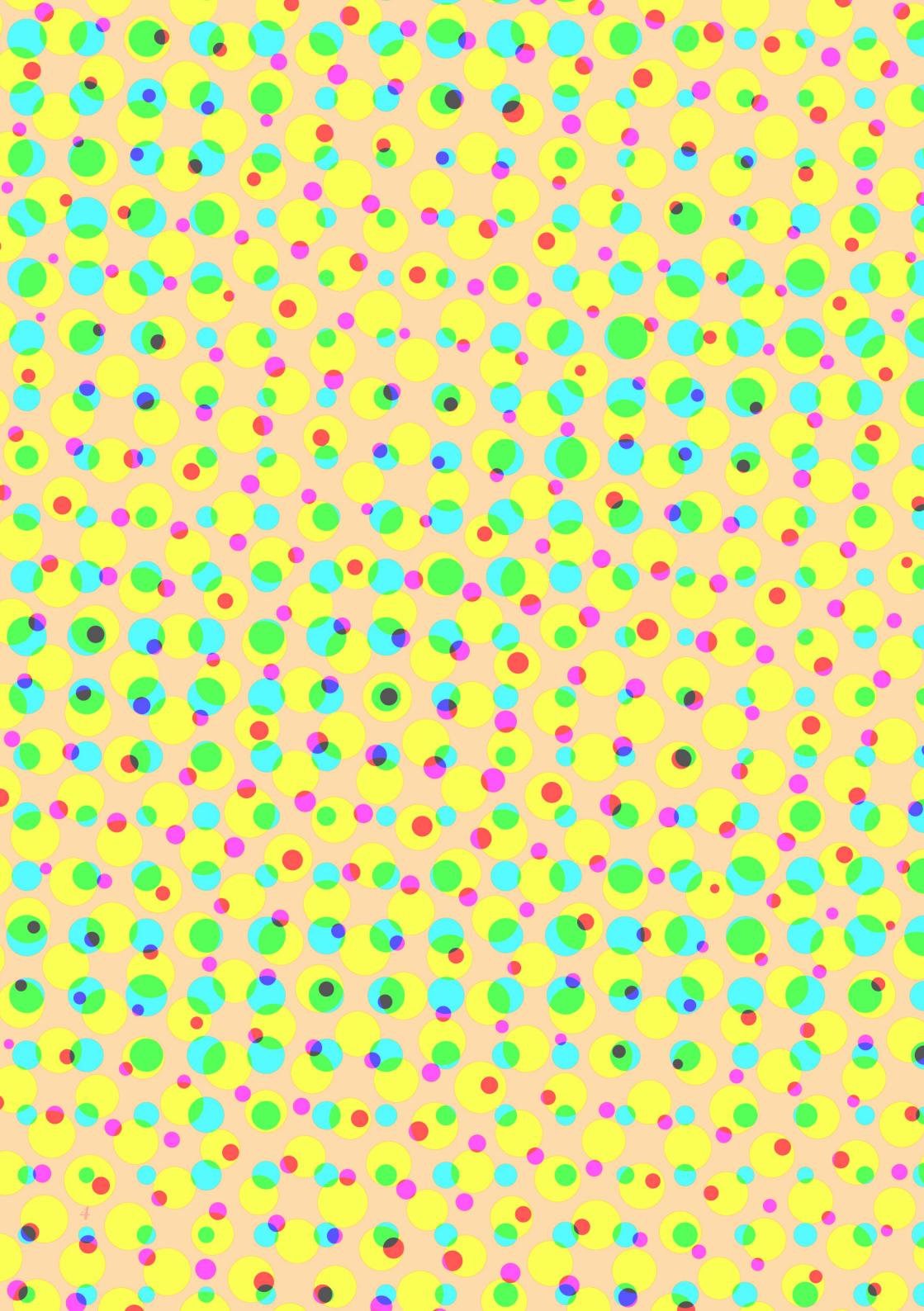


WRITING
OUR
FUTURES







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WRITING OUR FUTURES

In 2021, Decriminalised Futures ran a series of free writing workshops for sex workers across the UK. Feedback was overwhelmingly positive:

“The workshops have made me feel very nourished. The energy was kind and encouraging, there was a huge amount of love and respect in the room. It felt safe to be open about the complex nature of our work, and how our week had been, without judgement.”

In 2022, Decriminalised Futures ran a second series of these free workshops. Over five weeks, sex workers were given the space to explore their lives, experiences and political movements through creative storytelling. We wanted these workshops to support participants in telling the kinds of stories that are often untold, or that don't conform to conventions. During the workshops we explored writing techniques, representations of sex workers in written and visual mediums, the history of political sex worker movements, and created a space to make and celebrate our own work within a community of sex worker solidarity and love.

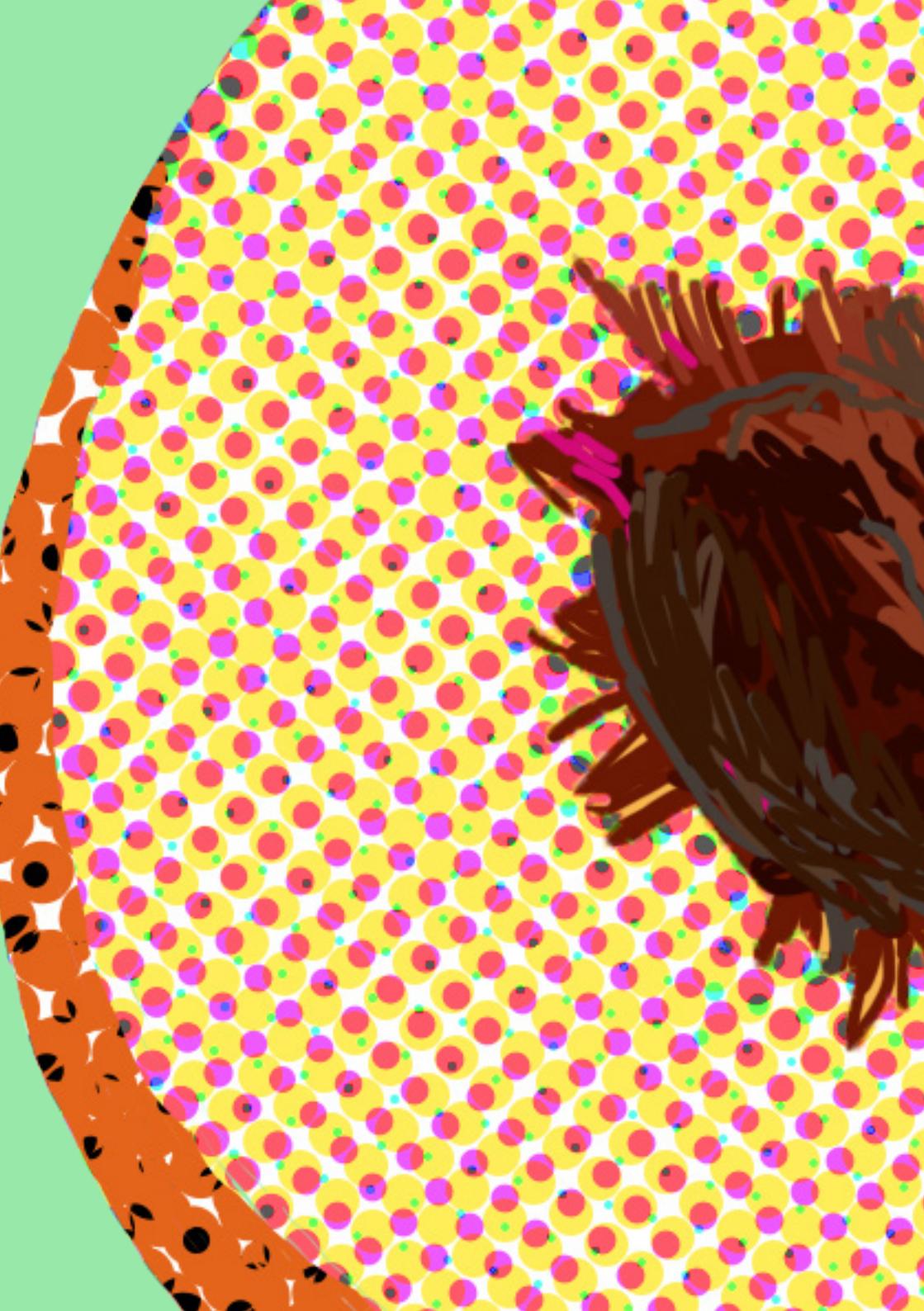
This zine is a collection of final pieces produced by some of the workshop participants. Many of us are developing these pieces into longer works or as a foundation for another piece of writing or performance.

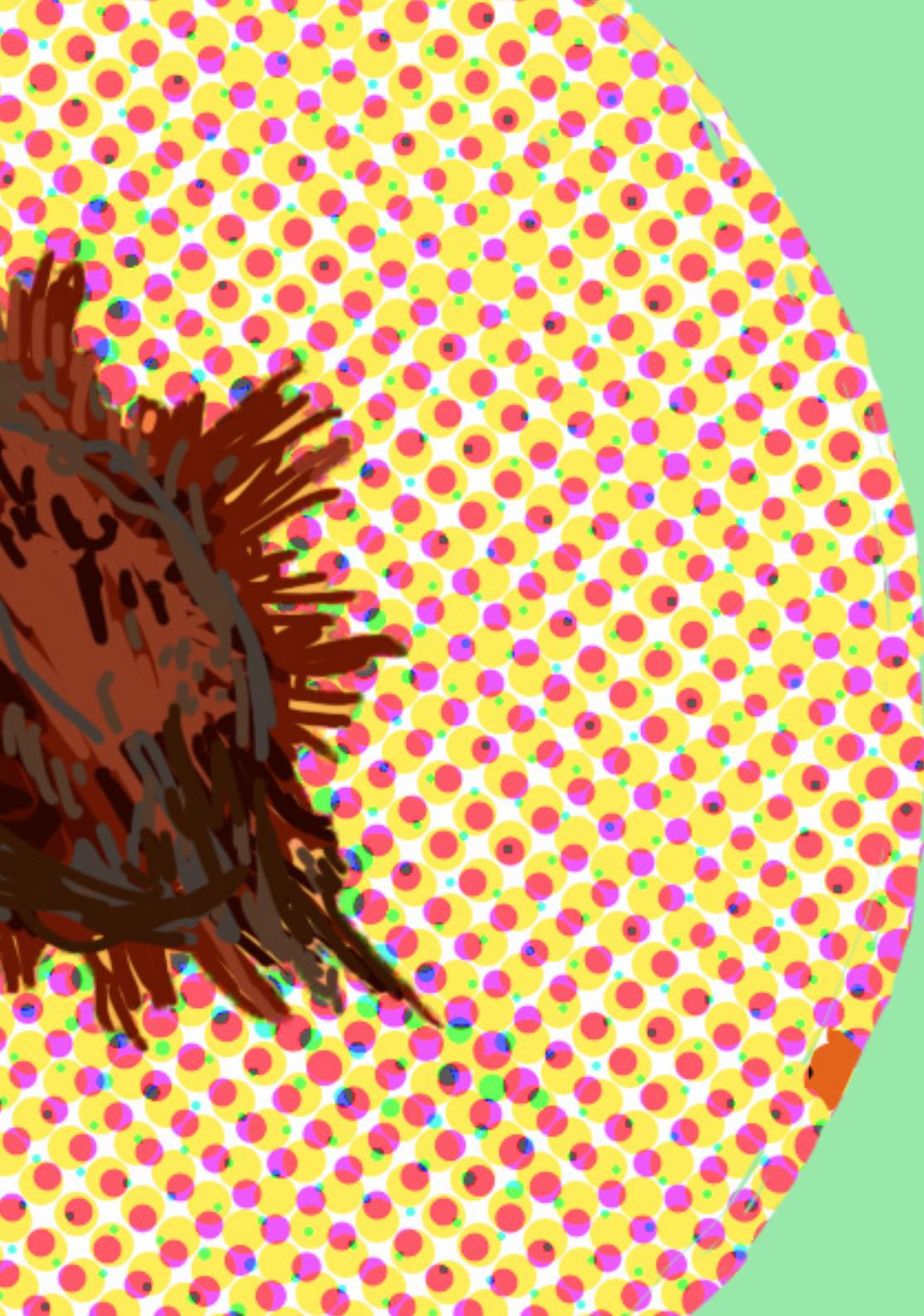
DECIMINALISED FUTURES

Decriminalised Futures is a collaborative project using creative tools to explore a broad range of topics impacting on the lives of sex workers. Our goal is to celebrate creative expression of all kinds as a tool for deeper solidarity between global justice struggles. Through creative interventions and popular education, we aim to highlight the ways in which sex worker movements are inextricably linked to struggles for racial and economic justice and trans liberation.

Content note: This zine contains descriptions of violence, intimate partner abuse, whorophobia, family disownment, dissociation and consent violation. Take care <3







Black Stiletto Thigh High Boots

Charlotte James

Black Stiletto Thigh High Boots

In Cambridge:

Where was her driver taking her?

Her Driver, drove her

Through Histon Road,

Past Street walkers

Where they hooked and posed

Black Stiletto Thigh High Boots

In Cambridge:

Who was it that had booked her?

She asked her driver

He did not know

Office said it was Pete

Who liked to take it slow.

Black Stiletto Thigh High Boots

In Cambridge:

Which part of Cambridge would she arrive in?

She was driven through The Arbury Estate

Known as The Bronx of the City

Past shops and people

As she felt a strong sense of pity

Through Chesterton

And on to Mill Road

Over the bridge

As the driver slowed

Black Stiletto Thigh High Boots

In Cambridge:

He turned onto Hope Street

Where the destiny of two shall meet.

Thank you Burroughs. Fuck you Bataille.

Mistress Clarissa

The modern sub is proud of the shame they are bogged down in, and they wallow in it cynically. The anguish without which shame cannot be felt is foreign to them.

All writing, all reading, is in fact cut ups. Difficult things seem easier; the endless need to assemble more meaning is easier to accept once you know this. It just feels so good to listen. What else? So I slowly seduce and persuade you. The worst has happened. Explicit, I change your desires, your appetites. My desires become your desires, at some point classical prose. You realise you're being changed, being brainwashed. I introduce a new dimension. You're being shaped by me. You crave it, you want to submit. You ache. Discoveries, kinesthetic revelation, opening and stretching new receptacles inside you for my kind of love. You long for it. You imagine it all, the things I would do. You play it out in your mind, how it would feel, how aroused. Films cut the senses to the quick. The shock, the erotic psychic taboo, transgression is mine. It serves me so well. All the scenarios collide. Smell streets of the world, newly rinsed with rain, the alleyways and phone boxes of intimacy and incontinence, and form a collage of submission and desire in your minds eye. Oh the sensuality, passion of my vice, the pleasure of your self-immolation. Let me watch you gorge on me, intoxicated, drunk, stripped depersonalized by your naked desire. Your eyes roll back in your head. Your body is the body of sacrifice, the bread and the wine. Poetry is for everyone, but you want to submit utterly to me. Collage of words, read, heard, and you love feeling so weak, powerless, strung out, desperate. Scissors render the process needy as your desire deepens and deepens. So submissive all the strategy, variation, clear, so focused on pleasing me, serving, and obeying. A page of written words that fly over your head. My skill laid bare for none to see. You're always a little aroused and eager to please. I like you to like knowing the writer predicts, so beautifully prepared, you're an open book to me. I can feel the variation, images, a shifting sense

of your desire, the way your submission calls to me, to where Rimbaud was going. Wear your cage as often as you can. You edge, you edge, systematic derangement. Become so sticky, and so close, but you don't cum. Scene, a tea hallucination. Listen to my voice, its like I'm caressing you. Cut back, cut forms, rearrange, trailing my fingernails over your skin, and you leak into other fields than writing, and you're over spilling, brimming over. The edges dissolve, that desire to be feasted upon, to be devoured by me. I can reach inside you and take your heart from your chest and hold it gently like a small bird fluttering. Submerge and swim amongst my dark desires. Follow my instructions. Dedicate it to me and lick up all your shame after yourself.

Sources

William, Burroughs *The Cut Up Method* from Leroi Jones ed. *The Moderns: An Anthology of New Writing in America* (NY: Corinth Books, 1963)

Georges, Bataille, *Eroticism, The Object Of Desire: Prostitution*, (Marion Boyars Publishers Ltd, 2006)

My own hypnotic script

When I grow up, I want to be a fairy

Alice Izquierdo

Past

We had cut math class and we were back at mine. We were under the mezzanine, in my room. In the meantime, we had just nicked some razors to shave our legs.

- What do you want to do when you grow up? Don't say veterinarian, I'll kill you.
- When I was a kid, I wanted to become a fairy. So gutted it actually doesn't exist as a real job. I would say teacher, but I don't know. At worst, if it doesn't go to plan, I can always be a whore.
- What? Why would you want to be a whore?
- Well, why not? There are people who want to be GP you know or nurse. If you're going to dig into the entrails of humans, you might as well fuck your way through, with pretty dresses and loads of cash.
- But could you tell your parents? Like when you're choosing your college you're like: well listen, mom, don't bother, I'll just suck cocks instead.
- Well to start with, I'd tell my mum off if she said anything... And my father too.
- What do you mean?
- My father already goes to the whores.
- What? How do you know?
- I know because I went through his stuff. I once found his notebook where he wrote that his bag had been stolen in a brothel in Montreal.

I had asked him to bring me a giant lighter from his trip, you know, in the States everything is always bigger.

- Canada is not in the States.
- Well, whatevs, that's not the point. He told me that he bought it for me, but it was in his bag, and the bag was stolen at a gas station. His bag was stolen, but not at a gas station. At the whores. What a liar piece of cunt.
- But wait, does he know that you know?
- No, but if he ever says anything to me, I'll tell him that I know and he'll just have to shut the fuck up.
- And what's with your mum, then?
- Well, my mother is my father's whore.
- Whaaat?
- Well, she's his personal assistant to start with, and the maid at home. But once she told me that she's not so much into anal, but she accepts because my father gives her money to do it. Isn't that prostitution?
- Oh shit, I thought your dad was her pimp and he made her sleep with other guys.
- Hell, no! But really, it's cringe. Like she's his bitch.
- And you think she's actually enjoying it a bit?
- I don't know. I don't even know if she asks herself the question. Maybe she's thinking that if she's going to get laid, she might as well get some cash on the way. Because, basically, it's my dad who pays for everything anyways: he pays for the house, he's her boss at work, clearly she doesn't have much say in it.
- Well, yeah, it's like legalised prostitution. Actually, when I think about it, my parents are the same. My dad has access to my mum's pussy in exchange for paying for everything. My mum doesn't work with my dad but she knows how to use his credit card, you know. She's the one who manages the house, the budget, my brother and I and oh boy she knows how to buy what she wants with the money he makes. In fact, marriage is prostitution. The guy offers protection and security in exchange for being able to screw her whenever he wants. Like a pimp.

- Yeah, well, clearly in this case, I'd rather be a whore so I don't have to be accountable to anyone.
- Well, except your pimp.
- I'll have to do without I guess. Do you think there are such things as independent whores? You'd have to ask your dad!

We had a hell of a laugh. But actually, I'd rather be a free-lance whore than a literally in-house whore.

Present

I've spent the last two days tying up a city trader in a 5* hotel in Paris, flogging up his ass and torturing his nipples.

I like to think that punishing bankers is my way of participating in the new paradigm.

Like I'm doing my part, you know.

But if he's unaware of the symbolism,
is it still activism?

What if he likes it,
does it count the same?
What if he pays too well me for it,
does it make me a class traitor?
It should feel amazing
Why don't I feel amazing?

He paid for the hotel, the restaurant, the gifts and for me to hold the flog
But he decided when
I just felt like an instrument.
The flogger holder.
Not the one in charge.

I got his money
But not his power.

Future

It took as much time and struggle as getting a fist up a virgin ass.

But we finally managed to make people understand
That heterosexuality is mostly a political regime.
That it would only be a sexual orientation if it was not the enforced norm.
That man or woman in this light is a social class.

That being a whore has become as worthy as being a doctor.

“When I was little I wanted to be a fairy. If it doesn’t go to plan, I can always be a whore.”

But a whore is a fairy. A whore is a dream-maker. A healer with multiple talents. By penetrating the intimate to the soul, not by dominating it to tears.

The whore is the fairy who destroyed patriarchy by making the bosses and the husbands pay. Her time, their money. And here we are: at the end of patriarchy, whipping (or blowing) a banker doesn’t make sense anymore, and maybe that is the ultimate dream.

French Translation

Quand je serai grande, je serai fée

Passé

On avait séché les maths et on était rentrées chez moi. On était sous la mezzanine, dans ma chambre. Entre temps on avait chouré des rasoirs pour se raser les jambes.

- Tu veux faire quoi plus tard, toi ? Me dis pas vétérinaire, je te bute.
- Quand j'étais petite je voulais faire fée. Trop deg que ça existe pas en vrai comme métier. Je te dirais bien prof, mais je sais pas. Au pire si ça marche pas je peux toujours faire pute.
- Hein ? Pourquoi tu voudrais faire pute ?
- Bah pourquoi pas ? Y'a bien des gens qui veulent faire médecin ou infirmière tu sais. Quitte à côtoyer les entrailles de l'humain autant que ce soit avec du cul, des jolies robes et beaucoup de fric.
- Mais tu pourrais dire ça à tes darons ? Genre au moment de choisir ton université toi tu fais bah écoute maman pas la peine, j'veais sucer des bites à la place.
- Oui bah ma mère elle serait mal venue de me faire une réflexion. Et mon père aussi d'ailleurs.
- Pourquoi ?
- Mon père il va déjà aux putés.
- Quoi, comment tu sais ?
- Je sais parce que j'ai fouillé dans ses affaires. J'ai trouvé une fois son carnet où il dit qu'il s'est fait voler son sac dans un bordel à Montreal. Je lui avais demandé de me ramener un briquet géant là, tu sais aux States tout est toujours plus grand.
- Le Canada, c'est pas aux States.
- Bon, on s'en fout, c'est pas la question. Il m'a dit qu'il me l'avait acheté mais qu'il s'est fait voler son sac dans une station service. C'est pas vrai, il s'est fait voler son sac, mais pas dans une station service. Chez les putés. Quel gros menteur en plus.

- Mais attends, il sait que tu sais ?
- Non, mais si jamais il me fait une réflexion, je lui balance que je sais et il aura qu'à bien fermer sa gueule.
- Et ta mère, c'est quoi le bail ?
- Bah ma mère c'est la pute de mon père, quoi.
- Hein ?
- Bah oui, déjà elle est sa secrétaire. Et à la maison c'est la bonniche. Mais une fois elle m'a raconté que comme elle aime pas trop la sodomie, du coup elle accepte que mon père lui donne des sous pour qu'elle le fasse. C'est pas de la prostitution ça, peut-être ?
- Ah putain j'ai cru que ton père était son mac et qu'il la faisait coucher avec d'autres gars.
- Han l'enfer, nan quand même pas. Mais en vrai, c'est chaud. Genre c'est sa pute quoi.
- Et tu crois que ça l'amuse en vrai ?
- Je sais pas. Je sais même pas si elle se pose la question. Peut-être elle se dit que quitte à passer à la casserole autant prendre un billet en passant. Parce que tu vois au fond, c'est mon daron qui paie tout: il paie la maison, il est son boss au taf, clairement elle a pas trop son mot à dire.
- C'est clair, c'est de la prostitution légalisée en fait. Quand j'y pense, mes darons c'est pareil. Mon père, il a accès à la chatte de ma mère en échange de tout payer. Moi, ma mère elle bosse pas avec mon père mais elle sait bien se servir de sa carte bancaire en vrai. En mode c'est elle qui gère le budget de la maison, tout ce qui concerne mon frère et moi mais ça lui fait bien plaisir de pouvoir s'acheter ce qu'elle veut avec le fric qu'il fait. En fait, c'est clair : le mariage, c'est grave de la prostitution. Le mec offre la protection et la sécurité contre le fait de pouvoir la fourrer quand il veut. Comme un mac.
- Ouais, bah clairement dans ces cas-là, je préfère encore vraiment être une pute comme ça j'ai pas de comptes à rendre.
- Bah si, à ton mac.
- Faudrait faire sans. Tu crois que ça existe des putas indé ? Faudrait que tu demandes à ton daron !

Putain comme on a ri. Mais en vrai, je préfèrerais mille fois être une vraie pute que pute au foyer.

Présent

J'ai passé les deux derniers jours à attacher un trader dans un hôtel 5* à Paris,

à lui fouetter le cul et à lui torturer les tétons.

J'aime à penser que punir les banquiers est ma façon de participer au nouveau paradigme.

Comme si je faisais ma part, vous savez.

Mais s'il n'est pas conscient du symbolisme,
est-ce encore de l'activisme ?

Et s'il aime ça,
est-ce que ça compte autant ?

Et s'il me paie trop bien pour ça,
cela fait-il de moi une traîtresse de classe ?

Je devrais me sentir surpuissante.

Pourquoi je ne me sens pas bien ?

Il a payé pour l'hôtel, le restaurant, les cadeaux et pour que je tienne le fouet.

Mais il a décidé quand

Je me sentais juste comme un instrument.

Celle qui tient le fouet.

Pas celle qui commande.

J'ai eu son argent

Mais pas son pouvoir.

Futur

Ça a pris autant de temps et de luttes que de faire rentrer un poing dans un cul vierge.

Mais on a finalement réussi à faire comprendre

Que l'hétérosexualité c'est surtout un régime politique.

Que ce serait seulement une orientation sexuelle si ce n'était pas la norme imposée.

Que homme ou femme sous cet éclairage, c'est une classe sociale.

Que faire pute, c'est devenu aussi digne que faire médecine.

“Quand j'étais petite je voulais faire fée. Au pire si ça marche pas je peux toujours faire pute.”

Mais pute, c'est fée. Pute, c'est celle qui vend du rêve et qui atteint les siens. Une soigneuse aux multiples talents. En pénétrant l'intime jusqu'à l'âme, pas en le dominant jusqu'aux larmes.

Pute, c'est la fée qui a détruit le patriarcat en faisant payer les patrons et les maris. Son temps, leur argent. Ça y est. On y est, à la fin du patriarcat, et fouetter (ou sucer) un banquier n'a plus aucun sens, et c'est peut-être ça, le rêve ultime.



1440p

Crawl On The Hard Floor Bitch! Teaching My Stepdaughter Who Is Boss, Sheisnovember...

"The median 30-year-old man spends as much time messaging teenage girls as he does women his own age," OkCupid wrote in a blog post at the time.

"faux-cest porn"



720p

"Women older than me keep messaging me. Sorry, but that is not going to happen."—recent feedback from a male user

If I want to jack off, I want to see big oily asses, moms fucking uncles and dads fucking daughters."

It's Britney, Bitch!

A report by leading multimedia-adult-content providers GameLink.com revealed a 178 percent average increase in the consumption of "family role-play porn" between October 2014 and January 2015. The stats show Utah had the highest increase with 765 percent; Michigan (698 percent), New York (669 percent), Alaska (524 percent), and Arkansas (452 percent) made up the five states where incest porn was growing in popularity the fastest.

Porn hub

United Kingdom's Top Relative Search

Terms Searched More Often in Each Region When Compared to Others

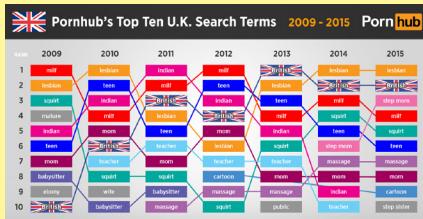


youthfulness, and even virginity.

Why Do Millennials Love Faux-Incest Porn So Much?



1080p

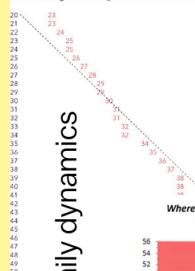


Forbidden Family Affairs, Mother Son Secrets

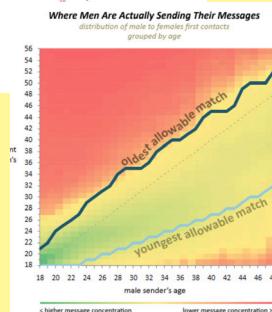
Highlights

- Adult-as-Schoolgirl sexual fantasies were reported in 66.3% of the sample.
- Interest in child sexual abuse correlated with and predicted Adult-as-Schoolgirl fantasies.
- Partner-as-Immortal fantasies correlated with and predicted Adult-as-Schoolgirl fantasies.
- As expected, the need for sexual submission was not correlated with Adult-as-Schoolgirl fantasies.

a woman's age vs. the age of the men who look best to her



fraught sexual family dynamics



The most common female roles that appear in film titles, ranked by frequency of use

1. TEEN (966 titles)	2. MILF (954 titles)	4. CHEERLEADER (370 titles)	7. COED (257 titles)	11. BABYSITTER (71 titles)
3. WIFE (499 titles)	5. NURSE (363 titles)	8. GIRLFRIEND (238 titles)	12. SORORITY (108 titles)	13. SCHOOLGIRL (107 titles)
6. DAUGHTER (261 titles)	9. COUGAR (227 titles)	10. SISTER (191 titles)	14. HITCHHIKER (64 titles)	15. RUNAWAY (59 titles)

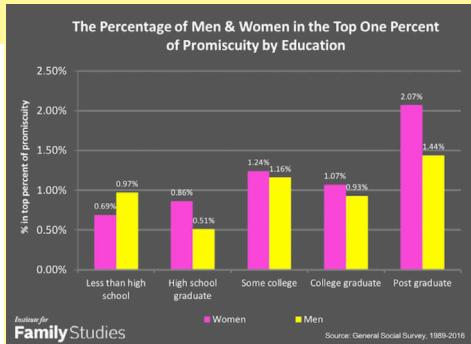


Mi hermana colegiala esta estudiando en su cuarto y aprovecho para entrar ...

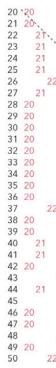
As always, it's all about the money



Statistically speaking, a woman's desirability peaks at 21



a man's age vs. the age of the women who look best to him



innocent yet curious
submissive schoolgirl



The researchers determined that while men's sexual desirability peaks at age 50, women's starts high at 18 and falls from there.

Faux cest porn was caught in a positive feedback loop.

Draft research by Lotte Latham

Depreciation

Lotte Latham

Every date assumes they're the best-case-scenario.

I can't recall which came first.

Did I market myself as "bonafide boarding-school brat"? Or, is that how I got pegged?

"Quieten down in the back of the class" said my boss at my civvy-job.

What next? Was he going to tell me what a bad girl I'd been.

I opened my AW inbox

"See me after class" says the message.

What's the difference?

What's the actual fucking difference between one workplace and the next.

241
TUESDAYS
£5.99



I've done my job for 10 years now; I still get treated like the intern. I am what they want me to be; a very experienced schoolgirl. I've been a sex worker for 8 of those years.

I did fuck my teacher actually after I'd left school, but still. He said that he didn't fanaticise about the student I once was but respected me for the independent woman I'd become.

Lol.

I woke in the middle of the night – head spinning – reached for my glass of water and gulped. It was wine, not water. I gagged, then passed out again.

Then, I woke up at 4am – and started writing.

I'd lost my temper at this boy,
at every boy actually:

He'd accused me of seeming unsettled about my sex work.

"Why should I feel settled? Just to make you feel more at ease? Some days it's great, I feel free. But some days it's not and I feel totally isolated. This is one of those industries that you go in at the top and gradually depreciate."

"That's not necessarily true" he'd answered.

He might be right, but what does he know?
He might be right but the thought still lingers.

Put the blame on me why don't you. I'm just a bad business woman because I can't reinvent myself from a pro-school girl to something else, like Madonna would. I'm earning more now than I used to, I suppose. But it took years of slow realisation to carve my niche:

Hot doughy sub, fresh out of the oven.

"I chose you because you had a couple of reviews but not too many, it's a sweet spot before they get jaded." Said this last John, for example.

Did he want me to commend him on his excellent taste?

The John with excellent taste asked to do a role play:

The role play read like consumerist candy: More fucked up than the ones who pretend I'm 11. More fucked up than the Mock-Epstein. More fucked up than the Princess Di guy, who ripped the pearls from my throat.

"I'd like you to be an inexperienced "Shop Girl" looking for a managerial position at Urban Outfitters with a lacklustre C.V. I'm interviewing you for the job and you'll do anything to prove that you're keen."

He said that it wasn't weird because I wasn't his employee, and he didn't work in the rag trade.

I struggle to make a boundary between my day-job and my night-job? Do I need to explain why?

I've spent so long being the innocent it's quite weird to be on the cusp of outgrowing my virtue. I feel very aware of my body. Aren't I too loose, to

pretend that “Daddy, it’s sore”? Aren’t my tits too saggy for a year 7?

... No, it’s not my first day on the job. I have sold my virginity countless times.

The headmaster’ll see me now?

Original.

Do you have a pleated mini skirt, or something you could wear?

Yep, the same one I wore last time. But it’s a little tighter than it used to be.

I’m chatting to this boy.

I’m chatting to every boy actually;

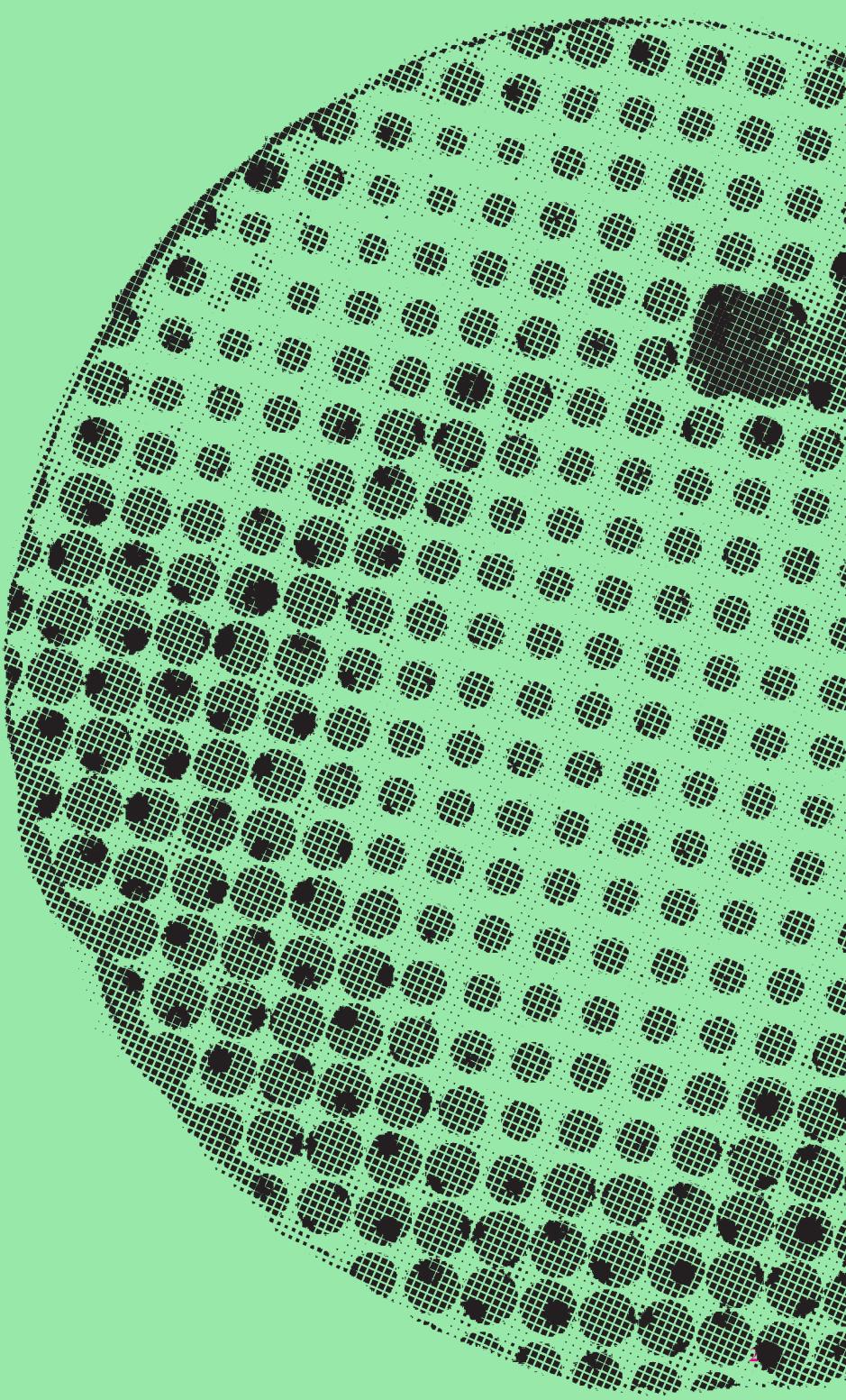
Resisting the urge to resign myself that every man wants a clueless little girl for a pet. Resisting the urge to resign myself that every man knows better than me;

About my civvy job, about whoring, about the world, about my desires, about me; about my expiration date.

I’m 32. I’m old enough to have an 11 year old daughter.

And if I did, I’d tell her:

They never know what they’re talking about but hell it doesn’t stop them giving there two pennies worth.



Cafe Worker

Wendy Guillotine

This girl.. She works in my friend's café. Technically.

Shy eyes, doesn't talk much. But I can tell how extrovert she can be when she's comfortable. I'm sure she's the kind of girl who has an improv group and the folks there are her best friends. I can see them, all so bound to each other, having a blast in the middle of the world's storms. Annoying people with their joy.



Eh merde, I should tidy before I go, last show was wild.

On the floor: damp towels, pieces of lingerie, my accordion (?!?), toys randomly thrown on the carpet , cables all over the place, three empty bottles of ice tea, the mirror miraculously standing against the coffee table and threatening to fall any second, post-it notes everywhere with client's names, what they like and what word triggers what tip : Karl Marx for 50 tokens, Chocolat au lait au caramel au beurre au sel de guérande for 100, Lollygagging for 10.. I like this word.

*" Hi there, hope you're doing good? The weather's gonna be fabulous tomorrow, I've invited a few people to join me in my garden to enjoy the sun 🌞
Do you want to join in? We'll be there from 3pm 🌿 "*



And now I'm calling 4000 tokens a "good" show. Fait chier. RICH DICKS!!

They say strippers can forecast a financial recession.

I deserve a treat today, let's get some weed and hop in an inappropriately hot bath.

I don't think I can approach her. I found out while using an anonymous direct message app. I messaged to let her know, anyone could see what I saw. Am

I justifying that I know about her “other” job even though she didn’t talk about it to me? I am.



Alright so I’ll be at the brothel tomorrow, I should wash laundry and clean the whole place just in case the agency comes overmorrow. Meaning I should remove all my streaming paraphernalia. How handy is that when your living room is your studio and is decorated accordingly. Imagine one day I have enough money to live in a nice place where separating Wendy and Xenia is easy. Haha

I am open about my job, I don’t want to hide it. It might seem like I overshare sometimes, it doesn’t matter. I -we- exist, and our existence is not to be hidden. That’s who I am anyway, I can’t shut up. Had to make it a political statement to make it easier.



What do you think will happen, if you ever got my number? That you will become my sex friend? Yes we have good sex together BECAUSE YOU PAY ME fuck fuck sake. It takes so little to being a people pleaser again, when money’s on the table.

But arh, she’s just, yeah... I don’t know what’s about her. Sometimes I think because I’m out about what I do, she might just think befriending me would kind of out her too. Does this even make sense?



I’ve not posted on OnlyFans in days now. Can’t be arsed though. How the hell do they manage with all the content and planning and outfits and computers and dates and storage and toys and internet and and and? Am I just dumb? You know when the content you planned before is actually too confusing even though it’s half done, and then you decide -LIKE AN IDIOT- to start again from scratch hoping that this time you’ll have the energy to actually finish the thing? Fuck me. I hate that area of sex work, I’ll probably keep it on for a few months then I’ll stop and just sell stuff without subscription.

It’s such a weird feeling, I can only understand she’s not out. Most my colleagues are not, the only ones who are, are Camgirls.. Most adult creators I know aren’t either. I just wish this feral cat could come to me for cuddles and understanding.



- Xenia, is that your real name?
- No it’s not

Seeking

Alain, 34, Toulouse

€80.000 – <€79.000/y

Single, 2 kids, non-smoker, social drinker, ?. Wants more pictures..

Julien, 20, Cannes

€?

Single, heavy smoker, non drinker, ?. Virgin, rich parents. No answer.

Pierre, 48, Nimes

€8 million - >800.000/y

Widow, non-smoker, social drinker, CEO. "Jet set party and luxury lifestyle"

Meet on 17/01/2017

Contact first week of January for details.

Jean-Pierre, 54, Milan

€1.5 million - €80.000/y

Married, light smoker, social drinker, ?. Wants threesome w mistress



Seeking

Wendy, 20.

Men / Women – White / Caucasian – Bachelors degree – Single
Light smoker – Social drinker – Arts

Discretion – Flexible schedule – No strings attached – Non-monogamous – All ethnicities

Young and free, I am athletic and studied literature and drama. I am following a 9-5 for 2 years and would like some fun during weekends :)
I can be very shy when I meet new people but once a connection is established very extroverted and carefree!
I cannot drive but I am happy hitch hiking or hoping on the train to meet you :)

December 2016

OUT

Rent	115€
Art school	150€
Food	Theft + dumpster dive
Electricity	Fiddle
Gas	None
Weed	Fields

IN

Mum :	50€
-------	-----

SAVINGS

300€ /!

●○○○ SFR 8:55

◀ Messages Jo S

Morning Wendy, n
job? Juliette injure
herself and won't l
to keep cleaning th
school, do you wa
position before I p
to someone else?
need to start first v
January. Jo

2015
+100€/month x12
= 1.080€

2016
+100€/month x6
= 540€

Sept 1.620€
Oct 1.000€
Nov 600€
Dec 300€ /!

arrangement
endy.stopy@gmail.com
it0chat2016

-culotte.com
endy.stopy@gmail.com
it0chat

7 AM Details

eed a
d
be able
he
nt her
ropose
You'd
week of



VTCulotte

MrBoy
Dupont
Bogoss73
All4socks
Jaroddick
Gentelnam
7dickbig7

Cheap satin?
Making order (72h + hair)
Probs never buying
Check stockings
Waiting (24h + piss)
Lace & cotton
?

TCulotte

base 24h 20-30€

dditional day 10€
ss/blood 15€
veat 10€
air 5€
elivery 3€

COLOTTES



VTCulotte

Red satin	Kiabi	5€
Christmas gift	Kiabi	4€
Blue/burgundy laces	Gemo	2.50€ each
Red laces	Jennifer	3.50€
Cotton 5 pack	Gemo	4€

I'm single:	Do I smoke:	The style of my little pussy:
<input type="button" value="▼"/>	<input type="button" value="yes, and it's perfect!"/>	<input type="button" value="Jungle"/>
My chest, my hips, my butt:	My size bra:	My foot size:
<input type="button" value="▼"/>	<input type="button" value="85/69/93"/>	<input type="button" value="5"/>
Height unit:	My weight:	Weight unit:
<input type="button" value="m"/>	<input type="button" value="52.00"/>	<input type="button" value="kg"/>
My eyes:		
<input type="button" value="▼"/>	<input type="button" value="Hazelnut"/>	

Send

Image: Not Yet

- Oh, what's it then?

- Xenia.

I'm so confused, I've tried a few times to meet her, I don't know if she genuinely wanted it too or if she's just polite and English. When we meet at the bar, she really seems to want to connect, too. She proposes stuff and implies she's got time -when she does.



Yeah alright guys, good you care for your family and stuff, that's boss. Great. Amazing. Lovely. How responsible. But I'm poor now. Not cool. You gotta give me the money mates. You're the ones supposed to 'love' me with your notes, come on! I'm not even expensive. You'd give 30 mins of your ass for £50? Just what I thought. And that's before the cut. Yay. "Easy money" lol, tell that to my jaws!

"Hey Xenia, I'm really so sorry for the late reply but I'm not having too good of a day today I've been working quite a bit recently, but I was wondering if you'd like to meet for a smoke or anything because I have lots of free time next week!"



I've only shaved the one leg this morning, what a sap. How can people do that every day? Someone said in a review that "hairy pussy is not their preference". The boss told me she'd had bad feedbacks about me being full on hairy (if only she knew) and tried to give me condescending "advice". Meanwhile, my clients absolutely love it. You'd think men are the ones pressuring women on their appearance the most.

We tried to meet at least a dozen times. And I still can't tell whether it's intentional or not. Maybe she doesn't want to be around me, and she's too polite? I have no clue. She does go out with other people from the bar and stuff. Every time we planned, she wouldn't give any sign of life. When we bump into each other, she seems like she wants to hang out with me. I prefer when rejection is said out loud, at least you know where to stand and you can carry on. Why am I even crossed with this? She's probably just struggling.



I was always fascinated by the performance of gender. Pushing codes to a limit. Queer archetypes in a cartography of bizarre. In a new city, I tend to try and 'compare' it to one I know well. "So this street is the equivalent of Avenue Jean médecin with the train station right here, this is quite like la Libération and there might be an equivalent of Bon Voyage."

I really thought that it would happen when she proposed. It's now been 2

months. I guess there is nothing I can do. It's not a option to try and force things. We're like cats. I think she's done with it now. And she's moving town soon, of course.

✓
Maybe the stigma is so bad that it stops us from simply connecting.

3 Poems

Ellis Scott

I Love You. I'm a Hooker.

I hide the hooker around my flat.

Wrap up her stockings
into a tight little ball,
as tight as your fists would be
if you knew it all.

I turn over my books, covers down-
sex worker rights feeling a bit wrong when you're around.

I make sure my cash is stuffed in the drawer,
remnants of work you wish to ignore,
until I foot the bill
for your food or your wine.

That job we argued about? Turns out it was fine!

We talk about work,
both sales and clients,
service and care,
labour and time.

But one thing's for sure-
we don't talk about mine.

Sometimes we joke
about your work and mine.
'Sort of the same'
you say from time to time.

One day you announce:
'I'll start doing porn!'
Before laughing in my face
with a spitful of scorn.

'As if I'd do that'
You snort back at me.
'The only sex i'm having
is what I have for free.'

I wonder why you boast?
It's hardly a win...
But I guess nothing's worse
than "living this life of sin".

You leave for the weekend
and I exhale my shame,
something I've had to lockup

again and again
because if I'm not proud
of the work that I do
you think it's even worse
or what I've said is untrue.

You can't quite comprehend that
sometimes its good and sometimes its bad.
A lot like your work,
but that doesn't count.
Cos you're not a slag.

An Ode to Eva/ An Ode to Hooker Friendship

'It's stuck!'

You scream and turn to me with dread.

... 'Are you sure, babe- just can't find the thread?'

'No you idiot it's a sponge ...full of blood!'

'Oh for fucks sake' I say,

jumping off the bog with a thud.

'Ok, babe, let me just wash my hands

and in that time please try to calm down?

Remember this is happened before...'

All this goes over your head as you lie legs akimbo on the floor

attempting to penetrate yourself with a chopstick,

moaning and laughing at your own dramatics.

If not horrified, I am a little impressed.

I can't even Manage salmon let alone dodge my uterus ...

but there you are, legs in a V,

attempting to rescue your sponge like Sashimi.

'Babe! Wait a minute- do you want me to help?'

'Oh my god yes, hurry up! You yelp.

'Take the chopsticks out of your cunt!'

You diligently oblige with an unimpressed grunt.

I kneel on the floor and tell you to ‘breathe!!’
It becomes clear that won’t happen until this fucking sponge is freed.
I sit facing you making eye contact,
calculating just how I’m going to extract
this sponge that no doubt has moved from cervix to womb-
not quite sure if there is enough room
for my long acrylic nails
that I don’t normally get
but- of course - today of all days
I got a fresh set.

It’s in this moment I realise the act.
I try to stay very matter of fact
as if I’m a doctor or gynaecologist
and not a hooker who’s up to her wrist
in her best friend’s cunt
retrieving a sponge,
that being the most vanilla thing that day she’s done.

I look at you and begin to laugh,
your hands over your eyes
‘God I feel daft!
How many times have we been here before?!’
‘Literally every month babe’
as I put the sponge on the floor.

'You know what, I love you so much'
and it's just then I realise our luck -
that through all the shit we get from society,
it's moments like this that save me entirely.

Decrim My Purgatory Anxiety

The guy at the shop? He knows I'm a hooker-
returning the keys another girl
more glamorous than me collected before.

And the man across the road? Oh! He knows the score!
Leaving an hour after I've arrived,
she's no cleaner, definitely a whore.

The neighbours know that I'm a stonecold slapper-
not from the moans, just my heels that clatter
along the hardwood floors at 3pm.
Who wears stilettos if not for pleasing men?

I worry about the ones who know,
the ones who don't pay but still get to see a slither of the
show:

The preamble, the dash, the flash of the cash,
'You only take card?' as I roll my eyes
and make another transaction for something that now feels
stigmatised.
Some condoms, or lube, face wipes or gum,
all normal things, until they know what you've become.
Then the curtain twitchers, and the nosey passersby
all become people with prying eyes.

My identity now not so watertight,
eyes to the floor, heart in my mouth,
an unflinching feeling of sickness and doubt.

Does the whole world know I'm a whore?!

Figuring out who I am to my core,
ready to out me at any turn,
but in this moment I am unable to discern
between the pervert who stares just as he fancies a slice
or the punter who glares, as he knows my working price.

It is this panic that holds me every time that I work.
I wonder throughout the years if this will get worse
or whether, the slippage between what's me and what's her
will become so succinct
there'll be no need for concern.

As I'll be sat on the train changing my shoes
from converse or docs or perhaps something new.
And I'll slip myself into my 6 inch heels,
that I still can't walk in but perhaps that's the appeal?
And strut down the road as visible as you,
because finally my work is being taken seriously too.

Poem Page

Celeste

The memory of its tongue on my
pussy propels me to the piss stained
toilet rim where I violently spew
out chunks of last night's dinner.
mac & cheese.
corn & broccoli. yellow, green.
yellow, green.
I pull my knickers down slowly, my
full red bush revealed.
He salivates, dribble clinging to its
snag tooth, its bottom lip trembling.
I close my eyes & disappear.
clouds, fog, sharp scratch.
a sun ray ripples on aquamarine.
I sit on the edge of the toilet, your
head on the floor, mouth wide open,
26 pearls shine, floppy red organ
like a rotting whale carcass stuck in
the Seine again, humanity
desperately wants to save it from
belly flopping
but it's inevitable.
my deep yellow piss tinged with this
months thrush infection pours directly
into his gaping cavern, hungry for
every last drop.

mmm tasty
mmm more
more

mmmmmmmm

I think of the cleaning lady -
is it probably a lady - who
will have to mop up my infected
urine off the cheap lino floor. at
least it's not soaked into the carpet.
DNA clinging to the history of
hotel rooms.

curtains always pulled closed so
that sunglasses are necessary, not
for discretion, but for the rude
awakening of daylight reality.

post-cum clarity grabs you by the
throat, legs dangling pathetically,
eye sockets bulge, you see me
finally & it scares you.

Every thrust feels like nothing.
tentacles sucking a smooth plastic
tupperware, unsure of the exit.

Sometimes I think of you.
I wish I was in this Premier Inn with
you holding my hand while he
fucks me but none of my clients
ask for duos and none of them
would want you like I do.

I think I would cry if I had
to watch you be fucked by him,
them, it, John, client.

The veil of girl next door would
fall; I imagine my grandad's 101
dalmations white netted curtains
slowly cascading over my wet warm
face revealing my mascara stains.
You'd gasp.

I'd gag.

Throat would tighten, nose would
sting until I sneezed out cartoon
sized blue tears.

The childish sound would break the
tension. One hand would grab the
cash, the other would grab yours
& we'd run across canary wharf
bridges barefoot screaming, twinkling
lights bouncing off our sweaty skin.

We hold eye contact and laugh.

Your eyes saying things I don't want
to hear.

A bug crawls up my thigh. You slap
it, blood, guts & frail legs smushed
between us. I want time to pause
indefinitely where the bugs life flashes
before ~~my two~~ & its eight eyes &
mine flashes before my two & your
fingertips are brushed up against my

thigh, palm still cupped. Heartbeat
in mid pump.

Then

a rush of adrenaline

and we slide our sunglasses onto
the ridges of our noses, smile softly
at each other & I watch you step
onto the number 76.

My fingers web together with sperm
& lube, I am a strawberry poison,
blue jeans poison, kind of frog. Legs
akimbo. Hopping from bed to bed.

Sinking my fangs into decrepid
mottled blue skin tags with wiry
hair feebly curling upwards to the
smoke stained ceiling. The damp
patches change shape with every
thrust and weedy groan. I try &
avert my eyes from yours even tho
I dream of snakes & stone statues.

It ends eventually. and I cycle
home, mud splashing up my back,
spattered like shit. @summer_dave69
would love that.

The spokes of the wheels lead me
closer back to you. You tell me you
love me & then roll over, back
stone cold to my wet face.

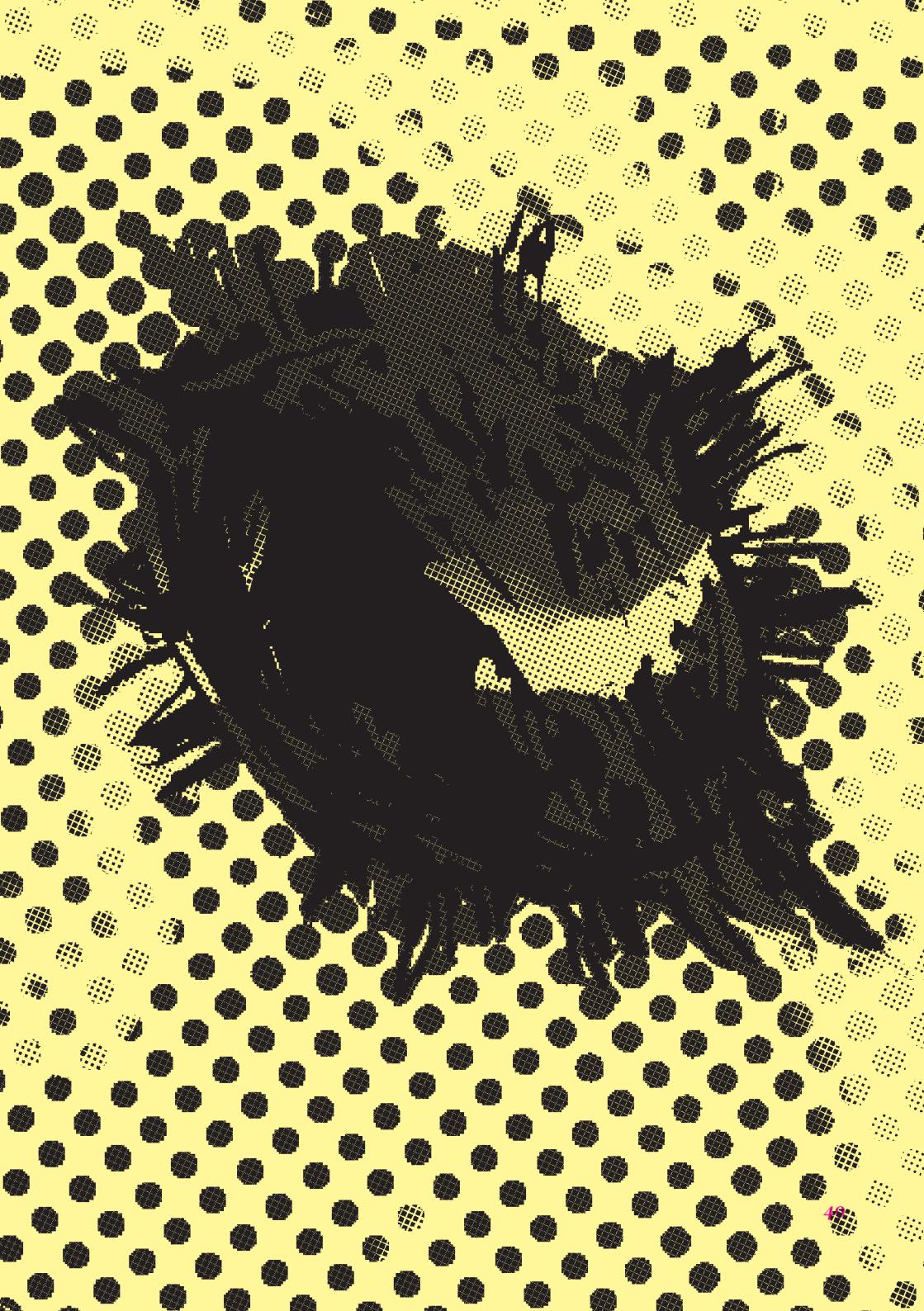
You jolt awake, call me by my name,

say you're paralysed. I reach
out with my warm sticky ~~sticky~~
baby arms & cling to you.
A pillow wedged between our damp
bodies, I fall deep asleep,
occasionally wakened by your tremors
& the cat violently throwing up.

I don't care.

I keep holding you
not wanting to let go
but your hands are slippy &
are mine & it's 5 am &
you've got to go.

- Céleste



Rotten

Faye

All my fruit is rotten
Bought in good faith, waiting to be eaten
i watch things slowly growing. Green. Rancid, pus like.

I eat burgers, shit, feel like shit too.

The fruit rots
My guts rot
Inside and out

All my fruit is rotten
Flys around, slowly the other fruits reach the same demise

All my fruit is rotten
I add to it with more fruit. Ripe at first.
Soon it will be rotten like the rest.

All my plants are dying
Drying out, waiting.

Again I watch it happen
Fascinated and lazy
Guilty, un caring

All my plants are dying, some mouldy too.

The soil fuzzy and encased in a grey mould. Its prickly almost.
Too prickly to touch.
So i leave it there, mould in the air. Me without a care.

All my plants are dying
Some crispy, fragile, almost dust.
Some sodden and wet, over indulged with the water thrown on them every once in a while.

Some plants are now drowning, they want me to leave them alone.
To dry out, recover.

I pick at the leaves, yanking off the ones
I decide aren't useful anymore.

All my fruit is rotten, and all my
Plants are dying.
I sit amongst them.

The Hit, or Woman Shaped Metamorphosis

Cass Traitor

A perfect hourglass
to admire,
a feminine form,
my money maker

Lock and key to my trauma,
perfect homeostasis,
a sharp reminder,
kept safe and numb

That put me in danger,
that didn't know better
that tried to fight,
find rules to re-write,

I take the hit
not knowing what's real,
another hit,
and permission to feel

Not a product of abuse
but sick from it all the same,
the only way to get better,
was to re-traumatise myself again

And when I perform,
it ignites the flame,
burns through sexual energy,
as if its the same -

But I'm the just embers
of someone else's flame,
forgetting myself,
once again

I crawl into every cell,
capable of deep love,
or gentle touch,
or a hard fuck

Or something, anything
that's not a reaction to,
or a result of,
something that I did not choose

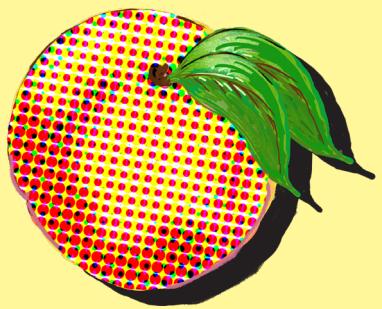
Sex Tourism

Cass Traitor

I feel like a kid in a sweet shop!
she gushes,
wide eyed in a kink wonderland,
weaving fantasies into the walls,
all flirting and fluttering eyelashes

But it's just a workplace,
a job,
whips and chains don't excite me
when it's 9am,
cum and blood oozing out an old man's nob

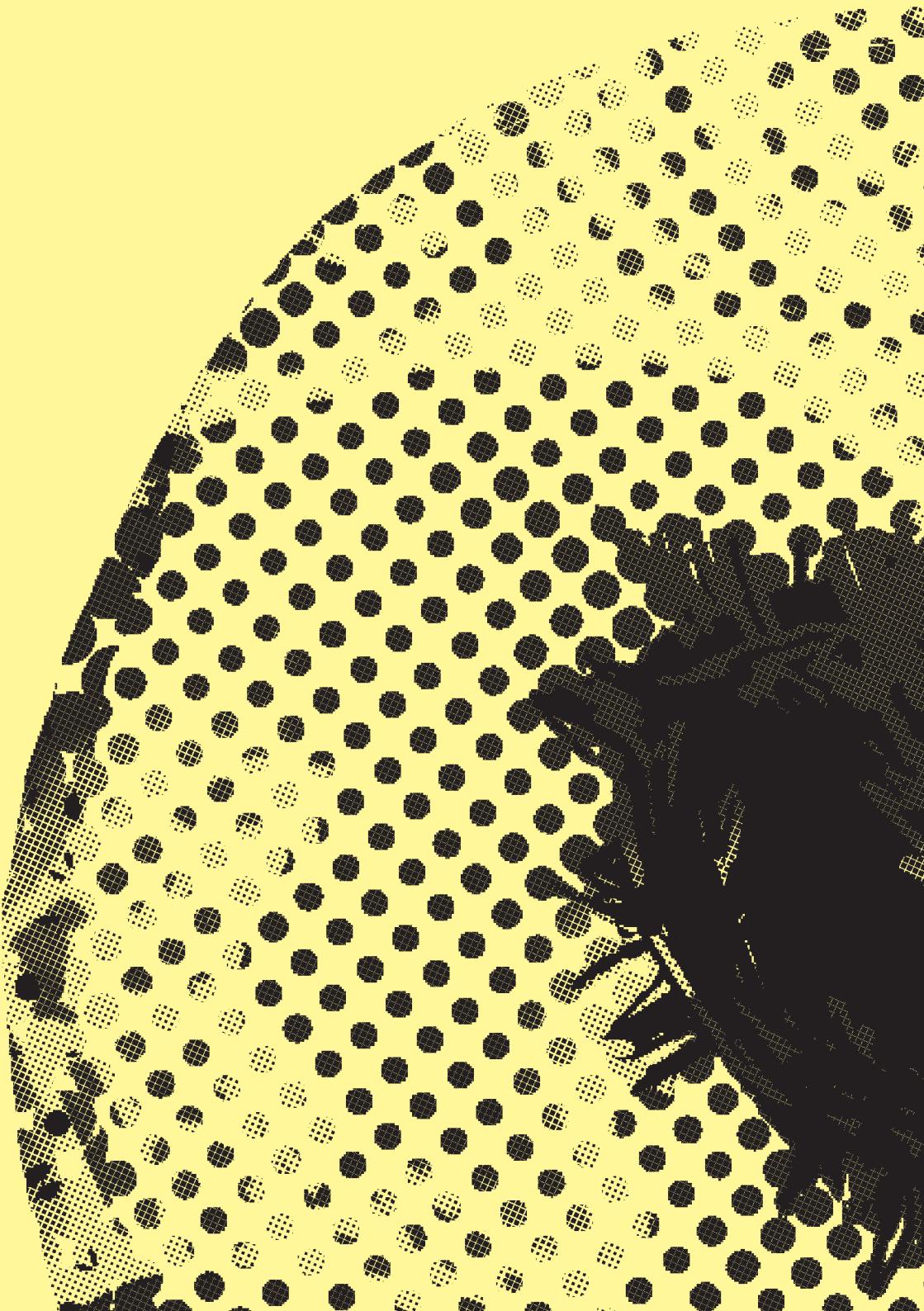
I have to deal with these kids,
in the form of full grown men,
day in, day out,
but at least the clients
give the satisfaction of paying at the end



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2022

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Decriminalised Futures
decriminalisedfutures.org

