

being

dangerous

a zine about the intersection of bdsm and radical politics

Nearly

My eyes are half closed. I could close them fully. I don't need them to know what's in front of me. Only some millimeters are separating me from your lips. I can feel your breath on my lips too. I know I could just press forward and feel them. I could taste the sweet skin. But of course I can't. Your hand is firmly placed around my throat. I feel the pressure on my skin. I can breathe without a problem, but I understand the gesture. This is where my lips should be, only a paper's thickness away from yours. I try to push forward a little, just a tiny little bit. Just to feel more of your breath. You squeeze a little harder. I understand the warning. At the same time I want you to squeeze harder, to let me feel the control that you have over me and my body. My groin begins to get warmer and I try to rub it against you. I know you feel it, but you decide to allow it. I can see it in your face that you enjoy my emotional pain. My desire to kiss you, my desire to please you with my obedience and of course the sweet fear of the punishment if I fail to react to your subtle commands. You move your fingers around my necks, you tighten your grip and I have to try harder to get air into my lungs. I gasp and suddenly my arousal overwhelms me. I press against your hand and just want to get a little kiss, want to feel your lips against mine even for only a few moments.

Just a second later my throat is free from your hand. But your face flinches back and I feel a hot burn on my cheek. Nothing but your harsh command allows me to lift my face to look you into your eyes. The smug grin has left your face. This face I know too well. This face wants me on my knees in front of you. This face wants to see me whimper and beg you for mercy. This face is what I fear most and long for even more. ●





No one asks why people are hetero, why cis-guys like putting their penises into other people or why one might like getting one's hair stroked. No one will ever ask "Oh, do you like kissing because it made you jealous that your parents used to do it together but never with you?" Kind of a weird question, you say? Well, so are the other ones.

I try very hard to accept my (and other people's) sexual preferences for what they are and find out about new ones without constantly searching for reasons why I might be drawn to them. It's frickin' hard - and questions that are based on stereotypes and stigmata don't exactly help. But sometimes I've been able to be open about my preferences. I've met other people who shared some of them and had some interesting ones of their own. And people who, most importantly, talked to me about their own experiences and fears and assured me that being kinky is ok - and so is having doubts and being awkward and sad sometimes. ●

"Did your parents hit you?"

content warning: homophobia, normative questions, questioning personal boundaries

When people pathologise certain sides of my personality I usually react in a fast and appropriate way and tell them to fuck off. When they don't understand why I'm angry, I find precise words to describe how they are being condescending and normative and generally horrible. But as soon as they have turned away, what they have said creeps up on me and I ask myself: Why am I the way I am? Is this specific character trait they were wondering about normal or do I maybe actually have a problem? Am I weird in a way I didn't know of before? Do I need to change? And what does it have to do with my parents?

Because that's what amateur psycho analysis usually boils down to, doesn't it? "So you like being spanked. Did your parents hit you? So you're gay. Was your daddy never there for you? So you feel uncomfortable when other people have sex right in front of you without asking your consent. Did you ever walk in on your parents while they were doing it? And how come you like fucking people with a dildo? Paging Dr. Freud and his idea of penis envy!" I'm not going to tell you which ones, but I actually set off on a quest to find out if the answers to some of those questions were maybe buried deep down in my subconscious. If you're now wondering whether they were, I strongly suggest you read the rest of this text.

Usually the second part of the enquiries remains unsaid. Or it's not even exactly what people were thinking. But asking someone why they are how they are always implies that they are different from the rest and that there must be some weird explanation for this perceived abnormality. Only weirdos are ever asked to explain themselves. So even if the questions were put with no harm in mind they leave an uncomfortable feeling.





this zine was made by R, K and some people that are close to them. Keep in mind a general content warning about description of sexual acts (related to bdsm, maybe that's obvious!) and discussion on trauma. specific trigger warnings are placed before some texts. please let us know about anything problematic we might have written. take care and enjoy! contact: being_dangerous@riseup.net

May 2016

that I dislike, being vulnerable and being fucked. I want to be with a guy while being, myself, a guy too. I remember being a teenager and having this shitty magazine with badly written erotic stories and I would masturbate to those with like, straight guys fucking with their (male) mates. I still feel a bit weird about this thing and haven't told anybody to be honest. Sometimes I even wonder if I'm exoticising and/or objectifying the gay male experience even though many aspects of it look shitty too.

I like girls and people on the female spectrum of gender, I even like butch people and non cis-male *boys*. I feel closer to them, I feel safe, I feel me. I like being with femmes and doing our makeup, I like being submissive to femmes, I like playing with them. I like being vulnerable around them. But I can't do that with a guy. I can only be with a sub guy. I want a guy who will suck my dildo and ask me to fuck him. I want him to call me mistress. I won't let him fuck me. And then I'm confused as you see. I like to think of why I like things. So why do I want this? Is it because I've been hurt and abused by men, is it because I don't feel safe with them and I feel triggered, so I want to be the one in control? Is it something like revenge? Is it a reverse of the gender roles because they, too, can be triggering sometimes? Is it just that I like sub boys and I like being a domme to them? I mean is it just a fetish with no meaning or explanation? Or is it a way to finally be able to express my desires and needs. Am I not entirely a woman, or do I not feel safe being a woman with a man? Or something like all that combined. I have no idea. ● *Lillian*



switch bi femme confused

Yesterday there was a new guy in class and for a moment I thought he looked kinda hot. Then I was confused. Even though I identify as bi and I'm in a relationship with a man for some years now, I don't think I can be with any other cis guy. I don't really get attracted to people whom I haven't spoken to first, I find it difficult having sex with people that I don't really know, and I don't feel safe getting close with a man. I was brought up as a girl and until 3 or 4 years ago, I've only dated guys, even though I had fooled around with girls but still considered myself straight (cause I still liked guys I guess, and had a really fucked up idea of what bi is). Right now I feel I can only have relationships with women or non binary people, but not men. (my male partner is an exception but I won't talk about this right now). It's that I don't really feel safe with them, sometimes it's that they annoy me, or that I don't have the emotional energy and time to hear anything shitty (hey I don't say women or non binary folks are perfect just for being non-male, it's just that there is a common ground I guess, or some stuff that are not needed to be said.) That shouldn't mean that I can't find men attractive, but I can't imagine myself having any kind of intimacy with a guy.

I got this packer some weeks ago, it's my first one. I put it on and watched myself in the mirror, I like myself wearing that. I like the idea of me having a dick. I consider myself a woman most of the times, I have more femme days and more boy days, but there are also some days that I dress even more masculine than that, and some days that I also walk in a more masculine way, and I was happy when a few times, a stranger on the street referred to me using male pronouns.

So I had this fantasy, of being in a party, dressed as a guy and flirting with a man, and him touching my dick and then maybe sucking it and then me fucking him, oh I don't know. I remember watching this film, J'ai tué ma mere, some years ago, and there is this scene where the two boys are painting a room or something and then start kissing and fucking. I remember being in the cinema and having all these mixed feelings, like, gosh that's hot and I wanna be them and then realizing I won't ever be in a situation like that and feeling lost and sad. I can be with a man, but I'll be viewed as a woman and will have to perform this entire thing

(never) look back

content warning: cis-sexist and hetero-normative ideas, homophobia

My sexual fantasies have always had certain BDSM aspects to them. I'm not gonna tell you the early ones because I feel like that would somehow be a betrayal to my earlier self, who wouldn't have shared them for the live of them. Trust me when I say, though, that they were very imaginative indeed. I knew that I wasn't quite alone with this. Somewhere in the heaps of information on sex that I managed to come by from an early age on, were hints of other people having sexual preferences that didn't fit into the mainstream. But they were always marked as different, as others. They were marked as "freaks". And, like many angsty teenagers, I wanted to fit in so that people wouldn't bully me.

I decided to keep my desires to myself and let myself be guided by my science teacher ("Homosexuality is an illness and masturbation will only leave you disappointed!") and lots of teenage books and magazines. All of those were of the opinion that people brought up to be female – or rather "girls" as they called them – needed to be in love to even have sex and then should be carefully wooed, stroked and kissed – very gently – before the ultimate act of penis in vagina penetration, which was the only thing they ever called sex. I played along. In fact, I played along for years after I had finished school. The kinkiest experience I allowed myself was having my boobs grabbed in a way that was slightly more rough than would have been strictly necessary to get hold of them. It made me shiver and ache but I didn't know what for.

Until I read a brochure one day. It was called "Sexual Politics" and it was rather good, as far as I remember. It had a cartoon of a horse who had turned itself into a unicorn by strapping a dildo to its forehead, and an interview with two people who liked BDSM (ok, there was more stuff in there, but those two contributions impressed me most). I grew curious... and even a little adventurous. So I went up to my partner at

the time, whom I then considered to be a nice, rather pro-feminist sort of guy, and first showed him the picture, to get him in a good, slightly sexy, kind of mood.

“Look!”, I said, “Isn’t that fun? Isn’t it an amazing picture?” He stared at the image. Then he stared at me. “No!”, he said, his voice full of disgust, “That’s vile! Why would you find that funny? The human body has all the parts we need for having sex, all those toys and everything is just gross and an invention of capitalists, trying to make us buy more things!” You can imagine that I didn’t proceed to show him the text afterwards. I think that was the moment when I realised two things. Firstly, my partner wasn’t as great as I had thought him to be. And secondly, if I kept listening to what other people thought sex should be like, I would never have any fun.

After we broke up, a new world lay before me. I know this is the part for saying “and I never looked back!”, but that’s not true. I still look back to that time in my life and I think: How far I’ve come! How glad and proud I am about it. ●

But at the moment I spend my days longing for you.

I search for you everywhere

and you find me in the muscle-ache after another hike,
in the bruises I get from training and in cold wind in my face.

You also come to visit when I’m having sex. Sometimes
you’re just there for me, sometimes you also get to please my partner(s).

I love it when other people also want you. We’ve had amazing three-
somes

you and I and ... Some of them wanted you so bad!

Some of them like you because you show them their place.

I’m fine with that, I like it when people know their place at my feet.

But I love you because you are pure, simple ecstasy.

●

Ode to Pain

It's been a long time since I learned what actually makes an ode, so please bear with me if my understanding of the literary form is a little rusty. If you still want to send a letter or an email of complaint, please attach your own version of what you think an Ode to Pain should actually look like. Thank you. That said I'll continue in exactly the disorganised way I was planning to use from the beginning.

Oh, Pain,

I have no idea how I could ever live

without experiencing you on a regular basis!

Before I dared to confess to myself that I actually liked you

and that liking you was nothing to be afraid of,

just an interesting new part of my sexuality...

Well, what did I do before? I can't imagine it now.

I only know that when, finally, I was brave enough

to conduct some experiments,

their intensity sky-rocketed immediately.

I learnt to embrace you, I couldn't let go of you for hours at a time!

I'm not going to say that I will love you forever because

I don't believe in forever

and stale clichés never seem to be able to describe how I actually feel.



content warning: discussion about abusive relationships

The first times we talked about bdsm we were reading books. two friends had come and we were in my room and we were drinking tea and discussing about the movies we had seen and the people we had talked with. we watched a movie and then another. I remember thinking "this is hot". I remember discussing, well this is hot.

How can I want to be slapped in the face when the first person that slapped me was also abusing me? I once asked someone to slap me but he didn't, he said, I don't wanna hurt you. I want you to slap me exactly because you don't want to hurt me. I want you to slap me because I know you care about me and because I trust you and because if I freak out or be triggered I want to be able to cry if I feel like crying. Being brought up as a girl I was taught that someone who loved me could hurt me because he loved me. Being in toxic relationships with men, I was told that they hurt me because they love me so much that they can't do otherwise. It took me years and hard work to unlearn all that shit and realize that love doesn't have to hurt, (well it shouldn't hurt). So what the fuck do I want, being slapped now, isn't that backsliding?

I still can't be submissive to a man, but to be honest, I don't think I can have any other kind of relationships with men either. And I still can't be humiliated even while playing because I get too sad and triggered. but bdsm isn't one thing, it's so many things. and it mostly is (when it is done the way -I think- it should be done) a way of showing care and a way of communicating and a way of pleasing one's partner(s). it is a way of connecting and a way of sharing and a way of loving ourselves and our partner(s), even if we are/were hurt and ugly and not loved, and because we were/are hurt and ugly and not loved.

when I tie you up, I'm showing you how much I like you. You are beautiful and amazing and I'm so glad I can care for you in so many different ways. I know that we live in a society where people want to control us and we've been in relationships where people think we belong to them and where we've acted like they belonged to us too. we've been abused

and we've been abusers. we've been shitty to our friends and lovers, or, well, I have. And I learn every day and we learn every day. So I'm grateful that you let me tie you up and that when you tie me up I feel safe. Cause I know that when you're tying my hands behind my back, you still want me to be free. And you care enough to have scissors nearby. And you laugh and I laugh. and you learn my limits and we talk. And we stop to tell stories. And you kiss me a bit. And when you're thirsty I take a sip of water and carefully pass it from my mouth into yours.

I'm grateful we're building relationships where we can talk about what we want and I can ask you to slap me without being a bad feminist. It takes so long to unlearn the toxic ways our relationships are supposed to be. I'm grateful we have spaces (when we have those spaces, oh well, big talk) where I can wear proudly my ropes. I'm grateful for the tea and the talk. ● *red*



Dominant tendencies

Hopefully we can agree that the question „Is it harder to be dominant or submissive?“ cannot be answered in a way that generally applies. However I still find it interesting to think about why people might choose one over the other. I like talking about this to my kinkier friends and although some of us wouldn't say no to a little switching, they usually tend to find themselves drawn to one specific side. And I recently thought of a factor that - at least for me - plays into the decision.

I myself tend to take on a dominant part. And, sure, I'm afraid of surrendering myself to another person, I'm ready to admit that. But apart from that I'm also influenced by societal ideals that are deeply rooted in my conscience. It's been a long time since I left the shyness of my infant days behind and took to often being loud, active and sometimes dominant. I didn't do that because it was easy for me, but to show people who tried very hard to give me a female socialisation, that they would not succeed. If a certain way of behaving was reserved for kids and adolescents perceived as „male“ by society, you could be sure to find me doing it.

Partly this was my own personal rebellion against gender stereotypes, but I'm sure it partly also was an assimilation to the things society showed me to be connoted as male and therefore ideal. I think that confessing to be dominant is easier for many people because it's more approved by society. The ideal human is male and at least properly assertive. This is not meant as an explanation why people like BDSM. It is only a theory about people who could enjoy being dominant or submissive equally, but tend to choose the former.

Personally I would like it if I was less ashamed of expressing wishes about being submissive. Even though I really enjoy putting my foot on the neck of another person and tell them to... But that's a different story. ●

of me. Its body was soft, wet and cool. It was heavy. I felt a big tentacle searching inside my panties crawling up my vagina. Its penis was large and hard. It found the entrance of my cunt and started rubbing itself on it. I was not wet but the penis-tentacle was spitting a jelly and warm juice on me preparing its penetration. There were tentacles holding still my thighs, my arms, twisting around my waist and my neck, and I was laid on my back to the cold ground of spring when the swollen penis of the octopus initiated its entrance in me. I wasn't a virgin but never something so big have fucked me again. I was feeling pain and a weird sensation like my entrails were expanding. The pain gave its turn to a numb feeling and I could only moan quietly. The octopus was moving its penis carefully and steadily towards my womb. When it couldn't go deeper it started moving forth and back rhythmically. I then realized that another tentacle was approaching my vagina. It was thinner but big enough and hard like a wooden stick. It rubbed itself on the stretched and thinned lips of my vagina but there was no way of getting inside my cunt too. The creature stunted still for a while and its smaller penis moved toward my anus. I was shaking, my body was overwhelmed, totally out of my control. The same warm and jelly juice got out of the second penis and it started moving inside my body. It was moving faster than the first one, pulsing back and forth all the way in. I was drooling over and tears filled my eyes. The heavy animal was fucking me rhythmically for about twenty minutes. I was about to faint out when both penises stayed still and pushed themselves deep inside my holes. The second penis came first exploding its semen. I felt my asshole and my large intestine flooding. Then the first one ejaculated with the same urge. Now the two penises were retrieving out of my body. The octopus's legs untied me and the animal crawled back from the dark places it came out. When I open my eyes again the sun was about to shine. My dog was liking my face to wake me up. It could have been just a dream if not for the smell of sea salt all over my body and the numb feeling that took over my whole body parts.

● *foxy*

BDSM and Gender Roles

▲There's a few things you should know right away. One: I like pain a lot. Two: one of my partners is a cis guy. And three: I am not. Now that that's all cleared up I should also add that he only very occasionally likes pain and never in the sort of amounts that I take it in.

That leaves me in a complicated situation because I don't feel comfortable with a cis guy being dominant in a BDSM scenario that I'm also involved in. I couldn't let a cis guy tell me what to do or mock me, even though I may enjoy that with other people. Please don't get me wrong, I'm not calling that "the only feminist thing to do" or anything. I'm just personally not comfortable with being dominated by cis guys, it doesn't turn me on the way other things do.

On a side note, I have to confess that seeing other people play in that set of roles makes me uncomfortable as well. Although I know they're just playing, I still get triggered by it. And I think it's ok to be a little freaked out or even get triggered by sex stuff that reminds one of the way the world usually is. That doesn't mean people shouldn't do what they want. It just means

I don't want to be a part of it and also don't wanna see it because it might be stressful for me.

So of course this one partner of mine and me could just have lots of tender sex with no BDSM aspects. But I'm not really into that. So instead we try and work with the fact that one of us is a cis guy and the other one isn't... and that the cis guy does all the pain inflicting.

Several aspects play into the fact that we can even do this. The first one is that I trust him a lot. Not all the way, but let's say 90% which is about as much as I can trust any cis guy and only a little less than I can trust anyone other than myself. I obviously have trust issues, yes, and I'm fine with that. They're grounded in good reasons and bad experiences.

Also, I found ways to enjoy pain with cis guys. For one thing, pain couldn't really be used to punish or discipline me. I just like it too much. It feels good. But it also makes me feel tough and strong. When people hurt me and I still want more, I feel in control. I get what I want. And I don't flinch.

Enjoying pain works perfectly if it's initiated by me. I've ordered people to hurt me before. That way I'm not only in control of myself and my body but of the whole situation. Cis guys are usually not allowed to inflict pain without my clear orders. But in this case I've relaxed my rule. In the early days of us having sex with each other, he followed my instructions so exactly and always remembered which parts of my body he needs to ask about especially, that I just let him take over. He makes me feel like all the biting and scratching, the grabbing and spanking is just there because I want it to. And that's the way it works for me.

armadillo



▼ First of all, I don't see myself as a man. It's not what I am and not what I want to be. I also don't see the necessity for me to define another identity. I am what I am and that results from a demarcation of masculinity and related categories. But that doesn't mean that I don't see my privileged position in a (hetero)sexist-patriarchal society as a person, who's (mainly) seen as a man and

got socialized as a man. And that makes me a cis guy. Not because I feel like a man, but because I am integrated in a heterosexist-patriarchal society. And just because I'm fighting this society it doesn't mean that I'm not part of it anymore. But I think that is or should be clear.

I'm also not really into BDSM-stuff and I don't like pain very often. But there's one person with whom I'm having BDSM sex. They are really into that and at a certain point in our relationship we started to experiment with pain and I also liked it. Most of the time I was and I am the person who inflicts the pain. Sometimes I was the passive part, but right now that's not happening anymore, because, like I said before, I'm not really into BDSM-stuff. I think it's also important to mention that the idea of trying BDSM-sex came from that partner of mine and then we started doing it. Also it's nothing I want to do with other people and probably never will. For me that's a thing just between that person and me. And it's a lot of fun.

When I think and talk about the gender roles in that situation, I believe it's important to keep in

rate on the fulfillment of my/our erotic fantasies. There was a time that I didn't want anything that could remind me of bdsm because I was hurt. I had decided to go vanilla. But this decision never lasted for long. All my violent fantasies arose again and I couldn't avoid their pleasure.

My grandpa used to beat up my grandma and I was nurtured with her traumatic memories. There are times that I got into abusive relationships, in a more psychological than physical way. How could I avoid them, after all? I was raised as a girl inside a very heteronormative family of the greek country. I would like to say that bdsm has nothing to do with this but at the same time I tend to think that it does. At the same time I want to say that even if I didn't have any violent sexual fantasies I would still be vulnerable to abusive people. Because patriarchy, sexism etc...And it is exactly this rewriting of the trauma, with my own terms, that liberates me. That makes me stronger and more able to savor my partners, my body, my fleshy and emotional investments.

p.s. The story: Last night I was too tired to go to the queer party. I stayed at home and I decided to think about the text on bdsm, that a close friend of mine asked for a zine. We used to play with the ropes together. So I smoked a joint and lied on my bed. While I was thinking of what to share, an analysis or an experience or something in between, I started feeling sleepy. I closed my eyes, under my warm blanket and a fantasy started coming to life.

I love octopuses. I just had one tattooed on my thigh. I love their tentacles, especially the tentacles of these giant Japanese octopuses which are playing with the fisherman's wife in her dream. In my fantasy I was outside my house, in the yard, in the night, willing to through away the garbage. I was walking in silence, tired from the long day towards the dumpsters when something invisible but sparkling in the dark came close to me. I felt a cool and wet tentacle running up my legs, and then another and another. They pull me down and lied me flat to the ground. The invisible and slippery legs were now all over my body. Moving slowly but harshly they were spreading around my waist, my boobs and my neck. I was scared and unable to move, to resist its grasp. A tentacle twisted around my neck, got inside my mouth and stayed there, holding me still and muted. I could feel now the enormous creature moving on top



content warning: discussion about abusive relationships,
non consensual sex

Thinking about me and bdsm I cannot avoid of thinking about stories. Experiences lived in real time and experiences lived in my imagination. I'm not sure now which are the stories I want to share, if I have to choose some of them... But first of all I should situate myself.

I am a 32 years old queer femme. Sometimes I choose bisexuality as a sexual orientation, sometimes I use lesbian as a gender and sexual identification. For my lovers I enjoy, mostly, masculine top butches who are willing to love my receptive submissiveness.

So what is bdsm, after all? Is it the pain? The submission? The rewriting of a trauma? A game or a scar? Is it about pleasure? Is it about gaining the power or losing it?

The rewriting of a/the trauma. For some reason my mind is clinging on this phrase. My first psychoanalyst, when I referred to my s/m fantasies and practices asked me, for real, can it be a clear division between the sex practices and the sexual relationship? After a couple of years, when a close friend of my girlfriend linked bdsm practices with power relations I replied that bdsm practices tend to subvert power relations. As a submissive person I ask to be dominated, to be punished. I ask for the pain. But is there a clear distinction after all? Last year I had a boyfriend who, when we broke up, he almost, threatened to hit me, because I would enjoy this kind of violence... Another girlfriend of mine, a strong top butch, did hit me once, when we had a fight. It was with her that I had my first s/m erotic relation and for sure then there was no such clear distinction.

Now I am in a relationship, again after one year, with a handsome baby butch who enjoys fucking me, slapping my ass, tie me down. I feel like she learnt, also, with me to enjoy her sexual aggressiveness and I learnt with her to ask, without feeling guilty, for my pleasure and to collabo-

mind that this is a very specific situation for me, but also for both of us (As mentioned in the other part of that article). Like I said before the move forward to experiment and, later on, practice BDSM-stuff came from them and I never saw myself as and I never was the part, that was proposing and pushing forward the idea of having BDSM-sex, but I thought it was an idea worth trying (Naturally, because if I hadn't wanted to try it we wouldn't have done it). I got instructions what to do and/or how to do it. That doesn't mean that I didn't and don't come up with ideas, but these ideas are not suggestions about what to do, but more how to do stuff. You know, things like changing position or location. But also proposing to do BDSM-related stuff that we've done before. I believe it would also be uncomfortable for me to propose another form of inflicting pain, which comes from the fact that I don't like pain as much as them for myself and so I want to wait for some kind of instruction and then think and talk and, when we both want to, do/try it. As mentioned before, another point that makes that situation very specific for me is that I don't want to do BDSM-stuff with other people. If we would stop having BDSM-sex, I would also stop having BDSM-sex

in general, because I just don't get turned on by the idea of having BDSM-sex with other people and so it's only a thing between the two of us.

All these points are not a reason for not thinking about the gender roles and my role in that part of our relationship, in fact the conclusion that it is a specific thing is a result of thinking about it. But just because there's a result, it doesn't mean that the thinking and reflecting about this situation doesn't end. The situation as it is right now is nice and we're having a lot of great sex. *katzi* ●

Contradictory

Contradictory, isn't it? Some left wing "lunatics" defending the right of people to humiliate each other and praising a sexual practice which involves pain and domination. Isn't it kind of weird for a political movement so obsessed with the well being of people and full of disgust for (of) the power of humans over humans to consist of individuals who like to be bound by ropes and punished by whips? At first it may look like hypocrisy. It may look like throwing away all ideals and embracing the so called aggressive and hierarchical nature of the human being.

But let's start at the beginning. Let's look at so called "normal" relationships. If you observe them, you don't need to look for chains and handcuffs to discover that often one partner or the other is more active or passive. Some like to take the initiative – deciding what to cook or initiating sexual activities – others are more shy. So it is easy to see that in every human relationship some people are more proactive than others. This may even change depending on who's involved. Alice may be more passive with Cindy, but more active when in contact with Bob.

This can create tensions and problems in relationships – be they sexual in nature or not. So talking about these situations, about the dynamic of interactions between each other is a good idea. Only that way can people express their needs and boundaries.

So what has any of this to do with wax on naked bodies and ball gags? BDSM is done right when it follows the motto: safe, sane and consensual. What safe, sane and consensual is, has to be discussed and talked about. Is it consensual when you spank the other person's ass till it's glowing red? This should be something you talked about before. Depending on the health of the other person, some practices may be safe and others not. Of course, this does not only concern the body but also the mind. Some practices can trigger another person and cause emotional distress. This is something which obviously couldn't be called safe. The last part of the motto – sane – means that you should be deliberate and conscious in your actions. This has nothing to do with labels of being "mentally

Of course I know there's more sexy things to think about when reading erotica, than STDs and unwanted pregnancies. But in reality these things need to be thought about and dealt with. Simply not mentioning them in stories doesn't make them disappear, it rather makes me anxious when I read them. Who else has the person in the story slept with? Do they get tested regularly? Why do so many straight, monogamous people think they'll be magically spared from STDs? And, again, am I the only person who thinks it really annoying when birth control is solely the responsibility of people who can get pregnant themselves?!

You probably expected something a lot kinkier, huh? Alright, I've also recently seen a porn involving latex body suits and I think I might be convinced that in some situations more latex is even more good for you.



Latex is good for you.

Recently I was reading a book full of erotic short stories. As far as I understood it, the editors considered it to have a range of all kinds of different forms of relationship constellations and sexual preferences. I quite enjoyed parts of it but one thing really irritated me: there wasn't a single latex item in sight, no gloves, no dams, no condoms... instead there was cum just squirting all over the place. It was being pumped into vaginas and butt holes, sprinkled on chests and backs, and lustfully smeared into mouths and onto clits. And I thought: am I the only person in the world who's still afraid of STDs? And am I the only person with a uterus that would very probably be able to bear children, who sort of hates sperm because it might actually make me pregnant?

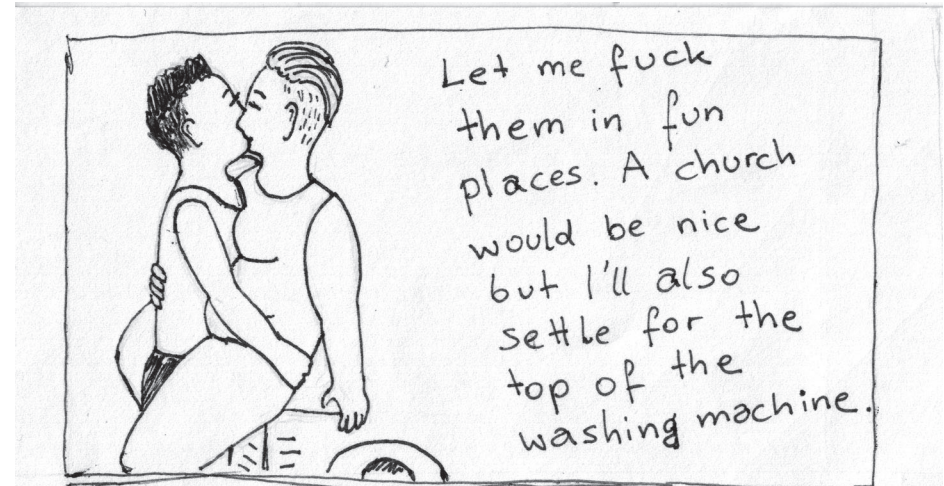
I don't intend to question other people's choices as to how (or, of course, whether) they have sex. It's none of my business what happens between consenting people who make an informed decision and I'm glad for everyone who has fun doing what they're doing. The thing that actually pisses me off is how having unprotected (often straight) sex without even talking about all the possibilities is still very much constructed as the norm – and as the thing that we should ultimately accept as feeling nicest. And far too many people still believe that an activity can only count as “proper” sex if a penis has ejaculated at some point during the process.

But I for my part don't particularly enjoy the glorification of sperm. Sure, it can be an indicator that the person(s) you're sleeping with is/are having fun. But there's also other indicators – not lastly them saying “Oh, this is great, I'm having so much fun!” and in any case I don't see why the liquid itself should therefore turn me on. I'm much more turned on when I know that all possible steps towards safer sex have been taken and I can enjoy myself without the fear of possible consequences.

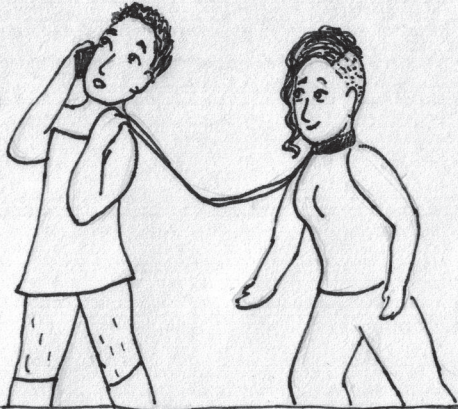
in/sane” but with being in a state of mind where everybody involved is aware of their actions. For example, if you or one of your partners is on some kind of drugs, it may be better to avoid some or all sexual practices.

When BDSM is practiced, nothing can be assumed. Power imbalances are made explicit when enjoying sexual activities in the field of BDSM. When talking about them, you can express if you like them or if they should be avoided. This is something which can change the way you look at relationships, no matter which kind they are of.

This unprejudiced look at how relations “should” be is something which every human interaction can benefit from, even if you like your sex without pain and humiliation. Being explicit about your needs, your turn ons and turn offs helps to avoid misunderstandings and growing tensions and can make your life easier. ●



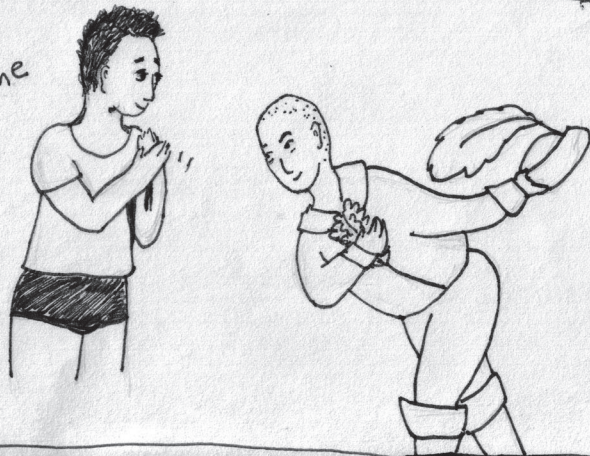
Let me
walk them
on a lead
(outside)



Let me give them a permanent
mark of some description...



put on
a costume
...



Thank you
for letting me be
of service to you!
Please pull my hair
even harder!



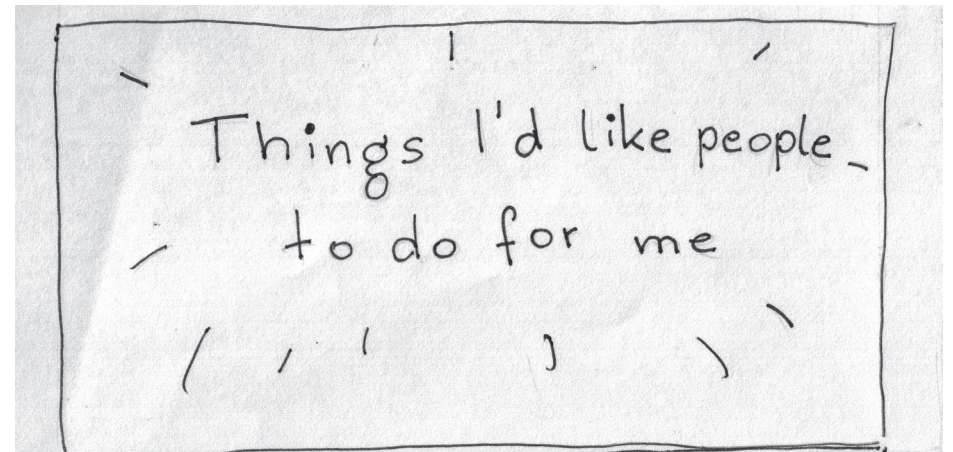
Don't get too chatty.
You know what you have
to do.



Oh! Yes, I'm sorry...

Mmm... Go a little slower,
I don't wanna come yet...





Getting Excited

I always get excited when I discover a new sexual stimulation for myself. Last time that happened was a few weeks ago. I already knew from some years ago that I liked strangling other people or getting strangled (which was a surprise on its own). The pressure on my neck combined with the difficulty to breathe (or to cause that to someone else) is getting me excited for whatever reason. I was already incorporating strangling into my masturbation sessions more often than usual in the weeks before this incident. On one of these sessions I ended up lying on my stomach in my bed with my face embedded in the pillow and masturbating quite vigorously. After some time it became harder and harder to breathe due to the face/pillow situation. But only after thinking about it more detailed after my orgasm subsided. I realised that the suffocation by itself excited me a lot. Up to that point I could only imagine it combined with strangling. So I guess I will have to look into autoerotic asphyxiation and general breath control some more. I might even tell you about it in a possible continuation of this zine. ● Sam





what you're doing is amazing, I'm just broken and bad for not enjoying it, forgive me. Some years ago, being in a monogamous relationship, I was at a party with some friends. I was kinda drunk; I was having fun and dancing with my friends. A group of men came to dance with us, I remember I was wearing this red dress and feeling really confident and beautiful that night. A guy started dancing with me and it was nice. After some time he asked me to go with him for a walk or something. I knew what this would mean but I thought I couldn't really refuse, we were dancing and it's not like he's asking me to have sex with him, he just wants to go for a walk so how can I refuse that? Long story short, when he started kissing me I told him the only thing I could think of as an excuse, that I have a boyfriend. When he told me 'nobody has to know, I have a girlfriend too' I felt I had no excuses left. So we kissed and then had sex (or how you would call waiting for somebody to cum so you can leave) and then I left crying. For years I felt guilty, why didn't I just leave, he wasn't threatening me or something. I just felt I couldn't say 'no'. What would have happened if you just left? I don't know, he would try to make me change my mind and then call me a slut. So you wouldn't die or anything. Why would you mind so much if a stranger called you a slut? I have no idea. I decided then that that would never happen again, but still, some years later, when the girl I had kissed was naked on my bed masturbating when I came back from the bathroom, thinking we would just sleep and not being in the mood for sex, I froze. I couldn't bring myself to tell her I'm not in the mood for that or that I feel really uncomfortable seeing her naked on my bed when we didn't ever say we would have sex or anything like that, and I had just left her sleeping and dressed. So again, I chose to have sex with her because I couldn't bring myself to tell her to get dressed. I don't know what I would do if that happened to me today. I want to believe that I would tell that person to stop, but I'm not sure if I could do that. I realize that I find it extremely hard to set my limits when I'm intimate with people so I'm grateful for those who took the time to discuss with me what we like and what we don't, maybe share some past experiences and feel close, before even getting to the bedroom (or anywhere). Because for me that's the only thing that works. ● Rhys Cox



consent and intimacy

content warning: non consensual sex

Bdsm helped me to set for the first time, clearly, my limits. We have this idea that sex and intimacy is something that happens spontaneously and naturally and that doing it well is a talent we are born with somehow. We are expected to guess what our partners want and like and enjoy, we are expected to enjoy what our partner(s) do(es) to us, because saying we dislike something is like saying we dislike them as a whole. or at least this was the way I was having sex before learning about bdsm, and I didn't really question that. BdsM came in my life almost a year after feminism did. Being part of feminist groups, we were discussing about consent, but in a more (for me) theoretical way. I knew that I should ask, I knew that I should say yes and no, but practically it still felt awkward to ask people what they want or whether they are enjoying what we do, while having sex. And I still felt weird to tell a partner I don't like what they do, it always felt easier to wait it out than to tell them to stop. We were printing stickers saying 'no means no' but I still couldn't say no. (sometimes I still can't) Asking is awkward, asking is not sexy, asking ruins the mood. But the first time a partner begged me to let them lick me, I realized how hot it can be. The first time they asked me for permission to fuck me, the first time they asked me to fuck them, the first time we discussed about what we're gonna do the next day, this was the hottest thing. I had no idea how amazingly sexy asking for consent can be. When I realized that, I realized that talking about sex, what we like and what we don't, outside the bedroom, can also be freak-ing hot. It can be hot and it can also be comforting, well, for me it's not a small thing having somebody (somebody you like!) taking the time to discuss what turns you on, what hurts you, what triggers you, what annoys you, what makes you feel safe. Being intimate with new people has totally changed for me in the past few years. It really feels liberating, being able to be awkward and anxious while kissing, stopping if one feels uncomfortable, not being embarrassed to ask for water (I remember this time, 7 years ago or so, having sex with a guy and being so thirsty but so embarrassed to stop what I'm doing to ask for water, so even now, the only thing I can remember and the only thing that was on my mind then, was WATER) stopping to go to the toilet one hundred times after all that beer or all that tea, not being offended when one would rather stop or doesn't like what I'm doing. For years I struggled trying to set my boundaries and thinking it's my fault if I don't enjoy something a loved one does or if I don't state clearly what I like and what I don't. In a way that is clear enough but also doesn't offend. Comfort the other person and tell them, it's not you, it's me,

Pretty scarred

content warning: cutting

I have scars on my arms and they're not going away. I used to cut my skin for pleasure. It's been 9 years but I still remember the high-the pain, the release, the endorphins. The scars left are thick, pale and symmetrical in a funny way. I've had to hide them at home, school, work and at most social interactions because people are jerks or assume that it's ok to ask about them. Just because they're visible doesn't mean i owe anyone an explanation. If they think I do, they'll get the cat scratch story at best and the angry glance at worst. I'm glad there are places and people with whom I don't have to hide, it's not a big deal, and if I want I can tell them why I did it: I liked it. And I love my scars, they are part of me and they're so pretty. ● *Thana*

BDSM on Cam

Online sex was always part of my sexual life. I have had years of experience at sex chats, written roleplays and cam sex before I had my first offline sexual encounter. So to me it was only logical to practice BDSM online as well as offline once I discovered that I liked it. I'm a switch and I only feel confident being offline submissive for people I trust a lot which doesn't happen all too often. Being submissive on cam needs much less trust for me, since I can end any session with just a click, if that person ends up not staying inside the rules. So cam BDSM is somehow easier because of that, but then the submissive/tied up/pain inflicted one has to be really determined and has to have a lot of self-discipline to play along, to execute the commands on their own. Less theoretical nonsense and more juicy details you say? Okay, here you go.

When I think of self-discipline there's always one guy who comes to my mind. When we started chatting about BDSM he told me he had never done any dom/sub stuff, but he was eager to try both. So ahead we went on cam, with him being submissive. It was meant to be just a bit of testing, some pain, a bit of showing how it is to be dominated and it was pretty fun. Until it came to the cum control part. I commanded him to wank till he was close, then stop and put his hands behind his head. After a short break (talking or some pain to get the mind off it) he had to do it again. I only planned to do it a few times but then the situation went quite out of hand. The pauses between the wanks got shorter, his eyes got more pleading, there were more disappointed grunts and sounds, but he kept following my orders to always stop wanking before he reached an orgasm. It was incredibly hot. That went on for 20-30 minutes; in the last minute he could only do two or three strokes before he was close enough to cum again. Until he was allowed to finally reach orgasm ... his will power and commitment to not blow his load was and is still blowing my mind. Sadly we only had two really short sessions ever since and I never experienced him as a dom. He promised to pay me back which made me afraid and excited at the same time. :) Sadly it never happened.

In general it seems to me that for most people cam sex is just a substitute when offline sex isn't available. But to me it is just a variation of sex, sometimes I like it more, sometimes less; no matter about the availability of offline sex. But due to many people thinking that way it's hard to find experienced cam doms. Sure, lots of people are able and willing to tell me how to masturbate, when to reach orgasm, what to insert ... but creative, experienced, up-for-longer-sessions doms are rare out there. I would enjoy it a lot if that could change. I should stop the rant and tell another spicy story? If you say so...

There was (yes, past tense. discontinued, not happening anymore. ugh <-last rant, I promise) this one guy I talked to and had sex with on cam quite often. It started of with him being submissive only and developed into him becoming a switch too. It was really fun having sessions where he would dominate me or other way round, at first we talked explicitly what role (dom or sub) each of us wanted to be; later on there was mostly a flow between talking about anything and BDSM fun without having to talk about who was dom or sub that time - the roles just fell into place. I especially enjoyed that occasionally our roles would switch once or more often during a session. The transitions never felt disrupting to me, rather smooth and fitting. I talked with him about that and it was similar for him.

Lastly it's thrilling for me to find out how subs react after their orgasm. For some it's all over as soon as the horniness subsides; some are up for some soft ending to ease out of the BDSM and some are totally eager to go ahead as long as I want to (and yes it can differ for one person from time to time).

So yeah. That's all I wanted to tell you about my experiences with BDSM on cam. Send an email to the zine if you wanna know more or talk about BDSM on cam :) ● *Sam*