

Presley of the FBI

by Jeff Swanson

The man in the Cadillac unlimbered his lanky frame from behind the steering wheel and climbed out.

He stood 6' 2" in white snakeskin boots. He wore a cream white jacket with tiny silver-chased mirrors all up and down the lapels and points. The slacks had mirrors and spangles down the outside seams and clustered around the flared cuffs. A string tie dangled down a creamy white blouse with elegant white on white embroidered shoulder panels, and an ivory Stetson completed the picture. Call it Cowboy-Pimp, that was the effect he was going for. It was a Nudie, but of course his marks couldn't be expected to know that.

Having infiltrated the inner circle of Houston oil executives on a junket to New Orleans, the man was about to lower the boom. A bevy of high priced callgirls waited in nearby limos. Once the oil executives were all dipping their wicks, as it were, federal agents would sweep in and arrest them all. Conspiracy. Racketeering. Corruption. It would make Teapot Dome look like a schoolboy fracas.

Moments later, over bourbon and branch, the men stared at the man introduced to them as Pimp Lester Duchenne. "You look awful familiar," said one of the execs, name of Bob.

"Do what?"

"Yeah, you remind me a that boy..." Slim Carstairs snapped his fingers, trying to think of it.

"Yeah," said Wilfred Logan. "That boy in the pitchers. That kid who sings the songs."

"The hips guy," said Bob.

Slim snapped it up. "Elvis Presley!" he shouted triumphantly. "Boy, don't you look a lot like that Elvis Presley."

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Elvis. "I don't see no resemblance."

"Don't he just," said Wilfred, focusing his rheumy eyes on "Lester". "Boy, you look the spittin' image, only with a mustache."

Elvis rubbed his fake mustache nervously. "Now come on, boys. That's ridiculous. The ladies're waitin', and here we are jawin about nothin that don't mean nothin."

The three oil executives tended to agree, and the deal was concluded. After the g-men swept in and took them all away, the lead agent took Elvis aside and shook his hand warmly, his other hand on the singer's shoulder. "President Nixon wants to extend a personal thank you, Elvis, for your service here today."

Elvis fairly glowed. "Aw, ain't nothin any other patriotic American wouldna done."

"I'm so glad to hear you say that, son, 'cause just so happens we got another job for you, and this one's a mite tougher than the last."

And so began the tale of Elvis Presley, Secret FBI Agent.

