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A NEW BOOK FROM TWIN PALMS PUBLISHERS

PHONESEX Phillip Toledano

Twin Palms is pleased to offer Phillip Toledano's second book, *Phonesex*. Toledano has photographed nearly thirty phonesex operators in the intimate setting of their own homes, offering a seldom-seen glimpse into the reality of what otherwise is the fantasy created by the operator's voice, and caller's imagination. Accompanying every portrait is a text written by each subject touching on some aspect of his or her experience as an operator. Whether touching, humorous, or disturbing, every operator's point of view is compelling.

"There is a contract that exists between phonesex operators and the people who call. It is a contract of self-delusion. The caller agrees to pretend that he (or she) is calling a young, beautiful girl, and the phonesex operator willingly plays the part. Phonesex reveals the truth. It pulls back the veil to reveal the expected, and the unexpected, all at once."

Phillip Toledano

nine by twelve inches, casebound
twenty-six four color plates
sixty pages, \$50
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I never thought I would work
in the phone sex industry.

All those years
doing customer service,
my customers would comment
on my sexy voice.

I thought I was being
professional, not sexy.

This work is customer service.
It's just your customers
leave with more than a smile.

My first night was on a
Saturday at midnight.

It was a gentleman
who I believe called himself Bob.

He told me about his
first experience with a glory hole.

He explained that he had no one
he felt comfortable telling this to,
and I felt a strange intimacy between us,
though it was rooted in a fantasy.

I think it's easier to release
repressed desires to a non-judgmental,
fictional person,
because there are no consequences
in the outside world.





I'm 60 years old,
have a BA in Cultural Anthropology
from Columbia University,
and married for 25 years.

I have a son in his last years of college
who lives at home.
He's a 4.0 with a double major
in English Literature and Religion.

Men call me for an infinity of reasons.

Of course, they call to masturbate.
I call it "Executive Stress Relief."

It's not sex; it's a cocktail
of testosterone, fueled by
addiction to pornography,
loneliness, and the need
to hear a woman's voice.

I make twice the money
I made in the corporate world.
I work from home, the money transfers
into my bank account daily.

I'm Scheherezade:
If I don't tell stories that fascinate the Pasha,
he will kill me in the morning.

I am a straight male
who speaks to women.

They want me.

They want me to talk to them,
and to take them to another world.

I'm good at it. I'm a pro.
A ladies man.

I speak to younger women.
I speak to older women.
I speak both Spanish and English.
I have been thrown offers left and right.

They want me to meet up and
have my way with them,
but I keep it only to phone conversations.

