

Shredding Credit Card Offers While a Blowjob is Happening **Margie Schnibbe**

The Year is 2011. Your Taxed Social Security Earnings = \$43,006

This is not about my late night trips to the backroom of Circus of Books to shop for porn. Most times there are other men in the backroom but I ignore them and I am sure to never make any eye contact at all. I take my fuck magazines and fuck DVDs home and either use them immediately or toss them in a pile to open and enjoy at a later date. Most times it's more about the urge to shop for porn in public than to have to use it right away. I enjoy the physicality of shopping, looking at thousands of glossy box covers lined up on the shelves, piled in bins, naked male bodies-on-bodies, all touching one another like a man-on-man porno gangbang, hundreds of dirty magazines in clean plastic sleeves laid out in cardboard boxes, on and under a makeshift display table, more male-on-male bodies touching one another. I like to have a tactile shopping experience, to hold the product in my hands, inspect each piece carefully in order to find something like perfection within my ten to twenty-dollar budget range. I like to buy movies and magazines loaded with cock. My personal porn is all about the cock.

The Year is 1980. Your Taxed Social Security Earnings = \$307.

This is not about my fear that I am a pervert. Because I accept that I am a pervert. I saw my first live public sex act when I was 16 years old in an after-hours leather club in New York City called Hellfire. One man was giving another man a blowjob while everyone either watched or just went about their business drinking, smoking, chatting, doing drugs and relaxing. There were backrooms too and we wandered through the dark corridors seeking out all of the sex happening in the shadows. A man watched me pee in the toilet. I watched the man watching me and I felt pleasure. This is my life, the (semi-public) sex act is always there lurking, it's omnipresent, and I am either watching or not, being watched or not, participating, directing or not.

The Year is 1992. Your Taxed Social Security Earnings = \$0.

The Year is 1993. Your Taxed Social Security Earnings = \$0.

This is really not just about the sex. There have been times in my life when I turned my sex drive, desire, and passion for voyeurism into money. In New York I had been paid to participate in hundreds of sado-masochistic scenes with strange men in private. In that moment I was very present, always engaged and sometimes aroused, but forced myself to keep a professional distance. You see I am not really a sex-play-as-lifestyle kind of person. I am very busy and I don't have the time for fancy sex, unless of course I am being paid to participate in

some fashion. I have always been very confused about my personal relationship between sex and money. There was a time when I pretended that the professional sex thing with me was just about the money. But it is not. I have a sex obsession.

Throughout my life I've had all kinds of odd jobs: off-the-books-under-the-table jobs, cooking jobs, design jobs, market research jobs, teaching jobs, film production jobs, internet jobs, go-go dancer, dominatrix, porno, sex industry jobs. I've given hand jobs for money and also a few blowjobs too. I have been for much of my life a bohemian and although I am a great worker, I've never taken the concept of career job or job security very seriously. I do what I need to do to make enough money to get by.

The Year is 2006. Your Taxed Social Security Earnings = \$16,871.

In Los Angeles I have been paid to write and direct commercial pornography. Writing directing, production designing and editing a porn film takes an enormous amount of time and attention. The sex part is fun, but the pay for the filmmakers is not so good when you average out the amount of hours it takes to complete and promote a major project. And when I was unwilling to compromise my vision, I was unable to find another job.

The Year is 2007. Your Taxed Social Security Earnings = \$2150.

Now this is not about the sex in any way. This is all about the money. I am always in trouble. No matter how I make a living, at the end of the month or the year I have a surplus of zero dollars. So why bother working a job when I can live on credit cards? I accepted multiple credit card offers I was sent in the mail.

January 2010. Your Total Outstanding Credit Card balance = \$21,930.

Reluctantly, I took an office job to pay off my credit cards. And the more payments I made, the more cards I was offered. I continue to receive multiple offers every day, but I refuse them all.

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This is about the money and this is about the sex. There is no sex in the office. There is only sex at home and it is not fancy sex. I am very busy and I don't have time for fancy sex. I am a pervert. I pay for my porn with cash.

Shredding Credit Card Offers While a Blow Job is Happening. Written by Margie Schnibbe and performed with Kate Gilbert & Gregory Barnett @ Black Box January 2012. Organized by The Action Bureau @ Black Box by Liz Glynn for the Getty Museum's Pacific Standard Time. Photographs by Calvin Lee