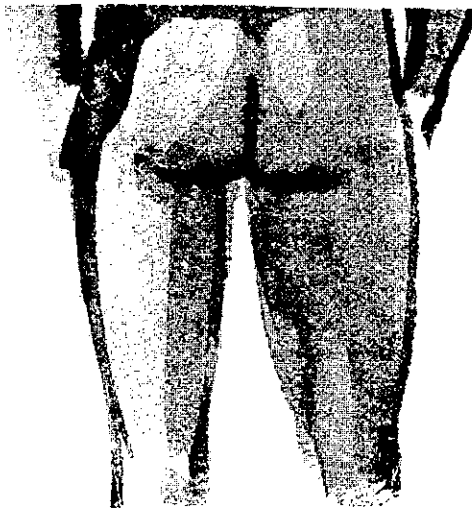


BLACK

memoirs of a gush gourmet



Autobiographical candor reaches new heights as Bob Greene details with devastating graphic power this story of a fantastic Negro's four decades of bedroom adventures. Psychologically revealing and socially significant, Greene's masterful narrative has an impact that naked truth alone can produce.



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With an Introduction by Dale Gordon, Ph.D.



SEX REBEL: BLACK

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Introduction

By Dale Gordon, Ph.D.

SEX REBEL: BLACK

Not since *My Secret Life* has any book been destined to create the tempest *Sex Rebel: Black* undoubtedly will. This controversial, almost incredible volume is a non-fiction sexual self-confession, an intensely personal autobiography. It is so sexy its pages fairly sizzle, yet it tells the story of the current sexual revolution better and more accurately than anything published in recent years.

Here we see four decades of "swinging," wife-swapping and sexual freedom pass before our eyes in erotic episode after erotic episode, described as they were actually experienced. We visit the sexual underground, meet its inhabitants, hear their stories in their language, and vicariously participate in their winters of discontent and summers of joy. We are invited inside the minds of people who walk thinly veiled behind the headlines of the sensation-seeking press, and perhaps for the first time we understand these people who rebel against society and its accepted standards.

Among the more amazing things about this book are its breadth and scope. Beginning in the lean, hard years of the depression in Chicago, we see the social and economic changes wrought by World War II, the affluent society of the forties and fifties, and then cross the Pacific to have an in-depth look at the homogenous

tional hang-ups. This is a philosophy, a creed among millions of people today and it cannot be dismissed lightly.

When Bob Greene takes another man's penis in his mouth, he does so to provide pleasure for the man. And while there may be strong homosexual tendencies in his personality, this particular act is not so motivated. He is here fulfilling his desire to be the complete sex machine, the instrument of pleasure for his partner, regardless of gender. In each encounter, Greene's satisfaction comes only after he has satisfied his partner.

The separation of the sexual act and emotional involvement is certainly not unique. William and Jerry Breedlove, in their *Swap Clubs*, and Matt and Kathleen Galant, in *Sex Rebels*, reported that this was the philosophy of the hundreds of couples they interviewed among the wife-swappers. Like Bob Greene, these people believed in and practice sexual freedom without emotional involvement. This in itself would not be remarkable if only a small minority were involved, but sexual researchers have published documented evidence that an estimated ten million married couples in this country have participated in some form of wife-swapping. If we use the 1960 census figures, there are approximately 40 million married couples between the ages of twenty-five and forty (the average age in the wife-swapping set). This would indicate that one out of every four couples in this age bracket has participated in wife-swapping!

I think that is what makes this book so important. It gives us an intimate and in-depth look at the modern generation. We see the progressive steps toward what many sociologists call the "sensual society." Sex becomes the be-all, end-all, of a restless, insecure society, whose individual members have to search farther and farther afield for stimulation and satisfaction.

We see this reflected in the author's life. From his rather normal beginning in sex, Greene progresses through almost every stage of sexual deviation until he ends up in the bizarre, fetishistic, sadomasochistic relationship with Flame and her husband, Andy. The more he experiments, the more it takes to satisfy him. The more bizarre the situation, the more he enjoys it. Yet through all of this, he somehow maintains a delicate balance. Disregarding for a moment his fixations on cunnilingus, semen and urine, which influence him from almost the very beginning, we never see Greene go off the deep end in any single direction. He remains consistent, and that is amazing considering the circumstances.

The author emerges as two distinct personalities in his autobiography. As a young man he seeks an identity, both in his own ethnic group and in society as a whole. This quest is fulfilled in the almost poignant love story of his affair with Diane and Ernie. Here his emotional involvement is total. He literally loves the couple, and the three form an empathetic commune in which each shares on an equal basis. His world is shattered and his life is meaningless when tragedy strikes this relationship and Bob Greene goes to pieces. He withdraws into a shell, pulling his emotions in after him, and his search must begin all over again. From this point on, he struggles to recreate the relationship he had with Diane and Ernie. His affair with Hilda, his marriage to Charlene, the encounter with Dorothy and Lloyd in Honolulu, and finally the orgies with Flame and Andy are all part of this search, the attempt to recreate the "sharing" he had found and then realized was so important to life's continuance. For it was through this "sharing" that Bob Greene found his identity in the world.

There may be some who will doubt the authenticity of this intensely personal autobiography. I must admit

FOREWORD

Memo to members of the under-forty generation who think swinging and swapping in America is something *they* devised: I've got news for you. I've been at it since 1937, in Chicago—with interracial partners. And there were countless others before me.

I'm black. Well, not exactly black. It's more medium brown, if you want accuracy, but since my ancestry is predominantly African, I'm considered black. I'm also college educated, middle class economically, oriented toward literature and the arts, and in behavior quiet and usually reserved.

I'm a nonconformist, a rebel, a maverick, a heretic. I own a large libido. Early in adulthood I began accepting what for me were normal sex desires.

During my teens there had been this unresolved conflict: conform to accepted patterns and become neurotic through frustration, or do as your libido demands and worry over possible exposure as a freak. I chose freedom, and with the passing years learned to ignore labels.

I know neither shame nor guilt. Currently there are at least 5,000,000 Americans who swap and engage in multiple sex activities running counter to our generally accepted moral code. All of us have this in common: we believe in the right of self-determination in sexual practices.

I admit, however, that my sex syndrome may be more complex than that of many swingers and swappers. Under certain circumstances I am bi-sexual. In addition to cunnilingus, at times I enjoy analingus. I am interested in urolagnia. I'm also a voyeur and exhibitionist. Occasionally I am mildly interested in

auto-masochism. I have often wished I had two penises to enjoy simultaneously the double—but different—sensations of oral and genital copulation. As you see, I partake of many of the variations that our Puritans label “perversions”—a term which to me carries moral judgement and therefore has no place in my erotic vocabulary.

According to many psychiatrists I should feel guilt when I satisfy my normal sexual desires for variety—of activities and partners. But I do not think highly of many psychiatrists. So many of these peelers of the psyche are blindly dedicated to support of the ridiculous Judeo-Christian moral code. They are slaves of the status quo. This means that if your desires run counter to what our society calls acceptable sex practices, these headshrinkers consider you “sick” and try to “cure” you—for a nice fee, of course. On the other hand, if you feel no guilt you are “abnormal” and therefore need their help—still for a fat fee. So if you aren’t screwed up over your habits, many of these mind-menders will do their damndest to screw you up. There simply aren’t enough liberated psychiatrists of the caliber and realistic outlook of Dr. Albert Ellis.

Although this is a complete sex autobiography and I feel no guilt over anything I have done, I realize I would invite trouble if I named those with whom I have enjoyed supreme pleasure. Our 20th Century Torquemadas still love to torture and punish heretics. Therefore I have changed names and identities. However, all incidents I have described have been taken from actual experiences. Since I have tried to accurately portray these happenings, I frequently use such specific Anglo-Saxon words as fuck, suck, cock, cunt, etc. Nobody can write realistically of sex encounters without using words common to intimacy. I have yet to find a partner who in the heat of passion and nearing orgasm will whisper, “copulate with me more intense-

ly!” instead of rasping “fuck hell out of me!” Using such phrases as coitus, oral-genital contact, cunnilingus or fellatio does not change the act, nor does replacing prick and pussy with penis and vagina change anatomy.

If I seem to enjoy minutely blueprinting many of my activities, you are quite correct in your conclusion. I do. Should I appear to cater to the “prurient interests” of various readers and cause them to become erotically aroused, that too is intentional, for sex is the greatest and most intense of human pleasures; if I can induce more fucking, maybe there’ll be less fighting. You can’t do both at the same time. I would much rather have my kids aroused by reading detailed descriptions of the varieties of sex acts than to be induced to rob or cheat or kill by seeing graphic presentations of these anti-social acts on television. Many scientists now believe what is called pornography has great therapeutic value.

Our contemporary Comstockians still mouth the ridiculous myth that the sole purpose of the sex act is procreation. If such were true, women would show desire only those two or three days each month when they could conceive. Yet sexologists know that women usually have their strongest erotic drives immediately before or after menses—a time when they are least likely to become pregnant. The logic of sex-for-reproduction-only would preclude female interest in coitus after menopause, when they were unable to become pregnant because of some physical malfunction, or after they had conceived and before term. As for the male, this absurd belief is at the opposite pole from the monogamous marital state on which our society insists. Males have sex desires from before puberty to the age of 100 or more. Not only would polygamy be necessary but the number of non-pregnant women needed in any given year to satisfy horny males striving for

offspring would be so astronomical this poor little planet could not hold them all—and think of the additional room needed for babies!

It is obvious that this whole concept of sex-for-reproduction-only carries with it contempt for women. It implies that women were created solely to bear children and provide sexual satisfaction for men and have no business wanting sex as normal human animals. If both men and women repressed their desires until they wanted progeny, the population would be even more neurotically loused up than it is—and I shudder at the thought. The natural desire of both men and women for sexual relief is so strong that when frustrated it bounces up in other—often anti-social—forms, producing our most dedicated racists, religious bigots, hired killers and censors.

This idea of procreation-only is an insult to the God in which the champions of this concept profess belief. I cannot imagine a Supreme Being, supposedly compassionate and all-loving, instilling in mankind the persistent drive for sex activity and then telling us we cannot satisfy this consuming desire when we need to, but instead must wait only for those times when we want offspring. Such a God would of necessity be the Supreme Sadist laughing his holy ass off at, first, daily tortures inflicted on those who abstain through fear of His displeasure and, second, at contemplation of eternal punishment in hell for those who ignore His dictum and go ahead getting the relief their bodies demand. I, for one, refuse to accept such an insane idea of a God. I believe sex is primarily for pleasure and, if there is a Creator, He stuck in reproduction as an after-thought.

Obviously I cannot agree that sexual intercourse is a sin. When a religion tries to ban sex on the basis that it is sinful, it considers its judgment superior to that of the deity it professes to serve; in this respect it denies its God. A true religion will not say, "God, you're a

jackass. We know better than You what mankind should do." I fully believe that if it were not intended that we copulate from an early age to the grave we would not have been born with this instinctive drive. The sin is in denying ourselves fulfillment of our normal desires.

I am aware that this book will be objectionable to the censors. But under their damp stones, I can envision them smacking salacious lips over its "obscenity" and "pornography." Right now I want to warn them that if they publicly object too strongly, I shall not produce any more volumes of this general type, thus diminishing the possibility of their future private jolies being kicked off by this writer.

I realize of course that I could placate the Puritans by making crime the main subject of this personal history. But I have not murdered anybody, nor have I staged a robbery. Thus I cannot describe anything of "redeeming social value." This is quite a society we live in! When I watch television I see brutal beatings and killings minutely detailed; I am shown bombs exploding and fellow humans blown to bits. But were an actor to expose his prick, or some gorgeous girl show her cunt on TV, the minders of our morals and their human sheep would have mass apoplexy. In other words, savage anti-social acts and passions are acceptable for graphic presentation for children and adults; the passion of sex which brings people together, literally and figuratively, is taboo.

Ethics: love hate, and hate love!

quarter of a century older than she and his job as a Pullman porter kept him away five days at a time, but there had been nothing to indicate she deviated one iota from church dictum. However, after we came to know her sexually, I doubted she ever attended confessionals and told all. With the narrow official attitudes, her father confessor would himself have needed to confess to another priest to "cleanse" himself of what she told him. Rose soon became our favorite and most constant partner until she moved to Detroit a couple of years later.

Immediately after telling us she knew what we did with Clara, Rose insisted then and there on action. Of course we obliged. Afterward we had sessions with Clara or Rose, sometimes both. Grace, to her great disgust, thought it unwise to join in because when she was in our apartment, Leo often appeared shortly afterward. He knew nothing of her extra-marital activities and she intended to keep it that way. During all the years I knew him he never caught on.

Doris' passion at least doubled itself when she saw me making out with her selected girl friends. She got close, intently eyeing every move. She was sizzling by the time I finished with others and was more than ready for me. On those occasions when I ran out of rocket fuel after both Rose and Clara and fell asleep through sheer exhaustion, I would awaken to find her living the role of frustrated martyr until I balled her.

Clara and Rose were our only partners until we moved later in 1937. At our new, larger apartment we expanded associates and activities and for the first time I had the long-awaited pleasure of watching another husband fuck my wife during mate swapping.

CHAPTER

Undoubtedly an individual's sexual orientation is traced back to early childhood experiences. However, there are obviously factors other than pure heredity and environment. Even identical twins occasionally develop different desires. I knew of one who desired active fellatio; it held no allure for his brother and more than one fist fight took place because a previous partner mistook the second twin for the first. In other words, since no two people are exactly alike, innate psychological differences may result in differing patterns—even among identical twins, with the same heredity, and reared in the same environment. A traumatic experience which may turn one child into a homosexual will have no noticeable effect on another. As the result of childhood punishment, some persons develop a lifelong emotional need for spanking or flogging to fully enjoy "naughty" sex; others, no matter how much, or why, they were beaten, reject sado-masochism in connection with satisfaction of the libido.

I do not know what caused Doris to develop her attitudes and needs, but I can trace the origin of all my desires except one. Oddly enough, that is the most consuming: cunnilingus. My earliest impression of the sex act, when I was seven or eight was that it was oral. A year later I was surprised—and disappointed—to learn that the male and female genitalia were joined for fucking. Although I have an excellent memory for early childhood observations, I can recall nothing that made me believe coitus was performed by mouth. However, with this first impression of the sex act, it is not surprising that the drive to use my lips and tongue has persisted. I cannot completely enjoy coitus until I

or joined in hypocritical condemnation at the "shock" of learning such "dirt" about your friends. I never let Rose's doctor know I was aware that he had "perverted" himself, although they often visited us. These visits, however, were exclusively social. I think this man of medicine would rather have strode into a Ku Klux Klan convention and grabbed the wife of the Grand Kleagle than engage in sex before an audience.

Of course Rose still came by without her doctor for swinging sessions. But in thirty-nine her husband moved Rose and her daughter to California to live. We never saw her again.

CHAPTER 7

Spring: warmer weather, children playing on the sidewalk in front of our building. An unusual-looking child stared solemnly at me each day as I approached the entrance, then turned away when she caught my eye. I knew she was a niece of Dad's former landlady, but that was all. Some day she'd be brightly beautiful; she had it now in miniature. Then after a while she no longer played in front of the door. Each evening when I came home I found her in our flat talking to Doris. There was still that solemn, intense look but she did not turn away as swiftly. I did not know what to make of it. After the fourth straight day of her afternoon visit, my wife called me into the bedroom as soon as arrived. The girl sat alone in our parlor.

"As you know—or maybe you don't—that's Anne," Doris said. "She comes up every day now to talk and ask questions. I thought she was simply a curious and precocious child—until today. Then out of a clear blue sky she asked—I bet you'd never guess."

"Must have had something to do with sex from the expression on your face," I said.

"Worse'n that. She asked me—now get this—if I would let her fuck you and in just those words. I was so dumbfounded I couldn't say anything for a while, and you know how much it takes to clam me up. Then Anne went on, 'Next to God, I love your husband best. Please let me.'"

She stopped. I was mentally floored.

"How old is she?" I managed to ask.

"Thirteen."

"Thirteen?" I echoed.

CHAPTER 9

It was 1942. The nation was in all-out war with the Axis Powers. Because of my occupation I was deferred. But employees were needed in Washington, particularly clerk-typists. I convinced Doris she should go to Washington to work for Uncle Sam. After figuring how much she could put in savings from her salary, she consented. Of course I could not tell her I had to be alone while I adjusted to the shock of my dear friends' death, or that I needed an unrestricted chance to find a successor to Diane.

We still had parties, and I loved them. Sex is as necessary to me as air and food and water. I can be in love with one woman and frantic to score with another. In fact, variety deepens my desire for the one with whom I am in love. A steady diet of the same food, no matter how tasty, dulls my appetite. After a time it becomes monotonous and tasteless. I cannot thrive on filet mignon alone. When I vary my diet with lamb chops or barbecued ribs or baked ham or whatever, I return to filet mignon with thorough appreciation and a sharpened appetite honed by the chance. One sex partner, like one food, though it be my favorite, palls and jades.

I think World War II accelerated the sex revolution, begun during World War I. With so many virile men in service, thousands of wives who ordinarily might never have made it with another man looked to almost any available, interested and presentable male for sexual relief. By now wives had shed the Victorian idea that coitus was a necessary evil to be tolerated but never enjoyed, and frankly appreciated a good screwing. Expecting such a woman who had enjoyed inter-

I'm convinced. And I'm going to do something strange. I'm going to thank you. You don't know what this means for my self-confidence. I told you I'd had only one other orgasm. Since my husband and I broke up I've had several lovers. Two offered to pay for my divorce and marry me. Although I liked them, I wouldn't, because they didn't please me enough in bed. Recently I wondered if I'd become frigid, and I was worried. But you made me know I'm not frigid. I'm normal after all."

These two sessions hooked me sexually on Flo. I did not know how thoroughly I had fallen until two days later when Jackie came back through Chicago.

Jackie and I had been corresponding for several years, following a written request for information that took a personal turn. She was private secretary to one of the period's foremost singing stars, and when her employer had a week's run at a loop theater, Jackie and I met for the first time.

That was three weeks ago. Because of her schedule, we were unable to spend an entire evening together until the engagement ended and there was one free day before they left Chicago. Jackie came to my apartment and we went to bed. Although it had never been discussed, she somehow knew I would start with cunnilingus. I was particularly impressed because she had the longest, the most copious bush I had ever seen. Her muff so stirred me that when she asked me to use a condom, I had absolutely no trouble.

Now she and the singer were stopping over in Chicago for a day before continuing to California. Jackie returned to my pad. But to my amazement I could not get hard. I virtually wallowed in her luxuriant black foliage, but Flo's impact had been so great I could think of nothing else. I gave her a monumental frenching, but nothing either of us could do produced an

erection. Finally I gave up in disgust and sent Jackie on her way.

As months passed, my emotional involvement with Flo intensified, although there was no repetition with others of my failure with Jackie. Now I wanted to marry Flo. I saw her almost every day, although her busy schedule permitted horizontal jousts not more than once or twice a week. I believed she would go in for multiple sex under the right circumstances. I'd detailed my swinging parties with Doris and assorted friends and Flo hadn't batted an eye. I never expected her to become as far-out as Doris, but I thought she would swing sufficiently to satisfy my needs.

Flo was now my *filet mignon*, but I maintained my appetite for other dishes. I took care of those on Doris' list, seeing that none was neglected. I also auditioned other talent on my own. Knowing the role of high morale on the home front, I considered it my sweet duty to lessen the loneliness of dolls whose husbands and boy friends were in the armed forces. I knew it was a thankless task, for I was certain no discharged serviceman would express appreciation to me for having taken care of his woman's sexual needs, even though I had kept her from falling into the clutches of some less worthy stud. In one noteworthy instance, I found myself satisfying both the wife and girl friend of a fraternity brother, the wife not knowing the existence of her rival, and the girl friend unaware I was balling the wife. Through both sources, I learned the rather off-beat desires of a leading businessman looked upon as a pillar of South Side society.

With the Soviet Union and the United States allies in the world struggle against the Axis, it was quite respectable to join and work with many groups later labelled Communist. Black and white mingled openly; for the first time many snow broads and spade studs

could meet without fear or stigma, and they made the most of this opportunity.

I met Gloria when the bitter memory of the Detroit Race Riots was still fresh. Just twenty-one, she attended the University of Chicago. Gloria was short and slightly plump but shapely, dark-haired, and quietly good-looking. Her eyes were memorable. Big and dark brown, they looked perpetually sad, the result of a racial guilt complex. Somehow she felt herself responsible, because of her white skin, for the evils of color hate and wanted to atone to Negro males individually.

We were both guests at a party, and Gloria selected me as the next to whom she would make amends, sticking leech-like all evening. Flo was not present, having another obligation. Gloria ended at my apartment. When she undressed, the sight of the large aureoles around her breasts smashed me right away. Almost as fascinating was a birthmark on her belly, like the silhouette of an Indian with war bonnet. I outlined it with my finger as I pulled her into my naked lap. Although she had made it plain how she felt about racism, I now expected only a different version of the boudoir bounce. Instead she seemed about to cry.

"Bob," she said, throwing her arms around my neck and kissing me, "I feel terrible when I think of what we've done to you."

"You haven't done anything to me yet but excite me," I replied.

"Yes, we have," she insisted. "Here you are so sweet and nice and—and your brown skin is so beautiful! It simply makes me ashamed."

"There's nothing personally for you to be ashamed of," I said. We were getting sidetracked and this wasn't what I brought her home for.

"Oh, but I am! I'm white, am I not? And just by being white I'm as guilty as all the rest. I ought to be

punished." She sprang from my naked lap before I could stop her, looked wildly around and saw my trousers. Snatching the belt she extended it to me.

"Here! Beat the evil out of me." Her sad eyes glowed oddly.

I did not take the belt. I have never beaten a woman in my life. Once, in a fit of anger, I had slapped Doris, but that was all.

"Please whip me," she pleaded.

When I still did not move, she dropped the belt and lay down across my bare knees.

"At least," she murmured, looking beseechingly into my face, "you can give me a good hard spanking."

I looked appreciatively upon the round mound of her naked ass thrust temptingly toward me. I reached out. I touched her hips and then grabbed them hard. They were soft but with a feeling of solid substance, unlike those of a skinny woman which have the character of loose cotton batting.

"Go ahead—now!" she pleaded.

What the hell, I thought. I can accommodate her in this. I raised a hand and came down, but without too much force.

"Harder," she urged.

This time I used more power, but not enough to satisfy.

"Please," she begged.

Again a stroke, and again too gentle. Raising her head, she looked me in the eye.

"What's the matter—scared to hit a white woman?" she sneered. "You—you cowardly nigger you!"

Momentarily shocked, I reacted with a furious slap, my hand leaving its outline on both hips. She squealed and went limp except for her writhing rear. Almost immediately I realized she had taunted me so I would swat her with the vigor she craved. I became angry

When she finished, Thad said, "She deserves a real ass beatin'. They wouldn't let us piss all over their floors when we were slaves."

We placed Gloria face down over a hassock, Thad holding her arms and Frank her legs, leaving her bottom elevated. I brought out a wooden paddle which Luke applied to her rear, still flushed from earlier discipline. He began enthusiastically, but shortly his blows grew progressively weaker as he lustfully ogled her quaking hips. Finally he threw down the paddle and got close behind her.

"I jus' gotta fuck her in the ass," he said. "I can't wait."

At the beginning, when he plunged in, she groaned in actual agony but it did not last long. She inadvertently squeezed Thad's hands under the stress of real pleasure. Meanwhile I had taken a leg to hold to one side, with Luke between, as Frank held the other. Even when Luke ejaculated and no longer moved, her body continued its series of diminishing convulsions.

"Hell, man, I want some that way myself," Thad said when Luke got to his feet. He entered hurriedly, simultaneously reaching under to play with her clitoris. Gloria went wild.

"Me next," Frank said, "although I'd rather be on a bed."

"In that case," I said, "let's have a Gloria sandwich."

"Like how?"

"Me on the bottom, Gloria face down straddling my dick, and you screwing her in the asshole. White meat between two layers of black studs."

"Man, that's bound to get it."

As we sung into action on our bed, Gloria whispered to me, "thanks for everything." Seconds later she rasped, "Oooh, Christ, but it's good this way. Fuck

me to death, please, goddamn it! Your black dicks are so sweet!"

Just before the session ended, the four of us sat on chairs in the living room and she frenched each of us again. Then while they placed her on her back and held her legs apart, I plucked four hairs from the fringe around her slit so each of us could have a souvenir.

Next day I called to see how she felt.

"Great, simply great! I've never before had anything that groovy! I'll remember last night as long as I live."

"Would you like to do it again?"

"Sure would. But with different fellows. I don't like return bouts."

"But you took me on again. How come?"

"Because you had three new guys. If you get two or three other new men, I'll be ready. Otherwise, no."

I figured it out. Gloria's code undoubtedly called for only one atonement per Negro—unless it was a group. Then she'd take on the leader again to have the others. It was the same as buying a dozen of an item at a real bargain price, even though one or two were no good.

I was never again involved with Gloria, but I frequently heard about her. After hitting the hay with all the willing Negro males she met at mixed parties, and finally running out of new partners, she started going solo to South Side bars and letting herself be picked up. Eventually she contracted syphilis and dropped out of circulation. I often wondered whether she got herself medically cured or decided, with masochistic logic, to suffer, and in time die painfully, as the supreme expression of her personal atonement.

platonic friend. I gave up any idea of going to bed with her when I learned that delectable facade covered a serious heart condition. But I could not sell this to Cora. Fortunately, Bea was not interested in joining the club anyway. And it was better that way, for as it was, Cora nagged like a jealous wife, constantly reminding me of "that young bitch" until the day she heard about Hilda. Then her antagonism was transferred, suddenly and completely.

On looks, however, Hilda could make most women feel insecure. She was tall, around five-foot-ten, with blonde hair the color of ripe wheat worn hanging below her shoulders, large cornflower blue eyes, and the look of having recently won a beauty contest in Stockholm. With her face and figure, I believe she could have made it in Hollywood, but she was not at all interested.

I met Hilda through the fortunate happenstance of being in the right place at the right time. I had gone down to enroll again in an evening class of a special school on the twelfth floor of an office building on West Washington Street in the Loop. I walked through at the same time Hilda was in the combined lobby-social room waiting to sign for a different course. The night before she had gone to see the stage play, *Othello*, starring Paul Robeson, and for the first time in her life had fallen for a black man. However, she looked upon the famous actor as unattainable, but was still agog over the concept of close association with a Negro male when she spotted me. Automatically, she told me later, I was *it*. Here was a black man, almost as big as Paul who might be available with the proper effort. She immediately asked who I was, where I was going, and enrolled in the same course, following me to the classroom a few minutes later. She sat behind me and when the session was over, rushed out and went down in the elevator to linger inside the street entrance until I

appeared. Then casually, as if by accident, she smiled in recognition and said:

"Oh, hello! We're in the same class, aren't we?"

"I believe so," I said, thinking *I wish the hell I were in your class. What a stunning angel you are!*

"Fine. I'd like to know more about it, since this is my first time at the school. Mind if I walk with you?"

"I'd love it," I said, trying not to sound too fervent. When a dazzling doll, out of a clear blue sky, beams special interest on me I always get a sudden dizzy feeling. I had it now, doubled and redoubled. And as we walked along I was conscious of another feeling, that of defiance. I knew many whites who saw us would be shocked and angered at the sight of a beautiful young blonde walking and talking with a Negro male. It is part of our way of life that many white men who love to bed negro women have custom-built antagonisms toward reverse associations, the intensity increasing with the attractiveness and class of the Caucasian female. Hilda and I could give them apoplexy. Further, I was in alien territory—the preponderantly white Loop. But I was reasonably confident no one or two white men, no matter how consuming their hatred, would do more than glare. I was just too big and black. They wouldn't become *that* insane. Besides, I might have a switchblade or a razor. ("Jack, you know how them niggers are!") Unless I faced a racist gang, I was safe with my defiance.

Hilda lived with her family in a suburb west of the city, she told me as we walked toward the El station a few blocks away. She had finished college, taught elementary school, and was on a year's leave to work for her master's degree at the University of Chicago. As for Negroes, from what she'd read, she thought they were "poorly treated" although she knew none personally. Having heard so much about Paul Robeson, she

CHAPTER 27

Months pass before you make the right kind of connection in Kapiolani Park. During my entire ten years in Hawaii, I met only two other babes who were at all like Alice, and I never met another couple like Dorothy and Lloyd.

It was late November in 1958 when I met them. As usual, I was sitting by myself at a picnic table. Even if nothing interesting materialized, there was the park itself, restful and quiet and cool. Couples lay under huge shade trees, and people strolled leisurely past, eating the ripe sun and spiced air. Women, when alone, were not the type to appeal to me or I did not appeal to them. Most couples were friendly but did not have the look of potential playmates.

From a block away I could spot a doll who could turn me on. This day in November I saw this gal and guy almost as soon as they left the sidewalk to cut across the vivid green grass in my direction. She was tiny but mighty; I received her message long before I saw her features. It was the way she walked and carried herself; none but an accomplished and confident swinger could move like that. The stud with her was also small; I wondered if he was her boy friend or her husband. She was blonde with hair the light yellow of mellowed straw. Short, I judged not over five feet, she wore her hair piled atop her head to give added height. Dark glasses covered her eyes but the rest of her face was pert and saucy with a frankly audacious turned-up nose and lips which turned down at the corners. Her face was striking enough to get her by with nothing else in her favor, but her appeal didn't

stop there. Blue short-shorts and a tight white sweater she must have been poured into accentuated a small but beautifully proportioned shape; I doubt that she could have weighed more than a hundred five but every pound had a purpose. I stared, desire rising as she drew closer. I judged her age as twenty-five and her companion, a nice-looking fellow, seemed perhaps a couple of years older.

Evidently they noticed and correctly interpreted the look on my face and, being the kind of couple they were, found it interesting enough to make conversation.

"Hi," the man said as they strolled a few feet away. She smiled.

"Hello," I said, "visiting Hawaii?"

"Yes," she answered, "our first trip."

"Wonderful! How long will you be here?"

"Another five days," he said. "Tomorrow we're going to the Outer Islands, then back here for another day, then home."

"Where's home?"

"Seattle."

"That's quite a city itself."

"Yeah, and we'll be glad to get back."

"Why? Don't you like Hawaii?"

"Oh, this is a beautiful land and the weather's great and there's lots of beautiful people, but after you've seen the sights there's not much to do," she said.

"There's just not enough action for us," he added.

"Action? Maybe you haven't been to the right places." Did they mean what I hoped they did? I found out. "This can be a real swinging town." I verbally underlined swinging.

They traded swift glances.

"Swinging? What do you mean by swinging?" he asked.

"Probably the same thing you mean."

"I mean back in Seattle. We've got a little club there. Four couples. We get together every weekend." She looked me up and down. "You're pretty big. Of course you're sitting but with those long legs of yours you look like you're around six feet. Are you big everywhere? In proportion?"

"Why don't you find out, darling, or is your hand paralyzed?" Lloyd asked.

Dot glanced around, saw we were virtually alone, looked into my face, grinned devilishly, and placed her hand on my crotch.

"Oooh, you're nice size! Not too big and not too small," she enthused. "Lloyd and I like 'em that way. And it feels like you're ready."

"Ever since I saw you. You're small, but you have stupendous allure and a terrific shape."

"She's thirty-four—twenty-one—thirty-four," Lloyd said proudly, "an' you oughta see those neat jugs of hers."

"I expect to. And I intend to kiss every bit of her gorgeous body."

"Lloyd will like that, won't you, Honey?" She turned to look lovingly at him. "He thoroughly enjoys watching another man make out with me. And the more I like what the other guy's doing, the better Lloyd enjoys it."

"I know exactly how he feels," I said. "That's why I'm so frantic to have Charlene join with me in swinging parties."

"The family that fucks together stays together, to paraphrase a well known saying," Lloyd cut in.

"I suppose you've tried just about everything, haven't you?" Dot asked. "You've been at it so long."

"Plenty. But I've still got a lot to learn at even this late date. Every so often something happens to amaze me."

I told them about a white marine sergeant who

appeared one day with a small airplane travel bag and his wife, a voluptuous redhead, at the Green Goose, a bar in Honolulu's "Little Harlem" on Smith Street, then operated by one of my friends.

Calling Dave, the proprietor, aside, he said, "How would you and some of your buddies like to entertain my wife?" When Dave looked at him in disbelief, he said, "I mean it. If you've got a small private room we're ready. She gets her kicks taking on as many colored guys as she can until she tires out. I get mine watching through a keyhole or a crack in the door."

"What does she charge?" Dave asked.

"Charge? Hell, my wife's no whore. We do this whenever the mood strikes because we enjoy it. But if you're not interested ..."

"I didn't say that." Dave took another appraising look at the wife standing nonchalantly to one side, waiting. He couldn't find a single flaw. Not only was she beautifully constructed but she had an unusually pretty and sensuous face. Hell, if that was how she and her husband got their special jollies, who was he to object? Without further hesitation, he led them to his small office which contained a cot where he sometimes napped or swung with a girl friend.

"I've got one request," the sergeant said. "Try your damndest to pick only clean guys; that is, fellows you are pretty sure don't have VD. And don't tell 'em I'm watching."

Dave nodded and asked a friend to round up all qualified cats. There was a parade of some eight or nine black studs who went to the little office and came back out grinning. The sergeant, meanwhile, masturbated periodically as he watched unobserved. Most of those who went with his wife, two remained nude throughout the session, were strictly genital to genital performers but two partners, when they saw this allur-

ing redhead doll stretched out and apparently no onlookers, frenched her.

From then on this white couple visited the Green Goose an average of once monthly. And when the sergeant was observed walking down Smith Street with a bag on one hand and his sexy wife, word would fly and soon the bar would come alive with expectant males who knew the score. This went on for five or six months until the sergeant was transferred to a post on the Mainland—to the everlasting regret of those who had participated in the monthly ritual.

“Were you among them?” Lloyd asked.

“Just once. And I was, naturally, one of those who frenched her, although I knew her husband was watching.”

“Why only once?”

“They had no set schedule, and this was the only time I happened to be present when they showed up. I don’t regularly frequent that area.”

“Sounds like she was a nympho.”

“I don’t know. But she came twice for me, once each way. I think she was simply highly sexed and wanted black partners.”

“Were you first when you saw her?” Dot asked.

“No, I was number seven. I wanted her so loaded come was almost cascading from her cunt when I ate it.”

“Jeez, a real glutton.”

“That’s one reason why I call myself a Gourmet of Gash. One of my prime fantasies is that I’m attending a gigantic orgy with all kinds of desirable women. I watch each in action, maybe helping out in some of my special ways. And after each gal gets through she squats over my mouth and I use my tongue for a towel. My other major fantasy is that I watch my wife take on five or six studs and I suck out the juice after each one.”

“Damn, man! You really love the stuff!” Lloyd said in awe.

“Yeah, and do you know, I don’t like perfume on a woman’s genitals? Nothing is more stimulating than the aroma of a hot, healthy hole. I wish they could bottle the scent.”

“Eau de Twat,” Lloyd commented.

“Listen, this isn’t helping me any,” Dot cut in. “You’ve both got me so hot I feel like that live volcano we’re gonna see. Let’s get over to our hotel right now.”

As soon as we reached their room and closed the door, Dot unzipped my trousers saying, “I’ve never seen a black cock close up before.” She examined it carefully as it lay in her hand, then bent over and took it in her mouth.

“It looks appetizing, like a well-cooked sausage,” she commented, “with a head.” She beckoned to Lloyd. “Come here, lover. You know I love to compare peckers.” Taking his from his trousers, she fondled it with her free hand. “They’re both nice. I like the contrast in color.” Asking us to stand facing each other, in order to run her lips and tongue up and down each tool, she said, “A gal couldn’t go wrong with either one.”

Quickly undressing she stood naked before us and then turned slowly and proudly around. Dot was one of those rare dolls who look as fetching nude as clothed. I found her ass as appealing as her jiggling jugs, lovely as they were. Unlike most pinktoe badges, she was definitely steatopygic. Her nates were like two ripe Golden Delicious apples and I wanted to bite into them. I stripped speedily but Lloyd was in no great hurry. Dot reached up and threw both arms around my neck, her titties feeling tipped with fire. As I bent way over to kiss her, she pulled me in front of the long mirror on the bathroom door so she could see how we looked pressed together, then commented to Lloyd,