

SERCON-NAVIGATION

◆◆Sercon-navigation #27 is brought to you by the memory factory of Tom Springer, who resides at 2255 E. Sunset, Las Vegas, NV 89119. Phone #: 263-6234. Possible column contribution to WH, but am not quite sure. At least I have soemthing for this mailing! Hooray. Member fwa, CSFL, and supporter afal.◆◆

The smartest thing to come out of a woman's mouth is Einstien's dick.

Mickey Buffalo

Those are, in fact, the first words I heard come out of Mickey's mouth on the day I met her. In the summer of 1989 Mickey was selling land in the Buffalo Valley, a rural area just north of Tehachapi, where I was selling land in Alpine Forest Park. Mickey had come in to find out how we were doing. She was leaning over the counter in a purple-blue dress with knee-high white cowboy boots, wrists, fingers, ears, and neck adorned with silver and turquoise jewelry. A thick unruly mane of white hair cushioned the black cowboy hat perched atop her head. I don't know how old she was but no amount of make-up could hide the wrinkles and lines that pruned her hag-like face to the extent of making her large yellow teeth seem as big as a horse's. She was old and ugly and very friendly.

"The smartest thing to come out of a woman's mouth is Einstien's dick," she told Asa with authority. Asa, my partner/broker laughed (I could tell he had to force it) and waved me over.

"Tom, c'mon over here, there's somebody I want you to meet." I ambled over, hands in my pockets. "Tom, I want you to meet Mickey Buffalo." I took her dry liverspotted claw into my hand and we shook, looking eachother in the eyes. I smiled. Then she did too.

"Tom is Jim Springer's son and he's working with me now," Asa explained.

"Ooh, so your Jim Springer's little boy!" She looked at me anew, more calculated. "We'll have to get together at Stallion Springs for a drink sometime, soon," she crooned to us. It turned out she knew my father back in the Murrieta Hot Springs days when he was selling for Morry Shanker. (Coincidentally enough, Joyce used to work for him too.) Asa passed this information on to me after Mickey had left. Mickey used to be a groupie. She'd hang out with the salesmen in the evening and take the drunk leftovers of her choice to bed and wring them every which way. Mickey had worked her way up from groupie to hostess in Palm Springs for my dad and Asa when they were selling condos there. After the deadly inflation of the mid-70s she'd wended her way north to California City, then Tehachapi, finally becoming one of the few successful land saleswomen in the business. Successful in that she was able to make a living at it.

Asa recounted this information to me with some nostalgia in his voice, which prompted me to ask if he'd experienced the bed of Mickey Buffalo. "Of course, everyone did, sooner or later. Beautiful woman back then. She fucked everyone except your dad." This I didn't believe but left alone. Twenty-two years old I knew better, after spending time on land deals in Tahoe, Palm Springs, La Costa, Fresno, Temecula, Hemet and Brianhead with my father and his salemen. It's never been hard for salesmen to get laid, but landmen always had it right there. They've always had groupies lured by the money, influence, and people. Women who will hang out after the office is closed in the boy's favorite bar and fuck you if you like, just because you sell land and have a little cash in your pocket. They wouldn't ask for anything else but the occasional loan and the privilage to hang out with those nasty salesmen everyone likes. Wierd but true.

When I was sixteen years old my father took me up to Brianhead for the summer. Brianhead was a three man deal. Al Truman, Asa Swingley, and my old man. I washed the Suburbans they toured their clients in and kept out of their way when they were selling. During the day I spent a lot of time tramping through the woods by myself. At night the bottles would come out and we'd all get drunk. I couldn't drink if they wanted to be driven around town, otherwise I could chug all the beer I wanted. And did.

One night the entire town was celebrating the wedding of the Sheriff's daughter. We'd gone from the party at Bear Flats (a local drinking establishment no longer in business, though their big wooden bear still stands today) to Stinky's, another restaurant/bar. It wasn't really called Stinky's but that's the nickname my dad and Asa tagged the short dirty proprietor with, which never kept him from taking their money. I met my first woman in Stinky's. My first truly real woman.

Sixteen years old and this little blonde woman, somewhere in her late thirties early forties, is hitting on Asa and my father. Hard. She's attractive, shapely, and has my sixteen year old hormone filled body in overdrive, except that she's licking my dad's arm and not my own. Whoa! She's licking my dad's arm! I casually lean back, down my Coke, and head for the bathroom. I don't want to see anymore. It's one thing to have suspicions, it's quite another to have them proved true right in front of you.

After relieving myself I returned to our table in the bar to find her draped across Asa. My father looked at me with a smile in his eyes, one brow arched, his face flushed and rosy with the wine he'd been drinking that night. I said nothing and he stepped over to the bar and ordered me another Coke. Julia was whispering into Asa's ear, making him chuckle. Running her red-nailed hand up and down his arm. I was beginning to feel uncomfortable, but my dad entered into conversation with the bartender and I was left alone to ignore Asa and Julia. I studied the myriad red-neck bumper stickers adorning the walls and ceiling of the establishment. They were stuck between the "cowboy on the range" paintings and the beautiful Budwieser woman gazing seductively across the room at the collection of deer heads hanging in the next room.

I was jerked from my reverie by the light touch of Julia's hand on my arm. My head shot up. Asa was gone. And Julia sat perched next to me on his vacated chair. Which was odd because my last memory of the two, stolen with a quick glance their way, was of Julia sitting on Asa's lap. I didn't even hear him get up, so intent was I on ignoring them. "Hey, sweetie, can I buy you a drink?"

Her voice was whiskey rough and her eyes were warm and hungry looking. They were to me anyway. I looked to my dad, who looked at Stinky, who looked at me getting all bothered by Julia and popped a can of Coors for me on the counter. Julia flowed to her feet and brought me by beer, after taking a sip from it first. Watching this full grown woman, all five feet four inches of curvy mature female, bring me a beer, sip from it, then place herself in my lap brought an instant physical reaction that was readily apparent to her. She didn't get up. Instead she proceeded to wind me up, all under the benevolent gaze of my father. (Unbeknownst to all of us, Asa was passed out in the bathroom.) My sixteen year old body could barely contain itself. My heart was racing with adrenaline and fear and adolescent lust.

We sat there for a timeless period, sharing the beer while she chatted me up and tried to make me feel more comfortable without getting off my lap. She wiggled around, and that worked fine. "Do you want to go for a ride in my Porsche?"

"Do I want to go for a ride in her Porsche!?!?" Holy Jesus, a real live wet-dream come true, and it's sitting in my lap! All I could hear after that question was the blood roaring in my ears, through my body, and to that one insistent part of me she kept wiggling around on. If I'd opened my mouth to answer drool would have flowed out. Instead I looked at my father who was patently ignoring me, apparently in heated discussion with Stinky. I nod. I nod vigorously and with a big stupid grin on my face. She takes me by the hand and leads me outside to her car and we get in her little black 924 and race up the mountain.

Yes, on the nicely warmed hood. I banged my shins on the fender. (I found out the next day Julia was married to the guy who ran the pizzeria across the street from Stinky's. We didn't have pizza all summer and I never saw her again except in the parkinglot of their pizzeria.)

Asa and I never did meet Mickey for that drink. Can't say I'm sorry.