

"Sound"

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Dave Bentz/Diversions

Aural Sex: 'T & A' & AT & T

By
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"Hi stud," squealed the young voice on the other line. "Welcome to the wonderful world of the Cherry Prep Girls. I'm Natasha and I just turned 16 today. If you'd like to take a ride with me in the back of Daddy's '65 Chevy, press number one on your touch-tone phone. C'mon, big boy, take a ride with me in Daddy's car . . . it's older than I am."

A new girl came on the line. "Hi," she said. "I'm Susie and I'm bisexual. I'm also a cheerleader, and I like to wear sweaters so tight that my girlfriends have to grease me up with massage oil to get me out of all that wool. Dial number two on your phone if you wanna help my girlfriend get me out of my tight cheerleader sweater."

Then yet another girl came on the phone. "Greetings, sir," she said meekly. "I'm Brenda

and I've been a baaad little girl. I need a spanking. Press number three if you want to punish me."

I pressed number two and listened as Suzie and her girlfriend tried to remove the tight sweater.

"OOh," cooed her friend. "You're so big that pulling off this sweater will be such a chore."

"Like, shut up, Didi . . . that kind of talk makes me horny," Susie snapped.

"Let's go over to the boys' locker room and see if the coach can help us get this stubborn old sweater off," Didi answered.

Suddenly, the scene ended and Susie earnestly said, "Now that we've got you all hot, get your credit card ready and talk to us live."

She started rattling off a phone number as I hung up the phone.

The scene I've just described was my first encounter with phone sex, a multi-million-dollar form of legalized prostitution that has been growing for years.

When my friend Janel and I worked at a local telemarketing firm, a co-worker supplied us with a list of phone-sex numbers she had acquired after looking through her boyfriend's stack of skin magazines. At the end of every shift, we would grow tired of trying to sell insurance to housewives coast-to-coast, so we would secretly call these phone-sex numbers and pretend that we actually doing our jobs and trying to sell customers supplemental insurance programs.

"That's right, Mrs. Jones," we would say as our supervisors waltzed by. "And you can even charge your premiums to Mastercard."

Little did our supervisors know that on the other line a woman was moaning and calling us "stud," "sir," "Daddy" and "master."

These phone-sex services have just about every fantasy imaginable. You can call and listen to a "Harley-Davidson biker bimbo" a "lovely medieval maiden," a "trampy teacher," a sadistic dominatrix or a "buxom former Miss Iceland who will tell you erotic Scandinavian stories."

Our favorite phone-sex service was called "69 Fantasy Palace," which featured girls who were into bondage, domination, sado-masochism and torture. Now I know this sounds terrible, but the scenes these girls would describe were so hilarious that only a true pervert could find them erotic. The girls at "69 Fantasy Palace" actually had electronic sound effects that they would use in their scenes.

One girl, "Mistress Mona," would say that you were a pig who needed discipline, so she would describe a dungeon she was taking you to. Once she got you in the dungeon, she said she was going to shock you with her electric "sword" if you tried to touch her luscious measurements.

"Pig, you touched Mistress Mona's luscious legs, and you shall be punished for doing such a nasty thing," she would snarl, proceeding to zap you with her "sword."

"Take that, slave," she'd hiss, turning on a cheap sound-effect that went . . . ZAPP.

All right, call it exploitation if you must, but phone sex is one of the most hysterical forms of eroticism to invade the world of smut. It is prostitution in its most harmless, vicarious form. And it's also disease-free. If a pervert wants some action, he no longer has to drive down to some seedy street corner and risk being seen or getting arrested. He can just pick up the phone, dial some decadence, then reach out and let someone touch him . . . with an electric "sword" that goes . . . ZAPP. All for a reasonable price that he can charge to his Visa or Mastercard.

Janel and I never bothered to waste money and call the number to talk to the girls live because the recorded teasers were funny enough. Yes, raucous, raunchy and rip-roaringly funny, but never, never erotic

or sexually stimulating.

Phone sex is "T&A" courtesy of AT&T. It's an innocuous form of porn-peddling that is becoming the fast-food, high-tech version of the obsolete brothel. The entire concept of it is ridiculous, but clever and lucrative. If some poor, old, rain-coated soul gets his jollies calling up phone-line Lolitas to have aural sex, why should we complain? Peter the Pervert gets satisfaction and Mistress Mona gets \$50 bucks.

If you think phone sex is unique to America, think again, potential perverts. In Europe, phone sex is also ubiquitous. In London last summer, I noticed that the phone booths had phone sex-service graffiti and ads plastered all over them.

"Lovely Princess Di look-alike wants ready American blokes to ring her up for a nominal fee," one scribbled message proclaimed in a phone booth in Soho.

Phone sex even abounds in Lincoln. Once, I was over at some friends' house drinking and partying. My friends, a young married couple, had recently gotten over a temporary separation. The husband had indulged in a short fling with another woman but had called it off and gone back to his wife. The husband's former lover was so perturbed about the reconciliation that she went to the local porn shop and wrote his wife's name on the wall.

"Trampy sleazebag needs fat, old men to call her," his mistress wrote. "Call and ask for Susan. My husband won't mind."

Disgusting old men started to call Susan day and night. On the night I was over at their place, another pervert called. Susan got on the phone and started to explain nervously that she wasn't a sleazy phone tramp, but I insisted that she stay on the line. I kept telling her perverted things to say that I had memorized from all the Xaviera Hollander books I read in high school.

"You talk to him," she finally said.

She handed me the phone and a whiny, breathy voice that contained shades of Les Nessman and Truman Capote said, "And who are you?"

"I'm Felisha," I said in raspy tones. "I have cascading blond hair, cherry lips and ice-blue eyes . . . I love yogurt, hot tubs and reading Dr. Seuss by candlelight."

"But your voice is so deep," he replied. "You sound like a guy."

"That's because I like to chain-smoke cigarettes while I stand in front of my mirror and admire my luscious measurements," I said.

I stayed on the phone for half an hour, reciting every bad phone-sex fantasy I had ever heard as I took random swigs of vodka and tried to keep from laughing. Eventually I told him that I was really a man and my name was Leroy, Susan's pimp.

"You'll be dead meat if you ever come near my woman without deliverin' the cash first," I wailed.

The sicko hung up and I fell to the floor in laughter, trembling with hilarity as I thought about all the disgusting things I had said.

And so my short-lived career as a phone-sex siren ended and is now nothing but a tawdry memory.