

SWIRL After Work ClassicFetish Play Party Soiree



In a city whose underground scenes are slowly dwindling, the fetish scene looks to be, once again, on the rise.

Up until recently, the S&M crowd had taken a backseat at their very own events, submitting to loud industrial music spun by DJs dressed in latex. "Those parties are boisterously loud, you can't even hear each other talk," explains a fetish aficionado. "And everyone dresses the part but no one is there for the action. It's just a dance party with really crazy outfits."

So you can imagine their relief when **Mistress Didi**, known for her intimate yet authentic gatherings, who had been out of commission for the last two years, stepped back onto the scene. Last Thursday, she hosted her debut party, Swirl, in a space that was filled with intimate enclaves, velvet lounge chairs, and the occasional sexual contraption.

Mistress Didi's energy is intoxicating, and you immediately see why her invite-only parties are so coveted. The crowd was a wide variety of people, some who only moonlighted the fetish scene, some ruling it, such as a woman simply known as **The Baroness**, who also conducts her own parties and runs a fetish clothing store in Alphabet City.

With music soft enough to handle conversation, people had the opportunity to get to know each other, a detail, I was told, that was important. "It makes the whole experience better if you somewhat trust the person you're playing with," explains a party guest. Safety precautions are taken very seriously, and at the first sign of foul play, a guest will be blacklisted from all future events.

I was surprised to find that the scene was much more than whips, chains, and rope. It goes more in depth than the stereotype, with a metaphorical toy chest filled with items that include feathers, electric currents, and candle wax (in fact, I had a very long discussion about the variations – who knew that the pain intensities varied between colored and plain, scented and non, fast-burning and slow-burning?). The excitement is in the sensation – whether that be from a feather, whip, or electric current. Just for fun, I gave the voltage a try. Intended, I'm sure, for other areas of the body, the electric current running down my arm was, for lack of a better word, shocking. Though not my cup of tea, I can certainly understand the sexual allure. I couldn't quite gather the courage to witness a scene in the back, where three very intimidating devices were held, but the sounds permeated through the music sporadically during the night.

"It's our vice," shrugs one guest as a spanking sound fills the air. "Just like smoking or alcohol. Except this one won't kill you."

- Brittny



**Due to a respect of privacy for guests, no photography was allowed at this event. images courtesy of Mistress DD.*

