

It started, as many such nights started in the Broken Head pub. It had been a cold wet and dismal day and the night was staying with the recipe, with rain squalls hurling down the length of the main road outside causing the hookers and rent boys to huddle in recessed store doorways, reluctantly stepping out when their turn came if a curb crawler seemed to be approaching, hurrying back when the car churred on by without stopping or even slowing and demanding a drag on the shared zol and then sinking back into the back of the group to try to warm up and dry out. Sometimes the car would stop and someone would be whisked away to the back streets for some business.

I walked past the second hand furniture store doorway, ignoring the soft hisses and whistles attempting to draw my attention. They weren't too pressing once they recognised me, I was known as a soft touch for a couple of rand with no strings attached and usually a friendly word. That evening, I even got a smile and a wave from a tiny girl whose ice cold hands had earned her the cost of a snoek parcel at the fisheries down the road. Whether the money went to fish and chips or whether it ended up on drugs, I didn't know and I wasn't going to ask.

The closing bars of Cocaine smashed out of the door of the Broken Head as I turned into the warm, golden coloured entrance hall. Whoever designed the lighting knew his stuff, golden light softened by diffusers made the entry look warm and inviting, even the bouncer looked kinda cuddly, which I knew he wasn't from previous experience, not that I had ever clashed with him, I kept him supplied with hot coffee on cold nights and felt safer for his gratitude.

I bought a beer and surveyed the scene. Not much different from the last time I was in the place. As I surveyed the room, a woman of approximately my age smiled invitingly and I wandered over to introduce myself. I was introduced to her daughter who was, I was assured "over 18" and we chatted for a while. Eventually I offered them drinks which they accepted with some alacrity.

I danced with Ma, then with the daughter. The daughter seemed to be hung up on fast cars and I nicknamed her "Speedgirl" in my head. When she found out I drove a Subaru she became animated and demanded that I take her "for a fast drive". She and Ma negotiated until permission was reluctantly given and we headed out to drive up Ou Kaapse Weg pass, which has two lovely, sharp hair pins.

I can still feel the gear shift hammering under my hand as the Soobie howled up the pass, the rev counter dancing just under the governor mark, the bite of the five point seat belt as we swept through the first hair pin bend, the fist in my chest as the turbo kicked in, the soft mewling noise of my passenger. Speedgirl's eyes were open, mouth slack, eyes aflame and, as we swept up toward the second hair pin, 100, 110, 120, 130 she started to moan gently. I eased off the throttle allowing gravity to slow us as the bend raced towards us. Then accelerated again as the car's nose headed toward the barrier rails and I turned the wheel, the car responding beautifully, only the faintest of drifts as we exited the corner. By this time my passenger was breathing fast and hard and I pulled to a halt on the top of the pass and the whole of the city was laid out in front of us. Speedgirl was lying back in the seat still moaning gently and when I released her seatbelt but she didn't move so I got out, walked around the car and pulled her out of the seat by her arm. I have learnt that the gear shift and handbrake are easy to cross going left, but a pig to get over when you want to get back to your own side of the car. Never understood the physics of it.

The fresh air must have broken some sort of spell, because she launched herself at me, mouth open, arms around my neck attempting to throttle me. The zip of her jeans came loose in one easy sweep and the jeans ended up in the mud. I pushed her back on the bonnet of the car and, in the words of the Victorians, had my way with her. Afterwards, we drove back at a sedate pace and in comfortable

silence.

As I entered the noisy, smelly and crowded pub itself I bumped into my sons and a fiancé. I smiled in greeting, both recognised me in an instant but then their eyes swiveled to the woman at my side then back to my face. "Obviously a good young night." My elder son is quick with words and puns, he prides himself on them, even at midnight or as close as makes no difference.

"A good night it is, and old enough to be safely abed." I replied, he gets that ability from me, my companion was completely out her depth and watched proceedings from the sidelines. The fiancé sniffed once and headed out of the door with a flourish. The younger son, glanced after her, looked at the woman at my side, looked at me again, shook his head and followed his fiancé out of the door and into the rain and wind. My eldest son grinned, patted me on the shoulder and followed him out. The woman at my side watched him walk out of the door longer than was polite and then walked across the room to where Ma sat waiting. "Took you long enough."

"Ag Ma, we went up the pass and back. It was very exciting." Flashing eyes, red flushed cheeks, blouse still skew and rucked at the back. The Soobie obviously needed a wash judging by the caked road dirt that had dried on the back of her blouse. I refrained from looking at my knees, I had this terrible feeling the same sort of clumps of road dirt clung to my jeans. I wiped my hands on my pants and felt the telltale feeling of grit where my palms hadn't touched the steering wheel.

I smiled placatingly, "She does like fast cars doesn't she?" Ma sniffed and looked pointedly at her empty glass. I took the hint and headed for bar, by the time I returned the band was well into "Build me up Buttercup" a sixties song that had been a hit when I was younger than the Speedgirl but strangely she seemed to know all the words, Ma took a swig of her double whiskey and soda and we headed for the dance floor to sway and jig and stay as far from being in time with the music as is only possible when you have had just enough alcohol to remain standing and not to realise how bad you look on the dance floor. Ma's tirade against her daughter and then her job as a gerontological nurse was swallowed up by the exertion of keeping up with me.

I was in one of my unstoppable states and the high from the trip up the pass and back was feeding that high as feelings and images kept recurring, causing my body to dump more adrenalin into my bloodstream.

Back on the dance floor Ma was proving the family resemblance, mouth open, arms around throat, tongue thrusting furiously. She broke for air. "Lets go back to my place. I am feeling tired."

We collected Speedgirl and headed on home. The girls liked light, it was kinda blinding, but it didn't seem to stop Ma and she dragged me into the room, lost her pants, got mine round my ankles and did a leap onto the bed that would make an Olympic high jumper proud. I had barely got up to speed when she went slack and passed out. I extricated myself, tossed a blanket over her and left her where she was. I found Speedgirl's room easily enough and was welcomed into her bed with enthusiasm and, under the ubiquitous bright lights she displayed some fine acrobatic abilities. I finally ended up on my back with her astride me, pumping away furiously. I was just about to lose my control when, to my horror Ma walked in. I expected an explosion, but nothing of the sort happened; she just joined in the fun. I felt like an actor in a B grade porn movie. When it was all over I escaped, leaving them lying on the bed giggling drunkenly. I fled the room, the flat, the area and, for a while the Broken Head.

I have a friend who does me favours, talks to me when the women are thin on the ground and generally

provides me with a stream of porn and science discoveries that he finds on the web. In return for these multiple favours he lives vicariously off my wild life. About 3 months later after he had obviously been trolling the internet porn sites and he sent me an email entitled: "You Are a Pornstar". I opened the email and there was only a link, typical, but still a bit annoying. I clicked the link and sat back to see what he had found. The video clip was ten minutes long. I watched it at first in horror, then in bemusement and last in amazement. As the video ended for the third time, I grabbed my wallet and car keys and headed out to the Broken Head.

Ma and Speedgirl were in their normal spot, a man dancing in attendance in what I now recognised as a smooth con job. Speedgirl dancing around keeping the mark bemused, Ma providing a safe reassurance that something sordid was not about to happen. I nodded to the mark and fixed Ma with a stern eye. "A nice business you have." She looked smug. "How much?", she raised an eyebrow. "How much did they pay you for your ten minute video clip."

"What has it got to do with you?"

I smiled. "Lots, I could tell the mark over there what you are doing, I could tell everyone in the bar. I could lay charges of making pornographic movies without licence. I reckon I could make life a bit difficult if I really tried."

She shrugged. "Not much after editing."

"How much?"

"R6 000."

"Only R6 000?"

"Yes, but one or two a month and it is a good income." She smiled faintly "And quite often good fun." She nodded to Speedgirl. "She really got off on the trip up the pass and she says she got an unfiled fuck from you that was quite passable."

I looked at Speedgirl who was watching us carefully, I smiled and got a cautious smile back.

"Yeah, it was fun. I was sorry when you apparently passed out, you were an interesting partner. Can we switch off the lights one night and do it without worrying about camera angles."

She smiled, "Yes, I reckon we could do that. I am sure she won't mind either."

And that is how I got into the porn industry as an Indie.