

MARGIE

I always been attracted to beautiful womans. I admire them. Not sexually -- a woman don't arouse me, don't get me on -- but I always like to be like one. I always like to be a beautiful chick.

When I was a little boy, five or six years old -- that's as long as I can remember -- I always want to be a little girl. I used to daydream a lot, you know? I used to go to bed and I say, 'Oh, my God! I wish that when I wake up, I wake up in the morning a woman.' Ah, to wake up as a woman in the morning.... When my family would go visiting, and they would sit in the parlor on the rocking chairs, I always used to sit on the men's laps. So devilish! I used to sit on the men's laps, just to feel them.

In school, the other boys call me sissy, and I was always fighting. But in a way I was lucky, because I always hang around with the girls, and they stick up for me. Most of the boys -- you know how cruel they could be -- they try to make fun out of me, try to beat me up or something, and the girls always chase 'em away. We were real pals; I always get along with the girls, and I always was with the group of girls. That's the only way I could go through school. Although it was hell. It was really horrible, I can tell you.

My parents feel terrible about me, especially my mother. I was to a psychiatrist, and he told me that I identify with my mummy, because my father die when I was five or six years old. But I don't believe that. I was raised up by my mummy, and I grew up loving my mother so much, but I think it was a case of hormones, an imbalance of hormones. Whatever it was, as long as I can remember, I always been attracted to boys, instead of being attracted to girls. Sexually, you know?

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I'm twenty-nine -- no, let's be truthful, I'm thirty-three. And I been draggin' since I was fourteen years old.

I was a pretty child: a teenage, gay, homosexual child. And I run away from my parents in San Juan, Puerto Rico, when I was fourteen years old, and I join a company of female impersonators called the Little Parrot. It's like the Jewel Box Revue here, but they were all Spanish-speaking; you know, Puerto Rican.

I didn't have no previous experience of the stage, but I meet the owner of the club -- he's a Puerto Rican singer, and he's gay -- and he was interested in me because I was so young and so cute, and that was what the people went to see: young, really cute boys in drag -- dressed as a woman. It was a gay club, frequented by mixed people. Many people went there for this reason or that: just to have a nice time, or to laugh at the faggots, or to see how they dress, or to ooh and ahh; you know, 'Ooh, how good they look! Like a woman! How could that be a man?' and such and such. I could remember I do a dance called La Samba. I dress up as Carmen Miranda, with a full headdress with fruits and feathers and a bra and the whole costume, and I tico tico te, tico ta: I dance to the whole number. They announce me as 'Mr. or Mrs. Carmen Miranda.' That was my hit solo number. And then there was the chorus.

So, that was my first stage appearance. I spend four years there. Fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen. Then, I meet a tourist from New York. He was gay. He was old. And he was president of a bank from Fifth Avenue or Park Avenue or somewhere around there. He fell for me and I fell for him, and once, when I went out of the club, we went to bed.

After that happen, I run away with him to New York. He pay my fare and he bring me to 74th Street between Amsterdam and Columbus. It was a nice, furnished, big, big room. He came and visit me twice or three times a week, and he give me an allowance so I could have my clothes and food and everything. I was a kept woman! That's the way I start, really, prostituting myself.

I didn't knew his true identity, 'cause he was living with his aging mother, as he told me, on Park Avenue. I know he was filthy rich and everything like that, but I didn't know anything about his life; I was too innocent to care much about all those things. But after a while, something went wrong. Once, when he came to visit me, I went through his wallet and I reached his true name and his phone number, and he was president of the _____ bank or something, and such and such. So, I call him at home. Because I love him. I love him. I didn't have no idea of blackmail or nothing like that, but something in his mind make him panic, and after that he refuse even to see me at all -- he cut all ties. His reputation, his bank account, and maybe even more things stop him from being seen with me or from having a closer relationship, because he was gay and nobody knew he was.

I try to find work as a female impersonator. By the time I come here, 72nd Street was swarming with queens, with gay people, and I meet a very great female impersonator whose name was -- whose name is, because he's still living -- Baby Martel. He introduce me to another very famous female impersonator named Bruno LaFantastique, and he find me a job working at the Club 82, Fourth Street and Second Avenue.

I work there for, let's say, six months; that was on the chorus line, because I didn't have too much training as a dancer. After that, I got in trouble with the owner. Head feathers and a rhinestone necklace disappear. Somebody say I did it. I did not; they couldn't prove it was me, anyway. But, that was the end of it.

Since then, I have been dressing as a woman daytime and nighttime and going out with mens. Some of them know if I am a woman, some of them do not. Sometimes, they are surprised: I have been close to get killed twice or three times.

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First when I left the club, I try to act butch, to dress like a boy. I don't have no money to live by myself, so I go to live with my sister; I used to have a sister living in the Bronx. She find me a job in a umbrella factory -- some kind of paper flowers or something -- and I was making sixty dollars a week. Every Friday, I got sixty dollars, my paycheck.

On weekends, I went downtown to 42nd Street for movies and this and that. One time, I meet this beautiful guy -- not beautiful guy; I mean I meet this guy -- and he told me, did I want to go out? Did I want to go up with him to his house? Understand, I was hip to the homosexual scene already. I was nineteen or twenty years old, and I wasn't in drag; I was dressed as a boy, with bluejeans. But I know that tricks favor bluejeans -- cowboy-style bluejeans, and sometimes rough corduroy pants. So, when this gentleman ask me if I could go up to his house, and he said, 'I'll give you fifteen dollars just for a good time,' I guessed he was gay.

He took me to the Edison Hotel. We went up, he serve me a drink, and after that we went to bed. And, it was very common, you know? We get our clothes out and we go in the bed and we start to caress each other and he said, 'How do you want to do it, in the sixty-nine position?' So we do a sixty-nine position: he suck me off and I suck him off. That was my first real trick. For him, I don't feel nothing at all, just friendship like when I meet a person. But I went with him because he offered me fifteen dollars.

Of course, we were in bed not for more than half an hour, and after that, he said, 'I want to see you every Saturday.' (It was Saturday night.) So, I keep meeting him for four or five Saturdays more. Then I keep going to 42nd Street, and I start going with some others and they pay me more and more -- twenty or twenty-five, forty dollars. I was making more money turning tricks than I was in the factory, so I quit the factory and I move away with another queen, a friend of mine, on 42nd Street. Now, she's a sex change.

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For ten to fifteen years since then, I been doing the same thing. I walk the street, and most of what I do is car hopping.

I sleep in the daytime; I wake up around four or five o'clock. If I have to go visiting somebody or I have to go shopping, sometimes I go in drag, sometimes I go as a guy. I can dress as a guy and you wouldn't recognize me, that's for sure. Not even my landlord. He thinks it's two people living in the same apartment. And I say, 'That's my sister.'

I work from six to six: six o'clock at night to six o'clock in the morning. Friday and Saturday are the best nights, 'cause Friday I always make -- sucking and fucking flat, without pickpocketing and robbing -- I make a hundred, a hundred and twenty-five. Friday and Saturday, I never make less than eighty dollars a night.

So: A car stop, I go inside the car and sweet-talk the driver: 'Do you wanna go out? What do you want, a french? Do you want a nice blow job? Do you wanna fuck? What do you want?' Most of them are afraid of fucking a whore in the pussy, because most of them are married; they're afraid of catching something. They're afraid to get syphilis or gonorrhea, so most of them go for blow jobs. That's all the girls you see on Broadway do: they offer a blow job for fifteen dollars, and they say, 'Well, if you want a good time, fuck

and suck, I give you a good time for twenty-five dollars.' And then they also rob them. Most of them, especially some of the black ones you see parading up and down, they are on hard drugs, and some of them have pimps. That's something I don't have to worry about myself. I take speed sometimes -- I love speed because it give me a lot of energy -- but I'm not on hard drugs and I don't have a pimp, so I don't have to rob. But, I have done it many times, too, so in a way I'm talking about myself.

When I am working, I put my mind on the ten dollars, because that's what I charge for a nice blow job. So, I don't care if the dick is good, big, small, whatever size it is or how it looks like or anything. I ask -- everybody ask -- for the money first. And when he give me a ten dollar bill, I put it in my panties or in my brassiere, and after that, we perform. It doesn't last more than ten minutes or fifteen minutes, if the guy is not drinking.

Once, I went with this guy and he was drinkin' and he couldn't come, so I said, 'I'm sorry, but for ten dollars I can't be sucking you all night long.' So he give me ten dollars more. And, he couldn't come, in the end. I try to open the door to get out, so he grab me by the hands and we start fighting, 'cause he want the money back. Then he grab me by the neck and he almost choke the life out of me. He almost killed me! He was furious, because he couldn't come, and he wanted to come so badly. And it wasn't my fault, anyway.

That's one of the times I almost died. When he saw that I start going limp, he just open the door and speed away. But I still keep the twenty dollars. He didn't run away with my twenty dollars.

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Men are not offering more than ten dollars for blow jobs, and they are not offering more than fifteen dollars for a blow job and a fuck. That's why every prostitute in town is

trying to rob them, you know. They go through their wallets, and many of them get killed. Many prostitutes get killed. Drag queens appear killed in some parking lot. Men kill prostitutes in bed. You read that in the press every day, and I hear it through the grapevine.

In this more or less ten to fifteen years that I got doing this, they have killed many of my girl friends. My roommate was killed by a trick because she used to take them. She used to get a very close bra; then between the bra, she keep a hunting knife. So, when she was sucking his dick, she get the knife and put it on his balls and say, 'All right, give me all your money or I'll just stick the knife on your balls.' So most of the guys get panicked. But this one didn't panic. He got a gun, and he said, 'Well, you stick that knife on my balls and I blow your brains out.' So, she wasn't ready, the queen wasn't ready, and he knock her down with the butt of the gun. Her reflexes wasn't ready enough just to stab; he was quicker than she was. He hit her in the head and she laid down back, and he shot her three times in the stomach and then threw her body on 11th Avenue and 52nd Street. They found her there. And they call her family and her sister give her a nice burial, and that was the end of Miss Bridget. She was twenty years old; they never grab the guy who kill her. I know what happen because another queen, whose name is Liza, was in the same parking lot as our girl; she saw more or less what happen because she was with a guy. And they keep quiet while all this rumble was going on because they don't want no trouble, and no part of it.

Then one time another one of my girl friends went with a man who was a sex maniac, and she was sucking his cock and he got a knife and he stab her in the back and just open the door and throw her in the parking lot. It happen, you know. It could happen to me as any of those girls, there are so many of them loose.

If I can rob somebody and I know he's safe, like I pick one of his pockets without him knowing nothing about it, then I will. But if I know something is going to be dangerous, if the guy is bigger than I, then I'm not gonna do it. When I go with a man in a car I always grab his hands. I make believe I'm caressing him, but I'm searching him to see if he got any gun or anything. I always look in the back seat, and I got quick reflexes, and I'm always looking in his hands, so in case he try to do something, I can open the door and run away. But anyway, you never know when it's gonna happen. Could happen any time.

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I been in jail three times. I'm planning to spend all this summer out, and that's when I'm tricking flat. I'm saving my money so in the spring I'm leaving.

They catch me twice for prostitution. The first time, I was standing on the corner trying to make some money, Eighth Avenue in midtown, and this guy stop. He never look like a police, he look like the guy next door; and he say, 'Come in, honey. I'm going to have a nice time with you. I give you fifteen dollars for a quick french.'

I say okay and I jump in the car. We park in the parking lot, and I say, 'Okay, give me the fifteen dollars.' But when he got his wallet out, what he showed me was his badge and his gun. He was undercover policeman. So, they give me thirty-five days for that on Riker's Island.

Jail wasn't that good, honey, because they have the homos in a special section, you know? They don't have them in the general population. They send everybody who sign a paper who says 'I'm a homo' to this special dormitory, and they got around a hundred and fifty-five people in there. And you can't have sex with a real -- you know, queens like me

like to have a real butch-type; I don't like to go with sissies like myself! So, it wasn't that good. But, it wasn't that bad. It could be better, of course.

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Now, you can see almost five bitches on every corner on Broadway around here, from 96th Street to 72nd Street all the way down. They are not staying on the corner; they are parading up and down. You can tell them, honey; they are car hopping.

Broadway is getting more and more of the girls and queens from around Times Square, because Times Square is getting too hot. A lot of police is patrolling around, and they are operating at least seven or eight mini-wagons. They walk around and they pick up the prostitutes and the drag queens and the drunks for loitering, and they keep you all night long. You slept all night long on a hard bench in jail, and you can't make a penny; they keep you out of circulation for the night. And it happen every night: they catch you seven nights a week, seven nights a week they catch you. Because they catch me three times in a row.

Since then, the only time I go to Times Square is when the guys from New Jersey come there after they got out of work at four o'clock in the afternoon. They have to go home, so they ride around Ninth or Eighth Avenue. So, I work there from four-thirty or five to six or sometimes seven, 'cause the mini-wagon start picking people up around eight o'clock. Say I have great luck. I make some money there and then I move to the East Village, Second or Third Avenue. If it's too hot there -- the police say, 'Move! Move! Move! Move, or we'll lock you up!' -- then I move out to the West Village. If the West Village is too hot, then I move to Sixth Avenue. If Sixth Avenue is too hot, then I stay around Broadway, around

here, because this is my neighborhood, and they can't pick me up for loitering since I live right here on 95th Street.

That's why they call us streetwalkers, honey. That's the right name, streetwalking.

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I think, if I ever got something done, I will have the titties; just that. Big breasts, my breasts. Because my main attraction is to attract the men, you know. To attract the men, a nice face, I can do it with hair and makeup. Powder and makeup and makeup and powder make a woman look what she ain't. But, with a nice pair of breasts, any man is attracted.

Now, I got very small hormone breasts. You have to go to a doctor for that, Dr. _____ on Fifth Avenue. They give you a shot for ten dollars; a shot of estrogen every week, especially on Mondays. And then, I'm wearing a little bit of pad, foam rubber. My breasts are not big enough, honey. Right now, they are just on the working stage. But I'm planning to have them be completely big. I'm saving to have them with silicone.

I'm not interested in becoming a woman because I know myself and I'm not a transsexual, more or less. You got a transsexual, she thinks she's a woman trapped inside a man's body, but in fact, I'm really more of a transvestite. I'm just interested in having sex with nice men I dig, you know?

I been with girls; I have made love to girls. Like, I have met many guys, especially this trick I have, he's from Westchester, and every time I met him, he wants me to introduce him to this girl. I always introduce him to a girl, any girl in the street I know, and we go to bed: the girl, me, and him. And, I used to suck her pussy, and I used to fuck her, too, and the only thing he do while we're doing that is, he just jack off, and he hide under the curtain and make believe he's a Peeping Tom. I understand that clearly: he's got a Peeping Tom

complex, or something like that. But, I'm doing it for the money, 'cause he always spend forty, fifty dollars for it. For pleasure, never have I done it.

For money I do anything, but for my own personal pleasure, I prefer to have sex especially with Negro mens, especially with beautiful Negro mens, and get a nice fuck and get a nice love with them. I don't have no steady boy friend, but I got friends, some friends that I go with once in a while. I enjoy sex. It satisfy me, really. A good fuck make me come oh, fantastic!

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You will never be too old for drag. I have seen drag queens... I know a drag queen, Bruno LaFantastique, she's more than eighty-four years old, and she keeps dragging all the time, and she got an act that she dress half a man and half a woman, and she entertain, and she's still entertaining, and she know how to sew. I know how to sew a little bit, too, so if I have to go to work, really work for a living, not to starve, I can go looking for sewing for some kind of job. But I'm planning to drag until I die; you know, for the rest of my life. There's no age for drag, that's for sure. I have seen persons seventy years old and I have seen them with full-face surgical makeup and hair and they look forty-five, forty years old. Younger, younger, and younger. That's something. There is no age for drag. I mean, that's my opinion. You can think different.

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The most important thing for me now is making enough money this summer to go to California in the spring, darling. 'Cause I'm leaving New York.

Right now, everybody's looking for something. All my girl friends used to work in drag at the 82 Club. There is no more place for them. The Jewel Box come once a year, and all I can do is a little bit of comedy, a little bit of dance. But where? There is no place.

What really is getting on us now are the go-go girls. Now they are recruiting them even for Alaska. Two girl friends of mine -- they are transsexuals; they got the boobies, but they don't have the pussy done yet -- they get the penis taped back and the hair combed down, and they pass the test: they thought they were cunt! They're in Alaska now, making two hundred dollars a week just for go-going in those bars over there.

I got a girl friend, now, she's in Tijuana; I never been there, but I think it's next to or close to California. She's what you call a transsexual, too; she got the breasts made, but she don't have the pussy yet. And she's working as a stripper and she's stripping and she's turning tricks, just turning tricks galore. Oh! She's making money, and she says the money now is in Tijuana. So that's where I'm going for in the spring, honey. As soon as I found my money I'm leaving New York and going there. I hope so, you know. If I don't get killed by a trick or a sex maniac in a car! Then if everything go good for me in Tijuana, I stay there, 'cause that's what I want: some money. And there is no money in New York, that's for sure.

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If somehow I could do anything I want, something I think I should do is just to become famous, just to show up my family, 'cause I been rejected by them because I was a homosexual. They disown me and everything since I run away, since I was fourteen years old.

I got two brothers -- my father died, my mother is still living -- and they never like me. I know where they live and I know everything about them by some friends of mine in San Juan. They are both married. One of them is a sergeant of policemen in San Juan, and the other one work as the director of a school in San Juan. And my dream shall be, even if I don't want to, really, to go through the pain and the hassle and the aggravation of being a sex change -- because now, if I get all the money to do it, I could go to a hospital right here in Yonkers and they make me more gorgeous as that woman in the Playboy magazine, with my pussy, my titties, my nose, my sex change complete. And then after I got my sex change, I will fly to San Juan and I will seduce both of my brothers and go to bed with them and let them fuck me and I suck them, and then I will stand in front of them and tell them, 'I'm your brother Harry, honey. How do you like it?' Yes, that's what I should do! How I should love to do that! 'I'm the little brother you used to beat because he was a faggot, remember me, honey?' Oh, they will die, yes....