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THE NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER

JOSEPH WAMBAUGH

AUTHOR OF *THE SECRETS OF HARRY BRIGHT*



THE GOLDEN ORANGE

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JOSEPH
WAMBAUGH



A PERIGORD PRESS BOOK



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About the Author

JOSEPH WAMBAUGH, who spent fourteen years with the Los Angeles Police Department, is the author of eleven previous outstanding best sellers: *The New Centurions*, *The Blue Knight*, *The Onion Field*, *The Choirboys*, *The Black Marble*, *The Glitter Dome*, *The Delta Star*, *Lines and Shadows*, *The Secrets of Harry Bright*, *Echoes in the Darkness*, and *The Blooding*. He lives in The Golden Orange of Southern California.

THE WORLD OF Joseph Wambaugh

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His fiction reads like truth, and his True Crime is as gripping as the most compelling novel. He is Joseph Wambaugh—and no one knows the dark, gritty side of cops like he does!

After fourteen years with the Los Angeles Police Department Joseph Wambaugh combined that experience with a supreme talent for storytelling to provide the most memorable books ever on the people and process of police work and crime detection.

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THE GLITTER DOME

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Welcome to Tinsel Town, where the line between cop and killer is a razor's edge . . . Movie mogul Nigel St. Claire has been murdered and for the cops of The Glitter Dome, a teeming, loud smoky watering hole, their seduction by Hollywood is about to begin. Yet there is more than money and glitz in this world as veteran cops Al Mackey and Martin Welborn will discover.

At first, Herman St. Claire III stared at Al Mackey blankly when he held out his hand. "Mackey and Welborn, L.A.P.D.? Remember?"

"Oh sure!" he cried. "Sure. Al and . . ."

"Marty."

"Of course! So glad you could come! I'd like you to meet . . ."

But the Famous Singer had boogied as soon as she heard who they were. They weren't like the cops at

home in Queens. These L.A. cops would bust their mother if she snorted one spoon. And the Famous Singer had a Bull Durham tobacco bag around her neck under her sweat shirt clearly stenciled: "Nose Candy!" The bag was full of cocaine that cost \$150 a gram and was guaranteed to be quality stuff that wouldn't embarrass her at a nice party. Everyone who saw it said it was a darling idea too. No way was she going to let some cop confiscate it.

"Listen, I'll introduce you around if there's anyone you wanna meet. Meanwhile you boys help yourself and mingle." Then, as an afterthought, Herman III said, "Oh, by the way, you getting anywhere on my uncle's case?"

"Not much happening yet," Al Mackey said.

"No? Too bad. Listen, you fellas mingle."

And so they mingled, drifting from one group to another, mostly admiring the splendid women who had blithely regressed three hundred years. There were miles of ruffles. Tiers of them. Ruffles on hip-belted silk crepe. Twice-ruffled silk jackets over twice-ruffled silk blouses. There were even ruffles on the tailored coatdresses.

And the exotica: jodhpurs, knickers, and gold gold *gold*. Twenty-four-karat dresses glittered like mother lode. Headdresses reflected most of the subcontinent of Asia and the entire continent of Africa, twenty-four karats from the top of the head to the tip of the toe. There were enchanting girls in gold brocade culottes and gold-encrusted jerseys. All in all, it made Al Mackey think of munchkins and monkeys and rainbows. Fabulous!

He saw a bizarre art deco costume of graphic zigzag, red line on white, done in folds and wraps and ending up with a puffy mini over leggings. It was topped off

by a hat-helmet with simulated strands of gold brocade hair. And then he recognized the girl: Tiffany Charles!

Martin Welborn began nibbling at one of the ordinary items on the mile-long table, baby shrimp in guacamole sauce, when he turned to see Al Mackey trotting across the dance floor, his second tumbler of whiskey giving him the courage to burrow right through a crowd and say, "You're Tiffany, Mister St. Claire's secretary. It's *me*, Al Mackey. Sergeant Al Mackey? Remember?"

"Oh yeah," she said. "I really don't know anything more tonight than I did the other . . ."

"This is a *social* occasion!" Al Mackey cried. "I love your outfit. I've never seen gold hair. Is it real?"

"Uh huh," she said, seeking rescue. Already her friends were drifting away.

"Fourteen karat?"

"Twenty-four," she muttered.

"Wow! They pay secretaries pretty well where you work."

Somebody save her from the scrawny cop! A dress like this he thinks you earn taking dictation? Help!

"Listen, I gotta go talk to some of Mister St. Claire's stars," she said. "You just *mingle*, huh? Have a good time."

"I'm *trying* to mingle," he cried.

For its richly authentic portrayal of cops on and off the beat, Wambaugh was hailed by the Los Angeles Times as "a great storyteller . . . becoming better and better!" and THE GLITTER DOME as a novel that shows "a fierce, seamy side of Hollywood . . . Incredibly inventive . . . remarkable!"

THE GLITTER DOME copyright © 1981 by Joseph Wambaugh.

THE DELTA STAR

In Wambaugh's world of L.A. cops, the suicide of a cheap hooker from the roof of a sleazy hotel seems like a normal desperate leap from life. Yet nothing is ever as it seems, thinks Chip Muirfield, just one of the cops of Rampart Station who, along with Mario Villalobos, The Bad Czech, and Jane Wayne, follow the trail of corruption from the world of pimps to the country's top-ranking chemistry wizards—and beyond.

This was only the third autopsy that Chip Muirfield had ever witnessed. He enjoyed each one more than the last. Mario Villalobos thought that if Chip started liking them any better, the kid might start moonlighting at Forest Lawn. The pathologist and technician were trying like hell to get this one zipped in time to watch *Days of Our Lives*.

The former Western Avenue prostitute, who had delighted Chip Muirfield by dying not in Hollywood Division where she worked but in Rampart Division where she lived, was not broken up too badly by the fall from the roof, at least not her face. Mario Villalobos thought of the early mug shot of this face now peeled inside-out like a grapefruit. A natural blonde, fair and slight; he wondered if she drove them wild when she got that tattoo of the man-in-the-moon. It was on the inside of her left thigh, high enough to have been a very painful job. In death she looked thirty-five years old. Her identification showed her to be twenty-two.

Mario Villalobos was one of those homicide dicks who somehow revert to uncoplike sentimentality during mid-life crisis. That is, Mario Villalobos, like his

old partner Maxie Steiner, gradually came to resent needless mutilation of corpses by cutlass kids who, quite naturally, are extremely unsentimental about carcasses in which detectives have a proprietary interest.

What Mario Villalobos didn't see while he was roaming the autopsy room, thinking of how dangerous it is to go to The House of Misery every single night, was Chip Muirfield's interest in the man-in-the-moon tattoo high up on Missy Moonbeam's torn and fractured femur, close to the inn-of-happiness which the bored pathologist figured was *really* what was interesting the morbid young cop.

It was a professional tattoo. The man-in-the-moon had winked one eye at Chip Muirfield and with the other glanced up at the blond pubis of Missy Moonbeam. It was a very cute idea, Chip Muirfield thought, but the leg was so destroyed by the fall that the upper thigh was ripped open and hanging loose.

"I wonder if the photographer thought to shoot a picture of that tattoo?" he mused aloud to the pathologist, who shrugged and said, "What for?"

"Identification," Chip Muirfield said without conviction.

"I thought you already knew who she was," the pathologist said.

"We're not certain," Chip Muirfield lied. "I wish it weren't so damaged around that tattoo. It's all ragged and bloody and it's hard to see. Snip it off there and I'll have the photographer come and shoot a close-up of it that we can use."

The pathologist shrugged again and sliced away the flap of tattooed flesh and placed it on the steel table. Chip Muirfield could hardly contain himself. He saw that Mario Villalobos was off down the hall. This might

top all the macabre gags that old homicide detectives pulled on each other, if Chip Muirfield could think of something really funny to do with the slice of tattooed flesh which he slipped into a small evidence envelope.

While Melody Waters roamed the autopsy room enjoying the show on the other tables, Mario Villalobos returned and noticed that Chip Muirfield was so intensely interested he looked ready to crawl inside Missy Moonbeam.

"If I were you, Chip, I'd stand back a bit," Mario Villalobos said, lighting a cigarette, promising himself to cut down before he ended up under the swashbuckler's knife.

Chip Muirfield was so enchanted by the ragged bloody shell that used to be a girl from Omaha that he ignored the older detective's admonition.

Mario Villalobos looked at the butter-brickle three-piece suit worn by Chip Muirfield, hesitated a moment, and then said, "Even Boris Karloff wasn't so eager, Chip. If I were you I'd step back just a bit."

But Chip Muirfield didn't seem to hear him, so Mario Villalobos went for coffee. The pathologist pulled off his gloves and called it a wrap. The technician looked up at the clock and . . . Jesus Christ! *Days of Our Lives* was going to start in three minutes!

That did it. He reached for the faucet over the gut pan to get this baby zipped. He wasn't paying any attention to a young surfer-cop in a butter-brickle suit. He was eyeing that clock like a death-row convict and he cranked the faucet full blast. The water hit the gut pan with a crash. And Chip Muirfield was *wearing* Missy Moonbeam.

His butter-brickle three-piece suit was decorated by a geyser of blood. A piece of Missy Moonbeam was plastered to his necktie. Another little slice of her hit

him on the lapel. A swatch of Missy Moonbeam's purple gut plopped on his shoulder and oozed like a snail. But worst of all for Chip, who was yelling and cursing the technician—who couldn't care less—Chip Muirfield had a wormy string of Missy Moonbeam's intestine dangling from his sunburned surfer's nose.

The Caltech phone number found in Missy Moonbeam's trick book is enough of a mystery for Rampart, but when it ties in with a Russian submarine and the Nobel Prize, The House of Misery, their local hang-out, may never be the same again.

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THE SECRETS OF HARRY BRIGHT

Seventeen months ago Jack Watson was found incinerated in a Rolls-Royce, a bullet in his head. Now, L.A.P.D. homicide detective Sidney Blackpool is called into this still unsolved case and the investigation soon becomes an obsession, as memories of his own son's death plague him.

Sidney Blackpool chain-smoked all the way back to the hotel. Otto had to open the window to breathe, shivering in the night air that blew through the canyons.

"Making any sense yet, Sidney?" Otto finally asked.

"I dunno. Sometimes part of it does, then it doesn't."

"A dope dispute? Naw, we ain't talking big dopes. How about a straight rip-off by the Cobras? They set up the gay boys in the bar, bringing them up the canyon with a promise of low-priced crank and waylay them."

"Why two cars then? Why was Jack Watson in the Rolls and Terry and the marine in the Porsche?"

"Yeah, and why wouldn't Terry step up and tell his story right away if he saw somebody kill his pal? Especially after the reward was posted."

"Maybe he was already outta town by then. Anyway, Billy Hightower says he's sure his people didn't do it. Billy *does* seem to have effective interrogation methods."

"And what's Harry Bright got to do with it? And why's Coy Brickman nosing around out there now that we're stirring things up?"

"There's always the possibility that Terry planned the kidnap and ransom of his pal Jack with the help of Bright or Brickman," Sidney Blackpool said.

"Should call this place *Urinal Springs*, you ask me," Otto said. "The whole place stinks, far as I'm concerned. It's like the city of Gorki, closed to foreigners. And we're foreigners, baby."

"First thing tomorrow let's work on the uke. We'll call the manufacturer. See what they can tell us. I wonder how many music stores there are in this valley? Not many, probably."

"It's hard to imagine Harry Bright involved in a murder, ain't it?" Otto said.

"You never even *met* Harry Bright."

"You're right. This place is making me goofy. It ain't real hard to think a Coy Brickman icing somebody down. Those eyes a his, probably the freaking buzzards got eyes like he's got."

"We gotta get this connection between Harry Bright and Coy Brickman. Maybe it started back in San Diego P.D."

"What?"

"Whatever might make one a them or both a them kill Jack Watson."

"We're getting real close to where I say we call Palm Springs P.D. and cut them in on this, Sidney. We coulda *bought* it tonight, if that creature from the black lagoon turned on *us* instead a Billy Hightower."

"Another day, Otto. Let's see how it develops after *one* more day."

"One more day," Otto sighed. "Wonder if it's too late for room service. I think I got me a live one after all. Something in my stomach just did a two and a half forward somersault, with a full twist."

Sidney Blackpool wasn't able to sleep. A double shot of Johnnie Walker Black didn't help a bit. He could hear Otto snoring in the other bedroom.

He tried the technique taught by the police department to reduce stress. He concentrated on his toes, feet and ankles, gradually working up until his shoulders and neck and jaws began to relent. Sometimes he imagined himself in a meadow or in a solitary cottage in an isolated valley. Tonight he thought of lying on a blanket under a tamarisk tree, the shaggy branches wafting like an ostrich fan as his body contour settled into the warm sand. He slept soundly until just before daybreak when he had a dream.

It was a joyous dream, a triumph, a *wonder*. Of course, the dream took place before Tommy died. In the dream, Sidney Blackpool was alone, ankle deep in cool sand, atop the tallest dune in the desert. Though it wasn't particularly hot in the desert he was pouring sweat from every pore. It was morning and yet there was no sun anywhere on the horizon. The moon was translucent white, and directly overhead. There were a few clouds scudding in the wind. It was a Mineral

Springs kind of moaning wind and he was being sand-blasted so badly he thought his flesh might tear, but he dug his feet deeper into the sand until it gripped his ankles like concrete. He believed that nothing could blow him off the dune.

He could hear the savage ocean surf crashing against the Santa Rosas on the far side, and some of it even lapped over the top of Mount San Jacinto and splashed down toward the tram car.

Suddenly the moon was *not* overhead. His heart nearly stopped because he thought he'd missed his chance! Then he saw that it was hovering over the mountain peak.

Sidney Blackpool extended his arms, his body a cross buried in the sand. The sun appeared over the Santa Rosas, a fireball powering upward. When the sun was precisely atop the peak of Mount San Jacinto, he started screaming.

It wasn't a scream of pain or rage or terror, it was a scream of absolute triumph and joy. He was holding them at bay, the sun and moon. The sun could not rise, the moon could not set. Sidney Blackpool held them powerless with his outstretched arms and his scream of triumph. Time could not advance. He was making time stand still.

Now there could be no waves crashing, no floating coffin. He would spend eternity alone in the desert screaming with his lungs and his heart. He would never see Tommy Blackpool again, but Tommy would *live*. This was his destiny.

No man had ever known such joy. His happiness was so great that he awoke weeping. He tried to muffle his sobs with the pillow so Otto wouldn't hear him.

"Wambaugh's voice is always hard-bitten and cynical

when he is pushing you into a belly-laugh or bringing a lump to your throat. . . . A good story told by a gifted storyteller who holds you with words and tones and style and, finally, with the sheer magic all good storytellers have."

—Chicago Tribune

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LINES AND SHADOWS

The true story only Wambaugh could tell. The media hailed them as heroes. Others denounced them as lawless renegades. They were the cops of the Border Crime Task Force, and it was their job to stop the ruthless bandits who robbed, raped and murdered the thousands of defenseless illegal aliens slipping into the U.S. Disguised as illegal aliens they walked into the violent shadows along the border and came close to the fragile line within themselves.

Clouds like banks of foam blew in over the canyon mouth when Manny and Joe Castillo started in. Stunted trees with withered fingers pointed up and away from the canyon floor. Joe remembered the trees.

Manny and Joe walked about 250 yards along the creek bottom and soon they came to a curve in the creek where the trickle of polluted water snaked sideways and the brush grew thick. There seemed to be cloud shadow everywhere. Then from the twilight shadows a very ragged alien stepped from behind a hill of mesquite and stood silently staring at them. Then another man, this one twenty-three years old, the same as Joe Castillo, and wearing a creamy leather jacket, mocha slacks and boots. Joe admired the

young man's clothes. There was never a pollo or bandit dressed like this. His left hand was down at his side. When he brought it up and extended it, they saw that his taste extended to firearms. He was holding a beautiful .45-caliber automatic pistol with silver grips. He was pointing it right at Manny Lopez's right eyebrow, which had leaped into a shocked and spiky interrogation point.

The two Barfers went instinctively to their haunches and tried to get into character, which wasn't easy. Joe Castillo customarily talked with his hands, long graceful fingers fluttering like bird wings. Ordinarily he was the world champ of body language. He hunched his shoulders, dipped his head, swayed his torso, squirmed his hips, always with the hands fluttering and gesturing. But not now. This was the first time in his young life that he had ever been face to face with a gun muzzle. Joe Castillo had turned to stone.

The gunman said, "*¡Migre!*" letting them know he was an immigration officer—from which country he didn't say.

The shafts of light from half a sunball dropping below the hills glinted on the blue steel barrel of that gun and Joe Castillo remembered thinking: That's such a *pretty* gun.

It was something that was to happen a great deal from this moment on, a game they would play in their heads. The game was called, "What was I thinking *when?*"

"I like guns," Joe Castillo said later. "That's why I thought: That's a *pretty* gun, with the light bouncing off the barrel. And those silver grips."

The man held the gun in his left hand. He kept it just a few feet from the face of Manny Lopez. This was the third time a man representing himself to be a

Mexican lawman had shoved a gun into the face of Manny Lopez. But this time Manny didn't pull a gun and badge and have a Mexican standoff. Not by a long shot. This time Manny had a very bad thought about himself slithering through his brain. The thought was this: You're gonna *die*.

Manny Lopez had not been in Vietnam. Manny had never shot at a human being before, only at targets on the police pistol range. Manny didn't even know much about guns except for his own service revolver, and he wasn't that great a shot. He could only think that very evil thought: You're gonna *die*. It's too bad. It's too bad you're gonna die.

The .45 was cocked. Then for some reason the dapper stranger moved the gun to his left and pointed it at the face of Joe Castillo, who squatted four or five inches to the right of his sergeant.

It was all happening so slowly that Manny Lopez couldn't believe it. *It is like in the movies*, he thought. *Time does slow down*. And then Manny stopped thinking that he was going to die and stopped thinking about time slowing down and stopped thinking about anything but the two-inch Smith & Wesson .38 in his shoulder holster. While the .45 was aimed at the face of motionless Joe Castillo, who thought of inching his long fingers toward his own gun, Manny snatched the .38 from his holster and began jerking the trigger as it came up.

PLOOM PLOOM PLOOM PLOOM PLOOM! is the way it sounded in the ears of Joe Castillo. Then things speeded up for him as the dapper stranger began whirling, spinning, jerking. He was jerking back and forth like a wolf in a shooting gallery. Then Joe heard a BOP! as he saw the dressy dude going down.

The shot was from Joe's own gun and he found