

Sex is a human right, and all people deserve access, including disabled people and elders. Sex is a human right like the right to food, shelter, clothing, medicine, care, spirituality, and consent.

Sex as a human right means:

- privacy to masturbate at home, including assisted living facilities and hospitals
- access to erotic art and privacy to enjoy it
- the freedom to date and attempt all kinds of relationships, including privacy for touch intimacy
- access to online sexual activity
- accurate sex ed
- harm reduction supplies like barriers

Definitely it's more work for caregivers who are underpaid and overworked, to respect privacy and pick up wet tissues afterward with a gloved hand. But consider quality of life. Sexuality for many people is a huge part of what it means to be an embodied being. Sexual pleasure and exploration are a reason to stay alive.

Cutting off access to sex is like taking away a fourth of life, for some people. The fire of sexual desire burns bright. We evolved to want it and do it; reward pathways are real. Appetites and hormones are real. Sex is powerful.

Deny healthy sexuality to millions of people and see what happens. Those fires will burn in other ways.

disabled sex in community

The longest I ever lived in a community is seven years. When I explain why my spouse Ming and I left, I almost never say that sex is a human right, and access to sex was denied to the elders and disabled people we lived with. They were the "guests," formerly homeless men, mostly POC, who were chosen to live in community for the trait of being easy and keeping

their heads down.

When I realized they were smoking cigarettes, watching tv, and playing video games until they died, I was disturbed. Dating was a non-issue. Not sure if they had been specifically instructed not to bring anyone home as a condition of their housing, or if the culture of the community was enough to show them that having lovers around was a no-no. But one day I realized that I was participating in a sick oppression, and I couldn't do that anymore.

I had arrived in that community sedated on a bipolar cocktail and slept 11 hours at night. A few years in, I tapered off my psych meds one by one, curious to see who I was without medication. Definitely I became more difficult, telling the truth as an alert, feisty person.

Sedated on psych meds, I went with the flow. Unmedicated—sleeping less and wanting more—I realized that in that community, I was more like the “guests” than the people with power.

respect

I don't enjoy casual sex. It's not well negotiated— often it's not actually casual for at least one of the participants, and it's the less powerful person who gets hurt.

Likewise I don't enjoy sex with cis-het men. The sexualities of cis-het men are not my business.

But just like I don't eat meat like beef or pork, I see that's part of culture for many. I wouldn't say, “That's gross, so I will take away your right to eat mammals.”

Please respect the sexualities of all people, including disabled people and elders. Please admit that every human is a full person. If someone doesn't want sex, that's fine. But the people who do want sex deserve access.

thank you

Consent is vital; being free to say no is a human right, like being free to say yes. These days the community I most identify with is radical faeries who are doing sexual liberation in ways that thrill me and at times make me blush. Thank you to everyone who makes me blush.

Please do not infantilize anyone: disabled people, elders, sick people, dying people. We're not here to be cute for you. We're not here to be easy. Our lives are rich and wild— at least our inner lives and dream lives, if that's all we get.

Please respect disabled people as you respect yourself. Please respect yourself also.

Strawberry Pancake Fae Nopales is a transing art-witch anarchist who lives in community. Pleasure is berry's favorite way of experiencing God. Find berry at listeningtothenoiseuntilitmakesense.com, ilikeyourstims.com, and on instagram as @xtrikeslutsx.