

WHORECORE:

FUCKING QUEER

(& GETTING PAID)

SEX
WORKERS
UNITE!

SEX WORKER OPEN UNIVERSITY

My Prostitot Journey: How I Became a Prostitute, My Steps Along the Way. By Princess

I'd wanted to do sex work for years. Being in the queer, anti oppressive communities I was part of, I had loads of friends who were workers, but was too scared to take that step myself.

Apart from the general fears of starting a new vocation, I was also working in one of those underfunded, queer community charity work jobs where my role included working in high schools and being a public face for the organization. I felt like if I were to be found out, the repercussions would be large.

Despite the fear, I did go for a few stripper interviews (while in Aotearoa with my queer charity job), but didn't follow through with any. They'd taken one look at my hairy pits, legs, shaved head on both sides and septum piercing and said I'd need to do some work (on myself they meant, not at their establishment).

My actual day came when I was travelling on my way to London and was staying with a friend in Melbourne. She is a fabulous femme who helped me lose my whoring virginity and showed me the ropes like no other.

She lent me her favorite work outfit and shoes and supplied me with some wigs to work in. She took me into her brothel early to familiarize me with the setting, and then she ran me through the scenario as if I was the client.

That night was great. I made \$1000, and many of the concerns I had had before starting the shift, disappeared afterwards. For years before, even though I had done a lot of work breaking down the myths and stereotypes of sex work and sex workers, like the idea that getting paid for sex will make you feel used, that only damaged people work in the sex industry, that having sex with people you don't love will be horrible, that you don't have any agency in the work, or I guess the one wrapped up the most in the packaging of 'concern' and 'care' - that you'll be irreversibly damaged or affected afterward and you'll never be able to be the same again or regain your sense of 'ok-ness' that you get from only having unpaid sex your whole life. All of these things I had done work on within myself, especially the idea that something is taken from you during sex that you can't regain, seeing as I have identified as a slut in my personal life for years. But these ideas were still there in the back of my head, speaking every now and then and making me doubt my desire to

try this work.

After my first shift, even after my first client, I realized how all of these things just felt completely untrue. But no longer just on a theoretical level, on a felt sense level.

I was so excited. I felt like I had a new trade to work with, and really inspired by the work.

The next step came for me when I had to think about whether I could rely on this form of work as my main source of income. Something I still am not totally settled about yet, but hey, it's working pretty well so far.

Going from doing one shift while traveling to working regularly 2 days a week has been really great. I mean finding the right places. Deciding whether to go straight into independent or work at parlors for a while first. Waiting for vacancies to come up at the parlors. Now I look forward to going to work and often still feel amazed that I get paid for some of the fun and funny things I get to do at work.

It's really given me some level of insight in to cis men and their relationships with their penises. The complexities that this can involve, that I didn't really have much experience with previously. At the moment it's given me more compassion for masculinity, and more confidence in being around it.

I've found it true what 'they' say, that this work often has therapeutic aspects to it, and educational aspects to it. I guess that will help my conscious if I decide to put 'educator' on my tax payments.

I feel like I get so much from my job, and get to learn so much. Setting boundaries, being assertive, being able to be part of the process of someone really opening up, and the power of sexuality.

This is where I'm at with it now, and I'm interested to see what ponderings are afoot for me in a few months time.

If you've been thinking about trying it out. I'd say go for it. Xx

(Check out all the getting started tips out there, and connect with some radical workers groups).

For more reading and London and Australian based links, check out:
SWOU - <http://www.sexworkeropenuniversity.com>
<http://www.sexworker.org.au> (Australian based)
<http://joy.org.au/thevixenhour/>

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(This piece originally printed in the zine 'Scumbag III')

Sex work and Saviours

By Jet Young

Because this is a sex work zine having its debut at a queer zine fest, I want to write about Saviours. This will hopefully make a bit more sense soon.

Now I'm sure Jesus Christ was an ok guy, maybe even pretty cool. He did go about making waves through organised religion, kicking tax collectors out of temples, hanging with disreputable women and talking about love and forgiveness. Unfortunately the kerfuffle following in his wake has created some pretty crap toxic stuff. This is where a bunch of powerful structures go ahead or continue to do stink stuff in the name of JC, saving people and knowing better for them.

What I want to talk about in particular is 'Saviour Syndrome'. It's a nasty insidious dynamic that weasels in, disguised with a liberal cloak of 'good intentions'. It's way more subtle than just killing people. It's also incredibly contagious and hard to shake. Imperialism and colonialism sent forth the missionaries before the surveyors, the bureaucrats and military. Genocide, conquest, land theft and assimilation were done in the name of trying to save people (from hell).

Violent liberal and neo-liberal projects, continue to affect indigenous peoples, poor people, disabled people, majority world dwellers and anyone outside of body norms and ideals; all in the name of helping and saving them, while simultaneously dismissing their voices, decisions and knowledge.

Queer and trans* people have been criminalised and incarcerated, and given electro shock to cure. This in the name of saving us from ourselves, or saving society from us. We've had our sexualities, desires and gender expressions pathologised and seen as a direct result of sexual abuse, low self-esteem, bullying, mental illness or having over-bearing or neglectful parents. This began to change (in some regards more than others) when straight and cis people were forced to listen to us, rather than simply speak about us without never having had a meaningful conversation with us.

I'm an asian diasporic queer trans guy doing sex work. I've been working independently for about half a year. I've done a bunch of varied jobs, and this is the latest of them. For some reason I've always known that there's been a history of queer and trans* sex workers that don't fit in neatly to assimilationist 'We're just like you' gay and lesbian politics. And it's highly paternalistic to pretend that none of those queer and trans* folk exercised agency within those interactions.

Opposite page: Monoprint 1 by Ginger

We just
Realised you
DON'T LOVE ME
AT ALL



A gentleman becomes overwhelmed by the transactional nature of our relationship

I have sex with people of various genders, for many different reasons. This has annoyed my parents, my old church, lesbians who were annoyed I slept with men, insecure monogamists, homophobes, and anti sex work feminists. I don't need to be saved in any way. I had my fill of trying to be saved in my fundamentalist Baptist church for too many years. Growing up in a colonised land dominated by white settlers (Aotearoa), how and what it means for me to be Chinese, facing liberal white supremacy and benefitting from settler privilege, has been a complex and interrogated process. The same follows with being queer, trans masculine, kinky and poly, in a heterocentric, cis centred, vanilla and monogamy dominated society. The identities I've uncovered and claimed within myself, against the strong noisy currents of various dominant cultures, has not been an unscrutinised journey.

I navigate and exercise my agency within complex structures of oppression and liberation. As we all do. Whether that's who to have sex with and why, where to live, whether to study, travel, take that job or what to eat. To erase people's agency within those complex realities is a patronising, paternalistic (maternalistic?) benevolent action that follows on and perpetuates colonial and sexist projects.

Sex work seems to be a topic that most people have strong thoughts, feelings and opinions on, without having even talked to a sex worker. Whorephobia and unchecked morals surrounding who should have sex with who, and for what reason, is so entrenched, that feminist theory cooked up in offices, or the odd sensational story of a regretful ex worker, is more than enough for people to stand by an opinion about sex work being wrong.

At this point, I could go into the complexities of work in a capitalist economies, subject positionings particularly around gender and class, sites of gendered oppression, and agency within those sites. Complex realities that are obscured when saviour feminists, christians, anarchists, activists and NGO workers spout tired old simplistic lines of 'upholding patriarchy', 'but in an ideal world', 'selling your body, degrading all women,' blah blah blah.

But I'll head back to Saviour Syndrome. To check whether Saviour Syndrome is happening in your conversations, social circle, Facebook thread, activist group or NGO, apply the 'Nothing about us without us' slogan. Just like if a bunch of cis people are talking about whether being trans is buying into a constructed binary or biologically determined, this would be suspicious. Or a bunch of masculine people were discussing whether femininity perpetuates sexism, it would be appropriate to be very skeptical.

So, when a bunch of people who have only ever had unpaid sex, are discussing the politics of sex work, we can expect that those discussions need to pay heed to, and prioritise the voices of people actually involved.

That is how to avoid getting infected by Saviour Syndrome.

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Sex Workers - A Queer Perspective

By Thierry Schaffauser

When the sex workers' movement was born in the 1970s it was women only and most of them were identified as straight. It is only in the last few years that more and more trans and male sex workers have been involved in the movement and that activists have brought new ideas influenced by "queer" theories.

Identity

Queer workers can very easily compare the similarities between LGBT phobias and the "whore" stigma. In both cases, we have to hide our identity or even to lie sometimes to avoid violence and repression. We are told that we need to be cured or rehabilitated. The only way to be recognised is to accept the dominants' rules, and sometimes some of us indeed accept and act as the victim the system expects us to be. The alternative is to take a big risk and claim your pride or at least refuse to accept the imposed shame. But those who refuse to be "rescued" will then expose themselves to repression. Being LGBT could send you to prison. Being a sex worker can also jeopardise your citizen's rights such as parenthood, housing and protection from the police – and according to the way you work you risk getting jailed.

As homophobia serves as a gender police for men, whorephobia does the same for women. We are what we must not become when we are taught what a man or a woman is. We are those who betray their sex. The insult "queer" is the only limit to men's sexuality and actions. The insult "whore" is also an instrument to control women's freedom. Each time a woman transgresses the gender rules, she knows she will face the whore stigma. That's why so many people will distance themselves from these identities even if it means fighting against us as persons.

Solidarity of minorities

Being a queer sex worker helps you to understand the intersection between different discriminations. We are working class women, queers, drugs users, HIV positives, transgenders and migrants. Our enemies often say that we do sex work because of a lack of choice. And



His fantasy of the middle class
stripper reaches its inevitable conclusion

indeed, as minorities we often don't have the same choices and sex work appears as one of our only options. But when sex work is so repressed and criminalised, what is described as a lack of choice can also be seen as an economic strategy to get the resources we would never have in a system which excludes us.

As a migrant, I know I can work in any country and will always find clients. As a young queer I know I could leave my family and escape from a father's authority. Without sex work I would never have been able to pay my tuition fees and have the same access to education. So instead of criminalising further the sex industry in thinking it will force us to do something else, why is the problem never looked at from the opposite side?

There are people who indeed have a lack of choices, but rather than taking away the sex work option in criminalising always more our clients or ourselves, we could once think about giving more options and more choices in fighting for minorities' rights. But it is probably easier for the Government to claim being feminist in targeting prostitution while at the same time cutting single mothers' benefits, deporting migrant workers and doing nothing against women's economic apartheid. Sex workers have a lot to bring to the labour movement. We have to build tools to avoid exploitation. Many of us used to work in hard low-paid jobs before choosing sex work and thus avoid now exploitation from a boss. We can choose when we want to work and not to wake up early in the mornings. We always ask to be paid first and we can have better incomes. But other sex workers work for escort agency managers or brothel keepers and can't benefit from the same social protection as other workers gained thanks to our ancestors. This is the result of our division. Many workers keep thinking that we are not proper workers. The system divides us between the public and the private sector, the intellectual workers and the manual workers, and those who like sex workers are not even considered as workers. The system pushes you to think that at least you are not selling your body and that you are better than these prostitutes. But what are you selling?

The idea of separating our mind and our body doesn't come from nowhere but from religion. Women used to be burnt as witches for selling their soul to the devil. Now they say sex workers sell their body. The consequence is always to reduce us to non-political objects who can't make decisions for ourselves. The abolitionist ideology was born in the

19th century by the meeting of social Christian philanthropists and upper class feminists. Their will to reform us was for our own good for sure, but like when they wanted to educate the working classes or when they thought they brought civilisation to the colonies, they maintain a hierarchy between those who are the helpers and those who need the help.

What sex workers want is that you treat us as equals because we share the same struggle for our liberation, not as an under proletarian class who need to be saved. The emancipation of the workers must be the act of the workers themselves.

PHONE QUEER VERSUS QUEER-QUEER

by Cameryn Moore

I'm doing a queer comedy night next week, and it's got me digging deep for material. Like, real deep.

See, I've been going along on the phones for the past nine months, getting men off, and that steady stream of audio cock hypnotized me into thinking that I was only working that side of my resume, you know, the straight side. I'm a girl, they're all boys, and that means straight. Truth be told, I was okay with that, because frankly, I felt like perhaps I was a little weak in that area and, as a PSO trying to be the best I can be, I could use some real practical experience in the verbalization of cock.

But when I began excavating my history and experiences, and sifting through even my current work for queer-relevant fragments that I could bring to the stage—so that I could even semi-legitimately make this stand-up set queer—I found instead big chunks of queer GOLD.

Let's set aside the fact that, as someone who lived a dick-free existence from 1989 to 2001, I know more about eating pussy than most straight guys, and certainly most of the guys who call in wanting to talk about eating pussy, or about me eating pussy. It's a relief to sit down to a bout of rug-munching, frankly: it's an easy sound effect, much easier on my throat than pretending to choke on a monster cock. And when I get a chance to gently guide my caller on the finer points of eating pussy, I definitely feel that I am putting some positive points in the paying-it-forward column of sex education.

As I've mentioned in previous posts, a good chunk of the stuff that I narrate is male-on-male action. The infamous BBC constitutes a high percentage of that work, obviously, but dick-focused action—what I would call gay, in the context of paid phone sex—includes many other categories of calls: she-males on top, camping with the boy scout troop, cuckold action (especially any scene that involves the cuckold being the fluffer and/or cleanup boy). The fact that I'm a woman narrating these scenes doesn't matter; what is being expressed, what is being fantasized, is homoerotic as hell.

And then there's the gender-queer component. My sissy girls and

panty boys remind me that there is a significant minority of dudes out there who might be feeling a little chafed by gender norms and expectations, and/or curious about at least some aspects of life and lust on the other side of the gender fence. For these callers, I get to be the voice of acceptance and surprise packages and cocksucker-red lipstick and color-coordinated satin lingerie. I love taking those calls; I mean, who doesn't want to wear silky panties under your business suit? Briefs versus boxers is a false dichotomy! One's choices in undergarments exist on a beautiful rainbow spectrum!

But conversation about the intersection of phone sex and queerness isn't complete unless we include the underbelly, too. For most of my "queer" calls, I'm the voice of shame and degradation, at least occasionally. I end up making liberal use of epithets that I have spent most of my queer life avoiding: cocksucker, faggot, pansy. Most of my "queer" callers are wallowing in the dirtiness and taboo of their fantasies; if I don't make them feel at least a little like shit for wanting it, I'm not doing my job.

Believe me, the dissonance between actually being queer and "doing" queer on the phones can be teeth-grinding. If nothing else, doing phone-queer all the time makes the REAL stuff look and feel that much better. I feel like I'm a waitress in a pie restaurant, talking to customers who have only eaten sugar-free, store-bought pie all their life. That's what's been marketed to them, and that's what they want, and I have to go along with it, yum yum yum. But I know what a real, sticky-sweet, bourbon-laced, pecan pie tastes like, and gosh, I wish they did, too.

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<http://www.camerynmoore.com/2010/01/26/phone-queer-versus-queer-queer/>

Sex Therapist

By Eric

6.30pm - Thursday 28th November

Experiment

Currently I'm seeing a counsellor short-term for a few sessions at my University. Previously I neglected to mention to her that I was a sex worker because we have so few sessions and I wanted to concentrate on what I consider my big problems rather than risk having to spend a whole session explaining and justifying my life choices BUT I'm starting to lose hope that all my problems will be solved in five sessions and the deadline for this zine is tomorrow morning and my mind is blank as to what to write about, so I have decided to come out as a sex worker to her as a psychological experiment and record the results here...

Prediction

She will be very worried about my safety and my general state of mind and try to steer me away from it.

9.30pm

It is done. Here is how it went:

Method

I decided I wanted to make the experiment as scientific as possible so did it in controlled conditions, well sort of. I resisted goading the therapist into having a stronger reaction than she otherwise might by having some big fanfare, 'I am a sex worker' moment, instead I just casually slipped it into the conversation when talking about something else. Also, despite my prediction I tried to approach her with an open mind and not assume she'd automatically be total a jerk about it.

OK, in the world I would like to live in she would treat it just as she would any other aspect of my life, although I have to admit there was a small part of me that wanted a dramatic moralising response just so I'd have a good story to write about. But not really obviously.

Results

Her reaction was in line with my prediction but could have been a lot

Opposite page: Phone Sex Doodle by Nancy

AMY ALISHA JANE



ALISHA'S TATTOO
ON BUTT



worse. I mentioned that I was doing sex work and she asked what I meant by that and I said having sex for money. She did look quite concerned at that point, a lot more so than when I explained how unhappy and ill working 40 hours a week in a soul destroying job at a toxic institution made me. I told her at the start of the session how overjoyed I was that the 40 hour job was ending tomorrow and she seemed happy for me but when I mentioned the prostitution she started asking me if soul destroying job might take me back in the future. I said yeah maybe but I'd prefer to try and get a few more clients a week so I didn't have to work there ever again and she asked me about the risks of being a sex worker and what I did to stay safe. This wasn't really what I wanted to talk about but not the worst response either. I dutifully made a list of the things I did to try and keep safe.

Then I talked about sex work only in positives because unlike almost any other job if you are a sex worker and there are ever times when you find it hard that's because sex work in itself is an inherently damaging thing, not because there are upsides and downsides to pretty much everything. The thing is I do worry about safety sometimes, particularly being quite new to sex work and that's why I'm glad I know other workers to talk stuff like that over with and have some sort of mutual support. I'm more reticent to talk about this stuff with people like my counsellor because they assume that what I need is to escape the work ASAP. Perhaps a bad (and totally over-used) analogy is it's like being in a poly relationship and having problems within it and polyamory automatically being blamed whereas if you're monogamous it's just that you have relationship problems. Or if you're queer/trans and experience any problems around your sexuality and gender the medical profession has traditionally understood this as a need to cure your terrible affliction that is the queerness/transness, not the fucked up world which makes it harder for us to exist and be ourselves. The deviation from the norm is always the thing that's regarded as the problem.

I also wondered if the therapist would be as concerned for my safety if I'd said I was going to do a much higher risk job like joining the army. Somehow I doubt it because partaking in war, mass murder and imperialism is seen as noble profession when endorsed by the state and this eclipses any risk whereas selling sex is inherently seen as something only victims do, not people capable of making their own choices and decisions and the possibility that they could ever enjoy their work is not regarded. At the end of the session she looked at me and asked: have I got this

right? You're doing this because you don't want to work full time? I wanted to say yes and I prefer it to the other jobs I've had but she seemed suddenly very keen that I should be earning a living off writing as I mentioned I was writing an article this evening (actually this one – meta hey? – I didn't tell her what it was for/about).

Because I didn't want to whine too much in previous sessions or sound like I thought myself above other people who worked full time 'regular' day jobs (trust me I do not feel that way at all) I would always end my complaints about the soul-destroying job by saying something like, 'ah well, I have to have a job, I need the money' to which the therapist would always nod sagely. The sage nodding stopped when I mentioned sex work and she became my lifestyle coach and agent instead, encouraging me to find ways of living off any creative endeavours which I'd explained previously didn't really pay.

Conclusion

I was right! Go me.

Although I'm pretty new to it, there's a lot of stuff I really like about being a sex worker – I feel like I have a lot more control over my life than with other jobs, I feel like I use my brain and imagination and quite often I enjoy the sex. Of course there is stuff I find difficult sometimes as well as with any job and whilst I'm big on solidarity, organising, visibility, etc, I'm generally not the type of person who is big on any sort of pride. Perhaps that sounds like a contradiction but in situations such as with the therapist I feel a tremendous amount of pressure to appear like the happiest sex worker who ever lived just so I can show her there's nothing wrong or broken about someone who does it, yet I go to therapy to talk about feeling bad. Mention sex work and I have the extra task of having to prove it's not an extension of my mental health problems and evidence of my brokenness rather than talking about the things in life which do make me feel broken which surely is what the therapist should care most about.

Did I ruin my one shot at happiness by outing myself as a sex worker? Had the therapist spent the past few weeks calculating exactly how to make my life wonderful and was she feeding up a cluster of woodland animals who would soon follow me around everywhere I went singing my praises (actually that might be scary, but you get the idea) only to hear this announcement and feel she had to throw all the woodland

animals away and start over again because I'm even more damaged than she suspected? Oh well, it made for an interesting experiment. Or it would have done had she not reacted more or less exactly how I predicted. Also, I didn't really give her the benefit of the doubt as I said I would. Oops. Next week is my final week and as I've already ruined the blissful future she had in store for me I'm going to conduct another experiment by telling her I've decided to quit prostitution and go back to the job I hated, I predict she will be relieved.

**Thoughts On Sexuality from a Sex Worker:
Musings from an Adolescent
By Princess**

Hi there, London Queer Zinefest readers. I'm a queer pakeha (white New Zealander) cis femme who's still fairly new, but a bit further into recently starting sex work.

With a few situations ranging from Sinead O'Connor telling Miley Cyrus to wear more clothes to protect her sexuality, to UK University 'feminist' societies deciding to rally to close down a lap dancing club, to me being told that someone feels too uncomfortable to live with me in a queer household because I'm a sex worker, it makes me think... where are we at with this stuff in our communities? And why?

Working in the sex industry has provided some insights for me into my understandings around misogyny, patriarchy and sexuality. Always new learnings with those hydras hey. And it made me think, if it's a new learning for me, surely it must be new ways of thinking about things for some others too.

So the virgin-whore dichotomy. As a self identified slut for as long as I can remember, I've done a lot of work on this one. I masturbated from a young age, I always seemed to be the one who wanted to take the next step when being sexual through intermediate and high school, and I've always had quite a high libido and happy to connect with lots of people sexually. I also enjoy experiencing pleasure within my sexuality. Of course in mainstream culture this means I'm a slut, and you're not supposed to be a slut. As Julia Serano puts it "Women... are expected to play down their sexuality - to hide or repress it. Good girls after all, are supposed to be "virgins". Women who do not downplay or repress their sexualities... are viewed stereotypically as "whores" (pg. 229 - 230). Being queer and slutty, not to mention poly and kinky, I came under the 'whore' category within mainstream and gaystream culture before I even started sex work. If embracing and feeling empowered by my sexual desire means I'm a slut, then 'oh yea' to that. In unpaid sex land, slut and whore are used interchangeably, and I've often been called both, but now that I actually am a whore (wahoo), this slur, and the derogatory

background to it, has started to bring up different things for me. Mainly about how I view sexuality, and therefore consent, and how that relates to 'selling sex'.

There's also another concept that doing sex work has helped me unpack. The idea that women's sexuality is something that can be owned, or more importantly, something that should be protected, as if it is almost a physical thing. The virgin-whore dichotomy rests on the framework of 'protection' of women's sexuality, and when both concepts remain unchecked this creates a nasty framework for women and/or feminine people to internalise and relate to their sexuality through.

The concept of sexuality being protected works like a hierarchy, at the top/what you should be aiming for, includes a male (of course), preferably your father, and then handed over to your husband, who protects and safeguards your sexuality. If this fails, of course you should be protecting your own sexuality, but if it's you and not a male protecting it you'll have to put up with being called a frigid bitch. If not even you are 'protecting' your sexuality, for example, you're having sex outside of marriage, outside of a relationship or just for plain old respectful fun here and there, then you're 'giving it away', and you're a slut. But then, if you're not only 'giving it away', but you're 'giving it away' and getting some money, then you're not only a whore, but you're often outside the realms of what some people can understand because it doesn't fit into the common model of how sexuality and sexual exchange is understood.

Without knowing it, I also was buying into some of these ideas, even though I had wanted to do sex work for a long time.

In this 'protection' framework you can't be empowered by your sexuality, you can't take pleasure in it, it is for someone else, and therefore, you are not in control of it. This same dynamic doesn't happen for men and/or masculine people. Their sexuality is theirs, it exists for them. It cannot be taken by a woman, and it cannot be degrading, this is why the concept that 'a man cannot be raped by a woman, and that they would just be happy to be getting some' can exist.

This is misogyny and sexism in our patriarchal world and it affects masculine and feminine people. Yes I am a whore, and no I

didn't want to have to 'protect' my sexuality. So why was I still feeling like there was some internalised whorephobia in me? What was it?

I realised I'd done lots of work on deconstructing slut phobia, but seeing the words slut and whore are often interchanged, I hadn't done the work on whore phobia that I thought I had. With women's and feminine people's sexuality being scrutinised to such a degree that men's and masculine people's just isn't, 'selling' sex for a woman has all these connotations, just like being queer or trans does to a straight and cis world. The problem was there for me. This idea that you can 'sell' sex, or 'sell' your sexuality. As if it is almost a physical thing that can belong to each person, and therefore can be sold, or given, or taken. I don't see it like this anymore.

Sexuality, or sexual energy feels like much more of a thing that can be tapped into or not. When I work I don't feel like I'm selling 'my sexuality', I feel like I'm selling my time and the effort it takes for me to access that sexuality and channel it through me and into the interaction.

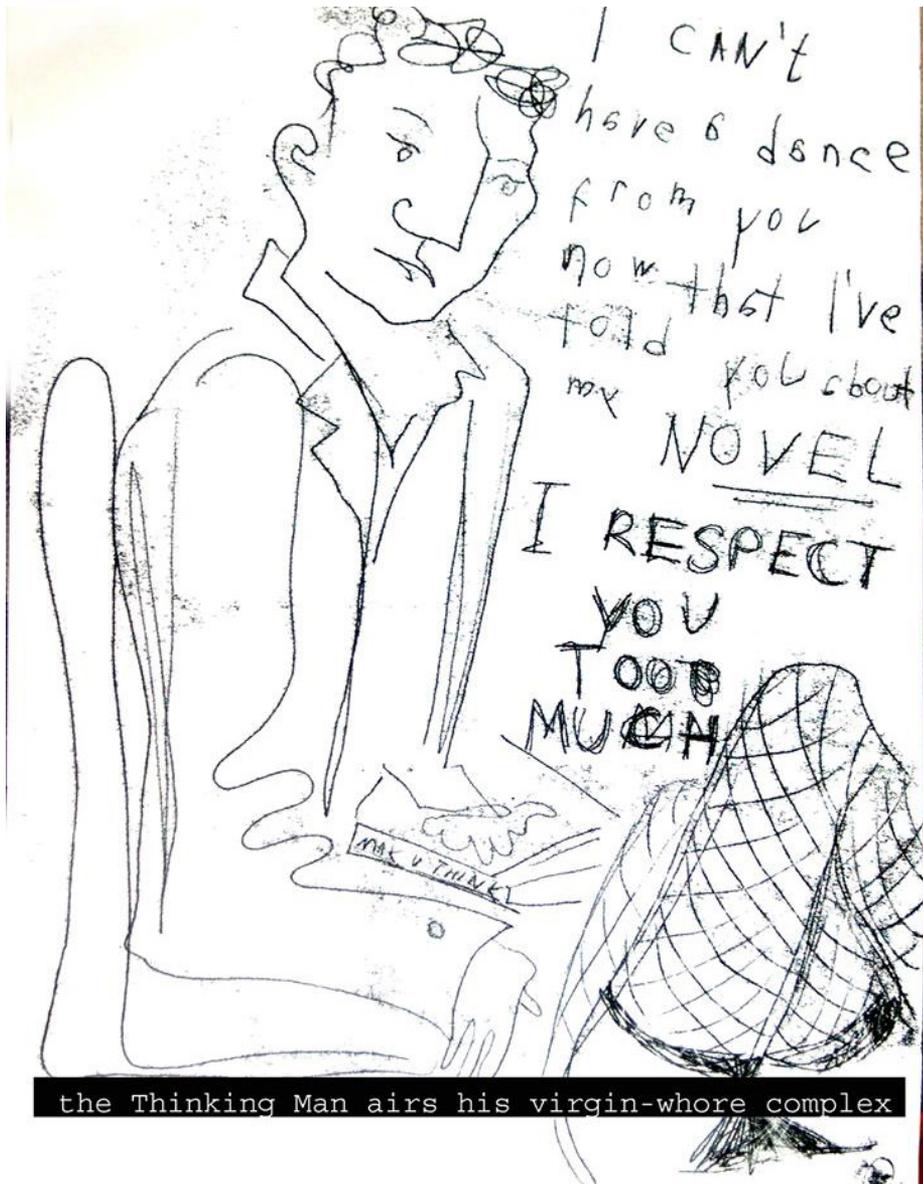
I think people get very confused about sexuality, and about saving other people around theirs. There aren't many frameworks to think about sexuality in ways that feel empowering for women, unless they have big repercussions attached. There is so much whorephobia out there, and it's so surprising when you find another piece internalised in yourself. This is why it would be great to have support, as workers, from our queer communities, if we're thinking of ourselves as communities, but from my experience, support is not always the angle that's taken. Often it is, but not always.

As queer and trans communities, new, radical, and liberating ways of thinking about and living our sexualities is something we can do together, not to mention fighting the intensity of the scrutinising eye of misogyny.

Over to you,

Princess

I can be contacted on hardfem343@gmail.com



the Thinking Man airs his virgin-whore complex



Sex Worker Open University is a project created by and for sex workers. You might be working as an escort, rent boy, porn actress/actor, professional dominatrix or submissive, cam model, erotic masseuse, stripper, peep show performer, phone sex operator, sexual healer or street worker; this is a place to socialise, learn new skills, and create events together. Our aim is to empower our community through workshops, debates, actions and art project as well as fighting against our criminalisation.



AND YOU WANT
REWARD

BROKEN ROOTS
SWEETS FOR ALL YOUR HARD

HOME
MARTIN BIRMINGHAM
YOUR

WE

HE
CALLER HAS HUNG UP
DRIVING

BITCH

PEOPLE EXPERIENCES
JAMES
DO YOU THINK
WHAT