

# **A WOMAN WHOSE CALLING IS MEN**

HER VISIONS AND  
ADVOCACIES

**BOOK TWO**

APHRODITE PHOENIX

Infinity Publishing  
West Conshohocken, PA

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*A Woman Whose Calling Is Men:  
Her Visions and Advocacies  
Book Two*

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Infinity Publishing  
West Conshohocken, PA • USA  
2008

Paperback  
ISBN: 0-7414-4806-8  
13-ISBN: to be added

[www.infinitypublishing.com](http://www.infinitypublishing.com)

Cover illustration by Hannah Seaman  
Cover design by Mianna L. Vaccaro

## **Houri**

Persian-Arabian heavenly nymph, sexual angel, or temple prostitute; cognate with Greek *hora*, Babylonian *harine*, Semitic *harlot*, or “whore.” Houris were dancing “Ladies of the Hour” who kept time in heaven and tended star souls. See **Angel**; **Prostitution**.

from *The Women’s Encyclopedia of Myths and Secrets*

I believe we will never have rights, opportunities, choices, work options, or an income equivalent to men's unless we can stop being afraid of being either raped or called "whore."

*Priscilla Alexander, feminist*

I do sex work because it interests me, because I'm good at it, and because I can make money at it; but unlike most sex radicals, I'm not in this as a political cause...I don't like debating with the prudish about what I do, and I'm not out to convert anyone; I just don't want others telling me I can't do the work I love.

*Marcy Sheiner, female pornographer*

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

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## FOREWORD

### A SEX WORKER'S LAMENT

It's the year 2008. A hawkish, intolerant, biblical mindset is currently manning our White House. An ethos even less rational, a culture that imprisons its women, has spawned a collective psychosis that has felled our mightiest towers.

The aggression and violence of those patriarchies are plain indications of how threatened they are. Together, they endanger the survival of our planet.

Feminists are insurgents who fight sick male power. Their hatred is the flaw of rebellion. As they've valiantly fought patriarchal dominion, those women have developed ugly traits of their foe. Those women have become as pugnacious as men.

When were they last taken seriously? Now they're just part of the problem. No group understands that more thoroughly than sex workers.

Sex workers will be part of the solution. Erotic professionals will be part of the movement toward a truly egalitarian, sincerely pluralistic, far-less judgmental American spirit. As whores begin to reclaim their role as the primordial priestesses of Goddess, and the culture begins to perceive it, their advancement will be one of a host of indications of feminine principles pervading the world, and feminine principles healing.

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Then, and only then, will the hatreds and hypocrisies of patriarchal religion dissolve away into nothing. Then, and only then, will the strife between the sexes diminish. And perhaps, in the long run, yes I dare dream this---even the teeth-gnashing, nuke stashing hatreds of nationalism will crumble.

But for now, it's just another drab morning, just another day of clamorous finger-pointing, just another klatch of blogs full of ire. Two days ago Eliot Spitzer, the governor of New York, got caught patronizing an "escort." People are enraged, calling for his resignation, and feeling sorry for his wife and teen-aged daughters.

Well, it seems to me that if "escort" sex work were legal, there wouldn't be much of a scandal. No one would have snooped on the governor's digression, and few people would have cared. And if Spitzer himself weren't so duplicitous, posing as a moralist and talking down prostitution, then once again, who would have cared? It's hypocrisy that's burying Spitzer, far more than the act itself.

What will it take to make America see that it's not the "escort service" that's wrong, but the big deal that's made of it? Maybe Spitzer's wife is "standing by her man" because she understands this.

It's true that this man's phony stance is appalling. It's mildly redolent of those priests who preach abstinence, and are raping little boys out back. But the outcry with regard to the service Spitzer needed is making me want to yawn.

Catch them all and there goes the government.

A decade before today, I gathered all my notations and began to work on this book. The impeachment trial of President Clinton was droning on and on. It was natural to include him in my ponderings.

Clinton pressured lots of women for extramarital sex. In his handling of Paula Jones, one could sense in Clinton a sense of entitlement that would offend almost anyone. Then he found himself tattled on. Because of his Lewinski denials, his political enemies bagged him. Now they could reveal him as a liar.

I'm aware of the President's state of mind when he "decorated" that dress. That hotly pursued self-abandonment is what a *Jerry Springer Show* madam referred to when she rudely proclaimed men as "stupid." For men---ditch diggers and presidents alike---

the thrill to risk losing everything for is the orgasm that's achieved in the shadows cast by lush trees of forbidden fruit.

But there's far more to it than that.

Monica Lewinsky claimed President Clinton told her she made him feel young. I'm very handsomely paid for making men his age feel young. That's a powerful motive when men of a certain age seek me. Noncommittal sex with a skilled professional never fails to rejuvenate the downhearted, the overburdened, and the aging. I don't revile President Clinton for needing to drink from that fountain. But oh, how I wish he'd called "escorts"...the guardians of what's private.

During the years of partisan malice that preceded our nation's worst day, when Clinton destroyers put dooming our President above the imperative of quashing *true* foes, it was then that the truly heinous, those monsters skulking among us, practiced quietly and smugly for their year, and day, to strike. I rue all the buzz, the inane headline-grabbing, regarding that infamous semen-soiled dress; nobody born here could think of much else.

In the aftermath of September Eleventh, Americans have been forced to admit that during the Clinton Administration, when political enemies put so much effort into smearing our Commander with his own errant spurts, such vigilance was badly needed elsewhere. I imagine the era with a Congress obsessed over matters more dire than the rise in the Presidential pants.

Had that been the case, perhaps much grander erections might never have been crushed.

How could we preempt the arrival of fiends, the metastasizing of cells, when the first and foremost national focus was the airing of our Commander's sexploits? As a sex worker, a practitioner of respectful discretion, I'm perhaps more saddened than anyone when I think of that tragic prioritizing.

*A. Phoenix*

PART ONE

**SURVEYING  
THE  
DAMAGE**



## HIGH PRIESTESSES, LOW VICTIMS

I'm proud that I'm not ashamed.\*

Clearly, there are two kinds of prostitute. The distinctions between them are enormous. The distinctions between them are so extreme that I feel I can use the term *polarized*.

There are whores who take great pride in the work, and there are whores who despise themselves in it. There are whores who understand that the work can be exalting, and there are whores who degrade both the work and themselves.

Whenever I consider that huge contradiction, I find myself picturing all prostitutes as one woman. She's naked. She's floating in a warm, waist-deep pond. The world all around her is lush, lovely June. Gushes of color spread over the greenery in

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wildflower-burgeoning meadows. Big summertime branches are billowing.

Her face and her torso are above the surface, absorbing fresh air and sun, and her hands are free to splash herself there whenever she needs to be cooled. The rest of her, however, knows no such pleasure or balance of elements. The whore's lower body is submerged and trapped in the murky pond-bottom muck.

That mental picture makes me face facts. It forces me to focus on the downside, the prostitutes who have a bad time. It fills me with a pained understanding. I think to myself, every single part of the woman in the pond should be able to rise from the bottom. In other words, every sex worker should be psychologically able to evolve from whores' degradation.

Then I get a big sense of mission. I think to myself, the freeing of whores from the bottom of the pond should be important to those who aren't stuck. Those of us happily sunning ourselves must acknowledge one great truth: no prostitute will be truly emancipated until *all* prostitutes, everywhere, are.

Until the disparity ends, in the profession, between those above the surface and those jammed down in the muck---that is, between the exuberantly lofty and the cynically defiled---whores will lack the unity needed to converge in large numbers and proudly "come out," often and wherever we are, which is everywhere.

The victimized whores must become self-exalted. Only then will the likelihood grow for our work to become esteemed. For the time being, however, an amazing and ugly dichotomy prevails. Sidewalks in grungy areas teem with exploited, self-destructive streetwalkers. On the very same map, self-respecting, self-employed "escorts" discreetly make their livings in decent accommodations. That paradox always astounds me. Yet it's just another human contradiction. Similar discrepancies are everywhere. There are chemicals in brains that cause sunny dispositions, while other brain chemicals cause natures of gloom. There are constantly screaming newborns, and there are mellow, adorable cherubs. There are soul-wrecking marriages, and there are marriages that hum along smoothly. There are desolate slums, and there are gated communities. The divergence all around me seems endless.

But there's something particularly troubling about the terrible inequity that prevails amongst whores. Social injustice is one