

Stiletto

“communicating for the purpose of prostitution”



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Introducing *Stiletto*, the spunky new magazine for prostitutes

"White slave ring smashed," screamed the *Toronto Sun* headline. The story was one of the exploitation and degradation of young women lured into, and then trapped in, prostitution. Pimping charges had been laid and a couple of men were being held in custody. These were big-time operators. Chalk one up for the boys in blue.

Later that evening, I got a call from a girl in the business who I'll call Debbie. She was crying. Her boyfriend, Dave, had been arrested and she wanted help getting him out. Her girlfriend was in the same situation. Debbie asked if I'd seen the *Sun* today and then identified herself and her friends as the "white slave ring" referred to in the paper.

When I met her in court the next morning, her eyes were red and puffy

from crying all night. "I didn't know he could get busted — he's my boyfriend," she said. Dave appeared in the dock, hand-cuffed, looking sleepy and disheveled in his prison blues. He made faces at his girl, trying to get her to smile.

Dave's lawyer tried to get him bail so he could go to his full-time job as a stripper. After seeing the severity of the charges, the judge refused and added, "stripping is not a real job." Dave was remanded in custody.

The girls drove me home in their beat-up old clunker. As we chugged along, they discussed whether to get lunch or put gas in the car.

These were the big-time operators referred to in "White slave ring"? No, that was a *Sun* fantasy invented for the titillation of its readers. The truth was the cops had arrested the

boyfriends of a couple of prostitutes who worked together for safety because they were friends. The truth doesn't cast the cops in quite the same light — or sell as many papers.

The Canadian Organization for the Rights of Prostitutes (CORP) has long wanted to do a magazine because of incidents like this. CORP is a group of currently working male and female prostitutes founded in 1983 by a street whore who had been busted one time too many. We see prostitution as a job, not a crime. We lobby for the repeal of discriminatory laws like the communicating and pimping laws. We also try to influence public opinion. We aren't ashamed of being prostitutes. Since we all have to work, prostitution is as good a job as any and better than most.

The straight press, like the *Sun*, lies about our lives. They indulge in a daily orgy of whore-bashing, holding us up to scorn and ridicule. Those grotesque stereotypes in "White slave ring" are used to justify repressive laws against us. If we are less than human, anything can be justified.

Stiletto will be an honest forum for the exchange of ideas, stories and information about the law, our rights, the business, safe-sex practices and anything else of interest to working prostitutes. Let's expose the cops, courts, bad tricks, and manipulative social workers and all of those who trample on our human rights.

We need your help, as a prostitute, to make this work. Write to us about the magazine, your work, and your experiences with things like the law. Send us your personal stories, poems and cartoons. We hope to publish every two months.

Those people who trample on our rights and victimize us rely on our silence to do so. By remaining silent, we contribute to our own victimization. CORP hopes that, with *Stiletto*, we'll be able to speak out and fight back.

Ryan Hotchkiss, editor

Ryan Hotchkiss is a member of the Canadian Organization for the rights of Prostitutes (CORP) and is one of the three female AIDS educators who work with the Prostitutes' Safe Sex Project.



There's a solution for those who'd like to help the prostitutes' rights movement but who aren't involved in the business themselves.

We're the Campaign to Decriminalize Prostitution.

And you (or your friends) can join by sending your name, mailing address, telephone number and \$5 membership fee (\$20 organizations) to CDP: c/o CORP, Box 1143, Station F, Toronto, ON M4Y 2T8

Don't delay — join the campaign today!

Politicians discuss "zone of tolerance"

Ward 2 city councillor Chris Korwin-Kuczynski and Ward 6 Metro councillor Jack Layton are seriously looking into the idea of a red-light zone and/or a "zone of tolerance." Last November 6, the pair held a meeting at City Hall to discuss the possibilities.

In the letter inviting people to attend the meeting, Korwin-Kuczynski wrote that, "it is a medical fact that prostitution contributes to the spread of communicable diseases." We know this so-called fact is simply not true. At the meeting CORP strongly objected to Korwin-Kuczynski's statement and cited several of the many (local, national and international) scientific studies that prove our point.

CORP is against mandatory health checks because they are actually dangerous to our health. If we had to get checked for sexually transmitted diseases (STD) every week or so, as they do in red-light zones in other parts of the world, we would probably be required by a city bylaw to carry a card with our STD status on it. Imagine how difficult it will be to try and get a customer to wear a condom if our STD card says we don't have anything. Public health departments don't get guys to use condoms, prostitutes do. These cards will ruin all of the front-line education to customers that prostitutes have done over the years. Connie Clement, representing the Medical Officer of Health, also stated that the evidence shows that prostitutes are not a danger to the public health because most prostitutes require their clients to use condoms.

Jennifer Stephens spoke at length on behalf of the Elizabeth Fry Society explaining that E Fry is also against mandatory STD checks because they would make it more difficult for prostitutes to get clients to use condoms and because such tests would be degrading to prostitutes. Stephens explained E Fry's position that prostitution should be decriminalized, rather than legalized, because legalization treats prostitutes as mere prod-

ucts to be bought and sold whereas decriminalization treats prostitutes as human beings deserving of dignity.

Korwin-Kuczynski, who did not have any evidence to back up his position that prostitutes are disease spreaders, conceded that he was not well informed on prostitution and the spread of STDs. To his credit, he changed his position; many politicians would stick to their position without regard for how wrong they were or how many people they hurt.

CORP representatives also got a chance to express concern about where prostitutes would be allowed to work. We said that we would not endorse an area outside of the city or in an industrial area. We proposed that if prostitutes were allowed to work on streets that are zoned as commercial, without being arrested and harassed by the police, then we wouldn't work on residential streets.

In response to this, Jack Layton suggested the creation of "zones of tolerance." He agreed that the best place for these such zones would be on commercially zoned streets inside the city. In the case of a street that is zoned mixed residential and commercial, like Jarvis Street, Layton suggested prostitutes and residents could meet at City Hall to work out conflicts. For example, if the residents of an apartment block did not want us to work outside their building, we could agree to work on the next commercial block. As long as we didn't work on residential streets, under this proposal, we would not be arrested or harassed. Layton is aware that we cannot all be lumped into one area and that the areas must be large enough. CORP stated that we would like to see as few prostitutes forced to move as possible.

Inspector John Jackson, of 14 division, represented the police in the meeting. Jackson doesn't have the power to make any decisions and was filling in for his boss, Superintendent John Getty. Jackson said he would "welcome any move to lessen the impact of prostitution in residential

neighbourhoods." However, it may be difficult to get the police to give up the easy and profitable work of policing prostitution. We certainly do prop up the police arrest statistics. But the situation is not hopeless. If we can work this out with the residents, our chances of getting the police to co-operate will be greatly improved.

There are some differences between the "zone of tolerance" being proposed and a standard red-light zone. Red-light districts are a product of "legalization," which views prostitution as a vice that needs to be contained and controlled. These controls are always arbitrary and make the business more dangerous for prostitutes. Sex workers complain that they get to keep much less of their money under legalization. The red-light zone/legalization solution does not include prostitutes in the decision-making process. These are just some of the reasons why attempts to "legalize" prostitution always fail. It is only logical that if a system is contemptuous of us we will be contemptuous of it.

The "zone of tolerance" approach sees prostitution as a business that needs fair regulation. This approach encourages all groups affected, including prostitutes, to communicate with each other in order to work out solutions. Working with residents' groups may be difficult because we have seen each other as enemies for so long. It isn't decriminalization, under which we would be allowed to work anywhere, but it's not as bad as a standard red light zone. Our problem with both types of zones is that as soon as a prostitute steps out of the area, she could be chucked in jail. This is discrimination. She should be treated like any other business person — the worst that should happen is that she would have to pay a \$53 fine for breaking a bylaw.

A date for the next meeting hasn't been set yet, but we expect it to be in late January. CORP will be there and we hope you will too. Phone us at 588-9037 to find out when the next meeting is or if you want more information about it. This is your issue and your voice is damned important here.

Valerie Scott

The goods on "The Works"

You've seen their ads in *NOW*: "Are you shooting up?..." The Works, the needle exchange at 660 Dundas West. We've all heard about the place so I paid them a visit and here's what I discovered.

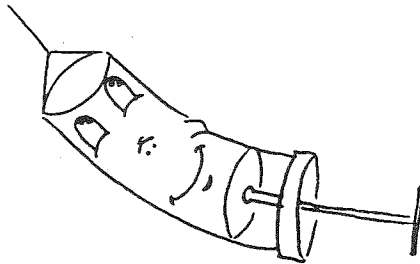
I dropped in on them in a rather clandestine manner; no mention was made of who I was, my CORP affiliation, etcetera. I was simply a customer with two used needles to exchange. They offered me clean needles at the rate of up to 10 to one. I wasn't asked if I was a user, or *the* user; I was simply asked how many needles I would like. I took 20 – why not? No other questions were asked, although the person minding the store was curious as to how I heard about the project. Lubed or dry condoms, condom wallets, small packets of personal lubricant, and bleach kits (which also contained condoms and personal lube) were also available free for the taking, along with the usual reams of safe-sex and safe-drug-use literature. So far pretty routine, right? Did I say no other questions were asked? Well, not quite.

Before the project worker gave me my 20 needles I had to be assigned a "personal code." When I asked why, I was told, "It's for the government... they want us to keep track of the number of people we serve." Uh-huh. This personal code is derived in the following manner: they use the first letter of your first name, the second and third letters of your mother's first name, and the month and year you were born.

This information was recorded on a form which also had areas designated for other info such as your age and "general comments." I was the fourth person written up on one particular page and while I was there only my personal code was entered. You could easily give them any letter/number combination you wanted to contrive (in order to totally maintain your anonymity). My only question is why bother with such a thing at all? If The Works must keep a tally of the clients 4/Stiletto

they serve for the Ministry, I would think that a simple numeric total would be enough. What difference would it make if they aided four people three times each or 12 people once? A need is a need.

Assigning personal codes to patrons of a service such as The Works



bothers me. What can a person with a computer discover about me based on the information I have surrendered? Can someone determine my social insurance number? Is the project trying to take a census of the intravenous drug users in Toronto? If so, why? And, of course, is any of this information available to the police? I found The Works to be generous with their

goodies but stingy with information.

You can come to your own conclusions.

Alexandre Highcrest

Wanna make a movie?

In celebration of its 15th anniversary, Studio D – the women's studio of the National Film Board (NFB) – asked for proposals from Canadian women for films about what was on their minds and in their hearts. The studio received 240 proposals and chose 17 filmmakers, each of whom will make a five-minute film. These 17 films will be screened together all over the country. One of them will be made by Gwendolyn.

Gwendolyn is a stripper, occasional prostitute and outreach worker for the Prostitutes' Safe Sex Project. You may have seen her – she's the crazy lady who rides around Cabbagetown on her bike giving out condoms in the middle of the night. The film she will make for the NFB is called *Prowling by Night*.

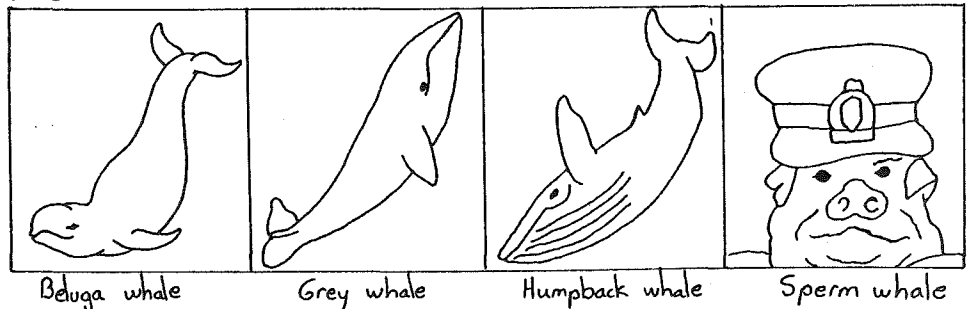
alert!

Do you know about "Sperm Whale"?

Any girl who has been on the street a few months has heard of Sperm Whale, a huge cop often assigned to large sweeps. He's dangerous. He really gets off on power and humiliation. He forces girls to suck him off, sometimes at gunpoint, and steals their money. One girl we spoke to had been assaulted and robbed by him and then given 30 seconds to run. He told

her that if he could catch her after the 30-second lead, she'd be arrested. If enough of us complain about Sperm Whale, we can get the police department to do something. Maybe we can get him off morality. If you've had experiences with him, or with other police — good, bad or indifferent, we want to hear about them. Contact us at *Stiletto* at 588-9037.

Prostitutes' Wildlife Guide



Beluga whale

Grey whale

Humpback whale

Sperm whale

Prowling by Night will document the experiences of street girls working in the Parkdale area of Toronto. The film will have the look of an adult cartoon. The story will be told through a puppet play which will be filmed. That way people can get involved and be represented without having to appear on camera.

The film's characters will be figures created out of paper and fabric. If you would like to draw a picture or make a figure of yourself, your dates, or your local pigs, Gwendolyn wants to hear from you. She needs ideas for what should be said, and will need voices for the sound track. There is money to pay hos who would like to get involved. Call and leave her a message on the CORP answering machine — 964-0150.

Pony rides again . . .

Prostitutes of New York (PONY) is alive and kicking . . . again. PONY, originally founded in the mid-1970s, when many prostitutes' groups around the world were first being formed, has been around and around and around.

The group lapsed after a couple of years and was then revived in 1979 by ex-streetwalker Iris de la Cruz. PONY was particularly active in the summer of 1980 when New York cops intensified harassment of working girls in mid-town Manhattan. During preparations for the Democratic Party convention, arrests more than doubled, fines were 50% higher, and one girl even threw herself into the East River because she was so desperate to escape the police.

PONY worked with supporters to attempt to monitor the cops' behaviour on the street and to discourage the brutality and illegal busts which characterize most arrests of prostitutes in New York. Later that year the group had an influx of x-rated film actresses, nude models and peep-show performers while the "moral majority" and Women Against Pornography tried to make life difficult for the people who worked in those branches of the sex trade. But PONY eventually lapsed into

inactivity again.

In October 1989, a diverse group of current and former sex workers and their friends — including some who had been involved in the earlier PONYs — decided to form PONY (&



FRIENDS) to get the group going again. In a statement outlining their history, the group predicts that the 1990s will be the "Decade of the Sex Worker." The group's statement says that they want to "extend (and defend) women's sexual freedom. Whether

we have sex for reproduction, recreation or financial remuneration is our own business, not the government's! A new threat to our sexual freedom, civil liberties and physical safety — AIDS, and the way local and national governments are handling it — has also helped to inspire PONY's rebirth."

Their Statement of Purpose begins: "PONY (& FRIENDS) is a formal organization of sex workers and sex workers' rights advocates, dedicated to the decriminalization and deregulation of prostitution. PONY calls for an end to all street sweeps, to the use of entrapment and other forms of police violence, illegality or harassment in the enforcement of existing prostitution laws. PONY is dedicated to raising public awareness that sex is an essential, nourishing part of life and that commercial sex is of benefit to humanity."

Chris Bearchell

Hassle Free Clinic

for birth control and sexually transmitted diseases

556 Church Street, at Wellesley, 2nd floor, Suite 2

Women's Clinic phone: 922-0566

hours: Mon, Wed, Fri — 10 am to 3 pm

Tues & Thurs — 4 pm to 8 pm

by appointment

STD drop-in (no appointment necessary)

Tues & Thurs — 4 pm to 6 pm

Men's Clinic phone: 922-0603

hours: Mon & Wed — 4 pm to 9 pm

Tues & Thurs — 10 am to 3 pm

Fri — 4 pm to 7 pm

Sat — 10 am to 2 pm

no appointment necessary

Free and confidential health-care services.
Hassle Free does *anonymous* HIV testing.

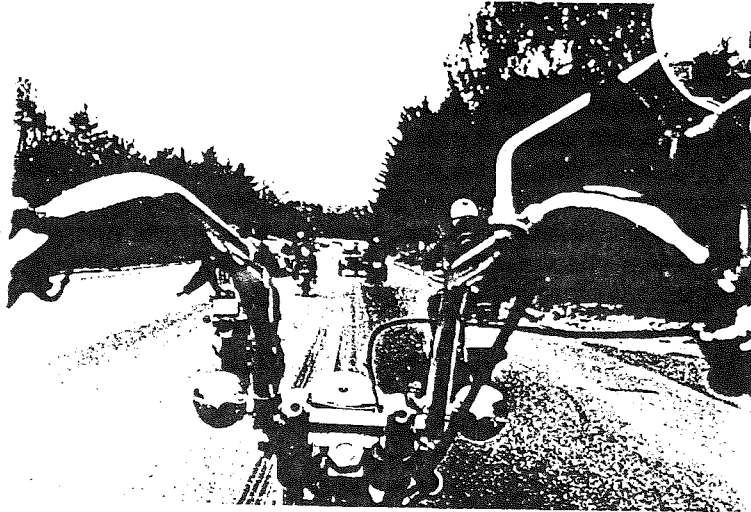
Living well is the best revenge

I've been a whore for the last ten years and it has taken just about that long to get used to the looks that people in "straight" society give me.

You know the looks I mean if you've ever worked the streets for a living. Little bleached blond bitches from Rosedale, walking down the street with their boyfriends, giggling and pointing. (I charge more than dinner and a few drinks, honey.) Drugstore clerks that sell you safes and judge you in a glance. (They should be glad I'm using them.) Blue-haired grandmas and housewives who stare at you while you eat dinner. (Look Martha, they eat food!)

People who are not connected with the business or know very little about it show their ignorance on a regular basis. Over the most human functions. Eating in a restaurant, buying groceries on your way home,

going to a movie before work. (Yes indeed, whores go to movies!) Some dates and people I meet are amazed that I have hobbies and interests and a



life of my own.

My one true passion is motorcycling. Nothing gives me the same kind of thrill as being in the wind and sailing down the highway. One of the strangest looks I ever got came to me this summer when I was riding my bike downtown. I pulled up to a red light and looked over to notice one of

my recent dates parked beside me. I smiled. He recognized me. His mouth dropped open. (You could almost hear him thinking, "She does something besides suck cocks.") I pulled away. Cars honked at him to go. The shock on some people's faces is incredible.

Try to understand the poor man's confusion. It was during working hours and there I was riding around having a good time like other people. It's like those school exercises you did when you were small. One of these things does not belong: warm summer night, well-tuned bike, full tank of gas, whore not working. (You know which one the guy in the car chose.)

Anyway, the point is, the looks never stop. I don't know if they ever will. But after ten years, they get a little easier to take. And sometimes they are even amusing. When you're pulling away from a green light on a warm summer night.

J.

Summer survival skills mean dodging the do-gooders

Leaning against the old brick of Grosvenor Street, trying to enjoy the last of the summer's warmth and higher prices amidst the social workers and tricks. Both in their own uniforms, silently frightened of one another. However, the social workers prevail, and the tricks leave the strip with their tails between their legs, and virgin billfolds.

I try to make some sort of contact with the john across the street as the Covenant House motor home draws slowly up and eases into the parking space directly in front of me.

Covenant House, Salvation Army, Inner City Youth, On the Street, and

a host of other social service weirdo helping hands. One guy, a cast-off, fired, I believe, from the Sally Ann, drives up, me thinking him a leather fag, and announces himself a saint who pulls us lost little creatures from this dirty boulevard and up to this twisted man's closeted heaven.

Later, getting coffee at the Covenant House van after an insane argument about pedophilia with the staff, I sit and watch a self-proclaimed ex-hustler talk about the horrorfulness of drugs to an on-van young woman social worker who is obviously nodding out on junk, but nevertheless is in full agreement

with this sad boy's tired rhetoric.

And so, pissed off, I leave the do-gooder haven and plunge into the sea of social workers starving the street. To my final, broke, junk-sick dismay, I see a hustler I know chatting up two Salvation Army zealots about how he doesn't work any more, how he's back in school, how terrible the streets are . . . foaming at the mouth, trying so hard to impress and be accepted by people who don't have an ounce of respect for him. Come to think of it, I don't have a hell of a lot of respect for him now, either.

Time to call it quits for tonight. No money out here anyway.

Julian

The story of a wild west ho

The life and times of Sarah Jane Creech Orchard by Ryan Hotchkiss

Remember the women in Saturday afternoon Westerns? Thin, harried, wearing a calico-print dress, holding a shotgun, surrounded by a flock of scruffy children. Or, the straight-laced school teacher who married the sheriff.

Occasionally, we would get a glimpse of another kind of woman. When the saloon doors flew open they could be seen laughing, drinking with the men, decked out in feathers, satin and sequins. The bad girls. These women were where the action was. To me and my girlfriend, who claims that old Westerns made her a prostitute, they seemed to be having a much better time than those good girls.

One such bad girl was Sarah Jane Creech Orchard, or Sadie, to her friends. She had been an actress in London and came to America in 1885, at 35.

She settled in Kingston, New Mexico, which was dubbed the "Gem of the Black Range" for its spectacular gold strikes. Kingston was a booming little settlement. It had a brick hotel, a bank crammed with gold and silver, 22 saloons, but no church.

Sadie opened her first bordello on Virtue Lane and employed several Cyprian Sisters, as prostitutes were called in those days. The combination of gold and the fact that men outnumbered women by more than two to one at that time west of the Mississippi meant that Sadie's business thrived. She had some very influential clients and friends. They loved her coarse Cockney accent, her sense of humour and the fact that she could curse with the best of them.

What a sight she must have been with her stylish silk gowns, snowy egret plumbs in her hair, a marabou feather boa around her shoulders and a flashy necklace made of gold coins around her neck. She wore her glossy black hair piled high on her head, with soft ringlets framing her features. Although she stood no more than five feet, she was one hundred pounds of kinetic energy. Business

yearned for some of that good-girl status and respectability. So when the church was built, Sadie and her girls got all dressed up to attend a Sunday service. They were given the cold shoulder by the good girls of Kingston. Their husbands, who were Sadie's customers, gave her nothing more than knowing smiles. She strode out of the church, never to return.

When the gold dried up in

Kingston, Sadie moved on to Hillsboro where she married James W. Orchard, who was president of the Mountain Pride Stagecoach Line. The line had 65 horses, one express wagon and two of the finest coaches money could buy.

While she was married, Sadie took a leave of absence from the life and became a stagecoach driver. The route that she drove was through the Sierras Diablo, or devil mountains (so named because they were savagely rugged). She then built a first-class restaurant called the Ocean Grove Hotel.

The Mountain Pride prospered until the mines of Hillsboro dried up. Sadie refused to help her husband pay his debts and so he was forced to sell the stagecoach line. Shortly after that, she threw him out for drinking too much.

Sadie's hotel did quite well for a while. Since Hillsboro was the county seat of Sierra County trials were held there. Judges, lawyers and witnesses were her patrons. Sadie kept a diary with notes about all the important men who were her customers. In it she recorded their pet names, their comings and goings and their plots

was so good that she brought Lillian Russel, the queen of the stage, over from London, England, to perform at the Kingston theatre.

When Sadie learned that Kingston had no church, she sent her girls out to take up a collection in the saloons and stores. Gamblers threw in ruby stick pins and snake-eye rings, miners tossed in bags of gold dust, her girls put in brooches and earrings and Sadie herself donated her favourite diamond necklace. She raised \$1,500 — enough to build a small stone church. Unfortunately for Sadie, she had built the church because she



and affairs. If one of them refused to back a project of hers, she would threaten to make the diary public.

These projects often benefited the community.

Eventually she opened two brothels, one at each end of town. She spent her days at the Ocean Grove Hotel and her nights dressed up in her finest, playing madam at her bordellos. Her houses were frequented by the most powerful men in those parts.

Hillsboro's fortunes took a turn for the worse in 1914, with a flood that was quickly followed by an influenza epidemic, then a drought and then the depression.

During the epidemic, Sadie closed her hotel and tended to the sick. She cooked and cleaned house for stricken families; she found homes for orphans and laid out their parents. She supported whole families and took the children's coffins to the graveyard herself. She even cut up her own dresses to line the children's coffins.

Eventually, the town was abandoned by all but a few. Sadie sold the Ocean Grove to her cook, Tom Ying, and the girls left.

Although she died penniless at close to 90 and was buried in a pauper's grave, I bet she had a lot of fine memories to look back on.

This information came from an essay by Mary'n Rosson, entitled "A good old gal" in the paperback, The Women who made the West, published by Avon Books, 1980.

History Repeats Itself

The strippers were burned this time

In 1984, in Toronto, Theatre du P'lit Bonheur set out to raise money for the burn unit at Wellesley Hospital. The benefit, a performance of striptease, raised \$2,000. However, the hospital executive rejected the donation. The hospital refused to take the strippers' dirty money.

R. H.

8/Stiletto

tricks of the trade

Advice your mother never gave you

Dear Miss Trix:

The other day, my girlfriend and I were doing a double. While we were doing the old two-girl show, the client produced a 14" cucumber from the inside right breast pocket of his suit jacket.

How he ever kept it hidden, I'll never know. Luckily my girlfriend was horny at the time and has a great sense of humour, and so she allowed him to fuck her with a third of it.

However, when he asked me, "Would you like some, baby?" I replied, in a rather cold tone, "I'm not into vegetables." I don't put anything in my cunt at work that doesn't come in a few minutes. He accepted my refusal without pressing the point.

Later, my girlfriend said I should have handled the situation more delicately. She recommended that I say, "I'm sorry baby, but I prefer the real thing." What do you think?

Signed,

Cool as a cucumber

Dear Cool:

While I can understand your resentment toward an act not previously agreed upon, I must agree with your girlfriend. Even though you must have wanted to take that 14" cucumber and shove it right down his throat. A trick into such a mass-produced, boring fantasy is sure to respond to a little superficial ego stroking. "Stroke it right and he'll come faster," is Miss Trix motto. Your girlfriend sounds like one smart whore.

In the event that he left the offending member behind, you could also prepare a delicious, nutritious salad. Just peel, seed and slice the little beastie (this should provide some vicarious satisfaction) and grate it fine or coarse, as you prefer. Mix in about a cup of yogurt, a handful of dill (fresh, of course!) and a pinch of cumin (isn't cooking sensual?). A half a cup of walnuts is optional but provides that little unexpected

something extra.

Your ever-versatile,
Miss Trix

body talk

Yeast? Feed your pussy well

A few years back — it must have been the summer of 1985 — I was plagued by that annoying imbalance in the system that is commonly called yeast. When the body's friendly bacteria become outnumbered by the nasty bacteria there's an overgrowth of microscopic parasites that wiggle their tails and make you itchy and drippy down there. The sticky discharge is white or pale yellow and rather embarrassing.

Like many of my friends, I experimented with diet, eliminating one food after another. I've used creams and tablets from the establishment medical profession. All to no avail.

The only time the symptoms cleared up from diet was when I was on a total fast. They came right back with a vengeance as soon as I resumed eating. The gooey creams, purple paint and crumbly insertable tablets didn't work on a permanent basis either.

Finally, one day in a small-town health food store, I stumbled upon a cure. The brand name of the product I found is Fem Flora. The pretty box contains five packets of powdered lactobacillus acidophilus organisms, which is basically the same thing that's in yogurt.

The instructions on the back of the box tell you to dissolve one five-gram packet in a quart of lukewarm water for use as a hygienic douche. This stuff works like magic. The discharge is gone right away and stays away for a long time.

The information inside the box tells you how the natural vaginal flora may be destroyed by antibiotics, anti-infective agents and oral

contraceptives.

Not all health food stores carry this product but the larger ones may be open to ordering it.

Fem Flora really works. No fuss. No mess. No bother. No embarrassing trips to the physician. I keep it stocked in my fridge.

L.

heads are almost paying the tricks instead of the other way around. If we could just keep the prices up and have even the smallest amount of patience, boys, we'd be making a hell of a lot more money and have better control

over our business.

Let's stop kissing ass to those tightwads – unless the price is right.

Julian

incredible jerk award

the wages of sin

How to battle the bargain hunters

A good place to stay away from in the winter is boystown. Not a fucking cent to be made. When you do snag a trick long enough to talk to him, he'll insult the hell out of you with offers of tiny amounts of money. They figure you're cold and desperate so they can get bargain rates.

Makes me absolutely livid. Boys out there will go for 30 or 40 bucks. And so many of the guys in *NOW* are undercutting — some of the fuck-



Two local politicians tied for the first of our dubious honours. Mayor Art Eggleton and June Rowlands, chair of the Police Commission, were just back from lobbying against us in Ottawa in early November when they got the chance to slander pros and our customers in print. Rowlands claimed that the cost of treating prostitutes for sexually transmitted diseases in Metro is \$12 million or more a year. Even the health department is trying to figure out where she got that information. Would you believe she made it up? Send us your suggestions for next issue's incredible jerk award.

Stiletto

"communicating for the purpose of prostitution"

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Justice Committee reviews the effects of the "communicating" law

In December 1985 parliament passed Bill C-49 which amended Section 195.1 of the Criminal Code of Canada, making it illegal "to communicate with or to stop a person in a public place [including a car] for the purpose of obtaining the services of a prostitute." Bill C-49 also said that this law had to be reviewed after three years.

Late in November 1989, the Canadian Association of Chief of Police appeared before the Justice Committee, which is reviewing the law, with the request that Parliament make "communicating" a much heavier bust. Now it is only a summary conviction offence, but if the cops get their way it will become indictable. The chiefs said they need the law changed so they can photograph and fingerprint the girls and guys they are arresting *before* they are convicted because so many are failing to appear in court.

They are also afraid that the Supreme Court will strike down

Section 195.1 because it goes against the Charter of Rights guarantee of free speech.

But the cops aren't the only ones to have their say. The Canadian Organization for the Rights of Prostitutes (CORP) also appeared before the review committee and submitted a written brief. In the brief CORP repeated all those things that we've been saying about the communicating law all along.

We always said that C-49 would not stop street prostitution – and it hasn't. CORP has been saying that the communicating law would adversely affect prostitutes – and it has. (The fewer customers there are, as a result of crackdowns, the less choosy people working the streets can afford to be and the less bargaining power they have.) We said that the new law would be costly to enforce and that it would mean less police attention to serious problems – which has happened. And we maintained that the communicating law is a violation of human rights – which it is. When CORP representatives Valerie Scott, Ryan Hotchkiss and Alexandre Highcrest appeared before the committee, they repeated it all in person, too.

As well as hearing from interested parties, the committee hired researchers in Halifax, Montreal, Toronto, Calgary and Vancouver to take an in-depth look at of the effects of the new law. This research was published in *Street Prostitution: Assessing the impact of the law*.

The research on Toronto covers 1986 and 1987 and contains such information as: how many prostitutes and customers were busted for communicating (5,368), how many of the charges were against customers (45% or 2,415), how many of the pros were guys (5% or 147), how many were girls (95% or 2,805), how many customers were sentenced to custody (2% or 48) and how many of the working girls and guys who were charged

did time in jail (23% or 678).

The reports also talk about how the cops made the busts. In Toronto they hired 90 more cops, and an unspecified number of new clerks to keep up with the paper work. This part of the cost of enforcing the communicating law totaled at least \$4,500,000 in 1988 alone. The police in all the cities that were surveyed regularly organized large-scale sweeps. In Toronto these are conducted by the morality bureau – using cops from a number of divisions – with male cops posing as customers or female cops as prostitutes. It seems that they never bust the customers of male prostitutes; could it be that there are no cops out there willing to pose as hustlers?

Working girls responded with strategies of their own, according to the Toronto report. Some women would ask a potential customer to touch their breasts before discussing business – or to show them his cock. Reports from boystown suggest that guys are asking potential customers to kiss them before discussing business. Some girls worked in groups of two, three or four to increase the chance of recognizing undercover cops. Some would wait until the customer talked about business details first, or wait until they were in the privacy of a hotel room to discuss acts and prices; others stuck to dates with regulars. Some customers responded to the heat by asking the women they approached if they were cops and some working girls asked men that question, although the report says the cops are not above lying in order to entrap someone.

CORP's solution to this horrendous abuse of human rights and waste of tax money is the decriminalization of prostitution. As our brief says, "Decriminalization will satisfy the rate-payers' groups who want prostitution off residential streets, and it will satisfy the majority of Canadians who prefer justice to moralism. It will end the shameful situation wherein thousands of Canadians go homeless and jobless, while our governments spend millions of dollars enforcing a law that does nothing more than punish people for trying to make a living."

Chris Bearchell

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Deadline for Volume I, Issue 2 is
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safe sex is our business

Who are those whores with the free condoms, anyway?

The story in the Globe and Mail announced that the Federal Government was planning a study that would prove that prostitutes were spreading AIDS from gay men and IV-drug users to the heterosexual population. The year was 1986.

It was the year that the media in Canada began blaming prostitutes for heterosexual AIDS, despite the fact that not a single Canadian had gotten AIDS from a prostitute. It was also the year that the police, always looking for an excuse to bust our asses, began arguing that they needed to stop prostitution in order to stop AIDS. The residents blamed prostitutes for spreading AIDS at the same time they were whining about prostitutes littering condoms all over. And the social workers jumped on the bandwagon (or is it the gravy train?) too. "Yes," they said, "prostitutes are spreading AIDS, but if you give us more money we'll save them." They never bothered to defend

the hundreds of prostitutes who were using condoms, and who were quite capable of saving ourselves.

1986 was also the year that the Prostitutes' Safe Sex Project (PSSP) got its start. Fed up with all the bad



press, and all the bad laws, members of the Canadian Organization for the Rights of Prostitutes, all of whom are prostitutes, decided enough is enough. "AIDS is not spread by prostitution," we said, "It is spread by unsafe sex

and sharing needles." Most prostitutes knew this and were acting accordingly; a Western Canada study of prostitutes found that 80% used condoms, a much higher percentage than any other group in society. We were sick of hearing the social workers taking credit for being front line workers in the battle against AIDS when prostitutes weren't just telling people to have safe sex. We were showing them.

PSSP produced safe sex pamphlets, cards, radio ads and buttons ("I'm a Safe Sex Slut/Pro/Ho," "Safe Sex — Make It Your Business") to show that prostitutes were not part of the problem, we were part of the solution. Since 1986 we have fought to have people give prostitutes credit for the work we do, and we have fought against the police and others who use AIDS as an excuse to violate our rights.

In 1988 we received money from the City of Toronto and the Province of Ontario to help prostitutes educate our customers about AIDS. So

how is PSSP different from the traditional social service agencies? Stay tuned to the next issue to find out.

Danny Cockerline

Working Girl

A magazine published by the Prostitutes Association of South Australia

PASA
PO Box 7072, Hutt Street
Adelaide 5000
Australia

OLDEST PROFESSION TIMES

A newsletter published by 90's Ladies and Friends, a group working for the repeal of laws against prostitutes.

OPT, 1125 - 9th Street, Sacramento, CA, 95814 USA

World Wide Whores' News

Published by the International Committee for Prostitutes' Rights

Write to ICPR
Postbus 724
1000 AS Amsterdam
Netherlands



Congratulations!

KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK!

Prostitutes are safe sex pros.

Studies are finding that we are more likely to use condoms than people who have sex for free. We use condoms for fucking to prevent AIDS. Many of us use condoms for blow jobs too. This way we do not get herpes, syphilis, venereal warts or anything else.

But some prostitutes think they only need to use condoms for work. Not true. *Condoms are for lovers, too.*

And if you shoot drugs, never share a needle unless you clean it first with bleach.

For more information, call 926-1626 or 392-AIDS.

Produced by the Prostitutes' Safe Sex Project (PSSP), Box 1143, Station F, Toronto, ON M4Y 2T8. (416) 964-0150, 588-9037.