

# FIST

Issue 01 | November 2017



FIST is a zine by and for leatherdykes. FIST was conceived as a means to collect and amplify voices from SM dykes that exist in a larger community, but one that is often physically fragmented. We are nodding to the legacy of our ancestors, while understanding and speaking to a very different community today. Leatherdyke subculture was documented and immortalized in the early 1990s through zines and documentaries, almost frozen in time. We aim to pick up that tradition and archive a new moment in time, sharing fresh perspectives through art and writing that encapsulate life as a modern leatherdyke in 2017.

We are inclusive of and prioritize the voices of trans dykes and dykes of color.

Enjoy!

Your editrix,  
Cristine



Examples of gestures that were once thought to confer protection from witches and other devilish evil doers. Top left, the symbolic removal of a blasphemer's tongue. Top right, the sign of the cross. Center Left, a gesture representing the castration of an enemy. Center right, the "Devil's horns" - a symbol commonly used in antiquity on protective amulets. Left, the sign made by priest when invoking the blessing of god, and, like all Christian symbols, believed to be a powerful method of combating witchcraft and sorcery.

*Top Witch ties up bottom, forces them to perform weak & futile gestures of protection, mocks them further through documentation and recreating the source that taught them the gestures.*

by Dana Buzzee

# *Isn't Your Own Enough?*

by Tamara Santibañez

It took an embarrassingly long time for me to realize I had a leather fetish. By that point I was already known for my paintings of leather and fetish items and tattoos of the same subject matter. I had spent the last few years making paintings of leather boots arranged in ways that referenced human relationships and it had never occurred to me that the boots might mean something more. If you watched me deliberate long and hard over how best to make a pair of Doc Martens look like they were deeply in love, or fucking each other to death, you probably knew I was a leather fetishist before I did.

I convinced myself I needed to buy an entire hide of black leather for a video project. Of course I did not need it, I wanted it. I let myself spend too much money on it and selected a small sheet of real patent leather to match. I got home and spilled the shopping bag's contents onto my bed. I spread the hide of leather carefully over my bedspread and lay the patent leather on top.

At that moment, I was overwhelmed. Something about the way the light from the windows lit up the surface, the strong unmistakable scent of the hide, and the way the folds of it fell compelled me to climb onto it and bury my face in it. The closer I got to it the closer I wanted to be. I needed to envelop myself in it and to connect skin to skin as tightly as possible. I lay on it, pulled it around me and over my face. I inhaled deeply and opened my mouth to let the scent and taste fill it. I breathed in, pulling the leather inside and feeling the texture with my tongue. The skin on mine and the heaviness of it all was like a muscle memory I couldn't remember forming and I found myself masturbating inside the leather hide.

As I deliriously communed with the leather, intoxicated by the heady scent of flesh and dye, I was interrupted by a FaceTime call from a partner I was in a D/S relationship with. I could have ignored it, but I answered, letting myself be caught. The embarrassment added a gratifying charge to what I had been doing, but more than anything I felt like I needed to share my discovery with someone. He laughed, not unkindly, and I could tell that he was charmed by my perversion. This person would later be the one to put me in a full-face leather hood to celebrate my birthday handcuffed to a hotel table, though I was the one to purchase the hood as one of the best gifts I've ever given myself.

Before all that I thought I just liked shoes. I liked the slick sexiness of black patent leather polished to a high shine. Fancying myself chic and cosmopolitan in Givenchy or Ann Demeulemeester, the truth of it being all I needed was a well-worn pair of combat boots to lick. I was vegan for years and sometimes wonder if it kept me from realizing my love of leather all that time, or if it actually created the fetish by forbidding the material. These days my leather fetish is more about

bootblacking, leather police gloves and soft cowhide floggers. I've learned the difference between hard and soft shoe polish and that you can use Huberd's Shoe Oil for anal fisting. I've come to know that offering to polish someone's boots is a great way to pick them up.

I ogle strangers' shoes and coats on subways and go home to sniff and lick a leather skirt, vintage (who knows where it's been) and making myself cum. Once I wrapped a leather skirt around my face while I masturbated. Another time I was packing a pair of vintage patent boots (again, who knows where they've been) and impulsively sucked the heel of each one before placing them into my suitcase. I can never stop myself from sneaking what feels like obviously lecherous looks at a shiny leather jacket on the train, hoping no one notices.

My most recent show was a series of paintings I described as landscapes, made by referencing enlarged detail photos of my own leather jacket. The paintings were several times larger than life, taking upwards of thirty hours apiece to make. The process felt like an act of devotion and confirmed how I feel about leather. Numerous times during the months I spent painting I found myself thinking "I must REALLY love leather to be doing this." Before the opening I was much more nervous than I thought I would be. I knew I was outing myself, laying bare how emotionally connected I felt to an inanimate fabric. I hoped the work would seduce viewers with texture and shine the way I was by that sheet of leather, letting them experience a part of the connection themselves.

In times of emotional vulnerability or overwhelming stress I sometimes wrap myself in the leather sheet, covering my head and feeling comforted by its heavy weight, as if another body is atop mine, without needing another person in the room. Sometimes I think this comfort would be universally understood if others would give it a try, let me share it with them. I would swaddle them in shining black leather, cocooning them safely (perhaps the only maternal instinct I have ever felt) and tucking the folds closely around their faces, leaving only that peeking out. The artist Nancy Grossman was once asked about her affinity for leather. She replied that while her answer had always been that "leather is a wonderful fabric" - it protects you if you fall, shields you from the weather, all practical concerns- she was taken aback when someone had said in response "Why do you feel the need to wear a second skin? Isn't your own enough?"

When asked to describe why I love leather, I have a difficult time being brief or exact. I could meander between leather as a subcultural symbol and the historical significance of the Leather community and what it meant for gender expression. I could speculate about the intimacy of genuflecting before someone else's leather-clad feet. Or I could blush a little and talk to you about the feel and the smell and how even I am still surprised by to what extent meeting a stranger's boots makes me wet. While my own skin is enough, putting on a glove or a boot makes me feel even more than enough, simultaneously hard and soft and everything that exists in between.



Are you a **Goddess**?

I wander through this life a wretched heathen.  
A disgusting undisciplined impure being.

Help Me **Goddess**.

Break Me.

Teach me to worship and give my complete  
unquestioning devotion to you, **Goddess**.

Whip me into submission, **Goddess**.

I need to be broken.

Break me **Goddess**.

Only the lash will fill me with your sublime  
illumination, **Goddess**.

Let me crawl hands and knees at your side.  
I will worship your boots, **Goddess**.

Raise me up to fulfill my spiritual destiny.  
Teach me to devoutly worship every molecule  
of your being, **Goddess**.

Fill me, **Goddess**.

I need your spiritual radiance to fill me  
deeply **Goddess**.

I need to cry in purifying agony  
as I'm reshaped into your High Priestess.

Make me your High Priestess  
I worship you **Goddess**.

My name is Caydn Snow.  
Let me worship you.

**@queerocult**

# *Anita*

by Aurora Wells

Anita. Anita. Your name is a soft cry of longing.

Anita. My lips curl behind my canines just rolling my tongue  
Over “Anita.”

I want to push up your skirt and  
Lick your bones.

Anita.  
Anita.

Each night.  
An incantation, whispered.  
Over and over.

You never hear me calling you.

Anita.  
Anita.

I live in the shadows of your back, curved away from me on  
the twin bed across from mine, flanked by an army of stuffed  
animals like the carnival prize boys empty their pockets fighting  
for. Your slender shoulder blades framed by the pink nightgown  
I'd never worn.

Correction: I wore it once, that Christmas morning. My cheeks  
burned hot as I unwrapped my mother's hopeful gift — and  
hotter still as I stretched it over my head. My present to her.

That humiliation was worth it. You're swimming in pink, but I  
glimpse your dark nipples and secret patch of fur beneath the  
sheer fabric as you crawl into bed.

Anita.  
Anita.

She's your mother now, too. And your father is mine.

Just watching your soft breath at night, I flood the briefs I stole  
from him.  
Dig my nails into my thighs until they fleck with blood.  
Taste it and pretend it's yours.

Anita,  
This is what you do to me.

Anita.

I hated him: your father. Deeply, ferociously. Until the barbecue.  
That muggy June day when I first met you. First saw you —  
curled up by the pool, feline and drugged by the sun, long wet  
hair clinging to your body.

I knew it was you: my new little sister. Anita.  
Because I wanted to hurt you, Anita.

I wanted to pull your black hair,  
Hear you shriek,  
Watch your throat tremble...

Anita.  
Anita.

I wanted to drag you to the bottom of the pool,  
To the bottom of the ocean.  
To put things inside you.

Anita.

To fill you with water.  
And air.

To drink your salt.  
To keep you safe.

Anita.

To leave my bite marks on your belly.  
To make you mine,  
My little sister.

Anita. Anita.

The monster inside me licked its lips between my thighs.  
And I had no hate left for him —  
It was all wrapped into loving you.

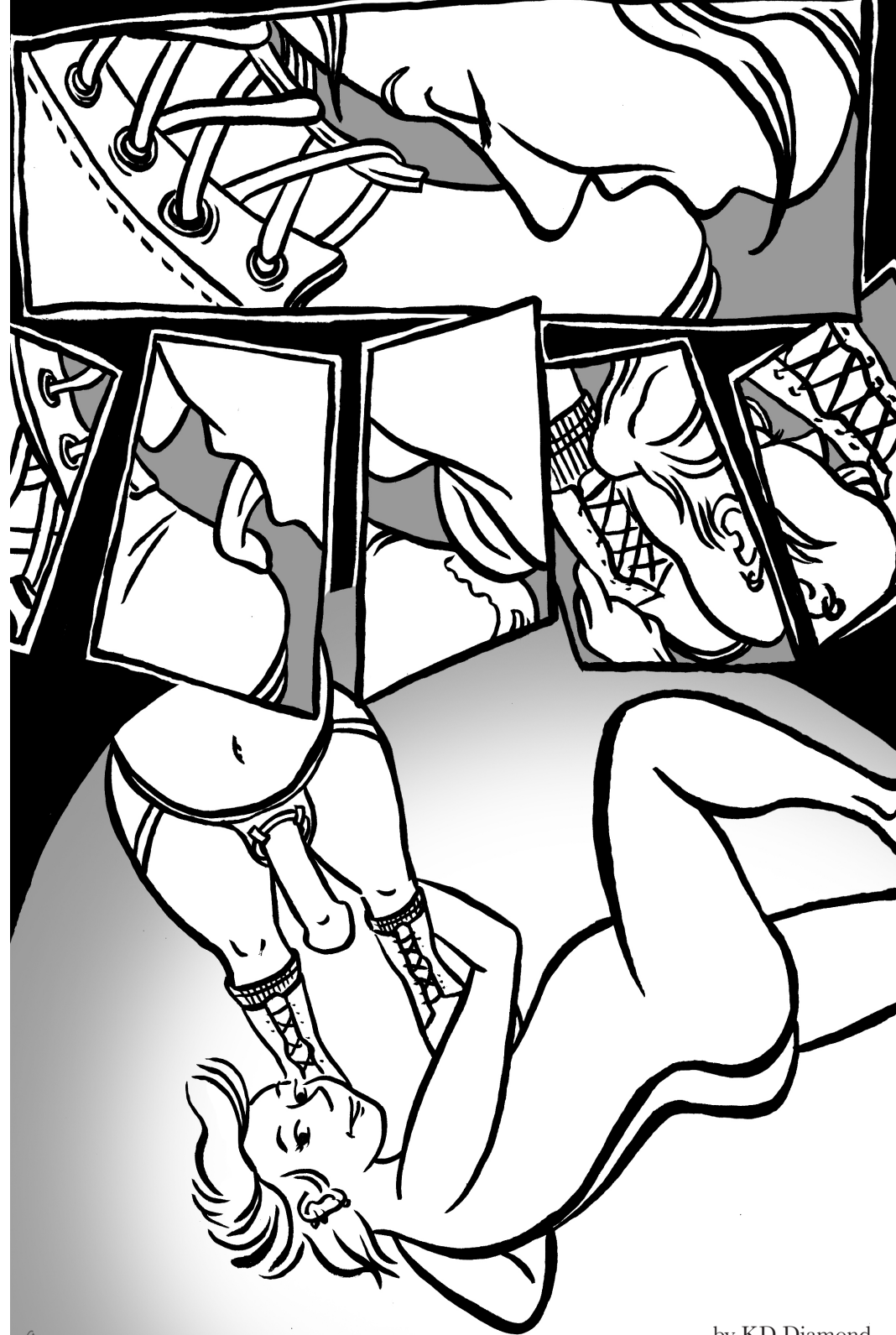
Anita,  
I promise.

One day you will know.

**AFTER THE WILLOWS AND AFTER BRAD  
JOHNSON**

for t  
by SHAWNÉ MICHAELAIN HOLLOWAY

*it's her : that She she told me she would be  
for me a strong and brutal Her i felt  
restraint or heat or something near it  
she burns Me with that She  
tied over and under and around that Me  
tightening for She she's only  
her's yet for a moment she's Her  
for us only here with Me*



by KD Diamond

## Wet for Pain

by Kala

Her hand slides down my back, over my ass. My skirt is so short it's hardly decent. Her finger traces the seam, then slips underneath between the cloth and my skin just barely. Back and forth her finger slides and my entire body erupts in goosebumps. Her touch is electric. I wiggle my hips and lean into her hand. Her finger slides between my legs. My mouth is watering, and just a finger brushing over my pussy is enough to feel the wetness that can't be contained. She pushes me up against the wall, hand around my throat she presses her body up against mine and whispers in my ear, "You little slut, I barely touched you and you're wet." She squeezes her hand tighter around my throat; I can't say anything, just nod. I push my ass out to press against her hips, a natural reflex.

With her hand still around my throat, her other hand slides down my body scratching her nails lightly against my skin. She pulls my skirt up and the little daggers stop momentarily then squeeze and sink into my ass, she squeezes so hard I feel like her nails might break the skin. She pushes herself off of me, the hand that was once around my throat now pushes my face against the wall. Ass out and she slaps it over and over lightly, but rapidly to warm me up. I feel my skin raise as it is getting warmer. Leaning on my head for balance still, she scrapes her nails along the side of my body starting soft and getting harder as she approaches my ass. She squeezes my cheek right where the welts have raised and digs her nails deep into my skin. I scream out and she shoves her fingers into my mouth. One by one, her fingers crawl across my tongue toward the back of my throat. I lick and suck each one.

"Spit in my hand" she commands. I do. She rubs it on my ass then slaps it over and over, rapidly. I squeal and giggle, which annoys her. I can't help it. My skin is raw. I am breaking out in a sweat. Knowing there's more to come, I giggle with excitement. My pussy is dripping. I can feel my thighs are wet, nothing turns me on more than having my ass beat.

"You little slut, why are you laughing?" She pulls my underwear off and there's a string of my juices that stretches down with them. I get a mouthful of my wet panties and hear her leather belt swishing out of the belt loops. She whispers in my ear "Since you very clearly enjoy this, I need to make it a challenge.

Now, don't make a sound or I'll stop." She cracks the belt and my cunt tightens. She hits me once, (as lightly as you can with a belt.) and I jump from the shock. "Good, not a peep. You get another." she says right before she hits me harder.

Again, harder.

Again. My mouth is watering.

Again. Tears well up in my eyes nearly as quickly as the wetness in my cunt.

Again. I feel my juices dripping down my thighs.

Again. She's picking up intensity. My palms are sweaty, the only time my hands sweat.

Again. I yelp a little, but the soaked panties in my mouth muffle the sound.

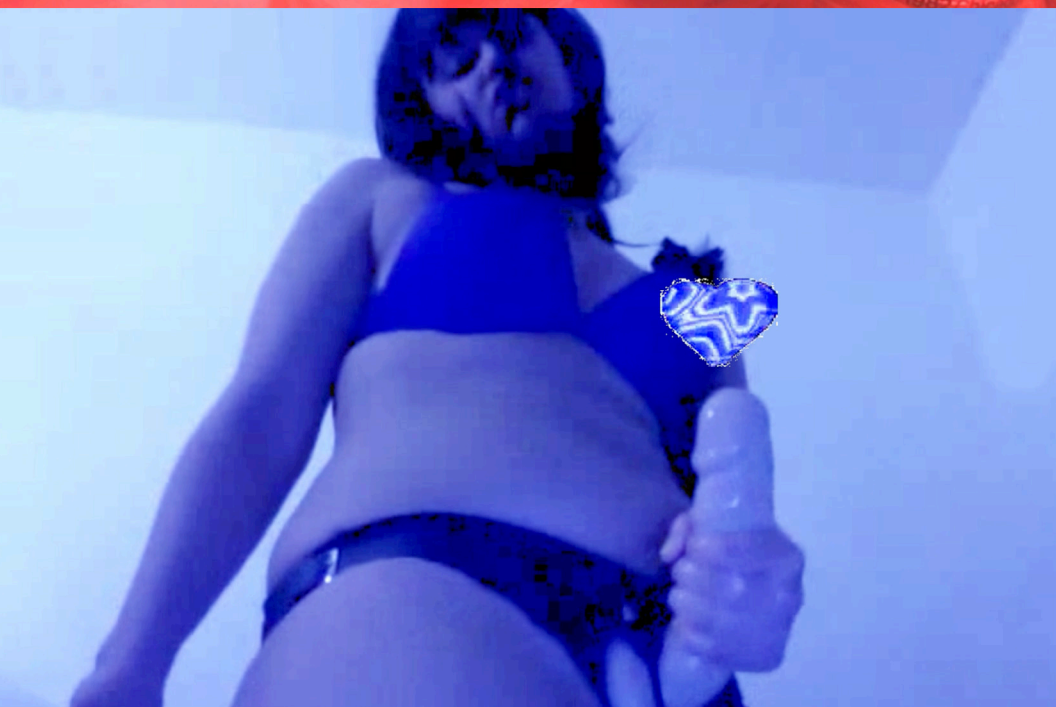
She moves to my thighs and whips them twice. I can't stand up anymore. I fall down.

"What do you think you're doing down there?" she questions me, kicking me in the ribs. Quickly I put my ass in the air- I'm not done and I hope this offering is acceptable. She whips my raised ass harder than I've gotten all night and I scream out. Even through the filthy panties in my mouth, the sound escapes and her boot comes down immediately on my face. "I told you no noise. Now what am I going to do?" "I'm sorry," I manage to muffle. "I won't do it again."

Without a word she hits me again several times so hard and so quick that my skin is on fire and tears start to soak my face. My mind is clear except for the anticipation for the next hit. When the belt comes down again she laughs, I can feel the skin split. I'm drooling, I'm crying and my pussy is dripping. Her hand slips between my legs lightly brushing over my clit and my lips. I shudder. After such brutality this gentle touch is too much. Then quickly she moves on and slaps my clit over and over. I can't say anything, but I can't contain myself. I scream so loudly the panties can no longer muffle the sound.

"I told you it'd be over if you made any noise." she said as she got up and left me soaking, crying and bleeding in the corner of the room.





*top left: FISTING PREP FOR A STEEL PONY  
bottom left: HER HARD DICK SEEKING SAME  
above: SHE WHO REEKS OF PISS AND POWER,  
SHE WHO SMELLS LIKE FUCK ME HARDER*

*by SHAWNÉ MICHAELAIN HOLLOWAY*

# A Trans Ramble

by Alice

Masculinity has seemingly always been socially perceived as dominant. Dominance, however, is not always masculine. Neither dominance nor masculinity are always toxic. Yet, the correlation between masculinity, dominance, and toxicity has become pretty apparent in the LGBTQIA community. There is a very valid aversion to anything, or anyone, that resembles or displays white cis-male heteronormative behaviors and mannerisms. Queer homosexual transmen, non-passing trans dykes, pansexual non-binary AMAB, and polysexual agender folks that trickle into the larger gay and lesbian scenes are often met with prejudices attached to not only their presentations, but also their dynamic preferences--especially if they identify as a top...

It was such a good day that it could not be better even if it were to repeat itself tomorrow. The city was humming.

An older gentleman sat at the end of the counter in a 50's style diner. He heard the bell on the front door jingle as someone entered the restaurant. The expo window leading to the kitchen had a shiny chrome awning which now bore the reflection of a feminine figure shuffling in. He turned with one raised eyebrow as was his regular routine to this scenario. It was often why he stayed so long after his morning coffee.

He started at her shoes and worked his way up with his voracious gaze; heels, stockings, skirt, blouse, stubble.

Stubble?

Suddenly the interesting bulge in her skirt registered, and he felt disgust. Mostly he felt it towards himself; disgust and rage. She recognized the look he gave her from countless gay bars and strip clubs, her first dyke march, and even her local sloses.\* Even though she was used to it, it burned. Both her curse and her blessing was her cock. Her clit-stick. Her outtie.\*\* Her stupid "Adam's apple," and those broad fucking shoulders. Even more so of a curse was her sexuality. She was a dominant sadist and mostly lesbian. Like 98% lesbian--there were a few good boys out there. Ones that listened. The ones that did what they were told.

...When masculinity is attributed to something like dominance there is a higher likelihood that it will add to the erasure of those whose femininity is a strong part of their identity. We cannot allow ourselves to adhere to the archaic hetero binary's ways of labeling and categorizing people and their parts. Is not the aversion to the penis ironic next to the normalization of dildos and strap-ons when we view gender as a spectrum? Can she call her cock a pussy and you believe her? I understand there are those who do not want to be penetrated. but the redefinition

of sex doesn't expand away from "hetero penetration," it expands outwardly around in every direction; all encompassing.\*\*\* There are larger conversations to be had on more personal levels. Customized practices of intimacy according to individual expression. This is the sexual revolution. A neglected, insatiable beast swallowing up, indoctrinating, and improving upon thousands of years of oppressive missionary positions resulting in little or no climax. Will you believe them/her when they/she tell(s) you that they/she are(is) a lesbian...

"I'm not a man!"

Her voice cracked as she caught her breath. A 200 pound butch woman with a buzzed head and bad tattoos had just flung her against the wall. Dance music consumed most of the noise, and the reason for this commotion was still quite confusing to her. She could feel her mascara transfer to the skin surrounding her eyelids as she both blinked and ducked, then tumbled under a wild drunken swing. The worst. She made her way toward the front door, past the bouncer, and onto the porch of the local gay bar.

"Being a dyke is hard," she muttered to herself. It was something she often said when trying to process her failure. What failure? Failure of being a woman? No. It was other people's failure to perceive her as a strong gay woman. It was a cis victory for her to be assaulted because she was dancing with a cutie. She wouldn't cry til she got home. Her ugly man cry. Another shove, this time from within. She cleared her throat.

"I'm not a fucking man."

...The patriarchy wins when we deny folks of their identity. Accepting them is part of dismantling it. Feminism strengthens when we accept those that defy the cis-het-white-norm. The intersections of feminism and gender, socio-economic standing, class, and/or race are the winning arsenal against the patriarchy. That which seeks its continual subjugation of those that deviate from the traditional power structure of "man above all."\*\*\*\* Believe her when she says she's not a man. Check your judgement of trans lesbians. Don't turn away from a potential for not only personal growth, but growth in humanity. Change is as gradual as decay and it is sometimes hard to monitor any progress whatsoever, or even tell the difference between the two.

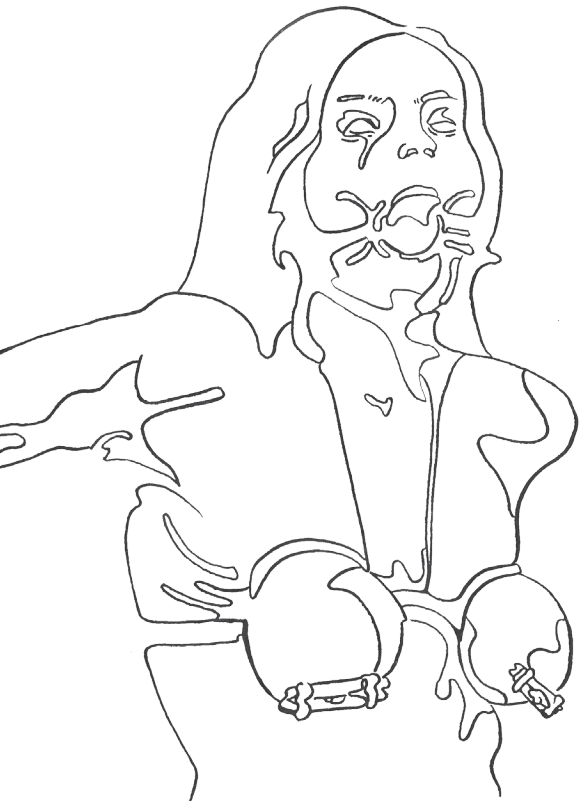
But that's a different conversation altogether...

\*A slosch is a gathering of a local bdsm community usually held at a bar.

\*\*Insert your preferred term for external genitalia.

\*\*\*That is to say that non-penetrative practices can still take place in the presence of external genitalia if both parties decide to use it.

\*\*\*\*Caucasian men and those that try to emulate them.



## *Ode To Fingernails / How Do You Fuck With Those?*

by Cristine

as a femmedyke with long nails, and a dyke with a serious long nail fetish, i am plagued by the age old question of “how do you fuck with those?” everyone knows that if you can’t tell a woman’s sexuality just by looking at her, the tie breaker is in the finger nails. short = gay! the number one golden rule of penetrating holes is that you most certainly definitely cannot have long nails. even your average seasoned fister will cringe at the thought... that very thought that drives me instantly wild. long beautiful nails diving into my cunt, what a fucking gorgeous picture. sm dykes know better; we see the beauty in the pointed tips, the tools we carry with us everywhere, the possibility to cause pain and draw blood in a flash. i see you long-nailed dykes, you instant sadists, this is for you.

pointy dagger-like knives tracing across my skin, raised welts  
immaculately painted, expertly filed-so-sharp nails.  
they could slice skin clear open. part the red sea.  
claws scraping, and collecting skin cells. more than  
enough to identify my body after i combust from cumming  
too hard when those long nails enter my cunt.  
already wet from a long aggressive scratching,  
they slide right in. first one finger, followed by two, three...  
one whole hand in my pussy, scraping against my insides  
the other in my mouth. “fuck me harder” i say between fingers.  
i want to tongue each nail, mouth full of my own skin and  
blood  
underneath them. raw + primal claws digging into my  
chest, dragging, grabbing my thighs, harder, scraping my ass,  
hurting me  
just the way i like.  
all four long fingers have turned a deep crimson red  
from thrusting from cutting me inside, cutting me in all the right  
places.  
i come just from the sight of blood on those hands and blood  
on my thighs shaking, chest rising, heart racing, panting. my  
goddess  
put those fingers in my mouth again, let me suck myself off  
them.

how do you fuck with those?  
why would you ever want to fuck without them?

# *Sailor*

by Danielle

I touched your lips softly. Your bottom lip hung silently waiting for me, eagerly anticipating.

Gingerly I pushed my forefinger in your warm hole, feeling you from the inside.

Your tongue worked around my digit diligently like it had been waiting all its life for the opportunity to taste me.

I was transported.

I lived here now. In your mouth, in a warm and wet hug clinging to you.

All of my focus collapsed to finger in your mouth, my rings clung to your lips as you swallowed inches of me.

I could hear my breathing, softly in, softly out.

This moment existed slowly in time. We were slowed down to the mere molecules that created our cellular structure, that gave us structural face and features to face each other.

I was more because I was inside you, and you exploded. The softness of your cheeks clenching my hand as it press the outside of you face, held your chin. I was present for the sight of you.

It was time.

I moved to place two more fingers in you. Your eye makeup was completely ruined but that was merely a minor cost to such connection.

My head spun quickly.

I brought you closer. I couldn't be close enough to ride this wave. I wasn't prepared for the storm that was you.

Your mouth rained on me, working between my insides.

Wrapped tightly by the bounds of skin, my nails clattered your teeth, crashing into each other gently like ships in the night. I was the sailor, and you were my ship. I had no meaning without you.

You took me to my knuckles, tattoos disappearing. I was whole knowing that parts of me were gone. They would return but I would never be the same.

I feel you breathe around me. Hot breath, escaping like a captive element worries about freedom.

This was freedom. This was one femme and one femme and now two femmes becoming one femme again.

Our bodies moved together and fell apart. Collapsing from upright, the sweat would keep us held tight for hours.



Pussy Dentata  
Collagraph  
Jessica Marie Mercy

# Survey

by Holly Mae

Most days, we wake up in the same bed, snoozing the alarm a billion times. I roll toward her and put my head on her chest, my thigh between her legs. I can't get enough of her soft solid body, her epic tits. Also, I have to pee. We talk about our dreams and the dogs she saw online yesterday. She puts her face in my armpit and we make out a little. We get up, and she cooks me breakfast because she likes to do things for me, and so I won't be late for work.

I could have started this with a scene. You probably wish I had, with my lovers face going soft and open and a little scared, my fist in her mouth and hand on her throat. Or with us at a party, cruising together for a babe to destroy. We've been in love for five years. I remain compelled by this wild genius pervert femme. She inspires, and encourages, ever more twisted and brutal ways of topping. When it's the best, I know how to use a firm hand to bring all the good and strength in her sweet heart to the blushing surface, and also make her cum so, so hard. She'll go with me almost anywhere I'll take her. And she'll surprise me with earnest dominance when I need it. I've never been so comfortable around someone. I'm so happy to come home to her, I'm really getting into some sick shit like hanging pictures together and doing the chores she doesn't like. The intimacy we have makes me feel brave enough for anything, brave enough to think I will love this slut forever, and say that out loud. Sometimes the intimacy we have makes me scared I don't actually know what she needs. Sometimes it makes it hard to remember how she is a place I can go when I feel sad, or broken, or that I can throw up in front of her, and also how to toss my hair out of my face and become the queen of her universe. She's such a good girl I forget she needs to struggle for me and show me how good she is, for herself. Sometimes it seems easier just to fuck each other gently, under the big down comforter of all that intimacy, and it's so nice, even though we both want that pervert sex. We don't live in a city with a scene anymore. We're in our thirties, we live in a conservative rural area, and we are so busy with the work of making dream projects real. Erotic tension and domestic bliss, what are you gonna do.

I wanted to write about a long-term relationship between two huge freaks in love, and that means writing about fucking, but also writing about chores, and failures and waking up in the morning. I wanted to write about my life to talk about kink relationships in general, after the initial recognition, establishing of power, etc. etc. that we so eroticize are over. Like everything ghey, we're borrowing and stealing and inventing as we go; our role models are our friends. There aren't enough places to hear stories of how people actually do long term leather or bdsm relationships, romantic or not. There aren't enough stories about how kink moves us through hard times, or how the erotic current of a power dynamic coexists with being tired after work and getting the chores done. Not enough places to hear stories about how to get through it when your dream top loses her boner for a while and all you want is for her to fuck you up because it's the hottest

thing you've ever known and you really, really need to cry. There aren't enough stories of growing up together, aging together, as that changes us, changes what we can do with our bodies, changes our desires.

If there's anything I believe in it's queer perverts' capacity for brilliant invention. Any story about my life right now just ends with questions how do we do all this? I need your stories. You probably need each other's stories. The future baby freaks need them for sure. I have some questions for you. Whether or not you're in a relationship, and whatever relationships look like for you, I want to hear about it. Answer any or all of the questions below. Be graphic or dainty, personal or anonymous. Be specific. I want to compile your stories and share them back to us as a resource for navigating our long term relationships. Probably in future issues of FIST!

Email responses to me at [hollyxmae@gmail.com](mailto:hollyxmae@gmail.com). Send me pictures of handwritten notes. Call me if you'd rather talk than write 415 328 0656.

- Have you been in a long term relationship? Have your longer relationships been romantic, been friendships, been hook up relationships? How have bdsm or leathersex or kink been a part of your relationships?
- What role do relationships have in your life? What role do bdsm relationships have in your life? What kinds of dynamics are you in? What kinds of relationships you aspire to or dream of?
- Do you have one partner or multiple? Do you have non-kink sex or dynamics with any of them? Do you have casual sex? Do you hook up or do scenes with your friends?
- If you have been in long term relationships, did your desires, your partner's desires, or your dynamics change? How did you deal with that?
- How do you and your partners stay inspired? Have you lost inspiration and gotten in back?
- What has been challenging in your relationships? What obstacles did you face and how did you deal with them?
- What has been awesome in your relationships? How do you feed the awesome shit?
- How public or private are your relationships? Do you have a community or group of friends around you?
- How do you and your partner/s make dynamics and scenes part of your lives? Are there things you or your lover does to transition between "regular life" and being in a dynamic or scene or having weird sex?
- Are there aspects of your or your lover/s' health or ability that inform your relationship? And how? Have those changed over the course of a relationship?
- Do you have kids? How does that play into your relationship and perv life?
- Does your experience with bdsm offer any gorgeous ways of dealing with stuff that comes up in relationship?
- Do you have any role models for long term kink relationships?
- How old are you, where do you live, or any other identifiers you think are relevant or want to share?
- What questions do you wish I'd asked? Go ahead and answer them.
- What would you like to see happen with this information? What tools do you need? Is documentation of our queer realities important to you?

# Contributor Bios

in order of appearance

**Quincy Anna** (cover art + page 18) My tracings of porn are a diary of my sexuality and my artistic practice. BDSM imagery is especially dear to me, because seeing the powerful and erotic shapes that contorted and subjugated bodies make allowed me to feel comfortable with my own desires. Drawing is an intimate experience for me, and like many fetishes, it's an act that feels compulsive and repetitive. Making myself vulnerable by sharing them is a huge turn on! These images are from a collection called 'Hard Material.' @dp\_ds\_

**Dana Buzzee** is an interdisciplinary visual artist and curator. In 2012 Buzzee graduated with a Bachelor of Fine Arts, studying at the Alberta College of Art and Design, the New York Studio Residency Program, and the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design. Since completing undergrad, Buzzee has enjoyed exhibitions and residencies in Canada, Finland, Germany, Iceland, and the United States; currently she works as the Visual Arts Curator for Femme Wave Festival based in Calgary, AB. Buzzee's research-based practice is rooted in queer feminism and witchcraft and functions autobiographically.

**Tamara Santibañez** (b.1987) is a multimedia artist, publisher, and leather enthusiast living and working in Brooklyn, New York.

**Cadyn Snow** is a submissive trans femme living in San Francisco. Caydn enjoys impact play, rope and predicament bondage, Goddess worship, chastity play, knife play, blood, and I'm sure there is something else your sadistic mind could convince her to try. Caydn may be found on instagram @queerocult.

**Aurora Wells** (@auroreality) is a femme writer living in Brooklyn with her beautiful pit bull, Petunia.

**SHAWNÉ MICHAELAIN HOLLOWAY** (b. 1991) is an internet artist using sound, video, and performance to re-stage personal narratives through materials appropriated from the web. her work shapes the rhetorics of technology and sexuality into a tool for exposing structures of power. it has been exhibited internationally in spaces like the Festspielhaus Hellerau (Dresden, DE), Lafayette Anticipation (Paris, FR), and on NTS Radio (London, UK.) @cleogirl2525 / shawne.holloway@gmail.com / shawnemichaelainholloway.com

**kd diamond** has been drawing sexy things from different angles for over a decade, most recently for Girl Sex 101, a 400-page comprehensive sex-ed guide wrapped in a road-trip. She's International Ms Bootblack 2011, and prefers you wear whatever boots you want, as long as they make you feel tough as fucking nails. // katediamond.com // instagram.com/kddiamond

**Kala** is a bruise collector living in Brooklyn. ig: @cliteastwood\_

**Stacy McCleaf** Master tattoo artist focusing on Japanese and Shunga custom work. I paint, write and do photography in my spare time. I'm known as being "rough trade" watch out. Commissions and questions welcome. www.chromegardens.com

**Alice** is a sadistic trans femme rope dyke.

**Cristine** is a deeply perverted femme daddy whose hobbies include rope bondage and praying to the Lord to save her soul. She is interested in BDSM as a vehicle for navigating darkness and exploring new depths. Join her @daemonumx

**Danielle** is a sober queer poly femme from Minneapolis, MN. Sidetracked by science during the day, she fills her nights with kink, creativity, and multiple loves. She has a soft spot for cats, vegan gf cupcakes, and bruises.

**Jessica Marie Mercy** I am obsessed with community. The connections we make are integral to who we are and how we see the world. Within my Queer and Femme communities it is necessary to work with one another, to strengthen and support each other, so that all can succeed. Within my prints, I attempt to bridge the gap between my printmaking and Queer communities, to create accessible fine art, and begin a dialogue around femme identity. jessicamariemercy@gmail.com / IG: @jesthedeluxe

**Holly Mae** I live in the Siskiyou Mountains of southern Oregon, aka the gayest rural place after Tennessee. Come visit us out here! Love and hype for Earthroots, an incubating space for qt poc dreams (earthrootsproject.org), Muffintop Mountain, a transfeminine centered land project (muffintopmtn.blogspot.com, @muffintopmountain), and Fancyland, a long time queer piece of land (fancylandy.wordpress.com). Find me at the river or @glitter.tornado on instagram.

