

July 2012

Brav_a

#1

{spanish: fierce, rough, angry, brave}
queer-feminist teenmag, english // deutsch

Photo Love Story

Comics

Star Interview

Sex

Psychotest

Menstruation

"Mein erstes Mal"

Cover photo by Alex Giegold // www.alexgiegold.com

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ABOUT BRAV_A

letter from the editors

Isabelle: Come on, Maja, write something good.

Maja: I can't write under pressure like this, Isabelle! It has to come naturally!

Isabelle says: Well, why did we make this zine again? What's it all about?

Maja: It's supposed to be a teen-magazine piss-take/satire, with some serious content about the necessary teenie-themes (love, sex, relationships...) too.

Isabelle: But will people get it?

Maja: Hmm, I'm afraid people will expect something ed-yoo-cay-shun-ul, like an intro-to-being-queer for 13 years and up. But that's not really what we wanted to do - and it's already been done (shout out to the original Brava zine! We thought our idea was totally unique, we swear!).

Isabelle: Yeah, we don't have any illusions about this not becoming a zine for the scene, rather than something we'd hand out on school playgrounds. We can only hope that it falls into the 'wrong' hands...

Maja & Isabelle: Yep - so copy it, paste it, cut it, spread it, pass it on, and most of all, enjoy!

Isabelle: Los Maja, schreib was Gutes!

Maja: Ich kann nicht unter Druck schreiben! Es ist ein natürlicher Entstehungsprozess!

Isabelle sagt: Naja, warum haben wir jetzt dieses Zine nochmal gemacht? Worum geht es?

Maja: Es soll ein Teenie-Magazin Verarschung/Satire sein, aber auch mit ernstem Inhalt über wichtige Teenie-Themen (Liebe, Sex, Beziehungen..).

Isabelle: Werden unsere Leser_innen das verstehen?

Maja: Hmmh, ich befürchte die Leute erwarten etwas Bil-Den-Des, wie eine Anleitung zum queer sein für 13-Jährige. Aber das ist nicht was wir erreichen wollten, das würde auch schon gemacht (liebe Grüße an das originale Brava-Zine! Wir dachten unsere Idee war ganz individuell, wir schwören!).

Isabelle: Ja, wir haben keine Illusionen darüber, dass dieses Zine etwas anderes sein wird als Szene-intern. Wir können nur hoffen, dass es auch mal in die "falschen" Hände fällt..

Maja & Isabelle: Also - kopiert es, verbreitet es weiter.. und vor allem - habt Spaß beim Lesen!



Brav_a editors in their natural state.

NICKY CLICK

Interview by Cindy Wonderful

Nicky Click, a whirlwind of surprises, notorious for her larger than life personality on and off stage, is back with her third CD "Metaphorically Of course..."(crunks not dead records). She may be known for her "dirty and flirty" Queer Dance jams, but this new record offers an unexpected journey into Country and Roots. While she does include some booty shaking gems on this album, she also explores story telling through traditional folk mixed with electronic beats. From hilarious to heartfelt, each song as well as ever expanding cast of characters is a metaphor for her own personal experience and feelings. Each track is like a piece of a puzzle, and in the end the big picture is something like a cross between Dolly Parton, Miss Piggy, and Dr. Frank-N-Furter. Political, Emotional, Funny and Fresh, Nicky Click shows us she is not afraid to take artistic risks. She opens her heart and invites you along for the ride.

Recently I had a chance to catch up with Nicky Click and chat with her about her new album, this is what she had to say.

Nicky Click: I have literally spent the last 5 years working on this album. It is an eclectic mix of pop songs and re-defining what a pop song would sound like.

The album explores more characters within the Nicky Click; who have evolved as my art involves and my intentions. Cactus Rose is the new girl on the album, she is the whiskey sweet closest to my heart, country crooner from a farm. Then there's the Nikki Slikk character which evolved from my work with performance artist and writer, Meliza Banales. She is a hot shot over the top garter belt and thong wearing sex gangster who challenges nickyclick to step it up. The yin and yang. And then there's good old fashioned Petunia Pie with her diary entry songs. She only got one on this record, but is the soft vulnerable side of the clicks. The name of the record stems from the parody comedic side of the record, and the many metaphors used. I think it speaks a lot to taking risks as an artist and not being



afraid to put out into the world what you feel then, not feeding into some preconceived notion of what you think people would want to hear. In the end this is all for my heart and soul, and if I sing folk songs why not? I think the songs are all different, yet my intention was to make it cohesive, and I feel it is or hope!

Cindy: You definitely project a very self empowered image, you have been both thin and big, has this changed anything in the way people treat you or had an influence on your direction?

Nicky Click: People definitely feel they can comment on my weight and make fun of me being a plus sized hottie. It's part of being a diva, people can pick you apart if they want, when really it is just a body and that has not much to do with me as an artist, although I do claim and encourage body positivity through my show and words!

Cindy: It seems that you have a very loyal fanbase.

Nicky: I feel very fortunate to be exploring my career from a DIY approach, and yet still have our music for "i'm on my cell phone" (directed by Peter Pizzi) on MTV's gay station "Logo" voted top ten of 2010 and literally our community voted me over Lady Gaga's "Telephone" w/Beyonce.

Cindy: Wow, and what are you busy with now?

Nicky: I have a new split 7 coming out with Scream Club called 3. It is our second 7" together. It's a collection of remixes featuring guest appearances by Peaches, Shunda K, Beth Ditto (the gossip), Ryan Williams (austra), and my girlfriend LadyJane. And, as always, I am trying to learn more, collaborate, push myself, and know there's people who care about what I am doing.

Cindy: What are some queers or feminists or people in history that you feel a connection to or feel like have helped shaped or open doors for you?

Nicky: SCREAMCLUB, Nan Goldin, Anna Oxygen, Cathy Cathodic, Michelle Tea, Miranda July, riot grrrrl, Tammy Rae Carland, too much to name!

Cindy: Whats next for you?

Nicky: Trying to get back to my roots as an engineer and musical producer, playing with programs and drum machines and hoping to produce my whole next album!

Cindy: Anything else you want to add?

Nicky: Yes please check out nickyclick.com, and my record label crunksnotdeadrecords.com

"MEIN ERSTES MAL"

von Marie

Mein erstes Mal hatte ich mit 18 mit meinem zweiten Freund, die erste Person mit der ich eine Langzeitbeziehung mit großer Liebe und dann großem Herzschmerz hatte. Diese Beziehung dient mir bis heute als lehrreiche Referenz dazu, wie es nicht sein sollte.

Wir hatten uns durch gemeinsame Freund_innen kennen gelernt, er lud mich zu ihm zum Filmgucken ein und wir waren sofort nach unserem "ersten Date" ein Paar. In der Annahme nun endlich die wahre Liebe gefunden zu haben, gab ich meine Identität als Einzelperson auf und stürzte mich Hals über Kopf in ein Dasein als symbiotischer Monsterorganismus. Von nun an guckte ich ihm tagtäglich beim Computerspielen zu und versuchte japanischen Splatterfilmen etwas abzugewinnen. Ich lieh ihm viel Geld für seine DVD-Sammlung. Wir sahen uns jeden Tag und mit meinen Freund_innen traf ich mich kaum noch. Es war die wahre Liebe.

"... ich [gab] meine Identität als Einzelperson auf und stürzte mich Hals über Kopf in ein Dasein als symbiotischer Monsterorganismus."

Ich hatte mir schon vor einiger Zeit die Pille verschreiben lassen, da ich es mit 18 Zeit fand, endlich, wie alle anderen, Sex zu haben (eine andere Verhütungsmethode wurde von der Frauenärztin nicht angesprochen). Meine Symbiose, rückblickend wohl eher ein Parasitismus, bestand schon ein paar Monate und mein Freund, das ist zumindest eine Sache, die ich ihm nicht vorwerfen kann, drängte mich zu nichts. Eines Tages lagen wir im Bett und ich schaffte es nach mehreren Anläufen herauszuflüstern, dass ich gerne Sex hätte (Warum es mir, teilweise bis heute, so schwer fiel/fällt, das Wort „Sex“ auch nur in den Mund zu nehmen weiß ich nicht. Meine Familie sprach nicht offen über dieses Thema, aber war auch nicht speziell prüde). Nachdem ich das vulgäre Wort endlich rausgebracht hatte, schritten wir dann zu Tat! Bzw. er. Es tat etwas weh und war dann auch schnell vorbei (an genaue Einzelheiten erinnere ich mich nicht, es kann nicht sehr eindrucksvoll gewesen sein). Das Bettlaken war ein wenig blutig, besonders anders fühlte ich mich nicht.

"... ich dachte einfach mit mir stimme etwas nicht, und akzeptierte mein Schicksal."

Ich hatte keinen Orgasmus, auch keine anderen besonderen Empfindungen. Es sollte so bleiben. Ich beschloss, dass ich kein sexueller Mensch sei, Frauen wollen schließlich ja immer weniger Sex als Männer, und hatte das nächste Jahr sehr, sehr

schlechten Sex. Dass die meisten Frauen von vaginaler Penetration alleine keinen Orgasmus haben, war mir nicht klar, ich dachte einfach, mit mir stimme etwas nicht, und akzeptierte mein Schicksal. Nachts masturbierte ich manchmal heimlich, wenn er schlief. Nicht ein einziges Mal redeten wir über unser Sexleben und meine – man kann es nicht mal Unzufriedenheit nennen, da ich nichts Besseres kannte und subjektiv glücklich war. Andere Bereiche der Beziehung, wie seine Depressionen, für die er mir die Schuld gab, und die Offenbarung, dass er immer noch in seine Ex-Freundin verliebt sei, lenkten mich vom Problematisieren unseres Sexes ab. Ich war froh, ihn zumindest in diesem Aspekt zufrieden stellen zu können (?).

Die Symbiose bröckelte, als ich durch einen Freund von heimlichen Treffen mit seiner Ex-Freundin erfuhr. Ich war verzweifelt und in meinem Wahn ließ ich mich

".. zum Glück lernte ich dann die ersten Leute kennen, die das Wort 'Feminismus' in den Mund nahmen"

unter dem Status „beste Freunde“ noch eine ganze Weile verarschen. Zum Glück lernte ich dann die ersten Leute kennen, die das Wort „Feminismus“ in den Mund nahmen, schloss neue Freundschaften und konnte mich schließlich endgültig von ihm losreißen.

Es dauerte sehr lange, bis ich schließlich jemanden fand, der mit mir über Sex redete und tatsächlich Spaß daran hatte, mir Spaß zu bereiten. In diesem Moment realisierte ich erst, auf was ich alles so lange Zeit verzichtet hatte, sexuell wie emotional. Ich frage mich, wie viele Frauen in so einer Beziehung wie ich sie hatte stecken bleiben und der „Liebe“ wegen nicht darüber nachdenken, warum ihnen Sex so wenig Spaß macht, und sich nicht trauen, ihre sexuelle Befriedigung einzufordern. Ich realisiere aber auch, wie schwer es mir bis heute fällt (zumindest im Bett), genau zu sagen, was ich will, und es wird sicher noch ein längerer Weg, allem gefühlten und gedachten Feminismus zum Trotz...

SEX? WAS IST DAS?

von Debo

Sex... Ständig wird darüber geredet, alle – zumindest ab einem gewissen Alter – wissen was das ist. Oder vielleicht doch nicht? Hakt mensch genauer nach, scheint's mit der Definition gar nicht mehr so einfach zu sein.

Addiere ich Penis und Vagina, kommt heraus Sex? Ist das alles? Muss das sein? Was ist, wenn nur Vaginas aufeinandertreffen oder nur Penisse? Wo bleibt überhaupt die Klitoris? Was gibt es sonst noch alles? Und last but not least: Wo bleibt der Spaß, wenn ich mit mir alleine bin?

Die Freude an der Verwirrung liebend, habe ich mal in meinem Bekanntenkreis nachgefragt:

"Was ist Sex?"

Menschen verschiedenen Alters und Geschlechts haben geantwortet:

"Ich fand die Definition immer ganz gut: wenn primäre Sexualorgane involviert sind. Das kann dann auch Masturbation sein. Aber dann frage ich mich auch wieder, warum solche Unterscheidungen, zum Beispiel zwischen „küssen“ und „Sex“, überhaupt gemacht werden müssen. Vielleicht könnte man auch sagen: Sex ist, wenn es eine Berührung gibt, die sich erregend anfühlt. Noch offener definiert, könnte man auch sagen: Sex findet im Kopf statt, geht also auch ohne Berührung."

"Sex ist für mich, wenn Lebewesen – Tiere oder Menschen – sich mit mindestens einem ihrer Art vergnügen, durch die Berührung von mindestens einem Sexualorgan. Alleine kann man keinen Sex haben. Masturbation ist für mich kein Sex. Brüste anfassen oder küssen ist für mich auch kein Sex"

"Austausch von Körperflüssigkeiten. Wenn ein Kondom dazwischen ist, zählt der Versuch. Oder nee, vielleicht besser: Berührungen in intimen Körperbereichen, die zu Befriedigung führen sollen, also auch hier zählt wieder der Versuch."

"Geschlechtsverkehr. Zwei Personen, die sich ganz dollie lieb haben und dann miteinander schlafen. Es kommt darauf an, was man mag, es müssen beide mögen."

"Es ist eine intime Art sich zu zeigen, dass man sich liebt, also wenn es um den Freund oder die Freundin geht. Frau und Frau oder Mann und Mann ist anders als Frau und Mann. Aber auch das ist Sex. Für diejenigen Personen dürfte es dasselbe Gefühl sein."

"Sex ist Geschlechtsverkehr und hat nicht immer was mit Liebe zu tun, wie manche Menschen meinen. Es soll was Schönes sein, was Spaß macht. Man sollte auf jeden Fall wissen, dass Sex und Liebe was Unterschiedliches sind, sonst kann das verletzen."

"Entweder Macht. Oder was sehr, sehr Schönes."

"Ich denke was einem beigebracht wurde, ist, wenn ein Mann und eine Frau penetrierend Sex haben. Dann wird das noch abgestuft in Oralsex und Analsex und andere Kategorien, woran man schon sieht, dass mit „der Sex“ Penetrationssex zwischen Vagina und Penis gemeint ist. Für mich weiß ich gar nicht, ob das wichtig ist das zu definieren. Ich denke dabei an (mindestens stellenweise) Nacktheit und daran, dass es feucht wird."

"Mmmm, lass mich mal überlegen... Es ist sicherlich nicht nur Steckkontakt. Sex ist viel mehr und es muss auch kein Steckkontakt dazugehören. Mich nervt es, dass sich unter Sex – zumindest im öffentlichen Diskurs – immer nur das vorgestellt wird. Es ist auch blöd, wenn es beim Sex schon fast unweigerlich darauf hinauslaufen soll. Abgesehen davon fällt es mir schwer, es genau zu definieren. Jedes Mal, wenn man es versucht, vergisst man etwas."

"Die vollkommene Vereinigung zweier sich liebender Menschen, die sich bedingungslos vertrauen."

"Sex ist quasi die Korpulation zweier oder mehrerer Individuen. Ich meine nicht kopulieren, sondern habe das Wort korpulieren (von Korpus = Körper abgeleitet) neu geprägt, um deutlich zu machen, dass Sex nicht nur zur Fortpflanzung und nicht zwangsläufig zweigeschlechtlich praktiziert wird. Also rede ich von körperlicher Interaktion. Diese findet meistens in innigeren zwischenmenschlichen Beziehungen statt."

"Das ist ein Schmarrn. Realfiktion. Das gibt's gar nicht – hab' ich bei Foucault gelesen."

"Körperliche Erregung, hervorgerufen alleine zu zweit oder mit mehreren Menschen (mit oder ohne Beteiligung von Gegenständen)."

"Oh mein Gott. Ich weiß nicht... Es muss schon 'ne ganze Menge Hormone dazugehören. Es muss so heiß sein, dass hinterher das Bett in Flammen steht. Ist mir, glaub' ich, schon mal passiert. Ne wirklich, von ner Kerze! Das ist aber nur passiert, weil der Sex so wild war. Ich denke nicht, dass es nicht-wilden Sex gibt. Hatte ich zumindest noch nicht. Also ich zähl' Kuscheln nicht dazu. Und es muss vollkommen spontan sein. Geplanter Sex ist meistens kacke."

"Sauätzendes gesellschaftliches Thema, weil viel darüber gesprochen wird, aber immer nur innerhalb gesellschaftlicher Normen, welche besagen: Er muss es ihr besorgen, einen langen Schwanz haben, aktiv und dominant sein. Sie muss rasiert sein, weder Bauch noch Cellulitis haben und einen Orgasmus mindestens vorspielen. Männer wollen immer, Frauen nie. Pupsen, lachen, reden sind grundsätzlich verboten. Man kann sich viel versauen, wenn man mit solchen Erwartungshaltungen bzw. Normen an die Sache herangeht. Für mich persönlich ist es etwas körperlich sehr Schönes, was auf Vertrauen aufbaut. Und es ist mittlerweile für mich etwas, was ich nur mit besonderen Personen teilen möchte, auch wenn mir das etwas spät eingefallen ist."

"Leidenschaft. Und, glaube ich, auch ganz viel sich selbst kennenlernen und auf andere einzugehen."

"Auf der einen Seite: Vertrauen, „Liebe machen“. Auf der anderen Seite: Lust, Leidenschaft, Zügellosigkeit."

"Tja, wo fängt man da eigentlich an? Begierde... Ekstase... sich fallen lassen / loslassen... Nähe... die andere Person uneingeschränkt fühlen... auf eine Art Entdeckungsreise gehen auf der Gefühlsebene. Neugierde, Spontanität, Kreativität und Unbeschwertheit. Ein Wechselspiel zwischen Spannung und Entspannung, zwischen Aufgeregtheit und Gelassenheit."

DER GROSSE BRAV_A PSYCHO-TEST

Was für eine queere Szene-Atze bist du?

*Bist du total verqueert, verqueerend oder machst du doch lieber dein eigenes Ding?
Finde es heraus im großen BRAV_A-Psycho-Test!*

von Ludö

1 Welchen Sport machst du?

- a. Sport? Was für Sport?
- b. Ich masturbiere.
- c. Thai-/Kickboxen.
- d. Yoga.

2 Du findest in letzter Zeit immer öfter Typen heiß. Was machst du?

- a. Schweigen und schämen.
- b. Mal vorsichtig mit `ner Freundin drüber reden, vielleicht hat sie eine Idee.
- c. Um mich davon abzulenken, schleppe ich viele FLT* Menschen ab.
- d. Na, ich finde sie heiß, was mache ich - ich versuche, sie kennen zu lernen!
- e. Identität gibt es nicht. Was heißt denn eigentlich „Typen“?

3 Was machst du mit deiner Beinbehaarung?

- a. Ich rasiere sie, aber so aus meinem ganz individuellen Schönheitsempfinden heraus, das hat mit gesellschaftlichen Zwängen nichts zu tun!
- b. Ich rasiere sie nicht, obwohl ich eigentlich möchte, aber ich habe Angst vor den Blicken queerer Freund_innen.
- c. Ich rasiere Herzformen rein und mache eine Foto-Ausstellung darüber.

4 Welche Zeitschriften liest du?

- a. Emma
- b. Jungle World
- c. Missy Magazine
- d. Nur DIY-zines
- e. Gala
- f. BRAVO girl!

5 Du hast einen Konflikt mit einer Freund_in. Wie gehst du damit um?
a. Ihr setzt euch in mehrtägigen Diskussionen mit euren individuellen Streitmustern auseinander und bezieht dabei (alle eure) Freund_innen ein.
b. Reflektieren.
c. Verdrängen.
d. Ihr versöhnt euch oberflächlich und vermeidet es von nun an, euch am gleichen queeren Ort aufzuhalten.

6 Was ist dein aktuelles Liebesproblem?
a. Ich werde gedisst, weil ich in einer monogamen Beziehung bin.
b. Weil ich gedisst wurde, weil ich in einer monogamen Beziehung war, gehe ich ein Techtel ein.
c. Ich habe keine Probleme, ich wollte schon immer polyamour leben – ich bin im 7. Himmel, also in mehreren!

7 Du kriegst auf dem Sookee-Konzert keinen Glitzer ab. Was tust du?
a. Ich raste aus und werfe allen Sexismus und Homophobie vor.
b. Ich lerne wen Nettes kennen und hole mir von ihrer Wange beim Tanzen Glitzer ab.
c. Ich gehe nach Hause.
d. Nich schon wieder Sookee!

8 Die Regierung entzieht allen Nicht-EU-Bürger_innen die Aufenthaltserlaubnis. Was machst du?
a. Ich finde es voll scheiße, muss aber leider noch meine Hausarbeit zu Spivaks postkolonialen Theorieansätzen fertig schreiben und habe deswegen keine Kapazitäten.
b. Ich habe das leider nicht mitbekommen, ich war `ne Weile im Ausland.
c. Ich stürme den Bundestag und knebel den Innenminister bis das Gesetz zurückgenommen wird.

9 Auf einer Demo brüllt jemensch den Bullen „Ihr Hurensöhne!“ zu. Was machst du?
a. Ich mach mit.
b. Ich schreie: „Gegen Macker und Sexisten! Fight the power, fight the system!“
c. Ich gehe in Schockstarre und reflektiere danach ausführlich über in meiner geschlechtsspezifischen Sozialisation enthaltene Passivität und meine bürgerlichen Obrigkeitsängste.

10 Eine Freundin von dir steht auf Kristina Schröder. Was rätst du ihr?
a. Sich im Familienministerium als neue Linksextremismusexpertin vorzustellen.
b. Sich in eine Therapie von Evangelikalen zu begeben, um sich von ihrer Homosexualität heilen zu lassen.
c. Liebesbriefe zu schreiben.

Und jetzt: Zähl deine Punkte zusammen und erfahre, was für ne Queer-Atze du wirklich bist! Die Punktetabelle findest du auf Seite 39.

Ergebnis:

Punktzahl: 28-40

Verqueerte Sau!

Glückwunsch! Du hast es geschafft, in den Kreis der Queer-Feministas als vollständiges Mitglied aufgenommen worden zu sein! Jetzt gilt es nur noch, auch drin zu bleiben und das geht nur, indem du dir deine credibility nicht nehmen lässt. Doch glücklicherweise gibt's ja auch in der queeren Szene klare Richtlinien, an die du dich nur halten musst und schon läuft's wie geschmiert. In diesem Kreis fällt einer_m das Leben in dieser Scheisz-Gesellschaft auch leichter. Widersprüche gibt's hier nicht mehr und irgendwie sind wir ja alle queer und wer das nicht kapieren will, gehört eben nicht dazu. So Leute haben auch echt draußen zu bleiben aus meinen befreiten Räumen. Pech gehabt!

(Aber ist das nicht auch normierend??? Anm. der Redaktion)

Punktzahl: 14-27

Verqueerer*in

*Du findest die queer-feministische Szene richtig cool, gehst auf alle Events und trägst Aufnäher*innen mit Sprüchen wie „Feminist Hooligan“. Aber manchmal kommt dir so ein ungutes Gefühl auf, wenn du dich falsch verstanden fühlst von den anderen queeren kidz, das dich dann doch immer wieder in die Arme deiner alten Mitschüler*innen treibt. Einmal dort angekommen, ist's dann aber auch doof, ständig deinen Klamottenstil kommentiert zu kriegen. Hin- und hergerissen zwischen dem einen und dem anderen Normierungszwang bist du so beschäftigt damit, dir Rechtfertigungen für deinen Alltag zu überlegen, dass du vor lauter Anstrengung einfach umfällst. Und wo bleibt dein Leben? Nen Tipp: Streich die Opfernummer und perform deinen Vadder!*

Punktzahl: 0-13

Indiqueerualist*in

Du scheißt auf die Szene-Codes, übst beständig Kritik und machst immer dein ganz eigenes Ding. Du grenzt dich ganz bewusst von Normierungen jeglicher Art ab durch deine ständige Reflexion über herrschende Zustände – in der Gesellschaft und in queer-feministischen Kreisen. Alles, was du tust, machst du nur, weil du das in diesem Moment für richtig hältst. Rechtfertigung ist nicht dein Ding. Wenn überhaupt rechtfertigst du dich nur dir selbst gegenüber. Weißte was? Geh doch zu den Jungliberalen oder den Piraten! Mit deiner liberalen Einstellung und deinem Individualismus kommste in der queer-feministischen Familie bestimmt nicht weiter.

I DON'T WANT TO HAVE SEX

by Laura

At the moment I am reading this wonderful zine I picked up at the Zinefest Berlin this weekend. It's called 'Wer 'A' sagt, muss nicht 'B' sagen' ('B doesn't automatically follow from A') and it's about asexuality. Asexuality. A word that I have been aware of for a while – it was always included in the breakdown of queer I used to do at high school workshops on homophobia (LGBTTSIQQA, phew!) – but, to be honest, we never really addressed it. Reading about asexuality, and asexual folks touched me because it reminded me of similar thoughts I have been having about socialising in the queer community.

I don't want to have sex. I don't want to have a lover. I am not an asexual person, but at the moment this is how it is.

A few weeks ago a friend asked me whether I have had a lover since moving to Berlin. When I said no, she said 'Oh, that's tragic.' And I thought, why would you assume that it's tragic? It's not. Deciding to be single for a while has actually been one of the most self-loving things I have done for myself this past year. She assumed that as a 'normal healthy queer' I will want to have a lover and I will want to have sex.

I have spent years trying to fit in. When I was at school I spent a lot of energy trying to become part of the crowd. To have the normal style and normal opinions. Then, when I was 14, fully a teenager, I realised I didn't want to fit in anymore. I wanted to be one of the freaks. Where I belonged. And I worried, is it too late? Have I lost my own individuality? I think I am coming to the same place in the queer community.

At a queer festival I attended this summer I was excluded from 'the most exciting party of the week' because it was a sex party and I don't want to go to sex parties. I had fun decorating the sex spaces with UV reflective string, but I ended up spending the evening by myself in my bedroom. There should have been another option.

There is a huge pressure to have, and to want, sex all the time.

In a community which defines itself by alternative gender and sex expressions, not wanting to have sex makes me feel like an outcast.

There is a huge pressure to have, and to want, sex all the time. This pressure is not

exclusive to the queer community. I have felt it ever since I was a kid; when am I going to get my first boyfriend, when am I going to lose my virginity, when am I going to fall in love? It is a truism that we live in a hyper-sexualised society and I would like us to examine the difference between sexpositivity and feeling obliged to want/have sex because it's cool. The question of where sex belongs in the queer community is a really interesting one. The queer community as I see it has emerged from lesbian and gay communities which historically defined themselves by the sexual desires of their members. Although our queer community is now based on alternative gender as well as sexual expressions, I imagine, non-history-major that I am, that this sexual root is where our scene today comes from.

Living in a queer community whose members are mostly girls and guys who were assigned female at birth (cis guys are in the minority at the spaces I frequent), I totally get the feminism of asserting our right to own our sexuality. We have been told that as 'women' we are naturally frigid, naturally monogamous. All we want to do is settle down and have babies. Erm, actually, not everyone, no.

So we have asserted our right to fuck who we want, when we want, however we want. I get where the sexpositive movement has come from and I love the fact that

Many queers assume that poly and kink are inherent to being queer. If you're not into them, then you're not queer.

BDSM is out of the closet, as it were. However, poly and kink and sex have become undeniably cool. And that's where the problems start. Because it creates a hierarchy. Many queers assume that poly and kink are inherent to being queer. If you're not into them, then you're not queer. Not cool.

Working against such stark cultural assumptions – women are naturally frigid and monogamous – leads us to take the opposite position – we are slutty and naturally polyamorous. However, I don't think the answer to sexist assumptions is to just flip the coin. Things are always more grey, more nuanced than that.

Now, as someone who is working some shit out, I need to not have sex or a relationship for a while. This doesn't mean that I have lost my sexuality, rather that I am prioritising finding out other stuff about myself. I am sure that my experience is not unique. People go through less sexual times in their lives and I think it's important that we recognise this too. Sometimes sex is not okay.

An old colleague of mine from Canada has recently been involved in an art exhibition in London called 'The Flipside: When Sex Is Not Okay.' They define not okay experiences as

"times when someone has felt unsafe, unable to say no, threatened, misled, or pressured into something, as well as experiences of sexual abuse or assault. It also includes times when people have had distressing emotions or states of mind during

sex – which might mean feeling dirty, guilty or ashamed; having flashbacks; or disassociating.”

Although this group is more focused on survivors of sexual assault, it does highlight that sometimes people cannot or do not want to have sex. That sex isn't always a positive experience. I, still, feel pressured to have sex in the same way that I felt pressured to lose my virginity when I was a teenager. I still have a hard time saying no.

The friends and acquaintances I know in the queer community seem to be fairly aware of the fact that sexual assault exists and of the need for safer spaces. Although I do not want to appropriate other people's experiences, maybe we can extend this understanding to an awareness that some people don't want to have sex at times for whatever reason. I am not sure how to do this but let's put our thinking caps on. Maybe just keeping this in mind next time you ask me which sex party I am going to on Friday (where you assume that I will of course want to go to a sex party) would help.

I would really like to live in a community which recognizes that my decision to be single for the next while is actually a really positive thing. That celebrates the fact that I am able to do

this for myself. It takes a lot of guts to sit down here and write my personal story. But I hope that in outing myself, other people will also feel able to say, actually, I don't want to have sex today, this year, whatever. Not everything revolves around sex.

I would really like to live in a community which recognizes that my decision to be single for the next while is actually a really positive thing.

originally published on Laura's blog lipstickterrorist.wordpress.com

DAS GEBLUTE IST POLITISCH, UNTENRUM.

von Wortlaut

Es gibt Menschen, die manchmal untenrum bluten. Menschen gibt's! Das kann ja so nicht angehen, einfach so, Blut untenrum, unkommentiert. Und schon gar nicht ist das privat.

Deshalb gelten die drei goldenen Regelregeln, immer gleichzeitig und selbstverständlich nur für unsere lieben Mädchen:

- 1. Du darfst nicht nicht menstruieren.*
- 2. Dass du menstruerst, muss dir wichtig sein.*
- 3. Dass du menstruerst, sollte dich mit Scham erfüllen.*

In der Schule fragten sie sich gegenseitig und vor lauter Aufregung sogar aus Versehen mich, die sonst selten irgendwas gefragt wurde: "Hast du's?" (Ich verstehe bis heute nicht, warum sie damit nicht meinten "Hast du's auch gecheckt, dass das Patriarchat eine Scheißeinrichtung ist?") Da ich "es" nicht (gecheckt?) "hatte", blieb nur eine Lösung: Minderwertigkeitsgefühle.

Denn was kann zur Vervollkommnung der eigenen Persönlichkeit erstrebenswerter sein als Unterleibsschmerzen? "Frau sein" muss eine unheimlich tolle Angelegenheit sein, wenn eins der zentralen Kriterien dafür ist, einmal im Monat Auaweh zu haben und als unzurechnungsfähig und überemotional abgestempelt zu werden. Und in die hinteren Bereiche der Drogerie vordringen zu müssen, wo es diese... pscht... Tampons zu kaufen gibt.

Mir ist auch aufgefallen, dass Fruchtbarkeit im Allgemeinen für "Frauen" wichtiger ist als beispielsweise für Diskussionen. Ist natürlich nur so'n irrationaler Eindruck von mir. Mit dreizehn wäre mir vermutlich ein etwas weniger abstoßendes Schulumfeld wichtiger gewesen als die regelmäßige Abstoßung meiner Gebärmutter Schleimhaut. Aber vielleicht schwimmen auch in diesem Zusammenhang bei mir schlicht und einfach die Relationen (im Blut?). Eine solche Prioritätensetzung scheint jedenfalls nicht vorgesehen gewesen zu sein. Vielleicht wurde ich also in der Schule zu Recht gedist. Oder die anderen waren mit der Erfüllung der Regeln 1 bis 3



derart beschäftigt, dass für respektvollen Umgang miteinander leider keine Zeit mehr übrig blieb.

Zum Glück lief mir irgendwann in einer Drogerie der Feminismus über den Weg. Wer auch immer das eigentlich ist, aber das fand ich einen ganz gelungenen Schachzug von ihm_ihr. Deshalb:

Wann und ob ich blute, untenrum, entscheidet immer noch mein Körper selber! Und das geht in erster Linie mich selbst was an (oder nicht mal das, falls es mir schnuppe ist). Ansonsten finde ich an der Bluterei vor allem eins gut: Im Zweifelsfall ist mein Blut gar nicht so ungeeignet, um sexistische Werbeplakate damit zu beschmieren. Falls mich wer dabei erwischt: Huupsi, leider werde ich immer, wenn ich blute, so überemotional und unzurechnungsfähig.

wortlaut.blogsport.de

Photo Love Story: True Love...

Sasha



27 years old student loves parties and being with her friends

Luka



Sasha's best friend in the whole world who just wants her to be happy.

Catty



Luka's cool and artsy friend who loves talking about herself most of all.

One morning in Sasha's living room...



Later that night Sasha and her friends go to a queer-feminist party.





Luckily Sasha's friend Laura suddenly appears..



Later that night...



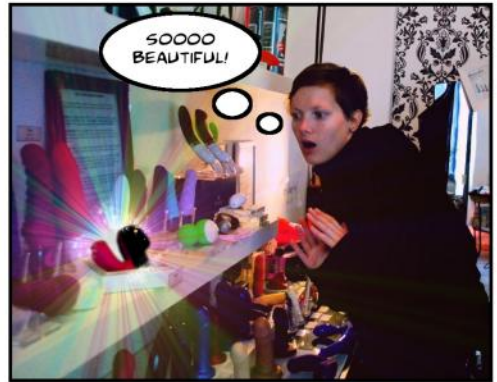
So the next day Sasha meet's Luka's friend Catty for a date...



Sasha leaves the bar totally demotivated ...



... when suddenly she sees ...



and they lived happily ever after... The END.*



* til the battery ran out.. Not happy with our neo-liberal, phallus-celebrating, consumerist ending? Well turn to page 39 for the alternatives.

ROLLING WITH THE PUNCHES:

An interview with the founders of Lowkick, a feminist self-defense school and association in Berlin

Interview and translation into English: Maja Shand

Transcription: Maja Shand, Katrin Frank, Anne Steinbrück

This is a translated summary of an interview I conducted in German in May 2012 with Inken Wähler and Claudia Fingerhuth, the founders of the Women's kickboxing and self-defense school and association, Lowkick. After training and teaching in kickboxing and feminist self-defense since the 1980s, Inken and Claudia opened Lowkick in 2009 with a founding group of 16 women. Today the association has a community of around 200 members, and a solid foothold in the queer-feminist/left scene in Berlin. I spoke to Inken and Claudia, with whom I've been training for the last year and a half about their personal histories with martial arts, the theory and practice of feminist self-defense, and their approach to and problematization of women-lesbian-trans* political organisation.

Maja: You both started to train in feminist self-defense in the 1980s, can you tell me about that time?

Claudia: The feminist movement in the 70s and 80s was very much concerned with the fact that women made it clear to one another where exactly violence against women took place – the outrage, the attempt to grasp it, to begin to do something about it. This feeling of ‘now it’s happening, women are finally doing something about it’. Whether in Göttingen or Berlin, this atmosphere, this solidarity, could be found everywhere. We felt that we could change a lot in a very short period of time.

Inken: In terms of martial arts, we developed a lot of things ourselves. There were of course things like judo, which was becoming more accessible to women, and women-only classes in jujitsu and karate, but many women actually made fun of these male dominated sports, most of which came out of the military, which was much more recognizable in those days. Women had to prove themselves much more, that they were just as good if not better than



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men. There weren't so many tried and tested ideas concerning what we could do as women, even how we could kick. Back then martial arts were simply much less accessible, and the idea that women could do them too was also much further away. That we concerned ourselves with this topic made us like aliens to many people in the leftist scene, too. Firstly it was considered useless since it wouldn't lead directly to the revolution. Secondly it was said that it weakened the Left by separating women from the united Front. And then on top of that we concerned ourselves with something as inane as sport or self-defense, which you didn't even need as a woman if you had good comrades, full-stop. [laughs]

Claudia: What we did was learn what women can do, what we are capable of. And this lead more and more to confrontations with existing systems like boxing or kickboxing. To this day we still talk

"The approach to the body is also one I am often not content with: the failure to grasp the body as a whole; that the body is a living organism, and that it has different forms of expression."

about this, that is, how to find our own way between existing methods in kickboxing and other male dominated martial arts, which have now become more accessible and which have for many a great appeal, but which are nevertheless tailored to men's needs and are built upon certain hierarchies. The approach to the body is also one I am often not content with: the failure to grasp the body as a whole; that the body is a living organism, and that it has different forms of expression. This sort of thinking has never been given any space in traditional sport forms. According to these forms, there are certain movements that have to be done in a certain way. Although we recognize that there are particular ways to kick, and particular methods with which we can learn to improve our technique – methods which are of course effective – we are still to this day looking for ways by which the individual can find their own form of expression. We can't simply settle with the methods that already exist. Even concerning simple things such as the form of communication during training - rather than everyone just coming in and starting to run around, or dragging themselves to the ring, we begin with a round where everyone says at least their name. I believe this also belongs to a feminist approach – that together we try to create a space in which we get to know each other and in which it is also possible to say 'stop', and to set our own boundaries.

Maja: Have you ever fought competitively?

Claudia: We were never interested in these traditional structures behind competitive martial arts. What would it mean to compete? You need a trainer, an association. Then come judges, and a jeering audience composed mostly of men who take pleasure in watching women hitting each other. We fought among ourselves, of course, but not in front of an audience. This is because we always thought that we did what we were doing in order to strengthen women, and that

didn't have anything to do with this need to perform something, but rather was something we did for ourselves, for our own lives.

Inken: Yes, for us it was always rather about teaching women to judge for themselves: what can I do well, what can't I do well? What are my strengths, what are my weaknesses? And thereby to ask: Who am I? Or, how am I doing right now? And these are exactly the things that you lose sight of in these competitive structures and in competition-orientated training. There it is rather about increasing performance within a certain time frame, and to achieve a certain quality of performance to deliver at a particular moment, which is then assessed externally. This method doesn't at all involve a continual staying-with-yourself, perceiving yourself or learning to evaluate yourself. It is rather more about what is deemed a good or bad performance during a fight. This sort of evaluation also begs the question: what does it mean to perform well, and how useful is this to women? You can't win a fight by running away really fast and screaming loudly or calling for help. Or by making jokes that cause your opponent to feel unsure of themselves. [laughs] There are very clear rules in competitive sports, which have been structured according to bodily strength and speed. And these are not things which are available to most women in their everyday lives in order to protect themselves.

Maja: But there are also people at Lowkick who are interested in fighting competitively, aren't there, how do you feel about this?

Claudia: Yes, yes, a few of our trainers fight competitively. I definitely find it interesting. They have found an environment in which it is actually fun to fight. Twenty years ago it was terrible; I'll say that at least. In the meantime it has changed a lot, and there are more possibilities, for example, you can make a video

"I think it is necessary to develop specifically feminist criteria by which we ask what 'winning' a fight actually means; who the winner is, and why?"

recording and immediately post it onto Youtube, and so on and so forth. That has a particular fascination. But I think it is important for Lowkick that hierarchies according to who fights and who doesn't are not formed in the association, that the 'real fighters' are our stars

and all others are the little stupid ones, because I don't think this is the case. I can understand that it is fun for those who fight, but I don't see them as the truer or more meaningful members of Lowkick.

Inken: I think it is necessary to develop specifically feminist criteria by which we ask what 'winning' a fight actually means; who the winner is, and why? Winning doesn't always have to mean K.O. or who has made the most knee strikes. There have to be other ways of conceiving it. That would be great actually, if such criteria would be developed further. Criteria that would also take into account the women who are fighting, and not only assess their performance according to the fulfillment

of externally imposed norms.

Claudia: We'll see, maybe we'll still manage to do so ourselves... I mean, we have always tried to define performance as something other than fulfilling these norms. I find that performance is something totally subjective and not that if two people do the same thing it means they have performed in the same way. I find it very important to look at who is performing, and how, and what has lead her to do so; where does she come from and where is she going? If a woman with a history of violence who has never managed to move comfortably in her body, who is always beside her own body, has after training with us for a few years somehow become more 'with' herself, has integrated herself more, I find that alone to be an incredible performance, without her having won a fight.

Maja: At Lowkick you also offer Wen-Do [a feminist self-defense method developed for women in the 1960s] classes to young girls [of 6 years old and above]. I'd be interested to know if and how you broach the issue of violence against women in these classes.

Inken: I try as much as possible to grasp what the girls tell me, which is a lot easier than to force something from outside. I also try to start with the situations in which they can themselves recognize 'I didn't feel safe there', or 'something happened that I didn't understand', since it also often involves, particularly with young girls, thematizing this threat of violence from the people they know, from friends or relatives. And that is of course very difficult. I don't want to malign their parents (laughs) but nevertheless it is important that they recognize that we have a space here in which it is safe to mention any cases in which something strange has happened with their parents or the people they know. For example, I find it somehow gratifying if a girl who has an incredibly depressive father trusts herself to say 'I have to go

"If a woman with a history of violence who has never managed to move comfortably in her body, [...] has after training with us for a few years somehow become more 'with' herself, has integrated herself more, I find that alone to be an incredible performance, without her having won a fight."

and visit my father again on the weekend and I actually really don't want to do this, it really gets me down', that is, trusts herself to recognize what she wants and what she doesn't want. I work on this a lot with them as a means of violence prevention. A lot more is demanded of young girls today, they don't have as much freedom as I had during my childhood. They have very little room to experience things. I have some 11 year olds who have never been alone at the play park (playground?). How should I practice with them how to respond when some sort of strange man is

hanging around there? I don't have to – they say they don't go alone anyway! (laughs). We've spoken a lot about self-confidence, trusting in ourselves [Ger: Selbstvertrauen]. I think this is extremely important: if you trust yourself, then you trust that that 'stupid' feeling you have is right. Even when you can't say exactly why. This is my principle approach. It is important that the girls learn to talk and express themselves; to give space to their own feelings.

Maja: Can you tell me about your Masters' thesis, 'By Women for Women: Feminist Self-defense as a Contribution to Women's Education and Feminist Sport Culture' [Von Frauen für Frauen. Feministische Selbstverteidigung als Beitrag zur Frauenbildung und zur feministischen Sport- und Bewegungskultur] that you recently finished writing; which conclusions you drew in the thesis, and how it is connected to your work at Lowkick?

Claudia: Actually a reason why I begun to write my thesis or at least an issue which very much occupied me from the beginning was the trans discussion. I asked myself whether it was still O.K. to have a space exclusively for women and girls, despite the fact that women-lesbian-trans* has been a widely accepted form of organization among queer/feminist groups for many years. Our trainings are politically very closely bound up with the autonomous women and lesbian movement – in fact it is impossible to conceive of Lowkick without it – and we are also heavily influenced by feminist theory, which of course has contributed a lot to the transgender discussion. So I did some research in this area and came to the conclusion that I today stand behind, that is, that it is still right to commit myself to women and lesbians. What has changed is our reference to the lesbian women's movement – today we just use the term 'women', since we find the term more inclusive. I find the women-lesbian-trans* categorization so narrow – this is exactly what I wanted to avoid. WLT* refers to a sequence of increasingly specific forms of sexual identity, but to no other differences among women (or among others for that matter). I see this as an expression of the ever-narrowing political focus on questions of sexual-political identity. In this current historical moment I think it is incredibly important not to avert our gaze from the multifaceted differences among women, and at the same time to continue to realize and name the forms of violent discrimination and processes of devaluation women are still subject to. I advocate by all means an offensive political handling of the political term 'woman' and also reference – albeit reserved – to a politically conceived womanhood (Frau-sein) in sociopolitical discourse. At Lowkick we want to appeal to and work with a diverse range of women. And this is what I tried to process in my thesis. I don't find the category 'woman' dispensable, and I don't think it is helpful to try to abolish it. I wanted to look closer, to see whether I agree with this on different levels. And I came to the conclusion: yes, I do.*

Maja: So who is welcome to train at Lowkick?

Claudia: We welcome all women who do not exclusively define themselves as men,

and who are comfortable to be addressed with the female pronoun during our trainings. We also have an AStA class on Wednesday evening which is open to trans people, including trans men.*

Maja: Lastly I wanted to ask what your aims are for the next few years – your founding group consisted of 16 women, and today you have around 200.

Claudia: In terms of our members we'd like to reach at least 300 (laughs). We want to offer more classes and we would like to be able to pay our trainers well. We'd also like to be paid for all the voluntary office work we're doing – which is finally in the process of happening. We're also trying to establish our yoga classes, something a bit quieter.

Inken: Yes, I'd like to broaden the range of women who train here. I'd like to have older women and women with disabilities. Or women who don't just live in this area. I'd like a better established girls group – it's beginning to develop slowly which isn't bad but there's definitely room for improvement.

Claudia: And then we're also thinking about having more of a cultural exchange–

Maja: To forge more of a community?

Claudia: Yes, and finding ways to celebrate different festivals or exchanging vocabulary – for example, how to say 'schlagen' [to punch] in English, Swedish, or Turkish...

FIRST TIMES

by Sam

"We need to celebrate!" exclaimed my girlfriend, pulling back on a pair of washed-out boys briefs.

I lay on the mattress, breathless, pantless: „How?!“

I noticed that the deflated crotch-support of her brother's old underpants looked slightly less arousing than it did an hour before.

„We're going to the supermarket to buy some cheap bubbly!“

This was the second time. Not that I had an orgasm – that was a first – but that a cheap bottle of champagne was consumed to celebrate slash document my sexual awakening. The first bottle: the first time I went down on her.

We ran through the streets of Bristol swigging from champagne miniatures. I felt like my initiation was complete. I was not only a Real Lesbian – a Real Queer – I was a Real Sexual Being.

* * * *

As a teenager I used to always skip the first songs on albums – like a sort of weird tic (O.K. I still do it sometimes). My Buzzcocks Compilation was no exception, but in this case the act had a certain weight to it which the others lacked. The first song was called 'Orgasm Addict'. I didn't get it – ok, I didn't have to yet – I was 16. But. Everytime Pete Shelley propelled out that line with his signature nasal bleat before I could press FORWARD I thought: who the hell has orgasms anyway? This thought I carried with me til the grand old age of 28. Orgasms, I though, were the stuff of myths and legends, just like the myth of a sexual practice that consisted of more than a quick in-and-out (or me lying on my back with a confused expression, trying to figure out if what I was feeling was pleasure). And the biggest myth of all: sex that brought my own pleasure into the equation – or at least asked what form it might take.

A confession: I was 28 when I discovered that sex could be pleasurable. Potential reasons and hypotheses for this phenomenon are endless - perhaps this has something to do with my sexual 'incompatibility' with men (hypothesis 1)? Or at least, the few men I slept with, before I slept with a woman (hypothesis 1.5)? Maybe I didn't make a large enough sample (hypothesis 2)? Or maybe most male-socialized heterosexual men are just really shit in bed (hypothesis 3)? (Maybe She was just really good? (hypothesis 4)) These questions will remain unanswered, although I still guiltily like to comfort myself with hypothesis 3 every now and then.

Anyway, another confession, while I'm at it: the relationship with forementioned champagne-buying, orgasm-inducing girlfriend of which I spoke was my first, proper, long-term "we're both 'in love" with each other in equal measures, kind of

relationship. And this Coming Out has involved a lot more long-term self-doubt and emotional upheaval than my Coming Out proper. Like most of my peers, I have been surrounded by compulsory coupledness and relationship pressures from the get-go. I have consequently bent the truth – ok, lied – to family and good friends about my lack of experiences on the relationship front. The stigma of being someone unloveable was too hard to bear. Even the thinkers and academics amongst my friends couldn't use their otherwise razor-sharp analytical capacities which had helped them grasp complex philosophical arguments – and Wittgenstein, for Christ's sake – failed to get their head around me: yes, even they (I don't know why I'm so surprised, really) floundered when it came to awareness of and sensitivity to the kind of discrimination a person who opts out of the romantic relationship game is confronted with. The incessant questioning. And worse, when the questioning, after years, ceases: they have given up on you, you are lost to them. An unknown entity. Who wants to probe into such a dark, abysmal silence? No one except my Mum, my evidence would suggest.

Things changed when I first discovered (queer-)feminism, web 2.0 stylee (thank you, internet). My cultural landscape changed, and the people who populated that landscape changed with it. More than my cultural landscape – my hermeneutical landscape, to use a fancy word for the sake of it. The tools with which I interpreted culture changed, the language with which I expressed and interpreted changed too. I started using words like '(gender)queer', 'socialization', 'self-definition', 'heteronormativity', and other words which only made sense to me and other queer-feminists (hah! Take that patriarchy- we can use the power of mystification just as well as you!) It was great. Finally it was ok to be queer, freaky, an outsider. Someone who didn't want to decide on how they defined themselves or the person or people they slept with, or didn't. I met people who openly defined themselves as asexual, or not-sexually-active-right-now-and-ok-with-it-thanks. They had no idea of the revolution going on in my head. There are others out there, I thought: I. AM. NOT. ALONE! Moreover, it's ok to opt-out of romantic relationships. It doesn't make me horrendously unattractive (up-yours, lookism!) or unable to give or return love (up-yours, self-doubt!). These people were beautiful, loving, kind and passionate friends. Who needs a lover...

Well, I do, right now. But I didn't for 28 years. And I wish someone would have told me, or that I'd used my own analytical skillzz to recognise that there are other ways of loving and having romantic relationships that don't have to involve sex or physical closeness. Romantic friendships are a relatively new concept to me, although I have practiced this form of friendship (love?) since I first fell deeply in love with my schoolfriend aged 12. I was 'in love' with her. I didn't want to have sex with her either (really). But I was completely 100 % besotted. She could do no wrong (that is, until she started kissing around on car bonnets with this utterly inane, arch Doofus from a neighbouring town).

Since this, uh, experiential blueprint, I have 'fallen-in-love' with many friends, and consequently and regrettably broken many hearts when the love was

misinterpreted. How to explain to someone that they are everything to me, but it doesn't mean I want to put my tongue/fingers/dildo inside them or vice versa? And that although I am utterly committed, I can't commit to more than utterly-committed friendship? I believe the reason for this misinterpretation lies not within my perhaps closeted-at-the-time queer sexuality. Or indeed theirs (they were mostly 'straight' defining women). I believe it lies in our deeply ingrained, rigid concept of romantic relationships. There are many theories which relate to the concept of love and families in the post-industrial age, which link commerce and consumerism to the family unit, and thus, to love. I'm too lazy to explain these here (there are many other zines and websites and stuff which do so). What I am going to do is pose a question: there are other ways to love and be loved, so, you know, why not try them out?

Terms like asexuality are an important part of this revolution, but they don't have to be the End Game. By this I do not mean to deny the existence of asexuality, or asexual people, or asexual ways of living and loving. By this I mean to instead bring home the necessity of a nuanced, non-reductive language that gives people the chance, the words to say, that they are other, in between, beside, nothing-right-now, kind've, something else, y'know..?

I AM A WONDER TO BEHAVIORAL PSYCHOLOGY!

ALMOST FIFTEEN YEARS OF BLEEDING

THAT'S 180 MONTHS, GIVE OR TAKE A FEW

AND I STILL CAN'T GET USED TO THIS SHIT

HOW MANY NICKERS

BECAUSE OF
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THE ONE RELIA
PREPARE YOUR

ALBEIT WITH AN ARSEN
FASHIONED FROM A D

NO! YOU KNOW WHAT?
THE TIME HAS COME T

THAT'S RIGHT, THIS SHIT IN C

SOMEONE, HAND ME A PE

AND AS FOR THAT WE PU



... HAVE I BLITHELY TOSSED TO THE WIND

... MY FAILURE TO HEAR THE TICK-TOCKING
... RELIABLE CLOCK-HAND

(OK, SEMI-RELIABLE)

... RELIABLE NEWS SOURCE

... NING WHAT'S GOING DOWN - OR NOT GOING DOWN
... THERE IN THE OVARIAN REGION

... WHAT'S GOING ON UP HERE IN THE OLD CRANIUM TOO, OF COURSE,
... (AT IT'S ALL CONNECTED)

... ABLE SOURCE OF SUFFERING THAT YOU CAN ACTUALLY
... RSELF FOR...

... ENAL OF LESS-THAN-ENVIRONMENTALLY-FRIENDLY SANITARY PRODUCTS,
... RUBIOUS LIST OF HEAVILY-SPRAYED COTTONS AND PETROLEUM-BASED PLASTICS...

... WAIT A SECOND... WHY DO I DO THAT TO MYSELF AGAIN?

... TO WORK WITH MY BODY, AND NOT AGAINST IT!!

... GOING DOWN IN A CALENDAR. FO' REAL.

... PEN.
... UT INTO OUR BODIES...



THE EDUMACATORY BIT

I DONT WANT TO PREACH BUT, MAINSTREAM SANITARY PRODUCTS, JEEES, THEY PUT AAALL SORTS OF BAD SHIT IN THERE. TAMPONS CONTAIN CHEMICALS YOU DO NOT WANT TO HAVE STUCK INSIDE YOUR BODY FOR HOURS UPON END TO SLOWLY RELEASE THEMSELVES INTO THE WALLS OF YOUR VAGNA. STUFF LIKE DIOXIN - BLEACH - PECTICIDES, AND RAYON, WHICH CAUSES TOXIC SHOCK SYNDROME.

WHAT A LET ME

THEY DONT C

YOU CALLED?

WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE EXACTLY?

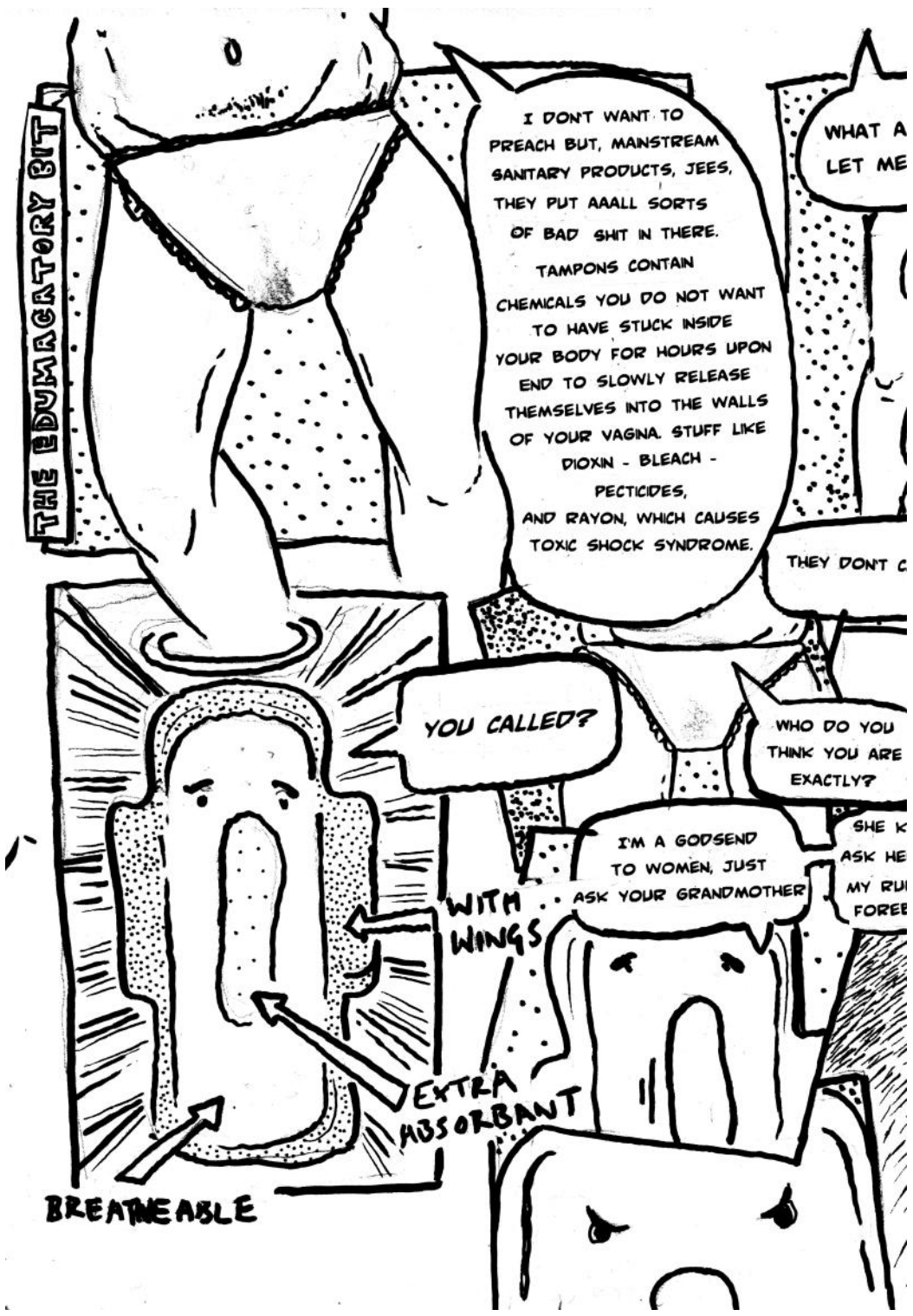
I'M A GODSEND TO WOMEN, JUST ASK YOUR GRANDMOTHER

SHE K ASK HE MY RUI FOREE

WITH WINGS

EXTRA ABSORBANT

BREATHEABLE



MESS,
CLEAN THAT UP..

HARK, AN ANGEL!

HUH?!

ALL ME SANITARY NAPKIN FOR NOTHIN..

LEAVE HER OUT OF THIS!
HMM, ARE YOU SO DIVINELY WHITE
BECAUSE YOU CONTAIN BLEACH
BY ANY CHANCE? LIKE YOUR FRIEND
THE UNORGANIC TAMPON!

NOWS!
R ABOUT
7IMENTARY
YEARS:

TAMPONS HAVE SAVED
THE FACES AND REPUTATIONS
OF GENERATIONS OF WOMEN.
HAND-MADE LADY-DIAPERS.

WHAT A JOKE...

YOU'RE FULL OF SHIT.
WERE YOU PERHAPS
GIFTED ETERNAL LIFE
BY THE UNBIODEGRADABLE
PETROLEUM-BASED MATERIAL
THAT YOU'RE COMPOSED OF?

TOUCHÉ!

WELL YOU KNOW
WHAT?
MY CUNT IS A
SUPER-INTELLIGENT
SELF-MANTAINING
ECOSYSTEM.
AND I WILL NO LONGER
LET YOU AND YOUR
COHORTS TELL ME
THAT IT STINKS
AND THAT I
NEED TO BE DISCRETE!

SHIT, NOW THAT I'VE MADE A COMIC
ABOUT THIS I BETTER GET MY ASS DOWN

TO MY LOCAL QUEER SEX SHOP AND BUY MYSELF A DNA CUP..

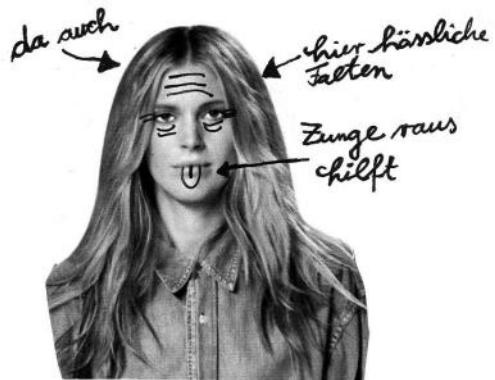
Findest du dich hässlich...ungenügend...einfach irgendwie unattraktiv? Das muss nicht so bleiben –hey, du kannst an deinem Körper arbeiten und dein Aussehen verbessern! Auf die Lüge, dass wahre Schönheit von innen kommt, sind schon viele Frauen reingefallen und dann unrasiert, einsam und deprimiert gestorben. Deswegen: nimm dein Glück in die Hand und lege das schöne Girl frei, das irgendwo tief in dir steckt.

Wenn du hart an dir arbeitest und immer daran denkst, dass dein Körper schöner werden kann und wie anders dein Leben mit einem Traumbody wäre, kannst auch du es schaffen! Wir haben ein paar echt coole Tipps für dich gesammelt.

Falten den Kampf ansagen! Schneide regelmäßig Grimassen, um frühe Fältchenbildung zu vermeiden. Deine Gesichtshaut wirkt dann fit und elastisch statt alt und verbraucht. Tipp: schneide nur süße Grimassen, wenn du in Gesellschaft bist!

Der richtige Sport! Schlanke Beine, ein knackiger Hintern, muskulöse Oberarme – aber alles in Maßen. Du willst ja nicht wie ein Junge aussehen. Deshalb sind manche Sportarten besser für dich geeignet als andere, z.B. Joggen, Steppen, sanftes Schwimmen statt Fußball, Boxen oder Rugby.

Bauch rein – Brust raus! Diese alte Weisheit hat nichts an ihrem Wert verloren. Wenn du schon so undiszipliniert bist, einen Bauch zu haben, hast du auch die Pflicht, andere vor diesem Anblick zu schützen. Also: einziehen ist die Devise. Das drückt auch deine Brust nach oben und sorgt für einen erfreulichen Anblick (siehe →).



Straffe Brüste! Lege deine beiden Handflächen vor der Brust zusammen und drücke sie dann mit so viel Kraft wie möglich gegeneinander. Diese kinderleichte Übung stärkt deine Brustmuskulatur und sorgt für einen herrlich straffen, attraktiven Busen. Auch wenn deine Brüste jetzt noch halbwegs okay aussehen, fangen sie bald an zu hängen und sehen dann beim Sex nicht gut aus.



Im Alltag Fett verbrennen! Egal wo du bist – spanne deine Bauchmuskeln an und wippe mit den Füßen um zu jeder Tageszeit lästiges Körperfett loszuwerden. Wissenschaftliche Studien aus den USA belegen, dass Glücksgefühle stetig steigen, wenn Fett abgebaut wird.



Wippen:
mit Gewicht
noch
effektiver

↑ Positiv Denken! Selbst wenn du Makel hast, du in der Schule unter Druck stehst, seit der musikalischen Früherziehung keine Atempause hattest und deine 15 Hobbies dich zunehmend belasten: Denk auch mal an was Schönes! Ein Lächeln auf den Lippen wirkt verjüngend und vermittelt deiner Umgebung eine optimistische, unkomplizierte Lebenshaltung. Wer belastende und kritische Gedanken zulässt, muss sich nicht wundern, ausgegrenzt zu werden.

Ein lieber Blick in jeder Lebenslage! Zwinkere in allen möglichen Situationen mit den Augen: das trainiert die Lidmuskulatur und verhindert störende Lachfalten. Außerdem wirkt es freundlich, offen und devot – immer gut, um zu kriegen, was du willst. Ein bißchen Unterwürfigkeit hat noch niemandem geschadet und macht dich bei den Boys beliebt.

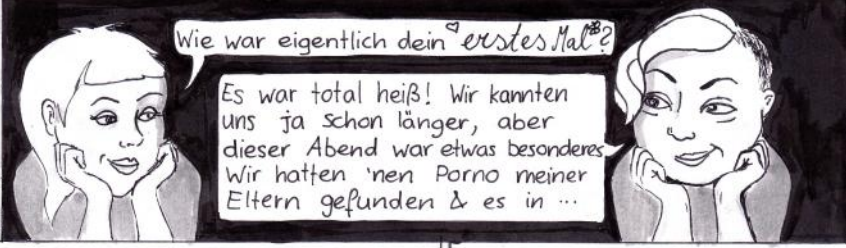
Kein hässliches Doppelkinn! Zieh dein Kinn in alle Richtungen und spanne so die Haut an deinem Hals an: so kriegst du nie ein Doppelkinn. Ein Doppelkinn lässt dich fett wirken und niemand kann eine Frau lieben, die nicht schlank ist.

Damit diese Übungen wirken können, musst du sie so oft wie möglich durchführen. Du kannst sie immer und überall machen, auf dem Klo, beim Haarehübschmachen, an der Schlange im Supermarkt, an der roten Ampel... Oder einfach, während du andere Workouts machst!

Am wichtigsten ist aber, dass du rund um die Uhr an die Übungen denkst und an deinen unperfekten, formlosen Körper: er braucht dieses kleine Tuning, um passabel auszusehen. Er und dein zukünftiger Boyfriend werden es dir danken!



von Bering & Dö



Wie war eigentlich dein [♥]erstes Mal?

Es war total heiß! Wir kannten uns ja schon länger, aber dieser Abend war etwas besonderes. Wir hatten 'nen Porno meiner Eltern gefunden & es in ...



... dieser Nacht bestimmt vier Mal hintereinander getan.

Ich vermisse meine Kuscheldecke heute noch manchmal.



Mensch Jimmy Ich meine doch dein **RICHTIGES** erstes Mal!



Mhh... das war dann wohl mit meiner Cousine Lara.

Wir gingen beide noch zur Volksschule.

Familientreffen waren damals noch auszuhalten.



Aber das zählt doch nicht! Du weißt schon, mit "Rein-Raus"



mhh



Oh,OK. Da war ich 13 & Not macht ja be= kanntlich erfinderisch

Gab 'ne ziemliche Sauerei...



JIMMY! Dein **ERSTES MAL!**
SEX
VAGINA
PENIS
MANN
FRAU



Achsa. Na da war ich 15, auf 'na Party, völlig bekiifft und das ganze dauerte gefühlte fünf Sekunden.



Ach sag doch gleich, dass dein erstes Mal schrecklich war!

THE END

T S C H Ü S S . . .

Punktetabelle für den großen Brav_a-Psychotest auf Seite 11:

1 a: 0, b: 2, c: 3, d: 1

2 a: 2, b: 1, c: 4, d: 0, e: 3

3 a: 1, b: 2, c: 3

4 a: 0, b: 2, c: 3, d: 4, e: 1, f: 0

5 a: 3, b: 2, c: 1, d: 4

6 a: 1, b: 2, c: 3

7 a: 3, b: 2, c: 1, d: 0

8 a: 2, b: 1, c: 3

9 a: 1, b: 3, c: 2

10 a: 3, b: 2, c: 1

Alternative endings of the photo love story on page 19:

Which ending do you prefer? How should the story continue? Send us an E-mail to brav_a@gmx.de!



a) *self-empowerment*



b) *Lieber ne Flasche Bier
als Freund_in*



c) ...

IMPRESSUM

Brav_a Zine

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Redakteurinnen : Maja S. & Isabelle B.

Druck: Pegasus Druck und Verlag // pegasusdruck.de

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