

[Union Square Fragments]

FOLKLORE

NEW YORK Forms to be Filled out for Each Interview

FORM A Circumstances of Interview

STATE New York

NAME OF WORKER Herman Spector

ADDRESS 4121 - 3rd Avenue

DATE

SUBJECT Union Square Fragments

1. Date and time of interview

Monday evening 3/20/39

2. Place of interview

Union Square Park

3. Name and address of informant

Unknown strays

4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant.

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5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you

6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc.

FOLKLORE

NEW YORK

FORM C Text of Interview (Unedited)

STATE New York State

NAME OF WORKER Herman Spector

ADDRESS 4121 - 3rd Avenue

DATE

SUBJECT Union Square Fragments

I WUZEN DERE, BUT

Waita minit, waita minit, dissa wot I believe. Fuhgetta de priest, he's got his mine on dare, you justa same likea me. Lee me tell you - I doan care you wanna believe, you doan wanna believe. Is no imagination, dere's some people dey tell you dey seen tings, you cann be smaht. I tell you wotta happen. I wuzen dere. But de way dey tell me dissa happen, I think I wanna believe.

Dere wuzza place, fawty-seckt street near fift aven, befaw dem noo buildings wenn up, dissa bouta waw time. Dissa chauff gotta come befaw de traffic, supposed ta takes de barrel onna truck. Yeah, inna night. It wuzza dahk, inna liddla room. Dis man wuzza young man, [?] goes up de elevayt, put de switch on, de light on, evryting dahk. He look aroun, wot de hellsa matt, he seen in de dahk a culluhd man sittin dere. He get liddla fright, so

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he keep moving, he say Who dere? - nobody answer. En dissa culluhd man o wuz getting bigga en bigga. E trows fyuh from his mout. De chauff holla Moida oppastih, senda eleva yt down hurry up! Dey come widda elevayht. Wassamatta wassamatta? He say, dere's culluhd man sitting on onea 2 de barrel, [?] trows fyuh from his mout. De fawman same goddam ting. Dey tell de story de Boss en also de Boss say I go dere myself tamorra mawn. Same ting! Bosa hissself cann stand, nobody can stand, dissa bout ninedeem fifadeen, sixdeen. You don wann believe? OK,OK. It don't happen ta me but I know dese people, dissa no lie, anyway you cann be too smaht. FEAR AN SOOPASTITION

Gowan, don't lissen ta no preaches! Yull go nuts! What they tellin me about God? They don't know nothin but soopastition, then fellas. That's fa the rulin calas, that ain't for us. Ta me it's nothin this system, it's lousy! Lissen ta me a minute. . . I usedta travel aroun when I wus a kid, I'm self-ejjicated. I dint get nothing prayin I hadda woik for it. Dya think I could get somethin right now if I got down on my knees an started prayin? All them guys know is to keep ya in fear, soopastition.

Yeah yeah, the priest lives bettern anybody. Wottus he care about you? You stop payin him an he won't preach. He don't woik, that man don't woik, he ain't got no job, it's a position. I don't care what they say, natural law in the finest [an ?] on earth. I wisht they learnt me that when I wus a baby. I'd be better off tidday. Whaddeya mean they gotta be baptised? They kin live widout baptism, they Indians live widout baptism. . . That's the profit system, that's what it is! I told ya befaw, them that's teachin about God, blamin it all on God, he don't kill nobody, them is natural laws. I don't wanna go wid the majority, they take these little kids an tell im what ta think so he can't say nothin. I prefer an atheist. An atheist is smarter because they're agonestic, they don't wann be taught by no priests an rabbis. Chicago is got twenny thousan dollas ta talk to anyone afta they're dead, an I'm wid em! Expose them fakers! I don't care who it is, if he's talkin about 3 God he's nothin but a faker. It's fear an soopastition. RRRROTZ!

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Rrrrots! All dem rrrrots! Small rrots sames like beeg, woisa den beeg ! Ash, you fulla boolsheet. Samll fella is faw woikaman you say? Tawka too much . . . Where I gone buy cheap, huh? You know? Fulla boolsheet. I go buy chainstaw, dey gone give me dosen eggs, fresh, de boss, faw liddla money. Wot dis cockroach gone give me, huh? I sessplain diss man, cockroach oney salesman faw beeg rrrrott. He no woikaman, fulla boolsheet! Small boss gone help woikaman? You a goddam lyuh! Wot faw you help small boss, dis rrrrott! You a rrrrott youself!