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STREET SHEET

SHELTER WAITLIST UPDATE: As of May 31st there are 1,049 people on the shelter waitlist in San Francisco.

Reiko Rasch
Instagram @ReikoRasch
Pissed Off!

Or, Armed Leftwing Immigrant Trans Woman: So Are You Yt Liberals Volunteering To Be My Personal Bodyguard?

As a sex worker who has carried a .38 Special to great effect for personal protection, I want to thank all of you who want to disarm me while ignoring the police and military who continue to murder and oppress LGBTQ+, poor folks, People of Colour, and people in US occupied nations, so that I can enjoy getting assaulted some more. I want to thank all of you who focus on guns rather than the role that men play in our societies. I want to thank all of you who ignore toxic masculinity. I want to thank all of you who trust Trump over marginalized people like me who cannot rely on the police for protection. I can see you’re still using gun control with nary a mention of the police or military. Don’t worry, I’m not even really too upset, deaf ears are part and parcel to my situation. How foolish of me to think liberals (and most anarchists and Leftists, really) actually cared about the opinions, safety, and autonomy of a trans’ sex worker of colour over the state sponsored narrative that ensures their comfort. If disarmament happened from the top down, every nuke, every police officer, every soldier, every bomb, every right-wing militia member, every citizen, and the patriarchal culture of violence, toxic masculinity, and chauvinism were addressed and dealt with and discussed openly, honestly, and frankly, then we will have accomplished something. Obviously, a simple band aid of a gun ban is far less work, so we’ll just go with that, apparently!

Realize this: neither the NRA and Trump’s rightwing folly want me to defend myself. Nor do the liberal elites in their privileged falsely progressive circles. White supremacy, whatever form it takes, will never tolerate armed People of Colour who defy and reject colonization. Cheers!

Cost Me

As a woman of colour over the state and autonomy of a trans* sex worker of colour over the state I remember when you climbed on top of me and took my streets you looked me in my face with that crook look and banged my streets. At their feet a giant octopus peers out and its tenacles run chaotically in the background. I sit here and look at these white f***ers on the streets. Can’t nobody feel me. Can’t nobody be me.

I remember them cold nights off all that powder. But the streets took you so that’s not an option. Rest In Peace to all my homies sometimes I wish that meant return if possible. The streets didn’t cost me s*** but to never turn on my colors for some white s***.
Con Huevos, Puta

Oye, guey, ven, lempiame con huevos
Que yo siento que ya on aguanto
To be dealing with these pigs, no quiero
Con respeto a todos los cerdos

Oye, guey, ven, lempiame con huevos
I just wanna f*** s*** up pero no puedo
These new laws got me f***ed up
This is work, this isn't fun

I was gonna go out looking for daddies
I'm just gonna wait till they come to me
I was gonna go out to approach some daddies
But I'm just gonna wait till they approach me

Daddy, pay me... Daddy, pay me... Daddy, pay me...

Oye, guey, ven, lempiame con huevos
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https://inopogu.bandcamp.com/
She called me and said what's up, I said life is good, it's my boy's birthday, he came over, I roasted beef bones and we scooped the marrow out on fresh french bread, squeezed out slices of lemon, I was going to feed him on the roof but we decided the wind was too sharp, I spread out a scarf on the glass coffee table, we ate smiling across from each other on the floor, we were so full, neither of us thought we'd even be able to have sex — but of course we did — just lying there on my bed groaning a little bit at first — get the fuck off my stomach it's too full! — our favorite position that we always end up in, we just started that way, both of us embracing our whole chests touching and we can just hold onto each other without our lips and my legs tossed over his hips so we just rock into each other softly, it felt so good — stop, I said to his ear and he stopped — I quivered, start, I said, and he stopped mostly and I groaned and couldn't quite stop for a minute — he started back and it was even better and then I went tense — stop stop stop stop stop stop stop I'm coming — I'm coming — I'm coming and then I went limp — he went into action, he pushed into me, he gripped me by the throat, he used my body like a shovel on a stuck rock and then he came with a long grunt like a low note blenched from a bass clarinet and I felt him wet in me and we both just lay there panting and holding on to each other for a while until — I have two grams of ketamine in my bag right now he said, do you want to, — yes I said, what’s it like, I said — like being underwater and floating on the moon he said, — yes — but turn on the music — he put on his regular old shit that I never want to hear unless it's party and I'm dancing, he didn't understand my stereo, it was just blathering out of his iPhone with its stupid beat I removed myself like a queen I strode across the bed and switched out the cellphones, my limbs were floating, I paused his music and dropped his iPhone like a slug with a shudder — ugh — I connected my stereo to my phone I put on Coltrane A Love Supreme we both sighed and I lay my body down and he held me again and I held him and I couldn't feel him and the daylight was too intense and I closed my eyes and every once in a while I opened them and saw his hairy chest and was like what — what is this tan skin body thing — then only Coltrane — then, murder, I could murder, I could murder a person, I could push the knife into a fleshy skin and there would just be the rubber sensation of the skin folding slowly around my utensil, — wish I'd been there for that, she cut in on the phone — but my limbs were totally paralyzed so I couldn't act on it — that's too bad, she said. Then she hung up.

Six hours later she tried to jump out a window. We had the cops drag her out of her apartment. She was handcuffed, screaming, alive.

So I love him.
in a way that would further criminalize sex workers, trafficking survivors and their supporters. This legislation proposed to broaden the definition of pandering, introducing new sweeping language that threatened sex workers who work in teams for safety and clients of sex workers, as well as the provision of harm reduction-based support services. Sex workers and supporters from dozens of organizations mobilized toSacramento to defeat the bill. We must oppose funneling more resources into criminalization and punishment. Instead, let's support sex worker activists' push for investment in no-strings-attached resources that allow people to get out of poverty. Housing, healthcare, harm reduction resources and access to voluntary, stigma-free care for drug addiction, mental illness and trauma. Decriminalizing sex work, drug use and homelessness will help break the cycle of poverty and criminalization that disproportionately targets people of color and queer and trans people.

To support sex workers in fighting for real solutions to the problems of poverty and violence, share your time or your money. Allies can join sex worker activists on Saturday, June 2nd at Oscar Grant Plaza for a press conference and protest march, beginning at 1pm. Those who are able can also donate to the Saint James Infirmary, a sex worker run clinic that serves people in the sex trade and helps fight against criminalization and for economic racial and gender justice. Donate online at: https://stjamesinfirmary.org/wordpress/?page_id=3312 For more information: Watch an interview with Alexandra Lutnick, author of Domestic Minor Sex Trafficking: Beyond Victims and Villains. https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NYxERZ010h0 Read a report from the Young Women's Empowerment Project. https://youarepriceless.org Read Emi Koyama’s article “The War on Terror & the War on Trafficking” http://eminism.org/blog/entry/231 Read an analysis of transgender sex workers’ experiences of housing deprivation and police violence: http://www.transequality.org/sites/default/files/Meaningful%20Work-Full%20Report_FINAL_3.pdf

For more information: Watch an interview with Cary Escovedo, HIV Services Manager at St James Infirmary, a clinic run for and by sex workers, says “When sex work and sex trafficking are conflated, there is harm done to both populations. FOSTA does nothing to help survivors of sex trafficking, rather pushing it deeper underground. And it puts consenting adult sex workers in danger. Without safe ways to advertise and screen clients, many providers are going to the streets into unsafe situations.”

Organizers of the protest Arabelle Raphael and Maxine Holloway, who are sex workers and sex worker advocates say that sex worker justice is inherently tied to the justice of Black and Indigenous People of Color (BIPOC), LGBTQ, disabled, undocumented, poor or low-income, and drug using communities. “We live in a time where civil liberties are threatened by legislation and doctrine. From net neutrality, Black Lives Matter, the Bay’s housing crisis, to immigration laws, marginalized groups are experiencing heightened levels of persecution and violence. It is crucial that we recognize sex workers within these struggles.”

A press conference at 1pm features Celeste Guap, The Electronic Frontier Foundation, St. James Infirmary, and more.

Sex Worker Rights Rally & March, Saturday, June 2, 2018, Noon-4pm, Oscar Grant Plaza, 1 Frank H Ogawa Plz, Downtown Oakland, CA 94612, b/t San Pablo Ave & 15th St https://www.facebook.com/events/619421805075885/

Bay Area Pros Support (BAPS). A group of Bay Area advocates that fight for the health, safety and livelihoods of sex workers post-FOSTA / SESTA legislation. We are organizing our community resources, skill-sets, knowledge, and power to provide: Support & resources for Bay Area workers; Immediate relief/connections for emergency needs; Strategic actions around sex worker safety, media advocacy, and policy. www.twitter.com/BayProsSupport

SEX WORKERS & COMMUNITY PROTEST TO OPPOSE FOSTA/SESTA

Harmful legislation does nothing to support sex workers or survivors of trafficking

OAKLAND, CA: On June 2, International Sex Worker’s Day, communities from all over the country will gather to advocate for the health, safety, and protection of sex workers in the wake of FOSTA / SESTA (Fight Online Sex Trafficking Act and Stop Enabling Sex Traffickers Act) legislation. Bay Area Pros Support (BAPS) and St. James Infirmary along with other community organizations and supporters will gather at Oscar Grant Plaza in Downtown Oakland to support Bay Area residents who deserve respect and safety during this heightened political time. Cary Escovedo, HIV Services Manager at St James Infirmary, a clinic run for and by sex workers, says “When sex work and sex trafficking are conflated, there is harm done to both populations. FOSTA does nothing to help survivors of sex trafficking, rather pushing it deeper underground. And it puts consenting adult sex workers in danger. Without safe ways to advertise and screen clients, many providers are going to the streets into unsafe situations.”

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Sex Worker Justice Now!

A March For Sex Worker Rights

Saturday, June 2, Oscar Grant Plaza (DT Oakland) noon -1 gather / 1-2 press conference / 2-3 March / 3-4 celebrate

Sponsored by Bay Area Pros Support (BAPS) & St. James Infirmary // @BayProsSupport twitter for more info

POVERTY AND

DILARA YARBROUGH
I’m not homeless anymore thanks to a subsidy from the City and support I received from several wonderful agencies that gave me the stability to overcome addiction and mental health issues and the chance to continue my education. Now I’m a student at San Francisco State University finishing a bachelor’s degree.

In my Contemporary Sexuality class, we had to critique an article from an academic journal on sexuality. I jumped into research on the prevalence of survival sex among people experiencing homelessness and got intrigued. Survival sex is defined as trading sex for food, shelter, drugs or money. Some people are appalled that a homeless person would have to resort to sex as a survival mechanism. Some even go so far as to equate it to human trafficking. When I looked back at my 4 years of homelessness, this research just seemed wrong.

Homeless people have sex like any other human. They need food and shelter and sometimes drugs and money. Just because they often gain what they need in relation to people they have sex with doesn’t seem to me to be a problem. I never traded sex for anything. Whenever I would find myself without a place to be at night, I would go to a 24hr coffee shop and get online. I would find someone to hook up with and I would have a place to be for the night. I could often get a shower; a meal and they never even knew I was homeless, nor did they often care. I met a guy at the mall who would get a few dollars, go to a bar and find a chick that would take him home. I’ve also watched guys drive up to encampments and hit on girls, offering them food and a shower.

Being Homeless is work, work to survive. Anyone who ever tried to tell you homeless people are lazy, has never been homeless. We do what it takes to survive as human beings. There is nothing pathological or wrong about it. It would be nice if we didn’t have to struggle for food and shelter. Someday society will learn that lesson. Until then stop pathologizing the problem and get out of our way.

The last thing I have to share is hope. It’s hard to have when the world is stacked against you. Now that I have hope I try to give it away as much as possible. If I can go from where you are to a prestigious University doing research on human rights and social justice, then you can do it too. Yes you. Today may not be so great, but it won’t always be this way. Hope for the future when you have the stability to pursue what you love and how you think you can make the world a better place. Your voice and your experience can make a difference.

He invited me to his apartment; afterward, he told me he was an escort. Then we sat on his couch in silence: me glancing up at the ceiling, him looking at me while holding a package for which he’d just signed.

“Oh,” I said, “an escort.”

He was staring at me as if I might U-turn and come up with some wild s#@t; naturally, your mind might U-turn regardless of how open-minded, but those other people paid him.

“Yet, still, there was a part of me thinking, people really pay YOU—”

He seemed like, someone who’d done his own quiet self-analysis. The thing that surprised him most, he said, might also surprise me: A lot of clients only wanted to talk. That’s it.

And on his own personal time, he sometimes called or texted clients because he thought they might be lonely. Other times he might mail them an actual card, run an errand, or offer to accompany them to a doctor’s appointment (none of that for money) because, he said, it’s the human thing to do.

“I guess you can call me a hooker with a heart.”

He never divulged explicit, sexual details; instead, he explained how he’d worked his way through college—twice—in the end earning a Master’s degree. And that for the next phase of his life he planned to relax. To travel the world.

He seemed like, someone who’d not only made peace with his job but, who’d also discovered (surprisingly—even to himself) that outside judgments needn’t define the gratification a person received from work; instead, it’s the worker who assigned value to the work and who quantified his own satisfaction. He’d gained freedom: the freedom that people, whom he describes as shackled to a boss’s schedule, fantasize self-employed people have.

We talked for hours. Afterward, I decided my previous opinions about sex work deserved re-examining, and I suffered those opinions to scrutiny. As a result, I’ve expanded my understanding of sex work, sex workers, and sex itself.

My newest opinions on sex work and sex workers have made me think of sex as the guarantor, whom by design, transends a sole guarantor of offspring (genetic heirs) and further serve as a recreation that elevates the body, mind and soul’s ability to rise to sheer pleasure.

In my opinion, sex work’s a legitimate means to this pleasure. I arrive at this conclusion if I ask myself these questions (and challenge others to ask themselves): On one side, can one support sex workers’ rights to engage in their profession without patronizing sex work; conversely, on the other side, if one decides to reject those arguments favoring sex work’s rights, can one oppose sex work without despite and diminishing sex workers to, say, criminal-mind deviants glorifying a fringe ‘profession’? If yes—and you’ve chosen a side—then, ultimately, how does anyone argue and defend one’s opinion if a consequence of committing wholly to either side possibly means one relinquishes objectivity?

My answer: it requires that one sacrifice any instinct to dismiss sex work and one consciously elevates a conversation involving sex work to a level where only a thoughtful, actively-engaged dialogue survives and defines the discourse. This is paramount to any deeper, yet arguably more difficult to arrive at (but more nuanced), understanding of sex work.

This deeper understanding is a signal one has abandoned denial and accepts that some people are going to feed their sexual appetites, via a sex worker, until one of the following happens: humans ‘devolve’ into a monolithic people who pity desires while willfully ignorant of carnal knowledge, or—someone creates an app people can literally F&%k.
## Sword Swallower Triptych III

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<th>JUNE 2</th>
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| **SEX WORKER JUSTICE NOW!**
*WHERE:* OSCAR GRANT PLAZA, OAKLAND

**WHAT:** On Saturday, June 2, 5Wers and our allies will be standing up for justice all over the country. Join us at Oscar Grant Plaza in Downtown Oakland, CA to make the voices & needs of our Bay Area communities loud & visible: Sex Worker Justice Now! [Allies wanted & welcome]

**ACCESS:** Will be updated on the facebook event page ASAP.

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| **ENCUENTRA TU PODER: UN TALLER GRATUITO PARA TRABAJADOR@S SEXUALES**
*WHERE:* ST JAMES INFIRMARY, 234 EDDY ST

**WHAT:** Descubra tu Poder es un taller gratuito de 4 semanas en español para personas que han trabajado o están trabajando en el Trabajo Sexual. El taller se enfocará en desarrollando una práctica de autocuidado y el amor propio. Ven y descubra habilidades que ayuden en que usted se sienta más seguro en este clima político.

**ACCESS:** Para más información llame 415-457-2859

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| **BUSTIN OUT 13: PARTY AGAINST THE PRISON INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX**
*WHERE:* EL RIO, 3158 MISSION ST

**WHAT:** Join us for the 13th Annual Trans March After Party fundraiser for TGI Justice Project (TGJUP)

**ACCESS:** $13-33. We welcome people with disabilities. Our entrance and most of the club is wheelchair accessible, including the back deck, but not the yard. Our bathrooms are NOT wheelchair accessible and do NOT have grab bars (and would not be accessible without assistance). Our back patio is now smoke free, but we are unfortunately not a fragrance free space.

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| **TRANS MARCH 2018**
*WHERE:* MISSION DOLORES PARK @11AM

**WHAT:** Our rights and existence have been more intensely under attack since the election so it’s even more critical that we gather this year to fight back, resist, celebrate and create community. Let’s make this a huge showing of how powerful and incredible we are!

**ACCESS:** 45 minute march, access information not currently public

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| **26TH ANNUAL DYKE MARCH**
*WHERE:* 5PM, MORE INFO HERE: HTTPS://WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/EVENTS/1964763266927203/

**WHAT:** The San Francisco Dyke March is a call to action. Marching reminds us that complacency is not an option. We cannot be divided – we must raise our voices!

**ACCESS:** We will also have trained counselors at the Emotional Security Tent who are also dykes who will be available for your needs.

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**onthedresserpodcast.com**

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**Where is the emoji for two 1520’s in two months?**

How do I find the emoji for I didn’t realize he had two girlfriends—

I mean, if love exists (and really what is it), then I feel it and if it doesn’t it doesn’t matter.

But, I asked, how did she not know her boyfriend hanged himself until way later?

She opened her eyes wide and held her chopsticks over sushi.

“All of my friends are hookers and all of my friends are crazy”

I became what you wanted in a woman through sex work, and through it I became what nobody wants.

I swallowed the sword.

But I did not first swallow the sheath.

I got this. It’ll floss right out of my throat.

When we met you asked what made me happy and I said, No. When you left for the last time I crouched on the floor of the shower for a long time with my palm raised up beneath the stream of water.

The thing I value: It is good art done.
I SUPPORT SEX WORKERS & HOMELESS PEOPLE

#SOLIDARITY
#STREETSHEET
#LUMPEN
#SEXWORKISWORK

<----your face here!
Take a selfie and post on Instagram! Tag us @coalitiononhomelessness