

Excerpt from **MIXED BLOOD** or **ADOPTED BY AN AMERICAN  
HOMOSEXUAL IN THE BELGIAN CONGO** by **Albert Russo** -  
Part of his **African Quatuor** -

## **A DAY OF THE RAINY SEASON**

Going downtown one Wednesday afternoon I was caught in a thunderstorm. The raindrops started plummeting with such force I felt as though I were being stung by a myriad darts. The sky had suddenly turned ashen and echoed with terrifying bolts. I ran for shelter when, amid the rumblings, I distinctly heard the heavy thump of a crashing tree. Lightning had struck on the other side of the water tower. The pandemonium abated but I was drenched and still shaking with fear. Minutes later a scooter drove past me, then screeched to a halt, zigzagging on the flooded asphalt. The rider beckoned me to join him. I settled on the back seat of his two-wheeler and held him tightly around the waist as we sped off. Though we'd never spoken to each other, I recognized him. He was three grades above me at St. François and his name was Sébastien.

“Want me to drop you downtown?”

“Yes!” I shouted.

“You ought to go and change first,” he suggested.

The rain had stopped by now. I showed him where I lived. He waited outside while I dried myself and put on fresh clothes.

“Mind if I take you to my place on the way?” he said, wringing the hem of his sopping shorts. “I too would like to swap these.”

His house was sparsely furnished in a very colonial style: wicker chairs and low tables, two wood-framed sofas encasing deep cushions with large indigo flower

prints, a round mat woven in sisal hemp with a zebra pelt spread on top of it. Against the mock chimney stood an impressive tusk enhanced by the oil portrait of a tattooed Balunda chief. A strong odor of hide and wax permeated the whole space. Even the heavy calico curtains seemed to be hanging there with the sole purpose of retaining it lest a draft should carry it away.

“Are you in a hurry?” Sébastien asked as he reappeared wearing a loose bathrobe and drying his head with a towel.

“Not really,” I said, somewhat taken aback by the boldness of his manners.

As he rubbed his ears vigorously, the flaps of his bathrobe spread open, disclosing his virile parts. I tried to hold my stare at his face as steadfastly as I could, but in between the fluttering of eyelids, I caught glimpses of his exposed nudity: the downy thread that coursed along his chest to his taut abdomen, the curls sprinkling his thighs like beads of golden dew and the fiery bush which revealed his most secret and intimate possession.

My vision was blurred and my heart pounded with such frenzy I could hear it reverberate against my temples. This was my first-ever encounter with the naked body of a young man, or any man for that matter. Even papa I had only seen in briefs or with his swim trunks on. The sudden association with papa made me blush. Sébastien had in the meantime come nearer to me.

“Do you know what a woman is made like?” he said bluntly. “I’ll show you!” There was a roguish smile on his lips.

I wanted to object, or did I?

“Une belle négresse,” he pronounced the word as if he were savoring it.

I jolted to my feet, attempting to make for the door. Sébastien seized my wrist and repeated “négresse,” boring his eyes into mine whilst with his other hand he stroked his penis. I was fascinated by its size and its apparent hardness. I thought Sébastien must be abnormal, he couldn’t stay much longer like that, for surely his thing would burst. He stopped touching it but didn’t release the grip on my wrist.

“OK, I’ll put my clothes on and we’ll go,” he said commandingly, pulling me along to his room lest I should give him the slip. “I won’t tell anybody on you, Léopold,” he sneered, then, measuring the impact of his remark, he freed my hand. He quickly dressed and we left.

“But this is Sakania Road,” I exclaimed as we slowed down on the muddy sidewalk.

“Mind the puddles!” Sébastien warned when I dismounted from his scooter.

We were at the outskirts of town in the indigenous shopping district, immediately adjacent to the sprawling Congolese township. Long row of stores owned by the poorer white folk, Asians, and mulattos linked the two areas. We entered one of the shops, where an aging man was waiting on an African customer. He greeted us with a wan smile. He had caries as well as broken teeth. His hair was parted in the middle and he smelled of aniseed.

“Bonjour, Monsieur Sébastien,” he said in a heavy Greek accent.

“Is Josepha available?” Sébastien asked.

The Greek nodded, gave me a wink and pointed to the door behind the counter. We crossed a narrow yard protected by sheets of corrugated iron that had seen brighter days. A gutter ran alongside the wall, overflowing with egg residue, the

stench of which was hardly bearable. A chicken emerged from under a crate, fluttering its wings and cackling stridently before it disappeared again.

Panic seized me as we both got inside the outbuilding. It was a low-ceilinged room encumbered with bales of cloth and a variety of household wares. The light filtered in through two small windows.

“Sh-sh-sh...” Sébastien whispered upon seeing a bundle that lay stretched in the darker side of the room. He motioned me to follow him on tiptoe. On a cheap bedding made of canvas a black girl was sleeping. Every now and then her chest heaved, accompanied by a muffled wheeze, and a bubble of saliva would then form between her pink lips. She couldn’t have been older than fourteen. Sébastien knelt down and bent over her face. He blew in her ear at regular intervals. She shook her head slightly each time as if to chase a fly. Sébastien got a kick out of this little game. When he tired of it he began singing her name, gradually raising the pitch of his voice.

“Josépha, Josépha, do you hear me?”

The poor girl woke up with a fright. For a few seconds her big round eyes stared at him blankly. The pout on her mouth soon yielded to a smile and she said, clearing her throat, “So it’s you, Bwana Sébastien.” She then straightened her back. “Who’s that?” she inquired, always in Kiswahili.

Sébastien winked at me. “He’s sort of a friend,” he said as he got to his feet and pulled her up with him. “A young nduku of my cook,” he added.

I looked at him with disbelief. Then he told me to lock the door and sit on one of the bales. Torn between the urge to escape and a burning curiosity, I obeyed him.

Sébastien unwrapped the girl's kitenge, stripping her completely. She, in turn, unbuttoned his shorts and pulled them down. She chuckled as he began touching her breasts.

"Léopold, have you ever seen such pretty mazibas?" he said, fondling them with the tip of his tongue. Josépha rolled the palms of her hands around his penis as if she were modelling some dough. It became thick and very stiff again, and she giggled.

"You can't do that yet, hey, Léopold," he said. "But just watch now."

Josépha took his penis in her mouth and sucked at it, producing gurgling sounds. At a certain point I thought she was going to choke but she continued sucking at it frantically.

"Stop!" he commanded all at once, "Down, little whore!"

Then, addressing me, he said, "Come closer." My legs felt like cotton wool as I staggered in their direction. Sébastien grabbed my wrist and forced me to kneel with him.

Sweat trickled under my armpits. With his free hand he spread Josépha's thighs then inserted his forefinger in her middle part. He made me touch it.

"Look how wet her cuma is, so juicy and dark, a black cuma just like your mother's," he said, grinning. Meanwhile, Josépha was wriggling and laughing, apparently finding the whole thing quite funny. I felt too squeamish to struggle. Sébastien pushed me aside as he positioned himself on top of Josépha.

"Mmm, goood," he muttered, thrusting his swollen penis inside her body. "Little whore," he said, "Léopold has a papa américain but he doesn't know what he's missing ; he's a pederast."

They both laughed. I had never heard that word before, yet I leapt to my feet as though a snake had bitten me.

“Macaque!” I yelled, expecting Sébastien to get up and beat me. He only shrugged his shoulders and started to pound in and out of Josépha with such savagery I thought she was going to die there and then. That is what kept me from running away.

Sébastien was hurling abuse at her, yet she called him her lover, her bwana kitoko. They were now both panting more and more loudly, moving together faster and faster. She let out a scream and closed her eyes while Sébastien kept pounding against her as viciously as ever. She was limp, she might really be dead now. I froze. Then Sébastien emitted what sounded like the roar of a wounded lion. His whole body shuddered before he too fell annihilated over Josépha. A heady odor of musk and sweat clung to my skin.