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Lusty Day is a Toronto-based queer anti-racist writer, community organizer and escort. She has performed as a member of the performance collectives Whores on Top (Canada) and Debbie Doesn't Do It for Free (Australia). She organizes cultural, professional, and political events by and for sex workers. She also leads workshops on anti-racism for white people, race/sex in intimate relationships, healthy consent, and on working in the sex industry. You can find her writings at www.lustyday.com and in her zines Whorelicious and Fang It.

Elizabeth M. Stephens and Annie M. Sprinkle, are an artist couple committed to doing projects that explore, generate, and celebrate love. We utilize visual art, installation, theater pieces, interventions, live-art, exhibitions, lectures, printed matter and activism. Each year we orchestrate one or more interactive performance art weddings in collaboration with various national and international communities, then display the ephemera in art galleries. Our projects incorporate the colors and themes of the chakras, a structure inspired by Linda M. Montano's *14 Years of Living Art*. The Love Art Laboratory grew out of our response to the violence of war, the anti-gay marriage movement, and our prevailing culture of greed. Our projects are symbolic gestures intended to help make the world a more tolerant, sustainable, and peaceful place. This site is the Love Art Lab's virtual home where we share our progress, documentation and findings. We are ecosexual sexecologists who have vowed to love, honor, and cherish the Earth, Sky and Sea 'til death brings us closer together forever.

Audacia Ray is a former sex worker who was an editor at \$pread magazine for three years and now runs the sex worker storytelling series the Red Umbrella Diaries, which includes a monthly live event in New York and a weekly podcast available for free on iTunes. She has blogged at WakingVixen.com since 2004 and you can get the full scoop on her at AudaciaRay.com or by finding her on Facebook or Twitter as [audaciaray](https://twitter.com/audaciaray).

Kitty Stryker (the dirty girl in the splosh pics) is a curvaceous courtesan splitting her time between tying people up in SF alleyways and helping clients (both able-bodied and not) realize their sexual possibilities in London. In her copious free time, she's an Erotic Award winner, a founding member of Kinky Salon London, a guest lecturer about sex work, and a queer femme Daddy to her boy.

Desiree (who made the collages) has worked as an escort.

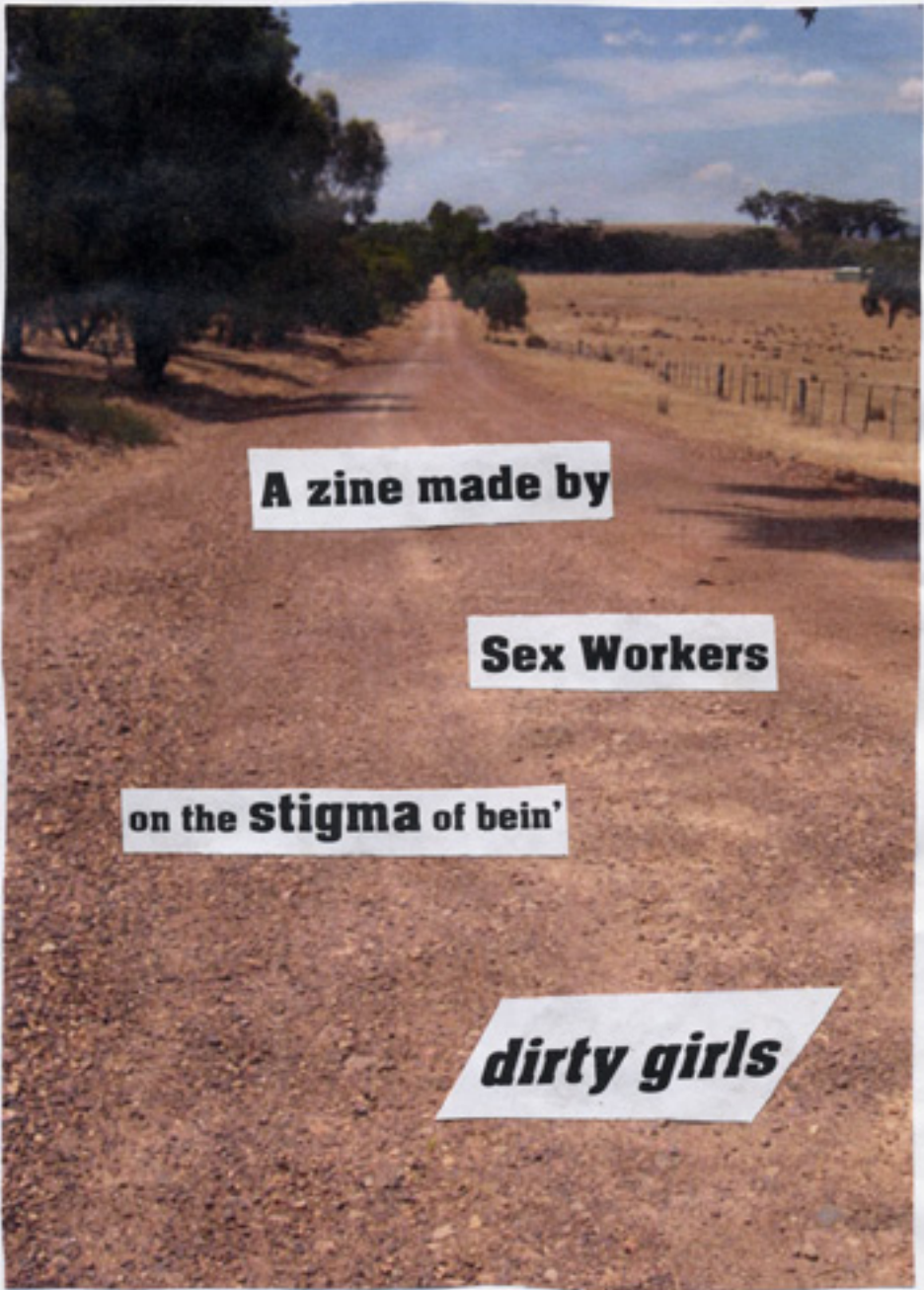
The pencil drawings are by RM, a sex worker and teacher from the south.

Pictures of Annie and Elizabeth are by [JulianCash\(.com\)](http://JulianCash.com)

Furry Girl
blogs at
feminisnt.com

Story
is just story

Davka
davkadeergirl.com
deer girl, enjoying female
embodiment in the age of
aquarius



A zine made by

Sex Workers

on the **stigma** of bein'

dirty girls



mysophobia

[mie'-soe-FOE-bee-ah]

1. an abnormal fear of dirt or filth.

ishotmyself.com

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Why do they

all have hair

- the copy
mechanism

Down there?

its disgusting.



I am my anecdotal evidence of nature over nurture. When I was a kid, I just wanted to play outside, catching snakes and insects and getting dirty. My mother would put me in frilly dresses and painful little patent leather shoes and put makeup on me. Guess which I still do as an adult?

- Furry Girl
www.feminisnt.com

**In the beginning, the
Holy One,
blessed be he,
created Lilith and
she was not flesh,
but the scum of the
earth and its impure
sediments, and she
was a harmful spirit.**

**And the Holy One,
blessed be he, took
her away from Adam
and gave him
another instead.**


Patai 81:453



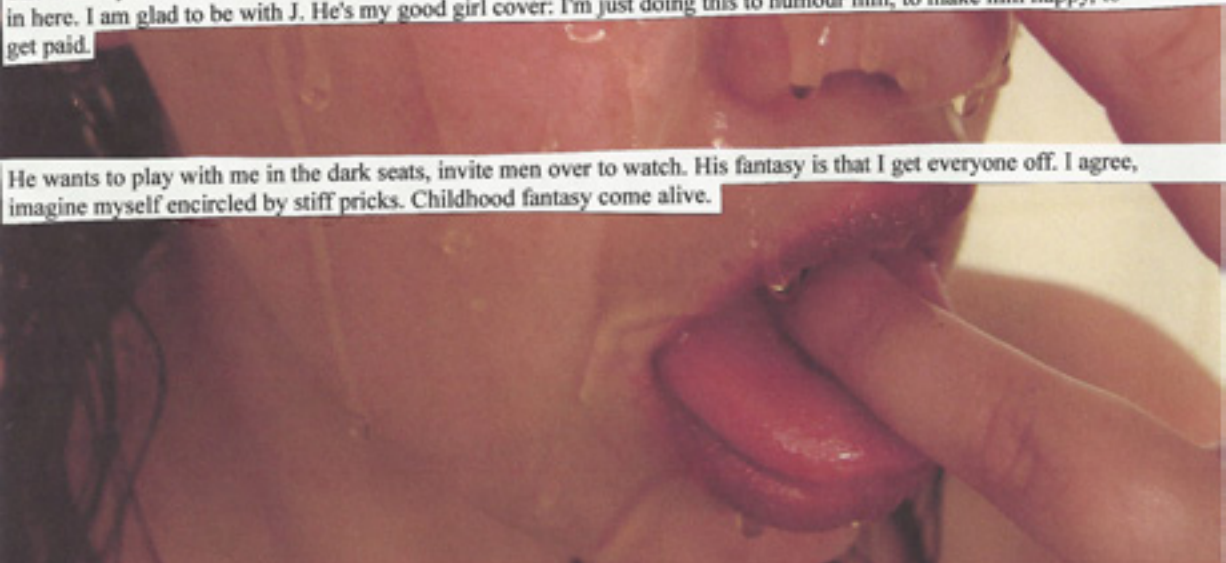
Google Loft 18+ cinema in Toronto, and you will find me. I am the only slut who wrote about it. Who wanted to tell.

Guys phone me to ask if that story is true. Depending on the tone of their question, I answer yes. Or no, it's just a fantasy, depending on their capacity for pleasure, or for revulsion. Even as a hooker you can be too slutty. They want you to ride that good girl line, bareback. Slutty, but not cheap. You never quite know where it is. Usually you can guess it by the hourly rate they are willing to pay.

The first time I went to Loft 18+ porn cinema I felt afraid that I will be kicked out or ravaged against my will. I thought this would be forced upon me by the men sitting in the back rows of the cinema. I would never have gone myself. I had this idea that they were dirty lurkers with no capacity for communication, to other sexual outlets, that they were just groping and grunting animals in the dark. But fear and excitement often feel the same in my veins. So I agreed to go with a client, J, when he asks. He asks me if I'd ever gone there before. I said no.



I'd never met him before, so when I'm strutting down Yonge Street, a block away, I call him. He knows what I look like. He spots me and navigates me towards him. I love the feeling of him watching me as I approach, me not yet knowing which guy he is, standing outside the cinema. I feel vulnerable, exposed, sexual. Finally we are upon each other, eyes glittering and wondering. We turn, enter the cinema, climbing the stairs leading to the back of the building.



The hallway is deserted but for a quiet manager who nods at J and stares at me. I wonder how many women come in here. I am glad to be with J. He's my good girl cover: I'm just doing this to humour him, to make him happy, to get paid.

He wants to play with me in the dark seats, invite men over to watch. His fantasy is that I get everyone off. I agree, imagine myself encircled by stiff pricks. Childhood fantasy come alive.

As hookers we all talk about setting our boundaries before we meet the client: no anal, always have a flavoured condom handy for blow jobs, get him to shower, to wash his hands, etc. I want to say that I always do those things. But while I am deeply knowledgeable about the various risks of cleanliness and so I often set up safety protocols, the truth is: sometimes I don't want to be well.



Sometimes I want to be dirtied, debased, to be used at the hands of strangers. It's complicated to ask this of my lovers, my community, and my friends, all people who can hold it against me later. Sometimes it is so much easier to allow it to "happen" at the hands of clients. I just want others to do with me as they please, to push my slut boundaries for me. I'm not in charge. But also here, surrounded by stranger men, I push again and again against the heterosexist notion that male sexuality is dangerous, unkempt, and uncontrollable, especially around loose women. I'm in charge here.

My friends joke that I'm not heterosexual, pansexual, or homosexual, or anything easily recognizable. But that I'm whorosexual.

J and I sit in an empty row. Squeezing my legs together I hook my thumb under my ass and tug at the corner of my panties, slide them down my smooth legs, struggle to untangle them from the pointy heels of my boots. The darkness makes it difficult for anyone to see, so I lift my panties high in the air. The light from the screen illuminates them and everyone gets the message. I tuck the panties into my purse and feel my pussy drip right onto the seat. I'm sitting directly on the scratchy fabric, wondering how many dried streaks of cum shine when they turn up the house lights for cleaning. Then I wonder if they ever do that much cleaning.

"Put your feet up on the seats," J says. His voice is sudden and loud in the quiet of the moans from the screen, and everyone is shifting in their seats. I hook the heels of my boots over the seat back. My skirt rides up, totally exposing my pussy. J motions to the men around us to come closer. Some do, some don't.

Two men in the row in front of me half-turn in their seats and one plays the beam of a tiny penlight over my wet pussy. The other reaches down and starts finger fucking me. I wonder if he has washed his hands. It hurts a bit, the way he has his fingers angled into me. But I it when I am already sore, I love the way it hurts. I like the feeling of self-destruction. I like having my own power over my self-destruction.

Two more men are soon standing in the row behind, and I feel their dicks hanging hard in their opened pants. They stand, wait for me. So I grab them. I push my tits just up out of my bra and pump my hands up and down their shafts. I imagine their excitement at the unlikely event of finding some free action in the cinema.

Or maybe not. They could be watching this porn movie in privacy on the Internet. But they choose to come here. They seek out the chance to have public sexuality, to see another man blow his load, or to get down to suck on bent knees on a sticky floor. I'm not the only one with limited access to anonymous sex. I am just a female interloper here, in a culture of public sex between men who may or may not be straight.

I want to be part of this fraternity of men, some of them in suits reeking of cologne, some of them homeless men in ripped ski parkas, stinking for a bath. I want access to the wordless, momentary comfort of orgasm between strangers.

I sit there picturing myself as a suited man with a wife and kids at home, and for a moment my sex is my private secret. As a sex educator and out political sex worker, I am always encouraging communication, healthy sexuality, polyamory, etc etc. At this moment, that bores me to tears.

Here, I'm a dirty girl in the gutter. No one has any expectations of me. They think nothing of me, so I am released. My breath feels deep and controlled, where the mutuality of not speaking reigns, where if I don't say something, you don't say anything, where words are no longer our responsibility. Where we can just be animals, grunting, moaning, closing our eyes, not caring who is near us, just that we are in the dark, doing it. Here I am just a whore, and that's all - there is nothing special about it. Here I am not more responsible for the burden of safer sex, I'm not resisting some stereotype, marshalling some representation, worrying. I am just clean and pure sensation.

I jerk the guys behind me till one sprays. One of the ones in front stands up, rolls on a condom, and I take him in my mouth. I suck him until his cock hardens even more, and he spasms in my mouth, filling the condom. Other guys start shooting off, I see their shiny streams raining down on the floor in the screen's light. I press down on my clit, lean back and flick it until it explodes. It's over fast.

Belts clang and zippers pull in the dark. Everyone clears their throats, the air feels relaxed, contented. I am offered handfuls of tissues from every direction, everyone gentlemanly and kind. I straighten up my blouse and pull my skirt down, leaving my panties off for now. No one has taken advantage. We all got what we wanted. One guy asks my name, shakes my hand, says thanks. J pays me \$400 for the hour, says we will do this again. I say sure.

I walk out alone, and the quiet manager gestures towards a hidden office through a side door. My old fear returns. I don't want to get trapped in a corner. Will I be in trouble? He motions to my mouth, and his dick. My confidence returns. I tell him I have plans. He nods ok. A simple request, a simple answer. I walk out, south down Yonge Street, past the bright scuzzy overpriced sex shops. Through the neon night and warm swell of summer crowds at Dundas Square. Back to the west side of town, where all the properly creative and properly sexy people live. Where queers prefer gay-coloured dildos, and hookers are classy, dominant types. Where we always use enough lube, to slide ourselves into the right places without harm. Where we hide our dirt away.

by Lusty Day

www.lustyday.com






I find the female body exquisite in all its forms, and I despise the misogynistic way it's made a commodity by a misogynistic society. I love the self-exploitation of myself through my skin and sexuality; subverting the fucked-up patriarchal expectations projected onto womyn, our bodies and behaviours. I love nudity. I love voyeurism. I adore exhibitionism. I worship sex. I want to be shot the way I play; fanciness, furriness, bruises and all. Thus - I shot myself!

ishotmyself.com

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25 WAYS TO MAKE LOVE TO THE EARTH

1. Tell the Earth, "I love you. I can't live without you."
2. You may feel embarrassed to be lovers with the Earth—
Let it go.
3. Spend time with her.
4. Ask her what she likes, wants, and needs—
then try to give it to her.
5. Massage the Earth with your feet.
6. Admire her views often.
7. Circulate erotic energy with her.
8. Smell her.
9. Taste her.
10. Touch all her all over.
11. Hug and stroke her trees.
12. Talk dirty to her plants.
13. Swim naked in her waters.
14. Lay on top of her, or let her get on top.
15. Do a nude dance for her.
16. Sing to her.
17. Kiss and lick her.
18. Bury parts of your body deep inside her soil.
19. Plant your seeds in her.
20. Love her unconditionally even when she's angry or cruel.
21. Keep her clean. Please recycle.
22. Work for peace. Bombs hurt.
23. If you see her being abused, raped, or exploited,
protect her as best you can.
24. Protect her mountains, waters and skies.
25. Vow to love, honor and cherish the Earth—
until death brings you closer together forever.

Elizabeth M. Stephens & Annie M. Sprinkle



"You're a dirty girl," he said.

Girl.

He.

Said.

Thirteen years old and I'm standing outside of the old church way up on the hill, a dirty soft peak three miles up the dirt road from our farm where I am waiting for a ride. Stunned by what's coming out of his mouth, I remember suddenly Jesus' words. "It's not what goes into a man's mouth that makes him dirty, but what comes out.

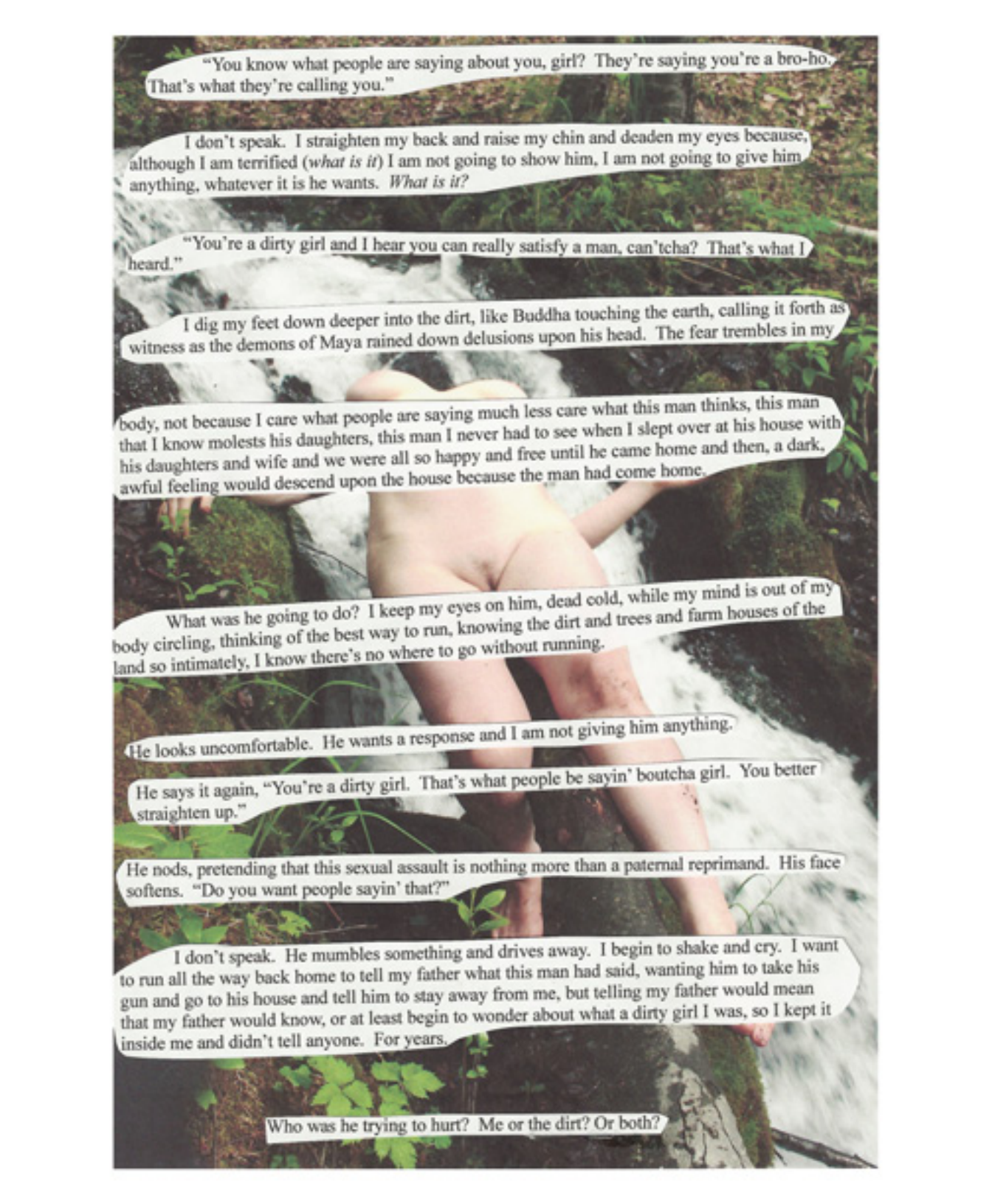
What comes out.

"You're a dirty girl."

Who was he trying to hurt? Me or the dirt? Or both? Or himself- my best friend's father. He drives by and stops abruptly, his four wheels throwing dirt up into the already dusty country air as he reverses angrily until his car is right in front of the stairs where I'm sitting, sandals at my side, my dirty, bare feet deep in the grass, where, only moments ago, I was day-dreaming of the lover who was coming to pick me up and what we would be doing that night, my hair in his hands, his moans coming out, his dick going in to my welcoming mouth: *it's not what goes into a man's mouth that makes him dirty.*

Who was he trying to hurt? Me? Or the dirt? Or both? Or himself? Working man with dirt under his nails like black crescent moons gripping the steering wheel of his dirty car as he leans out of the dirty window and says it with a grin on his face and hate in his eyes, and something else. Something else. What is it?

Or me? Dirty girl known for her dirty ways: a sexual curiosity that woke up fiercely and rose up magnificently, so early, maybe too early- but who's counting, who can say? Thirteen. A white girl in a poor, mixed town who had black friends and naturally, black lovers and that's what made this man angry.



"You know what people are saying about you, girl? They're saying you're a bro-ho. That's what they're calling you."

I don't speak. I straighten my back and raise my chin and deaden my eyes because, although I am terrified (*what is it*) I am not going to show him, I am not going to give him anything, whatever it is he wants. *What is it?*

"You're a dirty girl and I hear you can really satisfy a man, can'tcha? That's what I heard."

I dig my feet down deeper into the dirt, like Buddha touching the earth, calling it forth as witness as the demons of Maya rained down delusions upon his head. The fear trembles in my

body, not because I care what people are saying much less care what this man thinks, this man that I know molests his daughters, this man I never had to see when I slept over at his house with his daughters and wife and we were all so happy and free until he came home and then, a dark, awful feeling would descend upon the house because the man had come home.

What was he going to do? I keep my eyes on him, dead cold, while my mind is out of my body circling, thinking of the best way to run, knowing the dirt and trees and farm houses of the land so intimately, I know there's no where to go without running.

He looks uncomfortable. He wants a response and I am not giving him anything.

He says it again, "You're a dirty girl. That's what people be sayin' boutcha girl. You better straighten up."

He nods, pretending that this sexual assault is nothing more than a paternal reprimand. His face softens. "Do you want people sayin' that?"

I don't speak. He mumbles something and drives away. I begin to shake and cry. I want to run all the way back home to tell my father what this man had said, wanting him to take his gun and go to his house and tell him to stay away from me, but telling my father would mean that my father would know, or at least begin to wonder about what a dirty girl I was, so I kept it inside me and didn't tell anyone. For years.

Who was he trying to hurt? Me or the dirt? Or both?

"You're a dirty girl, aren't you?"

Fifteen years later, the John's on the table and the massage has come to its climax- I'm straddling his thighs with my right leg bent up and open so that he can see my nakedness entirely as I quicken my strokes to the quickening of his breath. There's a portrait of the Black Madonna over the mantle. There's his business suit folded neatly on the bed with his gold watch and cell phone placed carefully on top. There's the money on the pillow. My mind is wandering free in the monotony, conjuring images up from the deep recesses of my memory. The mind is a funny friend, the way she won't shut up sometimes and sneaks up on you with connections you didn't realize mattered, existed. I see Tlazolteotl, the ancient Aztec goddess giving birth with a horrifying grimace on her stone face, patron saint of purification and filth and adulterers, who visits people at their deaths and eats up all their filth and sin so they can go to their next lives clean. Is this what we do, sex-workers, who not only excite and release, but also take on so many breathless confessions and stories and pleas- intimate words spoken in that fuzzy, open feeling when a person is close to coming. They are so vulnerable then and they give us all their dirt so that we, like Tlazolteotl, the revered Filth Eater girl, can eat it up and set them free. We serve a purpose. We are dirty.

I've long ago accepted it; taken pride in it, made a living with it. My mind comes back into the room as his knees shake and his eyes roll back. He moans. It sounds so sweetly defeated, conquered, wanting, needing.

"You're a dirty girl, aren't you?" He whispers.

Who was he trying to dirty? Me or himself?

Older, wiser now I can hear the question, the pleading in his voice as if he is saying, *please, please say yes. Please be dirty, please, show me the way back home to the dirt from which we all came. Set my suit on fire, stop time in the gold, worthless watch, take the flames and melt me, make me new, see me naked and say, Don't be ashamed. Take me back to the dirt, the soil, the sex that was never sin, take me there again.*

Because some shall call themselves clean and the clean will need the dirty, more than they will ever realize or admit. They will need the dirty to work their farms, clean their toilets, fix their cars, care for their children and cradle their cocks until they come hotly into hands that are not afraid to carry all that life, hands that keep the dirt alive and well, a sacred element, so that the seeds of ourselves can find a safe place to sprout, grow, and become a satisfied being of earth that stands up slowly, thanks me profusely as I wrap myself in a towel and leave the room.

"You're a dirty girl," my lover says with an ornery smile, imitating the man in the story I told her when she asked me about my day. "Look at you, my dirty girl."

I'm lying naked against the bank of the river. She's taking handfuls of mud and smearing it down my body, throat to thighs. My skin ripples awake in goosebumps and recognition of the soothing cold of the wet dirt. She opens my legs and lays herself on top of me so that the mud paints both of our bodies an ancient ochre color as we kiss. Yes, we are dirty. And I guess that's what got us here safely. We're so dirty we can hide from all the soul-killing insanity, that crazy clean control of civilization. We may live with constant stigmatization from our families, friends, the law, strangers, anyone who needs to feel clean against the good and dirty, but we are deep in the dirt and this is the only safety one can count on, the source.

Good, clean girls keep asking us to teach them tricks of the trade. They want to "be in the business," they say. Then they shrug and look away and say, well, they don't want to do *that*, they could never do *that*. We laugh. We love each other and all the other dirty girls in the world because it's not what comes out that matters, all the hurtful words in the world couldn't take from us this knowing that we are doing something extraordinary. We tell the scared, clean ones no, they can't have our secrets. We tell them they have to first prove their worth in dirt.



In gardening, beauty is a by product.



The main business is sex and death.

-Sam Llewelyn

Highly Anticipated Disease


By Audacia Ray

Before I was a sex worker, I studied history and taught workshops on HIV prevention all around New York City. Neither history nor public health education are particularly lucrative as professions, but both of these are things that gave me a thirst for knowledge and the capacity to be analytical – about stories, about people, about sexual health. Which is to say, I knew a lot about diseases and what kinds of people acquire the kinds of diseases you can get when you rub two (or more) private parts together without a latex barricade between (or among, if we're talking more than two) them.

I knew enough to know it was wrong when I say the word "diseases" – because these days, when we're talking about sex (and honestly, when aren't we?) we should be using the word "infections," on account of the stigma, and the reality of what most STIs are, which is super super common colds that you get on your genitals.

Before becoming a sex worker, I knew that sex workers are the kinds of people who get sexually transmitted infections – everyone says so. But I learned from super smart sex educators and public health workers that it doesn't have to be that way, and that actually the stigma of sex work makes most escorts and other high contact sex professionals very protective of their greatest assets. And having sex professionally can also turn you into an expert when it comes to the full run down of safer sex practices.

But still, even though I was packed with all that knowledge, even though I spent hours of my days dispelling myths about how you can and cannot get STIs, I worried. And beyond the worry, I felt in my heart that I would eventually get some kind of infection, and that I would deserve it. I know that STIs don't have personalities and they aren't vindictive, they aren't out to teach misbehaving girls a lesson like those VD posters from the 1940s would have us believe. Despite what my head knew, my heart knew even more that when I got my very own STI, I would deserve it and no one would feel bad for me. I knew I would have to suffer the disapproving looks from the health care providers at the free clinic. I just knew that that experience was out there, waiting for



Censorship feeds the dirty

mind more than the

four-letter word itself.

me.

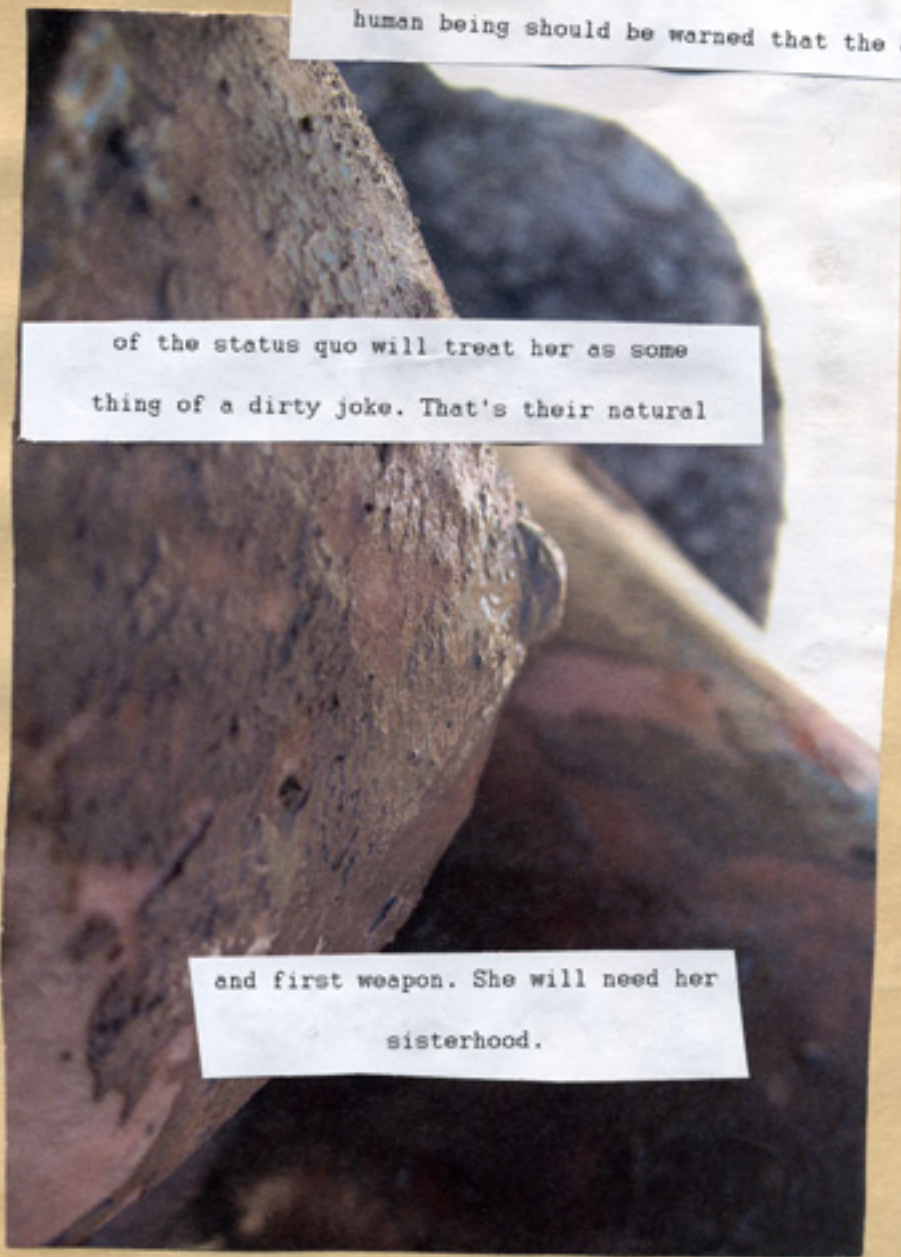
In the meantime, I continued to arm myself with knowledge and surround myself with righteous, brilliant sex workers who were distrustful of health clinics and taught me how to take better care of myself. From them, I learned that the art of the dick check was all well and good, but most STIs are invisible to the naked eye. Beyond learning the real deal with harm reduction practices, these were the ladies who taught me what herbs to take for a variety of ailments, the ones who I assisted in minor home surgeries that seemed pretty questionable but turned out fine.

But then it happened, as I knew it would all along. Just after a weekend retreat with my collaborators from *Spread* magazine, while I was feeling boosted up from the solidarity of my fellow sex professionals and magazine amateurs – I started to get symptoms. Only, they weren't the symptoms I expected.

It was the dreaded headcold, passed on from a client to one of my fellow *Spread* editors, and then to me via a shared spoon when we were making soup for our coworkers. So my expected sexually transmitted infection finally arrived, in a form that didn't leave me ashamed or embarrassed or feeling dirty, though it most certainly put me out of commission for a few days. Just like no one wants to touch anything red or oozing on their client or sex worker's genitals, most people are just as reluctant to jump in bed with someone who has snot streaming down their face.



Any woman who chooses to behave like a full
human being should be warned that the armies



of the status quo will treat her as some
thing of a dirty joke. That's their natural

and first weapon. She will need her
sisterhood.

Gloria Steinem



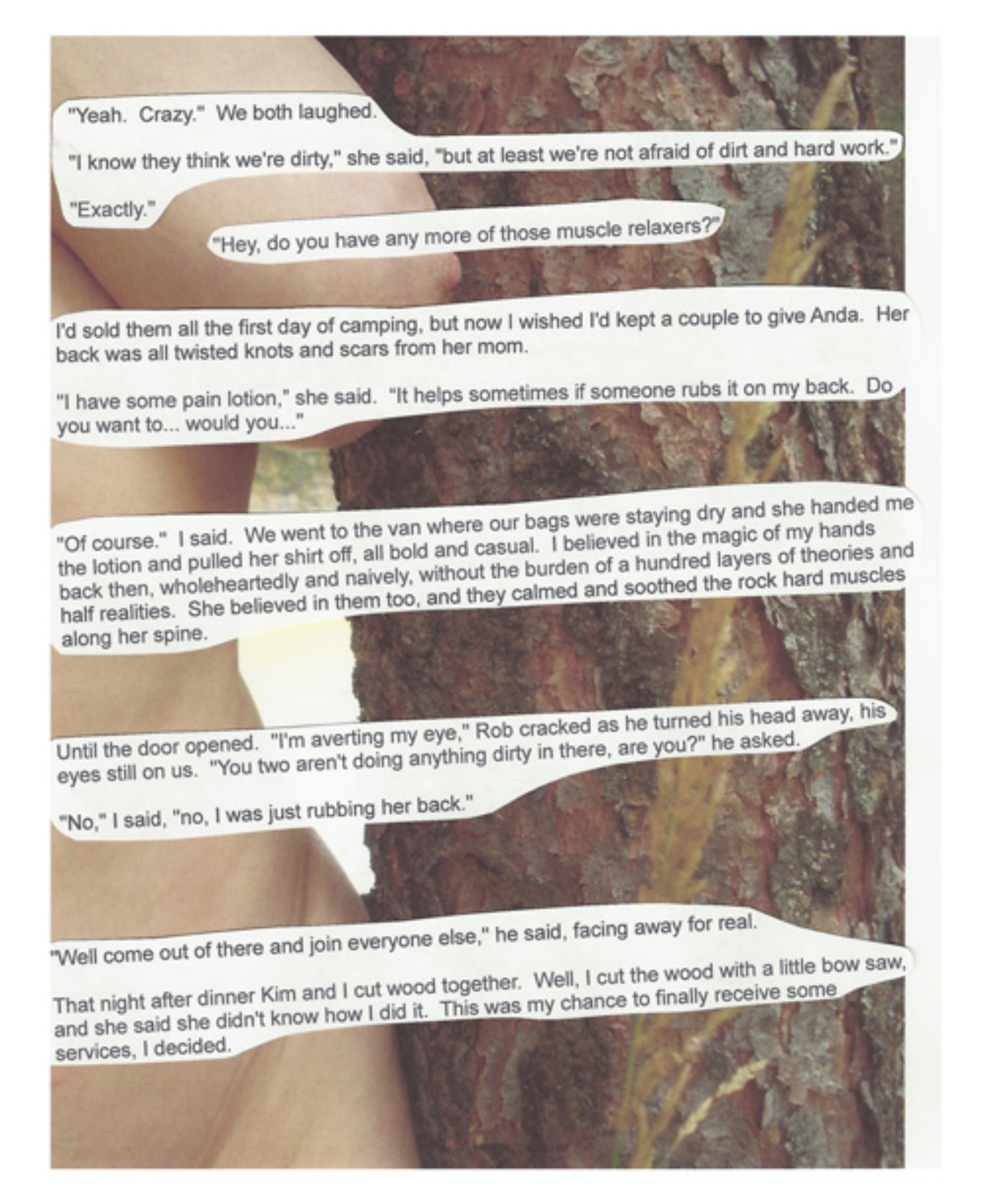
I'd read that aerosol thingies were killing the ozone, plus I'd really never seen such a thing and couldn't imagine holding it inside my shirt and pressing the button, that explosive sound, even after watching the other girls do it. Next to me Marlaina rolled her eyes and grimaced.

"Are you sure?" Kim asked. "It feels so good when you're all dirty."

Kim was our counselor, and we were the runaway, throwaway, homeless, and at-risk teens. That's what they called us, on the forms we had to fill out every time we had contact with them. They always put me down as throwaway. I didn't feel dirty though, dirty was just normal for me.

"I'm sure." I got up and wandered away, just to get away from the rest of the girls. Why did I come on this trip anyways? We were supposed to be excited about camping, but that's what I did most nights anyways, just without all this fancy equipment. None of us were excited enough. Kim was mad about it. When she was in Chicago the kids had to have car washes and fundraisers every day for a year to go camping and they were eternally grateful to her for taking them. I'd thought there would be something else, besides the camping. They were always talking about providing us with services, and I was always waiting eagerly for it to happen. I thought sure as shit someday Kim and Robert were going to administer some magical service, a lecture or simple parable, maybe a ticket or secret handshake, that would change my life. But all we did was eat pizza and go camping and my life never changed.

"Hey." Anda had followed me. She was from the vil' too, a different village than me, a different version of the same life. In her life her mother had worked her half to death and then sold her to a man who was moving to the city. She was younger than me though, twelve, and she was going to have a foster home when we got back. Kim's aunt was going to take her, because there weren't enough foster homes. I was fourteen and an awkwardly oppositional whnre, so no one wanted me. "I dunno what their deal is with that spray stuff."

A close-up photograph of a person's back being massaged. The person's skin is light-colored, and the background is the rough, textured bark of a tree trunk. The lighting is natural, highlighting the texture of the skin and the bark.

"Yeah. Crazy." We both laughed.

"I know they think we're dirty," she said, "but at least we're not afraid of dirt and hard work."

"Exactly."

"Hey, do you have any more of those muscle relaxers?"

I'd sold them all the first day of camping, but now I wished I'd kept a couple to give Anda. Her back was all twisted knots and scars from her mom.

"I have some pain lotion," she said. "It helps sometimes if someone rubs it on my back. Do you want to... would you..."

"Of course." I said. We went to the van where our bags were staying dry and she handed me the lotion and pulled her shirt off, all bold and casual. I believed in the magic of my hands back then, wholeheartedly and naively, without the burden of a hundred layers of theories and half realities. She believed in them too, and they calmed and soothed the rock hard muscles along her spine.

Until the door opened. "I'm averting my eye," Rob cracked as he turned his head away, his eyes still on us. "You two aren't doing anything dirty in there, are you?" he asked.

"No," I said, "no, I was just rubbing her back."

"Well come out of there and join everyone else," he said, facing away for real.

That night after dinner Kim and I cut wood together. Well, I cut the wood with a little bow saw, and she said she didn't know how I did it. This was my chance to finally receive some services, I decided.

"Kim, I think I might be pregnant." Really I was more worried that I might be HIV+ than about being pregnant. I'd been having unprotected sex with a client who had full blown AIDS. I didn't know why. Because he'd cried and said he was untouchable? Because he'd offered me an extra fifty for bareback? It had become my mission in life to make him feel human, touchable, not toxic, and it took a few weeks for it to sink in that that's how you get AIDS.

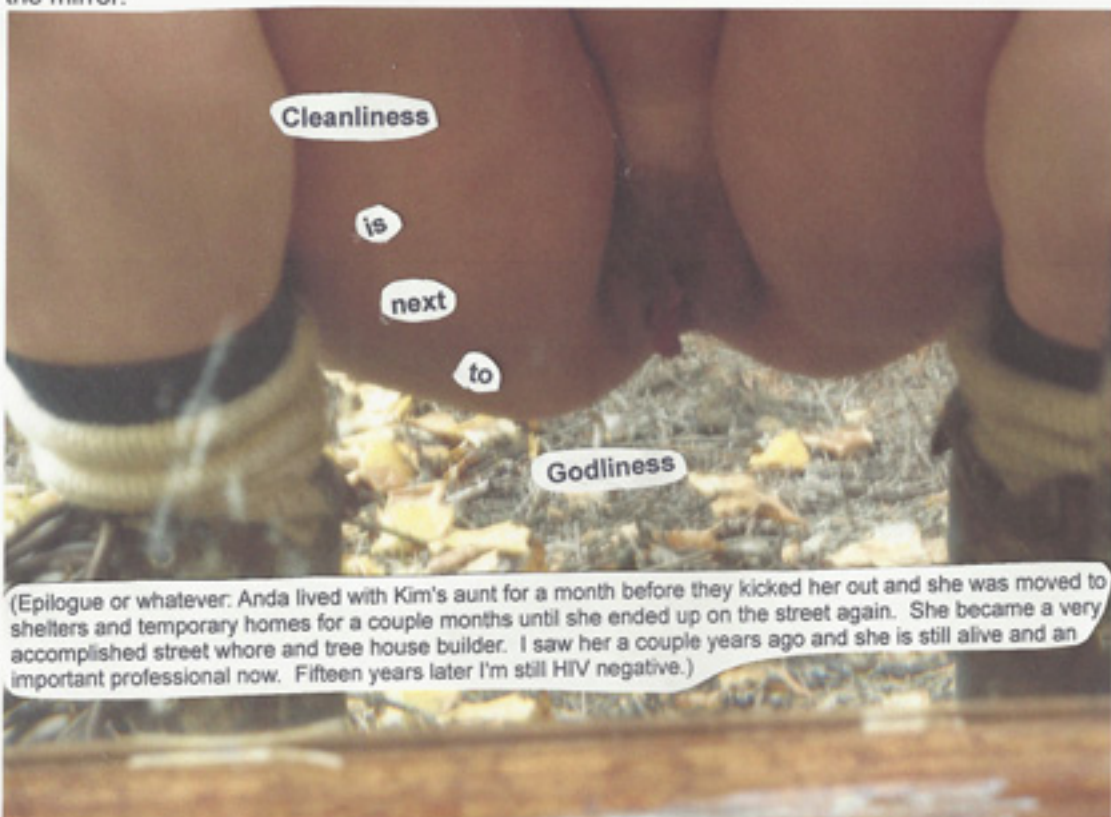
But it's better to start with the smaller things, I thought, and maybe work up to the AIDS problem. I waited eagerly for Kim's response.

"God Tara, if you don't want to be pregnant don't have sex."

Don't have sex? How would I make money? What about use condoms or take birth control or even take a pregnancy test? I should keep the HIV thing to myself, I decided.

The next day when we got back into town Kim dropped me at the free pregnancy test center. A nun gave me a stick to pee on and told me to come right out of the bathroom with it. I'd heard that was just so she could take the test from me and not let me see the results until I accepted Jesus as my personal pimp daddy tho, so I stayed in the bathroom.

There was a shiny metal shelf above the sink where I set the test to wait. I took my watch off and put it next to the test and washed my hands. Then I washed my hands some more and looked at the test, tried really hard to look anywhere but the flowery embroidered sign next to the mirror:





a dirty girl poem to be spoken aloud and dedicated to lovers who bathed right after
by story

I.

lover, you said, "i'll be right back" and i laid there in my wet skin, heaving and alone hearing water running.

lover, you asked me, "have you soaped up, yet?" when i got out of the bath before you. i said "kind of". i meant to tell you i don't believe in "soaping up" plus it would take too long. i am too wide and big and dirty.

lover, you said, "hold your breath" when we strolled hand-in-hand past that man on the street. so i sniffed in to smell the piss-soaked and homelessness. it's how we witness. it's how we listen and how we see. not through frames and screens and magazines. not with books but with breath and our bodies.



II.

you like me dirty in a certain way. you know what i mean. you like me that way between clean sheets with a clean towel near by. you like me dirty just for you.

i also like you that way and ... more ways too.

when you like me dirty, i see you don't see that my underarms smell like me and not like the packaged form of a fresh breeze. i see you don't see how the backs of my knees sweat when i pleasure-seize. i see you don't see your own self arisen from all these prickles, pinks and perfumes - your body saying yes and more and please.

for a moment you know what i know, feel what i feel, us a pair of perfection and free.

II.

don't you know? nothing grows clean.

it's all mud, shit and death. blood in the water well. decapitated animals and anarchy.

i know you think the praying mantis only prays and moves like a green and horizontal ballerina but it's not true. she devoured the head of her lover. let's eat each other up without napkins. let's ruin rhymes by falling for each other in the hardest way - down! to the muddied stubs of our knees.

i watch you spit shine your shoes. i watch you spot treat your stains. i watch you clean our cum and wonder why you can't wait to rinse yourself from walking and eating and fucking.

i can't grow anything clean.

and baby, there are things to grow.

you will know i grow by my hands. they are chipped nail polish red clay.

you will know i grow by my feet. they are stained from bare ground and mouths, gas stations, and strangers' homes.

it's okay lover, i know your mama never showed you how dirty women work. how hands knead bread, soil, and skin bringing forth food, life and all sorts of feeeeel good.

it's okay lover, but there are things to grow. i have seeds and babies and radical new dictatorships to plant in s-shaped furrows through the spic and span of your mind.



is sex

Dirty?

only if you're doing it right!



A young woman with dark hair is lying on her back in a forest. She is smiling and looking towards the camera. Her right hand is resting on her hip. She is wearing a red bikini top. The background shows green trees and sunlight filtering through the leaves.

Dirty Little Girl

By Sequoia Redd

I was around five or six years old the first time I contracted an STI. It was a bladder infection from both consensual and non-consensual experiences.

I remember the burning sensation. I told my mom about the games but she told me that the infection was due to my dirtiness. I wasn't wiping right. I wasn't washing my hands enough. I wasn't being "clean" enough.

This summer I spent about six months hiking on the Appalachian Trail, one of America's longest footpaths through the Appalachian Mountains. I was real dirty, literally and metaphorically.

Hikers typically don't shower for at least a week at a time or longer depending on what section you're on not to mention that you're pretty much wearing the same clothes everyday. Things can get real funky out there. It was here that I got the idea to do this zine.

I hooked up with a few guys and one very hot chick in a threesome. After the first hook up, blowing a dude in a shelter full of twenty other men I started to get a little bit of a name for myself. Oops.

Then folks found my site and I got tagged as the dirty panty seller/masseuse. Double oops.

During one pretty intense hook up session in the woods the boy I'm with chokes me a little bit with his cock and I like it. He calls me good little girl, good little dirty girl and grabs my hair and fucks my face, just a little bit. He shoves me into the ground and starts fucking me. The sensation of my body getting fucked into the earth feels so damn right on so many levels.

Primal. Dirty. Real.

I realize how right it feels and how OK it is to be "dirty". Whatever in the world that actually means. This is real. This is life.

Afterall, dirt is the basis for life, literally on our planet. From soil comes plants and the plants feed the animals.

Dirt is like sex because sex creates life. If you make the dirt bad and the sex bad, what kind of "life" is that to "live"?

He pushes me off of him and cums in his hand. I sit on the ground, shaking. Leaves and twigs are embedded in my hair, I'm trying to catch my breath, my heart is thumping against my chest. I feel so damn alive.

Memories start floating back to me after this realization.

A game that we used to play as kids where everyone shuts off the lights, bodies find eachother in the dark and rub against eachother. I'm six years old and the kids I'm playing with aren't too much older. I like Imtiaz, the Indian boy and we always find eachother in this game.

But I don't like his sister Zehrin who tries to make me sleep with her on the floor so she can squeeze my forearm in between her legs. I don't really understand what she's using my body for, but its strange and secretive and quite frankly uncomfortable. I remember her smell on my hands and arms, the same smell she'd make sure to get me up and wash off when she was done with me

This interaction would later be labeled as a "molestation" that I brought upon myself by my father whom I like to say suffers from severe catholicism.

Later on I get worms, the kind that wriggle around in your poop and had to stay home from school while a big flyer was sent around to all of the kids warning them about my "illness".

I was a dirty kid. I played outside when I could. I tried to eat waterbugs to shock my mom. My favorite game was catching lizards and scaring her with them. My favorite animals were usually what our culture defines as the "darker" creatures like snakes and bats.

One of my first school projects that we had to make was a little essay about steps, i.e. steps to tying your shoes or steps to making a meal, my project was a collage of photos detailing a snake swallowing a rat. In steps of course.

Memories of my friend Bree and I experimenting with pee play and humping teddy bears together at six and seven.

Then I'm eight years old and my stepmom is dropping me off at school. Its early morning near the Bay Area, theres a chill in the air and fog that hasn't been burned off by the sun yet. My stomach is nauseous and I feel nervous. My parents have been going through a custody battle and at home its pretty turbulent, I'm actually excited to be getting dropped off at school.

She pulls up to the front of the building and as I'm getting ready to get out, she tells me in a low tone that the boy I have a crush on is too good for me and when I get sent back to my mom in Florida I'm going to spread my legs for all the boys to have fun.

I freeze, my body freezes. I don't understand the full meaning of her statement but I know it means that I'm bad, so bad and spreading my legs for boys to have fun is bad.

Late at night she comes into my bedroom to whisper in my ear about what an evil girl I am. I try to lay real still and pretend I'm asleep, but my heart is ramming against my ribcage. I want to be good. I want to be a good little girl in the eyes of god, like my daddy says.

I'm 12 and reading a book that was given to us by the Jehvoah's Witnesses that my mother has insisted we study with. Its part of their youth propaganda or something and there's a chapter about pre-marital sex and masturbation. It describes

masturbation as the manipulation of the genitals. Manipulation sounds bad. My mom says its bad to manipulate people so it must be bad to manipulate your genitals. I feel ashamed.

I'm sixteen cleaning out my mother's apartment when I find a letter from my dad written to her when I was nine. He says that he's deeply concerned about my behavior and mental capabilities. I still haven't learned to tie my shoes and that I said that I like to be touched by boys. He writes that there is something wrong with me. He says I must have inherited her promiscuous behavior.

I remember the intense rituals my former partner, a shaman, would have me practice to "energetically cleanse" myself after a day of filming mainstream porn, at nineteen. I couldn't enter our living space before taking out the spermicidal sponge I was using as birth control and burning it in our fire pit out front. The sponge was supposed to catch their sperm/essence and burning it would close out the negative energy I may have absorbed while filming the scene.

I felt guilty the entire time I was involved in porn. I wanted to enjoy it, I wanted to be slutty. But shaman said that if I came during a scene I'd be pulling in the experience and all of the negativity in the environment.

When the chemical nonoxyl 9 used in said spermicidal sponge caused me to have a yeast infection, said Shaman said this was a sign that I wasn't "cleaning house" enough.

I remember my first trick and his attitude towards my dirty, muscular feet. He came to me to be dirty and "explore my garden" as his email stated. "Sequoia, Your garden has many beautiful flowers, I estimate that there are about 300 flowers, it would take a full hour to savor its beauty and health giving delights."

Really? Gardening usually takes a little bit longer than that.

I bring him to my place, the nudist colony/naked trailer park I was living at, I show him our gardens there and then I bring him in to do a little more personal of a tour.

His attitude towards the end is classist and weird. He's here to explore the dirty side of himself, to connect to life, but when I suggest bringing his wife here to experience the freedom of nudity and the magick of gardening he says "she's too classy for this place."

Are all these things connected? I feel like the culture is too scared or snobby to actually be alive or feel what it means to be alive.

My former partner's Native dialect had a word, one word that meant life, love and sex.

Altogether. Just one word.

My mom and I are sitting on a bench in front of the collective house I currently live at. I'm talking to my mom about gardening and the plans for the house. I reach down and start digging with my barehands in the dirt to see what the soil looks like here. It

seems a little sandy. She looks at me in surprise and says "I can't believe you're just digging into the dirt like that."

Digging into the dirt like what? Like it's there? Like it's ok to touch barehanded? Like I'm close to it?

She expresses the same disbelief about my porn and sex work and nudism and lifestyle in general.


Some people are just weirded out by the closeness some folks have to life. Too close to life, too close to dirt, too close to sex or too close to each other. Or maybe too open to life? Too open to sex? Too ready to experience pleasure? Is there such a thing?

We stigmatize the closeness and openness by calling it dirty. We shame those who dare to be open by telling them they're dirty.

But what is actually wrong with being dirty? The dirt feeds you. I know sex feeds me. Are flowers judged by how many bees they get pollinated by? Or for blossoming open?

Or from growing out of the dirty earth? Or from dying and becoming compost and turning into dirt again?

I continue to feel the dirt in my hands, rolling it around, it seems a bit sandy. My mother just stares at me, touching nothing.



And a flower is really nothing but spread-open botanical labia--
love-lips smiling at the world.

A flower is a sexual invitation
luring insect pollination.

Trans-species sexuality is what makes your garden grow.

-La Tigresa aka Dona Nieto *Naked Sacred Earth Poems*

Sequoia is a 20 something sex worker, traveler, hiker, organic gardener, beach bum, healer, ordained minister and witch. I'm also an aspiring activist in the areas of environmentalism, organics and sex worker rights. She blogs at SequoiaRedd.com

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'Zine →
Makers

For Dirty Girl Zine
news watch Sequoia's
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God made Dirt
Dirt Hurts!
Don't Hurry!

