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KINKY FETISH SEX

Diary of a Feminist Call Girl

Sexual Alchemy

Erotic Art and Photography

Black Man's Fan Club

Alternative & Burlesque Fair

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So what's KFS magazine all about? Well, having published *Skin Two*, the world's leading fetish magazine, for quite a few years, we wanted to go further. Much further, in fact. There's a lot out there in the wild and wonderful world of alternative sexuality.

I mean, just consider cross-dressing, swinging, bisexuality, art, erotica, hot fiction, burlesque, role play, t-girls, ladyboys, cuckolding, gangbangs, dogging, groups, polyamory, clothed-female-naked-male and quite a few other other colourful aspects of sexual fun and games. That's before we even mention the *Black Man's Fan Club*...

So *KFS* magazine is born, to cover all that and more. You won't find any porn here; what you will find is a world of fun sexuality, covered with style, humour and integrity. In this issue, we interview a professional sex worker – she's a long way from the stereotype of the damaged "victim".

We meet Jules Evans, head of the *Alternative and Burlesque Fair*. There's cool erotic art from Butch Bignell, stylish photography from *Blackbarn*, sexy fashion, hot nightlife from *Imaginarium* and reviews of the very best sex products. You *must* read *The Secret Diary of a Feminist Call Girl,* by Deviant Eve.

Whatever you love, you should find it within the pages of *KFS* magazine. You might also find something new to catch your interest . We certainly did. Something you had often thought of – or maybe something you didn't even realise you'd like. Can we open a door for you?

We also organise the *KFS* parties in Leeds and Birmingham and we're working on the new *KFS* internet TV channel. Meantime, what of *Skin Two* magazine? *Skin Two* will focus on its core subject, fetish fashion and style. In fact, we have already started work on the next issue. Meantime, dive in to the colourful world of kinky sex with *KFS*.



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Upfront

All the news from KFS world. Edited by Mostaza Preparada



Guinevere Turner as Tanya in *Preaching to the Perverted*

Tortured in the Orchard is the planned sequel to THE cult fetish film, **Preaching to the Perverted**, directed by the award winning Stuart Urban in 1997 and restored via crowdfunding in 2013

Preaching to the Perverted was ahead of its time. Recently The Guardian listed it among the top ten BDSM films, along with works by Bunuel, Polanski, Haneke etc. Stuart Urban is now evolving a plan to fund the sequel, which will begin with a crowdfunding campaign to drive a web series and a graphic novel to road test the new storyline and interact with fans of the first film.

Tortured in the Orchard is the provisional title for the sequel. The storyline follows Artemis, the eighteen-year old daughter of dominatrix and performance artist Tanya (Guinevere Turner) and Christian evangelist Peter (Christien Anholt). Artemis is like a hybrid of Lady Gaga and Alice in Wonderland. She becomes an intern to the oh-so handsome, so young British Prime Minister... much kinky mayhem and a constitutional crisis follow! Cast who have committed in principle include Turner, Anholt and several more of the original's name actors, including Ricky Tomlinson.

The original film gave a thirty per cent return on investment and there is every prospect that a sequel, eighteen years on, could do even better. Excellent tax breaks and incentives are available to UK taxpayers, and Stuart Urban invites potential investors to get in touch for information. At the moment, he is looking for minimum investments of £5,000. Those interested to make smaller contributions will be able to do so when the crowdfunding campaign launches.

Serious investors may contact Reel Urban Ltd via rosa@vectisvision.com or www.facebook.com/P2PMovie

London's new kink-friendly coffee house!

London pervs have sorely missed their old meeting place, Coffee Cake & Kink.

Well, the founders have at last opened up the shiny all-new Coffee Cake & Kisses, with not only coffee and cake – of course – but also a lower ground floor for events, workshops and film screenings.

It's at 54 Warren St, just a few steps from Warren Street tube station.

There are books, art, cards and gifts for sale. An eclectic line-up of events includes anything from bake dates to erotic story-telling to sensuous body painting workshops.

Says the founder, Alana, "We celebrate bonds between people, and relationships of all kinds, however alternative. We provide a comfortable, non-judgemental space for the exploration of all things carnal and cerebral."

www.coffeecakekisses.com

Hire a Dungeon!

Who has a fully equipped BDSM dungeon in their basement? Nobody really, of course – what would the kids think!

Anyway, it would spoil the fun if it was right there in your home. Far better, surely, to make a special occasion out of it, look forward to it, dress up for it and make a trip to a dungeon something really special. If you live in the sticks, it could be a great excuse for a trip to the city. Just tell the children you're going to the theatre.

With that in mind, see our list of dungeons in and around the London area. This is just a precursor to full reviews we plan for our sister magazine, Skin Two.

Want a comprehensive international list online? If so, email to our editor, Tim Woodward, and let him know. He's on **tim@kfsmedia.com**. If we put a list online, how will you know? Ah, well, you need to subscribe to our regular newsletter at **www.fetishnewsletter.net** and you'll get all the news.

London Dungeons For Hire

This does not pretend to be a comprehensive list, nor a recommendation. It's just a note of few dungeons we know of, in case you're at a loose end on a rainy day...

Better Than a Bed

Very central, near Goodge Street
www.betterthanabed.com

The Blue Door

Very near Angel Islington tube
www.bluedoordungeon.co.uk

Dare2Club

A house with special rooms in SW2
www.dare2club.com

Ess and Emm

Super luxury in Warwickshire. Ideal for an overnight stay
www.essandemm.com

The Fetish Retreat

In secluded Wiltshire countryside, down the M4. Fabulous
www.thefetishretreat.com

The Fetish Studio

In Berkshire, near Reading
www.thefetishstudio.com

Hoxton Dungeon Suite

Run by the lovely Madame Caramel
www.hoxtondungeonsuite.co.uk

London Dungeon Hire

We've never seen so much BDSM equiment to try!
www.londondungeonhire.co.uk

Murder Mile

Large and luxurious. Great for a private party
www.murdermile.com

The Old Vicarage

Roomy Edwardian house in Sutton with dungeon – also party venue
flirtations@hotmail.co.uk

The Serpent Rooms

Near the tube in North London/Herts
www.theserpentrooms.co.uk

Kinkaholic

Are you a kinkaholic? Try this alternative to fetlife/collarspace/alt.com/fetbook/rubberpal and all the others

The greatest thing to happen to people whose sexuality is other than the supposed norm has been the internet. Now we can contact each other for kinky meetings by all means, but – vitally – we can also support each other, exchange information and "come out", just like a generation of gay people. That's got to be a big improvement in the sum of the world's happiness.

Which websites are best for kinky people? Quite a few have a reputation for con tricks. You know, those sites that keep telling you than a hot blonde is just waiting to meet you, if you only sign up and enter your credit card details. Of course she is...

In the UK, a website called Informed Consent had a reputation for integrity, but it was pretty much UK-only and it has been subsumed within fetlife now. Ah yes, fetlife. They are the current market leader by a mile. Since we met the founder at Northbound Leather in Toronto a few years ago, they have taken the world of kink by storm. But a recent problem with them didn't even elicit a reply to our complaint...

Then we met a delightfully eccentric Italian web developer, fluent in Mandarin, named after a Russian cosmonaut and resident in London. Just our sort of guy. Yuri's new website is in its infancy as we go to press, but do join and stick with it as it grows: **www.kinkaholic.com**

Fetish Subculture Documentary

This is a 48-minute documentary by Carl Simard of Aeindel Productions, Canada.

Recommended viewing!

See it at film festivals around the world, view it on Carl's website at **www.aeindel.com/documentaires/full-video-fetish-subculture-documentary**, or subscribe on youtube at **www.youtu.be/YCrsEmaCnUI**

Sexpo in London

Sexpo is the world's largest sex show, based in Australia, established for twenty years – and they're coming to London on 13th-15th November.

Looks ambitious – they have booked Olympia.

Go to **www.sexpo.co.uk**

Sexhibition in Manchester

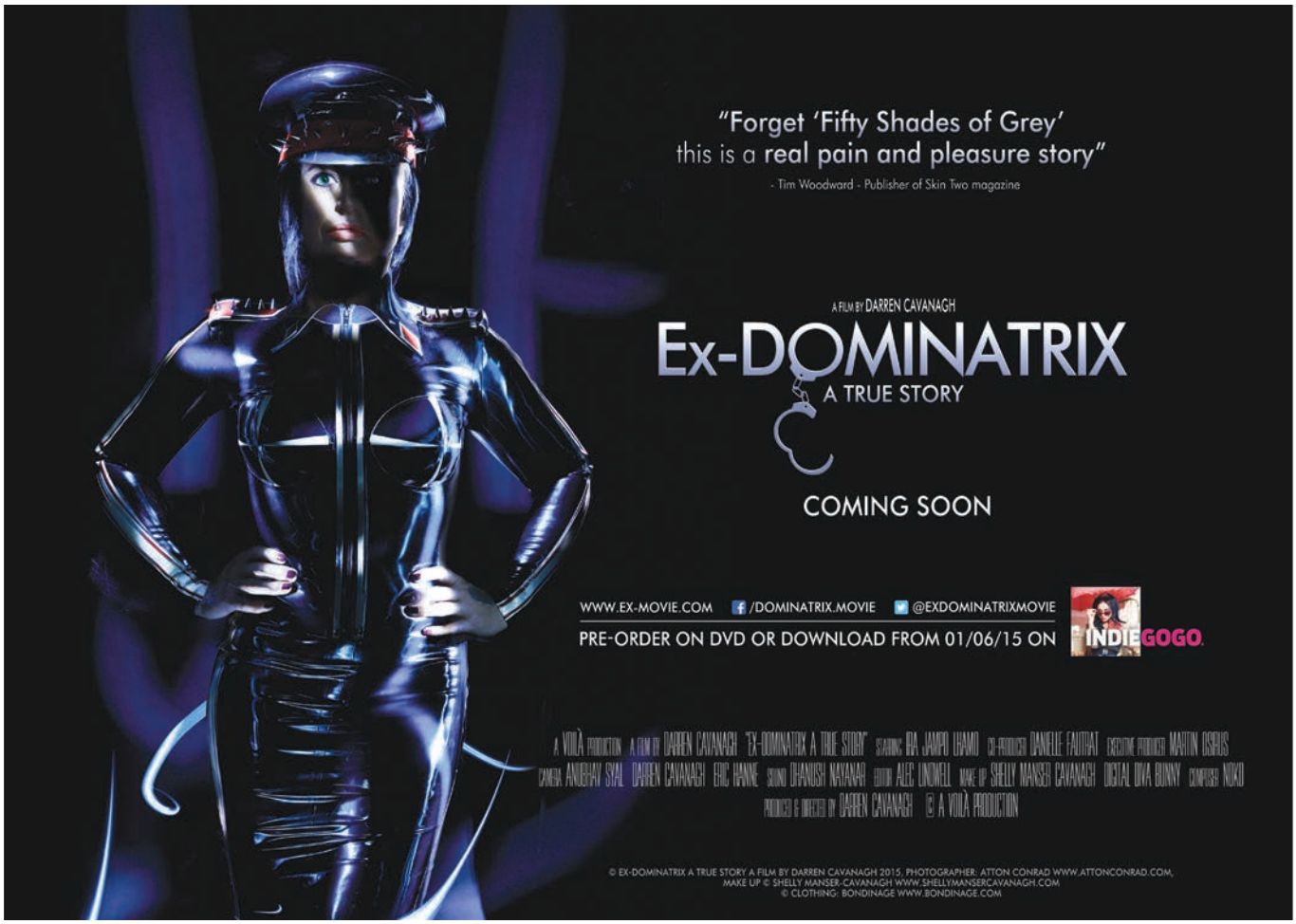
Saturday August 22nd sees an ambitious erotic event at Event City in Manchester, with performances, workshops and entertainment, alongside retailers and traders to satisfy every kinky taste.

There are pre-parties, after-parties and the rather fabulous event supremo, Cheryl Smith (see photo) has even confirmed two of the world's biggest fetish stars, Bianca Beachamp from Canada and Mauimi Max from the USA.

For full details and Cheryl's mailing list, go to **www.sexhibitionexpo.co.uk**



Photo: James Alexander



Ex-Dominatrix: A True Story

A film by Darren Cavanagh

This is the extraordinary true-life story of Ira, one of Europe's most extreme dominatrixes as well as an artist, model, international performer, mother and yoga instructor. In 2010, Ira's life was suddenly shattered by the death of a high profile client during one of her BDSM sessions. She was briefly imprisoned, but later found not responsible for the man's death. For the first time, Ira reveals what truly happened and how this event would transform her destiny in ways she could never have imagined.

The film intercuts her many extensive interviews with home movie footage, photographs and stylised animation of her top ten domination sessions, as we follow her journey in many locations, including fly-on-the-wall footage especially recorded for the film.

Darren Cavanagh has been a creative director on over 2,500 major international campaigns for a wide variety of releases including, Kill Bill I & II, The Hunger Games and Senna. He has been creative within the fetish world since 1990, when he directed a short documentary called S&M at film school. You can pre-order Ex-Dominatrix: A True Story as a download or DVD, with completion due in August 2015.

See **www.ex-movie.com**

Box of Grey Re-invents the Dirty Weekend with the Toy Cupboard at Sanctum Soho

Box of Grey invites grownups to behave like big kids in a sex toy shop, with the launch of its Toy Cupboard at London's luxurious Sanctum Soho Hotel.

The key to the Box of Grey 'adults only' Toy Cupboard is available when you book any room at Sanctum Soho at an additional charge of just £100 (per night). The key will open the door to a seasonal collection of toys, restraints and accessories – to make the one night outstanding.

If you book the really super BXG Suite, you will find the Toy Cupboard already tucked away within the suite, which also features 'A Very Private View' – an erotic collection of images shot for Box of Grey by renowned photographer Ray Burmiston.

The key can be bought at the hotel, or in advance via Box of Grey's Hotel Hotlist – a concierge service which allows couples to pre-order a box for delivery to a luxury hotel ahead of their stay. Their Hotel Hotlist already features hotels in Brighton, Edinbugh and London, as well as Sanctum Soho.

Sanctum Soho is at **www.sanctumsoho.com**

Box of Grey's Hotel Hotlist is at **www.boxofgrey.com/HotelHotlist**

Upfront is edited by Mostaza Preparada, who may be contacted on mostazapreparada@runbox.com



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MINT

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Photo of Eve: www.blackbarnboudoir.co.uk

The Secret Diary of a Feminist Call Girl

by Deviant Eve

I had one of those awkward phone conversations the other day. You know the kind of thing, where you have to tell one of your old friends something you know will shock them. It went a bit like this…

Me: I've got something to tell you which might freak you out a bit, but I want you to remember that we've been friends a long time, and I'm still the same person.

Friend: OK...

Me: (Deep breath) Well, since I moved to London I've started doing sex work.

F: OK....sex work? That could mean a wide variety of things...

Me: I believe the quaint term for it is "prostitute".

Cue a somewhat awkward conversation in which I reassure my friend that no, I'm not being pimped (despite my prior warnings I think she has forgotten who I am for a moment; the chances of me being controlled by anyone are about as likely as me shagging Jeremy Clarkson – for money or otherwise) and that yes, it may well be just a phase, but then again so are most jobs for most people.

The fact is, becoming a whore, courtesan, call girl, harlot or whatever (personally, I prefer my label of sex worker) has been one of the most fun, enriching and rewarding things I've ever done. This in spite of the fact that, if someone had foretold me my future career a couple of years ago, I would have told them they were insane.

I've always been a feminist by both philosophy and activism, and my view of sex work was radically different right up to a couple of years ago. As a young and earnest trainee social worker, I became interested in the plight of sex workers. I spent a spell working in a hostel for homeless young women, and I witnessed how they were exposed to life at the extreme sharp end. I observed how these vulnerable young women, many of whom had faced abuse from family members and partners, were drawn into prostitution by crack or heroin addiction, or the arguably more pernicious phenomena of being befriended by "boyfriends" who flattered them, fed them drugs and later required that they fuck other men as payment.

I'd never been in any doubt that male power, aka "The Patriarchy", was to blame for the plight of these vulnerable young women – they were poor, and easy prey for unscrupulous men. I became interested in the power dynamic that led women into prostitution; in my two years in the hostel I never met a happy hooker.

I developed a rock solid viewpoint that women who worked as prostitutes were being exploited: victims of male power, poverty or both. I was aware of the existence of the *Belle De Jour* types that one read about; the £1,000 a night call girl who is neither unhappy nor exploited, but I was certain that such women were a tiny minority who irresponsibly portrayed their profession as glamorous, when the truth for most women was that it is anything but. So far, so much middle-class good intention.

Fast forward twenty years and my interest in sex work had led me to work on a project that evaluates the life chances of women working as escorts. Although I'm aware that this group of women

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(it was just women that I was studying – there's plenty of male sex workers but these are not my focus) are unlikely to suffer from the same crippling lack of choice faced by street prostitutes, I was still pretty certain that sex work was the last refuge of the damaged and desperate.

The advent of the internet means that it's now relatively easy to access this group of sex workers who, just ten years ago, would only have been contactable via the back page ads or cards in phone boxes. I designed my research, waded through a murky puddle of punter websites to amass a few hundred escorts' email addresses and awaited the return of the data.

In retrospect, my questionnaire was clunky and patronising, and quite a few of my respondents wasted no time in telling me so. Notwithstanding (or perhaps because of) this, many of the women who replied to me took the time to write lengthy explanations to back up their responses. Sitting down to analyse my responses, I realised I was long overdue a rethink of my beliefs about sex work.

None of these women fitted my vision of miserable, broken women. Most were graduates and the vast majority of women said they were in sex work for the autonomy and flexibility it provided. What's more – gasp – loads of these women did the job because they liked sex. I realised that I had been missing a big part of the picture in my simplistic view of paid-for sex.

I'd certainly never seen sexual desire as simply a male preserve, although I did know that my male friends universally wanted sex more than my female friends, and that most of my own relationships had featured elaborate bedtime wrangles to get out of sleeping with partners I no longer fancied. I didn't see this as a biologically determined certainty but more to do with the way women have been socialised *Cont...* to convey an image of chastity and purity. Sex-on-the-first-date is still something that most of my female friends withhold, no matter how much they fancy the guy, because of the undiscussed principle that the guy won't respect them for "giving it away".

I've always hated this idea that sex should be used as some kind of childish bargaining tool between consenting adults and I still hold true to the notion that, give us a level playing field and we'll be gagging for it as much as you are. Plus I can tell you, most women are not difficult to please. Finding a man who picks his dirty socks up off the floor and refrains from weeing all over the toilet seat is enough to have me panting in desire.

"Things changed for me quite unexpectedly, thanks to my discovery of the world of BDSM."

I think a big reason that I didn't really understand the sexual services industry was because I was so uninterested in sex myself that I couldn't possibly see how anyone could actually want to do it for a living. My own sex life had been so mediocre for so long that, given the choice to take it or leave it, I would have opted for a hot bath and a bag of Maltesers. I certainly wasn't alone amongst my group of friends in feeling that way.

Things changed for me quite unexpectedly, thanks to my discovery of the world of BDSM. Suddenly I could understand what all the fuss was about, but at the time I didn't have a partner or anyone with whom to explore my newfound kinks.

This coincided with a lot of changes in my personal life, and so when I stumbled across an advert for submissive escorts, I thought "why not?" After checking in with an old friend to make sure that I had not gone instantaneously and certifiably insane (and to make sure someone knew where I was), I skipped off to meet one of the ladies who ran the business, which turned out to be in a plush flat in a very nice part of London. Nothing about the business fitted with what I'd previously held to believe about sex work – there was no Mafioso boss lurking in the shadows, in fact one of the appealing things about the work was choice in working hours and schedule. There was no seedy parade in front of punters, in fact only one woman worked at a time (with support from a receptionist) so clients knew who they were coming to see on a given day. I took a deep breath and dived in.

On the rare occasions I met the other women who worked there, I was struck by how "normal" they were.Most had good jobs outside their sex work, from a classical musician to a freelance makeup artist. Many were also studying. In fact, sex workers I've met have tended to be a dynamic and driven bunch of people – the work is extremely demanding and not for the faint hearted, although probably not for the reasons you might suppose.

Before becoming a sex worker, the part I was most terrified of was having to have sex with someone smelly or unattractive. In reality, this – although by no means a delight on the odd occasion it comes up – is just a mundane element to a working day. If you're thinking "how could you not feel revulsion about such a thing?", I can only describe it as having parallels with the care work I did in my early career. I can't claim that changing incontinence pads was the highlight of my working day, but neither was I grossed out or traumatised by it – I just got on with it and moved onto the next task. And the fact that, as a sex worker, I earn something like thirty times my care worker wage is a considerable compensation.

It would be irresponsible of me to make out that sex work is a breeze – as I mentioned before, the demands of the job mean you need a robust constitution and a broad skill set. Sex work is perhaps the ultimate customer service industry – when someone walks through the door you have as little as half an hour to read them, tap into and then realise their fantasy. Many clients come for emotional support as much as sex; guys in sexless marriages who feel depressed and unattractive are often seeking reassurance as much as an orgasm.

BDSM sex work is complicated further by the wide range of toys/tools/torture devices that can be deployed in a session and, if pain or humiliation is involved, boundaries have to be negotiated and health and safety considerations met. When I session with a new client, how do I ascertain if those clothes pegs I've just placed on his scrotum are providing pleasurable or unbearable pain? How do I ask my client to spank me in a different position because my back is really giving me gyp today? These are questions I never had to wrangle with in local government, but they do make for an interesting and fun workday.

Nowadays I am an independent sex worker, so add to this to the skills I use as a self-employed businesswoman: I've learned to do my own marketing, web design and accounts. (It's a common misconception that sex work is illegal; many thousands of sex

workers are registered with HMRC and pay taxes on an income that is usually above the national average.)

The time I spend with clients pales into insignificance when I compare it to the hours I spend keeping up a social media presence, blogging, getting new pictures done and keeping myself in shape.

All this leads me back to what the women who responded to my survey a couple of years back were telling me in no uncertain terms: sex work is work. It has highs and lows, and good bits and bad bits like any job. Not everyone will be suited to it, just as not everyone is suited to nursing or tightrope walking. It would be wrong to pretend there are no risks: sex work laws, in their current muddled form, leave workers vulnerable because they criminalise working with another woman for safety. The stigma and silence that surrounds the profession make it appealing for men who want to prey on the vulnerable.

Whilst I'm in the fortunate position of being able to choose my clients (and I am beyond picky – I've been known to refuse clients on the basis of shoddy grammar), there are undoubtedly sex workers who have little choice in their profession or who they see. But this is the distinction that critics of sex work miss – that there is a difference between slavery and work. Women trafficked or forced into prostitution are victims of crime and should be supported as such, without assuming that *every* sex worker is being coerced.

As for my radical feminist belief that sex work is exploitative because it's overwhelmingly men who buy sex – well, my Marxist beliefs also tell me that *all* work is exploitative.

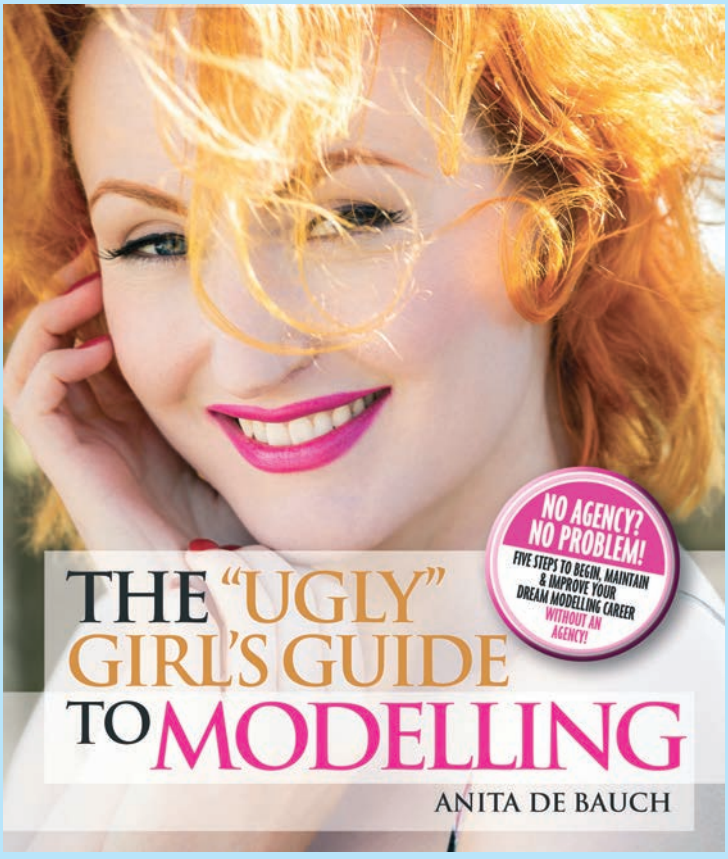
I can't pretend that there aren't parts of the industry that make me feel uncomfortable, or that I don't still come across the odd misogynist (although as a sex worker, these are much easier to spot and weed out than back when I met guys through dating sites).

I still believe that, if we had gender equality, there would be different motivations for women to become sex workers. For instance, better childcare provision and fair pay might mean that some of the single mothers who use sex work to boost their income could do that via their original profession, instead of being edged out of the workforce as soon as they have kids.

What I would really like to see is for sex work to be recognised for what it is – a legitimate sector of the economy fulfilling a vital human need.

Eve's blog: devianteve.com
Twitter: @deviant_eve

The Ugly Girl's Guide to Modelling



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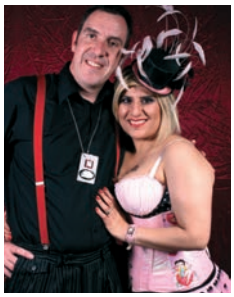
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The Alternative & Burlesque Fair

Meet Jules Evans, promoter of the UK's largest touring entertainment and shopping fair



Years ago, I ran across Jules Evans when he was building dungeons. A friendly Northerner on the fetish scene, he was down in London and stayed overnight at my house; we kept in touch ever since.

Jules popped into my life again in 2009, with *Heresy n Heelz*, a nightlife venture in the Midlands. I remember an early party there, when I was pretty sure it would never work. There was no dungeon and no real focus on hardcore BDSM play; so surely no-one would want to go? How wrong was I. Not for the first time, I missed the point entirely. The whole idea was to do a light-hearted crossover event, with no hard SM action, but plenty of burlesque, performance art, fashion, music etc. Sexy, by all means, but appealing to a very much wider audience than a BDSM club. It was something that would not shock any curious and fairly open-minded punter. Something to brighten up dreary old Derby – but not frighten the horses. It went down a storm. The mix of fun and just enough sex to attract younger folks, but not frighten their parents, is a cocktail that just works. And that is why Jules now runs the UK's largest touring, shopping and entertainment event.

The *Alternative & Burlesque Fair* now rocks Birmingham, Glasgow, Sheffield, Leeds, Bristol and Manchester. We're talking steampunk, burlesque, vintage, goth, alternative, twisted cabaret, fashion, shopping and performances.

OK, maybe just a discreet hint of fetish. Admission only £5 for six hours of shopping and fun. Every time I go, the place is packed. Jules tells all....

"My partner Shaz had been interested in burlesque for years and I'd seen quite a bit of it when I used to run the dungeon for Torture Garden down in London. That was around 200-2001. Shaz enjoyed it as an art form, she loved the vintage outfits, the glam, the sexiness and tease. She decided to try her hand and become a performer. It was really through that that I got the bug for doing something event related. I had been involved with events on and off for years, but never actually constructed one all of my own."

"A group of friends used to run some alternative goth nights in Nottingham and the venue they were using was a function room above a pub, with a small stage. We went to an event there one night and I was kind of thinking it would be a good place to do a little event. That's where *Heresy n Heelz* was born. I decided to do something different – not to replicate the formula of all the other events I'd been to. That was to become kind of a recurring theme; it was the blueprint for the *Alternative & Burlesque Fair* really."

"I decided to do something with very much a slant towards alternative culture. Fetish, but also cup cakes and circle dresses. A strong burlesque influence. So that was *Heresy n Heelz*. The 'heresy' bit refers to doing something different from the other fetish clubs, against the norm. Those first events in 2009 involved shows, but we needed to balance the books by putting a few stalls in. Over the next couple of years, the shopping part of it became a bigger and bigger element of the event. By 2011, we got to a point where we had to go one way or the other. Either expand into a 'proper business' or call it a day. It wasn't making any money as it was – just like an awful lot of nightlife events!"

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"We took a long hard look at it and decided to a couple of events away from the Midlands. One was in Brighton, which was an absolute disaster; we lost a fortune. Brighton is a difficult place to run events; it is saturated with them for such a small population. Then we had also planned one up in Manchester. The venue we looked at, Sound Control, was a live music club on three floors, with this rather quirky dungeon-like cellar underneath. We were going to be running on the top floor, where there is a large stage, and on the ground floor, where there's a bar. The cellar was going spare and I had this flash of inspiration. OK, we are doing this nightlife event; why don't we try to expand the retail element and almost make a second event out of it?"

"This cellar space was ideal, the right shape and size, so we decided to bolt on this shopping day, the day after our *Heresy n Heelz* night time event. That was in September 2011 and that was where the *Alternative & Burlesque Fair* was born. One room, one floor, a hundred and fifty people, fifteen or sixteen stalls, maybe eighteen. The end result was that the shopping day was massively successful. The *Heresy n Heelz* party the night before was pretty much as successful as ever, but one event made money and one didn't.

We took a long hard look at the business and decided to discontinue night events and develop the *Alternative & Burlesque Fair* in daytime."

So what exactly can people now expect to find at the Fair? "As well as the shopping, we have a series of shows right through the day. The shows last about fifteen minutes and we have one every forty-five minutes, so there's entertainment all day long. It helps to keep people there, keeps it busy. You will see burlesque in all its various guises, including some of the biggest names in UK burlesque performing. I mean people like Suki Singapora, Kittie Klaw and Havana Hurricane."

"We also run a programme called 'Movers & Shakers' in conjunction with the Ministry of Burlesque. This provides stage time for newcomers, or sometimes for established performers who want to try out a new act. We usually have at least one performer from the programme and we find some of our headliners that way as well. It's like an audition slot for new talent."

"We also put on twisted cabaret and a lot of pole and aerial performers. Pole and aerial have become very popular over the last four or five years. All over the UK, people are taking up pole training for fitness – but some of them as a route towards stage performance. Still mostly women, but some guys as well. We now have relationships with several pole schools, like Blush Dance Studio and Cloud Aerial Arts in Manchester and PB Dance Fitness in Kilmarnock. We give them stage time for their students, so they can perform in front of a crowd. They get exposure and a free stall, to to promote their classes and workshops. Where we have facilities at a venue, we also do aerial performances on hoops and silks. These may be students just getting good enough to perform, or some really established performers giving a masterclass. Some of our larger stallholders put on some great fashion shows. There are usually two or three; even four at the larger events. They're really fun."

I found the public at the *Alternative & Burlesque Fair* looked pretty much as dressed-up as the performers. "On our publicity, we say 'no dress code, but feel free to look fabulous.' For a daytime shopping event, we don't want to impose a dress code and tell people what they can and can't wear. We want people to feel comfortable if they have come for a couple of hours shopping amongst their other Saturday afternoon activities. But, yes, some people make extraordinary efforts to put on their finery. Retro outfits, full steampunk, latex – among others in their jeans. We want everyone to feel at ease with themselves. Whether that's dressed up or dressed down is absolutely fine."





How big is the *Alternative & Burlesque Fair* now? I mean, how any people would you find on a typical afternoon? "It depends on where and and it can also fluctuate depending on the time of year. Spring and early Autumn trend to be busy while Summer can be less so. Sheffield and Bristol attract around two or three hundred people. Glasgow, Leeds and Manchester can be up to six hundred people on a busy day. That's with about forty stalls, although it will be fifty at our new Manchester venue. We run at more or less the capacity of most of our more popular venues."

What ages are the punters – mostly young, or mixed, or what? Do kids bring their Mums and Dads? "It's a strictly over-eighteen event, as we have some adult products on sale. Also, the content of the shows is deemed to be adult. Small babies with their parents are OK though. Our demographic is best gauged from our facebook page, where we have about ten thousand likes. It's about eighty five per cent female and fifteen per cent male. It's a very female-led process. Although, on the day, I reckon it's about sixty-forty. Shopping as a main attraction and women are the driving force behind going shopping. People from their early twenties to mid fifties make up half the crowd, although it does range from eighteen to seventy."

The *Alternative & Burlesque Fair* is not locked into one scene, like steampunk, goth, fetish or vintage. It kinds of adjusts to whatever people want at the time, which is a great advantage that other promoters would love to have. What's big at the moment – are there still goths up North? "I'm not sure I could put my finger on any one thing, although steampunk has really exploded over the last few years. But we tend to address interests rather than scenes. There's a subtle but vital difference between the two. This is why we do our events the way we do. It comes back to the heresy thing. We don't do our events the way everyone else does, which is very much within their own scene, for people within their own scene.

"We tend to target interests. Take fetish as an example. Around forty or fifty per cent of sales at our events is fetish or adult in nature. Yet, if you come to our event and look around, you don't feel that you are surrounded by a crowd that's half fetishists at all. That's because we cater for people with interests in fetish (for example) but a lot of them would not identify as being part of any scene. If you take the any scene and compare it in size with the number of people with those interests, you will find that the first might be a pretty small group and the second a very much larger one. We need to run these events and support the interests of the hundred and fifty traders. These traders have got to be able to make money. By going after interests rather than scenes, we are taking a slice of a pie that is much, much bigger. People who come along mostly don't class themselves as stalwarts of a particular closely defined scene."

"A lot of people interested in burlesque are interested in vintage, a lot are interested in fetish culture. There's a lot of crossover. Neo-Victoriana, gothic and steampunk all overlap. That's why we decided to put all of those things under one roof, rather than do what everyone else does and have a fetish fair, or a goth market, or a steampunk market, catering solely for people who are in one of these scenes. It also avoids of lot of the politics within any scene."

Do you get BDSM people coming along and wondering why there is no dungeon and nobody getting their arse whipped? "I'm sure we do, as we did in the old *Heresy n Heelz* nightclub days. I don't give a damn. There's a place for fetish clubs and BDSM play clubs; I don't need to provide another one. If you can't go out and mix socially with people with different interests, without having sexual contact, then maybe you should take a long hard look at what you're doing. You will miss so much that's out there."

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So I've come along to the *Alternative & Burlesque Fair*, I've got a small sum saved and I want to buy something original and cool. What might I buy? "OK, well we cater for adult, fetish, goth, steampunk, vintage and burlesque fans.

Clothing, accessories and artwork are probably the bigger areas. Beauty and personal care as well. BDSM and fetish equipment of all kinds, like restraints and impact toys, are a large proportion of what you'll find, but we are not trying to be a fetish fair. We offer a cross section, so you can buy rock n roll skirts and dresses or vintage style gear made by the stallholders themselves. Simply Pleasure, the second biggest supplier of adult toys in the UK, are at almost all our events, along with small artisan hobbyists. If you're interested in any of the cultures I've mentioned, you would struggle not to find something of interest. And there is a considerable amount of money spent on the day."

Does everything always work? "Not always! We tried Derby and it didn't work so well, so then we tried Leicester on a blazing hot summer day – which is never great for an indoor event. Then we found out that Kasabian, whoever they are, were playing a massive open air gig that day. Everyone in the Midlands who had any kind of alternative interest was at the gig. Our turnout that day was, let's say, rather challenging."

What about problems with the authorities? "When we started this event in Manchester, of course everyone has an opinion and everyone is an expert. A number of no doubt well-meaning people said we couldn't do this and we couldn't do that; Manchester City Council apparently had a terrible reputation for banning anything they could. I was determined that, provided it was done in the right way, legal and above board, we had a sound commercial idea. I approached the Council and found them very helpful. Yes, there are issues to do with markets in general and it varies from city to city. Adult products add a whole further set of complications. We arrived at an agreement and Manchester City Council were happy to license the event. The woman I was dealing with was very used to vintage fairs, record sales car boot sales, etc. She found the conversations we were having were a bit different from the ones she would usually have. I still speak to her every few months and we get on famously.

"As part and parcel of the agreement, the Council has the right to send an inspector to the market and it happened to be this same woman. She came along not really wanting to catch us out; it was more to get a handle on what we were doing. There are of course things you can't allow. Very few really, apart from the obvious ones like guns, drugs, weapons etc. The adult products were really not a problem; the only thing they really won't allow is anything that might be considered pornography. So this woman had a good look around and seemed to really like the event. Apart from one thing. She said she had noticed 'some, er, well, very very large, er, things'. I said 'dildos?' She said 'Yes, I was trying to think of the right word. I mean they are enormous! I'm not sure, but the council might possibly consider them offensive.' I said she need not worry, it was only a novelty for display. She said 'Really? You mean people



don't actually…' I just looked at her knowingly and said 'Would you?' She went bright red and laughed and said not a problem. We stay on the right side of the law and make sure all our stallholders trade totally legally. That's why we have been able to expand into universities."

Universities? "Yes, that has been very successful. It almost came about by accident. Really good venues to run these events are hard to find. We need a large space, suitable for setting up lots of stalls. We also do shows, so we need stages with lighting, sound systems and all the stuff you need for live music and theatre. Large event centres are hugely expensive and not commercially viable for the scale of events that we run. Night clubs don't usually have the stage facilities and lighting that you need for live performance. That kind of leaves you with live music venues and a lot of those have closed down over the last few years. Big cities will often have a couple of big ones and maybe a couple of smaller ones. We need venues of around the thousand to fifteen hundred capacity to get our customers and forty or fifty stalls in. These are few and far between and they can't always be booked because the bands playing in the evenings do their sound check during the afternoons. Universities kept popping up on our radar."

"Unis have multi-functional venues with big stages and great production facilities. They are ideal – the right shape and size. We kept getting knocked back by them though. It was for the same old reasons… 'We appreciate the cultural diversity of what you are trying to do, but it's a little too risqué for us…' It's people trying to be safe and not ruffle too many feathers."







"So people kept saying we ought to take the *Alternative & Burlesque Fair* to Scotland. We heard this so many times, I was getting to think we ought to give it a try. For a small business based in the arse end of the Midlands, taking it to Glasgow seemed a bit ridiculous. Then we met a promoter from up there at an alternative music festival at Bradford University. This guy promotes a goth and industrial night at Queen Margaret Union, which is part of Glasgow University. QMU is a very old Union, founded by women for women, and they are very forward thinking. They do a lot of burlesque and cabaret and this promoter reckoned that they might not have any problem with us. We went up there and it's a fabulous venue. We sat down with their Event Coordinator and she said 'They are going to love this here.' I explained the adult and fetish side of things, which tends to be the sticking point at over places. The Event Coordinator said she had to run it past management, but she thought it would be OK. Well, they allowed us to go ahead on the basis that they would review the event afterwards before deciding about future events. It was one of the best new event launches we have ever done. There were no objections, the management liked it a lot and we have been back regularly ever since. The Event Coordinator was quite prepared to be used as a reference for us, so we were able to approach other universities and now we have launched in Leeds Union. We had been knocked back by Leeds University before, but we approached them again with the reference from Glasgow and finished up running in Leeds and also Sheffield Uni."

"We have been looking at Cardiff, Reading, maybe Plymouth. Also East Anglia. Newcastle is a place we would love to do, but we have been unable to find a venue up there. A lot of people from up there come down to our event Leeds. The Newcastle universities there don't seem to share the enthusiasm we've found elsewhere, though!"

So let's say I'm quite interested, thinking of coming along; can you sum up in a sentence why I would love it? "As we say, the *Alternative & Burlesque Fair* is the UK's ultimate alternative shopping and entertainment experience. It's the ultimate one probably because it's the only one! There are no other events that are really comparable. Nothing else spans the genres of interests and products that we do. If you look at all the reviews and blogs online, the consistent thread is the very friendly and welcoming atmosphere. Everyone is welcomed at the door – we don't just take their tickets off them."

Future developments? "We pulled away from doing night time events a few years ago, as I said, but now we are looking at adding evening events. We are thinking of the *Heresy n Heelz* formula, a burlesque themed club night with a show, music, dressing up. We are calling it *Heresy n Heelz* Cutting Edge Burlesque, starting with a couple in Birmingham, after our daytime fairs. If they prove successful, we would like to take it to Glasgow and Leeds. Then we are working closely with *High Tease* on a big show in Birmingham, headlining *Immodesty Blaize*. So there's lots happening!"

www.thealternativeandburlesquefair.com
Jules Evans was talking to Tim Woodward

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Rebecca Lowrie : Sexual Alchemist

Rebecca explains how she can transform your sexuality and empower your life



Photo: Matt Christie www.mattchristie.com

I've been exploring sexuality and intimacy for over thirty years. It has been an intense journey full of powerful experiences. I've been to a million sexuality workshops, read thousands of sexuality books and – for a while – slept with a lot of people. My journey through tantra, kink and other forms of sacred sexuality over the years has been amazing, beautiful, terrifying, and truly life changing.

I've learned to connect my spirituality to my heart and my sexuality. I've learned to be vulnerable, open and present. I've laughed, cried, shouted, bashed cushions and danced naked in the rain. I've seen beautiful souls travelling into the depths of their being and allowed them to see me doing the same.

Exploring sexuality is a journey that I hope never ends. It keeps me connected to the flow of life, to myself, to my beloved, to nature and, dare I say it, to the whole universe.

Rebecca Lowrie
www.sexualalchemy.com

There's far more to sexuality than we are ever taught. In fact, there's far more to sexuality even than ropes, whips, chains, dressing up and all of that. Rebecca Lowrie tells you how she can help you explore whole new worlds of sexual possibility and transform your sex life into something deeply fulfilling, hot, fun and blissful...

"Last Friday was extraordinary on so many levels for me Rebecca, it truly was. You reaffirmed for me how intrinsic sensuality and intimacy is in the replenishment of one's soul and general well-being. They've been suppressed for too long within me, but I felt them coursing through my body with y ou. For me to be so open to such an experience only comes from complete trust in the other person sharing that moment and, as I said to you, I trust you completely." Thomas

About eight years ago, I was doing the ironing and listening to a recording of a seminar by Carolyn Myss, a medical intuitive. I had been working with sexuality for a couple of years and never really knew what to call myself, or how to explain to people what I did. Therapist didn't quite fit as I mostly work with or through the body. Dakini, goddess, priestess and other 'tantric' flavoured words didn't quite fit me either.

As I ironed the next shirt, Carolyn continued her seminar and she started to talk about alchemy. Alchemy, she explained, is taking something in its base form and transforming it into something sacred, precious and valuable. Traditionally, alchemy referred to turning base metals into gold or silver or attempting to find or create the chemical elixir of life. As she talked, I could feel goose-bumps appearing all over my body. I felt the fire of excitement building up inside me... and that's when it hit me. Alchemy! That is exactly what I do with people's sexuality. I help them take whatever isn't working for them, whatever feels low, average, broken, boring, i.e. 'base metal', and I help them to turn it in to something fulfilling, satisfying, mind-blowing, soul expanding, i.e. gold! It was suddenly so obvious, so clear. All this time I'd been practicing Sexual Alchemy. I was, and am to this day, a Sexual Alchemist.

I can help you transform your connection to sexual energy and your sex life into something fabulously fulfilling, deeply soul nourishing,fun and exciting.

What exactly do I do? Over the years my standard responses to "What do I do" have been things such as "I help people to overcome any obstacles they have to fully enjoying their sexuality" or "I help people to explore and expand their ideas and experiences of their sexuality" But that doesn't really give a full, proper explanation of what I do.

It's difficult to capture in words what I do. Partly because words don't quite capture the essence of what happens for most people in my sessions,. Partly because it is so completely unique to each person and each session and partly because it is just something you have to experience to fully understand.

Perhaps it would help to give some context. For many hundreds, maybe thousands of years, we have been taught shame, guilt and fear around sexuality. We have been taught to value the thinking mind and rational thought. We have been taught to feel ashamed that we have a body, that we have desires, that we feel horny. We have been taught to feel guilty for wanting to be a sexual being, for wanting to experience pleasure, for wanting to connect with someone on a physical level. We have been taught to be afraid of intimacy, of being vulnerable and of allowing our wild, fierce sexual power to be expressed fully and without shame.

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We are all conditioned from birth, by our parents, teachers, religion, the media, etc., to feel shame around sexuality. Often we don't even realise that the thought we're having was handed down and isn't actually true for us. Untangling some of this, clearing it from our physical and energetic bodies, and learning what we believe, feel and want sexually is crucial to having a fulfilling sex life.

So one of the things I do is to help people clear away all the lies, conditioning and illusions they've been taught about sexuality. We hold these thoughts and feelings in our very cells, in our muscles and fibres and it's essential to clear some of it out if we are to transform our sexual selves.

Sometimes that means doing some energy work or healing to clear fear, shame and guilt from people's systems. Sometimes it means helping people to 'wake up' and reconnect to that which they already know deep in their bones, in their soul – that they are sexual beings and that our sexuality is a massively beautiful, natural and divine part of who we are. There are lots of ways to do this, and I will talk about that later.

Some of this might sound a bit hippie 'woo-woo' to you, and yet it is true. I've seen it time and time again, over the years, how these processes lead people to sexual empowerment and, in fact, life empowerment.

Most of us can't function fully or properly in the world with a difficult or challenging relationship to our sexuality, to our bodies, to intimacy. If you are experiencing any kind of problem in relation to your sexuality, whether it be physical, mental, emotional, spiritual or otherwise, it will be taking up your time and energy and can even affect your health. It will be energetically tugging at your shirtsleeves, slowly draining away your energy, your focus, your confidence and your ability to just get on with life – to fully enjoy life, to relax and have a laugh.

When you start to address these things, you find that not only does your sex life, your connection to your full sexual self improve, but so do other areas of your life. It is all connected, as they say. As you start to heal, embrace, energise this extremely powerful and important area of your life, the rest of your life will often start to change, to improve, to transform.

Not that it is always an easy path. Not by any means. Quite often, starting down this road means having to undo or untangle years, decades, even lifetimes of problems and issues around sexuality. You have to take a good honest look at yourself, your life, and your choices. You have to take responsibility for yourself. You have to allow yourself to be vulnerable, to get things wrong, to learn how to be compassionate with yourself (and others). You must learn forgiveness, for self and for others. You would do well to remember how to play, how to see the world with the awe and wonder that a child sees with.

You have to be willing to surrender that which you've come to believe is who you are. You have to start practicing self-love, self-acceptance. You have to see beyond the conditioning you likely received and be willing to reclaim your full sexual power.

What techniques do I use?

"I would just like to say 'thank you' for the healing and energising work you did with me today. I am still processing its beneficial effects (feeling stronger with more energy flowing around me) but it is your wonderful touch and gentle sexual connection that is moving me almost to tears as I think about it. Words are so inadequate at times. My fingers and head are still tingling, though. I will come back for another spiritual healing and universal connection through your beautiful, sensitive touch, energy and presence." Charles

I often get asked about what methods and techniques I use. There is a simple and a not so simple answer to this...

The simple answer: I tend to use a wide variety of methods and techniques that I've picked up, learned or developed over the years. These could include, but are not limited to, focused breathing, guided meditation, body based meditation, movement, energy healing, massage, erotic touch, arousal, playing with sexual energy and much more. It really depends on the individual, what has brought them to the session, what they'd like to experience and where they'd like to get to.

The not so simple answer, or deeper truth: Methods and techniques are not at all what is going to help you become a better lover or feel sexually empowered. Yes, it's useful to know where things are and how they work. Yes, it's useful to know 'techniques' for relaxing, getting aroused, etc. However, if you really want to fully embrace your sexuality and have it work for you in the best way possible, then I recommend we take some time to explore these things...

Clearing the "stuff" that's in the way: It's my belief that we are all intrinsically fantastic lovers. That it is inherent in our genes. That when we clear the crap that is in the way, we can access our inner knowing, our intuitive nature that already knows how to be a beautiful and fulfilled sexual being.

Learning to be present: If you are fully present, with yourself and with your lover, then no methods or techniques are necessary. With full presence, all that thinking that you have to know what to 'do' falls away. You are whisked away into a timeless space where instead of 'doing' sex, you allow sex, you follow the flow naturally and magic beyond your wildest imagination is possible.

Being willing to be vulnerable: If you are looking for a bit of friction sex, you know, the kind of rub-rub-rub-till-it's -done sex, you can probably get away with not being vulnerable or present. However, if you want something deeper, something that opens you up, that fills you up, then learning to be vulnerable is crucial. We are so used to protecting ourselves that we often forget this important skill.

Learning to breathe and be aware of subtle energy: I could write volumes about why breath and subtle energy is so

important to your sex life. However it all boils down to this – our breath directs life and life-force energy. Sexual energy is life-force energy. Learning to use our breath consciously and feel subtle energy will empower, strengthen and expand your sexual possibilities and your sexual pleasure.

Expanding your ideas and expectations of sex: Usually the only two things that hold us back sexually are our conditioning and our imaginations. We've talked about what to do with the conditioning above. The next thing is to get creative, to learn what is possible. What do you like? What do your lovers like? What is there to like?

Also, what are your expectations of sex and how might that be holding you back? I often hear from people in their forties, fifties and sixties etc., saying that sex isn't how it was in their twenties. Of course it's not! It's not supposed to be! If you want it to be, you might be shocked and disappointed. It's time to create something new, something that suits who you are now.

Playing with and experiencing your unencumbered sexual self as powerful, desirable, delicious, hot and fun: Some sessions are about inviting your true sexual self out to play and seeing what happens. I am skilled at doing this and offering you the opportunity to experience yourself in whole new ways.

So, although I do use some methods and techniques, these are really just tools to help you get to the more important aspects of embracing your full sexual nature and being able to express it authentically in the world, with joy, passion, pleasure, fun and deep intimacy.

Who would benefit from a Sexual Alchemy session?

I believe that most people would benefit from taking a closer look at, exploring and expanding their sexuality. There is always something new to learn, another fun sexy thing to explore.

Sexual Alchemy sessions would particularly benefit you if ...

- You would like to heal any issues around sexuality.
- You'd like to explore pleasure and intimacy.
- You'd like to learn how to prolong your pleasure and have better orgasms including full body orgasms.
- You feel that there could be more to your sex life, that it could be juicier and more fulfilling.
- You want to let go of fear, embarrassment and guilt around sexuality, your desires, your body, intimacy, touch or pleasure.
- You want to feel completely received, held and loved in an non-judgmental space.
- You want more confidence with your erection and with sex generally.
- You want to feel more alive, more connected to your whole body and present in your life.
- You want to learn about the art of erotic, sensual touch.
- You have little or no experience or recent experience of yourself as a sexual being.
- You have plenty of experience but feel something is missing or you want to learn more or it's just not filling up your soul!
- You want to connect your sexuality to your spirituality.
- You've heard about tantra or conscious sexuality and want to know what that's all about and what it can do for you.
- You are interested in learning about conscious kink or elements of BDSM.
- You are curious, adventurous, and want to try new things.
- You want to expand your sex life, and aren't at all sure how to do that.
- You feel stuck and suspect you could be getting so much more from sex.
- You suspect that your sexual energy can be used for so much more than just fucking and wanking.
- You masturbate more than once a day and don't know what else to do with all the sexual energy they have coursing through you.
- You want to reclaim your sexual power.
- You want to create a deeper connection to yourself and your partners or new lovers yet to come along.
- You want to try new things.
- You want to feel desired and accepted as a sexual being with no judgment.
- You want to explore different facets of your sexual self in a safe and lovingly held space.

What are the benefits?

There are so many benefits to exploring your sexuality that it would be impossible to list them all.

Here are just some of the things you may experience after a Sexual Alchemy session...

- Owning your sexual energy and wearing it comfortably in the world.
- Feeling empowered and confident.
- Your life improving in many other areas.
- Expanded ideas and experiences of pleasure.
- Increased vitality and prolonged pleasure.
- Increased joy and happiness.
- Better overall health.
- Deeper feelings of self-worth and self-love.
- Expanded possibilities of pleasure, sex and life on all levels.
- Feeling more relaxed, more at ease with life.
- Attracting deeper connections with partners and lovers.
- Feeling more joy and playfulness.
- A spring in your step and a smile on your face.
- Celebrating your full sexual self.

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What actually happens in a session?

During a Sexual Alchemy session, we follow whatever energy is alive in the moment, so every session is unique.

Generally we would start with an initial chat to co-create the session. You will have the opportunity to tell me about your experience of sex and sexuality so far, what has been working or not working for you and what you're interested in learning or exploring during the session. As we talk, I start to tune in to you and your energy. My years of experience, education and innate intuition start to give me a feeling for the best way to help you at that time. A bit more discussion will lead us to a starting place. Usually we set an intention together for what you'd like to get out of the session.

Next we might move on to some tantric techniques for relaxing and connecting. This could include some focused breathing which helps us to arrive in our bodies, get grounded and focused and to start to feel safe and comfortable with each other. This allows us to dive even deeper as the session unfolds.

After that we see what feels right and we follow the energy. I will make suggestions about what we should do and how we should do it. You can always say no or ask for something different. There are always lots of ways to explore sexuality. Most of the sessions involve working with your body or our bodies in some way. Some sessions have more of a healing nature to them and others are more sexual in nature.

I never offer sex at any time during a session, as I've never found this necessary in order to help someone expand or open up to their sexual nature. In fact, many clients have said that knowing this from the outset helped them to open up more fully, because they knew sex was not an option.

Rebecca Lowrie
You can find out more about Sexual Alchemy at:
www.sexualalchemy.com



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You will also find downloads of some great archive stuff like *The Rubber Ball Book, The Best of Skin Two, The Queen of the Grove, Lustre* by Gérard Musy, etc. It's what your iPad is for!

The good old fashioned printed book is still going strong and you'll find the best available books on aspects of fetish and BDSM on KFSMedia.com. We recommend the great new translation of *Venus in Furs*, with beautful original femdom illustrations by Sardax; it's a real collectors' item.

Also don't miss *Thrill Seeker* and *Undone*, both by Kristina Lloyd; she's one of the world's top authors of hot femsub fiction. So much better than *50 Shades*! For some serious non-fiction, we recomment *The History & Arts of the Dominatrix* and *The Pleasure's all Mine.*

Most fetish DVDs are either crap, illegal in the UK, or both. However, we do have *Preaching to the Perverted*, which is essential for your collection. We now also have the latest blu ray version in stock – the HD quality is super. There's also an excellent DVD feature on Allen Jones, the master of fetish art.

Finally, we feature the *Absolute Beginner's Guide to Domination* from Mistress Absolute – we have the book and the DVD

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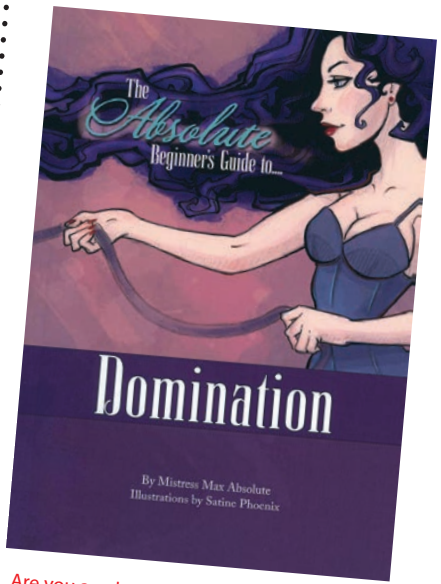
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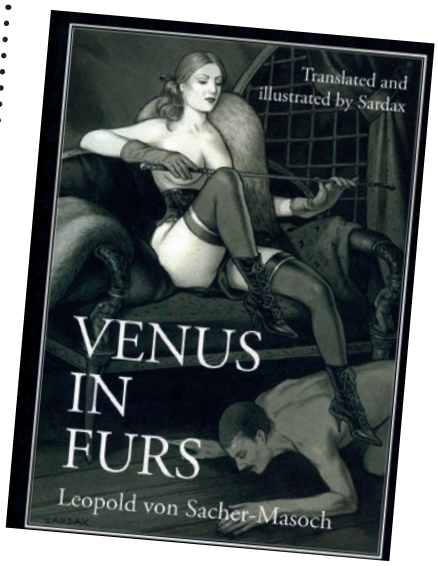
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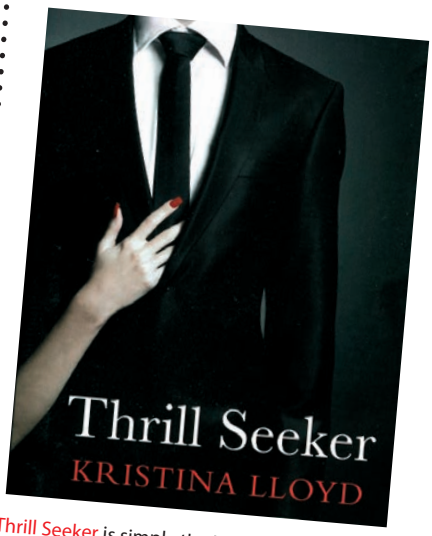
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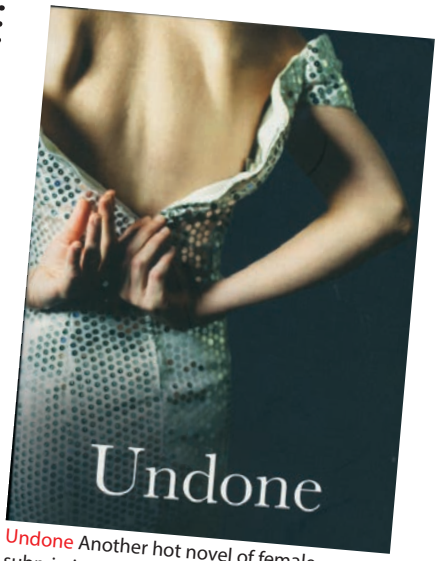
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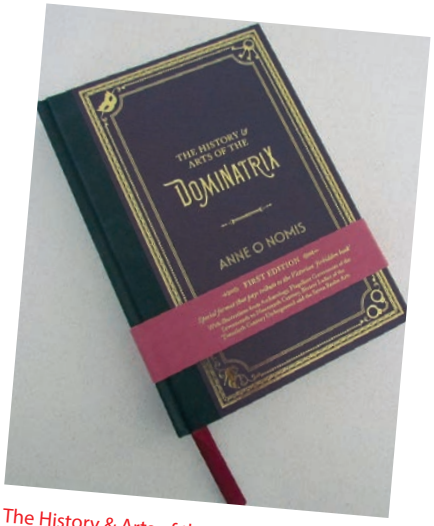
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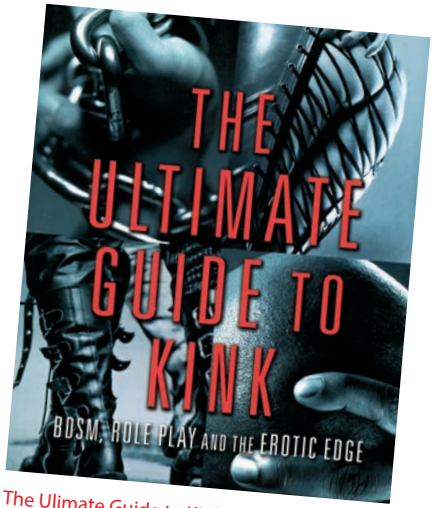
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Photo: Dave Proctor www.daplr.com


Fetish & Fantasy Halloween Ball
www.fetishandfantasyhalloweenball.com
Las Vegas



Photo: Tom Donoghue www.donoghuephotography.com

Who doesn't love a trip to Las Vegas. It's a bizarre fantasy world; there's nothing else like it. Of course there are the famous star-studded shows, the nightlife etc. There's also something kinky; for twenty years, Las Vegas has been home to the Fetish & Fantasy Halloween Ball, described as "The one you don't want to miss" (Los Angeles Times), "The World's wildest Halloween Party (Bizarre), "One of five events to attend before you die" (Maxim) and "One of the Earth's best bashes" (Stuff).

First introduced in 1995 at "The Attic", a once-famous Las Vegas landmark, the first FFHB drew about 700 curious locals. The following year, the Ball moved to the famed Las Vegas strip, and into the iconic *Tropicana Hotel*. With that, a Vegas tradition was born. After twenty years, and with stops at *Orleans Arena, Utopia, Las Vegas Sports Park*, and the last event held at the historic *Stardust Hotel*, the *Fetish & Fantasy Halloween Ball* has settled in at the *Hard Rock Hotel & Casino*.

Attended by people from all corners of the globe, the FFHB is unmatched in its extravagance. 2014 even featured the first ever wedding at the party, with the happy couple flying in from the UK for a once-in-a-lifetime experience. With numerous appearances on *E! Entertainment* television, as well as in other international media, the FFHB has established itself as one of the world's top kinky celebrations.

Latex, leather, lingerie – anything and everything that's not suitable for work is on display. With guests traveling from all over the world to participate in the once-a-year event, the FFHB blends all cultures and all nationalities.

While the costumed attendees themselves are a main attraction, a party is not a party without entertainment. The creators of the FFHB surround you with a fantasy world, decked out with bizarre props and decor. Top notch performers, DJs, and musicians, from both the US and abroad, add to the sensory overload.

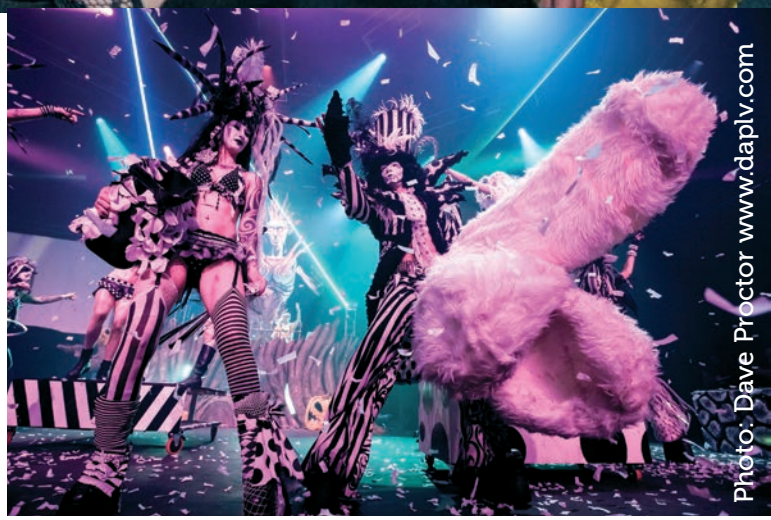


Photo: Dave Proctor www.daplv.com

Bands such as *Shiny Toy Guns*, *The Tubes*, and *The Motels*, DJs such as *Headhunterz*, *Bad Boy Bill, Mix Master Mike, Darude, Donald Glaude*, and performers such as *Dita Von Teese, Perish, The Vau De Vire Society, WildChild, Men of Playgirl, Rubberdoll,* and *Jenn-O-Cide* have all starred at the party. It's a six hour extravaganza of fire breathers, aerialists, wierdos, freaks hanging from the ceiling, towering creatures, contortionists... all out, non-stop entertainment, and over with thousand (!) of the wildest Halloween fanatics in the world. This is the most spectacular and explosive kinky event you will ever attend.

Let's not forget the audience participation area, the exhibitionist stage, where party attendees can join in the action, strut their stuff, or receive their penance for bad behaviour. Throw in a collection of handpicked vendors who go all out to stir up the action, and you've got a smorgasbord of erotic activity and entertainment.

The Fetish & Fantasy Halloween Ball 2015 is at the Hard Rock Hotel & Casino, Las Vegas on Saturday October 31st

by Jeff Davis



Photo: Dave Proctor www.daplv.com



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Normal

By Charlotte Stein, from Anything For You, published by Cleis Press

If you're not sure what erotic fiction you would most enjoy, try some of the excellent anthologies published by Cleis Press. Anything For You is edited by Rachel Kramer Bussel and features over nineteen stories, by the world's top kinky authors. Try this one, by Charlotte Stein...

I guess we look like any normal couple. More normal than any normal couple, in fact. He wears plaid shirts and khakis, and I wear twinsets, and we go to town meetings. While at the town meetings, we eat the normal amount of free cookies and sandwiches and sometimes we have punch. Everybody shakes our hands and no one averts his gaze, so I know we at least seem ordinary.

But I know they'd think something different if they were with me in the entryway to our little normal house with its painted shutters and the welcome mat at the door. Normal couples don't do what we're doing, with the autumn air still rushing in from outside and his hand just reaching to put the keys on their hook.

That's right. We have a key hook and winter jackets and a doorbell that chimes the theme from *The Simpsons*. We also have a game where I put two fingers to the back of his neck and say, "If you move a muscle, I'll blow your fucking head off."

He doesn't move a muscle. We've played this game often enough for him to know not to. His hand hovers near the hook, as still as if some gunman had really come up behind him and pressed the barrel to his skin, but more impressive than that is his other arm, the one that's slightly curled because he was also going to take off his jacket and now he's caught. It must be uncomfortable, being frozen in that half-caught-in-a-sleeve position, but he manages it. He always manages it.

One time I snuck up on him as he was bending over to run a bath, and he stayed like that, too. Hunched, barely balanced on anything stable, one hand reaching, just like now. And he'd remained that way for as long as I required him to—though when you think about it, what sort of person would refuse to with a gun pushed into the small of his back?

It's these little things that make me certain he believes the act, utterly. He believes it in a weird way, as though some part of his brain is always just waiting for this and inside that part, he's sure: I would freeze in position until my muscles burned and my head swam, if this really happened.

Though the word this has a little leeway in it, because I know what he does if he's actually threatened. One time some guy tried to grab my purse and he yanked him back by his jacket and punched him in the face. Really quick, too, as though he didn't have to think about it and the guy should just get punched. He's a big man, so it's not as though he has anything to be afraid of.

But he's afraid of this, because this isn't some guy mugging us in a parking lot. This is something else altogether, something weird that started for reasons undisclosed. I want to say it started because we were messing around with water pistols and somehow I pinned him down, though that word somehow has a lot of leeway in it, too. It bends as far as he kind of let me and I kind of liked it, and then I said, "I'll smack you with the butt of this thing if you don't stop your fucking squirming," and he looked...I don't know. The way he sometimes looks when I go down on him.

It's very easy to tell, on him. It's how we ended up going out in the first place. I was shy and he was too cute, and I didn't realise he wanted me until I gave him a friendly hug and saw his flushed face afterward. I rarely know when a man is progressing toward turned on, but it had been pretty obvious, then. He gets all hot eyed and fidgety, and the things he says aren't as smooth as the things he was saying before.

He can be smooth when he wants to be. Charming, even. Lots of girls liked him, before I got him. But lots of girls probably wouldn't understand him saying—smoothly, of course—"Would it be such a bad idea if we played that game again? You know. The one with the water pistols."

Though of course we don't need water pistols, now. My fingers are enough, like little kids playing cops and robbers, only he's the cop and I'm the robber and I always somehow get one up on him. Even when it's just my fingers. Even though he's a foot taller than me and built so big it sometimes makes me shiver just looking at him.

I'm wet already, and I don't know if it's because of him and the way he smells tonight—like that good aftershave he bought—or because of the game. The game. The one that's probably taking over our lives.

I mean, we play it at least once a month, now. That's bad, right? Or is it just bad that we play it at all? Normal couples play games, I know it. But they don't sound like our games—or maybe they do.

Just the other way around.

"Please don't hurt me," he says, and I wonder who he imagines I am. Is that what this fantasy's about? Him imagining me as someone else, someone rougher—maybe even a man? Just because he reacted differently when it really was a man—that doesn't mean anything. That was reality. This is fantasy. It's different, when you can control all the parameters.

It's different when you know someone might really hurt you or hurt your wife.

It could be that he secretly wishes I was big and strong and masculine.

Though when I really think about it...the things he's actually asked for... the ones he's dared to voice despite the fact that neither of us really discuss this... they were all very one way. You don't ask someone to push her breasts into your back when you want

»

to pretend it's a man attacking you. And somehow I doubt you'd need someone's pussy all over your face, if you were desperately craving dick.

But even so, these little doubts linger in my mind until I'm not really sure what I'm thinking anymore. I just do it, instead, and that's much better. I tell him to move forward into our house and not to make any sudden moves, and he obeys me exactly in these little, tentative, shuffling steps.

Just like the real thing. Though I'm not sure how I know what the real thing is like. Or why I enjoy this, if I let myself think of things like that—how scared and full of hesitation someone would be, with a real gun to the back of his head. How his mind would race with everything some pervert could do.

Only I'm the pervert. Once we're safe inside, I tell him to start taking off his clothes, and there's really nothing more you can say about that. It's weird and wrong and my body hums with it until I think I might pass out. My clit is a swollen heartbeat between my legs and my nipples are diamond hard, and when I hear the jangle of his belt and the rasp of his zipper, everything gets worse. Or better, depending on your point of view.

I wonder if it's the wrongness that makes it sweeter. That vague idea that this is his weird fantasy, but I'm the one getting some illicit, bizarre sort of pleasure out of it. Does he know I do? I can't see how he could fail to. Whenever we get to the good part I'm always as wet as rain, and I come hard. I come with barely a hand or a mouth on me—I can just slide down his cock and that's it, right there.

I suppose it's the power dynamic. The shift. Something like that. But when he's stripped from the waist down and I can see the strong shape of his good thighs and the almost-tender curve of his ass, I'm not so certain anymore.

I want to bite that ass. I want to scratch it. I want to leave perfect red streaks all over his pale, unblemished skin, so that he's just a mixture of white and red and black. And that seems even more wrong than the thrill I get, the pleasure of putting two fingers to the back of his neck. I mean, I love my husband. I love him truly, madly, deeply. There's no urge in me to hurt him, not really. We've never so much as exchanged brutal words, the way some couples do. Just the thought of seeing his face fall as I say something rotten makes me curdle inside.

The rotten things don't ever even occur to me, because he's a wonderful man. He doesn't leave his socks out; he's never late. He supports me in everything I do and it feels like something natural to lean into him when I'm in need or feeling blue.

And yet here we are.

"Is that enough?" he asks, but he already knows the answer. No, the pants are not enough.

"All off, bitch," I say, and though the word feels kind of silly in my mouth he shivers on hearing it. Shivers, and obeys. I step back and he pulls his shirt over his head, then the T-shirt underneath.

"My nipples are diamond hard and, when I hear the jangle of his belt and the rasp of his zipper, everything gets worse. Or better, depending on your point of view. "

It feels kind of weird to keep the pretence of a gun up, clasping one hand over the other and poking one little finger out, but I do it anyway. Because that's as much a part of the game as his acquiescence. The feel of that fakery against my palm makes me strong and like a different person, until I can feel my shaking legs growing stiff and firm and my aching body aches harder, hotter.

"What are you going to do to me?" he asks, which only makes me think of the things I've done before. All of them make my face heat. Once, I made him masturbate while I took pictures—I have no idea why. These things just come to me like the next bead on a rosary I'm fumbling through, and I never quite know what it's going to look like until it's there in front of me.

"I haven't decided yet," I say, and he moans. It excites me, that moan—because I recognise it so intimately. It's the same one he lets out when I'm pushing up against him or maybe rubbing him through his pants, and he knows, he just knows that soon we'll be making love.

But then he says, "Please don't hurt me," as a little chaser to the too-excited sound, and then I'm all mixed up and inside out again. A little kick of heat goes through me and I tell him to shut his fucking mouth. I tell him I'll hurt him if I want to, and nothing he does will stop me.

He's panting now. Harsh and rattling, like he's trying to get it under control.

"You feel so safe in your neat little world, don't you," I say. I'm not asking.

"I..." he starts, but doesn't finish.

"Until right now, I bet," I tell him, then press my two fingers to the naked small of his back. When that doesn't provoke a strong enough response, I run them down his spine, over and over. I wait, until he tries to squirm away from me.

And then I get a fistful of his hair and yank his head back.

He makes a little sound low down in his throat, which lets me know the move has shocked him. And my teeth suddenly in the soft flesh close to his shoulder, the tauter flesh over the round bone—that shocks him, too.

But I can tell he likes it at the same time. I know for a fact that he loves having his hair pulled and he always goes limp when I bite him, though it's neither of those things that confirms how arousing he finds it. It's the shock and his reaction to it. His sudden wateriness, like his knees have turned to jelly.

He likes it best when I'm unexpected. As though this could be real, it could all be real, and there are no limits to my brutality.

I think it's this idea that pushes me farther. Like he's goading me into more, and I give it. I grasp his fat, stiff cock just as he's getting his bearings from the bite and the hair pull, and I squeeze hard.

Though it isn't the feel of me that makes him moan and gasp, I know. It's what I say; it's the words that force their way out of me—they're the ones to blame.

"Oh, I see," I tell him, and I barely have to say anything more. My tone is so cruel, so cruel—god, I never imagined I could be capable of this much cruelty. I sound

like the curving, sharp edge of something nastily mocking, and his moan melts down into embarrassment. Mortification, in fact.

"One of those, huh?" I ask, and he tries to curl away from the press of my palm. The squeeze and release I get up to, with my teasing, torturing hand. It always amazes me, at this point, how I manage to manipulate a body so much bigger than mine—how I can twist him back against me and get my hand around him and whisper in his ear. Though secretly I suppose I know he's helping me. I can feel him putting his weight on the balls of his feet. Holding himself, for me.

Is it weird, if that turns me on more than any pretense at reality?

"No, I'm not, I'm not," he says, which only makes me wonder what he thinks I mean. What those am I talking about? What kind of weirdo does he think my mind is conjuring up?

"Your body doesn't lie," I say, and I feel so sick, so wrong, I'm such a bad person.

Until he moans and pushes into my hand, and then I don't know what I am.

"Get down on there, you little slut," I say, then watch as he does. He even does it in just the way I'd imagined—crouched on his knees on the couch, elbows on the arm so he's kind of on all fours.

Though I don't know why I imagined that. I've gone past the fumbling and into some kind of insane autopilot, and it's like someone else is telling him to reach into the drawer next to him and get out the baby oil that I don't want to think about why we keep there.

We keep it there in case our elbows get dry, right? A dry elbow emergency in the middle of watching "The Wire." Right?

Somehow, I don't think dry elbows make a person breathe as hard as he's doing. Or shake as much as he's doing. And from here I can see the slant of his gorgeous face, and it's flushed and weird and any second he's probably going to come all over the couch.

I think I want him to. No, I definitely want him to.

"Now make yourself nice and wet for me," I say, though my insides balk at the words and I'm halfway certain he won't understand what I mean. It's too filthy. He'll never get it.

But then he says "Okay, okay, just don't hurt me," far too quickly. And he doesn't beg, even though most of the time he at least puts up a little resistance. This time, he slicks up his fingers—just two of them, as though he's done it many, many times before—and slides them between the cheeks of his perfect ass.

As though he's done that before, too.

Though he struggles, when it comes to the thing I didn't even know I wanted. Or he wanted. And I can see he's never really done this before, at least—penetrated himself with two fumbling fingers. His body's long and it's a hard reach, and when he turns a little I can see the mixture of emotions on his face. How they've fought until they've made his expression slack. He can't hold them all together.

He doesn't know what he's doing, and it's then I know. I have to help him.

"Move," I tell him, as though he's just a nuisance. He's in the way and I'm going to show him how it's done, even though I've got no idea.

"Any second he's probably going to come all over the couch. I think I want him to. No, I definitely want him to"

Lucky, really, that it's so easy. I just kneel behind him and stroke between the cheeks of his ass until he stops jerking or trying to jolt away from me, and then real sudden he spreads open beneath just ever so slight a pressure, and I'm sinking one finger all the way in.

Of course, it's gentler than a real attacker would be. But he still begs and says "No no no," and tightens around that intruding thing, to the point where I'm sure I should stop. He doesn't like it. This isn't what he wants. It's hot and amazing and the weirdest thing I've ever done, but he doesn't want it.

So I go to pull away. I think of some bullshit thing I can say that will keep us in the game but let him off the hook, like, Knew you couldn't take it—but that's the moment he chooses to push back against my hand. The way I do, when he's got me on all fours and he's just teasing me with his cock, just promising to thrust in hard and fast until I'm sobbing.

I think he sobs, too.

"You like that, huh? Look at you, taking it. Whore," I say, because I'm bad but he's worse. He tells me "Ohhhhh, yes I am, I am, I'm such a whore," and pushes and pushes back against the finger I'm fucking him with as though he can hardly contain himself.

I can't concentrate on how it feels—silky, I'll probably think later, and vise tight—or whether it means he really does want a man to fuck him.

Maybe, though I don't think wanting to experience something in your ass is quite the same as wanting some hairy big-thighed fucker doing you—but I can concentrate on how it feels for me. I'm too hot inside my clothes and I've soaked through my panties, while the urge to rub myself against the curve of his ass grows immense, impossible.

I need to come. I think he needs to, too.

He's babbling things that are not words and every now and then I catch him trying to push his swollen cock against the silk of the couch. I tell him I'm going to fuck him, now, and he tries harder, moans louder, his eyes barely seeing me when I force him to turn over.

I slide my finger from his ass and he rocks back and forth as though feeling the absence too strongly, but when I push my little fake gun into the soft place just below his jaw, he goes still—the kind of still that suggests a trembling tension, just below the surface.

"Don't you fucking move while I do this," I say, but he's too far gone to stop himself making noise. Or jerking upward as I wriggle out of my panties and get myself over him.

"Please," he says, though I can't tell if he means please do or please don't. He just stares up at me with his dark, too intense eyes and waits for me to slide my embarrassingly slick pussy down over his tensely hard cock.

It feels like bursting. He feels much too big, and I'm much too worked up, and I can »

hardly do the thing I usually do—fuck him hard and fast and brutal, as though I'm sticking something in him rather than taking something in.

So to compensate, I get a fistful of his hair. I clench it tight between my fingers and call him a slut, a dirty slut who just loves getting fucked by anyone, anyhow. I think of lurid porn movies and a million men saying You want every hole filled, don't you, whore? and it comes easier, then. I tell him he wants something in his ass and something in his mouth and something around his cock, and though I'm sure it should sound silly, it doesn't, somehow.

It sounds dirty and hot and nasty as fuck, and even more so when he pants "Yeah, yeah, I want to be used, I want to be used up."

I think it's that word—used. I think about how many times I've felt that way in my life, just because someone

did something he could never bear to. And then I come hard, in great breaking swells, with his cock still jerking inside me and my hand still in his hair and not a thing touching my clit.

He can do that. And it makes it better when he follows almost immediately after, hands suddenly on my thighs as his hips snap upward, uncontrollably. I can feel him cumming thick and strong, and it's good enough that he can't seem to make any sound. His mouth just makes one big O and his eyes go back, and I know, I know, I understand.

What he needs—it's not the same as what's normal or good or right. It's something different and strong, and it guides like a hand on the back. Like a gun at the nape of his neck. And that's okay, because it guides me, too. I'm bleak and blank with it.

And even if they could see how normal we're not, I'd do it anyway. I would, I swear I would. The gun is at the nape of my neck, and I can't do anything but.

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The Black Man's Fan Club

White women who love to be used by black men. White husbands who love to watch. What's this all about? Tim Woodward had no idea, but reports from the front line...

I'd never even heard of anything like this until one day my friend Charlotte asked me to go with her to a club, just to keep her company and see that she was all right. Now, I'm fond of Charlotte and I know that she is hardly a wilting violet. In fact, Charlotte is rather more familiar than most with alternative sexual behaviour and – if we are being frank – this is based on a decade or two of enthusiastically gathered experience. So I wondered just exactly what kind of club it was that could possibly make a woman like her nervous.

Black men. Now what is the fetish for white women having sex with black guys all about? Well, all right, apart from the obvious. Is it based on the thrill of flouting some ancient social taboo? There's a doctoral thesis or two there, but I propose to gloss over all that here, on the grounds that it's boring and I want to cut to the chase. As did Charlotte, for she had taken me to The Black Man's Fan Club.

Around half of the people at the club were white. They were mostly couples, more or less middle class and pretty obviously married. They were ordinary folk, chatting about schools and holidays, the kids at university, traffic on the M4, that sort of thing. The only thing you'd remark on was that the women were dressed in outfits their kids would have no idea their Mums owned. The short frocks and high heels were presumably kept hidden away at home. The white husbands looked pretty ordinary.

The other half of the people in the club were black. All men, all on their own. They hadn't brought their partners with them. Funny, that. The black guys were a friendly and relaxed bunch. The atmosphere was cool and the evening began to take shape. I discovered later that the organiser, a charming woman called Helen, policed everything carefully. These guys had to be members; they could not just turn up at the door. This worked well; Helen had put together an atmosphere that was sufficiently sexually charged – but not at all pressurised and very welcoming to newcomers like us.

The purpose of the club was to allow the white couples to interact with the black guys in this pleasant atmosphere. After a glass or three of Pinot Grigio, the women began to interact with mounting (sorry) enthusiasm and we watched to see how it all worked...

"She mentioned that she was a Bank Manager. Later on, I spotted her in a corner, enthusiastically obliging several good looking young black lads."

The women had their fun, without having to sneak off behind their husbands' backs. The husbands mostly stayed chatting at the bar while their wives went off to play, although some accompanied their wives, watching or sometimes joining in. The thrill of being cuckolded was obviously a big attraction for many of these husbands – and without the danger of the wives having affairs of the heart. You just knew they would be driving home afterwards in their Vauxhalls and enjoying the horny stories together.

As for the wives, they had a great time, believe me. (I felt it my duty to observe closely, you understand.)

You could see them thinking... Kids off to uni, still in love with husband, but he's getting a bit older and not the dynamic lover he was. Look in the mirror – I still look great in a short dress. Time for fun before I collect my pension. Here's fun all right and no danger of romantic entanglement – in fact hubby absolutely loves it. Result!

My favourite was a lovely woman in her late forties, good humoured and well spoken. She mentioned that she was a Bank Manager. Later on, I wandered off around the club and spotted her in a dark corner, enthusiastically obliging several young, good looking black lads. At the same time. Some time later, she appeared back at the bar, smoothing her dress, and re-joining her husband for another white wine, chatting about the government and the weather. Twenty minutes later, there she was again, in a side room with a couple of other guys, this time with her husband present, watching happily.

Meantime, Charlotte was chatting with a handsome black man and I could see that they liked each other. As they wandered off to a side room, she caught my sleeve to indicate that she wanted me to come too. Never one to disoblige a friend, I tagged along, not too sure exactly what my function was supposed to be. Charlotte quickly discovered that what they say about black men was certainly true in this case and soon she was a very happy bunny indeed.

Later, as I dropped her off at home, I asked what she had made of it all. Had she had fun? All she said was "Can we go again next month!" and that's exactly what we did.

It was all such fun that I wondered on what basis I might continue going, as Charlotte didn't really need looking after any more. Could you approach it as a guy who is not into being cuckolded? After some thought, it turned that yes, by all means you can.

»

The way I found to enjoy this stuff was to do it as an SM dominant. Now, anyone with any real understanding of SM will understand that the dominant partner is there to please the submissive. The trick is to find out exactly what the sub is longing to be "forced" to do and then "force" them to do it. After some research, I found that quite a few women are very turned by the thought of being taken to a safe and secure environment, to be used by handsome and well hung young black guys, under the care of a responsible and caring dominant. Enter Diane...

Diane is a tall, cool blonde with a professional career, teenage kids, and a penchant for giving up control now and then and being told what do to. From the start, she is instructed to wear her highest heels. Having very long legs, she looks stunning – and feels deliciously vulnerable. Diane is not allowed underwear for this, so she feels vulnerable as soon as she sneaks out of the house, her long coat concealing her shortest dress.

At The Black Man's Fan Club, Diane is bent over a whipping bench and spanked until she is nicely warmed up. She drifts away into an abandoned state; I love to see her like that. By this time, several black guys have gathered round to watch. Ken is young enough to be Diane's son, handsome, fit, a nice guy and seriously hung. I invite Ken and a mate to use her. I supervise closely, taking great care of her.

Afterwards, Diane is a very happy woman. If you like a bit of role play, you can approach the BMFC as a hotwife and her cuckold or as a dom and his sub. Having said all that, though, you don't really need any pre-set agenda at all; you can just go and have fun.

Why black men? As I said, I don't agonise about this. There are many flavours of sexuality. Some of us are gay, some of us are straight, some like to be spanked or dress up in rubber and some of us like red hair and glasses... or is that last one just me? Maybe it's because black men are said to be well hung. Maybe generations of racism have created a taboo that's exciting to break. Theorise as you will, but Charlotte and Diane don't worry about that and neither do Ken and his friends.

The Black Man's Fan Club is at www.blackmansfanclub.co.uk




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The SEX Worker and her partner

Did you really think that all sex workers are oppressed victims of evil pimps? Tim Woodward meets the very independent Rachel Cope and her partner Eric...

Sex workers used to be shadowy figures, hidden away on the fringes of society, never admitting to friends, family and neighbours how they earned a living. They were supposed to be ashamed. How times have changed. Well, except for Daily Mail readers and the religious, obviously. I think they're still ashamed. However, in these enlightened times, it's feasible to earn a living in the sex industry and to be very open about it. We're not talking here about sex workers who go home to a very straight household; that's easy. I'm thinking of those who blend their work with their alternative sexuality, a sort of holistic approach, you could say. I wanted to get an idea of how that works out for them in terms of family and home and compare their lives with those of the "vanilla" people.

Meet the charming and intelligent Rachel Cope, the sex worker you'd be very happy to take home to meet Mum. Except you can't, because she's happily settled with her partner Eric, an educated professional guy, who joined us for tea and a chat about the life and times of a modern sex worker and her partner...

Rachel, you do porn modelling, gang bangs and bukkake parties; now, how does that actually happen? I mean, you hardly go down to the Job Centre and apply. How do you get into that and make it work for you?

"Well, the gangbang work sort of occurred through porn. It was offered to me. Once you know one person, you start to hear about people who run parties and who are looking for girls to work them. So, not girls who are coming along to enjoy the parties, but girls who are paid to perform at them."

The whole world of sex is on the internet. If people want to see Rachel Cope having kinky sex in whatever way, do they have to go to a website and pay to watch this?

"I don't have my own site but I do sell content on pay sites. Social networking is the main way to send traffic to these pay sites. I do webcamming and use adultwork and clips4sale. There are loads of them out there. I used to do filmed parties and I would get a copy, but I often couldn't upload them to my own sites because they need model releases from every person in the film, which just isn't possible – the party clients almost always need to be anonymous."

What if some of these clients like you and want to contact you for some sort of private session? Maybe for BDSM, or some sexual experience, or to be a voyeur, whatever?

"For BDSM and fetish sessions, definitely. I did sometimes do a bit of plain escorting, i.e. sex sessions, but, over the years I've realised that it's not quite for me. They can definitely see me for fetish and BDSM sessions now, though. They find me through adultwork or social media, like twitter."

Tell me a bit about your background and your former life. How did you get where you are today?

"I just always knew I wanted to do something adult industry based. I was about eighteen or nineteen, I think, when I started doing adult stuff. It didn't take me long. I went to university, but this was really what I wanted to do."

Are you a bit like me, in that you like this life a lot. You could probably make much more money doing something else, but you're happier doing this?

"Yes, I'm very happy doing this. It does become more of a 'job' in some areas, but I got into this because I could make a living doing something I really, really enjoy. I don't think I'd want to do anything else. If I had chosen the straight world, I would have much more of a steady living, but I don't think I'd be as happy."

If you are doing something kinky in a film or at a party, you need to do that, but what are the things you most enjoy doing, the things you'd totally do from choice? "The fetish sessions, or filming fetish stuff. Especially with my partner is the fun thing, expressing my lifestyle through film. The standard boy-girl porn thing is not as much fun."

So you do films with your partner, Eric? For the customer, the viewer, that's like a genuine window into your world? They can have a voyeuristic look directly into your home life?

"Yes, exactly."

That answers my next question – do you do this stuff for fun when you're not working?

"Yes, absolutely!"

What do your family and close friends think?

"My family are very supportive. I feel very lucky. They have known what I do near enough since the very start. They knew I didn't lead a very vanilla life anyway, so it was no great surprise. So long as they know I am happy and doing it because I want to and not just for money, so long as they know I am safe and well, they are OK for me to do this."

»

What will happen when you get older? Might you do something else then? Do you have plans?

"Not really. Even if I stepped back from actually performing, I imagine I'd want a job in the industry. probably managing my own parties or something like that. Nothing strait-laced though!"

Tell me about the people you work with, people in the underground sex industry. Are they a sleazy bunch? Are they a nice bunch?

"I've delved into different areas of the industry and it really does differ. Generally, everyone is more open-minded, which is nice. Although there is a lot of competitiveness, not always people looking out for each other. On the whole, I'd say pretty friendly. "

What about your health? First of all, physical health. What about the risk of sexually transmitted disease?

"It's often said that sex workers are less likely to have that sort of issue than ordinary sexually active young people, because we are very regularly tested. Porn performers get tested every two to three weeks. To perform with somebody else, assuming no condoms are used, you must have have a certificate dated within twenty eight days of the shoot."

What about gang bang parties though? I mean, there might be six or eight men you've never met before...

"Obviously penetration is protected then and the only thing that's not is oral; that can be unprotected at your discretion. It's really much the same as going out and deciding to take someone home, really. Penetration is going to be protected. I've been doing this for six years and never experienced any health issues at all."

Some sex workers, whether porn stars or escorts or dominatrixes, get very cynical about men in general. Do you find that?

"That has happened a little bit but that has only been from doing gang bang parties. Not from doing fetish sessions or filming porn. I mean, say there's this guy who's coming to the party and I imagine that he has not told his wife. Maybe I am being naive."

Think of a younger woman, just like you when you were seventeen or eighteen. She's thinking of going into sex work and she asks you for advice. What will you say?

"Stick to your guns. Be very strong. My sister has gone into glamour modelling – not porn. I told her to stick to what she wants to do and not be swayed into anything else. It can be a slippery slope. Now, if you want to do it like I do, for the sheer enjoyment, because I love it, I've always loved it, then OK, but keep it on a level where you are still going to enjoy it and it doesn't get to a level where it's just a job."

How does your work affect your relationship with your partner? If you do sex for a living, is there a risk of getting fed up with sex and just wanting a nice cup of tea and watching a film with your partner at home?

"There can be troughs. I've had that before, when it becomes only a job. If you get back from work, you might say to your partner, 'Not right now. Maybe in a few hours, but not right now'. But really it's not too bad. If I've been doing a gang bang party and experienced someone who is impolite, not very respectful, then maybe it can put me off – but it does't really change my views or influence my personal sex life, no."

Obviously, you have recreational sex with other guys, or with women? I mean apart from in your work.

"I do, yes. I have sex with both men and women, apart from in my work."

If it's purely for your own fun, behind closed doors, do you enjoy being dominant, or submissive?

"Just for fun, well, I am a switch at heart. But with my partner it's very specific. I don't sub to him at all. It's a very in-depth relationship. I tend to like the submissive role if I'm going out to a party. "

Let's turn to Eric now...

Eric, do you particularly like being with a woman who happens to be a porn star, rather than having an ordinary job? Is that a bit of a buzz for you, or can it be a pain in the neck?

"I enjoy it. It's not that I go around making a big deal of it, but certainly its nice to know that there are guys all over the world jacking off to my special lady. In that respect, it's kind of a privilege. I really like the anecdotes. I mean, if you are an accountant and got a decimal in the wrong place, it wouldn't be so amusing. "

Do you get jealous?

"No, but that's for personal reasons, to do with the things that I find, you know.... Mind you, I'm not a jealous person, otherwise I don't think I could have gone into the relationship in the first place. If you were a jealous person, I don't think you would be able to do it for very long. You'd go insane."

Do you enjoy seeing Rachel doing certain stuff?

"Yes. I just like seeing her enjoy herself. I used to come and watch at the gang bang parties. I didn't like them so much when I knew that she wasn't really seriously into it, but one day there was a guy she particularly fancied and she pulled him into a private room. That was super hot. It's that more than simply watching her work. It's knowing that she is really enjoying herself; that's the key."

What don't you like to see her doing?

"Nothing from a jealousy perspective. I do have a problem with needles though. Rachel has done some needles and I cannot look at those pictures. They make me feel sick!"

"My family are very supportive. So long as they know I'm happy, safe and well, they are OK for me to do this"

"It's a very female-led relationship. Eric has expressed that this is the life he wants to lead, in a female run household"

Is there a sub/dom thing going on here?

Rachel... "It is a very female-led relationship. Eric has expressed that this is the life he wants to lead, in a female-run household. I would say there's a submissive element to that. Not the the point where it's 24/7 though. "

Eric... "It is not set in stone. Nothing really should be. That's not the way life works, is it."

Eric, you like to watch, though. Whether it's a gang bang or a bukkake party or whatever. Is there more to it than just watching? Do you also like to cross dress, or be restrained, or do role play?

"Yes, all of the above! I have a broad spectrum of kinks. We could have a long conversation on what I think the psychology of this is. It's a humiliation thing. Restraint is definitely up there, feminisation, all kinds of things."

What do you most like – and most dislike – about Rachel being a sex worker?

"I like getting involved in it. Not because I want to work in the sex industry myself, it's just that I've always been interested in it. At school, I was a porn guru. This is like going out with a top jockey if you like horse racing. Now I am starting to do a bit of adult work myself though. I did some acting the other day.

The thing I like the least... well, I'm quite an old fashioned guy and I don't like hearing men being unpleasant to the woman I care about. That happens more often than you'd like to think, sadly. I pity the men. I don't like to think about Rachel being upset. Not that she is, really."

Is your relationship as fulfilling as that of a totally straight couple?

"I certainly don't see why it should be any less fulfilling. That wouldn't make any sense. More fulfilling, potentially, because I don't feel constrained by anything, by any societal pressure to behave in a certain way in my private life. In that respect, I can do exactly what I want and that, I hope, makes me more fulfilled.

What is your absolute favourite thing to do with Issy? Say, it's your birthday and she wants to do something special for you.

Rachel... "I bet it involves another person. Probably with a big black cock... "

Eric... "That's pretty much it, yes. A combination of any orifice and a large black member and I'm happy. Tie me up if you want. Or Issy could be tied up. Or both of us."

Are you in love? Are you happy together?

Rachel & Eric... "Yes!"

Is your relationship more honest than that of Mr & Mrs Average? I mean, you don't need to construct the web of lies that many straight people do.

Rachel... "In the respect that we can tell each other anything, yes. We don't need to lie about anything."

Do you find humour in all his kinky stuff?

Rachel... "The towel incident is one of my my favourites. The dom in me found that very amusing."

Eric... "Yes... I was watching a gang bang in Birmingham and... was he a black guy ? Yes, I think so and and I was was enjoying the view. At that point, we were in a sub/dom relationship that was very formal and I had to ask for permission to ejaculate. And I just had to do that. Just from watching her. No physical contact at all. I mean, I wasn't touching myself or anything. I said 'please' and you were like 'all right, go on then' and I just sat there and spurted into a towel."

Rachel... "It shot across the room!."

Eric... "Yes... I've never experienced that sort of totally cerebral orgasm before. It took me by surprise. I was watching, thinking this is really hot and suddenly this second, I'm going to have to cum right now"

Eric, what advice would you give to a male friend who is starting out in a relationship with a sex worker?

"For a sex worker to go out with someone else is a lot easier to do than for someone else to go out with a sex worker, if you see what I mean. Because you have to give up so much that you fundamentally take for granted as a man, as a human. That jealousy thing, that possession thing, macho-ness. You have to be prepared to sacrifice all of it. There will be a guy with a bigger cock than you. There will be a guy who is better at sex or who is more attractive than you. That will happen. You need to be selfless. Not self-debasing, but you have to take the hit. You're the person she comes back to at the end of the day and you have to be happy with that.

That's a very special thing that nobody else will ever get, no matter how much they pay. They will never be the person who gets to fall asleep with her. Hold on to that and you'll be all right."

Rachel Cope can be found on adultwork, clips4sale, etc

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Emma Harvey

Mia Culpa is struck by Emma Harvey's haunting Fleshed series

Emma Harvey explores themes of sexuality and the place of women in contemporary society. A questioning of self; seen, unseen and being seen. She works mainly with oil paint, occasionally with acrylics, to create very personal responses to gender and female sexuality and her own understanding of body, femininity, and self. Mia Culpa asks the questions...

What is your inspiration?
I've always painted since I was young and find the physical properties of paint intoxicating; I love colour and being able to manipulate colour and paint on a canvas brings me immense joy. I have also always had a sense of the male gaze, as something to be seen and looked at. This has led to an interest in the way women are viewed and depicted in western culture. My inspiration comes from my life, my work is a very personal response of what it means to be a woman.

What is the Fleshed series about?
The Fleshed series was completed in 2013 and comprises a total of eleven oil on canvas portraits. The work draws on the traditions of figurative painting and sculpture; I was interested in how the female body is depicted in art and how notions of the female body are formed in western culture. The series is my attempt to combine figurative painting with philosophical ideas about the body-mind and the 'felt' nature of selfhood. At those points where our sense of the separation of body and mind is lost, what happens to our notion of self? So, the work explores the nature of capturing a moment in time in paint, an attempt to visualise a point where body and mind combine fully, where the notion of self is 'fused' in a moment.

Any planned exhibitions?
I am looking forward to a busy year of exhibitions with the Cultivate and Hysterical Women collectives, including shows in London and Dublin. I am also working towards my next solo show to take place later this year.

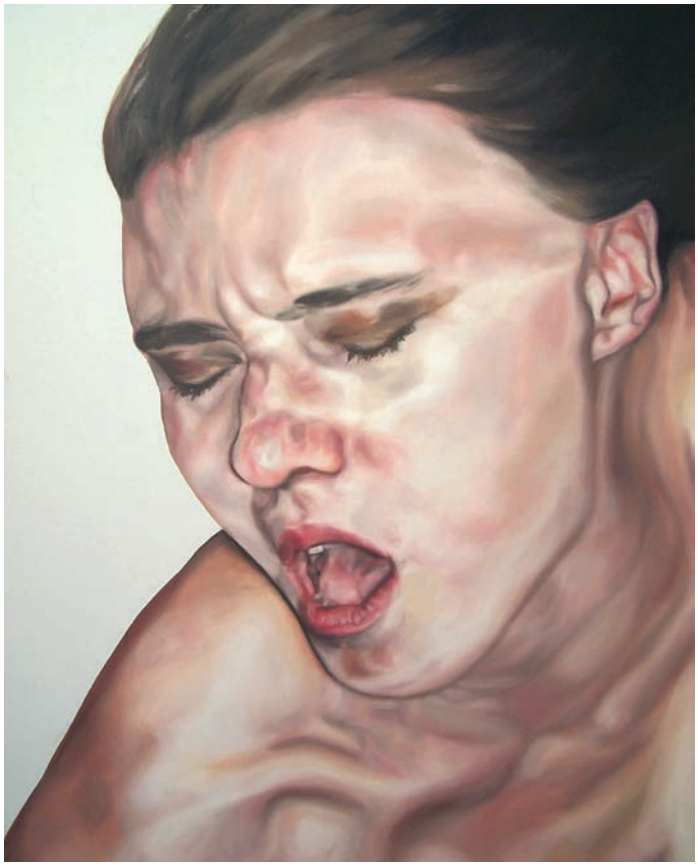




The images are taken from Emma Harvey's Fleshed series









Emma Harvey is at www.eh-art.co.uk
Mia Culpa is at www.miaculpalondon.wordpress.com
Hysterical Women (international art collective) is at www.hystericalwomen.org
Cultivate is at www.cultivatevynerstreet.com

Butch Bignell

Perversion & Blasphemy from New Orleans

Butch Bignell is a 31 year old guy scratching out a living in New Orleans after a three-year adventure in China and working in acrylic paint.

Butch has degrees in English and music, but no formal art training at all... which he says is great, because he's not tainted by insider art world convention!.

Butch's favourite subject is the history of Christian art, warped and turned on its head. His darkly funny paintings draw on the Renaissance and its morbid religious world, infused with erotic elements.

His next painting will most likely be a woman getting spooked half to death by a Kongo nkisi nail fetish dick.




BALLPARK
BALLPARK





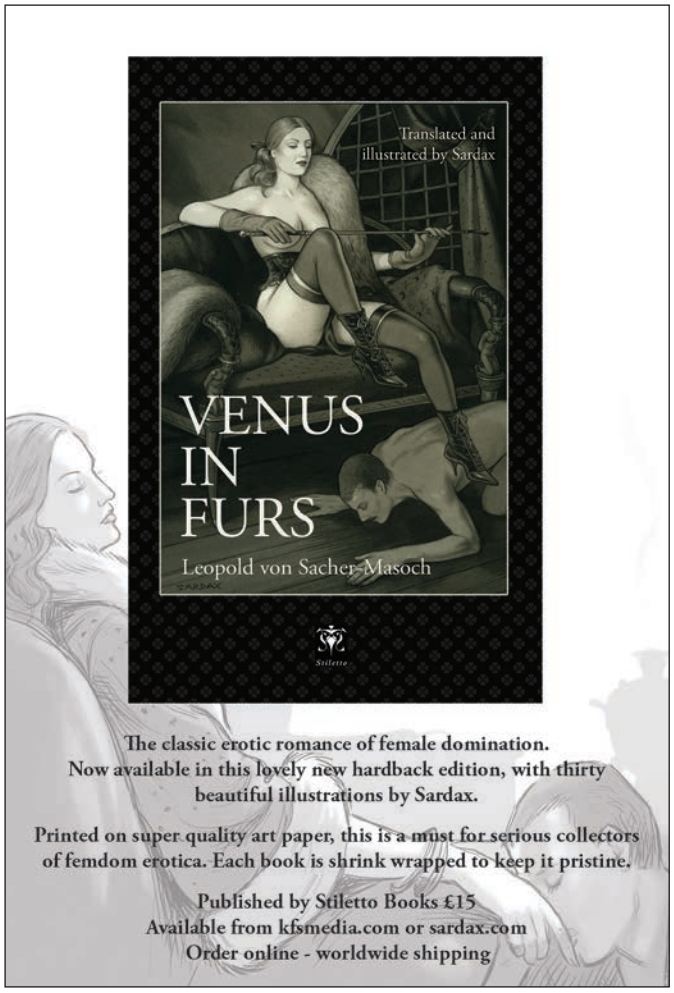

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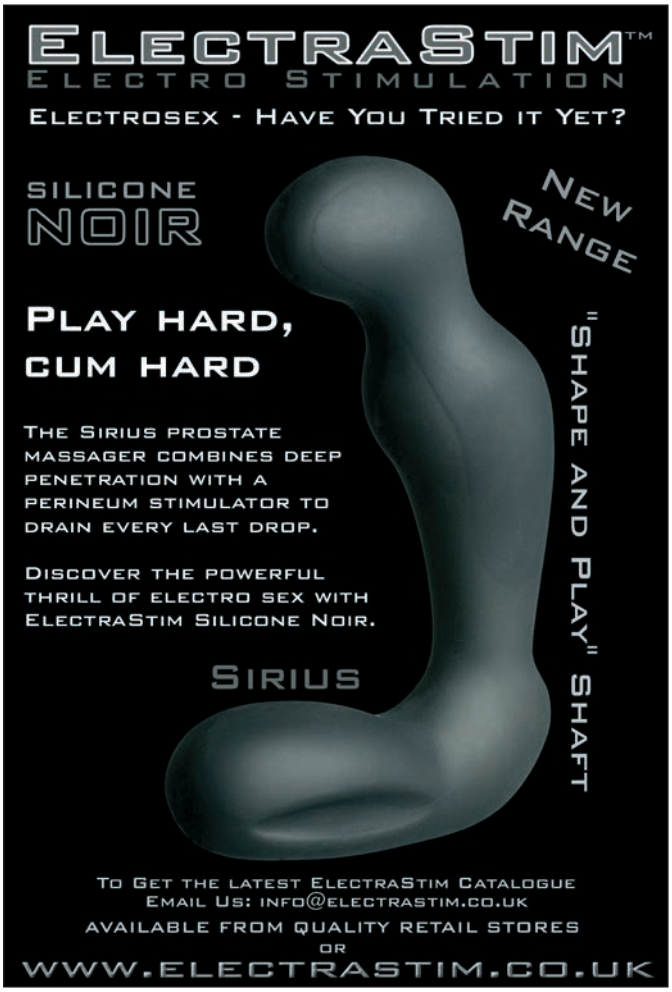




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THE KNOWLEDGE

Our review section, starting with strapons,...

STRAPONS ARE GREAT

Women use them together, obviously, for endless fun. As one girl said to me, "You get a big rigid cock that stays hard for ever – and on a lovely woman, not a hairy bloke. What's not to like about that!"

Well, yes, but men like to be on the receiving end as well; especially submissive men, who love the thrill of being relentlessly fucked by a dominant woman. Ask any dominatrix how many clients like to be taken via the tradesman's entrance by a women in rubber and thigh boots...

As with so many sex toys, you can get dreadful tacky products from cheap online retailers. They don't feel nice, they dont last, don't work well and only get used a couple of times. So, if you want something well made, nicely fitting, that won't fall apart, why not go to a specialist? We ran into Claire from Kinky Monkey recently, asked her lots of questions and she was so helpful that we decided to give her products a try.

Kinky Monkey have all kinds of harnesses, from the standard type you've seen, through some that fit on your thigh, others that hold two dildos for double penetration and even a harness that goes on your chin! There's a butt plug harness too; you name it. We tried a standard harness, which can be used with different sized dildos (perhaps quite a bit smaller than the massive one in the photo!) Really, the quality was great. Also, Claire can help you work out what sort of dildo to get for them and how they work best. This is where you need to go for friendly advice.

It's not all about women taking a dominant role, though. On Claire's site you will also find something we had never heard of and it's a real winner. This is called the Ultimate Torment Locked in Orgasm Harness. The idea of this is not to hold a strapon at all. Instead, it holds a vibrator which is strapped firmly against the female wearer, right where it needs to be. You can strap this onto a submissive woman, fix a vibrator in place, restrain her and walk away to put the kettle on while she squirms with pleasure for hours.

We bought one and they work really well. Claire can also sell you a vibrator that fits nicely into the harness.

Find Claire's strapon harnesses and accessories at www.kinky-monkey.com

By Tim Woodward



The Pleasure's All Mine: A History of Perverse Sex by Dr Julie Peakman

Perversion: a concept that has, particularly since the modern period, structured the concept of sexuality in essential ways. Indeed, the notion of perversion—which in turn demarcates that which is deemed 'normal'—has arguably, and perhaps regrettably, been more important than the idea of pleasure in defining how we discuss sexuality. The Pleasure's All Mine: A History of Perverse Sex by Dr Julie Peakman works around a simple and important argument: that different sexual acts have been considered perverse or normal in different periods, and in different contexts, throughout history. Historical and cultural relativism is a fundamental starting point for most people thinking and reading about sexuality, so I found this to be a fairly modest starting point, but perhaps it is something that cannot be repeated enough. What is more interesting, and more ambitious, is the way that Peakman exemplifies this point, offering brief histories of a generous collection of different sexual penchants, or, to be more specific, histories of how these particular actions or desires have been understood in the past, and thus how and why they have occupied fluctuating positions upon the perverse-normal spectrum. This is a huge book, both in terms of the physical size of the object and in the scope of the subjects it embraces. Rare would be the reader who doesn't find something of interest here, between masturbation, male and female homosexuality, cross-dressing, bestiality, sadomasochism, necrophilia, incest, exhibitionism, voyeurism, paedophilia, fisting, fetishism, even straight-up vanilla heterosexual sex and more: basically, the stuff to keep your dinner party conversations interesting for the next decade.

If there is one constant throughout the histories described in each chapter, it is that the arrival of Christianity has arguably been the most significant game-changer to date: nothing, it seems, has been more powerful in shaping sexuality than this movement, instituting a massive epistemological change from the ancient world with its remarkably rigid notion of nature and accountability to an Almighty Creator.

Peakman's writing style is extremely accessible, and she often uses a glimmer of humour when this is warranted. On porcine predilections: "in both Switzerland and Sweden, the preference was for cows, though pigs had been common in the New World of puritanical seventeenth-century America. In New England, the aptly named Thomas Hogg was accused of fathering a piglet that resembled him." There are plenty of moments that inspire a giggle, and admiration for human creativity, but a lot of heavy reading, too: the chapter "Child Love or Paedophilia?" is fascinating in its discussion of changing notions of childhood, but it is, for the most part, a history of child sexual abuse.

Historians will occasionally become annoyed at instances of intellectual sloppiness. For example, Peakman introduces us to Sappho as "the earliest well-known lesbian." Well, no, Sappho wasn't the earliest well-known lesbian because the word and concept of "lesbian" is a distinctly modern (and English) invention and cannot possibly apply to this ancient Greek poet, even if the word was inspired by the name of the island upon which Sappho lived. For a book founded upon the importance of cultural and historical relativism when thinking about sex, this is a curious error. A similar issue comes up in the chapter on sadomasochism, which opens with a discussion of ancient Roman society, where "[a] gression was part of everyday life", a fact no better exemplified than in the way that the Emperor Nero "prowled the street and taverns looking for men to attack, stabbing them if they resisted, then dropped their bodies in the sewers. He kicked his wife Poppaea so badly that she died from her injuries." This is interesting in that it demonstrates a time when what we would now consider to be psychopathic behaviour was tolerated. But can we call it sadism, as Peakman does? I personally don't think so, and not least because the word "sadism" did not exist, in any language, let alone in Latin, during this time, and neither did the meanings that came along with this word (I've discussed this issue in relation to the Marquis de Sade in Skin Two 63). At the end of the chapter, Peakman goes on to the discuss S&M clubs. What is the similarity, if any, between murder and rape in ancient Rome and contemporary BDSM play parties? Talking about these two activities within a chapter titled "The Ties that Bind: Sadomasochism" implies that there is a connection, but this clearly crucial point is not fleshed out sufficiently.

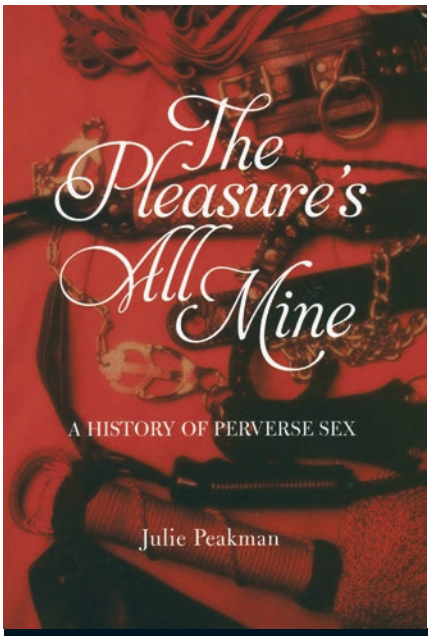
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One of the joys of this book is the wide range of fascinating, often amusing historic illustrations peppering each chapter. The images relate to the text by theme, although there is often a disconcerting discrepancy: for the most part, the illustrations and photos engage in an unashamed celebration of the sexual practice in question while in the accompanying text, Peakman is often noting how that sexual practice has been policed or pathologised, its practitioners persecuted, often executed. In a way, however, this is not surprising, considering that, in terms of sexuality, the visual medium has predominately been employed throughout history to captivate, to arouse, and to document rather than to condemn.

Peakman frames the book with her conviction that the very word and concept of perversion has reached its expiry date and implies that doing away with this notion would help us to "get rid of prejudices against individuals with sexual desires that are different from our own." This is a nice idea, but it is not one that the book advances effectively. While The Pleasure's All Mine offers us many affecting stories of how benign sexual difference has, in the past, lead to what we would now perceive as unjust and brutal persecution—which indeed makes a case for abandoning the perverse/normal dichotomy—its examination of past perversions also includes, and to no small degree, instances of rape, murder, torture, child abuse, and all manner of non-consensual sexual activity, whether this be with man, beast, or corpse. Of course, Peakman is not advocating the normalisation of these kinds of crimes, but it is precisely for this reason that her bid to "embrace more unusual sex acts wholeheartedly" fails. Since the notion of sexual perversion encompasses, both historically and today, actions that many see as inoffensive and positive, such as homosexuality, as well as the most heinous atrocities, one cannot simply argue that abandoning the idea of perversion—as if this could be done—would lead to some kind of sexual utopia.

But these murky, complicated issues are indeed reasons why you should read this book—which is undeniably fascinating and informative—to make up your own minds.

by Dr Romana Byrne
www.romanabyrne.com



The Pleasure's All Mine: A History of Perverse Sex is available at www.kfsmedia.com



We'd always wanted a remote controlled vibrator that slips inside your partner and can't been seen, no matter how revealing her outfit. Then, if she is chatting at the bar to a handsome stranger for just a bit too long, all you have to do is reach for the small controller in your pocket and press a button to give her a buzz and remind her to bring the drinks back pronto...

Another useful application is to restrain her–say in a hogtie set or something like that, so she is helpless, then gently turn her on, as it were. It's important to get one that doesn't need any sort of radio receiver that she has to clip onto her belt. You don't want to mess about with anything cumbersome like that–it must be totally unseen.

Of course, like all vibrators, you don't actually need a man at all. Women going to a really boring business meeting–with accountants, say–can insert one of these first and, when things get really dreary, just slip a hand into their coat pocket and turn themselves on.

You'd want to keep it down pretty low, of course, to avoid moaning with pleasure during discussions about VAT. You can also use a remote vibe when taking the kids to a noisy movie, though...

I'd heard of the Ultra Seven remote controlled vibrator and liked the idea of something simple and reasonably priced. So I tracked one down at www.barbarakelly.co.uk for a very reasonable £35.99 delivered. Having said that, the batteries only lasted a few minutes before I had to buy new ones costing a further £20.41, making the cost effectively £56.40. Bear this in mind when buying electrical products that were made in China and had cheap batteries inserted long before they are shipped, warehoused, distributed, sold and end up in your hands...

It came in a box marked Minx 7 Steps to Heaven Control Vibrating Egg and the product bore the logo of ABS Holdings, a big UK sex shop chain. Presumably these are mass produced in China and sold worldwide under various brand names.

It looked pretty cheap, in a naff blueish plastic, but my first impression of using it was good. You just turn it on and then you can switch between seven modes, giving your partner a gentle buzz, a stronger one, an intermittent buzz, etc, etc. The only snag seems to be that you have to remember what programme you are using. An indicator on the remote would really help and would be worth paying a little extra for. That way, you would know what pattern had the best effect on her without having to remember or ask.

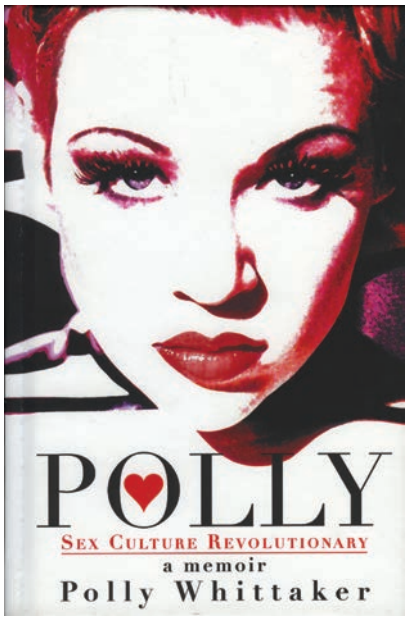
Sadly, the 7 Steps to Heaven stopped working after a while and one of the six tiny batteries was firmly stuck inside the egg, so we threw it away.

We then decided to try something a bit more upmarket, so we went for the Lelo Lyla 2, from www.uberkinky.co.uk at a hefty £98.95. This is a rather sophisticated proposition. Lelo products are nicely designed and presented – a far cry from the cheapo Ann Summers look. As well they might be at that price. We have their Lelo Soraya vibrator and it's the business. So I was keen to try the Lelo Lyla 2.

It did seem a bit over-complicated to use. You can wave the remote in certain ways to get the egg to buzz as you wish. It might make you look a bit odd when trying to give your partner a buzz in a crowded pub. As you do. However, I was impressed by the super packaging and stylish look. This is typical of Lelo products; they make a nice gift and you won't feel like a cheapskate.

All this stuff is available worldwide, but I was glad I used a supplier I know and trust. The first Lelo Lyla 2 was faulty, but Uberkinky replaced it at once without question. Worth bearing in mind when you are shopping around–don't always go for the the lowest price regardless.

By Tim Woodward »



Sex Culture Revolutionary, by Polly Superstar

Sex Culture Revolutionary by Polly Superstar is one of those books that could actually change your life. I'm not being hyperbolic here–Polly's memoir is so honest, raw, and different from anything I'd ever read or heard before that it will make you take step back, take a look at your own life, and think: What could I do better?

The book contains three different Pollys: Polly Whittaker, Polly Pandemonium, and Polly Superstar. In the opening chapter, Polly explains that she sees herself as having had three different births that resulted in three different people. The first Polly is a rebellious teen who frequents London BDSM clubs; the second is the wild, table-dancing latex fashion queen of the Folsom Street Fair in San Francisco; and the third is a more centered, yoga-doing Polly who is "infinitely optimistic."



While sex parties are undoubtedly the overarching theme that ties the book together–from BDSM clubs in early '90s London to latex parties during San Francisco's dot com boom to Polly's sex club Mission Control, starting in the naughts–it's Polly's brutal honesty about episodes from her life that many people would cringe to reveal that kept me holed up in my house with the book for two days straight.



For example, one of the most poignant scenes from the book is when Polly's mom drops her teenage daughter off at a local BDSM club after she and her friend Abby discover a listing for a party in Skin Two magazine. The reader gets a strong sense of that Polly–done up in latex and bondage gear–as an angsty teenager who doesn't give a fuck as she walks up to the basement doors.

Polly's experiences feel like ones you or I could have had, but amplified.

Meanwhile, her mother is clearly struggling in the family station wagon. She's a feminist, sex-positive, and has always encouraged her daughter to own her sexuality but dropping her sixteen year old off at a fetish club like she's dropping her off for soccer practice is gut-wrenching. You feel for her mom as she struggles to raise this rebellious young woman after the death of her husband but you also feel for Polly as she takes her first steps into the life of a sex culture revolutionary.

In many ways, Sex Culture Revolutionary is such a good memoir because it's so relatable. Polly's experiences feel like ones you or I could have had, but amplified. I was that teenage girl in too much black make-up whose mom had to bite her tongue and trust me to take care of myself. I was that early-twenties woman who partied hard and had more sex than her friends did.

But beyond that, I think the key is that I want to be Polly. My teenage posturing reveals me to be a poseur next to Polly's; I wish that early-twenties me had the guts to stroll through Folsom in latex; I'm sexually open and have done my fair share of exploring but have never had been thrown open my arms to the world and said, "Hey! This is me! Take it or leave it!" like Polly has.

By the end of the book, you'll have watched, rapt, as Polly Whittaker transformed into Polly Pandemonium and eventually into today's Polly Superstar. You'll have gone through a range of emotions, from laughing to gasping to titillated to, yeah, a little turned on. More than anything, though, you'll come away feeling inspired.

Ask yourself again: What can you do better? How can you become a Superstar?

Polly: Sex Culture Revolutionary is a printed book or an ebook
www.moralminoritypress.com

By Emma McGowan
www.kinkandcode.com

Fucking Machines!



We have tried a few fucking machines and found that, like so much of this stuff, you are wasting your money if you buy something cheap and plastic; it will be horrible and it won't last. Better to buy something decent, maybe hire one first to try it out.

That's what we did when we discovered a machine from Confidential Trading. We were at London Dungeon Hire, where you can spend a couple of hours trying out theirs–as well as a huge array of other kinky gadgets. This must be the best equipped dungeon in London.

There are vertical fucking machines to ride on, or horizontal ones, where you lay back and take what's coming–from in front or behind. The one we liked best was the ride-on type; you just sit on it and it does its stuff. You can adjust the angle of the shaft and depth of penetration just as you like. You can also attach a separate vibrator at the front if you like, for double the fun. (See the photo below.)

They key here is to get to know exactly what your partner loves and make sure you carefully adjust the speed and depth just to suit her. (Of course.)

Having said that, some girls use these alone, when their partners are away...

The model we saw costs £675 and comes with two different sized dildos and a vibrator. You can use other vibrators or no vibrator. You can also use other dildos; anything that uses the popular vac-u-lock system will fit.

It can also be turned on its side and used horizontally if you like. It's not heavy and it's easy to move around on little wheels. (They do lock in position, so you won't slide around at the wrong moment!) You can browse the Confidential Trading website for other types, including a smaller one and horizontals.

Here's a suggestion; one way to use these fucking machines is in front of a St Andrews Cross, so the "victim" can be restrained while she's gently brought to orgasm. Just a suggestion.

Another tip–you can get a flight case made to fit for £100 at Flight Case Warehouse, so the machine can be easily stored and transported, without anyone having a clue what it is.

Try this machine out at
www.londondungeonhire.co.uk
Buy your own at
www.fkmachinesex.co.uk
Get a flight case at
www.flightcasewarehouse.co.uk



What if you prefer a horizontal machine? One possibility is the F-Machine Pro, see the photo above. You don't sit on this; you can relax in an easy chair and take it from the front, or kneel on all fours and take it from behind.

The best way to see one of these is to view our own demo online at www.tinyurl.com/n53koxb

The F-Machine Pro works fine, it's nicely made and we have them for sale for only £339 at www.kfsmedia.com. The only snag I can think of is that they are a bit tricky to transport; you really need to dismantle them and pack them away in a flight case, then assemble them when you. It's a bit fiddly but, if you have space to store one fully assembled and don't need to cart it around much, it's a winner.

You first need to postion the machine carefully, so it penetrates your partner far enough but not too far. Then just gently turn up the speed, watch her carefully and stand well back as she orgasms.

You can use any size vac-u-lock dildo and, by the way, these machines can also be used on men, of course...

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These are beautiful designs for both men and women, a very far cry from anything you would find in a sex shop. More like body jewellery, really. Fantasy Steel is based in Adelaide, South Australia and international delivery is no problem. In fact, standard production time is only ten days. Take a look at the website and you will be hooked. **www.fancysteel.com**

By Jennifer Upton

Never Mind the Hitachi Magic Wand – Here Comes the Doxy!



What's a Doxy? Well we've all heard of the Hitachi Magic Wand, sold as a massager, but really used as a vibrator and probably the Hitachi company's most famous product worldwide.

Lots of other companies make similar products now. There are cordless rechargeable ones, which are handy because you dont have to plug them in. However, they might run out of puff just at the wrong moment and they are not as powerful as the ones you plug in, like the Doxy.

We have tried a few and the Doxy is as powerful as they come. It's nicely designed, available in black, white or pink, you can control the power level as you like and it works around the world too.

There's something rather curious about the Doxy–it's made in Cornwall. It's not all Cornish pasties and cream teas down there; this is a British export success story!

We tested the Doxy with the kind assistance of Isabel Dean (featured in this issue). It worked for her, as you can see in our online demo featuring Isabel and the Doxy at http://xhamster.com/movies/3563452/tim_demonstrates_the_doxy.html

You can get the Doxy from lots of online stockists; you'll find a list on their website. If this doesn't make her orgasm, you'll have to try a couple of firemen or the Black Man's Fan Club or get her a subscription to www.kink.com.

Get it here: **www.doxymassager.com**

By Tim Woodward

The Book of Kinky Sex Games, by Jackson Rocco

"On the fetish scene you can be who you want to be. It's allowed."

These are the refreshing words of Jackson Rocco as taken from his new guide to the world of BDSM and adult play, The Book of Kinky Sex Games. It's a sex manual with a difference as the core read is sixty nine of the hottest but most accessible kinky games to pop into the author's debauched imagination.

However, before you take the plunge into beginner, intermediate or advanced sex gaming, Rocco hits home the vital point about safe, sane and consensual play again and again. Whether you're a newbie novice donning your first pair of furry handcuffs in "Bound to Please" or an experienced player using advanced asphyxiation in "Bag on your Head" Rocco speaks to all in the same firm, non judgemental, informative way.

It's a romp of a read with Rocco's engaging, entertaining writing style. Therefore the lack of illustrative material is not an issue, even in these selfie-obsessed times where, if the young folks can't have access to their life in pictures be it Instagram or Facebook, they may implode! The writing pace is varied, with anecdotal interludes at various junctures where Jackson connects with the reader to offer advice and guidance to handle real life fetish situations including "Social Networking for Perves."

I love his honest portrayals of "Getting your Kinks" with "Fetiquette" where he admits he too isn't always comfortable with other peoples' kinks, and "The Wrong Trousers" which is a sweetly frank account of when he was berated for wearing fabric trousers to a BDSM event. I'm on your side Mr Rocco; give me the fabric trousers over the pixie girls any day of the week!

The Book of Kinky Sex Games has deservedly enjoyed significant international acclaim already. With a book like this on your shelf there should be no excuse for a "quick in-out" ever again!



The Book of Kinky Sex Games is now available as a Kindle book (from Amazon) and an Android app (available from Google Play), both £2.99.

By Ms Spikey O
twitter.com/Spikey_O

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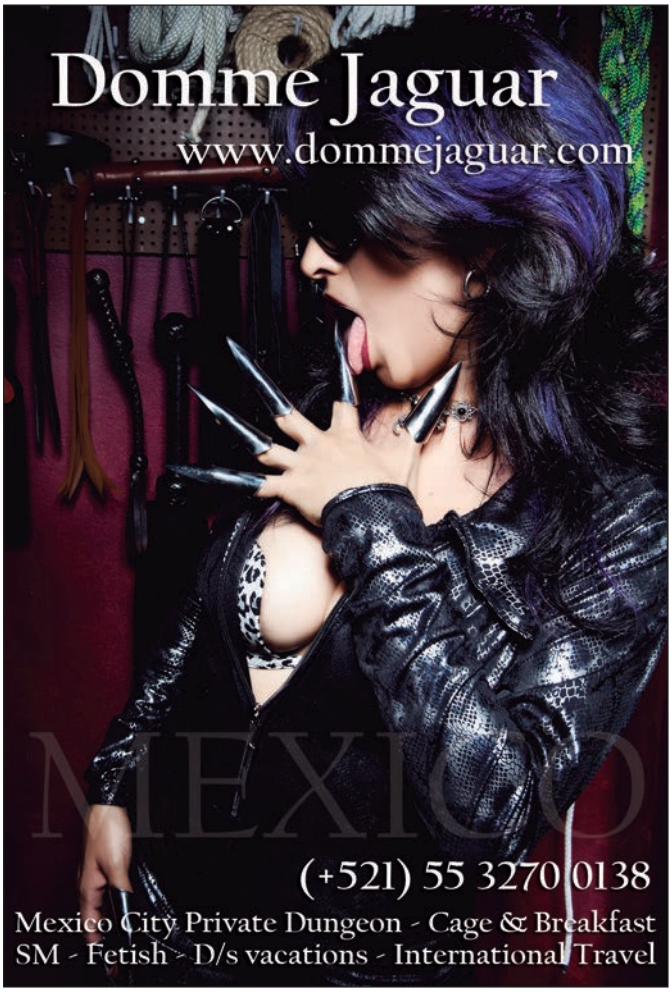
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Do you run a business in the fetish market?

If you do, you can advertise in the world's leading fetish magazines – and on the websites

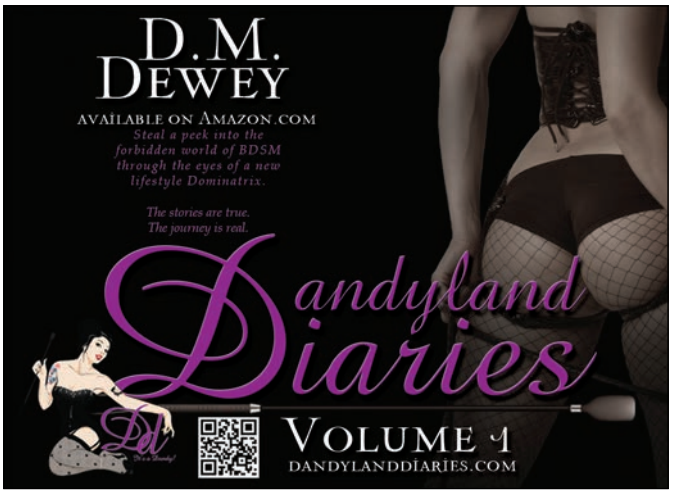
If you run a business, you need to advertise constantly. No regular advertising means declining sales and that only leads one way. We all need a planned annual programme of advertising as a vital part of our budget. It's no coincidence that the fetish businesses which survive long term are the ones whose ads you see in the glossy pages of KFS and Skin Two year after year.

Work as hard as you like online – and we all do – but the web is vast and transient. Nothing beats the lasting power and authority of prestige ads in a stylish glossy magazine. That's what gives your brand real presence in the market.

Established for 30 years, Skin Two is the flagship of style and quality in the fetish fashion market. KFS addresses the worldwide fascintation with alternative sexuality of all kinds. Your ads across the two magazines draw the customer to your website month after month.

Every ad comes with a FREE news story on our own famous website at skintwo.com and kfsmagazine.com, with hotlinks to your own site. That alone is worth the price of the ad!

Contact Mark Rodgers, our Advertising Manager, to find out how Skin Two can help you grow your business. Tel: 020 8460 5102 International: +44 20 8460 5102. From USA: 011 44 20 8460 5102 E-mail: mark@skintwo.com





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The CHARDMORE SOCIETY



Photo: Gerard Musy www.gerardmusy.com (one of our guests)

The Chardmore Society is a small and exclusive club for kinky people who want an alternative to the big, impersonal events with banging music. These are intimate parties, some with as few as twenty people, others up to fifty or so. They are held around the London and South East area, on several specific themes...

One of our favourites is the **Formal Fetish Dinner Party**, held at a lovely hotel not far from West London. Dinner is served, wine is poured and everyone is dressed up to the max – in whatever style, from rubber to tranny to ball gown to slave. (No business suits though!) You can meet and chat with fellow fetish people in a very civilised setting. You can also play in the dungeon and stay overnight in the hotel if you like.

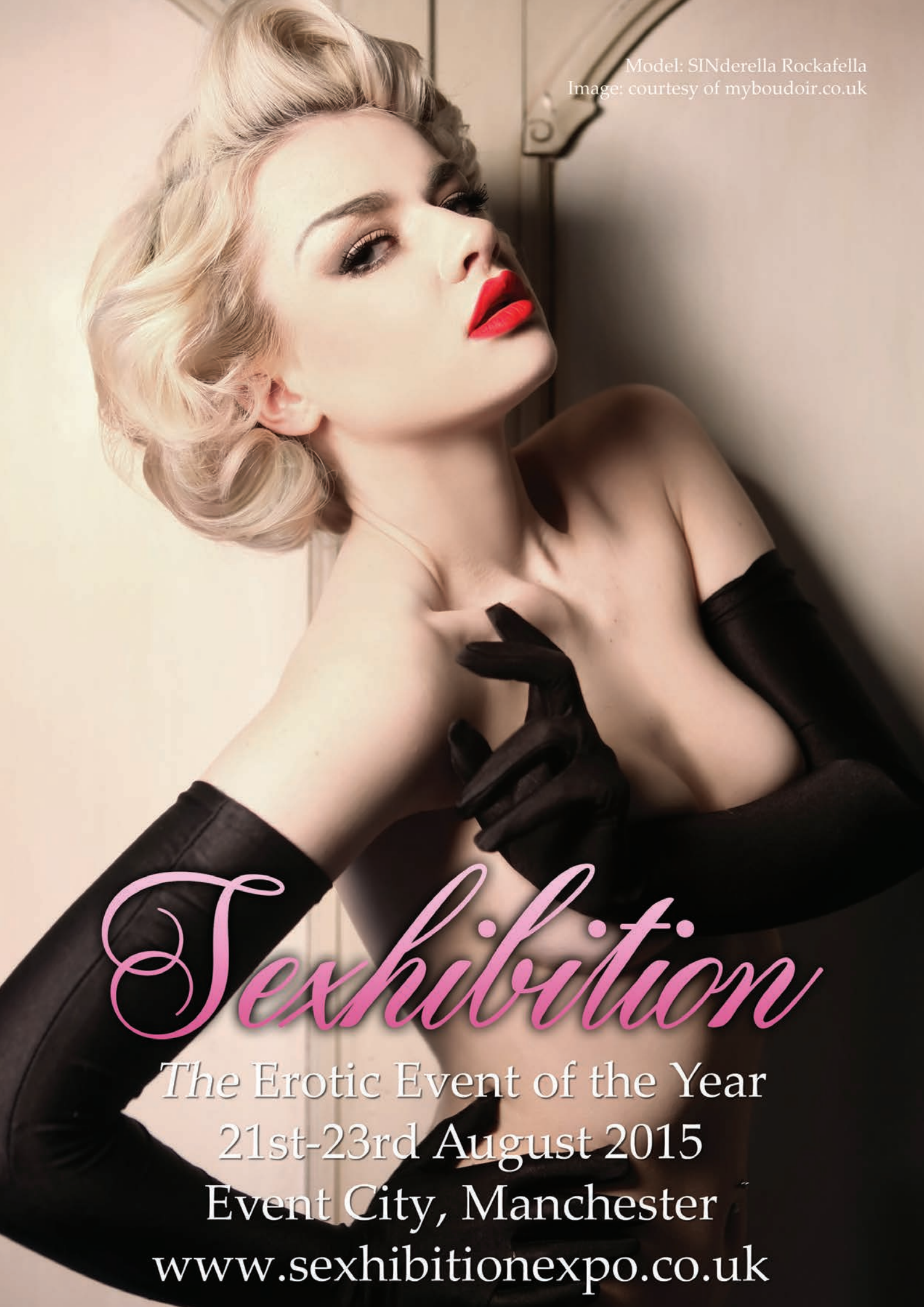
There's also a special party for **Submissive Women and their Dominant Partners**, held in a very private space in West London. The doors are locked, no single men are admitted and you're in a totally safe environment. We have all kinds of equipment you can try out, from a fucking machine to a sybian to a TENS unit. Having said that, there's never any pushy behaviour; this is a party for established couples, not a place for pick-ups.

Then there's the **Bisexual Party**, in a roomy old Edwardian vicarage in South London. If you are bi, or one of you is, or you feel like exploring your bi side, this is for you. It's fine to just hang out, but you can wander off to one of the many rooms with a handsome stranger or two if you like. Couples, men, women and t-girls are all welcome. There's a dungeon too – who knew...

Who doesn't love a weekend in Brighton? Our **Brighton BDSM Party** is a great excuse. Held in one of the best BDSM dungeons in the South, this is a play party, pure and simple. Well, all right, not terribly pure. This is for BDSM players in a safe, private and drug-free space with lots of top-class bondage and SM equipment. Stay in The Lanes and make a weekend of it.

The **Very Private Swinger Party** is an elite affair, for couples only. If we don't know you, we need to meet you before you come. It's definitely not exclusively for the *jeunesse d'oré* though; all ages and body shapes are welcome. We invite people with whom we'd be happy to socialise in our own homes. It *is* a swinger party though, so – although there is never any pressure to play at our parties – this one is not for shrinking violets.

www.chardmoresociety.com


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