

Rubba-dub-dub business handles the aches, pains

By Bill Graf

Massage: The rubba-dub-dub of friction at work.

However, services offered by massage parlors, studios and spas are as varied as their clients' needs.

"It helps relieve stress. And because the client is able to totally relax it's good for his mental health. But, some of my clients just wanted to be touched, simply because they hadn't been touched by a woman in a while," a former masseuse explained.

For fear of incriminating herself she asked to remain anonymous. For the sake of the article we'll call her Stella Blue.

Miss Blue explained that many of her regular customers at the Atlantis Health Spa in Costa Mesa, Calif., where she worked for five months, were wealthy businessmen with high-pressure jobs.

"They just wanted to relax for an hour," she said.

"One of the regulars was a millionaire. He came in every day, sometimes twice a day and spent as much as \$300 in one day."

Miss Blue said the spa gave only straight massages but still many clients came to the spa for erotic pleasure.

"I was told when I started that some of the younger men will want to jack-off during the massage. I thought that if it ever happened I'd have to leave the room, but I didn't."

Other clients, she said, used drugs during the massage to heighten the sensual experience.

Sex and Coke

Miss Blue recalled, "One client came in for a three hour massage at \$40 an hour and we snorted cocaine off and on

throughout the massage. The massage was totally straight, I just massaged him and we snorted coke and shot the breeze for three hours."

A former serviceman and client of Southern California massage parlors stated that most of his experiences were erotic.

"For \$10 you got the regular massage, for \$25, the hot French rub. For \$35 you massage each other, and for \$50 you could go all the way," he said.

"But with inflation it's probably \$100 by now," he added.

He also wished to remain anonymous to save himself embarrassment. Therefore for the sake of clarity he'll be Tom Wright.

Brothel message

Wright said his seven experiences made him believe there is "practically no difference between massage parlors and houses of prostitution.

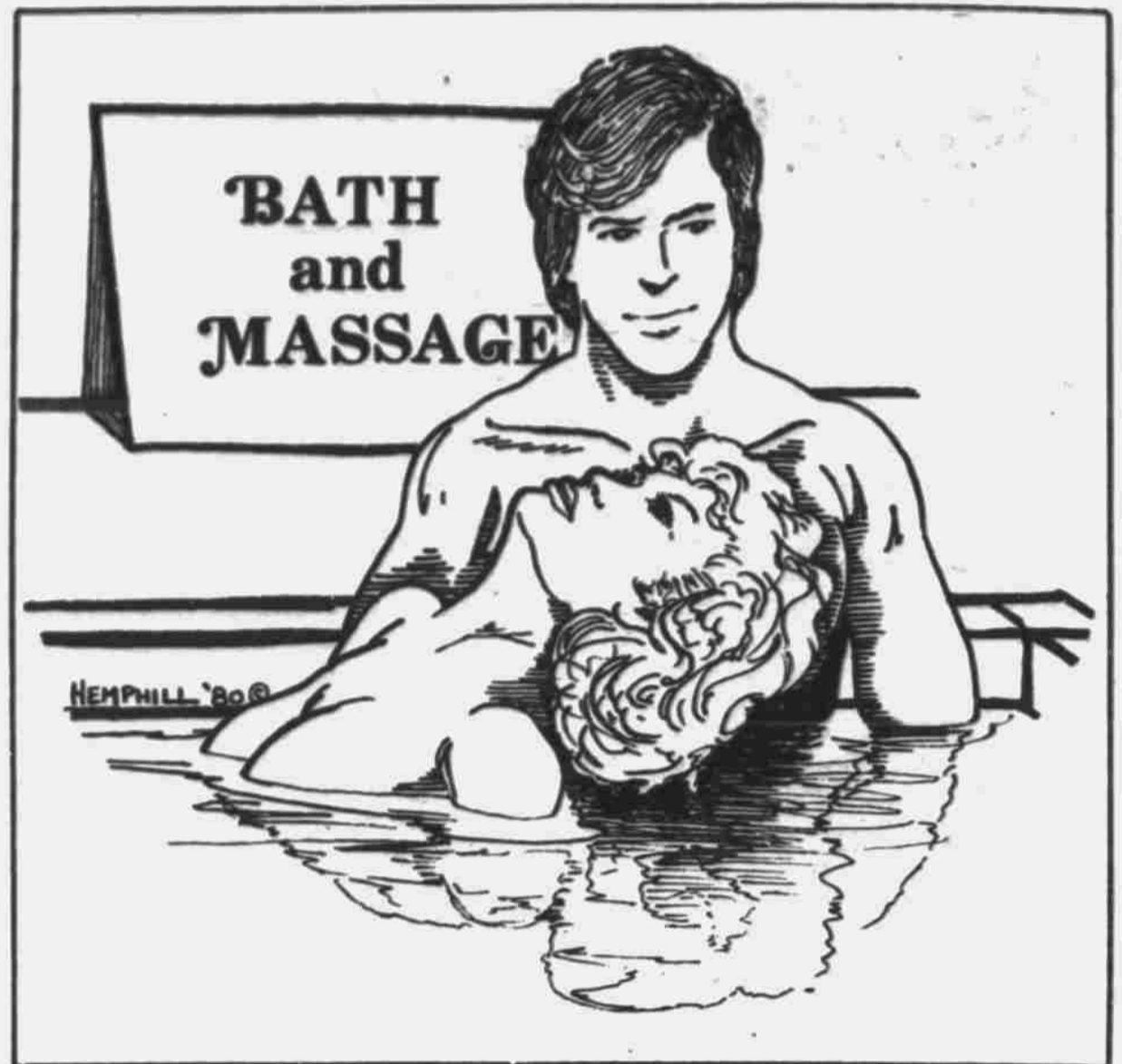
"When a client enters one of these parlors," he said, "the interior was very plush.

"The girls were seated in an ornate room so you could view the merchandise. She would take you back to a room with nothing more than a mattress and an unshaded lightbulb. In the back room they would offer the extras.

"I don't look back on this with pride. "It was dissatisfying for both of us. The chick had done it so many times."

But Wright added, persons are born with sexual desires that you have to let out. If you're not able to establish a sexual relationship, they're (massage parlors) an outlet.

"Many say it's a victimless crime, but I don't know if that's true. The girls seemed scared of something. Maybe they were afraid that if they didn't turn enough



tricks, they'd be out on the street and exposed to even worse types."

He said that one girl at the parlor told him she was a runaway from Portland, Ore. Another said she was working her way through college.

Nebraska laws tough

Nebraska state law requires all masseuses (women) and masseurs (men) to be licensed by the State Board of Health. State law also prohibits erotic massage. Therefore all parlors in Nebraska are either legal or soon out-of-business.

To be legally licensed in Nebraska a massage technician must have 600 hours or six months of supervised work at a state approved residence school of massage and pass a state exam. Or he or she must complete a state approved massage course and work for a month at a residence school and pass the state exam.

Jim Morton, district director of the American Massage and Therapy Association and an Omaha masseur said if any of his clients gave him the impression they are there for erotic pleasure "I'd tell them to hit the road."

But it has never happened, he said. Morton, operator of the Brandes Massage Studio, is a part-time masseur at the European Health Spa in Omaha and is a masseur in the jockey's quarters at Ak-sar-ben during the racing season.

Morton said there are Oriental and Turkish massage styles but that the Swedish massage is most common.

The style is meant to relax, aid blood and lymph circulation and tone muscles and nerves.

Morton added that massage also relieves emotional tension which can't be eased by simple relaxation.

Morton's and Blue's massage styles were very similar.

Styles similar

They both started with the feet and legs in order to aid circulation.

They both massage the abdomen, back, neck, shoulders, legs, feet and chest.

After finishing the feet and legs, Morton massages the arms and hands. Blues' massage doesn't include arms and hands so she goes directly to the back.

The major difference between the two styles is the touch.

Morton's massage is vigorous whereas Blue's is more like caressing.

Morton works every muscle loose and Blue melts the client into semi-consciousness.

A few years ago several massage parlors sprung up in Council Bluffs.

However, after the strengthening of a city ordinance regulating massage parlors five years ago all the parlors in Council Bluffs have either moved away or have been shut down.

Lt. Gary Fields, vice intelligence unit, Council Bluffs Police Department, said the police were able to shut down several parlors on license violations and evidence that the masseuses were sexually stimulating the clients.

Since the disappearance of massage parlors in Council Bluffs, Fields said former parlor owners have opened businesses that are not regulated by city ordinance such as escort services and adult book stores.

All of these businesses are legal. However, Fields stated, "If I thought they were legitimate I wouldn't be constantly checking them out with undercover police officers."

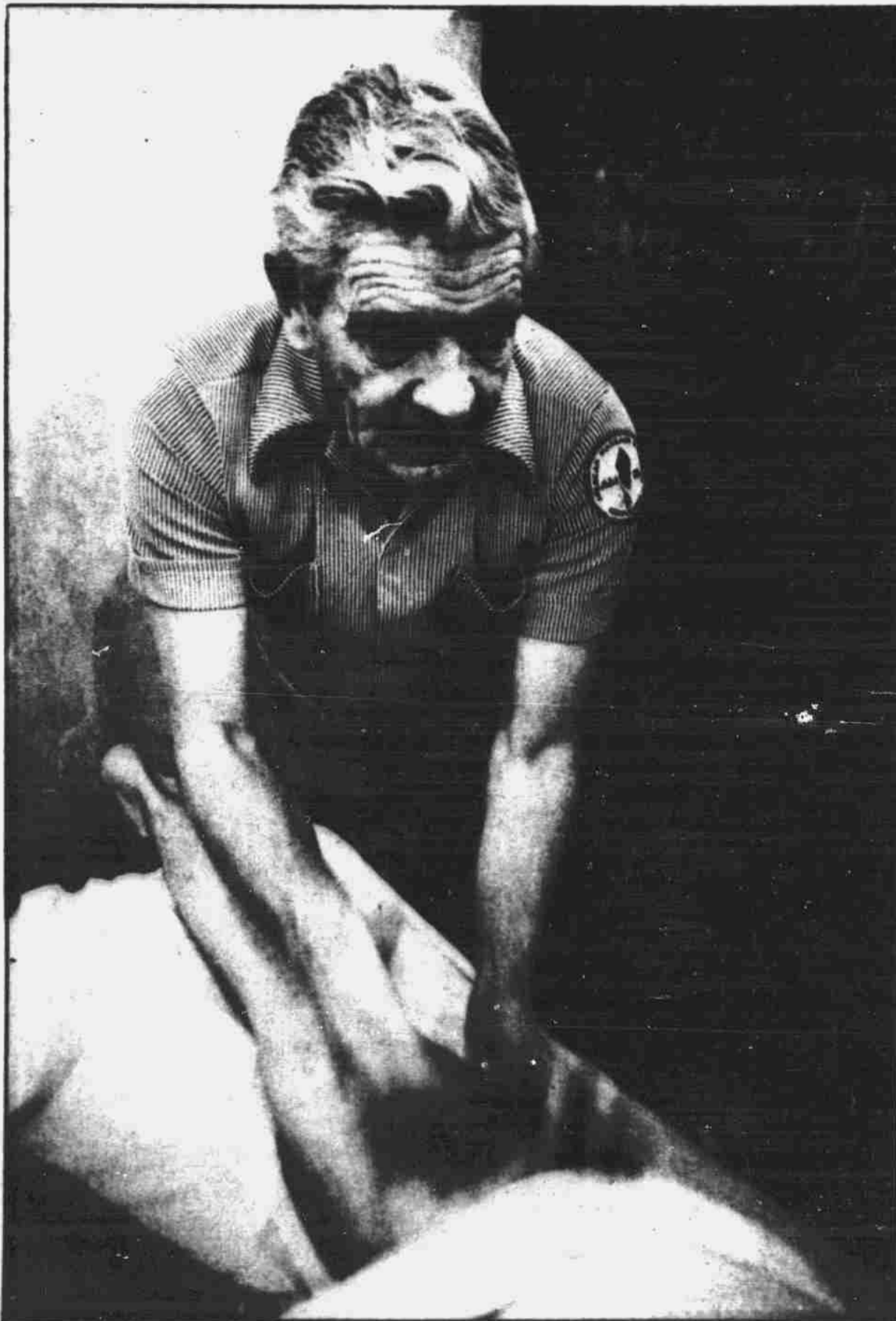


Photo by Jerry McBride

Jim Morton, 59, demonstrates massage techniques that originated in Sweden 300 years ago.

Infatuation: three

By Michael Zangari

"... you hung on to me like I was a crucifix."

—Leonard Cohen

I saw Paul's ghost sitting at the bar the other night, watching the waitress with doleful eyes and occasionally smiling sadly into his Scotch and water. It has been a few years now since he has moved on, but I still see him occasionally in the faces of those who continually fill his space.

It is a peculiar kind of quiet desperation that pushes people—especially men—out into the city night after night, following one infatuation or another. Night after night in the same bar or restaurant because they have fallen in love with the waitress—maybe because she is pretty or pleasant, mostly because she's there.

It is the same passion inspired by singers and dancers. The lonely man or woman who sits up front with their eyes riveted on the stage, applauding wildly and fantasizing that they, out of all the people there, really appreciate and understand the person up

front. It is an "us and them" fantasy, and one that must be exceptionally painful to come down from.

It reminds me of a terrible old joke that used to make the rounds at potato chip parties. It was about a man who spent most of his working life running to catch his bus every morning. He'd pass the same tree on his way to the bus week after week, until one morning as he was running past it, he stopped dead. All of a sudden, he realized how much he loved the tree.

"I really love that tree," he said. "I mean really." He walked up to the tree and quickly told it that he loved it. The tree, however, didn't respond. "Tree, I love you," he said. The tree never moved. He then reached out his hand and stroked the bark. Getting no response he backed up and ran at the tree, wrapping his arms and legs around it. "I love you tree!" he screamed. But the tree never moved.

The rather sad moral to the story is, "Only God can make a tree..."
