

The dance.

Inspired by William Carlos Williams, "The Dance."

THOSE DANCING boys never missed it when the Rockabilly Cats played at Alvin's Finer Delicatessen, aka Alvin's Twilight Bar, and the Rockabilly Cats played Alvin's a lot that year. On this September night, the boys were stoked.

There were five of them - five dancing boys, not five Cats. While the Cats set up, the dancing boys arrived, staked out one of the wobbly, scarred tables on the edge of the dance floor, and got their beer. The Cats, four of them there were, started jamming. Mitch Ryder, long after his Detroit Wheels fell off, swayed at the end of the bar. Next to him, Codell scanned the bar for women, anxious to dance with someone, anyone.

The dancing boys didn't wait; from the first number, they hopped to the floor. Five guys dancing together! Ignition! As quick as the beat they were five guys dancing with five women who joined them, and others crowded the floor, groups and couples in perpetual motion, frenetic, gyrating heat. You couldn't tell who danced with who. They went round and around to the pound of the drums and the riffs of guitars as the Cats did not stop. They played "Boppin' the Blues," "Hot Rod Lincoln," "Red Hot," "Flying Saucer Rocker and Roll" and more, worthy of Carl Perkins and Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen, a marathon set, steaming under the stage lights, worthy of Robert Gordon and Link Wray and Billy Lee Riley. And the smells of sweat and stale beer melding, those dancing boys dripping, wringing out their tees, the Cats and the drinkers and the dancers pairing and coupling, like the fair-goers in Bruegel's great painting "The Kermess," because so much depends

Written by K.G. Jones.

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upon Wendy O Williams, the Plasmatics lead singer. Was that her on the dance floor? It sure looked like her, on the far side, drink in hand, tipping and tilting off balance, so sexy, someone said, she could bring paraplegics to their feet, someone said, Wendy O WOW, it sure looked like her, under a Mohawk, heavy eye liner, skimpy top, her triple X breasts, bursting before him, barely before him

it looked like, she's in town this weekend, somebody said, she's doing a show out at Bookies, and they strutted and wailed and romped with each other, and bumped as they danced, swiveling their butts to hold up under such. Rollicking rhythms, bass guitar driven

and one of those boys dancing close with one of those girls, so smooth, synchronized, lithe, smiling, merging, his hand on her elbow, they float to her table, he bends to her ear and says -

Codell winds his way onto the dance floor, follows patterns in the tiles, spasmodically hopping, hoping. He bounces to Wendy O, at least it looked like her, jumping like a Pogo Stick, *faux* dancing, his eyes seeking hers - she looks past him.

He reverses direction, reverses direction, her eyes look through him, Codell *faux* dancing off the floor, coasting to the exit. The Cats and the lights and the heat reached to him outside but September's sharp air brought clarity, and that smooth dancing boy with his hand on her elbow said something in her ear, and did not miss his chance.

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