

“Casual Encounters”

from
crackwhorepornstarlove

by
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The phone rang. It was shockingly loud. It was after 10pm. I turned and stared at the beast thinking for a moment it was a hallucination. Then it burst out again and I dove for the receiver. I tried to be cautious, yet casual, despite being nearly out of breath from shock and the physical exertion it took me to launch my bones to the phone in my partially crippled state.

“Hello?”

“Hi. Is this David?”

“Yeah. Yeah. This is David.”

“Cool. I got your email.”

“Cool.”

“So...You want to party?”

“...Sure, I could celebrate. Today’s the first day I’m walking in months.” She didn’t know what to make of that, but decided to play through.

“Are you up for smoking some?”

Now, I’m a neophyte drug-wise, but I knew you’re not supposed to talk about the goods by their real names on the phone. The Feds could be listening in. I could be cool.

“Sure. I’m down with the Mary Jane.” I smote myself on the forehead – open palm. Who says ‘Mary Jane’? It just came to me. Jesus, now she’s gonna think I’m a-

“No. I’m talking about ‘the other white smoke’.”

Wow. She’s good - just made a pork/drug joke. Clever girl. But I still had NO idea what she’s talking about. What else do you smoke? Crack? Meth? Is that white?

“Uh...I don’t know where to get that stuff.”

“It’s OK. I got a guy in The Valley.”

Of course she does.

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She said her name was Jennifer as she sat down in the passenger seat and gave me a limp shake. I had no reason to believe her, but I did. I didn’t think she’d reveal her real name at all, so it was a surprising step toward intimacy and it made me want to trust her.

Online she’d called herself Becca. Becca Bluu - two “u”s. She informed me when we first spoke an hour earlier that people were always getting the spelling wrong and it really upset her - especially when the error was right by her photo on the cover of a DVD.

Before we arranged to meet, I asked, if it wasn’t too rude, could she send me a photo. That’s when she reminded me she’d placed her *nomme de plume* in her initial post with the instruction to Google her for pics..

No one puts their name into an initial posting. It’s dangerous.

But it finally allowed me to quickly determine who she was of the many I’d reached out to that night. She couldn’t be real, but here she was reaching back out to me on this, the first evening in three months that I could walk without crutches.

Armed with her identity, I tripped over to my laptop, still unaccustomed to using a cane, and I vaulted myself on my veritable 2x4 of a leg over to the browser which yielded a shot of her pale frame in mere moments. I briefly reflected that I’d never seen someone’s nipples before meeting them face to face. Then we made the arrangements.

“Where should I pick you up?”

“The Shell station at Fountain and La Brea.”

“The Shell station?...Uh...Where are you now?”
“At a friend’s.”
“OK. How about I pick you up there? It’s cold outside.”
“It’s better if you pick me up at the Shell Station.”
“...”

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When I pulled in, my first thought was that she looked like a boy. Actually, the first thought I had was “My God there IS a Shell station!” I expected I was being had – a teen prank sending me on a wild goose chase, a ‘Punked’ type show that would embarrass me for life, maybe even a car jacking. For a moment, I lingered in the image of a large black man with a gun stepping out from the shadows behind her. I saw myself handing him my wallet and keys and then waving goodbye as he pulled away with her in my car.

But there she was, in the flesh, looking very alone if not abandoned, all bundled up in a black wool hat and a red checked hunting jacket. (HUNTING JACKET???)

She stood by the pay phone on the side of the mini-mart and as I parked the car she shyly pointed at me - mouthing my name with a cocking of her head in a question mark. I nodded affirmation and unlocked the passenger side door.

Click.

I’m not stupid. I knew this could be a really bad idea so I’d called my friend Alex on the way over and left him a message instructing him to call the police if he hadn’t heard from me in 24 hours. I knew that didn’t make me safe, but at least they’d find the body.

I showed up despite the danger because not a soul had ever written me back from Casual Encounters. I can’t say I’m proud of it, but I’d sent a few hundred emails since my ex introduced me to the site as a guilty pleasure of hers 4 years prior. A score of desolate evenings unleashing desperate pleas of ‘choose me!’ into the ether adds up over time.

Copy. Paste. Copy. Paste.

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Now the rabbit hole had opened and I was determined to see what was on the other side. Perhaps Casual Encounters would finally fulfill on its promise of:

FREE SEX. NOW. AND OFTEN WEIRD.

For the uninitiated, Craigslist (we love you Craig!) has a peculiar little nation under its banner known as Casual Encounters. It’s tidily unhidden under ‘personals’ - just below “misc romance” and right before “missed connections”. Most folk stop after the top four – ‘m4w’, ‘w4m’, ‘w4w’ and ‘m4m’. But if you dig a bit further, you’ll find yourself off the map in a land where your trusty compass spins in circles.

If you’re lucky, Casual Encounters allows users to test the theory that women want sex as much as men. However, it’s a completely free service which makes it extremely suspect. And, being Craigslist, it’s a simple text interface – on which few women post pictures of themselves. And though the mask of anonymity creates a safer playing field for the women, one can still make studied projections as to the composition of the populace.

Who are the denizens of Casual Encounters? It breaks down thusly:

Women you're not into.
Women who are not be into you.
Women who want to do things that scare you, and...
The Fakes (which constitute the majority of all postings)

And while that accounts for 99.9% of the women playing this game, somehow there's the hope that maybe, just maybe, there's someone out there just like me looking for...just me. Someone who hasn't been able to figure out how to connect in this awful city, who hates going to bars alone, but whose friends are always busy, who doesn't understand the interest in clubs, with the lines and the ropes and the deafening music designed to keep conversation from emerging. Someone who's comfortable with their healthy desire for sex, who wasn't damaged as a child, who's ready to love, but will happily lust, who wants to play in life, but needs reminding to stop being so damn serious. Who's tried online dating and who can't endure getting set up by her neighbor even once more, because she's attempted a well-planned, extravagant, creative first date only to crash and burn in the shadow of indifference and has therefore shortened initial encounters to sixty minutes of caffeine in a locale so uncondusive to romance it's a wonder you don't just admit defeat and turn around after saying hello.

Somehow, hope remains She's out there. That is, until you begin reading the posts...

The most plentiful creature you'll find in the CE sea are BBWs (Big Beautiful Women). These unabashed mammals post their desires in filthy exactitude that would make a *Penthouse* editor blush. One assumes somewhere there are men who dig that.

Next up are the women who are looking for...well, not me. Maybe it's *you* they're looking for - Black men, Hispanic men, football types, 6-pack abs, over 8 inches, uncut, under 25, over 40, multi-millionaires...The list goes on.

The next slice in the pie chart is "Those who want to do things that scare you." I like to think I'm a open-minded kinda guy, but it's things like this, that remind me I'm just a nice Jewish boy who loves and fears girls, as one ought to as they are the manifestation of the divine on this lonely planet. But heaven help me if a nice Jewish girl wrote:

I'd LOVE to drink your hot piss - w4m - 30

And that's just the opening caption to get you to click and read the rest. Each page has thirty of these banners vying for your attention. Given the power of anonymity, women embrace the freedom to reveal their most twisted side, but to winnow down the field, they provide more detailed demands. And in this miserable town, they've got men lining up to do as they're told. In truth, I'm most jealous they know exactly what they want.

PERSONALLY, I CAN'T EVEN TELL YOU THE COLOR OF MY TRUE LOVE'S EYES.

Yet, some folks know just what they're looking for:

I'd love to drink your hot piss. You must be very good-looking, Caucasian, healthy, and courteous. I am courteous, discrete, and have drunk piss before and love it. I prefer to drink piss with the stream from a cock directly into my mouth and straight down my throat. I can easily drink piss this way without spilling any. I want to drink piss on a regular basis -- increasing my intake to two times a day or more. Will consider other activities of your choosing. No reciprocation nec. No payment involved. I'm 30, 5'9", 130, 36c, long blonde hair, brown eyes, Italian background.

My pictures for yours.

Why the picture trade? Because she cares what you look like if you're going to piss in her mouth. It's also sorta sweet that she wants you to know that she can drink it without spilling any. It conjures up the image of a little girl in a sundress lifting up her skirts while fidgeting. She has yet to learn a nice girl doesn't show everyone her panties.

"See daddy! I didn't spill a drop!"

The mind reels. Who is she trying to impress? Freud would have a field day.

I'm also wondering not only how she has the time for this, but who is she going to find who can accommodate her schedule? What if she found the right guy, but he has some conflicts?

"So, would T-Th work for you? I could come by after yoga."

And I'm glad she's so open-minded to consider other activities of my choosing.

'HOW ABOUT BOWLING?'

I think the most interesting thing though, is that she describes herself as courteous before anything else. And she demands it in her partner. Courteous? If one is pissing in a lady's mouth twice daily, what constitutes *courteous*???

Lord! I don't know how to play these games and I don't want anyone to teach me.

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Now a word on the fakes to complete our survey. There's much discussion online of men who are trying to scam boys for naked pictures. And there are warnings to the community at large not to fall for those requesting cock shots. Consider: *What woman wants a picture of your penis as the determinate factor in choosing an amorous liaison?*

My friend Melissa, as it turns out. When she decided to "order in" through Casual Encounters, she requested those very shots. She decided if she was doing this, she wasn't going to risk disappointment. She went to an Ivy league school. She wasn't stupid.

She got 200 responses in one hour from a restrained three-sentence ad requesting a respectful gentlemen of a certain height. She included no picture of herself, though she's a fit, attractive woman. She passed on a millionaire who sounded tame and met the guy with the 6-pack. She sized him up at a bar nearby. Took him home. Did it all night.

And come morning, she found herself wanting more. Not the sex. The sex was fine, hot even, but it wasn't sufficient. She didn't need love, but she discovered she DID want some of the game. As she inched toward forty she needed the chase even more or she felt undesirable. And if all he does is click a mouse, how's a woman to feel the excitement of knowing a man is willing to risk life and limb for her? Now she's back on JDate.

Regardless, she blew my theory that every ad looking for a picture of a penis was penned by a man. Still, when you see the posting you responded to has been taken down and identified as a fake perpetrated by a fellow, you feel strangely violated. You know there's some bald, sweaty, father of two in Glendale quietly whacking off as he stares at your less than private privates, hoping his wife doesn't wake up and come into his home-office offering to make him some Ovaltine to help him get back to sleep.

So I don't send out cock shots. Not anymore.

The other pitfall is responding to ads put up by porn sites. These are easy to spot:

21 year old hottie loves oral – w4m

Right. Because she wants to give it to your anonymous little cyber-ass since she couldn't *possibly* get it by walking into any bar at any hour of any day from guys better looking and a lot richer than you. No, my friend, that's a porn site trying to get your email. They'll spam you in hopes that in a truly despondent moment you'll pull the trigger and blow thirty bucks for a monthly subscription to www.AssFreaks.com. Another porn trap:

19 year old bored coed wants it now– w4m

Why bored? Bored is a constant refrain out there. Does that turn some guys on? Do I want a girl who's so bored out of her skull, she'd let some stranger plunder her womanhood in hopes it'll make her stop yawning? Perhaps the dolt penning this copy thinks that 'bored' adds a layer of verisimilitude. As though most of the smokin' chicks he knows feel less than engaged every moment they're not bouncing on some random meathead's pogo stick. Makes perfect sense.

One last thing I need to make very clear. While there are pornbots generating fake posts out there, Ladies of the Evening do not troll Casual Encounters. It's true many real women post looking for a 'drugs for sex' trade - coyly calling themselves "snow bunnies" who are hoping to go skiing if you, the man, provide the snow (cocaine). But the rare time you see an offering of an hour of time for '300 roses' it's removed before you know it.

Folks who are upfront about an exchange like that are escorts and they have their own separate section on Craigslist - "Erotic Services". It's not even under the personals. It's found under 'Services' where you can also get your taxes done or your car fixed. The separation is crucial – embracing the idea that all participants on Casual Encounters are willing participants in mutually desired sex. Unlike Casual Encounters, there are often pictures in Erotic Services. These are usually enough to dissuade you from responding.

A good part of the lure with Casual Encounters is that you never see photos up front, so your fantasies are ever hopeful. These are supposedly normal women who live and work amongst you. Beautiful women in particular always want their privacy protected. Of course there are no pictures. It lets your imagination spin out of control.

And when has reality ever trumped imagination?

Date: 01/27/07 8:11PM

Reply to: pers256423458@craigslist.org

Porn star Becca Bluu - w4m - 21.

Hi I am Becca Bluu. I am a porn star. I was wondering if anyone would like to get together. Let me know. Google my porn name and you will see pictures.

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Of course this is not a real woman. What have we learned?

This is a porn site, at best. More probably, a man. Likely a scam.

Whatever it is, this is definitely not a post you should reply to. And whatever you do, don't include your home number just because you're too lazy to check your email every two minutes to see if she responded. If you include your home number they *can* find you.

Copy. Paste. Click. Send.

Ring.