

Lives from the Archives: Miss Kim Transcript

Hello and good day. My name is Miss Kim and I've been on the London UK Fetish scene for 33 years. During that time, I've been a club promoter, a BDSM educator, and now a professional Dominatrix.

My career as a fetish club promoter started in 1994 with my club the Rubber Nipple Club. Two years later, I started my second fetish club, Club RUB, and that ran for 20 years. During this 22 year period, I operated a fetish club night every single month. That's two hundred and sixty four consecutive monthly events – worthy of being archived in Bishopsgate Institute I would say.

I decided to become a professional Dominatrix when I closed Club RUB down three years ago. This I feel was a natural progression. I love it. I wish I'd done it sooner.

If you visit the archive and look at the Club RUB history, you'll soon realise that, not only did it operate every month, but there was also a monthly theme. The themes were many and varied, some made an annual appearance, but some of them were just one-offs. Others became an annual staple like the medical theme, or uniforms, or various animals, or sheer and mesh for the summer. I also made Scottish an annual thing as Burns Nights was something I really enjoyed, with the bagpipes. We had a bagpiper who would come and play for us, which would freak people out occasionally, and you can't blame a girl for loving a kilt.

In the archive, you will obviously see the flyers that went along with the themes. You'll also see photos from each of the theme nights and the people that took part. Personally, my favorite part of the Club RUB archive at Bishopsgate Institute are the flyers. I would work closely with two creatives each year, either illustrators, artists, or photographers, or a combination of both. I have a keen interest in arts and culture and particularly love fetish imagery, so working with some of the greats of the UK scene was amazing. Here are a few: the likes of Trevor Watson, Vince Ray, Sardax, and James and James. Each of the flyers are all postcard size, in fact, just a little bit larger than postcard size, because the bottom section perforated off so that you could keep the information and then use the postcard to send through the post.

However, I do remember a time when the Post Office General wrote to me using one of my own postcards, telling me to: "Cease and desist sending smut through her Royal Highness' Postal Service". In fact, it's still illegal to this day to send pornographic material through the post. It certainly made me revise my editorial process. So from then on I decided that naked body parts should be covered. So if there's somebody out there that has any of the Club RUB flyers, I am missing quite a few of them. If you have any, pop them in an envelope, write Bishopsgate Institute's address on them and also mentioned they are for the Club RUB Archive.

Out of the blue, about six months before I closed Club RUB down in the April, I received an email from Stefan Dickers at Bishopsgate Institute – he's the archivist. He ever-so-politely asked me if I would be interested in archiving the Club RUB history – I could barely contain myself, all I wanted to answer was: "Yes, yes, yes!" That very same weekend I was visiting my parents, I told my father, who got it instantly and was so pleased for me. Gotta love a proud parent. I feel

very honoured to be the first to be asked to join the Fetish Archive. Upon meeting Stefan, I asked him why he'd asked me. His response was simply: "Because you're Miss Kim, of course."

I hope this archive will help you understand the evolution of the London fetish scene, certainly over the last 25 years. Of course it will continue to change and evolve. The London scene was very different pre-internet. It was a time when you had to go out, you had to go and experience fetish and BDSM for yourself. Okay, there were occasional books and magazines you can indulge in, or maybe you had some pervy friends, but there was no way of getting your kinky fix unless you joined in.

You might think that 30 years ago the scene was primitive, you'd be wrong in thinking that. You'd be wrong in thinking that it was much more evolved and vibrant today – not so. Back then, there was no excitement to be derived from online kinky encounter, you had to join in, be a participant, go to events and gatherings, no matter what. I find myself in gay clubs back in the day, in particular a Club called Sadie Maisie. I joined in with the Pride marches in the West End in support of the Spanner case. I was a regular at the Fetish Fair, a monthly market dedicated to kinky objects and paraphernalia.

Folks had not heard of the fetish scene, so if you walked about in rubber or leather, they just looked at you weird. A very long coat was an absolute must, or getting changed at the venue was the thing to do. I hope the archive will convey that these were very special times indeed. You have to remember, for half of the Club RUB Archive, there was no internet. I felt like I belonged to a secret society.

In the archive you'll see newsletters printed hard copy on A4 sheets, this was a time before the internet, a time when you posted the newsletter and the flyer to 1200 postal addresses every month. I would have mail-out parties where all my friends would gather around, stuffing envelopes, folding newsletters, sticking stamps on envelopes. Then I would struggle to the Post Office the next day.

The more unknown underground it was, the more you felt like you were someone very special to be part of it. I hope you enjoy looking at the archive and 20 years of fetish fun times.
