

# The Penis Gang

by

Leeeway

# Chapters

1. New York, New York ( Blues )	4
2. Sand Castle	24
3. Tan Your Hide	33
4. Have a Nice day, Love	45
5. Albert Einstein	57
6. The Secret of Santa Monica	71
7. Hollywood Rain	82
8. Yucca Mucca	98
9. Homemade Exotic Food	111
10. The Shangrila Motel	128
11. Alabama Hammer	142
12. Strawberry Road	151

13. Uptight Trolley	162
14. Will San Francisco Windup in L. A.	176
15. Housewife Looking for a Home	190
Mama Bakes Biscuits	
When Daddy Makes bread	
16. Ashy White Woman	207
17. Discomotion	212
18. The Eleventh Finger	223
19. Nothing Comes to a Sleeper But a Dream	241
20. I Gamble on Sunday	256
21. Yes Yesterday . . . And No Tomorrow	274
22. Rodeo Gal	286
23. How Geecee Can You Get	296
24. Funny Funeral	314
25. We Saw the Sea Serpent	331

# Chapter One

## *New York, New York (Blues)*

New York New York  
They call it  
New York New York  
It ain't small it's  
New York New York  
I'm gonna take a walk  
To old New York

New York New York  
The greatest  
New York New York  
City and state is  
New York New York  
Oh well I've heard big talk  
About old New York

Do they really have  
Big tall buildings there  
Man yeah  
New York New York

Are the girls really pretty  
In that old city  
Man yeah  
New York New York

New York New York  
Ground zero  
New York New York  
My hero  
New York New York

I'm gonna take a walk  
Because I heard big  
Talk

They say it's oh so nice  
They had to name it  
Twice  
New York New York

Do they really have big  
Tall buildings there  
Can you ice skate all  
Day in the square

Are the lights so bright  
On old B-Way  
That you can't tell night  
From day  
They say

New York New York  
Watch it like a hawk  
New York New York  
Tourist gape and gawk  
New York New York  
The world's tuning fork  
New York New York  
New Yorkers pop my cork  
In New York New York

**“Extreme society anxiety . . . never heard of that!” Claypoole had said shaking his head and looking straight at Billy. Billy remembered well the agony he suffered from fear of death or going mad, plus, both at once. It all came in like an evil tide propelled by an ill-will wind from the past, present, future of his tortured soul. It was something grippingly strange and open to suggestion at any time. Like a malignant horror, it crept over his mind at first, and then his spirit screamed out in alarm from smoking all of that chemically treated, ‘Grim Reaper’ reefer in New York City, the day his beautiful wife Joan’s letter came. Joan’s green, candy striped housedress was clear as her consummate countenance in his head, as was her feminine and hard to the point graphic letter. But now he struggled with them as gothic thoughts. He accepted that the first panic attack had happened over smoking contaminated cannabis before he read Joan’s intimate letter. So he said to himself while shuttering and looking at the dangerous drug, “Wacky wack started the severe attacks.”**

**“Killer . . . weed.” He spoke in a slow, studied whisper under his breath and concentrated on Jerri, the teen-age daughter of his friend Claypoole in Philadelphia. “Yeah”, Jerri had said. “They laced and poisoned the pot with formaldehyde that’s what made it freak you out like this.” Billy remembered, and a gush of foreboding swarmed from a corner of his churning, creeping, crazy brain.**

**Joan had walked with Billy during the worst attack he’d experienced to date. He had thought then his mind would break and inside his head was bloody red, then flaming red. He held on to Joan’s hand and tried to reinforce himself, but the waves of wrath came in intervals, so terrible, as to render him into a helpless scared state, and he admitted to Joan. “I ain’t ... never ... gon’ ... smoke that shit ... no more. If I get ... out ... of ... this ... shit! ... Here it comes again!”**

Joan had been close to Billy that night simply by being sympathetic. Her only questions about his unusual reactions were, “What does it feel like, William? Does it hurt? Is it any better now?” Joan, a PK (preacher’s kid) did not smoke anything, so she could never know the feeling of a normal high, measured by the monstrosity that captured Billy. He breathed harder as they walked wildly through the side streets of Hollywood.

Recalling the first attack in New York City again, he compared his wild walk with Joan to his complete abandon run through Manhattan after he’d read her letter. He’d merely been high, he thought, but he smoked so many joints that day, by the time he got to the second page of Joan’s letter from Hollywood, bam, he went off in the room. The letter literally became a flame, virtually too hot to handle. Billy tossed the letter from hand to hand like a hot potato and buried it in his dresser drawer. He felt he’d been lucky that first time the thing hit him. This strangest of things within him was straining at his breaking brain.

“Yeah!” Billy slipped and blurted out, thinking back to the beginning when he grabbed, clutched at his coat, ran out into the hallway in the Markwell Hotel wearing untied shoes, no socks, pants with the fly unzipped, no underwear, and an unbuckled belt. His hair had been all over his head, and he resembled a madman as he flashed back to his image in the hotel toilet mirror that day. Suicide was a thought that day; the first time Billy ever had the darkest notion of them all. He winced and went on remembering his bout with himself in the hotel hallway toilet on the eighth floor. The window was wide open, and Billy struggled to keep from giving into an uncontrollable urge to jump out of it.



When he lived on Forty-Seventh Street with Betty and her many alley cats, Betty told Billy about a suicide in their building. A woman prostitute, five floors above Betty, had jumped. Betty had described the woman's fall to him in grave and ever so dramatic detail. He could never forget Betty saying the woman cried out, "Fuck everybody!" before she jumped down into the garbage that was dropped from the windows on all four sides of the roach and rat-infested courtyard at the African-American Hotel.

It had been a private show for the tenants who witnessed the depraved woman's fall to oblivion. Betty told Billy she heard the woman scream and shout out, "Oh shit... mama!" when she banged into a window ledge right beneath her and bounced off again into the air. Then she yelled for mercy as her feet first fall became a nosedive into the wall just above Betty. Betty swore to Billy she heard the woman sob the deepest sob of suicide before she crashed head first into concrete, careened off the wall again and hit rock bottom.

Billy managed to free himself from that toilet then. But in his flight down the hotel stairs he was so highly nervous and overly excited; he never noticed nature had spared him the total embarrassment of exposing his condition by raining. It was the sudden rainstorm that he felt had saved him from a more horrid ordeal. God only knew, he reasoned, what would have happened as he fled through the streets from his burning brain until he slowed down on Fifth Avenue and began to walk briskly in the downpour. I'm spared, he thought then, thinking back at the police car that cruised by and the look on the policeman's face when he looked out at Billy who seemed to be drinking the rain and purposely drenching himself. Luckily, the police car passed him, and he continued his blazing pace back to the hotel in the rain.

The difference was clear between the two attacks he knew now. The first time was shock and he ran. This second time he was set for it. So even though the Hollywood attack was the worse, Joan was there to assist him in his plight. They paused at a lonely bus stop on Wilshire Boulevard and waited out the last waves of the attack while sitting on the bench.

That morning after the second attack, Billy promptly attributed his troubles to the weird looking grass. It had a crystallized, bluish-green tinge, he thought, and was so powerful he could only chance a short puff now and maybe in time, a quick drag. Unfortunately, there were lingering tremors of concern after the second attack that caused Billy to go to a doctor for help.

Dr. Almond introduced Billy to the name of his nightmare, when he said professionally, "Mr. Peters, from all you've told me and after examining you, I don't see anything physical. However, you tend to have a little high blood pressure problem, so you must watch your weight and exercise. Your heart is good; I'll take a blood sample, but I'm going to prescribe this for you. The doctor wrote the phobia medication prescription out, handed it to Billy, and said slowly and calmly, "These pills are mild, but if you feel one is too strong at first, take half a pill. Don't exceed more than three pills a day, Mr. Peters."

And Billy asked the man. "What ... what do I ... have?"

The doctor closed his prescription book and answered, "You are experiencing attacks of extreme society anxiety, Mr. Peters."

Billy remembered the professional expression on the doctor's face and then the third attack. He was leaving a couple's apartment upstairs in his building with Joan when it hit from nowhere, and Joan quizzed him again. "Can you walk, William? Come on let's walk." They had walked around to the side street where the old nineteen sixty-three Chevy was parked, and Joan said cautiously, "William, can you ride?"

Billy followed her, got in the car, and she drove off. By the time they reached Beverly Hills, Billy told her to stop at a Mobil Station where he bought a coke and took a yellow Valium pill. He got back in the car, and she drove him through Maple Drive, their favorite residential street, to thwart his terrible turmoil. Then she headed back home, where he unwound and finally relaxed.

The pills Dr. Almond prescribed had been perfect, Billy believed. He could see himself taking three a day with ease. Things had gone fine until a week later and the fourth attack. It came down so hard nothing helped, so Billy and Joan wound up sitting in the emergency ward at the Presbyterian Hospital in Hollywood. Billy's mind raced back to the fourth attack and how an acting job had come up out at Universal, and all he had to do was read six lines. He and Joan had gone there together, but the job was filled by the time they arrived, and they left.

When they returned home, Billy took one pill and drank a half a glass of wine. Then he began to shiver and shake, so he sipped some of Joan's coffee to calm his jumping nerves and bam! It hit him again, sending him scurrying into the shower and out three times. The attack had been unbelievable; it seemed to know no bounds as the queer pangs of solid sharp blows to his mind, body and nervous system forced him to swallow another pill, his second within the hour.

Billy's eyes burned as he and Joan hurried to the hospital on foot, where he talked to the orderly on duty in the emergency ward, quizzing him outright. "Hey man ... could I have died from those two pills?"

The man looked up from the information he was copying on Billy and answered with a detached smile. "You mean OD. Oh yeah, you could easily. And you had the wine too and coffee, right?" Billy shook his head and the guy said flatly. "Some people pop those pills like candy though. Look, have a seat. You're ok. The doctor will see you soon. I'll call your name."

Billy hated hospitals and he was having a fit holding on as everybody in emergency was. It had been so intense containing the pure pressure, that when his name was called, he was breathing heavy, sweating profusely, and his heart pounded out into the doctor's stethoscope. He could hardly wait for the diagnosis the doctor would give. After he was examined, the doctor explained the same thing to Billy as Dr. Almond had. The interpretation was different, so Billy was confused. "When you're older, say forty-seven," the emergency doctor said, "You'll experience some other symptoms. Just try to stay fit. Some woman actress almost died a month ago. You probably know her work. She looks like Lana Turner, but I don't remember her name now. Anyway, she took the same pills with liquor."

Billy and Joan walked back up to Western Avenue on an overpass. He felt the panic grip him, looking down at the streaking cars and trucks rolling under him. So he rushed away from the frightful thought of leaping over the rail and into the fast flowing, freeway traffic below.

A week later, Billy told Joan what his Dr. Almond had said and done about the fourth attack. After he told her, Joan said the snickering doctor simply tickled him, maybe on purpose, while examining him. And a ticklish, supercilious Billy went into convulsions of giggles and guffaws. Subsequently, the doctor said, "Mr. Peters ... that's you." And although he knew it was true, it still bothered him as he concurred, looking back at the doctor's simple statement of fact.

"Yes, it's me!" He said out in a clear voice. "It's me! This thing ... this ugly, frightful thing is me!"

Joan had denounced the doctor for giving him the pills and not thinking to tell him not to drink liquor with them. Billy told her he asked the doctor about smoking marijuana with them. The doctor thought and said "No!" Joan was convinced Billy didn't need the pills and should stop taking them. But he depended on them, many a day, until Joe Blow came down with some cocaine about six months later and gasped at all the empty pill containers Billy had saved on the shelf.

Things were tranquil and smooth when Claypoole called from Philadelphia and asked Billy to direct his community service players for a local television play. Billy flew home to Philadelphia and thirty thousand feet up he felt his ears pound and ache, until he was forced to call for the flight attendant. When he told her his problem, she handed him a paper cup and told him to breathe in and out of it, and this would relieve the pressure. It did just in time, Billy believed, before his head burst. Although he still refused to link the attack in the plane with extreme society anxiety, it nevertheless posed another problem for him, the fear of flying.

Claypoole picked Billy up at the airport and took him straight to rehearsal at the TV studio. Afterwards, they had dinner and cognac. Billy remembered how he drank cognac for four days straight and skipped his pills for the first time in seven months. But on the fifth morning when he took his bath, he suffered his fifth attack. He jumped naked, dripping wet from the tub and just barely got back into his bedroom at Claypoole's house unseen. Billy shook with spasms of shivers and quivers and quakes of shakes that unglued him. So he called out to Claypoole and told him about his misery.

And Claypoole said, "Yeah, Billy Pete. Ya oughta cut that cognac back too. Ya know ya been at it hard, man, and that shit will give ya a fit."

Billy had an aunt in Yeadon, Pa. and he could go there and jog. He decided to leave for the weekend and vowed he'd never touch cognac again. Claypoole's simple statement had given him a break and some of the bad feeling had subsided, allowing him to pack his bag for nearby Yeadon and a weekend of exercise and relaxation.

He could still see it all clear as anything and remembered Claypoole saying, "Billy Pete, I can't drive you to Yeadon now. But since you feel so bad, man, take a cab there. Don't take no bus or train, man. Shit, if you freak out, you know, you'll have some privacy." Billy took Claypoole's advice and two hundred dollars for the weekend.

He reminisced that the sixth attack struck with the untimely advent of Ann Hines insistence she could help him over his dreaded disease. "Shit!" She had said. "I'll take your blood pressure; I've got all that shit covered. I use to be a nurse and I'll get your Valium too, Bill." Billy settled down with the woman and his seemingly good fortune, but there was a hitch. The fat, unattractive actress wanted him bad, and she tried every trick in the book to have him. Then he became afraid to allow her to massage a massive force of fear and flood of freakish feelings, which came smashing into his mind, after she flung her wig across the room and exposed her nappy short Afro to him. Her hair was so close to her head; Billy froze and swore to himself she was a man. So he insisted she show him her vagina as proof. She did and stayed with him all night taking her humiliation in stride, while dutifully rubbing his back until he fell asleep. That morning after she left, Claypoole told him not to worry, and that it was no wonder he went off again. As the fat, ugly woman, Ann, had caused it with that flip of her wig. Billy had to buy the man's theory in order to go on.

His seventh attack came while eating scrapple, baked apple, with cheese and eggs on Market Street downtown when the frightening familiar pattern began to run its course in his mind. He ran out of the restaurant and stood pitifully on the curb, emotionally rattled in the morning rush hour crowd. Activity had alleviated the attacks full seizure this time because he had the distraction of checking out the costumes for the play at a rental costume shop in that neighborhood. Being busy seemed to help although he almost went off twice in the street. Now, because the assignment became more demanding and less rewarding, he finished his work and left Philadelphia for Hollywood.

The night flight back was pleasant, and Billy figured his weight loss had played the biggest part in his new attitude. Plus, he had some money from his endeavor and got as tipsy as he could get without getting drunk. Thinking this and drinking thus, he avoided all of his cerebral complications. California Chablis was mellow. He drank a half-gallon a day for three months, stayed in his apartment, watched TV, and ate like a horse until he became bloated, big as a pig.

“It’s a wonder you ain’t dead yet, brother!” The Black Muslim had said to him as he left the Hollywood unemployment building. Pig was poison Billy knew, but he licked his lips thinking about his New Year’s celebration and the way he loved swine.

A doctor on TV had commented, “Yes, extreme society anxiety can be avoided if more people simply do what they feel best doing. It’s the stress and strain of becoming highly involved with something you secretly don’t like that causes much of these people’s problems.”

“Soul food for thought!” Billy cheered and wondered if he should be an actor. It was certainly stress and strain. “Yeah!” He shouted, “It ain’t no picnic!” And he sliced the ham so thick it was in hunks on his wad of bread.

“Heart attacks!” Joan said coming back from work at the telephone company. “A fat sister no older than us died on my shift today. It was awful. She grabbed her chest and went to Jesus!”



Billy could not resist the memories coming one after another, their damage done, filling his mind and spilling over into his subconscious. Then his recollections centered and zeroed in on the time Joan was bitten savagely by the apartment manager's dog. Billy grew cold at the thought of the ferocious, mongrel beast, the Irish, newly widowed, drunken woman baby talked and called, "Panda! Pretty Panda! Good Panda!" Billy's whole world had changed when the dog's sharp teeth sank into Joan's shapely, luscious thigh after she returned from a late shift at the telephone company one night. The dangerous watchdog had gotten free from the gin-soaked, morose manager and charged Joan who almost got away. But as bad timing would have it, she failed and was bitten three times on her long lovely leg.

The vicious dog incident opened another door to Billy's problem that seemed to be under control. He guzzled down the Chablis with just a hit or two from an angel dust joint he had hidden in the refrigerator's freezer. Billy hid it from fear of its devastating effects upon his mind. He planned to run around the block in his jogging suit, but over six others had complained of being bitten by the dog. So he stayed inside and waited for the dog's biting spree to stop.

Now, the door to his imagination had been opened by the power of PCP to any bad suggestion, and it was too late to stop the train of thought that came speeding through his brain and crashing against his weak spirit. As Billy cowered in corners, he fled his own bloated, bulky bulging, big ballooning body's shadow, and the attacks returned full force at random. Somewhere between the eleventh and twelfth one he asked himself back then. "How hard will they hit? I bet one more like last night could kill me."

The night before, he had snuggled close to Joan for comfort, but he felt his jangled nerve endings become unraveled and exposed. It seemed there was no way to move, turn, or lay in the bed without coming apart at the seams. Then upon rising and going into the kitchen for a glass of the white wine, he encountered the sharp point, sharp edge syndrome as he ran from the knives in the kitchen that shined and gleamed menacingly, daring him entrance, for fear of cutting himself to pieces.

Billy called out to Joan and she got up to get his wine. This jumpy feeling continued taking control of him for two weeks, and he was a blubbering wreck by the time Joan came home from work everyday. He prayed for the weekends when she could nurse him full time. Billy believed then Joan's attentive attention could stop the thrust of the thing gone berserk inside him. But this was a mutable, myopic myth because it hit him so hard once, when he became aware again, he was on his knees in the bathroom soaking his mentally battered head in the commode. Joan came in answer to Billy's desperate screams. She stood startled in the doorway, staring at the fat, shaky, scared stiff man she use to love and cried. In a daze, Billy could still see her fabulous face, along with the psychiatrist, Dr. Rogers.

Dr. Rogers was firm and insisted on prescriptions no matter what Billy or Joan thought. He prescribed Prozac type; purple pills that were so powerful, Billy slept for days at a time until the bad dreams got him and sent him crashing out the first floor window screen, buck naked and in total shock. He had been lucky and felt, as it was not the top floor and only a few feet down; he'd escaped death again.

His first consistent, conscious understanding of the uncanny, unbelievable effect the attacks had came when he found he had the misfortune to be able to think a thing, and it could come down upon him for real. Billy made a tremendous mistake and thought seriously one day out loud, "What if I was blind and when it hit I couldn't open my ... my eyes! My eyes! My eyes!" He'd screamed like James Brown that day he went temporarily, hysterically blind.

Joan had insisted Billy consider going to the institution at Camarillo for the mentally disturbed, but Billy refused and hid in the closet until he thought of being buried alive. Joan had Dr. Rogers come for Billy with an ambulance, but the psychiatrist had just missed him, and Billy escaped. While running on Santa Monica Boulevard, he made the most godawful mistake he could in his extreme society anxiety-ailing frame of mind and took a short cut through the Hollywood Cemetery. A crew of caretakers had to get him out of Douglas Fairbanks seniors' reflection pool, where Billy tried to revive himself from the crushing fear of actual death all around him. He finally got out and walked the back streets by Columbia Studio, soaking wet and at his wits end from the attacks that constantly plagued him at will.

Billy survived the night, but caught a cold so bad he had to go home, sneezing and coughing all the way. Joan was there and packing. Billy remembered her threat. "William, if you don't go to Camarillo, I'm going back to San Francisco. I'm sorry, but I can't stand it!" Joan broke down; Billy came over to comfort her, but she ran hollering like Aretha Franklin from the apartment.

He was trapped, alone with himself, and as he fought not to think, feel, or anything, he became so stiff he could not move for two days until the phone rang and snapped him out of his self-inflicted paralysis. It was Dr. Rogers and he said, "Mr. Peters, if you learn to live with it ...fine. But I feel you should come on your own to my office now. Your very lovely wife called me from San Francisco and told me of your suffering another attack. Well, Mr. Peters ... it's your life, as we can only study your illness until we diagnose it. It's a rare case you have there, but hell; we can try if you're willing and cure this problem with you. . . . Mr. Peters?"

Billy hung up and felt a shock, an electric shock run up the length of his arm when he imagined being electrocuted by the extension cord on the telephone. Now it was too much and too many attacks all at once. So he tried to shut his mind and come back to reality, but his temples throbbed until they banged him like jackhammers. The veins in his head began to swell and constrict. Terrified, he dropped the purple pills on the floor and felt his mind would explode in a million pieces of never matter. The phone ringing again shattered his most serious attack to date. He answered and said in a faint whisper, "Help."

Pasadena, his wild, ultra hip cut buddy, as he called the black, young, rising movie star, instigated with a sarcastic tone. "Billy Pete, you is what you eat!"

This caused Billy to laugh in spite of the gnawing concern he felt, so he shook his head and asked, "Where the hell are ya? Shit, man, I got a bad scene here, you dig? Somethin' freaky and far out ... my head's bad too, man. Yeah, it's playin' funny games and things on me. Shit, I ain't myself and Joan's gone home. Look, you git over here before I'm wasted by this shit!"

Lost for words, Pasadena held the receiver and listened to his deeply troubled friend. Then he managed to say, "Billy Pete, man, you gotta stay cool and loose. Dig, 'cause ya beckon, I reckon I'll be there on ya case in a slow San Francisco second. Oh, and this oughta hold ya till I get there. I got a brand-new ride; we can break it in, clear your head up out in the open air and shit. Yeah, hang on man, later!" Pasadena hung up, and Billy moaned in sort of relief at the prospect of airing out his crazy condition with Pasadena in the new automobile.

He remembered how Pasadena had given him L.A. killer weed that played a major part in the serious attacks he'd suffered in the beginning stages of his misery. He thought back to that day and how he believed Pasadena had smoked three or four joints out of his own bag, but didn't suffer any of the same awful symptoms. Billy recalled how Pasadena had only gotten high and began to crave Pat Bell, the voluptuous, young secretary in their agent's office on Sunset Boulevard. Billy had met the irrepressible Pasadena in Gabe Klein's office where they both were signed as actors. Pat Bell had been hard on Pasadena's hard-on when he, as he phrased it, 'hit lightly on the supafine sistah. ' But she refused all of his many advances and showed an obvious attraction to Billy instead.

Billy had been thinner, plus, mentally and physically fit then. And against his will, he'd landed three pimp parts in as many so-called blaxploitation films. Although Billy's scruples were strained and he did not like the image he was forced into, Gabe Klein insisted that was the only work available, and Billy best grab it while he could.

Pasadena took the hip-talking knack he had into six of these low budget sex and violence orientated films. He enjoyed not only the steady pay checks that came every month to Gabe Klein's office for him, but he was a fast rising star, and his popularity with movie goers in the black communities all over the country was the clincher. Billy nodded as he thought about having his chance at the right part that inevitable day that he'd worked for in Hollywood, on the boards of Broadway and all over America in bad plays and out and out flops. Now however, there was another problem. It was not whether or not the big break would come, but could he handle it with his sickness. Suppose, he thought, "I freak out ... on the fuckin' set!" The mere idea of cameras catching his act of extreme society anxiety at its apex caused Billy to gasp and shutter.

Even though he needed money badly with Joan gone, he'd have to shun the acting profession. He'd lost his job; the dreaded disease had taken his career, and yes he thought, it had ruined his life. Just fifteen minutes or so ago before Pasadena called, Billy knew he was dead, but it had only been the most terrific, terrifying experience of his life. This was the way of this thing; evidently, he shrugged and surmised. He was highly susceptible and a vulnerable victim to the mere suggestion of mental aggravation as any negative idea that crossed his nervous brain could cause the loss of his sanity and life.

Pasadena arrived, knocked hard at the door, and sang the theme song of his latest picture. "It's the man! It's the man! It's the man in me baby! Make me wanna bring out the woman in you, girl."

Billy snatched his door open, walked out, and slammed it shut, insisting, "Man, let's split from here. Your new ride's just what I need now." Pasadena looked at Billy who was in worse condition than he ever saw anybody. His body was grotesquely out of shape, and his big stomach gave him a very unnatural protruding pregnant like look. His hair was kinky and matted all over his head. Billy needed a shave; his foul smelling mouth was twisted in the corner; his nose was runny, and his eyes were crusty and red. The shock of his state of mind was in his wild stare. Billy stank and his soiled sweaty clothes had a homeless stench.

This caused Pasadena to say, "Hey Billy Pete, man, why you don't throw some water on ya self ... ya dig? I got time, they ain't shootin' my scenes till tomorrow, Jack, so we gonna boogie, man!" Billy ignored Pasadena, walked briskly down the hall, around to the lobby and out the door. Pasadena followed him on the run, caught up to him in the street and said, "Billy Pete, you ain't jivin', shit man, you fucked up!" Billy glanced over at Pasadena and shook his head in agreement. Pasadena pointed to the brown Mercedes on the corner and said proudly, "That's my ride, man. We goin' to Malibu, ya dig ... the water be good for you, man." Billy got in when Pasadena unlocked the passenger side of the car. Then they headed out the 405 south, onto the 10 Freeway west to the Pacific Coast Highway toward Malibu. Pasadena offered Billy cocaine and marijuana, but he refused it and began to shake.

## Chapter Two

# Sand Castle

We can build a love sand castle  
Beside the sea  
We can build a love sand castle  
To last eternally

If the beach is overcrowded  
I've got a perfect spot  
Where we can build a love sand castle  
And make love a lot

In the sands of time  
Swear forever you'll be mine  
Let our hearts entwine  
And we don't need to spend  
One thin dime



*As the waves of love come crashing  
The tide comes in  
Your love is warmer than  
The sunshine  
Beaming down on my skin*

*Someday I'll build a love sand castle  
Made of steel  
When my dream  
Comes true  
I promise you a palace for real*

### **CHORUS**

*We can build a love sand castle  
Build it so high  
We can build a love sand castle  
Up to the sky  
We can build a love sand castle  
Just you and I  
We can build a love sand castle*

The beach at Malibu was a-pick-me-up for Billy. He tipped around an expertly, constructed sand castle, removed his shoes and socks, rolled up his pants, waded in and out, allowing the giant, polluted ocean to lap at his barefeet and legs. The salty, turquoise, colored water splashed up and onto him, and he welcomed the cold spray of sea air and wet slaps against his body. He bent down to catch the waves that broke full force in his face and hair. He took off his shirt, balled it up and then threw it on the beach to continue his impromptu back-to-nature therapy.

Pasadena was stretched out on a beach towel in the hot sand, wearing black swimming trunks and smoking a joint in the sun. Billy was drenched from head to toe and he relieved himself in the ocean. His bowels began to float at him and bob back and forth until he escaped them. Replusively, they emerged and submerged all around him as if flushed in a giant toilet bowl. He pulled up his purple underwear and pants, adjusted them, and fell backwards into the ocean. Billy could not swim a stroke, so Pasadena noticed him drifting further and further out into the deeper water. The waves buried Billy and he went under, his hands and arms splashing with his legs kicking wildly in the air as he disappeared.

Pasadena ran out into the water and dived in after Billy, grabbing and pulling the drowning man who was frantically fighting him and the sea. A woman and her companion in matching yellow flower-patterned bathing suits saw them and came running down to help. They joined Pasadena in the rescue attempt. Pasadena had Billy around the neck and the two women dove under to raise his body so they could guide him back to shore. Billy had collapsed from the exhausting ordeal and was barely conscious, but alive when they reached the beach and laid him down on Pasadena's beach towel to work on him.

The prettiest woman shook the ocean from her orange hair and said, "You'd better do it; he's your friend, right?"

Pasadena understood, coughed out the water he'd swallowed and wheezed out between deep breaths. "I ain't kissin' no cat, ya dig? That's a scene for one of you."

The other woman bent down and frowned. Then she grimaced up at the sunshine, came back down, and caught Billy full on the lips to apply the mouth-to-mouth resuscitation necessary to revive him. Another woman joined them wearing a red wet suit with matching scuba gear. She had hooked flippers slung over her back, goggles up on her forehead; she carried a spear gun, and spoke with an anti-African-American accent. "What is he, drunk ... or something? It's too deep to wade in now, or didn't he know?"

Pasadena had simply used his new wealthy friend, Dr. Geppetto von Gelding's invitation to come to Malibu anytime and use the good doctor's name as a reference. Then when Pasadena could not find the mysterious medicine man's beach house, he settled for that section of the beach instead. The women sensed he and Billy were intruders, and the woman with the orange hair said accusingly, "You don't live here, so you'd better leave. We live here and we have to report what happened. It's the rules on the beach to report all accidents."

The woman that gave Billy mouth-to-mouth first aid was spitting furiously and glaring at everyone. She seemed to resent the fact that she'd volunteered, and they'd refused to help. And now it appeared she only saved a nobody who didn't even belong there.

The woman in the red wet suit began to threaten Pasadena and reprimand the two women, "It's the same all over now ... no privacy ... nobody respects your right to it. You pay for it, and still they come in on you. He almost drowned out there. You two should have stayed away from him. You only encourage him and this one." She intimidated them, looking straight at Pasadena who had come back into his own, and jumped on the woman verbally.

"Bitch ... you crazy? If these here bitches hadn't of showed, shit, Billy Pete there would be a fuckin' deep sea ghost!"

The woman with the orange hair argued to protect her reason for getting involved. She resented the accusation the woman with the Aryan aggressive accent in the red wet suit was making against her, so thought, better judgment. The other woman that sucked the water from Billy's lungs continued spitting in quicker intervals and she mumbled, "God ... damn, he called us bitches and after all I did too, goddamn!"

The woman in the red wet suit let the spear gun rise up slowly at Pasadena on the sly as she said, "You're to take him and leave now. The proper authorities will want to talk to them ... and you," she spoke to the spitting woman who was gagging and heaving up her good deed for the day on the beach. "You should never have become so paramedic with a ... stranger as this one. No! You could catch anything that way. It's ..."

Pasadena was furious and he shouted out his feelings at the impossible woman. "You nuts bitch? What!? Look, git the fuck out of here before I ..."

But the woman in the red wet suit had figured on some kind of resistance to her words when she threatened them. So she aimed her spear gun straight at Pasadena's heart, and the other two women jumped back out of the line of fire. Pasadena was taken aback by the woman's move and he felt at bay and helpless against her nerve and weapon. The woman had dropped her flippers and was standing in a wide stance. Her nostrils flared; she tossed her head and spat the words at him. "You are symbolic of your breed, aimless and shiftless. Yes, you are worthless indeed and you would come here with that." She pointed down at Billy who was still on Pasadena's beach towel, coughing and spitting to clear his lungs and throat of the sea. "What is your name!?" She ordered Pasadena sharply.

And he responded harshly, "Goddamn it! Ya shoot that thing off at me ... you better kill me. 'Cause I'm gon' kick ya ass, ya hear bitch!?"

The woman with the orange hair spoke up and said nervously, "We didn't want all of this, no matter what you say with that spear gun. We just came to help, but you. ..." She said looking at the woman who pointed the weapon at her now. "You're acting strange. I hope you don't freak out and ... shoot!"

Billy groped the air, touched the woman who helped him the most, and she tried to jerk away, but he caught her leg, reached up and supported himself on her well-balanced body. She gave in and helped him up with Pasadena's assistance.

The woman with the spear gun turned the weapon on Billy, and he said self-deprecatingly, "I'm stayin' out of that shit from now on. I couldn't swim, but I had to get in the water." Then he blew his nose with his finger and thumb, pinching his nostrils as he turned his head to clear his nasal passage. The woman Billy was holding onto was literally and figuratively his prisoner. She tried again to break free but was compelled to hold him up when he faltered and fell to one knee in the sand castle.

The woman in the red wet suit with the spear gun began to take steps backwards. She bent down, put on her flippers, looked over her shoulder and backed down the beach, pointing the spear gun at the foursome. Suddenly, she turned, waded in the ocean and she was gone.

The four looked at each other, and Billy spoke first asking, "Do you lovely ladies live near here? I'm starving, or are you married ladies? You don't seem to be happy with my recovery. Well, I'm ok now, and you saved my life with Pasadena."

"Pasadena?" The orange-haired woman blurted out and stared at Billy as if she questioned his sanity.

"...Yeah." Billy managed slowly, still holding on to the other woman's arm. "My friend here is Pasadena. Oh, we haven't had introductions all around yet, I see. Well, I'm Billy." Billy looked into the light, soft eyes of the woman he'd begun to lean and rely on and eased a smile across his tortured, battered, unshaven but proud, brown, handsome face. Joan had said Billy's face was all he had left when he gained all the weight and lost his figure.

The woman blinked the sun from her eyes, squinted up into Billy's smile and said, "I'm Marsha... Marsha Hindley."

Then the orange-haired woman said, "Billy and Pasadena huh, ok. Well, if you're better now, you'd better go, man. That woman could come back with the police, and it's against the law for you to be here, unless you're a guest."

And Pasadena jived, "I'm a guest...shit. I got contacts everywhere. It's cool ... hey don't I know you? You work at MGM, right, in make-up, right, for that blonde bitch that they paid to be.... Well, she played my main ho in my last movie."

The orange-haired woman questioned him, "Your last movie ... you're an actor? I never saw you before. No, I've never seen you in a movie."

**Billy helped Pasadena out with the impression he so desperately wanted to make as he made motions with his hands to explain his importance. So Billy said flatly, “Oh, he’s a movie star all right. He’s new, but he’s telling you straight. Don’t let my looks fool you either. I’m an actor too.... Well, I was till ... well, anyway what’s your name? I’d like to thank you for helpin’ me out and all, ok?”**

**Billy beamed a smile at the orange-haired woman, who said, “It’s Cara... and you’d better go before it’s too late, man!”**



# Chapter Three

## Tan Your Hide

Children laughing  
 Playing kid games  
 Tan your hide

Topless ladies  
 Hot sunbathers  
 Tan your hide

Dune buggies at low tide  
 Strip down let's take a joy ride  
 By the seaside  
 Tan your hide

Tan your hide  
 Down by the stagnant ocean  
 I've got a love tan lotion  
 Bona fide to tan your hide

Tan your hide  
 Tan your hide  
 In the noon day sun

Tan your hide  
 Tan your hide  
 Til the moontide comes  
 Rollin' in

Tan your hide  
 Tan your hide  
 We can start a fire  
 Tan your hide  
 Burning up  
 With red hot desire

Sea gulls dolphins  
 Sharks eat humans  
 Tan your hide

Choppers and yachts  
 Haves and have-nots  
 Tan your hide

Hang gliders slowly glide  
 While surfboards  
 Slip and slide  
 Get southern fried  
 And tan your hide

Tan your hide  
Buried in dirty sand  
Beach beauty and muscle man  
Forget your pride  
And tan your hide

Tan your hide  
Tan your hide  
Where the sun don't shine  
Tan your hide  
Tan your hide  
Pay no never mine  
To people watching

Tan your hide  
In greasy water  
Under smoggy sky  
Tan your hide  
Tan your hide  
Til you're satisfied

The four wheeled around at the sound of a dune buggy coming fast behind them on the beach. After it approached them, two well tanned, muscular young men in white canvass shoes and blue life guard outfits with long sandy hair, thick under their sun helmets, stopped, got out and ordered, "You two guys will have to leave the beach area; it's private.... A lady told us you were causing her trouble and she's ready to press charges!"

"Charges!" Pasadena exclaimed. "That bitch is nuts, man. I bet she didn't tell you she had that fish gun on us, did she?" Pasadena looked from one man to the other and finished. "Yeah, just what I thought, Jack. Ya took the bitch's word; now you gonna hassle me and my man here. Hell, he damn near drown... ya dig? Where was ya then? These bitches, I mean women come to help just in time, shit."

The two beach patrolmen looked at Billy. Then the one that spoke said, "Look, if you don't get out of here in five minutes, you can tell it to a judge and a jailer. I'm givin' you a break, the lady that reported you wants you both locked up, so hurry up!"

Billy cleared his throat and started to speak when the woman holding his arm tightly said, "Hey, it's ok, they're with us. Don't bother them with all that crap; it's a misunderstanding, they're ok!"

The woman named Cara fumed noticeably at the mesomorphic beach patrolmen while they looked from face to face. Then the silent one spoke, "Is that the way you want it? Think about it.... When we leave, you'll be responsible if there's any trouble. So if you're lying, well, don't come cryin' to us then!"

Pasadena was firm, "She told you where it was at, man, and you did your thang. Now why don't ya split! "

The bigger of the two men went for Pasadena, but the other man grabbed his arms quickly and told him, "It ain't worth it. Don't screw up Dave.... We'll leave 'em with the black oil slicks, let's go!" The biggest one named Dave followed him reluctantly; they got back in the dune buggy and left the frustrated, fuming four standing in the ruined sand castle.

Billy smiled again in the woman's gray eyes, and they laughed together at the unpleasant incident, but most of all the lie that had linked them together. Then Cara chided her friend openly, "That was a nutty thing to do Marsha. Now we're involved if they do something wrong before they leave the beach area. Those beach cop guys will blame us, I know!"

But Marsha ignored her friends warning and said, "Billy, if you want to, you can come up to the house and have some health food. That's all we eat. . . . Oh, you too, Pasadena."

Pasadena was speechless over Billy's success with the woman as they went off arm in arm up the slope towards the white, wood framed beach house the women rented. Pasadena picked up his beach towel and tried in vain to put his arm around Cara's waist while they walked together, but she ran up ahead of him and went in the screen door behind Marsha and Billy, letting it slam in Pasadena's face, and he cursed her, "Shit bitch, I'll split, fuck it. Hey, Billy Pete, you gonna hang, man? I'm splittin', so can ya get back and shit?"

Billy looked at Marsha who promised, "He's gonna be ok, Pasadena. I'll drive him back when he's ready to leave. Why don't you stay too? Cara's feeling ugly now, but you can have some cottage cheese with pineapple or ..."

Pasadena shrugged his slight shoulders, slapped Billy's hands to say, "Dig man, I'll check you later. I gotta be gittin' back in my ride now, later." He handed Billy the beach towel, left through the screen door, headed back to the section where his brand-new Mercedes was parked up on the road with his street clothes inside it. Cara had her portion of the cottage cheese and pineapple on a plate with a book on a tray. She passed by them, went into the room directly in front of her, and kicked the door shut.

So Marsha elaborated, "She's angry at me, but she took it out on Pasadena. It's something she always does, don't mind her." Billy watched the soft gray eyes warm up and change color to almost white light as they searched his. She got up quickly, went into the kitchen, and dished up the cottage cheese with pineapple.

Billy looked around the place and noticed the hearth was blackened with the charred ashes and soot left from the burning of driftwood the young women had in two piles on the hardwood floor. The hearthstone, broad front fireplace, shot straight up into the ceiling and was gone to the outside of the house, where it became a chimney.

The whole house was on one floor and apparently had two bedrooms, with one bathroom between the bedrooms. Before when the bathroom door was ajar, he saw the familiar black and white checkered tile floor start and stop. Then there was white porcelain leading up to the top front end of a bathtub.

Marsha came back with a tray, put it down on the long dark, narrow coffee table in front of Billy, and smiled at his expression, staring at the lunch. "You don't like it, do you?" she said knowing the answer on his face all the time. "Well I know, we can go to the Malibu Marina and pick out our dinner after you rest. Yes, we can eat good, fresh fish then. They've got everything there, and the prices are reasonable. We'll go in my car after dark, so eat up and rest. Then it'll be my treat for dinner, and afterwards I'll drive you home, Billy."

He took the plastic fork and began to toy with the milk curds in the leafy, green lettuce. Bravely, he chanced a chunk of fresh, ripe pineapple and savored the exotic flavor around his palate, feeling the refreshing cool mingle with the brown taste in his mouth. "Marsha", he said, softly speaking her name, "you kissed me back to life out there, and I enjoyed having you do it. You know you saved my life and all. Thanks!" Billy was grateful, swallowing the fork full of cottage cheese, and to show his gratitude, he forced it down like he did with all such health type foods. But as it happened, the cottage cheese was appetizing, so he began to eat with Marsha, and she advised him.

"Billy, you should eat health food. It would solve your weight problem. I know, that's why I eat it. I was bloated all out of proportion like you until I tried it. Cara and I rent this place spring and summer and it's the sea air and exercise that did it for me. Now I never touch the junk I use to eat.... No way!"

Billy looked at Marsha and tried to imagine the well-sexed body beside him on the couch, fat and slovenly, but he couldn't. She had a crooked tooth and a red bump on her chin that she unconsciously picked. So he advised her, "Don't pick it; you'll get a scar this soon. You'll have to wait two more days, then it'll be ripe and you can pop it!"

Billy felt he'd done the young woman a favor, and she asked. "What do you do, Billy? Are you an actor too, or was that all a joke on the beach?"

"Yes, he admitted, I was an actor, but I hit some skids in my life. So now I really don't know what I am." The words he uttered were sad but true. He chewed and swallowed his pineapple chunk to continue. "I'm having this bout with myself. The doctors say its extreme society anxiety, but I think sometimes I'll go crazy and die, Marsha.... It's rough!"

Billy's voice broke when he spoke, causing Marsha to reach up and hold him in her arms. His mouth began to tremble. He felt a gush of blood rush to his head. The tears popped out of his sensitive brown eyes, and he sobbed freely in the comfort of her embrace. Marsha stroked Billy's temples; he relaxed and sniffed back the last of the crying spell that was as necessary to him as rain is to springtime. He was peaceful for the first time in months and went to sleep. When Billy woke up that next morning, Marsha had put a heavy patched quilt over him on the couch. She'd placed a pillow under his head and slept with her door open, so as to be ready if he should awaken during the night and need her.



**Cara was calmer, but she still resented Billy's presence. He heard her say as he opened his eyes the next morning. "He's up now. He can go. Let him take the bus, or he can hitchhike like the others!"**

**"Cara!" Marsha warned and came over to Billy with a smile and some piping hot herb tea she'd been brewing. "Good morning, Billy. How are you today? You can really sleep; you were beat, I'll bet, huh? Here, drink this. It's hot so take your time, and I'll get your rice and honey!"**

**Cara was hard put over Marsha's involvement with the fat stomach, dirty, unkempt person she'd known Billy to be. She was at her wits end deciding how to reach Marsha who she feared was falling in love with the man.**

**He placed the cup of herb tea down on the coffee table by Pasadena's freshly hand washed, dried, folded beach towel and got ready to get up when he realized he was naked. Marsha had taken his clothes off, washed them, and tucked him in. Billy wrapped the beach towel around him, walked to the bathroom, closed the door, and used the toilet. He saw his clean, dry shirt, pants, socks and underwear, hanging over the shower curtain rod. He put them down on the toilet seat with the beach towel, showered, dried himself, hung the beach towel on a rack, applied her spray deodorant all over his swollen, wrinkled body, and combed his hair with the big brown comb he took from the washbasin. Then he saw his legs were still athletically strong in the mirror. He admired his face and looked for a razor to shave it, but there was none. So he dressed quickly and patted his huge crop of black wooly hair down on his handsome head and made his re-entrance, a refreshed but hungry man.**

**Marsha interrupted Cara before she insulted Billy again, by pointing to her bedroom and saying warmly, “Billy, your shoes are on the top of my dresser. That’s my room.... Go in and get them. I forgot to put your toothbrush out; it’s on my nightstand. It’s brand-new; make yourself at home. You’re my guest for as long as you feel like staying.”**

**He was aware of Marsha’s empathetic feeling for him, but maybe she needed him as much as he needed help. He went into her room and put on his shoes. Then he went back into the bathroom with the toothbrush and winced as the hard new bristles scraped his tender gums. He spat out the blood mixed with the tooth powder Marsha used into the basin. He rinsed his mouth in the basin, washed the basin out, thought of Joan, and joined the two young women arguing over his presence in the house. Billy spoke to Cara who was mad as ever. “Look, I don’t want a hassle, so after I talk to Marsha, I’ll leave and you can relax, ok?”**

**Marsha looked straight at Cara and reprimanded her sharply, “You’ve gone far enough! You stop it! You’ve got Bill and you can call him and leave for the weekend. How dare you intimidate a guest of mine? No, he won’t leave on your account.... So stop it!” She was stern and continued, “Billy, you stay and get your health back. It’s your diet that causes the problem you told me about. Yes, and I will help you recuperate, that’s the least I can do for you!”**

**Cara tried for the last time. “Damn Marsha, that could take weeks, he’s a mess. You and your strays, you’ll never learn, will you? Ted ... Trent ... yes, and Collin, plus, all the other beach bums you rescued that took you for everything they could and ...”**

**“Stop it!” Marsha erupted. “Shut up or I won’t speak to you until you apologize, and you hate to apologize, Cara, so be quiet!” Marsha was angry. Billy sat down, sipped his tea, and Cara left them and drove away.**

**“Well” Billy said faking concern, “Looks like I busted up a friendship.”**

**“No, she’s a pain in the butt when she’s selfish! She’s had her way so much she doesn’t know any other way. Oh Billy, by the way, it’s best not to eat anything for one hour after you drink. Yes, if you mix liquids and solids, it turns the stomach sour. Now I’ll plan all of your meals, and if you stay on this diet and exercise, you’ll be back to your normal self and better in....” She stopped speaking, looked at Billy’s blubber and asked, “What’s your normal weight, Billy?”**

**He scratched his head and guessed, “One seventy...I guess... why?”**

**“Oh.” She went on. “I’ll need to know so’s I can tell how much progress we’re making. I know!” She said excitedly. “After we run on the beach, you’ll weigh, and I’ll jot it down. Then you can eat the rice and honey.... Yes! And you sleep on the couch, ok?”**

**Billy thought about his apartment with the rent he owed and couldn’t pay. And if he lost the weight, he couldn’t wear any of the larger sizes in his closet, but he consented anyway. “Ok, it’s a deal.... I’ll reimburse you when I go back to work. Yeah Marsha, it’s a real good deal!”**

**They laughed together, and Marsha pulled the dark brown curtain open. As daylight swept the room, she pointed out the window and said convincingly, “I’ll run you into the ground today. Take off your shoes and socks and that purple underwear of yours will look just like swimming trunks. Hurry up.... You’ll eat after your work out.” Marsha was dead serious about helping Billy and he knew it, so he took his clothes off and left them on the couch. Then hand in hand, they ran down to the beach together, shattering sand castles and scattering sea gulls in their wake.**

# Chapter Four

## Have a Nice Day, Love

*Have a nice day love  
Have a nice day love  
Have a nice day like they say*

*(Repeat)*

*Sooner or later  
You get what you deserve  
And you deserve some lovin' today*

*Sooner or later  
You get what you deserve  
And you deserve some lovin' right away*

*Sooner or later  
You get what you pray for  
You pray for love you get love in time*

*Sooner or later*  
*You get what you pay for*  
*And lovin' me won't cost you*  
*One thin dime*  
 \_\_\_\_\_*Top*\_\_\_\_\_

The sun was a gleaming golden ball, and the clouds were over shadowed by the glorious, bright day that turned the sky on bigger and better than a glaring floodlight at a Hollywood premier. It was white and yellow and shimmered over the blue sea. The waves came pounding to the shore until they lapped around Billy's feet again. He ran huffing and puffing behind Marsha who was very fast and athletic. She gracefully pranced down the stretch of beach, splashing through the ocean's edge, and as she ran, her laughter was contagious. Billy hooted and hollered behind her on her heels. The beach was alive with little creatures of the sea, and seaweed was strewn about at random by the Pacific Ocean. They ran until they reached the rocks, a large cluster of rocks that crossed the beach and jutted out into the sea, where white foamy surf slapped against these miniature mountains of Malibu. Billy thought of all the movies he'd ever seen with beach scenes in them. They climbed up on the rocks and caught their wind. He looked back, and the bluffs were there, complete with the picturesque homes and green semi-tropical foliage. He turned to catch a glimpse of a silver gray small plane flying past the sun and into the hazy clump of thin clouds above it. A yacht was off to the right; the sails were puffed by a gust of wind that came in from the horizon. They watched it ease off to the end of their known world.

**“Have a nice day, love!” Marsha said, smiling her sunshine all over Billy. He returned her smile for smile, and she coached him, “Ready to go ... too much of a rest breaks no good. Let’s go Billy!” Billy shook his head, wiped his brow with his hand, and followed her down the craggy rocks. Marsha was off and running again, and Billy felt the pull of every muscle, organ and bone in his body while they lunged onward to destination, slim physique.**

***My Ego All but Plummeted at my Distended Stomach  
As Instead of Lean  
I Find Myself Embarrassingly Porcine***

**Up ahead in the middle of a wave, they saw the woman in the red wet suit. When the wave rolled over her, she was gone, and they continued to jog the beach until they reached the starting point. Marsha paused, held her head down, took deep breaths and asked, “Did you see that red witch out there, Billy?”**

**“Yeah!” he managed to say as he sucked at the air in gulps. “Well, she can’t cause trouble now.... I’m really your house guest.”**

**Marsha caught her wind back and said mysteriously grim, “You know I could of sworn I saw her point that damn gun at us before the wave hit.” Billy was getting his breathing back to normal while he walked with Marsha back to the beach house. He thought about the woman in the water, and he knew she was the same one that threatened them the day before. He tried to recall if he saw her point the spear gun, but he couldn’t.**

**They went inside and Marsha spoke authoritatively with a big smile. “Billy take a cold shower, weigh on the scale, and I’ll write your weight down in my notebook. Hurry, keep moving and your blood will circulate. If you stop too long, the weight will settle back. Now you’ve shaken it up, so it’s redistributed all over your body, see?”**

**He obeyed his coach and took the shower. Marsha howled as Billy yowled when the cold water drenched his overgrown body. He looked down and dreaded going through the fat gut man’s biggest dilemma, of not being able to see his sex organ for the blobs of fat that accumulated over what was left of his absent abdomen. Then the pubic hair was so hidden, there wasn’t a trace left, just wrinkles of hairy weight. Billy felt his urine ran weak, thin and slow, so he sat on the toilet like a fat woman and urinated. When he got up his penis was caught between his thighs, making him look like a woman, he imagined, and he thought it probably resembled a vagina that way. His chest was hairy, but his nipples were enlarged and protruded to the size of a woman with small breasts. He looked at his buttocks in the full mirror on the door and thought how women look at men’s behinds too.**

**In his last picture, one of the bit players with a big Afro told Billy she liked his booty and blushed. The woman had been cast as a whore from Atlanta, Georgia and she was built like a “brick shit house.” Pasadena had said and laughed as he shook his huge penis in the urinal. “Yeah!” He’d said, “Billy Pete, man ya oughta git to that boogie and tighten it right on up! She digs ya, man!” Billy looked down again, but the flab blocked his view. He settled for pulling up the fat and got a full front view in the mirror.**



**Voilà, there it was, the lost penis all drawn and shriveled with tiny testicles that were wrinkled and unimpressive to him. He wondered about Joan and how she'd been attracted to Gerald Ames in San Francisco. The talk was the man had a particularly big interest hanging between his legs, and if a woman were lucky, he would jam her with it. Joan wouldn't confess an interest in the phenomenon between Gerald Ames legs, and the first time Hedy Lamont mentioned it, Joan lied in front of Billy, and he recalled her saying smugly, "It ain't what ya got, it's how you use it!" Billy had thrilled, Joan, but did he fill her, he wondered before, and it bothered him that he felt inadequate in bed. As a result, he began to masturbate and have unusually early orgasms when he had intercourse with her.**

**All of this penile pondering was attributed to his abolished arousal and acute awareness of his own intimacy inadequacy that prompted an overrated obsession with other men's sex organs in Joan. He went through a period where after he'd been caught and admitted his guilt that there were other women in his life, maybe Joan was entitled to a fling. He all but hand picked the men as his obsession grew, and Joan began to have affairs. At first, she would not relate the adulterous facts to her husband, who seem to salivate over her admission that she was having extramarital sex. Billy stayed with it because he was possessed and begged Joan to tell him who they were, these strange men between her Virginia ham-shaped, mella yella thighs. Even if he knew them, he swore he would not get angry. But she did not want to reveal the source of the power that made her full buttocks wiggle girlishly as she hurriedly prepared to meet them in her best clothes.**

Joan smelled so good all the time. She loved perfumes that cost a fortune an ounce, and her feminine flair put Billy in a masturbation mystery of melancholia melodrama. He waited and watched for her to come back, walking the floor and imagining, as he could, the encounter going on simultaneously with his voyeur vigil. One adulterous night about four in the morning, Joan returned head-over-heels in a mad dash romantic rush and began to pack a bag. She announced over her shoulder that she'd be gone for a week. Billy was all over her like a shot with curiosity; he bargained to let her go only if she revealed the man's name and some staggering, dirty details that would make it all worth his perverted while.

Joan stood holding her packed bag and realized that her husband was serious. She put the bag down, sighed and said, "Gerald 'Dinkie' Ames ... his dick's as long as a ruler, I think. It was dark ...and well, he couldn't get it all in and ... ooh yeah, I creamed three times tonight, and he's waiting!"

Billy was a statue then when the words he thought he'd enjoy smashed his sexual world. A glutton for punishment, he demanded some kind of proof. Joan looked at him, raised her green dress, pulled her panties down to her knees, squatted, dug into her soft Brunette, good hair pie, curly crotch, yanked her diaphragm out, and flashed the sperm filled rubber container of the man's seed in Billy's face. He still got a chill remembering her saying from the bathroom as she washed the diaphragm in the sink. "He's hot natured as hell!" Joan could have, as they say, literally knocked Billy over with a feather when she relaxed, douched, bubble bathed, dressed, and left for a week with Gerald 'Dinky' Ames.

Marsha snapped Billy out of his trip down memory lane that raced through his masturbators' mind. "Hey Billy.... I gotta get in there. It's time to eat your rice and honey, ok?"

"Oh ... yeah ...yeah ...ok!" He cooperated and left the bathroom wearing the beach towel.

Marsha passed him, went in the bathroom, cracked the door and asked, "Did you weigh, Billy?" He heard her urine hit the toilet water in a steady squirt. His genitals unraveled, he felt his sex organ swelling and stiffening at the thought of Marsha's firm tan thighs spread out, her anus and vagina gaping wide open like now on the toilet around his penis. She had tawny colored hair, and it was tasseled; then her breasts were healthy and womanly. Marsha had the pimple problem and a crooked tooth that robbed her of a pleasant, pretty face and instead made her settle for a comely face. Her nose was cute enough, and her dimpled cheeks were red balls when she smiled that big, healthy grin she had for everybody. But it was her overcast eyes and round, plump buttocks that attracted Billy to the thought of approaching her sexually.

Unfortunately, the mood was all but crushed because Cara returned with a man in his thirties, and they came to the same conclusion looking at Billy's average size erection imprinted against the towel. Cara ranted sarcastically, "I hoped we'd get here in time, Bill. What do you think?" The man looked at Billy's carnal condition and watched until the small protrusion under the terry cloth towel disappeared.

Before the man could speak, Marsha came out of the bathroom calling Billy, "... Oh, you're back, Cara, and with reinforcements I see. Hello Bill, meet Billy. Don't stare you two. Well, at least you have the same names in common."

Marsha looked from friend-to-friend, and finally the tension reached a reasonable facsimile of cordiality. The man nodded back at Billy's grunt and glare. Cara was still after the complete evacuation of Billy from the premises and she never let up. Bill, the thirty-five year old writer of paperback books, spoke up, "Well Marsha, what have you here, a big fat Jody? Oh, but maybe you don't know what a Jody is."

Marsha shook her head, ignoring Bill, and said, "Billy, get ready to eat your rice and honey. Cara, you and Bill can have some. I made enough." And she walked back into the kitchen.

But the suspicious man continued to probe into Billy's business, "Well ... when we came in, I'll bet we interrupted something, huh, big fella? Hey, I'll bet you didn't have time to tell Marsha here your impudent intentions."

Marsha reproached Bill while carrying a tray with one portion of rice and honey she handed to Billy. "What are you talking about, Bill? Well ... what's on your brain-picking mind? Why are you asking these vague, personal questions of Billy?"

And Cara tiring of the boring dialogue said, "He knows what we mean. He had an erection when we came in. Oh you never knew, you were in the john. But he was standing there stiff as a tiny board, waiting with God only knows what on his spurious mind and ..."

**Marsha stopped Cara cold and stated flatly, “Oooh I know all about it. You didn’t ruin it for me; we’ll still pick up where we left off after we eat. Have no fear.” Billy’s penis began to rise firm and full under the towel again at the prospect of sex with Marsha. And although Cara had tried to block him, it was hopeless for her to do so, and she’d be forced to accept him soon.**

**Uncertain, the perplexed paperback writer, Bill said, “Oh, then you are aware ... of his little impure intentions? And it’s ok!? But Cara, you said ... well, never mind. Look, Billy ... I’m misinformed here; forget that Jody crack. But you are big and fat!” Marsha and Billy laughed with Bill. Cara went to her room in a huff and slammed her door, causing Bill to say sheepishly, “I’d better get in there now while she’s brooding, or I may not get another chance until you make her jealous again, Marsha.”**

**They all laughed together, and Cara smashed something glass against her closed bedroom door. Bill tiptoed over with a leer on his face, opened Cara’s door, went in shouting, “Ouch” from the broken glass, and closed the door behind him. Marsha looked at Billy and confided, “She never has learned to live with me, she’s impossible. Every time I look at another man, she’s this way and worse. What do you think her problem is, Dr. Billy?” Marsha was sitting on the couch with her tan legs pulled up at an alluringly, attractive angle. She was loosely slouched a bit in Billy’s direction while joking about Cara’s reactions to all the men she ever talked to around the possessive woman.**

Billy looked at the design on Marsha's swimsuit, and there was a big, yellow flower over her abdomen and he said of Cara, "She's ok...and this rice and honey's better than I thought. Can I have seconds, coach?"

"Ooh no! It's forbidden to gorge yourself with anything, but tonight we'll go to the Malibu Marina and hangout. You went to sleep on me last night." Marsha's easygoing ways with Billy changed his thoughts and he considered the young woman's possibilities as a romantic interest in the brand-new life she was helping him build on the beach. Her smile was wholesome, true, warming and understanding. She was sympathetic without becoming sloppy. She was strong and stern with him, but when he asserted his authority on a subject, she never questioned him or his theory, nor did he hers, making them highly compatible. She was graceful and charming although not pretty. Maybe, he thought, he could help there. He could make her so happy she'd become pretty. Thereby, he consoled his constant preoccupation with beauty.

Joan's outward beauty was a passion with Billy, and of the two women in the beach house, Cara had it made. She had that orange tinted hair that covered her wolf whistled at waspish face. Her eyes were big, blue, bewitching beacons in her highbrow head that scornfully called out to Billy to come and be ruined by them. Cara was built, not as built as Pat Bell, the secretary at his agent's office, but built slender and neat with a compact chassis that made Billy think about Pasadena's classy, brown Mercedes. The freckles over the grapefruit-sized breasts Cara heaved when she flaunted her disappointed body in his direction, changed the course of his erection, until Marsha whispered, "Billy are you going to make a liar out of me?"

He looked at the urgency in her light gray, soft serious eyes, blinked and whispered back, "I been ready twice.... I was waiting for you, Marsha!" She got up, took his hand, led him into her bedroom, and he closed the door behind her. She sat down upon her big waterbed, and he pulled the towel off and let it drop between his legs.

She touched his hair tenderly and told him, "I liked your hair first; it's got that black sheen halo around the front, and I got hung up on it!"

Billy chuckled slowly, tossed his head back with pride and whispered, "Yeah ...I got into your eyes. Always dug me some soft grays.... You've got eyes for a rainy day, babe!"

"Oh!" She said laughing sexy in his eyes and touching his arm. "I never heard that before. I like that, so you like my rainy day eyes.... Good!"

Billy was grinning as he thought and said, "I confess your buns are mella to me.... Oh yeah, that's why I follow you when we walk or run, so I can see 'em shake!"

Marsha threw a hip at Billy, giggled, wiggled and winked. Then she said with a blushing smile, "I took it all off you last night. Were you embarrassed?"

Billy blushed back and he began to sink into the subtle soft, slow style they'd stumbled on that was serving them the best foreplay and tension breaker either had ever known. They continued sure as not to break the spell of sex that caught them up in the genitals and made the fluids of fornication flow gently to the fore. They touched lightly and spoke praises, simple but eager endearments and most of all direct confessions of commitment and desire. "No, I wasn't embarrassed." Billy lied. "I was cool, but tell me sweet eyes, did ya peek?"

At that they both laughed slow and gazed into each other's soul. And Marsha admitted, "Ah ...hell...what the hell, babe? You know I did. Yeah man!" The mood was suspended in a mutual caress that swallowed them up, as inhibition after fear was lost, and they were emboldened, daring and free to make natural love. Billy unfastened Marsha's swimsuit top, and her pink nipples, on white bountiful breasts bounced forth. He touched her open quivering mouth, gentling the spirit in the woman, so that she kissed the air until he put the tips of his fingers on her puckered lips again. She squirmed when the freaky feeling claimed her aching anus. She sighed, reaching out to receive him and his dark, hot ripe penetration. But it was his tongue that found her passion and struck the blow that caused her to bite his arm muscle and nibble at his hair when he looked up at her and laid his head on her firm belly.

Billy was in good form for Marsha, and his appetite was ravenous, likening her juices to nectar and drinking it from her tawny colored cup during coitus. Her breasts behaved perfectly; Billy squeezed them tenderly. Then with a hint of savagery, he sucked at her nipples that were taut, tiny tips of temptation. He sipped at the curly haired cup before him, and she was the sea with roiling breakers over and over, heaving and spreading herself with wanton pride at what nature provoked in them both. She felt the wave of no return grab at her psyche; the flames became electric, and she cried out a nymph of the ocean. Like some crazed, lost, lovemaking mermaid, she moaned her madness when Billy entered her and stroked her pelvis with the palm of his hot hand. Marsha's legs were prone until the last wave and when the uncontrollable happened inside her, she let them fly like flapping wings, lost at sea with her gonads groaning, bay windowed, brown lover. And they floated unabashedly spent for the remainder of the day.



## Chapter Five

# Albert Einstein

Albert Einstein

Albert Einstein

Albert Einstein

Albert Einstein

Albert Einstein

Albert Einstein

He could really blow your mind

Albert Einstein was a genius

Ev'rybody knows

He discovered E equals  $MC^2$

He split an atom in mid-air

Albert Einstein had a mathematician's mind

Multiplying and sub-dividing all the time

Albert Einstein was a blessing to mankind

He could really blow your mind

*Albert Einstein had a theory of relativity  
In his laboratory dreary  
He'd smoke his pipe so peacefully*

*Albert Einstein had a mathematician's mind  
Multiplying and sub-dividing all the time  
Albert Einstein was a blessing to mankind*

*He could really blow your mind*

*He had the great presence of mind  
To theorize light years in time  
Astronomical amounts  
He could brainstorm space and count*

*A cyclotron was in his head  
Of nuclear physics  
Future dead  
He calibrated  
Drops of rain  
In a tropic hurricane*

*Albert Einstein*  
*Albert Einstein*  
*Albert Einstein*  
*Albert Einstein*  
*Albert Einstein*  
*Albert Einstein*

*He could really blow your mind*

There was a loud knock at the door, and Cara answered it. For about twenty minutes, Cara and Bill were laughing with and at a strange voice that seemed to be everywhere as it rambled on and on, in and out of every subject it touched upon. Billy had never heard Cara laugh and he was mesmerized by her crisp, bold cackle that seemed to seep under Marsha's bedroom door after him each time Cara let go of it. Bill seemed a nice enough guy, Billy thought, lying there with Marsha, and she said, "If more people talked until they felt it, everybody would get that special bang out of life ... like we did, huh, Billy?" Billy kissed her slow and sure, as she wallowed in the afterglow and whispered, "The odd voice you hear out there belongs to an old friend of ours, his name's Coastal Eddie."

Billy turned and looked into her soft gray eyes and he whispered, "Oh yeah ... he sounds like that kind of a trip. No wonder ... he's funny. Billy relaxed and listened to Coastal Eddie's words that came under the door while Marsha squeezed his hand and snuggled up.

Emoting and enunciating haughtily, the man with a spaced out voice said as if in an echo chamber, “They were all out to lunch, you know? Well, think about it, knowing what you know now about life and shit, would you have crucified Christ? Well, look ... if you could meet some guy like Jesus, who could cure all of your ills, I mean, and bring you back to life if you was cool and believed in God. . . . Whoa, dig on all the fringe benefits ... the bread from stones and all those fishes and the water into wine. Oh! They were all out to lunch to kill him... no way!” Everybody laughed and agreed with the simple truth Coastal Eddie shared with his friends from time to time on his way, swimming up and down the coast of California.

The psychedelic prophet spoke again, “I converted a pimp in San Diego at the Wharf Rat, a seamen’s waterfront hotel, last Saturday night. Oooh, but was he ever ready to come over to God ... but first he shared the wisdom of his experience. He bragged about being practical ...yes, a practical pimp. He claimed oral sex as the cure all for all sexual relationships, period ... except when a woman was on her period, that is. He said he’d started out that way from tongue to gums. He boasted he was in his seventies, but he swore sucking lasted forever. He said think ‘bout all the times you can’t get it up and all the effort to control the urge to let go and ruin it for your unsatisfied partner. Therefore, cunnilingus was the best benefit for both sexes.

He had an audience as we thick-skinned, transient tenants listened and he continued. The old pimp talked to us an hour and swore his tongue had never failed him. I was skeptical because I knew a woman named Louella, so I used the wall phone and summoned her to me for living proof against the idolatrous behavior all around me. I called out the old pimp, he stood up and I challenged him. I said I’ll produce a woman and if you can satisfy her ... like you say ... with your tongue, I’ll

let you have my golden chain. But if you fail, you must become a convert in my new religion, you old bastard you.” I called him that in strictest confidence. He shook his baldhead, and I cut ‘em off and said in a voice like I sound now. “Look pimp, you suck the woman, Louella and you’re right, but if you fail, you are in my services, pimp!” The old pimp asked me if she was dirty or ugly ... burnt down there, and did she have a disease? Was she alive or dead? Then satisfied at all my answers, the old pimp laughed, and the cheap hotel lobby became a proving ground for his highly recommended art of oral sex against the power of this psychedelic prophet’s penis. Yes, I added the challenge of my own power against the pimp’s ... for the hell of it. Plus, I was horny as Jody in jail.

Well, well, well ... Louella walked in and all the rough n’ rowdy types in the lobby jumped up, and I told her the deal. She shook her bosom and popped her gum, and we got ready by clearing the pool table. Louella stripped and shimmied free of her garb and we all feasted on her black, sensual naked features. Her sexy, big brown eyes flashed around the room at the bulging eyes and trousers of the dirty old men there.

“Hey dere little bits!” The pimp said, advancing and licking Louella’s cleavage. The men groaned in unison as she flopped on the pool table, spread her long black limbs and revealed her twitching purple cunt to us one and all. The pimp grinned, went down between her black thighs, sucked at her goodness ... swallowed and spat the sex from his mouth with the curses he hurled at her. I pushed him aside and made my entrance into Louella, who bucked and wiggled in full view of them all,

until I hit pay dirt and brought in a gusher that shook her senseless. Afterwards, she dressed and got ready to leave the room. But the old pimp yelled, “Hell naw, somethin’s wrong! Wait gal, now what you got up in there taste so bad I gotta spit shit and quit, so he wins the bet like this!?”

And Louella said, “A diaphragm full of secret UCLA scientist shit I mixed in my jelly, Pops! That’s all y’all!” She left the lobby; I won the bet and got my nuts off too.... Uhh, uhh, uhh!”

Coastal Eddie was so impressive Billy had to meet him. He and Marsha laughed as they dressed, then they joined the others who were in stitches with convulsions of laughter at the character in their midst. Billy and Marsha were holding hands and wearing a big black and white smile when they entered the main room of the beach house, where Coastal Eddie greeted them with a bowl of peanuts by the fire, “Hi, I laced ‘em already and you got it, Marsha.”

Coastal Eddie was cold in the face, and he had a chill around his body while he stood there stark naked. Billy chewed and swallowed a laced peanut as he inspected the short black man’s anatomy. He eyed Coastal Eddie’s genital area and was satisfied the man had no more than he. Then Billy noticed Coastal Eddie’s feet were caked with dried mud, and his squat body was without a trace of grace as he rambled on saying his sayings and bringing a bit of the wild to them.

Billy and Marsha sat on a pile of pillows in the far corner and enjoyed the spectacle. Then Coastal Eddie was proud to say, “I have been on the fringe of forever. I am the wide eye of nimbus back from the void. No hope is in sight. We are prisoners and we are free. I am a photograph of space and if you permit me, I will show you the satellites that are my eyes.... No border is apparent to them only my nimble brain.

The camera can click and control the image caught up in my vast range finder. Thus, I jettison before I am launched. Your doubts are my true ignition from earth’s orbit and entry into lunar orbit. I descend and my excursion is a dark dream, a complete turn around ... an optical release and I am boosted and I do rendezvous and quickly depart, prior to impact, moon miles and air altitudes of about an orbit above the moon. Epochal journeys are my destination. My star is too far and would burn out before I could reach it; erstwhile, my radar, my antenna redirect my course, and vent my velocity in short burst and focus the iris of infinity inward as I make my re-entry and splash down in your minds. Uhh! Uhh! Uhh! If I take another trip, you’ll be the first to know 9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1-lift off!”

Billy reached over to get another laced peanut and the room was blinding light. He screamed as the bottom dropped out of his life. But the face of the future came smashing into the present, he thought, and he felt suddenly alone. Then Cara cried, and he kissed her. She snarled, the rest went black to a pale blank ... and sea gulls screamed and screeched like depraved things.

The up was down and vice versa. The vice versa became Cara's climax as Billy sucked and slurped, and his sex organ was a rocket he exploded into space, where the stars flew by like flickering flames. When he tried to close his eyes, they opened, and his mouth was full of blue bowels. There was a freedom of high nuclear flight and tremendous acceleration, and his brain began to fill to the brim and spill over. He felt he passed out, but he was suspended and hung on as the power chords of some unearthly music came crashing down upon his ears, and they rang with enchanting eerie sounds. Billy began to turn and squirm into an atomic maelstrom and Albert Einstein said, "Billy, my  $E=mc^2$ , means I fucked my cousin."

Joan spoke to Gerald Ames. "Take it out Dinkie! Is it in ....Oh! Baby! Don't do that to me. Oh! Honey! Please don't ...uhhhhhhhh! Pull it Dinkie! Please! Oh! Yeah! On the side ... much better please, don't ohhhhhhhhhh! Dinkie! Too much please! Wait! ... Stop! ...Oh! Let me move my legs. Don't you move Dinkie. Just lay still, that's...ok...now slow...yeah! Oh! No, don't go fast! No, that's too hard! Dinkie not so...wait!"

Joan's screams of excruciating pleasure pain, co-mingling, catapulted Billy back to San Francisco, where in the Diggs Duplexes, he watched at a party while a stranger to him, but friend of the host attacked Joan verbally and Billy had seen the man render her feminine, surrendering before his very eyes. The argument had been over something long since forgotten and unimportant. But it had served, nevertheless, as the prelude to what Billy always believed was Joan's biggest secret. Joan had said the stranger: a math teacher from Oakland was of no real importance to her. Every time Billy said, "Yeah ...you argued with me the same day before the party. You were wrong as hell, but you never gave in. Then this strange niggah disagrees with you, and you melt all over!"



Joan never failed to say, “He smelled like old newspapers. I didn’t like him. He and Diamond called me from the parking lot the next day after you left. They wanted me to go with them, but I didn’t.”

Now Billy’s mind burst out a decision on Joan’s innocence or guilt, and he cried out somewhere inside himself, guilty! “How did you know he smelled like old newspapers? You were sitting over by me and Hedy was between me and the stranger. You had no chance to dance because I blocked your moves and killed your grooves. You swear you didn’t go with him that next day he and Diamond tried to steal and share you? Well, that’s the only time you could have known he smelled like old newspapers. You told me about Diamond, the bisexual, coming over while I was in Hollywood at Paramount on that slave picture. That’s when you cracked; you and I would make good slaves.

Oh yeah ... and what about Diamond making you run so wet you had to change your panties after he told you about his sucking everything he could.” Billy was a blur to his own recollections; then he saw Joan in bed and his sex organ felt as if it was pulling out of its socket with an erection that filled his being.

The man over her was dark, muscularly lean, mean and cocksure of himself. Her sweet squeals of joy hit decibels that staggered Billy. The sperm churned within his body from head to toe. He simmered as her hot, yellow thighs wrapped around and flung loose in intervals when the man leaned on one knee in the bed, seemingly to gather her buttocks to him while she gasped, sobbing the sex from her soul.

Her mouth was open and a red rim of every prurient picture of pleasure Billy ever thought of. Her squeals of delight made dogs howl. She beat his shoulders and heaved herself at him with all the lust that consumed her. Then the man moved in black, bold, bull-like strokes that sent Joan's arms and legs flailing in every direction. He lifted her to him off the mattress; she swooned and Billy screamed when the man humped steady and stronger. Her baby cries of total submission sent Billy away as the most squeamish feeling he'd ever know, seized him, and he crawled into his anus to stop the squenching throb there.

Billy remembered Marsha; he reached out for her, but the woman in the red wet suit was there instead, holding the spear gun. She had no face now. Billy turned to run and she shot him square up his rectum to the hilt. Cara's orange vagina was in Billy's face; he parted the haired milky lips there and lapped up the wasp's meaty womb like a creamsicle. The woman began to laugh, passing gas in Billy's face, and he hung there while the bowels of rejection ran down his frown.

Hairy, white male legs drew near and Billy recognized Bill, the paperback writer, behind Cara as she backed into his thrust and gyrated her buttocks and spun her breasts until her stretched, contracting alimentary canal was full of Bill's red swollen penis. Billy grabbed for her spinning breasts; she winced and licked her lips unabashedly. Then when a heavy hump caught her unaware and pounded into her small intestine, she shrieked. He rolled to keep up and take her from Bill, but Marsha was there with split breasts, sans the soft gray eyes in her bleeding sockets.

Billy swam away; the sky broke and fell into the water like hot ice. Pasadena was there, but his hands were tied, and his legs were cut off at the knees. Billy began to drown and he reached out, but drew his hand back quickly when Pasadena's penis flexed back and forth like the life raft that Billy had to grab or drown. Instead, he gulped at the crush of water going into his lungs as he sank.

His estranged mother and father were locked in the missionary position, and his mother began to shout out like she did in church. Her buttocks bumped and grinded out the sex act, and she became gross and pitiful when she begged for the Pentecostal preacher, Reverend James. The 'big package' preacher who called his proud penis St. Peter slapped Billy's father and kicked him in the butt; then he mounted Billy's begging, pleading mother, who sucked all over the Holy-rollers svelte black body, while he had his predatory way with her.

Billy walked on the bottom of the ocean floor and the submarine in front of him fired a volley of penis torpedoes that just missed him. He stepped on an electric eel, and the shock sent him jumping out of the ocean. He washed up on the shore of the Island of Sin, where his sister, Obscene Irene, bared her over-developed breasts. He ran, but she was there again, exhibiting the dark recesses of her pussy that gloated at him.

His paternal Grandmother Peters, who threatened to sit naked in his face, embarrassed him. He saw her scrawny wrinkled body and ran off into the dense jungle to hide. His daughter out of wedlock, Judy, was there in a red riding hood outfit. She came over and pulled his penis that was so big, she could not lift it to her open mouth. And before Billy could move with all the weight between his legs, it was erect and popped up, knocking Judy into a tiger's mouth, where she was gobbled down whole before his very eyes.

Billy ran from the Island of Sinful Thoughts and Deeds in the darkness of his brain. It began to rain, and the water was like hot popping grease. It blistered his skin, and he jumped back into the ocean, bounced up and kept on running across the water like an athletic saint of sex, with his giant penis swinging free and dripping the drops of semen that were as coagulated globs of butter, causing severe pain after each multiple orgasm he had along the way.

Every woman he'd ever wanted flashed before him and sampled his tremendous dick. Someone called him in his agony/ecstasy of the ages, but he was afraid and rendered himself like a child to protest the feeling growing that he would be drawn and quartered by all his enemies, as they were congregated up ahead. Freddy, his most hated enemy, grinned the broadest, evil smile Billy had ever seen.

A cruel woman's voice called to him, "Billy Pete ... I've waited eight years for this day. She tore the skin from his body and gouged his navel. Immediately, he knew it was June, Judy, his daughter's hateful mother. He tried to fight them, but Freddy and Horace, the college football hero, beat him unmercifully, while June raged, "You married that high yella whore and made me have my baby single. I swore I'd get you back. You faggot-eyed coward!"

She scratched and snatched at Billy's face. He felt the skin there tear and rip from his head. Freddy growled, "His dick ... git it Horace. Here, take the razor and cut it off!" Billy saw the blade go down silver and come up dripping blood red. Pain gripped his body and mind, then he passed out. Through the void he smelled Joan's perfume. He called her and she said, "You have a handsome face, William. One day you'll be famous ... that's why I married you!"

**Jesus was at the end of a long dark tunnel, dressed in symbolic white. Billy traveled to Him on a ray of yellow light. Jesus had a large penis that jumped out from under His robe and a lecherous look upon His face when He said, “Ye of little flesh shall feel and know my greater flesh!” Billy struck Jesus across the mouth, beat Him down to the bottom of a pit, stomped the Savior viciously, and Jesus wept.**

**Helena, the beautiful sixteen-year-old, orally-anally sodomized, raped and murdered girl Billy had nightmares about for two years before he got married, was there as she’d been laid out at her funeral. Her throat had been cut and her head was severed from her body, but the mortician did an excellent job. So she was morbidly beautiful in her casket. And as a last favor, her mother had finally consented to allow her to wear bright, cerise lipstick on her perfect lips, all the way to the grave and beyond.**

**Billy was frozen as she floated to him and reached out, her eyes still closed in death. She was naked and cold when her body touched his and he withdrew into a ball inside himself, with revolting repulsion and unimaginable despicable disgust. Her eyes opened and his soul screamed out to Jesus under his feet in crushed hunks of battered, broken holiness. Her head fell off and rolled down the tunnel in a cry so shrill, it curled Billy’s toenails.**

**He leaped off Jesus and fell out of the tunnel into his own pit of punks. They were everywhere, the worst of them, switching, blushing, and touching him. He cried as he hit them, kicked them and even bit them when they assaulted his male dignity all around him.**

**So Satan said, “Servant, you are of my kind.... Go and commit yourself to my task, and I shall give you a dark dick that measures your fancy in length, so smooth, big, round and firm beyond your wildest wet dream. Its majestic symmetries solid, stiff to the touch and dripping hot as flesh can stand; ye do my bidding!”**

**Billy saw Satan’s face of sin and he was tempted to submit to the devil’s desire. And Satan spoke again, “Doest thou remember me from thy youth, when I came to thee as in a dream and showed myself? If it be so, then wilt thou know me now when I say, tis but a turn of the head that unbinds thee from me. But if soever thou would’st partake of my oath and my bond, ye owe me that which He on high would claim from thee throughout eternity. It is upon thee now to be hence mine and follow at my heels as thou did the woman Marsha, who is my servant, as all those in her presence are likened unto me. So be it as ye stand on my hellish highway.”**

**Billy struggled with all his strength and flung his soul from sin as he turned his head. Satan laughed and spoke saying, “Better than ye have chosen me, I will not come again. You are as I leave you.... Unto Him that hath claimed you!” Satan’s laugh was deafening. Lightning and thunder tore the living nightmare to shreds as Billy began to float upwards, then the cracked peeling sky passed by him when a voice within him spoke in a clear divine tone and said, “If I be your choice, ye are truly a child of God, but if ever ye reject any other of mine in my name or thine own, ye shall dwell in a devilish place.... Go now and repair thy early doings to regain my grace!” God was the last straw, and Billy descended back down from heaven, returning into the midst of uncertain reality.**

## Chapter Six

# The Secret of Santa Monica

*The secret of Santa Monica*

*Is*

*I wanna be a superstar*

*I wanna have my name in lights*

*So bright you can't tell day from night*

*That's the secret of Santa Monica*

*If my one in a million dream comes true*

*I'll have a million to spend on you*

*But ain't it a low-down dirty shame*

*One million people feel the same*

*That's the secret of Santa Monica*

*I waved at the sea  
 And the sea waved back at me  
 I reached for the beach  
 But the beach was out of reach  
 As fame and fortune can be*

*The secret of Santa Monica  
 Is maybe I wandered out too far  
 Drowning my troubles in a bar  
 Worrying over where you are  
 That's the secret of Santa Monica  
 That's the secret of Santa Monica  
 That's the secret of Santa Monica*

When Billy's mind settled some, and the last frightening hallucination subsided, he was on the Pacific Highway, out of breath and headed for Santa Monica. He fell and slowly collected himself while the horror of what had happened clutched at his conscious. He rolled over the embankment and lay there shivering in the tangle of wild, green, beach growth, trash and sand until morning. That morning it rained, so Billy walked to the old condemned amusement park on the Santa Monica Pier, sat in a shed there as his problems came down like rain, and recited the dozens to kill time.

**“Fucked yo’ mama on a rusty nail  
 The nail bent and she went  
 And ran away with my two cent!**



**Fucked yo' mama on a cold tombstone  
 She screamed and I beamed  
 When the ghost licked and sucked  
 Up all the cream!**

**Fucked yo' mama on a pine tree trunk  
 The needles stuck but she bucked  
 And kept on beggin' me to fuck!**

**Fucked yo' mama on a electric wire  
 She got a shock; she bit my cock  
 And ran buck naked 'round the block!**

**Fucked yo' mama on a pile of hay  
 Her wind blew ... when I bust through  
 And she had a ugly black baby look just like you!**

**Fucked yo' mama....**

**Who's there? Who's whistlin' up in here?" Billy inquired,  
 interrupted by the sound of the tune.**

**Oh, where have you been Billy Boy, Billy Boy.  
 Oh, where have you been charming Billy.**

**A rough, black man in the shadows of the shed stopped  
 whistling and said, "I ain't heard them dozens since the South  
 ... and nineteen-thirty-five. You ain't that old is you? Naw  
 ...you know all of 'em, or do you just make 'em up as you go,  
 huh?"**

**"How long you been there?" Billy asked the man to keep  
 him talking.**

**“Oh, I been here all night,” he said, “I woke up when you come in.... And ... well, you got something to eat... or a quarter?” The old man was grizzled and dirty; he reeked of the road as he came hard but humbly over and continued, “I ain’t ate since four days. What ‘bout you? ... You ate yet?”**

**Billy was hungry; he saw a grocery store across the highway on his way to the abandoned amusement park, but he lost his nerve to steal something and passed it by. So he confessed, “No, I ain’t ate nothin’ neither.” Then he asked, “In four days, huh ... how do you do it? I never went over a day without food, man, shit!”**

**The old tramp winked and smiled, then he licked his lips to say, “I gots me a gun.... And if I don’t git food today, well, tonight I’m gon’ hafta go huntin’!”**

**“Hunting!” Billy said and looked at the hobo’s watery eyes, and the bum went on, “Yeah, I can get some eats tonight for sure. If you here then, it be enough for you too... if you help me hunt!” Billy was hungry and penniless, and these words were promise and hope. The haggard old man pulled the thirty-eight-caliber pistol from his ragged coat pocket. Then he said slowly, “Now I ain’t never shot it or nothin’. Two mens come by here night fo’ last and tossed it out the car window from the road. I was in the shed up by the road then. Well, I picked it up and ... now alls I gots to do is point it and I eats!”**

Billy was cautious as the old beggar brandished the gun around while he talked about his plan to stick up a grocery store, probably the one Billy had passed on the highway. "The po'lice," he resumed, "come in here twice a day and once at night. Ya gotta git out of the sheds then. They comes at twelve and at six in the day and nine at night ... after that ya can sleep in any boarded up shed ya find!"

Billy was attentive to the information for survival, the down and outer shared with him, but his main interest and concern was in the gun and the proposed robbery, so Billy asked, "You gonna knock over the grocery store back across the highway with that gun, man?"

The old panhandler was lively and spoke up into Billy's face, "I ain't sayin', but if I was, I'd need somebody to help me out up in there when it gits dark. They got about one thousand in cash in a tin box with a lock on it. Look, I seen all this, see, and the food's ok too. They gots them roasted chickens and the deli section stuff, ya know? Well, I figure we can git enough to eat ... take the first car we can from the gas station next door and git away clean to L.A. by the time they git a clue to us!" Billy was numb listening and watching the old, like-as-not, strong-armed robber's eyes spark and shine, revealing his grand larceny plan. He thought about their chances, and the hunger pangs hit him. He swallowed hard and dry; his stomach growled, and the old, would be road agent reassured him wryly, "Ain't got to kill or shoot nobody, but if ya gots a real gun, it's easy to be mean!"

Billy felt it was all or nothing, even though he'd never done a dishonest thing in his life. The time had just never come before. But now he was destitute and no one cared, so it was this way or no way. He thought about having half of the thousand dollars the old crook was sure was there. Billy didn't even care about getting caught. He just decided quickly; he'd rather be in jail or even dead than broke. Dead broke in Hollywood or anywhere was out, so he said softly, "What do you need me to do?"

The derelict deadbeat with the gun smiled and grinned. Then he said, "Be my look out, stand out front and hold a stick or somethin' in your pants pocket, see? But keep it pointed on the two clerks up front while I got the manager with me. Wait until I gits the box of money, then we can git a car from the gas station and git away!"

Billy frowned and thought about the old vagrant vandal crossing him after the hold-up and said, "You hold the gun on the clerks, and I'll get the money ... with the stick in my pants pocket."

The old, hold-up man laughed and wheezed before he said seriously, "Ya got a lot to learn. Look, I'm the only chance ya got now in this here world, so ya might as well do it my way. Oh, you scared I ain't gonna give you half ...I see!"

Billy could feel the five hundred dollars in his grasp as he remembered when Joan got what they called 'care packages' from her mother so that they could eat in San Francisco. Billy and Joan had just gotten married and Billy was out of work. Joan had said in a moment of despair that she would and could respect a man who'd steal, rob or anything to support his wife ... and family if he had one. Yes, she said, that's a real man! He cleared his head of Joan, climbed out of the woodpile he was sitting in and reasoned, "If you got the gun ... and the money, that leaves me with diddley squat. So I wants to be holding some insurance is all ... man!"

The dirt poor, old haggered hooligan looked at Billy, walked over by the gutted doorway to the shed and looked out at the day shining on the ocean, pulled out a dense, dark dangling penis, urinated and shook it slowly in the sunlight. Then he turned back and asked, "You ever shoot...one of these?"

Billy looked at the weapon, shook his head and said, "That ain't got nothin' to do with shit. You said we was gonna point it, not shoot, so it don't matter. Plus, from what you said that gun's hot as hell, and I think you need me to watch out for you. But if I do, I gotta have a edge going for me, so you choose ... the gun or the money, man?" Billy was sure of himself now, more sure than he had been in ten years.

Sagatiously rethinking now and going back to the drawing board, the old out-of-work outlaw sensed he could not fool Billy into submission and use him to commit the crime. So, the old morally, corrupt, charity case criminal chuckled and chose, "The money then ... you go with the manager and you gits the money. We gits away and you and me divide it up.... Ok?" Billy shook his head, yes, picked up a piece of pipe from the floor and put it in his pants pocket.

. . .

That night the two wannabe, bandit bums walked back up Pacific Coast Highway to the supermarket on the other side of the road. The store was empty, except for the two clerks, the manager and a butcher. Billy followed the old homeless hood in and took the deepest breath he'd ever taken to date.

The old gamy gangster shouted. "This is just what ya think, now don't make me use it and don't raise ya hands! Just keep 'em out and don't move 'em!" Then he nudged Billy, as the manager got ready to run back down the aisle. Billy went straight for him convincingly pointing the piece of pipe at the frightened man from inside his pants pocket. The manager stopped and put his hands up, but the butcher ducked down behind the meat counter, and the old knee-jerk, needy, stick-up guy fired into it. The butcher bolted into the back of the store. Billy ran past the manager, who like the clerks, fell down on the floor and covered his head. Another shot rang out, and a door slammed in the rear where the bold butcher was, and he was free.

Billy was all sweat, fear and excitement claimed his mind and body. He ran into the manager's office, stopped short at the money in the open tin cash box on the desk and the two moneybags. He picked it all up in time to hear three shots and a policeman's voice on a bullhorn out front. Billy ran down the short passageway, pass the boxes and crates, and out into the back, where he saw the brave butcher getting ready to drive off.

He stuck the piece of pipe into the man's head, got in the back seat and ordered, "Drive to L. A. ... quick!" The butcher turned the key in the ignition; two more shots echoed from the front of the store, and he pulled off. They swung left in front of the store and crossed a divider onto the highway. Next they turned right across from where a police car sat out front, as two policemen ran down the aisle to the manager's office. Seeing this, a horrified Billy urged, "Drive man, shit, hurry, drive!"

The butcher headed to the 10 Freeway east while Billy listened as sirens screamed in the night, headed for the market on the other side of the highway. The butcher finally got up the nerve to utter. "How did you guys know ... I mean ... about the switch in the pick up? Ol' Andrews thought he'd never be robbed ... and kept all the money in the store for two weeks. They was coming to collect it at eleven tonight. Guess they gonna think I was in on it ... twenty grand ... shit, I wish I was!"

Billy gulped and squeezed the tin box of money in his hand and said, "Twenty ... did you say thousand?"

The butcher was too excited to repeat it and said, "Don't ya know how much ya got and shit. It's all yours. Ya buddy bought it back there! Sal and Jimmy got 'em sure!"

"Sal and Jimmy," Billy wondered, "who's that?"

The butcher picked up speed and said, "They're the cops was back there ... shit. One of ya nearly got me back there.... Hope you ain't gonna shoot... I got kids and a wife. I ain't even seen ya face yet!"

Billy was still thinking about the two moneybags and shaking the tin cash box behind the butcher. "Don't drive so fast, man. Look, git out of here and go to a shitty section downtown. I'll give you ... a thousand!"

The butcher slowed down and said quickly between heavy breaths. "A-ha! ... I'm worth 'bout five grand to you, I get ya out safe, huh?"

Billy was over his head, so he pulled out a handful of money. The car swerved when he stuck it around in front of the butcher's nose and offered, "You'll get this much ... you do what I say. Now go to downtown L. A. and don't look back, man!" The sirens had stopped ten minutes or so before, and from all indications Billy was free. His heart raced with anticipation, thinking over the thrill of spending the loot. He knew Joan would have a fit if she could see twenty thousand dollars in cold cash.

Then the butcher said nervously, "Look ... ya gonna need some kinda box ... or... hey, I got a suitcase, I think, yeah, in the trunk. If we stop on a dark side street, ya can put the money in it."

Billy was anxious and the yellow, white and red lights that flashed into the car as he crouched and cringed with every chance he took, disappeared suddenly when the butcher turned off the freeway and up onto one of the big downtown main arteries. Billy raised his head slightly to recognize the area and said, "Pull over there on that sidestreet, man ... and park. I want that suitcase to put my money in." The butcher slowed down and parked the car. He got out with Billy who was holding the piece of pipe in his pocket and promising, "Ok man ... you gonna get your money ... soon I get that suitcase!"



The butcher looked at the bulge in Billy's soiled trouser pocket. Then he looked up and down the deserted downtown street and said, "I'll open the trunk, and you can put the money in it!" Billy was standing by the back car door and the tin cash box with two bags of money was on the car floor. The butcher nodded, put the key in the trunk, and opened it. The suitcase was big, and he handed it to Billy who was sweating and shaking with a sense of accomplishment for the first time in his life. But all of a sudden when Billy let go of the pipe in his pocket to take the suitcase, the beligerent butcher said, "If you make one move, I'll blow your head off! Back away from my car!"

Billy was dumbfounded, looking into the double barrel of a shotgun when the badass butcher double pumped it, slammed his trunk and back door, jumped in his car, turned the key, stepped on the gas, and sped away.

## Chapter Seven

# Hollywood Rain

Tell her tell her  
I'm a most unhappy fella  
She's flooding my brain  
In this Hollywood rain

Tell her tell her  
That I need her umbrella  
To shelter the pain  
In this Hollywood rain

I got the job  
But it was hard  
To act the part  
With all of my heart  
All those artificial flowers  
Synthetic showers  
That fall on me bringing misery

*I'm all alone  
 Black cloud hangin' on  
 But someday I may become a star  
 If I can live through the strain  
 Of this Hollywood rain*

*Somebody tell her tell her  
 Her love is strong  
 As a propeller  
 M.G.M. hurricane  
 In this Hollywood rain*

*Somebody tell her tell her  
 To make the sunshine  
 Mella yella  
 And love me again  
 In this Hollywood rain*

It was quarter past one in the morning and raining when Billy crept around the back of his apartment building, climbed through his bathroom window, and went to sleep. That rainy afternoon he was awakened by a knock on his door. "Yes." He said through a yawn behind the crack the night chain allowed, and he saw a tall, attractive young woman with her hair tied in a blue and white kerchief. She was wearing rhinestone blue jeans, a white lace midi-blouse, red painted toenails and tan sandals, the very expensive kind. She had a clipboard in her left hand and a ballpoint pen in her right hand.

She stood with her head turned to the side; her attention centered upon the paper on her clipboard when she said. "Peters, Mr. and Mrs. William Peters, well I'm the new manager ...Mrs. Berry. I'm here to discuss a new arrangement for your rent."

Billy was naked and he rubbed the beard growing, he'd collected in the past two weeks. He reached over on his black leather barstool, for his blue jogging pants, slipped into them quickly and tied the string. Then he put on his red and gray knit skullcap. Casually, he took the chain off the door and managed a smile for the new manager who was looking at him from the corner of her small, sad right eye.

"How's it going?" Billy smiled again and said. The woman was shaking her head as they shared the thought that it was all just so so between them, and Billy said, "Look, I'll put on a t-shirt.... Come on in. It'll just take a minute." He was back in the bedroom when she came into the one bedroom apartment.

Then Billy came out again and she said. "Oh, this won't take long, dude, just simple stuff. Can you pay rent on the first of the month from now on? The new owners prefer it that way. If you can ... well, I'll put it down on here." She pointed to the clipboard with her pen, took a deep breath, looked at Joan's many green plants, all the goldfish and the huge, beautiful Indian rug in the living room. Then she asked Billy, "Mr. Peters, is that rug handmade, or can I buy one like it in a store?"

Her eyes were dark slits, but there was a trace of life there. Her red lips were nicely shaped and lent easily to kisses. He sat on a barstool beside her at the small bar Joan had bought him for Christmas. "Oh!" Billy remembered, "My wife got that in the Mojave Desert. Yeah, it's real, man. So ya like that, huh ... Mrs. Berry wasn't it?"

"Yeah...." She said in a slow slur, looking at the color blow-up of Pasadena behind the bar, and she commented in a puzzled voice, "Hey, don't I know that dude? He's ... ooh, I can't remember his name, but I've seen him in about three movies. He was on TV in a special two weeks ago. He played a pimp ... or hustler named Slick, right? Awright!"

She identified Pasadena's celebrity and Billy concurred, "Yeah, Pasadena's on the way up; he's my best friend. I'm an actor too.... Of course, I gotta loose some weight first, ya dig?"

Billy sucked his stomach in, and it felt easier to do. He looked at himself in the mirror along the wall behind the bar and the woman joked, "Oh man, you don't hafta worry 'bout that.... They got fat people in the movies too, right?"

He was concentrating on her figure. Her breasts were small, but her buttocks were full; however, it was her way that suggested sex to Billy. She was slow and mean, he thought, wondering what she'd say or do when he penetrated her. She was thin, dark, not too smart, merely practical and about twenty-five or seven. Her nose was flat and plain, but her teeth were big and white when she talked and they showed. Her gums were purple and healthy. Her legs were compact and normal for her tall, thin size. Then her clean colorful fingernails matched her ruby red lips.

**She was not sensitive in the least, just strictly business, he knew this and bargained, “I’ll pay on the first of the month. What was that, by the month, right?” She nodded and wrote something on the clipboard pad. Billy got off the high, black leather barstool and walked around behind the bar, got two classy, crystal, cocktail glasses, and put them on the top of the bar. He bent down and got the bottles of gin and the tonic. Then he got the crystal pitcher to make the martinis.**

**She laughed in a husky, street, snappy chortle and protested, “Hey ... I’m married, see?” She showed Billy her wedding ring and shrugged her narrow shoulders. But he continued as he always did with women, no matter what they said, once his mind was made up. So he decided and went after the ice in the kitchen, but when he passed by the stereo set, he turned it on and soul music filled the apartment.**

**“Pasadena sings that!” He yelled from inside the refrigerator. Then he hollered, reiterating, “You know ... the dude on the wall there behind the bar! Look ...I’ve got olives and pearl onions, ya dig!? Let’s see ... and hey now... some cheese and crackers! Ya gonna like this here Kosher cheese on crackers!”**

**She was swaying to the music’s pulsating beat, as a man’s voice sang out loud. “Yeah!” She yelled with the singer, and Billy danced up to her, spun around behind the bar, and began making the martinis. He felt the swelling start in his jogging pants as he looked over the bar and down into the woman’s blouse. She blushed and laughed when she threatened, “Look dude ... if you gonna party, I’ll go git my ol’ man, ya dig!? I told you how it was!” She was sitting and leaning toward the door while Billy was busy making martinis and shaking them to the rhythm of the sexy song in stereo all around them.**

Then he yelled, "Yeah, Pasadena set the sound system up in here! How do you like it!?"

"What!?" She shouted back. Until she simply gave up and formed the words with her sweet mouth in an effort to communicate over the music. Billy walked over and turned the sound down and she said, "I'm gonna split, man, but you can pay rent on the first; that's two weeks from today."

Billy was standing in front of her, and although she was tall in the doorway when he first laid eyes on her, now she was smaller and shorter. She sagged and slumped after she stood up and said, "You can still pay in the office downstairs. I'm in there during the day from ten to six, and my husband's down there until nine, except on weekends. Well...." She added almost sorry. "That's it, you take it easy."

Billy reached over and picked up a cocktail glass, handed it to the woman, who took it and laughed again. He poured her drink and then his, before he said seriously, "Here's to us and the rent. At first I thought you was coming to evict me! Hell, I climbed in the window last night. I lost my key and I've been gone for three days.... And to top all that ... my wife's gone back to San Francisco."

The woman took a sip, swallowed and looked back at the unmade bed in the bedroom. Then she said, "Ya mean you owed rent.... Oh, don't worry ... I only go by this list I got. If you pay me, it's ok. I don't care what happened before."

And Billy owned up, “Yeah, I owed back rent, and we had a deadline. We would of paid, but my wife left three days ago and I’m out of work, see? So I gotta git it on by the first, right?” He was stalling until the gin took over for him. The woman swallowed her drink quickly, pulled a lighter with an opened pack of Salem’s from her pants pocket, and slowly lit a cigarette. He sat down on the barstool next to her, and the swelling started up again.

He spread his legs and swayed to the music, and she said in a business tone, “If you wanna sell that rug and the fish and plants or...” She looked around appraising the nice things in the apartment she would buy. Then she continued, “I’ll take a lot of this stuff off you, dude. Yeah, let me know if you decide, ok?”

Billy lied and said, “Oh hell ... I’ll let you have it. I ain’t gonna need it if I move. But if I give you that, what you got for me?”

The woman laughed again and smashed her cigarette butt in the giant ashtray on the long, teakwood coffee table that ran full length with the swanky orange sofa, and she said, “Oh, I’ll pay ya for it ... more than it’s worth bothering with if you plan to hock it or sell it. My ol’ man can put it in storage here, see, no sweat. Oh, I’ll pay you.” She said to keep it strictly business between them.

Billy poured another drink with a compliment, “You got yourself some pretty lips. You like to kiss, I bet, huh?”

“What!?” She blushed and tried to laugh, spilling her drink on the Indian rug.



Billy kept it up saying, “Ya notice things, little things ‘bout most women. You know, legs, hair, eyes, you know ...well you got lips ... make me wanna holla, awright!”

She was pulling out her second cigarette, but still standing when she said, “I didn’t know nobody was still interested in ... lips.... That’s one on me, man. This time she made it and let go a hoarse horselaugh that made Billy’s groin ache. Simultaneously, he felt the surge of sex stretch out on his thigh under his jogging pants. Intuitively, Billy groped, grabbing himself there. She saw and said seriously, looking back quickly at her wristwatch. “Oh hell, I’ve been here too long ... gotta go.”

Billy saw her stagger and he was there with the pitcher of martinis, saying as he poured. “Here, have one more for the road. You ain’t feelin’ no pain after three of these; you gonna buzz right through this blue, ol’ rainy day, ya dig?”

She was reaching for the bar, but she steadied herself, touched it and stood straight, sipping her drink down faster. Billy was sure three was her limit and he would have her after this drink. The woman walked over, looked at the magazine rack, one of Claypoole’s people had made for Billy and commented, “Hey ... awright! That’s hip leatherwork, yeah. Awright!”

He watched her movements as she wanted to stiffen, but she unwound instead and dropped her clipboard. Billy gulped the last of his drink and said in earnest, “Ya think that leather works something, huh? Let’s be real. I may not be here next month, and all of this will be yours. Come here, lemme show you something else.”

She followed him into the kitchen, where he excited the woman's small, sad eyes when he began to open the cabinets and drawers. She was peering through the slits in her head and began to touch the appliances. Then he pulled out his electric carving knife, plugged it in, and turned it on. She jumped slightly, laughed and wisecracked, "You could cut my head off up in here with that thing."

Billy smiled, acting depraved like a madman, and she let loose her biggest laugh yet. He turned up the sound again and began to move to the music as a woman sang out.

It crossed my mind  
About a million times  
It crossed my mind  
When you touched me

Every time you squeeze my soul  
I think I oughta ... commit  
Manslaughter  
Or some other love crazy crime  
You know it crossed my mind  
About a million times

Billy was a good dancer, moving to the music, and whirling in front of the woman while bumping lightly against her buttocks in a famous familiar feature of the dance. The woman responded, blushing and laughing as she moved. Then she wiggled before chancing her best step out on Billy and he hollered, "Awright! Awright!" He popped his fingers, clapped his hands in encouragement, and she continued to cooperate with him when he bumped her buttocks again and again and jumped up in and out of her face with salacious suggestive, shoulder shaking sexy movements that she responded to in kind.

Billy was barefooted and he stubbed his toe on the end of the black leather reclining chair. He hopped around in pain, and she said, "That did it ... time to go.... Accidents will happen. Look at the time. Hey, don't forget to let me know 'bout all this stuff now. I'll buy all of this shit!"

She was high and easy, so Billy knew it was time, and he said, "Solid ... oh ...the bedroom. All of her clothes ... my wife's clothes, she left everything and she ain't coming back no more, ya dig?"

The woman's mouth was open, and she looked back at the bedroom again and asked innocently, "What size is she? Lemme see 'em, 'cause you don't know. Dudes don't know that stuff."

Billy maneuvered the woman by her elbow and guided her back to his bedroom. Her slits for eyes gleamed at the expectation of the windfall she would receive. The closet was open where Joan's clothes hung, and they filled the woman's small, sad eyes with their exquisite beauty. Joan had excellent taste and she was twice as feminine as most women. The woman ooh-ed and aah-ed in whispers, touching the garments and taking them off the hangers while Billy talked calmly and positive like a salesman, "Try 'em on ... what the hell. Use the bathroom.... Go 'head, it's cool!"

The woman was in the bathroom in a flash with an armful of Joan's best outfits. Billy could hear her grunt and sigh and then utter some sound of approval when she changed clothes to try the fit. For the next half hour, he lay back on his bed, nursing a martini while the woman paraded back and forth, dancing in and out to the music, modeling Joan's brand-new spring and summer wardrobe. Billy simply complimented her, poured another drink and handed it to her as he began to touch her.

She was on the floor of the closet, looking and trying on Joan's shoes. He reached under Joan's pink, cotton sundress and caressed the woman's crotch. She jumped up the first time and made a face to protest his advances. But he showered her with the trinkets in Joan's jewelry box, emptying it in her lap, when she flopped down again on the closet floor. There, she fancied each and every earring, bracelet, pin and necklace Joan owned.

The woman was putting the costume jewelry back into Joan's jewelry box when Billy lifted her by her small stiff breasts. The areolas on her breasts had a big black, satin sheen to them with red tips inside the nipples, and he was erect against the crack of her buttocks. He breathed into her neck and kissed it passionately.

She pulled away and ogled Joan's floor-length, brown leather coat with pure, panting passion. Billy took the coat down, put it around the woman's shoulders. She swooned openly, sipped her martini and basked in the grace galore elegance Joan had provided. She was still only wearing the

pink, summer sundress, while she hung the rest of Joan's things back in the closet. Billy walked over to the dressing table, picked up one of Joan's most expensive perfumes and cracked, "A little dab will do ya!" Then he came back over to the woman, took the top off the bottle, and put a dab behind her ear.

"Oooh!" She let go a shout that startled him, and he repeated his preoccupation with Joan's perfume on the aroused woman's other ear. She jumped straight up, grabbed him and trembled when his hands, applying the dabs of perfume, found her breasts again. She was seething in flames of deep desire when his hand touched her behind each knee. Then she kicked Joan's high heels in the closet and climbed on the unmade bed, lay back, closed her eyes, and took a deep breath.

Billy was there beside her, caressing her mound of stiff, tangled, coal black hairs, which proudly adorned the pulsating pelvis she heaved and moved up to him in an effort to take off Joan's dress. Her thighs were firm dark chocolate, and Billy thought Joan's perfume smelled different somehow on this woman. He sucked at her opening, and the juicy crack flowed. He swallowed her sex and smiled while she suffered the agony of his patience. She began to coo and beg softly when he licked-and-a-promised her thighs and then her stomach, her breasts, her neck, her ears, and lastly, the main attraction, her luscious, sexy, tempting lips. Billy felt the urge triple within her, and her urgency became a rage with each kiss as she cried out, "Shit! ... Awright!"

His tongue flicked in and around her open, hungry mouth that craved the short, fast, hot kisses he gave. She reached down and gasped when she felt the virile, erect, hardness throbbing against his thigh and she squeezed it from the head to the root. He shed his t-shirt while she tugged at his jogging pants. Buck naked, she rolled her legs to the music from side to side, they opened and closed as she moaned. She raised them in an arch, letting them fall around his hand that cupped her there until the juice ran down his forearm, and she hollered! “Fuck me, man! Come on fuck me, dude! Do it to me! Fuck my pussy good! Oooh!” She screamed out from over anxiousness and premature spasms for multi-orgasms, and Billy rubbed the bulbous hot head of his sex organ ‘round the rim of her pudendum while she kicked and scratched the bedding.

He played there until she was a mass of wild, writhing womanhood. The sizzle of sex crackled between them, and she groaned, winced, worked her hips ... and the unmistakable contorted frown of a tremendous climax coming, claimed her funky, facial features.

He penetrated her pink, hairy, wet wiggling target, and the pull was like a suction cup while he worked his hips, stroked her breast and squeezed them, speaking breathlessly, “You can have the clothes ... if I can have the apartment ... for free, and I want you on the side too, ya dig?” The woman was oblivious to Billy’s words, but increased her pleasures as she twisted around his penis and squealed out her orgasm in shrill high burst from a wide opened pretty mouth. He felt her black legs wind and tighten, then that familiar contracting grip seized his penis, and he double pumped a series of humps that sent her into her peak climax. She shook and succumbed in whimpers until he satisfied himself.

Billy lay there while the woman caught her breath. He moved to the side and felt a strange sensation because his penis was still inside her. He looked down and his eyes popped at the sight of his size. He was clearly larger. His testicles were about to shrivel up again, but they were bigger too. He became aroused again at the marvelous mystery there between her legs and his. She twitched, moved up closer on his penis, and began to respond with her narrow, sad eyes wide open. Billy felt the force of his new size and figured he'd grown over three inches somehow. Plus, the thickness was noticeable. He interacted with her lusty gaze when she squirmed and shouted out her awareness of his awakening thrust within her.

Billy's mind flashed back the image and position the muscular well-hung man with Joan had taken in his hallucination at the Malibu beach house with Marsha. Then he turned slowly until he was on top of this hot-natured woman and gathered her to him by her buttocks, inch by inch. But when he didn't move, she became overwrought with pure lust from head to toe, experiencing the extension and expansion of 'the penises' mushrooming effect and her third climax at once.

The thrill of Billy's thrust was deeper and fuller. He bent forward on one knee and worked her buttocks to him. He lifted her and she hollered, "Oooh, Goddamn! Goddamn! Goddamn! Goddamn! Don't stop ... just like that ...right there, don't move...Oooh! Awright!" She was all over his penis, a wild, sex-crazed woman, humping and shouting out her praises of his man-sized drive within her.

**He began to emulate, moving like the man had in Joan and caused such hard-on havoc that he'd never dreamed possible. Billy moved strong and steady in strokes designed to prolong the urge and fulfill at the same time. The woman was not Joan, but she was deliriously the most aroused woman Billy ever encountered in his life. He squeezed her bottom; she yelped and pleaded for more and he obliged, as he never had before.**

**His penis was a wand with magic shooting from it when he plunged deeper into the very core of her libido. She was loose and stuffed when his finger sank into her anus and she squirmed it up onto the root of his sex organ in a scream. Billy marveled at the power he had over the woman, captured for long as he wanted her on this rainy day in Hollywood.**

**He held her suspended upon his penis for the hottest hour he'd ever spent with any woman. The waves of release came, sweeping them away as toxic waste and tossed them back again, repeating the phenomenon of prolonged pleasure, until she bucked forward in a guttural sound Billy had never heard. She gave in with a howl of humility, flung her sturdy legs and shook violently, causing the thrill to reverberate and exaggerate the ecstasy that was immense and inescapable.**

**The streams of sweat ran rampant over the two, plus, the sweet smell of Joan's perfume, and the woman's sex mixed with his, filled Billy's nostrils. He called Joan's name out loud in a whisper while he lay there in the bed, watching the miracle of his penis subside with the rain.**



**The woman left Billy later in the day. And although he finally got his proposal across to her, she had become hostile at his suggestion and said she'd wait until she knew him better, before she could take anything of Joan's out with her. She was also taken aback and antagonized no end at the notion he expressed about the payment of rent being his big, black dick. That next morning, he was overjoyed and proud of his new sex proportions, posing in all the mirrors after his shave and shower.**

## Chapter Eight

# Yucca Mucca

I'm gonna go  
Where it don't snow  
Unless you live up on  
A mountaintop

(Yucca Mucca)

I'm gonna star in movies  
And sing  
I'll be the biggest shot  
You've ever seen

(Yucca Mucca)

But when I got there  
Nothing went right  
No doors were open  
Every gate was locked

(Yucca Mucca)

Now I can't leave  
Though I won't grieve  
I'll keep on tryin'  
Til the world  
Is rocked

Let me hear you say yeah  
In the land of Yucca Mucca  
The land of love  
That ev'rybody's dreamin' of

Let me hear you say yeah  
Y'all I'm singin' for my supper  
In the land of love  
The California sun above

Hey I'm out here swingin'  
On Hollywood and Vine  
Where pretty people clingin'  
And always feelin' fine  
Freeway from San Francisco  
Nearly mess my mind  
Gonna make my lucky star shine

*Let me hear you say yeah  
In the land of Yucca Mucca  
The land of love  
For people with the rainbow blood*

*Let me hear you say yeah  
Y'all I'm singin' for my supper  
In the land of love  
That ev'rybody's dreamin' of*

Billy ran around the block two times and called Pasadena. “Hey, Yucca Mucca motherfucker, git your black ass up.... Nothin’ comes to a sleeper ... but a dream, dude. Can you dig it?”

Billy was in top form and Pasadena responded in kind. “Hey fag face, what it is? I gots me a lead part ... and a thang with ... Pat Bell, niggah, now gits to that!”

Billy knew Pasadena deserved to star in a major movie and he was happy at the thought of his friend’s fame and fortune. So he said seriously, “Hey brotha, ya gots to have a part for your main man.” Pasadena was quick to take advantage and get a chance to help Billy out and he yelled so loud Billy had to take the receiver from his ear. Pasadena shouted out all the openings in the cast and then he told Billy to join him in Gabe Klein’s office that afternoon at four.

Billy walked to Hollywood and Vine, sat at the lunch counter in Swabs Drugstore, wasn't discovered, and thought about his brand-new penis all the way to Sunset Boulevard. It was almost as big as Pasadena's, but Pasadena's had more girth and all that extra added, uncircumcised, wrinkled hood skin that covered the head of his gigantic, jet-black sex organ. The man had a young elephant trunk there. Billy shook his head and settled for almost as big and not quite as long. Then he recalled, Pasadena had shaken his penis after urinating, and it was in a dormant state. This, Billy believed was the real comparison, when he thought back, remembering the huge, bulking black, flaccid, handful of manhood, Pasadena fleshed out, shook and shoved back into his pants.

Billy knew Pat Bell was Pasadena's dream. Pat had wanted to become a movie star, but Gabe Klein stuck her in his office for double duty. She did all the office work for the handsome agent and she worked with him in bed ... in the big chair behind the man's desk, on the desk, the thick carpet on the floor, in the motel across the street, in Pat's apartment, and on trips to Vegas, Reno, the mountains, the seaside, Mexico, New York City and once in Honolulu.

Pat was pretty enough to star with Pasadena or anybody. She was most certainly built as good as any woman in Hollywood, with her bodacious bosom that bossed a man around the outer office while he waited for Gabe Klein to smile upon him. She had eyes too, Billy thought ... big, brown beauties that shone like love lights flashing when she moved her busy, gorgeous head, typing and talking on the phone or working in general behind the desk where she sat.

Pat's aquiline nose was sensitive and her lips were full and sensual. She reminded Billy of Dorothy Dandridge when she smiled and laughed like she did at Pasadena's obvious motives. Pat's thighs and legs were full and heavy as they could get and still have a great shape. Her buttocks were the round, bold talk of any two men eyeing them. She walked with a quick gait that featured a woman's wiggle built in with every step she took. Her skin was light brown and honey toned, and she had an attitude of greatness while she performed each task, the handsome Jew gave her.

Pat was scratching her right palm when Billy walked in. She flashed her big beautiful brown eyes up, batted, black lined, long eyelashes, arched her trimmed eyebrows and said, "Hey baby, what's happening? You going back to work, right, or is this a social call?"

Billy grinned and winked at the hunk of woman before him and said, "Hi mama fine stuff. Ya scratchin' yo' right hand, huh? Well, dat dere means bread. Real money honey, ya dig?"

She frowned at the old superstition and smiled her words at Billy. "If I get some money, it won't be 'round here. Can ya dig it?"

Billy knew Gabe was tight and selfishly greedy, but he hadn't tried to replace the smiling man responsible for his faltering career and lengthy unemployment. Things were picking up though, and Pasadena was a hot property, so this increased everybody's chances Pasadena liked. With this in mind, Billy reassured Pat with a twinkle in his eye, "Girl, it gon' be awright! You'll see.... We gonna beat this beast. Pasadena digs some you, and you on your way if he say so....Ya dig, baby buns?"

Pat grinned ... looking at Gabe Klein's closed door and said softly, "They're in there now, Pasadena and two guys from Culver City with money. Gabe said for you to wait out here and he'd see you after the meeting. They'll be coming out soon. Sit down, Billy; you look good. How's everything going?" Billy liked the way Pat talked to him. She seemed involved with him in his struggle to survive, and he caught glimpses of her personal strife as she continued to trust him and confided, "They're supposed to back some idea Gabe's got for Pasadena. Probably a gamble Gabe's always wanted to take. You know, his own production ... he's always dreamed of making movies. He told me when I met him, he was gonna save me for his own production.

Billy laughed with Pat while she talked and typed a script. Then he said, "Hey Pat ...where do you live? I'm curious 'bout you now?"

Billy's voice was coated with an undercurrent of excitement and he grinned at the knowledge of his new sexual power. She responded to his outrightness and said, "You don't beat 'round no bushes, do you? ... Okay Soul Train, I live in Hollywood, off Hollywood Boulevard on Las Palmas. The address is ... oh here, I'll write it all down for you ... Soul Train!" She liked to call Billy, Soul Train, ever since they danced in the New Year without Gabe at Pasadena's party. Joan had been there; she was more beautiful than usual that night, and Pat told Billy then, he was a lucky man to have Joan. Billy took the precious address and phone number and put it in his empty wallet, before she asked him in a whisper, "Hey Soul Train, you still got that pretty wife of yours, don't you?"

**Billy knew Pasadena had gossiped about his separation and mental condition, but to what extent he didn't know, so he bowed his head and whispered back, "She's gone.... I'm free, so that's why I ain't jivin' 'bout seeing you. Only do me a favor ... and don't tell Pasadena, he'd go nuts if he knew I dug ya."**

**Pat shook her devastatingly, dream girl head and played the game. "So you really think Pasadena will speak up for me in there, and I can work as an actress finally." The woman was twenty-eight, ripe and ready. Gabe Klein had used her for pleasure and business purposes for five years. And in that time, she'd had two walk on's and one was scratched.**

**The door was flung open, and a grinning Gabe stood there suited and booted with Pasadena laughing at one of the graying men in the portly, custom leisure suits jokes. Pasadena looked like the biggest thing in pictures as he exploded his hearty laugh in bursts behind his toothy grin. His lean body was electric when he moved his wiry frame from one stance to another and posed, talking confidently, holding his best side at the most professional angle. He darted his famous snake-like tongue while speaking and hissed at the end of every punch line, like he did in all the movies on his meteoric rise to stardom. Pasadena's eyes were so expressive; his keen, licorice stick dark facial features seem to fly and leave his eyes while his tongue flinted in and out, giving him the effect of the most fascinatingly sinister, infamous character in all of Hollywood's horror movie history.**



Gabe could taste his victory at the box office. He knew no Negro had Pasadena's appeal since Sidney Poitier. However, although he was being avidly sort by the big-time studios for villain roles and heavy parts, Pasadena had not even come near his own full potential. Plus, television was banging at the door since the first special, and Gabe was interested in a TV series for him. Then, Pasadena could dance with the best and he sang even better. His devotion to his craft was commendable and when the greats of the day worked with him, they noticed this and complimented him openly. Pasadena was only earning six figures, but Gabe had plans to go for nine.

Billy watched the meretricious show of success performing in front of him, and he was glad when the two men from Culver City left the office talking about how good looking and sexy Pat was. Gabe grinned and ushered the middle-aged businessmen to the elevator. Pasadena slapped Billy's hands and made an attempt to touch Pat's hair, but she moved back and smiled, shaking her sexy, glamour girl head.

Pasadena was on his way and he was a big wink and a grin when he said, "Billy Pete ... Pat, them two dudes gonna pay for my next picture! Gabe's producing, I'm the star, and guess what else, y'all? I can hire whoever I want, even you Pat and you Billy!" Billy was up and showing his excitement, but Pat was merely on the brink and afraid to let go until she heard it from Gabe himself, so Pasadena inquired, "What's wrong, pretty Pat? Ain't you down with my action, woman?"

Pat was silent and still when Gabe returned and slapped Pasadena's hands. Then he said fast, "It's in the bag ... it's a cinch to go down now. Hi, Billy! How the hell ya been? Come on in and rap some crap to me while I make some calls. Dena told me ya want to work now, solid, welcome back!"

Gabe embraced Billy around the neck in a vice-like grip and started to head for his office when Pat's voice broke with the trace of a deep sob, "Gabe ... Pasadena said he wants me to play opposite him ...on this one! Well, what do you think? Come on, tell me."

Gabe was clowning by holding his nose at her news and Pat seemed to tremble while she stood and waited for his encouraging words. But Gabe jived, "Why you put this lovely lady on? You're impossible, Dena. You know I've got personal plans for Pat." He turned and smiled at Pat, then Billy, and threw a fake punch to Pasadena's mid-section as they went back into the office.

Billy stayed when Pat's eyes overflowed with tears, but then she fled from the reception area to the ladies room. So he turned and entered the office, closed the door, and Gabe ran it down, "Well ... you're in the right place at the right time. You know them scruples of yours, Billy? Well, you can use 'em now; ya can act as scrupulous as ya want on the screen. That's the part, man, a good guy; see ...against everything ol' Dena stands for. Yeah ... I got the idea from you. Ain't that a bitch? Dig, you're on his case, see? You're a cop, you know, the self-righteous, black detective type. You two cats grew up together and ...now your main man here's hip, rich and crooked as a cockeyed, drunken man's vision. The only thing that keeps you from putting him away is, you can't catch him doin' his slippery shit, ya dig, 'cause he's called ` The Eel! '

They all laughed and Billy said, "What's my name, the Dick, and do I get in right under Pasadena's name on the credits?"

Gabe was on the intercom and said extemporaneously with a snarl, "Battle ... Detective Dick Battle's your name. Where the hell is Pat!?"

Pasadena got up at the mention of Pat's name and went out for her, and Billy said, "She's probably in the sandbox. Dig ... she wants to work, man. You better reconsider and turn her on with a actin' gig.... She's upset by what you said, Gabe."

The man looked at Billy, made a rude gesture with his middle finger and remarked, "Never ... she'll get over it and if she don't, she's fired. She knows my rules. She's my secretary, plus, the female lead's already cast. Henrietta Jackson's doing work for me now; she's perfect for Dena, ya dig? Now what was I saying? ... Oh yeah ... you'll come after her in the credits, Billy. What'dya say ... is that in touch or what?"

Gabe was dialing a number from his private phone book, and Billy said seriously with a gambler's smile, "How much money can I get up front? I've got bills.... I haven't worked in months."

Gabe couldn't resist the chance to reprimand his reluctant client and he said sourly, "Fuckin' shame 'bout ya wife, Billy, but ya should of listened when I told ya not to sweat them flicks I had for ya. I gotcha good work!" He looked and acted as if he was sharing a secret with Billy and whispered, "Who knows, you could have been as big as Dena by now."

Billy responded sternly, "I still can, man, just get me work and I will!"

**“That’s the way!” Gabe approved and hung up the phone still mumbling into his little black book. “They must be out of town! I’m getting’ those two guys was in here dates for the night. I know... the freaks I sent Ol’ Dena. He loved ‘em, yeah.” Gabe dialed the number, waited and said in a mellow baritone, “Hi ya Sweetness.... It’s Ol’ Gabe. You and Light busy?” Sweetness and Light were an interracial independent pair of prostitutes that worked for Gabe when he called, and they weren’t working. “Yeah!” He went on. “Meet me at that Pink Penguin on the Strip. I’ll want you to take these two guys to a dance joint. They like that disco scene. What’s the hippest one, baby? What ... the what ... ‘The Shake Your Nasty Thang! ‘That’s hip, ok! Yeah, I got yours too, ya oversexed, underworld outcast, later Soul Lady!” Gabe was back into Billy and said through intimidating tight jaws, “Billy baby, sweetie, motherfucker! Hey, ol’ Gabe’s got ya advance, how’s one grand off the top of ten on the picture, baby Billy boy?!”**

**Billy shook inside, his hands trembled, sweat ran down his sides, and he stammered, “M-m-make it t-t-two t-thousand up front and twenty thousand for the picture. I’m perfect for that part, plus, me and Pasadena’s got a strong chemistry up there on the big screen.”**

**Gabe Klein was quiet and calm, then his grin broke through and he scoffed, “Twenty grand! ... Billy, you must be nuts for real. I heard you was out of touch, but shit!”**

**Billy knew now that Pasadena had spoken to Gabe about his mental state, so he stood his ground and said stronger, “Hey man, you gonna get it back at the door! You got it I know, you a producer now, I see the picture, Gabe ... and I’m good for it!”**

**“Oh yeah!?” Gabe couldn’t resist saying with a tinge of acrimony, “How you gonna be good for it? Dena’s red hot, and he’s a risk, so tell me, Billy, why are you so fuckin’ sure? Oh, what the hell. Look, it’s getting dark, do you want the gig or not?”**

**Billy swallowed hard, stood up and said, “On whose terms, yours or mine? I’m worth twenty thousand a picture and ya know it.”**

**“Billy!” Gabe barked in a loud, sarcastic, terse tone, “You ain’t never seen twenty grand! Take your time, I’m glad to have you with us, but it’s gotta be my way, ya dig?” Billy remembered the night before when the butcher pulled the perfect crime off and took him then, for the same amount he was so desperately trying to replace now. Gabe broke through Billy’s thoughts and said, “It’s for real city, Billy. Ya can take it or leave it. It’s my first offer or nothin’, pal.” Broken down to ten grand, Billy shook his head in defeat, and Gabe smiled in total triumph.**

**Billy had a habit of using the binoculars in Gabe’s office. He loved to look out of Gabe’s big windows and scan the sky at what he called the back door to L.A. When it was clear, he could see his friend Benjamin’s grapevine garden. The man, Benjamin, had a grapevine in the black section of L.A. Billy had met him on the street where the man sold his delicious concord grapes and wine. Benjamin was about sixty-five and he had seven Arabian-American wives. He dressed like a sheik and he was very wise. Billy liked the man right off when they met. So he contemplated drinking the divine wine Benjamin made while celebrating an ancient ritual of love.**

The ritual took place whenever the mood struck the sensational, bohemian man, and he had his wives dance naked in his garden yard. The yard was red brick trimmed, and the vines of concord grapes were all over and around the area. Benjamin had his seven wives crush the grapes traditionally with their bare feet in a huge, wooden vat, and the celebration of love began. Billy remembered the roasted lamb and he swallowed saliva.

Yamara, Benjamin's favorite, was so good a cook, she had made it easy for Billy to sample lamb and enjoy the delicate taste of the meat. Customers usually stayed out in old Benjamin's grapevine garden for a whole night. The man loved to celebrate. Billy took Joan and her best friends there for her last birthday. Remembering with a smile, he looked out Gabe's window on the nineteenth floor and he could see Benjamin's backyard.

Gabe handed Billy the one thousand dollars in cash, and Billy signed the contract without reading it, as usual. Pasadena came back, and said with authority, "Pat's ok now.... I'm taking her with me. I'll cheer her up. She still don't dig me none ... but my nose is wide open, so I can hang till she makes up her heart 'bout me, ya dig?" Gabe was grinning misleadingly as he always did with derision for his clients, but Billy understood.

## Chapter Nine

# *Homemade Exotic Food*

*Help yourself to my  
Homemade exotic food  
If you're in the mood  
Say yes indeedly to me*

*Help yourself to my  
Homemade exotic food  
One taste and you'd  
Get down right  
Greedy with me  
Come on now*

*Help yourself to my love  
Help yourself to my kiss  
Help yourself to my hug  
Help yourself to it all  
I got your favorite dish  
Bring your big appetite*

*My refrigerator's bare  
 And my stove ain't been repaired  
 But if you're love starved  
 For second helpings honey*

*When you're craving something nice  
 Twice as nice as Chinese rice  
 Instead of counting  
 Calories and spending money  
 \_\_\_\_\_Top\_\_\_\_\_*

Billy and Pasadena took Pat with them, and Billy suggested they go to Benjamin's. After he explained the situation, they were excited to participate in the erotic, spontaneous festivities. While Pasadena drove them to Watts, Pat seemed to favor Billy's shoulder, so she laid her pretty head there and cried.

Benjamin, the bohemian, was a bearded grin when he came to them dressed in black, like a sultan, sporting a matching turban. They sat and drank his grape wine in the garden and watched the big red, western sun go down behind the famous Watts Towers. Pasadena was happy and he said in his most cheerful tone, "I'm toastin' to signin' my long term contract soon! Billy, you and Pat know how I feel better than anybody, so here's to a life of staring roles for all of us ... ok!?"



Pasadena grinned the toast at Billy and Pat. And when Benjamin lit the tiki torches, the dark of night came in upon them in blues and grays with streaks of purplish black. The verdant leaves hung overhead on the grapevine of brown, entwined vines, heavy laden with the ripe, puce-colored fruit.

Benjamin nodded to Yamara, his favorite, and the recorded sound of flutes and tiny cymbals surrounded them. The harem began to bring out the roasted lamb on skewers and the homemade, exotic food was served. Flat, round pieces of Arabic bread were placed on the table, and the wooden plates were put in front of them. A huge wooden bowl of wild, brown Basmati rice was steaming in front of them with white and yellow, goat cheeses on square, wooden platters.

The salad was brought in, and the tomatoes, avocados, cucumbers, onions and hot peppers sent their appetites soaring. They drank the heady wine Benjamin sold and began to sample the impromptu feast the seven women prepared. Honey in a pitcher was sat on the table with a pound of sweet, fresh butter. The repast they sank their teeth into was so succulent; they ate all the food before them on Benjamin's round oak table in the garden.

The tiki torch blaze lit up the atmosphere, blending with the aroma of hot Macedonian nuts roasting on the open fireplace at the end of the red brick, trimmed path. A tall, ivy-covered wall, ten feet high around the two story, white wood frame house, shielded the garden from outsiders. Painted clay pots and urns of every type and color were all over, and flowers decorated the area. Surrounding palm trees and some cypress trees shot up twenty-five feet in the air. This gave the shady setting a secluded oasis effect, which caused them to savor the flavors that exploded nutritiously, deliciously in their mouths with an Arabian attitude.

**Benjamin sat back in his high back cushioned chair as his favorite, Yamara, lighted his hookah. The blend he smoked was pure Turkish hashish. He nodded and his wives brought raisins, figs and dates on palm pronds to the table. Billy, Pat and Pasadena wiped their mouths and fingers on the white, cotton napkins they were given after they used the clay finger bowls.**

**Benjamin propped up his feet on an ottoman and got more comfortable when the tempo of the music changed suddenly and the gala night was filled with the beating of thundering drums. The seven sexy women began to dance in a line, moving their umber, fleshy bodies, clad in authentic Balady costumes. The women filled the marble floor of the garden in professional precision, wearing these brightly colored gowns.**

**Benjamin beamed with pride, his graying beard stiff on his black face. He held his smug, strong-minded head higher commanding them right ... left ... right ... left! And in suggestive circles, the seven women repeated the pattern called Takaseem. Takaseem was the slow part of the belly dance. The women were most seductive as they moved performing the original oriental dance. They fingered the tiny, brass cymbals on their hands like the women did thousands of years ago during the reign of the Pharaohs.**

**Benjamin loved to entertain in the fashion of kings, sheiks and lords because whenever the ancient dance was performed in his garden, he collected one thousand dollars from the observers. What with the wine they drank from the goatskins and the exotic, erotic feast, the magic nights experiences were well worth it to them.**

Billy had set up a deal with Benjamin, as he'd acquired a taste for the mid-eastern life style. The cuisine had captured him like the curvaceous contours of the seven women's russet bodies had when they made the legendary lurid, lewd motions with painted bellies, decorated with beads and gold coins. One woman had a real boa constrictor; another danced with and swallowed a sword, and then one woman danced with a multi-candleholder, as the flames seem to engulf her reddish-brown flesh. Another woman balanced clay cups and plates on a tray she placed upon her bejeweled head.

Myrrh ... musk ... and frankincense fragrances filled the garden. Benjamin shouted, "Zagroota!" And his seven wives began to sing in their foreign native tongues while they danced frantically in a way that caused Pasadena to yell out loud. "What you say!? Showtime!"

The harem formed a triangle, disrobed one by one and exhibited their nudity in expression of the tradition for an Arabian Night of Love. Pat was caught up in the authenticity of the activity. She'd begun to react to the wine and the hashish in the hookah as if she'd been awakened to her true self, then she rose and instinctively joined the naked dancers. Pat was so excited; she kicked and wiggled her stacked loveliness so, even Benjamin began to chant with Billy, Pasadena and the Seven Sins, as he referred to his wives.

Pat's red jacket went first. She striped away her white blouse next. Then Billy and Pasadena pulled off the red hot pants and red stiletto heels. She continued disrobing until she stopped, spun in front of Benjamin to let her honeydew melon-sized bosom loose in his face and her shoulder length, straight black hair swung into her eyes. Pat's facial expression was

pure lust and full of sexual fantasy. She danced with abandon, her breasts rising and falling to the savage rhythm of the drums. Her panty hose was shed, Billy pulled and helped her out of them, and Pasadena shouted, “I ... got your thang down, Pat.” He was holding on to his huge penis with an apparent erection, and although Pat ignored him, as usual, Billy noticed like always.

While experiencing his own reactions over the nude dancing, Billy suddenly felt his life change when he saw he was clearly larger there, at least, three more inches long and by the impression and feel about an inch or so more big and round. Pat looked at Billy there, and then she teased him by tugging at the elastic band in her red lace panties. She flashed a hank of jet-black pubic hair on her quivering abdomen as she danced a bandy-legged dance that made the men clap her to the climax of the celebration. She whirled; leaped and rolled on the smooth, marble dance floor surface with the design of the great god Allequa painted in vivid colors beneath her while she rolled. Then she jumped up quickly and ran into the darkness at the farthest end of the garden where the vines hung thick, laden with the sweet, juicy ripe, purple grapes.

Pasadena was up with Billy; the two looked at each other for a time, and Pasadena said emotionally, “Hey man ... you had Joan, shit! She’s stone beautiful! I use to dream about what she would be like on this!” He grabbed his awesome penis and pointed it upwards at Billy as he continued confessing, “Yeah, shit yeah ... but you had her, so I laid cool in the cut. Now I wants this one ... I been dreamin’ ‘bout her the same way, ya dig, brotha? Now I wants to marry her ... and share everything I got. So you let me star this scene, Billy Pete, and we gon’ be all right tonight. Can ya dig it, man?”

Billy was grabbing his sex organ also, and Pasadena looked down and saw the spectacle Billy grabbed as he did in the firelight, and it became a cock contest. At that, Benjamin's laughter roared out loud, and the harem surrounded the two dueling cocksmen, standing face-to-face, gripping their weapons of choice, while readying for a final outcome on the matter at hand. Pasadena unzipped his pants and bellowed in boastful tones, "I got a big fat nine here, so ya gotta git back, Billy Pete. Can you call it ... if not, she's mine!"

The challenge was out in the open as Pasadena held his extended big black, stiff nine of spades in his hand. The seven women's eyes bulged with passion over his sausage-sized sex organ, throbbing and bobbing back and forth. He skinned it back, then, flexed it brash and boldly at them all around the garden. Pasadena was cocksure, and the Seven Sins moaned and trilled from the uvula.

Billy unzipped his pants slowly like he did when he took a woman, and he touched the live veins there that seemed to sing out to him, while he traced the shafts long smooth surface to the hulking, sensitive, circumcised head of the growth between his legs. He pulled it loose, and the women squealed out their delight. Their faces were truly the seven faces of sin after they yanked their veils down from under their lusty eyes for the first time.

Benjamin stood measuring the two men. He walked over and looked from Pasadena's to Billy's erection, then he raised his black robe and the most vain, vile proportion Billy or Pasadena had ever thought existed was clearly being bandied about by the man. His leer was evident, and the testicles, which

hung beneath it like ripe, black oranges, only served to enhance the enormousness of the man's organ. Benjamin's penis barely escaped abnormality. He disrobed and strutted past them after Pat Bell in the darkness of his vineyard, for he was plainly and undisputedly the winner of the smoldering, sex-starved, trophy-woman waiting there.

. . .

Billy had five hundred dollars left after the Arabian Nightmare he spent in Benjamin, the bohemian's, grapevine garden. He and Pasadena had split the expenses of the thousand-dollar cover charge the man presented them with. Furthermore, Pasadena and Billy could not forget the sounds Pat made from the darkness in the garden after Benjamin had her there. Because Pat would not satisfy them, they were served sexually by sensual substitutes all night as they swapped and shared the Seven Sins. Nevertheless, they carried the sleepy secretary home and put her bowlegged, brothel-breath body to bed buck-naked.

Pasadena took Billy home with him to the Hollywood Hills, and Billy unwound naked in the sauna while Pasadena floated on his back in the pool. His yellow stucco home sat atop a view that overlooked Hollywood. Although it was small and modest, it had all of the conveniences he could afford.

"Pasadena?" Billy asked pensively, "You really wanted Joan, huh? ... I mean, you loved her and shit, like ya said last night?"

Pasadena was trying to forget the night before as quickly as he could; he rolled over on his stomach, swam to the steel ladder, and climbed naked from the pool. Then he walked over to Billy with his sex organ dripping wet, swinging from side to side, confessing again, “Shit yeah ... I meant it. Joan’s way beautiful. She’s high yella, stacked and that perfume she wears ... her big, innocent, light brown eyes, and then her hot tits and ... you bet her sweet plump, ripe ass I did, Billy Pete.”

He relaxed listening to Pasadena admit sexual feelings for his wife. Then Billy changed the subject to Pat. “Ya felt the same ‘bout Pat, right ... I mean you loved her too?”

Pasadena mused over the two women of his dreams and said thoughtfully, “Well, my dick was set on Pat ‘cause I never thought you’d loose Joan to me. Yeah, I’d say I never counted on Joan, but she was the best of the bitches I wanted. Now Pat, she’s a fuck-up now. Yeah, she’s on my shit list. I’d still fuck the cowboy shit out of her though, like the niggah in the turban done. Shit, I know Gabe would go nuts if he seen that niggah last night gettin’ it on with all that thang he stuck in Pat. Oh shit!” He hollered remembering the heat of Pat’s passion when she shouted out her longing and desire.

Then Billy added in a tone of friendship, “Yeah, he put it to her, but we could of done it too. Shit, he’s older and wiser and well, shit, man we still growin’, ya dig? One day I’m going back and waste the niggah by myself.... Shit yeah!”

Pasadena frowned and said, “Yeah, you might just out fuck and suck him, if you learn a few new tricks, but that growin’ shit is out, man. Ya can’t grow no more. Ya grown now and it’s all over, ya dig? Ya as big as ya gonna be. Well, ya bigger than me. But that other niggah’s a fuckin’ giant freak!”

Billy resisted telling Pasadena about his manhood miracle and enjoyed the sight before him in the whirlpool instead as it slapped free and hefty from thigh to thigh in the churning water. Pasadena stretched out on a mat, under a big, green umbrella by the pool, and sipped his orange juice while the California sun beat down the rays of semi-tropical temperature upon them. The skies were mixed with white and powder blue, as the morning seemed to make up its mind about the oncoming day.

The scent of mint was in the air around them as it blew in from the grassy slopes beyond the ridge in the rear. When the wind was right, and if the breeze was stronger, orange blossoms pleased their noses with the smell of eternal spring thrown in. Billy drank his pineapple juice and concentrated on his stomach. He seemed to definitely be losing the flabby fat around his middle. Gabe Klein had hinted slyly, he'd prefer Billy fat for the part of detective Dick Battle. Gabe felt the weight would give the part a built in characterization arc all its own ... slow to a fault and even funny.

Billy fingered through his copy of the script and read over his lines while the water freed his imprisoned spirit. The part was meaty, he felt, but he disagreed with Gabe, as before, on how the artistic motivation was to be handled. Suddenly, when he got midway into the script, Pasadena, who learned to read late, was reading his part aloud and putting his famous style to it. He performed on his back, stomach and sides there on the mat, and afterwards they both laughed at the ending.



Billy said in a stroke of, so thought, brilliance, “I’m gonna play this part with a gay guy gesticulation.... Ya know, remember that downtown fag social worker I patterned after on my last picture.... Well, I left out his biggest feature. He looked at every man’s zipper as if he expected to find something there. I left that kinda shit out before, but now I sense something’s in it. This script calls for some conversation between you and me, which would be perfect for that approach, ya dig? You know when the guy, Eel, is in the alley pissin’ and they was talkin’? Well, Gabe’s going porno ... he figures on hardcore porn ‘cause he don’t think he can get no quality writers and actors and technicians good enough to swing the legit thang, that’s why I’m gonna create my own technique from now on!”

Pasadena agreed with Billy and he added, “Yeah, shit ass, yeah, Billy Pete ... I’m glad ya back, ya dig? Me and you could make this here thang ... recur. What the hell is it, they say?”

Billy taught Pasadena how to read and helped his apt pupil again, “Recurring roles, yeah, that’d be hip an-a-motherfucker!”

“Awright!” Pasadena exclaimed, vigorously snorting his cocaine. Then he picked up on an idea and said as he sniffed and sniffed the coke lines. “Dig this shit.... Now I got this knife thang I’m doing with all the bitches I waste, see? I’m cutting ‘em from ear to ear and afterwards, dig; I kiss the fuckin’ blade.... Hey man, ain’t that in touch!?”

Billy closed his eyes to see the scene clearly and joined Pasadena in his praise over the action he'd described, and they continued planning the picture to suit them until they'd finished the whole thing. Then Billy proclaimed, "This is gonna be the best fuckin' thang we ever done, man. Everybody gonna dig on it, man. Gabe's gonna hafta git down on this one. The motherfucker ain't never gonna believe the success off this thang, after we put a hurtin' on it.... Awright!"

Gabe rang Pasadena on his poolside patio phone, he answered, and Gabe hollered, "Dena!"

And Pasadena yelled back, "Hey Gabe ... what the fat fuck it is, Jack!? Lay somethin' hip on my head, man!"

Then Gabe asked emphatically, "Where the fat fuck is Pat's head!? I called the bitch up, and she went off on me, ya dig? Look, I wanna fuckin' know what's fuckin' going on. All this talk about quitting me for good and some spaced out stud named, Benjamin!? Well, anyway who's the cat and what's his phone number? I don't never play this here sharin' bitches shit. I said never and I mean it! She's my sweet ass bitch secretary, and that's all, and she knows it. Hell, I had the bitch for five years.

"You tell that silly dilly Billy to call me; I called him 'cause she said it was his idea to go to that thing last night in the first fuckin' place. Look, he ain't home, so if ya see the fat fuck, tell 'em! If he's gotta, git on the horn to me at home, you give 'em the number, Dena! Look, tell me what this bitch is trying to say? She's actin' odd, refused to come to work, and hung up three goddamn times on me, ya dig that shit? I'm stopping this

shit quick before it goes too far. What did she do, freak off with some dude in Watts, huh? Some pimp cat ... I know. So she got it on good last night, and the motherfucker blew her head stone away, huh Dena? Why did you let it go down? Thought ya said you was gonna handle that hot ass bitch last night. She's gone fuckin' squirrely on me. Talkin' 'bout she met her king!"

Pasadena took the last sentence Gabe shot by him as his entrance when Gabe paused to breathe. Then Pasadena said quickly and to the point, "Yeah Gabe ... this here cat tore her booty down in his vineyard all night long! So me and Billy Pete had to take her home, put her big fine, honey brown skin, naked ass in the bed and split. The cat's some kinda robe and turban wearin' fucker with a beard. He's a supa spade and he's already got seven fine freaky foreign bitches over at his pad. And git to this shit, we got in they Arabian asses while he fucked Pat's up...."

Gabe butted in, "What ... why ... how did he get to her? Did silly Billy set it up to go down? Well, how the hell did he pull her from you, Dena?"

Gabe stopped to let Pasadena explain the sexy situation in detail, and Pasadena obliged, "Gabe ... if you was there, that cat would have ripped her off you too, ya dig? Now git to this shit, the stud's got all the action swinging low a cat can have and a bitch can stand. Ya knows I got a dick on me. Well, I can forget it next to this motherfuckers! Pat was shake dancin' and she run off in her drawers, them big titties of hers jumpin' ev'ry which-a-way. Well me and Billy Pete got up to git down with her, but we got to bumpin' dick heads over the sexy sistah

and I lost to Billy Pete. He got a big dick on him too, shit, big dicks was the thang happenin', ya dig? That's when the turban wearin' dude joined in and wasted us both when he pulled out that third leg he had hangin' under his robe. Well, he was the winner and shit, so he got the pussy, and fucked Pat's asshole silly!

"Hell, me and Billy Pete could hardly concentrate on the other seven sistahs we was fuckin' behind Pat's nuts going off all the time back in the grapevines. Shit, ain't that a bitch, we heard it through the grapevine! Awright!" Pasadena was laughing and beside himself with Billy, who was yucking and coughing at the same time about the excitement they encountered in Benjamin, the bohemian's, grapevine garden.

Gabe on the other hand was unimpressed and shouted, "I'll have the motherfucker castrated! Ya dig? Who's that laughing with you? Is that fat silly Billy boy? Put him on.... He started this shit! I want him on the line, Dena!"

Pasadena looked up at the sunny sky, then over at Billy and cautioned him with a smile, "Gabe's fucked up over Pat. He wants to rap to you about that dude last night, here!" Pasadena handed Billy the receiver and lay back down on the mat.

Billy spoke slow and easy, "Hey motherfucker ... ease off now. It was a freak off and the cat was cool. Pat was cool and so was me and Pasadena. Pasadena told you everything, so you chill!"

Gabe's hate filled Billy's ears as he bellowed his contempt, "What the fat fuck you mean ... chill!? This is the big leagues, fella! We don't take no shit like that for granted. Ok, he got her rocks off, but that's all. Now ya git his ass off her case or you don't work in pictures again, Billy Boy, and that's square business. So ya better not blow; now get over to this guy and have Pat back here by tomorrow and no later ... or you're through!"

Billy could hear Gabe puffing into the phone. When the man calmed down, he counterattacked and said straight out, "Gabe, you can pull this shit every fuckin' time you get uptight. Yeah ... ya jaws get tight and ya call me and fuck up my scene. No way, no more, so I ain't fired ... I quit! Ya can stick it up your cheap, narrow ass. Ya can't keep me in no deep freeze; I'm not leavin' this business neither. Fuck you faggot! It ain't my fault ya blew Pat. Ya fuck around, ya gonna blow all ya shit! Think about it, ya little, lame, limp dick dummy!" Billy handed the phone to Pasadena who was up again at Billy's rash tone and harsh words.

Then he yelled at Gabe, "Hey man ... you out to lunch?! Ya can't fire Billy Pete over no freakin' off shit. Dig yourself, he's got a contract, and I told ya how it was if he wanted to work!"

Gabe talked over Pasadena's attempt to intervene and said sharply, "Dena ... cut him loose, he's through, believe me! Never ... I don't want no part of him and that's it, Dena!"

Pasadena was speechless at Gabe's show of hate for Billy. The sudden expression of it was an insult to Pasadena's otherwise happy frame of mind. So Pasadena said forcefully, "No fuckin' way ... I can do no shit like that there, Gabe. Ya comin' down funky on Billy Pete, but ya sound pissed off at me

too. Well ... are ya ... go on tell me I'm fired too, like ya did Billy Pete. No, ya won't 'cause ya needs me bad. Them two squares from Culver City would drop your ass if I quit. Ok, so it's Billy Pete or nothin'. You can have Pat though, if she still wants to be with ya. That's it, man. Ya fucked up my day, Gabe. Don't do that shit no more; I don't dig no bad take days. I'm doin' this shit to be happy, so don't queer my scene, Gabe!"

Gabe was up against a wall; he collected his business sense and phrased politely with a trace of fear over his monstrous mistake, "Look ... Dena ... me and you! You know me. Didn't I promise you the best? Well, let's settle down; I don't want we should hassle. It's this thing with Pat, see? I never had to call her three fuckin' times before. She's nuts.... Look, talk to her for me, Dena. Get her to snap out of it. Tell her to get back on the job tomorrow ... and ... ok, I'll have to forget what I said to that fuck up, silly ass Billy! Goddamn it, Dena, ya pulled rank on me, shit!"

Gabe was upset over the idea of making his first concession in Pasadena's favor. Now, he knew he'd have to strengthen his grip, so it could never happen again. Pasadena on the other hand enjoyed his new playa power and said, "Gabe, I don't know what Billy Pete's gonna say, so ya better ask him if he wants to forget it, man ... here!"

He handed the phone to Billy who was drying off and looking at his paunchy stomach and the long thick, black sex organ below it hanging between his legs. "Yeah." Billy said half interested and sensing his own importance.

Gabe laughed and snarled, "Ok, ya creep ya, you got that one off. But you get between me and Dena again, your ass is grass and I'm a John Deere power mower!"

Gabe hung up in Billy's ear, and Billy said shaking his head, "The cat's crazy. Look Pasadena, he's gonna try to waste ya for this scene, ya dig, soon as he gets a chance at ya, I know his type. He'll short you on your best deals and steal you blind from now on until he can replace you. Next, he'll try to ruin you, you know, just like in the movies, ya dig? Ya seen it a thousand times, that ol' bit about the evil manager and the naïve, trusting supastar!"

Pasadena was attentive and said anxiously, "Yeah, I seen them movies like that, even made one, where I played a Gabe, ya dig? Shit Billy Pete ... something just occurred to me. So I think I know what to do on him to cool myself out for life!" Billy could feel the change coming over them as the real life plot unfolded poolside and Pasadena finished talking. "I ain't gonna sign no contract with Gabe! You know like I said last night! No long-term shit ... in fact after this picture, I'm splittin' Gabe, ya dig? Me and you can freelance while we fuck over all these mothafucka's out here in Yucca Mucca land! Look, we can call our own shots. Anything that ain't our stick, fucks off, ya dig? Ain't it mella? What'cha say, Billy Pete, is you down, my brotha?"

Billy grinned at Pasadena, standing naked beside the pool as they laughed and slapped hands, sealing the bargain for life. The two men dressed and went to Pat's place, but she was gone. Pasadena drove Billy back to his apartment building, where Billy complained getting out of the car, "Yeah, I gotta water them fuckin' plants Joan bought, and the goldfish ain't been eatin' regular. They dyin' on me and shit, but soon I do that, and pick up a few quick changes, I'll be right back."

## Chapter Ten

# *The Shangrila Motel*

The Shangrila Motel  
Has got one foot in hell  
The story I will tell you  
Gladly

The Shangrila Hotel  
Has got no wishing well  
And the rooms of gloom  
Are clean and awaiting

On Sunset Boulevard  
I fell down for you hard  
The day the man said  
No more movies

I listened to him say  
The movie people moved away  
And there's no sundown  
On Sunset tomorrow



The Shangrila Motel  
 Is a Hollywood motel  
 Where romantics dwell  
 Til it's over

The Shangrila Motel  
 Is the bottom where I fell  
 And the only reason  
 I go on living

On Sunset Boulevard  
 I fell down for you hard  
 The day the man said  
 No more movies

I listened to him say  
 The movie people moved away  
 And there's no sundown  
 On Sunset  
 There's no sundown  
 On Sunset  
 And there's no sundown  
 On Sunset tomorrow

Billy closed the door to the brown Mercedes and walked into the lobby of the Shangrila Motel Apartments. It was about two in the afternoon, and he remembered he'd lost his keys; so he went straight to the manager's office and knocked twice on the door. The woman opened her Dutch door at the top and stuck her head out. She recognized Billy and said frozen solid, "Yes ... may I help you?"

He smiled and said. "Yeah, hi ... I lost my keys and I wanna git some things for the week-end. And ... oh yeah, check my mail out. So gimme them keys ya got, ok?"

The woman closed the top of her door in Billy's face. He waited for about a minute until she opened up again, dangling the two keys he wanted, and she said without looking at him. "That will be two dollars for these keys in advance and you can have 'em. That's the new rules!" Billy grinned, reached in his pocket and peeled two dollars off his five hundred dollar wad of bills. The manager lit up the slits in her head and said, "You oughta pay your rent now ... while you holding cash like that. Then I won't have to evict you later on the first, if you broke!"

Billy laughed, looked at the woman and complimented her, "You still got pretty lips! Come by Monday morning and keep me company until I go to work." She grimaced, dropped the keys on the floor in front of him, and slammed the door in his laughing face. He picked the keys up, went to the wall mailboxes, opened his mailbox with the key, and looked through the stack of bills there from six loan companies Joan had borrowed from. Surprised, he paused at Joan's handwriting leaping off a lavender envelope as her flowery fragrance filled his nostrils, when he opened the letter and read it:

*Dear William,*

*I know you are sick and cannot help yourself. Forgive me for my actions, but I could not stand to see you that way another second. I took the car with me. I also quit my job. William, I hope this letter finds you better. I called Dr. Rogers and told him, forgive me, but I didn't know what else to do. He called me back and withdrew from your case.*

*I hope you know what you're doing. Mama said she was praying for you. When you are better, I have something important to ask of you. I hope you will favor me with understanding then, as I am in dire need of your cooperation on this most urgent matter.*

*Sincerely,  
Joan*

Billy stood in the lobby thinking about the favor and he knew it would be for a divorce she would need from him in order to marry Gerald Ames. No wonder, he thought, walking around to his apartment, that's why she didn't ask for her clothes. "Augh!" He blurted out entering his apartment. "I ain't givin' that beautiful bitch up!" He vowed out loud, feeding Joan's fish. "Ugh!" He said, removing two dead goldfish from the tanks around the room that were full of the neglected, famished, scurrying, swimming, aquarium animals. "Shit!" He cursed, dropping them in the garbage disposal, and turning it on. He ran cold water in a pitcher for the many plants Joan referred to as Mr. Green. He watered them, plucked the browning, yellowing leaves away, opened the orange drapes, and sunshine swept the room in a flood of light that spilled over into the kitchen and bedroom.

He got his two leisure suits for portly men, his malodorous Magic Shaving Powder, his toothbrush and toothpaste, his cologne, deodorant, and his three new shirts Joan bought before she left. He gathered the platform shoes he wished were earth shoes. They had high uncomfortable heels and slick, hard, slippery soles that he'd almost broken his neck in twice. He looked at his digital watch Claypoole had given him and slipped a clothes bag over the suits and shirts. Billy picked three pairs of purple underwear, put the diamond horse-shaped ring on his finger, picked up six pairs of socks and his jogging suit.

He got a bag from the closet and threw the things he'd selected in it. He got his hair pick from the bathroom with his mouthwash. Then he thought of Joan as he closed the top, lifted the clothes bag with the suitcase, and headed out the front door. In the lobby, he chanced a look at the manager's door, but she was still inside.

He left his building and joined Pasadena who was still sitting in the air-conditioned automobile listening to his tape cartridge, as his own voice sang out the theme song from one of his successful films. "Twas a sexy situation I got into late last night. Twas x-rated educated and tonight I'll learn much more. Twas a sexy situation kisses mingling with May wine. Twas a sexy situation to have you where the sun don't shine! Pasadena and Billy shouted out the chant together, passing by the bland 'Tinsel Town' street scenes before them, headed for a weekend in the Hollywood Hills with Sweetness and Light, the two call girls Gabe introduced to Pasadena:

**Round and Round  
Upside down  
Emotional motion  
Black white brown**

**They chanted the chorus while rolling up into the hills of heaven as Pasadena called them, sprawling out in stucco and brick patches of luxurious environment that caused Billy to shout out, “Awright!” The men continued to sing at the scenario of good living they passed on both sides of the winding, steep, hilly, ‘mella yella’ brick road. “Twas a sexy situation with you naked on my lap and a man-sized revelation when I made your ginger snap!”**

**Billy was the happiest he’d been in months, and if he had Joan, it would have been the high point of his life. He thought about his deal with Pasadena to take Hollywood for everything they could. To wield all the power they could muster and pull it off together. They’d planned to enjoy different women every night. And although Billy loved Pasadena’s hilltop home, he nevertheless wanted to keep his own personal living quarters. He’d simply crash on weekends at Pasadena’s until he bought himself a mansion, flew to San Francisco, brought Joan back to live in it with him, hired a maid, plus, a chauffeur to drive his black stretch limousine. Heap big fun, as Pasadena put it, would be on the agenda each and everyday, work or play. They showered, dressed, and headed for Westwood to pick up Sweetness and Light. . . .**

**Gabe Klein shot his picture on schedule, and that Monday morning, the hum of energy was deafening when Billy and Pasadena arrived on the first location sight. Because of special consideration to the technical crews, and the grueling task they had before them, in order to keep pace with Gabe’s low budget of one million, three hundred and sixty thousand dollars, all of the principal photography location scenes were to be filmed first.**

The co-star on loan to Gabe from Falcon Films had to do all of her scenes next. The pressure of her presence caused Gabe unnecessary worry as he went over her lines and discussed his ideas of approach with the attractive woman, who was the hottest, new female, soul movie star on the horizon.

The first scene was between Pasadena and the Santa Monica Boulevard merchants, Gabe Klein had paid to act out the meager parts he'd selected, in order to set the stage for the close-ups the camera would capture to portray the plain people, Gabe so strongly wanted to crown his cinematic producing, directorial debut. Painstaking precautions were taken over and over all day to film the stores on the street just right. Then the storeowners took their turns before the grinding, winding camera, and they recited the lines and acted out the action in an expression of amateur night that immediately sent the first frames made, crashing to the cutting room floor.

Gabe's original thought was to go for detail and create a close look at fear and terror on the faces of the neighborhood small businessmen, who agreed to play themselves for one hundred dollars a day each. They were handed lines by the nervous screenwriter that followed Gabe everywhere like a dog. The angles the cameraman took were good, Billy and Pasadena concurred, but the words were all wrong and unconvincing as delivered by the Gabe Klein method of using real people instead of actors. Thus, Gabe's bid for immortality fell by the way side. In desperation, he called for professional help the way the sheriff in the cheap B westerns did when

trouble came to town wearing two guns and a black outfit. The scenes were shot around the neighborhood shopkeepers, and Pasadena came out of the make-up trailer to run through his lines one by one for his many fans gathered there. As always, he was magnificent, and Gabe breathed easier.

There were two versions in the can when they broke for lunch. Gabe was busy with the writer during lunch and they made the new cuts on paper to keep up with the runaway production that seemed to be all on its own. The writing had been shelved in Pasadena's first scenes, but he seemed to make up his own words as he went along and kept the malevolent spirit of the miscreant killer character alive. Gabe Klein had put his hand over the chain smoking, coffee drinking, middle-aged hack screenwriter's mouth, the first time this happened, to keep him from ruining Pasadena's masterful run through.

The crew had been ecstatic over the outcome, and they congratulated Gabe enthusiastically after every print. Gabe's permit was for morning until four-thirty in the day. He planned to spend two weeks on the day street scenes and zoom in on the interior night shoots at the sound stage he rented for two weeks from Falcon Films, a desolate, tiny, almost obscure, independent film studio up the street on Santa Monica Boulevard, owned by the mob.

The deal was for a percentage when first purposed, but changed because of a cash transaction in front insistence for the use of the studio. Gabe rationalized this negotiation breakdown put him in a position to bargain with the major studios as long as Pasadena continued to impress frame after frame. The noonday sun began to haze up the lenses, and the cry of "quiet on the set ... yall!" was heard from the black baldheaded chief technician Pasadena worked best with that ran the show.

Percy Baker was the talented man's name and he was truly the technical director. He dived in and took the reigns from a man Gabe had appointed to run the crew and assist him on all such related matters. Percy Baker had great strength and purpose. No sane man ever questioned his expertise when he soulfully gave out the orders. He grasped the situation from the winks he got from Billy and Pasadena.

Billy had the pleasure of finding his real knack for cinematography, ambling on and on, changing the script to fit he and Pasadena's moods. Gabe noticed it was Billy who was changing the script with an interpretation that gave it meaning, zest and all the box office promise he dreamed. Percy Baker relied on Billy in order to check out the proper sequence and ambience of each frame. Billy scribbled down the lines and called out the changes to the main players and cast in general.

Gabe Klein's dreams of being creative production chief became another cut he'd have to make, and he was wise to let Billy and Percy Baker with his superstar, Pasadena handle his first film for him in the creative department. Gabe went into the make-up trailer with Hanson Downs, the confused unimaginative writer he'd selected and predicted slowly with feeling, "This gonna be a fuckin' soul formula, I can feel it! Them three guys are good ... way better than you and me at this shit. So we kick ourselves upstairs like wise old men, see ... and pow, they carry the fuckin' creative ball and score!"

The worrywart writer was slow to grasp his promotion to assistant executive producer and he screamed, "My script! They're ruining the shit out of it! It's totally wrong! I tried to stop the big guy that's doing it, but he fuckin' ignores me and keeps makin' changes! Next, they'll change the names of the characters and then the title! They're fuckin' taking over, Gabe!"



Gabe looked at the confounded man and saw himself as he was when he thought foolishly he had talent. Then Gabe said contemptuously with a sneer, "Ya wanna be a writer, huh? Why them three know more about that shit than you'll ever get next to, no matter where you go or what ya do. With you, it's commercial tripe, with them it's soul art, ya dig? I'm lucky I peeped it going down. They been on my back lately, now I see my place is up on top, handling the money. So I ain't telling you but once more ... all ya can do for me now is my bidding at the same figure I'm payin' ya to write this turkey ... or it would of been a turkey. Now it's a motherfucker!"

. . .

Billy was deeply involved making the changes from what he'd always felt made Pasadena's former films tacky and kept the budding superstar from reaching his full potential. Billy scratched his head as the pencil flew over the yellow legal pad on his lap.

Henrietta Jackson joined him, sat beside him, and said sweetly in his ear, "Cecil B. DeBilly ... that's who you are on this flick, man." Billy worked with the good-looking woman before. She was thirty-four, and he remembered back to when she danced in the chorus line at the Latin Casino on Broadway. Then the many off Broadway parts the woman had played in the past came back to him. He looked up into her bright, brown eyes and said sadly from way deep inside himself, "Cecil B. is dead, baby. I'm going for myself on this one ... you game pretty mama?"

The woman shook her pretty head and said sincerely, “All I know is this is gonna be one hell of an honest picture, the way you’re headed; so yeah, count on me to play along. By the way, how have you been? It’s been ... what, five years since I last saw you in New York, right? You and the Pasadena hooked up, huh? That makes sense; you make a great team. I worked with Percy before; he’s beautiful. That’s what I always wanted to do ... get with some supa soul and put a picture together that made a statement to justify our existence on this planet. Ya dig, Billy?” Billy looked in her easy-to-like brown eyes once more and he felt close to her again like in New York when they talked about the same things.

“Yeah Etta, it’s gonna be mella. Oh, what are ya doing after we wrap it up for the day?”

Over wardrobe’s objection, she was wearing a yellow outfit she selected herself, and Billy thought of her wearing her own clothes and no clothes, while she anticipated his offer for a date, “Yeah Billy, that would be hip.... I’m lonely out here. What’s happening later on?”

Billy concentrated on the clothes wardrobe picked out for everybody; he called for a break and turned to Henrietta to confirm the date, “I’ll take you with me afterwards. You won’t be lonely then I guarantee ya!” Then he announced, “Hey! Everybody working out of wardrobe ... cut that dooky back. We wear our own clothes, ya dig? It’s hipper that way. Ok, breaks over!” The cast went back to their places, the camera filmed the crowd scene, and it was a perfect take.

Percy came over chuckling to slap Billy's hands and said, "Looks like we got ourselves a picture. What's the last scene for the day, oh, the black beauty here." Percy looked at Henrietta and winked.

Pasadena swaggered over, amusingly improvising vulgarly with two rolls of hard salami, the Kosher grocer, Maury, had given him, "We got this mammy jammy. Look here girl, you ready for my kisses, 'cause I'm the hissin', kissin' king! He hissed his famous hiss at her, and everybody imitated him and laughed.

Movie making was the center of Billy's universe, and he found himself so involved in the work he had himself replaced as an actor in the film and continued his best role ever, becoming the black porn, horror films creative producer/director/screenwriter. It all came so natural to him as the theatrical experiences he'd picked up along the way from Philadelphia, where he was born, began to jump out at him. So he put the plots in perspective and forged on exuberantly into the unknown void of becoming a winner.

The time had come and gone for the street scenes, and Billy had two cans of film on the shelf. Gabe Klein had come to location every day except the last two days when he sent his assistant, the ex-screen writer, Hanson Downs, who jotted down all of Billy's requests and changes in a log of record for the production costs. Billy also cut some costs, but as quickly as Gabe saw the black, if Billy decided it was worth it, he made another change. This sent Gabe spinning back into the red, complexion and budget wise. It prompted the now chief executive producer to call and say. "Billy boy, I'm in the black ... then the red. But when I release this motherfucker, I wanna be in the pink, ya dig?"

**Billy understood ineptness and avoided the disorganization he was saddled with by creatively changing Gabe's phony production, bit by bit. He did this in a frantic effort to stay on top of the pressures from last phase jitters. At the same time, he vowed not to destroy the inspired work he, Pasadena and Percy were doing for the newly formed G.K.P., (Gabe Klein Pictures), which would be distributed by Falcon Films.**

**The two backers in Culver City, who took a chance and invested their money, were the only two partners of the limited stock Gabe insisted on issuing at their last meeting. But since Billy's budget had gone over by five hundred thousand dollars, Gabe went shopping for his next silent partner.**

**Pat Bell was still with Benjamin, the Bohemian, in his grapevine garden. She became his eighth common law, unfaithful wife and eighth wonder of his wicked world.**

**Pasadena was superb as the last scenes were shot and the picture took its final form under Billy's supervision. Billy ruled with an iron hand, thanks to Pasadena's hold on Gabe Klein, who made a decision to go all the way with the budding director. The cast and crew knew the creative closeness of Pasadena and Billy, so they felt their job was to respond on the same wavelength, giving everything they could, professionally, and improve the production they had contributed to, for the last eight weeks and a half.**

Gabe found a new under-the-table deal from Santa Anita Race Track when he was introduced by Short Cuts, the post-production film expert, that was to assemble and process Gabe's first film in Hollywood. Short Cuts had worked on many of the new porno films being made. Plus, he had access to all of the major studios' film labs, where his staff of sixteen men and women moonlighted when necessary on the better jobs.

Short Cuts had talked to Gabe who indicated his need of extra money and Short Cuts suggested the same man to Gabe that had backed him secretly, Johnny Tabunarri, the whispered 'Skidrow Kid', a one-man-gang, West Coast syndicate boss of lower echelon show business loans. He resembled a hulking rodent with piercing black, wild eyes, yellow fanged teeth, a coarse hairy and grayish complexion. The man's terms had been easy to say as he looked at Gabe Klein's throat like a hangman and hectored in a Mickey Mouse voice, "I'll choke it out of you, ya don't kick back the compounded interest on my principle.... Ok yid, ya got two hundred and fifty G's and ya pay up twice that in one month, or ya cough up ya guts in some alley I pick!" Gabe had nightmares after he made the deal, but it kept him on top of things, and if he scored fast, he'd be in the clear for good. The loan from the gangster would soon be but a bad memory, he thought. Gabe tried to erase the memory of his first meeting with the 'Skidrow Kid' in the cold-blooded gangsters dingy, dank office where, while they talked, a fullgrown pet black rat and her fifty litter of six strode across the mob slumlord's garbage strewn desk to sample his double cheeseburger and French fries.

# Chapter Eleven

## Alabama Hammer

Muscle Shoals Alabama  
Oh yeah  
In the heart of Dixieland  
Wam bam a lam a  
I'm a Alabama hammerin' man

I can't play a guitar  
Oh no  
Or blow a saxophone  
No no  
But with my Alabama hammer  
I'm gonna build myself a home

In a tiny little village  
Soon they'll call it music town  
When my Alabama hammer  
Come right funky on down

*Gonna hit it hard  
 In the mornin'  
 Til I hit it big for you  
 I coulda worked in N.Y. City  
 Detroit and Nashville too*

*Alabama hammer  
 In the heart of Dixieland  
 Wam bam a lam a  
 I'm a Alabama hammerin' man*

The rough, finished product was delivered to Short Cuts, and he began his expert work. They all knew the hot sound track would be a sure bet for the money Gabe needed to pay the gangster. Pasadena sang the theme song and three others Billy chose, which were produced and written by Alabama Hammer, the low budget unknown soul singers and musicians signed to Falcon Films newly formed subsidiary, Bama Records. The group arrived in Hollywood from Muscle Shoals, Alabama without a dime, only a catalog of potential hit songs that were perfect to grace the score of the story line. Billy and Pasadena recorded them at Gold Star Recording Studio, up the street from the shoot. The addition of real black music changed the title of the film and Billy suggested “SwitchBlade” as the new title to Pasadena, and they went with it, chanting out the words.

SwitchBlade  
 Murder murder everywhere  
 SwitchBlade  
 Cuttin' women's  
 Underwear

SwitchBlade  
 Flashin' in the dark of night  
 SwitchBlade  
 From ear to ear blood  
 Crimson bright

SwitchBlade  
 One day you'll pay  
 The price your life  
 SwitchBlade  
 Killa with a  
 SwitchBlade knife

The eerie feel of the plot was the main attraction after Pasadena's best performance was unveiled to Billy when he worked with Short Cuts day and night for a week. The screening room was a torture chamber for Gabe Klein who waited in the dark for his dream to come true. Billy was serenely contained. Pasadena glowed as the white stream of light shot out to the screen from the projection booth, and the picture began.

Short Cuts was a master at his trade, and they all fell under the spell of the animated introduction Billy had added with the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars that put Gabe's life on the line. The effect was simplistically brilliant, and the men laughed at the black question mark on the screen in a cartoon dialogue circle over a stick figure man, holding a big exclamation pointed dick head. Then the stick figure man was



joined by a female stick figure, sitting on a red period (for menstruation), plus, an exclamation point over her head in another cartoon dialogue circle. The stick figure man and woman exchanged conversation in punctuation marks on the screen quickly; next a colon appears in the stick figure woman's dialogue circle, and the stick figure guy's exclamation pointed penis penetrates it, until they wind up in every anal sodomy punctuated sexual position the animation artist could create in the three minutes allotted to him while the credits appeared on the, by now, bloody red screen.

Soul music accompanied the animated introduction, and the sound track was scintillating, causing Billy and Pasadena to slap hands and stomp their feet to the funky tune. As Pasadena's tongue hissed out and back again, the feature faded in from the last striking sexual position the gory stick figures took, and Technicolor exploded in full focus in front of them. He had Henrietta on a bed in the most suggestive position that the stick figures had previously assumed. And Gabe cried out, "On the fuckin' money!"

Short Cuts loved the fade in from animation and whispered, "Best fuckin' segue I ever done, Gabe, whatcha think?"

"Great fuckin' winner!" Gabe whispered without taking his eyes from the screen, where Pasadena made passionate anal love to his hollering female co-star in living color.

Pasadena pulled his switchblade knife and looked away, but the three-way mirror reflected his expression of evil, giving it three times the ordinary power he had with that scary/libidinous look, whenever he used it. Gabe was caught up in the style Billy and Percy had zeroed in on with quiet noir close-ups that seem to screech out of the silence on the screen in pleas and cries Henrietta uttered realistically as Pasadena's

tongue hissed out at the camera in an unmistakable snake motion. The sinister plot began when Pasadena spoke his first lines in the half-light, half shadows of the bedroom. "So you don't do as I say, you do as you feel now, and you called the man on my young girls!"

Henrietta's character's face was full of fright when she fought the words out, "No SwitchBlade ... I do like ya say, man.... No SwitchBlade, don't look like that, daddy. Please, I wouldn't wipe no shit like that on you!"

Pasadena smiled like Satan and kissed the gleaming blade of his switchblade knife. Then he performed the most blood-curdling murder scene ever filmed. He started slowly behind Henrietta's left ear and began to cut an artificial neck that bled Hollywood type O. The knife cut a bloodline on the screen from ear to ear on what looked like Henrietta's neck, so much so, she screamed out in the darkness of the screening room and Billy squeezed her hand. The hardest horror of the scene was in the disbelief on Henrietta's character's face. Then when Pasadena started to cut, out came the weak passive noises emitted from her throat, as the knife sank into her blood spouting esophagus, killing her dead. After he slit Henrietta's throat, Pasadena ritualistically kissed the shiny, sharp blade of his bloody, dripping switchblade knife.

This psychopathic touch of terror was perfect for the sex and violence, macho infested film jungle where Gabe Klein was headed. Pasadena murdered woman after woman and kissed his knife six more times, until a woman detective, the twin sister of the first woman Pasadena killed, blew his head off, close range, in sweet revenge as he attempted to slit her throat at the end of the picture. Henrietta played both parts. The lights came on, and Gabe was all over Billy and Pasadena with lavish praise for the job they'd done for G.K.P., (Gabe Klein

Pictures). Gabe hugged Percy and kissed Henrietta. Then he shook Short Cuts hand and promised, "This will scare the hell out of the devil himself. I'm still fuckin' shaken from it.... Don't get too close!" He said grinning at Pasadena who gave his finest fiendish/serial killer/pimp performance yet.

Billy was in another world, thinking of Joan and the money he would have from this commercial effort. Minus Gabe, that night at Pasadena's party, the superstar said sullenly, "When I first came to L.A., some jive ass freaks downtown by the bus station sent me clear to Pasadena on a bus. They told me it was Hollywood. They was stoned and I was a wide-eyed, illiterate, dumb ass kid from Kentucky. Shit, anyway the name stuck, and them freaks ain't laughing no fuckin' more. Well, I've got an announcement to make, so y'all can know from now on, me and my partner, Billy Pete here is gonna git into our own picture company, and we was just waiting for this one with Gabe to be finished. I'm working exclusively for Puddin' N' Tain Pictures now. I own fifty percent of it with Billy Pete!"

Billy and Pasadena were on their way after the picture they made for Gabe was released and grossed over thirty million dollars in the first three weeks. Gabe was hard put to explain the loss of his superstar and actor/director, when Johnny Tabunarri called, demanding, "Get them two spades back under your wing, kike, or I'll break your hebe neck!" Gabe was horrified at the call he felt came out of left field, as he'd sworn he was finished with the ghastly gangster. But the threat was real, so Gabe obeyed and went on an all out, life or death, campaign to get Pasadena and Billy back working in his movie company.

Billy and Pasadena made plans to acquire a new script, an unknown writer Percy Baker knew had written. The young hungry writer was truly gifted, standing in the shallow end of Pasadena's pool, telling them the plot of his latest original screenplay. The name of the intended movie was 'The Profane Preacher'. It was all about a young, black Baptist minister who began to mix profanity with the gospel quotes in his text. He delivered his sinful, secular sermons from the pulpit on Sunday to the severe, sacred shock of his congregation. This incurred the contempt of his brothers of the cloth and last, but certainly not least, the wrath of God! The idea was solid, and Billy, Pasadena, plus, Percy too, went to work on the plans for getting the money.

Johnny Tabunarri, the eccentric, exterminator, 'Skidrow Kid', as he was called behind his back, received Billy and Pasadena in his small, rat infested, roach infested, worse-for-wear office on Wilshire Boulevard. It was reminiscent of his boyhood New York City, overrun with vermin, tenement home. He was his usual, ugly, blunt self and he made a Mighty Mouse mouthed mediocre mobster's metaphor, "Ya look pushy enough, so I'll tell ya. A guy does a thing ok, he's gonna be ok, right? Well, he does better, he's doing better for himself, and it don't make no difference what it is he's doing; somebody gonna come along and say, goddamn, you cleaned the shit outta this toilet.... Ya git the idea?"

The undisclosed amount Billy and Pasadena borrowed from the gangster for twenty-five per cent of the gross put them in the movie making business. The first picture grossed forty million dollars, and Puddin' N' Tain Pictures was born. Billy and Pasadena, Percy Baker with the screenwriter, O.D. Johnson planned the next production from a building in Century City on the seventeenth floor. The suite was swank, displaying three stacked secretaries, busy typing a script entitled, "The Life and Loves of Jody!"

Inside the plush offices Billy and Pasadena shared, Pasadena said, "Billy Pete, 'Jody' gonna be a motherfucker... we get it right. Yeah, see the way I feel it ... the Jody thing is what most of life's all about any fuckin' how in the streets. Take how it got started and shit in the army. Ya remember cats sayin' and singin', ain't no sense in goin' home, Jody's got ya gal and gone? Well, I figure we do an army thang strong, see? Date the motherfucker, nineteen forty-five for that segment. Yeah, now when ya do it, we play it on a military base. Yeah, that's a location shoot, why not Fort Ord? Guys ... what ya think, Percy, you and O.D. just like Jody, quiet. Yeah!"

They all laughed in unison and said, "Fort Dicks."

Percy scratched his baldhead to comment, "Yeah Dena, that oughta do it for that segment like ya said. But I got another feeling for the next one though, ya dig ... 'cause a small town Jody is hip, see? Down South, dig it... yeah, Georgia or Alabama. Why the fuck not, a bama Jody!?"

**Billy thought of Joan in a bubble bath with sudsy, foamy soap, oozing down her statuesque yellow body with that bright red ribbon in her crowning glorious head of black, good hair as she lifted her shapely leg, washed it slowly and lied, “Damon was cute, but he never meant a thing to me. You’re always asking me about him! I told you I only drove his car because he offered me the keys, but you insist I had an adulterous motive. I don’t know about you, William. You think everything is sex!”**

**Billy remembered how beautiful Joan had been when they stayed down South in Alabama on Strawberry Road while he was touring and performing at the traditional colored colleges there. This black school, in particular, W.C. Handy University at Florence near “Rocket City” (Huntsville) had a strong dramatic program, and after each performance, they partied with the cast and local people who gathered for drinks and conversation in the Father of the Blues Motel where they stayed.**

## Chapter Twelve

# Strawberry Road

Strawberry Road  
Way down in Dixie  
I'm gonna pick me  
Some more of your  
Red ripe love berries

Strawberry Road  
I'll always remember  
You last September  
Comin' down Strawberry  
Road

Well shut my mouth  
I went way down South  
Just to steal some  
Georgia peaches

You smiled at me  
 I shook your tree  
 Til your peaches came  
 Tumblin' down to  
 The ground

Your sexy y'all  
 In a southern drawl  
 Was sweet as honeysuckle  
 On the vine

Sunshine was your  
 Load  
 I reaped what you sowed  
 Comin' down Strawberry Road

Now big city winter  
 Winds may blow  
 When I'm walkin' in the  
 Snow

But when it all thaws  
 Out I know  
 I'm gonna pack my sack  
 And back I'll go to  
 \_\_\_\_\_Top\_\_\_\_\_



*Lord I hope that road  
 Ain't closed  
 Strawberry Road  
 Strawberry Road  
 Strawberry Road  
 Strawberry Road*

Damon was the local Jody who smiled his lazy lusty sex at Joan, and Billy saw Joan return hers, blushing and sagging as she stood there melting while taking his car keys. Joan had sped away after a sodomite silence that filled the room of maybe twenty people. It fell as a promiscuous pall all over them, and everybody saw the fornication flirtation that Joan insisted wasn't. Damon, on the other hand, had been more definitive when he drove "The Heart of Dixie, Peters Players" as Billy's troupe of ten actors and actresses were called all over the South in his bus.

Once backstage, Damon insinuated within earshot of Billy that the finest woman in the bunch was his for the taking. The prop man named Mike had laughed loudest and seemed to know Billy was listening. The punch Billy hit him with, caused the man to go to his pickup truck and pull a pistol from the glove compartment, then the tension was unbearable when he returned and threatened, "You should've never busted my lip, motherfucker! I'm gonna ..." The actors and actresses panicked, running out of the rehearsal going on in Erskine Hawkins Hall, the school auditorium, but Damon who interceded appeared to be the target of the shooter, so Joan screamed!

And Damon urged, "Hey Mike! Don't do no crazy stuff like that, be cool brotha. Is your mouth bleeding inside, man?"

Mike began to stalk Billy center stage. As they walked in a hotspot lighted circle, Billy remembered the feeling of that moment was such nervous anticipation, his mouth was dry and he could not swallow. His eyes began to sting and burn, and his teeth chattered while he tried desperately not to show his frantic fear of the (prop) gun pointed at his head. His knees got so weak he almost fell and sweat ran down him freely. He was about to beg the man's forgiveness when Damon said, "You must have been nuts to hit Mike like that. You lucky he don't pull the trigger.... Ok ... Mike, me and you, man.... Forget it! Let's get some air and fix your mouth. Forget it, man. He ain't worth shootin'!"

Billy cringed then and he felt his heart pound and pound like an Alabama "Percy Sledge" hammer with muscle soul until the two men backed out the stage door with the unbeknownst to him fake pistol, loaded with blanks, still pointing at his head. Joan had run up to Billy and asked a million questions that he never heard. The Heart of Dixie Peters Players was disbanded that day, so Billy and Joan caught a plane to San Francisco that night from "Rocket City, USA", Huntsville, Alabama.

Billy remembered sighing in relief on the plane as he sipped his whiskey sour. In the small talk that followed on the plane, he let it slip that Damon had gone out with Hedy Lamont, Billy's best actress and Joan's best friend. The jealous expression on Joan's face would have been enough, but she slammed her champagne down. It splashed on to her green plaid dress and she shrieked, "Hedy! ... Damon hit on Hedy!? How do you know? When? I don't believe it. You just made it up, he wouldn't ... he ... well, did he!?"

Billy told Joan the rest of what he knew about their rendezvous in the Father of the Blues Motel the same night Joan had borrowed Damon's car, and she was so furious, her hazel eyes flashed kelly green. Hedy was always sexy to men, and Billy thought of the cinnamon, brown sugar woman that he tried to have, but refused him, and then he envied Damon who did. Damon had most of the actresses as he drove them from black college to black college all over the South. It appeared the tall tan man had Joan who stated her preference to sit or stand with him backstage while Billy performed. Billy thought back, and for the first time he pinpointed every opportunity when it was possible for Joan and Damon to get together, as he was sure, Damon was Jody tall and tan.

O.D. Johnson broke through Billy's preoccupation with Jody down South. The man went on and on saying, "But pretty girls get all the kisses, and the others git fucked, right? So how 'bout a ugly Jody and some ugly women for a change.... You know ... the one's with ... say some money and a job ... nothing big, just so it keeps Jody on his feet. Let him fuck around on the side and ... no, but that sorta sounds like a gigolo or mack daddy and playa type pimp. That ain't Jody! Naw ...Jody is a lover. He don't want no woman's money. He just gits the pussy every time you leave for work or after you go home and leave the bitch. She can't help herself 'cause his way is too strong, so she gives it up with a smile.

"He ain't handsome all the time neither like most think, ya dig? I knew a cat named James Moore; the fucker was layin' up with everybody in the building I use to live in, when we first made "The Profane Preacher!" Anyhow, he was a ugly Jody

and he pulled it off. I figure it's in the blood; ya can't plan to be Jody when ya grow up. Nope, it's natural good luck to be 'em! He's always gittin' over before you and me git a chance to touch it; he's too fuckin' much! Look, I say do a ugly Jody too!"

"Yeah!" Billy replied, laughing with Pasadena and Percy.

Then Pasadena reminisced, "Dig this shit! The fucks old too . . . I knowed a niggah in his eighties, now don't laugh, I swear to God! This niggah wore pretty shit and he was taken off some bitches less than half his age in Louisville. Ya know he got a pension or some check, but they cleaned and cooked for 'em. The fucker sang blues and he played guitar and harmonica. The bitches called that old niggah, Feather.... Yeah dig.... He fucked my sistah, Jeanette. You ain't seen her, Billy Pete. She's still in Louisville. Yeah, any fuckin' way, she was twenty-six and shit. But git to this, she said she wanted to see 'em one day, so she took off from work.

"The niggah had company, see them cat's ain't never lonely, less they wants to be. I think she said a honky woman answered the door. Listen, Jeanette is fine and freaky. If she wasn't my sistah, I'd bone her myself. Feather made her mad for a quick minute. Yeah, that's all they ever make 'em mad for. I believe bitches takes it out on cats like us after Jody git away clean every time. Yeah, she say he was a mothafucka in bed. She use to take that 'old son-of-a-bitch in bed', food and records he liked. I swear, a old Jody is hip! I can git a make-up thang and be 'em."

"Ok!" Percy said adding it up, "We got a southern, small town bama Jody, an ugly Jody, an old Jody, a...!"

O.D. made a big splash in the pool to say, “Don’t forgit the army thang. Ain’t no sense in goin’ home, Jody got ya gal and gone. Shit, the shoot location is hip, see? We put the Dear John letter from the bitch to John on the army base in the mix. Plus, we grab all that home action and split the screen so ya can see the soldier and the bitch. Yeah, see he’s on the base and reading her letter while she’s back home in the sack with Jody, a handsome Jody, ya dig?”

Billy heard O.D. Johnson’s words and he remembered ‘Honey Boy’ the man on Broadway that was so good with women he was feared by pimps. He took their women any time he wanted them with a smile. So Billy told them, “We get to all of ’em and pick the best ones, and it’s a wrap. A cat called me a fat Jody once to joke and shit. But he was just fuckin’ with me and this chick. You remember those two ofay chicks on Malibu Beach, Pasadena?”

“Yeah, I remember that orange-haired honky ho.... You fuck her?”

“Naw, shit naw... then again I don’t know. I got fucked up off some acid this weird ass brotha dropped on the peanuts. I could’ve and not been hip to it, ya dig?”

Percy was thinking and he shared his thoughts seriously with them, “A honky Jody is hip too. I knew this cat in Paris, France. Shelberg was his name, a fuck up and a pain, but a bitch lovin’ ass hole, ya dig? He got bitches by the truckload every week. Once I seen ’em with four bitches going up to his garret, and he fucked all four together. Hey, Pasadena I’m thinking ‘bout you in a blond wig with make-up all over you, and you play this fuckin’ white international Jody too, ya dig?”

Pasadena cursed, "That's a motherfucker! Yeah, I can git made-up for all of 'em real special. Git the best ho's we can. I'll play with Henrietta again; she got good pussy ... and that bitch was up here Tuesday ... Gloria something!"

Billy winked and said, "Thomas ... Gloria Thomas ... yeah, she's hot lookin'. We need a bitch from the South for the small town thang. Then wives and shit, we need a lot of 'em! Yeah... Pauline, the preacher's wife, Josephine or whatshername, the doctor's ol' lady and the school teacher and all the rest!"

Enthusiastically O.D. interjected, "We got to git down on 'Jody' and we got it made at the box office! Falcon Films gonna run this up pass 'The Profane Preacher'! Look, this is how I see it, Dena. Everybody singin' 'bout Jody, but there ain't never been no movie on the baddest folklore hero a niggah got. Every cat wish he could be this motherfucker!"

And Pasadena added, "Yeah Billy Pete.... I want to do the honky Jody, so's I can act that shit, and maybe cop a Oscar, ya dig?" Yeah, shit yeah ... we doing the honky Jody, Jack!"

Percy thought then volunteered, "Then motherfuckers can see how the mystery man of every fuckin' niggah neighborhood, plus hot hip honkies git it on!"

The floor was open and O.D. said, "Yeah, what makes 'em tick and shit. I dig some inside shit here. That'll be hip. Whatcha say, Percy?"

Percy slapped O.D.'s hands and answered, "Awright! Just don't forget the plot, O.D., yeah, and dialogue. Ya know we got a winner subject, but we gotta say something on this beautiful monster so they believe they seen Jody for real, ya dig?"

Pasadena snorted his cocaine and rapped, "I'm lighten up the fuckin' screen on this one. I can see them dirty daily rushes now. Shit, we got room for a hell of a music track! Let's git them badass freaks from Muscle Shoals, Alabama that done Gabe's flick! Them fuckers playin' some funky shit! Dig, I fucked the bitch on the B-3 organ, her playin' improved, so I know it was good. Yeah, git them ... they play Jody music anyway!"

Billy felt the same, "Yeah, we can split the publishin' and production again like we did on 'The Profane Preacher' tracks. Gabe's still makin' good dough off the 'SwitchBlade' soundtrack. I guess I better depend more on your soul singin', Pasadena. Looks like you gonna have to stress your vocal power on Jody, huh?"

Pasadena got up to pose and say, "Suppose I was to win a fuckin' Grammy on this soundtrack shit with all my Oscar actin' shit going down at once. Then I'm supastar of the fuckin' year!"

Percy lit his pipe and said, "Short Cuts gonna be busy on this one 'cause I want artistic shit on them scenes. Make ya holla when I get done this time. Look, O.D., you got a chance to kill 'em on this one. So take your time and say it mella when ya writing, dude!"

And O.D. said, "Yeah, this is a fat one, a juicy cast of characters saying and doing love thangs about the soul of Jody!"

Percy was excited and loud, "You said it! Look, I like that title, 'The Soul of Jody'! What do ya feel, Billy?"

**“Shit, I don’t give a fat fuck what ya call it. But till we get it done, I’m callin’ it just plain `Jody ´!”**

**“Yeah, I feels that!” Pasadena agreed and said, “Billy Pete that’s hip, I likes it. All on the cat’s name too. None of them extra words to spoil it!”**

**O.D. got the point and said, “Ok, I dig. What do you think, Percy? I don’t care ‘bout my first title now. Fuck it! `Jody´ is cool with me too!”**

**Percy puffed on his pipe and said, “I’m thinking ... wait ... naw... fuck it! Yeah, that says it.... `Jody ´ yeah!”**

**Pasadena was anxious to go and he said with certainty, “Shit, all this Jody love talk is makin’ my dick hard as Chinese calculus. I’m fuckin’ this fine, young bitch, her wet little pussy’s tight and hotter every time I gits it. Y’all excuse me, I’m splittin’!”**

**Percy laughed and said, “We got enough of a feel on `Jody ´ wouldn’t ya say, Billy? What do ya think?”**

**Billy nodded to add, “It’s on the way. We’ll nail down all the rough spots when we shoot, like Pasadena tryin’ to be a handsome Jody. (They all belly laugh.) I’m going to San Francisco tonight, so I’ll see y’all on the set Monday morning.”**

**Pasadena grinned, holding his penis and cracked, “Oh shit, tell that way pretty, sweet Joanie, the Pasadena is thinkin’ ‘bout her constantly and wishes she was here!”**



**Billy frowned his reply, “I’ll let ya tell her yourself, if I see her, that is, and bring her back. Yeah, some funny, funky shits going down, ya dig?”**

**Then O. D. called out to Pasadena, “Later Pasadena, see ya Monday!”**

# Chapter Thirteen

## *Uptight Trolley*

\_\_\_\_\_ Monologue \_\_\_\_\_

Now I know y'all hip  
To San Francisco  
Big beautiful rollin' hills  
And the Golden Gate  
Bridge

Well there's a stretch  
Of beach  
Where you can walk  
For miles and think  
For days

Just take a trolley marked  
North Juda that's right  
You've heard of a Streetcar  
Named Desire

Well this is a lover's  
 Uptight trolley  
 And it's painted  
 Jealous green  
 Mad red and lonely  
 Blue

---

Melody

---

Uptight trolley it's  
 The last stop  
 Strung out streetcar  
 Too

Going to the end of  
 The continent  
 For the right track back  
 To you

Uptight trolley going  
 Downtown  
 To the end of the  
 Continent  
 In the San Francisco  
 Bay

Strung out streetcar  
Gon' turn 'round  
At the end of the  
Continent  
Hung-up all the way

I traveled from the  
Subway system  
To reach the sunny  
Seashore baby

So I could think us  
Over  
'Cause if I don't I'm  
Sure

Uptight trolley gonna  
Break down  
At the end of the  
Continent  
And need a friendly  
Shove

*Strung out streetcar  
Wouldn't be bound  
For the end of the  
Continent*

*If it wasn't for the  
Tunnel of love  
Locomotive that wrecked  
My heart and soul*

Billy had saved up his bluest feelings for the trip. He sat back in the seat, fastened his seat belt, and was oblivious to the stewardess when she bent over, smiled at him and offered, "Good evening, sir! May I serve you something? We have sandwiches, fruit and liquor if you like?" The ignored woman shook her head slowly and walked back to the next passenger while Billy continued to think about Joan. She was there in the purple pink of a cloud as he ascended into the puffs of fair weather that surrounded him on both sides of the airplane.

The vast sky was fascinatingly beautiful, changing into yellow, orange to reds, from a palette and brush of some genius painter in the stratosphere who outdid himself. Billy indulged the colors and worshipped Joan's memory. When her fantastic face floated up to him outside the window of the plane, she was the moon, the stars, the sun, in a wonderfully composed piece of panchromatic pastel. The headset full of music accompanied the fantasy and fact that filled his mind, and he sighed at Joan's flirtatious smile there on a fuchsia cloud to his right.

Billy had given himself a one million dollar annuity per picture on the year. Pasadena felt his partner should have taken a bigger hunk of a paycheck, but Billy had insisted on being a stickler for saving and getting out of the grip of Johnny Tabunarri whenever possible. So he held the reserve piece of his nouveau riche profits from Puddin' n' Tain in abeyance at his bank to re-establish his marriage first.

He also had lost weight and he stuck to his self-made diet of sirloin hamburger, no salt, just black pepper with tilsit cheese and saltine crackers. He ate oranges, one a day, and that was all he ate. It took him three months of exercise on the handball courts in Griffith Park with Pasadena to get his stomach back down, and he raveled in the pleasure of saying, thirty-two waist when he told the tailor his measurements. Billy had spent one hundred thousand dollars on the fashionable clothes he would wear to impress Joan.

Joan received Billy's letter and she took the money he sent saying, "William, I'm ... speechless.... I ... look let me call you back... ok!?"

There were tears in her voice, and she hung up the phone. Billy called her back, but he waited an hour until he decided, and she was gone. "She's out!" Her mother had said when Billy inquired. Then the woman said, "William, y'all separated and you know what that mean.... Don't nobody owe the other one nothin'. Lucky y'all ain't have kids. At first I wished y'all would, but now I'm glad you didn't!"

Billy called Joan again the next morning, but she was at work. Joan was working for the phone company again and seeing Gerald Ames every night. Billy tried to forget the things Joan had said. The next evening he called and caught her before she went out and she said, "Hello William, mama told me you called. Look, I'm so glad for you, and you're always gonna be alright with me. I needed the money, but ... we can't make it, William. It's way too late for that. It can't be helped. I was hoping you would be happy for me.... Hello ... William!?"

Billy hung up and had a tough cry in spite of his angry mood, which was a dark cloud when he thought of Gerald Ames, who was a pharmacist and owned the big, local, pharmaceutical chain, Drug Deal Pharmacy. The man was handsome and he drove a black, convertible, Maserati sports car. Billy believed the man was a confirmed bachelor and gambled Joan could never settle for the single, footloose and fancy-free life style the druggist would impose upon her. Following this reasoning, Billy wangled a meeting of sorts to discuss any possible chance of reconciliation, now that he was on his feet and rich.

Joan agreed to see Billy, only she refused to promise more, but she finally conceded to a compromise, "Oh William ... I thought about it ... and well, I'm gonna have to have more time ...see? This isn't easy as it seems. It's my whole life I'm deciding, and I can't take a chance and ruin what I've got. Well anyhow, I'll be glad to see you, Mr. Money Man. I always knew you would be rich and famous. I bet you've got more women than ever, but that's not my business. Look William, you come here and we'll see ... ok? Just bear with me and don't rush me ... please!"

The plane landed, and the fog was under Billy's feet and in his face as it rose, and he said to the cabbie, "Ten twelve North Juda." The reunion was worth it, he thought in the cab. He looked out the window and ignored the cab driver's droll conversation. Ida, Joan's heavyset mother with the big round, pretty black face answered the door and blushed at Billy. She always seemed to know something juicy going on, so he kissed her cheek and said, "You lookin' good, Miss Ida. Where's ya daughter? ... Just like when I use to come over before we got married, huh?"

The jovial, good-natured woman grinned broadly and welcomed him warmly, "Come on in, William. Good to see you. Joan's upstairs. Maybe you can go up; she didn't say. I guess it's ok."

Billy climbed the stairs and called out, "Hope you ain't dressed, it's me. Hope I caught you with ya drawers down!"

He stressed the last words he meant, and Joan's door opened wide while she smiled and said, "You got here just in time to go with Hedy and me to a party. Good to see you. You're looking good, William. Yeah, you lost all that fat stomach too ... uhh, uhh, uhh! You sharp tonight! No wait a minute, William, you promised!" Billy tried to hold her to him, but she eluded his kisses that missed her angel lips, and caught her devilishly, dimpled rosy cheek when she sat down, and turned back to apply the make-up on her beautiful face.



Billy felt his biggest surprise begin to reveal itself against his thigh when she batted her brown and green exceptional eyes to say, "So tell me, William.... Sit down and tell me how the new picture's coming. I know Pasadena's crazy as ever. Oh, and Hedy couldn't wait to see you. She'll be all over you for a part, now that you're here. She said she was going to see you anyway, but when I told her you'd be here ... oh, she'll really be on your case, William."

Billy looked at the large lump on his leg and flexed it to make sure, then he said, "You look better than I thought. Look, I ain't gonna be much good at this reconciliation boogie, but I'm game ... anything to get ya back, baby. Why don't we just stay here, and I'll show you something to blow your mind. I'll..."

"Oh no you don't... we gonna party! You stay here if you want too, but Hedy and I are gonna boogie, baby!" Billy looked at her faultless face in the mirror as she made it up and then his eyes dropped down to the bit of her ocherous knee that showed under her dark green, silk kimono, dressing gown. Joan looked so gorgeous in green. Billy touched her throat and began to massage her neck and shoulders as she moaned and murmured, "I always have time for a massage though. Yeah, right there ... fine!" Billy rubbed soothingly and her sweet perfume fogged his mind for a second until he breathed again and cleared his senses of the seductive scent she wore. "Hedy's hair is red." Joan said, through moans, while he softly rubbed her neck and ran his hand around to her amble amber breasts on the sly.

And he said, "Yeah, Hedy's an ok chick. I always intended to hire her after the last picture, but I forgot...."

Then Joan interrogated him, “William Peters, did you move my fish and plants with you to Beverly Hills, or did you leave Mr. Green in Hollywood...well?”

Billy remembered while rubbing her sweet scented, smooth skin how he’d come home once after three weeks and opened the apartment door to the über odoriferous stench of dead fish and rotted plants that overcame him when he took one look and gagged. “Nooooo ... I’ll get you brand-new everything, yeah!” Not to mention, the apartment manager had taken all Joan’s clothes and furniture. In addition, Billy had her again sexually and let her keep everything because she knew he was leaving forever.

“I spent a fortune on that place!” Joan said. “But ... well, it’s exciting to go out and buy it brand-new!”

Billy’s hands were clamped on Joan’s moviestar breasts, but she moved them quickly and he quipped indignantly, “Oh, you don’t want to see my big surprise, huh? Ok, I can dig it.”

“What ... what surprise? Oh, you’re just starting something I won’t let you finish. You’re not ...” Joan looked down to see if Billy had an erection, and Billy watched her eyes pop at the massive impression on his leg, rising and falling. “Oh William ... how ... is ... that’s not you! Is it? ... How? ... Are you sick? It’s so swollen!”

Billy elaborated, “You mean big ... don’t you? Remember, I always wanted one so long I could make tents in the bed and so big I could do you with your legs up and wide open.”

And Joan asked in awe, “But it’s not real, is it? I mean ... it’s a trick, right?”

**“I’ll tell you what,” he said with cocksure confidence, “I’ll show it to you, and if it’s real ... say you’ll suck it and sit on it!”**

**“No!” She said sharply. “I told you we’re going to a party, Hedy and I.... Is it really real ... that size!?”**

**Billy grinned and said, “There ain’t but one way to find out. I could charge for the privilege of letting you feast your freakish, pretty eyes on it. Yeah, I finally feel I bring a little extra freak to bed with me when I ... well, you know!?”**

**“Oh,” she said tauntingly. “You get a lot a compliments now ... with your new king-size, huh? Oh, it’s not real. That’s something on you; right, it’s a joke. That’s not you, is it William?”**

**“How much time we got?” He asked with a lecherous grin, “Take a ten-minute quickie and find out. Betcha, I can change your mind ‘bout me then!”**

**“Oh!” She said, blushing and laughing. “It probably won’t fit like that. I won’t let you force it! They laughed and Joan tried to ignore Billy’s long lump, but curiosity swelled inside her as she begin to unconsciously reach out to touch it and jerk her hand back just in time. She marveled at the thrill of maybe seeing her husband’s new sex organ fully exposed. And she said, “I never would of believed ... well, how in the world did it happen, William? Did you take something? Put something on it.... Oh, an operation ... did a doctor do it? Is it expensive? I bet everybody’s getting them, right?”**

Billy looked smug and said, "Well, some guys got big ones. You know like a guy's got a big imagination ... a big heart ... a big head ... ego and all ... then a big bank account so on and so forth. You get the idea. Well, I got me a big dick. Oh ... and it's stone black, yeah!"

She was looking at Billy wide-eyed and wonderful now and she said, "You mean it just happened and it's black ... lemme see.... Come on, William don't play. Show me! I don't believe you at all." Billy teased her, but moved away when she went for him, and the surge of sex was a shot clean through him as he realized his wife was pursuing him sexually. Joan was up and at him while he laughed and stood behind the pink rocking chair in her room. "William, you jivin' ... I'm gonna ask Hedy if ... no, I know you can't grow there like that. You're jivin'!"

Joan put on her dress quickly and Billy sucked the situation in and savored it for later. She stood there modeling the twenty grand, black, backless mini-party dress, (paid for with a small portion of the money Billy sent her), shimmering and glimmering in the multi-colored, tiny sequined specks of a designer's diamond, emerald, sapphire, ruby encrusted creation. Joan's hair was straight, black and cut fashionably close, and she looked so chic it caused Billy to stare and mumble, "You sho nuff are fine.... No wonder I'm so fucked up!"

She looked at her own beauty in the mirror and said self-consciously, "What ... oh, thanks, William. Look ... you'll run into ... well, the party's at Gerald's. He knows you're coming and well, just be sophisticated and act civilized, ok? William, is it really real? Are you that big?"

. . .

Billy stood on the balcony, looked out at the end of the continent, and smiled at the cable cars climbing to the top of the hills. Gerald Ames brand-new, three million dollar Pacific Heights, periwinkle, electric blue house sat on the side of a hill. The occasional lights on the ocean below gave the night an air of rogue romance. Funky music swept the dancers up onto the floor, where they wiggled and shook themselves, doing it riding on the waves of raunchy rhythm that poured from the stereo speakers into them, body and soul.

Joan was dancing with Gerald Ames, and it was apparent to Hedy that she was making a choice between Billy and the rich tall, dark skinned, good-looking man with the sexy trimmed beard. Joan popped her fingers back at him as he spun in small circles, spreading his arms and beckoning with his hands and eyes like she did in unison.

They were the couple to watch until Billy with redheaded Hedy, wearing a purple party dress took over. She shook and squealed while Billy got an erection rock hard as Alcatraz in full view of the other partygoers. The hard on to end all they'd ever see, was balled in an impression tight against his white, silk suit pants. He was ready to get busy with Hedy as the Golden Gate Bridge at rush hour. The men laughed and said this to hide their truer feelings of jockstrap jealousy and endowed erection envy. The women snickered slyly and giggled girlishly among themselves over the powder keg, phallic protrusion in front of their nosy eyes. The jokes continued as embarrassment swept the room, but laughter fought it off when one man said, "Joan ain't never gonna separate from him; she can't go farther than he can reach!"

Then a pretty woman blurted out, "Give him an inch and he'll take a mile!" Lusty laughter was running rampant throughout the party, and Hedy concentrated on Billy's penis. She covered her mouth and hid her expression in part. But her eyes gave her away to Billy and Joan. Joan stopped dancing with Gerald Ames to cut in on Hedy. To Billy's surprise she spun in front of Hedy, a ball of fire, twisting and turning to the hot tempo of a big, black, bluesy, bouncy beat. Billy was the best dancer there and he enjoyed the extra attention when all eyes locked on his long throbbing, tremendously, thick, large heinous penis. He caught Gerald Ames eyes flush, and the man blushed, so Billy grinned in counter cocky, cuckold victory.

That same night Billy took Joan home on an uptight trolley, and all the way back she nagged and questioned him. Finally, he hit upon the perfect solution. She'd see him exposed at home and sample it ... then leave with him for the newly purchased Beverly Hills mansion and his chauffeured, black stretch limousine. Joan's expressive, bright, hazel eyes were a young girl's at a surprise birthday party when Billy pulled it out and handed it to her. Her eyes filled with a marvelous mischief as her tongue began to show more and more, then she did drool some. Billy was overwhelmed by the looks, gazes and outright gawking Joan did before she touched, fondled, took it, and finally shoved it in her mouth. She slobbered on her knees and sucked the sex organ while taking special interest in the dark color of it.

**“Black! Beautiful! ... Sweet and black!” She mumbled while she slurped the juices that ran down her chin. Billy felt her teeth and he winced; she had pulled her dress over her thighs. He stroked her hair and held her head while he stood and moved slowly in the middle of the floor. Joan satisfied her lust long enough to undress quickly, but she tore her high-end black party dress. Then she cursed, hopped hotly into bed, closed her eyes tightly, and opened her legs as wide as she could.**

*Chapter Fourteen*  
*Will San Francisco*  
*Windup in L.A.*

*Will San Francisco windup*  
*In L.A.*

*It's tra la la la la la*  
*In L.A.*

*Should I shed my dungarees*  
*And leather boots*  
*And cut off my flower*  
*Power*  
*At the root*



Well it may sound funny  
 Honey  
 Soon if I don't get some  
 Money  
 Gotta trim my hair  
 And wear a square  
 John suit  
 Will San Francisco windup in L.A.

L.A. L.A.  
 Will San Francisco windup in L.A.

L.A. L.A.  
 Will San Francisco windup in L.A.

I dared to dream  
 The free man's dream  
 And skip the working  
 Man's routine

Why can't the price  
 I pay to live  
 Be the sweet love  
 That you give

In the shadow of a mission  
 I will pray  
 For a sign along the  
 Road to show the way

But sometimes I sit  
 And wonder  
 If your heart will grow  
 Much fonder  
 For another love down  
 Yonder if I stay  
 Will San Francisco windup in L.A.

It's tra la la la la la  
 In L.A.

L.A. L.A.  
 Will San Francisco windup in L.A.

L.A. L.A.  
 Will San Francisco windup in L.A.

Well I came from  
 New York City  
 To the hills of  
 Tennessee  
 You left me in  
 Alabama  
 With the brokest heart  
 In Dixie

You headed straight for L.A.  
 But Haight-Ashbury  
 Blew my mind  
 Now I've got a big decision  
 Should I move  
 On down the line

L.A. L.A.  
 Will San Francisco windup in L.A.  
 (No doubt about it)

L.A. L.A.  
 Will San Francisco windup in L. A.

You got me climbin' the wall  
 Because you didn't call  
 Sirens fill the air  
 Searchlights beaming everywhere

You sentenced me to death  
 Since the day you left  
 With that no pardon jazz  
 You imprisoned me like Alcatraz

For lack of you I ran  
 A coastguard hunted man  
 Like Navy submarines  
 You shattered my world to smithereens

Fugitive on the lam  
 And you don't give a damn  
 Tugboat foghorns sound  
 If I don't drown I'm L.A. bound

I gagged I choked and coughed  
 Swam to Fisherman's Wharf  
 Hid underneath the dock  
 When I broke out and escaped the Rock

Choppers check Hippie Hill  
 Swat moves in for the kill  
 To stop my getaway  
 So long city by the bay

Cops converge on Nob Hill's ridge  
 I dove off Golden Gate Bridge  
 Adios Willie Brown  
 Gonna swim to Tinseltown

I'll brave the Pacific Ocean  
 On mere human emotion  
 Love is the strongest charge  
 I'll float there on a barge

Meet me on the beach  
 Long arm of the law won't reach  
 When I come ashore  
 Say you'll be mine forever more

Los Angeles is where you live  
 So San Francisco will forgive  
 But if our cities were reversed  
 L.A.'d windup in Frisco first

\_\_\_\_\_Top\_\_\_\_\_

The miracle in motion penis was swinging in Billy's swagger as he stepped from the black stretch limousine. His white chauffeur, a Scopes, monkey trial exhibit number one, opened the door for him and beautiful blushing Joan. She was walking wounded with the most womanly wiggle and girlish giggle. A southern, white trailer-trash, sounding maid opened the big, oak front door and said, "Welcome home, Mrs. Peters. Hello Mr. Peters, suh, good to see you again!"

Joan and Billy wallowed in the thickly carpeted, softly cushioned drawing room, their favorite make-out room in the two-story, Tudor-style house. Joan continued her questions excessively there, which Billy answered with vigorous humps in her hot behind.

The movie 'Jody' was the sexiest thing ever put on film, and it was an immediate run away box office success. The Puddin' n' Tain money tallied into the forty-four million dollar bracket after taxes and Johnny Taboo's seventy-five per cent cut. Next, Billy decided on the most ambitious undertaking yet, Alexander Dumas, 'The Three Musketeers'. "Yeah, shit ass yeah!" Pasadena hollered in Bel Air by his brand-new pool when Billy told him the plan. "I'll fuckin' boogie all over that sword fightin', wine drinkin, woman fuckin', suckin' ass thang!"

And O.D. said, "Hey y'all, I been writing something hip for us, but I gotta have more time. This black musketeers thang is hip, so do it.... I'll write in some hip, fly ol' rappin', ya know?" O.D. was idiosyncratically standing in the shallow end of the pool like he always did when he talked around one for some strange reason.

Percy was taking his wealth in stride, he grinned and pontificated, “Look-a-here, ya big dick, motherfuckers!” He looked at Billy, then Pasadena and continued, “Just keep the soul, sex flicks coming, and we fuckin’ righteous all the way to the fuckin’ bank!”

“Yeah!” Billy agreed, laughing over their success formula for Puddin’ N’ Tain Pictures. And he said, “Whitey thought they had that fuckin’ skin flick shit all wrapped up till we hit hard as rock and roll on ‘em with sepia, soul fried sex! Yeah, they still beatin’ they meat over Pasadena’s big, black dick hung up deep in that Chinese woman’s asshole. I fucked her too in ‘Jody’. I had to say she was Japanese. She was hairy, huh? But she never stank though, you know, like a kinky stinky, chinky pussy bitch! So Jody in Japan is hip as you could get for that last segment. Yeah, they likes the way we talk to a woman when we fuckin’ and suckin’ ‘em under the risin’ sun!”

Pasadena laughed and he recited his famous Jody line! “Your eyes so deep and into me ... but what’s dat down dere? Your lips are driving me mad. But baby sweets ... what’s dat down dere? What the fuck you think?” He laughed with them holding his nine inch own, and Billy slapped Percy’s hands.

O.D. was out of the pool and saying excitedly, “Man ... hey, that’s hip, Jody in Japan. We should do a sequel. Shit, it’s cool, man. Ya know and then, Jody on Jupiter. Kiss my ass! Awright!”

**“Yeah, it’s a bit of awright!” Billy agreed and slapped O. D.’s hands again. Then he said bluntly, “I’m glad I showed my dick in them frames I done ... fucks ya up the way I hang!” He boasted like the Baptist minister he met in Georgia. He recalled standing and urinating beside the preacher who insisted his eyepopping penis size was a blessing as he shook it in the urinal after church.**

**And Pasadena said, “Billy Pete, you big as Benjamin, shit. You can go back and git Pat from that turban, robe-wearing niggah, shit!”**

**They all roared out their laughter over the penis power Billy wielded by second nature, and he felt so cocky, later on, he walked into Johnny Tabunarri’s ratty office and exhibited his enormously eminent endowment while he terminated their ratified partnership, and the gnashing teeth, gnarly gangster said, “Ya makin’ a bigger mistake than ya got between your legs. But every fuckin’ body makes mistakes, the cemeteries full of ‘em. Sit down and take a load off ya self down there, ya freak! So, ya got a big cock and ya think that gives ya the balls to stroll in here and change things. Oh no it don’t! Look, I’d break ya three legs now, but I’m bein’ business ‘bout it, see? I want ya to finish them pictures you scheduled. So while ya can walk git the shit ass outta here!”**

**Billy knew the rank, roughhouse racketeer meant business, but he stood his ground and said softly with conviction, “Go ‘head ...bust me up, but I ain’t payin’ you no more money to do my own thang. I’d rather be fuckin’ dead. So I’m tellin’ you... I’m only doin’ the scheduled pictures you know about, that’s all!”**



**Johnny Tabunarri was up on his feet like a ferocious cornered rat when he squeaked a terrific rat-bastard squeak and said, “This is your last chance! You feel cockstrong, but I’ll yank it out by the root. So git outta here and don’t come back unless ya want to lose it, ya fag!”**

**Billy stood perfectly still as the notoriously dangerous, Mafioso hitman, who reportedly used an elephant gun on hard contracts, fumed. He knocked the scurrying, feeding frenzy alley rats off his lunch littered desk, stormed by Billy and the mobbed up ‘Skidrow Kid’ left his small spiderweb, barebones office in a blood-red rage. Billy felt he had done his part by standing up to the worst threat of a face-to-face confrontation. Now he would have to be bigger than the gutter-rat gangster he challenged.**

**He walked into Short Cuts office and asked, “Short Cuts, how the hell’s it hangin’? Look, I wanna know something from you. Johnny Tabunarri’s on my case and I just told him to forget it from now on. And I mean it. So what’s the next step he’ll take, or is he for real and shit? I gotta know so I can handle it, ya dig?”**

**Short Cuts peeped up at Billy and stammered, B-B-B-Billy ... I ... dig.... Look, a-what did he say? Tell me the very words he said ‘cause that’s what he means. He’s for real all right!”**

**Billy thought and remembered, “He said he’d yank my dick out at the root ... and don’t come back unless I wanted to lose it. Yeah, that’s what he said, Short Cuts!”**

The redhead, fat faced bifocalled, short, funny looking cinematographer flinched at Billy's words and warned, "Stay away from him, like he says, or he'll yank your dick out by the root or blow it off with his elephant gun, by God!"

Billy walked back to his stretch limousine, and his monkey's uncle, ugly white chauffeur got out quickly, opened the door, and Billy said gruffly, "Drive me home, man!" The don't monkey with me' chauffeur turned the key, stepped on the gas, and drove off. Billy sat back and pondered all the plans for the next picture and he agreed with O.D., Jody sequels would be a natural now, and they could turn them out as fast as one every three months. Yeah, he thought, Jody in Japan, Jody on Jupiter. So the sequels were shot one by one, and the success of the sex-filled soul, popular, prurient pictures was astronomical.

O.D. began to write a better creative hand and he called a meeting at his brand-new Baldwin Hills home to present the idea to Billy, Pasadena and Percy. O. D. jumped into the shallow end of his pool and said, "Dig ... I been working on this here thang, and it's a fuckin' dick head! I needs them soldiers from Fort Ord we used last time, but I need more 'cause my plot is about a supa sized, giant dick that fucked over the world! (Uproarious laughter) Dig ... wait ... let me explain.... It's money, man... science fiction and shit.

First, this guy's got a little dick, and then after he gits a shot of this here drug Pasadena's workin' on ... yeah, boom! It's like a monster movie man and the thangs all over the fuckin' screen, going after little squealin', screamin' women all over the shittin' ass world! See it's fuckin' 'em to death and shit! Now dig, that deres just a rough sketch of it, but I'll want to git a good art design on it! I got the idea from you, Billy ... if ya don't mind!

See the way I figure, the onlyest thang in the world can tame this freakin' out, supa bad fucker is a giant pussy hole, so's I gots the scientist cat working on a formula. And oh shit yeah, they gits it on the drawing board and shit. Then they picks a woman, give her the drug, and she turns into a gapin', drippin' monster cunt in living color! Hey man ... come on admit it. That's some hip shit! Oh, wait, dig on this! The whole fuckin' world is watchin' and waitin' while the giant dick and pussy fuck to death on the screen, ya dig? And of course they gonna both explode in a fuckin' million pieces, and the world gonna be cooled out, ya dig? It's a happy fuckin' ending! Now I figure, Pasadena, you can play the mad soul scientist that discovered the formula and created the monster dick ... ok? Then we git some bitches pretty pussy in a close up ... zoom in there on it, and ... we in the fuckin' money, man, ok? Y'all been laughing and shit, now tell me why it won't work?"

Billy caught his breath back from laughing. Then he got up off the red-carpeted poolside and reached his hand out to help Pasadena who pulled Percy to his feet, and Billy said, "Ok ... hold on niggah.... I didn't say it wouldn't work." They were laughing again as O.D. stood in the pool and waited for his answer.

"Just one fuckin' question," Pasadena said trying hard to keep a straight face.

"Yeah, what?" O.D. shot back from the pool.

And Pasadena went on talking, "All them soldiers, what ya need with them, O.D.?"

Billy, Pasadena and Percy were laughing hysterically out of control as each man thought how preposterously ridiculous the idea was, and yet they knew it would work and make them a fast fortune. Billy cleared his head as much as he could of the humor involved in this, his latest project, and he said seriously between giggles, “Go ‘head O.D. ... Finish anything else that you left out, man, so’s we get the whole fuckin’ picture!”

O.D. stood up straighter and continued his description of the porno, horror, science fiction film he was proposing they make. “It may sound funny, I don’t mind that, just ask me questions, and I’ll tell ya what’s happenin’, man. Oh Pasadena, them soldiers is needed to fight the big dick. Yeah, see it’s the most dangerous thang in the fuckin’ world. Dig, it can piss on you and come all over a city and shit. That’s a fuckin’ bitch, and it rises up, see?

First, it’s soft and big just layin’ there after you create it, Pasadena. Then, like in all them fuckin’ monster movies, it gits fuckin’ out of control, and ya can’t handle it, so ya have to fight the biggest dick on earth the rest of the picture. Yeah, and you still gettin’ pussy and shit, as usual, so that’s when it comes to you, while ya fuckin’, see? Ya know right off after ya bust ya nuts, what the right thang to do is. Wisely, ya come up with a giant, pussy formula, ya dig! Look, I figure we use your dick, Billy, since it’s so famous, and it’s still growin’ ain’t it, ya lucky motherfucker!?”

Billy felt his penis and said, “Yeah, it’s bigger now ... ok, I’ll do it. Shit, who else can, but I’m breakin’ off a hundred thousand dollars an inch. So git a tape measure and you’ll know I ain’t cheatin’ ya, Pasadena!”

**They laughed heartily at the outrageousness of the mood they had fallen into. However, the seriousness of the money to be made got them back to cases and Percy said, “O.D., that’s a bitch, really, but what the fuck ya call a picture like this? What’s the title?”**

**All three men began to buzz around in anticipation of the catchy title needed to swing the unusual, explosive, promotional campaign they would certainly require. And O.D. said, “Dickinstein!”**

**“What!?” Billy said after Pasadena dived into the pool, and Percy fell out horse laughing.**

**But O.D. stood there firm and explained the last part to them when they got themselves back together. Then he said slowly and surely, “Yeah man, it’s a take-off on Frankenstein, see, and a play on words ... ya dig? That way even though it’s a dirty ass title, we can still git by and get the meaning across! So what ya think, ya ain’t said? I worked on it for two weeks, that’s why I waited till after the Musketeer Picture and all them Jody sequels to spring it. Well that’s it, y’all got it.” Billy congratulated his screenwriter, as did Pasadena and Percy. Afterwards, they went to work industriously on the immoral idea.**

Chapter Fifteen

Housewife Looking for a  
Home/  
Mama Bakes Biscuits  
When Daddy Makes Bread

(Medley)

Since you been gone  
I'm out here all alone  
I'm just a housewife  
Looking for a home

Looking for a home  
Housewife looking for a home  
Looking for a home  
Housewife looking for a home  
If the way you feel hangs dirty on your clothesline  
Oh why can't we wash it out  
If the wrinkles in your love life really matter  
Oh why can't we iron it out

I'm just a housewife  
Looking for a home  
Now that you left me  
To make it on my own  
Since you been gone  
I'm out here all alone  
A lonesome housewife  
Looking for a home

Looking for a home  
Housewife looking for a home  
Way down in Georgia

Looking for a home  
I'm searching for a place  
To call my own

Looking for a home  
The night when we got married  
You promised faithfully  
But now you left me stranded  
And I'm drowning in the sea

The sea of matrimony  
 That's where you put me down  
 I'm gonna take all my troubles  
 Straight to the lost and found

Since you been gone  
 I'm out here all alone  
 I'm just a housewife  
 And I'm looking  
 I'm looking for a home

Looking for a home  
 Housewife looking for a home  
 Looking for a home  
 Housewife looking for a home

• • •  
 Mama bakes biscuits  
 When daddy makes bread  
 By this simple recipe  
 The family's fed

He ain't got no dough so  
 I know what's the matter  
 He ain't got no rollin'  
 Dough  
 She can't make the batter



Mama bakes biscuits  
 Puts soul in her rolls  
 Fruity pies and sweetie  
 Cakes  
 She turns her lovin' oven  
 On for you

Mama bakes biscuits  
 When daddy makes bread  
 Mama bakes biscuits  
 When daddy makes bread

Aunt Jemima makes pancakes  
 When Uncle Ben makes gravy  
 He gets fed breakfast in bed  
 When he feels lazy

Mama bakes biscuits  
 Puts soul in her rolls  
 Fruity pies and sweetie cakes  
 She turns her lovin' oven  
 On for you

*Mama bakes biscuits  
When daddy makes bread  
Mama bakes biscuits  
When daddy makes bread*

*So give us Lord  
Our daily bread  
By mama's hands  
We all are fed*

Joan's mother, Ida, had moved into Billy's Beverly Hills mansion. He also paid off the spurned woman, June, and she agreed to let his eight-year old daughter, Judy, come to live with him three months out of the year, Billy took Judy everywhere, and she learned to know and love her rich, handsome father.

Now Joan was thinking hard about children and she told Billy her condition. "William, I'm pregnant ... two months now. I saw the doctor two weeks ago. So ... well, what do you think? ... William?" Billy was struggling to answer Joan. She'd always insisted on no children in the past. Plus, he had been happy merely having her back. But this good news was a thrill, and Billy kissed her until she felt his super-sized stiff answer.

Hedy Lamont, sexy as Joan is beautiful, moved into Billy's mansion as Joan's houseguest and she grinned at him and said, "Yeah, I can dig working steady after all that dead boogie that went down on me before. So what can I do for you? You've got a part for me, I know!" Billy remembered Hedy's turning him

down, and he had wanted her badly, but she said she could never do that to Joan. Billy believed her then and he felt it was commendable in this day and time that a hip young woman like Hedy would hold on to a principle and stand up for a friend.

Billy liked to think Hedy really felt something sexual for him, something deep and dangerously compelling. So he toyed mentally with the time she'd run from Joan's father's church in San Francisco when she and Billy were rehearsing. Back then she seemed to become agitated and aroused as he went over the part with her. Billy flashed back to Hedy at the recent Gerald Ames party in San Francisco. He remembered the look in her eyes that Joan had seen and cut in on them while they danced. Billy had an erection then, and here it was again, rising up and down on his leg. "Well?" She asked anxiously.

And he answered, "Oh yeah Hedy, everything is cool. Dig, we doin' a new picture now. But we ain't cast nobody yet. So I'll tell you what it is, and if you can dig it, solid!" He looked at the soft, soulful, brown eyes and the cocoa, brown skin the sexy woman had, then he winked at her. She was wearing a black bikini, bathing suit and painting her toe nails purple. Billy eyed the full breasts and thighs he had wanted before and knew he'd have to hire her now and force her to go behind Joan's back with him. Her buttocks looked so inviting and pleasingly plump as she shook there temptingly when she got up and tipped on purple toes across the black and white tile floor to turn on the big color TV set. Looking back at him she said, "I'll keep the sound down, and you can tell me 'bout the new picture! I told Joan I was gonna be talkin' to you today, so she knows we're in conference. Well, tell me all about it, what's the name of it?"

Billy stymied his sexual feeling and said, 'Dickenstein.' Hedy heard him clearly, but she couldn't resist playing coy and asked him to repeat the name. Billy explained what O.D. told him and added his own touch to help him in his approach. Then he sized Hedy up for the part he wanted her to play in his sex life, whenever they could get a chance to be alone. 'Dickenstein!' is the name of the picture, see? Pasadena's the star, right? It's about a big 'you know what' ... ya dig?"

Hedy was smiling slightly because she wasn't sure whether Billy was joking or not, so she asked, "You jivin' me, Billy, or is that square business? Y'all really makin' a flick 'bout ..." She paused and glanced quickly at the obvious extra large lump in Billy's white trousers when he sat.

"Yeah!" He said ignoring the expression she tried to hide again and he continued, "O.D. ... he's our head writer. Well, he's our only writer. Ya see we all sort of kick ideas around after he presents us with a plot. And that's what this is, a buckwild naked plot. We're shooting it next week and we're going up north on location. We need some soldiers from Fort Ord, ya dig? Well ... oh yeah; it's a science fiction, kinda horror, soul sex flick. You just scream a lot and show a little bit of brown skin. I can get other chicks to do the hardcore thang. So don't you sweat that ... maybe soon when we get ahead, money wise, we can make some... as they say, socially significant statements. But till then we gotta eat regular and pay heavy, hardcore dues!"

Hedy blinked at the sunlight shining through the big, picture window in the recreation room and she got up again and closed the drapes. Billy was hard as times; he spread his legs to get comfortable, and Hedy asked, "Is Pasadena your equal partner, Billy? I hope you don't mind me asking that. Look, if it's too personal, don't feel you gotta say ... ok?"

Billy shrugged, got up, walked to the bar, mixed a drink, and answered, “Yeah, we down fifty-fifty, why ... what’s that got to do with it?”

“Oh!” She said, “Billy, that’s what I mean, forget I asked. You uptight ain’t cha?” She was an auditioning ingénue acting now.

Billy was angry and his erection subsided. He mixed himself a screwdriver and asked her half-heartily, “Ya want a screwdriver?”

“Yeah,” she answered cheerfully, “I’ll take one and I like a lotta cherries in mine, ok?”

Billy made her drink and handed her the frosty, tall glass full. She stirred, raised it to her purple, painted lips and sipped. And Billy asked, “Why you paint yourself purple, Hedy ... and dyed ya hair red?”

Hedy laughed and told him, “I went further than that, but don’t ask me to explain!”

He looked at her expression and guessed she meant she’d dyed her pubic hair, so he questioned, “Purple ... or red?”

Before Hedy could answer, Joan burst into the rec room with sandwiches and smiles for both of them, and he greeted her, “Hey, pretty mama...what you say? How about a screwdriver?”

Billy was glad he'd lost that last erection; it would have been telltale. He took the fancy tray of little, bread crustless sandwiches from Joan before she sat down and reminded him, "Ok, William ... not too much liquor now ...we've got company coming. Billy served both women and went behind the bar to listen while he mixed Joan's drink, and she said, "I haven't seen Ol' Pasadena for so long. I use to dread him coming around when William first met him, but now ... look at him on top. You never know."

Hedy laughed at the image she had of Pasadena and shared her thoughts, "Oh, the Pasadena called me once when I was at Universal in a jungle picture. He said ... now dig this Joan, how come I wasn't woman enough to face my problems with my love life, and as he put it, let him straighten me right on out!"

Joan laughed with Hedy, and Billy was silent. He remembered back when he introduced Pasadena to Hedy. He always felt he had to get rid of Hedy for her sake and his if she really was telling the truth about not wanting to destroy Joan's trust and faith in her. Billy remembered how Hedy had dated Pasadena, and he took her to a motel in Las Vegas, Nevada where she climbed out of the bathroom window while he waited naked on the vibrating bed; Pasadena talked about that for one month.

Then Joan snapped Billy out of it when she said, "Mama likes Pasadena's acting, and I asked her why and she said he looks like the devil. He does ya know? Guess that's why he's so famous and rich. The people like that look!"

Hedy laughed in agreement with Joan, then she glanced quickly at Billy, turned back to Joan and said, "Yes, before you came in, Billy was about to fill me in ... on the picture they're makin now!"

"Oh." Joan said suspiciously and looked at Billy who was bringing her screwdriver over with him.

And he said, "Yeah ... I told Hedy ... the part she'll play ain't no sweat on the hardcore stuff. She'll just scream and run around a lot ... from the 'you know what'!"

Joan thought about it and asked like Gary Coleman, "'You know what'? What you talkin' 'bout, William? What's a 'you know what'?"

Billy looked at Joan, smiled, then he sat down and explained, "I'm making a picture about a 'you know what'! I don't discuss business with you, so I never told you. But when Hedy and I discussed her part in the picture, that's how it came up! The picture is called 'Dickenstein!' and it's about a giant, 'you know what', that 'you know what's' all over the world until the scientist come up with a female 'you know what' to 'you know what' with it, and then they live happy ever 'you know what'!"

Joan understood and she laughed with Hedy at the implicit, indecent idea, so Hedy asked inquisitively, "Billy, who's gonna play those parts. What man and woman are big enough ... well, you know what I mean!?"

She laughed at herself; they all laughed and Billy admitted, "I'm playing the man's `you know what' ... and ... I told you I'd get somebody else to play the female hardcore stuff in this picture ... now you understand?" He looked at Hedy whose eyes were shining back at him and he wondered about his last question to her before Joan came in ... and Joan wondered aloud.

"William, how are you gonna do that? It sounds too ... common for you! I saw your last movie, and none of those men have things that big, unless you make one. Oh, and that reminds me, Judy wants to see all your movies, and I keep telling her not until she grows up. I don't dare tell her they're all triple x-rated!"

Billy thought about Judy and he said, "Oh she's ok, just keep her away from them, and I'll explain it to her. She's just a kid."

He settled back in his huge, black, leather chair, relaxed and Hedy inquired, "How much will I make for my part, Billy?" She was angling for her salary quote.

And Billy calculated, "Oh ... I don't know right off, but I can tell you after we get your part together. Pasadena and I get the most money for actin', of course. Then after us maybe the woman that plays the ... giant `you know what'!" She pretended she didn't hear him say he'd play the hardcore part.

So she dropped her voice and asked, "Oh, you already got a man to play that big giant thing, huh?"



And Billy repeated proudly, “Yeah me ... I keep tellin’, y’all, I’m posing for the, like ya say, big giant thang. Of course, they gotta blow me up so’s it will be scary and monster-sized, ya dig? But I’m gettin’ one hundred thousand dollars an inch.”

He whispered the last word inch, and Joan unsure she heard, asked him, “Say what, William!?”

Hedy interrupted, grinned and asked teasingly, “How much ya gettin’, Billy?”

Billy realized Hedy heard him and he smiled at Joan and said, “Y’all have to see the picture. That’s all I’m sayin’!”

Hedy was involved conversely back and forth with Billy. She looked at him, waited until she caught his eye, and delved deeper, “I can dig it, but let’s say a woman gets the other big ... giant woman’s hardcore part, and she poses naked, right? Well, how you gonna know how to pay her? If ya pay a man by the inch, how do ya pay a woman?”

And he told her, “Oh ... that’s a straight, acting role for the woman. She’ll get about two hundred and fifty grand. Yeah, she don’t have to do nothin’ but qualify ... that’s all!”

Joan shook her head at the controversial conversation, and Hedy said, “Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars and all she’s gotta do is qualify. Well, how does she do that?”

And he answered tactfully, “Put it this way, she’s gotta be able to impress me, well all of us with her sexy looks ... `you know where’!”

Then Joan complained, “Oh that’s awful and nasty, William. How could you? Uhh! Uhh! Uhh!” Joan continued to show her disgust at the idea of a woman auditioning her vagina for a part in a movie.

But Billy protected himself and defended his reasoning when he said, “If ya want to cast a pretty face, they got to qualify ... like legs, breasts and eyes. When ya deal with human anatomy in films, sometimes ya gotta git into it like that, special like. That’s what I’m doing. So if I say I want a pretty, ‘you know what’, and a big one, with a lot of hair on it....” Then he looked at Hedy and chanced to guess her secret color there, when he said, “Even if I want a purple one!”

“Oh William!” Joan exclaimed.

But Hedy beamed and said, “Ok ... ya got a purple one. Now what ... how much do I ... I mean will the woman get?”

Billy smiled at his right guess at the color Hedy dyed her pubic hairs, and said, “In purple living color, that’s gonna be damn good! Yeah, that’s hip enough. It knocks the hell out of me. Let’s say no more or less than two hundred and fifty grand for the picture.” Hedy set back, crossed her legs, and began to shake them slowly. Then Billy couldn’t resist saying, “Of course ... the big scene is a little extra, if you can dig it. I mean they hafta git it on for real, and the whole screen is full of the two of ‘ems ... ‘you know what’s’ doin’ it!”

Joan hollered out and spilled her screwdriver. But Hedy asked straight faced, “How much extra?”

Billy thought, twisted his brand-new diamond ring ‘round his finger and told her, “A hundred grand for that scene. That’s the big one!”

Joan was about to speak when Hedy jumped back at Billy with, "That ... sounds fair I guess. How long will the whole picture take?"

Billy yawned, looked at Hedy as she was seriously thinking of posing and playing the part of the big bootay. So he told her the shooting schedule, "No more than six weeks, I think!"

Hedy sat back, shaking her leg again while Joan looked at Billy and questioned him, "William, you ain't gonna pose for no part like that, I know. Why that's the worst thing I ever heard of.... Oh! If you pose, then you'll be having intercourse with the woman who plays that part with you, right?"

Billy closed one eye, sipped his screwdriver, shook his head yes and lied. "No Joan ... you know better than that. It's a camera trick. They can make it look like that. Hell, I don't even get near the woman; the camera takes care of that!"

Hedy was laughing at Billy, but Joan was after a better answer and probed further, "William, I'd prefer it if you wouldn't do anything like that yourself. It's ok for one of your actors to do, but I don't like the idea of you posing like that at all ... no way!"

And Billy lied again, "Aw Joan ... I can dig it. I was just playin'. Can't ya take a joke? Look, Hedy's laughing!"

Joan breathed heavy and said, "But Hedy isn't your wife, so you better tell me next time you play a dirty joke, ok?" Joan was obviously sulking and she got up and put her glass on the bar. Hedy followed her out of the room, but she turned before she left and winked purple eyelashes and eye shadow at Billy.

Billy sat there and thought about the scene where he would actually penetrate Hedy on the screen, then commence to have sex relations with her, and he began to swell to his full size. He felt himself and became excited at the unbelievable penile transition he'd undergone sexually. Judy, his eight-year old daughter, came in; he didn't see her, and she frightened him when she asked bluntly and innocently, "What's that daddy ... huh?" Billy was ashamed, but lucky she could only see the imprint of his sex organ under his pants, so he made up a quickie lie.

"Oh hiya sweet face ... I got a swollen leg. Yeah, got it at work, it'll go away. It comes and goes, baby doll. Hey, whatcha doin', huh, don't touch it ... it hurts. Yeah, it hurts bad if ya touch it. So tell me, Judy, how ya doing? Don't look at it, baby; it ain't polite! I know, why don'tcha have some of these sandwiches Joan made. That's right, yeah!" Billy breathed easier when Judy finally took her inquisitive eyes off his embarrassment and left.

. . . .

Ida took over in the kitchen to prepare the Sunday feast Pasadena was lucky enough to be invited to, and he shouted out after tasting the first fork full. "Miss Ida, I swear Miss Ida ... you put a soul food hurtin' on this here poon! I ain't had real poon since I was a little kid in Kentucky!"

"Oh! You from Kentucky ... ain't that somethin'!" Ida said smiling at Pasadena and she went on. "That's my home too. What part you from ... son?"

"Oh, I'm from Louisville." He said proudly. "I bet you knows 'bout Louisville!"

And Ida answered, "Shoot, yes I do!" Then she asked enthusiastically, "What street you live on there, boy!? We could've been neighbors. I lived on Walnut Street!"

Pasadena gobbled down the sweet potato dish Ida made and he said, "West Chestnut Street, nine forty-seven West Nut. I ain't never forgettin' that soul street, yeah!"

Ida looked around the table at them enjoying her pork chops and roast chicken with hot, homemade rolls and buttermilk biscuits with strawberry jam. Then they ate the vegetables she grew in a garden she'd planted in the back of the mansion. Judy ate her food gladly, and she asked Billy, "Daddy, did it stop swelling yet?"

Billy almost choked on his pork chop, but he managed to say, "Oh yeah, it's fine now, sweet face. Eat your dinner now ... sure is good, as usual. Ida, ya laid it on us, yeah!"

"Thank you William, I'm glad you like it. I know one thing, there's plenty. So y'all don't be shy and eat up now!"

Joan was happy and radiant; she had apparently gotten over her short temper tantrum earlier in the day, so Billy winked at her. "West Chestnut Street ... ain't that somethin'!" Ida said smiling at Pasadena as the maid, Bella, brought in the platter of puddin' n' tain.

# Chapter Sixteen

## Ashy White Woman

Ashy black ashy brown  
 Ashy red ashy white  
 Ashy yellow

You're still an ashy white  
 Woman  
 Head to toe  
 'Cause you need a mella  
 Fella

Cold showers hot baths  
 Don't laugh  
 There is only one solution

Ashy white woman  
 Only I can bring your  
 Color back again

Ashy white woman  
 Your condition's only  
 Human

Ashy white woman  
 Your skin tone is overdue  
 I can give you back your  
 Beauty  
 If you let love do its  
 Duty  
 Ashy white woman  
 Don't be rusty dusty blue

All washed up watered down  
 You can drown in an ocean  
 Of skin lotion  
 When you step from the  
 Tub  
 And try to rub your body  
 Shiny bright and new

But powder puffs ain't  
 Enough  
 Call my love bluff  
 Anytime you want to

Ashy white woman  
 I can clear your  
 Complexion up for you

Bella was an ashy, white woman with stringy, mousy brown hair. Her eyes were silver blurs and lifeless. She walked with a limp, and the little finger on her left hand was missing. Billy noticed it when she placed the soul food desert in front of him. She smelled of starch, he thought, and there was a three-inch scar behind her right ear that she covered with strands of the swirl of hair on her bowing head. As if expecting to be hit, she moved cautiously from person to person, serving and speaking in a southern drawl. Billy hired her when the agency in Beverly Hills sent him her references and a picture by mail. He liked her plain looks, and felt she'd be just the thing he needed to impress his friends and associates when he entertained. But deep down inside he was attracted to the strange, extra light, white woman. Judy giggled, and Joan frowned when Bella bowed, backing out of the dining room.

She was about thirty-eight or forty. Billy figured she lied to the agency, and she was older than she'd said. Her facial features were vague unless you were interested. So he saw a keen nose, prominent forehead, a tight, thin lipped, stoic look, and gaze that hid the blush of surrender he knew was there. Her slack buttocks were taunting him under the blue uniform she wore with an apron, white shoes and outfitted maid's hat.

Her chin was round and proud, he thought, and faint dimples graced her slightest smile if she tried to please them. There was no color in her face, not a trace, and this gave her an ominous effect at times. Ida called her the ghost and they all laughed. Ida did not allow her to cook. She only let Bella clean, do laundry, and serve meals. Bella lived alone in the servants' quarters outside behind the kitchen.



Billy didn't drive and the chauffeur's name was Clinton. He was a horribly, primitive-looking Irish man about fifty-two. He lived in the servants' quarters next to Bella. Billy hired him for multi-tasking, so he worked as handyman, gardener, etc. Whenever Billy wanted the servants, he summoned them on the intercom.

Hedy was ravishing in her brand-new, purple hairdo. However, so far neither Billy nor Pasadena had commented on it. Pasadena turned to Joan instead and said, "You don't stop do you? I mean lighten up supafine sistah. Billy told me he was goin' to see ya. Did he tell ya what I told him to tell ya?"

Joan imagined his misogynist message and said, "No he didn't, Pasadena, but he told me the good news about your success. I, of course, knew all about it. I mean who doesn't?"

Billy looked at Hedy and loved the way she chewed her food with her straight, white teeth and how she tilted her head when she ate. She was gorgeous in every way, and he let her have his broadest smile. Ida saw and said, "What are you young folks gon' do after dinner? William, I guess you and Joan gonna take Hedy and Pasadena out ... dancin', huh?"

Pasadena looked at Hedy for the first time and they were finally face-to-face. He could not resist, so he grinned and teased, "Purple, huh ... you foxy there-a-Hedy. Yeah, look-a-here, girl, ya think you gonna be around long enough to go dancin'?"

And Hedy corrected him sharply, "What do you mean, be around long enough!? I'm Joan and Billy's houseguest. Of course I'll be here, until I leave!"

**Joan was aware of Hedy's intentions of marrying Pasadena. So to change the subject, she turned to Judy and said, "Young lady, you eat those vegetables!"**

**Judy pouted and whined, "Oh! Mama Ida, do I gotta eat them? I'm full ... daddy, I'm full." Billy swallowed his fork full of sweet potatoes and smiled at them all. He was glad of his success and being rich enough to afford the pleasure of these warm, friendly family and best friends' surroundings.**

# Chapter Seventeen

## Discomotion

*Discomotion*

*Discomotion*

*Discomotion*

*Discomotion*

*This is Dr. Disco  
I'm givin' you a warnin'  
You better boogie tonight  
Until the crack of dawnin'  
I can't help you now  
I'm sleepy and I'm yawnin'*

*Take two Chuka Khans  
And call me in the mornin'  
Take two Chuka Khans  
And call me in the mornin'  
Take two Chuka Khans  
And call me in the mornin'  
Take two Chuka Khans  
And call me in the mornin'*

Discomotion  
 Party hardy  
 Discomotion  
 Shake your bootay  
 Discomotion  
 Funky music  
 Discomotion  
 Date with Judy

Take two Chuka Khans  
 And call me in the mornin'  
 Take two Chuka Khans  
 And call me in the mornin'  
 Take two Chuka Khans  
 And call me in the mornin'  
 Take two Chuka Khans  
 And call me in the mornin'

\_\_\_\_\_Top\_\_\_\_\_

This is Dr. Disco  
 I'm going off duty  
 You got ants in your pants  
 And cancer of the boo-tay  
 All y'all wall flowers

*Get a disco date with Judy  
 She's a dancin' fool  
 So when you're feelin' moody*

*Take two Chuka Khans  
 And call me in the mornin'  
 Take two Chuka Khans  
 And call me in the mornin'  
 Take two Chuka Khans  
 And call me in the mornin'  
 Take two Chuka Khans  
 And call me in the mornin'*

The two captains of the porn industry decided to go to The Native Girl, the swankiest new discotheque, in Beverly Hills. Joan and Billy watched Pasadena and Hedy pull off in Pasadena's silver gray Bentley as they stepped into their big black, shiny Cadillac stretch limousine.

Joan was bubbling over with the joy of excitement all around her in the magic mosaic set to discotheque music. They sat at a table, looking out at the dancers stepping lively back and forth, turning, touching to the haunting infectious feel of the big beautiful beat blasting all around them. The colors they wore clashed in the bright lights that flared and fell into soft pastels. Then as if sexually aroused, the hue was a burning red

at once, and green glare engulfed them when purple, blues and darkness for a second came to cover them, and they shouted out in the deep, black void. Next, yellow and orange electrified the dance floor, blinking, flickering on and off in flashes of multi-colored light. Hedy wore white and Joan wore green; they were standouts for sure as glitter and glow became them.

So Gabe Klein ventured over to pay his crafty compliments, and he said with a sparkling smile that covered his handsome face. “Beautiful ladies ... gentlemen, allow me to introduce myself. Dear ladies, I’m Gabe Klein and as you can see, I would be overwhelmed to meet you both. Good to see you guys too.” He acknowledged Pasadena and Billy, his two former clients and looked from Joan to Hedy like he was deciding their beauty and measuring their grace and charm.

Pasadena grinned at the ol’ Gabe Klein approach he’d witnessed and even helped Gabe develop while Billy covered up his laughter with his hand and offered his ex-agent a chair. Pasadena slapped Gabe’s hands; Gabe ordered drinks all around, and the gaiety of the evening took them into the epitome of a fancy, festive feeling only the rich are privy to enjoy. “This is my wife, Joan, and this is our houseguest and my wife’s best friend, Hedy ... Gabe.” Billy did the honors and the two, lovely women nodded and smiled when Gabe kissed their hands soulfully.

Pasadena looked across from him, and there was Sweetness and Light, the black and white call girls they’d had together sexually at Pasadena’s old Hollywood Hills home. Pasadena nudged Billy’s knee and motioned with his head, signaling the presence of someone they knew. Billy left the conversation, turned his head in Pasadena’s direction where he saw the two

striking, libidinizing ladies of the evening, sitting and watching them with ease. Billy nodded his awareness of them, and returned to Joan's excited, sexy, hazel eyes, and she said, "I use to hear about Gabe Klein all the time. You were a household name all right. So I finally meet the man that gave William his first big break."

Gabe mused over her kind words and returned the truth he felt for her, "Oh dear lovely lady, thank you for putting up with my meager efforts, but I only appreciated your husband's boundless talents one by one as he showed them to me. Yes ... but if I knew you existed, as the rare beauty you are before me tonight, I would have offered you a movie contract in a Bay area blink. Oh and you too ... I mean it!" Gabe eyed Hedy and she blushed as Joan did at his accurate, eloquent assessment of both beguiling beauties in front of him.

Then Billy said stoutheartedly, "Awright! Hey Joan, let's shake it up!" Joan's smile was a cover girl's as she bounced to the beat some before she got up from her chair. Gabe's eyes were blue flames and glued to her movements when she shook loose. The exotic, sweet smell of her scent reeled him, and under his breath he said, "Goddamn."

Upon hearing him, Hedy whispered in his ear, "I beg your pardon?"

Gabe winked at her while Pasadena extended his hand and escorted her to the dance floor. "Oh shit!" Gabe said looking at Hedy walking like a prime, phat, purple princess across to the dance area where they danced ever so in tune. Each one gave every ounce of discomotion they had while sharing the smooth flow of rhythm actions accentuated by matching reactions, and

they took it all in stride and strut. Pasadena shouted, then he and Billy wheeled, slapped hands, bumped buttocks, and changed partners. They were dapper, high stepping specimens of the best example and description of soul; doing all the sexy snappy things they did with their lean young bodies.

Joan and Hedy began to assert their sassy femininity so strongly; all the other couples stopped dancing or slowed down to watch the show. A voice of encouragement was emitted in unison by the other dancers. The P.A. system contributed an accolade of praise as the disc jockey announced his kudos of approval. But at the peak of their performance, Sweetness and Light cut in at Gabe's furtive instruction.

Gabe followed a dismissed Joan and Hedy, guiding Joan's arm and Hedy's, back to the table. Billy made a weak effort to join them, but he obliged Sweetness, the pretty black whore and continued to dance. Pasadena bumped Light's bottom and she vibrated, letting her platinum blond hair hang down as she flung and swung it in her eyes and back while she swayed off the meter to the music. Sweetness wore a giant red Afro wig, and when she stuck her top-heavy breasts out at Billy, he saw a look of lust leaping from her jaded green eyes. There was a slit up both sides of her African dress, and her thighs were bare, black beauties to ogle.

Gabe stalled at first, then he went for himself and tried to entice both Joan and Hedy. But his hands were full, and he failed when Joan looked at Hedy, ignoring Gabe's charm. Instead, both women concentrated fully on the spectacle of Billy and Pasadena, smiling back at the two highly attractive, bold, brazen women they were dancing with.



Hedy said tightly through clenched teeth, "That's known as upstaging, girl, but we can always cut back in on 'em!"

And Joan said ladylike, "I'd never ... no, William's a gentleman. But if he continues to dance after this dance with them ... well, anyway, what nerve, they just ... took over, huh?" Joan was beautifully flustered, and Gabe was all over her with invitations, offers and proposals; then he turned back to Hedy, who baffled him with the same sexy look Billy derived so much pleasure watching, when she clenched her perfect, pearly white teeth.

Sweetness reacted with a frontal bump, and Billy lied, "I'll call ya tomorrow!" Pasadena had set his date with the platinum haired Light seconds before. Finally the song ended, but another took its place just as capable of causing the same entertaining effect. The other dancers continued when Billy and Pasadena with lewd and lascivious . . . rather Sweetness and Light left the dance area.

Joan looked at Billy in search of an explanation, but the look upon his brown, handsome face took her by storm, so she didn't blame the whore for butting in and grabbing the man standing over her asking her to dance. Billy held Joan close this time and whispered hotly in her ear where her perfume smelled sweetly. But she blew off his sweet nothings with laughter, and he said, "Hold tight, sweet mama, ain't nobody cutting in no more!" With this in mind, Joan was a tingle and glow while they floated around in a slow circle, moving on the balls of their feet.

And Joan said softly like only she could, "Will you bring me here when I'm showing in my sixth month?"

The tone in her voice was honeysuckle, and Billy grew weak. He loved her so he stammered, "I'll t-t-take you to the hospital from here if I have to. You so beautiful, Joan ... damn! I swear girl, you supafine!" Joan swooned her swoons of satisfaction with the situation back and they did a happy hustle on the dance floor.

Pasadena was alone at the table with Hedy. Gabe went back to the two lusty libertines, Sweetness and Light. But before he left he told Pasadena the worst thing he could of when he said, "Yeah ... too bad Dena, you two studs was doing it to death! But I guess Billy ... good ol' Billy got carried away! Yeah, tough break."

Pasadena was puzzled so he chanced a question to clear his mind of the insinuation in Gabe's voice, manner and face. Then he asked profanely, "What the fuck you sayin', Gabe? Oh ... excuse me, mama," He directed a rare apology for his bad language to Hedy, and readdressed Gabe, "What you talkin' 'bout, man? What tough ... break you talkin' 'bout? What'd Billy do?"

Gabe acted as if it pained him to tell it. But joy was in his bloodshot eyes when he swallowed his fourth Bloody Mary and sinuously consented. "Johnny T. is cutting him off at Falcon Films ... no more distribution deals in this town unless ... Billy Boy can pull a major studio. And with the smutty, sexy stuff you two cats been coming up with, well let's face it; no major will touch porno until the coast is clear morally. So that's it ... oh and Johnny T. ain't loaning your company a dime, and he said ... well, with the lovely lady here, I can't say the words.

But you know Johnny T., he don't hold nothing back. Well, ya know he owns our entire end of the business. So ya can't use ol' Short Cuts services on your pictures, or Bama Records music now. It's all 'cause silly dilly Billy shot off his mouth and broke off with Johnny T. Johnny said he had to leave his own office before he got his elephant gun ... well anyway, you understand ... or didn't ya know, Dena? Oh, I see ya didn't. Look, it's been a ball ... and you ...!"

Gabe grinned at Hedy and said seriously while handing her his business card, "You come to Gabe Klein Pictures any time. I've got the perfect part for you!" Hedy took the ambiguous statement of fact both ways. So she smiled her smile of clenched white teeth with the faint movement of her pink tongue there, tempting and taunting him. Gabe shook his handsome, golden head, kissed her hand and left.

Pasadena looked at Billy and Joan dancing, turned back to Hedy, and she advised him, "You and Billy should talk more. It looks bad when somebody knows more than you do about your business!"

Pasadena's voice was edgy and he said, "Gabe's just running off at the mouth. He don't dig no Billy 'cause me and Billy split his agency. Yeah and now he don't dig me neither. But that don't mean diddley, see?"

Hedy looked close at Pasadena, thought of the consequences and asked another 'none of her business' question, "Well, what's all this he said 'bout you and Billy not getting a major distributor?"

And Pasadena complained, "Oh ... he's jealous like a bitch. I know this clown from way back, ya dig? He's just startin' shit on us, trying to dust us off, ya dig? Ain't nothin' going down on us!" Billy and Joan were back, so Pasadena said outright to Billy, "Hey man, why you break off with Johnny T.? Gabe ran it down a while ago."

Billy looked, but Gabe and Sweetness and Light were gone. Then he said, "Yeah, I figure we don't need that boogie he's workin' on us, so I got a plan to git away clean, ya dig?"

Pasadena was obviously perturbed to say the least over the exclusion of his presence when the meeting took place between Billy and the Italian gangster. But most of all Pasadena resented not being told at all and he said, "Hey man ... Billy Pete, you could of got us wasted jivin' like that, man. What it is? Look, call the cat and square it; I don't wants no hassle with no mob muscle, man. Plus, he'll start shootin' his elephant gun, ya cross 'em, I know! Naw Billy Pete, ya fucked up, shit!"

Billy was indignant immediately and he reacted so intensely Joan jumped and Hedy's eyes flashed while Pasadena waited pensively for the provocation to wear off Billy's tone. Then Billy demanded, "Quit cussin' niggah! My woman's here ... shit! Dig ya self. Gabe just wants ya like that, scared of the jive they say 'bout Johnny T. Well, I told him, see, and he knows I meant it. In fact, he knows I ain't scared of all that elephant gun, mob mumbo jumbo manure they spread all over. Dig, we gots to git our thang on, Pasadena! I did it for you and me 'cause I knew it was time. It was right ... so you wanna kiss his ass... later!"

Pasadena began to tremble around the corners of his mouth. Then his lips quivered and twitched as he said in a counter tone to match Billy's vicious voice. "Later!? Niggah! You say later to me and call me niggah!? Me, who put up with ya bad head and all ya shit when ya freaked out! Naw niggah, you s'pose to lay all that heavy shit you talkin' to Johnny T. on me before you go and blow every fuckin' thang I been hustlin' for since I can remember. You ain't cool and ya know it, Billy Pete. That shit ain't decent, it's crazy! You tell Percy and O.D. that funky shit; they gonna go to work for Gabe or one of the others, ya dig!? So you can stick that later in ..."

Billy hollered, "Oh, you gon' confront me in front of folks!? You need the fronts that bad, huh? Chill Pasadena and dig yourself!" Billy was on his feet. Joan was scared and nervous; Hedy spilled her mai tai, and Pasadena stood up, shouting out obscenities while the other patrons began to notice the ruckus.

"Billy Pete! Niggah! You done fucked up, shit!" Billy boldly slapped Pasadena's black shocked face. And after Pasadena savored the hate of that moment, he hissed his famous satanic-like smile and hurriedly left the table, laughing loudly over his shoulder. The mood destroyed, the evening ended, and they left The Native Girl.

# Chapter Eighteen

## The Eleventh Finger

(To the tune of "Stardust" if you're very creative.)

When I played in bushes  
Two thumbs up'n teenage tushes  
I had touchy feely crushes  
As hot blood rushed my head

I promised not to hurt you  
Before I dared insert you  
My pinkie up your skirt grew  
Like Pinocchio's nose instead

Some kids were playin' doctor  
The first time that I shocked ya  
To hush you I liplocked ya  
But you hollered loud and bled

After I rolled and rocked ya  
The boys tried to half cock ya  
Then the girls began to mock ya  
When they all sang what you said . . .

*It's bigger than a finger  
 Hard as a piece of wood  
 It's the eleventh finger  
 And it taste finger lickin  
 Good*

*It ain't a index finger  
 Or the fickle finger of fate  
 It's not the middle finger  
 This swollen one feels great*

*It's bigger than a finger  
 This thing I'm speakin' of  
 Just be sure to fit this finger  
 With a latex rubber glove*

Dawn crept in slowly through Billy and Joan's bedroom window, and the realization of the seriousness of the night before came back to haunt them. Joan couldn't sleep, so she said, "William, why did you slap Pasadena? You hurt his feelings; you were so mad at ... well he was mad too. What happened? I still don't understand?"

Billy sat up and looked at the clock on the nightstand, he took a deep breath and elaborated, "He never should have went off like that; he's too emotional and excitable! He believed Gabe too. That's what got to me first. Yeah, and he asked for it. After I told him not to ... he cussed in front of you like a fool. So I had to, ya see?" Billy moved his leg and shifted his position towards Joan's body, a feast of feminine pulchritude sprawled out by his side. Then the real reason for his new aggressive attitudes stirred and became stiff and strong on his thigh. It thumped him again and again when he flexed the massive muscle between his legs. The phone rang before Billy entered Joan, and he moaned his disgust in disgruntled grunts, "Who the hell could that be? Damn, it's just six.... Hello!?"

"Yeah ... Percy here, dig, I know it's early, but Dena asked me to call, he's over here at my house. Look, he said I gotta be a go between 'cause of what went down. He told me everything, so if it's ok with you, I'll run down his terms for the split up of Puddin' N' Tain!"

"Split up!?" Billy bellowed. "Put that niggah on the phone. What the fat fuck does he mean, split up!?" Billy was yelling at the top of his baritone voice and Joan snuggled under the covers in a ball while Percy continued his task.

And he said, "Well, since y'all didn't have no lawyer, you know? Well Dena said until the lawyers work out all the details, I should get your terms. Billy, the dude don't want to talk to you, he just wants to split it all up ... ya dig? That's why I'm calling so early, he got me late last night, and I wrote down everything he wants. So listen up, and I'll read the list ... ok Billy?"



Billy saw the situation, and it was clear Percy would go with Pasadena, as would O.D. That meant that Puddin' N' Tain Pictures was finished for him. Billy was sure Pasadena would go back to Johnny Tabunarri and the safe than sorry shelter he offered for a fee of seventy-five percent of the profits. Billy could also see Gabe Klein's resurgence as the company head, because Pasadena would not and could not concentrate on the business end of Puddin' N' Tain. As Billy predicted the inevitable to himself, he said sorrowfully. "Percy ... I'll send my bananas, ape shit ass chauffeur over to pick up my stuff from the office. Look, I'll expect my cut from what we did already. So tell him he can have the rest, later!" Billy hung up on Percy, called and woke his disgusting looking chauffeur up on the intercom, and instructed the haggard, homely, Peltdown Man to go get his belongings from the Puddin' N' Tain offices in Century City, later that morning.

Billy got up and shaved. And in the shower, the hot and cold streams of hard, steady water seem to give him new vitality. He soared inside himself when he noticed the added hefty swing between his legs, where 'the penis' was an inch longer and at least a fraction of an inch bigger in circumference. He forgot his would be business dilemma, gleamed instead at his great additional, anatomical abundance, and exited exuberantly from the shower. Then he turned on the stereo set, and danced naked in front of Joan who tried to sleep, but she gave in, sat up and said, "I swear, William, I don't know where you comin' from!" But after she spoke, she noticed the change in length as 'the penis' swung from thigh to thigh. And Joan squealed, "William, it's halfway to your knee, and almost wide as your ... wrist!"

Billy beamed and danced into his dressing room. As he dressed, he decided his future. He felt the normal thing they'd think he'd do would be to mope around and feel sorry for himself. But he knew he'd best strike while they all thought he'd be depressed. Billy loved the idea O.D. had for the movie 'Dickenstein!' Accordingly, he feverishly dwelled on every detail he could figure, and he made his plans the rest of the day to film the morphed, manhood monstrosity for his new independent company, Peters Pictures. Billy had over ten and a half million dollars in cash at the Bank of Enterprise in Beverly Hills; he liked O.D.'s idea for the soldiers, but he knew he'd have to fool the commander at Fort Ord with a mock monster in order to get the footage he'd need to superimpose his vile version on the screen.

Billy liked Hedy for the part they'd discussed and he told her while she grinned through clenched teeth, saying seriously, "Oh ... I'll be glad to oblige ... for half a million bucks!"

Billy swelled up mean inside, but he'd learned about actresses and he knew Hedy realized her power at this trying, tenuous time. So for now he'd have to make as little fuss as possible in order to fool Puddin' N' Tain into believing he was taking the severed partnership bad as expected.

Billy called Geechee Davis, an agent he use to deal with and swore the man to secrecy. Geechee was sixty-six and he had been in Hollywood for forty-five years. He knew everybody and everything a man of his race could know. The Louisiana soulful Geechee came over to see Billy as soon as he heard there was a proposition. Billy offered the tall, bald, black man a drink and invited him for dinner, to Ida's delight. And she hollered in the kitchen, "Oh shucks ... just my speed!"

Billy was glad to see the smiling, joking Geechee and he said, "Ya awright, man? Good to see ya and shit. Yeah, that's mella. Dig Geechee, funky shit went down between me and Puddin' N' Tain Pictures, man. Yeah, but I knows ya know all that. So dig, all I need you to do is cop all the things I want in your name, see? They got me in a corner, but well they ain't watchin' you. Lemme explain ... see man, the Pasadena is scared of Johnny T. is what's happening, man. But dig, I told that rat lovin' dago, ass hole it was over. So Gabe tells Pasadena about my move and gets everything fucked up like this. But I'm cool, see I got scratch, and ideas, and I'm ready to blow everybody's head off with this picture, see? What I do on the q.t. is let 'em think it's your thang until you get everybody I need lined up, see? And then mop, I expose myself."

Geechee looked at Billy, who was holding his bulging private with two hands, like it was an ax handle. And he said smiling at Billy while grabbing and groping his own extra endowment, playing penis tit-for-tat. "You know me motherfucker, it's as good as done! 'Cept I don't see how you gonna keep it a secret for the distribution deal. Soons they know it's you, they backing away. Yeah, words out, ya crossed Johnny T., and he let ya off temporarily, they say, 'cause he usually kills anybody who done whatcha done with his elephant gun, Billy. So tell me, how ya can shoot us past him?"

Billy frowned because he really didn't care about the gangster. But he saw the same fear in Geechee's eyes, as Pasadena had the night before and Billy thought and said, "I'm alive ain't I? Well, it's 'cause I did the right thang and that's it! Yeah, I gave up my piece of Puddin N' Tain, but ya watch, they all gonna be workin' for me after I open up a new

movie market and hustle me up some x unknown film exhibitors I got in mind, ya dig? Well, Geechee that's the last and best part. You just get all the cast and crew I need in your name, see? I'm your secret backer, nobody gonna give a shit what a niggah do today. So we waste 'em, ya dig? We pull off this picture and I shoot it through my grease, which I'll tell you 'bout later, ya dig!?"

Geechee heard the words that flew from Billy's mouth, but he could not make sense of them or begin to comprehend the vague, hidden meanings Billy kept to himself. He held on to 'the penis' again, and Geechee's eyes popped when he saw. Then Billy converged on the man with a barrage of instructions and orders.

"Geechee, get me the best post-production guy ya can to replace Short Cuts. But before that, I wanna freaky screen writer to come here and git into my idea, see? But I don't want nobody else hip to it. Oh yeah, now after me and the writer git it on, I feel one week will do, and we'll have the script I want. Then you can be scouting around out there for a crack crew, you know like Percy did. He got good cats, man. That's why we got rich, ya dig? Now I wanna start soon as I know how many characters I need on the picture. So you got the ball, Geechee!"

The next day Geechee called and told Billy about the screenwriter. Billy liked Geechee's description of the man and he said, "Yeah, them chump ass creeps at Puddin' N' Tain can slob my nob, shit! That's the way to earn that bread I laid on ya, Geechee. Send the cat over tomorrow mornin', later!"

Billy went out onto his patio, and the ashy white woman, Bella, was cleaning the glass wrought iron table. He watched her flat behind shake as she cleaned unaware of his stare and he called out to her. Fortunately, Joan and Hedy were shopping; Ida had taken Judy to the zoo, and working for peanuts, homesick Clinton drove them.

Billy grinned while 'the penis' stirred and began to travel like a big snake down his pants leg. When he joined Bella by the pool, she looked at him suspiciously because she knew they were alone for the first time. Bella had realized Billy's sexual interest in her since the beginning. Of course, she felt somehow he'd never get the chance to approach her when Joan, Ida and Judy, plus, Hedy moved in, not to mention, 'I can do more with a peanut than Dr. George Washington Carver', Clinton in the mist. But they were all elsewhere, and she dropped the cloth she cleaned with, seeing the sex size against Billy's thigh.

'The penis' strained and stretched full length, and Bella gulped, gasped, and gaped. Billy felt 'the penis' had power over her and he looked from it to her. Then he said, "Bella, I think we better settle this in your hind quarters ... just in case somebody comes back early!"

The words leaped from Billy's mouth like they'd done when he spoke to Geechee. He could not believe he'd been so direct with the maid. She looked at the abundant appendage impression there, and he followed as she led the way to the servants' quarters. Bella's limp excited Billy no end, and a strange, fiery fluid flowed in his veins when he felt her pancake buttocks, and she limped into her room. Bella jumped around,

and Billy held her breasts when the expression on her ashy, pale, white face sent a volt jolting through his testicles. Her look of submission and servitude charged him up so, his blood began to boil. He took the blue maid's cap from her bowed head and tossed it into her trash basket.

Bella did not speak and Billy loved her silence. He ran his hand the length of the outside of her crippled leg. She stiffened and made a murmuring sound when he slid it across the front of her thigh and patted her hairy pelvis. Bella's feelings began to show with a cry bursting from her open mouth as he dug in and began to probe with one finger at a time. She seem to squat slightly, bending while she surrendered herself to the pressure of his hand deep in her private.

Billy maneuvered Bella to the bed and opened her top button. He leered at her, but she avoided his eyes and unbuttoned the maid's uniform. She removed the white shoes, and Billy took his free hand to tug at her underwear. When she lifted the slip over her mousy, brown head of hair, the smell of starch was gone, only a trace of the pink window cleaner she used to clean the glass table remained.

Then the odd odor of pre-coitus with the woman began to permeate Billy's senses. So he drew a deep breath when she pulled her panties down. She managed to step free from one leg, then she bent down indicating Billy free her breast. He did so with one hand while he worked the other one inside her liquid labia, causing her to make half outcries and blurt out near screams of growing gratification. She wiggled and jerked, holding on to his arm, and when he clasped her bobbing head, her silver eyes were metallic magnets glowing in the gloom of her hinky dinky Caucasian stinky room.

The dreary, dank appearance of the place seemed to increase Billy's appetite for her. As he lifted Bella, her legs arched and wrapped around his waist. Next, he held her in the crack of her rectum with his left hand, and she clung to his neck with both arms and nuzzled on his chest.

Billy guided 'the penis' head in Bella and he sucked his teeth when her hot hole gave way to his desire. 'Round and 'round Bella's buttocks spun in a frantic effort to avoid the impact she knew would come if he spread her behind with both hands and began to manipulate both cheeks to his pleasure. 'The penis' head sank in and out of Bella, and she began to buck in desperate anticipation of the mammoth masculinity she must endure to the root on him. So she humped wildly, raising herself and readying for the shock of the thrust that would most certainly break her loose inside. And it happened all at once.

Bella's scream was the loudest, most agony filled, pitifully sexy sound Billy had ever heard. He let go within her as she lay limp on the whole of his thirteen inch, three inch big and round sex organ while he discharged it off somewhere deep in the depths of her soul. Billy tossed her on the bed after the last drop of semen dripped. Bella rolled over, faced the wall, and Billy wiped 'the penis' on her cheap cotton bedspread. He looked down at her ashy, pale, white body, and shook his head at the thrill it gave him, and he said, "You could say I kinda replaced the cooking Ida don't let ya do. So ya cook with me from now on, ya understand ... ashy white woman?"

Bella whirled around from the wall; her face was white as the sheet. But she wore a licentious grin Billy would never forget, and he felt chills and numbing cold when she said, "You rich niggers will never learn you can't hire white servants! Now if you don't want your yellow nigger wife to know ... make a check out to me for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars!" She laughed in his face, shook her head, and added sarcastically, "Mr.! Peters!"

Billy was stunned; he stood there until her phone rang a minute later and broke the spell. Bella answered the phone and it was Ida with orders for her. Bella slipped twice and giggled while Ida spoke. But Ida felt maybe she'd been drinking and continued her instructions. Bella hung-up after Ida finished and turned her attention back to him.

Billy wiped his sweaty brow with Bella's wet panties, and asked the ashy white woman, "What did my mother-in-law want? And you, yeah ... Bella, you hip. Yeah, I dig, you pull this shit on all the rich, black guys in Beverly Hills, right? Awright! Then ya fucks 'em up like ya done me! Shit, that's a bitch! Look-a-here, maybe me and you can get together on a deal. Yeah, why not ... shit woman, you don't need to blackmail me. Hell, I can really make ya rich. If you game, I'll tell ya how!"

Bella was still naked and she seemed to really like being exposed in front of Billy. She reached up on her headboard, opened the sliding door and pulled out a sandwich-size plastic bag full of marijuana. She licked and put the cigarette paper together, poured her portion, and rolled a joint. Billy was impressed, but over the initial shock and he joined Bella smoking pot on the bed. After they took deep drags, she said in her natural voice, "Oh, I'm game for anything ... long as monies in it, it's cool. Go on, break it down."



Billy sensed she was probably a hell of an out-of-work actress, so he chanced to say, "Bella, I'm getting ready to make a picture. I need all the help I can get. You impress me as being able to pull off what I got in mind. Look, I'll pay ya to play this part for me, ok?"

She was high, puffing on the joint and watching Billy's thigh on the sly from the corner of her silver, metallic eye. "Well ... anyway," he said when he caught her at it. "I need some woman to play the part of a ... yeah, a mad lady scientist, yeah! You know the type!" Then he thought and gambled when he said, "Yeah, like you look now, but with eyeglasses and wearing one of them a ... what do ya call them long things they wear?"

"Smocks." Bella said, rolling another joint, and Billy agreed.

"Yeah, yeah, smocks. . . . Well, your hair would be in a bun, yeah. Then you'd be a hard up chick, you know the type. Well, you got to discover this here drug that gives you the power to increase the size of ... oh I got it, the size of your guinea pigs dick, see?" After that, ya try it on a man 'cause ya gots to have a big dick. What do they call it, you know ... a?"

"Penis envy!" Bella said, quoting Freud and she began to smile her placid smile at Billy between quick, fake, nonchalant glances at his swelling organ. Billy felt it rising to the occasion and he continued his rapid-fire delivery.

**“Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Bella you got, penis envy! Then you jab a guy ya git off the street to try it out on with this big ass fuckin’ needle, see? Yeah, stick it right up the little pee hole in his dick! Yeah! Shit ass yeah, they’ll go nuts diggin’ on that squeamish action! So now, of course, ya get some fuckin’ in, ‘cause the cat’s got a thang ya nuts for, right? Yeah, so ya keep fuckin’ right steady and shit, but now ya need dough, and ya figure why not sell the formula ya got. You call it ‘Dr. Geppetto von Gelding’s Pinocchio Dark and Light Wood’ or whatever connotations associated with that story bring to mind. Then you can get all the guys ya want to satisfy ya thang.” Billy used Pasadena’s mysterious, doctor friend’s name and his claim on a business card he’d seen. Then he went on.**

**“But before ya know it, the first cat ya turned onto the drug is gone. Yeah, he split for parts unknown, so now ya need to get another guy quick. But something’s gone wrong, ‘cause ya see this TV bulletin, and this here first guy ya jabbed with the needles running ‘round loose with a giant four foot dick and scaring the fuck outta women every fuckin’ where, ‘cause he can’t get his big nuts off. So dig, the dude’s dick is growin’ wild now on the screen and he can’t stop it, ‘cause it’s too late and it takes over, you know? It’s a monster dick, and the dude screams when his body’s gone and all that’s left is this twelve footer on the screen. It’s got a mind of its own! Can’t ya just see it!?”**

**“Dig, it’s a big black, drippin’ dickhead motherfucker up there pissin’ on the police that come in the park to kill it. But it keeps on growin’ and pissin’ till it’s ... yeah, the thang’s twenty-five feet and still growin’! And oh shit, look at the nuts on it, goddamn!”** Bella’s iridescent eyes were wide open while she beheld the rising, falling, amazing sex organ on Billy’s thigh. It looked larger to her although she shrugged the thought off, blamed her feeling on the marijuana and began to shake her ashy, white naked legs as he talked.

**“Yeah, and soldiers, that’s where I bring in the soldiers with all their artillery blastin’ away at the fucker! But it don’t do no fuckin’ good. The audience is goin’ stone crazy by now. So ya see, they ready for your big scene with ... me. Then, what ya do to save face is, create a giant pussy and turn it loose. The two monster thangs git together and boom, they explode from fuckin’ and comin’ in the Pacific Ocean!”**

Bella’s eyes were glassy and her mood was total abandon. She lay looking at Billy’s protracted proud flesh while it stretched, spreading, rising itself up and down on his leg. **“Take it out!”** Bella said, asserting herself in her real voice. Billy was at ease and his confidence returned when he knew he had the upper hand. Slowly, he unzipped his fly with a lecherous grin, withdrew his massive muscle, held it out in his hand, and let it go. The hot hunk bobbed back and forth; the veins popped out, and it seemed to have a mind of its own, prodigiously pointing at Bella, who was infested with lust.

Bella squirmed over to the foot of the bed where Billy stood, she reached up and pulled 'the penis' head to her mouth with both hands, and then she sucked and swallowed his sex until it began to grow. She stopped in fixated, fellatio fascination, watching the unbelievable in front of her very eyes. She looked more ghost-like, an albino freak, buck-naked on the bed. Plus, her veins were blue and green, but the tips of her breasts were blood red as her lips and vagina.

Bella sat on the bed in a lotus position when Billy came to her. She worked 'the penis' head into her opening and squeezed it tight, but she was jarred as 'the penis' grew. Billy humped, sending Bella into a missionary position. She fell backwards onto the bed with the full force of eighteen inches of meaty, solid male sex organ lodged within the walls of her wounded womb.

Bella's outcry was maddening. Billy watched her face drained of almost any color and he saw her eyes were glazed over and red. Bella moved hotly on the foot, plus, of flesh inside her and her rantings and ravings turned into a dialect from some lost forgotten day. Her utterance was sporadic, and her uterus became climatic when Billy bucked and grew. Then her taut twisting, turned to torrid thrusts of one possessed by devils.

Without even a near fallow pallor now and all her features disappearing, she humped and pumped as if to stay alive. She worked without a drop of sweat, and sparks began to fly. When flesh slapped flesh, a fire started slowly burning in the mattress underneath her body where he took her still closer to him unaware a real fire was there. The way to speak or scream had long since left her, but he didn't care, he'd heard enough.

He grew another measure as her body dried and shed pure dust. She'd been ashy white he said, so when he moved within her deeper and her bowels churned, then the mattress burned, she smoldered in a fetus position, while Billy balked in disbelief at Bella's color gone.

She stayed curled up in a ball. She never moved except for breathing and her breaths came very slow. He'd caught her napping, so he humped harder just to let her know his horny, hard on, well-hung intentions. He figured she must have fainted. For if she'd been conscious, she would have emitted a primal roar of pure, trailer trash passion. Instead, all in all and on the whole, she rallied just in time to feel 'the penis' grow twenty full fledged inches, and it weighed two pounds of solid sex. Billy thought to comfort Bella, but he humped and pumped her to and fro, back and forth, up and down, all the vicissitudes of sex until she foamed at the mouth and her hair stood up on her head.

He worried about 'the penis' when he thought Bella was dead. He knew he'd have to hide 'the penis' problem, but he couldn't think how. It was way too big to ignore, and his tight pants would burst at the seams now. He thought back and remembered the devil's words, 'I will give you a dark dick beyond your wettest dream'! Then the devil said he'd never come again, nor did he have a secret scheme. However, Satan has the right to lie and cheat. So Billy knew Satan put the big, black dick there, growing down his thigh in heat. Panic seized him and the old fears came in jolts and volts back to attack. He closed his eyes: he screamed, he hollered, but he could not die in fact.

Three more inches were added inside of Bella's tearing hole while he clawed to free himself, but he'd lost all of his self-control. 'The penis' had taken over after Bella passed away when two feet of a male, black, indurate muscle murdered her in a lusty way. A dead, white woman impaled upon it 'the penis' grew again. Billy prayed and cursed God as he remembered all his many vulgar sins. Three feet it held the woman's corpse upon it in mid-air as Billy tried to hide and run. But he damn sure wasn't spent and done.

Despair's door opened up, and Judy sang, 'bigger than a finger', a line in the risqué song neighborhood children sing, called 'The Eleventh Finger.' Ida chuckled in the hall and she began to call, "Bella, Bella ... William, is anybody home at all?"

Then Billy heard heavier footsteps, and an uncaged Clinton said, "The fat, old, black bitch is back!" Clinton said this when he paused by Bella's door, looking and chattering like a primatologist (Jane Goodall's) pet, never thinking, never dreaming Billy was there inside the maid with an erection to envy on the floor.

Billy struggled, but it was hopeless. 'The penis' grew two inches more and it pained him as he concluded. Soon they'd find him in Bella's hindquarters with 'the penis' as it was. Of course, it would be bigger by then, because if they took an hour longer, who knows, it could smash right through the roof with the dead maid, Bella, on it and show the police who came to catch him the naked, anal sodomy proof.

Then Hedy's voice began to laugh, and 'the penis' grew four feet. When Joan spoke 'the penis' grew again incomplete, next Billy smelled smoke. Alas, he heard Joan call out to him, "William, I'm home!" And the smoky mattress made him choke.

Billy felt the shame mount up higher and shouted, "I can't let Joan see me this way!" Then he felt 'the penis' catching fire. Ablaze, it grew to five feet, and Billy saw the very worst, 'the penis' began to be his body as it became both his legs at first. Second, Billy saw his mid-section turn from brown skin to solid black. Before he could absorb the sight, 'the penis' was his back! His neck was gone in nothing flat and after that his head. The room was full of 'the penis'; it stood in Billy's stead, six feet tall, still growing upwards and around. It was like a tree trunk and it weighed one thousand pounds. Bella's body split wide open and fell in halves upon the floor, and 'the penis' kept growing till it busted down the door.

The creature feature reject, too ugly for horror movies, craven chauffeur ran away as his ol' organ grinder did, but Billy's urine drown him in his frantic flight, then Ida saw 'the penis' and yelled with all her might. Judy came running, and 'the penis' crashed through the wall and it reached about ten feet tall with testicles and all. Joan saw Hedy turning purple, then Joan fainted dead away as 'the penis' grew by miles now until it burst . . . as big as day.

## Chapter Nineteen

### *Nothing Comes to a Sleeper But a Dream*

*Nothing comes to a sleeper  
But a dream*

*How can I rest assured at  
Night  
That you still love me  
Counting lies and alibis  
Instead of sheep  
When ev'ry morning I  
Awaken  
Mistaken so it seems  
Nothing comes to a sleeper  
But a dream*

*And just a dream  
Is all I have of you dear  
A lover's dream  
That never will come  
True here*



I closed my eyes  
But now my eyes are brightly  
On the beam  
'Cause nothing comes to  
A sleeper but a dream

I woke up sleeping this  
Morning  
Last night I had a dream  
Of you  
I fell out of bed  
Girl when you said  
That you and I were through

Well I ain't gonna open  
My eyes up  
Til I get you back  
For sho' nuff

I'm staying in the sack  
Til you come back  
And take care of this  
Nightmare

*Call me lazy  
Just plain crazy  
But I can't face reality*

*I'm gonna sleep walk  
I'm gonna sleep talk  
Til you come back to me*

*I'm gonna stay right here  
In dreamland  
Just you me and Mr. Sandman  
'Cause nothing comes to  
A sleeper but a dream  
Nothing comes to a sleeper  
But a dream*

When Billy came back to his senses, he opened his eyes slowly and blinked twice. His first recollection was another red pimple on Marsha's chin, and he acknowledged the young gray-eyed woman with a smile. She stroked his temples in her lap and said, "Billy that was a hell of a trip you were on, man ... wow!" Billy wiggled his toes, then he moved his fingers while Marsha continued, "Hey, I've got plenty questions about all the things you said and did. But nobody ever went that far with me before. I thought you'd be like that. I knew it ... I told Cara, but you know her, she didn't believe me. Well, are you hungry? Can you eat some sardines and rice?"

Billy was concentrating and trying to put the whole thing in perspective, but he couldn't. So he opened his mouth to sip the tea Marsha gave him. The taste was minty and flat, but cool and wet, plus, he was thirsty.

"Five days!" She said with a smile locked in her voice. "Billy, you had me a little worried the night before last. I almost called for an ambulance, but you pulled out of the bumper beautifully!"

Billy tried to recall her meaning, but he was at odds with his memory, so he could not get an inkling as to what she referred to. He lay quietly and looked out at the sun, the sand and the sea. The day was bright about two in the afternoon and from what he could see a perfect day for the beach.

Marsha was leaning closer and when she smiled, Billy saw her crooked tooth. He thought back to her bedroom and the strange voice of Coastal Eddie and Cara's orange hair, then the woman in the red wet suit with the spear gun. Pasadena was with him, but he left. Billy thought and the rest began to come slowly back to him. He remembered Joan was gone; she'd left him all alone. Billy remembered his extreme society anxiety sickness and he could not feel the lurking threat of it anywhere in his mind, so he sighed with relief. His head was clear, and his spirit seemed to be mending. All feelings of his temperate trouble had obviously passed.

Peace of mind was pleasant and comfortable to him until he yawned to stretch, and felt his arms and feet were tied. Billy opened his mouth again to speak, but this time Marsha stuck a red bandanna in it and called, "Cara!"

The orange-haired woman came out of her room with Bill, the paperback writer, and she looked at Marsha, then she turned back to Bill and said, "Niggers are natural born bullshitters. He can hallucinate another five days to please her, but I'm not a paid companion and I don't have time to listen to the wannabe daydreams in a nigger's mind. I wish she'd kill him like she did the others! Instead we have to keep an eye on him until her mother's ready to shoot that thing off!"

Billy strained, but it was useless. He was bound, gagged and prisoner to whomever they were talking about. And Marsha said, "Too bad, the guy's good in bed! Oh, but mother could care less!"

Bill, the paperback writer spoke, "Oh she cares, just not the way you think. It's a deadly, culinary thrill she's after!"

Billy's body jumped when the screen door opened, and he heard the slap of wet flippers on the wooden floor of the beach house. Then he saw the woman in the red wet suit holding a spear gun. They all stepped back, and she looked around and said, "The male human penis is a delicacy. I got a California white man today ... a quarter of a pounder. That makes two this week! My aim's off to the right, but I speared him in a slight undertow ... nevertheless, they're a fighting, spirited breed.

Tonight, we'll take this breed out to the boat. I'll drop anchor about two miles out. That should be sporting enough for a good belly shot and quick kill. Billy was a shiver of horror and he could not believe the wicked words she spoke, as she continued, "This hobby is expensive, but it's worth it.

**We'll move after this shot. I want to spear some Mexican browns, they're plentiful further down, around past San Diego." She fiendishly joked and kept on talking "Then it's back down to Acapulco for a few more tourists. I guess that's it for the season. Well, it's a life, the life of the hunter. I understand why you bother to fraternize with this carnal cuisine, fellation faction."**

**The woman looked at Marsha and went on emphatically. "Of them all, this breed is the slowest in the sea, but the most appetizing, and let's face it, they're always tasty and never a bore. Ahhh, they're the sweetest sweet meat of human phallus game in this world. Because when tainted with strains of extreme society anxiety in the sea, they cause a lull in what would be a formidable foe, but instead, create a fantastic festal flavor. Therefore, I won't dwell on my druthers; I'll go back to the boat now and pick up our catch tonight!" She looked down at Billy, jerking and striving desperately for his freedom and she said, "Well keep them coming, catch as many as we can cook and eat. I'll see you after high tide on the boat!"**

**Billy was looking up at the woman in the red wet suit with the spear gun when her face faded back into Bella's. It was as if he imagined he'd experienced a vivid visionary, unconscious time lapse and hellish hallucination in Bella's presence. So he collected himself to ask in a cold sweat of shivers, "How long did I trip ... what the fat fuck went down!?"**

**"You were dreamscaping for about a minute." Bella was dressed and about to leave the room when she spoke.**

**Then Billy asked, "Wait ... nobody's back yet ... right?"**

And Bella told him, “Not yet ... but if we stand here and shoot the breeze, I’ll never collect my two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for what I got on you. Hell, they’ll all see us and know!”

After urinating, Billy looked in her bathroom mirror, and ‘the penis’ was hanging limp out of his opened fly. It was the very same size it was when he came into the room. So he grinned and said, “Shit ... that’s more fuckin’ like it. For a while there, it was ‘Dickenstein!’ Ya dig!? Oh yeah, Bella, ya gonna be in my picture or not?”

Bella looked at Billy and showed her current acting ability by going back into the character she was playing as the maid and said, “Why of course, Mr. Peters! But I’ll still stay here to watch my investment, in case you change your mind. Oh, and my fee for acting will be another two hundred and fifty thousand dollars ... Mr. Peters!”

He thought of her fuzzy frizzy, mousy brown, hairy puff of an opening between her ashy white thighs and smiled. Bella went into the kitchen and began to boil Ida’s water. Billy went into the study to jot down the notes he’d need for the writer Geechee was sending.

. . .

“Daddy ... Daddy!” Judy called out and opened the door to the study, eating a box of popcorn she brought back from the zoo. She was holding a balloon with an orange background and black spotted giraffe painted on it in the hand she ate with on a string.

**“Daddy ... we saw ‘em all! I petted a goat ... a monkey ... and a baby elephant, honest! Mama Ida’s feet got sore so we came home! Oh daddy, it was fun! Next time, you can come, ok?”**

**Billy held her and kissed her face, then he reached into the box of popcorn and took a handful before he said, “Hi, sweet face. You and Mama Ida had fun, huh, awright! Hey, this popcorn is good. I’ll take you to the circus next week, sweet face, me, you, Mama Ida and Joan, ok?”**

**“Aw ... Joan is always after me to eat all those vegetables and stuff I don’t like ... but ok.”**

**Judy was a ray of sunshine and Billy kissed her again and again. Ida knocked at the partially open door, looked in and said, “William ... I thought I heard voices in here. Oh my feet ... this child just ‘bout wore me out!”**

**Billy felt her pain and said sympathetically, “Sit down, Ida, rest ya self. I heard y’all saw ‘em all!”**

**And Judy teased, “We saw one look just like Clinton, didn’t we, Mama Ida?”**

**Judy laughed and Ida tried to hold back, but she laughed and said, “We was in that monkey house, and William, I swear this here big ol’ red fat one with no neck did favor that driver you got some! Oh and this here chile just a kept on yappin’ ‘bout it. All the way home, she’s peepin’ up through the separatin’ glass at him in the back of the car and makin’ all them monkey faces. Oh William, we had us a time ... I tell you!”**

Billy laughed with them, then he acted serious and said through belly laughs, "Ida, you and Judy better leave Clinton alone!" Billy made faces and gestures like a gorilla and they laughed again over the joke on the chauffeur's ape-like features that resembled a big white monkey.

Ida couldn't help but add, "William, I came down to the kitchen night fo' last, and there he was standing there in his bathrobe. Them ears stickin' out, with them arms hanging down like they do ... eatin' a banana!"

Billy rolled his eyes, howled with Ida, and Judy mimicked Bella, "Y'all gonna have coffee ... or tea mam. And you, little nice, pretty colored girl, what y'all gonna have today ... milk?"

They almost fell out laughing over Judy's near perfect imitation of Bella's white trash, southern maid accent. And Ida said with a trace of concern, "William, I called the ghost up while I was out. She must have been drinkin' or somethin' 'cause she was gigglin', but she put the water on like I said. I'm going up and check those bedrooms to see if she cleaned. Oh ... if I was you, I'd check my liquor from now on. Them po' white folks will steal you blind." Ida took a deep breath, slapped the flat of her hands against her thick thighs and said, "Come on here, Judy girl, help me look at these bedrooms and cook this dinner. Can't you see your daddy's workin'?"

Billy couldn't resist and he asked, "Whatcha gonna put in the pot, Ida. I'm starving, I swear!"



Ida loved to cook and she beamed her big broad grin upwards as she thought it over. Then she smiled at them and said, “Well sir ... let’s see. First, I got to boil cabbage!” Judy frowned and shook her head. “Lemme see,” Ida added ... “oh and the corn bread, ‘cause Joan told me how much you likes it. Then I got a hunk of corn beef!”

Billy was a mouth-watering, hungry smile back at Ida and he yelled, “Awright!”

Ida looked down at Judy’s frown and said grinning at the child, “And blueberry cobbler with peach ice cream!”

Judy jumped with her giraffe balloon and shouted, “Yea! Yea! Yea! Three cheers for Mama Ida!”

Then Ida got up and said, “See ya, William ... come on, chile!”

Billy watched them leave and he was feeling on top of it, so he called Claypoole in Philadelphia.

Woman: “Hello!”

Billy: “Howdy dere, sistah Alice darlin’!”

Alice: “Ooh ... I’ll be damn! ... Jesse, it’s crazy Ol’ Billy Pete. Hey congratulations ... Mr. Producer ... oh and director! Billy Pete, that’s awright! How’s Joan, is she still pretty?”

Billy: “Oh yeah Alice, she ain’t home now, but she’s still fine. How’s your love life, Alice? Whisper, don’t let that niggah spoil our good thang!”

They laughed as Claypoole took the phone and said, "Hey Hollywood, what it is? Look, I'll take a million motherfuckin' dollars and I don't want no shit, ya dig? Give it up, home-boy!"

Billy: "Hey Jack, what's happening in Philly?"

Claypoole: "Niggah, I knows you ain't call me up to ask me that, so you tell me. What's happening out there in bad man's territory?"

Billy: "Aw it's pussy good, niggah."

Claypoole: "I know that, sissy. I'm talkin' 'bout money. You got plenty money, niggah! You a big-time Hollywood producer and director and shit, right? Ok, so how much can I have?"

Billy: "That's what I called ya for, motherfucker. If you chill, I'll tell ya?"

Claypoole: "I'm cool!"

Billy: "Solid ... dig, me and the Pasadena broke it off. So now I'm pullin' this thang with no distribution ... 'cause the cat I was dealing with was too gangsta greedy. Dig, so I cut 'em back too, now I got everything set up for my next picture ... but distribution. And you know how tight money is, so ain't no use me tryin' to borrow. Well, I got to gamble, but I also gotta win. See, they figure I'm so sorry and all fucked up, right? But I'm ready to kick ass and waste 'em! Yeah, so here's where you come in. I'm giving you one million dollars to head our film distribution company and I'm splittin' up the middle with ya. So if ya shit gits raggedy after the bread's gone, our general partnership is dissolved, motherfucker!"

**Claypoole: “You want me to handle the East Coast or cover the whole country?”**

**Billy: “Shit man; go as far as it’ll take you. You got it; I’m transferring the bread to your account in the morning. Where the hell are you banking now?”**

**Claypoole: “Oh ... the Philadelphia Industrial Bank, Third and Market. Oh yeah ... one forty-five Market, downtown Philly. That all you need?”**

**Billy: “Yeah, except for some idea on what you feel to do? Then maybe I can concentrate on makin’ a hell of a movie!”**

**Claypoole: “Oh yeah, Billy Pete.... What kinda film you makin’? I’ll need to set up the market in my mind, ya dig?”**

**Billy: “Dickenstein!” It’s a long story ‘bout a big dick! A monster dick, ya dig!”**

**Claypoole: “Science fiction ... ok I dig, Bigdickulust.”**

**Billy: “What ya think, man? Tell me something good, niggah. I’m waitin’!”**

**Claypoole: “Yeah ... chill, I’m thinkin’, shit. Oh dig ... there’s this cat, he’s after fortune and fame in the advertisin’ game, see? Well, he’s like you, a crazy niggah. He likes to spend money and take chances. Anyhow, he was over last night. He’s got this idea to hook up a nationwide thang**

between niggahs all over and shoot all the black owned and operated businesses through the motherfucker. He's like you, like I said, so he's got some scratch, 'bout one million bucks, I'd say. We gamble from time to time. The thing is, he wants me to cool him out with the black mob, see? So I told him to set his shit up and I'd look out for him!"

Billy: "What's the name of his thang?"

Claypoole: "Ghetto Mentality Advertising Company. Yeah, he could help us out with all the hardcore promotion in the slums, ya dig? Now my idea for the movie would be to set up ya own fuckin' exhibitors. How the fuck niggahs expect to get money sittin' back and lookin' while the white man close the goddamn door on buildin' neighborhood theaters, so ya can't git ya films shown there, shit? Ain't but one fuckin' thang left to do. Start ya own theater chain!"

Billy: "Hey man that would cost a fuckin' fortune, no fuckin' way, Claypoole!"

Claypoole: "Wait niggah ... listen ... now all ya need is a string of warehouses in the slums, see ... in every major city. This is a trendsetter, but somebody's gotta do it first is all. You charge your own set price. They pay 'cause ya ain't got them jive ass honky restrictions, ya dig? We bypass all that G.G.P., R. and x-rated shit! Niggahs is a hell of a sure niche market with soul, sex movies like you make! Yeah, all that funky blues goin' down on the sound tracks too! No way you gonna blow, ya dig! It'll cost ya ... what, about one mo' fuckin' million,

shit! Then you a ghetto movie king, and that's just the fuckin' beginning. Looka here, you know you way out in front, so we freeze everybody else that wanna do our thang, see, unless they come through us for a piece, ya dig? Oh, it's sweet awright! But niggahs with dough, don't give a shit, and they blow the fuckin' millions of big bucks here, layin' and waitin' in the slums! I can set it all up; you put up that extra million!"

Billy thought and hesitated. Then he said quietly as not to slow Claypoole down from feeling cash flow energy. "What about the projectors and well ... the movie operators? I know we need that, but how do we get 'em?"

"Oh shit!" Claypoole laughs reassuringly in a bass voice at Billy to say, "I wouldn't hang my head up with that jive. Hey man, niggahs can do any fuckin' thang! What's wrong with you, homeboy? You sound like a white man! Shit, I'll get all the movie projectors I want. I'll git cats to cop 'em, shit. I'll take 'em ... don't sweat that shit. You just pay for the warehouses I gotta rent all over this fuckin' country, and dig here, this cat's name is Earl Patterson. He's the one I told ya had the Ghetto Mentality thang. Well, he'll call ya, and ya hook up with him. Then he'll spread the word for ya quicker than a woman in a beauty parlor. Oh yeah man, what's the name of your thang?"

Billy thought and said slowly while he put it together, "My thang is 'Peters Pictures', but the thang we fifty-fifty on is up to you. Call it what ya like. Dig, I'm gonna send that two million on the q. t. see? Yeah, 'cause I don't want my name down on it yet. So since Puddin' N' Tain don't know you, we can boogie without them ever being hip to what the fuck is happening. Yeah, I likes that!"

**Claypoole: “Ok niggah ... I’ll call it Q.T. Film Distributors. How’s that sound?”**

**Billy: “That’s cool ... look ... say about two your time tomorrow. You’ll get that bread, man!”**

**Claypoole: “Solid ... later!”**

## Chapter Twenty

# I Gamble on Sunday

Stain glass windows surround me  
 Seven come eleven love dumbfounds me  
 Down on my knees I'm prayin'  
 For your love girl you'll hear me sayin'

I gamble on Sunday  
 'Cause Sunday's the one day  
 I can be with you baby  
 When the Sunday shines  
 True love I find  
 You're my Sunday best chance of  
 Love divine

Lord make my day come up heaven  
 With the love that is sacred to me  
 The organ plays  
 And a reverend  
 Just married us happy  
 Go lucky

I gamble on Sunday  
 'Cause Sunday's the one day  
 I can be with you baby  
 When the Sunday shines  
 True love I find  
 You're my Sunday best chance of  
 Love divine

Monday Tuesday and Wednesday  
 I work so hard  
 Thursday Friday and Saturday  
 I'm on my job

Love is the biggest casino  
 In the game of heartbreak and romance  
 I'll risk and wager your halo  
 I'm bettin' blessin's  
 We'll win  
 Life's dice throw

\_\_\_\_\_Chorus\_\_\_\_\_



Billy thought about Claypoole's plan and he knew if he made the right soul pictures it would work like a charm. Joan and Hedy came back from a bourgeoisie-shopping spree, and their sophisticated laughter warmed the household. Joan came in the study and said, "We just got back from Rodeo Drive and Robinson's Department Store. Hiya been, William? Oh, you're working, huh?"

He looked up into her happiness and answered, "Hi mama fine ... damn ya look hip! I dig that white outfit, yeah!"

Joan was wearing a white cotton sundress and white high heels with matching earrings, expensive perfume, and a puca shell necklace. She was always beautiful and when she bent down to kiss him, he pulled her until she laughed and sat on his lap. Then she said, "We didn't buy that much, but I saw things for the house I wanted, so I ordered them. Since all the shelves in your study are empty, I'm filling them with classic, leather, new bound books." Billy didn't read books, but he thanked her anyway, and she added, "Oh, Hedy bought a pants suit and unmentionables."

And Billy said with a half blush, "Purple ... I bet!"

They laughed and Joan blabbed it, "Oh Hedy got hit on twice. She got compliments all day, so did I, as usual. But ... oh, are you going to give Hedy an advance because I think she ordered something else, and she laid away two dresses, plus, three pairs of shoes. William, why don't you let her have an advance, then she can pay for her things?"

Billy pulled out his checkbook. He made a check out to Hedy for one hundred thousand dollars as she walked in through the open door of the study to join them. Hedy was happy also, styling a couturier's, lace, lavender dress with black high heels, black earrings and a matching necklace. Her coiffure, purple, proud head was held up high, and Billy said, "The pretty, purple princess of Peters Pictures. Here ya go, darlin'!"

Hedy took the check, saw the amount, and kissed Billy on the mouth and hollered, "Awright! That pretty, purple princess is ... ok, for now. Hey, so it's Peters Pictures is it ... solid!" She clicked her teeth, clenched them, and Billy felt that feeling again.

So he said looking at her and still tasting the purple, grape flavor of her lipstick, "I may have to act in this one after all!" Joan was glad Hedy had her own money and could go with her any place, plus, not feel dependent.

Then Judy came in and said, "Mama Ida say y'all come and eat in ten minutes, it's ready. Daddy, do I gotta eat ... cabbage?"

Billy picked Judy up and carried her into the hall, the way he did when she was a baby. He visited her and her mother, June, every night. He went upstairs, changed his shirt, and thought about the fierce fury of his relationship with Judy's mother. June was a tigress and she could really hate. Billy had to talk to her for six months before she allowed him the paid privilege of keeping Judy with him. Even though he was well off, she only let him keep Judy because of a strain in her own marriage.

June got married to a well-to-do dentist, owner of A Tooth-4-A-Tooth chain of dentist offices with TV commercials in Philadelphia. They lived in Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa., and Billy felt the man had influenced June's decision to get Judy out from under for the summer. June and the diabolically, dreadful dentist (who caused nerve damage, at will, in patients he disliked) had gone to the Bahamas directly after Judy arrived safely in Beverly Hills.

Billy thought about Geechee as he washed his hands and face. Then he applied the cool, refreshing cologne Joan bought him and bounced lightly down the stair. Bella was acting again while Joan frowned at Judy imitating Bella behind Bella's back.

He looked at Ida sitting there at peace with the world, and Hedy came down the stair to join them. Billy bowed his handsome head and said the blessing. "Thank you Father for what we are about to receive for the nourishment of our bodies in Jesus name ... Amen!"

Hedy made a cross, and Ida said, "Thank you, William. You almost do that like my Oscar use to when he was with me!" Ida's face turned sad. Oscar had been a good provider and husband. Billy remembered him and shook his head at the vivid vicar's memory. Joan's hazel eyes were gloomy as she remembered her father, a shouting minister who hurled funky, fundamentalist fire and black, big foot Baptist brimstone with every word he uttered from the pulpit. Billy had used Oscar's delivery as a model when he directed Pasadena in 'The Profane Preacher'." Consequently, he received more compliments from professionals on that picture than any other so far.

Hedy ate her food and said, keeping the mood, "Yes, Reverend Richardson was the best man ever been in that church. That's why ... when he passed I changed to Catholicism. Yes, he was a great man!"

A concerned Joan consoled Ida, "Mama ... enjoy your dinner now. ... Go ahead and eat mama."

Ida sniffed, straightened up, and began to eat. Then Judy asked, "Who's ... Oscar?"

Joan volunteered to explain, "That's my daddy ... Judy. He was Mama Ida's husband?"

Judy looked at Ida as if she'd never given any thought to the woman having a husband and she said, "Where is he ... in Philadelphia?"

"No." Joan said. "He's not with us anymore ... he's gone!"

And Ida added, "Bless his sweet, mella high yella, black beautiful soul."

Joan got teary, and Billy patted her hand. They had decided to let Ida sit at the head of the better than Chippendale dining room table because she liked it there; plus, she got up easier when she thought of something she wanted to do in the kitchen. Joan preferred sitting near Billy on his right and Judy sat on his left. Hedy sat on the opposite side of the table facing Billy.

Judy still didn't understand where Oscar was, so she asked again, "Where is he gone?" Billy noticed June's mean way in Judy. She was pretty like June, but sitting there, Judy was her mother's spitting, irritating image.

So Billy said lovingly, "Sweet face, Mama Ida's trying to eat now. I'll tell you about Papa Oscar when we get through dinner, ok?" Billy looked at his daughter and winked.

But she was June again, insisting on the answer, so Joan said, "My father's dead, Judy. I'll tell you about him and show you his pictures. Oh, and I have a few tapes of his voice when he preached."

Judy: "Where did he preach at?"

Joan: "In the New Hope First Baptist Church of San Francisco. That was his church."

"Best man ever preached there!" Hedy said repeating her feelings.

"Yeah!" Billy said thinking back. "I use to come ... just to see Joan. But after Reverend Oscar came down on my case, I went upstairs to pay my respects ... you know ... and listen. Well ... the right reverend laid it on me. Yeah, he could rap. He was a heavy dude awright. I believe he was the best I ever heard!"

Ida's face was bright as she sniffed and a tear rolled down her dimpled, ebony face when she said, "Lord that man loved to preach. He preached one time so long and hard, folks stomachs started growlin'. Y'all remember ... a Mr. Chambers?"

They all thought, and Joan said, "Yeah, I remember that sly, old turkey. He use to hit on me every chance he got!"

**“What!?” Billy said with a mouthful of corn beef and cabbage.**

**Hedy picked up a piece of corn bread and said, “Yeah girl, he hit on me too. He was really something ... the ol’ poot!”**

**“Well sir!” Ida said. “That ol’ poot took out his box lunch. We all had to bring ‘em, just in case Oscar got his second wind. Well y’all, he preached and got more religion than anybody’d figured on. He went at it for six hours until they was fainting and getting’ up goin’ to the toilet. But this man Chambers went downstairs in the Sunday school room and sent the bigger boys and girls to the store for food. Then he came, got me and Sistah Lucy Phepps, Sistah Margetta Henderson and Sistah Shirley Carter ... remember them? Well Lordy, that ol’ poot had us cookin’ in the church kitchen for everybody and he charged ten dollars a plate for the chicken we fried, and the rolls we baked.**

**Three hundred and sixty-eight hungry Baptist ate high on the hog that night, ‘cause Oscar preached till midnight, and his sermon was about Jesus and the little fishes, plus, them piddlin’ loaves of bread. Oh, and all them church folks was starvin’ ... Humph! Humph! Humph! That ol’ poot of a deacon made three thousand, six hundred and eighty dollars, I heard ‘em say, so I told my Oscar. Well, Lordy Lord, what did I do that for? Oscar shouted! And y’all know how Sistah Ann Jones do it when Oscar shouts. Oh! Well she got holy happy! Then Oscar made the announcement that the good deacon Chambers was a blessed example of Jesus work going on, ‘cause without profit to himself, he was collecting all that**

money I told Oscar about for the church. Oh! Then chicken bones began to fly, and everybody fell out laughing when the old poot tried to lie and deny it. Oh! Oscar reached down and took the big fat cash Manila envelope from the ol' poot's hand and said, "Thank the Lord! And Ida, pass me some of that fried chicken!" Ida was back in spirits and they were all in convulsions with her over the humorous memory of her great man.

Billy unwound in the Jacuzzi after the meal, and Ida watched color TV with Judy in her room. Joan took a nap, but Hedy got restless in her room and joined Billy in the steam room. A purple, terry cloth towel turban protected her hair, and she wore a silk, lavender robe and burgundy slippers.

"Who's ... Oh! Hey dere purple princess! Come on in.... Don't mind me!" Billy was naked and grinning in the sauna, smoking marijuana and stroking his iguana.

Hedy grinned through clenched teeth like she did and said, "Just don't get up, ok dude!? Oh, how do ya work the steam valve? Joan showed me twice, but I never was mechanically minded."

Billy and Hedy sized each other up, and Billy felt the swelling start. He winked at the purple lady and said quaintly, "Turn it on ... Yeah Hedy, that's what you got to do! Turn it on, ya dig? Push the green button, yeah, now turn the red dial and stop at one hundred, ok? Oh, and push the first black button on the wall behind you!" The hot steam poured in with the soul music, and Billy rocked to the beat, feeling no pain.

Hedy laughed nervously at the sordid situation and she said, "Don't you get happy and forget to put on a towel now, ok?"

Billy sensed Hedy was afraid, like before, to be truly alone with him. And he loved the power feeling she gave him when she cautiously lay down on the exercise table, while the vapors of steam filled the room. Then a huge, white cloud formed over Hedy, slowly engulfing her body as she disappeared from Billy's sight."

And Hedy said, "Hey ... Billy ... thanks for the advance, man. I can't wait to get to work again. When will you show me the script, in a week?"

Billy heard the sexual worry in her voice. He knew she was susceptible, so he took his time and said, "Oh, we can get the script in a week or two. I've got a cat comin' over tomorrow. We'll get on it then. I'll show him my notes, let him know what I gotta have and he can get started, ya dig? Yeah, in 'bout a week we should have a script. Hell, at Puddin' N' Tain, after we got the idea, we made it up as we went along ... ya dig?"

Hedy felt more at ease and from the thick heavy steam she said, "Billy, do you think it's wise to go on without Pasadena? I mean Joan told me while we were shopping you had disassociated yourself from Puddin' N' Tain! Well, I really looked forward to working there, you know? I love the way the films you guys made went down. The color was so soulful, man! I could just see myself up there gettin' rich and famous, ya dig Billy? Oh, but don't get me wrong, I know you can still do it much better if you want to, so it isn't that. I just wanted to ... act opposite the Pasadena. Oh ... but hell, if you meant it about your acting again ... that's hip too. You know I'd dig that, just like old times. Oh, but what about the sex scenes we'd have to play together? I don't think Joan is gonna dig on that too tough, Billy. And I don't hardly blame her!"



**Billy loved to hear Hedy talk. He got up, came over and touched her on the table. Hedy was startled and she cried out. Then she said quickly, “Billy ... you promised. Now go on back before Joan ... or Ida ... or Judy comes up in here. Billy behave!”**

**He knew he had to have Hedy soon, and now was just as good a time as any. So he held her in his arms when she tried to escape his embrace. His kiss caught her flush on the mouth, and she clenched her teeth. Billy kept kissing Hedy against her weak protest and she felt his urgency hard up against her thigh. She tried one last time, but her laugh failed to break his mood, and he continued kissing her while he held her buttocks up in his hands, until she manipulated the head of his eighteen-inch joint inside her.**

**Her overloaded orifice was wide open and she hollered just like Billy had imagined she’d do. Then she began to shake and babble romantic rhetoric, returning his burning kisses at random, her tongue in his mouth and probing. Hedy put a vaginal squeeze on him, and then he spread her plump, brown sugar bottom to his desire, and she was hot as Arabia.**

**She began to swing her arms out and pop her fingers when he kissed her neck and ears. She called him, “Oh, big sweet daddy!” over and over as he worked his hips in the slow turns, he’d bring her love down with. Hedy’s voice was shrill and womanly, firm and emotionally packed with sex. Up and down, round and round on the mighty midnight merry-go-round, Billy spun her on the speeds he altered to her passion when she rose and fell in the sweltering steam she matched like he did with body heat.**

The steam cooked their brown bodies as each let go cries of pleasure the soundproofing concealed from the rest of the household, until Bella opened the door in the hot, steamy room and said out of the dense fog, "That's double or nothing now, Mr. Peters, And welcome to the club, Ms! Lamont!" Bella laughed and left them in the lurch of lust, plus, near panic for Hedy.

And she whispered in frantic phrases, "Was that ... who I think it was? And ... did she say what I thought she said!?"

Billy was still holding her on his aroused sex organ as she squirmed to avoid the sensation of compelling pressure and constant deep penetration that shot raw thrills in pangs so nerve racking her body; she tried to find a new position, while spread wide open in his hands. But he said quickly as not to lose the momentum deep inside her. "Forget it! She's not going to do diddley squat. She just wants some bread. It's cool!"

He worked to the music off the beat and in intervals that gave Hedy a chance to talk. But she could not think, the grip of the near climax of climaxes had taken hold, and it had to come, or she'd be lost, Joan or no Joan, Ida or no Ida, Judy or no Judy, Bella or no Bella. She managed to talk in quick snatches with him. But he called her, "Baby purple, brown baby sugar melt on me, mama. So sweet and fine, drip on me, darlin', make love come down drippin', doll baby. Kiss me, honey lover. Don't stop heaven, Hedy!"

Hedy was so weak she could not squeeze her vagina again when the last thrust began to jar her goodness from its precious, private, pleasure place. Then her movement turned heated and quick, bucking hotly on 'the penis' he sent to her like star-crossed love letters, hand-delivered in person from

right next door, and she felt them scorching the core of her viscera. Hedy's eyes were closed tightly to avoid the impending, ebullient explosion that would come to her any second it seemed. She bit her purple lip and opened up the last of the flesh she held back from him, rather than shut off the penetration to block the thrill and prolong the delirious feeling that swarmed all over, inside her and out. Her breasts pointed upwards; her nipples were hard, he felt, and super sensitive in antsy anticipation for his swift kisses when they came.

Hedy's slow sex burn was a raging inferno as her anus squinted, she felt, and she almost died from the odd feel there. Billy's fiery finger found her sphincter; it singed Hedy when he drove her mad with his torrid touches. The liquid of coming coitus ran quick, and the big moment was at hand, the moment they'd done it all for. Hedy let out her cry of freedom first when the dam of delicious broke, flooding her being and she was rendered hopelessly lost in the rush that took her brown balled up body upon his staff. Billy did it slow and steady to Hedy as the juicy ooze shot out from his big, black, bursting bags of semen and the field holler he gave, matched the gospel shout that she saved for him. Then he stroked her clitoris until the last drop.

Hedy's kiss was the sweetest kiss Billy ever had. This was his weak spot. He loved Joan, he knew, but something was wrong. This feeling persisted as he sat on the bench in the steam room after Hedy left, and he watched the vapor evaporate. She'd gotten to him he was sure because the lump was not only in his pants; it was in his throat, a lump that stood for only one thing.

Billy hated to admit the worst part. He'd never experienced the lump in his throat with Joan. So did he want Joan and have to have her, or did he simply hook himself on her obvious beauty and fragrant femininity? Joan was upstairs, he thought. Why not see ...compare. "No!" He said aloud. Then he thought how Hedy had finally let him taste her sweet, wild honey and maybe ruined his life. But he asked for it. He was lucky, he thought, he couldn't see her face in the steam. So maybe he could get away with it. "Oh!" He yelled, but this same lump was Hedy's fear he knew now. It wasn't fear of hurting Joan; it was the damn lump in the throat that wouldn't go away. She was the music as the notes, and the words were all about her.

He was infatuated, the last thing he should be in. All Joan's perfume could never erase Hedy's kiss, "Damn!" He cursed at the truth ... he hadn't expected this feeling at all. He'd always known he was uneasy not having Hedy! "But to actually be head over heels, in for real, no jive, all the way, no excuses, anything goes, baby sugar, all the time, come to me, oh shit!" Billy said all the words, but that one word just clung, like the lump did, caught there in his throat, every since he tasted Hedy's grape wine flavored, purple painted kiss.

Later that night, Billy could not go to sleep and he was afraid to leave the steam room and face Joan in bed. Even if she never knew, he was in it for the hell of it now, as there was certainly no way out, and no place to hide. He sat reminiscing and the future was clear, regardless of what they did about it, Joan would be crushed. Billy had to think about the baby and he knew it would be a long, hot summer. He had to work hard to lose himself. He tried to pretend Hedy did not feel the lump, but he failed when he remembered her doing what no other woman had ever done. She gave up the last vestige of flesh between them and honestly surrendered, not in part as most or almost like the rest.

No, Hedy had the lump there and she couldn't swallow it either. She was as he was, he knew, perplexed and miserably lost up in her room, a prisoner of the lump of love. He sympathized with his brand-new lover. "She's there and I can't come in, or all hell will come down on us!"

Billy thought, and the reckless tenderness of the sex act they shared and should have filmed came back to him and he couldn't shut his mind to the ecstatic event that caused his rare state of being. The glow that covered the world of all lovers in love was all around him like shelter from the storm, and he knew she had shelter too. Still his arms ached to get back to where they were around her body, so soft and maneuverable. He thought of the way her breasts seemed to point up to him and he agreed, it must be true about women's breasts that don't have kids like Hedy ... and Joan. "Goddamn!" He said out loud. "I put Joan last!"

The raw reality shook him, and he tried in vain to fight by not thinking about it. But strange things had been happening to him lately, and it was quite possible that this was another phenomenon in the series of things with weird connotations, that even up to this second had remained unsolved, things unbelievable that he kept to himself. Could he tell Hedy, he wondered? Could she grasp his plight? Was she his after all? She could just be in love for the moment, and would she make him happy if he trusted her?

Joan had run away once, no three times before. Joan never listened or really cared about his work. He'd just made it on time, and she'd been spared the final decision of turning him down for a good practical reason. Then maybe he felt after Gerald Ames, Joan was not capable of love. "No!" He said. She didn't even ever really love him or Gerald Ames. Joan

appeared clear to him, and he could see her beautiful face. But the soft, idyllic indifference was there too. He also saw Hedy was not any better up to the time they kissed. But now the cold, calculated callousness the two women secretly shared in common for him was up for argument as to which could really feel.

Which woman loved and could share and show it, actually break down and give her soul to him on a silver platter without a hitch! "Ah!" He said aloud. Joan's body stiffened during and after orgasm. Hedy's was lost and limp. Hedy had come closer and closer up on him as she moved into the helplessness of high peak climax. But Joan seemed to want to get away after climax and she refused, he recalled, opening her eyes to see him there inside her. Hedy closed her eyes, he felt, for fear of bursting with love. And when he serenaded Hedy with his sweet talk, she was aware and all there with honey in harmony answers. But Joan had said, "Stop, William ... that makes me laugh!" Joan had him fooled for eight years because he wanted her beauty; now he realized her as a sweet smelling, feminine shell of a beautiful woman. If Hedy was not much better ... there was the saving grace she loved him, and he loved her back. To see her face that weak, open way must be maddening, he believed, as the music swept her image back to him, and the thumping in his chest became pounding.

Billy had never really been in love before as a grown man. When he was a boy of sixteen, he loved Judy's mother, June. June was as pretty as Joan was beautiful, but she was unbelievably churlish. Joan was sweeter, so he chose her then. His crime had been, he could have avoided them both and/or taken Hedy to himself. She was from Philadelphia too. She'd moved to San Francisco like Billy and Joan because her parents relocated there after the Reverend Richardson left the First Baptist Church of South Philadelphia, when God told him to move to San Francisco. Billy thought and felt older, thinking back.

And today, he was glad, rich, in love, and proud of his penis. Billy looked down as if he expected it to leave him any second. But it was there and seemingly resting. He wondered if Hedy noticed his masterful miracle or felt it sexy special like. Did she or had she responded so amorously to him or did 'the penis' influence her there in his hands.

"Oh shit!" He blurted. "She could become a brown ball and love me!" Hedy's moves were fluid and so very smooth. She knew his way, and Billy remembered how he slowed down to spare them both the cruel crunch of climax when they first felt the gush of the biggest all consuming wave of life passing and love beginning either had ever known. Hedy was there in full spirit and she slowed up as he did the same. She related to Billy's field holler from the highest sexual plateau and saved her best emotion for him when she let out the black gospel shout of shouts.

**“Goddamn!” He said and wiggled on the bench. Then he pondered how many men Hedy had in her life? But he shut his eyes and didn’t care. He’d be the best and the last as long as he felt the way he did. Billy remembered how love came over you like Sunday, until you bathed in it, when you had a good deep dose. But with he and Hedy, it had happened during coitus, or had it? Was love there latent all along? Could he have known it yesterday? Eleven years ago ... say twenty years from now, are they fated lovers?**

**He’d always felt her close to him before. She seemed to understand something that frightened her. And was this the same thing they had so strong? What else, he agreed. It was fated some way or else they’d never have touched so tenderly and felt the touches so personally deep it caused them to go at each other as if over expensive lost time they’d wasted. Billy had known all phases of lust, but he’d gamble on Sunday this was almighty love. The most outstandingly, wonderful feeling any human can ever have. He believed it was a cure all and he pitied all those less fortunate than he. Then he wished he’d live on and on to selfishly savor and enjoy the pleasant nag of the things pure wonder that captured him when they kissed on the exercise table. Billy sat for another hour before he got up, turned out the light, and went upstairs to bed.**



# Chapter Twenty-one

## *Yes Yesterday . . . and No Tomorrow*

*You told me yes yesterday  
But now you say no today  
Don't give me yes yesterday  
And no tomorrow*

*I thought I stood half  
A chance  
But like a fool  
I fell 'neath your trance  
Now like the end of a dance  
Love is over*

*You told me yes yesterday  
To warm sweet kissing  
Kissing kissing*

*Now you say no today  
 Will I be missing  
 Missing  
 Your sweetest kissing*

*My big bright future  
 Looks dim  
 All my fat chances are  
 Slim  
 Because of yes yesterday  
 And no tomorrow*

Hedy was a purple streak the next morning, going ahead of Billy down to breakfast. He drew his breath when her scent (Purple Desert Rose) grabbed him there atop the stair. He felt the love boogie take him, so he danced down to the replacated embodiment of elegance, Louis XIV antique furniture decorated dining room, with chandeliers, candlelabras, draperies, plush carpet, paintings, heirlooms, ornaments, exquisite linens, a fancy centerpiece of fresh flowers, fine crystal glassware, Ironstone Delph China from Staffordshire, England, and silverware from Spain.

Ida was there at the head of the table. Joan was starting to sit, so Billy helped her with her chair. Then he caught Hedy's look of guilt, mixed with purple passion. Judy played with her grapefruit, and Ida said, "the ghost will bring it in, y'all just relax and have a good mornin'!"

Judy made a face and said baby-like, "Daddy ... I don't like no brains and scrambled eggs. It's nasty!"

Ida beamed at Billy when Bella came in from the kitchen carrying the hot breakfast under glass. Billy loved pork brains and eggs as Joan, Hedy and Ida did, so he only had to convince Judy. "Sweet face ... you can just eat some. A ... Ida, don't ya have some cornflakes or ..."

"Waffles!" Judy added and Billy nodded no, looking at Ida for help.

And she said with a chuckle, "William, don't you bother yourself with this chile's appetite. She can have waffles. Bella, get this chile's breakfast."

Bella was a drawling, yes mam, with a big, southern fried, fallacious smile besides and she backed out bowing into the kitchen. Hedy looked at the maid and remembered the woman's threat in the steam room. Billy looked at Hedy between and during mouthfuls of the down-home food that Ida cooked.

Joan was unaware of the mutual flow of feeling between the two lovers and said. "Oh, this morning is scrumptious, William! It's so beautiful in Beverly Hills; I could call you Billy and curse!"

"Joan!" Ida said sharply, crowding out her fake frown against Joan's cursing with a smile, while Joan laughed with Billy and Hedy.

Then Hedy ventured to say through white clenched teeth that drove Billy crazy, "Oh, I'm glad to be alive, y'all!"

Billy saw her royal, purplish hair color against gingerbread, golden brown skin and he slipped a shout out, “Lord, have mercy!” He saw a sexy look all over Hedy when she bowed her head to eat while exhibiting his love inside and outside with nowhere to hide. Then she sat with the thrill at large, within and without, taking her by big, strong muscle squeezes to her knees. She felt so weak with love of him; she became inconspicuous to them except, of course, to Billy who mumbled out his craving in his plate. The surge of soul sex shot through him, and it was mixed with a heavy doze of masculine love that refused to weaken.

Billy appeared stronger, and now even Joan sighed out loud at his male appeal. Ida commented on his virile looks when she said with happy inference, “William, you handsome this mornin’, more than I seen you ever!”

Judy blushed and added child-like, “Daddy, you pretty ... and I think you my boyfriend, daddy!”

Billy’s eyes shied downward, but his strapping frame was full and the mature male soul of his being became him as he fought it back modestly. Impressively, it overtook him, and Hedy sighed openly when Joan and Judy sang, ‘Oh, where have you been, Billy Boy, Billy Boy? Oh, where have you been, charming Billy’!?”

Hedy’s heart agreed and she shook her head back and forth while making noises and empty hidden meanings, sounding like glossolalia, until she cried out, “Jesus!”

Thinking Hedy was experiencing religious ecstasy, even an epiphany, Ida sang, “Lord, I am ... but what Thou wanted ... in my way! Lord in my way! If I ever seem to wander, Lord I stray! Lord I stray!”

“Amen!” Bella said, collecting the dishes, and Billy noticed her limp was gone and he laughed.

Then Roy Boy, as he was called, knocked on the door, and Bella said with a trace of something extra gushing in her fake, southern accent, “A mistah Roy . . . Boy for you, mistah William, suh!”

Billy laughed again in spite of himself and said, “Oh ... I guess that’s my writer Geechee sent over. Tell ‘em to wait in the study. No Bella, have ‘em come and join us for breakfast ... yeah!”

Bella was back with the love smiling man, who reeked of romance, and Joan and Hedy felt his impact so hard Joan moaned, Hedy groaned out loud, and Ida blushed. Judy giggled, and Billy knew it was Jody standing there, sending out the sweetest vibrations possible for a male anything. He looked at them never registering a thing, but love in his smile, his way, his walk, or his talk when he said, “Good morning y’all. My name’s Roy Boy, I’m a writer. Glad to meet y’all pretty folks!” He sent a thrilling smile that broke Hedy’s heart, and Joan was a quiver. He touched Judy’s plaits, and she grew three years older. So Billy sat back and watched Jody do his thing of things. Roy Boy kissed Ida’s lips and said, “Miss Lady!” And Ida was as the butter ... melting there.

**Roy Boy stroked the purple hair upon Hedy's sexy head, and she became as the scrambled brains and eggs when she said, "Oh, I'm a purple zebra stripe!"**

**Roy Boy moved in his clothes naked like, and the nature he had with Joan made every sex flash back Billy ever experienced sad by comparison. Joan's face was all woman, and nowhere on it was there a hint of the shallow, empty names he'd thought about labeling her with the night before. Instead, she was a mature, whole, full-bodied goddess in the love man's presence. It was catching, and all the females at the table lived up to the moment they were called upon by something bigger than life to live up too.**

**Bella wiggled her walk in with the new breakfast she'd cooked for Judy and placed it in front of Roy Boy. Ida's eyes lit up, forgetting about food and fixed only on the soul stirring unbelievable happening.**

**Roy Boy's smile seemed eternal and seats changed immediately. Joan was by his right side with love questions in her eyes. Hedy was on his left; she served him herself and poured his coffee. Ida jumped at Bella who stayed put until Roy Boy tasted her offering of love on his plate. Judy made bird sounds and dog sounds; she became a zoo to get his attention and smile. Then Ida sang and she was better than ever. Ultimately, Billy knew and he marveled at the incredibility of Jody's power.**

Roy Boy was eating, and his rays of love reached out to the women. They moved to his righteous rhythm while he smiled pure love among them. He patted his flat stomach and sighed at them as they swooned openly. Roy Boy's face was a valentine all the time. Then as if he were unconscious of the females satisfaction reactions flowering around him, he left the table, touching his honey to them, and like the spring roses, they surrendered from the soul. And when each one bloomed at the table, Billy saw the looks of love upon their faces and knew the biggest envy of his life.

In the study Roy Boy sat and read Billy's notes to himself. Afterwards, he smiled and nodded his approval of sorts. Billy got ready to speak his ideas to the man, but he forgot to say a word. So Roy Boy got up with Billy's notes, smiled again, and left with them. He was walking, evidently, because he went down the block, where Billy recognized Gregory Peck, Peter Lawford and Walter Pigeon (probably coming from an all night poker or gin rummy game), as they got into a limo when Roy Boy passed them.

Hedy's purple hair was a purple blur going on with Roy Boy all the way from Billy's sight. Joan was out of the garage and driving her brand-new black Jaguar in the same direction as Roy Boy and Hedy. Ida was taking a short cut through the immaculate Beverly Hills alley to head Roy Boy off. Even Judy peddled her bicycle at top speed after the love man. Bella had Clinton stop counting monkeys, rather sheep and drive her to the, by chance, meeting she'd thought of having at the bus stop if Roy Boy stopped there. Billy hollered out loud at the writer's love strong impression and he said, "Jody... Goddamn it's him!"

Earl Patterson called only giving Claypoole's name as a reference, and Billy said, "Oh yeah, Claypoole told me you was cool and shit. Dig here, I got a thang and I guess we gotta hook up on it. It's a picture, see? Now I wantcha to spread the fuckin' word on it. But first, hey man, on the serious side, what the fuck ya know 'bout Jody!?"

The man heard Billy's words, felt the immediate urgency in them, and said, "Oh ... shit! Jody's a trip, man. Dig, that cat's sure and fast. Ain't nothing you can do he git on ya case. He's the worse thang can ever happen between a man and woman. Ain't neither one of ya no good together after him. I hope he ain't on ya case, dude. "I had three wives. I lost two of 'em. Yeah, Chicago Jody was cold and swift as the Lake Shore Drive hawk in the wintertime. Yeah, he blew my lady away. She was a piece of putty in his hot hands! Yeah, and her changed, strange eyes, I didn't know her for two months after he did it to her. Ya knows they do it to 'em. All the thangs we never do, they ... just find a way to do it.

"Hey, they can touch ya woman in a way she become under a spell or deeper shit, hypnotized or hell ... hoodoo type shit with a smile. I watched her turn prettier! My first wife in Chicago fell; he was the fuckin' janitor! Git to this ... now I seen him cause her to drop my groceries twice, just by lookin' and shit. Jody can look his ass off. Hey, didn't you produce and direct a picture 'bout him, man?"

Billy snapped back out of the man's story of Jody to confess and admit, "Yeah ... yeah ... but I was just jivin'. I don't know shit, see ... so finish, man!"



The man paused, then he continued, "You know how a woman gaze and just stare with the love of another dude in her eyes? Well, this Jody shit is different. Ya look in they eyes and that fuckers face is grinnin' back at cha geechee like, all day and ev'ry night till ya kick the bitch out, ya dig?"

Billy thought of Geechee. He was angry at the old man's choice of writers and he said out loud, "Motherfuckers got my woman's nose wide open just like that, and hey, my new thang I just copped fell under too, shit. Hey man, my daughter, my mama-in-law ... oh yeah, and my goddamn white ass maid, man ... shit. They all got Jody fever. Yeah, he done made 'em stone goofy with his love thang!"

They both took a quick coke break, and Earl Patterson thought and said as he sniffed his cocaine. "Dig here, brotha. Ya got 'em on ya case, see? He gonna bust ya whole household up.... Dig, I suggest ya split. He's worst than any natural disaster; he's a unholy terror, man. I learned the cat don't even know he's so bad. Dig, that's why I didn't shoot 'em.

"Yeah, he ain't got no ego like other cats have; he's just got that thang they loves to death. I split from my first wife just in time. Yeah, we had a badass apartment on the lake and shit, warm and everythang. Well, Jody comes, and I froze my nuts. He don't miss shit ... almost any woman there is his. I lost my first wife so fuckin' fast to Jody, I never got to know her middle name, ya dig?"

Billy was in another world as Hedy and Joan's fickle faces came to him and rolled their 'in-love' with Jody eyes and he said, "Hey... I got 'em here on me. Look ... I don't wanna split Beverly Hills; it's soooo good livin' here, ya dig? Yeah, if it wasn't for this crib ... I wouldn't give a fat fuck. Look, I'll split if ..."

The man jumped in and said, "That's the mistake I made the second time, ya dig? I thought I could afford to ... maintain. Dig, I got wasted. I had money ... over one million dollars, so I hustled my buns to a cat I know, and he pulled my coat to Jody. Ain't nothin' ya can do to restore ya self if he's got ya gal and gone. Jack, that's it, shit!"

Billy let Hedy and Joan go as the woeful words overcame him and he whispered, "I'll get another ... woman ... and look Jody up ... goddamn it. I gotta tell if I can hold a bitch from now on or I might as well be a trick!"

Earl Patterson laughed and lit a cigar, then he said, "Look ... man, me and yous alike, I done that shit. I didn't suggest it 'cause I figured you'd think I was freakin' out! But I done like ya said, I introduced my third wife to Jody, and she didn't give a shit. Yeah man, do it, ya might git away clean. Sometimes Jody don't make it over to 'em. It's rare, but worth it. Of course ya know the price ya pay if ya wrong.... He's copped again!"

Billy heard the advice and said, “Hey my man, I don’t even know ya fuckin’ name, shit. Look, Claypoole told me where ya was at, so I’m down with ya. Gimmie ya name and number, so I can contact ya when I’m ready. Ya can get the rest of the shit from Claypoole. I’m staying here though; I ain’t leaving my bad pad for no Jody. He can have them bitches, but not my shit, ya dig? I’m cool!”

Earl Patterson grunted his approval and then he said business like, “Solid ... my feelings exactly, man. I don’t blame ya, shit. Ya can always get another bitch. Well, ya can try, man. I better give ya my number: it’s Lakeside seven, seven, six, seven, four ... anytime for you, man, and look me up at the Broadmoor Apartments, Lakeshore Drive, Chicago ... that’s Earl Patterson, number nine seventy-six, apartment two-hundred B, ya dig? So man, ya stay mella and when ya got that movie picture together, I’m shooting it through my grease!”

Billy grunted back and hung up. The soul music he played came over him as the loneliness settled down around him, and he tried to dance, but he was beat by Jody’s aura in the form of Roy Boy’s karma. So he lay down, buried his face in the sofa, and went to sleep.

. . .

“Dog eat dog!” Bella said, coming back in the house with Hedy. Billy awoke in time to hear Bella continue in her natural voice, “You’d better watch your tone, or I’ll have to tell her (Joan), as much as I hate her, I’d tell her. You’re butting in now, you served your purpose, so now you can leave. I know he’s (Billy) not dumb enough to want you after your dufus display over the wonderful thing that happened this morning (Roy Boy). So why don’t you call yourself a cab before I tell her about the steam room!”

**Bella's threats were empty to him and Hedy now. When he got up and went to the cracked door of his study, Bella was standing in a stance of strength. She confronted Hedy who was still in a daze over Roy Boy, and had lost her ability to reason. Thereby, she was completely out of the conversation showdown Bella was having in vain. He shook his handsome head, closed the door, and went back to sleep.**

## Chapter Twenty-two

# Rodeo Gal

Come ride my stallion  
 Rodeo gal  
 Oh baby  
 Rodeo gal

Come let's be pistol  
 Packin' buckskin pals

Rodeo gal  
 You'll win blue ribbons  
 In your hair  
 For sure keep buckin'  
 You great big beautiful  
 Rodeo gal

Rodeo gal  
 In Oklahoma  
 Rodeo gal  
 In San Antoine  
 Rodeo gal  
 In ev'ry city

Rodeo gal  
I left at home  
Rodeo gal  
Gets all the money  
Rodeo gal  
Looks back and smiles  
Rodeo gal  
I'm roped and hogtied  
Rodeo gal  
Wild western style

Come ride my stallion  
Rodeo gal  
Oh baby  
Rodeo gal  
From Sante Fe  
And back to old Cheyenne  
Rodeo gal

My wild horse  
Buckin' rings around  
Saturn and Mars  
Come ride my stallion  
To the stars

When he awoke, he went out back by his ivy-covered wall, stood on a workman's stepladder, and looked over the wall. He saw his neighbor cooking. She was a look alike of Ginger Rogers, and Billy had always wanted Ginger Rogers, so he looked, lusted, forgot Jody and said, "That smells awfully good to me ... Ms. Rogers. I've been a fan of yours so long; I remember when you danced cheek to cheek with Fred Astaire, and every time you played in a movie. Yeah, you so pretty, I had wet dreams 'bout you and well, now I'm livin' next to you, and this is a wet dream come true. Ms. Rogers, can I call you Ginger? I never thought I'd be livin' this close to you. I make movies myself ... I'm Billy Peters, I own Peters Pictures. I would love to talk to you about a movie I want to make. Well anyhow, I dance too, see?" He did a little time step on top of the wall and continued hitting on the woman. "Yeah, but I betcha don't groove off the disco thang, do ya?"

Although she didn't say a word, the woman looked at Billy and seemed to be amused at his mistake. So Billy marveled at her attractiveness and he went on with his pitch. "Yeah, I seen all ya pictures, Ms Rogers. I fell in love with ya when I was fourteen ... yeah, so hard, I went to the library, collected everything I could about your career, and now we're neighbors! That's really something; I always knew I wanted something special out of Beverly Hills. Well, this morning I saw Gregory Peck, Peter Lawford ... Walter Pigeon, and now you! Pretty good, huh? Well, this is the first time I ever looked over the wall, and voilá, Ginger Rogers! Uhh! Uhh! Uhh! I really got an eyeful, yes sir! Ms. Rogers, will you be so good as to have dinner with me? I'm your biggest black fan."

**She smiled at Billy, sat on her redwood, picnic table bench, crossed her bare tan legs, and sipped a mint julep while the filet mignon steak cooked on her grill. Billy looked at her feet, ankles, knees, thighs, waist, breasts, chin, lips, nose, eyes, hair, and acted out of breath as he could, “Ms. Rogers ... I would consider it the highlight of my life if you would grace my humble day with a word of, yes, to my invitation. You see, I’m such an admirer of yours, I’d even take Fred Astaire with us to get next to ... I mean to have the pleasure of your beautiful company!”**

**The woman was laughing now, her eyes sparkled, and Billy felt the sex surge through his body as the swelling began. She wore white and pink, a pink pair of short shorts, a white top, and white tennis shoes without socks. Her long hair was pinned up in the back underneath the blue-bibbed cap, tilted upon her classy silver hair styled head. Her thighs were shapely, slender, firm and youthful, thanks to her physical therapist, dietitian, tennis court, golf pro, good family genes, and swimming pool. Her face was vintage Ginger Rogers as she smiled broadly when he jumped down off the wall into her yard, spouting more romantic rhetoric. “Ya look like a pretty picture, Ms. Rogers. I can’t help but say, and your hair is luxurious and ... yeah!” He felt a gush at her look and his own words, then he let the blank verse go inside him for her. “I use to wet dream of ya often, ya see? Well, I can tell ya I guess ... I dance, ya see, not off tables and chairs, or as smooth ... as Astaire ... but I’m considered a good dancer by most. I’d show ya any time. I really meant it about dinner, Ms. Rogers; I guess you’d prefer the Brown Derby, huh? Well, I can dig it, so you tell me and I can set it up.”**



**“Look, I’m married ... but you understand ... I’m making a serious life decision concerning my well-being in my house. I won’t say any more than this... I’m separated from my wife as of this morning! Yes, so don’t feel a thang ‘bout dating a married man. Oh Ms. Rogers, I been sorta diggin’ on ... well lookin’ at the mixed marriage thang and mixed couples, and I feel it’s changed. You may not know this, but I can talk to you, so I’ll tell ya ... white women don’t look at black men the same. Use to be we shared something sacred, but now they turn away in anger and disgust. I seen it all over Hollywood before I split. Yeah, it’s a turn on, turn off, turn around thang.**

**I always wanted to have a pretty white woman after I got rich like I am, but now it’s impossible. I don’t have a chance. I’m rich, ready, and they won’t look at me. It’s all over; the jones is gone. I could and would have gave it all up for the right one. Ya know how the myths use to spread about a black man’s sex thang being so big and bad. Well, I think mine still is, but don’t none of the young white girls care too much, no more. Well, I still offer myself in anyway I can to you. I mean it in the most respectable way. I know my place, so don’t think I’m gettin’ fresh, Ms. Rogers.**

**“Gee, I can’t believe my good luck ... to think I moved right next door to my wet dream woman. That’s the best thang ever happened to me, I swear!” Billy lied and smiled at the middle-aged, saucy, sultry woman look alike of Ginger Rogers. She began to feel Billy’s verbal thrust and gave him a subtle look that told him to continue the farce. “Yeah ... well awright! I can do for ya till them big stars I seen this morning come callin’, I guess. Look-a-here ... Ginger ... I pray I ain’t steppin’ outta line ... I can’t help myself. I wanna dance! Ya got that effect on me is all. I feel I’ve known ya since, well puberty, ya know what I mean?**

**“The Native Girl Discotheque, right here in Beverly Hills, is the joint I dance at. Hey, let’s do it on the dance floor, Ginger, just me and you, huh, what’dya say, ya ripe piece of gorgeousness? The ice cream of your cool personality and the cherry red warmth of ya smile on top is the sweetness and whipped cream goody I begged for in life as I think back to them days I looked up in awe when ya danced and looked like now, wow to me! Ohhh, baby sweets why can’t it be, ya know, me and you honey buns, ya so soft I know. I touched ya once in a crowd and I had a enormous wet daydream. Look, I love ya so damn much, I can hear ya voice this minute, even though ya too badass to speak to me. Oh Ginger, a supastar is what ya are. I’d give it all up, yeah, ev’rythang I earned to be acceptable by you here in ol’ Beverly Hills.**

**“Ginger ... a kiss, a quick kiss. I’m on my fuckin’ knees ... a po’ boy from the slums that worships ya from afar. Ya know, on them black and white reruns and shit, I ain’t got shit ass else to do. I seen the limelight in your eyes. Well, so that’s what Hollywood was like in its hay day. I don’t know, but ya look so young, honey sugar. Ginger, baby cakes, let me take ya to my heart and make ya feel my soul thang. Ya know the young white girls are nuts to cut out on the brotha. Yeah, I still got the thang, and it’s sweeter and bigger and harder! Oh Ginger, Ms. Rogers, please forgive my rash behavior, please.**

**“I become a savage in your presence. Blame it on my truth. Ya charms as they say carried me away. Yeah, and can I touch ya, well not there on ya fine tits, but rather ya natural white hair. Hey, I was wondering, Ginger, is it the same down between ya pretty tan legs? Oh my God, forgive me sweet precious, Ginger baby honey. I’d die before I let go a foul mouth thang on ya and ya kind. I’m blessed to be here, I know. Hey, didn’t colored guys act with ya, but they was just flunkies on the screen, right? Ya know, bowin’ and sayin’ `yes mam, no mam’ and other Uncle Tom shit ... huh, baby buns?**

**“I could stick it to ya so sweet; you would be in heaven, honey. Oh, don’t look so hurt; I’m for real. Ya know some cats brag and they ain’t got equipment, so they can’t keep up appearances. Well, I’m on the money honey, I swear! I could give out green stamps, but to you, no ... I’d feel stupid and dumb. Oh if ya knew my confusion ... see, I have this huge problem. It’s my ... forgive me, Ms. Rogers, Ginger, I got a big thang, see? It’s not right, but I got it, see, and it’s risin’ all the time and makin’ me react to the swellin’, yeah! Now if I get ya mad, tell me to stop. Aw Ginger, ya sweet, baby blue eyed, pretty honey woman ...sugar candy coated, pink, tan, white haired, beautiful ol’ ... watch yo’ mouth. But dig, I can press it against your liver. I done worse, I swear. I got an unusual size down here, see?”**

The woman's smile was gone and she began to become curious. She looked down and Billy was so big, she gulped and gasped at the sight, but played along as the major movie superstar she thought he thought she was. Then he continued conning her, touching her lips with his fingers, "Oh shit ... I could fuck ya so good, ya would bust inside. Ya couldn't stand my thang in ya. I feel so superfluous; I wanna holler ya name ... Ginger! Man, oh man ... I'd sock it so good to ya, Ginger. Look at me, baby, I'm a man for ya, see? Take my lovin' free to you with everything I got to boot."

Billy touched the woman's pelvis and she stirred with a hump. He took her blue-bibbed cap off and lay with her on the green grass. The woman saw 'the penis' impression and she was excited beyond her wildest expectations when Billy took it out, flexed it and said, "This is my body ... that I give in remembrance of what will be!" The woman sucked the look of the eighteen big inches into her memory bank and made a quick withdrawal. Billy saw the boogie take her down to a shake and a tremble. He put her baseball cap on 'the penis,' and she swayed at the sight of his massive testicles. 'The penis' rose stiff and proud up to her dimpled chin and it bobbed backed and forth, dark, blood red at the head, rock hard to the root and black as tar, when she kissed it while whispering with her eyes closed, "Fred."

Then she pulled the short shorts down gradually and held the trunk of his abundant sex organ that mesmerized her. She sucked and slurped at it whole, but it was more than a mouthful, so she choked and wisely took it in halves. Simultaneously, Billy felt her exposed trimmed crotch. The pubic hair, so called happy trail there, that could reach up to

her stomach had been waxed. Those hairs left in a neat tuft were clipped, smooth and silver with the golden California sunshine spread all over them. They were fine, fair and sensitive to Billy's fingers as he pried and probed inside her vulgar vulva. She was hot pink and dripped her honey there. Billy licked his fingers when they lay on the ground and he whispered. "Ginger."

Cooperating, she lied and replied, "Yes, Fred darling!" Billy's eyes were full of sweat when she climbed on top of 'the penis'. "Whoa!" She yelled out into the black smoke, rising up from her burning steak on the grill that was symbolic of their frantic fornication beside the picnic table. She was riding the best of the humps he would send to climax her and she screamed, "Fred! Oooh! Mr. Astaire!"

Billy felt her opening cave in, then the squeeze of her vagina crushed his organ and he retaliated, giving her six more inches where she sat like a cowgirl riding a dangerous, wild bucking bronk. "Owieeeee, ride 'em cowboy!" She hollered when the deep, extra six sank into her hot body. "Oh! Fred! Please! Please! Please! ... I ... Oh! Shitty! Fred!"

He double pumped, and she turned red. He held her breasts and shook them until she rose up and humped like a rodeo gal. Billy moved in her like a sexy Jody. He loved the comparison and played the role, sending all his manhood time and time again into her place of refuge, where she tried to lock herself inside and hide, but instead, she squealed out her innermost feelings of the millimeter-by-millimeter penile invasion.

Billy staved off his own climax when she called out every white movie star she ever wanted inside her. She had become as a young girl, a doubled up ball of adolescence when he took her and plunged deeper, three more inches. Now she was white as her tennis shoes, straddling him, begging, pleading, forgetting the play acting as she cried out, "Oh, nigger! ...big dick, black nigger!"

Billy was halfway in and he stood up with her wedged upon him while she gave in a shake of sweat and her grown woman's voice broke back into little girl sighs and cries. Scratches and bites happened as the hump at the end was overwhelming, and she freaked out and let it all go from infancy back to maturity. Billy's turn came and he hollered obscenities and racial epithets in her ear while she humped up on him, deep in her Beverly Hills backyard. Billy wiped the essence of honey from his would be Ginger Rogers off 'the penis' on her blue cap. Then he put 'the penis' back in his pants and kissed her trembling red lips.

The woman was still in a world of make-believe when she removed the burnt up steak. She turned off the grill and said seriously, Oh Fred, yes, I'll expect you to call this evening, and we can go to this ... Native Girl to dance, dance, dance!" Billy looked at the phony Ginger Rogers that was her twin and winked. He brushed the grass and dirt from her clothes and hair. She become a realistic, fifty-nine year old, pretty smile for him and kissed him soulfully on the mouth. Billy confirmed the date, athletically climbed back over the wall, and ran into his mansion.

# Chapter Twenty-three

## How Geechee Can You Get

Selling yelling talking  
 Telling  
 How geechee can you get

Selling yelling talking  
 Telling  
 How geechee can you get

How geechee can you get  
 Go on and giggle it up  
 Go on and gobble it up  
 If you've got that goofy  
 Stuff  
 Dreams are made of

How geechee can you get  
 You've got money  
 And life's a ball  
 The old code changes  
 After all

How geechee can you get  
 How irresponsible can you be  
 Now you sleep so much later  
 And your meals are brought in  
 By a waiter  
 How geechee can you get

How now brown cow  
 You practice  
 To keep your voice in shape  
 So you can give out  
 Loud clear orders  
 All along your merry way

How ridiculous your  
 Friends not to tell you  
 Things  
 That would save your  
 Self respect  
 How geechee can you get  
 When you're excited  
 Gee I bet

How geechee can you get  
 Climbing up the ladder  
 Of success



*Selling yelling talking  
Telling  
How geechee can you get*

*Selling yelling talking  
Telling  
How geechee can you get*

Joan had been lucky, so she took Roy Boy with her in the black Jaguar. Hedy was packed and gone when Billy got back. Ida sat hallelujah humming and peeling apples for her dumplings in the kitchen. Judy played with a toy plastic lemon wrapped around on her ankle, swinging it ‘round and ‘round in the conversation pit. Bella was busy making beds and cleaning rooms as she smoked her marijuana openly, going from chore to chore with a giggle in her light, dull eyes. Clinton mowed the front lawn, mumbling obscenities under his banana daiquiri bad breath. Billy worked in his study and dialed Geechee Davis’s number.

Geechee: “Yeah!”

Billy: “How geechee can you get, motherfucker...? What the fat fuck ya send Jody over to my house for? The jive ass stole my woman, ran my brand-new woman away in shame, turned my daughter’s young baby head, fucked up my mama-in-law’s mind ... and my maid’s walkin’ ‘round puffin’ pot all day, man. Ya dig? What you mean, blood, dropping Jody man on me? Jody! Man! Damn Geechee, explain yourself?”

**Geechee:** “Oh man ... I thought he was cool. Shit, I never knew he was into no Jody shit ... honest brotha. Dig, I got him from a cat that couldn’t git down for me, see? Yeah, I called this here other dude first, see, but he had to cancel and he turned me on to the cat, Roy Boy. Damn Billy, I feel fucked up over that shit ya just ran down. Ya see I known ‘bout Jody! Shit yeah, so man I’m really sorry, Jack ... ya dig?”

Billy believed Geechee never knew, so he calmed down and said slowly, “Yeah Geechee, he ripped me off and that’s it. I’m having it out with my lady when I see her, but you get my notes back from Jody and get me another writer quick. I’m a day behind schedule, ya dig?”

“Solid Billy, I got it. Oh, I got Mac Mann’s Studio. Is that cool? I figured you could work in Compton and keep the lid on ya shit better. Whatcha think, man?”

Billy remembered Mac Mann and he laughed into the receiver at the fat, black man’s humorous ways and said, “Good move, Geechee. Yeah, Mac’s cool enough, shit. Dig, how ya comin’ with my fuckin’ crew ... that’s the next big thang!”

**Geechee:** “Oh Mac’s on the case. He’ll get the best he can. Is that cool, Billy?”

**Billy:** “Ok Geechee ... if not I’ll fire ‘em. Look, I’m gettin’ in the wind, later.” Billy looked at his watch, and it was still time left for the bank and Claypoole’s cash allotment of two million dollars. He’d be late, but Claypoole would understand. Billy shaved, showered and thought about his latest conquest, the woman he pretended he believed to be Ginger Rogers, as a

way into the big-time A-list of celebs and movie stars. His street, Maple Drive, was a sweet, neat Who's Who street, and Billy began to consider his penis possibilities, as the face and figure of every big-time, female movie star, past and present, flashed before his eyes. He called the Cro-Magnon chauffeur, Clinton, and had the incensed ape-man whose ugliness was as a heroin addiction monkey on his back drive him to the bank. The bank was crowded, so Billy whispered his business to a guard.

Then when the short, pudgy man heard the amount, he led Billy directly to the bank president's office, where the effeminate banker said, "Oh my, Mr. Peters! How are you this enchanted evening, sir? And what may I do for you, dear man?"

Billy knew the man to be a homosexual the first time he met him. Whenever they talked about money, Billy loved to see him jump, and his beady eyes explode. Plus, Billy grabbed at his immense organ, causing the sissified bank president to stammer and slobber, beholding the great sight clutched in Billy's fist. Billy squeezed it while he talked to the queer man and said, "Ok ... a ... what was ya name again, I forgot!"

The gay man was exploring, eyeing Billy's private, placate area, and a garnisheeing grin was all over his pale, gray face when he said, "Bisby ... Jacob Bisby at your service, sir! Yes Mr. Peters, I welcomed you to the bank, remember? Well now, what can I do for you today, dear sir?"

Billy sat erect and said quickly, "Send two million dollars to this bank in Philly and set it up in the guy's name on this piece of paper, ya dig?" The man was perplexed, but by Billy's look of Dick Dejour determination, the strictly dickly, back end, bullied blow job, gay-bashed businessman carried out his wishes, and Billy filled out the transference forms and left.

Next he had the caveman chauffeur drive him to Chilly's, a soul food joint on Crenshaw Boulevard. Chilly laughed and licked the barbecue sauce from his fingers to slap Billy's hands. Georgia, Chilly's wife, was waiting on the 'to go customers' at the counter and she yelled, "Rich niggah! Billy Pete! How's Joan? I wanna talk to you, blood." Billy took in all the warm southern hospitality and sat in the back at a booth by the jukebox to enjoy his order of ribs, cold slaw, baked beans, hot rolls and ice-cold beer.

A hardboiled Chilly hollered at Billy from behind the smoky grill and said, "How come you and the Pasadena done some shit like that, brotha? Oh yeah, him and two cats was by here last night, and I asked him the same thang!"

Billy smiled, wiped his hands and said, "Well ... so what the fat fuck did he tell ya?"

Chilly nodded, wiped his sweaty brow on his greasy, stained apron and told him, "Shit, he said ya fucked up with the powers that be, and some other shit 'bout going upside his head ... that's what he said, man. Well, did ya do that shit, man?"

Billy thought over the accuracy of Pasadena's statement and then he replied, "Yeah, I slapped him. He cussed 'round Joan and my other bitch, see? Yeah, he called me down, but all that other boogie is a misunderstanding. I told this connected cat with his elephant gun downtown to suck ... ya dig? So Pasadena gets the ass and tells me I should beg the cat's pardon ... no fuckin' way, ya dig? So I say ... you go kiss his ass ya self, and he gets pissed off at me. It happened so fast, but shit, it was for the fuckin' best. I feel better alone. Yeah, that's what's happenin', Chilly."

The cook sneezed from the black pepper, passed gas from tasting the batch of hot barbecue sauce he was making, wiped his hand on the catch all apron, came over to Billy, sat down and said, "Shit, y'all had a thang niggahs prays for, man. I told the Pasadena the same thang. Y'all oughta git it back together, man! Shit! Don't be crazy and blow it all together. Ya needs each other to git over out there, man! Sleep on it, like I told the Pasadena. You two dudes call me, and I'll set up a meetin' here, foods on the house. I just wants to see it mella fella, man, ya dig?"

Billy believed Chilly was serious, and maybe Pasadena would reconsider things to patch up Puddin' N' Tain, but Billy knew where he was headed, so he paid Georgia and said, "Whoa fox! Look, I'll tell ya now, I can't do nothin' like that, baby! Chilly's a friend ... lighten up girl! Now ya knows I can't stand it when ya come on to me like that, with all ya burners blazin'!" Georgia and Chilly began to laugh at Billy's insistence Georgia was making sexual advances at him as he always teased them, then he kissed her cheek and left.

Billy had creepy Clinton drive him straight home after a monkey chants and taunts reaction in the limo. Joan was there and she looked like a madly in love, newlywed, blushing bride, packing her bags. He had gone through her changes of mind before, but this time would be the last for her and Hedy, he thought. Joan didn't look at him as she put her things into the matching green, Corinthian leather luggage.

But she said, "William ... I'm sorry, I hope you can understand. I'm so sorry. You did better than ... I thought ... so I'll get the divorce quickly. Oh, and Judy can leave on the ten o'clock morning flight back to Philadelphia. Her stay is over tomorrow, you know? You don't want to anger ... June! Well ... and Hedy's gone. I hope she pays you back the money she took, but I guess nobody planned on this!"

Billy smelled marijuana, walked over to the door, and snatched it open. Bella was creeping down the hall, so Billy waited until she went down the stair. Then he closed the door and sat down to watch Joan's final exit. He was cured of Joan oddly enough by Hedy in the steam room when he compared the two women in his mind. For the first time, he felt peace as he sat there waiting for her last words to him and she said, "Mama's going back to San Francisco in the morning by plane. I'd appreciate it if you'd take her with you when you see Jody . . . I mean, Judy off. Mama's plane leaves about forty minutes after Judy's. Well, let's see ... oh ... I can't take all this stuff. William ... look, I've got to send someone to pick it up. I'll just take ... these six bags. Now what am I forgetting?"

Joan looked around; Billy got up, opened the door, and Bella ran away down the stair again. He called 'Mighty Joe Young' looking Clinton on the intercom to pick up the heavy bags and take them down to the stretch limousine. The beat, dead tired chauffeur stared at the heavy work on the master bedroom carpet, and Billy cut off the man's mumbling, when he told him. "Take my wife wherever she wants to go ... and get all of her bags. Oh yeah, and ya got a early trip to the airport tomorrow. Plus, I got some more action for ya tonight!"

Clinton's face was an attacking gorilla's, but he contained himself and struggled down with the luggage. Ida and Judy came into the hallway where Joan and Ida embraced. Then Joan said with tears in her voice, "Mama, I know you liked this house, but ... well that's life! We're moving back to San Francisco. I'll see you back there ... in three weeks or so. Now don't worry ... everything will turn out just fine! William will see to it you get off all right tomorrow morning and both tickets ... are at the P.S.A. counter ... in your name!" Ida was sobbing, Judy began to cry out of the influence, Billy handed them handkerchiefs from his dresser drawer and stood silently in the hallway.

Joan, the beauty, met her antithesis, the beast, an anthropoid, apish, clumsy Clinton out at the stretch limousine, he opened the door while Billy helped her in, then she turned to say, "You were a hell of a husband, William." He closed the door, and the freak, ex-circus, sideshow performer Clinton pulled away around the driveway. Billy watched a more beautiful than ever Joan, in diamonds and floor length mink, disappear with his unborn heir, plus, according to the laws of California, half of their community property.

. . .

After he talked with Judy, he changed his clothes. It was late when he called Clinton to tell the sleeping, orangutan man to drive him next door, and Clinton growled viciously. He ignored the world's ugliest man who obeyed sullenly. Billy looked at the big Spanish-style home when they entered the driveway and a feeling of adventure, plus, power clutched him as old life and ways seem to move aside for this brand-new life that filled his imagination. His world was just beginning, he knew, and he'd have the best of it all when new doors opened and new people greeted him, smiling in agreement with his sexy smile of success.

A young, Mexican beauty opened the huge, Honduran mahogany door and smiled hello at Billy. He walked past her from the Egyptian motif, grand marble foyer into the Grecian-styled fountains and greenhouse-decorated atrium of the woman's illustrious home. He followed the shapely girl into the spacious living room where she offered him a seat and a drink. He shook his head and said, "Naw ... that's cool. What's ya name?"

The girl smiled again and answered, "Maria ... Mrs. White told me you were coming. I've seen you over the front hedges; you live next door in the pretty Tudor-style house. Oh, Mrs. White said for you to make yourself at home." The girl left Billy looking at the expensive Dutch impressionist paintings on the walls, the plush white carpet, an elegant white Steinway grand piano, and Swiss imported glass furniture that intrigued him.



Then it hit him hard when he picked up a fashion magazine on the glass coffee table, saw his date's picture on the cover, and blurted out, "Mrs. White!" Mrs. Crystal B. White was an ex-MGM chorus line dancer, recently gay divorcee, and multi-millionairess. Furthermore, she only resided three months out of the year in Beverly Hills, if she felt like it.

After descending her twisting, red carpeted stair, dragging a white sable wrap, she looked like herself, and only a trace of Ginger Rogers was in her smile when she said, "Billy ... right ... I mean it all, as you young people say 'went down' so quickly, I haven't quite had time, well to borrow another phrase 'get it together'!" She wore a red, backless gown, diamond earrings, a diamond necklace, and diamond bracelets over long, red evening gloves, plus, a red carnation in her shoulder length silver hair; she was stunning.

Billy digested the truth as he kissed her hand. Then he grinned deeply into her baby blue eyes and said, "I must say dere Mrs. White, you supafine anyway! Oh and about that other movie star stuff ... well, I guess I really didn't know who you were, but we had a ball, right? So it's cool, huh?"

The woman glowed, kissed Billy tenderly, and he kissed her back sincerely. That done, they held hands and searched each other's eyes for the lie or love light there. Billy took her white sable wrap, placed it upon her soft, cold shoulders, escorted her to the door, and they strolled to his stretch limousine. 'You made a monkey out of me' Clinton stared for a minute, but

Billy's sharp look brought him out of his state of shock, so he ran around to open the door for them. She seemed unable to take her eyes from Billy's, and they kissed again 'while monkey see in the rear view mirror and wishes he could do' Clinton drove them to The Native Girl Discotheque in Beverly Hills.

. . .

"Mrs. White ... nice to see you, you're so lovely this evening. Good evening, sir ... glad you could come!" The owner, host was all over them when they made their grand entrance, turning as many heads as saw their striking combination. Billy felt the charisma they generated like she did and they took it all in and did not speak. He led her to the table the host had reserved for his most important customer.

They danced out on the floor with the others there, and the music carried them in and out of every conceivable gyration and step they could think to feel or feel to do. She had the moves, and he came up to meet her in concert while her eyes shone bluer, then the fire caught and sparks flew from her look. She laughed and spread her joy back and forth with quick turns and sways in motions uninhibited and lustily conceived. They matched each others best steps and repeated the harmony of bodies in sync and free, swinging arms and snapping fingers in expressions of passionate promises later on were clear, as they danced till dawn.

Billy confirmed she was super rich from the spoils of oil money and he fancied his obvious role, when he envisioned a life of leisure luxury he would partake upon his slightest wish of her. Surely, she would grant him his own movie studio ... Tabunerri, the gangster's head on a platter, plus, he could buy and own Gabe Klein outright! "Oh!" He shouted when he thought it over. They left the Native Girl and ate a delicious breakfast at 4 Forks Restaurant in Beverly Hills.

Later, she kissed him in her mansion wildly where they went at it again, and Billy could see Pasadena's eyes shine out the apology he'd make. Billy thought of the two million dollars he'd foolishly sent to Claypoole and he winced out loud as she guided his body into hers, so deep she hollered.

"Oh! My! God! Please don't stop. Ohhhhhhh!" Billy moved slower, he imagined the bank president's fairy face and grinned into her blue eyes on top of her this time while she wiggled and worked for choices of chances at her peak climax. Billy grinned more at the thought of the faggot bank president's enthusiastic expression as he merged with this woman sexually and financially. She tossed and turned herself under him, and he slowly let the thick, long hardness extend its power deeper into her inflamed flesh. Her screams were shrill, so much so, he had to worry about her heart because of her age, so he slowed more, but his patient way only caught her up in a hurried grind. In kelter, he met her haste and moved with her in a robust romp.

He thought about Wall Street and all the things his new luck would bring. Television had an interest for him, and he shouted out his zeal. "Oh! Shit! Yeah! Mella! Mella! Well I'll be a mella fella!"

The woman took his zest to be for her and she followed his example and cried, “Shitty, shitty, suck my titties!” Billy opened his eyes and sucked them in long, full mouth gulps, that made her heave them at him, and she gave in and let go an outburst of orgasm that rendered him loose there in his groin. He ached and followed her with a splash of semen of his gratitude for her pleasurable company. Billy kissed his new older woman, and she fantasized when she said softly, “Oh, Rock, don’t leave me, I’ve been so damn lonely. Hell, I feel so alive now; let’s go to Acapulco. It’s beautiful there now; what do you say? I have a jet at Burbank airport, and we could be there in an hour. Let’s pick up and go!”

He thought of the trip and smiled at her. Then he remembered Judy and Ida had to leave that morning, so he jumped up and looked at his watch to say, “Oh shit! Look, I’m still callin’ ya Ginger. I like that, ya dig ... ya gonna be my hot sugar buns now! I’ll be back, Ginger. I just gotta take care of some business, so later!” Billy bounded like Errol Flynn in the movie, ‘Don Juan’, down her twisted, plush, red-carpeted stair, opened the front door, and ran to his stretch limousine.

In the morning sunshine haze, he saw his homely chauffeur, Clinton, shaking his hideous head and walking away down the driveway. Billy called the drained, sleepy, overworked out-of-work, wannabe horror movie actor, ‘had it up to here’, early-man. “Hey chimp! Where the fat fuck ya think ya going? Ya want them references and maybe a part in Peters Pictures;

**you'll drive me back home, next door, and pick up my daughter and mama-in-law! Then take us to the goddamn airport ... ya dig?" Like a fake gorilla charge, Clinton stopped in his tracks, thought it all over, decided quickly, came back to reality without a word, and opened the car door begrudgingly. Billy got in with a mischievous smile to himself, saying, "Planet of the Apes, Darwin's theory lookin' mothafucka! One monkey don't stop no show!"**

**. . .**

**The stewardess beamed when Billy sent her love and kisses with his eyes and voice and she said, "Oh, Mr. Peters, I'll take personal care of Judy! She's precious!"**

**Judy grinned, then she remembered she was leaving and began to well up and cry. Billy kissed his life and love and said in a fatherly tone, "Sweet face ... ya cooperate and mind. I'm having ya with me soon as I get it back like a home. Yeah, now don't ya make no noise. Be my grown-up, pretty sweet face and daddy's gonna get ya the best present ever!" Judy kissed Billy, and he had to leave the plane. He rejoined Ida who could not stand the fond farewell, and stayed in the waiting area to watch the big seven forty-seven headed to Philadelphia.**

**Judy was calling him daddy as he left the plane, and he repeated the same scene with Ida later when she said, "William ... don't you be no stranger, you hear? You come to see us ... anytime! You all right with me, William, yes sir!" Ida began to sniff the tears back and she wobbled some after the four Tequila shots she fortified herself with began to take hold.**

Billy smiled his understanding, patted Ida's clenching hand, gave her a wad of money, and kissed her forehead. Then he said, "Yeah Ida ... you do the same. You know, whenever ya in town drop on by. This is always gonna be your home!" Billy wondered if he lied some, but he backed out of the door, turned, and left the plane. Ida was airborne, and Billy felt a piece of him with them up there in first class above, in the vast, misty, blue skies overhead and he sniffed back the loneliness. The tear that fell was for the love that, even though was never love, was lost when Joan left pregnant with his unborn baby.

He looked to his left, and the sight of purple-haired Hedy with Roy Boy blinked his eyes as they headed into another passenger area. The sign over the flight attendant's head read, New York City. Billy waited for forty minutes in a phone booth until they finally boarded the plane. He swallowed the dryness in his mouth while he watched them go into the air like Ida and Judy had before. Now the third immediate member of his house and heart was in the sky that hovered like some big bad Jody's smile. He mouthed, "Augh!" It slipped out loud, and the flight attendants at the gate moved away for fear he was mad. Then he left the airport.

When he returned home, the phone rang and it was Joan, tears, plus, emotion packed in a tiny voice. She tried to tell him the sad story as she sobbed and said, "William! ... Oh William ... William! Roy ... Boy ... made a fool of me. He left me last night. I gave him my black Jaguar and everything I had. I love him so! Oh William, it hurts so deep! I just ... wanna ... die ... ohhhhhhhh!"

Billy heard her desperation and worry gripped him so he said, "I'll be there.... Ya just tell me where ... and ..." There was a click on the line, and Billy knew it was Bella eavesdropping again. And he shouted, "Get the fuck off the line ya ol' ashy white creep. And ya fired ... git out! And you take a cab! Git out ... ya ashy white bitch!" When Billy calmed down again to talk to Joan, she was gone and he said aloud. "Shit ... she fuckin' hung up!"

Panic was in his mind and mouth, and it seized his heart as he thought of what the man, Earl Patterson had said about women when Jody got through with them. "Can't do nothin' with 'em no more!" He'd said, so Billy called Geechee.

Geechee's secretary: "Yes, may I help you?"

Billy: "Yeah, put Geechee on. Tell 'em it's Billy Peters, ya dig?"

Geechee's secretary: "Oh ... really ... oh! Look, Mr. ... Peters, he ain't in. He just stepped out. He's gone to Compton!"

Billy: "Look-a-here, baby. This is a matter of life and . . . well anyway tell me ... a writer name Roy Boy's address, ya dig?"

Secretary: "Oh ... I ... see ...well, you ain't gonna touch Roy Boy, is you, huh?"

Billy: "Woman ... you nuts!? ... Git up off of that phone number and address quick, bitch, or you'll be under the jail!"

**Secretary: “He live in Englewood ... four seventy-three Crenshaw Boulevard in Englewood. Oh yeah, his phone number is five, seven, three, four, three, eight, three. You got it, Mistah?”**

**Billy had to ask so he said, “How long Geechee known Roy Boy?”**

**Secretary: “Oh ... you ain’t know... Roy Boy’s Geechee’s only son!”**

**Billy slammed the receiver in her ear and hollered, “That ol’ fuck head, booger brained bastard, Geechee, worked a Jody ass game on me ... shit!” Fear took him as he dialed the Englewood number, and he let it ring until a maudlin, despondent, out-of-sorts, at death’s door, Joan answered.**

**“Roy ... Boy ... is ... it ... you? Oh ... my sweetest ... my love ... oh! I... prayed ... for ... you ... I ... forgive ... you ... Roy ... Boy . . .!” Her voice was weak, it trailed off, and then it was gone, but the line was still open.**

**Billy’s brain near exploded at the tragic realization and he screamed out, “Joan! Joan! Joan!”**



## Chapter Twenty-four

# Funny Funeral

The other day I lost a  
Love one dear to me  
I'm gonna tell you 'bout  
My tragic comedy

Although I'm overcome  
With grief  
I'll laugh instead  
I can't believe she's really  
Gone and love is dead

I clown around so I won't  
Weep  
The bitter truth I've buried  
Very deep

I tell a joke so I won't cry  
I can't believe our love  
Could die

*And it's a funny funeral  
A chuckle here  
And a teardrop there*

*You have made my life in  
General  
Sad and funny  
Believe me honey  
A sad and funny funeral*

*I've tried my best to live  
A lie  
Because I'm proud  
I've been the life of ev'ry  
Party  
In my crowd*

*A love with one foot in  
The grave  
A sense of humor  
Cannot save*

*Up on the shelf I'm all  
 Alone  
 You have made my very  
 House  
 A funeral home*

Joan's funeral was held in San Francisco at her late, great father's church. The garlands of flowers were stacked back and around in front of the purple, gold robed choir and Italian white marble casket. They sang out to the full house. "Oh a beautiful child of God, Lord is coming up your way!"

In the open casket, Joan's face was that of an archangel asleep. So beautiful, men and women, even children marveled at her ravishing features although her haunting hazel eyes were closed forever. Her perfect lips were magenta shaded; her hairdo was straight, black, cut stylishly close, and she wore a lime-colored gown with a (so the undertaker couldn't steal it) matching imitation emerald necklace. Lastly, everyone noticed the hint of her favorite French perfume 'Noir Amour' at five hundred dollars an ounce.

Billy had hold of Ida's hand and the big woman's weight nearly crushed him when she shouted and fell upon him heavily in sobs while the choir sang. He cried big tears openly over the lost of his beautiful wife, leading lady in life and mother of his unborn baby.

Hedy stood in the back of the church, and then she broke down, rushing right up to the open casket and shouting, "It was ... you or me, girl! Oh! ... Lord! I'm so sorry, girl! I didn't know you'd go this far! Oh Joannie, I swear to God if I had known . . . I, oh Father forgive my sins! Oh my soul ... I could die.... Help me! Oh Jesus, somebody! Please have mercy!" She was taken and carried from the casket as Billy began to sob, and Ida wept up a storm. Overcome by her great grief, Ida fainted.

Billy's heart sank empty for two months as disappointment after disappointment came knocking upon his door. Ida had moved back in Beverly Hills to keep him company and take care of him.

Claypoole had opened up a string of gambling houses that were taken from him at gunpoint. Plus, he was mortally wounded in the struggle by an elephant gun. All of Billy's two million dollars had been lost along with the plans for his movie theater chain in the poor black sections all across the country.

While he collected his strength back in small doses, Billy groped at straws until Hedy came back and said, "Billy ... I ain't got your money, but ... well, I ran off with ... the man that was here for breakfast, and well ... I feel so bad 'bout everything. Please, I can't work ... and Roy Boy's gone now; he's in Canada. Look, I need a favor till, well, soon as I can pay ya back!"

Billy looked at Ida and he saw Ida's sentimental feelings for Joan looking at Hedy, so he said, "Dig ... Hedy ... you can stay. Yeah, it's cool. I understand ... I'm having problems myself, sistah!" Ida smiled and took Hedy up to her old room.

Afterwards, Billy talked to Mrs. White out by the hedges in between the front of their respective homes. “Hey, I been ... under the weather some, but now I’m better, I’m comin’ back around. How was Europe? I know you went, right?”

The woman was at ease with him, so she kissed him long and slow and said, “Yes, I went to my chateau in Naples. It’s so beautiful ... just the thing to help cure the blues! Oh, but you could do with some of that now. You look so down!” Billy couldn’t go, so he shook his head, and she called him Clark Gable and said, “Look, Clark, let’s go to Vancouver. I’ll have you back by morning.

Billy continued shaking his head as she led him by the hand to her house and up to her bedroom. She was out of her leather, mauve pants suit before Billy could object, and there she was a tan and naked, golden oldie in his arms again and kissing him, calling him the list of superstars she pretended him to be in his ear. “Oh Marlon! Please ... you sweet man, oh yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes!” Then she sobbed and said, “No Orson! You’re over three hundred pounds ... no Orson! Your weight! Please, oooh Orson!” After that, she cried out, “Telly, oh Telly. Rub it on my thigh and belly! Oh Telly, your big baldhead. Oh yes, come join us, Bert, in bed! Yes, Ooh!”

Billy got the phony, prejudice picture as she carnally, conjured, famous Caucasian images in his stead, so he got up disgusted and walked home, wiping ‘the penis’ with her leather mauve top.

Hedy met him and she ran over to his side after he dropped the designer, leather mauve top and put 'the penis' away. She was smiling at him, and the tears were gone while he walked with her by his side in Beverly Hills which was exquisitely, exclusively laid back and steeped in the tradition and grandeur from greats in the present motion picture industry, plus, immortals from a glorious past.

Walking hand in hand, they felt the waves of new purpose, envelope them. All about and around stately manicured, green lawns, barking, pedigree dogs behind ivy-covered walls sounded out, guarding valuable property, clean streets and sidewalks. Overhead, leafy shade, maple trees like green money arched across both sides of the street, to form a cool smell of success canopy. They peeked up to catch a glint of golden sunshine beaming down upon wet lawns, mowed fresh, that fragrantly filled their nostrils. Walking on, talented birds sang out on the wires overhead, original songs for the movie stars and the rich. Then a famous face or two was familiar along the privileged way.

They were arm in arm now. Hedy wore white short shorts with a white ribbon in her purple hair. Billy forgot the past and closed his mind about the future. There was only moment-to-moment that he lived and breathed again, as the boogie came back and crept into his step when he found his cocksure, soul stride.

After the walk with Hedy, Billy called Mac Mann in Compton. "Hey dere ... ya black ass motherfucker! What it is, blood?"

**Mac:** “Well ... shit! Is this who the fuck I think? Yeah! Billy Pete! Hey! Oh, shit brotha, I heard ‘bout ya miseries! Yeah, Geechee run it down. Look man ... a ... I guess ya know ‘bout Roy Boy! Well, he’s all ol’ Geechee’s got, man. And well, Geechee been tryin’ to protect his case, but I tell ya where I’m at on Roy Boy. He got to my woman seven months ago! Yeah, wiped me fuckin’ out, ditched her and shit! Well, I could’ve killed him, but ... it won’t solve shit! Dig, I got ya film crew on ice, see, and my studio is yours if...”

**Billy** cut Mac off and asked, “Where is Roy Boy now, Mac?”

The man stopped breathing, then he said, “Billy Pete, I swear, I don’t know. Last I heard was Canada, man!”

**Billy** listened for a lie and said, “Ok Mac ... look, keep that crew in touch for me. I’ll call ya on it later. But if you should hear anything about where Roy Boy is, I’ll really appreciate knowing ‘bout it ... ya dig?”

**Mac:** “Yeah ... shit yeah, man. Hell, I don’t blame ya. Look Billy Pete. Let me make a few calls and I’ll get back to you. You gon’ be home, man?”

**Billy:** “I’ll be here, man ... call me soon as ya get a hint to where he is, Mac. I’ll be expectin’ to hear from you!”

**Mac:** “Ok Billy Pete, I’ll get on it, blood, and you take it easy, brotha!”

**“I will ... later!” Billy hung up and sat alone in his study until Hedy knocked and came in to see him again. “Hedy ... yeah, come on in, sistah. I’m just putting some missin’ pieces together in my head ... you know?”**

**“Yeah ... brotha, she said in a solemn tone, “I can understand. Look, I wanna tell you something. It could make a big fat difference to you, Billy. Anyway it’s about ... well, the thing that happened. I think somebody should tell you what went down and why, if they can. If you don’t mind, well maybe I can help you out of your slump?”**

**Billy sat back in the green leather, reclining chair and looked over at a platonic Hedy. She was sitting on the matching sofa with her hands clasped in her lap. The forlorn look upon her face was idealistically suited to the things she felt, and she said, “I fell so hard for Roy Boy; I never even stopped to think of the consequences. It must seem sickening for you to hear this, but bare with me; it may help you back to your old self.**

**“Yes ... that blessed morning he had me eating out of his hand so much, I ran after him. He told me where to meet him while walkin’ to the bus stop. Then Joan blew her horn, so he looked at her, then me, and he didn’t speak. I waited ... standing there like some dog he told to stay with his eyes. Oh, his eyes, it’s all in his sweet eyes and his heavenly way! Now Joan’s beautiful face is smiling out of the car window at him; he gets into the car, and that’s the last time I saw her alive, Billy. God help me, that night I couldn’t think of anything but him, so I went to the address he gave me in Compton. He said it was his father’s house and he met me early that next morning on the porch. I was waiting there in a ... love daze.**



Oh, I know it sounds like the craziest, dumb thing you ever heard, but he had a hold on me so strong, I never questioned a thing, and he said later he was taking a trip to New York City. I wanted to go too; I'd of gone anywhere he said.... Well, he let me go with him to New York City, but he left me at the airport and I haven't seen him since! He smiled at a Canadian airline stewardess, so I figure she went after him next. Anyway, I came back here, and butt ugly ass Clinton told me at the door about Joan dyin'. I knew you'd need somebody to talk to who knew Joan well. So you see, Billy, I don't blame you if you never have a kind word to say to me. I just couldn't help myself!"

Billy sat up and contemplated his strategy in paying Roy Boy back for being born Jody. He knew changing Roy Boy was hopeless, so somehow he felt he must destroy the man like they did vampires and werewolves. A whole nightmare of possibilities crowded Billy's brain. He sorted out the best ways from the absurd. Then he said, "Hey Hedy ... do you think Roy Boy's at the address you went to in Compton?"

Hedy looked at Billy for a hidden motive and then she said, "Oh ... I don't want no trouble, Billy. Look, that's why I told you! I don't think it was his fault. It just happened! I talked to three other women I know, and they told me similar stories and one of them knew and loved Roy Boy! No Billy, it's not his fault or Joan's ... or even mine. That's why I told you the truth, so you'd see that!"

Billy heard her concern, but he could not support her weak theory. So even if Roy Boy did not plan his devastating effect upon women, he nevertheless caused death, deep grief and misery in the mere fact that he was allowed to walk freely among the flowers, a depraved bee, spreading poison love honey around to be tasted by the innocent and trusting females who sampled it.

**“No!”** Billy yelled out loud. **“He must be destroyed! Joan is dead because of him. Look at it this way; you are alive because of me. So now you must choose. You owe me, Hedy! And I’ve gotta collect ... a lotta folks owe me. But now you can square your debt with me! Gimmie that address, Hedy. He may be laid up there till it all blows over. Yeah, I gotta do the right thing ‘bout him. Hell, ya can’t tell nobody ya want to waste a cat ‘cause he’s got too much love to live! No, but as I see it, he’s only gonna keep at it, and one out of every ten women a month he hooks may die. I know he don’t kill ‘em with his hands like a murderer. Naw, he kills ‘em with love. Joan didn’t have a mark on her and she didn’t take nothin’ poison! He killed her with Jody love. Ya can’t go to the police. Naw, and they would think ya crazy if ya do it! I’m sure the only thang to do is kill him!”**

Hedy jumped straight up at the thought of Roy Boy dead. Billy saw her as a smitten vampire’s victim. She was Roy Boy’s slave and she lived deeply under his spell. Billy looked at her clenched teeth and purple hair differently now. He got up, came over to her and said sharply, **“Oh ... I see... he’s still burning inside of you! You still hooked on him, huh? Ok Hedy, you choose, me or Jody. Go ‘head! Choose woman!”** Billy raised his voice so loud Ida knocked on the door and he let her in.

Then Ida almost prayed, “ . . . Lord! William ... Joan ... I mean Hedy. What y’all fussin’ ‘bout up in here? You woke me up. Well, what it is?”

Billy saw his answer in Hedy’s wide-eyed look of terror and he said, “Ida, she knows where the man who murdered Joan and my baby lives, but she won’t tell me, so I’m giving her a choice ... me or him! If she chooses him, she’s gotta leave! I feel it’s more than fair. After all, Jody had the best of Joan! Joan was the beauty queen of my dreams! I married her, but I never ever had her love! Well, that’s cool. I can live with her dream, but he will go on killing young beautiful women that die, just because they can’t live without him! Ida! Hedy! Don’t ya see where it’s all at? He killed Joan sure ...and he’ll kill again and again in the name of love!

“Look, he knew about Joan’s dying in his Inglewood apartment, so he never came back after that. The police just let it go as a natural death, ‘cause he can probably prove he was with Hedy through her! That’s right, Ida. Hedy was there at ... remember Geechee Davis, the baldheaded man I had stay for dinner? Yeah! Ya liked him, right Ida? ... Well, this Roy Boy is his son, see? The old man lied to me when he sent him, so Ida, you and Hedy gotta help me get rid of this here Jody! Yeah, I know it sounds strange, but it’s real as Joan being dead! Now Hedy, you git it back together or git out. I’m serious, ya gotta help me or leave!”

**Ida was holding back her tears while Hedy struggled to save Roy Boy, and she groveled, pleading, “Oh Billy, he’s so sweet. Oh God, don’t touch him like that. Oh Ida, don’t let him do no stuff like that on that precious man!” Ida was at a loss when she thought back to Roy Boy’s unforgettable kiss. Then a smile of joy and happiness came over her, and she began to show the signs of another seduced, slavish victim standing there speechless.**

**Billy saw the facts before him, plus, he’d been witness to the full power of Jody. He envisioned his next move clearly and said, “Oh ... well, forget it. I’ll handle it myself, yeah!”**

**Hedy became an alarm system and she ran shouting from the house. “No! No! No! No! No! Not him, don’t hurt my sweet Roy Boy, oh noooooo!”**

**Ida was lost in Roy Boy’s memory, so Billy called Clinton on the intercom and monkey shined, “Hey ya ol’ ape-faced baboon. I know ya don’t dig no me and shit, but git that gun ya keep. I know ya got one, so bring it and come with me quick!” Billy hung up and ran out into the hall where monkey wrench face Clinton joined him holding a thirty-eight revolver. Billy winked at the missing link and said, “Look ... I need your help. Drive me around some, and we can find Hedy. She ran out of here three minutes ago. Find and follow her, but don’t let her see us. She’ll lead me to the man that killed my wife. Gimme that gun, ya ol’ Tarzan’s movie monkey, Cheetah lookin’...!”**

Billy snatched the gun, rushed out the door, and disgusting Clinton followed him in a perplexed, primate stupor. Disfigured Clinton opened the door, and Billy got in. Then he ran 'round, got in the driver's seat, and pulled off. Hedy was running in front of the headlights, so Billy said, "No monkey business, slow down; she's got to lead us to Jody. Watch it, yeah, that's better ... pull over there and marmoset, you know park!"

Clinton obeyed like a trained obedient beast, then Billy said, "Kill them lights ... ya fonky, honky, monkey man. What's the fuckin' matter with ya!? She'll know it's us! Shit, damn! Look at her move!" Hedy was in the middle of Maple Drive and she was headed for Santa Monica Boulevard. Billy watched her and said, "Ok, King Kong ... drive this thang. She's gittin' away!"

Disagreeable Clinton pulled out and when he reached the big bright, main street, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hedy had hitched a ride. So they followed her ten blocks, and then the car she was in stopped and they waited. Billy watched and said, "She's gittin' out ... chill, baboon brain. She's got to get another ride, ya better park here!"

Bus lights shone across the street, as Hedy got out and slapped the hand away trying to hit on her. She ran across the street, boarded the bus, and Billy said, "Go on ya banana eatin' bastard, drive! Follow that goddamn bus or ya fired!"

Clinton sounded like a jungle at night, driving off and making the screeching, illegal u-turn behind the bus. Hedy got off at the next stop, and Billy said, "Shit ...I should've known. Stop ape-head. She ain't got no cash, see, so she can't ride no bus! Oh look, ya simian sucka, there's a cab, wait ... yeah, he's slowin' down. She's lucky she's so fine. Yeah ok, solid, good shit, he stopped ... umm hmm she's in. Ok, zoo stank, we got Jody's ass hole!"

They followed the yellow and black cab to Compton where the cab waited on a dark, deserted, quiet street. Hedy ran up on a green porch, past Joan's parked black Jaguar, and rang the bell. Roy Boy opened the door. She spoke and went in. Billy pulled the gun and waited, but it was Hedy who came back out with the cab fare and another foxy foreign woman appeared in the doorway with Roy Boy, modeling Joan's floor length mink and diamonds. Billy got out of his car and told monkey house escapee, Clinton, to wait no matter what. Then he shadowed Hedy as the cab pulled off into the darkness around the corner of the next cross street.

Hedy saw Billy and screamed out "Roy Boy! He's here! Run Roy Boy!" The love man ran back in the house and closed the door. He'd been standing on the porch. Billy ran up on the porch and tried the door, but it was locked. So he instinctively ran around the back while Hedy screamed bloody murder in the middle of the street. Roy Boy was there and tipping down the back stairs just like Jody. Billy shot him six times, emptying his gun into the ladies love man, who clutched his heart and screamed shrill like a woman before he fell and died. Billy heard stark wails and screams from the Asian woman inside the house and Hedy in the street.

He got back in the limo and said, “Shit! Shit! Hey ... git outta here, ya albino ape, J. Fred Muggs, Gargantua face fool, drive!” The chastised chauffeur cried out like a Rwandan rain forest full of Silverback, bull gorillas as he drove away. Billy felt better all over and he laughed for the first time in two months.

. . .

Hedy was the prosecution’s star witness, but the case was thrown out of court for insufficient evidence. Geechee came up to Billy, crying and cursing, until Billy kicked and slapped him away. Hedy was a mental case and she went into a childlike attachment to Roy Boy’s martyred memory. They committed her to the mental institution at Camarillo. Billy had tried to keep the news of Roy Boy’s death and Hedy’s insanity from Ida, but he failed. Ida got over it in time and came back strong into her own.

Mrs. White had begun to come over to Billy’s mansion to see him every day. Billy felt so free and at ease since he shot Roy Boy; he actually became the love man’s smile and he could not control it. He smiled at Mrs. White, and she could not help herself but become slavishly involved in his love thy neighbor policy.

Billy also felt more love than he’d thought possible for every fair female he saw. The feeling was queasy at first, but he adjusted to the power of Jody that filled him from head to toe. His face was a beaming, brown valentine; his heart was beating on his sleeve, and the deep soul love within him became apparent without.

Now when he went out, he seldom came home alone. His words were love and his speech became lover's looks instead of words, so he always had his way. No woman could resist him. Old women rocked back and forth in his presence until he released them with kisses, pats or strokes of understanding. Ripe, young women became overwrought. They followed him, fought over him and when and if there was more than one of them in the room where he was reigning romantically at the time, if he willed it, they shared him.

Billy had Pat Bell sexually when he took her with ease from Benjamin in his grapevine garden. 'The penis' had gone in and out of her so thrillingly, Pat had to be tied down and sedated to restrain her mad passion and love that she still had for him afterwards. When she escaped Benjamin, she banged upon Billy's front door wearing her Balady costume. Clinton, the ape twin who also worked as the butler now opened the door and drooled.

Billy heard Pat's voice. He opened his study door and she intoned his praises, "Soul Train! Oh baby ... sweet honey, lover, please, see me! Oh Billy baby, I love you so much, have mercy, I ran away. Oh, take me back, Billy. I'll cook ... clean ... I'll do anything you say ... Oh, just let me stay. Oh, please don't send me back. Love me, touch me, and take me with you to your bed, Billy. I can't live without it, your love's so sweet. I'd die if I couldn't have it. Oh Billy, do whatever you want; I can't stand another man. Only you ... nobody ever made me feel so good all over, inside out, all day all I do is think 'bout you. Oh Billy, your face, it's all in your sweet eyes. I see heaven



there. Oh my man! My man! Sweet man!” She was deliriously possessed by Billy’s vicarious Roy Boy love power and she panted, beseeched, imploring in a simpering purr while girlishly genuflecting as Billy closed and locked his study door. Ida called the police, and they came to take a buck-wild, naked Pat away bodily.

Billy made Clinton beat his chest angrily, by having the wild-looking man bring him his meals as he kept away from Ida. Mrs. White came over and got past Clinton, the dumbest ape in captivity, and Billy let her in his study. The super rich women looked into his eyes and fell victim for life when she said, “Oh! I’ll give you anything and everything I possess, just be mine. That’s all I ask. I can’t think of anyone but you. Please spare me all of this pain. I must have you close to me. I must possess your good sweet, sexy love!”

Billy thought of Joan’s peril, then Hedy’s and he knew his days would be numbered without Mrs. White’s vast fortune financially behind him. With this in mind, the way was clear, and he became a Jody gigolo and swept her off her feet with a tirade of body kisses, that sent her buckeyed, hyperventilating seismically, climaxing in tongue and straight to the bank to make the arrangements to transfer the amount of fifty million dollars into Billy’s, ‘Peters Pictures’ account.

The homosexual bank president danced around his desk. Billy smiled like rich Jody and said, “Awright! Motherfuckin’A! Awright! Boogie! I’m gonna be on the cover of the next Johnson rag (Ebony Magazine), featuring the heft, girth, length, firmness, color and taste of my new and improved penis!”

## Chapter Twenty-five

# We saw the Sea Serpent

We saw the sea serpent  
We saw the sea serpent  
We saw the sea serpent  
Fly

We saw the sea serpent  
We saw the sea serpent  
We saw the sea serpent  
High

He was dressed in red  
When he raised his head  
We saw the sea serpent  
Fly

A lot of long lean green  
You know what I mean  
We saw the sea serpent  
Fly

*Ty yi yi yi yi  
 Ty yi ya de ay  
 We saw the serpent  
 Fly*

*Seen 'em wink six eyes  
 Touch the big blue sky  
 We saw the sea serpent high*

*\_\_\_\_\_Top\_\_\_\_\_*

Cold, grinding, gritty sand cut in and scraped Billy's shivering body as the real night drama unfolded all around him on the beach. A flashlight with a red, plastic head went on and off in signals. Billy felt duct tape on his mouth and wrapped around his ankles and wrists. He was a living partial mummy. Fear choked him, so he jerked and rolled when he saw reality again. Cara's orange hair was arranged wildly by a gust of wind blowing from the blackness of the sea, bringing out the evil in the air. All of them came into focus ... Marsha and Bill, the paperback writer. Billy froze and listened when Cara said, "She's late, as usual. Look off to the right, maybe fifteen hundred yards or so out. Is that her?"

"Yeah!" Bill said, checking Billy's eyes and touching the taped area on his body. Then he continued, "He's come out of it again. Yeah, he's bug eyed!"

**Marsha flashed the light three times quickly and said, “He’s lucky; she’ll probably wait until morning. What do you think? Should I give him more acid, or is it better like he is?”**

**Cara was standing with her bare legs spread wide apart in the sand and she was looking out to sea with binoculars. Then she said, “He’s wacko, Marsha. How can you stand all that drivel he spouts? God, I wish this was over. ... She’s here, I hear a boat’s motor, listen!”**

**The sound of a motor boat puttering in over the waves sent Billy into near catatonic shock, and he barely felt it when two men dumped him onto the back of the boat. His next clear recollection was about two hours later when he heard the Blue Danube Waltz playing and voices speaking as Cara said, “Whatever ... is this the last one in these waters? I’m exhausted; we’ve got to get some rest. I was hoping for two weeks to myself. Well, that is if you think you can spare me.”**

**There was a silence, and then Billy heard a drink being poured when Bill, the paperback writer, spoke up nervously. “Whatever ... for myself I’d like to state here and now that I’ll be available.”**

**Billy looked through the open, round porthole above his knee as he drew himself up in a strain and leaned against the outside of the boat’s cabin wall. He could see Marsha’s tan legs stretched out on a blue blanket. A red wet suit, goggles and flippers were hanging on the wall, and he felt a silent scream fly out from within his frightened soul. Whatever was there,**

walking up and down, wearing a red scarf, black heels, fishnet stockings, and a tan raincoat. Bill stood against the tiny bar, sporting his cartoon costume with fake flaccid penises attached to it and sipped cognac from a glass. Cara sat on a small couch by the cabin door in a sheer, pink nightgown and open red robe. Claude Debussy's music swept the sea around in Billy's mind while he waited like an animal to be slaughtered.

"Mother," Marsha said innocently "will we go back to the Cape this year?"

The woman called 'Whatever' stopped her pacing and answered, "Yes, although I feel a strong attachment to this crazy, cultist, California coast, the Cape's most definitely on my agenda. Every since I started my hunts here, I've felt better about the West Coast white meat. But you see the simple truth is I've become a global gourmet, not to mention the fact that I'm more proficient than ever in the seven seas. My weapon is mastered and I command it! But no, I don't think this coast can compete with the culinary thrill of capturing the black male citizens at the Cape of Good Hope in Africa and partaking of the world's crème de la crème, pinnacle of prize penises up and down the 'all you can eat' dark meat continent!"

Cara laughed her crisp, clear tones out and chanced to say, "Whatever, in all the time you've been at it. What's the best kill you've ever had? Please tell us!"

Bill agreed, and Billy saw Marsha's curvaceous, tan legs draw up as if to listen. Then he saw her monstrously mean, smiling, pale-eyed, snagger-toothed, psychopathic pimpled face when she laid her tasseled head forward on her sunburned arms. And Whatever confessed, "Colored military personnel, I won't say where or when, anyway I stalked them. I made several good shots, and the spiced slices I ate were more than worth the wait.

"A black navy captain ventured out after me, and we had a great night fight. The water was deep, and he came armed with two spears. I led him out beyond the perimeter he figured on, he was lost, and I saw him panic as his first shot missed me by ten inches. I loved the feel of his tension when I circled to his back. He spun 'round to aim; I aimed too and that moment was his Waterloo. He backed down and swam away into a school of silver somethings, swimming by so thick the swimmer became dimmer for a while, maybe two minutes as I followed them. He had natural moving cover and he stuck with the fish until they ditched him and made a sharp turn upwards, and they were gone.

"He was fully exposed and he tried to catch up to them, thereby, leaving himself wide open for my best belly shot. Upon realizing his mistake, he curled up into every kind of position to avoid my spear! I aimed straight at him now, but I was disappointed at his new position, so I waited for my open belly shot to show itself again. He came out of it and charged headfirst.

There was huge, tangled sea kelp all over to my left, so I went in and watched him hunt me. He seemed insecure and puzzled while he poked in and out of the sea jungle I'd found as I waited for my shot. His breathing seem too slow and his movement was unsure, and it appeared irregular when I watched the air bubbles escape. I knew he would not last and I had to act. He was to my right, but under me. Another foot or so and I could make a fake run for it, turn and hopefully spear him. But I thought of his heading up for air, and that would be perfect for my shot, so I stayed put.

"Minutes passed and he scudded suddenly, making his move up and out away from the seaweed where he was in range right above me. I swam quickly and let him see me, and he did. He let go his second spear, it sailed by my arm and the chase was on. He had forty feet of water above him before I released my spear. His kick and his stroke were terrific, and I marveled at his dexterity until he frantically saw it was useless. Before he covered up again to block and spoil my shot, I sent it in him, dead center and the waters turned dark with his valiant blood.

"I scored a direct hit from maybe; twenty-five feet away ...missed his navel by an inch. He weighed one hundred and seventy pounds, and I found out he was a Navy SEAL captain in naval intelligence ... a remarkable black specimen, armed and game. I stripped him down, took the prize there on my boat, and as I theorized, it was a tenderized taste of the most succulent, manhood meat imaginable. I was alone then, and only the two deck hands knew my joy as I consumed the taste of human penis, at its best! It's much better even than Wasabi caviar or truffles and incomprehensible when served with Blavod Black Vodka, a pineapple chaser or mix."

Billy gagged and fell over at her words, but they were caught up in her story and hit her with a barrage of questions, Cara asked the loudest, “Whatever! What makes the taste different? I mean a man is a man or so I would think. Well, what causes them to vary there? Why are they different to me when I eat the testicles and all?”

Billy lay on his side, forced to listen to the cocky cannibals compare and discuss the taste quality of their prey’s penises. “Glandular differences!” Whatever said with assurance and she took to the floor in a short steady stride as she continued, “It’s all in the gonad glands, you see? In toto, even a coward’s raw courage mixed with terrified angst flushed down into the testicles, of say an unmanly gentleman, can ignite the magic mystery that makes this unbelievably tender exotic meat! Remember the Japanese businessmen in Hawaii ... yes, a splendid example.

“They were frightened by my emergence, and quoting myself, as the quality of penises essence improves the flavor from a secret scared-to-death secretion in the bloodstream, I took deadly aim. The one I speared was by far the youngest and the strongest. I sized them up before I attacked. The other three were in their fifties, so I let them scatter. I remember that taste, it was tangy and even a trifle sour. Sometimes it’s a stringy texture, but rarely. However, it’s most certainly and always far above the best raw, bloody red meat on earth!” They all agreed, even Bill.

And he said to Billy’s surprise, “Yeah ... it’s kinda strange in itself that I knew I was eating the best roasted nuts this world had to offer when you served me my first portion. I can still savor the unique flavor like some special seafood, or great game fowl, but not quite; it’s much better, no fat, no grease



and no gristle, or bone! So sweet, when sautéed in butter like you do, it's superb. I still don't know how so little goes so far! The four of us ate just one complete male organ cut four ways. Well, it's uncanny and down right supernatural how it satisfied all of our appetites! We never got full, but it simply ... yeah, satisfied!" They all approved of Bill's description of the fulfilling ability of the minuscule, manhood meat.

So Cara admitted, I like the head best. It's rather like something I always wanted meat to taste like when I was little, and I was forced to eat steak. The chewy part is there, but it's almost soft and delicate, not rubbery. Then it melts away in your mouth and lingers on your taste buds for a day as if by a meaty manna from heaven miracle. Oh, I still can't believe the great taste power of 'the penis', but I know it's there!"

Marsha's cheeks were glowing pink and she said, "Hey mom, what happens when people find out what they're missing? McPenisburgers! Oh brother, what a thought!"

Bill was excited and he said, "Oh, they'd never believe it. You know how it is. Why I never would have thought it possible for me to partake of ... human penis sushi, balls and all! No, it's unthinkable. They associate in negative terms with any form of 'long pig' (a term for human meat) cannibalism!"

Whatever was eloquently verbose, "I told the first skipper on my old boat my intentions as he would surely have to know. We were thirty miles off the northern coast of Spain in the Mediterranean Sea. He was a feisty old man of the sea and he didn't speak a word of English, so I went into pantomime and he looked and watched as I indicated in gestures with my spear

gun pointed at his heart! He finally understood and fear seized his whole body when he realized I was in dead earnest. He ran aft, and I fired into his neck. That old Sea Serpent, as all my boats are called, was a good ol' tub with many kills to its credit. The Spanish two-man crew was terrified by my actions, and they watched in horror as I reloaded with a spare spear.

“I had run him through, and the spear had to be removed, so I took my knife from the sheath on my belt and severed his bearded head. They began to run around on deck like two mad sailors. I ordered them to man my boat and after I removed the old man's shriveled sex organ, which was the size of a Vienna sausage frank hors d'oeuvre. To make up the difference, I dug in deeper and cut out his perineum, that's his internal penis between his anus and genitals. It's as large and delightful as his flaccid penis there. Then I had them dump him in the drink. The two crewmen stayed with me for two months, sailing up and down the coast of Spain because they began to taste and sample sinewy servings of my kills. Amazed and convinced, they now helped me to satisfy their own greedy appetite addictions.

“After a while, I speared one on deck, and the other dived overboard and swam about five miles from Gibraltar. It was a belly shot that surprised him in the water when I speared him swimming in two hundred feet of ocean. He sank. I guided him to surface and hooked him to the side of the boat like a big fish with his dead shipmate.

“Quickly, I hoisted them up on deck, castrated them both, of course, and I had a feast that would have pleased the gods. I swam to Gibraltar from the boat after I removed the evidence of my presence there. And so it's been with me all over, up and down the coast of lands all over the world.”

**“Presently, I encounter my great husband, the German genius scientist, eminent urologist, Dr. Geppetto von Gelding’s penile enhanced subjects for food! Today his secret formula injection grows selected male black members bigger, better and tastier and I hunt, harvest, and gorge on them as delicious dusky denizens of the deep.”**

**“Most brave black men who can’t swim, panic in water, drowning with the complexities of racial strife (extreme society anxiety) mixed in the bloodstream. They emit this delectable, delicate delicacy flavor in their testicles, thereby, insatiably permeating the sex organs with fear, causing an appetizing sperm-like substance to course through the veins of their endowed penises that delight the palate. The origin of mankind’s DNA is in these people; we all have ancestors that sprung from their fathers’ elongated lusty loins.”**

**Lying on his back, Billy looked up and saw a hook above his outstretched legs. The tape was tight around his ankles, but he felt he might be able to stand enough to free his wrists, that they taped behind his back. On deck he saw and recognized the pretend, beach patrolman that had come up on him the day he met these insane people. Yes, he thought, this man had been with another man, and Billy rose up to look and he made out the other man’s features to be the same as the bigger guy in the dune buggy. They both began to fit into the macabre, gruesome twosome, brutal picture Billy feared. He moved starboard toward their voices and heard them talking. The one named Dave was the biggest, and he was tightening a rope around a barrel port side.**

Billy figured the boat was about sixty-five to seventy feet long as he leaned and swept his look from stem to stern. He could see over the canvas piled in front of him and the sacks of something on top. The two were dressed in seamen's clothing, and he saw they wore tennis shoes. Both men carried sheathed knives in their belts and their long, sandy hair blew in sea breeze briny blasts that came at night from the ominous ocean. Classical music continued as a background piece for the pair and the smaller man spoke, "Pacific Palisade's lights are reminding me of the Kelly Sisters!"

The two laughed, and Billy heard their private joke. Then the big one said, "Hey now Ty, you ain't thinkin' of makin' no run in there, are ya boy?"

They laughed again; Billy saw the shoreline lights, and Ty said, "Naw ... but later in the day, tomorrow we'll take some overdue shore leave. Yeah, I can just 'bout feel that little bitch wrapped around my cock, with her sweet, red asshole!" They continued laughing; a spray of saltwater hit the deck, and Billy felt the chilling wetness.

Then the big one named Dave said, "This ain't gonna take no time. She'll git him first shot. Oh, she'll play some down there, but hell, I say she floats him up in an hour." They nodded at the time allotted Billy's life, when the woman, Whatever had her deadly sport with him. Billy never grew use to the idea, and terror claimed him continually, so he shook at the thought of being tossed into the ocean's depth and not being able to swim a stroke. An hour, he thought, how could he last an hour in the sea? Why that would mean he'd have scuba gear.

Billy contemplated their plan, and Ty said, "He's the same spade on the beach that almost died from drowning in five feet of water!"

They laughed out loud, and Dave said, "Hey ... he'll swim tomorrow though, they always do. Remember how his buddy swam. That spade was an Olympic gold metal winner. He would've stayed down and away from her all day if she let him!"

Billy's heart stopped, as he knew they meant Pasadena. Then Ty said, "I ain't never forgettin' the look on that guy's black face when she pushed him overboard with the gaffing hook! What a weird looker he was ..."

Dave picked up the point and said, "Yeah ... they say he said he was in the movies. Guess he was, he had that new set of wheels, that guy Bill got out of it ... good deal, huh?"

Billy was sure Pasadena never made it back, and he was dead. Unfortunately, he could not grieve now; he had to try to survive. If only he could get his hands free, that hook was perfect. But if he stood up, the deck hands could see him, so he'd have to wait. The cabin was best situated for his idea, because they could not see from inside, if he stood. Wisely, he decided to wait for the two men to go to sleep.

He guessed it must have been about two o'clock in the morning as he got his mind to its sharpest point yet in this ordeal. He rolled over slowly once more to listen again at the open porthole. The yellow light made him blink when he peeped back in on them while Bill was talking.

**“If I can have your permission, Whatever, I’d like to write it. We all agree nobody’d ever believe it in a million years, but I’d have the fiction novel of the year. Why, the movie rights alone would be more than adequate!”**

**Cara laughed and said, “Bill ... you should hear yourself. You sound just like that typical nigger, blow hard Billy. Marsha’s brainwashed you by exposing you to his paradoxical, egotistical ravings!”**

**Then Marsha laughed and added, “Bill, if you do write this book about our adventures, you should include all of Billy’s wild hallucinations. Honestly, they were the most entertaining I’ve ever had the pleasure of listening to. Why I almost felt like going on and on hearing his L.S.D. induced high hopes and dreams!’**

**“Vulgarity and absurdities!” Cara said and continued, “Bill, now you actually think you can write a novel from that? What would you call it, for God’s sake?”**

**Bill laughed, swallowed his second brandy, then he looked at Whatever and said, “I’d call it ‘The Penis Gang’!”**

**Whatever’s face rarely smiled, but this time she did. They couldn’t help but notice, and Billy saw her satanic smile with them ...evil, without mercy it was, and completely deranged as she was. Whatever’s words were steely and contemptuously in character when she sanctioned Bill’s book and said, “I trust you will show this life I live in its most proper light. Leave out nothing and add nothing that distorts the wonder of it all. Yes, this is my legacy, my written log of exploits that would cave the mind in if revealed. Whatever reached up behind her on a shelf, pulled down a black book, and handed it to Bill.**

He opened her diary and read the red ink writing there to himself. Then he poured another drink as he shouted out loud, “Whatever, this is ... wonderful! Cara, you were right when you said this association would broaden my career! It’s saved my life! I had no plots, nor reason to write, no inspiration out of the ordinary; now I’m involved in a masterwork!”

Cara was sarcastic and quoted something she’d read, “Overstatement is the mark of an insecure person. Bill, must you deal with your hobby at our expense? Change the subject, please; we’ve reality to discuss. For instance, the nigger’s Mercedes you refuse to ditch and keep driving back and forth!”

“Aw Cara!” Bill complained and Marsha laughed at them squabbling while Whatever paced again and said.

“Oh, I feel it’s totally compensating to conquer unwilling male sex organ donors and get victory trophies back as tokens. We did it, Bill helped, so he can keep Pasadena’s car until we leave tomorrow. After all, he sort of won it, right?” And as for the book, go on Bill write it. I think it’s a fantastic subject. Yes, do it in collaboration with me, and I’ll use my pseudonym, I. Edith Cox, as co-writer with you to increase the flow of food, fun and funds, I say!”

Whatever opened her footlocker and passed out silver looking plates. She handed them fancy cloth napkins, then sterling silver knives and forks. Billy sniffed softly, but he did not smell food cooking. So he watched and listened as Whatever said, “My freshest kill is jelled solid and ready for the late night en gelée buffet snack I promised you.” Whatever exaggerates a lie, “I had to chip away at the thick smegma build up in his prepuce to make the sauce. Oh Bill, will you do the honors, please!”

**“Yeah ... yeah, sure, Whatever!” Bill moved towards the back of the bar, where he opened what Billy sensed sounded like a miniature icebox. Then Billy managed to get a better angle and he saw the rest of Whatever’s galley to the right of the bar. Bill closed the small icebox door and lifted out the platter with a white cloth over it. Billy could not help but notice the ghoulish, glutinous, grotesque gleam in their eyes when Bill placed the silver platter on the bar in full view. Whatever came over and unveiled Pasadena’s scared stiff, engorged in an erection, big black, sex organ quivering there uncircumcised, both testicles in tact, congealed in a lime green, aspic square mold while the boat rocked, shaking it back and forth. Billy’s eyes were popped and glued to the genital gourmets as they followed Whatever’s action and sliced a portion of Pasadena’s ‘free range dark meat’ penis. The ceremony was the grimmest, most ghoulish he had ever thought possible, and he fainted ad nauseam dead away.**

**Dawn at sea came in a shock wave, when Billy felt cold salt water from the ocean splash his face again. It was a gray, dismal, dank day. His dooms day, he remembered, and jerked at his bounds, but as he did, Ty and Dave came over, pulled him up roughly and dragged him to Whatever. She stood on the deck wearing the familiar red wet suit. She was holding the dreaded spear gun in her right hand and picking Pasadena’s private out of her teeth with a toothpick in her left hand. Threateningly, she pointed the spear gun at them and said, “Tell him his rights and hurry! I’ll make it a quick shot; it’s only for practice anyhow,” she lied. “This is hardly a special occasion.” Then she licked her lips gingerly and laughed.**



**Ty held Billy's jerking head, avoiding his legs and bound feet that Billy swung forward in defense. Then Ty wisecracked, "Ok spade, ya might as well cool it. The lady here wants me to tell ya how to breathe in your regulator, keep your goggles dry, and get use to your wet suit, see?" Billy saw the black wet suit Dave came over with, plus goggles and breathing apparatus, so he continued to struggle desperately, until Ty's fist came smashing into his forehead and knocked him out cold. When he next felt, it was ice water in his aching face, and his blurred vision slowly cleared painfully to the six serial killer faces leering down and watching his recovery.**

**Viciously, Whatever ordered, "Continue reading his rights!" Ty shook his head and began the ritual again.**

**"Ok!" He said. "Ya can't swim, so here's about your best bet. Put this piece here in your mouth like this!" Ty yanked the tape from Billy's unshaven face, tearing away the hair there with some skin. The shock of pain caused Billy to scream out.**

**And Whatever cautioned them, "Easy, don't panic him. Just tell him his rights quickly!"**

**"Ok you!" Ty continued, "Open up your yap and suck on this!" Billy felt the regulator forced harshly past his teeth and gums. And Ty said as if he were a referee reciting the rules of a life and death game. "Now ya can get back to Malibu from here. Look, it's off that way. If you was smart, you got your bearings last night. The lady here let you lay and listen to her and everything, so ya can't say you don't know what you're in for. Well, you got a good wet suit; it's waterproof and there ain't nothin' for you to do, but breathe like this!"**

Billy felt the clinging tightness of the wet suit they put on him while he was unconscious as Ty demonstrated and added, "Now don't go and pull on it like this here, or it's no good, see? You'll have a chance if ... well if the lady gets into trouble with a shark. So then, it's every man for 'em self down there. You won't have but one shot to get her with, so this is how you release this spear gun. There . . . you see how easy it is? It ain't loaded so feel it, spade, hurry up and pull the trigger. Now just before we shove ya over the side, we'll load it, then ya grab it 'cause that's it. Dave will have ya other arm, so don't try nothin' funny 'cause you'll drop it and ya won't have no weapon. That's it, spade, you on your own!"

Billy saw the predominant, predatory light in Whatever's steely, blue eyes, and her somber sphinx smile cringed his soul. But she'd aroused his fighting spirit, and he got the impression that at least if he breathed the way Ty said with the regulator, what with the fins, goggles, lamp and the spear gun, plus, remembering not to ascend too fast and form gas bubbles or go below three hundred feet, then never touch marine creatures, just glide along, using your feet and don't panic, he did have a remote chance.

Billy flinched as Dave checked the scuba gear cylinders, two tanks on his back. They lifted and supported him bodily, and he stood on the top of the boat rail. Ty raised Billy's free arm and slapped the spear gun in his right hand as he held the lit lamp in his left hand, and when they all yelled, "Extreme Society Anxiety!" Billy's heart stopped and he was pushed into the Pacific Ocean.

The power of pure pressure crushed him, and he drifted downward deep towards Davy Jones locker. He almost panicked as he forgot to breathe properly, so he held his breath and when he let the air go he remembered the proper breathing procedure. Down and down his eyes shut tight, his body in an awkward fright; he sank, clutching the spear gun and lit lamp with all his might. The opposite of a fish out of water he was. But he chanced while floating down to peek out at the so thought horror all around, over and under him.

Bit by bit, percipient oceanography, vast and void, appeared more intriguing than he would ever have imagined. His hands and face were cold and exposed. The deep drop was an odd, sinking sensation; sea life suddenly surrounded him, and the bright lamplight jumped into his eyes, when the bottom of the ocean came up abruptly to stop his free fall. He sat there in the sand and looked for danger in the unbelievable beauty he beheld all over with the illuminating lamp.

Fish of every color and description, big schools and little schools swam by. Then an octopus about two feet long moved by his left leg into the rocky reefs, which were plentiful. A blend of attractive bright lights was reflected as the schools of fish swam by like multi-colored sea clouds. There were wooden boards and metal parts of ships stuck in the murky bottom to his right. The ocean floor was dark, and some small sea creatures were prying the soil there loose. Billy jumped from the scattered particles of earth that clouded the water.

He had his finger on the trigger of the spear gun when he looked up and saw Whatever coming like a fisherman of men straight for him and pinpointing the sharp tip of her deadly spear at his mid-section. He remembered her aim of the game was a preference for belly shots, so he gambled and doubled up. She brushed him when she swam by. A close call, he knew, and he was excited by the exhilarating hint of winning that crept into the back of his mind. Billy watched Whatever make the three hundred and sixty degree turn to set him up for the belly shot again.

He moved on the bottom of the ocean sluggishly with his gear, especially the scuba gear on his back, and he was afraid to try swimming away. As he stepped and floated up two feet with each step, he began to notice cover behind the rocky reefs. They, the algae-covered reefs, were plentiful in the area he chose. But as expected, Whatever had the big advantage, plus, the notoriety and variety of his sobriety impropriety, extreme society anxiety in its entirety. And when she swam pass again, Billy dropped his spear gun.

She turned quickly seeming to sense his trouble and attacked. Like some big fast, red demon, killer fish she came, a murderous mermaid, her spear aimed at his new washboard stomach. Billy left his spear gun on the ocean floor, turned off his lamp, ducked behind the reef of rocks just in time, and her spear glanced two inches away from him, where he stood up against a sea tree.

A big greenish light was moving towards them as the great shoal of fluorescent fish brought it closer. They filled the sea and passed all around the two while they fought. Billy had reached at her belt to grab the knife there, but she wiggled free from his grip. Then he luckily got her empty spear gun, and she swam off about twenty feet, pulled her knife and came

back at him. He felt the rush of death in her charge, but the blow fell in slow motion underwater and he caught her wrist and pulled it down with his right hand. Whatever squirmed and fought, but she'd come too close. She'd underestimated his chances and too late she saw the quick kill turn into her own capture and his getaway. Billy's luck was with him and her wrist fastened in a craggy rocky vice-like opening. The crevice held her tight when he let go from fear and fled for his life.

He moved freely through the sea bottom, and his new ease with it made him relax more as he refused to stop and kept kicking, moving faster. The water became darker; he traveled on and there was less color. Then the fish thinned out gradually, the underwater growth began to disappear, and Billy became afraid he had gone the wrong way. He had merely guessed at the right direction and made off with new determination to live.

Vigorously he kicked and pulled his arms like oars, but to what end he didn't know. The fish were gone and only an occasional reflection shone around when he turned the lamp back on. Nothing spectacular came into his vision as he strained to see his fate. The water turned a lighter gray, and he floated upward on a gradual climb. Then his feet dragged, and his step was jarred and clumsy when he stood up on the unexpected sea's bottom and raised his head above water. Only the calm waves in intervals interrupted his blessed joy at the sight of a stretch of beach, a quarter of a mile away in front of him.

Thanks to a steady current, Billy was lucky as Jonah. Even with his new fighting weight condition, he still had to be aware of his body spiked with nitrogen; so he'd surfaced slowly and avoided the serious bends and brain damage that in all probability could kill him. Now incredibly, with only ten minutes of instruction, he navigated, sight unseen to the shore, leaving the coral reefs and algae behind him with the remarkable, oceanic animals of the deep seascape, which appeared to him like Joan's aquarium in their Hollywood apartment. And although he was clearly an unwilling aquanaut, before, praying for a submarine and/or deep-sea diver (Jacques Cousteau) to assist him in his quest to rise back up to sea level and survive, his life was saved miraculously, thereby escaping supplying them, the enemy, with tantalizing, titillating tidbits of his precious, prized penis, they so hungrily craved.

The California coastline was a mirage to him as he came from the sea like some lost shipwrecked sailor and fell upon the sand, an exhausted man. Still in danger, he deduced, they could find him. He looked out at the ocean and decided he'd better report his fish story of fish stories to the police, the coast guard or somebody official before they got away.

As he struggled up the beach, he wondered if Whatever was dead. Emphatically, he believed and hoped she was. Pasadena had been unlucky, he thought. Billy pulled the regulator from his mouth; it hung fastened against his chest. He pushed the diving mask up on his head, kicked the fins off on the beach, and picked them up. He ran in spurts, stopping only to catch his breath.

For evidence, he carried the lamp in his left hand, and the tanks were still on his back while he held the fins in his right hand. Up ahead he saw two little children playing in the sand by the edge of the water. He passed them wondering if he could trust anybody on the beach and felt safer up on the road.

When Billy reached the Pacific Coast Highway, he tried his hand at hitchhiking. Finally, after twenty minutes a small, maroon pick-up truck stopped, and a broken tooth Mexican man smiled out, opened the door and said in broken English, "I go Marina del Rey ... you go there, si?"

Billy shook his head, put his gear in the back, got in, sat up straight in the seat, and the man drove off. Billy was nervous while he unwound in silence to escape the area just in case they (The Penis Gang) were still about. He traveled through Santa Monica, Venice, and then eventually the scene all around him was wooden boat masts, ropes, sails and harbor. The day was perfect for sailing, he heard a sailor say. The Mexican man stopped and smiled again. Then he said, guessing, "You go from here, si?"

Billy opened the door, got out on sea legs, closed it, and took the scuba gear from the rear of the pick-up truck. When the man pulled off, moored boats surrounded him, and he saw a squad car sitting behind a camper trailer to his left up the street across from the Marriott Hotel. He got his rubbery, seasick legs to move in a slow, wobbly walk and approached the two cops sitting inside the police cruiser.

After explaining and telling his unfathomable tale over and over in the police station, he sat numb and sick of the wet suit he was forced to wear. It pinched and clung to him, so he sold it and the scuba gear to a Sunday sailor black cop for twenty dollars, plus, a shower, shave, toothbrush, toothpaste, deodorant, discarded shoes and socks, some old clothes left at the precinct, then a lift back to Hollywood in a squad car of all things.

Dressed in a rust-colored coat and chartreuse shirt with corduroy pants, Billy looked shabby like a square-john scarecrow. He had been gone for ten days, he figured, remembering back. When he came into the lobby of his apartment building, he recalled his rent had been due for a week and three days. So he went straight to the manager's office to make arrangements to get his clothes if he could, plus, something to pawn and pay his rent. The heavysset owner of the building, a Mr. Carmichael, smiled at Billy while he instructed a young man how to run the vacuum cleaner on the carpet in the hall. Billy stiffened as he waited while the man talked. Then the obese owner turned and said, 'Mr. Peters, what can I do for you?' Billy had met the fat man when he first moved in and he felt he could ask him the favor.

So he prefaced it by saying, "Look ... a Mr. Carmichael, I've been through hell, see?" Now dig, I want to get my key from you and pick up something valuable, so's I can pay ya the rent, or ya can just plain open the door for me and wait while I get it ... ok?"

The overweight man chomped on his stub of a cigar, frowned and said, "I don't understand you. If you lost your key, your wife can let you in. I just saw her in the hall!"



Billy never dreamed Joan would be back, so he almost knocked the boy down who had just started vacuuming. He ran to his apartment, pounded on his door, and tensed for the face-to-face with Joan. The door opened and it happened:

*The same impecunious existence  
As before  
With an almost unadulterated  
Beautiful woman  
At the door.*

Joan looked at him bowed her loveable, light-skinned foxy features. Her haunting, hazel eyes were on the verge of a bashful smile. Billy reached out, took her to him, held her tightly, and she said, “William, I’ll leave if you can’t forgive me, but I just couldn’t stand it with you so sick. Oh! Are you better? Did it go away?”

“Yeah, when I learned Blacks have extreme anxiety ‘cause we live in a racist society.”

Billy buried his face in her neck and kissed it while she went on. “William, I called you for five days from San Francisco, but you didn’t answer! Mama told me to come get my clothes and all the things I bought, you know?”

Billy inhaled her irresistible Rodeo Drive imported French scent, picked her up, and carried her to the bedroom with a tremendous erection, as she continued inexorably, “So, I called just in time, and had the manager check on the fish and Mr. Green. William, they all could have died! . . . How did you lose all that weight? Why are you dressed bama like that in those ugly tightfitting, high water pants? Did you take a trip? Where were you and how’d you get so big down there!? U 2 big 4 yo’ britches!”

# Silly Billy

*(Sung to the tune of any ol' salty sea sing-along song it fits, ok?)*

Silly Billy  
 Had a willie  
 It grew a dilly  
 Overall  
 So prickly y'all  
 As I recall  
 It busted down  
 A cement wall  
 Into rubble  
 By the balls

Silly Billy  
 Thought he really got aroused  
 As a stallion  
 In a filly

Silly Billy  
 Loved a moody Millie  
 She acted like  
 A gilded lily  
 But they were tight  
 As Jack n' Jilly

More simple than Simon  
 He met an acid fieman  
 Who drugged him with LSD  
 He took a trip on the QT  
 Where Dr. Geppetto von Gelding hunts  
 The ghetto on the down  
 Low  
 Lookin' for a little thang  
 To grow into the biggest  
 Wang  
 Amaze the women how you  
 Hang  
 Become a member of the Penis Gang

# THE END

*All chapters in The Penis Gang have copyrighted songs, words and music.  
 To purchase this original material contact: [momnpopjnrinc@aol.com](mailto:momnpopjnrinc@aol.com)*