

being dangerous 2

a zine about the intersection of bdsm and radical politics



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!) please let us know about anything problematic we might have written. take care and enjoy!
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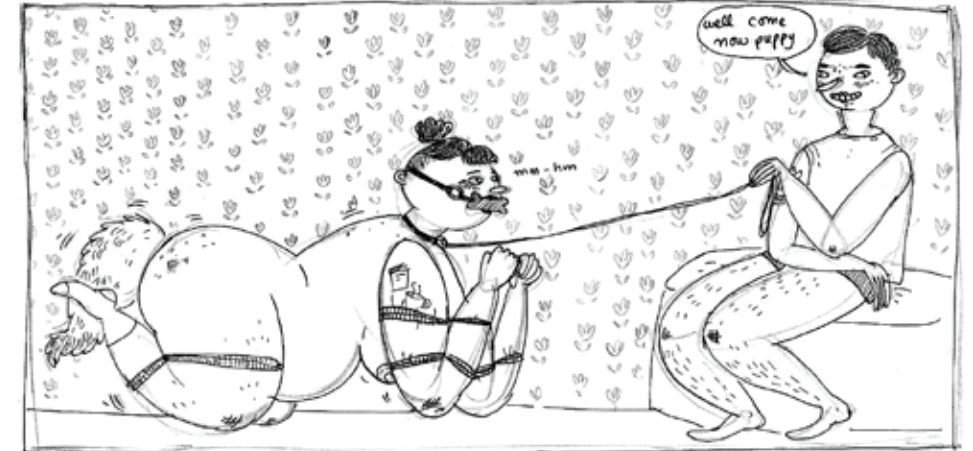
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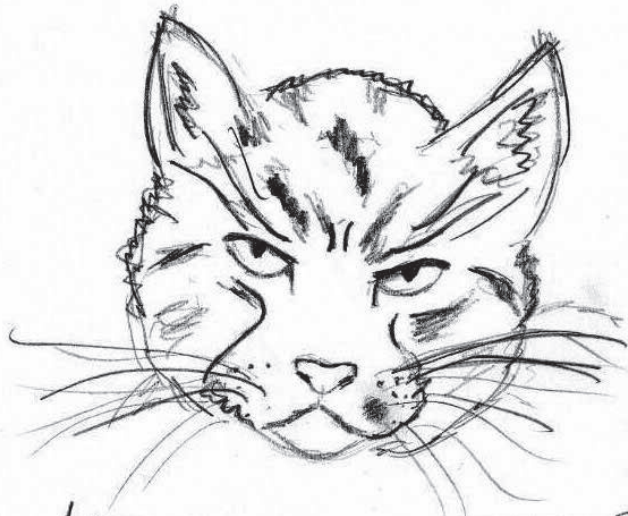


contents:

pages 2-5: Editorial
pages 6-7: Your friendly neighbourhood kinksters
pages 8-13: Haircut
page 14: When we first met you knew not how to bow
pages 16-17: "Pegging"
pages 18-19: Beyond orgasm
pages 20-21: Things i like doing and things i'd like to do
page 22: I hate that
page 23: Puppy







I HATE THAT THERE'S NO GOOD TITLES FOR GENDER NON CONFORMING DOH-HES!

What could you let people call you? Mistress? I'm pretty sure I've heard that used as a transphobic joke once. Besides, it pretty much sounds like mattress. Mis...ter? Well, that clearly doesn't work. And if you combine the words Madam and Sir, it sounds like someone is struggling with the pronunciation of "Mademoiselle". I guess there's no way out but to go for complete megalomania and let people call you "Your Highness". If they can do that with a straight face, I think they've earned a treat.





if you'd also like your ideas and fantasies to be portrayed in an issue of this zine, you can send us the text and we'll illustrate for you. Or if you prefer, feel free to send us your own comics!

things i like doing and things i'd like to do

words by Lu
images by Faut



Your friendly neighbourhood kinksters

Do you know that feeling when a person who faces a certain kind of oppression turns out to be really shitty and you're like „How can you be so horrible, you're supposed to understand what oppression is!“? I mean, obviously I know that being oppressed by one or more things doesn't make you a great person. Often it doesn't even make you fight the system oppressing you or teach you solidarity with others who have the same problems, let alone those with different problems. I realised this long ago and used to smile a sad, omniscient smile at people's naivety when they still said “But how can (white) gay people be racist?”.

I'm not proud of being condescending but what can you do? However, I only recently realised that I had been under the strange misconception that being kinky also meant that you were somewhat nice and politically conscious. Go on, smile you smiles of revenge, I've clearly earned them. Especially you, friend who had to find out that your queer siblings aren't necessarily good allies in other struggles. And while you do that, allow me to rant a bit.

Within three months of the last year I had two very discouraging encounters with large groups of kinky people. The first one was a party at a local dungeon. It was the last night, so people thought it'd be a good idea to get really drunk and still play, posing a serious threat to themselves, their partners and everyone who got within a whip's length of them. The whole thing was dominated by white cis guys who took up loads of space, shouting, posing, comparing their beards and trying to find out who was the manliest – I shit you not! There was even a conversation about penis lengths going on! The first thing that happened to me when I walked in was some person calling me “Darling” and after a quick look at my puzzled face, adding “Oh, that has nothing to do with you being a woman, I call everyone darling!” They were gone before I could even start to explain that I was not a woman. But maybe I should give them a break. After all, they were only part of a team hosting an event that was “open to all gender” in a town full of trans-

Having this sensation that was so highly sexual but completely different from contractions in my clitoris, opened up the gates to all sorts of possibilities. Feelings could be good without dramatically climaxing at some point. Also sometimes the waiting for a relieving climax that never comes could be even more exhilarating than said climax itself. I learnt that I enjoyed receiving pain and through that I found that I also loved inflicting it. I learnt that listening to people beg for me to kiss them could keep me entertained for hours at a time. And I learnt that when it feels good for everyone involved it's been worth it, no matter how long something took or if someone had an orgasm.

Beyond Orgasm

I think orgasms are great. I've loved them ever since I learnt to give them to myself at a very young age. But – quite similar to penetration – lots of people seem to believe that they're the most important or even the defining feature of sex and that's sad.

I mean, speaking from personal experience, I've had very enjoyable quickies that were mostly about getting each other off in as short a time as possible, but if every one of my sexual encounters went down like that, I'd be far from satisfied. Wouldn't lots of you? Besides, there are many people who don't have orgasms, or who don't have them with other people, or who don't like them or who are into cum control... but I'm getting ahead of myself. What I would like to say is, that even though orgasms can be very nice for some people, they're neither a thing that everyone needs to experience nor the defining part of sex.

That wasn't always clear to me. I guess, as a person who was assigned female at birth and also brought up that way, my first act of sexual rebellion was to actually get the straight cis guys who I had my first sexual experiences with to care about my orgasms and not just about their own pleasure. So, for a while, orgasms were really the most important part, just because they were the first thing to fight for. Pretty soon however, I realised that orgasms alone don't make me feel like I'm having great sex with someone and I might wanna do it again.

Now obviously there's lots of vanilla ways to make sex different from a mere speed race. But for me it took BDSM to fully realise how many other things my body is capable of feeling. At some point, so called "fore-play" started entailing more and more things that had nothing to do with the regions I had always thought of as erogenous. It also started taking longer and longer and including a lot of teeth and finger nails. For me, pain is an exquisite feeling in itself but it doesn't bring me anywhere close to orgasms unless it's paired with other experiences.

and or gender non conforming people. I stayed because there was a girl I really wanted to make out with but when I walked home later that night I felt like I should just have gone home when the first guy started bragging about his manhood.

The second situation was at a fetish fair that I had gone to for reasons beyond my control. Go ahead and make up your own explanation, it's sure to be more glamorous than the actual one. Maybe I'd have had more fun if I had decided to go there myself... But I highly doubt it. Everything was incredibly expensive (though also quite alluring, to be honest) and I had gone round all the tables twice so I sat down next to the loo and watched everyone go by. I saw a lot of kinky people that day and if they hadn't been dressed for the occasion you would never have guessed that anything separated them from the rest of mainstream society. The vast majority of shoppers came in heterosexual pairs of white non-disabled cis-people who treated each other in ways and talked about things that you would expect from them. From what I could make out, they were sexist, transphobic, and most of all they were really, really boring. Listening to their conversations for an afternoon, you got the feeling that being kinky was the only thing that people got oppressed for in the world... And that as soon as your own kinks got accepted into the mainstream, life on earth would be just perfect.

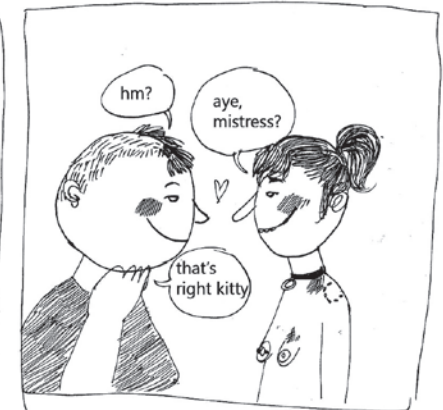
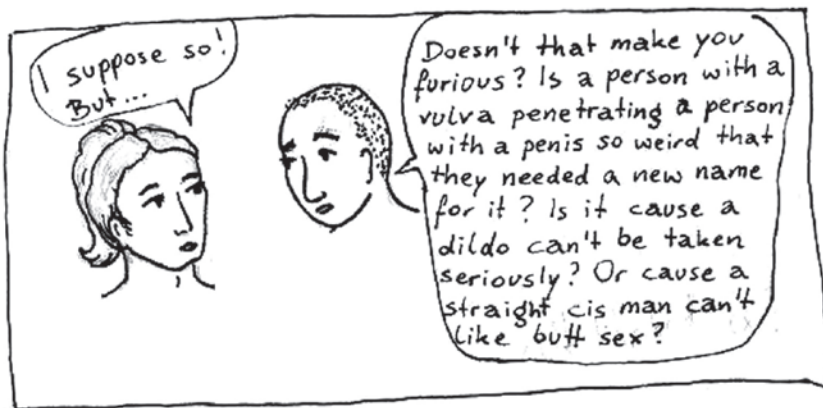
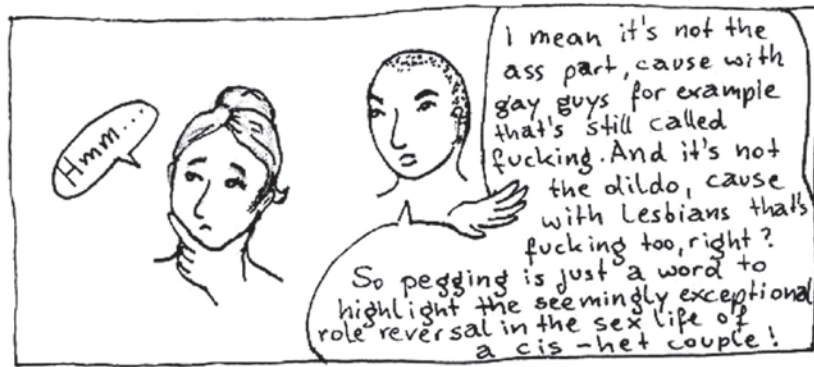
But I don't wanna be accepted into society as it is. I don't consider the world great as long as people are left behind. Life without the destruction of every oppressing force is bullshit and so is kink without radical politics!

haircut

by Faut



"pegging"





When we first met you knew not how to bow (A sonnet about discipline)

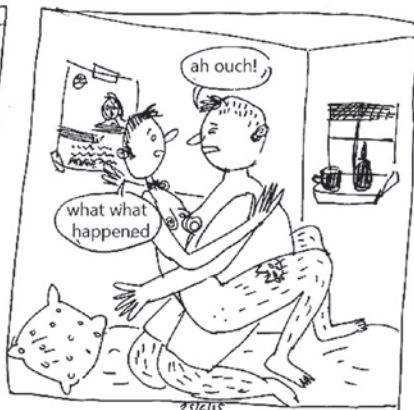
When we first met you knew not how to bow
Nor when to speak or how to hold your tongue.
If former mistresses could see you now
I dare to say they'd like what I have done.

You only beg for treats that you have earned
You kiss the very floor on which I tread
And when I can't be bothered, you have learnt
to do unto yourself whate'er I said

A toy to satisfy my own desire,
You're used and cast away just as I please.
Just once the punishment got oh, so dire
You tried to escape from the strict rules of our agreement just as this line
is escaping from the strict corset of the Shakespearian sonnet, but

With me in charge you cannot really flee
Unless you use our safe word, obviously.





END.