

had my name up there in lights. I did acts with black girls, white girls. People started to think I was a lesbian, but I wasn't. Working with the girls is easier because you go up on stage and play. Some people go up there and do the real thing, but to me it is a game. Play with one tit, play with the other tit. She does the same thing to you. You can both dance, or take turns dancing. If you're really into it, I guess you eat each other out.

Working with men is a strain because you've got to get them hard, even if you don't do the real thing. Nobody wants to sit there and see a man and a woman fumbling, because that's what they do at home. They want to get ideas, go home and try new things. They think we're getting quality money, but we're only getting three hundred or four hundred dollars a week for forty-two shows, six shows a day, seven days a week.

This business has been good to me. I have learned a lot since I was eighteen, and I've met a lot of nice people, all kinds of gay people, transsexuals, transvestites, and I look at everybody as normal. We're all doing the same thing and we shouldn't look down on one another.

The only danger is getting into drugs. One of my girlfriends got into drugs. She was so beautiful, black, light skinned, big tits. She started to shoot up. I took her aside and talked to her, got her some help. I was the only person who tried to help her.

I've never been raped though I've been around a lot alone since I was eighteen. I mean those places, like way out in Connecticut where if you don't catch your train or bus you sit alone on a bench all night. I've been scared and carried mace and knives, but no one has ever bothered me.

I've only had two boyfriends and I could never come with just their cock in me. The men climax almost every time. My first partner used to hold back at the beginning, but after a while he didn't care. The one I go with now tries to hold back and tries to make me come. You know that thing about, "Are you coming, are you coming?" It gets to be a real strain. Me, I like to be kissed more, to be hugged. I like to be affectionate all day, kiss, hug, almost every minute. This to me is better than coming.

At work, I don't let myself get emotionally involved. I know that if I let myself get involved, I will have problems. I just do the job, get dressed and go home.

When I go out there, I'm putting on an act. I'm not getting no rocks off, believe me. In all my years of working, I've never come on stage, with a girl, with a guy, or with myself. When I go out there, it's just like putting on a business suit and going downtown to work.

What Happens When You Are Arrested

Gloria Lockett

When I was working on the street in Hollywood, the Los Angeles Police Department would round up a group of prostitutes. Before they would put us in the police car, they would take our purses, dump them on the ground, and make us pick the things out of the gutter. When they decided who was going to jail, looks were a big factor. The police would take the hands of the women who were not going to jail, and they would burn them on the hood of the engine. The women who were going to jail were piled in the back seat, usually six, seven or eight women. The police would drive us around for an hour or so, handcuffed, with people sitting on us. One time, the car was so crowded, one officer made me sit on his lap, handcuffed.

In Hollywood, the police arrested me for "obstructing justice" when I warned another prostitute of his presence. Both of my arms were almost broken when he picked me up by the handcuffs and threw me into the back of a pickup truck, which was the vehicle he and his partner used when trying to arrest prostitutes.

The first time Deborah got arrested, she was handcuffed behind. The officer was drunk and tried to kiss her and fondled her breast and body in the elevator of the hotel.

In San Jose, the police drive you around and leave you off in dark areas.

In Las Vegas, the police almost broke Deborah's arm when they arrested her.

In Berkeley, when the police used to drive us around in their cars for hours, one officer pulled into a very dark alley and demanded a blow job.

In Hollywood, a police officer who had responded to an ad in the paper (by that time we had stopped working on the street) came to our house in a car without a license plate. He pulled out his handcuffs so he could handcuff me to the bed and have intercourse with me. Luckily, I ran away.

I have been arrested thirty or forty times, who's keeping count? I've never done any time, but I have had to take cases all the way to jury trial at least nine times. In California, there is a mandatory thirty-day sentence for the second arrest, forty-five days for the third. The police make you think you will lose if you go to trial, so most women plead guilty and do the time.

The Continuing Saga of Scarlot Harlot II

Carol Leigh

I provide sexual service to a handful of clients, most of whom I've known for at least a year. I trust these married businessmen. I know their real names and I have their phone numbers at work. They tell me they love me or like me so much. They pay what I ask and they leave when their time is up. I trust them. I need to trust them.

"You're crazy, girl! Don't let your guard down. Men have a bad attitude towards women. Especially working girls. Fucking us over is a game for them. Why do you think they call 'em tricks?"

"No, no, no! I can't be that suspicious!"

But it's worth it. I only have to work a couple hours a week. The rest of my time I spend at the typewriter, complaining and bragging about my life. I stay home a lot. I entertain myself. At night I pick up my guitar and sing:

"My life was so boring, Til I started whoring . . ."

Pretty funny, huh? Oh, forget it! I'm being facetious, sarcastic, sardonic. I'm miserable. I hate this fate. I made those changes in my life, but I can't go on living in fear and isolation. I can't. If only. . . If only the streets were safe. . . If only women were not haunted by submissive images. I remain home and depend on my telephone.

And what of telephones? Oh, those twisted umbilical cords! I have three obscene phone callers — two of whom don't seem to know that I'm a prostitute because they don't mention it. Many women are plagued by this phenomenon. We restrict ourselves to listing first initials in the phone book rather than our full names, because there is an army of men out there who use the telephone book as a map. They choose their targets, call and attack.

If only we weren't haunted by these invasions. . . If only we could