



Play! FIGHT!



thoughts, fantasies & stories
on kinky sex and politics

*Play!***FIGHT!**



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Introduction

Play!Fight! Is the first project facilitated by Radical X, a new platform for sex-positive, activist art making and writing. Radical X aims to link the personal to the political - and what better place to start than at the thorny intersection between radical politics, and kinky sex?

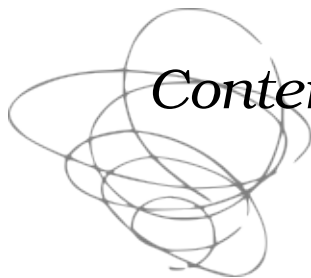
Some radicals regard BDSM (bondage/discipline, domination/submission, sadism/masochism) with disinterest or even distaste, despite supporting sexual freedom. Some kinksters don't "do" politics, despite the hassle they get from the law.

Play!Fight! encouraged a dialogue between the two, asking what activism and kink might have to offer each other. This zine is the end product of a process which brought people from different scenes into contact, sharing ideas and listening to one another.

Contributions ranged from essays, to pornography, to conversations - most of them created specially for *Play!Fight!*. The website was so overwhelmed with submissions that only the juiciest few made it into this zine.

Play!Fight! started from the belief that activists and kinksters should be talking to each other. Both groups explore alternatives to sanctioned cultural norms, both often fall foul of the law, and both can work together in the wider struggle for sexual liberation.

Massive thanks go to all who participated in Play!Fight!. Special props to OX4 for web hosting & tech support, Oxford Greenprint, and After Pandora for help with promotion. You all rock.



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Surrendering Freedoms

By Mhicsian

I hate being arrested. I go through it because it is an “occupational hazard”, a risk you have to take if you want to change anything. What I hate is the police forcing me to give up my freedoms, of being so dominant, and it is not my choice.

It takes about a week after being arrested, but there is an inevitable need to surrender myself totally to someone else. It does not matter how much they use me as long they make me work for their attention. I want to give in to them, to surrender to them of my own free will. This is me giving up my freedoms, my choice to find my pleasures in this way.

I love it when they chain me up and punish me. Sometimes when I am sitting in a cell I think of the things that have been done to me when I have surrendered to a lover, and I know the police

have nothing on me. They do not know how often I have been tied up and whipped until every inch of my skin glows from the pain; they do not know how I have been pinned down and fucked at my partner's whim. Above all, they do not know the security of being in the arms of someone so completely in control of me, of



Image: ox4.org/~nor

being with someone I want to serve so completely. No copper is ever going to get that from me, and that gives me strength to resist.

They will not break me. Yet I need to know that they will not break me, that I will not be broken in the future, and so each time I return to the absolute surrender. I feel lucky that I have had partners who are willing to indulge these desires.

There are times though when it is not enough to make my own choice to submit. I have too much anger and then I need to let that go if I am to stay sane and to be able to look another piece of filth in the eye. In those

moments to have a slave is the only thing that will do for me. It is then I am at my harshest, most dominant. My play is rough and my demands absolute. I want to push the boundaries of pain and obedience in my slave.

To me this is not perversion or a contradiction of my anarchist principles, but about keeping me sane and dealing with the traumas of being active in a fucked-up world. This is not to say that I don't enjoy all these things for their own sake – I assure you that I definitely do, but I have worked them in to my life as a political activist as well. It is a nice convergence. No masters but the ones I choose...



Three Things

By Anon.

There are three things I want to have.

Your voice, your stance, your desire.

I need not ask. You will give them freely.

I will take them by force.



In Conversation: Two Sex Radicals consider Kink

Dariush is an activist, academic and anarchopervert (see his essay on page 28). **Jools** is a London-based kinkster and feminist, interested in the relation between kink and leftwing politics. They were introduced via *Play!Fight!* and took part in an email exchange.

Hi Dariush

So where do you want to start?
Kink or activism? Or maybe both?

I'm much more attracted to kink, because it's fun. But then activism is more important. Perhaps one is about desire and the other is about need. Or... kink is generally about what you want for yourself, while activism is often what you want for others (albeit including yourself in that number). Perhaps that's why activists can get so dogmatic at times - focussing on a good cause can make you a bit blinkered.

Anyway, I look forward to talking with you on this project.

Jools x

Hi Jools

To answer your question -- i'd say both. i suppose what i'm drawn to thinking about is the intersection of activism and sexual perversion (no, not intersection, horrible word, what about interpenetration).

just one other point -- on self and others -- social transformation is definitely something i want for myself, hungrily, it's a big desire, and i want it to be very fun and joyful -- i think boring activism that's merely important and worthy is a killer and gets us nowhere but the scrapheap of history -- so i won't do activism for others -- or maybe only in the same way i will do sex for others whom i want to give pleasure, want to share pleasures and discoveries with...



<< I won't
do activism
for others -
or only in
the way I
will do sex
for others >>

(that viral quote of lilla watson --
"If you have come here to help me,
you are wasting your time. But if
you have come because your
liberation is bound up with mine,
then let us work together.")

sex and anarchy!

Dariush

.....

Hey Dariush

You've given me some interesting
things to think about.

J.

PS I like putting words together...
so do you think we're talking about
SMactivism (or smacktivism)?

hi jools,

well one thing i sometimes think
about is this: it's not that we're
perverts so much as the world is
already deeply perverted. there is
nothing straight in this world; all
social relations are already kinked
and twisted. Work, school, streets,
justice: daily life comes ready
charged with dark erotic power.

All perverts are doing is noticing
this and drawing on this energy, so
we can praise ourselves for having
open eyes or olfactory glands, and
this is a defence for activist
perverts. but then: we can't let
ourselves off that easily -- it's not
really just that we sense it, but we
get off on it too, we get strange
pleasures from the twisted states of
the world -- revel in it, sniffing out
the dark corners of desire -- though
joy, pleasure, is also a defence in

itself. but then don't we become attached to the dirtiness? isn't it wrong to love bad things? don't we get stuck?

D xx

Image: © Adam Graff



<< Are we neutralising our traumas? Is kink our catharsis for the way society is built? >>

Hi Dariush,

I certainly agree that a lot of life operates on the same basis of power play and sadism / masochism as kink itself does. But the relationship that 'authorities' like religion and government have with the people they control are more equivalent to an unhealthy/abusive D/s relationship. Power is often taken

without consent, and kept using fear and threats. And why do people seek out and support these structures? Because they want to be told what to think, not just what to do.

So it follows that us perverts are detecting this darkness and recreating it. But we're not replicating it exactly - we're making it safer, more pleasurable - turning it into something that is fun and mutually beneficial. In life unlike sex, we don't have a safe word: 'I've had enough - stop oppressing me now'.

Are we working through life's abuse of us and neutralising our traumas? Is kink our catharsis for the way our society is built? Or perhaps elements of our own innate nature, which work together to create the larger societal kink?

I think it's fair to say that humans have an innate fascination with power, and I have probably been very unfair in characterising all desire for it outside the realms of the sexual as negative. There are plenty of people who lust for power to change things for the good, and who lust for the power to set others free. But with that thought we're

back to the point you made very well that the common good is just as much about good for your own sake as good for the sake of others. Perhaps we're just salving our consciences when we direct our lust for power at something 'worthy', and the satisfaction would be the same either way (albeit with varying degrees of guilt).

I see your point about it being potentially damaging to love bad things, but perhaps by ignoring our kinks and our dark desires they would fester and become dangerous. Perhaps that is why we have a festering and dangerous world (in part), because too many people are afraid to admit what they want and deal with it face on.

Jx

.....
**<< Most S/M is shit,
and does just
replicate what it
finds in the world,
without asking any
questions >>**
.....

Hi Jools

thank you -- i think this could become a really interesting conversation, though whether it will wrap itself up for the deadline i dunno ... well i hope this won't be the only edition of play!fight!

one thing you wrote about was -- you said -- we're not exactly replicating the darkness, but turning it into something. i think that's right, at least -- i think that's what we can do, a longrunning theme in what S/M can be -- a transformation.

though i think it's far from what it always is, and actually i'm quite negative about most S/M, BDSM, whatever, i think most of it is shit, and does just replicate the shit it finds in the world, without asking any questions. (btw did you ever see any films by jodorowsky -- if not: he's a chilean who made stunning mystic films -- there is one called the sacred mountain with a scene where shit is transformed alchemically into gold...)

and one concern i have about the notion of consent, in S/M as well as other contexts, is that it can be used as a magic ticket to a false 'safe

place'. a longrunning theme in capitalism and its theory: the name of consent is a blessing that allows any kind of transaction, however exploitative and dominating, because it is as a free trade between consenting parties -- the worker accepts the crumb-y wage without coercion, and is even thankful.

similarly i don't like the idea that in BDSM by the magic of consent we create a safe play space insulated from the world outside, where nothing matters or has any resonance, because it is "just" a fantasy -- as if fantasies aren't real and creative and destructive forces that leak out of our heads and change the world...

instead i like to think that there is a way of doing S/M that is not just a harmless diversion but is itself a form of activism. we are playing with really powerful revolutionary stuff, so let's not use it just to give us a temporary breather from our boxes, or to make new ones.

on the other hand, coming back to consent, i've seen an interesting

new definition. in "the ethical slut", Dossie Easton and Janet Hardy say: "we mean an active collaboration for the benefit, well-being and pleasure of all persons concerned".

the interesting bit being the "active collaboration". it's not just that i say yes, or sign some contract, but that

the space is always being re-created and re-worked, is always developing as we explore it together in a joint project -- a collaboration that doesn't finish, keeps on being active and moving.

here consent is not "given", handed over, but continually made and re-made by all involved -- it can never be taken for granted, it doesn't ever fade into the background.

the question is not: "i want to do this, is it alright that i'm doing this?", as if i have a desire of something i want to do (like in those checklists we're meant to fill in in bdsm contact sites) then i just need to find the appropriate partner to do it to (/ do it to me). (like the capitalist employment contract -- the boss has a job to fill, then finds

**<< fantasies are
real and creative
and destructive
forces that leak
out of our heads
and change the
world >>**

someone who fits the spec).

instead it's: "what can we do -- what can we explore and create together in this scene?" where we are thinking not how to scratch this sexual itch, fill the vacancy, but what we can explore, learn, revolutionise together where our desires themselves are not given but being created as we explore.

though maybe what we're talking about now is not consent but something much more, or maybe it's an anti-capitalist idea of consent.

i don't want S/M to save me from the darkness and the danger in me i don't believe there's any saving so i want to explore the danger in me

together with people i love and i want us to become more dangerous

for an activist S/M! -- an active collaboration with revolutionary intent, making insurrections in our own bodies

D xx

Hi Dariush,

Yes, deadlines or not, I'm finding this an interesting discussion. I like the distinction you made between consent and active collaboration. Perhaps true collaboration, rather than handing over control, is the only difference between the shit and the gold of life.

This might be cynical, but I think that certainly in society (probably less so in sex, but who knows?) a lot of the reason people just hand over control is laziness.

<< We can listen to our bodies, but we can tell them things too - and the way they respond can evolve >>

One decision means you don't have to make lots of other decisions, and you don't have to take the blame if what is created is bad or messed up.

You can angrily proclaim that the one with the power 'betrayed your trust', without considering that you probably betrayed yourself when you gave your trust away.

When you connect with someone it's easy to create together, where your dreams and fantasies are

jointly built, but that's pretty hard to replicate on a societal scale. I'm not saying we shouldn't try.

I like the thought of S/M as activism (smacktivism, I'm going to keep saying it!). I like the idea of performing a revolt against your body's own natural responses, so that suddenly pain isn't only bad, it is also pleasure, enjoyment, exhilaration and love.

Equally, bodily confinement and restraint don't only mean vulnerability and danger - they can mean freedom and safety. We can listen to the things our bodies tell us, but we can tell them things too, and the way they respond can evolve.



Image: © Adam Graff

But we are not separate from our bodies - we are not two separate entities... Often S/M reminds me of this - for me it reconnects the dots between the physical and the mental, and the spiritual too.

When I hurt and feel and fuck, my body isn't just a thing that walks my brain around anymore. And my mind doesn't switch off when I'm connecting with someone through S/M like it would if I were simply exercising my body.

All of me is involved in the process - none of me is dormant.

Jxx

*Dariush blogs at
partemaldita.blogspot.com*



Crossroads

By C.

I'm shaking, it's cold. I bring up a hand and the concrete is dirty on my fingers. I'm at the centre of the crossroads on my back, hard up against the sky and my breath comes fast. It's like somebody put nails down beneath me - I want to jump away and leave, get the hell out of here. This is where people die. This is where they walk past the red lights and die, shattered and bleeding. So let's get our fucking clothes off and let's do this.

Your hands snatch at the tarmac as I ride you. The growl in your throat meets the engine of a distant taxi. There's grit in your hair and moonlight silvers your skin, mixing with the red of the traffic lights, you filthy saint. I reclaim you. Wind bites through my sweater; you're my naked sacrifice but fuck it if I'm stripping all the way down on a March night. The wool's rough on my nipples and my knees grind against hard stone, marking my ground in blood as I tilt my hips into you.

Damn, but you feel good like this, and I don't want you to stop.

Sound carries on cold air; so do you. I can smell you mingled here with engine oil and the sweat of bare panic. We're hammering each other now, my hands grabbing your naked hips, smearing them with grease before I wipe them on your sweater.

.....

**<< I want to jump
away and leave, get
the hell out of
here... so let's
get our fucking
clothes off and
let's do this >>**

.....

But I can't hold you, you slip out of my reach, obscuring the moon, a green nimbus around you as ghoulish you take what you came for. You won't let me touch you, you don't need it, one hand working at your clit as the other crashes

down on my chest, pinning me into the ground, your cunt wrapping around me, not letting me go.

Later, I want to be languorous with you, but this space is only ours until the sun rises. And that car swerved close before it dived past, horn screaming. You're past caring, you're in disarray, you're begging, you've forgotten that you're up against cold stone ground and that

I'm going to take you until you scream. I'm leaning over you now, pinning your hands back by a pothole, my hips moving knowingly, relentless. You're in my temple and this is the crossroads where you go where I want. Get ready. When we leave, the streetlights remain. Stop. Go. Get ready. Fuck. But we're mingled with their light, and it's our space now.

Play!Fight! Conversation Starters

Gathered from a survey on the *Play!Fight!* website and used during the project to open up dialogue. Some thoughts to get you thinking; look out for them sprinkled throughout this zine.

What question do you have about activism?
Can anyone be defined as a 'non-activist'? -Anon.

What question do you have about kink?
What do you get from kinky sex that you might not from regular sex?
-Adam

What do you play for?
escape, ecstacy, feeling, numbing, to live, to heal, to revel in love
-Claire

What do you fight for?
To reclaim the space around us as a space we can live in as us. I want that space to be as wide as it can be. -Cas



In Conversation: Anarchy and the Fetish Scene

Charlie is a long-time anarchist, active in community and environmental struggles. This is an edited transcript of his conversation with **London Faerie** of the *After Pandora* club ('The thinking pervert's playground'), in an open discussion event via video chat at the Oxford Action Resource Centre.

Nor: Would you like to introduce yourself Charlie, and your involvement in this space?

Charlie: Sure. I've lived in Oxford for about eight years, and I've been involved in anarchist activism since I was about 16. This space emerged out of a series of squats, which we used as resource centres for the local community. We eventually got some money together to rent this place, as a permanent space for people to organise.

.....
**<< I found the
fetish scene lacked
a certain warmth and
tenderness... >>**
.....

It's a point of infrastructure that's accessible to people without any money, who are trying to change the world. We adhere to the PGA [Peoples' Global Action] hallmarks – a dedication to non-hierarchical and anti-capitalist organising.

Nor: Thanks Charlie. Faerie, can you say a little about the space that you're in culturally, and the events you organise?

London Faerie: Sure. Hello everyone. The main thing I do is organise events under the name of *After Pandora*. I've been going out on the fetish scene in London for about four years, and I found that it lacked a certain warmth and tenderness, that I thought were very important in

BDSM environments. So I created *AP* on a different principle – that we would only allow people in once we'd met them personally, and the parties would be private. And it would have that feel of safety, and of being much more intimate.

Nor: I wanted to bring you two together, to give you both a chance to ask each other questions about the different sorts of spaces that you're involved in. It seems that both of you are activists in your own

ways, although what you do Faerie might not usually be considered activism.

Charlie: I remember we were looking at the *Play!Fight!* conversation starters, and someone asked, 'can anyone be defined as a non-activist?'

London Faerie: Ah yes, let's start there. What do you think Charlie?

.....
<< I can understand why people might not want to be called an activist... there's a stigma attached >>
.....

C: I struggle with the idea of 'activist' as an identity in and of itself. Activism, for me, is something which people do, not something which people are. So thinking of people of 'being' or 'not being' activists, is a difficult thing for me. I suspect we all do things which change the world. For example, *After Pandora* changes the world for people who participate in it. Though for me, the ideal of anarchism is to change the world for *everybody*

Image: ox4.org/~nor



who's affected by the systems of oppression that we live under. So... the same question back to you!

LF: I'm inclined to agree with you – the label can be problematic, and it has some strong associations. As a 'liberal', I can understand why people might not want to be defined as an activist, because they might think there's a stigma attached.

So a slightly different spin on the question: can anyone be defined as *not responsible*? Because talking to people in this project about social and political issues has made clearer for me what I sort of believed anyway, which is that we're all responsible. You can't just not be part of it or claim neutrality – you have to take responsibility, in everything you do. So for example, if you work for a company that damages the environment: there's a problem there; you are, essentially, the opposite of an activist – you're doing damage. It's hard to see how anyone's not responsible in some way for the way the world is.

C: There's also a conscious tendency, which our society really encourages, to avoid seeing that there's any connection between our actions and the effects they have in the world. From a political point of view – Newtonian physics, right? – when you do something, it has an effect. And I think we're very isolated from the effects of our actions.

LF: You've put your finger on it – the way things are set up, it's designed to make us not see the knock-on effects of our actions. And that design has a deep history in the way that dominant Western civilisations organise things. It starts off with division of labour and increased specialisation, and the systems of oppression become more and more abstracted – so we no longer even see the kind of poverty that people live in who, for example, make the things we own.

C: And I wonder if there's a link between that cultural disconnect you describe, and the sort of issues that people from the BDSM community are facing? The fact that you don't get to see

lots of people having a really nice time, but only second-hand images of something that seems distasteful. I wonder if that pattern gets used as a way of oppressing people in your community.

LF: I think it's worth making a distinction between the 'fetish scene', and the wider BDSM community. My impression of the fetish scene is that it actually reflects the structures we were talking about. There's a kind of denial there. For example, there are some quite serious threats to our civil liberties when it comes to practicing BDSM, and it's surprising how few people on the scene actually know about that.

There were a bunch of laws passed last year that potentially criminalise even having *images* of consensual BDSM. And there are a lot of older laws around assault, most famously in a landmark case in the early nineties [the Spanner case], used to prosecute people who were practising BDSM fully consensually. The legal argument, which is kind of

funny, was that 'you can't consent to this because it's assault' – which is a circular argument; to me assault is something you don't consent to. But nine gay guys went to jail for it. I think there was homophobia in there as well, because I'm pretty sure if they'd been straight couples it would have been quite different. There's a massive distaste, though people are quite unaware of that. The fetish scene can be quite glitzy and glam-y, and focus on the pretty-pretty of everything, and there's a kind of denial there as well.

Nor: Thanks both of you. I'd like to open this up to some questions now.

Anonymous participant: As you were saying Faerie, it's not possible to partake in these BDSM spaces without running the risk of coming against these various laws. I wonder whether to some extent, consciously or not, you have to be an activist simply to practice those things, and to put yourself against the law in that way?

LF: That's an interesting question. I suppose there's a difference between breaking the law, especially if you're not aware of breaking it, and actively trying to change the law or challenge things that oppress our freedom. I know this project is exploring the possibility that just doing BDSM may be a radical action, but I think there's a wide spectrum of people. From 'anarcho-pervs' – is that the technical term? – who are extremely aware of these issues, for whom their BDSM is part of a wider anarchist politics, all the way to the glitziest end of the fetish scene. People who go to work Monday to Friday, buy expensive latex, and spank each other lightly. They're very different, and as to how 'activist' they are, that has to do with how aware and how conscious people are about the law and what laws they're breaking. And how public they're willing to be.

Another anonymous participant: I have a question. What's the difference between BDSM, and something like an underground 'fight club'? Because there are laws against that, just like there are against whipping each other.

They both involve using your body in the way you want. Would you agree with a fight club set-up, where it's between friends so the police shouldn't have a right to intervene?

C: Yes, if it's between friends, sure.

LF: If you take Fight Club as an example, the motivation seems to be, 'we can't feel anything, we're numb, so we fight'. The intention behind that is different from that behind BDSM, which is first and foremost about pleasure. The question for me is always – what's the intent? Boxing seems quite competitive. BDSM generally is collaborative. It may look competitive from the outside, but one person is saying 'I surrender power' and other, 'I take power', and that's an agreement. It's what defines it as consensual BDSM, as opposed to a contest where power is being taken forcibly.

afterpandora.com
theoarc.org.uk

Love Letter to an Anonymous Stone Thrower

By Bleeding Gums Murphy

A rock left from your beautiful hand into the Pittsburgh night searching for either a bank window, a storefront, or maybe even the visor of a riot cop's helmet to embrace. In a strange turn of events, my face obstructed the stone from reaching its final destination and, instead of the intended glass being shattered, my teeth were cracked into pieces and blood sprayed from my mouth like a scene from a '70s slasher-flick.

My dear, I write you this love letter to ask you never to regret what happened this past Thursday in Pittsburgh. What is the exact nature

of friendly-fire but a combination of the two elements essential to any revolutionary: friends and fire? Clearly you don't have to be Octave Mirbeau to locate the uncanny semblance between pain and pleasure. Your brick toss became for me an erotic spanking par excellence. It was a treat for me to feel your subjective will, set on battering alienated capitalist objectivity.

Gorgeous it was; the hard stone, your soft hand, and your sleek body coupled into a machine whose flow caressed my lips, leaving traces of your desire around my mouth.

<< the hard stone, your
soft hand... >>



I long for you, Anonymous Stone-Thrower, and I so badly want to tell you that you are my hero and also say thank you. Thank you for finally letting me experience a riot from another angle.

Edited version; originally published at filthandglitter.wordpress.com



Now

By Poulaki

I do it now, now, now, not now, now, yes, you do it now, please, do it now, don't wait, don't wait longer, sing me a song to unfrighten me, whisper a pray. You call it intercourse, penetration, puncturing, stabbing, pricking. You call it nipple, mamilla, titty, teat. And I say: I nipple you, I titty you, I'm stabbing you, oh yes, I am pricking you, I'm mamilling you, I am puncturing you, I am stabbing you.

And I pray, and I shout, do love you, you son of a bitch.
And I say, and I loud, do shit on me, you son of a prick.
And I spray, and I crowd, do fuck with me, you terrible shit.
And I stray, and I found, do play with me, you fertile geek.

I do it now, now, now, not now, now, oh yes, and I am done, I am finished, darling, I am over, I have concluded, I have ceased, I have ended, I have wind, I have ended (I have come).

© *Poulaki*.



Deleuze, Guattari & Pervert Politics

By Anon.

The problem at stake in the *Play!Fight!* project seems to be: if perverse sexual practices and political activism are normally understood as separate sets of activities, restricted to their own non-communicating spheres, then where might we find them unified? Or if we desire such a connection, must we construct it ourselves?

Some of the most stimulating insights into this problem can be found in the writings of the philosophers Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari. Deleuze discussed the subjects of masochism and politics at various points in his writing career. Two specific texts will be considered here: first, the essay *Coldness and Cruelty* (1967), and secondly, ‘How Do You Make Yourself a Body Without Organs?’ (1980), written with Guattari.

In *Coldness and Cruelty*, Deleuze discusses Masochism by returning to a foundational text on the subject: the writings of Leopold von

Sacher-Masoch, particularly *Venus in Furs*. At the time Deleuze wrote this essay, Sade had been widely discussed in French intellectual circles, and this essay re-established Masoch’s reputation as an artist in his own right, as opposed to simply a complementary shadow of Sade.

.....

**<< If perverse
sexuality and
politics are
normally separate,
where might they be
unified? >>**

.....

Deleuze emphasises the significance of the revolutionary historical moments to which these authors were responding. On one level, the fictions and sexual practices of both authors can be understood as parodying the philosophies which were used to justify the ruling order. They humorously or ironically replay

them, in sexualised form, in order to subvert them. Sade and Masoch thus share a common enemy, but they attack it in distinct ways (here we are focussing on the masochistic strategy). The enemy in question is ‘the law’, both as a social reality and as an internalised form of order by which human subjects repress their own desires.

In order to understand Deleuze’s sense of ‘the law’, it is necessary to grasp the importance of the Freudian Oedipus complex to his contemporaries. Briefly, the Oedipus complex can be summarised as the idea that every boy sexually desires his mother, but fears punishment from his father, who represents the law against incest. Coldness and Cruelty is written within a psychoanalytic framework. Freud, as he sought to institutionalise psychoanalysis, saw the role of the analyst as facilitating the patient’s passage through the Oedipus complex, and thereby allowing each adult to be integrated into their proper place in the family.

What question do you have about kink?
In Orwell’s dystopia, sex is purely procreational and not to be enjoyed. Do you think the exploration of kinks is a radical act?
-London Faerie



Image: © AnaMaTrix

<< Since the social order is corrupt, perversions are valuable practices of resistance >>

The argument goes that our attitude to the wider social world is determined by the fact that we recognise various authority figures (e.g. teachers, police, bosses, judges) in the symbolic terms of paternal authority that we learn within the family.

If the child successfully resolves his Oedipus complex (that is, if he marries and has children), this will inevitably reproduce the complex for another generation, and perpetuate the cycle. Deleuze's argument is that, since the social order is corrupt, perversions such as sadism and masochism are in fact valuable practices of resistance to these normalising tendencies.

But Deleuze clearly believed at this point that psychoanalysis could still be retained as a liberatory tool, if it could be adapted to accommodate the perversions in a non-judgemental fashion. The role of masochism, for Deleuze, is to expel the father figure from the fantasy scene of desire, by bestowing the task of punishment on the mother, who then beats out the figure of paternal authority which the son has internalised. This allows him to be 'reborn' as a new man, free from the Oedipus complex. (Just as Freud's concept of the Oedipus complex addresses itself primarily to male sexual dilemmas, Deleuze tends to marginalise the question of whether there could be a feminine type of masochism.)

Masochism returns in his piece with Guattari entitled 'How Do You Make Yourself a Body Without Organs?', in their book *A Thousand Plateaus*. Masochism is considered alongside other practices, from courtly love to yoga, from experimentation with drugs to the avant-garde writing of Antonin Artaud. The question for Deleuze and Guattari is how to unify these various practices. The politics behind this project can be understood as one of solidarity between creative minorities. There is a parallel here with broader revolutionary programs for the reconstruction and renovation of society.

This article has given a very general indication of some approaches towards the intersection between politics and perversion that can be found in Deleuze and Guattari's work. Readers interested in politics, perversion, or both, should feel encouraged to encounter the texts firsthand...

A Professional Man

By ChickOf78

He was quite simply the picture of a confident, charming, successful, handsome man. Perfectly groomed, his nails cut and filed, every hair in place, his teeth straight and white. He was sat opposite me, his suit crisp, his demeanour commanding. A strong, capable, professional man. The waitress didn't even look at me, not a glance, it was obvious who would be ordering the wine. The commanding and charismatic man opposite me. And he did. With

no discussion he chose the Chardonnay and asked for two glasses. He would be punished for that. At that he put the menu down and turned those baby blues on me. I smiled gently, not willing to give away whether the wine pleased me or not. That would be my secret. I could see the hint of concern and curiosity in his otherwise unphased demeanour.

Looking him directly in the eye I raised my hand to my necklace where I was wearing the key to a padlock. I tapped it three times, just to remind him that his cock was caged, and I was his keyholder. To remind him that whatever it looked like to everyone else I was in control today. My face a picture of innocence and subservience I made him drop his eyes from mine, and in just that gesture I could see that I had lit a fire in his mind. When his eyes returned to mine they were filled with desire, though I couldn't decide whether it was the desire to have me, or to be completely controlled by me.



The wine arrived and of course the waitress poured a small amount into his glass to taste. He made a show of swirling it in his glass, lifting it to the light to see the colour, sniffing it and finally tasting a small amount. He would be punished for that too. The show of it. It was unnecessary. In his case understated is just more commanding. That was the role I wanted him to play. To be seen to be in charge, knowing all the while he was my plaything.

The waitress came back and described the specials to us, smiling at me occasionally but then directing almost all of her attention at

him. As she went through them I nodded my approval at a couple of the items, the lamb shank, the stoved chicken. I was sure he missed my signals, but when he ordered for me I was pleasantly surprised. He had noticed my slight nods, and ordered the stoved chicken with seasonal vegetables. I smiled and nodded my approval.

I asked him to tell me about his work. I was the picture of an attentive, interested little plaything

for him. We discussed the result of the most recent elections in the UK. I was surprised to find that he was an avid Conservative. I suppose I shouldn't have been. We discussed the proposals for offering married couples tax breaks and the cuts to inheritance tax that had been Conservative policy before the Con/Lib coalition. I probed his support for both, but he didn't read my distaste. I hadn't decided whether to continue this session

after the meal, but

the idea of correcting his political naivete was starting to entertain me. I wondered whether he had ever been caged before.

The meal ended and of course he asked for the bill, it was given to him and he paid it. He didn't know what would happen next. I had told him in advance that I may not go back to his room with him, that I might decide to go home. A mix of thoughts about the evening swirled through my head. On the one hand he had executed the role I set him remarkably well, and that boded well for other types of play. Whilst men rarely interested me, the power

**<< the idea of
correcting his
political naivete
was starting to
entertain me... >>**

play with this one was erotic. His political views almost the polar opposite of mine and I liked the idea of mocking them and him when I had him powerless. On the other I wondered whether it was simply the act of subversion, making a mockery of established gender norms that dinner provided that I had found erotic. The exhibition of it. I turned my eyes back to him taking in his face, his shoulders and chest. For the first time he squirmed under my gaze.

Thoughts of how to punish him appropriately abounded. Obviously the various methods of inflicting pain were an option. My cane, crop, flogger. He wasn't worthy of

my hand yet. But that was too simple for this man, and then there was the wine to consider. Sensation play should never follow wine. He should be humiliated.

I lent into him and he wrapped one arm around me, his hand resting on my waist. Tilting my head up to look into his eyes I told him to call a taxi. Once he had called it I lent further into his embrace, my head resting on his chest. My mind ran through scenarios. This was going to be one interesting weekend...

What do you play for?

Fun, exploration, insight, exposure, expanded horizons, the challenge, generally a good time! -ChickOf78

What question do you have about kink?

How does an exploration of kink alter/develop an individual's more public self? What are peoples' experiences? -Beccy



Becoming-Water

Notes on Revolutionary Anarchomasochism

By Dariush Sokolov

"Once one has found oneself one must understand how from time to time to lose oneself - and then how to find oneself again ... For the thinker it is disadvantageous to be tied to one person all the time." Friedrich Nietzsche, Human all too Human (1)

1.

One basic technique in non-violent direct action (NVDA) training involves falling to the ground and relaxing to become a loose dead weight. The tactical purpose is to take more arresting officers out of action -- it can take four pairs of hands to carry a floppy horizontal body. An activist says -- "when I do this I roll with the motion. I become water. My body becomes so loose and heavy that sometimes I can slip out of their hands altogether, they have to stop and grab me again."

<< I roll with the motion... my body becomes so loose and heavy, sometimes I can slip out of the cops' hands altogether >>

2.

An anarcho-pervert says -- "Ever since I can remember my sexual fantasies involved relations of power and domination. When I fantasised as a child, was I the princess, or was I the captor? Actually, I don't remember, and part of me thinks maybe I was neither -- what was important was just that the scene was taking place. Now, to enact such a scene in real life, I have learnt to play a role within it -- but, I insist, taking a role came later, the scene came first."

3 .

In Deleuze and Guattari's discussion of the masochist becoming-horse scene (equus eroticus), the masochist doesn't imitate a horse, play a horse, experience being a horse, or even turn into a horse. Becoming-animal is actually a kind of de-subjectification.

4 .

In the "rational choice" version of the theory of power, power is exercised by effecting the incentives of intentional agents. The two most basic ways to exercise power, on this account, are to make threats and to make offers. An exercise of power is not a direct application of physical force on an object-body, but an appeal to a subject with interests. The policeman threatens me with a raised truncheon -- I agree to move because I don't want to get hit. The boss offers me a wage increase -- I break the strike because I want to eat. This kind of power requires a persisting subject with a future, someone who cares about the wounds on a recovering body, or the wages that keep flowing into a bank account, or the months to be spent in prison.

This subject can be destroyed in NVDA training or in masochism using techniques which, at least temporarily, open up a line of escape from subjectivity. Thus, the masochist is freed by domination, just as the activist can pass through and beyond overpowering force. Pain, subjection, force and violence inflicted upon the self, are converted into energies that propel the practitioner outside of the self.

5 .

It could be objected that human subjects may often respond to threats, offers and other stimuli in ways that shouldn't be considered actions at all -- the policeman raises the truncheon and "instinctively" I flinch or step back. The fact is that it can take training to widen the range of our possible responses to violence and domination. Many of our responses might be best considered as "reactions" rather than actions in the fullest sense. Both violent and non-violent responses can be reactions -- patterned responses triggered by fear or vengeance, weakness or resentment.

But the initial act of committing to becoming-water is an action, based

on training, that breaks out of the trap of usual subject-responses to state violence. The normal untrained set of available responses -- cower, run, hit. If we are confined to just these reactions, we are in a trap -- pain-trap, suffering-trap, fear-trap, reaction-trap. The action of becoming-water intends to undo the reaction-trap, and its way of doing so also involves breaking the subject-trap. The idea of a creative intervention as an exit from a trap: creativity is to identify a twist, a knot, a weakpoint, a point of leverage -- a subversion, a perversion, a kink. (What Deleuze and Guattari call a "line of flight".)

6.

Clearly most people in the world of BDSM are very far from being anarchomasochists. For many conventional masochists this little death is a temporary anomaly.

"Lifestyle" practitioners use BDSM practice not to destroy or subvert but to reinforce identities. It is true that there can be subversive angles to "identity SM" -- for example, the dyke who identifies as daddy has an extra twist on the male dominant.

But anarchomasochism is a study of becoming (becoming-daddy not



Image: © AnaMaTrix

**<< ...was I the
princess, or the
captor? Actually, I
don't remember >>**

.....
being a daddy), training in revolutionary transformation, experiments with the self.

Identity BDSM -- roles in scene are used to construct and reinforce persistent identities: identity masochists "explore their inner submissive", identity sadists "grow into mastery". Anarchomasochism -- roles in scene are used to deconstruct and subvert identities. The S/M game is a shuffling of roles, it breaks ties between roles

and individuals, roles and bodies. Shuffling: a female body stars in the role of daddy, a fat body is worshipped, a wimp becomes-tyrant, a male arse gets penetrated by a female cock.

7.

The anarchomasochist intention -- or better, the anarchopervert intention, at this point we can generalise out a bit -- is thus to de-solidify, de-root hegemonic identities through repeated shuffling and creative

mutation of roles in scenes. Sexual identities, gender identities are obvious targets but nothing is safe here -- scenes take on economic relations, age games, religion, everything -- because, as the pervert Foucault spotted, social life is already thoroughly perverted in every dimension. But scene playing on its own isn't enough -- it's still possible for players, even with the most eclectic and variable tastes

<< S/M is a shuffling of roles... a fat body gets worshipped; a male arse gets penetrated by a female cock >>

(polymorphously perverse switches), to erect and maintain a barrier wall between the play-space and life outside the scene ("dungeonisation"). The capacity to create strong barriers around sexplay is why anarchoperverts shouldn't be lulled into thinking that scene-playing alone constitutes subversive action. The additional

requirement is that the play-space is porous, so that perversion seeps out into outside life, contagious, so that gradually it's not just that everything is brought into play

but that play is brought into everything.

The anarchopervert playspace is not a sound-proofed dungeon but a leaky laboratory.

8.

Every escape out of the self is temporary. One identity has to be replaced with another. Identities fitting for anarchoperverts include: anarchist, friend, comrade, lover,

What question do you have about kink?
How does it challenge you? -ChickOf78

revolutionary, pervert, luddite, saboteur. Identities to smash: mummy, daddy, husband, wife, king, subject, etc.

Anarcho-identities are independent and egalitarian, interchangeable; the to-be-smashed roles can be defined only within polar or hierarchical structures: a mummy needs a daddy, a husband a wife, a king subjects, etc. These hegemonic identities are scene-roles, so what are they doing making claims to stick in real life?

The anarcho identity par-excellence is the one that arises just in the course of anarcho-S/M -- scene-player, experimenter. Which is to say, in our terms -- revolutionary anarcho-pervert. Voila.

(1) 2:306

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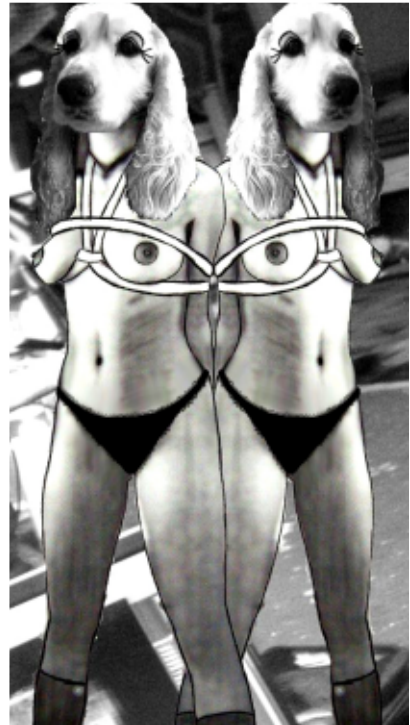


Image: © AnaMaTriX

**<< Mummy, Daddy,
king, subjects...
these are scene
roles, so what are
they doing in real
life? >>**

.....

What question do you have about kink?
Does your kinky sex feel like an act of rebellion, is it something normal and everyday or is it all of the above? -Cas



My Darling Girl

By Roxie Pearl

Her eyes were the only way she had left to worship me, but I had to blindfold her. She was tied to the bed; only silk and ribbons - she wouldn't struggle enough to loosen them. All done, I sat for a moment to admire my work, adore her.

I fetched some ice.

She hates it so I normally save it for last, when she's cross and hurt and tired and spent, to push her over the edge. This time, I wanted it first. She could feel I was playful, drawing smiley faces, writing "Fuck" on her chest.

I pressed the melting cube to her palms, behind her ears, the soles of her feet. I ran it up the inside of her thigh and held it against her clit until she twitched in horror. I pushed the last of the cube inside her, and sucked her clit until it was warm again.

Tempting, then, to tease her more with my tongue, but I also needed to deprive myself. I opened the window and lit a cigarette to calm down. I touched a fingertip of my wetness to the tip of her nose. The tension in her body thrilled me; her irritation at having a wet nose and

not being able to touch it or lick it delighted me. I closed the window. I warmed her body, white with cold, with mine, brushing my

nipples against hers, curling around her to meet my cunt to hers.

Too much, too much again. I went to read a paper for work - at first every few seconds my eyes would flick to the bed, watching her writhing so minutely to try and escape my notice. Finally I was able to concentrate, but when I reached the last page, I saw she had dropped the tiny red silk square from her left hand. I knew she could take a

<< **She could feel
I was playful -
drawing smiley
faces, writing
'Fuck' on her
chest... >>**

minute longer, and finished my paper.

I went to sit across her hips, making paper cuts down the side of her rib cage with the sharp side of my last page. I untied her ankles, and removed her blindfold, soaked with her tears; her needs written even more clearly in her eyes than her body alone could tell me. I knew the answer to my question before I un-gagged her to answer; “Why have we stopped - discomfort or desire?”

I sat over her, spat in her face before she had time to whisper, “desire”. You are a slut, a filthy whore, I growled. She turned to one side and flinched before I even raised my hand to slap her face. I turned her over roughly, and spanked her sweet little bottom

until she dropped flat, then I turned her again, spreading her legs and having her, my fingers inside her dripping cunt so easily. I half sat, half lay beside her, one hand across her throat, my other fisting her, my slender hand balled inside her. Finally, I undid her wrists, and draped her across my lap. I held her to me and let her suckle my nipples as I caressed her clit; she was sore and desperate after waiting so long. I held her to me when she came, whispered “Good girl! Come for Mummy.” Her head jerked back, her body in spasm; I pulled her hair to open her eyes so she’d look at me.

I read love in her eyes, and knew she’d read the same in mine.

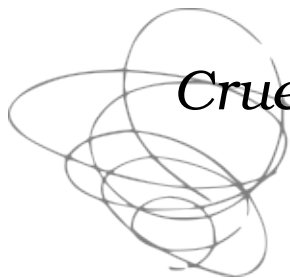
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What do you play for?

Graceful movement and sharp breaths. The fun and intricacy of rope. Total freedom. -Cas

What do you fight for?

The time when justice is not an exception, or an isolated victory. -Beccy



Cruelty and Catharsis

By Subversive Submissive

January 18 2009

In my bed I had been warm, but on the floor, I was shivering even with a blanket over me. I curled up, wanting to play but not wanting to leave the confines of the blanket, not wanting to suffer the coldness of the room or the discomfort of the floor.

I was tired and cranky. And as he pulled the blanket off of me and stood over me, I realized that the only way I was going to be able to play would be if my discomfort were a part of the scene, and if it were to be constant, unrelenting discomfort, unrelenting pain. I needed to be able to be cranky and to squirm and shake and cry, and for that to be okay, for it not to stop the scene. "Can we not stop unless I safeword?" I asked him. "Of course," he said.

"I want you to be cruel," I said, and

he understood. He kicked me, stepped on me, forced his boot into my mouth, and hurt me until I was earnestly trying to crawl away. He pulled me up onto my knees by my hair and slapped my face. I felt a lump form in my throat, and I suddenly began to cry, violently,

exhaling deeply from my stomach. My mind was spinning, confused by my reaction and by the fact that I wasn't safewording.

He asked me a question and I didn't understand, I couldn't understand any of this. *I want to shut everything out and he won't let me, he keeps pulling me out of myself, pulling out my breath and my sobs and my pain. And I feel like I'm going insane and I feel like that's okay...*

I spoke nonsense, I jerked my head from side to side, I cried and moaned. None of it fazed him. And

**<< Can we not
stop unless I
safeword? I
asked.
Of course, he
said >>**

suddenly, it was gone, and I felt exhausted and limp.

“I think I’m done,” I said.

“You want to stop? Are you okay?”

“Yes. I’m okay. But I think I’m done.”

I let him hold me, and sat there quietly with him, slightly shaken, but feeling safe and...what was this? Content? Did I feel content? What the fuck just happened? How is it that I was uncontrollably crying a few minutes ago, and now I’m feeling some sort of afterglow?

I showered and got into bed with him. We curled up with each other, and I was amazed at how normal

everything felt. For about twenty minutes, I had felt absolutely crazy, the sort of out-of-control crazy that I feel when I’m having an attack of overwhelm or panic or depression — but those attacks are unrelenting, lasting for hours or days, and leave me shaken to my core for even longer than that. This was like a condensed version, with a safety net. It was probably the closest I’ve ever felt to true catharsis.

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What do you play for?
The journey back to myself. -Beccy



In Conversation: An Activist and Pervert talk Politics

*Play!Fight! project facilitator and activist **Nor** is in conversation here with **London Faerie**, organiser of the kinky club *After Pandora*. They discuss the cultural gaps between the UK fetish scene and anarchist cultures, and how bridges might be built between these communities.*

Nor: So Faerie, you contributed the *Play!Fight!* conversation starter: "What is the world you dream of and do you think your activism is taking us there?".

It's a good one, quite a difficult one. It's interesting that the question sets up a distance between the here and now, and some future world we're attempting to move towards. As an anarchist, I feel uncomfortable with that model of change. I think it's a mistake to imagine that after some historical watershed everything will be great, like "after the revolution...". And historically that model has tended to neglect things like gender and sexuality – subsuming everything to the class struggle, for example, and relegating the personal to the sidelines.

<< **what is the world
you dream of, and is
your activism taking
us there? >>**

LF: Yes, I agree. And there's the "by any means necessary" aspect too, which I find hugely problematic, because building a new world means living it, every day.

One of the things that happens is the depiction of "anarchists", which is incredibly biased, tends to focus on the simple act of violence. And this creates a perception, at least in the minds of people like me, that anarchists advocate the "by any means necessary" approach. Whereas in talking to you and

others I now understand that this isn't the case, and the "how" is as important as the "what".

To tie that in with BDSM: I think that the public perception of both, fuelled by fear and ignorance, and the press' manipulations, totally fails to get that. It's all about the intent. Because the same scene, in different hands, can be loving or abusive, beautiful or awful. The perception of BDSM is that a little bit is OK (a bit of "harmless kinky fun"), but if you, for example, enjoy beating someone until they cry and they are bruised for a week, then there's probably something wrong with you. I think the perception of radicals is similar: a bit of protesting – good; trying to deeply change things – bad.

N: Yes - we're encouraged to be sexually experimental, provided it isn't really intense or scary or ugly. Similarly, activists are expected to carry out the moral good within the hopeless confines of legal, media-friendly action. Having said that, there are real differences between these two groups that shouldn't be papered over.

LF: Thinking about these differences, what keeps coming to

mind is a question about making the new vs challenging the old. To use BDSM as an example: do we stand and fight for our rights, or just build our own corner of the world where we are free to do our thing?

N: It's a tricky balance. The activism that most inspires me strives for a balance between creating what we want, and challenging the structures that prevent it existing on a wider scale. One without the other is inadequate and unsustainable.

LF: I'm thinking about [kinky queer community] Black Leather Wings, which is the most radical community I belong to. It's a struggle for me, how much we attempt to change those core structures. We spend amazing time healing ourselves, opening up to each other. But I think it's a fantasy, and it's certainly unsustainable. Increasingly I'm feeling the urge, not to fight exactly, but to "do something" - but I'm always wondering if it'll be enough.

N: I recently heard an activist say, "the problem is there are no edges". Meaning, no edges to the problems at hand – and I would add, no edges

to our desires. So it's never "enough".

LF: You said once that multiple approaches are needed, and I agree with that. I want to think that creating space for radical sexuality is my contribution to something bigger. But there is still so much mistrust and enmity between these communities [activists and kinksters] and I wonder how that can be healed. So that someone who wants to shut down a power station can be supported by someone who wants to open up a space for radical healing sexualities. Because for me it's also so important to do what sings to you. Not in a shit, selfish way, but because then you'll do it with honour, with passion, with care for the world and the people around you.

N: To pick your battles is a valuable approach. Not just "which ones are winnable?", but "which ones will nourish us?". Though for me, focussing on things like sexual liberation is difficult (besides the basics like reproductive freedom and equality). Isn't it just benefitting very privileged people, and is that justifiable?

LF: That's a very difficult question, yes. What I'm interested in is convincing those privileged people that they are responsible for themselves but also for others. And one of the ways in which you do that is by opening them up to more love; less greed, less fear, so they give up their power, little by little. But the mistrust between these two communities seems like a real barrier. So, how can we build those bridges?

<< these two communities, which potentially have links and bonds to make, mistrust each other... >>



Image: ox4.org/~nor

N: You're right about mistrust. As an activist, I do look at the fetish scene and think, that's great for people who are wealthy enough to

participate - but is it, as you said earlier, just creating your own little corner and turning your back on things? It makes it hard to see where the bridges could be.

LF: I can see that. There is, I believe, an anarcho-pervy scene. But I, for example, wouldn't have felt comfortable there before I met you. Also, how do you access those spaces? The fetish scene is quite easy to "find".

N: Both communities are insular in their own ways. I am extremely put off by the public face of the fetish scene. It is very shiny, young, all about appearances. Very straight, even sexist...

LF: Fuck yeah- lots of girls with fake boobs in latex. It's difficult - when marketing *After Pandora*, we try to find a middle ground. I know if I described it as "a feminist, queer space that is safe and unthreatening" I would have fewer people coming to parties. For me, that language is EXTREMELY offputting. It says to me I'll be surrounded by worthy dull people who talk about politics all night. But I want to make magic, which

requires energy, excitement, connection... and sex! Let's not forget about sex!

N: Whereas for me, sex and magic are impossible to get to, if you have to wade through sexism and shiny advertising to get there. I think there's a "front end" design problem, if you like, in both activist and kinky communities.

**<< We are basically
facing the same
opponent - even if
we're facing
different bits of
it >>**

LF: Your phrase is spot on! So far we haven't found a middle ground. These two communities, which potentially have links and bonds to make, mistrust each other. For me, language is a big chunk of the problem here. But I really do believe, when we all get together, things are easier. The distance melts, at least to a degree, when we can share space together.

N: Sharing space, but respecting difference. Because anarchism is also about accepting that different communities will come up with their own unique styles of resistance. Paul Kingsnorth used the phrase "One No, Many Yeses". In other words, we all propose different solutions to the same problem, and that's ok.

LF: Yes, that's great. And I wonder if you're concluding, at least to an extent, that these two communities have to carry on doing their own thing and not coming together?

N: But to be in dialogue, at least, because solidarity is still possible between very different groups. For example, I think most anarchists would be shocked at the way S/M activity is criminalized, and would be prepared to help fight those repressive laws, but they don't even know about them!

LF: We are basically facing the same opponent - even if we're facing different "bits" of it. I think if we could get there, to be fighting different bits together, that would be such an achievement. To meet and talk in our own language,

acknowledge and recognise differences, and also be OK with that. Not to attempt to reach harmony or accord (which almost always equates with blandness and mediocrity). I think that we need to "unlearn" a deep human tendency to seek agreement. There's nothing wrong with that tendency, but I think it can be quite limiting. It can result in a resolution that's false.

N: ...or secured coercively.

LF: Whereas when people say "yes" from their hearts, they don't need any coercion or persuasion.

*londonfaerie.co.uk
ox4.org/~nor*



This Room

By Lyingprone

This room is anonymous and unremarkable. It's like any other. But a description of the room doesn't matter. What matters is you and I are in this room. And what is about to take place.

I blindfolded you until we got here. Now I've taken the covering off, you are blinking and unsure. I like this, I don't want you secure, you should be slightly worried. Your unease makes you more compliant; we all like rules, boundaries and routines. In these moments I'm setting you free into passion and suffering.

I make you strip for me and I watch impassively. There is no music and I give you no sense of whether your nakedness fills me with desire or even slightly pleases me. You'll know how I feel about you soon enough.

I stand and in one movement my hand is around your throat. You

are used to this and try to lean forward. You choke yourself more but you want to kiss me. I pull my head back slightly and hold the moment. My breath warm on your lips. I look into your eyes and finally kiss you. I feel your body shudder, it'll be a long time before I give you any more satisfaction.

Now I take my clothes off. Precisely and without emotion. You try to compliment me on my body and realise you've made a mistake. I don't hear such hollow words. I know I look good, how good it feels for you when my weight is against you. When I pick you up and fuck you.

It's time for you to realise your mistake. The pain does not come quickly though. I want you to feel its increments, I make you stand against a wall and slowly lower yourself into a seated position. This is called a ski sit, it's a stress position and you

know from experience that soon your legs will shake and muscles burn. But you are good and you don't cry out, I can see your breathing quicken in pain as our gazes meet. I don't give you permission to stand.

Other positions follow for time unmeasured until you eventually collapse to the floor weakened. I laugh and begin to pick you up and finally you give me what I want. I feel your spit hit my face before I hear the sound of you spitting. You bite my lip and we kiss passionately. There are no roles, rules or boundaries now. With this release of pain we are equals. Snatches of pleasure realised follow, your hand on my cock, teeth at my neck. My hand crushing a breast, my tongue at your cunt. Pain and pleasure entwine and are accepted.

Later, I bend you over and our eyes meet again as I slide my cock slowly into you. You shudder, and the thrusts slowly build with intensity until I'm

What do you play for?

For pleasure and freedom. Sexuality (like personality) is flexible and multi-faceted. I play to learn more about myself & others. -Tabitha Long



Image: © Adam Graff

fucking you savagely with my hand in your hair pulling your head back. You moan gutturally. Soon your legs begin to shake again, but not with pain this time.

I want you to come first. And many times before me. I want you to come hard and screaming. I want to see your bottom lip tremble with release as my sperm finally covers it.

*Play!***FIGHT!**



Play!Fight! invites you to explore the links between radical activism and kinky sexualities.

Do they seem like a contradiction in terms? Where do they intersect & overlap? What is radical about kink, and what might radicals bring to it or learn from it?

This zine is the end result of a six month project that brought activists and kinksters together, encouraged dialogue and collected thoughts & stories.

<< Amazing! Must admit I didn't originally see how activists and perverts had things directly in common, and now I see it's just so obvious! >>

-Rebecca Lowrie
sex educator