved! Truly relieved. Of course, now I wait for the US Government to grab the accounts too. There's always that albatross around my

neck. But for now, for the while, let's see. - Train to 23rd. Quick food at Morton Williams on 23rd. Walked up to the shit-hole. Ate. Ate. Ate. - Of course, I wanted to sign-in at 20h30 and go to sleep but the Useless wouldn't permit that... At 23h George decided to stroll in and bang about in his locker. And the rest of the vermin in the halls decided it was "Chit Chat" time. ANOTHER BLOODY FUKKING NIGHT OF NO SLEEP! So, I put into the journal, the basic Truth and Fact: The butt-holes who are employed here will insist that residents must find work to re-establish their independence and lives. BUT, THE ENTIRE SYSTEM IS RUN TO THWART ALL EFFORTS AND ATTEMPTS BY PLACING THE WORTHLESS WITH THE WORKING SO THAT THE WORKING CAN'T POSSIBLY HOLD A JOB! I AM BURNING WITH HATRED FOR ALL OF THIS AND BITTER TOWARD THE REST OF THE WORLD! WHY I SURVIVE I DO NOT KNOW! BUT I DO KNOW THAT I'M SLOWLY MOVING FROM BEING HATEFUL TO BEING "HATE"!

Tuesday, 16 December:

124/93 SNOW!!! SNOW!!! SNOW!!! (and, at 22h25, George is reading his fucking paper, Rich is fucking about his fucking locker, Rey is on his fucking phone, the fucking light is on and I'm going to have to fucking try for fucking sleep A-FUKKING-GAIN! TO-FUKKING-NIGHT! (Margin notes: 21h59 George eats. Rey on Phone. Rich just in, in locker! - Sec: bag on belt Other sec. Tell him to shut the fuk up. Ms.Simmons at 14h45)

Wednesday, 17 December:

125/94 Up at 5h51. No BM. Run to trains. Arrived morning pt. late x 15mins. Good morning. - late to PM pt. x 1/2hr. nothing's changed there. No progress. I can't really care since the family doesn't. I just don't have what it takes to care anymore. I'm exhausted! Not enough sleep. Not enough to eat. - Too much coffee at T's though. Nauseous en route to the shelter. Took L to 1st and M15 to 23. Chicken nibblets, hot dog rolls and Fage at Morton Wm's on 23rd. Walked to 29th. - When I got in, Rey and George spoke this evening! Both talked about being depressed... generally because of the shelter. Rey claims that George is looking for work. Well maybe but one wouldn't know by the hours he (and Rey) stay awake until with the lights on! This morning, somebody put the light off at about 1h! Tonight AGAIN, after 24h! THIS is kill me! Work, travel, no sleep. The whole system is an insulting farce.

Thursday, 18 December:

126/95 11h46 at Guadagno's. He was rather abusive. Mrs. took some time away. I sat, in silence with him for a bit over an hour. Of all the days! I'm exhausted! Not being able to sleep is killing me! Killing me. - Mrs. Returned. Calmer. She'd gone to church. Escape. How nice for her. Me? I haven't been to services in months! No time. No energy. No synagogue. - This morning I got here at 8h23. Transport is tragic. Undependable. I was sick. I was tired. My bowels are painful. - When Tony went off and Mrs. left, I contacted Danielle.RN. The violent out-bursts are "typical". More to follow? No doubt. But I have to hold this case! I need the income! - I left at about 12h40 and Mrs. wanted me to help her hoist Mr. up in the chair! Always "more time". Trett does the same thing. But I squelched Guadagno and am doing the same with Trett. No more! No more extra time! No more "freebies". - Grabbed the Q21. At the P.O. the box rent comes due on the 31st. ANOTHER 43\$! Fare hikes. More taxes. No pay rise. It's getting to me. There's no sense in any of it. I'm working. I'm dying. My clothes need to be washed. - Waldbaum's. The quiet of the store was so welcome. The prices have increased! More taken from my pay! I was hungry. Tired. I got meats, rolls, donuts, Little Debbie Bavarian Crème rolls, yoghurt. To the shuttle back to The

City. The L is running slowly! I'd eaten the 6 Little Debbie's. Too much sugar. No sleep. No rest. - I thought I'd nap, do a wash, go to the library. I ate and was asleep by 16h or so. - Woke just past 20h. Filed my nails. Signed-in. Had a smoke. - 22h01 Took my sleep aids. The lights are on. George is asleep, dressed. Rey is on the phone, slamming the window screen. 16 (Rich) isn't in YET! C's been bugging me about not seeing me in the morning. You know? I don't care. - Weather forecast for tomorrow is rain. Clouds, Saturday. Snow, Sunday. - All I'm hoping for now is to pass out cold and deep and all night. The phone is charging. Alarms set for the morning. I'm hungry. Sleepy. There's a new idiot on the floor: screeching in the halls. These idiots yell the length of the halls all into the night. - Tonight? NO NOISE PLEASE! I'm exhausted. I need sleep. Leave me alone and let me sleep!

Friday, 19 December:

127/96 (Margin notes: Barbara, Debra, Dennis!!!! 17h19 Rich tells me Ms. Simmons is looking for me. Socks, T-shirts washed) 10h18 at G's again. Mrs. is out to "get us kawfee." Mr. is at table. I'm in a LOT of lower back pain and in no mood to even chat. BUT THERE'S A FLURRY! THE PAPER FORECAST SAYS 3-5 INCHES DUE TODAY! I just wish I could enjoy it. But last night I slept through right up until just before the alarm. I'd taken the sleep aid on time I suppose. By my hand-writing for yesterday I appears I was groggy. So, sleep was had for one night. - Today, in the elements, I'm hoping to make the P.O. and T. all on time. Hope. Ah, fuk me now. No sense in not trying. - If only I could move my bowels regularly again. I'm in more pain that I care to tell. - Left in great time this morning. No stress. - CW is upset because we don't meet in the morning before I leave. Me? I'm happy. I have no time... no time. - 18h29 D18 IT SNOWED!!!! I made it out of G's by 12h30. Mary T. phoned to say that, if I couldn't make it to them, I shouldn't worry about it. I thought I'd try to get to the P.O. and there but told her I'd try to see how it went. Well... Walked up to 157th Av. for the Q53. The snow was coming steadily. I ducked into a recess for some little bit of protection. A guy ducked into the recess immediately beside and lit a cigarette. "The smoke's not blowing in your face?" I smiled and said "Don' worry about it." (I heard my own 'merican English. It wasn't impressive... But it was appropriate... to "Howid Beach" anyway.) "Thank you." he replied. The bus arrived in short order. The crossing of the bay was great! Snow and clouds and the bridge. Broad Channel was a little holiday card: snow all round. Rockaway was a heart-ache. SO BEAUTIFUL! In a decent world, in a compassionate world, I would have been headed "Home", to a hot lunch, big blanket, music, water-colour, rest, peace. But those worlds don't exist, so I was rushing through the place I call "Home" and am being kept away from. At 92nd, I looked up in a rather empty bus, to see BARBARA! A FACE OF HOME!!! She said she'd seen me get on the bus but couldn't catch my eye. We talked about the weather. She told me there are rooms available in her house... "view of a brick wall, 4 feet away..." I asked "Waterproof?" She laughed. "Yes. Waterproof." (Good time to "Home-hunt" now.) No tourists or seasonals! I thought.) We rode to the end of the line. She was going for some lunch. "It's awfully good to see you." She said. And in the sleet, we parted ways. It was 13h11 already. I headed to the P.O. - As I walked in the door, there, queued for the service window... DEBRA!!! A hug. A kiss. Edlyne screwed her out of 12 hours pay! Bellanton is STILL getting away with her incompetence and bull-shit games! Debra has to make the rent up somehow because of this shit. How familiar! How I wish there was something I could do to make Edlyne Bellanton pay for her bull-shit. How I do hope and pray that she suffers homelessness and severe hunger, for many years to come. Not just for me, but for each and every person she's screwed with. - It was just so beautiful, seeing Debra. And to add to the delight of this Wint'ry day: pay-cheque of 9 hours AND the MCU debit card were in my mailbox! How about that? - Debra and I parted... she to Waldbaum's and I to the shuttle. - I called Mary T. "Do you get paid if you don't work?" "No. But don't worry about that. Do you need me?" "No. It's nasty out now and it's going to get worse. Go home. I'll call Kristin

and tell her I don't want you to come." Another "gift". I got the train and headed for cheque-cashing. - Today it was exceptionally difficult leaving Rockaway but... - I'm dozing on the A as it pulls into Grant and I hear "Judah!" WELL MY GOD, MY HEART, MY LIFE! Dennis B.! Dennis!!! On the A train! He looks great! Gained weight. We talked about things "on the inside". He's seeing a White girl in Port Jervis! He's still so polite and courteous. And it was so up-lifting to see him. (Even though he's straight. But I'll never forget the Dennis I walked to the train that night he got transferred out of here. Good. Kind. Sweet Dennis.) I rode to Broadway-Nassau with him (instead of Broadway Junction). We talked some more. He said he'll call me after 21h tonight and maybe we can get together Sunday and talk. I won't plan on it... but I will hope. A hug and we parted. - As I headed to the Lex line it struck me: As warming, wonderful, truly miraculous as it was to see him (and Barbara and Debra), my heart doesn't flutter or dance for Joy any more. Where tears would flow, dry eyes. There's a part of a sensitive heart that's GONE! I'm not so happy about that. I'm hardening... like the rest of the world. I'm dying... like the rest of the world. I really AM "bitter" now. The toll has been taken. But, in any case, in any event, the SNOWS brought BEAUTY into my existence today. People who have NOT hurt me. They're out there, and it's good to see them when I do. Good people... who have NOT hurt me. The SNOWS brought them today. - The 4 to 14th to the 6 to 33rd. Cash! A MetroCard for next week. 6 at 33rd to 14th to the L to 1st. A pack of cigarettes. The M15 back to Hell. As I waited (and waited, and waited) for the bus, 4 kids were playing with the snow. 3 Asian girls and an Asian boy. Snow was flying every-where (and slush was falling from the sky and filling the streets. The storm drains in this city/hole don't function. Mass transit doesn't function. It's a cesspool of "non-function".) When snow/slush hit me for the 2nd time, I went over to the little girl, tapped her on the shoulder. "Miss. Look at this! If you don't stop right now I will do what your mother should have done a long time ago. And believe me, some people are going to be very un-happy." Point made. It stopped. I returned to waiting. - It was something around 16h30 when I returned to 5W-101 to find THREE sleeping the day away! How bloody charming! How fucking charming. They sleep. - I ate! And as I finished, at about 17h19, Rich comes by "Your case worker Ms. Simmons?" "Yup." "She was looking for you." OK. Thank you. I went to wash my 3 T's, 10 socks and under drawers. She's looking for me? I've been here... HERE... an hour. She doesn't see anybody after "4"(16h). I saw her Tuesday evening. She sends people to tell me she's looking for me? I'm working Ms. Thang. We have an appointment for NEXT Tuesday. See ya then! Shit! - And so, at 20h03, the room is a most delightful empty. George is out (getting drunk as he does regularly... no doubt). Rey went to dinner and hasn't returned. (Dominoes on 4?) Rich is suffering a miserable cold and went for some treatment or something. The Spics are yelling in the halls as are their Black comrades. Me? I'm looking forward to my sleep aids, sign-in, maybe a call from Dennis, sleep. Tomorrow? It will take care of itself now.

Saturday, 20 December:

128/97 17h59 I come in at 17h30: Room in darkness. Rey and George, asleep. I'm hungry. Rey waked. Says put on the light. It's no sooner on, CW comes by. He's been in all day... sleeping. I get water from the loo, prep my sandwiches... Charles come in, right to the locker, stench of urine, starts with "What do you get when...?" I ask to eat in peace. He asks for "2 chips". I actually said "No." Me! I said "No". Told him it's all I've eaten all day. He says OK and leaves. I mean: Fuk! They lay in bed all day, getting up for FREE HOT MEALS! I'm out WORKING and going AND USING MY FOOD STAMPS for food! I should share? I ask for nothing. I get nothing. I give nothing. The oddest bit? The fattest one asks for food! Margot? You and Charles should be together! Creation wouldn't stand a chance! - 20h25 OK. I've eaten. Blue scrubs washed. Floor mopped. Feet sanded. (The coarsest paper worked wonders! I should have done this years ago!) The day: I slept until about 8h, from about 22h last night! Only one interruption when

Muhammad's chum got caught sleeping in a single dorm down the hall. He barred the door somehow. When "security" came round, the bitch couldn't open the door so she called in the troops. Tee hee hee. Big t'doo about it for a bit and back to sleep. - At about 10h, shower and CW (whom, I suppose, was hoping for a bit longer because he followed me, waited until I'd done for a fondle but I had plans and they didn't include time in there). By 11h, out and to the Far Rock library. I got about 1,5hours on a computer and could have had more but I thought I'd go to The Bronx library this evening for more logging. (Didn't though.) By 15h11 (on the A at Mott) I was tired and hungry. Went to 14th to the L to Union Sq to the 6 to 23rd. Walked to Morton Williams for food. Cyndi Lauper sang "Early Christmas Morning". My bitter hatred grows all the more all the time. I walked up to the S-hell-ter where we had to come in on 30th Street. The fat little Black guard who spread across almost the entire width of the entrance just muttered "30th Street" as I tried to enter. So? So to 30th. Where I was "wanted" and brought to the scanner. My back pack was a bit too intimidating. I climbed the stairs to the 5th floor. - In the "lounge", 4 or 5 guys sitting or lying about. One of them stinks to the point of gagging a passer-by. - And so, that brings me to where I opened... - 20h49 C's here talking about women, shorts, string thongs. The man has major troubles. Yes, he did say he's bi. But I really don't need to know nor do I care to know. - Actually, I just want to sleep.

Sunday, 21 December:

129/98 18h33 Rich got talking Attica. Panhandling. Ailments. Illnesses. All I wanted to do is journal. But, I do suppose it's about helping each-other in here and if listening helps my roommate, then I can't begrudge him the time. Ah, but when anybody gets talking about "friends" and "family" I begin to wonder. These guys are in here, in a shelter for the Homeless. Where are the "friends" and the "family"? Me? I'm thankful to be in here, away from "friends" and "family". I've no obligations to any of them and they've no obligations to me. In fact, in retrospect, and now, as I think of it, these are, quite honestly, some of the better days of my life. This year I honestly don't care if John is making his mortgage, if Joe is warm in his garage, if Cyndi is working 1, 2, or even 5 jobs, and Tony is paying the bills. I don't care one way or the other. What I do know is that I don't feel any obligation to send any of them any money... or anything at all. And so... - It was another night of good sleep last night. In fact, I woke early enough for work without the alarm! Rolled over and went back to sleep. But about 9h30 I headed out, in a cold rain and went up to The Bronx Central library. Today I got about TWO hours on line! And I managed 2 or 3 more pages on the "logging"! Got a crochet pattern for kippot. Now all I need is the cash to get the supplies. Stopped at the market on Kingsbridge Rd. Meals for tomorrow, cream cheese, mustard and relish. FOOD for today AND tomorrow. Back on the train at about 14 or 15h. - When I got up from the L on 14th and 1st, the sun was shining! A great mood lifter. - At the Hell-hole, the entrance at 29th was closed. Coming in from 30th I got to notice how beautiful this building truly is. What a shame. It's gone to such disrepair. But it, like the world, is allowed to rot because of stupidity... This could be such a beautiful place with a little care. But that's what's missing in Creation... "Care". Alas. And so, coming in was a breeze, in spite of having back-pack and jacket rifled-through by "security". They were pleasant enough about it. The funnest part was the lift: 1 to 4... stop... 5,6,7... stop... 6... stop... 5,4,3... stop... 4,5,6 and the door didn't open until the 6th floor. I got out on 6 and walked down to... EMPTY ROOM! (But not to be enjoyed for too long...) I made my peanut butter and cream cheese sandwiches (2). Rich came in. I ate. He ate. I washed the teal scrubs and today's socks. - CW came by. Sparky little mood. Still, it's fun and games. And another interesting fact: no heart in any of it. No heart in anything at all! Oh well. Bound to happen. - So, now, at 19h40: No Rey, no George. Loud Spics in the hall. But it's kind of settled and peaceful. - Oh, Before I forget: Chanukah! (I didn't bother going to the lighting of the chanukiah on B116th at 16h. And... I don't regret it at all!)

Monday, 22 December:

130/99 (at 10h on Tues. Dr.'s Office. Cross Bay. Howard Beach. Mr.T.Guadagno) Broadway day. 2 clients. Guadagno and Mr.Tretter. Slept through the night, thankfully. - Guadagno's was a somewhat typical day. Mrs. is quite disorganized and strung. But it isn't getting to me. I'm not sure if the shelter helps the work or the work helps the shelter or if I just don't give a shit about anything any more. But, it doesn't get on my nerves any longer. As for Mr.Tretter, coffee, cookies, schmooze. One thing keeps going: Joey and his inappropriate remarks about Jews. Again, shelter, job, what-ever. I almost pity both families. - It was quite the cold day too. 13degreesF at Rock Blvd this morning. Windy too. Waiting between cases was brisk. But sunny skies made it bearable. - 29th street was open this evening but the idiots and morons were bunched inside the door making for some chaos. What would a day be without chaos? There has to be chaos. Yet, a wonderful delight in "Operations" as I went to get my toilet paper... The woman who helped me and remembered my name back in September was at the desk! Truly, it was so heart-warming to see her. How I wish it could have been under better circumstances. Still, it did my mood a world of good! Gave me strength to carry on. - So up in 5W-101...

Tuesday, 23 December:

131/100 DAYS IN THE SHELTER. After a night of good sleep without pills it was a morning of perfect timing. From leaving to train to train to train. Got to Rock Blvd on time to catch the bus, but it would have gotten me to work too early. So I let it pass and waited for the next bus. Mistake! Next one was late, I got to Guadagno's late. And that's when it all went to Hell! Guadagno was in an argumentative mood. Mrs. is so disorganized. Mr. had 2 MD appointments. Mrs. made travel arrangements only yesterday. Getting to and from MD was a horror! Neighbour Ronnie helped with the lifting but it was difficult, to say the least. By the time we got back to the house I was ready to quit. And I think the fat MD with the piss-poor manner is Belgian! He spoke French on a phone call and the name is German. So that just hit my mood and attitude the wrong way too. So, trying to accomplish anything in a disorganized house on all the carpeting and Mr. howling at me and Mrs. snapping at me, I was drained and ready to run. Of course, at time to leave, Mr. decided to take a dump and I gave more time for free. - Out in the cold for a 41 bus, due at 12h44, it doesn't show until after 13h. I've got to see Ms.Simmons today! Well... to pay for the liquid morning commute, the A was late, the L was slow. I got in to the Social office at 14h49! Signed the sheet, ran for linens, never took off my jacket. I sat. I waited. Ms.Reid saw me. Went into her "office". I sat. I waited. Half hour or more went by. A guy from the dorm down the hall comes. He signs the list. I'm 10th he's 11th. He tells me (I'd been sitting in "the lounge") Ms.Simmons is sitting at her desk, laughing with the other "case workers" and doing nothing. I'm not in the least surprised. She wouldn't do a thing if she could get away with it. He asks me to go to the office with him where he knocks on the door and calls Ms.Simmons, who sits at her desk, annoyed about the knock, looks up and says "Who is it, knocking on the door?" I lean in so she can see me. She says to come in. So now it comes to: We have to sign the list, keep our eye on the bloody cow and go to her all the time. It used to be a matter of signing and waiting to be called. They're making their job (job?) easier for themselves. They don't actually want to do a damned thing and they strive toward that... to success, for the most part. I did go in and almost fell, tripping on the chair in front of the desk. No room to get in and sit down. Ms.Simmons barks "Don't fall there." I should. I really should. But I just move the plastic bag from the chair to her desk. She mumbles "Did you bring me the receipt from your banque account?" And proof that you opened one?" "No." "Why not?" I haven't had a chance to get to the post office lately because I'm WORKING. (But I had my pay stubs and passport as was discussed.) "You were told and I wrote it down that you have to bring me the receipts from your account. You didn't do that so I have to document that you're out of compliance." I blew her off, gathering my

papers/documents to toss on her desk. I give her my pay stubs, passport... I find the deposit receipt for 5\$. "Where's the rest?" Of what? "The paper-work for your account?" In my mailbox. "What's the account number?" I don't know. I only have the deposit receipt that I gave you. (Besides, the account number's none of your bloody-fukking god-damned business! Do you believe that I'm THAT stupid? You have my Soc. Sec., date of birth, I should give you my ACCOUNT number too? Go shove it!) "I need..." I blocked the rest until she went to Mr. Walker, a supervisor. She tells him I'm only bringing in the 66\$ per week and paying carfare out of it. She asks if I'm supposed to save 60 per-cent of the 66\$ or 60 per-cent of what's left after carfare. He asks how many hours I'm working and rate of pay. Ponders. Then he tells me to save as much as I can, bring in receipts for MetroCards (so they know I'm not partying or drinking away my pay. As Mr. Walker. told me "You can tell us you don't do that. But we have no way of knowing...") At that point, I pulled-out all of my MetroCard receipts. Ms. Simmons says "You're a receipt saver." So I told her "For every one step you take, I make sure I'm 10 steps ahead of you." All she could say was "Good. That's the way to be." So, she gave me my meal ticket until next Tuesday. One friggin week. Her "Power Card". And I told her "I make sure I get to work every day, in spite of getting 45 minutes of sleep most nights because of somebody who couldn't take a job if you handed it to him because he has to go out every night and comes in at 1 or 2 in the morning, drunk, banging his locker and chatting on the phone, and another one who claims he's too ill and fragile to work. But, I stay where I am and do what-ever I have to do because I know the devil I've got but I don't know the Hell I might get." And so, Ms. Simmons copied my pay stubs (those I gave her), the MetroCard receipts AND MY PASSPORT. With that, I was dismissed. - The remainder of the evening? Change into my jeans, walked down to Associated (Morton Williams) on 23rd. En route, Duane Reade for a pouch of Bugler so I have cigarettes until I can get my cheque. Got chicken patties for tonight and tomorrow, Buddigs for Thursday, rolls yoghurt and jelly donuts. A walk down. A walk back. Eat. Chit chat. Laughs at the staff (and some of our fellow "residents"). C came by a few times. At one point he said, quietly, to me, "I'm not a very likeable person." No. he really isn't. But hearing him say so bothered me. And when we were having a smoke in the loo he said "I don't know what it is about you but every time I see you... it's like 'Hello. Boing.'" And he grabbed his crotch to show me. I chuckled and said "I don't know why. But it's a great compliment." And yes... it certainly is. I'm old, Homeless, bitter, dishevelled and yet, I can have that effect? He's not the hottest man on earth. He's certainly not the worst either. The "effect" is mutual. I don't know why. But what works for me is that I have no capacity for romance and so, I just go along with what-ever happens. Imagine. No capacity for romance. Oddly, it's true... deeply and honestly true. And I don't even care... And I'm not going to change it.

Wednesday 24 December:

132homeless/101shelter 20h18 5w-101 D18 Christmas Eve. A quick and easy morning commute to the richness of Howard Beach and Mrs. Guadagno over-whelmed by being ill-prepared for everything. Mr. Guadagno less argumentative. Mrs. went out for some shopping. Mr. had a friend drop by while Mrs. was out. The friend phoned someone on a speaker-phone. I sat in the next room and heard more vulgarities from the son and the friend than I hear from the trash in the shelter! Imagine that! But the morning went right along. I avoided Mr. as much as possible so there was peace. I'd arrived and clocked-in at 8h20. I clocked-out and 12h28. It was still raining when I left but not so cold. Good thing. The Q41 came at about 12h45, got to Rock Blvd at 13h03 and the wait brought me to Mr. Tretter's at 14h48! - The "visit" at Mr. Tretter's was the usual delight. Cookies and coffee. Mary prepared me a bowl of "toepfel-noodle": pasta with cottage cheese, salt and pepper... served hot. DEElicious! H. and I chatted. Steven and I chatted. Joey threw in his usual inappropriate remarks. But I've come to realize that they enjoy my visits more as a friend than a health-care person. Truth be known, I enjoy the association with "Germanic"

people. It's a comfort to me. - As I was leaving, M. handed me an envelope with a card. "It's just a little something from all of us." I accepted it most graciously. It touched my heart... no matter what was or wasn't in the card. How kind... how truly and wonderfully kind of them! I waited until I got on the L to open it and to my absolute utter and complete amazement... a crisp 50! The card made to "Dear Judah". Truthfully and truly, my heart is still alive. It hit me. Here, these strangers, think so much of me. Not my family. Not alleged "friends". But THESE people... THIS family! How wonderful to be appreciated! How magnificent. I'll never be able to express the appreciation and gratitude. It's awesome! - As I came into the shelter, Rich (16) was standing on the avenue. I stopped to chat with him. To think: not so long ago I bolted in past that entrance so as not to be seen. Today? I dare the world! I dare them all! - In the door, up the elevator with some gnat-brained Spic who held the buttons for 5,7 AND "Door Close". Of course, we passed 5, the shit got off on 7, the elevator went to 6, some idiot got on, the damned thing passed 5 and I had to get off on 4 and walk up. Well... - Before eating, washed socks and unders. - Keith came by to chat as I prepared the 2 left-over chicken patties from last night. George made ANOTHER arrangement to be out all night. Meanwhile, Keith had requested (a while ago) a pass to attend weddings and was told, if he left for a day or so, he'd lose his bed! (When I went to sign this evening, Rich was at the desk. HE signed for George!) Let me try once and see what happens. I've nothing against George other than his selfish bullshit, coming in drunk at 1 or 2, banging about his locker, talking on the phone and such, but, enough is too much and privileges need to be evenly distributed or stopped! What to do? I don't know. But shit. This will be on-line. Lipinsky is to blame... Holding the bed repeatedly. Favouritism. Let George WORK for the fucking favours. - 20h58 the Russian retard from next door is back at the loo, smoking, yelling in the hall and slapping some shoes together. Rey is on the phone. Rich(16) is out again. There's been no sign of CW Him? I hope he's OK where-ever he is. Me? I've taken my sleep aids. Hopefully they'll be able to work through. I've for the alarms set for 5h30 tomorrow... And so, this is Christmas Eve in the Bellevue Men's Shelter. Where's Jesus Christ now? Where's the "Messiah"? Who died on what cross for what reason and for whom? Yeah... Right.

Thursday, 25 December:

133/102 10h05 at Guadagno's. Mrs. out for coffee. I'm with Mr., alone. He's dozing in wheel chair at table. I don't speak so to avoid confrontation. I'm in no mood. - Christmas? WTF? What the difference? None. - I woke at 5h30 with the first alarm. By about 21.30 last night, I was asleep. Slept through too. Thankfully. Showered, shaved and such this morning and was out by about 6h30. - Nobody on the streets on the way to the train. If I hadn't been in The City, it would have been beautiful. But, it was The City and, well I appreciated the quiet. Immediate Nr.6 to a 10 minute wait for the L for a 5 minute wait for a LOCAL A. But an immediate Q21. I arrived to work at 8h20. Wake a half hour early to arrive at about the same time. - The skies are clear. Cool breeze. Warm temperature. I should be on the beach, alone! Not here with this unappreciative Swamp Guinea. (*Yes, a rather derogatory reference to the residents, but one that has been in existence for so many years that no one actually takes any offence any more.*) (Mrs. calls me Judith and refers to me as "the aide"! I've got headache just from being here (for a bloody 12\$ hour!) The streets were empty this morning. Even Cross Bay. Such serenity! But I'm not allowed to enjoy it. Christmas? WTF? Well. Another 2 hours and this trip is done. I just hope I can hold out. - Oh. Nancy, the Physical Therapist, asked Mrs. If I've been exercising with Mr. and Mrs. told her "No." I clarified that no instructions were left for me, and that, with-out them, I'm not supposed to take therapy upon myself or my decisions. Now I get to wait for this Nancy to contact me with some bull-shit. - 18h58 (Back in the shelter) I escaped at 12h30 to a beautiful day. As I waited for the Q21 at 162nd Av. on the Boulevard, I rang Jocelyn. She was getting ready to go to work. Said she'd been wondering if I'd been sick because I didn't call here. Yet another one: I'm supposed to do all the

keeping in touch. Yes, well... Another one. - It would have been a perfect day to pass on the beach, but transport was slow. By the time I'd get to the shelter and back, it would be time to get back to the shelter. So? I got the bus to the trains to the bus to the shelter. - George was still very much asleep when I arrived at about 15h. I made 2 peanut butter and cream cheese sandwiches (the cream cheese from when? Tuesday?) If I'm sick, I'll know that cream cheese doesn't do well in the locker for that long. (By the way, Mr. Guadagno was quite ill this morning. Stomach cramps, the runs, very thirsty.) Chocolate drink with sandwiches. - Rey came in and George woke. Rey said Rich was asking if I'd worked today so I dropped by to chat with him a while. CW was no-where to be seen. Came back to my bed and decided to nap. And so I did... til just now, as I write. - Christmas... in a shelter... Christmas. - George and Rey are here. The floor is just as usual. I was thinking of doing some laundry. I thought. I didn't do. I'm just tired and perhaps a little lazy. But I don't care, really. It's like that now: I just don't care. - Tonight I thought of a song played on the Spanish FM station, recorded (several time) in New Prospect. Tonight I think of my afghan. I think of Noel (*the cat who'd given me so much JOY when I lived up-state, on a mountain-top, alone*). I think of art work, photos, souvenirs. Tonight I think of the Chanukia, made by Peter, a gift. Tonight I think of the dregs, the shit, the worthless cretins my mother gave birth to, the useless, miserable waste that is them. Tonight I pray that they are repaid for the horrors they caused their mother, for the lies they tell about her, for the disrespect they give her. And tonight I pray that they experience the painful side of my existence... for which they are so responsible. Christmas... - 19h28 George is reading the paper. Rey is on the phone. Rich16 is still not around. Keith came in earlier, on his way out for a 40oz Budweiser "night cap". No sign of CW even as yet. And me? I'm looking forward to signing-in, taking my sleep aid and hoping to sleep through the night. Tomorrow is Friday... a double day of Guadagno in the AM and Mr. Tretter in the PM... and rain in the forecast. No rest on Saturday: out to the post office. And another week gone. Next? Comes a new year, with old tortures and terrors. 2009. From then to 08.10. Look how close to 55 we get! It's just there... on the horizon. I can see it! - This morning I thought: How lovely that those who've loved me so much for so long haven't even looked for me. To them, I'm dead and gone. To me, I'm dead and alone. Here, these idiots keep in touch with "friends" and "family and at the end of each and every day, this shelter is where they lay their head. Loved so much. What bloody-fukking bull-shit! - I'm sneezing and my tummy's cramping. No time to be sick! I've done (almost) a 29-hour week WITH holiday pay! I'm going for a brass ring! Fuk the world! I won't miss tomorrow!

Friday, 26 December:

134/103 2h10! At 0h57 George came stumbling in. BANG! The locker gets opened. A few moments later, BANG! Shit falls out of the locker. Next! Rich(16) is awake. Moment later, George is fukking with his cell phone: blip, blip, beep. Now Rey is awake. It's time for the chain to go down. Mr. Lapinsky and all. Now it's my job, my income, my chance to get out of here. Now the "War" is declared. -I have a 3-hour nap left to this night. I'll try for it. Then? Figure how to be quick, sharp, effective. Start with the director of this shit hole, a mayoral note, and watch the shit trickle along. Israel fights it's wars quickly. It's time I did too. - I've got hick-ups now. Time to finish this game. - 10h30 (at Guadagno's) I got up to go pee and told George that I've had enough. Now his inconsideration is fukking with my income and so it is now "War". He didn't even acknowledge me! I told him that the "Holds" and signatures will be mentioned. He continued to ignore me and fuk with his phone. I went to pee. When I got back I tried for the nap of a few hours but couldn't sleep. At one point, I half dreamt:
DREAM: Working in hospital. Had to get to work but was too tired. Tried anyway. Got the bus but it ran too late. Started walking. Had to climb some old stairs that brought me to somebody's front door. As I climbed each step, the ground under it crumbled. (This part happened twice!) At

the second climb, I told the owner of the house that I could fix the stairs. His wife showed me their gardens. Purple passion growing all over. Some was twisted in wreaths, on stakes. I was supposed to go to work but didn't want to. I had to hide from people from the hospital. I got to the bus stop. It started to rain heavily. I thought about going to work but was just too tired. I woke up.

It was 5h39. I gulped half of my coffee, got my cigarette and such and bounded for the loo. Stomach cramped and head throbbing! A quick shower. Dress. Out! Keith was in the hall. He commented that it was 6h30. I told him I'm fed up and done with the bull-shit of being awakened by the bloody drunkard in the middle of the night when I have to work. Yesterday he'd told me of how he asked for passes to family weddings and was told that he'd lose his bed. This morning he said he has a form that goes to "Operations" to report George's bull-shit and he'd give me a copy. Well. I'll file it! WTF? Maybe I'll be reassigned. At this point? I don't care any more. - I was at Rock Blvd by 7h45! The buss came almost immediately. My guts were in knots. - By 8h15 I was at Guadagno's and clocked-in. He was very down today. It hurt me to see him that way... the verbal abuse isn't pleasant, but the timidity just didn't seem right. The physical therapist came today and put him through her program. He did the very best he could but being so arthritic, his joints popped and snapped. It hurt me to hear it. But he tried. When I left today, Mrs. Guadagno said "God bless you" and "We're gonna miss you over the week-end." It brought tears to my eyes to leave them today. - Got to Mr. Tretter's by 13h30-some. I couldn't thank them enough for their generosity but they responded as if the 50 was just due me. They gave me 2 slices of "New Park" (Howard Beach) pizza, cheese cake, cookies, coffee. I talked and laughed with H. They're becoming "family" and treating me as such. How strange. I know it happens, but it still has a strangeness to it. - When I clocked-out tonight I put in for 6\$ transport. I've done a 29-hour (full) week too. It'll be interesting to see what I net from this. - The trip back to this shit-hole (it's 21h06 now) was a horror. I actually dread it now. "Hate" is the word for it. But I've resolved to speak only when necessary. No more being "friendly". When I got to the dorm, the drunk was in. I went immediately to washing my t-shirts and socks. While doing so, the drunk (George) (who was, at 18h30, drunk already) was being given the "fight Satan" lecture by Rick. Why Rick even bothers is beyond me. It obviously didn't work. The shit-drunk doesn't have the guts to fight anything. Just so useless. I finished my washing. - CW came by. He was looking for 2\$ for carfare to get to The Bronx. Ah. So. It comes around at last: I'm working so I've got money. But when I said I had none, he let it ride. So I wonder... Maybe he does want something more, something better. I hope not. I truthfully don't have what it takes (and I don't truthfully want to get it back either). But we did get to sit quietly and talk. Just about likes and such. What happens and where it goes is to be seen when the time comes. Meanwhile, I'm still flattered by it (and I still don't understand why I'm so attracted to him. But I am.) - Put on the fresh linens tonight. I should shower but am too lazy. - Rick signed for the drunk because the drunk was out cold, snoring. But, at 21h06 "it" woke, got on the phone, yelling "Oh shit!" repeatedly. I've already taken my sleep aids with some "chocolate milk". I'm not hungry and haven't eaten. Hopefully the cold-cuts will be OK for tomorrow... and hopefully the weather will be good enough for lunch on the beach. - My left hand is painful tonight. My stomach/bowels too. It's 24,5degrees in here and I'm sweating. The sweats come every night now. It's the anger of anticipating disturbed sleep. And the Spics and other shit-trash of the cesspool that is this place are doing what they do: yelling in the hall. Do-rag just strolled in looking for Rey. Says he (Rey) went out this morning looking for a job and he's mocking him for it. Lesser people would (and are) pulled down by all of this. There are those who are worth nothing but being "kept" in this cesspool, this septic tank. Me? I will NOT see my existence end here, like this, like them. I fight for my Mum, who Loved me, cherished me, suffered for me. For her, I'll win and move on. - 21h29 Rey's back. I hope he has good news... for his own sake. - And the dregs in the hall scream on. I'm learning selfishness here. Ayn Rand said it's good to be selfish... I'm learning that she's right. - Last night I read some

prayers for sleep from the siddur. They were answered with the misery that was this morning. Tonight? I do not pray. Rather, I take it into my own, will do what I must for me. Tomorrow, at 5h30, the alarm will sound and I'll be out and on the rails, away from here, away from the Spicshit and useless dregs that inhabit this septic tank. For my Mum, I'll make it out of here. For me, I will NOT become part of the bacteriae and viruses that are crawling the halls here. Now, I'm working and paying taxes. I'm paying my way here. Things are changing, things will continue to change... for the better. - It's going to be a difficult night (again). But, as my Mum would say: This too, shall pass. - When I left Mr. Guadagno today, he said "Thank you." When I left H. today, he said "Thank you."

Saturday, 27 December:

135/104 7h35 on the L To Rockaway. AT 7h15 THIS MORNING, ON THE CORNER OF 29TH AND FIRST, I SAW A ROBIN! - 19h36 in 55W-101. It's 26,5degrees in here! December? Where did it go? My head is like a lead weight on my shoulders, my left hand is cramped. I slept for 2,5 hours when I got back. Ah, when I got back. Now there's the story for today... Meanwhile... I got out to the post office on a dreary sort of morning. The silence of Rockaway was a magnificent tonic for my soul. A few people were at the service window and in my little box, several pieces of mail... amongst them, my pay-cheque for 158\$ and 70 cents. I'm finally working for some kind of money again. Not very much. But some kind. Included, an envelope from PIC with a pocket calendar for '09, my PIN for the MCU card and a rejection/denial from Medicaid. This rejection is about the 4th this year. How the useless get it and I, who want to work for a salary, can't get it... It's the way the system works. It's the way the System functions. Well? It's going for '09. 12 months of that and 8 of 10. Only 20 more months to go, and then, to go. No sense fretting it. And so, to Duane Reade for a pack of cigarettes, a package of lighters and a bottle of vitamin C. (I'm hoping it will help me to feel a bit better, give more energy.) Thirteen bloody dollars for the same shit I paid 5 for only months ago! I still think something's wrong with the store. I'll have to check the local stores, that's just too bloody much of an increase in such a short while. But if that's the price, vitamin C is out of my regimen from now on. (I'm wondering if cutting it out has anything to do with the fact that my gum, upper right, feels like it's simply rotting away. Oral cancer? I can feel, with my tongue, so much of one tooth back there. And it feels, the gum, rough. "Head and Neck CA?" No way I'll "survive" that! No way I'll live with it either. I'm beginning to break down. No complaints. The time is due. Time to leave all of this behind anyway.) - On the 21 bus to Pitkin and the craft store. I had 25\$ of the 50 from the Mr.Tretter's gift and with about 13 of that I got 2 crochet hooks and thread in black, ecru and Royal blue. (I've since tried to work with the black and with the ecru but the lighting in here is miserable. That, and my headache and the heat, and a pattern that does me no good. I gave up and took to the journal. At least I don't have the old cow of Riverdale pissing around me. See? A good point for the day!) The store is OK. I prefer Michael's, it's neater, cleaner. So now I know. - To the 41 bus back to Rockaway Blvd. to the A. How odd: On the Q21 I passed the Guadagno's; on the 41 I was at the corner not far from the Mr.Tretter's. Work. I know the area all too well. To think: Queens was, for so many years, only distant memories of Michael Hill and a midnight run from 232nd Street to bring him chicken soup in the dead of Winter. How the world, my world, has changed. (As if it makes any difference at all.) - A direct trip back to this shit-hole. - CW came by. Asked for a quarter. Well, to "borrow" a quarter. I gave him 25 cents from my honey jar. WTF? Why not? 25 cents. He's still a bit "frisky". I wish I could get to some place to have done with a fling. I do believe that would bring it all to a screeching halt quite promptly. - 23h06 Yes. Still awake. Headache is gone. I had coffee. That did it. Imagine? Sanded my feet down to "skin". If I die, nobody will know it's me... no tough feet! Well, better late than never. In 5 days it will be 2009. Only a year, but nice feet are fashionable even in the grave (or urn) (or ocean). Oh and I had a refreshing shower with CW. He's

a trip. Waited in there until the next shower was empty (and the Bucket-Man - some older guy who fills plastic buckets to soak his clothes in... and does so on a regular basis - left). - But I have to include the highlights of the day before retiring: When I got back from my running, Rey was in, alone. He asks me what the slamming of the locker was about the other night (Friday). He knew why. He even asked "about him?" pointing to George's bed. When I said that I'm fed-up with being jolted out of needed sleep because he (George) comes in drunk, he (Rey) said "Did you talk to him about it?" Hell no! I told him I've done what I have to do about it... request a transfer! "We all here always talk about things. Why don't you just try to say 'Listen... about the noise...'" I lost it! I told him "Fuk the talking! Fuk him. Fuk his mother! Fuk them all! I hurt a patient because I'm tired, I'm fired! I'm the newer one in this room. You 2 were here when I got here so instead of changing anything, I'm leaving." It didn't go too well. He's concerned (rightfully so) about what will come in my place. Well. That's my point. Let some snoring, non-bather come in. Let them deal with it. That's all. Then he tells me that he's concerned because George was talking about killing himself last night. "So? he's got so much money and time to get drunk. But no time to find work to better his life. If I could afford it, I'd buy him a one-way ticket to Tarrytown and get him to his Tappan Zee Bridge so he could jump!" "You don't mean that. You'd feel terrible if he did." "Yes. oh yes I do mean it and no, I wouldn't feel terrible. All you've ever seen is the quiet, sweet side of me. Now you're getting to see the other side. This is the side that has plans and goals to get out of here and won't let anything get in my way." He couldn't believe that I could/can be so cruel. Tough shit! So, it was pretty much left at that with a brief talk about disgusting people. This room is good, in general. 4 of us look-out for the room, we bathe, we even mop the floor (though, I do so more often). If one leaves, there's no telling what will come along. So, as of now, when I speak with Ms. Simmons on Tuesday, I'll pursue the options of relocating to an environment of "Working Homeless"... This situation needs to end... promptly. - Now? All are here. Rich(16) is pfutzng in his locker. George is reading a paper. Rey is listening to music. 27degrees. George's fan is on. I'm going to try for a nap. Hopefully I'll get to The Bronx library tomorrow.

Sunday, 28 December:

136/105 10h29 Fordham library: Only got 45 bloody minutes and accomplished just about nothing. What a day this will be! Accomplishing nothing. I've got too much that I want to do these days, yet, inside I know that none of it really matters in the long run... in the end. - On the Woodlawn train to here I thought: WHEN WE DIE, WE ARE SEPARATED FROM ALL WE ACQUIRED DURING OUR LIFE-TIME. WE ARE SEPARATED FROM PEOPLE, PLACES, THINGS THAT GAVE US JOY, PLEASURE, EVEN PAIN. ALL IS GONE AND NONE IS TAKEN WITH US. NOT SO DIFFERENT FROM WHERE I AM THESE DAYS. EVERYTHING I WORKED FOR, EVERY LITTLE THING THAT BROUGHT ME ANY PLEASURE IS GONE. JUST GONE. AND I CAN'T GET ANY OF IT BACK. AS IT IS WHEN PEOPLE DIE, ALL THINGS DISAPPEAR AND, OVER TIME, EVEN THE MEMORY OF THE PERSON GOES. MY THINGS HAVE DISAPPEARED. TRACES OF MY WORK ARE GONE. NO ONE CALLS. NO ONE TRIES TO CONTACT. EVEN THE MEMORY IS GONE. THEREFORE, I MUST BE DEAD. THIS MUST BE SOME HELL IN WHICH I MUST MAKE AMENDS FOR SOME EVIL DEED DONE. I MUST BE DEAD. - Got to sleep at about 24h (midnight) last night under only a sheet. It was so hot in the dorm. Woke with the cell alarm (on vibrate) at 5h30 but went back to sleep until about 7h30. Shit, smoke, shower. Apparently Rich is not speaking to me. He came into the loo, looked, said nothing. As if... - When I got back to the dorm to dress, George was lying in bed, head at the door, reading. I gave him my book-light. He just looked up at me, said nothing. Unfortunately, the batteries went as he was reading. But I had replacements. He's gone back to sleep before I got the chance to change them. - Well, I'm probably on a major shit-list now. But the fact of the matter is

that I truly don't care. I want to work, make money, get out of where I am. That's it. That's all. And if it requires no connections to anybody, so be it. - I wonder where this person I am has come from: Truly Bitter... to the very core. I didn't believe it could happen. But it has... AT LAST! - Well now, to figure out what to do with the remainder of the day. The 45 minutes on-line have thrown me off. There was more I needed to get done. - It's a warm, wet, cloudy day. I guess I'll just go, move, walk, train, what-ever, and see where it all ends up. - Do direction any more. And all goals and destinations are a blur. How charming is my existence today.

OH DREAM:

I don't recall the people or the place but in the dream between 5 and 7h30 I dreamt I lost 3 teeth. They simply fell out. No order to the teeth. Nothing specific about any of them. As I spoke, each one loosened and came out. (As I walked to the train this morning I thought: Loosing teeth means death of someone close. 3 teeth, 3 siblings. Is all now gone at last?) - 18h24 in the hole. Alone. From the library to the market. Coffee, cold cuts, PopTarts, puddings. No Bustello instant. Caribe at the same price. I wasn't leaving The Bronx with-out my coffee. And the puddings were on sale, 2 for 3dollars. Food stamps are getting low and 2 more weeks to go. Anyway, to the streets to transfer coffee from jar to Zip-lock and then to the Bx9 to Target. HANGERS! 4 for 2.49\$ I got 8! The heavy white plastic hangers. A pleasant purchase, and back to the Bx9, back to Jerome and back on the train to come back to the Hole of Misery. - All the while, detached, dissociated, not here, not some-where else, not any-where at all. As I climbed the stairs to the train, all I could do was tell myself to just keep moving toward what I wanted to accomplish today. Just keep moving forward... just keep moving on. I couldn't focus on anything. I didn't have my usual intestinal cramps. I didn't have the usual constant urge to pee. I didn't have headache. I just didn't "have". At one point, by Fordham, the world went "3-D" and I felt my-self lost in the whole of it. Just lost... and dead... and dead. - When I got in at the Hole, the dorm was empty. I pulled things from the locker, put things on the hangers. (I have 3 empty... Well, 2 jeans will go on one.) George came in, not speaking. I told him that I didn't mean to give him the book light at the end of the batteries. He simply looked at me and continued getting ready to leave again. Not a word. Ah well. I truly don't care. I've got tonight's sleep and tomorrow's work on my mind. - CW came by, complaining that I left with-out him this morning but, he was going for a walk with the (pseudo)(faux?) Muslim (Mohamed). I'd wanted to go for that walk with C! A warm day. It would have been a great opportunity to talk freely. But the day was against me. I ate. - Got ready to leave for a walk of my own but, on the stairs, changed my mind. Came back to the empty room for a nap. That was at about 16h. When I woke, only a little while ago, I peed, had a smoke and came in to crochet a bit. - The "Security" guy did a double tour of the wing after my smoke and even made a room-check. This one popped his head in and actually spoke: "How y'doin?" They usually come walking in, stand in the middle of the room for a few seconds and leave. I guess it's to remind us that we're not human and certainly not deserving of dignity. - 18h50 still alone. Cool breeze finally. Relatively quiet floor. (The shit will come when it's time for sleep.) - Had a chat with Craig earlier. He claims there are no pork products in the food served here... because of Muslims and Jews. I can't be too certain of the "no pork" but I most certainly doubt it has anything to do with any concern for Jews. At any rate, I enjoy talks with him. He happens to be rather bright, knowledgeable about many things. And he's been in here somewhere around a year! - Well, time to make a little wash for tomorrow. I could stand a haircut, beard trim. But let's see what actually gets accomplished. I'd really like a walk with CW and sleep. But I know better: what I'd like doesn't matter in this Creation.

Monday, 29 December:

137/106 19h28 D18 No mood for poetry tonight. Didn't get to try for sleep last night until after 23h. Up at 5h30 and the usual morning routine. Out the door. On the Nr6 by 6h50. Rock Blvd by

7h45! Immediate Q41. I got off at 157th Av. CVS for cigarettes. The Swamp Guinea at the counter ignored me. Then, no Camel Lights. She tried to sell me menthol. I walked out quietly. Rite Aid at 160th. 8.35\$ plus tax! Nope. I had a few left. No emergency. - At Guadagno's by 8h18. Mrs. took the phone. I had to call the agency on my phone! THEN Mrs. Hangs up! Mr. in discomfort. Constipated. In bed almost all morning. Up at 11h30. VNS shows up at noon! Commented on improved speech. I clocked-out. But Mrs. tells me the other Aide was getting 115\$/8hrs PLUS 30\$ per day for carfare! (She claims she had to stop because she couldn't afford it any longer.) When I was asked my per hour, I said 10\$! No more and never again. - On to Mr. Mr. Tretter by 13h37. Today, he has the runs! I only got one bout, luckily. The rest of the shift was coffee, cookies and CNN coverage of Gaza vs. Israel. I was out by 16h30. - Great connections on bus, A train and L train. Just missed the Nr.6 train because some fat-arsed Black-ass in knee-crotch jeans slowed me down. THEN the excuse of a train with brakes in emergency at 59th. A Nr.5 train, a Nr.4 train a Nr.6 train to 33rd St. to change my first "real" cheque. 158.70\$. - 25\$ carfare, 43\$ P.O.B. rent, 8.50\$ cigarettes and much to deposit! GONE! So much for the sleepless nights, abusive days and shit for pay. POUF! GONE! - I'm no sooner in the dorm when CW. comes to the door "Gimme a cigarette." "No." He took it well. I told him I'm in no mood. He actually backed off a bit. Yes, I feel a little poorly about the blunt "No." But I'm getting better at taking care to take care of ME BEFORE trying to take care of the world. - And so, 2 turkey sandwiches, 3 puddings, I've washed 2 pairs of socks. It's 19h45 (1945!) Tomorrow will be a mad dash from Guadagno's to Rock Park PO to pay box rent and back here to Ms. Simmons. Then to make my deposit at the banque. - OH, MEANWHILE, Anna, PIC HR is bugging me because she can't confirm my previous employment. (Margot of Rock Home Health) and I need to call her (during her strange business hours) "ASAP". Right! Fuk! Just as I start to work decent hours, I'll loose THIS job too? GASTON TIME! Push me world! Go ahead. Push! I'm at the very end. There's no more to hold on to. I worked hard and did without to get what little I had. It's all gone now. Nothing left to hold on to. Push! I'm SO out of here!

[Tuesday, 30 December:

138/107 *This entry was bracketed in the BlackNotes* 16h32 An hour wait for a computer and today I WANT INTERNET! After busting my guts to get to Ms. Simmons, CaseWorker at the shelter by 14h47 and having to sit and wait for her incompetent shit-for-brains, fat, lazy arse to call for me, some 15 minutes later, SHE HAS THE AUDACITY TO TELL ME THAT MY JOB ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR HER SUPERVISOR, THAT I SHOULD TAKE TIME AWAY FROM WORK TO GO APPLY TO SOME SLOP-HOUSE AGENCY ON HER REFERRAL, TO FIND "SUITABLE" FULL-TIME EMPLOYMENT! IN OTHER WORDS: NOW THAT I'M BRINGING IN OVER 100\$/WEEK DHS WANTS ME TO QUIT THE JOB! When I asked her how I'm supposed to find time to make and income AND go job-running, she told me "I'm not going to figure all that out for you. You have to figure it out." When I mentioned how some people have time and money to get drunk 7 nights a week but my efforts at making an income and going to work every day aren't good enough, she scolded me by saying "You have no right to make any judgement on anybody!" Judgement? Not when I see it every bloody day! When I asked about conditions suitable to people who work she told me about "Working Shelters" and "3/4 Houses". The latter has been found to be illegal, but that doesn't seem to matter to her, or to DHS. When I commented on those who do nothing but get drunk every night and manage to sleep in their bed all day, she admitted that it's probably Welfare money supporting the drinking, said she doesn't understand why I don't receive cash benefits (but never did anything in the way of doing anything to help me apply for those cash benefits - nor has she done anything toward helping me with Medicaid, although SHE said that SHE would because I SHOULD have Medicaid since I have COPD.) She gave me a new Meal Ticket dated 6 January 2008. When I pointed out the

error, her flat reply was “Well, I guess you won’t be eating.” (She did write another with 2009.) - Now, to figure out how to get this to public attention... RAPIDLY.] *End of brackets* - OK. So last night George came in after 21h, drunk, but quiet. I’d had a talk with Rich D16 about my displeasure in the room and my chat with Rey (where I took the brunt for slamming the locker on Friday past). He concurred with me. We (Rich and I) were in for the night before 21h. I think I finally went to sleep at about 22h when Rey turned off the light. - This morning, up at 5h30. CW was up when I left at 6h39. How odd it is that there’s someone expressing an interest in me and I’m not interested in perusing it, have no feelings at all on the matter and, although the “company” might be pleasant (even though it’s oft-times annoying), it’s burdensome. I’ve become “Bitter” and all but heartless. The soul will go next. Then? Nothing will be left. - Mr. Guadagno was quite lethargic and in pain. Mrs. admitted that she still employs the other Aide. Am I being taken for the fool here? - At 12h20-something, I bolted for the 21 bus. Another 6 months of P.O. Box is paid! I’ll get mail. - PIC-Ada wants a copy of my W2 from the Postal Service! It’s gone! GONE! They can’t get verification of employment. I’ll probably lose this job shortly after January. It’s my fate. - Nothing to eat all day. Nothing in the locker. I’m a bit hungry. I’ll get food... just because eating will make me more comfortable. - FUK ALL OF CREATION! - Well, I did... I never got to finish this so I’m moving on to... (MarginNote: Ms.Simmons: FOR THOSE WHO DON’T DO ANYTHING AND DON’T WANT TO DO ANYTHING, THEY HAVE THE MOST PROGRAMS TO OFFER THEM.)

Wednesday, 31 December:

139/108 (On Friday 2 January '09 20h09) Quite the day. Not good. Up at 5h30. The usual morning routine. Out the door in plenty of time to catch trains and buses with no stress. The connections were unreal: one right after the other. I should have known it meant me no good: At 8h22 I was at Guadagno’s. No lights on, door closed and locked, no answer to the door-bell, no answer at the house phone, no answer at the cell. It began to hail. There I stood, needing to shit and pee, in the cold. I rang Partners In Care. No Kristin,. Too early. I headed to McD’s on 160th, got a coffee. Sat. I did want the coffee. I didn’t need the coffee. I was grateful that I had the cash for coffee and to be out of the elements. Rang PIC. Kristin confirmed the message of yesterday: Mr. Guadagno in hospital. I rang Danielle (RN) who told me the case is closed because Mr. is in hospital. There goes my 29-hour week! I sipped-down half of the coffee, went to the men’s. Locked! But the women’s was open so? A bowl is a bowl and I needed one. I used it. On to the Q21 to Rock Park. I was going to get the Q35 to the B3 to the B36 to the 99cent Store BUT I got to Rock Park as the 35 left! Decided to do the train. Shuttle to Broad Channel, A to Utica to the C to Franklin Shuttle to the Q to Sheepshead Bay. - Got soap and “stuff”. Oh, and I had no glasses with me! 3 pairs to my name and not one with me! I found a pair at 2.50\$. Grabbed them to do my shopping. When it came time to go to the register, I put them into my jacket pocket and went to pay. 5 items came to 5.36\$. I gave the cashier 5.56\$. She yelled at me! “It’s 5.36\$! Why you give me 5.56\$!?” “So you can give me 20 cents back, stupid! Learn math!” I replied. And out-side, the wind picked-up and the snows came. I headed for the Q train. - On the train, the phone rang. Mary T. Father’s got the runs and is exhausted. Let’s cancel today. OK. So NO WORK AT ALL FOR TODAY! Just when I need the money the most! - SO I took the Q to 14th to the L to 1stAv to the M15 bus. Bought a pack of cigarettes. The snow had stopped. I was exhausted, and down in the dumps. - Back at the Shit-hole Hotel, immediate in and up to the dorm. Empty. Quick, a small laundry and down to settle. I half-waited for CW. He never came by. - Almost forgot: At 14th Street, I took the M15 to 23rd and did a quick, light food shopping for tonight and tomorrow. Food Stamps down to 30-something dollars for the next 10 days and each time I shop it’s usually about 9\$ per day for sandwiches. More hard days are coming. It wouldn’t surprise me if I get cut off now. That would be normal for my life. - Meanwhile, at the room, Rey came in,

George came in, Rich came in. All present and accounted for. No. Wait. No George. How stupid of me not to remember “No George”. Just the 3 sane Boys (Sane? Comparatively.) None of us had even the slightest notion of going out tonight. Quite cold and none of us was in the mood for crowds.* - It was 23h47 when Rich(16) made the announcement of the time and we all (3) decided on lights-out. Just before midnight, no fire-works or fan-fare. Click. 2008 was closed.

*Sign-in at 18h. - Meal Ticket necessary, “I don’t know who you are.” (James): Sign-in began at 18h tonight. Somebody came by the door to say that we could sign-in and for those planning on “stepping out”, a notation would be made on the bed-list. It sounded good to me: to sign early and relax. So I went. James was at the desk. I walked in, he just gawked up at me with his bulging frog-eyes and “liver lips”. I told him my bed number. He snapped “I don’t know who you are!” I had to go get my “Meal Ticket”. So, I came back to the room to wait a bit. No sense running back. Meanwhile, the “rules” changed. Sign-in sheet down until the usual 20h. I went at 20h30 (my relative usual), dropped my “Meal Ticket” on the desk, scrawled something on the roster, picked up my ticket and returned to the room.

(*Click. 2008 was closed.*)

06. January 2009

Thursday, 1 January 2009: 2010 NEXT and LAST!

Journal - This can't be happening to me! (FRI.2 10h37 Mid-Manhattan Library) Yesterday, the first day of this "New" year. Nothing's "new" about it. It came in very quietly. The day at 30th Street was very quiet. NO SIGN OF CW! He left last night and hasn't returned. Hopefully he's having a good time and he's covered so he doesn't lose anything here. - Me? I spent the day in. Cleaned my locker a bit. Cleaned the floor in the dorm. Cut my hair. The charge on the clipper went so I had to use the scissors too. The job is OK. Not good. Certainly not great. But passable for now. Showered. Ate. It was a lazy sort of day, spent, mostly, alone in the dorm. See? Nothing's changed. Nothing's "new". I have 3 room-mates who had someplace to go to, somebody to spend the day with. I spent the holiday, like all holidays spent, alone. But Craig did bring a smile to my face when he saw me coming down the hall with the mop and started to chant "Mop mop here, mop mop there and a couple of tralalas..." (that's how we pass the day away in the merry old land of Oz). And so, as the day progressed, George came in (sober!), Rey came back, Rich came in. The day came. The day went. And nothing... BUT! THIS IS 2009! NEXT YEAR IS 2010! 55! I CAN START COUNTING THE DAYS NOW! AND I'M ACTUALLY LOOKING FORWARD TO IT... PLANNING IT! CHECK-OUT TIME IS APPROACHING! I'M READY!

(From BlackNotes:2009 JANUARY THU: 1 (140 days of Homelessness. Almost 5 months./109 days in the shelter. Almost 4 months) It's 12h43 on Saturday, the 3rd. I'm in the Sedgwick library, at a sunny window, trying to capture the past whilst waiting for Ginette to come to work (at 13h?). - I managed to log more "Monogram", so now to 2009:

There was no need to wake early this morning. Mr. Guadagno is in hospital and there's been no reply to my several calls and messages left by phone. It's not a Mr. Tretter day. So, I "slept-in" until about 8h or so. Ah, the beginning of a new year, here, solo in the world, solo in a shelter. A small, steel-frame bed, a thin, plastic-covered mattress, a thin, plastic-covered pillow, industrial sheets and blankets. No one to consider "family". No-one to consider "friend". My world, my being in a steel locker. And daylight struggling to penetrate filthy windows and disgusting dusty screens. A cold morning. January. Honestly? I had absolutely no sentiments on the whole situation. Nothing funny, amusing, entertaining, depressing, up, down or other-wise. All was simply a matter of fact and no particular feelings or opinions or observations were warranted. It was 8h on a different day. That's it. That's all. My emotions are shutting down, shutting off. I'm certainly not complaining. Now, to be rid of the pangs and gnawing desires to force siblings and acquaintances to feel and know, fully experience, the pains they've caused me. Cyndi, Joe, Tony, Margot, Penelope... the list. Liz too. And 20 years! It took me 20 years to collect and record all that music from Mr. G's Roundhill Lodge! The collection of Baroque, African... GERMAN, QUEBECOISE... old music, new music! GONE! The books! College texts, Kafka, Tolstoy, psych. GONE! Photos. Journals. Clothing. Furniture. Work. Art. Internet. The Bronx site. The Newburgh site. Research! Records! GONE! The days of hunger, thirst, exhaustion, hot, cold, wet, silence, depression, anger. Nobody cares! They did it. They've moved on. For them, it's done. For me? It will never end. - 2009. A new year, alone in a shelter. CaseWorker is away. George, Rey, Rich(16), gone. I washed (by hand, in the small sink in the loo across the hall), socks, under-things. I

mopped the floor in the room. At about 13h, I finished last night's chicken-pattie-things on 2 rolls. Ate the Buddig turkey. I sorted the locker. Repaired the strap on the umbrella. I kept busy. I kept occupied. - The day was unusually quiet in the shelter. Some found places to go to. Others did what I was doing: keeping busy, taking advantage of a day when we didn't get thrown out onto the streets. Still others just slept. 2009. A new day, new year, new calendar and the very same shit. - I napped a bit, but not long. I could do that. I was alone. - In the evening, the 3 returned from whence they'd been. I always think: they've got "family" and "friends" to visit, but not one will give them escape from this shit-hole-hell. How stupid are they. Me? Nobody. Nothing. No-one to visit. And I just don't care at all. I just, simply, don't. - And so, that's how it went. If there's more, I don't recall. CaseWorker didn't come back. At 8h17 I rang Ginette. Left a message. - Tomorrow is a work day. Tonight? Just the same old shit, including the hope for sleep. - Oh Oh Oh! Finally reached Ginette! She's at the Sedgwick library now! I said I'll see her Saturday!

Friday, 2 January:

10h42 Mid-Manhattan Library: You see? Nothing's changed. I'm back in the library in the morning... passing time. I'm not caught-up with the "Monogram" journal yet. That's still in September. But I'm trying not to fall behind too much on this. Besides, it's a new year (BIG friggin deal! Eh?) My guts are bound. I did have a BM this morning but it's the rest of the BS I'm putting up with. I need more hours to work. I need more income. I need to get the hell out of 30th Street! I need to get away from the chaos and bedlam that is the Homeless system. I just need to get away from ALL of this. But here I am. - Last night somebody asked after CW in the hall. There's been no sign, no word. Why do I care? I probably don't, really. But I just hope he's OK where-ever he may be. - For now, I have 7 minutes left on this PC and it's almost time to get running again. So, this put in, I'll close and go. Supposed to snow then rain today. Supposed to be cold and not so pleasant over the week-end. Perfect for me... not-so-pleasant... (From BlackNotes) FRI 2. 141/110 (13h22 On Saturday. Still at the Sedgwick library) Up at 6h30. Morning routine. At about 8h30, a dickhead "security" idiot came pounding on the door. "Time to wake up!" He went to D19 and pounded there but the reception of his stupidity was quite different. Banging. Slamming. Door. Yelling! Cussing! I only wish that it had gone to where he'd been beaten. It didn't. I left. A walk to the Mid-Manhattan Library. 45 minutes of checking ALL e-mail accounts and not much else. A casual D to A to Lefferts. The library was full! I went shopping for flip-flops. The size 14 was gone! I got Colgate Total toothpaste and some tote bags instead. - Walked to Mr. Tretter's. Arrived 13h15. A chat with Joey. A day of sweets and coffee. This evening, as I was leaving, Joey tells me he wants me to consider more hours... cash! Ah. Now to hit the bloody cow with THIS! - Tonight. CW! I reached him by phone at 20h43. He was on a train back. Is his "shit" still there? Would I sign for him? It begins. - At about 23h40, I was trying for sleep. A tap on my foot. CW had returned. BFD! (Big Fugging Deal) Did I sign for him, he wanted to know. I told him I hadn't. Attitude. Well. Call it the "new" me. Call it the "improved" me. Call it the selfish me. But now? It's about ME and MY survival. Favours? If I can with-out personal ramifications. Other-wise? No! I'm learning: Nobody's here to care for or about me. I must do what I must do for me. I have no intentions of participating in this life any more. I'm here. I do what is necessary for my own comfort. No more. No less. Happy new year.

Saturday, 3 January:

142/111 13h41 Sedgwick. I've got to pee! I want a smoke! I'm a bit hungry. I'm quite tired. No sign of Ginette. - Up at about 6h30. Morning. Rey left before me. George came in shortly after Rey left. Rich(16) out somewhere. George and I spoke for a bit. I was off to Rockaway. Good cheque.

The Wave. A to W4 to D. Sedgwick library by about 11h20. No sign of Ginette. The clerk said security doesn't come on until 13h, so I went up to the 2nd floor and got my 45 minutes on the computer. Logged more Monogram, searched free CNA classes. If I can register for that, Ms.Simmons had better back the fuck up off me. I'm improving my chances of full-time steady income and, on a selfish stand, improving my chances at a very hasty escape from the Hotel Shithole. Ah, to be out of it, done with it and away! - Having some time, I got to journal and when no security showed by 13h30, I headed for the stairs. - First floor, at the bottom of the stairs... G! It was heart-lifting to see her! There are so very few people left in my existence who mean anything at all to me any more. So very, very few. As I think of it, even Dennis has diminished. CW? No. Not really of import. Pookie? Haven't heard from her since I can't even remember when. Nope. Ginette. Real. No bull-shit. - And so, hugs! We talked. We caught-up. She took her break. We went for pizza. PIZZA! Hot food! She paid. I tried to give her a 5 but she wouldn't take it. - She looks so much better than she did when last I saw her. Fuller face. No darkness about the eyes. She sounds better. Clear voice. It did my heart so much good. - I stayed to talk until 17h when the library closed. We walked up University to Tremont and up to The Concourse. Yes, it was cold. But it didn't matter to me. I was in great company. It was difficult to leave her, but I can find her again now and that's important to me. - The trains back were a terror! D service on the 8th Av .line, in segments. No Flushing trains. Packed platforms. Miserable L service. More packed platforms. I walked from Union Square to the market for some food. - It's disgusting being here, in The City. Too damned much history... too bloody many memories: Once upon a time I shared an apartment on 22nd. Once upon a time I shared an apartment on 24th and 3rd. As I passed Rolf's, I recalled that, once upon a time I ate there. Once upon a time, I flew to Montreal. Once upon a time I was crisp, clean and tidy. Once upon a time, I cared. Once upon a time... Now? University reminds me of my Mum and her stories about boy-friends who lived in those neighbourhoods. The Jerome El (*elevated subway line*) reminds me of riding it with her downtown to Takishamaya. This area in The City reminds me of more affluent days. It all reminds me of all that's gone and how it's so late in life that there's no sense in getting any of it back. And it all reminds me of how it all disappeared. Quite truthfully, I hate being here, in The City. I need to get out, get away from it all or else? Or else I'll just break, just break! - At the end of the day, it would be nice to just go "home", have a little bite to eat, something to drink, a little dessert. Have a smoke. Sit. Relax, These days I need to be concerned about coming through the security check. Will the DHS cops be doing their job and getting people through efficiently? Or will they be laughing, giggling, pissing and moaning as the queue snakes round the court-yard? Will I be standing outside, in the cold, listening to the "ignorants" yelling profanities, wanting cigarettes, trying to jump ahead of everyone else? How many drunks, loud, filthy-mouthed, staggering drunks will there be yelling, screaming, swaying or just making me ill with their foul, vulgar, odour? How many newcomers will show with enough luggage to holiday here for 6 months or more, requiring 20 minutes or more at the security check? How many simply refuse to follow the general protocol-point? How many will wait for the last second to empty pockets, remove jacket? How bloody long will it take me to get into the building? How many Blacks will jump ahead of me, almost daring me to say something and how many "Hispanics" will pretend they don't understand English and jump the queue? How long will it take me to get inside? And once inside, will I have to walk up to the 5th floor (again) because the lift isn't working or because 5 idiots have shoved ahead of me to get into lift that can't handle more than 5 people at a time? And at the dorm, who will be in? Will music be blaring? How many fools will be yelling in the halls? Who will come by to interrupt my one meal of the entire day? - No peace. And above ALL else, I wonder: will there be a notice of transfer on the bed or locker telling me to pack-up and get ready to roll out into the night to another shelter, farther from work in a night-marish neighbourhood and all because Ms.Simmons got a bug up her shit-hole and decided I should be the next one out? - No Peace. - But the day is done and I've shoved food down my throat as

Charles blocked the door in his urine odour, asking Trivial Pursuit questions of George, Rey and me. I simply looked as Dana Do-Rag came in at about 23h30, saw that Rey was sleeping, that the room was still and banged on Rey's locker simply to wake him to say "Ah... go to sleep." It's the end of another day at the beginning of another year. - I need to get away... somehow... anyhow.

Sunday, 4 January:

143/112 14h52 D18 Slept until about 8h. no more rush to this day now. Too late. Mended my gloves in the early morning dim by the book-light. Straightened my locker. BM. journaled. Ate my donuts. I'd like to work on a kippa. No time now. Want to get to the Mid-Manhattan Library around 13h opening. Will I? I don't know. - Rey was out by 9h. George and Rich(16) are STILL asleep! ALL BLOODY DAY! Any wonder they keep Rey and me awake all night? There was some kind of confrontation in the loo. "Security" yelling at some guy who yelled back. A smoking issue: "Nobody wants to smell your cigarette smoke, your crack smoke, your smoke smoke..." "Fuk you!" Gee. I do wonder what would happen if I tried that reply. Well? Well. An older guy from down the hall is mopping the hallway! Chit-chat-blah-blah-yaddie-yah in the loo. Tony (Muscle) laughing. The air smells nice from the mopping. I need a pee, smoke, shower, escape. It's 12h20! Time to go... somewhere... anywhere... ELSE! - Got side-tracked today and WOW! What a beginning to a new year THIS day became! - CW showed up at the door before I got to the shower. I asked if he'd like to accompany me to the library today. I've been looking for an opportunity to talk with him, openly. He agreed. I said I'd shower while he went to lunch and meet back at the room. We did. Of course, the day's plans went from "Me" to "We" and so, I never made it to the library until WELL past opening at 13h. My wait for a computer was over 2 hours for a 20 or 15 minute session. I decided not to bother. (Although CW said he'd wait while I waited... how thoughtful?) We left the library. - A guy from CW's room had told him of a "Health-related" lecture given today. 14h, Mad and 45th. So we walked up that way to find the building. He obviously wasn't interested in attending, it was about 14h30, a sunny Sunday. We decided to go back to the Shit-hole. - As we slowly strolled down Madison, I quickly lost my mind: I've wanted to get CW out to The Fort, but in warmer weather, yet, just now, just then, I decided to take him "for the ride". If nothing else, the ride across the bay at sun-set would be nice. (From the way he talks about getting his life back, together, having been dumped by brothers and sister, etc., I thought I'd take a little risk, make a little investment, go to the beach, see how "calm" he truly can be.) I had some cash. He (claimed) had none. 4\$ for his transport? Worth the try. I asked if I could "take him for a ride". He agreed. Asked where to. I said he'd have to trust me. He said he did. To the Q we went! To the A to Rockaway! - We had time to sit, relax, snooze, talk along the way. For me, it was a trip "Home" to a place of calm, quiet, respite. I watched the bay beneath us, watched the sun's glimmer turn the ripples in the water into scattered diamonds. It was lost on him. I was a little disappointed but what mattered more to me was going "Home". - We got off at 105th. I was going to go over to the board walk but, as we got across Rockaway Beach Blvd. I saw the 22 bus coming, heading west. I said we're taking the bus. I'd planned, at that point, to go to The Fort... Well, to the beach at 169th. - CW just went along with the rapidly changing itinerary. The bus ride seemed lost on him. But, as is "me" these days, I enjoyed just being back in the Rockaways. At the end of the line, we left the bus and walked south on 169th to the beach. There was breeze, but it wasn't cold at all. A woman jogged north-bound past us. "Happy new year!" she called. People. Humans. Consideration. "Home". - I looked over to T6. Geoff's truck was there. No going there for any reason. We went to the beach for a stroll west-ward. The sun was setting but still quite bright. - I brought CW into the back building off the Hero Rd., the one where the fat man would linger and lurk on hot Summer days. It wasn't my actual intention, but when we got inside, toward the back, I just grabbed CW for a "real" embrace. .. A strong, firm embrace. It was returned, with equal strength. A kiss. Flesh. Passion. We moved to another room, the room

that would have been concealed by foliage in Summer but was relatively “secret” behind the vines of, of all thing, bittersweet. A shock to me: a BJ was initiated... not by me! An “experienced” act! All the talk of being “bi” well... With the experience this was carried-out, I wonder which is the “dominant” orientation. Hmm... And yes, in conclusion, both ended relieved. Obviously me more than he. But that’s not an issue. - It wasn’t at all “romantic”, and in spite of the location. Not for me anyway. I wonder if it will be remembered and, if so, will it be remembered as an incident on a beach, in an old abandoned building on January afternoon? Or will it simply be a “nut-buster” only? Oddly enough, for me, there’s no “romance” to it at all. No emotion. It simply happened. It’s over. Now I wonder about me: Has the capacity to enter a “relationship”, to have feelings for another, to ever entertain the possibility of these things completely dead? In brutal truth and honesty: If so, I don’t even care. Sure, I hope I never cause another any emotional pain. But to enter into some sort of “bond” with someone is so far removed from me now, it’s impossible. I have no hurt, no longing, no yearning... I don’t even have the desire or, bottom-line, the notion. What a wake-up! - So. The sun was setting, beautifully as it does in The Fort. We walked out past T9-6. Geoff’s truck was in front of T6. Thankfully, he didn’t come out as we passed (or even as we left). I’ve nothing to say, no interest in small talk. My membership is expired and I’m not re-newing. I can visit as a visitor but membership days are done. - We got the Q35 for The Junction. He (CW) didn’t remark on the view as we crossed the bay. He was sleepy and hungry. I was feeling badly because he’d miss dinner. At the Junction, I needed cigarettes, so, when we got to RiteAid I got a pack (NINE DOLLARS!) and some junk-food. I gave him 5\$ to get something. He didn’t use it there. I got for both of us. He stopped next door for a soda. And onto the train, back to Hell. - He immediately disappeared into the mayhem that is the Shelter. All simply returned to as it was, as it is, as it always will be at the Shelter. And I had no feelings on the matter of the day or otherwise at all. Me? I’d been “Home”. That’s all that mattered to me. Nothing else.

Monday, 5 January:

144/113 (Recapped on Thu. 8 at BrightonBeach Library) I’ve been making quick notes from Monday through Thursday. Just things to keep up with this Journal. Here, the fill-ins: This morning was up and out to cash the pay-cheque at CashZone, first thing! I had a mission this morning: to make a deposit, to satisfy the heifer, to put in my 60 per-cent to shut her up on Tuesday. - From CashZone to the subway for the next MetroCard. Transport! Above and beyond ALL else! Transport! For work, for escape, in case I need to sleep out of the shelter at night. Transport! - Down to MCU to learn how to make deposits and verify that there are two accounts and that direct deposit has been arranged. Indeed, TWO accounts and 125 into savings. 5\$ more than the 60 per-cent. Hey. It’s for my own good as well. Not yet enough to get me out of the shit hole shelter. But a beginning. Now I’m on the way to “normalcy”. An account. A debit card. Savings. Now comes the nasty notes from the IRS no doubt. Well, if it happens while I’m in the shelter, the joke will be on the Feds. THEN I’ll hit the “PA” line. They’ll get nothing, the shelter will get nothing. I’ll get nothing. - As I left from the library after all the morning running, there was a call from Ida Guadagno. I called her. Tony is back home! She wants me back! Truthfully, the news had me almost in tears. It was such a relief to know he’d been discharged. What-ever happened to him wasn’t life-threatening. (D18) It truly did bring me happiness to know he is OK and Ida dotes over him so. Losing him would be a terrible blow to her. And knowing that she wants me on the case is both a major compliments and a financial relief. Now, to get back on the case. - Even after all of this for this morning, I was on the trains early. Good thing too. I dozed right up to Rock Blvd and woke just as the train doors closed! Fortunately, I was on the Far Rock A so, I dozed again to Broad Channel. Got off there and strolled across Noel to Cross Bay Blvd. to wait for the Q21 back. What a most delightful way to enjoy a morning: in the serenity that is that

lost island community. Oddly, it crossed my mind: I know Kristen, Mat, Liz and Dan, people on Broad Channel. But I just have no desire to see or to talk with any of them any longer. I just enjoyed the eternal wait for the bus... in my own silence. I'm actually cutting away from everything and everybody lately. I'm withdrawing into me. And I'm very much at peace with it. "Me" isn't such a bad place to be... now that it's without "them". For the moments of withdrawal, I find contentment. There's a peace and a peaceful place inside me. I shut the world out, shut-down and all is well. Maybe it's the beginning of my 2010 count-down. Peace is on its way. - Got to Herman's a few moments late... as usual. Another wasted appointment. No matter what I say I'd like to accomplish there, no matter what son Joey tells me he'd like to see his father accomplish, they won't co-operate. I have my coffee and cookies and leave. Sure, I get paid. But it doesn't do anything. But, it's not because of me. So? So... - Sign-in tonight was another typical shelter nightmare. "King" James at the desk barking at Santiago. Some guy named "White" lost his bed due to having been caught smoking in the dorm. Odd. The fat dirt-bag in D19 smokes in the loo. Just last night (I think), he threatened "Security" when that idiot came round claiming "bed-check". 19 followed the "security" down the hall, yelling "I'm gonna fuk you up!" But nothing corrective or retaliatory ensued there. In this asylum, Justice has no scales, no blindfold. In here, Justice is an amputee whose eyes have been gouged out of her head! And tonight, a great many were here, waiting for bed assignments. The "un-domiciled" are increasing in numbers, and I get to bear witness to the fact... first hand! - After sign-in, Robert (whom I haven't seen in a while) came to ask for a cigarette. I gave him one, no charge. But when I went to smoke (in the loo) he'd given it to some nasty, savage arse who'd pissed me off earlier this evening! I simply told him that I won't be giving away ANY more cigarettes any longer. (I've become quite ballsy of late.) - Tomorrow is my appointment with Ms.Simmons. Along with the usual stress associated with this weekly appointment with "it", tonight I'm particularly anxious and filled with trepidation. She simply can't be trusted. She's incompetent, lazy, useless and will do what SHE feels she can get away with and keep her job. Just one fat presence of misery, she. - At 23h43, the lights were still on. Rich(16) snoring. George, reading. Rey, sleeping. And noise in the hall, those with no purpose in Creation keeping everyone else awake. - Good night!

*Margin Notes:

MON.5 (23h39) CZ/MCU/Mid-Manhattan Library/Ida-T-home/A-Broad Channel-21-HT/
Another wasted HomeCare visit/Sign-in: James moving "write" due to smoking/Many waiting for beds/Robert cigarette stinky 2!/Anxious. Trepidation/23h43 lights on.16 snoring. G reading. R sleeping/Me: anxious. trepidations

Tuesday, 6 January:

145/114 At 2h this morning I was awakened by yelling and screaming in the loo and the halls!

*Margin Notes:

TUE.6 Screaming halls at 2h/Sleep until 8h/Appointment with Ms.Simmons/Changed dates to Tue&Thu. then changed back to Tue/Still pushing job for housing/couldn't understand MCU dep.slip (120-20's?)/forcing PublicAssistance!/claimed she insisted on PA by end of Dec but never did/Ms.Reid. ignored/Ms.Simmons doesn't speak she mutters/was relatively pleasant. Feigned caring./Agency advertising CNA classes on 8th Ref'd me off to Bklyn/Went to Bed Stuy. Saw No classes. Ref's to Manhattan. Call back at end of month!

Wednesday, 7 January:

*Margin Notes: WED.7 12h42 Lefferts Lib. RAIN/Partners In Care umbrella
useless/tired/journaling Sunday/3h bed-check! Sec walks INTO the room, can see Rich(16) in the bed, asks Rey if anybody's in the bed! Goes down the hall banging on ALL doors./RAIN all day,

PIC umbrella broken./Day at HT's a waste./All were in the dorm tonight./I told Rey that I'm logging shelter bullshit on the Internet./George is unusually quiet these days. It saddens me a bit. Rey is exhausted from all the bullshit./I need to wash clothes, change linens. Funky.

Thursday, 8 January:

11h29 Fordham Library: SNOW and some sun. Cold today/Late start/No need to rush/Feeling terribly dissociated/Craig: You're sleeping-in quite a bit lately./I took the downtown 6 instead of uptown this morning! Habit. Not thinking. Not focused at all./SNOWING at 3rd ave. but no where else./More snow at Kinsbridge. Walked to library. Another day logged. Only 45 minutes on-line./Sky is clearing. I'm hungry. 13\$ FS/Can't seem to find "me" this morning./My right boot has a crack in the sole! I need new shoes now. Well. It's been over a year. So many shoes gone because of CM. Good shoes and more gone at RPH. Clothes. Suit. Sweaters. Maroney's. Music. Web-work. Lap-top. GONE! Why do I take the next breath?/14h32 at BrightonBeach Library D-CI-68-Jackie's. Boots 11 at 24.99\$ didn't buy. People sleeping all over lib. (cont. next pg. top)
[Ms.Peace, Ms.U, Ms.Simmons/Eunice, Walker, Spvsrs] Fajardo Ortiz Pina
(Sun continues) Back at the dorm, there was food! Somebody came by with FOUR dinners, hot, for Rey. Now there's the compassion other-wise missing in this hell-hole! The guys are looking out for him. And yes, he truly needs to put on the weight. It's remarkable, just how thin he is and yet, he keeps going. 49 y/o, almost as tall as I am, he's so much thinner! And all the while, he puts on the "tough-boy", always ready for a rumble or a tumble with anybody. It makes me wonder what his own story is. But, the most notable point is the support of the guys in here. Yes, compassion. - It wasn't moments later when TWO more meals were delivered! SIX dinners! And these in addition to the meal he'd already eaten. He immediately offered me two. I accepted. I was quite hungry after a day of travel and the "jaunt" with CW. - In the little plastic tray: broccoli, a mixture of corn, limas, carrots, rice with tomatoes and peppers and a small bit of fish. Not bad tasting. This is the dinner touted as "the best" of all the meals served. Like the "Meals on Wheels" of The Bronx, certainly not enough food to satisfy but relatively sufficient to serve some purpose. I ate the 2 offered, Rey ate the fish and rice from the others. Me? I wonder if they'll "clean me out" (all previous meals have given me the runs). I hope they do some good for Rey. It's not nearly enough to put weight on him. But I do hope it makes a difference. - It was a great experience for the heart, all told. - CW? Disappeared. OK. The day was/is done anyway.
*MarginNote: THU 21h20 major sign-in line. Lots of new faces. - 99cent store Fabuloso, turkey, cologne!, fabric fresher. Back to hell hole. Long queue/Washed jeans. Smells great in dorm/ CW says he might be out of here tomorrow. A place in The Bronx.

Friday, 9 January:

The Bronx Central Library - Noon. D train to A train. Just missed 7 train. Walked 13h55. Mr.Tretter stood with assist for Joey x3.

Saturday, 10 January:

P.O. in am. Cq.Stmnt. A-D-Battery Kessler. - FS posted - Food at MW in PM (*Post Office in morning. took the A train to the D train to Battery Kessler, at the Fort. Food Stamps form posted. Got good at Morton Williams in the evening.*)

Sunday, 11 January:

The Bronx Central Library finished Sept. Monogram/D-Q-99cent shampoo soap/Back 15h alone

through/wash/Nobody here/Rey begged by DoRag/Some young idiot “found Jesus”, told me to read Gospel John!/Prepping to eat “DHS” flashlight in locker!/Tooting party horn in hall. Gen’l mayhem. PR/PR flag on door/George out by 22h30 Ret 04h18 Bang lock, phone call. (*Bronx Library, finished logging September’s notes from the Monogram notes book. Too the D train to the Q train to the 99 cent Store to buy shampoo and soap. Returned to the Shelter at 3:00pm and went through the “security” check alone. Made a wash. Nobody was here. DoRag begged something from Rey. Then some idiot came into the room claiming to have “found Jesus” and insisting that I read the Gospel according to John! - As I was preparing to eat something, DHS “security” came into the room and with-out so much as a word to me, shone a flash-light in my locker. - Late into the night, some idiot had a part horn and was tooting it all over the place!- There was general mayhem on the floor tonight, caused by the “new” Puerto Rican on the floor who had placed the Puerto Rican flag on his door. - George went out by 10:30pm and returned at 4:18am, banged the lock on his locker, made a phone call.*)

Monday, 12 January:

Earplug all night/Up 5h30/Very sm. BM/LEAK IN SHOWER ROOM CEILING! WATER on floor/Bus-14th-6 Great connections/ Ida at door smiling. T in good (enough_ mood/Danielle came to visit/HT hours down to 2x/wk! Just as I’m beginning to improve and save!/Q7-A-1-6: 33rd Park CZ/FAXED P.O. pay-stub from CZ to Ada PIC (she wanted it by noon tomorrow!)/Walked to Bellevue Hosp. Dep. 50p ATM/Walked to Morton Wms 23rd 2nd/Not hungry BAD bowels! A us the 11\$ off FS!/CVS cigarettes/Walked to E.30th Right thru/DHS Task Again, pleasant/Talk with George r/t death, suicide/Horn-blower in hall!/Down for sleep at 23h45! *Santiago 1 Newport/2 Camels/RAA 1 yr ago today.

Tuesday, 13 January:

Earplug last night/Up with alarm/Exhausted But to 14th and perfect timing to Guadagno's. A good morning at work. He had Speech and Occupational therapies. - (17h45 Mid-Manhattan Library) Sweating. Burning up. Fatigue. - Great connections back to shelter - Will do HT Mon.Thurs/Fri.pm free! - Town and Country Conservative Synagogue on Sat? - Arrived, signed for Ms.Simmons 14h02! Security guard told me I couldn’t knock to let her know I was there. “She’s on lunch now. She’ll call you when she’s ready to see you.” I sat in “the lounge”. Spoke with Rey. Then Rich. Then Keith. Events list r/t Ms.Simmons: 14h41 Came out of office, looked at and ignored me. Returned to her “office”. 15h13 came from “office”. Walked to the “East Corridor”. 15h23 Returned. Looked at me. Went into her “office”. 15h27 Again, walked to the “East Corridor”. 15h29 Returned to “office”. Looked at me. Again said nothing. Went into “office”. 15h44 I had to pee and had stomach cramps. Went to the loo. She’d previously told me that she doesn’t see clients after 16h. I went to eat. Starving. Exhausted. -Whilst waiting for Ms.Simmons, composed letter to DHS Commish to praise P.O. and U.E. - Ate in dorm. Talked with George and Rey. Changed into clothes and left for library just past 17h to compose and send letter via e-mail to commishes and city hall./While waiting, Ida phone. Keys to back door missing. - On L train between Bedford and 1st, fell completely asleep - 15h55 still over-heated. Want and need sleep! - Signed for Ms.Simmons 14h02. Documented her ignoring me until 15h57 - No lines. Hungry. Tired. - Never got to see her. “No clients after 16h/To Mid-Manhattan Library at 17h. Walked. Dead tired. - 18h35 on PC. Got it earlier. Typed msg DHS and Coalition. No good e-mail addresses! No sent. Pissed. Walked to 2nd Av. for M15 to 28th - In dorm. Meeting! Admin claims. Missed mtg due to no notices posted. Rey tells: Case workers’ loads double or triple. 2 errors (non-compliance) equals transfer. Miss sign-in or bed-check-lose bed. Bathe! (Idiots) - Brindou got beaten due to not bathing. - George playing radio too loudly at 22h. Rich16 asked him to lower vol. “Mr. Bossy!” Argument. George is actively seeking trouble. - I just read Tolstoy. Sick

and tired. - Vol. down at 23h. I fell asleep reading, wearing glasses. - Horrible day. Just horrid.

Wednesday, 14 January:

At Guadagno's. Bad mood. 20degrees F. this morning - Arrived 8h21 exhausted - Mrs. complaining about other aide sleeping on bed. Helping self to juice etc. Won't offer me extra time. They're going to Access-A-Ride in afternoon. - Left 12h30. Q41-Q7-Q10 to JoeSimicich. He's Bavarian. She's from Luxembourg. Daughter reminds me SO much of VIV! Went well. LAST min. he (pt.) gets the runs! - 14-17h Bus by 18h! - Tired. Not hungry. Needed food. MW Market before shelter. Good thing. - Arrived shelter about 19h30 - Alone! Alone! Ate in relative peace. - QUIET NIGHT! ALL IN BED LIGHTS OUT APPROX 22h! - 2 fukking bloody bed-checks! Perades (Middle of night "D16"! A new room-mate! Rich lost his bed! - Oh well. - Sleep.)

Thursday, 15 January:

Sleep disturbed x2 last night due to "bed-check" - New 16 asked about breakfast. Please wake him. He was awake when Rey went. The new 16 slept on Rich's linens. Quiet. let it stay so. - SNOW! TODAY! - As I went for M15, corner of 29th 2nd, accident. Old guy in hospital socks hit by vehicle. - Got 15 bus almost immediately Excel timing! - Ida Guadagno phone 0h45. 10h appointment in The City at NYU. - At Rock Blvd I phone, she said come. I arrived 8h08 Her appointment cancelled due to snow. Fine. more hours for me. - Agency put me down for JoeSim tomorrow. No! I want a "good" Friday for a change. But Simicich wouldn't give me 35hr week. Hopefully? - This morning, I thought:

There are things we must adjust ourselves to in this shelter, it becomes a burden.

The rules and regulations change so quickly. How do we stay sane? Or have we gone mad and just don't know?

Last night, James told resident "Fuk you!" "This isn't the 7th floor." So what?!

At Mr.Tretter's, Stephen gave me Bavarian coffee. Me. With no way to prepare it! They had family "visit". Invited me to stay for dinner. I declined.

Quiet trip back. Tired. Quick into bldg. in spite of the confusion of the queue.

Eddy(16), just in from state prison. Nice, so far.

George screwing up. No show (all night). Santiago let Rey sign. Rey moved covers on bed. Looked like somebody in there.

Rey said: If I could be in a room with more people like you (me) I wouldn't mind being here. We both agree, being out is better. But must wait for warm weather.

No radio. No noise. Took 2 sleep aids for Benadryl.

2 bed-checks through the night.

Friday, 16 January:

At Guadagno's. Cold air! 19deg.F! Arrived 8h18. My cold is in swing! Runny eyes and nose. I'm feeling so tired. Paper towels in nose while Mrs. feeds Mr. So tired.

Got through the morning. Went to P.O. Pay-cheque (66,13) there so I can get CW a MetroCard and pay the phone.

Bombed into The City to cash the cheque. Mid-Manhattan Library for a 35min computer.

Nothing accomplished. Got antihistamines at Duane Reade.

Back at the shelter, feeling like shit. A quiet night, thankfully.

Eddy16 does nothing but sleep. But he's taken to me for some reason.

Oh well. Gee. Like CW? Let's just NOT!

Dead, dead tired. One bed check. George went out AGAIN today.

Didn't sign-in. Rang Rey to ask him to sign. Rey said "No." Apparently somebody asked George to sign for him and George said No. Anyway, Santiago came to do bed-check and Rey signed. It's selfish of us: we know the shit we've got and don't want to risk worse. Rey moved the blankets on the bed. It appeared that someone was in there. It worked for second bed-check!

MarginNote: Kristin not in. I've got Simicich, Mr.Tretter and Guadagno! 35hrs/wk! But supervisor at PIC had HT: M and Th, JS, M.W.F; JS has C.diff*!

(*C.diff: *Clostridium difficile* often called *C. difficile* or *C. diff*, is a bacterium that can cause symptoms ranging from diarrhea to life-threatening inflammation of the colon (mayoclinic.com))

Saturday, 17 January:

What a day! In bed all day! All day! Nose, eyes, running, dripping. Tired. Just a shitty day... ALL day.

Sunday, 18 January:

Woke at 8h no alarm. SNOW! Up. Loo. Ripped kippa to begin again. Shower at 12h30. out. Walked up 3rd. Cigarettes at Walgreen's. Library. - Only 10 minutes at 16h35! Never mind. Before leaving, Rich16 came in. He's been in hospital! Too funny (NOT) how he plops on the bed with Eddy in it, goes through his locker to get his "possessions". Asks ME how he gets another bed. He's been on morphine at hosp. Looks terrible. I mentioned he might be able to get his bed back. He thought that would be good. (After the fight with George? He wants his bed back?) - Anyway, after nothing at the library, took M15 to market for some food. Another bloody 16\$ of nothing! Walked back to the shelter. Very, extremely exhausted. And a full week to come! * [15h30 Saw Ms.Reid.. Told her of my 35 hours. She told me I can see Ms.Simmons on Saturday. God does NOT want me in the synagogue! Well. We'll see come Saturday.]* Ate a bit. Half napped. Washed socks and unders. - 18h39 My eyes won't focus all day! Dehydrated from antihistamines. - Chat-chat-chat-yap-yap in the hall! I want to be somewhere where Spanish is a "foreign" language, seldom heard and spoken and where I'll never hear "Muthufukkuh" again. And now I have to listen to Craig, of all people, talking about "They used us for 400 years!" "They" are the "Whites". "Us" are the Blacks. All because of tomorrow: MLK. Well! When was slavery abolished? Why is the majority of violent crime STILL Black? Homeless? Black. Why can't "You" get your shit together and get over it? - Ah, the bullshit goes on. Stupid is as stupid talks and stupid does. You're in a shelter... January 2009... Blame slavery. Dick-head. And probably engaged at the Black man's favourite career: being drunk! - If I don't get out and away from this quickly...! (19h08 Eddy16 tells me he got 20 years in Sing-Sing! I wonder what for. - He flatulates freely.) (Nightly: horn-blowing, toilet-lid slamming, garbage can banging, PR scumbags yelling in the halls, guys talking on cell phones in the hall, bed-checks with lights on.) - As I'm jotting I just thought" I really do have to get out of here soon. My work day begins with waking at 5h30. Train by 6h45 to get to Guadagno's abuse by 8h30. 12h30 to bus to get to Simicich (and C.diff) by 14h. 17h out of that for 17h30 bus. Back to this hole of inconsiderate trash by about 19h or 20h. if I get 6 hours of sleep at night I'm blessed. This is going to run me into the ground. (Rich16 just came in. He told his case-worker the details of his absence and asked for his bed back. He has to check-back with c/w at 21h. Oh! And this is my night before a FULL day tomorrow! They claim we're supposed to find work, make money, get out. BUT they do NOTHING to assist us in getting proper rest for work. The staff, the security, even the DHS cops do their best to disturb the night. And when the dregs congregate in halls and loo, yelling and such in the middle of the night? It just goes on and on and on. Fact: Most of the disturbances are in Spanish.) Even as I jot, the fat, pugged-faced lard-head spic from the East Wing comes shuffling along the hall, yelling at some idiot walking right beside him! - I'm almost done with

my kippa but can't work on it any more. My fingers are too sore! An hour left before sign-in. nothing to read. There's stuff to nibble on but I don't want to eat everything tonight so tomorrow I don't have to stop anywhere before coming in. Hopefully I'll be able to just come in, sign-in, get to bed. Honestly? It looks like I'm going to have to start drinking myself to sleep again. The ONLY thing stopping me so far is that, sober, I have SOME control over my temper. If I drink, I just don't know what I might do in this miserable hell-hole. - The antihistamines are wearing off! None all day. Time for more. The cold isn't gone! - 20h02 A little catching up here. The halls are constantly echoing with the cacophony of those who (which?.. they're more "whats" than "who") won't shut up for even the briefest moment. Those that (sic) have been here for any length of time know, full well how sound is amplified in these concrete halls. Yet, they mindlessly yell, even in general conversation. Meanwhile, it's 24degrees in this room. It's a double-edged sort of situation: It's a warm place, out of the wind and cold, laundry dries over-night for the most part. But it dehydrates the body and provides a perfect environment for viruses and the likes. Even as I write, I'm sneezing and blowing my nose. I've just come back from a smoke in the loo. Something lobbed 2 wads of mucous on the floor in the toilet stall! The others are soaked with urine. There are 2 urinals in there as well but I'm supposing these degenerates can't quite figure out what they're for. In addition: We've had this one old idiot who constantly walks the halls (sits on the toilet, stands in the shower) talking or arguing... with himself. Last night our administration added a Black to accompany "Cuba". Now there are TWO strolling the halls, talking to themselves! To make the asylum even more complete, Kalib (the Moroccan who speaks with me in Hebrew) stops by to say "Shalom". From his sleep, Eddy16 (Edmund!) gets up and joins in the conversation! Out of no-where! (20h21 George just came in! Hopefully HE'LL keep his bed. As it is said "We know the devil we've got. He loses his bed and there's not telling what will follow!") - Kalib says it's snowing. Warmer weather (the recent highs have been about 18-19F! Ah. The morning. The commute. The "holiday" schedule for trains and buses. - The trials and tribulation. - At about 23h, some monkey came down the hall screaming "BED-CHECK!" at the top of its lungs. I was actually beginning to doze! And the moron kept yelling, repeatedly. All the way up and down the hall. Then? On to the North-West wing and I could STILL hear it! - Well. This is my 35-hour week, of course, anything they can do to deny sleep. - Meanwhile, George is downing Theraflu. A miserable chest cold. Rey is sneezing and coughing. - Rich16 came in to ask for toilet paper. I gave him. He's hoping to get his bed back. Something to ponder...

Monday, 19 January:

A beautiful morning of snow on all the trees! A perfect day to go walking and marvelling. But certainly not for me. Work. Full day. C-diff. Ah alas. - At about midnight or 1h, Rich16 came into empty his locker. BANG! OK. Wake ME! As if his little trial is my fault. Well, let's hope he doesn't get D16 back. I'm at the end of "nice". At the end. I'm just looking forward to getting the money I need to get out! I'm even contemplating a tent and sleeping bag. When I figure how to shower, I'm gone... back to the out-of-doors. It'll be so much better out of this shit-hole shelter. - Made great connections to Howard Beach this morning. And with the snow on the trees, it was a magnificent morning. - The commutes went smoothly all day! Of course they did. No school. No brats to clog the world. - A good morning at Guadagno's.

Tuesday, 20 January:

159/128 Work day. Obama inauguration. Europeans will truly become extinct in the US. - Guadagno/Tretter. - Almost done with kippa. - Rich(16) asked me for 5\$ ("You know how I make my money." - Panhandling) to buy a watch! As if to tell me that waking at 5h25, travelling to Queens and back makes the way I make my money easier! He didn't get his 5 from me! Then the

bloody Rusky leech from next door comes for a cigarette! When I told him I had one left (true... in that pack) he looked at me and waited for me to GIVE it to him! I'm at the very END of my nice days. - Terrible, in-explicable tickle in throat. Count-down to 55? I can only hope.

Wednesday, 21 January:

160 Homeless/129 Shelter! Ready to die! God awful nauseous all day! Exhausted en route to Simicich. Half-slept standing, waiting for bus. Wanted to cry. - Walked N. Conduit to A (N.C./Aqueduct) at 17h sunset. Nice walk. WOW! I need to get out of this shelter, this City and back to Rockaway! - 19h09 3 knishes and V8 for dinner. Hope to finish kippa. Need sleep! - 21h39 The kippa is finished but I don't think it's any good. I need to figure a pattern for them. But, it's washed an drying. Tomorrow will tell. Meanwhile, this room smelled like rampant flatulence when I came back from signing for my bed. Luckily, I have a small bottle of "Fabuloso". A splash. Quick pass with a wet, dirty mop and all smells a bit better. How "me" and my existence": The foul odour of shit all day at work? And then a night of the same. And as I write, the over-head fluorescents are on, retards banging about in the hall way, and our resident drunk yammering away on the bloody phone in Spanish. Last night I came to think of all of this as my private "Midnight Express". This isn't a "shelter". This is a Turkish jail. I wonder what I did to deserve this bullshit punishments. Death is the only escape! - You can tell when the weather isn't "nice" by being in here. The census increases and the worst of the population arrives in droves. Last night, 2 complete idiots were in the showers... with curtains outside the stall. Water all over the floor! Tonight the queue to sign was from the office through the "lounge". Chaos. It takes major genius to find a bed number and put one's name on the line beside it. The same genius it takes to shit and pee IN a toilet. Obviously, that genius is rare around here. - Well. I was going to make a small wash tonight. I'm too tired and fed-up right now. I'm going to get under the covers and try for some "rest". Sleep will not come... not any time soon. But 5h30 tomorrow will be my hour. It's a shame I just can't make sufficient unnecessary noise. And I don't like the light when I get ready for work. - I've fallen so behind in this journal. I'm falling so far behind logging the "Monogram". I need the money so I need to work but I miss my library time. I miss my lap-top. I'm sick about all the work my "sister" fukked me out of. I've nothing, nothing, nothing. And then this: yelling in the halls, rooming with trash, stench, hunger, exhaustion. It's stuffy in here. Eddy16 closed the windows. Cigarette smoke from the loo across the hall is wafting in. I'll take some comfort in thinking: they have the night but I have the early morning. - 21h57. Time to just call it quits. Tomorrow, Guadagno will be going to an MD appointment at 10h. Screws me out of 2.5 hours pay. Mrs. only mentioned it THIS morning. Nobody thinks about anybody but self. It's time I do the same. - Ah, fuk this day... and night! I'm going under-covers NOW!

Thursday, 22 January:

161/130 Up and out non-stop this morning. Arrived Guadagno approx 7h45 (clock-in at 8h!) Mr. very agitated. This was a tough day. Then Mr. Tretter cancelled on me. How the bloody fuk will I get my full week, the money, the bloody fuk OUT of the mad-house at this rate? I used the afternoon to try a trip from Howard Beach to Rock Park and to Simicich's. Good timing via Q21 and A. Will need to do it tomorrow to get paid! (I used a 5 from the calendar to get cigarettes tonight.) Then to the Mid-Manhattan Library for a computer that didn't print and a library clerk who was of NO help! I want to mail the letter to DHS, Mayor's office, etc. SOON! I'm constantly sick because of Ms. Simmons and her miserable, evil, nasty bullshit! Daily, I expect some sort of transfer or something that will interfere with my job, money, escape! Truly, I'm physically sick over it. I need to get OUT! - George never showed for sign-in tonight. But Rey put out the lights at about 22h. In addition, I napped from 18h30 to about 20!

*MarginNotes: SAT 11h06 11h14 You'll be called when she's ready.

I've read and studied the stories of Holocaust survivors. These days I live those stories.

11h27 Said hello to Ms.Uloma. Ms.Simmons with client. (In office) (11h42 George)*

Friday, 23 January:

162/131 At about 4h "security" came in to check bed 15. Nobody there. Bed is assigned. Moments later, young guy comes in but didn't put on the light. Yup. His new bed. He looked at the blankets, linens and asked if he should remove them. I said "Yes." So he did. George's comforter in now gone. Tough shit! Now the room has to put up with a stranger. It's about "me" these days. I'm trying to get a work routine. Now this! Because of some drunk! No matter how hard I try to get to something resembling the existence I once had, to get out of this hole, to escape this Dachau, this Auschwitz, this torment, terror and torture, some-thing, some one, some event appears out of no where, some where, any where, drops on me, all of me, crushing me back toward some oblivion, into a blind darkness, closer to some inevitable insanity... that is not mine. I dissociate. I split from the person who experiences these things, these events. From an emotional and psychological distance I look on, look at myself, numb, watching, wondering how that "other" person manages to survive. And I wonder if this isn't the way my ancestors managed to survive their tortures, torments, sufferings. I wonder... - And so, the day progressed. VNS rang Guadagno while I was there. Questions about my attendance, uniform, person. Mrs. gave a charming review. Unfortunately, credit for observations, treatments and the likes went to the RN. There's no confidence in what I do or say. I've decided to become an "HHA" there, doing no more and no less than what "typical" HHA's do (or not do). There's just no sense in exerting extra when it's just ignored or not trusted. - Mrs. asked how much I'd charge for "extra" time. Considering I'm not going to over-do, I said "10". She said she's considering beauty parlour on the wk-end. Hell! I'm supposed to see Ms.Simmons on Saturday, but if I can make more money instead, I'll go for that! More money means less time in the dung-heap. - A "rush" hour followed: Q21 to Rock Park (Wave and cheque), Waldbaum's for bread and 70 cent cold cuts. Got 2 Fage for Simicich, (at 2.39\$. To the shuttle to the A train to North Conduit. The 13h30 shuttle and walk to Simicich's house got me to clock-in at 14h01! Today, I had coffee with Mrs. A clean-up for Mr. He ate one Fage and said he enjoyed it. Good. I hope it helps his situation. I'm such an idiot... for caring at all anymore. But, as I've been told: It's the way you are. You can change the outside of you but you'll never change the way you are. I suppose not. Anyway, leaving was, essentially, a fun experience. Walking along North Conduit, watching the planes coming into JFK. I'm still amazed by them. All that bulk, that weight, floating above, in the air. And it was a comfortably warm evening. The walk could have been much nicer if I wasn't trying to beat the clock to "The City". Still, I made it! - Cashed my cheque, made my deposit. Brought my savings up to over 300\$. That is encouraging. Not enough to "BOLT!" But certainly on the way. - Coming in at just before 19h just brought back the miserable reality of this dung-heap. Stink. Drunks. Foul-mouthed cretins. 5 flights of stairs to climb. And when I got to the room? 15 is now occupied by some young-ish, large-but-White something. Do I want to know? No. And I take George's irresponsibility as a personal affront. (I passed him, waiting to talk with his Mr.Lapinsky. He's just so out of touch with any sort of reality. Of course, the system here is no better. They've let him pull his bullshit so often. Of course the feeble-minded idiot figures he's got privileges! Still, even though I noted: 15, 16, 18 are now White, it does nothing for any sense of security or comfort. That's finished. So is my demeanour. - Tonight brought a telling talk with Rey. This is all getting to him as well. It's running him down, emotionally, psychologically and physically. He too has lost interest in much. He too feels he wants to withdraw. The change in the room census is a factor. The "loss" of Kendall, the approaching "loss" of Keith, the fact that it's SO difficult to find a job, and the fact that I go to work... Rey has been my inspiration from since coming to 5W-101.

This is a difficult time for him... for us. How strange, even as he says, we form some sort of bonds with people in here. We get to a point where this experience pulls us out of the world and into another realm where this dung-heap creates a reality that becomes integral, of great importance to us. This is our "Auschwitz". We are in the Holocaust.

Saturday, 24 January:

163/132 12h15 One hour and nine minutes of sitting and waiting "to be called" by Ms. Simmons who is sitting at her desk. In this time, Ms. Crawford has seen 5 of her clients, each one called. (12h19 Ms. Simmons is off on the elevator to... food, no doubt.) "I hear you have good news for me." No. not for YOU... for ME! - Well, I finally got to see her just after 14h! And just how dense can a person be? I gave her THREE "Assignment" sheets, days and hours indicated and totalled. She holds all three and looks at assignment sheet for Guadagno "This doesn't come to 35 hours." "You're looking at one page. There are two behind it." She looks at Simicich. "This is only 9 hours a week." "And you're not paying attention to the third sheet." Well, by the time I got back to the room, it was 15h16. The day was wasted, waiting, waiting, waiting. So, I took out the kippa (the second one I'm working), for a couple of rounds done, and napped. Really. Why bother? - At about 18h, I ventured out of the building. Walgreen's for 2 packs of cigarettes, 33rd for a new MetroCard. I stopped at D'Ag's (the lower, larger one on 3rd and 30-something) for some things to eat. How I hate being in The City. And tonight, for some reason, I miss Viv a great deal. So much of my entire 53 years is gone, never to be retrieved. - Piss me off! At D'ag's, I'd gotten Entenmann's donuts. All stale. Fage yoghurt. Old. Snack Pack puddings. Dry. Disgusting! But, I was so hungry, I ate anyway. And now, with 16 days to the next Food Stamps, I've got 80-something dollars left! - And so, the day was done. - Strange, Rey and I are the "seniors" in the room now. Time passed. Time. The general census is up. New faces. New trash. And I need to bolt out of here! But tonight the temperature goes down to 16degF. Patience. Got to bide it until I'm fully prepared. And all the while, the hatred consumes me. Ashley. Margot. My siblings. Such hatred...

Sunday, 25 January:

164/133 Yet another wasted day spent inside. So much planned. More than could have been done. Laundry! And my sheets are beginning to smell "not so fresh". Had I known I'd have the whole day in, there was laundry that could have been done. But, it was a "moment-by-moment" loss of a day. Still, I suppose I deserve a day of rest. And there it is. Bad thing, no food. I had 3 hamburger rolls with honey, a small bowl of oatmeal (a little honey) and one Snack-Pack pudding. No big deal. My stomach is bad. For weeks now, very, very small BMs and I constantly feel like I need to go. All I'm thinking is: no CA/Colon! Unless, of course, it's quick, done. - And the kippa is almost done. Not the way I'd hope or expect. But hopefully a wash will shape it. Hell. The crochet distracts me, keeps my mind away from the immediate bull-shit. Yet, there's always the fleeting memories of all that's gone, all that will never be retrieved or restored and who stabbed me in the back and fucked me in the open wound. Ah... my existence... done, stolen, lost, non-existent. - This evening, as I "washed" the bowl and spoon in the loo, the guy who plants himself in the stall every evening was standing at a sink behind me, talking (to himself in the mirror). "I had to do it! I had to put a bullet in him. He took my mother's bag! My mother! What chance did she have against him? She was an old woman and he tried to take the little bit she had. So I did my 17 years. But I did what I had to do!" He turned toward me. "I hope I'm not disturbing you, Mister..." I thought of Mama and what I'd do in such a case. Tears actually came to my eyes. When I looked behind me, there, over-dressed in coat, cap, sweats, etc. this Black man stood, sweating, eyes glazed with tears. A big, very Black man, mourning his mother, defending his

defence of her, alone, in this dung-heap. It touched me. It hurt me. I told him to be proud of what he did for his Mum and just because nobody wants to understand what he did any way, I said "Look here (in your heart) and if you know you did what had to be done, let the rest of the world go to Hell." He thanked me. All I wanted to do is sob (but there's no place to do that here.) To think that this immense, scarred, Black man is so haunted and so torn by the loss of his mother and how he suffered because he defended her. Well, it touched me to see "humanity". Something I'm loosing, rapidly and daily. - Then, later this evening, a "chat" with Mark, the new 15. Worked in the bath(?) in Seattle. Contracted MRSA! Is from Columbus OH. Used his last money and some he got from Catholic Charities to come to NY with the hope of finding work here. (Fool!) Because of the help he got from Catholic Char. he goes to St. Pat's mass and wants to convert to Catholic. I have no idea what his religion is but he believes he's in the shelter because God has a lesson he has to learn, because he has to make restitution for some silly little incident in his child-hood and that God will bring him through all of this, help him to purify his soul and bring him into heaven. Hey! If it works for him, do I care? - So what a week-end of wasted time, though-provoking incidents and general crap. - Now, I just insist that my 35 hour weeks continue at least until I've got enough to get out of here SECURELY! - At sign-in this evening, Santiago wanted to exchange a Newport for a Camel. I gave him 2 Camels for the Newport. It's good to be in his favour. Not that there's a great deal he can do for me, but he is "staff" and being in good with any of them can't possibly be bad. He tells me George (now D89) "wants to go back to you guys". Of course he does. But "we guys" don't want him back. I didn't say so, but... - At about 23h the noise in the hall was so bad, Rey closed the door! What a difference! I drifted off to the muddled sounds. It helped keep some warmth in the room too. It's gone bitter cold again.

MarginNotes: SLEET ON WED - RAIN/COLD TUE - SNOW ON FRI

Monday, 26 January:

165/134 I didn't want to get out of bed this morning! After 2 days of "rest". But, I managed to float through so much this morning that I got to Cross Bay/Woodhaven at 7h26! Rode to Lefferts, came back to Rock Blvd for the Q41 and arrived at Guadagno's 8h27. Mrs. went for coffee. And I began my catching up. By the moment (10h42) I haven't done a thing but catch up here in the Journal and am quite ready to nap. - Mrs. had to take Mr. to ER yesterday because of his Foley. I told her I'd mentioned the sediment in his UR. Bottom line: she's disappointed in Danielle and I (and praised Serita, whom only a few days ago she didn't want around). Well, well m'dear. All along I've tried to be helpful but you've chosen to do as pleases you. It's a shame, but I've lost interest because you've done away with trusting me. So now? I do what I must, no more, no less. - As I write I'm ready to nap. Writing strange things as I almost doze. And today is Simicich after this! - I wonder why Mrs. Guadagno sees me writing and doesn't wonder what I'm doing. Meanwhile, Mr. is coming back to this miserable self. How fun. - One of those difficult days this morning. Mrs. Guadagno is completely unrealistic and considers her evening private aide's word above mine and the RN. So. Not much to be accomplished here. Tomorrow I'll try to demonstrate proper Foley care. If she does it, find. If not, fine. - I cut out 30 minutes to Simicich today. Q41 bus to A train at Rock.Bldv! The walk along the North Conduit is pleasant... in good weather and now I can stop work at 16h30 instead of 17h! Mrs. Simicich offered a bottle of beer to take along! How sweet. But I can't bring glass into the shelter, can't consume alcohol in the shelter, can't enjoy beer there (talk about being depressed!) More reasons to get money and get the hell out SOONER! - Tomorrow's forecast is snow. Wednesday, sleet/freezing rain. I did a quick food shop at 23rd before returning to the Dung-heap. - The 15 and 16 are getting on my nerves. 15 talks about working in "book stores" in Seattle. I don't need to know about Miss Thang's "escapades". He's as Gay as they get and one of those Prissy-Missies who has no qualms. "Out", is what "they" call it. "Annoying" is what I call it. As for 16, I got up at one point, from

crocheting, to have a half-smoke. When I got back, the lights were off! 21h or so! So I turned them back on and continued to work on the kippa. (5 more rounds and done! I hope...) Ah, the reasons for bolting keep mounting by the moment. My general patience level is diminishing... rapidly! - Tonight at sign-in, the DHS cops were hauling an old, skinny Black man from the floor. One cop on each appendage, an extra at head and one behind. 6 cops! They carried him, almost crucifixion-style, face-down, through the hall to the lift! The old guy didn't make a sound. Wingdale! How the past keeps returning... but not the good, or happy past. It's all just repeated "HAUNTING"! - And so went the night. - I asked Rey if he could, to get me linens tomorrow. He said he would. If he does, fine. If not, fine too. Before dozing off tonight I thought, it would be great if I could find a place with enough space and offer him an escape. He couldn't afford to rent, but at least he'd have a better environment. He, like me, is trying to get back on his feet. I've been fortunate: Met Council, PIC, working. I'd like to pass along my good fortune... Then too, I got this far by my own cunning and travails. What stops others from doing the same? Bottom line: I've for to get ME to where I'll never have to drop down this low again. THEN I'll be able to afford to take on others. It's SO damned obvious. If I don't take care of me, it's certain that absolutely nobody else will. But, my heart is still like my Mum's. That's comforting.

Tuesday, 27 January:

MarginNotes: TUE:27 pain right chest - Rey's bed - Kippa done

TUE.27 166/135 Somebody waxed the hallway floors last night! I wonder who's coming to visit. Inspection? We'll find out... no doubt. Surely, it wasn't done simply for the "residents". - When I came out of the shower (at about 5h50), 15 was standing at the door waiting. Why? It's not that he (or 16) ever have anything to do. (I leave in the morning, they're in bed. I come in at the end of the day, they're in bed!) So why the shower so early? Perhaps to wait and see? Yeah. Another "CW". NOT! And certainly not this one. - I've got pain in the right side of my chest this morning. Difficult breathing. Collapsed lung? I should be so lucky. - Perfect connections to work this morning. I even let a Q41 go by because I was so early! A good night's sleep. Good connections to work. The storm is coming tonight. I've got a broken umbrella. But, as it all goes along, I'll figure what I need to do (dozing-off at 10h05 at Guadagno's kitchen table!) OK. Let's go. Tummy's grumbling. - Mrs. mentioned putting or taking Mr. into Hosp. for Joint Disease. I wonder... - And so, the day went: I tried to instruct Mrs. on proper Foley care. She's very much a Cyndi Mack: Knows better, won't listen, wants miracles, needs to whine. Makes me sick. I'm wondering if I'll get paid for all the extra time I put in here now that I arrive early. If not? Not much I can do about it. I need to leave when I do to get to work. Besides, I don't want to spend any more time "in" at 30th Street than I must. So I'll think of it as time away, in the world, in a "home" and not on the streets. - As I'm standing waiting for the bus to Mr. Tretter, a "toot". Mrs. Simicich and daughter, Susan? They gave me a lift to Mr. Tretter's and, believe it or not, the trip by bus gets me there in about an hour. But car? Not 10 minutes! Public transport is miserable in this city. I got there before 13h! - Mary enjoys getting into debates on abortion. How "Catholic" she is! How brain-washed. Almost interesting to think that people can still be such followers. But, as always, a pleasant visit. - PIC keeps calling my clients for reviews. I'm wondering what that's all about. Protocol? Or what? I'm not going to be concerned as long as I make enough to move on! - The return tonight was the usual little horror. 15 and 16 in bed at 18h30. Mark comes to ask me if his eyes are yellow "yet". MRSA and now Hep?!? And Eddy laying there. It used to be the booze from George and the stench of Brindou. Now this. The nastiest part? "White" men being like the dregs. Goes to show you never can tell. The spic down the hall is in the loo "making pretty" in the mirror and talking about being a proud "Boriqua". None of them have a damned thing to be proud of. Loud. Dirty. Violent. Classless. And he's putting the U.S. down! Free shelter, food, clothing and he's putting the country down? Nothing more than typical. Just typical. Common. -

So I finished my chicken patties for quick meal and got right on to the kippa which I FINISHED AND WASHED! Finally! A black one for all the time. A bit of blue and a round of off-white. But, it's done! It's fine! I did it! Now to remember HOW I did it and do more of them. Hey. It's a diversion and distraction. I need that... VERY MUCH NOW. - Took a stroll over to the E.Wing to see George and show him the finished kippa. He's still irresponsible and too cocky about himself and the shelter. In the loo, he lights a smoke and some fat, UGLY old Russian (they call it "Shrek") comes in yelling "NO! NO Shmoke!" It pushes George and George goes to fight. But I pointed-out the obvious (of course): if he beats the old man, he'll look bad. Besides, he was smoking. So the fighting stopped. Meanwhile, I was almost sorry the ugly bastard didn't touch me. I've been ready to simply punch something out. And I don't particularly care what. - A tour of the E.Wing followed. The ceilings in the halls are tiled for sound absorption. Sure, there's an echo, but nothing like what we have on the W.Wing. There are traces of the original architecture all about. Arch-ways in the hall. Some have been "walled" to make rooms. The place yells of its former days but it must have been quite elegant at one time. What a shame that people strive for destruction. The place is just sad, sad. - So I came back to my corner and crawled-in for the night. In my doze, I heard shuffling feet come into the room. I thought it was Rey so I continued to doze. But then I noticed the light was still on so I checked to see if Rey was OK. Well! The old guy who got hauled out last evening was in Rey's bed! I was so ready to jump on the bed and break the old guy's spine so, instead, I went to get Rey. He came in, grabbed the guy and shoved him out the door. Luckily, I still had the linens Rey had gotten for me today so he could change his. (No blankets are available these Winter day, by the way. Isn't that something?) - 23h15 and no peace. No sleep! But the very idea, that somebody walks the hall, finds a bed and gets into it? WTF all anyway? But Rey made his bed and soon we were all down for the night... whilst the trash in the halls and loo carried on. - Tomorrow's weather is supposed to be bad. I'll be eating oatmeal, cold. But, I'll be eating.

Wednesday, 28 January:

167/136 SO TIRED! It snowed last night into this morning and I made it to work at the usual 8h15. I shovelled a bit for Mrs. Guadagno. She went out for coffee. I journaled. She's returned. I'm journaling and ready for sleep! - The shower was a mere trickle of water this morning. 15 was up (of course, for breakfast). 16 sleeping. Rey, on the move. - 15 tends to walk about the place bare foot! - Me? I've got another 2 hours here, 3 hours at Simicich's. I want to sleep! - The snow is now rain. I'm finishing my coffee. Let it be a quick 3 hours and QUIET! - Left in a drizzle. Jut missed the Q41 at 12h30! So, I stood in the rain. Took the Q41 to 111th and Lefferts for the Q10. What a damned awful farce! SEVEN Q10 buses go by and not one for my destination! I got to Simicich's at just past 14h and right to work too. - But the rest went very nicely. Mrs. made English muffins and coffee. Mr. admired my sketches. He called them "impressive"! They do make me feel part of the family. Odd. When I first started there I didn't want to continue: dark, stuffy basement. But their disposition, appreciation makes me look forward to going. - And at 17h I left. Only a little drizzle so I walked to the train. Made it all the way to the station without getting wet and THERE! THEN! Some moron came tear-assing by, into a pool of water and I got DRENCHED just as I closed the almost worthless PIC umbrella! TIMING! Ice cold water! So I was in a frame of mind for the rest of the trip. - So tired this evening. Only oatmeal to eat but too tired to shop. Just no energy. Long queue to get in. Some bloody Chinaman blocked us all. He was in front of me at the door. I tapped his shoulder and pointed to the end of the queue IN-side. "Chill" he says. "Too many people in there." Meanwhile, others had to stand out in the wet court-yard because of this friggin refugee. Still, I managed to say (pretty much) nothing. - In the room and right to eating and changing. Mark commented favourably on my kippa then we got into how depressed HE is. I gave him the lecture about being stronger than the staff is around here and how I observe

them observing me and that I generally don't care what they say or do as they don't interfere with my income. I'm such a little "Chabadnik": doing good for so many others (meanwhile, I'd give anything to kill little Mr. Sunshine.) Yup. That's me. - Signed-in. Shared a smoke with Jackson. He talked about surviving in the woods. Heating stones, smouldering twigs for bug protection. Cross-bows and the likes. The regular outdoors-man. - Finally at 22h30 I got to bed and some shit-head took up whistling across the hall in the loo! That, of course, caused conversations and those continued until probably close to 24h. I don't bother complaining. The staff in this dung-heap wouldn't understand, or wouldn't (don't) care or, most likely, would be happy about the inconvenience and annoyance. And talking with the root of all the bull-shit isn't worth the effort because... well... because the instigators are psychotic messes to begin with. Useless, useless all round. Constant incentive to save money and bolt! - Had to mop the floor tonight. Flatulent-boy(16) letting rip. Thankfully I can afford the cleaner that deodorizes.

Thursday, 29 January:

168/137 10h10 at Guadagno's. I got here 8h03! Tired. A bit annoyed too. Mr. Tretter cancelled AGAIN today! Second Thursday in a row. Second of my "S/B" 35-hour weeks. Guadagno is expecting miracles and blaming the no progress on the visiting staff. Mr. Tretter keeps cancelling. I need to address this somehow. - The roads and streets are clear after yesterday's snow and rain. I'm tired and want to doze. Trying to figure how best to use my afternoon today. So much could be done... IF I had MY life back! Fuk! Fuk it! - Guadagno kept me late. I clocked-out at just past noon, left about 25 minutes after that. Walking to the bus, I couldn't decide what to do with the time. And it was a beautiful day! So I got on the Q41, went to Walgreens/Lefferts for cigarettes and up to the Lefferts library. Printed my DHS letters, checked some e-mails, and the "voys". Got laundry bags at the dollar store and headed back to the dung-heap. - Arrived about 16h30. A queue to get in! Today's novelty: remove belts. Always a new something. But I was in scrubs. No belt. Had groceries though. All went right through. - In the room, alone. Starving! But as I began to eat, 15 and 16 came in. No peace. I shoved my sandwiches (chicken patties, 2 patties each sandwich), yoghurt down quickly. Changed into jeans (for a change from the blue scrubs) and was so tired! By 17h30, I laid down for a nap. - 20h03 awakened! I'd slept through! Finished a box of donuts. George had returned my Wave (thoughtful of him) so I re-glanced. Signed-in by about 21h. - As I was prepping for sleep, Santiago came by for a cigarette. No exchange tonight. I just gave him a Camel. There's nothing he can do for me but he's nice enough, and it's good to have a "friend" on the staff. So I now need to budget his smokes into mine. Cigarettes are a form of currency in here... not so very un-like prison. - By 22h all 4 of us were in bed, lights out. Rey's not feeling well lately. I wish there was something I could do to help him. Oddly, not so with the other 2. I truly don't care about them. I truly don't care about many people any more. - 23h, 23h30, 24h The yelling. The slamming of stall doors. The slapping of the toilet seats. Cacophony and mayhem! The crowd gathered in the loo! They know better but don't care. The noise keeps us awake! I'll never understand why this shit is allowed. We're expected to work but denied proper sleep. Worse? The loudest of the group was Craig! Been here 3 years, so he knows how loud it all is but yells anyway. Maddening!

Friday, 30 January:

169/138 At Guadagno's. Almost slept through the alarm! Rey woke me. I'm exhausted. - DHS police had THREE vans at the dung-heap last night. "They're cleaning up", it's being said. - 21h04 at the dung-heap. Signed-in. Dim light on. 15 and 16 turned-in for the night. Rey is next door. Lucky bastard. Yes, this is getting on my nerves. Primarily because I got in at about 19h30, tried to get myself un-wound and ready to grab my nightly cold sandwiches and 16 wanted to turn off

the brighter lights so it could go to sleep! Fuk! Neither of them do much of anything in the first place all day. They get their 3 free meals each day and I should function in relative darkness so they can REST?!? I said I'd dim the light as soon as I'd finished. 20 minutes later... "Are you finished writing Bud?" I almost got up on the locker to rip out the damned fluorescent tubes to beat somebody with them. Somehow I managed to squash the urge. Meanwhile, the halls are coming alive with the noise of the retards and I'm still wondering how the fuck the staff of this waste-land expects us to work to make money to get back on our feet and out of here when we aren't provided an environment conducive to proper rest. And as I write, 16 is off on some schizoid tangent, talking to itself from under the bed-clothes. 15 has returned from an evening shower, having walked bare-foot across the hall! The Spics are doing what they excel at: making un-necessary noise, yelling at each other and me? I'm feeling more like killing everything in here that shows any sign of life. - Meanwhile, the DHS vans are gone from the premises. Cigarettes are no longer being sold because somebody reported the sales. Even "loosies" are becoming a rare commodity. And belts must be removed for scanning at the entrance. The mad-house has gone in sane. - It was an OK morning at Howard Beach. Mrs. Guadagno says she thinks of me (and the VNS RN) as "family". VNS called her again for a phone review of me. She responded most favourably, still not giving me credit for the "Nursing" intervention. I say nothing. Why bother? Just more ego stroking. I need to keep the assignment! - The Q21 ran late. But I got "Home" for the Wave and mail. W2's from Premier and PIC! And Direct Deposit is now in effect. And I got holiday pay in this cheque! The savings is now 455 and ! - Simicich's by 14h. Mr., as always, a major delight. Mrs. offered coffee. Her coffee is delicious. Daughter Susan got pizza for all. I had a slice. And Susan drove me to the train this evening! - I suppose I should be quite happy: during my "work" day, I get to be in a "home" environment in the boro I now think of as my own "home". People are kind to me. Mrs. Guadagno gets me coffee and bagel with cream cheese each morning. Mr. Tretters provide coffee and cookies. Simicichs give coffee and something. And I'm in their homes, living their lives. I get out of this dung-hole each morning and return at 19h or so. The others? They rot along, no direction, no purpose, no sense. I come here to grab a bite to eat, sleep and shower. I have work. I've got and income. Yes. I'm thankful. Now, something/someone get me the fuck out of here... SOON! - I got off the L, took the bus to Bellevue Hosp and transferred 150 from chequing to savings at the ATM. SEVENTY per-cent savings! Direct Deposit means no more pressure to get to the P.O. on Fridays any more. (But it leaves me awkward for cash on hand. Maybe I'll save even more this way. More savings means quicker out of here.) - Coming in here was a trip. An over-abundance of drunks. (And I'm expected to be so compliant!) For the entire week I've walked up to the 5th floor because waiting for the elevator is futile. - But, here it is 21h50, and here I am, almost ready to crawl beneath the covers. - Before I forget: I posted my letter to DHS Commish and one Deputy Commish, and to the Coalition. Monday, to the Mayor. - Craig is screaming in the halls. That voice is like an ice-pick in the ears. And it's always accompanied by others yelling. Tonight, Craig is annoyed because the retards are demanding coffee/tea service and Craig suddenly wants "a life". WE don't get one because of the noise of the idiot element wandering the halls, yelling to and from the "bodega" room. But he wants a life. It's all a part of the madness of the Dung-hole. - I need to wash my scrubs. Tomorrow is reported to be a cold day. I've 5 cigarettes to my name and a "need" to see the heifer. Laundry day? Perhaps early wash, late heifer. - Enough of this day. Enough!

Saturday, 31 January:

170/139 14h12 No Ms. Simmons in her "office". (Sun. 18h42) As unbelievable as it is, I no sooner jotted that when she appeared at the hall-way. She took an old guy in for about 30 minutes and, when I saw him leave, I parked my carcass outside the door and waited, patiently of course, until she finished her telephone conversation. She came to the door, said "Come." (as they do) and in

we went. She looked at my pay-stub, receipts for deposit and MetroCard, commented on how orderly it all is, said "I like order". And we went across the hall where she photocopied all, and I was released. Yes, of course, something was noted in my chart. But the point is, it all took about ten minutes. So, if this time went so smoothly, it's a wonder why ALL visits can't go as quickly. But there's no sense asking. No sense at all. - And so, today I washed my work scrubs. An accomplishment. - This evening, after sun-down, to be sure, I dressed and went out for cigarettes. I do hate this City! And I hate being in it. And I hate walking about in it. I hate being in the midst of so many people, so much traffic, so much noise. I hate walking and thinking. I hate the familiar places. I hate the memories (good and bad). I hate knowing my way around here. I hate knowing where I have to return to to get out of the elements. - I got my cigarettes (2 packs) and headed to 39th/40th to Jack's 99cent store off 5th. I was hoping to get a few things there, tonight so I could just go to the library tomorrow. All these work hours leave me no time during the week. And I'm trying to keep Shabbat as much as possible (if only for tradition and my own concept of God... since Fate isn't worth a mention) (how odd the pen should go empty there) in an existence such as mine. Well, true to form, Jack's was closed when I got there. I'd walked all the way up there for what? Exercise? So I headed for Jack's on 31st and 6th. None of what I wanted (and could afford at the moment) but this one had large, black umbrellas for 5.99\$ I NEED and umbrella, since the "well-constructed" (so claims VNS) piece of shit PIC gave me has gone to pieces and is completely useless at this point. I didn't have the cash on hand and so, I took the train to 23rd where I got a cross-town bus (immediately) to 2nd Av. Quick, light shopping for something to eat tonight: yoghurt, cream cheese, donuts. Walked up to the dung-heap where, as usual, the ante room was packed. - Idiots galore! Can't follow a queue. The sense of not needing to follow any sort of order in the Black and Hispanic faction is simply notable. As a rule, they won't form a queue and cannot grasp that general regulations DO apply to them. They just thrive on chaos. And where there's no chaos, they go out of their way to create it. A simple observation. The proof, the substantiation is in the observing. Very plain. Very simple. Very obvious. As I said years ago of them: You don't have to hoist your flags, we know where you are. - New development at the dung-heap: belts must be removed. Soon, clothing will have to be removed. But, it's easier to comply than not... A truly North-Western-European concept. - As I got to the 5th floor (I take the stairs to avoid being confined in a lift that seldom functions properly-how appropriate to the location-with the likes of which I've just described) I heard the familiar bellow of "NEXT!" from the office where we sign-in! 20h and sign-in began! I did! And on to the room to eat, and sleep. - 20h and 15 and 16 were where they always seem to be... asleep!! You see? Useless comes in a variety of colours. "Ours" come in Caucasian. - So I flipped on the lights, went right to getting comfy and eating too much cream cheese and yoghurt. - By about 21h30, our lights went out. Rey is feeling terribly miserable with what sounds like an upper respiratory infection. He's exhausted most of the time. I wish there was something I could do to help. Meanwhile, I enjoy the "early retirement". - Ah... and before we close the day, we must include Mr. Ed (hey! Not bad. The stench is similar to a horse's arse) and his frigginfukkin bloody flatulence! The beast, no, the scum just lays there and lets them roll! I've no sympathy nor compassion. The suicidal moron is an abortion gone wrong. - Now, I end the day

07. February 2009

Sunday, 1 February 2009:

171/140 20h10 at D18. The day ends. Another bloody month begins. I wonder what little "habits" I've developed in this misery I'll take with me when I leave. Cold "Hot" chocolate at night? Hiding in the loo to smoke? Watching for somebody to come into the room at night? Half-sleeping, waiting for the lights to be thrown on for some "bed-check!?" Stuffing my world into a space no larger than this locker? Will it become neurotic? I can't wait to find out. - Keith just walked into the room with a box of rugelach! Gave Rey and I one each. I've no idea where they could have come from. But the one I had was quite good. (15 and 16 perked right up to look. Keith didn't offer.) - Rick came by earlier to bring 2 dinners in for Rey. He needs more food! He needs vitamins. He needs rest. I think toward the day when I get to leave here. I hope it's before Rey goes but since he and I get along so well, I don't like the idea of leaving him here to suffer through this. Sometimes I amuse myself and think of this as some kind of Purgatory. We're here to suffer for some reason. We're not quite ready for utter Hell but we're forbidden to exist in Heaven. We are our souls, hovering over our rotting corpses, looking on in misery. This is "shelter". - Up at 7h30 or so. A clear day. So much planned. So much actually accomplished. So much not done. - A moron in the shower got ticked when I opened the full shower, changing pressure and temperature. "There's somebody in here!" he yells at me. I ignore, take my shower and my leave. I dress, thinking I'd like to go to the Brooklyn 99cent store, then to The Bronx library, Associated for coffee and food, Jack's for the umbrella and to wash my undershirts for work. It's a full day. What I manage to accomplish? The M15 to 14th and a walk to Union Square for a Q running local all the way! I got to the 99cent store at 10h, just as it opened! But I did get almost everything on my list and, because I'd taken money (40) out of chequing last night, still had enough for the new umbrella! At noon, I was still on the damned train coming back to The City! I wore my black sneakers and they were killing my left foot. Still, I got off at 34th, got the umbrella, walked back to the dung-heap. The day was shot to all hell. So I did my wash. I'll be happier for it tomorrow... I suppose. I had 2 rolls and 2 pkgs. of turkey here, so at 14h30, I ate. Started another kippa (which I ripped and re-started) and napped from about 16h to 17h15 when DHS Task came bounding in for "routine check". Yup. The day is gone. The idiot looked in my locker with his little flash light (my locker is open and today, was covered in laundry) and asked "You smokin' in here?" "Of course not." "Somebody's smokin' in here." "It comes in from across the hall." What a friggin idiot! He comes in. I'm asleep. Am I smoking? Brain dead. - I was awake. Returned to my kippa. I was alone in the room too! The dead-beats had left. They moved! Imagine? - There are those in here who sleep and eat and nothing more and nothing less. What I don't understand is how those get into rooms with those others who work, look for work, have ambition. What I don't understand is why those who work and those who actually want to work aren't put in some area conducive to those pursuits and afforded good rest, clean quarters, better conditions. The slobs don't find inspiration in us. And we're simply annoyed by them. - 21h09 still not signed-in. It's "Super Bowl" night. The emasculated are watching somewhere down the hall. No doubt there will be chaos when the game ends. A night (ANOTHER NIGHT) of no sleep is coming. - Another note: I've taken to mopping only the 17-18 side of the room. Yesterday I moved the lockers to mop. Hopefully it will keep the vermin on the 15-16 side. Neither of THEM do a damned thing to maintain this room. Shit happens in any colour... obviously. - 22h26 The

dumb fuk Puerto Rican has come to life. Rey is in. Mr. Ed is displeased with our open door for ventilation. 15 is sleeping. I'm hungry, ready for sleep. But I fear 'twill be a god-awful night. Especially with that piece of shit with the Rican arse-wipe (flag) on the door, shrieking up and down the halls all night. When the night comes, this Purgatory turns to Hell.

Monday, 2 February:

172/141 8h25 at Guadagno's. Inexplicably, last night wasn't as bad as expected and I managed sleep all through. The little miracles of Hell. This morning, Mr. Ed put on the low light to go to his locker. So the "prison" attitude is now coming through. Keith estimated 90 per-cent of what's in here at the dung-heap is convicts, serving parole time. A recent comment from somebody was "I did my time in prison and was remanded to the shelter." It's not uncommon to see Parole Officers coming to check on guys here. Usually women P.O.'s travelling in groups of 3, escorted by shelter "security". It's a joke, really. As if shelter "security" could protect let alone save. Most are disgustingly over-weight and the meanest thing about them is their petty attitude of some sort of superiority. Otherwise, they're utterly useless. For example: Extension cords that were confiscated on Saturday were strung across the hall again this morning. And the flag-Spic down the hall watched his DVD whilst sitting on the floor, in the hall last night, even as "Security" came round. They enforce nothing. They reinforce chaos. I suppose the only reason I manage here is because I use it for all it's worth: a place to sleep and bathe. Other than that, it's all entirely useless. Meanwhile, here I sit, quietly, in a relatively nice home in Howard Beach. The sun is shining. It's a comfortable day. A rain bow of colours streams across the page as the sunlight pours in through the glass prism of the candle-stick lamp in the window. I could use a nap. Coffee and bagel will come soon. I need my own "Home". Let's see if Mr. Tretter doesn't cancel Thursday again this week. It's all about money now. By April I want a life back. - 20h55 A the dung-heap. I've eaten. Dairy (again). - When I left Simicich this warm evening and began walking to the train, the disgust of where I was headed grabbed me again, bitterly, painfully. It's hate, compounded by hate, topped with more hate, tinged with even more hate, wrapped in hate, perpetuating hate. The weather today was perfect for a return to the Bakfort. But tomorrow promises more snow. The season of uncertainty begins. And here, tonight, Mr. Ed is particularly annoying, in undershorts and pink-blond, 15 has gone to the laundry and returned, depressed and planning on researching other shelters in the hope of finding one that will help him find a job. There's a decided odour in the room, in spite of my having mopped (the 17-18 half). And I'm waiting to sign-in... the queue is rumoured to be lengthy. Yes. Here, it's a major task to look at a printed list, find bed number, sign one's name. Stupidity abounds. It might be remarkable to some. Here, it's the norm. - I took the Q41 to 157th, walked to Simicich's today. Left Guadagno and was at the bus stop at 12h33. Arrived at Simicich's by 13h! Not a bad walk.... In fair weather. When, at 16h, I offered to clean Mr., he said "Don't worry about it. My wife will take care of it when she comes down." When I said I'd do so he replied "You don't get paid to do that." How cute! Believe it or not, I clocked-out and stayed a half hour over to have a coffee! I'm hating this City, this shelter that much now. Good! Helps me live on 30 per-cent of my pay, save 70per-cent. I'll try making it 20:80. The sooner I get rent and security and some to be certain not to fail'n'fall again, the better. - And so I recall: 20 years to compile the Mr. G's music... gone. 10 years of web-work... gone. 9/11 photos and the list of dead a destroyed businesses... gone. Quebec music and books... gone. Covered with "I'm sorry..." I want my revenge and I will have it. Between now and August 2010, I will do what I must so as to leave this all behind with no regrets, no unfinished business... including the RPH theft. (No reply or response to my letters. Well, as Penelope said, you have to kick Fate in the ass to make some people pay. Justice no longer happens in due course. It has to be pushed.) 21h39 Signed. The continuity in this hole is.. well... is isn't. Tonight, they're pulling the "No Meal Ticket, no bed" crap. And the funk in this room is choking. The

horses' arse (16). Another no-bather. The DHS Task is on the floor. Earlier, they dragged the weed-head in 20 out, cuffed and screaming. So I was told. Last night they busted him for a room full of people who didn't belong here. He was hauled out before, a while back. He returned to his "private" room as though nothing happened. Suspicious? Oh yes. Atypical? Not in the least. The only "atypical" around here is anything "typical". Even down to Santiago coming in for a cigarette just now. Ah, what our new goons must wonder about me supplying smokes to a staff member. Let them wonder. It just might keep their... er... brain(?) functioning... momentarily. - 22h02 Confirmed. The horse's arse is the funk. Here we go. Not too much longer and it's going to be bad times in here again. Flatulence and that sweet pung. GOT to go! One or the other. Poor Rey. The shit that settles in that bed, across from him. As he said, Nr.16 is cursed! - The dumbSpic down the hall? D23. Private room. Figures. - Craig just came by the door carrying a bottle of water from the cooler. The bodega continues. And D20 is back, prancing about the floor. See? Nothing is "atypical" here. Stench. Stupidity. The gambit. - Tonight on the train, as we waited to make the turn toward Rock. Blvd. I wondered why I bother going through all of this... Then I thought to next year at this time and how close to closing it all out I've gotten. In Newburgh, 2010 seemed so far off in the future. We're already in the second month of 2009 already. Days just flash by, pulling months into years. I'll go out working, simply because that's how my Mum's family, my name-sake, went. We make our dignity by working to death. We die working.

Tuesday, 3 February:

173/142 8h23 at Guadagno. A good night's sleep in spite of excessive heat and some sweating. My linens truly need to be laundered. - 20h16 At the dung-heap. - SNOW today. Almost ALL day. And the new umbrella held and passed the Gestapo... that's not fair... to the Gestapo... the baboons of our "security" force. I'm in, did my wash (flannel shirt and unders to go with), changed to "lounge" scrubs, eaten, mopped the floor. The dim light is on, or I'd be working the next kippa. But I'm not complaining. - I'd no sooner settled to journal this morning when Mr. Guadagno woke and I went in to "chat" with him. He speaks well in the morning, but by the time I was ready to leave, the other side reared it's ugly head. I'll swear it's because Mrs. makes him crazy with her 100 questions: Do you want tea? Coffee? Water? Juice? Cereal? Eggs? Heat on? Heat off? Get up? Stay in bed? I'll make cereal. You like soft boiled eggs. Drink some juice. Here's some water. It's enough to drive ME nuts. No wonder he goes off. - OK. So it's Thurs. already. I didn't get far enough with this day. Suffice to say: finished well at Guadagno's and in the snow, made it to Mr.Tretter's where I had a coffee, left half of another and half my cookies. Just not feeling well at all. Not feeling comfortable in there either. It's not so welcoming of late. Stephen is on holidays in Aruba and I just can't stomach Joey and his nasty comments about everybody. The schedule for them is down to 2 days each week. It would be great to get Simicich these 2 days and drop Mr.Tretter. But they were kind and gifted 50 for the holidays. I must remember that. - When I left, got a pack of cigarettes at Walgreens, grabbed a Q10 bus to Lefferts train. - Wow! Did it snow! I'm truly glad I got the new umbrella when I did! Fate slipped. I did good. - I don't recall - wait... As the lights went out tonight, about 23h, screaming in the hall. TonyDramaQueen got his phone stolen. Plugged into the charger, charger into (illegal) extension cord, cord plugged into hallway outlet. Why not just put up a "Take Me" sign? Just before that, some DHS idiot comes into the room, puts on the light, "How y'doin' guy?" he says to me. He walks over, looks at 16 and 17, snoops a quickie in my locker and leaves. He did put out the light though. Still... NO PEACE NO MATTER WHAT!

Wednesday, 4 February:

174/143 It was all just starting to come together but Fate... with-out warning or even a hint, Mrs. Guadagno got Mr. into re-hab! Today! This evening! TWENTY HOURS EVERY WEEK RIPPED AWAY! - Susan Simicich drove me to train. - I walked from Guadagno to Simicich in about 30 minutes. - Tonight, Mr. Ed disappears. Some over-nighter got the bed. Turned on the light, asked for D16, Rey said "There." Lights out. Whom/what ever slept in/under Ed's linens. But quietly.

Thursday, 5 February:

175/144 11h40 Mid-Manhattan Library Tired. Catching-up. Very cold this morning. I need a smoke. Mr.Tretter's at 13h. Back to mornings at library. Logging "Monogram" again. - Wrote that and bolted for the train. I lost track of time and timing for the train travel. Arrived, as it turned out, at Mr.Tretter's at just past 13h30! Helped Mary disassemble the Easy Pivot for return shipment. We had great fun packing it up. But Joey got on my last nerve today with his anti-Semitic remarks. Today he blamed the Jews for putting Obama into the presidency and for letting him waste taxpayers' money. So, today, I let my tongue go... a little... and told him that his remarks made him appear very stupid and that he shouldn't insult his father that way, making people think that his parents would bring such ignorance and stupidity into the world. (Completing on 15.2) I thought it would mean immediate dismissal but, to my amazement, he got up and left the room. Mary actually THANKED me for finally coming back at him! Apparently, she's been aware of his remarks all along and they've bothered her. She never apologized but she did tell me that he's got some very serious problems that she and Stephen want him to seek professional help for. Seems he's not simply anti-Semitic, he's delusional as well. He makes inappropriate remarks all over. Still, tonight I was about ready to call me off the case... BUT I NEED THE MONEY! How fucking miserable have I gotten?

Friday, 6 February:

On Friday 6 - 176/145: With the morning to myself, I headed to the Mid-Manhattan Library for 10h and my 45 minutes on-line. Headed "Home" to the post office and my pay advice, then, on to Simicich. It's become such a pleasure to be in that house. Mr. is such a pleasure to work with because he actually does try to work with those of us who want to help him! And Susan is very kind. It's like "family" and they certainly are better than what remains of the one I was born into! I'd like to go on about them, recording how truly kind, attentive and sensitive they are but my energy level just won't let me. (How I used to love writing. How, now, it's actually an effort.) - I wish I could recall the evening when I left there. But I can say that I do enjoy the stroll in Ozone Park. The planes. The open space. The open sky. How odd that Queens has become "Home" to me.

Saturday, 7 February:

178/146: What can be said for Saturdays of late? The mornings are spent like this one. I lounge about, waiting for the misery of not knowing what bull-shit I'll be forced to handle just to make my mandatory meeting with Ms.Simmons. This morning, I worked on a new off-white and black kippa. One to wear with my tallit, when I finally return to Shabbat services. Stomach churning all the while. It just can't be a simple matter. She sits at her desk, waiting for "her client" to come to her. Meanwhile, the lackey at the office door denies "her clients" entry. Ah, but today's visit was a pleasant shock: When I finally got so see it... her... she copied my pay-stub, MetroCard and savings receipt, typed some crap to my "ILP", I signed, she wrote a new meal ticket and in all of maybe 15 minutes, I was out of the office and back to Shabbat lounging and some more crochet

on the kippa! Imagine? She CAN get all things done quickly but her, her sloth and slovenliness (?) and incompetence prohibits. What a shame. So fat, so brain-dead. And I noticed she's so lazy that she doesn't move her mouth when she speaks. More of my torment and torture. Existence must not ever be pleasant! Not ever! - Tonight brought a terrible bit of drama. George came in, rather early for him, not simply his usual drunk ... (2011, 30 June Mid-Manhattan Library This is where this entry ended)

Sunday, 8 through Saturday, 14 February:

(No entries for Sunday the 8th through Saturday the 14th)

Sunday, 15 February:

185(6 MONTHS OF HOMELESSNESS BY THE CALENDAR)/154(4 MONTHS IN THE SHELTER) 18h52 My bowels are knotting. I can't tell if I'll pass gas or blow my intestines out. So much pain and no-where to go to escape, to sit on a toilet and wait for what's to come. It's been a terrible 10 says since I last journaled. Much fatigue, pain in the bowels and right arm and shoulder, fatigue, new morning patient (Fish) in a flat FULL of roaches and stale stench, a new 16 who came in to take over and snores through the night, fatigue. I've occupied my time involved in completing an off-white and black kippa which I finished just last night. I didn't have the energy to put pen to paper. Even now, the pain in the right arm takes the pleasure from this. But there is relative calm (for the moment) in the halls, Rey is, I should think, next door, 16 is out peddling his candy bars, 15 is reading a paper or doing a cross-word or something. So, it's time to try and capture 10 days as best I can, whilst I may... I kept little notes in my pocket calendar, so I'll work from that. Probably not much detail will be recorded because my brain seems to be going quite dim. Fatigue, general disgust and developing apathy toward much in every day affairs. But, that aside... (19h45) Started to complete the entry for the 5th when the bowels took me across the hall! Very little comes out but what does is acrid. And it isn't done yet. The pain is still there (here?) and I'm exhausted and ready for sleep! - Let's try this re-cap thing again: (Friday 6th, Saturday 7th)

Monday, 16 through Friday, 20 February:

(No entries for Monday the 16th through Friday, 20th)

Saturday, 21 February: *(Mentioned on Wednesday the 25th)*

Sunday, 22 through Tuesday, 24 February:

(No entries for Sunday the 22nd through Tuesday the 24th)

Wednesday, 25 February:

18h32 at the Mid-Manhattan Library: This is proving to be a very confusing and difficult month. Still at the shelter. The shelter is still hellish, save for the link with sanity provided by Rey. There's a THIRD new D16 since George left. There have been over-nighters who have been misery: STENCH! But there have been 3 assigns. The 1st (as I recall it) was Rich who decided he didn't like George's music blasting and said so. He disappeared shortly there-after. The 2nd was Eddy who came to us from Sing-Sing and decided that life there was better so he arranged to

leave (presumably to go back. He didn't want to be on parole anymore). Then came Baxter: old guy who had plans for some money he was to come into and he disappeared one night. Ah hah! THEN came the PR who was running a little bodega from the locker: Nightly trips in and out of the room with HUGE stashes of candy bars, Cup o'Soups, cigarettes, lighters, etc. He too, suddenly disappeared. Now? Some Black guy who showed up one night, crashed. Next morning, he wakes and lights a cigarette in the room! I told him to take it across the hall. "No problem. Thank you for telling me." But it hasn't been a good night's sleep since. - This Saturday past, I managed to get to SCHUL! It was WONDERFUL! EXACTLY LIKE CSAIR! I'm looking forward to going back from now on. - Next? Hospice case in Old HB. Been there since Thursday past. Just before that, a nightmare case in Rock Beach. Fishbein is what gives all Jews a miserable reputation! I actually called my-self off the case. - Meanwhile, at the shelter, the DHS "Task" comes and goes, barging in and out at all hours of the night, waking and disturbing. Lights on. Bang, bang and out the door. There have been several fights in the hall. Most of the guys who are "regular" and a pleasure to be around are being given housing and shipped out. Rey and I will be the only two in a while. How friggin strange to have "seniority" in the room. - Every day I go to work in Old and New HB and it kills me. I want, so much to be back on The Rock! - Every day I remember what's gone from my life and I want the RPH CLOSED AND DEMOLISHED! And I want the rest of those responsible for their cruelty to be addressed in some appropriate fashion. For every second of my heart-ache, I hope they all suffer an eternity, right here, on this earth, in this life. - Almost time to return to the cell at the shelter. This is the end of my day... I hate it. But I'm saving money and will be ready to bolt in a little while. - Meanwhile, I'm so tired every night that I haven't journaled all month. Look at this... a new page! It MUST come to an end... SOON!

Thursday 26 through Friday, 27 February:

(No entries for Monday the 26th and Tuesday the 27th)

Saturday, 28 February:

20h05 198 Days Homeless and 167 Days in the shelter. "Hotel California" blasting in the hall. "Jenny Craig's" (as George refers to "Craig") been cranking his radio all day long. This morning, old-time blues. This evening it was tunes from the 30's and 40's. Rock now. Even Rick got into a little dance step to "Stuck In The Middle With You". There hasn't been much to dance about this month. I haven't had the energy to write. Even today my lungs gurgle, my nose runs and I wake through the night in coughing fits. I'm sleeping on month-old linens, never changed or washed. It was a strange and not delightful month over-all. Save for finding Tiferet Israel on Saturday, 21st. Services duplicated CSAIR. A few hours of familiarity in a time that is never "same", never "familiar", never "sane". A few hours of peace. A few hours to escape. - Thursday, 26th, my Hospice case died. I had to inform the family. I'd washed, shaved, cleaned his mouth. He was "ready". He left. He was in "Old Howard Beach". I still have the case in "New Howard Beach" to remind me that I'm not in Rockaway. - This month, George got transferred to the Borden Shelter, Rich got an SRO on W.35th. We're on our 3rd D16. Mark (D15) is proving to be a strange case. ("Wild Horses". I never liked the song. Tonight it throws me back many years. I know why my music has been stolen from me. Music hurts now.) - February has been a painful month. I've been sick for most of it. The relative "comfort" of the "common-place" here has been destroyed. Rey is down. I'm supposing his general "social circle" is diminishing. Around here, one of the most important things is knowing the others around you, creating some kind of bond, knowing the extent of that bond and holding it for as long as possible. For example: When I was at A108, Angel was my "bond". I learned that I could trust him... to an extent. However, on the evening he actually picked a fight because somebody was in the shower, I didn't defend him. To do so was

senseless. Had he waited his turn, all would have been fine. When I came to D18, I was the “new” guy. I couldn’t get into the locker because the previous lock hadn’t been removed. I stored my belongings under the bed for 3 days. Nothing was disturbed. I learned that I could trust the other 3 in the room and so, I began to speak, to talk with them. Back then, it was, for the most part, Rey and George. Quiet, clean, respectable, respectful. Brindou kept to himself. He and I spoke only to maintain a sort of connection and to establish certain limitations on the situation at hand. As time passed, I learned that Rey has incentive to get out of here, to move on, make better, George has succumbed to the general malaise of shelter-existence. He’s in it for the free ride. But he’s clean, respectful, in general... a lazy drunk specifically. Brindou? He and those who have followed him in D16 was the “curse” of the room. Delusional and prone to violence, disrespectful, noisy, dirty, he was the element placed to ensure that the rest of us would never become so comfortable as to “settle” in. He was there to remind us of our “homelessness” and that the situation and circumstances are to remain “temporary” no matter what. - Rey and George had been in 5W-101 the longest. They had had the time to learn each other, adapt, adjust, bond. Brindou was the 2nd D16 for them. He made no effort to “belong” and they made no effort to change him. When I arrived, I made the effort to integrate and my efforts were appreciated and accepted. Meanwhile, Rey had somehow done likewise with Keith, Rick, Rich and (to a specific extent) Dana (Do-Rag). Over the course of months, Do-Rag proved to be a complete idiot, drunk, druggie. The other 3 showed ambition (to get out) and a great sense of survival. Good alliances. Good support. Good network. But now, at this juncture, the elements are disassembling. Rey is becoming a solo entity even though he and I maintain some sort of “bond”, his “structure” is diminishing. It’s taking a toll... on him and of course, on me. As he’s affected by the disappearance of his “social structure”, I too am affected because he is an integral part of my “social structure”. It’s a bit painful but the instinct to survive is remarkable. As the changes take place around me, they take place inside as well. Lessons learned, experiences, situations, surroundings are integrated and assimilated. Increasingly, my existence is becoming “mine” and the external is becoming less important.

08. March 2009

Sunday, 1 through Tuesday, 31 March 2009:

(There are no entries for the entire month. However... I can recall one event this month and I include it here:)

This month of March had become rather banal, if one could ever truly use that term with any reference to residence in a Homeless shelter. But the truth of the matter is that by this time, I had given-in to the “routine”. Matters of conflict in the dorm had rather settled, and, in a way, I suppose we had all become so accustomed to what-ever happened that, for the most part (and I remember it well), the general atmosphere had turned almost “family-like”. Daily, we would wake in the morning, each at his own time, leave the building for the day during the week and on week-ends, those who chose to remain would do so while the others would leave (particularly me) to do what-ever it was we did to occupy the day.

There is, however, one point I recall, and will, in all likelihood never forget because it affected me directly and personally: The disappearance of CW.

He'd been gone from our daily lives for a while... several days in fact, with no word about him. The guys would ask me about his where-abouts and always say that, of all the people in the Shelter to “buddy-up”, CW and I were probably THE most un-likely 2 that anybody would have ever expected. But the fact was, we were usually seen together, in the halls, sitting together in the dorm, and so forth. When I told people that I had no idea where he was or what he was doing, that seemed to bother them more-so. If I didn't know where CW was, then it was most suspicious.

Friday, 27 March 2009: In spite of not being able to recall much of this month, as I can, 4 years later, vividly recall the events of THIS evening. Although outwardly, to my fellow “residents” I appeared calm and rather apathetic, the news of this evening hit me quite hard...

It was approximately 6:00pm (18.00) when I came into the dorm. All was relatively calm this evening, but not in an unusual way. Rey was on his bed, reading, as he would be. The daily news paper was on the top of my locker, closed, which meant nothing more to me than that it had been put there for me to read at my leisure. Rey would often put the paper there for me to browse the Wants and such. So, I noted that it was there and went about getting myself settled for the evening. As I did so, Rey got up and, in a general matter-of-fact tone of voice he asked me: “Did you see your Buddy in today's paper?”

Well, no, I hadn't since I didn't really read the newspaper as a rule. So, I asked: “Who?”

Rey simply replied “Your BUDDY... (CW). He's in the papers.”

“Oh! What's he allegedly done this time?” I asked with a bit of sarcasm, expecting what-ever it was to be some petty little prank related to being Homeless and in the shelter.

Rey turned the paper round facing him and flipped through a few pages until he'd found the one page he wanted. Wordlessly, he turned the paper to me so that I could read the article and he stepped back.

Indeed, there was a terrible photo and the article: CW had been arrested for murder. I read the particulars in silence, as if reading the weather forecast for the following day.

As I closed the paper again, leaving it on the top of my locker, I went back to what I'd been doing before being given this news. Rey commented, and certainly not in an offensive tone:

"Your best friend... If I didn't wonder about you before, I think I might wonder now."

"Why....?" I asked.

"Well, first of all, you two are nothing alike but for a while there, you were always together. And now this?"

"The article says that he insists that he had a toy gun and you know? I can't say he did, I can't say he didn't, but I can say I'd sooner believe he did. Another thing that a lot of people probably didn't know is that he's insulin-dependent diabetic and from the looks of that mug-shot, I'd be willing to bet he was in some kind of bad condition before, pretty much during and surely after the fact."

"Are you saying you don't believe he shot those people?"

"I'm saying I don't know that he did, and I don't know that he didn't. All I can say about him is what I know, from the time we've spent together in here and out of here and based on the way he was around me, if you were to ask me if I had any reason to believe that he actually COULD do something like that, I'd have to tell you, honestly... No. Sure, he was a royal pain in the arse most of the time. And yes, he was generally obnoxious and annoying. He lacked a LOT of so-called 'social graces' and he rubbed most people the wrong way. He could get on your last nerve and crush it down faster than most people I've ever met so far in my life. But... I doubt that a LOT of people ever took the time to actually listen to what he had to say, and very few ever let him say what he wanted to tell. - He's been miserable in here. He's been miserable out of jail. There are some people in this system, as you and I have talked about, who will NEVER be able to function out-side of this system. They're comfortable in here because this is about the only 'life' they know. And there are people who are the same way when it comes to the prison system. CW's one of them. 'It's tough on the out-side.' He was previous convicted of a crime, sentenced to prison and did his time for it. But the rest of the world will never be satisfied, they won't let it go, and the worst of all? They won't even give him a fraction of a chance any more. That's the way it is: Guilty forever, no matter what. He couldn't get a job because nobody hires an ex-con, no matter what. He's got his diabetes and a bunch of other shit in his life and, let's face it, if you're not working, you're depending on Social Services... no matte what... and we both know that if you depend on Social Services, especially for health care, you may as well toss yourself off a very high building onto a very hard surface and have done with it... quickly. I mean, look at that photo! He looks just more than half dead there! The probably didn't check to see if he had any medical condition and worse? They didn't give a shit. I'll bet you anything you can think of that that's a truth. - Listen, I'm not making any excuses for the guy. I don't know if he did, didn't, what the hell happened. But ask me for the rest of my life and I'll tell you the same: To me, CW was ALWAYS respectful. Because he respected me, I respected then, and still respect him now and will always respect him. I was lucky enough to see a really kinder and sweeter side of him and that's the way I'll always remember him, no matter what. - It's been getting so tough on him lately that he's actually said, to me, that he wants to go back to prison. Now I have to say that when 'life' and people get so bad that prison is the better choice, it's not HIS fault anymore... it's ours... everybody out here. And let's face it Rey... not only does he walk around being eternally condemned for something he did, got tried for, spent the time in prison for having done... now he's got the shit of being Homeless on him too! You and I know what just being Homeless does and how people hate US... can you imagine how impossible it's been for HIM? "

(And as I run through this manuscript today, 4 years after the fact, those statements still hold fast.)

I remember Rey simply responding: "I respect you, man. I really do. And you're right about something: we weren't there, we don't know what happened. He could be innocent. It could happen to any of us. We just don't know."

The dorm was pretty quiet for the rest of that night. In some way it was almost as if people were paying their "respects" for my loss of a "buddy".

A couple of days later, the news, being what it is, ran a couple more articles on the shooting and it was mentioned that CW WAS, in fact, ill at the time of his arrest, that he DID "pass out" and that he actually was in hospital.

Did he shoot anybody that evening? I don't know... I doubt the truth will ever come out. I doubt CW will ever tell. With the way the World treats "ex-cons", I don't fault CW for wanting to return to prison life and I'd imagine he's better off if he's still there. But I will say, to this day, that for all the while I associated with him, he was, in fact, always respectable of me, and respectable to me.

I leave this entry at that.

9. April 2009

Wednesday 1 through Friday 3 April:

(No entries for Wednesday the 1st through Friday the 3rd)

Saturday, 4 April:

16h52 BB Lib. It's been so long since I last up-dated any of this. These have been some very tough months and some very touchingly beautiful months. D15 (George) has been gone for quite some time now. Marc(Mark?) from Seattle via Columbus OH has come and gone. I told him where to go (basically to Hell) one day last week. That next night, he didn't come back. We now have a Juan P. who is one stink bastard who speaks very little English (PR). As for D16? It's been one after the other. Gregory is there now. I can't remember who I left off with but will have to get back to that. Meanwhile, I've gone through my PPD (*Tuberculosis test*) for PIC and results were negative last week. I went through my re-evaluation for psych at the shelter and Siobhan wrote that I'm fine. Well, that's not what she wrote but there are no problems (that I cared to tell her about). I've gained weight. I'm now 168 officially. But my bowels are constantly in knots. Oh yes! I've been going to services every Shabbat! 14th Street! Beautiful place that reminds me so much of CSAIR! It makes me happy. - Weather turning warmer. Good news. More when I can.

Sunday 5 through Thursday 30 April:

(No entries for Sunday the 5th through Thursday the 30th)

10.May 2009

Friday, 1 through Sunday 31 May 2009:

(There are no entries for the entire month.)

11. June 2009

Monday, 1 through Monday 22 June 2009:

(No entries for Monday the 1st through Monday the 22nd)

Tuesday, 23 June:

18h Mid-Manhattan Library It's been too long since the last time I posted to this but the most frightening aspect is that the insanity of the shelter has become so common-place that nothing seemed worth posting... Until this morning...

To begin with, Rey is gone. The last bastion of sanity in the room. George got shoved out, I can't recall who was in 16 but that's gone to the nuts (I'll have to post about the "MFing Jew-ass faggot" statement made by Gregory P.) and so too has Rey's place. I hardly get any sleep as it is and I'm finding ways to stay out of there until later at night... something I didn't do before. Right now I'm burning with fatigue... - This morning, I woke at about 5h05 and as I was getting things together for the morning routine before rushing off to work, some shaved-headed guy comes into the room, taps me on the shoulder and asks if I know where there are any empty beds. I sent him to the second floor. Why? I still don't know. But I wanted him OUT of the room! (5W-101). He leaves, I go to the loo and as I'm sitting there I hear, in the hall "You're dead!" repeated a couple of times. Next thing I know, a guy from the room at the end of the hall is in the toilet room with blood dripping from his head, all over the sink and floor! How charming! By this time it's about 5h25 or so. From as I hear it, somebody came into his room (a double, I think) and tried to take something from his locker. Next thing you know he's being bashed in the head with a lock. There are those who think in those terms: putting a lock in a sock and hitting somebody in the head with it. Well... This morning, it happened... I'll have to see what exactly happened when I get back there. - So I take my shower to get the hell out as quickly as possible and as I return to the room, Michael B., the new 17 (Rey's bed) has the radio playing! 5h40 and he believes he has the right to do so. Well... this is my philosophy for this day: Humanity is not "e"volving, rather it is "de"volving. The animalistic behaviours are returning, as in our cave-dwelling ancestors. It's not a racial slur, but if one was to take a good hard look, especially around the entire city of New York (and other towns and villages) one can see, clearly, blatantly, certainly, that those who are not of the North-Western European ancestry are multiplying much quicker. In fact, the stats are showing that "White" is dwindling. Reality is proving that as that happens, the increasing population is more violent and certainly less intelligent and civilised. The animals are returning to the world and it's not pretty. Those of us who are accustomed to civilisation are being pushed out. Chaos is the rule and we're losing.

So, that said, I'm not looking forward to surviving this one much longer. I thought I'd make it to 2010 but it doesn't look that way. I can't take much more of this in the shelter and it doesn't look like things are going to get much better too soon. So...

Wednesday, 24 through Friday, 26 June:

(No entries for Wednesday the 24th through Friday the 26th)

Saturday, 27 June:

At 6h I was getting ready to go to schul and suddenly somebody comes walking into the room, goes to bed D17, takes his shoes off, throws himself on the bed and goes to sleep! When I went to get somebody from "Security" to get him out of the room, well, I walked the ENTIRE 5th floor and there wasn't even ONE "security" person to be found! 6h on a Saturday morning and NOBODY working! - Later today, I went to see Ms. Simmons. Ms. Uloma was in the office yelling that she had been in the office this morning when somebody came knocking on the door and just walked in! She was alone in the office. When she went to get "Security", she too found nobody available. But she told me: one was in the locker room, sleeping... the other was in another office, behind the copy machine... sleeping. They sleep, get paid. We get smacked in the head with locks, robbed, and what else.

Sunday, 28 June:

(No entries for Sunday, the 28th)

Monday, 29 June:

It's about 17h and I'm at the Far Rock library putting this together. Last night was worth the entry and today I'm paying for the farce. - When I got back from work today (Monday) my pillows were gone! I had 2 of them in the case with some linens so that I could sleep with my head raised and breathe comfortably. I'd had them on the bed for months now! One of the pillows came with the bed, the other one came from Rey (he had an extra). But, while NOBODY IS SUPPOSED TO BE WANDERING THE HALLS, Security (what a laugh... security). - Every night now, for about 8 months I've signed for my bed as I should. That way I know that I have a place to "try" to sleep. (Lately it's been impossible because the shit in D17 plays his radio all night.) So tonight, since I was so tired from not sleeping last night because of the radio, I signed at about 20h45, took my shower and tried to get some sleep in spite of the theft of the pillows. - 23h30 the lights come on, "Security" comes in yelling at me: "D18! You have to go downstairs to the office!" and somebody has an over-night meal ticket with MY bed number on it! (The one they call "Resident President" was there too. He knew I signed for the bed and did nothing to stop this farce.) - I get down to "Operations" and Cyrus from D19 is there too! Same shit with HIM! The Ubangi African in Operations is insisting that we did NOT sign for our beds in spite of the fact that we KNEW we DID. So I said I wanted to SEE the sheet where we "didn't sign". Ubangi sends us back up to the 5th floor where Cyrus and I both see not only the sheet but our signatures on it! The idiot in that office (on the 5th floor) just tells us to go back to our beds. Cyrus says he wants confirmation. We get sent down to the 1st floor again to Operations. Ubangi-boy gets on the phone to Mr. Johnson on 5. They chat. - Nobody tells anybody anything about the matter but Cyrus and I both overheard parts of the conversation: D118 and 119 were unassigned. In the course of telephone calls and copying information over the phone, the idiots dropped the first digit off the bed assignment listing for the night! - Meanwhile, there's somebody in my bed, my linens are thrown on the floor in the hall. I'd just washed the blankets since somebody ELSE had slept in the bed during the day AND the towel. Everything on the filthy floor in the hall! - As all this is taking place, Michael Bailey (I'll mention his name because he's such a piece of shit) is playing his radio on some rock station. - I didn't get a bit of sleep ALL night. Thankfully I didn't have any patients today so I got to go to the beach where I slept for a few hours. - Hey! Bloomberg! WTF? Why isn't anybody watching any of this? Why the hell are the friggin Africans taking over the show? When is the building closing? I hear it's sold to NYU for 4 years now. Get us out! Get the ILLEGALS out! Maybe President Obama needs to get a letter? But I doubt he'd do anything constructive about any of it. These are "his" people. - Me? This is taking it's toll. I'm coughing like crazy and bringing

up all sorts of nastiness. I'm exhausted. I'm mentally and emotionally drained. But I'm close to having enough to jump ship any day now. I just hope I can hold out for as long as I really need to. - It's 17h15. I have until 20h to sign in. I have 18 minutes left on this computer and a 2-hour ride back to the hell hole. I don't want to go back there. I don't have the strength any more. It's amazing how much I can take. I'm stronger than I'd ever have believed.

Tuesday, 30 June:

(No entries for Tuesday, the 30th)

12. July 2009

Wednesday, 1 July 2009:

I am having a productive, persistent cough lately. At night, I'm drenched in sweat. My throat is rather sore. It's been about 5 weeks of this now.

Thursday, 2 July:

Today I had to go to Ocean Village to get the application for an apartment there. It wasn't arranged for me. Do I want to live there? Hell no! But at the rate things are going at the shelter, I want OUT of there and as quickly as I possibly can get out! (I'd journaled on this date before. This is the text: This morning, I took the train out to OV and got an application. Do I want to live there? Hell no! BUT, the idea of having a door-key and a place to lock my-self into at the end of the day, or having a place to go and rest with-out a time constraint is better than staying in the shelter! Being in this shelter is killing me... and not softly.)

Friday, 3 July:

YAY! FINALLY! With today's little deposit (and a lot of hard-ships to me) the savings account finally reached 2400! Why is that so important? I don't really know, but there's something about that figure: at 600\$/month, it's a nice buffer. Now all I need to do is find someplace to live for that kind of rent... and that's almost impossible these days.

***** More important for this day: The one they call the "Resident President", (Santiago) the Puerto Rican arse who believes that he has control over everything (and, of course, DHS is letting him run things pretty much the way he wants... for example, this...) actually, in front of me, as I stood there watching (and waiting for the pen so I could sign-in for my bed tonight) SIGNED FOR TWO BEDS! They were the top 2 beds on the 3rd page of the roster for the "D" beds! He signed somebody else's names to the list! - Later this evening, he came to our room after the lights had been out. He called for D15 to come to the hall and I heard the conversation and saw the transaction: He told the guy (D15) that the bed is "Unassigned". D15 told him: "I signed for it last night. You told me I could." Says Resident President, "That was last night. This is tonight. Do you want the bed tonight or not?" The next thing I see is the guy (D15) reaching into his pocket and pulling out some cash. I couldn't see how much but apparently it was enough because the next thing I knew, the two of them went down the hall for a while. When D15 came back, he not only had the bed but a pink meal ticket to go with it! ***** - (Previously journaled: Something that certainly deserves to be included here: This evening when I went to sign for my bed, the one called "Resident President" (whose real name I have yet to hear, but it makes no difference to us anyway) was sitting at the table, supposedly watching to make certain that signatures were legitimate. The table is set so that C beds (4th floor) sign on one end of the table, D beds (5th floor) sign on the other. As I got to the table to sign for my bed this evening, "ResidentPresident" (*One of the regular residents who, for reasons un-known to any of the rest of us, is given special privileges and behaves as if he's part of the paid staff.*) took the listing from me, flipped to the 3rd page and as I watched, he signed for the top 2 beds putting the names of the occupants on the lines where each

occupant was supposed to sign. - Earlier this evening I was told that someone in another room had asked if there wasn't something that could be done to rid the room of a rather undesirable room-mate. The ResPres told this guy that, for 20\$, he could arrange for the undesirable room-mate to lose his bed! So NOW we see how it's all handled...- At 21h54, D15 comes into the room and gets on the phone. As he's talking, he tries to get into his locker, banging the lock and the locker doors. BUT, what's more is the fact that D15 has been "Unassigned" for the past 4 nights and still, this occupant is allowed to sign for it anyway, no questions asked. - Later, after the lights were out and all in the room should have been sleeping, ResPres comes round and calls D15 to the hall. As I watched from my bed, I saw D15 give ResPres some money and he (D15) was told that he'd get a new "meal ticket", presumably with the bed number assigned on it. So, from the looks of things, D15 is PAYING for the bed each night! - All during the night (and I mean ALL during the night), D15 coughed, productively, never covering his mouth. He spat into a styro-cup that he kept on top of his locker or she spat into toilet paper which he then dropped on the floor. As it this wasn't bad enough, he farted, loudly and repeatedly during the night. The stench was so that it kept me awake. I sprayed Fabuloso, pine cleaner, air freshener but to no avail. The stench was too strong. So I opened the door to the room as wide as possible just to get some breathable air into the room! - Next thing I know, D17 comes in, changes his clothes, leaves the other clothes and such on the bed and leaves... for the entire night! - Lately, my thoughts are turning evil.

Saturday, 4 July:

This morning I went to services as usual. My 3 hours of sanity and peace in a week. When I returned to the shelter, Ms.Crawford helped me with my OV application, showing me the list of documents they'll require when I apply. She's been most helpful to me and I appreciate it.

Sunday, 5 July:

this morning I bolted for the 99-cent CIA store for some "provisions" and then headed out to the Fort where I kept falling asleep on the beach. BUT today, for the first time, I actually went in swimming! It was refreshing! On the departure, I stopped by T7 to chat with Brian and Penelope. Penelope actually had the audacity to tell me that I should come by and stop for a cup of coffee! The same one who told me to make my presence scarce around the place! - As she was leaving (about 17h30) I went to her car and asked if she knew anything about the plastic bag I'd left in the tool shed. "I'd go look now, but I don't have the time. But I'll go tomorrow and look." I didn't ask her to look. I didn't want her to look. I wanted to know if she'd thrown it out. So I waited for her to disappear down the road and I went to look... - THE BAG IS STILL THERE, WITH SHEETS, TOWEL, BLACK FABRIC! It's soon a year since that was my bed, my everything. Still there... I want the sheets and towel but have no place to store them lately. I hope my mentioning it to Penelope will be forgotten and she'll leave it all alone!

Monday, 6 through Thursday, 9 July:

(No entries for Monday the 6th through Thursday the 9th)

Friday, 10 July:

Again tonight I had to ask that D16, D17 and "Rich" don't smoke in the room. But tonight, the response from D17 was: "don't try to be a ruler when you only have 6 inches... Besides, you're still angry that the Germans killed your family."

Saturday, 11 July:

This morning I left for services in such a hurry that I forgot to bring ANY ID! But that's never posed a problem before today when, on coming into the building, the little Black DHS guard dog (not fair to dogs, I admit, they have better sense and bigger brains and more worth in the world in general) stops me and asks me for my meal ticket and ID. When I told him I didn't have it with me I spewed my HAnumber (*Homeless Services registration number*), bed number, room number, case worker, substitute case worker and date of entry. Not good enough. This arse had the audacity to tell me "I never seen you before." He's SEEN me almost EVERY Saturday when I return from services!

Sunday, 12 July:

(No entries for Sunday the 12th)

Monday, 13 July:

THE WHOLE ROOM HAS THE MOST FOUL, SWEET-ROTTING-FLESH STENCH THESE DAYS BECAUSE OF D15! He's a drunk (like D17) and he REFUSES to bathe! I couldn't inhale this morning because of the stench. And I can't sleep well at night because I'm afraid of breathing through my mouth and inhaling that crap into my lungs! Even my clothes are taking the stench! I NEED TO GET OUT! NOW! I'm almost tempted to jump into something I'm not prepared for and really can't afford at this juncture, just to get out of there. But I'm entitled to a lot of financial help (WAP: Work Assistance Program) and I WANT that! I have an opportunity and I WANT it! Now it's a battle of the wits... And I'm feeling like murder at this juncture. It has turned out to be a rather "kind" day, all told. This morning, I had to put up with Guadagno. She's become quite selfish lately and once again, she'd arranged for Mr. Guadagno's therapy this morning and I would have been cut out of hours needed... And do I ever need them now! But I put up with it all... actually, the strange thing is that when I get there, I forget my hostilities and just go to work. Well, that's the moron I am. Meanwhile, I'm at Seaside Lib. Just bumped into Barbara who was glad to see me (as I was glad to see her). We got to talking and, lo and behold, there are vacancies in her house! They go for about 425/month which means I've got just a little short of 6 month's rent. And she says the rooms are about 9x10 ft. But we've arranged to meet here tomorrow evening and she'll take me to meet the landlord! I'll take a look! If it means getting out of that shelter, I could be very happy no matter what. And Barbara says it's nothing like the RPH with all that crap. So...? Before that, I managed to run like hell into the Mid-Manhattan Library to print the letter for JCCRP and then run like mad out to Far Rock to drop it off with Jackie. SHE was delighted to see me and said we have to talk. She even interrupted a client when I dropped in. From there? On the bus and to Waldbaum's for "dinner" (at Tribute Park). I HAD ICE CREAM TONIGHT! Little Ben and Jerry's cups. But it was ICE CREAM! (It's kicking my stomach left and right now, but it was SO GOOOOOD!) There was a huge, dark cloud over-head for most of the eating period. But no rain. God still has love for me. And the wind was blowing. It hurts to be here and not be able to stay. - So I left the park and headed over here... actually for nothing but I'm journaling anyway. And I got to see Barbara. And there might be an OUT coming from this. We'll see. Just think: I get to look forward to going back to that hell-hole with that rotting flesh, brain-dead idiot and the other two talking "old times" in their prisons. Oh! What fun! I wonder why I'm still moving along here? The stress alone should kill me. By the way. Upper, last tooth, right side, loose, broken, should be coming out soon. Isn't this wonderful? Losing MORE teeth. Old, old, old. Oh, and as I was leaving the library, the phone rings... Some broad named "Stacey" from some "CBE" wants to verify my name and last 4 digits of my soc.sec. to discuss some

“business”. I told her that I don’t discuss ANY personal information over the phone and she needs to try a different venue! But, my gut, my heart tells me this has something to do with a collection action. Of course! I’ve managed to save enough to get me going out of the shelter and NOW SOMEBODY WANTS IT! WELL, IF THEY MANAGE TO GET AT MY LITTLE PIECE OF SAVINGS BEFORE I GET BACK ON MY FEET... LET THIS BE THE DOCUMENTATION THAT THAT WAS THE FINAL BLOW AND I’LL BE DEAD LONG BEFORE IT BENEFITS ANYBODY BUT ME! I’LL GET MY SAVINGS, TAKE IT TO THE OPEN SEA AND I’LL BE OUT OF HERE.. DEAD, DEAD, DEAD! I CAN’T TAKE ANY MORE OF THIS BEING BASHED AROUND!

Tuesday, 14 July:

What a day! Since I didn’t have any work to do (no clients), I decided to make the best of it that I possibly could. And so I think I did:

Started by going to schachrit (*morning services at synagogue*) at 7h. It was a pleasure to be at a morning service again after so long. I remember the days when I was a regular feature at CSAIR. How I miss those days... those mornings. I was well-received and believe it or not, somebody was taking pictures of the minyan and I got included! Unfortunately I was in my navy scrubs. But I suppose that’s not necessarily a bad thing. - After service, it was off to the rails and off to Rego Park to register with Sr. Bridge. THAT went VERY well. The interview included some role-playing and I aced that part. The woman who conducted the interview said:

“You have so much to offer. I want to get you matched with a client ASAP.” I certainly hope they do. I NEED the income... more now than I did at the interview... but more on that to follow... - Next was a stroll along Queens Blvd. to the train to Jamaica for the next application/agency. Now THAT was a hoot and a disappointment. The advert was for “Towne Nursing” on Guy R Brewer. The place was a store-front for Mary Kay, all done up in pink. Denise was the only one there and I think she was more into the Mary Kay than much else. Well, the application and paper-work was for “Amazing Home Care” in The Bronx! But I completed the forms, having nothing much else to do at the time and was told that I’ll be contacted by The Bronx location. Right. I’ll probably be contacted by the banque with all sorts of false applications for houses, cars and credit cards. Time will tell. It was on to the Q113 from there in a neighbourhood that I really didn’t want to be standing on the street in. - The ride was really interesting. Went past 5 Towns. The back part of JFK is beautiful wet-lands! But there came another call from that “Stacey” from “CBE”! I simply told her that she got the wrong number. She insisted that she’d spoken to the correct party last evening at this number. I told her she had a cell number and left it at that. It’s going to be interesting to see where this goes. Meanwhile, I’ll eat my heart out and look forward to a quick death on the beach if they take my savings! - And finally into Far Rock to see Jackie. She had me check her voice mails... SO MANY of them. But I volunteered to help her. I listened to her trouble-shoot a housing matter with a client and it made me miss the old days in The Bronx Housing Courts. I stayed until about 17h. (I’d gone to Associated for some quick eats before. I was starving and thirsty.) On the Q22 bus to Rock Park to meet Barbara and THIS IS WHERE THE DAY TURNED... I got to the Seaside a bit later than planned and Barbara was still there! Thankfully. So I got to look up CBE and I was right... they’re out to take my savings! So, I’m resigned to making the move out of the shelter and moving out of this life the way I’d planned originally... To that end... B. and I strolled over to her house where she suddenly said, “There she is... Denise.” This was the Denise I’ve been trying to get in touch with all week! I had that feeling too. (I need to trust my gut and instinct more... Yes?) We were introduced and talked about missing each-other and she offered to show me the 2 rooms she had available. Hey! It might only be a room, but it ISN’T the shelter... and it IS Rockaway! I had the opportunity to return and so I went for it... - The house is amazing! CLEAN. QUIET! ORDERLY! Carpeting on the stairs and hall. The rooms she showed me are fresh and clean. No bugs! The bath-rooms are immaculate.

Two to a floor! It's all so "Old Rockaway" that you can't help fall in love with it. And I did... to the point of AGREEING TO TAKE A ROOM, ON SUNDAY!!!! HELLO ROCKAWAY! I'M BACK! Now, this is going to hurt me a bit because I SHOULD have gotten a "Work Advantage" voucher by this time where I would have had to pay only 50\$/month rent and had the chance to save SO much more. But, the failure of the shelter system does not discriminate (or does it? I wonder, if I were Black or some other ridiculous "moron minority", I'd probably have had the voucher back in May when the application went in first) and so I'm screwed to the wall. I'll have to dig into the savings... hopefully well before CBE gets to it. I'll have to make sure that I get more hours and more work and more money from this point on. I'll be paying the whole 400\$ rent every month. But I'll have to budget too. Never mind helping me out here... That just can't happen to me. After all, the shelter system is no different from my own family... and they screwed me, cut me up, dropped me flat, threw me out. So why shouldn't the system do the same thing? No reason. I don't like it but I can't say that I'm particularly disappointed. So, plans? If the world goes the way it always has, I have this nice room to call "Home" for as long as I can stand it all. When I can't take anymore? I'm back on The Rock where I can take off and head out of here... just like I'd planned. Only this time, no turning back. At least I won't die in the shelter. So, I AGREED TO TAKE THE ROOM!!!! It's going to be fun moving, little by little. I'm not saying anything to anybody in the shelter. Just GET THE HELL OUT! - Tonight? I noticed that my pillow stinks! FOUL FOUL FOUL odour! And it's from ME! I NEED to make a wash but I just don't have the time. Something inside my body is going bad. I wonder... could it be from 11 months of homelessness? Stress? Improper diet? All of the above? All I know is that my body smells as if it's rotting. So, maybe I won't have to worry about taking my own way out of this... maybe my body is doing it all for me. Wouldn't that be lovely? When I got back, D16 had the TV on. BLASTING! These crack-heads are deaf! And then 17 comes in with his weed and Rich and he get stoned. My clothing is beginning to stink from the cigarette smoke in the room. I'm SO OUT OF THERE! BUT NOW I HAVE A PLACE TO GO TO! A PLACE TO CALL "HOME"! I'M NOT HOMELESS ANY MORE!

Wednesday, 15 July:

Metro (*free daily newspaper*): Wednesday, July 15, 2009 "Report: Homeless program a failure" New York. A rental subsidy program designed to help New Yorkers transition from homelessness into stable housing has been a failure, according to a new report from advocacy group Picture the Homeless. Of 500 Homeless people surveyed, 69 percent said they've been to housing court because of subsidy-related problems, and 41 percent were in rent arrears because the city failed to pay its portion. Officials from the program say it's helped New Yorkers sign 12,000 leases since 2007. How about this? They publish it like this is news! BUT the question not answered is: How many of those were legitimate and how many were a success? I loathe this city and its propaganda! What a bunch of delusional liars!

Thursday, 16 July:

I got back to the shelter at about 16h30 this evening. A very hot and humid, oppressive sort of day. But I wanted to get some laundry done. Not much. Sheets, underwear. Things I need to get cleaned. So, I bagged it all, stripped the bed and headed to the laundry room on the 5th floor. Two Puerto Ricans had commandeered the washers and dryers! One for each (one person, two machines). They're really a stupid race of people, and inconsiderate of everybody and everything. No bias. Just the truth from experience. So I sat on the floor and waited until... The one who had the washers had washed some trousers that were covered in wet, white paint! So when I finally got to use the washer, I had to wash it before washing my clothes! And to think,

today, for the first time in years I actually broke down and bought “Gain” laundry soap and for THIS! Well, I got to do my wash (and caught it before the white paint ruined one of my shirts). It took until after 20h! I come into the room and there, 16 is lounging, watching his TV. 17 looks up and says “Oh, you only did wash! We thought we lost you.” (“Not yet...” I replied. I’m saying nothing to any of them.) Rich is hanging in the window, smoking a cigarette. I just don’t get it. He knows I don’t like the smoke in the room. But I swallowed this too and went on with my own business of making the bed and finally, at about 20h45, getting something to eat! The evening went on. I got a shower in. I came back, got ready for some sleep.... SOME... and as I’m trying to sleep, 16, 17 and Rich are yapping away about pretty much nothing. Crack-heads do that sort of thing... they just ramble, talking TO each-other and never listening, making no sense at all. I’ve learnt to just let it go at that. But then... At about 22h30 some moron walks in the door, looking to talk with 17... Old prison-mates! They all love to talk about “up-state”. Rich gets into the talk. Then 16 gets into it with his “I know all there is to know about everything there is” and they’re ALL talking prison! Meanwhile, I’m trying to sleep. It finally got finished some time after 23h and I finally got to pass out.

Friday, 17 July:

Seaside 15h57 Waiting for 18h30... Well, it looks like “the system” FAILED AGAIN! Instead of having a voucher for the “Work Advantage Program” in hand, I now have two money orders, one for the month of July and one for the month of August... RENT! NO HELP! NO HELP AGAIN! So many promises and so much information about how much DHS (Department of Homeless Services) can help me get back on my feet... And all the while, they’ve done nothing, ABSOLUTELY NOTHING! I’ve saved my own income. I’ve worked my-self almost to death (or sickness at the very least). I’ve done it all... I’ve put up with harassment. I’ve put up with the threats to my well-being. I’ve put up with the smoking in the room. I’ve put up with the room-mates who don’t bathe and who could knock the wind out of a set of lungs with their stench. I’ve put up with the screaming and hollering in the halls. I’ve put up with the urine on the floors. I’ve put up with running all over to get receipts and to do the paper-work for the so-called “case-workers”. I’ve done EVERYTHING that’s been asked of me and today? Here I sit, 800\$ poorer in my savings account, ready to pay rent, with NO HELP. DEPARTMENT OF HOMELESS SERVICES... YOU’VE FAILED... AGAIN! Today, I left the shelter at the usual time (about 6h15), got the M15 bus to 14th Street, walked to 1st Av. for the L train to Broadway Junction where I got an A to Rockaway Parkway. There, I got the Q41 bus to Howard Beach where Mrs. Guadagno was not in because she’s been hospitalised. I worked in the heat and humidity and bolted for the door at noon. Back to the Q41 to Rockaway Parkway for the A train to Broadway Junction for the J train to Chambers Street. At the banque, get my savings balance, transfer the funds from savings to chequing, bolt for the J train back to Broadway Junction to the A to the Shuttle to Rock Park. - P.O. Money orders and my pay stub. Waldbaum’s for something to eat (PopTarts and Half-n-Half coffee). A quick bite in Tribute Park and here. THIS room had better come through! If not? I’ll be on the beach at the Fort with my “bullets”, ready to go “Home”, ready to go to my Mum. That’s all I’ll say. - Meanwhile... I just want the world to know: Department of Homeless Services, New York City has FAILED YET AGAIN!

(The following days were quite wonderful. Stressful but wonderful. I can still recall, even after 5 years, many of the events that took place, and I can recall most of them with almost perfect clarity. I was so genuinely happy. I was leaving the Shelter; I was returning to the little “town” that had given me refuge, peace, a new life and absolute joy. I was getting a “key” to a door that opened to a place where I could be alone, to sleep, to listen to music that I chose, to rest, to prepare a HOT meal! I could leave my bed and my

belongings and, with relative assurance, not be concerned about having anything or everything gone when I returned. That silly little "key" was equal to the most prized medal or acknowledgement of some Worldly accomplishment. In the Shelter, when someone would claim "rights and privileges" to a room, a bed, an area of floor-space, the general response was, "You have no key to anything around here except your locker. You don't have your name on anything that says any part of any of this is 'yours'. When you come into the building, you have no key. When you come into this room, you have no key. You can't lock yourself in, and you can't lock anybody out. And even the key to the locker, which isn't yours either, doesn't mean anything because when they - the administration - want to see what's in there, or throw you out, they can come at any time and cut that lock and your shit is gone." I got... a KEY! And I got it entirely on my own! No help from anybody! The KEY, the room, the escape from Homelessness... ALL OF IT... accomplished... ALONE!)

Saturday, 18 July 2009: ROCKAWAY!!!!

(As I edit and compile this manuscript, some 5 years after the fact, I remember, so very well, how this day went. Not so much the entire trip to and from Rockaway, but I can still "see", not only in my mind's eye, but some-where even deeper in my physical being, meeting Denise at the house, going up to the room that I would call "home". We stood at the little chest of drawers, I completed a general "application" that didn't ask for much information, wasn't what I thought "intrusive" at all. Denise was kind. She smiled. She was welcoming. She offered to fore-go the rent for the month of July, in consideration of the fact that it was already just over half through. But I insisted that she accept the full month's rent and that I would fore-go the rest. To me, unbeknownst to her, this room was more precious than I could have ever explained. I never told her that I was coming out of a Homeless Shelter. She never really asked. But she certainly would never know just how much that little room, with a view of a brick wall painted white, just metres out-side the window actually meant to me. I handed her the "application" with the two money orders, each for 400 dollars. She handed me receipts for each and... THE KEYS! KEYS! A key to the front door of the house... and a key to "MY DOOR"! She welcomed me to the house and left me alone, ALONE IN MY ROOM! "MY" room! - For a while, I just stood there, looking. The room was no more than 7ft wide by 10ft long. It offered a full-sized bed with a REAL mattress, still covered in the original plastic wrap! There was a corner with a small sink and some counter-top space, cup-boards on the wall above. And there was a small chest of drawers and a ceiling fan. But most important of all of these things... this little room offered me a place to call "MINE" and it came with a KEY! As of that very moment, I was no longer "Homeless". I HAD A HOME AND I WAS STANDING IN IT! And I luxuriated in it. - But tonight, I still had a curfew, still had to "sign" for my bed, my locker, my space amongst the 849 other "residents" of the Shelter. So, reluctantly, I put out the light in "my" little room, stepped out into the hall-way, closed "my" door and with "my" KEY, I LOCKED MY DOOR behind me! - The trip back to the Shelter that evening was bitter-sweet. I travelled over Jamaica Bay, looking behind me toward "home" and I thought of the JOY of being able to go to the locker tonight, sorting through things, planning on how to pack so that as I left the Shelter, it wouldn't ever be "obvious". I resolved to tell no-one about this. I worried that, should anybody know that I was actually leaving, on my own, of my own volition and determination, SOMEbody would do SOMETHing to thwart it all. A jealous resident could, as I slept, severely injure or kill me; a nasty "CaseWorker" or somebody in administration could suddenly arrange for a mid-night transfer to another room or another shelter. In a worst-case scenario, I could leave one morning to return to an empty locker. There wasn't much in there, but what little there was, particularly clothing, was mine and I certainly didn't want to part with any of it. I resolved to keep quiet about all of this. But tonight, when I returned to the Shelter, I knew I was only there for the briefest while and, should conditions in the dorm or anywhere in the Shelter become intolerable, I now had the option of leaving, no matter what the weather, no matter what the hour, and I had a place to go to where it would be CLEAN and QUIET and SAFE! - The plan was to simply pack what could be packed in my back-pack and perhaps an extra bag that would go un-noticed by my fellow residents, each day. Each day, for the next 3 at most, I'd leave, either to go to work or to simply go out for the day. On work-days, I'd either drop by the house en route to work or after, leave what I had packed. That evening, I'd

return to the Shelter to pack some more... and I'd move in slowly, until at last, the locker was empty and there was nothing left behind. On that day, I'd simply leave, just like any other day, no "Good-bye.", just quietly leave. I owed nothing to any-one there, and no-one there owed anything to me. Beds emptied and filled all the time. People came and went, settled and were removed, transferred in... and transferred out. None of us meant anything in particular. And for every man who left, there were many just waiting for that bed, that locker, that little bit of space, under a roof, surrounded by walls. I would be replaced in precious little time. And, as I thought about it, I would be one less file stacked on a desk full of files. I would be gone... in silence. I knew I'd miss some of the guys. But the ones who meant the most to me were already gone. They'd left. It was now my turn. Again, today, the emotions were, just like always... Bitter-Sweet Bitter. - The train rolled on... across the land-mass of Long Island, under Brooklyn, under the East River, under and into the island of Manhattan... Manhattan, that "Emerald City" that I never truly enjoyed for anything other than a job, and today, I didn't work there, and for some week-end entertainment which I hadn't even thought of in so many years now that even that was insignificant. But tonight, I knew the time here, the coming here, was soon to end. I was content tonight. - I don't recall the evening back at the Shelter. Perhaps it's best. Perhaps, one day, the events will come rushing into my mind. But for now, the important memories have been recorded. - I do, however, recall the following days. They went as planned. Each morning I'd leave for work as usual, but on these days, I'd bring "extra" things with me. I'd go to work in the morning, and in the evening, I'd stop by "the house", leave what I'd brought along and some-what sadly, leave to return to the Shelter for the night. - Now, today, as I recall, recount and re-live these moving days, I do recall that the last day of moving out from the Shelter was indeed... Bitter-Sweet.)

Sunday, 19 July 2009.

I remember looking in the locker this morning and, having the day off from work, went about packing things into a piece of luggage. I'd planned on going to "the house" today, spending the day in Rockaway, and making tomorrow the last trip of moving. However, in the emptiness of the room, in the relative quiet of the Shelter this morning, I calmly packed and realised: I could put EVERYTHING into ONE piece of luggage and THIS would be the LAST of it! So, with care and careful arranging, I DID manage to get EVERYTHING into that rolling bit of luggage that was just about ready to crumble! When everything was packed and done, I made the bed as I'd always done, took one last, long and hard look at the bed, the locker, the room, and walked out of the dorm, into the empty hall. As I got into the hall, Rick was coming out of his dorm. He stopped me, looked me straight in the eye and said "You're not coming back." He'd been in the system for so many years at this point, he knew. And I admired that. Strangely, I too had developed that sense of the coming and going of others. And at this moment, I was very much aware of that "instinct". All I said in reply was "What makes you say that?" My thoughts were to simply say that I was bringing more things to be put into storage. But he "knew". I respected him entirely too much to lie to him, so when he said "I can see things like that." the only thing I could respond with was "And why can't I just be bringing my shit to storage?" He smiled at me, kindly and simply said "You're not coming back and I don't blame you." and he shuffled his way down the hall. I went to the lift, pushed the call button and when the door opened on the first floor, I walked past the "Operations" offices, past the guards, out the door of the Shelter and into the open air, to the streets of NYC, and alone... I got myself onto the subway and... left "The City" and the Shelter and Rick... behind as the train took me under the streets of Manhattan, across the East River into Brooklyn, under Long Island and... away... ROCKaway. I wasn't coming back. Today, when this luggage was un-packed, there was no reason, no need to leave my little room... MY little room. Tonight there would be no curfew, no fighting for a place in the queue to "sign" a list for a metal bed beside a metal locker, in a room that had now become strange and defiled to me. Tonight I would put my head down, and in darkness, drift off to sleep... alone. Tonight there'd be no unconscious thoughts or concerns about being transferred, being rudely awakened, being

robbed, being assaulted. Tonight, in the quiet of “my” little room, on “my” bed, I could, after about a year, once again, SLEEP IN PEACE! Today, officially, I ceased to be “Homeless”. The nightmares were now in the past. The torment of being treated more like some useless dreg, some infernal burden on society, the obligation of being civil to others who deserved no civility only to ensure my own safety... all of this was finished! Tomorrow, when I woke, I'd be just another member of the general society, showered and dressed and on my way to a job! And, in all of this? I managed to get to this point COMPLETELY ALONE! I did it ALL... ALONE!)

REVISITED

14. 8539266 Revisited

6 June 2011:

I swore I'd never be back here. But look at this. Because I'm a shit4brains idiot, putting somebody else's comfort before mine, (you'd think I'd have learned by now), here I am AGAIN! Oddly enough, I'm STILL 8539266 after all these years... in more ways than one. BUT... do be careful World. I'm so much more than ANGRY and BITTER than words alone can express. I'm VERY much in the frame of mind where I DO believe, with heart and soul, that it's better to crush those in the way, and NOT care whether they like me or not. - I want NO MORE FRIENDS! I need NO MORE FRIENDS! So the rest can eat their own shit and die. This time baby, the World is on its own!

(No, my 6-dollar hourly wage wasn't enough to hold me. And as I worked, and sought more and better work, the job market dwindled while the cost of simply living increased. Additionally, as a dear friend would tell me in due course: No matter where you go, it will always be the same because there's one thing you can't change and that's 'you'. Always the "giver", even when it wasn't in my best interest to do so, I continued to "give"... and here, to my detriment, as it were. I was back... but this time, not for as long a term. This time I'd learned to bide my time, use the knowledge, education and experience from the past to my benefit and utilise, to the best of my ability, all opportunities that were available. Some things had changed... others had not. Some of the changes were for the better... others, for the worse. But it was up to me, and from past experience I knew... up to me ALONE! Here now, "Revisited".)

15. June 2011

Monday, 6 June 2011:

at 6:06 am (At UnionTpke.) - Woke at 5.51 Not well this morning. Bad stomach. Knotted bowels. Churning gut. Feeling more like vomiting. I woke before the alarms. Have had coffee/cigarette. Wanting so much to sleep. But this morning it's "MUST LEAVE" not "choose to leave".

(The departing chat, not even a conversation to speak of, was brief, succinct:)

(M) "Sorry things couldn't be different."

(E) "We've gone out of our way..."

(M) "When you got all those good jobs did you have that beard?"

When I said, last night, 'Ultimately, there's only one person on whom you can depend...' she said "Yourself. That's very true."

And I keep going back to Ren, Cathy and TJ. *(Going back some 40 years now, these were so-called and self-proclaimed "friends" who came to me when Life and Luck had let them down. I opened my doors to them, took them in, gave them my home. Ren stayed for many months, ate everything in the house, never had or looked for work, but amazingly always had the funds to find party time every week-end. He left me with his luggage one day and never returned. Cathy and I had attended high-school together. When her family was transferred to the South, she rang me one day saying she wanted to come back to The Bronx. Of course, I opened my home to her. She came with some luggage and a car and a cheque-book connected to no banque account. She asked me to cash a cheque for her, I did so, giving her a month's rent. The cheque bounced and Cathy vanished. As for TJ, he too came to stay, and stay and stay. He brought his cockroaches and cat, a taste for "Pastis" and international telephone calls lasting through the nights. He drove away over the horizon leaving me with his cockroaches and a telephone bill of 1100 dollars.)* What goes around comes around.

"When you have, the whole world eats. When you don't have, the world starves." *(Oma, my Grand-mother, had said this to me so many years ago. In the group of people with whom I used gather, most often I was the only one who worked and had an income. Being the "giving" person, I would always make certain that the one with the least would be able to share in the good times of getting together for drinks and generally socialising. When I had money, we all had "good times". But when I was with-out money, there was no one there to include me when the rest would be out on the town.)*

Spaces and places... here, Penelope in particular, who had an empty, 4-story house, but not an inch to spare. And I'm off to the shelter. What the fuk happened? What the fuk is happening?

What the fuk is to happen? - Time to STOP this! - I need to get me out of here this morning. - I wonder if/when/where I'll be sleeping tonight. - I'm not feeling well. Tired and ill.

And the bottom line: *NOBODY CARES*

Trim beard/nails. It's to be a while until next time.

18.27 BELLEVUE! Since about 14.00. Ortiz is still here. Ms.Reid too. But I'm still waiting... AND I'M STILL 8539266! Looks like I'll be journaling on there! REVISITED! FUKME! -

19.23 Bellevue Waiting 7thFl. In the Shelter. Working in HoBe. Life is a set of circles. We re-trace each til we get it right. Then we move to the next. I'm repeating one. I need to get this right. - WORK the 7 days, GET THE FUK OUT OF NYC! - Tue.7.Jun.11 7.02 Day1 2nd Fl. "Lounge" (For Monday 6 Jun) A118 assigned. Next to what used to be A108 (now A120)! Angel's old room... fireplace. "The Old Guy's bed. - So, I, 8539266, am back. - Showered. Dressed. 2 coffees. Rang Penelope She's not going to the Fort today, going to see Delores. OK - By 8.00, I was OUT of M and E's, on the street, on the bus. To storage to drop some, get some. I took my time organising

things then headed out to Peninsula Library for an hour on-line. Researched transport to Burlington. I'm actually considering. And if things get stupid here, I'll head up there. Or, I'll be on the beach with 100proof, Atropa and pills. Fukkit. Finished my iTunes down-loads too. MUSIC! - Printed a letter to the Diamonds, a proposal to provide Home Care: 175\$/day, I'm available. I'd noticed my house-cleaning sign was removed at 90-60. Can't help but think E. did that. - Q22 bus to B116 St. PenelopeO. A LETTRE! FROM STORAGE! THE BLOODY RENT'S INCREASING NEXT BLOODY MONTH! FUKME. But I finally got mail. - To Waldbaum's. Yoghurt and tin of coffee. Lunch in Tribute Park (again). And I rang Penelope At home! Some bull-shit about not needing to go to visit with Delores. She's a very poor liar. She's certainly NOT a "friend". But I put on the nice. She's just like the rest and I'm back in The Shelter... cleaning out my "contacts" here. - And so, The A to L to M15. SHIT! Here we fukkin go again! But although I separated, dissociated, the "trauma" wasn't present this trip. (I'm in SERIOUS DENIAL)! - At the CastleBellevue: NO MORE DARK RAMP! Entry in the front! And I zipped through. Very well prepared. Intake was a wait. The process took about 4 hours. The interview with Mr. Olcott was appropriately nasty. But I'm STILL 8539266... but with up-dated photo. - The evening went quickly. I took 2 fellows, new to the Shelter and the area, to 2nd Av. so they could get something to eat. Strolled. I know too much about this Shelter, and yet, not enough. Some things have changed, some remain same. - 7.32 I need another smoke (and a BM). Ticknotes: Ortiz, Vivian(Greek) and Really Great Sec.Guards here - I went up to 5. Nobody there.- Ortiz is still here. Vivian, the Greek guard is still here. Even that one who made me feel so Human, the first one who did so, is still here! SHE recognised me immediately as I was walking through the hall! I heard "Well, well, well..." and there she was, as pleasant as ever. It was so comforting to see her. - As for the visit to the 5th floor: I just took it upon myself, after having signed-in, to take a stroll. Hell! Others did it whilst I was here so why not me doing it now? I KNOW this place TOO TOO well! But the doors to most dorms were closed and I didn't see any sign of anybody I knew. Well, there's time for further investigation... unfortunately.

Tuesday, 7 June:

11.00 Peninsula Library (On WED.8.Jun.11) Where to begin? OK. I strolled over to 3rd and hit D'Ag for my little rolls, too much cheese, yoghurt. From there, a leisurely stroll back to the Riverside Park where I used to go (and freeze) to eat... too much. It took me almost to the very last minute and I got back into the shelter just about on time. Abdul (I think that's his name) was already there. We were both early. Into the assigned room, with TV, air conditioning and water cooler to sit and wait and wait and wait. Some broad comes in with a cardboard box full of papers and such, parks her fat arse in a chair at a desk and proceeds to ignore all of us, sifting through her little treasures. Finally, a guy comes in, parks in the chair in front of her desk and begins talking. SHE'S the fuckingbloody Case "Worker"! When she's done with the dildo-head, she announces that there's a "Sign-up" list OUTSIDE the door! We're supposed to sign it! We'd been there for about TWO HOURS already! Well! Mad dash and guess what? The order in which we'd arrived was screwed because of folks jumping in to sign the list! OK. I let it go. I had other things to accomplish anyway like getting linens for tonight AND A BLOODY LOCK! I went down to "Operations" to enquire. The woman there was delightfully kind and respectful. Told me that I could get both after 18.00 on the 7th floor. I went back up. Found Abdul and told him that we could get the linens on the floor. So a really nice guard in the "office" gave us what he had: 2 sheets, towel and kit in the plastic bag. Tomorrow's linen exchange day. - Down for a smoke. Abdul had disappeared while I was down. I didn't think much of it. - Then the continued wait... and wait... and wait... - It got to be 20.00. No call. I went down for a smoke. When I came back, Ms. Moron was on "dinner" and I had to sign for the bed at 20.30! So I signed. Made jokes with Mr. Brown (more familiar faces), checked for the lock (another kind woman dealing with that

issue). - Round about 20.45 the woman came TO ME to give me the lock for the locker! I was on my way to "normalcy"! Linens for the bed and a LOCK so I didn't have to lug stuff all over! But no "companion". He'd disappeared completely! - At about 21.15 I stopped at the CaseWorker office to ask Ms. Shitmouth if she was going to be seeing any more "clients" this evening. She asked "Why". I told her I had to shower and needed sleep before tomorrow and was wondering. She simply said, with her "African" accent (SURPRISE!) "Sir, you don't have to do anything with me. You do what you feel you must." I told her I was just concerned. She repeated "Sir"... several times. I apologised for being considerate and promised not to repeat the error... and left. - Bad thing? I never did get to shower. EVERY IDIOT IN THE PLACE DECIDED TO SHOWER AFTER 21.00! AND... F40(companion) never returned or signed or made bed-check. - The shifts in the room decided to throw an evening chatty-session at about 22.00 with radio on. That last until almost 24.00. I had no pillow so used the TD tote bag with towel thrown over it. I lay on the bed, sweating because of the heat and humidity, and tried to ignore all. - It's back in the shelter alright! - 11.52 Peninsula Library Up this morning before the alarm. Coffee. Vit.C. Brush teeth during BM! Off to the shower! YAY! CLEAN! Dressed. Out the door. M15 to 42nd. Flushing train to Woodside. Q53 to storage. I've packed a bag with scrubs, extra jeans, another polo shirt, beach stuff, 2 pillows, stuff. Then off to Rock. Waldbaum's for 2 rolls, yoghurt, turkey, coffee. Breakfast at Tribute Park. - Rang Ramdai at PIC. The "Termination Letter" went out yesterday. But she'll try to thwart it and get me to work! - To the bus. To the Peninsula Library. - A letter to M and E: Hourly to 15dollars, Daily to 175\$. Fukkem if they don't like it. I don't care any longer. - Vermont on Twitter is still tempting. - It's supposed to be miserably hot today. Plans are: leave here, get the bag from storage, bring to shelter, go to SIB Library for a while, maybe see Motek after. Then back to shelter to see some CaseWorker moron tonight before passing out tonight. Maybe I'll get work tomorrow. Not that I really want... but I certainly need. (7\$/hour! BULLSHIT!) - 16.10 I've just finished transcribing the month of November 2008. It's good to have another month completed but the notes... they were of a very good day back then in 5W-101. It's sad to leave the notes behind and that memory. Today's shelter is nothing like those good days... and it never will be again. - I managed to get from the Peninsula Library back to storage. A bag with scrubs, jeans, pillows, stuff got shoved into the wheeled luggage and hauled to 30th. Into the locker. Then down to the 5th floor for linens, which got shoved into the locker. - Mr.A was conducting an Intake in the room I sat in last night for for-ever. I asked him if it would be OK to do my Intake tonight and he said that the case "worker" will be on tonight. She'd better be. My meal ticket expires tonight! Bitch! And I'm certainly NOT going to RUSH back there either. I've got until 20.30 to sign-in and she's got until 24.00 to WORK! Just so long as she doesn't fuk with my "bed-check" I don't much care. I USED to care, but I don't care now. - It's delightful in here. It's MISERY out today! Well into the 30's (*degrees Celsius*)! DEATH weather. The "Boiz" better be in good behaviour mode tonight. I'm in no mood. - Meanwhile, I just got an extension on this PC and I didn't even see the message! HEY! I'm good with that. - I want to take a visit to Motek this evening. I can't believe it's yet another Jewish holiday and here I am, "working". OO! Fukkem. Truly. Nobody's "helping" me in any way so bugger off. - Tired though. I have to say. Every time I've gotten on transport, I've dozed. I think I slept last night but there's really no telling. New room. New room-mates, the friggin shelter. I may have slept, but I may have been too aware to have slept. I don't know. (I could certainly use a drink right now.) - I wonder what the response to my letter will be from M and E. I wonder if/when Mimi will ring. I truly don't much care about them at this juncture. I'm back in the shelter and back in that "Shelter" mode: .I've done everything I possibly could to be supportive of Penelope Result? Shit. .I've done everything possible to be available to M and E, even to losing my job. Result? Shit. .I've done everything possible to help so many and where does it get me? In the shelter. Well? NOT ANY LONGER. FUKKEM ALL!

That said, 9 minutes left on the PC and for the day. I NEED TO CHARGE MY PHONES! And I

need to catch a nap. And I'll need to make the bed this evening. And I'd LIKE VERY MUCH to shower before bed tonight! (Even though there are no spray heads on the 7th floor showers). - OH OH OH! That cute little fellow from Monday managed not only to stay in M051 but he's on the 7th floor! Cute as a button. Looks young. Been many places. Educated. But too young. His cohort got shipped to Bed-Atl (*Bedford-Atlantic Shelter*)! Oo. - OK. So now I have to get moving along here. I'll call Motek to see about an early rendez-vous and then?.... Then back to the realities of the heat... HEAT... HELLHEAT and Hotel Happy. - Also hoping for WORK! this week.- 13.44 SIB Library In the air conditioning. - This morning, woke (Woke? I don't recall having slept at all last night!) before the alarm because the roomie slammed the damned door! Well, here we go! It was a fitful night too. Uncomfortable. No pillow, filthy linens. - So at 5.30 I was already awake. But I had my coffee and vitaminC, brushed my teeth and didn't bother to shower. Just didn't want to be bothered. How about THAT? ME! NOT wanting to shower. Imagine. (Just too bloody tired!) - Then out to have a quick smoke, then down to the first floor "Triage" (intake) to return the lock. Of course, had to wait because the "lady" (?) who takes the locks wasn't there yet. BUT one side of the room/foyer was full of prisoners, hand-cuffed to the chairs and eating breakfast (BRRREDFOX!). Yes, splendid. Prisoners, hand-cuffed to the chairs... Finally, a DHS Guard took the locks and it was back up to the 2nd floor to WAIT for the "Palladia" moron to interview. REALLY! A total arse. Mr. Something Soto. It took him all of 3 minutes with the 2 fellows before me and for me as well. He's just there to see if they can't come up with options other than the shelter. He didn't for me. Gee! I'm so surprised (fuk). Then he got one kid in there for the LONGEST while. A Parolee was waiting. He yelled. Soto came out and chastised him, calmly, and promised he'd be out in 20 minutes. Bullshit! - Down to the 1st floor again! To the Intake waiting room, AGAIN! For yet a few MORE HOURS. But the Case Worker I spoke with this time was quite nice... and I'm assigned... TO CASTLE HELL-HOLE/BELLEVUE again! - Had to go up to 7 but stopped out back in the court yard for a smoke... Ms.Crawford! OMG! She's SO wonderful! "How are you? What happened to you? We went crazy looking for you!" and such. So I started to tell her the saga. But her time ran late. - Ms.Simmons is now gone almost 3 years... or since just after I'd left. Anyway, it was truly wonderful to see Ms.Crawford. And up to the 7th floor. Bed assignment. ON 7, in a DORM of EIGHT BEDS that looks like it was only suitable for 6 max. The locker is filthy, FILTHY! - But I must comment that the place seems rather calm(ish) these days. Maybe it's just because the weather's good and the scumbags aren't coming in yet... Tonight will tell all. - AND... now that they see that I've been in there before and know people, the Newbies are paying more attention and respect. Fukkem. I'll help were I can but no further. It's the new me: I CAN'T BE BOTHERED WITH ANYBODY ELSE'S TROUBLES!

I'm all but falling asleep here and I'm so damned hungry. I have to find some food, sit and eat. Haven't had a BM this morning and have a Case Worker (cough choke) appointment at 16.00. So, since it's going for 14.00 it's time to try for food! - Motek has been texting. I sent him photos of last night's bed. It would be nice to see him this evening but I'm not showered and don't know if I'll have the time. But, we'll see. (And I stink like the 2nd floor... IT STILL has THAT ODOUR!)

Wednesday, 8 June:

11.52 Peninsula Library Up this morning before the alarm. Coffee. VitaminC. Brush teeth during BM! Off to the shower! YAY! CLEAN! Dressed. Out the door. M15 to 42nd. Flushing train to Woodside. Q53 to storage. I've packed a bag with scrubs, extra jeans, another polo shirt, beach stuff, 2 pillows, stuff. Then off to Rock. Waldbaum's for 2 rolls, yoghurt, turkey, coffee. Breakfast at Tribute Park.

Thursday, 9 June:

13.15 SeaSide Library: Let me start with last night (Wednesday 8 June): After spending a splendid few hours with Motek at the studio, we strolled and talked. He's under the impression I'm in here for no more than a week. I'm not correcting that. Not worth the effort nor the listening to the reactions. We parted at 14th/8th on the train. He took the A, I took the L. - Got into the Hell-Hole by about 20.30. The cow, "Ms. Brown" (brown cow... how now?) wasn't back from grazing yet so I signed the list and went about my business until 21.00. She returned. Took what-ever case she chose and I waited... and waited... and waited... Finally, I went into the "B" room. They don't tell which is which room but this one had air conditioning! It's been in the 30's outside and inside so even not being called was just fine for me. I got to talk with some of the guys and cool down. - Time passed... and passed... and passed. Somebody came in and told me that they were about to close the room, I had to leave. So I parked my butt outside Ms. Cow's "office". - Singed-in for the bed. Then came 22.00 bed-check. I had to be back in the room. I got accounted for and went back to the hall. The "B" room wasn't closed so I went back to chat with the guys. Back into the hall to the cow's door so she'd know I was there. WELL! At almost 23.00 she acknowledged me! "Why are you standing there?" I told her I was waiting for her. "You can't stand there. Go to the room or to your bed." MY BED? YOU NEED TO SEE ME! NOW! I went back to the room where I waited until after 24.00. Of course, the cow went home. Bumped me off AGAIN! - I gave up. Went in to the sweltering heat of the room... dropped to sleep. - The guys in the room are relatively OK. But now we've got a crack-head. How fun! He's OK. Going into programme. But it's just the idea. Not comforting. - I did fall asleep... - OH. Some broad comes in for the 22.00 bed-check and announces "There are women doing bed-check. You need to be wearing a shirt." 35degrees in the bloody place and WE need to be wearing shirts to bed! Right. Suck shit from my bung hole thank you. - 13:32 Thu. 4 days. This morning I woke before the 5.45 alarm. Did NOT want to get up. TIRED! Weak! I gulped coffee from the bottle, took my vitamin C, off to the loo for a dump (and a quick sneak smoke). Back to the room. Wait for a shower. At about 6.00, I got into the shower. NO COLD WATER AGAIN! IT WAS MURDER! The temperature in the room was already 32degrees! And HOT SHOWER! But I got cleaned. Then down for another smoke and up to the 7th floor. Why? I don't know. Something told me to go there for a new "Meal Ticket". And so I did. And so I was right. My gut. I must rely on it more often. Ms.Melendez was a doll! Very attentive. Very prompt. Gave me a new Meal Ticket through the 11th. THEN I FIND, MY "Case Worker" is across the hall from the main Intake office on the 7th floor! AND she works the 16-24.00 shift! WHY THE FUK DID THEY SEND ME TO ANOTHER ROOM AND ANOTHER CASE WORKER? Well, they did and I wasted 2 days. But NOT tonight. I'll be back there as close to 16.00 as I can and tonight they'll get "ME"! - Next, out the door. I stopped at the 28th St. park to get thoughts together and to ring Ramdai about the possible case assignment. Another WELL! 9-17.00 Saturday and Sunday, HoBe, possibly 7 days! If it works out well on the wk-end. I'll take it! I wouldn't be doing anything but journaling all day anyway. Let's just hope there's air conditioning. But that kind of money, delayed or not, will be very handy for either my ticket out of this world (HOPE!) or just out of this state (VT). I'll take it! - Full of good from the news of work, off to the train for a new MetroCard and to Brooklyn. I wanted new scrub pants for work. "Ideal Uniform" on Flatbush and the most remarkable time. Debbie is just magnificent. Took care to fit me. We talked for at least an hour about Nurses and the invasion of the foreign bitches. (She should see the shelter system!) But WOW, Did I leave there in the greatest mood! Just wonderful! - Took the B41bus to Kings Hwy for Q35 bus and here I am.

Friday, 10 June:

(FROM COMMENTS POSTED ON THU.9.JUN.2011): Peninsula Library 10.53 So I got that done at the SeaSide Library. 30 minutes and I was back out. Off to Waldbaum's because I know I

MUST eat BEFORE returning to The Shelter or I won't eat at all... ever! - A nice little lunch in Tribute Park. A schmooze with a nice lady reading a Kindle and off to The Big Shittle again. - BUT SOMETHING OCCURRED TO ME EN ROUTE: WHEN I BEGAN AT PIC, I WAS IN THE SHELTER. TODAY, I'VE BEEN RE-INSTATED, A RE-BEGINNING OF SORTS. I HAVE AN ASSIGNMENT IN HoBe JUST AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING. THERE'S A THEORY/PHILOSOPHY THAT LIFE IS A SET OF CONCENTRIC CIRCLES THAT WE MUST COMPLETE CORRECTLY OR CONTINUE ON THE SAME CIRCLE UNTIL WE GET ALL THE ELEMENTS CORRECT. I HAVE BEGUN AT THE BEGINNING OF YET THE SAME CIRCLE! THERE'S SOMETHING I DID WRONG IN THIS ONE AND NOW I MUST CORRECT THAT. NO MISTAKES, NO ERRORS THIS TIME ROUND! - OK. So the trip back was a bit of a mess. I decided to get another 2 packs of cigarettes (not that I have the money for them these days) and took the Shuttle to B105 to stroll back to RiteAid under the El. Saw Chung. Luv seeing her. We discussed the horrors of Rockaway in the hot weather and today, the place is a MOB scene! Hate that! Especially in the heat and humidity. - The Q53 back to B116. The Q35 to The Junction for the 5 train to the 6 train and back by about 17.30. - I SIGNED THE WAITING LIST FOR A Ms.H AND PROCEEDED TO WAIT. WELL! SHE'S ACTUALLY HUMAN! Smiles. Talks with respect and dignity. Informative. She told me that she had quite a few clients to see this evening and that the Intake should have been done already. I understand how long it takes (though I don't understand WHY it takes so long). So I was agreeable. She told me to come back after 21.00. No problem. - I strolled. I spent time. I went back. I got an appointment for Saturday evening, 18.46 to get all my Intake preliminary papers done. Oh well. SHIT! But better than I've been for the past couple of days. - Tonight, had a chat with one of the guys in the room. I'm amazing them! One thought I was a "bleeding heart liberal"! HAH! Another one says I'd make the perfect "Advocate". In general, they can't believe I am as resilient as I am and as insane. We'll get along OK... for now... for the time. - Well, I got a shower in tonight. HOT shower, but clean. Another day done.- 11:20 Almost forgot to mention: IT RAINED last night! Lightning. Thunder. Rain. The heat-wave is broken! At last! - OH! SOME MORON COMES OVER TO ME AS I'M WAITING FOR LAST NIGHT'S SHOWER. SAYS TO ME "JUST SO WE DON'T HAVE ANY MIS-UNDERSTANDING BETWEEN US I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT YOU HAVE TO STAY AS FAR AWAY FROM ME AS POSSIBLE." I HAVE NO IDEA WTF HE'S TALKING ABOUT BUT JUST STARED HIM STRAIGHT IN THE EYE AS HE MUTTERED. HE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT NOT WANTING ANY TROUBLE WITH ME BUT HE WAS "TOLD TO STAY AS FAR AWAY FROM ME AS POSSIBLE". I WONDER WHO TOLD HIM (IF ANYBODY TOLD HIM ANYTHING OF THE KIND AT ALL IN REALITY). STILL, IT'S INTERESTING TO NOTE. I JUST HOPE THIS DOESN'T TURN INTO ONE OF THOSE 'SHELTER' STORIES. I'VE GOT PLANS... AND THIS CITY ISN'T IN THEM! - So now, today, Friday: This is all falling terribly behind and will fall even farther when work begins. I hope I'll have time to get some things on via the phone as I work. - Last night was interesting: The local crack-er was awakened by every little sound in the room. Interestingly enough, he gets pissed at the very same things that piss me off: banging locks, banging lockers, chit-chat in the middle of the night, rattling bags AFTER the lights go out, putting the lights out in the middle of the night. He was vociferous about it as well. But I certainly can't fault him for it. I agree. Even though I just lay in bed and try to rationalize/ignore it. - So this morning, I woke, head on my pillows, rather rested. Had my coffee. Showered (HOT). Dressed. Left promptly. M15 to L to Storage for knock around scrubs and the BP cuff. Then to find tomorrow's assignment. Nice house. Easy to get to. I'm hopeful. I don't like the idea of 7days. But the money will come in handy! - Then to here. - I need to get to KeyFood for coffee. I brought my zip-lock bag. - The guy from VT twitted a link for the Burlington shelter. It's Christian! I'm doomed. But WTF? I think I just might give it a try. I've little to lose at this juncture. I'm not looking beyond the 24th. NOTHING BEYOND THE 24TH. - Must to leave here. I've printed an "Assignment" sheet for the folks at the shelter. Idiots!- 16:29

SIB Library and 13 minutes left on the PC. I feel like it's closer... much closer to about 20.00. TIRED! SO VERY TIRED! And not really looking forward to tonight at the Hell-hole. It's Friday and although those idiots in the room don't work during the week, I'm sure they'll all celebrate as if they've accomplished a full week's worth of toil. - If they don't, I'm willing to wager highly that the rest of them will, in the halls... all night. And I have to be at work tomorrow, in the morning. There's also the little "meeting" that F41 wants to hold tonight. I'm sure that will keep ALL awake for a LONG while. But... there's Xanax and all sorts of other meds, and a nice little bottle of vodka waiting for a day at the beach. CHECK-OUT! - I want to compose a nice little "Thank You" to those who have been right here with me through the last and this shelter episode. But my head won't do it lately. I'm really too tired. And there seems to be something in my left eye all the time. It itches and sometimes I can't see correctly. Then there's the itch... when in the eye, not in the ear; when in the ear, not in the eye. I just don't know. But I don't much care either. - I found a desk where I can charge the iPod and phone so I'll be moseying over there. Just terribly thirsty at the moment. But all passes... somehow, at some point.

Saturday, 11 June:

WORKED: PIC (Partners In Care/VNS). HoBe. 9-17.00 - 14:23 I keep dozing off! Tired? Yes. But DOZING! - I believe the old guy in F36 has cellulitis and possible MRSA (*Methicillin-resistant Staphylococcus aureus* (MRSA) is a bacterium responsible for several difficult-to-treat infections in humans) . - I was on the Nr.6 train at 7 o'clock this morning. Took the A train to Gaston then back to work by 9. It's very nice... I'm hoping. BUT I NEED A BREAK/SMOKE!

Sunday, 12 June:

WORKED: PIC. HoBe. 9-17.00 And the Wife, Daughter and Son-In-Law said they want me back, on the case, long-term. I'm OK with that. I NEED THE MONEY!

Monday, 13 June:

As usual, all was "settled", 22.00 bed-check done. I was trying to drift to sleep thanks to the guy in F38 unplugging Ramone's radio at last. Must have been approx. 23.00, I feel dull thuds on the bed. "Security". "Mr. A needs to talk with you." I thought it was because somebody else had signed for F39 (my bed) tonight. Nope. TRANSFER TO THE BRONX! 183rd/Davidson!!! IMMEDIATELY!!! BUT... Mr.Alexander and Ms.Berman discussed the travel to HoBe. Said maybe 126th would be better. I was sent back to bed for the night. Transfer to be done tomorrow. - Suddenly, Mr.Alexander comes in. I'm transferred to the 6th floor! They decided to keep me here due to travel hardships! (Ms.Berman had said "We're not in the business of getting people fired."). - I packed. - E4: now. 4-bed dorm. 1 older, 1 middle-aged, 1 young. 3 Black. The middle-aged guy works. Wakes at 5.30. I apologised. Young guy says "You're a newcomer" and puts the light on! - The room is filthy! Reefer on the floor under bed, ashes and a roach on the floor. I didn't un-pack. Just got ready for bed. Actually fell right to sleep. - In the morning: 6Train to GCT to Shuttle to Nr.1Train to 231st. - Monthly MetroCard bought (104\$) at station. - Bx10 to Yonkers border. RiteAid on Broadway, Yonkers for cigarettes. - Overdrawn chequing account!!!! - Food at Associated in Yonkers. - Bx9 to vanCortlandt park to eat. - Nr.1 to 59th to A to Rock.Blvd to 53 bus... Peninsula Library - Helene on 53 bus en route to The Rock. Talked at B108 with her and Matt. - Took 35bus to Bklyn. Too late for SIB Library. - Went to the studio to see Schmulik. - Back at The Shelter: STEVE'S GONE!!!! to RWA!!! DAMN IT! - The room has gone to shit with the noise and such. - Went down for a smoke and spoke with Mrs. Greenberg. She's pissed because of the new rates. Said the daily rate is out of their reach. Fukkem! I'm finished

with this "Charity" shit! And now it seems I've lost a sleeping bag, 2 great pillows and ANOTHER AFGHAN!!!! LEFT IN CT!

Tuesday, 14 June:

"Lounge" 5th Floor: Out of bed at 6.30. No BM this morning. Shower. Laundry at 8.00. Lost under-wear! Don't know how. But 7th floor, 3 washers, 2 dryers, 1 dryer "working". - Other: long time to dry. - Found mop and bucket on 6th floor. MUST clean the room. Reefer under the bed! - Down for 2 smokes, chain. Up to 5 at approx. 11.00. Very nice guard explained "protocol". Nice CaseWorker gave info/direction. Sign "Emergency" list. Come, wait. - Margaret C. at "lounge". Remembered me! Charles gone a long time. Rick got a room. D18 now pees in a bottle, leaves it on locker! Ms.Uloma out due to knee surgery. She and Ms.Crawford moved to end offices. - 6th floor is no "Gen'l Population". No more MICA. No more "Med". Even 2 is GenPop (*General Population. The 2nd floor was for "over-nighters" and those waiting to be assigned to a Shelter with a stay of not more than 21 days.*) (3rd floor-food/cafeteria) 4 and 5 GenPop. 7 and 8 PASS Assessment. - All in all, it seems CaseWorker's and some "security" are more helpful. - I'm so tired I've got the shakes. - Found the slop (*closet... mop and bucket*) on 6. Want to clean. - Beautiful day out. Would have been perfect for the Fort (with/with-out S.S.) - (After note: yesterday) Today I clean my "Contacts" out of the phone: Penelope, the Greenbergs, Calvarusso., etc. Break ties. The end. No more. Mrs.Grnbrg's general attitude yesterday r/t my "rates" increase has thrown me (I'm falling asleep, writing illegible) - It's amazing... Mr.Lovell (emergency CaseWorker) strolls about the halls, never even looks at the "sign-in" sheet! - Deaf Guy(Robbie?) walking about. I gave him a cigarette. Why not? - Hungry and TIRED! Dozing off. - Finally seen by Mystery CaseWorker. Told to return tomorrow at 8.00! - Tried to clean room. Disrespectful, NASTY guard bitch "dismissed" me! (*During my prior stay in the Shelter, we, on the 5th floor, mopped the toilet and shower rooms and the hall-way on a regular basis. I had the mop and bucket today and when this "security guard" saw it she snapped "THAT DOESN'T BELONG TO YOU! PUT IT BACK... NOW!" I quietly said "I'm cleaning the dorm." She rambled on about having taken something that doesn't belong to me and that I'd better "PUT IT BACK NOW!" I quietly walked away from her and went about the cleaning.*) She reported her side of the incident to Operations. - Re-commence pt. HoBe MONDAY! I NEED MONEY! FUK! - I'm losing track of days and dates! Losing my mind! - En route to Rock at approx. 13.40 (88th Boyd)- 15.57 Peninsula Library. When I think about it, I've been quite fortunate: Having the storage locker at the ready; having the extra underwear to replace what I stupidly lost; being wise to the shelter and being prepared for the stupidity; having the over-draft on the chequing to get car-fare for 30 days. But OMG! Am I so tired... tired of it all in general. And today, not knowing day or date makes it all so much worse. - Lunch in Tribute Park: cottage cheese with peaches, tinned coffee, PopTarts. I bought ciabatta rolls. 4. I still have them. - A bit down due to Steven leaving. Nothing can be done to change it and I'm just being stupid about it. - I don't see much conversation in the room coming along. It's going to be a different time of it. - Still can't get over the Green berg shit. I was SO MUCH MORE than helpful and now I get the brush-off. It won't happen again. - 16.10 I should be out of here by 17.00 latest. SIB Library until 20.00. Ah, but I don't know where to sign for my bed tonight! The mysteries and games never cease. - The librarian strolled by, smiled, waved. Odd how some people actually like me. - This library closes at 18.00. I doubt I'll get the hour. - The Wave still has rooms at 150\$/week. I NEED MONEY DAMN IT! - Didn't get even a moment. Left approx. 16.30. Back to The City, in to SIB Library. Got the hour there. And as I worked, came the rains. Nothing too serious but rain none-the-less. Well. We can't have perfect. Certainly not. - M16 to 28th and into the Hole. - The dorm is still a mess. But I'm not going to go out of my way about it. - Sign-in is on the floor and of ALL the people at the table? Santiago! Stoned as always. But even he recognized me! I gave a smile, "Como estas Sr?", knuckle-bump and on to my biz of showering and into bed. - E3(Steve) came

in, reeking of beer! Woah! Feisty after work. Another locker-banger. But not for very long. El(BC... his name) had a Caucasian Visitor. I don't know what these kids are doing in M050 but it's annoying... to a point. Still, E3 is 51 y/o behaving like a 15y/o as do most of the adults(?) in this place. Creation is a disastrous place. People make it ugly. - Settled in. All goes quiet and calm. Lights out. I'm drifting into sleep. "E4:!" "They" want to see me on the 5th floor. At 23 bloody 00! "They". But the guard who came in is one of the sweet ones so it made the situation tolerable. Scrubs and flip-flops, down the stairs. No idea who "they" are or what "they" want. But ahHAH! Mr. (a.k.a. King) James. I addressed him, handed him my "papers. "Ms.Singleton"! She come out of an office and immediately recognized me! It's almost unbelievable how many remember me! And, they smile! We chat. All I needed was a new meal ticket tonight and confirm I signed for the bed. We talked. She told me of some "housing prospect" she knows of and asked me to come see her tomorrow "when you get in". I got the meal ticket and went back to bed. - What next?

Wednesday, 15 June:

10th day. The usual beginning: up, loo, shower. Then to the 5th floor for my 8.00 meeting with the new CaseWorker. The usual wait in "the lounge" for her arrival and the posting of the sign-in sheet. And the usual mass hysteria when the list got taped to the wall. It never ceases to amaze: Blacks and Hispanics have no sense of gentlemanly decorum, civil democracy, or respect. They're so very much like seagulls, scavengers, defiant in their sense of entitlement. They shove into buses and lifts. And when the list was posted, they shoved through asking for a pen, oblivious to anything between them and that bit of paper on the wall. But I managed to be second on the list... and waited. - Almost immediately after the guy before me, I was called. Ms.K(L), Russian, pleasant enough, to the point. Took particulars. Repeated the same questions I've already answered perhaps thrice already. Noted I'm to work 7 days. Says I must see her Wednesdays or Sundays, mornings, and, as usual, it's my responsibility to be the first on her list. There is NO consideration for working people in the shelter. I will see her Wed. for "Psycho-Social" eval. Let the fun begin. - I left promptly to Peninsula Library. Immediate PC this morning. Research on CNA study/license in NY and VT. Much quicker in VT! A huge consideration. - Waldbaum's. Turkey, fruit, yoghurt and coffee. The Fort for lunch... in the sun. I'm SO pale it's disgusting! So I ate, on the bench, in the soccer field, shirtless, leisurely. Then off for a stroll. A must "413" today, simply because. I just feel it's essential to good health some-how. And it was quite quick. After, I felt "lighter". How odd! (At a table, on the plaza, Brooklyn Central Library. Thurs. 8.45) - No one at the Fort today. But as I left, Geoff was at T7. I didn't visit. Rather, as I left, I did stop to tell 3 Rangers of Penelope's "sales pitch" for RAA: free, unlimited parking and use of "private beach". I feel it's a return of her "kindnesses". I've made myself available to her over the years, supported her and such. She's simply taken it all for granted. She knows of the mayhem caused by the recent influx of strangers to The Fort and beach. Yet invites more! I need a place of refuge, that Fort, that beach. Today, my needs take precedence. No regrets. - By about 16.00 I was at SIB Library and another immediate PC. - Saw Ms.Singleton, very briefly, on my return to the shelter. The "housing" is for someone who makes at least 1500\$/month. Well, of course, screwed again. Did I expect different? Of course not. - Upstairs, a mop! Waiting out-side the dorm! I grabbed it and did a quick mop under the bed, under Nr.1 (powder all over the damned floor!). The Wildcat guy joked with me about having helped myself to the mop. He seemed to appreciate that I wanted to clean the room (albeit, not thoroughly). I told him of the "security" thing yesterday. He responded by saying that there are people who feel they know "all", know the "Truth" and yet, know nothing. He did appreciate my efforts. - I went into the dorm to relax a bit. Nr.2 came in, looked at the floor by Nr.1 and asked "Did you do that?" (the mop job). I denied. He didn't look happy, muttered something about the powder, left the room. I feared for my well-being so I went out for a smoke. - When I returned, we began to talk. He expected me to complain about

Nr.1's reefer-smoking! He resents it, is sympathetic to E3 and me working and putting up with the nonsense. Then Nr.3 came in, angry. His CaseWorker? Mr.Lapinsky! And Mr.Lapinsky is giving him trouble, playing "by the book". Well! We all got to talking tonight. Names exchanged. Info. Nr.2(David) in system x7yrs, just back from being out x3yrs. Nr.3(Steve) in x3wks., new to it all. Apparently nice guys. But I'm not going to hope for it. I've no doubt things are to become horrible: Nr.1 will stay or be replaced by miserable. Nr3 will lose the bed and be replaced by miserable. The very notion of being in a "Civil" dorm twice is too far-fetched, too "good", too TOO much to ponder. But tonight I slept a bit easier.

Thursday, 16 June:

11th day. 8.09 Grand Army Plaza. A bench at St. Johns Pl. Waiting for the Brooklyn Central Library to open at 9.00. Bowels quite ready to burst. A BM this morning however. And a full night's sleep last night! Still, I'm extremely tired. - Clot? Yesterday I felt the "crawling" over my left foot, under the skin. Then shortly after, it "crawled" over my ankle. Soon after, up the leg by the knee. Then gone. This morning, as I waited for the 15 bus, I tried to clear my throat and the cough sent god-awful pains from left chest to fingers of left hand! Dizzying pains. I don't want to drop dead on streets or transport. And I certainly don't want to "go" randomly. I did not come into this world in Peace; I certainly have not lived in this world in Peace; I demand that I leave this world, on my terms, at my pace, on my time... in Peace! - 9.37 A table. A chair. Umbrella. Slightly over-cast. Breeze. Comfortable. I didn't rush in at 9.00. This was too pleasant to pass over. - There's WiFi out here! - My bowels are a bit calmer. Only a bit. But how wonderful to be at some calm... relatively. - Peninsula Library open 10-20.00 today. Rain in the forecast, tonight, tomorrow. - I've begun the 30-day MetroCard today. I do NOT want to re-new it. I'd like to be OUT of NYC by expiration... VT and PCT. - At 56 years old this is all going to be difficult. But there's meds and Atropa. - I'm going for a smoke and PC. - 16.42 Nr.5 train at Flatbush. Immediate PC at Brooklyn Central Library. 30 minutes, then to train to The Junction to Waldbaum's and lunch at Tribute Park. 53 to Peninsula Library where now they too know me by name! And they chat. It's odd: nice folk and here I am, alone in a shelter. I need to learn how to put being liked to better things. Anyway, got some blogging, some research and off to the Fort for a pop. Why not? Whilst we may. Nobody there today. I was there and gone. - Rang Ramdai about work on Monday. She's looking for hours for the other HHA! Fukdatshit. I NEED THE MONEY! NO MORE "NICE ME"! BATTLE ZONE! - The 2 train becomes a 5 and I'm good to go. 16.48 and Winthrop (remembering the Summer concerts). - But somehow, all day, all I want to do is sleep... just sleep... only sleep. - 17.53 SIB Library. Catching up here. Pretty good. And in no particular rush to get back... no need either. 20.00. 21.00... all good enough. But Saturday will be interesting. I have no intention of going to services... here or other-where. Not that I have an agenda. Just don't feel like it any longer. Oh well...

Friday, 17 June:

8.45 Brooklyn Central Library (Opens at 10!) HERZLIG GEBURTSTAG MAMALE! SHALOM. - Last night (Thu. 16Jun11) I managed to get in at almost 20.00 to a quiet, MOPPED dorm. David was resting, ball game on the radio. I rested. BC (*the "name" of the young fellow dorm-mate*) came in in a good mood. Then Steve, in the usual blast. Mr.Lapinsky was looking for him. He wanted nothing to do with it all. But Mr.Lapinsky did something NO CaseWorker does: He came to the dorm! Steve was in the shower. So when I went for my shower, I suggested he go, make nice. Seems Mr.Lapinsky's genuinely concerned (for what-ever reason... I trust NONE of them). And so he (Steve) did. Came back not too thrilled but calmer. - Steve spent a great deal of time on the trains. The "Orange Jackets" (Outreach) brought him into the shelter 3 weeks ago with painful

“peripheral oedema”. (He'd been “living” on the subway for several YEARS. The oedema was the result of sleeping sitting up and rarely ever lying down.) Steve used the terminology. He described the pain and discomfort to me. How human-kind suffers, needlessly. How human-kind inflicts pain on human-kind. Them that's got live in oblivion to those that's not. It's shameful... selfish... deplorable... “Life”... existence... disgusting. Yes, I'm a bit selfish: I've been accepted in this dorm and I'm getting to know my dorm-mates. I don't want change now. I don't need any more turmoil. So I hope we stay together a while. - BC told Steve about Santiago. HE hasn't changed a bit. Just as he did for George he does for others. Good? Bad? It makes no big difference. It is the “law of the shelter”. - And so, I showered, and to bed. - Ramdai is making excuses and delaying my return to work. I... AM GROWING IMPATIENT AND ABOUT READY TO RETALIATE! I want OUT... of shelter, NYS, NYC, and perhaps life itself. - I've a bit of laundry and need shave/trim of beard, moustache, hair. The days are becoming difficult. - 9.07 Brooklyn Central Library plaza: This morning, 5.00... BANG! RUMBLE! ROLL! BANG! CRACKLE! BOOM! THUNDER! THUNDER! THUNDER! In early morning darkness, Bellevue Psych/Shelter, it rolled and rumbled! In an almost morbid sort of macabre manner it was appropriate, relaxing. And Steve was getting ready to leave... Daily, he travels out to The Island. DAILY! Homeless, in the shelter, legs still swollen but improved, he goes to work. FUK these people who think Homeless are lazy and deserving nothing! David, an older gentleman, stuck 7yrs. Others who deserve help, support, a break get NOTHING! Meanwhile, those who WILL NOT learn/speak English, who speak with heavy alien accents live on the dole here... for long periods of time. It angers me. I got NOTHING, NOTHIN, NOTHING to start with. I KNOW how important ONE BREAK could be. Yet? I continue to get... NOTHING. I KNOW... - Overcast this morning. Warm. A bit of a breeze. Wet from last night's rain. And I've entered this as I sit on the plaza, on the phone (which seems to be dying). It's OK here, on Grand Army Plaza. I'm rather fortunate... in small ways. - I felt I should have done something for Steve this morning. He left in a down-pour, thunder. But the more I wanted to do for him, the more I asked myself: what will I do? We are the Fortunate... We know what to do with and about nothing. And I am learning to save “Self”... It's painful when you want to help and can't. But I MUST... Save “self”. - A library run day. All close at 18.00. Tomorrow? More. No schul. - Now to check to see if I got paid for last week-end. Hmmm - 9.33 When I begin to tumble into oblivion, there is no rope to grasp, no hand to hold. The MCU balance, and I don't dare check TD. I fear, FEAR the MCU account is closed. TD will follow... You know what? It's a good time to die. I'd like to finish getting this on-line. A week or so more and I'll be caught up. Then... NO MORE NO MORE NO MORE!

Saturday, 18 June:

12.44 Peninsula Library Last night, El lost the bed! It didn't take very long for a replacement to come in. So far, he seems clean, quiet, considerate. - Steve(3) got to see Mr.Lapinsky and all seems settled there as well. David, Steve and I talked for a while tonight. Things are settling rather well. May this last! I need the “settle” for next week. - Ramdai, meanwhile, is being quite the little arse. She's waiting for Wed. to put me back on the case! I NEED THE FUKKING MONEY DAMNIT BITCH! I GOT TOSSED FROM CASES. WHY ISN'T THE SAME APPLICABLE TO OTHERS? Anyway... I got to shower twice again last night. I'm glad for that. OK? OK. - This morning, I just didn't really want to get out of bed! But I HAD to. So, up, coffee, little dump, shower, sort through the locker. I've packed for the beach today. (Fat fukking chance?). - The L ran shitty. Took me into and out of Bklyn! Then up on the 4 to GCT to the Flushing to the Q53. HOURS! WASTED! Storage. I dropped a “kit” and picked up the lotions for the beach... the A. SLOW! BAD SERVICE! THE BRIDGE OPEN ON S. CHANNEL! This day is going terribly. And now, 9 minutes left on this PC and I'm off... to Waldbaum's and the Fort... I hope. No telling what the rest of the day will be. - I'm wearing my kippa. I don't care anymore. I

just can't. - The guy at storage was saying he needs to get out of NY. People here are just too nasty. Somebody bunged the loo again. People are just miserable. Me? I agree. VT is looking better all the while. - Well, time to trot and toddle. Let's see what we accomplish with what's left of the day. - SAT 18 June 17.35 Mid-Manhattan Library I left the damned shelter at 8 this morning. Took the M15 to the L. The damned L didn't stop at 3rd. Walked to Union Square. The damned L only went as far as Bedford. No announcements. Back to Union Square. Uptown 4 to GCT to the 7 to Woodside to the 53 to storage. Got my "Summer" lotions and on to the A to Rock. The shuttle was SLOW! The bridge opened! Finally. Peninsula Library by 13.00! Took a PC. Got some logging done. To Waldbaum's for lunch stuff. Q35 to the Fort. Sat at a table by B169th and ate. CLOUDS! Cool breezes but CLOUDS! NO BLOODY BEACH! Decided on SIB Library at 14.00, Waited and waited and waited for the Q35 to The Junction! Finally took the 22 BACK to B116 for the Q35. MORE waiting! Then, the 2 to Franklin for the 4 to GCT to the downtown 6. NO DOWNTOWN 6 SERVICE! No announcements! So here I am at Mid-Manhattan Library. It REALLY IS TIME TO GET THE FUK OUT OF NYC! REALLY REALLY REALLY!

Sunday, 19. June:

9.44 BryantPark waiting for the Mid-Manhattan Library. - It never ceases to amaze how my own body revolts against me. As I waited for the M42, my bowels churned violently! I'd moved this morning. Moved last evening. But only when I'm NOT on the bowl do my bowels insist upon cleansing. JUST made it into GCT! for the 1 dump and little more. Took my time. Felt relieved. Hands washed. Sat to check bus routes and as I exited GCT... CHURN! UNbelievable! This coupled with having much difficulty urinating lately makes me think: there are greater things gone terribly wrong inside me. Prostate! Colon? What? But no insurance. No pay. Probably no banque accounts any longer. No way to find out what's wrong... and not really wanting to know if/what. Only hoping to die suddenly, and not on the street, in genl. public. - I saw Ms.Khenkina this morning. I was Nr.3 on the list. There at 8.00. Seen by 8.45 or so. Out. She was understanding. Gave me the option of either Monday or Tuesday return. The only 2 days currently available to me. - Last night, very little sleep. Steve's towel is SO FILTHY the stench gagged. He puts it atop his locker, and the stench is wafted into my face by the air coming in the window! And he showers... daily! But that towel HAS to go! Then he began talking in his sleep! BEER! He was demanding a beer! I told him of it this morning and we had a bit of a laugh. He confirmed: the store won't sell beer before 8.00. This morning he wanted breakfast at the shelter and then out for beer. He's OK. But it just shows: Drunk. - The new fellow in El, Gerry, came in last evening, offered a cigarette to David and I, introduced himself to David but not to me. It strikes me now and again: 4 to the dorm, only 1 isn't Black. Life. The world. - I gave David more PopTarts yesterday. Why not? He asked for cigarette. I gave 2. THIS STOPS. No more cigarettes. - And a note: FRIDAY, Mr.Lovell posts a sign-up list. The usual mayhem to sign 1st. Moments later: he posts a NEW LIST! All must sign... AGAIN! How they manipulate! Bastards. - 10.05 Mid-Manhattan Library open. 45mins... off to the Fort... sun at least. - 19.12 Q23 bus Yellowstone to Nr7 train. Got MUCH done at Mid-Manhattan Library. And 30mins extra! - Then 7 train to Q53 bus with some Sr. guy who was out for a ride... to the Q35 bus and needed to talk. Poor fellow. - Waldbaum's. 2 rolls for lunch. No filler. The beach by 14.30. Stayed to 17.30. - 22 to B116. Shuttle. A to Liberty. 21 to UnionTpke. (Grnbrg). Q23 bus to 7 train (I'm en route). No particular rush. I've got 2 more hours. I've learnt not to stress. - Could get the E train here (Queens Blv.) to 7 train. Don't want to waste... the world... evening. - 19.55 I boarded Nr.7 train at 103/Roosevelt, Corona. Air traffic from LGA. A prop! Queens. The hub of NYC air transport. JFK. LGA. (No G trains tonight. Signal trouble. This city is miserable.) - Burlington will be a nice change. I need out of here. I might miss some of it but... - Mama didn't die here. Probably didn't want to die in Buffalo.

Oma wanted to die in Germany. Irma died in Florida, away from Gottfried. Anita died in the Hotel Newburgh. I shall die in VT... on lac Champlain. Close to my Quebec... close enough. I just want some Peace before I go. Just some Peace. - 20.04 46th/Bliss. Funny? No. Not really. - Oh. A call from Mimi! She wants to talk drives to Waubeka. Hah! Now! Will have to wait... see if I actually get CE x7days. Alas. - Must check: French jobs in Burlington. - The sun is low. Another day passed. Another day behind me. One less day to go.

Monday, 20 June:

8.50 Brooklyn Central Library: Last night I got in at about 20.45. Yet another way to stretch time up to the line. Any time not in the shelter is good. Santiago wished me Happy Fathers' Day. I signed, showered and soon after, lights out. - *At 1.30 this morning GOD-AWFUL SQUEAKING IN THE HALL! REPEATED! YELLING! A cart of some kind. Squeaking along, back and forth. As David said this morning, "They can't stand peace and quiet. They HAVE to make noise. It makes them happy when they make others miserable." - 9.00 Ramdai: Start tomorrow! And 9-16.00! I worked 2 extra hours on the wk-end! And nobody noticed? The world! But 42hrs is still better than 9. OK. (Now to check the banque accounts.) - This morning: SmBM before shower. Small BM after. No BM en route. But I'd swear there's more wrong inside me than I can imagine. This morning I feel like I'm being eaten up inside. - Here, it's time to check the Burlington Tourism. Maps, transport, employment, etc. Getting out of NYC keeps me going. - Down to 3 packs cigarettes. NOT GOOD. - Oh, and no Penelope yesterday. No matter. I'm not good enough to keep in touch with now... "Fair weather" FukU. - On with the day. - 16.32 Q53 Broad Channel. And the sea salt soaks into my roasted flesh. I WENT IN FOR A SWIM! Beached from noon to about 14.30. For some reason though, I felt hesitant to go in today. But the water was wonderful and the sun came through delightfully... this afternoon. There won't be much beach to come unless I work 8-15.00 and go 16.00-17.00. Maybe I just might anyway. Now, unfortunately, comes the prob of laundry. I'll manage. - An hour at Peninsula Library. Blog and Burlington. PJ e-mailed: French will help me get work! ANOTHER PLUS! - I'm so familiar with so much travel in NYC now. Thoughtless travel through the boros. And now... to somewhere new. YES! I'M GOING! Summer is the perfect season to leave. - Another call from Mimi. IF I KNEW I could depend on her and the Greenbergs I'd quit PIC. But I know better. Besides... *I GOT AN "EXIT QUESTIONNAIRE" FROM PIC! I'M BETTING I'M NOT BACK ON PAYROLL! FUK! I'LL WAIT TIL FRIDAY TO CHECK. NO SENSE MUCKING NOW. THEY'LL OWE ME 5 DAYS' PAY BY THEN. GOOD "EQUITY". - Now on to Mid-Manhattan Library. A bit more computer time and less shelter time. What I can't do to occupy a day. - (On Tuesday 21 June 11.25 Brooklyn Central Library) As I'm going through the bag check at the Mid-Manhattan Library I here "Well! Hello!" I turn round... GREGORY from 5W-101! Imagine that! Gregory! Still as darling and slow as ever but looking rather dapper and better groomed. Seems he's STILL in the damned shelter system after all these years! They moved him to one in The Bronx a while ago. He asked after Rick and wanted to know how things are in 30th St. when I told him I'm back in there. Then proceeded to tell all about his business... in the lift! Well. Gregory is Gregory and always will be... no doubt. Still, it was rather good seeing him (though I wish I'd stop seeing all these people STILL in the damned system!). - Got a LOT of research on VT done in my 45mins on-line! Now I can't wait to get to Peninsula Library to print! (JUST what I need: MORE PAPER TO CARRY! But this is worth it...) - On to the Hotel Shit-hole where... BC(1) has been gone for the 2nd day. Steve(3) missed sign-in AND bed-check!!!! SO.... middle of the night: BOTH beds got filled! SHIT! 1 is an older-looking Hispanic. 3 is a light-skinned Black with do-rag. neither of them is too considerate. The lights were left on for the longest and both took their sweet-arsed time getting settled. 3 kept walking in and out. 1 had a little entourage saying "You're gonna be aight papi." Well, David and I knew it was coming. Steve, meanwhile, showed just moments after bed-check, none too pleased

about losing the bed. Well... that's what comes from too much liquor. I wish I could be more caring but I can't. You screw around and you get dumped. I wonder where they sent him...

Tuesday, 21 June:

11.34 Brooklyn Central Library: Got my Psych-Soc with Ms.K. WONDERFUL woman... and Jewish! - BRINDOU IS STILL AT THE SHELTER! - And I must be continuing... later. - 12.34 Q35 from The Junction. This day is passing quickly! - This morning: Ms.Khenkina is a compassionate woman. How amazing and interesting to talk with her. The "Psych/Soc" interview was, well, brief and uneventful. But getting to talk with this woman was a welcome reprieve. And to learn she too is Jewish! A miracle! - I come to think that my set-backs are thrown in to help me better appreciate good moments such as this morning. - However: I must always remember... I AM A MAN DESTROYED BY TRUST - What a damned shock to see BRINDOU this morning! Still as nasty as he was, confrontational, arrogant, vulgar. Parasite, picking fights and threatening. Idiot. Moron. Why he continues to exist is another mystery. Why he's still in The Shelter... I'll never understand. May it be his Eternal Hell. - At Brooklyn Central Library a truly up-lifting and encouraging e-mail from PJ.Burlington. I'm now SO looking forward to the relocation. (Just need to figure the logistics of getting storage up there. But all will settle in due course and determination. And I have both.) How fascinating to meet nice people on "Twitter"... both accounts... - Peninsula Library opens at 13.00. SIB Library open until 20.00. Right now I'm quite hungry... AND OH SO BLOODY DAMNED FATIGUED! I had to wake before my body was ready. - Back is sun-burned a touch. No plans for the beach today. There will be time. - 12.49 Marine Park Br. Over-cast. HOT. Humid. Lunch in Tribute Park I think. Then to Peninsula Library to transcribe... AND PRINT VT STATS! - It's good: I have a visible and attainable goal... ESCAPE NY! - I NEED SLEEP! - 14.04 Lunch. Tribute Park. The bay is alive with horseshoe crabs, laying and getting laid. It was quite amazing to see. And the water is so clear! How shameful that it's still not really trustworthy for swimming. - Got the 53 to Peninsula Library. MUCH VT PRINTING DONE! I'M ON MY WAY!!!!

Wednesday, 22 June:

8.15 at HoBe sitting on the guard-rail. Too early for 9, too late for 8. Left at 7. Noteworthy. - Got my hour-plus15 at SIB Library last evening. The BlackNotes are coming to the end in December '09. January and February '10 after that, then done. If I work until 15.00 I'll have it finished soon. Then? Then. Perhaps a "clean-up", add the illustrations. When it's COMPLETE... there will be nothing left to be said, nothing left to tell, no more excuses to "keep on". - And right now, there's Burlington. - A rather good night last. Santiago remembered I smoke "Chesterfields". Close. Non-menthol. We talked in the loo. Good recollections. Then, me to the shower. - Nr.3 doesn't speak to me. Speaks to David though. Racism? Who cares? Not me. - Had to wake for a pee during the night. Watch... I'll develop prostate troubles now. FukMe! Right? - Tried to meet with Schmulik yesterday. He was out of work too early so I just let it go. Sent an e-mail telling my plans for Burlington. We'll see where that goes. He DID offer to stay in The City later. But this time I wanted to log the blog. Selfish of me... in little ways. - Now, 8.29 a bit over-cast. Hole in the umbrella. I'll need a new one... VERY soon. Alas. - On to work... for shit money... in more respects than one. - 14.24 TD SAVED! THANK THE WHAT-EVERS! AND... THEY'RE IN VT! WAHOO and WOOT! - Hours for work: 8-15.00 (9-16.00 today), every other wk-end off. Of course, Wednesdays will be the bitch, with the damned shelter and CaseWorker meets. But I'll cover next week with transport trouble. After that? When it comes we'll handle it. - Mrs.Estremo was very happy to see me back this morning. Mr.? Not so much. Kept telling me I need to go. Offered to show me the door. But this afternoon, he's better. Just rather sleepy. - The floors and bed and

dishes are done. He wouldn't eat lunch so I did. Not my usual "calorie pounder" but food none-the-less. - Rang Mimi. Left message on machine. With that and TD, I'm "good". - The umbrella actually fell apart! It's now, officially worthless. I'll dump it when I leave work. No saving it at all! - I want to try for SIB Library this evening. It might be tight, leaving at 16.00. But I won't rush back to the shelter and I want to keep the momentum logging the BlackNotes. - I'm ready to doze. I wish I could be this tired at night. - HOT HOT HUMID HUMID! Summer. Hmpf. - 19.38 (E4:) ONE PARAGRAPH LEFT IN BLACKNOTES FOR DECEMBRE'09! and I ran out of time on the SIB Library PC! SO CLOSE! But tomorrow I'm out of work by 15.00 with SIB Library until 20.00. I'll get the year done SOON. Goal? Finish and "clean" before Burlington. Hey! I can hope. - Nothing to eat. Hungry. But Gristedes ruined my first Food Stamps card. I don't want them to do that again. And D'Ag's too expensive. Maybe tomorrow I'll run... RUN! to Waldbaum's or KeyFood (I need coffee anyway) after work. Gotta eat. Gotta leave NY. - Mrs.Estremo (patient's wife). offered ice cream today. Told me to help myself to what-ever's in the house. She should know: 2 slices turkey, tomato and cheese (my intake all day). Mr.Estremo was quite weak today and Mrs. said he'd been ill the past few days. Poor guy. Funny: he wanted me to go all morning. All afternoon he was so sweet and thankful for everything. (Fm. the BlackNotes: I should have seen the nastiness of Guadagno. Revisiting Dec.'09 today showed me just how nasty she truly was! Bitch. AND how STOOPID I was with them AND the Grnbrg: 10\$/hr. FUKME! Well...) - Made it into the Hell-hole just in time: DELUGE! right after I washed a T-shirt and under-drawers. Whew! - David was here when I got in. The guy in 1 is talking, offering coffee and Sweet'n'Low. Time will tell how that goes. Can't be too trusting. He's STILL waiting for this dump to clip the lock on his locker. Do I ever remember my first days on 5. - Moron in the hall: "Cuando cuando cuando". Banging the garbage can. Arses abound. - Had a loo-smoke. Want another. Shouldn't. - O JOLLY! NOW we've got coke in the damned room! It's going to be a rough next few weeks... and it's the OLD GUY! (and David). Well, no reefer. But yesterday they replaced the smoke detector in the dorms so smoking in here is out. Thankfully. - I HATE being in here so early. - Radio on. EARLY to work tomorrow. May the night be SILENT (Operations said they'll clip 1's lock tonight: 23-23.30. FUK! More noise in the middle of the night.) - Well? Hot. Humid. I should nap. - 20.03 PS: Left the broken umbrella on the Cohancy guard rail. It felt so odd... leaving it behind. But it truly is useless... and now I have no rain protection. How "Homeless" of me. - 21.31 Signed and showered. And the guy in 3 says he's got a RADIO! The "rules" of this dump include "no electrical". Now we have TWO radios in the room! Am I looking at jumping again? Just to keep the shit job I've got? IF I have to jump again, THIS time they go DOWN... (like that's even possible... "down". They're at their lowest already... in all respects.) - I need to figure how to get the storage stuff to VT. - And tonight I go to bed hungry. Free food all over the place but I can't get at it. Tomorrow will be an early morning. Alarm set at 5.15. On the bus by about 6.30. I'll have buttered toast, maybe syrup too, at E's. Somehow it'll work out. - For tonight? Tolerance... I eat myself up in anger. Tolerance. - TWELVE (12) PAGES LEFT IN BLACKNOTES! 6 days... or close to it.

Thursday, 23. June:

10.03 HoBe FINALLY got some sleep last night when D.(2) and 1 stopped the racket. 3 was trying for sleep too. But 1 and 2 were coked. 1 has some kind of Mickey Mouse statue/doll-thing that makes talk and general noise. He had it going with D's radio! 23.00! Fukkers. This is not boding well. Then 1 plugs in to charge the phone. No prob. But just moves MY things about to make it easy for HIM! (They clipped the lock for him. His shit is still all over the place. Another trashSpic (call 'em as they are). - So this morning, woke with the 5.35 alarm. Little dump, no smoke. Shower. Dress. OUT! 6.16 on the M15 to the M14 to 8thAv. 6.43 on the Rock A. I half-dozed. - At work... Lou (son-in-law): My mother-in-law is thrilled you're staying. - 7.33 clock-in. - Mrs. asked

me about her FS benefits! AGAIN, people who trust me! WTF? People trust me... I need to turn it into a benefit. - 10.53 What I NEED to do is stop "Giving My Life Away"! - Well, I must note that some of the folks on Twitter are truly being emotionally supportive. AND... AND... AND... I'm looking forward to VT! - This morning I'm "eating": bread, butter, syrup; an Ensure; coffee with ice cream. Little by little, nourishment. Won't make up for yesterday's nothing but better than more nothing. - Now, I'd luv a nap.

Friday, 24 June:

10.57 HoBe Yesterday before today: *I CLOCKED-IN AT 7.33, SHOULD HAVE BEEN OUT BY 14.30, SCREWED! Mrs. SHOWED UP FOR 15.00! I RANG RAMDAI. SHE'S PUTTING IN SO I GET PAID. FUKKIT! FUKKEMALL! NO MORE! NO MORE GIVE-AWAYS! I'M AT THE END! PERIOD! - It sent my entire evening off: I did get an immediate hour at Peninsula Library. Then bolted for a 53 to B116. Quick run-through at Waldbaum's: PopTarts, apple turnovers(3), a bottle of Starbucks. I NEEDED to eat! Gulpd the turnovers and coffee. Suddenly felt better. I REALLY NEEDED some kind of nourishment! (11.29 WOW, I'M TIRED.) - 12:10 So... Shoving the 3 turnovers into my gut whilst on the walk to the 35bus, finishing the last on the bus, gulping coffee, rang Schmulik. I'd sent him an e-mail telling of my intention to go to VT. He replied, he's going to kick my "ass... literally". I HAD to see him about that. - Well, NYC being what it is, the bus was late, then slow. The train at The Junction was a "just miss". THEN the bloody 2 went along slowly. My time was destroyed! I got to the studio at about 18.30. Too bloody late for SIB Library! I'm on the last 11 pages of the BlackNotes and now it's going to be like this! Well. As it turned out, the time spent with Schmulik was fascinating: He's upset. I tend to think he doesn't want me to leave NYC. Might enjoy knowing I'm here, somehow. He lectured: There are thousands of other things you could do. And "you'd be perfectly successful at about 85 per-cent of them." He doesn't understand that I'm exhausted from the hecics of this NYC. Kept telling me I'll only fall into the same troubles no matter where I go. Told me I need to act on my resentments. Suggested I do what-ever I need to do to "lance" the boil that is my sibs. "You won't get compensation but you need satisfaction". Personally, I tend to believe it's more to keep me here... for him. Sadly? Nope. I want out. Can't keep doing for "others", no matter whom. He also said something interesting: "You've always been too considerate of others. You have a job where you take care of others who take advantage of you and when they do, you get hurt." OK. He sees it. He tries to talk me out of and away from it. I guess he "cares"... as much as he can... time, life and the world considered. I'm thinking he's a bit as I am: We "care", but the years have worn us down. Anyway, it would have been nice to have more time with him but at 20.24 we were still standing at 16th/8th. I had to get going. We parted at the A/L station, rendez-vous tomorrow pending. - At Bellevue, David2 was asleep, radio on. 1 and 3 not in. I kept moving, signed-in immediately (20.45), made coffee, showered, enjoyed. - (Continuing Thurs. 23.6 E4: 20:01) "Enjoyed"? Well, as much as could be said. It was calm, quiet. I "enjoyed" as much as possible. - When 1 and 3 came in later, the pleasant shock was only moments of chaos. 3 even spoke: asked if he could plug into the outlet (at the head of my bed... fortunately/unfortunately). Then asked why I get up so early... "You work?". He's looking for building maintenance work. Has tools. (Wrenches. Drills. This causes me some concern. But he "seems" OK... I SAY "SEEMS"! There's NEVER any assurance in this place.) - And, after the momentary insanity that is this charming resort... a night of restless sleep. My back itches something terrible! -20:26 E2 And... the count-down to break-down begins. It's Friday. No doubt the shit will take to the halls tonight. Fuk me. - Bonne Fête Chere Viv. I miss you. - And the radio in the TV room BLARES! Told ya. Mayhem commences. - The day? Woke. Tiny BM. No smoke. Brush teeth. Shower. Dress for work. Got a later bus to 14th then the 14 bus to 8th to W.A.I.T. for the bloody A to The Rock. But... I clocked in just before 8! When I arrived, silent house, breakfast things on the counter. CE asleep. I waited

until 8.30, he woke with “What are YOU doing here?” But I diffused. Got him into the shower. Made his french toast. He at ALL! Then on to “light tidying”. No major house-work from now on. - VNS Gerrie came to check CE. We chatted. Very nice. Danielle back next week. LAH-dee-dah. As if... She did nothing to help me out of Guadagno But now I know what to expect of her... Jack shit. - CE ate ALL his lunch, save 1 slice of turkey. I had a toast, butter, syrup for breakfast. An Ensure (he didn’t want and it appears he had anyway). The slice. BFD! But better than nothing. - Mrs. came by twice. Timing was perfect: He was clean, I was busy. - As is obvious, I tried a little journaling here but kept drowsing. - THE MCU ACCOUNT IS OK! I GOT PAID! 117\$. I’m curious to see WTF was taken out of my pay. But THE MCU ACCOUNT IS OK! Now to pay-down TD. SHIT! - At 15.03 I clocked-out. A (W.A.I.T.!) to Broadway Junction L train to Union Square Nr.6 train to SIB Library. That arse-head from the 7th floor was there, watching his DVD player! Dozing. He didn’t see me come in. - 1,5hrs on the PC!!! I got quite a bit logged. - Rang Schmulik at 17.30-something. He’d be at work another 3 hours. I didn’t go to see him. Got the M16. - Just at 2nd I hear “How y’doin’ man?” RAMONE from the 7th floor! I told him to sit. He’s the only one left up there. Even Roger got pulled. “Mental troubles” (as if I hadn’t noticed before). The rest are major combative, fights all the time. One fuk brought in FLEAS! The room’s infested! - 20:41 We dropped into RiteAid on 2nd. I NEED ANTI-ITCH powder! The staff didn’t know what I was talking about. I looked. They had NONE! Ramone left. I went to DuaneReade. Powder, ONE pack of cigarettes. A power bar. Oh well... - In at the Shit-hole. BREEZED IN! Are the “old times” back? They “trust” me? (Fuk) - In the room “Shabbat shalom”. Nr1! From Haifa! Isratrash! Imagine! - I’ve managed to eat PopTarts, make coffee for tomorrow, wash a polo, trim my beard. (I’d filed my nails at work.) Now, in light blue scrubs, waiting for sign-in. Angst about tonight’s bull-shit noise. BACK ITCHING in spite of powder. Arms itch too! Possibly the wash detergent? HOPEFULLY NOT SCABIES! - Well. Covered. Maybe more later... or tomorrow. - No days off for another 6 days. VT! KADIMA! (*Hebrew: To thrust forward... to charge forward.*) (On the 16 bus we stopped beside a car... TWO VT stickers. HmmmYay. - 20:43 Oh. With all else? Horrible leg/foot cramps. Spiffy. - Sign-in... HOPEHOPEHOPE for SLEEPSLEEPSLEEP! - 20:53 Nr.1’s name: Nabil Something. Israeli-Arab! Charah! (*Hebrew: Equivalent of “shit”.*)

Saturday, 25 June:

23.52 David’s got the bloody radio on! I just came back from a hot shower and a quick smoke (tear the filtre off, 4 deep draws)... my back is covered with little welts and itchy as all hell! I think the itch is due to the laundry soap. Now I’ll have to BUY laundry soap and re-wash EVERYTHING! More money going out! But, it wasn’t easy in the beginning the last time round. - Why am I not wasted with fatigue? I will be at 5.30... can I hold out, hold up until then? And it’s going to be Saturday... Maria will be at home all day. No snoozing with CE. - Pride Week-end too. No parade on Sunday. Alas. - FUK! My back itches so badly. It almost burns. This is just more misery. And I can’t head out at this hour. The “new rule” forbids it. - But all of us are in here. No “surprise” over-nighters. - Sneezing now. Ducky. I’m gonna Twitter a bit. Might as well. Can’t sleep. - Cool breeze tonight. Oh, and I powdered the mattress with Gold Bond. It obviously doesn’t work. - WFAN baseball... in the middle of the bloodyfukking night. But David took a sleeping pill from Nabil earlier. Fukking shit-heads. - 18.55 E4: Another day... This morning I didn’t bother looking at the time much and didn’t try to or not try to make noise at 5.30. But David2 had the balls to ask me for the time at 5.45. The goddamn radio didn’t go off til almost bloody 3.00 this morning! I need to short out his outlet. - Well. The route to HoBe: 6 train to 14th to 4 train to Fulton to A train to North Conduit. Arrived 7.45 and strolled slowly. Clocked-in 7.53 or so. Mr. up in chair already, had eaten. Mrs. home most of the day. But it wasn’t bad. Lou came by. We talked banquing and Jews and the likes. He tells me Mrs.Estremo is thrilled to have me on the case. (For now... thinkst I.) - Mrs. offered hard-boiled egg, 2 slices toast. I accepted. Food.

OK! Then she was out. - Lou came by later... pizza! New Park. 1 slice. Very good. - I dusted, made bed with Mrs. there. Show her I "work". She washed floors. Said she did it every week-end. OK then. - Mr. got TWO changes today AND I HAD to take him out. He was a bit "distorted" and his legs were weak. But we made a small excursion next door for a bit. - Hot day. No rain. 86 per-cent humidity. - I left just after 15.00. Reverse of this morning's trip (no L service: 8th through 1st. SIB Library by 16.20. PC at 16.25. Hour 20mins. 8 pages of BlackNotes left! Tomorrow'll probably be a waste, no library (I NEED FOOD, COFFEE!). But 8 pages! Yahooooo! - Tomorrow's "Pride" parade. NYS approved Gay marriage this morning just past midnight. (BFD). It should be quite celebratory. I wonder if Steve S. will attend. I'll be in HoBe... up to my elbows in pissy diapers. My "life": pissy diapers. - Well. The dorm's empty. I'm in bed-scrubs. Back ITCHING! It's something in this top! Maybe fungus from the dampness the past few days. I don't know. Tomorrow I'll buy Benadryl: in case of allergy and to help with sleep. I don't have many days of "toleration" left. And right now (19.20 I close my eyes.) - 20.50 I actually SLEPT from 19.31 to 20.35! And I've signed-in already. - Rudely awakened by Spics at the soda machine (that thing needs to go... will work on that) and D2 flipping the light on, mumbling "Sign". He's apparently miffed... at me(?) (go to Hell D.) I wish I could figure a way to put them all to sleep in here... just for the night. Especially since it's going for "sleep time" and I know they'll all come to motion ever so very soon. This floor (6) is an "older" crowd. But there's an OVER-abundance of Spics... LOUD, CACKLING Spics. Yet another reason Burlington looks ever so delightful: low "Hispanic" population. Once the BlackNotes are done, JOB-SEARCH commences. 4 full-time cheques should do it for the move. Storage is the only catch at present. And maybe phone service. - I do believe the move will be a drastic cut from NY. I'm in need, dire need of getting out and away. Burlington is a younger town. But it has a Quebec and Canada influence. THAT will be quite welcome. French... not Spanish. In spite of what Schmulik insists: "You will go there and it will be great for some months. But unless you change who you are, you'll soon be doing the same thing there (letting yourself be taken advantage of and being disappointed) and you'll be angry again." Well, perhaps there won't be those who'll be so prone to taking advantage. Hmmm? Perhaps there'll be a "better quality", "better calibre", better educated, higher civilised people there. Perhaps. I can hope. I can look. I can go. - He also asked: So instead of leaving on the beach, you'll be leaving in a lake?" I replied "I'll have the option of fulfilling a dream... leaving in the St. Lawrence... in French." At least I won't be leaving in "SpicSpanish". - I think the itch might be due to locker-dampness. Something in the scrubs. I powdered before putting them on. The itch is there. Though tonight, not so bad. I'll shower with shampoo before retiring. It helped last night. - I'm really quite hungry. But I need sleep more than food right now. Sleep. Imagine.

Sunday, 26 June:

Wanted to sleep this morning. But Burlington calls. So too, the need for money. Up. BM/smoke. The routine and out... to HELL HELL HELL! - Nr.6, 11 minutes wait. Nr.4 train at 14th St., 11 minutes wait. I tried the L, 14 minutes wait. Back to the 4. No Nr.5! FUUUK! Wait for the A. To Rock... LOCAL ALL THE BLOODY WAY!!! I got to work at 8.11! - 12.43 HoBe Note on last night: I CAN'T BELIEVE: Nabil's(1) replaced. One of his cronies came by, AFTER the bed was re-assigned, to say that Nabil's in hospital. Something about one-side pain. What-ever. I don't much care about Mr. Nabil and cohorts. Too much something going on there. The new guy? IndoPak or something. Wasted liver. Says he ruined it by drinking. My 1st thought was: How can I help? My 2nd thought: Great! HepC! Both thoughts hit simultaneously. I let it go. Then he said "I'm very tired." David had his head-phones on. Silence! Brown(3) was messing with plastic bags but... silence. I'd showered, only slight itching. I WENT TO SLEEP. SLEEP! - 13:32 I'd expected some kind of lecture on tardiness (Mrs.Estremo has said, several times, "If you no can get here by 8.00 I'm sorry, I have to change agencies." But, I'll be docked 30mins no matter what at 8.11. I was

ready to toss it. But Mr. was still in bed. Yesterday he'd had a tough day. Bad legs, but Mrs. insisted he get out. So he did the stairs. (The families are un-reasonable.) Anyway, Mr. got showered, breakfast. I cleaned. Mrs. cleaned. Settled. Fine. - I've eaten. Stuff. Mrs. made extra rice/veg for me. I still need to get to market today... AND STORAGE FOR Vitamin C! Thankfully I have vitamin C. - Otherwise, I still haven't rung Mimi. I'm not making me available for the "driving/home-care" shit any longer. Received e-mail from Moe yesterday: curt. I'm tempted to reply with "Sorry my time and efforts aren't worth 5 extra bucks." but I'm considering. It really isn't worth it. Better to simply walk away from it all. Burlington. - Tired at the moment. Want to get to storage, Mid-Manhattan Library (8 pages left!), market for coffee. Storage is most important today. Then Mid-Manhattan Library. - 13.28 A guy's repairing the stoop. I don't want to take Mr.Estremo past the rubble. I'll check/change Mr. in a bit. Then? - "Heritage of Pride" forecasts MAJOR attendance of festivities this year. And here I am.. fucked again this year. And to think I'd thought about going with Steve... from 7th floor. 'OMG Imma SO STOOPID!' - 20.22 E4: Well, the day went OK. I ate. The rice from Mrs.Estremo was very good! Mr. Estremo ate almost all of lunch. Mrs. seemed happy with my work. And even though I clocked-out at 15.05 I got SCREWED out of my 45mins at Mid-Manhattan Library by MTA. Headed to Cross Bay Blvd. for the Q35 to storage. IT WAS PACKED!!! So I walked to the A. WAITED! - Storage: got a 32day supply of Vitamin C, creamer. Can't find the other mirror and I need a haircut! HOWever, I was happy to grab a swig if vodka. WHAT a RELIEF! It just took the edge off. Then, to RiteAid: cigarettes and "Gain" dish soap, for laundry. Got COFFEE (and PopTarts) at the market on Liberty. Great prices! I'm happy. Then, the day lost, the A to Fulton. At Fulton, I decided to take the bus on Water. For some reason, the legalisation of Gay marriage grabbed me. Choked me a bit. So I sat for a bit to Twitter: on both accounts. I was feeling bold and melancholy at the same time. 47 years after Stonewall. And my Mum not here. I wonder what she'd say. No doubt she'd be happy... even though I'm too old (and worn out) to benefit. Still, it's quite an historic accomplishment. - Back at the Shit-hole... the guy in Nr.1: Jesus! How funny! Jesus and Judah! - I washed a t-shirt, socks, towel. The towel has stains. But all is clean. Just a few things remain. - David came in. I gave him PopTarts... just to stay in good. Fuk. I don't need shit. Then got on NYCme Twitter. FUN SHIT! Homeless and non. Twitter has become my "touch". - 20.40 David listening to some music. Had BAI on for a while. Old radio shows. Michael Jackson now. - And I'm not a part of a great moment in Gay history. Sux! But "typical". - A thought on the A: the iPod compensates for the wedding ring and Gund that Schmulik destroyed. And how odd: I resent his common bullshit, telling me how my life is wrong with-out advice how to make it better. Common shit. Common. I'm in no mood. - And Burlington is still my driving force. Burlington. No more NYC. - A note: MOUSE IN THE DORM this evening! Almost ducked into my locker. Oh well. Bellevue continues to sink... - 20.55 GAMES? Almost 21.00 and no sign of sign-in! No word. No "security" on the entire floor. - Jesus just tells: sign-in on 5th floor. Fukkin bastards! - 21.32 I go. I sign. I'm leaving. STEVE! E3! D33! He's in here! It honestly was good to see him here... not Wards or Bed-Atl! I offered to help him if I can. He grabbed me, cheek-to-cheek. "Y'know I love y'man." Big grin. Here I go again? Why me? Well. WTF? Just don't let THIS one go shooting somebody! What-ever. He's sweet. Works. Cabinet-maker. Drinks a bit much. But... me too... if I could. He spent 7 yrs on the rails. Brought in by Outreach. Tough. Kind though. Got a sweet side. Yup. Here I go again? - Meanwhile, I'm showered. David's got FUV on the radio. 30's-40's music. The TV's on some old movie. Music's the same. Out in The City, Lady Gaga's ruling the night. In here? The world should only know. - I'm showered. Back itches a bit. But that itch in the left eye is gone. Something's going "right" (I'm in for BIG SHIT NOW!) - Just waiting for bed-check. - Tomorrow I start taking pictures from "Monogram". To Photobucket. To the blog. 8 pages to type. Then proof/correct. I believe I'll get a "Flash" to store ALL the documentation from ALL the blogs. My life... in my pocket. - D18 - F39: F-6th letter of the alphabet plus 3=9 plus 9=18 - E4:: E-5th letter of the alphabet plus 4=9 x2=18 - Storage locker nn18 18-CHAI (*The*

letters in the Hebrew word "Life" are also the letter equivalent of the number 18)

Monday, 27 June:

18.49 E4: T-shirt and itchy scrub top washed. I'm wearing light blue jeans (need washing), grey polo. CLOTHES! Hmmm... - A tough beginning to the day. Got to work in plenty of time, clocked-in at about 7.40. Quiet house but Mr. in a very bad mood! Combative! Until I simply removed the bed linens and he simply got up! To think I'd argued with him. From then on, a wonderful day! - I rang Ramdai to ask for Wednesday morning off. She said "You never call out. I'll get you coverage. Take the whole day off. Relax." You KNOW I appreciate the time. BUT I NEED THE MONEY MORE! Then Mrs. Estremo asked if I could just come later for a few hours instead of having somebody new! She actually wants ME there. (But so did that conniving sack of shit Guadagno... to my face... back-stabbing, ungrateful bitch). So, I'm letting it ride. Meanwhile, I'm eating during the day. Not enough. But more than nothing. "Just enough". - I got many photos off the phone and on Photobucket. Now I'm prepping to get the "Monogram" sketches shot to put into the blogs. - Went to SIB Library after work. An hour and some. I'm so tired I almost couldn't type. But another 2 (or 3) pages closer to Complete! There's tomorrow after work and MAJOR RUN on Wednesday for 3 libraries (and SOME beach please?). I NEED to get this done. - And so... back into the Hell-hole now. It's nice right now: quiet... before the mayhem. And it's cooler in here than out-side so I'm rather enjoying... whilst I may. - Have decided: I'm not communicating with the Guadagnos any further. I'm insulted beyond about the 15\$ rate and Moe's curt e-mails. I'll communicate when I figure out how to retrieve MY belongings from CT (before leaving to VT... which is what I'm still planning) Fukkem! - My back is itching! I'd washed this shirt in shelter laundry soap. I'm allergic. Thank goodness I got the other stuff!

Tuesday, 28 June:

8.49 HoBe It wasn't half bad last night in spite of David and the radio (CBS.FM) for a while. And I fell asleep before "Brown" put the lights out! - This morning I woke to the alarm, "rested" as much as possible. Last evening's wash was dry (but tonight I MUST wash the light blue scrubs pants! URINE! It happens... I'm old and the plumbing's leaking and I'll "smell Homeless" too soon.) Anyway, quick smoke and no BM (not good). - Quick commute. Clocked-in at 7.48! - The "I HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE!!!" anxiety hit this morning. It makes my head and heart POUND terribly. But: Keep it in mind, with-out the panic. It's good to remember, but NOT allow it to cause panic. - I've got about 60plus sketches from "Monogram" photographed. Not "quality", with the phone. But something for the WebJournal. - Not rushing Mr. yet. Coffee first. - Should be an interesting day... school lets out. Summer! Fuk! - VT at end of July * Goal.- 19.38 E4: ACCOMPLISHED! (adj.) A relatively easy day in HoBe. Mr. in an OK mood. Danielle came by. Guadagno is dead. (I wish I had his boots and a place now!) She had much to say about Mrs. Guadagno: 2-faced bitch COMPLAINED about ME! FUK! Well, I learn more. I learn again. But as Danielle says: It hurts those who really DO appreciate me because now, 2 years later, my trust is gone and all suffer.

TRUTH: Some give til it hurts. I've given til it destroyed. (Fuk. I'm back in the shelter... 10\$/hr.) - OK. Tomorrow's another day. - *I can SENSE a "Security Guard"! Got on the A back this evening. Looked at a pair of boots across from me and "felt"... "Security Guard" and YUP! Same company used here! Young Black guy. Uniform and all. And I didn't look... I FELT... I KNEW! MUST trust my gut/intuition more... and more. - Got my hour at SIB Library. Not sure how many more pages to go but maybe 6? GETTING THERE! GETTING TO THE END! And so many photos to add. WOW! - Stopped at Gristedes in 28th this eve. PopTarts are 4.29\$! Got 3 pastry-things at 1.29\$. Not bad. Not good. I'm still hungry. - Back at the dung-heap, I washed the

locker. Got the stickers off at last. They were so bloody filthy they'd stained my wet towel. A Wildcat let me use a broom and mop. FLOOR'S CLEAN TOO! Washed scrubs bottoms, towel, socks. CLEAN. (Now I need a shave and haircut!) - SOAKING FROM SWEAT! It's 27deg in here but HUMID! SHIT! Even my own body heat is HOT! I can't take much more of this. - August. VT. That's it. That's all. Done. July to figure logistics. And Monday's "Holiday Pay". 21.14 Signed. Shaved. Showered. Ah, the shower. I'm in, 2 Spics come in, stand with-in finger-length of each-other and YELL! Reminded me SO much of the 5th floor: "WTF is their problem? Stand right in front of each-other and YELLING! Fukkin deaf muthufukkuz. (We only call 'em as they are. Truth.) Then some guy comes in slamming the garbage can around. Used it to put his clothes over whilst he showered. But SLAMMED the damned thing. I mean, WTF? - But sign-in was on 6 tonight. OK for that. And now? Spics at the soda machine. One is trying to punk the coin return (trash). RadioBoy's got WFAN on. And there's some kinda noise coming from the TV. Shelterfuk. - The guy in Boston's having "guard troubles". First, they confiscate his own pillow. Tonight they're giving him more shit. Even in Boston. Kick the Homeless. I pray they rot, painfully and very long-term. - August. Birth month. Deadline. VT. Out of here. Out of NY. (No more NY taxes.) NORTH. AUGUST. No more Spanish. No more "entitled" "minorities". Just OUT. - Thought: light blue scrub top, navy bottom, same colours as "Security". So funny. - Tomorrow... Ms.K. Joy. (SHOOT ME!) - Jesus and I talked today. So far, a quiet man. - Now, Brown will come in and fuk around a while. Bed-check. I'm hoping to sleep through it all. Packed day tomorrow. - WHY does "DHS" do "Psych/Soc." eval and then keep the druggies and freaks in with the General Population? More "just plain shit".

Wednesday, 29 June:

7.17 5th Floor "lounge". Waiting for Ms.Khenkina. 4 others here already. Showered. Jeans. Grey polo. Packed for the Fort... just in case. Bowels "stuffed". No BM yesterday. Small this morning. - Precious little sleep last night: Brown(E3) lost the bed. Came in after 23.00 sounding surprised. "I'm transferred. A lot of people came in late, lost their bed." BULLSHIT! THEN he cuts on the light, rattle, crumble, thud, bang... Leaves. COMES BACK! Rattle, crumble, thud, bang. I was JUST going to put his locker in the hall! - Settles. - SQUEAK! SQUEAK! SQUEAK! Knockknockknock. "Hello?" The new E3. "Hello?" WTF? Squeaking sneakers AND "Hello"? THIS is NOT the HILTON. He comes in, tosses his jacket on the locker OVER MY FACE! I lost it! Gave him the "Respect" lecture. I pounded my locker (forgot how LOUD that can be... oops, but point well-made indeed), a loo-smoke. E3 says he's just going to make the bed, in the dark. IT TOOK THE BETTER PART OF AN HOUR OR LONGER! I just figured: FUKKIT! He finished... comforter and all! and left... I fell asleep... for MAYBE 3 hours. - UP at 5.15. Shit. Teeth brushed. Schmooze with David and Jesus (what a roster when you factor me in those names: Jesus, David, Judah.). E3's locker is empty, bed made; he didn't come back last night (something I'd said? I hope so). - And now to wait, wait, wait (7.31 Ms.Khenkina just arrived) for the mass chaos and battle for the sign-up sheet. FUK THIS PLACE! FROM HERE ON, "We gonna use what we got to get what we want! So...OH...! - 9.11 M15 to Fulton. - After the routine mayhem and chaos, I was Nr2 on "the list". By 8.33 I was at the bed. By about 8.45 I'd exchanged linens AND got a blanket! - Ms.Khenkina was curt but pleasant and "seems" to want to work with me re: paper-work, appointments and tells me that PIC can be sued by The City if they refuse to give me work because I'm in The Shelter. She says she understands that I don't want it to be known BUT she's VERY willing to go legal IF they try anything against me. (Do I trust her? Nope and HELLnope.) But, I'm off to the libraries-run to "make" paper-work for her (and me). She tells: Everything's become stricter, more involved, more confusing. I can see that. One slip and... finished. - Well? David was still in bed at 8.35. Always one. But with-out a job... Though at least TRY for SOMETHING? Nah. Why bother? And then there's his age: 60. - Meanwhile, my day begins.

HOT-HOT but lower humidity. And the challenge to accomplish ALL! - I AM SO HUNGRY! - 21.32 E4: What a damn wasted day! Yes, I was out of Ms.Khenkina by 8.33. Yes, fresh linens on the bed. But that's where the relative nothing got accomplished. - Brooklyn Central Library early enough. Quick on the PC. Got the PIC and MCU forms on the Flash drive. But AGAIN, I couldn't remember the on-line log-ins for either MCU or TD! So, it was off to The Rock... P.O: Pay-stub! VT INFO! YEAH! Waldbaum's: Focaccia, muenster (great sandwiches), tinned coffee, fruit, Fage and big box of PopTarts, bottle of "water-stuff". To the Peninsula Library... the bloody computers were down! An HOUR WASTED! trying to get one to function! WASTED! I headed to the Fort... 14.30. SHIT! Cloudy. I sat, very alone, at a picnic table, had lunch. 2 cigarettes left. I took my time over lunch. FOOD! CALORIES! NEEDED! RELAXATION! PEACE! PEACE! And a 413 in the general loo. RELIEF! Quite large too. No wonder. - Q22 bus to B116 St. Q53 bus to RiteAid on Liberty Av. Cigarettes and lighters (mine was empty). Money spent. I'm about to regret it. The phone and storage come due. I don't think I'll be getting paid this Friday. Of course not: Holiday wk-end, I've got off, broke. My "life". - Went to storage to find the other mirror. I NEED a hair-cut. Tore the place apart! No mirror. But I brought a chambray and some socks (the ones from George. A pair returns to The Shelter.). Also brought the dryer sheets (some already stuffed into the locker). - The A train-L train-6 train. SIB Library. 18.25 already. Got the TD statement done. All's ready for PRINT. AND MORE BLACKNOTES TRANSCRIBED! 3-4 pages left! (But, had Peninsula Library been functioning, it would've been better. And I can't work it on the wk-end... libraries are closed!) - Got back to Dunghell at about 20.00. NEW E3 AGAIN! Maybe I scared last night's?. - Signed. Showered. It's HOT in here again (and might be getting hotter...with the new Rican... fuk.) - So, the new E3 comes in. Old guy. Yes... Ever polite with the mouth but... BANG! the locker. Shit ON the locker. On the phone (21.54). LOUD. I've set MY alarm, full/vibrate, 5.10/5.13. They can be rude? I'm on Selfish. WE shall see...- 21.57 I do have Xanax (BANGBANGBANG This guy's gonna get shit... The morning's are MINE) here. I don't want to use them though. OK. Right after "bed-check" I'm down for the night... IT HAD BETTER GET QUIET AND STAY QUIET TONIGHT! AFTER LAST NIGHT? SOMEbody's gonna regret my presence in this room tonight (and tomorrow at 5.10) - 22.02 BED-CHECK! Radio blaring. No David RadioBoy. FUUUUUK! - OH! OH! FUKKIN E3 knows he's got the bed today but waits until 21.00 to move? FAIL!

Thursday, 30 June:

13.47 Got to sleep OK last night. This morning: Got up, got out, got running, got to clock-in at 7.30! At 8.00, "Patrick" arrived! PIC sent him AGAIN! So, I rang PIC: call back when Ramdai is in. We waited. 8.30 Ramdai's no longer Spvsr. on account. Madeline!? Madeline says Ramdai put me "off" x2days. But wait... Shawn Bailey says only 1 day on notes. Bottom line: *I* had to leave! More income lost! - I spoke with Mrs.Estremo She's NOT pleased. Neither am I, esp. dialect. - 16.32 ("esp. dialect"? WTF? I AM SO BLOODY EXHAUSTED! I have NO idea why I wrote that!) Q35 back to The Junction, hopefully a Nr.5 train to SIBLibrary. And the day went: A to B59th to get FS application for Mrs.Estremo The 22 to B116. Waldbaum's: 3 apple turnovers, tinned coffee (meals) consumed on the Q35 to The Junction to the Nr.2 train to Brooklyn Central Library to work the "statements", look-up employment agencies in VT and border patrol jobs. Several openings in Burlington for "Quebecois"-speakers on Craigslist! OK! - Back to the Nr.2 back to Peninsula Library to print Ms.K's paperwork and mine, AND more BlackNotes logged on-line (3,5pgs. left!). - The 22 to B116 to where I am now... stewing in the rage from this morning. Esp. since what I'm logging is a lot of the shit I took from Guadagno, the extra "un-paid" time, the abuse. Yes. VT is the goal. I SO want OUT and AWAY! - Am preparing to take PIC to court. Patrick claims they're "hiring" so many so they get some kind of "award". An "Obama" thing: create more jobs, hire more people, get an award. TWITTER TIME for the TRUTH. A new

account, a new truth... on-line. - Odd, how I still don't feel "severed" from Rockaway. I don't "miss" it. I spend much time in it. - Right now my anxieties: No pay tomorrow. Storage will hit the account tomorrow. Phone due on Monday. I NEED MONEY... NOW! But I honestly can't think about it, lest I lose my bowels (and I've been constipated... small BMs, not good). Also, cigarettes. It just gets worse. And now I learn Lombardi took Client-E. No Danielle! New RNs on the case. New forms. New protocol. Fuk! BUT... 4 more weeks... O.U.T.! D.O.N.E.! F.I.N.I.S.H.E.D.! F.U.C.K.A.L.L.! - 16.52 Kings Plaza. Time is moving quickly. This friggin bus is not. I LOATHE NY.- 20.00 E4: TWO PAGES LEFT IN BLACKNOTES!!! An hour, 15mins at SIB Library. TWO PAGES LEFT!!! And on the M16 back to the Dung-heap I wondered: WHAT will I DO when it's finally DONE? The transcription has become its own journal. It's kept me busy, occupied, travelling, some-what sane. It's been an "Old, Dear Friend" who has talked with me of good and bad times. It's my story, my history. It's my existence and my 'life'. And now, very soon, it will be open to the entire world. My time, from 1954 through, will be open to every and any one. The "good" I've done, accomplished; the "bad" I've done (relatively); the shit pulled, the names are there. Open, told, forever telling. My "Legacy". - So bad the libraries will be closed the week-end. So sad. - I've photographed 99 sketches from Monogram. More to come. They'll become part of the Journal. I'll make a copy of it... all... just to be certain it remains long, LONG after me. These "metro" notes will be included. (I MUST PAY THE PHONE SOMEHOW!) And soon? A whole new chapter will be added... VT. I look forward to that. - For now: The evening is magnificent. Another one that makes the Bakfort SO enticing. Low humidity, kind temperatures, clear sky. That new bldg. "Alexandria" (that was a hole in the ground in '09) grabs and reflects the evening sun, THROWING it down 29th street! Amazing! - I got in at about 19.40 or so. A relative zip through metal detector and the lift. That "faggy" "security" "guard" is still here. SUH-WISH HUNNEEGURL! Too funny though. - E3 is "un-packing". I walked in to about SIX HUGE BAGS of "stuff" in the floor! Either he's been here that long or he's planning to stay that long. Whatever. None of my business. - 4 PopTarts. Call it "dinner". - I must nap briefly... - 21.05 Notes: 1.Jesus 2.David 3.Guillermo C.... speaks NY English and Spanish, been here 1,5yrs, from 3rd fl., transferred when he went into hospital, fave expression "Shit!", accumulated TONNES! - 21:12 Showered. EXHAUSTED! Psyched: The bi-lingual jobs and Border potential. But border jobs are Dept. of Homeland Security... DHS! Holy fuk! (*DHS: Department of Homeland Security AND Department of Homeless Services*) Anyway, I'm so tired I'll probably sleep through the rattling of plastic bags (but I'd rather not have to... THAT cinched it. I'm DOOMED to a night of... CHAOS... no doubt.)

16. July 2011

Friday, 1 July 2011:

17.03 Q53 bus, Broad Channel to NYC. PHONE PAID FOR JULY! (MCU) I got paid for something last week. I'm not asking. Now? Storage... I'm only hoping that will be covered. Increase in over-draft but... I deal with one disaster at a time here. (Not wearing glasses. Blurry.) - ONE PAGE AND ONE PARAGRAPHE LEFT IN BLACKNOTES! ALL MONOGRAM ILLUSTRATIONS PHOTOGRAPHED! DAMN! SO FAR, SO... (I'm NOT going to say... I still want 45mins at Mid-Manhattan Library and that closes at 20.00.) - Admit; C.E. (client) didn't get showered today. I took an easy day for me. He ate. I cleaned the house. I kept him dry. OK. - Spoke with Ramdai. Bless her. Spoke with "Melanie", new supervisor. KUNT! STUPID. She's going to be trouble. But I also opened a Twitter to log her shit. ONE MORE MONTH! FINISHED! And today? 7.30-15.05 (at least). Even Mrs.Estremo knows I was there at 7.30 yesterday AND today. - Now? HoBe (17.13). Hungry. Constipated. But... moving right along... toward... death (my ultimate goal... PEACE!) - 18.33 Mid-Manhattan Library 16mins til my PC appointment. Almost done with BlackNotes. A bitter-sweet time for me. But there's still much work to be done: the proofing, the images, the back-up copy/copies, merging DeadArtist, DunesSojourner, Gaston, Kalbah... How? When? To where? At where? AND... to close... FOREVER... NYC8539266. So much more... after TWO YEARS of libraries and typing. TWO YEARS! TWO YEARS. How I wanted to be GONE from here, Creation, in 2010. I never thought I'd finish the on-line versions. But here I am, this evening, SO CLOSE TO CLOSING! Next? The journey... NORTH! On the trains here this evening I thought: Closer to Quebec! A bounce across the border. Maybe re-unite with Viv. But to die, find PEACE in the place that brought me PEACE for the very first time in my existence, in the place where I LIVED. To finally go back... finally. VT is the step that's coming. PEACE. - 7 minutes to my PC. May the keyboard (and the Java) be favourable. - 22.07 E4: Jesus(1) fukked up. No sign-in. Missed bed-check. Now WE have to suffer the next one in. I've no sympathy. But even BedCheck said it: 1st of the month, cheques. The drunks run amok. (Even David got a buzz on... but IN the room. Now he's in bed, headphones on.) So much for my little "happiness" of completing transcription. - Well, tomorrow I'm heading to the Fort. Sun. Sea. Surf. Sand. And maybe... who knows? But NO RAA. Fuk the lot of them. Not a word... again. - So far I've wiped Penelope, the Greenbergs, and others. No more. NO more. - I'm showered. It's time to get horizontal. Travel will be miserable the next 3 days. - This room stinks... stale and 3's old stuff. Booze'll be next. Alas. - G'night.

Saturday, 2 July:

7.40 Q32 Mad/34th FukkinJesus lost bed last night. Middle of the night, a guy who's argued with me in the past got the bed. (And this morning? Bummed my lighter. Life. Goes around.) Last night was NOT restful: David2 smoking in room (the stench, in locker, in bed... caught and he's OUT and I have to deal with new-comer, fuk.). He was up and down all friggin night, lights on/off. Wanted the door closed! No ventilation! Guill3 hacking. Well. This morning I'm off to Waldbaum's for beach-lunch food and the Fort. See who fuks THIS Saturday. - 7.53 Q32 65th/2nd. The City's so empty at this hour. Lovely. But I'm looking forward to getting OUT and

AWAY! - 7.55 BRIDGE! ESCAPE! MY GOD! ESCAPE! - Taking this ride puts me in a “rural” sort of mind-set: DX Travel. - 7.57 QUEENS! - Guts a bit knotty. Very tiny BM. - Hello Queens. FukU Greenbergs. - OK. E-nuff. - 9.10 Just getting to Liberty Av.! For this I woke at 5.30. - 16.24 Shuttle. Rock Park. It really was delightful at the Fort today. Not too crowded. Not too hot. The water, not too cold. Tide, not too low. 11-15.00. I’ll be sorry later. - I’ll miss the ocean. The buoyancy, the waves (though there weren’t any today). I’ll miss that “open” experience... looking out to the end of all. But... I won’t miss the shit here. - So now I’ll make it back in time to wash swim trunks and towel, sign, and hopefully relax. Tomorrow: get the mirror. Tomorrow evening, HAIRCUT. - Right now, THIRSTY! - Oh, I got cigarettes when I arrived in Rockaway. Walked the Freeway to Waldbaum’s. It’s nice to be here... nice KNOWING the place. At the Fort, gave 2 FRENCH visitors Fort info. Hmpf. Me so schmart. - And me SO SCHWITZIE! - 16.33 STUCK AT HOLLAND! FUKKING MTA! I WON’T miss this! And the 8-car shuttle is packed. Shit. - 19.21 By 19.19: Trunks washed, beach towel washed, coffee made, paper-work for tomorrow done. - It looks like TD paid storage. Good for me. Bad for me. It eats 300\$ from my “Escape Funds”. FUKME FUKME FUKME AGEN AN AGEN AN AGEN! Oh well. Tomorrow’s paper-work is good. - A to F to 14th to TD ATM receipt. M14 to 1st to M15 immediately. NO QUEUE to get in! Dumb-ass “security” had to check my meal ticket twice. Duh. She forgot she’d checked. Bril. No prob. Up in the lift with 3 Black line-jumpers (note). David in... bed... gee, how novel. But door open. OK. - And now I lie on the bed, feet up on the locker as David fuks with the radio. And I’m “Sunned”. - Waiting to see what “colours” appear on the white towel. I swear the water’s bad. - Still can’t get over the changes in here since “Ms.Reid” became “Director”. Like Dear Joyce said: A woman in authority is bad enough, but a BLACK woman in authority is pure HELL! Indeed.

Sunday, 3 July:

17.03 E4: I think I left the Hotel Dung-heap at some time round 9.30. Saw Ms.K. I was 3rd on the list. Whilst waiting to sign however, I HAD to take a DUMP! H.A.D.! And thankfully, I had “terlet paypuh” (*toilet paper*) in ye olde ruck-sack. Wow! The 5th fl. stalls. Rick’s stall. It almost felt like... no, I won’t say that. But it was “familiar”. And productive. (RadioBoy returns... 17.07) - My “paper-work” pleased my Case Worker. “We’re good now.”. She mentioned some Sect.8 program I looked on as she checked the Internet. Nothing much mentioned on-line and not much information given to her. She suggested I keep in touch with her. Meal Ticket: the 13th! A Wed. But not THIS Wed. Hooray! - I came back to the room, it was RAINING! (We’d had a small thunder-storm.) - Must doze... Haircut, repaired umbrella, TD sack, washed socks/t-shirt. The sneakers leak! - Snooze time (whilst I may). - 18.59 I woke at 18.49! I NAPPED! Not enough, but... This morning was: Ms.K. Oh! Steve(former E3) came through the “lounge”, en route to morning (8.00) beer. He seems to be doing OK. He’s D33 now... across from Keith’s bed... in Rick’s room. (My memories in this fukdump.) - Then, OUT into the rain. The umbrella is missing 2 connectors. OK. No prob. Got it free. M15 bus-L train-Broadway Junction-A train-Lefferts Blvd. Storage. Took my time looking through almost everything for the damned mirror. Took the old grey sweats (I have the new here and would rather have the old), sewing kit, little “nose hair” scissor, an Imari powder (forgot the anti-fungal... shit!). Will put the “new” sweats back tomorrow. Can’t keep much here this “visit”. I think I must have been done BEFORE NOON! And HUNGRY! But only 30\$ left on Food Stamps. I went to RiteAid: 1 pack of cigarettes, 2 “Power Bars” (on sale), bottle of Coke. - Q35-QnsBlvd-Q60-2ndAv.M15. I was back by about 14.30. (Left foot soaked. Sneakers have a hole and the toe stitching/seal is broken. FUKFUKFUK! I will NOT wear 65 dollar Reboks!) - As I un-packed, David2 left. THE ROOM TO MY-SELF! Yellow trunks on. Plastic bag on floor. HAIRCUT! TWO MIRRORS ON LOCKER DOORS! Good job too! Quick shower after. (Cuttings down the loo.). Back to fix umbrella/TD bag. - A “chat” with Guillermo3.

GeorgeRussellJr1 bothers him. Well, last night he came in reeking of shit. I think it was his own. Totally wrecked on booze/drugs/both. Showered. Pissed and moaned, up and down all night. Said something about this being his 6th bed. I eventually fell asleep... in exhaustion... I kept watching him though, through squinted eyes. I don't trust him AT ALL! Anyway... E3's been here x1,5yrs. We talked about "changes", no help. (RadioBoy turns off radio, now schmatzing! Bloodyfukking PIG!) OK. Everybody E3 came in with is gone. He remains. (Prosthetic arm? WITH "skin"/hand by the way. No cheap metal hook.) More like what I KNOW: Those who stay don't DO anything to improve their lot. So here they remain. No sympathy from me. And so, I continued to stitch... HAD to wash today's socks so I threw in the t-shirt as well. Now to hope all is dry tomorrow. - All said, busy and productive day... Early too. - Twitter: Interesting communications with PJ in VT. He's apparently anti-Govt. because of low salaries. Well. That's what's terribly wrong with/in these U.S. But... I thought it "might" be "better" in VT. Alas. Still, VT's closer to QC and THAT is my GOAL. - I realised today: I "talk" on Twitter lately. Certainly not here. And this morning I could have gone to the Fort/Penelope or Glendale-Greenbergs or maybe even Brooklyn/Schmulik... Aside from "shabbat shalom" message on Friday from Schmulik, I hear nothing from anybody. So... they're DEAD. They've no use, no concern for me... GONE. ZAP! Finished. I've no cause to communicate. And I can get another sleeping bag and pillows. Afghan? It's incomplete. Let them rot in it. *May it curse their homes.* - I'm having trouble peeing of late. Bladder pressure but constricted flow. Hmmm... CA/Prostate? WTF? Why not? - An hour to sign-in. I'm hungry. But the prices in Gristedes aren't worth the shopping. Hopefully I'll get to eat something at work tomorrow. Then, 6 days til more FS! (I'm hungry now though. Made non-dairy creamer. Finished it already. Oh well...) - No libraries again tomorrow AND trains/buses on holiday schedule/Saturday. EARLY DEPARTURE! (Probably no sleep tonight too... SCUMBAGS!) - Back to Twitter. - 20.29 David2 walks out of the room, comes back, gets BACK into bed, lights a fucking cigarette! SHIT! ANOTHER MORON! I don't need MY clothing smelling like cigarettes! - For the past several nights, the soda machine, outside the door, hasn't worked. BANGING ON IT! JOSTLING IT! CUSSING! YELLING! BANGING THE SELECTION BUTTONS! One would THINK these feeble idiots would learn. But... NO. Today, the machine is dark. They've pulled the plug. HOWever, the feebles are STILL trying it! Holiest Shit! They're just SO DAMNED OBTUSE! Hopeless. - Sign-in on 5 tonight. Jolly. - And tonight, again, I wonder about sleep. But my cell-alarm is on "hi-vibrate". I just wish it was LOUDER! - I've just had 2 days "off" from work. Up early anyway. The usual hour. Yesterday, to get to the beach. Today, to get to the CaseWorker. NO REST! NEVER ANY REST. - But at storage today I found another vial of pills. It's with the AtropaVodka. It was "comforting" to hold them both and remember: I have my options... OUT. (So why don't I just go? Now, it's because I'm curious about leaving to VT. Champlain. Quebec. Still, maybe THIS stint in the shelter will toss me... OUT... to sea.)

Monday, 4 July:

6.32 At 22.55 through about 24.00: CRACK! - 10.16 HoBe. MADE IT! 7.50 clock-in. - Last night? George never showed. There was no bed-check. I drifted at about 21.30, expecting bed-check. Then expecting a "new-comer". And I was hungry. No bed-check. No "new-comer". No damned soda machine. Silence. THEN... 22.55, David gets up, animated worse than a cartoon character. Body in motion, talking to himself. Sitting on the edge of the bed. Under the blanket. Up. Walking out and in. THEN... the STENCH! He's smoking in the dorm... cigarettes AND CRACK! Now I'm inhaling CRACK in my sleep! He's up, lights on, in his locker. He's down, lights off, under the blanket. Up. Down. Talking to himself. Animated. Guillermo wakes. In the locker. Bang. Typical. They simply CAN'T let peace be. G3 sells cigarettes, on the 3rd floor. DEElightFUL! - By about 0.30, I managed to drift into half-sleep, still anticipating a "new" E1. -

This morning? I slept until 6.40! 6 alarms! Up. Shit/brush teeth. Shower. Dress. GO! - Bus to L to Lefferts A. - Got to storage. Ladder waiting. Sweats in. Cream out. Done. Q11. - PatrickHHA on bus. I panicked thinking PIC double-booked. They hadn't. - Mrs. cooked eggs. I had 1 on toast. Mr. up, showered, Done. - I'm tired now. No rest. NO rest. 27 more days. 27. - 16.45 Q32 In no rush. Nice day. Biscotti. A little ice cream. 2 coffees. And Mrs. Estremo boiled an egg: 2 toasts, butter. Mr. in good mood. A good day. Now? For a miserable night with the Crack-ass. - History Chanel today: How the states got their shape... I got to see... VT! Quebec border! My count-down! I HAVE TO LEAVE NY! - 18.34 E4:: Left HoBe approx. 15.45 Q53-Q32-M16 arr. 17.58. - Light blue jeans washed. Coffee made. CrackBoy's got the radio BLASTING and he's bloodyfukking sound asleep. May he ROT! - E1 stripped-down. Linens bagged in the hall. We've got another restless night coming. - 27 days more. Give me strength. - But my locker's smelling better (Imari) today. - No food again tonight. I just can't get myself to pay those Gristedes prices! Oh well. - Twitter, maybe "nap" (yeahrightfuk), sign-in, shower. Fuk these trashheads. - "Fuck you fake Homeless" written in inside of the lift. Agreed. - Woah! 28.5 degrees in this pit! - 21.06 Just did an entry but the "name" field had gone blank. FUKDISSHIT! - 21.08 28,5deg in here. - I told E1 (Fernid Moore?) where the light switch is, where to sign for the bed. I will NOT be the Happy Welcome Wagon! He's brought only a back-pack. He's better on the eye than others. Maybe 40's. Possibly Hispanic but I'm not certain. - CrackO's sitting on the bed, having filled his fukking face. Radio going. In and out of the room already. Pacing. - I changed the plastic bottle in the door with a crushed can. (The bottle has been used as a door-stop to keep it open for ventilation.) I'm wondering how long it'll be before CrackO gets rid of it. - E3's in. BangClunk. - Wasted life forms. - I'm hungry. As always, nothing is offered. - 21.16 E1's in, making the bed... TYING THE SHEET. OK. He "knows". Now I keep an open eye on this one. He's not so "new". Brought his padlock. The little "tell-tale" signs. And here I am, the "Enigma". Oh well. - An interesting night to come... indeed. - Now to get rid of E2... or not. I'm not sure. (It's "bouncing" again. Not speaking to me... fine. Let it pass the fuk out! Seriously.) - Cheyenne Menthol cigarettes. E1. "And the plot thickens." KENDALL! WHERE ARE YOU? - Indian I think... NOT HISPANIC! AND SHOWERING! - 21.26 THE fireworks have begun. - WordPress is fukking... almost lost this post too... "name" shit. - I'm hungry, tired, fed-up.

Tuesday, 5 July: 11.43

HoBe 55 Monogram sketches to PhotoBucket. Last night's jeans are dry. Melanie rang this morning, "routine check" and confirm I work this week-end. Mr. Estremo in good mood. And I'd like a nap.

Wednesday, 6. July:

30/2nd Yesterday: Productive... Made it to Peninsula Library for funky PC. But it printed and I'm proofing this blog! Caught-up and proofing. I didn't think I'd ever see this point. - Shuttle, A, L, 6... SIB Library. Learned how to up-load files from this phone! Took a while to figure (I hope I can remember), and only 1 file (picture) at a time but... 50 images went to WordPress! - 7.37 HoBe (clocked-in 7.31...BLOODY EXHAUSTED! Mr. no bottoms, soaked bed. Fukkit.) Meanwhile back at the Dung-heap... Empty room for a while. I'd brought the damp jeans to HoBe to dry. Hung them. It was already after 20.00. E1 comes in. We begin to talk. I try to convince him he's in a good room (I don't want turn-over and he's more respectful than the other 2 slugs). He's from Tunisia! In his 40's. (Thought that I am too... funny haha.) Been in this place 4days. First time. I run the major list. We talked... god, psych, philosophy, history. He's interesting. - Bed-check. All accounted. 22.30. I opted for no shower... ERROR! - *** At 24.38 the YELLING IN THE HALL! 6W-110. STAFF! The STAFF congregated and were YELLING! 24.42 BANG! Another moron used

the soda machine in the hall. It took the money, no soda. The bloody thing's broken! BANGBANGBANG! Somebody suggests tipping the machine. I silently agree. By about 1.00 I decide to shower... for my own comfort. Following? E2 up and down, eating. E3 up and down, eating. Useless. That's all they are. I try to doze off... Yelling. Rustling plastic. I don't know when/how... I drifted... - 7.53 HoBe This morning I woke to the alarm at 5.28. Shit, VERY SMALL!. No smoke. I didn't want one. Teeth. Had to WAIT for a shower! Got it. Dressed. Out. 6.30-something bus. Good connections. - But I'm incredibly tired... Probably 3hrs sleep. I NEED MORE! - 20.08 E4: The day went well... until the end. VNS came and put my worries about Melanie to rest. Most in our region have problems with her. And the COC? Supportive, kind, and "Hospice". I'm relieved. Then at 14.40 Mr. decides he's hungry! OK! Lunch! And I wanted to get to Peninsula Library and SIB Library. FUKDAT OK! Lunch, jello on the clean clothes. Out the door. I stayed until 15.40. No rush any more. - Yesterday I got stuck in Holland because the South Channel bridge opened. Today... the A was in no hurry. To the F and 34th/6th. NEVER AGAIN! CROWDS! I walked to SIB Library where the bloodyfukking PC wouldn't let me transfer from the phone! No PC help person. I inquired at the Info desk and the bitch took to somebody else and blew me off! The Asian one. She did it to me before when I asked for info... gave partial answer and went to the next person! Well! I WASTED about 40 minutes doing NOTHING! Finally, I sent a msg via site to NYPL then left one in the "suggestion" box. As I dropped my "suggestion" the bitch was already defending herself at the Altman desk! I quietly walked over and said "Madame, you're discourteous, disrespectful and rude. This is not the 1st time you've done this to me..." I'd also said I'd inform City Hall... they can consider my msg at next "budget cut". - 18.00 Nothing accomplished. Schmulik had sent msg. "When are you moving...?" He'd also left the studio at 15.00 (baths?). - I headed back to the Dung-heap. - Ah but... M16 to 23rd. MortonWms. PopTarts, knishes, Gatorade... Buddigs turkey and pastrami. (All I'd eaten all day was cake.) I shoved a pkg of turkey in my mouth as I walked 23rd to CVS. THERE is ANOTHER STORY: Black bitch comes to check-out: "Nobody here to serve you here." I need cigarettes. "Wuh kine?" She gave me my cigarettes, directed me to SelfCheck "I'll be right there." Snaps at me "The line's over there." Points. Then GOES AWAY! FUK! I scan... wait... some nasty guy comes "Beer? Cigarette?" Scans a card and says "Customer obviously over 21". FUK NY! - I walked toward 1stAv. shoved the pastrami in my mouth. Done. Continuing...20:43 - THE FLOOR WAS MOPPED! CLEAN! CrackO in the bed... TALKING TO HIMSELF... CRACK-HEAD. ASKED ME FOR A MATCH. I said I didn't have any more because he'd burned-up what I gave him. He had some shit reply and I let it out! No respect. Fuk me because I'm nice. Now fuk all y'all cause I'm minding my business from now on! OK. He's not happy... OK. I don't give a rat's hole. - So it's 20.41. 30 degrees in here! I'm SOAKED with sweat. And the shithead-braindead-fukkedSpics are banging on the soda machine. - Time to sign. Shower... KILL SOMETHing in here. Amen.

Thursday, 7 July:

6.07 M15 New El last night. - But I managed sleep in spite of it. - Small BM. Guts knotted. - No happy mood. Fed-up with much in genl. - 6.13 14th/2ndAv. I'm taking the bus to 8th to the A. - Well, I managed to eat last evening. CrackO behaved. And the new El was fairly quiet. Stinks though. Not terribly. Just generally. But I do too... urine. I've reached the age where I "drip". Only "time". Only "time" - 6.17 M14. - This morning I think of getting on the road/rails, heading North... mere time... through VT to the border... QUEBEC! Soon. Soon. Soon. - Am displeased with humanity this morning. Fair-weather people. I'm SOLO. FUKKEMALL! - 6.22 14th/5th. - Cajun on. Morning. - FUKKEMALL. - 9.29 I left 30mins earlier to arrive 7.31 (MTA! Jungle-bunnies at their prime. THERE! Said it!) Mr. Estremo sitting at table. Dry bed. Damp drawers. Not good. Ate well though. And right now? TV. Newspaper. Morning. I'm going to check e-mail. See what Schmulik has to say, anything from PJ.VT, the library. - 19.22 Mid-Manhattan Library

Catching-up again here (on ANOTHER POORLY FUNCTIONING KEYBOARD!) - Left E's at about 15.45 and went to the Howard Beach Library (2x30min sessions but...) ALL THE SKETCH IMAGES ARE LOADED TO THE WORDPRESS! I DID IT! I DID IT! - And whilst in the library, the RAINS! came. I missed getting soaked. HOWever... true to NYC and the MTA, the A was delayed at North Conduit, then, at Grant, the train was held so I went BACK to Liberty for a Q21. Sat in a seat the some beach idiot sat in... wet arse! And on a 21! Took it to Queens Mall. M train to the F and here I am. I wanted SIB Library for the hour but... THE IMAGES ARE ON WORDPRESS! - Now to clean this mess up a bit.

Friday, 8 July:

.05 Waiting... M15. - MILK CARTONS! ABOUT 10 OF THEM! E3. Across the top of the locker! Empty. Open! Friggin SLOB! "Typical" of his "gente"... "pueblo". - 6.08 on the bus. - THEN... 2.40 this morning, CrackO comes in from who-the-fuk-knows-where AND PUTS THE RADIO ON! So I got up, having napped well, turned on the lights, took out my 20 pages of "proofing" for this journal (2 pages remaining), used my little light and finished the proof-reading. - 6.15 M14 Went back to sleep at something-past 3.00. Certainly was NOT quiet. And surely didn't care... and don't. Fuk. - Wonderful... no BM this morning... until now. How wonderful... en route, 6.19, my guts turn. - Payday today. FS tomorrow. I just want to bring the TD account back... NOW. - In general: BATTLE MODE! - 20.06 E4: Safe to assume E1 IS another CrackO. A non-bather, schmacker, lip-sucker and laughs to itself. AND STINKS! Happy David2? A little friend for you. - *SHORTED ON MY PAY! I kept 77\$ for the week and put over 254\$ into TD. STILL SHORT 85-plus. This is going to be difficult. But gives me even more incentive to GET OUT! (E1 intentionally rattling paper bags and clunking empty cans... Great! We've got empty milk containers on E3, more shit at E1 and this morning I had a mouse in my locker. This place has REALLY gone to shit!) - So... I'm pissed about the pay. But got 75 per-cent of the overdraft paid. - Next item? Mr. got really showered today but wouldn't eat. (So I did.) - Clocked-out just past 15.00. Brought a shopping cart back to Waldbaum's for Mrs. Grabbed a Q41 to HoBe P.O. for the TD M.O. Then... had to WAIT until well past 16.00 for the Q21bus to RockPark! Fuk the MTA. And there were storms pending. Dark skies. Bad Internet connectivity on the phone. - RockPark P.O., ONE bloody pay advice! OK. Since it was raining (and MY SNEAKERS LEAK!), SeaSide Library for 30mins. I got my Dept. of Labour complaint forms printed AND 37 more pages of this journal to proof! Happy me. Barbara O.(112-22) was there. I dodged. She said nothing. I'm just as glad. - Shuttle, A, L, 6: TD. Deposit made! - Back to "here". - All present. Room silent. STENCH! I washed 2pairs of socks. Ate 4 PopTarts. Just waiting to sign... It's going to be VERY difficult with Little CrackO in here. Stench. Stupidity. Noise. (And my proofing is the 1st night in here... back "then". Imagine!) - BREEZE! It's SO SO SO HOT AND HUMID IN HERE! - Well, off to sign'n'shower. Yup... a difficult time ahead. C.Jr. can't quite grasp the bottle-keeping-the-door-open. There's more shit between those ears than imaginable. - 20.27 SCHMATZ! Not schmack. SCHMATZ!

Saturday, 9 July:

11.47 HoBe I've just come out of a NOD! Actually slept last night! Almost incredible! David2 was well-behaved. Wm.Glen1 actually offered to put out the light! (I wonder though: he keeps a bit of a "bundle" in his shorts. Valuables? He's strange. Guill3 still has his shit on top of his locker. And somebody isn't bathing. But after lights-out, WG1 did something... smelling so OK that the guy who did bed-check commented! Reminded me of Ortiz... "Smells good in here. Thank you!" What's to come is our little mystery. - But... sleep was had. - This morning I woke at 4.50. Guill3 was already up. I took my time, showered and such and out. M15 M14 A/Lefferts Q11. In at 7.51. *A

young, attractive Black fellow on the A (at Rock.Bldv) greeted me "Shabbat Shalom"! The Hebrew! - Well. My sneakers are drying by the fan. I wore plastic bags over my socks (left foot) because the sneaker was SOAKED! - Mrs.Estremo was in a little snit this morning. I WAS SO DAMNED TIRED but Mr. was awake and ready to go immediately! And Mrs. here! BUT... Even though I dusted and lightly mopped I reach the point: NObody will do for these people what I do. BUT at my salary? I'm NOT going crazy. - 3 more weeks. I don't know HOW but I AM GETTING AWAY... TO THE NORTH! - 17.09 Q53 to... Hell. - Just came from storage where I emptied the binder of CT and NY docs. Keeping the VT info. It's "part of the start". - The day went OK. Not bad. I kept busy, filed my nails, charged phone and iPod, dried my sneakers. Maybe tomorrow I'll trim-down to "Summer beard". I don't know. It might draw my face too much. But... We'll see (said Mama). - DEAR GAHD IT'S BLOODY HOT AND HUMID! - 53 to 32 to 16 is the plan. Certainly no need to hurry... - 21.05 E4: In at 17.19. Proofed a few more pages. E1(CrackO1) came in. It doesn't bathe. It "pit-paints" with deodorant! Reeks of deodorant and the funk the deodorant should eliminate but can't any longer. Me? I have to laugh, silently. CrackO2(David) is directly across. Serves him too right. Justice. Meanwhile, I cleaned the bottom lip of my locker, coated it with that "One Drop" odour killer. It "sort of" works. But the stench of I is nuclear. Alas. - Washed my t-shirt. It's almost dry. Had I known, I'd've done my work scrubs. But there's tomorrow. Maybe I'll get to storage for a little "Gain" softener... fresh scent... on clothes, in room. - Waiting for bed-check. E2 radio on. Baseball. WFAN. EVERY BLOODY NIGHT! How much baseball happens? - When I signed, E3 in the room. Asked if I work tomorrow, when's my day off. I think my 5am alarm bugs him/them. If so... YAY ME! HAPPY DANCE. - Apparently Schmulik was "engaged" this evening... Baths. A message: "working 9in." when I texted. Too bad for him. I enjoyed my bus ride. 2 women got on the Q32 in Manhattan. One (the older... approx. early 60's) spoke French with a PERFECT American accent. DISgusTING! The younger asked "Are tomorrow the pharmacy open?" The language was good to hear. VT! Here come I! - HOTHOTHOT again tonight! Fuk! It'll never stop! - E3's at the bangbang. But the milk cartons are gone! - Oh, Earlier, CrackO1 comes in, removes t-shirt, gives it some shakes, laughs to itself. Hasn't really spoken to anyone. Come to think of it... neither have I. Hmpf. Too bad. - Enough. A little Twitter and tonight's attempt at SOME sleep. I'm showered and ready to toss the day.

Sunday, 10 July:

9.17 HoBe SHIT! The stench in the room was acrid last night! The "One Drop" worked pretty well. But I keep getting that tickle in the throat, waking to coughing fits. As I proof the earlier journal I see it's to be expected. With the mice in the bldg. and room, it's to be expected all the more. But CrackO2 put the radio volume down and off at just before 24.00.- This morning I was on the 6.13 M15. After a LOCAL A ALL THE WAY, got to work 7.45! Mr. was showered, eating breakfast. Mrs. whining. She didn't HAVE to bathe him, nor make breakfast. Not my prob. But THEN... the "walking" thing. Mr. and I went round the block... with 4 stops for rest. I'm bloody tired, hungry, want a coffee. These people expect I should give my life. FUKDATSHIT. OK? - 9.52 Mrs. is mopping the floors. Can't do that when I'm not here? Oh well. Not going to be concerned. Not worth it. - Somebody on Twitter: "god took my parents, I don't want to survive." Familiar? - Trying not to nod... Mrs. here until noon! - 18.29 AT ABOUT 18.23 I GOT GOOGLE-MAPPED AT 34th/7th. In scrubs. Flattering. - And now I'm on the M34. Fabric softener, dryer sheets, 3 packs of cigarettes, Dial soap, no money. La-dee-fukking-dah. I should NOT have shopped Rockaway. But the cigarettes were 1 dollar off. - Want(need?) to wash these scrubs tonight. Good thing I've softener... STENCHO in E1. - Just need a shower and sleep tonight.

Monday, 11 July:

7.57 HoBe CLEAN SCRUBS YAY! The locker is full of Gain dryer sheets and smelling fresh. Santiago came by last evening... 2 Camels... the "old days" return. I wonder: a) What do these others make of me and my "connections" to the staff around here and (b) Do they think I might be a "plant" to follow them? Do they ponder that I might actually be on the staff, posing as a Client to watch and report? Is this what keeps me segregated to a point? Well, I'm presently communicating with no-one in the room and happy about that. I've really nothing to communicate about and much of my own business to attend to. - It was a delightful Sunday: WBAI Old Radio Shows night. I wonder: David's such an arse most of the time yet enjoys something as cerebral as BAI Golden Age of Radio. SCHIZ! - Stencho came in late (Sunday night). GADDAM the boy stinks! The whole room fills with pits-funk! And the schmatzing! GOTS T'GO! But my laundry and dryer sheets saved me. My little area is like my own little room. Fuk the rest of 'em. - By about 21.30 I was down for the night. Bed-check and... - 8.10 This morning I was at the bus-stop 6.08. How nice to put on clean scrubs. (Now to do something about beard/moustache... in time). Connections were great. - There's a guy on Twitter, going through a tough time. I commented yesterday about "God", "Nature", inner strength, etc. I was certain I'd be thrashed. But this morning "Everybody follow... He's been to Hell and back and stays positive." This guy's sorrows hurt me so deeply I wanted to howl, sob, vomit. My legs went weak. I'm capable of too much empathy. But how well I do feel. It's really rather frightening. - Mr. is awake. I NEED to shit. No time. Here we go. - 15.26 Q21 to The Rock. HOT! DEAR GRACE, IT'S HOT! HUMID! MISERABLE! And at the last minute? BULL-SHIT! He decides he's NOT going to let me change him. A battle. Now Mrs. is stuck with him. But the COC trusts me. So does Mrs. Even the neighbour across the ave. says the daughter and son-in-law speak highly. OK. Good. I NEED THIS SPOT FOR AT LEAST THIS MONTH! - Now? P.O. Then to "create" docs for the "paper-jerks" at the Dung-Heap on Wed. AND to get to correcting this journal. - I'm wondering about "DrHall2011". His depression is too close to my heart. This morning I had to fight-back a genuine sob. I know, too well, that pain. - Broad Channel 15.37. I should be simply going "home". I'm simply going to Rockaway. FukU Denise Ortega! - This morning, some NewAge freak, TV, says it's healthier to "forgive", "let go". NO! It would be healthier to BEAT'N'THRASH those who are responsible. Or... get away from it all... away... away. - 15.41 TheRock. - 17.44 Q22 bus No pay advice! I asked "Mei" about the route of the Fort mail. She didn't understand the question. Then DISMISSED me: "Goodbye." BITCH! Typical RockPark. - 18.00 Q35 bus to The Junction. I'm cutting it close this evening. - Well. I'll help relieve Ms. "Mei" of her employment miseries and think if this (and the increased box rent) as more "incentive" to get to VT. - In the parking lot behind the laundromat: "Stop that texting!" SEAN (Baxters)! Looking good. He's fed-up with the way B116 is going. "Your old place..." (RPH) "is a half-way." Drugs on B116. "Mental" on B114. RockPark's finished. - He leaves, CHUNG (RiteAid)! And the guy in the wheel-chair from RPH! - I meet my "neighbours" now that I'm no longer here. O JUST FUKME. It hurts a bit but better is to come. I keep reminding me of that. - Peninsula Library. Immediate PC. First 2 "chapters" are corrected. 17 more pages printed. All of 8539266 is in Word.doc on Flash. And now I'm trying for 45mins at Mid-Manhattan Library for more correcting. - 18.11 the Fort. I should be on the beach... with iced vodka and sandwiches. I SHOULD be "gone", "departed", "dead". (and the little bastard-baby across the aisle ... piece of miscarriage). Hazy evening and VERY HOT/HUMID! It's going to be REAL HELL at 30th tonight. - 18.15 Brooklyn. - 20.30 E4: Had to pass on Mid-Manhattan Library. Was on the Dyre train at 19.11. A tad too late. Caught the M16 at 34th! Entry went fine. Chatted with a "security" guard. Relatively empty lift. Only CrackO in when I arrived at 19.19. Radio on. Not baseball! A brown paper towel wadded, on my locker. I brushed it to the floor and went about my business in silence. A cigarette butt in front of my locker. I kicked it out. CrackO gets up. Radio off. Leaves. I change. Proof more. - It's miserably hot and humid in here! Too dark to read. TWO mice skittering about the floor. One's juvie. Cute. Had I not finished 4 PopTarts

I'd've given them a bit. Would serve the others right. - 20.37. Sign-in. Shower. (Sleep? Doubtful.) - Tomorrow I HAVE to print "docs" for Ms.K! Peninsula Library/SIB Library. It's supposed to be HOTTER than today! - I've had a tickle in my throat for over a week now. Fishermen's cough drops not helping. Now what!? FukMeFerSher.

Tuesday, 12 July:

7.55 HoBe Floors dusted. - Last night was tough. I kept moving along when I got in and just kept moving, doing... something. Signed. Showered. The shit began. Glen Williams (1) with the klik-klak-of-the-tongue shit, David Hall (2) with the radio-shit at mid-night, Guillermo(3) with the bang-bang-locker shit. The symphony carried on into the night. And I was drenched in sweat most of it. 30deg. in the cell. - Spictrash in the halls. Stafftrash in the halls. And the full moon isn't yet here. (I've been seeing the moon the past 2 nights and wishing I could be in the Bakfort again.) - This morning I made NO effort to be quiet. I can't match the noise of the others but I do what I can to wake them at 5. Fukkem! - OUT by 6. - DrHall2011Twitter is going through some tough spot. He's actually my diversion from my own shit. And proofing this journal is teaching me TOMES on pulling back so as not to harm me. - THEN* a voice-mail: Mrs. Beth Greenberg will be taking them up to CT (*Connecticut*) (how lovely) and will be glad to bring my "possessions" (I don't currently "possess" them Dear) back... to Rockaway. As much as I'd like to just forget them, THEY'RE MINE AND I WANT THEM! So now I MUST remember where and what. Will send a printable e-mail of inventory/location so there won't be too much confusion. (Although, there'll be Drama. I've no doubt. OK. - 8.10 HOT. HUMID. I'm tired. No "hard" work today simply because I'm too tired. - Must ponder tomorrow's pending tardiness. To tell or not to tell? That is the quandary. - Must move. Dozing. Not looking forward to Mr. this morning but will NOT bust me over this. - NEEDED a bm on the train. Good now. My guts... DAMN! - 13.42 A thought: I'd like to think that DHS caseworkers are so nasty because they're burnt-out from dealing with foul-mouthed degenerates who have no ambition, no talents and feeble brains over a period of time. But I must say that, having given the notion much careful consideration I believe, with my "all" that they are, in fact, discontented malcontents, impotent beyond imagination, incapable of any independent thought process, whose main purpose is to ensure the continued failure of those who are stupid enough to seek any sort of positive aid or assistance from them. They're consumed with and by such bitterness and hatred of and for any and all humanity that they actually derive great joy and pleasure in manipulating all persons, aware and unaware of their purpose to the point of exhaustion, frustration and pain. (Case-workers and, in great part, Social-workers as well.)

Wednesday, 13 July:

6.53 The "Lounge" on 5. Temperature must be in the 30s. Windows closed. No fan. No ventilation. Dick-head slamming metal garbage can lid. 8 of us "waiting". The "animaspics" yapping away. And I'm already in a sweat. - This morning, SOMETHING had taken to sleeping in my t-shirt, in the locker, over-night! It bolted when I moved the shirt. As I was getting ready to leave the room, a "water-bug" (American cockroach), on the door-frame! Some 7.5-8cm! I'm HOPING what was in my shirt was a mouse and NOT THAT! - Last night I emptied the locker when I got in. Smelled like something died in there! All those dryer sheets, the odour-killer and still... Of course, Glen Williams (1) doesn't make things better. WOAH! THE STENCH! NASTY FUNK! and tongue-clicking. FUK! I keep thinking of how I'm short EVERY DAMNED BLOODY WEEK on time/pay because of this shit-hole-dung-heap. But... I WILL get out of here, out of NY, and NOT MORE THAN 1 week past MY dead-line of 31 July. I will NOT spend the coming birthday in here! NOT NOT NOT! - 7.05 The perspiration just clings. The air is completely still. -

Oh! *Last evening: Entry into the bldg. was quick. I waited for the lift... it stayed on each floor from 4 up to... I took the stairs. At 4, the masses were descending. "Fire drill", so they said. Back down 4 flights! On 1st floor NOBODY knew WTF was going on! Just word "Nobody can use the elevator." Some shit-head says "It's broke. I dunno." About 5 minutes later? We (6 or 7 of us) get in, ride up. NOTHING! It's so bloody typical of this bloodyfukkin mess. NOBODY KNOWS ANYTHING! But... It is... what it is... brain-dead. It WAS a psychiatric hospital, dedicated to the severe cases... it still is... and the severe cases are now... the paid staff. - I should be in HoBe or at least S.Ozone right now. I'm in this cesspool... not happy. BUT... I'm "compliant"... and charming. FTW. - 10.51 HoBe Clocked-in 9.52. Rang Mrs. then Spvsr. See? I KNEW: 10.00! At 10.58 Mrs. comes over. Calm. Understanding. BUT... I LOOSE TWO BLOODY HOURS! THAT'S NOT THE WORST! Ms.K: The sign-in list doesn't get posted until 8.11. I'm second. She takes the 1st at 8.16-8.24. LATE! Me? She doesn't understand the papers I submitted, the copier doesn't work, SHE TELLS ME I COULD HAVE COME ON SUNDAY! But my meal ticket? Expired TODAY! "That doesn't matter." says she. WTF? If the meal ticket expires I can't get into the bldg! NO F...NG CLUE! - Well... I'm here. The day passes. And I'm out TWO GODDAMNED HOURS' PAY... TO BE DEDUCTED FROM/SHOWN ON NEXT PAPERWORK... DOCUMENTED... THERE, HERE and TWITTER! FUK ME? I FUK BACK! - 20.45 E4: 30 bloodydegrees in here! - The day: Worked to 17.00 No "lost time". - An hour at SIB Library... Registered with Westaff and Spherion, Burlington. - Got in about 20.15 to a note on the bed. Ms.Khenkina wants to see me on... SUNDAY r/t housing. SUNDAY! - Washed t-shirt, socks. - Ate 4 PopTarts. - Now Da(rse)vid (E2 - Da:arse:vid) is blasting his bloody radio... blues. Shit! Albert Green shit. - SWEATING! - Hoping for SLEEP tonight, fuk.

Thursday, 14 July:

13.44 HoBe After a nice cooling shower last night, it turned-out OK. The radio was almost a blessing; OK music to drown the tongue-clicks of Glen. Glen may have bathed because the funk wasn't too heavy. I didn't sweat after the shower. So... alright then. The only interruption was bed-check. WHY the fuk they feel they MUST throw on the light and SCREAM "BED-CHECK!" when it's OBVIOUS that we're asleep... Well, they're inconsiderate, inhuman, disrespectful and generally useless other-wise. Morons and/or monkeys. - This morning, my alarm woke D(arse)vid who kicked the wall and slapped his legs. Maybe the waterbug from yesterday got to him. Would serve him right... eating dinner at 21.45 every night. Food all over the damned place. Let the bugs be comfy in his bed. - This morning: a small bm before shower and a rush out the door to COOL BREEZES AND LOW HUMIDITY! AT LONG LAST! Would've been PERFECT for the beach (fuk me). The transit connections were good and I got to work by just past 7.30. But I NEEDED to shit and Mrs. was in! She made breakfast for Mr. and left. I shat. HooRAY! Then off to the dentist: a walk across the street and back. Sat out front a while before lunch. - OH! Rang MelaniePIC r/t yesterday. Good thing! Says she: I'd take care of it when it came up." FukU dear! Take care of it NOW! - Meanwhile: BELINDAUSA (Twitter) HAS "RAIN" (by Dorothy Morrison)! WILL TRY TO SEND Mp3 VIA E-MAIL! I HOPE! I've found some EVER- SO-VERY GREAT people on Twitter (in spite of what Schmulik says). Very blessed, I am. - And now, at 14.00 Mr. needs a change. I'm planning some e-mail, journal work at Peninsula Library then JobSearch at SIB Library (this phone is fukkin with me! Damn!) this evening. Tomorrow: PO for M.O. for TD to pay-off the balance, get papers for Sunday's song'n'dance with Ms.Khenkina and a new (fukkingphoneshit) MetroCard (monthly probably... The money's not coming in well enough, may have to stall the move... I HOPE NOT!!!) - 17.23 Holland. Waiting for the shuttle. My bowels are finally emptying... in "shifts". HAD to go before leaving Peninsula Library. Could have still been there. But, I'm "moving" at last! - 30mins wasted trying to find Dorothy Morrison "Rain". Cyndi Mack, I pray you contract incurable leprosy! You piece-of-shit! Amen. - Now to SIB

Library and more job-hunting. - Tomorrow will be VERY BUSY! - Oh. And I stink: piss'n'powder. Fukme! - 20.58 FUUUUUK! EI is SO BLOODY "RIPE"! And steady with the schmatzing! Same shit who, just last night, slammed his locker and said "Excuse me fellas." Moron. Filthy moron. (And Guillermo3 just asked it if it wanted apple-sauce and it said "No, thank you." Funky bastard. - D(arse)vid just slammed into the foot of my bed. TURN A FUKKING LIGHT ON BUTT-HEAD! OK. Next. - So I applied to Adecco this evening. Makes 3 agencies. - I'm sick about tomorrow's pay. 200\$ isn't going to cover ANYTHING! But if I gross 300\$, taxes bring it down! I'm tired of working for SHIT! And if I lost that Thursday! Dept. of Labour and anybody who'll get me MY money! I'll stretch my "stay" to 15 Aug. But I'll do it kicking, screaming and killing. - Washed a T and unders. Gain on the t-shirt. Smells good. - SOMETHING IN THIS ROOM! The cough only happens in here. Funkarse? No doubt. - 28deg. in here and delightfully cool out tonight. I've showered. I'm sweating. And the pig who coughs, chokes, nose-blows and such is at the basins again. WTF is it that makes them believe they MUST make LOUD noises? Oh get me the bloody fuk as far away from here as possible... SOON AND QUICKLY AND ETERNALLY! - How I LOATHE NY!

Friday, 15 July:

21.10 E4: TD IS IN THE BLACK AGAIN! AT LONG LAST! OK! HAPPY DANCE! (How I wish I could... dance.) - Last night I went comatose. The frosting on PopTarts. I wonder if I could kill my-self with sugar. - LouieDrHall on Twitter got a REAL "session" this morning. Poor guy. 22 and so depressed: family deaths and such. I need to stop the empathy though... or get paid. But... It's "the way I am". - Out of sorts because of the sugar, a bit buzzing when I got to work... and HAD to shit! So... of course, Mr. was having breakfast, Mrs. didn't have to be next door so "I" got deferred. HOWever... Mrs. asked me to go to the druggist (CVS) AND I accomplished my money order at the HoBe PO and my cigarettes at RiteAid! Errands accomplished! The rest of the day? *I* did Mr.'s meds. Had to call Melanie to inquire as to whether or not service would be terminated on the 17th per a letter rec'd. The bitch said she had no such notice and "kindly call the nurse". OK Melanie. And fuk you too. - Busy but good busy. Next thing I knew, 15.00. BOLT! Q53 to Peninsula Library to print "statements" for Sunday/Ms.K. (My original files got fukked in the PC! Did them over.) BelindaTwtr sent "Rain" as an Mp3! I got it on the Flash but CAN'T get it on the iPod! SOOO CLOSE! Sent e-mail to Schmulik. Now... we wait. - KEY FOOD! Coffee! PopTarts. Rolls! (emptied coffee into zip-bag in the parking lot) and off on the train (where I shoved roast beef down... SO BLOODY HUNGRY!!!) to TD on Park. - DEPOSIT MADE! ALMOST LOST MY DEBIT CARD. AN EMPLOYEE SAW IT AND KNEW IT WAS MINE! We got talking banquing. He's from Chase! How funny. But it was a delight. - I tried calling Customer Service but the hold was too long. BUT TD's HIRING! MAYBE VT? I SHALL INVESTIGATE. - Quick-easy in tonight. Smackol must've bathed! Goodgahd! Tho he's steady into the snacking. FUK SHOOT IT! He's LOUD tonight. - And I'm showered. Tomorrow? Up at 5... OUT TO THE FORT!

Saturday, 16 July:

7.15 M15 to 59 Q32. Slept quite well but my guts are trying to kill me this morning. Figures. Day off. Beach. Sick. - 20.21 E4: (Old jazz on the radio. Not too bad.) Was ON the beach at 10.28! Stopped at the P.O... NOTHING! Postal Inspectors time. I need pay-stubs! The P.O. wants to make MY life difficult? OK. We play. - Waldbaum's: Focaccia, turkey, yoghurt, V8 (for here), Gatorade, Hostess cupcakes (8... just ate the last 2). Stopped at a picnic table in the Fort. Yoghurt for breakfast (and my guts) (mustadun the trick). To CrossWalk 4/5. Relatively empty. Gorgeous! Cool breeze. Low humidity. And I got a couple swims in! Well, 5 hours? The beach is going quite

Gay. An older couple, laying beside each-other gave each-other a little kiss. ROMANTIQUE! and CUTE! (And I get the Fort becoming Gay just as I'm ready to LEAVE. My life's story. Just like Restoring Downing and... POUF! Gone.) - Left at about 15.30 or so. Fit in a 413 behind 13. AT LOOOOOONG LAST! - 22 to the shuttle/A to storage. Some young guy sitting in an over-head unit, sitting on a chair, head-phones, "backing-up files". OK. Well. I got the 2010 1040 for Ms.Khenkina tomorrow. (It won't be good enough. You wait.) - A to 34th. M16 to the Dung-heap. - Washed T-shirt, trunks, socks, kippa. - Now for sign-in and tomorrow? ANOTHER BLOODYFUKKING EARLY DAY: Bloody Ms.Khenkina at 8. But I'm outta here anyway: beach or... Can't stay in here all day. (Those days are NOT these days.) - Quite "coloured" from the time on the beach. Not painful... yet. - A NOTE: My left fore-arm breaks-out and itches... when I'm here or when I'm in my way here. I wonder... bugs in here? Or just "a reaction". - PS. Last night the radio went off AFTER bed-check but at the end of the game. (It's in. D(arse)vid is out somewhere.) - SIGN-IN! 20.41! SHOWER! - OH! MTA BUS ANNOUNCEMENT M16, time: 19 hundred hours! AT LAST! 24hour clock!

Sunday, 17 July:

9.37 M15 to 59th: Pardon me but... fuk YOU MetroPCS and Huawei cheap pieces of shit! - OK. My guts are knotted (yes, again). Woke at 5.30. Casual coffee, 2 tiny bm's (acidic!). Shower. 5th fl. by 7.30. I'm proofing in quiet when I hear: "Pardon me brother but I was sitting there." (Steve) I calmly looked up and said "YOU were sitting HERE?" "Yeah." I offered to let him sit on my lap. SCARED THE CRAP OUT OF THE OTHERS SITTING THERE. We got a good chuckle out of it. - 10.41 Q32 64/3 So Steve's kinda messing with his job. But y'know... it was expected. He was just that much "too good" at the start. Still, beer and all, I hope good things and better days come to him. - I was 4th on the CaseWorker list and was out by about 9.00! I tend to think Ms.Khenkina really does have my best interest in mind. But... trust? Nah. I completed the "Housing" app. She gave me a meal ticket through the 31st! Bless her. So now we'll see who usurps her authority, fuks her round about (and me too). ONE at least... - Up to get beach stuff, make peanut butter/frosting sandwiches. E3 asked about my day off. A little chatty. D(arse)vid? Gospel on the radio... in bed! Useless. Last night... OH OH OH LAST NIGHT!!! D(arse)vid gets up at about 23.00, flips on the light, rummages through his locker. Light out. THEN arseI gets to thumpbanging HIS shit! I quietly sat up in bed: "Excuse me. Will you be doing that until like 3.00 in the morning?" "No suh." "Thank you." ... I hear a soft "Bitch." But that ended it. I slept, prepared to BATTLE! None came. - 10.54 Queens Blvd./42ndSt. Hungry but afraid to eat. And not too sure why I'm bothering to go to the Fort at this hour. Got some adhesive at HomeDepot 59thSt. Will try to "fix" sneakers. - I'm exhausted. This phone's fukking about. Ciao. - 19.41 14thSt. Bus. Parking lot! TRAFFIC! - Wow! A really good, GOOD day! In spite of getting to the beach at 14.00 and having to go to CrossWalk 6 (Battery Kessler is 7). - Got the Q32 bus at 59th. The Q53 (PACKED AND MOBBED AND REFUGEES FROM END TO END!) to B116. Waldbaum's for beverages and rice cakes (to stop the trots). I'm "browsing" the Gatorade when I hear "What are you doing here?" SULLY! WOW! SULLY! We TALKED... the Fort, NPS, the history, the present, the works! Suddenly, I was in no rush. It was SULLY! - Off to the Q35... the Fort. Took the table by the old P.O. Glue on the sneakers, finished my peanut-butter/frosting sandwiches, coffee. Off to the ShoreRd. Beach PACKED up to CrossWalk 5! CrossWalk 6 not too bad. But how strange to swim out there. I've never done before. One real swim in. Not bad at all. And I see where Bayl is these days... The Fort! - Cool breezes. DELightful. I actually slept from about 15.28-16.40! - No "wash" tho. I left, salted. Took a trip by the FreshPond. No beach plumbs yet. Out via RangerRd. NO RAA! YAY! - Q22 bus to Gaston where... the bloody MTA's changing the signs! "B67 Arverne By The fukking Sea"! (Tried to take a pic of the old signage but this piece of shit phone fukked about.) Yes. Time to let go... leave. There's nothing left to hold on to. - (Irving Pl. 19.56) - 21.24 E4:: MOVE! JUST

MOVE! DON'T STOP! MOVE! The rice-cakes and Gatorade stopped me. But went through. - 1 and 2 in bed at 20.21... probably all day. - I "sorted" wash, signed-in (2 floors signing on the 6th tonight. Why? WTF?), did the t-shirt, trunks, socks, then me. - D(arse)vid's got a 21.00 game on, but relatively low (or I'm getting used to this shit). Glennie's reclining, tongue-clicking. But with the BOTH of them, they'll start at 22.30 no doubt. - My ONE, SOLE, SINGULAR, SOLITARY HOPE... STRENGTH... VT! With-out it, I'm done. - A Note: French on 59th this morning. French on the beach. French at the Gaston station. French on the bus this evening. A message? Preparation? - 2 PopTarts. I want a quick smoke. No sense resting til "BED CHECK"! And tonight we have the "hise nigger" with the superior attitude. Ah... Sunday. Tomorrow... back to WORK!

Monday, 18 July:

8.43 Last night, bed-check was a knock on the door, followed by not-too-bad. I slept. Did NOT want to get out of bed! - By 6.00 I was on the stairs and on my way. At the bus stop, I needed a loo! Held tight... Doze-snoozed all the way to RockBlvd! I'm bloody tired! - Q53, empty and buzzing. - At the client's house: He was awake! (I used the loo... frosting sandwiches are coming through. Mrs. came in as I was finishing with my toilet.) Mrs. prepped breakfast. Mr. had a dump in the drawers. I'm in no mood but got it all done. - The grand-kids are here!!! Not feeling well. One vomited this morning. Mrs. left. Went next door (laundry). I shall NOT "baby-sit. - I'm nodding here. - BUT TD's fine and I'm OK. The sneakers? We'll see when the rains come but they appear to be fair. - 15.46 Q21 OK then. Had a little "incident" this morning. Washed it. Butt... it's the idea. Don't know when or where. Butt, clean now. - The family was ill. They had a BBQ yesterday. Kids in the house this morning. - THEN... Mr. IS GOING INTO HOSPITAL TONIGHT. DAUGHTER HOPING HE'LL BE BACK THURSDAY! HERE WE GO... FUKME TIME! GODDAMNIT! I CAN'T AFFORD THIS SHIT! Rang Ramdai since I can't trust Marlene. Ramdai not in! FUKME! So I'm looking at 2.25\$ tomorrow... AND probably a trip into HoBe for... the trip. I CANNOT STAY IN THAT SHELTER! Even til 8.00. The beach? No. Too much beach. Maybe job-hunts. I NEED to apply to TD anyway. Maybe this is an omen: GO NOW! We'll see. - En route (15.57 Rock.B96) to PO. Peninsula Library. - Had turkey/mozzarella sandwich. Mrs. said "take". When I've no refridge. My "life". - Well? Well. - 19.18 South Channel I HAVE TO PEE! I'M THIRSTY! AND... PIC sent the WRONG pay statement, I spent TWO HOURS on-line at Peninsula Library for almost nothing, iTunes is fukked-up, I have to wash my work scrubs, a storm is coming, the air is actually WET, AND I have to go back to that Dung-heap, AND NO WORK TOMORROW... AND I have to WAIT for a bloody A! It ALL comes crashing at once. Time for a break-down. I want a DRINK... MARTINI! VODKA! SOMETHING!

Tuesday, 19 July:

21.45 E4: 29deg! No breeze again tonight. And D(arse)vid's been smoking his shitecigarettes again. But tonight there's TWO Febreeze air fresheners in the locker (with "tones" of eucalyptus... mmmm...). Hopefully to dissuade the little mouse (confirmed this morning when it bolted again and then scurried about the loo, out into the hall and into the "ELECT ROOM" (6W-91) across the hall). This as I woke on time, left at 6.30! - Scrubs, made it to HoBe by about 8. Rang Mrs. E. She was next-door with the grand-kids. Mr. went to LIJ at 21.00 last night. I rang PIC. "Leave." When I got to talk with Mrs. she told me "Go home. Make your coffee. Take the jello, pineapple, what-ever you want." Imagine? "Go home." She was referring to HER "home", but talks to me as if it were MY home as well. So, I went, made coffee, ate the pastries, did the dishes, made the house nice. - Rang Ramdai for more work. She knows this case is good and encouraged me to hold it and dismiss Marlene. OK. - Left. - Q35 to Waldbaum's for Tribute Park lunch: 2 Fage with half tin peaches. I DROPPED the can and LOST half! Stupid me. But I ate well. - Shuttle to

Peninsula Library. iTunes is FUKDUP! The address doesn't "verify" any more! - (22.01 O FUKKINJOLLY! NEW BLOODY E1. White. Black polo. Khakis. Kinda "CaleeFornya" but I'm NOT "fond". No luggage. No linens. No clue. But I don't "feel" it's going to be "good". Well... IT HAD BETTER BATHE AND NOT BANG INTO THE NIGHT! Or smoke in the dorm. Fuk.) - So as for iTunes? I'm on a Twitter rage! I'm PISSED! 2 "Live Chats" with Apple and "Tim" tells me to fill in the on-line form (did). A PO Box is no good. "Jamie" says it takes 48 hours. I tried B116, B169, Rockaway Beach Blvd.. Didn't match the banque. FUK! And the deposit cleared! - Call from RockBeach PO about RockPark. Nice woman. - To RiteAid. Cigarettes and air fresheners. Walked with Chung to Q35. I went to Target: XXL ZipLock, gallon ZipLock. - Miserable trains to The City! - SIB Library for 45mins on the iPod. NO iTunes! - To the Dung-heap. RadioBoy. - Washed beach towel, pillow case. Cool shower. - 22.11 Radio on. E3 stirring. Air at bed smells nice (Fukdem). And I must try for a nap before our new E1 begins with the bangbang tonight.

Wednesday, 20 July:

6.26 34/1st Bowels want to burst, HOT, and the bloody stylus for this phone is probably on the damned floor... a bad start. . very bad start. - Off to storage. I'd prefer death. - 06:35 Something pressing on my bladder. - Using my pen for this. - At 21.00 last night, call from Evelyn: my things are in Rockaway... Beth. No Kessler's rye. I left a whole bottle. unopened in the house. But... it's Beth... "Orthodox", probably won't touch alcohol. Figures... Beth. Now to figure how to get it all from Bayswater to S.Ozone... in this heat. - Just let the bowels hold til storage! - 12.37 Q35 from The Junction. These are the days to push even sane men over the edge! I keep inhaling saliva, choking and sneezing. It's because my brain is shutting-down. I've reached the edge and am teetering. Admittedly. Even to the point of pondering going for "help". - The stylus for this shit-phone may or may not be on the floor in the dorm at the shelter. I'm using the spare... Got it this morning when I went to storage to put some papers back, get pay stubs, get the Ikea tote (for the things that Beth now has). Left there at about 8.25. Headed to Brooklyn Central Library directly via Rockaway. 5 minute wait for 30 minutes on a PC. iTunes is fucked beyond belief! Fuk them. Fuk Apple. Fukitall! - One quick potty at Target. A quick stop at RiteAid and at 12.45 I'm ONLY at Floyd Bennet! In scrubs (they're cooler I'm sure). - It bothers me that BETH now has my things. - I sent a curt e-mail to Schmulik about his fucking "Apple/Mac". - I'm SO tired of being SO tired! - Working my bloodyfukking BALLS off for about 79\$ to my name. I'm fed-up. Really. - Marine Park Br. HAZY! Disgusting. - Now to Peninsula Library and MORE FUKKUPS for the day. - 20.40 E4: Almost immediate PC at Peninsula Library. Spent the hour proofing. Then to the 53, 35, immediate 5 and SIB Library. Coded a table for images and proofed to pg45! 44 more to go. Then comes the remainder. - Left SIB Library about 19.00. TD to see about address change. I BLOODY FORGOT TO COPY PAY STUBS FOR Ms.Khenkina so tomorrow I've that much MORE to do! And nobody on the floor at TD so THAT TOO, TOMORROW! - Rang Beth r/t "stuff" as she called it. SHE DOESN'T KNOW WHERE HOWARD BEACH IS! And FUK can she be simple. She wants to meet at an address. I suggested Waldbaum's on CrossBay BUT... She wants me to call NEXT MONDAY 20.00. I'll suggest Liberty Av. SHIT! It's the least she can do for all I did for her parents. Fuk. - Rang Danielle r/t CE. She told me nothing. No answer at Mrs. number. - M34. Strolled down to Dungheap. In fine. - E1 packed and left tonight. Here we go again! E3's glad he's gone. Me? Hey. He's White... but truthfully, there was something I didn't like. But... NO REST AGAIN TONIGHT! and Oh. E1 brought about 4 HUGE pcs. luggage! THE WHOLE HOUSE! (My storage is a blessing.) - I'm pissed. 1,5 weeks til AUGUST! I BLOODYFUKKING NEED MONEY AND I'M BEGINNING TO CONNIVE. I DON'T WANT 3 FUKKING MONTHS IN HERE! - 20.53 and the HallSpics get to shouting... accompanied by E3. - Sign-in. Shower. - I've eaten 1 Cadbury, 1 Coke, 4 rice cakes, 4PopTarts all day. NOT GOOD.

Thursday, 21 July:

10.34 M34 bus to SIB Library: Begin...30th/1st. - M15 bus to 42nd/1st. - M42 bus to GCT. - Nr.7 train to 61st/Woodside. - Q53 bus to LibertyAv. - Storage to return stylus. Close call "incident" (not gas). Emergency stop I-HOP LOO! - Q53bus to Metropolitan. Staples. Copy pay statements. - Q53 bus to Queens Blvd. - M train to RooseveltAv. F train to 63rd/Lex. - M15 bus to 30th/2nd. - Walk to 30th/1st. - Walk up to 5th Floor. - Ms.Peace RECOGNISED ME! WONDERFULLY WARM GREETING! Got Ms.Khenkina from her office. I handed her the envelope with copies. - Walk down to street. - 30th/1st. - Walk to 34th/1st. - M34 bus to SIB Library. - 10.43 M34 bus Park/34th. - 12.09 (It took til 12.13 to get this bloody page!(Q32 bus to JacksonHts... I passed an hour at SIB Library, charging this phone, noting images on all the printed-proofed journal pages. Plan: Q53 bus to TheRock, Peninsula Library. (I'm so damned HUNGRY right now... and thirsty). - Q22 bus/Q53 bus to Waldbaum's for a quick yoghurt lunch and water. - Q35 bus to The Junction. - Nr.5 train to 14th St./ Union Square - Nr.6 train to 33rd St./Park Av.. - Walk to SIB Library until 20.00. - M16 bus/34th St. back to where this all began. - 12.20 at 53rd St./MadAv. I'm tired. Gee. I wonder why. Am in scrubs. But I'm in air conditioning. IT'S SO HOT, HUMID, DAMP! - 12.55 IMMEDIATE CONECTION TO THE Q53 bus! (38-19 69thSt./Roosevelt: Lucho's is a Gay Sports Bar?) - I'm SO SO SO BLOODY HUNGRY! I can FEEL my sugar's low. But... we're movin' here people. - 16.08 Q35 bus to The Junction. Got my hour at Peninsula Library. Images are going on! - NASTY e-mail from Schmulik. Suggested I phone Apple. A "polite" call. "I don't need aggravation either." OK. You won't get any from me. CUT. FINE. The iPod will cover my monetary investment and hospitality. Even. - Q22 bus bus to Waldbaum's. 2 Fage, peaches, tin of coffee. GaryPIC has a 4hx5d (4 hours x 5 days) in HoBe. I rang Mrs.Estremo Mr. got 3rd transfusion this morning. All's well with him. Probably back on week-end. But I've screwed me before by holding-out. I'll call Gary, see if I can take his case temp. I'm about to be screwed again, no matter what. - Now back to SIB Library to continue with this journal. - SHIT! It's been a day! - 21.12 E4: The thermometer says 31.5. My body says 40 easy! I've just come from a cold shower and must say that if I hadn't showered in COLD water, I'd soon be rushed out of here in collapse. My body will NOT take much more if this heat. I'm feeling it right into the marrow: pain, spasms, cramps. I pray only for death. - Meanwhile, the trip from Peninsula Library went... the Nr.5 at The Junction became a Nr.2. I got off at Franklin. (El's just come in. Clean bed, floor... but another Locker-banger. Oh well fuk. And all chummy with D(arse)vid. Jolly, that.) The Nr.4 train was there but wouldn't make the connection! Conductor saw the 4 of us waiting, and one guy holding one door. Nasty bastard. So a 5 came along in moments. Union Square to a PACKED Nr.6 train. (Whilst waiting, a youngish Black man speaks. CNA looking for work! Getting paid 8\$/hr! SHIT! And not enough hours! So much for CNA! It's ALL just WRONG!). Meanwhile... immediate PC at SIB Library (in AIR CONDITIONING!). Many IMAGES are on the "Monogram" pages! A bit more work needed and lots more proofing. The proofed text has to be placed and the formatting needs tweaking. But... PROGRESS! - Stayed a while longer (AIR CONDITIONING) then left at about 19.30. - Lengthy wait for M34 bus. But nice people. - Walked to 30th. Zipped in. WALKED THE 6 FLIGHTS... SLOWLY! - Washed unders. Was sweat-drenched! - Signed-in. Showered. - 21.29 The air is moving a little. El's a "Lights On" shit. AND A BLOODYFUKKING LOCKER-BANGER LIKE ALL SHIT! FUK! SLAMMING! FOR NO FUKKING REASON. Shame... must be a terribly small penis. Time... I've a feeling I'll be "jumping" too soon again. I'd like better weather to enjoy my death. And that's what it's looking like lately... just time to check out of here. - A note: El, Black, LOUD. El locker. E2 radio. E3 PuertoRican. Not too loud. A bit considerate and respectful. But not silent and not too clean. Just a note. - I think I'm peeling: back and scalp.

Friday, 22 July:

6.21 M42 D(arse)vid up and down until almost 1.00 this morning. Lights on. Lights off. Lights on.

El in and out. Locker-banging. And me? Up at 4.30. - 7.26 GrandArmyPlaza. The heat and fatigue are beginning to take hold. And with 90mins before Brooklyn Central Library opens! I'm about bitter-hateful just now. About 3,5-4hrs sleep... Sleep? NOT! Between the sweating and the chatting and the smoking and the locker-banging and the lights on and the lights off... Sleep? Oh no! Not me. - But I had a some-what good "dump" in GCT before getting on the train. Just enough to make this morning a "Non-Emergency". So OK for me on that! - Grabbed the Nr.7 at Bryant to Times Square. Nr.2 train. Fatigue? I was thinking "Flatbush to the B41 to the library". The 2 comes directly here! Fatigue? - I need a place to lie down and SLEEP! (And an iced coffee would be grand. I've got a tenner in my bag that I'm holding on to for dear life... I don't even have a "dear life". I wonder what Union Temple would say if I asked to nap in there. - Plan was: go directly to the Fort this morning. BUT it's just SO HOT! Considered HomeDepot for canvas, as cover on the beach. But 11-16\$ on something to be used so infrequently? I should think not. So "auto-pilot" brought me here. - If I close my eyes right now I'll drift right off... and the time is moving SO slowly! - I have the "beach stuff" with me. The sheet needs to be washed. But I just might toss it into storage at some point during the day. - Oops. Dozed a moment there. - Breaking a sweat here, just sitting! The air is still. Company. Black woman. No chatting. Too hot. Too tired. - Oh, El asked about outlet (electrical) last night and D(arse)vid told him "There's 2 right there." My bed of course. When I got in last evening D(arse)vid had his phone plugged in... on the floor. Fukkim. - Let's see who... I forget what I was about to enter something. Forgot what it was. I keep dozing! Twitter time. - 11.26 Brooklyn Central Library RUSHING! I've got to be in HoBe on a case by 14.00! - I got the iTunes fixed and down-loaded more! - 350-plus deposited today! I have to get to the PO and transfer to TD! - TD address corrected! It was all because of the 950 on the PO Box address! - I haven't eaten. I'm SO hungry! - AND I've put ALL the images into the September Journal notes! - OK! I gots to get outta here! - 18.12 Q5 back to the Dung-heap. - WHAT a day! iTunes galore! Hours in Peninsula Library. THE HEAT! 37 bloody degrees! SWEAT! I actually HAD to remove the scrub top. - The patient? Fukked-up. Old couple. Neither is mobile. Neither very pleasant. Dark place... closed. Dreary. She'd arranged with Danielle that somebody would be there at 13.00. Gary told me 14.00. Well. In spite of WALKING from the HoBe PO (TD MO!) and arriving SOAKED in sweat, I was "released". No regrets. And 2hrs pay. - CE may come home tonight! WORK! MONEY! YEAH! - Out of the Fort with Moby. "So this is good-bye..." across Marine Park Bridge. Goodnight Jamaica Bay. - 21.05 E4: and 34,5degrees in here! - El: Jorge Lopez. Engineer. Cuban. Standing in the doorway when I went to do my nightly wash. "You work?" "Yup." "Respect to you." Imagine? AND he gave D(arse)vid a bit of a go at 6.30 when the radio came on. Got "security" involved. RadioBoy was told to get earphones. (The damned thing's on now... he's walking in and out.) Jorge even noted it's disrespectful to Guillermo(3) "The old man with one arm". So now we wait'n'see. As I thought in the cool shower 'You don't need friends in here but you surely don't need enemies'. - Did I mention today's "meal"? A Portuguese roll, 2 packages Buddig turkey (77cents ea.) (Waldbaum's!) made on top of the carts, eaten as I waited for the Q21 bus. I was so dehydrated I had all to do to swallow! Lemon pie. Not bad. Tinned Starbucks. Gatorade. En route to the "patient". - Just had PopTarts. - It's so HOT in here. I was OK right after the shower but even the motion of my fingers journaling is making me sweat! This is just WRONG all round. - Tonight, Guillermo was chatty. Asthmatic. And feeling the heat. Suggested we can sleep in the "Cooling Room"... sitting on a chair. Well... I've slept in worse I suppose. - I put the PopTarts wrapper on the floor and a mouse just went for it. It gives me ideas... for crumbs by the "crumb". Nothing further to say. - EVEN THE AIR/BREEZE IS HOT! Guil. says it got to 101F. Wrong. Just wrong. - Waiting for bed-check. Hoping for SLEEP! Trying to figure out travel for morning. Libs (libraries) open at 10. I want to be out by 6/30. - 21.27 The smoke detector is blinking little green lights. OK D(arse)vid... light up tonight.

Saturday, 23 July:

7.05 34th/1st MY GUTS WANT TO BURST! WHY? I can sit for 20mins on the bowl for nothing. BUT walk OUT the door and BANG! - COLD shower this morning. Refreshing. And now the sweat begins. - Up at 1.00 this morning with leg cramps. Cold shower and back to bed. It's getting me. It's getting me. - Tempthingie here says 84F. More like 84C. - Bowels churn. I'm thirsty. Even the breeze is hitting my guts. - Was thinking Q32 to storage. Might be cross-town to Penn for the loo and the A. Why are there no public loos in this hell-hole city? WHY? - 8.00 Gigi's 34/Park/Mad saved me. NOT Beth Israel. NOT DuaneReade... who told me to go to Gigi's. THANK YOU GIGI's! - It must be the s'mores PopTarts. They attack. - Beard trimmed shorter this morning. Long time it hasn't been trimmed short. - Now to Q53, storage, Peninsula Library. - I'm in scrubs again. - 19.14 E4: It's 34 at JFK, 34 in this trap. And, for the first time all day, I'm drenched with sweat. - Woke at 5 after a semi-fitful night. I got some sleep but not much. HEAT! mostly. Jorge never came in. Now I wonder... Please, no more changes. He spoke. He's clean. (There's a large moth flying about.) He appears harmless. He hates D(arse)vid's radio (how can y' not luv that?). Please, no more changes. - OK. So, this morning I trimmed the beard closer. I won't trim it down this time because it shows how terribly drawn my face is. I look utterly disgusting. (Although everybody, incl. Jorge LopezEl takes me for being in my 40's. I dunno.) I think it feels "cleaner". Don't know. Can't really care anymore. - Out. Stroll to 34th, still rather uncertain what to do with the day. But I was in scrubs. They're cooler, easier to wash, give the impression I'm off to work. At the bus stop? BOWELS! I decided to ignore. Got to Madison, decided Q32. A trip to storage, put my beach stuff in. I'll have little beach time, have been schlepping it for no reason. It's time to clear the locker anyway. I don't wear "clothes". No sense having them here. Little by little, most will go. - At Mad/5th? THE CRAMP! I HAD TO GO! At 7.00 on Saturday morning. So I slowly strolled east on 34th. No loo at DunkinDonuts. BethIsrael wouldn't oblige (not open until 8!). DuaneReade told me to go to "the restaurant". I found "Gigi's". Tables! I humbly asked to use the loo. THEY obliged. JUST IN TIME! It's the damned PopTarts! One boom and done. A "lighter" return to the bus stop. On we went. - Great connect to Q53... almost EMPTY! YAY! - At storage: NO LIFTS! ConEd cut-back on the power. (OK. Yes. We're not Equatorial and this DAMNED HEAT is taking its toll.) Thankfully my little bag was nothing. I walked. Borrowed a step ladder for the quickest moment and was done. Potty stop. Out. - At the Compare Mkt. 2 melon Gatorades, 2 tins tropical fruit for "meal". I wanted light in this heat. - Q53... Peninsula Library just past 10.00. Good timing! - I iTuned for a while... - 20:01 Got more images on this journal. In general... I lingered... in the AIR CONDITIONING! - Left hesitantly. A quick Q22bus to B116. Stroll to Tribute Park. "Meal" at high tide! Figures. High tide and me NOT at the beach! As the folks type: FML. - I took the train into The City. No Nr.5 train service. S.L.O.W.! I actually SLEPT on the A train! F train at Jay. D train at 14th. S.L.O.W. BUT... Strolled over to and made it to SIB Library by about 15.30! Few iTunes. Another hour on-line... THE BORDER SKETCHES ARE DONE! Now to correct text, insert a few images. Bingo! I can die... the story will remain. - Phone call: CARMINE'S HOME! (So why the fuk have I not been contacted by PIC?) BACK TO WORK! (I completed the Dept.OfLabour complaint today.) - M16 bus at 18.00back to this shit-box. D(arse)vid in (of course), radio on (of course). I got "comfy", hand-washed the beach-sheet. It's on the locker. Washed water/coffee bottles. Made coffee. - Am on the bed, scrub bottoms only. DRENCHED WITH SWEAT! - A note: I brought the fresh sheet in, put it on the locker, D(arse)vid commences farting! Crackhead shit! - The air is moving! Not an actual "breeze" but I can HOPE. - Nodding here at 20.08 - 20.09 PS: My locker was a little roach nest! And my freshly-washed scrubs bottoms have gunk on them. I come in early to remind why I shouldn't. This place IS HELL (and just as hot too).

Sunday, 24 July:

8.15 Mad/42 Q32 at 8.32 Jorge left last night! SHIT! Here we go again. What's with El? The cursed bed in the room. I wonder: Seems each room has 1 bed that keeps turning over. Who died a merciless death in that spot over the history of Bellevue? What soul lingers there in Hell? I have to wonder. And now? I dread what's to come in the middle of tonight. - I almost lost it last night: D(arse)vid with the lights and radio. I asked: Do I disturb you when I wake at 4.30 in the morning? "No." Do I disturb you when I get ready for work? "No." Do you hear me leave at 5.30-6.00? and "No.". OK then. Just wondering. The light stayed on, radio too. The old man's brain-dead. Then, the light goes off, he lights a cigarette! - This morning, my bed and pillow SOAKED! It's all beginning to smell sour from sweat. MUCH to wash now. But the sheet I'd washed last night was delightfully dry. It goes to storage this morning. - I sorted the locker. Surprisingly not much in there. I'm prepping to relocate... middle of the night or (PLEASE!) out the door to VT. SOON-SOON TO VT! PLEASE! OH PLEASE! - M15 bus to 42nd St. 42nd St. to GCT. Non-emergency bm. Here I am. - Possibility of rain today. I'll HAVE to change shoes. BOTH of the Adidas have holes in the soles and I don't have enough bags to cover my feet. DAFUK (*Hebrew: "Fucked up"*) indeed. - 8.29 Q32! If some woman didn't get off I'd've missed it. Not paying attention. Only 2 of us on here. Sweet. - I'm in scrubs again. Please call me and send me to CE this morning! I NEED the income... NOW! NOW! NOW! - Mid-Manhattan Library open 10-18.00. Brooklyn Central Library 13-17.00. I'm "plotting". Storage first. Then?... My existence: Then? - 8.35 500 Park/Banerj 1st fl. is now TD! Imagine? - I'd posted on Twitter that the old man tried for 16yrs to kill me. Some dumfuk replied: 'Many of us were verbally or physically abused leading to depression, instability and homelessness.' FACT: My prob? TRUST! I "TRUST" too many, too much. And I get SO PAINFULLY FUKKED. (Note: NOT ANY LONGER. NOT EVER AGAIN.) - I just can't get past Beth: Grows up in Glendale/Forest Hills. Lives in Bayswater and asks ME "Where's Howard Beach?" No wonder she went "Black-hat". Mindless twit! I have to ring her tomorrow. I'll arrange to meet at Peninsula Library, get my things, have done with it. Sever and walk away. - 8.44 QUEENS BLVD! OPEN SPACE AND NOT THE CITY! - 9.20 WoodhavenBlvd. I'm concerned: Over-cast. My bowels are calm. DOOM! - 11.12 A train to TheRock. AZZIZ! was at storage. They tossed him! Put him in a hotel, bastard "security" picked a fight talkin' "he's going to fuk A's Mother." OK. Done. (CaseWorker? Ms.Peace!) But he's rebounding. "We" do that. - Now? Me? Waldbaum's for "meal". I need food. Brooklyn Central Library for 30mins. Mid-Manhattan Library until 18.00. I need to WASH MY SHEETS TONIGHT! - Then... tomorrow... - 19.37 E4:: WASH! Sheet, pillow case, t-shirt. OK! Beard trimmed. Coffee made. O,OK. Made up for totally wasted time at Mid-Manhattan Library. - And it's down to 30deg. - The day? The day: I fell back to sleep until almost 6 this morning. Bust'n'bolt.. for no real reason. M15 to 42nd. A stop at GCT loo, just because it's the thing to do in the morning. A stroll to Mad. Q32. Quick connect to Q53. Storage. - Storage: Right there, in the aisle, AZIZ! It's been a while. He'd been placed in a "hotel" with room-mate. They had to give the key to a "security guard" when they left. One evening, as the story goes, he argued with "security" who then suggested he'd (the security guard) fuk Aziz's Mum, sister and daughter. A. did what people will do in such a case: popped the guy who then made a MAJOR incident of it. Major police involvement. A.'s been "sanctioned"... tossed out! How long? Unknown. His CaseWorker? Ms.Peace We both agree, she's the rare one who actually takes interest. But nobody seems to know the particulars about the "sanction". Ms.Peace told him to lay low... somebody's out to get him. (Darsevid with the bloody cigarette! And my laundry out! Wet! I NEED to address this... but with whom? I wonder if Jorge got transferred because he bitched. Fuk.) Moving right along, it was terrific seeing Aziz. But he kept yawning. He's working. Nights I believe. WORKING! Great guy. - I left at about 9.45. Thought of going to Brooklyn Central Library. Decided on Rockaway and food. So, train to Waldbaum's for a fresh fruit bowl (5\$), 2 yoghurts, coffee, Gatorade. Matt Monahan in the market. He and Helene got a place at B117 St./The Blvd. Studio. 900\$/mo. all

incl. (Thanks for thinking of me... trash.) - Tribute Park for meal. Cloudy and still HOT! Right through the clouds! - As I was waiting to cross Beach Channel Drive (Beach Chanel Drive), "toot"! Geoff. He waved. I waved. I wonder how word will go round... I'm still here. Fuk them. Fuk Penelope. That's all. - Q35. WILLIE! YAY! But I dozed during the run to The Junction. But we quick-chatted at the end. - Nr.2 train to Atlantic to the D train. Off to Mid-Manhattan Library. WELL! NO PLACE TO PLUG IN THE IPOD! (cont...) - (20.16 I had SO MUCH journaled. GONE! I'm falling asleep and when I do, the stylus rests on the phone screen and wipes everything out!). - Sun.24July2011 Cont. at 7.34 Mon.25July at HoBe (Client-E) So, at Mid-Manhattan Library I reserved a PC with 45min wait. Took a seat, 4th fl. by the window. NO AIR CONDITIONING! NO FAN! MISERABLY HOT! And the WiFi (down-load more iTunes) was shit! Just horrid. I sat, sweating. - PC? Bad key-board. Non-functioning mouse. I got to Twitter, bitched about the PC and conditions, to NYPL and Bloomberg, the I cut the damned session. WORTHLESS! Had to use the loo: 3rd fl. 2 guys in separate stalls. The place stunk! The one free stall was FILTHY. Up to 5th fl. 2 Homeless. One doing his wash in the basin. Floor covered in urine(?). I super-padded the bowl. I HAD to go. (Heat cramps are killing me!). Couldn't wait to leave! And only about 16.25. - At Bryant Park, a message from Marilyn E.: I rang. CE's home, can I come tomorrow? I rang back. Of course! (3 reasons: 1)It gets me out of The Shelter with destination and purpose... 2)Endears me to the family, job longevity... 3)See if PIC fux me over by sending somebody else (as I expect them to do). - Settled. But not one mention of "psy" so I'll be brutally fukked with this one. Still, I won't be in Shelter and WILL be in a HOME! - Staples on 40th/6th. Copied pay statements. Not good. 2 of them averages 200\$/week. I'll be losing FS now... "FML" as 'tis tweeted. Well. It's done. - D train to 34th. Figured I'd wash the sheet/pillow case anyway. On the train, a lovely young Black lady looking for the "train to Washington" (Penn Station). I don't know why... I offered help. She's from FRANCE! We spoke a bit of FRENCH! (Am I to re-acquaint for the move to VT? YES! I say YES!). I brought her right to the station. She was thankful. I had the time. - Jack's 99cent! 4 cakes of Irish Spring, plastic case for phone and iPod, bottle of aspirin. Soap to kill "my" sour odour. Aspirin to thin the blood/heat. - M34 bus to Park. I thought I'd try for TD savings. Nobody there. 2nd time. Alas. Maybe it's not to be? - M16 bus to the Dung-Heap by about 18.00. Quick in. Lift up. I began... (cont...) - Changed into yellow trunks. Grabbed bottom sheet, pillow case. WASH! Put them in locker to dry. T-shirt next. (Plastic bags on head-rail... hang t-shirt.) Trim beard. Make coffee. Ignore Darsevid. - Radio: Olde Tyme radio followed by show tunes WBAI. He listens to progressive nostalgia and is SO BLOODY INCONSIDERATE! - Well, I tried to journal but kept nodding off! The heat, humidity, lack of sleep, concern about income, the move. ALL and more. - OK... signed-in. El "Unassigned"! Showered. Lie-down, wait for intrusions to come. - I think the 4 aspirins helped a bit. - Don't know what hour: knock on the door. "Sorry fellas. El." Tall Black guy. Well dressed. Well spoken. Didn't slambang the locker. Even apologised to me for putting on the light! (TOO GOOD! MAJOR TROUBLE COMING!). Darsevid woke, sat up, FINALLY turned the radio off! And in due course, all went quiet. - The end.

Monday, 25 July:

8.08 HoBe Arrived 7.15. Up at 4.30. El gone already. Got me together. M15 bus, 14th Street, slept on (an old) A train almost ALL the way. -Weather in HoBe is DELIGHTFUL! The woman across the street spoke. Says the E.'s said they hope I stay on the case. Lou said "I'm so glad to hear your voice." CE? Sleeping. - I'm quite tired. CRAMPS this morning. Just tiny bm. But I'm sitting in a comfy chair, fan on, in quiet, coffee done. I'm OK. - 19.01 Mid-Manhattan Library lexhaysred (EXHAUSTED!) OK? But I don't want to go to the Dung-Heap yet and was hoping for an iTunes or 2 (but the WiFi is F.U. again). Have to ring Beth at 20.00. Dreading that. I'm on the 5th floor, quiet but annoying (no WiFi... I wonder if they tracked my nasty tweets yesterday and associated

to my card.) ANYway... 10hrs at CE's at 10\$/hr and Marilyn simply handed me 5 20's no comments. It's more than I'd've made on the books. AND the case is open AND I'm back to 7hrs×7days. - Right now I NEED FOOD! Only toast and ice cream (Ensure) all day. - WiFi won't do iTunes. This phone is aggravating me. - QUIET NIGHT TONIGHT!

Tuesday, 26 July:

6.04 M15 Schpritzie weather. Bustin'bowels. - Last night, no wash: clothes or me. In. Sign (5th fl.), schmooze with Steve. 2 aspirins. To bed. To... SLEEP! - 6.13 M14 bus: I didn't hear El come in, the radio, bed-check! Woke "chilled" this morning. No cover. Chilled. Nice. But 2 trips to the loo and my guts are PAINFUL. I didn't eat yesterday and only added Doritos en route. My body is just SO hateful. - Message from Beth: One word; my name; nothing more. Figures. The world. Bull-shit. - Well... just get me to HoBe... CLEAN! - 7.18 HoBe Made it by 7. 6! SLEPT... I mean "SLEPT" all through Brooklyn. I barely recall seeing Nostrand. So... it's back to the Riverdale Days... sleeping on the A train. (I HAVE to sleep... it's the ONLY way to control my guts. If I'm awake, I'm in painful discomfort. BUT... when I got here, it was gas. Still, I can't risk "more".) This morning, CE will have French toast and I will have scrambled eggs. (WE will have breakfast.) - I have to get coverage for Sunday. C's hospital stay threw my "off" week-ends and I MUST see Ms.Khenkina THIS Sunday. MORE NECESSARY MONEY BEING STOLEN FROM ME... Courtesy of Dept. of Homeless Svces. But, logic/rationale? It's actually because I have a set date for myself to get finances and get out. It's "me", not the world. - Meanwhile, this business with Beth just pisses me the fuck off! "Where's HoBe?" Dumbass. Really! And I'll carry the brunt of the parcels (as usual). SHE has a car. BUT I don't dare suggest S.Ozone/storage. Me? I'd deliver to the door if I had the car. But then, me? I'm "Schmuck o' the World". And she? Oh! She's "Orthodox" which means SHE does shit for the world. Well. That's THEM. I'm just looking forward to closure... the end... buh-bye. Her parents had it VERY VERY well. But I wasn't VERY VERY worth a couple bucks more. Now even their daughter... Enough, let it go. - C's awake. I'm rather tired. I'm here. Clocked-in 7.18. On the time at 8. This is MY time now. I'm here... period. - 21.25 E4:: (radio going. No Darsevid) Quite the day. CE was in delightful spirits. Talkative. Showered. ATE ALL BKFST AND LUNCH! Went next-door at 14.30 for his birthday cake. A GREAT day! - I had 3-egg omelet w/cheese. Finished the "old" pound-cake. I ATE! - Left 15.18 went to Peninsula Library. No PC until... I'd gotten a couple iTunes whilst waiting for a PC and then, just as I get logged-on I hear "Judah...". Beth. Timing was incredible. She said she'd look for a book whilst I worked on the PC. Well... the PC wouldn't allow the phone so I logged-off. (21.33 Darsevid smoking.) 3 large items: afghan, sleeping bag, pillows. "Toiletries (some are not mine), Bustello, vermouth. WTF? OK. Anyway... Beth was a bit hurried... Wouldn't even offer a lift to storage. As I said as she left: bitch. But I got the Q53 bus quickly, put all into storage and was out just about 17.30! RiteAid for cigarettes. To the A train... The damned turnstile/gate thing jammed me! Stuck! I had to ask 2 TA cops for help. NO GODDAMNED TOKEN BOOTH! - 21.38 I had to take a HOT shower. Took aspirins. Need to try for sleep. (Now I lay me down to sleep and pray Darsevid lands in hospital... in pain.)

*Comment: I actually feel good about severing the connection with Greenbergs.

Wednesday, 27 July:

7.41 HoBe Cont... 1st cop (female) was too busy with 2 Black kids who were just sitting there. "You gotta wait. I'm busy with this." (Just open the damned gate, stupid bitch.) A male cop comes. WELL! The "Emergency" exit requires a KEY! (which he had). A KEY! For an "emergency" exit. Shows just how fucked NYC and the MTA truly are. - On the A train to the L train to the 6 train to SIB Library where... iTunes! Including "Blue Rodeo", "Mavericks" and "Nek"! YEAH! MY music

is coming back! And I left just before 20.00. The guard knows me so well: "Where have you been? I don't see you long time." (Gibons, Mid-Manhattan Library, the folks at Peninsula Library, this morning - Tues. - a bus driver on the Q11... Known... in 2 boros. Known... still...) - I got into the Dung-Heap. Ortiz at the entrance. "How's it goin'?" Known... Darsevid's radio. Dark room. I got right to changing, laundry, sign-in. - Tonight, El came IN AT bed-check. The idiot doing bed-check ALMOST wouldn't let him sign! The fuk. But it went OK. I'm rather glad. El's relatively quiet, he's clean. It splits the room again: Filth on one side, People on the other. - OH. And Darsevid turned the radio down! Imagine? - I put my head on the pillow... to end the day. - Odd though: I'm feeling so much better now that I've no ties to the Gbergs. It's done. I'm "free of them". Leaving makes me feel so much better. Odd. Schmulik said I allow people to take advantage, am offended when they do and then I sever connections. Maybe that's something I need to work on? - Looking forward to "new music". - 7.58 This morning I woke 4.30. No BM. Cool shower. El left about 5.15. I think he works! How wonderful! (He also folds his mattress as I do... as I learned on the 7th floor.) Out on time to WAIT for the M15 bus. WAIT! whilst my guts felt as if they needed to BURST! Just missed the M14 bus. More waiting. More gut-churning. WAIT for the FarRock A train... THEN? Sit and sleep all the way. I TRULY REALLY NEED to get OUT of NYC. - Slept well last night. Want more sleep now. - 17.25 B98 bus WAITING... Wasted hour at Peninsula Library. And my guts are wrenched. - 20.42 ALMOST 2 HOURS from Playland to SIB Library! BUT... I got several Quebec iTunes! FRENCH MUSIC! at SIB Library. I need to get back to proofing. - I NEED TO GET OUT OF NYC! - Good day over-all. And now, waiting to sign in whilst Darsevid (E2 FYI) SMOKES HIS CIGARETTE... IN HIS BED! - Hot. Sweaty. No laundry. Nothing to eat. I'm SO tired. - E-mail from Belinda! - My eyes are closing.

Thursday, 28 July:

6.08 34th/1st Av. "Life", "being"... cursed when the very thing you hate most is your own body. When, EVERY day begins the VERY same way: wrenched, twisted, knotted, painful gut. Needing to "go" but unable until... it's not possible (on the street, the bus, the train). EVERY day, no matter what. And you realise: it's something YOU cannot control but something that controls YOU! Horrific! - I can't enjoy the sun-rise, perfect temperature, the breeze... not even my music! My body wants to spew its contents... I want to spew... - 6.19.M34 This morning:
 -The floor in the loo is covered in urine. Sticky. Slippery. Urine. These freaks insist upon peeing on the floor. Why not on their bed? An older, Black man comes from a stall. He's bare-foot!
 - I used an expression not used in a long while; Go t'HELL! And I actually meant it. "Gimme one." (a cigarette). "Go t'HELL!" I meant it.
 - 7.43 HoBe WTF? and FML! Up at 4.30 to get here at 7.30. Even with a break-down to 1 bus/1 train. I NEED to get OUT of NYC! HATE! Other-wise? Nek. Bruno Peletier. Paul Piche. Music! WHAT a delightful way to begin... NO ENGLISH! (I'd journal in non-English but it would defeat the purpose.) - HOWEVER, I dread checking the balance in my chequing. I must STOP the music (purchases)(for a while). - Prune juice... let's hope. Something else I "NEED". - Oh... the things from CT? My "Zest" is missing. Whom-so-ever gathered threw in shit that isn't mine and missed the "Zest" and a new bottle of shampoo. Me? I'm just cutting the whole thing off. Let them handle their affairs. The "books" are dreadfully off balance (not in my favour), but fukkit... fukkem. - 20.41 E4:: In the dark. Radio on WBAI, Black-bias programme. As if Obama's done such a splendid job. - Speaking of which: The CDA dollar is STRONGER AGAIN! Yesterday, I looked at Archambault. The US prices are higher! GO CANADA! - That said: It's been a miserable day. NO BM! I've tried frosting, prune juice, pineapple... Nothing's worked and this is day 3! NOT GOOD! To think the day begins with such "urge" and... nothing. I need to go on the streets. Would serve NYC right. - Work? Not terribly easy. CE had a bad day: no concentration, the legs didn't want to work. (But I made 3 eggs for me, half tin tuna.) At 15.53 Maria asked if he wanted to go next-door.

YUP! But I didn't leave too late... earlier than usual in fact. - Storage for Vitamin C. The locker needs to be PACKED! in normal fashion. - Then on to SIB Library, where I iTuned more Quebec! I NEED, MUST, HAVE TO STOP THE MUSIC! Am spending TOO much! But am re-building for "English-free" mornings. I like THAT! - E-mail from PJ. BTV is looking better all the time. I just need the money! Even though he says the shelter's better there, I don't want to land with my hand out. I sent him a lengthy reply. He's quite the blessing. - Stayed to almost 20.00. - I NEED to re-new my license! I paid the phone. Storage will be next. COSTING ME! - HOT in here AGAIN! Guillermo brought in the makings for bologna sandwiches. Nice gesture but I DO NEED roach spray. (Money flying all over!) - Sign-in. Quick shower. HOPE FOR SLEEP!

Friday, 29 July:

7.38 HoBe It's Friday. Rain. Cool temperatures. And last night was another OK night for sleep. HOWEVER... SOMETHING TUGGED AT MY TOWEL AS IT HUNG ON MY LOCKER! Something INSIDE, tugged through the bottom vent, enough to jiggle the lock. I took everything out of the lower and mid shelves (left side). Nothing. Then, from the larger right side. Nothing. Now I wonder. It couldn't be a bug. Too strong. Mouse? It didn't bolt. Curious. Hmm... Time might tell and we shall see. - Today, day 4 no BM. I'm on the bowl here. Something wants out. But it won't come. AND there's stirring outside the door. GIVE ME ONE BLOODY BREAK! FUUUK! - 08:06 EIGHTY.BLOODY.DOLLARS.AND.FIFTY.FUKKING.CENTS! to re-new the damned drivers' license! WHEN, WHERE, HOW WILL IT EVER STOP? TRAPPED! I AM SO TRAPPED! - Last night, in the shower room, I spoke with the Dread-locks from next door. Nice fellow. Questionable history. But congenial. - This morning, as I waited for the lift, a fellow gets up behind me... Steve. Wednesday evening, he got busted for peeing in the subway! Bastards. Put the bloody loos back and people won't do such things. So simple. - Anyway... he's a nice guy that Steve. I some-what enjoy his company. - This morning we're "moving" ever so slightly. My entire body feels this. - CE is asleep. The world is grey (rain stopped). Comfortably cool. The brat-vermin from down-stairs are shrieking. And I want to NAP! - 10.36 Shower, breakfast, dishes done. Maria cooked. I had oatmeal. Now I need to get it out. - 64.29 damned dollars! WTF? WHY do I bother? Tomorrow was supposed to be "OUT OF HERE"! WTF? Just WTF? Really. - The license can take FOUR bloody WEEKS to arrive. I want to write a letter to TD.VT and the agencies. I have to print statements today. I HAVE to get car-fare. I'm becoming over-whelmed and fed-right-up. Angry. Pissed. Just... I really don't know. AND it's becoming humid again. Thinking Atropa. - 17.15 Houston? At 17.00 we got MOVEMENT! At Peninsula Library, where we also up-loaded images to the Journal (*PUT PHONE IN USB MODE*). Printed statements and VT JOBS. Now, with lighter gut yet churning bowels... SIB Library (I hope) (am at Holland). - PS Yesterday's pay-stub arrived today. Hmm... - 21.06 E4:: And the bowels move! - And the damned radio blares! And Guillermo's got a bloody super-market on his fukking locker! 7 cartons of juice and a PARKAY TUB of something! Me? I've a locker full of roaches. Tomorrow? Roach spray comes in. - Got to SIB Library at 19.00! Better? Closed... at 18.00! I forgot! And my guts had been CHURNING ALL THE WAY! I'd considered "dumping" out at Broad Channel. Being arrested would have been worth it. SO! I bombed into the Beth Israel Emergency Medical Clinic... they were so sweet! And I was SO relieved... truly. Chatted with the receptionist. She asked if I was with "the competition" (NYU). I lied, said yes. Who cares? I got the loo. - To Staples where I copied 3 pay-statements, FORGOT THE DEPT. of LABOUR FORM AGAIN and noticed I made a mistake on this week's "statement" so I HAVE to go to Peninsula tomorrow! OK. No prob. - IT POURED! POURED! as I was coming out of Staples. M16 bus and on the East Side? Rain done. But it did NOTHING to bring the heat down... or the humidity. MISERABLE! - RiteAid for cigarettes. - Have washed work scrubs top and T-shirt (and under-drawers). Cool shower. - Have taken aspirin. Getting tired. Darsevid's lowered the volume. Sunday will be my day to "mention" - 21.24

Time for shut-eye. Alarms at 4.30 tomorrow. I just might knock me out.

Saturday, 30 July:

7.35 The sensation of impending bowel evacuation. Bloating. Painful bloating. (7.38 M15 bus) Often, legs tremble because knees turn weak. Head throbs. Saliva floods the mouth. Rushes of heat, horrible heat, with drenching sweats. Cramps. The need to mouth-breathe. (7.42 The M42 bus pulled-away JUST as I arrived. I saw it crossing 1st Av. but just couldn't run.) The panic of contemplating losing control. Clench? Worse. Relax? Worse. Jabbing cramps. Body trembles. Deep, slow breaths. Short, quick, shallow breaths. Sometimes pressing the tip of the tongue against the edge of a tooth relieves. Sometimes softly repeating "loh...loh...loh...". None of it makes any sense. And the sensation of NEEDING to BLOW the bowels empty continues. I want to just let it go. Or I want to sit, with dignity, and empty my body. And the eyes throb. Head pounds. I want to sleep... just sleep. FATIGUE! God-awful FATIGUE! Closing my eyes helps. Sleep. Dozing helps. But nothing helps for long. - 7.53 M42 bus driver says: "I didn't want to pass you. But we gotta go to the bath-room in the hotel (Tudor!)." How sweet of her! How ironic. And here I sit, alone on the bus, engine off. at 42nd/2nd Av. HOW WELL I KNOW HER SITUATION! (Even now...) - 8.02 A quick jaunt across Madison Av. and right into the Q32 bus! Timing! And yet... my guts feel like circus balloons, twisted and knotted into animals and such. EVERY MORNING, no matter what, begins the same. - Last night Edward Hi(r)(n)es Jr. El was the only disturbance of sleep. Momentary and relatively quiet. This morning I snoozed over 3 alarms to wake at 5.30. A quick shave this morning. A cool shower. I'm in light jeans, chambray, "work" sneakers, kippa. FTW. Strange, clothes, not scrubs. - To: Staples (copy DOL docs), Home Depot (roach spray), storage (why?), Peninsula Library (statement print/job application). Later, SIB Library. The world closes at 18.00 today. - GUTS, BE STILL. - 8.35 Off the Q32 and ON THE Q53! - 9.55 Q21 to Peninsula Library. (1.) I had to "fix" the copier at Staples! Then made my copies. The machine didn't registre any charges but... (2.) Home Depot didn't have the OneShot! (3.) This phone is fukking about. (4.) Twitter won't let me post. - SATYRDAT(Saturday)! FML! - Note however: I've no regrets about severing the Grnbrg connections. I did SO MUCH MORE FOR them. It's done. I owe nothing. - 29degrees already. Too hot (and, from the crowd on this local... too late) for the beach. My plans are being fukked quite well. - Hungry. But the guts are still churning. Yup... fukked nicely. I SHOULD BE EN ROUTE TO VT NOW! - 11.42 Shuttle. Roach spray on hands. Roast beef in tummy. - 13.20 Peninsula Library The statements are printed. This Journal is no further along. And the roach spray on my hands hasn't killed me... yet. - 13.29 Aqueduct-North Conduit for Saturday 30July11: Well. Indeed. Home Depot didn't have the roach spray so I went to TheRock. An early meal at Tribute Park. An entire plastic container of roast beef on 1 roll, tin of coffee, 2 little lemon pies. AND I got the roach stuff at Waldbaum's... for less than they wanted at Home Depot for the same product! So, at Tribute Park I filled the little spray bottle, spilling some on the ground and getting much on my hands. The label says the stuff works for a year! Must be potent... and on my hands! Oh well OK. - I got to Peninsula Library. Did the statement for Ms.K. Then did a stop at storage to put up the remaining roach spray. - A to F to SIB Library where I did more iTunes and tried to get in touch with Schmulik. I sent a text. He replied that he was about to leave work, could I wait? I thought he'd come to SIB Library. Apparently I was mistaken. I said I'd wait for him until 18.00. He replied "That's too late. Maybe next time." Made no sense to me but I simply replied "right". Write-off. He can't be bothered... I simply WON'T. - No time on the PC and out. - I took the 6 down to Union Square where I got WiFi! And did Twitter on the iPod! - Saturday continued at 15.11 on Sunday: So, WiFi in Union Square was fun. I can't use Twitter on the phone lately. Some msg. about being over the "limit". I suspect it's the messages about the MTA and Bloomberg. I just suspect. No prob. on the iPod or PC. Only the phone. Damned Nazis. - So, about 19.30 I strolled to 1stAv for the bus. Another day off... nothing.

- At the Dung-Heap, rookies at the entrance. More little idiots. One tells, put the back-pack in a tub. OK. I go through and forget the tub. The idiot reminds me then the one behind the scanner wants to check the pack. OK. But they're BOTH yipping like little dogs so I said "One of me. Two things to do. One at a time." The fucker goes and OPENS MY PACK! (Bare-handed yet... UNprofessional). "What are you looking for? Tell me and I can make it easier for you." "You have a pointy object." "I have pens." "What kind?" "Ball-point." "Oh. OK." Pass. (Dick-head.) - Fun tip-toeing past the "guard" at the lift. We joked "It's sad if somebody has to sneak IN." "You're only going up there to your room." "Yeah..." - In the room 20.00: Darsevid with radio. But he left AND I SPRAYED! And shithole3 has food ALL over the top of his locker. But the floor got a GOOD SPRAYING (and part of his locker). - 17.38 Union Square (Saturday conclusion) So, the floor, lockers and wall got bug-blocked. - The heat in the room is HELLish! I washed my towel because it smelled awful! Signed-in. Darsevid actually turned the radio off! I was shitlessly amazed. And... it stayed off all night! - There was no bed-check but Edward Hires Jr. E1 took his time preparing for bed and E3 had to get up and put the light out. Not a prob. I'd taken my 2 aspirins and a cool shower. - I speak with no-one these days. I'm up and out before they wake and come in, change, do a wash, sign-in and turn-in. Silence. 3 will ask "How are you?" (Your food's going rotten moron!) "Another day." I answer. I will give some brief greeting. I return. But no conversation. 2 seems to mutter something each time he passes to/from the door. I ignore him and the comment. Silence. I've nothing to say to any of them. It's much different... In-side, I knew it wouldn't be D18... and... it's not. And I don't care.

Sunday, 31 July:

17.49 Union Square W. Hello Zuri. - WELL! I woke at almost 6.00 and pretty much took my time. But no BM again. We're back to that. - Down to the 5th floor by 7.00 and only 3 of us waiting. At 8.05 a CaseWorker comes in but no Ms.K. Come to find out... no Ms.K! But I got a new meal-ticket until Thursday (if I put a 1 before the date it goes to Sunday... I purposely asked for Thursday for that reason). By 9.00 I was out! - M34 to Madison Av. PakiParade Day! Go to 6thAv! I strolled... and got the F train to Jay St. and the Lefferts A train. OK. A Q21bus to 157th Av. Waldbaum's. 2 containers of ice cream for "the house" (now I'm buying for the house), my tinned coffee, pkg of Stella d'Oro cookies. I went to see CE (my day off). Lethargic for the most. I left the ice cream and chatted with him and the CHHA (nice guy) a bit. Next door to visit with Maria a while. At noon she pulled out tomato, olives, bagels, egg, told me to make lunch and she went next door! - We chatted for quite the while and she was her usual "inviting" self. I think she enjoys the company... We talked about her, Italy, planes, the old European "call the post office"... We chatted. Again today, it was TOO BLOODY HOT for the beach. When I left, got the train to Rock, the Q35 to the Fort. FOUR people asking if the bus went to the Fort! Shit! - Used the loo. The guy before me made it unbearable! I strolled back to my clearing. 413! Unimpressive but accomplished. I left. - On B169th I hear a horn: Jose! Hand-shake. Where have I been? (Working 7days now). Off he went. - Q35 to The junction. It was TOO early to go back so I browsed in the comfort of Target. - Nr.2 train to Boro Hall, R train to here. - I can't get to Twitter! And can't get Union Square WiFi! - But there's shade and a breeze and I'm going to relocate to try for WiFi. - 19.17 Time to leave Union Square Twitter's a mess and I'm pooped. And this is going on from the iPod! Woot?

17. August 2011

Monday, 1 August 2011:

6.30 Pulling-out from Woodside Q53. - They (my 3 worthless siblings) turned so evil, so very evil. Miserable and rotten, to their core. I wonder how. So hateful. So terribly hateful. Even to turn against their Mother. She gave everything, everything. Perfect? No. Not really. But as close as possible to it. And hateful toward me. I held them, protected them. I took them on. Not mine... hers... theirs. But I knew they needed, I knew what they needed. I gave. I had nothing more, nothing left. They took. I've nothing left. "Oh God forbid that one should perish." "They live so far away." (*Calling My Children Home*) They never heard my calling... calling... I didn't want to see this month, this year, this morning. I wonder, this morning, why I'm here. I wonder what keeps me going. There's no hold on me. I owe nothing. I owe no-one. I didn't want to see this date, this sun-rise. I wonder... because here I am... wondering. - It was an OK night. The radio went off at about 21.30. The light pierced my closed eyes when Hires(1) came in. I went back to sleep. I was exhausted. - This morning, woke about 4.15, with-out the alarm. - A 6.00 M101 to GCT Nr.7. And at Woodhaven Blvd./62ndRd. at 6.46. - A lovely morning. - Queens. I'd made it my "home". Strange land. Same shit. Give. Give. Give. My fault. My fault. - My guts wrench again this morning. My body wants to collapse. I've no time, no opportunity. To die. I've done more than enough... thanklessly. - Calling My Children: The Dartmouth Aires - 7.00 Atlantic Av: BelindaUSA has been such a wonderful correspondent. I have to smile when I see her posts. We've never met yet seeing her posts puts me in a mind-set of sitting on a front porch, rockers, big trees, soft breezes, iced-tea, chatting, catching-up. Thank you Belinda.

Tuesday, 2 August:

6.21 28th/1st Waiting... with guts on the verge. - Yesterday (Monday 1 Aug. 11) I was reminded that a new month has begun: When I arrived at the Dung-heap, Darsevid had his head in his locker, click-clicking away on... yup... Ye olde crack-pipe and mumbling a la machine gun fashion, to its self. The joy of a new month: Daily we toil to pay taxes which go to the pockets of the useless non-toilers who, in all their leisure, re-circulate that currency at the hands of the dealers who supply them with the means to get stoned and all the more stupid, useless, disgusting, repulsive and generally abusive... to us who daily toil to support them in their useless leisure. - 6.32 M15 to 42. PAIN! - 6.38 42/1 Waiting... (Monday...) I arrived to HoBe at about 7 on a morning when 8 would have been fine. The inside door was still locked. Mrs. was still asleep, so I perched on the stoop-rail to read the morning paper. The family is on holidays thus no children to watch. - 7.12 Woodside. The family's in Mexico. TAG! I'm "It". Then, I get told the good/bad news: An extra hour every week-day! Good because it's another lousy 6-7\$/day. Bad because it pulls an hour away from anything I might want to do. But CA/colon confirmed. A CA (cancer) pt. My heart goes out now. (7.19 Q53) - At 9.09 I rang Melanie: Thursday off to re-new license. BULL-SHIT! "There are offices open late." "There's one on Rockaway Blvd. open until 6.00." WHY? I GIVE YOUR BLOODY CLIENT AT LEAST AN HOUR EXTRA EVERY BLOODY DAY! I need ONE FUKKING DAY and you CAN'T simply say "OK"! I sent a note just to document and back up. - The day went along. Jigs (Physical Therapist) came... 15mins. Mr. has been somnolent all day,

poor appetite. But PT will continue. - Mrs. wants 2hrs. 18-20.00 (6-8pm) daily. No way the agency can provide and truly no way I can, nor would. And NOT at 10\$/hr.! - So... I ate much junk again today. Ice cream, candy, cookies. And I wonder why my guts are in misery. - Day ends, bolt for the Q53... TWO PASS! I have to wait! - Peninsula Library. I only need appear and someone there puts my name on the PC list. Accomplished? BUNK. Although I did registre for change of address on-line with DMV. But it didn't actually go through until I got to Mid-Manhattan Library later! An hour... pissed away. But, am I in a rush to get to the Dung-heap? - As I was leaving for the Shuttle, thunder rumbles. RESENTMENT! I wanted to stay, to go "home" in Rockaway, to watch the storm. I can't. And Rockaway seemed "small town" comfy. I HAD to leave! - Mid-Manhattan Library. The Dung-heap Annex. The mouse malfunctioned. The keyboard malfunctioned. NYC. The Grand Dung-heap. I've no more patience with/for this hole any longer. So I diddled. BUT DID CHANGE THE ADDRESSE! POB AND PHYSICAL ADDRESSE... FOR ROCK.PK PO (FML). Hopefully I'll get the new license quickly. I NEED to move out, move on, move along. - Cigs and beverage, CVS 42nd. M15 to 30th. - In with no problems. Lift to 7 and walk down to 6 to CrackO. I ignore him completely. No sense speaking. No sense to ANY of ANY of it ALL. But, at one point... - 07:46 It calls my name. "How you doing?" with a grin. "I'm good." I half muttered back and left it at that. "It" went back to the click-crack smoking... IN the dorm, IN the locker. - No laundry tonight. Sign-in on 5. As I'm leaving the table... BANG! Steve! I think it turns people on their arses when he does shit like that. (I'm EXHAUSTED this morning) - 10.12 HoBe (more for Monday) He bumps into me and makes a big deal about it. It tends to quiet the crowd a bit. Too funny. Anyway, he's doing OK. 4-bed room. Not too bad as rooms go. He's friendly as all hell. There are those I couldn't care less about. I'm glad Steve's ended 7 years of living on the E train. - On my way back to my Hell-hole, stopped to chat with E3. Darsevid's cracking bugs him too. As 'twas said: there's the toilets, shower, court-yard; he doesn't need to do that in the room. Well, I'm kind of amazed. I didn't think it phased him. OK then. Later, we talked about Rockaway and how few places are left in this city with affordable housing. - It went on til about 23.00 during which time, Darsevid put on his headphones! - At last! Santiago did bed-check and... end of a LONG day. - 10.23 TUESDAY... HoBe I AM SO TIRED! - Breakfast! Oatmeal, OJ, 2 "hahdberld" eggs, buttered bagel. And I SO MUCH WANT A NAP! - 11:38 OK. WHY am I not able to get to Twitter at all? - 20.32 E4:: BM! At SIB Library. But I don't care WHERE. I'm still bloating. But... BM! - CE ate a great breakfast and nothing else all day... not even ice cream. I'm concerned. But he too had a good day of BMs. So I suppose I could say it was a delightfully shitty day. Indeed. - At 15.40 I was on a Q53 to Woodside to the Q32 bus. I couldn't keep my eyes open for fatigue and bowel-rolling. No sleep. But the closed eyes seem to have helped. By 17.30 I was in the loo at SIB Library. What came out had to be at least a half-metre ling, no breaks, pale (vanilla ice cream?) but with no effort at all. I was quite shocked... and relieved! - Accomplished at SIB Library? Proofing. Bought "Iko" Belle Stars. And TD BTV needs an Asst. Head Teller! I NEED TO GET MY ARSE TOGETHER IN THIS APPLICATION! OK! - That covers SIB Library. - I CAN'T GET TWITTER IN THIS PHONE AND HAVE TROUBLE IN THE IPOD BUT AM OK ON THE PCs. I DO SUSPECT BLOOMBERG/MTA. I NOW EXPECT THIS JOURNAL TO DISAPPEAR. BACK-UP! - M16 bus back to the Dung-heap. Swift in. Only one. My most fave security at the entrance. She really turns my attitude better. Swift up in the lift. No laundry tonight. Coffee made. Radio on (of fucking course, loud enough to create feed-back in Shea Stadium). And now? Sign-in. Hopefully a nice shower and immediate fall to good half-sleep. - Belinda? If you're reading... Thinking of you and hoping, most sincerely, that your day went well and evening is better. Odd. We've never met but I miss our "tweets". Thank goodness we still have e-mail. - Sign-in time!

Wednesday, 3 August:

8.39 HoBe Tue.2Aug11 and we got a new El. Imagine? The turn-over in that bed! I wonder "who" is still in that corner of the room. "Who" got tortured there in the "glory" days of Bellevue. It's strange. They come, they rest, they GO! And our new "roomie" showed at about 23.00... proceeded to towel-clean the locker, put down his own striped sheets, rattle bags, bang the locker, kept the light on. THEN APOLOGISED to DARSEVID, who kept the radio on (very low after about 23.15)! Screw Cruz and I. Eh? AND... though he's "White" and rather "Irish-looking" I've a gut that says "prison". Time will tell... time. When El went "for a shower" I mumbled "Oh wait until 4.30 tomorrow morning... We'll ALL be awake for the party." Darsevid mumbled something at me as he left the room and I suggested he could "fuk that too". THIS morning: Wed.3Aug11: I woke with the 1st alarm and did what was needed with a "touch" of noise. AS I LEFT, E2 woke, said nothing, just looked. Right. - Took 34 bus, A train to HoBe. Arrived here 7.10. Went to Waldbaum's: roll, roast beef, Fage, Starbucks and vanilla yoghurt for CE. Clocked in 7.37. Mrs. at home. Mr. still snoozing. Sleeping pill at 2.00 this morning. - Me? I could use quite a nap! But it's not too bad... being THIS tired. - 14.08 At 13.56 Melanie: CE goes to NINE hours. "I told you when you went back (Monday)." The request didn't go in until Monday morning when Guerda left! 14.02 Melanie: nine hours week-days, 5 hours week-ends. - 15.33 I no sooner tell Mrs. that she has NINE hours per day, she gets an attitude and says it "does no good" because she wants evenings. The C.O.C. told her she can't get evenings. In the same speech, she chastises ME because Mr.'s eating schedule is off. Why? Because she gave him a sleeping pill at 2.00, I couldn't wake him for breakfast until 10.30 and, well, he didn't want lunch at noon. - It's so comforting to be appreciated. FML.

Thursday, 4 August:

5th floor "lounge". The "wait" begins. - Edward Smith, the latest El. Here from since Nov. Taxi driver. "One mistake." "We Care" (must to look that up). How he's been here from since Nov. and comes to us? Well, it's to be seen. Meanwhile, he's another "self-absorbed" and most likely loud at some point. - Yesterday: (Wed. 3Aug11) At 17.13 got the A to Broadway Junction to the 6 and was at SIB Library by about 18.20! Quite a bit of bolting from train to train but I made it. - *COMPLETED THE ON-LINE APPLICATION TO TD AND, FOR REFS: Moe, Barb T., Mary T. Let's see how this goes. The rest? Pretty much honest. WTF? - That, and a quick e-mail to PJ.VT was all that got accomplished. Then? Out into the rain. 34bus to 1st. Immediate in and lift to the "chambre" where... the light was on! I should have made a wash but, since it was raining, I doubted anything would dry enough. So... coffee made, an e-mail to Belinda (Hello! if you're reading. *SMILES*), sign-in, shower. Since 1 and 2 were "eyes closed" I decided "lights closed". Not for long. Darsevid and radio. Light on, radio up. The usual. Well... to be expected. I got comfy. Charged phone and iPod for the next day (today). And... bed-check. The guy actually forgot himself and put out the light after! - This morning the 4.30 alarms. 5.00 to the loo. An extra 45mins to just "lounge" on the bed. A bit of a sneeze this morning. It was a cool night and I've no blanket/sheet/cover. But I don't mind. - 2 sm.BMs (and yet my bowels are still cranking! Will there ever be a morning with-out this pain?) A warm shower. The water won't stop running and I don't care. Dressed. Steve at the lift... at 7.00? I wonder about his "job". (None of my business really.) (7.28 Ms.Khenkina just came in!) - My guts need to STOP CHURNING! This must be Chrohn's. I must look it up. - And... after this, the DMV, SIB Library/Peninsula Library/Storage for coffee and bug spray/maybe the Fort. Another day. Another day. - 8.50 M34 I was out by 8.35 with next date on my Sunday off. And Ms.Khenkina was SO wonderful! I got to see Ms.Crawford (Her husband died! Why? Life is rotten to the "Good" people.) - C's Darsevid's CaseWorker! - Ms.Khenkina offered: Find a 1-2 person dorm and I'll be transferred. Imagine? - Beautiful day... thus far. - 9.16 License Express now serving B131... of B172. (I could use a loo.) To

think I get off the bus every morning across the street from right here. - A note this morning: Language gives me miserable headache! From where do the words originate? Why the pronunciation? How did the words begin? The differences and similarities across languages? How do we know “1” as “one”, “un”, “uno”, “eins” and so forth. Same with “two”. My mind reels from it. And why so? How strange. - The weather is beautiful this morning. Good “beach” morning. If only... perhaps... B139. Moving along. There must be more to it. - SIB Library opens at 10. I’ll need a full phone charge this evening: phone interview for Food Stamps at 16.00. Always something to tear chunks out of a day. - I wonder if PIC is engaged in bumping me off my case. THAT is the MAJOR concern today. I almost expect it... am rather planning on needing an attorney. I’ve little doubt a court case is on the near horizon. I do NOT trust Melanie! - Time to pay some attention. 9.27 and B142 already. May it ALL go quickly. AND MAY THE NEW LICENSE ARRIVE WITH-IN TWO WEEKS FROM TODAY! - 21.33 E4:: Light on. Radio on. Signed and Showered. - I can’t get over what little I accomplished with this day and how quickly it disappeared. - I was out of DMV by 9.58! The license will have the Fort on it! OK! - A train to storage. There was a HALF jar of coffee (now in the locker). And I’ve got more bug spray. And that went along quickly. So... RiteAid, cigarettes, 2 “power bars” (HUNGER!) and Q35 to P.O. where the 4 JULY PAY STATEMENT WAS MARKED “PUT IN WRONG BOX”. A MONTH? On to Waldbaum’s. (Our Anthony Smith EI has anger management issues m’thinkst. Oo! Mash-up Darsevid and radio? Jolly!) 2 Fage, peaches, nasty Butterball turkey, roll, tin coffee, lemon pie. I made and ate the sandwich on the Q35 to the Fort. - Picnic table in the sun for lunch. It got to be 13.15! A pit-stop at the loo. A 413 that resulted in MUCH BUT BEIGE! REALLY BEIGE! Hmmm... But... done and to the Peninsula Library. - Quick PC. Checked openings at TD BTW. TWO! I APPLIED! Attached a copy of the letter and printed it. Posted the printed from the drop-box out front of the 93rd St. office! Let’s HOPE! - 16.00 came, went, became 17.00. NO DAMNED CALL R/T FOOD STAMPS! WTF? I’ll ring HRA tomorrow morning. FTW! (21.48 Radio volume goes up. Lights still on.) - Q22 bus to B116 St. Q35 to The Junction. Nr.2 train to Penn. Jack’s. I want another “poly case”. Not a one! Walked up to SIB Library. - E-mail from PJ BTW. Am backing-up DeadArtist to flash. Got a bit. Proofed more of this. Pretty much closed the day. - Arrived here about 20.30. Fine. Washed t-shirt, socks. - *Note* At Kings Plaza this evening, thought: Kings Plaza was SO obscure to me, a location on the map. Then Margot made life so impossible and I began to travel. Found Kings Plaza. Moved to Rockaway. Began taking the Q35 to the B3 bus AT Kings Plaza. The “unknown” has become “quite familiar”, and I’m ready to leave. *Note* Listening to “The Lunatics Have Taken Over The Asylum...” on the train I HAD to grin thinking of BLASTING it in the halls HERE! HOW SO BLOODY APPROPRIATE WOULD THAT BE? - 21.57 RADIO! I’ll put out the light after bed-check (and a quick smoke?) - 21.59 Darsevid rolls over, yells “HEY!” and lays there, staring at me! 22.01 BED-CHECK! Radio blaring. Darsevid laying there staring at me. I mentioned the “situation” this morning. Retaliation? OK. Maybe a stop at “Operations” tomorrow morning? I’ll have to find a “single”, put up with this until next Sunday. - And now he’s hacking shit up like a choking dog... Oh, this place gets ‘em. Just so long as he doesn’t approach me on anything. - I’ll cut out the light... quick loo smoke. Tomorrow? NAH PRESUH! 9 bleating hours. - 22.06 EI’s stirring. Jolly. SUN-DOWNER’S! - I should’ve gone LAST YEAR! FML.

Friday, 5 August:

13.45 HoBe Last night? FU.U.U.U.K! Radio on til well past midnight. “Khhhhha-a-ak!” Sudden out-bursts of “HEY!” All from Darsevid. On into the night. It must have been about 1.30 this morning when the crack-head-retard finally ceased. THREE of us and one of “it”. But I say/do nothing. I doubt I’d have support if I do. So I leave it alone. But I fell asleep figuring ways to short-out the outlet. - This morning? Back to sleep until 5. A bit of BM! Pretty good! Shower,

dress, out. No elevator! The treatment we get must be illegal. - Made it to HoBe by 7.31! Waldbaum's and 14\$, 2 stale rolls (1 for morning coffee), 2 coffees, 2 yoghurts, 2 Buddig tutjey(turkey), breakfast bars. I brought my own food. Fuk dis shit. - Clock-in 7.48. - 14.24 I had my plan: CE would wake, shower, eat... on time. Mrs. gave me a tough time on Wed. because he woke late and it set HER routine off. BUT SHE woke him, pushing the shower, cooking breakfast during. Inquiry about "Mike" who covered yesterday: WONDERFUL! So I wait for word that I'm off the case. - Tried 3 numbers for Food Stamps. Left a message at one. Nothing on the other 2. I see them being cut... again. FML. FTW. - Rang Melanie. No official "break" in 9hour shifts. She claims I get paid for all 9 hours. - This week's pay? 206 for 28hours. I'm getting fed up! - Mrs. was not welcoming this morning. I'm tired. It's hot and muggy. AND I CAN'T GET TO THE OO(?) TO MOVE FUNDS TO TD SO NOW I HAVE TO GO TO MCU ATM, THEN TD! AND I HAVE TO TRANSFER CASH! THIS IS FUKKING STUPID! NO POST OFFICE UNTIL A WEEK FROM TOMORROW! NO SHABBAT! THIS HAD BETTER TURN TO THE BEST! IN TWO WEEKS! E-NOUGH! - 14.36 Food's done. Air traffic is bugging me. Mr. is dozing. HOT! I'm dropping into depression. And no Twitter on the phone, no library this evening... MCU and TD in the heat (and threatened rain). (No umbrella.) EXHAUSTED! - Comment on U.S. economy: Canada went through this, several years ago. I brought cash to Viv. Today, the CAD dollar is stronger than the US dollar. The way to recovery is obvious... follow the Canadian lead. But no. The U.S. is too elitist. So, what I experienced in Montreal, today I experience in NY. But as usual, those I'd helped then aren't here to help me. I AM SO FUKKED! - Meanwhile, I bide my time on this job, prepping for the call saying there'll be somebody to take my place. - 19.26 Union Square My Twitter is fukkedup! Still. Can't even access on iPod! - But... after an unthankful day of non-appreciation, I managed to bust out at just past 17.00, get an A train to Broadway Junction, a J train to Fulton and back to Chambers (I wasn't paying attention). MCU. Then a 6 train to 14th and TD! YAY! When the teller asked if there was anything else, I said "vacation". She gave me a Twix! SO CUTE! (But I noticed: the TD at 14th/5th? All Black. Interesting.) - So I decided to pass some time in Union Square Nice breeze. Lower humidity. I got on Twitter via Union Square WiFi, got ONE twit and KNOCKED OFF WiFi! I'm convinced: MTA and/or Bloomberg (or I'm still logged-in from too many places where I didn't log-off? But that would kill the libraries as well so... It's the MetroPCS IP. Yup.) - It hit me today: NO POST OFFICE for every day I work! M-F and Sat., I WORK during PO hours! SCREWED! Library time? Possibly SIB Library on Sat., Tue., Wed., maybe Peninsula Library Mon. and Thu. NO LIFE! And no appreciation. - 2 guys feeding a squirrel here... ADULTS! Ever so cute. And the place is filling. - I thought: I dreaded going "home" in Beacon, Newburgh, RockPark. I DREAD going to the sHELLter now! Will I EVER look forward to going "home" at the end of a day? - Some little shit kid is sitting on my backpack. I've GOT to GO... to the dregs. But... FUK THIS PLACE NYC! - 21.18.E4.: It's smellin' "shelter" in here tonight. - I passed the entry. WALKED UP to the floor! Walk in at 20.20 to Darsevid sitting in the hall out-side the TV room and the bloody radio on in the room! Went immediately to wash unders. Then to sign-in. Followed by cool shower. Here we are. - It is THE PERFECT night to be out on the dunes! There's even a BREEZE COMING THROUGH THE ROOM! But there's a threat of bad storms to come and with the coolness of the breeze it looks likely. Alas. - I have to say, I hope Fran, PJ and Belinda are dropping by here (on the blog) from time-to-time. Twitter being blocked, I don't want to lose touch with them. - Well. 21.25. Anthony and I are here. He's on the phone. He amazes me: well-spoken and yet SO inconsiderate with the SLAMMING of his locker! Oh well oh well. It's why I generally have no compassion for the general Homeless in general [sic]. - That roach spray isn't working well. Still getting one IN the locker every day. I need to spray again. (I wonder if it'd work on the Big Roach... Darsevid.) - Waiting for bed-check. Not that it makes any difference one way or another. - Final note: My guts churn, gas, all day long! Almost uncontrollable. Nerves... the root of it all. - 21.31 KA-SLAM!

Saturday, 6 August:

6.25 34/1 But down here in “reality” everybody knows there ain’t no such thing... (Macy Grey) - A delightful morning weather-wise. And the body rages the daily battle... churning guts. - The “game” (baseball) ended early (22.00) last night. The radio went off. And the night passed with light on, light off, light on, light off... This morning? The 3 of them in bed. There are those to whom shelter should be limited then flatly denied. I work, and from my salary come taxes which cover the “rent” for what I have AND what I use: the shower and the bed. - 6.33 M16bus: A bed and shower. Out by 6.00. In at 20.30. One set of linens. No food. No laundry soap. No bath products. No toilet paper. It’s my own fault, really. I SHOULD MOOCH, LEECH, LEARN TO BE PARASITIC. - And now? To where NONE of what I do is appreciated. Well, when I was dismissed yesterday by Mr. I got it off my chest: “You get service for free. Your wife gets 9 hours of baby-sitting for free. Handouts. No charge. So she goes and does what she wants all day... FREE. NO CHARGE TO EITHER OF YOU. I cook and clean and wash your shitty/pissy arse. And you dismiss me. Imagine that.” I need to get out of this, out of here. - Life is a heart-ache and now I need to be free. - 7.36 Q35 bus3622 to HoBe. LATE! I won’t have time to get food which means I won’t be able to eat. I’m losing time which means I’m losing income. No doubt there’ll be some snarky comment when I arrive. I probably won’t get library time which means no-where to go to avoid the shelter... in the forecast rain. - M16 to 34th/8th where the A is running LOCAL. So, C to 42nd and a WALK through tunnels to the 7 that sat in the station for the longest. Finally we leave... somebody plays “Hold the door”. Then at 61st/Woodside this driver has to be reminded he’s supposed to drive the bus and the “supervisor” jokes about. - 7.44 Corona Av/Broadway. Not even on Queens Blvd. yet! NO way will I make HoBe by 8.00 never mind be AT work by then! - This morning’s Daily News: “It’s becoming unbearable to live here... NYer.” I’ve just spent the past 30 minutes or so pondering suicide. I truly cannot take more. Physically I’m being ripped apart internally. Mentally I’m losing my grip trying to “escape” by trying to sleep every time I get on bus or train. (7.50 and we sit at Woodhaven/Queens.) Emotionally I’m on the verge of murder... self and/or others. One more thing is about all it’s going to take. So, this morning, again I do my inventory and mentally reserve time and place for my departure. Thankfully I have all that I need. THAT is my solace. DEATH ALONE IS MY SOLACE! - 19.16 A MOST HORRIBLE DAY all told. I stopped at Waldbaum’s for food and arrived to work at 8.25! But got a beautiful “Good morning!” from Mrs. Estremo. Mr. Estremo was already at table and the bed was already stripped. But then, shower-time and Mr. Estremo turned evil. Refused to get into the tub, COVERED in shit! Became combative. And today I re-realised: PTSD. He raised his arm to me and THAT was THE END! Yes. I lost it. I didn’t strike him. But my words were cruel, horrid, vicious! I now regret each syllable but I must remember to simply walk away... Particularly because, when it was time to leave, I was in his good graces again. Still, I don’t see this case lasting much longer. I say so because Mrs. is extremely dissatisfied with the time-frame. Never satisfied, these people. 8-17.00 doesn’t suit her. She wants something round 17-20.00. Like most, she doesn’t understand that those are not hours that people want to work AND she has family to help her in the evening. For 20\$/hr I’d give her 3 evenings, 17-18.00. Certainly NOT more than that and CERTAINLY NOT AT 10\$/hr. How do I see this ending? Another of her “Agency switches” or somebody private. Right now I actually can’t work later than 18.00, needing to be in the Dung-heap by 20.00 and not being able to depend on public transport. Well. What will happen will happen. - My guts are all twisted and I keep having huge bubbles of gas. But each time I allow me to go to the toilet, a little bit comes out. Maddening. - After work, to Peninsula Library. More proofing, cleaned a bit of the “Yehudah ben HaGalut”blog, checked e-mails. - Shuttle to A to L to 3rdAv to JAM’s Papers for a poly box. (I’m beginning to get dozey here at 19.35.) Nothing. Checked CVS, Walgreens. Nope. Bus up to RiteAid on 2nd Av. Cigarettes. To the Dung-heap. - (19.37 RADIO TIME! It’s been off all the while. I KNEW it’d come on... at “time to rest”. I ignore. LIGHTS ON! Intentional? Or crack blindness? LIGHTS OUT! RADIO ON!) - WALKED up to the floor. Washed 2 t-shirts,

socks, good unders. (19.40 HE'S SMOKING IN THE ROOM!) Coffee made. - 19:50 Sprayed the floor against roaches. - Too bad I don't have a bag of nettles for his bed. I'll think of something (19.44 Radio off. Hmmm...). Just for Schitzengiggles. Meanwhile, I'll look for a single on the floor-OH! MESSAGE FROM SCHMULIK! Text, of course. "By now you're in VT. Hopefully you'll find happiness. You deserve it." (19.47 Radio on again. Baseball.) Fukkim! I can't be any more bothered than he could. Now I've Sat. Sun. evenings but I won't contact him anymore. - I NEED a shower. - I NEED some SLEEP!

Sunday, 7 August:

5.59 M16 Guts are stabbing. I woke at 4.25 before the alarm. Went to sleep last night SO tired! The radio was on at a decent volume. - Tiny BM this a.m. But... PAIN! - Rain this morning. - Hopefully sleep on the A. - 12.15 HoBe 29deg Heat Index 33. But I'm ready to simply drop dead. This needs to stop! Truly. And it doesn't help when I think: I shouldn't be here. "This is obviously not where I'm supposed to be." A year ago I should have just left it all. A week ago I should have taken the jump. And I think: no matter how hard I try, no matter how much I work, I can't get enough together to land on my feet. No matter what. Nine hours a day. This morning? I made it to work at 7.52. Awake at 4.25 following a restless night and making it to work at almost 8.00. For what? A pay-check that's worth less than over-used toilet paper. AND as I journal this? No bloody phone signal! FML! Indeed! But I can't take: no fan, no cooling in the dorm. 4 adults. No air. And the humidity... Murder. - What I'll do when I leave here today, I'll try for Mid-Manhattan Library but... no where, no why. - 14.54 Mid-Manhattan Library and the usual slow-as-shit-worthless WiFi AND NO AIR CONDITIONING! - Forgot to mention: This morning's ride, 34th to HoBe... LOCAL ALL THE WAY! - The day went by. Mr. Estremo got no shower. Mrs. Estremo came to give him lunch. I ate almost everything I'd bought this morning en route: HAD to buy a pkg of rolls (6), ONE pkg Buddigs, ONE yoghurt, ONE coffee, a tin of peaches and a small jar of honey (that I wanted to have with a roll but couldn't because Mrs. wouldn't leave). Anyway, I was done eating by about 11.00. - 15.38 Mid-Manhattan Library on the usual piece of shit PC. - Ram is here! Imagine that! He got out of the shelter system and into a half-way house where he's found trouble. Now renting a room some-where and having more trouble. Imagine THAT? (I can.) Anyway, I'm trying to catch up with some of this cleaning (move comments here, proof there, back-up else-where). And it's so hot in here that I'm soaking wet already! FUK THIS CITY! I'M OUT!!!! - 19.55 Quite the hour. Quite the heat. 29,5 but I'm drenched in sweat, having been in from since about 18.30, straightened the locker (because El was in, alone, light on, READING A BOOK. I commented, jokingly, that "we don't read here". He was not amused. Alas.) And so I washed towel (which stunk terribly from dampness) and today's t-shirt which was soaked from such sweat! - I did get out from work at 13.00. I did get to Mid-Manhattan Library where, along with the drama of Ram, I accomplished moving "comments" here to main page, copied more DeadArtist to Flash-drive, and proofed November on Flash. Off in search if a poly-case for the back-pack. - Jack's 41stSt., the R to Union Square and walked to 14th/7th. Container Store (where I lingered in the air conditioning), BedBathBeyond (more lingering) and the M14 bus to 1st for the M15 bus. In. Done. - *Note: I can sit all day, in the breeze of the fan, at E's... no major cramping. BUT... on the way TO/FROM (MTA?) I'm in PAINFUL HELL! And thinking about here... cramps. *NERVES* I'm killing m'self with nerves!* - OH OH OH! (FUK THIS PHIBE.PHONE!) The last message from Schmulik when we didn't meet? I MIS-READ IT! I THOUGHT HE WANTED ME TO WAIT FOR HIM! HE OFFERED TO WAIT FOR ME! OH JOLLY FUKKUP FUKME! REALLY! (And now he believes me In VT and I've no intebrion(intention) of correcting. Time to begin letting all this shit go. - Something's up in here. I CAN'T STOP THE SWEATS! I'm DRENCHED! Hmmm....

Monday, 8 August:

6.07 34/1 "No Arrival Times" reads the sign that's supposed to tell us when the next bus is due at the stop. - It's something, being in a "hospital zone". I come and go, to/from work, in scrubs, and fit right in. And I'm in the shadows of a rather prestigious hospital at that. - And despite a good BM this morning, good temperature, breeze, lower humidity, DAMN! my gut just wrenched. Really. WTF? Makes my hands tremble. - Last evening, the toilet room was FLOODED! From the sinks all across ALL the stalls! When I went to sign-in, I humbly asked the "security" guard if I could use the mop. She was kind and understanding. I thank her for that. And so, I found the mop and went right to work. Odd? Only ONE guy "thanked" me. Only ONE. While I mopped the loo, Darsevid comes in to have a smoke, looks, leaves. Went to the shower-room. I knew THAT was wet too so I mopped in there as well while I had the mop. Darsevid in the stall, commenting about how I'm a "bitch". Apparently, the cleaning bothers him... terribly. I finished and left him, staring at me through the slightly open stall door. No further comments. (I wouldn't call him a "piece of shit"... status too high.) - Restless... Difficult falling asleep last night. Radio low (mostly) but just couldn't drift off. - This morning, wanted more sleep but managed to get up. - 6.22 M34 So much for trying for the P.O. THIS morning. - Surprisingly, I'm not "tired" this morning... no more than usual. But yes, intestinal distress. I wonder: I drink the tap water in the building; could it be THAT that's making for this pain? - The fellow who wears pink silk shirts just boarded (Lex). Today's is "hot pink". NYC. (How I HATE it.) - And so, last night, this morning and another day of hate and pain... off to a thankless job, to be grossly under-paid, under-appreciated to wait for the call to "clock-out and leave"... Daily, I await the notice that I'm "off the case". It helps my nerves... and guts... NOT! - 8.00 HoBe: Left the dorm at 6. Arrived Penn 6.35. Bloody A at 6.43. Stopped quickly at Waldbaum's. Clocked-in 7.45. Mr. vomited last night. Mrs. washing floors when I arrived. Good(ish) mood. - MY guts are a little better but if she's to be in... no waiting for me today. - V8 in fridge. (I put it in the fridge yesterday, behind the Bisquick... SUDDENLY she decides: pancakes for breakfast! UNfukkingbelievable!) - FS posted! I'm about to be SKEE-ROOD! (ASSume the position...) - PS: Little Thumper was frisky this morning... for no particular reason. I wonder what that's all about.) - 8.06 Mrs. walked out the door. No comment. I guess I don't "exist". - (Grant that I pull only ONE WEEK MORE, accrue enough to GO, get the JOB in BTV and LEAVE from here!) - Radio on. MTA fukking about with trains. THIEVES! INCOMPETENT THIEVES! - 08:11 Note: Walking down Huron I felt unbelievably and horrifyingly SO TIRED! I actually desired to lay down on the pavement and sleep... - 15.03 HoBe: Funny; on TV, someone is dying, forgiveness becomes all-important. "I have a brother. He's not in my life anymore. It's been x years." - "But down here in reality, everybody knows there ain't no such thing..." If ANY of my "family" came ANY-WHERE near me... let's just say, there is NO "forgiveness". Bury me in hate and grudges. What makes me cry is the stupidity of people who put themselves in a position to be betrayed... again. Sad. - There's nothing that can be "forgiven" and I've no desire. - 16.07 53 minutes. 90 minutes. Time... to pack my human dignity back into that compartment where I hide it, protect it from the onslaught of the sick joke of "security" guards and "peace officers" who do their best to make me look and feel like something less than the cockroaches that invade my tin locker every night whilst I half sleep. Time for the intestinal cramps to return with a vengeance. Time to not go "home". Time to, as daily, think about going "Home" and wondering why I'm not there already. Time. It keeps running down and out and by. And another night of witnessing the evil that man can be. - Where to go from 17-20.00? Can't go back in there before 20.00. Can't handle the degradation, the insanity. It's really becoming too heavy a burden. - I must make it through Friday. Why?... .. I just don't know. - 18.21 Mid-Manhattan Library (no air, no fan, no shit) I MUST JOURNAL THIS! 18.00 F train coming into The City. I happened to look at the notes being written by a woman seated to my left. "Progress Notes". First line: "encouraged pt. to decrease social isolation" And at that very moment, on my iPod... Fun Boy Three "The Lunatics Have Taken Over The Asylum"! I almost lost my own

control! Sometimes "Life" is, well, hysterically hysterical!

Tuesday, 9 August:

5.25 34th/1st M34 - Herzlich Geburtstag Liebe Oma! - The piece of shit MTA phone-thing said "M16 at 5.44". Now, although I'm on a bus I doubt this timing will work well. I'm trying for the P.O. this morning. Let's see how terribly late this city can make me today. - No BM. No time. But no PopTarts before bed last night. But did have nice schmooze with Cruz3. Rockaway and lead in our water. (Do I have/Am I getting poisoned?) - 5.33 Herald Square. - 7.34 Q53 bus B94 bus to HoBe And so, on this perfect morning, in the place I called "Home", I've been to the P.O.(opens 6.30) for one pay advice and Waldbaum's(opens 7.00) and had the previous Q53 pull away as I arrived at the stop. And I'm exhausted already, not in the mood for what's anticipated for the following 10 hours. Imagine? 10 hours out of 24. - Being in Rockaway puts me in a rather blue mood. Last night Cruz3 asked about buses at night, Winters, trains and commented on the Black population. Talking about it made me homesick. Being there this morning... I miss some of it (as I waited for the bus, Walter-from-the-pink-house was at the corner). But I must be honest with myself: I no longer want to be anywhere in NY State and MOST CERTAINLY NOT IN NY CITY! It's very much time to leave here... for ever for good. I've nothing to "connect" with/to here. Nothing. Nobody. And this isn't "Life". - North Channel. 7.46. - 15.18 HoBe: 14.39 the phone. "Unknown". Usually I don't take those but something told me... TD BTV! OMG! To take the time, to acknowledge the letter! I'm in awe! PEOPLE! REAL PEOPLE! OH PLEASE? OH PLEASE? May it be THE GOOD omen! (I've gone giddy.) - And? RAIN! Delightful rain! - 19.42 Dung-heap. 28,5degrees in here! Jeezifukkinkriste! It never cools! This place must actually BE Hell! Yes. That's it. It IS Hell. It's history is pain and suffering. It's present is pain and suffering. THIS is Hell. We're allowed to leave so we can see where we'd rather be. Then we come back in... remembering where we'd been... and in here, with the banging, yelling, stench, filth, mice, roaches, waterbugs and other parasitic vermin we know there IS better, but WE are HERE. Hell. - (I'll add my bloating, gas, constipation, cramps... BINGO!) - As I left E's, R.A.I.N. DELUGE! WIND! DRENCHED! Got to the Q53bus at Cross Bay? Stopped. I was drying off? SPLASH! Bastard in a sporty Nissan pulls into the gutter. OK then. - Relatively empty bus to Jamaica Av. for the J train to Broadway Junction at about 18.00. Fukme, didn't get to 1stAv until almost 18.50. Too late for SIB Library (and my guts were CHURNING AND KNOTTING AND CRAMPING). So... I got the M15 to here. - Washed the work scrubs, socks, t-shirt. Now to figure HOW to be in bed with a wet t-shirt on the frame. IF I thought I could trust Darsevid, I could put the shirt at the foot of the bed. But... - Reminding me... I BLOODYFUKKING LEFT THE LOCKER UN-LOCKED TODAY GAHDAMN ME! THAT just truly, madly, deeply pisses me off! That I'm THAT GAHDAMN DUMBASS-STUPID! SHIT! But I don't see that anything's gone missing. Still! SHIT! - Thought: Cruz3 was talking about lead in the water here. Cramps. Constipation. Inability to focus. Memory loss. Symptoms of poisoning. Possibly? I've made coffee with water from the cooler. I'll start bringing water from HoBe. No more drinking from the basin and we'll see what happens. - 20.03 Radio on reasonably. 2 and 3 dozing (they do it so well). 3 is in the hall being his congenial self and I'm sweating like mad. 10 hours of no air conditioning. Brief reprieve on public transport. Then in here... HEAT! - I'd wanted to do some proofing at SIB Library, send an e-mail, lodge a complaint against B59 HRA. Stuff to be done. But I did laundry. (Maybe tomorrow I'll bring the beard trimmer... - 20:10 Cut my hair. Will have to figure the clean-up. But I don't want to do it here. - The sweat is dripping into my eyes. Time to find another past-time. TOO HOT IN HERE!

Wednesday, 10 August:

6.20 M15 Wrong. Terribly wrong. Weak. Hands and abdominal pain. Lead? What? Just wrong. - 9.59 HoBe: It's interesting; a thing that very few will discuss is probably THE most important aspect of humanity: elimination. That said... This morning was one for immense concern. I woke at 3.15 because I had to pee. That's starting? Up from sleep to pee? Great. Then, I got out of bed at almost 5.30! No BM. Brush teeth. Shower. Clean scrubs this morning! But the world was somewhat "removed" and my intestines churned and gurgled. But it was the mind that wouldn't stop and focus. "2 bottles for water" became "2 socks for water", "an egg sandwich" became "fried underwear sandwich". Thoughts. Scrambled. - After I was dressed and ready to go, BAM! HAD to go. GAS! NOTHING is coming out. And when something does, it's precious little. (10.11 Phone. "631 Name Unavailable". FukU. Bye.) - Somehow I made it to the bus by 6.16. But I felt as though I was standing in a world to which I didn't belong. - M15 to the L. GUTS trying to BURST and... PSSSSTTTT! Stand-still IN THE TUNNEL! 6.30-6.44. No announcement until the recorded msg. from the NYPD re. searching back-packs! Sitting there, contemplating possibilities: having to let my bowels go... TRAPPED in a tunnel under the East River. Finally... off we go. Broadway Junction. I tried the Jamaica Av. train. S.L.O.W.!!! Woodhaven: PACKED Q53 bus and a Q21 bus. I took the 21. Guts churning and cramping all the way. - Waldbaum's: Forgot my coffee but got Gatorade (for the bottle, to bring water from HoBe to the sHellter), yoghurt, fruit. - 7.56 clock-in. - I get here? Guts seem so much calmer. Not perfect, but better. - And now? Mr.Estremo and I are in the living-room. Breakfast done. I fried 4 eggs for sandwich. And now? I'd like a nap. - 13.08 This bloody ohine(phone). Dropped the whole post. Typical. - 12.58 Phone. AZIZ! Yesterday, TD. Today, Aziz. Good things, 2 days in a row. Something's about to come, and I'm not sure I'm going to like it. That's the way it goes. - I'm trying a pair of pull-ups today (scrub trousers without draw-string). My other-wise existence has come to this. - CHECK-OUT time! - I can't look into my health: 1.I can't afford to take time off work. 2.I can't miss sign-in/bed-check. 3.I can't get anybody to tell me the status of my insurance... IF I have any. - Too long. I've been here too long.

Thursday, 11 August:

5.58 14/1st - Early? Twice small BM. I'm dehydrated. And yet, gut still painful. Will I ever have a pain-free morning? Ever? - "There is no Hell. After this, there's only peace." - 15.28 HoBe: This morning, I woke to the alarm and to the noise in the hall. Noise from some guy scraping the floor! CLEANING? Are we due for a "Callahan"? It certainly can't be for the sake of house-keeping. And what about the fact that we've only one pane of glass in the window? (*Note: From the very beginning, when I arrived, the glass in the bottom window was missing. It had been noticed and noted and even to this date, was never replaced.*) Will the missing pane be replaced (by translucent plexi, no doubt)? The guy in hall had to close our door, but was most thoughtful, closing it quietly and letting me go about getting ready for work. I wonder: will they adjust the water temperature in the showers where ONLY HOT WATER comes through now, fix the leaks so I won't have to mop? I just wonder. - Well, even with quick market, I was here by 7.30! OK. ONE more day! But it would've been better passed at the Fort. Clear skies, clear air, warm sun, cool breeze. Me trapped. - 19.09 North Channel to HoBe. High tide on the bay and tonight it crushes my heart to leave Rockaway. Egrets on the channel island, roosting in trees, fishing on the shore. Painful. - A very nice day at work. A PERFECT day to have been at the Fort. But... And, oddly enough, my guts were good all day... until now. Until now. Until now. - E-mail from PJ. Health care refs. E-mail from TD concerning my job applications. Nope. Oh well. "Over-qualified" no doubt. And the NY thing. I'm going to have to just "jump". I see it coming. One way or another. - Strange, when I began this entry, a call from... VT! But a message in SPANISH! I'll have to check. - For now? RockBlvd. 19.16. I'm not too concerned about arrival at the Dung-heap. Though I do must wash "the" shirt for the week-end. - Statement printed. I'm "accomplished". - I should be at

“home”... in the other direction. - I have to close my eyes now... my guts hurt.

Friday, 12 August:

6.06 M15 bus: Last evening, made it in just in time, in spite of a bit of chaos at the entrance. Some monkeys simply can not be “trained”. Walked up to the 6th. floor. Unpacked and hit the loo. Another half-metre cleared-out... effortlessly. (So why am I still in all sorts of pain this morning? Even after yet another movement? Something inside is terribly wrong. I do want to know what it is, but not if it’s something I can do nothing about.) - The intestinal pain is now so great at times that I go so weak that it feels like my entire body collapses-in on itself. My hands and arms go weak! - 6.15 M14 Fingers, legs, even my feet suddenly give-up. If I’m walking, the need to simply lie down on the sidewalk is almost over-powering. Sitting on the bus/train, I close my eyes. For some reason, looking at anything at all makes my gut wrench. It’s not nausea. I don’t want to vomit. I feel as if I need to “blow” my bowels clear... yet, most often it’s gas and nothing more. My abdomen’s not distended. But there’s the sensation. - Must continue later. This phone-shit and bus... I’m aggravated. - 11.23 I have just done THE “Homeless”: hair-cut in someone else’s loo! Yep! In the E’s. Quick. Not absolutely perfect, not bad, nice trim. And now I’m itchy. BUT... looking a lot better for it. Yes. Nekkid to the waist, buzzing away, door open. AND... hand-washed Mr.’s T (no pun, washed his t-shirt) after a nice splash of chocolate Ensure. Swept the evidence, down the carsie. Had my yoghurt. Had a smoke. PT coming round noon. Now... to see what the remainder of this hysteria will mete out. - I WANT A DRINK! - The cramps are lurking. Not “here”. But “there” some-where. - I need a nap. - And the weather’s good. - 21.02 E4: Signed and showered. The day went well though Mr. slept mostly and needs a shave but the electric razor pulls and he interprets it as intentional. So... PT cancelled. I tried to stay awake. Then... 17.00! Found the poly-things at the 99cent on Cross Bay. White. But they’re better than none. I got 2. I HATE THAT STORE! Cashiers are slow and RUDE! But I don’t go often so... - Q53 to JamaicaAv. for the J train... Beginning of the end. S.L.O.W.!S.H.I.T.! to MCU. On to the 6 to the 4 to GCT to TD to Deposit YES! Done... 19.00. It took THAT long! Next? Staples to copy pay statement. CLOSED AT 19.00! Shit! So M15 to 30th. A young Asian fellow inquired about the flags on the back-pack (Germany and Israel). We chatted until mid-block when I cut across (not wanting to draw attention to going into the Dung-heap)(imagine that). - In with-out incident. Lift to 6th. LIGHT ON. E1 in. E2 and 3 out. Washed unders. Signed. Showered. - 21.14 It’s quiet in here for now. 1 and 4 are in. I’m out for a smoke and a turn-in. Tomorrow I have “plans”. Little Thumper’s getting a REAL 413!

Saturday, 13 August:

18.45 Q23 Fleet/69thAv. WHAT A DAY! (And now, back to the bloody cramps. NONE all day.) - Storage. P.O. License! Waldbaum’s. RiteAid. Peninsula Library. the Fort. 413! TENS! 411. Sang! 3 shots vodka. Storage. Staples. Michael’s. Bus... - 20.06 The Dung-heap. 1 and 4 in. Lights on. 28,5deg. in here. - OK. The day: Out by about 6.30 I believe. M15 to 57th. The Q32 was almost 15mins. late. I suppose, for NYC MTA that’s “on time” (or early). Off to the 53 to Storage where I got the ladder, got the items I wanted (incl. beach things... never used) and was off! Q53 to the P.O. where the only piece of mail was... TAH DAH THANK YOU LORD! THE DRIVER’S LICENSE! HALELUJAH! Nothing left to tether me to NY! (Except money... enough to GO!) Waldbaum’s next for tin of coffee, bottle of water, cereal bars. Light “meal” today. Then walked the “Freeway” to RiteAid. 2 packs cigarettes. 2 “power bars”. The Q53 to Peninsula Library. Bought “I Can’t Stand The Rain” (iTune) (Memories of Joyce and les Mouches... GOOD GOOD Memories.) And checked e-mails, Thumpers and 8539266, Twitters. Since I have the “Blacknotes” again, proofed a few dog-ears. ON TO... The Fort! - It was about noon already. Stopped at a

concrete picnic table for coffee and “lunch” (breakfast bars) and then strolled T4 parking lot to Hero to Shore to the Fresh Pond path. I avoid T6 and 7 at all costs now.

Sunday, 14 August:

(19.13E4: continuing yesterday's entry...) The walk along the Hero Rd. was fun today. I carry proof of residency IN the Fort now! Little do the non-readers of this Journal know, indeed I DID “reside” there-in. And on the Shore Rd.! But today, it's quite official. And so I had to grin. - Along the Shore to the FreshPond path. Along the Ranger Rd. to the Center Rd. back to the Marshal Rd. and... my 413. I regret I didn't bring a Maglite. WHAT a delightful RELIEF! I'd brought the left-over 100proof and so, saluted the “413”. Today, however, I did NOT want to leave! I lingered, figuring how to set-up house there. It was actually sad to leave today. I lingered... the left “JAK AUG '11 DEADARTIST”. (If anyone reads this and wants to arrest me... fine. OK. No prob. Get buggered.) I took a few photos then, as I stared, it came to me: 413. 4 plus 1 plus 3 is 8! August! Of no particular import... or is it? Well, I'll probably never know. In addition to my little load on the floor, I spilled a “toast” before leaving. I'm “there” now. I hope I'll be able to return some day. - Strolled back down the Marshal Rd. and over to the air-ship bunker where I got the urge... Went to 411. There, I belted a few songs with the help of the iPod: Calling My Children, Sand And Water, Dimming Of The Day, Time To Say Goodbye, Miserere, The Morning After... I SANG! SANG WITH ALL I HAD! I FRIGGIN' BLOODY-WELL SANG! It felt WONDERFUL! I finished the vodka (what little was left) and left the bottle and an empty Camel pack in 411. Not to litter. To leave a bit of my visit. And it got to be almost 16.30! I just did NOT want to leave! Fuk ME! - Back on the Marshal, Centre, Ranger, Pond Path... the beach plums are coming into season... will I be here for them this year? I'm more hoping “No” than “Yes” even though it would be nice to taste them again. And along the Shore Rd. at the east end of which... JOSE! He commented “You don't associate with that...” - (19:48 continuing...) Meaning he knows I don't go to swim whilst the riff-raff shit is there. There's talk of closing the beach off. Talk of NPS selling permits for concessions! MY time at the Fort is gone... Sad. - I left. Q22 to immediate Q53 to storage to return TENS, pick-up a few toiletries. - NO CRAMPS TODAY UNTIL I WENT BACK TO STORAGE... ON THE WAY BACK TO THE DUNG-HEAP. OK. Tells tomes! - 20:00 Made it back by about 19.45. Right through the “Building Security” and walked up. Shit! I'd been standing most of the day and my legs were painful. But Anthony1 was in, cleaning his locker. We talked. He spoke! We chatted about keeping the place clean. He mops! YAY! CLEAN! - Signed in. Showered. End of a day I wish had gone along forever... But, it was time, to return to... SHIT-HELL. Good(?)night. - But today? I had a drink. I had my 413. I did NOT tarry at the Dung-heap. It was well. - 20.00: As for today, Sunday: From E4: This morning, I slept til almost 5.30! Leg cramps galore through the night. - Quick coffee, shower, dress, to the 5th floor. Appointment with “The Warden”. Though I do enjoy meeting with her. She always asks “Do you have time?” Indeed, today I did. It was pouring with rain! But our meeting went by, she took my documents, gave me my meal ticket until next Sunday (I'll have to RUSH! to get here) and I was out. - Off to Brighton. Jackie's. I need a light jacket now. But Jackie's had nothing. Truly. Nothing. B68 to 99cent Limit. They've re-orged (re-organised). Much less merchandise, particularly from Israel. AND... they've gone the 1.49 dollar route! But I got 6 Dettol soaps and 4 challah rolls (which, aside from 6 PopTarts, is all I've eaten all day. My guts will be spiffy tomorrow.) I headed back... NO TRAINS! I MEAN “NO” TRAINS! They flooded again! The ONLY trains out of Brooklyn were leaving from The Junction! Well, leave it to NYC and the MTA. FukUps. But in due course... the Q to 34th to the D to Mid-Manhattan Library. Got a PC. Faulty mouse, SLOW CPU! STUNK! STINK! STANK! FUNK! Damned non-bathers! But... I've backed-up ALL of “DeadArtist” today. AND... E-MAILS FROM BELINDA AND P.J.! It made me SO happy!!! They've become my “friends”... Friends. - It was 15.00 when I left. I walked to Jack's for some cleaning stuff. I wanted to wipe-down my locker.

Jack's had NOTHING at all. I bought NOTHING! A 16bus to RiteAid where I bought wipes, a freshener, pack of cigarettes and came back to the Dung-heap (or, perhaps, "Snake Pit"). Darsevid was in and I got busy... emptied the locker section-by-section and GOOD thing too! ROACHES in the back of the top shelf AND upper corner of large area! ROACHES! FUK! So it got a GOOD wipe-down and some spray. Clean... for now. - Darsevid left as I began to clean. - Anthony1 came in. We talked. He sealed the mouse hole in the wall. Finds Darsevid to be nasty and rude. A shame theri beds are along the same wall. But... - Locker clean. Smelling fresh. I need a shower. Have taken a top sheet for tonight. 1,2 and 4 in. - 20.24 Darsevid just strolled out. The light's been on all evening. We've been lounging (as it were). Old radio programmes (WBAI). I'm looking forward to sign-in, shower and ending this day. Tired, indeed. Just tired. - 20.53 Just noting: Sign-in on 5. LAST NIGHT'S SHEET! Put a check next to your name. I initialled. I anticipate mayhem. I'm going for my shower.

Monday, 15 August:

5.59 M34 bus: After a good night's sleep... I got out, across from NYU and BLAM! Cramped right up. Why? Why when I'm clear of everything, and early enough to take the commute easy? Worry about MTA? Worry about difficulties on the job? Or the sudden absence of needing to be in guard? A sudden reduction in stress? What? - Killing your neighbour, homeycide. Homeysexuality. Homeygeneous. Homey-genius. Thought-line this morning. - 8.12 HoBe: 7.32 clock-in. "Meal" purchased... no rolls though... Waldbaum's. - Spoke with Mrs. Good mood this morning. Me? Suddenly EXHAUSTED! - 21.31 Dung-heap. Just notes. OK day. Mr. Estremo in good mood. JigsPT.VNS implied Mr. has sores. I'm "concerned" only about the implication. - Impressive clouds this evening. Photos taken. - Peninsula Library after work. MUCH progress on proofing this Journal! NOTED: The same stomach troubles last time I was here! Nerves? Most likely. - Got back just past 20.00. - Need to do laundry. No time. No energy. Won't dry over-night. - NOTE: Much younger boys coming in on 7th floor. NOT GOOD! They mean thefts and instigations of all sorts of trouble. - 21.38 Signed in. Showered. Last night, slept under a doubled sheet. Not tonight. Warm 26deg. - Darsevid in foul mood. Radio on but low. - Time to call this... a day.

Tuesday, 16 August:

5.55 34/1st. Dear Me: As your guts twist and knot each day, remember... The very same thing happened, daily, the last time you were here. This isn't new. It's part of being in the sHellter. Perhaps it's because, no matter what, unconsciously or other-wise, even in sleep, the mind and body remain prepped in a constant state of "fight or flight"... just as it was through child-hood. It's nerves, and being so, is controllable by your state of mind. - 7.35 HoBe Yes, the reminder of the previous "stay" helps a bit, I do believe. Proofing this is beneficial to better well-being. This morning's commute was much better. I even listened to music! Juan Luis Guerra. No "panic" along the way and no dozing. OK! But, no umbrella and... rain in HoBe. Alas. We'll see what the day brings. I didn't get to the market. There's coffee here. And Mrs.Estremo told me to eat whatever is here. She told me again this morning. So, today perhaps I'll mooch. There's roast beef left from my yesterday's market. I'm good. - Last night got chilly. I used the sheet again. Time to think "blanket". 1 has his own linens. 2 has his nasty blanket. 3 will have something, no doubt. I just don't want to bring in anything more that will have to be brought out. - I still can't believe how early I was this morning. Got up on 4th alarm (4.45). Took my time on the bowl (nothing). But made it very early. Warm shower this morning too. - Suddenly very tired. - Received an e-mail:

07:57: J, just wanted you to know that I'm thinking of you and sending warm wishes. I'm also

concerned about your health :(Let me know if there's anything I can do.
 Thanks for the friendship, it came at a time when I really needed it.
 Hugs and blessings
 Belinda

Wednesday 17 August:

5.53 34th/1st Goodmorning Belinda. Goodmorning PJ. Goodmorning ShutupImTweetin.
 Goodmorning Lou. Goodmorning Correspondents. - 06:07 Well indeed, 'twas an eve-interesting last. I've one more month to proof on this part of my Journal! It's almost complete. What then, there-after? I neither know, nor really care. It's the accomplishment alone, the documentation of... - Coming into the Dung-heap, a queue of considerable length. Too many young (20's), Black boys. Something is at hand. Them, and the attention to cleaning the common halls. I wonder. - A close encounter/altercation on the queue. The typical: 2 Blacks v. the Jew. Jumping the queue and making their excuses. So "typical", so very "common". To be expected. - Darsevid/Radioboy made a "tent". - To be continued... We're at 7th Av.. Tunnels Time. - 7.57 HoBe: The "tent": Apparently the crack got to him today and the light and conversation between El and myself in the room disturbed him terribly. So he pulled his funky comforter up over his head, secured it somehow and cocooned himself in. As El and I spoke, Darsevid raised and lowered the volume on his radio. I did want to photo the farce but with crack-heads... not safe. We opted to be mildly amused and ignore. - Signed-in as I got in this evening... after walking up the 6 flights. So a bit of laundry got done, I showered after bed-check. Lights out (but radio still on) by 22.30. - Oh. El got a buzz-cut. Looking clean. 1.99\$ at the school where many from the sHellter go. The school used to do it for free and I remember Rey coming in several times with little nicks on his head. Ah, Memory Lane. - Must note: the e-mails from Belinda and PJ have become a connection to stability, sanity and general better over-all well-being. I'm quite blessed. - 8.10 HoBe Today: CLEAR, BLUE SKIES. Just warm/cool enough to be a perfect day to put a blanket on the grass and doze. (FAT BLEATING CHANCE.) - No cramps this morning. Having read (in previous posts here) that it happened before, and no longer drinking the tap water has helped! I'm not certain which helped more but that's not important just now. Still, knowing it was identical the previous "stay" I do believe it's something to do with nerves, stress and the water. OK. - En route to the bus, 32/1st, late 20's Black kid, sitting AT the corner, on the pavement, nodding, paper bag beside him. I have NO compassion, sympathy. I don't even have pity. It's an amazingly remarkable development for me: I can't even find it in me for such a thing. 56 years it's taken and finally! Why? Because: I AM in the shelter, getting up each morning at 4.30 to go to a job that I truly dislike intensely, to work 10 hours cleaning bowel movements and urine for 6.80\$/hour to come into a room where one of "his" disrespects MY right to dignity and peaceful co-existence while HE spends the night getting so stone-drunk he has to sit in the street! I mean, fukreally. If I can maintain some decorum... Meanwhile HIS "people" tell ME that I have NO RIGHT to be in the shelter (I'd been told by Black/African staff here that Whites and Jews have no rights to shelter services) when I'M ACTUALLY PAYING FOR THE DAMNED PLACE by working and paying TAXES! Nope. No compassion there. - The 2 songs this morning: "Calling My Children Home" and "Sand And Water". - One item: Last night Darsevid closed our door (the hall light bothered him) cutting cross ventilation. My unders are currently on a chair in front of the fan. OH! How "Homeless" can this get? - TO WORK NOW! - 21.03 Dung-heap. Signed-in immediately upon arrival. I'm even showered even! Radio going... not blasting. Light on (thank me very much). BUT... I CLEANED THE '08 '09 TYPOS! AN HOUR AT SIB Library AND I'M ONE MORE STEP CLOSER TO THE END! WOOT! (as 'tis said). Insert photos. Link all together. COMPLETE! From 1954 through... ALL! The story-board will be COMPLETE! I just wish I could be out having drinks to celebrate. But there will be time for that... soon... quite soon at this point. Then? Nothing to

tether me to NY, NYC, ANY-where. All I can think of is: "The Letter", Macy Gray. - On that note, it's time to try for some rest before BED-CHECK! and then something like sleep before 4.15 tomorrow morning. - This afternoon it got HOT again. Back up to high 20's and my stomach went insane. I truly need to get SOMEwhere cold. If I could, I'd move to Nunavut. I'd like that. "But down here in reality" I know there's nothing for me to do up there. Maybe the N.W.T. or Yukon? Something to ponder. - On the day, Mrs.Estremo came in this evening bitching because Mr. didn't come next door AND I'd given ice cream (which he didn't eat) "after 3:00". Y'know what? HE and I get along. Fukdarest. - I NEED TO CUT MY TOE-NAILS! TRULY! - I'm calling this a day.

Thursday, 18 August:

11.50 Just lost an entire entry! SO tired, I dozed and hit "back"! SHIIIIIT! (When I doze, I rest the stylus on the screen, on the "Back" button and that wipes everything I've entered.) - Quick note: Mr. Estremo said his lower abdomen is painful so, after a good breakfast he went to the recliner. At 11.23 he was dreaming. Called out "Oh yeah..." and waved to someone. Just noting. - Meanwhile, it was a "crampsless" morning! Woke at 4.35, was at the corner by 5.35! How? I do not know. But the M16 came and by 5.42 I was at Penn. For nothing. STILL had to WAIT for a 6.11 A... to Lefferts! No matter how I try, there's no early start to a day in NYC. MTA just screws absolutely everything! But that was OK this morning because by 7.03 I was coming out of storage! (BlackNotes are back in storage.) - Q53 to HoBe. No groceries this morning. But I'm good. - 17.43 Peninsula Library 12.21 Ponder: The science of Physics claims that energy can be created but never destroyed, only changed. People, humans, are basically bundles of energy... charges that are produced internally keep our heart functioning. Energy derived from the fuel we take in as food. But independent. - Ponder: The death experience where people claim to see bright light, going through a tunnel, seeing relatives and such. Some describe it as re-birth. - Suppose: That energy that we are is never destroyed, even in death. Perhaps, we are re-cycled energy. Over and over again. Perhaps, the death experience is actually the moment of some kind of re-birth, where-by our energy is passed on, somehow, and we are actually born... again, and again and again. The tunnel is actually the birth canal. That light is, as some have said, the light at the end of the canal. Those "relatives" others have claimed to see are actually the new family into which we are re-born. And suppose, this continues on and on and on. Those who claim to get to Heaven find themselves in a life of comforts and contentment. Those who claim to get to Hell either re-live their previous existence or are re-born into a life of poverty, destitution, war, horror. Or, suppose, those who reach Heaven are not re-born at all and become part of an energy that maintains the Natural order of existence. Those in Hell are relegated to some chaos in Creation. Just suppose... Just suppose. - 21.13 Dung-heap: Mr. Estremo ate a light lunch! At 14.00 but he was REALLY good, even up to when I left at 17.00! (I gave him a hug and a kiss on the cheek and he laughed.) - Mrs.E was cooking for the grand-kids and sent chicken cutlette over! Last night's slice of fritatta was wonderfully sinfully rich! Tonight's chicken was SCRUMPTIOUS! I had to think: I'm actually getting one "home-cooked" hot meal a day lately. This morning I even had hot oatmeal for breakfast! I suppose I should shut up about the EXTREMELY LOW salary and dwell on: Being inside in foul weather, sitting in a recliner, having fresh hot coffee, being able to fry an egg, make toast, hot cereal and Mrs. trying to fatten me up. If not for this assignment I actually don't know WHAT I'd be eating since my stomach won't take the crap I used to eat. It hardly takes real food lately. - And so, after, to Peninsula Library for an hour on the PC and "Dream" images on some pages. I don't have to sign for a PC now. I walk in, librarian sees me, puts my name on the list. (Home). - Leaving was painful again tonight. A beautiful storm was coming in off the ocean. Great waves! A charming walk or an exciting swim! Instead, I got a ride through the bowels of NYC. - Quick in through entry security/x-ray/ etc. Walked the 6 flights of stairs. In the

dung-dorm, 1 and 2 were in. I ignored, put on flip-flops, signed and went for a shower. The stall was CRAWLING! Roaches. Oh well. They're clean. - 21.30 I'm nodding. Must nap... I PRAY... earplug helps. G'night.

Friday, 19 August:

5.45 M16 Woke at 2.21 for potty. Back to bed and right to sleep. 3 alarms and out of bed. Wahoo. Real, regular bm this morn. Delightful shower. But everything I touched made noise, tumbled, or something. The day began. Beautiful temperatures this morn. But ran for this bus at 5.43. And... I'm feeling rather "bloated". - The coffee bottle has a rather acrid odour. And last night I noticed that my towel, when damp, smells like "turtle water": like the bowl we kept those little "Woolworth's" turtles in. Hmmm... - 5.51 7th Av. Here we go... the day commences... - 7.06 61/Roosevelt Q53! M16 to 34th/8th. (6.13) NO BLOODY A TRAINS BETWEEN CHAMBERS/145th BOTH DIRECTIONS! Walk to 34th/6th for F to Roosevelt Av. Q32 BACK to 61st to JUST MISS A Q53! I feel like I'm about to have a stroke or coronary. I NEED THE BLOODYFUKKING MONEY! And today is my stress-Friday: Work, then into Wall St., TD... Tomorrow: P.O. before work, work, (I'm so out of it I can't remember routine!) - OH DEAR GOD GET ME OUT OF HERE... ANY WAY AT ALL! DEATH IS PEACE AND I DON'T CARE HOW IT COMES... EVEN IF I HAVE TO TAKE THE OPTION! - 12.19 I was out of the room for MOMENTS trying to talk sense into Mrs. Estremo about Mr.'s dietary requirements (liquids to stop constipation) but she won't listen. Giving up, resolving to do what my training dictates and common sense indicates, I come back to find Mr. Estremo in the middle of the floor, twirling! NO WALKER! I got hold of him JUST as he went, gently, to the floor! SUNUVABITCH! HOWEVER... I don't know how, but I lifted 140 pounds of him up, and into the recliner! ME! I did it! Quietly. Calmly. He laughed. - I've got the wife who just won't listen to me, rejects suggestions, information and such. The husband, my patient, has Alzheimer's and CA Colon/Prostate and decides to take solo strolls. 6.80\$/hr. and a supervisor who takes ABSOLUTELY NO interest in my work AT ALL! - I'm on my 3rd coffee since 8.00. And another 7 days before my 2 days off. - I get through by thinking... VT, NORTH, closer to the border, to the Province where my heart and soul are waiting for me. Soon. But certainly not soon enough. - Meanwhile, I do ALL I CAN for my guy. Comfort. Concern. Care. It's what I do... thanklessly... it's what I do. - 19.35 Mid-Manhattan Library IT CAN BE DONE! I got out of HoBe and on to an A at 17.16. Then to the J. Made it to the MCU, then on to the 6 train and to TD and here by 18.30! And here, I had a couple of minutes to get a couple more tunes for the iPod before getting on here (and passing time). - The day? Well, it went. Mr. Estremo fluctuated between total lethargy and manic personality. Mrs. confided that she was certain that he'd be "gone" today. But I did know better. Still, she and her lovely little daughter kept second-guessing me and rejecting suggestions. The daughter tells me "according to my research" and "according to my training" (WHAT F'ing "training"? She's "Hotel"!). Well, today I decided that I shall let them have their "research" and their "training" and I will do what makes ME comfortable and not them. I have 5 years of Hospice, a year of Psych/Med-Surg, 6 mos. Cardio and 6 mos. Resp. But, it's always the same... I'm just the "Hired Lackey" so if that's what they want, that's what they get. - OH GOD GET ME OUT OF THIS CITY! - OK. Well, now it's raining.. or I hear it's pouring. I have to get from here to the lovely Hotel de Marde with-out drowning. But... I have my umbrella! So by the time I get to the door, all should be well again. - Although last night my Home-Town got a WHAMMY of a storm! Tree branches all over the place - damn it! I missed a beautiful storm! (Bitterness!) - I'm out of here. Time to toddle. More when... - 21.20 Hunee! I'm HOMEless... Back at the Dung-heap, the boys are all in, radio going and Darsevid's locker is covered by his comforter. Luckily the temperature in here is 26. Had it not been for the rain, I coulda done a wash. On a regular night, wash dries in mere hours/over-night. Toss it on the locker before bed, wake to bone-dry. (It was one of the

VERY FEW things I'd missed when I'd left here.) But on rainy nights, it could take 2 days and I don't have the luxury of bringing wet wash to work on the week-end. Mrs. is "in" too often. Which reminds me: Only 5 hours tomorrow! O GAHD YES! FINALLY! The week-end hours! I really can't bitch. Today she brought me 3 chicken cutlettes (they don't eat meat on Friday) (never mind) and a slice of pizza. Now, if she'd learn to trust my medical judgement... - Anyway, the boys are tucked in. Darsevid went storming out the door (leaving the radio on of course... WFAN... baseball bullshit). But I probably should put out the light. Not that anybody ELSE in this cell has to get up or out of bed in the morning... Tomorrow morning I'll leave, they'll be asleep, I'll come back, they'll be asleep. So now, I'll put out the light, put in my ear-plug and... Another night in... The Snake Pit. (WHAT A MOVIE!)

Saturday, 20 August:

5.19 28/2nd waiting on the 5.27 M15: All those months before coming to the shelter I wished to get back to my "normal" routine... waking at 4.30? Now I have it. Ah... but if only I could sit at table calmly, enjoying my morning coffee and cigarette instead of rushing to shit, shower and run. Never. Enjoy? Never. - Spoke with (5.24 on the bus) that security guard this morning. I tend to think I'm the only one who speaks to her... nicely anyway. - 10.56 HoBe I arrived at... 8bloody12! THREE DAMNED HOURS to take the L to the A to the shuttle and the Q53. The longest wait? The damned A at Broadway Junction! LOCAL! Then the only salvation was that the train skipped from Grant to Rock.Blvd. and to North Conduit... At the P.O.? Pay-stub post-marked 11 August! Then to HoBe Waldbaum's for their "no selection". I got yoghurt) fruit, PopTarts, honey for me; yoghurt, cranberry juice for Mr. Estremo. - Didn't get to clock-in until almost 10.00 because Mr. was at table when I arrived and Mrs. was in a mood. Screaming at me about paying for the yoghurt (but not the juice). Then getting Mr. into the shower. I'm exhausted. Next, daughter rings. Explains Mrs. is very concerned and afraid of losing Mr. Right. But the 2nd-guessing. I had to tell her I've 20 years of doing this! No avail. - THEN "Rob", covering Melanie wants to "confirm" when I got here. "I need to speak with the patient." I almost gave the phone to Mr. Would serve them right. But when I said I'm usually here by 7.30 or so... "I've got it covered." Fukkem! - Louie came by. Mr. got a shave. And I'm ready for sleep. Nice beach day. Wish I could. But much to do today. No rest for the weary. - By the way: the brown towel at the shelter? I washed it yesterday. Stinks already. The hot water! No more wash in hot water! It'll never come back to white. - 17.32 Q53 to 61st. A Note: Mrs. tells me I need someone in my life to sit with at the end of the day, to have dinner with, to talk to. - COULD YOU BLOODY-WELL IMAGINE GOING THROUGH THAT AGAIN? - 18.18 Q32 33rdSt/QB PopTarts! That's all. PopTarts. 6 of them. Meals for the day. Any more I'll start shitting like a toaster! - Anyway... Since "Rob" or "Bob" at PIC gave me crap for clocking-in late this morning, I decided to send in a time sheet. That required a trip to storage, following the visit to Peninsula Library where I bought more music (OK! I'M WEAK! I've ALWAYS opted for music over... EVERYTHING! Shoot me... O please, SOMEbody DO! Please! It wouldn't be murder. It'd be the kindest thing a human has ever done... EVER!) So, believe it or not, I found the time-sheets almost immediately! And off I went. Q53... WAITED! Got one to Woodside for Q32. WAITED! And here me is, just crossed the 59th St. Bridge! I could grab the M15 to Hell. But I'm going to relax, enjoy a trip down 5th to 34th. Fukkit! OK? OK then. - 20.04 E4: THAT was rather pleasant... the buses ride. And it's cooled nicely in The City. The connection from Q32 to M34 was immediate (too bad) but I got to sit. Very important for me... to sit. Odd, but when I got off the Queens bus, I wanted to chat with the driver... we're "homies"... came from the "Outer Borough" into The City. I wanted him to know I'd left my "Home Borough". But the reality is, he could have been from anywhere and simply driving a Queens bus. Still, I felt like I'd bussed into a different country. I'm slipping. REALLY slipping. - I got to see a bit of BTV on-line today. Almost reminds me of Rockaway; small

buildings, low. Small-town. Like Rockaway. I like that... wish I was there already. Soon. Soon. - Coming into the cell? About 19.00. Darsevid and the bloody radio. But no 1 or 3. I've washed my work scrubs. 3 comes in telling his experiences with his "water pill". Yes indeed. THE ONE THING that EVERY person NEEDS and one can NEVER find one when needed: a LOO! Too funny. - About 20.00, 1 comes in. Makes his bed. He has his own linens. Colour. (Quite frankly, I'm a bit surprised they haven't been stolen in this dung-heap. I'm actually expecting Darsevid to damage mine or the bed somehow. Wouldn't put it past him, just because.) - At 20.17 the radio's going in here, the TV in the "lounge" is doing some salsa-thing. And... it's miserably HOT in here! But then, it might be what-ever it is inside me... On that, I've my suspicions. But it hasn't taken me... yet. So there. - Gee! 10 minutes til sign-in. Then it'll be shower and me TRYING for SOME sleep (right). The after-noon/evening went right by. Oh. And no rain. - It smells nice in my niche. Fresheners in my locker and Gain on my drying clothes (they'd BETTER DRY!). - Stoopid Old Southern Black Man Alert! Loud! It's interesting how they seem to believe they MUST yell! Ah. WTF? - And the bongo/conga serenade from the TV continues. - I'm quite tired.

Sunday, 21 August:

Quite the night, last night. All went... Radio on through-out. One ear-plug in. I don't like it, cutting air out of the ear canal like that, but it does dull the blaring radio. I don't know how the other 2 manage. But then, they don't get out of bed before 7.30 during the week, probably not before 9.00 on week-ends and D(arse)vid doesn't get out of bed unless there's a bodily function or food or cigarette involved. Anyway, I was finally getting to drift when... BED-CHECK! A quick 'lights on/lights off' and then... "YOU'RE TOO LATE! NO! YOU'RE TOO LATE!" accompanied by grunts and groans. Somebody tried to slip in to sign in AT bed-check. But the grunts sounded pitiful, like somebody who's other-wise mute. It was VERY "Asylum-ish". Almost sickening. But, oddly, I felt no sympathy, sadness. Hell! *I'd NEVER get away with pulling the shit some of these arses pull. No sympathy from me. Fuk. - I begin to re-settle, drift off and... BING! BING! BING! BING! BING! Fire alarm! "Fire drill." It figured. They pull that shit in the middle of the night. They'd done it once before, 1.00 in the morning, Winter. Rationale tells me it makes sense: Everybody should be in at that hour. But logic dictates that it's quite abusive. I waited for the order to evacuate (being raised by a Staff Sergeant comes in handy at times like these... and more). I marvelled at how the ear-plug dulled the radio but the fire alarm came through clearly. I turned my head to the open ear. WOW! LOUD! But nobody in the room moved, save... Darsevid who laid there grumbling and cursing at the alarm. "HAH-hah!" I thought, how wonderful he gets annoyed now, the worthless, inconsiderate piece of waste. Then came the female voice in the hall: "Fuk! It had to happen to me on my shift! Shit!" Then, from down the hall: "NO! NO! NO! You know there's no smoking in the room." in a tone like a mother scolding her child. I grinned, listening to Darsevid's bitch-fest, happy that he was annoyed until... silence... (cont.) - Today: 14:25 SIGNED-IN for Ms.Khenkina at 14.21! Left HoBe AT 13.01. Q11 at 13.12. Waited for A. Immediate L and M15. HOT! SWEATING! Off to pee... on the 5th floor (D18). - 15.17 M34 to Mid-Manhattan Library. Ms.Khenkina has been dealt a double and when I sympathised telling her about my morning she replied: "She needs to get somebody else and pay them a lot more money! Do they think just anybody will do what you do for the pay you get?" COMPASSION! And she knows my income and hours worked. I pray for her strength to endure and Peace in her life while she can enjoy it. - 15.47 Mid-Manhattan Library 5th fl. Waiting for a 17.00 PC. I'm DRENCHED WITH SWEAT! This CAN'T be from heat/humidity. AND NO AIR CONDITIONING! NYC? Freaking Hell-hole! This phone? Piece of shit. OK. - Copied the time sheet at Staples on Mad/38th(?). The bitch at the counter charged me 23cents to do it instead of showing me the self-serve (11cents). Fuk huh. OK? I want a copy because Mrs.Estremo wouldn't sign for Mr.Estremo so HE signed. I fore-see troubles coming. But I'm quite prepared to do battle. - AND we no longer have drop-

boxes for the post here, in this “wonderful and so convenient city” so I have to go to a bloody Post Office! The shit I’m shoved into for 6.80\$/hr.! - It’s been quite the day. I arrived in HoBe by about 7.00. Strolled calmly to Waldbaum’s, listening to music. Somehow I knew the rest of this day was to go sour. Waldbaum’s’ rolls were ALL, hard and stale! No inexpensive cold-cuts. AND I was stupid enough to buy bread so Mr. could have with lunch. I thought I might have an egg sandwich too. Stupid me. - A calm stroll to the house. I sat on the stoop to read the paper when I heard Mr. sneeze. Awake! Up the stairs I went to find Mr. up at table, in JUST a diaper, eating breakfast. Mrs. at the sink. I waited for him to finish breakfast. Mrs. left for a bit leaving ALL the dishes in the sink AND a bed with shitty sheets (for me to remove). And then it happened: He didn’t want to shower! We got into the bath-room and his “game” commenced. Would NOT move close to the tub. THEN, as he’s standing there, he pees on the floor AND starts to SHIT! NO DIAPER ON! I threw a couple of Chux on the floor, began to clean the faeces when HE DECIDED TO SIT ON THE COMMODE... LID CLOSED! Bucket-time! A good head-to-toe WASH as he sat. He got CLEANED! Then took an attitude with me, wouldn’t allow me to clothe him. I walked away, stripped the bed and went back. He’d gotten himself up and was standing in the hall with the walker, t-shirt only half on. I finished dressing him... (cont...) - 16:40 (cont.) Got him into the kuvung/licing/licing/living-room (fukking Huawei shit phone!) and into the recliner, went back to clean the loo. Daughter comes in. Will he be able to get out of the house today? They’ll be home until 2 (14.00). Obviously... NO. OK. Back to “normal”. I FINALLY got to eat something by about 10.00. Oh, and the bread? 2 slices with vanilla ice cream and honey. (I did manage 2 tinned coffees, 2 yoghurts, a small tin of apricots during the day.) - NEXT! At about 10.30 I offered Mr. some jello. He truly needs better liquid intake and getting him to drink and getting the family to comply is almost completely impossible. He tried, as he does, to use the spoon as a straw. I did not intervene and he did not eat the jello. - 11.30, too early for lunch according to Mrs. but she waltzes in, sees Mr. at table, notes the jello, “He have he lunch?” No. “Then why you give that stupid stuff? 11/11.30 he gets lunch.” Previously she insisted ‘not before noon’. I gave up! I GIVE UP! The butch(fuk this fukkung ohone!) bitch-fest ENDS TODAY! I walked away, went to make the bed. She cooked him lunch, served and cleared the table. Sink full of dishes! SHE got him to the living-room where I offered to change him (knowing it was needed). SHE waltzes out, goes to her sewing room. I changed Mr. Dyddie-full of SHIT AGAIN! - Mrs. “hid” until 12.58 when I went for the phone to clock out. She said something to me. I ignored her and AT 13.00 I clocked-out. - The decision to use the Q11 was good. The connections were very good. Getting into the Dung-heap was delightful. Seeing Ms.Khenkina was up-lifting. Having gotten this journaled is a relief. Having done on the ohibe/phone is bloody pissed. But, it’s done and I’ve stopped schwitzing so damned much. - Tomorrow, if the need presents, I’ll tell Mrs. that I can understand why she can’t keep help on and remind her of MY skills and “training” and remind her that she’s free to seek someone else. I NEED THIS INCOME! NEED! NEED! NEED! BUT... She’ll bitch once and I’ll be finished! (c. 16:48 (cont.) How bloodyfukking typical! I bust MY arse, GIVE them 45mins/an hour EXTRA most days, go the extra and... NOT EVEN A NOTE TO PIC! ALL of them! Fukkem each and every one. - Meanwhile, voice mail. Mrs.Grnbrg: ‘Happy birthday. Hope the new life-style is rewarding. We think of you often.’ Right. You don’t have mobility any longer, cgeao(cheap) bastards. (THEY couldn’t send a nice letter to PIC and they’ve got PC AND PRINTER!) Annoys me. - I’ve pulled out of Life. Goodbye. No regrets. - 16.47 Still waiting for the PC and starting to doze off! Time to move about.

Monday, 22 August:

6.05 Twenty-three years ago today, at approximately 10.30, my Very Best Friend In Life took her last breath of Creation’s Earthly air. It was a Monday then too. Twenty-three years ago, and this morning it’s as fresh in my heart, soul and mind. Mama, how I miss you so very, very much.

Unlike me, you loved Life so. If only we could exchange places.

19.06 Q22 B124 In no hurry. The evening is UNBELIEVABLY MAGNIFICENT! And I'm carrying TWO jars of Bustello Instant! and 2 packs of cigarettes. Happy man. Came from Peninsula Library. "Home"... but can't stay. And on a perfect evening. Creation. And no Mum.

Tuesday, 23 August:

6.08 34th/1st 18deg. Clear. Breezy. - Something's "off" in my brain. (6.10 M16) 4th alarm to wake. Took toilet paper, but left some in the dorm. BM "disappeared" pre-flush. - OK, I shaved at long last. Showered well. Dressed. Got everything needed. Grabbed the lift. Straight down and out... At the corner of 30th/1st realised I'd forgotten the kippa! Had to put everything back into the backpack and go BACK into the bldg.! Back up-stairs in the lift. Open lock by lighter. Kippa on. Back to the lift. Out-side, meal ticket panic. But that was OK. Just "off" today. - 6.18 6thAv. - 9.20 HoBe Up rather late last night. 1 and 3 very talkative until Darsevid came in. Seems he doesn't like the camaraderie. He put the radio on rather loud. We finally HAD to stop talking over the radio. But it was OK, really. I didn't get to shower until 20.15. And... to a night's sleep. - The HoBe story du jour: Got to the station by 7.04! Strolled... SLOWLY, to the market. Nothing of interest. I got 2 tins of whipped cream (on sale 2/5\$... for the client) and my yoghurt. Strolled to the house. Mrs. at the gate. WE came in. I clocked-in because SHE IMMEDIATELY got Mr. up (7.40). Bed stripped, she took the linens, Departed. By 9.00: Mr. bed-bathed, dressed, breakfast. - Now? I'm fatigued. - 14.00 HoBe EARTHQUAKE 6.0! Origin. 87mi So. of D.C. I was sitting in the recliner, CE snoozing in his recliner. (13.52 official time) The house swayed very gently. But traffic continued out-side. All was as if nothing happened. I thought it was ME! Rang Mrs.Estremo "Did your house just rock?" She rang off on me! Tried 911 on house and cell. NO CONNECTION. FINALLY, the neighbours across the street confirmed. (14.14 It's on CBS News) Apparently basement/1st floor didn't even notice. - 21.18 6W-107 The boys are tucked in. I'm having my evening PopTarts, awaiting "BED-CHECK!". We didn't have one last night. That's either inconsistent-continuity or consistent-incontinuity. Either way it is what this place is. - Earthquake? It "rolled" so nicely that people on the streets, ground floor didn't even feel it. BUT... New Yorkers being NOT New Yorkers anymore, MOST left their offices for the day. The news kept referring to "post 9/11"! I mean shitreally! It's 10 years ago! But the REAL New-Yorkers are gone and what's here now is... well... DUMB! However, I left Mr. Estremo at just past 17.00. At 17.16 I was on the Q11. By 18.20 I was in SIB Library. And The City had a tranquillity about it... a strange tranquillity. - SIB Library? BONEY M! on the iPod and some "stuff" on the PC. Backed-up "KalbahJournal" to Flash. I will never forget how she told me to go to "the shelter", then asked for a kiss when I left! (Happy now, are you?) Anyway, that's documented. Not here. - Came in behind a 21y/o who'd come up from Florida on holiday, claims he got screwed by "friends" (can you imagine? I can.) and this place is giving him a ticket back to Florida! Two guys in the hall confirmed DHS will do that. But then you can't show back here for a year. Oh well. (Move me to VT?) - Chatted with 3 until sign-in (on 5). Showered. Day is done. - Told Lou (Mr. Estremo son-in-law) what Ms.Khenkina said (let them find private duty and PAY for the service). He told me don't take Mrs. personally. OK. Right. - 21.39 Must toddle. More tomorrow.

Wednesday 24 August:

6.22 Woke at 5.22. Actually walked directly onto the 6.15 M34. - Rumour has a wash-out week-end so I took care of 413 this morning. - Feeling "odd" this morning. But... Here we go... again. Shit. I want out of NY. - 9.55 HoBe Clocked-in 7.40. BUT... Arrived to open, un-locked door. Mr. seated at table, naked. He'd eaten his pudding, taken his meds, and in good spirits. BUUUUTTT... THE SHEETS WERE F.O.S. Full Of Shit)! MAJOR! In the loo was a bucket containing shorts,

soaking. F.O.S. And me, on the clock but NOT on the pay-roll with WORK to get done. Well... under-wear and t-shirt on Mr. On to French toast cooked, juice, fruit, tea. He ate, I washed the shorts, prepped the shower. Breakfast done, thorough shower. He sat on the commode and I stripped the bed, a bucket of ammonia/bleach to "clear the air". Wash dishes. Wash kitchen floor. Get Mr. to the living-room. 8.58am and a day's-worth of work... done. JUST IN TIME! MRS. COMES IN! She goes into a tirade on how to feed, what to feed, when to feed. "He's going all the time. Too much." She got IT, the riot act. "YOU do what YOU do and I'LL do what I do. If that's not good enough, call the agency now and let me get out of here." The tone changed. "I don't want you to have to deal with that. I don't take advantage of the people." HELL! He HAS to move his bowels and because of her "what, when and how much" he got impacted! Well folk, she FINALLY agreed with me and agreed to let me handle the day! FINALLY! (Now I'll ABSOLUTELY expect a nasty call from the office, taking me off the case. Oh well. As Mrs. says "Thank you very much. God bless you." - I've done what I must, should and can.) - 10.24 Getting WEARY. - 21.27 6W107 Oh I got a call alright. About the late clock-in on SATURDAY! "Rob/Bob" DIDN'T "take care of it" AND "Ms.Melanie" CLAIMS she didn't get the time sheet. So I KNOW I'm pulling 45/55hrs now. ANYTHING SHORT, ANOTHER COMPLAINT to the Labour Board. NO PROB. - The day? Quite well. Mrs.Estremo brought me a WONDERFUL chicken/mozzarella focaccia sandwich! My gad it was stupunderfab! DEElish! I'm eating SO much (and burning off so little). I won't be "bronzed" when I get to VT but I'll have weight! I prefer the weight anyway. - Took the Q11 again tonight. SIB Library by about 18.30. Bought a couple 10,000 Maniacs and got DunesSojourner on Flash. Gaston has to be re-posted. The data is there but it comes up with the index! I don't know why. There's some good writing on there. I want to save it somehow... and the Flash is small enough to carry with me. (NOT give to someone else to hold. Fuk.) - Tonight I walked back to the Dung-heap. A wonderful breeze. The hurricane is probably making the breeze and sucking the humidity out. Ah... the wk-end. STORM by 14.00 Sunday. Figures. My wk-end off. - ANYway... there were thoughts I wanted to jot, things that came to mind during the day. I've forgotten them. I should jot notes. Writing still beats all. - 21.42 and we're all "in". Earlier E3 says "I'm gonna miss you when I leave here." (And earlier today the Physical Therapist/Jigs, says "You're so good with your patients.") WTF? I'm just such "the doll". (Oh bloody fukme for krise sake! REALLY!) - Darsevid's got the radio low. E3 put the lights out. I'm aspirined and showered and PopTarted. I want a quick smoke before turning in. Oh, the ceilings are pink. REPAIRS! O MY!

Thursday, 25 August:

6.01 M34: Shaved the callous off the right great toe this morning! RELIEF! And now, if the MTA doesn't fuk me over, it's P.O. day. But... - MadAv. 6.03. - 9.48 HoBe: No rest for the weary today. I got in at 8.03, tried to ease into the morning but Mrs. just couldn't wait... RIGHT OVER! Of course this meant Mr. HAD to get out of bed IMMEDIATELY! In for breakfast during which she starts shovelling food into his mouth saying "I don't have all day." WTF? SHE doesn't have all day? I do! Go away! Let the poor guy eat in peace. She strips the bed, washes the dishes and leaves. WE went to the shower. And now, at long last, my bit of damp wash is on the chair to dry. And I'm schwitzing already. Hmpf. And the humidity is up, the skies are grey and I ponder getting drenched (no umbrella) though "Irene" is still far enough away. - I didn't even have time to get to the market this morning but I did get to the P.O. It's really great out on The Rock. But I'm denied the pleasure of being there. Fukkin... never mind.

10:04

I looked at my pay advice. On a 55-hour week:

.BOTH SATURDAY AND SUNDAY

.PLUS 5 HOURS OF OVER-TIME PAY

.TAKEN AWAY IN TAXES!!!!

How I HATE, DESPISE, DETEST, LOATHE and ABHOR this!!!!

There's NO SENSE in trying. No incentive. It's ALL just plain SHIT!

It actually DOES come to being paid for the base 40 hours.

Death looks better all the time.

Friday, 26 August:

08:45 FUK! AN ENTIRE ENTRY FUKKING GONE! ONE BUMP ON THE BUS AND GONE!

TODAY IS BULL-SHIT! (The bus hit a pot-hole, the stylus tapped on the screen... on "BACK"!
and EVERYTHING got wiped-out!) - 10.36 THE Main Library, on the veranda, at a table. How

cute! Outwardly, I am the epitome of tranquillity. INside there are blood-curdling screams of
Chaos, agony, indecision. Outwardly, I am a passerby, sitting quietly beneath the old locust trees,
enjoying the shade and the breeze. INside, I am solitary, abandoned, abused, tortured and
tormented. It is one of those moments in all Time when ALL of Creation comes round and kicks
me directly in the face. I am... alone. Some 200 telephone numbers on my "Contacts" and yet...

there's no-one. 8 million people in NYC and I am... alone, single, solitary. The kindest words I
receive are from strangers whom I've never met: Belinda, P.J. and "ShutUpImTweedin". From
them come words of kindness, encouragement, concern. Not out of obligation for ANY reason.
Simply... because. Simply... because. They DO provide solace and comfort. They truly, truly do.

And today, at this moment, that means so much more than they, or anyone could possibly

imagine. - Last night... - 11:13 Yesterday, Thursday, 25 August 2011, the librarian at Peninsula
Library arranged to give me 2 hours on a PC. I corrected the Gaston Journal, prose, 40 pieces.

Most of my on-lines journals are now corrected and backed-up. I travel with my life history on a
Flash drive now. It's recorded. Needs detail, but it's "there", it's "here". It's a little peace to me. It's
"available" now... to the World. - Leaving Rockaway was quite sad, painful really. And over the

open Atlantic, at about 19.30, a RAINBOW! What a sight! - I got to the platform just as the shuttle
arrived. I was in no hurry, but the World apparently was. Away I was pulled. - At about 21.00 I

was in the shelter, at the "security check"... to hear: Tomorrow (today) the building will be
evacuated (due to hurricane Irene). If you have friends or family, go to them. If you have some-

where to go, go there. You'll be given a pass until Tuesday when the building re-opens. Go to

your case-worker. If you have no-where to go, go to your case-worker for re-assignment to

another shelter. This building will be closed by 4:00 (16.00) tomorrow. - Ortiz passed me
through, gave the "Peace" sign, asked if I've someplace to go. "Don't worry. They'll find a place

for you." What could I do/say? He's a kind soul. He "rescued" me when I first came here and over
the years, remembered me. Courtesy. Respect. - I climbed the stairs. On 5, we signed for our bed.

Guys queued in the hall, looking for direction, information. All that was forth-coming was poor
attitude and cryptic messages. "See your case-worker for re-assignment." - Now MY case-worker

is on during the day and OFF on Friday-Saturday. I'm expected at work by 8.00, work til 17.00,
can't be back before 18.30. I asked for info/direction. I was told: Go to work, see the "Emergency"

case-worker when I return. Then the woman I'd addressed yelled into the crowd: "Sign for your
bed and go there! Nothing will be done until TOMORROW! TOMORROW! TOMORROW! We

don't even know where you'll be deployed to. Come back TOMORROW!" - 11:24 I went to my
bed, packed everything possible into my one piece of luggage. Most fits! But there's a tear in the

luggage. Not large. But enough to compromise. It's packed. - El tells: his case-worker says that

guys with no-where to go will remain. Others say we'll be transferred. (Last night I was told to go
to work and deal when I return. This morning I heard the bldg. will be shut at 14.00.) - I decided

to call the office, tell them I won't be available for work (IT KILLS ME! LESS MONEY AGAIN!).

The fellow took my particulars. - Exhausted, defeated, I showered. Lights out. To bed. There is
NOTHING I can do. The bureaucracy will run as it will, no matter what. - David Hall (Radioboy

the Crack-head, D(arse)vid) played his radio long into the night. - 11.25 Still at my table. - This morning, sunny skies, very warm, breezy. I woke at 6.30. Shower. Jeans. Out. No further word on the day. - The bus to MCU. The train to TD. (The tellers tell stories of panic: A woman bought 150\$ in batteries. Another bought an entire stock of bottled water.) The radio encouraged people to go to the banque and get cash! I went to Jack's 99cent. I NEED socks (got 'em). Then the bus to here. From here, SIB Library. From there... the murderous mayhem of the shelter. Oh, I confirmed: Melanie got my message. No hard time given. - I need to move along. To... ..? To... Creation will do what it must. - Still, it's interesting: The Greenbergs, Schmulik, Rabbi Lewis, no-one to turn to. Not one. - 13.13 SIB Library: ONE PAGE SHORT! (or maybe 2) of the "Yehudabengagalut" on back-up! - ANYway... I'm heading back to the Dung-heap now. From whence I journal and when tonight... nothing in Creation can be certain. (I see me wandering a LOT in the coming hurricane.) - 18.28 5th fl. The shelter is officially closed but there are MANY of us still here. I'm to go to Pamoja House, Bed-Stuy. Hungry. Thirsty. Tired. Running down.

PARK AVENUE SHELTER - HELL!

(Hurricane Irene)

Friday 26 August (Recounting on Wednesday 31 August, 19.07 SIB Library) At 18.28 I was still on the 5th floor waiting to hear definite word about my “deployment”. It was miserably hot and humid in the building and there were many who, as usual, just didn’t bother to bathe for the trip. Alas. No directions were given, just rumours. I sat in the West hall, on the floor, waiting. Suddenly, somebody came along and yelled “Gentlemen! The line is over here!” and pointed down the hall toward where I was sitting on the floor. I was suddenly on a “line”. To where? Anybody’s guess, but I just sat where I was and decided to follow it when it moved. As it moved, we went round the corner to the lifts where the one line became 2 because somebody decided to lean on the opposite wall, thus creating the illusion that there was a “shorter line” on that side. Come to find out, there should have been a queue over there... as I was to learn, for people “with mental health” (the word “issues” wasn’t necessary I suppose). (I have “mental health”... of some sort. But I didn’t bother. I stayed where I was.) Nobody knew where we or they were going but that didn’t matter at this point. It was already going for well past 17.00, the hour by which the doors to 30th Street were to be locked. - I went into the office and toward the desk where Mr.A was seated. “You still here?! I thought you’d be LONG gone by now!” He smiled and did that little “knuckle-knock” that’s replaced a hand-shake these days. He asked if I had any-where to go. I told him I didn’t. He asked if I’d like to go to “Pamoja” and since I had no idea what my alternatives were I simply said “Yes.” “Then you have to go across to Ms.Singleton. She’s got the list for Pamoja.” So across the hall I go, with 2 other fellows following me. - In the office, the “security guard” asks why we’re there. I tell her “Mr.Alexander sent us here to see Ms.Singleton.” WE WERE IN! We 3 began ANOTHER queue! - At Ms.Singleton’s desk, she greeted me with a broad smile and warm welcome. Put my name on the list and said: “Go pack, then get something to eat. They’ll call you to go downstairs to the bus when it gets here.” “I’m already packed (I’d left the luggage up in the locker) and what should I do if I don’t want to eat?” “Go get your things and come back down here. They’ll call for you.” OK. I went back up to the dorm to get the luggage. E3 was there, packing. He’d just come in a short while before I arrived. They’d already told him he was going to 125th Street. (VERY few knew exactly what or where the destinations meant but it’s what we were told so we went along). We chatted a bit as he packed and then, we left. I had the sinking feeling things wouldn’t be the same when we returned, especially since there were so many stories about WHY we were being evacuated: (a) There’s a Callahan coming up and the cleaning staff feels they can’t do everything needed whilst we’re here and (b) the recent earthquake made some cracks larger and we have to get out whilst the building is inspected. But that’s about all we heard... and nothing was said to contradict or correct. We just followed along... blindly, as usual. Still, there was an un-easiness inside me as I walked out the door and down the stairs to the 5th floor again... to wait... to be called. - I don’t know what time it was when the call came but it was still evening light. Ms.Singleton came in: “Those going to Pamoja leave NOW! Go to the 1st floor. The bus is waiting. You’ll be given directions when you get to the 1st floor. Go

NOW!" And so? We went... NOW! - On the sidewalk there was a crowd. At the curb, a large school bus. However, there were considerably MORE of us than there were seats on the bus. This was going to be interesting. Suddenly, some woman comes into the crowd yelling "Everybody for The Bronx come over hear and listen for your name to be called!" I went over to her and asked "Where is the bus to Pamoja?" "You have mental health issues?!" she snapped at me. "No." Well then you're not going to Pamoja." "I was told I was and am on the list." "They changed it. You're going to The Bronx. Wait here for your name to be called. That's the bus." Oh great! I don't want to go to The Bronx. I have yet to hear anything good about any of the shelters up there. But, the fact remained, it was there or... I pondered the alternatives: bridges, parks, The Bronx, Rockaway, outside, the bunkers of the Fort? Couldn't go to them... not in a hurricane. Rockaway was being evacuated... mandatory evacuation. I waited. I watched. - A laugh? The guy who used to be on the 5th floor, who left and would come back to do his laundry for free was there! We got talking and reminiscing. He claims he's just in for a few days whilst he looks for another place to live. Claims he was doing very well but the girl-friend got to him and left him with nothing. Me? I listened. Fine. What-ever. It was good to talk with somebody at this juncture. We waited. He suddenly realized he had to go back into the building, took his bag and said he'd see me later. I stood there, on the street, alone... again... waiting. (Thursday 1 September 18.45 Peninsula Library) Then it came... the calls to the bus. I waited. I listened. I didn't hear my name. The school bus filled. It waited. The case workers who were doing all the calling were confused (go figure). SO MANY PAGES! SO MANY LISTS! Nobody seemed to know what was going on and it was getting later and later. At this point I just accepted the fact that it was going to be an EXTREMELY late night. Most of the time it is. For some reason, the NYC shelter system can't get anything accomplished before, well, about 1.00 in the morning. This, it seemed, would be another one of those nights. I waited. The school bus pulled away and the case-workers searched for MORE lists! - It was getting dark when the 2 white vans pulled up to the curb. It was much darker when somebody finally instructed: "Fill the vans and let them go!" My name got called and I boarded, having absolutely no idea where I was headed, other than up to The Bronx. It was DARK already. I don't know the hours because I wouldn't dare to take my phone out to check the time. But... - The trip? It was, indeed a "Trip". Round blocks in Manhattan to get to the FDR to the Willis Av. Bridge and the Bruckner Expressway. At some point I looked out the window, into the darkness and saw street signs: "St. Ann", then "St. Mary". I knew we were in the South Bronx and headed not too far to the north. Round more corners. In and out of streets. Then, at long last... 165th Street! OK! We were above 161st. Not too bad. And then it hit... MELROSE! PARK AVE! NOT even "good" neighbourhood. But then, what did I expect? We were "Homeless" men and shelters aren't Hiltons. - We pulled up to a gate that had been covered in that artificial grass stripping. The gate opened and we went into a parking lot. Off to the side was a loading dock. But the building looked immaculate! Brand new! Quite nice! I wondered. We were told, by the driver "Gentlemen, you're home." In other words "Get the fuk out of my vehicle." I was exhausted! Hungry. Dehydrated. And the luggage was heavy when I took it from the back of the van. - Up the ramp and to the end of yet another queue! But as I say, this wasn't too bad. The place WAS immaculate and impressive. A woman came out, offered cups of water. Some idiot from 30th St. asked about food. The woman said "We have food coming in from DHS. We weren't supposed to be open until September but DHS called and insisted that we open NOW for the emergency. We have no food on the premises so we're waiting for a delivery." Somebody joked "Fried chicken?" Somebody else joked "Rice and beans?" The woman, kindly enough said, "We know you're tired and it's late. So we're going to take very good care of you." and she continued to bring cups of water to us. I had one, sipped slowly. It was refreshing and just what I needed. I hadn't eaten anything since the pecan swirls this morning and I could feel my blood sugar dropping... in my arms, hands, legs, head, eyes. - We waited to enter. - At some point as we waited, the gate to the parking lot opened... IT WAS OUR SECURITY GUARDS FROM 30TH STREET! WHAT A

SPECTACLE! WAVING AND GREETINGS FROM THEM AND US! IT WAS THE MOST COMFORTING EVENT OF THE EVENING. THEY WERE FAMILIAR TO US AND WE TO THEM. Even the boundaries between them and us were broken. There was a camaraderie suddenly. I have to admit, I was relieved and comforted to see them as well. And the arm-waving and smiles helped. - And then, at LONG last, I was IN! The place sparkled! Clean floors! Fresh paint! New. New. NEW! Everything was un-used! Just impressive! And there was AIR CONDITIONING! AMAZING! We were all told to have a seat. Food was served. And yes... fried chicken, potatoes, rice and beans! Hefty portions of each! Plates were distributed. I, however, was stuck at the "Security" as they pulled my luggage apart and then it began: NO PHONE CHARGERS! (cell phone, iPod). NO MEDICATIONS! (vitamin C, aspirin). NO MIRRORS! (I had my small locker mirrors, 2). NO FOOD! (my instant coffee). Things just kept going on me, all put into envelopes and bags, carefully marked with my name and the date. I was assured that I could have everything back when I left, but for now, it all had to remain with "Security". I doubted it but there was nothing I could do about any of it. - I was "invited" to have a seat in the waiting area. I didn't mind at all since I was about to pass out (or on) by this point. Hunger and dehydration were taking their toll. I sat. Plates of food were distributed and suddenly... the distribution stopped. The food was gone... I hadn't eaten. At this point, I didn't really care and didn't really want to. I wanted more water to drink and to shower and get some sleep! Some restful sleep! Little did I know that this was the beginning of the "normal" for the next few days. - We were called, 1-by-1, into the "office" area, given a combination lock and assigned a bed. I got 210-8, meaning, room 210, bed 8. I didn't care. We were all "escorted" up to our rooms. At the time I thought it a nice gesture. I would soon learn it wasn't kind at all, rather another way in which we were to be controlled. But for now, I went. - The room was, well, NEVER TOUCHED! The linens were brand new, though you could see perfectly through them, the thread-count was probably 10 per inch. The fleece blanket was still in the original bag! The locker? Unblemished! The floors shone like glass (not very safe, but then, no food was allowed and that included beverage). The mattress was an actual mattress and the bed had wood where ours have old springs. It was SO comfortable! Even with the fact that there were 8 of us in the room, the spacing was, well, it was OK. A little tight between beds, and the lockers faced forward between them. But it was truly welcome! - I made the bed and prepared to shower. One of the "Security" people came to the door. "Lights Out" at 10:00pm usually. THEY control the lights. We have no switch. When the lights are out, they're out. I mentioned a shower. He gave me a grimace. It wasn't permitted. Showering had to be completed before lights-out. I asked: "You're not telling me that after all this, I'll have to get into this bed with-out showering?" He said he'd look into it. I thought "I'm taking a shower while you look into it." In only moments he returned to say that a "quick shower" would be OK. I bolted. - The bathrooms? Ah... again, all brand new, never used. BUT... NO MIRRORS! My beard trimmer had been taken as well as a razor. But in here, they would have done no good. NO MIRRORS ANYWHERE! So... I began my trepidations. Nothing too serious (I was exhausted). But into the shower I went. BRONX WATER! JUST MAGNIFICENT! EVEN IN SPITE OF THE RATHER DIRTY SHOWERS (there was still construction dust and bits of debris from having only been recently installed), THE WATER FELT SO GREAT! I wanted to linger but didn't dare. - Shower done, I returned to the room, returned to the bed and got under the blankets, awaiting "Lights-Out". When they came, I too went "Lights-Out"... at LONG LAST. It may have been close to 2.30-3.00 in the morning when all settled. But we were, officially, EVACUATED! I curled under the fresh, NEW bed linens and drifted off to... sleep.

Saturday, 27 August:

As per my usual routine, I'd set the alarm for 4.30 this morning and woke to it, some-what rested.

Maybe it was because of the stress of the previous events. Maybe it was because... well, just because. This was quite a different morning: There was no coffee made as I had on 30th Street (in the water bottle that I keep in the locker - I don't wake well with-out morning coffee), and there was no way in Hell (or this shelter) that I was going to chance a morning smoke in the loo. So I had to go with-out this morning until I escaped and escape I did! Up! Out of bed! Into the loo. No morning bm. No time. No urge. No what-ever. I headed right for the shower. In. Suds. Rinse. Out. Dress quickly. I had plans. I was back on the "Home Turf" (The Bronx) and there were places I hadn't see in many years and I was looking forward to getting to see them NOW! The REALLY BAD NEWS? ALL, and I mean "ALL" public transit was to shut down at noon today in preparation for Hurricane Irene so I had precious little time. Although, I did plan on getting to the Bainbridge Garden to see the old stone wall I'd built (now, some 5 years ago) I thought: If I'm there late, or, for that matter, if I'm pretty much any-where in this boro and transit shuts down, I can certainly walk back. After all, in all the time spent with Margot, I walked the entire boro, many times. Today would be nothing! So, I bolted for the front door. BUT, BEFORE leaving the premises I stopped at "Security". "Would it be possible to get my chargers for the day since I'm leaving the building?" "Sure!" and the little brown envelope was given to me. I had my chargers (and they'd never get them again!). NOW I was OUT! - First things first: Coffee! There's a Hess station down the block and there-in is a little store. COFFEE! LARGE! 1.95\$. WELL WORTH THE INVESTMENT! I was ready! AND... I KNEW EXACTLY WHERE I WAS AND HOW TO GET TO WHERE I WANTED TO BE! A quick stroll across 161st Street and up to The Grand Concourse! WOW! It was SO delightful to be back in a place that I knew so well, even if it no longer feels like "Home". The changes in the population and the destruction meted out by them has taken away any and all connections to the place. It's a shame, but a fact. Still, I waited for the Bx1bus at the corner, across from the grand, old court house. The memories of that place, the tenant/landlord courts, the access to the legal libraries in there. Tough but wonderful days. - The bus arrived. I boarded and up The Concourse we went. Up past 170th where, in 1971 I bought my first Reggae record (Penny For Your Song, by Jr. Soul), up past Fordham Rd. where once upon a time, the world came to shop, up past Bedford Park Blvd. and the little house where Viv and Rolande and I had such fun, where Clark would come to visit, where my Mum had come to visit, where Liz and Pattie came to visit (and then proceeded to use all my towels and then insult me as they left... the early 80's). The house is still there, looking cute, but rather destroyed. I got off the bus at 201st and strolled over to the Community Garden on Bainbridge. LO! And BEHOLD too! The wall is in PERFECT condition! I did one hell of a great job! I took a couple of photos with the cell phone. Not great photos, but the place was locked so I couldn't get in close enough. (I was relieved at finding the gate locked. I didn't want to meet anybody today anyway.) - Task completed, I strolled down Bainbridge to Bedford Park Blvd. Mt. St. Ursula... where story has it, the family "bought" a stained glass window when cousin Anita decided to perform some sort of acrobatics on the stairs and went flying through one (back in the 30's) and Edmund had to pay for the replacement. - A left onto Bedford Park and down the hill to Webster. It was still entirely too early for anything to be open (and in light of the pending hurricane, there was doubt that anything would be open soon any way), I caught the Bx41 bus south to Fordham Rd. I intended to check into the Kingsbridge Rd. (main) library for a bit but, there was the sign: CLOSED (hurricane again). So I walked across The Concourse and over to Creston Av. The 1970's came rushing back as I walked south to the old building. It's been cleaned since. The brick is beige again, on the building and the back of The Paradise Theatre! Not that dingy black, as it was. The court-yard is now gated. The fountain is gone, replaced by some shitty brick cylinder with an arborvitae in it. But the old place still holds some charm, I have to admit. In front of the house, on the sidewalk, a man of perhaps his early 50's was standing. I struck a conversation. He was the super next door. From Albania (go figure... the boro is now Albania) and had been there some 7 years. Says he, when he first arrived, he was one of "VERY FEW non-Blacks" in the area. But

recently, the area is changing... to Albanian of course. I asked how much the rents are these days. My old place (275\$/month for a 1 bed-room) is now 1195\$! Go figure, the neighbourhood is crap and the rents are higher! Hmmm... Well, this fellow and I talked about The Bronx and other things for about an hour and then he had to go. It was comforting to talk with someone, especially someone who "lived and resided" in... The Bronx! - I walked back up to 188th and across The Concourse. I passed Union Hospital. In 1933 my Mum was born there. Tiebout Av. In the 30's, my Grand-parents had just moved into The Bronx (they'd come from Germany, started out in Manhattan in a furnished room - 15\$/month my Oma told me) and had lived there. (Kingsbridge Rd. was Opa's restaurant!) This boro seethes with so much of MY history! Strangely, I don't miss it any longer. It's changed so much and not really for the better thanks to politicians and the calibre of person now residing here. I guess it's best this way... there's no pain involved with being here anymore. (Or is it that I've worn down and out over the years. Too much pain already and no room for any more?) In any event, I strolled down the hill to Webster Av. to catch the bus before it got to be too late. - I still hadn't eaten anything today and the morning was done. I grabbed the bus down to 168th and decided to stop in at the super-market to see what could be gotten to put into my stomach. - Associated! YAY! In I wandered. It stunk in there, just like the markets in these areas of NYC. But it was clean enough. What to get to eat that I wouldn't have to bring back with me? PopTarts! OK! But they didn't have the tinned coffee so I decided on Coke instead. I needed caffeine and the sugar wouldn't hurt either. And the PopTarts were quick, easy, compact. 8 to the box. I got them and headed out the door to EAT! and walk some more. - By now the wind was picking up quite impressively and the sky was darkening so I didn't dare venture TOO far. Still, I headed up toward The Concourse. In my mind I kept thinking of Onkel Eddie's lot on 164th and Valentine BUT it was actually on 184th! I realised my error when I got to The Concourse but, I was eating en route and didn't mind my mistake. (Tuesday 6 Sept. 2011 SIB Library) I took my time, eating my PopTarts. Eventually, I had to get back to the shelter. The wind was picking up and the drizzle had started. - Re-entry was the usual: Standing and waiting on the street, at the gate, hoping that someone would notice that I was standing there, in the drizzle. Moments passed and a ParkAv. Security Guard came to open the gate. - Entry into the shelter: Go to the security office to retrieve the meal ticket left there. We have to leave some kind of ID with security when we leave, and retrieve it upon return. They claim it's because they have to keep a record of everyone who is in the building and who is not... in case of emergency. Whatever. I held my breath a bit, thinking that the chargers that I'd retrieved would show on the x-ray. Somehow, miraculously, they didn't and I was in possession of my "possessions" once again... well, some of them anyway. These were important to me, in case I found a way to charge the phone. (Had I been able to do so, I wouldn't be recounting this, more than a week later!) - I'm not certain what the time was when I got back but it was probably round about 13.00. At noon, all public transport had shut down. There was no-where to go and even if there had been, there was no way to get very far. In spite of the fact that we'd been brought in quite late last night and this was a week-end, we were "FORBIDDEN" to stay in the dorms! And we wouldn't be allowed to go there until at least 17.00! I over-heard the Directresse yelling at a security guard "THOSE ROOMS HAVE TO BE CLEAN!". The implication was most clear: The rooms would be dirtied just by our presence in them! Well, the insults began rolling at this point. We were instructed to sit in the "Recreation Room" either on the 1st floor or in the basement level (which is where the cafeteria is) until called to go eat. The only thing in said "Recreation Room" was a flat-screen TV, certainly NOT on any news channel but TNT. As was said on Sunday: "TNT. ALL day. EVERY day." We were about to experience a hurricane of considerable strength and were NOT allowed to follow it on the television. Oddly (or not), we were forbidden any radio in the building, never mind anything else electronic (hence, the confiscation of chargers). It was truly becoming "LOCK-DOWN"! No joke. For the longest while, I sat, on a table, in the 1st floor "Recreation Room". It was nightmarish! The TV was at high volume, but that was because of the yelling of the

“inmates”. The Latinos were all out-yelling each-other and the Blacks were simply yelling AT each-other. The few Caucasians present were either trying to sleep, or simply staring at the TV, blankly. It truly looked like a scene from some horrid asylum. If I didn’t know I’d swear the food had contained medications of some sort to dull everyone’s senses. I resolved today, I would NOT eat anything offered by the place and drink ONLY beverages purchased out-side the building. Not that I was paranoid. Actually, I’d had more than I could stand of being denied personal rights and freedoms. I thought, if, by chance, we had to stay longer than through Monday, and I didn’t eat, I’d eventually become ill from hunger, brought to the local hospital (Lincoln, no doubt) and tell my story of the deprivation of human rights in the shelter. Ah, the Rebel in me... silly, little, me. Still, it was a resolution and I stuck to it. - At 17.00 the crowd was permitted down-stairs to the cafeteria for “dinner”. I was to learn, later, that breakfast now consisted of cold cereal with milk and an orange... lunch was cold sandwich, milk and juice, piece of fruit. I never asked about dinner (and didn’t much care to know). At this hour, we were also permitted to go to the dorms and so, that is what I did, after stepping out to have a smoke. There would be no smoking in the loo in this building! Not by me anyway. - In the dorm, some of us were already there. The fellow in Bed 1 struck up a conversation. At first he seemed OK. Seemed to have plans and aspirations. As he spoke, I took out my needle and thread and got to work repairing the tear in the luggage. At one point, Security (ParkAv) came by, saw me sewing and stood at the bed staring as if he’d never seen anything like it! I expected him to confiscate my needle and thread (he didn’t). Meanwhile, “Ken” (I think that was his name) began repeating himself over-and-over-and-over again! His volume grew louder and his tone more irate. It suddenly occurred to me: Probably Psych! When I tried to respond to his inquiries or statements, he completely ignored me. At last I’d had more than enough and asked for some peace. It wasn’t forth-coming so I pointed out to him that I was tired of his repetitiveness and asked that he leave me in peace to finish what I was working at. “You think your life is so perfect! Well MY life is NOT linear like yours. I’ve been to places. I’ve been to New Orleans and Austin! I haven’t just been here. My life is not linear like yours!” So I calmly looked up and asked, softly “Just how long have you been Schizo-typal?” and he went into a tirade! “How DARE you? How DARE you sit and diagnose me! Who do you think you are? I am NOT schizophrenic!” I replied “I didn’t say you are. But schizo-typal... you’re really quite textbook. Had I the DSM IV here I could show you.” He retreated... RAPIDLY! (I thought: BINGO! I passed that exam. I hit the diagnosis! I still recognise certain symptoms. My education was not for nought.) And I returned to my repairs. - For the next few hours, I don’t really recall much of what I did, other than to look out the window at the increasing wind and rains. The old Black man in bed 4, frail, thin, coughing terribly had me a bit concerned: emphysema, TB, a cold, flu? He laid in bed, under the blanket, coughing. I watched the weather change. - By about 21.30 I’d gone into the shower. It was, I have to admit, a wonderful experience to be back in Bronx Water! How CLEAN! I could have stayed in there for eternity. But the fact remained: After 22.00, the showers became “FORBIDDEN”! AND, if we weren’t IN the bed at 22.30, we lost the bed. (I was to learn later that 2 fellows were tossed over the week-end: One on Saturday night and the other on Sunday... IN THE STORM! For what reason/s I don’t know. But to toss a Homeless person out into a HURRICANE? This was rather indicative of the general atmosphere.) Shower done, I returned to the bed, to wait-out the storm. - Got to talking a bit with the fellow in Nr.2. Nice guy! Truly. And from Borden! (George! D15!) So we weren’t the only shelter to be evacuated. And talking with this fellow was a pleasure. - 22.00 brought the announcement: “LADY ON!” The Directresse was coming to do bed-check! She announced so that we could be “properly attired” for her presence. Right. She came in, looked and left the room. At some point there-after came the next “announcement”: “LIGHTS OUT!” THEY have control over the lights in the dorms, WE do not (this would present quite a problem later in the night). So the lights flashed off, then on, then off... for the night. The day was done and we were too. - The old guy in Nr.4 coughed fitfully all through the night. Kept me awake, noise and concern. And it was good that he did... At some

point in time, as I lay in the dim light coming through the door from the hall, I happened to notice the sound of water dripping “above” the ceiling. We were on the top floor so that meant the water was coming through the roof! I lay in bed, listening to the water and to the old guy coughing when suddenly I heard the splash on the floor! The water was coming in through the light fixture! I could barely see it in the dim light from the hall! But there it was! I got up, moved my bed to the side. Next, the idiot in Nr.7 (I was Nr.8) began getting wet. The leak was spreading and coming from the light fixture over HIS bed too! The floor was wet! Shined, polished stone and wet! The air conditioner was still on. The place was now COLD and DAMP! And the old guy in 4 coughed so that it sounded more like Cancer than much else. I went out to the slop sink, across the hall and round the corner and got a bucket. The “guard” on the floor didn’t bother to ask why. I didn’t bother to say why. I parked the bucket on the floor and tried to get some rest, but rest was not to come tonight. The leaks got progressively worse and the coughing did as well. - I think it must have been round about 2.00 when I went down to the 1st floor to tell of the old guy’s coughing (never mind the bit about the leak... I figured this was a shelter and leaks wouldn’t matter to any-one... I was correct). I went directly to Administration thinking; if the guy is in need of hospital, it should be done expeditiously. Admin. would be the ones to phone. On the 1st floor I approached the evening Director: “I thought you should know that the old guy in bed 4 is coughing so terribly that it sounds like he’ll bring up a piece of lung with another cough.” The reply? “How did you get down here?” “I took the stairs.” “Security was supposed to stop you. You’re not allowed down here at this hour!” (After lights-out, we’re not “allowed” to be any-where other than our bed! More violation of humanity and dignity!) The Admin sent a security guard up to the room with me (OH FORBID we should be walking about the place alone!) where he simply asked the old guy if he was OK. Period. Asked him if he wanted to go to hospital. The old guy said he didn’t. They left it at that. There was no mention of the bucket on the floor... the BRIGHT YELLOW bucket on the grey floor. - I let it go. No sense in pursuing any of it. - By now the wind was beating against the building, the rains were whipping round in the winds and the night was well into turning into the next morning. All the while, the water was coming down from the ceiling onto my bed and Nr.7. (Wednesday 7 Sept. SIB Library 18.59) Not to mention, it was puddling on the floor as well, and on a high-gloss surface, that’s just what was needed... one slip... BANG! Concussion, if not something worse. But they didn’t care. - At some point I had to get a mop and that meant walking into the hall and round the corner again. A “Security Guard”, sitting on a chair, looked at me as I came through with the mop. He didn’t ask, but I told him about the leak. He came to “look”. Nothing more. Next thing I knew, all through the night, idiots came and went, little flash-lights in hand. They came into the room, looked at the water that was, by now, an almost steady stream coming from the edges of the light fixtures. At one point one of them simply told me “We’re here to look at the leak.” “Look at” and nothing more. Nothing said about getting us OUT of the room. Nothing said about the wet beds. Nothing said about the potential danger of slipping on the wet floor. Besides which, the lights were out, the floor had a very high-gloss finish and the water couldn’t actually be seen! I noticed it when I stepped down off my bed and, in flip-flops the water came over the edge of them and I felt the cold water on my feet! - It was a night of NO SLEEP! Between trying to watch my bed, listening to the potential leak in the corner of the ceiling (water coming through the roof and tapping on the ceiling in the room) and wondering if the old guy by the window was about to cough his lungs up, I lay there all through the night...

Sunday, 28 August:

At some point, I dozed off. I don’t remember when. All I know is that my next event was when somebody from the damned shelter came into the room and exclaimed “This is bad!” Oh my. Really? The water hadn’t been mopped for a while and the way these morons realised there was a

leak at all is because the water had gone out of the room and into the hall! - I got up in silence. I figured there was no sense in saying anything because these people were obviously hostile toward all of us (residents from 30th Street and the staff from 30th as well). Telling me that I was forbidden to leave the room/floor after 22.00 didn't make me comfortable at all either. So I simply got my things together and went down the hall to the shower. Brushed my teeth, took my shower and went back to the dorm to dress. - A while later, as I now recall, the Directresse came in and actually ASKED if we wanted to be relocated! As if we should STAY in the room! When I said "That might be in your best interest before somebody slips on all this water." things began moving. She made the announcement that we would be relocated to another room, to pack our things and get ready. Then she asked if I and Nr.7 would need linens! I'd pulled mine to the top of the bed to avoid any further damage to them from the water but they'd already been wet. So I simply said "Yes." as did Nr.7. - Some time later we were assigned new beds/dorms. Unfortunately Nr.7 went to the same room as I, and to the bed beside mine. (I went from rm.210.bed8 to rm.213.bed10 and Nr.7 to bed9) - The new room had 10 beds in it. I got the one directly inside the door. Not great, but I didn't mind too much because it had the electric behind it. I could charge the phone at last! And since it was Sunday, I THOUGHT we'd be able to stay in the room during the day. New linens were on the bed when I arrived! And another pillow. The pillows were so horrid that even folding them in half lent no support for the head. So I took my first pillow, added it to the second and it was rather comfortable. When I was done making-up the bed and putting my belongings into the locker, I went down-stairs for a smoke. As I was leaving the building, I bumped into the Directresse with whom I spoke about last night. I told her that I'd gotten no sleep because of the water and the old guy. She told me "When you get to your room, try to get some sleep during the day." WHAT A CROCK OF SHIT THAT TURNED INTO! - On my way out of the building, I asked, again, what the circumstances were for Monday morning. Again, I asked an anonymous woman who refused to identify herself. But she told me to go into the "office" (area) and ask another unidentified woman who should know. I went in and there, THERE! TWO OF THE BRIGHTEST FACES I COULD IMAGINE! Ms.Crawford AND Ms.Peace! HOME PEOPLE! (At this point I knew I was on the edge because I was actually THRILLED and COMFORTED to see 2 CaseWorkers from 30th Street). I gave my condolences to Ms.Crawford. Her husband recently died. She was taking it very well. Ms.Peace was ever so pleasant as well. It was more like seeing old Friends... on both sides. We chatted a brief while, I asked about Monday. Neither of them were being told anything either. So... I went out, had a smoke, bought some coffee at the corner Hess station. The wind and rains were coming from all round! But the rains weren't torrential as such. So I made it in my jack's 99-cent poncho. Only the bottoms of my jeans got thoroughly soaked. My sneakers held up rather well enough. - As I stood in the gas station, sipping and enjoying my morning coffee, the clerk told me that I could take my time and enjoy the coffee. I was so appreciative! A stocky Black man came in, well dressed, casual. He was offering car service if any-one needed. We got to talking. "Greg". A Minister/Pastor. Christian. We chatted about the weather, world conditions in general, and light religion. It was SO DELIGHTFUL! Talking with a "human-being" and one of substance and education! I wished it could have lasted much longer but he had to get going and so too, did I. We shook hands. He left. I finished my coffee, thanked the clerk and headed back out into the rain. When I got back to the damned prison, I had to stand in the rain, on the street, and wait for someone to come open the gate. Once in, I had another smoke, under the portico at the loading dock and went into the building with the hope of relaxing and resting. As I walked in, the fellow who'd been in bed 210-2 was leaving. I gave him the rain poncho... and came back into the room. - In the short while I was gone, SOMEONE had taken one of my pillows! Just a note: I happened to notice that Nr.7-now Nr.9 (fat faggy fellow) had about 5 or 6 pillows on his bed! Would he have taken mine? No doubt!) I was just settling-in on the bed, looking forward to a nice nap when one of "OUR" Security Guards from 30th St. came in: "I'm really sorry to tell you this guys but they

want you all to go to the Recreation Room down-stairs." She honestly was sorry to bring the news. But Nr.7 went OFF! And I mean "OFF"! He sat bolt-up-right in the bed and began SCREECHING at the poor woman (Ms.Corona): "What the fuk is wrong with you people! You can't get anything right around here! First you tell us to come here and stay. Then you change it and tell us to get out! What the fuk is your problem? You stupid cunt! I hope you get breast cancer and die!" Ms.Corona simply said "Sir. I didn't make the rule. I was sent here to tell you. That's all. I'm sorry about it. But don't talk to me like that." He kept screaming at her. I shut-down for the most part. But had he gotten up, I was prepared to defend Corona in what-ever way I needed to. As he screamed, she asked him if he needed some kind of medications. I don't really recall what he said but he obviously needed something to shut him up at this point. - Finally, Corona left the room and Nr.7 kept his tirade for a while longer. I simply got up, got my-self together as much as I could and headed down-stairs. I mean, why bother saying anything to deaf ears? Especially when those deaf ears are attached to a somebody who had made it abundantly clear that they despise you for no particular reason already. I ended-up in the Recreation Room in the basement level. The TV had... TNT on. But the volume was lower and so was the volume of talking. I looked about a bit and there... i chair against the wall... "Darsevid"! The shit was HERE too! Thankfully, not in the same room as I. He glanced and then looked back at the TV. - As I sat there, solo, trying to get comfortable in a plastic chair, I over-heard one of the FJC Security Guards from 30th Street say to another "I can't wait to get back to 30th Street!" and my heart just about came up into my mouth! THEY TOO? I HAD to ask... and sure enough... the staff at ParkAv. Shelter was treating THEM in the VERY SAME manner as they were treating US! Condescending. "Barking". Snapping orders. I'd learned that ParkAv. had THREE security companies present: Their own, Archangel (whose people were rather kind... particularly the night crew) and OURS... FJC! THREE Security companies! What the fuk did they expect of us!? Their own security treated ours like shit whilst they, the ParkAv. crew, sat back and did nothing. The Archangel crew pretty much avoided our security altogether. The whole thing was just unbelievably degrading, demeaning and insulting to us all! But, there we were, trapped in this place as Hurricane Irene gave us something more like a heavy rain storm than a hurricane. Still, there was no-where to go to and no way to get to any-where since ALL public transport in the city had been shut down completely. - Eventually, I fell asleep for what I think was about 90 minutes in a plastic chair... When I woke, it was only moments and the announcement to queue up for dinner came. I sat. I had no appetite. I wanted OUT and didn't want to eat anything from these bastards and bitches. I sat, watching TNT and wondering what the night would bring and looking forward to tomorrow when I had to get out and get to work! That presented another problem: Was there a time before which we were not to leave the premises? Would we TRULY be sent BACK tomorrow and out of that hell-trap? I'd already asked about 3 people and not once could I get an answer. Seemed NOBODY knew ANYTHING about much of ANYTHING. (12 September 2011 Pen Lib 18.35) But that pretty much covered the entire farce... NO INFORMATION FROM ANYBODY AT ANY TIME AND NOBODY WOULD GIVE THEIR NAME! The whole situation was suspicious. - When dinner was finished, or at some point in time, we were permitted to return to the room. - IN the course of some conversation between the Directresse and one of the "residents" I over-heard that the "curfew" was NOT 22.00, as we'd been told last night but that we were expected to be IN THE BUILDING BY NOT LATER THAN 20.00! The Administration changed the rules, regulations and any and all information at will, at random. It all came to feel increasingly like we were incarcerated, in some sort of insane asylum! We'd come from Bellevue... the original Psychiatric Hospital-now-shelter but THIS! THIS actually WAS INSANITY! Even my days of working in Wingdale Psych. Institution weren't this bad! But that experience helped me get along in this environment. I "knew" what was going on... it was an attempt to "break" spirits (in case anybody had any ideas that we might turn this place into "our" place). Anyway, I kept my mouth shut about it. Who the hell would I tell anyway? I went to the dorm (213-10) to prepare for the

night... I doubted I'd get much rest (and I was right again). But I needed... NEEDED to shower and recline! That's all I wanted. - It was getting late. I'd been told to come back down-stairs for the evening shift to ask about tomorrow (Monday). So at this point, that's what I did. Down to ask about. - Some unidentified woman appeared. She asked if I had a problem. I said, after a fashion, that I most certainly did: I needed to leave VERY early in the morning on Monday and needed to know if I should bring my possessions with me when I left. FINALLY A DIRECT ANSWER! I was told to bring my belongings with me and when I got off from work, go directly back to 30th Street. OH MY GOD YES! BACK TO 30TH STREET! I was ecstatic! - Back up to the dorm! Off to the shower. A nice, comfortable, warm shower, and back into the room, on the fresh linens. (continuing 13 Sept. SIB Library) I got as comfortable as I could, waited for the "Bed-Check". - At about 22.00 or so, an "Archangel" security guard came round. Looked into the room. Checked the beds. On his way out, he went to close the door! We needed that door open for ventilation! 10 beds in the damned room and with the door closed there was no air! I said, nicely, that we'd like to keep the door open for ventilation. He told me we couldn't because it was a "Fire Door". That's when I began to lose it. Shit! It was my last night. What the hell did I care? I told him, sternly, that the door to room 210 was open ALL through the night, even through the leaking. THAT wasn't a "Fire Door" any more or less than this one. Also, if we need to keep the door open for ventilation, or other-wise, we have the right to do so. He began to argue and I simply interjected "So in essence, you're going to lock us in?" "There's no lock on the door." "Then you're going to shut us in? Have you ever heard of the 'Callahan Decree'? I believe you're in direct violation of that. I suggest you look into it before closing us in here." He said that there was a Supervisor from DHS on the premises this evening and that he'd send him up to the room and I could discuss the issue with him. Well! The young Dominican fellow in the room (a little loony but fine just as well... for the evening, though I'd probably drug him or me if I'd have to spend much more time with him) jumps up from his bed, runs into the hall yelling "No! No! No Supervisor. It's OK. OK? Don't get no supervisor. It's all OK. OK?" It was very strange but I never heard a reply from anybody BUT... only brief moments later, the same Archangel "security" guard returned, with a piece of cardboard which he'd removed from the door, and he replaced said cardboard and bade us all a "Good night". Shortly there-after came the fellow from DHS (or, at least I thought so because he was wearing a DHS jacket). He came strolling in, all smiles and commented "I'll bet you guys wish you could stay here instead of going back to Bellevue tomorrow." I replied "Bullshit!" "What? You don't want to stay here? You prefer 30th Street?" "If the subways were running right now I'd be on the A train until I could get back to my old room and bed! I've never been so happy to LEAVE some place as I am to get out of here." He just looked a bit surprised and let the issue ride. They left and in a few short moments there-after... darkness in the rooms (not in the halls, however). It was "lights-out" at last! I curled up under the blanket and hoped for sleep! I waited for a bit though and when I figured that nobody would return, I FINALLY got to plug my phone into the outlet behind the bed, ran the cord so that it couldn't be detected from the door and put the phone under my pillow. HAH! Good-night INDEED!

Monday, 29 August:

(Some-how, nothing was documented for this date. But I can't seem to recall the day we were allowed back to The Shelter... Monday or Tuesday. Fact is, I'd actually stopped eating for quite the while, so these days could very well be mixed. The events are true, just the dates and times may or may not be correct.)

Tuesday, 30 August:

(WEDNESDAY WAS THE 30TH NOT MONDAY!!!! I'm losing days, dates, times.) (Note: Days suddenly made no difference during the brief stay at the Park Av. shelter. Actually, nothing much

at all made any difference during, and even shortly after that experience. No sleep. No food to speak of. The non-stop barrage of personal attacks. The cold. The dampness. I've always believed that my entire mind simply shut-down to avoid the entire episode.) After a night of precious little sleep, I woke, with the alarm, at about 4.00. I was determined to get the hell out of that place as quickly as possible! I couldn't have a bottle of water in the locker and they'd taken my instant coffee. So I'd planned on going to the Hess station for morning coffee. I still had no idea if or when the subways would be re-opened but I really didn't care. One of the best things was, that I knew where I was, and how to get to the train to get the hell out! Or, so I thought. The plan was to walk over to The Concourse and take the D train from the under-pass... well... I got up, went right for the loo and then to the shower. Oddly, it was a bitter-sweet moment: There is NO water on Earth like in The Bronx! I always felt so perfectly clean after a shower "at home" (and let's face it, The Bronx really is "Home" after all the years lived there). Even Viv commented when she'd come from Montreal. Everybody who ever visited said that the water tasted wonderful and made you feel clean. I'd been bathing in "lead water" for weeks at 30th Street! I wanted to take water back with me! But, again... no bottle! Anyway, into the shower, lingered a bit and out! Into the dorm, dry and dress. I was already packed. Just threw my night scrubs into the baggage and over to the elevator. We'd been FORBIDDEN to take the elevator... yes... FORBIDDEN, even though some of us had heavy baggage (like me, who'd packed everything except my cleaning supplies). But I figured that there was really nothing much they could do to me now except give me some kind of useless lecture on how I had no right to take the lift! Fukkem! Oddly, one of the nicer staff was getting onto the life as I boarded. He came in and said "I'll go with you so nobody has anything to say about you using the elevator." I was tempted to tell him to shove all the "them" but figured it useless to say anything to anybody any more. Besides... I was LEAVING! and I wasn't coming back! - On the first floor, about 5.20. I told the "Security" that I had a plastic bag with an envelope in it and one envelope in the "Meds" (Vit.C and a bottle of aspirin! Fuk!). There was no trouble! He notified some other "Staff" person who asked me for my "Meal Ticket" (I'd been using it for general admission ID all along) and went directly to get all. In moments, I was OUT ON THE STREET! AND SO HAPPY TO BE THERE! It was still dark. It was calm. It was almost comfortably cool. It was QUIET! It was... THE BRONX! I walked down to the Hess station, got a medium coffee with half'n'half and headed out. Stopped at the corner to finish my coffee and went to 161st, hung a right and headed for The Grand Concourse (and Boulevard) (though NOBODY seems to know that that's it's actual and OFFICIAL name!). Went directly under to where the entrance to the D train SHOULD have been. IT WAS GONE! I MEAN "GONE"! CEMENTED OVER! Bloomberg and his band of MTA thieves changed SO much on the system and this too fell prey. So I simply walked over to River Av., down the stairs and off to the D to 125th Street for the A to... HoBe! I was OUT of Hell! I was back to my "normal" routine. I had my luggage with me. (Thankfully I could tell people that I'd been in The Bronx because of the evacuation... I didn't have to say from whence.)

THE NIGHTMARE WAS ALMOST OVER... I say "almost" because I didn't trust a damned soul at the ParkAv. shelter. I was told to go back to 30th Street after work. But in this system, so much changes so quickly and so often that there's no trusting the word of ANY ONE! I was anxious during the day and making alternate plans of where to spend the night... ANY-WHERE EXCEPT... I WOULD NOT GO BACK TO PARK AVE. SHELTER! And so the day went along... and I went to work as usual.

(Today was my 56th birthday. Somehow my HomeCare client knew and surprised me with a cake and a card. They're "Old World" Italian, and all that includes... like the accent and, obviously, the "Italian" spellings of some English words... and names...)

13.54 HoBe: "Happy Birthday Giuda" (read the inscription on the cake Mrs. E. bought for me) and a 50p(piastres... dollars) Visa gift card. *(Mrs. actually did appreciate so much of what I did for her husband, and for her as well. The cake and gift card were her idea. I was humbly thankful for her kindness... especially on this day, all things considered.)*

Wednesday, 31 August:

5.50 34th/1st As I left the shelter this morning, oblivious to the world, from behind me I heard "Goodmorning..." and MY NAME! 850-plus in here and because of those 3 days in HELL (ParkAv), the staff remembers MY name! And in a positive manner. Yes... there are blessings left in Creation. - Happy 56 yrs. - 5.57 M34 Meanwhile, this morning, we are in "groinal" pain. The heavy luggage on the week-end plus having to lift Mr.Estremo from the floor, alone, yesterday. Something got pulled. But, here we are, off to "work" anyway. Off to the P.O. so as to get documentation to satisfy somebody else. In spite of personal pain. Y'know? Creation is just... illogical, irrational. But 6am on MadAv is quite pretty. - The World is beautiful; people will fuk it up. - I don't care. - 6.54 Q53 This makes me nervous: Immediate transfer to the A, immediate Q53. Hmmm... - 21.28 6w-107 Made it to the P.O. (pay-stub and notice of "Annual" evals... shit) and to work by 7.48 or so. OK. But I should have gone to Waldbaum's for PopTarts because I got nuttin' t'eat before sleep t'nite. A...LAS (Alas). - Mr.Estremo began in a good mood but changed to horror as soon as it was time to get up. Really combative this morning! It became a "Wingdale" morning as his arms flailed. But he got a good bed-bath and he ate well. Me? I stayed silent most of the day. By 16.00 I was back on the "Good Guy" list and when I told Mrs. about the morning? She looked at him, then looked at me with a grin and said "You lie." And we laughed. - A quick trip to SIB Library this evening. A "SEPTEMBER" page added! SHIT! The Summer is GONE! ONE day at the beach all season! ONE! GONE! I can't believe it! AND... I'm still in this hole, and this city, and this state! THIS SHIT MUST CHANGE! - I've begun the recounting of the week-end at the ParkAvShelter. I've chosen to document in "Word" then add it in here. This way I can print it and mail it out as well. I doubt I'll forget anything... that terror, trauma. - Then, I get here... there's a note on the locker: EVERYTHING MUST BE REMOVED FROM THE TOP OF THE LOCKER (the only thing ON the locker was the note) FROM UNDER, ON AND AROUND THE BED. TONIGHT? I HAD to wash my scrubs! It's why I came in at 20.00! Well... the wet scrubs (washed) are presently ON the locker to dry over-night. El says somebody came round to measure the window. Hmmm... OK. Let's see what crap they use to replace the missing window and when. (Y'gotta luv this place.) - Security's running about looking for somebody. She comes into the room asking our "room"(bed) numbers. Why? I doubt even she knows. But she was asking everybody in the hall for their "room"(bed) number. Life back at 30th Street. How wonderful. - In addition to this morning's "Goodmorning-by-name"? The guy doing sign-in remembers my bed number! I'm "known" by staff. Hey! Not for wrong, so it's very right. - 21.49 Showered. Lights are out. Cont... - 21:52 The radio's on but not blaring. I need a smoke. NO FOOD! But it's OK. - Summer... Gone. FTW! THERE! Said it. Done.

18. September 2011

Thursday, 1 September 2011:

7.42 HoBe: And so I get to 6W-107 just past 20.00 last night to find a “notice” on my locker: Remove all items from top, nothing on floor or bed. I washed my scrubs... They dried on top of the locker. - The fellow who over-sees sign-in remembers me and my bed number! - The radio volume went down, then off at 23.00. - This morning, RUDELY awakened: Darsevid closed the door at about 2.15. At 4.00 the floor-cleaning crew was at it in the hall, cleaning and banging. I must swear, they make as much noise as they possibly can... intentionally. It must be intentional; nobody can find enough material in an empty hall to make that much noise. And, at 4.00? So I went for a pee, returned to the dark dorm for my coffee and toddled off to brush my teeth. I’d truly rather have slept MUCH longer but... Then to the shower, dress and OUT! - I arrived at 34th Street just as the M16 did! 5.40. At the A train by 5.46 and... waited for the 6.09 train to Rockaway. It was a Lefferts. I took it, half-slept along the way and grabbed the Rock A at Euclid. - Waldbaum’s for yoghurt and PopTarts and here I am. - Terribly tired this morning. Still trying to compensate for the horrid week-end, last. - The dorm is a bit of a mess due to the repairs to cover the incompetence about the place. Callahan coming up. Each day the lockers and beds get moved and never returned to their place. Such a delight. We’re Homeless... useless, no value, due no respect. Turn us about with-out a care. Oh well. - 8.00 Time to get on with this day. - 22.17 6W-107 and the crack smoking is in full swing as Da(rse)vid talks to himself, stoned. A new addition to the monthly foray: he’s peeing on the floor this month. It just keeps getting better. Saying anything is useless. I talked with A.S. (El) on it. We agreed: It’s once a month, he (David) isn’t violent, we know what we’re dealing with and, if WE bitch, WE get moved. Since 3 of 4 of us get along... we’ll settle. - So... on the job... Mr.Estremo goes into hospital tonight. FUUUUK ME! Hopefully he’ll be back on Saturday. But... And Monday is Holiday Pay! DAMN IT! - Mrs. cooked eggplant parmigiana yesterday and made extra for me. I had half for lunch. She gave me the rest to take! I can’t bring that in here but accepted it. Oddly, as I was coming back tonight, young guy comes on the L, Homeless. I passed it on to him. Either way, a Homeless man got fed with Mrs.’ cooking today. - Mr. was in combat mode this morning. Bed-bath, breakfast and not much more. - After work, to Peninsula Library. 2 more tunes on the iPod: French and reggae. OK. I shouldn’t but... - No rush returning, so I got in at 21.00. Signed. Chatted with A.S. a bit. Have showered. - 22.31 Radio blaring. David talking into his locker. I truly want to hurt him... or put his radio out of service. But I’ll be up at 4.30 tomorrow morning. I’ll think of something. Indeed. - I’m getting hot flashes lately. Hormones? I certainly hope not. I kept myself so... so... so what all those years. Creation can’t put the Big Kabash on me now! (and the radio volume goes up). - We’re in for a rough night. They’re in for a rough morning... if not a rough night. - 22.36 David gets up, turns on the light. An idea for 4.30. - I’m to understand the case-workers are quite familiar with him. I see Ms.Khenkinaon Sunday. I believe I’ll be asking for that single. - I have to complete the mandatory annual review for work on the 20th. Keeping the cert is in my best interest. Then... POUF! GOTS T’GO! - Time to try for SOME sleep now (and David babbles on).

Friday, 2 September:

(Just a list of notes for today.) 19.53 Q60 Broadway/Queens Blvd:

*At about 6.30 I boarded the 6.00 M34 at 34th/1st headed to MadAv. for the Q32 to Woodside for the Q53 to B116 and the post office (Rockaway Park).

*From the P.O., boarded the Q53 back to Queens Blvd. for the Q60 to 2ndAv where I immediately got the M15 back to 34thSt for an immediate M16 to Herald Square from where I strolled to the PIC office. There, I handed-in my Professional Evaluation and completed my Spvsr.Eval. and changed the mailing address and direct-deposit to TD!

*The R train to CityHall, MCU where they won't let me close the savings and keep the chequing. So? Screw 'em! The pay will go to TD and MCU can suck arse.

*Walked to Church St. post office for money order to deposit. MOST of MCU into TD. Had lovely chat with clerk. Walked up to Broadway to TD. Dep. and lovely chat.

*'A' train from Chambers to RockBlvd. Q53 to Peninsula Library (Rockaway again) until about 17.30.

*Q53 to MetropolitanAv. Staples to copy docs for Ms.Khenkinaon Sunday.

*Walked to 71st/Metro for 19.00 Q23 to Queens Blvd.. Stopped at RiteAid. Crisps and coffee(tinned) for dinner (just finished).

*Q60 on Queens Blvd.... the one from which I now journal.

At 2ndAv/60th, I shall board an M15 south-bound to 30th... and return to the hell that is the shelter. Hell tonight only because of David. But... may he be laying on his bed rotting quietly but quickly when I arrive and may death come rapidly. Amen. Amen.

I WANT A BLOODY FAG! At 45thSt/Queens Blvd.. Almost to the bridge back to that God-forsaken island of Manhattan. Soon... this day will be... gone. Tomorrow? I'm not certain but I've no work. Mr.E being in hosp. Beach if good weather. Sort/Pack storage if not. The morning will tell... when I wake again at 5.00 (to GET OUT QUICKLY!). OH! This morning, as I left, I flipped the light on. Sorry Anthony and Guillermo. Eat shit David!

Saturday, 3 September:

9.30 M15 It's a damned shame to have a day off from work and to have absolutely NO idea what to do. So accustomed to working, I'm at such a loss here, this morning. - Last night was restless. David, up and down, in and out of the room. And my leg cramps are getting much worse. I wonder WTF that's about. The fingers on my left hand too. - Well, this morning we're headed for Pier 17, Century 21. Then... mayhaps the beach or somewhere to get/buy boxes to pack (properly) storage. The weather is fine for the beach but it's the laundry after... in a face basin with "leaded" water... that turns whites into beige... and leaves an odour. Well. Well. Soon this day will be done. - 13.08 Flushing train to Q53: Although the chatting with the fellow at Alamo (the flag store at Pier 17) was REALLY fun, I spent ENTIRELY TOO MUCH on stupid stuff. But... And underwear at Century? THE PRICES WENT UP BY 2-3\$! Fukkerz! Still, I need new underwear. Bought 2... gift card. - There is NO "finance" in the "Financial Dist." SCREWED! - 13:32 99 John (Duncanson and Holt), 95 Wall (Chemical Bank), Barclays Bank Bldg... residential. This city is GONE! - 13.26 On the Q53. NO AIR CONDITIONING! Bloody HOT! - Hazy day. Not a "beach" day for me. Too damned hot. I'm going to Staples, look into boxes. Then to storage to sort and hopefully re-pack. - The guy at Alamo knew BTV. Says there's "a lot of Homeless" there. This is NOT good news. I'm staring at a seriously major depression as it is. News like this is a speeding car headed for a very high, rocky cliff. - 2 Cadbury bars and tinned coffee. Meal. - The sun is beating in through the bus window. I'm hot, tired. - 13.58 FUK! Fell asleep and woke at JamaicaAv! 14.03 Q53 Myrtle. SO TIRED! - 17.30 I-Hop on LibertyAv! I ordered a fried chicken dinner. God help me. Hot food. Nothing substantial in 2 days and now this? OK! - Storage: Bought 8 boxes at Staples (gift card). 3 are packed. 1 is "tossed". I got tired and decided it was time to go... SHIT! I had to STUFF the

locker! I PRAY Mr.Estremo doesn't come back until tomorrow evening. I NEED to get a whole day to "fix" my mess. - 19.04 Q53 back to... This is the difficult part, having eaten (4pc. fried chicken, mashed potatoes, corn, biscuit, salad, coffee, cola), talked with a charming waitress... and being "People" only to go back to where I have to watch everything and everyone and deal with junkies, thugs and general shit, and become a piece of paper and a number. Well, for a while I was "human". I won't do it again too soon. But for what it was, it was good.

Sunday, 4 September:

9.45 Q32 36thSt/Queens Blvd. To think, I slept-in until 7.34 this morning, coffee, loo, shower, leisurely dress. Signed the roster/list for the CaseWorker at about 8.30-something. I was Nr.8. By 9.18 I was out of the bldg. and now, I'm already back in Queens! M15 to 57th and as I waited for this bus I untangled several metres of black thread. (Finished the task moments after boarding the bus. YAY ME! ALRIGHT! OK! WOOT-WOOPIE HURRAH! and shit.) If it can all go THIS well THIS morning, why can't the World go THIS well EVERY day? Fuk. - Last night I tweeted until almost 24.00. (The bus driver just told a passenger "Chief! You wanna use your cell phone? Go to the back of the bus!" Bus Nr.6082 for the record.) Tweets done, lights out. David woke once (that I know of), lights on, opened his locker, lights out. Cruz(E3) tells me David's flat broke already. He just got his cheque on the 1st! Blown on crack. How the hell? Useless humanity. Where's Aldous Huxley when we need him? - WOODSIDE! 9.56. I'm about an hour ahead of where I thought I'd be this morning. - 10.15 Q53 Something, I fear, is about to go terribly wrong: I had time to get coffee, cake and cigarettes. Finish the cake and coffee and board 3rd on the bus. Got a good seat. It's all just too "good", too "right". HOWEVER we've another spiffy driver who just yelled at a passenger for dumping rolled coins into the fare-box. "You can't just do that. If I can't un-jam that, you know what the next step is? Out of service! You watch everybody get off the bus." It's bus 3727 by-the-by. - 10.20 on the route. A hazy day again. If this was a regular week-day I'd most likely go to the beach. But it's a holiday and the temperatures will be high 20's. I'm going to pack the stuff in storage. This Summer has left me completely defeated. - Ms.Khenkinatells me this morning, she was a Biologist back in the USSR (you don't know how lucky you are boy. Back in the US back in the US back in the USSR) (I'm old. I digress.) Another professional in the bowels of NYC society. She just couldn't make it in her profession when she came here. - She also tells how horribly SHE was treated at the ParkAv Shelter! She says "I just wouldn't let them do that to me... even with my poor English." "Humble Dignity" I call that. SO MANY MORE should learn that. - I have to start writing notes about that ParkAv incident. Only a week ago and things are fading from memory. - OK. 10.30 GrandAv/Queens Blvd.. I need the loo... - 16.06 OceanPkwy Mr.E is back! HOLIDAY PAY TOMORROW! - 8 boxes packed this morning. I need 8 more. DAMN! And I threw so much out! - I truly miss ocean air. The water in it. - 16:14 There's a certain "feel" on the skin and in the lungs. (Truth? I just SO HATE Manhattan.) - Now to KingsHwy. A blanket for the cool nights. My legs cramp so terribly lately when it gets cool at night (though so seldom). - Storage is closed tomorrow. I'd've packed but... HOLIDAY PAY! YAY! - SheepsheadBay. 16.13 Another day just went right by. - Fatigued and dehydrating now. - 21.38 HOT as HELL in this dorm tonight! SLIGHT draft. I just hope my shirt and jeans dry before I leave in the morning. When I finally got in at about 17.30 I washed. Jeans, shirt, unders, 3 pairs of socks. The towel got a blast of bleach and... it's STILL BEIGE and it STILL gets funky when wet! If that's cotton they wove dead boll weavles into it! I need a new towel! - But 3 new t-shirts (1.99\$ each) and a new shirt (16,99) in a most interesting shade of something between dark teal and steel blue. Even the gal at Jackie's commented on the colour. - Well. I didn't go to KingsHwy. Decided to come right back here. The damned train ran SO BLOODY SLOWLY ALL THE WAY IN! For most of the trip I slept. Hot. Humid. And at 34thSt? Bloody tourists just scattered all over. 25min wait for the cross-town bus. I was quite sick by the time I got in here.

But I was solo! Had a chat with the DHS guard about how stoopid some of these residents are. He made the perfect comment: "If these people had any respect and sense, we wouldn't have to be here." WOA! SO TRUE! UNDENIABLY! - Tonight is WBAI night: old radio shows and "Standards". Good radio. Good for mind-wandering down Memory Lane. - 10mins to bed-check. I'm totally fatigued but not too sleepy. A nice vodka-tonic would be most welcome this eve. I was looking forward to one tomorrow... at 413. But no... work... again. Alas. - 21.53 Cruz just in. I said: We waited-up for you. "You did?" Of course we did. "Oh that's nice of you. I didn't think anybody cared." (He's already told me he'll actually miss me when one of us goes.) - And now? I need to get some rest. Some broad was at the sign-in table tonight. I wonder about bed-check... we're half-nekkid in here tonight. (And I'm waiting to get some shit about my wash being on the locker. Shit. It'll be gone by about 5.30) - Holiday/Sunday commute in the morning... SHOOT ME NOW!

Monday, 5 September:

20.05 6w107 This morning I was at 34th by about 5.45 or so... No bus for the longest so I walked over to 33rd/Park. 3 minutes for the 6 train and the trains were running 23 minutes apart! OK. 14th St. to the L train. MORE waiting and signs that made no sense. I got on. At 3rd... wait... and wait... Announcements: 1.Waiting to space trains. 2.Held by dispatch. 3.Train traffic. 4.Signal trouble. 5.Construction, trains running slow. I GOT OUT! AN HOUR HAD PASSED and I was at 14th/2nd waiting for the M14! FINALLY! A bus... to 8thAv to WAIT for an A that ran LOCAL all the way! I clocked-in at 8.05. - Mrs.Estremo was waiting for me out-side. "I'm so afraid you wouldn't come!" PIC/VNS gave her all sorts of crap yesterday. Even sent somebody at 14.00. SHE and Marilyn BOTH specified they wanted ME on the case. PIC tried to tell her/them they had to take whom-ever! (Now I know what I'm dealing with... Back-stabbers.) Anyway... we get into the house, she says "Make your coffee." We talk. She says "Good luck." and leaves. I finally got Mr. out of bed (with minor problems) at 10.00! No shower. Light wash. It's all I could get. - The day? I had oatmeal and 2 yoghurts for breakfast. Lunch, 2 eggs. Ensure. FELL ASLEEP from 14.00-14.29! Mr. on the recliner all day. Tired. - Left 17.15 A to 34th... slept again. At 34th some idiot comes to ME to ask about the bus. WHY? I look like I know? Like I'm a nice guy? SHIT! The answer only took a nod. - How I truly HATE NYC! Sorry Mama. It's nothing like it used to be. I think you'd hate it now too. - Back at the Dung-heap at 19.00. In and up to the floor. (Note: Nice guy, good looking, 5thFl. Victor, talked with me, introduced himself. My "new Charlie"? I wouldn't mind.) - Got to chatting with SecurityGuard on the floor here. Mentioned the "E2" situation. She came to see... HE WAS HER NEIGHBOUR IN THE BRONX! GOT TOSSED BECAUSE OF DRUGS AND NOISE etc.! Imagine THAT! She said we should file a complaint down-stairs. But... it wouldn't do us any good. Still, she said let her know if we need... - 20.32 Last night's wash is still damp. I'm sweating. 27degrees in here. I'm SUPER sensitive to heat lately. I sweat like mad, even in a breeze! Old age? "Man"opause? SHIT! Need to go NORTH! SOON! - Finished the last 2 PopTarts. Time to sign. Coffee made for morning. I need a shave (not happening). - Oh, one of the air fresheners in the locker leaks. Woah! Smells... pretty?

Tuesday, 6 September:

5.41 at 34th/1st The day commences. Almost caught with a smoke this morning. Just a warning from the hall. - 5.46 M16 arriving! I'm about to be EARLY... in the drizzle. Almost didn't bring the umbrella. - Last night, at about 22.06, the kind SecurityGuard announced "Gentlemen, it's after 10." Darsevid had just turned the radio off. All went ever so quiet. - This morning, I woke at 4.21... no alarm. - It's delightfully cool this morning. Thank the Weather Gods. - Now? Running early. I've confidence that the MTA will "adjust" that. - Ever so overly-friendly, chatty driver. This city

HATES peace, silence, night, serenity. I... HATE this city. - 21.07 6w107 22deg. in here! Breeze! And the light's on (I put it on). Out-side, the rains are falling. A very cool night (and me with-out a blanket). No complaints though. No sweat! Literally. And oddly, tonight I don't feel compelled to shower. - The day went well enough. Mr. was a delight but he's got the trots. Hopefully not C.Dif. And I was on the Good list all day. - An hour at SIB Library tonight. Only the catch-up on ParkAv. (Admittedly, music... So.African! My old music collection is coming back!) - And now, 2 pound cake slices before bed. - Vivian (the Greek SecurityGuard) is on the floor tonight. She remembers me, I remember her. Old times. - Darsevid is quite fidgety. Gee. Radio on. Baseball. - And I'm looking forward to closing this day. T.I.R.E.D.

Wednesday, 7 September:

22.02 There were things I wanted to note today, thoughts mostly. But I can't remember. Alas. - The rains are coming. Rumour is, through the week-end. Today it came and went. This evening it wasn't bad but just a bit ago, strong wind! (SHIT! Humid and back up to "82" coming again. NO!) I got up on the sill to close the top window a bit (on request from last night, somebody closed the damned door! It cuts the ventilation! And I have to get ready for work in darkness. Well... - Tomorrow we're to remove linens from the bed so mattresses can be inspected. The Callahan is coming. - Mr.Estremo has quite a case of the trots. If they don't stop tomorrow I'll become concerned. Truly. - Mrs. made lasagna and brought a large plate over for me. - Well. No shower again. I don't feel sick. No heat/humidity/sweat! - Woke at 5 this morning. Made work by 7.33. - I need a blanket. I'm sleeping in scrubs under 2 doubled sheets. - Time for sleep. CBS.FM on the radio tonight. Low volume. And I've had 4 PopTarts. - G'night.

Thursday, 8 September:

6.06 Flushing train Court Square. At 3.50 the light came on. Darsevid. WTF? Ticking and banging about in his locker. I had my coffee, plugged in the iPod to charge, laid back down. Woke, 4.30. - RAIN this morning. - 6.19 on a bitter-cold Q53. In the mini-deluge, I walked to Park/28th having JUST missed an M15. Not thinking, I headed down the stairs and to the train... UP-town! And so it came to pass that I am where I am at the moment. - Nothing says "Morning, NYC" as well as being drenched on a cold bus at 6.24 in the morning. - *Observation: I am 2 distinct persons. When out of the shelter, I can be compassionate, civilised, enjoy listening to my music, bopping a bit to the beat. BUT... as I return to the shelter, I become defensive, alert, aware and music becomes an annoyance, a distraction. I'm more apt to 'fight to kill'. I become the antithesis of who/what I am "generally". I've noticed this more lately. I've become aware of it. Not to say that it's negative in any manner. But as I have said before: Considering child-hood and more recent years (journalled and not) I'm surprisingly stronger than I'd ever thought. - Yesterday I bought Tallis Scholars, Missa Et ecce terrae motus (Antoine Brumel)... the entire (9.99\$). This morning's music. How I remember that morning, walking along the Hudson to 95 Wall and, so VIVIDLY in my mind, I looked up at the WTC Towers and "saw" them in flames, smelled the smoke, felt the trembling! It happened well before 11Sept2001. I was listening to this same music then. - 7.52 Q53 to HoBe at B94 I'm late but don't really care. I caught the most amazing rainbow as I went to the P.O. this morning. And as I stood on Beach Channel Drive taking some photos, the Q53 I'd come into Rockaway on stopped, the driver yells "That rainbow is falling right on the WTC!" and so it was. Sometimes we actually are where we should be when we should be there. And now, 7.57 Broad Channel? the sun is just BRILLIANT! (And French... Roch Voisine "Au bout de l'île" on the iPod) There are fleeting moments during the course of a life-time when... - 8.00 Broad Channel: For some reason, my mind has me headed to Middle Village but I'm going to HoBe! Short circuit in the brain this morning. And THIS morning I've NO emotional attachment

to Rockaway... as if the heart is dead. - 20.14 Aqueduct/North Conduit A train. I left Peninsula Library at just past 19.35. I'm praying I make sign-in! - A good day. Mr.Estremo in good spirits, no trots, bed bath, ate a great breakfast. Daughter brought pizza. I ate the rest of the lasagna and a slice! - At Peninsula Library, copied the rainbow pics to WordPress. Copied ALL images from phone to Flash. Printed a "Callahan". Grabbed images to Flash-drive and HTML for statements. Productive. Joel was quite chatty. Too bad I couldn't stay longer. Ah, but I don't reside there of late. - Today got HOT! Tonight, warm, humid. - Bed inspection today. I wonder what awaits. - UNDERGROUND! - 22.05 6w107 The Coalition is JUST finishing "bed inspection" on the floor! ALL day we're out but they wait, send one woman to inspect some 800 beds and she checks the corridors, slop sinks, showers, et al! And tomorrow will be similar. Such is the routine of the Homeless... to be at the mercy of... ? But in THIS little corner of Hades we don't get peace until at least 23.00 when the bloody baseball is done. So it really doesn't matter much anyway. Even now the radio's going and our David Hall is fukking with the volume. No peace... - The trip back? Shocking! I was coming into the building at 21.15. The shuttle came in due course. The A zipped in and down the line. The L was running close. Worst part was the M15 bus: NOT ONE on the ave. so I walked from 14th. JUST MISSED a limited at 24th. Bastard pulled away from the curb AS I ARRIVED. Typical NYC of late. Then we had the usual idiots at the entrance: slow to put things into the x-ray, shit in pockets, etc. I walked up to the floor. A wonderful security guard who befriended me last time I was here met me at the top of the stairs. Then Ms.Singleton comes buzzing by (comments to security "He's a sweet man." pointing at me). - Signed in at about 21.30! MADE IT! OK! - The woman from The Coalition looked into the room. Alleges floors and painting will commence tomorrow. (The Callahan is Wednesday.) Beds to be stripped AGAIN tomorrow. Oh well. - Meanwhile, I'm going to try for SOME kind of rest. Tomorrow's "Run Day" after work. - (David's bumping his locker, fidgeting in the bed, belching. THAT NEEDS to GO!) - One closing comment: As the woman from Coalition was in the hall, a guy from 3rdFl comes out of the shower in nothing but a bed-sheet wrapped like a toga! SO FUNNY... It surprised the woman who instructed, politely, that he'd better get some clothes on. Just so funny. - Enough... the day is done (the bloody baseball is not... unfortunately). I want a smoke but...

Friday, 9 September:

6.00 M34 A bit of pain this morning. Dull. Like post-kick. Lower ab. Not cramp. - Ever so tired. - Warm weather at 6.00. Is the hot weather back? Please no. - MadAv. 6.03. Friday commences. Wk-end off. BFD! - 7.42 O.K.! HERE WE GO!: - 6.23 A train to FarRock! How pleasant? Quite, particularly because of the fellow sitting across-diagonally headed for JFK/SFO (too bad I couldn't fit into carry-on... heh.heh.heh.) And funny? I tried taking a couple of pics and...next thing I know I'm looking up, at my station, as the doors close! NO PROB. Off at HoBe/JFK. Nice stroll from there. Probably about as far as North Conduit but much more residential (Old HoBe). Quite the delight, whilst listening to "The Lunatics Have Taken Over The Asylum" (indeed they have... 30thSt. and here at HoBe...) Clock-in, 7.16. - At about 7.45 Mrs.Estremo comes by. Tells me, Mr.Estremo was "a very bad boy" last night and in pain... yelling because of, let's call it "bottom pain". Well, yes, his hole is a bit raw. That's why I made-up the mixture to apply! Says Mrs. "I told Marilyn 'J. does everything he can. He takes GOOD care of your father." SO! I've been correct all along about the daughter... bad-mouthing me. OK. From now on, SHE'S on my "Watch-The-Back-stabbing-Bitch" list. - I AM SO BLOODY TIRED OF THIS SHIT! I spend 9hrs/day with HER father, she buzzes in 5-10 minutes. SHE won't help her Mum nor tend to HER father so I, a non-family person come in. Right. FukU dear. - Meanwhile we're all a-buzz about terrorist attacks this week-end. Bloody morons. Over-kill sensationalism. I'm quite fed-up with that as much. - Finish my coffee. Smoke. Pee. Begin the day. - Fukkit! - 11.10 VENT-TIME! Just got a call from Guerda C.O.C. She tells me that Marilyn-the-Daughter claims that Mr.Estremo has a

decubitus! (Subsequently, Mrs. Estremo swears Marilyn didn't say that.) Wife says she's happy I'm here. Says it's a misunderstanding or miscommunication. Me? I'm tired of the "second guessing". - 11:36

This morning, PIC screwed my direct deposit but TD fixed it. Now my chequing and savings is with TD! I'm moving closer to moving out and moving on! - 21.19 6w107 Left HoBe at just past 17.00 with Mr. in good mood (and wet drawers for his daughter to deal with). Mrs. was delightful but sorry that I wouldn't be there on the wk-end. If I didn't want the little bit of income I get (VERY LITTLE) I wouldn't be back at all. But my goal is Thanksgiving... Canadian in BTW. With direct deposit into the same banque now, saving should be easier, goal more attainable. I hope. So, as I'm leaving, the guy down-stairs wants to talk. Talk about some "bomb" on Sunday. Talk about how "we" should've taken out al Queda in the "5 or 6-day war" (Israel). Talk about how "we" (the U.S.) must be in Israel because "you" (Jews) will just kill EVERYbody so the U.S. has to "control you". Ah... Howard Beach. - I got the Q11 up to Staples. Got 8 more boxes. A packed, OLD Q11 to Liberty. Dropped the boxes, got more vitaminC at storage. Peed and left. Cigarettes at CVS and by 19.15 was on my way back to the Dung-heap. - As I'm walking up 1st, having come off the bus, a young fellow (White) asks for directions to the shelter. He had a cane and terrible limp. I took him along. Got him in. Waited for him to go through security. (Several bottles of very good cologne!) Then parted at the lift... after giving directions to "Intake". In the past, some people here were kind to me. I pass that kindness along. - OH KAY! For tonight's *story*: I flip on the light to come into the room and David Hall (of bed E2) gets up mumbling something about a "stupid ass". He's obviously pissed because I put on the light. Odd; he doesn't mind putting the light on, off, on, off during the course of a night. Personally, I ignore him, watching from the corner of my eye. The radio is on (of course). I get my little wash together and head across the hall. Next thing, David pops in, looks about, leaves. No prob. - When I come back, Nr.1 is situating his bed. Seems David's smoking and such, in general, is disturbing. We'll be heading for Admin on Sunday. If they'd move just him and me into a 2bed it would be fine with me. We'll see what... - 21.49 Waiting for "BED-CHECK". A smoke and I'm DONE! My eyes are closing already.

Saturday, 10 September:

8.36 59/3rd Just missed the Q32! 20mins. to wait and can't see the bloody screen on this piece of shit phone. No journal. No twitter. - 8.56 Q32 64th/3rd So last night's wash wasn't dry this morning. And I cut the 4.30 alarms and woke at 7.30! Well, it doesn't look like I'll be getting the beach (A.FUKKING.GAIN) this wk-end. Over-cast. Breezy. (Fuk this phone and the typos!) - "Tony"(1) (finally introduced his self this morning) and I are to go to someone tomorrow concerning David(2). Cruz(3) tells me, this morning, David's complaining because Tony complained about the smoking in the room! Sorry? WTF? Smoking ANY-where in the bldg. is prohibited... PARTICULARLY IN THE ROOM! WHAT THE FUK gives shit like David the sense of entitlement and exemption to rules and regulations? It's things like him that have stopped me from being socially helpful. And call it/me what you will but MY PERSONAL, DIRECT OBSERVATION has/have shown: CERTAIN ETHNICITIES are more prone to such crap. Period. AND... I'm to understand that David has stated that "Whites" are "trying to take over" in the shelter! Staff and residents! According to David Hall, Whites "have to go". I'm thinking: time to post a pic of this one here. Shall do, ASAP indeed. - Meanwhile, back in Queens... to storage to re-pack. Peninsula Library to print "paypuhz" for tomorrow's visit with Ms.K. Maybe a trot to 413(!) weather permitting. - I'm in jeans and t-shirt. Odd... not scrubs. - 13.33 Q53 to The Rock. 3 hours in storage again and STILL not right. 16 boxes, neatly packed and still stuff to be organised. This is not "me". But then, who knows? - My back is out too. - No beach. No sun. No shit... rather... all shit. Now to hope to get time on the library PC to print a statement for tomorrow. And the

account of ParkAv Shelter STILL needs to be completed. - Meanwhile, traffic is miserable on CrossBay and our “driver” keeps aiming for stop lights. These are the days. - The big buzz is that we’re to be bombed tomorrow. If so, I’d like to know where and when. I’ll be at the site. Kah... boom (n’shit). Bunch o’ dumbasses who buy into this bunk. - Headache to go with back-ache. Jolly la dee da. - NORTH CHANNEL AT LAST! 13.42. FU.U.U.U.K! - 18.17 Q22 B149 to... return. Got my statement at Peninsula Library. Q53 to “my” Waldbaum's. And a late lunch at the table by the Fort P.O. The sky had cleared. The breeze was delightfully cool. Lunch was renewing. And so, a stroll to 13 (and a quick 413). - No huge waves. No horses: No Kimmie. No Brian. The Fort is... some-what some-how desolate. Sad. - I want to get some soil before I leave. - 18.35 Q53 I boarded at 18.30. It took this long to connect to Internet. - Coming in, Fat Tim or Jim or what-ever (he owes me 7.47\$ for the beer... 3 years ago) was on the street, Phil and his bit of stuff were on the porch. On the way out of RockPark... B116 is empty. Even here, at B94, the bus has plenty of empty seats. Rockaway is done for the season. Time to rest and recover from the Summer. “They” (D4D: Down for the day... tourists) have gone home. It’s now that I miss it. But this evening I thought: I won’t come back. Too many people I want never to see again. To Neponsit? Oh... it might have been. But no. No more NYC. No more NYS. No more NY. Enough. Enough. I’ll miss JamaicaBay. I’ll miss The Atlantic. I already miss the Fort. But it’s time... time to leave. Time... - Now to Staples. A photo-copy and back into that god-forsaken city. The peace of today was welcomed, needed, appreciated and short-lived. Soon... one way or another... I’ll make it last. Soon and very soon. - 21.36 6w107 Comment: This morning, as I waited for the Q32, a man came walking round the corner, he carried a small ironing board. I saw it as a surf board, then a boogie board. Rockaway. Board under arm is for the beach. Culture. - OK. A tweet from P.J. “Stay uptown...” tomorrow. Apparently the news is carrying much about NYC being bombed tomorrow. As I got off the bus at 30th/2nd this evening at about 20.25, the police pulled an SUV over. Flash-lights out. The inspection! At the end if the Q60 run in The City, cops, flares and more inspections. Yes. Al Queda won in 2001. And every year we are reminded of their victory. I remember every time I think of Wall Street and the whole “FormerFinancialDistrict”. GONE! And my C.V.? So little is verifiable any more... everything is GONE. - Time to leave... for the final time. - DavidNote: Quite flatulent again tonight. Loud, in volume. LOUD, in odour. And now, 21.48, muttering and mumbling something indecipherable. MICA! He SHOULD be “Psych”... and NOT “GenPop”. But... we’ll see what tomorrow brings.

Sunday, 11 September:

8:16 DREAM:(6w107 8.37) I was in somebody’s home, not mine, not a shelter. In a good mood. We (the other guy and I) were getting ready to go some-where. I looked in the mirror and noticed my hair was quite long in the back. I commented that I needed a hair-cut and was disturbed by this because there was no place to go to. - Something happened, I don’t know what, to put me in an extremely BAD mood! I was on the phone to Air Canada. Bought a ticket to Montreal but with no particular date. I had to go through some pre-flight interrogation, similar to customs but it involved interrogation. Where was I going? Montreal. When? As soon as I get to the aeroport. Why? To get out of and away from here! For how long? I don’t know just now. What am I taking? EVERYTHING! Where will I be staying? Anywhere I can find. - A young, thin, blonde, wavy-haired guy conducted the interrogation. Meanwhile, a young, short, dark-haired gal grabbed my back-pack from the floor, began to rummage through it. I didn’t want her to see/know what was in it:

“Why are you searching through that now? I’ll be re-packing it. It’s not packed for the trip.”
 “It’s not packed for your trip?”

The guy told her “Leave it alone if he’s going to re-pack.” She put it down. I zipped it closed. Next thing, I’m being told there’s ANOTHER procedure. Go to a counter. I became enraged!

ONLY for ME! Others passed after the 1st bit! I had to queue at another counter with about 7-8 non-English speakers who were, I thought, being deported. This time, a large book on the desk. Reading and math. The book was hand-written. I was the only one required to read it! I lost my temper, refusing to participate. I YELLED! HOLLERED! I was allowed to pass. - Back in my room it occurred to me: Ticket purchased by no date! I had to ring-up Air Canada to find out when I was leaving. "Any time." I was told. I woke, aggravated.

8.29 5thFl."Lounge" I AM SUDDENLY SO DAMNED TIRED! I was fine when I woke. Fine when I showered. Then, as I noted the dream all energy drained from me! Tightness in chest. Hands trembling. Eyes unable to stay open. THAT tired. Inexplicable. - 10.06 60th/1st Just watched the Q60 leave! But that's not the "best". Oh no. This morning's CaseWorker news: Housing Interview... TUESDAY AT 15.00... BROOKLYN! BED-STUY I believe! Rent is 30 per-cent of income. OK. Good for 1yr. Sect.8HPD (after 1yr I can apply to ANY OTHER HPD). The KICK? *** If I refuse (or decline) OR if I don't go to (or miss) the interview it's not "FTC" (FailureToComply) it's a "Sanctionable VIOLATION": "out on the streets, NO SHELTER SERVICES ANYWHERE for 3-6 MONTHS. (I'm told it's a Bloomberg decree.) There's NO recourse. There's NO appeal. Only SANCTION. PERIOD! - Essentially, needing to work to receive income toward financial success and independence has NOTHING to do with Bloomberg's agenda. So? I must call for the day off on Tuesday... I was going to request a half day for DSS/FoodStamps (another service that disregards WORKING people). Now? It's the ENTIRE day! The "System" is built to ensure the failure of those who seek and need its help. But it's also built to guarantee its own existence... eternally. Understandably... there's employment and cash-flow involved... not for the "Client"... for the "System". In essence: Fuk the Client, s/he's useless to begin with. - I shall go, to DSS in the morning AND to HPD in the afternoon. We shall see what comes of it. I'm NOT "defeated"; I'm tired and disgusted and fed-up. Fortunately I tend to trust (with-in reasonable limits) my CaseWorker. We shall see. *** - Next issue: ** David. I asked if 2 of us in the room complain, will it get him out. "They will tell you that this is not a hotel and if you are uncomfortable where you are, you don't have to stay here." There are SO many people seeking shelter in NYC now that they'll do ANYthing to encourage the Homeless residents to leave. She (the CaseWorker) KNOWS of David ("piece of shit") and his own CaseWorker (Ms.Crawford) can't get rid of him! No telling why. But... maybe my housing is the blessing. I can "take care of" David... then leave. A thought for contemplation and planning. ** - 10.36 Q60 42ndSt/Queens Blvd.. Over-cast. No beach again today. Not as tired. But HUNGRY! Plan? A few hours at storage, perhaps lunch at the Fort. Early back to Dung-heap. I MUST wash my work scrubs early so they'll be dry tomorrow. - 14.45 M15 Essex/D train to Delancy Street from the J: If I'm correct and 1013 is where the "Housing" is being offered, it's a "3/4" which means sharing, perhaps having a "bed-room" for which I'd pay rent and SHARING kitchen and bath and front door. Could be me, alone in "the room" or bunk-beds. Could be 2 or MORE in the flat. And the place is ON the J elevated! And yes... BedStuy. *** I don't have enough money yet, to land comfortably on my feet but... I'M PACKING TODAY... TO JUMP! *** - 15.10 5thFl"Lounge" with 5 others in waiting and Ms.K, just calling from the list. - I'm ever so tired. My blood sugar is plummeting. My lips and arms are tingling. I think I need to eat but there's no time for that. I need to know wha.... 15.26 DONE! I'm still not certain where to get into the bldg.. but... Ms.Khenkinatells that the place is beautiful: Single occupancy, separate Reg. rent: 962/mo. For me: 30 per-cent of my income. BUT... she'd sent 3 before me: 2 "not Black", 1 Latino. All 3 liked the place. None accepted. We shall see. - Meanwhile, Da(rse)vid is in bed, radio a-blarin'. I'm dropping things in my locker and will try to figure something to eat... something, somewhere. - 16.47 The river park. Meal: Buddig pastrami(2) on roll. Fage yoghurt(1). Choc.Chip PopTart(2). Sm.bottle Vitamin Water(SturD). Food! And as I began, a gull caught a crab (so funny... a gull catching crabs... I did that and had to douse in kerosene to get rid of them!). - The scent of the river isn't so very pleasant but it IS welcome. I miss being on the ocean. Alas. - It's getting chilly. I've wash to do. Meet with Tony. Should get

going. - I've no cash any more. Victor needed money so I gave him my bag of change. A few dollars in it. But he asked so nicely and he does, I'm pretty sure, need. If not? The money will burn him. If he does need, may it bring him good health. - I want a smoke. Can't have one here. Esp. because of the cretins and urchins (a.k.a. children) (screaming like banshees, the little shits). - Toodles. - 17.45 6w107 Tomorrow's work clothes are on the locker to dry. Smellin' GAINfully good! Da(rse)vid STILL in the bed, radio on, volume low, he's under his blankey. I guess crack-heads catch a chill at 25 degrees. Worthless piece of worthlessness. Awful. Simply disgusting. HE is the Homeless that people attend; the Homeless that nobody wants. And THAT is what makes existence difficult for all Homeless. "Take 'em down" Hall. - And Tony? Supposed to be here at 17.00? Another one? No show. I don't care. I can't care. - IT MOVED! Da(rse)vid moved! To go to dinner. Oh what I COULD do in his absence to make him miserable. But a)I'm too tired and b)I just don't want to be bothered at the moment. So perhaps I'll nap. - Still waiting for the "big boom".

Monday, 12 September:

10.52 HoBe: I had an entire entry done just now but dozed momentarily and erased the whole thing! I'm on the very edge of a "Burn-out/Melt-down", physically and menralky(mentally) (fukking phone). - At 10.38 I rang Melanie to get tomorrow off and she went into a tirade about ME putting HER into a "situation". "You can't call me today to tell me you need off tomorrow!" FUK U darling! I didn't learn about the housing shit (DHS) until yesterday when your tired arse wasn't at work. AND I don't WANT to go to the DHS appointment to interview for an apartment I don't want in a boro I've never lived in, in a neighbourhood where I'm likely to be assaulted, mugged, robbed or murdered. (But our mayor/dictator Michael Bloomberg DEMANDS it and I, being Homeless, and no longer eligible for nor entitled to courtesy, respect, consideration or dignity. Toss me as suits YOUR fancy. As well, DSS lost my paper-work so now I HAVE to go into the office! - The phone charger isn't working properly. I had the phone on charger for 4 hours last night and NO CHARGE! - Mr.Estremo is officially "Hospice" now and I'll probably be dismissed from the case... soon. - I'm teetering ON THE EDGE... - 17.44 Peninsula Library This day went well enough. But one thing on my mind: Marilyn rang to say they're asking to keep the same team when Mr.Estremo goes Hospice. However, she mentioned that her Mum "has issues with" me. "Issues"? OK. Let her find better. - 21.24 6w107 Another day... I don't know how, but I wasted the whole hour at Peninsula Library. Nothing accomplished in an hour. (David has a new toy! The radio is on, volume at reasonable, but he's got his mobile working and he's got annoyingly loud ring-tones that, because we're all in here, he's running through. A 64 year old "brat" complete with infantile tantrums. He does his "people" great justice. Between him... oh, now we do our little "mumble'n'groan"... him and the fly in this room... give me the fly. Oddly, it comes to me... David's just TOO filthy, even for a fly.) Where was I? Oh yes. The new acct. at the banque isn't open yet. Cust.Svce. today tells it takes 48 hours to appear. Oh well. Expect nothing and never be disappointed. But I got some pictures to here (WordPress) to insert along the way. That was my "accomplishment". Left at just past 19.00. The Shuttle caught an open South Channel bridge but only momentarily. I got back into the Dung-heap by about 20.30. Sign-in on 5. A hearty hello from Victor (in passing). - Rumour has it: Tomorrow's the Callahan. Interestingly, one thin coat of "floor wax" has been hastily slapped on the floor here AND THERE'S NO DRINKING WATER! The cooler hasn't a bottle installed and there are none to be found. But tomorrow, round-about 5.00, the pounding on the door and the announcement "BREAKFAST!" The shelter ENSURES that NO RESIDENTS are in during the "inspection". EVERYbody MUST be OUT! (Even, I think, David. But I don't know for certain.) I remember 2 of them: I recall the 1st, vividly... the shout of "Brrread fox!!!" first thing in the morning. I'm not clear about the 2nd. It's probably documented here some-where. - 21.47 Cruz just put the lights

out. D.Hall was laying in bed but, per always, NOW he decides to rummage in his locker, in the dark.) - Work? Oh Marilyn came by. She was SO sweet and kind. In spite of her earlier "issues" bit. Well, no matter. Hospice to come. Maria came in at 17.03 all nice-nice. And I said nothing about not being there tomorrow... - 21:57 ... She can add that to her "issues" with me. Shame: I adore Hospice cases/work. I'll do ALL for Mr.Estremo... and precious little else. - I'm beginning to nod here! SO TIRED! May as well crash now. No shower tonight. I'm too sleepy... Goo night.

Tuesday, 13 September:

6.40 M34 Major hoo-ha's this morn. The Callahan at the Dung-heap. And some kinda disaster at Park/34th. (and 68degF) Last night I had to laugh (to my-self): Security yelling in the echoing halls (per usual disrespect) at about 23.30. David jumps up and closes (taxi accident on Park) the door, goes back to bed, turns his radio on. I mean, WTF? Noise in the hall bugs so turn the radio on. Bloodyfukking retard to be certain. - 8.01 88th/Boyd! FUUUUK! An HOUR from... - 9.48 Q22 B73 TEN MINUTES JUST TO LOG ON! - Got to the FS office shortly after 8.30 and the queue JUST to get IN was down the block! At about 9.37 some nasty bitch was giving RETURN DATES (mine is on Thurs.) because "I only got 1 worker an' I ain't gon make her take all y'all!" So, I let her do her speech, telling me to be here at 8.30, bring all my papers and that my case will be closed on the 16th. I didn't bother to look at her, in mid-speech, took my ticket with 9/15 written on it and walked out. FUKKIN WASTE, THEM. ANOTHER DAY OF LOST PAY? Because THEY'RE INCOMOETENT! - Beautiful beach weather. But I'm headed to the banque to check on the savings acct. Peninsula Library opens at 13.00. Too late. - THIS is to be a day that, IF I don't go for my pills and Atropa martini (OH! And Atropa is now "in season" for fresh!) it will be ONLY because of my resolve to make somebody ELSE suffer. THAT is my "today's goal". - 10.01 B96/Rockaway Beach Blvd. waiting for the Q53. TWO Q22s. And I'm HUNGRY now. FUK! - As I waited at FS, 2 guys, from Drug ReHab. Swan Lake! One admitted to going into Monticello, stealing somebody's air conditioner from their window to install in the rehab house. Proudly too. (White). And I'm TRYING to work for an HONEST dollar? Y'know? *I'M* the one who's got it wrong. Seriously. Time to TAKE what I can... no matter what/how. - 10.08 THIS Q21 CHANGED FROM A Q53 AS IT PULLED TO THE BUS STOP! This world is irreparably, hopelessly fukked up. And I'm sick and tired of it... ALL of it. Now... local all the bloody way! FUK! Life is a curse... but today, others will go down. - 10:22 About this morning: I woke at 5.00 exactly. The phone/alarm was charging over-night but had turned itself OFF! So I woke "luckily". Late. But... ShitShowerDress. At about 6.15 some goon flips the lights on, prances in and announces "Gentlemen! Put ALL of your things in your locker before you leave. Linens. Pillows. Everything. Don't leave ANYTHING out. No shoes under the bed. Inspection today. Things might get lost in the scuffle." Shit-for-brains. "might get lost"? More like: WILL be TAKEN. I was dressed, paid no mind, walked out. MY "EVERYTHING" was already packed in the locker. (I just hope I remembered to LOCK the damned thing.) - (I am SO BLOODY TIRED right now. And SO AGGRAVATED! 10.21! THIS DAY IS SCREWED... NO... FUKKED! Hopeless.) - 14.25 J train to Myrtle. WAHOO! Savings now with TD! Wondering if I should just tell the racists at MCU to stuff the accounts there or... Y'know? Next "adventure": Screw the racists at MCU. I heart TD. Especially since THEY phoned me! Yes they did! Saw my twits on Twitter, DM a phone number and BrrrrrrING! There they was! So. OK! - Catch-up: From the Bitchpit of Rockaway DSS FS via Q22 to Q53 to Q54 to TD. MAGNIFICENT chat with the REALLY NICE "Trontonienne" who opened the acct. and talked "Canada", "Ontario" and "Quebec". LUV IT! Next: Q54 to Staples where the same bloody copier is jammed like it has been EVERY time I've been there in the past month or more. A woman was copying reams and when she paused, I asked if I could make 2 copies (Dir.Dep. form for PIC). SHE LET ME MAKE COPIES ON HER CARD! 22cents. But... C'MON! WOW! How GREAT of her! THANK YOU WONDERFUL LADY! Out of Staples and a

walk to the P.O. on MetroAv. Nasty Asian clerk but the place was empty! Brief. Dir.Dep. for posted Certified. ReturnReceipt. And to the street again. CVS for tinned Starbucks, 2 “Balance” power bars (210 calories ea.) and a pack of cigarettes. (TD rang whilst I was there). TO THE LIBRARY (North Forest) to up-load images to WordPress. - At 14.02 I was en route to Q53. Nice schmooze with a woman named Peggy. TWO Q53’s and a Q21 came in about 7 minutes. And AS I got to the platform, the J pulled in! And here I am: J train heading to Chauncey. 4 more stops (at 14.41) for the MTA to fuk me into bloody pulp. I’m not hanging to this “apartment” but I MOST CERTAINLY WILL NOT BE “IN VIOLATION”!!! Well... my guts are knotted in anxiety and I’ve had to pee from since about 10.00 this morning. Here we go. (I wonder which CaseWorker will be at the interview. Ms.Khenkina please!) - 21.29 6w107 Having my nightly PopTarts before bed... bostonhomeless! - OK NOW! How to begin? Well, I made it to the bldg. by 14.50. But thankfully, there was a woman at the corner who confirmed (as I’d thought on Sunday), the address isn’t 1031... the entrance is round the corner at 880! Leave it to DHS to fuk things up. And had I NOT found the entrance and missed the appointment I’d’ve been thrown out of the shelter AND SANCTIONED 1-3 months! BASTARDS! Slick shit... like always. So I go in. A man and woman behind a glass. I needed to sign in. But WOW is the lobby well-appointed! OK then. We got chatting. Great fun. I was directed down a few steps and to the right to a charming seating area. As I looked round the corner expecting Ms.Khenkina or Ms.Crawford I see... Ms.Peace! Bless her! She seemed distant at first but we got talking. I was able to tell her how much she actually helped me cope when we’d first met. She truly does want to help Homeless guys get back on their feet. But she tries, if there’s hope she keeps trying; if not, she retreats and focuses on those who try to better their lot. Anyway... a Ms. White came to talk with her. I know this Ms. White from somewhere but I just can’t place her. Next came Ms. Green(e) to see me, alone, for general questions. (Both women, by-the-by, are Black.) We went to her office. When I did the gentlemanly thing, allowing her to go in first, she declined. “Can’t see ‘em when they’re behind you.” I joked. Her expression led me to believe that was IT. But she was most pleasant, asking income questions, telling me about the apartment (capped at 611\$ for rent), a light talk about the GenPop there. (I need to try for sleep: .social workers . mine, Black guy. Very nice. I’m thinking ParkAv) - 21:52 New linens (starched/ironed), blanket, mattress, shit pillow. *(These are the items that were left on the bed for us after the inspection. Same as before: we do with what-ever they toss at us but when the “inspection” comes round, it’s all to impress. Utter nonsense!)*

Wednesday, 14 September:

5.40 After quite the night with our David Hall (E2) I’m at the bus at 5.39. - 13.08 HoBe: I want to finish yesterday’s events: From what I understand, the place is all “Single Occupancy”. There’s “24-hour Security”; all visitors must be signed in and no one is allowed to “stay” more than 14 days. (It’s like a mini Century Village of sorts.) There was no mention of “percentage of income” for rent, only a “cap” of 611\$. Me? I’m thinking: WHY would I want to PAY rent of THAT amount on a place in a neighbourhood that I DON’T feel safe in and DON’T want to live in? Well, as I’m to understand, it’s just another “Bloomberg”: In the shelter and working? NO! You WORK? You’re OUT! No matter what, how or where. A place, ANY place becomes available, you GO! Is CAMBA (the owner of the bldg.) happy? Not really. But they’ve little choice. They have the place, I’m in the shelter, I work, they MUST take me and I MUST accept. The ONLY way it fails is if my income doesn’t allow me to pay the rent (what-ever that is). OK. I was positive in tone, co-operative in manner. The Gentleman at all times. I made it more “social” than “interview”. I don’t care about getting this place. I don’t. Another point: Ms. Green mentioned apartments above, to left and right but not below. Ground floor? - Shuffled across the hall to meet a Mr. ? (can’t recall his name... didn’t get it from the beginning.) My “CaseWorker”! If I need social services, some kind of tenant intervention, he’s the one I go to. HE asked for more personal information.

Arrests? Drugs? He copied driver's license, birth cert., passport, soc.sec. Do I LIKE that? No. Not at all. Do I care? SHIT NO. I've been prepared for "The Grand Check-Out" for a while. Fuk me over... push me out. Even my "Good-bye" is written (soon to be added here or on DeadArtist). Again, I was charming. NO-ONE can say I wasn't co-operative. Fukkem. Period. - The whole process took about 30 minutes. The previous interview lasted about 90 seconds, says Ms.Peace OK. Fine. I really don't care. But I smile. I congratulated Mr. on having such a lovely bldg. "A little Heaven in the middle of Hell" - 14:13 That's how HE described it. That prompted me to ask: BedStuy or Bushwick? The place is in BUSHWICK! VIOLENT BUSHWICK! Bloomberg and DHS will DUMP ME into Bushwick. Again... I see and learn one MOST IMPORTANT FACT: NOBODY GIVES A FUK ABOUT ME, THE PERSON. NOOOO BODY! - With that in mind, I asked Ms.Peace how she was getting back to the shelter. I thought she'd be brought back by van. Nope. DHS drove here there... and dumped her. She told me "I was SO HAPPY when you came! I knew YOU would know how I can get back." So fukkme. And, of course, I DID get her back to where she could clock out. We took the J to Essex and the M15... We parted at 30th/1st. She yelled to me "Thank you!" - I walked up to 34th for the bus to SIB Library... I STILL hadn't eaten and STILL needed to PEE! - 15:34 What crap! I was SO exhausted by 18.40 when I got to SIB Library. Imagine? About the same arrival time as when I worked the whole day! I worked on the ParkAvShelter journal entry, on the FlashDrive and... RED SCREEN! I've NO idea what got saved but there's SO MUCH missing and the longer I take to finish, the more I forget. (OLD AGE, DAMN ME!) Well, I left at about 19.00... defeated by fatigue... and not eating! - M16 to 28th. As much as I hate to, I went to Gristede's: 2 Buddig pastrami, 2 small stale rolls, a vanilla Hershey's drink, box of PopTarts, a bottle of Fiji water (they'd taken ALL of our bottled water from the shelter and I NEED my morning coffee). On the corner, I tore the rolls open, put the pastrami in each and took a walk to eat. Across 28th to 3rd, up to 32nd and to 1st. The rolls kept sticking in my throat but I knew I HAD to eat before going back into the Dung-heap. It was painful, but it was food. - Getting in at 19.45 (yup, 19.45) went easy. In fact, as my back-pack came through the x-ray, the DHS guy grabbed it so that the water bottle (in the bag) wouldn't spill! They actually TRUST ME! - In the dorm/room/cell, David was in. I flipped the light on. A bag of crisp, fresh linens, a slightly torn pillow, "new" mattress. Ah... what these pricks do to cover the truth for a Callahan! Even then, pillow and mattress are slightly torn. But I just don't care. I just DON'T. - 16:48 Well... to finish with a BANG! Literally... The bed got wiped-down and made-up. I showed Tony "hospital corners". He's really looking into the CHHA training. Obviously he wants to get out of his current situation and I know, all too well and directly personally what that's like and where he is (flashbacks of me!). We were having a pleasant evening. Even Cruz was enjoying the evening and then David Hall, the one who will NOT so much as leave the building... EVER... (suspicious, that, as Tony and I discussed earlier this evening) our crack-smoking Parolee got ticked. The radio volume went to HIGH and the mumbling, muttering and pacing began. The rest of us just went about our business. By the way, water has been returned to the cooler. I made my coffee. - Signed for the bed at about 20.35, showered and settled in for the night (27 degrees again). - The lights were off, door slightly open, 23.00 or so when David got up and closed it, mumbling something at nobody in particular. Next thing I hear is his ring-tones! 23.15, dark, quiet and he's playing with his ring-tones! I got up, grabbed my toilet paper and headed for the loo. I didn't "go" all day anyway. BUT... I must've pushed the door open a tad too... BANG! I paid it no mind and went to the loo to "sit a bit". A few moments later, David came in to pee... and probably check to see where I'd gone. Dumb shit. I ignored. WHEN I WENT BACK TO THE ROOM? I noticed the closer-gadget had been pulled from the top of the door! SOooo... it no longer closed by itself! HAH! I left it W.I.D.E. OPEN and went back to bed. A moment later, Cruz gets up, goes to the loo. When he came back he tried closing the door... it stayed open a bit through the night. Well... funny thing: Earlier, Tony said that David's lucky that "we're" not the kind to "kick his ass". I said "Maybe YOU'RE not..." and told him how I'd welcome the

opportunity... out of the shelter. Now the door's busted. OK? OK THEN! Wednesday night should be interesting... - 16.48 HoBe: Wednesday. Up at 4.30 this morning and never tried to be quiet. By about 5.39 I was at the bus. I headed for the P.O. On B116 I saw Geoff(RAA!) but didn't acknowledge. I've nothing to say... to ANYBODY ANY MORE. - 17.49 At the 999O., the letter confirming our TWENTY-FIVE CENT RISE IN PAY! BFD! I went to Waldbaum's for food. It was 7.39 already. Man! MTA can fuk-up a day. - Got to the job at about 8.12... - 17.58 A train (waiting): This morning, I get to the top of the stairs and Maria is mopping the floor. "You had me so scared! I made Guerda call your office when the girl came instead of you! I thought you were sick or never coming back!" I actually got the opportunity to confirm: she actually DID! As Guerda told me: "YOU were MISSED!" Even Marilyn rang to make sure I was on. (underground... no signal, can't continue entering notes) - SIB Library 19.42 The Park Av. notes have been added to the August page! At last! There's probably a lot more that could be added but the gist is there! - I'm feeling like shit! Scratchy throat, funny nose. I hope it's just fatigue and stress and that it'll be gone in the morning. I actually DREAD going to that room tonight! No doubt there's be some kind on confrontation because of last night. But... WTF do I care. Really? Right now... I stayed a little extra after work to talk with Mrs. She needed the conversation. I wish I could've stayed longer. - Got here and got done and that's what counts at the moment. - I need to pee and really should before they close the loo so... until I'm back in 6w-107... CHOW 4 NOW.

Thursday, 15 September:

5.35 34th/1st (72deg) Woke at 4.12 this morning. Head aches. Feeling fatigued. Last night was a rip: Cruz was stoned, had a LOUD phone conversation followed by dumfucks coming in, turning the lights on, buying cigarettes and such. Must've been 23.30 when it finally stopped. David played with his radio until same time. I wonder how it is that I don't simply collapse. - 5.42 M16 - 5.43 M16 About 10 on the bus... YELLING! (The guy from the room next at the shelter just got on. He doesn't speak to me. Just as well. I've nothing to say.) - VitaminC tabs went down wrong this morning. Stuck in my gut. It's to be one of THOSE days. - What I wouldn't give for quiet. - Today I get screwed out of FS. Bloodyfukking bastards. But work and income are more important now. FS won't get me OUT OF NY! - 6:53 (40 minutes from 34th to Boyd... AND a transfer at Grant!. And I half-slept all the way. TIRED!) I need to get to the P.O. TODAY, send my time-sheet. - Phone fukling-up again. - 9.10 HoBe For the record: I got here at 7.03! Awake 30 minutes earlier than usual and I arrive to work at about the usual. Do I hate this city. Every "Real NYer" I've spoken with in the past few months agrees: this city, the whole thing, has turned to shit. Meanwhile, I'm so damned tired I keep nodding off. At one point, in Penn Stn., I felt as if I couldn't take the stairs. Waiting for the train, I almost fell asleep standing on the platform... uncontrollably. But I WANT ENOUGH MONEY to GET OUT OF HERE and not have to worry for a while, so here I am. - It's good being here though. Comforting to know how much my efforts are appreciated. It makes ALL the difference in Creation. - I have to go find something to eat... - SIB Library 17.13 I can't believe I made it here! I stayed a bit longer at the house (at work) and as I got to the bus stop, there was the bus! And I knew the driver and we chatted along the route. At Liberty, I made it up to the platform as the train pulled in and took that to 34th. - Went to the Main P.O. to post the time sheet. Used the automated. Quite nice, really. Then, if you can imagine this, AS I got to the corner to catch the bus? There it was! And here I am! And 21 minutes remaining! - The weather's gone really nice: the temperatures dropped very suddenly. This morning was hot and humid. Mr.Estremo was in good spirits but we went through another clean'n'change on the floor. In the bed-room this morning. But all went very well and he LAUGHED so much because of being on the floor. What shocks me in a way is that I have the strength to pick him up and put him on a chair! Especially since I'm feeling as if I'm coming

down with a cold. (I think the “cold” symptoms are actually FATIGUE from not having slept well in the past few nights. David is being a pain in the arse. Not to mention the anxieties associated with the FS and that Housing farce.) As Mum used to say “This too shall pass.” (I wish I would.) - I’ve eaten rather well today, thanks to the food in the house. I even fell deep asleep for about 20 minutes whilst Mr.Estremo dozed! So, the day was quite OK all told. - Time sheet posted. An e-mail to PJ. And here I am... indeed.

Friday, 16 September:

8.17 HoBe Yesterday: Forgot to mention... GARY Russo (T6/7) “Subway Sinatra” on Fox5 “Inside... something...”. Imagine? His 2 girls and “wife”. His little girl being her usual anti-social and the wife in tears... fat bitch the public should only know the truth. Personally, I don’t think G’s THAT much like Sinatra but he IS GOOD! and I’m hoping the publicity brings him MUCH (and the “wife” doesn’t benefit from his hard work any more). - 08:25 ’twas 13deg at JFK at 5.00 this morn! YEAH-HOO! - I’ve tickle in throat, bit of a cough, drippy nose. Hopefully it’s nothing. - 17.31 Q11 to Staples. Sneezy. Scratchy throat. Not good. Last night, TonyE1 told me his CaseWorker had these symptoms. “Something going around.” And I’ve got bloodyfukking Davide2 closing the damned door at night, no bloody ventilation. Well, let’s hope I have a “bug” and spread it to the others then and that THEY get it worse. - This morning, I kind of took my time and connections were amazing! The train pulled in only moments after I got to the station AND it was the Rockaway train! Clock-in 7.13. Mr.Estremo? MARVELOUS MOOD! ALL DAY! OK. So he slumped to the bed-room floor this morning and Maria saw. But he laughed making me laugh making her smile. All was well. - My pay... HERE WE WENT AGAIN! Only THIS time TD couldn’t find the money (I believe it was the Latina rep who didn’t want to bother looking). So I rang Marcia at the office, who changed direct deposit to chequing. I wanted savings. But at this point, I’ll handle the transfer. Just PAY ME! When I called TD the 2nd time? The rep found the deposits: one was 2.12\$... Retro-pay because of the whopping 25cent pay rise this month. O woot (shit). So, we’ll expect some drama next Friday... again. - The strange bit: my balance Of course, NO FUKKING FOOD STAMPS might change that but I’ve actually saved 60 per-cent of my income with-out trying! How odd. How great. - Myrtle Av. To be continued...

Saturday, 17 September:

5.51 34th/1st Temp:53F In “the city that never sleeps” the first M16 from here is at 5.13. The next is at 6.03 then 6.33. First M16 at 6.49! That’s Saturday. On Sunday, first M16 5.13, 5.58, 6.57. First M34 6.27. And now? At 5.55? The sign tells me that the M16 is DELAYED!!! BULL-SHIT! - 06:49 M16 E R Queens Centre 6.47 - 11.12 HoBe: Arrived 7.13! Great! I walk in, Maria’s in the kitchen and Mr.Estremo’s sitting at the edge of the bed... the hospital bed is coming today on top of everything. I had to land RUNNING! After a slow while and a breakfast (Maria even made french toast for me!) we got to the SHOWER! I was SO relieved! It’s been days of bed baths. And so, dried and dressed and to table (we left the bath-room in the chair... I had to sit him in the kitchen chair and wheel him out). No sooner did we make it, showered etc. when... VOMIT! Floor, fridge, my shoes, his shirt and pants. And not once but twice. Starting all over... clean the floor, him. I went into “Yeah well” mode and soon had everything cleaned... floor and all. Diaper and furniture... by 10.30. - 11.39 Nodding off! - 21.13 So Maria left after the fiasco and I hit something to eat whilst Mr.Estremo rested. He’d lost palour, grey-blue pale lips but it returned. So we let him rest. - AT 13.00 (not before) Marilyn and Lou came to relieve me. I headed to the Q53 to Peninsula Library. There, I printed the weekly statement on a PC that fukked my template. But... done. AND I GOT, on iTunes, “REACH OUT OF THE DARKNESS” FRIENDS AND LOVERS! I think it’s SO groovy now. - Q53 (Native New Yorker on the radio... Mama?) (and Cruz3 takes it

upon himself to close the light... he's drunk again tonight. You can smell it when you walk in the room.) OK. Q53 to storage for antihistamines (DayQuil) and an argument. I asked the Pakis in the lift if they were going to 4. She said "No." and when I got to the floor, there they were. (Walkin In Rhythm... KINGSTON, Frank, Chrissy) I commented. She was in the mood. But I let it go. THEN, in the aisle, HE wanted me to remove the step-ladder to get by. I made room. They're diagonally across. Speaking what-ever she clearly said "Fukyout!". I ignored, got my tablets. - RiteAid: cigarettes, soap, shampoo, 2 vitamin bars (starving me), clear bands for m'teeth. - The Q53 to Q32. Off at the library to "twit"-a-bit. Had a conversation going tonight and then... the battery went! - Walked to 41/2nd. M15 bus. - In at about 19.53 to David... in silence until 20.23! THEN the radio went on! (And still is.) I signed, shaved, showered. Ate 4 PopTarts. And it's 20deg in here, in the dark, in the nobody's talking. But Tony and I exchange knowing looks. - Soon to bed... HOPE for sleep at 22.00.

Sunday, 18 September:

6.10 34/1st Even transport in NYC is no longer "work-friendly" with buses not running all night, spacing between them and week-end schedules being so sparse. This city has become "Bumpkinville". Time to... say good-bye. - Not bad: 56F. - My sinuses are kicking butt this morning and congestion in the chest. No meds last night. I don't want anything to make me "out if it" until I can't take any more. The population on the ward is changing again. And Cruz3 has gone mad. Last night he was telling David2 "NOBODY could sing like he could! He had a great voice!" (Louie Armstrong!) Cruz2 now IDs himself as Black. Sucking-up to David. Oh well. Fukkim. I need. - Meanwhile, the charger for this bloody phone is shot. I need a new one... and NOT "at no 20 bucks neither"! - I almost rather dread work today. The daughter/son-in-law will be in. I just don't appreciate being ignored. - The hospital bed is in though. Jolly. - M34! - 20.09 6w107 "The Shadow" on the radio!!! Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The Shadow knows. Hahahahahahaha... - The day... M16 to the E which took me to JacksonHts where the bloody R wasn't running! So I went up to take the Q53 from 75th. Av./Broadway. Got to work... 8bloodyfukking30! Didn't clock-in. (Mr.Estremo signed a time sheet which I posted from Farley at 16.10 this evening). Louie was at the house with Maria. The hosp. bed and transport chair (YAY!) arrived. Mr.Estremo was still asleep. Louie made me a coffee and left. Maria made Mr.Estremo's breakfast. (A subtle hint: get Mr.Estremo out of bed.) Then she left. Mr.Estremo got a great bed-bath because of the hosp. bed. His bum-rash is looking very good, thanks to Danielle's concoction and my application of same. And he was in good spirits! I got him into the transport and to the DINING table! He enjoyed that. - It was a non-stop morning. Always something to do. It went by quickly... and very well. - Got the 13.08 Q11 and an A train to Fulton for the Woodlawn train to City Hall, Pelham local to 28th. Arrived just past 14.30. Walked to the Dung-heap. Appointment with Ms.Khenkina today. THAT went very well. We discussed Tolstoy! and Russian. We're figuring I'm not getting the Bushwick place. I told her I'm saving for rent and a ticket OUT of NY. She smiled. She's got a cold or something. But in moments, I was out. I was in her office in brief moments too. Almost no waiting! - Back out the door. M34 to MadAv. Staples to copy the time sheet (in case), a stroll to Jack's for 2 ponchos (I keep one in the back-pack, gave the other to the guy from Borden when we were at ParkAv but for 99cents? Two more while supplies last), box of envelopes (for time sheets, Irish Spring and noshes. Then to the P.O. to post the aforementioned time sheet and then... Intended to go to RiteAid for toilet paper, cough drops and razors. Intended to find a new charger for this damned phone upon which I now tap (21.49). And DID? Got on an M16 and strolled into the Dung-heap at 17.00. Straightened the locker. Washed some under-things and... I wanted to nap but that didn't happen either. - Now, 21.55 and I'm showered and ready for lights out. - And back down to half-charge in the phone. Tomorrow... "normalcy" in HoBe... O THANK THE METAPHYSICAL!

Monday, 19 September:

5.58 M34 "Hey. You could at least close the door. You BROKE it." (David Hall at about 5.50) - No time to shit this morning. Woke at 5.03. REALLY TIRED. REALLY CONGESTED, chest. Brush teeth. Shower. Dress. When I came back to the room from the shower, the door was closed, the funk was awful. Flatulence! David Hall. Tony had covered his head against it. So I left the door open (for light and fresh air). - As I'm leaving, I got to the water cooler and hear "Hey!"... softly enough. I looked round. David standing at the fire doors. I waved him off... wordlessly. - 22.05 6w107 Got in at about 21.20! Went to Peninsula Library after work. Q53 to Queens Blvd.. Waited for a Q60 that didn't come. So, M to Roosevelt. F to 34th. M16 to 28th. RiteAid for cough drops and razors. WALKED the 6 flights. Signed and to here. "Everybody home." - This morning, 7.16 clock-in. Fairly easy day. Figured how to wash and dress Mr.Estremo in the bed. Good going. And his appetite was stupendous! It makes me happy when he eats well. So little left in his life. At least let him enjoy food. - Maria cooked manicotti last night. I had 3 for lunch. Hot food! And, during the day? Not much to report. - This week the UN General Assembly. Pres. in town. Traffic screwed. This afternoon, water main break on UWS. Screwed subway (A,B,C,...) so I took the alt. transport. - Now, 22.18, light still on, radio on, David out of the room, Tony asleep (he'll be working for Parks! Bless him. They provide shirt, pants, (22.20 David just came scuffling in, mumbled something, un-plugged the radio, put it on top of his locker and scurried out. Hmm...) cap, jacket and boots! (I just put out the light. No doubt David will bitch.) - No shower tonight. Too late. Tomorrow I have to be at the office by 8.30. Too bad I won't sleep later... much. From here to there is a snap. I could sleep in until 7.00 ... but I won't. Shit. No staying around in here! - 22.27 Somebody came through the fire doors and belted "HEY!" And there's an acrid smell wafting into the room. I wonder... crack in the loo? - Aw... 22.29 David's in, right to bed. No doubt he's been party to the acrid smoking... Crack-a-lackey. - 4 PopTarts. Time to try for some... "sleep". Hopefully NO SNEEZING (me).

Tuesday, 20 September:

9.20 Q32 33/Mad Drizzle! No umbrella! But... Woke at 6.30. Just peed, brushed teeth, showered, dressed. Rode M34 with Tony. ***David tells him (Tony) that we "Whites" have got to go. I'm a "Muthuhfukking Jew" who "really" has to go. I told Tony that I know David's on some kind of parole and as long as he doesn't touch me or mine, I ignore him. I know he's trying for physical confrontation so it appears I'm the aggressor. NOT HAPPENING! Honestly; HE gets away with the radio (prohibited in the shelter), playing it through the night (prohibited), smoking cigarettes AND CRACK IN THE DORM (prohibited) and now the racial shit? And WE have to go. Well, this is where I start to have MY fun... AUTONOMY... and total disregard for others. Yoobetcha. (I wish I could find his charges/criminal records. Will have to work on that.)*** - The City is a disaster this morning. The U.N. General Assembly screwing traffic. But I will NOT take the subway. - Stopped at Jack's this morning. New phone charger (\$5), deodorant(\$3), new reading glasses (\$3). I'm good. - Got ONE box... BOX of gloves for work. I'm set. Takes so little. - And I'm QUITE QUITE QUITE HUNGRY! FOOD DAMNIT! - 21.22 6w107 I come in this evening to a note a-top the locker: SEE Ms.Khenkina TOMORROW AT 8 r/t SECOND HOUSING APPOINTMENT ON THU. AT 14.00. I'm going to lose TEN GODDAMNED BLOODYFUKKING HOURS OF PAY THIS WEEK! Because of a damned place I don't want in a neighbourhood that's UNSAFE because Bloomberg wangled some shit about MANDATING this housing shit! If I don't "comply" I get "sanctioned", tossed out of the ENTIRE shelter system for 30-90 days! More stress. More shit. I think of P.J.: Stick with it, don't jump before I'm truly ready. But this is getting me... physically. - This morning's fiasco with the mandatory visit to the office cost me 3,5hrs. When I asked to make the time up? It has to be done at once, same day. Work until 20.30! I have to be in the shelter by 22.00! I'd get in JUST IN TIME TO LOSE MY BED! OK? AND... I think about

getting to work and clocking in 30-45minutes early almost EVERY day for 2,5months. Add: not getting proper over-time pay for 10 hours on week-ends. This is mounting inside... weighing too heavily on the mind. David Hall's "They got to go." (Tony and I... The "White" ones in the room.) Radio, defiantly loud (even now, 21.37). This is ALL with-in a breath of... THE END. I work so hard to get out of this and it just keeps running into morons who thwart. Death. The end. Death. The REAL peace. Time... running rapidly... out. - 19 days. 19 days. 19 days. - Guerda came to the house today. Saw C's bruise. (I FORGOT TO TAKE THE ASA OUT OF HIS MEDS! FUKFUKFUK!) We talked. She talked to Marilyn. Things should settle. - Melanie got a dose of "me"... calling about 5 times during the day. Mrs. took the last call as I was cleaning shit before leaving. - Mimi rang twice. "If you ever come back to NY please call me." - I'm tired. Time for a quick smoke. FUK THIS DAMNED DAY! - 22.20 Dark. Door closed. David starts moaning loudly! 22.23 Hacking something out of his throat. Yelling "Can't sleep!" Radio on... not "too" loud. - I'm thinking: Atropa is in season, I've some put up already, many pills available. Perhaps it's time to check out... just... check out. (But I'm takin' some down with me when I go. One way or another.) - 22.26 David yells "I got a bad cough." Cough cough. It's all intentional. He's trying to annoy somebody into fighting with him. I guess the weed he smoked in the shower room earlier wasn't good stuff. - If the conviction record I saw earlier today is his, I think his weed and crack are violations of parole? It might not be good if the Parole Board got involved.... - I'm going for a nap. Tomorrow I'll NOT linger about in here. 4.30 here we come.

Wednesday, 21 September:

5.35 30/2nd To the guy in the lift with mop, yellow bucket and nasty-assed attitude... Mr. "ExCUSE me!": Guess I showed YOUR ass when I helped you get that fukkin'bucket out of the damned lift. Huh? Dick! - Forgot to mention for last eve: TWO calls from Mimi D. If I come back to NY, please call her. - 05:43 REALLY REALLY BAAAD MOOD THIS MORN.

7.06 Dearest Lydia:

I did not make the 8am rendez-vous this morning because, you see, I have an agenda and positive plans for my rather near future, neither of which include you, the shelter, DHS or anything even remotely associated with any of such items, persons or topics. This morning I chose to go to work, to earn a guaranteed income rather than forfeit several hours' income to sit with you discussing potential, but guaranteed housing in a neighbourhood which will jeopardize my general well-being in the first place. I NEED my income. Therefore, I NEED my employment. I will NOT jeopardize my employment simply because some idiot, removed from and certainly not concerned with or about my well-fare pulled my name off some obscure list and decided to play with my future well-being.

I will, however, make the appointment scheduled for tomorrow (though not happily). You may verify that point by contacting the person(s) whom I shall, no doubt meet, including but not limited to the security person(s) with whom I shall register upon entrance to the premises. (*I never sent this to her, nor did I intend to. It was just a way for me to get it off my chest.*)

Period. - 19.22 SIB Library With 24 minutes on the PC and not much else to do I'll try to add a couple of the day's events here... OK. This morning was a fright since David(E2) was yelling (I'm supposing it was in his sleep) all through the night! For the briefest while the room went silent and I fell asleep. I'm returning to the general attitude I once had here (D18): "Just so long as he kills me straight-off, I don't much care what happens to me in my sleep. Hopefully I won't be in pain, be a burden, linger. Just DIE!" I need sleep now more than ever and I'm not being allowed to get it. Especially in light of the rumour that David would like to see Tony and I "out" of the room... one way or another. (Note: Last evening I checked on-line to see if I could find why he's on parole? There are several David Halls listed on the NYS Corrections site but there's one that fits his location and age. "DWI and 2 counts Drugs". "Released". Yeah. Into the shelter! FUKUS!)

I'm shutting-down lately. Not worrying so much about what happens (to me anyway). - So back to this morning: I woke at 4.30 and just got right up and right to the affairs of the morning: coffee, shit, shower, dress, out. I decided that getting the income from today at work was more important than sitting with Ms.Khenkina for what-ever time for what-ever she had to tell me or any papers she probably wanted to give to me. Was it the right decision? To me, it was. - Got to the house (HoBe) just past 7.00. Mrs. was at home. Marilyn took the day off (WHY?). I knew that didn't mean well for my day and sure enough... Mr.Estremo was asleep when I arrived but Mrs. decided he HAD to wake up THEN! So I just gave in, put my coffee on and went to work... BEFORE 8.00! Mrs. put the breakfast on... AGAIN this morning before Mr. was even cleaned! and then left. HURRAY! - The clean-up went well and we were at table just after 8.00 and he ate exceptionally well. - The day was rolling along well until... Marilyn decided to come over (and that's never good). She wants to know how to get Mr.Estremo out for a while! The man can't stand on his own legs to get dressed, rarely walks more than 10 steps and she wants him to descend 12 stairs in the house and then 7 granite steps out-side! She mentioned a stair-chair thing. I told her that was fine for inside but that I certainly won't be taking the responsibility to take him down those granite stairs. "That's not what I'm asking here." she snaps and proceeds to leave. - I'm fed-up with this bull-shit! I actually told her that I spend an average of 55 hours/week with him. They get about 45 minutes-1 hour OFF THE CLOCK every morning. SHE wants certain things done certain ways. I invited her to begin looking for somebody who can do the job better. I don't really care any longer. I won't hurt Mr.Estremo no matter what and her intrusions aren't worth the aggravation. - OK. This afternoon I told Mrs. that I have an appointment tomorrow. I MUST leave at 1:00pm. She was OK with that. When I told her that it would take me about 2 hours she said "Don't worry." We'll see where this goes. But I DO HAVE TO MUST ATTEND THE SECOND INTERVIEW! And so I shall. - Left at 17.00 this evening and when I got to the bus (Q53) a message: Aziz is back! on the 8th floor! I left him a message. I'm looking rather forward to seeing him this evening. I hope he stops by. - OK. Up to now... and now to include this. - Here's hoping for a quiet night. I have things to accomplish in the morning and WORK to get to!

Thursday, 22 September:

6.43 Q21 157th/90th HoBe to P.O. LAST NIGHT... I go to sign, 20.45, note on the list: see case worker. Dick-heads, the lot of them. My CaseWorker LEAVES at 16.00. How about THAT? Well, I knew it was about the Housing interview so I went to the dorm to relax (what-ever). Round about 21.55, knock-knock. "FOUR!? They're calling for you. See your CaseWorker on 5." (She's not there!) I go. On 5, the NastyNigerian security guard "May I help you?" "I've been summoned." "E4? This way. Come." Into the office. Mr.Lapinsky! O JOLLY FUN. He reaches up on the table, tosses a print-out. A note from Ms.K... See her tomorrow (today) at 8! I thank Mr.Lapinsky. and depart. - HOW? SOMEBODY JUST TELL ME HOW WE ARE EXPECTED TO JAUNT ABOUT THE CITY, SIT WITH WORTHLESS CASE "HANDLERS" (NOT "WORKERS"), TAKING TIME OFF FROM OUR JOBS, MAINTAIN INCOME, IMPROVE OUR LOT? WTF? TELL ME I'VE A BLOODY INTERVIEW! TELL ME WHERE (THEY CAN'T EVEN GET THAT PART RIGHT) AND WHEN. LEAVE ME A NOTE THEN LEAVE ME THE FUK ALONE!!! I expect some Dept. of Homeless Svces. retaliation... I didn't "see" my CaseWorker yesterday and sure as shit won't today. But I WILL make the interview! - Up at 4.02 this morn. and so was David. Smoking in the loo. He doesn't even hide - RockPk. 7.01 - 7.25 Q53 Rockaway Beach Blvd./B101 to HoBe Beautiful morning. Foggy. Warm. Humid. Rockaway. As I'm in the P.O. the phone. Aziz!! Now on the 2nd fl. I hope to see him this evening. - 2 correctly addressed pay advices, a note from West End Temple... tickets for Yom Kippur: 350\$ (un)HolyShit! (THE MOST important day and 350\$! The world is just wrong.) A letter from TD: Can't open the account please call Customer Service

(see CaseWorker...fuk). OK. Done. - Waldbaum's: 1 jar coffee, 2 yoghurts, sm. tin apricots... 10\$ but QUICK! - The bus. - 7.32 Broad Channel, 16/Cross Bay Blvd. - Been trying to figure how to get to BTV for 2 days, 1 night, job search. Cost. Time. Shelter there. Shelter here. If I had the money I could figure the rest. But between PIC (lost 3,5hrs annual health) and DHS housing bull-shit, it's going to be Hell getting the money. (I'm trying to figure how to remedy the cash aspect... no matter HOW at this juncture... NO matter HOW! Seriously...) - Off to North Channel. HERE WE GO! This day officially begins. (KILL ME! PLEASE JUST KILL ME!) - 8.36 HoBe: I'm all a-flutter. Rang Ms.Khenkina this morning to tell her I'll be at the interview today. SHE answered the phone AND THANKED me for calling her!!! Said "You'll be fine. You're an adult and responsible...". Courtesy. Respect. Dignity. And hugs from nsignia. My day is complete... - 18.44 Q53 I CAN'T FIND THE FLASH DRIVE AND THE USB FOR THE PHONE! I DON'T THINK I LEFT THEM AT SIB Library LAST NIGHT and A CALL TO THEIR SECURITY TELLS THAT THEY WEREN'T FOUND OR TURNED-IN. I'M TERRIFIED TO THINK I LEFT THE LITTLE CASE IN MY SWEAT-SHIRT and IT FELL OUT ON THE STREET IN FRONT OF THE SHELTER OR ON THE SCANNER! HOPEFULLY IT'S IN MY LOCKER. I'LL FIND OUT WHEN I GET BACK TO THE DUNG-HEAP THIS EVENING. - Next FIASCO: The bloody interview. I left the house at 13.01, Q11 to LibertyAv. A to Broadway Junction for the J train. Arrived 14.08. Ms.White was charming and appeared appreciative when I was honest enough to tell her of the variations in my income. THEN SHE COPIED MY 6 PAYSTUBS AND SAID I DON'T QUALIFY FOR THE PLACE ANYWAY! NOT 30 PER-CENT OF INCOME (Ms.Khenkina and Ms.Peace)! NOT 611\$/MO. (Ms.Greene)! 619\$/MONTH! BUT MY INCOME FOR 55hrs/wk DOESN'T QUALIFY ME FOR FUKKING HPD LOW INCOME HOUSING! THIS HAS GOT TO GO! Not to mention I've lost a day's pay because of the first interview and could have lost ANOTHER (had Mrs.Estremo not been so kind today)! So, Ms.White, bldg. Manageresse, said they'll keep my file and if my finances change, I can let her know. (I didn't want the damned place anyway so...) - Same travel back to work to arrive at 15.14. Not bad. Not good. But not bad. - Mr.Estremo was changed (t-shirt) and had eaten his lunch in my absence. Still, we made up for the lull at the last minute when I had to change him on the floor! - 19.20 61st/Roosevelt OK!OK! SOMEBODY PLEASE CANCEL THIS DAY OR CANCEL ME IMMEDIATELY! I just missed the Q32 because I had to call the banque because they put a HOLD on my accounts because somebody removed my "physical address" on the records! I can NOT take ANY MORE OF THIS SHIT TODAY! END! PERIOD! NO MORE! NO MORE! NO MORE! - Obviously I didn't go to the library... Pen or SIB Library. I'd no sooner gotten to the bus after work (Q11) when my bowels decided it was "NOW!". So I had to go back to the house... IMMEDIATELY! Decided to go to RiteAid: cigarettes, toilet paper(for the shelter) and then to storage to lighten my back-pack (but not by enough). Then decided to take the buses back. As I was journaling on the Q53, the banque rang. Then Aziz. I got off the bus and tried voice-mail... NOISE! Couldn't hear for shit! Then the bloody call got fukking dropped! - Sinuses are a mess. I'm tired as all oldfuk. Entering this on the phone is a pain because this shitphone stylusshit makes errors. I'm at THE END!!!
 NOMORENOMORENOMORENOMORE!
 19.37 ***** THE DAMNED PHONE CHANGED PAGES ON ME AND THE ENTRY WENT TO THE WRONG PLACE! YES, I'M SCREAMING THIS SO LOUDLY IN MY MIND THAT I'VE PHYSICALLY GOT HEAD-ACHE AND SORE THROAT! - 19:42 I've the week-end off and all the necessities to "Check-the-fuk OUT" of this World... FOREVER! Tonight that is my solace. And I shall be planning the week-end round it. To be sure. NO MORE!

Friday, 23 September:

19.06 Q60 HELL. That almost covers it. After a restless night of David and Cruz, lights on, lights off... Up at 4.03, no potty, brush teeth, shower, dress, out. A train to storage to put-up linens and

assorted items not used regularly. I've got to clear my life of "things". Losing the USB and Flash eats at me. - It was still quite dark when the train came up at 80th. And rather dark when I went in to storage. I packed a box (I had a box!) and left. 7-something o'clock. Q53 to work... - THEN... TD! When I got off the bus I rang to talk with Customer Svce. "Shirley", the poor woman. But WOW! Did she ever come through! Got the address back on, had the holds lifted, saved the savings acct., put my direct deposit into savings... 58 minutes and 39 seconds! She was a delight! Even when I said "This is not MY fault and I'm not hanging up until it's settled. I'll take it to the Banquing Authority AND Twitter! SHE DID IT! By this afternoon all was back to normal... including my shit pay for last week. I'm amazed. - Meanwhile, Twitter support was much needed and came. Tammy in particular today. It still amazes: Total strangers are more supportive than 'friends'/'family'. Sad. - I've looked: MetroPCS kiosk, RadioShack, BestBuy, Target for USB and Flash drive today. Nothing. Tomorrow I'll need the Flash: SIB Library at 11.00 at 10\$. The USB? Not sure. This nut-bust city opens at 11.00! Then, tomorrow, Peninsula Library to print statement. - Meanwhile... it's HOT, MUGGY, RAINY! And I'm exhausted, sweaty and nauseous om this bus at 28th/Queens Plaza. - 19.35 60th/2nd I look up at the lights in the windows of the apartments, thinking of the peace and comfort and the sadness in my heart sours my stomach. - Depression.

Saturday, 24 September:

10.11 Greeley Square. In a "city that never sleeps" nothing opens before 11.00. This whole place is one, very large... LIE. - Last night went rather well: I had my PopTarts, put my head on the pillow, ear-plug in and off I went... to sleep... until about 8.00 this morning! (almost 9 hrs. of SLEEP! at last, at LONG last!) (I'm still tired though). David had the radio on but very low. Interesting turn after the verbal and quite animated confrontation with Tony. But I cannot complain about the night save Cruz who comes into the room well after 22.00 and gets on the phone, rummages through the locker. It's amazing, the complete absence of respect amongst some. - 10.20 A Black man sits on a chair here. He's clean. Nicely dressed, casual. He has a guitar on his back. He strikes a conversation with a young Black couple, she is braiding his hair. The guitar-man is pleasant, makes light talk, compliments the young couple. The young male responds: "Do I know you?" He repeats this several times then, "I don't know you." Guitar-man pleasantly says "I'm just complimenting you." The male responds "You don't know me; you don't have to compliment me." Welcome to NYC. What a conglomerate of multi-faceted low-life and other useless shit. I'm rather glad my Mum's not here to see what her "Home" has become. This is not the NYC I grew up in. Just useless trash. - This morning I shat'n'showered, "organised" the locker. Still a mess and some laundry to be done. (And I NEED a hair-cut!). Alone in the room with David who slept until almost 9.00. He didn't speak, I'm happy to report. - I dressed... left. Strolled to here. - This phone is a MetroPieCeofShit. The screen calibration is off and won't recalibrate. Many typos corrected. Annoying. - 10.33 Table Hockey/Soccer/Football/bullshit just set up. Competitive. This can lead to no good. - SIB Library opens at 11. I'll get a new Flash drive there, some computer time, then to... the PENINSULA! (I'd like a coffee just now.) - A small break in the clouds, light breeze, high humidity, just warm enough. - 12.04 SIB Library It kills me, but I just got the replacement for the Flash drive. THERE'S SO MUCH TO RE-CAPTURE! It takes SO LONG!! And to think that it wasn't all that long ago I stood at 34th/Mad, so relived that I'd actually backed-up ALL the journals and ALL the history! Only to sit here at the very beginning... AGAIN! There is NO love in Creation. Just hate. And to that hate I add my own this morning: May s/he who has my Flash Drive and USB cable watch and feel their children ROT, slowly and for Eternity... in their loins! (I wish the same for my siblings, by the way). - 15 minute extension on the time but I have to get to Peninsula Library. And this computer won't get me to the MCU log in! You know? There's always something to fuk a day. - 17.48 Q53 161/Cross Bay Blvd. I've

travelled much to accomplish little. A quick stop in an “electronics” store on 33rd for USB. He didn’t have. Suggested “RadioShack” at the old Gimbles. - SIB Library, Flash, some D.A.Journal. - Staples (Gimbles 34th) where they have the USB at 20\$ (6ft.long). I didn’t buy. - The D train to W.4 for the A train to RockBlvd to the Q53 to Peninsula Library. - MCU NOT functioning! No bloody statement. I’ve begun my own on the Kingston Flash drive. Once done, I’ll just manipulate and be done. But for now... I’m going to Staples/MetroAv. copy pay-stub. Must have “paypuhz” for tomorrow. - After the library, meal at TributePark: 2 Buddigs on 1 roll, 2 Fage, 1 tin of sliced peaches, 1 tinned coffee, some PopCorners. I’m stuffed... for now. It was SO PEACEful on the bay. SO comfortable. And today, again, so painful to leave Rockaway. Alas. - Now, 18.01 Woodhaven/Atlantic, I’m exhausted. Chronic exhaustion. Hmpf

Sunday, 25 September:

11.36 Mid-Manhattan Library Had to print the statement and had to buy a print card for 2\$. - Last night as I waited for the M15 at 60th, I hear “On no.”. It was Tony. He’d just come from the Q32 that my Q60 had followed in! So we took the bus together and had some time to chat about things. How fun! - Both got in and signed right away and I walk into the room to find... a NOTICE of “Mandatory” meeting on MONDAY at 11.00! laying on the bed! WTF? I went into a total drop! I really can’t take any more of this shit from DHS and I can’t take any more time from work let alone ANOTHER last minute call-out! Well, I’ve packed a bunch of things to take to storage. The locker is emptying out nicely. As of last night I figured, if they FORCE me to attend this meeting, I’ll be fired, meaning I’ll have NOTHING to do here any longer. So, I’ll just go... GO! Get a ticket to BTV and JUMP! As I said to Tony: They can’t do anything more to me and I don’t really care any longer. I can’t care any longer. I just simply can’t. - I packed, took my shower and went right on to Twitter. This time on Twitter, I went directly to Gov. Cuomo and Bloomberg. (Tony is sitting at the computer directly in front of me! How odd! Life!) Posted until almost mid-night hitting every-one I could think of. (Tony just left... no hello, no goodbye. Some people from the shelter are funny that way.) Jut kept posting and posting. This morning? No replies. I wonder. But now I’m even MORE BITTER about all those so-called “We Help The Homeless” groups and people out there. They do shit! And we have to eat it. Fukem! The end. I’ve always known that if I’m to get along I have to do ALL on my own. But this is just sick! Especially when it comes to having to save a damned job... one I don’t particularly like but keep. - Now, I have laundry that needs to be done. For some reason my socks are terrible. You’d never know I bathe twice daily. And I’ve got t-shirts that will probably never come clean again. I’d go back to the shelter to get the wash done but I don’t dare. According to Ms.K, somebody might come by with a copy of the “Mandate” and want me to sign it. As long as I don’t sign, there’s really no proof that I received the notice. Besides, Ms.Khenkina spoke with another CaseWorker who agreed: Just don’t go! That was this morning... and this morning I was there are 8.30 or so. 3 names on the list! WOW! So few! (It’s nice weather though...) When I told Ms.Khenkina about the “mandate” she was pissed! She even showed me where she’d posted that I work and that I provide income statements and that I shouldn’t have to attend the damned P.A. (Public Assistance/Welfare) meeting! Again, the DHS shows that it doesn’t have a clue about what’s going on in the world. Butt-holes and morons! Anyway, it was left that I don’t have to attend and that work is more important. “I understand...” she said. Yes, she does. But the idiots in power certainly don’t. I expect trouble from this... - So... the night went well enough. I woke at about 5.45 with the alarm. Did my morning duties and grabbed the M34, walked up to Mid-Manhattan Library. Stopped for coffee en route (1dollar for a small coffee!). Had my “Popcorners” with coffee in front of the Olde Library where I bumped into the Jamaican guy from the dorm next door. We chatted a while and I came here. - Time’s running out and I have to get back to the shelter to bring Ms.Khenkina the statement and then to get that bag of stuff to storage. - If all goes the way I believe it will, I’ll be at a train station or bust

station on Wednesday morning... heading for the BIG JUMP to BTV! - 17.17 Q53 B94 just leaving The Rock... painfully. It's a calm, quiet evening here, the kind I loved so. I don't deserve to have to go back to the noise and filth of Manhattan. And I'm so tired that I know every joint and bone in my body. Eyes hurt too. - Well, I got Ms.K's statement printed and was back at her desk by shortly before 13.00. She was at lunch, a CaseWorker told me to leave the statement on her desk. I did, under her key-board. Went up to the room to get the bag I packed last night, a gulp of water and a package of PopTarts (I was HUNGRY!). Oh, I told Ms.Khenkina about the altercation involving David. She was too pre-occupied with my "Mandatory" calamity. AND she gave E11 (a 2-bed dorm) to some nut-case! I snoozed; I loozed.) As I was walking into the dorm, David was resting... in bed. He'd gotten up and TRIED to bump into me at the door. I dodged, said nothing. Averted his attempt at starting trouble. Bag out, quick pee (David in the loo), out the door! - M15 to 63rd. I should have gotten off at 57th. Walked round until I got to the Q60 to Woodhaven and the Q11 to Liberty Av. Storage. I repacked stuff into a "Trader Joe's" bag and left. But at one point, I felt as though I just couldn't make it! Drained of all energy. I sat on the step-ladder a while. - Out to RiteAid for cigarettes. Immediate Q53! To The Rock, Waldbaum's 3 knishes, 1 yoghurt, 1 small tin apricot, tin of coffee, meal. Dessert? Pecan cookies with white chocolate. DEE-LISH! Tribute Park. - Done. The day and I are DONE. -

Monday, 26 September:

6.04 M16 Feelings of "Foreboding" this morning. - Woke at 4.25. Last night's laundry is still wet (because the bloody door was shut, no ventilation, fuk). - My fresh, clean towel, used once, smells sour. Is it my body? If so, why? - And why am I so late? - What about the "mandatory" meeting today? Will Ms.Khenkina take care or will I be with CaseWorkers all night tonight? Transferred? Relocated? - Knots. Fukking day. - 12.31 HoBe Not in the mind-set to communicate with anybody today. I think I'm just burnt. Toasted. Charcoal. Ash. - Can't get my mind off of what I should expect when I get back to the Dung-heap this evening. They're a spiteful, nasty, filthy apathetic bunch, Department of Homeless Services. Capable of just about any nasty moves to make life miserable. And having been told I have no right to be in the shelter, and having excellent cause to believe Ms.Reid, Dir. is quite racist, along with so many of the "staff", I trust them only to shove obstacles in my path. And I KNOW David is capable of pulling unimaginable shit... and getting away with it. He smokes, cigarettes and crack IN THE ROOM, drinks in the room, plays the radio all night (radios being prohibited to others). I anticipate destruction of my bed or something. It's all just too, too much now. - I looked at BTV rents last night. My savings doesn't help. - I work so long and often that I have no time to accomplish anything at all. And the pay-cheque makes nothing worth the while. - This morning I woke just past 4.00 to get here at 7.15. Even the commute is getting to me! - I don't know if Ms.Khenkina got the statement I left on her desk yesterday. - And... I just want to... need to sleep, sleep. - Laundry is pretty much dry. - At work, Mr.Estremo isn't eating. Mrs. fed him breakfast this morning. - I'm in a foul mood. - 12:51 I nodded only a moment at the end of that entry and woke to panic thinking I'd rested the stylus on "back". - Had oatmeal/1 egg this morning. - I just need some time for me... - 19.29 Q53 South Channel I DON'T WANT TO LEAVE again tonight. (It's dark already too.) First, because I want "Home". Second, because I've a miserable feeling about what's waiting for me at the Dung-heap: A note to "see caseworker", just going in there, David's bull-shit. I'm TIRED. My head is throbbing. I'm rather hungry. I'm burnt. - Mr.Estremo was in better spirits as I left this eve. Mrs. suggested I go to PA (Public Assistance) tomorrow. She's concerned about my FoodStamps. Yes, I'd like to have them back but not via the shelter. Rockaway will probably change my office to Manhattan! NO NO NO! I NEED as much connection to Rockaway as possible, now more than ever. Besides, I'm hoping to hair-cut tomorrow. - The hour at Peninsula Library was productive AND the USB for the phone works! Photos on Flash again. - I have to re-build my CV though

ESPECIALLY since PJ tells me there are MANY HealthCare jobs and free “LNA” courses in BTV! I’m on m’way! But I MIGHT HAVE to go “shelter” at the beginning. Y’know? As I think, there are many in the Dung-heap who travel by shelters. Why the fuk shouldn’t I? REALLY! A notion to sleep on. A “HOPE” I haven’t had in a VERY LONG while. (19.43 157thAv.) I’ll ponder... - Got the images I can work those at SIB Library now. Little by little I’ll re-re-build. - Lately, I keep thinking: The HATE of/for/about the siblings is still so strong. Before they HAD to leave home, THEY got the chance to save, housing, furniture, financial help, college... I got 140\$ that I had to beg for in order to pay rent on a flat that I HAD to move into on advice from my Mum. THEN THEY tossed my EVERYTHING when I was stupid enough to trust them! HATE BURNS BRIGHTLY INSIDE! I wish not one second of good for them. And, no doubt, Sarah and Michael have been poisoned against me. Fuk. - Well... all will be what it will be. - (19.51 Atlantic Av.) Q60 or 32? 60 I think. - For now... music. I may as well “enjoy these moments”. My only REAL REST. - BURNT! - 22.00 Showered and... Left Peninsula Library for the 19.26 Q53, Q60, M15 and came in at 21.20! WOW! The guard at the x-ray was on a “You got a nail clipper in there?” thing. But the guard after that recognised me. “Go ‘head Doc.” (22.03 Cruz just walked in and the phone-thing.) (David still has the radio going.) So I was relieved. I think she (at x-ray) was just trying to piss us off by stalling the queue. Sign-in is 20.30-22. Well, about 20.30-when-ever the person at the “sign-in” table decides to stop, even if it’s before 22.00 - (BED-CHECK! is supposed to be at 22.00.) We’ve some who get ha-ha’s by stalling the queue and watching some of the retards go insane with worry about missing sign-in. Just another bit of the Sadism. - Walked up to the floor to be told sign-in’s on 5. Back down. No prob. No “notations” on the roster. Then up to see IF there was a “memo” on the bed. Nothing. So, in my own silence, I made off to the shower. I’m choosing to not speak. Nothing to say, really. - That shit that Ms.Khenkina put into bed 11 is turning into the disturbance I figured on. Waltzes into the room, “Loosies! Heh heh heh.” and now (22.14) yammering in the hall. (In addition to the BLARING RADIO!) - OH! A note: I’m to understand that Security has come into the room and un-plugged David’s radio. It’s prohibited as I thought. But, as usual, he plugs it right back in and that’s the end of the matter. What I wouldn’t give to know particulars (and his P.O./Parole Officer). - When I leave here it’s going to be ANOTHER period of re-adjustment. My nerves are SO SHOT that the slightest “tick” or “click” in here sends shocks through my body. Bad enough I have 2 completely different personas: 1.Out-side, considerate, respectful. 2.IN-side here, crude, protected and selfishly apathetic. I remember the last time it took almost a year to “settle”. This time might be longer... but tonight I’ll ponder VT. Diversion/Distraction. - Santiago just came in. Bed-check done... and the radio volume went down! Not A LOT BUT... WOW! - 22:33 PS: IF you’ve come here in response to my tirade of last night, I hope you enjoy reading. The kindness, courtesy or consideration of a Twitter reply would have been nice. But all things considered? No reply/response was expected. After all, I’m just some worthless piece of Homeless shit. Right? I work so the government snatches taxes from me. As is the “American way” ... pay for abuse. If you’re here because of WorkingHomeless this is one account. *(Note: Last night I was on my Twitter account, venting and letting so much go from my guts, and not really caring if anyone was insulted. I’d rather hoped for some kind of response but, none was to follow. Over the course of years following that particular night, I came to learn that the “Caring” of people on Twitter can be quite “selective”).*

Tuesday, 27 September:

17.18 Q41 Lindenwood HAIR-CUT! At the job... again. But... HAIR-CUT none-the-less. And genetallu(generally)(fuk this phonr) a great day. Mr.Estremo was in a good mood. Legs were strong. Appetite, good. Me? I had oatmeal for breakfast., Italian beans and rice (with an egg beaten into it) for lunch. Hot food! - Fixed the umbrella this morning. My sad’n’sorry “life” is all “on the job”. - I had to transfer from savings to chequing. The phone comes due again.

September is almost gone. I wish I was. - Now to SIB Library. - 21.20 6W107 Lights are out, radio on (of course). - Left Mr.Estremo in a very good mood, nicely clean. Mrs. says "Dietary" coming tomorrow. I shall play the role of "Stoopit". - Q41 to A train to F train to SIB Library by about 18.25. - A couple iTunes and more DeadArtist on Flash. (I forgot to pay the phone... OK tomorrow.) - E-mail from PJ. Info on Social Services. Truth? I don't want that there. Shelter? Maybe. For BRIEFLY! But nothing else. Still, the LNA sounds good and he mentioned VNS and some other places. If I must... - Back into the Dung-heap by 20.20. Same guards on the entrance. The guy from last night says "What's up, Doc?" You know? I appreciate that... not being treated like a dreg and a bit of humour. Nice. I don't know why he's nice. But I'll not ask. - Walked up the stairs. I'd bought water tonight... in case. So of course... water in the cooler. Oh well. The water cost me a buck. - 1 and 2 were in. I flipped the light, 1 gets up and leaves. I went about my business. Washed a t-shirt, extra scrubs pants. Signed... no "memo". I'm still waiting. Showered. - (21.33 and Cruz's telephone starts.) - When I came back from shower the lights were off... I'd locked my locker... FUKKEM. Light on, locker open, light off. Here me be. - A really nice night: A snap in the breeze, low, low clouds, you can see them moving through the lower fog. Humid (which is why I did so little wash) but the chill makes it delightful. Interesting how many leaves are down in Rockaway and how lush this bloody island shit-hole is. Ah... soon... NO MORE! NO NO NO NO MORE! - Only 2 PopTarts tonight. I could use 6.

Wednesday, 28 September:

21.11 6W107 *(As I was coming into the Shelter this evening, a young couple stood out-side the entrance gate, looking in. The young girl approached me to ask what the building is. When I told her, she and her young male companion were rather shocked. But then they began asking all sorts of questions about what the building is like, what it's like to be "in there", the young man kept referring to the Homeless in here as "inmates" and I kept correcting him... "residents". We chatted a while and the young lady asked me if I worked in here. She was almost stunned when I told her that I am one of the Homeless residents. The young man stared at me in some-what disbelief. But the chat went very well and they both thanked me for the information and wished me well and much success. I gave them my Twitter account name and told them that if they're really interested in the Working Homeless, to check me there.)* To the young Indian fellow and his lady-friend: It was a delight talking with you this evening. I hope you both find much success in your endeavours and I hope you have a better understanding of the Homeless and the Working Homeless. Do remember: "Residents" not "inmates". But most important... ANY person can find him/herself in this system. Homelessness does not discriminate. One pay-cheque or two... it's that quick, that easy. Good searching on the building. Its history is quite rich... the building is undeserving of what has been done to it and the disrespect it receives. Housing the Homeless is rather honourable but housing some of what is in here and what destruction has taken place is sad. That mankind is capable of such disrespect and destruction is even sadder. - If I may, I suggest you give this a try, for a night or two (no more however). Come. Experience the system first-hand. It's open to all (by law). You're always free to leave when you wish and to stay for as long as you're able to take it. You'll never get a better education: Sociology, Psychology, Psychiatry, Xenophobia, Racism, and so much more. Meanwhile, feel free to contact me via my e-mail or on Twitter. And know that I thank you for listening and I sincerely wish you both, all the best. -

Last night I got a bit of wash done (but it didn't dry completely today at work and I HAD to bleach the t-shirt because of little rust spots from the locker). - I was out of here early and thanks to MTA, arrived at 8.08 to work. Fukkem. Mr.Estremo was sitting at the edge of the bed, ready to GO! So this morning he got a good shower (may there be more). He was brill today for the dietician and C.O.C. And WOW! Do I ever get support from my C.O.C.! Trust too! It's a pleasure talking with her and she does NOT want me off this case! Comforting. - The day went quickly

somehow and I was off to SIB Library. - The Q11 skipped a bus. Late to the A, L and 6 trains. SIB Library at 18.45. Immediately got a computer. PHONE PAID! Hurray! E-mail from PJ... - 21.39 Job leads! But I tried to down-load the pdf application to the Flash? Typical NYPL... couldn't! Save to "desktop" BUT CAN'T ACCESS IT! Must wait for tomorrow... Queens Public Library... YAY THEM! Not much more accomplished there tonight. Out by 20.00. - Coming into the Dung-heap, the 2 folks addressed were standing out-side the gate. She looked rather "struck" by the place and mentioned something about it looking frightening. (21.44 David's got the radio blaring, is fukking with his ring-tones. Cruz gets up, cuts the light, closes the door, he's fukking about in his locker. And the room stinks... Tony and I bathe daily; the other 2? I've yet to see David even carry soap, and Cruz? Maybe weekly. Disrespectful. Inconsiderate. Discourteous. Just low... low... low.) We talked a bit. She asked if the place hired CNAs. He wanted to photograph. They were a delight. Truly. - So in... no prob. Walked up again. Put the light on. Signed. Showered. My towel has that odour! And this is a different towel. I don't get it. - I've eaten SIX PopTarts! Not good. Though I should shit freely in the morning. - 21.51... radio, dark, foul odour... another night. - Happyfukkin New Year. And the 1st of the month is coming... David and crack-o time a-comin! (Some idiot's trying the soda machine in the hall... the banging will come... BINGO! SLAM BANG BAM...! - 22.41 WFAN BLARING on the radio! People coming and going. David smoking, playing ring-tones. Cruz on the phone, banging the locker. The place stinks of feet. Just un-real. Santiago just brought a bag of food to Cruz... plastic bag rattling now... with a Yankees game on radio. I need to get OUT of here! N.E.E.D.!

Thursday, 29 September:

5.50 M15SBS from 33rd/2nd A very difficult morning, this. It was almost impossible to lift my head from the pillow. Quite difficult to get to the carsie. Showering was an effort. Dressing took concentration - 6.57 Q21 In 56 years... I've never even once, for the briefest moment, had a reason to "live".

Always being consciously aware:

Every passing second bringing me one second closer to Death.

Neither fearing nor welcoming it. Rather... looking forward to it. - 07:03 Just tired... I can feel it... in my marrow... literally. - 7.25 HoBe: By age 2, responsibility of another... brother.

Age 5, I could change a diaper... not my own, feed an infant.

Age 7, smoking cigarettes... inhaling, belting shots of rye.

Age 10, total infant care... save breast feeding.

Age 13, total responsibility for house-hold.

Age 17, told leaving home was imperative ("One of these days he'll kill you..." my Mum told me about my father right after he'd beaten me so badly that my lip had been cut when he smacked me in the face and my chest was bruised from when he'd knocked me to the floor and stepped on me),

100,2 miles from "home", no job, no money, no furniture, total care of a cancerous child.

Age 33, bury my 55 year old Mum.

Age 56, nothing is left... nothing at all. -

21.35 6W107 CBS.FM tonight. (Arses in the hall giving banshee screeches at each-other. Yes indeed, house the Homeless. Like I'd want THAT living ANY-where even remotely near to where I'd be paying to live or reside. Fuk! They're not even animals! More "refuse".) I have to say that, last night, as soon as I put the phone away and laid down, David turned the volume down on his radio. At brief moments I could almost think he has SOME capacity for sensibility. But those moments are brief, fleeting. Then he returns to "David". Of course, Saturday is the 1st... we're in for 3 days of crack'n'smoke. - MEANWHILE... This morning I left earlier than usual, walked up to 33rd for the M15 bus... L train to A train to Q53... quick stop for PopTarts, yoghurt. Work by 7.20!

In this city, there's no "winning". - The day went well and QUICKLY! At one point, Melanie rang... to confirm my presence yesterday. I gave the call to Mr.Estremo! Too funny. He doesn't know my name, thinks I'm a guy who comes to be with him during the day. Then told her I'd got there at 9.30! She was pissed with me. I, however, was most amused. When I rang her back I gave Marilyn's number. She (Melanie) never called. I told her I'm sending a time sheet (out at the Farley P.O. this evening at about 20.25 or so). "You did the follow-up..." Well yes I did... bitch. SHIT! - So the day went along... almost non-fukking-stop! Cook. Clean. Clean. Change. Cook. Just constant, save a 20min. nod. - After, Peninsula Library! Immediate PC AND I HAVE THE "VNA" APPLICATION!!! PRINT AND FLASH!!! QUEENS RULES! AND copied the time sheet there! - Somehow I lost time though. Took the shuttle, A to 34th P.O. and came into the Dung-heap at 21.00! I left Peninsula Library at about 19.00! - ANYway... It's 22.13. David's looking at his mobile. Ring-tones again tonight? Crack-at-Home(less) shopping? - Tony got a call from an agency in Bklyn. HHA training. I hope it goes well for him. Me? I'm looking at 11.21.10 to get OUT OF HERE! Today's e-mail from PJ has given me new Hope! (Sylvia "Pillow Talk". She died today. More... gone.) - 22:20 Quick to Twitter then... lights out. No "BED-CHECK!!!" tonight. Hmmmm... BUT THE ONLY GOOD SHOWER ON THE FLOOR IS OUT OF SERVICE! Possible leak in the wall but...

Friday, 30 September:

10.00 HoBe: THIS is a morning worth the entry. (Please, that I stay awake!) - Last night again, the radio volume went down when I laid down to sleep (Sleep? Well...) at about 22.45. I don't know why David's trying to be considerate but I do know what's to come the week-end. - This morning was another difficult one. It was almost painful getting out of bed. I WANTED to sleep! But at 4.20 I actually BOLTED! No time to shit, I peed, brushed my teeth, grabbed a very quick shower, dressed, threw my sleep-scrubs and laundry soap into a bag, locked the locker, turned the mattress and... OUT! Was at 33rd/2nd by 5.15 to JUST MISS the local M15! But an SelectBus (express) came shortly. I was running. A 10-bloody-minute wait for the L train to Broadway Junction for another 10 bloody-minute wait for an A train to RockBlvd. for a packed Q53 bus to RockPark! (10.22 Mr.Estremo's on the move. I've no time to SHIT!) To the P.O. where, AT LONG LAST, the pay-advice, post-marked 22 Sept., arrived! Out... to arrive at the bus (Q53) just to watch THIS one pull from the curb! I waited. By now I was feeling the major fatigue. My eyes began feeling puffed and heavy, and I was aware of missing Potty-Time this morning. But, on-ward! KADIMA! And across the bay we went. - At the house, open door, bad sign, and yes, it was. Mr.Estremo was awake. Mrs. cooking bloody breakfast! It was only about 7.35! I clocked-in, put my back-pack down and... RIGHT TO WASHING... BED-BATH. And Mr.Estremo was in no mood to help. (As I'd said before coming in: Oh just FUK me to a bloody stump... NOW and have done with it.) BUT, BUT, BUT I DID IT! Wash, dry, dress, to table, as Mrs. was putting food on. Seeing all was accomplished, she left. That's when I went into my own action for the day: Scrubs into a bucket to soak. Strip the bed. Check delivery status of the direct-deposit notice posted "Certified" on 13.9. Delivered on 15.9 (I STILL haven't received the Return Receipt!!! Fuk the P.O.) - 11.03 I'll be destroyed momentarily at this rate. - ANYway... Spoke with Marcia. The direct-deposit SHOULD be corrected... AGAIN! - ALL THAT, non-stop, accomplished before 10.00! And I DO mean "non-stop". JEEEEEEZ US! - And now? The scrubs are on the chair by the fan. Mr.Estremo has been on the move and antsy. Mrs. dropped by with groceries. I had a brief moment in the loo. And I'm fed-up with this day already. - SHOOT ME... NOW! - 17.11 Waiting for the A train. My anxiety level is... on EXPLODE! Tomorrow is the 1st of the month: David will have his crack this week-end. The room will be full of it and his suppliers. Lights on and off all night. Locker-banging all through. A fukking ball game too. RADIO BLARING! Tonight I'll pack a "subway kit". I'll be riding the rails all night to get rest. - I just missed the bloody bus this evening.

It buzzed by JUST before I got to the stop. Why? Because clock-out takes so long! - I left the house with-out a word. Daniella is there. Mr.Estremo decided to get moving and frisky at 16.40! And with shit in the trousers! Major effort at last moment. - The iPod UN-charged whilst plugged into the wall so now I HAVE to hear fucking Trash:-Spanish, save for every 3rd word: Muthufukkuh. - Journaling on this phone is a bloody pain. - And now? OH JOY! Some bitch brings her crumb-snatchers.. on the train at rush hour! - SPICS MAKE ME SICK! Calling people "maricon" like we don't understand. DEPORTATION! Or burn them! SOMETHING! - I just paid the phone through October. Tomorrow is storage. - I work so fucking hard for shit and there's somebody with their hand in my banque account before the ball-point ink dries on the book. - I'm right ON the edge today. - 17.25 Where the FUK is the damned train? There hasn't even been one through to Rockaway since I got here! FUK THIS CITY! YRILY... TRULY! And fuk this phoneshit too. - 5.08 Mad/34th (*According to MTA.INFO there should be a Q32 in 20 minutes. Right.*) Well, to end Sept., I made it to Mid-Manhattan Library and got an immediate PC... OK. 20 minute wait, but... as I waited I copied my pay-advice. One week-end item done. THEN, on the PC, I got the statement done... with-out a glitch! BOTH week-end items... DONE! Hit the bus schedules, AND PRINTED IT ALL! I walked out of there at least one day ahead of my-self on two accounts. And early enough to casually get back to the Dung-heap. Something went terribly awry because something went terribly right. (I'll pay dearly for it, no doubt. Nothing goes right for free.) - Back at the Dung-heap, a sail-through entrance, a walk up the stairs to a reasonable volume on the radio, and no smoke in the room. (5.19 M16 just passed.) (Note. There's a rat trying to cross 34th. Street!) Tony was chatty about his interview in Bklyn. today. Seems he's found a good agency. Free training, good opening salary, nice perks, not 1199. If I planned on staying in NYC I'd look into it. Hmmm... - No PopTarts tonight. Got right into getting ready for trying for some (SOME) sleep (sleep?). By 22.00 the lights were out... the radio was on, reasonable volume, NO DAVID in the room however. And my anxiety level was up: getting ANY rest tonight, David coming and going in a crack-rage, those sorts of things. - I don't know exactly when it was, but shortly after 22.00 I dozed off.

19. October 2011

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The days are numbered in the relatively few and I am looking forward to escape. Every day I pray that this will go well. Will it be better than how it is now? I don't know. Perhaps not. But in any case, it will be different. This is another opportunity that I will not let pass. There are new people... people... PEOPLE to meet. There is a new environment in which I might be able to LIVE instead of EXIST. And if I fail to take this chance, I'll never know what might have been. If I succeed, all the better. And if I fail? There is no "fail", there is only experience and learning. Mistakes are made only when we fail to learn from experience. When we learn, the mistakes become education. I am going to be educated. (I have tried to leave this world so many times. I have not failed at that, I have learned that the World is not worth the anxiety.)
(An un-dated entry from the original digital journal.)

Saturday, 1 October 2011:

15.38 Leaving B116 on Q53. I'm wondering how long the ride back will be. This morning, I left the shelter at 4.50 and didn't clock in until 7.23! The goddamned 5.28 Q32 never showed! So I walked from 34th Street, up to GCT (Grand Central Station) for the Flushing train to Woodside and the Q53. If nothing else, it strengthens my resolve to get out of here. When I arrived, EXHAUSTED, Mr.Estremo was awake and Mrs. was there... JUMP RIGHT INTO WORK! Shower and all. At one point, I went to grab my yoghurt and Mrs. found something for me to do. I dropped the yoghurt into the sink. Disgusted. She RUSHED Mr.Estremo into the shower, RUSHED him through breakfast, RUSHED him through lunch. I mean... SHIT! - All day I've been in that horrible exhaustion mode. - After work, Peninsula Library. Not as much accomplished as I'd hoped but pretty good. I just need sleep. - 17.43 at 49th Street/5th. Av. - 19.11 6w107 Re-entry to the Dung-heap: 18.10 (sortie at 4.50) 15.38 to 18.10 3 buses, 3 hours! (I'm eating more PopTarts. These will make it 8 for the day. I'm hungry and they don't do much to stop the hunger.) And, to think I woke at 4.10... 15 hours ago. A 15-hour day on about 4 hours of sleep. BURN-OUT! - (19.36 I did it again! Dropped off. Hit "Back", FUKKED AN ENTRY!) - At Peninsula Library I managed to print some "inventory" pages for the "DA Journal". (To think someone may be reading it already in my "lost" FlashDrive. Oh well.). A 59-dollar fare on the 24th is looking good! CHECK-OUT of NYC! YEAH! I should have about 2G (2 thousand dollars in savings) by then. Not great but... SANITY LIES TO THE NORTH! - A Q53 to RiteAid B108 St./Rockaway Beach Blvd. for 2pks cigarettes. I've smoked almost a whole pack since this morning. - Walked to B116 St. via the Freeway. Stopped at MetroPCS to inquire about getting a VT telephone number but was told it couldn't be done here. Cust.Svce. MIGHT be able but... and svce. in BTV is sketchy. I might have to go ATT. (GrandCentral now Google is out.). - Across the street to get next week's carfare and onto Q53 to Woodside. - I followed OccupyWallSt en route via Twitter. The tension and the numbers are rising. They "took" the Brooklyn Bridge! I just hope this movement REALLY takes hold ALL over. (I saw it coming WAY long ago.) The economy and people are shit of late. THIS is the "wake-up" call. I must recall L.C. (HRM): (*A "friend" from high school and early college days who*

suddenly became what I've come to call "Blind Liberal"... those who simply insist upon crying for any under-dog no matter what. We parted ways when, shortly after the NYC World Trade Center collapsed, she told me that I should understand that those who commandeered those planes and flew them into the towers cannot be condemned because they did what, in their hearts, they believed was the "right" thing to do. I politely invited her to leave my flat. A few years later, we re-met; her view of the world was not better. We parted...) When I told her that true Marxism works only in comics and NOT in reality, she disagreed. These days prove me right. I'm rather excited about it. It's well past due for an overthrow of govt. here. (Cig.break.) - 19.57 (quickie) I'm ambiguous about what it might do to NYC. As much as I've come to actually H.A.T.E. this place, it is, after all, my "Home-Town". But SO VERY much has changed and been destroyed here. It's just another tedious and over-populated ghetto these days. Business is gone. As someone recently put it: "It's nothing more than a tourist attraction thriving on nothing more than hype and reputation." Dead. Gone. And well worth leaving. But if OccupyWallSt brings it down, all the better. Destroyed by REVOLUTION! Me? I want to do a t/sweat shirt in solidarity. Then leave it behind. - Back to the trip... got the M34 bus to 1st Av. just in time for the rain. But nothing terrible. A breeze through down-stairs to find David asleep... imagine that. HIS PHONE CHARGER WAS PLUGGED INTO THE OUTLET BEHIND MY BED AND THE OTHER END (no phone) WAS TUCKED UNDER MY FOLDED MATTRESS! OK! I quietly returned the charger to him, asked if he had his phone. He did. And he mumbled/grumbled a "Thank you". FUK! THE FUKKER! FUKKING ROUND MY BED! Well, ANOTHER reason to GET OUT of ALL of this! SOON! - I'm so damned tired. But I put on jeans and polo shirt. I'm fatigued and feeling the cold tonight. - Oh. Bumped into Victor on the stairs. He began cute chat... then asked for 50 cents. FUKKER! Oh well. Never mind. I've learned to say "NO." nicely. I NEED MY MONEY NOW MORE THAN EVER! NOT SHARING. - And so it's 20.12 already! Soon time to sign for the bed that gives no comfort and allows no sleep. Tomorrow I'll inquire into a single or double room... see about re-locating for the next couple of weeks. - I'm apprehensive about tonight...crack night, radio night. Tomorrow will be another early start. I NEED REST! AND I MUST REMEMBER: Ms.Khenkina AT 15.00!!! I've been forgetting, making other plans for the evening. - Next week-end... LAUNDER THE WINTER JACKETS!

Sunday, 2 October:

(Bullet-list only for today, but covered under Monday.3.October.2011.)

6.41 Woodside:

- .Early mornings screwed by buses and trains that never run,
- .Guts twisted in anxiety,
- .Never being able to depend on information given,
- .Being trapped in tunnels bored through solid bedrock, 40, 50, 60 feet down,
- .Rats running through stagnant water in tunnels,
- .People trying to keep warm, dry, sitting on benches in parks, tunnels, subways,
- .Police being required to remove Homeless persons,
- .Homeless persons,
- .The stench of "food", garbage, body odour, bad breath, decaying flesh,
- .Unidentifiable liquids on bus and subway seats and floors and sidewalks,
- .Staggering, swaying, swerving directionless and confused pedestrians,
- .Dodging, weaving people,
- .Being pushed, shoved, struck with hand-bags, shopping bags, back-packs,
- .Having to tolerate having feet stepped on,
- .Spanish,
- .Being late because of the MTA: no-show buses, alleged construction,

.Blatant bias in free fares, extra stops on MTA buses,
 .People screaming and yelling yet standing not a metre apart,
 .Radio, mobile phone, amplified sound especially where prohibited,
 ."Sorriry. No English."
 .No Natural absolute darkness... EVER!
 .Constant fatigue,
 .Constantly moving,
 .No benches or places to simply sit to catch a breath,
 .Not wanting to take a breath because of stench or debris in the air,
 .Everyone being referred to as "Bitch" or "Motherfucker", Nigger or "M'nigger",
 .Disregard, disrespect, discourtesy,
 .Concrete barricades,
 .Security and police in buildings, parks, stores, churches, synagogues,
 .Working EVERY waking moment,
 .No time to make a small wash,
 .Expectations of giving more for less,
 ."You got a cigarette or something?" FIRST THING IN THE MORNING!
 .Racial bias, "reverse discrimination", PANDERING,
 .Traffic,
 .Not ONE spot of QUIET ANYWHERE,
 .Inconsideration of person,
 .Taxation with-out evidence of where it's used,
 .FILTHY PUBLIC TRANSPORT,

I woke at 4.02, coughing fit. Ear-plugs (last night I took 2 asa/aspirin at about 22.30. (This morning there are 2 ear-plugs... in the indentation, centre of the bed.) I rolled over, turned the alarm off.. - 10.55 HoBe: I can't keep my eyes open! And got here at about 7.30 or so. No sooner did Maria say "Make your coffee." she went in to wake Mr.Estremo! And he was COMBATIVE as all HELL! He's dressed and dishevelled, in the recliner now. AND I PULLED SOMETHING, RIGHT GROIN! FUKME AND FML! - At 9.56 GaryPIC rang to ask if I clocked-in on my mobile! More bull-shit? - Today's Ms.K. I'd like to go to OccupyWallSt if I can muster the energy. - THIS WEEK IS "CV WEEK"! Re-cap. Re-do. SEND TO VNA BTW. I'm OUT! MUST, MUST, MUST! Take a chance. Take a leap. Take the jump. - And not knowing what the trains will be like is miserable. I NEED to see Ms.K. Especially since I got all the paper-work done ahead... big fucking deal. - I'm sick of having no time for me. - 11:05 PS: Autumn is here. I'm sitting here with sweat-shirt on. Chilly... at long last.

Monday, 3 October:

6.48 Q53 Unbelievably exhausted! Yesterday, Sunday, came the final decision: Ready or otherwise, on the 24th I will be on a flight to BTV. I am no longer able, by any means, to handle or cope with any more of this horrid existence. NOW it MUST STOP and staying here, in NYC is nothing but stagnation. There are no opportunities for Life or Living. I'm tired... of so much and so many things. One thing in particular: As I strolled through the RockPark Waldbaum's on Saturday morning I noticed the Atropa is back in season. Atropa. Death. I could pick fresh, add to the cocktail I've been brewing for about a year, and ingest even more. Death. Mine. Death. It's all I look forward to any more. Why? Because I'm tired. Every morning I wake, increasingly tired, in a shelter, to go to work on a job that pays only enough to keep me in a shelter where I wait for Death to come to take me. I am miserable. And only I can change that. So, with no options here, with no potential for change, no visible opportunities to find even the smallest bit of something better, it is time to walk away and not look back. It is time to go. This is obviously not the place

I'm supposed to be. Today, I'll go to the library, and from a computer that is not mine, I'll book my first step toward... BETTER... or at least the opportunity to find, make, be BETTER. - 7.07 Myrtle Av. Yesterday: Up at 4.10. No time to shit. Just move... The morning was Hell. Mr.Estremo's not feeling well and shows it by being nasty and combative, then sleeping. I managed, but not up to snuff. At 13.00 I was ready to bolt, looking forward to leaving. - The Q11 bus ran late. The connection to the A train was immediate. The L train was delayed. The M15 bus ran late and hit EVERY red light on the avenue. I RAN up to the 5th floor to see Ms.K. During our appointment I told her of the 24th. She said "I don't blame you." and "I understand." And I believe. She told how, working with people who WILL NOT do ANYTHING with their time, their lives is getting to her. She does understand. And she's going... on vacation. She'll return when I'm gone. I can honestly say I'll miss her. Compassionate. - 7.21 109Av./Cross Bay Blvd. - (9.49 HoBe) SO! Another quick meeting was done and she was on to the next and I was out the door and up to my locker to change... NEW SHIRT and jeans and the only foot-wear I have... work sneakers. I was off to "Occupy Wall Street" at last! - One quick tweet on Twitter led to several responses of so much support! I charged out the door of that shelter with a conviction and confidence I haven't experienced in YEARS! Across 30th St. to Lexington Av. where a bus to City Hall came almost immediately! The trip was pretty amazing. The Bowery. Chinatown. Neighbourhoods I haven't seen in for-ever. It was exciting. It was a bit sad... to think I'm feeling so "shoved out" of the city that's been "home" and by a petty little tyrant who's NOT a NY'er yet managed to turn the place over to the rudest idiots. But that's not the point. It's simply time to leave before this place sucks me any deeper. - Well, the bus trip gave a bit of a boost to the need to go... A police stop! Where the bus passes under some building, the driver had to stop at a police kiosk! Then again as we left from under the bldg.! Even city buses! As if we 5 passengers were Terrorists. - 10:46 When I got out of the bus I was pretty taken by the view of what's now called the "Freedom Tower" at what USED to be WTC. So I stopped to grab a photo. It's not the towers and it'll never replace the really great photos I HAD (fuk you Cyndi Littlewhorebitch Psycho) of the WTC. And I don't appreciate it for many reasons but... Touristy, and something to send along to Twitter. - ON TO LIBERTY PARK! The crowd wasn't as large as I'd expected but just knowing what it represented over-took me. Wow! I wanted to yell, I wanted to cry, I wanted to hug just about everybody! To think I was actually part of something that about 2 years ago I said should and would happen was almost over-whelming! I grabbed a few shots of the park and people and went to send them along to Twitter... NO STYLUS! THIS time it was G.O.N.E.! I traced my steps... all the way back. Nothing. Of course not. This is NYC and the stylus is so tiny. Besides, there's no telling where I could have lost it. The worst thing: I tried to find a new one in several little stores along Broadway and, for something so simple and small... 18\$! I decided I'd use a ball-point pen. I don't have that kind of money to throw away on something like a stylus! And just the thought of that kind of money for something so cheap? It made me SICK! - 20.25 Woodside 7 train stn. Life is happening so quickly all of a sudden! I'm booked out of here! Reserved at Peninsula Library. Of all the places. Of ALL places. But it's done... one way. - An e-mail from PJ: offered to meet me at the airport. And I just spoke with "hardlynormal" and we're to meet tomorrow evening. - I'm in a state of dumfounded numbness ... maybe shock. - The planes into LGA are so close here and in the distance I see them land. The train pulls in. I don't know if I'll miss this but... the fact is: I MUST GET AWAY!

Tuesday, 4 October:

THE high-light of today was meeting with Mark.hardlynormal. (I can't journal now. Tired.) - This is where things really began spinning. It was a work-day and what can be said about that? Not a particularly easy day. I do recall because I was looking forward to meeting "hardlynormal" (Mark) from Twitter. I wanted to be "presentable". I wanted too much... as usual. Mr.Estremo was

in “mood”, combative. But, rather “so”, I did only the essentials to care. Still, I ended-up worked-out. At 17.00 Maria took her time coming back which made me anxious. I say: HONESTLY! I’ve arrived early every morning, off the clock, considering HER comfort and, as usual, reciprocity is not forthcoming. But... shortly after 17.00 I was en route to The City. - Thanks to the technology of today (Twitter) I could “follow” Mark’s trip in from NJ and know that my anxious rushing wasn’t too necessary. My surprise came when he said he’s from Binghamton! DAMN! Imagine? When I think of it, just my familial ties to this State... covering so much territory! (Best I’m leaving it.) So I took the buses into town and arrived at his hotel with time to spare. - Funny: I sat diagonally across the street (fm. Roger Smith) to wait, on the steps of a building, something I’ve rarely done in life, never giving my-self the opportunity to sit... just sit. Scanning the area between twitters I notice a guy in front of the hotel looking at a mobile and entering something. Instinctively I knew it was Mark, posting to Twitter. Indeed it was. (Peter always said I never give enough credit to my instincts.) He went in, checked-in and returned. I strolled across the street and ducked round the corner. Came the msg. “Where are you?” and the reply “Put the phone down.” It’s rather odd these days: There’s no need to ask “Dr. Livingston?” We know who the other person is via intuition or photos, but in any event... technology. All it took was a look and a grin. Quick “formal” intro... off and on the move. - (The following entry had become misplaced in the original editing process. It is added here, in its chronologically correct position.) We strolled a bit, hurried because it was already about 19.00 and I, of course, had my curfew. Mark was looking for an “affordable” place to grab a bite. “Affordable”? “Reasonable”? In this hell-hole of un-reality? We went to Pershing Square, a place I’ve often pondered but never got to... and because of time restrictions, didn’t really get to enjoy. Still, Mark is fascinating, travelled, knowledgeable and an absolute delight. Even in our rushed conversation I enjoyed every running second. (He had a bowl of chili, I had a salad... GREENS! I actually did have a craving for a salad. Being in the Shelter, salad greens are certainly NOT something that can be stored in the locker, and buying a “bagged” salad, well, I’ve just never really trusted those. So THIS truly was a treat for me! Coke. Coffee. The bill came to 40-dollars! This city is mad! This country is mad! He got the bill. I’m forever grateful.) We discussed Homelessness, Canada, several topics. And as we/I waited for the bus at 42nd St./2nd Av. he asked if I’d like to be interviewed on camera, tell my feelings on Bloomberg. I was honoured, but pressed for time and... I don’t think anybody could use the footage in public if I was to be candid and honest on the topic. I respectfully declined. - The bus came. We parted. I was quite taken by the experience: Meeting someone from Twitter, someone who KNOWS my “DHS”, knows the shelter system, is travelled, and respected in his field of documentary. Wow! - Back at the Dung-heap, all was usual. It’s not so oppressive though, since David is gone. Though Ariel isn’t to be completely trusted. He’s playing Tony for the fool; claiming he’s been in the shelter a short while, doesn’t know anything, old man, aches and such. I simply suggested to Tony, beware. That’s all. To me, he’s too clever, too aware of many things that it would take time in here to learn and know. - Shower. To bed. Day done.

Wednesday, 5 October:

Other than getting to work EXTREMELY tired, I don’t recall much of the day. Fatigue is doing that lately... wiping-out days. I’m finding my-self on buses, correct bus, correct direction, but not remembering WHICH bus and sometimes forgetting WHERE I’m heading. The fatigue is godawful!

Thursday, 6 October:

Of course it was another work day and the usual. I’m no longer enjoying it. The stress of the commute to get there early, and not even the 45minutes to make coffee, read the paper. And

Mr.Estremo's been awake and nasty when I arrive. Nobody changes his wet things from 17.00 when I leave the day before so I come in to a MESS! Maria complains about all sorts of things lately: She drops mentions of my not answering my telephone (one time!), how wonderful OTHER people from OTHER agencies have been, and the likes. I was letting it roll off my back until today when I told her that she'd have somebody new to come in very shortly. Yes, I told her that I'm leaving... her, the agency, NYC and NYS. Her reaction? "God bless you. You have to do what you have to do." Fuk me then. NOTHING is ever appreciated. - And so, this evening, I headed off to the Peninsula Library there-in to print a nice CV for VNA and to research the LNA requirements and training. Yup... folks are making the departure MUCH easier! And I suppose I'm thankful for that. Meanwhile... they should all... you'll pardon the expression... go right the fuk to jolly hell!

Friday, 7, October:

(OKeedokee this is catching up rather well. 12.34 Peninsula Library and I'm on my 3rd session! Leaving here is going to be so tough!)(Actually, leaving Rockaway isn't easy. For some unknown reason, I've developed an attachment to this place... stupid, ignorant and nasty as it can be. But I digress...) Today was In-Service and Hand-In-Resignation Day. I have to admit something strange: In my head I kept planning my commute to the office from Rockaway, yet, I'm actually only several blocks away! Isn't it strange how the brain will manifest what it wants at times? I had all the travel anxieties associated with travel from Rockaway and yet, all the while, I was aware of the fact that I was only a brief walk away! OK. This is going for serious burn-out. - Well, the In-Service went rather well... or well enough. After a morning of being rather pissed about the whole ordeal, a Manager came in to talk with us... that ended my silent pissed-off! I opened up when one of the girls mentioned being bumped off her case and that was that! I told, mentioned names, pulled out my calendar book, gave dates! What did it get me? "I'm going to bring this to the District Manager." Right-Oh! As if that's going to do anything for me. I WANT THAT MONEY FOR THE DAY I WAS SCHEDULED FOR! Now I need it even more! - That done, I dropped by to see Ramdai. When I handed her the resignation she just went silent for a bit and then looked at me "I don't believe this! I had a feeling this was coming but... I don't believe this!" She was upset. She told me how she enjoyed working with me and when we were done she told me that I should use her telephone number as a reference. Wow! Better than a letter! (Of course, I wonder what kind of references I'll be getting from Mr.Estremo's family. Morons that they've been. We'll see.) I left the office feeling relieved and yet a little apprehensive. It'll be tough leaving Ramdai. She's been more than fair with me. She's been a great supervisor. But I MUST MUST MUST get the HELL OUT of this city! - From my calendar book I see that I got my weekly "statement" done. Mid-Manhattan Library where I copied a few things and printed the statement. Ms.Khenkina must have her papers for the crazies who collect paper! I don't want anybody giving her a hard time on my account! - And so, it was time to return to the Dung-heap for the night. - Today begins Yom Kippur... I did NOT fast and I did NOT feel ANY guilt at all. My existence is atonement. And as I've known real hunger, I will not fast!

Saturday, 8 October Yom Kippur:

Up rather late. I decided not to set the alarm this morning and take it as it came. I was up on time to get running anyway and so I did... A BEAUTIFUL BEACH DAY WASTED... The trains are all fukked again this week-end (making the departure from NYC that much easier) so it was buses all the way. The M15 to the Q60 to the Q53 to Liberty Av. where I got the jackets out of storage and grabbed the Q21 to the laundry on Cross Bay Blvd.. The place is lovely and the machines use CARDS not cash! I wish I'd found the place earlier! Very nice indeed! I brought my linens and

some under-things to wash along with the jackets. The linens got 2 Oxy-thingies and the jackets? Well, I forgot to remove some hand-warmers from one and so, it tossed in the machine. Luckily it did no damage. - I honestly don't know how, but laundry is pretty much all I got accomplished today. - Oh yes, there was a trip to Staples to get copies of my letters and certifications for the application. But that was about it! Done! By the time I returned to the Dung-heap, I'd spent 8 hours for nothing really, but laundry! And the weather was perfect for the beach... though a bit too hot! Well, so much for Yom Kippur.

Sunday, 9 October:

Ms.Khenkina in the morning. She gave me a meal ticket through the 25th when she'll be back from holiday. We both know that I won't be there and we got to say our "Fare Well". I'll miss her terribly. She's been very fair, most kind and gracious. I wish there was some way to thank her but... maybe one day I'll ring her. (12.53 and I'm getting dozey. I need something to eat! 33 minutes left on the computer! WOW!) - Believe it or not, I haven't the slightest idea at the moment, what I did with the rest of the day! At some point I posted the application to VNA... got pissed because the Express Envelope cost me over 20-dollars to post! and it wouldn't be delivered until TUESDAY! FUKKERS! But I don't recall which day I posted it! THIS is what I've come to. No memory. I'm burning out fast!

(The following entry is originally time/dated: "09/10/2011 at 10:02")

Fukked again! How typical. (I'd had an entire entry done and the damned site failed to registre my e-mail address! Everything lost! But... we continue... KADIMA!) - 6.40 Q60 Queens Blvd./65thP Riding into the sunrise. Dead, dead tired! I haven't been eating proper food for about a week. Coping with the Big Jump 2 weeks from today. David disappeared on Friday-last. Ariel Berlin, 74y/o Israeli came in. - 6.53 Q53 Queens Plaza. I'm the only "White" on the bus. And most likely the only one who can speak English. I left the shelter in darkness. It's day-light. I've been trying to find affordable/local housing in BTV. Some nice leads. This morning I must transfer funds to chequing to cover 7 days in a hostel. Then 3 more pay-cheques. I want to sleep. Painfully tired again this morning. On into the night: Ariel clunking and eating crisps, Cruz clunking, Tony un-settled. This morning I woke at 4.48. I didn't hear ANY of 6 alarms! - Passing 90-60 Union Tpk. and remembering the Greenbergs. How stupid I was to under-charge. How hurtful to be turned-out. How stupid I was. - There's quite a bit to catch-up on here. And so much more reeling in my head. Packing is the major concern... when and what. - My limbs ache from fatigue. And the band plays on.

Monday, 10 October:

9.37 Q53 A day off. The HOLIDAY OFF! Mr.Estremo went into hospital at 13.00 yesterday and I wasn't told! I could have stayed in bed! But I'm on my way to the banque to transfer what I'll need for the BTV reservation, then to storage.. I'm going to nap... on the beach! SLEEP! - Thanksgiving/Columbus Day: Yes indeed, I WENT TO THE BEACH TODAY! - I busted my damned back and arse to get to the bus this morning to get to friggin work on time! The M15 to the Q60 to the Q53 to get to the bloody house by about 7.00. The paper was there. The door wasn't open. I read the paper for about 45 minutes and then... the door was locked! I rang the bell. Maria answered: "My husb is inna de hosp." HE WENT IN YESTERDAY AT 13.00! NOBODY LET ME KNOW! SCREWED SCREWED SCREWED! HOLIDAY PAY! I NEED THIS INCOME SO BADLY NOW AND HERE THIS SHIT HAPPENS! When I rang Melanie she simply said "Nobody told US." Melanie? Go to hell! - I had a coffee and left. Maria and Company can pretty much go to hell as well. - On the Q53... Went to storage, got my beach things, changed in the loo at storage and headed out the door! Quick stop at Compare Market for some food and right to

the beach! It was TOO HOT though! Figures. But I managed to get in an hour and out of that hour, about 45 minutes of SLEEP! THAT'S what I went there for in the first place! I was SO DAMNED TIRED that I was physically sick and ached in every joint in my body. This is how I've been lately though. - After the sun? 413! Yes indeed. The only regret is that I didn't have a drink before and during... and then after. But it was well worth the trip there today yoobetcha! Then it struck me: These are the last 2 weeks I'll be taking this stroll. It'll be a LONG trip to get here after the 24th. Bitter-sweet, just as it's been ever since I came to Rockaway. Bitter-sweet. - I went directly to storage to return the beach things and change. FINALLY! MY FIRST DAY AT THE BEACH! - Nothing to say about the Dung-heap. The trip back was too quick tho. *(Additional note for today:* On Monday 10.10 I was unbelievably exhausted and in SUCH NEED of sleep that I was in pain. Thankfully, it was beach weather (yes, in October) so I did what I should have done... everything was closed for the holiday... I headed to THE BEACH! Only an hour or so. Had a little lunch and collapsed. Slept about 45 minutes but it was just enough. - After the nap, I took THE BEST visit to my 413 for relief in the coolness. 413 RELIEF! - How odd it felt to realise: No telling when I'll be back here, where I'd slept, Homeless, on the ground, in the open, for so many months. I'll miss the place. But it's the strangest thing: I have no anxieties, no pangs about leaving. I wonder why. - Back to storage to leave beach things and dress in shelter clothes (yes, I changed right there in the aisle) and on the buses back to the shelter. The day was done.

Tuesday, 11 October:

ANOTHER BLOODY DAY OFF! NO PAY! I'M SO DAMNED PISSED RIGHT NOW I COULD BASH SOMEBODY. - But certainly not a wasted day. - Brooklyn Central Library first thing this morning where I got a couple of things done on the Journals and some music for the iPod. - Journalled: (Tuesday, 11 October: Brooklyn Central Library 11.04 I've just come from OccupyWallStreet where I dropped a bag full of those huge, heavy-weight plastic bags from the shelter. They make excellent ponchos and are excellent for storing clothing and such. Cruz gives them to me almost daily and I know that the people in Zucotti Park can use them. I wish, I SO WISH that I could hit a lottery. There's so much more I'd like to do for these brave souls. But that is my life... it was my Mum's life too: Wishing to be able to do more. Well... - We do what we can. - Now? There is much to catch-up on and never enough time. So... I continue. - In my heart I carry the encouragement of all those kind people on Twitter. Strangers who do more for me than ANY of the so-called "family" I know are out there, alive, living their lives oblivious to me. I cannot, in my heart, wish any of them well. But I certainly am more than Thankful to the kind people I've met on Twitter. They are all the Spirits of my Mother. When we ask God for help, it's not His voice we hear but His voice and His support in the People He sends with His message: I am here.) - Then to the B41 bus to the Junction and a browse in Target. I'd decided that I'd do a banner of some kind for Occupy Wall Street this evening. Nothing in Target but... Lowe's! Home Depot! Canvass tarp! Back on the bus and a Q35 ride to Lowe's for a 4x5 tarp and a wide Sharpie marker! - The Q35 to the Peninsula Library for an hour and when that was done, I asked if I could use a table to make the banner. I got it! I got the "Working Homeless" banner done! At the Peninsula Library! I was ready! - Q53 to the J train and away we went! - This evening, at OccupyWallStreet I met a guy who lives in the Shelter (4th floor), He paints signs there. Met 2 young girls on the J train who are part of OccupyWallStreet Art and Culture. Got my banner photographed a few times and was filmed talking with some college girls who are worried there'll be nothing for them when they finish studies. There was a camera guy filming the talk! I'm becoming "something" or another! - Well, THAT was an interesting night and I might have more to add later. Right now, 10 minutes on the computer... and 10 seconds left of me... SO TIRED!

Wednesday, 12 October:

ANOTHER day off... NO PAY! But ACCOMPLISHED! Headed out this morning to the buses. ROCKAWAY! NOTHING at the P.O. Doesn't THAT figure? Off to...Library. And to my amazement, I got a computer immediately and when my hour was up I asked for another and got TWO! Funstonbunkerwolf AND Dunessojourner are on the Flash! 3 down and, well, a lot more to go in about 11 days. Anyway. It was on the Q53 bus to Waldbaum's: FOOD! and to the Q35 bus. - 8.16 Q32 to Queens. Odd how the street signs are situated so (45th/Mad) they're difficult to see when riding the bus. - I've many days to recount here and not much memory of them. Seems from the moment I clicked to purchase the ticket to BTV, Life, Time, all began whirling like dried Autumn leaves in a pre-Winter wind storm. One might say "Life began to happen." One "might" but one won't. - This is being done on the bus, the phone. I might repeat entries. Alas, my humanity, old age, the confusion of too much in too little time. I continue... This brings us up to 12 October, Wednesday. Peninsula Library EXHAUSTED AND NEED THE POTTY! - (Margin Notes: *For Wednesday 12 Oct. 2011* 2 rolls (paid 1... so what?), Buddig corned beef, 1 Fage, peaches, coffee. The Q35 bus to the Fort to lunch at the concrete table across from bldg. 102... where my P.O. used to be. Over-cast, windy, chilly. I didn't care. Peaceful. Calm. I needed that. I need more of that. I glanced about. Soon this will be only memory. I'll leave it and won't be able to simply hop on a bus to lunch here, or stroll here. Soon... (7.18 HoBe already! TOO EARLY! How?) - (10.48 and FINALLY back at work! Screwed out of holiday pay and bitter about it but...)

Thursday, 13 October and Friday, 14 October:

(No entries for Thursday, 13 October and Friday, 14 October)

Saturday, 15 October:

6.08 M15 bus 42nd St./1st Av. To wake in the morning in the shelter, shower in a communal stall, then ride past the U.N. (United Nations) is sickening. - 6.18 Q60 pulling out at 60th. This morning my connections are amazing! - There is so much I'd like to catch-up on. But the horrid fatigue that grips during the day is little short of an atrocity. I don't think it's all physical. There isn't a moment when my mind isn't reeling with trying to plan for the days to come. Financially, I'm certainly not prepared... not comfortably anyway. And what should have been 10 days of shelter at least has been cut down to a mere 7. In only 7 days I must find a place in which to reside in a town completely unknown, in the midst of people... unknown. No guaranteed job. Qualified for many things but assured of nothing. I don't know how to pack my few belongings for the flight. So many new rules and regulations now. To think, once, a long, long time ago, I used to fly as easily as walking from room-to-room in my own home. Today the very notion cramps my gut. Things are nothing like "the same". It sometimes becomes over-whelming. It sometimes becomes murderous. But blindly, I just keep moving along. I don't know how and I try not to think about it. - I can't... well, I suppose I could... change my mind and stay if needed. But I've resigned from work here and already told of my departure. Surely, Ms.Khenkina would understand, but as surely, the "system" will not. I doubt I'd be able to rescind the resignation. And I doubt I'd be able to cope with much more time in the shelter. AND... I'm certainly NOT in a position to find housing in NYC at this moment. TRAPPED! But like a rat in some lab cage, I adapt, closing my mind against my trepidations, ever moving forward... like a lemming... to the sea. - 6.36 60th St./Queensboro Bridge We are riding into the sun-rise. This morning, so far, the timing is great. But I am disgustingly early. And there's no place to pass time at this hour. No place to sit comfortably and wait. I've out-run myself. - Queens. The most diverse place on earth. Languages. Cultures. Nations. This bus. I'm hearing at least 4 different languages..

simultaneously: Haitian Creole, Spanish, Portuguese, and shockingly... English. It's amazing. It's rather stimulating. It's fascinating. But when I think how hard I work, a native-born, to reside in a shelter... it's maddening! - 6.49 Waiting for... at Woodhaven. This is the last Saturday! The last Saturday morning I'll stand here, on a corner I've become familiar and comfortable with. In a place that was, until only about 4 short years ago, strange territory but has since become "Home". Queens. Imagine. "Home". I no longer have any emotional ties to The Bronx. Once was a time ioyyuuuoioipoipipipiiiiipiiikuhhh (6.55 Q11 that string was entered in my pocket. I'll leave it in.) when I couldn't possibly imagine being anywhere else on Earth. The Bronx is my history, my ancestry, my heritage. The Bronx was my "Home". It was "Beautiful". Today? "My" Bronx's is gone, much like EVERY bit of EVERY thing that WAS "me". Today, "I" am different. "I" am changed. "I" am new. And "I" am still changing. I am oft'times amazed at how changed "I" am (and yet still some-what so "same"). I am truly awe-struck at how I've adapted to so much, survived so much. And today, how I manage to take yet another assault in stride... alone... so totally ALONE. Alone. Alone. It truly is "awesome". - 7.06 Day-light. Day-light. Myrtle Av./Woodhaven Blvd. Woodhaven. I used to hear the name on the radio and dream of being on Woodhaven Blvd. Today I'm here. Jamaica Av. Today, I'm here. I'm here and the days are disappearing. But today, I'm here... - 22.10 6w107 Bitch RN did my supervisory evaluation today. Almost sent me "home" at noon! Fuk huh. - Bought a hoodie. "Occupy Wall Street" written in wide marker on the back. - Occupied Times Square! "Had 3 truly wonderful conversations! Got photo'ed SO MANY times! Left at 20.50. Walked back to the Dung-heap. NO MEAL TKT! No problems getting in. Signed-in no prob. I'm "known".

Sunday, 16 October:

(No entries for Sunday the 16th)

Monday, 17 October:

I just got to work at about 8.00. I wasn't in any rush. Why bother? I knew already then that I'd be pulled. But nothing happened and no calls came until 16.39 when Melanie rang to tell me "Don't go to work tomorrow. You have to come into the office!" I didn't bother to ask why. I knew. I went next door to tell Maria that I'm being pulled. She appeared terribly upset. Well, she is: Now she has to watch somebody new, she has to make sure that nothing that happens to CE gets reported, too much for her to think about. I wish I could say that I'm sorry for her... I'm not. She told me again that I shouldn't answer any questions and just tell PIC to ring her directly. HOWEVER! MARILYN was ANYTHING BUT sorry to know that I'd be pulled and she did nothing to hide it. She simply said "Good luck with what-ever you do from here." as if she knew she'd gotten me fired! which, essentially, she did... I left, went to Peninsula Library for an hour and then back to the Dung-heap. I'm too pre-occupied right now with my own life to be concerned with somebody else's. - ***** NEWS NEWS NEWS The Hostel kept contacting me about closing at the end of the month. PJ sent a ref to a place called the "North Star" Motel. It's not too far from BTV and on the Nr.6 bus (as I learned). Well, I rang them. The nightly rates were a bit more than the Hostel (but they weren't about to close). I asked about weekly rates and THERE! NOT BAD! 250! I RESERVED FOR THE 25TH FOR A WEEK AND I CAN RENEW AS I GO ALONG! I HAVE HOUSING IN VT! I JUST ABOUT SHAT MY DRAWERS! (Now the only thing left is the job!) HAPPY HAPPY HAPPY ME! I CAN'T WAIT! I Feel so much better now, knowing that I'm not going up there to absolutely nothing. Will it work out for the very long term? I have no way of knowing. But the fact is, I'm going. I'M GOING TO VT! And the security of knowing that there's someplace to go TO is more relief that I can tell. OK. So the place might not be perfect. No doubt they'll give me some horrid little hole that stinks to all Hell and back.

But give me a window, enough warmth and a bit of peace and quiet, a place to keep clean and a place to eat... sitting... not rushing... in silence? I'll clean the rest! It's a start and that's exactly what I need right now... a start in some place I've never been in, no history, no drama, no bullshit! I FEEL SO MUCH BETTER NOW! ***** - Tonight I stopped at OccupyWallStreet to give 4 more plastic bags. The guy was thrilled when I told him "They're big enough to sleep in. I know. I've done it." And then came the panic of getting back to the Dung-heap in time to sign. I did. In spite of the shit at the front door with the x-ray STILL not working! Now we have no x-ray and only ONE SHOWER ON THE FLOOR FOR SOME 35-PLUS MEN TO VIE FOR! LIFE AT THE DUNG-HEAP! -

Tuesday, 18 October:

12.49 Q32 to Queens. Indeed, Jewel the RN lodged quite the complaint against me! But Jay C. was remarkably and shockingly kind! Melanie and Shawn were ... there. Jay asked where I was going and as I went to answer I noticed a UVM sticker on his file cabinet! He pointed out SEVERAL green VT caps and, well, his office is LOADED with VT! He lived in BTV! Then, he assured me that the complaint would not be revealed in ANY reference requests. When I said that I'd tendered my resignation he asked the effective date. When I said "Friday" he said "We'll accept it effective today." When I said I'm angry over lost income he asked "What are we talking about here? What's it worth?" I said "Lawyer and Labour Board"... I'm being paid through Friday. He gave me his card w/direct phone "If you run into any trouble in BTV call me." - 14.11 Q53 to Rock. It's either over or the stress has peaked but I woke up at 81st/NorthernBlvd Q32! Fell asleep on the bus! Haven't done that in YEARS! One stop before the end of the line. Thankfully, not far from the Q53. OK. Back on track. Late. But we'll salvage something. Current concern is filling these days. I've packing, sorting, moving from locker to storage. A bit on laundry (jeans, 2 pair). The oddest feeling is that I'm being paid. True, it's the very least they could do. I've lost vacation/sick pay due. But, this is rather a god-send. - Now to get on with the day. - 18.38 SIB Library Somebody fukked this damned computer up royally and this is all I'm going to get out of a 63-minute session! 18 fukking minutes left! BULLSHIT! Let me try to catch-up with what-ever I can at this point. - I can't remember what happened on the days I missed journaling. These days have been so hectic. One thing I can say is:

On SATURDAY 15 OCTOBER Some RN who never gave her name came to the house to perform some kind of Evaluation of my work. NASTY! RUDE! JUST A SIMPLE BITCH!

ARGUMENTATIVE! Well, she got it back and went storming out the door, slamming it. She yelled at me "I've even gotten complaints from the family!" and when I asked "From whom?" she tightened her lips against her teeth and yelled "THAT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS!" She spent the longest while out-side with Maria and, ohshit, Marilyn! When Maria came back into the house she denied having said anything and that if there was any trouble, I should tell PIC to contact HER directly! - Y'know? I KNEW this was going to end up in a pile of nasty shit and so... - 19.04 SIB Library with 7 minutes remaining. This computer is SO FUKKED! - Anyway. After the little encounter with Jay and the girls at the meeting, I went to say Bye and Thanks to Ramdai and spent the longest while there with her. I got a letter stating that my "RESIGNATION" is effective today! As Ramdai pointed out, "Save that. It shows that you resigned and weren't fired." Leave it to Ramdai. Thank you my Darling! - Left there and went to Jack's for something to eat: 2 cheese pastries and a vanilla Coke. Caught the Q32 with intentions of going to the PO and Peninsula Library. - FELL ASLEEP TO ALMOST THE END OF THE LINE! So I just found my way back to the bus and back to the Q53. By the time I got to the PO it was too late to cram anything much into the day so I got right back on the Q53, Q32 and here I am. A day wasted. But... a day I'm being paid for. - 21.49 6W107 Oddly, it'll be tough leaving these guys. I told Tony tonight. Poor guy. All I can sincerely hope for is that this bung-hole of sepsis puts somebody

decent in my bed... for his sake. He's ambitious, caring, respectful, respectable. I hope he gets somebody like himself in here. - I looked at the calendar just now. Hard to fathom: Sunday I'll spend my last day here in NYC. Will I miss any of it? I can honestly say: I seriously doubt it. But WOW are the days just slipping by! - Well, it's late, a good chat with Cruz, this phone is pissing me off and I'm hungry. Time for sleep.

Wednesday, 19 October:

8.19 M15 to OccupyWallStreet (Occupy Wall Street). Rain. After a difficult, restless night and no time to shit this morning. My back is teetering on painful. Stress. Trying to figure how to pack and what to pack. Then get laundry in. Today is linens. I wanted to get another blanket (for OccupyWallStreet). Well, I've 3 big bags. Not much, but maybe they'll help keep 3 people dry today. - St. Marks Place. I never did get to look for an ear-ring... to replace my Pegasus that my "sister" heartlessly threw away with my entire life. - Leaving here is necessary. - The rain subsided... until I'm off the bus, no doubt. - 10.30 DunkinDonuts Liberty/Woodhaven POURING WITH RAIN! 3 donuts, 1 coffee: 5-dollars! Unreasonable! Unrealistic! Unsatisfactory. But necessary. - I can't believe it's still morning! I've been moving all along. - Got off the bus at Wall St./Water St. Walked up Wall. I actually wanted to weep. The businesses are gone. The banques are gone. Brokers are gone. GONE! Hotels and condos. Part of Wall is barricaded, security kiosks, small pillars of red light. Foreboding. Horrid. Defeated. No "suits" on the almost empty streets. Defeated. No "finance". Defeated. Depressing. Just depressing. When I got to the Comfort Station at OccupyWallStreet it felt good. "Good". Here, people who know that it WAS better and CAN BE better again were congregated, under tarps, in ponchos, in the rain. A guy I'd spoken with one night on the week-end recognised me! "Are you still going to Burlington?" He remembered! The world should know: These are not stupid people here. Rather, these are the BRILLIANT people, the ones who know that things are terribly wrong and MUST be made right... NOW, today. Not later. Not after recess. - I left the 3 bags. They were appreciated. - The A train station is moved somehow. I ducked into the R. - Standing on the bright, new Cortlandt St. subway station platform, one of the worst-hit 10 years ago I hear "OccupyWallStreet". A fellow with the words on a white wrist-band. From Boston. Now NH came to "Occupy" and see NYC. Headed for the MNH, C train. We rode tog. to 34th. Downtown F to W.4th. He took up-town C train. I took a down-town A train. - Rain stopped. Storage. PACKING! - 17.11 HoBe/JFK Stn. Just back from my trial run to Terminal5. And, absolutely sick! The AirTrain stops a forever away from the terminal. Walks and moving walk-ways away. Rules. Regulations. Restrictions. Security. Military. Shoe and clothing removal. Degrading. De-humanising. (17.16 A. And I never thought I'd say but, it's nice to be on a subway!.) Isolation of terminals. Plexiglass. Scanners. Cameras. - I say it now as I've said all along: The U.S. LOST on 11 Sept. 2001. This nation lies DEFEATED! - 19.23 SIB Library 9 minutes left on the computer. I've just added a little note written on 15 Aug. 08 to the DA Journal. Interesting how I shouldn't be here this evening, typing this. Why the hell I'm still around is anybody's guess. But I am. And I'm heading into a dream, or what was a dream a while ago. - Got to storage and tried to pack. TRIED! I just can't seem to get my head around this! And not being sure how much I'll need right away and how much I CAN bring with me and how much I'll be able to get onto the plane. There's just too many variables involved. I don't have all that much. If I could get a van, just a regular van, I could bring the entire lot with me in one trip. But... that's not an option right now. - Got my hour and some at Peninsula Library today. Printed more info for BTV. When I get there, by the time I get there, I'll have the whole damned thing memorized! Not bad. I just hope this North Star is nice. I almost dread getting into a room that reeks of cigarettes. But there's only one way to find out and if it's that bad, well, I've put up with the shelter for so long. I'll clean! Period. (Just let me get work right away!) - I digress. I do that a lot lately. I can't keep my brain focused on one thing for very long. Too much happening in too

little time. - I still can't get over the fact that Marilyn essentially got me FIRED! Had I not put in my resignation when I did, I'd be "Fired" right now. FUK! After all I did for her father. Well, it's her guilt over not doing for him her-self. Not to mention, the shame she should feel. Take it out on me. Why not? - The security at JFK made me sick and now I'm even more-so thinking I'll have to put up with that at the shelter for a few more nights! It's degrading! - But in 5 more days... actually... 6 more days when I get to the North Star (I like the way that sounds), I'll be free... again!

Thursday, 20 October:

8.55 Q32 Going to drop more at storage this morning then to (hopefully) find one piece of (affordable) luggage for checked-bag on Monday. I need to bring both warm and cold weather items. The baggage I have just won't accommodate. - Last night, Tony was quite conversational. 23.30 was lights out. A bit of a shame that the room goes good as I'm leaving. I could have certainly used a few more weeks of income before this move. But, as with all Life: It is what it is. No more. No less. - I wonder about my resignation. Had I not, had the move not been imminent, would all be any different? - This morning, round 5.30, Ortiz and someone from the courts came in, with flash-light (kind of them, but Ortiz is kind), checking for "E2E2E2". Tony pointed. They looked. They left. Ariel feigned not knowing why they'd come. I don't like that old man. He's asked Tony and Cruz if I'd give him a shave, asked me if Tony and I would witness his Will, plays... - 9.10 Some idiot comes up to me to lecture me about wearing a kippa on a holiday! I shouldn't draw attention to myself. If I'm not Jewish I shouldn't wear the kippa because it's disrespectful! I told him that, as a Jew I understand NEVER to judge anyone because we don't know their circumstances. Pompous fake piety! - So Ariel plays the role of not knowing the routine, whines that the room is too cold... On and on. And now the courts are checking for him at 5.30 in the morning. - HAH! THIS, (and the JEW-ON-THE-BUS) Dear Reader, is why most of the world hates Jews. FYI. And why I'm glad to be leaving, moving on and out. - I could use a loo. Another morning of no time to shit. And here I am, 59th/Lex 9.19am. - 16.33 I-Hop. 10.87-dollars CinnaFrench toast, 2 eggs, hash-browns, coffee. - Argument with the turd in unit 4274... AGAIN! Told the desk. The wife claimed I started it. The desk said the woman's daft anyway. - NEW LUGGAGE. ON SALE. JC PENNY's QUEENS PLAZA. 40 per-cent OFF! EVERYTHING WILL FIT! - Storage looks a bit emptier. I have nothing left in this life. - 13.87-dollars with tip. I'm full. - OK. What next? SIB Library I suppose... on the holiday where I should schul-hop all night. Oh... screw me. Really. (Kippa is off.) - 22.32 6W-107 OK. No shit. The door is closed. In the dark, Cruz is clearing his congestion. Rumbling congestion. And AS - as in WHILST - he's clearing/rumbling I hear a young (maybe 35-40 y/o) male voice, from somewhere in the vicinity of the end of his locker say "Sounds good." with a touch of sarcasm in the tone. I was on Twitter here. I looked up in the direction of the voice and as I did so, the door to the room opened enough for someone to walk out into the hall. Now, Cruz, 60y/o, PuertoRican, slight accent. Berlin, 74y/o, stereo-typical "Jewish" accent. Smith, 56y/o, Queens accent. - This IS THE ORIGINAL Bellevue Hospital. - I leave this entry at that.

Friday, 21 October:

14.05 Q53 to Q32 to SIB Library. Out this morning at about 6.30. M34 to F to A to storage. PACKED! - A call from Vermont Respite! JOB OFFER! HOSPICE! But I need VT LNA. OK. But, a JOB already! - PopTarts, coffee at Compare. Q53 to Peninsula Library for 2 sessions. Much look-up on maps. E-mail to VBON (Vermont Board of Nurses) r/t LNA test. Confirmation of radio interview for Thurs. - Joel said he's sorry I'm leaving. Goodbyes. - Q21 to RiteAid. Cigarettes. Coke. - Q22 to B116. P.O. PAYSTUBS! Current and "Bonus", taxed 500-dollars (450-dollars)? - Q53. - This phone is fucking up. - BroadChannel 14.15. Road. Trees. The North Channel Br.

Good-bye. Jamaica Bay. Soon... lac Champlain. Soon... REAL SOON! - The clock runs faster than I. - 21.19 Aziz just came in to wish me good luck on the move up-state. I told Ms.Khenkina and Tony. Hmm... How, I wonder, did the news get to the 2nd floor? Hmm... Now my anxieties mount. 2 more days. What bull-shit will somebody pull? - No hot water tonight. I'm off to a cold ante-bed shower. - Scrubs washed. Sox washed. Sox and bottoms hanging in the window.

Saturday, 22 October:

10.05 6W107 Cruz is still in bed. Tony went to breakfast. (He invited me but I thought I had too much to do.) Ariel is... out. AND I CAN'T FOCUS ON ANY ONE THOUGHT LONG ENOUGH TO COMPLETE IT! It's down to the last little things and they're the most difficult. Hair-cut. Laundry. The fact that I have to WEAR clothes to DO laundry. Planning Monday's departure time. OccupyWallStreet to drop blankets (I am NOT leaving them here and not taking them with.) What I can take, what I can't take. How much. How little. The bloody curfew. TIME! NO TIME! And yammering in the hall. It's breaking. AND AZIZ KNOWING ABOUT ME! KNOWING I'M LEAVING! FUX AROUND WITH MY HEAD. EXPECTING SOME KIND OF SHIT. - Anticipatory Anxieties. That's all it really is. -

13:58 From the calendar on the inside of my locker door:

"Our government is the potent, omnipresent teacher. Crime is contagious. If the government becomes a law-breaker, it breeds contempt for the law; it invites every man to become a law unto himself, it invites anarchy."

Louis D. Brandeis

1856-1941

Associate Supreme Court Justice

13.58 6W107 Ariel is back but WOW! All is so quiet! And I? I have a fresh hair-cut and beard-trim. Nose and eye-brows as well. Today I noticed THREE SUPER-LONG eye-brow hairs! Amazing! - I've let my-self go so much to shit of late. - Locker cleared and a bag ready to go to storage. - This day is gone. But the hair-cut was necessary as was the beard trim. Now? A shower, out to storage, and hopefully find time to eat. 8 PopTarts all day yesterday. Not good. No wonder I'm feeling cold (in 22,5degrees in here... SUN BLARING IN! DELIGHTFUL!) -

15.24 M34 Hair cut. Beard trimmed. Jammyscrubs hanging to dry. And I am en route to storage at last! AND SO BLEATING HUNGRY! - 17.37 I HOP (yes... again) I need to stop this but... FOOD! - Carrying Monday's clothes back to the shelter. Tomorrow MORNING is LAUNDRY! Then... Monday. - I'm on a verge. - 17:42 Almost forgot... Penelope PHONED TODAY! As I was on the bus. "Jud! I got your call-back..." WTF? I've nothing to say to "huh". Very strange.

Sunday, 23 October:

10.48 "Luxury" laundry on Rockaway Blvd., Ozone Park - Woke a bit late but not too bad. Tony invited me to breakfast again. I've the feeling the room will miss me. But I keep thinking of how George left 1st, then Rey, leaving me with that shit that came into 5W-101 D18. THAT won't happen again. And so, Ariel was a bit chatty. All is so "cozy" in that room now. I sometimes wonder... If I stayed one month longer it would be much better, financially. Yet, knowing DHS and, as Ms.Uloma calls it, "de seestem", the longer I remain, the better my chances of being screwed some-how. Better to leave now. - Cool shower. Strip bed. As I got to the stairs, the guard (haggy thing, hair a-skew) grabbed for her log book. I'm suspicious: Only Ms.Khenkina and Tony were told of my leaving. Now, Cruz and Aziz know. How did word get about and what am I to expect? My nerves are up until I'm out of the bldg. tomorrow morning. - M34 to F to A. - Storage went quickly until I needed to change into black jeans. Some shit-head held the loo for the longest while! So I went back up to change at the locker and came here. - The attendante is SO

kind, helping me get a card, choosing a machine. Very sweet. The place is clean too. - Thankfully, today I've change for tomorrow's bus to BTV. All's going along well. (Hopefully the dryer will dry well. I can pack my jeans today and... I'm finished... until tomorrow.) - 16.18 Mid-Manhattan Library This is the sort of day that reminds me of how and why it is so important to get out of and away from NYC. 2 hours to get from Rockaway to Mid-town. Had to stand on the Q32 bus most of the way (that, after the driver closed me in the door then wouldn't open the back door to let people out!). There are several computers open but my "appointment" is for 17.30 at 15mins! And the WiFi is so slow that the battery on the iPod is running out and I've accomplished NOTHING! Somebody at this table stinks of mutton. It's disgusting all round. Oh and now funky-Homeless. Nice reminders: GET THE BLOODY HELL OUT! (Tomorrow morning... should've been THIS morning.) - 16.32 True to NYC form, no WiFi on the 5th floor! Outlet to charge or plug in one's lap-top but no WiFi. Everything in this city has gone half-assed. Time to leave. THIS is no longer the city I spent most of my life in an used to love. THIS is an inexcusable farce and I'm very much out of it. - 22.29 6W-107 Tonight I close NYC8539266. I do so, sadly. My dorm-mates are a delight, over-all. Tonight Tony was intrigued by the Hebrew language and we talked much on the topic. He talked about his 6-months of living out-side of Burlington and attending a Town Hall meeting.. extending the hours of public buses. It was killed. - Ariel joined the conversation on Hebrew. Cruz is more concerned about my well-being in the new place. - Tonight we signed on the 5th floor. The halls here are familiar. The noise, echoed yelling, the odours, it's all familiar. - This is a tough night... a tough night. - I've taken a small half Xanax. It's all.. so very bitter-sweet. May the guys get a respectable and respectful replacement. (I feel as if I'm leaving Family.)
Tomorrow, I return to:
DeadArtist
Good night... Bellevue.

POST SCRIPT

The editing of this journal has been as its title says: Bitter-Sweet. It has been a delight to re-live moments on the beach, being with good people, travelling around a place that could be so pleasant at one moment and then, with-in a second, so contrary. And it has been deeply painful because, as I've read, amazingly, the visuals of so many entries run in my mind and soul, with the clarity of actually being present in the moment.

Today, as it has been with all the days since I left the Shelter, these memories are still very fresh in my mind. Today, I still feel some-what "removed" from a general society, still feel rather out-cast, expendable. There is a great part of me that sobs when I see a Homeless person, or speak with one. And there remains an attachment to those who are living in a public shelter and those who have experienced living in a public shelter. There is a definite difference in the way one views the world after Shelter Life. For rather vast stretches of time, I actually yearn to communicate only with the Homeless, because only the Homeless are able to understand, sympathize and empathize. I vehemently resent the condescension and patronization of those who cry "We must help the Homeless!" and "Nobody should be Homeless!" and the very worst "We must join together to cure Homelessness!" "CURE"? Firstly, Homelessness is not a "disease" of either body nor mind. However, if "cure" is a term that you feel most comfortable with, the I would put it to you: Homelessness will exist for as long as there are people on this planet. It will exist for as long as the cost of existing exceeds the wages paid for labour. But most important... Homelessness is not a disease of the person, it is a "fault" of society and of government.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Not merely personal notes, but an integral part of what this book is:

Aside from a personal sense of obligation to acknowledge these people, I put this list in as a way of letting the World know just what kind of people made what kind of a difference to me, to tell the World how magnificently supportive these kind people were, and maybe to teach the rest of the World that it doesn't take all that much to put a bit of Joy into someone else's life and that if you have the opportunity to do so, you truly are under an immense obligation to do so. If you fail at this, at lightening the burden of another person, even for the briefest moment, with as little as a kind word or a moment of listening, I can tell you: there are few greater shames you'll carry with you through the rest of your life.

To begin...

Tonight, As I Finish This Manuscript:

From The Bronx:

Ginette Soto, my "niece" from The Bronx Central to Sedgewick who be-friended me in such a very important way: she gave shelter from the elements to a complete stranger, she talked WITH me, shared her own life-stories and let me into a wonderful part of her life. But so very much more important, she actually listened to me, never judged me for anything other than the person I am, and gave me her "Friendship". I'd have given up LONG before ever getting this book done with-out you G.

From "The Rock":

Tommy B (a.k.a. ekrubymmot): I don't even know where to begin, honestly. But by now I'm sure Penelope's already told you all you need to know (and a whole lot more). When I was out there, under the tree, you had that wisdom to know how it might be. "Take the bus". I never did, but you were the only one who offered me a place to go to, out of the rain, wind, night dew. You were THE only one... True, that. There can't be a bigger heart or a brighter soul than yours... and you opened a part of them to me! There's no way I could ever thank you to balance that out.

Penelope: At the time I didn't see it, but truth is, you gave absolutely everything you actually could give. So many layers to your life, so much in your heart, mind and soul, and all of it is nothing short of what the word really means: awesome. When we first met, that wonderful Winter, sitting out there at "the other end" of the world, talking, you told me I had the opportunity to re-write my entire life... Well Penelope, it might not be a "re"-write, but look at

this! It's a "write". And had you not been there in The Fort... it would have been, at best, one square inch in the local tabloids, somewhere at the bottom of the obits. See what you've done? (PS: I still keep your age in my heart... they can't get at it there.)

Sully: Believe it or not, not only is it my honour to have met you, but in many ways, this book got written because of our talks and explorations and the curiosity you inspired in me. The parts of The Fort that few (if any, other than you and I) have ever seen in recent decades that you and I discussed and, at different times, explored, helped me survive the early days. And being able to talk about them with you gave me the courage to just walk out there, that first night, unafraid.

Kristen and Mat: (I have to put you two together because, well, that's how you always were.) Kristen, something as seemingly unimportant as those scrubs truly did turn my life around. They weren't the ones that ultimately got me back into the work-force, but they certainly did their bit to keep my head above the crowds that probably would have other-wise pulled me into a deeper and darker Hell. And Mat? I wonder if you still remember the night on the dunes and the day after, dead-ass exhausted, gathering beach plums. (I know that doesn't sound ANYTHING like what it truly was, but it'll give people reason to ask you. Maybe one of these days the "right" one will ask... the "right" question and the World will get to see more of your wonderful smile.)

Debra: Just seeing you on the bus or the street always made me feel so much better. And luckily it never came to that point, but there you were, offering a little piece of the limited space you had in your home... which is one HELL of a lot MORE than anybody else ever did. The entire World can learn a very important lesson from you... Compassion. But right now, there's one person who'll never forget you and will always be grateful to you.

From "The Castle Bellevue", The place we called "Home... less"

Aziz: HEY! Check this out! It ain't that "Reality TV Show" we talked about, (I still don't think the World's ready to accept having to watch the Homeless... especially not on their TV... IN THEIR HOUSES? TOO close for comfort! We might stain the rug or something. You know?)

Dennis B: Brother? I will NEVER live long enough to forget that evening at the Nr.6 train, seeing you off in the middle of the night when you were on the way to Forbell! As I sit here now, I can still see the look on your face and believe it or not, still feel the panic that going into the "unknown" filled my gut with that night. I don't know where you are now, but where-ever it is, I hope the people you find yourself with are giving you that respect you worked so damned hard to get and so well deserve. I haven't seen that you won that lottery, but I'll always hope that you do, whether it be money or just seeing your dreams become realities... all of them.

Charley: If they asked me today, I'd say the same thing; Respect, to you and from you. The World can be a bitter shaft in the wrong place and people can truly be miserable, nasty and judgmental... and so damn harsh against the people they don't know and never take the time to know. Truth is, where you're concerned, it's their loss, not yours. The day you told me, quietly, to my face, that you're not a likeable person, it really pissed me off. You really are a likeable person... for so many reasons and in so many ways. I'll never claim to "know" you but I will say that the part of you that I talked with... well, that's the Charley I'll keep with me and I'll be forever grateful for our brief time together. You just keep being who you are. The World won't appreciate it, but I will.

George: By now I hope “Georgi” is a distant stranger and I sincerely hope that your world took a quick turn on a sharp bend and you’ve found yourself in a place that surrounds you with the finest things in life. And if not? I hope there’s somebody to take your shoes when they should be taken.

Keith “Pops”: Ah... “Pops”, the quiet Monarch. I don’t mind telling you that the day you left, that’s when things started to go pretty bleak. You and I never really did get to talk much, but I watched and saw what kind of difference you made on Rey, and when you weren’t there any more... nothing was the “same” ever again. I don’t know how, and I don’t know why because you were there when I’d arrived. But you had some kinda impact on pretty much everybody, and in the best way. But today I hope that where-ever you are, your comfortable, in a place where you’re really happy and Life is the way you want it... what-ever that may be.

Kendall: Kendall, Kendall, Kendall! When you left, the plot stopped thickening and just went all to shit. With all my heart I hope you finally got to the “Reservations” clerk and got the holiday package you wanted... and so deserve! Kriste! Even all these years later I still find myself calling out: “KENDALL! Just what the fuk happened here?” and telling people “Ah... and the plot thickens...” You gave us all the most wonderful gift anybody could possibly give to anybody else: laughter... in a place that other-wise could have been nothing but a seething cesspool of Hell’s septic. There was all that talk about turning the Shelter into some swank hotel... I hope they do! And I’ll be waiting at the lobby desk for you! We’ll get that “holiday” you booked!

Mark: I know I pissed you off, but you took it in the wrong direction, as I saw. But I’ve always hoped, as I do now, that you realise your potential and bring it to yourself and to the world.

Rey: Truth... every time I find myself on a road I’ve never traveled before, your name comes to my mind and I can’t help but wonder “Was Rey ever on this one?” I was so lucky to have you for a dorm-mate at a time when I was just right at the edge of throwing everything into the shitter. Believe it or not, I got most of my strength and courage from watching you. Where-ever you are today, I hope you’re happy, comfortable and just as entertained by the World as you seemed to be when we’d have those talks about all the land you’ve covered. And Rey? Thanks... just for being.

Rich: We all wondered why you never came back to “visit” after you left but once WE left, I’m pretty sure we all understood. I know I understand now. Once out, it’s not the kind of place you go back to on a sunny day for a cozy picnic. But just imagine, every day I’d go to work, in your old stomping grounds, and just about every day, while I was waiting for a bus or walking to the train, I’d almost expect to find you on your way to or from someplace in the neighbourhood... until, of course, they closed the OTB.

Rick: Wise Old Sage... I think I’d have to say that you were, without a doubt, my Mentor. Truth is, most of what I learned on the 5th floor was from watching and listening to you. To me, anyway, you were the one who kept the order, brought the class to attention, and, considering where we were (an old hospital for the insane), you were the one who maintained the sanity in a group that very well could have gone amok. I remember, even today, the day I left the 5th floor and how you calmly said “You’re not coming back.” I have to admit to you: THAT really did shock me... that you knew, you could tell. And all these years later, in a way, it still haunts me. I always wanted to go back, to say “Goodbye” to you the proper way and to say “Thank you” to you for all that you were and all that you did, especially for me (even if you didn’t know how much you actually did). And I don’t know why I didn’t. When I did go back and Margaret told me that you’d

shipped out to someplace better, I was sad to think you weren't there, but happier than you can imagine that you weren't still there. Where-ever you are, I know it's clean, orderly and one of the best places a person can imagine. But most of all, I hope you're happy. You deserve to be happy. (PS: If you ever get to read this, my little altercation with "Security" about the mop and bucket? That really was about you. Maybe YOU weren't in the building in person, but you sure as Hell were in spirit.)

Tony Muscle: Of all the people in all the Shelters in the world... believe it or not, I still have that sad-eyed little puppy you brought in that night. You know, they should have paid us for the entertainment we gave them all. I don't remember who said it, but somebody told me: Of all the people in this place, you two are the most unlikely pair... I never did quite figure out just what that meant or was supposed to mean, but in the long run, it doesn't matter. What does matter is that you made a really big impression on me (which is something nobody should take the "wrong" way), and I have to say "Thank you". Over the years, when-ever I look at that sad-eyed little puppy I always have to wonder: You were always either in a great mood or seriously heading for some business affair... but because you actually noticed other people and often cared about them, who is that little puppy... and why did you give it to me?

Charles, Craig, Cyrus, Do-Rag, Jackson, Kalib (Shalom, habibi!), Ripley: I don't think there'll ever be a group that could bring more "fun" into a miserable situation. 30th Street was damned lucky to have you guys there. And even if they don't see it that way, I did, do and always will. Obviously... you're not forgotten.

From "Revisited"

Anthony "Tony": Around the world and around the city... we didn't get much time to talk or to get to know each-other very well, but I think you should know that it was difficult leaving that dorm the morning I walked out. Of all the people in the Shelter, some-how I've always felt a little guilty, because I kept wondering "what" they put into my spot in that room. The best part though was that, at least David was finally gone. But as we say: You know the shit you have, but if that goes, you never know what the hell will come to take its place. Well, what-ever it was that filled my little corner, I do hope it was good and I hope he was respectful and respectable. But most of all, I hope that what-ever time you spent in that place after I left, it was short and that today you're out and in a place safe and comfortable.

Steve: BEER! (It HAD to begin with that word some-how!) Every morning you got up, in the dark, got yourself together and headed out... to work...to a job. If anybody at all truly understands this book, I know YOU do. That Shelter really put the screws to you every time you went round a corner or down a hall. No matter what the "Truth" might be, I'll always believe that some-where in their souls, you scared them. And if you didn't, you damn-well should have. You survived YEARS on the rails, under the streets of NYC, survived YEARS of pain and suffering, especially in your legs! And in spite of all the shit the World tried to bury you under, you still smiled, joked and brought smiles to others. You "managed" that same World that did everything it could to put you out of it! Well sir, where-ever you are on this nasty place we call "Earth", I hope you're in some place where you can put your feet up, actually enjoy your beer when-ever you damn-well please. I hope you have good people around you who appreciate where you've been and what you've been through. I hope you're comfortable, safe and in a place where you have some peace.

Guillermo "Viejo": Sometimes you drove me to the brink of insanity. But you know? Bottom-line, it tore a little piece of me every time you'd say "I'm gonna miss you." And today I can tell you... yup, I said the same thing to myself about you... and truth is... I do.

From The Beginning And Still In The Heart:

I have to use the names I know for these people, but in no way do I mean any disrespect...

Debbie Crawford: I will never be able to forget your kindness toward me, especially that one day on 116th Street when you took me, personally, to the side to ask me how "I" felt when we went to investigate potential housing, and how you actually said to me "I don't see you in a place like this. There's better out there and we'll find it." You are among the truly rare "People" in a system that seems to pride itself on apathy. And I know that, from the "Clients" side of your desk, there are probably only about 3... maybe 5 who understand what you actually do FOR those who come to you for help, branching-out into not just one but as many different directions as you can find to find that "better place" for them. The Homeless are very fortunate if their little blue folder finds its way to your desk. I'll never know how mine found you, or you found it, but WOW! I was one of "The Fortunate" and I am one of the eternally grateful.

Uloma Enyi: There were those who actually dreaded you, and admittedly, at first, I was amongst them. But at the very foundation of all that I will always remember, the one thing that has never been dulled in my memory is the day I came to see you after having a rather curt and some-what mutually insulting episode early on in my "Shelter days" and you, very calmly and respectfully said to me "We got off on a bad start. Let's put that aside and see if we can't move on to something better from here." I appreciated that so very much, and in your own way, you set what became my precedence for looking at all the others with whom I'd come in contact along that path of being in and getting out of the Shelter. I thank you for that, and your peers should thank you as much. You took what could have become an extremely distasteful future for me and all the others with whom I'd come in contact, and turned it around... to something very much more "civil"... for me... and for them.

Lydia Khenkina: I honestly don't know, can't seem to find the "right" words... but if there truly is something that people call "Divine Intervention", if there really is some benevolent "force" or Being that has the ability to bestow some kind of "blessing" on us, well then, I would have to say that you are that "blessing". What an absolutely astonishing experience over the course of my life-time it has been to have met you, albeit for a brief moment in all of time. And how truly amazing that you, of all people, are the one I spoke with last, at a time when I couldn't have been much lower, in my self-esteem. To think that you were the last person I can recall, the very last person in that "system" with whom I sat and talked, and you alone actually turned the bitterness that is my "Journal" completely round and today, I have to tell the World that there is, (or, if you've moved on and away from it all, there was) ONE true "Human" heart beating, ONE truly compassionate soul, ONE honest and trust-worthy individual in what might very-well be compared to a pit of voracious pythons and burnt-out, apathetic people who no longer have the ability to see the vulnerability of those whom they originally came to help. When I try to think of sufficient ways, proper words to express my deepest and most sincere thanks to you, my head just reels! Honestly, I was in shock when you spoke with me, as one Human-being to another. And I'd have to admit that even today, I'm still in shock that I, of all people, had the great fortune

and “blessing” to have been able to meet you. SO many times I’ve spoken about you to SO many others, and every time, with-out fail, I’ve said: If ALL of the people in ALL of the service organisations that claim to exist to “HELP” the Homeless were you, everything even remotely associated with Homelessness and Homeless people would be nothing but “Success”. The chaos, mayhem and utter Bedlam that is the “system” today would simply cease to exist. You, single-handedly inspire self-esteem, a sense of great self-worth, assurance, and an actual desire to move forward, move on and move into a productive and respectable place in society, to continue to reach for goals and aspirations. That’s something that the “system” in general fails miserably at imparting to those of us who sit at those desks, feeling like nothing more than some 7-digit number on a cardboard file, a bit of wasted flesh, a disposable playing piece in some Machiavellian game of darkness and despair. For all it may be worth, I can tell you honestly and with all my heart and soul: If by saving one, you save the world, this world is saved, there’s no more to be done. I am so humbled because there is no way and there are no words that can express my gratitude to you and for having met you. And if there is any justice any-where in this time we call “Life”, where-ever you go, you certainly are due true Contentment.

Peace Ochiaga: Can you possibly believe that even as I type this, I can still clearly see the first evening you and I sat in that office and talked? I most seriously doubt that I’ll ever be able to erase any of that from my mind. You were the first one to actually talk to “me” as a “human being” and the very first one to actually ask “me” how “I” was feeling at a time when I didn’t have any reason or cause to believe that any of “me” still existed. You once told me, I remember very well: “I can’t save everybody, but if I can make only one person’s life better in a day, I’m satisfied.” That might not be the exact words, but it’s so very close.

Renee Simmons: In many ways I owe you an apology. And if I put that here, I can only hope that you’ll accept it because it is sincere. But let me just say to you: As time went by and I got know you for as much as the circumstances would allow, there is one thing I used to actually enjoy telling the other “clients” when they’d say disparaging things about you: “She’s doing what it is she has to do. There’s somebody over her who makes the rules and regulations, who dictates the protocol and there isn’t a damned thing she can do about it. To me, she’s fair. I work ‘with’ her and not ‘against’ her, and I believe that if you’d at least try to do the same, you too would see that she’s pretty much OK.” I said it then, I say it now, and I will always say it. At the beginning I couldn’t see any of that. But I’m sure you knew what my mind was going through at the time and when, one day, when I said to you “I don’t know how you manage to put up with all of the verbal attacks you get from these men.” you calmly said “I don’t take any of it personally.” I didn’t know then and I don’t think I ever will know, really, how you couldn’t take much of it to heart, but I hope you didn’t take anything I may have said (or written) to heart because, in the long-run, I think you and I worked together rather well... and I appreciated then, and I appreciate now, all that you managed to do to help me. I understand you left 30th Street and I hope that where-ever you are, what-ever you’re doing, your finally getting the respect you so deserve.

Ms. Singleton: I have to admit, we didn’t have much contact, and even the contact we had was brief, but if there’s one thing that made all the difference in the World to me, it would be that, even when you were being slammed with work, even when you were in the midst of some of the most disrespectful onslaughts I can think of, surrounded by yelling, screaming, hollering and vulgar personal attacks... you always, some-how, shot a smile in my direction and gave me that much-needed kick to keep going. I knew then, as I know now, that you didn’t “have” to make any effort at all to do anything at all for me. But you did... and believe me when I tell you: It made ALL the difference in the World to me. I’ll thank you forever.

(Mr. Alexander, Ms. Berman): In my memory of all the time I'd spent at 30th Street, I will NEVER forget the late night I sat with both of you, in your "office" on the 6th floor, watching helplessly as my world came collapsing in on itself, wondering how in Hell I was going to survive an 8-hour commute to maintain a job and remain "compliant" when the news of my "transfer" came! I'll never forget how you actually listened to me when I spoke. I'll always remember the words of "Alexander": 'We can't do this. You can't commute all that time.' And the words of "Berman": 'You'll lose your job and we're not in the business of making people lose their job.' I don't know if you, "Alexander", recall the out-come of that night, but I certainly do, vividly: You came into the dorm about 5 minutes after I'd left your office, and in the dark you called my bed number, handed me my "assignment" sheet and said "You're staying here." (It still brings tears to my eyes even as I type this today.) And all I could say at that moment was "God Bless You!" But your response was what makes the memory indelible: "In all my years in this business, this is the FIRST time ANYBODY has blessed me." Well, it still holds as far as I'm concerned and I hope it wasn't the LAST time SOMEBODY wished you the same.

The Kind Woman in Operations (night shift): When, on my earliest days at 30th Street, I was assigned a room where the previous fellow refused to leave, and I was in a state of complete and utter confusion and chaos, you calmly and softly said to me: "It's all been taken care of and we'll see to it that he gets a good room to go to. Now you go up-stairs and get some sleep tonight." and then, some days later, we met in the hall on the 2nd floor and you addressed me, BY NAME and said "Good-morning." I was then, and remain utterly dumbfounded. When, at long last, I had the opportunity to thank you for your kindness, in person, I will never forget how you simply replied "That's what we're here for." WELL! Once again, I am at a complete loss for ways to express my deepest and truly sincere gratitude. Indeed, you work with stern resolve and always demanding respect. But if the World were a fair place, respect would simply come to you, because you are so much more than deserving of it... always.

The female Guard who's name I never got: I said it to you then, I say it to you now... you were the first one, the first "Security Guard" who ever gave me the gift of "Humanity"... You were the first to address me with any kind of respect and dignity. And in all my days at 30th Street, that never changed. It's my loss that I never got your name so that I could address you properly. But I do remember that your husband also worked in Security and I do remember having had one or two opportunities to tell him just how very blessed and how wonderful it is that he should have you in his life. And the truth is: the "residents" of 30th Street are equally blessed by your presence. May you always be treated with the respect you give because that's truly remarkable and so very much deserved.

Mr. (Sgt.) Ortiz: When I came back for that short "revisit" to 30th Street and saw that you'd been promoted, I was very glad to see that you were still there, and a bit saddened by the knowledge that you were still in a position where most of the "residents" or "clients" would treat you with any kind of disrespect. In my first weeks in the Shelter, you were, in all likelihood, the very first person who reached out a Human and compassionate hand to me at a time when I was so completely alone and empty. In the total confusion and chaos, you were the one voice of Reason and genuine concern. I had absolutely no idea where to turn, what to do, what to say or to whom I could turn for any kind of assurance or help. I'd been assigned a bed in a room where the fellow who was supposed to have vacated remained. I had no idea what I was expected to do! And when I brought it to the attention of "Operations" I was told to go up to the room, tell him he had to leave and to move in. But you told me to stay where I was, relax and take it easy and you

immediately put the whole situation “right”. Every time after that, and even when I came back to the Shelter for that brief while, you always, with-out fail, addressed me in the most courteous and respectful manner. When, at the end of my most harrowing days on the job, I came into the building wanting nothing other than to sit quietly for a moment and take a deep breath, I'd see you at the entrance, all the anxieties of the day were left out-side the front door and I knew, some-how, I wasn't just another nameless, worthless bit of stuff dragging through the doors of Bedlam (or, in this case... Bellevue). I recall one evening when you came, on rounds, to the 4-bed dorm I was in on the 5th floor, you politely stood at the door and said “It smells good in here! Thank you.” (I understood then, and I still understand now, why that made a difference.) But the MOST important point is that you treated everybody in the same manner, no matter what the circumstances, no matter how nasty someone might approach or address you! I'll never know and probably never understand how you do it, but I can and do want you to know that the difference you made, to and for me, is something that has lasted all through these years and I will always be truly grateful.

Vivian: I will always remember our little “chats” about Greece, Europe, the U.S., politics, the state of global affairs and how kind and compassionate you always were. And how you always did your best to help anybody who came to you looking for direction or help of any kind. And yet, you always demanded respect and courtesy... You didn't always receive it, and that's truly a deep insult to those who abused your kindness. I was always aware of your position, purpose and duty at 30th Street and I always respected that... mostly because you gave me respect and that still means more to me than you will probably ever know. The best I can say to you is: “Efcharisto” ... Thank you.

Metropolitan Council on Jewish Poverty

Jackie: When I came to you, I have to say again, I was completely devoid of Hope in any manner of speaking. That morning I actually knew and felt complete “emptiness”. But what you did, the words you spoke, and the absolute Trust you put in me, truly, there is absolutely nothing anywhere in all of Creation that can compare to the re-birth you created. From emptiness and despair you gave me my “Humanity”... my “Humanness”, my faith, all of which were, all too simply, gone. When I asked how I could return your kindness you simply told me to “pass it on” to those whom I could help. I have spent every moment of my breathing existence trying to live up to that request. In my life-time, when someone thanks me for some act of kindness, I have always said, quite simply: Don't thank me, thank my Mother, because it was she who raised me with the belief, “If you see something that needs to be done and you can do it, do it and move on... don't wait for thanks, don't look for thanks... just do it because that's the way the World should be.” Since that day you helped me, you “did it because you could” and moved on to help others, I now “do it because I can”, not only with respect for my Mother, but for you as well. And I waste no time to keep that going... for as long as I am able. Your kindness will live on as will my gratitude to you.

Town and Village Synagogue - Tifereth Israel - NYC

“What can we do for you?” These were the very first words spoken to me by Rabbi Laurence Sebert when I told him that I came to “T and V” each day... from a Homeless Shelter. And, with every bit of humility, honesty and sincerity in my being, I told him the truth: You and this congregation have done more than any of you could ever know for me. For weeks I'd gone to

that synagogue, attended services, talked with many, prayed, chanted, laughed with people, cried in my own silence, I sang my sadness and my joys with them, I prayed, I felt at "Home" with them. Every Saturday morning I was greeted, acknowledged, welcomed. Every time, without exception, that I walked up to and through the doors to that magnificent synagogue, I actually felt "embraced", warmly, in the most comforting sense of belonging, of being welcomed, of being such an integral part of some wonderful "Family"... "Mishpucha" (in Yiddish), "Mishpacha" (in Hebrew). No "sales pitch", no "interrogations", just a warmth that gave me so much inner Peace, such feelings of being appreciated, just because I was "there". To try and do justice to my gratitude to ALL the people who congregate in that synagogue could easily take VOLUMES of massively thick TOMES of written words. It could make the Megillah look like a "Take One" pamphlet. But I hope that everyone there, and everyone who reads these words knows, that from the very core of my Soul, with all of the Love that I have to give, and with every bit of Sincerity and Humility, I say: Todah raba!!! Thank you ever so very, very much! In your synagogue, in your "Home", a soul came back to Life! And with it, a body and mind, a Hope, many other-wise abandoned dreams, and the long-lost Courage I needed to continue moving forward. It was because of "Town and Village" that "KADIMA!" became my motto... and still, to this day, continues to be so. May each one, and every one of you all be so very and exceptionally blessed!

JCCRP:
Jewish Community Council of the Rockaway Peninsula

Leetha: For your warmest welcomes, for your compassion...

Jacquie: For becoming what I can truly call a "friend"...

Strully: For actually taking an interest, taking the time to make an effort...

For instilling hope where there seemed to be none left, I will never be able to thank you enough. I'd come to you expecting more of the apathy that I'd experienced prior. But in SO many ways you extended your "selves" and your hearts in ways I never would have imagined. With as many demands and such truly limited resources, you extended not only a helping hand, but the kindness of Human Compassion. For this, I will remember you always, and always, I will be grateful.

PHC:
Peninsula Hospital Center

Jocelyn: Where and how do I begin? Where and how will my eternal Thanks ever be enough? What a truly magnificent and glorious Heart and Soul! You are, beyond any doubt, the epitome of what "Compassion" truly is, in every sense of the word. So "Giving" and "Caring"! There are precious few real "Gifts" in life, and for what-ever reason, I am extremely Blessed to have received that Gift that is you. I remember reading the words:

When you were alone and at what you thought was the end of all hope, you turned and prayed to God for an answer, for help, for something to help lighten your burden, to give you Hope again and you waited for an answer, for a reply. And there were people, many of them strangers, who came into your life and brought information, kind words, kind deeds, support and encouragement. And today, here you are, and what was once over-whelming is now a thing of the past and is gone. You've come through your anguish and have survived... Well, those people were the words of God, the reply you were looking for. You see, God does speak to us, but not so much in the "words" we wait to hear... God sends us "people" and they are his answer, his reply to our prayers.

You, Jocelyn, were the loudest of God's answers to my prayers.

Brian: In my daily Journal I made reference to wondering how and why you and I happened to meet, especially when we did, and today I can say that I understand. With Heart and Soul I have and always will pray that you are well, safe, and in the best possible health, given the best possible care, because you deserve nothing less than the "perfect best".

Evon (Steamfish): It was a honour to have met you. It is an equal honour to be able to write these words to you. And it is a privilege to say "Thank you" just for being. May you be at peace with yourself and with the World... today and always.

Marianne: "Un-pack your pencils, you have a place to stay for a while." When somebody says "Over and above the call of duty" I think of you. If each and every "Social Worker" had your sense of Compassion and interest in Human beings, all the World would be a MUCH better place. I will never forget you or your amazing kindness to me... never. And forever, I will be so very thankful to and for you.

Rachel: "We'll make a Rabbi out of you yet." Oddly enough, for the longest while when I was in the Shelter, that is what I was known as amongst my Homeless peers... "Rabbi". I suppose I can say, in all honesty... MAZEL TOV! YOU DID IT! - "Put your kippa back on. I'll bet it changes your luck." Well, the kippa DID go back on... and from that day, it has remained on. And you know? I do believe that again I would have to say, most honestly, I do believe you were absolutely correct. After all, I actually survived not one but TWO episodes in a place where even one of my fellow "residents" candidly said to me: "I don't know if I respect you more or fear you. Look around you. You stand-out here like nobody else. Tall, White and JEWISH! And you don't hide the fact that you're Jewish. I'm not sure if you're just that strong or just that crazy. But my brother, I respect you for it." Rachel, I owe that all to you and with that, a deepest gratitude... forever. Todah, todah raba!

Sasha: "My friend." You always, even right from the start, addressed me that way. You were the only one. And whether or not it's just your manner, I thank you because it meant more to me than words could ever express!

Cyndi and Phelicia: You were, indeed, exceptional and everything that Nurses could possibly be and should be. You obviously made an intense difference in my life and you will never be forgotten and always in my memory and heart... with my un-dying gratitude.

From the Jobs:

I owe a particular gratitude to those "Clients" who allowed me into their homes and for a while, because unwittingly, they truly helped me through the experience of being in a public Shelter for Homeless Men. They opened their doors and for the while I was in their homes, I was no longer exactly "Homeless". For those hours, I was "human" again. (I'll always wonder though: Had they known that I'd come to them from a Shelter each day... would they have let me in the door?)

The Coalition For The Homeless - NYC

There are those who will say that you do nothing to help the Homeless. There are those who have praised you for having helped them. For me, directly, I never had the need, thankfully, nor the opportunity to meet any of you. But I have heard of the many wonderful things you have done for others, and I have heard about and seen the magnificent accomplishments you have reached to make the fate of the Homeless either an easier burden to bear or, have made it disappear completely. To those who say you do nothing to help the Homeless, I have always said: "You cannot imagine what it would be like if The Coalition didn't exist." Even something as routine as a "Callahan" (inspection of the Shelters) is a service you provide to help, to make the existence of each and every Homeless person better, safer, and more "Human". In the place of those who will not thank you, those who have not thanked you, and those who, for what-ever reason cannot thank you... I will take it upon myself to say: THANK YOU ALL... EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU! May you always receive the support you need to continue, may you always be proud of the Help you give to those who need you, and may you always find Peace in knowing that even your smallest of efforts lead to some-how lightening the often over-whelming burden of Homelessness to those who come to you directly... and even to those who don't. Thank you!

From me:

My God! This has been a painful sojourn, again, as always, alone. But tonight I must think of this not as a parting from good people and wonderful "Friends" but that I am now placing them in the homes, hands and hearts of others who will, I most certainly hope, care for and about, and cherish you all as I have over the years and will continue to do so... forever. It has been a rather long while since we first met and since we last saw each-other. I don't know where you all are these days, but I hope and pray that you are all... ALL... very safe, in best health and surrounded by others who appreciate the "Gifts" that you truly are.

BIBLIOGRAPHY AND REFERENCES

Coalition for the Homeless "Currently 48,700 Homeless men, women, and children bed down each night in the NYC municipal shelter system.": www.coalitionforthehomeless.org

235 SHELTERS: <http://www.nydailynews.com/new-york/bronx/number-people-city-Homeless-shelters-nears-48-000-article-1.1247023>

The Bronx is home to 78 of the city's 235 shelters and has also seen an increase in the number of DHS-approved cluster-sites, where individual apartments are used as temporary Homeless residences.

<http://www.nyc.gov/html/dhs/downloads/pdf/dailyreport.pdf>

Daily Reports and Statistics on Homeless residents in New York City shelters, as reported by the NYC DHS (Department of Homeless Services):

THE CALLAHAN CONSENT DECREE

NEW YORK CITY 1981

SUPREME COURT OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

COUNTY OF NEW YORK

ROBERT CALLAHAN, CLAYTON W. FOX, THOMAS DAMIAN ROIG, JAMES HAYES, JAMES SPELLMAN and PAULE E. TOOLE, on their own behalves and on behalf of all others similarly situated,

Plaintiffs, Index No. 42582/79-against-

FINAL HUGH L. CAREY, as Governor of the State JUDGMENT of New York, BABARA BLUM, as Commissioner BY CONSENT of the New York State Department of Social Service, EDWARD I. KOCH, as Mayor of the City of New York, JAMES A. KRAUSKOPF, as Commissioner of the New York City Human Resources Administration, and CALVIN REID, as Director of the Shelter Care Center for Men,

Defendants.

Plaintiffs Robert Callahan, Clayton Fox and Thomas Roig, having brought this action on October 2, 1979 challenging the sufficiency and quality of shelter for Homeless men in New York City, and plaintiffs Callahan, Fox, Roig, James Hayes, James Spellman and Paul Toole, having filed their Amended Complaint on March 31, 1980, and defendants Hugh L. Carey, as Governor of the State of New York, and Barbara Blum, as Commissioner of the State of New York Department of 89 Chambers Street New York NY 10007 www.coalitionforthehomeless.org 212.964.5900 fax 212.964.1303

Social Services (the "State defendants"), having filed their Amended Answer on January 19, 1981 therein denying the material allegations of the Amended Complaint, and defendants Edward Koch, as Mayor of the City of New York, Stanley Brezenoff, as Administrator of the New York City Human Resources Administration, and Calvin Reid, as director of the Shelter Care Center for Men (the "Men's Shelter") (the "City defendants"), having filed their Amended Answer on January 19, 1981 therein denying the material allegations of the Amended Complaint, and Plaintiffs and defendants by their respective attorneys, having consented to the entry of this Final Judgement without any final adjudication of any issue of fact or law herein and without this Final Judgement constituting any evidence or admission by any party hereto with respect to any such issue:

NOW, therefore, without final adjudication of any issue of fact or law herein and without this Final Judgement constituting any evidence or admission by any party hereto with respect to any issue, and upon consent of all parties, it is hereby

ORDERED, ADJUDGED and DECREED as follows:

Provision of Shelter

1. The City defendants shall provide shelter and board to each Homeless man who applies for it provided that (a) the man meets the standard to qualify for the home relief program established in New York State; or (b) the man by reason of physical, mental or social dysfunction is in need of temporary shelter.

Shelter Standards

2. The City defendants shall provide shelter at facilities operated in accordance with the standards set forth in this paragraph as soon as practicable and not later than September 1, 1981. The term "shelter facility" refers to the Keener Building, Camp LaGuardia, theme's Shelter and any other facility used by the City defendants to shelter Homeless men. This paragraph does not apply to the Bowery lodging houses (Palace, Kenton, Union, Sunshine, Delevan and Stevenson) presently used by the City defendants to shelter Homeless men (the "hotels"); if the City defendants choose to shelter Homeless men in any additional Bowery lodging house, they will advise counsellor the plaintiffs and a good faith effort shall be made by plaintiffs and the City defendants to agree to operating standards for such facilities.

(a) Each resident shall receive a bed of a minimum of 30 inches in width, substantially constructed, in good repair and equipped with clean springs.

(b) Each bed shall be equipped with both a clean, comfortable, well-constructed mattress standard in size for the bed and a clean, comfortable pillow of average size.

(c) Each resident shall receive two clean sheets, a clean blanket, a clean pillow case, a clean towel, soap and toilet tissue. A complete change of bed linens and towels will be made for each new resident and at least once a week and more often as needed on an individual basis.

(d) Each resident shall receive a lockable storage unit.

(e) Laundry services shall be available to each resident not less than twice a week.

(f) A staff attendant to resident ratio of at least 2 per cent shall be maintained in each shelter facility at all times.

(g) A staff attendant trained in first aid shall be on duty in each shelter facility at all times.

(h) A minimum of ten hours per week of group recreation shall be available for each resident at each shelter facility.

(i) Residents shall be permitted to leave and to return to shelter facilities at reasonable hours and without hindrance.

(j) Residents of shelter facilities shall be provided transportation (public or private) to enable them to return to the site where they applied for shelter.

(k) Residents of shelter facilities shall be permitted to leave the facility by 7:00 a.m. if they so desire.

(l) Residents shall be permitted to receive and send mail and other correspondence without interception or interference.

(m) The City defendants shall make a good faith effort to provide pay telephones for use by the residents at each shelter facility. The City defendants shall bear any reasonable cost for the installation and maintenance of such telephones.

3. The capacity of shelter facilities shall be determined as follows:

(a) The capacity of newly constructed shelter facilities shall comply with the standards set forth in Appendix A, except in cases of emergency need as defined in Appendix B.

(b) The City defendants shall disclose to plaintiffs' counsel any plan to convert an existing structure to a shelter facility and the intended capacity for the facility at least 30 days in advance of the implementation or execution of any such conversion plan. Reasonable capacity for each such facility shall be established. The standards set forth in Appendix A shall be used as guidelines in determining whether the planned capacity of the City defendants is reasonable.

(c) Effective December 31, 1981, the capacity of the Keener Building shall not exceed _____ except in cases of emergency need as defined in Appendix B, in which case the maximum number of men who may be sheltered in the Keener Building is _____. Between the date of entry of this judgement and December 31, 1981, the capacity of the Keener Building shall not exceed_____.

(d) The capacity of Camp LaGuardia shall comply — by construction of new dormitory buildings — with the standards set forth in Appendix A, except in cases of emergency need as defined in Appendix B, as soon as practicable and not later than December 31, 1982, except that the

individual rooms in the “Main Building” maybe used as sleeping rooms for one person each. The construction start of such new dormitory buildings shall occur no later than March 1, 1982.

Bowery Lodging Houses

4. Hotels presently used by the City defendants shall meet the following standards at the time of entry of this judgement and the City defendants shall maintain such standards thereafter:

(a) Each resident shall receive a bed, a clean mattress, two clean sheets, one clean blanket, one clean pillow and one clean pillowcase. A complete change of bed linens (sheets and pillow case) shall be made for each new resident and at least once a week and more often as needed on an individual basis.

(b) Each resident shall be supplied with a clean towel, soap and toilet issue. A clean towel shall be provided to each new resident and towels shall be changed at least once a week and more often as needed on an individual basis.

(c) There shall be two trained security guards in the Palace Hotel between the hours of 8:00 p.m. and 4:00 a.m. and one trained security guard between the hours of 4:00 p.m. and 8:00 p.m., and 4:00 a.m. to 8:00 a.m. There shall be one trained security guarding the Kenton Hotel between the hours of 4:00 p.m. and 8:00 a.m. These security guards shall file with the City defendants incident reports on any incidents of violence or attempted violence occurring in the hotels.

(d) Showers shall be available at the Men’s Shelter beginning at 7 a.m. and signs advising hotel residents of that fact shall be posted at the front desk in each hotel and at the door of each bathroom in each hotel. Persons showering at the Men’s Shelter shall be provided adequate supervision (including safeguarding of personal property), a clean towel, soap and, if requested, a delousing agent.

(e) A lockable storage unit of adequate size to store personal property shall be available either at the Men’s Shelter or at the hotels for each man sheltered by the City defendants at hotels.

(f) Heat shall be maintained in accordance with New York City guidelines for rental residences.

(g) Cleanliness shall be maintained throughout the hotels at all times.

Intake Centers

The City defendants shall accept applications for shelter at theme’s Shelter, 8 East Third Street, New York, New York and at 529 Eighth Av., New York, New York (the “central intake center”). Applications for shelter shall be accepted at all times at the Men’s Shelter, and applications for shelter shall be accepted at 529 Eighth Av. between the hours of 5:00 p.m. and 1:00 a.m., seven days per week. The City defendants shall provide direct transportation to shelter pursuant to paragraph 1, supra. The 529 Eighth Av. intake center, shall be opened as a central intake center not later than September 1, 1981.

6. The City defendants shall operate additional satellite intake centers on a 24-hour basis Monday through Friday at the following locations:

(a) Harlem Hospital Center, 506 Lenox Av., New York, New York;

(b) King County Hospital Center, 451 Clarkson Av., Brooklyn, New York;

(c) Lincoln Hospital, 234 East 149th Street, Bronx, New York; and

(d) Queens Hospital Center, 82-69 164th Street, Jamaica, New York. Men seeking shelter at the satellite intake centers shall be provided adequate fare for public transportation and clear written directions to either (i) a shelter facility, or (ii) a central intake center —according to the preference of the person seeking shelter. The City defendants shall provide direct transportation from the satellite intake centers to a shelter facility to all men who appear so physically or mentally disabled that they are unable to reach a shelter facility by public transportation. Satellite intake centers shall be opened not later than September 1, 1981. It is understood that the above satellite intake centers shall be operated in conjunction with borough crisis centers. In the event that the borough crisis center program is terminated, the City defendants may, in their discretion, reduce the hours of operation of the satellite intake centers to between 5 p.m. and 1

a.m.

7. The City defendants shall accept applications for shelter at shelter facilities providing that such applicants have applied for and have been found eligible for shelter by the City defendants within six months of the time of application at a shelter facility. Shelter facilities shall also provide shelter for one night to any person who has not previously applied for shelter who seeks shelter at a shelter facility after 8:00 p.m.

8. Each shelter facility, central intake center and satellite intake center, shall utilize the services of available community members to the maximum reasonable extent. These persons are not City employees or volunteers in a City sponsored program within the meaning of section 50(k) of the General Municipal Law and such persons shall execute statements to this effect.

Information

9. The City defendants shall provide applicants for shelter with clear written information concerning other public assistance benefits to which they may be entitled at the time applicants apply for shelter.

Compliance Monitoring

10. Defendant Krauskopf shall appoint qualified employees with no administrative responsibility for providing shelter to monitor defendants' shelter care program for men with respect to compliance with this decree. These employees shall visit each shelter facility, central intake center, satellite intake center and hotel at least twice a month and will submit to defendant Krauskopf a written report at least twice a month describing compliance or lack thereof with each provision of the decree. These reports shall be made available to plaintiffs' counsel upon reasonable notice.

11. Plaintiffs' representatives shall have full access to all shelter facilities, central intake centers and satellite intake centers, and plaintiffs' counsel shall be provided access to any records relevant to the enforcement and monitoring of this decree.

12. Defendant Krauskopf shall deliver by hand each day to plaintiffs' counsel a statement listing:

- (a) The number of men who applied for shelter at each central intake center and at each satellite intake center;
- (b) The number of men who were provided shelter at each shelter facility or hotel;
- (c) The number of men who were denied shelter at each shelter facility, central intake center and satellite intake center and the reason for each such denial;
- (d) The number of men who were accepted for shelter at each central intake center and satellite intake center who did not reach a shelter facility; and
- (e) The number of men who were provided direct transportation from each satellite intake center to a shelter facility.

13. It is the intention of defendant Krauskopf to conduct daily inspections of the Palace Hotel and to deliver reports of such inspections each day to plaintiffs. It is also the intention of defendant Krauskopf to conduct inspections of the other hotels used by defendants to shelter Homeless men not less than three times per week and to deliver reports of such inspections not less than three times a week to plaintiffs' counsel. A sample of the inspection report form to be used is attached hereto as Exhibit C.

No Waivers

Nothing in this judgement permits any person, not-for-profit corporation, charitable organization, or governmental entity or subdivision to operate a shelter, as defined in New York Code of Rules and Regulations, Title 18, § 485.2(C), in violation of the requirements of the New York Social Services Law, Title 18, of the New York Code of Rules and Regulations, or any other applicable law.

15. Nothing in this judgement should operate or be construed as resjudicata or collateral estoppel so as to foreclose any signatory party from any claim or defense in any subsequent

administrative or judicial proceeding.

16. Nothing in this judgement shall be deemed to authorize or to prevent the operation by the New York City Human Resources Administration of the Keener Building on Wards Island as a shelter or shelter facility after October 15, 1981, except in accord with a valid contract or agreement among the New York State Department of Social Services, the New York State Office of Mental Health and the New York City Human Resources Agency and with an operating certificate issued by the New York State Department of Social Services.

17. The Commissioner of the New York State Department of Social Services agrees to reimburse the New York City Human Resources Agency for the operation of a shelter facility or shelter facilities referred to in this judgement pursuant to New York Social Services Law § 53, except if such shelter facility fails to comply with the requirements for shelters contained in the New York Social Services Law or the New York Code of Rules and Regulations, Title 18; provided that nothing in this judgement can or does obligate the Legislature of the State of New York to appropriate funds.

18. Nothing in this judgement shall prevent, limit or otherwise interfere with the authority of the Commissioner of the New York State Department of Social Services to enforce and carry out her duties under the New York Social Services Law, Title 18, of the New York Code of Rules and Regulations, or any other applicable law. Continuing Jurisdiction

19. Jurisdiction is retained by this Court for the purpose of enabling any of the parties to this Final Judgement to apply to this Court at any time for such further orders and directions as may be necessary or appropriate for the construction, modification, or termination of this entire judgement or of any applicable provisions thereof, for the enforcement of compliance therewith, and for the punishment of violations thereof.

New York, New York August 1981

Appendix A

Space Requirements for Shelters for Adults

- (1) Every facility shall have space for dining and leisure activities.
- (2) Sleeping areas shall not be considered as dining or leisure areas.
- (3) Space provided for dining shall be:
 - (i) at least 120 square feet in facilities with a certified bed capacity of less than 10 beds;
 - (ii) at least 12 square feet for each additional certified bed.
- (4) Space provided for leisure areas shall be:
 - (i) at least 120 square feet in facilities with a certified bed capacity of less than 10 beds.
 - (ii) at least 12 square feet per bed in facilities with a certified bed capacity of 10 or more beds
- (5) When not in use, dining space may be used, with written approval from the New York State Department of Social Services ("Department"), as leisure space.
- (6) An operator may request Department approval of a waiver to reduce the square footage requirements for dining and leisure space. A waiver shall be granted only upon demonstration by the operator that the food service and the program needs of residents can be met.
- (7) Baths and Toilet Facilities There shall be a minimum of one toilet and one lavatory for each six residents and a minimum of one tub or shower for each ten residents.
- (8) Sleeping Rooms
 - (i) In single occupancy sleeping rooms, a minimum of 80 square feet per resident shall be provided;
 - (ii) In sleeping rooms for two or more residents, a minimum of 60 square feet per resident shall be provided;
 - (iii) A minimum of 3 feet, which is included in the per resident minima, shall be maintained between beds and for aisles;

- (iv) Partitions separating sleeping areas from other areas shall be ceiling high and smoke tight;
- (v) All bedrooms shall be:
 - (a) above grade level;
 - (b) adequately lighted;
 - (c) adequately ventilated;
- (vi) light and ventilation for bedrooms shall be by means of windows in an outside wall;
- (vii) bedrooms shall open directly into exit corridors;
- (viii) bedrooms may not be used as a passageway, corridor or access to other bedrooms.
- (9) Adequate storage space for cleaning supplies and equipment shall be provided.

Appendix B

Short term emergency shelter may be provided to a number of persons in excess of the capacity of the facility provided that all of the following conditions are met:

- (1) Snow emergencies, excessive cold or other similar circumstances create an emergency need for additional shelter space;
- (2) The operator is able to meet the food and shelter needs of all persons in residence;
- (3) The facility remains in compliance with applicable local building, fire protection and health and sanitation codes;
- (4) The operator advises plaintiffs' counsel of the maximum number of persons to be cared for during an emergency situation in any facility as soon as possible after an emergency situation develops;
- (5) The operator provides shelter to additional persons no more than 30 days in any calendar year; and
- (6) The operator maintains records which document adherence to these conditions.