

trans rent boys

love don't pay the rent

Compañero

A fragile wooden bookcase.

Small.

Light.

I cleaned you this morning, previously unaware of the flaking white undercoat beneath what must be at least 10 years of dirt.

I'm sorry I left it so long.

From the moment I plucked you from that rotting mound in the decrepit basement we used to call home it was love

(we found love in a hopeless place).

I don't have enough fingers and toes to count the amount of times we've pulled up the stakes, from squat to couch to sublet to house but where ever I was, you weren't far away.

My constant; a stable friend with a delicate frame.

It's okay though, I got you now.

Under a roof that doesn't rain on our faces in the night, rotting wooden bones, wheezing in the dampness.

Now both ends meet.

- Ghost



Tristan trans sex worker in NZ

I'm a trans sex worker in Aotearoa/New Zealand, where sex work has been decriminalised for just over 10 years.

This means that we can carry condoms without the fear of having them used as evidence against us, we're covered by labour laws, we don't generally get hassles from the police. If we have problems with a brothel operator fining us for being late or not giving us money owed to us we can take them to the disputes tribunal and generally win, we can report harassment to the authorities, and as happened in **a world first case recently we can even take a brothel operator to the human rights tribunal for sexual harassment and win our case.**

This is huge.

There are also no registers of our names kept like when it was illegal, and no compulsory STI tests... both of which do also happen under a legalisation model.

Non NZ citizens and under 18's are still not completely decriminalised, so it's not ideal, but it's pretty good. **Street workers are experiencing less abuse from the public, brothels are starting to employ trans women, over 40% of sex workers are working independently either on their own or with friends. STI rates are lower amongst sex workers than amongst the general population,** condom use for anal, vaginal and oral sex are the standard, and I think that the stigma is lessening slowly too.

So I have a website on tumblr, who are fine with 'adult content'. I put an ad in the local paper when I want work, it has my web address so clients can look up my pictures and a full description of what I do and what I charge. **It also says that I'm FtM, but that's just marketing... I don't actually identify with the binary, or even with English words or white concepts of gender. But that's another story.**

I blur my face in my pics, because although NZ has progressive sex work laws, the USA denies visas for known sex workers, so I won't risk it. You never know huh.

Before coming out as trans, and still occasionally, I work 'as a woman'.. plucking my coarse facial hair and hiding my sideburns under a cute wig. Shaving my chest and tummy, wearing feminine lingerie and looking like a sophisticated, professional woman in my advertising - but being down to earth and as smooth warm honey in the bedroom. I know I get racial stereotyped – exotic and lustrous (Um hello? I'm indigenous! YOU'RE exotic with your glowing skin and cotton-white hair... Just like trans women get porn stereotyped. And fat sex workers. And all sex workers. **Educating our clients on intersectional feminisms isn't part of our job though – I'd expect three times the pay for that!** Educating white feminists on racism is hard enough, let alone white average Joes.

Anyways, male sex workers here have a completely different aesthetic, it's pretty low key, and much easier. **It's like college boy chic. It's like 'let's fuck in a pile of dirty laundry'**. Hahaha ok not quite.

It's quite liberating though getting to wear my cotton boxers and bare feet instead of lacy lingerie and high heels.

The clients booking me as a trans guy seem to have a curiosity rather than an expectation, which leaves me free to work in whatever way suits me.

I want to hold onto workers rights, and make sure I'm giving them the right ideas about safe sex, and workers not having to put in 100% maximum effort to be all 'professional'.

I can give it to them in ways they never knew they needed, without needing an expensive apartment, a professional photographer, or French kissing.

Contact me at cafe.velvet@riseup.net



The Red Umbrella

The Red Umbrella is a sex worker rights emblem.

It first came to fame in 2001 in Venice, Italy when sex workers marched to protest human rights abuses. Four years later the International Committee of the Rights of Sex Workers in Europe adopted the red umbrella emblem. It has come to be the symbol for sex worker rights, and resistance to stigma, discrimination and oppression.

Jet Young trans boy sex worker

When I first started doing sex work it was in Aotearoa, NZ. **I got a work phone and put a few lines in the local newspaper.**

In NZ, there's really only one or two main websites that get a lot of traffic from punters. And they're quite pricey to advertise in.

To people here in London, even to the clients in their 60's, an ad in the paper seemed as old school as dial telephones.

Anyway, in NZ when I put my ad in the paper, I answered a lot of calls and explained that I wasn't a trans woman.

"Yes I have a pussy, but it's not because I've had 'the surgery'.

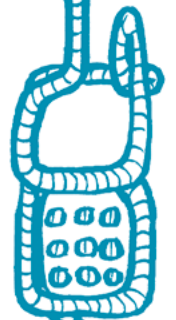
"Yes I'm trans, but trans the other way".

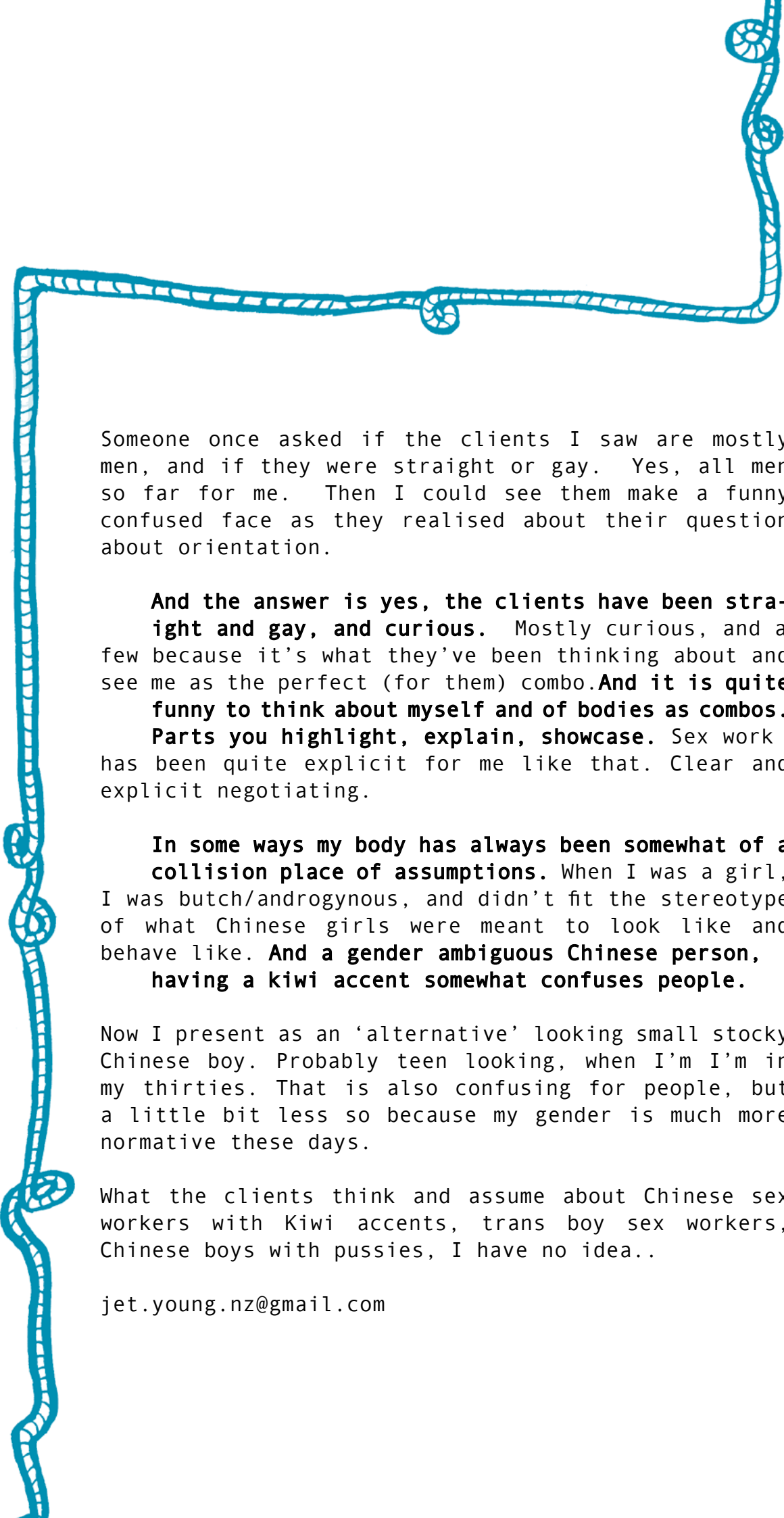
"Ohhhhhh....." they would say.

Now that I have a website and advertise on online sites, I can explain things more in depth. I also put up explicit pictures so there hasn't been much confusion anymore.

I think not a lot of people know about trans guy sex workers, in part because there's not heaps of porn with us in it. There's lots of cis man porn, cis women porn, and trans women porn (though for the latter it comes under much different tags that aren't so.. tasteful) so that's what people think of, I think.

People's desires are very fluid and flexible, so of course there are people who want to book us. And people's desires are also flexible and fluid, that they can and are shaped, molded and contained in various ways depending on what people are watching. So I suppose it goes many ways. And there is a bunch of trans guy porn out there of late.





Someone once asked if the clients I saw are mostly men, and if they were straight or gay. Yes, all men so far for me. Then I could see them make a funny confused face as they realised about their question about orientation.

And the answer is yes, the clients have been straight and gay, and curious. Mostly curious, and a few because it's what they've been thinking about and see me as the perfect (for them) combo. **And it is quite funny to think about myself and of bodies as combos. Parts you highlight, explain, showcase.** Sex work has been quite explicit for me like that. Clear and explicit negotiating.

In some ways my body has always been somewhat of a collision place of assumptions. When I was a girl, I was butch/androgynous, and didn't fit the stereotype of what Chinese girls were meant to look like and behave like. **And a gender ambiguous Chinese person, having a kiwi accent somewhat confuses people.**

Now I present as an 'alternative' looking small stocky Chinese boy. Probably teen looking, when I'm I'm in my thirties. That is also confusing for people, but a little bit less so because my gender is much more normative these days.

What the clients think and assume about Chinese sex workers with Kiwi accents, trans boy sex workers, Chinese boys with pussies, I have no idea..

jet.young.nz@gmail.com



Xavier

I started doing sex work a year ago, being far from home and surrounded by sex workers and sex worker positive friends while on a three month visit to Australia.

Three years before that, I talked my partner at the time, down from starting doing sex work in Sweden. We didn't know any sex workers at the time and I was worried about his safety. Neither of us having any knowledge about how to organize around his safety and having no knowledge than about his potential clients scared the shit out of me. Him being a femme transguy added to that fear. And after several long discussions he decided to wait as we had no mentors or friends that could guide him in to working safe.

Three years later I found myself pursuing the idea of starting to do sex work. **The difference was that I was surrounded by workers that could guide me, and that by sharing their lives and stories with me, gave me a good idea of what sex work was all about.**

A friend introduced me to the transguy that became my mentor and helped me take the final step in to starting working. We meet up for the first time in Newtown, Sydney and while awkwardly eating lunch in a park, he told me all he could, answered all of my questions and then **took me shopping for suitable tees and boxers to work in.**

My first client was probably every nervous beginners dream guy, gentle and experienced, wanted a long booking with massage and a lot of talking. He gave me time to get comfortable and gave me a taste of how I'd like my bookings to be.

Being a transguy doing sex work is scary and irritating at times. Clients being curious but not knowing the first thing about transmen or/and queer bodies **I find myself explaining myself and my identity in simplistic ways that grate at who I am at times.**

The scary part for me is that I have found that, as there doesn't seem to exist any culture around paying for sex in Sweden, some

clients lack the ability to express what they want. They all just say they want to fuck. This has put me in situations where the client wants a rougher experience than negotiated. Not out of malice, but out of not wanting to say too much, **not knowing how to express them selves when talking to a sex worker.**

They are all scared to get caught, to get entrapped by the cops and fined or persecuted. **I have on the other hand become terribly good at asking the right questions and demanding straight answers.**

It's been a year now since my first booking and I have been back in Europe since May 2012, and in Sweden since August the same year. Getting back to Sweden was rough after being part of a queer sex worker community in Australia and I felt alone. But even though I didn't have the same support network, I set up shop and put up ads for my services.

Working in Sweden, the country where "the Nordic / Swedish model" was invented is a completely different story than working in Australia or other European countries. There are no legal brothels with the possibility for community building or friendship. There are no sex worker friendly services or doctors, no safer sex recommendations or supplies. **The stigma is so big that I have to guard my words and think twice before telling friends and acquaintances what I do for a living.**

My best friend, who drives me and is my security can get charged for procuring/pimping if caught, even though he doesn't get a dime for helping me. I got involved with Sweden's sex worker organization, Rose Alliance, this year (2014) and I hope we can make a difference in how we as sex workers are seen by society and push for a law change.



Red Light, Blue Light

In Amsterdam's red light district, red lights in windows signify cis women sex workers. Blue lights in the windows signify trans women workers.



Scott

I was talked into sex work by a transguy friend while I was first starting to transition. He was older and had done it before in the US. This was in New Zealand where sex work is legal. We put ads in the newspaper a few days before Christmas. (That just happened to be when it was, no significance really!)

At that time I was quite inexperienced and was just starting to do online hookups via an online dating site. I thought, what the hey, might make some money and have some sex. **My sexuality had changed since I started testosterone: I became very interested in men whereas I had identified as a lesbian since the age of 19.** Besides one boyfriend and a couple of random encounters, I had always had sex with women. With my new sexuality and attitude I decided to experiment with whatever new sexual experiences came my way.

The morning it published, I started getting calls about my ad. I forget what it said now but it definitely said I was a trans man. I'd answer the phone in what I thought of as a sexy and alluring way. Most weren't interested and I think I got calls from every 'regular' in the city who was checking out the new guy. It seemed perfectly reasonable that they'd ask questions about what I had to offer (my genitals) which I always answered honestly.

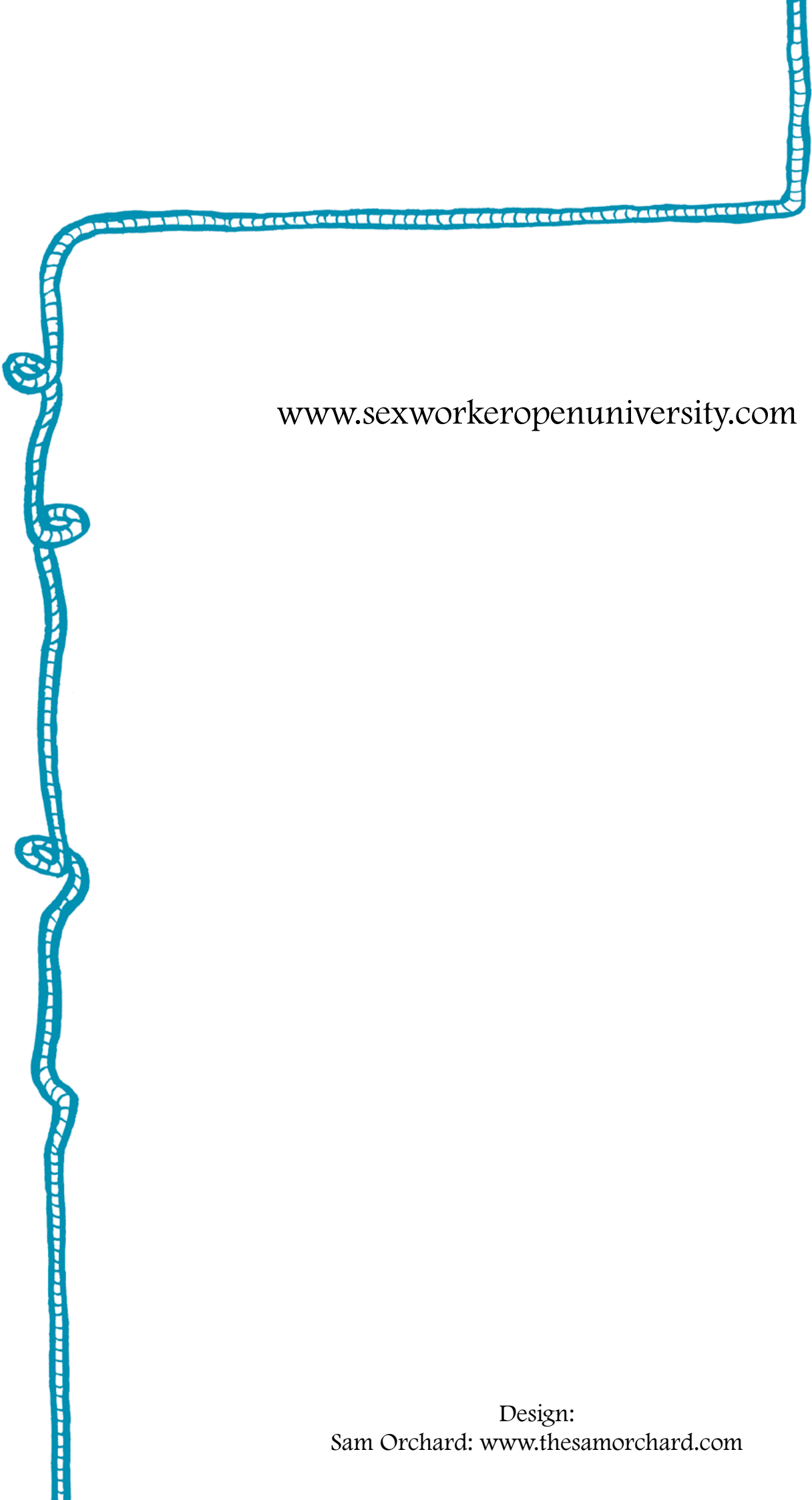
Eventually I got a client, an Indian guy. My friend and I were working out of an office he'd hired in the red-light region to do video work in. We had to be quite discreet since the landlord wouldn't be happy about us doing sex work in the building. The office was on the second floor so I had to go meet the guy down at a paint place over the road and bring him up the stairs. He took his pants down and sat on the couch, then wanted to see my cock. I said I didn't have one and he said 'oh', then I gave him a blow job and he left. I think that was it for my first ad.

The ads cost about \$12 for one day and I usually got at least one client at \$80 per half hour. I only did it a few times back then. **I wasn't fit at all and was (and still am) quite chubby and hairy, so my clients got a completely different experience than the slim, toned and waxed rent boys out there.** I didn't really care about that - I guess my point of difference

was obvious and if they weren't interested I wasn't going to try and compete with actual professionals.

About six years later I was really broke so I decided to start up again. This time I put ads online that you could renew for free, so it didn't cost anything and I got a handful of clients over about three months. One was a guy whose wife had recently gone into a hospice and was dying of cancer. He said he'd never hired a sex worker before. I wondered why on earth he'd chosen me. There's a certain slice of the male population who want to experiment with men but are scared by a real cock - transmen fill that gap. **I've always been up front about what I have and don't call it a cock or anything like that - in the online sex vernacular it's a 'pussy' and I'll answer questions about it and send photos of it to basically anyone who asks.**

I haven't worked in a while, mostly because I don't have time to answer the calls and texts because of my day job. I'd probably do it again if the mood struck me.



www.sexworkeropenuniversity.com