

A WOMAN
WHOSE
CALLING IS
MEN

THE MEMOIRS OF A
PRIESTESS-IDENTIFIED
PROSTITUTE

BOOK ONE

APHRODITE PHOENIX

Infinity Publishing
West Conshohocken, PA

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*A Woman Whose Calling is Men:
The Memoirs of a Priestess-Identified Prostitute
Book One*

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The courage to speak your own truth
always gives someone else the courage to speak theirs.

Oprah Winfrey

I am proud to be called “whore.”

When I became a whore, I declared my religious convictions.

When I became a whore, I declared my creativity to be as worthy as motherhood.

When I became a whore, I shouted my defiance of the machine that is our “male-voiced culture.”

When I became a whore, I transformed tragedy into strength, loss into freedom.

Having become a whore, I have become a teacher of spiritual and psychological transformation.

Having become a whore, I have been honored as poet and performer.

Having become a whore, I have discovered my true voice. I live by the rhythms of the moon and the wisdom of my body.

Having become a whore, I have been enlightened by the tender and worshipful nature of men’s desire for “the Wondrous Vulva.”

Cosi Fabian

He kissed me on the cheek. “Let me have a good look at you!” The way he said it, I did not feel like a piece of meat but like a woman who was appreciated by a man.

In this one quick encounter, I was knowingly, willingly violating ten years of blind obedience to the law. Yet it didn’t feel wrong.

I...had just committed my first *honest* act of prostitution....I touched the bills....two hundred and twenty dollars....

What sinful act did I commit to earn that kind of money? Nothing I hadn’t already done...before---except then I hadn’t charged for it....

With a tenderness I never knew one could feel for a complete stranger, I kissed him.....

Norma Jean Almodovar

In the following account, some names have been changed, to protect individuals' privacy.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This is for my children, who are the source of my will to prevail.

This is for my mother, who died, but didn't leave.

This is for my father, who saved me as only a girl's Daddy can.

This is for my aunt, who taught me that loving God is life, and that
loving life is God.

This is for my lover, just for loving me.

This is for all the activist sex workers and all their feministic
supporters.

Inexpressible, uncountable thanks to you all for speaking out,
hanging tough, and validating our work.

This is for all of my clients.

Many thanks for your patronage.

And special thanks to those of you
who contributed valuable sources.

And many thanks to each of my friends, as well as each blood
relation, who accepts me for everything I've become, and can read
this book with love.



Note to Instructors:

This volume, Book One, is essentially autobiographical. Book One acquaints the student with the life, times and trials of the author, in order to prepare the student for the arguments set forth by the author in Book Two.

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PART ONE

**SCENES
AND
ROUTINES**

*To give away yourself
keeps yourself still,
and you must live
drawn by your own sweet skill.*

William Shakespeare, Sonnet 16



MY SEXIEST “ESCORT” EXPERIENCE

Sluts and whores and erotic entertainers are not the enemy of the matriarchy. ¹

I’ve been with so many wonderful lovers. It astounds me to think of them all. Most guys do their homework, and they do it very well. They’re determined to learn how to satisfy a woman, and some of them truly succeed.

Even if I’m being true to a lover and therefore, I won’t come for clients, I can see that the best of them have what it takes. They must send their women to heaven. They have the right touch, just the right presence, just the right combo of technique and tenderness.

Some of the others are all thumbs. Their natural touch is an irritating jitter. Or maybe they drink, they feel that they have to. The alcohol makes them insensible, clumsy.

Whatever. No matter how well or how badly they perform, I give most of them A’s for effort. Most of them defer to the clitoris as though it were a five-carat diamond. Most of them search for the G-spot as though it were a sunken treasure.

The guy who’s in bed just to get his own jollies is a relic, a throwback. He’s almost extinct. Men, for the most part, have discovered something big. A way to proud manhood is to make women come. And boy, do they ever try to. Getting us off is a

major-league issue. If a guy doesn't do it, he feels like a loser. And a guy will do all that's required to win.

And some of them are just being fine human beings. They understand that to make a girl come is nobler than just feeling manly. To be good to a woman is the right thing to do.

Imagine the pressure that puts on an "escort". Especially one billed as the Girl Friend Experience! Three-quarters of my clients want me to come, they shell out big bucks just to make me. Of course, there are plenty of times when I can't! But I do make sure to tell them what good lovers they are. They need to know they are, they try so hard to be, and most of them deserve a big pat on the back.

Okay, that's a fanfare, a tribute, that I'm making here and now, to men. That's my heartfelt acknowledgement, my sincere declaration, my knighting of the gallantry that men show in bed. Innumerable clients have earned it.

And now, with that said, with good mentions all made, I'll get on to the winners, the champions. For me, the winners aren't men. It's been couples. Bisexual trysts are the sexiest for me.

It's not that I'm strongly bisexual. I've never felt sad without a woman to sleep with. I've never had a girlfriend for a lover. What I need is that one special man in my bed, and without him, the blues do their number. But then, I do enjoy breasts. A lot. I love to look at them and touch them and hold them, especially the big ones, big firm ones. But if I never touch another pair of tits again, that will be fine with me. What I need all the time is a big hairy chest. And I totally worship the penis. I've got to have a meaningful cock in my life. But I don't require a pussy.

Gays have told me that means I'm straight. But open, empathetic, just a tad from dead center, able to truly enjoy my own gender, if that's what's requested of me.

Yeah, that sounds about right.

I've been with a number of couples. Each time, it's been almost ineffably sweet. I get this big sense of full-circle. And I feel a tremendous respect for the woman. She's being so strong and enlightened. She's understanding her man. She's loosening her grip, she's letting him play, there's just one big rule, they'll do it **together**. That's usually the reason they've called me. That and her "bi-curiosity."