

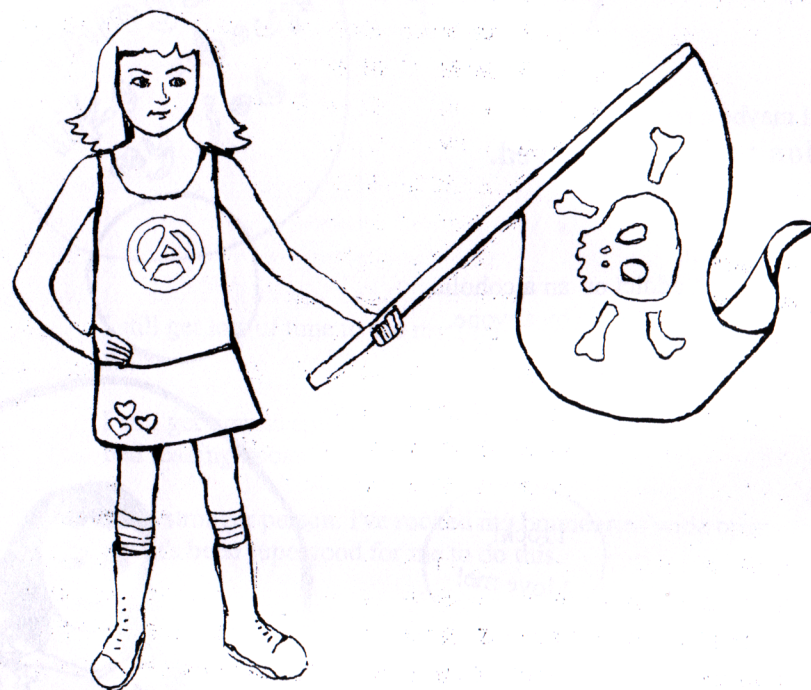
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MIDNIGHT COWGIRL



Sex work diary

New Zealand
2006



Here is me : feminist \ anarchist \ trouble making chaos.
My bookshelf is filled with anti-capitalist rantings, queer
theory and post-colonialism and revolution. I have a post
graduate degree. I like to cook vegan chocolate cake and
look after my friends when they feel bad.

Lately I also fuck rich people for money, and this has
made me re-evaluate a whole lot of beliefs I had about the
world, patriarchy, sexuality and also myself.

This here zine is a pieced-together-something of my
attempts at doing this. My attempts at figuring stuff out
about whoring in general and my own experiences in
particular. I'm not speaking for anyone else. Just me :)

First you need to understand something

I maybe a rent girl, but
I don't need to be saved.

I'm not broken.
I'm not a drug addict or an alcoholic.
I'm not forced to do this by anyone.
I could have other jobs if I wanted.
I'm educated and smart

I rock!
I love me!



I don't feel degraded - I feel stronger in myself than I ever have.

Many working wimmin I've met seem to be single mothers trying to raise lots of children alone, or putting themselves through university.

Me, I'm not any of those. I'm saving to do something wonderful and exciting and I'm not gonna tell you what it is :) So there!

Things I
like about
my job:

I still get lots of time to see my friends and do political work

I still get time to spend outside in the sun or to lie about in bed reading books

I'm a stronger person. I've rocked my boundaries wide open and it's been supergood for me to do this.

I get to hang out with amazing choice people! Like the Prostitutes Collective, they rock.

I don't feel like I'm taking money away from poor people, or destroying the environment etc which is how I've felt in all my other jobs.

If I've been doing a night shift I get to see the sun rise

It's not a factory job. A factory job would eat my soul .

It's educational and revealing of humanity. Humyns are fascinating creatures..... strange and weird yes, but also fascinating

I like being contrary, and existing (even if only temporarily) in the underbelly of society. It's adventuresome.

So there's lots of things I do to keep myself well and happy, and feeling in my body, feeling in full possession of my body.

Like, yoga, going for runs, going for bike rides, going to the beach and swimming or just watching the little creatures in the rock pools. Sleeping in. Sitting in the sun. Dancing!! Turning up my favourite records as loud as I can and bouncing round the room! and spending lots of time by myself.

Also, having a couple of really close friends I can talk to about anything, tell them about the jobs I have that day. Even if they were all totally fine and funny, I need to tell someone that as well.

I don't work when I have my period, I give myself this time off. Tricks like using a special kind of sponge works well and the guys can't tell you have one, but, I just would be too grumpy and full of hate for them, and I don't want to feel like that.

Some jobs consist of someone telling me I'm beautiful over and over, for a whole hour

Some jobs I feel really sorry the person. Like, when they are really obviously so lonely in their life and just need hugs from someone.

Some jobs I wish I could be like Valerie Solanas in the film *I Shot Andy Warhol*, where the guy is on top of her and she's just smoking a cigarette looking really bored, no pretence of engagement at all.

(but she's not disappearing herself either, just contemptuous and not bothering to hide the fact)

happiness

sometimes

Sometimes I get covered in little bruises from someone, in their over-enthusiasm. Grrr and damn it. I need to remember I bruise * really * easily sometimes and just cos something doesn't hurt doesn't mean it won't leave a mark.....I hate this

And sometimes a job is totally cool and fun.....

It's not funny?

I think I'm developing brothel humour. Like, there's this one client I've seen a few times now who likes to watch me take a piss. Not on him or anything, just in the toilet, it really turns him on. Also when I just sit on the bed with my knickers around my ankles for ages while he fucks himself. (I think this is great, its a really easy job :) This really amuses me.

And it's really funny the sounds some guys make when they come. Is this a mean thing to say? One guy last week sounded like he was gonna die, honest. I was really worried. Another was so outrageously loud I was sure the entire city would hear it.

Sex is kinda ridiculous anyway when you think about it.

So is wearing high heel shoes and make up, especially on me, who left to my own devices would not shave and dress as much like a boy as possible and be as scruffy and wild as possible.

And despise rich business men with all my heart.

Welcome to a life of sex, plastic, not sleeping, and painfully bad music

I work at several different places too, perhaps this is a masochistic tendency on my part to see how far I can push myself.

One place, Il Bordello, is a custom built building with vinyl beds (no sheets), mirror walls and porn playing on TV screens in the ceiling corner.

On my first night there I am booked by the owner, who is exceedingly drunk and spends most of the time he is conscious telling me 1) how hot he thinks I am 2) how much he loves sex. He says this to me over and over again before he passes out completely.

When I leave work that first night it is 6am and light already.

But the main place I work at is a woman owned and run agency in the central city. There's no bond, or shift fee or fines, and everyone looks after each other. I earn nearly twice as much an hour than at the parlour. We don't have to wear much make up, hardly any, there's no prohibition against female clients, and there's a box of sex toys under the bed :) I love it there.

Me and my friends talk about sex work and feminism all the time, and recently someone asked me if, since I seem to approve of it so much :

would there be
prostitution in a
utopian society?

in what I conceive of as
an anarchist, post-capitalist,
post-patriarchy society, hell no!
There will not be prostitution.

Which stems from (in my opinion) repressed sexualities, repressed emotional lives, the ideal of monogamy, patriarchy, and the idea that one can buy happiness / fulfilment.

It also stems from loneliness, alienation and prejudice (i.e. against people with disabilities)

Sexual pleasure is not wrong + monogamy is boring and stifling.

Sometimes my clients are married, and this doesn't bother me at all. I tried to be bothered once, it didn't work. This is how much I hate the institution of marriage. But I do admit, I would much rather be fucking the wife than the husband, and hope the wives are off having amazing love affairs somewhere .

things to call myself

Rent Girl

Strumpet

Pink Pants

Camp Follower

Midnight Cowboy

'Lady of the Evening'

Scarlet Woman

Hustler

Harlot

Although if I'm telling someone what I'm doing usually I just use Whore or Hooker, or most often just '*I fuck people for money*'.

I never use Sex Worker to describe my job, I know its the most correct but it's also too boring. I have a new resolution to call myself a Midnight Cowboy from now on just for kicks :-)

dodgy as fuck ...

Prostitution was decriminalised in New Zealand in 2003. This act was supposed to clean up the industry, improve working conditions and give prostitutes some kind of protection from dodgy-as-hell pimps.

This piece of law makes unsafe sex illegal, prostitution under the age of 18 illegal, and states that even if you have signed a contract with a brothel owner or whatever, you can pull out of it *any time* you want to, you can leave in the middle of a job if you want to – it is illegal to bond someone to the sex industry.

I haven't been working very long, and not in the days when prostitution was illegal so I don't know if I can compare then to now. But it doesn't seem very cleaned up to me. And most places take a bond out of your pay, and shift fees, and fine you if you turn up late, or for 'unbecoming behaviour' whatever the hell they think that is.

Under age prostitution is a huge problem still, especially in cities like Christchurch where girls as young as 12 work out in the streets. There is a lot of gang control of these girls and the police don't seem to be doing anything about this problem at all.

[Strangely enough they still find time to gang rape people and beat up on the homeless but that's a whole other story in itself huh]

In one way the last few months have been teaching me more about class than about sexual politics. I don't think I've met anyone working from a wealthy background, except for possibly at the women owned place. And that is more of a feeling I get rather than actual conversations about it.

This is what fucks me off, that women have to chose between working overtime in shit job and never getting to see their kids, or the sex industry.

And another thing.

All work is not prostitution. This is a position taken by some of the anarchist theorists I have read, and I appreciate the sentiment but it's not entirely correct - prostitution is quite a specific thing.

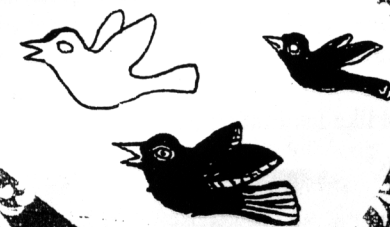
It is true that labouring for example, is selling your mind + body, being a nurse is selling your mind + body, and pumping gas is selling your mind + body. All work does this. And it sux. But working in an office is not the same as fucking someone.

Why can't so many men give hugs to other people? It's fucked up! All these sad lonely people who need love and affection and don't know how to get it, too afraid of being called queer if they show some emotion or touch someone.

death to the patriarchy
death to the ruling classes
death to gender oppression



hugs for all!!



black book

4.3.06

Tonight someone sucked my toes for an hour and wanted to come on my feet. I was also offered cocaine and ecstasy by a very rich looking young business man

[I declined]

After this someone I know came in to the parlour, so I had to make a mad dash to the changing rooms until he booked someone else and went upstairs with her.

So I'm kinda freaked out about this. Did he recognise me? (How could he not?) Will he stop me on the street when he sees me next? or give me a smug dirty look. Or is he embarrassed? Will he tell all his friends?

I feel like I shouldn't care but I do.

5.3.06

Tonight I started at a new place (ditching Il Bordello in favour of the Kensington, because hey, if its gonna be dodgy it may as well be busy) and fucked seven people. I remember two names? possibly three but I'm not sure which face to put the name to....

Some of these men were interesting and even kinda sweet, and some of them acted like little kids or something, always trying to push me as far as they could. This is what most makes me angry, men who try to take control away from me. They never succeed but its the attempts that really make me hate them more than anything else.

Which yeah, isn't something I really want to cultivate. (hatred) But it's hard when they act so purposely stupid.

And I find myself hating businessmen way more than I did already. Which was already quite a lot, seeing as they are the henchmen of capitalism and ecological destruction etc etc. (in addition to businesswomen, of course, don't think I would leave them out of the equation)

10.3.06 + 11.3.06

Shifts at the Kensington which are generally 12 – 14 hours long.

On Friday it's rugby night and I have to wear red hotpants and 'Rugby Girl' singlet. I get lots of work – I fuck 8 people this night. But I'm kinda pissed off as well. [It's not that I hate rugby, cos its just a game, its rugby culture I hate. The macho behaviour, violence, sexism and binge drinking...]

Saturday night is much stranger ...

Firstly I start late having been drinking sake with some girls from my other job, so I'm not trashed but I am hell bent on trouble.

It starts with a rally driver wanting me to stand on his back, for quite some time. I'm trying to imagine how this must of looked - me, tiny, naked but for fishnets try not to fall off this man's back while he make quite strange sounds - he's in lots of pain from a crash he just had and talks to me non-stop about motorbikes.

Secondly, a guy from Cambodia who speaks no English at all, we communicate by pointing and smiling / nodding etc. He smiles a lot, its kinda cute and funny.

Also, an English man on drugs , for hours. Not that we do anything as he is so wasted - we talk , and lay about naked, but that's it.

26.3.06

All this week has been quite busy and kind of a blur of working. OK, the work has been a blur but most of my other days beautiful, deep in storms and coffee, deep in the world and with my friends who I love.

I am trying not to be forgetful about my clients but I am undermined by working 15 hour shifts sometimes, and also so many people. I remember particular moments and conversations above names and start to lose count. I don't like this, but wonder if I should care as well, as long as I am staying present and focused during the actual job, which I always always do.

I just feel so tired , so full of sleep right now.

7.3.06

I have a new regular client, who's young, funny and makes me laugh. It's great. We drink beer and talk about totally random stuff. Fucking him is a pleasure.

[and he always tips]

23.3.06

This week I also started doing out-calls to Hotels, so I feel like a Call Girl well and truly, looking all prim and strolling through the hotel lobby not even looking at reception desk just going straight to the lifts and up to the room. Thinking it must be so obvious that I am a Hooker but also smiling to myself. The more expensive and pristine the hotel the more amused I am, the more I feel I am infecting the space and 'moral' society with something not-talked-about and not-approved-of.

One of these jobs was two hours with this white guy from Christchurch who kept popping viagra pills. It was all very easy until the end when he started saying all this right wing shit to me. And its not even original bullshit. I could guess exactly what he was going to say before he said it, almost word for word.

Stuff like, its totally OK to pay youth rates, the market will resolve all the problems. He didn't seem to notice the fuckedup-ness of him not wanting to pay a minimum wage to someone, but yet paying me \$300 an hour.

I will take especial pleasure in investing the money from that job in molotov cocktails

(or you know, something to cause havoc in his white priviledged world....)

11.3.06

Black hot pants and fishnet stockings, my hair is red, I have long black beads, black sequinned top, thick gold belt and black patent 3 inch heels.

Tonight I am feeling invincible and strong, taking no shit from anyone and totally in control.

One of my jobs is this quite young guy with long hair and an anarchy symbol tattooed on his arm, and this is what we talk about. Liberation and the politics of sex.

It's a good night.

one
night I wore a school girl outfit, this was to take the piss really. My secret joke. I made stupidly big money. Nobody seemed to get the joke but me.

Things to read

I read all these books one night when I was trying to decide whether to do this or not. [ok, except for *Hatred of Capitalism*, which I'd already read several times over] Other than the *First Client* booklet which you can get from the Prostitutes Collective, you should be able to acquire all these from your local infoshop, or from www.akpress.org

Rent Girl

Michelle Tea and Laurenn McCubbin

Illustrated autobiographical tales from Michelle's experiences as a queer sex worker. 'exciting outlaw occupation one minute and a traumatic existential nightmare the next' according to the AK Press review, which is a pretty accurate summary I can't recommend this book enough - it's beautiful, painfully honest and filled with strong amazing people.

Whores And Other Feminists

Jill Nagle (Editor)

Feminist politics from the perspective of strippers, prostitutes, porn writers, producers, and performers. With contributions from Nina Hartley, Candida Royalle, Debi Sundahl, and Annie Sprinkle. Has a good dose of theoretical texts on connections between feminism and sex work, as well practical ones, and advice about looking after your amazing self.

Unrepentant Whore: The Collected Works Of Scarlet Harlot

Scarlet Harlot

I mostly skimmed through this, so maybe I can't comment so much. It's a collection of articles and essays documenting over 20 years of prostitute radicalism from the daring Scarlet Harlot and friends. It does have a good section on body image....

Hatred Of Capitalism: A Semiotext(e) Reader

Sylvère Lotringer (Editor), Chris Kraus (Editor)

You gotta read it! All my favourite writers in one fat juicy book.... Including Kathy Acker, George Bataille, Jean Baudrillard, Felix Guattari, Ulrike Meinhof, Assata Shakur, Michelle Tea, and Paul Virilia among others. This anthology combines queer theory, state repression, revolution, urban terrorism and love stories.

Your First Client

by the New Zealand Prostitutes Collective

Booklet on getting started, establishing boundaries and control, safe sex etc

The Prostitutes Collective are radical

They run free health clinics every week, with rad doctors who care about you! They also sell really cheap condoms, lube, sponges and dental dams and you can ask them *anything*. They'll give you a New Workers pack when you're just starting out and give you lots of advice and useful info

They also have a great collection of transgender writings and resource in different languages

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The Prostitutes Collective is not a union, and we **need** one. Like, we really really need one.

Most brothel owners are arseholes, really, who operate outside of the law and if they think if they can fuck you round (or simply just fuck you), they will.

Problems in unionising parlours is that there is a high turnover in this industry, and few places have contracts (which, is illegal), we are 'independent contractors'. The biggest problem is few of us would be willing to go through employment courts as there is still a lot of stigma attached to being a sex worker.

(Seeing as the dominant culture in this fair country is still emotional + sexual repression combined with a whole lot of machismo)

If we could get past that though, we wouldn't have to take industrial action long to get results we wanted (abolishment of bonds, shift fees and fines for example, increasing the pay at the dodgier places)

It would be superfine

to set up a true collectively

run brothel, run by us who work
there (regardless of gender identity!

it sux there's no whore houses for male workers!)

with no boss at all. And this could be a good
way to fund

subversive activities and so forth :)



Someone told me I would never love boys again after this.
Well I still love boys and do not hate the male body at all.
Perhaps I've never been more confident in my own body
and sexuality than I am now. But, I miss the skin and love
and intimacy of women , very much.

Hey!
wheres my
black
hoodie gone!



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P.S. Thank you to all my friends.
I love you ♡♡

