

#2 novembre - november
2020

Efffectase



Français

Epectase est née d'une envie de rassembler diverses approches, réflexions, visions autour de l'érotisme. Un érotisme sauvage qui ne se laisse pas enfermer dans des normes, des étiquettes ou des jugements moraux. Un érotisme qui cherche à s'émanciper des schémas oppressifs et des postures d'autorités.

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evasions@riseup.net

Premier numéro Première erreur

Dans le numéro précédent, une photo à été utilisée sans l'accord de la personne se trouvant dessus. Les versions digitale et papier ont ensuite rapidement été corrigées. La difficulté de reconnaître qui figurait sur la photo en question et un manque

d'attention lors de la mise en page ont provoqué cette erreur. Mea Culpa - la faute m'en incombe.

No love for borders

C'est très excitant - et aussi un peu intimidant - de recevoir des contributions de plein d'endroits à travers le monde. Avec ce deuxième numéro, Epectase devient ainsi trilingue (allemand-français-anglais) en même temps que international.

No love for bodynorms

Qu'on le veuille ou non, nous sommes tous et toutes influencé-e-s par les injonctions que nous imposent les sociétés dans lesquelles nous vivons. Beaucoup de ces normes concernent ce à quoi sont censés correspondre nos corps et nos sexualités. Comme dans tout domaine cadré par des normes (et quel domaine ne l'est pas?) les personnes s'inscrivant en dehors des normes établies ont plus de réticences et de difficultés que les autres à prendre de la place et ce phénomène peut aussi se constater ici. D'où ce rappel : L'idée d'Epectase est de donner de la place à toutes formes de sexualités consenties et à tous types de corps. Tous vos corps sont beaux et toutes vos pratiques sexuelles sont intéressantes (si si! <3)

Merci à toutes les personnes ayant contribuées à ce numéro

Bonne lecture!

English

Epectase was born from a desire to bring together various approaches, reflections and visions around eroticism. A wild eroticism that does not allow itself to be enclosed in norms, labels or moral judgements. An eroticism that seeks to emancipate itself from oppressive patterns and positions of authority.

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The answer to all your asking here : evasions@riseup.net

First issue First mistake

In the previous issue, a photo was used without the consent of the person on it. The digital and paper versions were quickly corrected. Difficulty recognizing who was on the photo in question and a lack of attention in the layout caused this error. Mea Culpa

No love for borders

It's very exciting - and also a little intimidating - to receive contributions from so many places around the world. With this second issue, the journal becomes international and trilingual (German-French-English).

No love for bodynorms

Whether we like it or not, we are all influenced by the norms imposed on us by the societies in which we live. Many of these norms relate to what our bodies and sexualities are supposed to be like. As in any field framed by norms (and what field isn't?) people who fall outside the norms are more reluctant and have more difficulty than others to take their place, and this phenomenon can also be seen in this project.

Hence this reminder: the idea of Epectase is to give space to all forms of consensual sexuality and to all body types. All your bodies are beautiful and all your sexual practices are interesting (yes, they are! <3).

Thank you to everyone who contributed to this issue.

Enjoy reading!

Deutsch

Epectase entstand aus dem Wunsch heraus, verschiedene Ansätze, Reflexionen und Visionen rund um die Erotik zusammenzuführen. Eine wilde Erotik, die sich nicht in Normen, Etiketten oder moralischen Urteilen einsperren lässt. Eine Erotik, die versucht, sich von unterdrückenden Mustern und Autoritätspositionen zu emanzipieren.

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Möchten Sie Papierversionen dieses Magazins erhalten? an der Verteilung des Magazins in Ihrem Café, Ihrer Buchhandlung, Ihrer Kunstgalerie oder an einem Durchgangsort beteiligen? die Zeitschrift in Ihrem lokalen Kontext drucken und zu einer Vertriebsstelle werden? die Newsletter des Projet Evasions abonnieren? Die Antwort zu aller eure Frage hier : evasions@riseup.net

Erste Ausgabe

Erster Fehler

In der letzten Ausgabe wurde ein Foto ohne Zustimmung der darauf abgebildeten Person verwendet. Die digitale und die Papierversion wurden schnell korrigiert. Die Schwierigkeit zu erkennen, wer auf dem

fraglichen Foto zu sehen war, und mangelnde Aufmerksamkeit meinerseits im Layout verursachten diesen Fehler. Mea Culpa.

No love for Borders

Es ist sehr aufregend - und auch ein bisschen einschüchternd - Beiträge von so vielen Orten auf der ganzen Welt zu erhalten. Mit dieser Ausgabe 2 wird die Zeitschrift international und dreisprachig (deutsch-französisch-englisch).

No love for bodynorms

Ob es uns gefällt oder nicht, wir alle werden von den Normen beeinflusst, die uns von den Gesellschaften, in denen wir leben, auferlegt werden. Viele dieser Normen beziehen sich darauf, wie unser Körper und unsere Sexualität beschaffen sein sollen. Wie in jedem Bereich, der von Normen umrahmt ist (und welcher Bereich ist das nicht?), sind Menschen, die sich außerhalb der Normen bewegen, zögerlicher und haben grössere Mühe als andere, Platz einzunehmen.

Dieses Phänomen lässt sich auch hier beobachten. Daher diese Mahnung: Die Idee von Epectase ist es, allen Formen der einvernehmlichen Sexualität und allen Körpertypen Raum zu geben. Alle Ihre Körper sind schön und alle Ihre sexuellen Praktiken sind interessant (ja, das sind sie! <3).

Vielen Dank an alle, die zu dieser zweite Ausgabe beigetragen haben.

Epectase

«I Am Not Colby Keller»

by Violet Smith





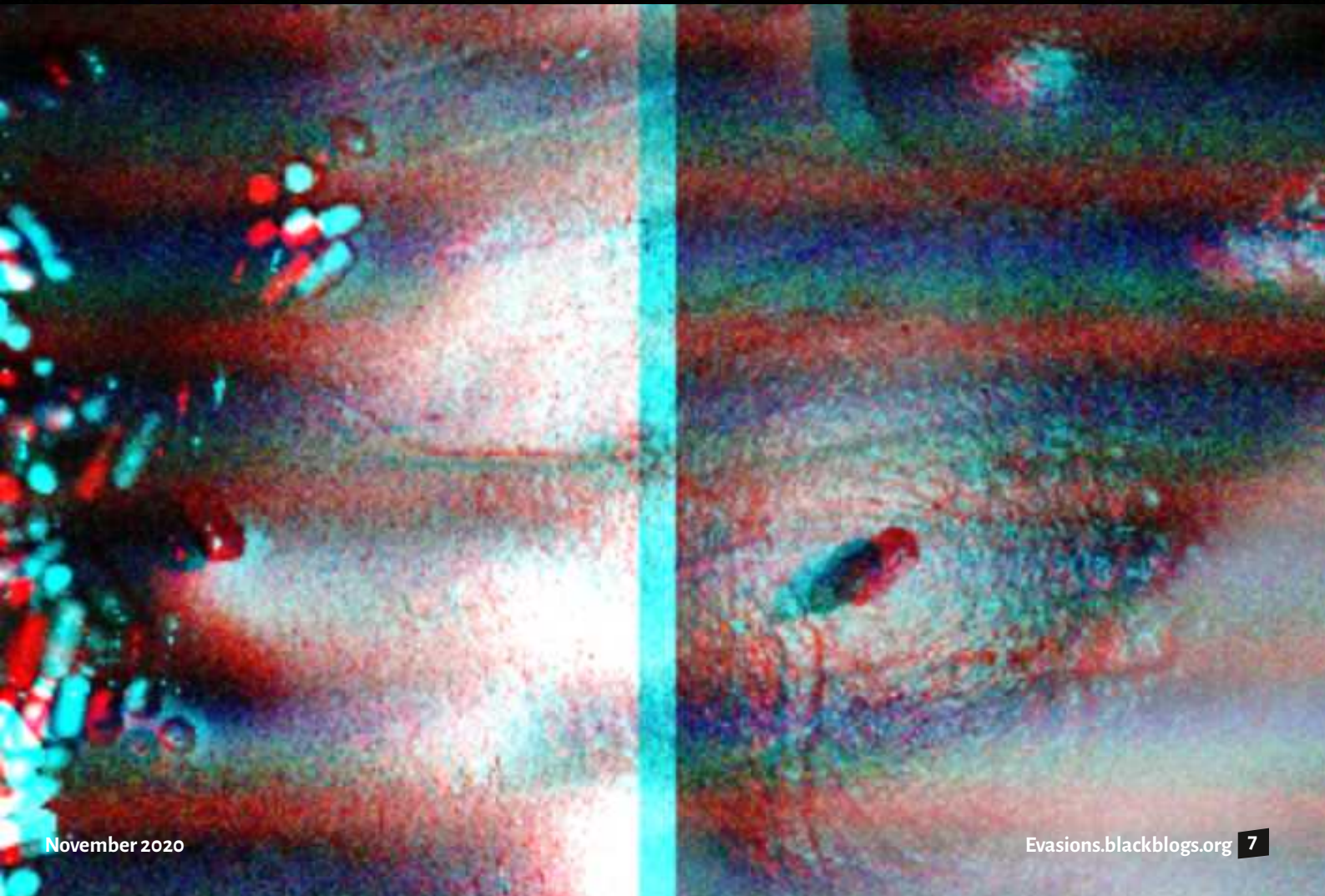
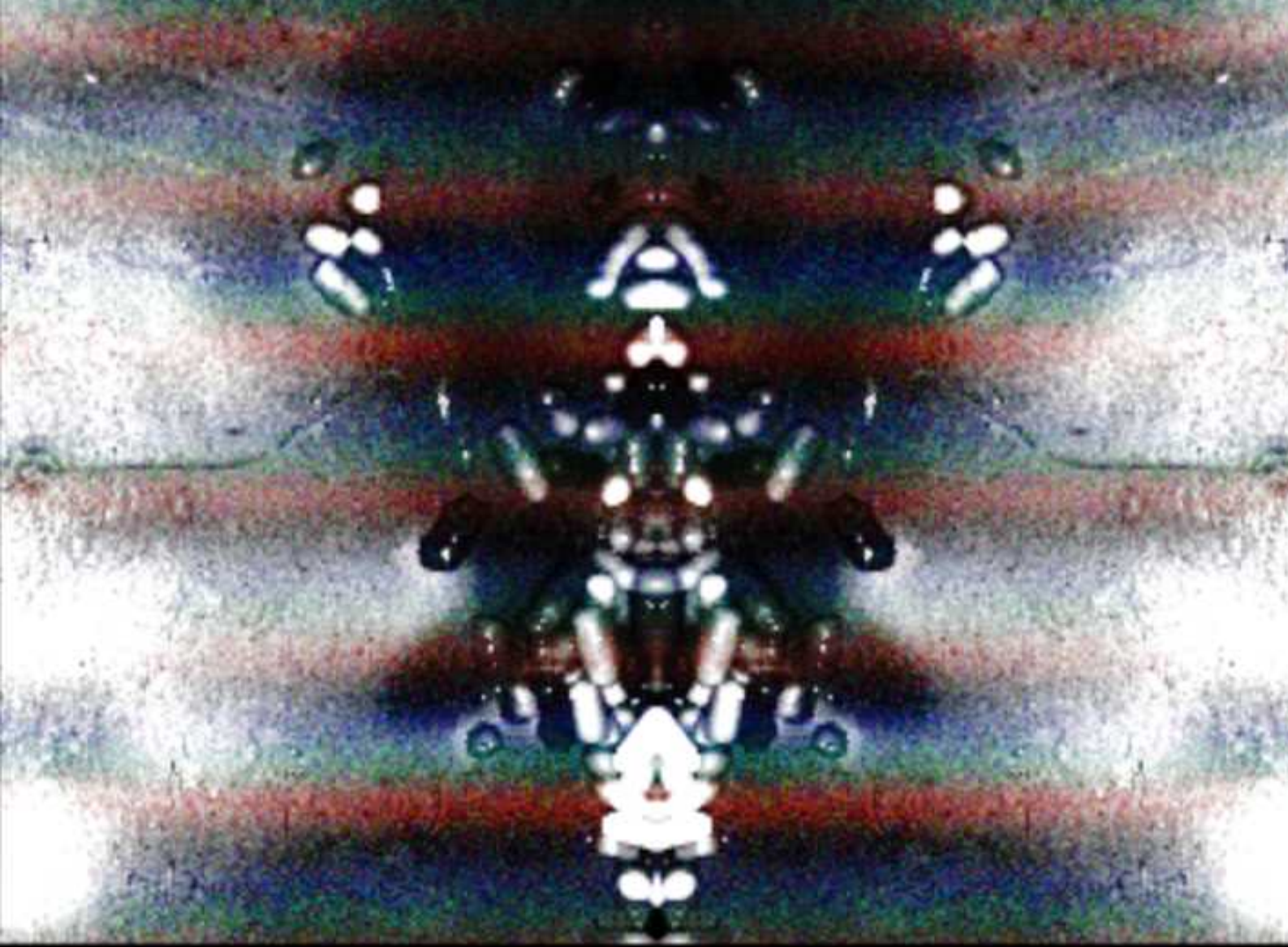
Divine Figures

by Violet Smith

Cake

by Dabura M







Zarter Hoffn

by

**Wenn ich an Erotik denke, wünsche ich mir
Zeitlosigkeit**

**Wenn ich an Erotik denke, wünsche ich mir
Wildheit und Sanftheit**

**Wenn ich an Erotik denke, wünsche ich mir
inneres Pulsieren und äußeres Vibrieren**

**Wenn ich an Erotik denke, wünsche ich mir
Vertrauen**

Ich wünsche mir Wollust





nungsschimmer

Myla



**Wenn ich an Erotik denke, wünsche ich mir
Fallen lassen und Aufgefangen werden**

**Wenn ich an Erotik denke, wünsche ich mir
Eins-Sein im Zwei-Sein, dass das Gefühl von
Verbundenheit nicht ausschließt**

**Wenn ich an Erotik denke, wünsche ich mir
Gänsehaut und Wassertropfen auf der nackten
Haut**

**Wenn ich an Erotik denke, denke ich auch an
Verletzlichkeit**

**Wenn ich an Erotik denke, denke ich auch an
Grenzen setzen und Grenzen achten**

**Ich wünsche mir freie Körper, freie Gefühle
und freie Gedanken..**

**Wenn ich jetzt
an Erotik denke,
wünsch(t)e ich
mir sagen zu
können:**

**„Nimm mich jetzt
ganz zart.“**

**– doch da bin ich
noch nicht.**

**Wenn ich jetzt
an Erotik
denke,
wünsche ich mir Hände
auf meinem Körper,
die mich wärmend,
zart und liebevoll
berühren,
so wie Licht
und Schatten meinen
nackten Körper
umschmeicheln.**

**Auf das Leben und das Lieben und auf die
Schönheit des Augenblicks.**

by Manon Ailloud



Marée Haute

Ton sexe est comme un soleil
Qui prend ma main dans son orbite
Et mes doigts, cinq satellites
Attrirés par l'astre vermeil.

Dans la voie lactée de tes cuisses
Ils vont, tracent de blancs sillons
Vénéralant le bel Orion
Pour lequel toujours ils esquissent
A en provoquer l'éruption.

Comme un moustique d'une flamme
Ils s'approchent à s'en éblouir
De cette matrice et se pâment
S'enflammant pour la faire jouir

Vénus, son mont et sa broussaille
Anus, frissons, majeur qui saille.

Ma main tremblante n'en peut plus
Elle veut mourir comme une étoile
Projeter comme sur une toile
Le spectre de ce qui t'a tant plu.

Elle n'attend plus : voilà qu'au cœur
De ton privé elle se glisse
Et comme à Saturne va Thétys
Mon pouce atteint ton bouton moqueur.

Alors se meurt l'astre céleste
Éclate la supernova
J'appuie plus fort, tu te délestes
Deux fois, trois fois, puis tout s'en va

C'est le néant, seuls nos corps errent
Ainsi qu'une flaque, sur les draps
Comme c'est l'hiver et qu'il fait froid
En se tassant du côté droit
Nous dormirons en bord de mer.

Elise-Aline

Mes doigts gourmands, désireux de ton sexe
n'ont pu mettre la main que sur le mien
Et en l'enserrant, du pied à l'apex,
Y façonnent le pâle souvenir du tien.

Drôle de cassure que ce mât oblique
Sur l'horizon frivole de ma couche
Devenu pour l'heure chapiteau phallique
sous lequel, ému, ton amant se touche

Tandis qu'en mon âme mes caresses t'animent
Le réel s'échine et mon corps est miné
Les sursauts orgasmiques d'Elise-Aline
Jaillissent en moi et... oups ! Mes draps sont ruinés.

Venc

Tes fesses se font l'ébauche d'un clown
Aux belles joues rebondies et gaillardes
Au pif vermeil, rayonnant de la foune
Quand dans tes quartiers point la rouge garde

Qui, jalouse, veille sur le drôl[e], et
M'en interdit formellement l'embrassade

« Monsieur je me fais ici ambassade,
point n'est question de s'en affrioler
Le zouave n'est guère marquis de Sade
Et ne baise pas ainsi bariolé,
Respectez cette lapalissade :
Gardez votre bouche sous votre nez. »

Joyeux carnage

Je rêve de laper ton vin à sa source
Happé par ton flux qui m'embarque en sa course
Je perds pied dans l'extase, veux tu faire mon
bonheur ?
Considère mon visage comme ton vibromasseur!
Chevauche , chevauche ! Maintiens-moi
fermement !
Assise sur ma face, dévaste ton amant !
Baise mon visage, sans pudeur ni retenue.
Noie-moi dans ta chair, et jouis-moi dessus!!!

dange

Alors, respectueux de l'injonction
Proscrivant à ma lippe son contact
Je m'en vais faire usage de tact :
Confier à mes doigts ladite fonction

Et lui pincer son joli nez mignon
Titiller ses reliefs écarlates
Me tacher les doigts du beau sauvignon
Vite, vite avant qu'il ne frelate.

Traçant de cette muse vivement cramoisie
Les contours de notre sanguine ambroisie !

Émeute et gamahuche

Il me tarde de darder aux confins de tes cuisses,
Un nez malicieux, taquiner ton calice,
Y plonger mon visage - entier si possible -
M'y perdre, m'y fondre, me dissoudre en ma cible.

Je veux te sucer, savourer tes hardeurs,
Marier sur ma langue la cyprine et la sueur,
Brûler mon âme au brasier de tes lèvres
Et sentir monter
- en toi l'extase, en moi la fièvre.

Ton clito m'appelle, de dessous sa cachette,
Ce fripon m'invite à sonner sa clochette
Aussi, ma langue, remontant le canyon
Tressaute en chemin, espiègle compagnonne.

Que cela n'ait de cesse, que ne tarisse ma faim,
Que jamais je ne me lasse de l'enivrant parfum
Que ta décharge mortelle par ma lippe qui fait mouche
Se marie à la mienne, mon vît dans ta bouche.

Je veux boire à la source les flots de ton désir
Que ton sexe me recouvre des eaux de ton plaisir
Que son jet me balaie comme balaie l'autopompe
Et l'émeute de mes sens triomphera sous la trombe.

by Poney

by La Fille Renne - lafillerenne.fr
modèle - Laure Giappiconi - lauregiappiconi.com
lingerie - Sacha Kimmes - sachakimmes.com





Prométhée enchaîné, Citadelle de Lipari, îles éoliennes by Leda_Saphir



Fuck Gender Rules

by Kink_Ananas



Il y a ces phrases que j'entends trop souvent et qui ont le don de m'agacer :

« c'est un vrai p'tit mec »

« avec maman il cuisine, avec papa il fait du vélo »

« si tu étais un homme je t'aurais frappé », ...

Et j'en passe.

Diverses réflexions sur les stéréotypes de genre m'ont mené à cette petite série de photos.

Ne nous laissons pas enfermer dans ces rôles préconçus par la société.

Es gibt diese Sätze, die ich zu oft höre und die die Gabe haben, mich zu nerven:

"Er ist ein richtiger kleiner Kerl"

"mit Mama kocht er, mit Papa fährt er Fahrrad"

"Wenn du ein Mann wärest, hätte ich dich geschlagen"

Und so weiter.

Verschiedene Reflexionen über Geschlechterstereotypen führten mich zu dieser kleinen Fotoserie.

Lassen wir uns nicht in diesen gesellschaftlichen Rollen einsperren lassen.

Be You-tiful

There are these sentences that I hear too often and that have the gift to annoy me:

"he's a real little guy"

"with mom he cooks, with dad he rides bike"

"if you were a man I would have hit you",

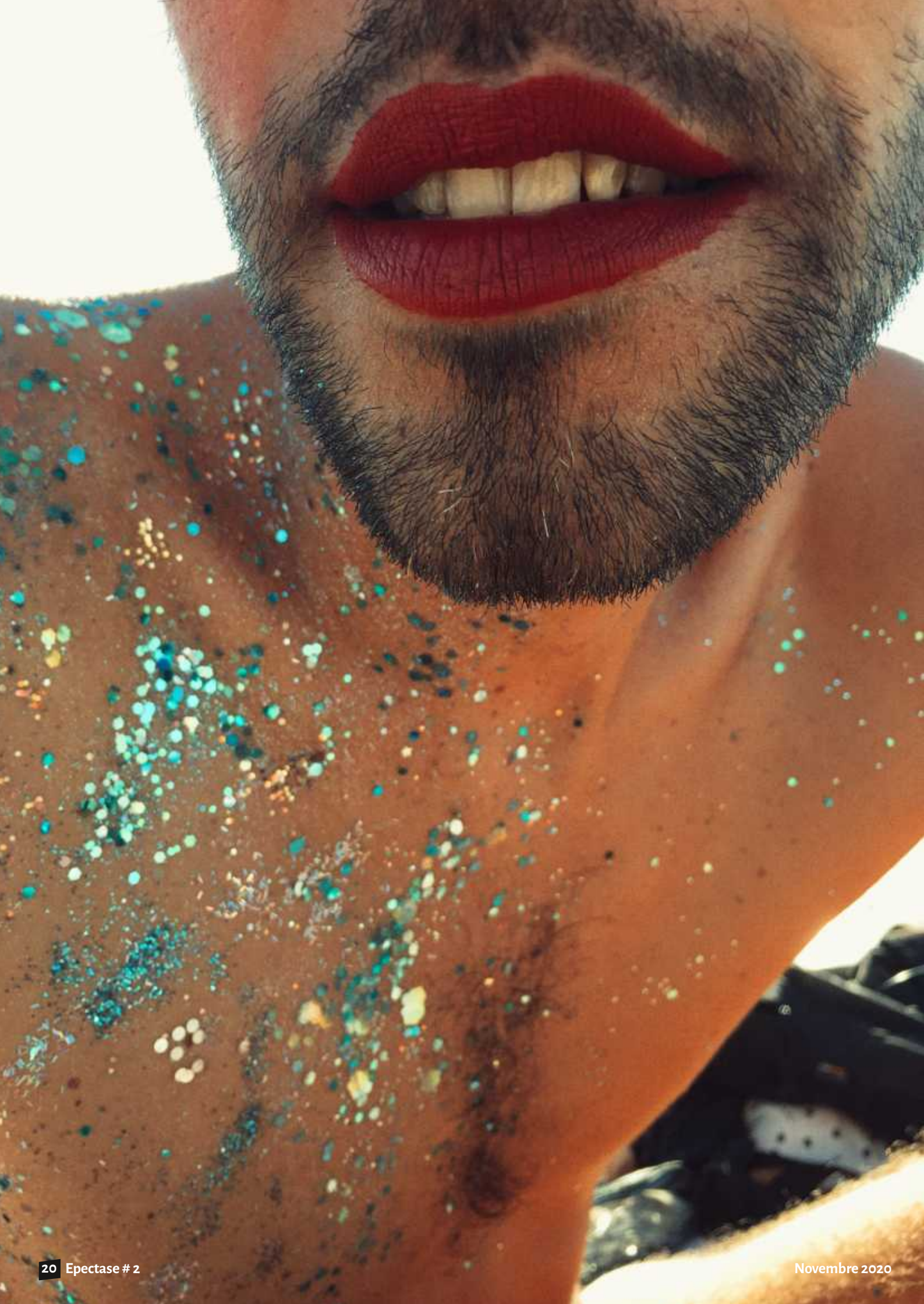
And so on

Various reflections on gender stereotypes led me to this small series of pictures.

Let's not let ourselves be locked into these preconceived roles by society.



Burne Out









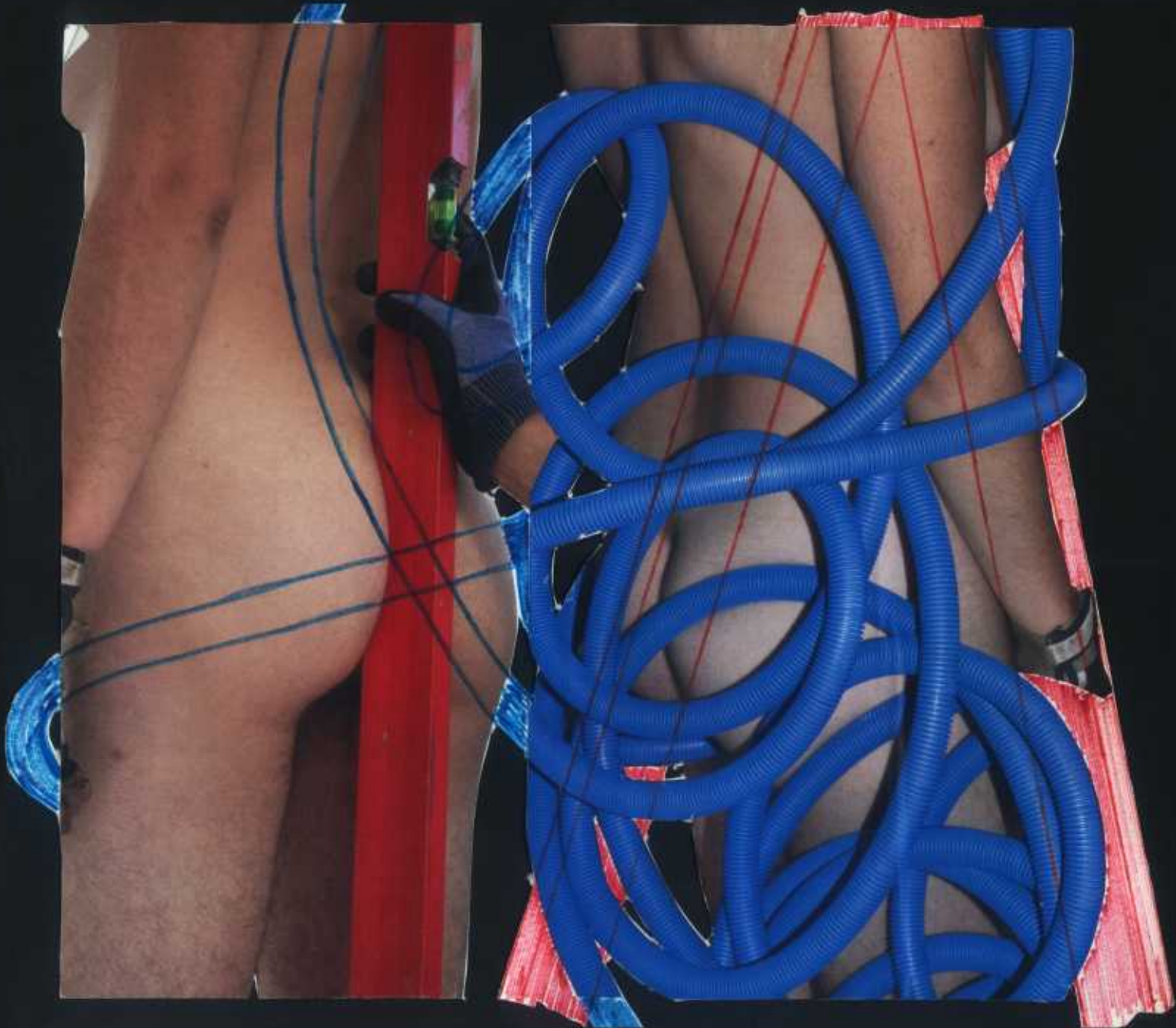
Modèles : Fanny // Sifa // Esmeralda // Anonyme



Was wollt ihr denn ?

by Sam* und Mischa
ajnor.com

Wir verorten uns weiss, trans, nonbinär, agender, afab und amab, queer, ver_rückt, normschön, sind in wohlhabenden Familien aufgewachsen und haben den schweizer Pass.





How I met No 9.

by BandD_couple

A little bed time story

She wanted to try bdsm. She also didn't have any online dating experience whatsoever in her life before.

After matching online and the first messages, we agreed to meet for coffee. The idea developed somehow on its own. She said it was her fantasy to be with a complete stranger, she didn't know who he was and what he looked like, or even seen photos before. I said I'm your man. I thought about how to do it... so I came up with a solution. I placed the first meeting on the bank of the river. There, on the slope of a dam, are narrow stairs towards the river. Around are joggers, walkers, dogs, cyclists. Not many to have peace to talk but enough to have some certainty that you are not alone.

I sent her a google maps screenshot of which stairs to come to, and which to sit on. Thirteenth from above.

She had to come a little earlier than me so I could approach her from behind. She was instructed, and held on, to look at the river all the time and not turn her head so that she could not see me at any moment. She put on a cap and sunglasses, to reduce the possibility to be recognised by some passers-bys. I approached from the top of the dam and sat down on the step behind and above her. We drank coffee from a thermos bottle, corona style. She was slightly scared, you could see that, for the first hour or two, until she relaxed a bit. We talked for four hours and we had the feeling that we could stay longer, but the night and cold came. We left same as we arrived, I went first, she waited a bit and than she left. Later, we went through the impressions, and everything was great and mysterious and cool and hot and simply a good feeling.

So we arranged second date, this time a session. She invited me to her place. She proposed to welcome me with a blindfold, but when i come we should first talk again until she relaxes.

The second date. I rang the bell at the door of the building, and as I climbed up to the top floor she left the door of her apartment open and quickly went into position in which we agreed on her to meet me. Nothing excessive, after all it was our second encounter, she was seated at the table in the dining room, on a chair. Blindfolded. At that moment she panicked a little, if she will have time to put it on while I climb the stairs, haha .. She managed! Good girl.

I went in, checked the situation, open space apartment, table, shelves, sofa, balcony, two cats ... where she is sitting . I brought the vine. She waited with a big smile and was trembling from expectations in the whole body. I sat at the table across her and we started talking. I brought some toys which I took out quietly

and laid them on the table in front of her. I didn't know if I would use any of it: a few ropes, handcuffs, a dildo, a candle, I forgot what else. The conversation went very easily, everything was so cool .

We kept talking. At some point she touched the ropes in front of her and asked what was it? Just ropes I said. Ah, ok. So she searched a little more on the table to find something else. She didn't find everything. During the further conversation, she played with that rope, how girls play with their hair when they are flirty, she wrapped it around her long fingers, sensually but also a little nervous, after all she had a complete stranger in her house she couldn't see. There was a positive tension in the air. The moment came when the beginning of the game was just a matter of minutes.

What happened next I leave to your imagination.

The third meeting was again outside, at the same stairs, under the same rules as the first one. We talked for 4-5 hours again and could have stayed longer, but the night felt. We went through everything from our first session, every detail, every word, every sigh, every slap or spank.. everything. Very



nice and pleasant time.

At this time we both got into that blindfold idea and even thought it could be fun to keep it until the end of our dating days. With that in mind, we arranged a fourth meeting, again at her home.

Something we talked about earlier was how she should meet me. From what she offered I chose a red dress. Until I saw her I was skeptical because that sounded very cliché to me, but it turned out to be a fantastic dress, one of the hottest dresses anyone has ever worn in my company. She waited, sitting in the middle of the room, with the same blindfold.

The fourth date took place very similarly to the first visit. We moved to the table, where the agreed gin and tonic was waiting. We have established a rule that she always has to have it. Lots of light talking, a sip here and there, a few pinches on her nipples or pushing fingers in her mouth and more talking. When we finished the first gin and tonic, she had to go make a new one. It's not as simple task as it may seem, she knows the apartment but couldn't see anything. She managed to crawl to the fridge, do everything blindly

and return to the table without spilling a drop or bumping with her head into furniture. Good girl for the second time! The evening flowed, the tension continued. And the moment came again when the beginning of the game became a matter of seconds. Or was it a moment before? Sometimes things just spill over into each other imperceptibly and naturally.

Guess what? What happened next I leave to your imagination!

And guess what more? The evening got an unplanned end. In the steam of the event, I put my glasses away somewhere. When I was supposed to leave, no way to find them, but no way. I know they're out there somewhere, but I can't find them. WTF!?! And she wore a blindfold and couldn't help. To take it off and help? No way, we won't break the spell for something so banal! Eventually I left without glasses, and she found them I didn't even get out of her short street. But I didn't want to go back and weaken everything a little. Which she turned into great idea, she sent me a package via delivery tomorrow: glasses along with the panties from that morning in which she was just touching herself, a blindfold we won't need anymore and a handwritten letter, one of the best letters I ever got in my life. I want everyone to get such a delivery at least once. I already knew she was special, but this was exceptional, and completely unexpected. She later teased me that I had deliberately left to have a reason to keep in touch.

We won't need Blindfold anymore - we both felt at the end of that evening that the time had come to take off the blindfold. I think a pretty obvious question that came to me by way, when she sees me, will she turn around in terror and run away haha. But, the answer is logical .. after we wrote so many messages, sent videos, talked, had hot steamy sessions, smelled each other, tied her up, licked, slapped, pulled her by the hair, spanked, hugged, kissed, chilled, fucked, laughed, were dead serious, listened to music, enjoyed the wine, and talked a little more about everything, the chances of that happening were very, very minimal. But you never know, right?

Finally, the moment came to remove it. We arranged our fifth meeting again on "our" stairs. It was supposed to be a moment of final revelation. Even for me, because even though I didn't have a blindfold, while she was sitting with a cap and sunglasses on and I was behind her I didn't really see her face. And when she had a blindfold - I didn't see her eyes and eyes are the mirror of the soul. We met without the blindfold, without any rules or instructions and with two big smiles. First she looked at how I was dressed and whether the colors of my clothes match haha. If you are interested, and I know you are interested, yes, everything went well, nobody runs away anywhere. The fifth meeting, the last on the stairs, went by as a summary of everything which happened so far and too short again.

I wish you all from the depths of the double column knot to experience something similar, and I won't be jealous if it happens even better for you! Cheers! Life is but a dream.



She also made notes. Throughout the meeting, she sent messages to a friend in Berlin, who was her first contact with bdsm which inspired her to find out more. Here they are.

It went great actually. I was dressed, blindfolded, sitting at the table waiting. I was really scared, but realistically scared, not in a good way, thinking what I was doing. But got relaxed in some time as we were just sitting, talking and drinking wine. I told him all this what was on my mind and we were joking about it so soon I released this fear.

We have discussed on our first date in the park (haven't seen him as well as he was all the time behind me) what I wanted to try as I wasn't really sure what I was into.

So he started slowly, with the timer, like ok for 7 minutes you are going to be tied up with the rope, and after 7 min he would release it.

From that moment on I was aroused, lost track of time and orientation. Later I had my legs and arms tied up with the rope and realized I really like it. I was slapped in the face a lot, got pinched nipples, slapped on the butt, dragged around the floor.

For the first pee he escorted me to the bathroom and watched, but for the next one I did it on the floor of my living room.

Some things hurt I wanted to cry. I was all the time aroused, and it lasted altogether for like 6 hours, but was aroused differently than in usual sex.

When he would stop hurting me and started touching more gently to do me, it felt really great, much more intense than usual. But I didn't get to orgasm.

We had a break for some time. Just chilling, drinking, talking. Thinking that was actually it.

But than somehow started the second round. He got rougher. He was dragging me, pushing me to the floor (this left me few scratches and bruises), stepping on me with his shoe on.

I could tell by hearing his breathing and heart beats he was totally into it. At one moment I was thinking it was maybe too much for me, but I didn't have to stop it as he stopped it anyway and continued with something less painful. I again didn't get to orgasm, he did. When we stopped he was really nice. Again chilling, he was holding me, we were laughing, listening to music. He checked on me this morning. I'm good and feeling well.

So, all together some things I know already I really like. For some I'm not sure, possibly if done differently I could like it.

Anyhow we will continue for sure with few more sessions at least. So I will see how I feel.

Still don't know when or if at all to take off the blindfold. I like it a lot :)

T: Any future plans or do you want to leave it a that?

B: No, no, not leaving it!!

We had another meeting outdoors in public, to talk about the experience. Again sitting on the stairs, he was behind me so I couldn't see his face. We were talking for hours. We will meet again tomorrow at my place, I will continue with the blindfold, I like it a lot :)

So, I still haven't seen him even though we had 2 dates already.

We agreed to meet in a public place, in the

scared. He cut two holes in my t-shirt, just in a right position, so my nipples popped out:) There were people around but couldn't really see what was going on as only the nipples were out and the rest looked as I had a normal t-shirt on.

He touched and squeezed my nipples I wanted to scream from pleasure. He asked me if I was wet. Sure I was!!

He wanted to check if I was telling the true so he cut my t-shirt on the back, placed his arms inside the t-shirt, around me, to the



park, to talk about our past session. He told me not to wear panties. We agreed to meet at the stairs again and I had to arrive 15 min before him and sit on a 13-th stair. In a while I've heard footsteps from behind but wasn't allowed to turn around. He got seated right behind me.

Shortly after, he asked me to remove my bra and to give it to him! So I did.

After we had some vine and talk he told me not to move, to sit still! Than he placed his arms around me, as he was going to hug me from behind. He had a knife. I got a bit

belly and slipped his hand in my trousers (no panties, remember!) and inside me.

I could die from excitement and pleasure. Daylight and people around us everywhere, I really had to concentrate to pretend nothing was happening. We were sitting there like that for some time, finishing our vine and than left.

I got a present, had to keep it as he placed it, until I arrived home ;))





Tabous

Tabous.
Ta bouche.
Ta langue.
Ton corps.
Ta chatte.
Ta bite.
Ta BIP.

Ta peau prend me retourne me fait chanter me fait vibrer. Toucher symphonique. Tout à toucher.
Touchons Touché Coulé Brûlé. Ripé Assassiné Volé Meurtri. Et jouit jour].
Journée de prise en main de prise en pied de protection enlevée.
Remise retirer ses habits le corps roule. Il reste TOI... et MOI.
Je brûle à l'intérieur à l'extérieur pensant à toi.
En imaginant ta peau ta brûlure ta fente en toi.
Toi ta possessivité de toi à moi de moi sur toi.
Des bouches qui se collent qui se cherchent qui se donnent qui tentent et re-tentent.

Tu es là.
Je suis ici.
Tu es.
Je suis.

Tabous.
Ta bouche.
Ta langue.
Ton corps.
Ta chatte.
Ta bite.
Ta BIP.

Les images se succèdent mais ne se ressemblent pas. Pénétrer dans un monde. Être pénétré par ce monde.
Les impressions se choquent, chaque particule de la peau est touchée. Envie animale, primitive.
Contrôle. Lâcher prise. Possession. Possédé.
Le corps est fort. Lâche-t-il prise ? Veut-il donner ou reculer ?
Donner. Recevoir.
Peur de ne pas y arriver. Être aidé.
Que signifient ces rêves ? Voler. Être volé.
Je te touche et tu me touches.
J'ai envie et tu as envie.
Tu me prends et je te prends.
Tu me manipules puis je le fais.

Tu es là.
Je suis ici.
Tu es.
Je suis.

Tabous.
Ta bouche.
Ta langue.
Ton corps.
Ta chatte.
Ta bite.
Ta BIP.

Téléphone; Mental. Téléphonie; Problème de messagerie.
En mouvement. Les mots trop lents. Ton regard et le mien.
Les corps se sont échauffés. Le message est clair. Sensations – Impressions.
Il n'y a pas de pouvoir.
Il n'y a pas de rapport de force.
Il y a le Yin et le yang.
Il y a perpétuel et infini mouvance.
Il n'y a pas de rôle prédéfini.
Il n'y a pas de séparation.
Il y a des courbes qui s'entremêlent.
Il y a la vie qui se crée en direct.

Tu es là.
Je suis ici.
Tu es.
Je suis.

Tabous.
Ta bouche.
Ta langue.
Ton corps.
Ta chatte.
Ta bite.
Ta BIP.

Les tabous sont différents.
Ils tournent dans les recoins du mental se tapissent dans l'ombre.
Les désirs sont différents.
Ils se ressemblent ou se complètent.
L'apprentissage se pratique en pratiquant.
Les frontières s'effondrent en touchant.
La rencontre en se rencontrant.
En se touchant.

Tu es là.
Je suis ici.
Tu es.
Je suis.

Tabus

Tabus.

Dein Mund.

Deine Zunge.

Dein Körper.

Deine Muschi.

Dein Schwanz.

Dein BIP.

Deine Haut nimmt mich, wühlt mich auf, lässt mich singen, bringt mich zum schwingen.

Symphonischer Tastsinn. Alles anzufassen. Berühren berührt versenkt verbrannt.

Gerutscht umgebracht gestohlt gebeutelt. Und kommt Tag X. Tag des Handgriffs des Fußgriffs des angezogenen Schutzes.

Die Übergabe sich ausziehen der Körper rollt. Es bleibt DU... und ICH.

Ich brenne innen und außen denkend an dich.

Vorstellend deine Haut dein Brennen dein Sprung in dir.

Du deine Besitzgier von dir zu mir von mir zu dir.

Münder, die sich aneinanderkleben, die sich suchen, die sich geben, die versuchen

Du bist da.

Ich bin hier.

Du bist.

Ich bin.

Tabus.

Dein Mund.

Deine Zunge.

Dein Körper.

Deine Muschi.

Dein Schwanz.

Dein BIP.

Die Bilder folgen aufeinander aber sind nicht ähnlich. Dringen durch eine Welt Von dieser Welt gedrungen werden.

Die Eindrücke erregen sich, jede Partikeln der Haut wird berührt. Tierische Lust, primitive.

Kontrol. Aufgeben. Besitzen. Besitzt zu werden.

Der Körper ist stark. Gibt er auf? Will er geben oder zurückgehen ?

Geben. Bekommen.

Angst es nicht zu schaffen. Geholfen zu werden.

Was bedeuten diese Träume? Stehlen. Gestohlen zu sein.

Ich berühre dich und du berührst mich.

Ich habe Lust und du hast Lust.

Du nimmst mich und ich nehme dich.

Du manipulierst mich und ich mache es.

Du bist da.

Ich bin hier.

Du bist.

Ich bin.

Tabus.

Dein Mund.

Deine Zunge.

Dein Körper.

Deine Muschi.

Dein Schwanz.

Dein BIP.

Telefon;psychisch. Telefonie, Sprachspreicherdienstprobleme.

In Bewegung. Die zu langsamen Wörter. Dein Blick und meiner.

Die Körpern sind erregt. Die Nachricht ist klar. Gefühle – Eindrücke.

Es gibt keine Macht.

Es gibt keine Kräfteverhältnisse.

Es gibt Yin und Yang.

Es gibt ewige und endlose Bewegung.

Es gibt kein vordefinierte Rolle.

Es gibt keine Trennung.

Es gibt Kurven, die sich vermischen.

Es gibt das Leben, dass sich direkt erschafft.

Du bist da.

Ich bin hier.

Du bist.

Ich bin.

Tabus.

Dein Mund.

Deine Zunge.

Dein Körper.

Deine Muschi.

Dein Schwanz.

Dein BIP.

Tabus sind unterschiedlich.

Sie gehen auf und ab im Winkel verkriechen sich im Schatten der Psyche.

Das Begehren ist unterschiedlich.

Sie sind sich ähnlich oder ergänzen einander.

Das Lehren übt sich am Üben.

Die Grenzen fallen bei der Berührung ein.

Die Begegnung während des Begegnens.

Berühren sie sich.

Du bist da.

Ich bin hier.

Du bist.

Ich bin.

Les vêtements mis au placard ?

by Clair De Lune

Alors que nous échangeons moult expériences et opinions autour de la question de l'érotisme, l'un.e de mes partenaires évoqua avec regrets le potentiel sous-estimé en la matière du vêtement dans les pratiques sexuelles de Monsieur et Madame Tout-Le-Monde.

À bien y réfléchir, il est vrai que rares sont les occasions durant lesquelles mes compagnon.ne.s de bagatelle et moi-même nous sommes amusé.e.s de cette bonne vieille étape du déshabillage, en faisant ainsi (involontairement, j'aime à croire) le laissé-pour-compte de nos ébats sexuels. Pantalon, chaussettes et débardeur se retrouvaient immanquablement jetés avec une négligente hâte au pied du lit, pressé.es que nous étions de "passer aux choses sérieuses" (De quelles représentations erronées de l'acte sexuel il s'agit là ?)!

Qu'est-il donc advenu de l'effeuillage, reliquat du XXe siècle tant apprécié sur scène, mais si peu invité dans nos chambres à coucher aujourd'hui (quoi qu'apparaît un récent regain d'intérêt pour cet art sulfureux) ? Où est donc passé le plaisir discret du frottement d'un jeans contre la cuisse, de la main glissée sous un t-shirt ?

Nous avons tout intérêt, me semble-t-il, à renouer avec ce répertoire sensoriel. Toutefois faut-il encore décider d'y accorder son temps, dans une ère où l'on tend davantage vers le "fast sex" !

Nourrie de ces réflexions, je n'ai pour ma part nullement l'intention de faire l'impasse, lors de mes prochaines parties de jambes en l'air, sur cet "érotisme vestimentaire" !

En attendant, je vous laisse, jeunes et moins jeunes émoustillé.e.s, avec un modeste poème que m'a inspiré

The garment, put in the closet?

— Hétéroclite garde-robe de ce fameux partenaire!

While we were exchanging many experiences and opinions around the question of eroticism, one of my partners evoked with regrets the underestimated potential of clothing in the sexual practices of Mr. and Mrs. Everyman. Come to think of it, it's true that only on a few occasions, my trifling companions and I have had a good old-fashioned fun at the undressing stage, thus (unintentionally, I like to think) leaving our sexual frolics on the back burner. Pants, socks and tank tops were inevitably thrown carelessly and hastily to the foot of the bed, in a hurry to "get down to business" (What misrepresentations of the sexual act are we talking about?)!

So what happened to stripping, a twentieth-century relic so much appreciated on stage, but so uninvited in our bedrooms today (although there has been a recent resurgence of interest in this sulphurous art)? Where is the discreet pleasure of rubbing a pair of jeans against the thigh, of the hand slipped under a T-shirt?

It seems to me that we have every interest in renewing our relationship with this sensory repertoire. However, we still need to decide to give it its time, in an era where we tend more towards "fast sex"!

Nourished by these reflections, I don't intend to ignore this "eroticism of clothing" during my next sex parties!

In the meantime, I leave you, young and old alike, with a modest poem inspired by the heterogeneous wardrobe of this famous partner!



Amour bestial



Poils emmêlés, peignoir
dalmatien
Jeu de regards
Sexe dressé, legging léopard
Coups de reins

Cuisses écartées, jupe crocodile
Bruit de succion
Ventre noué, ceinture python
Temps d'une idylle



Fétichiste des mots

by Kink_Ananas

Y T R A M P L I N G B M T E
P B C Y Q F K X D E A O U P
U S J E X C L N W N I R P E
P C M O G O F F U I L S C C
P U A S R N Z G S X L U Z T
Y I S Q F S D R I F O R E A
- R O U U E M B T T N E N S
P H C I P N A B O N D A G E
L L H R E T R F P C O R D E
A A I T G E T E H T S K K A
Y T S I G M I S I K S R U D
X E M N I E N S L T O B W Q
O X E G N N E É I E V S E C
W T Q B G T T E E F U U V X

Bailлон
Consentement
Cuir
Fessée
Martinet
Morsure
Puppy-play
Squirting
Bondage
Corde
Epectase
Latex
Masochisme
Pegging
Sitophilie
Tramplling









Queer resistance: Men Against Sexism

Some of the stories of Men Against Sexism (MAS), a queer resistance/solidarity group inside Washington State Prison.

In the late 1970s, a multiracial group of mainly queer and trans people inside Washington State Penitentiary formed a solidarity group, called Men against Sexism (MAS), to fight rape culture inside the institution, including the buying and selling of prisoners for sex. Ed Mead, former MAS member incarcerated as part of the George Jackson Brigade, states that the organization (sometimes referred to as a radical gang) was built upon the energy of a 47-day prisoner's strike that was accompanied by a 14-point list of demands (#1 being rectifying conditions in solitary confinement). According to Mead, MAS was active and successful in its many political endeavors on the inside--everything from demanding queer- and trans-centered film screenings and fundraising for equipment; to a "safe cell" program to protect queens and other trans women and genderqueer people; a guardian system to protect elderly prisoners; regular protests against Christian services that preached the "sins" of homosexuality; and acquiring women's underwear and dresses (with prison administration's approval!) for trans and genderqueer prisoners.

Mead also reminds us this was an era before AIDS, and tells stories of how queer and trans people were able to get together—with either each other or with volunteers from the outside—to engage in sex that was consensual, pleasurable, and plentiful.



A black and white photo of two people sitting together, against a wall and on top of a cell bed. There is a poster above the bed. Kim's arm is wrapped around Leomy's shoulder, and Leomy's body is nestled into Kim's. Both are wearing different colored robes and are looking at the camera.

Mead's account highlights the organized nature of consciousness-raising that was spreading inside prisons throughout North America in the 1970s, no doubt influenced by political organizing on the outside (Black Power, Red Power, Brown Berets, Third World Liberation Front, women's liberation, gay and queer liberation, etc.)

Notably, he states that many of the practices they created to protect themselves and other vulnerable



Sources

Mead's account comes from a 2011 radio interview with him by Guelph's Earful of Queer (CFRU 93.3FM)

Ethan Hoffman and John A. McCoy's *Concrete Mama: Prison Profiles from Walla Walla* (University of Washington Press, 2018; first published in 1981)

Further reading: Eric A. Stanley and Nat Smith, eds. *Captive Genders: Trans Embodiment and the Prison Industrial Complex*, second edition (AK Press; 2015).



prisoners were sanctioned by prison administrators, including MAS as an organization. However, Mead is no reformist. MAS was formally dismantled when some of its members attempted to break out of prison.

For MAS, it was clear that prisons themselves were the core problem.

Prisons, no matter how hard they try to tell us otherwise, are not exceptional spaces. Rather, they are sites that magnify and amplify existing social conditions, including racism, homophobia, and transphobia.

In other words, prisons reproduce violence.

A colored photograph of Washington State Penitentiary's watch tower from the outside, as seen down a concrete corridor. High fences topped with barbed wire line each side of the corridor.

Washington State Penitentiary (Alan Berner/

Seattle Times)

Trans and genderqueer people, especially people of color, continue to be some of the most vulnerable people in our communities. They have some of the highest incarceration rates, as well as the highest rates of violence done against them both outside and inside prisons.

The history of MAS reminds us that 2SLGBTQIA+ people have always existed inside, and how hard they have fought to creatively find ways to exist, protect each other, and be themselves.

Abolition must be rooted in queer and trans liberation. None of us are free until all of us are free..



EPECTASE #3

Le numéro Epectase #3 paraîtra en Juin 2021. Vos contributions peuvent être envoyées à evasions@riseup.net jusqu'au 15.05.2021.

SUPPORTS ACCEPTÉS

- Textes :
chroniques, interviews, articles de fond, portfolios, poèmes, retours d'expérience, réflexions...
- Images :
Dessins, photographies, collages...
- autres :
enregistrements sonores, musiques, vidéos...

Langues :
Toutes les langues sont les bienvenues ainsi que les articles directement traduits en plusieurs langues.

The Epectase #3 issue will be published in June 2021. Your contributions can be sent to evasions@riseup.net until 15.05.2021.

ACCEPTED SUPPORTS

- Texts:
interviews, articles, portfolios, chronicles, poems, novels,
- Images :
pictures, Drawing, collage,
- other :
- sound recordings, music, video...

Languages :
All languages are welcome as well as articles directly translated into several languages.

15.05.2021

Die dritte Epectase Ausgabe ist für Juni 2021 geplant. Beiträge können bis zum 15.05.2021 an evasions@riseup.net geschickt werden.

AKZEPTIERTE FORMATE

- Texte:
Interviews, Artikel, Portfolios, Chroniken, Gedichte, Novelle,
- Bilder :
Fotografien, Zeichnung, Collage,
- andere :
Musik, Tonaufnahme, Video...

Sprachen :
Alle Sprachen sind willkommen, ebenso wie Artikel, die direkt in mehrere Sprachen übersetzt sind.

Epectase #2



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BandD_couple / Zagreb, Croatia
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Ma langue arpente ta peau
comme
jambes les vallées
Je te goûte en lampées
Je suce ta rosée
by Mimo



"We were some tough faggots"
Ed Mead, Man against sexism member



Projet Evasions
evasions@riseup.net