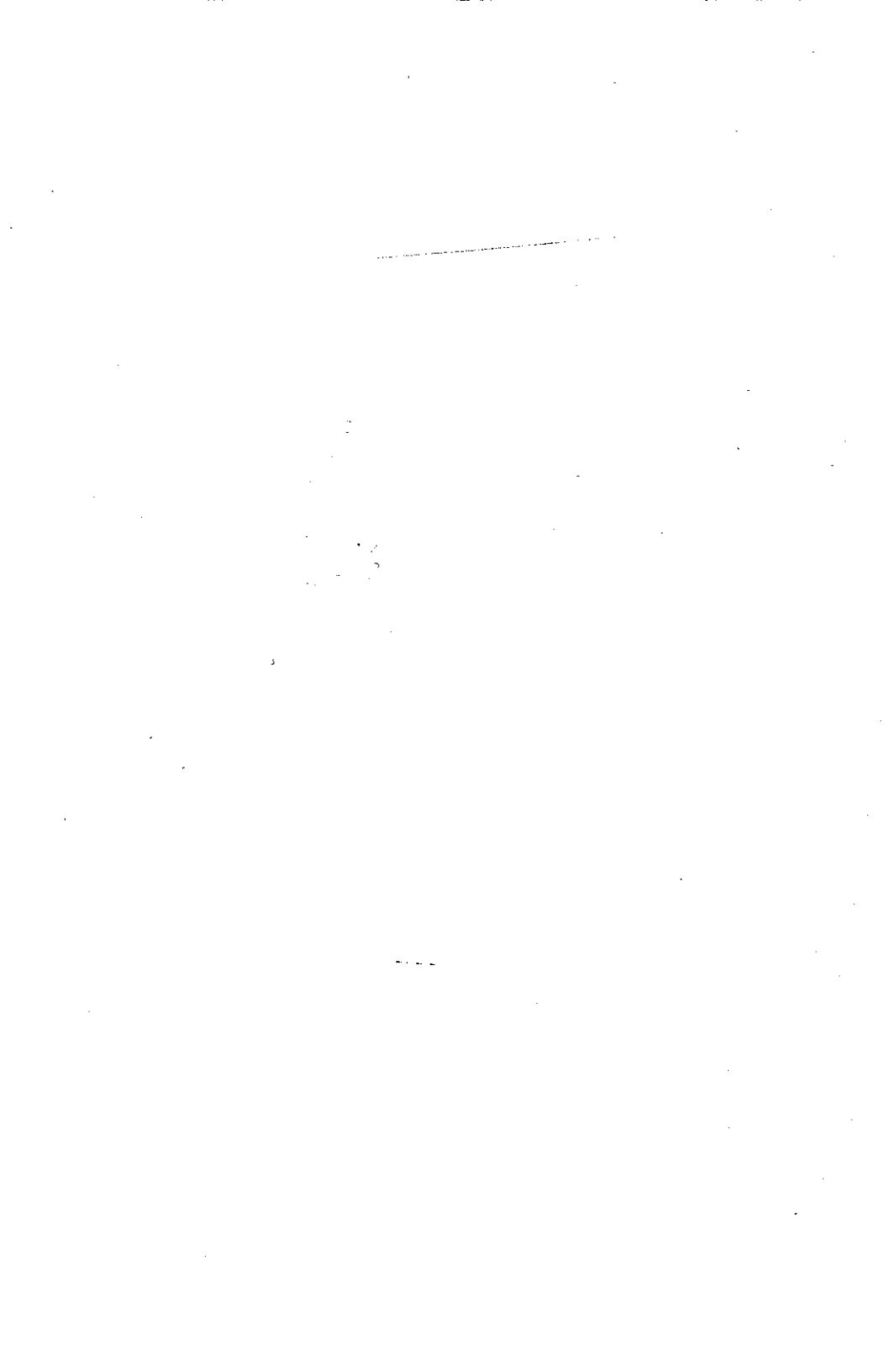


BOUND to STRUGGLE

Where Kink and
Radical Politics Meet

VOLUME 4

DESIRE



As I said last time, well, here we are again. Once again I'm pleased as punch to introduce this zine, the fourth volume of Bound to Struggle.

I chose Desire as the theme this year because one of the long-standing issues pertinent to my everyday life is what I like to call "the vision problem". When mired in oppression, dehumanization, and/or isolation, it can be very difficult to see a different possible life.

At my first Chicago Critical Resistance workshop (a prison abolitionist group in the US), we were given paper and crayons and asked to draw a world without prisons. At first the task seemed easy; we would draw all of us free. But what does this freedom look like? Can we desire what it would be like for all of us to be truly free, if we cannot envision it? Furthermore, how can we act until we have this desire? More accurately, what does freedom feel like in our bodies and our hearts? My desire for freedom is also my desire for pleasure, as it seems to be for many Bound to Struggle authors, artists and readers, and it was this stitching together that I wanted to examine here.

However, like last year, I never really got it together to enter my own piece into this zine. I've talked around so many themes, but never settled on just one. Ideas I've mouthed off to other people yet have not put to paper include:

- Looking at M. Gandhi's formation of non-consent as a means of liberation from not only British rule, but from the desire to be ruled. What, here, is the difference between non-consent and true consent?

- Examining what sorts of risks we take to truly envision something better. Where are the spaces where our most far-reaching visions of liberation exist and thrive? How can we create and maintain them?
- Conversations about why both kink and radical politics seem exclusive and intimidating to many people with deep desires to practice both. Or why those already practicing don't lay claim to those categories.

So on and so forth. Add your own and send them to me for the next issue. Thank you all for your contributions to the organic growth that has been Bound to Struggle. Thank you to Samuel for layout and the many many folks who help distribute around the world. I'm honored by your efforts and your care with this work.

Get in touch with me for submissions or back issues. With love,

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and then we'll have supper

He comes home and he is covered in blood. I'm in my starched, ironed white floral print dress and I am holding a freshly baked chocolate cake still in the pan. The sky is bright pink, orange and yellow. It is 3:30 in the afternoon. I am wearing a stiff bra and when I breathe, the elastic presses hard through my skin to my ribs and I wince. I wash dishes with scalding hot water.

You go out that door every morning and you feel it and you come back with it all over you.

It's especially the blood. But also the deep brown mud that sometimes smells like shit. He doesn't even take off his boots. He walks straight to the bath, and I follow close behind with a cloth and a mop and he strips down and climbs into the tub. His skin is so soft and pink underneath those heavy clothes. The steam rises up from the tub.

"Baby you know I love coming home to you",

Kyle says it almost so quiet I can't hear. I think maybe he is talking to the tub, instead of me. I knead bread against the counter. He soaps his face, arms, and thighs and moans a bit at how good the heat and comfort feels... mmmm. Holding his limp cock, he thinks about puffy clouds and ravens circling in some kind of ritual, over the house. I wash my hands, slide the bread in the oven, take off my apron and hang it up on a hook next to the stove.

I walk down the hall, and lean into the bathroom doorframe. I watch Kyle through a crack in the door. Laying back in the tub. Staring out the little window above the toilet. There is a pile of

garbage next to the tub. Crap and stiff clothes. I imagine if Kyle wasn't a cowboy, he might be a garbage man.

"There was this guy" Kyle had heard me by the door. "He thought he could be tougher than me." And then he laughed to himself. My big strong man is soaking in the tub. I reach into my breast pocket and pull out my reading glasses case. I take off my slippers and walk over the dirt and crap on the floor, the tub is on my right side and sit on the toilet, below the little window and I look at Kyle. His floppy long blond hair. I crack open my glasses case and pull out a cigar from inside. I take the match box from under the candle holder on the back of the toilet and look at him. His eyes closed, smiling. I stare right at him and light my cigar.

I cross my feet on the edge of the tub stretching out my legs.

"I want you to rub your stomach for me." I say. "I want you to soap it up all clean. Ok?" and he rubs his big hands in slow circles over his thick pink belly. His eyes still closed. I close my lips around my cigar and hold the smoke in my mouth. Kyle coughs a little and looks at me.

The smoke rolls out my nose and mouth.

I bite my cigar, holding it in my mouth. The kids from the house next door scream and cheer as they arrive home from school. We hear them shrieking the names of beloved cats and dogs. Dogs bark, and jump at their arrival.

Kyle stares out the window. I pull in more smoke. And roll up the hem of my dress slowly. There's purple stains on the inside of my legs. I put my feet flat on the porcelain tiles. Spread them out so he can see the marks. And I stare at him, until he notices me

staring at him, and then I circle my fresh bruises with my thumb. Stroking them like a cat. Rows of circles.

"Lick your fingers." I say to Kyle, through my cigar looking down at my legs, my hair falls out of place, and over my face. I take the cigar out of my mouth, and grip the edge of the toilet seat. Kyle rinses the soap out of his large hands, slender fingers and takes of them in his mouth, his right hand.

Then I am crashing into the water in the tub, clamoring over the porcelain and kneeling between his knees, grabbing his prickly face in my hands. Kissing his teeth and lips and chin. My dress floats and dances in the water.

"You hurt yourself today." Kyle says, between teeth smashing kisses and lip biting moans.

"uh huh." I mumble "I couldn't wait" Kyle's hand cups my testicles under my dress and squeezes, this tender, painful pressure and I feel my bra cutting right through my skin as I breath in deep from the water and Kyle's hands and the blood and muck on the floor. The white tub creaks the water pipes clank. The kids outside yell around their homemade soccer game. Kyle fingers my butthole, threatening to push his finger up there anytime, and I feel the blood pulsing in his cock, pressing against my bruised thigh and the tub is actually too small for this and we are cramped, and I can't remember where I put the cigar. Maybe the bathroom will burn down. And we will be found, swallowed by sex and bathwater and flames.

"I fight my own battles right here." I say, taking my hands off his shoulders and rubbing my hands on my legs.

"Oh yeah?" he asks. Taking my hips, twisting me, turning over. I am on my knees. My face is up against the faucet and he is examining my ass. I turn on the hot water and it rises up and up, threatening to roll over the sides of the tub and cause a flood.

"You stay in this house all day." He says through clenched teeth. He slaps my ass.

"Yeah."

"Touching yourself?"

"Yes." The water rises up and up.

I remember the bread in the oven. It is a strange time to remember the bread.

And I think: *there is outside this house and there is inside this house. There is outside this body, and there inside this flesh and skin.* I don't know where Kyle likes it best. But I like him, and I let the hot water keep pouring out of the faucet, and stand up. Climb over edge of the tub and back to the toilet. I brush my hair out of my eyes and look at him, with a deliberate tilt of my head.

"Make yourself come." I tell him.

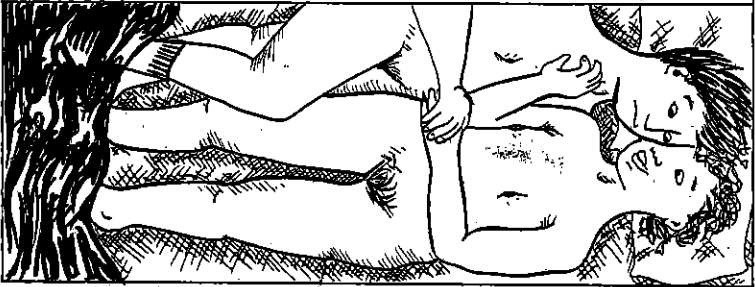
"Ok"

"and then we'll have dinner."

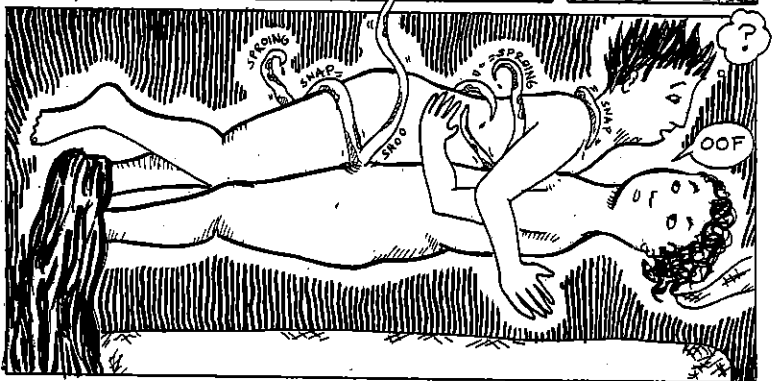
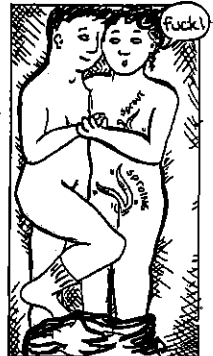
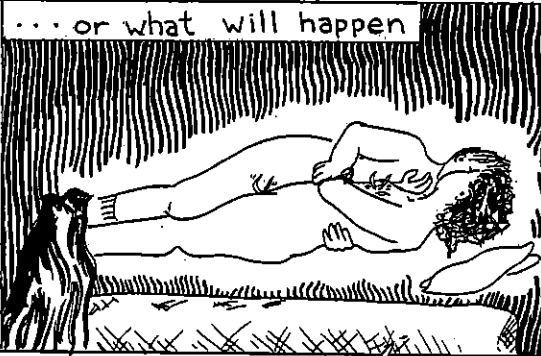
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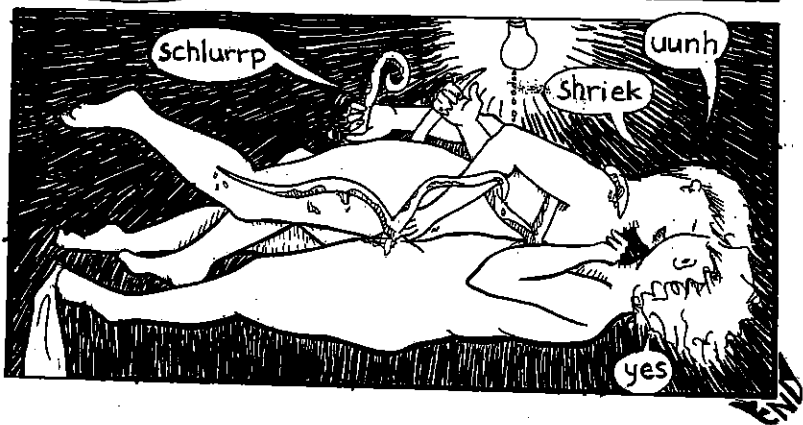
mat defiler

The first few dates are just a little nerve wracking. You don't know what to do exactly.



... or what will happen





Unite with the dust and be.

I wrote this to you about desire paths:

A term in landscape architecture used to describe a path that isn't designed but rather is worn casually away. It's done against the will of some authority which would have us go another, rather less convenient, way. Like nature and evolution itself, life will always find the most expedient route to what it wants.

This is what I want:

Proceed only with the right kind of fear. Others have done the same, near the water, on these rocks, and we are not an exception to these wants.

I intend to grind your body into the dirt, fill your ass with fragrant rotting leaves. To slip smooth stones into your mouth and scrape your tender flesh with twigs.

Follow a dirt path, worn by strangers, to the lake. You arrive at the rocks by the shore, wearing the darkest glasses you own. The waves drown out sound, your vision dims to nothing, and you wait.

You lose time. You forget where you begin and end. We do speak or touch.

Time passes.

Time slows.

And then it stops completely.

Months later, when the bruises, scratches, and bite marks fade, you will take photographs of your body using ultraviolet light and special forensic film. The marks will reappear in the photographs as paths, deep underneath your skin.

desired location.

'when people police our desires they degrade our identities. when our desires don't match up with the expectations of those we've give power over our lives, our own power goes down the tubes.'
kate borenstein art as prayer from live through this ed. sabrina chapadjiev

'i promise not to lie, or require anyone else to lie' dorothy allison
public silence private terror from skin.

i am eight. i have taken all my clothes off in the bathroom with my friend, who is also totally naked. i stare and his body as he stares at mine. we push and shove our penises up inside out bodies until we only have little bumps between our legs. then we sit on opposite sides of the rooms with our arms behind our backs pretending to struggle. we are naked captives and though i do not have the words for it, i am extremely turned on. i want to do it

more. and more. my friend moves away. we have a few more play dates where similar things happen, and like old lovers, we drift.

i am twenty six. i am talking about sex more. i am asking my partner to hit me. i am hitting my partner. they are spitting in my face. i am tied to the wall as they fuck me. they are holding me close. gently like one holds peeled paint from an old windowsill or pieces of a paper wasp's nest pulled out of the mud, treasures. i am policing myself less in public places.

i am sixteen. at school around a lunch table of my friends, all boys, who make fag jokes and i laugh. the jokes are okay because i know none of them 'are really homophobic'. similarly none of them are 'really racist' when they make jokes about my eyes or how terrible chinese drivers are. this is because i am 'not really chinese, only half'. and i allow it. and i love them. at this time they are supportive of me in ways that i chose to place importance in. in three years i will move cities and people will tell me i am a person of colour. i tell them 'no, i am white'. i will also tell them i am straight. i have erased myself before i had the words to stop it. when i go home from the school and the lunch tables i will open my hidden box of lacey slips and thigh high black stockings and i will dress up. dragging my hand across my cock imagining ladies licking my tumescent cunt, telling me to be careful or their gonna fuck my tiny ass until i come. and make me like it. when i do come, i am disgusted with myself. i get dressed, i leave the house and walk and smoke until it is my throat and lungs that burn. not my shame. i tell know one. i do not have the words for it. i read a far side comic in which a deer dressed in a hunter's costume approaches a hunter and says 'the vacuum bag is hot today!' and the hunter stares, blankly. it is not clear if the hunter is aware the deer is a deer or just a strange human. i identify strongly with the deer. dressed like a hunter, hoping they

won't soon discover i am actually a meal. who knows what disservice i have done to other queers around me, to myself. i will be scared of hunters for years. i will do everything i can to keep them away, without ever knowing who they are. in four years i will be picking out sweaters and shirts that properly hide the thin straps of coveted stolen undergarments and sleeveless tops. my partner will affectionately tell me she doesn't have a boyfriend, she has a girlfriend. this will scare the piss out of me.

i am seventeen. on a band trip i make friends with a boy from another school. i have an overwhelming urge to be near him. all the time. i can't seem to get close enough to him. i have a word for this and start thinking i am bisexual and making sense of similar feelings from childhood. i can locate myself in this, partially, the desire to continue to hug male friends over and over in the first grade. the times i had been flirting with boys without knowing it. it makes some sense, but i do not feel secure in the word. i don't really talk about it.

i am six. i start having daydreams about beating my little ponies and hearing them whimper. i am angered by them. i am angered by their genders. i am angered because i cannot play with them without ridicule, because the girl ponies are lucky enough to be girl ponies. i yell at them and i keep them captive. i do not have the words for it but i am completely turned on.

i am growing up keeping everything very carefully in check. it will take years to begin to unravel, to unearth the things i had tied up and buried since i was little. i didn't get beat up because i was queer or trans and i didn't get shunned or kicked out by friends or family. because no one knew. each time i would come in ladies clothes, desire to wear ladies clothes, rub against pillows dreaming of the cock or dildo that was working my cunt, i would

swell with shame. it felt like mothballs in my veins. an impossible tension. i didn't know what 'transgendered' or 'transsexual' was until i was twenty two. i certainly didn't start using it for myself or feeling more secure as a queer lady until very recently. by policing how i felt, what i wanted to be, how i wanted to fuck, i kept myself from learning the words i needed. from going to places i needed to be. talking to partners about wanting to be fucked in a dress was terrifying. telling them i wanted to be tied up and hit in the face and fucked while wearing a dress was even worse. i managed to erase myself and be erased by the world around me without knowing i was doing it. i am laying awake thinking this is not happening anywhere else. this is not true.

i am twenty six. i read about a queer high school in los angeles. the author talks about the value of the internet and representation of transsexuality on television. even if it's terrible. they mention it is recent. that prior to such representations, kids would be living in the small towns they grew up in, alone in their bedrooms confused at what they are. i assume this certainly not the case for every trans kid from a small town prior to the internet and jerry springer, but it resonates like a foghorn in a large cave for me. i feel it in my toes. we had the internet, we had t.v. but i hated jerry springer and would not have known what to search for while surfing cyberspace. i read other books about transpeople. a story stands out in which a woman in her late twenties hasn't begun to deal with her transness and has almost buried herself alive. so heavily we police ourselves, require ourselves to lie. at the corner store i am called 'sir'. again. my ears burn and i say nothing.

i am fourteen. wearing my mother's bathing suit. i pull on the elastics that surround my legs and ass. i let them snap against me. i pull the suit tight up into my asscrack. i pull it out and snap them again as my cock gets hard against the spandex. i rub it with

one hand and continue to snap the elastic. my orgasm takes apart, brick by brick, my feelings of total impossibility, the feelings that i cannot exist. that somewhere i am just a boy into girls and not a whateveriam, into girls. just before coming and as i come, my body feels good. nonsense or not, it feels good. the feeling is real. burning myself years later, drunk in a dark room, will bring a similar clarity. as soon as i am holding my come, i panic. i need to clean the suit before my mother finds the stain. i stop breathing, put on clothes and, with the swimsuit under my t-shirt, run to the bathroom. i hang it in my closet to dry and until it is ready to be returned it pinches the back of my head. laughing.

i am twenty two. burning myself is 'self harm', i'm told after i've done it. people around me who see the scabs and don't believe whatever lie i told them, are concerned. i am a baker who burns themselves 'accidentally' with regularity. but once they are shaped like little circles, people look at them differently. i wonder what years of trying to swallow an ostrich whole have done to my body. pinched nerves and a numb arm. bad lungs from too many cigarettes. bad stomach from drinking. sex a performance, terrifying unless i am alone with my imagination. i am making more queer friends. they talk about sex. i talk a bit more about sex. a bit more than saying nothing. i learn about lube and buy a dildo. i start telling people i date that i like to cross dress; but it almost never happens with them around. when it does confusion and insecurity pour from all parties present and i stop doing it. a few years later, i will be sad and single and my friend will tell me that there are lots of people into the kind of sex i want to have. i don't believe her at all. luckily, she is right and i am wrong.

i am twenty five watching angels in america. the character belize walks on the screen in a flash of glitter. they are sassy, hot,

queer, mixed race, and their gender is completely ambiguous. my head explodes. i am closer to locating myself than i have ever been. it feels amazing.

i am two. my parents tell me to leave the tutu i've been wearing all day at the babysitters. i will put this on frequently when i visit, or so i am told. at some point i will *just stop*. all on my own. at whatever point this i have begun to police myself. it is so early, that we allow the requirement of lies. these lies deny so many of us the examples we need to locate our identities. the assumptions that will be made about me as i grow and begin to have lovers will erase the writing in my margins, my footnotes and asterisks. it will take years to find them.

i am twenty six. i am straddling my lover in a little red sleeveless evening dress, riding her cock as she pulls on mine. our faces are flushed. i am hard. i am wet. i am pulling her hair as she moans. she tells me how hot i am. her tongue grazes my nipples as the smell of our sex fills the room. i am fearlessly being fucked. i move my ass so her cock pushes on her clit and hits my prostate. i come rivers and locate myself in them. celebrated.

Mouth My Prose

rip open the envelope
your eyes fall to my verse

you say you want to eat my words.

lips part
and are licked so as to
glide along the length of my
stanza
with the need and the hunger
of a starving boy
I submit myself to your review
gasp whilst you
seduce me by rhythm
mouth my prose
swallow my pride

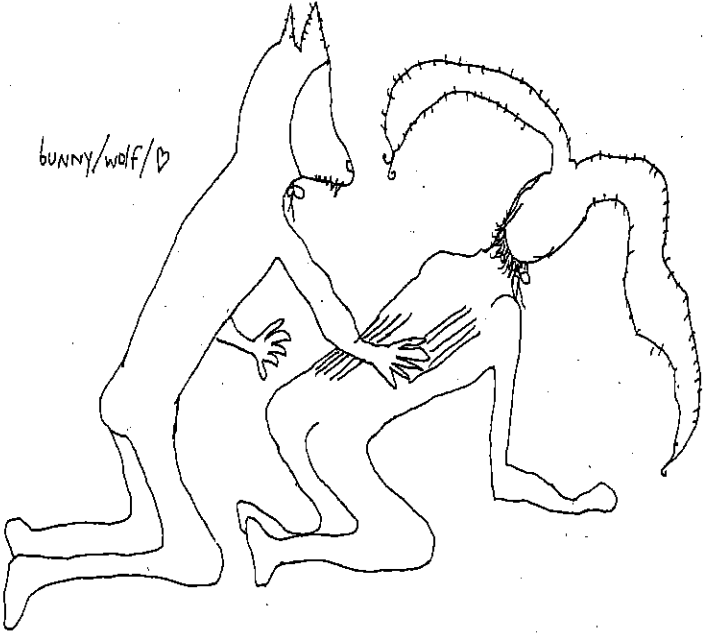
self-indulgence categorized
in your top drawer.

show me your vocabulary.

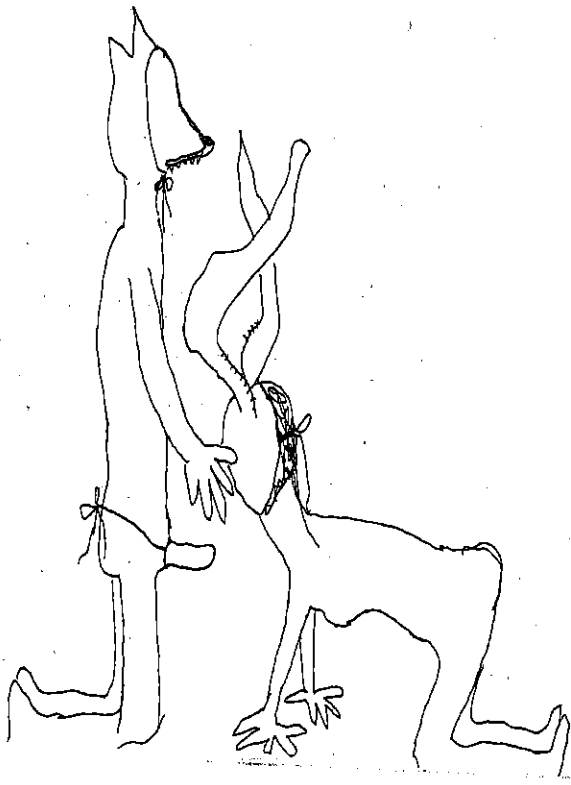


wolf
bunny:
♡♡

bunny/wolf/♡



wolf +
bunny



when YOU growl, MY

whiskers twitch, MY

fur trembles, MY

paws quiver.

when YOU snarl, MY

whole body shakes.

when YOU smell, MY

fear desire, i

can hear YOUR

HEART ♥ pick up.

eat me, wolf.

eat me up.

(1(4NB<3SK))

Someone Else's Story

My lover and I decide to take a picture of every bed in which we make love. We photograph our bedroom sheets marked with whorls and valleys, grinning to each other at the cavities made where head and buttocks caressed each other. We photograph grimy motel rooms with polyester comforters mussed around the gray sheets, ill-lit stucco rooms of hostels where vintage plaids and unraveling blankets are tumbled and twisted. The photographs are beautiful documents of ciphers that only we know the meaning of. We love the idea of arranging them, a record of travels in poverty and pornography, and displaying them to the public, without explanation, in a storefront window.

I love that we do this together. I love the evidence of each of us in these impressions, my motion traced as well as his, my fury to possess met by his lack of fear. I brag to him that we are inventing a truly collaborative form of sexual iconography. Scene after scene describes encounters that were willing, longed for, solicited in each time and place. No hustler nude shoot this, pornography that evidences the woman's desire equally to the man's.

Soon we find ourselves excited every time we enter a new bedroom. As I look into his eyes, my lover leans towards my ear and whispers, "This is the bed where I'm going to fuck you." We begin staying in motels on the weekends just to feed our addiction. We find ourselves photographing friends' and roommates' bedrooms when they're out of town. We photograph my sofa, then his, then my parents' kitchen table. Photographing the evidence is no longer enough. He props the camera against a bookshelf and sets the video to record just as he sees me on the cusp of orgasm. He lets the video run. The blurry dance

recorded testifies to our unquenched dedication, our feral, intuitive, sublinguistic attraction, captureable only in image. We plan an installation in a gallery, a staggered grid of mussed beds with a few panels of pink, pulsing film. I think about the passers-by who have never made love to someone on equal terms. I think we are offering a testimony.

We are still putting it together when my lover begins to look distant or vague again, as he used to look before we got together. I ask him what's wrong, and he alludes to the recurring traumas of his childhood: memories of rejection, patterns stuck in his brain. He never used to be able to connect with other people. He was especially afraid of women, watching them from a distance, desiring, but unable to speak to them for more than a single conversation, when the curtain of unworthiness and despair would crash over his head and he'd lose the picture of the girl in front of him that kept him anchored to present time. We try therapy, and I go too, but reviewing the old rejections doesn't help him return to me. He apologizes, and I am ashamed that he has to. I tell him I would do anything I could to help.

One evening I ask him what would help, and after thinking, he says he would like to see his childhood best friend. Lomo always seduced the girls while Lewis watched. That proximity made him feel confident, manly, sure. He learned to desire without possessing, arousing himself by living through the safer exploits of his friend. Lewis wants to feel that way again. We go out to meet Lomo for dinner, and stay and drink, and then go back to his apartment, mixing whiskey and speed. They are talking over all the girls they knew and loved, reviewing the young breasts and slutty eyes and Marie who used to pass out after drinking too much. Lewis blushes with pleasure as Lomo describes the hand jobs, blow jobs, quick fucks, threesomes, parents' bedrooms,

carseats, and bathrooms of his debauched adolescence. Girls used to compete over Lomo, one more coquettish than the next, pushing each other to propose another act even more dirty than the first, while Lewis quietly watched from the background.

As it gets late, I become sleepy. Lewis discloses how he craved the successes that came to Lomo without trying: not only the sex but also the charisma, the love, the instant acceptance. He is angry that the past is still with him, that the victim's role that he agreed to play when he was six still structures his confidence, still, he thinks, holds back his performance. I can understand that because I too have struggled to wrest free from fear. I say that what helps me to focus, when I have to talk to strangers or appear in public, which is to concentrate on breathing, feeling only the expansion and contraction of my ribcage, the motion and drying of my nostrils.

They are talking about breaking patterns of behavior now: talking sports and psychology, mixing self-help with witchcraft. "You do the same thing over again," says Lomo, "when you're trying to achieve a perfect performance. You try it again and you try to make it perfect this time." Athletes, Lomo says, practice the same swing a hundred times every day, then video themselves and watch it over in slow motion. Alchemy, says Lewis, suggests the same formula: ritually pretending to be the king, rehearsing all the things the king does when he holds court and gives out judgments, you break the king's hold over you. "Break the pattern," says Lomo. "Do the same thing you failed at again, and break the pattern."

I am falling asleep when Lewis rouses me and explains their plan. They want to blindfold me and give Lewis a second chance to be the agent rather than the observer. Lomo will play with my nipples

while Lewis penetrates me from behind. They will both be there, the boy from the past and the boy from the present, but this time a different one will win. Lewis then turns to me and exclaims in excitement, "This, this is it," -- this is the completion of our project. He will film this act too, and project it large over all the other photographs in the gallery. The last piece of our installation will be a pattern finally broken, the moving film rendering liquid motion from all the still photos that documented previous, incomplete acts of love. This documentary piece of sorcery will set Lewis free from his past. It will be a story about freedom. We will project it in enormous, blurry pixels, over the entire wall of beds and orgasms, one great code for the whole. I assent, and Lomo holds my hand, nodding, while Lewis ties the handkerchief around my head.

When Lewis lowers his hands to my cheeks and kisses me I feel happy and tranquil that we are doing this together, this thing for him, and I relax between their two hands, feeling warm and erotic, again the object of a doubled desire. As I feel someone kiss my shoulder and neck, and someone else kiss my back and belly, it occurs to me that I can no longer tell the lover from the tease. Someone presses my shoulders down, and with fright, I feel someone's cock at my mouth, while someone else grabs me from behind. With surprise, I think of the camera recording, and wonder who exactly is going to be projected over our collection of photographs. It will look, I realize, like blindness and coercion, homoeroticism, witchcraft and substitution. Impossible to tell which boy is which. Impossible to tell whether he's turned on by her or by him or by the girls in their mutual past. I see that it will be hard for the visitors, like me, to tell what is going on. Impossible to be sure if the person fucking her loves her. I realize with confusion as I begin to choke that the installation has been taken away from me; it is no longer the work I hoped it would be.

I suddenly feel that I have been cheated. My flesh begins to grow cold. In the moment of eruption, I sense with sudden fury, as women sometimes do, that this relationship is heading for failure.

Ten months later I am single and receiving head from a one-night stand. As I sink into the warmth below, I close my eyes and try to relax by imagining that it's the familiar and intimate Lewis of old down there. The brief victory over time quickly dissolves into a feeling of cold and loneliness, and when he gets his things to go, I feel relieved at how quickly things go back to the way they were before he arrived. Nothing has been moved by our quick fumble on the quilt; not a pillow is out of place. No trace, no witnesses, no evidence; nothing stray to connect this moment to the past or the future. I don't even have to make the bed.

Desire Beyond the Object

Desire is too often treated as a mechanism. Just as gender studies for so long insisted on utilizing gender as a category of analysis rather than an object of study, cultural studies and the academy in general has persisted in the use of desire as action, fact, or mechanism without pausing to consider its nature. This is not to suggest a process of naturalization or normalization, but rather to call attention to the limited work that has been performed on the genesis and boundaries of desire as a thing of existence, somewhere between a tool of analysis and a topic of study. The art world has perhaps engaged in a fuller exploration of desire as object, both through the content of certain creative work and through the rhetoric of art management and commerce. As soon as the global economy and with it the art market began to experience serious financial pressures in 2008, an art world consensus seemed to emerge around the "creation of desire," as when dealers and curators like Jerome Sans of the Ullens Center for Contemporary Art in Beijing turned to social networking and essentially marketing over more typical functions of sales and exhibition-making. Significantly, this particular comment came forth on one of the pseudo-academic panels arranged to complement and legitimize major global art fairs, this one appropriately titled "Art and Party."

Desire is here treated as simultaneously an engine of production and a product of social engineering. It is a thing, an object, rather than a process or a pattern. In other cases, desire can indicate a direction, manifesting itself as a tendency towards a particular outcome. Autonomy is thus one of its most significant properties, an ability to exist without relying on embodiment within an ontological other. In the art world scenario described above, the activities advocated by Jerome Sans function as an organization

of desire, a focus towards particular actions and outcome; elsewhere, economy of choice can function as a similar organizing principle. Some of my recent research examines the graphic design of pornographic magazines available at newspaper kiosks in Hong Kong, attempting to locate and refine the grammar of organization that structures the products and therefore the silhouette of desire. Such magazines are oriented around a nonnormative understanding of sexual preference, a more or less flat plane in which object choice becomes irrelevant due to the nonreproductive nature of all related activity. The ideology of heterosexual reproduction is not reproductive; it is productive of desire. These publications can thus be viewed as a "kinking" of desire, seducing biological reproductive urges and derailing their directional output: this is the hegemony of design, operating equally through pleasure and coercion.

All kink, in the most literal interpretation, is a misdirection or obfuscation of properly biological forces. But in certain communities, kink also acts as an object of desire, in the case of the fetish presenting itself as a replacement of the normative sexual endgame. Desire may operate through or even be produced by this marked term, but it can never be an apparatus through which kink functions; this semantic impossibility is assured by the distress experienced by those insisting on initiation into the BDSM community through education rather than power dynamics. Desire cannot be learned. It is, however, subject to compromise. All politics is little more than a negotiation of desire, a process through which existing "wanted things" are variously shared, sold, or stolen among participants in a given discursive sphere. Radical politics is no different, except for the fact that its proponents may call for "wanted things" not recognized by other claimants in the game. Here, desire speaks the name of the impossible, pressing for resolution (or revolution)

beyond the margins of legibility. Historical reasons and predispositions aside, I suspect this is why kink is often so amenable to radical politics—any politics willingly bearing such a label is always already an admission of defeat, an obstruction of desire in its own right. Desire is, in the final analysis, more often a weapon than any other class of object, and it belongs to an ideology of reproduction just waiting to be frustrated.

Cocksure

He's so nervous, this one. Fidgety. Tapping his hands against his denim-clad thighs, then playing with the worn cuffs of his plaid shirt – plaid like the early 90's grunge boys, I note. A good touch. I'm wearing lip gloss, a very short skirt and fishnets, a disintegrating halter top with layers of lingerie underneath. The more clothes I have to take off, the more I can fluster him. I'm playing bigger and older, but not by much. 17 to his 14, punk to his nerd, slut to his virgin. As soon as I get him up to my room – all it took was the line “My brother's not home yet. Come listen to music with me while you wait for him” – I pull the halter off. His eyes flutter to my tits, then back to his hands. I can literally smell him getting uncomfortable, the scent of piney boy deodorant and sex entering the room. He shifts his eyes around to everything but me. He takes in the posters on my walls, the three overstuffed shelves of books. He clears his throat when he gets to the dildos on my bedstand, the whips hanging on the wall above them, looks down suddenly again. I'd considered putting them away to make my room look more like a teenager's. Then it occurred to me that the kind of girl I'm playing just might be bold enough to sneak into

stores where she's not wanted, pass for older, buy sex toys with her allowance, and leave them out in plain view.

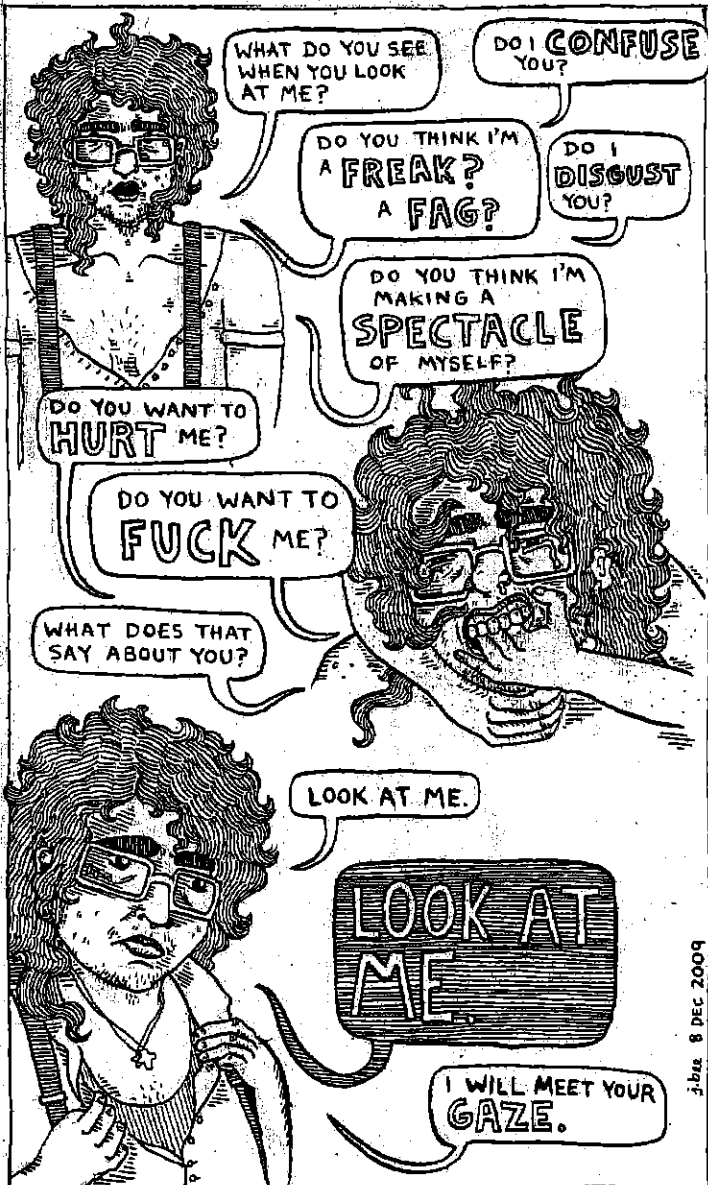
He's clearly spooked by it all. But he's polite, this one. He asks where he should set his stuff. "Oh, just throw your bag and your coat anywhere, and sit on my bed." He stills at that. "... Can't just sit at your desk?"

I choose my next words carefully. I'm gentle, coaxing, "No, no, no, peach, sit on my bed." I try to say it like sitting on my bed is a special honor, but he's dubious. He pauses, not at all sure of what he's gotten himself into by accepting my invitation. He sets down his bag and coat very precisely in the corner by my bookshelf, and walks over to my bed.

"On the bed?" he repeats, hovering, not sitting down yet. "The bed's way more comfortable than that hard desk chair. Have a seat." I notice that he flushes a little at the word "hard," and I smirk. He's extra-sensory when he's turned on, responsive to the tiniest of stimuli – a single word, a light touch. He sits down, and I join him, just a little too close for comfort.

When our hips touch, he jolts a little, and my heart begins to race despite myself. Even though we're playing, something about this feels so real; suddenly it feels like now or never, like I could make the wrong move and he could bolt. I swallow my fear. Slip a hand onto his thigh, and another under his chin, turn his face to mine. "I felt how you moved just then, honey. You like sitting next to me, don't you?"

He doesn't speak. Just shakes his head up and down very slightly, a barely perceptible nod, a lot of blushing and blinking his eyes. "No, baby. Keep looking at me." I hold his gaze. His eyes on mine are wide. Wild. He gulps, a movement that I feel because my fingers are tracing the muscles of his mouth and neck.



J-hex 8 DEC 2009

"Sitting here with me makes you feel good, doesn't it?" A nod, again. I feel him let a breath go. Feel his throat open up and expand to push air out and suck it back in again. "That's right, honey, breathe. Relax." I reach up and stroke his hair, and he leans his face into my neck, makes a noise somewhere between a sigh and a moan. He shivers just a little in my arms.

"I really want you to feel good, peach. That's why I invited you up here."

I have a thing for these boys. The ones who are sure of themselves at one moment, but awkward, nervous the next. I like extremes, opposites, contradictions. I like a boy super-cool but painfully uncertain. Bold, then timid, then bold again. I like him unsure and breathless. Wet and hard, blood simmering, breathing heavy. Eyes and hands and mouth and cock all over me. But only how I want it. Only when I say so.

He becomes bolder as the night goes on, asks for more, timid but surefooted. I've gotten him out of the worn plaid shirt. His binder is the one thing that never comes off, and he's still in his jeans. I've convinced him to unhook my bra and coaxed him on top of me, *Like this, honey*. My skirt is hiked up around my hips. He's pumping instinctively, getting a rhythm going on top of me, and I swear, I swear I can feel his cock. Even though he's not packing, even though there are layers of denim and cotton and lace between us, I feel his cock like I would feel any boy's cock. It is there, it is real, and it is hard, grinding through his jeans through my lingerie right down into my cunt. I feel so fucked, so good, and he is not even touching my naked body, just rubbing up against me through clothes and kissing me like his life depends on it, moving his hands all over whatever bare skin he can get to. He moans, over and over again, into my mouth, my neck, my tits. He pulls his mouth away from me suddenly, and I have to keep

myself from whimpering at the loss. "What do you want, angel?" I say.

"I..." He giggles then, buries his face into my neck. "I... I want to be doing my homework."

Brat. He's only saying it to get a rise out of me, I know, but it works.

"Oh, really? You really want to do your *homework*?" I hiss that into his ear, bite his neck hard, and he shrieks. "You wanna be doing your *homework* when you're lying on top of me, and my bra's unhooked, and I can tell how much you want it from the way you're moving your hips? You wanna be doing your homework *right now*?" I thrust my hips up at "right now" so they hit his cock just right. He moans again. He's breathing that heavy way he does, the way he gets sub-verbal and breathy when he really goes under, becomes nothing but his hard cock and hungry mouth, big eyes and smooth hands. But I'm not letting him sink there so quick. I pull his hair and he yowls.

"You really want to do your homework right now?"

"Uhhh... Well, I mean, I mean," I pull his hair again, "OW! I mean, I guess your brother won't be back for a while, I guess I can't do the Social Studies project with him till he gets back. I guess it's okay that I'm in your room with you, right?"

"Yeah, sweetie, he won't be back for a really long time. Now, why don't you slip your hands up under my skirt?"

He's only a year younger than me, but in some lights, at some moments, he really does look teenaged. Doe-eyed, scared like a deer in the headlights, but wild like a deer, too. Shy and cocksure at the same time, just like he told me he was when we met. "What kind of boy do like to be?" I'd asked. And he looked right at me and blinked those big, dreamy eyes. That's how we started. One of my hands at the nape of his neck, holding him there with me, coaxing it out of him. "Cocksure," he said. "But kinda shy."

He has a good mouth, this boy. He is good with his words, even when he's bratty, and he is good with his lips, and this is what I tell him as I slide in and out, murmur "Good, good, you're so good, smart-mouthed faggot, sweet-talker, cocksucker, pretty boy..." He devours my fingers, sucks almost my whole fist down to the back of his throat, does the same with my cock after I hastily fasten the harness on over my lingerie.

I am so close to undone from this. The very look of his mouth on me, his hand wrapped around the base of my cock, those hot fast gagging noises he makes when he takes me all the way to the back of his throat. My hand fisted in his hair, pushing him just a little, but he doesn't need much force. He is the kind of boy who can take it, all of it. When he looks up at me from his knees, spits on his hand, and lubes up my cock with his fingers, I murmur, "You've done this before, haven't you, gorgeous?" And he grins at me with pride, and this once shy, scared boy? He starts to talk.

He spins a story that is just a little over-the-top, but no less affective, stroking me all the while – about an older cousin and a vacation in New York City and a porn theater, walking in and seeing all the men jerking off, "And I saw this guy, and he was so *hot*, and my cousin nudged me and told me to go over to him, and I totally sucked his dick and..." "Did he suck yours?" "No, he just rubbed his foot up against my crotch, he couldn't really reach me..." "Has anyone, ever?" And he replies sheepishly, his cheeks flushed, "No." "Well, then. I'd love to be the first."

He all but leaps up from the floor. Shucks his jeans and socks, grabs his other cock and the harness from his bag, pulls them on over his briefs. When he approaches me, breathing hard, his rigid dick curving up from his body, I grab him and kiss him. I want my mouth all over him at this moment, wish for just a second that I had two mouths the way I have two hands and two feet. Instead I settle for kissing him again. Kneeling down, guiding his

hand to his cock, taking his fingers and cock together all the way to the back of my throat.

His cock is absolutely something to be sure of. I love him inside me, and I love his hands all over my body, and I am no less in control when his cock is in my mouth, no less in control when he is touching me.

He's on top of me again, leaning into his arms, the head of his cock rubbing up against my clit, his hips moving like mad. I could almost come from this, I'm so wet, so far gone from everything, his mouth on my cock, mine on his, the sweet tender teenage way he keeps asking things like "*Like this? Touch you like this? Like we were doing before, or different?*" I thrust my hips up to meet his. "Do you feel how wet I am for you?" "Yes," he moans, and nods. "I want you inside me. Have you done that before, honey?" and he whimpers back, "No." "Do you want to?" "Oh, please."

I reach down and guide the head of his cock between my lips, and he thrusts to meet me, fills my cunt in one long stroke. "Just slide it in, yes, that's it, like that, yes, yes," and I lose my words for a minute, I mean I know I am saying words but I don't know what they are, *yes* or *good* or *boy* or *God* or *fuck*. I am lost in the feeling of his cock in me, his breathing harder and hotter and his hips moving faster, mine moving up to meet his, to take as much of him inside me as I can. I love the look of him completely shattered above me, absorbed in every movement of his cock, almost breathless, my body the only place he wants to be. "Are you going to come inside me?" I ask, and he nods yes. "Tell me when, honey," and the only words he can manage through his moaning are "*Now, now,*" and I rise up with him, feel my cunt spasm around his cock before I even realize it's happening for me, too. "Oh, fuck, I want to do that again," I laugh, and he laughs above me, thrusts himself into me again, and

again. His cock is the kind that stays hard inside me, and he keeps fucking me for a long, long time.

I am no less in control when he is fucking me, his fingers deep in my cunt or sucked back right to the edge of my gag reflex, his cock pumping inside of me slow and hard and dreamy. I am at my most powerful when I am open to him, and he, he is at his best inside me, the best boy.

After, he asks if he can curl up in my lap. He's that specific, he doesn't say "lie" or "sit," he says "curl up," and it is this specificity that I adore about him, one of the things that drew me to him in the first place. He is so good with his words, this one, so good with his words and his cock and so good in my lap. "Yes," I say, touch the dark curls framing his pale face. He blinks his big dark eyes, and the curls of his eyelashes flutter. I open my arms and he leans his head into the crook of my neck, murmurs "Mmm. Thank you." I pull my softest blanket around the two of us, the big fluffy maroon one, cocoon him in it, and he wraps his arms around me and says it again, "Thank you. I just wanted to be sure of you."

Show Me How You Do It

We had sex on the third date, in Louise's studio apartment in Murray Hill, Nina Simone crooning "Sugar in my Bowl" on the record player, her namesake Nina the cat having fled to the sanctity of the bathtub. Louise lay back on the bed, arms flung upward, voluptuous body displayed like a gorgeous sculpture. I straddled her leg, fucking her with two fingers. She pushed against me, sighing restlessly, big eyes pleading.

"What is it, what is it, baby."

"It's just — that's not how I do it."

"How do you do it, baby." She bit her lip. "Can you — show me?"

Immediately her right hand came running down to her clit, rubbing hard circles. I kept my fingers inside her, touching her soft surface. She bit her lips and a few tears fell out of her eyes as she rocketed around my hand. "You're so good to me, Max. You're so good."

She liked to look up as she sucked and tongued my nipple, those intentful eyes on my face, watching my pleasure. Never had I felt so *seen*. At first it unnerved me; I covered my eyes, shifted the focus, squeezing the back of her neck, tracing her sensitive ears, distracting. But I practiced basking in her gaze like sunbathing, showing off my pleasure, turning us both on — and learned myself to be shameless.

Louise drizzled the lube over her fingers and pushed her whole hand inside me. It felt so familiar and yet so foreign, so unprecedentedly open. Tears sprang into my eyes; I flung up an arm to hide them, afraid she would stop. She fucked me what felt like forever, each second long as waiting for a drip of water, a few full minutes of suspended time. "Max?" I looked at her. "Whaddya think, Max?" I was light years away, beyond words, deep within myself yet almost painfully present. She met my eyes; I saw the gentleness in hers. "I think this is a good stopping place. I think this is as far as this goes tonight." Slowly, gently, she slipped out finger by finger. "Come here." She slid up the bed beside me, opened her arms. "Come lie with me."

She lay back on the pillow and I curled into her arms, my arm around her waist, our hands in each other's hair. "We did that together," she said. "We did that together."

Max, I want you to be more aggressive. You know? I feel like I'm always, y'know, leading.

I'm happy to be aggressive, Louise. You just have to understand, I've loved a lot of survivors. I've learned to be careful.

What do you mean?

Did I ever tell you about my first girlfriend?

Sarah. The one who lives in Washington. From the girls' school.

Yes. There was this one time when we were fifteen, making out in her dorm room. She was curvy, like you. I asked if I could unbutton her jeans, and she rolled over, gave this huge sigh, and

said "Okay" like it was the most burdensome thing since the IRS. Just total resignation.

Did you – have sex?

Are you kidding? I said I was tired and we went to sleep. But she brought it up a few weeks later, on the phone. "How did you know I didn't want to do it," she said. As if it wasn't obvious. And you know what else she said? "No one's ever noticed that before." Can you believe it?

Actually I can.

So if I go slow sometimes, you gotta understand, I'd rather go too slowly and pay attention than go too fast and miss anything. You know? I don't want to hurt anyone. Certainly not you.

You don't have to take responsibility for that, Max. I can speak up for myself. Listen, if I'm not stopping you, I want you to keep going. Okay?

That is more than okay, dollface. That is music to my ears.

"I'm not aggressive enough, huh?" I pushed her back against the bed, kissed her hungry mouth. Louise bit and chewed at my lips, tonguing my throat, taking me in like food. "Huh?" I kissed and sucked up her neck to her ears, sinking my teeth into the unpierced lobe. She squirmed beneath me, hands grabbing for my skin and finding only jeans, my unhookable bra. She was no good with clothes, the Queen of Fumbling, always apologizing for it though I never cared. Her hands scrabbled aimlessly as I slid my mouth back down her neck, cupped her large marvelous breasts and tickled the nipples. She squirmed but like a baby

squirms, not trying to get away but to take in as much of the touch as possible, offering herself up.

I sucked and tongued her nipples, lost in her breasts as she tugged my curls. I looked up and felt the power of the watcher, Louise wriggling under my gaze, unable to hide her need. My clit rubbed against my jeans against her thighs, an absent-minded, irrelevant pleasure.

Briefly I touched her waist. As I slid my hand down her thigh, she opened her legs. "Please, Max." I slipped two fingers inside her, briefly searching out her walls, she was that cavernously open. A third finger slid in with ease, a fourth. She stretched her arms wide as I fucked her, pressing her palms against the headboard, pushing back down, trying to run the fuck but finding no purchase. We would go at the rhythm I chose and she would just have to slow down, climb the damn mountain until we got to the top.

Effortlessly I slipped in my thumb, curving my hand against the wet curve inside her, rubbing against so much of it. "Please — I — This is what I need." Louise brought her hand down, rubbing her clit in vigorous circles. I felt our fingers touch through the thin membrane, fucking her, fucking her, fucking her. "Please don't stop. Don't ever stop."

I laughed from my cunt, powerful. "Don't worry." As if propelled by my voice, Louise's cunt spasmed and a grunt squealed out of her throat. She shook for a long time around my fingers before she stilled.

"Hold me, Max." Her voice was small. "Hold me."

"Of course, baby. Of course."

Paragraph Project, Some Bits

one neither of us would stop. the tops of my hands were swollen, veins aching. he was my step dad and i was a teenager. in the morning before catching the school bus we would play card games. mostly a game called speed, where you had to get rid of your cards the fastest. we also played a game i played on the bus where you put your hands underneath someone else's hands and then try and slap the top of their hands. if they moved away in time you switched roles and they would try and slap your hands. you could also fake them out by twitching your shoulders, tapping your feet, making noises.

i learned the game from steve or steven who was a seventh grader. i had a john lennon shirt and no breasts yet and i sat in the back of the bus across from him and ben gidmark who would later be my first blow job. my journal reports that i had a crush on him. well. i did and then didn't and then did. his hands were sweaty and when the bus hit bumps our hands would touch it was kinda gross and clearly i kinda liked it.

one evening my step dad and i played the slapping game until neither of us knew how to stop or talk about why with hands swollen and red i continued to hit him back. and he me. after an hour or more we stopped. *oh, look at the time guess we should go to bed.* truly i would have continued until he quit despite the numbness in my fingers and my obvious loss of technique. i snuck to the freezer for ice before going to my room. i remember not feeling quite done, having not won, yet being totally exhausted.

s.k. told me about going to a punker party in baltimore. she said she played a slapping game with a hot girl where they stood across from each other and took turns hitting each other in the face. she said the girl made her ear ring. i pictured her flush and turned away from the printing press where she was telling me the

story so i could appear less interested. that is hot i said. we biked to lectures, ate ice cream and made some prints together. the last day of summer, blushing, i said *you know that story*, umm. we slapped each other in a kiddie pool, pant legs rolled up, and then biked back to my house, faces red. smiley stories spilling from my mouth between stop lights.

two *that's it little man*. his phrasing echoes through my head. his stubble. it makes me flush red with my whole face. no, no, no. please not that. please don't let me find that hot. it makes my head ache it's so hot. i'm a little boy and i'm about to hit a baseball. he's the coach. *you can do it* he says. *go on little man*. i realize that whatever ball i hit, wherever it goes, no matter if it hits high and far or just rolls along the ground, he's going to tell me it's wonderful. in bed i start to cry. *that's it little man*. i hear it again. i hear his voice saying it. then he's saying, *why are you crying?* and taking me by the hand and leading me to an empty changeroom and he's a lot bigger than i am and we're sitting next to each other on a bench. white baseball pants. stretch fabric. my boner stretching through the fabric. i'm sitting on his knee. *what are you upset about boyo?* he's saying. *oh*. then he's looking at my crotch. big hands steadying my hips. *you've got something in there. what's going on in there?* he's unzipping my fly and a stiff penis pokes out. it's little. i'm little in this fantasy i think maybe seven. maybe even six. i don't know what to do with my erection at all. i'm crying huge heaving sobs and whacking off so very fast and i come just as he begins to touch my little boy cock gently and lovingly and keeps telling me again *good boy. that's it. that's my little man*.

three there is a long shiny meat counter. the grocery displays all short enough to look over. can i help you sir, ma'am. a large doored refrigerator section with half packs of eggs. greens, dried

beans. yeast packets that are pink for breast cancer. i make my way to the check out aisle. there are rolaims and a large turn display of panty hose. i try and bend towards them to see how much they cost, but i am walking my way out the door. there is a man with large dirty fingers reaching into a small tin of vienna sausages. fingers, bitty hunks of hot dogs, teeth. he is talking to me. teeth, hotdogs shimmering, amputeed ends glistening. he is talking to me. incense. incense. what. oh, no thank you. he is motioning to his back pocket, turning his ass to me, incense. fingers darting in and out of the tin of swollen quartered hotdogs. incense. no thank you. a man and woman walk past me holding new born kittens crawling around their midsections.

four the sign on the door says gentlemen. washed out blue walls, shiny black lettering. the smell hits me just before the door, pure urine. today the clouds are as pale as those walls. i woke up early with the slam of the front door and made oatmeal in the cold kitchen. breath frosting when i walked into the yard. smell of dirt and woodsmoke and rain, rose petals dusting the straw mulch garden beds. later i'm at sabdha's house cross-legged on the green beanbag drinking tea with too much milk and arlo is hitting my nose with his hand. no pants on. just tiny blue hand-knit sweater and big brown eyes and toothy grin. and hand. *gentle, arlo, can you touch az's nose gently?* cristi says. when he giggles and brushes his finger across my nostril she talks him through stroking my arm, stroking my legs, patting me on the back, patting my hair. *sometimes after you touch someone you can look at their face and smile and see if they like it*, she says. his eyes touch the floor and then peer up to me through thick lashes. grin. cackle. then he leans in face suddenly serious and touches his cheek to mine. what could it have been to learn the science of making someone glow through hands and eyes so early? sabdha looks like i feel today, wordless and pale, and cristi is always quiet but

arlo chatters, tells me stories, *go out SIDE, big poo, wet painting hang up on heater, huey sleep, long sleep car*, other words we can't understand yet and *az NO* when i get up to wash out my cup and leave. i tell him about going to work, he says *work office. city? no*, i say. *university. where i will do some typing and talk to some people and sit in a big dark cave with lots of other people while someone tells us stories.* later i am in the men's bathroom before class, cold toilet seat, pants at my knees, and i wait reading pissplay fantasies scribbled on the pale blue walls while someone groans and heaves, emptying his bowels in the next cubicle. then in the large dark cave of the lecture theatre my boss is teaching our students about polymorphous perversity.

five regrette brings a tiny plastic handmirror with a tiny glowing light. i have a tiny plastic suitcase. liz dumpstered a pingpong paddle but left it on her kitchen table. boon is crisscrossed with red rope. katie brings nothing but her flat direct voice which is how she gets us rolling: so y'all let's play. we turn off the fluorescent light in the room with the st andrews cross and a man with grey hair and a blue volunteer ribbon walks down the hall to turn it back on. then we turn it off again. it's a serviced apartment and we're at a sex party. none of us want to fuck.

in the bathroom i want to roll up my sleeves but i'm wearing a short sleeved shirt so i take off my tie. boon is sitting on the floor already with blue paint on his cheeks and lips. the tiles are cold and the door is open and the light above us radiates heat. he takes off his big army jacket and under it is a tiny black bra. a ruffled miniskirt. two rows of long curved scars like blades at the sides of his torso following the line of his ribcage. he tells me about a meter-long metal bar he put through his cheeks once for a show and how when he crossed the road to enter the performance space he felt sensation extend along the length of the metal nearly touching the cars. while he talks i'm making a

chevron of needles in his chest. he has deep-set eyes and long lashes and he watches my gloved fingers and i watch his skin. when i run my hand over his chest and press on the needles he says it doesn't do much. then he's flexing his shoulders as if he has wings. later i'm driving. liz has an open jar in the back and at the traffic light i hold out my hand and she tips something into my palm. i'm so glad i'm alive to watch capitalism dying in the ass i say. me too says regrette. me too. me too. laughter rolls around the car and i'm pressing my foot on the gas letting the clutch up pushing the gears to second and putting fresh dates and crystallized ginger and sunflower seeds in my mouth.

six

weltd rows of flowers surfacing on my forearm.

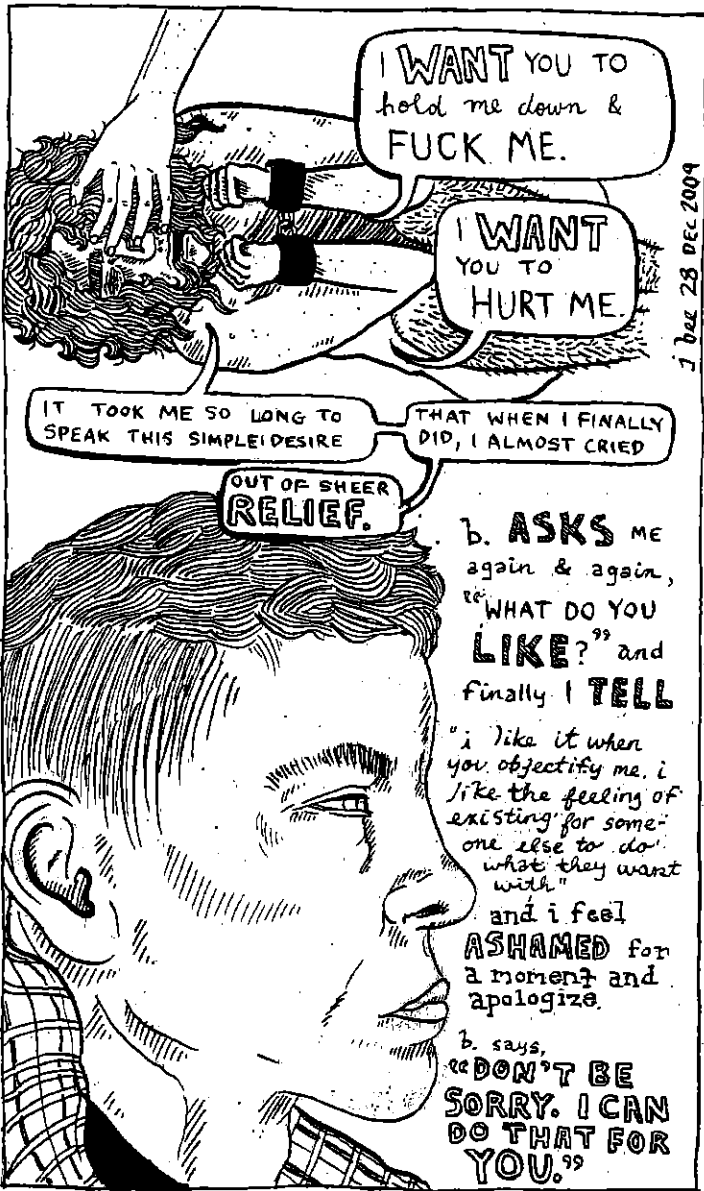
there was the boy who said 'fuck yeah' each time he was cut. the fuck yeah boy.

i closed my eyes.

you told me to write a story about being a rubber. someone who rubs.

edges dulled out, focus, riding no handed on my way home from work. elbow deep. flesh. teeth on lower lip. squeal. legs together. please. arched back distant.

i wasn't, but perhaps i am.



BIOS:

Babs de Genlis financed her way through an MFA at Iowa by publishing pornography under a pseudonym, and found both experiences unpleasant. In recent years she has become involved with a project in Michigan to revitalize a communal farm abandoned in the 1940s. Her other writing is political.
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Black and Blue are co-conspirators in words, images and kink.

Gina de Vries is a queer femme Pisan pervert who enjoys political discussion as foreplay. Her work has appeared many places, from the academic to the pornographic, and she has performed, taught, and lectured in chapels, leatherbar backrooms, and the halls of the Ivy League. Performances she's curated include "Ecstasies & Elegies: In Honor of International Day to End Violence Against Sex Workers," "Girl Talk: a cis & trans woman dialogue" (with Julia Serano), and "Rebel Girl: a riot grrrl nostalgia show." She is the founder and facilitator of Sex Workers' Writing Workshop, a writing class for current and former sex workers at San Francisco's Center for Sex & Culture (where she also serves on the Advisory Board). And, she's currently pursuing her MFA in Fiction Writing at San Francisco State University. Find out more at queersoulder.tumblr.com.

emmett and az have been sharing equal parts of a boyhood across oceans, and now prairies, for the past year and a half. these bits are a sampling of a larger paragraph project that is still rising.

j.bee is the creator of the zine *sassyfrass circus* and editor of the forthcoming zine *femme a barbe*. she posts comics and stuff at sassyfrasscircus.com.

kit wilson-yang : i've just moved cities from guelph (a smaller city) to montreal (a bigger city). i'm looking outside my new montreal window at a big 24 hr macdonalds and some city buses. in between the buses are snow flakes and if there was a window on the other side of my apartment, you could see the mixed swingers bath house and the exterminators. i make music lots and stories sometimes. this is the first piece of writing i've done that is personal and not a song. you can find out about lots of that stuff here: www.interyang.blogspot.com

mat defiler is a dilettante living in chicago. she splits most of her time between science, food, biking, her elders, and art, but now and then finds time to remember what a big freaky queer she is. she's currently working on a longer graphic story set in the future which has her delving into her obsessions with madness, delany, and jane jacobs.

Max Nancypants is a semi-pseudonymous queer living in Brooklyn. Her work has appeared in *make/shift* magazine, *The Sun* magazine and the Metropolitan Diary section of the *New York Times*, among other places. She aspires to be like Robert Parker, the mystery writer, who died at his desk. She thinks all sex is power play; kinksters just admit it.

Robin Peckham is a writer and researcher based in Hong Kong and Shanghai whose critical interests lie in the development of a vocabulary to discuss art and culture in greater China through infrastructural histories, tracing the development of galleries, record labels, curators, museums, music venues, exhibitions,

publishers, artist studios, and other conceptual poles as a way to understand the work produced under this system. More of his criticism can be found on www.kunsthallekwoon.org.

Sarah Faulkner aka 'Emmett' originates from the North-East of England. Nowadays she lives by the seaside in Brighton (UK) with her long-term partner named Eleanor. She hearts punk rock, poetry, street art, flea-markets and fanzines. Sarah likes going on excursions with her camera - exploring new cities and ancient forests. Her poetry touches on themes such as love, sexuality, mental health, identity and gender. Sarah works full-time for a charity supporting adults with Asperger syndrome.

Sarah Mangle is a radio host, illustrator, zine maker, queer archivist, musician and early childhood educator. These days she lives in Guelph Ontario and thinks about 3 colour screenprinted porn, developing a regular writing practise, polyamoury and having her hair wrapped around bedposts during sex.

s.k. shipwreck lives and makes art in the upper midwest amidst lakes and caves and woods and rivers and city city. sleeps and eats and fucks as much as ze can, like any good taurus. has been gnawing hir arms off working on an evening length performance piece titled *Seducing Those Who Are Afraid*. on a whim, ze decided to start these little drawings of people fucking wearing animal masks. these first few are for hir sweetie's 30th birthday. if anyone is interested in modeling for more pictures-- email me: s.k.shipwreck@gmail.com.

