

I Pick Up a Hooker

Ever since I was a teen-ager, I was intrigued by “the oldest profession.” How could it be that young, attractive, women were available for sex for a price? I couldn’t conceive of approaching a woman of the streets for sex. Not only didn’t I have the nerve; I didn’t have extra cash. I had heard the expression: “two bit hooker” but I am sure their rates were much higher. I had no idea what the going rate was, nor even on which streets street walkers were to be found.

When I was in college, I came across novels about prostitutes, and heard about pimps, and women forced into prostitution. That really turned me off. I preferred the idea that there were nymphomaniacs, women who couldn’t get enough. We were blown away by the great Bessie Smith singing “Gimme a Pigfoot”: “Lay me ‘cause I’m in my sin, Lay me ‘cause I’m full of gin.” We fantasized about meeting such a young lady. Of course, this never happened.

We dated “good girls.” A few of us had the good fortune of going beyond petting, but most of us did not have intercourse until we were married. There were stories of bachelor parties with prostitutes, but no one I knew was involved in such activities.

The years went by. From time to time, I observed young, attractive, underdressed and overexposed young women on the street, and concluded they were hookers. Once or twice, I was approached and asked if I was looking for a date. I would smile and say, no thank you.

When I worked for the US Commission on Civil Rights, the regional directors held periodic meetings in the different regional office cities: New York, Washington DC, Chicago, San Antonio, Los Angeles, Memphis, Atlanta. When the meetings ended, I would take a few days of annual leave to sightsee. There was no opportunity to explore the area when we were meeting.

One such meeting, in the mid ‘70s, was held in Atlanta. When the meeting ended, everyone left, but I stayed on. There was a lot to see in Atlanta. The evening after everyone departed, I went out for a late dinner. The weather was pleasant and I decided to see the sights of downtown Atlanta.

Returning to my hotel, I noticed a very attractive young woman strolling outside the hotel. Was she waiting for someone? It did not take me long to figure out why she was strolling. Of course! I screwed up my courage, and casually approached her. Is she interested in what I believe she was interested in? Yes. Hmm. We chatted a bit. I told her my name; she told me hers. She was very bright, as well as being very pretty. We chatted some more. I finally asked her how much she charged. The figure sounded reasonable. Would she like to accompany me to my hotel room? Yes, but it would have to be after the desk clerk on duty leaves. When would that be? In about an hour. She asked me for my room number, and said she would knock on my door.

After a very long hour, there was a knock. I opened the door; she was just as pretty in the hotel room light. I was in my undershorts. She undressed, took a washcloth and I was surprised when she proceeded to wash me. I thanked her. There was a little foreplay, and we “made love.” It was very pleasant. As she was getting out of bed, I asked her if she might stay. Not for the agreed upon price. That was understandable. She dressed. I paid her. She left. We didn’t kiss goodbye.