



# Dom-sub Lifestyle

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## Life Under the Three Moons



by Michael

A Gorean Feast in Arizona

The event had been planned for weeks. The invitations were sent. I received several replies. Of course, my best friend would be there, after all, what is better than sharing salt with your brother?

The RSVPs made, one of which was an out of town guest that would be flying in the day before the event to help Mika and to get better acquainted with us both. We had been discussing her joining my house. I was looking for the right girl to be second. The shopping was done and let me tell you finding a Gorean marketplace is not easy in Metro Phoenix area!

Sweets came over early on Saturday morning to assist the girls with chasing me out of the house and setting everything up. As soon as I left, Mika, Sweets and Snow got busy on the house and the early preparations. I must say when I returned to my home, it had been transformed!



I returned to the house to find a silked slave girl kneeling as a pleasure slave at the entrance. What I saw behind her amazed me. She had already taken my breath away, but the effort the girls put into making us feel like we were not in a house on Earth was well worth my temporary displacement.

As I entered what was my living room when I left, I found red broadcloth draped from the ceiling surrounding a low table. On top of the table were cloths of gold and red; there were two place settings. The placemats were of silken urt fur (rabbit). At each setting were Torvaldsland style drinking horns.

The horns had been personally made by Mika and I, treated with beeswax, no artificial coatings,

as might be done on Gor. A large bowl, containing a large variety of fruits sat in the upper center of the table and a silver salt cellar. Of course, both Bleu Sadist and I were 'above the salt'. Behind the table were two sitting pillows stitched by Mika. Mine was red with purple cording as I am in my home, the Ubar. Bleu Sadist's was red with gold, white and of course blue cording. On Gor, red is the color of the warrior. The gold and white is the color of merchants, yellow and blue for slaver. So, the color for the cording was chosen carefully. Since we both served our country in the military, it is appropriate that our caste be that of the Warrior. Our pillows were atop a thick set of furs and the table was atop a soft pelt from a wild beast. To our right near each of the pillows was a slave whip, as is customary. Behind us, our swords, again, as Warriors, it would be expected. They are a



matching pair of 52" Claymores.



The three girls were wearing only serving slave bells and the silks Mika made for each of them, Mika in red, the traditional color of a pleasure slave, a red silk girl. Sweets was in blue, as it is the color of a pleasure slave in the House of Bleu Sadist (imagine that!). The silks had been stitched with gold. Blue Sadist and I had agreed that gold stitching on our girl's silks would indicate first girl status. Snow was in a silver gray colored wrapped silk as she was visiting my home and as such would be considered a state slave. Snow had expressed her interest to Mika in cooking so she was granted the position of kettle and mat slave for the evening. (That means she would mostly run the kitchen under the first girl ~ Mika's direction.)

Mika and Sweets brought out a plate of Ramberries with honey, melons and kalana berries. Immediately followed by the serving of kalana wine. The Gorean tradition of a slave saying "Master, may I serve you wine?" when she is serving ka-la-na has a double meaning. First it means would you like wine, and second it means would you like an early dessert of slave flesh. So, to keep the confusion down and the reddening of cheeks a bit

under control, Mika asked and served me ka-la-na and Sweets served Bleu Sadist from a talk long necked red glass decanter. Mika was very careful to ask Bleu Sadist "Master would you like more wine?" when it came time to refill the glasses.

After the fruits and kalana, Mika and Sweets brought out sa-tarna bread with sweetened churned bosk butter. It was yellow. I mean really yellow, it was not cornbread and did look a little strange but was in fact, delicious. To wash it down we were served Bazi tea iced with citrus and white and yellow sugar.

It seemed just as we would be devouring one thing, another round was coming out of the kitchen. And the aromas were tantalizing enough to keep us wanting the next round.

We were then presented, for our approval, the meats that had been purchased at the market. The writing on the butcher paper indicated the type of meat and the cost charged by the merchant for each. Carefully, I unwrapped and re-inspected each. You should have seen the eyes as the vulo was unwrapped, head, feet and all still attached!



Mika returned to the kitchen with the meat, and assisted and instructed in the preparation for the main course as Sweets brought out the flat bread and ground legumes. Mika returned to the table carrying a beautifully ornate serving vessel atop a matching serving platter, there were tiny little footed cups that matched the entire set perfectly. Warm rence wine was poured into the cups.

Shortly after that Mika brought out an interesting looking pod. She placed a few of the cloves on a piece of flat bread and when I bit into the wonderfully roasted garlic I was pleased to discover a familiar taste.

The girls brought out wooden stakes and platters of the meat we had approved along with peppers, onions, and small sul for us to pick and choose that which would be cooked for us over an open flame. It all looked so good, as far as uncooked meats can look good. The vulo was already roasting and the fire was hot, ready for our choices. We each laced a bit of onion, pepper and sul with bosk, tabuk, and tumit. The skewers were taken and placed over the fire. While the meats were roasting, it gave the slaves a few



moments to giggle and carry on, a time to sit and relax for a moment or two.



Mika returned with the mead. With drinking horns, once a beverage is placed in them, it must be completely consumed. One cannot place a horn down still full as can be done with a glass. The mead was sweet, cold, and filled the horns completely. Before the horns were completely empty, a slave was there and ready to refill them should we wish it. Come to think of it, I believe the slaves were attempting to get us drunk and take advantage of us.

The meats were done to perfection, smoked slightly and hot. The skewers were brought to the table and served with suls covered in bosk cheese and mashed spiced roots. Then came the vulo. Then the girls tried hard to hide in the kitchen, suddenly finding a million things that needed to be done there. But, believe it or not, it tasted much like a turkey. It was just getting past that black color! It is funny how usually every thing tastes like chicken; in this case, it was a chicken that tasted like turkey.

We were stuffed. There was no more room for even a bite. But we were not done yet. The tospit pie was served, followed by a beautiful two-slave serve of blackwine. When two slaves that care as much about each other as Mika and Sweets do do this serve, it is more pleasurable and beautiful than the taste of the blackwine itself. A two-slave serve of blackwine is done by one girl offering and placing the cup down, and placing into it the sugars and creams if they are desired. The second girl pours the blackwine into the cups. It is a teamwork effort and shows the communication that Mika and Sweets have without saying a word.



OK surely there is no way to put anything else into our overly stuffed stomachs. But out comes Mika with these wonderful mugs. Over their rims are mountains of sweetened whipped bosk cream. Within the cups is something she has no name for. But tells us the story of how she came into possession of the wonderful fluid. While at the market, she was approached by a Master who gave her a small brown bag; within the bag he told her was a concoction smuggled from earth. It is highly spiced and very precious, hard to come by. It is delicious and hot. The girls are permitted a small cup to appreciate. Besides, we needed to know if it was poison!

Through this entire evening, the girls were only fed by hand. They would kneel at the feet of their perspective Master and await the food he would see fit to feed them. Snow was permitted and expected to sample all the food that was to be brought to the table. There was of course, one loaf of sa-tarna bread left in the kitchen for the girls to nibble on.

The table was cleared, the stomachs stuffed and we cleared the table from the floor. Mika was instructed to dance, yes in front of everyone. And dance she did, at the end of the song she curled at my feet and caught her breath.

Well fed, good company, and the sharing of salt and water with my brother, the dance of a slave and it was a beautiful night.

Snow spent the long weekend with us and returned to her home on Monday. While she did not wind up joining my house, it did show me that the right second girl would be a pleasure and a benefit.

The menu glossary:

1. Tabuk - I originally contacted a source for antelope steak but they required too large of a purchase. The very nice deer steak I found at a local Oriental market served the purpose.
2. Vulo - Here is where most people reach for the Cornish Game Hens. I wasn't having any part of that. I choose a Black

Chicken. This was also purchased at the local Oriental Market and was not inexpensive. This bird came with the head and feet on. And has a black skin. Since most people have never seen a Black Chicken it makes a great choice. The interesting thing is that this "chicken" tastes like turkey.

3. Bosk- What Gorean feast would be complete without bosk? For bosk I chose buffalo. Couldn't find yak anywhere.
4. Tumit- A large flightless predatory bird and the obvious choice was ostrich. While the ostrich is not a predator, it is a large flightless bird and was the closest thing available to me.
5. Rence Wine- A nice Sake'.
6. Kalana - Plum Wine
7. Melons-Cantaloupe and honeydew
8. Ram Berries with honey- Raspberries
9. Kalana Fruit - Black berries
10. Ta grapes (Seedless grapes) and some other very unusual looking fruits in a basket.
11. Larma- White Peach
12. Sa-tarna bread with sweetened churned bosk butter - It was really yellow! (no it was not corn bread)
13. Flat bread (Pita) served with roasted garlic and ground legume spread (Hummus)
14. Mashed spiced roots-yams with a few spices mentioned in the books
15. Suls (small red new potato) with bosk cheese
16. Mead served in drinking horns lined with beeswax
17. Bazi tea (Black pekoe)
18. Blackwine (Coffee- I used a very strong Mexican coffee called Café Combate') served either first or second slave by two slaves. Both yellow and white sugars were available
19. Tospit pie- wonderful key lime pie.
20. The mystery concoction with whipped cream- Chai Tea Delicious

I hope this column gives some ideas of how we can all bring a touch of Gor to your everyday lives. Until next time, be well. If you have any questions or comments do not hesitate to contact me at [Michael@desertvista.com](mailto:Michael@desertvista.com) or join me at the Life\_under\_3\_moons chat group on yahoo. Just click the link below to join.



## From a Dom's Perspective

by Dennis Burns



*Wanted: a Master, who is both kind and strong,  
Wanna-be's, HNG'S and poser's, need not apply,  
Must be skilled in the use of a truly willing slave,  
For I deeply desire, nay I must, to my knees fall.*

*Must be able to help me focus, for this I long,  
Show me how to fly to release my endorphin sigh,  
My soul is waiting for your whip to engrave,  
Oh did I mention you must be tall.  
- D. Burns*

*"A broom is drearily sweeping,  
Of the broken pieces of yesterdays life,  
Somewhere a Queen is weeping,  
And somewhere a King has no wife."  
-Jimi Hendrix  
"And the wind cried Mary"*

A young lady had contacted me not to long ago concerning one of my articles she had read. It seems it struck her and she noted that I lived close to her, so she sent me an email asking about what she had read. I normally do not give my IM out to many but something in the wording of her missive gave me pause... it had piqued my curiosity, so we started talking. She is a young woman living at home (before tongues run wild, she is above legal age, it is just a matter of circumstances.) she has had some experience with the life (style) from both a male and a female Top/Domme at different times in her life.

As we talked I offered to help her to understand and learn more about what she was and help her with her path to being more like what she wished to be. I informed her that I was married and though I am a polyamourus male and my wife understands, (that is to the best of her ability, it's not quite as easy as some would think) I also explained that I was not attempting to become her Master nor was I a HNG (Horney Net Geek) looking to play for sexual gratification. I did offer to meet her for some coffee in a very public place, for her own sense of safety and well being, when and if she ever felt ready to. I also gave her permission to contact me at any time that she needed to. I also said I would be on the look out for any one who I thought might be well suited to possibly be compatible as her Dom or even Master. (That is a distinction for them to work out.)

Now many things had gone through my mind during and after the discussions we have had, one was I had to devote a lot of time in explaining my actions and words to her, not because of her; but because of our society and times. You see, a long, long time ago, in a place far, far away, when a young woman or man asked me questions about our life (style) and if I would help them to understand who and what they were (not always the same as what or who they thought they were... go figure...) well I could just go ahead and make arrangements to assist them on the pathway. Well that is not so easily done any more, you see when I was younger, very much younger, a mentor was a mentor and a teacher was a teacher and a Master was a Master. But not so it seems anymore, too many have used the terms we once thought we knew the meaning for and have derailed them from the track we believed they belonged on.

Far too many have entered into our life (style) with the moniker Master 12 inches, or Mistress of distress, Lord of your ass, Slave Master of any who kneel, etc... (Any resemblances to any real names... sorry but maybe you should consider a change of name.) Too many have come into another's life in the guise of a mentor or teacher simply as an excuse to be a predator or they take on the title of what they think they are or want to be.

No one wants to start at the perceived bottom of the rung, except for the blessed bottoms or those rare omegas. What people have forgotten or maybe never were taught about this life is that we may not have many core beliefs but we do have some.

1. Always be whom you are, knowing full well that for some that may change in a moment.

2. Because of what we do, falsehood cannot be tolerated nor condoned; it is counter to the level of trust that we require from all.
3. Just because you call a rabbit a lion, does not stop the real lion from eating the rabbit, tout suet. Bugs just isn't a lion, honey, time shows that to all.
4. Except that experience comes with time (not chronological age folks, I knew a lot before I turned of legal age, but that is another story.) except that the experience you gain shows in your congruency in all that you do.
5. Questions are not signs of ignorance, arrogance is. Even an established Master will ask questions to understand. Some thing else that I pondered is that too many feel that there is a single ladder on the upper side of our life (style), some see the ladder as having three stages the lowest being Top, the middle called Dom and the apex called Master... I disagree; to me there are three separate ladders side by side. At the peak of each one is the label Top, Dom and Master. These ladders arte close enough to leap from one to the other and back as needed. One of the major differences is that the Top ladder has experiences that are needed on the Dom ladder and the Master ladder needs the experiences offered on the other two.

The other is commitment, not everybody wishes the varied levels of commitment that the Dom and Master ladder requires. Each ladder has it's own skill sets but the level of interpersonal commitment rises exponentially from Top to Dom to Master. (Damn and I hated algebra.) Oh and a minor difference is that Tops tend to deal more in the realm of S/M while Dom and Masters work with more D/s though all can be stirred in the alphabet soup we call BDSM.

I also thought that as a person who has taught many things throughout my life that it is such a shame that I have to explain my intent (again not because of her) because of the world as it is. Buchmann's Academy now called the APEX Academy is one of the few places that offers formalized training for Master and Slave, but not all can rush out and sign up, though Master Steve probably would like that... Woof!

I wish that there was a set standard to measure all of us with, but there is no yardstick marked Master Measure, but there is a way one can get some validation as to where one sits in the scheme of things, for being humans we all like to know were we fit in the hierarchal pyramid. One way to find were you sit or stand or even kneel is by how others react or treat you compared to your own inner truthfulness.

Another is who do you like to play with, you see there is a saying that says "opposites attract" what a crock, it is not a universal for I do not see many of the religious right sitting next to me at meetings, I don't see Dr. Laura being a part of a face slapping interrogation scene (fun thought though), but it does somewhat work in our partner dynamics, you see we tend to play best with our inverse: Tops play well with Bottoms, Dom's work well with Sub's and Masters control slaves. So if you find you play better with someone who wants to just feel your better sadistic side and not cuddle too much or not at all after wards you might be sitting on a rung of the Top ladder. If you find that you like the actions of a submissive individual who serves and you need only to speak softly to get your needs met, you are on a rung of the Dom ladder. If you find that you need not notice that your glass was filled by a loving devoted little one, just that it was filled, that most of your commands are hardly ever spoken, then your cheeks are on the Master ladder. (Ever notice that as one travels from one ladder to another, their voice gets lower...)

Now as to the young lady in question, she is of a tall statuesque build yet extremely feminine in form. Definition: statuesque = stone fox, damn showed my age again. I will not divulge anything more for that is up to her. She should have no problem finding someone just right for her and I will help as much as I can. OH, did I forget to mention that he needs to be TALL at least 6' 2" or taller.

Until once again my rants and raves cross your eyes,

Be well and blessed be,  
Adieu!

Credendo vides!  
(In believing, one sees!)  
Dennis "Dragon~Lord" Burns  
(Note the Lord part is at the end not a title)

**"What colour is a Dragon my son?"  
"Crimson, Master, Bloody crimson, no matter what doth the eyes say"**

# Ascolta! \*



by MsTurandot

For the benefit of those who have not been graced with the Operatic Genre, I will take a moment to explain why I chose "Ascolta!" as this column's title. In Italian, the word ascolta means to listen. In Opera, listening, along with the many hours of work involved, is probably one of the single greatest attributes that set apart the good sopranos from the Divas like Maria Callas, Montserrat Caballe and Joan Sutherland. A song isn't good unless the listener says it's good; audiences determine music's success. However, it is equally true that we aren't serious listeners until we have educated our ears.

In our quest to be a good Dominant we spend hours working on scenes, practicing with a myriad of implements, including floggers, canes, or single tails etc. We experiment on ourselves with latex and wax or having someone else push needles in us all for the sake of making sure we know what we're doing to our submissives physically. We spend lots of time reading and setting up simple or elaborate scenes and work on learning some of the more psychological aspects of D/s so as to make sure our path with our submissive is heading in the right direction. As with Opera, the work involved in self-mastery takes time and effort. It is my opinion that to be one of the better Dominants, you really need to add listening to your list of techniques.

### Ask yourself if you ever find yourself falling into any of these habits?

1. Interrupting your submissive, impatient or you talk too much.
2. Not looking at your sub. Not giving eye contact (eyes wander).
3. Rushing your sub and making them feel that they're wasting your time.
4. Showing interest in something other than the conversation (doesn't care; daydreaming).
5. Getting ahead of your submissive and finishing their thoughts.
6. Distracted (fidgeting) and not paying attention to your sub.
7. Judgmental and/or closed-minded.
8. Self-preoccupied and changing the subject.
9. Not responding to your sub's requests. Giving them little or no (verbal or nonverbal) feedback.
10. Saying, "Yes, but . . ." as if you've already made up your mind and listen when told how a sub feels, not telling them how they should feel.
11. Topping your sub's story with "That reminds me . . ." or "That's nothing, let me tell you about..."
12. Forgetting what was talked about previously. Be careful when you're working with multiple subs so that you're not confusing one's issues with another.
13. Asking too many questions about details.

### Here are the traits of a good listener:

1. Uses eye contact appropriately.
2. Is attentive and alert to a person's verbal and nonverbal behavior.
3. Is patient and doesn't interrupt, waits for the other person to finish.
4. Is responsive, using verbal and nonverbal expressions.
5. Asks questions in a non-threatening tone.
6. Paraphrases, restates or summarizes what the person says.
7. Provides constructive (verbal or nonverbal) feedback.
8. Is empathic (works to understand the other person).
9. Shows interest in them as a person.



Ascolta!

10. Demonstrates a caring attitude and is willing to listen.
11. Doesn't criticize, is nonjudgmental.
12. Is open-minded.

Listening does not mean simply maintaining a polite silence while you are rehearsing in your mind the speech you are going to make the next time you can grab a conversational opening. Nor does listening mean waiting alertly for the flaws in the other person's arguments so that later you can mow them down. Listening means trying to see the problem the way the speaker sees it, which means not sympathy, which is feeling for him, but empathy, which is experiencing with him. Listening requires entering actively and imaginatively a frame of reference different from your own.

But a good listener does not merely remain silent. He asks questions. However, these questions must avoid all implications (Whether in tone of voice or wording) of skepticism or challenge or hostility.

### **So why is it that I stress listening as one of my priorities in this lifestyle and in life in general?**

Think about all the miscommunication that seems to go on within our BDSM communities. Take a look at our discussion lists that so often break out in feuds, generally because we're all trying so desperately to be heard. If we listen with our heart **and** our ears we might find that we can learn from others even if we don't agree. We also might find that others will be more apt to listen to our viewpoint and respond appropriately knowing they won't be attacked for opposing our personal views.

When was the last time you actually sat and listened to the experiences of someone of a different sexual orientation than your own? Did you feel like you really understood their point of view, even if it differs totally from your own? This is one I try to do as often as I can. I am not Bi and I'm sure everyone around me knows it. I don't get nasty in letting someone know. I have tried it. It just doesn't do anything for me. I am not homophobic either. I Top other women quite often and I enjoy it just as much as a good session with one of my boys. I have spent time getting to know many people of differing sexual orientations and enjoy the conversation regarding the differences and the similarities of my friends.

Take a good look at scenes that end with one or the other of the parties involved being upset, or worse, physically or mentally harmed. Listening is a huge part of the negotiation process and to rush that is asking for trouble. This is not to say that you necessarily have to spend hours negotiating. If you need hours, then by all means take the time you need! I recently met a switch on only one occasion, one week before a play party. At the forth-coming party we negotiated only minutes before our scene together. It was rather impromptu and it was necessary to negotiate further and talk and listen to one another for the first 30 minutes of the scene. Yes than can be distracting to a bottom to be constantly giving feedback during your scene but it was due to communicating and listening, on both sides, that allowed for some wonderful exchanges to occur and we both had a delightful 2-hour scene together.

### **What about a 24/7 relationship?**

It's hard to listen when someone you care about is saying things that make you angry or you don't want to hear. Try not to blow up, try to take a few minutes to settle down and gather your composure. Even five minutes apart can help both parties calm down. If neither of you are listening, you might try talking to each other in turns. If what you're not understanding what you're hearing, continue asking until you do understand. Listening is a powerful tool. When you can say to your partner, "It's time for you to talk and I'll listen," you may find it possible to transform an intense situation into a much calmer one.

Can you talk about the issues without fighting? If you can't, then that's another problem. It's important to slow down and try to listen and communicate clearly. Don't assign blame when trying to sort everything out.

If the problems are within the power exchange itself and not a basic relationship issue, then you may be able to deal with them by renegotiating your initial agreement. In order for power exchange to work, both partners have to feel they have power to begin with. You can't give anything away unless you have it to start with, and you can't take something that someone isn't giving. Don't be afraid of renegotiating. You may find that your new situation suits you much better. But also keep in mind that even if it doesn't look different from the old one, sometimes reevaluating the situation is all that's needed.

### **And now for the other people who test you!**

One of the more difficult times for good listening is when you're faced with someone, either personally or in a group situation, in whom you've had a quarrel. This may be either currently or in the past. You may absolutely despise this person or you may simply be irritated with them, but to be a good listener, you must always listen with empathy. It's easy to let your mind chew on a point of disagreement if you hear something that bothers you or if you just don't like the person who's speaking, but you'll miss what's being said. Try to see the world through their eyes. And yes I KNOW how difficult this can be. Think of it as a practice run for when you're in discussions with people you like and respect, i.e. Your submissives, slaves, a Top or Bottom and of course other Dominants. You may be amazed a time or two at the mere fact that you may be the one in the wrong. Yes even we Mistress' have been known to eat crow a time or two.

Remember that in this community, we call BDSM, we are all teachers whether we are relatively new or been around for ages. We are all in some form leaders and examples during certain situations. The leader's success in their decision making will be affected if not conclusively determined by his ability and willingness to create an atmosphere that will free individuals to talk with them without the fear of being too quickly categorized, rejected, or reproved.

Ascolta!

We should listen to those whom we serve, to those with whom we serve, and to those under whose direction we serve, both in our homes and in our BDSM groups and communities.

### **One last thought:**

To be a successful Dominant, you must also believe that listening is power. Because our society places so much emphasis on speaking as the way to win friends and influence people, good listeners can quietly have a powerful and subversive impact. You should also remember that speakers have little power without listeners. Speakers share their wisdom and try to persuade, but listeners make meaning of what is heard - ***Your submissive/slave/bottom makes the ultimate decision to act on what they hear.*** (Read and repeat!)

In writing this article, I found that I needed to reevaluate my own listening skills. Better listening skills is not an easy thing to accomplish. When it comes to others in business, I find I am a keen listener, but there are also times with my own husband, Master Briggs, in which I am lacking sorely in my skills.

**"Everyone and everything around you is your teacher. Listen well."**

Be well and play safe!  
MsTurandot

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\* Italian for Listen!

# Transgressions

by Miss Ayme



## The Eyes Have It

For as long as I can remember, I've always been squeamish about my eyes. Bad enough that my eyesight, even from an early age, was totally hosed. Blind as a bat, with severe myopia and a healthy dose of astigmatism to boot. By the time I was 8, I was sporting coke-bottle bottom spectacles with big, black industrial-strength frames. Four eyes was a nickname I got used to early in life. But I've always had this bone-shaking fear of anything getting in or near my eyes. When I got old enough to care about how glasses looked, even the thought of contact lenses was immediately rejected. No way am I gonna stick anything on my eyeball! Yuck! Wearing glasses became a fact of life.

They also became something to hide behind. The eyes may be the window to the soul, but to get to mine you had to negotiate your way through a rather thick barrier of glass (and later, plastic). Because of their expense, once I bought a pair of glasses, I wore them for years at a time until I either broke them, or my prescription changed. Wearing glasses was safe. They gave me excuses for everything, from not engaging in rough sports to avoiding intimacy.

And even much later, when I began my transition, applying makeup became a major exercise in conquering my fear. I had particular difficulties with eyeliner and mascara. Took me years to get proficient with drawing lines and painting colors on my eyelids. Can't tell you how many times I've poked myself in the eye with that damn mascara brush, and with tears flowing, vowing to give up in frustration. Still, eyewear as fashion was a totally foreign concept. Glasses were a medical necessity only.

## Hindsight is 20/20...

Makeup was cause for fear? Well...let me put to you in a roundabout way. Any of you old enough to remember a movie called *The Crawling Eye*? It was made in 1958 and starred Forrest Tucker in the lead role. I recall seeing it sometime in the mid-60's when it was getting a lot of play on late-night television. It was a murky tale of a team investigating strange killings of mountain climbers, with extraterrestrials theorized to be involved. Naturally it included the requisite damsel in distress - a clairvoyant no less, receiving psychic mindstorms from the creatures on the mountain, thrown into a state of near-hysteria by visions of climbers being menaced by horrible things coming out of the darkness - perceived by her from the "thing's" point of view. The monster turned out to be a bulbous, pulsating, tentacled sac of pus, sliding forth with a nervous, pivoting eyeball leading the way. For an impressionable 8-year old, this was pretty heavy stuff, and it's given me the willies ever since. I've had horrible nightmares of the eye creeping forward at me, its tendrils waving as smoke and mist drift by. It was a vision right out of Lovecraft, and it's stuck with me ever since.

Later, in the early 70's (when I was about 14 or 15), I used to do sleepovers with my best buddy. We'd plan it so we could stay up late and watch *Fright Night* - a compendium of schlocky B-flick horror movies - hosted locally in Los Angeles on Saturday nights by this craggy old dude calling himself Seymour the Sinister. During the breaks, he'd crack jokes heavily laden with sexual innuendo related to what was on the projector that evening, and as pubescent boys we ate it up. We'd usually get fare like *Attack of the Mushroom People*, or *Monster from the Surf*, but one night he showed *X - Man With The X-Ray Eyes*, starring Ray Milland (and directed I found out later, by Roger Corman).

## A Revelation?

With it's shocking ending and powerful biblical reference to Oedipus ("If thine eyes doth offend thee, pluck them out!"), it is a movie that presented human vision as the analog to human curiosity. The film is obviously very concerned with senses and 'seeing', but is not an essay on voyeurism. (Seymour would tease us during a commercial break with images of alluring women, add some eye drops to the camera lens, and after a few moments of swirling blurs, the next image we'd see was of the women in their bras and panties. He'd tease us further and get us wonder if he added more drops, maybe we would see them naked. Oh it was too much to

ask for! Both of us probably had erections developing when he started to add the additional drops that would enable us to see through their clothing. When the image next came into focus, all the women were skeletons! "Oops, too much!" he'd smirk, and both of us howled with disappointment).

But despite the potential for cheap thrills, in "X" I discovered that Dr. Xavier's journey is that of the surreal hero, plunging into the unknown, having no idea where his obsession will take him. "X" has been likened to a critique of LSD research, where mind-altering drugs supposedly make possible the perception of greater truths, unlocking mental doors to hidden resources within the human brain. But for his every advance in 'vision', Xavier becomes more blind to the real world around him.

When people no longer have faces, it's difficult to relate to them. As it is when people (like me) no longer have a definitive gender, it's difficult to relate to them. When your vision sees to the center of the universe, how do you concentrate on petty obligations and concerns in your immediate reality? But Xavier's psychological isolation warps his view even more severely. He can see, but he can't "unsee." Once enlightenment is granted, it can't be gotten rid of, only denied. By the same token, once enlightened about my gender identity, I cannot deny who I used to be. I can only try to express outwardly the person I am inside. I am as guilty as the next TG with concerns about my appearance and my ability to "pass" as a woman. In my eyes, there's always room for improvement, hampered by a lot of wishful thinking.

### **In the Blink of an Eye...**

So all you have to do is throw in a little alien-abduction-surgery, needles-in-the-eyes-schtick, and you can see how I've developed a full-blown phobia about anything to do with my sense of sight. I suppose I can blame it on watching too many bad sci-fi movies. But I bring up all my childhood fears about eyeballs because I have finally taken advantage of the latest technological marvels in corrective eye surgery, and took one of those leaps of faith I'm so fond of doing - all in pure pursuit of eternal youth and beauty. And literally, it was a real eye-opener.

As I write this, I'm still in the early days of recovery from a refraction-corrective invasion of my corneas, a procedure otherwise known hereabouts as LASIK. Since I've been told many times that I have pretty eyes, my rationale for having LASIK was that it was high time I removed the bulky glasses that obscured them. I also think I look younger without them, and you're not going to convince the woman in me otherwise.

The LASIK procedure evolved from lamellar refractive surgery or ALK (Automated Lamellar Keratoplasty). Professor Barraquer, one of the most famous names in refractive surgery, invented ALK in 1948. LASIK represents a supreme refinement of the procedure that minimizes the risks involved with this most delicate of invasive surgeries. An ALK flap is raised (sort of like taking the narrow end off a soft-boiled egg), using a very precise instrument called the microkeratome, and your misshapen cornea is then sculpted to perfection by the laser underneath this protective flap, thereby correcting your vision. When the procedure is done, the flap is simply laid back over the cornea.

For someone with optic phobias like me, what it boiled down to was that I was gonna let some guy with a blade slice the tip of my cornea not quite all the way off, and create a little window through which he was gonna zap my eyeball with a red-hot laser gun! Aye yi yi! Talk about facing your fears!

In all honesty, I have to say it was one of the weirdest experiences I've ever been through. After some numbing drops, I didn't feel a thing except some "pressure," but in my mind's eye it was one of those horrific yet fascinating moments. I watched these blurry hands insert an optical speculum into my right socket, everything went black for a moment, and then I stared at this red light splattered across my range of sight like a kaleidoscope. There was this sound like a high-speed grinder as the laser went off, maybe 45 seconds tops. Then it was the left eye's turn to be abused in much the same way, which by then I sorta knew what was coming and it was like watching the clothespins approaching my tender nipples...like laying in the dentist's chair while he approaches you with the Novocain needle...you know what's coming and you can't get away! Oh it was creepy! More pressure, another moment of darkness, the red light and grinding noise - an assistant nearby counting down seconds, calling out tracking status signals like Mr. Spock at his science station.

All told, it was about ten minutes on the table, and then I'm up and guided out for a quick look see in an optician's chair, then driven home where I fell into bed and into blessed, silent darkness. Two days followed of having my eyes feel scratchy, like I had a hair or something in there ("foreign body syndrome" was the term they used). It was to be expected, part of the process. The cardinal rule and overriding mantra of my life for the next two weeks is "Don't - Rub - Your - Eyes!" Naturally, that's the first thing I want to do, but I don't dare for fear of dislodging the corneal flap (and I have to wear these swimmer's goggles in bed at night to ensure I don't). But the end result is that I, for the first time in my life that I can remember, now have 20/20 vision for distance in both eyes without the need for corrective lenses. The jury's still out on whether I look any younger. All I feel at the moment is somewhat exposed.

### **Blinded by the Light...**

Yet, it's amazing. It blows my mind. But electing to have this procedure has had its consequences. I have to do everything in reverse now. I used to be able to see things quite sharply and in great detail up close, but now I can't. The promise of doing without your glasses for ever and ever turned out to be a myth. I still have to saddle myself with a different kind of lens through which I need to see. Not prescriptive mind you, but I do need to use magnifying readers if I want to keep up with my whodunits and view a computer screen.

I can't wear eye makeup for two weeks. And that's fairly traumatic for a T-girl who relies on all the tricks of the trade to get through the day. I try to ignore the self-consciousness, and I almost wish I had my glasses to hide behind again. Like Milland's Dr. X, I



plunged ahead lured by the promise of technology with no real thought to how it would ultimately affect me. My rationale was that I've been wearing glasses for the better part of 40 years, and it'd be nice not to have to wear them for the latter half of my life. LASIK surgery has the finality of GRS (Gender Reassignment Surgery). What's done is done. I cannot undo it. I'm coming to realize that if I don't want to poke myself in the eye again with the mascara brush, I better get my hands on a magnifying mirror. But for general day to day living and running about town, driving or whatnot, I don't need to wear glasses anymore. And basically, that's why I did it. My sense of feminine vanity swayed the final decision.

And whether this diatribe has anything to do with BDSM from a TG perspective or not, call it a contribution to the community in general. But if any of you reading this are contemplating LASIK surgery, I invite you to send me your questions and I'll be happy to answer them from the benefit of my experience. And whether I'm viewed as a pioneer in my quest for feminine perfection, or a vain and selfish fool, remains to be seen.

# Trubled Times



## for those times when you're having troubles by Celeste aka Bitatrouble

Dear Bitatrouble:

I'm finding that I'm not having the fun with BDSM that I used to have. How can I put some zip back into the life I live with Master?

Just a girl that knows it's supposed to be fun  
+++++++

Dear It's supposed to be fun,

I can't begin to count how many times I've heard this phrase or seen it written. It's supposed to be fun. If you're not having fun, don't do it and all the cousins that go along with those phrases. It's almost a sacred mantra in an alternative culture. We seem to forget that life is not always fun. Living in an alternative culture does not put us in a protective box which shields us from the daily stresses of living life. Submissives and Dominants, Masters and Slaves, Tops and Bottoms. It's as if these labels somehow prevent reality from creeping in. What we sometimes forget is that we are people first and what ever label we assign ourselves is secondary to that fact. People don't always have fun. Contrary to popular belief, slaves do fight with their Masters, submissives do get angry with their Dominants and the Top is not always right. It's called living and really has nothing what so ever to do with BDSM as a culture or lifestyle. Vaninbsp; I do it because it brings out the best of me and that's what I want for myself. I do it even when it's not fun. Even when it's the hardest thing in the world because it's how I remain true to myself. Realize that the fun has not gone out of BDSM. It may, however, have gone out of you. If something made you laugh yesterday and does not today ask yourself what changed. The situation or you. It is so easy to chuck a relationship because it's not fun anymore.. It's so much more rewarding to renew and rekindle that relationship and to work at it because it's got some sort of value to you. Decide which it is then do something about it.

Bitatrouble



### Safewords

Some mean stop.. some mean slow down... if you use one, what does your safeword (or safety anything if you don't like the word safeword) mean?

Lady Bleu  
+++++++

Lady Bleu actually asked this question on the [elist](#) (which I highly recommend to anyone that wants to learn something .. plug, plug.. ::grins::) and I thought it was a good question to answer in this forum.

Simply put my safeword means STOP, something is happening which you (the Top) cannot see via another source such as body language. Something is wrong and I need all action to cease immediately so I can communicate the distress to you. It does not mean I hurt, I can't take it, or this is too much. It is to be used during

emergencies only in much the way a fire alarm is set on the side of a building or you can dial 911 for the police department. If that alarmed is pulled someone better have smelled smoke. To use it otherwise is criminal. To have the fire alarmed ignored is paramount to a Top saying, you don't matter to me or even 'die' because I'm not going to heed what you have to say. I know too many couples who make the claim they don't use safewords. Mostly I think that's bullshit and it's just semantics. What Top worth their salt will not immediately desist a scene if the bottom is oh, having a heart attack, bleeding out their ears or some other distress.

Bit

## What's a slave for?



### from a male submissive's point of view by semanticus

In a post to Dom-sub Lifestyle listserv on Yahoo dated 6/16/02 this exchange took place. I originally wrote this as a post in reply, but since it was so long, and since it seemed like a good topic for this edition's column, and since I am too lazy to write what I originally planned to write, I present it here. The post was, and I stress that it was, a well thought out question with a rare depth of feeling and concern. It also was very basic to the flavor of this column. The post was:

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> I don't feel that being sadistic is abnormal or unhealthy, rather it  
> can be expressed in very unhealthy ways.

I'm curious... Is there *\*anything\** abnormal or unhealthy in today's overly tolerant, I'm-ok/you're-ok, do-what-feels-good world? I have to think that if sadomasochism is 'normal', then so is murder, rape, theft, lying, child abuse, suicide bombings, flying airplanes into occupied buildings to make a political point...yadda yadda yadda... I mean, where do we draw the line?

I'd really hate to think I've spun my wheels for 35 years trying to get a handle on a problem that has caused me (and some others) so much turmoil in my life, only to find that it's 'normal'.

Why are we (as a society) so inclined to normalize abnormal behaviour? Inquiring minds wanna know... (At least this one does)

Best regards, XXXXX

*\*Action reveals character\**

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IMHO, the answer to the question in the 3rd paragraph as to why we have come to "normalize abnormal behaviour [sic]" may be in the 2nd paragraph immediately above the 3rd in which is said:

*I'd really hate to think I've spun my wheels for 35 years trying to get a handle on a problem that has caused me (and some others) so much turmoil in my life, only to find that it's 'normal'.*

My view is, that if you have truly tried without success to "cure" something, perhaps it does not need curing (ie., it is not inherently unhealthy, or only so to the extent that your perceptions and values make it) or it is largely "uncurable." I think the second situation often obtains concerning BDSM, although a strong case can be made for the first point of view, and often by me.

As to the consideration of a behavior's "uncurability," from my personal experience I have tried without success to modify certain behaviors, for example a "shame spiral" and have been totally unsuccessful. I can manage one, I can apply an antidote, I can counteract a shame spiral, but I cannot stop one from being triggered within me. The same has been my story with anger, even rage, which I will address at the end in an exactly parallel management technique as for a "shame spiral."

First, some definitions. Shame is an emotion that we have to be taught. Healthy shame is the basis of our spirituality--there is a God, and you ain't it, or if you are, so are all the other folks in the world. Healthy shame is humility. It is where your rights end and the other fellow's begin. You are as-shamed of anti-social behaviors. For example, little boys are famous for pulling it out and peeing in public, once. Until they are shamed to learn that that is not socially acceptable. And the difference between healthy shame in a society and toxic shame probably is in the benefits either affords or costs, as the case may be, the individual.

Toxic shame comes from being "shamed" by our primary care givers in childhood. It may be emotional ("You shouldn't feel that, that is so dumb or bad to feel that"). It may be intellectual ("Where did you get such a silly idea! That is so dumb. You shouldn't think



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that!") Shaming may be physical (the child is spanked, slapped, beaten, etc.). Shaming may be spiritual ("There is no God" or the old standby, "God will punish you for that.") And shaming may be from sexual abuse (fondling, inappropriate talk or jokes or compliments, say about a young person's physical development, around a child, actual penetration, etc.). All of these give the message that the child is inferior, less than, inadequate, just an object, not fully valid as a human being, broken in a way that cannot be fixed. The child has to take on the badness of the shame, for if the perpetrator is the one in the wrong, the poor kid is dead meat--the child totally depends on that caregiver for life. It is an issue of life or death to the child. It is that serious!

A "shame spiral," also called a "toxic shame [attack]", is for me, now an adult, and for all I know who have dealt with them to the best of their abilities as adults, is that "depression" that follows a [shaming] thought triggered by the residual pain of childhood abuse. I literally hear the primary woman in my life (my wife, Mistress Cherie) say something that sounds just like (to me) something my mother would have said when I was very little. Even the body language and tone of voice (non-verbal cues) are so similar.\* No matter what was said in the now by that now-primary woman in my life, it triggers a recollection on many levels, and I hear (in my case), "Nobody loves me; nobody cares." And that is an actual self-talk voice that my mind says those very words to me over and over as I spiral down into shame which I experience as depression.

This is where the model (an analogy to reality) gets a bit hokey, except for the great benefit of being very useful in predicting my behavior. Thus, it is a good model or theory, because it is useful. Theories or models are neither true or false, they are only useful or not. The model is that there is an inner child within me, still wounded by whatever the abuse, real or perceived way back when, and the "wounded inner child" tells me, "Nobody loves me; nobody cares." The now adult me hears that voice chanting its toxic and hypnotic mantra, and, having nothing to fall back on, believes it--in that sense I am still that immature child in emotional pain with no relief in sight except the unreasonable and unworkable demand that the now primary woman in my life "fix" me. She must change. That's called blame, and it will not endear you to your mate.

The short version is, "someone hit my button." Note that when I say that, I am blaming her, failing to recognize or acknowledge that it is, after all my damn button! And sometimes it sticks out real far!

As I hear that voice self talking to me, I start to feel my toxic shame, and I spiral into a depression. The depression may be identified as pouting, or feeling sorry for myself, or many other things, but it is the emotion of toxic shame, it is depression--I shut down for safety--to hide, to not strike back, to protect myself in some way(s).

Now here is the point as to why I cannot avoid such a "shame spiral;" I can only manage one. Since, according to the model, it is my "inner wounded child," the only relief is to become my own parent, and counter the self talk with exactly this, "Yes, it looks like nobody loves you, no one cares, but I love you [the adult me to me the child], I care, and God loves you and God cares, and that is enough." Then literally in my mind, I take my "child" by the hand and parent him, removing him physically and emotionally from the scene, taking him to a safe place where "they" won't shame him (by hitting his buttons). I may even imagine taking him to the park to play or watching a favorite TV program or ball game. In this way I manage the shame spiral--I just make it ok to have one and, in effect, know that the feeling will go away, especially if the adult me nurtures the wounded child me, and **THAT THE FEELING OF SHAME WILL NOT KILL ME** [not shouting], because the adult me will not abandon the inner child, and to a 3 year old child, abandonment is death. Without someone to take care of him, a 3 or 6 year old child dies, because he cannot survive without care and protection. As I said above, it is an issue of life or death to the (inner) child. That, in my opinion, is why all these issues are practically untreatable--shame, S&M, anger, rage, and others. Not knowing that the emotion or emotional behavior is the result of childhood trauma, it is still experienced by the adult as life threatening.

And yes, I do not believe I was born a slave or a submissive. I learned it. Real early, so I might as well have been born that way, but I learned it, probably before I learned to talk. A fine point could be made that I was born a submissive, since I believe that so much of this childhood "shaming" took place prior to my "psychological birth," at about 8 year old when our brains finally get fully formed or "wired," that then, well yes, in that sense I was born this way. And that is probably a valid point of view as long as environment is taken into account.

Well, now, one might say, "semanticus, if you believe all that about the inner child and it works up to that point, why don't you just go the last step and heal completely, and not let whatever hit your button trigger you? Just get rid of the button."

The answer is that not only is the trigger something that is said to me, it is non-verbal messages--looks, glares, body language, threatening movements, sighs, eyes rolling, and so on, [emphasis again] **THAT I LEARNED BEFORE I LEARNED TO TALK**. So how can I talk myself out of it? I can address the spoken part only so far. The non-spoken part and the attachment of the verbal to the non-verbal part that I cannot shake, remains. So to expect complete recovery is fantasy. That, IMHO, is why Freud never cured anyone (besides his being a coke addict). Or any other "talking therapy" has never cured anyone. They are useful, but only to a point to where we can learn to recognize the onset and manage it as an adult would. That is as good as the cure gets.

So, I believe from my personal experience and the sharings of many, many others, that in the most basic sense the thing this poster cries out against is "normal" precisely because we all have some of it in us, no matter what the problem. We all had less than perfect parenting, and we all reacted in childish fearful ways to turn those incidents, no matter how horrendous or trivial, into big deals today. And we still carry them, and have scant chance to eliminate them entirely. That, by any definition of the poor term, "normal," makes it "normal."

As to why, referring to the 1st quoted paragraph, about "today's" outlook(s), that anything goes--that is because we have the luxury in our abundant society in which to have such problems. They never come up in a survival oriented society which are inherently either patriarchal or matriarcal--everyone is too busy following the orders "from above," because if they don't family members will

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perish--they die! Patriarchy or Matriarchy or benevolent dictatorship, or a general in war--those systems work for survival existences. Everyone has to do his job or loved ones die. In a world of plenty, we can "follow our bliss," as Joseph Campbell said, and we have time for self discovery, introspection, self determination, personal growth, assertiveness, but with those things comes a price--the pain of what went wrong back then. It is the Tree of Knowledge (the Biblical Tree of Good and Evil) all over again.

But if you gotta get your share of that crop in before the locusts arrive, you ain't got time for self contemplation. In fact, self contemplation might kill you and others. That is the nature of having to live only for survival.

Allow me to add a thought to the signature line of this poster as a new sense of what we may be made up of. He said, in quotes: "Action reveals character"

I would hasten to add, "--and your past."

Sigmund semanticus

*\*And we wonder why we men marry our mother, and why the ladies marry dad! To get resolution! To work through this stuff!!! I remember Barbara DeAngeles crying loudly to a lady at a lecture I attended, "It's his JOB to push your buttons!"*

## Black Leather Couch



by Dorothy Hayden, CSW, CAC

*Dear Black Leather Couch:*

*I am a dominant woman and have been actively involved in the scene for about two years. I have met a great number of people, including some terrific women who have become friends and have played with many submissive men in a variety of different scenes.*

*Lately, however, I'm feeling discontent and disillusioned with the scene, as the men I meet seem to me to be interchangeable and superficial. It's like they get off and move on. I find myself longing for a more enduring relationship. Do I have to leave the scene to find a "vanilla" guy who wants to connect to me in other ways than just sexual? Is the only choice I have to give up my dominant nature (which I greatly enjoy) and leave the scene to find a relationship. Why can't I have both? What is it about the male subs I meet that they don't seem to be able/willing to form and maintain relationships?*

*Lonely Lady M*

Dear Lonely Lady M -

Rest assured, you're not alone. I hear this complaint from male subs all the time. I don't think gender/orientation makes a difference. So...the question really is: Why are so many people in the scene having problems forming and maintaining loving, caring relationships? Is it not?

I think the D/s scene is loaded with landmines in the area of healthy intimate relationships. People go to TES because they want to meet like-minded folk and some have the hope that they might find that "special one" who shares his/her dreams. But scene or no scene, it takes two whole, vital people to make one good relationship.

The problems arise due to the different levels of narcissism that people carry in the door. People with entrenched narcissistic problems have, at some time in their childhoods, withdrawn from real contact with real people because there was too much pain or trauma or whatever. Withdrawing into a world of their own, they develop a rich (usually sexual) fantasy life that nourishes and enlivens them in ways that the real people in the real world were unable to do. These people have difficulty leaving their internal "other world" to take the risk of dealing with a "warts-and-all", regular, imperfect human being. After all, in fantasy, the dom or sub is always perfect. The scene is always perfectly controllable. There's never any disappointment, rejection, or disillusionment like there is in real life.

I think many people come to the scene because they want to "live out their fantasy". Well, hell, it's plenty of fun to "play" at acting out our fantasies. BUT...is the primary concern acting out the fantasy, or is the primary concern THE HUMAN BEING with whom one is playing? Is there any recognition of the other person as a separate being with his/her own needs, wants, wishes? Or are we just trying to impose an overriding, rigid, compulsory fantasy onto someone who really isn't a someone at all, but is rather an object. My personal definition of perversion is meeting a human being with a soul and turning him/her into a thing. I think the scene is really hot when there's some level of empathic connection with the person you're playing with.

The sweetest fruits of life are sexuality and love. We all want and need both. Scene sex may take some education and practice - the techniques of giving and receiving high-intensity, mind-blowing erotic experience. We have plenty of meetings to learn the techniques of playing. It's a pretty straightforward deal.

But love is a bit stickier. First of all, it takes two whole, vital people to make one good relationship. If a sub is an adult and a whole person who makes a choice based on self-knowledge to be submissive, well, that's something quite different than a woman who had childhood trauma and is developmentally arrested as a child in an adult woman's body. This is a person who can't really make adult choice but is rather looking for a dom to heal the past and to compensate for her own psychological deficits. Or, there's the case of the dom who really couldn't be less interested in the wants, needs and feelings of the sub or in understanding another person's inner life to establish a human contact. I find in many of my dom patients a deep fear of abandonment combined with a shame-bound identity that tells them that no one could really love them unconditionally and consistently. These are the guys/gals

who need to control the "object" to calm their fear about being abandoned/rejected when anyone really gets to know him/her. This type of narcissistic is so consumed with feeling secure through having power and control that he/she doesn't have the psychic space to recognize the reality of another person.

This isn't love. It's sickness. These types of relationships, where one or both people are still children stuck in their histories, or are using another person as a mannequin upon which to drape their projections of the fantasy of the perfect scene, or where one or both people haven't arrived at some level of personal security, are doomed. These people look at their beloved and see the hope of having the life-long fantasy (of whatever) being lived out through him/her. Invariably, I see them in couples counseling years later when they realize that they've been together for years feel rage and betrayal being they married their fantasies, not real people.

Don't get me wrong. I'm all for fantasies and having them fulfilled. But in the human psyche, everything has its place and if the fantasy overrides satisfaction in real living, people have a hard time in relationships.

My advise, dear Lady M, and to all people in the scene who are looking for more intimacy and consistent companionship, is start out with one question in mind when you meet someone new: Besides being hot, or interesting, or having compatible playing styles, always keep one question in the back of your mind: "Can he or she love? For that matter, can I?"

*Ms. Hayden is a prominent lecturer on the psychology of male sexual masochism in both the therapeutic community and in the New York S&M community. She practices in New York City but does telephone therapy with people throughout the country. She can be reached at [d2hayden@mindspring.com](mailto:d2hayden@mindspring.com)*



# Corsetry

by Lady Bleu

Okay, I couldn't resist! I was at Vicious Valentine in Chicago, and Joy from LeChateau Exotique was there with a large display of corsets. I've always been awed by them and so wandered over to take a look.

Well, darned if she didn't have one that fit me to a T and I just had to buy it!

After I purchased the corset, and it arrived... I figured I'd best find out what to do with it! ~laughs~ It was obvious I couldn't put it on myself.. so first step was finding someone to help me get into it. Luckily, a dear friend of mine volunteered to help me with my corset training. In the following, you will find information I discovered about wearing and caring for a corset. I hope it helps those of you who want a corset too!

Now once you choose your corset and you've brought it home, what do you do? Well, first of all, you will need to find someone to help you get into it. The longer corsets are more complicated because they're supposed to create an hourglass effect, and for that reason can't really just be laced at the bottom like a shoe. Whichever corset you buy, what you'll find when you open the package is a firmly boned garment in two pieces (the two pieces hook up with each other in the front, creating the busk). Once you've hooked it in front, it must be laced up the back. Your lacer should start lacing from the top as if he or she is lacing a shoe. Then, when he or she comes to the point at which you want your waist to be smallest, he or she should skip an eyelet, reintroducing the laces into the eyelets immediately below the ones that have been skipped, without crossing the laces. Two corresponding loops will be created on each side, right at the waist, to be pulled later. Then the lacer should continue cross-lacing the corset like a shoe. When he or she has pulled the laces through the bottom eyelet, he or she should either tie the laces together at the bottom or knot them so that they can't go back through the eyelets. When this is done, the loops at the waist should be pulled to the desired tightness and tied. Another option to achieve the same effect is to use two laces, one starting from the top and the other starting from the bottom, meeting at the true waist. The main principle to bear in mind is that your corset has to be wider at the bust and hips and narrowest at the waist. It will be tightest at the point at which the laces are actually pulled, so you have to have the laces pulled at the middle. Throughout the lacing process the lacer should keep making sure that the corset is snug at every point. You don't want a situation in which it is very tight at some points but sticks out at others. A corset is only really comfortable and attractive if it is tight (though not torturously so) at every point. When being laced, you don't need to hold onto a bedpost or suck in your breath (unless you want to make a production out of it). Just stand up straight and put your hands on your hips to give yourself balance. Once you've laced up, you're not finished. You should put on a bathrobe, walk around, sit, cook, do whatever you want to do, for about a half an hour (minimum twenty minutes). During this time your corset will adjust to you and become more comfortable (they're amazingly adaptive). After half an hour, your lacer should readjust your laces. You will find that you can comfortably lace tighter at this second lacing.

When that's over, you're done. Unless you've been foolish, or your lacer sadistic, you will be amazed at how comfortable you are. You'll find that corsets, if well-made and properly laced, are restrictive but not painful. They will enforce a very flattering posture and a terrific shape, and as long as you stay within the limits they create, you'll be comfortable and at ease. You won't be able to slouch or play touch football, but you'll be able to do virtually anything a well-dressed woman normally does. As you will find, it feels great, quintessentially feminine. I've almost never put a woman into one for a play, historical reconstruction, or a wedding, who didn't like it, and who wasn't in fact surprised by how much she liked it. When cultural analysts marvel at how women could have done that to themselves for six hundred years, I laugh, because I have a sense that I know (that's a silly question anyway, since I have suffered more from high heels in my life than I've ever suffered from corsets). This is one of the neat things about wearing a corset. It provides a significant amount of historical insight, especially if you're interested in the history of dress and costume. When you want to take the corset off, simply unhook the front busk.

A few tips:

1. Don't eat or drink too rapidly when wearing a corset. It is easy to develop a case of hiccups if you do, and hiccups when you've got a corset on are not fun.
2. Don't sit down too rapidly. Sit down slowly and gracefully, keeping your back straight.
3. If you're engaging in strenuous physical activity, like dancing, be sure to pace yourself carefully. Your breathing capacity will be less than it normally is, though it will be sufficient for virtually anything. You don't however, want to get too out of breath. If you find this is happening, stop and rest.
4. Finally: Don't overdo it, especially not the first time. You will not feel very sexy if your ribs hurt. As I know from costuming, every woman has a different corset comfort level. Two inches below a ladies' standard waist measurement is the standard degree of tightness recommended by costumers in college and community theatre productions. This creates a fine effect. If

you want to lace tighter than this, as brides often do after they've seen *The Age of Innocence*, only do it after you've had some experiences with corsets and know that you have what it takes to do it. You'll have to develop the breathing technique, which can only come with practice. Tight-lacing (anything tighter than two inches) is uncomfortable, but the visual effect is amazing, and many women, I think, find it somewhat exciting. Find your own pace and style. Enjoy.

#### CARE:

All Corsets: After wearing, air out your corset and use a damp cloth to clean the lining. This will keep it smelling fresh and reduce the need for costly dry cleaning. Whenever possible wear something underneath your corset such as a thin camisole or a t-shirt to help keep the perspiration away from your corset. Any straps can be tucked inside.

Fabric Corsets: Before wearing, treat your corset inside and out with a fabric protector such as Scotch Guard, so that any spills can be wiped off easily. We make your corset with the highest quality steel boning for strength. Any contact with water may cause the steel to rust. We recommend taking your corset to a trusted professional dry cleaner and requesting a hand dry cleaning. Please do not wash your corset.

Caution: Never remove your corset without first loosening the laces in the back. Neglecting to do this can result in a broken busk! (the clasp in the middle) We will guarantee our product for the life of the fabric, but we will not be held responsible for repairing busks or boning broken in this manner. Also we strongly discourage wearing the ends of your corset laces tied around your waist as this causes wear and weakens the fabric.

#### FOOD:

Daily waist training involves many changes in one's life. Probably one of the most important is diet. Some people supplement their weight loss regimen with a corset. While a corset can help lose weight by limiting your intake of food at every meal, it does not mean that the wearer can eat anything they want and lose unwanted pounds. Besides, wearing a corset on the sole notion of losing weight is not the best way to go about waist training. As we stated above, you must enjoy wearing a corset to make progress with waist training. You may notice that many of these diet tips for the tightlancer mirror proper dietary ideas that are used in *Wearing a corset* does not mean starving yourself or giving up food. True, you cannot eat as much when you are laced into a corset. In most western countries, we tend to eat 2-3 large meals a day. This is just not possible for the tightlancer. It is easier on the body to eat 4-5 smaller meals. It allows the digestive tract to keep a constant flow of material running through. If you were to eat 2 large meals a day, your body would have a large bulky mass to pass through at intervals. This usually results in painful cramps and sometimes heartburn.

When eating your meal, try to avoid cold beverages. The reason for this is that the cold liquid will numb the nerves in your stomach. With the nerves numb, your stomach cannot tell you when you are full. Instead, try to drink 15 to 30 minutes before eating.

Drink at least 8 glasses of water everyday. This does not have to be straight water, but beverages that include water. Avoid carbonated beverages. This includes soda, beer, and Champagne. Carbonated beverages may not be a problem for you when you first start to reduce your waist. As you reduce your waist, there is less room for the carbonated bubble to distribute. This results in pockets of gas in your stomach or intestine. What happens then is either a long stretch of belching, or painful cramps.

Avoid foods that cause heartburn or gas. These foods include, but are not limited to; beans, onions, and cucumbers. Some foods expand in your stomach when introduced to water. Rice, potatoes, and pastas.

Foods such as red meat, take quite a while for your body to digest. This results in a tired, run down feeling. The dedicated tightlancer limits their intake of red meat. Instead eat light foods such as salads, vegetables, breads, fish, and poultry.

Most of all... enjoy your new corset! Revel in how it makes you feel!

# Fantasy vs. Reality

by Justin Medlin

So, how did you find the scene? What was your first fantasy? A lot of people find the scene today through the Internet, which is, in my opinion, a double-edged sword. The net has been both the best thing and the worst thing that has happened to the lifestyle in recent years: Good because of the number of people who genuinely want to find it and want to see and experience what it is really like in the real world, bad because of the number of people who come in with only what they see and "learn" on the internet or who are driven by the fantasy images that they have dancing in their heads via popular erotic fiction and expect to find that the real time world of BDSM is exactly like that. Rarely, if ever, is it.

The Internet has opened up a world of information and disinformation that is available to anyone with the click of a mouse, and having nothing else but what is presented on the net to be the "truth". People take what they have read here as factual. I love the net. I started here in 92. I found what was to become the lifestyle that I lead today because a real life friend of mine took the time to take me to the channels that she hung out in. I became very hungry for real time information, so I could really see and try what just talking and cybering about, felt so right and natural to me. I was lucky, in that I had a real life friend to help me and that it only took me 5 years to find a real time group and community. Five years....it makes me smile now, because again through the net you can find, clubs, groups, organizations and events throughout the country to go, learn and see from in person. That again, is one of the good things to me about the net...it can lead you to sources of information that are genuine and good, if you take the time to research it.

Unfortunately so many people get heated up from what they have "done" online and can't wait to play, thinking that from what they have "taken" online has adequately prepared them for the same things in real time and that's the submissives. The Doms who have been online a year or more also seem to think that what they have learned play wise online makes them an expert at the real thing when the time comes. It ain't so folks.

You CAN learn a lot about negotiating, what Safe, Sane and Consensual means, safe calls, etc. You cannot however know squat about either using a flogger, single tail, cane, paddle, restraints, cuffs, wax, needles, or anything else until you have had in person teaching on how those "toys" are supposed to be used, see them used and see what they can and will do. Subs, you cannot take what you have endured online in cyber play and "know" what it's going to be like for real. It's a fantasy. It's hot and sexy online, but what you have actually "endured" or "taken" is keystrokes.

I have watched many people come out to public play dungeons, misrepresent what it is that they can do or enjoy or take and find out the hard way, often with very bad results what the reality is. Play when done correctly and within the limits of what a person enjoys can be hot and sexy as hell, but that folks, takes real time education by people who know what they are doing and talking about. Those people are out there and willing to help new people coming into the scene, learn. But how do you know who they are, how do you find them and then how to know whether they are who and what they represent themselves to be, or perhaps, someone that is full of the liquidity brown substance that shoots out a yak's ass? It can be done, in most cases easily if you take the time to find out how.

I'll talk about that next month. In the meantime, enjoy online, it's fun and it should be...but don't let yourself be drawn in and hurt or worse, by someone who either does not know what they are doing, or worse yet, looks for people to hurt using BDSM as an excuse.

Now that I have your attention, feel free to e-mail me. I promise to read each one of them, but cannot promise that I will respond to them.

Justin Medlin

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# How to be a Scene Pariah

by Chris M

Becoming a scene pariah is easier than you might think. People do it all the time without even trying. Its really quite simple: just keep breaking the rules of scene etiquette and frankly human civility, and you'll be a pariah in no time. Its largely a matter of attitude: Keep repeating: This is all about me. Me getting what I want now. Do this and the transformation will occur as if by magic. How to become a scene pariah? Lets visit a leather event in town, and see how its done.

It begins when you arrive. "Dress discretely" said the invite but you know it doesn't apply to you. You wear leather chaps, engineer boots, a military cap tipped at as rakish angle and a belt like Batman slung with every toy you own. Look! There's a friend in plainclothes talking with a couple clearly not dressed for the scene. He's carrying a gym bag and seems uneasy, as though he wasn't expecting to meet these people here tonight. Greet him by his scene name as you pass. "What's up, Floggermeister?!" and smirk at the poisonous stare he hits you with as you step inside.

As you pony up the admission, consider whining about the price. Seven dollars? Someone had better play with you tonight for that kind of money. To put yourself in the mood you sidle up to the bar for a double scotch. Hell, make it a triple. Don't forget to stiff the bartender so the house comes to regard us as cheapos.

You wave at Frazier who glowers back at you. He can't still be mad about the wax drippings you left all over his equipment last month. Isn't some submissive supposed to take care of cleaning up? You join some other friends including Jack who offers a frosty hello. He's not ticked about you showing up empty handed at his party two months ago, and swilling the modest stash of beers that he had stocked, is he? True, bringing a vanilla first date without letting her know what KIND of party it was, was questionable form, but that's water under the bridge, right? After some banter, you start telling stories about some pretty girl you want to play with "We get together all the time" you assure your skeptical friends. Share lots of details about her play interests, and to show your equisite tastes, confide what a boring player she is. Repeat whatever snippets of gossip you've heard to add validity to your yarn, while your at, invent some elaborations of your own.

A woman joins the circle and expresses interest in a dominant named Steve. "Do you mean Steve Johnson who claims to work at Lockheed but really works for the CIA? What a dweeb! He doesn't know anything! Why not consider playing with me?" She hits you with a look you might give someone with a large insect squashed on his forehead and excuses herself.

Some other friends show up but you're already bored. You can form friendships in the office. Your here to score! Tonight!! To liven things up you tell a hysterical joke about two Irish Faggots that had 'em howling at the bowling league, but strangely it does not go over well and once again you find yourself on your own.

A second woman approaches: pretty enough, but a bit on the heavy side. Grimace at her full hips, and comment on her weight. Women love honesty right? Besides Kate Moss could walk in here any minute. Still, she bravely asks if you would like to play. But dismiss her commenting on the busy schedule you have planned. It shows your time is in high demand.

Ah, here comes someone you would like to play with. No Kate Moss, but more attractive (to you) than the other one, and dressed in dominant attire. She's already talking to someone else but butt in anyway. Keep repeating how pretty she is, and stare, if you wish, at her breast line. Ask again if she's sure she doesn't want to play right now. Hey, She might have changed her mind! You paid seven bucks after all. It's the houses job to keep you entertained. Plead with her. Beg. "Can I please!!!!!" you whine, trying politeness as a last resort.

When that fails to work out, you go prowling for others. You spy a new girl, swarmed by guys, and thinking quickly, you differentiate yourself from the rest grabing her ass. She turns slowly and laughs. It worked! She's in the bag! "My, what a friendly place." she purrs. "I think I'll get my coat now."

What a shame. Such a pretty girl, and yet, obviously not serious about the ways of the scene. Perhaps its time you checked out some scenes in progress, so you duck into the back where the real play usually takes place. A gorgeous dominatrix works on a plain looking gentleman stretched on the St. Andrews cross. "Boy she's a real piece, Huh?", you demand loudly to the guy standing next to you. "What's she doing with him?" Heads turn, but by now you're used to this response. Inch forward into their play space. Who knows? Perhaps they'll invite you to join them. Instead, the dom stops and asks politely if you would mind moving back a bit. You depart in a huff, without returning her apologetic smile.

Ah, good ! Here's a whipping being done by a man who clearly doesn't know what he's doing. Step forward, laughing a hearty laugh, to help him with some good old fashioned "mentoring" You barely missing getting swatted in the head yourself, as you begin offering helpful advice. He gives a half smile, and a polite "thanks" but shakes his head when you volunteer to demonstrate. Dumb

shit. How does he expect to learn, without consulting a "real" master such as you. Why are there so few "real dominants" like yourself. And how does such a dweeb have such a nice girlfriend anyway.

Denise snarls and turns away when you smile at her. Strange. She used to be so friendly before the first and final time you played together. That was some night, you must have had her on that cross for two hours. It was packed, people were waiting for their turn, but you showed your mastery by holding it as your own. Perhaps you overdid it by ignoring her "yellow" safeword, but it was important to show how stern and commanding you are. Why is she being such a bad sport? Come to think of it almost no one has played with you since then. What is with these people?

Wait! Stop everything! There's a woman you HAVEN'T hit on yet, quietly talking with Mistress Judy. Kind of big boned but sexy. . . in a Sigourney Weaver kind of way. Ogle her all over, and switch into pickup mode. Good! She's smiling and batting her eyelashes oh so coy! Judy's smiling too. You're getting laid tonight after all! As you begin your pitch she's smiling and - my, what a deep laugh! What?? No! She - Good Lord! "FAGGOT!" you yell over your shoulder as you stride angrily away.

No it has not been a good night. To make things even worse, Big Mark, the unofficial one-man-security-detail is eyeing you intently from a nearby stool. You flash him a big grin, but he responds by just staring through you. You complete another circuit but strangely find no one to talk to. You hear snatches of conversation, people making plans to get together and recollecting parties you didn't hear about. What is everybody's problem? Can't they see from your gear what a serious player you are?

Closing time, and a crew begins dismantling the equipment. Instead of offering to help, grab a last round for the road, stiff the bartender one final time, and head out.

Jeeze. Another night with no play. Maybe you should stop coming. Everywhere you go its the same: People you don't understand how to accommodate a genius such as you.

And people were so *friendly* when you started coming six months ago.

# Inclusion, Expansion, Diversity and Motivation

## Picking our way through the cultural minefields

by ZooDirt

### An overview

We hear all kinds of terms used in our lives today that seem to catch fire with the public at large. Some of the terms are oriented toward business or the corporate world, others are more general in nature. Most all of the general terms and phrases seem to have been force-fed to the public by the prevailing media organizations, including radio, TV, cable TV and the internet. People spend a lot of time trying to come up with terms and phrases that have mass appeal, even outside of the original target group. The public hears the term or phrase, likes it and it's off to the races!

Some of the phrases and terms include: "Inclusion", "mean spirited", "...outside the box...", "tolerance", "judgementalism", "added value", "diversity", and the list goes on and on. A term or phrase is born, and it flourishes for a time until the next catchy ditty comes along, at which time the latest term or phrase summarily replaces it. Some terms die a rapid death, and others linger on for years and years.

People hear these things and begin to attach all sorts of meanings to them that could apply to their own particular situation. Sometimes it seems that people go out of their way to reconstruct what they would say anyway in order to utilize the new phrase or word. Often it is done without a lot of thought. This is not to say that there wasn't a lot of thought that went into the original use of the phrase or word... I'm talking about the repeatability quotient. How often people 'shoehorn' the new ditty into their everyday speech. Overuse follows in some cases. In other cases, it can become an integral part of the community, or even national philosophy.

So how do we explain this phenomenon? Is it a conspiracy by a politically correct board of collaborators? Is it a fad? Is it a blatant attempt to proselytize? Is it simply a fact of life in a world where instant communication is an everyday event? Is it simply easier to let someone else do the thinking and repeat what 'they' have come up with?

The truth is, some of all of the possible explanations discussed above is likely to be the case... as well as other reasons that are not mentioned. We live in a fad-driven, copycat society today in many ways. Perhaps it's just the nature of the human animal.

For the purpose of this discussion, the following words and definitions are offered. (The sources of the definitions are listed at the end of this document)

#### Inclusion

\In\*clu"sion\, n. [L. inclusio: cf. F. inclusion. See Include.] 1. The act of including, or the state of being included; limitation; restriction; as, the lines of inclusion of his policy. --Sir W. Temple.

#### Diversity

\Di\*ver"si\*ty\, n.; pl. Diversities. [F. diversit[e], L. diversitas, fr. diversus. See Diverse.] 1. A state of difference; dissimilitude; unlikeness.

#### Expansion

\Ex\*pan"sion\, n. [L. expansio: cf. F. expansion.] 1. The act of expanding or spreading out; the condition of being expanded; dilation; enlargement.

#### Motivation

n : the psychological feature that arouses an organism to action; the reason for the action; "we did not understand his motivation"; "he acted with the best of motives" [syn: motive, need]

Source: WordNet ® 1.6, © 1997 Princeton University

So much for the boring definitions! Now let's pick some of this apart, examine the pieces before we try to tie the whole thing up into a sensible conclusion.

### Inclusion and community motivation



It's interesting to see the words "limitation" and "restriction" used in conjunction with the term inclusion, is it not? Perhaps this inclusion concept is more of a double-edge sword that we first thought. Everyone is fond of throwing the term inclusion around these days, but I've never seen anyone really discuss what exactly we mean by inclusion, nor have I seen anyone talking about whom we are excluding in the process.

When we decide to adopt a philosophy of inclusion, we are (by omission) excluding those who aren't on the list of who to include. Certainly when we argue that "... the lifestyle should be more inclusive..." , we aren't saying that we want to bring in people who would work against us at worst, or simply have no interest in our particular activities at best. Or are we? What kind of motivation would drive us to extend ourselves to everyone in our society?

My question as it pertains to alternative lifestyles has always been: "Do we really want to include everyone in what we do?" If this answer is yes, then the obvious next question is "Why? What motivates you to hold that belief?"

#### **Some of those motivations could be:**

- An honest desire to 'share' our newfound experience.
- A desire to see more people doing what we do so we will have 'validation' for our activities. (read "Safety in numbers")
- A belief that what we do is important enough to bring exposure to everyone for the purpose of universal acceptance.
- A need to 'normalize' what we do for any various number of reasons, including (but not limited to) religious and moral reasons.
- A personal desire to increase the partner-pool.
- A commercial reason, such as seeking to increase sales of 'BDSM' related goods.

In rare cases, I've seen activists, educators and students who subscribe to the 'education for its own sake' theory. But by and large, those types are relatively few and far between.

Let's take an example of inclusion as it relates to discrimination and the working world. Everyone I talk to (and respect) agrees that discrimination on the basis of color, religious convictions, ethnic or sexual orientation and gender is a counter-productive effort. Not only do we limit our field of workers, but also it's simply wrong to practice discrimination on groundless reasons. It violates human dignity on every level.

However, in an effort to reach balance, we often fall into the 'quota' trap... We have sacrificed our 'product quality' by allowing (or forcing) unqualified workers into the mix in many cases. This isn't a theory. This is a fact. I see it every day in my own work-world.

I suppose it can be argued that it's a small price to pay to give everyone a fair chance, but I'd rather take the path of giving everyone a chance to EARN their way to competence and excellence rather than by grant. We will end up with a more qualified work force, better citizens, and our 'product' and society at large will reflect that fact. I don't want to go too far afield with this notion... it's simply an analogy that many of us have seen happen over time. Even with the best of intentions, sometimes we go too far and lose touch with the big picture.

Every time we seek to expand our circle, no matter what it is, we complicate the situation exponentially by sheer numbers, ideas, definitions and levels of expertise in any given area. A big crowd is less manageable than a small crowd. Increased numbers mean the need to increase structural overhead. (E.g. More divisions, more managers, bigger and better facilities, etc.) Put simply, if the cost of expanding structural overhead exceeds the potential for revenue, the expansion will result in financial losses. Any business knows this, and those who might not won't be in business for very long.

In our realm, the 'structural overhead' equates to the leadership of the various groups themselves, as well as the facilities where the members of the groups can practice whatever it is they do. The 'revenue' equates to the people that we seek to target as an audience. It is my belief that the collective leadership of the various interest groups has a responsibility to keep their unique circles on target. Failing to do so will likely result in the loss of at least part of the core membership favor of those who are there as curious onlookers. It is pure folly to dilute one's own resource pool for the sake of expanding our 'business' when the 'customer base' for that business is limited.

If one subscribes to the idea that everyone is interested, or can be enticed to be interested in your 'product', then this whole concept doesn't work. I personally think that any aspect of 'kink' has a limited audience.

The very same principles apply in many ways to the kinky lifestyle. Any focus group, whether it be gay leather, D/s or SM, may find that by cultivating interests where interests don't naturally exist, they risk driving from their ranks the core supporters which saw the need for the group in the first place. Why would we want to alienate those who share common interests in favor of a larger group who may not? Clearly, we will end up with a bigger group, but the traditions, expertise, intensity and leadership may well be lost. In short, what is at risk is the very essence, or culture of the group itself. How much 'dilution' is ok, and when is it too much? How big is 'too big'?

These are some questions and issues for the leaders of the various groups to wrestle with. I am merely pointing out the existence of the phenomenon, and would not presume to speak for any of these groups. But I have seen much lost in my 34+ years in the SM and leather scene. Much of it has been given up for the sake of making things more 'open' for mass appeal. Many folks have written about the changes, and have made valid points on both sides of the isle. This is not another discussion of the 'right' or 'wrong' of

it... This discussion focuses on the motivation for what has happened.

### **Inclusion and commercial motivation**

If your business is the promotion and/or sales of whips, fetish gear, adult books, tapes, lotions, creams and the like, then you will have a completely different basis for 'cultivating' a crowd. It only serves your interest to find as many people as you can in order to buy your goods. More is better... Diversity is good, as is inclusion, because it expands your customer base.

Is it reasonable to think that sellers and resellers of 'BDSM' equipment have the best interests of the individuals who make up the various groups in mind? It would be nice to see that sort of responsibility, but it simply isn't practical. We are a capitalist society, and god willing, will remain that way. There are very few business owners out there who will prioritize principles over product sales. There are some, but damned few.

So what other motivations could there be? I recently read an article by a prominent leather author, and noted a philosophy that I first heard back in the 1970's when the disco thing happened. The gay community started to leap out of the closet, and the pop culture of the time was directly in tune with this event. Who knows whether the tail wagged the dog, or the dog wagged the tail. The fact is that a new era was dawning. Being gay became sort of trendy, and many folks jumped on the bandwagon by deciding that perhaps they were bisexual.

I've heard many numbers of people joke about 'doubling the number of perspective partners through bisexuality. I'm not condemning those who have used this phrase. I merely want to point out yet another potentially strong motivation for inclusion and expansion. To hear elements of the 'community' leadership make the same sorts of comments causes me some concern. If we mix the potential for commercial growth with sexuality, we have a damned potent motivation for expanding the 'BDSM' scene.

The discussion here is again, an issue of numbers and not morality. I'm not making a judgement call on the 'right' or 'wrong' of what happened... Only that it did happen, and that it did in fact have an impact on where we are today in the kink world. Please do not take offense at what I say here, because I assure you there is absolutely none intended.

### **Media motivation**

Let us have a look at motivation by the media. Journalists are often activists of sorts. It takes a certain sort of person to want to become a journalist. Sometimes they are well meaning folks who truly believe in their 'cause', or want to help the 'little guy'. Other times however, there are radical activists behind the pens and computer keys. Of course, there are purely professional motivations as with any field of work. Wanting to 'grab the brass ring', excel in their field, and/or find notoriety are all very real and valid motivations for a writer. Whoever it might be, they clearly understand the power they wield, and are happy to use it as necessary to further their goals. Fair enough in a free society, just as long as it's not deceitful. Sadly, it all too often is.

I know a little about this, having studied journalism in school many years ago. My parents and teachers realized I had a certain flair for writing at an early age, and I was encouraged to write frequently. I thus was focused for some time on journalism, and learned how the business of writing worked. The illusion of nobility that I thought existed was often shaken when I began to understand some of the various motivations that were apparent behind the scenes. There were personal agendas, political agendas, (often driven by personal political leanings), and of course, the almighty dollar. The business of selling 'news' fascinated and frightened me simultaneously. Like any kitchen knife, a tool can be used to prepare a meal or to cut someone's throat. The tool doesn't care. It's the motivation and intent on the part of the user.

I learned the 'power of the press'. Thankfully I saw both the use of the written word as a constructive tool, and the abuse of the written word as a ploy for any number of reasons very early on in my studies. I found that often the business of writing for the masses was long on agendas and egos and short on principles and integrity.

### **Diversity and putting the thread together**

I understand the need for diversity, and the significance of understanding people and societies unlike our own. Diversity is a step toward understanding differences that are often the foundation of fear. The real 'payoff' of diversity is being nudged into interacting with those who are different from us, and finding out that they too are just people with their own phobias, fears and biases. I think we all have found at one time or another that someone we didn't like turned out to be '... not such a bad guy once I got to know him..."

Embracing diversity does not have to mean making these different folks a part of everything we do. I like to think of it as limited diversity. I would like to give an analogy of what I mean by 'limited diversity':

An automobile engine contains several fluids, two of which are engine oil and coolant. Both the oil and the coolant are important to the engine, but only in their own place and separately. If we mix the coolant and oil together, it no longer serves any useful purpose to the engine. The two substances have been emulsified, either by accident or by design, to form a new, milkshake colored solution.

Is it bad? Well, not in and of it self. Is it useful for anything? No, not really. The point is that neither substance when mixed together is worth anything to the original purpose. And yes, it IS bad for the engine. Will an engine still run with it? Yes, for a while.

Now I'll further complicate the issue. It's easy to argue that a limited amount of oil and coolant mixed together is not going to impact anyone particularly. But what if some entity or governing body deemed it 'right' to entice, cajole or outright force ALL oil refiners to

always mix coolant to ALL their oil, and coolant developers to always mix oil with ALL their coolant products?

We will have lost the goodness that oil and coolant once had for their intended, although separate purposes. The new emulsion may have its own purpose in some way, equally as valid perhaps. But by initiating the change to a more diverse third product via whatever motive you might want to offer, we will have had a huge impact on the original purpose for the two separate products. The original users of the two products are left out in the proverbial cold. In order for them to have what they need, they must task themselves to reinvent the two separate products.

This analogy can get as crazy and complex as anyone would want to make it... However, the intention is to illustrate the simple concept of change and integration where it simply isn't needed or even necessarily wanted.

To put it into more blunt and human terms, let's look at another pretend scenario. Let's say that over much time, everyone on the planet comes together as friends and equals. Over the years as discrimination goes by the wayside, everyone intermingles to a point where the eventual outcome is everyone looking exactly the same. How diverse is that? What will have become of all the ethnic and cultural differences that made each community of people unique? Many times what is construed as bigotry in regards to intermingling of cultures is really nothing more than fear of the loss of the culture and its people through mixing bloodlines. It's not a moral issue, it's a cultural issue.

I think that often times we forget that the mixing of different cultures on a limited basis allows us to understand the differences in other cultures, without having to sacrifice our own. It seems that we can't do anything but all or nothing. We lament the loss of species of animals, bugs, birds, reptiles etc. through extinction. We maintain bloodlines for racehorses, pets and other animals in agriculture in order to preserve the highest definition in the species. We put a much value on these highly defined species. The fact that we don't seem to be nearly as concerned about our own individual human biological definitions and social cultures becoming extinct through diversity absolutely puzzles me to no end.

Finally, the reader might ask, and rightly so: "What is the motivation of the writer?" I'll be happy to explain what motivates me to write this. I get no money from this, and I have no political agenda to sell. I don't want notoriety, pats on the back or critique. I have no financial investment in the 'bdsm community'.

I am simply one who sees a tremendous value in the differences that we all have that make us unique in this world. As one who came from a truly diverse and exclusive beginning in SM and leather, I've seen a lot change. I am seeing a few prominent folks from the leather circle begin to realize the loss that will inevitably happen as it all becomes more emulsified. I share the sadness of the loss of something irreplaceable in the human experience in favor of political ideology, commercialism and/or political correctness.

I fear we have discovered the tip of an iceberg that we are celebrating as a newly found island. As curiosity grows, we are steering the ship closer to have a better look.

## **Inclusion**

**In\*clu"sion**, n. [L. inclusio: cf. F. inclusion. See Include.] 1. The act of including, or the state of being included; limitation; restriction; as, the lines of inclusion of his policy. --Sir W. Temple.

2. (Min.) A foreign substance, either liquid or solid, usually of minute size, inclosed in the mass of a mineral.  
Source: Webster's Revised Unabridged Dictionary, © 1996, 1998 MICRA, Inc.

## **Diversity**

**Di\*ver"si\*ty**, n.; pl. Diversities. [F. diversit[e], L. diversitas, fr. diversus. See Diverse.] 1. A state of difference; dissimilitude; unlikeness.

They will prove opposite; and not resting in a bare diversity, rise into a contrariety. --South.

2. Multiplicity of difference; multiformity; variety. ``Diversity of sounds." --Shak. ``Diversities of opinion." --Secker.

3. Variegation. ``Bright diversities of day." --Pope.

Syn: See Variety.

Source: Webster's Revised Unabridged Dictionary, © 1996, 1998 MICRA, Inc.

## **Expansion**

**Ex\*pan"sion**, n. [L. expansio: cf. F. expansion.] 1. The act of expanding or spreading out; the condition of being expanded; dilation; enlargement.

2. That which is expanded; expanse; extend surface; as, the expansion of a sheet or of a lake; the expansion was formed of metal.

The starred expansion of the skies. --Beattie.

3. Space through which anything is expanded; also, pure space.

Lost in expansion, void and infinite. --Blackmore.

4. (Com.) Enlargement or extension of business transactions; esp., increase of the circulation of bank notes.

5. (Math.) The developed result of an indicated operation; as, the expansion of  $(a + b)^2$  is  $a^2 + 2ab + b^2$ .

6. (Steam Engine) The operation of steam in a cylinder after its communication with the boiler has been cut off, by which it continues to exert pressure upon the moving piston.

7. (Nav. Arch.) The enlargement of the ship mathematically from a model or drawing to the full or building size, in the process of construction. --Ham. Nav. Encyc.

### **Motivation**

n : the psychological feature that arouses an organism to action; the reason for the action; "we did not understand his motivation"; "he acted with the best of motives" [syn: motive, need]

Source: WordNet ® 1.6, © 1997 Princeton University

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## S/M Isn't What It Used to Be

by Keith L. Kendrick, R.N., C.H.

In major American cities today small groups of otherwise relatively normal people get together to discuss, and to a lesser extent practice, S/M.

But wait a minute -- doesn't S/M mean one person who enjoys deliberately inflicting pain on another person who, for some reason, likes receiving that pain?

The answer certainly is yes, but to understand why these people gather to discuss and practice S/M, you first need to understand the difference between the old, traditional mainstream concept of sadism and masochism and the newer concept of S/M that is currently being practiced in a healthy manner. In the old concept, a sadist was usually someone who enjoyed inflicting pain on a person who had not consented to it, and a masochist was someone who felt compelled to experience the pain though it was usually considered "sick" to enjoy it. Furthermore, these participants usually had a significant psychological imbalance or disorder, and their S/M activities quite often could easily cause long term harm, both physically and mentally. The people who gather today to form small communities and even clubs devoted to S/M enthusiasts are very different from this old concept.

Before discussing this difference though, let's examine the perception and image of pain. When most people think of pain, they attach very negative connotations to it, and the more negative the connotation, the more likely they are to think the experience of pain is awful. However, in some cultures the stoic endurance of pain has been viewed as a character builder, and consequently in such cultures it is not always thought of as something bad. In a similar vein, in medical "pain clinics" people are taught to change their thinking towards pain so that the "hurt" doesn't bother them as much. Many of these pain clinic patients also report that as a result of creating a new attitude towards dealing with physical pain, they have made similar attitude changes and corresponding improvements in other aspects of their lives as well.

Another facet of pain is found in the "runners high," which also occurs in some other sports activities. In this type of "high," as a result of exhausting physical exertion people experience muscle pain that causes the body to produce endorphins, which is a natural painkilling response. Endorphins are similar to morphine and produce pleasurable euphoric feelings. They are also a significant factor in why some people can discover pleasure in feeling pain, but there are other factors as well. Now back to the new versus the old concept of S/M. In contrast to the old concept, this new S/M has come to emphasize the motto of "Safe, Sane, and Consensual." This means that the S/M "play" is done in such a manner that will not cause or transmit any long term physically disabling injury or disease. Foremost is the concern with disabling muscle, skeletal or nerve injury, and the transmission of hepatitis and AIDS's viruses as well as other diseases. Secondly, this means that the S/M play is to be engaged in by participants who are free of significant mental impairment, whether by psychological disturbance or disorder, or by mind-altering substances. Then each participant must willingly consent to whatever S/M activity that is performed. If during an S/M "play scene" one person indicates he or she wishes to stop, whether through a prearranged signal or an outright request, then the other person must stop immediately. Of course this requires prior communication -- and people who don't communicate well usually don't do well in this type of S/M.

(Note: children cannot give a valid consent!)

One element of the contemporary S/M scene is also associated with the safe, sane and consensual motto: respect and tolerance for other people. Most people in S/M communities act with respect towards each other even though they may dislike certain aspects of some members -- this is what is meant by tolerance. Those who don't follow this implicit rule are usually quite effectively ostracized from the group. About the only time tolerance is not shown is when someone engages in activities that are not regarded as safe, sane, and consensual, or when someone expresses hate or hostility based on unjust discrimination. Something else also occurs due to the growth of S/M communities: their members form close relationships and often these relationships become somewhat spiritual in nature, much as the bonds that develop between "churchgoers" can enrich their spiritual lives. Another development in this new S/M is the spiritual growth from an individual perspective, whether from that of the giver (the "top") or the receiver (the "bottom"). This spiritual development occurs as a result of learning greater self-mastery, either in the sense of developing the ability to administer pain in such a manner that ultimately provides pleasure, or in the sense of learning to approach pain as a challenge to meet and come to enjoy. Sometimes these two perspectives will be combined in one person (who is indeed fortunate) in his or her ability to "switch" between "top" and "bottom" roles. And sometimes the development of this self-mastery becomes a varying combination of artistic and athletic statement, though it usually would be judged extreme by our cultural norms. But regardless of whether one is a top, bottom, or switch, the accompanying inner growth brings a sense of satisfaction and sometimes real joy. Then when such personal growth is shared with someone of a similar mind in an S/M play setting, and you know you are enriching the other persons psychic/spiritual life, the energy between the two people is multiplied in a synergistic

effect known as a "power exchange." This synergy is further enhanced when the power exchange takes place among like-minded members of the S/M community. There are also other reasons why people are attracted to this relatively new style of S/M.

Some people enjoy its rebellious quality of going against society's taboos and cultural norms. For many the allure of S/M would be significantly reduced if the majority of people were openly practicing it. But there probably isn't much need to worry about this happening in the near future. And by no means insignificant, the thrill of doing something that goes against cultural norms, as well as the stimulation of pain itself, can cause the body to produce extra adrenaline that can be very exhilarating. Furthermore, for many people the practice of this contemporary S/M leads to what many psychologists refer to as "flow." This is a pleasurable and virtually universally sought after psychological experience in which a person is so immersed in his or her experience that to a great extent the "self" is forgotten and time becomes significantly altered, and the person feels enriched from the experience. This is similar to the flow experience that artists and athletes often experience. And just as extreme sports enthusiasts such as skydivers and motorcycle racers often experience this enriching state of being, so do practitioners of this new blend of art and sport called S/M. Though this style of S/M may be an extreme in comparison to most of what society enjoys, rather than being "sick," as some people who have narrow minds would call it, it can lead to a multifaceted enrichment of one's spirituality.

Lastly though, safe, sane and consensual S/M is simply fun -- or at least it should be. If you don't enjoy it, you shouldn't be doing it. But if you don't enjoy it -- which is fine, not everyone needs to -- please be opened minded enough to allow others the freedom to enrich their lives with it. After all, the individual's freedom to pursue happiness is the foundation that our country was built on.

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# Terms and Definitions 2002

by Lord Wolf

There are a great many terms used in the BDSM (bondage&discipline, Sadomasochism)community. Some feel that the letters in the middle denote a third additive to BDSM, D/S. D/S is an acronym for "Dominance and submission. D/S, which you will Note I capitalize both letters myself as I feel they have equal importance, is a relatively new term mostly used by heterosexuals to describe themselves. This term is only about 12-14 years old, but fast gaining acceptance both In "cyberspace" and out in the world. It is also gaining acceptance in the pansexual community as well. As far as I can tell the term started in the realm of placing ads in Local newspapers and swing ads by those looking for partners. Ads stating "demanding woman seeks compliant male " or "Man with dominating personality wishes to meet subservient partners." These appeared as "Code" to inform others of a persons tastes. These codes slowly evolved into "Dominant Whatever wishes to meet Submissive so and so," they were also helped along in great measure by the unsung heroes of the BDSM/Leather world. The Professional Dominatrix. Now even though I have adapted to using these terms both in my life and in my writing I still find that in my opinion the terms dominant and submissive more aptly describe what we are, not what we do. I still personally use the term "Top" to describe what role I play in an S&M "scene." I also prefer to use the term "Lord" instead of "Master" in Public. Saving the term "Master" for those who serve me and those who wish to bestow the title upon me. I do this because I feel master is a title earned, not taken to oneself nor given lightly. To me one must master someone or some particular art to earn the title.

All of that said, know that finding any one term that is accepted on a whole in the BDSM community is rare, and defining that term in a way that all accept is well nigh impossible. Suffice to say that in this authors opinion it matters little what term you use, or how you chose to define yourself. As you read on you will have many chances to define yourself, in anyway you chose, and that is all that matters. How YOU define what YOU do is whats most important. Getting caught up in what others see in your personal definitions is a trap I feel one should avoid. Unless you wish to make clear your tastes to someone you wish to attract or when your seeking a partner. So I think at this point a bit of history will help. To my knowledge, and I have looked into this quite well. The first name or term given to what we practice as a consensual Art was of course "Royal Torturer," :laughing: yes,nonconsensual, but it is the most likely name or title given to the first person who in some way enjoyed the giving, maybe even the receiving of pain. Seriously, non consensual sadism, and slavery have been around for centuries, and have no connection whatsoever to what the BDSM community practice now other than a few terms. Consent and strict negotiation are the norms in the modern lifestyle.

The first term coined addressing what it is we do, in my opinion, was Sadism/Sadist. These terms were coined in the Victorian era (1830-1860) and named after the quite famous French writer Count Donatien Alphonse Francois De Sade (b6/2/1740 d11/2/1840). Better known as the Mrq. De Sade, most famous for writing the novel "Justine". Also famous for being imprisoned for maltreating a prostitute and having what most feel is a psychological disorder carry his name. Not exactly the man I want to have my pleasures named after. In the Mrq's mind the ultimate liberty was the freedom to violate and destroy as will. By his own admission though he had little or no real experience in sadistic acts, other than his fertile imagination. By his philosophy he thought only of the power of inflicting pain for HIS pleasure and would most likely be disgusted by the consensual practices of modern practitioners. Close on the heels of Sadism/Sadist came the terms Masochism/Masochist, named after a likewise imprisoned Austrian writer Leopold Von Sacher-Masoch. These terms were first made popular in 1886 By a German psychiatrist Richard Von Krafft-Ebing and also later combined in 1907 into the term we know today as sadomasochism. Often abbreviated into S/M, he did this because he believed sadists have masochistic traits and vise versa. But Krafft-Ebing was mostly concerned with case studies of nonconsensual sexual violence, Not a consensual act between two agreeing adults. Nevertheless like most doctors in the Victorian era he wanted a title to describe what he saw as an abhorrent behavior. And as was popular in the Victorian era,He at the same time condemned ANY sexual act that did not involve procreation as aberrant behavior. In this "enlightened" age of the new millennium sadomasochism and homosexuality have finally been removed from psychiatric books, the DSM-IV included, as illnesses. As more studies have been done in recent years the mental heath and medical communities have begun to accept BDSM and SM as a safe and legitimate adult practice. In fact the DSM-IV states that S&M only becomes a Disorder when "the fantasies,sexual urges, or behaviors cause clinically significant distress or impairment in social, occupational or other important areas of functioning" In other words you stop having a real life outside of BDSM. As you will see later our modern doctors like to name things just as much as Krafft-Ebing did. Surely these erotic arts were practices in those repressed times, or a term would not be needed to describe what some saw as a pleasurable pastime, and others felt best described as a disorder that must be cured. It is the authors belief that it is this very repression that fed the taste for these pleasurable arts, and that because of the repression of STDs rampant in our modern world, a revival of sorts is underway. From Those seeking to heighten their sexual pleasure, to those who seek to keep a relationship alive with new experiences. People are looking for new ways to explore their sexuality. Those who before found excitement in multiple partners are now placed in a position to make the partner they have both more exciting sexually and to keep that same partner aroused in the context of their relationship. Still more information and the introduction of the Internet have shown those who have these fantasies that they are not alone and allow more freedom to explore what masters and Johnson have estimated that more than 20% of the population has experimented with. This New knowledge, and the ability for thousands to

communicate through the Internet, has caused many to see that this is just how some people are "wired" and that with Safe sane and consensual ideals there is nothing wrong with bringing these Ideas into reality. In fact many proudly proclaim membership in what has been loosely called a lifestyle.

Where years ago everyone hid in the shadows of a closed and closeted community that was hard to find much less gain membership to. There now exists an entire community that is devoted to education and social interaction for those with these interests. The S&M scene, which has been around for many years in the Gay leather community has found a place in the mainstream in recent years. The down side of course is that just about anyone can gain membership by placing "Master" at the fore of their name.

If you look about in mainstream entertainment in the last few years you will see that D/s and S&M references abound. A tribute to the growing popularity of the arts. Movies like "Exit To Eden", show that regular people are a large part in this community, and broaden the views of the public. Even main stream action movies such as "The Crow-City of angels" are flooded with D/s and S&M scenes. In this world of changing ideas and ideals it is more important than ever to make clear the concepts we base our "lifestyle" on, and the terms we use to define it. Recent movies like "Strangeland" and "8 MM" have again cast a dark light on our lifestyle, but titillate at the same time. It is education that is needed to counter these images of those in the lifestyle being criminals and murderers. One of the reasons why I feel the terms Dominance and Submission gained such a speedy rise and strong foothold in the world as a defining term of these arts is to distance a segment of people from the Issues following the S&M terms . At some time in the resent past people redefined how they addressed this issues of terms. Some not liking the negative connotations of "somasochism", nor the connection to nonconsensual acts redefined themselves and coined new terms. Some were to include. D/s, B/d, Master/slave, and bondage. There is even a Pony or two tossed in for good measure. Long before the heterosexual community redefined its terms, the gay community, more specifically the gay leather community came up with terms of their own. These are Top and Bottom, "Daddie," and "Boy" or "Boi" Bear and Puppy. I personally feel we owe a great debt to the leather community as the fight we face today for the right to define our own sexuality was spearheaded by many great "LeatherMen,Gay Men who at times had to fight for their rights in their own communities As well. Now the definitions of all of these terms are relative to the person using them, and the personal way each and everyone describes themselves. It also depends on their level of "play," skill, and their personal experience. No two people see any of these terms in the same light, after all we are all individuals. For the information of the reader, I will in short descriptions, explain what each is in my opinion. :: smile:: S&M is an abbreviation for Sadist/masochist or somasochism. A sadist takes pleasure in giving pain. This can be consensual or nonconsensual. (The difference between a "lifestyle" sadist and a criminal). A masochist derives pleasure from receiving pain. This pain can be physical, mental, or sexual. Humiliation belongs in this category. The idea of pain as pleasure is long known and the author prefers the term "sensation." Pain is stubbing your toe, having a skilled person flog you for an hour can be quite pleasurable, not unlike a good hard massage. Terms used within S&M, BDSM, and the D/s realms include, but are not limited to.

SS&C: Safe, Sane & Consensual: First Coined in the san-mutopian guardian this mantra has fast become the Anthem of the BDSM community. Years ago we had nothing like this, in fact for a lot of years the idea of negotiation was not at all popular, you either trusted or you didn't. SS&C has been at the forefront of a drive to have One simple and easy to understand rule in the BDSM community, in fact this would be about the only rule, if not the definition of the rule, that all seem to understand and agree upon, and has in fact become a cornerstone In S&M,Leather, fetish, D/S and BDSM in the last 15 years. Here is an attempt to define this term.

Safe: Safe is being knowledgeable and skilled in the techniques Of whatever are you are practicing, being aware of the safety concerns as well as seeking to minimize and dangers that may come up. Taking all precautions to assure that all parties are protected in case anything should go wrong.

Sane; Sane is harder to distinguish, as sanity is relative. What is perfectly sane for one may be unheard of for another. But Knowing the difference between fantasy and reality, between abuse and a pleasurable pastime would be the cornerstones of this definition. What can be done in fictional accounts such as leaving a person bound and alone overnight is fiction, and would be insane in reality and quite a risk. Basically knowing that you leave these extreme acts to fantasy is being sane.

Consensual: Clearly of the three this is the easiest to define, Consensual is respecting the other persons stated and implied limits and boundaries at all times. Consent is the main unbreakable rule of BDSM, without consent what we do is abuse. Consent is the Most important difference between Violence and BDSM. The same acts that are pleasurable BDSM pastimes with informed consent would be crimes without consent. One of the reasons "Safewords" are So Popular in public play settings is that they are a clear form of consent and to ignore a safeword one of the most criminal acts in the BDSM communities.

Safe Word: while I am on the subject, A Safeword is a Word or phrase that would be "Out of place" and easily recognizable as a signal to stop an activity. It is a very important Ongoing sign that all participants agree to whatever activity is being performed at the moment. It can and does at times become set aside in long term relationships. But those who have been involved in the lifestyle for a long time recognizes the importance of maintaining this practice even in Long term Master Slave relationships.

Most of these interactions include the person entering a "ROLE." This is not to say that this role is not who you are, but it is usually a Title or manner you only use in a scene context. No one I know tells a traffic cop to call them Master. Some of these titles include but are not limited to.

- Top: Usually a Sadist. The person in control of an S&M scene. There need not even be a dominant dynamic though it is often the case, it is not unknown for practitioners to "Switch" in a scene.
- Bottom: The receiver in an S&M scene. Usually a Masochist.

- Master: One who receives consensual control over another.
- Slave: One who gives over control to a Master. Either totally or on a negotiated basis.
- Geek: A step below Slave. One who offers themselves to anyone who wishes to control or abuse them.
- Pain Slut: A person who is in it for the sensation. One who has little or no limits or limitations.
- Daddy or Daddie: A term which is interchangeable with top or master but may involve some instances of infantilism or Incestuous fantasy play. It is sometimes used as a gender bending term In gay relationships. A female lesbian top will be referred to as Daddie.
- Boy Or Boi: Again interchangeable with the terms submissive or slave for the same reasons above. A female lesbian may identify as a Boi to denote that they are a male submissive at heart.
- D/S: An abbreviation for Dominance and Submission. This art involves consensual power exchange. The dominant enjoys having dominion over the body, mind, and spirit of a Submissive. The Submissive enjoys the giving or the gift of that dominion to another. This control can be sexual (the control of orgasmic response), mental (mental bondage or demanding set tasks), or physical (bondage). D/S often has a spiritual context as well, such as the guiding of the submissive to a higher self. D/S and S&M can involve the use of sensation (pain) to produce a state of what is referred to as "Subspace." Subspace can describe the feeling of being submissive to another, or can describe a mild form of hypnotism produced by the bodies reaction to sensation. This is sometimes known as "Spacing" or "being under." In sensation "Play." The body can produce "endorphins" in response to "trauma," the pain of the act. Much like that which is produced by running or ritual repetitive acts like chanting or dancing. These opiates are a natural response by the body to regulate pain and at times increase endurance to trauma. Some seek this state in their sessions. For some "Subspace" is used to increase the Submissives pleasure in the sexual act which for most, either follows a "session" or can be performed during a scene. Although a sensation session can be a pleasure in and of itself. The reward for some only being a calm floating feeling at the feet of their master. Some D/S terms include but are not limited to.
- Dominant: One who controls another. The top in a D/S relationship.  
Domme: A female dominant.
- Dominatrix: Female. Another term interchangeable with dominant or master. Some times used by those who practice SM as a professional Dominatrix.
- Pro: Domme, Domina, Dominatrix, Dominant, or Master. One who makes a business of S&M scening. Often accepting money or gifts for their services. There are also pro Submissives, or slaves.
- Domina: Female dominant.
- Mistress: Female owner of a slave or submissive.
- Master: Male owner of a slave or submissive.
- Headmaster: One running a school, or leader of a group of masters.
- GrandMaster: Leader of a group of masters or leader of a chateau.
- Lord: One who holds dominion over a person or group of persons.
- Marq: French for lord.
- Submissive: One who submits to anothers will, either part time or full time.
- Pet: One who is "kept" by a master or dominant.
- Charge: One learning to be a slave or submissive. Not owned but protected by a house.
- Slave: One giving total control over to another in a consensual negotiated relationship. In service to a person or establishment.
- Acolyte: One in service for the purpose of learning.
- Chateau: A house or group of people living the D/S Lifestyle, and/or teaching the same, European term.
- House: A house or group of people living the D/S Lifestyle and/or teaching the same, US term.
- Hold: A house or group of people living the D/S Lifestyle and/or teaching the same, term from the middle ages.

D/S is also, in this authors opinion the most ritualized art. Having the most set ritual behavior. The submissive learning certain rules in regards their behavior, and the dominant usually having a title such as "Lord" or "Master," there are as many forms of D/s as there are practitioners. Some even go so far as to Base their Ideals of D/s on works of fiction of such as the "Books of Gor" hence the name Gorean D/S. All and all Books such as, "the story of O," the "Beauty" series and the "Gor" books are just that, fiction, and not the best guide to What D/S or the community really is, On the other hand they are entertaining and if you wish to Base your "IDEALS" on them, with of course, Consensual Guidelines It is your choice. But fiction works in fiction, real life is a lot more complicated than the writers imagination. DS is simply what it states, one partner is dominant the other submissive, a state of nature. As we are all evolved from the animal world the idea that one sex is dominant is the rule of thumb. One interesting fact is that among birds it is most often the female who is dominant. Among mammals the opposite is true. In humans of course either sex is dominant. Dominance and submission describes a state of being however, not a thing you "do," though a dominant does dominate the other partner, they more simply just have a dominant nature which they express. I have found that most who wish a submissive role are usually very dominant in their work or vanilla lives. But within the realm of DS wish the release of serving another. As such

it is my opinion that Dom or Sub is not a good description of a place in a relationship hierarchy, such as Master or top, but it is used as such in today's world and so I, as I have said, use it in that context as well. Pinning any of these terms down is a personal matter because when you involve humans and ideas things get complicated. Each path is defined by the individual or group teaching their own way of doing things. Gender is always a factor. D/s practitioners also include in their lifestyle, Bondage and S&M to varying degrees, and quite a variety of other "arts" that are not completely visible in the term D/S. All of this makes the idea of terms a buffet, taking that which works for you and leaving those terms which don't, for those who wish to include them in their own path.

B&D is an abbreviation for Bondage and discipline which describes the mutual Pleasure of binding and sensation, At times the persons enjoying this art also think of themselves involved one or more of the other arts. But it is an art practiced in and of itself. Some identifying in this manner may exclude all other aspects of play. Most of the consensual arts include Binding of some kind, be it rope play or collars and cuffs, Physical restraint is one of the main ways to achieve that feeling of "helplessness" and is a main component of most "Play" but is not a prerequisite. Some who practice Bondage find it a spiritual act in and of itself and no sensation (pain) is involved, Bondage sessions can last for hours if the Practitioner is skilled and the partner in good shape, Japanese rope bondage is Highly ritualized and great care is taken in the final "look" of the bondage.

M/S or Master and slave is an older term that entails Much of what the others do to a greater degree. The Idea being that the slave gives over total control to the master including the right of choice in what they do and how far they can go. Slavery is of course only enforceable as far as the Slave wishes to go. A Slave entering into service may set limits within the principals of negotiation, Giving their service to One they feel will best take care of them or will seek to care for them as they please their master. But this is not always the case. A slave may wish to give themselves to one whose only desire is self gratification, and seek no pleasure for themselves but the pleasure of serving another.

Other terms within BDSM the BDSM communities include but are not limited to.

- Lifestyle: a term coined to describe those who feel they Live in a BDSM role at all times
- Lovestyle: Bedroom BDSM or another description of the above
- TPE: total power exchange, such as in a Master Slave relationship.
- 24/7: Living the lifestyle 24 hours a day 7 days a week
- Dungeon: a play space usually stocked with equipment and tools for S&M; a play space.
- Scene: The period of time people engage in S&M or D/S play, the act of playing.
- Session: A period of BDSM play often a set period of time.
- Play: the act of doing D/S or S&M
- Playspace: A room or Space that for a period of time is used for BDSM
- Negotiation: The act of setting Limits, Boundaries and discovering the others desires and wants
- Contract: Placing those negotiated Limits and Boundaries to paper, Usually for a set period of time
- Journal: A Diary written by a submissive about their journey
- journaling: the act of writing a journal
- OTK: Over the Knee. A spanking reference
- Sensation: Another word for pain
- Tools: whips, floggers, etc. the "tools" of S&M practices
- Toys: Another terms for tools
- Flogging: the act of using a flogger, Whipping
- Flogger: a Multi tailed Whip
- Singletail: a whip such as a bull whip, Signal Whip , A Single lashed whip 2-8 feet long
- Violetwand: an electric tool that creates static electricity.
- Tens unit: a tool that emits electrical pulses through a Pad attached to the skin
- Cuffs: wrist fasteners
- Cat o nines: a Nine tailed Flogger, usually braided
- Count downs: A Pavlovian effect to produce orgasms on command
- Stocks: A Medieval frame that holds the head and hands
- Saint Andrews: an X shaped frame for upright bondage
- Post: a Pole that has attachment points for BDSM Play
- X-frame: A large Cross set on its side with attachment Points for BDSM play
- Frame: a Square frame for Bondage
- Bondage table: A table with rings down both sides

- Cane: a Rattan, Plastic, wood, or other material in the form of a rod for spanking
- Crop: a Rod that has a leather slapper at the end.
- Medical play: Play that involves medical devices such as a speculum or just about any play that involves Fluids. Can be a very involved scene where people play " Doctor:"
- Polyamorous: a Love based relationship Involving three or more people
- Pansexual: either describing the Gay, Bisexual, Lesbian, transgender community. Or another term for Bisexual.
- King triad: a relationship of three people where the head is Male
- Queen triad: a relationship of three people where the head is Female
- Stable: a Group of Submissives or Slaves serving one master
- Harem: a Group of Submissives or Slaves serving one master
- Pony: someone enacts the Role of a Horse
- Household: a Group of Submissives or Slaves serving a master or masters In one location.
- Limits: areas or acts that are not done.
- Boundaries: areas or acts that are frightening but may be tried
- First girl/Boy: the head slave or submissive in a household
- Major Domo: the Leader of a group of Submissives or slaves , usually a switch.
- Head slave: Usually in charge of a group of slaves in a household
- Chain: a group of slaves
- Some other terms which can be a part of any of these arts or be fetish tastes all their own include.
- Agalmatophilia: is the desire to have sex with a statue, doll, or mannequin. Age Play: those who want to be an adult child.
- Agoraphilia: Defines a love of public sex play.
- Apotemnophilia: defines people who are aroused by the fantasy or act of losing a limb such as an arm or leg or even genitalia.
- Archnephoria: is the use of spiders in the sexual act.
- Auto erotic asphyxia: is the very dangerous practice of seeking sexual climax through the use of self strangulation.
- Axillism: is a fixation on arm pit hair or hair in general.
- Bestiality: also known as zoophilia defines those who find Animals attractive as sexual partners.
- Bondage: is the practice of restraint for sexual purposes.
- Bradycubia: is the practice of finding release by having sex very slowly.
- Breath control: Obtaining sexual excitement from having another control your oxygen intake
- Capnolagnia: is a fetish involving sexualizing watching others smoke.
- Catheterophilia: achieving sexual pleasure from having objects inserted into the urethra. Such as metal, glass or rubber rods
- Cat-fighting: sexual excitement derived from watching women fight or wrestle.
- CBT: or Cock and Ball torture, deriving sexual excitement from Bondage and torture of the male genitalia.
- Chezolagnia: deriving sexual excitement from a bowel movement. Chubby Chasers: those who find women of size their sexual Ideal.
- Climacophilia: those who seek sexual excitement from falling.
- Coitus a chevel: sex on horseback or around horses.
- Coitus a mammillia: arousal from breast sex.
- Coitus a unda: excitement from having sex in water.
- Coprolalia: the art of talking dirty
- Coprophilia: sexual arousal from feces.
- Coprophagy: sexual arousal from ingesting feces
- Crush fetish: sexual arousal from being stepped upon or watching things crushed by women such as small animals.
- Dacryphilia: excitement from seeing or feeling or tasting another's tears.
- Doraphilia: a fetish for animal fur or skin , often Leather
- Dysmorphophilia: : People who gain sexual excitement from deformities such as scars, hair-lips, dwarves, hunchbacks, burn victims and so on
- Electrical Play: sexplay involving Violet wands, Tens units, electrical shocks.

- Exhibitionism: arousal from being watched or exposing oneself.
- Fisting: the act of inserting the entire hand in the vagina or rectum and closing into a fist.
- Flatophilia: an interest in flatulence "farting"
- Food fetish: those who gain sexual arousal from eating or smearing food on themselves or their partner
- Foot Fetish: sexual arousal from Feet
- Retifism: the sexual arousal from footwear
- Forniphilia: sexual arousal obtained by being an object or a piece of furniture
- Frottage: sexual arousal through rubbing oneself on strangers
- Furies: People who like dressing as animal or acting as same
- Gerontophilia: seeking elderly sexual partners
- Giantess fetish: sexual arousal from extremely tall or muscular women
- Hierophilia: the use of sacred objects for masturbation or profane acts in a church "
- Humiliation: Eroticization of disgrace or weakness.
- Infibulation: Injecting saline into the scrotum of a male to cause swelling
- Infantilism: defines those who are aroused by being Adult Babies things like suckling pacifiers, drinking bottles and wearing diapers
- Klismaphilia: the use of enemas for sexual excitement
- Lactophilia: sexual arousal from breast milk
- Lagnonector: one who kills in order to have sex with the corpse
- Maieusiophilia: the desire to have sex with a pregnant woman.
- Mucophagy sexual arousal from nasal excretions
- Mummification: a form of bondage, being wrapped from head to toe in latex, Plastic or other material.
- Mysophilia: sexual excitement from soiled undergarments or clothing
- Necrophilia: sexual excitement from sex with the dead
- Nosophilia: sexual excitement from sex with the terminally ill
- Oculolingus: sexual excitement from licking or kissing the eyes
- Ophidicium: sexual arousal from Serpents or snakes
- Pediophilia: a fetish for dolls, often confused with Pedophilia
- Pedophilia: sexual attraction to children, sometimes acted out in fantasy play by consenting adults
- Piercing: placing rings through flesh
- Play Piercing: Placing needles in the skin or flesh on a temporary basis
- Phallophilia: a fetish for a large penis also called size queens
- Pie fetish: those who like to be hit with pies
- Poly: an open relationship, or relationship with three or more people
- Polyamorous: wishing or having a multiple love relationship
- Polyterophilia: the need to have more than one sexual partner to achieve orgasm<
- Pony Play: the desire to be a horse or train a human horse.
- Psychocism: sexual arousal from being cold or having a cold partner
- Roman Showers: sexual arousal over being vomited upon
- Taphephilia: sexual arousal from being buried alive.
- Urolagnia: sexual arousal from being urinated upon.
- Voyeurism: deriving sexual pleasure from secretly watching others.
- Food fetish: a desire to get messy with food.

Many of these definitions were created by the medical community, some were not. And in explanation these definitions are limited because they are narrow in scope. Some of these were added for interest or for fun. A person can like many variations on these themes. a Pedophile is a criminal of course but someone gaining sexual arousal from acting as a child or enjoying his adult partner in that role is safely acting out a fantasy.

This author feels that each person must chose their own definitions of self, In example I call Myself a "artistic Consensual Sensation practitioner" which in reality is Just a Politically correct term to describe a Modern "sadist" but one I feel fully describes "MY"



Pleasure to others who may not like what sadist brings to mind. Each of us can do the same by coining whatever terms we feel comfortable with, be it Known terms such as Dominant, Top, Master, Submissive, Masochist, Bottom, Boy, Pony, or any other. Or by inventing our own terms for our own pleasures. We in this Lifestyle are Nonconformists for the most part, but oddly wish to conform to a rules based ideal. One of my axioms, that I came up with for the "biker" community Years ago also fits those in the BDSM community as well, " the problem with nonconformity is we are human, and as Humans we feel we Must be Nonconformists Who conform to some form of Nonconformity" we are more comfortable being different with others who are like us. In inventing our own Terms we can be true nonconformists, Make up a term that describes YOU, it is not only your right but a great way to define your tastes. A few I personally Have heard are .... Active Role: Power Master, Erotic Sadist, Strict Dominant, Loving SadoController, Japanese WebWeaver, Sadistic Binder, Sensual SadoDisciplinarian , S/M Switch-On and as My Submissive refers to me at times A Life support device for a Whip.

Reactive Role: Pet, Binding slave, Spiritual Masochist, Lustful Submissive, Loving Masokissive, Ecstatic WebWoven, Flexible Bindee, Sensuous Discipline Seeker and S/M Switched-On.

What I have tried to impart on you the reader are some ways we in the BDSM , D/s, M/s and leather communities describe ourselves, as well as many terms used to describe various fetishes and desires. The author awaits the day when terms, descriptions, sexual preferences do not separate us but unite us, bring us together in what is common among us. Until that day arrives be content to define yourself and show respect and courtesy to those who define themselves differently. And always remember you are what you eat. So you could be a dominant or submissive and not know it.

# The Sources of Dominant Power

by FineArt

In the world of domination and submission, we often talk about the "Power Exchange". Power is thought of in terms of the capacity to influence, direct or control the actions, activities or behaviors of another or to make decisions regarding another. In the consensual D/s realm, this holding of power results from the gift of the submissive... the relinquishing of certain rights or granting of privileges to the Dominant.

Often this exchange of power is taken as a given, without deeper thought into why the submissive would give this precious gift. Much has been written about this from the submissive's needs or perspective as to why she would give up power. But I have found nothing written concerning what it is about the Dominant that would lead to the desire to give power to a particular person.

What are the sources of Dominant Power?

**Position Power:** The D/s and BDSM lifestyles are marked by a strong recognition of status and position that bestow either the perception or the legitimate right to exercise power. Together these are inherent in the position rather than person.

**Titles and Assumed Positions:** Master, Mistress, Top, Lord, Lady, Sir, Ma'am... The handles or screen names used, the titles either taken or bestowed very often indicate the capacity to wield power. In the virtual world, the use of capitalization in names and pronouns serves the same purpose. These are often accompanied by donning trappings that convey the capacity or right to wield power... dark clothing, thrones, carrying whips, scowls or deep voices. Occasionally we see those who assume that title or assumed position alone are sufficient to exercise power over others... or those who are readily willing to defer to another because of their title or assumed position. When simply assumed, without establishing the credibility or capacity to wield power effectively, these titles and trappings hold little true significance. They hold meaning when titles are either bestowed by others and, along with the trappings, are viewed as being earned by those you grant the gift of themselves or others, including other Dominants, as merited within a given setting.

**Authority or Legitimate Power:** Many positions carry with them the formal right or authority to take actions or make decisions which effect others. In hierarchical organizations and structured societies, these are quite common. The power rests in the charter, position description, ownership or recognized and accepted structures in a society, group, organization or other social unit. The right to make decisions or take actions exists without regard to the individual who occupies the position, but in the position itself. (This does not dismiss the personal characteristics or achievements that allowed the individual to acquire the position.) The boss, a policeman, a bishop, the schoolteacher or a licensed doctor are examples. In the realms of D/s or BDSM some positions also carry authority or legitimate power... the Dungeon Master or Mistress or a chat room monitor are examples.

**Reward and Punishment Power:** Closely related to authority or legitimate power is the right, within a position, to grant rewards or impose punishments. The boss can grant a raise, make work assignments, reprimand or even terminate employment within the authority granted by the organization and within legal bounds. By accepting the position, the employee also accepts (consents to) these rights. In most modern societies citizens grant governments the right to make decisions, impose regulations (laws) and take other actions that regulate their behavior and then to authorize others to impose sanctions (punishments) on those who transgress (law enforcement, eminent domain, judges and juries). In the realms of D/s and BDSM, there are those who assume that they hold the power to reward and punish simply because they have taken the role of Dominant. And there are always some willing to accept this power because of position alone.

No matter how Position Power is acquired, it is effective only so long as it is accepted (or tolerated) by those subjected to it. Kings are deposed, employees undermine their bosses or slack off in their work, laws are ignored when the holder of Position Power is not accepted or respected as being fair, worthy or capable of wielding that power well or wisely. The same can be said for the aspiring Dominant. Ultimately, the holders of Position Power answer to those over whom the power is exerted.

**Personal Power:** Other sources of power lie not in the position one holds but in the individual. Unlike Position Power, Personal Power must be granted directly from those who are subject to that influence rather being assumed to exist because someone occupies a particular position or holds some title or other. While it is usually more difficult to attain, in one-on-one relationships, even when the one subjected to the power is a member of a large group or even in an entire society, Personal Power is often much more effective.

**Knowledge and Wisdom:** Many people are able to wield power and influence over others because they have demonstrated possession of knowledge or experience that leads others to accept or defer to their decisions or seek their guidance. The doctor's advice is accepted not only because of the position held, but also because of the training and experience he has that allows him to

hold that position. The respected professor not only holds the knowledge, but also demonstrates that he understands and can apply his knowledge. Knowledge, however acquired, becomes a tremendous source of power when its holder also has the wisdom to understand the needs of those who would accept their influence and use their knowledge fairly or to meet the needs of those over whom they exert their influence.

Charisma: The ultimate in Personal Power is charisma. It has many potential components. Personal appearance, communication skills, demeanor are all components of charisma. So is the capacity to address rather directly interests and needs of the individual to come under that influence. Charisma is not just charm and good looks... much of Hitler's influence was derived directly from the power of his personality. In the marketing world, charisma would be how all the other sources of power and the power holder's skills and personal characteristics are brought together and packaged, presented to those over whom power or influence would be exercised. Very directly, charisma is the total, combined appeal of the personality, capabilities and knowledge of the individual, combined with how they use whatever Position Power they hold, to exert effective influence over others. And it exists as a source of power only when others continue to grant that power.

In organized societies, from the level of small groups through entire nations, we rely highly on Position Power to maintain order. Yet, even here, those who exert the greatest amount of influence over time also rely on the sources of Personal Power. (King Charles I of England lost his head, quite literally, because he did not have the knowledge or wisdom to understand his subjects and abused his tremendous Position Power.) Those who depend solely on Position Power, who wield it without good judgment or recognition of those over whom they exert their influence will, at the very least, lose the respect of their "subjects" and oft times will be undermined if not rejected as power holders.

In close personal relationships, Personal Power plays a much greater role. In fact, Position Power often comes into being only after Personal Power is established and accepted.

In the realms of D/s and BDSM, the submissive would do well to closely examine the sources of power relied upon by a Dominant before granting her or his gift of submission.

And the wise Dominant will also understand his or her sources of power, building a set of skills, honing the tools needed to carry out the responsibilities of a Dominant effectively and responsibly.

# What is a "safeword"?

by Johnson Grey

One of the thrills of SM is that it can stretch your limitations. If you enjoy this sort of play, you can naturally find yourself trying more and more new things, accepting greater and greater levels of sensation, doing and feeling more than you've ever done or felt before.

But the process is slow and gradual, and people are not telepathic. It may be that you are the bottom in a whipping scene, and your top is whipping you, and suddenly it doesn't feel good anymore!! and you want them to STOP!!! That is what a safeword is: a word that means "This isn't working! This scene is going wrong somehow! Please stop!"

A safeword needs to be taken seriously. Sometimes you may be playing with a top you don't know that well, and if they do something to you you don't want, it's important that you have a way to let them know, IMMEDIATELY. Especially if you're tied up or otherwise made helpless.

Everyone has their own favorite safeword. I personally use "Yellow!" to mean "Something's too intense; I need you to lighten up, but I don't want to stop the scene," and I use "Red!" to mean "I'm in trouble and I want everything to stop NOW, no more games, scene over, let me outta here!" Some people just have one flavor of safeword, and use "aardvark" or some other weird word they'd never say in the context of a scene. At many parties, the universal safeword is "Safeword!" It's up to you. All it is is a safety valve for when things get out of control. If your top doesn't respect your safeword, it's a safe bet that they won't respect other limits of yours, and you will need to decide whether you want to play with someone who doesn't acknowledge your boundaries.

Using a safeword can be hard to do sometimes. It's important to realize that no one is perfect, and if you as top do something that squicks your bottom (i.e. pushes beyond your bottom's limits--"squick" is a recent bit of s.s.b-b jargon), it doesn't mean you're a bad lover or a bad person. It only means that you ran into a limit you didn't know was there, or you were tired or disconnected and not in tune with your bottom. It happens to everyone from time to time. If you as top feel burned out and want to stop the scene suddenly, or you get a powerful reaction you weren't expecting and aren't sure how to continue, you can use a safeword too; safewords aren't just for bottoms! If you as bottom feel like your top is pushing you, and you don't want to play anymore, it's not fun, that's when you want to use a safeword--your top will be glad you used it to tell them where you were at.

A safeword is just a communication tool, nothing more, nothing less. If you're playing intensely, it may feel hard to stop the scene, to come back from the edge via a safeword... but if you need to, that's what they're for. Some tops deliberately push their bottoms until their bottoms call safeword; this way, the bottom gets the experience of using it. A safeword that's never used can seem unusable, which isn't a good property for a safeword.

Sometimes a top will want to gag you, whether because you're being too noisy or they want to increase your helplessness or you've been being impertinent or whatever. You may still want a safeword to let the top know when a rope is too tight or the nipple clamps are pinching or whatever. Some people put a handkerchief in the bottom's hand; if they let go and the handkerchief falls, they know there's something up. I personally use the old SOS signal: three loud yells spaced evenly; "Unh! Unh! Unh!" No gag I've ever seen can stop all noise, and that signal works even if my hands are in mittens or a strait-jacket and unable to hold anything at all.

Before playing with someone, it's a good idea to negotiate, not only what safeword you want to use, but how you'll handle it if you need to use the safeword. When you're just getting into SM, it's almost inevitable that some scenes will end prematurely or abruptly. If you acknowledge this possibility in advance, and talk about what kinds of comforting or remedy you might like, it'll make recovering from a mishap a lot easier and more pleasant. And because a scene goes wrong is no reason to think that you or your partner is fundamentally bad or untrustworthy--mistakes will happen. (If your partner doesn't want to hear your concerns about the mishap, though, or if they belittle or deride your concerns, you may well be unable to avoid future mishaps. If your relationship doesn't learn from painful experience, it may not be ready to handle doing SM. Of course, this kind of processing is a vital part of every healthy relationship, SM or not.)

Not every SM player uses safewords. Some people into SM don't find them useful for the style of play they prefer; more straightforward communication suffices for them. Some partners find their need for a safeword gradually diminishes as they come to know each other better. Some people do SM in which the bottom doesn't want to have a verbal escape route, for the duration of the scene. (This "no-safeword" play is also sometimes called "edge play.") One thing that you will learn about the BDSMLMNP scene is that styles vary wildly, and peoples' experiences are astonishingly diverse. But for many people beginning their explorations (and many who've explored enormously), safewords have proved very helpful.

# What Slaves Need

## Some late-night thoughts i felt were worth sharing

by david stein

slaves, and those who seek to be slaves, are constantly advised not to be self-centered and not to focus on our needs and desires but rather those of others. And this can be good advice when a would-be slave is so focused on fantasies of what a Master will look like, act like, and do to the slave that he loses sight of what he will do for the Master or bring to the relationship. Being a full-time sex toy/captive/whipping boy almost never actually happens, and if that's what slavery means to you, 99% of the real-life Masters out there will be terribly disappointing.

But aside from that lesson, there's another, more subtle lesson about slave "selfishness" that's only now becoming clear to me, which is that someone who's looking to become a slave, or remain a slave, needs to be ruthlessly selfish about getting his or her slave needs met. By this i don't mean the basic needs of life for food, shelter, clothing, employment, social contacts, and a degree of affection. We all need that, whether we're slaves or Tops or boys or vanilla. Rather, i mean the things that feed and strengthen a slave's slavery: things like direction, discipline, and service. About these there can be no compromise, because when they are lacking in a slave's life, slavery itself cannot long be sustained.

### DIRECTION

The popular conception is that slaves are people who are forced to obey a Master's orders, and many slaves also fantasize being forced. Being obedient is held to be the opposite of freedom, and the negative connotations of "slavery" largely consist in this lack of freedom.

This no doubt was true of many or most coerced slaves in history. It is not true of consensual slaves today. Those who become slaves today in the U.S., Europe, and the rest of the developed world do so not because they are being forced to obey, but because they positively need to obey. Obedience is the voluntary slave's lifeblood. To obey is not our cross but our joy! We only ask to be given the opportunity.

And that's where direction comes in. Any idiot can tell someone else what to do! Lots of people are bossy or domineering or pushy. That's not what can satisfy a slave's need to obey, not in the long run, because people who are merely bossy tend not to be very consistent or intelligent about what they tell others to do; they operate on whim. The more perfectly you obey someone like that, the more likely you are to get into trouble, because today's order may contradict yesterday's or undermine tomorrow's. You can drive a dog or a child insane with contradictory orders; is a slave any less sensitive?

Ideally, what slaves need - whether they're aware of wanting it or not! - is clear direction, firm goals, consistent rules, unambiguous orders. And it takes a Master with great presence of mind, intelligence, self-control, and self-understanding to provide that kind of environment.

### DISCIPLINE

The most common slave fantasy is probably of being punished, but i think the erotic charge of this is really a metaphor for discipline, which is not the same as punishment. Discipline is controlled behavior; punishment is simply a means, and often not a very good one, of achieving discipline. Just as slaves need to obey, we need to follow rules and to push ourselves to live up to some ideal. i think every (voluntary) slave wants to be "the perfect slave" in some sense, and we need - as much as we need air and water - someone to hold out that ideal before us and challenge us to live up to it, even knowing that we'll never actually achieve it.

If it were easy to be a slave, if anyone could do it, what would be the point? If there were no sacrifice involved, if it required nothing "above and beyond" ordinary life as a bottom-oriented leatherman or leatherdyke, why bother?

slavery is a demanding, challenging vocation, or calling, and its challenges cannot end once the slave enters into service with a Master. The Master must provide a continual challenge as well as an environment in which the slave's discipline and dedication are continually honed. To this end, many Masters institute various rituals and protocols for their slaves to follow. These are misunderstood, i think, if they are examined too literally, and especially if the point is taken to be the inculcation of a worshipful attitude toward the Master's person. The point is to enable the slave to develop a worshipful attitude, period. Giving the slave a framework by which to live a disciplined life of respect and dedication is the point, not feeding the Master's ego.

Nonetheless, at the very prosaic level of "enforcement of rules," a Master who does not notice or care about infractions is one who is shirking His duty toward His slave. It is not necessary to punish, but it is necessary to take notice of the lapse and deal with it in some definite way. slaves need to feel the Master's eye on them continually, until it is internalized. If He cannot or will not provide discipline, He has no business owning a slave, just as a parent who will not provide it for a child is unfit for that role.

## SERVICE

While there are no end of fantasies about obedience and discipline, most slaves only fantasize about sexual "service" - but that is typically the lesser part of a full-time slave's service. Indeed, the difference between a slave and a bottom may turn on the willingness, even eagerness, to serve in nonsexual ways. (As i once read in a bottom's personal ad, "I don't clean my own apartment - why should I clean yours?")

Difficulties arise when Masters, or slaves, confuse service with being used. The difference is subtle but critical. Perhaps it is the difference between "being used" and "being useful." Being used has a very negative connotation for most people, and i suspect that in cases where it has a strong erotic charge, it refers more to the categories of direction and discipline than service. That is, what is exciting about "being used" is being obedient and controlled, transcending your own ego and its selfish pleasures to be an instrument of someone else's will. That doesn't have to be a humiliating, demeaning, or degrading experience - it can be an exhilarating and liberating one.

Being useful, in contrast, is something that most people do find pleasurable and rewarding - slaves more than others. It is the sense of "right employment," of expending your life energies in a good and satisfying way. The joy of service is the feeling of having "made a difference" in some part of the world, however small.

When Masters think of a slave's service purely in terms of having him at Their beck and call to fulfill any whim or transient desire, They trivialize the slave's slavery and undermine his ability to continue that way of life. On the contrary: a case could be made that the main reason Masters even exist is to provide slaves with an opportunity to serve to the best of their abilities! Whether you accept that view or not, a Master who neglects or wastes a slave's talents is worse than a fool; it is a form of abuse as serious as physical harm or neglect.

Perhaps the greatest challenge for a Master is to determine how a given slave can best serve Him, and to reconsider the matter again and again as the slave grows, learns, and develops. This is not to say that any particular service should be beneath any particular slave - we can all benefit from taking a turn at menial chores. Nonetheless, a slave needs to feel, overall, that he is fulfilling his potential for service, or he will not remain content in his slavery for long.

## SUMMARY

In conclusion, the lesson i'm trying to convey is that slaves need to look out for ourselves in terms of making sure that our needs for direction, discipline, and service get fulfilled. No matter how sexy a potential Master may be, no matter how many of your fetishes He matches and BDSM buttons He pushes, if there's no clear evidence that He'll provide for your basic needs as a slave, look elsewhere. By the same token, a potential Master who's not your wet dream but can offer an environment of clear direction, firm discipline, and opportunities for challenging and satisfying service deserves at least a second look.

Hope this is helpful to someone!

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## A New Voyeur (Donna & George, Part One)

by dark whisper

The winter air was frigid on her neck as she hurried past the row of streetlamps casting weak yellow circles on the icy asphalt. Donna hated working the night shift, but until she earned her degree, she was stuck making her living as a cocktail waitress. She really didn't mind the work, it gave her mind a break from the computer classes that seemed to take all of her concentration. The tips were great. Often, she'd come home on a Friday or Saturday night with over two hundred dollars in her purse, and feet so tired they ached.

She slid into the driver's seat of her 10 year old Fiat and prayed as she turned the key in the ignition, hoping the little Italian excuse for a car would actually start. When the engine caught, she breathed out softly...watching her breath frost in the weak light. With the radio turned up, and the heater blasting, she reversed out of her parking space and made her way to the two bedroom apartment she shared with her classmate Lisa. She was almost thawed out as she pulled up to her parking space and found someone else's car parked half in, and half out of the lines. She swore a rather un-ladylike curse when she saw the expensive sportscar, and went to park in the visitor's parking.

Her mood was not much improved as she opened the apartment door and saw a trail of women's clothes scattered across the living-room. Lisa was a sweetheart, but sometimes Donna was hard pressed not to shriek at her like an old fishwife when she saw the condition of the apartment after working a 6 hour shift on her feet. She started to pick up the clothes, but she decided the hell with it, Lisa could pick up after her own damn self.

Donna moved tiredly into her bedroom, and was immediately soothed by the cool blues and soft peach colors that might have overwhelmed her if not for the oversized bed with the snowy white down comforter and crisp blue pillows. She stripped down to her bra and panties, and lay full out on the comfortable bed, letting her body relax fully as her mind wound down from the evening's hectic pace. She must have fallen asleep, because the next thing she became aware of was her roommate's muffled scream. She leapt up from her bed and stumbled to the doorway, heart pounding fast in her chest as she raced for Lisa's door...her hand was just turning the knob, when she heard the unmistakable moans of a woman and man engaged in sexual play. It was too late to stop the momentum of her hand and the door opened slightly. Donna started to pull the door closed, but for some reason her body refused the demands of her mind, and her eyes went to the bed in one corner of Lisa's messy bedroom.

She watched with a thudding heart as the man (she couldn't see his face) was poised over the wildly squirming Lisa, his erect cock hovering over her belly...the veins standing out on his arms as he teased her with the dark red tip, drawing it slowly over her tight stomach. Donna felt her body flame as she watched the way her roommate's eyes followed every movement her partner made, greediness shining in their hazel depths, and her tongue peeking out from between her kiss-swollen lips. The man straddled Lisa's tummy...his cock level with her pebble-hard nipples. Lisa raised her head and reached for the bulbous head, her tongue making contact with the drop of pre-cum already shining at the slit.

"Oh yes..." The man's voice sent shockwaves through her body. Butter soft and lightly accented...just enough to send a warm surge of excitement to Donna's groin. She could feel the crotch of her panties getting moister by the moment as she watched. She never considered herself a voyeur, but this...this was definitely turning her on. He surged his hips--sending the head of his cock deep into Lisa's frantically clinging mouth. Donna was breathing fast and shallow in the doorway, her knees trembling with desire as Lisa curled one slender hand around the base of his thickness and squeezed. When Lisa's other hand crept toward her pussy and slipped two fire-engine red fingernails between her puffy lips, Donna sank slowly to the carpeting outside the door, and spread her own legs.

Just as Donna's fingers slipped into her panties and separated the folds of her pussy, she looked up and caught Lisa's eye. Lisa was watching her through the crack of the door, and from the smoky look in her eyes, Donna knew she was excited by her audience. Donna's fingers pulled quickly from her panties and a deep blush stained her cheeks at being caught watching.

She scrambled up and quickly returned to her bedroom. She was wildly excited and embarrassed at the same time. She laid back down on her bed, and lifted her breasts over the top of her bra cups...the tight material lifting them high and giving her lips access to their rosy peaks. Her tongue flicked out and played with her nipple as her fingers reached into her nightstand drawer, and pulled out her vibrator. It had a stainless steel shaft and variable power settings...from a low throbbing hum, to a highly intense vibration. She set the vibe to low, and gently slid the smooth shaft through the lips of her pussy, feeling the throb deep in her belly. Donna moaned deep in her throat as the pulse neared her sensitive clit, but she pulled it back before making contact. She knew that as stimulated as she was, it would only take a little bit to send her over the edge.

By this time, the crotch of her panties was soaked through, but Donna left them on, enjoying the feel of wet silk brushing her pubic hair. She pulled the elastic farther away from her opening, leaving it exposed to the cool air as she slipped the tip of the vibe into her hole. She shuddered as the cold metal entered her warm cavity and slid easily in the slippery wetness. She twisted her wrist, and the vibration turned up a notch. Her knees drew up and she gave a savage thrust...burying the now pulsing vibe to its hilt. Her head arched back as she began to pump her silver cock in and out of her steamy cunt. She no longer cared about her moans, she expected the other couple was too busy to even hear her. She felt it building...that all consuming fire that would flash from her pussy clear out to the tips of her fingers. Her leg muscles locked and her back arched several inches from the surface of the bed. She was cumming, and there was no stopping the lightning as her body bucked and writhed in pleasure.

"God, that's sexy." The voice was ragged, and very male. Her eyes flew open to see Lisa and her incredibly handsome partner standing in her open doorway. Both were nude, and the man's cock was so hard it was standing away from his body, twitching as he watched Donna cum.

For a moment, Donna wanted to grab a robe and cover her wide open body...but the naked lust in Lisa and her partner's face forbade it. So instead, she slowly pulled the slick vibrator out of her pussy, and brought it to her lips. Her eyes traveled back and forth between the two sexy young people, watching their reactions as she slipped the musky vibrator into her mouth. The man couldn't stop himself as he walked across the floor, kneeled on the bed next to her, and started licking her fingers and the base of the vibrator. When he reached her lips, he kissed her deeply, his tongue seeking out every crevice of her hot mouth. Donna kissed him back, just as deeply and with just as much naked desire. His hand reached for the tight material of her bra and yanked it open. His palm closed warm and tight over her left breast and Donna arched into his touch. Her legs were still spread wide open, and she felt a warmth stir the soft nest of curls between her thighs. She jumped just slightly when the warm breath was replaced by Lisa's tongue.

Donna had NEVER experienced anything like this in her entire life, and if asked an hour before if she would ever consider such a thing, the answer would have been a resounding no. But right now...right at this very moment, she luxuriated in the feel of two people loving her this way. Lisa's tongue seemed to unerringly find her most sensitive spots...flicking here, lapping gently there, every now and then sucking on a lobe or lip or clit. Donna closed her eyes and allowed them to taste, touch, and kiss almost every inch of her tingling body. She felt as if there were more than just these two, Lisa's tongue seemed to be everywhere at once. The contrast between a woman's touch and the stranger's touch only added to the pleasure. His fingers felt work-roughened on the sensitive skin inside her thighs as he ran his hands down to her knees, then back up to slide between the crevices of her pussy...probing deep into her hole when he reached it. He lowered his mouth to her and slurped up her juice, licking fast while her hips bucked, then slow when she began to tremble. Always keeping her right on the edge of orgasm.

Donna's eyes opened in surprise as she smelled a woman's scent directly over her face. Lisa was straddling her face, with her pussy lips spread open and glistening. Donna was tentative at first, but when Lisa moaned and ground her pussy onto Donna's tongue, she started lapping and nibbling in pure enjoyment. The Stranger leaned back and watched the two women...his cock throbbing with the need to cum, but thrilled with the actions of Donna and Lisa. He told Lisa to lie down and let Donna eat her...Lisa obeyed, and Donna bent eagerly to her task, holding open the lips of Lisa's pussy with her fingers as she fucked her with her tongue. Donna's butt was raised up, and the man had a perfect view of her oh-so-wet pussy as she concentrated on bringing Lisa to orgasm. He couldn't stand it any longer, and placed the head of his cock just inside Donna's pussy. Immediately, she pushed back with her hips, taking the full length of him in one stroke. She shuddered. His hands grasped the full cheeks of her ass, and he pulled almost all the way out before slamming himself against her again. God, she was so tight and so fucking wet!

Donna turned her head to the side, and caught a glimpse of the erotic tableau they made as they pleased each other...the man's face straining as he held himself in check, his cock sliding in and out of her pussy...her face between her roommate's sexy thighs as Lisa's head rolled back and forth in pleasure. Donna didn't think it was possible, but the sight in the mirror turned her on even more. Her hips started rocking back and forth in perfect unison with his ramming hips...meeting him with a vicious thrust of her pelvis. His fingers dug deep into her ass cheeks, his nails leaving crescent indentations in the soft skin. He pulled out...if he hadn't, he'd have spent his load deep in her pussy, and what he desired more than anything was to come in her ass.

His cock was coated with her thick juice, shiny and slick. He buried two fingers deep in her pussy, twisting them back and forth, getting them slick and gooey. He gently probed the tight ring of her ass with his forefinger. He heard Donna moan between Lisa's thighs, and her tongue sped up it's action on the other girl's clit...flicking it fast from the underside. Lisa was squirming and almost crying with pleasure. He could tell that his probing finger was giving Donna incredible pleasure. He pressed the tip of his finger against her hole, increasing the pressure as it began to slip into the tight heat of her. Her ass tightened on his finger, but he kept up the steady pressure until she relaxed. The finger was inserted about halfway when he saw her pussy flare. The juice was now dripping down the inside of her thighs. The more he pushed, the more her ass gripped his finger. God, this woman was soooo hot.

He started to pump his finger in and out of her ass...slowly adding the second finger. Her hips were circling while her mouth kept up its steady assault on Lisa's burning pussy. Finally, he removed his fingers and placed the head of his cock against her ass. He slowly but firmly pushed his hips forward. He felt her resistance, but like before, also felt her ass open and accept his throbbing cock. He groaned as the entire head slipped past the tight ring, and the muscles of her ass held him like a tight leather glove. He kept pushing...she accepted all he had to give. Finally, his balls nestled up against the wet fur of her pussy. He was buried to the hilt in her ass, and he was jerking with excitement. He watched as Donna started finger fucking Lisa...her painted fingernails disappearing in the other girl's wetness. Lisa could hold out no longer, and started screaming out in pleasure. Her fingers grabbed Donna's head and held her tight to her bucking crotch as she came. He groaned again and started fucking Donna's tight ass. Slowly

at first, but with increasing speed as her ass rhythmically clenched on his turgid cock. His hands gripped her hip bones as he pulled her tighter against him. Donna was delirious with lust as he pulled all the way out, then slammed himself back deep in her butt. She felt the fire licking along her thighs and crotch...her fingers reached for her clit as he fucked her ass. One stroke, two strokes, and she was whirling into a cataclysmic orgasm. He grabbed her hair and pulled her head back as he rammed his cock into her. Her body arched up and she felt his balls slapping furiously on her pussy as he gave a final plunge of his hips and spurted his load deep in her ass. It felt like an eternity...hot thick liquid spurting inside of her, her ass clenching and forcing the jism back out of her ass even as he shot another stream. The inside of her thighs was sticky with their combined juice when he finally let go of her hair and pulled his still semi-hard cock from her ass.

They collapsed in a heap on her bed. Three bodies sated and exhausted. Donna turned to look at Lisa and was surprised to see a look of embarrassment on the other girl's face.

"I'm sorry, Donna." Lisa said in remorse, "but seeing you watch us...getting all excited...we just couldn't resist when we heard your moans in here."

Donna just smiled and told her, "Lisa...it's okay. Trust me." Then she looked over, held out her hand to the man that had so thoroughly fucked her and said, "Hi...I'm Donna, and who might you be?"

He chuckled and said, "I'm George, Donna...and I'm very pleased to meet you."

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July/August 2002

## Colleen spends a fantasy weekend at an exclusive Bed & Breakfast - Pt 2

by Colleen

(Colleen, now a full TG, whilst waiting for Mistress to inspect her one morning, is remembering the weekend, long ago, at Master and Lady B's B&B, when she first got completely hooked on BDSM and TV. We pick up in Part 2 on Saturday evening)

At Dinner on the Saturday night, Lady B announced that she had run a poll to allocate the subs to new rooms for Sunday. Colleen found out that she was assigned to the 'Dark Room'. That room would involve different methods of body encasement - leather, saran, plaster, liquid latex etc. So after dinner Mistress T, the Mistress in charge of the Dark Room took over control of Colleen from Mistress C and led her off to her new room.

The first thing to deal with was the matter of the punishments accumulated during the day. This was difficult since Colleen, who enjoyed almost every form of pain, was normally punished by being sent home, but given the nature of the course, Mistress T decided that she would try out her extensive collection of floggers with more than her usual strength. Colleen was suspended from hooks in the ceiling on tiptoe, with cuffs and collar attached to two spreader bars and completely naked, Mistress having removed the false breasts and vagina, and a lot of hair from Colleen's chest and crotch as they came unstuck. Mistress also applied wax to Colleen's face and removed beard hairs in another painful operation, but one that left Colleen feeling amazingly feminine. The butt plug was also replaced with a larger sized one after Mistress had given Colleen another enema. Although Colleen was no longer wearing make up or wig, Mistress applied a very large rosebud on her lips in bright red lipstick and the same color decorated her areola. Knowing of Colleen's love of nipple pain Mistress placed on her nipples two of the largest spring clamps, normally used for holding sheaves of paper, which caused pain far in excess of mere bones. A tight blindfold was fitted together with a ball gag. Now Mistress was ready for the punishment. She started the warm up by slapping Colleen's bottom with her hand until she had got a nice pink glow all over, then switched to a riding crop which she used across the bottom and especially the inner thighs making sure to accidentally hit her cock and balls several times in the process. Colleen made noises through the gag but Mistress wasn't to be stopped, if anything it spurred her on. Now Mistress switched to Colleen's back. Mistress liked to start slowly with each instrument with a pattern of harder and harder strokes alternating between the shoulders and the lower back, finishing eventually with two very hard strokes across the shoulder blades. The first whip was a small thuddy type nylon stranded one and Mistress built up through five sizes of these repeating the pattern with each. Now Mistress switched to her favorite toys, the horsetail (stingy and thuddy), the leather strands (marking), the plastic strips (cutting), the bullwhip and the looped plastic. As Mistress progressed the sight of the marks she was creating seemed to excite her and the lashes got harder and harder. Colleen who initially had been concentrating on just keeping balanced on her tip toes and jerking at the lashes, gradually stopped moaning and got drawn into the pain continuum and gave herself to Mistress with complete abandon, hanging from her bonds and soaring into space. After what seemed an eternity, but was probably only 15 minutes, the lashing stopped, the nipple clamps were removed and her breasts rubbed vigorously and Colleen heard Mistress say, "Now it is time for the punishment to begin". Instead of the normal period of tender loving care from Mistress, Colleen was straight away bound face down over a table and Mistress applied the paddle for 101 strokes, each one acknowledged by Colleen, "One Thank You Mistress; Two..." When she was finished Mistress abruptly left Colleen to experience her punishment, which had produced two sets of very painful cheeks, especially with such a large butt plug in the middle.

About half an hour later it was bedtime and an assistant appeared to put Colleen to bed. The assistant produced a body sack made out of latex. Colleen slid naked into the main section, whilst her arms slid into separate tubes attached down the outside. The top then zipped up across the shoulders and a special hood was added. This was the two-layer variety, with an air barrier between the two. Breathing was by means of a tube, which entered her mouth through a rubber teeth gripped gag and was connected to a breathing machine which pumped air at a suitable volume down the tube, breathing out through nose tubes. Having secured Colleen totally in the sack, it was suspended from the ceiling along its length by several slings so that she was hanging horizontally high off the ground. Colleen could now hear and see nothing, her body throbbed with the pain of the beatings and she was totally and utterly helpless. What Colleen didn't know was that the air supply was first used to give her a sedative, so at least she had a restful night, well sort of, and then during the night to feed her drugs which by morning had her waking up very horny and feeling not at all herself.

After some very amazing dreams, which Colleen always very quickly forgot on waking, but seemed to involve growing monster breasts and losing her penis somewhere, Colleen awoke next morning with a big hard on and feeling a bit like she had when she had tried drugs as a teenager, out of control! After being taken out of her nighttime cocoon, the assistant did all her bathing and preparation, which puzzled Colleen slightly, but she was not really able to concentrate that well, everything was sparking and flashing and it felt so nice to be pampered. Her make up was done beautifully, heavy but not slutty with false eyelashes and very plucked eyebrows; her wig was a beautiful shoulder length blond one with a straight fringe across the front. Especially after the removal of her facial hair there was no sign of any blue beard and she looked so beautiful. Colleen was wearing the short corset and this time a complete Tollyboy Chastity Belt that encased her penis completely, but left her balls free, and was secured by chains to a steel band round her waist. In fact so hard was she, that it was necessary to encase her with ice cubes before she could

fit her penis into the tube. A short red skirt and red satin blouse completed the ensemble with long dangly pierced earrings, bracelets and her collar, which was steel links with a hook at the back. Colleen was even allowed to put on Chanel #5, to her intense pleasure. There was still no sign of Mistress T as she was led to breakfast where she ate a small but exquisite breakfast served off elegant china feeling and looking extremely female but still very spaced out.

After breakfast Colleen was led to a meeting with Master and Lady B. They both complemented her on how beautiful Colleen looked and how well everyone was enjoying having him/her to stay. They mentioned that Colleen had done so well that they wanted to include her in a circle of their friends that they maintained, who were committed to BDSM in Phoenix and who had intimate get togethers from time to time. Colleen feeling so incredibly feminine, euphoric, pampered and wanted, saw this as a wonderful opportunity to move into what she now craved for with her whole body and happily signed the three page initiation contract without a second glance. Still not having seen Mistress T, Colleen was getting very nervous, her pent up feelings and desire for this new Mistress seemed to be rising to red hot passion which was coursing through her body, as she longed to be able to fling herself at her Mistress's feet and be under her control again as the beautiful Colleen. However the assistant led Colleen back to the Dark Room for her day to begin.

First on the agenda this morning was the Japanese Rope Bondage, to be followed by Saran Wrap and then Plaster. After disrobing of everything but the CB and her jewelry, the Rope Bondage started with simple rope binds round the crotch and waist and round the chest and neck. Then a backbone was put in place along her spine which, with an extension backbone up her arms, looped about every foot around her body, legs and arms, which were bound together behind her back, with extra binding at the ankles and wrists. Then after being turned on to her face, her ankle bindings were attached to another rope and her legs were drawn up into the air until she was totally suspended from the ceiling by her ankles. Then her arms were drawn up by another rope attached to her wrists to the same hook, arching her body but with her head near the floor as if in mid dive. At this point Mistress T arrived and greeted Colleen by slipping a set of bones on to her nipples and saying good morning with her favorite horsehair switch, until she was red all over. Now she knew what had been done to her, she was totally hooked on this relationship with Mistress T, a feeling she had often hoped for but never until this moment felt. Yet she knew from signing the application form that none of the Mistress's would be allowed to continue a relationship outside of the B&B, so the only way she could ever see her again was to come back for another weekend and ask for the Dark Room. Mistress helped to let her down unwrapped the ropes and rubbed her wrists and ankles to bring back the circulation.

Now it was time to start the Saran wrap. Mistress chose green and had Colleen bend forward against the wall while she started to encase her body from under her armpits to her feet. However first she took off the CB and lightly smacked her balls with a small crop from behind. When the wrapping got down to her legs, Mistress first encased each leg down to the ankle, and then joined both legs tightly together. She then had her stand upright while she bound her arms then with her arms at her side she bound them against her side with further wraps around her body. Finally she came to her head and wrapped in as one would a mummy across and around leaving no place uncovered except that she didn't cover her nostrils. With the help of the assistant Colleen was lowered to the ground lying on her back. Mistress now took a small pair of scissors and cut holes so she had direct access to her nipples and balls. Colleen wondered why the soles of her feet had not been covered, but not for long as Mistress started a pattern of strokes on the soles of her feet first with a short leather strap and then with a cane, which had Colleen bouncing round the floor in pain. Then Mistress attached a pair of bones to her nipples on setting 3 and placed a few more around the areola. Now Mistress turned her attention to Colleen's balls. First she did the string wrap. She wound a thin length of string round her penis from the tip all the way down, criss-crossed around her balls and under her scrotum until it was totally encased. Whilst this was maturing she playfully tugged at all the bones, took off the main ones, rubbed hard and replaced them back at 90 degrees to the original placement with glee. Now she bent down and grabbed the end of the string down at her scrotum and pulled it hard and steadily. The result was that the string unwound very quickly causing Colleen some significant pain, which had her squirming about again, grunting through the wrap. Mistress finally decided to put on a cock harness and then gently eased a Sound down her penis until it almost disappeared and as a parting gift slid a fresh piece of stem ginger down the now widened opening. Colleen was now turned over face down on the floor. Mistress then proceeded to work steadily down from her shoulders to her knees using her favorite whips, gradually removing the wrap as she sliced through it. What with the pain from her nipples, penis, balls and back, Colleen was soon entering subspace and shortly after the remaining wrap was removed and Mistress placed Colleen in her arms and had her suck her nipple for comfort.

Lunch was due shortly so the plastering was started. Colleen was covered in bandages from head to toe in a sitting position, which was then covered in Plaster of Paris and left to set. Her arms were locked with the elbows at right angles down to her side with even her hands covered and only her mouth and nose were left open. She was the wheeled down to lunch where every one had great fun in writing interesting comment on her cast, whilst Mistress had hysterics feeding her with a teaspoon and a drinking straw. After lunch things went a little quiet and Colleen realized that she had been left all alone in her wheel chair and it was impossible for her to move or break free. Luckily the enemas had helped take the strain off her digestive system, but she still found a desperate need to pee and after an unequal struggle felt that familiar warm feeling spreading down her legs once again. After what seemed forever, but was probably only half an hour, she felt herself being wheeled out of the lunchroom, hopefully back to her room.

At last she felt herself being cut free and wiped down and there was that absolutely beautiful face of Mistress T beaming at her. "Well now I get to have some fun," she said, "its time for the latex". Colleen was fixed against a wall with hands secured to the side and legs attached to a spreader bar but otherwise naked. Mistress had had the assistant tidy up Colleen's make up and put her wig back on as she said that she wanted her to look good in the photos. It appeared that Mistress had been shooting pictures of Colleen's predicaments all day for her web site, but having been mainly blindfolded, Colleen had not noticed before. Mistress then opened the various colored latexes, which unfortunately have a terrible smell, and proceeded to do a real time painting. The main theme was a bikini set, so Colleen had a nice bra and bikini bottom in dark blue, with a red lining, with white knee socks and elbow

gloves added and an interesting tattoo across her belly. When she was finished Mistress photographed the resultant Colleen Collage for posterity. She now set to the task of removing the latex. This has the effect of taking with it any underlying hairs and although Colleen had shaved recently, there was still enough growth available to make it a very hair raising, and painful experience. Not satisfied that Colleen was really sufficiently depilated, Mistress decided to pluck the remaining hairs from her balls until they glistened. Then deciding that Colleen needed cleaning up Mistress took out her water pick and hosed down her nipples and genitals, approaching ever closer until she howled for relief.

Now was time for the finale of the weekend, each participant would be dressed in appropriate fashion and attend the Grand Parade led by her Mistress. Colleen was dressed from head to toe in leather, with her CB in position and the stuck on breasts replaced, but with enough showing of her face that her refreshed make up and wig complemented the ensemble. She had 3" leather boots with spike heels and delicious naughty dangling earrings. Mistress T told her she had enjoyed her very much and was very proud of her performance. Then Mistress led Colleen down to the parade by a leash attached to her collar. The other participants were there; each led by her Mistress in an outfit appropriate to her room theme, or for the steerage participants, sackcloths and chains. Master and Lady B reviewed the parade as it circled the room. Then the participants lined up in front of Master and Lady B, with their Mistress's standing behind them. The participants prostrated themselves to their hosts, before sitting at their Mistress's feet. Master thanked everyone for choosing to stay at his B&B and hoped that they had enjoyed themselves and found it good value. Master offered all participants 25% off the fees for a repeat visit, as long as they chose a different room, and 50% off once they had tried all rooms. He also announced that Colleen was the winner of the owner's prize for the most delightful participant and that her prize would be to be offered to Mistress T for a trial contract and if Mistress T found her satisfactory this could become permanent. Finally he drew everyone's attention to the CBs they were wearing. They could if they so wished pay \$2000 to buy the key to their belt right away, or they could attend the weekly soiree put on by Lady T every Thursday evening at 7pm at the B&B, where there would be a draw for one key each week. Every fifth week there would also be a drawing for a free Weekend at the B&B as a steerage participant, which could be upgraded by payment of the difference to a themed room.

Colleen wasn't sure she wanted to leave in the CB, but heck it would be no more than 10 weeks before she was free at worst, and she was sure there would be more fun at each soiree, so she happily accepted. After a tearful au revoir to Mistress T and final cleaning up, Colleen was finally dressed in street clothes and headed home a very happy man, for now! What Colleen didn't of course know yet was what she had signed for in the contract for Master B, when she was feeling a bit woozy, but that is another story....

**TO BE CONTINUED...**



July/August 2002

## Catherine's Frustration

by ~sapphire~

Catherine was restless, it had been a long, long couple of weeks! Gregory had been working grueling, long days and had been home very little. He usually came home, ate a late dinner and then fell exhausted into a sound sleep. Catherine knew she should not be upset. In fact, she felt bad for him. Soon this project would be done and, hopefully, that life could return to normal... they would again have time together. Gregory worked so hard for them to give them all that they needed, she just missed him and needed him.

She knew he wished life were normal also, she worried because he seemed so tired, and hated the long hours he had to work and the emptiness it left her. She shook her head; she was being selfish. She knew the demands of his work, but she also hated this separation. He kept telling her, "Hang on Cat this project will be done on the 15th and we will make up for lost time." She smiled as she looked at the calendar, the 15th was this Friday and she had secretly made plans for a weekend alone for them. Her sister, Annette, would pick the children up from school on Friday and keep them until after school on Monday.

She had not told Gregory of the arrangements for the weekend or the children, she knew he was much too busy to burden with things. So she had handled it all herself, including the purchase of a new black lace teddie. She smiled as she slid it back into her drawer. She knew it would not be worn for long but she could hardly wait to see his face when he came home from work to find her waiting for him in it!

She smiled as she kissed him goodbye that morning, so happy that the 15th had finally arrived. It was, as usual, dark and very early when he left. He swatted her rear as he kissed her goodbye. She could see a twinkle in his eye as he told her that he would be home early that night. She hurried and got a shower and got busy working on the preparations for the day, she fed the children and sent them off to school, each with a small bag packed for the weekend. She set to work cleaning and cooking, they would have a wonderful romantic dinner, with all of Gregory's favorites. At 4:00 the phone rang and her heart dropped. It was Gregory. They had run into a problem with the project and he would have to work late tonight and long hours on Saturday and Sunday. She told him softly how much she loved him, and good luck on getting things done. Tears flowed from her eyes as she hung up the phone; life was so unfair at times. He had said he would be early, so all preparations were complete except lighting the candles and changing into the special teddie.

She was angry at the world and sat down trying to decide what to do with yet another lonely evening. She looked over the table, set with their best china, silver, and crystal and decided she would go on without him. The lobster needed to be boiled so she would have a fine dinner alone. She hurried into the bathroom, and sunk into a tub filled with warm perfumed water, her body tingled as she ran the soft sponge over her skin. As the sponge moved over her breasts, she felt her nipples harden and become very erect. God, she missed Gregory... his touch... his use of her. She spent a long time washing each breast, as the sponge moved across her nipples, her clit began to throb with desire. She wanted to scream, or cry; she needed him badly tonight. Her body needed him, urgently! She shook her head. "Cat, what is wrong with you?" she said to herself. Gregory had been absent too long; she had started caring about her needs rather than his. She quickly finished her bath and moved from the tub

As she wrapped herself in the towel and moved to the bedroom where she saw the black teddie that she had laid out on the bed. She smiled, said "Oh well" and laughed as she put it on. As she pulled it up over her slim body, the see-thru lace rubbed against her sensitive, hardened nipples, causing her to once more squirm with arousal. She reached down and snapped the crotch, the tong in the back settled between her cheeks and she moaned softly as a snap rubbed her clit. She gasped as she walked, and was determined to enjoy this evening as if he were here.

She ate the lobster and enjoyed most of a bottle of wine. She seldom drank this much. She thought to herself "Gregory would be upset if he saw me like this." Then, with a deep sigh, thought, "Oh well, how would he ever know? He's never home!"

She took her glass and the bottle of wine and moved into the bedroom. Oh my yes! She was quite tipsy. She reached into the tall chest in the corner of the bedroom and fumbled in one of Gregory's drawers. She found the small key at the bottom of the drawer; took the key into the closet and unlocked the large chest of drawers. One by one, she pulled the drawers open and carefully examined each implement of their D/s lifestyle. "Hmmm." she thought. "Oh my!" she giggled as she looked at the various nipple clamps, clit clamps, dildos, butt plugs, vibrators etc. in each drawer. She purposely avoided opening the drawers with the crops and paddles. She took a large dildo from the drawer and lay back on the bed.

She felt that she could wait no longer... needed to feel the dildo inside of her... thrusting into her deep and hard. Her body was highly aroused. With the combination of the alcohol, the teddie and the long weeks without Gregory, she was flushed with desire. She looked at the dildo for a long time, recalling how Gregory used it on her... filling her... bringing her to the heights of passion.



Deep down, she felt she should not do this. "But who would ever know?" she finally asked herself. She would never lie to Gregory if he asked her. But she also wanted to feel the dildo fill her wet, dripping womanhood. She was a very passionate woman. She loved the sexual aspect of her life with Gregory, and, with him, she orgasmed easily... many, many times in one session at Gregory's expert hands or at his command.

They had often laughed, wondering if there was a limit to the number of orgasms that Catherine could have. But tonight Cat needed just one... only one! And she would never do it again!

As she thought about Gregory and his use of her, her hands moved over her breasts... her fingers gathering at the nipples... rolling them... pinching and pulling them as he did. Then her hand moved slowly down her body... her legs spread as she imagined her hand was his. She cupped the area between her legs, gasping. A finger moved to her throbbing clit. She had soaked to crotch of the teddie with her juices. She moaned softly, thinking, "Why does Gregory not know how much I need him tonight?" She unsnapped the teddie with one hand while the other found the dildo lying on the bed. Raising her hips, eyes closed, thinking of him, she moved the dildo against her pussy lips. She gasped as she felt its size and hardness... as she pushed it slowly into herself. She cried out, "Oh Gregory, I need you!"

A voice from behind her spoke firmly, "Catherine I'm here. I have been here since you took the key from my drawer."

Catherine froze. He always called her Catherine in that tone when he was upset. She dropped the dildo and it slipped from her wetness... the color drained from her face. Tears filled her eyes as she stammered, "Gregory I am sorry. I have broken the rules and I was wrong. I..." her voice trailed off she did not know what else to say. She started to move, but he told her, "Please continue Catherine. It seems you have decided what you need... so please... continue!" His voice was cold... cutting.

Her eyes searched his face as he stood next to the bed. She could see the look of disappointment and the controlled anger in his eyes. She looked at him as tears fell against her hot cheeks. "Gregory, please..." she pleaded. He pulled a chair from beside her dresser and seated himself at the side of the bed. "Catherine, continue," he said firmly.

She knew by his tone that she must do as he commanded. She groped for the dildo, lying between her legs, and gasped as she pushed it deep into her wetness. Gregory sat, watching. He said nothing except occasionally "harder" or "deeper." As the dildo moved in and out of her, she was gasping... she needed to release... her body shook. Still, the command did not come. Her eyes begged him... watching intently, his eyes cold... he said nothing. Finally, her body gave in... she lost all control. In her confusion, she had no idea what to think or expect... her world seemed in chaos.

During her life with Gregory she had never been so unsure of how to act or what to do. Everything was out of sync... wrong... confused! She searched his face for direction, but he just stood and moved to the closet. He returned with the vibrator with the clit stimulator that she loved and handed it to her... then sat back down, folding his arms across his chest and staring at her. All he said was "continue."

She looked at him and the tears again fell. "Please Gregory... I don't know what to do."

He laughed, but it was not a laugh of amusement. "You don't know how to use the vibe, Catherine?" He took it from her and turned it on full, and shoved it into her.

Catherine gasped, cried out. Gregory had never treated her this roughly. "I don't know when or if I should cum." Catherine sobbed. "I don't know how to act" she moaned as the vibe hummed within her. Gregory just forced it more firmly into her, the clit stimulator made her gasp... cry out.

"Do as you had decided before I arrived" Gregory hissed. "Obviously you had already made that decision, Catherine."

He pushed the stimulator firmly against her clit and her body shook as she lost control. Then he took her hand and placed it on the end of the vibe, forcing her to hold it in place. He stepped back, eyes staring at her, and again settled back into his chair. Again, he said nothing more than "continue." She came repeatedly, her body convulsing over and over. But her heart was not in it. She wanted to stop, but each time she began to withdraw the vibe, Gregory would say "Not yet, Catherine... continue!"

It seemed forever, her world was spinning. In time, she collapsed in exhaustion after a long series of orgasms. Gregory rose, standing over her, staring down as she sobbed. Finally, he reached pulled the vibe from her. She was so sore and exhausted she could hardly move. She longed for His touch, but it was not given. He just looked over her naked body for a long time. Finally, voice distant, hard... he asked if she had saved Him any dinner or wine.

Confused, crying, she moved quickly from the bed, and said she would get his dinner.

He said, with disdain, "Thank you."

Catherine reached for her robe.

"No!" he said firmly.

She hurried, naked and sore... trembling... to fix his dinner. She was confused, afraid, unsure... her world seemed to be upside down. She wanted to know what Gregory was thinking, but was afraid to ask. Why had she gotten herself into this mess, her world had suddenly become chaos, not the calm ordered world that she and Gregory had always shared.

She placed his dinner on the table and watched as he ate. He said nothing except a polite comment now and again about how nice the table looked or how wonderful the dinner was. When he finished, he moved to the living room, sitting in his favorite chair. He sat silently, listening to his favorite classical CD.

Catherine cleaned the dishes and went silently to the bedroom. When she returned, she knelt before him, naked, her head bowed. Lying across her upraised palms, her arms extended up to him was the crop.

He looked at her firmly, and she spoke softly, "Please Gregory... please punish me for what I have done" He looked at her for a long time, remaining silent.

Finally, speaking softly "Catherine, did I ask for the crop?"

"No" she replied. "I just need for you to punish me, because afterwards I will know I am forgiven for breaking the rules." Tears were rolling down her cheeks.

"Catherine, return the crop to its drawer, and bring a writing pad and a pen with you when you return."

She rose silently and returned the crop to its place and quickly came back with the pad and pen.

"Now, Catherine, sit at my feet and please write on the pad all the 'rules' of our relationship... write them as exactly as you can remember... trying to phrase them as I did when I made them a rule."

Catherine sat at his feet and took the pen. She started to write and then scratched out and then tried to write again.

He looked at the pad. "Catherine, let me help you. Do you remember the day I put the lock on the chest of drawers that contains the implements of our lifestyle?"

"Yes" she replied, quietly, unable to look up at him.

"Why was it fitted with a lock little one?" Gregory asked.

"To keep the children out of it." Cat said softly.

Gregory continued "Did I, at that time, tell you where the key was to be kept?"

"Yes" Cat replied.

"And did I say you were not to open the drawers?" Gregory continued.

"No."

"So, little one, was there a rule about the drawers or their contents?"

"No" Catherine felt confused, but she knew deep in her heart what she had done was wrong. She had seen the disappointment on Gregory's face when he had found her on the bed.

Again he pressed her, "Catherine please write the rules of O/our relationship."

Catherine thought long and hard and finally wrote, "It was agreed that we would talk things through whenever things troubled us."

Gregory smiled as he read her words on the paper, but said nothing leaving her to think about what else to write.

Catherine thought for a long time, but she could not think of any other hard and fast rules. Their relationship and marriage was built on love, respect, and communication. She had learned the things that pleased him and of his needs. And she tried hard to do as she felt she should. He had never forced her to do anything; she had always done as she did because she knew it would please him, or that it would add to the growth of what they shared. But lately, she had been filled with what she had wanted... making decisions only for her.

"Gregory please" she finally said. "Please punish me, because I am so filled with guilt for what I have done."

"No Catherine." he said firmly. "It is not the time. You need to search within yourself and figure out what has happened tonight."

As she thought, she again shook her head. What was wrong with her? She had never, ever before asked to be punished! She hated the crop when it was used it that way. But she wanted it now, because she knew once it was done that what ever had caused the problem would be over and she would be forgiven... that things were returned to normal. She longed for "normal" again.

"Master," she finally said, "I was wrong tonight wasn't I?"

"Yes," he replied, his voice now soft, caring. "You were wrong about many things little one, but you need to figure out what they are. If I were to punish you now, you would just put all this aside and not learn from it. Your punishment will come when the time is

right... when you have figured out, understand what you did that was wrong."

"I should not have used the dildo," Cat said softly.

Gregory looked at her, "Why Cat, why was it wrong?"

Tears flowed as she looked at him. "I was lonely and frustrated." she said softly. "And I needed to orgasm, so I decided to do so."

He pulled her chin into his hand, looking down at her. "And why did you not speak to me of what was troubling you?"

"I thought you were too busy and I decided I could handle it," she said softly.

Gregory shook his head. "But Cat, many years ago didn't you give yourself to me, and all that you are. In making these decisions, do you not see that you took that gift back from me tonight?"

Catherine felt shaken to the core. She had never considered things in this light; she had only seen life as black and white. She had never seen that her actions had indeed taken the most precious part of her relationship with him from him. She had indeed taken the gift back, that which she had so willingly given to him long ago. No wonder her world now seemed so confused, so upside down! In her lust, she had shaken the very foundation of all they shared!

She sobbed softly and Gregory pulled her into his lap. "Gregory, I am so sorry! I just did not realize what I was doing. I knew it seemed wrong, but I didn't know why. Please, please... I do not want to take away what I gave to you. I want to be yours... need to be yours... completely!"

Gregory smiled and held her close. "Cat, I do love you. But you are not a slave! I have always wanted you to think for yourself and to be the strong, complete person that you are. I came home tonight because I knew your sexual appetite was great as is mine! I know you well little one... I know you are a passionate, sexual woman. And I know you have needs."

She sobbed softly... yes Gregory knew her better than she knew herself!

She looked at him lovingly. "Gregory I want to be yours. I don't want to ever feel like this again."

He kissed her gently. "Little one, we will set it right again. Know that when you don't talk with me, when you don't let me know what it is that you are thinking or need... that I can't do what I must to take care of you... of us! It was not the dildo that made me so disappointed in you tonight... it was that you had, without telling me, reclaimed your gift to me.

Catherine, it hurts me deeply to think you do not care for me enough, that you do not respect me enough... that you would take back your gift in this way. Your gift to me.. the gift of yourself... is the most precious thing I own... the most important in my life."

The words cut into her... more harshly than the crop ever could. That was her punishment... knowing she had let him down in one of the worst possible ways. Catherine clung to him, understanding, afraid to let go.

After a while, the silence bringing them back together... a calm settling between them, Gregory moved his hand to cup Catherine's bare left breast. Quietly, gently, he caressed her... and whispered to her... the love back in his voice. "Little one... your Master has great need of you. I hope you are ready for a long and tiring weekend!"