

serial killer hooker



Dedicated
to
Mommie

serial killer hooker by Leslie Bull
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truck drivers and little girls

i decided recently to began thinking of my husband as a truck driver, who, when he's gone on the road i kick it with my girlfriend, who is jealous and upset a lot, but very sexy.

in the meantime, i take care of several of our kids, his and mine, the ones whose physical manifestations are very literal and separate from us (as far away as adult prison in the state of nevada), and those who are us.

kids are us.

i morph off into my people. mommie, leslie, and the little girl. i seem to need to do this, communicate better with boosey this way. but is this really why i do it? morph and crack off like shale.

me.

power rushes up through me from below

and i grow

my outsides are craggy

and chip off continuously

feeding the world.

wouldn't i have noticed if i was really a "multiple" like my husband boosey? are mommie and the little girl just my way of having more in common with him, new heights of communication genius? or are we real?

"i died today" the little girl starts.

"that never happened" her boosey daddy says in his deep reassuring voice.

"it did happen daddy, and people were very happy" she croons back, smiling flirtatiously.

"now, now, is daddy going to have to spank you for telling fibs?"

mommie is the queen of everything, has the final say on everything, and is the most powerful.

leslie is a stuck up little dyke, a worker bee, and everyone else boring and/or good.

so this is the question.

am i crazy?

—leslie bull 8/21/03

Alma from the Furama Laundromat

I guess us to be about the same age, early forties, but we don't look much alike. She is small and Latina, and I am big and white.

"Don't use this one," she warns, pointing to one of the white dryers, "it put black oil all over my clothes."

I thank her profusely thinking of the horror if all the clothes I have in L.A. were suddenly ruined.

She is washing baby clothes.

"New baby?" I inquire.

"Grandbaby." She answers.

We talk first about our daughters, each of us has a baby grandson, hers ten months and mine 4 months old.

"Well, four and a half now," I say, "and so big! He is like a one year old baby."

She "Ooohs" and "ahhhs."

We load and unload our clothes, talking about our families and our lives.

We each have two daughters.

"My youngest has the baby," she tells me while folding a tiny shirt.

"Me too." I exclaim.

"My oldest is a teacher now."

"My oldest wants to study in Hawaii to become an oceanographer."

We smile and murmur each other encouragement.

"I help my daughters all I can," she says, "the young ones need lots of help."

"Yes," I agree, "our daughter and grandson live next door to us. The baby daddy is in prison."

Ah," She replies in slightly lowered tone, "my daughter's husband passed away and her new friend is now in prison."

We nod in understanding.

"It is good you are helping your daughters, it is good to stay close to them."

"Yes, yes, you are right."

Her clothes are folded now and after reminding me one last time not to use the bad dryer she sticks out her hand,

"My name is Alma."

Leslie Bull 6/03

No Escape

I want to learn about the Native land
I grew up on,
the origins of my racism.
Muckleshoot land.
“Muck” was a dirty word we whites used
to hurt people,
to stay on top.
What did I know?
I was a kid.
What do I know now?
What do I do now?
I grew up on the wisdom of Native land.
The wisdom to leave the ancient trees,
coniferous rain forest
of my childhood.
Sitting high up in trees,
building tree houses,
choking on stolen pall malls.
Creek, fern, path, old cedar, blackberry, oak.
Pine and fir tower above.
Small creatures: bird, mouse, squirrel, chipmunk,
raccoon, possum, skunk.
Bats at dusk.
Laughing, playing, running, breathing deeply of clean air,
of sanctified air.
I grew up with “more”,
was told i deserved “more”.
Like every white born in amerika,
I grew up on stolen land,
and I need to find out more.
Bordered on three sides by reservation
our neighborhood was sited on prime,
heavily treed, hilltop land.
How did this Muckleshoot land,
the site of a burial ground,
come to be a white, small-town
housing development for
middle/working class families?
I do not know.
We scorned the “Mucks” for being “scavengers”.
“Did you know they used to follow the other tribes and live off their garbage,”
we whispered to the trees.
We played tag in the “Indian cemetary”
later, we went there and got drunk,
we were not respectful.
My repeated nightmare:
I am feral, completely desperate

to get out of my childhood home,
but some great force holds me back.
I claw/glide along the ground.
Sick,
and driven by every ounce of strength I possess,
I manage to get out the door,
through the backyard
and over the fence,
belly down.
I am mostly aware of feelings,
terror,
the incredible difficulty of gliding
while stuck to the ground,
feeling as if someone/thing
will catch me,
yet somehow
moving fairly quickly,
motivated to extreme feats of strength,
by sheer terror.
I have had this dream twenty times? Thirty times? More?
I cannot remember my age when I first had this dream,
I think I was very young.

Leslie Bull 2003

I recently decided to stop eating after eight o'clock at night. I heard about it on Oprah. I was in the lobby of Asian Express waiting for my chicken curry and there she was, lookin' all pudgy and fine on the TV screen behind the counter talking about how we should all set our own time to stop eating at night, depending on our schedules, and then stick to it. Oprah picked 7:30 and it has been "the single most successful step" in her weight loss plan. Never mind that this famous woman has not been able to stay thin with personal trainers, special cooks, the best doctors, and millions of dollars at her disposal. Always easy prey for diet information, I'll listen to any middle-class targeted drivel when it involves the possibility of thinness. "164 New Year's weight loss tips," or "Eight sensible steps to losing 30 pounds in two days."

I used to be more extreme. I mean, in seventh grade I ate only one small can of green beans a day for months. I became wan and thin and was greatly rewarded by society. Entering puberty as a thin, waifish, blue-eyed, blonde gave me an enormous power. A certain kind of power. A sexual power. Gaining weight upset that power. And while it's true that later when I gained weight I blossomed with another kind of power, by then I was completely addicted to the other kind. The sex kind. The kind I was taught to crave.

Practically my whole family is obsessed with weight loss. To this day both my mother and father spend time dieting. It's a way of life. I knew the caloric, fat, and protein contents of most foods by the time I was ten years old, at eight my brother and I would go to the "diet doctor" with my mom while she got shot up with speed. No shit, legal speed. Hour long drive into downtown Seattle five days a week, god knows what it cost. We weren't rich, but with my dad no amount of money was too much to spend for thinness, especially for my mom. When I was little my dad wasn't fat and he was horrible to my mother about her weight. *His* weight didn't catch up to him until later, after they divorced. By then he was married to a former classmate of mine who is obsessed with never eating fat and keeps *her* weight down.

"Your mother is too fat to go camping. We can't go anywhere or do anything because your mother is too fat. Watch out you don't get fat like your mother." I am ten years old, normal, average weight, very active. "How much of that ice cream have you had? Better watch out you don't blow up like your mother." My mother is 5'2" and probably weighed 160 pounds at that time.

Once (when I was eight and she was on the speed) my mother managed to diet herself down to nothing, a size 5/6. She dieted herself way down and my dad started to treat her like a queen. Bought her a whole new wardrobe and they started going out. I think at this point they still had something for each other, but now instead of abusing her about her weight, my father became insanely jealous of my mother whose chestnut colored hair fell down her shapely back. She was twenty-seven years old, and looked nineteen.

People paid more attention to my mom when she was skinny.

"C'mon sis," she started saying to me at the grocery check out line.

When they found out she was our mom, people would always act surprised.

"I thought you were the babysitter," they would exclaim, "you don't look old enough to have two big, half-grown kids like these." And me and Jeff (that's my brother's name) would puff all up, still young enough to feel proud when someone called us "big" and "half-grown".

My mother was a schoolteacher at the same elementary school Jeff and I attended. Each day after school we were hurried into the car so we could “fight the traffic” and make it to the “diet doctor.” Once there Jeff and I were required to sit in a small waiting room ringed with chairs while our mommy went inside the examining room with the doctor to shoot speed. In the middle of the waiting room there was a coffee table. On it there were piles of women’s magazines and a few children’s books, all of which we had read ten times over. All in all, the visits to the diet doctor might have been a complete bust as far as me and Jeff were concerned, just another adult administered endurance test of boredom, monotony, keeping still, and being quiet, but instead the diet doctor’s office was transformed by a glass fish bowl that sat on a small table near the door. A beautiful, multicolored bowl, glistening with the cellophane wrappings of three or four dozen lollipops. Yes! It was a bowl of unguarded candy for the taking!

The unchecked consumption of sugar was something my father and his side of the family frowned on. We were not allowed to chew gum because my father was convinced it would rot our teeth. And of course, everybody knew eating too much sugar causes obesity.

My mom’s side of the family was the complete opposite. They loved sugar and eating it was not only a family tradition, but a birthright.

“I’m a funny little old fat lady now, and that’s that.” Grandma T, my mom’s mom would always say matter-of-factly. She used to diet and even got on diet pills (doctor prescribed speed) when she was younger, before I was born.

“I stopped taking those things the night I was laying with my eyes wide open on the floor of the hallway at five a.m. I couldn’t think, couldn’t do anything but lie there wide awake, my head in a buzz.” she would tell us kids (me, Jeff, and our three younger cousins). It was a family story and my grandpa would always join in.

“That’s right, I told her, ‘Joann flush those things down the toilet.’”

“And I did” Grandma T would affirm.

The whole thing was treated as something that happens when you are old, after you have failed in the valiant effort of youth to be thin.

“I told your grandma that I love her fat. I said just be fat.” Grandpa T would say.

“And I did.” Grandma T would say, covering her face with the corner of her afghan.

Yet, even my Grandma and Grandpa T supported my efforts to lose weight. It was taken for granted that a young person like me would want to be thin. No one in my family ever made any effort to convince me I wasn’t fat.

And when I look back now I am amazed at what I considered fat. The first time I joined weight watchers I was sixteen and weighed 126 pounds. After a tearful plea my mom paid the sign up fee for me. I remember weighing in and even the staff at the clinic saying I didn’t seem overweight, but they were sympathetic when I told them I wanted to get back down to 110 or 115.

I should explain that I am not a small person. I am dense and compact with heavy bones and the metabolism of a rock. Today I am 5’4” weigh 170 pounds and wear a size fourteen. At sixteen and a 126 pounds I wore a size five, I was tiny, and completely malnourished from two abortions, a cocaine addiction, and an eating disorder that compelled me to starve myself continuously.

The only reason I even weighed 126 was because I had quit cocaine for a few weeks when my nose hemorrhaged from a year of snorting every day. The hospital

emergency room doctor said I had a deviated septum and had to stop. Crack wasn't invented then, at least not in my town, and I was too scared of needles to shoot up back then. I smoked pot and went on a ravenous eating binge that ended with my trip to weight watchers. Unsuccessful at following the diet wheels and meal plans I went back on cocaine, learned how to "free base" using a complicated ether process, and then eventually, at age twenty to shoot up.

Cocaine was magical because it kept me effortlessly thin. I liked being high on pot better (and it was certainly a lot better for me) but pot made me eat. Made me fat. Cocaine melted off the pounds and kept them off like none of the diets I'd ever tried. And I'd tried them all, the grapefruit diet, the watermelon diet, and the eat cake for breakfast and stay thin diet. I'd tampered with low calorie, low fat, no fat, and all meat and fat.

At thirteen I went on the Atkins high protein diet with my dad. We fasted on that high protein liquid stuff that ended up killing a bunch of people. My dad supplied me with the red syrupy drink. It was after he and my mom had divorced and he was finally fat for the first time. We both lost a bunch of weight on Atkins, never mind that I was never overweight in the first place.

To this day I am obsessed with food and dieting. One of the things I most remember about being strung out on cocaine and living on the street, was how free I felt from the worry of fatness. How, even in the midst of spending twenty-four hours a day obsessing over the procuring and ingesting of cocaine, after losing my kids, being attacked by serial killers, and harrassed by the police, I felt enormously relieved by the amount of spare time I had when most of my thoughts weren't diverted into the effort to stave off obesity.

My own vision of myself is so skewed I have to go by how my clothes fit on me, as opposed to ascertaining how I look in a mirror. When I see pictures of myself from the past I am amazed by how small I usually look. Intellectually I know that at the time those photos were taken I felt as fat as I do now. It is hard to believe in that today. I cannot believe in it today. Today I am fat. Always.

Leslie Bull 2002

Sex Worker Art Show Tour

I recently got back from being on tour and am suffering from equal parts exhilaration and exhaustion. The tour was amazing. I am filled up and all drained out at the same time. There is so much to write about and process.

We toured twenty-six cities in thirty days. We being fifteen “sex worker” artists, (poets, performance artists, comedienne, dancers, singers, etc.), four roadies, and a cello trekking cross country in two vans putting on nightly, three hour shows at universities, night clubs, and festivals to (according to our flyers) “dispel the myth we are anything short of artists, innovators, and geniuses.”

I was fortunate to be with some fantastic artists, most of all Emi Koyama, my friend that got me invited on the tour, Ariel Lighteningchild, and Penny Arcade. Emi (www.eminism.org) is always a genius, Ariel is a nineteen-year-old ex-crack ho, sexually exploited youth, and homeless/welfare class amazing writer and filmmaker, and in one month's time Penny's work has influenced me deeply. She and I became friends on tour and she has invited me to stay with her in New York and make a film in January. I am hoping I can get it all arranged. She is an intense and brilliant artist, writer, and performer.

I have stories galore.

Like a beautiful tour member turning tricks on the road, staying up all night injecting five hospital bags of saline into a trick's balls (she claims this is some kind of record), and later visiting her flat and meeting her “slaves” who spent their time cleaning house and getting slapped in the face. To Scarlot Harlot speaking “for” junkie hos while I was shut up during an interview with the Chicago tribune, and then us talking it through later. To the last night when me and two other performers got busted in our motel room by the cops for smoking weed, and them calling us “hippies” and letting us go from our white, middle-aged privileges. (I couldn't help realizing how different it would've been had it been my kids and their friends in the room.)

There were numerous problems with the rented vans we traveled in, which were driven by wanna be race car drivers, (I resigned myself to death early on), and I experienced post-9/11 homeland security in all it's harsh reality when terrorized by the checkpoint at Hoover dam, which involved stuffing my medical marijuana in my panties and helping hide the people of color in the back of the vans, while two white performers, tour organizer Annie Oakley and Dr. Carol Queen (with her Ph.D. in sexology), drove us through.

We had some great audiences along the way, and sometimes even had to turn folks away because we were full. I thought I would write more on the trip but was too exhausted. We would often drive eight to ten hours per day, arrive at the show with maybe an hour to spare, drag our suitcases into the dressing room, dress up, make up, and perform.

After the show we would mingle with the audience, sell our zines and CDs, and then pack everything up and go to the motel, in bed at two a.m., and back on the road at nine. I spent my days in what performer Jayson Marston dubbed “screen saver mode” half asleep and cramped in the van in between lively, intense conversations, debates, and story telling. We laughed and cried and got jealous of one another, helped each other out and acted like perfect bitches.

I became particularly resentful of certain youthful members of the group who kept reminding us how lucky we were to have motels at all, while so many other

performers tour while sleeping on floors and couches and eating out of the Seven-Eleven, how we just didn't know how good we had it. This was a little hard to take considering I was homeless for years and none of them had ever lived on the street.

Too often forced to eat fast food, my health broke down, with all of us passing the same germs around, sniffing and aching our way in a big circle around the country. Although every day wasn't so long, the conditions not always so harsh. There were good times: all of us eating a leisurely lunch together in Los Angeles, me and Emi getting to stay with Penny on the Lower East Side, the gray afternoon in Columbus, Ohio when we went to see *Frida* (I cried throughout the whole movie and then for an entire day afterward), lying about our motel rooms trading massage, interviewing one another, and everybody videotaping everything, including our fights, and the last night when Annie treated us to sushi. The rush of the stage, the applause.

There were few ex-junkie hos on the tour, especially since Ariel wasn't even actually on tour, only her video. As usual, there was marginalization of street worker, (as evidenced by the "lack of time" to show Ariel's amazing eleven minute video "Swallow"), racism, classism, major ableism, and other forms of oppression being acted out, some being perpetrated and some being experienced by me.

Some things I realized and/or learned on tour:

1) Street hookers and pimps are generally the most conservative branch of "sex workers," for example we frown on freakish sex or giving it up for free. Sex on the street is very straight. Blow job, hand job, straight sex. I was trained by pimps who schooled me not to participate in any of the freaky stuff, and that everything from taking off my bra to letting the trick hit it from behind cost extra, plenty extra, and that for a lotta that freakish shit they just ain't enough money in the world. I am very conservative in love, for example I am monogamous, love being married, and have never married for money. (Unlike Jacqueline Kennedy who, as Penny points out, married Aristotle Onassis with a 165-page financial contract that specified, among other things, how often she would give her husband sex.)

2) I do not identify as a sex worker, partially because I am suspicious of where the word came from and what it has come to mean about supposedly representing "all" sex workers, but mainly because I never was one. I was a hooker, a ho, and a prostitute, but never a sex worker.

3) There is no static definition of sex worker. We had discussions about this on tour and people's definitions varied from you had to have "direct contact" with a "client" to including cocktail waitresses and erotica writers.

4) I used to think that high class hookers had it so much easier than me (and in terms of certain risks like being cop and serial killer food they do), but after hearing from them on the tour, I realized they work so hard I feel sorry for them! For example they have to stay the whole hour, not just until the trick cums. They have to talk to the tricks, massage them, dance for them, comfort them, and spend hours injecting saline into their balls. I shudder at the thought of talking to or massaging most tricks. It causes a dull rage to settle in my teeth.

In some ways there was a severe lack of experience and accountability on the tour, for example at least one performer broke down mentally and physically, and wasn't treated compassionately, and the tour leaders wouldn't take responsibility when another performer's suitcase was lost from the back of one of the vans, and in

terms of disorganization and frustration.

Yet, I believe it was also an amazing feat we pulled off. We made it to every date and we took in some good money, too. I got paid 1500\$ plus made money off my zines which totally rocked, and the experiences I had and contacts and friendships I made are invaluable. Penny introduced me as “the Jean Genet of Amerika”, and Michelle Tea and Carol Queen both offered to try and hook me up with book agents. I had a very positive response about my work from tour members and audiences, and that really feels good.

—Leslie Bull 12/02

to my fellow sex workers

i have been thinking about being a sex worker.

am i?

no. well yes.

ummm, maybe?

no. i mean i never was. before. when i was a prostitute, a hooker, and a cracked out junkie whore.

i came up in the sixties and seventies, from free love to me, me, me

i had twiggy and the assurance cocaine is not addictive

for me, bad girl was becoming a thing of the past,

although i saw the terror of it imprinted on my mother's eyes.

instead of bad girl i had free love and givin' it away (can you imagine the horror?)

i had cosmo magazine telling me clitoral orgasms are "infantile"

and real women cum in their vaginas

god forbid i could be frigid.

i graduated to coke whore (at fifteen)

so what does it mean?

sex worker.

emi calls it a political necessity to say what we do is work

and scarlot, mother of the term, says she now prefers "sex trades worker"

as for me, i don't necessarily want to be included,

at least not without getting all complicated on your ass.

don't get me wrong, i'm loyal.

if lon mabon and andrea dworkin come knocking i'm the gayest sex worker you ever saw

but between us i got questions,

like are you trying to exploit me to legitimize yourself without giving me any air time?

is my shit too heavy for you?

if it is then don't include me, i'm not one of you.

if you can't include crack ho under your umbrella 'cause she might stink up the place

then don't invite us

if our coping mechanisms offend you

and our shit is too depressing then write about that in your books

and i don't mean write about us,

i mean write about your reaction to us.

right now i am not as concerned about what kind of privileges we have within "sex work" as i am us talking about it.

for example, i just came back from a country wide tour where i got paid to talk at clubs and universities about being a "sex worker" and was warmly received, even in the deep south (hell, especially in the deep south)

have times really changed? or is it just me?

with my college education and white privilege

shit 99% of those places would've spit on me ten years ago. i wouldn't have been allowed in the door, let alone applauded.

there were many snide comments made on tour about looking "cracked out" or whatever.

yet, some people who have never been on the street cultivate a “tacky” “edgy” look
carefully cultivated at thrift stores from their student financial aid,
or conveniently placed on daddy’s american express card.
penny arcade says, “...being a bad girl isn’t about wearing too much make-up, too
short skirts, or fishnet stockings, it’s about being cut out and left out of society...
being a bad girl isn’t about getting a record deal, getting a book deal, or writing
decadent articles for trendy magazines, being a bad girl is irrevocable...”
as for me, i would like to start a dialogue about what sex worker means, who it
defines,
and my place in it
but i seem to be standing under the edge of an umbrella
right in that spot where the water cascades off and
i’m getting soaked

leslie bull 1/03

head is not best

the following is part of an email exchange i had with an ex call girl regarding the piece i wrote mentioning a high class sex worker who injected five i.v. bags of saline into a trick's balls over a period of approximately five hours, and who told me the trick didn't have enough money to pay her hourly rate (300\$ or more) for five hours so she gave him a discount, since five bags was some kind of record and she was into doing it.

I want to know why people are injecting saline into other people's lower body parts. That sounds insane! I can assure you that I never did such a thing, nor would I because I would be afraid of the repercussions. I mean... what if there is an accident? I basically never wanted to injure somebody and have a big mess on my hands. But more to the point I just don't understand what's in it for the customer? Is it some form of pain that he's after?

yes.

When I hear stuff like that I just thank god my own appetites are way over on the vanilla end of the spectrum... because it sounds like a lot of work

i've never had a "customer" (only tricks) and i've never made much of a connection between my sexual appetites and work.

i too would rather keep away from freakish sex at work and am sexually conservative in many ways, although not vanilla, but for the right amount of money i would do a lot of things--within limits (like i won't eat shit or drink piss). what i found was that most tricks don't want to pay what i would ask to do something freakish.

my friend who turned the trick with the saline is a dominatrix trained in s&m and also happens to enjoy that type of sex, sometimes she blurs the lines.

that was something i rarely, if ever, did, and i've heard the same from other street workers.

for me, my own sexual appetites and turning tricks were two very separate things.

on the street i didn't have too many freakish clients (except my foot freak who was a dream trick that just wanted to slobber on my feet while i smoked crack and got paid, and another stone freak who only wanted to me to sit on a motel bed in lingerie across the room from him while he got high and performed complicated rituals involving beer, kleenex, matches, and a trash can).

mostly i had lots of hurried, straight sex and did way too many head jobs.

i had the occasional guy who wanted butt sex but i charged (excuse the pun) out the ass and didn't get taken up much. i preferred vaginal intercourse with a condom (although the latex tears up my pussy) to anything else, except maybe a hand job, which was rarely desired.

i liked pussy fucking best because i could make them cum faster (the whole goal

with street hooking since the date ends immediately upon the trick cumming) and they were more likely to use a condom.

it seemed like tricks never wanted to use a condom for head, maybe because the risk is low for them.

i recently read this harm reduction pamphlet for sex workers that said always try to give head instead of pussy or butt sex because it is always safer. i feel that is really bad info.

for me head wasn't safer because of poor nutrition, gum disease, and mental health issues.

i remember spitting out cum red with blood from my mouth and wondering, "did i just get sick?" i remember the revulsion i felt smelling a trick's sweaty balls, and the way i couldn't use my little girl noises to make them cum fast. my head and neck would get sore, and my jaws would pop and hurt. sometimes i felt like i was suffocating.

one of the things that drives me crazy is pro-sex sex work activists (or whatever) who conflate being a freak (pro-sex) with prostitution. the two are separate issues, and may or may not have anything to do with each other.

it is also a class issue. low class, marginalized workers do not need to be told to enjoy our work. i have been physically and mentally brutalized in many types of low class work i have performed including street prostitution, maid work, and waitressing.

leslie bull 10/2003

seven

part one

the baby shower.

if i were to get high

we had it at jantzen beach mall. this kind of crappy little mall that stars sears and a kmart.

i would have to prepare myself, but how?

jantzen beach is located on the oregon side of the border between oregon and washington.

how does one prepare for psychosis?

everyone goes there to make major purchases because they don't charge sales tax.

i would gather necessities like a dozen bags of new syringes, bottles of purified water, and clean cotton.

there is a beautiful carousel at jantzen beach, an old one, where kids can ride.

i would need money, and lots of it.

voodoo invited her mom, matilda, to the shower, changing her mind after first saying no.

i would need a safe place.

she was looking all proud and glowy, like pregnancy can make some women.

amazingly, i cannot, even in a fantasy, imagine where that place is.

we played games.

a vault in the ground? a cabin in the woods, a capsule shot into space?

voodoo chided her mom for not using her insulin and matilda said, "your daddy calls me a drug addict,"

in reality a motel room would be the best i could hope for.

while he's the one who shoots speedballs.

and what about a connection?

matilda said she threatened her husband. told him she'd shoot him up the nose with a needle full of drano.

i dread to think about the target i'd make,

matilda laughed and said, "he thinks we're all out to kill him anyway."

soft, white, and bad nerves.

the dad is often mean, beats matilda and the girls, doesn't take his medication.

i wonder how long it would take me to enter that psychotic space where everyone wants to kill me.

voodoo has just a few gifts on the table, but she doesn't seem to mind, glowing with attention.

how long 'til my money's gone and my gums are bleeding?

she is important today.

how long until i hurt someone,

matilda grins toothlessly and says her little granddaughter got a black baby doll for christmas this year and wants to be "just like aunt voodoo."

let them hurt me?

she looks to me for approval, licking her lips in anticipation of the infant.

how long?

part two

two of voodoo's friends showed up,
the mixed girl's hair is "natural",
she takes the games seriously, tries real hard.
the other girl, pretty with a sparkling jewel in her belly, is angry and rude,
cheating, and complaining about her prize.
most of voodoo's family couldn't come,
just her mama and her little sister cheryl,
or is it brother sean or sibling star?
voodoo says later, "i think cheryl is like boosey."
and i say, "what do you mean?
dyke or trans?"
and voodoo says "ya, one of those,
but she fucks boys five at a time,
and lets her boyfriend punch her in the face
just because he likes it."
cheryl was the first girl to play football at ridgemont junior high
and the whole school knew her as sean,
this year she is star.
at the shower she sat real close to boosey,
and acted like a good sport
when a tie came up,
forfeited the prize.
not at all like "the next kip kinkle"
as voodoo fears
(after all she did laugh when she killed the little family dog by accidentally
slamming it in the car door).
maybe it was shock
boosey tells star/sean/cheryl about how he got his name changed legally and now
has an m on his license.
sean says, "i'm gonna get my name changed too."
matilda is curious about mine and boosey's relationship,
asks me, "is she the boss?"
and wants to know,
"whatcha ate for dinner last night?"
and "who does the cleaning?"
she calls us voodoo's "benefactors" gesturing expansively at the blue and white
sheet cake and single balloon announcing,
"it's a boy."

part three

*i would go to a big city and pay up a motel for a week, hell, maybe even two weeks if i had the
cash.
i would bring my shiny new points and my debit card,
my jewelry so i could pawn it later,
after i had drained my accounts and gone as far into debt as the post-dated check cashers would
allow me,*

after i had called all my friends and relatives with desperate stories,
or maybe not at all,
too ashamed,
needing money
maybe i would run away
straight to the street to get mines, like i always did.
i can hear it all now,
“you look pretty good for your age bitch.”
until then it would be
hungry, lean, cracked out, middle aged men
copping for me, providing me a place to get high in the basement of their old grandma’s house,
spending my rent,
our faces slack with need, hypnotized by the motion of rock forming in glass
long yellowed fingernail slicing whiteness
acidic sizzle on hot screen
there would be, thank god, no question of sex,
and before any of that there would be the two weeks in the motel, spending money like water.
out of the life nearly ten years
and desperate for a good connection,
preferably female or queer boy
someone i can control
dole out dope to and involve in my frantic, fractured attempts to avoid my family and
paranoid dramas about how everybody wants to kill me.
not some young slanger out to break me and get some head too
one thing’s for sure, i’ll be suckin’ dick soon enough
but not until i have to
not until the money runs out.

part four

voodoo is real worried about baby s having any pink on his clothes.
i breathe hard, awash in terror.
i keep handing her real good stuff at the thrift store that has maybe a dot or two of
pink on it and she keeps giving me these sidelong glances as she quickly snaps them
back on the rack,
the two men who were my associates moments ago become killers before the smoke leaves my
mouth.
as if to say, “whatcha trying to do turn my kid gay?”
i smile brightly, eyes blank, hyper aware.
“look at all these booties for a quarter” voodoo shouts happily, and we rummage
around in the bin.
one guy starts to pace around, looking paranoid,
i try to slip a pair of lavender booties into the basket but voodoo catches me,
rolling her eyes, “mom, those are for girls.”
i edge along the wall slowly as the other guy starts looking me up and down rubbing his crotch.
“hey look, drool bibs.”
i nervously suggest another bit.
suddenly a form bursts from a door beside us, just a blur in my peripheral vision and

we are engulfed in crack smoke, can't see the 25-cent booties for the haze.
the paranoid one rushes to the window all twisting head and exaggerated whisper, "look" he hisses.
"shit! that girl just blew crack smoke on us" voodoo cries,
and the nut tweek is distracted.
the smell of crack twisting my guts.
i slam out the door.

part five

voodoo's mom once tried to blackmail her for her sears card and now the state is threatening to take baby s before he is even born.
it all started when, by some miracle sears gave voodoo a card with a 350\$ limit.
i guess on account of her getting a disability check every month for life.
our whole family was impressed since none of us has ever had a credit card except boosey when he was younger when he worked three jobs and didn't mess up his credit yet.
i messed up my credit before i ever got a credit card, and now i'm kinda glad.
voodoo and her best friend sunday did something bad, talked about it at voodoo's parent's house, and matilda taped it.
she taped the whole conversation and threatened to turn them in to the cops if voodoo didn't give her the sears card.
matilda gambles. online video poker. has a real addiction. hides garbage in the garage when she doesn't pay the bill. gets the phone cut off.
voodoo grabbed the tape from her mother, knocking her down in the process, and it's a good thing matilda didn't call the cops like she often does.
once she hit herself in the face and then called the cops and said voodoo did it, getting her locked up in pacific gateway (nine times).
justice center, welfare office, doctor, and mental system have been kicking voodoo down from day one.
they prescribed her over a hundred different medications as a kid, permanently damaging her organs, but never addressed the fact she was being beaten, raped , and tortured in her own home.
since she's been pregnant voodoo quit alcohol and drugs including prescription medication for her schizophrenia. she's only smoked weed and a little tobacco.
and we, her street adopted family, are proud and amazed 'cause voodoo used to have some habits.
pregnancy looks great on her and we've never seen her look so healthy.
now her slimehead doctor drug tested her without her consent and got a dirty u.a. the nurse told her it was all possible due to the homeland security act and that they could "do anything to protect the unborn baby."
now voodoo has to drug test for the rest of her pregnancy and while she nurses, a cruelty sure to shorten the time she suckles her baby.
i told voodoo "the only reason they are interested in 'protecting' baby s is to protect their 'property'".
fodder for their prison machines.
money.

part six

money.
fuck ya i need some.
head held high as car approaches
slow burn
hot, flushing, shame
steely determination
hard eyes
my smile never reaches
them
will they pick me?
stomach held in
body tense
i let my ass swing
while waves of panic travel the roads of my intestines
clamp down on my breath
i have control
an amazing amount really
apparently, i look fairly normal
if you don't study my gaze
too intently
apparently, i look like some place to stick it
something to look at
my panic appearing like lust
after all, i must want it
and i do
but not what they think
not their sweaty dicks and sick fantasies
not, god forbid, their mouths
or hands. their nails
ragged and untrimmed
or gleaming and buffed
awkward clumsy hurtful fingers
a desire to get me off
don't make me sick!
i'll pretend but i'd rather not.
please! be selfish
get off in my vagina safely encased in latex
(even if it does rub my pussy raw)
like it when i lie there like a victim
limp and
giving you little girl eyes
it's easy
easier than faking an orgasm, sucking you off,
or having your lips touch any part of my body
please don't want me to like it
although i will
if i have to.

part seven

i leave for new york city before voodoo has the baby. a three week writing/video/
being mentored trip that will have me gone during baby s' birth. the shower is my
gesture.

*the skin on my arms is unpunctured, my wedding ring still on my left hand, and my husband's
magic fingers have recently been all up in my pussy.*

i pray for baby s' safe delivery, feel sad about leaving. choosing. antidote to
bitterness.

*it's true that without internalized whore stigma i coulda set me and my kids for life, but then
again i'm alive, writing, and in love.*

the birth is coming.

leslie bull 2/03

serial killer hooker

mommie died.

last night on the tv i watched nypd blue.

i rarely watch tv and don't even own one,

but last night my kids had their tv in the living room

and the show was just starting.

the criminal was a

poor class, mentally ill, serial killer, mother/kidnapper, "sex worker"

is that weird or what?

i mean here i am an ex ho from the street

who just made a video about the term sex worker.

i watch tv maybe once or twice a year, and when i do, i sit down to a bunch of new york cops calling dead street hos "sex workers."

it gets weirder.

i just returned from a three week trip to new york

where i helped make the video called, "on being a junkie ho in sex worker world"

in which i bitch about not feeling accepted by the trendy, empowered, college

girl peep show queens, vagina goddesses, and high class sex workers, and saw that

all the street hos my husband boosey told me about down on 42nd street were

vanished

along with the homeless junkies on the lower east side.

times square is disney land,

and get this, i'm crazy, poor, and a mother too.

the show was filled with lengthy shots of dead "sex workers".

street hos all strung up on fences, strangled and lying cold on autopsy tables with

businesslike and unpreturbed conversations going on all around them.

they seem to decorate the set.

close ups of massive neck bruising

and clavicle dents

caused by a button on the killer's jacket.

yet, the prostitute, the so called "sex worker"

aka: the damaged psycho street hooker from sociopathic hell

is the villain,

she is the evil, demented, seductress.

they expose her past.

"there is no fathers name on your birth certificate," the cop says scornfully,

"was your mother a pro too?"

other women condemn her.

the prosecutor, a petite-miss, middle-class california blonde with artfully crooked

parts in her hair, is, in the beginning, suspected of being uncompassionate for

seeking the death penalty, yet in the end she is, of course, proven right

when it is revealed that the evil "sex worker" "sought out dangerous clients" so

they could rape and beat her (proven by her emergency room records documenting

serious injury and vaginal tears) so she could then murder them and steal their

credit cards to buy toys for the child she stole after killing his real mother.

wow.

after a one minute evaluation the court shrink pronounces her "a pure sociopath."

later he reassures the cops she doesn't fear the rape attacks because,

“she always feels in control.”

wow.

the men she kills have troublesome histories of beating their wives, attempted rape, and killing prostitutes, but she knew this type of work was dangerous and did it anyway.

we can't feel sorry for her because she is raped. we can't feel sorry for her because she is poor. we can't feel sorry for her because she is a mother, a woman, a whore.

she hung herself.

at the end.

when boosey asks me,

“how's mommie?”

i say,

“mommie died.”

leslie bull 2003

Disclaimer:

No actual serial killer hookers were harmed
in the making of this 'zine.

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