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.
SEX REBEL: BLACK

...is the startlingly candid account of how Bob Greene, a Negro without a racist message, devoted four decades of his life to bodily and empathetic associations with humankind. Autobiography seldom reaches the heights of revelation and understanding to be found in this psychologically and socially significant story of a man's multitudinous bedroom adventures.
BOB GREENE

SEX REBEL: BLACK

(memoirs of a gash gourmet)

A GREENLEAF CLASSIC

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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-presentation, 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 episodes 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 most 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 affluence society of the forties and fifties, and then cross the Pacific to have an in-depth look at the homogeneous
society of Honolulu and return to the mainland to view the current “swinging” society of Southern California. And although all of this is seen strictly through one man’s eyes, it is a view few of us have ever been privileged to witness.

The author’s sexual exploits will excite some, shock others, be repulsive to many and absolutely curl the hair on the censors’ heads. Mr. Greene, however, handles this so beautifully in his foreword I feel little can be added. His purpose is not to shock, but to spell out his life as he actually lived it. And in so doing he gives us one of the most candid views of our sexual society yet published. He shows us how, in his world, sex was first used as a crutch and then became a means of self-expression. His is the approach of the nonsexist; sex for nothing more than the sheer physical pleasure it brings.

Clinical psychologists and students of human behavioral patterns will find this book invaluable in their research. In a very real sense it’s a casebook on both normal and abnormal behavior. We see fear of impotency, latent homosexuality, sadomasochism, urologic, an inferiority complex and emotional insecurity all in one kaleidoscopic personality. All these sexual aberrations are portrayed not from the imagination of some fiction writer, but as they actually take place in everyday life. And even more important, the author freely admits his psychological condition.

Many will feel this is an illustration of one man’s struggle against homosexuality, and there is ample evidence to make such a case. The author was strongly attracted to his mother. The incident in the private where she urinated on a lizard to kill it was certainly traumatic in the author’s life. At that moment a fascination with the female genitalia was born, and this was to follow him for the rest of his life. In fact, this single incident provides us with the foundation for many of the author’s subsequent behavior patterns. His desire for female urine, seminal fluid, or, for that matter, anything that comes from the vagina, can be traced back to this incident.

The author’s absolute and unrelenting devotion to cumulatives may be viewed as either a fear of impotency or a fear of castration, both of which are important parts of the homosexual syndrome. The same may be said of his hypersexual activity, his driving need for continuous sexual conquest. The “cocksmen” of our society are often those who are fighting the hardest against sexual inversion.

Greene tells us he does not enjoy anal intercourse in any form. While this may appear odd coming from one who claims total sexual emancipation, it could very well be one more facet of his struggle against homosexuality. In his own words, he is a “gourmet of gas” and his every act must be directed toward the female perineum.

While all this may be true, we cannot casually dismiss Greene’s argument that he is a hedonist—the complete sex machine, as it were. What happens to the homosexual theory when we find Greene performing fellatio on another male? While it is true that he engages in this act only a few times in his life, we must remember that he does so willingly and without reservation. This can hardly be a man who exists any event homosexual act. It could be argued that Greene uses fellatio with other males to gain sexual experiences with their wives, but this is far from the entire story. What we actually see here is the emergence of the bi-sexual personality in our modern society. Those who embrace the hedonistic view approach sex from the purely physical aspect. They make no differentiation between senses and seek pleasure for the sake of pleasure. By running along the physical plane they feel that they can successfully avoid the hazards of emo-
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 homossexual 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 Jerzy Breedlove, in their Snop 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 a-deep look at the modern generation. We see the progressive steps toward what many sociologists call the "sexual 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 devotion until he ends up in the bizarre, fetichistic, autoanarchistic relationship with Flume 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 cummingies, 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 whole 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 Flume and Andy are all part of this search, the attempt to recreate the "sharing" he had found and then realized was so important to his existence. 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
that even my eyebrows lifted several times as I read
the original manuscript. Several years ago I did exten-
tive research in the wife-swapping syndrome sweeping
the country, and I interviewed, and became friendly
with, some of the leaders of the swinging set. To
satisfy my own curiosity about Bob Greene, I called
Adam Fredricks in Chicago. Adam is a long-time
swinger and owner-operator of the Kindred Spirits
club for modern sophisticates in the Midwest. Here is
a capsule version of the tape-recorded conversation I
had with Adam.

DOCTOR GORDON: Adam, I've just read an
almost incredible autobiography of a Negro
swinger who lived in Uickest some years ago.

ADAM FREDRICKS: It's got to be Bob Greene!

DOCTOR GORDON: How in the world did you
know?

ADAM FREDRICKS: No guessing to it, Dale.
That cut is the absolute end among swingers.
Everybody up here knows him. He was the life of
every party when he lived here.

DOCTOR GORDON: ... Some of the things he
describes seemed so fantastic.

ADAM FREDRICKS: Listen, Dale, if that man
recounted all of his experiences it would take six
or seven volumes! I haven't read what you've got,
but there isn't a thing he could have described
that he didn't experience, believe me! I can get
you a half a dozen testimonials from satisfied
chicks if you want. Better yet, call Linda and
Dave in Hollywood. Bob's cut on the coast now I
understand, and they'll give you a rundown on
him...

I didn't bother calling Linda and Dave. What Adam
told me about Bob Greene convinced me there wasn't a
word of fiction in this book!
FOREWORD

Memo to members of the under-forty generation who think swinging and swapping in Aries 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 bisexual. In addition to copulating, at times I enjoy analingus. I am interested in urologics. I'm also a voyeur and exhibitionist. Occasionally I am mildly interested in
sado-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 "perversion"—a term which to me carries moral judgment 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 pseudo-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-mansters will do their damnedest 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 Torequemadas 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 accurate-ly 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 nearness of orgasm will whisper, "cooperate with me more intensely—by" instead of raping "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 express the "perverted interests" of various readers and thereby 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 inducted 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 a real therapeutic value.

Our contemporary康迪欧卡兹 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 menstruation—when they are least likely to become pregnant. The logic of sex-role-reproduc-tion-only would preclude female interest in coitus after menstruation, 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 reductive 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 unnecessary but the number of non-reproductive women needed in any given year to satisfy heavy 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 revered their desires until they wanted progeny, the population would be even more neurotically messed 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 booms up in others—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 our consuming desire when we need to, but instead must wait only for those times when we want offspring. Such a God would be of necessity the Supreme Sadist laughing his holy ass off at, first, daily torture inflicted on those who survive through fear of His displeasure and, second, at condemnation of eternal punishment in hell for those who know 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 sex rebel; black"
CHAPTER 1

Doris and I had been married six years, and I was contemplating separation, before we had our first swinging time together with a third person. Of course I'm a nonconformist in marriage. Our society makes a virtue of physical fidelity, although many who pay lip service to this idea are hypocrites and sneak around for fornication. Personally I prefer emotional fidelity and honesty. As long as my mate remains hooked on me I don't give a damn if she had discreet sex with another. I want companionship, affection, rapport, similar intellectual interests and emotional involvement along with erotic compatibility. Bluntly, I can enjoy coitus with unlimited partners but I have met few women who have these essentials for the long, intimate relationship of marriage. Also, I have no interest in the double standard. But I do know I would wither and die if I confined my sexual outlet to one woman; I need the transusion of other flesh.

These ideas were not completely clear in my mind when Doris and I married. I had been overpowered by her sexuality and did not learn until later that our relationship was deficient in other ways and we needed more than marital sex, delightful as it was, to keep us together. Yet the introduction of multiple relations, engaged in jointly, forged a bond that kept us together another eight years, incidentally proving the adage: "The family that fucks together stays together."

Physically, Doris was thoroughly desirable. Short and voluptuously curved, she was the color of butter-scotch, the heritage of Indian and Negro ancestry. Straight, black hair provided a rich frame for a roundish face with upturned nose and very sensuous mouth.
Normally quiet, she became an intense when aroused. Doris boasted big, firm breasts in a day before Holly-
wood marked mammarys; I called them "dimes." Hors was the soft, very feminine look which unloaded
other thoughts from my mind and sent it scurrying to
the boudoir. At that uncomplicated period in my life,
this had been sufficient for marriage. In this respect I
was like most American males regardless of color.

The city, Chicago; year, 1937. We rented a small
three-room rear apartment on the first floor of a build-
ing on South Parkway honeycombed with small units.
Other tenants shared a community bathroom; we were
more fortunate that we had a private toilet and wash
basin just off our bedroom. Doris had become a close
friend of a younger woman named Clara who lived
with her parents in the front apartment on the same
floor. From New Orleans, Clara had a face like a brow-
ning kitten, was slender and small with little breasts like
turnips. I had never considered her as a potential bed
partner although I knew she got around. At that time
her social status was a cab driver. Our relationship was
such that, Clara, Doris and I could talk and joke about
anything.

One afternoon I came home from work and found
them sitting on the bed, denial the life from a pint of
beer.

"Lapping it up," I commented.

Doris nodded. "Clara's got a problem."

"What are you trying to do—drown it?"

"The more we drink, the bigger it gets."

"All right. What's the problem?"

"It's been ages since Clara had a sexual lesson. She's
simply dun in sex. Her boy friend won't go that
way."

"Obviously a man without taste."

"No, I figured you wouldn't mind helping her out.
After all, she's my best friend."
thighs wide and knees bent at right angles as Doris sat down beside her.

"All right, Daddy," Doris said, "Do your number. And make her like it. You know how."

I was ready to burst with excitement as I rubbed my cheek against Clara's curvy butt. Of course her odor differed from my wife's, but it was basically the distinct, piquant aroma of a woman aroused—undoubtedly the greatest of all aphrodisiacs. My lips fastened upon her warm, wet labia and as my tongue explored I thrust my head as far as possible to one side to see Doris's reactions. She leaned forward, intently watching, her body tensing and face growing more lustful each moment. When Clara's moans and moving pelvis indicated she was near orgasm, Doris unconsciously started a symphathetic wriggling, meanwhile fondling her own breasts. Then as Clara pressed her moving thighs hard against my cheeks and rolled her head from side to side at the zenith of climax, Doris trembled as if she, too, were coming.

"Now, goddessman, get on Clara an' fuck hell out of her," she told me in a husky voice.

Clara raised her bottom to meet me, grabbed my hard tool and pulled it inside her. I felt my wife's hands rubbing and pinching my thrusting hips. The experience was so new, so devastating that I quickly exploded and both Clara and I clung and clutched and groaned. Finally I rolled off.

Hurriedly Doris got a towel. Slowly and carefully she dried Clara, putting her gently. Just by watching, life flowed back into my flaccid organ. Then Doris turned to me and began dabbing and massaging with a fresh corner of the towel until I was thoroughly firm.

She grinned. "That's it. Now give me my stick candy." She lay down beside Clara and held her arms up to me. And now with Clara looking intently on, I experienced the most pleasurable congress with my wife since the early days of our relationship.

Sleep came slowly that night. I still tingled from this radically new experience. I dismissed all thoughts of leaving Doris. Obviously from now on our life together would be wildly exciting. My logging interest in her had been fully revived. Our sex life over six years had gradually lost its spice and was now no more than a pleasant habit. After all, sex had been our main bond. When it lost its edge the relationship had become unglued because there was no real community of interests otherwise, I liked jazz and blues; her taste ran to spicy Tin Pan Alley concoctions. I enjoyed good literature, especially satire; Doris preferred True Romances. I kept up with world news; she did not care what happened outside her own minuscule sphere. On the plus side, she was a good cook and housekeeper. We both liked to drink, although after a few shots she often became belligerently argumentative. However, constant association had produced emotional involvement; at this time I knew no other woman with whom I'd rather live. She knew how to wear clothes and was attractive enough to have many admiring glances turned her way when we went out together; this salved my ego. Still, this was not enough to make my marriage satisfactory to me. That is, until tonight.

I was as eager now to remain with her as I had been to marry her. I looked forward to a thoroughly fascinating future. Clara was only the first step; not only did I anticipate sessions with other of my wife's friends, but I might eventually be able to realize a dream so fantastic I hardly dared think about it. That dream was to watch another man make out with my wife. Because she was my wife and there was emotional involvement, the thought excited me far more than watching any other two persons copulating, as exciting as that, too, was.
I had often tried to analyze and anticipate my reaction should I ever surprise another jockey in my saddle. I knew that, according to the code, I should feel outraged, could even kill him under the unwritten law and go free. But being a maverick, in my fantasy I could never work up even a modicum of righteous indignation. Instead of imagining myself murderously mad, I just got hot as hell. If Doris were unavailable, I had to masturbate for relief.

I had never told Doris of this burning desire, for she had often said to me, locking sincere and solemn, that she could never, never, never be intimate with anyone but me, and if for some strange reason she were forced to accommodate another male she couldn’t possibly enjoy it. She insisted she was strictly a one-man woman and that mine was the only stick enough she could enjoy. Although I did not believe her, the story was told with such sincerity I found it impossible to suggest that she get horizontal with another stud while I watched.

But everything would be different, from this right on. With one wall down, another would eventually fall. However, no hurry. Right now I would be more than satisfied with two-woman sessions. In order to get the greatest possible simultaneous enjoyment, I started thinking of techniques. With no blueprints available, I had to figure it out alone. By the time I finally fell asleep, I had it all planned.

Doris did not return until two nights later. When I came home, she was lying across the bed clad only in her slip with Doris sitting beside her.

"I was ready for Lesson Number Two last night," Doris said, "but at the last minute I had to go somewhere else. Nothing’s gonna stop me tonight, though."

"Daddy," Doris said, "dinner’s ready and auftin’ in the oven. Do you want it now or would you rather... uh... eat something else?"
"Well," Clara finally said, "that gets it like it ain't ever been got before."
"Who taught you that?" Doris asked.
"Nobody. Figured it out all alone. Like it?"
"You better not forget how." Clara returned three times the following week for more of the same. Then one day before we began, Doris said, "Old girl friend, I think we oughta try somethin' else."
"Like what?" Clara asked.
"Bob's been comin' on with you like gangbusters. I think it's your turn now."
"You mean, go down on him? I'd like to. He's got a fine—"
"Not hate Me."
"You? I ain't never done that to another woman. But, tell you what. I will if you do it to me."
"Great!" I cut in. "This is something I been wantin' to see."
"Okay, I'm game," Doris said. "But you gotta wash first. I'm not putting my mouth on any dirty crack."
"You wash too. You ain't no Art of Roses yourself."
I suggested they wash each other. They spent so much time at it that the real purpose became kicks instead of cleanliness.
At last they got in bed, Clara above in 69, and began. For a few moments there was silence except for sucking sounds, then Clara raised her head to complain, "You don't know how."
"Quit talkin' and eat," Doris said.
"I'll rather eat Bob's. He's got a mouthful."
"Wanna make it three-way Dolly?" Doris asked. I nodded and joined. Afterward Doris said, "We'll have to add this to our repertoire, too."

CHAPTER 2

Doris had come a long way since I first met her. I never learned when or how the seed of multiple sex had been planted in her psyche, but it never had a chance to take root and grow until her relationship with me. Had she not met me—or some other sex rebel—4 is quite possible she might have gone through life frustrated and hopelessly neurotic.

She was recovering from her first marriage when we met. Her husband had been strictly wham-bam-thank-you-mama and this only in one position: woman below, man above. To make matters worse for her, all her other pre-marriage partners, some four or five, had acted similarly in bed.

Two weeks after meeting we had our first intimacy on a couch in the parlor of the apartment where she roomed. That night both her landlord and his wife went out and left us by ourselves. We began a torrid petting party almost as soon as they left. I kissed her passionately, fondled her breasts through her clothing, then gradually worked my hand upward beneath her dress. She closed her eyes, asked me to stop, and began breathing heavily. I ignored her requests and tugged at her panties to pull them off. Still telling me to stop, she raised her hips in cooperation. Tugging the bottom of her dress, I slid it up around her waist as she muttered "please don't" and scooted forward. When I knelt in front, she evidently thought I was going to enter and screw. Instead I began kissing the inside of her right thigh from her knee upward, stopping and remaining where her thighs joined. By now I had learned never to ask a girl if I could french her, for convention demanded an automatic "no." Instead I
usually went ahead, and by the time she learned what it was about, it was usually too late. The new and shattering sensation of a tongue caressing her clitoris was so wildly enjoyable she would rather fight than have me switch. So it was with Doris. Twice she had organs from hamling; then immediately afterward from genital exitus she had three more.

When I saw her after our initial session, she said she still trembled each time she thought of what happened. Since childhood she had yearned for somebody to eat her pussy, but I was first. "It's even better than I dreamed it would be. And you may as well know, Mr. Robert Greene, that after what you did you're gonna be stuck with me. If you don't come over and take care of me regularly from now on, I'll come to your place and camp outside your door. So govern yourself accordingly."

From then on we went to bed two or three times weekly before we married. After our wedding the frequency rose to four or five. Actually I wanted it every night, plus some mornings. Although Doris was unusually passionate, she would not permit that rate. I learned later that her libido was as strong as mine; her refusal was caused by her conviction that if we copulated that often I would "die" of her.

We tried every position we had ever heard about or could think up; at that time there were no marriage manuals available. Two years passed before we returned my oral attention. Then one night when we went to bed she slid down, pulled me over on my back, and began kissing the head of my erect soldier. Immediately he stood erect and she fellated me (clumsily but effectively) until I shot into her mouth. She did not spit it out and I was grateful; I look upon the expectation of my semen as a rejection of me. Doris soon became expert, and we often did it with me above. Occasionally I would ask her to retain my emission in her mouth and then immediately mount her (in those young days I was capable of retaining immediately after orgasm through selliosis). With my mouth pressed against hers, I would suck my juice, now thinned by her saliva, until I came in her.

At the beginning I asked Doris not to let anybody know I "went down" on her. I was then sensitive to the widely-held opinion that oral sex was "perverted" and I saw no reason why others should know this was one of my supreme delights. Obviously she must have told one or two of her closest friends before Clark: some girls can't keep quiet when they've got a good thing going.

One of these was, I believe, Ella, then her best friend and who came from her home town in Alabama. Ella was almost a daily visitor and the three of us often went out together, occasionally with her fiancé, Chuck, as a fourth. When Doris was hospitalized for an appendectomy after two and a half years of marriage, she asked Ella to daily visit our living quarters, prepare my meals, and in general "see after Bob." At that time we lived in a huge room with kitchen privileges. On the second day when Ella came in the early evening, she made my bed and then sat upon it.

"Bob," she said, "there's a smudge or something on your cheek. Do let me get it off."

I sat beside her and leaned in her direction. She removed whatever it was with her own face inches away, then smiled with parted lips and looked challengingly directly into my eyes. Ella was an ordinary-looking, medium brown-skinned babe with an ordinary shape, but she did have beautiful teeth and a warm outgoing personality. In addition, she was slightly knock-kneed and contemporary Negro folktales had it that knock-kneed gals were hotter and tighter than those with straight legs. Thus when she looked at me with parted lips, then leaned slowly toward me, closing
her eye, I accepted the challenge. I kissed her, receiving immediately a mouthful of tongue.

My sexuality has always been transhistorized. I was turned on with enthusiasm with no warm-up necessary. Without ceremony her dress was up, sleeves off, thighs parted and my head between them. She showed no trace of surprise, and eliminated speedily and violently. Then I entered her train. After we reached the end of the line and were being quickly, she said:

"I suppose you know this is the first time anybody ever went down on me?"

"Really?"

"It really is. And it's absolutely glorious."

"Odd," I said. "You didn't seem at all surprised. In fact, you acted like you were expecting it. Has Doris been talking?"

"Nothing surprises me." She smiled enigmatically. "Besides, why would your wife tell me about your habits? All she said was she wanted me to see after you while she was in the hospital."

"Did she ask you to see after me in bed?"

"She didn't say not to, so I used my judgment. If I'm gonna see after somebody, I want to do a thorough job."

Realizing I would not get a direct answer, I pursued the matter no further. We had escorted three times in the next five days, then Ella said, "You've really messed me up. You got me so dissatisfied with Chuck I simply can't stand him now. Just wish I broke our engagement. It's ridiculous, and I know it, because when Doris comes home in a few days I'll be outta luck. I'm just a plain dumb fool. But I'm gonna make the best of it while I can."

A month or so after Doris returned, Ella told me she had made up with Chuck. I suppose she became so progressively horny she was willing to settle for any kind of relief, and after all Chuck was crazy about her.

SEX REBEL: BLACK

Shortly afterward they married and moved to St. Louis.

Still another incident a year or so later added substance to the suspicion my wife was bringing to her best friends about my educational tongue.

We were at a party—a real whirling with everybody smashed, or on the verge. Doris had passed out and I found myself alone in a bedroom with Maggie, a tiny cream-colored doll who was an ex-schoolteacher. For six months or more, after Ella left, she had been my wife's closest girl friend. Seeing we were alone, and her inhibitions dissolved in alcohol, Maggie threw her arms around me and begged for action. As had long been my pattern, I began with caressing.

Quite reserved when sober, now under the influence of liquor and me, she made so much happy noise that I stopped once—to her great disgust—to open the door and see if anybody had been moved to investigate. Luckily, the coast was clear. We finished without interruption.

I didn't see her for a week afterward. She purposely visited Doris when she knew I would not be present. When I did finally see her, she was nervous and refused to look me in the eye. Another three weeks passed before I chanced to see her alone, and then only because I ran into her unexpectedly on South Park Way.

"What in hell's the matter with you?" I asked immediately. "You've dodged me since the night of the party."

Maggie blushed. "If you must know, it's because I'm ashamed. I'd always wondered what it would feel like to have it that way. When you did it, I lost control. I sounded like a ... like a prostitute. And afterward I was embarrassed ... and still am. I don't want anything or anybody to get the best of me. And you did."

Circumstantial evidence against Doris, of course.
SEX REBEL: BLACK

"Look at the eye," Clara said, taking it away from Grace. "Ain't it a bitch?"

"That's my stick candy you indecent females are savoring over," Doris reminded them.

"It's a mellow thing, I don't care whose it is," Grace said.

Although I welcomed the attention, I was aware of an increasing warmth creeping over the skin, becoming more uncomfortable by the minute. I was actually glad when Clara and Grace left. I told Doris about it immediately afterward, but she had no explanation. I was able to get relief only by a thorough scrubbing with soap and water.

Weeks later I learned the cause. Grace had been preparing a recipe calling for whole chili peppers and she had not washed her hands before handling them. This spice can be almost as wicked externally as internally. But the experience was beneficial. I found that a tiny hint of chili pepper on the finger applied gently to the clitoris of a sluggish broad can turn her into a nympho.

When Grace saw Rose a few days later after stumbling upon our menage a trois, she told her all about her discovery. Rose, a mutual friend, lived a block away. Tall and with a tantalizing behind and full, provocative lips, she had long interested me, but I had never tried to lay her. But as soon as she heard about us from Grace, she hurried to our flat.

"I knew something like this had to be going on," she said as soon as she entered the door. "The way Clara acted around you two just about gave it away, but I had nothing to go on until Grace told me. You been leaving me out, and here I am dying for a party!"

I was surprised. I'd never pigeonholed Rose as a swinger. She made like a devout Catholic, attending every mass and talking glowingly of the approaching confirmation of her daughter. True, her husband was a
quarter of a century older than she and his job as a
Pulman 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 confes-
sion's and told all. With the narrow official attitudes,
his father confesses 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. Clara, 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 activi-
ties and she intended to keep it that way. During all
the years I knew him he never caught on.
Dr. X's passion at least doubled itself when she saw
me running out with her selected girl friend. She got
close, intently eyeing every move. She was sniffing
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 bailed 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 an-
other husband fuck my wife during male swapping.

CHAPTER 3

Undoubtedly an individual's sexual patterns can be
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 pat-
terns— even among identical pairs, with the same hered-
ity, and raised 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 flagging to
fully enjoy "naughty" sex; others, no matter how
much, or why, they were beaten, reject sadomaso-
chism 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
common: castrating. My earliest impression of the
sex act, when I was seven or eight years that it was oral.
A year later I was surprised—and disappointed—to
learn that the male and female genitals were joined
for fucking. Although I have an excellent memory for
early childhood observations, I can recall nothing that
made me believe cunnilingus was performed by mouth.
However, with this first impression of the sex act, it is
not surprising that the desire to use my lips and tongue
has persisted. I cannot completely enjoy cunnilingus until I
have taxed my partner's sensuality, even if only briefly. I find cumulating emotionally infuriating as well as physically stimulating. I prefer a woman with abundant pubic hair. I am rarely enthused over a partner with a clean-shaven delta. If colored, I think of her as a baldheaded baby; if white she reminds me of a plucked chicken. I like to rub my face against a varisized bush and I like the natural odor. I prefer a doll without perfume around her jubes; for me the most exciting scent possible is that of a hot and healthy pussy.

In addition to the sheer joy of fantasizing on cunt, I like the sense of power I feel in bringing a woman to orgasm. Many who have rarely, if ever, through genital copulation go wild from talented oral sensations. I derive tremendous satisfaction from knowing that not only has my partner received through me that most intense of all human pleasures, but that no matter how genial and refined she may seem to the world, under the right stimulus she is a wonderful, raw animal. That is in addition to the tactile delight of having soft, warm thighs rub against my cheeks, the taste of her flowing juices and the beautiful sight of her most intimate anatomical areas. When I say I am hungry for a woman, I mean it literally. I want to enjoy her with each of my five senses—and of course I prefer a lighted room, that fingering is not an end in itself. I want genital copulation afterward. In my younger days when I was capable of several ejaculations with only minutes between, I could bring myself to repeated peeks. Now that I am past sixty, and no longer capable of multiple orgasms per session—except on rare occasions—I like to climax to the edge of the precipice and retain my balance indifferently through various acts before sliding down to normalcy through climax. When I was younger I was hasty and far more selfish, knowing that if I did not satisfy my partner with one fuck there would be others. Now I am far more sensi-
tive to my partner's desires and with experience has come the ability to please in many exotic ways. Ap does have its compensations.

As an only child living in a neighborhood with few potential playmates, I did not know girls were struct-
urally different from boys until I was seven or eight. Just before I got the idea that such a beastly fuck. The first fully-developed female genitalia I saw were those of my mother, and the circumstances undoubtedly account for my lasting interest in urinogenital.

We had a peachy in our back yard. One summer day I looked down through the twin holes and saw afoot long lizard sitting motionless on one of the slowly growing half-cut off local piles. He looked up as I looked down and I couldn't scare him away. I ran back into the house to get Mother. She returned with me and tried to frighten him by dropping small stones and crigs. He wouldn't budge. As a last resort, looking at me and smiling like a naughty child, she raised her skirts and, suspending her big brown butt a few inches above the seat opening, began urinating to drive off the creature.

I was so fascinated I forgot all about the lizard. I could see a mysterious black triangle of catty hair. From the center issued a stream of water. So this was what you put your mouth on when you had sex. Females also used it to pee. Simple logic showed the two went together; placing therefore tied in with what I thought was hacking. As I watched her I got my first recognizable feeling of excitement. I stood enchanted as the stream rushed out forcefully and slowly dwindled until only a few drogs remained; she checked herself and those too fell with what seemed to me great reluctance. In addition to the strange tingling in my body, I believed this was one of the most beautiful sights my young eyes had ever witnessed. And this was obviously
embraced and cleansed every morning. Sometimes when I was supposedly asleep, I would hear Mother get up and use the washbowl; her sound differed from Dad's. Immediately I would see again in my mind Mother and the board and grow excited. In summer she sometimes went to the back porch late at night, and when I heard her, I silently arose and moaned to the back door to watch as she raised her gown, unpinned and peeled over the porch edge onto the ground. When the diminishing flow indicated she was almost through, I slipped back to bed, feigning sleep as she returned to her bedroom. Usually I was so stimulated I lay awake a long time. I was never caught—and in later years I often wondered what I would have done had I been apprehended.

I was so anxious to see her genitals again that I tried to think up ways to catch a glimpse. I was successful only twice, once when I "accidentally" came into the big kitchen which doubled as a bathing room (we used a big tin tub for baths and laundry) just as she stepped out. Since I was barred from the area when she bathed, I got the scolding of my life. The other instance was one morning around two or three, when ordinarily I was sound asleep. Evidently she and Dad had just gotten a piece and she turned on the light to find a towel to dry herself. On both occasions I felt giddy from the sheer joy of glimpsing her great brown breasts and thick bushy delta. And right here is, I think, a sound argument for nudity in the home. It is not only healthier, but endearing young children to the appearance of the opposite sex, thus eliminating the strain for neurotic attitudes which later plague many people all through adult life. There is no sound reason why children should not learn basic physical differences between the sexes even before they start their ABC's.

When I reached puberty and discovered the biles of ejaculation through masturbation, my love object was
still my mother. If there is ever a prize awarded for the highest Oedipus Complex, mine should at least reach the final judging. I was so obsessed with desire for her, both orally and genitally, that I doubt I could have really enjoyed any other female during adolescence even had there been the opportunity. According to what I've read on the subject, the women with whom I later became emotionally involved should have physically resembled her. But here again, nondomination. My first loves were invariably short, snub women weighing less than one-hundred thirty. They were in direct contrast to Mother who was five-feet-nine and weighed over two hundred. It wasn't until I was almost forty that I became seriously interested in tall women.

Being imaginative, the first summer after discovering masturbation I devised a technique for added pleasure. Wide vacant lots separated our house from those of neighbors on both sides. On moonless nights when my parents were away, I stripped nude and walked into the backyard. The knowledge that I was violating a strong taboo by running around outdoors with no clothes on added spice. We owned a long hose for watering the lawn. I turned on the faucet, stuck the nozzle up my rectum until my belly felt comfortably full, then bent over and masturbated while I watched the water run back out, imagining I was looking at Mother urinate.

At fourteen or fifteen when I jacked off regularly eight to twelve times each week (the common belief that "self abuse" would lead to insanity disturbed me not at all), I made the astounding discovery one day when home alone and lying on my back that by throwing my leg far enough over my head I could French myself. Until I grew larger and became less supple, I had the unique experience of fellows in my own pricked until I shot off in my own mouth. This was real do-it-yourself coitus, complete self service.

SEX REBEL: BLACK

Perhaps this should have turned me into a horn, but by then I was so frantic to eat my first pussy that nothing diverted me, not even my initial sex experience with another person—male.

Following my first year in college, I was in a city park one summer night listening to the weekly band concert when a little white man, apparently in his thirties, walked up, explained he was a stranger, and asked directions to the men's toilet. When he seemed unable to understand my directions, I said I'd accompany him. Not at all suspicious, I walked with him away from the crowd. As we passed a small clump of trees, he said this would do just as well and stepped inside. Since I also had to pise, I followed. No sooner had I taken out my stuff than he started it and began fondling me. My surprise did not prevent my getting hard. Immediately he dropped to his knees on the turf in front of me and placed it between his jaws. I realized "this joker is a sissy" but it felt too good to stop. He completed the task, kissed and patted the head, then asked, "How about meeting me here tomorrow night at the same time? You've a perfect size for me."

I was so ashamed and embarrassed, now that I'd gotten my nuts off, that I said nothing. I did not return the next night nor for a full month thereafter.

By the time of my homosexual experience I had outgrown my oedipus complex. But I was still frustrated for want of a woman. I had tremendous sex drive but no outlet except masturbation. I was almost desperate in my desire for cummungus. Yet I dare not let anybody know. In my small home town, those who openly contacted another's genitals were looked upon as the lowest form of human vermin in existence. Like most youths, I was determined to conform. No one must ever know how "perverted" I was. Solution? I stayed away from girls and burned. I'd have rather killed myself than let some gal be in a position to whisper
to her chum, "You know that Bob Greene? He’s noth-
ing but a dirty freak. He tried to eat my pussy when I went out with him last night." I could not face the withering scorn of my buddies when word got around; at that time I would rather retain the respect of my peers than satisfy my almost uncontrollable desire to kiss a cunt.

Several months after my homosexual encounter, I at last had my first connection with a woman. I was eighteen, and in a much larger city a good many miles from home. A college classmate, who preferred prostitutes to "romancing those goddamn silly young broads," asked me to join him in calling on a white whore who catered exclusively to Negro males. I sat in the parlor with her pimp, also white, while my buddy spent some fifteen minutes with her in the bedroom. Talking in a low voice, her pimp assured me I had "done the right thing" by waiting until last because my friend would "get her worked up" and then "if she’s gonna come, she’ll come for you." He extolled her good points at length, presumably to get me so excited that when my turn came I’d pop off as soon as I popped in.

When my classmate returned, I forked over two dollars to her pimp and walked nervously back to the bedroom. The girl was a reasonably attractive blonde, under thirty and rather small, lying on her back on the rumpled bed, a light green robe flung to one side. This was the first woman I had ever seen in-the-ready position. I took off my trousers, shaking with excite-
ment, and got on the bed to crawl over her for my first piece of thought, I’m not at home even and nobody will ever know what I do. Instead of entering her, I backed off, lowered my head and gingerly shoved my mouth against her cunt. It was slick and wet, undoubt-
dedly from my buddy’s semen. I moved neither tongue nor lips, merely held them against her as I snuffed the unaccustomed but wildly stimulating aroma of a 

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steam.
he'd known anything about it I'd have let him. But he ain't gonna learn on me!"
I reasoned the best way to learn was with a whore.
So for the second and last time in my life I called on a prostitute. When I paid my two dollars (the going price in those days) she expected a fuck. Instead I told her I wanted to suck.
"Oh, good," she said, wriggling her heavy hips. She was a big yellow woman. I got on my knees and began as if I were accustomed to frowning. She turned into a cow-woman rooting section with "That's it, eat good pussy, lick it." Suddenly she stopped, set up in bed and pointed. "Not down there! Up here around the boy-in-the-boot."
I shifted up to her clitoris, having learned my first basic lesson in this erotic art, and stayed right on it until the Undeadly called to tell her another John was waiting. My teacher did not answer the first two射 three calls, but when they became louder she sat up, pushed me away, and announced. "That's all. Time's up."

Later that was I established the first real non-woman relationship of my life with a young divorcée named Gledys. I was attracted before I saw her face. Her walk floored me; she had a very rhythmic rump. We were both guests at a party and I got myself introduced. She would never win a prize in a beauty contest, but she had such a warm and vivacious personality, coupled with utter femininity, that I latched on immediately. Her raisin-colored face was unusual, with a sombre nose, and her legs were smaller than I preferred, but that did not deter me. Once when I kidded her about their size she came back with, "Did you ever hear a man ask for a piece of leg?"

Gledys was the first woman with whom I ever spent an entire night. Because I was quite fond of her, my desire for cunnilingus was difficult to control, but I
dared not risk a refusal and possibly lose her. But after four or five all-night sessions of genital coitus, I could stand it no longer. I recall it was a Sunday morning, after three ejaculations the previous night, that I finally broke down as soon as I awoke. I started off stroking her belly, trying to think of a way to breach the subject.
"Baby," I began, "there's something I've just got to tell you. It's something I want to do."
"Like what?"
I didn't answer. Instead I began kissing her across her stomach as I knelt to the left of her head facing her feet. I brushed my face against her hairy mound.
"Good God," she said. "Nobody's ever kissed me like that before!"
Thus unwarmed, I kissed down the side of her triangle and came to rest with my mouth against her wet lower lips. Remembering what the prostitute had told me, I searched with my tongue until I found her clitoris. Had there not been a ceiling, she might have soared into ecstasy. As she writhed, I stared fascinated and triumphantly into the scooped interior of her cunt, thinking at least at last I'm eating pussy and I know it's clean! I don't have to worry about hurrying or anything like that any more. The walls of Jericho have finally fallen. And from now on I'll anchor my mouth on this delightful one every time I feel like it. This heaven is in my heaven!

Moments later, climax—a violent sound, raised my head and turned around. She almost shouted, "Get the hell back on it! Don't stop!" I returned to her clitoris, still astonished at the intensity of her orgasm. Nothing so tempestuous had ever occurred in genital union even though she was unusually passionate and had told me I was by far the best she'd ever had. Like most women I came to know, release by oral coitus was far more cataclysmic than orgasm by
prick. As for me, I learned my own initiation reached a far higher level if first I really contacted my partner.

When Gladys was able to speak calmly, she said, "My God! I never knew anything could be like that! And do you know, if you'd asked me first I'd have told you no? Am I glad you didn't ask!" She answered and giggled, "From now on, do that any time you want—and I hope you want to all the time!"

In the following days, weeks, months I invariably began with cunnilingus, experimenting and learning. Sometimes I'd spend minutes opening her lips and looking entranced into the rosy interior, even now, almost forty years later, I still go in fascination upon the wonderful wet walls, fumbling and fingering inner and outer labia and the ring of hair; this is still the most perpetually exciting sight in all creation. And I was thankful, too, for Gladys' inexperience. As these passed and I developed proficiency, I realized now crude had been my initial effort and a more discerning partner would have immediately realized my oral ignorance. Gladys, fortunately, required no sophisticated technique to please her fuse; nevertheless she learned to evaluate many subtle changes in my use of mouth and tongue. I learned never to attack the clitoric infallibly; my companion received far more pleasure if I massaged over and around her mound, ran my tongue across the top edge and down the sides of her triangle; kissed and lightly bit the sensitive flesh on the inside of each thigh from knee to pubic arch, then covered her entire slit with my mouth, running my tongue delicately over the hairy crown before parting her inner lips and roving upward from the bottom before exposing the throbbing, tumultuous little button with its network of nerves to direct contact.

Six weeks went by and then Gladys asked if she could freshen me, and laughed bashfully. "You know why I divorced my husband?" she asked.
of the high esteem he had won, the bride's mother sent him a goblet containing her urine by special messenger, an honor reserved for only the most select. He was required to drink it while the messenger waited to return the empty container to the mother. Knowing there is nothing either harmful or dirty about a healthy woman's urine and that a refusal would not only have been an insult but would have jeopardized his whole research program, he drank it down without a hint of revelation.

In my youth, I know two sisters famous for their unusually beautiful complexions. It was common knowledge that before retiring at night, each applied urine to her face. Since then I have met others who used this liquid to soften and beautify the skin. When you get down to bare facts, the only objection is emotional. We have been conditioned to look upon anything coming from the excretory organs as unclean—a reason why many persons refuse active oral-genital contact. And yet babies come from the same hole which provides the greatest pleasure known to man. As for me, I cannot divorce pee from passion; they belong together. And there is no doubt in my mind that if a woman urinated from some other orifice, it would no longer have erotic significance for me.

There is also less danger of contagious disease from urine than from saliva swapped in a kiss. Viewed objectively, kissing mouth to mouth is one of the most insanitary customs in our society and those cultures which look upon this practice with horror are justified on a health basis. On the other hand the vulva, because of its location, is protected from germs which contaminate the atmosphere; the human mouth, out in the open is a way-station for unfriendly bacteria. Obviously, kissing cist lips is far more sanitary than kissing facial lips.

I have fenced several women who lost control of their bladders on the verge of orgasm and gasped. This to me was an added bonus; I especially enjoyed sessions with them. I have also gone to bed with gals who asked me to urinate first. Immediately on entry, saying the pressure against the womb height-ened their arousal. One doll insisted I pull her labia apart and then pull from two inches away; this seemed to make her butt as a blast furnace.

But in most instances uralsignia has been for my own unconventional pleasure. Women have humored me because they knew I craved it. However, although I always enjoy watching a woman pee, I have requested this warm fluid for myself only from dolls who particularly moves me.

From the time I broke with Gladys I did not make this erotic request of anyone until I married Doris. And even then I held off for at least a year. But Doris was as agreeable to this as to all other unusual suggestions, and I am convinced she got actual pleasure from performing the act.

I recall one night after we both went to bed she arose to find something warm and wet running down my midsection. I snapped on the light at the head of the bed to find Doris squatting above my cock, peering. I got an immediate hard-on. When she was through, I grabbed her hips and pulled her down upon my rod. She slept through my thrusts and climax. When I released her she fell over on her side, smiling. Shaking my hand I got up and changed sheets without her once waking. She not only knew nothing of the incident next morning but vehemently denied it all even when I showed her the evidence of the wet linen.

Shortly after Doris and I moved to our new apart-ment, Grace called and asked my wife, "How 'bout bringing some people over tonight for a party?"

"That depends. Who and how many?"

"A couple I know. Old friends of mine. The wife
has the most freakish eyes you ever saw. Her husband runs on the road. He's a dining-car waiter. I told 'em 'that you guys, am' they're interested.'

"Okay. Bring them over."

A half hour later Grace appeared, face flushed, eyes bright. With her were Ola and Tom. She was right: Ola had strange and weirdly fascinating eyes: light brown, almost orange, seemingly glowing in a soft deep chocolate face. Around twenty-eight, she was lovely of both face and figure with a sweet disposition and a low, throaty voice. Tom was heavy set, about forty-five. They had a two-year-old son, born by her mother when they went out together.

"Tom wouldn't even taste a twist until a couple years ago," Grace said. "Since then he's been tryin' to make up for all those years he missed. Now any time he sees a twist he wants to snack. As for Ola," she turned and looked fondly in her direction, "this is my pretty-vid baby. Ain't she somethin'?"

Grace also explained she tried to contact a boy friend to make up these couples, but he wasn't home.

"However, we can still have a ball."

We all stripped. Grace, thoroughly unbiased, asked that she first take on Ola alone, explaining, "I'm hungry for that sweet slit of hers. Ain't had it in a long time."

As she frenched Ola, for the first time I had a leisurely look at Grace's cove and quickly decided I didn't want it. I was saturated of stale liver, and this is the only passy I ever see that repels me. I resolved that somehow I must always invent an excuse to avoid and contact without hurting her feelings.

When Grace could tear her head away, we formed a daisy chain on the living room floor. I eagerly attached myself to Ola, who serviced Doris, who had a mouthful of Tom, who frenched on Grace, who frenched me. Momentarily I felt peculiar at the realization that my

wife had another man's seed between her jaws, but the thrill of eating this enticing new cum soon wiped it from my thoughts.

We decided not to screw since Grace had no partner.

Instead we sat around, getting acquainted with our top ends. Later somebody suggested we reverse our dairy chain. Horrified at the thought of frenching Grace, I looked at the clock and excused myself on the pretext of an important early meeting next morning. Instead, I told them, we should get together one night soon when Tom was in town.

A couple of days later when I came home, Grace was there with Ola, impatiently waiting for Warren, Grace's boy friend, who had been unavailable when we met Ola and Tom. Within minutes, Warren arrived, skinny and perpetually smiling.

As soon as we were introduced, Grace lay down on the floor, raised her dress and removed her panties.

Then she commanded, "All right, get down now and sit on my pancreas."

Warren looked around, obviously embarrassed, and said, "Aw, goe!"

"Aw goe, hell! I want you to show these people how well you can nibble."

"Well a minute— Warren protested.

"You didn't come here to nibble! Eat it this minute or you ain't ever gonna put your mouth on it again."

That got him. Even though Doris and I were strangers and, like Ola, fully dressed, the possibility of not being allowed to French Grace in the future was evidently too horrible to contemplate. Without another word he dropped to the floor and buried his head between her big brown thighs.

Grace looked triumphantly around at us, then ordered, "rub your face in it." He complied. "Now make me come, goddamnit."

"SEX REBEL: BLACK"

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When he finished, she ordered, “Take off your clothes, I want you naked as a jaybird. You got an ass-beating coming. Where was you when I needed you the other night?”

“Now, baby . . .”

“Baby, shut up them goddamn clothes off!”

He stripped silently and speedily. Grace rose from the floor to sit on a chair. Warren lay across her lap, skinny bare bottom up. Strong as Grace was, she needed nothing but her hand. She slapped him hard and rhythmically like a mother spanking a child. Warren did not cry out, but with each blow his prick, bouncing near her knee, leaped into sudden rigidity, becoming immediately limp when her hand was removed. She did not stop until she considered him adequately punished. By then Warren had a continuing hard.

When he arose and stood expectantly, Grace said, “All right. Put your clothes on and take me and Ola home.”

He looked surprised. “Afsha quaas do nothin’ bout this?” he asked grabbing his stiff shaft.

“Not one goddamn thing.” She grinned as she quoted a rhyme:

Your eyes may shine
An’ your teeth may grit
But none of this pointless
Are you gonna git.

“But, baby . . .” Warren started.

“I wanted your tongue, not your old black dick. Go jack off.”

He looked at her dolefully, then shrugged.

“I don’t see why you gotta treat me this way,” he complained, turning away. “But I guess it’s all right.”

“You damn toothin’ it’s all right. Maybe this’ll teach you to be home when I wantcha.”

Warren dressed silently. By the time he left with Grace and Ola, his grin had returned.

If that’s what he liked, I had no objection. I believed a person has a right to enjoy sex in whatever way pleases him so long as he does not force his desires on a responsible but unwilling partner. However, discipline, domination and submission rarely interest me, although I will occasionally engage in mild spanking sessions, Canings, whippings, floggings, humiliation—I do not need these to enjoy sex. I get no erotic pleasure from spanking, even when requested; my enjoyment comes from contact with a bare female bottom. That I do like.
CHAPTER 4

Tom was gone two days, on the road tour. Doris announced one evening when I came home that Tom and Ola would come to our house that evening round eight for a party. I looked at the clock. Exactly five-thirty. In two and a half hours we’d swap. Not only would I have complete control with a lovely new partner, but I would have a mark another part near with my wife. The sudden change was against me and of course refused to rush. By eight o’clock I was like a small child waiting for a lovely Santa Claus.

When they arrived we wasted little time going to the bedroom and stripping. The girl lay side-by-side across the bed. I kissed Ola and Tom in front of Doris. CompleteROADCASTMENT. Afterwards I pleaded that Tom fuck Doris while Ola sat on the side of the bed, watching.

I would not have felt a needle plunge into me as I looked, all concentration, while Tom sat above her. I felt both girls and almost at the head of his cock passed somewhat at her portal, then lost itself inside her body. Those transmitted by Turantium cannot understand the exquisite delight of penetrative-ly watching another man fuck your wife, especially that first time. It is unlike any other sensation known. When you are emotionally involved with a woman and have the loving, close association which had developed since Claus, the two of you tend to merge, becoming complimentary halves of a whole, opposite sides of the same coin. My own senses responded in complete sympathy with her newfound, I became both sexes in one. As I watched I was myself enjoying my favorite want-

55
going on, I'm about to burst out in flames. I feel
a sudden urge to

I screwed her immediately, after warning I was so
bopped up I wouldn't last long. Almost as soon as I
entered, I popped off.

"That didn't do me much good," Ola said reproach-

"That was a test run," I told her. "In a couple of
minutes you're gonna get some real serious action." Ola
was exotically exciting. If I'd met her at a dance
I'd have made a big play for her. About her was an
aura of childish innocence which did not belong to a
swinger; this incongruity intensified her appeal. In
addition, the thrill of seeing my wife with Tom still
held me. I remained on Ola, knowing this double
stimuli would speedily stiffen me. In not more than
a minute I was able to ride with her again; this time to
her satisfaction. Tom, however, was physically im-
capable of a rapid return. By watching Ola and me, Doris
became so horny I had to fuck her soon afterward. But
this was no problem; all I had to do was envision her
recent union with Tom and I was loosed again.

When Tom came home again, we visited their apart-
ment for our next party. After our initial swap, we
persuaded our wives to go into E9 for our viewing
pleasure. However, we had not anticipated their re-
quest that we entertain them. When we could not talk
our way out of it, we reluctantly consented, lying on
our sides. For the first time in my life I took another
man's cock in my mouth. Tom was limp and remained
that way. I was only mildly titillated. Our wives let us
stop when they saw nothing was happening.

I believe that virtually all humans have homosexual
desires. But our society tells us to reject and be
ashamed of such natural inclinations, so most of us
fight fiercely against them and still never admit their
presence. Nevertheless Beach and Arthur in their

so; I was that woman responding wantonly to a new
man. For the moment I became pure sensation; my
nerves were stretched to skin surface and left bare and
swelling.

I moved as close as I could to watch his shaft,
glistening with her wetness, thrust in and out. I
climbed with them, gasping, to the pinnacle, becoming
almost delirious with ecstasy as he exploded in her,
groaning and holding her undulating hips tightly
against him. Then Doris came, humping upward with
her pelvis to pull his spurring cock even deeper inside.
When they tobogganed down from their pinnacle I was
still stop the razer sharp edge of desire, wildly exhub-
nerated, realizing at last how Doris felt when she saw me
score with it. Never before in my life had I
been so strongly aroused. When Tom limpely withdrew,
I literally threw myself on my back and asked Doris to
squat over my mouth. I was in a frenzy to taste her wet
cunt. Parting her thickly creamed lips with my fingers,
I shoved my mouth between them, licked hungrily with
my tongue, and sucked as I would an orange. Their
fresh sauce was warm and thick with a distinctive aroma unlike that of other men or women alone. Had
they produced a spurt I would have taken it all. And
had anybody touched my throbbing pole I would have
 ejaculated. I held Doris tightly, smooth hard against
her hot, fragrant hole. Realizing I creased every drop,
she pushed with her muscles to get rid of all Tom's
semen—and need. This was complete bliss; and the
others didn't know what was happening.

When she finally arose, both Ola and Tom were
staring at me in amazement.

"Goddamn!" Tom said in awe. "I've seen other cats
who loved cunt, but you got 'em all beat."

"Just call me," I said, "a Gourmet of Gash."

"Do something about me," Ola said. "With all that
significant volumes, "Patterns of Sexual Behavior," published after the first Kinsey report, learned through observation that the mammal who is exclusively heteroerosexual is as unusual and strange as one who is exclusively homosexual. In other words, bisexuality is the norm. Personally, I plead guilty. One of my major pleasures is frenzching a gal immediately after I have seen another stud load her with his semen. Yet I have no desire to make it with another man. If a woman is present and involved, I will at times enjoy active fellatio. Obviously I do not consider semen either "nasty" or "dirty" chemically it is neither better nor worse than any other animal protein.

CHAPTER 5

For several months the four of us got together at least once every couple of weeks, with each session a real blast. Undoubtedly we would have continued our relationship indefinitely had not Dad unintentionally complicated matters.

In reality Dad was my stepfather. He married Mother when I was a young kid. After Mother died, he developed real cleanness which broadened when I learned he had himself become a Grade A swinger.

We learned it through Melba, who joined our gradually expanding group after we moved to our new apartment. Melba, sister of a nationally known religious leader, was the wife of a young attorney who later became prominent in politics. At this time he was thoroughly square. He did not drink, smoke, swear, chase other women or vary in bed from the standard man on top position for genital intercourse. He would have died of mortification had anyone suggested he try cunnilingus. Melba liked him, but she had a constant hunger for more varied sexual fare. I had known her superficially for a year or so. Doris met her only after moving to our neighborhood where Melba also lived, and Melba soon began visiting us frequently. Doris, I think, was part sex bloodhound. She had an uncaring nose for sniffing out new partners. In a short time Doris discovered they had similar erotic tastes and invited Melba to party with us. I was accustomed to Doris finding new playmates and was surprised only at the number of women—most of them married and unsatisfied at home—who leaped at the chance to try multiple sex. Despite their conditioning, I soon learned
that under favorable conditions they were as aggressive and far more uninhibited than most men I knew.

In common with genuine swingers, Melba had a tremendously strong libido and was willing to try anything once. Dad meanwhile had rented a room with a family on the second floor of our building and spent much of his free evening time with Doris and me. He fell for Melba, who in turn became fascinated by him, although he was more than thirty-five years her senior. Part of it was sheer braggadocio but the rest was curiosity about the ability of a man of sixty.

We did not know anything had happened between them until one night Melba told us, "Dad likes to eat. It as much as Bob does. I suppose 'like father, like son.'"

"Are you serious?" I asked her in surprise. "Do you mean to tell me my old man has a taste for tail? When did you find out?"

"I've been stepping off at his room when I leave here," she said. "We've had some wild times. That old man is a master.

Meanwhile I could see a twitch in Doris's ear. Had they been long, they would have stiffened and pointed straight up. I could almost hear her thinking, "Look what I've been missing almost under my nose."

"He's been holding out on us," she said aloud. "However, since it's out in the open now, tell me: is he as good as Bob?"

"That's hard to say because his style is different. I've never seen any two people yet eat it that alike."

"Interesting," my wife commented, a faraway look in her eyes.

"He's almost as crazy about titty. He'll nibble as long as you let him."

Doris and I looked at each other, both thinking the same thought.

"Wonder if he'd like to join us one night?" Doris asked. "I mean all three of us."

"I bet he would," Melba replied.

We figured out a way to involve him without a blush reaction. It would be a planned seduction. Next time you found the three of us together, the talk would be needed to who had the bigger breasts, Melba or Doris. Both would bare their boobies and he would be asked to judge, not only size but texture and softness. We knew this would turn him on.

I had no qualms about involving my stepfather in a session with my wife. It was no longer strictly a father-son relationship; as years passed we had become close personal friends.

Doris asked Dad to come up two nights later for red beans and rice with cornbread, a meal he especially liked. An hour before his expected arrival, both women sensually began making themselves as alluring as possible, applying rouge, lipstick, powder and perfume and grooming their hair as if preparing to attend a formal dinner. They donned their flirtest bras and briefs over which they drew on lacy, semi-transparent robes. No sight about it, they looked seductive enough to make a more statuesque get down from its pedestal and follow them.

They were seated at a kitchen table when Dad arrived. His eyes widened and sparkled, and I saw woman-hunger written briefly on his face. He looked from one bust line to the other in approving appraisal. Shortly both stood up and Dad dropped his gaze to both pairs of thickly covered thighs.

"I saw you lacking our breasts ever," Doris said. "Like 'em, Dad?"

He nodded, slightly embarrassed. "Of course,"

"Whose are better, Melba's or mine?"

Diplomatically Dad replied, "Doris, see how one pair could possibly be better than the other."
“Aw, c’mon!” Melba said. “Surely you can do better than that. Never was any two things just exactly alike. Maybe you better examine them real close.”

He gulped and shot a glance at me. I ignored it. "Dad, as many times as you’ve seen and grabbed by now, you oughta be able to decide. But maybe he can’t really judge when they’re covered up.”

“You may be right,” my wife said. Slipping her wizpy robe down across her shoulders, she backed up to him and said, “Unhook my bra while Bob takes off Melba’s.”

Since obviously I did not object, Dad unhooked her bra. Doris turned around, still close to Dad, ran a hand under each breast to lift and jiggie them, then said, “Thanks, Dad, that feels much better now. You’re so sweet to do that for me, I think I’ll give you a big hug and kiss.”

Stepping completely out of her robe, she flung her arms around his neck, pressing titties and mouth against him. She wore nothing now but sheer black panties which contrasted wickedly with the gold of her flesh. Dad, meanwhile, was doing his damnedest to act cool.

I had also zipped Melba’s globes. She, too, dropped her fitzy robe. Going over to Dad, she placed his hand on her bosoms and when Doris released him, placed his other hand on my wife’s knocker.

“Now you can decide,” Melba said. “Just feel ’em and see.”

“And if that won’t get it,” Doris added, “You can always tell by tests... Here.”

She raised a breast, pulling his head down, and rubbed a nipple over his face. He didn’t even bother to look in my direction, going immediately to work with his mouth on one of her large and shapely dimmers. I watched the nipple of the other push rigidly out.

“Oh, you sweet dog!” she murmured. Pushing him away, she said, “It’s much more comfortable on the bed than standing up like this. Why don’t you take your clothes off?”

Doris turned, rolling down her briefs, stepped out of them and walked tantalizingly, naked hips swaying, toward the bed in the neighboring room. Dad took one quick look at me as if saying, “you’d better stop me now if you’re going to. In a minute it’ll be too late.”

But Melba was stepping out of her panties and I was drooling. That cinched it. He followed Doris and got naked.

Doris lay on the bed, legs parted, fat furry mound waiting. Dad plunged head first into territory he had not previously explored. Melba and I looked on, rubbing and fondling each other. With her low keening point, she usually panted for action at the drop of a suggestion.

Dad sat up reluctantly after Doris climaxxed.

“Go ahead,” I said. “Fuck her.”

I recalled seeing his prick when I was a child and cupping at its base. Now that I was an adult, he still looked huge. I wondered how my wife would react, once he was so much bigger than I. But she did not find out that night. He was too large. Despite her variety of partners, Doris had somehow remained small and sensitive. She could not take the well endowed. The more he tried, the more she hurt. We had no vaseline, and I resolved from then on to keep a jar on hand. Finally, after several minutes of knocking and not entering, Dad lost his head. (I learned in later years this often happens to a man his age unless there is speedy union.) Melba, who could accommodate any size shaft, eventually got him stiff again and then worked it off. It was then I learned Dad had one habit which went beyond mine. Immediately after ejaculation heaved to franticallylick his own semen out of his partner. My hang-up is to remove another stud’s...
after shooting off I have no drive to place my mouth on her until I get another arousal and by then my emission has become watery and changed its character. Of course I had to cool down Doris after all this activity.

Several days later, Ola and Tom called on us. Dad happened to be present and took an instant yen for Ola. He left shortly afterward. Next day he asked Doris about her—and was doubly interested when she told him of our swap sessions. After Tom left, Doris called Ola and mentioned Dad’s interest in her and proficiency at cummingus. Responding immediately (she loved variety), Ola agreed to meet him alone that night.

Obviously she liked his style, for she began frequently visiting our building, going either to his room or coming to our apartment for sessions. Weeks later Tom seemed to her many trips to our address and concluded she was coming down alone to go to bed with me after I had somehow gotten Doris out of the way.

Of course I was on the spot. I couldn’t blow the whistle on Dad by telling Tom he had me all wrong, that his wife was bailing my stepfather. He probably wouldn’t have believed it anyway; I think he’d have laughed at the idea of his young wife liking to hit the sack with a stud some fifteen years older than he. But I didn’t think Tom was the homicidal type, and I was confident he wouldn’t dare attack me with his fists because of my size. Nevertheless, I was uncomfortable until Dad moved away from the building and his affair with Ola housed itself out. The real tragedy for me was the end of our swap parties with this couple. Each time he wrote with my wife I rose to a frenzy of desire, and I had also become unusually fond of Ola. However, several times I got a piece of the action when she and Dad swung in our apartment.

CHAPTER 8

Rose came by one night to announce she was starting a job next day as maid with a white attorney and his wife in Hyde Park. She considered herself unusually lucky. The pay was generous, hours reasonable and work easy.

We didn’t see her again for a while. Then she appeared wearing a broad grin, and about to burst from repressed excitement.

"I just found out today why I was hired," she said.

"Meaning what?" Doris asked.

"Guess I better start at the beginning. The first couple days the work was so light I wondered why they needed a maid. Then the wife drifted into discussing sex. Real smooth, she was. She asked me a few general questions, nothing really specific. Next day she took up where she left off, gradually becoming more and more personal. You know, girl talk about men and what they do and how big they are. She asked me about my husband and if I’d ever been fisted. I told her the truth without going into details. She confessed she was crazy about it and also said she likes to go to bed now and then with other men and asked if I ever played around. She even asked if I liked to watch others and how I felt. I didn’t dig at her joke, but I played it straight.

"This morning when I went there—I’ve got a key you know—I didn’t see either of them at first. Then I heard noises in the bedroom. I went back, and there they were, both naked and going at it with the door open. She looked up when she saw me but didn’t stop or try to cover up. All she said was, ‘Hi, Rose, wouldn’t
you like to join us?" I'd never had a party with punkins, so I hesitated. Then he spoke up and said, "Sure wish you would. You look like fun in bed." I thought, 'Oh what the hell am I going to do?' I meant, "They're both nice looking anyway and seen them in action made me betten at two-dollar pistol.

"They had such a sore time the husband called his law office and said he wouldn't be in until afternoon.

"Don't let nobody tell you they are more refined than we," she went on. "When it gets down to the nitty gritty, they behave just like us, both talkin' and actin'."

She learned before the day was over that occasional sessions with both husband and wife were part of her job. That was why there was so little actual work to do. Rose was their first colored maid. In the past they'd hired nothing but white girls. Recently they'd been complications. Of the last two before Rose, one became pregnant and they had to pay for the abortion. And the other had quit and tried to blackmail them. They concluded that at attractive colored woman would know enough to keep from getting knocked up and wouldn't try to take them for cash. Rose said she told them she was now sterile and wouldn't dream of trying to beat anybody out of money for something she enjoyed as much as sex.

After another week, and two more threensomes, Rose returned with another report. Her employers told her they belonged to a small and very secret club with three other couples who met periodically to swap mates. They were frantic to get an intelligent Negro pair to join with them and wondered if she could recommend anybody.

"All the husbands want a colored gal because they believe all of us are just plain hell in red, and the wives think all you spade stud are bang like a Jersey bull," she said. "When they asked if I knew of a nice, clean, virile, refined colored husband and wife who might like to join, naturally I thought about you guys. When I got through spouting off about what you do in bed, their tongues were hanging out—I mean way out. They begged me to invite you over to meet them socially and perhaps have a private initial session together. Wanna go?"

"Hell, no!" Doris exploded.

"How come? He's a good-looking guy, somewhere around thirty-five, lots of fun, am I really knows how to snick and fuck. His wife's a real cute blonde with aporous shape, and she knows what to do with an-other woman as well as a man."

"The answer is still no," Doris protested. "I don't want a goddess thing to do with any stinkin' ass puddies. I haven't seen a white man yet I'd let put anything in me—well, except maybe for George Raft—and I couldn't stand seein' Bob fourninn with no fly brood. The whole things out. You know how I feel bout ploppers anyways."

Of course Rose knew that Doris, coming from a small town in Alabama where Negroes didn't have a chance, was bitterly ant-white but thought that with her strong sexuality she'd be interested in a brand new experience. But even my wife's overwhelming desire for variety could not overcome her vivid antagonism toward whites.

As for me, I have never felt indiscriminate prejudice. My pattern is to keep up my guard until I can determine whether a specific white person is friend or foe. In matters sexual, if one doesn't stop the other person, it doesn't stop me. Of course I like white women. I also like red, brown and black wom-en. I simply like women.

Naturally I regretted Doris's firm decision, but I know it was useless to argue. I would have enthusiasti-
know," she admonished my wife. "He'd die of embarrassment—especially if Bob ever found out." So immediately after Rose exited from the room, Doris called me in to dish the dirt.

I had already learned that some of those least in condemning oral coitus were secret enthusiasts. In those days B.S.R. (before the sex revolution) most of us were too fearful of ridicule by our associates to want it known. In public we played fun at anybody jokingly accused of licking cunt even if privately we could never get enough. As Doris and my circle of swingers broadened, I got the lowdown on many community leaders and sedate individuals who loved to grope on a pash. Invariably the information came from some data in the same social circle who had either been involved or was a close friend of someone who had. Either way, word spread out. Sometimes it was hard to keep a straight face around some stuffy paragon of dignity when in my read I pictured him with his head buried between some 'wood's thighs. On the other hand, I realized some knowledgeable people might be thinking similarly about me. The point, however, is that keeping cummings a secret was almost impossible. After an experience, gals generally hardly wait to brag that whoever-it-was "went down on me." The exceptions were those hateful bitches who had been induced to try it for the first time—to their stunned delight—and then lived in mortal fear friends would learn they let somebody give them a "French lesson."

How hypocritical we were in trying to hide these pleasures we rauidly enjoyed! How hypocritical—and how 100 percent American? Only in recent years, in a society which now finds church leaders sanctioning oral coitus (although still a "crime" in most states) have I, even though a sex rebel, dared freely admit that I love to eat pussy.

But in the late thirties you remained noncommittal,
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 "prevented" 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 Klondike 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.
"Yeah. Looks older, doesn't she?"

"I'd have guessed fifteen or maybe sixteen."

"Maybe it's because she's from Jamaica. They mature young down there."

"No. She is cute as hell."

"Credit her mixture for that. She's Chinese, English, and West Indian Negro."

"Doris, what a combination! But thirteen! What is hell does she know about sex?"

"Flently, believe me! She's the same age as Juliet when she had that mad affair with Romeo. Besides, Anne's no virgin. Last her every last fall when she was twelve. Anne told me her aunt had a roomer she liked. One morning before he got up, Anne took off all her clothes and sneaked in bed right beside him to kiss him awake."

"What'd she do?"

"What in hell do you think he did? Start a checkers game!"

Frankly, it had been a stupid question.

"This joker got right on top of this fine, hot young thing and was giving her a real trim when in walks her aunt. The aunt yells 'rape' and mighta scalped the poor guy if Anne hadn't piped up and said it was her fault and explained what happened."

"At least she's honest."

"Of course. Else she wouldn't have asked me what she did about you."

"Yeah. What did you tell her?"

"I told her it was all right with me but I'd have to see you first."

I'm not one to go in for Lolitas. Usually I'd rather not bed a babe under twenty. But there was an exception. I didn't want to disappoint the trusting child. At her still-impressionate age, a rejection might be traumatic, could even cripple her sexually for life. No, I didn't want anything like that on my conscience. What was it--

"Said, that she loved me next to God? Further--"

"'Cmon, 'cmon,' Doris broke into my reverie. 'Don't mind those looking stupid. You know damn well you're pretty as you are, even if you don't ordinarily like long girls. You know Anne is not like an ordinary girl."

"Well," I said slowly, "to please you..."

"Both, both! Doris said scornfully. 'I'll tell her it's safe. Ty left the room. I didn't know whether to say or come out. Then I heard the front door close and Doris reappeared."

"She says thank you, thank you, thank you! Anne'll be up tomorrow night. Her aunt's going out and we'll play--uh Anne. Her aunt thinks we're nice people and maybe we can keep her out of trouble. She thinks Anne is much too fast for her age."

No argument there.

"Any other sex experience since last fall?" I asked.

"Not with a man. She and some of her girl friends from school got together and play with each other and masturbate with Polish sausage..."

"Ah, those foreig.. Why can't our gals stick to Americans..."

"But that's about all," Doris went on, ignoring me. "This is not enough to satisfy Anne. I tell you, this poor child is chomping at the bit."

Next evening about eight, she came upstairs to our apartment, and immediately began removing her clothes with absolutely no trace of shame. My eyes widened as I saw her naked. Dressed, she looked like a child with great potential; nude you realized she was physically mature as many young women. At rest, her face was unusually sensual and she had a peculiar way of curving the right side of her mouth when she smiled. Her hair--long, thick, shiny black and straight --reached her waist. Her smooth young skin was the
rich color of antique gold. But it was her bosom and general voluptuousness that gassed me. Her loose child's clothing gave no hint of beautifully formed breasts. They'd grow bigger as she grew older but could never become more appealing. She'd also pull out more around the hips in years to come but even now I could find no flaw in her figure. It was hard to remember she was only thirteen.

When completely nude, she came over, sat on my lap, threw her arms around me and kissed me open-mouthed, her little tongue seeking between my teeth. She smelled young and fresh, like a newly picked bouquet of lilacs. Reaching down, she grabbed my sex through my trousers.

"You're ready, aren't you?" she asked.

I could not dispute the evidence she had in hand.

"Why don't you take off your things?" She turned to Doris. "You'll lie beside me and show me how to do it right, won't you?"

My wife nodded and we disrobed. Anne was already lying on the bed. Her tender little mound, sparsely covered with black silk, caught my eye.

"I'd better start with my mouth," I said.

"No! I don't like that. Some of us girls have tried it on each other and it's nothing." "Believe me, you haven't been serviced by Bob," Doris told her.

"No, even if it's Bob I still say it's no good."

"Tell you what," I said. "Let me try it three minutes that way—Doris can watch the time—then if you want me to stop, I will."

Reluctantly she consented and I began. When I initiate a girl in cumulativeness, I give her the grand tour of the delight treatment. I do not care for virgins but I enjoy being first orally, in unlocking the door to a devastating delight surpassing all else in her erotic experience. Of course Anne lacked development of

SEX REBEL: BLACK

Anna and Clarice and her gentleman was like a freshly opened rose. I was especially delicate, reasoning that her inexperienced previous young partners knew little or nothing. In less than a minute she was boiling and trembling—which shortly turned into screams of pleasure. I was glad we lived at the rear of our top floor and in an area of loud big city cacophony. Before three minutes elapsed she climax'd, grabbing and squeezing Doris's hand with all her might.

"The kids didn't do it like that," she confessed, looking at me with eyes and gratitude.

"Bob is an expert," Doris said.

"Did you like it?" I asked.

Vigously she nodded her head, grinning sheepishly. "Will you do it again later tonight?" When I agreed, she said, "Now I'm ready for you to fuck me."

I am not a condom user. Nevertheless I had bought a package, for I did not want to take a chance on making this same child pregnant. I automatically assumed older swingers know how to protect themselves, but a thirteen-year-old could be precocious but not necessarily sophisticated. I slipped on one and got above her. But I couldn't enter unless I forced my way in, and I didn't want to hurt her. Although I am only average size and she had lost her maidenhead, I was still too large for easy entry into her small hole. Finally in desperation I got up to apply vaseline—but the combination of rubber and vaseline was too great an emotional hazard for me. I lost my hard, I dislike condoms even under the most favorable of circumstances because of the decreased sensitivity. I prefer the communion of flesh with flesh. After trying fruitlessly to get another erection I gave up, explained why, and apologized profusely.

"That's all right. I brought along a candle anyway," she said. "Besides, I want to learn how to do it to you."
what you did to me. Doris, will you teach me how to
use my mouth?"

Proof of artificiality, my virility was immediately
restored. My wife gave Anne minute instructions on
fellatio and she tried enthusiastically although of
course with little finesse. When her inexpert jaws tired,
she quit and asked, "Why don't you suck Doris? I've
never watched anybody before and I've wanted to do
for a long time."

Obligingly I moved over my wife but Anne stopped
me. "No, from the back like dogs. I can see better."

My wife rested on knees and forearms and I got
behind, inside her thighs. I moved slowly, prolonging
the demonstration, as Anne leaned close, intimacy
watching. When we finished, she said wistfully, "Gee,
that looked good. I bet it felt good too. Bob, please use
the candle on me now."

Very carefully I used the wax dildo with one hand,
meanwhile caressing her tender thighs with my other.
Doris leaned over to suck her toothsome young tits.
Anne next asked me to French her again, and in the
process she pulled Doris above her and began eating
her pussy. Shortly afterward Anne got up, dressed and
returned to her apartment after volubly promising to
"Save those other kids alone and come up to see
you whenever you'll let me." Doris was so aroused she
requested the full treatment before I slept.

Anne came up many times the next several weeks,
her aunt thinking she was in good hands. Actually, she
was. She obtained a course in practical sex from expe-
renced and considerate practitioners rather than from
ignorant, insensitive neophytes. Neither of us would
have voluntarily thought of breaking her in at thirteen,
but she was already on the way toward leading an
active sex life. I think we did her a favor, although the
pleasure was mutual. I never again tried to enter her.
Instead I used her assortment of candles, cucumbers,

"You are the first person of any consequence to say
that Doris"s sex facts she was unlikely to get elsewhere.
Anne commented rather than loudly, and one
tight it assumed such magnitude that Doris, in a fit of
embarrassment, got out of bed in which all three of us were
lying, called me into the next room, and demanded
that I get that woman out of here."

"But that's no woman," I reminded her. "She's
nearing a child of thirteen."

"I don't care how old she is—she's no child. Never
was a child who can do what she does in bed."

"That's because of our efficient teaching," I said.

I finally calmed Doris, but it was difficult.
Two weeks later as I came home and opened the
stairs door to the stairway, I found Anne running
town to her apartment with Doris in hot pursuit, her
face ablaze with anger. Anne made it inside her own
apartment and slammed the door. Doris turned and
smirking back up to our flat.

"What the hell is going on?" I asked.

She didn't answer but pointed wraithlike to the
front door of our apartment. When I got close enough
I saw a crowd all over the top panel with
cutie chalk in hand letters:

DOUS LOVES FUSSY

"My, my!" I exclaimed. "I wonder how she knows.
Did somebody tell her?" I had never seen my wife
French Anne at our loneliness.

Doris merely glared at me.

"Do you mean to tell me you've been snacking on
sweet little Anne's snatch while I've been out trying to
save a living? And that she got—shall we say—fed
up?"

I moved just in time or I would have been indecently
spied upon by those twin lace brasses she shot at me from her
eye sockets. Turning abruptly, still without speaking,
she went in to get a wet sponge to wash the door. Fortunately the other two tenants on my floor were not at home or they would have learned something about my wife's habits.

I had never thought of the possibility that my wife might be having a ball with Anne after school before I arrived. Yet I could not blame her; our Lolita was such a joy. The fact is, I did not concern myself anyway with my mate's liaisons with others. But this development did bother me for I knew our little sex idyll with Anne had come to an abrupt conclusion with no chance of restoring our relationship. However, the end was already in sight. The clouds of World War II hovered and Anne's aunt had already announced she would be returned to her family in Jamaica while transportation was still possible. She left shortly after the run-in with Doris.

Later I learned that soon after reaching home she was knocked on by a Chinese conman who paid her several thousand dollars to keep quiet. After V-J day in 1945 she returned to the U. S. Now a seasoned expert in sex and breathing in both face and figures she became engaged several times in California and Chicago only to have her fancies back out when they learned of her voracious sexual appetite and desire for multiple activity.

I saw her once on a crowded elevated train in 1947 but had no opportunity for more than a hurried hello. She smiled warmly and returned my greeting. Maybe it was hurt that I didn't talk with her; as seeming and ripe as she looked at twenty-one I would have tried to resume where we left off a few years before. I have never seen her since, nor have I ever bedded another nymphet.

CHAPTER 8

Loretta, housewife, thirty-two, no kids, a strong sex drive; husband, fifty-seven, good provider except in bed, and then a boring traditional one. Result: great frustration.

Doris had a gift for extracting sex history from those she met and liked. Loretta was no exception. A week after they were introduced while visiting a mutual friend, Loretta came eagerly to our apartment for a post session. I had never met her before and she had experienced only genital excitation. She was anxious to learn more and had come to the right teachers.

For some time now I had grown accustomed to meeting new playmates selected by my wife. Doris usually chose those she knew I would enjoy, but occasionally were not so appealing as to pose a threat to herself. Loretta was rather tall, big-boned and sinewy fleshed with little fat. Her gratitude at being invited to renew with us, as well as anticipating getting her own way, was well known, made her flatter like a big brown ted. And when the initial session was over she actually cried for joy. She told us she had seriously considered getting an outside man to satisfy her erotic needs but had hesitated for fear of becoming emotionally involved. From then on she usually brought us some kind of present each visit in appreciation—and she never violated us without expecting action.

J. D. was there one evening when she arrived. J. D. was a lifelong friend of Doris, coming from the same Oklahoma town where, for all I know, he regularly knocked it off when they were kids together. As usual, the talk soon turned to sex and my mate thought it would be fun for both if they coupled. Loretta was
enthused. To get moving, we went into the bedroom where J. D. sat between both zabs. Doris pushed him back, opened his trousers, took out his staff and ran her tongue from tip to testicles. Lorettta was so hot she couldn’t sit still. Excitedly scratching off her clothes, she lay down expectantly. Although he told me later Lorettta was not his type, he did not want to hurt her feelings and got on her, but he could not become stiff. By now Lorettta was frantic for action. I suggested J. D. lie on his back and Lorettta straddle him, hoping this would work. Still no response. She grabbed his foot and nibbled at her well lubricated hole. Nothing. Old helpful kid! As she begged and kissed him, trying to get him aroused, meanwhile bumping and wriggling against his soft suraage, I got the bright idea of kneeling behind, wetting her derry cunt with my saliva, then bunching J. D. into rigidity and shoving it up her immediately. So for the second time in my life, I took another man’s cock into my mouth. He remained limp. Now it became a personal challenge. Recalling my technique during the days of self-suck, I applied what I remembered. Suddenly he stiffened. Proud of myself as I thought, aha, at last, I started to take my mouth away and pull Lorettta down to shooth his nut when I received a sudden surprise.

He shot off.

Most importantly I was immobile. In those stunned moments I had enough presence of mind to realize that I had just done it, his climax would be exposed and I’d never hear the end of it from both gals. I waited for what seemed like forever before I could get up and leave the room. As I reached for the door, I heard a loud screeching as I stumbled out of the room.

“Come on, I’ll give you a lift,” he said. “I’m in the car, a white man in his thirties, average size. I rode.”

“You’re married?” he asked.

“I said I was.”

“Ever done anything around?”

“I have been known to.”

“Do you like blondes?”

I nodded curiously, thinking what in hell’s going on? A white man doesn’t ask a strange Negro o
question like this unless he's got some kind of way-out angle. Just what's he trying to put down?"

Jim laughed. "I know what you might be thinking. Truth is, I sing tenor in a church choir—I'm a soloist—and there's a blonde girl who is my close friend. She told me her greatest ambition is to go to bed with a colored man. Not just any colored man, of course, but a fellow who's safe, intelligent and discreet. Now, you talk like a college man, you're married and therefore won't have any kind of social disease from running around. You sound like you ought to be just what she wants."

He stopped. When I said nothing, he went on.

"She's real terr'd. If you saw her you'd go for her right away because she's one of the most beautiful girls I know. She's got this luscious blonde body she can sit on, and gorgeous breasts just like grapefruit. She also attends the University of Chicago and sings in the church choir, so she has to be very careful around the people she knows. But she figures if she goes to bed with a colored man, she can be completely undisguised without worrying about people she knows finding out. No offense, but her associates and you are not likely to meet socially. You'd be perfect and she'd go mad over you. I can have her come over to my apartment any time you say "Interested"?"

Hell, yes. I was interested. He painted such a glori- ous picture that my imagination leaped ahead of him and I got hard. Evidently he anticipated this for he reached down and held me.

"C'mon," he said, "you're just exactly the right size for her. And me too. When you come over to take my blonde friend, will you let me kiss her?"

"Maybe," I said, "thinking so that's the play. He doesn't like women and thinks if he fixens me up, I'll let him blame me as a reward. When he said he was "so I should have known. How come I never ran into a

"...my baritone or bass. Still, if he can produce the kind of babe he's been bragging about, I'll let him."

"Here's my phone number and address," he said, handing me a card. "I live alone so nobody'll bother me. Just call me—any time—and I'll have my blonde friend come over. I know you'll both like each other."

I waited a couple of weeks before I phoned.

"Can you come over?" Jim asked.

"Can you get the blonde?"

"I'll ring her. Call back in 15 minutes."

When I called back, he said she was busy that evening but definitely would be available three nights from then, and would I telephone at eight-thirty in the evening?

At the designated time I called again.

"Coming over now?" he asked.

"Is she there?"

"Not yet, but I talked with her a few minutes ago and she's on her way. She'll be here by the time you arrive."

When I walked into his quarters, he was alone.

"She must've been delayed in traffic," he explained.

"She drives her own car. Why not sit down and wait? Meanwhile I'll fix you a drink."

I sat in a large overstuffed easy chair. I finished off a large crotch and soda. No blonde. He refilled my glass. As he started away he knelt in front of me and began gently stroking my crotch with his fingers. Of course I got stiff, and he reached inside to grab my rod, me thinking what the hell I came here to get my nuts off and that's what I'm gonna do. I leaned back and relaxed. In all fairness, Jim was damned proficient. Of course no blonde appeared. Insincerely I gave him credit for laying down the right spiel to get me to his room.

For more to my liking was an episode, a year or so before, which completely changed my life. It, too, began
on another rainy night downtown I waited for a bus.
As before, an auto passed me, stopped, and backed up.
In the front seat were two Canadians, a small man
about my age and a stunning young platinum blonde.
"Want a lift to the South Side?" the driver asked.
Of course.
When I got in, I saw immediately the woman was
more exciting than that first swift glance had shown.
She could have doubled for Jean Harlow.
"You talk like a college man," the driver said after a
few minutes of general conversation in which I learned
they were married. His name was Ernest and she was
Diana.
I told them they were right and narrated my school as
well as the kind of work I did.
"Married of course?" Ernest asked.
"Definitely."
"Oh! This your night to play?" Diane asked bantery.
"That's not why I'm out," I said, "although the
night's not over."
Peripherally I saw them exchange brief glances and
momentarily wondered why.
"By the way," Ernest said casually, "if you're in no
hurry to go home, why not stop off at our apartment
for a drink? Do you drink, don't you?"
"Anything. I'm not prejudiced." I looked inquiringly
at Diane. "I do appreciate the invitation but..."
"Please do," she said, impulsively placing her hand
on my arm. It was a little thing, but it had a personal
feeling, as if she sincerely wanted me to come to their
place. "We'll drive you home later. But tonight is
crilly and after getting wet on that corner, you really
ought to have something to wash off in. And we do
talk enjoying to you, don't we Ernest?"
"Absolutely. I wouldn't invite you to our place if I
didn't mean it. You know how it is in Chicago. You
have to be careful. But you...well...you seem like our
kind of people."
The impression grew, as we rode along and talked,
but there was more to this than appeared on the
surface. I could not suppress a feeling of rising excite-
ment.
"Do you like jazz?" Diane asked when I entered
their small but tastefully furnished apartment. "Duke
Ellington?"
"My favorite."
"Ernie, dear, put some records on the phonograph
and let I change into something more comfortable."
I tried not to stare, but Diane had the kind of
attractive look that dominated her surroundings. She
was heavier than Harlow and her features not quite
suitable for a man who admired the then-reigning Holly-
wood sex symbol. Frankly I wondered how a little
woman like Erin, despite a thoroughly
middle-class personality, had groved with a lion of a
woman such as Diane. I watched her admiringly as she
walked languidly down the short hall and disap-
ppeared, then turned back to see her husband eying me
prudently as he removed that lecherous from a stack of
magazines and placed them on the changer.
"You have an unusually lovely wife," I told him.
"She's the closest thing to Jean Harlow I've ever
seen."
"She is gorgeous, isn't she?" He beamed, then added
cautiously, "we think alike on almost everything. We
have a real empathy."
As I muddled this over, Diane returned, a pale green
robe of thin silk fitting her body like a second skin.
There were no bras or panties beneath, and I knew
immediately this would be one of the most memorable
moments of my life. I saw her nipples sharply
outlined against the cloth. My gaze dropped to a
triangular shadow beneath her stomach. An unexperienced man might have been confused, but by now I was an experienced swinger and realized I was strong kindred souls. Diane and Ernie were as nonconformist as I, undeniably Ernie had my same basic attitudes. I knew therefore what to expect when she came over and sat on the arm of my chair, and I knew what to do. Nevertheless, I would be cool about it all.

"T’ll fix some drinks," Ernie said and disappeared.

Ellington’s Mood Indigo filled the room. Diane placed her arm around the back of the chair and gently tickled my ear. I noticeably shivered. She laughed and leaned closer, her elbow opening slightly to expose more of a firm and full pink breast.

"I like you, Bob," she said. "You’re so big and nice looking. Mind if I kiss you?"

"Not if Ernie doesn’t." She laughed. "This may shock you but we have the same feelings about everything. We’re completely understood."

"So am I. I’m a hundred per cent maverick, a complete rebel."

"Wonderful! I felt when we started talking in the car that you weren’t like most people. I suppose it’s what’s called feminine intuition."

"You intuition is perfect. There’s nothing either of you can do that will shock me."

"Nothing?"

"Nothing. Absolutely nothing."

"We’ll see," she leaned even closer. "Now may I kiss you?"

Instead of answering, I reached my arm around her waist and pulled her into my lap, knowing that from now on anything went. The warmth and fragrance of her body rolled over me like a wave. She parted her lips, closed her eyes and leaned forward into me. I was

seizure of my heart beating loudly and rapidly from contact with Diane, to far the most beautiful and exciting woman I had yet known. As I gently stroked the curves of her body, her robe slipped away and her warm, pale flesh flattened against my big brown hand. Her tongue plunged into my mouth and her breasts snooped against me as she alternately moved each slider forward and back. By now she was trembling —was it me? I felt her hand reach between us to my

She, then ran up and down the rigid bulge.

"Oh," she whispered, "that feels good! And it’s not

bite. Not that size really matters."

"It’s not what you get, it’s how you use it."

"I bet you’re terrific in bed. Simply wild."

Ernie reappeared bearing scotch and soda. I had the feeling he had been standing in the hall out of sight, watching as we built up each other’s pressure.

"Darling," Diene told him, "we’re in luck! Bob says as much a nonconformist as we are."

"That’s a large order," Ernie said. "Have, have a seat."

His wife and I took glasses with her still on my lap. By now her robe was completely open down the front and she made no effort to close it.

"I especially like Scotch and milk," I said, taking mine of her breasts and gently squeezing as I told my glass beneath, then pulling her forward until the nipple soared the drink. She flinched momentarily from the cold but I quickly placed my hot mouth around the entire nipple, licking and sucking and stewing and

wringing the tip. When I let go she was panting, and moved rapidly downward to kiss me hurryingly.

"What do you say," her husband asked, "that we all

experiment?"

We did, with Diane so dizzying when she stood before me nude that I gazed on her in disbelief. I
sensed from the way they looked me over that I had
the physical approval of both husband and wife.

In their bedroom now, Diane lay atop the white
sheets. I noted that the soft bush above her delta was
smoothed. Obviously she was a true blonde.

"Come on," she said impatiently, "get on me. Don't
make me wait."

"Sorry," I said, "not yet. First I've got to kiss
you there. I want the taste of your honey in my mouth."

"Why, I'd heard colored men didn't go in for that,"
she said in genuine surprise.

"Some do. I'm one."

I was both ravenous and nervous as I parted her
pink lower lips, glistening with the thin syrup of
anticipation. She moaned softly as I began, then
reached down to hold my head to her as if afraid I
would take it away. I remember thinking this the
height of absurdity, for a team of wild horses could not
have dragged my mouth from her. She rolled, turned,
twisted, a crescendo of intense sound rising from her
mouth. Finally she shrieked, her thighs a trembling
vise against my cheeks, and climaxed.

"Quick," she said hoarsely, still moving convulsive-
ly, "back me! Now! Hurry!"

As I drove into her, I glimpsed Ermie sitting on the
edge of a chair beside the bed, his face distorted as he
stretched his stone-stiff staff.

This was one of those inopportune times when I was
able to prolong copulation, completely enjoying every
ravishing moment, until she had three orgasms. At the
far end of the third I blew, and she had still another.
We lay there, united but not moving, me still not fully
believing I had fucked this ravishing woman.

Turning her head toward Ermie, she said, "Sweet-
heart, hold my hand." He grabbed and held on, Diane
smiling tenderly upon her husband as I remained
inside, covering her body with my own.

SEX REBEL: BLACK

At last I stopped softly and w extraneously and moved
over by myself on the bed. Immediately Ermie lay
down, face up. Diane squatted above him as he licked
and sucked my semen from her cunt. Then she rolled
over, and fractionally he flung himself on her. I felt
warm kinship with him; for the first time I had met
somebody who had my appetites.

When he finished, desire had returned and I felt
throbbingly alive.

"If you don't mind, I'd like for you to kneel over me
as you did over your husband," I told her. "You see,
I'm like he is."

She laughed as she placed her knees on both sides of
my head and lowered her hooded pussy to my reaching
mouth. My prick was waving like a flagpole as I thrust
my tongue inside her fragrant lips, so she bent down to
catch it with her own mouth in 69. Ermie, apparently
gifted with swift recuperative powers and stimulated
by the sight of his wife with me, crept up behind and
pushed his cock into her asshole. She braced herself to
keep from smothering me. I felt his balls sliding softly
across my face, but I had no objection to this strange
new sensation. Actually, it heightened my enjoyment.

As we relaxed afterward, Ermie said, "You're right.
I admit you really are as much of a maverick as I am.
Until now I had only wondered if I'd ever meet
anybody who liked the same things I liked."

"Sure here," I said. "Think we ought to form a
partnership?"

"When you first realized your desires were out of the
ordinary," he went on, "did you think that maybe you
were perverted or a freak? I know I did."

"Yeah, I felt the same way at first," I said, "but I
have come to accept my desires just as I accept myself.
I realize that everything I like and do is normal for
me. Not to do what I want sexually would be abnormal
for me. I now call myself a Gourmet of Gash."
You're the first colored man we've ever parted with," Diane said. "But we've wanted to for ages. Ernie has been dying to see me with a colored man and I've wanted to try it. We've talked about it a lot. The idea of the contrast by itself—black and white bodies together—fascinated us. The trouble has been in finding the right kind of guy. We finally decided our best bet would be a total stranger. We began keeping our eyes open for colored sons—alone, of course—who looked acceptable when we were out driving. Twice before tonight we picked up prospects we saw and liked at first glance and felt them out. After we talked to the first a little while, we knew he would not be satisfactory. The other seemed all right until he came here with us. He was undressed, but refused to do anything with Ernie looking on. When Ernie wouldn't leave he got mad and put on his clothes and left after calling us a pair of degraded white freaks. After that traumatic experience we gave up the idea for a long time. But we were so anxious to have a party with a colored fellow, about a month ago we decided to try again. When we saw you tonight we had a hunch you might be the right guy."

"Thank heaven for hunches," I said.

"And then we find you not only are everything we wanted but like the same things I do," Ernie said. "We hit the jackpot."

"Wonder what Freud and Kraft-Ebbing would think about us?" Diane laughed.

"Probably that I'm monochromatic and a fairy at heart," Ernie said. "That's the usual gibb explanation. They'd also probably say I wished to degrade you and myself by wanting to see another man—especially a Negro—have intercourse with my wife. But I assure you I don't feel the least bit degraded. Thrilled, yes; degraded, no."

"You know, darling, they'd tell you the desire is unconscious."

"The perfect out. I call it 'psychiatry's handy crutch.' Whenever you disagree with a headshrinker he smiles in a superior way and tells you that subconscious you really think like he has told you. That lets him get in the last word and preserve his supposed superiority. Not that I've ever been to one, but some of my friends have and I've done a lot of reading."

"Do you have parties with many others?" I asked.

"One other couple," Diane said. "They're very close friends. We've known each other since college. All four of us, I mean. But the husband is nowhere near as far out as you and Ernie. They're in Philadelphia now. He was transferred there some time ago—the and Ernie work for the same firm—and we're gonna vacation together this coming summer. We're really looking forward to it. Frankly, we'd love to have parties with other couples, but we have to be so damn careful. Even though Ernie's in a managerial position, he'd be kicked out in nothing flat if word ever got back to the big bosses. You know how prudish most people are."

"That's another reason we've been anxious to find a compatible colored guy," Ernie added. "We didn't believe he'd be likely to go running to my boss if he got irritated with us. But I want to know more about you and your wife. Does she go in for parties like this? Or is that a ridiculous question since you and I like the same things?"

"She's wild. She'll try anything once."

"Fine! How about bringing her over sometime?"

"Wish I could. But I can't. I'd just as well tell them now and get it over with. "She's been dear Di and won't party with anybody white."

Their faces fell and they were momentarily silent.

"I can understand it," Diane finally said. "This
other couple in Philadelphia—they’re that way most colored people.”

"Prejudice," I said, "is both rotten and sensuous. I don’t sanction it in anybody. But at the same time, with us it’s usually defensive. It’s a reaction to the prejudice we experience. If you ever heard my wife tell you how she and all other Negroes were treated in her home town in Alabama, you’d understand."

"But I do understand," Diane said, "Sometimes I wonder how you can take it without collectivity, by-passing your tops and trying to destroy every white face you see. If you did, I couldn’t blame you. I know that’s how I’d feel."

"It’s bad, all right, but it’s not that bad," I said. At the same time I couldn’t help feeling a surge of warmth for Diane because of her understandable sensitivity. "Most of us realize that all whites aren’t devils. In fact, after tonight I’ll place you both on my angel list."

"Thanks, Bob," Diane said. "Now I’m gonna take a chance at offending you. If I do, it’s unintentional. But it’s something both Ernie and I have wondered about. We’ve heard that most colored men like white women. Is that true?"

"Maybe you can answer that yourself," I said. "Is it true that most white women want to go to bed with black men?"

She smiled. "I admit I wanted to. And after tonight I can tell those who haven’t that they don’t know what they’re missing."

"But I’m no more typical of colored men than you are of white women. However, many Negro men want white women, and vice versa, because it’s supposed to be taboo in our society. Many people want to do things mainly because they’ve been told not to. I doubt that any of us will go after a chick only because she’s white. She needs something besides a white skin. An ugly gal is an ugly gal, no matter what her color. But if a colored and a white woman have the same appeal, many of us will ignore the black broad and make a play for the fair babe. That’s primarily because she’s white and therefore, according to the rules, we’re not supposed to touch her. Part of it’s because stolen fruit tastes sweeter, and the grass looks greener in somebody else’s yard, and part of it’s rebellion against the White Power Structure which tries to restrict us. Frankly, there’s a certain emotional satisfaction of thumbing your nose at the rules laid down by the System. As for me, I do like white women—along with black women, too. And a hell of a lot of white women appeal to me, not only because there are more of them, but because I’m a rebel. I wouldn’t be a rebel if I didn’t get real satisfaction out of breaking ridiculous rules—and what’s more ridiculous than trying to restrict the color of your bedmate? However, most of the time all I can do is look and wish. I’ve got better sense than to be bucking the System unless a white woman who interests me indicates in some way that I interest her."

"At the same time I know many white girls are, for similar reasons, afraid to let us know they like us. I bet there are a hell of a lot of frustrated white women and Negro men dying to get together, but afraid to make the first move. If I’d seen Diane on the street, as stunning as she looks, my tongue would have been hanging out—but mentally only. I wouldn’t have changed expressions, for I’d have thought, ‘what’s the use, I’ll never be able to get anywhere near that.’"

"And now you are in bed with me," Diane laughed.

"I still don’t believe it. The alarm will go off any minute now and I’ll wake up."

"Getting back to what you’d do if you saw Diane or the street," Ernie cut in. "Suppose she were colored instead of white. Then what would you do?"
"I'd look at her longingly without trying to hide my admiration. But I wouldn't make any kind of play. I'm usually not too aggressive. But I'd try to find out who she was, and do my best to meet her. At least I'd know I wouldn't have to fight a majority-enforced color bar in addition to trying to arouse her interest. I wouldn't face a possible rape or disorderly conduct charge if I made advances she didn't like," I laughed. "If she were colored, I'd run the risk only of being shot or cut by a jealous boy friend or husband. The radical angle would be eliminated—although you've just as dead if you're killed by another black man as by a white mob.

"Let me phrase it another way," I looked at Diane. "If you were colored, I could make a play for you without possible interference from the System—and I'd probably strike out. But you're white, and therefore if I saw you on the street I'd leave you alone for fear you'd invoke the White Power Structure. So what happens? An hour after I meet you the first time we're in bed together, mainly because you're nonconformist and have said to hell with the System. It's ironic—and ridiculous—this prejudiced thing. In this instance it has deflected itself. It has promoted what it seeks to prevent. Instead of stopping you, my being black got you interested. Remind me to send an open note of thanks to all the racists.

"However, lots of Negro men sincerely hate white women. In fact, they're even antagonized by light-complexioned colored women because they're obviously mixed with white. They're a passionate in their hate as are those white women who have a pathological hatred for black men."

"I wonder what would happen if you locked up an attractive black man who honestly hated white women with a good-looking white gal who had an equally strong and sincere hate for colored men," Diane mused. "Make them comfortable, feed them, but keep them isolated together for days, weeks, months even."

"If they didn't go stir-crazy and try to kill each other, when they got horny enough, they'd rationalize and try to fuck each other to death. And if they survived all this, they might actually fall in love."

"Hmm. How could they explain such a complete reversal of attitude?" Ernie asked.

"Simplest thing in the world. Each would tell the other, 'You're different. You're not like the rest. You're an exception.' That's always how it's rationalized."

"We don't have to go through that routine," Ernie said, "although, to tell the truth, you are exceptional."

"I know it. So are you."

"Of course we're going to see each other again," Ernie went on. "You're not only what we've been looking for in bed, but you're stimulating to talk to. I've learned a lot."

"I like you both. And you know I'll be tugging at my leash to come back."

"Since you and I think alike sexually, I don't need to tell you I'm completely in love with Diane."

"And I do need to add I'm just as much in love with my husband," Diane said.

"No, you don't. It's pretty obvious. Although I'm not deeply in love with my wife, there is still strong attachment and I'd rather live with her than any other women I know. And I care enough about her to get a tremendous charge out of watching her enjoy coitus with others."

"Most people don't understand this," Ernie said. "I'm married to the most desirable, absolutely the loveliest woman I have ever seen. But instead of being jealous and selfish like most husbands, I want other appreciative persons to share the divine pleasure she gives me. It's hard to put it in words, but I felt tremendous pride in watching you have sex with
Diane, I thought, 'I hope he enjoys her as much as I do — although I really don't see how he can. She's something uniquely special.' I said over and over to myself, 'that's my wife and she is absolutely terrific.' In addition there was the aesthetic pleasure of watching your contrasting colors, her white against your black. I felt another special kind of joy in being able to provide something, a kind of experience I knew she wanted. Watching her with you made me love her even more — if that's possible. And at the same time it increased my own desire for her to toil point.'

"That's something like the way I feel when I watch Doris with some other guy," I said. "I'd feel even more strongly if I were completely in love with her. With rebels like you and me, Ernie, the stronger our emotionless involvement with a woman, the more intense our reaction when we see her enjoy others —oral or genital— with another stud. But it's a waste of time trying to explain these reactions to most people. It's so far from their conditioning it's like living on different planets."

"Since none of us three is an average person," Diane said, "when can you come back?"

"Just as soon as I get a free night. I'll be back as often as I can. Believe me."

I sincerely regretted not being able to tell Doris about my new friends. I knew she'd like them if they weren't white, and I wanted to share them. But they were white and her rigid attitude made such a relationship impossible. Undoubtedly she'd have given birth to a trio of full grown brown monkeys had she known I'd been on a threesome with you. She'd said she knew I wasn't "passing up anything that looks good" and undoubtedly she occasionally took on somebody who struck her fancy, but she did expect me to draw the color line. This I would never do, thinking this idea absurd, but to maintain peace between us I kept quiet about any interracial action.

Fact is, there'd been only one pale dude since we started swinging. That was Millie, and I met her by chance one day at the main library on Michigan Avenue downtown when we were both looking for the same book. Finding we had similar tastes in literature, we became friendly, and before long, sex leaped into the picture. We discussed it several times before deciding to hit the hay together. Millie had hoped she would be the first white woman I ever took to bed, but I put her straight on that. Then, apparently thinking like Diane that "colored men don't French," she cleverly contrived to broach the subject, praise its merits, and offered to repay in kind if I would really take her on.

She went into graphic detail, drawing pictures and giving explicit directions. Since she believed this would be my first go at cunnilingus, I hadn't the heart to disillusion her. I played along, acting dumb. Finally we went to bed, and she shortly discovered I was no neophyte. Her chapkin was speedily washed away by her appreciation of my technique.

I saw Diane and Ernie at least once weekly. We must established such rapport that we talked by phone virtually every day. During sessions she offered me fellatio, just as was her custom with Ernie, but I refused, telling them I'd rather wait until we could all enjoy everything together. Although sex was our bond, it was far from the only desirable aspect of our relationship. We liked so many things, sharing common ideas about jazz, books, art, humor, median. We dovetailed, the three of us. We reached a plateau on which we could have thoroughly enjoyed a relationship without sex if need be. However, we had no intention of doing without, for our erotic pleasure had deepened with each session. And every time I saw Diane I was as knocked out as on the night when it all began.
On a night the three of us were lying naked on the deep rug in front of the phonograph listening to a new Billie Holiday record Ernie had bought that afternoon. Diane was between us, on her stomach. I was gently stroking her lovely hips, feeling both content and exhilarated, when suddenly a thought flashed in my mind. I sat up quickly.

"Ernie," I said, "I've just made an amazing discovery. I'm in love with Diane."

"Can't blame you one bit," Ernie said. "I don't see how any normal man who's around her can help falling in love."

She turned her head slowly to me, smiling mischievously.

"And yet, crazy as it sounds," I went on, "I'm perfectly satisfied like this. I mean, the three of us."

"Oh, then you don't want to take me away from Ernie," she teased. "How—what shall I say? Irregular? Unusual?"

"Stop when you get to unorthodox," I told her. "However, to be honest, if you weren't married to Ernie I'd want you for my wife."

"What would your wife do with me?" Diane giggled.

"You know she doesn't like white women."

"What I want to know is, what would you do with Doris? Migny is frowned upon by the authorities, I'm told," Ernie said.

"And a goddamned shame too. But seriously, if Diane were unmarried and available, I'd simply get rid of Doris—which ought to indicate how I've grown to feel about Diane."

"Now let's be realistic. You two are married. I'm in love with your wife, but want everything to continue just as it is now. I don't want anything changed one iota. You're part of the whole picture, Ernie. You're so important in the equation that if something happened, and you suddenly disappeared, I'd suffer a tremendous loss. We're like a three-legged stool: take away one leg and the whole thing falls down. I don't believe I could ever feel right around Diane without you, Ernie. Not for a long time anyway. I don't know, but maybe I'm in love with you both as a couple. It's real weird. If I did have one, it would be to live with both of you. Have you ever heard of anything so nutty?"

Diane put her soft arm over my shoulder, kissed me on the cheek and said, "We both understand, Bob—shh—and again it shows how much alike the three of us are. In a way, it's frightening. Last night Ernie and I talked for a long time about how we feel toward you—and we came to the same conclusion you did. We said that if we could have a dream come true, it would be for the three of us to live together."

"And I may as well tell you," Ernie added, "that Diane told me perfectly openly and frankly that she's in love with you. And I don't want at least half jealousy."

"I told Ernie it doesn't detract from or change in any way my feeling for Migny," she said. "But I'm certain he knew it without my saying so. It's a lot of bunk, this thing about a woman not being able to be in love with two men at once. I'm at least as happy now with Ernie as I have ever been. I wouldn't dream of giving him up—but now I don't want to give you up either. With all my heart I want both you and Ernie. I guess I'm just selfish."

"And I like it that way, too," Ernie said.

I changed positions so I could hug each, hard, with an arm. "Do you know what? I think we deserve each other," I fought hard to keep from sounding maudlin. They agreed.

After that, Ernie and I referred to Diane as "your wife" and Diane frequently spoke of how fulfilling polyamory could be with the right man. And yet although I felt more tenderness and love for Diane than I had ever felt before for any woman, this did not alter
my relationship with Doris, I knew I could not have Diane by myself—in fact, didn't really want to—so this outside affair had nothing to do with my domestic situation. However, seeing and knowing Diane did underline the deficiencies of my own spouse; nevertheless so long as I had this soul-deep kinship with Diane and Ernie I was satisfied. Actually it was like having two homes worlds apart.

August came.

Four months had flipped past since we met that rainy night—four fantastic, unbelievable months. It had been six weeks since I discovered I was in love with Diane—or was it Diane and Ernie as a couple? But never mind. Phrasing terminology is of no importance. The time had come for their trip to Philadelphia. They were to leave next morning by auto. Despite gas shortages and rationing, they were managing to take their car, and with it freedom of movement.

That night we planned a long, extended session. They would be gone a month, and although they looked forward to seeing their old friends, both assured me that after what we had created together, much of the rest of anticipation had vanished.

We went through it all that night, everything we had found so delightful together. With Diane on her back, I straddled her chest. She cradled my cock with her warm, velvet smooth breasts, holding them tightly together as I fucked them, then thrust her open mouth forward to catch my cream as I ejaculated. Meanwhile, Ernie was behind me, his head between her thighs, insistently branching. As soon as I came he shoved his hand into her mouth, simultaneously kissing away the last drops of my semen from her mouth until he came. I sucked his out of her pussy while it was still hot and thick; then she turned to lie on me, belly against belly, impaled on my rod. Ernie entered her from behind, kneading, both of us filling her ass and cunt with rampant rods as she became a sandwich in Collette.

Then the three of us rested. Diane between, with me thinking she groans more ethereally beautiful, more divinely desirable each time I see her. A month without these two will seem a lifetime.

"We'll miss hell out of you while we're away," Ernie said, as if vocalizing my line of thought. "We both look upon you now as part of our lives. I mean in everything, not just sex. It's what I call a complete relationship."

"And because it is complete," Diane added, "we've decided we're going to tell this other couple about you. And if they don't like it, they can go to hell."

"Hey, wait!" I said. "No need taking a chance on breaking up a long friendship because of me, a person they're never likely to meet."

"I don't care," Diane said. "You're so much like us that if they reject you they'll have to reject us."

"That's ridiculous," I pointed out. "You're inviting martyrdom for no substantial gain."

"Not at all," Ernie said. "The gain is intellectual honesty. Close as we are, I'd feel like Judas if I had a sex session with friends who rejected you because you're colored."

"Then I ought to feel like a heel, on that basis, for not telling Doris about you two."

"It's not the same," Diane said. "In the first place you're married to Doris. And in the second place, her trying experience with race prejudice in Alabama is reason enough for her to feel as she does about white people. But our friends have absolutely no justification. They think only so they do because it's customary. And that's a lazy and senseless mental habit."

"Listen," I said, "you're going to Philly to have a good time. So just enjoy yourselves. Forget about the color problem. I know how both of you feel deep down,
and that's what is important to me. I'll be impatient for you to return. Ignore the other issue where I'm concerned. No need of spoiling something you've looked forward to for a year."

"But we want to do it," Ernie insisted.

"It has no useful purpose," I wailed.

"You know what's wrong with you?" Diane said, crawling up my leg. "You talk too much."

She knew how to keep me from speaking.

Bending backward from the waist up, supporting herself on her hands, she allowed her wonderful mam-maries to fall downward so their firm, pointed nipples brushed my lips. Moving rapidly from side to side, she virtually dared me to seize a floating bosom in my mouth. I reached furtively, my lips at fast closing on air as they flipped past, until at last I tried it perfectly and grabbed a teasing tit, holding on and sucking furiously until she fell off me, panting and laughing.

"Know what I want now?" I asked. "My Diane cocktail."

Ernie produced a bottle of Marsala wine, my favorite, kept at room temperature, and a wide-mouthed goblet. Diane sat on the edge of the bed, legs wide and buttocks extending a little beyond. Holding the glass beneath, I slowly poured wine over her sand colored cloth, letting it filter through, down past the partially closed part of her swayy, dripping into the crack between her lips before it flowed into the glass. Then I knelt and with exacting care kissed away every drop of Marsala remaining on her flesh, licking the thin fringe of hair surrounding her slit. By the time the wine was gone she was reduced to a writhing mass of moans. I took time only to drain the goblet of Marsala gently flavored by her, then sucked her until she came, and immediately fucked her. I think Ernie now enjoyed watching me lay his wife almost as much as he enjoyed screwing her himself.

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His hunger for our combined hair was almost insatiable before frantically mounting her—and then it was my pleasure to tongue their juveniles away. I know I never tired of this routine.

"I suppose this will be all until we return," Diane sighed.

"Yes, But don't tell them about me. Please."

They said they'd think it over. I left them that night, not knowing what they would say to the other couple.

But my concern proved purely academic.

Two days later as I sat at my desk reading the morning Tribune, my eyes fell by chance to a short news article, stating both had been killed when their car was hit head-on by a truck in Ohio.

At that instant, the universe stopped: no time, no sound, nothing but a void. I read it. Same words. Over and over I read, thinking maybe the words would disappear. Surely this was a mistake, an error, a monstrous joke on newswires. The words remained.

Slowly the void became alive again, and with it, rising from my stomach, nausea. I made my way quickly to the washroom and vomited. Then I went home and remained sick in bed for two days. Severe gastritis, I told Doris, and asked to be left alone.

I hoped it had been instantaneous with no pain for either of them. And as I thought about it, I was glad that if it had to happen, they both died together. I could not have faced a Diane grieving for Ernie and me powerless to console her, for my grief would have been almost as great as her own. And what could I have said to Ernie to assuage his sorrow had only Diane been dead, when we both knew I loved her as much as he? No, better both, or neither.

All this a child still-born of self pity. I was not ashamed to admit it. They were dead now, beyond caring or feeling. But I was alive and wanted them and
needed him. So I hurt, because never again could the three of us laugh and talk and play and love together. And I could not absolve myself, for there was no ear into which I could pour my grief.

My relationship with Diane and Ernie had been kept secret by all of us. Their friends did not know, for in order to avoid interference or complications, I always visited their place when they had told others they would be "out" for the evening. As for me, I had no one among my friends in whom I had confided about this couple. We had created an intimate, tiny planet known only to the three of us. To others, ours was a world that never was, and as it had to remain.

During those two days, I relived in my mind our many marvelous moments together, recalling ideas and phrases and finely formed mutual attitudes on so many things. My feeling for both was still at its peak; cynically, I had expected it to drop some day and I would no longer have the intense emotional involvement with Diane and Ernie, but that time had not come. I was so fond of Ernie that, had I been the husband, I would have insisted an unreservedly sharing Diane with him. In fact, I would have loved to show my pride in her by sharing with someone who thought like us. She was so beautiful, so tenderly feminine, I closed my eyes and brought her again to life in my mind: her platinum blonde hair, blue eyes, the cleft in her chin, those full breasts and shapely hips, the vibrating thighs and sensual legs, the pulsating warm total person. Now I would never see her again except in my imagination.

After two days of looking backward, I got control of myself and was able to act normal. Doris assumed I had recovered from the illness that held me low.

I suppose I might have continued indefinitely with Doris, had it not been for Diane's death. I did not expect another unusual relationship like theirs and
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 desk-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 friend's death, or that I needed an unrestricted chance to find a successor to Diana.

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, pallis 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-
course with her husband several times weekly to abstain for a year or more was unrealistic. Single girls, aware of what was happening, were often forced to give up their boy friend. Thus it was that any reasonably appealing deferred male could, without really trying, accumulate a harem for the duration.

At the same time, many wives, who would have hedged it to the nearest divorce lawyer had they discovered their best friend in bed with their husbands, out of compassion importuned their mates to "take care of my girl friend. Her husband's been in the army six months and she's had to do without me.

Give her a break before she gets up in smoke." I was aware that this had happened to a couple of physicians and a dentist, friends of mine, after the nearly life had been involved in fox cocktails and inquisitions vanished; undoubtedly this occurred among many others. Thus, with hardships lowered during World War II, it should not be surprising that what started out as makeshift solutions should become a way of life with many persons, shoe-horning until today we have the comparatively open practice of not only swapping mates but boldly advertising for swingers.

Before leaving for Washington, Doris, who would have loved to completely control my sex life, gave me a fat of eight "approved" partners, pointing out "this should be enough to take care of even you." Among them were Clara, still unmarried, Melissa, whose lawyer-husband was now in the army, and Lorena, the appreciative gal with the elderly husband. Of course none of these was as physically attractive as Doris; she had always been careful that anybody she chose for our parties was not her equal in looks. The only one of our swinging playmates who held her own, in appearance with Doris was Olga, the soft babe with the strange eyes, but then Doris had not selected her.

Two weeks after my wife left, early in 1943, I found myself sitting next to Florence at a pre-induction party for a friend of mine. I had known her casually for three years. On those rare occasions when we did meet, we kidded challengeingly. I liked her, but until that night I had never become really acquainted. Now, for the first time, we began to intellectually examine each other. After an hour together I became more alive than at any previous time since Pal's death.

I became oblivious to others at the party and started coming on with my real heavy line. I recall we were sitting at a table and I began gently stroking her smooth brown arm. We had a number of drinks and our conversation was becoming easier by the moment. In the midst of a barrage of reminiscences, I suddenly came out with, "I believe you'd like for me to fuck you." Ordinarily she was as hip as the next chick, but this caught her with her big boots unlaced. Her mouth opened and shut several times but no words rushed out. Finally, her face a deep crimson, she got up and stalked away.

Two evenings later at home the telephone rang. When I answered, a voice I recognized said calmly, "Hello. This is Florence."

"Well, this is a surprise." For one foolish moment I thought of asking, "Are you ready for me now?" but dismissed it as poor strategy. Obviously she was ready, or she wouldn't have called. Instead I said, "My mind has been filled with you since the other night. Won't you come by and have dinner with me? I'll cook it."

"When?"

"Oh, the way I feel about you, it can't be too soon. How about tomorrow night?"

"Okay. Is seven o'clock all right?"

"Fine."

We hung up without another word. I felt a wonderful glow, not at merely the prospect of scoring with a new doll, but just at the pleasure of being near her. I
remember thinking, is this the woman who will fill the void caused by Diane's passing?

When she arrived, I opened the door and immediately kissed her. She looked surprised, but took it in stride. As for me, the moment I felt her mouth against my own, I tingled everywhere, and a current lifted. I knew immediately she had it for me.

Flo was quite attractive, and yet, viewed objectively, no match for Oh or Dora in sheer looks. Oh, she had unusually good legs, very sexy thighs and a thoroughly provocative ass, but almost no knockers. Yet she was soon to become for me the most desirable woman in the entire world. And she had another tremendous asset: an unbelievably sensuous mouth. Knowing this was her best facial feature, she had painstakingly learned how to use her mouth and lips as a visual excitant.

Later, during the zenith of my involvement with Flo, I could become no more than superficially interested in dolls who had far more over-all appeal because their mouths were not like Foul's. But it was not alone sex attraction, strong as it was, that made me go overboard. Equally important were her warmth and friendliness, married to striking intelligence, artistic sensibility and general philosophy and interests similar to mine. Not even with Diane had I as thorough rapport, for being black, Flo shared experiences that Diane could only intellectually know. Besides, Diane was no longer living. The Queen is dead; long live the Queen!

After dinner we sat for hours in the living room, talking. I knew already she taught school, and was a talented artist and writer. Separated but not divorced from her husband, also an artist, she was twenty-six and mother of a three-year-old daughter. As she sat first on the stool in front of my chair and then on my lap, we talked so eagerly together that for a time I even forgot sex, although fully aware of her hips canting.

Later she said she was embarrassed when she realized she had spilled almost all there was to know about herself. I glanced at my watch. Fast midnight. Knowing she was due at her school by eight, I made my move to get her in bed. I stroked her, I kissed her passionately. I moved my hands beneath her dress. She did not protest. When my fingers slid beneath her panties and I touched her furry triangle, me thinking I'm home, she announced casually.

"I suppose now is the time to tell you I'm having my period. For esthetic reasons I suggest you stop."

I froze. This was a real bringdown. I like female meat, but I'm not bloodthirsty. She laughed at the look on my face, threw her arms around me, and for the first time kissed me voluntarily, saying, "this pays you back for saying what you said the other night. But we will get together in a few days when I'm okay again."

By the time I walked her to the bus stop (she insisted I not waste time taking her home) I was hot enough to heat a six-flat building in zero weather. I had to masturbate before I could sleep.

She visited me again a few days later, saying she wanted to bear some of my blood records. We began petting almost immediately. Soon I went for her panties. She folded her arms, announcing, "if you want 'em off, you'll have to do it alone. I'm not going to help you one little bit."

I removed them, then took her arm, to lead her to the bedroom. She pulled away. She sat down in the big chair, saying, "you'll have to carry me. I don't intend to walk. I'm completely passive."

I carried her to bed, thinking this is the wildest chick yet. I undressed her, but it was not easy, for she was completely limp. I took off my own clothing. She hadn't moved. I pulled her thighs apart and delicately stroked her skin, not only to arouse her but because my hands warmed for her flesh. Still no movement. I thought Uh-oh, I bet I change that in a hurry. Reaching both knees to the left side of her head, I began
kissing the outer rim of her bosky delta. I looked back
briefly. Her face wore a puzzled expression. I ran my
fingers across the broad top of her三角, below the
mamelons, and back down the fair side. When I reached
the low apex and lingered, there was movement. Gentle
but noticeable. I thrust my head forward and down.
She could control her muscles but not her glands. She
was dripping wet. I removed her now with tongue and
tongue, coming up to and around her clitoris. Her entire
torso began moving, rapidly accelerating, becoming
jerkily violent. Her breathing was forced and rapid,
rising to the roar at a swollen river when it crashes
through walls of a dam. She clutched my closest thigh
with both hands, fingers digging. And then, finally—
peace. She said, "Please, no more now, I can't stand
it."
I arose and looked into her face. She registered
disbelief, as if this could not have happened to her.
She lay panting, trying to regain composure. I said to
word and crossed the sides of her body as I kissed her
face. I let her rest awhile before genital union. As I
entered, she commented angrily, "This I understand,"
and moved rhythmically as if her life depended on it.
She gave me til, I gave her tit. We erupted like a
skyscraper.
Later, as we lay side by side, she said, "Only once
before in my entire life have I ever had an orgasm, and
that was the second time it went with a boy. That was
in high school with the guy I later married. Since then,
ever since then—a absolutely twirling until tonight. I
don't mind telling you I've tried many times and found
it pleasant, but that's all. It wasn't flag-waving. And
compared with what happened tonight, my other cli-
nus was like a minute needle a whale."
"That's odd," I said, "when you must have been
broached many times."
"But I haven't. This was the first."
I'm convinced. And I'm going to do something strange. I'm going to trust 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 weeks, 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 Los Angeles 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 past. But to my amusement I could not get hard. I virtually wallowed in her luxuriant black felting, but Flo's impact had been so great I could think of nothing else. I gave her a monumental fionching, 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 occasional 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 facile as Doris, but I thought she would swing sufficiently to satisfy my needs.

Flo was now my flatblings, but I maintained my appetite for other delights. I took care of those on Doris's list, seeing that none was neglected. I also auditioned other talent on my own. Knowing the role of high morals on the home front, I considered it my 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 army wife would express appreciation to me for having taken care of her 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 billling the wife. Through both sources, I learned the rather off-beat desire of a leading businessman looked upon as a pillar of South Side society.

With the Soviet Union and the United States allied 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 bands 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. Somewhere 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 advances, sticking feebly to all evening. Flo was present, having another obligation. Gloria ended at my apartment. When she undressed, the sight of the large aureole around her breasts amazed 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 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 swung 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 devil out of me." Her strong 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 struck 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 shaking."

I looked appreciatively upon the round mound of her naked arm 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 who 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.

"Hardear," she urged.

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

"Please," she begged.

Again a stroke, and again too gentle. Kissing 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 fear. Almost immediately I realized she had tampered with the view she craved. I became very
because I had fallen for her ruse, and rattled her rump from vexation. Her flesh blushed deep pink, darkened to red and turned scarlet. Moaning, softly crying and twisting across my thighs, she begged me to stop. I continued. It was not because I enjoyed spanking her. What I liked was the feel of her hips as they flattened beneath my pinching palm and the stimulation of her rolling body against my stiff shaft, along with the soft pressure of her hanging breasts against the outside of my thigh.

"Stop," she squealed again. "Please, please!"

"Not yet. You begged for an ass-beating and you're gonna get it."

"Then tell to me. Call me dirty names."

"Why, you goddamned little bitch!"

"That's it, sweetheart, keep at it!"

"You dirty stinkin' little whore!"

Now I was spanking gently and mechanically, pressing between blows to rub her derriere, easy as a sunset.

"You're nothing but a low, shit-eating slut," I went on, "a cockknecker..."

At this she threw herself off my lap, face flushed and distorted, and knelt in front of me. Snatching my stiff spike with both hands, she kissed the head, ran her tongue slowly and expertly around the ridge, then down its brown length. She did not stop at the wrinkled sack holding my balls, but continued, elevating both my thighs and swelling beneath me until she reached my asshole, she thrust her tongue inside and licked furiously. I shivered. This was completely new and wild. Thats slowly, she returned to the glans, took all of me in her throat, and slid her lips back and forth. When I was obviously ready to come she hugged both hips, pulling me into her throat, her tongue working madly. When I squirmed she gurgled appreciatively and held me in her mouth until I was limp. Finally she released me, gently kissing the head.

"I am your white slave," she said softly, "Do anything to me that you like." She backed away on her knees, then leaned forward and kissed each toe on both my feet.

Never before had I experienced anything like this, and it shook me up. The sight of her tempting rear in the air, no longer glowing but still red, called me to immediate action.

"It's my turn," I said. "The time's come for me to eat your pussy."

"I've already had one orgasm," she told me, "when you spanked me and called me names. If you wish it, I'm ready for more. I am your white slave."

After fingering comes mounting. As I started to lie above her, I recalled her age in time. Remembering she was simple and with her hang-up might not be too careful, I asked if she should use a rubber.

"Absolutely not," she said.

"But what if you become pregnant?"

"That's what I hoped for. I'd like nothing more than a baby by a colored man."

"What would your parents say?"

"I don't know and I don't care. Yes, I do know, they'd kick me out."

"Do you know where?"

"Oh, I'd find a way."

If she didn't give a damn about getting knocked up, neither did I. But she was probably safe with me anyway. I'd never made anybody pregnant, although I'd worn condoms only a comparatively few times. I thought maybe I was sterile and usually remembered rubbers for the sake of politeness and to make my partner think I was concerned about her welfare.

As I entered her wet vestibule, she flung her arms...
two long blonde pigtails, and wearing a matching baby-blue dress. In appearance she could have passed for the definition of artistic innocence. But it was camouflage. By the time I closed the door she was disrobing.

"I'm prepared," she announced. "I'm wearing my traveling diaphragm."

"You what?"

"I have two diaphragms. I keep one at my regular Chicago boy friend's house. I took it over the night I got back from New York. I douche thoroughly take it out and leave it. This makes him happy. He thinks I wouldn't dream of sleeping with anybody else because my protection is in his care. He doesn't need to know about the other diaphragm I keep for sores like this."

I had to admit she was a slick chick.

"You've been on my mind for over a year," she continued. "I know that when I returned here I'd have to look you up. Ever since that party I've wondered how good you are in bed. By the way, still dating Flo?"

"Still."

"She's not as interested in sex as we are, is she?"

"I'll buy that."

"I thought so. I've an idea she's like my regular boy friend. He gets all he wants, but it simply isn't enough for me. I need lots. I imagine it's the same with you and Flo. People like you and me need a hell of a lot of sex. And what the others don't know won't hurt them."

I mean, we're not depriving Flo and my steady, are we?"

"Nice rationalizing," I commented.

She smiled. "We're wasting time with this gesture."

She asked me to get on my back, then got over me to

"No more talk. It's not polite to talk with your mouth full anyway."

No doubt about it, my mouth was full. Full of her
"Are you planning to be a general practitioner or will you specialize?" I asked. Internally I agreed Chicago was no place for Tom. I knew I could never become emotionally involved, but I also knew I'd be nothing if she were available.

"I'm going to be a specialist."

"In what?"

She laughed. "Gynecology, of course."

Well, it figured.

She called me three days later, the night before she returned home, and we staged a farewell boat. I've never seen her since.

CHAPTER 12

Doris was transferred back to Chicago, still working for Uncle Sam, some 15 months after going to Washington. I'd seen her twice. That first summer she asked me to spend a week with her in Washington and New York. Not even her glowing description of two swinging roommates she'd lined up—a schoolteacher and a dentist's wife—enthused me. I kissed Flo goodbye the night before I left and stood back for a long time motionless, gazing into her face. She seemed the most beautiful woman in the world and her mouth the sweetest. I was so deeply in love with Flo that the thought of being in another city, unable to see or even talk to her for an entire week, was almost unbearable.

And yet I had to go to Doris; the time had not yet come for a break. Even with the wild action on the Washington and New York scene, I was anxious to return to Chicago and Flo. Then, early in 1944, Doris returned to Chicago for a week. This presented no problem; I still was able to see Flo and talk with her by phone. On Doris' last night she got drunk, and boastfully accused me of spending each time with a gal I'd never touched, although it wasn't through lack of desire. Actually she was one of the many I wanted but couldn't get. This flare-up did not cement our relationship.

When she returned to Washington, certain friends began writing her of my association with Flo. When Doris asked about her, I said we did go out together. Early in June she wrote me her federal department was setting up an office in Chicago and she could be transferred home if she wished. Which would I prefer—returning to Chicago or remaining in Washington?
STAY THERE, I replied, and listed the many advantages of continuing to work at the capital. She replied immediately for a transfer and returned permanently in September. I knew I was in for a long hard winter.

Two days passed before she mentioned Flo, I had been waiting. I was not going to bring up her name.

"This girl friend of yours—what's her name?" she asked without warning.

"Which one?"

"The one you've been running around with most of the time. The teacher."

"Oh, You mean Flo?"

"Yeah, Flo."

"What about her?"

"Why don't you invite her over for a party this Saturday? I want her to eat my guacamole."

"She doesn't go that route."

"What? All right then. Make her suck your cock while I watch."

"She doesn't do that either."

Doris exploded. "You mean you put your tongue up that bitch's ass and she's too nice to lick your dick? What is this? She must have you under her little finger. I bet if she said she wanted to shit in your mouth, you'd fall on your back and let her."

I turned and walked away. I knew Doris didn't want a session with Flo for strictly sexual pleasure. She hoped to humiliate her. Knowing how nasty my wife could become after a few drinks, as well as her reaction toward a female sex partner I had chosen, I did not intend to put altogether the components for an exploitation.

It was only a matter of time, anyway, before our marriage would formally disintegrate. I did not dislike Doris; I was simply crazy as hell about Flo. Obviously, I could not have both. Although I believed it would be useless, I would try to talk Doris into agreeing to a divorce. A couple of days later, I made my pitch.

"Doris," I said, "we're both mature adults. We have no children. We've had a marriage that's been pleasant, sexually speaking, for about thirteen years. Sex has been our greatest bond. We both share unconventional attitudes and, frankly, I still get a real blast out of you in bed. But similar erotic desires, strong and valuable as they are, are not enough to make this the kind of marriage we ought to have. In many ways we are incompatible. So many interests, other than sex, are dissimilar. And there's more to living together than horizontal action..."

"As you know, we were on the verge of breaking up seven years ago. What kept us together was your instant decision to have parties with others. That turned me on like sex. And, frankly, I doubt if I could ever find another marital partner with whom I could have such wild and wonderful times. But unfortunately, that is no longer enough. I need intellectual and emotional rapport which you and I are unable to have..."

"You're still young and you know damn well you're good-looking as hell. Undoubtedly, during the last year and a half in Washington you made intimate contact with men you wouldn't mind living with. You must know a lot of guys who could make you a better husband than I can. Further, you've got a good job, money in the bank, and you're in a position to make a nice living for yourself if you want to stay single..."

"I really want to remain close friends with you. But I can foresee our actually growing to hate each other if we stay together any longer. I think we ought to divorce while we can still continue as friends. I'd like to retain what we still have, rather than see it smothered in an avalanche of hate."

Yes, it was useless all right.
“Bullshit,” she spat. “You want to get rid of me so you can marry that school-teaching slut. I’ll never happen.” Then she came close, her entire manner now conciliatory. “Bob, Honey, I don’t want to be married to anybody but you. I don’t love anybody but you. And Flo can’t have you.”

We both knew I had no legal grounds for divorce. Technically we were both guilty of adultery and fornication so I could not get away with that in court even if I wanted to. It seemed to me my only cut was to make her so disgusted she’d be anxious to have us parted by law. It would ease the psychological warfare until I came up with something that would stand up before a judge. However, since Flo was not divorced, I would carry on as I had been, spending all the time I could with her and engage in other outside activities to stay away from Doris. I knew also that my wife would now get together some unusually interesting swinging sessions to keep me home—and as a seaman I would enjoy them to the hilt.

CHAPTER 13

It was midwinter. My campaign was working well enough to make Doris disgusted enough to flare up every couple of weeks. Then one day, during a peaceful period, she told me that Art, a playmate back in Washington, would be in town the coming weekend. Art had been drafted and sent to Great Lakes Naval Training Center north of Chicago. This would be his first leave since being confined to the base for six weeks at boot training. Should she get him a room at a hotel?

Sexually I’m an opportunist. “Hell, no,” I said, envisioning a three-way session with another male. “We’ll put him up here with us.”

Doris smiled. “I thought you’d want to. And while we’re at it, why don’t we get him a date and take him to a night club Saturday night?”

A fine idea, I told her.

“How about getting him a date with Flo? After all, I’ve never met her. And I’d like to see my rival being escorted by my Washington boy friend. You gotta admit it could be an interesting evening.”

The audacity of the suggestion forced admiration for Doris. Despite my hang-up with Flo, my wife still had a lot going for her. This provocative scheme could kill a flock of birds with one stone. I had been curious to know what would happen when Doris and Flo met, and I knew both girls were anxious to see each other in the flesh. I did not believe Flo would become sexually interested in Art, although after six weeks of abstinence Art undoubtedly would be horny enough to screw a snake if it dared open its mouth around him. However, from how Doris said he felt about her, I doubted
that he'd seriously try to make it with another broad as long as he thought there was a chance of getting between my wife's thighs again. I was certain she'd let him know her stuff was ready. And of course I became strongly aroused at the prospect of Doris taking on Art. But any way I looked at it, this was certain to be a screwed-up foursome making with small talk at a cafe: Doris with me, but impatient to take on Art; Art with Flo, but henny for Doris; I with Doris, anxious for a trio in bed, but preferring Flo if it was to be a couple only, and Flo babbling the paramour of her boy friend's wife, while the boy friend imitated a dutiful husband. Here were the ingredients for a farce or a tragedy.

It was neither. Saturday night we all acted discreetly civilized. Both dolls were on their best behavior. A casual observer would have assumed they were intimate friends. Not one clasp was unheated. As for Art, who arrived at our apartment after I came home, it was obvious he was not going to take any chances. I was some four inches taller and at least forty pounds heavier—essential statistics which Doris evidently forgot to mention to him. On the surface at least, a jolly good time was had by all. Around one-thirty we left the night club, Art to take Flo home while I returned to our apartment with Doris. A half hour later Art came in. He had not parlied long with Flo. Doris and I put him to bed on a living room couch, clad only in shorts, and absolutely sound. Evidently when he saw me he quickly decided to concentrate on drinking, no doubt thinking he had no chance of buying my wife and not wanting his first liberty to be a total loss.

Next morning around ten o'clock I woke him up.

"Come on and join us in the bedroom," I said.

When he reached the door, his eyes popped. Doris lay on her back, wearing nothing but flimsy black briefs. She smiled.

SEX REBEL: BLACK

"Why not yet on the bed?" I suggested.

He moved uncertainly and slowly, as if dream-walking, looking puzzled. He sat down in slow motion. I saw his gaze raking bed and forth between her big bare breasts and the darker area beneath her navel. His mouth opened. He licked his lips.

Doris held out her arms. "Come here, Baby," she said seductively. Art glanced uncertainly toward me, desire and disbelief battling on his face. She grabbed his head with one hand and pulled him toward a titly which she cupped with the other. Automatically, yet at the same time uncertainly, he began nibbling her nipple.

I pulled off her briefs. Doris removed his shorts. I moved my mouth down to her ear. From the corner of my eye I could see he was like a wolfhounds war club, even though his face registered deep perplexity. Short y I raised my head, pointed to Doris, and said, "She's ready."

The six-week dry spell plus the availability of a woman he was hot for, kicked all inhibitions out of his mind. He had to have some immediately. To hell with me or anybody else. Prunie, he almost sprang on Doris and she coiled him in, I lay with my face as close to her thumping lips I could touch her with any tongue as she moved back and forth. I felt my heart racing from excitement as I watched his cock moving in and out of her wet pussy. I had never before had a party with only my wife and another man. For the moment I even forgot about Flo, having feeling only for Doris as I watched her rolling and responding to another's thrusts. I felt personal involvement and my reaction because of this was different from watching Diane with Ernie. After all, Diane was Ernie's wife, although I had been in love with her. Doris was my wife and we lived together; with Doris there was the
additional satisfaction of rebelling against society’s attitudes toward the marital relationship.

So intensely aroused that my entire body shook, I placed my hand under my wife’s uplifted ass and felt Art’s member pushing inside and filling her cavity. I thrilled to the interplay of their genitals. I felt their temperature to a frenzy as he ejaculated. As she released his initial spurt, Doris wrapped her thighs around his back and ground as she seemingly tried to push his entire body into her abdomen. Then there were diminishing shudders as both calmed. A warm trickle enveloped my finger as he pulled limply out and rolled to one side. But I was still on the uppermost peak of Mount Everest, giddy and almost breathless. Her lips were copiously spread with his white cream, for after six weeks his load was huge. I showed my mouth against her dripping gash, rubbing the sides of her hips with both hands in appreciation as I hungrily tongued away their tangy, fragrant sex sauce. I raised my eyes to see Art watching in astonishment, disbelieving fascination. Obviously Doris had no more prepared him for my habits than for mine. But that did not deter me. I continued until I had sucked it out, then teased her, riding slowly at first, then racing. When I climaxed and roared, he still had said nothing.

Doris made breakfast then. We were still naked. Later she called both of us into the bedroom.

"Art, dear," she said, "was it used to tell me how much you loved to eat my pussy. Have you changed your mind?"

He looked foolish, like being caught with his hand in the cookie jar. Despite the recent action, he was obviously embarrassed ever having his patterns exposed before his girl friend’s husband.

"Go on, don’t be bashful," I told him. "If you like it, make her know it."

He moved his head sheepishly down and slowly showed his mouth against her gash. I could almost hear him wishing I wasn’t there.

After a few minutes Doris looked at me and made a face. He just wasn’t with it.

"Why don’t all three of us try something together?" I asked.

Art raised his head and looked questioningly at me.

"Here—I’ll show you," I said. "Doris, stay on your back. Art, lie on the bed at right angles and pole it in."

My wife had a fat, prominent mound with her slit up high. After he had shoved his shaft into her sheath, I got above her in 69. There was just enough room from his angle of insertion for me to tongue her clitoris. This new sensation of copulating cock and mounting of her sensitive tummy simultaneously, flirtatiously drove her crazy. Shortly she climaxed, gasping and panting and tantalizingly trying to swallow my dick. Her rotating pelvis and grinding gash ignited Art and he twisted another load inside her; her jaws and the apostrophe-like odor of their mixed fluid pruned me into shooting off in her throat. Since my mouth was already there, I had only to reach down to take their thick juice when he stopped limply out of her coital smear. I went at it so vigorously that Doris came again, involuntarily pushing the last of their juice into my gushing mouth. I arose then, excused myself and dressed, for I had an afternoon date with Plo. I left Art and my wife in bed together. When I returned some five hours later they were still naked in bed. I did not ask if they had spent the entire time fucking and sucking, and Doris never told me. I did not see Art again until about or four weeks later when he returned to the South Side on another pass. I had, regretfully, only an hour to spend on a threesome. On his next trip I saw out but Melba was present and Art took on both. He became so
boothed on Malta that shortly afterward he came to
town mainly to see her, and when Doris learned of it
she blew her stack, accusing Malta of "stealing my
boy friend."

CHAPTER 14

Months passed. I had not yet found a foolproof way
to break off when Doris was assigned by her office to
Cleveland for two months. A week after she returned
home, I developed a sore shaft which burned when I
peined. Suspecting the worst, I went to a Loop medical
center specializing in the treatment of venereal dis-
cases. Tests showed I had gonorrhea. I was also given a
routine blood test. I was told afterward that I had
syphilis, secondary stage, which meant I had been
infected some years before.

I told Doris she had brought me a special gift from
Cleveland, a nice big dose of clap. I chose not to
mention the result of the Wasserman test.

"Impossible," she said. "Why, I didn't go to bed
with anybody the entire time I was gone. You'd better
drink with your schoolteacher friend. That must be
where you got it."

"Very odd," I commented, "that I should get it only
after you return. No, you're responsible. And you'd
better see a doctor."

"Horrible," she said. "There's not a thing wrong
with me—unless I got something from you."

"I'm moving out," I told her. "You're lying and you
know it. The only way to keep you from doing without
me for two months is to put you in a chastity belt and
a straitjacket. No, you brought me back a clappy
shit and I'm through with you—especially when you
can't get the guts to admit you picked up gonorrhea
while you were gone."

I knew I had at last found a legitimate excuse for a
tear. My first step would be to take separate quarters.
As I threw some clothes into a suitcase, she begged,
pleased and finally threatened to kill both Flo and me if I left. I ignored her and walked out. A friend managed the Prairies Hotel. I registered under an assumed name, knowing Doris would call them all to try to locate me and attempt to coax me back. Later, when she adjusted to the fact that I had moved away for keeps, I periodically visited the apartment. We reached an agreement whereby she would keep the apartment and I would pay the rent. I kept my key to enter and leave as I wished. Since she went to work earlier than I, this permitted me to go there in the morning and cook my own breakfast when I felt like it.

With sulfa drugs, I was cured of gonorrhea within a week. I began taking the long course of injections at the medical center for syphilis, although I did not believe I had it. If it was in the secondary stage, I reasoned, Doris would be infected. But her thorough examination for federal employment, including a Wassermann, had shown her completely clean.

Inwardly pleased, I told Flo that a test had shown I was syphilitic. She didn’t bat an eye. Instead she asked who made the test. When I identified the clinic, she volunteered to check its reliability with a state who worked for another Loop medical center. A couple of days later she made a report.

"She says to ignore the test," Flo told me. "At the medical center you went to, any Negro is automatically presumed to have syphilis—test or no test. That’s their official policy. Besides, it’s a nice little racket. It gives them a chance to rake in the shekels for a leg drawn out ‘cure’ since a patient rarely questions the finding.”

Knowing a state law required physicians to report all syphilis cases, I allegedly uncured case of syphilis could bring punitive action, I decided to visit the clinic once more. The entire occupied several upper floors in a loop skyscraper, with the reception room on one floor.

and treatment areas above. Each patient was given a portfolio at the reception desk containing his record and instructed to present it at the proper division. When I received mine this last trip, instead of taking the elevator up I went down to the street level, walked out of the building, then up and downed my medical history in the nearest garbage can I never returned. That was in 1944, Medical tests by a private physician showed no syphilis.

Quite by accident, one morning of the apartment show, I saw a prescription stuck between the pages of a book I needed. It was made out to Doris and called for a sulfa drug. Since I knew the doctor, I called him.

"You’ve been treating Doris for gonorrhea,” I said, “and I wanted to know if you thought she was completely cured by now.”

“It’s all cleared up,” he said. “She’s okay again.”

“What about that test sulfa prescription?”

“That was like insurance. I wanted her to have a reply on hand should there be any indication of a recurrence.”


I kept the prescription. Next time I saw Doris, I asked her casually, “Did you ever check to see if you had clap?”

“Of course not,” she lied. “I told you there was nothing wrong with me.”

A few weeks later I looked upon greater evidence to go with the prescription. A letter addressed to a man in Cleveland was sticking in the mailbox when I came by the apartment. In Doris’s handwriting, it had been returned for insufficient postage. I grabbed it.

It was a sex love letter, graphically recalling the times they had gone to bed when she was in Cleveland and begged him to visit her soon in Chicago. She detailed at length what they would do when they get
to her, thinking all she can do is turn me down. If she wants to tell Doris, that's her little red waggon. But I'm sure gonna try this once. I was so aroused that I reached down wordlessly, placed both arms around her and bent over to kiss her, expecting my moment to see her turn her head away.

But she did not.

Instead she parted her bee-stung lips and closed her eyes. I thrust my tongue into her mouth, thinking this looks like I've hit a home run, and found her clean tongue struggling to get past mine. She reached over and threw her arms around me, breathing hard.

"Ever since I first saw you," she said as we drew our faces a few inches apart, "I've wondered how it would feel to be kissed by you. You've got the most sensuous mouth I've ever seen."

"I'll be damned!" I said. "And I thought you weren't at least bit interested. You looked like you felt right sorry and hard for the guy Doris wanted you to meet."

"Don't you think I'd have better sense than to show how I feel in front of Doris?"

That made sense.

"I hoped you'd come by this morning. That's why I told Doris I'd feel sick if I got here this morning and didn't if I could stay here and rest. I knew that if you didn't show up I'd at least see you alone."

"Every time I see you, I look and wish," I told her. "I've been dying to touch those beautiful breasts of yours. ... I reached inside the skirt to fondle her round bosom ... and I've dreamed and dreamed and dreamed of kissing you all over."

"That's what I've wanted you to do. I know you could—I know it subconsciously. I've been living for a day when I could feel that sensuous mouth everywhere."

I dropped to my knees.
“Like this?” I asked, pushing aside the shirt and
rubbing my cheeks against her short dense hair.

“Yes, darling—like that,” she said, scooting down in
the chair and making a V of her thighs. She placed a
hand gently but firmly back of my head, as if to
restrain me if I tried to leave. This, however, was
completely unnecessary.

Afterwards I said I had to see her again and soon.

“God knows I want to—especially now,” she said,
“but we’ve got to be careful. I can’t take a chance or
Doris finding out. She’s my friend, but she’s nervous.
She goes out and does what she wants to; yet she tells
everybody you’re her husband and she’s in love with
you. Until you get a divorce there’s no telling what she
might try to do to a woman she thinks is involved with
you. I believe she’d go absolutely crazy if she ever
found out you and I had ever been intimate.”

I saw Rachel twice after that but at her own apart-
ment several miles further south. On my second visit
she had called a telephone call from Doris who, after
several minutes of gossip, wanted to come out for
a friendly visit. Rachel was finally able to persuade her
to come, but the experience almost left her
nervous wreck.

I stopped seeing her after that. In a way it was a
relief. Denied her bountiful appeal, I was already too
extended. During those war years 1 of necessity passed
up many dolls I would put by today. One morning
around ten I received a call at my office from a head
imposing me to come to her immediately. I made it
short as I could. Three more times that memorable day
I received SOSs for immediate attention and answers,
each one as a matter of pride. The office receptions
with whom I often discussed personal matters, called
me “3 male whom.” NotGo, who lived only two blocks
away, was one of the callers. And to top matters, I had
already scheduled a lying-down date with Flo the
evening. However, over a period of twelve hours, I
survived all.

Another of those calling was Nora, a bright, brown-
skin freckled girl from Georgia who owned her farm,
a two-story house in an area4 crested with apartment
houses. Nora and I belonged to the same club, but
during the first two years of our acquaintance had
registered with me only as an attractive but hopelessly
inhibited housewife. She acted shy and timid, dancing
timidly and bashfully at our social affairs. I received a
certain amicable satisfaction from occasionally shock-
ing her. She had been married, but was now separated
from her husband, getting the house in the process.
Tall and big-boned, she entranced me with her shape-
ly, statuesque face. I often wondered why so much
deer physical appeal had been wasted on a woman
who apparently did not know what to do with it.

For some reason I do not recall, the two of us had
additional club business to discuss after the other
members left a meeting at her home. We sat talking
and smoking; and I grew more conscious by the second
of how I’d like to get her horizontal. Our conversation
slowly drifted away from club business, becoming
increasingly personal. For the first time I was getting to
derog her as a human being. After an hour or more she
put up from the large davenport, went to the kitchen,
and returned with a bottle of Stelmaris Confort and
two glasses, then sat down real close to me. Mentally,
at least, my eyebrow lifted. Two drinks and the talk
seemed ovated. I reached over and lightly stroked her
shoulder. I started to pull my hand away and stopped.
Shocked. She had gone through a sudden mortification
shock. She had confided in me that Nora had eyes glazed
and her body tremed. I recovered and, out of curiosity,
ran my fingers down her back. Sitting up very straight,
she said huskily, “I hope you knew what
you’re doing.”
"I think so," I said, taking her hands in mine and kissing them. "You know I don't have a husband any more," she went on, "and my boy friend in the army." "Really?" "Yes." She lowered her eyes. "You know him. He's a close friend of yours." Then she named Austin, the president of our club, a brilliant young barrister who had been rising rapidly in his profession. I was completely passed. Austin not only was a personal friend who had talked me into joining the club, but I also had a pleasant social relationship with his wife. I had never suspected anything between Austin and Corn.

Undoubtedly my surprise showed, for she went on. "We've been lovers for over two years. He's unhappy with his wife and says he's going to divorce her and marry me. But now that will have to wait until after the war. And that's likely to be a long time." This was my cue. I knew how to take it from there. "I'm sorry, Baby," I said, taking her hands in mine and leaning closer. "I know you must feel neglected." "That's no lie," she sighed.

"That can't go on! Your body has come to expect certain regular activity, first from your husband and then from Austin, and for the sake of your health it should continue. It's all wrong for a woman as vital as you. As thrillingly alive as you are to want from lack of attention." And my arms around her, and her body yielded, "I've often dreamed of you, and I've wanted so very much to reach out and feel the warmth of your skin. But I haven't dared. All I could do was wish for the same day." I sighed. This was corn, primitive corn, and I knew it. But I believed she would accept it as an excuse to get her clothes hauled. Her body now trembled against me.

To my surprise she jumped up, pulling me by the hand.

"Come on," she said, "before you talk me to death." She led me quickly upstairs to her bedroom and without a word began disrobing. So this is the girl I thought was so shy, so bashful, so retiring. How on earth can you be? Now completely stripped and with no trace of embarrassment, she came over to me and began rapidly removing my clothes. I had been so taken back by this brand new Corn I had done nothing more than take off my skirt.

When she finished undressing me, she lay flat upon the bed and uttered only one word: "Now!" As always, I began really, with both knees left of her head. As her gyration indicated she was near orgasm, a warm stream spurting against my lips. Unvoluntarily, the seed. I was to learn this always preceded her climax and was an action over which she had no control. If my lips happened to cover her entire slit, I could feel a surge of liquid in my mouth. If my lips were concentrating on her clitoris, I would move quickly down when it appeared. Since I welcome the urine of a healthy, appealing woman, I found this a bonus and looked forward to it.

After she came, she insisted that I top her immediately while her warmth was at its acme. Afterward she said, "I hope I didn't get caught. But I needed it so much I'm willing to take a chance." "If you're scared, I can use a rubber next time." "I don't want a man to wear anything in me. I'd rather take a chance and have all the feeling—even if I have to worry until I have my next period. So don't ever put anything to me but you." "Then we'll be getting together again?" "Of course! If you think this'll be a one-shot deal, I got news for you! It won't! Especially after the way you eat it. Why, you're even better than Austin, and I
Of course,” I nodded, “although, frankly, those were the first littles in cotton I’ve ever had. They were real dusty. You can’t get that in a sweet shop.”

“Nor creamed cuit either. Here, let me give you a towel.

“Sure, now, will you cream my dusty and do the same thing you did to my breasts? Or don’t you want to?”

You know damned well I want to. I’m very fond of creamed cuit.”

She signaled. I took the bowl and brushed and filed her nail, then completely covered her bush, leaving only a suggestion of black, I patted cream all over her nostrils, down to the very bottom of her gash. Opening her lips, I gently applied it inside, and after doing a capricious quantity up her vagina, where the only coat made it rapidly freeze. I dropped a blob up above her clitoris. Then I got down to business, making a gourmet for real. And what a freebait! I knew how to nibble on a moody. I was licking her battle when she sneezed.

We went through the whipped cream routine many times afterward. She changed flavors to “avoid monotony.” But one after we saw some open developed in our relationship. Cora became quite jealous. She didn’t want me, because she considered herself possessive on this territory. But she seemed to have appointed herself second in command and resisted any other doll considered a threat.

Once I invited Beltrine, a nineteen-year-old foreman, in ravel to Joyce Mansfield, with a complexion of iron velvet, to attend a club meeting at Cora’s to see if she cared to join. When this lovely young doll rang the doorbell (Cora was thirty-five) and asked, “Is Bob there?” looked around, spotted me, and came over to sit beside me without awaiting an answer. Cora was furious but held it until after the meeting and the others had left. “What’s the big idea inviting one of your women to my house?” she began. Bob was actually a
plutonic friend. I gave no airy idea of going to bed with her when I learned that delicate faced woman was in serious heart condition. But I could not sell this to Corn. Fortunately, Ben was not interested in joining the club anyway. And it was better that way, for as it was, Corn nagged like a jealous woman, constantly reminding me of "that young hatch" 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 feet 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 at 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-reading room waiting to sign up for a different course. The night before she had gone to see the stage play, Other, starring Paul Robeson, and for the first time in her life had fallen for a black man. However, she looked upon the famous star as unattainable, but was still99; at99; 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

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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 dashing 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 rebuffed. As we walked along I was conscious of another feeling, that of defiance. I knew many whites who saw me 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 predominantly 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 they hang niggers at.") 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 in a year's leave to work for her master's degree at the Uni-versity 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
was determined to see Othello. He had surpassed her wildest expectations.

"He's absolutely tremendous," she said, "simply marvelous. And do you know? You remade me of him. Of course you're not as huge, but you look a lot alike." She paused. "This may surprise you, but I've never been on the South Side. I hear some of the night clubs are real groovy."

Before I could answer, her train arrived, and she sped away, me thinking how Santa Claus brought, and it's nowhere near Christmas. Until the next class a week later, I thought frequently of this silhouetted blonde who had been virtually thrust upon me. Then at the next class I saw Charlene, who had not attended the opener, and flipped.

Charlene was the same height as Hilda. Her hair, jet black and with the luminous sheen of wet coal in a soft light, was as long as Hilda's but she wore it differently. Parted three quarters of the way across her forehead, it swepted in long flowing lines across her eyes and ended below her shoulders with ends curled inward. Her eyes, not particularly big, smoldered as if from a perpetual flame. A full, serious mouth; butter-rich olive complexion which shouted the South of Europe, and an oval face made her the sulriest, sexiest woman I had ever seen. Her breasts were not as large as Hilda's, but her curves were even more devastating. Despite her obvious glamour, she carried herself in a way that can be described only as aristocratic. And she was shy—

I later learned her obviously expensive suit was by Adrian. The skirt reached to her knees. Below was a pair of extraordinarily beautiful legs. Although tall, she wore high heels, further emphasizing the breathtaking lines of her limbs. Even without bright-golden hair, she was more spectacular than Hilda.

I caught all of this in one cataclysmic glance. At the same time I knew she was beyond me; the chance of

lightning striking twice in the same place was virtually impossible. At least ninety-five per cent of America's males would have envied my opportunity with Hilda, and until I saw Charlene I would have considered myself as already winning the sack race. This stunning blonde ought to be enough for me—or anybody else. But I was like a man on the verge of making my first million; I would not stop there but would look hungrily toward a second and third.

After this second class, Hilda did not go down to the first floor entrance and wait. Instead she stood at the door to the classroom and walked out with me as if it had been prearranged.

"I'm serious about what I told you last time," she began.

"What was that?" I asked.

"About wanting to go to some South Side night spot."

"Of course I'll take you. It would be a privilege and a pleasure. When? Next week? Tonight, maybe?"

"Make it next week. Not tonight. I've got to be home by one."

"You have a curfew? How old are you?"

"I'm twenty-six. I must be home by one because there are no trains after then until morning. If I stay out later I have to make arrangements first." She glanced at her wristwatch. "It's only nine. We could go to a bar which has entertainment, if you want to, for a couple hours. Just so I make the last train leaving the loop at twelve-thirty."

We rode out to Fifty-fifth and went to Square Tavern, featuring the blues-violinist Lonnie Johnson. The buzz of conversation broke its deep rhythm and I saw colored women firm their mouths into straight lines as we walked in. The men, however, registered obvious approval. But all of this was lost on Hilda, who looked around, smiling naively.
It was actually too early for Lennie. We sat side by side in a booth near the bar, jukebox loud, lights soft. I was acutely aware of her perfume, her thoroughly delightful physical appearance, and her overwhelming desirability.

"I suppose you've had a load of boy friends," I commented.

"Oh no, just one. I've lived a very sheltered life. And I had him only because I was curious as to what it was all about."

"What do you mean?" I asked, puzzled.

"I mean I had a boy in bed for the first time not two years ago." She turned towed me, her brows furrowing.
"Isn't that what you meant?"

"No." I had to laugh. At least she was straightforward, without guilt. "I meant only about going out with boys, but since you've brought up the subject you may as well tell me all about it."

"I... I guess I misunderstood you." She blushed with embarrassment. Incredulously I placed my hand on hers. She looked at me quickly, smiled and took a deep breath. "Yes, since I've started, I might as well tell you all."

Of course she'd heard friends discuss sex experiences, but she'd never been personally interested until a little over a year ago. Then, all of a sudden, the idea took root and speedily grew. She thought of it with increasing frequency, developing a warmth and itch in her crotch that a cold shower could only partially eliminate. Finally she decided that since she was now twenty-six she ought to learn how it felt to have a man. A few months earlier she had been introduced to him by a youth she'd been dating for several months, but had persistently begged him to go "all the way." But it had been only moderately pleasing, not the big thing she had expected. She tried it again a week later with similar results. Still, she'd continued it about twice a

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month for the past four months, not really satisfied although her partner had seemed to reach seventh heaven each time. Her biggest pleasure had been in making him happy. Recently she'd been wondering how it might be with somebody else. As she said this, she turned and looked me directly in the eye.

Tearfully elated, thinking I've been elected president without a campaign, I acted calm.

"Maybe I can supply what you've been missing," I said. "At least, I'd love to try."

She said simply, "I've wanted you since I first saw you."

"Why not now—tonight?" I couldn't avoid showing some elation.

Hilda looked at her watch. "We wouldn't have time, would we? It's already ten-thirty and I have to be in the Loop to catch my train at twelve-thirty."

"Then how about tomorrow night? Can't we meet early, say around six, and have dinner together first?"

She nodded. "I'd like that."

I squeezed her hand and moved my cheek close against hers. As if it were the most natural thing in the world, she removed her hand from mine, placed her arm across my shoulder, and kissed me. Emotionally I soared into orbit, but nevertheless out of the corner of my eye I saw two brown gals, drinking together at the bar and apparently watching our reflection in the long mirror, suddenly stiffen. One nudged the other with an empty elbow. I knew they had to be briling with indignation. But I would not have cared had the Grand Dragon of the Ku Klux Klan and his staff, Senator Silvio of Mississippi and a dozen fully armed sheriffs from Alabama been standing over me. I'd have said, "Go straight to hell, you lousy racist bastards!" I loved the shining red moment; when Hilda kissed me before spectators I suddenly felt powerful enough to take on the entire planet.
I could barely hear another colored woman say my name.

"Those goddamned white women make me sick. They play out among their own kind; then come out here among us all! you poor black folks. gems in your pants," to which he replied, "She sure don't look like no white to me." I was thankful HER did not look meanly and did not hear the exchange.

When I escorted her to the EL station, the platform was deserted. I grabbed and kissed her long and passionately. She responded with equal fervor, murmuring, "Nobody ever made me feel like this before."

We had dinner at a top South Side restaurant opposite the South Center Department Store on Forty-seventh Street. I had several reasons for choosing that place. As an exhibitionist, I wanted to show off the devastating young blonde, telling the world, "This is what I've got," and I also wanted both Flo and Dora to hear about it. I still wanted to marry Flo, but Dora was bitterly opposed and had told friends she would "kill that bitch." Being seen with Hilda would take some of the heat off Flo when it got back to my wife, as I knew it would: Dora would transfer at least part of her wrath toward a woman she had never seen and who was to top it all, while. There was also another angle. Roosevelt Flo had gone out on dates with a couple of white boys. In the past I had not openly accused Caucasian chicks, but I thought the time had now come for me to repay her in kind. Being seen with a doll like Hilda would be sure to do it.

It was eight o'clock when we reached my pad at the Prairie. I put on a siren act, showing no haste. For Hilda was nervous. I undressed leisurely. She hopped into bed after removing her dress and covered up, handing out the rest of her clothing piece by piece, explaining she had never before been nude before a man. Her experience with her boy friend was...

embarrass, any quiet convenient place but usually in a car. She kept her gun on my face.

As I kissed her ears, neck, eyes, nose and mouth she came magnificently alive. My eyes roved slowly over her flawless, full cream-white breasts before I suckled them long and hungrily. From her reactions no man had ever done them justice. I pulled down the sheets and all her resistence had melted from the heat of our passion. My mouth roamed all over her smooth belly. The dark yellow silk of her delta was a soft brush against my cheek. As I bent eagerly forward for the first sweet taste of her labia, she grabbed my head.

"Darling, what are you doing?" she asked.

"The kissing you all over. I've wanted to savor every bit of your delectable flesh since the moment I saw you. Sweetheart, you are the most appealing woman I..."

"Just darling, you mustn't." Her voice was firm as she pulled back strongly against my head, "It's not right. It's... it's indecent!"

"There is no part of you that's indecent. I want to enjoy your sweetness in every possible way."

"No." This was absolutely final. "I want you on top of me. I want to feel your big brown body covering mine, and I want you in me. Please, darling? And you will wear something, won't you?"

Reluctantly I took my hand away. I felt like Moses, led on high and shown the Promised Land, but not allowed to enter. Or a starving man sitting down to a gourme's feast and having it snatched away before even one bite. Oh, well, I'd be thankful for what I could have. Later I'd have her orally and she'd chide herself for blocking me at the start. Of that I felt absolutely certain. I slipped on a condom and slid between her warm thighs.

I used every trick I had learned, and soon turned her into a wild, raging prairie fire of a woman. I was
determined that for the first time she would know the meaning of sexual fulfillment; never again would she wonder. Twice more we blended before we dressed and I took her to the El.

"When I first saw you, Bob, I knew I could go for you in a really big way," she said as we walked along. "But now, after we've been together, I love you. I mean it. I don't believe there's another man in the world who could make me feel as you did. That boy friend of mine—he was nothing. Absolutely nothing. He didn't know anything. But you..." she shivered "...you're just it. I love you, Bob."

I hadn't expected such a complete reaction. But I couldn't reject it. Not right away anyhow, as amusing and desirable as she was. But I'd have to be careful. I'd already told her I was married, but separated from my wife, and I'd also told her about Flo. So if, knowing the facts, Hilda fell in love with me, I could not be accused of deceit.

As if reading my thoughts, she went on, "I know I'm being silly, when you've told me all about Flo and how you expect to marry her, but I can't help myself. I'll settle for anything you have left over after Flo. Just see me when you can, like tonight."

I'd had this kind of hype put to me before. Usually a babe counts on throwing you off guard, then easing into your emotions. But, of course, I'd never had it from anybody as breathtaking as Hilda. Well, we'd see. I knew I wouldn't quickly tire of her. I looked forward to a bright sequence of horizontal sessions. Still, it would take more than a lovely body, youth and long, blonde hair to make me fall in love. Despite her devastating physical attributes, she lacked something. There was no magic spark. Doris once had it, Diana too. Most of all Flo had it.

"I'm not asking you to love me in return," she went...
"I understand," she began in a deep, throaty voice, "that you have quite an interesting collection of jazz records."

"I do. But how’d you learn about it?"

"Oh, word gets around. I’m wild about jazz. I have a pretty fair collection myself."

"That so? Who do you specially like?"

"Ellington, Lena Horne, Armstrong—anybody who plays the real stuff. And I’m just wild about Johnny Dodds and Jelly Roll Morton and Pops Bechet and Besse Smith and Ma Rainey."

I was guessed. I had expected her to say Benny Goodman or Tommy Dorsey or even Glenn Miller. But she had named the masters. She now had my intellectual interest along with my physical attention.

"I admire your taste," I told her.

"But there’s so much to know and so many recordings I’d like to hear that I’ve only heard about. I bet you have a lot of them."

"Probably. But how did you become so interested? Especially in boogie jazz?"

"I’ve been crazy about jazz since I was seventeen. That was four years ago, and since then I’ve tried to learn all I could. That’s why I’d like to hear what you have. May I? I could come to your place almost any time."

Before I could answer she glanced toward the door and smiled.

"Here comes your girl friend," she said. "I’d better close before she gets suspicious."

I turned just as Hilda saw us and momentarily stopped. Then she came over and sat down as Charlene got up and moved to another part of the room.

"What did she want?" Hilda asked.

"Oh, she asked about recordings. She wants to hear some of mine."

"I bet she does."

"Baby, it’s nothing like what you seem to think. Honest. By the way, I’ve got another spot I want to take you to after class. It’s a place where Albert Armstrong plays. He’s one of the great boogie woogie pianists. He starts around ten and that reason we can be almost two hours before you have to catch your train."

"That’ll be grand," she beamed, and the tiny crisis passed.

As I expected, somebody had told Flo I’d been seen smiling at a beautiful blonde. She didn’t mention it until after she came down to the school specifically to get a glimpse of Hilda. Next day when Flo saw me, she spoke of it casually.

"I got a good look at your blonde," she announced.

"She’s a real sensation."

"She is rather attractive."

"I like to use up my competition," she went on.

"Do you consider her competition?"

"Well, isn’t she?"

"No more so than those two poodles you been dating."

"Oh, so that’s it! You’re getting even."

"If you wants call it that."

"I hope that’s all it is," she said seriously. "This sort of thing can be mighty dangerous."

"That’s what I told you the first time you went out with that fogy out. Remember?"

She nodded. "After you have enough revenge, let’s kick it off."

I nodded. But I wasn’t ready to quit yet, and with the way things looked it would be some time before I met my fill.

The next week, Hilda had not yet arrived and Charlene was waiting to speak to me at class. With no preliminaries she started in, "We didn’t finish our talk last week. You never told me when I could hear your
records. Is there some place where I could call you during the day?”

As I gave her my office number, Hilda appeared. Again she stopped, but this time Charlone waited until she came over, then said smiling sweetly as she rose: “move elsewhere: I borrowed your boy friend for a few moments. I hope you don’t mind.”

“Oh, that’s quite all right,” Hilda said pleasantly. But when Charlone was out of earshot, she added, “She barged in last week. Just what does she want? You?”

“Oh, course not! She’s really serious about jazz and wants to learn all she can.”

“Oh, yeah! Sounds like bunk to me. I think she’s trying to make a play for you.”

“Ridiculous, Babby, you know I’m not interested in anybody else.”

“I hope not.” She sighed. “I’m sharing you enough as it is.”

Two days later Charlone called me at the office and wanted a definite date for hearing some of my records.

“If it’s more convenient, I can pick you up in my car at your office, tonight or any time,” she told me.

“Not tonight,” I answered. “I’m booked.”

“Your blonde friend? Surely she can take a night off.”

“No, not Hilda. But tomorrow night’s free.”

“Want me to pick you up at your office?”

“Sure, why not? Make it about five.”

“I’ll park and come up for you.”

I liked that. Just so I enjoyed showing off Hilda at South Side restaurants and bars, I wanted my scene to see me with an even lovelier doll and to gape at the chintz confused me at home. And she didn’t let me down. Her taste in clothes was impeccable—simple but dramatic. Everything she wore accentuated her lovely beauty. This afternoon she seemed to have been melted

and poured into her dark-blue, knee-length dress, or else the cloth was so undemandingly to love with her fabulous body that it drum tamtamiously to every luscious curve. Unlike most white girls, she did not have the hips; her protuberance in a soft, saucy arc. Here was the glamour of a topnotch model or show girl beneath a mantle of good breeding. Despite her abandonment of sexual allure, she looked like a lady—to become banal for a moment. I was so frustrated by her appearance as to those to whom I proudly introduced her, along with others who turned and gawked when we left the building and got into her grey De Soto convertible. I made a mental note also to have Hilda come by the office. They might as well see my dazzling blonde, too.

In other words I could not keep my eyes off her profile and the long, luscious black hair tied and flung forward over one shoulder.

“Which way to your place?” she asked.

“Wouldn’t you rather have dinner first?”

“No, if it will cut down on my time listening to your chatters. How long can you give me?”

“I felt like saying, “forever.” Instead I replied, “All evening. I’m completely free tonight.”

“Wonderful!” She laughed. “That being the case why don’t we ride around for a while? It’s too early to eat anyway.”

We drove out to Washington Park and stopped. I learned she had married a man previously a twenty to get away from her mother, a rather wealthy widow who lived on the North Shore. She had her own small apartment on the Gold Coast in town north of the Loop, received a monthly allotment from her husband who was an Air Force captain, and a monthly allowance from her mother. No wonder she could dress as she did and drive her own car; her income was almost
the size of mine, and I was earning more than most Noreens. I learned further she was of French-Italian descent. Her mother was ultra-conservative, an admirer of Hitler and Mussolini, and hated both Jews and Negroes. Chellene had been rebelling against her since age thirteen; her intense interest in jazz was a facet of that revolt, and that had led to her close association with black musicians. Currently she was involved enough with a nationally known tenor saxist, then blowing at the Three Deuces, a leading Long-Avenue, to pick him up after work each morning and drive him home. This revolution felt like a tub of ice water. Maybe she wasn’t as interested in me personally as my ego had led me to believe. Oh, well, you can’t win them all. I would get what pleasure I could from a platonic relationship if need be. But unfortunately, I had already felt that spark, that electric charge. She had it for me.

We ate dinner at a Chinese restaurant and I took her to my hotel. My friend, Tony, was on the desk. He had been knocked out when he saw Hilda; now that I walked in with an even more alluring companion, his eyebrows lifted almost to his hairline—his only show of emotion while working.

She dug her disc, not only enthralling to the music but intently discussing each solo and sure explanation. This was a kind of rapport I did not have with Hilda; although she liked jazz, her knowledge was superficial. And although I was alone with the most desirable woman I had ever met, both of us sitting on the bed, laughing and talking like old friends, and her sensuality throbbed at me, I refrained from making any kind of pass. I felt she expected me to and I was determined not to be pigeonholed. We got along so well that when she looked at her watch and found it was one o’clock she could hardly believe her eyes. She jumped up, saying she had to pick up Freddie, her saxist, at one-thirty and until leave. I accompanied her down to her car and when she got in I made no effort to kiss her goodbye.

She hesitated, then suddenly seized my hand and raised it to her lips.

“You’ve been so doggone sweet,” she said, sounding very intense. “You haven’t said one thing out of the way or made one proposition.”

I did not reply. On a hunch, I reached through the window and kissed her softly on the side of the neck. She gasped, and turned her face toward me, eyes wide and softly glowing.

“My god!” she said in surprise. Then, impetuously, “I’ll be through with Freddie between two-thirty and three. We generally have coffee together. May I return for a few minutes then, if you don’t think it’s too late?”

I assured her she’d be welcome at any hour. However, back in my room I doubted she would appear. But I marked myself a plus for the way I had handled this date. She had expected the usual frontal attack but I had used a more subtle, indirect approach, for which she was not prepared. I thought it had been effective. I snapped only fleetingly until there was a knock on the door shortly after three. It was Chellene.

“I’m back, like I told you,” she said.

I tried to hide the joy I felt.

“I won’t stay long,” she went on. “I’ve got to go home. But I enjoyed talking to you so much I just want to tell you goodnight in person.”

“It’s late,” I pointed out. “Why don’t you lie down on the bed and rest?” She looked at it uncertainly and then at her dress. “Why not remove it so it won’t wrinkle?” I suggested.

She hesitated briefly, then kicked off her pumps and removed her dress. Then she lay down in her full-length slip and looked up at me, a small quizzical smile on her lips.
I sat slowly down beside her. My breathed was drawn around me. There was nothing underneath, for I sleep nude. Now I leaned slowly down, my eyes holding hers, until I felt her lips against my own. She closed her eyes, but smiled no other move. At the touch of her mouth my cool evaporated. I felt as if a thripping chord had sprang into being inside me. I grabbed her with both arms and kissed her with wild passion. She flung her own arms around me.

"Darling," I whispered, "you are the most beautiful woman I have ever known. I want you more than any woman I have ever seen."

I lowered my hand to the bottom of her slip and placed it beneath upon her warm thighs.

"No, Bob, no," she said. "I just want you to lie down beside me and hold me."

I decided not to move too rapidly. I lay beside her. My rye had become unfasted and she could see how I felt. I began kissing her gently all over the face and neck. I held back as long as I could, then again reached under her slip, softly stroking her lovely thighs.

"Please, Honey," she said. "I don't think I can. I was in an auto accident a few months ago and I'm not fully recovered. It's my lower back." But she did not brush my hand away.

I had discovered she wore no panties. And as my probing fingers found her humid bush, I was nearly out of my skull with desire.

"You know I won't hurt you," I whispered. "I'll be very gentle."

She did not reply. I raised her side and removed it over her head, unbuttoned her bos and took it off. For many moments I gazed passionless in admiration upon her breasts, full and perfectly shaped like an artist's dream, and with nipples like dark modest. Then my eyes slowly traversed her long, lithe body. And I was

Suddenly I was a mouth guided by all five senses. I wanted to taste all of her at once. My mouth moved over and around her breasts, belly, dark bush and to the area below. Immediately I liked the odor of her pubis, thinking it won't be like Hills. Since she was around with musicians she must be sophisticated and love foreplay. I parted her lips and reached hungrily for her pink portals, noticing immediately with thankfulness that they were virgin. Just as I preferred, and deliciously wet with thin dew. Her clitoris, however, was small and hooded. It took skill to uncover and enter it with my tongue, but it was extremely sensitive. As I cupped a hand under each full thrashing hip, knowing her climax was now only seconds away, a warm stream suddenly gushed. She had lost control of her muscles and inexcusably unclenched. I moved my mouth down to cover the entire opening. The stream stopped and I resumed rapidly massaging her tiny button. She came, powerfully. Never had a woman's spasm of ecstasy sounded so sweet to me. When she pushed me away, breathlessly murmuring, "I want you in me now," I turned around and mounted her. She grasped me with all her strength, whispering, "cover me like the wind, be the sky pressing down on me."

Now I was at longer mouth. I become all cock: Charlotte became cunt inanimate; the universe was dark. We whirled, spun,搂 biologist, finally exploding into a shower of shining meteors. Then, little by little, matter rearranged itself and as we parted we
became again two microscopic, orgastic organisms on a minuscule planet.

And I lay thinking, how beautiful and yet how tragic. With her husband and Freddie I am so no more than a temporary thing. But still I could not leave the paradise of her flesh even after my sex had become lifeless and slipped out. And she did not want me to go. We clutched each other until finally I rolled to one side.

“Honey,” she said, “I’ve never had anything like this, not ever before. Everything—your mouth on me—everything.”

“You mean nobody has ever kissed you there before?” I asked in disbelief.

“Nobody. Oh, I’ve been asked, but I’ve always said no. If you had asked I’d have said no again. But you didn’t ask. You just went ahead.”

“I thought the musicians you know would have enough imagination and sophistication to want more than plain, ordinary genital intercourse.”

“You don’t know those cats like I do. Most think only of themselves and getting their own selfish kicks. Some are almost brutal. Like Freddie.”

“Freddie? But isn’t he your special guy?”

“Yes, but he really doesn’t give a damn about anybody. I think he’s a sadist at heart.”

“Then why do you go with him?”

“Two reasons. One, I want to make Al jealous, and…”

“Wait a minute. Who the hell is Al?”

“Didn’t I tell you about him?” She named another widely known Negro tenor saxist. “I’ve been in love with Al for almost a year. But I really can’t get through to him emotionally. I’ve gone to visit Al in Detroit when his band was there and I’ve gone to him in Philly. But he’s so goddamned careful. I thought if I played around with Freddie—they hate each other;”

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"Sex rebel: Black"

"In all fairness, with your sultry glamour it’s hard to concentrate on anything else. But if that’s the way you feel about sex, why do you end up in the hay?"

"Because you have to if you want to keep a man. Most girls do these days. With the war on, and the shortage of fellows, no matter how you look a guy’s not going to hang around if you don’t put out. He knows if you won’t plenty of others will. So if I like a guy, and see he’s about to lose interest if I say no, I give in. I may not enjoy it particularly, but he does.”

“Then I can believe. You sound like you’ve gone through this routine a lot.”

“I’m experienced, if that’s what you mean. I lost my cherry when I was sixteen, to a boy my mother expected me to marry. Not only was he a white Protestant but he had the proper social and economic background. Our families had been friends for ages.”

“What happened?”

“I guess mother pushed too hard. I found myself hating everything she wanted, and wanting everything she opposed. She hated jazz, so I went crazy over it. Then, logically, I wanted to get acquainted with the
musician who play it. I like colored musicians because they play better. I felt bad for a pianist—I studied piano myself—and when we were finally alone, I expected him to ask to go to bed with me. I was frantic to get some work time with him. When he didn’t make even one tiny advance, I wondered if I was slipping. Later I found out the reason. He’s a hussy. But after Al and Freddy, I’ve decided I don’t ever want to lay a white fellow again.”

“I suppose you’ve had quite a lot of both.”

“Two colored men before you, and maybe six or seven whites—including my husband.”

“Hmm. Quite a bit of action for twenty-one.”

“I’ve turned down at least ten times as many.”

“But if you don’t want to sleep with a raddy staff any more, what’ll you do about your husband?”

“Him? He doesn’t count. You have to sleep with your husband. But I’ll get rid of him in a hurry when he comes back. You wait and see.”

“He doesn’t move you at all?”

“No. In the last, but I think I ought to tell you, in case you think I’m flagrantly promiscuous, that I never, never sleep with anybody unless I feel some degree of emotional involvement. And I don’t think I ever feel anything again for a white man.”

“Wait a minute,” I said. “You’re not emotionally involved with me. How does that fit in?”

She gave me a peculiar smile, her eyes warm and liquid. “In sixty-nine I didn’t intend to be intimate with you. But I guess I’m just not as hip as I thought. You fooled me. You didn’t behave like I expected.”

“You got it right.”

“Well,” she said slowly, “I expected you to make a pass at me. I had intended to merely lead you on enough to keep you happy and interested.”

“Why?”

“I wanted to hear your records and maybe con you into some I specially liked. I thought I could string you along until I got what I wanted, then drop you forever.”

“Interesting. And what made you change your mind?”

“In the first place you acted the courteous gentleman. I brushed against you, even laid back on the bed. But you said nothing at all of the way, I was dazed. And to top it all, you were so gentle and poised. I couldn’t help comparing you with Freddy, and the contrast got to me. Then when I went downtown and got in my car, I still didn’t have to fight you. I kissed your hand out of gratitude. Even then, you didn’t kiss me on the lips in return. Instead you kissed me on the neck. It was so unexpected I melted. You were so different and so tender, I simply had to come back and see you again tonight. I did get involved with you enough not to protest too strongly. And now . . . well . . . all of a sudden I find I like you a hell of a lot. I thought a few times in the past that I had an orgasm. I tried guffawing hard with Al. I wanted to say so very much. But I know now I never really climaxed before tonight. You showed me what it really is. Want to put yourself on her back?”

“Let’s go back a little way. You told me there were two reasons for taking up with Freddy. One was to get even with Al. What was the other?”

“You sound like a lawyer. But I’ll tell you. Number two is that I wanted to make him quit the woman he’s living with. She’s a blonde.”

“What’s that got to do with it?”

“I hate blondes,” she said simply. “I’ve gotten so I don’t like any more than five per cent Negroes. And blondes are so uncompromisingly white.”

I looked at her, questioningly. Evidently she read my mind, for she nodded.

“That’s one of the reasons why I intentionally wor-
ried Hilda, your blonde girl friend, at class. She's actually good-looking. In fact, she's beautiful—and that, coming from another woman, is something. That's all the more reason for upsetting her. If she were plain and ordinary I wouldn't bother. But I intended to increase your interest in me and get your tongue hanging out—so put intended—not because I wanted you for myself, but just for the hell of it. And, of course, to latch on to those records."

"You know you're not at all flattering."

"Oh," she laughed, "that was before tonight. Everything's different now. It didn't work out the way I'd planned. Why couldn't you have behaved according to my script? Why did you do wrong by acting right?"

"My sincere apologies," she laughed. "Do you know that just because you ad libbed I may have to stick around?"

"What about Al, the cat you're in love with?"

"Her face momentarily darkened. "We'll think about that later. It's not here now, is it?"

"No."

"And neither is Hilda."

"Or Flo."

"FlO? Who's Flo?"

"I told her. Since she had revealed her feeling for Al, I had to tell her I was in love with Flo."

"Charene shook her head. "I can handle a blonde, but a colored girl! I don't know."

"Tell you what," I said. "If you don't worry about Flo, I won't worry about Al."

"She looked at me seriously, then slowly smiled. "It's a deal. And since it's late, let's get some sleep. We you keep your arms around me all night, Bert. I want to sleep with you holding me real close."

I awoke next morning some minutes before Charene, and lay there, looking at her in repose. Hell, this isn't real! I've got to be dreaming! Did she really spend the night with me? Were my arms actually around her, and her body pressing against mine? But I can't let myself get wild over her. Besides, what about Flo? I was hypnotized by Charene's loveliness. Asleep she seemed such an innocent child—a bit spoiled, perhaps, and insatiable, and temt, but nevertheless a very beautiful child. My feeling for her was overpoweringly intense; I told myself this was because of the warmth of her nessness. I knew I loved Flo; what I felt for Charene had to be sheer animal appeal. One doesn't really fall in love over night. I shook my head. I simply couldn't allow myself to let go completely, especially when she frankly admitted she was in love with another man. Nevertheless, I knew I wanted everything of her that she possessed. Tomorrow would take care of itself. I knew it. Let me save my eyes on her adorable face. Very delicately I reached out and touched her long black hair, then leaned down to kiss the strands resting on my finger."

She awoke, dark eyes coming to life, glowing with the fire of contented recognitions as she realized where she was. She smiled, held up her arms, and kissed her."

"Good morning, beautiful darling," I whispered.

"How utterly delightful to awaken and kiss you to start the day," she said.

"There wasn't enough time for sex. We dressed and she drove me a block from my office. I didn't want those in the building who had seen her drive away with me the previous night also see her bringing me back the next morning. No need for them to know that much about my business. But before she sped away she promised to come to my hotel room every night after taking Freddie home unless she was committed to driving him elsewhere."

I hovered around the top of Mount Olympus all day,
feeling Venus had reached down and lifted me up to be her lover. But I also knew I had to return to the flatlands because Hilda was coming over that night. It was impossible for me to over feel about Hilda what I already felt for Charlene. There was no zing, no magic there. But no matter. I still wanted Hilda sexually, and I was still knocked out physically by her blue-eyed blondevness. And, viewed objectively, there was no denying the fact she was gorgeous. It was ego-pleasing just to show her off, to have myself in the looks of envious admiration coming from other black studs. As things now appeared, I would have two prize bitches to parade, I should thank my lucky stars for providing a brace of world-beaters at the same time.

I had never given up trying to fench Hilda, and she had never quit rejecting it. But I was persistent. I reasoned that if I kept after it long enough, she would finally break down and give in. Oddly enough, this was the night.

"Bob, dear, since you want to so much, I've decided to let you kiss me there a little bit—even if it is indecent," she told me after we undressed and I again breached the subject. By now she had lost her bashfulness and stripped before me without embarrassment. I couldn't help comparing her with last night's partner. Her skeletal structure was larger and I believed she weighed around a hundred forty-five, some ten pounds more than Charlene. Being blonde, her skin was also paler and except for a mole on her right hip, was without physical blemish. I knew that many men (particularly those hooked on blondes) would choose her over Charlene; others would prefer the darker doll. But I did not have to pick. I could have both.

With real gusto I kissed beyond and below Hilda's apex. I could at last taste her most intimate sweetness. And I liked her natural aromas; she further emphasized what I had long known, that no two women are exactly alike in odor. As I was acquainting myself with this new delicacy, she said, "stop now, that's enough." I did not quit. Moments later she said again, "Darling, it was to be for only a little while." I paid her words no attention. Instead I parted her soft, tender lips and, beginning at the bottom of her slit, ran my tongue upward until I found her clitoris, then raced speedily but gently around its tumescent head.

Hilda, who had raised up to push my head away, stopped, her body growing suddenly stiff and tense.

"My god," she said in disbelief.

I continued, softly biting the little button. She fell backward, body jerking, arms thrashing, head rolling from side to side, her breathing rapid and heavy. Suddenly she squeaked—not once but a series rising in crescendo, ending in a long drawn out wail. Then she went limp.

I turned around to gaze at her with a triumphant, I-told-you-so expression. She looked both stunned and foolish.

"So that's what I've been missing," she said in awe.

"It was your decision," I reminded her.

"I'm a damned fool.

"And indecent, too." She groaned at me as much as she could under the circumstances.

"Since you definitely told me only a little bit, just this once, I won't do it any more," I went on.

"You want me to throw something at you?" she asked. "Why in hell didn't you tell me it was that good?"

I looked at her very seriously. "Do you really mean to say you actually enjoyed something that indecent?"

"Darling, don't make fun of me because I've acted like a jockan," she said. "I simply didn't know any better. Now be serious! Will you do it again tonight? Please?"
CHAPTER 15

Charlene did not come by that morning after taking Freddie to see, and it was good she didn't, for Hilts had virtually worn me out. Each time she thought of what she'd been missing by being such a sexual agony, she wanted to make up for it. We almost missed her last train went.

Next evening I went to class downtown and found Charlene already there as usual. She sat beside me and did not move until Hilts came slowly and hesitantly over. Then she said, just loudly enough to reach Hilts's ear:

"Thanks again, Bob, for letting me hear some of your records. I'd like to listen another time if I may." Then she arose, smiled, said "Hi, Hilts." and moved to another part of the classroom. Obviously she intended to let Hilts know she had competition, and had been to my hotel.

"What's going on?" Hilts asked, her eyes troubled on Charlene's back.

"She asked to hear some of my jazz records and I let her. I'll tell you about it after class." I said.

This pleased her as I hoped it would. She obviously assumed that if I was willing to tell her all about Charlene, she really wasn't a serious threat.

As soon as we were alone after class, she asked impatiently to be briefed on everything.

I did, within reason. I spoke of her marriage, her mother's, of Al and Freddie and most of what I had learned except her aversion to blacks. Hilts listened silently, then said:

"With all these men she already has, why can't she leave you alone?"
"Baby, you have nothing to fear," I told her. "The way you look, you should never worry about another woman in the whole wide world."

"A girl as beautiful as Charlene—and she is beautiful, Bob, as we both know—could scare anybody if she goes after your man. She’s far more sophisticated and experienced than I, has sharper clothes—and more nerve."

"But that’s not everything." I tried to console her.

"I’m in love with you. I want you more than anything in this whole world. I don’t want to lose you—it’s anybody else."

"You want me?"

"If only I could depend on that."

She sounded so dejected that I tried to be smooth—attentive when we sat in a booth listening to the Ananias create that night’s blues. Since we were comparatively isolated, I placed my arms around her and held her close. Her blue eyes were so full of love—she vanished in her—the sky, the moon, the stars, the whole universe. In a wave of feeling composed of pity, fragrance and not wanting to hurt her, I kissed her very gently and tenderly. I felt something wet on my cheek. She was crying softly. Hilda said, "Even if you do quit marrying Charlene, neither she nor anybody else can take away the taste of real happiness you have already given me."

I was touched—but still, what should hay been a moment of soft vulnerability I could not feel what she so ardently desired. I remember thinking, why don’t she be content with what she do have? Why did she have to fall in love with me? When I took her to the station she didn’t want to leave. But I insisted, knowing an overnight alibi would feed her up at home. Promised that she could spend the night when she presented her family with a legitimate excuse before.
"I bet she's got a long list of boy friends," Charlene went on.

"No, she hasn't. She tells me I'm the second man she's ever had in bed, and I believe her."

"How old is she?"

"Twenty-six."

"Then she must be a Lesbian."

I shook my head. "Not her. She wouldn't even let me touch her until a couple of nights ago. Said she thought it was indecent."

Charlene's eyes widened, then she laughed, "I'll be damned. So you instigated both of us this week. Know what? You oughts start an educational course. Call it Cunt Care or Pussy Plessing. You'd get more careless than you could handle. You wouldn't have to advertise. Students would come to you by word of mouth—if you'll pardon the pun—what with the war and the shortage of expert male talent. But no, that wouldn't work, come to think of it. Every gal would insist on returning for more—like me, tonight. You simply wouldn't have the time. But tell me more about Hilda. I'm curious."

I told Charlene all that Hilda had revealed about herself, including her sheltered youth, years in school and determination not too long ago to learn about sex and quiet the growing gnawing in her crotch. I was curious to see Charlene's reaction.

"Is she in love with you?" Charlene asked.

"She says she is."

"You know, Bob, she makes me feel almost like a whore," Charlene said slowly, "but remember I said only 'almost.' I guess I don't hate bloody as much as I thought I did, or I'm self-hearted. She's so naive, I feel sorry for her. I really do. And if I'd had this talk with you before the other night, I'd have picked up my dolly and run away. But I can't now." She took a deep breath, exhaling slowly. "I want you every bit as much as she does. And I'm not backing off."

"What're you gonna do about Freddie? You were with him all last night," I reminded her.

"Forget Freddie. This is his last three weeks at the Dunes. Then he cuts out for New York. I won't see him again for at least a couple years—maybe never. Right now I'm just playing out the string until he leaves. There still may be a night or two when I can't get away until it's too late to come here but don't let that worry you. Frankly, I'll be glad when he's gone."

She had been undressing as she talked about Freddie and as she became completely nude she tossed her head and that amazing black hair tumbled all over her torso. She raised her arms in a yawn and her breasts rose, quivered, in attention. Passion-possessed, I looked eagerly on, meanwhile thinking she's far more compassionate toward Hilda than I believed. Although she tries to pose as a sharp, calculating hip chick, under the veneer she's sensitive and warm. Now she lay on the bed, stomach down, arms folded to pillow her head. Her hips and the smooth, round mound of her white buttocks were so inviting I could almost hear them speak to me. I looked with almost uncontrollable desire for oral contact with the rich olive flesh. I touched it lightly, wanting it against my hand before I leaned over to grab a mouthful and bite and shake it like a terrier.

"Gee, that feels good," she said as my hand touched her nates. "Why don't you tickle my entire back?"

"Tickle? What in hell's tickle?"

She gasped, then laughed. "This is only the second time we've been together like this, yet I feel so comfortable with you I forget we're still new to each other. You can't possibly know all my little idiosyncrasies, Tickle," she went on, "is something I specialize in. What you do is move the tips of your fingers back and
forth over me ever so gently. Flutter your fingers constantly like butterfly wings. It both relaxes me and at the same time sends every nerve into a spring dance. Your fingers look sensitive enough to make you a beautiful tickler."

I followed directions, striking just above her buttocks.

"Perfect!" she exclaimed. "You get the hang of it right away. But start at my neck, around my ears and throat, and work gradually down."

I did. Within seconds she was swooning with delight, her shoulders trembling. Similar reactions followed as I moved across her upper back, arms and sides around to the edge of her flattened breasts. She had absolutely no muscular control over the area receiving attention, she explained in explosive gasps. When I reached the small of her back and touched the upper end of the valley between her hips, she jumped violently. Her buttocks bounced and rolled as my fingers fitted tightly over them. Finally I could stand it no longer, I grabbed a mouthful where the base of her bottom folded into a wrinkled as it meets the upper thigh, and bit.

"Good Lord!" she said. "You're the wildest I've ever seen."

Turning quickly on her back, she said, "Do you realize you've got me so aroused I'm almost ready to come—and you haven't even touched my pussy? Tickling me across the stomach and then down around the sides of my mound while I calm down a little."

I did as she desired, my fingers whispering in the top of her muff and down the sides. Delicately I moved the hair above her clitoris and she cried out:

"Use your mouth on me ... your mouth ... your mouth!"

Almost as soon as I touched her long lovely wet lower lips with my mouth and my tongue found her clitoris, she came, whimpering like a cat. Reluctantly I

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took my face away when her spasmodic pelvic convulsions ceased, but she told me:

"You might as well stay there, I climaxed so soon I didn't get a chance to fully enjoy being frenched. You're going to have to eat it again right away. God, are you talented?"

When we were both temporarily satiated, she said, "Honey, I simply have to visit you every night—if you'll let me, and I can get away from Freddie. But I'm not going to expect sex every time. It's so carnalistic, so earthshaking I couldn't stand it that often. I'd be a wreck. But I want to sleep with you—I mean real sleep—with your brown arms around me. Will you let me stay with you under those conditions?"

"I'll be so grateful to have you near that I won't even mention sex unless I'm sure you want it," I said.

"I know one thing for certain," Charlene said, "and that is you're not in love with Hilda. In fact, I'm not too sure you're in love with Flo."

I did not reply. Deep down I was disturbed about Flo, and now I knew she sensed it. What was this—woman's intuition?
Undoubtedly our office receptionist knew more about me than any other person in Chicago. I often needed her help with gala, so she shared my confidence. She knew by voice all my regular feminine associates and had given each a name, usually not complimentary. So when, next mid-morning, she told me "the horny boleter" was on the phone, I knew it was Corn, the whipped-cream specialist.

She let her needs be known as soon as I spoke into the mouthspace.

"I'm so hot I dare not put my thighs together for fear I'll blister myself," she announced. "I need some good lovin' bad. Can you come here right away while there's nobody home but me?"

When I was ready to leave, the receptionist asked, "If you get more urgent calls, shall I announce you'll not be available for stud service until later in the day?"

An answer was unnecessary. So far as I know, she was unaware of my boudoir techniques and I intended to keep it that way. As for Corn, she now called up every week or two when she said she couldn't stand doing without any longer. It was usually in the day when she was alone and she could act uninhibited. I didn't have to screw her unless I wanted to; although she liked genitalitation, it was not necessary if she received a good fingering. Anything I did to cool her down was appreciated. I certainly did not intend to ride her this day, the past two exciting nights with Hilts and Charlene had left me quite depleted. That evening I had a date with Flo, and in the morning I expected Charlene back.
When Corn let me in her house, she had on nothing but a thin robe. I noticed she would not look me in the eye but soon forgot about it. She flung off the robe and literally ran up the steps, threw herself on the bed and spread her thighs, importing immediate action.

"Daddy, I want you to stick hell out of my itchy reassy. I need lovin' so bad I'm about to die."

I obliged with the usual violent results--warm pers and all--me thinking I still like this broad in bed. She's got her own highly individual odor and build and style which sets her apart.

After she returned to normal, she began talking.

"I see you've switched," she said.

"What do you mean, switched?"

"You get yourself a couple pinheads. Not just one but a pair."

"What d'ya do, send out spies?"

"Don't need to. One's blonde with red long hair, the other's brunette with long, straight, coal-black hair. When they're as flashy as those fry broods, we are around fast."

"Okay, so I've been seen around with a couple of white girls."

"What's the matter, aren't we good enough for you anymore? You know you can get any color woman or kind of hair you want among our own kind. You don't have to cross to color line."

"This is not a sociological project. I happen to like them as individuals--and now be damned," I said, realizing now why she hadn't looked me in the eye when I arrived. She was sore at me—but, being practical, she wanted to assure herself of sexual relief before she got into a knockdown battle. "When I find a gal who looks as good to me as either of these white chidren and who wants to step out with me, I'm gonna get right with it whether she's white, yellow, brown, black, purple or green."

SIX BELIE: BLACK

"I'm pretty certain they're not green. What are they, where?"

"Not unless you're a whore."

"Don't you dare class me down with those broody whores," she shouted angrily.

I got up to leave.

"So sorry," I said. "I didn't realize until now that you really are a whore. Baby, you had me fooled."

She grabbed my arm. "You know goddamn well I'm 20 years and I don't want you to know this way."

Her face softened. "I don't know what they are. All I know is they're white, and, from what I hear, they're unusually attractive. And I'm jealous as hell. I can't stand to share you with Flo, but that's all. Speaking of Flo, what does she think of your gay friends?"

"She knows about them and she's very sensible."

"I can't be sensible when it comes to you and other women! Especially white women."

"What the hell's wrong with you?" I asked in exasperation. "You know I enjoy going to bed with you and all the way-out things we've done with whipped cream. You also know I'm available whenever you need to get your ashes hauled."

"But I really want more than just goin' to bed with you! When it was just Flo I didn't mind so much. But if you go on spend time and run around with anybody else, why can't it be me? I'd feel that way even if they weren't pinheads."

"Wait a minute. You're not supposed to get too involved with me. I'm just a fill-in until your boy friend comes back from the Army. Remember?"

"But suppose he doesn't come back? Or what if he's changed and doesn't feel the same way about me?"

"That's the kind of chance you have to take."

She sighed. "Yeah, don't I know? But just the same, I wish you felt about me the way he did when he left. Don't you realize I can't get real jealous of somebody I
look upon as a substitute?" she laughed. "Think of one ever. And you will let me keep on calling like I do today?"

"Of course—so long as you don't make trouble."

"Don't be surprised," she said as I left, "if I call you even when he does come home."

CHAPTER 17

No longer was I swinging with trio or larger groups, but I did have five babes with whom I had sex in varying degrees of regularity. Of them all, my relationship with Nadja, the conzentrist, was least complicated. We simply had fun together in bed. When we parted, whether for a few days or a couple of months, there were no emotional problems. Periodically we got a yen for each other and I called her or she called me. The conzentrist termed her "that blue-eyed broad."

I wished my relationship with Cora and Hilda could be that simple. I was fond of both, and had no intention of dumping either. Nevertheless, I wished they had not become hung-up on me emotionally. I was having enough trouble with my own emotions centering upon Flo and Charlene. My reaction toward both was intense, yet not identical. Bluntly, I loved both and I was glad conditions did not yet necessitate my having to choose between them. Often when I was with Charlene I felt I preferred her above anybody else because of her looks, sense of humor and interest in jazz; it was also hard to believe that anyone as physically desirable as she had fallen for me. Then when I was with Flo, her warmth, intelligence and the way we both looked at life—along with her sheer sex appeal—made me realize I didn't want to do without her.

Nevertheless, I did appreciate the fact that Flo's preoccupation with other activities, which I once strongly resented, gave me greater opportunity to be with Charlene. It wasn't that Flo did not enjoy sex, but that her job, small daughter, creative work and generally tight schedule meant that I usually saw her for a few hours at night after her meetings. We could rarely
hit the hay except on Saturday nights and early Sun-
day. Now with both Hilds and Charlene chompin' so
much of my time, this pattern was ideal. Usually on
Saturday night and Sunday Hilds was involved with
some family activity and not available; the later Satu-
ryday night closing hours for the Three Deuces did not
give Charlene a chance to break away from Freddie.
That Saturday night Fls and I went to a party and
ended, as usual, at my hotel. She waited until we were
alone before mentioning either Hilds or Charlene.
"Friends" had gently told her I had been seen riding
in Charlene's convertible.
"You're getting to be quite a collector," she com-
mmented.
"Of what?"
"Fu/y girls. Do they come in pairs now? Sets of two?
maybe, one light and one dark?"
"It wasn't intentional. I just worked out that way."
"And they're both so godawful beautiful, Sugar," she
went on. "I admire your taste."
"You know I have good taste. I offer my being in
love with you as prime evidence."
"That's very flattering. They way they look, it's an
test to compete against either one."
"Compete? In what way?"
"You can't be around a girl like either of these
without comparing me with her. I know that, physi-
ologically I'm no match. I have to outshine them in other
ways."
"Listen, Baby. We've been going together for two
years since 1943. Doris doesn't know it, but I've got
all I need to get a divorce from her any time I want to.
You get yours, and we'll be all set to get married in
day you say."
"I suppose you do care so awful lot, Sugar, to want
to marry me when you can have your choice of these
two stunning chicks. I know you could marry either
one, if you wanted to enough." She looked at me, eyes
smelling with love, and I couldn't help responding in
kind. "Remember what I told you about getting a job
as counselor at that summer camp in New York? Well,
it came through today. I'm leaving right after July
Fourth. I'll be gone two months. That'll give you time
to have a real fling with both girls. Then if you still feel
as you do now, well talk about marriage. But tonight
let's be real hedonists. Let's forget everything but the
urgency of this moment. I need you... I want you in
bed. We have only this and next weekend before I go
to New York. Let's put them both to the best possible
use."

Never before had she been as enthused or affection-
ate as on this weekend. And yet I couldn't shave
Charlene completely from my mind. When we parted,
late Sunday afternoon, I thought about it. This was the
first time since I'd known Fls that the shadow of
another woman had fallen across our sexual path. I
realized that it was due to Fls's refusal to say "yes," we'll
get our divorces and marry as soon as I return."

Then it would have been finalized, and we could both
work toward that goal. Instead she had said we'd "talk
about it." Meanwhile, she'd be away two months and
Charlene would be present. But don't be silly. Char-
lene is in love with Al. And she's white. And so much
younger than I. She's only twenty-one and I'm thirty-
nine. Fls and I have built so much together; how can I
find that unity of intellectural and emotional attitudes
with a girl of an entirely different background, both
culturally and economically? That's asking too much.
And she's in love with Al anyway.

Around three o'clock that morning Charlene arrived.
Divinely beautiful as a deity, perfectly groomed,
seven hair on one side combed back of her ear and a
huge, round gold earring dangling, hair on the other
I side seductively peeling her eye and falling like a sled across her shoulder, she stood motionless in the door. It was just as well. I didn’t want to touch her, for fear she’d vanish, and yet I was compelled to touch her to prove to myself she was real. I kissed her, wondering how a woman can actually grow more beautiful each day (forgetting for the moment I had once thought this of Flo)—and feeling my excitement suddenly doused with the cold-water thought she’s in love with Al.

“I’ve missed you terribly,” she said. “I didn’t think I could miss anyone so much. It’s Monday morning and I haven’t seen you since Saturday. That’s much too long, Sweetheart.”


“I don’t suppose you had time to think of me anyway,” she went on, removing her dress. “Did you have a good time with Flo?”

“She’s leaving right after the Fourth of July.”

“I didn’t want to give a direct answer to her question.

“We’ll be in New York until September. She’s taking a job as counselor at a summer-camp upstate.”

Charlene stopped as if frozen. I couldn’t see her face. Then she continued disrobing.

“How nice.” Her voice was emotionless. Suddenly, she continued, “She’s either supremely confident or a fool. I don’t know which—yet.”

“Why should this concern her? She’s not in love with me.”

“I had a perfectly horrible weekend. We went to the party after I picked up Ethel Saturday night and she got real drunk. Drunk and nasty. I couldn’t get him home until around eleven Sunday morning, and then I was so beat I slept all day. When I woke up, it was dark again. And do you know what I thought about first? You and Flo—and I hoped you’d had a miserable time.”
anything like this during the two years we had been together, nor had Hilda—or any of the others. Simple, but a master stroke.

My look formed the question my lips did not ask.

"I just wanted to do something for you," she said, returning to me, "something for my man. Now let's go to bed."

CHAPTER 18

Several afternoons later, I had an early date with Hilda. I was to meet her at six at the Forty Third Street El station. Then we'd walk over to South Park- way and take a bus to Washington Park. There were small, isolated spots where we rendezvoused in the open air.

But at five, just as I was ready to leave the office, in walked Charlene—unnamed.

"I wanted to see you. I couldn't wait until late tonight. I have nothing to do until I pick up Freddie. Why don't we have coffee or dinner together now and just ride around until later?"

Obviously there would be rough sailing that evening. But I acted calm and took her down to the coffee shop in the building. Several studs I knew grinned when they saw us enter, but they did no more than nod. I saw one or two get up and go out, and shortly afterward others drifted casually in to look us over and scumber out. Without being told, I knew they had been briefed to come in and look at "Bob's fine fry bread. Man, she's outs this world. I'd give five years of my life for some of that." "Man, he's gotta be eatin' it. He hants' be! When a white chick stacked like that runs around with a spade, you just know he gets down on his knees an' lape it like a dog." "You know I don't go that route, but for some of that I'd be willing to kiss it just' once myself." I knew the dialogue without hearing a word.

I ordered coffee for both of us. I grew fidgety, wondering how in hell I could get out of this mess. Periodically I glanced at my watch.
"You seem awfully nervous," Charlene commented.

"What's the matter? Did I spoil your plans?"

"Well," I said slowly, "I do have a date at six."

"Oh. Then I won't keep you. Who with, Flo? You ought to spend as much time with her as you can since she'll be leaving soon. And I want her last days with you to be pleasant." Verbally she underlined "last days" and raised her eyebrows for emphasis.

"Tell you what," she said, face glowing as if she had conceived a brilliant plan. "Why don't I drive you wherever it is? That'll save time. Besides I want to meet Flo anyway, and that'll be an excellent opportunity."

"Thanks for your kindness, but I don't think I'd particularly appreciate it."

"Why not? She knows about me and I know about her. I'd like to get acquainted."

"It wouldn't work."

"Flo's practical and sensible. You told me so yourself. And to take you there right after work and then you ever would indicate my heart's in the right place. I'm willing to bet she'd get a kick out of it. I'll even be more than happy to let you get denounced. Yes, that's just what I'll do."

No discouraging her now. I took a deep breath. This had gotten out of hand. "I didn't say I was meeting Flo anyway."

"Who then?" She peered, her face wrinkling into a frown. "That blonde pitch?"

"I am meeting Flo at six." I spoke calmly. "Why, that's even better. She was loath to leave now. I'll thoroughly enjoy driving you out there and turning you over. She's not like Flo. I'll let her know who her boss. Where are you meeting her?"

Briefly I thought of naming some place other than the Forty-Third Street El Station, but I knew Charlene would stick around, and if Hilda did not appear, would remain with me. Of course I had no objection to spending time with Charlene, but just the same I had promised to meet Hilda and she was expecting me. I don't like to break a date, and besides I wasn't ready to give up Hilda. In fact, I didn't even care to disappoint her. And if I told Charlene I was leaving, she might do so permanently, and that was a chance I couldn't take. No, I'd have to let her drive me there and hope for the best.

"Very well, Baby, if that's the way you want it," I said resignedly. "Take me to the Forty-Third Street El Station."

She laughed triumphantly. In her excitement her voice was louder than normal, as she said, "Oh, I promise not to hurt your blonde girl friend," and several heads turned to look at her. At the same time, I was warmly aware that this hint of rivalry with another white child did not hurt my swaying image. Since it was almost six, we left and reached the station a few minutes late. Hilda was standing in front, looking. She looked on in disbelief when Charlene drove up, stopped, and I got out of the car.

"Hi, Hilda," Charlene smiled. "I brought him to you just about on time. Here he is."

Flo would have had a real answer. Most likely she would have said, "Thanks, Charlene. Now how much do I owe you for taxi service?" But Hilda lacked weapons. She merely stared, her body tense, looking terribly hurt. Two brownskin women came out of the station. One took a quick glance, stopped, and nudged the other. I was close enough to hear her say, "Let's wait a minute. Maybe she'll see a knockdown dragout fight between two paddy wheres over some black mother-fucker who done outstayed himself." They both passed a few feet away, looking expectantly back.

"By the way, Hilda, why don't you call me, and we can have lunch or coffee together soon. Will you?" I
could tell from Charlene's voice and the look on her
face she was already remorseful for her action and at
the moment sincerely wanted to make friends with
Hilda.
Hilda nodded slowly, almost mechanically. Charlene
waved good-bye and drove off. The two women walked
on. I was genuinely sorry at having brought about this
unpleasant encounter.
"Darling, I know how you must feel," I told her
softly as we started walking toward South Parkway,
"but there wasn't a damned thing I could do. She
showed up as I was leaving the office. I tried to get rid
of her but I couldn't. She insisted on driving me here."
"I know—to hurt it over me," Hilda said wearily.
"Now the whole evening is spoiled—completely ruined."
I changed the subject. "Why don't we have dinner
now? Maybe you'll feel better."
"Do you think I could eat anything after what that
—that busy did to me?" She turned her hurt eyes to
look into mine.
And at that instant I knew why I never felt that
vital spark, that ring with Hilda, despite her blond
beauty. She did not have spark could not fight back—
and I could not become emotionally involved with a
woman who lacked this kind of fire and spirit, even if it
led to battles between us. Frankly, I knew I deserved a
tongue-lashing for subjecting her to this encounter
with Charlene, and no matter how great my momenta-
tory irritation I would have looked upon her with
respect. Instead she covered like a whipped cur. With-
cut this will to wallop in return, Hilda lacked the
spark necessary to kindle a flame in me. She could
never be more to me than a stunning, voluptuous,
golden goddess of a girl I enjoyed talking to bed and
talking to. But there was no basis for permanency.
"She has a husband and two musician boy friends,
and I don't know how many other men," Hilda said as
we boarded the bus. "Why can't she leave you alone?"
"When I didn't answer, she went on, "I wish you'd
get married to Flo, then maybe Charlene wouldn't
bother you. Just when are you and Flo going to
marry?"
I told her next fall or winter. Meanwhile Flo would
be in New York a couple of months.
"You mean she's going to be away from Chicago
with that Charlene right here on the loose? Then it's
tall over! By the time Flo returns, Charlene will have
you for himself."
"No, I don't think so," I said, yet I knew deep in my
heart that she was probably right.
"Oh, yes she will! I'll even bet she marries you."
"Wait a minute..."
"And have other men on the side."
"That's unimportant. I don't ever expect to have sex
with only one woman."
"But you're a man! I expect a man to play around.
But not a wife."
"I don't expect anything from my mate that I won't
do myself."
She looked up at me, blue eyes still sad, then
without a word slipped her hand in mine.
"You know," she said, "you're a nut, a real nut. But
so am very nice."
When we reached the park, we walked past the open
pavilion fronting the small lake, over a bridge and to a
little knoll we knew. We could sit or lie back on the
swaying green grass watching the birds and clouds
above, or stretch on the ground below.
"I can't understand why she's so out of her way to
be nasty, to rob it in," she said. "I know she's been in
bed with you from the way she acts in class. She made
that plain. But she can't scare me off. Not even if she
sticks a sign on your back saying in great big letters,
"Property Of Charlene, Keep Away." The only way I'll leave you alone is for you to tell me yourself if you don't want me any more." Her eyes searched for an answer in mine.

"You know I'll never tell you that," I said. She looked so miserable, so forlorn and yet so pleasantly lovely that I was compelled to lean over and kiss her.

"Bob, Bob," she said, clinging to me. "You know I'm completely in love with you. And in spite of what happened at the El station, I'm not one bit sorry! At the start I hoped you'd love me too, but you don't. And since that's the way it is, I accept it." She shook her head, sighing. "I've got one favor to ask of you."

"What, Baby?"

"Please let me be with you—alone—as much as you can this summer. That's all I ask, a summer with you, seeing me as much time as you can spare. Tell me to go away, if you must when fall comes, but not now. Please?"

And me thinking, if only I could feel something for this loving, giving, gentle doll beside me, desire and kindness. Yes, I can be kind. And grateful. Had it not been for Hilda's obvious interest in me, Charlene would hardly have known I existed. There would have been no blonde challenge—never through her plan backfired. I owe a lot to Hilda.

"I'm going to see you all I possibly can this summer," I told her, my hands dipping into the ripples of gold of her long hair, and this coming fall and winter too, if I can, I doubt that I could ever tire of you."

"You will eventually. But this summer—I want this summer! I'm going to the University of Chicago next fall to study full time and I intend to register in courses that'll keep me so busy I won't have time to think about you and Charlene. But now ... she missed her head helplessly "... all I can do is wish I were with you when I'm not." She threw her arms around me and hugged with all her strength. "My God, how I love you!" She trembled and her eyes glinted with tears. "Thanks for telling me I can have this summer."

She shifted once or twice, then regained control. "I'm very grateful to you in another way."

"How, darling?"

"For turning me into a woman. I finally know how a woman feels, and how good and satisfying and fulfilling being a woman can be. I know not only sexual satisfaction but all the hills and valleys of love. Until I met you, it was academic."

"I wish you didn't have to find out by getting hurt."

"That's all part of it, and I don't mind—not too much anyway. I understand emotionally what's meant now when I hear, 'It's better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.' You're a real sweet guy and very, very kind and considerate in so many ways. We've had such gloriously wonderful times together. It's not your fault that you're not in love with me. That's just luck. But I can't imagine any other man making me feel as you do—or even wanting anybody else."

"That, you'll get over," I assured her.

"But I don't want to! Not this summer anyway. We were now lying back on the grass, holding hands. I felt like kissing her until she lost that hurt feeling, but that would have attracted too much attention. Already several strollers had stopped, looking on from a respectful distance at the uncommon sight of a blonde woman holding on with both arms to somebody black."

"Just once this summer, may I stay all night with you?" she asked. "I want to fall asleep with you; the last person I see, and I want to see you first when I wake up in the morning. May I, just once? Do you think Charlene will let me have that much of you?"

"Charlene can't stop that. She doesn't own me."
No, I don’t think any one woman will ever own you. But she’ll come as close as any one can.

I raised up on one elbow to look down in her face. In many ways she was quite attractive. And again I was sorry she had been hurt. I ran my finger along her soft, pale cheek.

“I wish I had you in bed right now,” I told her.

She shook her head. “I’m afraid that tonight I’d think about you and that Charlene together and I’d cry. No, why don’t we just sit at a bar and talk? Tomorrow I’ll be all right. I bounce back quickly. Then, whenever you have a free evening, we’ll get together. Please don’t make me wait too long.”

When Charlene came by that night after taking Freddie home, she was both aggressive and charming.

“I’m sorry, Honey, about this afternoon,” she began. “It was a terrible thing. I didn’t intend to hurt her that way. And I really would like to have coffee or lunch with her. We do have a lot in common to talk about.” She giggled. “Actually, she seemed like a real nice girl. A little dumb, but nice. I didn’t expect her to be that docile.”

“She’s not tough,” I said slowly.

“What you really mean is, she’s not a bitch like me.”

“What would you have done had positions been reversed and she pulled that on you?”

“I’d have quietly caused you both out, then I’d have gone back up to the platform and grabbed the first train that came along. After I got home I’d have waited for you to call me up and apologize.”

“Suppose I didn’t call?”

“You would, if you cared anything about me.”

“Yes, but suppose I cared and was too damn ashamed or stubborn to call?”

She smiled and spoke very deliberately. “Then I’d have called you—even if only to give you hell. But I’m afraid I’d have called. You see, I don’t think I can go on without you now.”

I swallowed silently, respiration rising.

“If you don’t understand what I mean, I’ll put it in plain words,” she went on. “I’m in love with you, Bob. And I hope, with all my heart, that you’re in love with me.”

Here it was at last, stripped bare. I’d been fighting my feeling, pushing it back, giving it another name, trying to smash it because I didn’t believe she returned my deep passion. But now she had said it, and now my unbridled love swelled, blowing into a great talisman filling the room.

“You know goddamn well I’m in love with you,” I almost shouted, grabbing her. “You’ve known it for some time—even though I refused to admit it to myself.”

“No, I didn’t know, I just hoped. I hoped like hell.”

“But what about Al?”

“What about Al? You’ve been with her for two years.”

“I’ll have all summer to work that out.”

“Don’t worry about Al,” she said, her brow furrowing. “There are so many bad things about that relationship that I’d be better off without it. But you … you’re right for me.” She paused. “When’s Flo leaving?”

“July fifth.”

“She’ll be here next weekend, won’t she?”

I nodded.

“How’s she been recently, isn’t she?”

“She should be here next weekend, isn’t she?”

“Of course. She mentioned me. She knows I see you, of course.”

“Oh, of course,” she said. “She asked me to get rid of you both this summer while she was gone.”

“Then I suppose you made pretty definite plans to marry next fall.”
"No, we haven’t. All we’ve ever done is talk about it for the future.” My ego wouldn’t let me say that failure to mention a definite date was Flo’s decision, not mine.

"Then don’t do anything hasty, Bob. We’ve got all summer to think things over. We’ll be seeing a lot more of each other than we have up to now. When Freddy leaves I won’t even have to take time away from you to chauffeur him. I want you to be sure of how you feel about me. I don’t want you to say anything to Flo now, or take any action you might regret. I’m selfish. I don’t want you to tell me later you wish you’d stuck with Flo.”

CHAPTER 19

I knew when it got down to the nitty gritty and I had to make a choice, it would be Charlene. It wasn’t that I didn’t love Flo any more; it was only that what I felt for Charlene was far stronger. I wished polygamy were possible; I would have enjoyed having both women as wives, but for different reasons. At the same time I would have had no objection to polyandry, giving them the right to legal multiple mates. But this was not permissible in our culture. Our society allows you only one wife at a time; if you want others you must first divorce the one you have, a kind of installment-plan polygamy. Yet few will deny that strict monogamy is monotonous; surveys show that high percentages of both husbands and wives have at least one outside sexual affair during their married lives. As for me, I knew I could never give up other women; variety of partner was as essential to existence as food and air. Even if I should legally have both Charlene and Flo, I’d need others. But since I could have only one according to law, that would have to be Charlene. I was in love with her—but I could never concentrate on my sexuality exclusively in her, no matter how great my love.

Flo wrote to me frequently, and for the first time since we’d clicked I could find little to say in reply. Knowing it would soon be all over and hating the task of telling her if she came home with a decision to marry me, I dreaded writing. I fervently wished that while in New York she’d decide on her own that we should not marry; that would simplify everything. Meanwhile Charlene moved part of her clothing from her apartment to my room. We were together every
day except on those occasions when she drove to the country to visit her mother and stayed overnight; then I let Hilda know and she came gratefully to me.

I cannot recall how and when it began, but suddenly one day I realized Charlene had started talking about what we would do when we were married. That, of course, would be the logical conclusion of our-romance, but much as I wanted to marry her, it seemed like a dream. Even though we had now virtually shackled together, after the first realization that she was in love with me cynicism set slowly in. I had the feeling beneath it all that she would tire of the relationship. Here was a beautiful young white girl of uncertain background and almost 15 years my junior, glamorous enough to attract attention even in Hollywood; why should she actually hitch herself to a man like me, with neither money nor the talent for making money? Common sense told me to be a realist and live one day at a time. But if my dream did explode I hoped it would be before Flo returned.

One day in early August she came from her apart-
ment with a strange, disturbed look on her face.

"I had a letter from Al today," she announced.

"First in over a month. He wants me to spend a week in New York with him when the band plays the Apollo Theater. I think maybe I will."

So this was how it would end. I knew it was too
to last.

"But you told me everything was over between us,"

I said gently.

"I know. I really thought it was until I got his letter. It's a funny thing. I don't hear from him and I don't see him and I think I've gotten over him. Then he writes, or comes to town, and boom! I turn to see inside. I know that's not very flattering to you, and I'm sorry."

"I half expected it—or something like it anyway."

Sadie, if you're still in love with him, I ought to

say it so I can learn how to live with the reality."

That's the point—I don't know how I feel about you. We've talked about marriage—at least I

said. Yesterday I was certain I wanted to spend the rest of my life with you. Then today, this letter from Al—and I don't know what to think. If I'm still in love with him, if I still have him in my blood, it wouldn't be right to marry you and want somebody else, would it? That's why I feel I've got to see him. I think I've got to be with him, but I've got to know for sure. If I see Al and don't turn to much like I used to, I'll know I'm over for good. And to be frank, I don't think I will. For I can't be certain until I actually see him again."

Much as I hated my age, it made sense. I had been

forced to make a choice between her and Flo now she was faced with choosing between Al and me. I did not doubt her sincerity when she told me she loved me; I doubted at the time she believed it. Now she was actually sincere in wondering if it were true. Knowing she was not emotionally constituted to be in love with two men at the same time, I hoped she would get him out of her system forever, yet I prepared myself for the worst. I began concentrating my thoughts on Flo; meanwhile with both her and Charlene away I would keep busy with Hilda.

Next day I called Hilda to let her know Charlene would be gone for a week.

"Where?"

"New York."

"What for—to see one of her men?"

"Something like that."

"I expected that of her. One man could never be

enough."

"I didn't call to discuss Charlene. I thought maybe we'd like to spend as much time with me as you could, sleeping overnight if you wished."

The next day I called Charlene to let her know Al was coming back from New York; I didn't mention anything about the letter. Charlene was not one to swaddle the facts; I knew she would get over her love quite quickly. I felt sorry for her, for I knew my case was not as serious as hers. I loved her, I liked her, I found her attractive, I didn't want to lose her. But I didn't want to marry her.
"Oh, Ohhh!" This last a shout of glee as it sunk in.

I don’t know what excuse she gave her family, but
her that week I was with her every night, from late
afternoon on. Twice she spent an night with me. She
was incessant with delight. Once I took her to the
Club DeLisa and one of the managers, whom I knew
and who had seen me there with Charlene, came to me
to talk when Hilda went to the powder room.

"You got a slick farm somewhere, Daddy-o?"

"Meaning what?"

"You latch on to nothin’ but these fine fly chicks. You
been makin’ this scene with one black-haired bide
who looks like a movie queen, and tonight you fall in
with a wild blonde who’s just as great. Man, you really
come on. He shook his head admiringly. "That little
boob you used to run around with ain’t got a
chance. Howays do it, man? What kinds jive you
puttin’ down?"

"Pease,” I said, “all you gotta have is something the
paddy boys can’t come up with."

"What’s that?"

"A fine brown frame."

He moaned and cut out. But this dialogue had assembled
an idea whose parts had been floating around in
my mind. Since association with a glamorous white girl
of obvious class brought a kind of prestige and I was
an exhibitionist, I resolved that even if I lost Charlene
I’d hook onto Hilda at least until I found another
fabulous off. It was a matter of personal black pride.
I would show the world that if one ditched me, I could
get another of similar quality. I knew also that I was
attractive to most white ladies who went in for Negro
men. It was part of their personal rebellion against
restrictive and oppressive society imposed with color
prejudice. If they wanted Negroes, they wanted through
the whole—the big, black and strongly African in
features, and that was a camera description of me. As a
nonconformist and rebel against senseless patterns set
by the Establishment, I received emotional pleasure
through thumping my nose at the moose and convert-
ing with an appealing white woman. Even if I married
Flora, I would be compelled to appear occasionally
publicly with a lovely fair doll as a gesture of defiance
against and independence from the Establishment
which hypocritically touted freedom and democracy,
but in practice was almost pathologically opposed to
miscegenation. But always it must be a white woman
of obvious quality; I did not intend to reinforce the
stereotype that only white tramps take up with black
men. Both Charlene and Hilda had the right kind of
look. Even if I never saw Charlene again, Hilda fitted
this image as well I would maintain the relationship
infinitely.

With this in mind, I squeezed out every drop of
curmn for Hilda. I was so thoughtful and attentive, she
told me, “Charlene must be sick in the head! How can
she run off to some other guy when she’s got you at her
foot and call is beyond me. But I’m glad. After this
week is over I could die with no regret. I will have
had my share of happiness.” When I found myself out
of condom she said, “I don’t even I really don’t like
them anyway. If anything happens I’ll take full
responsibility. Besides, we’ve been intimate before with-
out you using anything, and nothing happened then.
Did it?” Actually I wasn’t worried; here I was virtually
forty and I’d never yet knocked up anybody.

Still, no matter how hard I tried to concentrate on
Hilda I couldn’t get Charlene out of my mind. She
controlled my thoughts. I had one letter from her
during the week, and it was unimportant. She spoke
generally of New York City itself and the shoes she
had seen, mentioning Al only once. Tender rose in me
when she sent a telegram stating when she would
return. It was on Sunday, and Hilda had to leave early
in the afternoon; there was some kind of family gathering she was obligated to attend.

Seconds crawled like crippled hours as I awaited the moment I expected her to reach my hotel. I knew she would first stop at her apartment to get her car. When I heard her knock I took a deep breath. This was it.

Had I won or lost?

I opened the door. She entered, closed it slowly, then stood motionless, her face with no expression. I steadied myself. So far so good. I'm out. She's trying to find a way of telling me she's still in love with Al.

Then she spoke.

"I'm going to marry you. Don't you dare try to back out of it."

Suddenly I was weightless, floating giddily through air. I threw my arms around her. I might have unintentionally hurt her, so hard did I squeeze, had she not been hanging me with all her strength. I cried. So did she.

"I missed you," I said.

"And I missed you," she said.

Simple, direct, but at the same time eloquent.

Cherlene had already kicked off her pumps and I began undressing her, kissing each bit of vibrant flesh as it became exposed. I kissed the tips and the tops of her toes, then up her slim ankles, sharply calves, knees and thighs. She got on the bed, face down. I tackled her, parting and moving her legs so I could softly touch the fringe of light hair around her vulva. Reverent for the taste of her flesh everywhere, I pulled her hips wide, and, beginning at the upper end of the valley between, zigzagged with my tongue all the way down until I reached her center, now tightening and loosening as if blinking. Then for the first time while anyone I thrust my tongue hard into the center, as far inside her asshole as I could force it, and violently chewed and sucked and bit.

"God, oh God! You've never done that before," she managed to gasp. 

Raising my head, I said, "I've never before been so completely hungry for you in all ways."

Later—much later—when we were able to carry on a conversation as we rested, I asked about her trip.

"New York itself was fine. But Al—well, now we both know. I just don't have it with him anymore."

"Of course you fucking him."

"No, I didn't, oddly enough." Then silence, and finally Cherlene saying, "Why lie about it? I did go to bed with him. But it was mechanical. I felt like I was merely doing a favor for an old friend. He didn't move me."

"Need I say I'm glad?"

"No, you don't have to. Frankly, I don't think a woman who is accustomed to what you can do can be satisfied without it. He doesn't go in for fucking. You spoiled me, you sweet bastard! I don't think I could stand anybody for long now who didn't eat my pussy."

"A man who won't nibble your teethsome titwax is off his nut," I told her. "How can he keep his mouth off you?"

"He has a phobia about germs. He's so afraid of catching something that he carries around gargles and sponges wherever he goes. Why, do you know that after he ejaculates in me he could hardly wait to get out of bed to wash out his mouth just because he had put his tongue in mine, and to use soap and water on his damn dick? You'd have thought I was a whore."

"Was this something new?"

"No, he's always done it. I didn't mind before, but this time I felt positively insulted."

When she went to New York I believed that, if all other things were nearly equal, my oral technique would cost the deciding vote in my favor. I knew that through the years I had developed real proficiency; in
the past I had been able to hold any woman I wanted
after brushing her just once. Even many girls who at
first looked upon me as a bus stop decided immedi-
ately to remain for a prolonged visit. I based my hope
on Charlotte not being the exception and I was right.

CHAPTER 20

I would have to tell her and I dreaded it. Flo
returned around Labor Day, and came to my office the
following afternoon, richly brown and healthy-looking
after a couple of months outdoors. "Be gentle with
her," Charlotte had asked. "I know how she'll feel. I
know how I'd feel if someone came between us—and
I've known you only a few months."

"The other girls at camp asked me what my future
plans were," Flo confided. "I said I was going back to
Chicago to teach school and marry my guy. I've
thought it over all summer. Being away has given me a
better perspective on everything, began. Let's get our
divorce and marry as fast as we can."

Looking into her radiant, expectant face, it was even
colder to tell her everything had changed. I thought,
"why, why didn't you wake up your mind before you
left for New York? Why did you hesitate for two years
when we were both certain of one another, knowing we
should eventually marry but just putting it off? And
then, why did you start dating white boys last spring,
cauing me to reticulate? I found it easy to
rationalize and shove the blame on her.

"Let's go to the Warriors' Club and talk," I told her.
It's quiet since this time of day."

She looked at me queerly but did not protest. We
sat down at the same drugstore and in quite a few minutes
she said: "Tell me what happened."

"It was something neither of us
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should do anymore. Trouble is, it's too late now. I've fallen pretty hard for someone else.

"You mean, you've gone overboard for one of those gay chicks you were taking out when I left?" she asked softly. "I don't believe it's Hilda. She just hasn't got enough on the ball other than looks. It must be Charlene."

I nodded.

"But...but..." she stopped to get a grip on herself. "She's very beautiful, Bob, and she's white. You don't plan to marry her, do you?"

"I do."

She looked down. Then slowly, "Maybe it's just infatuation. You're blinded by her glamour. But you'll get over it. I can wait."

"I don't think so, Flo. It's for real."

"I don't believe it! Why don't we wait and see?"

I didn't speak. I knew Flo had strength and would not give up without a real fight.

"How often do you see her?"

"Every day."

"And night?"

"And night. In fact, she keeps some of her clothes in my room."

Flo looked down again. "Maybe it's just what the tailor called summer madness. She put her arms around my shoulder, pulling me toward her, and tilted her face to mine. "You haven't kissed me yet, Sugar, since I've been back." I found myself responding strongly—just sexually but with the kind of close, erotic warmth I had long felt for her. Obviously I still cared deeply for Flo, and I realized that if something happened to erase Charlene from the picture, I could not be content with Flo. Being with her was comfortable, like relaxing at home, and yet it was stimulating, too. We had a kind of rapport impossible with a white woman. Being black in America gave us an automatic bond. Yet close association with a Caucasian presented a challenge, a defiance of the Establishment not possible with a black mate. Neither Flo nor Charlene by herself could satisfy all my emotional needs; I regretted again that, feeling as I basically did about both, our culture did not permit polygamy and polyandry."

"Sugar, when can we get together?" she was asking. "I gotta see you alone—just gotta! Do you know I haven't had sex since the last time I saw you?"

"Tomorrow night," I said. Charlene was going to the country to visit her mother and would be gone until the following afternoon. "We can spend the entire evening together."

As soon as I saw Charlene that night, she asked immediately, "Did you see Flo?"

"Yes."

"Did you tell her about us?"

"I did."

"So?"

"She doesn't want to accept it. She thinks it's just infatuation or summer madness and will blow away."

"I'm not surprised. Flo's no Hilda. She'll fight for her man."

"Not that it'll do any good."

"No, but you'll enjoy it, you shank," she laughed.

"You know, I'm pretty sure of you. That's why I'm going to ask you to let her down easy. Don't give her the supreme slap of breaking off completely. See her now and then, if you want to, and let her gradually grow accustomed to the idea that she no longer has you. That will be for more kind."

"You surprise me," I said. "What's come over you? I never expected you to be this considerate of another girl's feelings."

"I'm not always bitchy. From what you've told me, Flo and I are quite alike emotionally. Perhaps it's because we have the same birthday. I know if you told
me suddenly that you'd thrown me over for another woman and wouldn't see me any more, I'd feel like killing you. I believe Flo would have the same reaction. And what use would a dead Bob be to you?"

CHAPTER 21

When Flo entered my room the following night, she looked curiously around then went to the closet, opened the door and gazed silently at Charlène's robe, several dresses, a jacket, underwear and a few pairs of pumps. Then she shrugged her shoulders. "I'll pretend they aren't there."

Never before had she been so passionate, far surpassing her peak before she went to New York. When I frenched her she grabbed and bit my thigh, then seized my prick and masturbated it so violently I had to stop her before I shot off. I don't like to fire into empty air when there's a target available. After I lay between her thighs following her two climaxes from cunnilingus, she experienced a pair of titanic orgasms before I unloaded. I had never before actually fucked her to climax, although she enjoyed it, telling me she received physical pleasure as well as emotional joy from uniting her body with mine.

"What happened?" I asked afterward. "This is the first time you ever came with me in you."

"I'm as surprised as you are," she said. "I thought until now that I couldn't. I suppose it's because I needed you so much and felt so deeply about you—especially when you say you're going to put me down for that white girl." She cocked her head to one side, looking at me quizzically. "You know, I just might not let her have you."

We left around midnight. As we stood waiting for a taxi, she said, "Sugar, I want to kiss you." Reaching up, she pulled my head down to hers. This was completely unlike her pattern. She had always objected to showing affection on a public street. I reminded her that a couple of times when I tried to slip my arm
around her while awaiting a bus, she had pulled away, asking me to wait until we were alone.

"The picture was different then," she explained. "I knew then that I had you just as you knew you had me. But now you're trying to get away. And damn it, Sugar, I'll do anything I can think of at any time and any place to keep you."

Yes, Flo was going to fight.

When Charlene returned, she looked around the parlor, peered in the closet, then said, "Flo was here last night."

"Yes, but how can you tell?"

"She left a message. Charlene removed Flo's parties, hanging on a hook above a slip of her. I hadn't noticed them."

"It's all right, I expected these, or something else." At my look of incredulity, she added, "I'd have done the same thing."

When we undressed for bed, she maneuvered me to a chair, pushed hard enough to make me sit, kneel before me, then took my coat and began kissing it from head to hair. This she had never done before, and I had never asked her to. Much as I love being kissed, I will not ask a doll to french me. To blow or not to blow, that is her question. But I have learned that sooner or later, the recipient of constant oral attention will begin repaying in kind. Charlene, of course, was a neophyte, but I knew with enough coaching and practice she could become expert. Besides, at this time, it was the thought, not the gift, as they say at Christmas. Or it was not what the horse said, but the fact that we could talk at all.

She stopped short of success. "My jaws are tired," she said. "I guess you need experience to develop endur- ence. I'll do better next time."

"But I enjoyed it, sweetheart," I said, "although naturally I was surprised. What made you do it?"

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"Oh, I just wanted to. I thought you might like it."

"You thought right. Those lascivious lips of yours around my rod! Kiss me, Sweetheart!"

Inwardly I thought this must be part of her strategy to see that I stay von over from Flo. If so, I'm gonna thoroughly enjoy every split second of this contest. Then what she was saying began to penetrate my thoughts.

"You know, Bob, maybe Flo is far better for you than I can ever be. She is a very attractive woman. And she's much more talented and versatile. She's a college graduate. She's useful in that she teaches school. She's an artist and a writer. She works with people. She's had wide experience in many fields. From all indications she's unusually intelligent and gifted. You've been very close to her for over two years, with all kinds of shared experience, and she evidently has the same general attitudes that you like in me. I haven't got a thing—nothing that really counts—that she hasn't got much more of."

"Look at me. I don't know how to do anything worthwhile. I turned down a chance to go to college—any college in America—and instead spent a couple of years in vocal school. And we both know I could never make it as a singer. I can't even sing Mother about you. So what have you got? A perfectly useless girl who is in a sweat to see twenty-one. I can't even furnish you right. If you had any brains you'd drop me like a hot potato and marry Flo."

I listened, thinking so that's her hype. The reverse psychology of putting herself down and building up her rival so I'd tell her how ridiculous this is and how much I prefer her over anybody else in the whole world. She wants some ego value. Hush-ah, I'm not going along with this, Baby.

"You know," I said slowly, as if choosing my words carefully, "I think that, after all, you're right. I hoped
you'd reason it out for yourself. I'd been wondering how best to bring it to your attention, but you have saved me the trouble and embarrassment. You've solved a major problem, and from the bottom of my heart I thank you. I can't possibly tell you how relieved I am. I think I'll go out right now and tell Flo. You're a real pal.”

I arose and started pulling on my undershorts.

Charlene looked at me open-mouthed, then leaped up and hurled her naked body against me. It was the kind of perfect block professional football coaches spend years teaching but seldom see. I tumbled back into the chair.

“You leave here tonight, goddamn it, it'll have to be over my dead body,” she blazed. “What the hell's wrong with you?”

“But Darling, I'm just going to follow your suggestion,” I said.

“You goddamn bastard, can't you take a joke? You didn't think I meant it, did you?” Her eyes all but shot forth flame.

“Bitch, Baby,” I protested, looking my most innocent. “don’t you know I always take you seriously?” I tried to hold it back, but I couldn't help grinning at the look on her face.

She relaxed and smiled. “You gave me one hell of a bad scare. And I thought I was being funny! I guess I punished. Did I hurt you when I shoved you?”

I shook my head.

“I won't try that again. Suppose you believed it (and it may be true) than where'd I be?” She frowned, then looked sheepish. “I must have been out of my mind.”

“Baby, you know how much I love you.”

“Yes, I know—or think I know. But I like to hear you say it. A woman needs reassuring—especially when she's got competition like Flo.”
dor in many ways. Not only was there the black-and-white angle which conservatives of both sexes oppose, but there was the matter of sophistication sex. I had told both Flo and Charlene about the parties and switching which became part of my life with Dave. Flo had taken it in stride, as if her best friends were swingers. She had also been involved in memorable sight with Trix and Nibby. When I first told Charlene, she was shocked—and then twisted on hearing every detail. I had little doubt of getting Flo to swing; Charlene, however, was younger, and despite her sophistication it would take longer selling her on the idea because of attitudes formed by her mother—yet I did not doubt it would eventually occur.

Variety of parties and activity were a way of life with me. I knew I had a powerful sex drive, requiring many kinds of satisfaction. Obviously all people are not similar. Some have large libidos just as some are tall, brilliant, swift or strong. Others have small libidos just as many individuals are of small stature, have dull minds or are uninformative. I see no more reason to patronize my own activity after that of the dish second weekends they demand that those with little libidos and no yen for variety engage in many types of coitus with new partners every night. What is unorthodox for many others is normal for me and vice versa.

Both Flo and Charlene were aware of this. They also knew I would not dance the brood dance with only one woman, and they knew also it would not affect my attitude toward my spouse. I automatically assumed that any woman with whom I established enough rapport to wed would have similar attitudes. It is normal for a man or woman with powerful sex drives to frequently feel strong physical attraction, even to change partners, and to attempt to get them in bed. I think that physical fidelity to one person is not

unusual and ridiculous. I ask, therefore, only that my mate use common sense and discretion and have the mental balance to maintain emotional loyalty, and tell the truth. I do not care to own a woman. Charlene knew my unorthodox way of thinking about marriage and sex, and she accepted it. We were therefore as prepared as we believed possible for a life together after we ran out of our present mates.

“You're absolutely sure you can swing it?” I asked Charlene again two days before Kent was due to reach Chicago.

“Leave it to me. He'll be happy to go away and never bother me again. And I won't do anything drastic. I'll simply be a sick country. He'll be merry as hell after his long tour of duty overseas. I'll make it plain that I'll screw him only because it's my duty. That car accident which injured my back—you remember I spoke of it my first night with you—has made me so weak to be a real wife to him that I'll never be able to bear his children; that will be my story. And I'll be completely unresponsive in bed, letting him know he's merely using me. I'll quietly oppose everything he says. I know enough about Kent to be certain six or seven days will be all he can take. I even predict he'll be so disgusted he'll ask me for a divorce. Wait and see.

"Of course I won't see you while he's here, and that will be the hardest part of all. I'll try to call you at the office when I shop for groceries, but even that will be very brief. I trust me, darling. By the New Year he'll be out of my life forever." I believed her. But I knew I would be lonely while she was gone, even more lonely than last summer when she was in New York. Now she would be in Chicago, only a few miles away on the North Side geographically, but as unavailable as if she had taken a trip to another planet. And it was winter and Christmas and
the time when people who love each other should be together.

Since I couldn't see Charlene, I would concentrate on Flo and Hilda. I had seen them very infrequently since September. Gradually Flo had come to realize we would not wed. Nevertheless we remained close friends. Charlene and I spent Christmas Eve together, drinking Scotch and milk and dreaming past the next few days to the coming year and what it would bring. Early Christmas morning Kent would arrive and Charlene had to be home, domestic and wholly, when he walked in the door. I had previously arranged a date with Flo for Christmas afternoon and night.

"But I expected you to spend Christmas, especially, with your white lady love," Flo had commented when I called her.

"Can't. Her husband will be there."

"How lucky! Why don't the thee of you have a cosy get-together underneath the mistletoe?"

"I don't think he'd like it. Anyway, I want to see you."

"So you can cry on my shoulder?"

"No. Because I sincerely want to be with you."

"Since Charlene won't be available. There was a long silence, then. "I know I'm a damn fool, but I'm still nuts about you, suh. Yes, let's have a get-together for old times' sake. I'll do my best to keep you from missing her too much."

We both knew we would wind up the night in my pad. We hadn't romped since the week before Thanksgiving when I took her home after a club meeting. It was late and we had the entire basement rumpus room to ourselves. We had made love together harricly but enjoyably. Now we could have an entire night: tumble, I thought of Kent in bed with Charlene, and I attained an immediate strong erection. Added to this was the flash-and-blood face of Flo who still moved me strongly. I was ready for a rousing session.

Habitually I began sex with Flo with both knees to the left of her head as I faced her feet. But tonight she pulled one leg to the outside of her right shoulder, then reached up and placed her mouth around my tool. She, too, had never sucked me in the past, but now she went at it vigorously as if 69 were her greatest pleasure. Although surprised, I did not consider this a moment for discussion. I let nature take its course. I came.

"What get into you?" I asked as soon as I could.

"Your trick, of course. That was Pure trick, wasn't it?"

"You know what I mean. How come?"

"By mouth."

"Be serious. What made you decide to return the favor after all this time?"

"Because, suh, I see a little of you now I want to hold on up on you in every way I can. Besides, I thought you'd like it."

"I did, baby, and you better believe it! Still, I can't help wondering why you never did it before."

"I wasn't as smart then as I am now. I've had to grow up and get much wiser in the last few months. Would it have made any difference had I done it all along?"

"I really don't know. But it wouldn't have hurt."

"Yes, I know, suh. And from now on when anybody does that to me I'm going to do the same thing to him. That means you, or anybody else."

"Good. I've got something to look forward to."

I saw Hilda one night during Christmas week. She came over with her hair done up in a very beautiful and intimate coiffure. Dressed in a simple silver lace shawl, that night she looked like a very sophisticated and startlingly lovely woman. Although summer was long since past, she was grateful for any added time.
She had been cut on occasional dates with other men but couldn't bring herself to go to bed with any for she'd compare them with me and be miserable, she told me. She said she preferred doing without sex, which for what she described as "those rare and wonderful times" when she could be intimate with me. The wait always intensified her pleasure. I did my best to make her wallow in bliss.

The other evenings I spent with Flo, although we went to bed only once more during Christmas week. I heard from Charlene twice, two short telephone calls in which she told me not to worry, everything was progressing according to plan. Each New Year's Eve we had attended a big inter-racial party at a Loop hotel. I especially needed to go there this year and booked the room to relieve my growing tension as I awaited Charlene's call telling me she was rid of Kent. Early in the afternoon of New Year's Day she called.

"I just drove Kent to the station and told him goodbye. It's all over. I'm coming home to you as quickly as I can drive there."

CHAPTER 23

With Kent eliminated, Charlene no longer needed any funny quarters and suggested we find an apartment where we could live together as man and wife pending our divorce. As for her own, it would be arranged quietly; if her lawyers forwards the necessary papers, Kent had agreed to sign them.

Finding a landlord in 1946 willing to accept a mixed race couple ranked with the tasks of Hercules. Not only was there a severe housing shortage, but we also faced racist antagonism. Landlords, or their wives, or the wives of tenants, generally opposed to black men courting with white women, for it removed from contention some black man who otherwise might provide security for some black woman. I had been able to entertain pinktinted chicks at my hotel only because the manager was a personal friend of mine. White women had been burned since a pal so prostitute a few years earlier had been beaten to death by a drunken guest.

After several days of fruitless search, I heard of an apartment building on the edge of the Black Belt near Lake Michigan catering only to mixed couples. The landlord himself had a white wife and considered this a way to help others similarly paired. However, it was not altogether altruism; he charged more than the prevailing rates for similar accommodations in a district whose rent was already exorbitantly high. Nevertheless, I was glad to get an apartment at any price. Actually, I could deduce by the look on his face when he first saw Charlene that he would rent to us even if it meant kicking out some of his present tenants. During our stay in his building he never gave up trying to get Charlene horizontal. After we had lived there several
months, he suggested to her one day that she would "make good money" of "at least a hundred dollars per date" as a choice call girl for an exclusive clientele at the Palmer House, Congress and Stevens Hotels when he had "connections." But he wanted no part of the "scratch," he hastened to explain. Instead he would be content with an occasional "sample" to assure himself the merchandise remained "in prime condition." Charlene laughed at him. However, her looks did get us the best suite in the building, a furnished apartment on the top floor of the three-story structure. We had a bed living room with five-foot bed, a sizeable kitchen-dining room and private bath.

Four other couples could be classed as permanent residents. Others were transient, remaining from a week to a few months. Directly beneath us lived Herb and June. Herb—tall, thin, light brown—was described as a cripple, but this I doubted. However, he was a gambler and a hostler who also operated a small painting firm. June was from Tennessee, a wholesome brunette farm girl who proved complete, at home in the country when the four of us vandals one summer in Michigan. Dave, a dark suit mechanic, lived with Rose, a hefty blonde, on the second floor. Shortly after we moved in they decided to legalize their association with a wedding. Rose's mother coming to the ensuing party in their apartment, becoming stoned on wine and telling Dave, "I never expected my daughter to marry a colored man. But since this is what she wants, take her with my blessing, but treat her right." Larry blew into her in a small swing bar on North Clark Street. His woman was Lydia, a petite redhead who insisted on proudly hugging his instrument to the bus stop each night when he left for work. Marcus, who must have been a hostler only, lived with Karen, a sophisticated and wealthy little ash blonde who always looked as if she had just stepped from the

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103 of Harper's Bazaar. Instead she was a call girl making an excellent living in top loop hotels. Karen before she flew her left hand had been amputated at the wrist. But she had such poised self-assurance and was so well adjusted you rarely noticed this handicap.

I realized, of course, that other black males would be in the market for Charlene. A white woman who com-
ung with a Negro is obviously not prejudiced, and his white brothers consider her fine game. I also believed most any breeds in the building would watch over their backs like mother hens over baby chicks, and that, too, was correct. Charlene's extreme attractiveness usually makes other women feel insecure.

So speedily adjusted to living together, the months in this hotel had given us a good start. In a week, this was tribal marriage. We habitually slept saw, usually getting long before bedtime and not dressing until the breakfast next morning. Sometimes as I was writing to go to work, Charlene, now clothed but as usual without panties, would sit down on the big upholstered couch, raise her dress above her hips, open her long sleek limbs and look at the ceiling. Almost invariably I stopped in my tracks. Even if I were

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rushed for time, I would at least kneel, part her long

mysterious legs across my shoulders and I held her so, showing against mine. Or maybe I would kiss her as a postscript, undid her brassieres and frenched me out. I later learned it was her master plan to keep me busy at home I would have neither the time nor the capacity for outside activity, and for many months on was quite successful.
CHAPTER 24

In mid-February, I received a call from Hilda at the office.

"May I come by and see you briefly this afternoon?" she asked. "It's very urgent."

I wondered what she could possibly want. I hadn't seen her since Christmas week; she knew Charlene and I were now living together.

As soon as we were alone, she launched into her problem.

"I've missed my menstrual period," she said. "I'm now two weeks overdue. I think maybe we got caught that time around Christmas. Can you get me something to start me flowing?"

Well, now! Me knock up a girl? I was now forty and had been to bed with many women, some of them mothers with children, and had rarely used any kind of birth-control device. However, if Hilda was pregnant, undoubtedly I was responsible, for I was confident she had not allowed another stud to lie between her legs. But how could she be pregnant, when from all available evidence it was likely sterile? Undoubtedly, her senses were merely delayed for some reason neither of us knew.

"Don't worry, Baby," I told her. "I'll get something from a pharmacist friend. Where can I call you?"

She told me she was now living temporarily with a white couple both Charlene and I knew, less than a mile from our dwelling. Hilda had moved here in convenience while attending the university this quarter.

Next day I called, telling her I had a drug that would start her period. She asked me to come to her place immediately. She was alone when I arrived.

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explaining nobody else would be there for at least two hours. As I handed her the small package, she said, "Why don't we have a session for old times' sake? If I'm not pregnant it won't make any difference and if I've started a baby I can't get caught again anyway."

I have a serious speech impediment; I can't say "no" to a desirable woman. Besides, it had been over six weeks since our last intimacy and I still found her eminently appealing. We stripped.

Hilda liked to elevate her hips on a pillow and have me frech her looking across her bush, saying it made her appear from her angle as if I wore a blonde mustache. Customarily she grabbed one of my hands and squeezed tightly, using her other hand to caress my head until she was ready to come. Then she pulled back and held my face hard against her cunt. By this time as I started to thrust a double pillow beneath her soft bottom, she said, "Not this time. Let's try what you call 69."

I thought, another concert, and at this late date. She had frequently teased my prick, nuzzling and massaging it to another erection when I was slow to stiffen for additional sexing, but she had never touched it with her mouth.

"Why?" I asked as I got above her.

"I've wanted to try it for some time but never had enough nerve to ask before. But I know I won't see much, if at all, from now on and just this once, anyway, I wanted to try to make you feel as good as I do when you frech me."

Even though a raw amateur, she got results. After fixing between her legs, I withdrew my head from her thighs and looked around, intending to congratulate her for knocking a homewrecker's first time at bat. I found a puffed look on her face as she frantically pointed to her mouth, cheeks flushed. I got the obvious message.
"Either swallow it or spit it out," I told her. She hesitated, then arose and went to the bathroom. I heard her clear her throat twice before she returned. "I guess I wasn’t meant to breach anybody," she said. "Oh, I enjoyed you in my mouth, but only because it was you. It’s the taste of semen I can’t stand?"

"I feel sort of rejected," I told her. "When you spit it out it makes me feel like you’re getting rid of part of me."

"I’m sorry, really I am. I don’t mean it that way but I just can’t swallow the stuff. I’d much rather have you spit against my womb than my tongue. I want you to show it in me as soon as it gets hard again. And I feel embarrassed at asking this after what you said but will you please eat me again before you leave?"

After that I did not hear from Hilda, and assumed the connection got the desired results. In fact I had heard her only once since then, and that was three months later when she was carrying out of a Loz building just as I was rushing in. We could do no more than smile and speak in passing. Since I believed of useful purpose would be served in telling Charlene that Hilda’s period was off schedule, I remained silent.

CHAPTER 25

As she predicted, Charlene’s mother tried to talk her out of divorcing Kent. She did not know where her marriage now stood. She had only a telephone number in a white residential district where she could call and send a message for her daughter. Meanwhile, word had reached her that Charlene had been seen several times in public with "a black nigger." However, nothing happened to stop Charlene’s divorce. She received it late in April. Kent had been unwilling to give me my freedom until my lawyer called her on her with evidence of her sexual disease, she returned her letter to her Charlene postman---and a promise to come back one night with a fifth of gin for a swinging party. Then she sent the proper papers for a cash consideration. A week after Charlene won her freedom, I got my divorce. That same week she and I were married.

Now that it was an accomplished fact, Charlene met her mother by postarrangement at a smart tea shoppe the afternoon and told her she was now married to a Negro. Her mother was stunned, immediately assuming I had somehow cast a sinister spell over her innocent daughter, and begged Charlene to "come to your senses." And since she believed this would eventually happen, she begged Charlene not to have children by me which would bind her to a "horrible fate." Charlene has seen her mother only once since that day. Increasing numbers of Charlene’s former associates and school chums learned she had shed her first husband to marry a Negro. I met several, and we became friendly; we were invited to their homes and they
visited us. Neither Charlene nor I found resentment among them. Curiosity, yes, but antagonism, no. She confided they could hardly wait to get her alone to ask:  
"How big is he there? I understood colored men have huge ones," and were inevitably disappointed when she answered frankly I was "just average size." One young redhead summed it up when she commented:  
"Gee, and I thought that was why you married him."  
It is a fact that I found less resentment among whites who knew Charlene than among blacks who knew me. The union was completely beyond the comprehension of colored women. Charlene exuded style and grace; she was not a whore. Since I was not wealthy and did not possess great promise, they could not understand why a beautiful young white girl of obviously good breeding, a married background and the chance to choose the pick of the Caucasian crop would tie herself to an older black man. It simply didn't make sense, and was therefore harder to accept.  
Evidently word got around slowly to Doris, for it was several months after our marriage that she called me at the office one day, drunk and furious.  
"You goddamn black bastard," she shouted over the phone, "saddled me by ditching me to marry some white slut?"  
"It's none of your business who I marry," I told her.  
"The hell it's not! I'm comin' down there right now and blow your black ass to kingdom come. You're not gonna do that to me!"  
She hung up. But she did not come to the office. Later hered neighbors forcibly restrained her from leaving the building while she was stoned and ed. When she sobered she lost the desire. A week later she called again, drunk this time also.  
"I want you to come by and see me," she said.  
"Why?"  
"I want you to be my lover man. Even if you are married again I want to be your outside woman. I'll settle for that. I don't want to do without you."  
"But you've done without me for close to two years now."  
"I was just waitin'. I figured you might change your mind and come back to me when you got tired of Flo. I didn't know you'd dumped her too."  
"Not a chance, Doris. I feel the same way now I did the last time you mentioned sex. Remember?"  
One day after I was cured of the gonorrhea she had given me, I had gone by the apartment and she had asked me to be intimate. Anticipating this request, I had taken out a condom and said, "I won't ever eat your cunt again. In fact, I won't even fuck you without protection. I don't want to take chances on catching something else." This had cooled any further consideration of sex until now.  
Doris remembered. "Oh," she said over the phone, "go to hell." Then she added hurriedly, "You know I don't mean that. If you change your mind I'm ready. I'll always be ready."  
Flo adjusted well. She not only visited our apartment but invited us both to various social affairs: the disgust of many of her friends who thought she should have shown obvious bitterness. But Flo explained, "Life's too short to hold grudges. She simply beat my time. I like them both, so who be enemies?"  
One July afternoon I came home to find Charlene quite depressed.  
"I ran into Marlon on the street today. We had a long talk," she said.  
"So?" Marlon was the distaff half of the couple whose apartment Hilda had been living.  
"She told me all about Hilda. Why didn't you tell me yourself?"  
"Oh, you mean her late period and all and my getting
something to bring it on? What's so important about
that?

"That's not it, and you know it. I mean about you
making her pregnant and her abortion."

"What in the world are you talking about?" I asked.

"Are you telling me you didn't know you knocked
her up last Christmas when I was getting rid of Kent?"

"No, I didn't," My surprise was genuine. "I called
me and said she might have been caught or she
it was a delayed menst. Since I'd never in my li
made a woman pregnant, I honestly didn't believe
I could have started a baby. She asked me to get some-
thing to bring on her flow, and I got some ergot. Since
I never heard from her again, I assumed it did the job.
This is the first I ever heard about an actual preg-
nancy, let alone an abortion."

Charlene took a deep breath. "That stuff you got did
not do good. She didn't want to bother you any more.
When she was certain she was actually pregnant, she
wanted to have your baby, but Marian convinced her
this was ridiculous, since you didn't love her and had
no intentions of marrying her. Trying to take care of
her brown baby born out of wedlock would be just too
much. So they found an abortionist. Hilda paid for
herself. Immediately afterward she came back to the
apartment and spent the next two days with the most
unbearable pain imaginable. Marian says that during
those two miserable days she cursed you in every
conceivable way. But it seems wholly successful. She
got you out of her system along with the fetus and she's
back in circulation. And do you know whom she's
running around with now? Bruse yourself. None other
than Flo's estranged husband."

I looked flabbergasted, and then laughed. So did
Charlene, in obvious relief.

"I guess you really did not know about Hilda," she
said, "and I feel much better. Considerate as you.

SHE REBEL: BLACK

really are, I wondered how you could have cold-
heartedly deserted Hilda when she had your child in
her. But since you weren't aware, that changes every-
thing. But do you know what really bothers me? That
Hilda became pregnant and I haven't. And I do so want
really of my own by you."

"In spite of what your mother says?"

"Mother can go to hell."

If Hilda had let me know the truth, I would have sent
her through the abortion and paid for it herself, she
having told me more than once she would be solely
responsible she be caught when I did not use a
condom. But what got me was the cold realization that
she was not sterile. From now on, even though I was
shy, I would need to use some birth-control device. I
soon found it ironic that the girl I had no intention of
marrying had not only become pregnant by me but was
now carrying on with the rejected spouse of a woman I
had recently been frantic to marry. What were we
hiding, running finishing schools for each other? How-
soever, Elida's association with him did not last long.
She quit him for another stud when he would not
engage in carnalities. I had spoiled her for a durable
relationship with a cat who wouldn't nip.

The desire to become a mother grew daily with
Charlene. After examination, a gynecologist began
testing her for an acid condition which made her
vulnerable to a death trap for spermatozoa. One day she
rushed to his office, holding a sample of his semen
against her flesh to keep it warm and alive. Eliza tactically
showed my sperm were as active as an army of hungry
ants. We kept a chart, using time and temperature to
determine the date of ovulation as required by the
specific system and copulated copiously during her
fertile cycle. I suspended all outside activity to main-
tain potency at home and finally after sixteen months
of marriage she conceived—only to have a miscarriage.
After three years we had our first, a boy. Then came a girl to keep our son company. Underestimates we produced a third, then after that, sterilization. But what amazed me is that, despite numerous black partners, I have impregnated white women only—and just two of them.

CHAPTER 26

In 1950 we moved to Honolulu and a way of life radically different from that in Chicago. The Windy City is hot in summer, cold in winter; Honolulu’s average between these seasons varies less than ten degrees. Chicago is all hustle and bustle and railroad yards and stockyards and crowded buildings and awful smells on a wide flat plain; Honolulu is leisurely and rests on mountains and valleys and Pacific shores and all year has fresh flowers on her breast. Chicagoans mind their own business, are cold and calculating and overrode their blacks in shotguns; Honolulu is an ethnic hash of rainbow people with Caucasians a minority of the total. Many Chicagans resent a beautiful white woman with a black husband; in Honolulu where intermarriage is commonplace we attract no notice except for size since we were far larger than most Others who were a clear numerical majority. Some residents automatically assumed Charlene was “part colored.” I know of no other section of the United States where a person is likely to be considered merely part Negro. In the rest of this democracy you are Negro, period, if you have any known African ancestry.

And the women, those kaleidoscopic women of Paniolo! Not the few pure Hawaiians and Samoans, for they tend to run to land; but mix them with Chinese or Japanese or Portuguese or any of a dozen European strains and so often you get a breathtaking blend. For those who like tiny dolls, there are Nipponeuses and the darker, warmly fleshy Filipinae. Chinese and Korean are usually taller, and Portuguese have a built-in surliness typical of Mediterranean women whose...
ancestors coaxed with black Africans. Puerto Rican babies could, in many instances, be unassimilated Ne-
groes—which many are. Add to this a sizable quota of gay femmes, many tanned and hefty-looking from
hours in the pounding sun, and there is enough variety to satisfy the most jaded appetite.

And in this land of perpetual spring, of lovely ladies ranging from black through brown and red and tan and yellow, of wildy exotic and alluring gals, the Negro stud makes out quickest and easiest with white chicks from the Mainland, either those who have come here to live or are visiting tourists. Local girls, as a group, have the fear and prejudice concerning black men
learned as part of the American Way of Life; usually it takes time and patience to straighten their thinking.

On the other hand, now that they are in a land where there is no strong antagonism toward miscegenation and where local brown boys (who would be considered Negroes in Chicago) walk arm in arm with blondes, they slowly lose their inhibitions and take to seg-

groups. Thus we have the spectacle of black men courting over two thousand miles southwest of California and often bedding pinkish gals who passed them unseeing on the streets at home.

One good look at the banana landscape convinced me this was a place where I could swing strongly. In
Chicago, after the kids came, there had been nothing like my earlier outside past. Of my old playmates I
had been intimate only with Cees—and just twice. When her lawyer-paramour returned from military
service, he decided after several months of vacillation to remain with his wife. Very dishonored, she called me one afternoon and I went to her home to comfort her in the way she liked best. I didn’t hear from her again for a year and a half. Then she telephoned to announce she was going to marry a postal clerk the
following week and wanted a final all-out session with

me, whipped cream and all, “as a wedding present.”

She got it.

Charlene had met two studs who obviously moved her. It was apparent she longed to bounce with them. Reminding her of how much I would enjoy seeing her make it with another man, I suggested a trio session, but to no avail.

“I simply could not do that in front of another

person,” she said. “People look too grotesque when they fuck. Maybe later I’ll lose this attitude, but at

present I have a block against it.”

I described again the memorable sessions I had with Doris, and pointed out the greater my emotional in-

volve with a woman, the more intense and gratifying

my pleasure at seeing her in action. But still she refused, saying she wished she could because it would please me.

Several months before leaving Chicago we became quite friendly with another couple and reached such a

stage of comradeship that we made plans one Saturday night to swap mates, with Charlene going with the

husband to his apartment and the wife accompanying me to mine. But that day their young daughter became

suddenly ill. After that we never found a convenient
time.

I was as much in love with Charlene as ever. Those

months deepened our relationship and given for more

substance, for now there were the added factors of

friendship, companionship and affection. Of course we

had occasional minor fights; I expected that of a

woman with spirit. The passing years and added expe-

rience made her even more physically appealing; it was

an aesthetic delight to proudly escort her in public.

Nevertheless, the time had come when I needed a

more varied diet. Filet mignon was still my favorite

food, but now that I was in a land of exotic varias I

needed to sample new and different menus. Periodical-
ly, therefore, I stalked seemingly succulent bakes with bed as the goal. I was the great black hunter out for whatever game reared its feminine head; if she was game so was I. Until I had been seen often enough to win the confidence of local chicks, I found Waikiki my most happy hunting ground. On Kalakaua Avenue, the main drag, where females of all ages walk the street in skimpy bikinis, and on the beaches virtually kissing the sidewalk where others sunbathed and loafed, and in the bars where many dolls sit eagerly waiting for action, there were always partners available for the male swinger of any color. During summer, Waikiki swells with crowds from all parts of the Mainland here ostensibly to attend the University of Hawaii summer session but actually out for wild kicks with beach boys and surfing bums. Winter brings an older, wealthier group, usually with husbands who want to learn if it's true what they say about those brown Polynesian maidens. I scored enough with the older bakes to satisfy my taste for a supplement to flat mignon—especially after I hit upon the idea of going to Kapalani Park in the middle of the day.

Kapalani Park begins at the far end of the busy hotel, shop and beach area on Kalakaua, and runs almost to the foot of Diamond Head. It houses the city zoo, polo fields, rotundas for band concerts, Waikiki Shell for shows under the stars, an aquarium, notatium, tennis courts and many picnic areas. Trees and beaches are scattered liberally throughout. Tourists exploring within walking distance of their hotels or wandering back from the regular Kodak Hula Show, walk through the park with cameras ready for action. I learned that by sitting alone at a table, externally reading, I would be approached by or could diplomatically stop single women and friendly couples who strolled leisurely past.

This was how I met Alice, a widow from Butte.

Montana. It was sunny, sunny and warm. I spotted her walking slowly some hundred yards away. As she drew closer I saw she was a brunette, around forty, plumpish but attractive. I hoped her meandering would bring her near my table so I could at least catch a glimpse of her. Her face, I saw as she drew closer, was unhappily.

"Fordon mac," I began when she was only a few feet from where I sat, "but I can't help noticing you look quite worried about something. Maybe I can help in some way."

She stopped, startled, and looked at me. Evidently I seemed safe enough, for she smiled faintly and replied, "It's nothing... nothing at all."

"But something must be wrong," I insisted, "although I hope it's minor. Were you supposed to meet your husband out here somewhere and missed him?"

"Oh no. I'm a widow. My husband died a year ago."

"How unfortunate. I tried to get just the right amount of sympathy in my voice. "Had you planned to visit Hawaii together?" Her clothing had an expensive Mainland look.

She smiled broadly this time. "I don't think I could have pulled Jeff away out here from Butte with a team of horses."

"Butte, Montana? I was there once."

"You were? You're the first person I've seen in two weeks in Hawaii who's ever been to Butte?" She sounded genuinely pleased.

"If you're in no hurry, why not sit down and have a cigarette?"

She complied. I lit it and she asked, "When were you in Butte?"

"Ages ago. In June, I recall, and snow was piled near the railroad tracks. Miles and miles of barren snow-covered land and no trees. The train--I think it was Union Pacific--went to the base of a huge, demo-
Dorothy, the slow reluctant walk. She was frustrated. "This was my cue."
"Doesn’t mean to say," I asked, pouring as much determination into my voice as I could muster, "that as lovely and voluptuous as you are, the beach boys haven’t literally fought each other for the privilege of your company? What’s wrong with them? I know if I were a beach boy and saw you making the scene, I’d drop everything and dash straight to you."
"Oh, wait a minute," she laughed in embarrassment. "I know I’m nothing special ..."
I disagree. You’re very special. You’re so very special that I couldn’t take my eyes off you from the time I saw you walking across the park."
"But I’m too old," she protested, although obviously pleased. "What would the beach boys want with me when the beach is full of those pretty young coeds down everywhere?"
"Know what’s wrong with you? You’ve got an inferiority complex. You simply do not know how appealing you really are. You look good enough to compete against any of these young girls. In addition, you’ve got something they haven’t: the well-earned experience. A woman isn’t really at her best until she’s thirty-five. Then she has the happy combination of youth, plus poise, plus practical living. You can’t beat that."
She looked at me with an odd smile, saying slowly, "The thing about you. You sure do know how to build up my ego."
"You’re such a delight to be near," I said, moving my hand over to barely touch hers. She did not pull away. "I wish I could have met you when you first came to Honolulu."
"Why? What would you have done?"
"I’d have spent as much of every day and every night with you that you would have permitted." I
rubbed her hand delicately with the tips of my fingers, then moved up her arm. She shuddered almost imperceptibly and I noticed her breathing become more rapid. "Do you know," I went on, touching her cheek with my hand, "your skin is as soft as a baby's?" She didn't say anything, looking down, but her face was becoming flushed. "I like your hair and your brown eyes—but most of all I like your mouth. Your lips are so—so very sensuous." I leaned forward and kissed her. She did not draw away. Immediately beforehand I had glanced quickly around and saw there was no one within a hundred yards. She gasped as our lips met and I heard a soft, rapid intake of breath. I felt her flowing toward me. Then she pulled her head away.

"We shouldn't. Not out here in the open," she said.

"I know. But I was so carried away, my darling. I want to be with you the rest of the afternoon. I want to kiss you and hold you."

"...you're the first man to kiss me since Jeff."

"Darling! A whole year? You must be starved for affection."

"I guess I am."

"I want you so very, very much. Please, darling." She looked into my eyes, then turned her head away. Taking a deep breath, she said softly, "You'll be gentle, won't you?"

"Of course! I wouldn't dream of hurting you. And do you know, you haven't even told me your name?"

"It's Alice Lamier. And you?"

"John Jackson." I always used that name under these circumstances and for registering at hotels: "Where are you staying?"

She named her hotel. Knowing that she probably retained her Midland behavior patterns despite the constant sight of brazen boys and white girls pampering boldly together, arms about each other, I suggested that I drop her off at her hotel, park, and come up alone to her room. She nodded.

"I wish I could make you realize how lovely you are," I said. "You could turn on any man you wanted to. I'm wild about you already." I squeezed her hand as we came from the park table.

Her eyes glowed warmly as she looked up at me. She was about five feet four and awkward, pudgy, a hundred thirty-five—somewhat overweight, but it was well distributed. I was certain I had copped a real prize. She held on to my hand and walked quite close to me. Then sat close as we drove the few blocks to her hotel. Her entire body almost vibrated with anticipation.

Finding a parking place in crowded Wakefield took time. I finally had to put my car in a lot. Almost a half hour elapsed before I knocked on her door. It was unlatched. I walked in.

"...I thought you weren't coming," she said. "You took rather long."

"It seemed like hours to me. But an atom bomb could not have kept me away from you. Not as hungry as I am for you." I wrapped her in my arms and kissed her. She made no strong response, other than trembling, until I placed my tongue between her teeth. Then she moaned softly and flung her arms around me. Suddenly she was boiling over; after a spell of absorption, what manner widow wouldn't?

"I want to undress you," I said.

"No." She sounded frightened. "I've never been asked before any men but Jeff. I want to seem modest, but... well... I'm not used to anybody else"

"I understand. I'll turn my back until you tell me I may face you."

"Thanks, John. I thought you'd understand."

I heard the rustle of clothing mixed with the dull thud of traffic five stories below. After several long
Inpatient minutes she announced, "You can run around now."

She smiled timidly from the bed, a sheet drawn above the peaks of her breasts. I sat down to stroke her hair. There was a little gray in it, but not much. "She is thoroughly provocative and utterly desirable, isn't there?" I whispered as I bent over.

Alice began unbuttoning my Aloha shirt. "Do you know, I've never even touched a colored man's head before today, and now here I am waiting for you to put in bed with me. And what's more, I'm impatient."

I undressed quickly. From the corner of my eye I saw her looking at me with intense curiosity, probably thinking to herself, they really are black all over. Her body was delightfully warm and soft as I crowded into bed beside her, thankful for air conditioning which made the room pleasant despite the booming afternoon sun. I reached under the sheet to seize a breast and found them far firmer than I expected of a woman her age. I fondled and massaged her breasts as I kissed her face and neck and felt her body push strongly against me. Then I took a nipple between my lips. She pulled my head tightly against the yielding flesh. I started to tickle the upper part of her body, pulling the sheet away as I moved down.

"Your fingers feel like spiders," she said, "but I love it."

My lips fitted lightly under her titties, across her belly, down toward the black, hairy island, her breathing rising in rapidity with growing excitement. I could no longer keep my mouth from her. I doubted she had ever experienced cumulating, and relished the idea of being first with the same anticipation many men experience when they tap a maidenhead. As I kissed from her navel to her knees, and finally back up to the bottom of her pussy, then opened her double doors and entered her pink loring room with my tongue, she moaned and cried out plaintively, "Johnny, Johnny!"

This was all, except for the wind of mounting rising to a frenzy when she climaxed. Then afterward, calm.

But I was not. Nevertheless, despite my eagerness for sexual union, I merely lay beside her to be certain that she was ready for further action.

She flung her arms around me and hugged me hard.

"Johnny, what do you call what you did? Was that fucking?"

"Yes, darling. Did you like it?"

"Did I like it! What a silly question! Couldn't you tell?"

"I'd rather hear you say it."

All right then, Johnny. It was great, stupendous! In fact, my life I've never felt anything like it. I often wondered how it felt. But Jeff would never have done anything of that sort, and I wouldn't have dared ask.

Not that he was a prude; but I'm certain he thought, like so many people, that anybody who uses his mouth on a woman down there must be a pervert. Ridiculous, said it, when it feels so good! Or am I a pervert, too, because I like it?"

There are a lot of absurd beliefs about sex," I said, "that, baby, you're no pervert. You're just a normal woman with perfectly normal desires." I kissed her, rubbing my hard prick against her belly.

"I want that in me," she said, grabbing it with her hand. "You know, you're not huge like I always heard colored men are. I'm glad, because I was a little nervous. Now I'm not."

"Should I use something?" I asked. I didn't want Alice to be the third white woman I had knocked up.

"No, there's no danger. After my baby was born my doctor told me I could never have any more."

She was an appreciative of my stick as of my tongue. After I disburded she wouldn't let me leave, holding me in with her arms for minutes afterward.
SEX REBEL: BLACK

"You make love beautifully both ways, Johnny," she sighed. "I wish I'd met you when I first came here instead of my last day. Or that you lived in Butte."

"Butte? What could I do in Butte?"

"Oh, I'd give you a job at the stores. Jeff and I owned a big hardware store. I still operate it. But that's silly, isn't it? I couldn't go anywhere with you in public—and sweet as you are, I couldn't keep you under cover."

"We'd have to settle for under covers."

"I thought Jeff was quite satisfying—but then, he's the only man I ever slept with up to now, so what did I know?" She began stroking my cock. "I guess I'm like most white women, curious about Negro men, since we're not supposed to have them. I'd heard you were such great lovers. If anybody asks me now, I can say it's true—and boy, do I mean it! You did say you could spend the afternoon with me, didn't you?"

As I nodded, she went on. "You touched something with your tongue down there that felt wonderful. Seemed like you pressed a button and it sent electric charges surging all through me. What was it, Johnny?"

"That was your clitoris."

"My clitoris? Really? So that's what it is."

For a short moment I thought she was putting me on. I couldn't believe anybody those days was that naïve.

"Will you do that again, Johnny? French me, I mean?"

"I'd love to."

Suddenly she bent down and made of her mouth a sheath for my sword. It stiffened almost immediately.

"Oh, I like that," she said, rubbing it now against her cheek. "I like the feel and taste of you in my mouth. That's something else I've always wanted to do. Can't we French each other at the same time?"

We made 69. She worked hard and vigorously, but I did not come. After she had an orgasm, she said, "I'm sorry. I guess I just don't know how yet. I need experience—lots of it. But we can copulate. And will you let me get on top? I've never tried that, either."

She giggled. "I must seem awful dumb for forty-one."

"You're forty-one? I'd have thought thirty-five, at the most. But you look as good as most gals in their twenties."

She got astride, facing my feet, and impulsed herself to the hilt, giving a little cry. I watched her hips as they rotated and as my wet and shiny shaft was menacingly exposed. As soon as she climax'd, she rose and turned around to face me, again on top.

"I want your tongue in my mouth," she whispered. Completion, and then Alice saying, "I don't wanna go home now. I want to stay here so I can enjoy you every day." She thought, brow wrinkling. "But I'd wear you out, and you'd tire of me. I know! I'll come back next year. You'll write to me, won't you, if I give you my address?"

This was more than I wanted. "In another year you'll find somebody you can enjoy."

"Not unless he's colored. I don't believe I'll find any white man as good as you. And you know I can't get involved with a colored man in Butte."

"Why don't you sell your store and move to some place like Detroit or Minneapolis or Ch'éng? Or else let somebody run it for you while you live elsewhere?"

"That's an idea!" she exclaimed. "A real good one. I'm sort of tired of Butte anyway. But I'm still coming back here.

"If you do, you'll find me in the park like you did today, and at about the same time. If I'm not there one day I'll undoubtedly show up the next. I'll be waiting."

We left it like that. But I never saw her again.
CHAPTER 27

Months pass before you make the right kind of
collection in Kapoholani Park. During my entire the
years in Hawaii, I met only two other natives who went
at all like Albe, 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, neat and quiet and cool. Couples lay under
huge shade trees, and people strolled leisurely, part
eating the ripe sun and spiced air. Women, when asked,
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
curled 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
text 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

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SEX REBEL: BLACK
"Are you sure? What do these swinging people here do for kicks?"
I looked her directly in the eye and said, "Same thing you do."
"He's got you there," he laughed.
"All right, I'll get personal," she said. "Are you a swinger?"
"Definitely," I answered.
"You mean you go to see fun and games?"
"All the way. And I'll tell you something else: I've been swinging since 1937 in Chicago, with singles, couples and groups."
"Let's sit down and drop all pretenses," she said, deadly serious. "I wants to be sure I got it straight."
They both joined me on the bench. She sat next to me and he on the far side of her. "You mean you have parties here—orgies is a better word—where people swap mates and do everything?"
"Yes. But it's very, very quiet. This is a small town. And isolated on an island. Gossip gets around quickly in Honolulu."
"Everybody ought to be discreet anyway. Have you been to many?"
"No, not here. I confine my activities mainly to tourists, singles and couples."
She looked quickly back at him. He nodded. Her voice showed unmistakable excitement as she said, "I like frank talk. If you're a real swinger, so do you. Let's use explicit, four-letter words. Basic Angle-Six-
cen. Okay? Fine. Do you like to eat pussy? What do you with a girl?"
Being close to her had upped my fever heat temperature even more. And with her leaning so close I could smell her perfume and feel her knockers pressing against me through the sweater, I was ready to take her on then and there in the park in broad daylight.
"All right, Baby," I said, looking at her but planning periodically at her companion, "I'll dish it to you straight since you asked for it. I'm green tell it like it is. My favorite food is hot cunt. I like nothing better than snacking on a smoking snatch. I'm a Gourmet of Gash, and I've been dying to stick my tongue up your pussy since I spotted you walking toward me a few minutes ago. And after I finish I want to lie on my side and fuck you while I suck the hell out of his cock."
"That's what we wants hear," she said, laughing gaily. "That's the kind of swinging time we like with another stud. By the way, my name's Dorothy, but everybody calls me Dot. This is my husband, Lloyd. Now what's your name?"
"John Jackson—call me Johnny."
"Are you married, Johnny?" Lloyd asked.
"Yes."
"Does your wife swing?"
"No, damn it. Can't talk her into it. And it's a shame, too. Look."
I took out my wallet and showed them a photo of Charlene and me snapped in Michigan. I knew it would knock them out.
"Jeez," Dot said, her eyes growing big. She had removed her dark glasses and I saw they were gray.
"You got yourself a real beautiful gal. I'd love to taste that myself. She's white, isn't she?"
"Yeah. French and Italian."
"You gotta be good to have a wife like that," Lloyd said. "It's a real shame she's not a swinger."
"Exactly how I feel. But you should have met my first wife. She could keep up with all of us."
"What was she—white, too?"
"No, colored. And a switch hitter."
"I'm AC-DC too," Dot said, "and so is Lloyd. We've always wanted to party with a colored couple, incidentally, or at least a partner of either sex—but we've never found one."
"You have now."
"I mean back in Seattle. We've got a little dish there. Four couples. We get together every weekend. She looks me up and down. 'You're pretty big. Of course you're sitting by 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.

'Ooh, 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.'

'Now since I saw you. You're small, but you have stupendous alises and a terrific shape.'

'She's thirty-four—twenty-one—thirty-four,' Lloyd said proudly, "and you oughta see those next legs on her.'

'I expect so. 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 frustic to have Chardens join me in small parties.'

'The family that fucks together stays together. I 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 my late date. Every so often something happens to amaze me.'

I told them about a white marine sergeant who

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

Calling Dave, the proprietor, aside, he said, 'Dave, would you send me 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 kids taking off as gay as red grooms as she can until she does out. I let mine anything 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 she's not interested ...'

'It didn't say that,' Dave took another appellative and the wife standing incomprehendibly to one side, watched. He couldn't find a single flaw. Not only was she beautifully conformed but she had an unusually smooth and feminine face. Hell, if that was me and my husband got their special pills, who was he to quack? Within manner meditation, he led them to his office which contained a cot where he sometimes slept or swung with a girl friend.

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

Dave nodded and asked a friend to round up all the VD cops. There was a parade of six red or heavy heads who went to the little room and came back grinning. The sergeant congratulated everyone periodically as he watched and observed. Most of them who went with his wife, low-comended aside, throughout the session, were strictly genital to genital performers but two partners, when they saw this allur-
ing red-head doll stretched out and apparently un
nosed, frenched her.
From then on this white couple visited the Green
Gnome an average of once weekly. And when the
sergeant was observed walking down Smith Street with
a bag on one hand and his sexy wife, word would
spread and soon the bar would come alive with spectators
who knew the score. This went on for five or six months until the sergeant was transferred to a post in
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 new
frenched ladies, although I knew her husband was wait-
ing."
"Why only once?"
"They had no set schedule, and this was the one
time I happened to be present when they showed up. I
don't regularly frequent that place."
"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 sexual and very
black partners."
"Wasn't that what you saw her?" Dot asked.
"No, I was never near. I waited near the door
some was always whispering from her voice when I
lit it.
"Yes, a real photon."
"That's one reason why I sell myself a Gnome.
Gnome. One of my prime fantasies is that I'm a
narcissistic egotist with all kinds of desirable men
watch each in action, maybe helping out in some
my special ways. And after each set gets through
waxing over my mouth and I use my tongue for my
My other major fantasy is that I watch my kids
on five or six sides and I fuck out the juice after
one."

"Hey, can't. You really love the stuff?" Lloyd said.
"Yeah, and do you know, I don't like perfume on a
woman's genitalia? Nothing is more stimulating than
the aromas of a hot, healthy hole. I wish they could
write the scent."
"Let's do that," Lloyd suggested.
"Ah ha, this isn't helping me along," Dot cut in.
"I've both got me so hot I feel like I've live volcanoes
are going on. Let's get up over to our hotel right now."
As soon as we reached their room and closed the
door Dot undressed her trousers saying, "I've never
had black cock close up before." She examined it
quirkily as she lay in her hand, then bent over and took
in her mouth.
It looked appetizing, like a well-cooked sausage, she
thought, "Well, a hand." She became so Lloyd,
her hand, lover. You know how to eat."
Looking him in the trousers, she kissed it with
her hand. "They're both nice. I like the contrast
very well.\"
"Putting it to stand facing each other, in
order to run her lips and tongue up and down each
she said, "A gal couldn't go wrong with either
of those understand she stood naked before us and
there was slowly and proudly kissed. Dot was one
very rare dolls who look like fetching nude as
and. I found her sex so appealing to her Logan
men as they were. Unlike most pleasure Unions,
was definitely astray. Her nose were like two
two Delirious apples and I wanted to bite into
crippled equally fast. Lloyd was in no great
he reached up and threw both arms around my
left side feeling tinged with fire. As I best way
like her, she pushed me in front of the long
in the bathroom door so she could see how we
pressed together, then commented to Lloyd,
"How's this, Hon, for contrast? I've always wondered how I'd look beside a big colored man. And I'd better get all these suppressed desires out of my system now, for it may be a long time before we have a chance like this again."

I swished her appetizing, creamy breast. "I'm hungry."

"Oh, then get on the bed and have one of Dot's dinners," she said. "It's feeding time anyway."

I hiked all over her upper body with my mouth down to her blonde muff, then asked if she would like 69.

"No, too hard to concentrate on two great things at once. When I trenched a guy I want to give him my undivided attention, and when I'm being sucked I want no distractions."

"She likes fingers in her," Lloyd said. "Stick a finger up her asshole and two or three up her crack while you eat it. She'll go wild."

Facing her feet I followed her husband's suggestions. She had a nice knob of a clitoris and thick labia which I assumed came from heavy Lesbian activity. Lloyd meanwhile stripped and sat on the side of the bed. Dot asked him to hold her hand shortly before she climaxced, long and strong.

"And now," she said, "fill my pussy with that stiff black pole of yours. Shove it all the way in, and fuck me like hell! By the way, don't worry about a thing. I take the pill."

"I'm ready for you, too," I told Lloyd.

Under circumstances like these, I enjoy sucking another man's cock. Simultaneous oral and genital coitus with husband and wife is fun, and I feel I'm treating both equally. I lay on my side at right angles to Dot, and as she smacked my tool I took Lloyd's prick and felt its smooth warm hardness between my jaws. Dot grabbed a hip to hold me firmly inside her.

SEX REBEL: BLACK

As we writhed our tongues rapidly on the sensitive underside of Lloyd's tool while I held it firmly with one hand and massaged his balls with the other, I saw Dot and Lloyd embrace and kiss. As he began to ejaculate, his mite turned and twisted in their slick sack. I sucked harder, taking its entire length into my mouth like a sword swallowing, and felt the semen pour down my throat just as my own damp brook and I rushed into his wife. Dot came too, and the three of us rushed and tumbled from the mountain in a wild thrashing until we rolled a stop in the valley below, the moment completely spent.

"I wish to hell you lived in Seattle," Dot finally grumbled to say, "Our whole club would have a real ball with you!"

"It would be a Grade A blast," I said. "I like uninhibited couplings, group sex, a man and a woman or two gals."

"How about another fellow?" Lloyd asked.

"No, I don't care for exclusively homosexual scenes. There's got to be a girl involved. It's not because of the scenes: I don't mind that. But I'm just not moved by the prospect of a strictly male connection. And by the way, in case you didn't know, cunnilingus has an entirely different taste when it runs back out of a gag. Mixing with a woman's juices changes its flavor and general character."

"Yeah, you're a Gourmet of Gash all right," Dot said.

I ran my hands lightly over her enticing hips. I wanted to enjoy them next.

"Lie on your right side and draw up both legs at right angles to your body," I told her. "The gourment wants another delicacy."

Dot looked puzzled but complied. Lloyd watched in fascination as I lay behind her, my head toward her feet. Very deftly I fluttered my fingers across each
SEX REBEL, BLACK

She dissatisfied experienced with the joy of tonguing your nipples while you slept—'

I placed a hand under each apple hip so I could control their pressure and move my mouth as I chose, and he tipped her. I felt her flesh throb as she entered her mouth moving softly across my forehead with each thrust. With the added stimulation of my tongue she climaxed within seconds saying, "It's so good I can't stand it. I can't stand it!" Their passion increased my tremendous excitement, and when his hand was off their core trickled from the bottom of her filled cunt to my open mouth. As his four-inch cock aligned with her depth, the bow of hot juice increased and I quickly tongued it out. Immediately I got up and turned around again squatting over her mouth in pain as she began moaning my name. She was so expert I went off like a firecracker; her new face crowd was glad to her gash and I stuffed her taller like a source.

"In certainty of one thing," Lloyd cooed, "you didn't learn this in my book."

I cooed and recounted my experiences with Dona and my dear friends killed in that car crash on route to Philadelphia.

"We'll be back in Monday for a day after our trip to the Outer Islands," Dot said. "How about getting together then?"

"I'm all for it," I told them.

We went to our friend's when I saw then four days then meeting established gratis warmahm between figures like a satisfactory sex session.

"How do you make out with Oriental couples?"

Lloyd was-said to know.

"I haven't heard of much activity with couples as yet," I said. "I suppose it's because most husbands are a carry-over from ancient cultural patterns in
which women are more pensive while men are expected to run around as they please."

"That's a bit cruel," Dot said.

"I agree, and I envy you and Lloyd. You swim together but with Oriental women it's another matter. However, when their husbands aren't around they act like all the rest here in Hawaii. They'll take you on if you move them and they think they can get away with it.

"And by the way, some of these married Oriental men have real imagination. One of my close friends is a Japanese named Tono, who is himself a close friend of a prominent Tokyo banker. Recently this banker and a business associate were here from Japan. Locally there is a Chinese millionaire anxious to do business with this Tokyo bank. To help pave the way, he staged a very special entertainment at an expensive suite in a major Waikiki hotel for Tono and the bankers from Japan.

"When the trio arrived at the hotel, they found eight young girls, none older that twenty-five, all beautifully built and delightful to see. Each was chosen as representative of a major group here: Hawaiian, Japanese, Korean, Chinese, Puerto Rican, Filipino, Portuguese and a blonde classed as 'cosmopolite', a catch-all for mixtures. Each girl wore a brief and highly provocative costume symbolic of her national background. They were all brought in the softly lighted parlor, specially and skillfully decorated. The three guests were seated by their host and all were served sake by the eight young beauties. Then as the rice was begun to work, four other attractively and attractive young women, all completely nude, appeared and carried the men to another room where each was bathed and briefly massaged. Then the quartet, each member by now thoroughly aroused, was taken to still another room, barren except for cushions everywhere. The eight beauties were also present, and when the men entered the girls, simply and seductively, to the accompaniment of soft music, removed their costumes and joined nude.

"The host explained that there would be a contest. He called the beauties and immediately they formed a circle facing inward, bent over, and each grabbed her ankles. Thrust before these stately legs were eight of the most tempting toes ever visible at one time. The contest would be like this: each man was to go up behind each girl in turn, standing clockwise, thrust in the prick up to the hill, and then withdraw immediately. The winner would be whoever entered the most girls before shooting off, and he would then have first choice of any two girls for the rest of the evening.

"Tono told me that what with being massaged by the naked women and drinking the sake, he was ready to hunt his wife just by looking at the tantalizing catches of the young girls. But evidently their host had mixed something with the wine that not only increased their virility but inhibited quick release. Even though each girl thrust back against him and wrapped her soft hips as he entered, his pole all the way in, he was able to preserve that nice feeling of long enjoyment without climax until he had made it around the girls one and a half times. When he did climax it was with the blonde. And he says he doesn't ever remember having such a magnificent orgasm as took place then."

"Did he win?" Dot asked.

"No. He was third. One of the Tokyo bankers completed the circle twice, and the host made fourteen circles and withdrew himself. However, it didn't really matter. All eight dolls were so evidently dotty the whole Tono was happy with any of them. Later they switched away. The four naked girl attendants kept them all cleaned up. They had a real orgy. The party didn't break up until around five in the morning."
"What a night!" Lloyd said. "With I could beer them."
"I'll probably have over-eaten," I said. "Tondo told me that never before, not even when he was a boy, had he been so virile. Later he asked the host what the aphrodisiac was, but he wouldn't tell. He said only that it was something he heard about and got when he was in East Africa. And by the way, if anybody says there's no such thing as a genuine aphrodisiac, tell him his nuts."
"Joey, eight girls!" Dot murmured. "Plus four attendants! I've knocked myself out!"
"You'd have been busy with four studs, too," I said.
"The blonde that night was overcoocked. Oriental men are real weak for blondes—in fact, they go for all white woman in a big way. A fay prostitute who may be literally starving around Los Angeles can come over here and claim a mint. Some Orientals think it gives them prestige to keep a white broad either for their exclusive use or for themselves and close friends."
"Were these girls at the party whom?" Dot asked.
"None was a pro. All were students at the University of Hawaii. When a chick is in school and has to operate on a tight budget, she's not going to turn down five hundred dollars for a night of screwing if she's a practical person."
"Hell, damn few women, no matter who they are, would refuse that much bread," Lloyd commented.
"Quite a few coeds are available for special affairs," I said. "Usually they'll accommodate well-behaved tourists for a price, but for the most part it's posing nude for photographs. Chicks who would be grossly insulted if some of the local boys asked them to pose won't bat an eye at stripping for visitors. It's unlikely they'll ever see the tourists again after they leave, or that the pictures will float around town, so they don't expect to be embarrassed. Nevertheless, some wild prints do get back to Honolulu. I've seen some—and I know I have the girls pictures—I would have six kinds of fits if they knew I had ever seen 'em."
"How about stag movies?" Lloyd asked. "I imagine you'd be a lot here from Japan."
"There are some, but the prices are awfully high. It's not easy to smuggle them in, although some people do. Occasionally some are shot here in Hawaii, out in the open on secluded beaches—and then described in the ads as 'made in Florida.'"
"I suppose, when you get down to it, Hawaii is much like the rest of the states," Dot commented.
"In many ways, yes. But in other ways there's a hash-to-ten-year law in. Hate swapping, for instance, we're about like the rest of the nation was ten years ago. Right now most of the activity is among military couples or the local equivalent of the Jet Set."
"You must miss those swinging parties you enjoyed back in Chicago."
"That's for sure. And it's one of the reasons why I enjoyed getting acquainted with you both out in the park."
"If we don't get with it we've gonna run out of time," Dot said as she began undressing.
"I've been looking forward to seeing you in action with my wife again," Lloyd said. "That other time was a real blast. The color contrast fascinated me all by itself. But when you came on with your variations, man, it was the end, the very end."
After another tasty feast between her thighs, I told them I had another innovation. Asking Lloyd to lie down up on the bed, a pillow beneath his hips, I directed Dot to squat above, facing forward, and I would join them together. Then I lay between Lloyd's thighs just behind the action scene. Parting her irascible lips, I took his prick, ran my tongue quickly over the
head and inserted it slowly in her wet gap, flicking my tongue around the entrance. I maintained oral contact here, the back of his cock and the bottom of her cunt constantly aware of my moving tongue as he thrust in. When her snouthard had completely swallowed his dogger, I reeled forth from his nuzzle to her asshole, returning to lick both as they moved apart for another thrust. Once when his dick accidentally slipped out, I quickly took it all in my mouth to suck away the thin juice from inside her, and then licked as far up the open cunt as I could reach before I reunited them. Then, as Dot began her orgasm, I fastened my teeth around her crater and bit, tonguing furiously away, while I fastened her husband's balls. Both cried out from intensified sensation, and I released neither until they stopped their joint writhing. I asked Dot to rise slowly from his pole, exposing only an inch or so at a time, so that I could suck away the combined sea sauce buttering his cock. At last it pulsed out, leaving her gag still loaded. The while woman dribbled slowly from her fanny twat. I caught every drop as it fell, then inserted my finger up her to pull down the rest. When there was no more, I kissed her softly and appreciatively, from the oval fringes of light hair to the interior of her thick pink lips, ending with a long final kiss in the exact center of her asshole. Until now Charlene had been the only woman who moved me to unparalleled, and for the millennium time I wished my wife would engage in passion parties so I could do with her as I had with Dot.

"One of my main kicks from swinging sessions with a new partner is not knowing in advance exactly what's going to happen," Dot told me. "You may have a general idea, but that's all. No two people are ever exactly alike."

"We've been swinging together as a team for almost five years," Lloyd added, "and we're constantly learn-
Sex Rebel: Black

was no struggle. In fact, she was mighty darn good-looking. However, I bothered no immediate horizontal thoughts. I reached through on the driver's side to wipe away some dust and check the fuel indicator on the dashboard, and noticed her dress was several inches above her knees. She wore nylons and Enough was exposed to reveal where they flamed to her ankles. When I tried to get more I accidentally caught her knees—I mean it really was an accident in spite of what you may think—only the sort of gaped. But she made no move to pull her dress down.

I offered to push her to the nearest service station and she accepted. When we reached there we both got out of our cars and I saw she was one of those satirical, a Japanese woman with black bobbed hair and no nose. She was in a cab, and added, 'I had to sneak out to get it off. I couldn't have been seen.' I asked if there was any place she'd like to have me take her, and she said there was nothing she could possibly do until she got her hair. I suggested that in that case, since I wasn't busy, I'd drive her out to a park or to a beach for a couple of hours. And she walked her back to the garage. She was frustrated for a second or so, looking at me questioningly with those dark almost eyes, then said, 'Oh, okay.'

'By now the Japanese magic that can turn a Copper Midwestern into a Saint George was working on me full blast. It had been growing over since she first looked at me helplessly and I accidentally touched her knee. Maybe—just the image—but became the personification of saddle-sore, dependent femininity. When she got into my front seat I couldn't help thinking of her as a lovely, delicate little doll who had been granted life and wanted to please me. And of course I was completely aroused.'
"You're awfully nice," she told me. "Why're you talking so much time with a stranger?"

"I told her, "Because you need a friend right now—what with your car not running. If you can't stop to help somebody who needs help, what's the use of living?"

"Then she said, 'I'd heard you colored men were very kind and considerate, and now I know it.'"

"This grieved me on account, I put my hand on hers and said, 'I can't imagine anybody not being nice to you, as lovely as you are.'"

"She didn't move her hand. Instead she said, 'One of my very close friends married a colored service man right after the war and moved to Cleveland. She says she was in the other women told her she was making a mistake, but they were all wrong. She says she couldn't have found a finer husband anywhere.'"

"We had pulled up to a red light, I squeezed her hand and said, 'Myra, you are very disturbing. I thought at first you were pretty. I was wrong. You're beautiful. You're distinctly beautiful like an equador doll, but you're disturbing because you're also known, utterly feminine and so very, very appealing.'"

"She turned her head away and said, 'My husband never tells me anything like that. I know it's a bit of humbug, but I'm woman enough to want to hear it anyway.'"

"I asked, 'What's wrong with your husband?' Doesn't he appreciate this priceless and rare jewel of a woman he has?"

"As the red light changed and I started driving, she said, 'He's like all the colored men in his attitudes. He considers his wife a piece of furniture to be used when he sees fit. He never thinks of asking me anything nice.'"

"I told her, 'What a pity. If I were around you I couldn't ever keep silent. I'd remind you every five minutes how devastatingly adorable you look, and I'd want to kiss you all the time! If you think Orientals are inscrutable, you're wrong. She was blushing like a young girl and looking so very pleased. So I added, I'd want to kiss you—all over.'"

"'I heard her suck in her breath, and her voice was trembling when she asked, 'What do you mean, all over.'"

"'I told her, 'I mean everywhere! I receded a step where I could park for a time. I took both her hands and held them very tightly. I leaned closer so I could look her directly in the eye as I said, 'Every inch of you is so thoroughly desirable it would be a mere privilege to kiss you everywhere, from that lovely black hair on your head to your tiny feet.' It was easy to tell I had her genuinely excited. So I went on, 'You're like a perfect flower that blooms once in a generation.' It was a snow job, and we both knew it, but that was unimportant. She was breathing very rapidly. I bent over and kissed the tips of her fingers quite gently. And now I was ready to come on with what I believed would be the clincher. I said, 'You're so enthusiastic I wish I could put you in a slender chariot and bear incense to you.' And from the look which came over her face I knew I had struck pay dirt."

"'Why? What's so earth-shaking about that?' she asked."

"'Myra was married to a Japanese ruined in old-school thinking. In Japan, there's no tradition, like in America, of placing women on a pedestal. Not only that, but she was starving for affection. So when she heard not only words of affection from me but an indication that I was ready to waltz at her feet, she simply melted, even though she knew inside that this wasn't pure love.'"

"'What did she say then?' Lloyd asked.

"'She said, 'I know I shouldn't pay any attention to

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make me your absolute slave—and I can't afford that. So I'm quitting after one time with you, while I still can. Then I can pretend it was just something very wonderful that I just dressed once and at time passion I'll let it go as that. I'm simply not going to beg with wet minds. So kiss me—real long—and when you drop me at the garage it's suppose—but you know I'll be relishing this day the rest of my life.'"

"And you never saw her ass?" Dot asked.

"Just soon. Some months later I pulled up at a streetlight and she was in the car beside me on my left with some older Japanese man. I took a for granted he was her husband. She turned her head casually, saw me, and her eyes grew big. Then she rolled them in the direction of her companion as if to say, 'This is my old man,' and evidently thought of something amusing to tell him because she started laughing.'This gave her a chance to turn back to me just as the light changed to green, smile, and with one eye, I haven't seen her at all since then.'"

"Say others?" Lloyd asked.

"Yeah. Chinese. And I met her purely by accident, too. One day around noon I happened to be standing near a mailbox where you post letters from a car. A Continental broke to a stop and the driver, a smartly dressed woman, stepped across the seat with a handful of letters. I decided to be helpful when it looked as if she would have a hard time reaching the mailbox and stepped over to the car to take them. Now when a woman driver squirms out from under the steering wheel to the other side of the car, her legs part and her skirt rides up her thighs. That's exactly what happened this time. I also saw something else as I stepped up to her Continental. She had no panties on. If her thighs had been thinner I could have seen her own male box. As it was I did see the top of her muff. I couldn't take my eyes away. No matter how much

you, but I can't help myself. You make me feel important and wanted, and I like that for a change. And just once I'd like to be kissed—like you say.' She was so red for embarrassment she couldn't look at me, but she was also so screwed she'd go through with it. She said, 'My husband would kill me if he thought I went with another man any kind of way, yet I knew he gets around. He goes to dances at night while I'm stuck home with the kids. It isn't fair, is it?' Since she was trying to rationalize her contemplated act, I helped by condoning the double standard. And that was no bluff, because it's the way I felt. Everything I do, Charlotte can also do without objection from me. I think that's only fair.'"

"We agree," Lloyd said, "but let's get back to Myra."

"She told me she'd have to go some place where she would not be recognized. I have a friend who keeps an apartment house in Weehawken for just that purpose. So we went there. Myra was trembling. On the way she said, 'I hope you're not as big as you look. You know how Japanese men have small ones.' I told her not to worry.

'I undressed myself. She liked that immensely, in fact she liked everything. When we were nearly as screw, she insisted on kissing above me. And by the way, she really was exquisite naked, and thoroughly delightful in every way. She tried to be removed in her reactions—but failed, of course, and ended up almost a maniac. When we were dressing to leave, she asked me to hold her tight and squeeze her almost breathless. I did, and she told me, 'I used to dream somebody would make love to me as you did, and now that it has come true I'm screwed. I'm so screwed I'm never going to see you again. It's not because I'm afraid my husband might find out, but for my own sake. Another session like this and I'd want to quit him. You could easily
thighs took. I'm starving for you." She told me then, 'In that case I'm off for it. I'm just too kind-hearted to withhold sustenance from the truly hungry.'

"When she learned I had no car, she gave me her address and asked me to wait ten minutes, then come to her house and bring books or a headress so any nosy neighbors would think it was a business call, I asked about her husband because I had spotted a wedding ring.

"She said, 'He's in Hong Kong on business and that's the whole trouble. He was supposed to be gone a month. He wrote me it would take another month to transact his business that should have brought him back this week. But a couple of days ago he said he learned he would have to stop in Tokyo and Manila, and therefore must stay away still another month. Meanwhile I'm suffering. I could do without for a month but after two months it's misery. And now, I'm supposed to wait still another. I've got too much nature to do without that long. I really do need satisfaction. I've tried masturbation, but that doesn't help much. Frankly, I didn't forget your panties. I'm so horny I can't stand for anything, not even panties, to touch me. I really need a man.'

"I told her, 'Well, baby, you've got one now,' and she said, 'We'll see.' When I got to her house she had donned to a very tight-fitting chemise split up the side almost to her hips. She obviously had nothing on beneath. As I said, she was human but some women are extremely seductive and voluptuous when overweight, and she was one of them.

"As soon as I got in the house she asked, 'Ready for lunch?' and I told her, 'Ready all the way.' She said, 'If you are how'd you like it served? Now in the living room or would you rather eat in bed?' When I told her I preferred a snack in bed she led me back to a huge, beautifully furnished bedroom, took off her
chew gum and try back; her plump lips parted, and
told me "Lunch is served."

"I kneed in front and ran my tongue from her knee
up the inside of her thigh, to that hot meal I was
anxious to taste. Ordinarily I don't like perfume but
she had some strange fragrance that blended with her
natural odor to make her wildly exciting. I literally
parched myself. When I knew to climb in her smile,
she suggested 69, wish her above. I went for that too.
I later on 69 again wanted to meet her but she wouldn't
allow it. She said she'd promised her husband before
he left that she wouldn't allow another prick in her
nanny while he was gone. She said she intended to keep
her word. She seemed cut, however, that nothing was
said about inserting it in her "starfish", as she called it,
then got on her knees and kissed expectant-
antly at me. I admit her feet, fine fancy was bowing,
thrust at me that way, but I told her I couldn't. I
preferred the number one hole.

"How disappointing?" Dot cut in, "I was going to
ask you to do it to me that way, especially since I want
total experience with you before we part."

I thought it over briefly. I had been hooked strongly
enough on her ass to perform analgesia, and since I had
already enjoyed her cunt I might as well try 69
 fucking for the first time.

"With you," I said, "I'll make an exception. And
that's a real tribute to your thoroughly exciting butt-\n
--man." she said.

"What happened then with your friend?" Lloyd
asked.

"Oh, she said that since I didn't care for dessert,
why not finish lunch with another cocktail. So back to
69 we went. Then I cut out."

"Did you ever see her again?"

"As I was leaving, she thanked me profusely, saying

I had done her a real favor and she thought this might
allow her to last another month until her old man got
back. But in case he returned, she wanted to see
me again. She asked that I telephone in a month and
see if he had returned. I called and he was there. So
that was that."

Dot knelt, rear elevated, those round apple hips
curved. I'd try it that way once to please her, but
thinking who knows, maybe I might like it this way.
But I'd be hard to find anybody as tempting like this
or Dot except Cherlene, and my wife doesn't dig
69."

As I got in position behind Dot, she said, "Let
me lubricate it first." then pulled me toward her by my
hard handle which she wisty kissed.

"It's easier to enter," Lloyd explained, "so move it
around the orifice with a circular motion until it's starts
in, and even then don't plague too fast. We both like it
this way," he added.

"In that case, I'll better moisture the center of
contact," I said, leering over and with my mouth gener-
ously sipling saliva in and around her anus.

It's funny about an asshole. The sphincter muscles
are unusually strong and in excess it's far tighter than
a cunt. Yet it can take a cock just as easily as a cunt
painfully after conditioning. I worked my pole
up her ecstatic pit writhing seconds, and I admit I
enjoyed her soft nates flattening against my body. I
played with her clitoris meanwhile and her ensuing
orgasm was tremendous. I won't say I didn't enjoy the
novelty, but I prefer the yowling sounds of a vagina in
the less resilient tunnel of a rectum.

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CHAPTER 28

My dream with Dot and Lloyd had been such a gas that I renewed my efforts to involve Charlotte. I begged and pleaded, pointing out for the millionth time that I was so proud of her beauty and ability I wanted to share her talents with select friends. The more I loved a woman, I reiterated, the greater my desire to watch her give pleasure to others and receiving their attention. Recalling how I would almost become delirious with desire kissing Dot in her own before and after observing her with another stud, I told Charlotte my hope would be far greater watching her in action because I loved her so much more intensely than I ever did Dot. I knew inwardly I could participate in the most fantastic orgy ever devised and with the most beautiful women in the world, but it would not give me the emotional satisfaction of watching another man suck Charlotte and then immediately afterward suck out the syrup. It was a matter of personal involvement. Some men waited to own, master and use exclusively the women they loved; maverick and nonconformist that I am, I have an equally strong compulsion to share.

But Charlotte remained adamant, despite my most impassioned pleas.

"Sweetheart, I honestly wish I could, because you'd like it so much, and I do want to please you, but I can't—I just can't," she told me for perhaps the millionth time. "I still have this emotional block against sex before an audience that I simply don't know how to overcome."

"But you don't object to going off and taking on a stud who appeals to you," I reminded her.
into the air. "Why is she like that? I just wanna put my tongue on it and then I'll take it right away."

Charlene vigorously shook her head.

"Well, then, can't I just see it?"

He sounded so pitiful even my wife laughed. "Not if I can help it," she said.

From then on whenever Monk came by and he'd had a few drinks he would resort to this theme. As months passed I noticed Charlene was gradually becoming interested; maybe her female curiosity was aroused by his persistent stimulation.

He happened to visit us following my latest unsuccessful ploy to Charlene that she party with me and at least one other person, preferably male. As usual he made his pitch, and as usual was unsuccessful.

After he left, I asked her about Monk.

"Why don't you take him on? You are interested, aren't you?"

"Well...some. After all that smoke, I'm curious to know what kind of fire he has. But if you think I'd do anything with you looking on, perish the thought."

"Okay, okay. Tell you what I'll do then." I had formulated a plan as an alternate. "If you want to, go ahead and satisfy your curiosity in our room. I'll stay outside. But when you finish I want you to come immediately to the bathroom. I'll be waiting for you. Then you can tell me all about it in detail while I drink it out."

"Why don't you f**ch him yourself and get it straight from the source?"

"You know I don't go for strictly homo relations. I've got to have a woman present. Besides, I want it dripping from your sweet slit, with your unmatch special flavor."

She pondered for a moment. Then, "How do I know you won't peek?"

"Close the door and the Venetian blinds."
the same room. Two of the bedrooms were adjoining. Next morning while Charlene and the kids were out for a couple of hours, I took a breese and hit from my tool chest, went to the adjoining bedroom and, removing a reproduction of a Gueghe print from the wall, drilled a hole just large enough to see the bed in our room. Later I would fill the hole with plastic wood. Also I put another binder so that at the last minute I could move the picture over just enough to leave my peep hole unobstructed. Although I could not participate, I intended to enjoy the action.

Monk arrived excited and eager. When Charlene told him she hadn't looked down, he turned to me for final reassurance.

"I'm like the out-island Fiji Island husbands," I said. "I understand from a friend of mine who lived among them for a couple of years and who recently stopped by briefly on his way back to the Mainland, that when a Fijian husband sees a male visitor to his house, hastily emptying all his wife, he suddenly remembers a fishing date or that he must go to another part of the village on business. He then spots the home scene, hurriedly announcing he will be gone a couple of hours. This gives his guest time to have a ball with his wife if the lid is in the wood. And they usually are, for Fijian women consider themselves fluttered when propositioned by a new stud and rarely refuse. Then when the husband returns, his wife has had a change and he has proven himself a cool hen. There's not even one tiny bit of jealousy. And I think it's a far more civilized behavior pattern than what we have here."

"You know I got to agree," Monk said.

"So you and Charlene knock yourselves out. I'll be here in the living room reading."

Charlene kissed me before she led Monk to our boudoir. All three kids were now asleep in the farthest bedroom down the hall; I had told them "Uncle Monk" might spend the night. I waited a few minutes, then walked out to the hole I had drilled; earlier I had moved the pilip to give me an unobstructed view. Monk was already completely naked, his rod waving like a gun held by a nervous bandit. My wife was now pulling her slip down from her hips, barely her furry dark delta. Immediately I began to shake with excite- ment; the mere sight of my darling stripping nude before another man provoked a strange and strong arousal. I was aware of my powerful rapid breathing and Monk dropped to his knees to first pat her snuff. Then embraced her hips and strove his face against the clinging hair. Imperient, he pushed her back on the bed, spread her long, lovely pale thighs, and virtually used her with his tongue. The pressure of my own stiffened tool was so uncomfortable against my corona that I removed its for a glancing at I watched. And now, after a few seconds of teasing my wife wet and wanton sex, joyfully he soon wrapped his lips as if he were a commissary sipping some raw and delightful beauty, went over to the table lamp—and turned off the light.

I was aghast. Why? Was it his idea or here? And I wouldn't be able to ask when they finished, for I was supposedly in the living room reading.

Never have I felt more frustrated and helpless.

I heard Monk paddling back to the bed but I could see nothing in the completely darkened room. I strained, trying to adjust my eyes to the blackness, but at best I could see only shadowy outlines. What were they doing? What was Monk's pattern? Was he still eating? Was Charlene's face glowing distorted? I wanted to see how she reacted, and I was desperately anxious to look at Monk's hand tight against her marvelous crotch and to watch her pelvic gyrations. Now and then I could hear strong, heavy breathing. Then a change in sound, the sighing of moving
springs. He must be on her now—on her and in her. I fantasized what I could not see, their bodies joined and writhing, and his sword inside her soft, sweet sheath, withdrawing briefly, then thrusting in again with an ever-increasing rhythm. Were his hands planted firm against those strong, rounded hips of Charlene, holding her tightly so he could hurt every inch into her wet hole? Then the loud rasping sound of excited breathing... a whimpers... a wall, almost a cry, from one of them... a long snort... and it was over. He had fucked my wife, had bombarded her womb with his semen, and although I was immeasurably disappoint ed at not being able to watch, the sound of their copulation and my strong imagination had me tingling and nervous and bumbling with lust. I tiptoed to the far bathroom to assist Charlene. Monk was to use the closet.

She came in shortly, a robe around her body and long black hair tossed. She locked the door and hung the robe wide. I lay down upon the small thick rug, ravenous. At least I could have this.

“Good?” I asked as she squatted over my mouth. 

Face toward my feet. “Tell me about it.”

Minutely and graphically she described all he had done as I held her hips suspended an inch above me, so I could sniff the pungent, exciting fragrance of her crotch. Her damp short hairs tickled my nose as I inhaled deeply. Their blended juices had created a new and different aroma, almost maddening in its pheromonal effect. Her long, tender lips were spread with glistening sex sauce which dripped slowly down. I moaned ecstatically as I licked away the warm piquant cream. I parted her buttered lips and rubbed both nose and tongue inside, then held her tightly with both hands as I licked with all my might, trying to pull out every delicious drop. Her description intensified my colossal enjoyment. I turned so long over this rare repast that she was forced to ask me to close her because her knees had begun to ache.

“Besides,” she said, “I want to give you a good quick fuck before we reunite Monk. I want to feel I’m yours again.”

“I’ll be quick, I promise you, as aroused as you’ve made me. And if ever I should become impotent with you, I know the best remedy in the world—have you make out with some other stud and then rush to me right away, loaded.”

“I’ll keep that in mind.” She bucked up to impale herself on my throbbing spike as I got up and sat on the toilet seat. I was so steamed I exploded almost on entry.

“Tell me, before we join Monk, did you enjoy him? Does he know how to french? Can he screw well?” I asked.

“Ooh, he’s competent. But it was like a boy trying to do a man’s job. I suppose at one time I might have thought he was wonderful. Now he’s merely a novelty, a change. To paraphrase an old blues song, ‘he’s all right to visit, but please don’t hang around. Understand what I mean?’

I nodded. “One other question. Did he make you come?”

“No,” she laughed. “It was enjoyable. But I doubt he could ever make me climax either way.”

I was dying to ask who turned off the light, but I knew I could never do so without letting her know I and secretly tried to watch. However, she took care of that herself.

“Incidentally, Monk is a little odd for a man,” she went on. “After he got a good look at me naked and saw up my skirt, he turned off the light. Said he’s been nervous about sex in a lighted room ever since a 2th friend’s husband came home unexpectedly and saw them through a little crack in the window. He
happened to hear the guy stammer over something looking for his gun, so he got up and ran out the back way naked. Since then he's afraid of lights—even though he knew, in this case, he had your approval. Isn't that queer?"

"Yes. Very, and thoroughly stupid. How could he appreciate all your gorgeous charms if he couldn't see them?"

"That's what I thought, too," she said.

That was the closest I came to watching my wife in action with another man. She was not to be bed with a stud unless she felt a definite physical attraction, and since Monk left there has been nobody with whom I felt an uninhibited relationship who also moved her. Of course there are plenty of men who, after seeing Charlene, would be willing to hit the hay with her under any kind of conditions, but finding somebody who attracted her and who would take her to bed with my knowledge and not contemptuously think I was some kind of freak has not thus far been possible. But I still have hopes.

CHAPTER 29

I wish I had met Owen before meeting Dot and I lived in Kapilani Park. Then I could have told them about the biggest con I ever saw. And it was owned by a Japanese girl, who ironically was the tiniest woman I have ever looked.

I met her through Henry, a Japanese business man who had become one of my closest friends. As we came to know each other, we discussed politics, sex, sports, sex, sociology and sex. Finally one day he asked me, "Bob, did you ever eat pussy?"

"Sure, plenty of times."

His eyes bugged; he had expected a negative answer. "Really? You're not kidding?"

"Not one little bit. Not an appetizing babe before me and I'll show you how it's done."

"How about a Japanese girl?"

"I'm not prejudiced."

"Hmmm, I'm gonna take you up on that. She's got the biggest boobs and cunt you ever saw."

"I don't believe it. Not a Japanese chick."

"Can you go with me to see her tomorrow night after I close my shop?"

"I'll arrange it."

Her name was Owen, he said, and she was about thirty. She was not pretty, but she was clean and did not run around. She worked in a market in Wailiki and he had known her for ten years but under the name of "Charley Watamoto." He had told her he was a mechanic, working at different jobs, and she knew no better. After giving her her maidenhead, she had hoped to marry him. He got out of that by telling her he was already married and his wife wouldn't give him
a divorce. Recently, to further complicate matters, he had gotten in a fight and had been placed on probation. While in court he became acquainted with a man called Smithy, a federal investigator who was looking for a nice little Japanese girl to marry. "Charley" had told him about Gwen, describing her in such glowing terms Smithy had fallen tentatively in love; when he saw Gwen's picture he lost his head completely over her. Meanwhile Charley had painted such a bright picture that Gwen had, in turn, become hung up on Smithy. Since he could not himself get a divorce, Charley would give her up to Smithy, who was the man for her and could make her happy.

However, there was one problem with Smithy, Charley told Gwen. Smithy was unusually well endowed and when he heard Gwen had been intimate with only one man and was quite tight, he had asked Charley to draw up her genitals until she was large enough to accommodate him without pain. Also he had asked Charley to get her a dildo for regular use at home to help stretch her hole.

To make his story sound even more plausible, Henry began phoning Gwen and disguising his voice to make it sound like fictitious Smithy. He was not when in Hawaii, he explained to Gwen, for he had a staff working under him and had to roam the entire Pacific wherever American military forces were stationed. On those infrequent times when he was in Honolulu he wanted to talk with her. Meanwhile he was asking subordinates on his staff to help her get large enough vaginally to take care of him. Among those he wanted her to see was a Filipino named Ricardo and another guy named Wesley. Charley would take them to her, Smithy said. Henry told me a business associate had gone with him as Ricardo and I could be Wesley if I chose.

That was all right with me.
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“Wait, I can’t withdraw. When I’m ready to bust my nuts I want to ram it farther, not take it out.”

“Well, you put the big dildo in now but my own cock on top of it. She loved it! And I keep telling her she has a little pussy and it’s not big enough for Smithy yet.”

“I nearly stared. “Wanna see me make her pussy larger? I do this with the dildo. I work it in and out in a certain way and she goes like a negociant. Sometimes it hits the ceiling. She likes this too and insists on it every time, like a grand finale.” He narrowed his eyes. “But there’s one hitch. When you screw her you have to withdraw before you come. She’s afraid of getting pregnant.”

“Why doesn’t she use a diaphragm or take the pill?”

“She won’t. She’s Catholic and doesn’t believe in birth control.”
ble. I began kneading them, then pushed her back on the single bed, taking care to first remove the paper plate. As I sucked her nipples I pulled off her slip and panties. She did not protest. Her shyness melted as I kissed her on the mouth; she was aroused and pushed her tongue between my teeth. I heard Henry slip into the room and from the corner of my eye saw him hide behind a big chair. She was oblivious now to everything but the business at hand.

My fingers told me she was wet enough to find a cano. I maneuvered my mouth down across her belly and black nest, then went to her juicy crevices. It was obviously her first oral experience and she gave in completely to this new sensation, rolling and tossing and moaning in such frenzied abandon that Henry could no longer remain an onlooker. Snatching off his clothes he left the cover of the chair and came to the bed to mouth her breasts. She didn't open her eyes and clutched his head to her bosom. Meanwhile her thighs had clumped around my cheeks and I was amazed at her strength. Finally, with a mighty series of twists and turns she climax, then went limp, completely spent. Suddenly realizing I couldn't be sucking her cunt and nipples at the same time, she opened her eyes—and stared into Henry's busy face.

"Charley?" she exclaimed in surprise. "Where did you come from?"

"I got a key from the office and came in," he lied. "I just had to see my baby."

"All right, Hon. Glad you're here."

"Did you like that? What Wesley did?"

She nodded her head, a silly smile on her face, and he kissed her passionately.

"Want him to do it again?" he asked, and again she nodded.

I started in afresh, Henry moved up in the bed to place his hard shaft in her face. She said it no atten-
tion until my vagina set her writhing snore, then she took it in her mouth and began furiously sucking, stopping only when she had another orgasm and again became inert.

"I'm tired," she announced.

Henry wished at me and began fingering her gash. I looked on, interested. Then he slipped one finger, two, three and finally his entire hand, wrist and several inches of forearm. Her pelvis began undulating.

Reaching for my hand, Gwen pulled me to her and whispered, "I want you to put your dick in me. Give it to me now."

Hard and ready, I reached for my applicator which I had placed beside the bed, filled it with the foam contraceptive, and moved toward her vulva. She grabbed my arm.

"What's that for?" she asked.

"To keep you from becoming pregnant."

"No, no! I'm Catholic and it's against my religion to use anything. You can't put that in me."

"But isn't it against your religion to have sex relations if you're not married?" I knew this was no time to start an ecclesiastical discussion, but the observance of one dictum and flagrant disregard of others in the same category made no sense to me.

"Come on, please fuck me but withdraw before you shoot off," she pleaded, ignoring my question.

"How about trenching Wesley?" Henry asked.

"Okay."

I got over her in 60. She moaned me vigorously but without talent. She had never tried fucking before this night. She sucked as strongly to oral culminating this third time so far the first, and in her excitement started biting my prick so hard I had to remove it from her jaws. As soon as she climaxed, she again pleaded, "please put it in me."

Immediately Harry mounted her and screwed enthu-

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siasmatically for several minutes. But he was not big enough.

"Got the dildo," she said.

"Got it with you?"

"Yes. In my handbag."

He arose, went to her purse and returned, unwrapping a huge object. Even after the sight of his entire hand buried inside her, I had a hard time believing what was before me now. It was a hollow imitation cock nine inches long with a diameter of exactly three-and-a-half inches. I knew because later I measured it.

"You're actually gonna put that up her?" I asked in awe.

"No problem. He was already applying vaseline over the head. "Why don't you put YOUR hand in first? I'll fit."

I looked gingerly at my hand. It was larger than Henry's. Carefully and slowly I inserted one finger then another until all five were in, up to the knuckles. I didn't have the nerve to do more at this time.

"All right, if that's as far as you'll go," he said, "Here now, watch this."

He slid the red head of the huge dildo into her vagina, rotating it gently as if he were boring, gradually forcing it until suddenly it was all the way in and she shivered.

"Felt good, Baby?" he asked.

"Yes, yes," she cried, "now put yours in too, Hen." Sexing is not necessarily believing. This had to be an illusion. Henry lying on her, one hand behind him working the monstrous dildo and with his own prick inserted above it. Gwen turned and twisted, moaning in pure ecstasy, as he fucked simultaneously with two cocks, human and artificial. When he was ready to ejaculate, he withdrew and shot off on her belly. Gwen meanwhile continued her writhing until Henry passed
to rest his arm. A few seconds later he turned around, sat across her upper abdomen facing her feet, parted the lips of her pussy and pulled the skin taut until her pubis stood out like a nipple.

"Now I'll make her plans," he told me.

Like a Roman charming battle he worked the dick back and forth, then pushed it in and pulled it out almost to the tip as one would a toilet plunger, waited, then repeated. At the third gush she loosed a powerful stream that not only hit the ceiling but the wall ten feet away. He continued, getting a new urinary display each thrust, until at last she told him, "That's all."

After that I dubbed Gwen the Chick with the Cavernotes Cunt. Sometimes I referred to her as Old Tunnel Twat.

Next day I stopped at Henry's place of business. He immediately called her pretending to be Wesley, to discuss the previous evening.

"Well, baby," he began, "how you feel today?"

"Fine."

"Enjoy yourself last night?"

"Sure did."

"Got a real thrill?"

"You, yes!"

"Did you enjoy being kissed all over?"

"It's wonderful." Giggle.

"Wanna get together again soon?"

"Any time you say!"

"Was it really that good?"

"Of course!"

"What about Charley? Want him along?"

"No, just us."

He wasn't expecting that and it gave him pause. He cut the conversation short and turned to me with what I call a shit-eating grin spread all over his face.

"You digger, you?" he said. "Looks like you're about to cut me out with this chick. Do all breeds go

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crazy about it when somebody eats their pussy? I know you were driving Gwen wild, but I didn't know it was that wild."

"All depends on who does it," I said.

"Meaning that if it's you they flip?"

"Frequently. Specially if they never had it before."

"That settles it. You gotta teach me how. I wanna make a bread carry on like Gwen did. Or are you just expert?"

"After all these years of experience, I ought to be expert by now if I ever gonna be. But I can't really teach you. It's an art learned by practice. There's no textbook called, 'Frenched Making Easy.' There are some things women like that I can't do. I can't stick my tongue way up a twat like some guys because the connecting tissue underneath won't let it; I can't shove it out more'n an inch beyond my mouth. See? I showed him. 'So I have to concentrate on other tech-
niques. If they've got long lips I chew and pull on them. Maybe I hold the lips wide and fan my tongue around everything exposed, then I suck and pull rhythmically. Or I get eight over the hole and suck like hell. Maybe I blow up in it; this drives some gals wild. As for Gwen, she's a very special problem. Usually I concentrate on the clitoris. But despite that Carlsbad Connexion between her legs, she's got tiny labia and a clitoris about as big as the head of a pin. I had to probe carefully to find hers—and since it was so min-
ute I had to centime where I knew it ought to be."

"You musta found something from the way she carried on."

"Pure luck."

"Listen, I gotta learn, goddamn it!"

"Okay. But you oughta know that no two people eat pussy exactly alike, just as no two cunts are the same. You've also got to learn about pressure and individual preferences. Some gals want you to be very delicate
with your tongue and lips while others demand vigorous pressure. But we matter what I tell you, actual practice and less of it will be necessary to make you good at it."

"Next time we see Gwen, can I get real close and watch?"

In a couple of weeks I gave him a lesson. A few days later I saw her alone for his maiden try. Next day, passing as Wesley, he called her.

"Gwen, Baby," he started off, "I hear you were out with Charley."

"Yeah, I saw him."

"He told me he tried to give you a thrill like I do by kissing you everywhere."

"Yeah, he tried, but it was no good—just junk. He doesn't know how."

"You gonna let him try again?"

"Not if I can get you to do it. When am I gonna see you again? I got all messy an' goopy just thinking about it. You're good!"

When Henry finished talking, he said, "That settles it. I'm gonna learn to eat pussy right if it's the last thing I do."

"Here's one suggestion," I offered. "Find a hobo who's never had it that way and initiate her. She'll go mad for you."

"Yeah—until some expert like you comes along. No, if I start one out I'm gonna try to keep her for myself."

As time passed, Gwen grew indifferent to Henry alone, although he continued trying cannibalos. Once or twice he showed up alone when "Wesley" was forced to change plans at the last minute. Usually she expressed disappointment, but tolerated him when he explained he was under implicit orders from Smithy to help enlarge her vagina. Most of his calls now, to the store or to her residence, were as me, and if I did not see her for three or four weeks she herself begged for another session. Actually I received only minimum kicks, but both she and Henry were so grateful for my participation that I didn't have the heart to go more than a couple of months without a party. On a few occasions I saw her alone. Although she worked hard at 69 she was never successful, being unable to get the bang of it—if you will pardon the pun—and she usually finished the job by hand. I learned how to use the huge dildos to satisfy her and make her unstrate.

The relationship became more interesting one night when Henry decided on anal copulation with her. In the past she had protested, contending it hurt her too much (I suppose nature compensated for giving her a huge cunt by providing a tiny ass) but this time by literally applying afeventine while I diverted her attention through torturing her boobs, she got it in. Then, by careful maneuvering, she got above me in 69 while Henry knelt at her rear. The combination gave her such exhilarating pleasure that Henry did not have to move, for Gwen did all the work, grinding vigorously as I tongued her cunt. From then on she gladly bore the discomfort of entry in order to be funched with a prick up her bunghole. You know—double the pleasure!"

We continued the relationship, albeit sporadically, until I left Honolulu and she never caught on that Henry was not only imitating my voice but those of others. So far as I know she has yet to learn Henry's real name or identity. And I have yet to see another hole equal to that of this tiny Grand Canyon Gal. Quite likely, Henry is still trying to make it bigger for Smithy.
Despite his wide hat—it was held by a ribbon tied beneath her chin and her dark glasses—I saw enough of her face to be favorably impressed. She was around five-feet-four and comfortably curved. But even without these assets I would have liked her because of the voice. It was low, well modulated, and the accent definitely a first cousin of upper-class British.

"Would you?" she smiled, and I saw her teeth were quite white and even. "Cabs are so expensive." She named a destination, that of a doctor's office miles away. I asked her to come with me to my parked car a half block up the street.

"It is so terribly, terribly warm and I can't quite get used to your American money," she said.

"Where are you from?"

"Melbourne, Australia. I've been here only four weeks. It was midwinter when I left home."

She was a practicing physician, she said, handing me her card, and operated a clinic in Melbourne. She was also a lecturer for a worldwide religious sect, with an active branch in Honolulu, and wanted to know if I ever met with her group.

"No," I said, "although I have been interested."

When she got into my car, she pulled her dress up halfway between knee and hip and began fanning with the lower half of her skirt, legs wide apart, head cocked in my direction and an enigmatic smile on her face. I turned automatically toward her, leaning immediately to a vigorous hard.

"It's extremely difficult to adjust to the August heat here," she said as she continued fanning. "Changing suddenly from winter to summer is not easy."

I turned back, but managed toogle her thighbushes out of the corner of my eye as I drove along. Luckily there were no traffic problems or I could easily have become involved in an accident because of my divided attention. Her smooth thighs were like warm pink-white.
velvet and I was painfully conscious of their overwhelming desirability.

"Why not come to our meeting tonight?" she asked.

"Impossible. I'll be tied up and won't have time."

"Do you think you can find time to help me look for a small studio apartment at a modest rental? I'm living in a hotel in Waikiki and it's a bit steep."

"Possibly."

I conveyed my enthusiasm at the prospect of seeing her again.

"Please do."

We had rented her destination and I stopped to let her out. "Call me at your hotel."

I had already decided to see her again. The entire woman pleased me—from voice to shape. Few had ever cooed me as strongly as she when dangling herself. And I was hooked at first listening to her voice and accent. She might be somewhere in her forties, I judged, although I still had not seen her eyes. But I could spend no time with her that night. I had previous commitments with Charlene and family.

Next morning—a Saturday—she telephoned before I left home. Charlene assumed it was a business call.

"I expected to hear from you last night," Molly began, "and I was quite disappointed when I didn't."

"I can stop by your place this morning around eleven," I told her.

"Can you really? Don't forget now," she said and hung up.

It did not take EDP to see this relationship was going to involve more than religion and a joint hunt for cheaper living quarters, and I was all for it.

When I called at eleven she asked me to wait downstairs for fifteen minutes while she took a shower, then come right up. She opened the door to her room clad only in a kim, light-blue, semi-transparent one, unbuttoned over white nylon bra and briefs and I became pocked stiff immediately. She was lighter in weight than her clothing had made her appear, with a small waist and ample full breasts. Her hips were beautifully rounded and rounded. She wore no make-up and I now her eyes were dark blue. But the skin beneath was wrinkled. Nevertheless she was still an unusually good-looking woman, who, in her younger days, must have been phenomenally beautiful. Her hair, so dark it was almost black, reached below her shoulders and showed only a few lovely strands of gray. Judging by the flesh beneath her eyes, she was fifty or more; if you accepted only the evidence of the rest of her body she could have been on the young side of thirty. But it really didn't matter. It was obvious she had the rare ability to arouse me completely on sight.

As soon as I closed the door, she came up to me and said, "I want you to pick me up in those big strong arms of yours."

What she wanted was spelled out for me now in capital letters. Her body trembled as I took her in my arms, lifted her of the floor and kissed her mouth, eager and open. My lips moved to her neck and ear before she asked to be put down.

"I'd like for you to powder me," she said, removing her robe and lying face upward on the bed. I sat at her feet and gently kissed her toes.

"Oh," she said, "how heavenly!"

I took the powder she handed me and began rubbing it over her legs, beginning at the ankle. They, too, were finely formed.

"Are you married?" she asked.

I nodded.

"How do you feel about extramarital affairs?"

I laughed. "In my book a wedding ceremony does not mean retirement, or sole private ownership. All I ask from my mate is emotional loyalty, if possible, and discretion. As for me, I absolutely must have variety. I cannot be satisfied with a diet for life of only one woman."
woman of twenty-five and suddenly she knew how to keep them that way. I kissed and moulded her large, dark nipples.

Shortly she turned on her stomach and asked me to powder her back. I pulled down her briefs and slipped them off, then kissed her in the center of each round breast.

"Ooh," she said, "you're very sweet.

By then aroused to the melting point, I hurriedly finished, turned her over and began kissing her belly, trailing downward from her navel. The copious hair of her neck was jet black and frizzy without a single strand of grey. Softly I inserted my finger between her portals and to my amazement found them as wet as a young girl's. But I had no more than tasted her freely flowing syrup and sniffed her individual fragrance before she said:

"No—yet now. I want you in me. I need it.

Rebustlessly—and I took all my will power to remove my mouth from this tasty, now quires—I got up and Kuat her, sliding in easily.

"You will withdraw, won't you, at the proper time?" she asked. "I have no protection."

I stopped in midstroke and pulled out.

"I'll remove it now. It's impossible later. I'm so good at gaitus interruptus." I said, thinking she ought to be post menopause. As a doctor she knows conception is impossible then. But maybe she's having a late menopause. In that case, exactly how old is she?

"No, don't!" she exclaimed, reaching down and grabbing me. "Oh, better, don't move. Just put your penis back in and let me do all the moving. I really need your hormones for the sake of my health."

She rooted the head of my still shudd against her clefts, squirming and curving, then slipped it back inside, grinding furiously as she almost immediately climaxed, head rolling from side to side. I remained
motionless on her, except for being tossed about. I think she must have thrashed round uncontrollably for at least a minute, moaning and weeping, and I wondered if she knew it was all over. I didn’t help her to stand up, I just helped her get to her feet, and she gasped, “Get up, I can’t breathe!”

I rolled off hastily. She tried to sit up and fell back, fighting furiously for each short breath, her lovely face a nasty white. I anæsthesi, moistened a towel with cold water and bathed her brow. Several minutes passed before normal respiration returned.

“Your legs feel the same as she could again. “The weight is too much. And you’re so unbelievably exciting. Do you know, I almost fainted from sheer ecstasy when you picked me up in those strong arms? You’re more than a little bit of all right.”

I lay down beside her, still rock hard.

“Wait a little while,” she said, placing a hand on my rod, “until I recover more.”

She got up, went to one of the half dozen bathrooms and toilets clanging the room and returned with several photographs.

“I’m a grandmother,” she announced. “I have a son and daughter, both married. My son married a year ago. Here’s his wedding picture.”

She showed me likenesses of her children, her clinic in Melbourne, an apartment building she said she owned, and a photograph of herself in her mid-twenties. I was right. She had been disturbingly beautiful when she was young.

“I’m still just about the same size,” she said. “I measure thirty-six—twenty-six—thirty-eight. That’s not bad, is it?”

I told her sincerely that most women, no matter what their age, would envy her figure. I saw when she stood there was no way to her breasts and her waist was narrow, giving a truly voluptuous curve to her hips.

She had stopped in Honolulu to attend a medical meeting on their way to Chicago, where her clothes had been shipped in anticipation of a lengthy stay, but she said God had told her to remain here and she had heeded the call. Her parents, who lived in Melbourne, were upset over her stay in Paradise but she liked it here, except for the financial inconvenience.

“It takes much to live here,” she confided. “I have had to cable back home for funds. That’s why I must watch everything I spend.”

Molly had travelled all over the world, lecturing on behalf of her faith which took precedence even over her profession. And since God wanted her to stay in Hawaii, she was prepared to remain indefinitely.

“And, of course, I shall expect to see a lot of you,” she said. “It is God’s will. Otherwise he would not have had me meet you.”

She rubbed her hand across my body. “Your dark-brown color fascinates me. As you undoubtedly know, Australia has a ridiculous law banning colored people except on temporary visas so we don’t see many—except, of course, the shipwrecks and there aren’t many in the cities. But you don’t look like them anyway.”

I had already realized that Molly, like so many white women, must have long dreamed of going to bed with a black man and only now had it become a reality. I also knew that no matter how religious a person might be, if that person wanted sex he could justify it some way through his religion. To Molly, the logic was quite elementary: God sent me. Well, I wouldn’t fight it. Not with the way she turned me on.

“Kiss me,” she said.

I did. And, of course, I didn’t stop until my mouth had worked its way back down to her bust.

“Take you’d better stop,” she said.
"But I absolutely must kiss you everywhere. Our relationship will be incomplete without it. I'm dying for the sweet taste of your vulva..."

"I couldn't stand it. It's not that I don't want you to, because I know I'd love it, but if just having you in me almost made me pass out, I know that at this time I couldn't possibly survive oral caress. No, wait until I'm not so starved, after we've been together a few times and I've had more of you. But I would like for you to get back over me. I'll squeeze my thighs together—I've got muscles—with your penis between them close to my orifice. I think you'll like it."

She was quite right. Her appeal was so great and her passionate affection so strong that I enjoyed my first confection of this type and soon ejaculated.

Then we arose. She showered and I dried her. I watched closely as she put up her long hair. It was naturally black with no evidence of dye at the roots. Nor could she have colored all but the dozen or so lonely strands of white hair which extended their entire length from her scalp.

"How old are you?" I asked. "Around forty-five?"

"You'll never know," she laughed, "because I don't intend to tell you."

Even with artfully applied make-up, the wrinkled eye was still made her seem around fifty. I was never able to unravel the mystery of her true age. However, it didn't really matter, for the rest of her was youthful enough to please anybody not hung up on Lolitas.

Then we finished dressing she asked me to go shopping with her, saying she needed to conserve funds, had trouble with American money, and wanted me to show her the best bazaar.

On entering my car, she again raised her dress half thigh, and automatically I developed another hard.

"Too hot again?" I asked.

She nodded.
join her sect, but saw no point in telling her so at this
time.

"I wish you would. And also, I really do want you to
help me find a small apartment. Living in a hotel is far
too expensive. Rent alone costs me a hundred dollars
weekly. With a small studio apartment it would be
much cheaper and I could make my own meals. I'm a
rather decent chef and I'd like to prepare something
for you. And if you could help me a little with living
expenses you could have a key and pop in any time.
And I'd gladly do anything you wanted whenever you
wished. Anything."

She looked seriously with her dark blue eyes into
mine. I returned her gaze without changing expression
wondering, what, precisely, does she mean? We're go-
ing to have sex together anyway; she has made that
clear. Or does she mean to hold back from now on? But
this, too, is unlikely, as desperately hungry for inter-
course with me as she was. Does she mean she'll do so?
Or merely suck me if I ask? She doesn't know my wide
variety of patterns. What if I wanted a party with
others such as Henry?

"I'll consider that," I finally said, "although, frank-
ly, I have little money."

She dropped her eyes and turned her head away.

"You do have a wife and three children and they come
first. I never intend to do anything that would deprive
them in any way. I'd retreat into my shell and become
a recluse again before I'd let that happen."

"It's not that bad," I said.

"Still, you will help me find an apartment, even if
you can't aid me financially, won't you? Meanwhile,
come to my hotel room whenever you wish. You don't
have to phone first at all."

For the next week we spent some part of every day
together, although twice it was very brief. And every
time I saw her I developed a sturdy hard. I did not

expect this reaction at fifty-five, yet I could not deny
the physical evidence. As for Molly, each time she got
into the car up went her skirt. "You don't have to do
that to keep me interested," I told her. "Just seeing
you move me." To which she replied in a completely
matter-of-fact tone, "I don't like to take unnecessary
chances." I could never determine what made me so
horrified around her, unless it was her novelty and strik-
ing difference. I never tired of her cultured British
type accent, and the air of cool English reserve she
displayed to the world was unlike that of any other
woman I had intimately known, as well as an extreme
contrast with the wild abandon she showed in bed. I
completed cummingsly only once and she became so
demonical at her climax that we thought it best not to
again carry this act to completion. When we capitulated,
I wore nothing at the start because of her insistence
that she needed "my hormones," but after a few mo-
ments, she slip on a condom and to my surprise, I
had no difficulty at all using this device with her.

Since she believed God wanted her to remain in
Hawaii, she made inquiries about opening an office.
One evening, after spending the entire day gathering
information, I found her completely dejected.

"You have such absurd laws," she told me. "Al-
though I am a licensed physician in Australia, a grad-
uate of the best medical schools and thoroughly ex-
perienced, I can't enter my profession until I've lived
in Hawaii at least a year—and then I have to take an
examination like any young graduate from col-
lege. It's utterly ridiculous."

I agreed.

"What am I going to do? I can't live here a year
doing nothing, with no income except from my mental
property in Melbourne. Yet I can't leave now. You
know," she said, looking basically into my eyes,
"I'm sure God wants you to help me financially when I
find an apartment." That's not the message I got. The word I had was to help you with hormones, not money."

She looked at me queerly for a split second, then dropped her head in disappointment. "I realize I've no right to ask this of you with your family and all." She sighed. "What I really need is a man of my own, not another woman's husband. But where am I going to find anybody like you? I just wish you weren't--"

Molly bit her lip. "I shouldn't say that."

"Listen, Molly," I said. "It's not because I don't want to help you. It's just that I can't afford it. The rent I can do is buy you a few things now and then, such as part of your groceries."

She patted my hand. "I truly believe you would help me if you could. Maybe I ought to head my parents. They're most anxious to have me come home. I'm sure God will understand. However, I may have to return. And if I do, I'll arrange to live here for a year, then open my office. Meanwhile we'll have to wait and see what God wills."

She left Honolulu some ten days later by ocean liner, intending to stop over a week in Manila on her way back to Australia. Whether she returned to Honolulu I do not know, for an offer came from the West Coast in my line of work that I could not afford to turn down. The time had come when common sense demanded that I accept this opportunity for economic security and leave Hawaii no matter how much I love Paradise. And so, late in 1962, I moved to the West Coast with Clarabelle and the kids.

CHAPTER 31

Leaving Hawaii for the Mainland was not easy after twelve years of bawdry and open living among warm, friendly people of all colors and origins, whose mission was at a minimum. I knew I would sorely miss this beautiful land, so I tried to concentrate on the advantages of living in a large city on the West Coast. And by far the biggest compensation, other than economic, was the easy accessibility of known swingers.

I was quite elated by the mushrooming sex revolution and of finding partners by advertisement, something unthinkable a quarter of a century earlier when I was first introduced to multiple action. I began by reading national tabloids and personal ads, then joined some of the clubs advertising in their pages. I, too, had placed ads, inviting contact by women and couples visiting Hawaii, but had received few answers. I learned also that because of my distance from the scene, I would receive replies from men more than twenty-five or thirty per cent of the women and couples whose ads I answered. Some who did reply stated firmly they were interested only in personal meetings, not "long distance romance." Yet I did correspond extensively and in depth with a few partners, both single women and married couples. I received candid action pictures and husbands invited me to "tell in graphic detail" what I would do sexually to their wives should we meet, and encouraged me to write "hot love letters" directly to their spouses. I learned that many men had hang-ups like mine: they enjoyed seeing their wives fuck other men. Although I knew swingers would, and did, visit Hawaii, I was never lucky enough to correspond with any who planned to vacation in Paradise.
Because of Hawaii’s comparative isolation and the prevalence of gypsy within an ethnic group, few residents dared advertise and even then it was in the same vein I had: to establish contact with swinging tourists planning a trip to Hawaii.

I knew it would be altogether different with me living on the West Coast. I need not hold vigil in a park, hoping by luck to meet my kind of babe or couple. The West Coast, with its millions of residents, had thousands of active swingers hunting immediate action with new partners. All I needed was to read descriptions in ads, look at pictures, and write those who interested me within a radius of a few hundred miles, or who announced they were planning to vacation from Seattle to Los Angeles. I soon learned to immediately reveal I was black, big, college educated, quite mature and thoroughly experienced in many cultures, especially French. Although a sizable percentage of Cannibals wanted no contact outside their own ethnic group, the number of whites even in Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Texas who desired parties with Negros, or who already had such experiences and longed for more, was amazingly large. This I interpreted as the rebellion against sex taboos expanding to include rebellion against ethnic attitudes. One Texas wife in her first letter (a postscript to her husband’s reply) asked for my phallic size and said she wanted colored men “with the biggest pricks” she could find and enthusiastically described one black stud who, from the measurements quoted, could have frightened a mastodon. I thought how happy he would have made Gwen—old Cavern Cunt back in Honolulu. I also heard from a young white couple in Atlanta planning to vacation in California and anxious for a party with a Negro duo. When I told them I was a single and could not guarantee a black gal for the husband, they quit writing.

SEX REBEL: BLACK

One of my most memorable letters came from a strikingly sensual-looking blonde in Ohio who sent four Polaroid shots. One showed her standing in high boots, completely made except for long black net hose reaching to the top of her well shaped thighs; another showed a partner on the verge of showing his prick up her slit as she held the lips open, the third was of 69, and the fourth was taken just as she was placing her mouth around a hard, white cock.

In her completely uninhibited letter she wrote:

I sure am anxious to see a picture of you for your description of yourself really appeals to me. I picture your six-foot-breeze body in bed with me and I quiver. Yes, I love sex in all ways with colored men and am not ashamed of it in the least. I have been on dates with five or six Negro men (one at a time) and was thrilled by each one, but the best times I have ever had have been the three mixed parties I have been to. The most recent was March 27. These were three girls (one, another blonde and a redhead) and nine men (seven black and two white)—it was wonderful! My pussy still tingles whenever I think of it. Two of the Negro men had the biggest pricks I have ever seen and the three of us had to warm up a long time before we could take them, but it was sure worth it. Size isn’t everything; it’s the “know-how” that counts, but these two boys had both. One of the Negro men I have been out with has a small one but he sure knows how to use it. Is yours a fair size?

I would love to send you some pics of me with a Negro man (or men) but much to my regret, no one has ever taken any. I sure would like to make a movie with some! I have a secret desire to some time go out of town—Chicago or somewhere—and do some things I really want to do—go out late at
night with nothing on but high heels—take on several men out under the stars—sell myself as a prostitute just once—participate in making a stag movie with three or four others—have a short Lesbian affair with a Negro girl—take on a big dog just to see how I'd like it—do a complete strip on a stage in front of a large male crowd and then see how many I could take on before I wore out—and some other things I'll tell you about later.

This is my kind of woman: a strongly sexual, honest nudist. I have tremendous respect for a girl who knows what she wants and spells it out simply and plainly. Such is one of the many benefits of the present sex revolution and the growth of swingers' clubs. No longer need a man or woman with a powerful libido waste time playing hypothetical games when the goal is coitus, nor need anybody with common sense hit the hay with a partner and learn, to his chagrin, that his companion does not care for those activities which move him most. Even when not spelled out in the ads, through correspondence and possibly telephone calls one can determine prior to actual meeting whether a potential playmate is interested in Greek, French, English or Hispanic "culture." is a switch hitter, enjoys trio, quartets or exclusively homosexual parties; dog training, domination, restraint, submission, spanking, lingerie, tea parties, leather and rubber wear as well as any of the myriad moths which many individuals prefer.

I know that if ever I find myself within two hundred miles of this blonde swinger's home base and she is still available, I shall spend at least one wild night with her and any companions she cares to introduce into the act. There are also many others with whom I've swapped ideas and photographs that I intend to meet if at all possible. These days a man or woman

with strong and explicit sex desires can arrange as itinerary carrying him to any part of the Mainland U. S. and by mail prepare for all the specific action wanted.

If ever I visit New York again, I intend to contact a couple I shall call T— and A— A—, the wife, is French-Canadian and T—, the husband, is a black Brazilian. I answered their ad in which she specifically requested letters from colored men, and enclosed my photo. They sent me pictures of themselves together, completely clothed, and of A— in a bikini. About five feet three, she looked delectably sexy with her brumette hair piled high on her head. Her face held the piquancy frequently found among the French and her full lips were a real delight to the eye. She wrote:

The reason I advertised for a Negro is not like most people think, just some nymphos or nut cases. I get kicks with just anyone. That is not so. I happen to be married to a Brazilian (intermediary), who I love and I am more than satisfied with, but I look like variety once in a while. In our case the context affects us both very strongly. I have been with white men who were well endowed, intelligent and competent lovers, but who failed to move me in any way as there was no attraction there to start with. I have also parted with couples, some white, some colored or mixed, and some colored men who, though virile and endowed, didn't move me either. There has to be some magnetism for me. So you see I don't care for sex just for sex alone. There has to be warmth for me to respond the way a man's ego needs for him to be stimulated and at the same time be uninhibited the way he would want me to be.

"My husband has travelled around the world four times and has lived in Europe. Therefore his outlook on life and sex is so different from ours in
the States. He can get his kicks out of being a spectator as long as he can see I'm really enjoying myself. We have a wonderful future planned for us and things are so solid we don't worry about anyone getting involved emotionally."

In reply, I sincerely praised the way she looked and told her I would love to have a session with both. She wrote back, "you were so sweet and flattering to me, in reference to my pictures, that I'm enclosing two more you may keep." Also in color, but dressed differently, they reinforced my original verdict that she was a very special woman. She went on to say that T— didn't care for any kind of action with men, but loved to see them with other women.

"He'd enjoy it if he saw someone like you making love to me," she wrote. "If he sees I'm pleased, then he's pleased. If you visited us, for example, he would watch us and get the greatest kick out of seeing you kissing and caressing me. Then he'd tell us to go to the bedroom and knock ourselves out. He might, or might not, join us and get his kick, he'd go to bed in another room and you and I could continue. If we killed each other enough, you could stay overnight and we could start all over again in the morning."

Couples like T— and A— (and their numbers grow daily) are both practical and honest. Unlike the repressed majority, they enjoy sex without guilt or emotional problems. Both accept sex for what it is: the supreme pleasure. They, like most swingers, have learned that emotional involvement is not essential for erotic sex. In fact, such outside activities often cement and spice a marriage. Statistics show that divorce rates among confirmed swingers are far lower than among non-swinging couples. One of the great effects of the sex revolution is the growing number of husbands and wives who refuse to be regimented into monogamy with what would be neurotic crippling for them. Of course not all people want variety; but it is an unjust and dictatorial for those capable only of the monotony of monogamy to insist that we all follow this restrictive practice, as it would be for swingers, were they in control of social patterns, to demand that all couples swap partners so many times per month.

A— continued: "I'd like to know in every detail what you'd like to do to me and with me, although frankly I'm not capable of writing like that myself. I'd say and do anything under the sun with you and to you, except Greek culture which T— loves with a woman and I'm not capable of taking, and it's too late to train me now. This has something to do with making the return when you're younger. I'm told, but I made up for it in every other way."

With her photos to inspire me, I sent her a letter which must have scored the mails. I did not hear from her again for several weeks. She then wrote she had unexpectedly entered a hospital for an operation but was now recuperating and expected to be back to normal soon. Then she went on:

"Every time I read your last letter I feel all kinds of crazy shivers and thrills all through me. I can feel your lips and tongue caressing me and can't wait until I feel what must be a beautiful experienced black sick fucking my pink slit. I'll be saying plenty when I feel your mouth savoring all of my wet cunt and I have your cock in my mouth. Now you're making me write like I don't ordinarily do. It's a good thing the doctor took my stitches out last week. I'd better close before I have a relapse."

I view such uninhibited correspondence as paving the way for immediate action when the writers come to the West Coast or I visit their clubs. But for instant sex, I answer Pacific Coast ads, using a post office box and an assumed name. In my first letter I make it plain that I am black, following an experience with a.
widowed schoolteacher of forty-two in Nevada. She told me in her reply to my initial note exactly what she liked, and how, sent along an action photo, and anounced she planned to spend her Easter vacation in San Francisco and would like to meet me. Since her desires were fully in my bag, I wrote back enthusiastically and metioned, in closing, that I was Negro, I never heard from her again.

However, the number of white babes interested in at least one meeting with a Negro male has been far more than I could handle. Invariably I mention my size, tell essential facts and enclose a picture. Many leap at the chance to hail a big black stud. Age seems to make little difference; undoubtedly many of those in their twenties combine an unsalted Louisiana yen for their male parents with a desire to taste another forbidden fruit: sex with a Negro. I thus give them a chance to kill two birds with the same stone.

Seldom do I meet the same gal more than two or three times. After all, we seek novelty and variety. Also there is the possibility that some unattached single babe may become emotionally involved if sex-scapades continue indefinitely. That's another reason for not using my right name. I reveal it only to those I judge to be safe and responsible.

Thus far I have had few disappointments with either couples or dolls. Quite a few married persons do not consider these a crowd and will party with another woman or man. I steer clear of chicks advertising for "general male companion" no matter how good they look in pictures. I do not intend to pay cash for sex when there are so many thoroughly desirable dolls willing to spend their own funds traveling to meet me because I have the kind of looks and specialized talent they crave. There are, of course, prostitutes who have started using club bulletin for contacts, write temperatures rising replies to letters, hope in meetings, wait...

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until both she and the panting male have stripped for action, then ask big fees, but I have met none of these and have never done. There are also those masquerad-
ing by mail as single women to obtain the thrill of passionate correspondence from men. I exchanged several burning letters with one of them; however I grew suspicious when repeated requests for "her" picture were ignored and wrote the bulletin editor. A check-up exposed this member as a fraud, and he was expelled. Reputable clubs are strict about weeding out frauds, so long as such persons can harm the reputation and subse-
quent income of a swingers' organization. Admittedly some women do not live up to the promise of their pictures which—much too frequently—have been taken years before, but I have never met a gal swinger in person who I didn't find appetizing enough to enjoy despite misleading photos. Frankly, had I casually met some of them I would not have taken a second glance; the fact that we had corresponded and revealed enough about our desires and personalities projected a positive-enough image to more than compensate for any unexpected deficiencies in appearance. Whoever thought up the idea of personal ads for swingers deserves a medal of honor.
The ad in the club bulletin read:
CAT. — WC1173 — Couple 35 & 30, she stunning,
prepossessing redhead with waist length hair, domi-
nant, 5' 11", 155, ve 42-24-41; he 6", 190, sub-
missive seeking bizarre and exciting experiences with singles, couples. Have secluded pad. See her photo.

Built like that? Long red hair? I'd had little expe-
rience with redheads. I searched through the pages for
her picture, found it, and looked — and looked — and
looked. She was completely nude, except for high heels
and hazy black panties, standing in profile with only
part of her face showing. But that was enough to send
me in all directions at once. I don't go for the andro-
neurotic syndrome, but with a fantastic dream of a
woman like this I'd try even this once. I wrote to the
code number.

Two weeks passed before a reply came, my think-
ing meanwhile here's a couple that doesn't dig Negroes.
But when I oped her letter, all was forgiven. She had
sent me a color portrait, front view, nude except for
long, elbow-length gloves, positioned to hide her pubic
area. Her lips were partially open and head tilted
slightly back. I fashioned a whimsical thought: her face
looks like Sophia Loren's if Sophia looked twice as
sexy. Yet this was absurd. How could any other wom-
man look even as good as the Italian glamour queen
when she was the most desirable woman I had ever
seen? But the thought persisted; I suppose because her
blissous display dispelled another trill, that of odd superior
sloveness. Wedded with extreme sensuousness, it was a
strange and incongruous combination that made my
doubly stimulated, he joins in any further action. I might add we are both bi-sexual and stage our sessions in a large, specially equipped and soundproof room in our rather sizable residence high in the hills above L.A.

What we want to know is this: how would you like to see us clothes off and ‘naps’ see in front of Andy while he looks on, powerless to prevent it? I realize this may have unpleasant connotations, because of the stereotypes of a ‘beauty black brute raping a white woman,’ but I assure you it has no actual racial significance. I mean that if prejudice were involved, neither Andy nor I would relish the idea of your having sexual congress with me. But after seeing your picture and reading your letter, I am, frankly, highly aroused at the prospect of going to bed with you. And Andy is equally enthused. So we have the unique situation in which both husband and wife eagerly invite you to participate in a nape. Incidentally, there may be others present who are as anxious as we for the maiden experience of partying with a colored man.

If the idea appeals to you, let me know when it will be convenient for you to get together with us and we’ll arrange everything.

Please don’t disappoint us. We are sincere about this.

FLAME

A postscript at the bottom in a different handwriting added:

I agree wholeheartedly with everything my wife says. It would be a real blast, Andy.

Well, now. Did this mean they really were chowhounds, despite what she said? Actually probably less than most whites. A genuine nape would not stage a rape.

for fun and games. Instead he would be inclined toward extreme violence if a black man dared “defile white womanhood.” Yet both Flame and Andy obviously desired this and expected to get a solid boot out of the happening. Of course there might be a few remnants of chauvinism or they would not expect real kicks. However, virtually all whites had some latent prejudice which they would vehemently deny were it pointed out to them. So I might as well join in. I took another long look at Flame’s picture, thinking to feel a new naked body like that against mine, I’d put up with a lot of crap. Besides, I felt they’d draw the line at whatever point I designated.

I replied immediately. In return, they asked me to come to their home at seven o’clock the following Saturday night. Flame also gave me their phone number so I could call and discuss the evening’s program.

At the appointed hour I drove up to the address in a Los Angeles suburb I’d never before visited. Judging from the house I passed, this was a residential area of the wealthy. Flame and Andy’s dwelling was set back from the main road in a small estate of obviously considerable acreage; the house looked to me as if it had cost at least a hundred-thousand dollars. This couple was undoubtedly well off. I saw a Continental and a Jaguar parked in their big garage.

A white-jacketed Yippie let me in when I rang the bell and led me through a long, richly-carpeted hall to a flight of steps, then down to a closed door in the basement. He pressed a button and a buzzer soundly. He grinned as he pushed the door open for me and left.

I entered.

Before me was a huge room, with a couch and bed and immaculately covered, stools of all shapes, sizes and colors covering much of the rubber-tile floor. At
the opposite end were two doors. Immediately in front of them was a clear space. In a brief glance I saw several rings imbedded in a wall, four metal posts rising some twelve inches from the floor, and an assortment of strange items for which I could see no use. The walls at both ends, one of the long side walls and the entire ceiling were completely mirrored; the other long side wall was a vast round by an artist, obviously influenced by Vargas, depicting men and women of all colors, sizes and shapes in every conceivable coital position at a huge orgy. Lighting was soft, multi-colored and indirect, and I heard soft music from Duphine and Chloe. All this registered on my mind as I walked toward the couple seated on the couch in the opposite half of the room.

The woman had to be Flame and I assumed the man was Andy. However, he could have been a two-headed freak and I would not have noticed, for my eyes were glued to Flame. Her fantastically beautiful, long hair was a glowing, fiery red and I thought how perfectly the name of Flame suited her. She wore a simple, form-fitting green dress, ending a couple of inches above her knees. When she slowly and languorously arose as I came close, I saw its color was a perfect match for her eyes. I halted in front as soon as I saw her.

"So you came," she said in a low, throaty boudoir voice.

I nodded. With a wave of her hand she said, "This is my husband, Andy." He grinned a greeting.

"Would you like a drink?" she asked.

I shook my head. "You are intoxicating enough."

She smiled. "Kiss me." She flung her arms around my neck. My tongue was in her mouth before she finished speaking. She bit my ear, whispering, "You're exactly what I want! Now go into your act."

I turned to Andy. "I'm gonna fuck your wife."

Flame and I by phone had prepared the broad outlines of the tableau we were to perform.

"Now wait a minute," said Andy, half rising from the couch.

"I haven't said I'd go to bed with you," Flame interjected.

"I'm not asking," I said. "I'm telling."

"I'll be damned if I'll have anything to do with you that way," she said.

"You hear her," Andy said. "You'd better not bother her sexually."

"The hell I won't." I tried to sound tough. Flame's arms had fallen to her side. I grabbed her shoulders and shoved her back on the couch. Then I turned to her husband, "I'm gonna fix you so you can't move, then I'll rape your wife right in front of you." I turned to Flame. "Get over here and help me truss up your husband or I'll best your ass so bad you'll have to wear it in a sling." She seemed to hesitate. "Now!" I shouted in my loudest and most imperious tone.

She rose without a word. "Show me where to take him and be quick about it," I ordered. She pointed to the four posts on the floor, which I now saw had chains attached by steel chains. I picked up Andy bodily, carried him to the area and deposited him on the floor, face up, "Chain him," I ordered. She locked a chain around each wrist and ankle, leaving him spreadeagled. "That'll take care of you," I said.

Turning to Flame, I commanded, "Come here, bitch!" She came slowly closer, and from her flushed face and breathing, she was strongly excited by this new game. "I'm gonna rape you," I said. Reaching down, I grabbed the hem of her dress and yanked hard. There was a ripping sound as it tore, I snatched it off and she stood before me in black bras and panties. Flame made a moderate show of resistance as I ripped her bras in two, and those big beautiful jugs jiggled
free, and then I matched her parties, exposing the reddish brown hair of her muff. It was long and dense, almost a wilderness.

And her skin, her absolutely flawless skin! It had the delicate shimmering velvet softness of the petals of a young pink rose; under the indirect light her flush was luminous, almost incandescent in its glowing warmth. I have never seen a lady to equal Flame's for not even Charlène at her youthful best was her match. Flame was big-boned; although too large by Hollywood standards she stiffened the breath and blanched the eye of those who appreciate ample flesh on a female frame. There was no fat, only solid symmetry. I think Rosalind would have needed a straightjacket had she seen her curves. Her legs and thighs were a living lesson for artists in their perfection. I stared in worshipful awe at the beautiful, sensual proportions of hips, waist and breasts. I was so overawed with lust at her holiness that at this moment I would willingly have become her slave for life to be near her; I could have looked up to her as a deity. For a while I stood as if paralyzed; then I wanted to lower her to the cushions and leisurely run my tongue over every nook and hair of her body. But I realized this would have to wait; that's hardly the way to rape a woman.

"Lie down on your back on the floor close to your husband and don't you dare move away," I commanded, in a voice husked by desire.

As I hurried out of my clothing, Andy pleaded that I not molest his wife. Her long thighs were together when I got down beside her.

"Open them," I commanded.

"Make me," she said.

I pulled her knees apart, kneeling immediately between them. Although my hand was actually shaking, I felt her cunt and pulled the lips apart, for I was compelled to see her pussy. One labia was of normal size but the other was at least an inch longer, a freakish but fascinating imbalance I have seen in only three or four women. Both, however, were thick and thoroughly moistened by her secretions.

"What are you doing to my wife?" Andy asked, pulling roughly at his chains and writhing.

"Getting ready to show my black prick up her pink pussy and give her a real fuck," I replied and entered, sliding in easily. I didn't move, wanting only to lie above her, feeling the beat of her fabulous body as I ran my hands in appreciation over legs, thighs, hips and titties. But Flame was limp. She tightened her muscles twice as if choking my pole, then began humping beneath me, throwing her arms around my neck, legs around my waist and shoving her open mouth hard against mine.

"Please, God's sake—don't rape my wife," Andy pleaded, me, thinking through all the burgeoning sensation this must be the goddamnedest rape in history, with the victim more eager for action than the culprit.

Flame was a Skinner and smarter, her breath expelling forcibly in huf blasts as we moved rhythmically. I shifted my hand down between her rotating hips to push a finger up her asshole. With her mouth full of my tongue, her cunt full of my cock and her butthole full of my finger, I had all orifices holes pleased. She responded with an earthquake of a climax which seemed me into orbit, and hit my tongue, lip, neck and shoulder. Obviously I liked her style, for she would not shoo me to immediately break our connection—nor, frankly, did I want to for I could have gladly spent the remainder of my life in her. Flame held me tightly to her body so she flowed intermittently.

I had for the moment completely forgotten Andy until he broke in with "I told you not to fuck my wife." I raised up on my arms without withdrawing and
looked at him. Obviously he was tremendously
aroused, for his face was red and his fly curved up-
ward.
"You no good bastard," Flame almost roared. "If
you were half a man you would not let another stud
come into your own home and rape me." She made an
effort to move and, reluctantly, I rolled off. "You clean
us both up. You're gonna get a real whipping after-
ward."

She crawled over Andy, spermatizated all above his
mouth and asshole touching his nose. Pulling her
thickly buttered pink lips apart, she poked inside with
one finger and let me semen flow into his open mouth,
but only for a few seconds, me thinking Andy and I
have similar hang-ups. Then she arose, her husband
straining to follow her to the limit of his chains, and
said, "That's your share. The rest is for Marie."

"Oh, you, Marie," he sighed.

"Who's Marie?" I asked.

"One of our group. She's..." At this point a bell rang
and Flame went over to a wall and pressed a button.
The same buzzing sound began as when I ran.

"Clean him up," she told Andy just as she disap-
peared behind one of the doors.

I bent down so that my soft shaft could fall between
his open jaws and rocking tongue. I was still in that
position when she became conscious of two gals and a
guy coming over to where we were. One woman was an
amphibious blonde with short hair; the other was a
skinner but quite shapely bustie with an upweep
hair-do. Their male companion was both short and
thin. I judged none older than thirty-two or three. All
three smiled at me, and Andy calmly continued his
mopping up operation, performing so effectively I felt
a tiny surge of renewed life.

"Do you know," the blonde said, watching Andy,
"until now I thought he had been waxed years ago?"

Her companions laughed, but Andy paid them no
attention. They began undressing and I arose.

"You may as well meet the others," Andy said. "The
blonde's Marie. The other gal is Lou, and the fellow is
Jake."

I acknowledged the introductions as I watched them
divorce. There's nothing like new potential partners to
launch an erection, even with a swinger as old as I, and
by the time both babes were completely nude I had a
workable hard. Of course neither gal was anywhere
near Flame's class, but my tongue has often been set
for dolls with far less appeal than Marie or Lou. I
couldn't go wrong with either one.

"Say, you're terrific," Lou said admiringly. "That's a
real convincing show you put on with Flame."

I looked mostassitively at Andy.

"Close circuit TV," he said. "They watched in an-
other room. Hope you didn't mind."

"Of course not. I'd have no stage fright before a
filled Hollywood Bowl."

"Here's Flame," Jake said reverently. I turned just
as the door opened, and gasped.

She stood for a few dramatic moments, letting the
two effects of her striking appearance sink into our
minds. And I see "striking" intentionally, for she was
dressed to administer discipline. Long, black-leather
boots, with heels so high she walked on her toes, came
up her thighs, holding rodded to her flush and con-
trasting with its warm color, ending almost at the apex
of her thick triangular butt. Her flat belly was bare,
then just above her cove began a coat of the same
soft black leather, pulling her already small waist to a
tiny size, emphasizing the wide-flowing curve of her
voluptuous hips, and holding her big, alluring breasts
high with generous cutouts for areolae and nipples. A
half mask, also black, covered her face, and long, black
gloves reaching to the middle of her upper arms com-
piled the Swan costume. In one hand she held a leather whip. With her heels she was now several inches taller than 1, a big, fantastic, gorgeous, seductive Amazon who was undisputed mistress of the world before her.

And yet, although I had once been willing even to let her tug me, her regalia had the opposite effect. I was thankful, for it snapped me out of the hypnotic trance into which I had fallen when I came into the room. The overpowering willingness to pay her total emotional tribute vanished and I saw her now in proper perspective: A woman who I felt certain I could enjoy sexually every time I saw her but could never worship. Flame was now so obviously the dominatrix that I refused to be dominated. Maybe it was my socioconformity rising to the top, but I knew that if once she attempted to use the whip on me I would do what I hated: hit a woman. My desire now was to tame her if ever it came to a battle of wills. I think this twist have been written in my face, for she stared at me intently, evidently came to a quick decision, momentarily dropped her eyes, then spoke to Marie.

"Come here," she commanded. "Andy started, now you finish cleaning me with your tongue."

Flame strode majestically to the couch and placed one foot upon it. Marie came over, knelt down and showed her mouth where Flame’s chaps joined, her mistress, meanwhile gently rocking Marie’s ravished bottom with her whip. Perhaps it was due to the contrast between black leather and white flesh, but I have never seen a more exciting exhibition of fencing. I was so aroused I was tempted to go over, push Marie aside, and thrust my own tongue into Flame’s gorgeous gap.

"That’ll do for now," Flame said, shoving Marie away. "We’ve got to punish Andy. You saw him let me be raped without lifting a finger to prevent it." She withdrew a small ring of keys from a small pouch on the outside of her boots, flung them to Jake, and ordered the trio to love Andy, remove his clothes, and chain him to the wall. They obeyed speedily.

With her lips set in a straight line, she walked quickly over to her chained husband, who looked back apprehensively over a shoulder. Drawing back the whip, she brought it down hard across his upper back, the lightly weighted thongs raising dark red welts on his bare flesh. He winced, crying out. Again and again she jerked him, marking his shoulders, waist, buttocks and upper thighs. I looked from one to the other of the observing trio. Last painted their faces at each streak of the whip and Andy’s yelps of pain. As for Flame, she was still unbelievably beautiful but now her face was clouded with evil. As for me, I felt nothing erotic. Discipline has never turned me on sexually.

When she stopped, Andy still whimpered. His back was not bleeding, but he was severely bruised. The satanic look had for the most part left Flame’s face as she commanded:

"Turn him loose, Lou, give him a good screw. He really wants it now."

Lou got down on the closest couches and opened her legs as Andy, now freed and stiff as a post, thrust into her. He had hardly begun screwing before Jake came up behind, parted his buttocks and pushed his own rod up Andy’s moving ass. Never before had I witnessed buggery, and although it left me cold, I was fascinated by the sight of three frantic figures fucking simultaneously. Flame sat on the couch, head in one hand, whip in the other, closely observing until the granting trio speed and subsided.

"Nice show," she commented. "Turning to me, she said, "Won’t you like to eat my pussy and take on Marie at the same time?"

"I’d love it," I said fervently.
"Better get on your back with an extra cushion under your bottom," she said, and I noticed she did not use the imperious tone with which she addressed the other. I lay down. She placed a leather booted leg on each side of my head, facing towards the front, then slowly lowered herself, me groaning at last, at last here comes heaven! I'm finally going to taste this appetizing cunt. My mouth was open and my tongue reaching as her moist labia made contact with my lips. Quickly I explored her full uneven flaps with my mouth, her tongue and that between them, and sniffed deeply. Her cunt odor was divine, as I knew it would be, and I squeezed and patted and rubbed her firm hips with both hands. My prick was rigid. I felt Marie's thighs pressing the outside of my own and her gentle woman's hand take my cock and guide it up into her hot, slippery slot. Flame half turned and called to Lou, "Get with it." Then I felt my hips being pulled apart and a warm, wet tongue slowly tongue each hairy ball, then make its way slowly down the narrow between my nates to the center, stop, explore all around, then plunge inside. I moaned and momentarily closed my eyes from the sheer bliss of this new triple sensation of piercing on Flame's grasp, fucking Marie impaled on my pole, and Lou's tongue up my anus hole. I was glad I had already ejaculated earlier, so that I could prolong the enjoyment. I could have nibbled on Flame the rest of my life. Inspecting the long lip, I stuck it, bit, chewed. Then placing my mouth between them and over the hole itself, I took a deep breath and blow into her vagina. Flame jumped slightly in surprise, and the air rushed back out mainly like small firecrackers. "Do that again," she asked immediately afterwards and I complied. (Later she told me it felt as if all her internal organs were trying to escape through her pussy, producing an erotic and erotic thrill she had never previously experienced.) Then I shifted to her clitoris, licking rapidly with my tongue. She shoved herself down against my face, seizing the back of my head to hold my mouth to her cunt as I pressed hard against her hips. The sheer ecstasy of orally satisfying her would have been almost enough to drive me to climax alone, but the talented twirling of Marie and Lou's tongues in combination triggered an orgasm that all but shattered me; I groaned in a voice that even Flame's wonderful thighs pressing powerfully against me could not completely smother while Marie shoved her crotch against me with all her strength to hold me deep inside her grabbing gap and get the full force of my ejecting sperm. Lou tried her best to keep up with my violent twitching but for the sake of her personal safety was forced to remove her head. I felt as if I were hurtling from planet to planet. I was a long time reentering earth's atmosphere.

It must have been mutually cataclysmic, for we were in no hurry to untangle. Finally Flame said, "Everybody off," giving me a quick, quizzing look of what I assumed was appreciation. "Joke, it's your turn. Lick him clean. And you, Andy, clean up Marie. Now come here Lou.

They followed orders, but I was especially interested in watching Lou. The slender brunette lay down on the cushions and Flame got over her, at an angle, placing one leg between her thighs and positioning her body until their clitorises touched, then began rubbing and covering her pelvis. Lou followed each movement with her own body, and stared, watching Flame's luxuriant lips. The red lines smothered, seduced Lou's head and hid it tight against her. Their tempo increased, and their little cries blended as they climaxed. John meanwhile had been muffling my prick, but I did not get hard again. When Flame and Lou finished, I pushed his butt away. Andy and Marie, meanwhile, were in fits.
When Flame turned from Lou and saw them fending each other, she leaped up and lashed Marie's shaking buttocks with her whip. Marie jumped.

"Who told you to suck each other?" Flame demanded.

"Vile, nobody," Marie said.

"I tell you what to do," Flame said, striking her again. "You don't improve on your own." Again the whip descended. Marie rolled to one side, rubbing her smarting hips, and looked fearful. "Do that you won't forget who your mistress is, you may ride me around the floor."

Marie obediently placed herself on all fours and Flame got astride her as she would a horse, using her whip as a riding crop to control her mount. Luckily for Marie, she was sturdy built, but even so, Flame kept her going until she was almost exhausted. Then Flame stood up and flopped her three times across the flawless section of her backside before turning to her husband, who was waiting nearby on the floor.

"As for you," Flame said to him, "cheering up Marie wasn't enough. I'll have to see to it that you get more in your mouth. On your back."

Without a word Andy got supine on the bare tile. Flame squatted above him until her cunt was only a couple of inches above his mouth, which had opened, and pissed. "Now I served him this moment! Call it submission, discipline or what you will, that kind of disembowelment I would joyfully accept from Flame. I would let her know that she simply had to peg in my mouth, too. Most of the warm stream went into his end cavity and we saw him gulp as he swallowed, but some hit his face and dribbled down his cheeks. I noticed that soon after his mouth filled, his dick flagged into rigidity, even as mine under similar stimulation."

"I want to be sure you get enough," Flame said as the last few gleaming drops slid off her labia. "Marie and Lou, you're next. You stude, give him a shower. Plus on his pater."

The gals did as ordered, Lou going first. At the same time Jake boxed his genitals. I felt a little odd when my turn came, but Andy seemed to enjoy it all. I had no strong desire for Marie and Marie this way—only for Flame.

"Jake," Flame said, "You've been a pretty good boy tonight. As a reward, I'll let you smack on my snatch. You may fuck Marie at the same time." Turning to me, she said, "Why don't you take on Lou?"

"I'd love to," I said, "But twice is my limit these days."

"I feel cheated," Lou said.

Flame frowned. "Well, if you can't, you can't. Andy, if you're okay now, you take Lou."

Her husband had dried himself with a towel, and he lay between Lou's legs, slamming immediately up her slit. Flame got above Jake as she had over me, and Marie eased down on his shaft. I watched intently, eyes traveling back and forth like a tennis ball, but despite the stimulating sight of copulating bodies, I could not get hard again.

When they finished and rested, I told Flame, "There's nothing wrong with my mouth, Marie. I want to eat your loaded pussy now. And Lou, keep Andy in you until I'm finished with Marie. You're next."

"So you like that," Flame commented.

"Of course. I'm a Gourmet of Goth. And I especial- ly want to drink the cream of your cunt right after you've fucked."

She smiled, looking pleased. "Well, I'll remember that for next time."

I left soon after I had lapped the sex sauce from both Marie and Lou, enjoying every drop as well as the distinctive taste and smell of their wet cunts. As a
farewell for the evening. I planted a long and passionate kiss inside the lips of Flame’s pussy.

I was certain that the others had enjoyed the session and we would get together again. I was right; since then I’ve been to her way-out happenings three times, twice as official rapist to break in new partners who yearned for the experience, and once for an orgy with the same group. Thus far I’ve been able to do everything I want with Flame, and I have no doubt I shall see her and Andy many times in the future. I doubt if I could ever tire of her sexuality, but to take her inclusion taking her hang-ups, and I cannot stand a steady diet of the bizarre. I suppose this is all for the best, however, since it prevents my becoming more involved.

Once I ran into her alone and had a long and illuminating talk. She was dancing professionally when she met Andy, who had recently inherited two million dollars. Andy went for her immediately, as would most men—she included. But Andy had one great advantage: money. He soon became aware of her dominant nature, which dovetailed with his masochism. After considerable discussion and expensive courting, she finally consented to quit show business and marry him, but with the stipulation that he set aside four-hundred-thousand dollars in a special fund with no strings attached, so that should the marriage go sour, she would have security. He did so willingly. Thus by there was nothing to indicate they would ever part, for both thoroughly loved the life they lived. As for me, she said she sensed the first night I came to her place, that while I was moderately submissive, she could not dominate and discipline me as she did the rest of her sex companions but because of my other assets she was content to leave it that way.

CHAPTER 33

As I end this I have reached the age, 62, at which a surprisingly large number of American men have stopped their active sex life. As for me, I have no intention of quitting, and despite a wide variety of experiences still look forward to new partners and variations I have not yet tried. Of course I am not as virile as twenty years ago, but my enthusiasm has not diminished. Under favorable circumstances, as with Flame and her crowd, I am occasionally capable of two emissions in a single session, but that is an exception. With the decrease in potency has come a compensating increase in eficiency. In my youth I cared only for my own satisfaction. I calculated four times with my first all-night partner. Months later she told me I’d have left her crawling the wall had I not been capable of repeated orccusements; she didn’t obtain release until the third congress. As time passed, I adapted the policy of seeing to it that my companion has at least one orgasm before I climax. That is why I invariably, unless requested to do otherwise, begin with clitorius. And that is also why many young women prefer older, mature men, for they know a sensitive and thoroughly experienced stud is so interested in pleasing his partner as getting his own kicks. I am no longer selfish, the common complaint against young men.

As I aged, my tastes altered. Only twenty years ago I would not have considered a woman of forty for a romp—particularly if she had gray hair. Today I can happily walk down a busy street without seeing women obviously in their fifties, and occasionally around my age, who have that magic which turns me on. Sometime times I even reminisce about the willing women I
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of saying, "I do want to marry you" if she had been smart enough to arouse you to such a high pitch you'd agree to anything later to get in her pants now. She, of course, had proven to you she was neither a "tramp" nor "an easy mark." On the other hand, if she did let you fuck her, there was always the chance you would lose interest and from now on view her with contempt, for didn't everybody know that "nice girls" went to bed only when they married?

This ritual requires a belief in a pair of myths: first, sex outside of marriage is sin; and, second, woman is created for man's pleasure and has no erotic desires of her own worthy of consideration.

Unless a guy or gal believed nonmarital sex is sin, there would be no onus to coltus out of wedlock. And unless there was a belief in female inferiority and the double standard, with the male privileged to behave as he wished, a boy would not "lose respect" for a girl who "went all the way." Even today with its crumbling mores, if a doll survives both her parents' and society's traditional attempts to subvert her instinctive desires and make her frigid, and instead has a healthy, normal interest of her own in coltus, instead of yielding to "do a favor" for a boy, she is still condemned in many circles as a "whore," a girl with "loose morals."

Along with my peers, I accepted this ritual and its myths in my youth. But being a nonconformist and freethinker, I rejected this as so much bullshit before I became old enough to vote. Today I have respect only for those emancipated women who are sexual realists. I salute the honest "easy marks" and "whores" who have sex relations because they really want to, and have only contempt for those females hungry for a stiff prick but lacking the moral strength to break their ridiculous Puritanical bonds or who want to barter their flesh only for a marriage license.

If America were as civilized as, say, Scandinavia or
some of the "patriotic, inferior" cultures in various parts of the world, women would be as free or man to go to bed immediately with anybody who turned them on and they would not lose status. In the first place, a normal woman gets as much pleasure from a good sex in bed as does a man. I like to know if a woman who turns me sexually is moved by me. If so, let's get with it. Why waste time observing a ritual?

No person with a strong libido should be expected to waste precious days going through a senseless ritual with everybody who moves him. In a world of three billion, there are at any given time at least a million people capable of aspiring even to a fulsome sexual relationship. That is around one-tenth of one per cent of the total population. Even if it were possible for a radical swinger to make out with these completely different partners every day for a hundred years, he or she could still take on only a measly ten per cent of those found sexually desirable. As for me, the number of those I'd have to bed exceeds one in three thousand—so that after a hundred years I could not get around to even ten percent of those who write me.

Since it is at best possible to copulate only with a minuscule proportion of possible partners, the sense-descending ritual of romance becomes even more wanton. That is why the swingers' clubs are of such value to the strangely sexual. Today you can begin mail order partners. Through letters, pictures and phone calls, you know what to expect before you meet a person and can get down to business immediately after meeting.

Sex is fun, and I do not need emotional involvement to have fun. Although I like intellectual support, many women have that something which won turn me into a bore. Without a word being spoken. Unless a person is sexually repressed or retard, what we call love is not at all necessary to fully enjoy coitus. Some of my

most pleasurable episodes have been with women I would never think of marrying.

I have no yen for virgins and rarely for teenagers. Prior to the growth of the clubs, I was seldom interested in chiks in their early twenties. My usual preference is for a gal between twenty-eight and fifty with thirty-five the ideal age. Usually it takes a woman thirty years to learn how to live and love, to become realistic and discard false ideals instilled by an anti-sexual society. At thirty-five a woman should know how to thoroughly give and receive horizontal pleasure if ever she's going to, and should still be at her physical peak, with all the baser knowledge available, and if she is smart can maintain her allure for fifteen to twenty years more. I'm as hungry today as I ever was for Hedy Lamarr, Jean Crawford, Ginger Rogers, Dolores Del Rio and Marlene Dietrich. And I find some personalities, notably Peggy Lee and Barbara Stanwyck, far more appealing today than they were twenty-five years ago. As for girls in their twenties, the sex revolution has permitted emancipation at an earlier age so that many now are as sophisticated as were women of thirty-five a quarter of a century ago.

There are many female characteristics that excite me, for I have no special fetish. It may be lips, legs, breasts, hair, nose, mouth, complexion, voice, walk, personality—the list is long. I like an ample bust but not a big belly. I do not care for a hairless one; I love to see and feel a thick thicket. I prefer large lips and a plump figure—and the more voluptuous the better when she is aroused the better I like it.

Since puberty I have possessed a vigorous sex drive; I could not be a swinger without it. I regret none of my experiences or unusual appetites; for me they are normal. Undoubtedly I could have conformed to the strict moral code which society professes to accept—but by now I would have been in a mental hospital.
or sublimation would have turned me into a raging black fascist or criminal. Instead I chose to try to satisfy my sexual desires—and so today I am a calm, emotionally stable citizen. But I would no more recommend my way of sex life to a man with a weak libido than I would advocate celibacy for myself. I have also learned to accept as perfectly normal for that individual those sex practices which differ from mine and which I personally reject.

How long a normally healthy man retains his ability to genitally copulate depends upon his mental and emotional make-up, plus his basic sex drive and activity. Some men develop emotional fatigue from years of having the same partner (an argument against strict monogamy), others have a weak libido. But it is a scientific fact, stressed by Kinsey, that those who early launch an active sex life usually last longer, and that an individual who has regular activity may continue until the eighties, nineties or even the age of one hundred. Coitus is like so many other sports; to maintain ability you must practice regularly.

I intend to stay in condition.

THE END