

# **A Prostituted Woman Responds to Jim Norton**

**Jacqueline Lynne – August 2014**

Jim Norton, in your article “In Defense of Johns”

<http://time.com/3087616/defense-johns-legalize-prostitution/> you pretend you’re the nice john who’s in an emotionally close, and extraordinarily loving relationship with me, the prostituted woman. This relationship lasts just long enough for you to cum—so, where’s the relationship in that? You think you’re harmless, too. After all, you said yourself you don’t buy me to abuse me. Right? Unfortunately, “harmless” johns like you are all over the world in droves. In case you think your purchase of my body is less reprehensible than say, for example, the Jack Nicholson-violent- john, you’re wrong. You’re dead wrong. I’ve been used and abused by all sorts of johns, and because of this I know you’re all equally scummy. What you do to me--it’s just sex, right? Wrong again. When you buy my body to use sexually, I’m having unwanted sex. In my experience of you, I’m being raped. No amount of money justifies this crime. So, you see, you harm me a great deal.

The woman who leans into the passenger side of your car, the woman who acts coy, flirtatious, sexy—she’s been through hell in her life, just like me. She’s been sexually abused in her home and in her communities, just like me. And just like me, she’s not really present when you buy her. While you predatorily gaze at her to see if she’ll please your penis by giving you the consummate girlfriend experience, she’s sizing you up, too. She’s scrutinizing you and your car to figure out if she’ll get out alive. Gee, I guess women are from Venus, and men are from penis, oops... I never could get that book title right. What I mean to say is this: your glance and the prostituted woman’s glance are light-years apart. You just wanna’ cum, and she just wants to get out alive. Something’s not quite right here in this moment. Feels drastically unequal. Oh yeah, that’s right—prostitution

exists because gender inequality exists. No amount of money will ever justify any john abusing a woman just because he's horny, he has money, and he wants to get his rocks off. Not ever! You can't quite figure out why you need women to lean into your passenger car window? Let me shed some badly needed light here. Picture this: She's on the outside of your car, looking in. You're on the inside, safe and in control. Hell, you're even in the driver's seat, both literally and figuratively. What else? You're fully dressed. She's almost naked. You've got money to spend on your penis. The woman on the outside can't begin to match you dollar for dollar. You're horny. She DEFINITELY ISN'T. Status symbols are important to you because they exemplify power. Power is of paramount importance to you and your car illustrates this fact. It also serves as your sexual auction block. You like being in the driver's seat. Most importantly, you are threatened by sexual equality.

You don't see the prostituted woman except in relation to your penis. To you, she is a set of body holes for you to fuck. You and the global sex trafficking industry have reduced her to this. You don't see her as a human being who deserves respect. If you did, you'd spend time with her as if her humanity mattered, not purchase her with this masqueraded "romantic" sexual assault. If you could see past your own penis long enough to notice her, you'd see she's faking pleasure. She's acting the part for your paid rape of her. Behind her feigned enjoyment, she has a hardened sadness to her eyes which you choose to ignore. If you didn't ignore her, she'd be human, not a highly sexualized set of body holes. Seeing her as fully human would interfere with your orgasm and you wouldn't like that. Here's a newsflash for you, Jim-john: the prostituted woman is not your loving, horny girlfriend. Your cock does not rock her world. If you asked her how she honestly felt about you, her answer would puncture your delusional sexual balloon. You'd go limp. If you hadn't bought her, if money wasn't in the picture, guess what? She wouldn't be, either. She only acts like she enjoys getting fucked by you because you've paid her to act that way. She wouldn't spend a moment in your company under any other circumstance. She has nothing but contempt for you. When she gets with her

girlfriends after, her conversation goes something like this: “I just turned another fucker who thought he was my boyfriend!” They’ll understand her revulsion because they’ve turned wannabe-boyfriend fuckers like you, too. Too many times! They’ll laugh with her in disgust of you. Why does she view your sexual abuse as the most vile? Why do you hurt her the most? Each time you pay a prostituted woman to pretend she is your turned-on girlfriend, she pretends all over again that she likes unwanted sex. **IT BEARS REPEATING: UNWANTED SEX IS PAID RAPE IN HER EXPERIENCE OF YOU.** Do not look to her facial expressions or listen to the sounds she makes to be convinced otherwise. Remember, you are paying her to act the part. I’m sure you already know this deep-down, and deep-down, you don’t give a shit. Your lack of shame speaks to this fact. The painful truth of what you do to her to satisfy your sexual need is akin to inflicting blows on an already badly battered woman. But, you and the sex trafficking industry which has been created for and is driven by your demand to have sex at any and all costs have vested interests in not seeing prostitution for what it really is: male sexual violence. Yes, Jim Norton, even if you consider yourself a “most extraordinarily loving” john.

You’ve described yourself as being more comfortable having sex with a prostituted woman than with a woman who has not been prostituted. Hmmm, I have a suggestion for you. **MASTURBATE! THINK OF THE MILLIONS YOU’D SAVE!** All your money spent to keep your penis happy could be used for your own good. You could actually choose to work with a counsellor on your core issues: your fear of genuine emotional intimacy and your fear of commitment to healthy, equal sexual relationships. Instead, for the past quarter century, you’ve chosen to harm women by raping us in exchange for money.

You liken your sexual use of women to sexual compulsion. Really? You would have me and the rest of the world believe your choice to buy prostituted women for sex rather than choosing to have healthy, equal sexual relations is an addiction? Your penis has become obsessed with the bought bodies of women? You’ve lost control—is that what you’re trying to say? Your penis rules you, and you’re helplessly, pitifully being led around by it? Bullshit! I don’t buy it

for a second! Here's why: You learned, growing up male, that you could buy sex. You also learned there's a class of women in the world tailor-made, as an endless supply, to meet your seemingly uncontrollable sexual urges. Right? No. Dead wrong again! You don't have a sexual addiction. What you have is the power and the privilege to take. If you have any addiction at all, it is to taking—to power. You learned as a boy that's it's o.k. to harm women just because you're horny. Getting your rocks off at my expense is a crime against my humanity. Hell, even yours, really. You could unlearn what you've been duped into learning about your masculinity, you know. The question is: would you even consider becoming willing to unlearn? Power and control are far too seductive, methinks.

So, you don't have a sexual addiction. But, there's someone suffering in this picture who does. The very first thing I'd do after being sexually assaulted by you is score some heroin. All the money you spent to buy me went into my arm to erase the pain of what you'd just done to me, and the pain I felt in acting the part of your turned-on girlfriend. Heroin helped me numb the pain of the sexual assault of the moment and the countless assaultive moments beneath. Before prostitution, I withstood the pain of being raped in my home by psychological dissociation. During prostitution, I was assaulted sexually every day, day in and day out by countless johns. All these assaults were cumulatively painful and were further added to my trauma history of sexual abuse at home. I turned to drugs because I could no longer rely solely on my brain to take my pain away. My experience tells me this: women do not get into prostitution to support a drug habit. In fact, it's just the opposite. Women get addicted to drugs to cope with the pain of being used and abused in prostitution.

You see yourself as needing a break. You want others to believe you are demonized by those who challenge your behavior. Once again, it's all about you. The lyrics to the song, Charlie Brown, *why is everybody always pickin' on me* aptly suits you. You see yourself as the one most misunderstood. The one most in need of freedom. What's even worse, you have the gall to see yourself as a freedom fighter who campaigns for the rights of prostituted

women. Indeed, prostituted women are an oppressed class of people—I know this fact deep in my bones. But, since when is the “right” to be sexually exploited by strangers on a daily, weekly, monthly, and yearly basis considered a basic human right. I'D LIKE THE RIGHT NOT TO FUCK STRANGERS.

You are grandiose in your delusion of being honored nationally for your loyalty, your dedication, and your reliability to your primary relationship: your cock. You are the wannabe-boyfriend-john who comprises the vast majority of johns who ever bought my body to masturbate in, and who thereby kicked me to the curb in doing so. If not for your relentless insistence upon satisfying your sexual urges, prostitution would not exist. Your sexual urges are the engine that drives the sex trafficking industry world-wide. Without your hard-on, the pimp and his sadistic violence to women wouldn't exist. Your hard-on is the violence which is inherent in prostitution. It is the violence which is hidden in plain sight. It is the taken-for-granted everyday violence of the prostituted woman's world. It is the violence which is considered benign sex acts by you, by your fellow predators, and by a large part of the world. I've been your “sexy, loving, horny girlfriend experience” and there is nothing benign in being exploited by you. Decades later, I'm still healing from your paid rapes. Decades later, I'm still in counselling. Decades later, I'm still taking medication for trauma nightmares because of what you did to me while expecting me to act like I was enjoying your rapes.

I wonder what you did directly after the pimp bounced the woman off the roof of your car? This pimp's violence was a planned, strategic moment—he was sending a message to the women trapped inside his van: get out of line, and this is what will happen to you! Were you so concerned for the injured woman that you intervened to stop the violence on her behalf? Were you concerned about the other women inside the van? I'd like to believe you had the wherewithal to get a description of the pimp and his van. I'd like to believe you took down his license plate number. Did you call the police to report the violence you witnessed? You did nothing to intervene, did you? You did not respond as a concerned bystander. And why not? Oh dear, it comes around to LITTLE OLD YOU YOU

YOU yet again! Problematically thematic for you in your life, yes? Your concern was not for the protection of these women held as sexual hostages by this violent pimp, but for the protection of your anticipated hard-on. You were momentarily derailed and distracted from your primary purpose: getting laid. Shortly after collecting yourself from this sudden eruption of violence, you drove off in your sexual auction block, strolling, trolling, and predated on another prostituted woman.

Herein lies the tragedy of prostitution: I consider myself lucky to have survived. I feel lucky for getting out of prostitution alive. Hundreds of thousands of my sisters the world over did not. They did not survive. The parties you mentioned in your article: the prostituted woman, the pimp and the john—if I were to throw anyone down an elevator shaft based on the most harm done to me, it would be you—Jim Norton--the john.