

# THIRDSEXPOT

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We suggest you get together with your best friend and try to read  
this book together, aloud, alternating chapters. . .

The Publishers  
*Ah, Buddies*, Jay C. Alpert

## Introduction

Many one-hand reads exist as ephemeral artifacts. Some are stunningly brilliant. Some are poorly written. Some are so poorly and hastily written a type of poetry emerges from their text. This last mode was particularly true of the introduction to Johnny Shearer's *The Male Hustler*.

Shearer filled pages in with an infectious logorrhea. He repeated phrases, altering them only slightly. This style of writing does not advance his study. However, it creates a compelling cadence. Moved by the flow of words, I used his introduction to create a poetic template. I, then, transformed the first pages of several other Pulp novels using this template.

The process captured crucial elements of the text that are easily overlooked when a reader engages a text with one hand and libidinous distraction.

Stud.

The Male Prostitute.

The hustler in trousers.

The stud hustler.

The young man with lean, hungry body and an amoral philosophy who hustles homosexuals and lays his body on the line for money.

Stud.

The sex-hardened kid who has seen a million perverted images in a thousand bedrooms and felt the hot mouths of 10,000 lustful queers nibbling at his body.

Stud.

The cat who leans nonchalantly against a dirty theatre poster in front of a New York City grind-house theatre, watching for scores out of his eye-corners and making the male-hungry 42nd Street scene.

Stud.

The kid from nowhere who may be wanted everywhere, who leans against the railing in

Los Angeles' Pershing Square and displays his masculinity on the well-known "meat rack."

Stud.

The kid who finds it easier to play for sex-money than wash the world's dishes or scrub floors or clean latrines. He's a jungle cat with the predatory movements of a man on the make. And he's getting made and laid a thousand times before his twenty-first birthday.

Stud.

The young man hooked on hard narcotics who can't kick the monkey and he hustles for his habit.

The stud hustler.

*The Male Hustler*, Johnny Shearer

## **The Strange Ones**

August.

Worst heat.

Wave in years.

August wave.

Fifteen days with skin-tight blue and black weather that was time and cursed trunks under the sun for each ounce.

August.

Molten strength that scalded a relentless white body in slim humidity and stifled the hard kid of slim hard puffed breathing in weather.

August.

The cigarette, which made a high Saturday worse against the front of a long-seamed perch, bulging for youngsters from head and swimming the worst-blue pool.

August.

Strength from nowhere that takes everywhere, that made splashing in country club and blew the whistle on the light "call."

August.

Strength that called it dizzy and gave break-ounce then checked steel of adults and wanted chance or deserted water. Many cigarettes with the underwater thermometer of a day of showers. And it rubbed a parched slim bath before cooler tub.

August.

Fifteen days caused a little boy to trickle to the end and he was against his sun.

August Wave.

## Two (Les Mauvais Anges)

Sky.

Deep sun.

Sky water.

Blue willows with broad calm sunbeams and plane thickets whose leaves slid through summer weeds.

Sky.

Green ground that pierced tall black landscape with wild legs and golden soapwort between wild golden knees glistening in sunbeams.

Sky.

Shirt scorched deep against a half-closed wave in front of a wide-muscled arc, breaking a throat from his eyes, shining in the deep calm nest.

Sky.

Ground from nowhere that collapsed everywhere, that scorched against pillaging in the room and glistened his strength on the enormous "softness."

Sky.

Ground that seemed pale to lay shadow-weeds then lingered in the yellow shoulder or the emphasized face or the snarled cheek. It's an open shirt of white hair and a willow in the grass. And it rolled and pumped a wild tangle before its honey-colored curls.

Sky.

Blue willows charged on Greek forehead who longed the key and he was for his temple.

Sky water.

## Pretty Boy

Sun

Bright ocean.

Gentleness in storm.

Sun gentleness.

Clear ripple with calm, vagrant water and green shore who was lover and saw his water caress the sand.

Sun.

Pure sky who rolled white azure blotch in a blue cloud and swept the still air of blue still banks shimmering from water.

Sun.

Island who retreated bright vagrant fire.

Sun.

Sky from nowhere who heard everywhere, who retreated against waiting in circle and fluttered his trees on the high "plumage."

Sun.

Sky who began tiny to envelop morning-sand and seemed like the eternal nothing or stopped serenity or suspended time. A last island with the innocent season of a ripple on perfection. And it fit and rang a blue vestige before a happy world.

Sun.

Clear ripple streamed on vibrant scheme that rushed the nature it was for its air.

Sun gentleness.



## Behind These Walls

Boy.

Cleancut youth.

Manhood in innocence.

Boy manhood.

Deep charm with blue, sandy colored adolescence and a long fullness that had lips and adolescence with sparkle eyes.

Boy.

Young hair worn by unruly tanned men in lean locks fell on muscled foreheads of fully-developed broad body marring adolescence.

Boy.

Grace that swept clean-cut against a smooth chest in front of a country sleek surface, becoming skin of his nose and hitch-hiking through clean-cut sandy-colored South Dakota.

Boy.

Hair from nowhere trailed everywhere and swept against the living city and tapered on his belly in the golden-tanned “tufts.”

Boy.

Hair that seemed taut rested like wool-eyes around a flat hole or comely thighs or discovered legs. It’s a blonde grace of white rope charm. And it took and headed lean years before this luxuriant moment.

Boy.

Deep charm found on little bed who discovered the weeks and he was for his meal.

Boy manhood.

## **Jailhouse Sucker**

Socks.

Sharp shorts.

Command men.

Socks command.

Eight lines with blue shoes and uniformed guards who stripped sight and were shoes for the ways of boys.

Socks.

Different pants that jumped in clear inexperienced friends from a real position and pulled a nice pecker apprehensive rough meat, hopping in shoes.

Socks.

Taunts that enjoyed sharp, tough lines in front of lousy guy's prison lousy, looking for dealings out of his foot wearing sharp-blue outside.

Socks.

Pants from nowhere took everything that enjoyed the covering of sky and drugs on the smooth "deal."

Socks.

Pants that kept slender to laugh for money-boys then worked jockey pie or made redhead or screamed body. They're dark taunts with the black build or line in the hair. And they marched, collecting real eyes before a shorter build.

Socks.

Eight lines felt in stockier hair that commanded the chest and stripped for the world.

Socks command.

## **A Hidden Hunger**

Garbage.

Cocky can.

Levis in buttocks.

Garbage Levis.

Defiant buttons on skin-tight work shirt and a faded chest that sat hair and stretched shirt with medal on cleavage.

Garbage.

Whitish day that was a blue husky boredom in muscular hands and revealed the firm hip of firm muscular pockets, straddling the can.

Garbage.

Body that shadowed cocky, young sensations in front of a shop and in front of a sweating crotch for positions between his thighs and a cocky worn barbershop.

Garbage.

Day from nowhere that rested everywhere that shadowed accentuating the asphalt jungle in a balance of faded “movements.”

Garbage.

Day that yawned, wrinkled to thrust agility-cleavage and leaned broad on grace or given strength like a continued stallion. It’s a muscled body with the dark shit of buttons on stone. And it arched and sprang like muscular stream before curly curses.

Garbage.

Defiant buttons found on St. Christopher’s animal that cursed school and sat for teachers.

Garbage Levis.

## **Skin Flute Combo**

enough creamy manseed to frost a good-sized cake  
meat beating strokes  
seared by a hot branding iron  
manseed pelted his pallet

## **Infantry Stud**

later . . . much later . . . a bunch of candy-asses like that shitball  
a jelly-roll of flab  
a strange calm  
like a giant cucumber

## **Alaskan Huskies**

fist like a metal cylinder sheathed in . . . palpitating, flesh  
urgently, with no letup  
a quivering mass of raw red flesh in . . . cupped hands

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