

912 Adult Help

Hustler TV Canada casting call in Montreal for females (no exp. needed) & males (experienced) for adult entertainment. 18+ only. 1-613-255-4743

AMATEUR MOVIES WANTED!

We pay up to \$400 US for homemade adult videos of couples or attractive females

ARE YOU HOT MONTREAL? New contest! With more than \$10,000 in prizes. Now seeking for models 18+. Reg. www.areyouhotmontreal.com Pat 514-409-2358

WEBCAM WORK FOR WOMEN

www.livepornstarcam.com Auditioning for web cam hostesses Video Chat Live from Home or our studios located near metro Must be 18yrs+ Nudity Required Our best models make over \$100 per hour Interested call 514-926-7337 or email info@livepornstarcam.com

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Major Canadian Production Studio MONTREAL VANCOUVER

NOW RECRUITING

Need Females & Couples

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ATP PRODUCTIONS

Internet video chat studio. Seeking hot sexy girls 18-35 who like to be paid to work from home call (514) 245-6096. No exp. required. Flexible schedule. Real for studio. We do it better & offer more.

WEBCAM Models needed. New studio in downtown, attractive females 18+, paid weekly, hiring bonus for first 5 new models. Call Jim @ 514-568-9810.

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Wanted: FLIRTS!

Are you female 18+ yrs, flirty, chatty & super cute? Yes? Let's talk! We are an Internet Chat Studio with lots to offer cute flirts looking for a fun job. \$13.50/hr + \$.75/min commission with no holdbacks & no minimum sales. Generous bonus program, paid training, & flexible hours. A professional clean environment under female management located in Old Mt. close to metro. Students welcome!

Call: 514-285-9325

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Women wanted for phone sex, photos/videos/strippers. 18+ Beg inners welcome. 514-273-1564

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Make up to \$2000 per month

Looking for an attractive young female to shoot and star in a new girl on girl website

Will supply camera and train. Call Kevin for more info 1-800-474-8401

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Females needed for adult chat line, with or without experience. good pay, flexible hours & ability to work from home call (514) 245-6096

Video Chat Hostess Wanted

• \$15/hr + Commission
• Females 18+
• No exp. Required
• Safe, professional work place
• Clean, Air conditioned private studio
• 1-4 minutes walk to Metro Gap 4 underground. Please call (514) 586-5885

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Video Chat Ladies Wanted \$15/hour + Commission (514)586-5885

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• Seeking attractive females 18-35 yrs.
• State of the art office
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Established in 1997 3 Offices in the greater Montreal Area
We are currently looking for 10 chat hostesses to join our staff

We offer:
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• Flexible hours, great for students
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• Located in front of metro
• Recruiting bonus
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WANTED. Sexy women, loving sex for porno movie. 812-3143

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HIRING INTERNET CHAT HOSTESSES

Work alone in a Private office Full or Part Time Flexible Schedule

Next to GUY Metro 846-1222

Females 18-24 for XXX movies for MTL & U.S. Males 24-35yrs over 9', for MTL only. Email us with pics (face & full body with tel #) pornstarj@yahoo.ca Run by female SERIOUS PEOPLE ONLY.

PRODUCTIONS

PRODUCTIONS

Seeking Models for Adult Situations

• Females 18-35yrs 19 & 50 yrs old
• Large models
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• Male models
• Adult fashion models
Send in email to: Casting@voiceproductions.com with the following information:
• Last, first, and last name
• Age
• Height
• Eye color
• Hair color and style
• Photo
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Enthusiastic flirts for on-line video chat. We offer great pay, clean studios and a fun team environment \$13.50/hr + commission, Females 18-29yrs only. Nudity required. Call Now! *****514)285-9325*****

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Call center seeks dynamic, creative & charming individuals for a chat line. You are mature, gregarious, imaginative & fluently bilingual. Metro McGill Full time & or Part time shifts available. Call Sharon @ 514-879-0362 ext :227

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CAM GIRLS WANTED

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2025

911 Massages

912 Adult Help

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I can still see the classifieds ad in the back pages of the Mirror. A sultry-eyed, blunt-banged cartoon, inviting "Come flirt with us!" and promising a fun, sassy office with private studios. I had worked at two other webcam studios since moving to Montréal in 2002, and I told myself this would be the last one I'd try before writing the whole venture off.

912 Adult Help

Now Hiring !

Like OMG! I found the best kept secret in Live Adult WebCam Chat here in MTL!

I got paid to chat and flirt and be the hawt saucy sassy funny bling-bling babe that I am. I'm having so much fun I can't keep my clothes on! ;)

Why do all the sassy cuties come to chat with us?

- We have fun at work!
- Sassy Mod Office!
- Close to 2 Métros!
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- No icky contact... (eww!!!)
- Little or no typing!
- Flexible schedule!

Very lickable bonus program!

\$13.50 per hour + \$0.75 per-minute-commission

18+ yrs women only

Come flirt with us!



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The first studio I worked at was for a website called Peekshows, housed in a nondescript office building a bus ride away from Sauvé metro. Our suite was across the hall from a real estate agency, and we had to paper the front door window over to stop the realtors from peeping in. The studio managers were a big brassy bleach blonde busty femme named Princess and a spry little

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EXTRAS: Mailbox ☐ \$10/month
 Bold intro ☐ \$1.50 Bold ad ☐ \$6 Centered ☐ \$6
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WEEKLY COMBO ☐ \$19.95 incl.
 3 LINES IN MIRROR
 & 3 LINES IN ICI

Payment:

Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money order ☐
 master card ☐ visa ☐

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fae named Red, a reference to her long rust-coloured curls. The ~~Shxxxx~~'boss' was a guy named Eric who mostly sat in his office eating pizza with his dog. I really only interacted with him once a week to grab my meagre envelope of cash. The studio had 5 closed areas, with 1 to 3 computer stations in each. Only the top sellers ever got the solo rooms; the rest of us worked side-by-side on our shitty futon couches, clacking away on our keyboards and gyrating in silence -- but not too quickly, or else the glacially slow FPS would glitch out. There were no microphones yet, so we could talk shit to one another while we worked, unless someone happened to get a 'phone show', wherean the chatter paid extra to call us on the landline while we streamed. Pinching the portable phone in the crook of our neck, contorting to caress ourselves at the same time, the other girls either pretending not to listen or fucking around trying to trip you up.

I bought my first dildo for this job, a tiny sparkly blue nightstick with a clit nub and a battery pack that took two AAs. Up until then I had always jerked off by pulling cotton underwear tight ~~against~~ against my crotch and vigorously strumming myself like a guitar. I kept the dildo in a tupperware bin in our storage room, alongside a growing collection of drugstore makeup, thrifted lingerie, ratty fishnets, and electrical tape. Sometimes the girls would mess with each other's stuff, but mostly people got along. We had to; we worked so closely we might find ourselves literally ~~and~~ dodging each other's fluids, so it was best to be friendly. The only person I was truly scared of was Skye, who we routinely heard screaming at a man on

the phone to give her more money, she didn't give a shit that his family was suffering. She seemed fucking malicious, but I just didn't know what Findom was yet. I'd spent time during high school in my home town sex shop, perusing porn box covers and watching hentai, when my friend who worked there let us hang out underage. Still, the kink learning curve was steep. Sometimes it seemed guys were just trying to test the stupidest things they could make us to, like when I watched Kitty shove a giant freezie in her pussy. But others were serious fetishists, and both the girls and the clients gave me a crash course every shift.

And the shifts were long, 6 to 8 hours. I slept there a few times because I wanted to work late, past when the metro stopped. I'd log off, brush my teeth, and curl up in my thin, sweaty sheets. For breakfast I'd make eggs in the kitchenette, log back in for a shitty morning shift, then grab a dépanneur egg salad sandwich and a 40 of malt liquor for lunch.

At one point, the boss had us logging in to multiple iFriends accounts at the same time, so that if someone ~~xbought~~ a show over there we could log out of Peeks, tend to it, and then log back in. I didn't get to choose my screen names. On Peeks I was Brandy, on iFriends I had a few names but the only one I remember is "SweetAnalPie4U", which was awkward, as I hadn't perfected anal yet. But the camera quality was so bad back then you could fake a lot of things without trying too hard.

As with every site I eventually worked on any real money was made with regulars. Despite my early awkwardness, I cultivated a little following, made a 'Brandy' hotmail account and started corresponding with some of the guys who wanted to feel connected in whatever way possible. A lot of them seemed desperate to be seen in a way they were convinced only we could provide. Others were chill and just fucking around. I had a PO box where I got mail, small gifts, lamentations, declarations. One guy sent me Polaroids of himself wearing a gas mask in a bath tub along with a homemade burnt EP of this cool local band I might like (who turned out to be The Killers). Guys like that were fun but never had much cash.

Another regular was a Frenchman who would Western Union me extra money. He'd take me private to have me put a clothespin on the end of my tongue and stick it out until I drooled all over myself. Or have me tie a string to my nipple ring, run it over the curtain rod above me, and then attach it to my wrist, forcing me to keep my hand in the air, lest I tug on my tit. But if you cinched it just right you could cheat it. Over and over he invited me to visit him in Paris. I kept declining, heeding all the warnings about meeting internet strangers. Then he handed over proof of identity, offered 3 grand plus expenses. I was particularly broke, and soon found myself masturbating on his couch while he sat across from me in a kitchen chair, legs crossed and fully clothed, smoking Gauloises cigarettes contemplatively. He didn't want to fuck me, just wanted to watch, show me Guido Crepax books and Rocco Sifredi porns, feed me hash and chocolate. After the trip, we never spoke again. Being Brandy 24/7 was too much

pressure on me, and meatspace had disturbed his fantasy. I don't think he realized all the reasons he preferred to know me online.

It was an era when the internet was still an option, not a constant. For me at that time, the internet was mostly just a workspace, and it would be years before it was much of anything else. It felt separate from day-to-day life, a sentiment concretized by the internet cafe: when I wasn't at the studio, I only got online through an internet cafe inside the Guy-Concordia metro, a weird little glass box that charged in 15 minute blocks. Accessing the internet was an errand carried out from a physically distinct place, a parallel reality from which I could walk away. The type of middle zone it created felt new, sometimes it seemed deeply consequential and other times it felt like anything that happened there simply did not count. Vapour. We developed sexual, relational, economic modes of being made possible by the technology: what it allowed, but mostly what it didn't.

The second studio I worked at fed into a site called SexyNetShows. This one was even further out of town, connecting to a whole different transit system I didn't understand, that nearly left me stranded in Laval more than once. We were in a strip mall this time, again next to a real estate agency and not far from a roller rink called the Récréatèque. There were only a few rooms and we had a little locker room, but there never seemed to be many of us working there.

256 Left/Studies
Lots for sale from 800 to 1500 sq ft. electricity & heating incl. Lachine Canal, near Atwater market. From \$1000/mth. Call 514-339-2777

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295 Misc
Office Furniture, desks, chairs, etc. Call 514-339-5412

301 Lang
BEN English, Spanish, etc. Over 20 years. Arabic, bag. Begins Feb. 7. Metro City

305 Dance
Dance class, folk & gypsy. Feb 1st & 8th. Sales & lingerie. \$15/m. Downtown.

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A new massage, great ambience. Asian massage, reiki, aromatherapy. Call 514-723-0666

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At SexyNetShows, you needed to record little sexy teasers, because these would play when someone had taken you to a private show. Back at Peeks the non-paying viewers simply saw a small, fuzzy version of whatever was happening in private, but now the pressure was on to make something intentional and enticing. I'd posed nude for friends' cameras since I was 16, and had been doing live streams now for just under a year, but recording

Video--video I would have to imagine being watched over and over again--was a different beast. I learned how to make my body take on certain shapes while shifting, twisting to add curves to my lanky bones, trailing my head to toes from one corner of the frame to the other, chest close to the lens with legs dangling behind in hopes of giving myself some kind of bust through the power of light, shadow, optical illusion

And over the years I would form a relationship to the camera, or more specifically, to the frame. Always strategizing what is shown and what lingers just off screen, whether that was a tease, to hide sneaky things like making notes or smoking, sighing and yawning and rolling my eyes. I built up a catalogue of preferred poses, working the angles of the camera with those of my body to make myself look fragile or frenzied, playful or powerful, make something greater than the sum of its parts.

407 Financing
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PROF. CHINESE
Therapeutic. Chinese lady. 7-10pm. (514) 70



Moving the action around the space within a space, within a set of constraints--the contours and movement of the lens--also helped certain fantasies come to life, especially later on when I got hooked up with true video cameras and remotes that zoomed. One elaborate fetishist always wanted me to **concoct** stories where he would be really, really small and, through a violation of his trust, I would trick him into my mouth and swallow him whole. Once, I played that I was writing a test. I had made him small with a potion of some sort, and had him hiding behind my ear to help me with the questions I didn't know. But then! The teacher is coming over! If she realizes I'm cheating I'll fail the class! He must hide in my mouth or else I'll get caught, he understands of course... I draw my face closer and closer to the camera, whispering frantically until suddenly swiveling and opening my mouth around the lens, darkening the screen, forcing him down my throat. Swallowed, I would stand up and zoom the camera on my belly, cackling, repeating over and over that he was trapped inside me and would never escape.

There was another one who wanted to be small, but he needed to shrink from normal size first. I was to hypnotize him and make him smell my feet, especially the space just under my toenails. Each sniff would make him smaller and smaller. I would slowly zoom the camera in on my feet, my soles filling up more and more of his screen. Once he was small enough, I was to use his whole body like a dildo.

I wasn't at sexynetshows long before the guy that ran the place invited me to a threesome with his girlfriend, who also worked there, in the most matter-of-face proposition I ever received. It was a no thank you from me, and a very chill acceptance from him. I realized then just how odd it was that Eric from Peekshows had never seemed to try to fuck anyone. or at least not me.

In any case, their accepting my refusal so breezily made me trust them both in a general way. Given what a shitty commute it was, and the lack of any studio camaraderie, when they suggested I work from home I jumped at the chance. It helped that I lived alone now: a tiny verdun 2½ for 400\$ all included, in a concrete slab of a yellowed building choked with smoke. My bathroom floor had a giant hole under the sink. When I moved in one of the kitchen drawers was full of loose beans.



A client friend had gotten me a laptop and a webcam, one of those little round Logitechs that looked like a robotic eyeball. Once I had internet installed, I was ready to go. I tried to separate

my work-bed from my me-bed, removing my stuffed animals and laying down a sheet. I hung a burnt orange brocade fabric I got from the girl who sold loose cigarettes in my high school smoking section (4 for a dollar!) and kept a house coat at the ready, so I could hide everything if someone came to the door.

Fishnet feet poking out from underneath, I was a bit anxious working from home. The super lived below me and had a habit of stopping by. His apartment was directly across from the laundry room and he'd



keep his door wide open so he could watch tenants bend over to pluck our garments from the sweaty maw of the dryer. I once took him up on the invitation to come over and look at his trucker hat collection, because he had smokes and a bottle of shitty rosé wine.

After switching to the home studio, I picked up my first few cheques directly from the owners. Then they said they'd mail ~~xx~~ them, biweekly, a well-oiled machine. But eventually the cheques stopped coming. I called them over and over and for a short time kept logging in, until I accepted they had simply disappeared. I never found out what happened. They still owe me a few hundred.

That's when I said I'd give the gig one more shot. I wasn't making much money overall, and the clients were draining. I wasn't convinced I was very good at it, but I also didn't know what else to do. My other job was working part-time at a call centre doing market research surveys and I hated every minute of it, imposing myself on people to advance the advertising efforts of shitty companies selling groceries and electronics. It served as cover when I had to tell a prospective landlord what I did for work, but it paid even worse and I knew it wasn't gonna be sustainable.

The ad for this next camsite, the one with the smiling Betty Page-esque drawing, seemed a bit different from Peek and SexyNet--a Mom & Pop kind of establishment, more independent and sort of sweet. Peekshows' marketing had been very "cum fuck these horny garbage whores", and the clients really leaned in:

"you look like a crate of used pornography"

"you look like Skeletor with AIDS"

"you look like a ribcage with nipples"

"I don't believe whores should be allowed to rot our society away"

"you fucking flower drooping crack whore i bet u have poison ivy growing out your asshole from all the v.d. cock youve had in it packing your shit"

"dirty infected bitch"

"stinky cunt"

And my faves, variations on "are you a man or a woman?" or "damn, you look like a little boy" -- prescient!

When the abuse got too rough for my tender soul and I was on my way out, a chatter emailed to offer his theory:

To : BrandyLiveshow Brandy <brandyshow@hotmail.com>



Hotmail

Home

Inbox

"I see a bunch of misfits just venting anger. You may view these comments thrown at you as depressing, demeaning, debasing or whatever, but they are cries for help. You may be providing a very useful function in that you give some miscreants a way of getting it out of their system in a non-violent way. As painful as it has become for you, it is part of the game and serves a useful purpose. They don't know you and cannot possibly be judging you. It is a reflection of their pain and has little to do with you. I realize it is easier for me to say this than it is for you to bear the brunt of the abuse."

"you forgot your tits"

"Brandy you look fucking worse & worse every time i fucking see you ya fucking gutter whore."

"flat chested cunt"
"hookers can't write"

His explanation - a version of the "sewer in the palace" metaphor - didn't comfort me. That verbal abuse is an expression of pain was simple enough to swallow, but I resented the suggestion that absorbing it was my 'function', my great contribution, to be a bad woman decoy so the good women were left alone, knowing that no one is ever really left alone.

Instead of hot and horny sluts, LCN advertised us as cute nerdy girls. We were there as companions, online girlfriends, the kind you could bring home to your metaphorical mom: smart, flirty, fun, not overly intimidating. And while that didn't eliminate rude comments and targeted harassment, it set a different tone that the clientele tended to uphold.

The marketing fulfilled the boss's fantasies. He was a stereotypical nerd, a scrawny white guy who started programming as a kid, loved Star Wars, and feigned harmless incompetence to get what he wanted. He played it awkward and non-threatening, and it brought your guard down. Within my first few weeks, he and the studio manager tricked me into a threesome by inviting me to her place to "do a photo shoot". In retrospect I could have spotted it coming, and it wasn't terribly difficult to get me into bed at that time, but I felt duped nonetheless.

I never fucked him (or her) again, but he tried. He took us on a secret vacation to Universal Studios and tried to pull me into another threesome, but they finally settled on making me watch instead. One night when I was working late, he crept up into my studio, put his finger to his lips for me to be quiet, pulled my bottom half off camera, and fucked me with one of my dildos. He left my face in frame, livestreaming in free chat the whole time. I don't remember what expression I forced, or how it ended, how I got him to stop. I imagine I faked an orgasm so he could feel chivalrous, accomplished, and cued to leave. Most of the studios had real doors, except for that brick wall loft. It was up a short flight of stairs and closed off with a thick red curtain. You could hear everything that happened up there, and it was hard to stop him from barging in.

And I guess that's the main benefit of working from home: logging in when you want, how you want, without the boss being slimy. But you get fucked either way. Years after my LCN tenure, I worked from home again. It was right around the time Visa & Mastercard introduced their stricter adult content guidelines following the 2020 NYT/Pornhub debacle. I swiftly got booted for violating the vague toilet play rules, which left me feeling fucked in a particularly frustrating and helpless way. At least the physical getting-fucked-ness got me some power and purchase with my boss, which I translated into better wages and conditions. I worked there about 12 years, got raises, went to trade shows, became the studio manager. I wasn't loaded but I had lots of time off and I was comfortable.

I paid for school, got a few debt-free degrees. I quit, spiralled a bit, then moved to St. John's for my PhD. It was only when my graduate funding ran out and I'd had a good long break from camming that I signed up to Streamate - a much bigger site in a new era.

Working from home, my immediate physical integrity was intact, but that sense of security was shaken. It's a distinct sinking feeling to log in and find an error screen, to frantically open the email outlining your violation and the sentence, alone in a basement apartment on the island of Newfoundland in the isolating winter of 2021 with rats in the ceiling and no colleagues on site. After the initial anger I reached out to some well-connected friends in the industry and got my account reinstated with a warning. But it solidified the value of a locker room to bitch and cry in and a boss, no matter how shitty, that is accessible down the hall.

'Cause we got fucked with at the studio too, but at least we were together. At one point LCN came close to folding because an obsessive religious zealot was harassing us. Said we were rotten whores, we were causing the downfall of civilization. Said he'd show up and cut our nipples off. Eventually he found a way to crash our chatrooms. He'd take turns with each of us, flood the chat screen with horrific taunts, automating his hate until things overloaded and the room would just shut down. Over and over, we'd log back in, desperate to get pulled into a private session so we could make some coin before he came back around. We were frustrated and scared and losing money, but we were on that sinking ship together.

We took care of each other, found and shared other gigs to make up the shortfall.

A bunch of us started shooting with a necrophilia studio called Catharsis. He was in a loft space just one building over, a sweet Ren-fair kind of guy who always wore leather suspenders. We had sword fights, got strangles with panty hose, writhed and wriggled under dulled knife blades pressed into our belly buttons. Corn syrup blood and eyes rolled to the back of our heads. He did other stuff too: hypnosis, sleeping, some light cannibalism.



We referred each other to a suite of microniche sites all owned by the same woman. Balloons. Smoking. wet & messy. Pool toys. Casts & bandages. Wet balloons. Balloons shoved into pantyhose. Balloons shoved into pantyhose while smoking. The list went on and on. Blow-to-pops terrified me, but rolling around in pudding was heaven, so long as she remembered to turn on the heat to the studio shower.

It was still the era of Craigslist adult gigs, passing the copious modelling jobs and fetish work in hopes of spotting the decent options amongst the creeps and GWCs (or at least knowing who the decent creeps were). When you landed on something good, you shared it with the rest of the LCN roster.

I don't remember exactly how the hacker freak issue was resolved, but I think it involved the cops and some kind of virtual restraining order. Our work was legal, the police department 'morality squad' assured us, so long as we rode a fine line when it came to meeting chatters IRL.

And if I recall, the boss helped float us with a little cash while that shit was going down. As a rule, we had a guaranteed income, even on the slow days when we didn't make much commission, which wasn't common across sites. We got \$13.50 an hour for any time clocked in free chat, which went up to \$0.50-\$1.50 per minute in the private shows. If someone failed to make any sales at all they were short-lived, but if you generally did ok it allowed you to relax on the bad days, not feel completely dejected and desperate. I don't think he wanted





desperate looking girls online. It's not hot. For all his fuckery, I do think he cared that we lived decently, at least on some level.

At the time, most of us couldn't really afford to work from home. LCN ran on proprietary software that felt pretty advanced at the time. We could speak, instead of just typing, so we needed decent microphones to go with our cameras. It all took substantial bandwidth, and we didn't own the infrastructure for it. Our computers weren't powerful enough, our webcams weren't sharp enough, our lighting sucked, and our internet wasn't fast enough - if we even had it. Our apartments were small, and usually shared, and lots of us hid our work from those around us. Wiggling and moaning alone from the bedroom wasn't an option for everyone.

The studio didn't just house the girls, we had an office with programmers and designers and a humming server room. It felt like a tech company, clean and professional. Like reekshows and Sexynet, LCN had a room where we stored our bins. It doubled as a make-up room and a kind of shared library. Chatters would send books and CDs and clothes and other gifts, some of it personalized but much of it sent 'for the studio', for us to share. They liked the 'sociality' of it as much as we did, knowing we were in our respective rooms at the same time. We'd pop in to visit one another on camera, or they'd challenge us to cum so loud everyone could hear it from the next room over. We streamed online parties, incredibly messy affairs that we called 'Girl-A-Thongs' or GATs for short. We ran party games like anal ring toss (I was the

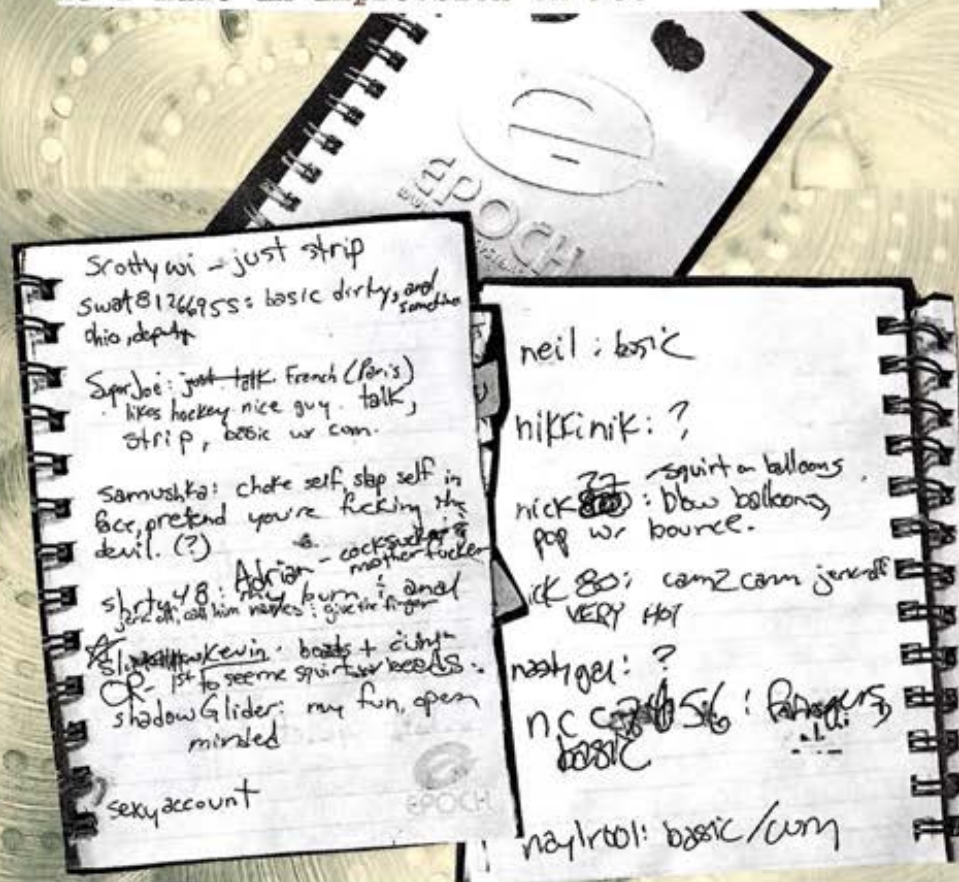


post) or spanking competitions (I was a ruthless spanker), got naked and made out. One time we streamed Star wars and wound up with a cease and desist from Lucas Films, which the boss framed in his office. The chatters could watch and interact, partaking in the games and tipping to buy us shots (knowing, I'm sure, that we were going to drink as much as we wanted regardless, or swig shooters of water to make them feel like big spenders). At least one person got sick, every time.

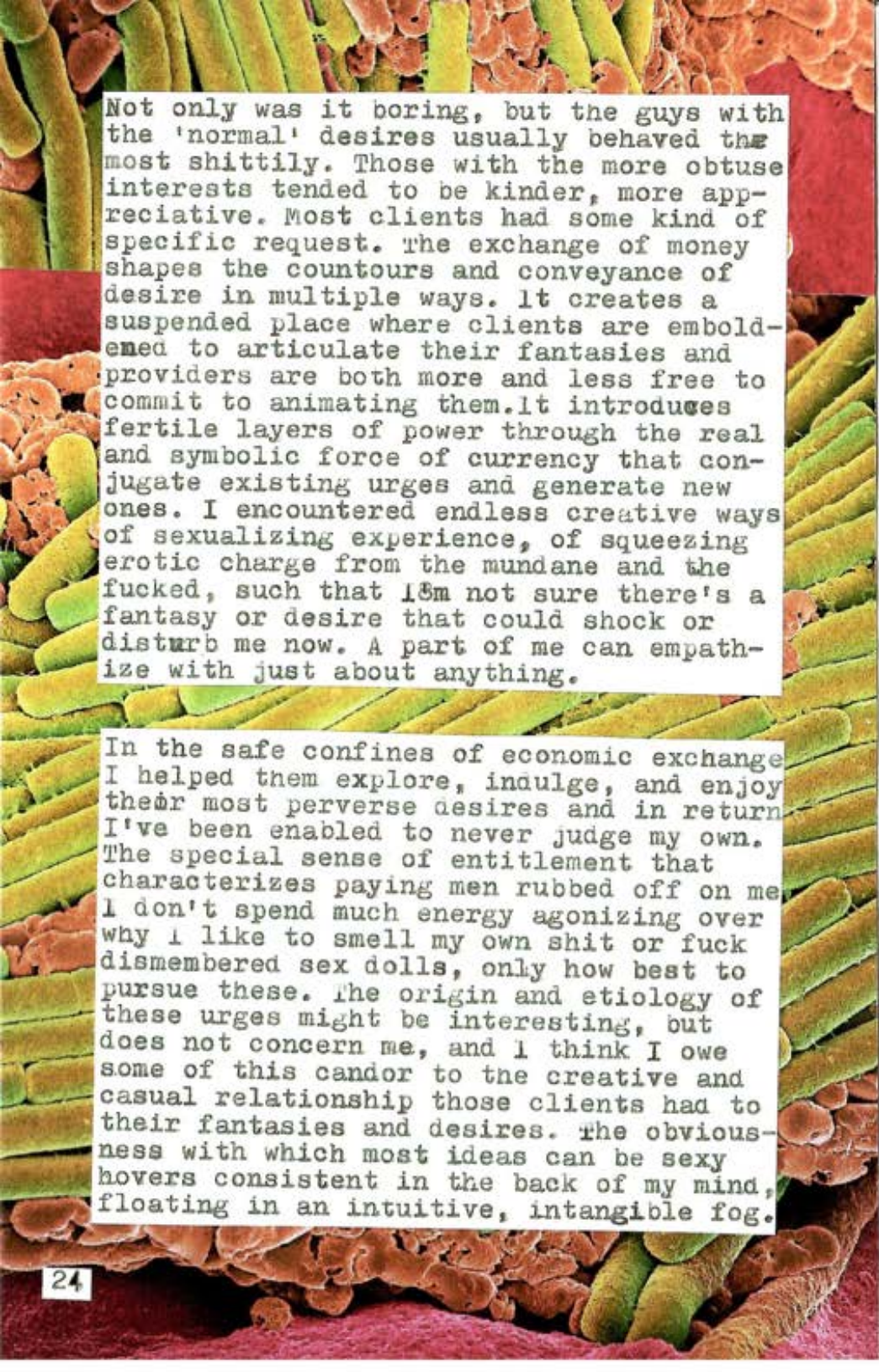
It was nice to get everyone together because while we had crossover with each other we were still doing shift work. We didn't have many ways to collectively communicate asynchronously, since this was before widespread social media. A lot of us didn't even have cell phones yet. The site had a BBS, but that was mainly for interacting with chatters and to encourage them to interact with each other. The BBS was added around the time of the shitty hacker, a way to keep the guys on the website even when the chatrooms were crashing, to cultivate more emotional investment in the site, the models, the 'community', so they'd be less likely to jump ship. We were encouraged to post there too, but we couldn't be frank with each other, our conversations were on display. It was ultimately about marketing ourselves and, by extension, the site (through our unpaid labour, naturally).

Another key to marketing was to make the guys feel they belonged to something at LCN, make them feel memorable, not 'just' a client, that their orgasms were somehow of personal interest to me. Letting

them get close, tending to them in Free Chat, establishing and asserting boundaries with the least indication I was doing so, and most of all, keeping them all straight. I made an alphabetized journal and after each show I would jot the username and any details--what he was into, any key info he shared. Name, hometown, job. If he came back and seemed familiar, a few page flicks and he was convinced he'd made an impression on me.

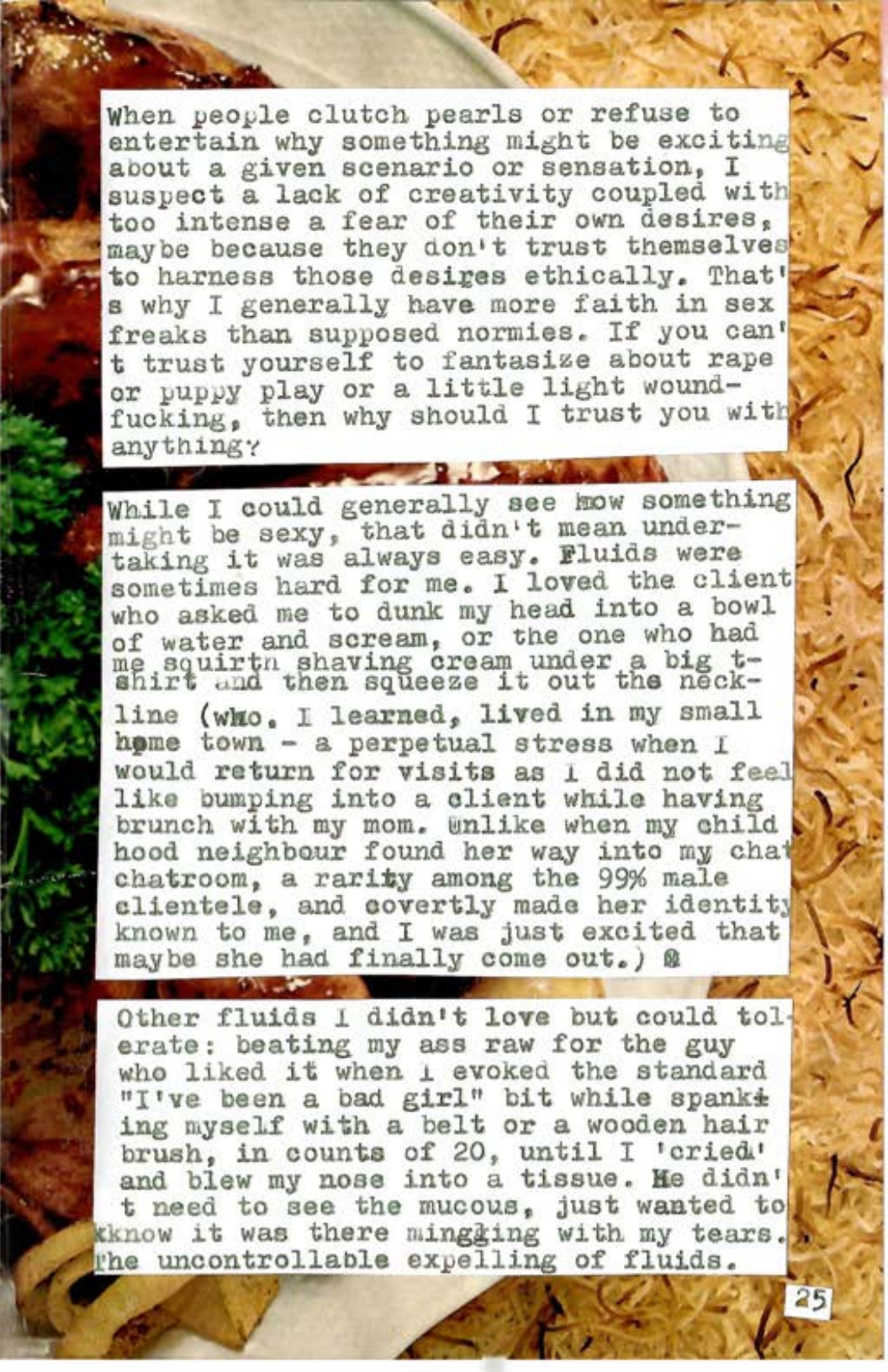


There are some 1000 names in that journal, and flipping through I'm reminded of the incredible range of desires I fielded. Peppered throughout, the somewhat disparaging note: 'basic', meaning he wanted me to fuck myself with a dildo and 'cum', without any particular flourish or fancy.



Not only was it boring, but the guys with the 'normal' desires usually behaved the most shittily. Those with the more obtuse interests tended to be kinder, more appreciative. Most clients had some kind of specific request. The exchange of money shapes the contours and conveyance of desire in multiple ways. It creates a suspended place where clients are emboldened to articulate their fantasies and providers are both more and less free to commit to animating them. It introduces fertile layers of power through the real and symbolic force of currency that conjugate existing urges and generate new ones. I encountered endless creative ways of sexualizing experience, of squeezing erotic charge from the mundane and the fucked, such that I'm not sure there's a fantasy or desire that could shock or disturb me now. A part of me can empathize with just about anything.

In the safe confines of economic exchange I helped them explore, indulge, and enjoy their most perverse desires and in return I've been enabled to never judge my own. The special sense of entitlement that characterizes paying men rubbed off on me. I don't spend much energy agonizing over why I like to smell my own shit or fuck dismembered sex dolls, only how best to pursue these. The origin and etiology of these urges might be interesting, but does not concern me, and I think I owe some of this candor to the creative and casual relationship those clients had to their fantasies and desires. The obviousness with which most ideas can be sexy hovers consistent in the back of my mind, floating in an intuitive, intangible fog.



When people clutch pearls or refuse to entertain why something might be exciting about a given scenario or sensation, I suspect a lack of creativity coupled with too intense a fear of their own desires, maybe because they don't trust themselves to harness those desires ethically. That's why I generally have more faith in sex freaks than supposed normies. If you can't trust yourself to fantasize about rape or puppy play or a little light wound-fucking, then why should I trust you with anything?

While I could generally see how something might be sexy, that didn't mean undertaking it was always easy. Fluids were sometimes hard for me. I loved the client who asked me to dunk my head into a bowl of water and scream, or the one who had me squirt shaving cream under a big t-shirt and then squeeze it out the neckline (who, I learned, lived in my small home town - a perpetual stress when I would return for visits as I did not feel like bumping into a client while having brunch with my mom. Unlike when my childhood neighbour found her way into my chat room, a rarity among the 99% male clientele, and covertly made her identity known to me, and I was just excited that maybe she had finally come out.) @

Other fluids I didn't love but could tolerate: beating my ass raw for the guy who liked it when I evoked the standard "I've been a bad girl" bit while spanking myself with a belt or a wooden hair brush, in counts of 20, until I 'cried' and blew my nose into a tissue. He didn't need to see the mucous, just wanted to know it was there mingling with my tears. The uncontrollable expelling of fluids.

Most of my regulars were guys with relatively specific desires; tracking them with the client journal and corresponding with a few over email was my preferred system for managing them. Some of the girls had Facebook accounts for their personas and interact with clients that way, but I found Facebook deeply unappealing, especially given that, more than once, someone accidentally connected ~~the~~ their work and IRL accounts, alerting all the contacts of their respective other lives, prompting us to integrate some social media privacy 101 tips into the training, which was already way more extensive than I received at the other sites. I remember showing up to Peekshows that first time, expecting to be interviewed, brought along a resume and a portfolio of black & white nudes I had posed in for a high school friend, a burgeoning photographer who needed a model. Last I heard he's now an accomplished food photographer. Eric and Red looked confused when I offered up these credentials--if I wanted the gig I could have it, we only worked on commission anyway. The training consisted of how to operate the software and use the camera, a few house rules, and that was it. Go forth.

SASHA



Typing-transmitted STDs?

Dear Sasha I'm sure you've answered this before, but I was wondering about the life span of STDs outside of the body. Let me further explain: I work at an Internet sex company and there are a few girls who operate in the same room as me. Before and after every shift I wipe down the keyboard, mouse etc., but was wondering if it's possible for any STD to live outside of the body and be contracted in such a manner as by touching an object.

—Tanya

Dear Tanya,

"I presume," STD counselor Lyba Spring wrote back to my inquiry, "that these women are masturbating while being filmed. My initial thought was that any danger of transmission was negligible."

Just to be sure, Lyba got in touch with an STD public-health nurse and a public-health inspector. The final analysis is that you would need to both carefully clean the keyboard then go over it with alcohol wipes to reduce certain risks "to low but not zero." Apparently, bits and business from under the nails can get into the keyboard and hide there. "Hepatitis B is quite virulent," says Spring. "It can live in dried blood for days, but you would have to have finger splits from the cold or a similar skin condition to allow it to enter the bloodstream directly from vaginal fluids."

A few suggestions, in case you're worried about things like Hep A and G, are to get immunized against them (do some research on this in advance), or bring in your own keyboard and mouse. You can also get a plastic spud guard for the keyboard.

Wash hands	Wash hands often. This will help prevent the spread of many diseases.
Studio Sheets	Feel free to change the studio sheets whenever necessary. Note it on the checklist in the room.
Personal sheet or blanket	Never chat without your own sheet. Do not sit on any unprotected surface when nude.
Hand sanitizer	Use often to kill germs, but this is no substitute for using soap & water.
Lysol wipes	All surfaces; on/off switch, tripod, tripod handle, computer buttons, keyboard, mouse, remote control, supply containers, counter tops, other surfaces that you touch. Avoid touching: lens, infrared port, view screen, inside of player.
Saran Wrap	Wrap the mouse, keyboard & remote before your shift and discard after each shift, if you wish (recommended for squirrels!)
Febreze	Use Febreze anytime you want to freshen the room, bedding, cushions, or curtains.
Candles	Keep an eye on burning candles. Clean up any dripping wax.
Dishes	Remember to wash your dishes & put them away. No eating on camera.
Trash	Make sure you put all your trash into the trashcan. Do not throw away food in the studio bins, only in the kitchen trash.
No oils	Oils & oil-based lubricants can destroy furniture and machines, stain sheets, are difficult to clean up, and can be an irritant to delicate female

Say "Hello!"

Say "Hello," ^{How} barely know, an old friend or an acquaintance? room is the same. It's your job to greet the customers and get them talking about longer than they've ever before.

also flirty and it makes you feel like you're in a day-see what happens. ;))

Fun First Chatting should be fun, first & foremost, not just a pre-recorded message that you are live on the internet, they feel more comfortable you are paying attention to them, they feel more comfortable

Say names What is the most beautiful sound you can hear? When you say the names of your friends, you won't either. Remember, as a friend, you will join in, not the other way around.

THE

The only official system administrators have "@@ in front of their name. Please report anyone that comes into your room that asks you to do anything in a manner that infers that they are your boss or system administrator. Kick them out & never follow their instructions, especially if they ask you to be nude in Free Chat.

Goal:
To have fun & encourage customers to have an erotic nude video chat with you for the longest amount of time while encouraging repeat sales through customer service and satisfaction.

Free Chat:

- No hardcore images: these include images that depict graphic penetration of an object or body part into a vagina, mouth, or anus: lewd exhibition of the genitals: or masturbation unless blurred or blocked. (For instance, sucking on a finger or dildo, flashing your vagina, playing with yourself.)
- Remember: if you give away too much in Free, no one will take you to nude chat.

Nude Chat:

- No fisting. (Inserting more than 4 fingers into orifices)
- No depictions of extreme bondage with penetration.
- No depictions of a minor in a sexual situation.
- No scat or water sports (pooling or peeing on camera).
- No bestiality. (Animal with human sex).
- No depictions of illegal sex practices: If you think it's illegal then don't do it!

General:

- No chatting without using a personal sheet or blanket. If you forget your sheet, please borrow one of our clean ones & then return it to the laundry bin immediately after your shift. If you forget often, be aware that management will speak to you about it.
- Do not leave the room without cleaning the keyboard, mouse and remote control, placing all trash into the trash bin, and collecting all coffee mugs. You are required to wash your own dishes.
- No food allowed in studios. Do not leave food items in the studio trash bins; throw them away in the kitchen trash.
- No chatting during the heavy days of your period. In the event that you start your period during a shift, please do not change tampons or sanitary napkins in the studio. Do so only in the restroom.
- No smoking on camera or in the building.

Security:

- Never give out the location of the studios: If asked, we are in Ontario, our head office is in Montreal.
- Never give out personal information about yourself or other employees
- Never bring husbands/wives, girl/boyfriends or friends to the office.
- Don't answer the office phones unless you are the person who answered or someone else you know has asked you to do so.
- The only official system administrators have "@@" in front of their name.
- Please report anyone that comes into your room that asks you to do anything in a manner that infers that they are your boss or system administrator. Kick them out & never follow their instructions, especially if they ask you to be nude in Free Chat.

Of special note:
It is unlawful for performers to arrange meetings with customers on-line for the purpose of prostitution.
It is against company policy for performers to meet or to make arrangements to meet with visitors or customers. Performers engaging in this practice risk immediate termination of employment.

Policies & Procedures

- Please take special care of your personal hygiene. Showering, shaving, & laundering personal items is important when appearing on camera and when sharing studios with other people.
- Start cleaning up and getting ready to leave 5-10 minutes before the end of your shift.
- Please take any VIP that starts before the scheduled end of your shift. Any VIP that starts after the scheduled end of your shift, please do not take but log out instead.



Studio Rules:

No fisting. (Inserting more than 4 fingers into orifices)

No depictions of extreme bondage with penetration.

No depictions of a minor in a sexual situation.

No sports (pooling or peeing on camera).

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No smoking on camera or in the building.

Studio Rules:

The book went through several iterations during my tenure at LON, from a small spiral bound notebook to a binder filled with blank pages pulled from the office recycling bin. Girls introduced themselves, left their phone numbers and hotmail addresses. Long chains of swirly and swooping handwriting rounded everyone up for housewarmings, kink events, and nights of dancing. Parking, Saphir, Jupiter Room, Unity, Foufounes. Monde Osé, Fetish Weekend. Piknik Electronik, Eclipse. Party flyers were taped inside, with hand drawn maps and public transit directions (as we couldn't yet just pull these up on a phone). We shared our real names along with instructions on how to ask for us or what to leave on the answering machine, depending on whether our roommates and boyfriends knew about our work. The book bubbled over with a constant slew of excitement to be in the company of so many cool babes. People lived together, friendships bloomed, a few dated.

Girly Gossip Binder!



No non-models allowed!

The whole operation, from the classified ad to the onboarding process, was gunning for true professionalism. We, like many studios, boasted 'female management'. There were staff meetings, attendance policies, contests and bonus programs. We had bulletin boards up around the studio for announcements and posting the schedule. And for model-restricted communications, it was all about the book in the make-up room.

Please take any VIP that starts before the scheduled end of your shift, please do not take but log out

Never bring husbands/wives, girl/boyfriends or friends to the office.

Girly Gossip Binder!



No non-models allowed!

EMERGENCY CONTACT NUMBERS

please keep confidential

mom 818-01-0000 cell 310-111-1111 home

dad 310-111-1111 cell 310-111-1111 home

bro 310-111-1111

sister 310-111-1111

TECH SUPPORT 310-111-1111

I win the prize 4 the
1st gurl to sign the
new book! I want a
free lap dance from Ella xoxo
-pinkie

You can have my
dances anytime sexy
♡♡♡

CAN I BE A PERV
AND WATCH??? 0 0
KARLA 0

girlz nite out soooooon!?!?

Has anyone seen Lily lately?
Where did she go? ☹️
- Emma

Nope ñ

I talked to her and she's taking
a break from work cuz she's
super stressed but she said
everyone should email her #s
cuz her phone glitched and
erased them all!

Playtime - Lily - Lilac@mailplac.com
- Deb

Will do!

Oh no! I hope she's ok ♥
- pinkie

GIRLZ!

ANY ONE EVER TRIED
THIS NEW "NUVARING"
THING? I'M CONSIDERING
IT - LET ME KNOW! TAMMY

every birth control makes
me KRAZY so don't ask
me ha! ha! ha!

- Candice

Your crazy no matter
what babe ☹️
★Lola ☹️

I know someone who
swears by it, low dose
and no side effects, but

—▷

Back Now!
Missed you babes
xoxo Lily

Welcome back
hot stuff
-pinkie



→ says that guys
can feel it when
you have sex...
-Deb

hope they like
playing
dick
ring toss!

Ladies!

Yrs ago we made a zine for
corgis called "Push my Buttons"
and we keep talking about making
#2 but it hasn't happened...
Anyone wanna get it goin'?
-kitty ^{^ ^} _≡

HELLS yes
count me
in! -pinkie
Love this
so much
Melanie

Lets meet at my
place - are Fridays
good? Ava

Can I come?
Tish

YEP! JUST NOT THIS ONE...
KARLA



Sexy

clown

AHH!

gonna cum getchu!

How did you know clowns
make me horny? - pinkie

Hey everyone,

Come see Daryl's Hard Liquor +
Porn Fest this weekend - I have
a movie in it! It's at the SAT.

① Saint Laurent

- Allura

Did anyone find a burnt
CD in the Dungeon Room?
It was a gift from a
chatter and I already lost
it ñ ñ ñ please put it in
my bin if you find it!

~ Mandy oh no!

We have a lost + found -
don't forget to check
there too! (Bin in the
middle cupboard, top shelf)
Ava

are we gonna play Twister at the GAT?
Yeehaw! -kitty ñ ñ ñ

Whoo I just
had the
most intense
orgasm
ever!!!

HORRAY!

As requested, the studio desktop
clocks are now synchronized
with the streaming software.
If you log in on time according
to the computer,
you will be on time in the system.

Sorry for the previous confusion!
-Ava

Ty AVA!
x o

I need a roommate ASAP
if anyone needs a room?
\$275⁰⁰/month in the
Plateau - fun, clean, all-girl
household! Hit me up!

★ Lola ☺

There's a website
called www.craigslist.com
that's good - I found
someone within 2
days of making the
ad posting - worth a
try! - Deb

I KNOW
SOMEONE
I'LL PUT
YOU IN
TOUCH!
KARLA

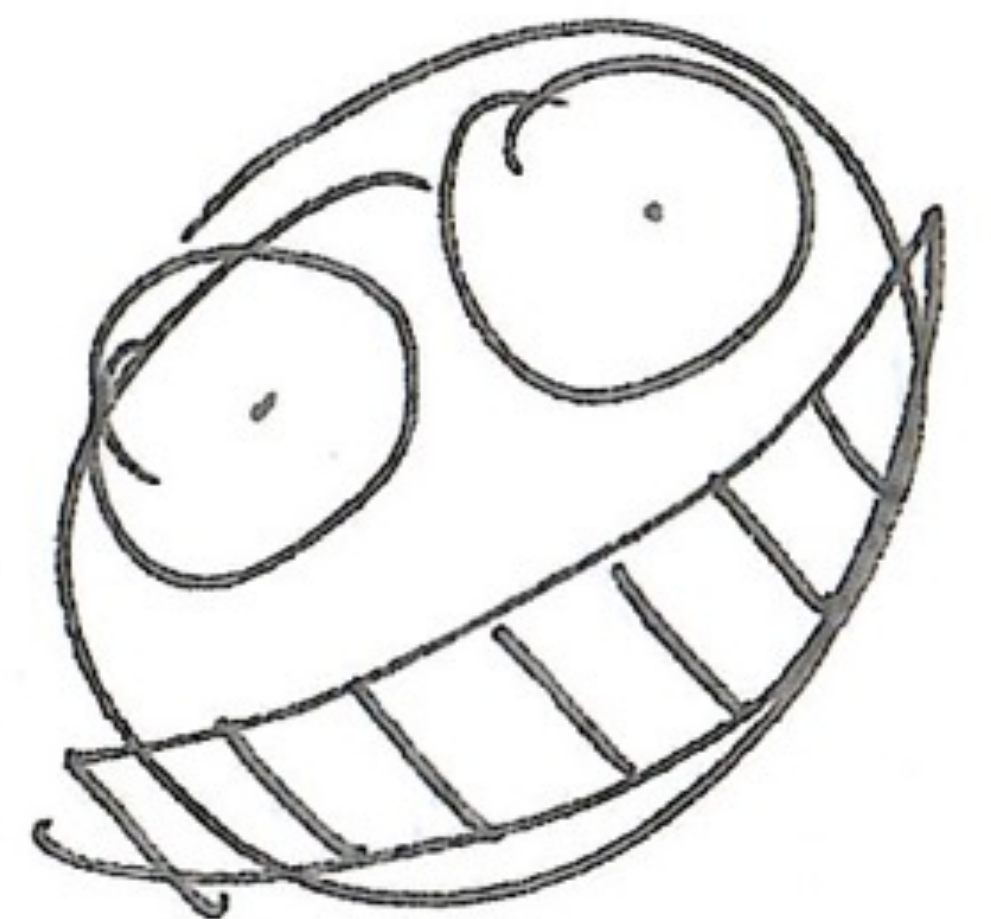
Cool!

Does anyone know how to
work the new CD
player? I can't figure
it out...

(guess I am just a pretty face)
- Candice

Use the remote -
I know it confused
me too! - Deb

Blonde moment!
- pinkie





Lookie!
Lights!



I know they look
poopy but now you
can see yr make-up
better - turn on using
the power bar
Ava

and Ava said
'let there be light'
and there was.
and it was good."



HAPPY BIRTHDAY KITTY!
♡ you RAWK BIG TIME
-Natske

Aww thank you babe - let's party!
-kitty 

Hey any body stayi'ng
around for Xmas? I'm
not going home this year...
- Emma

yes! me!

Call me ~~514 4870~~
#514 555 4870

- pinkie



December 17th, 2007 | We will depart at 5pm
at Frontenac Metro

International Day to End Violence Against Sex Workers

Join Stella and our friends and allies for a Red Umbrella March, an activity for the International Day to End Violence Against Sex Workers.

Together we will take the time to honour our sisters and brothers who have experienced violence at work and those we have loved and lost...

And to say: Enough is Enough!!!

Bring your red umbrella, your warmth and your solidarity.

We will depart at 5pm at Frontenac Metro



For more detail call Stella at 514-285-1599



5th International Day to End Violence Against Sex Workers

December 17th, 2007

A red umbrella march led by Stella and our friends and allies

December 17th, International Day to End Violence Against Sex Workers To commemorate the International Day to End Violence Against Sex Workers, Stella is holding a red umbrella march to honour sex workers loved and lost.

Sex workers face a disproportionate amount of violence due to current prostitution laws that criminalize sex workers, leaving us void of police protection.

The current law on prostitution and the manner in which it is applied put sex workers' lives in danger by legitimizing and perpetuating abuse and violence against women. While the Canadian government is spending massive amounts of

money and resources to eliminate prostitution, the criminalization that occurs as a result of these laws and application, prevents sex workers from accessing social protection. This criminalization, among other things, explains why sex workers are too often exploited, beaten, raped and killed. In Canada, an enormous number of sex workers have been murdered, and we believe that it is time for this kind of violence to stop.

Commemoration to end violence against sex workers was an initiative started by SWOP-USA as a vigil for the victims of Gary Ridgway, the Green River Killer in 2003. Sex workers all over the world come together in solidarity to take a stand against violence against sex workers.

Significance of the Red Umbrella March

The red umbrella was used by sex workers in Venice Italy in 2002 as a symbol of beauty and the resistance to human trafficking and the attacks. On the occasion of the Biennale di Arte in 2002 they walked the streets together and proud. Continuing this tradition and in honour of all sex workers who dare to resist oppression everywhere, sex workers have adopted the red umbrella as a symbol of sex worker resistance to discrimination.



17 décembre 2007 | Le départ se fera à 17h
à partir du métro Frontenac

Journée Internationale pour contrer la violence

faite aux travailleuses et travailleurs du sexe

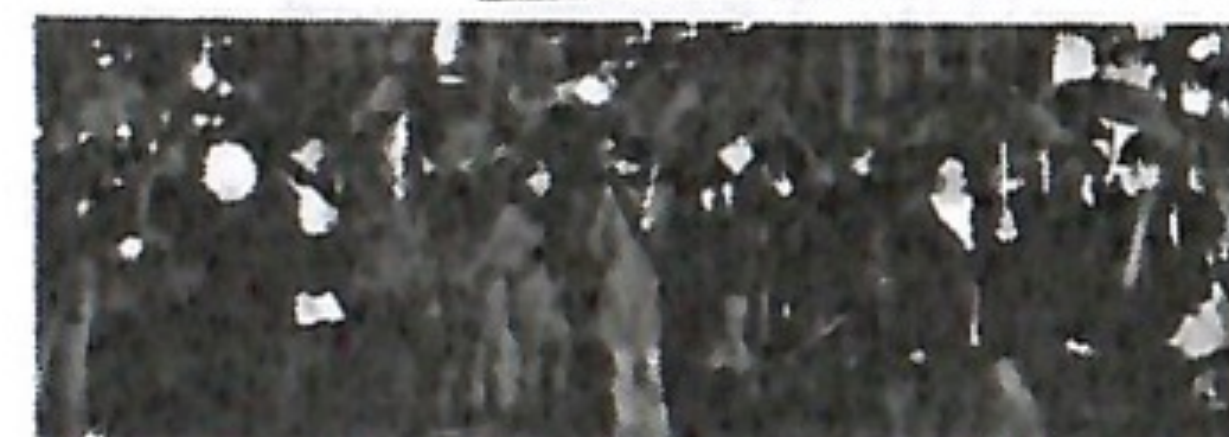
Joignez-vous à Stella et ses alliés pour la marche des parapluies rouges événement international des travailleuses du sexe pour mettre un terme à la violence

Ensemble, prenons le temps de penser à nos sœurs et frères qui ont subi de la violence et à ceux et celles qui nous ont quitté...

Et disons: C'est assez!!!

Amenez votre parapluie rouge, votre chaleur et votre solidarité.

Le départ se fera à 17h à partir du métro Frontenac



Pour plus de détails appeler Chez Stella au 514-285-8889



5^e Journée internationale pour mettre fin à la violence envers les travailleuses et travailleurs du sexe

17 décembre 2007

Marche de Stella et nos alliés

Le 17 décembre est la journée internationale pour mettre fin à la violence envers les travailleuses et travailleurs du sexe. Pour souligner cette journée, Stella et nos alliés marche ensemble avec des parapluies rouges en l'honneur des travailleuses et travailleurs du sexe que nous avons aimés et perdus.

Les travailleuses et travailleurs du sexe font face à un nombre disproportionné d'actes de violence résultant des lois qui criminalisent le travail du sexe et qui nous laissent sans protection de la police.

Les lois actuelles sur la prostitution et les mesures de répression policière mettent la vie des travailleuses du sexe en danger en légitimant et en favorisant l'abus et la violence envers les femmes. Pendant que le gouvernement cana-

dien dépense des fortunes pour la lutte à prostitution, le résultat concret est que les travailleuses du sexe sont criminalisées et privées du droit à la protection sociale.

Cette criminalisation est en partie responsable des trop nombreux abus, actes de violence, vols et meurtres commis envers notre communauté. Au Canada, un nombre incroyable de travailleuses du sexe ont été assassinées, et nous croyons que le temps est venu de mettre fin à cette violence.

La cérémonie de commémoration pour mettre fin à la violence envers les travailleuses et travailleurs du sexe est une initiative de SWOP-USA. La première vigil a eu lieu en 2003 en l'honneur des victimes du Green River Killer, Gary Ridgway. Maintenant partout dans le monde, les travailleuses du sexe se réunissent en toute solidarité pour exiger la fin de la violence envers les travailleuses du sexe.

Symbolique de la Marche des parapluies rouges

La première Marche des parapluies rouges eu lieu en 2002 à Venise en Italie. Pour les travailleuses du sexe italiennes l'ombrelle rouge symbolise la beauté et la capacité de résister aux attaques tant humaines que du ciel.

En 2002, à l'occasion du Biennale des Arts, elles ont défilé ensemble dans les rues, fières et solidaires. Afin de poursuivre la tradition qui souligne les travailleuses du sexe de partout qui ont osé résister à l'oppression, nous avons adopté le parapluie rouge comme symbole de la résistance des travailleuses du sexe à la discrimination.

Hey babes,

I'm going to the bar at the W Hotel
this Saturday - if anyone wants to
join me let me know ASAP so I
can get you on the guest list!
c'mon, it's gonna be groovy!

- Kitty (aka Danelle) ^(ask for)
AA
702

514-555-6398
kittykat2000@mailplace.com

my roommates know I work here,
they just won't know who you mean!

HEY KEY HOLDERS!

**SO YOU'VE BEEN HERE A WHILE
AND NOW YOU HAVE A KEY
- AMAZING!**

BUT

**THAT MEANS YOU ARE NOW
RESPONSIBLE FOR WHETHER
OTHER PERFORMERS
CAN WORK OR NOT.**

**IF YOU ARE SCHEDULED TO OPEN
& CLOSE ON WEEKENDS OR THE
LATE NIGHT SHIFT YOU MUST
BE HERE 20 MINUTES EARLY
TO LET THE OTHERS IN!!!**

**IF YOU ARE REPEATEDLY LATE
YOU MAY HAVE YOUR KEY PRIVILEGES
TAKEN AWAY.**

THANK YOU FOR YOUR UNDERSTANDING.

Do you like to sweat?
Do you like to stretch?
Come to Hot Yoga with Adriane!
I do a work trade at
Moksha and can take classes
whenever, so let me know when
you're free and we can go get
soaked!!
514-555-8297

OOOh mama!
hello Lurveely Ladies
I'm working Friday til 10
and I know I'll wanna blow
off some steam - who
else is on then? wanna go
out after?? - Candice

WELCOME
BACK
TRONA!
♡ LOVE YA! ♡
XOX

THANK you Sweetie!

Darlings,

totally random but does anyone know
someone getting rid of a Queen-size
bed frame for cheap or free? Help me!
I'm in sleep purgatory!

merci.

Melanie

514-555-2972

mel-baby88@mailltown.com

Poor baby!

you can cum sleep in
my bed ANYTIME! ☺
*Lola

ha! ha! stop sexually
harassing the ladies

- Candice

I'm not a lady,
you can harass
me! ☺
- Venice

Tish
"goober baby" came
by my room + told me
to say 'hello' - he's on
a work trip with weird
hours but will be back
to your schedule soon.
- Emma

So sweet thank you!

has anyone seen my
sheer robe?
~ Mandy



OMG EVERYONE IS
A FREELoader
TONIGHT!

the post holiday dip SUX

I think you both
sexy as hell! If I
had \$\$\$ I'd spend it
all on you!

-pinkie

Clothes Swap Baby oohh Yeah!

**Wanna get rid of old shit that
you don't wear anymore!?**

Wanna get new stuff for free!?

**AND hang out with your fellow chat-pervs
at the same time?**

**This Sunday from 3pm on, bring your
unused garments to the studio
and we'll have ourselves a
grand ol' swap-eroo.**

When: Sunday 3pm

Where: The studio

Why: 'cause it'll be FUN!

Did ~~any~~ anyone find a blank mp3
player? I think I dropped it
behind the bed in the Bride
room and lost it forever!

I searched but to no avail.
I would be *SO* grateful.
if anyone retrieves it!
- Venice

How the HELL does the
coffee maker work? I
seriously need a tutorial
I mess it up everytime
please
TRINA

HEY EVERYBODY!
I'M BAAA-AACK
AND WANNA PARTY
WITH YOU DELICIOUS
LADIES! LET'S GET
DRUNK AND GO
DANCING PUH LEASE!
KARLA

Yes! How about Sapphire
on Friday? Call me!
kitty 



Hey Ladies

~~My BF is in a comedy troupe and
is performing at Theatre St-Catherine
next Friday. All are welcome, it
will be fun! (and he knows I
work here)~~

- Tish

NEVERMIND!!

**He's now an ASSHOLE
EX-BF!**

let's trash the
show and heckle him!

Boo!

Hey Gals!

please look through the
items in the clothes
bin - take what's yours.
unclaimed items still
there after Sunday
will be donated!
thanks, AUA :)

Hey Venice,
Come See me
b4 you go -
I'm in the
Jungle Room!
☺☺
☺

Holy Sheet!

A memo on bed linen etiquette

Greetings Lovely Hostesses!

We recently acquired fancy new mattress covers, so I'm taking the opportunity to remind everyone of proper bed etiquette. With this new addition, the bed layers are as follows:



- Layer Six: Pretty Lady!
- Layer Five: Your own personal sheet/blanket etc.
- Layer Four: LCN owned sheet
- Layer Three: Waterproof Vinyl Sheet
- Layer Two: Waterproof Mattress Cover
- Layer One: Mattress

Everyone should be using their own sheet for the top layer. If you forget yours, take an LCN sheet but be sure to put it in the hamper after your shift and remember your sheet next time!

For Juicy Gals and Squirters:

If you squirt or have a messy/wet show, remove both sheets and wipe down the vinyl sheet with paper towel + disinfectant and Febreze, put LCN sheet in the hamper and lay a new one.

People are finding the beds WET and smelly after a shift. Please remember the importance of cleanliness and hygiene!

Thank you!

-Ava

I'll ~~be~~ miss you
Horny Biatches

Keep it sexy



weird pussy, ha! ha! ha!

-candice ♡

Oh - we need to party!
It's been ... forever?

I say we BYOB chez somebody (any
volunteers?) and then find a ladies
night 4 cheap drinks and bootie
shaking

Who's in?

No sausage puckers (unless we pick them)
up

-kitty 🐾

But what if I want
to stuff my panties
with sausage meet it
-pinkie

Tofu's fine ;
or veggie paté!
-Ella

this guy keeps coming into
my chat + saying he
recognizes me from School
Of course I deny it, but
its freaking me out
Hard core. Thinking of leaving
Can I still come hang out if
I do? HA. K, gotta go be
Amon woooo ~~xxx~~ TRINA
Trina!! NO! We can get
that asshole banned, don't go!

- Adrianna

yeah fuck him!



HEY TRINA + ALL,

I GET STUPID LOSERS
SAYING FREAKY SHIT
TOO... BUT FUCK, WE'RE
BETTER THAN THEM! LET'S
FIND A WAY TO FIGHT BACK,
WE CAN'T LET THEM WIN.
HOPE THE NEXT SHIFT
IS BETTER  TAMMY

Also ask the Boss if you want
to Geo Block anywhere!

- Deb

Hi everyone,

I'm the new girl,
SKYLER!

Can't wait to meet you
all - this place is so cool!
I hear so many great
things ♥

Welcome, Skylar!
- Deb

Hi Hi Hi!

Hi Skylar! Here's my
514 555 6248
Call anytime! Would love
to hang out!
- Tish

more ladies
hubba
hubba
★ Lola ☺☺
A

A Reminder to ALL:

Cell Phones are to be turned OFF
while chatting.

NO logging into MSN while chatting.

Your attention is to be focused on your
chatters.

Chat chat chatter chat.

Thank you for your cooperation.

Did anyone find my ciggies
after the other night?
Du Maurier extra light 100s
Althi. Lily

Patty - Cat has been acting
weird. Anyone think it's
the Crow impersonating
him? - Emma

I haven't seen him in forever...

me either

WOW TOTALLY RAD COOL CONTEST

Want to experience all the glitz & glam
of the professional porn world?
Then cum represent us at the
Internext Expo in sunny Hollywood, Florida!

It's not just a free vacation though -
you'll be expected to schmooze,
hand out business cards, and talk about
how amazing our software is (perhaps
while getting an oily poolside massage
- ugh, tough gig, I know!)

If you are interested, see Ava for details.

To Qualify:

- Must read over software materials and be prepared to answer basic questions
- Must be in top sales and top attendance

While there:

- Must wear company-branded shirts during day
- Must be available for photo ops
- Must hand out business cards and flyers and represent the company in a good light!

BURLESQUE SHOW ANY ONE?
IT'S GOING TO BE HOT
(AND YOU ALL MAKE IT
HOTTER) AT THE WIGGLE
ROOM.

TAMMY

Galz - help! My stupid
roommate is making me
leave so her BF can move
in (barf) and I need a
place ASAP!! 514-555-
- Adrianna 8297

Oh! I'll call you!!
- Venice

THERE'S HAIRS
EVERYWHERE

AAAAUGH!

SAVE ME!

DOOKAY?

I can't find my dildo!
I know, I'd lose my head
if it weren't attached,
but if anyone comes across
a nice "realistic" silicone
8" dildo could you please
put it in my box?

thnx ~ mandy

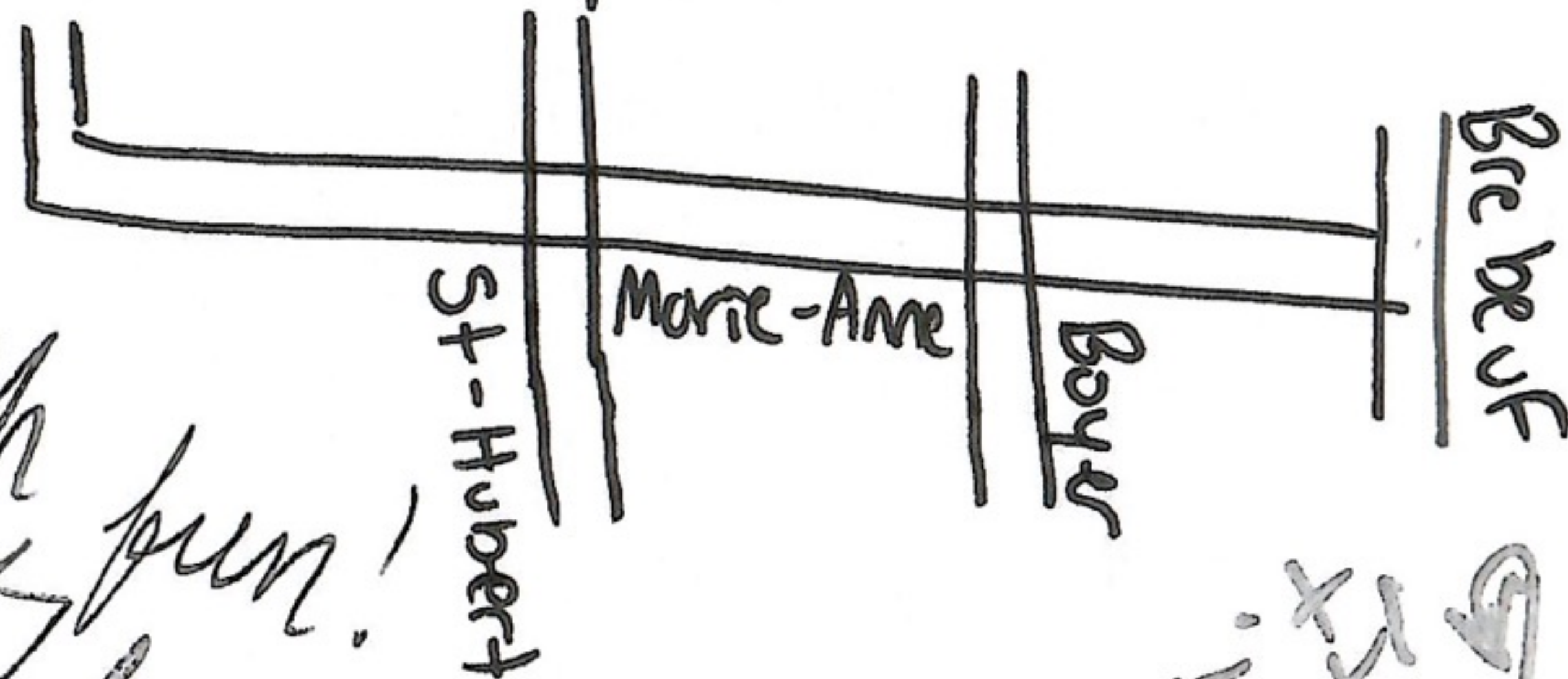
Oh I'll put it
in yr box alright!!
- pinkie



THIS FRIDAY:

Housewarming at the new and
improved sexual paradise of
Venice + Adrianna
who cordially ~~are~~ invite you
to an evening of Flirty fun.
corner of Brebeuf + Marie-Anne.

① Mont-Royal



Oh fun!
I'd love to!

I'd love to! ^{Can't wait!}
Emma
♥ SKYLER

Is no one gonna take
these porn DVDs?
all mine! Muahaha

- Allura

They're just shitty
trailers :- Natasha

Venice + Adrianna
How was the house warming?
So Sorry I missed it
I totally passed out. Hope it
was fun!
xoxo Lily

New Scheduling System!

.....

It's a new semester.

You know what that means:

Ava has a new schedule!

Starting September 1st, Ava will call
people on **THURSDAYS** to book the
following week. Please be sure to call
the office during her hours if you won't
be near your phone, or else you may
not get the shifts you want!

Ava's fall schedule:

mon	tues	wed	thurs	fri	sat	sun
office 2-6pm			office 6-10pm schedule day!	office 2-7pm chat 7-11pm	office 3-6pm chat 6-10pm	

Fun Thing Alert!
This Saturday, "Flasher"
Party @ Cherry Bar
10\$ see me for details!
-kitty ^.^

Wee sounds fun!
can I bring my
BF?
-Natasha

Cum get yer JIZZ on with
Adrianna's FuckerWare!

Our very own Adrianna, model extraordinnaire
and FuckerWare representative,
will be hosting a 2nd
live FuckerWare Party!

Hang out with your wonderful co-workers,
learn about fun new toys, and have the chance
to get free stuff from your favourite chatters!

We have two possible dates for this event.
Please let me know which you prefer by signing up
below, and see the catalogue (on make-up table)
to let Adrianna know some items you'd like to see.

Thanks!

~Ava

Option 1: Wed Oct 25th 7-10pm	Option 2: Thurs Oct 25th 6-9pm

I think I lost my black
"mini meanie" Fun Factory
vibe. It's small, ripply
and covered in STDs so
you don't wanna steal it!
Put it in my bin if ya
find it, PLZ! - Kitty ^{^^}≡

I found a black eyeliner
in the Dungeon.
I put it in the lost +
found basket! Xo
- Emma

Hey Adrianna -
When do those burlesque
classes start up again?
it looks SO FUN and
I wanna learn yarr
WICKED waves :<
- Allura

Ladies - I left some
clothes I will never
wear on the rack -
feel free to take
what you like! Hobbes

Goodnite! ★
sexies! ★ (★
Happy boobies to all!

Same to you Hotty!
★ Lola ☺



Oct 27 '08

Hey Gals!

We're running low
on supplies, sorry!
I've put an order in
but it might take
few days to
- so plz gc
wipes &

This was my last
shift - a big ~~sh~~
BYE Bye & Hugs
to you all -
I wish you the
very best - stay
in touch!

(I think
I'm 'Gynther' on Facebook)
is anyone else
out by
Blocks? - Ella
-IRD...

Can we make a list of
everyones likes + dislikes
for sessions? I would much
rather recommend one of
you for a fetish person
than hose them to

Another site!

INTERESTING
IDEA!
REFERRALS
TAMMY

TRINA

I also want a
list of who is down
for 2 girl shows!
★ Lola
☺☺
☺

perv
ha! ha!

I went into the balloon bin tonight and everything was a MESS, totally disorganized, nothing in their bags. How can I tell the difference between a 14" Malaysian and an 18" Mexican???

This really sucked for me and my customer - Not pointing fingers but can we PLEASE not be so LAZY and RUSHED?!

Thank you
-Deb

Hey Sexy Muffins 
Interested in BDSM
but not yet initiated? I invite
you all to a night of Kink at
Club Sin, above the Strip Club
Cleopatras. Fetish wear. NO JEANS!
Just sexiness 

Add me to MSN
L-Ven-Sational ->
-Venice

ooo! HAWT

Party at SKYLER'S (Megan)
on Saturday and I'd
love you all to come!
12345 Dr. Penfield Drive

But no one knows
about LCN so no
spilling the beans♥

→ YEAH, use real names
or 'Hey you!' unless
told otherwise!
-Natasha 

Want To Make Some Extra Cash
And Broaden Your Client Base?
Try A Member's Section Photoshoot!

LCN is creating a brand new
Member's Only Section
with exclusive content, accessible for a monthly fee.
This section will feature nude & semi-nude photo sets.

If interested, see the Boss to discuss details,
then see Ava to sign up!



Oooh yeah
that's hot
baby



We need another night
out! there's new girls
who need to be
initiated!

Mua ha ha ha!

-pinkie



Maybe Parking on Thursday?
Or Sunday? But then theres
less ladies and more gay dudes
Cheap drinks + cover!

-kitty ☺



At one point, a bunch of us got together to make a zine, Push My Buttons. We made 50 copies and sold them at Sexe Cité, the sex shop down on Ste Catherine next to the record store Esoteric.

Sexe Cité
The largest erotic emporium right in the heart of Montreal

1821, Ste-Catherine Ouest, Mtl.
(514) 937-3678 Open from 10am to midnight, 7 days

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Proven to enhance rigidity and duration

Get all of your Halloween "Treats" 1821, Ste-Catherine Ouest, Mtl.
(514) 937-3678
Open from 10am to midnight, 7 days

We needed to document and share what we were experiencing. For a lot of us, this work was a crucial entry point into political consciousness-raising, around sex and gender and capitalism and performance and power. But it could be hard to articulate those politics to civilians, because even the most sympathetic simply didn't have the same visceral resource to draw from. the same visceral resource to draw from.

The zine never got any real traction. We talked about getting a second issue together, but it never happened. I still have the half-finished master copy. At a certain point I knew it wouldn't ever get made but I couldn't bring myself to throw it away.

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different kinds of sex-shops!

OM'S
ALLS
ING APPAREL
S ETC...
G AT

"I'm sick of this nude therapist thing"

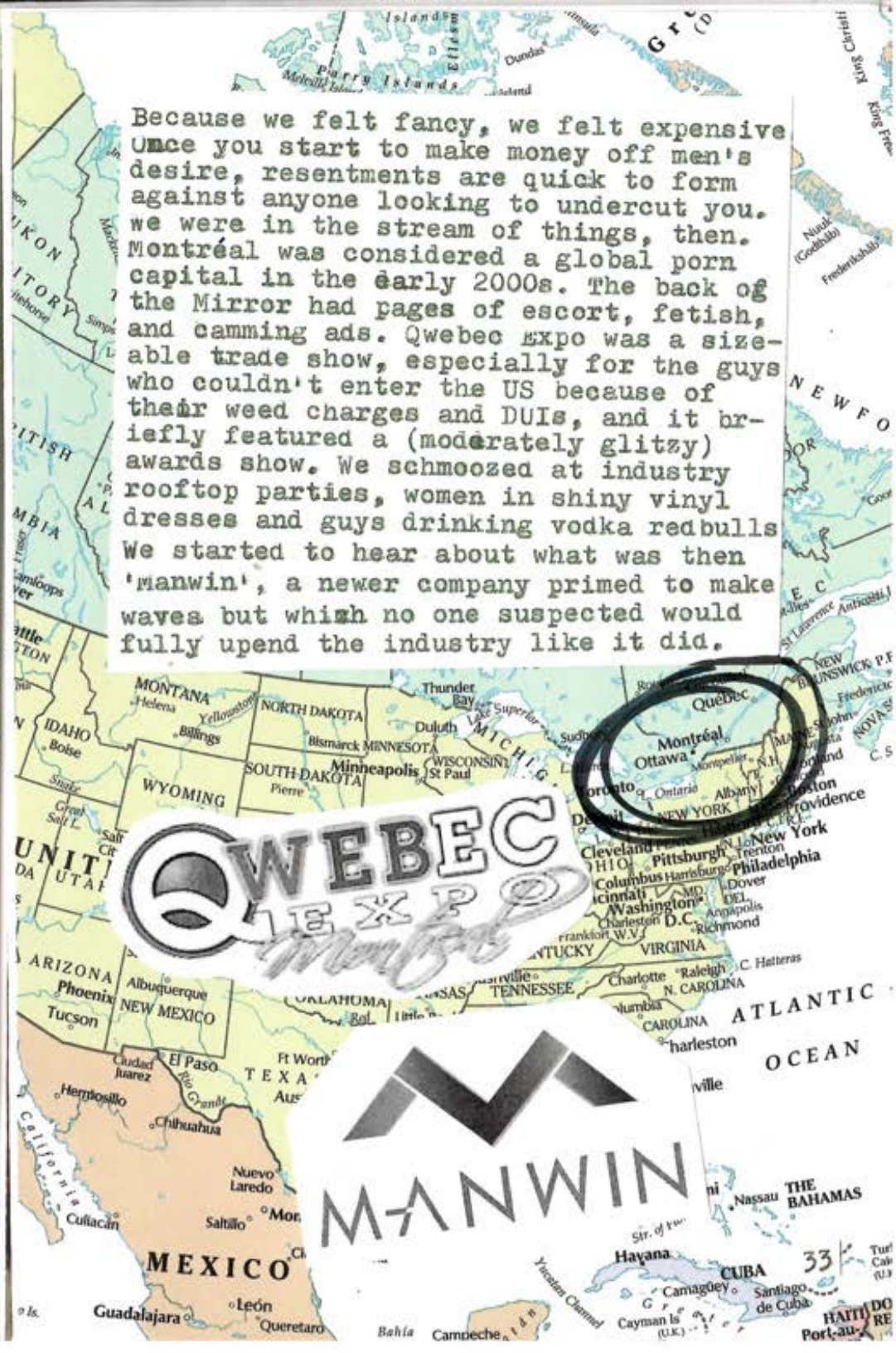
Sometimes, on the night after work, I feel like they can smell the sex...



The binder in the make-up room also served work purposes. We shared about clients - good ones, bad ones. Ways to spot time wasters and things to watch out for. Lamenting the slow weeks. Sharing anxieties around confidentiality and frustration around assholes. People asked for sex toy recommendations, and more than one fuckerware party was had. Someone lost something at least once a week: a piece of jewelry, a bra, a dildo, asking if anyone had seen it, doubling back to add a note once they'd found it. Requests (directed at me, once I'd become studio manager) to improve the lighting at the mirror or to remind everyone to clean the rooms properly when they finished their shift. Someone asking if Iris would *please* take home the various creepy mannequin parts she had squirreled away in the storage room because they were freaking people out when they had to pass by them to take a smoke break. I remember the day she came in for her shift late, explaining that she had to stop to gather up the bags that had been discarded on the sidewalk. I excused the tardiness in exchange for a few parts. The hand still sits on my bookshelf.

Some issues we didn't commit to paper. Like talking about Travis, the cleaner. A friend of the boss's, hired as a favour, who was caught sniffing our shoes. I started bringing mine into my room with me, not so much out of disgust or discomfort as a refusal to give out freebies.

Because we felt fancy, we felt expensive. Once you start to make money off men's desire, resentments are quick to form against anyone looking to undercut you. We were in the stream of things, then. Montréal was considered a global porn capital in the early 2000s. The back of the Mirror had pages of escort, fetish, and camming ads. Quebec Expo was a sizeable trade show, especially for the guys who couldn't enter the US because of their weed charges and DUIs, and it briefly featured a (moderately glitzy) awards show. We schmoozed at industry rooftop parties, women in shiny vinyl dresses and guys drinking vodka redbulls. We started to hear about what was then 'manwin', a newer company primed to make waves but which no one suspected would fully upend the industry like it did.



MIRRO

THE A to Z OF MONTREAL PORN

Lara Roxx HIV scandal • Lhasa de Sela • Mayor of the Sunset Strip • Gélée

MUSIC
Presents and sells
porny monthly p.s. 14

FREE

BIG TITS

CUM HI

(Porn A to Z, cont'd from p. 9)

Webcams If you're a girl (or boy) and you want to make money with your body without being groped in a strip club, you need a Webcam. Get on the Net in your underwear and horny voyeurs will fork over their Amex numbers just to see you wiggle out of it.

This is how it works on most sites: you can chat for free with a scantily clad girl, but she'll only shed her skivvies in VIP. VIP is the place you go when you pay your \$2 to \$5 (U.S.) per minute. Although it's expensive for the viewer, per-

formers are paid little (unless, of course, they run their own site). According to one girl who works out of a local studio, the pay is only \$12 an hour plus a 25 cent-per-minute bonus during VIPs. "I never said my job was fair," she quips.

But if you don't get VIPs, you're out the door. Competition is so fierce that many girls "give out samples" to woo clients. (MC)

XXX Pop-Ups No matter where you surf, porno pop-up ads are as expected as rain. Nadia, producer and host of raunchy local guerrilla-

575-713
Info.
es
age given by
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7-3056
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is in private
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assage for
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4-574-4777

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We guarantee \$\$\$ / day !!

There were semi-annual limo rides to douchey restaurants on Crescent Street, drinking cheap sparkling wine and snorting bad drugs off the tits of girls flashing hole for digital cameras with wristlets and bright flashes. We hosted parties at the studio, with performances and FUBAR photographers (RIP Julius) and sushi served on naked women. We were doing well, in those reality TV years, especially before the crash, which we weathered, but things tightened up a bit after. We moved to a smaller studio, and then a smaller one. more people could work from home now, and it helped us cut down on overhead.

Seeking beautiful girls for adult video chat

When I look at photos from those years, I sometimes feel a sweet deluded incongruence between that fancy feeling and the reality of my frizzy hair and abysmal make-up skills, dressed up in cheap lingerie and strappy Aldo kitten heels. Partly, it highlights the intense shift in beauty and cosmetic standards. Some of it is the more generalized cringe of beholding one's aspiring youth. And it's also the humbling recognition that I wasn't an exceptional performer. I was just fine, and that is totally fine.



Mainly it fills me with gratitude that I cammed when I did. My stint back online in 2021/22 went decent enough to get me through - but a true career these days? I never would have made it.

FOR THE CED VIDEO IN THE NET

Do you want to
Hot guy 32 5 10
safe & discreet

ult satisfaction
every hot fr
Adult Help

GENT. Now
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514-946-13

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\$3.99/min - 18+

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no sex.
ess SHEVA: 514-

re Fantasies &
imaginative &
atrix from Parr
RESS MARINE 84

A 35 ravishing M
town to give you the p
you deserve. Be our sp
514-769-8670-450-670

Part of the fancy feeling came from the gifts the guys sent: either because they were a bit shiny and expensive, or because they expressed a kind of enthusiastic adoration that made us feel famous. Chanel perfumes and literal homemade macaroni crafts. On my 21st birthday I received a binder of 20 erotic stories and 1 poem, each sheet suspended in a crisp page protector, all written about me and him together. I remember our graphic designer shaking her head and, with a tone of concern, telling me this is the kind of thing stalkers send to movie stars. But it mostly seemed like harmless mementos of affection and handwritten letters in messy boy scrawl.

AVA

So, did I overdo it? Well, I usually do! I just want you to know that you mean a lot to me - as a friend, as a "fun", and really, as someone who stimulates me in so many ways! You're a special girl, and I really feel blessed to know you!

Love ya,





Sometimes they sent toys they wanted to see us use, lingerie they wanted us to wear, anything to feel a tingle of connection via the self-satisfaction of ownership-by-proxy. Another model and I once received a package, complete with script, containing everything we would need to fulfill a specific roleplay: dog bowl, leash, and collar; candies that looked like 'puppy treats'; a lab coat, thermometer, and stethoscope; latex gloves, lube, and hand sanitizer. The vet was going to have to take my temperature (in the butt, obviously - I'm a puppy!) and give me treats to make me feel better, while I happily jumped and played and barked around her heels. Helpful instructions and occupational health & safety concerns were all taken into account:

This box contains the following items

- 1 Tiny touch Mini Massager
- 2 Batteries for above
- 3 Nitrile Medical Examination Gloves - vet costume
- 4 Medium white lab coat - vet costume
- 5 Digital thermometer
- 6 Batteries for above
- 7 Pink dog collar
- 8 Black leash
- 9 Pet food travel bag - not used in play got this for buying leash
- 10 Sprague Rapp port Stethoscope - vet costume
- 11 Safety glasses or Eyeglass protector
- 12 Life personal lubricant
- 13 I D glide personal Lubricant
- 14 Vista dog comb
- 15 Isagel Ethyl Alcohol Gel

Web cam micro play

ONE SICK PUPPY

The text for the vet and the dog are a bit different I am typing what the dog is thinking and the dogs actions where as the vet has words and actions. The dog has more room for creativity. As long as dog like noises are made whatever sound the dog makes is ok so barking whining howling you know dog noises I would like to see non-human howling during orgasm. Fake orgasm is acceptable

Vet -- hopefully --

Dog -- hopefully Ava

Vet brings dog into camera frame says well so your master tells me you seem nervous lets see if we cant get you to relax more.

Dog follows leash - (thinks I hope the vets not going to stick that thermometer in me again)

Vet picks up thermometer Vet says lets take your temperature

Dog looks at thermometer- (thinks oh no you don't) bites down on lab coat, tugs lab coat makes snarling or other angry dog noises

Vet swats dog on ass Vet yells BAD DOG (dogs name here i.e. if its Ava bad dog AVA)

Dog gets up of knees offers ass to vet (thinks ok I got my treat now ill take that thing in my ass)

Vet - applies lubricant to ass inserts thermometer

Vet pulls out thermometer and looks at thermometer says well your temperatures normal so I think I know what's wrong

Vet puts thermometer in extra glove (or other safe place to keep it until it can be washed later)

Vet uses hand sanitizer puts on safety glasses¹

Vet says - we will use this special tool- applies lubricant to vagina uses sex toy on dog with hands until dog orgasms.

Dog howls at orgasm ahwoooooo

Vet -- well (dogs name) is all better now vet smiles End of Play.

¹ The washing is for the dogs safety to no ass to vagina and the safety glasses are for the vet's safety a precaution in case the person playing the dog is a lady who ejaculates.

The same guy once mailed me a crate of Kraft Dinner, saying I looked malnourished and clearly needed a good meal.

The precision and direction of a script was quite nice, since some fetishists can be so insanely fickle. Specificity is fascinating. There was one chatter who needed bra removal to adhere to an extremely strict process: take down one strap, then the other, open the back clasp, then hold the cups in my hands. Drop one down, then the other, and say I would let a "20-year old girl do hours of bra ~~praxie~~ practice" with me, or that I would let this hypothetical young woman ask me my bra size over and over again, or wash my tits, and that I would let him teach me to put on a bra and then I would teach her. It didn't matter if I understood what I was saying or what my motivation should be in saying it -- he just needed to hear the specific words.

In cases like this I was always tempted to ask people why they enjoyed a given scenario or certain phrases - out of curiosity, but also to see if there was something I was missing that would make it hotter for me or a better show for them. But I never asked. Some people clearly wanted to tell me, to explain themselves. Not necessarily those you'd think would most feel the need to justify their kinks. The majority didn't volunteer the information, and it seemed my knowing the why or what of it all was neither necessary nor sufficient to perform well.

Other guys would give no instruction, offer no ideas, give you nothing to go off of. They showed up and just expected you to read their minds. Maybe they did not know what they wanted, maybe they thought it would kill the mood to explain it. Maybe they didn't realize there was more than one thing they could want. Money plus manhood can make people so fucking entitled. They wanted it so that they were in control, but you were still responsible.

At the opposite end of the specificity spectrum were those that prided themselves on letting me "do whatever I wanted", which was usually a trick. Sometimes, very rarely, it seemed a genuine interest in seeing how I liked to touch myself, and letting me have an unencumbered orgasm. But most of the time they clearly just liked to think of themselves as benevolent, some maybe even ~~thought~~ thought they truly meant it. You had to play it SO grateful because they liked to think themselves on another plane of than those animals that just demand performances. Demanding authenticity was even more exhausting, especially when it was apparent that, consciously or not, they expected that 'authenticity' to consist of a certain set of actions, to look a certain way. Still curved, writhing, and always inviting; never flat, slumping, internal, or silent.

I remember Déjà teaching me that to make a fake orgasm look really real, you should make your face briefly ugly, like you forgot they were watching.

I faked a lot, but also came for real often. And sometimes I could truly enjoy myself entirely without pretense. There were an unlikely few - I can think of two or three - who I sort of fell in love with, even one who became a dear friend and mentor, shaped my life in profound ways.

But the hobbyists took the bulk of time and energy, the ones who acted cool about knowing they were clients while believing they were special for understanding the difference. Hobbyists were the ones most likely to visit IRL. If they were big enough spenders the boss occasionally let them attend studio parties. Or they'd visit on their own, maybe take you shopping, maybe pay for sex. One long-time regular who was online every day and sent lots of gifts was studying massage therapy. On one of his many visits he brought his table up, invited a gaggle of us to his hotel room to 'practice', rubbed us down while we shared darting, knowing looks about his soft cock peeking out from the hole in his loose boxers.



The other labour intensive clients were the ones who did things like send you detailed lists of all their sex toys and ask you to plan their jerk off schedule, want you to exert constant energy on them, think they are giving you something but it's all taking & taking and you resent it but it's also fun that you can make them fuck their ass with a zucchini and cook and eat it and send you proof and they'll do it.

Some try to pull you into their life from a different angle, by involving the women of their day-to-day. Mostly it felt harmless, like the guy (one of many) who wanted me to laugh at his tiny cock, mime jerking him off with two little fingers and snickering at '3 drops' oozing out when he came. I roleplayed inviting his alleged co-workers 'Maureen', 'Joanna', & 'Sally' to join me in mocking him, stripping him, and forcing him to wear dresses, suck cocks, and take loads in the face for our amusement. Another guy always wanted to send pictures of women he said he was dating, which made me uneasy. It highlighted the special status often given to (foisted upon) sex workers, where telling us a secret or betraying someone's confidence to us doesn't count, I guess because we don't count, not as full people, not as real people.

But enough about them. I struggle with how much to talk about them, the clients, the customers, the chatters. Because it's not about them, even when it is. It was never about them and also always about them, depending on how you look at it. Either way, I only want to give them as big a part as they deserve but nothing more.

When I became studio manager I was on call less, 2 or 3 times a week. I was organized but the role brought out my worst qualities: condescension, impatience, intolerance. It was frustrating to get excuses for missed shifts like "it was so nice out and I got caught up following the wind" when someone else who needed the money could have used the studio. But I wasn't very forgiving when legitimate life circumstances came up either.

Then I started grad school and passed the studio manager role on to someone else, I took a computer from the studio, started working from home, did artsy photo shoots in my office.





When you work from home, the camming paradox is even more palpable: that of being alone in a room yet visible to a giant faceless unknown. I once went to a casting call in a strip club, to be a backup extra in some local movie, and was so grateful that they shut it down before I had my turn on stage. I realized in that moment how woefully unequipped I was to perform for people who I could see seeing me. Or maybe I'm just better lying down than standing up--it feels more grounded, more stable. Either way, with camming there was a suspension of disbelief (or would it be, of belief?) that what I was doing was really being perceived.

It was often being recorded, too; by viewers illegally or by my boss in efforts to keep us legal. When US Law 2257 record-keeping requirements were expanded and we weren't sure what it would take to remain compliant, he started recording all the VIP shows so that every second of our 'adult content' could be linked to our IDs and info. Ever the businessman, he started reselling those recordings at a discounted rate. He gave us a cut, but we fought many fights over how to screen them before listing them for sale., since what we shared in VIP with was sometimes incredibly personal and private, was intended to be specific and ephemeral, and we didn't want them just indiscriminately reposted for anyone to see.

Crisis in pornland

U.S. law that will make names and addresses of adult film actors available is decried as invasion of privacy



LIVES MORE IMPORTANT THAN LAWS: Aylesworth

by KRISTIAN GRAVENOR

West Island porn producer Linda Aylesworth could face five to 10 years in a U.S. prison unless she breaks the vows she made to the countless sex performers she has dealt with over the last eight years.

"I make a personal promise that their identities are going into a filing cabinet and won't go to anybody without a court order," she says. "I refuse to provide it to anybody."

But new enforcement regulations to American anti-child-porn law 18 U.S.C. 2257, signed last June by U.S. Attorney-General Alberto Gonzales, will force all porn producers doing business in the States to provide the names and addresses of all performers dating back to 1995. Records must be available to the Department of Justice for 20 hours a day. The information must not only be available to the U.S. government, but also to affiliates (Web sites paid to promote other porn sites).

Critics worry that anybody could become an affiliate simply to get the addresses and names of performers. "I think it's very dangerous," says

Aylesworth, who runs Naughty Niche, the parent company of www.montrealdream.com and other adult sites. "A model is going to turn up dead. This law violates the privacy of the performers."

PAPERWORK VERSUS PRIVACY

She plans to risk potential extradition rather than comply. "I'm a chuck, so I'm a little more sensitive to the [privacy] issue," she says. "It's just basic common sense and ethics. I personally have no intention of complying."

Greg Jones, communications rep for Old Montreal-based 2much.net, also worries that 2257 could easily put names and addresses of sex stars in the wrong hands. "You could be a stalker obsessed with Ms. X," he says. "You want her, so you register a domain name for 10 bucks and set up a Web page and start claiming to sell content, so you could get to Ms. X. We'll see if the Department of Justice takes the onus for somebody getting murdered by some psycho who gets ID this way."

Those who do business in the States without complying could face criminal charges, although it's unclear whether Canada would extradite a citizen to face them.

And not doing business with the States is out of the question. "I'd say 90 per cent of the market for Montreal companies is American," says Jones. "So we have to submit to their rules." (Under the new law, Canadian performers will be required to produce a green card in order to appear in American-shot porn scenes.)

Other adult industry professionals seem less apprehensive about sharing performers' personal data. A man who would not identify himself at Montreal-based affiliate site www.braincash.com says they will comply with 2257.

THE TRACI LORDS EFFECT

Canadian Internet discussion forums are abuzz with concerns that those who comply with 2257 will be violating Canada's privacy laws. Representatives from the Office of the Privacy Commissioner and the Ministry of Justice said they were unable to comment on the question because there seemed to be no official position on it, but Chicago-based attorney J.D. Oberberger, a leading expert on 2257, says Canadians could legally comply.

"The right to privacy is routinely waived in signed release waivers," says Oberberger, who will speak at the Quebec Expo porn conference here on September 3. "It could be accomplished under Canadian law."

He notes that 2257 is the latest evolution in the original 1988 law inspired by Traci Lords, who used fake ID to become an underage porn star in the '80s. Ironically, the new restrictions wouldn't stop somebody who uses phony ID from performing pornography. "Congress was agitated by the Lords case, and if your only tool is a hammer, all problems are nails," he says.

Oberberger calls 2257 "draconian," and is awaiting an upcoming legal challenge in Denver, Colorado, on the constitutionality of the requirement to provide identification to secondary producers like affiliate or free porn Web sites. "I'm confident they will fail," he says.

He's also doubtful that Canadians could be extradited. "I've looked at the extradition treaty and there's no extradition for obscenity."

The law also requires a porn entertainer with a live streaming Web site keep all her performances stored. But Oberberger says that, if a performer is broadcasting four or five hours a day, six to seven days a week for seven years, she would need 24,000 PCs to store them all. "Plus she could never take a vacation because the records must be available for inspection at least 20 hours a day. We think this creates such an enormous economic burden to put a price on freedom of expression that it isn't consistent with American values."

And that's the only time I shudder to think what's out there--it's not over the nudity or the dirty talk or the sticky spread holes, but rather the years of unguarded moments, sharing or singing along, especially on those ~~the~~ sloppier drunken nights, which eventually became every one of my nights, before they eventually became none of my nights.

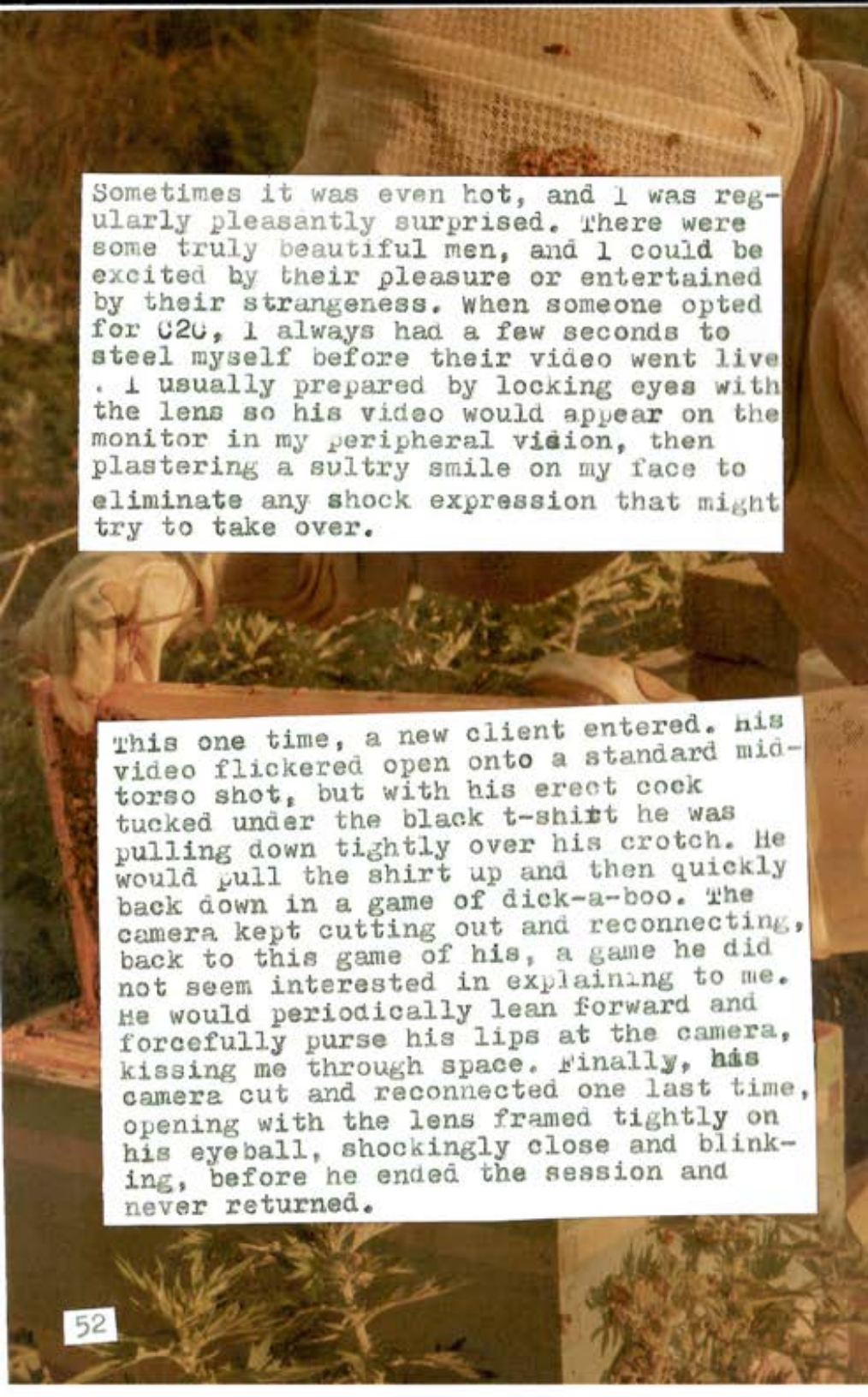


It was easy to forget that I didn't know who could see me, or where I was being viewed. With my recorded porn I am separated from the point of consumption, so the fact of not viewing the viewer is more obvious. Even though it goes on in perpetuity, I am not present for the experience, it does not touch me in an immediate way. But while camming, it isn't my immortalized image that's at stake, it's my live likeness--I am there to witness my being seen by the abyss. At times this absurdity came to a head, and I was confronted with the reality of my broadcasting into the ether, tethered to unknown eyeballs.



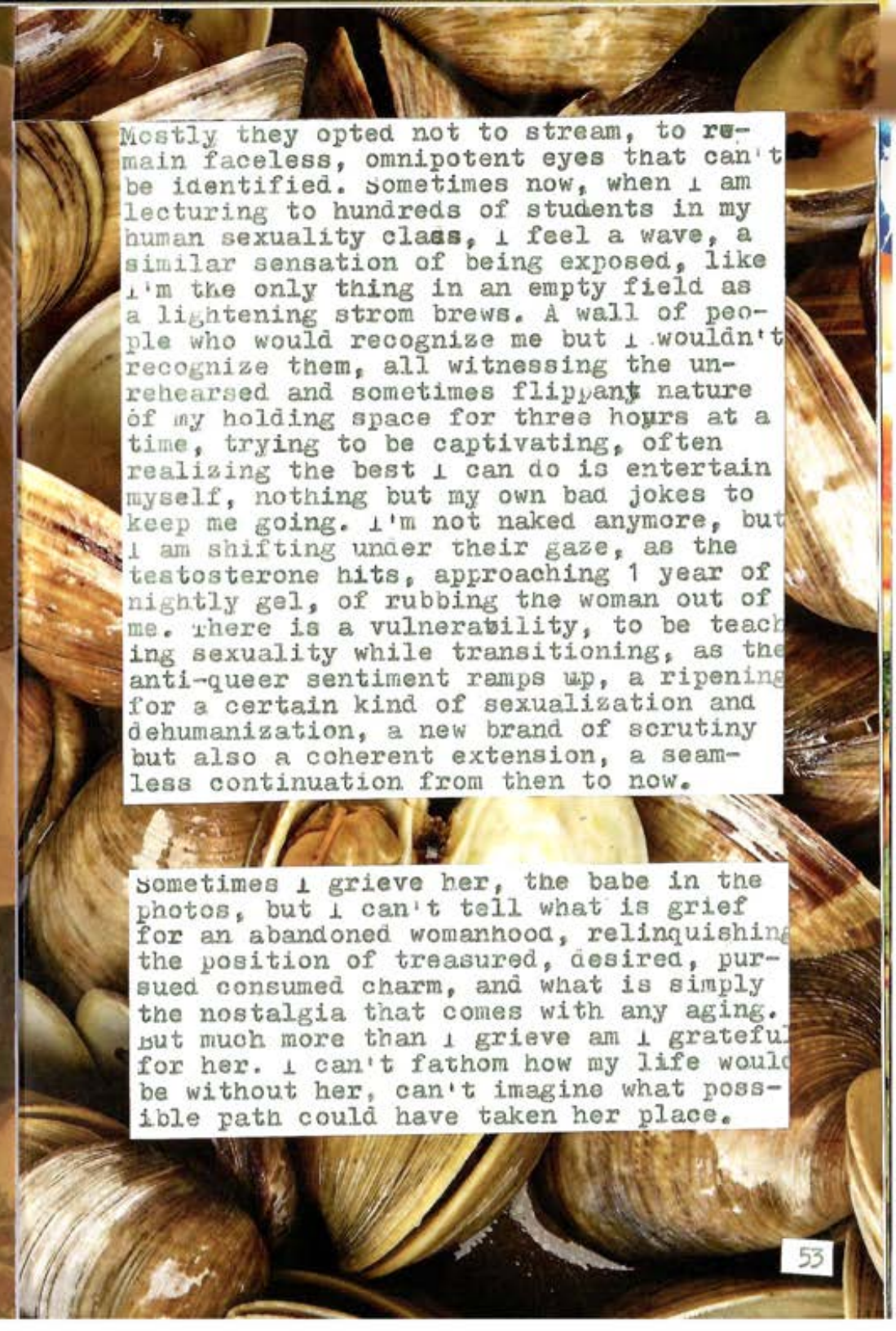
Like when a boyfriend who (correctly) suspected me of cheating (which I managed to do despite our being nonmonogamous) spied on me camming and successfully caught me using my workplace to connect with this long distance lover. It would have felt like more of a violation if I wasn't the one being such a shithead. Or when a guy took me private to inform me I was being streamed at a party, some kind of frat boy situation. The violation here was that only one of them was paying, but everyone got the show.

There was no way to know who all was on the other side--except for when we could. Because the technology changed, and along with it the types of interactions and relationships we could have. When Cam2Cam was introduced, clients could now stream their video back to us, if they wanted to. It was already a chore to convey excitement at the 'hands' of our clients, as they expressed the often painfully boring or simply unpleasant sexual acts they wanted to subject us to; now we had to maintain that illusion of desire while watching them stroke themselves in their dirty bedrooms and dull offices. And while in some ways it could bring reassurance to know who was on the other side, gone was the freedom of not seeing the see-ers.



Sometimes it was even hot, and I was regularly pleasantly surprised. There were some truly beautiful men, and I could be excited by their pleasure or entertained by their strangeness. When someone opted for C2C, I always had a few seconds to steel myself before their video went live. I usually prepared by locking eyes with the lens so his video would appear on the monitor in my peripheral vision, then plastering a sultry smile on my face to eliminate any shock expression that might try to take over.

This one time, a new client entered. His video flickered open onto a standard mid-torso shot, but with his erect cock tucked under the black t-shirt he was pulling down tightly over his crotch. He would pull the shirt up and then quickly back down in a game of dick-a-boo. The camera kept cutting out and reconnecting, back to this game of his, a game he did not seem interested in explaining to me. He would periodically lean forward and forcefully purse his lips at the camera, kissing me through space. Finally, his camera cut and reconnected one last time, opening with the lens framed tightly on his eyeball, shockingly close and blinking, before he ended the session and never returned.



Mostly they opted not to stream, to remain faceless, omnipotent eyes that can't be identified. Sometimes now, when I am lecturing to hundreds of students in my human sexuality class, I feel a wave, a similar sensation of being exposed, like I'm the only thing in an empty field as a lightening storm brews. A wall of people who would recognize me but I wouldn't recognize them, all witnessing the unrehearsed and sometimes flippant nature of my holding space for three hours at a time, trying to be captivating, often realizing the best I can do is entertain myself, nothing but my own bad jokes to keep me going. I'm not naked anymore, but I am shifting under their gaze, as the testosterone hits, approaching 1 year of nightly gel, of rubbing the woman out of me. There is a vulnerability, to be teaching sexuality while transitioning, as the anti-queer sentiment ramps up, a ripening for a certain kind of sexualization and dehumanization, a new brand of scrutiny but also a coherent extension, a seamless continuation from then to now.

Sometimes I grieve her, the babe in the photos, but I can't tell what is grief for an abandoned womanhood, relinquishing the position of treasured, desired, pursued consumed charm, and what is simply the nostalgia that comes with any aging. But much more than I grieve am I grateful for her. I can't fathom how my life would be without her, can't imagine what possible path could have taken her place.

i might be growing a little moustache,
shoulders broadening under shaved head,
a new vein leading down to my thickening
t-dick.

but there's no incon-
gruence, no dysphoria,
when i look at Ava and
talk about being a cam
girl. Camgirl feels
like its own gender, a
symbiotic co-construction
forged out of the prox-
imal distance enabled by
streaming, marrying the
excess of womanhood to
the bottomless want of
men. Camgirl is a hybrid,
a cyborg, the trans-
mission of reflections
upon reflections,
concentrated into a
piercing and powerful
beam that you can't
grab ahold of but burns
a hole in the floor.

The perfect cocoon wherein i twirled,
moistened slick and shiny, between my
tomboy childhood and this trans middle
age. Trans as a perpetual verb, not a
state of being, not an arrival or return.

Ava was a series of decisions the same
way transition is a series of decisions,
a pathway towards conscious communion
with the character of my body, neither
revealing some fundamental or dominating
truth about me, and neither having an
end point of realization. Both simul-
taneously a near mocking adherence to
and vicious refusal of peak gendered
norms. A celebration of the ever endless
kinds of pervert, invert, convert we
can all be.





The girly gossip binder contents are fictionalized composite characters, and names throughout have been changed.

Thank you for your generous reading,
Isaac, Jes, Jesse, & Shira
Thank you to the girly gossip handwriters:
Amy, Bea, Chloe, Dave, Isaac, Jesse,
Jude, Maddie, Melissa, Ryan, Shira, & Zac
Thanks Rahele for printing my nudes.

Dedicated with love to all sex workers,
online and off,
who have and continue to enrich our lives.

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