

The Story of Willie the Pimp

Frank Zappa

Annie: "Son-of-a-bitch, you did this one, you did that one," he told me.

FZ: How could you do this to him?

Annie: I told him that I did something and I was happy for doing it, you know, I'm happy now, I don't care, you know, what you think. "You are happy? I'm more happy than anyone," he said; meanwhile, he's sittin' there completely miserable, tellin' me that he's more happy than the whole house put together, he has more intelligence than the whole house put together, and he's sitting there with his dumb words, "Oh, you son-of-a-bitch, you're a schmuck and you're a schmuck," nothing, you know, nice about people, 'cause all people is shitty to him, you know, and I tried to explain to, I says, that they're not, you know? It's just how you take 'em, I mean, he's . . .

FZ: Why do you call him 'Willie The Pimp'?

Annie: Oh, because we, just imagined uh, him . . . wait—

Cynthia: The Lido Hotel.

Annie: Oh, yeah, the Lido Hotel, this perverted hotel in Coney Island, really perverted. So we made up this story about my mother um, ha-ha, calling up Willie telling that we're a woman uh, body shapes ah, 38-25-40 or something like that, some bizarre shape, blonde hair and all decked out insanely and um, tell him to meet us in front of the uh, Lido Hotel. And, ha-ha, then we, what we were gonna do, if we really would do this, like we'll make sure, we'll see him like, you know, casually leave the house at this certain time and we'll know that, you know, he's leaving to meet this woman, that's not gonna be there. Then we'll have my mother walk by, and see how she's gonna take it, right? You know, like, "Stella, what're you doing here? No! You gotta get away!" You know, how is he gonna tell my mother that he's gonna meet this broad or something, you know? So we made him a pimp, that he gotta pimp my mother off, then he tried to pimp us off . . .