

SECRET

M A G A Z I N E

Issue N°18

Fetish
News

Shibari
The art of
Japanese
bondage

Breath
Control

The prostate
stimulator electrode

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Requested Bondage
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Roberta ties
the knot

Encased in her
sexual fluids

Fetish Weekend
Basic Bondage

Pictures by
Riccardo Vezzosi
Christophe Mourthé
Grütz Tillman
Roman Kasperski
Doralba Picerno
Luc De Bast





The one and only!! Fetish Photo Anthology volume 3

Secret editions are proud to announce the long-awaited book with the world's best Fetish photographers. This third volume is the best ever with over 320 pages, perfect casebound hardback in striking black and white photography. There is also a limited edition.

What is the Fetish Photo Anthology? It's the one and only bible of Fetish Photography. In it you will find not only the best Fetish photographers now working and producing some of the best works ever seen, but also all the names, addresses, telephone numbers, emails of the photographers themselves. Also, art gallery's, editors of Fetish books, publishers and a complete list of the latest books.

Due to the fact that other publishers have decided to produce Fetish books and anthologies like ours, we have been forced to print only 2000 copies. You can order it at your regular **SECRET** salespoint or directly from **SECRET**. To do this, send us your full name, address with your creditcard or payment (no cheques please) to this address:

SECRET Magazine
P.O.Box 1400
1000 Brussels 1
Belgium

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- by fax: +32.2.223.10.09

- by email: secretmag@glo.be

Prices: Europe: 2000BF/100DM/£35

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Price: 4000 BF/200 DM/£65/100 US\$

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Leathers, and you, our readers, of course! Thank you for your
support! (if I forgot somebody, sorry about that...)

All letters, subscriptions, advertising and information:

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All pictures, scripts can be returned if so asked for. We actually need contributions
for our next issues. All photographers need to send prints or CD-rom with *.tif /
jpeg/ eps,...files on PC compatible disks.

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1.415.824.6636 - ZBF (Germany) 49.611.22071 - SCALA (Holland) 31.20.682.89.00
- Australia: Kaysers: 61.2.9517.9299 - Wiwa (Germany): 49.221.253115

Editorial

Some have called me a "right-on purist" when it comes to black and white and that is true. When one looks at the mainstream publishing magazines, you will see that all of them are using colour covers with screaming headings, the one more SEX than the other trying to pull your attention, trying to manipulate you so you would buy the magazines and sales will rise. And it works! There are master degrees needed for this, trained minds so to influence you with words that attract your attention. I have done the contrary for over 11 years now. I've stayed "pure" and honest in my approach of Fetish & SM. But some think I don't fit in. Why is that?

Other Fetish publication shamefully copy big time mainstream publications, as *Vogue* or some hot shot jet-set frill, trying to be better, trying to reach further than they have done before. That's another approach. But is it better? Is money so important? I don't agree.....

What is SECRET? Some of you think it's some big time magazine, with picture editors, assistant editors, designers, marketing managers, and so on. Well Hell no! There is me, and there are you, the readers. There are some friends, shattered around the world who try and help me getting this together and I guess we've done a good job in these last few years. I don't want to boast because I'm a very "low profile" kind of guy. Guess you could even call me shy. But I do the scanning, the layout, and the reviews and write some of the articles. Box it, wrap it, walk to the post-office and glue the stamps. The only thing I don't do is printing it! So, that's said, just wanted to straight out certain things here. OK?

Now, what is this with a colour cover? Well, I wanted to use this picture for a very long time and when I had the proof-print in black and white it had lost its magic. So I decided to print it in its original colour to give it back its soul. But after this, expect black and white again, because it's just this one. Here at **SECRET** it's "glaringly obvious that the talents of a good slave is needed". This is a small hint to a certain Michael Fearnley who should better stick to his collages than trying to review books and Photo Anthology's, because it's glaringly obvious he doesn't know what he is writing or talking about.

Now, that is said, I will leave you to your little fanzine and I can assure you there is plenty to read. Oh yes, the "free contact section" is active again, as our web-site: **www.SecretMag.com** is the place and it will be possible to order all our old, sold out and looked after issues in a .pdf format. Check out our web-site, sign the guestbook and email me your comments.

Love you all!

Jürgen Boedt

The publisher is exempt from the record-keeping requirements and disclosure statements mandated by 18 U.S. Code § 2257 (a) through (c) and the pertinent regulations, 28 CFR CH.1, part 75 since all of such material falls within the definition of exempted material set forth in § 75.7 (a) (1-3) of the pertinent Regulations. Nonetheless, records required by such Act and pertinent Regulations with respect to this publication and all materials associated with such records are maintained by Jürgen Boedt, publisher, at the office of the Publisher, Galerie du Centre, Bloc 2, office 201, 1000 Brussels, Belgium, and is available for inspection and review by the Attorney General at all reasonable times. All models are over 21 of age. (of course...)

News & INFO

by Jürgen Boedt



Cheek

If I have ever been obsessed with something, it's definitely bums. I just love them. A nice ass just makes my day...~smiles.. and now, my favorite photographer has brought out this book: CHEEK. His second book with EPS and it's probably the largest ever-photographic survey of the female bottom. From what I've seen from the promotion flyers, it is a book to have, cherish and love. 448 pages, sewn, 366 pictures in three editions; standard, collectors edition limited at 1275 copies, numbered and signed by the master himself and a Deluxe edition, as the collector but with a special print. Send info and orders to: EPS, P.O.Box 2712, London, W1A 5AY, England. Fax: 0207.437.3528 - just a pity I never get to see these books except when I cry and write them to please send me a copy, so I can do a review... so this will have to do. Hey, you guys, (or girls) at EPS, put me on your mailing list!!!!

EXTREME book by Secret

Credit where credit is due, you should be very proud of this publication, the size is perfect, the printing and binding excellent and the content beautifully chosen with very good

balance. There are now some very talented photographers out there and I enjoyed so many of the pictures which I know you chose with great care. I can see British customs getting excited about this!!! What a shame that there are only a thousand copies, you will be sold out very quickly, I can see a great future for more editions of Extreme. (sent by photographer China Hamilton)



Absolute Danny

While the cover has a certain look of Betty Page about it, this catalogue is just out. Absolute Danny, the store, the women and now the catalogue, have made some waves. This catalogue will show you some great fetish clothing ranging from leather caps to transparent briefs and high thigh boots. The girls are great, the photographer is Trevor Watson knows his job and yet, there is something missing. Soul. It's too plain. Oh, don't misunderstand me, I'm being difficult here, but when I look at the final product and know how much work must have gone into this I wonder what her objective was? Sell clothing probably. Yep, that's it. That must be it. So here is the address: Oudezijds Achterburgwal 78, 1012 DR Amsterdam, The Netherlands. Also:

www.absolutedanny.com

Great catalogue! Well done. Especially the nurse,... I just love that nurse....arglllll!!! I just wonder why she didn't use Christophe Mourthé as photographer?



RGL Designs

They have a very nice, color flyer with their latest designs in leather. Contact them at: RGL Designs, Glenfield Park, Lomeshaye Ind. Est., Nelson, Lancs, BB9 7DR, England. Tel: 01282.697866

DeMask

Well, well, our Steve English has been very busy! After the opening of his store in New York and Munich, he now has opened one in Nürnberg. Where will he stop? Anyway, the address is: Demask, Schweigerstrasse 30, 90478 Nürnberg, Germany. Tel: 49.911.472.769 Mention Secret...

URGENT

I'm looking for somebody to proofread my issues before they go to print. This can be done by email or by hardcopy.

Secretmag@pandora.be



Sexual Art

Pictures by Michael Rosen, published by Alixe, 122 Rue du Chemin Vert, 75011 Paris, France.

I have seen this book before, published by the photographer himself quite some years ago. I don't know what to say.... honestly. Either you will love this or hate it. It will depend on how you have lived and how you look at sex, in a whole. The book is a portrait of different people "showing off" but in an explicit, sometimes shocking way. On the first page inside you will see famous Scott, sucking his own dick, while seated on a chair, just bending his head. Second page we have Peter and Jack. I don't know who is who, but you have this serious looking, in jeans, with shirt and tie, looking straight in the lens with his hand up the ass of the other guy. Third page is another guy with two nails in his breasts and on through his dick, nailed to a piece of wood. How strange can it get? Well strange enough, I can tell you. Bones through your foreskin, twenty-two clothespins on your vagina lips, Marian with her hand in her pussy... and so on.... I said strange? No, you imagined that...

Ultra Spank

For more information on Lascivious Exhibitions, Eroticon and ultra Spank contact: P.O.Box 3457, Bloomington, IN 47402-3457, USA. - email: info@sexhibit.com

Kinky Amsterdam

Jan Blanckstein has spent several years in visiting kinky parties in Amsterdam. This city in particular has a certain degree of kinky that is much

higher than other big cities. It's wild, it's rough, and it's fucking sexy! Being a party animal between 1983 and now, I know these party's, even if I don't have the time lately to go to any... but I'm losing the point here. What I want to say is that photographer Jan Blanckstein has been able to shoot during these party's, what an event is on its own, as these party's are normally "no camera's please"! This book shows you the inside of these famous kinky parties's. It's well done, it shows emotion, rough scene, but don't expect explicit scene. It's wild, yes, but it's erotic. It's a great documentary book about the underground scene of the mid 90's. Get your copy from a specialized bookstore or directly from the publishers: ZUID Boekproducties, 1e Poellaan 6, 2161 LB Lisse, Holland. English edition: ISBN 1.84053.0115.0

Euro DDI

New edition number 13 is now out. Get your copy from your local fetish store or from these guys: SPI/DDI, P.O.Box 3315, 3003 AH Rotterdam, Holland.



Fetish Art

Edition Stemmler have decided to continue on publishing high quality fetish photography. After the "Beauty of Fetish" with Steve Diet Goedde, they now published the excellent work of Robin Cay and Doesjka Bramlage, better known as Fetish Art. Discovered by Secret, (see issue 14 Sept. 98) they were far too good not to be spotted by a big publisher. In fact, and I'm proud about this, as they asked me some help with finding a good publisher. Of course I helped them,

and the result is this book. It is the representation of fetish as art that makes this book so exceptional. Art abstracts and focuses at the same time. The effect does not stop at voyeuristic superficiality, but touches the very core and essence of the world of fetish fashion". Get your copy from major bookstores. ISBN: 9783908163152

CopyrightWatch

An initiative by Marquis

Dear fellow artist,
Haven't you been angry about how copyrights are increasingly ignored on the Internet? Have you ever tried to do something against it and been frustrated?

We do! Many times we have found our images on so called "private" homepages as well as in member zones of porn sites. We have wasted enormous time and nerves to e-mail the webmasters, kindly asking to take the images off. However, for one "clean" site nine others have been found.

Then, we have started to threaten with legal measures, but it was often extremely difficult to trace down the responsible party, and finally, to get any money out of them, to pay the lawyers bills and our waste of time. Therefore, we have started this initiative:

CopyrightWatch - Awareness of copyrights and respect for the intellectual property of others on the internet.

The CopyrightWatch website will feature reports about successful prosecution of image pirates, shutdown of pirate sites, as well as a list of recommended sites who stick to copyrights and offer original and correctly licensed contents. The initiative will allow such sites to display a specially designed mark of quality. Additionally, the members of this initiative could team up to hire lawyers in cases where many of us are the victims, which is quite often the case. Not all artists and photographers have the means to hire international lawyers themselves; many of you probably ignore the piracies with frustration for such reasons. There should be no obligations for anybody, though; it should be left on a voluntary level.

We kindly ask you to join us and help to make this initiative a success - to

increase the awareness for copyrights, and to decrease the inflationary number of pirate sites. All we ask for today is your positive feedback (suggestions are more than welcome!). We will then follow up shortly with a declaration to be published on the CW website and to be endorsed with the well renowned names of all participants.

Marquis, Flensburger Strasse 5,
42655 Solingen, Germany
Tel. +49-212-2521055,
Fax + 49.212.2521060,
e-mail: pwc@marquis.de
<http://www.marquis.de>

CopyrightWatch

Awareness for copyrights and respect for the intellectual property of others.

This is an initiative of a growing group of artists, photographers, writers and models, who feel themselves cheated and threatened by the increasing violation of copyrights on the internet. All of us have found our work published without license and against our will in websites, private or commercial, and we protest against this abuse of our intellectual property. We live from our work, and it takes a considerable effort of time and money to produce it.

Please respect copyrights!

Contents:

- List of supporting artists and photographers
- Links: Recommended websites
- Message Board: We want your opinion!
- FAQ: Legal advice, lawsuits, exchange of experience
- E-Mail

This website is sponsored by MARQUIS, the international fetish fantasy magazine, and is maintained and edited by Peter W. Czernich, the Chief Editor of Marquis.

List of supporters:

Stephen Allen (SlinkySkin), photographer - Alikat, illustrator, author, photographer - Trevor Baker, photographer - Bianca Beauchamp, fetish model - Forrest Black, photographer (Blue Blood Magazine) - Jürgen Boedt, editor (Secret) - Robert Blayney, illustrator - Elisabeth Carson, fetish model - Elisabeth Chandet, editor (Taboo France) - Creative Art Collection, publisher -

Peter W. Czernich, photographer and editor (Marquis) - Dita von Teese, fetish model - Wolfgang Eichler, photographer - Natasha Epperson, photographer - Amelia G., editor (Blue Blood Magazine) - Juan Carlos Gimeno, illustrator - Alexander Horn (L.A.Tex), photographer - Karim Khaznadar, editor (Dresseuse) - Peter Leth, fashion designer, illustrator, photographer - Craig Morey, photographer - Christophe Mourthé, photographer - Simon Ondratschek, fashion designer (Simon O.) - Tom Porta, illustrator, photographer - Bill Poutinen, photographer - Mike Vickers, author - Georg Viktor, sculptor Jeroen and Rene / Wasteland, webmasters - Trevor Watson, photographer.....

Fellow artists: Please send us an e-mail, if you want to join our list!



STEVE DIET GOEDDE
at Feitico Gallery

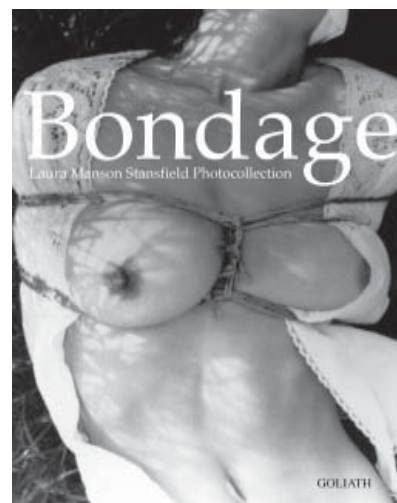
Steve Diet Goedde

One of the more expressive photographers of this time is Steve Diet Goedde. After his excellent book, "The beauty of Fetish" - appeared with Stemmle, this talented photographer has published a great series of postcards (see at www.stevedietgoedde.com) but has also participated at several exhibitions. The last one was at Feitico Gallery, 1821 West North Ave., Chicago, IL 60622, USA.

Fetish Images

Another famous photographer has been very busy: Trevor Baker. You can regularly meet him at Fetish parties or exhibitions, like this one: Object of Desire, at the Lab, 835 S. Spring St.,

Downtown LA, USA. More information from : PhotoTrev@aol.com - www.fetishimages.com. Other photographers participating were: Amelia G. - Forrest Black - Gary & Pierre Silva - Rick Castro - Ben Hoffman & Steve Diet Goedde.



Bondage

Published by Goliath, Eschersheimer Landstr. 353, 60320 Frankfurt - Main, Germany. Well, what can I say? It's unique. Yes, but it's also a reflection of all those "old" bondage magazine we loved not so long ago. It's a reflection of a woman, Manson Laura, who we can call Irvan Klaw's disciple. The whole book just smells sixties. Panties, wonderful knickers that unfortunately they don't make these days anymore, bondage scenes who could have been taken on a B-filmset, ahhh.... I just love it. Get your copy now from Minuit, 60 Galerie du Centre, 1000 Brussels, Belgium. Price: 1200BF / 200FF/ 30us\$. OK?

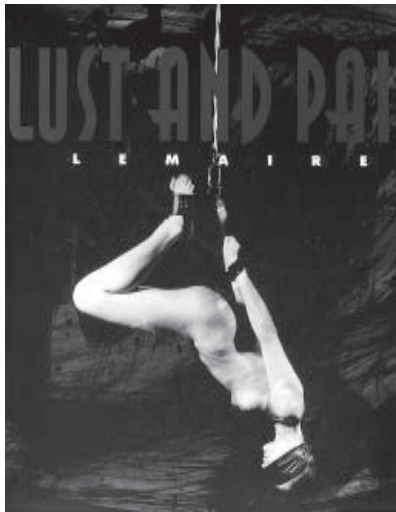
Game of Strangulation

France and especially Nice has been shocked by the discovery of the "Game of Strangulation". What is it? Well, youngsters choke each other by and when they faint, they can dream for about 4 to 5 minutes and when they wake up, they have a "rush". It has led to several youngsters being seriously having brain-damage and several died.

EuroDDI

This is still the best way to find your Mistress. The European edition, of which I'm proud to say, was the inventor of the idea, is now at it's issue

15, and it's going from good to excellent. Their website is even better: www.ddimag.com.



Lust and Pain

Published by Edition Reus, ISBN: 3-934020-05-4

[Http://www.edition-reus.de](http://www.edition-reus.de)

This editor has specialized himself in new fetish publications, with Fetish Theatre, Pisseuses being some of his best books. This one, LUST AND PAIN, however is a real beauty. Once you open the book, you will be dazzled. No, stunned, amazed... and that's only the beginning...! This is so good, I wished I had published the book! Get your copy from the editors or from SECRET Magazine. You will thank me for it... and you will cherish this book. I cannot explain, you will just have to see for yourself. OK? Just get it....



Corpus Delicti

edited by the Masoch Fund - Ukraine
email: masochfund@usa.net

It seems that we cannot get enough of great artbooks. If all of you want to buy these books you will all be broke! Now, let us be serious. Some years ago, Igor Podolchak sent a letter around the world asking artists and especially sculptors, to send in a plan for a statue to the celebration of Sacher-Masoch. He asked the

Ukraine government if they could set up this statue in Lviv, hometown of Sacher-Masoch. They declined his offer. However, the Masoch Fund stills exist and has produced this strange artbook. It's a selection of these artist: Gilles Berquet, Philippe Fichot, Oleksandr Gnylytsky, Dean Karr, Mykhayle Moskal, Igor Podolchak, Elizabeth Prouvost, Housk-Randall-Goddard, Isabelle Rozenbaum and finally Helmut Wolech. Again, if you are a regular reader of SECRET, you will recognize some names in this list, with probably Gilles Berquet the most famous one. The text inside the book is probably Russian or something like that, so I don't know what the intention was. But I have chosen some pictures further in this issue, so you can get an idea of what you can expect in this book. It's a great production, in full color, so I do miss a bit by printing in B/W. Get more information at this address: The Masoch Fund, P.O.Box 91, 79000 Lviv, Ukraine. See more in this issue.



Susanne in Ketten

This is the first comix, published by Club Caprice. The artist is Brad Saint-Clairs and has been published in several fetish/SM magazines. Club Caprice, Erwin-Balz-str. 73, 70597, Stuttgart, Germany. Price: 19.8DM.



Polastory X

Published by Tim Art editions, pictures by Michael Moore.

It's a selection of 124 pages with not so good polaroids of a nice girl doing it with another girl, peeing, in bondage, licking, getting fucked, but not with the same talent as Dahname. It's in color and every Polaroid is in gloss-print. Public price is 290 FF and you can get your copy at this address: TimArt, 20 Rue Dulong, 75017 Paris, France. Mention Secret, ok?



L'encyclopédie du Sadomachisme

Why would I talk about this book? A big one too, 408 pages and with over 200 pictures and drawings. Because it is the first encyclopedia about S&M. The Alternate Sources by Trevor Jacques or the Black Book by Bill Brent was a close shot at assembling some groups etc. This one was put together by Philippe Cousin and he

Secret is online again...

www.SecretMag.com

Try it. It's free.

made his work about it. He met mistresses and slaves, informed himself on the international scene and asked questions about everything that had in the slightest way to see with S&M. We are also proud to say that Secret and Boutique Minuit have played a great part in this by adding lot's of information. If you understand French, even a little, then this book is THE book of the year. You can order it from SECRET or directly at the publishers. La Musardine, 122 Rue du Chemin Vert, 75011 Paris, France. Price: 1800FB/45Euro/45 us\$

Curiosa

Since "Le Scarabée D'or" closed it's doors some years ago, Paris was missing a major fetish bookstore. Well, Curiosa took over and have now a vast collection of S&M books, magazines, videos DVD and so on. 7, Rue Crébillon, 75006 Paris, France. <http://www.enfer.com>

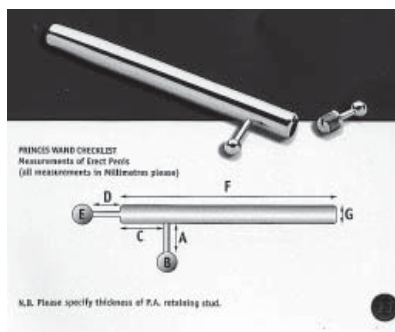
DFP and Rubberist

These two fetish magazine have become one now by decision of the publishers. They appear every 3 months. Rubberist was originally from the Atomage creator Suthcliff.



Massad

If you ever make it to Holland, then you will be looking for hot news and where to find a Mistress, no? Well, besides the DDI Europe edition you could buy Massad because you will find a lot of color advertising in there. Massad, P.O.Box 3411, 3003 AK Rotterdam, Holland. <http://www.massad.nl>



Princes Wands

For adventurous and ambitious men only! Made by Sin Central.

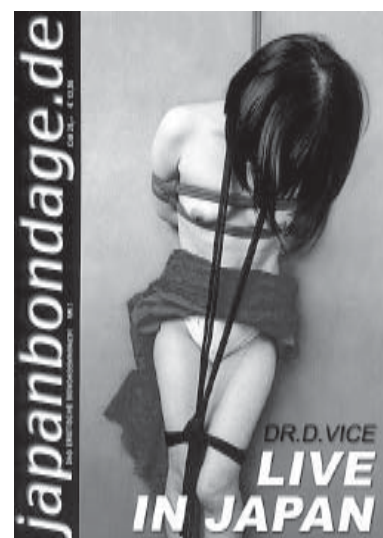
Princes wands are designed primarily for Prince Albert wearers, yet can be customized to incorporate other piercings. Wands consist of a highly polished, drilled through stainless steel tube which is inserted down the deatus and into the urethra. The tube is held in place by a threaded stud, which passes through the Prince Albert piercing, and screws into the piping. The front-end stud (which assists location and withdrawal) is removable, this keeping the central channel open. All measurements are variable. Now how's that for a boner?! I found this in the catalogue from Sin Central, 16 Preston Street, BN1 2HN, London, England.



Hustler's Taboo

Strictly speaking? I have a very strange opinion about this "fetish" magazine. In one way it's a turn on, and on the other hand it's sheer filth and we can feel that the editor has only one goal: making money and trying to get seized before Larry Flint is dead. I guess he wants another process so he can redo his trial and get the public opinion behind him.

Now with Bush as president, I don't think he will have to wait that long... but who knows. To get back to the magazine... well, I just love what Suze Randall does...so if she reads this, contact me at SecretMag@glo.be and we can something together..Yeah! The rest is mainly rubbish... and I don't like the golden shower thing they do all the time.. I know it's prohibited in the USA some years ago, because I had to "black out" pictures of Gilles Berquet...! but now it seems nobody bothers anymore... too many ads for telephone numbers too many girls pulling on their tits and lips... I just wonder what my lovely Midori is doing in all this and Ernest Green...? Get it at your local bookstore or at this address: Taboo, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, USA. <http://www.tabookink.com> Guess they won't send me the free copy's anymore now...~smiles..but the truth is the truth!

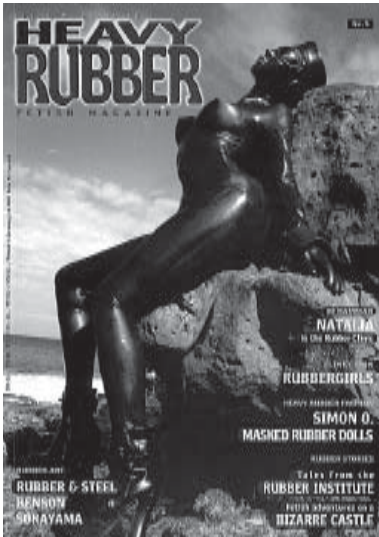


ropeART

A new project by the people who edit SchlagZeilen. It's a very nice magazine on "how to", but the only problem is: it's in German. But the pictures alone are well worth to find out more about this. Charon Verlag, PF 304199, 20324 Hamburg, Germany. Price: 25DM <http://www.japanbondage.de>

www.SecretMag.com

It's good for you....



Heavy Rubber 5

This magazine beats it all. It's the best on the market about anything you have ever dreamed about rubber. Stories, pictures, fashion, you name it, it's in here. Excellent work again by the Marquis team and a turn on for the real rubberlover! Too good to be true... Marquis, Flensburger Strasse 5, 42655 Solingen, Germany- Price: 45DM



VAMP

It seems that the Germans are much more fetish than we are. It has now over 20 different S&M and fetish titles of magazines! One of the best is definitely VAMP. Made by the same team as TWILIGHT, it's highly professional, layout is excellent and the information vast. Write to: Sachs & Goetz Media, Monumentenstrasse 19, 10965 Berlin, Germany. www.vamp.de



[NU]

This is not anew magazine, but it's surely one you should check out. Besides it's color cover it's in my favorite black and white, and the text is in Italian and English, so you will be able to understand something... Especially this issue 13 was a good one with "The veil and the rope", a portrait of Helmut Wolech, news on new photobooks and "The caress of the whip" by Viewfinders... Write to: Edizioni 3ntini&C, Via P.L. Nervi 1/B, 44011 Argenta (FE), Italy.



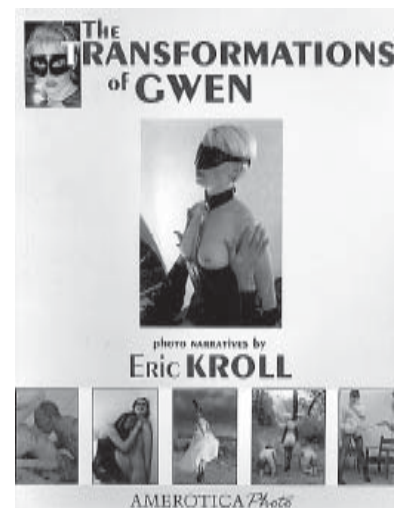
The Fallen by Miran Kim

One would hardly think these are paintings. Pictures re-worked by photoshop, but it's so real it's hard to believe. Miran Kim, who did the X-files covers, has now a full-length graphic

novel out, with text from David Aaron Clark (known from True Blood). The story is a bit hard to follow, and I had to "adept" myself to the underground scene of the USA to slightly get the picture.



The feel of the book is intriguing and the drawings awesome. These visions fetish, S&M, tattoo's, vampires, gothic, hookers are all like a dream. Full color and available from NBM, 185 Madison Ave. Ste. 1504, New York, NY 10016, USA. www.nbmpub.com



The Transformations of Gwen

Some photographers take pictures because they are artists, and some to play the voyeur, some just so they can fuck the model.... Eric Kroll is different, he let's his girlfriend fuck the model, while he is taking the pictures. This book is just a sort of retrospective of some, let's be honest, plain soft porn, but with some fetish gear. A series of

photos, where a better selection and storyboard would have been appreciated, with a low fetish degree. I didn't like it, sorry Eric, maybe better next time? Available from NBM, 555 - 8th Avenue, Ste. 1202, New York, NY, 10018, USA.
www.nbmpublishing.com

The Erotic Bondage Handbook

I received this information but haven't seen the book yet. I know the writing of Jay Wiseman, so a Bondage handbook by his hand should be something we should look forward to. His SM101 is my little bible and I have found several wonderful things in it. I hope this bondage book is as good as that one. It's published by Greenery Press, whoever they are, and distributed by Turnaround, Unit 3, Olympia Trading Estate, Cobourg Road, Woon Green, London N22 6TZ, England.



J-Fetish

Cutting edge fetish images as you have never seen them. I received this wonderful little CD with these beautiful images and wrote asking if I can do a feature on him. We'll be hearing more about him in the future, but for now you can contact him J_fetish@hotmail.com or write to: P.O.Box 23086, London W11 1YN, England.

Charles Gatewood

See it all on-line with synchronized sound. More than 1000 pictures....
www.bizarreworld.com

SECRET is looking for help.
Can you proofread text? Do
you have some experience in
publishing? I could use some
help here...

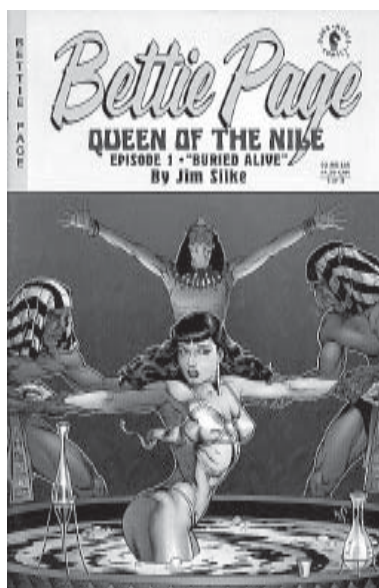
SECRET is my life's hobby.
Doing this is my pleasure.
Don't bug me....



Leather masks

Picture by Scott Lanes

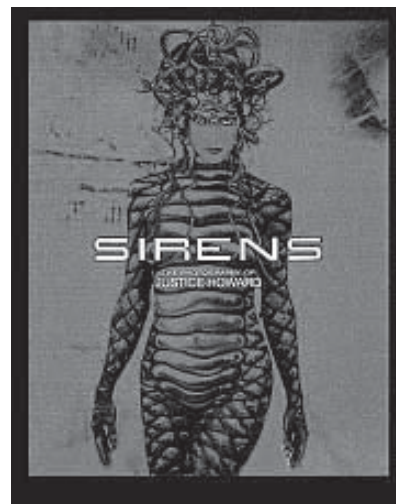
John Colby is the creative mastermind behind Madame Kufu's Parlor of Incognita. Madame Kufu's Parlor started about 4 years ago and is one of the leaders in high quality leather masks. They are made from the finest and most durable leathers, which means that the masks mold to the wearer's face within hours of use. For more information: madamekufu@hotmail.com or write to: John Colby, 57 Spring street Suite, suite #3, Keene, NH 03431, USA. Mention Secret.



Betty Page

The revival of Betty Page isn't new. It's

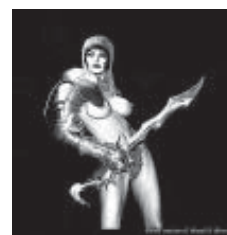
been going on for over 50 years. In fact, she never was away for some of us. I stumbled on this small pocket size Betty Page book and noticed that there several products on sale for her. Nice one's too! The comic wasn't that good, but you can get zippo's, lunch boxes, books and comix's at this address: www.darhorse.com



Sirens by Justice Howard

Finally this highly talented photographer will be published. She explained to me that this book will be a sort of retrospective of her best work and highly "fetish". It will also be a markpoint and set an end to this adventure she has lived so well. She wants to move on and try other projects, set new standards.

More information on:
www.justicehoward.com
Also a calendar!
info:www.Fotofactory.com



Atlanta - February 16, 2000 - **Shameless Productions** announces the opening of **FRICTION** Gallery, a unique venue for the erotic arts in Atlanta. **FRICTION** offers a discrete, private way of enjoying and purchasing erotic, kinky, and provocative art. Art openings are exclusive and by reservation only: info@shamelessproductions.net or call 404-681-3111.



PIERCING

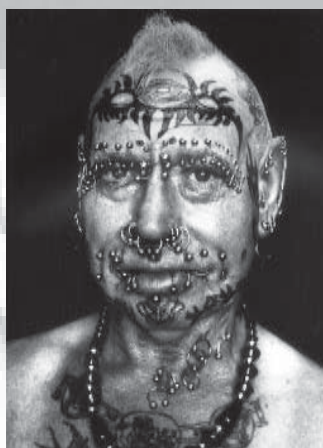
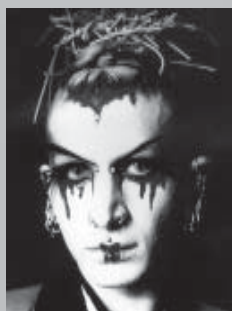
Doralba Picerno, the photographer of this book, was born in Rome. She spent most of her adolescence in radio stations and dubbing studios, providing voiceovers for films and tv series, as well as her own radio shows, before turning to photography. When she moved to London, she soon became a well-known face at Torture Garden, where she shot most of these pictures.

Being gifted with an extreme dose of energy and inspiration, it's only normal that she made it. The catalogue she did with J-designs, this book, I guess we haven't seen the last of her.

This paperback book, in full colour, will show you a portrait of the London piercing scene and it's a tribute to the body experimentation these people are living. Not to be missed.

Available from Edizioni 3ntini&c, Italy.
ISBN 88.8355.013.7 - Price: 25DM/ 12.4 Euro

JB





TG - BODY PROBE

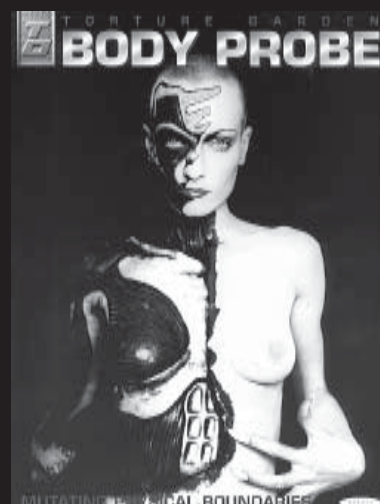
Creation Books and Torture Garden packed out with a surprise:
Body Probe. Mutating Physical Boundaries

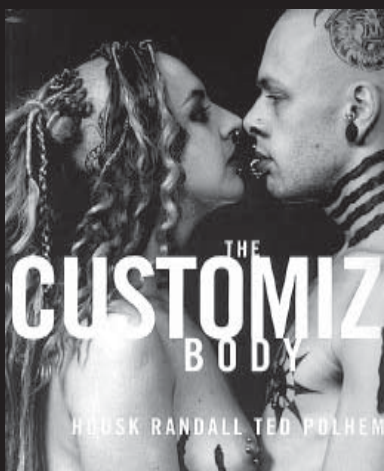
TG have always been known as cutting edge pioneers where it's about excellent party's but also piercing, branding and so on. The parties they give are renown around the world and lived at 400%. Once you've been there, you will never forget it. Their first book was excellent. The photography of Cadaver and others made it a masterpiece. This book however is far less visual, although extreme pictures are shown, the interest in this book are the texts. The contents include interviews with Nick Night, Chapman brothers, David Cronenberg, Hermann Nitsch, Orlan, Stelarc, Ron Athey, Franko B, Della Grace, E.Garbs and Alex Binne. Not all these names will be familiar to you (or maybe) but I can tell you now that we have here "la crème de la crème". How to say? The cherry on the cake.... These texts will give you more than just an insight on how a full generation have (and still are) lived an extreme lifestyle. It's another world they live in, and I was glad to have been part of it. People, who know their jobs, like David Flint, Mark Bennett, David Wood (of course) and many others write the texts. They have nothing to prove anymore and now David Wood (also editor, designer/layout) wants to show the world that "the truth is out there", and he does a very bloody good job, if I may say so.

This fashion stream, underground as it was 10 years ago, has been "used" by mainstream fashion designers, which I will not mention here, afraid of being sewed again, but it's the truth. What you will find in this book is a library of the mutation of underground fashion into a monster of slick and slim designed wonderful creatures. It's top's.... Recommended.

Available from Creation Books.
www.creationbooks.com

Jürgen Boedt





The Customized Body

by Housk Randall and Ted Polhemus, published by Serpent's Tail.

What's the book about? England and especially London have a vast collection of "modern primitives" to use Fakir's term to describe people who want to stand out, have their own image and decide freely what they want to do with their body and skin. Tattoos body modifications, piercing, feet, hair, you name it, and it's in here. Housk Randall, one of Britain's best fetish photographers has collected an enormous collection of this special race. His portraits are excellent, his view of what is important to the person and let that be the center point of attraction in the pictures is very important. The text, excellently

written by Ted Polhemus, is about the evolution of piercing, make-up, hair & nails, masks, second skins, body sculpting, gender transformation... Beginning, evolution and now, through the years with an insight that rarely will be approached by others. I would certainly like to state that this book is not only for the insiders, but also for everybody who want to learn about human nature, his behavior and his desires. Paperback, price £16, ISBN 1.85242.677.2, it's 120 pages and you can get it from: Serpent's Tail, 4 Blackstock Mews, London N4 2BT, England.



JDESIGN

all latex clothing by Pigalle

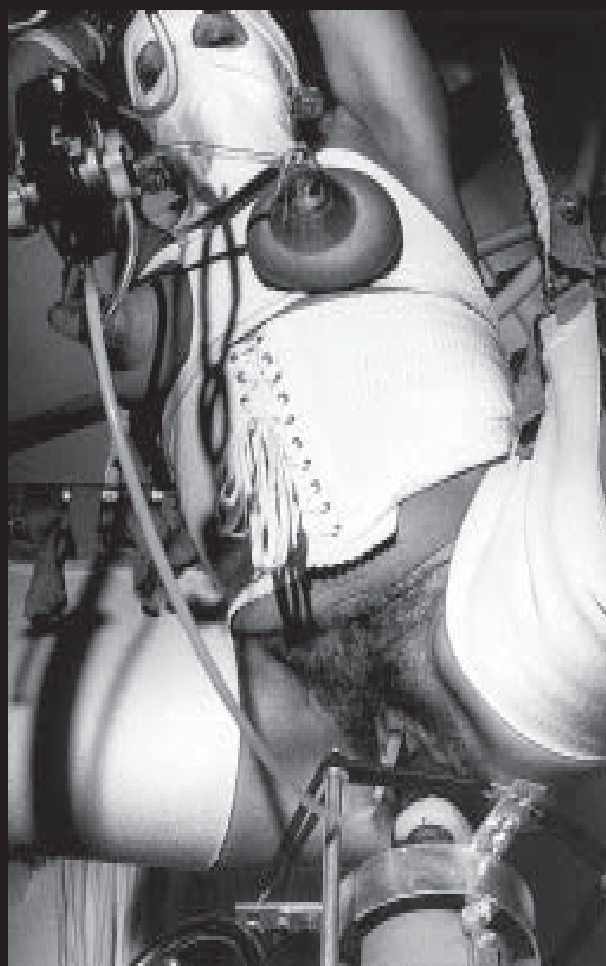


One of the best corsets catalogues I have seen in ages, is the fabulous J-Design, Corsetry catalogue. Here you can see just a small selection, but you can order your copy and also the corsets at the famous Boutique MINUIT, 60 Galerie du Centre, 1000 Brussels, Belgium (price 450FB/10us\$) Pictures by Doralba Picerno, Emma Delves Broughton & H. Rautenbach.

Check out: www.jdesign.co.uk



The fact that this photographer, J. DE Merlin, wants to stay anonymous, is as strange as his pictures. The whole book, excellently published by Alixe, has a weird feel about it. He puts these women in strange, outrageous positions, often with very tight bondage and sucking cups and then he disguises his models with pieces of cloth where lips or eyes are drawn on. This has been done also by Gilles Berquet, but the atmosphere J. De Merlin is creating is less artistic. However, I must say I loved the book. On sale at: La Musardine, 122 Rue du Chemin Vert, 75011 Paris, France. - www.lamusardine.com



Femmes Machines

WOMAN

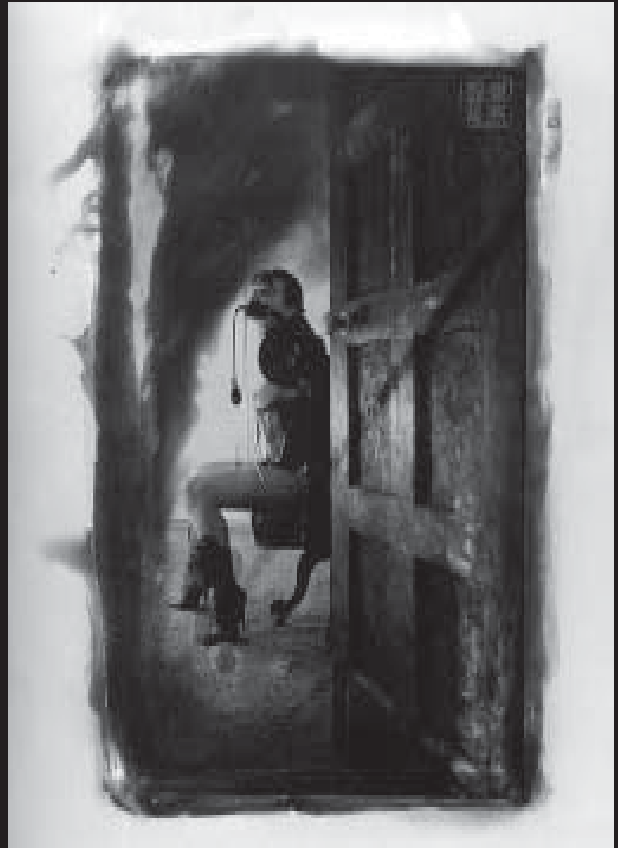
by China Hamilton

“Women are, and have always been, the dominant sex - even though their power is often exercised by stealth, from the sidelines, undetected. Historically, male control has been possible only because of the conscious, calculated acquiescence of the female. This force, quite simply, is what attracts me to my subjects.” China Hamilton.

This excellent book, published by EPS, has set a new standard to erotic photography. The photographer, China Hamilton has the gift of putting on sensitive paper, the ultimo moments when women express themselves to the full and show you a moment, a fraction of a second what women are really like.

EPS - P.O.Box 2712, London, W1A 5AY, England
Mention SECRET please.

More pictures and excellent website:
www.ChinaHamilton.com





Freedom in Bondage

In the late sixties, Dr. Laura Manson Stansfield, a psychiatrist with experience in the field of sexual offences,

was called upon to give an expert opinion by an American law office. Their client, Michael B., was accused of distributing and trading with obscene material. The basis of this legal interpretation was the Comstock Law, passed in 1873, which made it a punishable offence to mail obscene material (it was named after Anthony Comstock, special representative of the US Mail at the time, who became the chief censor of the United States for over 40 years in this position).

Since then, the individual federal states have drawn up and rigorously applied their own Comstock Laws. In 1957, the US Supreme Court ruled that the constitutional right of freedom of speech did not guarantee obscenity and it was only in 1969 that this same court ruled that the constitution gives citizens the right to own obscene material. At the same time, a so-called Obscenity Commission was formed. Made up of members of congress, this committee recommended among other things that the production and distribution of obscene material among consenting adults be made legal. The commission based its recommendation on the fact that other industrialised western democracies whose laws in this regard provided for incrimination of obscene material did not usually prosecute in cases of this kind thanks to a loose interpretation of the law, which had had the result that there had been a considerable decline in related criminal offences as well as an improvement of the social climate. President Nixon (and Congress) rejected the report as irrelevant at the time, and the essential liberal elements it contained were used as an indirect excuse to tighten the existing laws.



Thus, Michael B. was accused again and again of dealing with and distributing obscene material and was sentenced to longer periods of imprisonment every time. In a final trial, which centred around the photographic material presented in this book, Laura Manson Stansfield succeeded in gaining an acquittal for the accused on the basis of the

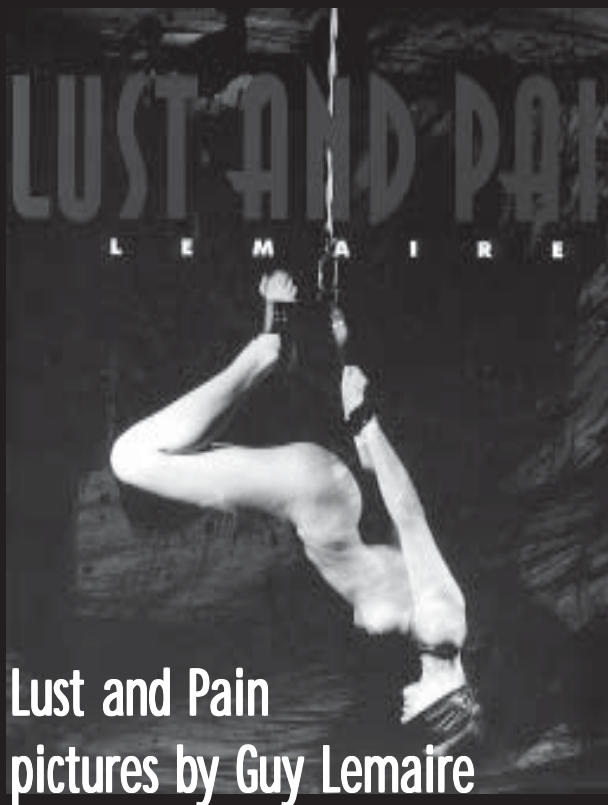


evidence she had produced that Mr. B. did not act out of the desire to make a profit but rather from a pathological urge for more and more material which aroused him and satisfied his sexual passion.

Michael B. was committed to a psychiatric institution where he had to spend eight years among the criminally insane without receiving any kind of therapy...

All pictures are copyright Goliath - reproduction with permission.





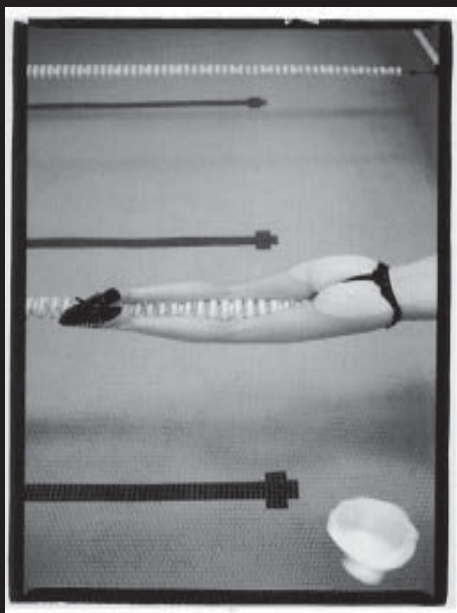
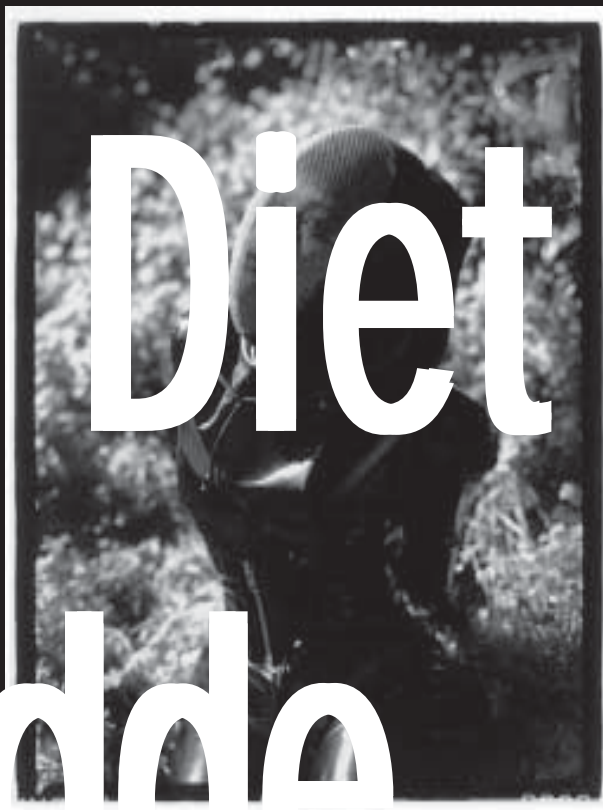
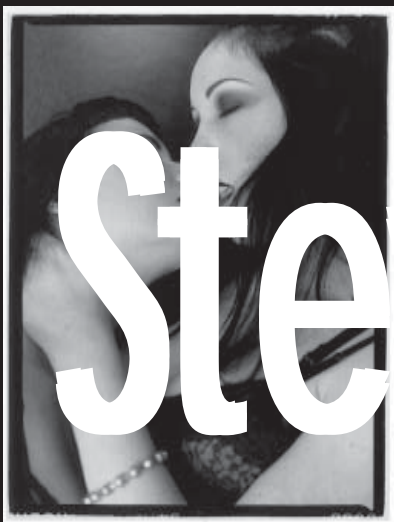
If you are a regular reader of SECRET Magazine, Guy Lemaire will not be an unknown name to you. He has become a monument in Belgian photography. His pictures are captivating.... stirring something deep inside of us, being it rage, love, anger or any other feeling we don't like to show too much. He shows us what it is to live for lust and pain. We have published his work on several occasions and the book, *Tranes D'Images*, that we published with him some years ago, has also become a milestone in fetish-artpublications. At last a "big" publisher has dared to reproduce some of his best work. This magnificent book, and that's almost an understatement, is a reflection of our deepest emotions. We only wished it were us standing in front of the camera.... no?

Published by Edition Reuss, P.O.Box 710745, 81457 Munich, Germany. Available from Boutique Minuit and Secret.

Jürgen Boedt



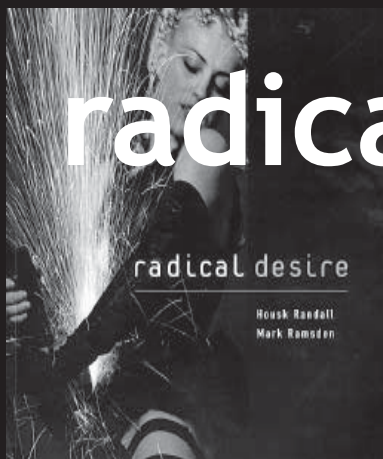
Steve Diet Goedde



Fetish Postcards

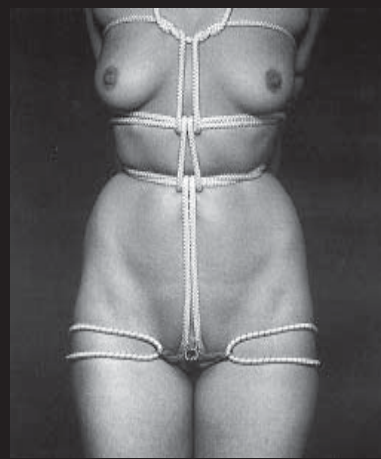
This set of 12 wonderful fetish images can now be bought for only 10 us\$. If you don't want to post them, you can still frame them as the printing quality is excellent. Contact:

SDGoedde@aol.com - www.stevedietgoedde.com



radical desire

When people like Housk Randall and Mark Ramsden get together, one can expect firework. Radical Desire didn't miss it's target. What a book! No, no, no correction, what a chef d'oeuvre!



The excellent writing of Mark Ramsden, the sort of guy we could use here at Secret's, ahum, is light, correct and to the point, flavoured with some very personal touches. He has a very good insight in literature, human behaviour and mingles this with his long-life experience.

Housk Randall is not to be presented anymore. We published him in 1991, and ever since his star has been rising. he is an award-winning photographer and is, to my opinion, one of the best scene-photographers around.



This paperback book should be the first thing you should buy after reading this magazine.

Price: £16.99 - 106 pages in B/W - Serpents Tail, 4 Blackstock Mews, London N4 2BT, England

Jürgen Boedt



Pisseuses

By Claude Fauville

Edition Reuss published this book some time ago, but it's only now that we have found the place to talk about it. The photographer is not unknown to us; on the contrary, he's from Belgium. Born and working in Charleroi, the world of Claude Fauville is set in a "story of eau". Urine is in for the moment and this book will show you all close-up's you have ever dreamed about on peeing. But, and that's the merit of this book, it is set in a very artistic way. The women are abstract and often vague but the urine is sharp, it

sparkles and twinkles... oh champagne of the night!

Pissing isn't easy for a woman, especially in front of a camera. Not easy also for the photographer "snapping it" without getting all wet, except if that is his obsessions of course...~smile. But how to frame it? How to avoid the fact that he will be repeating himself? Here you will find some pictures from the book that will, I hope, give you some answers. I also hope it will show you how good this book really is. Get it from a specialized bookstore or at this address: Edition Reuss, P.O.Box 710745, 81457 Munich, Germany. Mention SECRET Magazine...

JB



shibari

Glorious
by Alex Burns

Plastic bags and tangerines.
Leather breasts, smooth, crowned as queens.
Razor slip on tongue and clit.
I love this - just a tiny bit!

Papercut my eyelids, love.
Scar my sex with studded glove.
Tease my soul on the tip of a sharpened
blade.
I thrill to deadly serenade.

The syrups of lust leak slow, drip fast.
Orgasm kicks - we roll at last.
We lay in blood, lovely enough.
With tongues, we tend the wounds of love.

(this work is (c)opyright Alex Burns)

SHIBARI

"The House of Japanese Bondage" by Hans Meijer

Hajimemashite dōzo yoroshiku. Gokigen wa ikaga desu ka? (How do you do you, pleased to meet you. We hope you are in good health)

With this traditional welcome I'd like to invite you to *Shibari Dojo - the House of Japanese Bondage*, where you can learn about one of the most fascinating erotic arts on the planet. Don't be intimidated by the use of the Japanese language. It is as close as we can get to the traditional Japanese courtesy bow. Who said power exchange is not fully incorporated into the Japanese culture? Would be lovely, wouldn't it, if no one blinked an eye if your sub makes a small courtesy bow every time she welcomes you, says goodbye or just to acknowledge she has understood an order. In Japan that would be perfectly normal for her to do. As it is also perfectly normal for a Japanese woman to sit on her knees.

POWERotics is proud to present the probably most comprehensive information on Japanese bondage, currently available. Written by Japanese bondage sensei **Hans Meijer**, himself a trained Japanese Bondage Master.

Before you proceed a few words of explanation are in order. **Shibari** (sometimes also called **Kinbaku**, which in fact is the name for the original rope torture) is a very complex art that - if studied along traditional roots and values - requires many, many years to master. This is impractical for various reasons.

First of all, it requires personal teaching and there aren't that many teachers around. In fact, there are hardly any. Secondly, most of us in the western world do not want to spend years and years trying to master something you want to be able to incorporate in your lovemaking and power exchange as soon as possible. For these two reasons - without doing any damage to the culture as well as the intended effects of the bondages - the art has been carefully «adapted» to use in a western environment. The often very complex knots (Nawa Shibari - the Art of Knot Tying is an artform in itself) have been replaced by only a few, easy to make knots without having an impact on their desired effect as well as the safety of the bondages. Secondly, we have left out the very

complex bondages and triple and quadruple rope techniques, required for certain more advanced bondages.

Umaku iku yō ni! (May good fortune accompany you on your journey)

It is hard to understand Japanese bondage without understanding at least some of the Japanese culture, so along the road we will introduce to some of it. Courtesy is everything in the Japanese culture. Part of that is to exchange small gifts upon first meetings.

Tsumaranai mono desu ga, dōzo, taishita mono dewa arimasen. (Please accept this gift, it is nothing special)

On these pages we will describe the general cultural background of Shibari, the effects and objectives and the basic techniques of bondages as well as suspension. All in all over 25 bondages will be described in detail, plus different combinations. Last but not least complementary Japanese techniques, shiatsu erotic massage effects and the importance of bathing, food, rest and massage are described. As far as we are aware this is the only detailed Japanese bondage information around. Once you have mastered the information and techniques, described in this section (which in fact is a complete Japanese bondage course) you will be a true Japanese bondage master capable of doing all the basic techniques as well as some advanced Japanese bondage play.

Japanese bondage versus oriental bondage

Allow us please to spend a little time to explain the differences between Japanese and «oriental bondage». Best compare the two with the Japanese language. If written in Western script (romanized so to speak) what you see is not the actual Japanese language but a transcript that is close to it. It will allow you to learn how speak the language, but it will not help you to fully understand it you cannot read the characters (kanji). That is exactly what we do here. Make is easy for you to understand the complicated, traditional art without the many years of study. And at times - we will admit it - we have compromised. In order not to confuse you with



extremely complicated knots most of the basic bondages have been reworked to the point where they can be made with only two basic knots, knots that everyone knows. We have done so, not only to accommodate you, but also for safety reasons. A traditional Japanese knotting system is simply impossible to quickly untie. Also, it is next to impossible to adjust these complicated bondages in case of any discomfort, such as blocked veins or irritated nerves. And since we are after erotic use, not physical torture, that does make a lot of sense. So, while we value tradition and will explain a lot about it, we are also trying to be practical.

And in fact that is exactly what the Japanese themselves tend to do. Back to their language for example: they simply - way back in the fifth century - took the Chinese character script, since they did have a language of their own, but no script and the Chinese was readily available. So, although we call it **Shibari** (*Japanese bondage*), what we describe here is actually oriental bondage. But then, who cares? By the way, Shibari translates into English as bondage.

Important: Although we will do our utmost to guide you through the different techniques and relevant technical and safety issues - various Japanese bondages are not without a certain risk. This is especially applicable to suspension bondages. Please make sure your equipment is in order. This especially applies to suspension hooks or similar constructions and the quality of your ropes. Also: we will go into great detail about the importance of food and drinks DURING prolonged bondage sessions. Do read these articles and follow the hints and tips. They are published here for good reasons. Long Japanese bondage sessions require training and so do suspension techniques. Please do not enter into anything you are not familiar with, at least not without training and tryout sessions. Also, be aware that the Secret/POWERotics Foundations cannot be held responsible for your actions. The only one responsible for your actions is you and that includes both the dominant and the submissive involved.

Background & Basics I

Japanese bondage (*SHIBARI*) techniques are slowly entering the Western erotic world. They appeal to many, mainly because of the presentation aspects and the erotic charisma. There is a lot more to Japanese, or oriental, bondage than just this, such as the sensual, meditational and intense mental aspects. Doing it requires knowledge and understanding.

The dance of light and shadow

Picture a room, lit by candles. Shadows will dance on the walls, light will change constantly and this combination, this dance, is what largely depends the

atmosphere in the room. That is exactly what you want to achieve with Japanese bondage - the battle between contrasts: beauty and fear, love and endurance, desire and despair, mental growth and humiliation, pain and lust. Japanese bondage is complex game that involves many different levels, many different ingredients, physical, mental and metaphysical. For the dominant, it is a balancing act, juggling with various different impulses and techniques - to the submissive it is the ultimate journey to paradise.

There are different ways to approach and learn Japanese bondage. We have chosen the most practical one and will introduce you to the different bondages immediately, so you can start to use bondages almost instantly. In order to be able to do this, we have taken the liberty of simplifying the often complicated techniques to the extent that it will be easier for you to make the bondages, without first having to study a lot of complicated technical stuff. The other, more traditional approach is to start with the different - usually very complicated - knot tying techniques (**NAWA SHIBARI**). The bondages we have chosen can all be made by using very simple, basic knots. Should you plan to learn more about traditional Japanese knot tying techniques we highly recommend the Kikkou site.

To understand Japanese bondage you need to understand a bit about its background and culture. All oriental bondage techniques have their roots in two things: **ancient oriental torture and Zen Buddhism**. To the Zen-monks it was one of the ways to train the power of the mind over the body and to separate physical experiences like pain and discomfort from mental power. All this in search for ultimate meditation. Like all other things the monks - and this is a part of the traditional Japanese culture as well - thrived for perfection and sublimation. You may compare this with techniques like **Bonsai** (Japanese tree nursing), and **Ikebana** (Japanese flower arranging), the Japanese kitchen, Japanese gardening and martial arts (most of which have their roots in Zen too). Serenity, beauty, perfection and meditation are all elements that you will recognise in Japanese bondage.

Zen is about bringing back everything in life back to its essentials. That is NOT the same as taking all details away. In fact, Zen requires a very sharp eye for detail and using all necessary details to create the total, in this case a bondage, in a carefully balanced way. The other main «root» is the medieval oriental torture techniques, where time is the predominant factor. No other culture has produced such efficient, effective ways to torture the human body, which again has to do with thriving for perfection. Unlike the Western executioners, their oriental colleagues did not put enormous amounts of energy and physical effort into torturing whatever

they wanted to hear out of their prisoners. Instead they let time - and psychological impulses - do the trick. They also did not use too many complicated devices (you will not find a Japanese torture-rack or a Japanese guillotine) but used relatively simple techniques. Things like «the eternal water drip» we all know about (which is a Chinese invention but perfected by the Japanese, who «successfully» made a big point about the sound effects, locking up the victim in a soundproof room so the victim would hear the water drip as well as feel it. The sound soon turned into the sound of an imaginative hammer banging on the forehead).

To tie someone to a simple wooden plank will eventually do the same trick as a torture rack or ladder. It takes more time but a lot less effort. This basically comes down to: use the internal power (or weakness) of your opponent. A judo, karate or kung fu fighter will not try to use his own muscular strength, but will try to use the weight, speed and momentum of the movements of his opponent. In the erotic bondage techniques the trick is to use the internal power of your partner as well. What you do is stimulating the mind by stimulating the body and let the mind of your partner do the work for you. This internal power in Japanese is called **KI** and it is used in many practical ways, because it is nothing else but mental and physical energy concentrated in one point of the body. This is exactly what a karate expert will do when he smashes a piece of wood. He concentrates his **KI** and uses speed and perfection, not physical strength. Acupuncture and **SHIATSU** (Japanese pressure point based massage) will help a person to concentrate this **KI** into a certain point in the body and use it to heal, to relax or to influence physical processes.

Another important ingredient for the torture technique - which applies to modern day erotic bondage as well - is avoiding an overdose of impulses. Western medieval torture techniques basically came down to often very rude revenge, quite frequently leading to a premature death of the victim (premature in the sense that the victim would die as a result of the torture, not as a result of corporal punishment) in a crescendo of physical violence. The essence of oriental torture is in using small but highly effective impulses, one at a time - again in a carefully balanced system - which has a much more cruel, multilayered background: making the victim more aware of what is actually happening to him or her underlining the inevitability of the sequence of events, making the victim aware of the fact that no matter how hard the victim will try, there is no way he or she can escape his or her fate using maximum cruelty with surgical precision.

When applying erotic Japanese bondage you will want to work along similar lines: first of all to avoid a crescendo of impulses until the point where the

crescendo is really needed and functional. Carefully applied **SHIBARI** will be a good friend to both dominant and submissive in the sense that it will heavily contribute to the submissive mental and physical abilities, which in turn will bring her to unexpected heights in experience as well as endurance. Even a very simple basic bondage - given sufficient time - will help stimulate the sub to the point where she will want/need much more, longer and more intense play.

TÔ (The Pagoda)

One of the best examples of how effective and intense Japanese bondage - even with the simplest of bondages - can be is a bondage called **TÔ**. The name refers to the slightly bowed head, indicating respect and humbleness. It is one of the simplest bondages around. What you do is this. Separate two strings of hair, one on either side of the head and tie a thin piece of rope to each of them. Next tie the other ends of the rope to the nipples - one for each nipple - in such a way that your sub is forced to keep her head down. This does not need to be done in a very cruel way. Just a lightly bowed position is more than enough. What this simple bondage will achieve is the following. Your partner of course is forced to keep her head down and show submission. Every move she makes will send signals to her nipples and, because of the position of the head, her vision is partially limited. But there is more. The bowed position will soon start to put strain on the neck and eventually the shoulders. The longer this bondage is maintained, the more intense the pain will become until - if you really leave this on for a long period of time - the pain will become unbearable.

Different «schools»

There are two different «schools» (directions or opinions) when it comes to Japanese bondage. These are frequently mixed up in publicity around Japanese bondage (if any), especially in videos and rare publications, which makes things quite difficult to understand. The traditional school concentrates on the torture aspects of Japanese bondage. Bondage used to be used as a torture technique by itself and there are very effective - even deadly - bondages. Traditional torture bondage was used for different reasons: either to make the prisoner talk (as an interrogation tool) or as a form of corporal punishment. Traditional torture bondages are based on the principle of draining the body slowly by crushing and blocking organs, bones and arteries, causing sensory deprivation. Obstructing but not completely blocking the transportation of blood to the brain for instance has huge psychological effects because it will distort the brainfunction as well the senses. Combined with impulses like pain, solitude, darkness, fear, despair and sometimes even erotic impulses these effects are huge. Having to watch a limb slowly go pale and finally black - and thus losing

it - must have been a very effective way to get a prisoner to talk as well. Tying wet hemp very tightly around the torso and leaving it to dry and shrink will slowly crush the ribs, causing intense pain in the process - this bondage - if applied to its maximum - will eventually kill the victim, either as the result of slow suffocation, punctured lungs or because the victim drowns in his or her own body fluids. During this process the inability to fully inhale will cause what is known as an oxygen high: sensory deprivation as a result of lack of oxygen, a phenomena known to most mountain climbers. This oxygen high will have a dramatic influence on the victim to think or move and he or she will feel like the world is moving in slow motion, making the effects even more intense.

As opposed to many European ways for interrogation torture however, these oriental techniques (they were not only used in Japan, although almost all of them where perfected by the Japanese) were not designed to kill the prisoner in the process (although it was made very clear to the prisoner that each of these techniques CAN be lethal). There were no humanitarian grounds for this by the way, the objective was simply to keep the prisoner alive so he or she could not escape punishment later. Bondage as a form of corporal punishment was used for example to amputate limbs, by tying them tightly and leaving the victim (usually publicly) to wait for the limb to die. The probably most cruel form of this «amputation» bondage was to tie the male genitals this way, leaving them to die and eventually fall off, causing a very slow death. Totally crushing the ribs or the liver with slow drying ropes was another effective but slow way to kill someone. Using wet ropes around the neck will cause very slow suffocation.

The traditional Japanese bondage school still uses remainders of these techniques in an erotic power exchange sense. These bondages are usually extremely complicated and done with rough hemp ropes or equivalents, mainly with the aim to cause pain and discomfort. **Such bondages are not to be used by inexperienced people, since they can be outright dangerous and potentially lethal.**

The more «modern» school - that concentrates on erotic stimulation combined with the other advantages and possibilities of bondage - is not entirely free of ancient torture techniques as well. A favourite «home» punishment as well as a game (using female slaves) was to tie women up in uncomfortable and exposed (which is considered to be extremely humiliating) positions combined with so much unreleased erotic stimulation it would eventually drive them mad. Many women while tied up this way, in their desperation to find relief would rub their clitoris against the ropes so hard and long, that they would completely lose or permanently damage it in the process.

Background & Basics II - Psychology & goals

The psychological effects of Japanese bondage are huge. Your partner will not only feel totally exposed and at your mercy, but she is also constantly aroused by the erotic effects of the ropes. This can be absolutely great, but shameful at the same time because she cannot stop it and the excitement is just not enough to satisfy her completely so she will need - and probably beg for - more. Since you can quite easily use the basic bondages in public places the arousal is even bigger and the length of the average Japanese bondage game is another factor that will confuse her. The other thing is that rope - as opposed to leather or steel cuffs - will always give your partner the idea she can escape. If your bondage is good, she can wriggle all right but she cannot escape. However she will try nonetheless. This leaves most women wrestling with the question whether she will submit or put more effort into attempts to escape. That is very frustrating. Plus, the more she wriggles, the more intense the erotic stimulation will be.

Integration of goals

Japanese bondage thrives towards the integration of several different goals at the same time.

- erotic stimulation by concentrating **KI** into erotic zones
- seek for beauty and perfection
- immobilise your partner, thus achieving better concentration since nothing else matters
- expose the partner to the dominant
- stimulate the mind of the partner by introducing immobility, instability, exposure, pain and discomfort, humiliation, uncertainty and unreleased erotic stimulation or combinations of these factors (whatever appeals to you most).

Not every individual bondage will deal with all goals at the same time, but every bondage is always a combination of two or more of these goals.

Respecting your partner

To understand Japanese bondage it is important to understand about the way Japanese people think and to understand what a Japanese bondage master wants to get out of the bondage. First of all, in the Japanese culture a group is always more important than the individuals that constitute the group. In this case the group is you and your partner and the bondage is a group-effort. The success of the bondage is determined by the value, the two of you together get out of it. It is not there to individually please either one of you (although of course it will). Next, it is not so much the individual that counts, it is about what the individual can achieve. Towards the bondage this is the skill of the bondage master and the ability to cope with it by his partner.



Important aspects here are:

- striving for perfection by both partners;
- striving for beauty. Not only the bondage itself should be perfect and beautiful, the bondage should also express or underline the total beauty of the bound partner and the beauty of the whole environment and the moment;
- striving for long and intense erotic stimulation (to the bondage master the beauty, the perfection and the sight, to his partner the physical and mental stimulation of the ropes and to both the interaction between the «group members»).

This is where you can draw a direct parallel to «**ikebana**», the Japanese way of presenting the beauty of one single flower in a free space. No wonder suspension is often an essential part of Japanese bondage, because this will literally lift your partner into free space.

It is of paramount importance to understand that Japanese partners have great respect for each other. This respects grows because of the interaction between the two partners and the way they grow towards each other, thus as a «group» rising to a level above what each individual can achieve. This is one of the major topics of Zen. In Japan there are two different «schools» that look at bondage from two different ways, but are achieving the same goal. The more «traditional» of «classic» approach is that the pain, the discomfort, the humiliation and way the submissive partner can cope with all that, are the important factors and that erotic stimulation is only instrumental to this process. The more modern approach, which we are dealing with here, will put the erotic effects and the emotions in front and will consider other aspects as instrumental to the ultimate goal.

Physical and mental training

Especially for the submissive partner it is important to understand that it is hardly possible to cope with the more complex Japanese bondages, without some basic physical training. To start with: you need to know about what being bound and feeling helpless and exposed feels like and you need to understand general basics like negotiation, mutual respect and trust and both partners need to (learn to) understand each other completely, since this is a group effort. These training aspects in itself are one of the appealing - and important - aspects of Japanese bondage. Again working towards a goal the partners will find satisfaction in the training process - which may take many years for both - even if the end goal is not entirely achieved. Japanese bondage is about finding balance, finding the **OPTIMUM** between partners, not the **MAXIMUM**. As such the perfect balance between partners (the optimum) in the Japanese way of thinking is the maximum. At this point it may be helpful to explain a bit about «**yin**» and «**yang**». Both term in Western terminology are

often translated as «good» and «bad». That translation has to do with the complexities of trying to translate the Japanese character script into any western language. It is probably better to explain «yin» and «yang» as each others opposites. In other words: if «light» is «yin» and «darkness» is «yang», from a «light» point of view «darkness» can be seen as «bad» since it is not light. However, place yourself outside the direct light/darkness conflict and you will see that they are although maybe conflicting also nothing but each others opposites and that one needs to be here to able to define the other. In that sense you cannot have a war without at least two enemies and an enemy is a paramount factor for an army to find its «raison d'être». For this reason is bit of «yin» is depicted in «yang» and vice versa in the well-known yin/yang black and white symbol.

In a BDSM context via thinking along these yin/yang lines you will soon see that there is no real difference between dominant and submissive, but that they from two sides of a scale and that you need both to form that scale. The more perfect balance between both partners, the more successful your Japanese bondage effort. Both will learn, both will grow and the «team» will emerge.

Self-control is another big thing in Japanese bondage. To the dominant partner this means a couple of things: **first** of all, never to experiment with things you do not know about and never to introduce complex Japanese bondage to a novice partner without introducing the technique and without giving this partner sufficient time to learn and experience; **secondly**: you use a minimum of technique to get the maximum effect and you only introduce a new technique (or a new bondage layer) if the previous ones have done their job; **thirdly**: take your time. Building up a Japanese bondage often will take hours. Compare it to carrying your partner up the stairs, one step at a time and not going to the next step until you are fully balanced on the one you are on. In this sense you can compare Japanese bondage to the different stages (plateau's) of female sexual arousal. If you do it right you co-inside directly with the plateau's.

Japanese bondage is something you need to learn. Having to learn about sexuality is a concept that is not native to most of the Western sexual cultures, where sex is considered something you just do (and are supposed to know about), but not something you learn, develop and talk about. You will have to practise, try, retry and communicate with each other about it to get acquainted with the techniques and the different effects. This is a whole new discovery-trip if you are open to the technique as well as to your partner.

Training bondages: Both dominant and submissive will do wise to do several different simple training

sessions. This will help the dominant to build up some skill and get acquainted with the effects of Japanese bondage and it will help the submissive to deal with aspects like frustration and humiliation. And we do not need to explain that training (and conditioning) is always fun when it comes to erotic power exchange.

Training bondage #1

The objective here is to train the submissive about how to deal with frustration and overcoming mental and physical difficulties. Cross the thumbs in an X and tie them together in the same way you would tie the wrists or the ankles in an X-position, only make sure you use a thinner rope. Do not tie this too tight - to avoid blocked veins - just tight enough to avoid escape. Seal the knot with a few drops of candlewax so your submissive cannot try to untie herself unnoticed (this is an important psychological signal). Leave the bondage in place for a long time and order her to perform normal household duties for example, or just sit and talk, watch television or do anything else you would normally do. Since she is now slightly restrained and handicapped, almost everything she wants/needs to do will be more difficult than it normally would be. This will soon become frustrating and that is exactly the point. Do not immediately respond to the use of safewords or other signals of frustration, make sure she feels frustrated. She will need to learn to cope with that.

Training bondage #2

Tie one thumb to one toe. This will have a dramatic influence on her freedom to move, dress herself, sit or lay down comfortable and the forced bowed/arched position will somewhat decrease her ability to fully inhale, will put strain on the back and the spine and again is generally frustrating. Combine this with relaxation and breathing techniques, explained elsewhere in this section. Again the objective is to train her to cope with discomfort, limitation of her freedom as well as coping with «alarming signals» such as breath control. Again, the dominant should not respond to the first signals of distress or protest but push and test her limits (**do not overdo this, especially not during your first sessions**). Upon protest or the use of a safe-word, make sure she is alright and there is no real discomfort or pain but do not untie her immediately since the objective here is testing limits.

Communication

Communication is paramount prior to these training sessions. Make sure you tell your sub that this is a training session and explain the purposes of the training. Also - prior to any action - explain you will test and push her limits and make sure she is ready for this. Remember that even these «simple» training bondages have a huge mental impact. Expect tears, anger and frustration and - of course - after the

session address these issues.

Japanese bondage Background & Basics III *Basic physical techniques & safety aspects*

Ki o tsukete kudasai

(Please, take good care of yourself)

Before we start to explain about individual bondages, let's take a moment to discuss a few basic physical techniques, that may be very handy when you enter into Japanese bondage. At another point in this section we will explain even more about such techniques, safety aspects, complementary play forms, meditational and mental aspects and such. Here we will concentrate - again - on some of the basics.

Relaxation techniques

To the submissive partner two things are very important: physical flexibility and control and the ability to relax, even under physical and emotional stress. To know about basic breath control techniques is a must, since this will automatically lead to concentration and with that relaxation. There are three simple techniques you should get acquainted with (and train) and that you can use either by itself or in combination.

Iki o suru

(Breathing)

Correct breathing is at the root of almost all relaxation and concentration techniques and also provides a solid basis for - for example - meditation. This is no different when it comes to Shibari. The rhythm of your breathing largely determines the rhythm of your entire body. If your breathing is deep, controlled and regular, you will feel relaxed, in control and self assured, even under stress. Strange as it may seem, your breathing rhythm practically influences other things, such as the rate of your heartbeat, metabolism, bloodpressure and adrenaline production. Controlled and regular breathing is not the same as shallow breathing (which is what many people do). People that have followed a few yoga classes, scuba divers, mountain climbers and sports people all have learned the importance of breathing and how it will improve your ability to cope with stress, improve your physical condition and your ability to be concentrated and - to some extent - your success.

Meditation is an important factor in Shibari, especially to the submissive partner. The effect of the bondages and the shiatsu will more or less automatically (over time) create a form of meditation by themselves. The submissive can stimulate this - and dramatically enhance the intensity of her own emotions and fun - by stimulating this process. Meditation revolves around concentration and the

concentration point can be anything. Concentrating on your breathing will not only help you to stimulate the mediation process, it will also - and dramatically - improve your physical, mental and sexual abilities. That is why we will use breathing as the basis of relaxation, concentration and meditation.

Breath control - Teach yourself to breath firmly, deeply and wittingly. Inhale slowly through your nose. Fill up the upper part of the lungs first until there is no more space and then fill up the lower part. If you feel that your lungs are completely filled, hold your breath for a couple of seconds and then exhale - slowly and through your mouth - in reverse order. This is a very basic yoga-technique that you can easily learn yourself by practising it every day in bed just before you go to sleep (you will probably sleep a lot more relaxed if you do). You have got to train this until you feel you can rely on it in a stress situation. It helps if you close your eyes and try to imagine you are in a very tranquil environment (on a mountain, on a beach or any place else with a lot of space, quietness and fresh air, whichever one appeals to you).

The ideal pattern - but it may take a while for you to get there - is to do the above process twice a minute: ten seconds inhale, hold for five seconds, ten seconds exhale, hold for five seconds, etcetera. In the beginning, especially if you are a smoker, this may be difficult to maintain for more than a few minutes and it may feel like you are out of breath. Don't give up. If you are only able to do this for a few minutes in the beginning, that is good enough. Over time, and actually quite rapidly, you will notice you can maintain the rhythm longer and longer. What happens it the following: Used air - what you exhale - first of all holds a lot of unused oxygen, but next to that a lot of hydrogen, carbondioxide and a few other gasses. The latter is what you want to get rid of. Basically what shallow breathing does is that your partially suffocate yourself, because waste-gasses remain in your lungs, taking up the space for the oxygen you need. Deep and slow breathing allows for two things: first of all dumping wasteproducts in your lungs and subsequently dumping them by exhaling. This is what the pauses are for. Leaving you lungs empty for a few seconds after exhaling allows for the blood to dump more waste products in your lungs that you can subsequently expel from your body. Keeping the fresh air in your lungs allows for better and more oxygen intake. Slow and controlled inhaling and exhaling - and fully emptying and filling your lungs - dramatically improves the quality of the entire process, hence will improve your physical fitness and as a result your mental stability. You will find that over time you will not only learn to use your lungs better and their capacity for oxygen intake will improve. In other words, good breathing technique is a win-win situation.

Concentrating your KI to one point in your body - The simple way to learn this is again to lay back in your bed, place a matchbox on the bare skin of your belly, close your eyes and try to feel the exact surroundings of the matchbox on your skin, without touching it. In the future the different knots of the bondage will take the place of the matchbox on different parts of your body. By the way, a good night sleep again is an extra spin off of this technique if you practise in bed before going to sleep. It is a lot better then sleeping pills. The ideal spot for KI-concentration is the spot just below the bottom end of your sternum. As you can see, the above breathing technique will help you doing that almost naturally, since that is exactly where your will concentrate almost automatically as a result of good breathing. With only a little effort this concentration point will serve all sorts of processes: meditation, relaxation and balance (yes, that is the spot where your «centre of gravity» is). As a result it will become the subs anchor, even during intense emotions, suspension, sensory deprivation or a combination of all this.

Coping with cramp - You can do this easily by teaching yourself to contract and relax the muscles in your body in a regular, repetitive pattern (whichever you like). This also improves your concentration abilities dramatically. In physical terms cramp is the result of lack of nutrients and oxygen in your muscles. An individual muscle (or a group) may have have to work hard for a while - as a result of the bondages themselves or as a result of perception (if you feel restrained your mind may play all sorts of games with your body, making the perception a lot bigger than the actual situation is which will result in your brain sending the wrong signals to your muscles). If it gets insufficient resources (or «thinks» it does) it will cramp up. Flexing muscles or muscle groups - prior to cramp - will bring about a more natural rhythm and will neutralize the effect of wrong brain signals. Efficient breathing technique and adequate food intake (we will get to that in a minute) will provide sufficient resources for your muscles, hence will will have a very positive influence on cramp and muscle stress and thus will dramatically improve your fun.

Preparation

Like every other bondage technique Japanese bondage requires some preparation. However, in this case these preparations are the first steps on your stairway. First of all: you need time and you don't want to be disturbed. Unplug or switch off your phone (or switch on the answering machine) and make it something special. An exotic, sensual adventure. Your scene is probably going to take quite some time so preparing something to eat and drink is not just a luxury. Turn it into a picnic if you like. And since you are in a Japanese mood anyway, why not go out and buy some SUSHI (Japanese raw fish snacks). Refrain from alcohol (and recreational drugs). If you



want to be in style, Chinese tea will do fine and so will fruit juice. But softdrinks or mineral water are just as good as long as they do not contain gas. Ideally the dom should make sure there are a few bottles of an isotonic drink around (Gatorade for example) aswell as some sweets (chocolate will do fine) or sugar lumps. Especially if your scene is going to be a long (and it very likely will be a long one) your sub will need nutrients and liquid to avoid dehydration and cramp. Emotional scenes DO hydrate the body, actually quite rapidly, and lack of food and liquid may cause cramps, nausea or fainting and in general just ruins your fun and your scene. So do make sure your sub is taken well care of in this area as well. Lack of food will acidify muscles (what sports-people will feel as «muscles filling up»), a process that happens very rapidly and instantly. This effect is a sure show stopper and a complete turn off. Providing a bit of food (one bonbon or sugar lump and a few sips every half our or so) will prevent this from happening, will enhance the endurance of your sub dramatically and will help you to enjoy a long, highly sensual and very erotic session.

You need to plan your bondage, especially if you are inexperienced. It helps if you make some kind of sketch or use a picture as an example. Your ropes should be ready at hand and pay attention to the temperature in the room. It should not be too cold, because your partner will be there (naked and unable to move around) for a couple of hours. Next: every Japanese erotic scene starts with bathing. If you have a bath, have one together, but a shower will do just as fine. Wash and relax each other. This is important to get in the mood. A nice, slow erotic massage is the next step. This warms up your partners' muscles and relaxes the body. Getting in the mood and warming up is essential (and it is a lot of fun).

Ropes

Japanese bondages are always done with rope, as opposed to the Western culture, that often incorporates cuffs and belts. Experienced bondage masters use different ropes (rough and soft ones), if this is new to you, stick to the soft cotton or brush nylon ones. You need a set of different ropes. The basic set you need is:

five 3 MM diameter ropes (0.15 inch), each about a yard (meter) long (used for binding nipples, for some intersections and for hair-bondages);

seven 6 to 8 MM (0.3 inch) diameter ropes, each about four yards/three meter long (most frequently used) - the dimensions of these ropes may vary based on individual physique. To measure, make sure you are able to wrap one of these ropes three times around your partners' torso, just above the breasts, leaving sufficient room to tie a knot;

five 10 to 12 MM (1 inch) diameter ropes, each about four yards/three meter long (used for suspension) - in individual cases take a lengths of FOUR torso wraps;

two 6 to 8 MM (0.3 inch) diameter ropes, ten to twelve yards/ten meter long (used for harnesses) - this again may be varied based on your partners' individual physique;

one 10 to 12 MM (1 inch) diameter rope, twelve to fifteen yards/twelve to thirteen meter long (used to tie a suspension harness).

If the event your submissive falls into the BBW-category, both for aesthetical reasons as well as from a safety point of view you may want to use thicker ropes. If there is more body, thin rope will very quickly look VERY thin and your partner will look like fish, entangled in the fishing line instead of a person, beautifully wrapped in a bondage, which is not what you want. Next to that, it will be impossible to get the pressure right with ropes that are too thin (either the ropes will not do anything at all, or they will cut into the flesh painfully instead of producing erotic stimulation). Suspension ropes should also have bigger dimension. When buying these, take FOUR times the weight of your partner and buy rope able to pull that weight (mountain climbing shops or boat-shops will help you finding this). Using coloured ropes from an aesthetical point of view, usually works better on BBW's.

If you mark the different types of rope by tipping the end in different colours of paint you won't have any trouble picking the right one when you need it. Reserve your ropes for bondage only and take care of them. If any of the ropes, especially the ones used for suspension, gets damaged even in the slightest way, replace it so you know your partner will be safe.

The basics of all bondages

There are probably several hundreds of different bondages and we cannot describe them all here. Once you get into it, your own creativity will guide you as long as you understand the basics. We will give several examples of bondages and we will tell you about the erotic zones and how the tension of the ropes and the knots do their job. Always use a so called «reef knot» they feel good on the body, are easy to untie (even under tension) and will not deform.

Every Japanese bondage is built up in several layers and is built up one layer at the time. Take your time between the different layers. Let your partner get used to the feeling. By now you will probably understand why you work with different short ropes instead of one long one: it makes life easy and it allows you to adjust the bondage without having to

untie the whole thing. You will notice that adjustment is necessary. Your partner will ask for more tension as times goes on. That is because the erotic stimulation builds up over time and she will want more and more of it. Be aware not to block any veins. You will notice that tightness is not the issue here. It is about tension and carefully applied pressure, but the ropes should never be extremely tight. There is no need for that, it is counterproductive and the tension will built up especially when you suspend your partner.

The first bondage layer I SHINJU (The Pearls)

Every Japanese bondage starts with a basis. Call it the bondage-lingerie if you like. Even at this point you already need to know what you are working towards. If you want to go to suspension, your basis should be a suspension harness. Here we start with bondages based on windings, aiming at some support and first of all erotic effects. The primary non-suspension bondage lingerie for a submissive woman consists of two parts: **SHINJU** (the Japanese word for pearls) and **SAKURANBO** (cherry). **SHINJU** is used for the breasts, **SAKURANBO** for the crotch. Together they form a bra and slip in ropes.

SHINJU - Technical description

Take a four yard 8 MM rope and wind it evenly around the torso, just under the breasts. The rope should touch the breasts. Don't overdo the tightness but work towards an even tension in every winding. Tie the ends together on the back. The knot should be just next to (not on) the spine. Now you take a second rope and wind it around the torso above the breasts in exactly the same way as the first one. Take care that the bondage is supposed to support the breasts but not deform them. Now you pick your third 4 yard line, double it up, slip it halfway under your lower windings, cross over, make a nice «V» along the neck and tie the ends together on the back, under your lower windings. This rope should pull up your lower windings slightly, so the whole thing supports the breasts. Check the erotic pressure point layouts to see what erotic zones you are stimulating now.

SHINJU works in four ways:

The rope, like a bra, supports the breasts. This support feels comfortable. Breasts and nipples (these nipples gave this bondage its name) become more sensitive to touching. It gives a feeling of being packed together, which is comforting, feels safe and supports the feeling of submission. The ropes between and under the breasts and the knots against the spine work up the erotic massage. This is relaxing as well as exciting.

SHINJU is a very versatile bondage, that can be used for many different purposes, all of them revolving

around making an introduction to/preparation for further play. It can be worn under plain clothing (for example to work - knowing this is just a warm up for later) and it can be combined with more Western play forms - such as Western style bondage - as well. **SHINJU** will make the breasts and nipples more sensitive and as a result more receptive to even the subtlest erotic stimulation.

The first bondage layer I SAKURANBO (The Cherry)

Now that you have successfully restrained the breasts, let's move on to part two of your new lingerie.

SAKURANBO - Technical description

Next you start making your «rope slip». Double up another 4 yard rope, wind it around the waist once, pull the ends through and lead the ends carefully between the legs, in between the labia. Go up again between the bottom and tie the ends next to the spine to the winding around the waist. Again, there is no extreme tightness needed here, just tension. You can create some extra erotic sensation here by making one or two extra knots in the rope that will touch the clitoris and/or the anus. Next take another three yard line and wind it around the top of the upper leg, just under the bottom. Make sure you leave one end of about ten to twelve inches and tie both ends together. The knots should be just on the outside, pressing against the bottom. You do the same thing around the other leg as well. Now you take the long ends, lead them crossover over the bottom to the spine and tie them to your waist-winding. These two ends and the knots against the under side of the bottom form the cherry, that gave this bondage its name.

This one works two ways:

erotic massage, directly to the primary erogenous zone as well as the bottom and the lower spine (check the diagrams); safety and comfort.

Juicy detail: you can wear these bondages under your normal clothing easily and for a longer period of time. Try and go shopping, have a nice dinner or go to the movies this way. The bondage will do its job, slowly but surely and it is a wonderful promise of things to come as well. Instead of using knots you might also try and use one or two small dildos.

Body harnesses KARADA (The Body)

Body harnesses too can form the basis of your bondage. Depending on your further plans, you may want to use different ones. The following pages describe two different ones: one for general purposes and one for specific suspension purposes.

KARADA - Technical description

(Japanese word for body) is another basic bondage. It is a non-suspension body harness, aiming to tease almost the entire body. Harnesses may look difficult to make, but actually it is quite simple once you figure out how it is done. If you are of an exhibitionistic nature, here is one to surprise your friends with. Harnesses are the only bondages, where a different knot is used: the overlay. Making an overlay is very simple. What you do is this: take the doubled rope and just make a single knot at the designated point using both ends at the same time. Use a twelve yard rope, double it up and make a loose loop around the neck, both single ends of the rope towards the front of the body. Now make a first overlay just above the breasts. You need a second one just under the breasts, a third one on the belly button and a fourth one on the lower belly, just above the pubic hair (or where it used to be).

Juicy detail: You can add a couple of extra knots, touching the vagina and the anus, just as in the previous bondage, of use small dildos if you like. Both ends again go in between the legs, the labia and the bottom-cheeks up over the spine and through the neck-loop. Now you split the ends go forward - one end on each side of the body, under you front-line in between the first and second overlay, go backwards again and tie the ends together (right next to the spine). You repeat this procedure again and again, until the body of your partners looks like it was a fish, freshly caught in a net. Again don't do this all too tight, just take care there is sufficient tension. This bondage is also one you can wear underneath your normal clothing for a long time and you will love it. As the scene goes on, you can tie arms, hands and legs to this harness, which makes certain your partner feels every move she makes around her entire body. Or you can tie the whole thing to a stake or a hook and your partner won't go anywhere, even with her hands and feet untied (which is a very frustrating feeling).

If you are novice this is the point where you might like to stop working on bondages and turn to other forms of erotica play. That is a good idea. You can tie down your partners hands, spread-eagle or hog-tie her onto the bed and tease and tickle her, introduce hot wax, a blindfold or other things. But, be careful, your partner now is very vulnerable and probably aroused as well, so don't overdo it. Whipping, flogging or canes is hardly ever introduced in Japanese bondage, mainly because the oversensitivity of the body. Also you may want to do what the Japanese are very good at: frustrating your partner by teasing her and then letting her sleep (if she can) in bondage and wait until the next morning to give what she really wants.

Body harnesses

KOTORI (The Little Bird)

Suspension is one of the major tricks in Japanese bondage. It looks spectacular, it is not that hard to accomplish and the effects on your partner are enormous. **KOTORI** is the Japanese word for little bird. Very appropriate in this case. You can let your partner literally glide in midair. The objective of **KOTORI** is to give your partners' body sufficient support when suspended, so she will be comfortable and the suspension can last long. Equal tension on the different windings now is even more important than ever, because, once suspended, the tension will increase severely. Like **KARADA**, **KOTORI** is slightly similar to the leather body harness.

KOTORI - Technical description

This time you start of with your longest thick rope. It needs to be thicker, because it is stronger and gives better support. Lay the middle of your rope directly under the bottom. It is a good idea if you tape the rope to the body temporarily, so you have both hands free. Lead the line (from both ends) around the legs twice (don't cross windings in the front of the body!), then lead it from front to back through the legs and make a knot right on the hot spot (vagina or anus, whichever you prefer. Lead the line halfway up the bottom, make another knot, twice around the body again and again a knot. The knots should be on opposite sides of the spine. Now you go up to waist and repeat the procedure. This is done again just under the breasts and under the arms. Next you lead both ends over the shoulders, under all the previous windings and tie it to the part of the line that goes between the legs (this will direct the effects of every movement directly to the hot spot!!).

It takes some time and practise to master this bondage and, as said before, tape can very helpful here. Once the bondage is ready you can remove the tape. Make sure the tension on all windings is even. Let your partner get used to this feeling for a while (it is a lot of rope around the body and she may have to get used to the idea that she will soon be suspend. Lifting the body may seem a tough thing to do, in fact it is a trick. There are two ways: using a table is one of them. What you do is have your partner lay down on her belly on the table, tie ropes to the bondage and to hooks in the ceiling and when you are ready, remove the table. The second method may even be an easier one. Let your partner stand and bend over forward. First you tie the waist-windings with an a line to the ceiling hook. Have her make an exact 90 degrees angle and tie the windings around her upper body to the hooks. Now you tie a rope to the upper leg windings, hoist it up (there will be almost no weight), tie it down and then do the last winding. Now all you have to do is tie her arms together in front of her head and connect them to a



hook as well. The same goes for her feet and if you like her knees. She is now completely free, belly down in midair and there is nowhere she can go.

This may look tough, in fact it is almost as if she was hanging in a net. The pressure the windings have on the body will be not more than somewhere between five and fifteen kilograms on one spot. If this is her first time, it takes her a while to adjust to the feeling. She will be slightly scared and needs time to realise she is all right and nothing can happen. A blindfold now will probably be very helpful. If you set her free after suspension, be careful because she will probably have lost her sense of direction and she needs some time to readjust. Don't try to do all this on one ceiling hook. You need at least three or four hooks in a row.

Safety: Avoid to tie the ropes directly to the hooks but use so called panic hooks in between the rope and the ceiling-hook. You can buy panic hooks in a hardware store. They are used to tie horses onto. The nice thing about a panic hook is that it takes only one quick move to release it, even under heavy tension. So if you need to move quickly, your partner is down on the ground in seconds.

More complicated bondage fun I *KANI (The Crab)*

Once a basic bondage has been made, the fun can really start by adding more and more ropes. Your creativity can go anywhere. If you check the different erotic zones you can stimulate, there is a lot you can do. There is a difference between the erotic impulse of a winding and a knot. A winding (or a couple of them) will stimulate one entire zone. A knot will stimulate a specific spot. In **SAKURANBO** for example the entire erotic zone on the upper part of the leg is stimulated, but the knot directly under the bottom-cheek will stimulate a specific spot within the entire zone. It works as an extra accent. Stimulating these zones will make the entire bottom extra receptive to stimulation. This is just what the crossover lines do, while at the same time there direct stimulation of the clitoris, the outer vagina and may be the anus. If you think that's it, there are also impulses coming from the windings around the waist and the knots against the spine. This will eventually set the entire zone on fire, since it all works together. This is mainly why flogging or whipping now would be counterproductive. Help your partner by letting her get used to and by massaging body parts before they are tied up. If you are folding arms or legs. Fold them first with your hands, then tie them up.

KANI - Technical description

How about KANI (the crab)? If you want your partner to crawl about helplessly, try this one. You start off with a basic bondage and then tie her hands to her

back. Now have her sit on her knees, take a rope and make a couple of windings around the upper and lower leg at the same time. Wind the end of the rope around the previous windings, in between the upper and lower leg and tie the ends together. You do the same thing with the other leg. She is now forced to maintain a kneeling position and she can crawl about a bit, but only sideways. The experienced bondage master, provided his partner can handle an even more intense situation, would not tie her hands on her back, but would tie her hands to her hair on either side of her head. Here is how you do that. If the hair of your partner is long enough, split it in the middle and make a tail at one side of her head. Take your 3 MM rope and wind it around the middle of the tail for about ten or so times, ten fold the tail over these windings and make another ten. Tie it down firmly, wind the rest of the rope around her wrist (careful and not too tight, because this is only thin line) and there you are. Now you do the same thing with her other hand on the other side of her head. The real experienced ones are even more cruel: they will not tie the wrist, but just the thumbs to the tails. You will find other hair-bondage techniques elsewhere in a later shibari section. These hair bondages usually make great additions to Japanese bondage, as a punishment, a humiliation or just a very intense, slightly cruel detail. For the subtle mental sadist, knowing about hair bondages is an absolute must.

More complicated bondage fun II *Anglo-oriental bondages - «Hog Tie»*

Once your basis is ready, your imagination is off into outer space. You might like to combine Japanese bondage with some of the traditional American ones, like a «hog-tie», a «frog» or a «single glove». No problem. Just do as you please. There is nothing against mixing cultures here. When combined with a suspension harness you can even have these «in space».

Japanese «hog-tie» - Technical description

After you have finished your basic bondage, tie your partners wrists together (palms facing each other) and then tie the elbows together like you would do in a single glove bondage. (This does wonders to the breasts of almost any woman, but be careful not to do this too tight, because it may hurt quite a lot). Now cross the ankles, tie them together, fold the legs and tie the ankles to the wrists.

Juicy detail: Again this is one where you can incorporate the hair. Put it into a ponytail and tie a thin line around it as described. Pull the head slightly backwards and tie the line to the wrists as well. Now all you have to is have her laying on the bed - belly down - and sit in front of her. Guess what she has to do now and cannot avoid. If you want to go for real

subtle cruelty here, just tie the thumbs and toes instead of the wrists and ankles.

The hog tie, Japanese or Western, is one of the most appealing bondages to look at (from the dom point of view) and at the same time it is one of the most frustrating bondages for a submissive. The problem for her is that she's tied up completely and cannot do anything, but the bondage does not seem to have any purpose for further play. Hence she's just kept in a bondage - and a difficult and straining for, apparently for no other reason than to be kept in it for as long as the dom pleases. She has to go through a lot of frustration, strain and pain (the hog tie is painful on the shoulders and the back, especially if it is kept in place for a longer period of time) and to her the only reason seems to be that she's just there to please the dom (which of course is very true).

This is why a hog tie also makes a perfect punishment bondage. Shibari senseis with an experienced sub will not hesitate to use the hog tie for severe punishments, such as keeping her in it for an entire night. After a punishment like that the sub will probably not be able to move about without very painful muscles for a couple of days. Nicely packed into a karada plus hog tie such a sub will know this is punishment by the time the punishment is completed and experienced subs will also know that the sensei will tighten the bondage as time progresses, up to the point where maximum strain is applied. (This however is NOT something you should do if you - and especially your sub - are unfamiliar with these techniques and untrained)

More complicated bondage fun III

KURI (The Chestnut)

KURI - Technical description

Choose your basic bondage (the «lingerie» will do very good here) and then tie the arms (palms facing) together on the back (in a full single glove if you like) and tie the ankles (parallel) together as well. Now make your partner kneel down on something soft and take a longer rope. Lay the middle of the over her upper legs as close to the belly as you can, slide the ends around the legs, under the lower legs and up in between the legs. Push her down until her bottom rests on her feet (this is traditional Japanese position) and tie the ends down between her legs. Lead the long ends go under the windings of SHINJU. Push her head down towards her knees, pull the lines, lead them under the legs, around the body (once or twice depending on how much rope you have left) and tie it at the back. She is now complete folded and looks like a KURI (chestnut). She will very quickly turn into herself as well.

Kuri too is frequently used as a punishment bondage by experienced Shibari senseis. In such cases the

sub is kept in the bondages for hours - sometimes more than a day - and either forced to eat from a bowl or not given any food and beverages at all. Usually she will be humiliated as well, which may go as far as leaving her in her own dirt (since she is obviously unable to visit the toilet) and kicking her ass, sitting on her or have others come to watch her agony and tease her. Punishment like these are used for EXPERIENCED subs, able to cope with the severity of the physical as well as mental aspects of hard cruelty and intense humiliation. Please remember that cruelty in an oriental setting is quite different from western cruelty and that what happens in an oriental setting may seem to be extremely harsh. It is in the physical sense but mentally what really happens here is that both dom and sub will go for absolutely perfection, even when it comes to punishments and that the more perfection is reached, the deeper the respect for each other will be. Please do not try to use punishments like these if you are inexperienced.

More complicated bondage fun IV

UMA (The Horse)

UMA - Technical description

Most of us have heard about the Spanish horse or the American alternative for this punishment called «ride the rail». If you have not, this is the bottom line: have a woman spread her legs and make her sit on a sharp edge. The Japanese have their own variety to this one. It is called UMA (horse). It has a lot more refinement and leaves a girl a choice between either a painful rest or a fatiguing and difficult position with erotic excitement. If you have no ceiling hooks, you may want to install these now. You need a ten or twelve yard piece of rope and two four hard ropes. You start with tying her hands down on her back in any position you desire, then make her stand and tie her ankles together in a parallel position. The next thing you do is tie the long rope to one of the hooks lead it through the legs and in between the labia and tie the other end to the other hook. Pull up this rope to the point where she is forced to stand on her toes, then tie it down and leave her be.

She now has two choices. If she wants to rest and stand on her feet instead of her toes, the rope between her legs will torture her delicate parts (she will be back on her toes in no time). Standing on her toes is tiring and she is off balance. The slightest movement however will cause erotic excitement. And all this time she cannot go anywhere. Combine this with a blindfold (thus making it a lot more difficult to maintain balance) or with some teasing and tickling and both of you will have the time of your life. Again the trick is to take your time and let her do the work herself.

More complicated bondage fun V

AI (Love)

AI - Technical description

Asymmetric bondage is a separate technique within Japanese bondage and it has its own special features. A symmetric bondage is a lot more easier to cope with. Asymmetric bondage will confuse your mind completely (especially if you are blindfolded) In this one you will want SHINJU as a basic only, thus leaving open your possibilities for other games with the vagina. This bondage, called AI (love) is by far the best one for sexual play, not only because of the position but because it allows your partner to wriggle and wrestle. This is THE bondage for anyone with a «forced sex» fantasy. Tie the wrists together (crossover) in front of the body and tie the arms to the waist. Have your partner laying on her back. Next tie one leg like you would do in the KANI bondage (folded up) and tie the other leg stretched up towards the ceiling to a ceiling hook. She is now completely vulnerable, unable to close her legs, her hands will want to but just cannot cover up her vagina and you can do whatever pleases you.

Mindfucking

Asymmetric bondage in combination with blindfolds form a great basis for what is known as mindfucking: use all sorts of psychological tricks to boggle the mind completely and play with your sub's uncertainty and fears. For example, if you have her tied up and blindfolded like this, bring something in the room that has a penetrating odour: lysol or dettol may be a very good idea. Either just open the bottle or pour something out on a saucer. She will not be able to identify the scent immediately and all sorts of fears and ideas will creep up in her mind. Spray a bit of after shave on her clit (which will burn like hell), ring the doorbell, do anything totally unexpected. If you have some diesel available (Zippo lighter fuel will do the same trick) spray some on your clothing (to her that will make her think you brought in the guy from the local car repair shop).

If you never smoke a cigar or a pipe, light one now - put the food processing machine next to her and turn it on (use the sound - and ONLY the sound - of your drill if you like). In other words, do unexpected things - work with smells, sounds and effects. We can assure you the two of you will have all the fun in the world. Be carefull !

More complicated bondage fun VI

NIWATORI (The Chicken)

NIWATORI - Technical description

A chicken may be bird but it cannot fly, so its wings are useless limbs. This is exactly what NIWATORI (chicken) is aiming at. What you want is to fixate the arms on the back completely so your partner can

walk about but cannot do much. You start the bondage with SHINJU again, only this the windings are not only around the body, but around the arms (stretched neatly next to the body) aswell. You need longer ropes for your windings, evidently. Once you have completed your adapted SHINJU you pick on of your 3 MM lines and interconnect the front and back of the windings in between the arm and the body with windings across the original ones. You need to do this four times, twice on every side of the body. The upper arms are now fixed against the torso.

A good tip is to let this be the first stage of your bondage and take some time now. Your partner can not free herself but she can still use her hands to a certain extent. This is where you could ask her to pour you a cup of copy or make you a sandwich. She might still be wearing jeans or a skirt and be only topless, so why not order her to be your topless bartender or waitress for the evening. With a little effort she can do almost anything and the more she moves, the more excitement the ropes will cause.

The next stage is to wrap a rope around one of her wrists leaving an end of about ten inches. Fold the arm on the back in such a way that the elbow makes a nice 90 degree angle and tie it to the previous windings. You may want to stop again now and make her do some work, this time with one hand only. It is all up to you. Since her arms have enough support she can stand this for ages. But you might also proceed with the other arm in the same manner at the same time. If you are looking for some extra support, wrap another line around both the lower arms thus interconnecting them. Now she can no longer use her hands and the both of you can have a whole lot fun.

SHIMA

SHIMA (The Island) is a combination bondage for a specific goal: total meditation. It is called the island because its aim to entirely exclude the outside world and bring the sub in contact with her most deep emotions. When you have finished she will be on her knees, folded like a harmonica.

This is what you do:

Step one: start with a basic layer, made out of SHINJU and SAKURANBO and let get used to this. For example, you might put this bondages on beneath her clothes and take her out for dinner.

Step two: tie the wrists parallel on the back, bring the elbows together and tie these as well - to too close, just enough to built a little tension on the shoulders, that's all.

Step three: once your sub is used to this, start with your final layer. You need a 4 or 5 meter (4.5 to 5 yards) rope for this. Have her sit upright on her knees, her bottom resting on her feet. Since she may be there for quite a while you might considering proving



her with a cushion or pillow to kneel on. Lay your rope over her upper legs - even lengths at either side. Slip both ends under her legs and pull them up again in between the legs so her legs will now be fixed in the folded, kneeling position. Next, slip both ends under the torso windings of both SAKURANBO and SHINJU, starting with the windings around the waist. The ends next go in between the legs again and are pulled out on either side. All you have to do now is push her head down, adjust the tension of your final rope so she is forced into the folded position and tie the ends on her back, fastening them to the back of the SHINJU «V» to avoid the rope slipping to her neck which can be very painful. Your sub can now no longer move and is forced to remain like this until you decide it is time for other things.

SHIMA is considered to be a very good preparation for more spectacular and difficult bondages, such as forms of suspension or combinations with UMA.

Other important aspects

Now that you have learned many different Japanese bondages and have also learned how to incorporate your own creativity into your Japanese bondage there are some important aspects you should not forget. Here they are.

Unwinding

Unwinding is just as important as building up. To start with most of the Japanese bondages, especially the suspended ones, are physically tough. Your partner has probably been bound for several hours or possibly a whole day or night. (Don't be surprised if she asks or even begs not to remove the ropes!!! It is very likely she feels like you are steeling them away from her!!). Expect her muscles to be more or less fixed into the tied position and in general, getting out of a Japanese bondage is much like stepping out of the cinema into the street again. In other words, back from the fantasy into reality. Adjusting to reality may take (quite) a while. Getting back to a «normal» position may be somewhat difficult and painful. She will no doubt feel her muscles for a couple of days.

Rule number one is: do not untie the whole thing too quickly. If your partner has been suspended, bring her back to the ground, leave the rest of the bondage in place and apply some gentle massage. Then slowly «unpack» her, bit by bit and keep massaging. Support limbs that have been folded before and while bringing them back to a normal position and do this very slowly. Do not stretch it out all at once, but step by step. We don't want any muscles being hurt or damaged. Massage and warmth are very important now. Once your partner is completely «unpacked» see that she keeps warm enough (have a blanket available) and hug, hug, hug and hug. Be loving, tender, warm and intimate. She is very likely to feel very intense emotions now and

don't be surprised if tears (of happiness) come out.

Clever pro-tip: many women will appreciate it if you leave the basic bondage in place. Many would like to sleep in it or just feel it for some more time as a pleasant memory. If your partner does not ask for it herself, don't hesitate to try it anyway. You will probably hit the bulls' eye. If you really want to make your partner happy now the Japanese way have some warm water with a few drops of menthol and eucalyptus available and gently wash her body. Have some hot towels ready to cover her body and don't forget to do some more massage. A pro in Japanese bondage will prepare his own massage oil. These are mostly based on either walnut or almond oil, with some herbs or crushed flowers (roses will do very nicely) added to it. You can use rose-oil if you can get your hands on it, a drop of perfume, menthol or whatever it is you like. Warm it up gently (by placing the bottle in a bucket with warm water) before you apply it. A good trick to ease the muscle pain is to add a crushed aspirin to your massage oil. The painkilling ingredients will find their way to the muscles through the skin.

On the practical side - since Japanese bondages take so long, it is very likely your sub will want to visit the bathroom now. Do not let her go alone, but accompany her and make sure your ropes are out of the way. She may be a little dizzy and she will surely still be «up on a cloud» somewhere, so she is likely to trip over any loose ropes.

Food and drinks

Food and especially drinks are an important part of your after care. The body has done a lot of work, it needs fluids now. You could finish your «picnic» now (for example in bed together). The best thing to do is to have some Gatorade (or any equivalent) available to kill the first thirst. After that you may want to open a bottle of warm sake. In the event you did not prepare any food, make sure you have some high energy food available. You do not have to do anything really specific here. A simple sugar lump or a bit of chocolate will help greatly.

What to avoid?

In general, all you need to do is to take the normal precautions as you would do in any other alternative erotic game. Japanese bondage is NOT a game for people with heart diseases, who are diabetic, epileptic or suffer from claustrophobia or hypertension. The physical strain is too much and too complex and the bondages are too difficult to get out of quickly unless you use a knife or bondage scissors. Because a scene may take quite sometime a practical tip is to have your partner use the bathroom before you start and don't have her drink too much prior to or during the scene (you can take of that afterwards but make sure you let her drink a bit

regularly during the scene).

Japanese bondage - as said before - is not something you can learn overnight. Repeated training and experimenting, a good eye for details, beauty and aesthetics and teamwork are required here. So do experiment and try out without really going into a scene and communicate. And - most of all - have lots and lots of fun.

Complementary techniques I *Precision pain impulses*

Japanese bondage is a technique that is difficult to combine with other forms of erotic power exchange play. Because of the constant need for balance and the effective use of shiatsu pressure points some forms of play, such as whipping, will only work counterproductive. Your best bet is to stick to the proven complementary techniques, the Japanese have developed themselves.

The Japanese combine bondage with very precise techniques to apply very local, pinpointed pain impulses. The most common techniques for this purpose is the use of relatively mild impulses, such as the application of candle wax or clamps (frequently clothes pins). For advanced players - sometimes, especially towards the end of the scene, these may very well lead to a crescendo. Please be advised that whatever you see on pictures and in videos, this usually is advanced play and something you should do without being prepared and experienced.

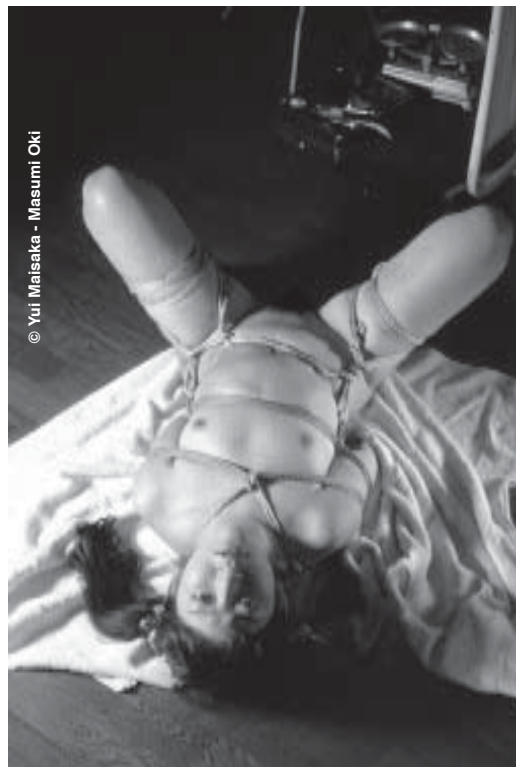
Candle wax drips: By dripping candle wax on specific areas, such as the breasts or the genital area, you can give «accents», temporarily concentrating your subs attention to one specific area. This is frequently done after the bondage has lasted for quite a while, mainly as a «refreshing» technique. Some accidental drips are usually sufficient to get the required effect and attention.

Candle wax designs: Quite often, as an «accent» as well as for aesthetic reasons, designs are drawn on the subs body using candle wax. They are usually symbols or just free hand designs with no particular meaning. It takes a very steady hand and quite a bit of experience to be able to do this and you may want to practise this before using it in a real scene.

Candle wax pouring: A technique that brings about a crescendo of pain impulses is pouring candlewax in large amounts, creating a «hot» waterfall. This is not without risk. It is done by melting one or more entire candles and pouring it onto the subs body. One has to make sure the fuses are taken out of the wax first and the wax must not be too hot (test one or two drips on your own skin first!). The «burning» effect on the skin will last longer than the effect of individual drips, simply because it takes longer for wax to cool down.

Clamp accents: Clamps can be used to give the same «accents». In general clothes pins are used and usually not or not only on the obvious locations such as nipples and vagina, but on random spots on the skin, including lips, ears and armpits.

Japanese rose: The Japanese rose is a very intense form of nipple torture, done in the following way. Clothes pins are placed circular round the nipple. Experienced subs may even be able to handle two or three concentric rings of pins on the breasts. One or more rings will focus the concentration almost entirely on the nipple, where the final clamp or pin is placed.



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Removing clamps: The Japanese in general will built up a «garden of clamps» on the subs body. This may go as far as a hundred or more. The clamps are removed in different ways, depending on the result you want to achieve. If you want to create one big crescendo, they are rubbed off in one go. Alternatively (if your sub can handle this) you may also pick (or pull) them off one by one. Very experienced doms will sometimes use a riding crop to whip them off one by one.

You will have noticed that - apart from creating a pain crescendo - the pain impulses used seem to be relatively mild, compared to other play forms. That is only illusion. Because of the fact that your

subs body is already tensed, stretched and stimulated in all sorts of ways, there is no escape and as a result of the psychological effects of your bondage the effects of pain impulses may be five to ten times more intense than when used in a more standard erotic power exchange scene. For this reason the general advice is to be careful with adding pain impulses and to built up very slowly. Japanese

subs are trained carefully and over a long period of time to be able to handle Japanese bondages and the extra effects and the pictures or videos you see usually involve well-trained subs that have much greater physical capabilities, compared to an inexperienced western sub.

Needles: Another complementary technique is the use of needles. Preferably use acupuncture needles for this, available from the average Chinese or Japanese health shop. You can buy them pre-sterilized and packed separately, suitable for one time use only. Puncture the skin only, never try to put the needle deep into the flesh, both for safety reasons as well as because of the fact that deep penetration will NOT increase the impulse. The sensitive nerve ends you want to trigger are in and just below the skin. Avoid arteries and concentrate on fleshy parts only when using needles.

The main effect of needles is psychological, not physical and as such the psychological effect is more than enough. The short pain impulse, the slightly stretched and tensed skin in the area where the needle was brought through the skin is what creates the effect, combined with the act of introducing needles itself.

In the event you want to be really cruel (but be VERY CAREFUL) you may want to use a candle or your lighter and heat up the end of one or two or the inserted needles. This is painful and causes a very tiny burnwound that will eventually heal completely. Be aware that this may PERMANENTLY damage a nerve end.

Complementary techniques II

Humiliation

Humiliation is an important part of Japanese bondage, since it emphasizes the helplessness and as such magnifies the effect of the bondage itself. Again this is a technique that requires skill and knowledge. Remember that your sub, when in a Japanese bondage, is extremely vulnerable, physically as well as mentally and like pain accents humiliations - even mild ones - may have a tremendous impact.

Physical humiliation: Clamps are often used to create humiliating effects. On the ears and nose for example placing clamps has a very dramatic psychological effect. Placing clamps on the lips or

tongue will make talking difficult. The Japanese use a very humiliating punishment for subs that either talk too much or beg for mercy during a bondage session. In these cases a strong (American or butterfly) clamp is placed on the tongue and the clamp is either tied to something or a weight is attached to it so the tongue will be pulled, making it impossible for the sub to speak and forcing her to drool. This punishment is both painful as well as humiliating and should not be used without prior communication about it.

Sexual humiliation: By using dildos, vibrators or brushes the sub will often be aroused during a Japanese bondage session. This will add to the arousal created by the bondage itself of course. She will not be allowed the relief of an orgasm, thus intensifying the sensation of being utterly helpless and at the mercy of the dom. Alternatively the Japanese dom will introduce forms of sexual stimulation the

sub considers difficult, such as anal stimulation.

Bitching: Bitching is another, in the Maledom/femsub culture usually advanced - form of humiliation. Verbal teasing and (mild) degradation is uncommon in Maledom/femsub play, but certainly not uncommon among Japanese. You may want to take a careful route here, since bitching can have long lasting, devastating psychological effects. Belittling her sexual efforts or her cries of pain may be very appealing (and very effective), but are certainly not without risk.

The experienced Japanese Bondage sensei will probably make every effort to make his submissive partner feel used and abused - however EMPHASIZE experienced. Stepping on the sub, kicking her, slapping her face, punishing her for her cries of pain and terror and (severely) punishing her for not suffering enough may all be part of the interaction. However, this requires a very high level of mutual trust and a long time relationship.

Other humiliation: A specific oriental form of humiliation is letting your sub urinate while the the dom (or others) watch, since this is considered extremely humiliating. Quite often the sub is not given any relief and her natural urge will be intensified forcing her to urinate while in bondage and being left like this.



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Urine cookies: Again a very specific oriental form of humiliation are urine cookies. In these cases the sub is forced to urinate and flour will be added to it. This mixture is rolled into small balls and the sub will be forced to eat these.

Support bondages III

FUTO (The Envelop)

FUTO - Technical description

FUTO is much like the Western style single glove bondage. The only difference is that the arms are completely immobilized on the back. Again this one may require some training and is usually only possible to make with very slim subs. The bondage lays a lot of tension on the shoulders and (if not built up with sufficient time and patience) may cause dislocated shoulders.

Step one: Lay both arms on the back as parallel as possible and tie the wrists together, using the parallel technique. Leave sufficient space between the wrists. Next push the elbows towards each-other without using force and tie them together.

Step two: Allow for sufficient time. As time progresses the muscles will get used to this position and the bondage can be adjusted, pulling the elbows closer together. You may want to wait for a second adjustment before you finalize the bondage (in the meantime you can of course concentrate on other parts of your bondage or your scene).

Step three: Tie both the elbows and the wrists to the torso (or for example to the KARADA or other body harness you now have in place) and completely immobilize the arms.

FUTO is generally used during training sessions, where the sub is trained to move, walk, bow and great in the appropriate way. Even though the Japanese have had a very formal training ever since childhood - for traditionally raised girls this includes the famous «silent walking» - taking very small, quick steps and moving forward almost without moving the rest of the body - Japanese dominants will usually go through lengthy training with their subs to perfect everything. Moving about, grace, style and politeness are valued highly and often training a sub will take several years and almost daily training.

Support bondages IV

Wet Bondages

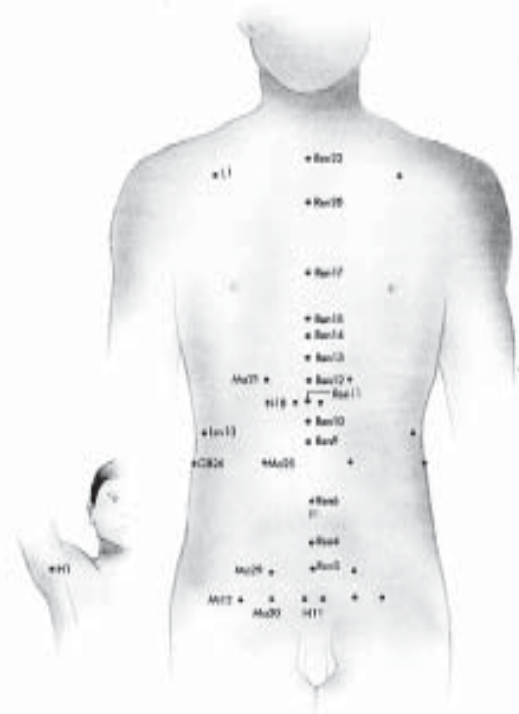
Wet bondages are a technique, used by advanced Shibari sensei (bondage masters). Using wet ropes will make sure the bondage tightens over time, as the ropes dry. This is not without risk. In the event

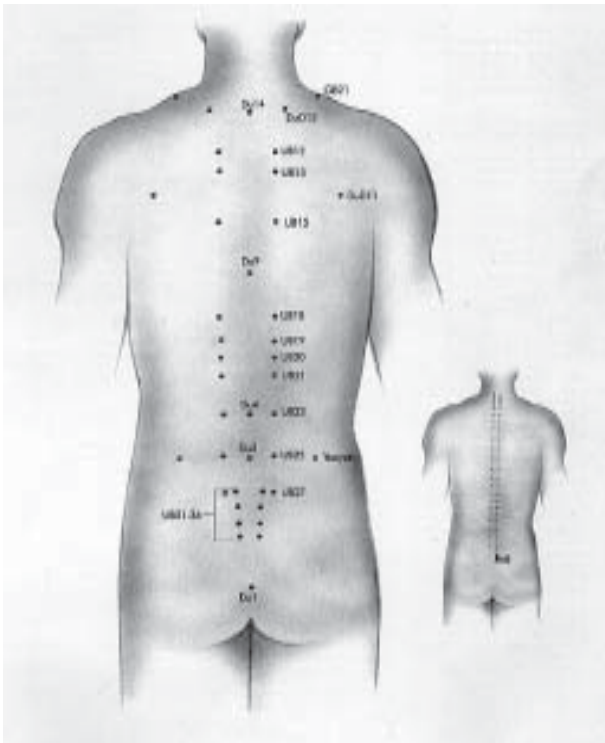
the ropes get too tight, they may easily block arteries and even crush ribs and another bones.

Wet ropes As we have already explained Japanese bondages require regular tightening. Experienced bondage masters will do this by using wet ropes. This however is a technique that requires skill. It should never be used on parts of the bondage - especially arms, legs, wrists and ankles - that may obstruct the bloodstream when tightened. However, it can be safely used for SHINJU, KARADA and SAKURANBO.

Using wet rope also creates another effect. In the beginning the wet rope will create an extra sense of discomfort. The sub will want the rope to dry, in order to diminish the discomforting feeling of wet rope on her body. However, as the ropes dry and the rope tightens, she may not exactly get what she wished for. It also brings about a new fear: the tightening ropes will leave most subs worried about whether the knots can be undone again easily.

If you like to use this technique you need to use hemp and make your ropes wet. The Japanese use ropes, made from rice plants. It is relatively rough and the main advantage is in the ability of the rice plant - hence the rope - to soak up water. Rice rope will soak up larger quantities of water, hence will shrink more while drying. Of course the health hazards are a lot lot greater, so the general advice is to stick to regular hemp. Do not entirely soak them in water but spray them. The ropes should be damp, not wet, to avoid the ropes becoming too tight. As the hemp dries it shrinks and thus tightens the bondage slowly





and automatically. If you are using cotton ropes you can use this technique by making the ropes wet after the bondage has been put in place. Cotton shrinks as it gets wet.

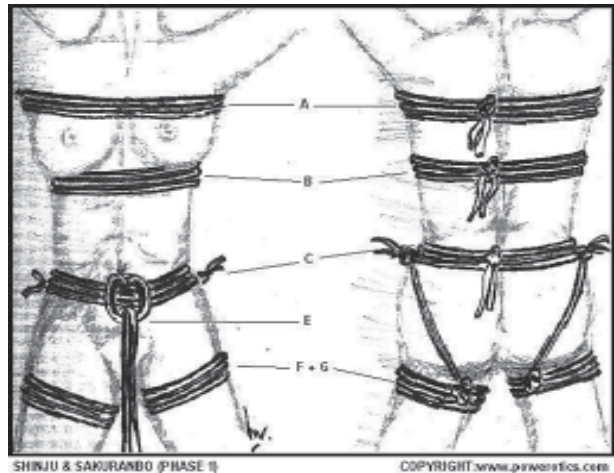
Wet sheets

A non-rope Japanese mummification is done with wet sheets. Wrap your sub in wet sheets and pull them tight. As the sheets dry they will shrink and the mummification will become even tighter. By using a hair dryer you can not only speed up this process, but also determine what areas you want to shrink first and by doing so you can add accents to your bondage.

Shiatsu pressure points

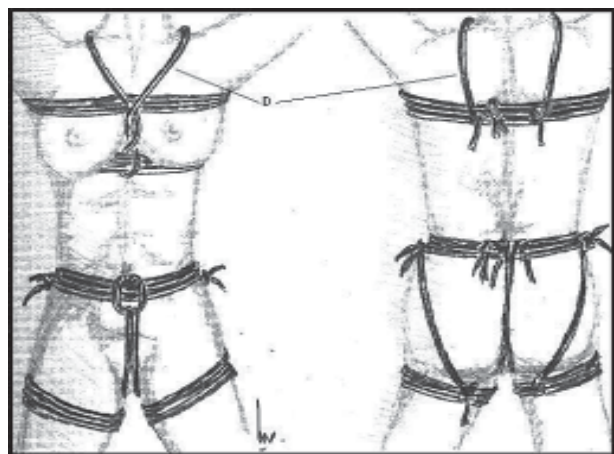
An important factor in Japanese bondage is erotic stimulation by the ropes through the use of so called pressure points on the body that will create a certain amount of erotic stimulation. This is the schematic chart of where the pressure points can be found on the female body. You may have to search for them and the amount of stimulation is different from person to person. The prolonged stimulation of the points by the tension of the ropes crossing them is what creates the upbuilding erotic tension. By placing a knot directly on a pressure point, the effect is intensified.

The spinal pressure points are found just next to the spine, so not on top of it. Knots should therefore always be placed next to the spine. Since most of the knots will be made on the back, the stimulation of the spinal area usually is the most intense, causing the sub to want to wriggle her body to intensify the effect of the knots.



SHINJU & SAKURABO (PHASE 1)

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SHINJU & SAKURABO (PHASE 2)

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Alternate use

Of course there is nothing against using these pressure points in an erotic massage. To do this, place your fingers lightly on one of the points and make tiny circles, leaving your fingers in one place at all times. Except for the genital area the pressure points are exactly the same for men (so you can have your sub massage you in the same way). The «breast» pressure point exists on the male body as well but may sometimes be difficult to find.

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www.powerotics.com - Thanx to Hans Meijer

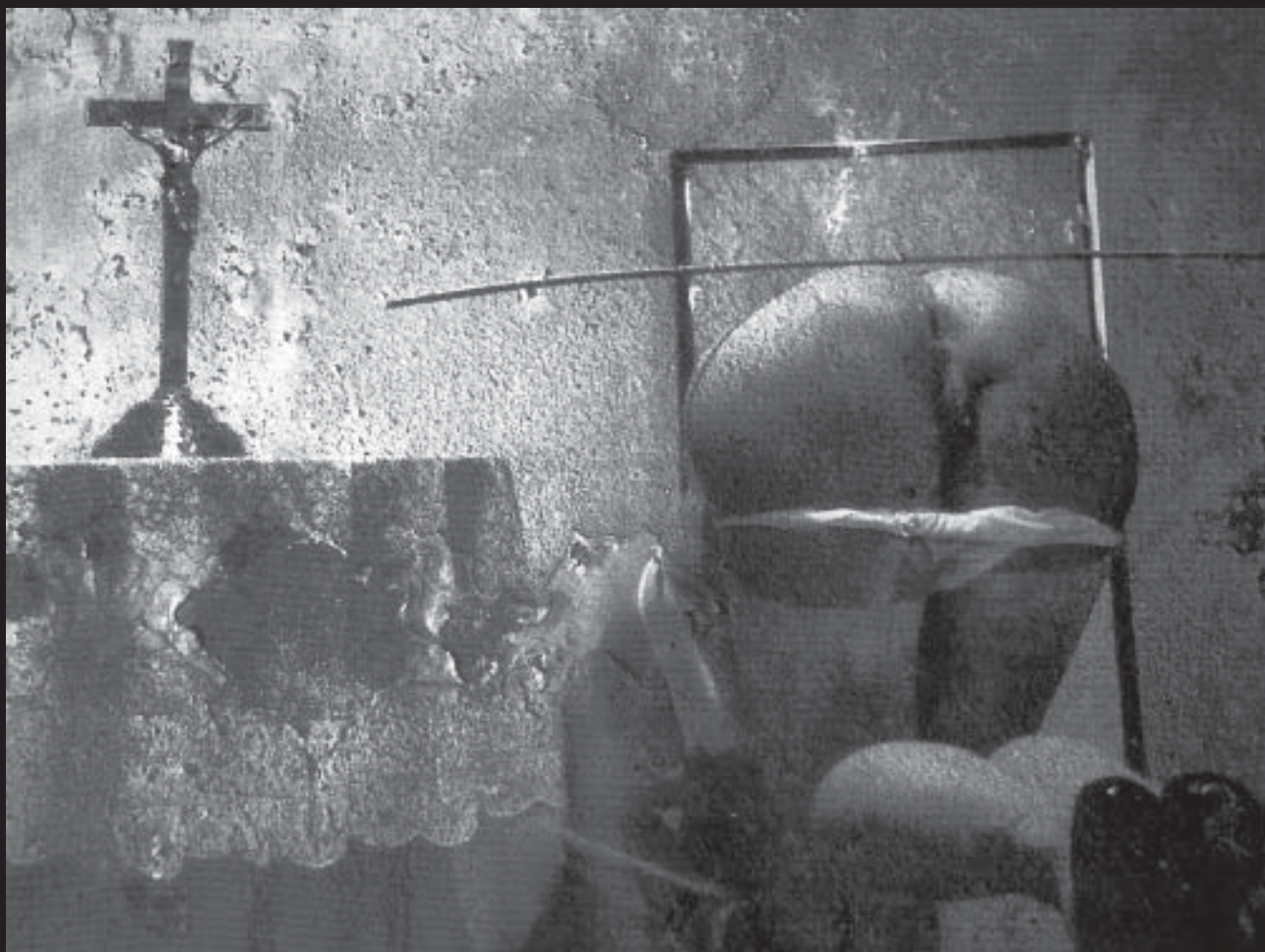
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BASIC BONDAGE

Anybody embarking on the bondage 'scene' does so for their own reasons. These reasons are outside the scope of this article which is aimed at the "HOW" of bondage, rather than the "WHY". For the benefit of this article, I have had to make some assumptions which are as follows: (a) The subject is willing. (b) The subject is clothed in a manner that makes the whole body accessible, e.g. in a catsuit or similar garment; (c) The subject being bound I have called "the slave" and the person carrying out the bindings I have called "the master".

Before we start rendering the slave helpless I reiterate the primary rules that should always be observed:

1. Never bind an unwilling slave (if she is not in the mood, don't persist).
2. Agree beforehand an emergency release signal and act on it immediately.
3. Agree beforehand how and why the slave is to be bound and, if necessary, for how long.
4. Never exceed a slave's pain tolerance.
5. Remember, the slave is a human being made up of bone, flesh and blood - never do anything that will, in the slightest way, cause damage.
6. Remember bondage activities are for the pleasure of both the master and the slave.
7. Never leave a gagged slave unattended for a moment.

CONSIDERATIONS

You must now decide:

1. To what degree is the slave to be bound, i.e. partially/ completely helpless?
2. To what fixtures, if anything, is the slave to be bound?
3. What medium shall be utilised?
4. Will the slave be gagged/-blindfolded?

Take each point in turn.

1. Degree

This is just the basic consideration binding, say, the arms to a helpless state or merely impeding their movements. Similarly, are the legs to be bound to immobility or rendered useless? Generally, you will probably bind the arms and legs either wholly immobile or wholly impeded, depending on the scenario for your actions.

2. Fixtures

When binding your slave, you can either bind her and then leave her lying or standing on the floor or a bed or similar item. Alternatively, of course, you can elect to bind her, for example, to a chair, to a bed, to a tree, to a post, to a beam, or to any other fixed item that ensures that she will not move from the position you have chosen to bind her. However, whatever fixture is used, always ensure that there are no sharp edges digging into her body at any point, as this could cause unnecessary suffering on her behalf.

3. Mediums

The most popular medium used in bondage to secure your slave is rope, presumably because it is cheap and freely available. However, pick your rope with care. There are man-made fibre ropes and natural ropes. The man-

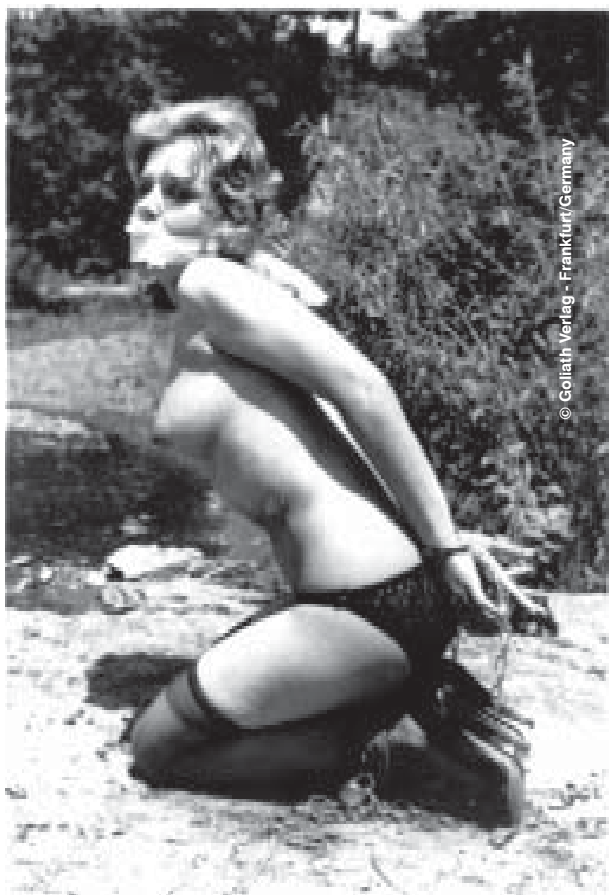
made fibre ropes, generally nylon, whilst excellent for mountaineering, are best avoided in bondage as they do not absorb the sweat generated by your slave's struggles (assuming the rope is touching a part of her bare skin) and also cannot be as easily knotted as a natural fibre rope. Equally, natural fibre ropes should be chosen with care. Always use the most supple you can obtain, avoiding those ropes with little bits sticking out from all over their sides.

Other mediums of restraint are: chains, the size and thickness being chosen to individual needs; rubber straps, which can be proprietary items or hand made from tyre inner tubes; elasticated straps, like those used on the panniers of motorcycles, leather straps, width and thickness again to suit your needs.

Finally, custom built equipment can be used, but more of this later. Before closing this item always take care.



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A rubber strap, tied to the correct tension, will give that exquisite gentle squeeze loved by most people. Too tight, it will stop blood circulation. Too loose, it will fall off and you will then be the target of ridicule.

Leather straps provide no such squeezing action, but twisted, the side will dig into the body and cause discomfort.

Chains I normally use only for impeding movement, i.e. chaining the wrists say a foot apart. Or chaining the ankles together leaving a small length of chain to allow a limited movement. Chains fastened tightly to your slave's body, unless applied carefully, will dig in uncomfortably and again cause unnecessary discomfort.

The tension on a rope can be precisely controlled. A rope can bind your slave's wrists together securely and comfortably. At the same time, the same rope fastened a fraction tighter can bind her wrists together securely, but be painfully uncomfortable.

The moral is quite simple - tighten your bondage medium enough for security and no more.

4. Gags/blindfolds

There are two basic types of gags, namely:

- (a) Those that inhibit speech.
- (b) Those that impede speech.

A subtle but vital difference when considering how to gag your slave.

Blindfolds, or blinkers as some people prefer to call them, can either render your slave totally incapable of sight or

they can severely restrict her field of vision.

BREAKDOWN

The human body can be broken down into five basic areas, each of which should be attended to in turn when binding your slave. The areas are:

- (a) The head.
- (b) The upper torso (shoulders to waist)
- (c) The lower torso (waist to buttocks)
- (d) The arms
- (e) The legs

In the following suggestions on bondage poses, each part of the body is dealt with in turn, but before we start, there is need, I feel, to discuss basic bondage methods.

BASICS

To avoid repetition in the following narrative, one of the following basic means of binding two parts of the body or the body to an object, are used. The positions described make it obvious which means is utilised.

A. Rope Handcuff

In this position, the wrists are placed together such that the palms of the hands are facing one another, the elbows are side by side, the ankles are together side by side, the knees are together side by side, indeed any two parts of the body are together or a part of the body (wrist, ankle etc) is placed adjacent to a fixing point (bed post etc), to be bound together.



Proceed as follows:

Wrap a rope five or six times round the wrists, say, not too tightly. Then twist the ropes around one another before passing them at right angles over and around the previous bonds, say, four times, tightening gently at each turn before



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knotting (using a reef knot, not a slip knot) well away from nimble prying fingers. These latter ropes have the effect of inching the former ropes, forming, effectively; a pair of rope handcuffs.

B. The Cross - Method 1.

This method is most popularly used on the crossed wrists although, of course, it can equally be used on crossed ankles or where an arm or leg is tied at right angles to a fixing.



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Tie a rope six times around the crossed wrists. Then tie the ropes six times around the crossed wrists. Now tie the rope at right angles to the previous ropes, circling them as for the rope handcuffs.

C. The Cross - Method 2.

Tie a rope around the wrists six times. Now tie the rope at right angles to the previous ropes, cinching them as for the rope handcuffs. The above are the three basic methods for binding wrists, ankles, elbows and knees, and all other bonds to other parts of the body are a variation on these basic themes.



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BONDAGE POSITIONS

1. Bondage to a Chair

If it is your intention to bind your slave to a chair and expect her to be there on your return, then there is only one way to achieve this and that is to hoist her feet off the floor. Once you have done this, providing your ropework is satisfactory, the job is as good as done.

To demonstrate what I mean, sit on a chair, grasp your ankles in each hand and pull your feet off the floor as high as you can. Although not quite the same effect, you will quickly realise that moving the chair is impossible. You will also quickly realise that the tendency of the human body in this position is to slide forward in the seat.

Consequently, prevention of this sliding effect must be attended to first of all when binding your slave to a chair. However, before we start, and without wishing to enter into a lengthy narrative on chair design (clearly audible

sighs of relief all round), I would recommend that when selecting a suitable chair on which to bind your slave, the chair seat is preferably no wider than her hips and that the chair back comes either to point in line with her bust, or higher than her head, and is also no wider than her body at bust level. Otherwise, the type (steel/ wood) and upholstery (bare/padded) should be to your taste. These points will then ensure a secure bond, which is, after all, what we are seeking.

Proceed as follows:

Tie the centre of a fairly long piece of rope three times



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around her waist, knotting in the centre front. Allow the excess rope to hang down and then draw between her legs. Sit your slave down and, as you do so, draw the excess rope through the chair back. Loop the rope around the chair back centre upright, pull tightly (strangely, the tighter the better) and securely knot. Now tie the excess rope around the slave's waist and the chair back and knot (in front if the hands are to be bound behind her back and vice versa). This will have now secured the lower torso. Now turn your attention to her upper torso.

Assuming a high backed chair, using the four points of the top corners of the chair back and where the chair back meets the chair seat, crisscross ropes across the slave's body, the ropes crossing between the breasts.

Assuming a low backed chair, tie the end of the rope to the top corner of the chair back, pass the rope around the front of the slave (above her breasts) and secure to the opposite chair back corner, the ropes not encompassing the arms. Repeat until secure. With a low backed chair, do not try the crisscross method of the high backed chair as this will press down on the shoulders, tending to compress the slave's body, soon causing unnecessary discomfiture.



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The arms and legs are now to be dealt with. Start with the legs. As previously mentioned, it is essential to lift the slave's feet off the floor. With her torso now well and truly secured, the easiest method is to proceed as follows:

Loop the end of a rope, say, four times around the ankle and knot. Now pull the leg outwards, backwards and upwards, looping the rope over the chair at the point where the seat meets the back, and secure. Now tie the excess rope around both ankles and chair and knot; repeat with the other ankle on the opposite side of the chair and the



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job is done.

A second method is to tie the ankles together in the classic rope handcuff way, then tie the end of a second rope around the bound ankles and knot. Now pass the excess rope under and behind the chair, pulling the legs back as you do this. Now loop the rope around the centre upright of the chair back and pull away until the bound ankles are clear of the floor and securely knot. Now wrap the excess rope around the ankles and the chair back, making



the final knot down at the ankles where the slave knows she will not be able to reach and driving home to her even more the point that it is you, the Master, and not her, the Slave, who will decide when she goes free.

A third method, if your slave is nimble enough, is for her to cross her legs on the chair rail, bind the ankles together and then secure the rope ends to the top corners of the chair back.

One final but important word of warning - whichever method you use to bind her legs (and the above methods only scratch the surface of the number of combinations possible) if you wish to bind her knees together, then always bind the ankles first, and finally position the legs. The reason is very simple. If you wish to bind both knees and ankles and then try to bend the legs, this will stretch the front thigh muscles, which will try and straighten. However, with the knees bound, this will be impossible and the thigh muscles will get damaged. Therefore, if you bend the legs first, the thigh muscles will have stretched after which point you can safely bind the knees.

Now turn your attention to the arms. Remember that at the end of each arm is a hand and on each hand are four fingers and a thumb. The dexterity with which these fingers and thumbs can be used in a woman defeats all normal



understanding on the interpretation of the word 'dexterity'. Gloves, which reduce considerably the sense of touch, are only the first step in rendering your slave's arms useless (in addition to protecting her delicate skin).

I will list below some of the more popular methods of binding your slave's arms, but please remember the limit is only your own imagination. The first assumes a high backed chair. Simply bind each arm in turn to the outside edge of the chair back, at numerous points using the rope handcuff method with each bond.

The second method, again assuming a high backed chair, is to wrap the arms around the chair back, bind the crossed wrists as previously described and also tie each arm to the chair back where they meet.

The third method, assuming the chair back is narrow



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enough, is to lay the arms together behind the back so that the left wrist can be bound to the right elbow and the right wrist to the left elbow, after which each bond point can be fixed to the chair back to ensure total immobility.

The fourth method is to tie the outstretched arms to a pole at various numerous points and then bind the pole to the chair back.

The fifth method is to use a shorter pole. Tie the upper arms to the pole and the pole to the chair back. If the remainder of the arms are left unbound, your slave will not be able to free herself as her arms will flap uselessly in the air. However, to complete the bondage, fold the arms back on themselves and tie the wrist as closely as possible to the shoulder.

The sixth method assumes a low backed chair. Pull the arms up and over the chair back and bind the elbows together as close as the anatomy of your slave will allow and then bind the bound elbows to the top of the chair back. Now bind the wrists together and then secure them to the chair and the job is done.

There is no end to the positions you can use, and when combined with her leg bondage, your slave will be totally and completely helpless when bound to her chair.

2. Bondage to a Post

Perhaps there is no sight more likely to stir the blood of most males (and females?) in this world than the sight from a Wild West picture where the heroine (clad, of course, in leather boots, skirt, bolero, hat and gloves) is tied helplessly to a totem pole, awaiting her fate at the hands of her Indian captors.

But wait a minute. If her captors have tied her to that pole as well as most film/ TV producers think is necessary, then the poorest excuse of a cough, the merest suggestion of

a sneeze and the slightest hint of a wriggle, and her bonds will fall into a loose pile around her ankles and she will be off.

The bird will have flown, so to speak.

If you want to tie someone to a pole and expect her to be unable to escape, then the critical consideration, when applying the bonds, is leverage. Deny her her leverage and you deny her freedom.

First, take a pole. It should be smooth and completely free of any and all projections which might obtrude and hurt your slave. About four inches diameter is ideal although larger and smaller poles are perfectly acceptable providing they are rigid.

Once you have your pole and suitably attired slave, just



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as with the chair bondage, apply yourself to each part of the body in turn.

Firstly, tie the slave's torso to the pole. Use the rope handcuff method. Even though the slave and the pole are two different sizes, the rope handcuff method still works as the principle is the same - differing sizes are irrelevant.

I suggest you bind above the breasts, below the breasts, at the waist, at the hips and the top of the thighs at crotch level.

Now turn your attention to the slave's legs. Bind them together first, again using the rope handcuffs at not less than two points, above the knees and the ankles.

Now tie the bound legs to the pole again using the rope handcuff method. I suggest again at the ankles, the calves,



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below the knees, again above the knees and the middle of her thighs.

Now tie her arms. Depending on the size of the pole and the suppleness of your slave, there are various positions you can employ. Namely, down the side of her body, or pulled up over the head, or pulled behind the pole and bound together and then to the pole. Whichever method is used, always secure at as many points as you can.

Always remember, if the slave cannot bend her body or

legs or arms, then she cannot apply leverage and she cannot get free.

The above is what I call the "classic" method. There is also what I refer to as the "honeycomb" or "crisscross" method.

Standing the slave against the post, bind her ankles together and then using the centre of a very long rope, bind her bound ankles to the pole.

Now working both ends of the second rope simultaneously, wrap the rope upwards and around her body so that a diamond effect is created over her form. Tie the rope ends around the pole (not her neck) and there you are. However, I would warn that unless applied exceptionally well (two people are best applying these ropes) this method is more decorative than secure and is only recommended for use when your slave wishes to be bound less stringently than normal and gives her word not to struggle too violently.

The above assumes that your slave stands with her back to the poles. Naturally, if another position is used, i.e. kneeling, back to the pole, or standing facing the pole, or kneeling facing the pole, then the above comments must be adjusted accordingly.

More in next issue....have fun!

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Bondage
Laura Manson Stansfield Photocollection

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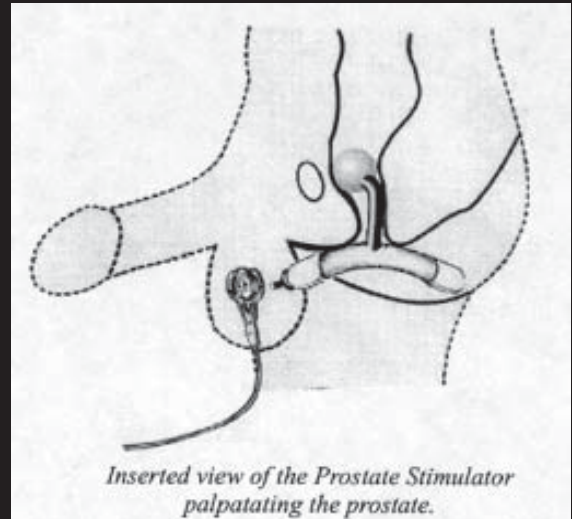
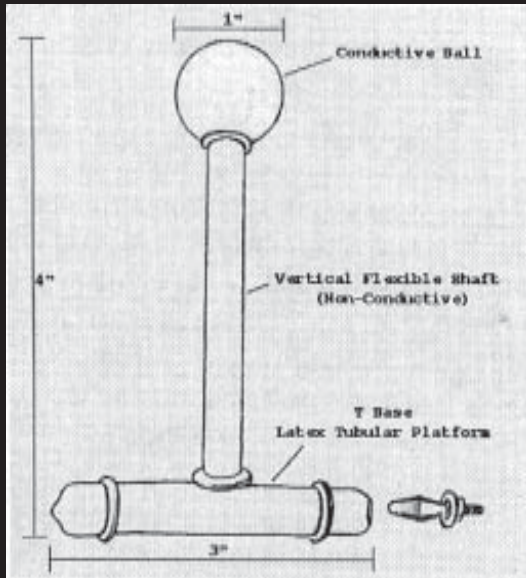
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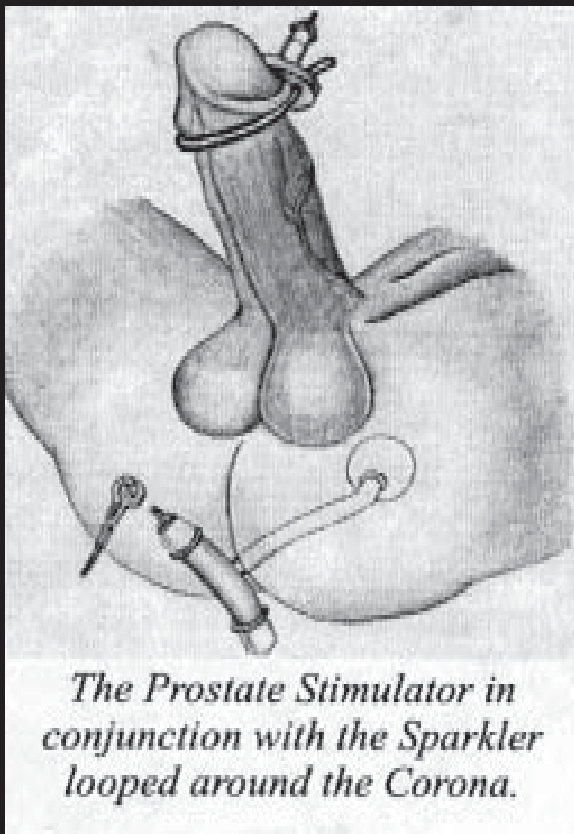
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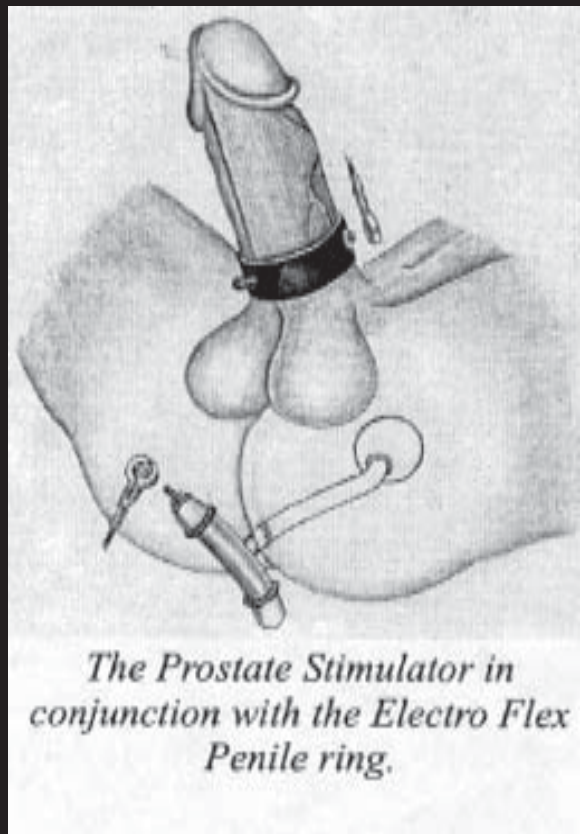
This gregarious talented photographer has been shooting nudes for over 10 years now. It was only 4 years ago he was attracted to the more fetish/S&M style of pictures. He has several exposition going on in Belgium and abroad and was one of the participers of the latest Fetish Photo Anthology. You can write him at the following address: P.O.Box 649 - 1000 Brussels 1 - Belgium
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Configuration #1



Configuration #2



ARES ELECTRO

THE PROSTATE STIMULATOR ELECTRODE

US PATENT #5,782,902. US AND INTERNATIONAL PATENT PENDING

In the tradition of this relatively new technology known as **Erotic Electro Stimulation** the Prostate Stimulator is the newest electrode to be added to the **P.E.S.** product line. This unique electrode was designed from the ground up, like most of the **P.E.S.** line of electro stimulation products. The new *Prostate Stimulator* is designed with comfort and safety in mind and fulfills the 3rd principle of Erotic Electro Stimulation, which is proper focusing of the electro stimuli. By bending the vertical flexible shaft of the Prostate Stimulator, you can direct the electro conductive ball and there by focusing the Erotic Electro Stimuli toward the prostate.(hence the name Prostate Stimulator). When combining this single conductor electrode with another PES single conductor electrode such as the Testicle Tubular, Sparkler, or Electro Flex™ Penile ring, the focus of the current flows through the prostate and is one of the best configurations to achieve '**hands free**' ejaculation.

The *Prostate Stimulator* is made up of two basic components, the electro conductive sphere, and the unique flexible T base platform. The electro conductive sphere measures approximately one inch in diameter. The conductive sphere gives this electrode the unique capability of focusing the electro stimuli very precisely in the region of the male prostate gland. In the early development stages of this electrode Mr. Amore realized in order to deliver the precise focusing of the stimuli, positioning of the electrode was critical and therefore requiring the second component. The flexible T base platform made up of a highly specialized wire to withstand metal fatigue, but flexible enough to mold comfortably within the anal cavity.

In many aspects the flexible T base platform is as important as the electro conductive sphere. The T base platform is designed to enter the anal cavity, and stop at the T Junction, on the outside of the anus. Thus proper penetration to palpate the prostate region (approximately eight to ten centimeters) and also a safety stop so that the electrode cannot travel farther up the rectal canal. This is a very important safety factor for this type of electrode. The Prostate Stimulator also has incorporated in its design the P.E.S. Low profile lead technology for ease and comfort.

Lubrication and application of the Prostate Stimulator Electrode

When applying this electrode, thoroughly lubricate the anal cavity, and the electrode itself prior to applying, so that the conductive ball will move freely through the sphincter muscle opening. For this we recommend olive oil because it is a high viscosity lubricant. Glycerine and water soluble lubricants tend to over lubricate the apparatus, reducing dexterity while configuring the electrode. Once lubrication

is applied, you may orient the electrode by bending the flexible shaft and then inserting it with the conductive ball directed towards the prostate. Do not use lubricants with silicone ingredients. Silicone is an insulator which greatly effects conductivity, and can chemically bond to products made from Electro-Flex when applied over a period of time. This will cause the apparatus to cease to function properly, and may void the warranty on the Electro-Flex line.

Note: Due to the precise focusing of this electrode to the prostate, use the PES power box only to avoid hot spots at the prostate!

Notice that the Prostate Stimulator is only 4" long. This is because the prostate is no more that 4" inside of the sphincter muscle opening. Some butt plugs are 6" long because they are designed to also stimulate tissues surrounding the prostate. There is no reason to insert any anal device more than 6" inside of the sphincter muscle opening.

Prostate Stimulator Configurations

If you are one of the few unlucky individuals with the "I need more power" syndrome, the electrode that you have been waiting for is finally here. *The Prostate Stimulator* is a single electrode which requires that it be configured with another single electrode. When choosing the secondary electrode, one thing to keep in mind is the less distance the current must travel to complete the circuit, the less power required by the PES power box. For example: If you are using configuration #1 and you still require more power, then you may achieve better results with configuration #2. This electrode can also be configured with the *Testicle Tubular* or *Scrotum* electrodes.

WARNING: For safety and maximum efficiency, never use the P.E.S. Prostate Stimulator or any other P.E.S. Products in conjunction with any generating source or electro stimulation devices that are not manufactured by **Paradise Electro Stimations**. P.E.S Products are especially designed and engineered to work exclusively with P.E.S. Technology. The basic rule in erotic electro stimulation is: **No contact above the waist.**

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www.peselectro.com or contact a specialized store who sells the PES electro range, like Boutique MINUIT in Brussels, Belgium, who have a great selection of this equipment.



Riccardo Vezzosi



Riccardo Vezzosi is one of the few photographers to have a pure and classic approach to bondage art. Often "kitch", typical to the American tradition of the 50's, he keeps the taste of everyday life and shoots often on location. He's a pure traditionalist. Even if the current fashion suggests constrictive elaboration with latex, gazmasks, he, on the contrary, sticks to the "minimalistic" approach: rope and gag; just like the good old days. He doesn't care much for "lenses" or "lightplay", but he focuses more on what's important, the substance of the scene, and that's an excellent way to describe his work.

e-mail: r.vezzosi@gruppopromo.com





Riccardo Vezzosi







DIABLO

By Hera S. Bell

Dedicated to Paris I love

My personal bond with Paris goes back to my teenage years where I spent five memorable years under the constant protection of my cousin, when my parents decided that it was more appropriate for me to continue my education in Europe. Like all teenagers I experienced the excitement of wearing my first training bra on my tiny breasts in Paris. I applied my first make-up secretly outside of the apartment in Paris near Cartier Latin, just before arriving at surprise parties called “boom” back then. I stole my first French kiss from my cousin’s best friend Frederic in Cannes. I was fifteen and he was twenty-two. He was considered a good catch among Parisian high society girls with their painted lips, tanned skins and gorgeous breasts. Today Frederic is married to a wealthy lady, he has two kids and grew a nice size belly under his Armani suits and he smokes a pipe. And me, I live now in North America and I am also married to a wonderful man. A few times a year, I travel back to Paris to conduct my fashion business and take care of the family estate which I inherited from my grandfather.

This is a story that occurred in Paris which involved a special friend.

The European media was calling it the concert of the year. The tickets were sold out in a matter of two days in Paris. Diablo was coming to town to give the opening concert of his first World Tour. He was twenty-seven and he was the new rising star in the European rock music world. He mesmerized his audience with his elaborate shows and costumes on the stage. His music’s lyrics were being memorized by all teen-agers. He had a great love affair with the media as they followed him everywhere he flew. Women of all ages were in love with his Latin looks, while most men envied Diablo’s powerful sexual persona and the way he smiled behind his dark designer Rock Star glasses. With his tanned skin, green eyes and shoulder length dark hair, everyone idolized Diablo.

Nadine’s plane reached De Gaulle airport on a rainy afternoon. She was completely washed out from the long flight which brought her to Paris all the way from Lima. The limo driver picked her up and brought her to the hotel where the University had made the reservations for Nadine’s Paris stay. Nadine was

among the world’s leading anthropologists. She was a very determined and sensual woman in her early forties, married to an archeology professor a few years younger than her.

When Nadine arrived at the hotel, she noticed the big crowd and the international media in full gear for something which she had no idea what it was about. She made her way through thousands of people in the hotel’s lobby and finally she reached her room. She took a quick shower and decided to take a nap for a while.

It was one am when she woke up with great thirst and hunger. Paris was already getting ready to sleep, but some were waking up to eat. She dressed up. She always loved wearing black for some reason when she was away from the deep jungles of Peru where had spent most of her past few years. She was known by her gelled back hair style among her city friends. Her slick dark prescription glasses gave her a mysterious look. So mysterious that many people asked permission to see her black almond shaped eyes hiding behind the dark lenses. Nadine took great pleasure in teasing men around her who were sure of their great looks. Surely she thrived on power and loved dominating a room with her presence filled with admirers. It did not matter where and when. This happened when she gave lectures at Universities or when she attended cocktail parties at Embassies.

There were few customers left at the Hotel’s Japanese restaurant which was about to close its kitchen in an hour. Diablo was sitting at the private rice room away from people with his agent and his personal assistant. Luigi, the gofer was the most important person in Diablo’s life since his boss had become a famous Rock Star. It was Luigi’s duty to schedule all, hire the best call girls for his boss during long trips to keep his bed warm, clean up his mess and keep quiet about all which always happened behind closed doors. Diablo hated the media even though he always granted them a perfect smile when he was in front of their camera.

Nadine caught Diablo’s attention when she entered the same restaurant while everyone overheard the waiter’s comments telling Nadine that the kitchen was

about to close. She promised to order her food fast and she got seated at a table where Diablo started watching all her moves from where he was hiding from.

After a while Diablo turned towards Luigi and said:

- I want you to find out about this woman.
- Which woman Leonardo?
- The one sitting right there, you see?
- Come on Leonardo, in a city that you can have any pretty girl you want why do you want this woman? Come on man!
- Luigi, do what I say. First find out who she is from the hotel clerk. She must be staying here if she eats at the hotel at this hour. Then send 6 dozen red roses to her room tomorrow morning and extend an open private dinner invitation from me for tomorrow evening at my hotel suite.
- Leonardo you are booked for tomorrow night. There are two big parties organized for you in the city.
- Luigi, who cares. I want this woman. She intrigues me. She seems to be alone in Paris, eating at one am in the morning. She might be jet lagged. I think she would not mind having some Parisian adventure in a hot-blooded Italian's arms. I kind of like her style.
- Whatever you say Leonardo.
- Ah! Sign the dinner invitation coming from Leonardo Manucetti. Do not mention my stage name.
- What color do you want the roses?
- I said red. Do I have to repeat myself?
- Ok! Boss. Sorry about it.

When Nadine reached her hotel room after her morning breakfast the next day, she got the surprise of her life. The room was filled with red roses. She noticed a card placed on the table next to the bed. She was very intrigued. She opened it fast and started to read the message which said:

"Dear Mrs. Collins. This might sound a bit pretentious on my behalf, but I noticed your presence late last night at the Japanese Restaurant of the Hotel which we are both guests. Please accept the roses as my humble tribute to your beauty. Would you care to join me for an intimate dinner at the Hotel's Royal suite tonight? I will be out most of the day today conducting business. But my personal assistant will be around to take my messages. His name is Luigi Moretti. Awaiting your response to my dinner invitation I remain.

Yours,

Leonardo Manucetti "

She sat at the edge of the bed, looked at the beautiful roses then the card once again. She was definitely getting curious about this man behind this dinner invitation. Who was this Leonardo Manucetti staying at the Royal suite of the Hotel? She called the hotel's information desk to investigate.

- Hello, this is Mrs. Collins from room 12095. Could you please tell me who is staying at the present time in the Royal suite of your hotel?

- We can't give you this information Madame.

- Ok! Thank you.

Then she called the hotel's florist where the flowers were ordered from:

- Hello, this is Mrs. Collins from room 12095. I received roses today from a certain Mr. Manucetti who is a guest of this hotel. Would you care to tell me how I can get in touch with him?

- Mrs. Collins. The roses were ordered by Mr. Moretti. He is the personal assistant of the Rock Singer Leonardo Diablo who is our guest occupying the Royal suite of the hotel.

- Oh! Ok! I see, thank you. I would like to send him a message back. Do you have a Cactus with a flower in your shop?

- Yes, Mrs. Collins.

- I would like you send it to Mr. Diablo's suite with this note please. The note should say: *"Dear Mr. Leonardo Manucetti, I thank you for your generous and most kind dinner invitation. I would certainly like to meet you and spend an evening in your company. But please let me invite you to an extraordinary culinary adventure, it is a small restaurant which you might never discover in Paris during your stay. My limo will pick you up at the entrance of the hotel at six PM. The driver's name is Alain. I hope that you will not refuse my invitation. My regards, Nadine Collins."* End of the message.

- How would you pay for the flowers Mrs. Collins?

- Charge it to my room dear.

- Thank you Mrs. Collins.

It was already quarter to six when Nadine looked at herself into the mirror. Her jet black hair was well gelled and pulled back into a bun with a black velvet hair piece. The elegant slick gown that she had just purchased at the Place St. Honore from Balenciaga's Boutique exposed her nylon clad legs through the high cut slit at the front side of the dress. She wore 4 inch pumps designed by Charles Jordan. Her African necklace with a turquoise center piece decorated her long and elegant neck. She did not wear much make-up, except a bright red lips-stick decorated her face besides her usual dark glasses.

She definitely was ready for an evening full of fun adventures where she preferred to be the *"lady in charge"*. Only if this Rock Star Diablo had enough guts and was ready to deliver himself completely into her hands.

Alain, the limo driver opened the door for her:

- How is Madame Collins tonight? Monsieur Manuceitti is already waiting for you in the car

Madame.

- I am fine, thank you Alain. You will drive around Paris. Take your time. After an hour take us back to the hotel. I want complete privacy in the limo. Put up the dark windows behind you during this drive.

- Fine Madame, as you wish.

When she entered the limo Diablo held Nadine's hand and touched his soft lips pressing on them gently before any words were exchanged in between both strangers. Nadine broke the silence:

- You are the most intriguing creature Mr. Manucetti, I must admit. And very charming one as well. You know that you can get anyone in this city to spend some time with you. I have one question for you. Why did you choose me?

- Madame Collins. The answer to this question might be better answered at the end of the night. I prefer discovering you first. But you are certainly a lady of much class. I admire people like you. I carry the Latin blood in my body, I am too weak in front of women like yourself.

- These are very charming words Monsieur. But you have no idea who you are dealing with.

- I would like to discover you if you let me so, I would like to open you up in my arms like a rare flower from the jungle.

- Monsieur Manucetti, how much do you know of jungles?

- Enough to know that you are an expert living in them. This fascinates me. Look at you now. You are the perfect elegant dinner companion. I can't picture you in the jungle doing rough research. Please call me Leonardo.

- Aha! I see you like doing your research before asking a lady out for some fun. Leonardo. I might shock you.

- Nothing shocks me in life Madame Collins.

- Is that so? As they say the night is still very young.

- Indeed, Madame...

- Would you care for some champagne Leonardo?

- Only a glass maybe, I do not consume much alcohol Madame.

- Really? I thought all Rock Stars in your stature liked consuming such things like drugs and alcohol.

- How did you know who I am?

- As you like to do your research well, my line of work is also related to research Leonardo. But I am not taking you out tonight because you are the famous Rock Star Diablo. I want to get to know the real person behind the celebrity status that you hide so well behind.

- Indeed, the night is young, but it will be a long one as I can see. Can I call you Nadine?

- I do not mind. You can call me Nadine.

- Which restaurant are we going tonight, may I ask?

- You shall see. It is going to be a long drive Leonardo. Do you trust me?

- Should I? You sent me a cactus today. I never received cactuses before from anyone.

- I want you to experience something very unique

tonight. But you have to trust me first.

- I guess I have to trust you if I want to experience what you call a unique adventure.

- Then let yourself go completely. Listen to the music of my choice, feel it in your whole heart. I will blindfold you. Do you mind?

- Are you kidnapping me?

Nadine had a deep laugh and continued:

- No Leonardo. I do not need any ransom money dear. I only want to capture your mind.

- Ahhhh! Then it's okay. I am all yours. Did you ever hear my music?

- Shhhhhh! Do not talk anymore. Feel the music and my presence in the darkness and enjoy all that you shall soon experience.

Nadine took out a silk scarf from her small purse and blindfolded Diablo. Soon all they could hear was a mystical South American music transporting them both into a completely different world in the middle of Paris. Nadine slowly unbuttoned his silk shirt. She started to caress his bare chest. Diablo reacted to touch her. She simply whispered in his ears with a soft voice:

- No, my dear, you can't touch me. Unless I order you to do so. Keep your hands away and enjoy the ride.

She started tasting his nipples, savoring them as if she was tasting a delicacy in an exotic restaurant. By now Diablo was very excited with a full erection. No one ever touched to his nipples like Nadine did. He was in pure ecstasy. Not being able to touch her or to look at her intensified all his emotions. He felt helpless yet he loved every minute of his predicament. This was beyond making love to a woman.

Nadine took a sip from her champagne and looked at Diablo's body awaiting her next move. She said:

- You told me you do not consume much alcohol. But the way I will offer it to you, I can assure you that you will learn to love it.

She took another sip. Then without swallowing it she started kissing Diablo. The golden liquid started flowing between two lips pressed against each other. Nadine offered her tongue and he started sucking on it with an intense passion. Like a new born baby hungry for his mother's milk, Diablo savored Nadine's soft lips.

Nadine pulled back for a moment or so. Then with a subtle smile she whispered into his ears by teasing them with gentle caresses:

- Now darling. Tell me you like champagne.

- Oh! Yes... Only when you give it to me my lady.

- Good! Nothing is impossible in life dear. Tonight you will learn all about it. Welcome to my world. She replied.

She opened a small picnic basket. She took out several fruits. A banana, juicy grapes and a jar of Nutella. With her delicate manners she started to

peel off first the banana. Then she dipped it into the Nutella jar and offered it to Diablo's mouth.

- Suck it well, Diablo. Savor the chocolate, do not bite into it. First I want you to discover a banana like you never did before. Listen to the music. Feel it in your heart while the banana will keep you company.

Later on she took a bite of the banana and offered it from her mouth to Diablo's mouth. They exchanged once again passionate long kisses mixed with the flavor of the fruit.

She squeezed the grapes in her hands over his bare chest, and then she licked off their juices with her sensuous mouth with her tongue making circles on the shivering skin of her prey already in heaven.

Diablo screamed:

- I can't handle it anymore. I want to touch you, I want to feel your skin. I want to cum in you.

- No one cums in me. No one touches me. If you can't handle it, we are going back to the Hotel where you will find a good girl to screw.

- Why you are doing this to me?

- Because I like it. It gives me pleasure.

- You are a very unusual woman. You are cursing me. I know you are.

- You can only curse yourself dear. I am not a witch.

- I am scared. Not of you, but you remind me of sad memories.

- Sad memories? Why it is so sad to be told that you can't have your ways always? Carnal pleasures aren't only about screwing girls. Do you want to tell me what is in your mind. Take your time.

- I can't.

- Then the evening is over.

She lowered the dark windows separating them from the driver and said:

- Alain take us back to the hotel.

Diablo started to cry unexpectedly.

- No please no.... Don't leave me.

- Make up your mind.

- Could you please hold me in your arms. Only once.

After a moment of hesitation Nadine held Diablo in her arms.

- What's wrong with you?

- I have things that I hide in my heart. You brought them all out tonight.

- Are you ready to talk about them. I am here to listen.

- I do not want you to look at me as a weird individual.

- No one is weird. Only we feel like one at times. Tell me what is in your heart.

- Not many knows me deep inside. And not many will ever know. I was born from a young mother who got pregnant by an unknown man. My birth mother was working at the time at Moretti's kitchen in Poulia. She met this man who was traveling through the city and she thought that he loved her. Up until the age of twelve I thought my parents were the Moretti's. I grew up as their son never knowing that Luigi was

not my real brother. The day I learned that I was not their son I started feeling jealous towards Luigi. One day with a knife I did cut my finger and it was bleeding bad. I asked to Luigi to prove his true love towards me if he would cut his own finger so that we can at least become blood brothers. He did it without hesitation. We sucked each other's blood and promised each other that we will always be there for each other. He meant it, I did not mean it. When I started to get a name in the music industry I asked Luigi to become a part of my business as my personal assistant. During a Japan trip, Luigi fell in love with a beautiful native girl in Tokyo. She was from a good family. I was once again jealous. I did all in my power to seduce the girl, and took her to bed one night. I promised her the world. She was a virgin and I took away the innocence from her. Till to this day Luigi does not know what happened to her, and why she was no longer in love with him. She got pregnant from me. I refused to see her, and I send her money to get an abortion. I see her at times like my birth mother in my dreams. She hunts me. Deep down I see myself as the man who promised love to my mother but only for his own sexual pleasures. I fuck, and I think I am the fruit of a fuck. I do not know if I will ever fall in love. And most girls are around me due to my star image. I struggle each and every day between the image and my real self which I hide.

- How can you fall in love if you hate yourself so much?

- How can I love myself knowing that the evil is eating me alive? You tell me...

- I can't teach you that. But I can only show you the road towards it. Did you ever feel the hug of a woman without any sex? Did you ever learn to let your mask down and let her discover you inch by inch? Did you for one instance think to give her pleasure without thinking your own selfish ways? Are you capable to of sleeping in her arms until morning without thinking to screw her? Are you ready to suffer for her if she asks you to suffer?

- Are you that woman?

- Leonardo, the night is still very young. I might not have all the answers, but now I am ready for that dinner invitation in your room. Is it still on?

Even though Diablo ordered plenty of food, they both did not eat much. When it was time for the desert Nadine stood up approached Diablo and whispered into his ear softly:

- Would you do anything that I will ask from you right now, do you trust me?

- I think at this point I am ready to experience anything you would want me to experience. He answered.

- Then take away all your clothes. Slowly. While you will do this look right into my eyes. Make love to me with your eyes, seduce me with your body without even touching my flesh? Are you capable of doing this Leonardo? Do you desire to do this for a woman?

- Yes! He simply replied.

Diablo's muscular tanned body was completely exposed to Nadine's eyes. His penis was completely erect, longing to be touched. She ordered him to come closer with a soft yet determined tone. When he was close enough she cupped his face in her hands and pulled him closer towards her and started nibbling on his ears. He felt her heavy breathing mixed with her juicy kisses which turned him into a excited untamed tiger under her spell. She slowly kissed his sensitive neck. Then she started biting softly on his naked shoulders. She said:

- You can't touch me. Enjoy the voyage only.

She took off her shoes and ordered her to take off her lacey garter stockings.

- Did you ever take the time to discover a woman's feet Leonardo? Massage them well, kiss them. Make love to them as if it is the most important part of her body?

- No, never.

- There is a time to learn everything in life. Then do it. Make love to my feet. Worship them.

Slowly, Nadine let him touch her legs. Diablo kissed every inch of them like a hungry child. They were both extremely charged with high erotic powers. She then allowed him to kiss her sweet nectar.

- Did you ever kiss a woman's most precious pearl Leonardo?

- No, never before. Most girls I have been in bed before did not care to be touched there.

- Maybe, you are the one who never knew how dear. Taste me. It is your desert for tonight.

When Nadine reached her climax she pushed Diablo away from her. Looked deep into his green eyes for a short while. His eyes were glowing. Then she hugged him, while she was still shivering from her previous orgasm.

- Now dear, I want to watch you touching your penis. Masturbate for me. Look in my eyes while you will do this. And when you are close to an orgasm, I want to hear that you are cuming for me. Do it!

It was already past two am. when they ended up sleeping in the same bed. Diablo was only allowed to hug Nadine's body. He was feeling the heat rising up from his pink buttocks. Not much words had been exchanged when earlier Nadine gave him an erotic spanking. At about seven in the morning Diablo tried to open his eyes. His hands searched to feel Nadine's wet womanhood under the satin bed sheets. She was gone. He found a post card placed on the pillow. The card said:

"In life sometimes we will meet an angel who will show us the light towards a self discovery. She will teach us how to shake hands and make friends with the demons hunting us. May all your dreams come true Diablo. If you ever find your dream girl, do not be scared to share all of you with her. Only then you will both reach true love."

He lay in bed in a motionless position for a while. The woman of her dreams was gone without leaving any trace behind. Or was she a dream all together? He held his fully erected manhood in his shaky hands. Closed his eyes and started to masturbate by holding the image of Nadine's eyes watching him while the post card lay on his bare muscular chest.

The telephone rang. It was Luigi calling to remind Diablo the morning interview with HTV. He got up to go to the bathroom. He saw Nadine's silk underwear on the floor. He took the scarlet panty and smelled its personal aroma. It was the only personal item that Nadine had left behind her intentionally for him to understand that she was not a dream.

His fingers caressed his sensitive buttocks from the previous night's passionate scene. Diablo entered the cold shower. It was time once again to face up the real world. He knew that he was not the same man after last night, but he had to act like the old one. And the changes truly happened deep in his soul. He felt this intense inner freedom for the very first time in life.

A year later after this incident Diablo created a new song which stayed on the top ten music charts for a month. The lyrics were:

"As the April rain is whipping my broken soul I create this song for you ma bella donna You came into my life like a spring breeze And branded my heart with your loving kiss. Paris was mine and yours that evening as you held me in your arms As you tasted my tears by kissing my blind eyes You showed me the road towards the light. Oh! Ma bella donna, mio amore, You taught me how to fall in love..."

He married four years later Clara from his native Italian city. The family now lives in the Canary Islands with their 2 sons. Diablo refuses to appear in live concerts, but he keeps on creating music which touches the hearts of his fan's around the world.

As life still goes on in its usual pace, Nadine and her husband are directing a research team in the jungles of Sumatra. I still travel to Paris that I love. I still like to sit at its outdoor cafes, watch around and pretend to be the prefect voyeur in Paris.

About the author: Formerly known under her pen name Princess Sheeba, Hera S. Bell resides in Montreal Canada. Her articles, stories and artistic photography are published in various international publications around the globe. She has been an active member in the fetish scene with her husband for over eleven years. To view her art and photography you can visit her web site at: www.heralbell.net

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ENCASED

by D.S. Gray

Encased as she was, Vera was a prisoner, but her body long before this descent of endurance, had enslaved her mind. The thick leather hood that covered her eyes, her ears and sealed her mouth shut eliminated three of her senses. Her sense of smell was infused with the sweetness of tight wet leather and the powerful scent of her sexual fluids; each square centimeter of her flesh tingled with the sadistic stimulation of restraint. Vera lay on her belly, her hands pulled upwards by thick leather straps attached to the metal headboard. Similar straps, fastened to her ankles, held her legs widely splayed. The tight leather harness, which bound her breasts, was fastened to the wide leather belt that cinched in her waist. The wide strap between her legs held the dildos in her vagina and anus resisting each attempt she made to expel them.

The huge flange at the base of each forced her slit and buttocks painfully apart presenting an obscene view for anyone standing at the foot of the bed. Vera slithered on the rubber sheet in her own perspiration, which only made things much worse. Once the top sheet was pulled over her, and it too was thin latex, she would be bathed in her own liquid arousal. Sleep, even rest, would be beyond her and the night would result in her total exhaustion. Then, they would take what was left, take it and use it for their own pleasure - with her blessing and her gratitude.

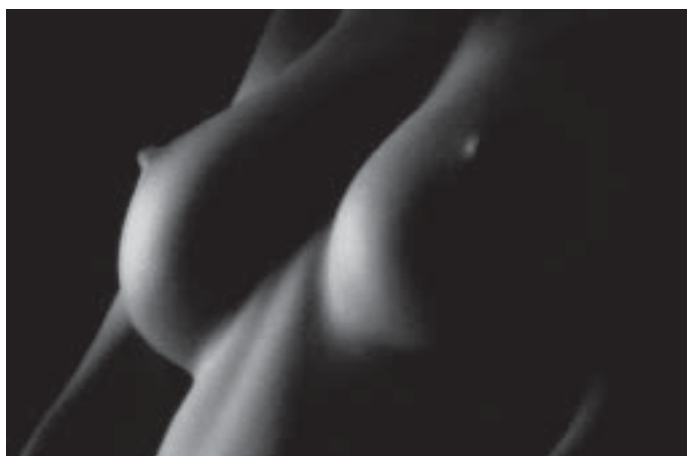
The rapture she sought would engulf her totally, as it always did, and, for the first time in over a week, she would be free from all that troubled her. By surrendering her body, her mind and even the responsibility for her very existence, time and time again, Vera's ascendance was assured. She would walk over a plateau that few ever had the courage to glimpse, let alone walked on and it was one she took

pleasure in creating. She allowed its existence and those who provided the means were her co-conspirators. By giving herself over to them, they served her in the most complete way that she served them. It was the perfect exchange of power and control. The sheet was drawn up, resting for a few minutes at the top of her thighs before it was finally drawn up to and over her shoulders. Instant heat, sweltering heat, more intense than any sauna she had entered, but each gasp of air she took was cool. Hot and wet on the outside, cool and dry within, Vera began to relax in her artificial cocoon. It was secure, safe and each pore, each orifice wept with the

pleasure that it brought her mind. Once, she had lost six pounds this way, risking dehydration and heat exhaustion in the process, but it was worth every second of suffering because she emerged.

And there was the sex, the total dissipation of her body in dedication to the total satisfaction of another; resulted in a climax that raged

within her for hours. As she rested, even the slightest touch would plunge her back into the pool of ecstasy and she would swim in it until pulled out and plunged into a bathtub filled with warm soapy water. This cleansing marked the terminus of her journey and her body would shrivel back to its actual proportions and reassume its purpose of imprisoning her needs. She would return from this and take an ordinary place behind an ordinary desk surrounded by ordinary people who would never know, never suspect the grandness or completeness of her pilgrimage. Only Vera knew which was the more horrific of the two conditions and she would not share the marvel of her discovery.





Grütz Tillman

Fetish Weekend

by
Simon Finch

Invitation.

I met the Fischers at a friend's dinner party. They were an interesting couple and we got chatting. I found them fascinating and it turned out we had some mutual friends. It was then that I realised they were into SM. It was a week or two later that I received their invitation to attend a weekend party to be held at their villa on the shores of Lake Geneva. The invitation was printed on thick card. Embossed on it was a very tastefully drawn multi-tailed whip, its thongs flailing outwards in graceful serpentine patterns. It was formally phrased. Doctor and Mrs Fischer requested the pleasure of my company for the weekend at their villa on the shores of Lake Geneva. Dress code, joining instructions and an outline of 'activities' for the weekend were enclosed on a separate sheet.

I had been to a few private parties before and to some fetish clubs. I felt rather like someone who hovers on the fringes of a religious sect, drawn to the beliefs and practices of the cult but unable to fully commit them to full membership. I enjoyed watching as much as participating. Part of the pleasure, it seemed to me, for the participants in these scenes was to *be* seen. The fetish clothing, the style, the ritual was all part of the fantasy. This is why so many people like to film themselves at play; you can act out your fantasy once and replay yourself endlessly afterwards.

This party promised to be something rather special compared to the others. A few discreet inquiries among fetish scene friends revealed that the Fischers had a reputation for excellence and demanding standards in the SM world. I was intrigued to see what it would be like. My friends seemed to be impressed that I had an invitation, which made it all the more desirable. On the other hand, it seemed to me that the higher one rose in the SM world the more formal everything seemed to get. Everything was less spontaneous and roles and rules rigidly enforced

to the point of suffocation. I anticipated the Fischers' party would either be very tedious or very exciting. One friend commented that the Fischers' parties were works of art. I decided I must go even though I hardly felt equipped, in more ways than one, to attend.

Friday.

When I first arrived at the Fischers' villa I was mildly intimidated by the place. It was separated from the lake by a thin screen of poplar trees. Beyond these trees a

breathlessly smooth and fiercely cultivated lawn stretched up to the house itself. Due to its immaculately balanced proportions the villa appeared neither large nor small. All sense of scale was internal to its governing proportions. I felt that it could have been enlarged or miniaturised and provided the same ratios were maintained the whole would always be harmonious.

Sabine Fischer descended the steps and strode across the lawn to greet me. She looked elegant and self-assured, as she always did, even in the most extraordinary circumstances, but only to be expected here on her home ground.

'I trust you had a pleasant journey,' she said.

'As always in Switzerland,'

I replied, 'the transportation is very efficient.'

She ushered me into the entrance hall of their villa. The cool black and white tiles spread before us forming graceful geometric patterns that spiralled into the centre of the space. I couldn't help thinking how much all this must cost and then got irritated with myself for having such venal thoughts. We entered a large reception room where a small number of people were already gathered.

'Karl, you must meet Clarice, she has so been looking forward to meeting you,' said Sabine. I turned and smiled



at Clarice. She was beautiful, tall and blonde, she looked like the heroine in a Hitchcock movie, and wore a long flowing pure white dress that draped itself lovingly around her body, accenting curves that no artist's conception of female pulchritude could improve on. She possessed the kind of beauty that instantly turns my mouth dry and empties my head of words. I managed to croak out a hello.

Only a small number of guests would be staying for the weekend though many more would be attending a party on Friday night. The group consisted of Gunter and Sabine Fischer, Clarice who was a good friend of theirs, and her slave, Vincent and from Paris Gilles and his slave Vanessa, and Victor a performance artist I'd heard of, whose performances had been known to make people in the audience faint.

Since the weather was fine the party took lunch on the terrace. Food was already laid out on tables and the guests helped themselves. The views of the lake and the mountains were magnificent and surrounded the little party with the dignity and grandeur of nature. A cooling breeze wafted across the terrace and the sun made the stonework glow a delicate pale gold. Lunch enabled the guests to converse and get to know one another before any more intimate interactions took place. The two slaves, one male and one female knelt by their master and mistress, who fed them occasionally with choice titbits, as one might affectionately feed a favourite pet at the table.

Apart from the presence of the slaves the gathering was very ordinary, even a little formal and sedate. It reminded me of a scene from one of those films of a classic English novel where the characters sit around in the sun and undercurrents of psychological tension gently bubble to the surface. The Fischers' party took place on the Friday night in a large marquee tent in the grounds of the villa. A massive sound system pumped out urgent rhythms making the air throb. A couple of hundred guests attended the party, dressed in their fetish finery, their inhibitions left locked up at home, they were an inspirational sight. Their bodies rendered sleek as a newly polished automobile by their glossy rubber catsuits, each sensual curve accented by the highlights shining from the taut material.

The guests spilled out of the marquee into the grounds where they resembled nothing less than bizarre garden sculptures, their bodies rendered more perfect than flesh alone could achieve sculpted by rubber, leather and steel. Wandering in the grounds was a surreal experience since one never knew what strange permutation of persons one was going to encounter amid the manicured lawns, shrubs and meticulous gravel paths. In one part of the garden, and sufficiently distant from the sound system to permit one to enjoy the sound of things other than the disco music, a play area was provided for people who wanted to demonstrate their skills in public.

I went there with Gilles and Vanessa. Vanessa was attired only in collar, basque, stockings and high heels, her bare behind beautifully framed by the clothing. Gilles positioned her on a beautiful padded leather construction that held her comfortably prostrate so that her behind poked into the air, presenting an appealing target. Gilles selected a whip from among his collection and proceeded to wield it with a finely paced grace that displayed his skill and experience. Vanessa remained silent at first but as

the whipping progressed little gasps issued from her. Gilles used the whip in an unhurried, meticulous way, taking care with his work. The whip cracked and the impact sent little shock waves rippling across Vanessa's buttocks. A video camera was trained on the play area relaying the scene to monitors dotted about the marquee and preserving the performance to be relived and enjoyed at a later date. A clever innovation was the use of a strobe light which when switched on sent it's flickering dazzle of light over the performers, imbuing the scene with an unreal glare. The strobe had the effect of appearing to slow down Gilles's movements, indefinitely extending the pleasure of seeing the whip come down. It would seem to hang in the air, the arm making a series of halting transitions, like a Futurist picture, occupying several positions at once, and it created the illusion that the tail of the whip landed not once but repeatedly on the reddening behind. It was hypnotic. At a certain point Gilles stopped and helped Vanessa up from the whipping stool; as he did so he embraced her and kissed her tenderly, praising her for her endurance and the trust they had shared. There was a small ripple of applause from the people gathered there.

In the main arena the highlight of the party was a performance by Victor. Assisted by Gunter and Sabine he performed the Sundance ritual for the assembled guests. It was a Native American shaman ritual which involved suspending the body from a series of strategically placed hooks. Victor had learnt the ritual from Fakir Falcia who had in turn learnt it from a Native American. Many people averted their gaze as the hooks were inserted and the audience gasped as Victor hung there, suspended by his skin like a carcass of beef in a butcher's shop. Under the weight of his unsupported body the hooks pulled the flesh away from his frame in a series of peaks that looked as though at any minute they would rip the flesh from him like tearing a shirt off his back. Standing at the front I was mesmerised by the performance. The look on his face was one of utter serenity, his mind had taken him to another place, perhaps a place where few could go, a place filled with Native American ancestors, a world of shamans, who are said to be capable of leaving their bodies and walking among the spirit world. Watching Victor's performance was less like watching a circus act than like witnessing some deep spiritual transformation. For Victor pain was not something to be avoided like it is for most people but something to be played with, something to seduce and coax into working for you. Victor was master of his pain.

He made it look easy but I knew it was not. For these fakir type performances you had to know exactly what you were doing. Victor knew precisely where every internal organ was positioned so that he could pierce his body in a variety of ways without damaging a vital organ. Earlier in the day I had noticed a beautiful design on his left biceps which at first glance I had taken for a tattoo; but on closer inspection it turned out to be formed by a series of little scars. Fakir Falcia had created the image for him by branding him with thin pieces of red-hot wire. When he had explained how it was made I looked more closely at the design. Its beauty was enhanced by the knowledge that each component of the design represented an agony of searing flesh overcome. I was definitely out of my league.

The party petered out in the small hours and once more the villa was bathed in quiet. The following day the little band of guests who were in residence discussed the party

and spent the remainder of the weekend playing games that got progressively more absorbing.

Saturday.

Clarice and Vincent put on a show for the rest of us. Clarice had brought with her a large assortment of whips and paddles and she proceeded to demonstrate their uses on the solidly built body of her slave. She led him into the play room on the end of a leash which was attached to a wide leather collar encircling his neck which ensured he maintained a good posture, head haughty, no matter what the circumstances. He was naked apart from the collar and a pair of rubber shorts, which left his buttocks exposed. The thin shiny material served to accentuate rather than hide his charms. He had very firm rounded buttocks, which presented a very enticing target. Clarice positioned him over a leather-whipping stool and employed the paddles in a leisurely fashion. The paddles made a loud slapping noise as the broad surface impacted on the slave's fleshy mounds. She paddled him until his buttocks were glowing hotly, the reddened flesh contrasting strongly with the shiny black rubber. Towards the end he could contain himself no longer and cried out as each blow crashed down on his tender skin. As a final exquisite torment she ran her nails down the tenderised skin. I could see him wincing under the intensity of the sensation. After this Clarice rested; leaning back on a chair in front of the prostrate slave she permitted him to lick her cunt as a reward for his endurance.

Next she led him to a Saint Andrew's cross and fastened him in position. Then she began to whip his back, gradually building up the strokes, first slow and gentle, then slowly rising in intensity until she was leaning her weight into it and the tails landed with a loud slap leaving vivid red marks where the leather thongs had landed. It was a virtuous display of whipping and set a high standard for the afternoon.

After she had finished with him she tied him to a chair in the corner of the room and attached a leather blindfold to his face, denying him the pleasure of watching his fellow slave Vanessa's torments as Gilles put her through her paces.

First Gilles securely strapped her to a table. The broad leather straps made a pleasing pattern of sleek lines across her pale flesh. She was lying on her back with cushions strategically positioned so that her hips were raised up. Gilles applied a series of clothespins to her breasts, pinching out the soft flesh in two circles and finishing off with one attached to each tumescent nipple. Next he produced a series of dildos and began to stimulate the slave's cunt with them. He finished off with an inflatable dildo, which he slowly inserted into her sex and would

then pump up, pumping, pumping, expanding the rubber inside her, pushing her walls out, expanding her genitals. As he pumped the slave would squirm more and more, groaning under the sensations. As he pulled out the inflated dildo her cunt lips would bulge outwards, extended so that they lay back taught against her groin to accommodate the extrusion of the massive object. He repeated this procedure a number of times, each time pumping the inflatable dildo a few more times.

'This is excellent training for a slave you plan to fist fuck,' he said as he pumped the little rubber bulb which forced the air into the dildo. With the inflated dildo still in place, the end protruding from her cunt like a baby's head Gilles removed the clothespins from her breasts and massaged them. Then he commanded her to expel the dildo. The slave pleaded that she couldn't, that it was too firmly lodged inside her, but he commanded her to try.

Obediently she pushed down with her pelvic muscles. At the same time Gilles let some of the air out of the dildo and slowly it emerged from her stretched cunt which was left gaping, the hot pink interior exposed to view while the orifice gradually assumed its normal shape.

After a short break Gilles released the straps and placed her in the centre of the room, telling her to stand with her hands on her head. If she moved her hands away from her head she would be in serious trouble, he informed her. In this position he invited us all to take turns whipping her. We took our time, each selecting a different type of whip so that we could observe the different kind of marks they left. Finally Gilles commanded her to bend down and grasp her ankles with her hands. As she bent over her sex gaped and I could see how wet she had

become. Gilles walked up to her and gave her four cuts with the cane, each one whistled through the air with alarming force and left a angry weal on her ass cheeks. The sharp sound the cane makes as it whistles through the air suggests with precision the searing intensity of the pain it inflicts. Each stroke he applied had more force behind it and by the fourth cut Gilles's slave was whimpering in a pitiful fashion and he stopped. He told her to get up and there were tears in her eyes. He bent down and licked the tears from her cheeks. It was a tender moment. Then he told her to kneel, unzipped his leather jeans and shoved his cock into her mouth.

'Suck slut,' he said. She began to suck him, the tears still welling up in her eyes. Gilles asked us to gather round as he watched her head bobbing back and forth on his thick cock. 'Suck them all, slut,' he said. And this she did.

Sunday.

On the final day Gilles once more made Vanessa the centre of attention. 'I have brought Vanessa here specifically to



initiate her into gang fucking,' he announced. And turning to her he said, 'Step up to the podium.' She did as she was told. I gazed at her beautiful young body, at the vivid weals on her buttocks left there by the cane, at her firm breasts quivering with a mixture of fear and excitement. She quivered with every breath, I thought she might faint. The anticipation was unbearable for her and for us. Gilles addressed us:

'Gentlemen, I have brought Vanessa here so that as many men as possible in any way you see fit may use her. She hasn't done this before but I think she has reached a stage where she is ready for this initiation. Her mouth, her cunt and her asshole are entirely at your disposal. I hope you will use them frequently and vigorously. I would only ask that you save your cum to be deposited in her mouth since I want to train her in the consumption of large quantities of semen.'

Turning to Vanessa he said, 'Slut, tell them what you are and what you are here for.'

She stared into the distance and, rather like a schoolgirl reciting a verse at some ceremony, said, 'I am a slut. A whore. A cum dumpster. I am here to be used for your pleasure in any way you wish.'

'Excellent,' said Gilles. 'I think we all understand what we're here for.' And saying this he secured Vanessa into a contraption fixed to the podium. It was like a cross between a stocks and a pillory. Once locked into the device she was fixed in a kneeling position on a padded leather base, her head and wrists were secured through a wooden head piece such as is used on a pillory, behind her legs were secured on two projecting pieces which were splayed outwards giving ready access to her exposed cunt and ass. The equipment surmounted a stepped podium so that, once securely locked in place the slave's mouth was at a convenient height for her to be face fucked while at the back one could kneel or crouch between her legs and fuck her in the ass or the cunt. An adjustable stool was available for anyone who wished to take the weight off their feet while she sucked them, or one could stand and fuck her throat with more vigour.

We gathered around the apparatus admiring the construction and beautiful finish of polished wood and soft leather. Vanessa looked charmingly vulnerable locked into position, her beauty available to everyone, waiting only to be used. I stood in front of her face, which protruded in an uncanny disembodied fashion from the wooden stock, unzipped my fly and stuffed my half-hard cock into her waiting mouth. She swallowed me without any hesitation and, in response to the delicious warm interior of her mouth, I soon became fully hard and began, in a leisurely fashion, to pump the length of my cock in and out of her mouth. She gave good head, swallowing me with alacrity and only occasionally gagging as I pumped her face. Clearly she was used to having her mouth employed as a surrogate cunt.

In the meantime Gunter had positioned himself behind her and was vigorously fucking her in the ass, preferring this to her cunt, which he ignored. After a while he hopped off and his wife took his place sporting a large strap-on dildo which she proceeded to insert into Vanessa's cunt. Once safely lodged inside her Sabine began to fuck her even more vigorously than Gunter, lunging at her

unmercifully with the big thick dildo. The thrusting made her headshake and somewhat disturbed the rhythm of her suck strokes on my cock. I moved aside to make way for Victor who immediately popped his cock into her fleetingly empty mouth.

We proceeded in this way for some time, taking turns to occupy different orifices, moving from her mouth to her ass to her mouth to her cunt to her ass. We became a team, functioning like a well-tuned machine we fucked the little slave girl into a state of almost total oblivion. She had abandoned herself completely to the group, her body a mere receptacle for the lust surrounding her. I could see a number of powerful orgasms shake her fragile frame. She quivered and groaned and screamed, but still everyone kept up their remorseless pounding of her holes. It was quite exhausting and occasionally one or two of us would take a break while the others carried on fucking her, simultaneously probing her holes with hands, cocks, tongues, fingers and various implements provided for the purpose.

When any of us felt ourselves on the verge of coming we had to vacate whatever orifice occupied us at the time and relieve ourselves into a large wine glass. It was a very elegant glass with a wide brim and a long stem. I think all of us came at least three times during the course of the evening so that by the end of the proceedings, when everyone was becoming too fatigued to carry on, the glass contained a substantial quantity of semen. Gilles picked up the glass and swirled it around, the sluggish fluid clinging around the sides of the glass. Thick goblets of cum floated on the surface while the thinner seminal fluid formed a lower layer of milky secretion. It resembled one of those cocktails where each layer remains distinct. Gilles raised up the glass and stood before the exhausted girl.

'Here we are my dear,' he said. 'Your reward for your sluggishness awaits you. I want you to drink down this libation. It is a gift from your gods, from those who possess you.'

So saying he raised the glass to her lips and slowly poured the viscous fluid into her open mouth. She gulped it down but couldn't quite keep up so those trails of cum ran from her mouth and hung in long elastic strands from her chin. As she consumed the cum we all applauded. It was a very satisfying and remarkable conclusion to the weekend.

Vanessa was so thoroughly used that when Gilles released her from the apparatus she could barely stand. He led her away to the bedroom for a rest, tenderly helping her. She looked back and gave us all a delightful smile, which though weak was suffused with pride. A smile such as can be found on the exhausted face of a triumphant long distance runner.

Writers contact: simon@pink.demon.co.uk

Have you written some erotic - fetish fiction?
Or even a true story?
Sent to us and maybe we'll publish it!

Breath Control

By Jay Wiseman



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Choking, suffocation, and other forms of 'breath control' are sometimes played with. Among other things, the first symptom of oxygen deprivation is often euphoria. Also, the idea of this degree of control can be compelling. One submissive woman gasped with wonder (and delight) when she considered that her master might 'control the very air I breathe.' Unfortunately, this area is the single most dangerous aspect of SM-related play.

After a great deal of investigation, consideration, and discussing this subject with people who have much more medical knowledge than I have, I have been completely unable to learn any way to make breath control play acceptably safe. Furthermore, the overwhelming majority of the SM-related fatalities I have heard of were related somehow to restricting breathing.

The whole problem lies in determining how much is enough. Often you don't know that until you've gone too far. It's similar to the old mechanic's joke that goes: Question: How tight should I tighten this bolt?

Answer: Tighten it up to a quarter-turn before it strips.

The goal of some forms of breath control play seems to be to render the submissive unconscious and then revive them. Unfortunately, one major problem is that the means used to render the submissive unconscious by interfering with the amount of oxygen to their brain also, and unknown by many people who try this, affects the submissive's heart.

People usually appear to tolerate this well, but if there's a mishap - they die. Another serious problem is that every episode of unconsciousness, for whatever reason, seems to cause at least some permanent (repeat, permanent) brain damage.

There just simply seems to be no safe way to play in this area. Police 'judo chokes' designed to cause unconsciousness harmlessly have been banned by many police departments because these holds caused deaths in many cases - and sometimes the death occurred hours after the choke was applied. 'Experts' at breath-control-related erotic play have died because their 'fail-safe' devices failed. Even "apparently safe" practices such as ordering the submissive hold their own breath or ordering them to hyper-ventilate can be far, far riskier than they seem to be.



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'Auto-erotic asphyxiation' masturbation games cause large numbers of fatalities in otherwise entirely healthy people each year. I was once involved in a resurrection attempt on such a case during my ambulance days. I still clearly remember my partner, myself, the cops, the fire department, and the hospital



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emergency room crew doing the absolute best CPR we could on a young teenage boy while his mother yelled and screamed and prayed frantically to God to please, please, not to take her boy. (We got his heart going again, but he died the next day.)

I have researched this area a great deal and I find no safe way to play. That saddens me, because I don't like to think that anything is so intrinsically dangerous that it shouldn't ever be done, but it certainly **seems true in this particular case. I have listened to several "experts", and I've found truly alarming flaws in their reasoning and deficits in their**



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knowledge. I have read literature associated with breath control play, and it also scares me. Stay away from this stuff!

Footnote: Because I hate to say that any erotic practice is so dangerous that it should never be done, I'm willing to listen further to advocates of breath control play. However, I've listened to some and so far they have not only failed to impress me - they have appalled me.

You can write to me about how you think breath control play can be done safely if you want, but if you don't have a clear, detailed understanding of arterial blood gases, PVCS, the vagus nerve, asystole, syncope, acetylcholine, hypocarbia, tetany, ventricular fibrillation, and related subjects, then you have absolutely no business telling anybody anything about breath control play other than to stay away from it.

*Jay Wiseman
SM 101*



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This piece was taken from the excellent SM101 written by Jay Wiseman, with his permission. You can reach him at the following address: P.O.Box 1261, Berkeley, CA 94701, USA. Mention Secret Magazine.

What is S&M

by Trevor Jacques

SM is not only about pain.
SM is not abuse.
SM is not without love.
SM is not demeaning to women or men.

We're sure we won't be able to cover everything, but we hope that what follows will give you some idea of the possibilities. The statements below are not given in any particular order:

SM is about communication.
SM is about parity.
SM is about ritual.

SM is playing cops and robbers, and the contented excitement of the victim - all tied up and the centre of attention.

SM is when the belt hits - first it hurts, then it glows... just the way we like it.

SM is trying to piss when in bondage, while your mistress holds your cock and makes comments.

SM is about negotiation
SM is about roles.
SM is about a journey.

SM is the dentist from out of town who you keep in chains all weekend while your friends come over to play with her in every possible way.

SM is wondering what the other executives would say (or think) if they knew about the welts and sticky panties under your Oh-so-conservative suit.

SM is about how those tit clamps hurt just right; about the pain when the clamps bite a bit more; and how the tits adjust to that, too.

SM is the Sunday brunch at a gay SM bar, even though you're a straight couple; and knowing that the leathermen and leatherwomen there know that you're into it, too.

SM is screaming "That's ONE, Madam! Thank you, Madam!" at the top of your lungs.

SM is the thrill you get when the man at the party asks you to try on handcuffs. "...just to see how it feels."

SM is dragging yourself to the gym, even though you desperately don't want to go.

SM is your Top making you wear a steel cockring to set off the airport metal detectors.

SM is about the Top's needs.
SM is about fantasy.
SM is about the Bottom's needs.

SM is putting your boyfriend into a French maid outfit to serve lunch to you and your women's lib girlfriends.

SM is your lifelong gratitude to the person who helped you come out.

SM is your lifelong gratitude to the person who helped you come out into SM. (This one's for all you kinky people.... Ed.)

SM is your slave holding up her hair, without being told, so that you can put a collar around her neck. SM is about humiliation.

SM is hearing people who know nothing about SM say how bad it is, and you want to giggle because they're so serious.

SM is the quiet typist by day, dominatrix by night.

SM is about controlling.
SM is about being controlled.

SM is about sleeping with both your hands and feet bound, and the dreams that you have....

SM is your new slave blindfolded, masturbating, and telling you his secret fantasies while you watch and listen to every wonderful word.

SM is the humiliation of discovering that your new slave knows far more about SM than you, ...and has far more experience.

SM is about sweating, wondering whether you're going to pass out, and finally relaxing into it all.

SM is wishing you could afford two of everything in the leather store.

SM is Errol Flynn tied up by pirates.

SM is wishing that you could afford just one of most things in the leather store.

SM is the anniversary of the date your lover had a gold ring put through your labia (no anaesthetic); then she holds you and says you're hers forever; and you'd do anything for her.

SM is about submission.
SM is about domination.

SM is identifying that veteran, gay Bottom on the bus; short haircut, polished boots, tattered jeans, fraying leather jacket, and a heavy chain and padlock about his neck - quiet, upright, proud, centred, and content.

SM is about the exchange of power.
SM is about the exchange of trust.

SM is about the tiny pair of gold handcuffs on your Chanel dress when you go to the opera.

SM is trying to explain the massive frame and eyebolts to your little, old landlady.

SM is knowing that the first person to bottle the smell of new leather will die rich.

SM is the uniform you wear on Saturday nights.
SM is about giving pain.
SM is about receiving pain.

SM is being taken downstairs and noticing that it's been soundproofed.

SM is the perfume of sweaty leather.

SM is a highly styled and carefully managed vulnerability for all participants.

SM is screaming "That's ONE, Sir! Thank you, Sir!" at the top of your voice.

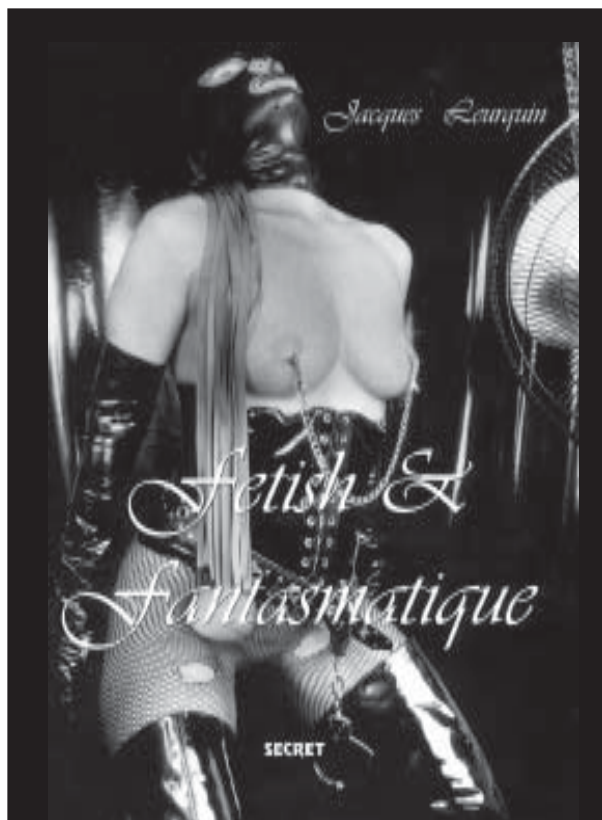
SM is finding the perfect pair of boots.

SM is how hot her ass feels as you caress the welts.

SM is putting up with a picky, uncertain novice who doesn't know what he wants or how to express it; but, when he manages, he takes your breath away with the totality of his submission.

SM is hurting the one you love, just right.

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Turning Out Kimberly



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Mistress Beverly called and told me that she might be come over in the late afternoon and bring a surprise guest. She stated I must wear my cream colored transparent satin top, clear latex flip skirt, my stainless steel metal loop collar, ear cuff, and ankle bracelet. Mistress Beverly demanded I shave my sex and anything else that needed it. Mistress Beverly thought this futuristic fetish look greatly emphasized my blue eyes and wild curly mane of red hair. As I waited on my knees, all was quite outside until around 5:00. Suddenly, my heart lifted as I heard the sound of a car pull up. I quickly ran over to the window where I heard a conversation unfold.

Mistress Beverly began, "Kimberly has been my slave for three years and wears my brand. I hesitate to say Kimberly is my best slave, as they are all different, but Kimberly is easy to train. For a slave, Kimberly knows much of the history of dominance and is current on kinky latex fashions. However, like most slaves, Kimberly has limits and exhibits bad slave behavior by exhibiting herself to almost anyone.

Miss Lydia remarked, "I have sent Kimberly several email's and I think I could really have some fun with her, Mistress Beverly." Miss Lydia took a box from the car.

Mistress Beverly got out of her black M3. She wore a black leather jacket, bustier, and skirt with matching 5-inch pumps. Miss Lydia was wore a short green leather backless dress. Miss Lydia also wore gold earrings in the shape of an "X".

"Welcome Mistresses", I said.

I bent over and kissed each Mistress near their sex and then kissed their shoes in turn as taught.

"So, what do I owe this surprise visit?", I said.

Mistress Beverly announced she and Miss Lydia needed to relieve some built up tension. Beverly commanded I walk into the living room and raise my skirt exposing my sex. Mistress Beverly then unzipped the skirt and let it fall to the floor. She ran her hands over the satin blouse then removed it. From a box that Miss Lydia had brought, Mistress Beverly removed an equestrian training harness, bit, and reins. She fastened this device to me. She removed a penis dildo from the box which had a horse's tail attached to it and inserted it into my ass. She started to ride me around the house. My legs got rug burns



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for thirty minutes while Mistress Beverly continued to ride me and execute an occasional crop strike! Mistress Beverly's pussy juices oozed and rolled down my back. Next, Miss Lydia took me for a ride. Sweat formed on my forehead. Miss Lydia got off me and then presented me with a blue latex corset with nipple holes. After I changed into the corset, Miss Lydia attached a leash to my collar and led me back to Miss Beverly's condo about a block away. Though I was still bottomless, I knew not to say a word.

Mistress Beverly and Miss Lydia arrived back at Mistress Beverly's ivy covered condo with me in tow. It was just after dusk. Once there, all three of us went inside. Though they were used to Mistress Beverly's outrageous ways, her neighbors were shocked and started making harassing remarks over me being shaved, harnessed, and bottomless!

Mistress Beverly announced, "You will exceeded your limits this evening Kimberly!"

She walked to her suitcase and removed a leather harness. Meanwhile, Miss Lydia removed the equestrian gear and told me in a soft flirtatious voice to close my eyes. Mistress Beverly started a Jeff Beck CD that caused odd jungle like electric guitar sounds to jump out of the stereo speakers. Mistress Beverly liked to play music to set the mood of a session and to cover the sounds of an insubordinate slave. Mistress Beverly walked behind me; parted my full

moon and inserted a huge strap-on black dildo! I cried out, but thanked Mistress Beverly as trained. Then, Miss Lydia lifted her dress and placed her 8" member into my mouth! I had never sucked cock before. Miss Lydia gently began stoking my ears and hair. At this point, Mistress Beverly and Miss Lydia started fucking me from both ends! I had never been fucked liked this before! I was so overcome with emotion that I was unable to comprehend the moment. My whole body was soaking wet! Much to my disbelief, I found myself calling out for more and more!

"Fuck me with that damn thing! Fuck me! I want it so bad!", I yelled. My body was covered in sweat.

After over an hour of being fucked and a full body organism, it was over. I was fully exhausted and dehydrated. Miss Lydia gave me a cup of ice and told me to produce me own beverage and drink it. Miss Lydia commanded, while feeling my pert breasts, that I should set a better example for other slaves by wearing her penis gag and corset in public.

"I want all the other slaves to know what a beautiful bi transvestite tramp you have become! You should be proud of yourself! Get your nose pierced or at least get a slip-on nose ring," Miss Lydia stated.

"Now slut, here are my keys; go get the car!" Mistress Beverly laughed, "By this time next year Kimberly, you will be willing to fuck anyone anywhere."

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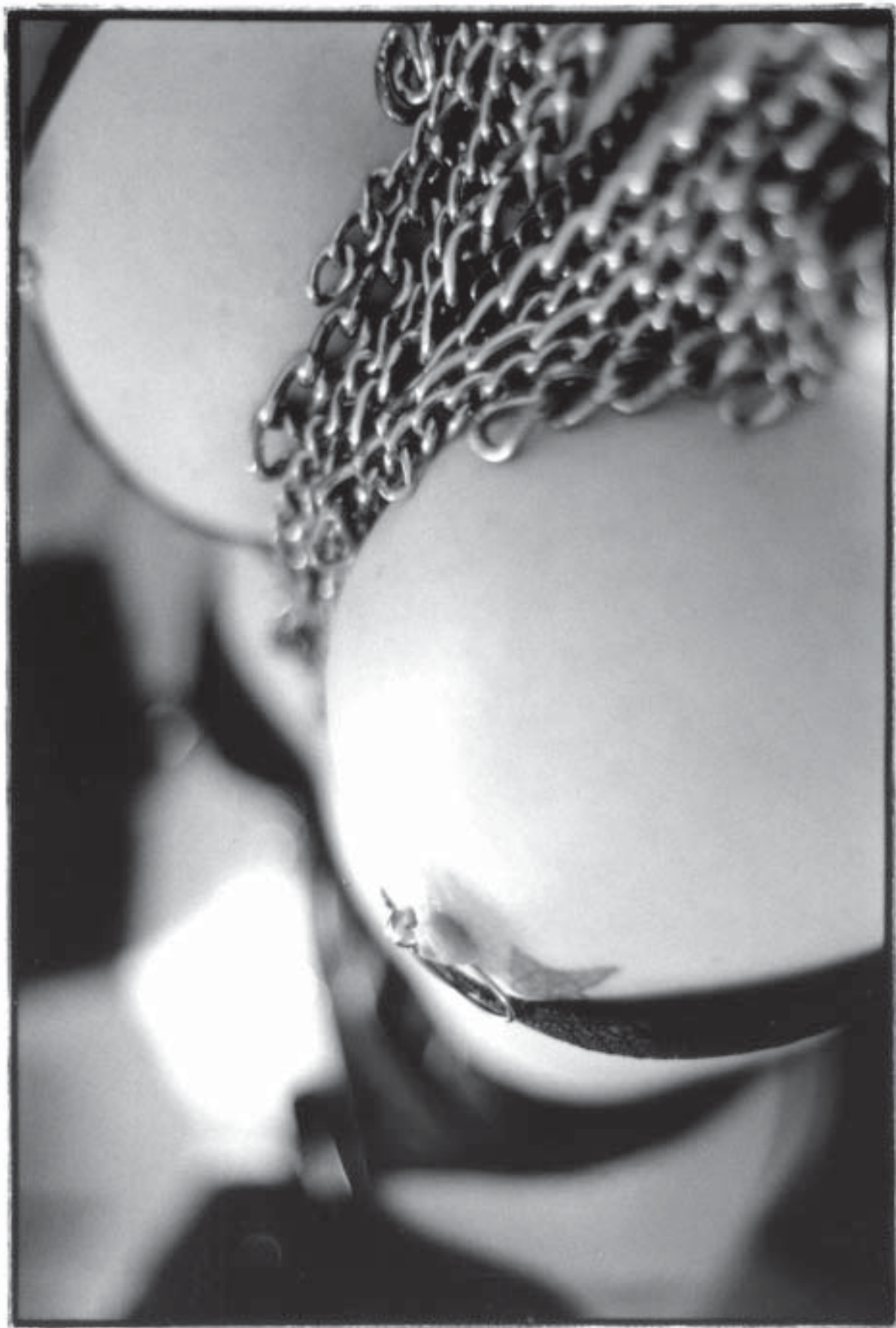
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P H O T O  D E S I G N

ROBERTA TIES THE KNOT

BY LARRY LANE

Charmaine Cockmeister sipped her tea. "My niece has plenty of suitors, but you know how we British are. Too stuffy! Too conservative! None of her callers will admit to sharing her fetish fantasies. That is why you are here, Mr. Bondetta."

Bernard Bondetta almost choked as he sipped on his coffee. "Me? Why?" he asked. "Because she is fascinated with your novels about damsels in distress, tamed transvestites, and petticoat punishment. Oh, yes! My niece has read every one of your 38 books, from *'Our Fettered Forms'* to *'My Petticoated Pets'* to *'Gagged Guys and Girls in Girdles.'*"

Mr. Bondetta smiled his appreciation. "Well, as an American novelist, it is good to know I have fans in Great Britain," he said. "I have been fascinated by your niece's letters to me, and that is why I decide to visit your castle when I finally made it to the U.K. Without ever meeting your niece, I feel as if I know her intimately." Ms. Cockmeister pursed her lips.

"Well, you know my niece is in my charge. It is as if she is my own daughter. So I try to screen every possible suitor. And that is why I usually make some initial inquiries. Most of her suitors find my inquiries too personal."

Mr. Bondetta smiled again. "I have no secrets," he said matter-of-factly.

"Really?" Ms. Cockmeister said. "So it won't bother you if I suggest that your novels seem slightly autobiographical. I have the sense you have created one of your continuing characters, Bobby Roberts - also known as Roberta Ruffles - as a sort of alter ego. Is Roberta Ruffles you, Mr. Bondetta?"

Bernard Bondetta sat silently in his chair. The

question had caught him completely off guard. How had she guessed? What would happen if he admitted his fantasies? More importantly, what would happen if he didn't? After a minute of silence, Ms. Cockmeister stared at him sternly, stood up and pointed at the door: "If you are not Roberta Ruffles, you should leave. My niece will only share her life with a truly sissified slave she can dominate and torment, and who, in turn, can share in her humiliations. For she

sees herself as another of your characters, Submissive Slut Suzanne, and only wants to meet you if you will admit your own true passions."

Mr. Bondetta hesitated. He gazed at Ms. Cockmeister. She was a tall auburn beauty. She was wearing a simple velvet A-line dress, in dark forest green with gold trim at the neck and hem. She wore flesh-colored nylons, small-heeled black shoes, and only a modest gold watch as jewelry. Hardly the image of the classic dominatrix, he thought to himself. But she was certainly in control of him right now. He tried to measure her

looks to get some clue of what her niece might look like. Finally, he spoke: "May I meet your niece first and"

"No," she snapped. "You must decide now. If you admit your true self to me, Mr. Bondetta, I promise you will not be disappointed. I will take you into the other room and prepare you for the arrival of my niece. She is truly beautiful. If you are truly ready to be the petticoated prisoner of your dreams, this is your chance."

He hesitated only a second. "I am Roberta Ruffles. He ... she ... is me. I am her." He gazed up at Ms. Cockmeister, who stood there in stone silence.



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Finally, she nodded her head and gave him a sinister little smile. "I thought so," she said. "Let's get on with this. I want you in character to meet my niece."

His coffee cup clattered as he nervously placed it back on its saucer and followed her into another room. It was a wardrobe room. And it was filled with women's clothing.

"Take off your clothes," she said.

"You want me naked in front of you?" he asked.

"I want you to obey - or leave!!!" she said.

He nodded his understanding and began to undress. He was ordered to drop his clothes and all of his personal belongings into a white leather hamper, which Ms. Cockmeister chained and locked. Then she handed him a pair of white silk pettipants with red laced trim and ruffles.

"From now on, we will choose your wardrobe," she said.

"We?" he asked himself. He wondered who "we" was. But he began to dress, his penis stirring slightly as he felt the familiar touch of soft silk against it. White knee socks and red mary jane shoes came next. He was then ordered to put on a high-collared, puffy-sleeved white taffeta dress with a sewn-in red petticoat and red trim and lace. It fit him perfectly and fell just two inches below his waist - high enough to show off his petticoat and pettipants to all who saw him. Charmaine Cockmeister then attached a 2 1/2 inch pink leather collar about his neck and added matching wrist, ankle and knee restraints. She locked them all. Next came a pink rubber cap that hid all his hair. A short, curly brunette wig came next. And then a pink screw-in, three-inch, inflatable cock gag.

"Open your mouth," she commanded. He did. She pushed it into his mouth, secured it, and pumped it up. He had never been so completely gagged. She padlocked his wrists together behind him and locked his knee restraints together. She topped it all off with a silky white bow atop his wig.

"Comfy?" she asked.

"M-m-m-m," he said, looking in the mirror and seeing the reflection of what appeared to be a six-year-old girl, dressed for a social affair. Of course the bindings and the cock gag - not to mention his 6-2 frame - made it all look so silly, so humiliating. Part of him was turned on; part of him was very nervous. At least

the bondage made it simple: he wasn't going anywhere.

"Good," Ms. Cockmeister said.

"Now return to your chair and we will await my niece." He hobbled slowly back to his chair, breathing deeply through my nose as he waddled. She watched from behind.

"You make an excellent little girl," she said.

"Too bad your my niece's plaything, Roberta Ruffles." Roberta Ruffles indeed. He was embarrassed by my own humiliation, but the rush of his imprisonment was exciting. For, indeed, he was realizing his own fantasy.

"Please show the proper restraint," Charmaine Cockmeister scolded him as he sat down in the chair. She fastened two chains - one from each side of the back of the chair - to the collar around his neck. She reached down under his petticoat and dress and felt the bulge in his pettipants.

"Hm-m-m-m. Yes, we must restrain ourselves!" Charmaine Cockmeister took a seat again on the settee across from Roberta and began to read a magazine. Roberta began to think through the last few hours - arriving here at the castle, meeting Ms. Cockmeister, being dressed and bound. Ms. Cockmeister did not seem to notice the way his eyes darted around the castle and back to

her. She did not seem to notice him testing his bonds. She did not seem to notice the bulge in his panties. But when he finally sighed an involuntary sigh, she looked up from her magazine and stared him in the eyes.

"Patience, Roberta," she said.

"Suzanne will be here shortly. If you can't stand the wait, perhaps we can arrange a little bare-ass spanking for you." He let out a small whimper.

"Not a peep," she said.

"Or it will be the birch for you." He nodded silently and sat back in his chair to wait. It was at least a half hour later when two maids wheeled a black figure into the room on a hand truck. It was Suzanne, bound head to toe in an leather hobble dress, boots, gloves, and hood. She had a leather blindfold over her eyes. Only her lips - painted cherry red - peeked through



her hood. She was strapped to the hand truck at the ankles, knees, waist, wrists, elbows, shoulders, neck and forehead. Ms. Cockmeister removed Suzanne's blindfold and Roberta watched Suzanne's eyes dart around the room, finally focusing on his sissified, bound form. Suzanne's eyes widened.

"Submissive Slut Suzanne is in punishment today," Ms. Cockmeister said.

"Obviously, she needs discipline because I know she couldn't control herself if she were not restrained for your first meeting." Suzanne's eyes rolled back in her head. Roberta looked at Suzanne's eyes and saw a look of urgency, as if she couldn't wait to explain herself. Yet, for some reason, she didn't speak. Suzanne stood silently as the maids undid her bindings. Finally, she stepped off the hand truck. The maids unlaced her mask. She took a deep breath through full red lips, then tossed back her long brunette hair. Roberts sighed through his gag. Suzanne was lovely. Beautiful. Radiant. She was slightly taller than her aunt, with all the right curves. And her face - he wanted to kiss her passionately, right there. Suzanne stared at Roberta as the maids parted Suzanne's lips to reveal a metal gag wedged between her teeth and held there by a dainty crank. The maids worked the crank, but instead of loosening it, they made Suzanne's face longer by cranking it up.

Soon, Suzanne was unable to put her lips together, and her eyes glared as the maid fit her arms into glove-like bondage mittens. Suzanne cried behind her gag.

"I don't like the look I'm getting," Ms. Cockmeister said. "Albert, blindfold her." Albert? Who was Albert, Roberta wondered. Suddenly, the more buxom maid came forward to blindfold Suzanne. This buxom tart is a man like me, Roberta asked himself? Yes, indeed. But Roberta would soon find out this wasn't the only mystery in this mansion. Suzanne was pushed in the direction of the stairs. As she walked away from Roberta, he watched her butt shifting from side to side. What a sight! He felt himself swell inside his pettipants. He moaned and twisted about, feeling my bulge grow larger and larger. He started to writhe in time as Ms. Cockmeister's reached under his dress

and began to play with him. He could smell her perfume as she rubbed her chest against his face.

"Hold it, hold it," she commanded. But he could not. His sperm squirted against its silk prison in spurts, loud enough for Ms. Cockmeister to hear it.

"Shame on you," Ms. Cockmeister said.

"I'll shall have to teach you not to disobey me." She called for the maids.

"Dispose of him," Ms. Cockmeister said. Roberta was retired to his room, strapped to his bed by his collar and his ankles, still wearing his little girl's dress and all of its accessories. A television set was affixed over his bed, and the monitor was showing pages from

illustrated books on forced crossdressing. The drawings showed Amazons dominating men into submission. One drawing showed three adult baby boys lifting up their frocks to show a crowd of women their pink plastic panties. All had their heads bowed, but it was clear the three had faint erections. Another drawing showed a man wearing nylons, heels, panties, a bra and a ball gag, all in white, tied to the four corners of a red leather footstool, his mistress resting her boots on his back. She was watching TV, and ignoring him, but was resting her crop on his ass. There was a large bulge in his panties. Yet another drawing showed what appeared to be two

women, gagged and bound, wearing 6" heels, black rubber hose, black rubber miniskirts, and white high-neck rubber blouses. One was very shapely, with large breasts. She wore a sign around her neck that said: "HE." The other had the shape of a young teenage boy and a sign that read: "SHE."

Behind the two bound victims, a sign on the wall said: "Welcome to TAME-A-TART, where amazons rule everyone!" As the televised images changed, Roberta saw more drawings of men made up to look like can-can dancers, maids, nurses, showgirls, and even dominatrixes. Every last drawing was signed "S.S.S." "Submissive Slut Suzanne," Roberta wondered? Were these her fantasies? The idea made his loins stir again. He couldn't wait to finally talk to this wicked little slut. He was certain he had found his soulmate. The bulge in his pettipants told him so.



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- REQUESTED - BONDAGE -

BY

JG-LEATHERS - PART 2

“Walk ahead slowly, then step up on the stool.” she commanded loudly so that I could hear her through the doubled sound insulation of the ear plugs and the ear defender-head set.

Her voice though, to me, was very faint. Teresa’s fingers wrapped around my almost numb upper left arm above the constricting cuff and she marched me forward. My tightly booted foot bumped into the low stool and I automatically raised it to the short length of the hobble and stepped gingerly up onto it, feeling the painful, constricting bite of my ankle cuffs, and the quick snub of the too-short connecting chain.

“Sit down slowly, then lay back!”

I lowered myself carefully onto my strap-enhanced and vulnerable behind, feeling the butt plug plunge disconcertingly deeper into me when I settled, while under my weight, the chain-suspended plank swung away. Teresa steadied it and I continued to descend, trembling, onto its four-inch-wide narrowness. Her palm pressed firmly against my left shoulder, forcing me to lay down fully, and a moment later she began fastening me to the back-board. First, my waist was secured, then she moved to my shoulders and strapped them down, tightly. She knew from past experience that I would react violently, frenzied in my efforts to escape the sensations she was going to make me experience, and she wanted that to be utterly impossible.

At my sides, my mitted hands and arms hung to the lengths of their short chains, while below my hips, my booted legs angled downwards, joined by their short hobble; it still leashed to the ceiling ring by the looping chain. This situation didn’t last long. She quickly banded each of my thighs above the knees with very tight narrow straps, then connected chains from overhead rings to these in such a manner that my legs were pulled wide and raised to approximately a forty-five degree angle above the plane of my body. My hobble chain was removed a moment later and she then pulled my ankles up and far off to the sides, fastening them so that I’d be completely incapable of closing my legs, or rolling to scissor them protectively.

This is probably the most helpless and vulnerable

position that a human being can be placed in and I had a flash of sympathy and understanding for women, who must all suffer this embarrassing posture for each full medical exam that they take.

I was totally unable to protect myself from whatever was to come next!

On the crotch-piece, the rigid tube containing my impaled maleness stood out stiffly from my body, blatantly demanding her attention. Deeply and securely contained within the device, and with my hands chained, I was totally unable to protect myself from whatever was to come next! It was a horrible feeling. I attempted to close my legs together against the tensions on the chains; but there was no way of doing so, and so I lay there in blackness and silence, gasping through my wired nose. I could still feel the long shaft skewered into my penis, although it too wasn’t truly all that noticeable. However when I continued to harden and lengthen involuntarily while contemplating my helplessness, it immediately made its presence uncomfortably felt.

Teresa moved around and grasped each of my mitts, then connected long chains to one of their as yet unused restraint rings. The other ends of these chains were already fastened off to the side, to ceiling rings and she easily tightened these leashes until my arms were held well away from my body and slightly raised. I tried to resist, jerking against her strong tension on them; but it was no use! Even had I managed to temporarily avoid her initial attempt to further restrain my hands and arms, they were still linked to the sides of my cinch! I pulled despairingly at the restraints after she locked them in place; but she ignored my growing agitation. Next came the sling for my encumbered and isolated head. Her hand slipped under the back of my skull and she positioned the wide web of strapping beneath, then locked my head harness to it. I was utterly helpless; suspended, blinded, chained and deafened; waiting in fearful anticipation for what was soon to come.

A moment later I felt her screwing the vacuum hose onto its fitting at the tip of the Penis Vacuum Tube

and shivered with a tension that was increasing by leaps and bounds while she attached it to my body's most sensitive organ. The breast cups were the next to receive the attentions of her fingers, and I trembled even more while their heavy hoses were connected. Suddenly, my air supply, until now free-flowing and unnoticed, was cut off and the mask and helmet sucked themselves onto my face when I struggled to inhale! I could breath out; but I couldn't get any air in! She finally relented, forty-five endless seconds later, and I found that I could still breathe; but now with more difficulty because of the filter system she'd hooked into my air intake lines! I gasped and squirmed there in mid-air, trying to assimilate the multitude of bondage sensations, while she silently, quickly, and, unnoticed by me of course, joined the TENS cables to their connectors. Each had a short tail that allowed for just this scenario; ie. it could be done unnoticed by the person in the Harness. The 'subject' would never know when the preparation phase was completed and the system capable of being activated. I was at that point.

For more endless minutes I lay there in total isolation twitching fearfully against my fastenings. Teresa had left for another cigarette and I was perforce required to endure the loneliness and fear that quickly took hold of my thoughts. She'd soon help me discover my limits, and the unknown country beyond.

My first hint that she'd returned and decided to begin was a fierce tingling in my nipples and breasts. I automatically jerked against my bonds and yelped

*becoming increasingly horrifying
when she slowly and deliberately
kept turning up the power level!!*

as loudly as I could against the gag pad, swinging violently on the plank's suspending chains. Then came a long, piercing, throbbing pulsation from the butt plug! I wailed into my too tight gag at the violent twitching sensations evoked by the shocks, frantically attempting to lift my backside clear of the back board, shaking my chest in frantic agitation to escape the shocks drilling and rippling through my nipples. The breast electrodes remained painfully active, and a moment later I felt my ears twitch to a mild pulsing, then my nose suddenly caught fire and I screamed into the gag in reaction to the intense and biting shocks that zipped through the sensitive flesh! This, though, was only the very beginning! A second later, the belly electrodes made my abdomen quake from other stronger and stronger shocks.

She was saving the best, or the worst, for last.

All at once I felt a vibrating, pulsating, buzzing begin to course through the transfixed flesh of my maleness and I howled with automatic frenzied convulsions, but the sensations gradually and irrevocably grew stronger and stronger! They quickly escalated to beyond pleasurable; becoming increasingly horrifying when she slowly and deliberately kept turning up the power level!! She had yet to adjust the intensity from its zeroed position on any of the TENS unit's channels!

Teresa played with the controls for my breasts and manhood forever!, extracting her generic female revenge. I spent agonizing eons enduring the widely-spaced, continuous, needling shocks; jerking and keening spastically with each one as they passed searingly through the vulnerable and sensitive flesh of my nipples and manhood. At the same time, she adjusted the inputs to the "Tube" so that the shocks pulsed at an off-set rhythm through the skewered flesh. Teresa became an artist with the controls. All at once, one area or another, or both together, would suddenly be subjected to a higher frequency series of shocks, that, when left at the same strength, became incredibly, horribly, and intimately disturbing. The only way to describe the sensations is to say that words cannot equate to the disruptive experience in any way at all.

One of the TENS units being employed had a "program" mode, and this one had been connected to the Penis Vacuum Tube. All of the other areas subject to electrical torture were assaulted by widely varying sets of painful stimuli; but only my penis was on the same continuous series. What I felt through my straining, blood-engorged, and super-sensitive flesh was something like:

buzzzz-buzzzz-buzzzz-buzzzz-buzzzz-blip!-
blip!-blip!-blip!-blip!-blip!-buzzzz-buzzzz-BUZZZZZZ-
BUZZZZZZZZ! buzzzz-buzzzz-buzzzz-buzzzz-
buzzzz-blip!-blip!-blip!-blip!-blip!-blip!-buzzzz-
buzzzz-BUZZZZ-BUZZZZZZ! buzzzz-buzzzz-
buzzzz-buzzzz-buzzzz-blip!-blip!-blip!-blip!-blip!-
blip!-buzzzz-buzzzz-BUZZZZ-BUZZZZZZ!

This terrible cycling lasted for endless horrifying minutes of eternity and I thought that I'd go completely mad from the inescapable sensations! At times they faded away almost to nothing, then she'd sometimes gradually and sometimes rapidly increase the power again, and then also the intensity, until they were at such high levels that I felt as though my transfixed and untouchable flesh was simultaneously on fire and being pierced by thousands of ragged, barbed, needles!

She continued her adjustments without mercy, making me jerk and flail wildly against my harnessing and restraints, desperately trying to scream through my gag, attempting to beg her for a cessation of the electrical torture she was so casually administering. She didn't stop.

An endless time later, all of the shocks slowly died back to semi-bearable level, then she added in the next element. She turned on the vacuum pump!

My penis rapidly hardened and lengthened to the pulsating suction, dragged firmly and irresistibly further along the slick interior of the tube, driving the brass electrode rod ever more deeply into my straining flesh! The sensation of being so irresistibly impaled was incredible! In addition though I knew that with the increased area of contact with the catheter and the copper liner, the soon to come sensations of the electricity would be just that much more intense. At the same time, the cups clamped to my chest began to suck themselves into a leechlike contact, dragging strongly at my breast flesh and at the same time strengthening their electrical contact.

Again, suddenly, my nipples and breasts seemed to catch fire! More wails of despairing agony were still-born in my throat by the gag, while I jerked dementedly against my bonds, striving frantically to shake away the punishing electrodes and the burning

I fought against the wall of vacuum that sucked the cloying mask and face-piece tightly against my freely-sweating skin

and biting that they inflicted; but I couldn't escape the rippling, piercing shocks, no matter how hard I twisted and writhed! Teresa slowly increased the power, then she began increasing the intensity! Before her, in mid-air, I flung myself about madly. Again and again and again the frequency of the shocks zoomed from two per second up to one hundred and fifty per second, forcing me to scream despairingly into the gag pad and gyrate even more uncontrollably than before, howling through the plug in my mouth for her to Stop!!! Please, please, please!!!. Pllllleeeasssse!!! Only strangled and unintelligible wails hissed from under the tight rubber confinement of my head and face, and she paid them no mind at all as she continued to play with the controls.

Then, the same thing began to happen with the butt plug! My hips writhed and lifted against their singing chains, my buttocks clenching from the mind-shattering electrical onslaught. Automatically, I attempted to bring my legs together in a posture of protection; but the chains at my thighs and ankles kept me wide-spread and totally vulnerable, even when I struggled to roll to the side and close my legs.

Teresa maintained all of these levels, then began increasing the stimulation of my nose and earlobes. I flung my head around hysterically in sightless panic from the terribly intense sensations. I couldn't see what she was doing, and even if I'd been able to do so, I'd still have just had to lay there and accept what came! The suspense and randomly placed applications of the electricity were a horror in and of themselves. Again, my maleness suffered the slowly escalating, pulsating and ravenous shocks; now feeling them tremendously more intensely because of its vacuum-increased length. It was impossible for me to stop her from doing as she pleased, and so the unending pulses rose to levels that made me scream frenziedly, jerking in hysteria at my chains, desperate to escape my self-chosen fate; but this was not the climax of what she planned!

It was only the beginning.

My air supply suddenly disappeared.

I fought against the wall of vacuum that sucked the cloying mask and face-piece tightly against my freely-sweating skin, knowing that she was holding the valve closed just for the sheer pleasure of watching me strain uselessly to breath inside the sealed rubber imprisonment of my face and head. Within the mask, the flexible inner face-piece squeezed down ever more firmly onto my skin and I felt the rubber of the helmet also clamp itself tightly to my head. She still wouldn't let me breathe and I frantically tried to beg her with my last air to release me from the strangling void she'd sentenced me to. "Have I gone too far, allowing her to control my life so utterly?" I asked myself between bouts of frantic attempts to escape. Finally, she permitted a reduced trickle into my starving lungs and I gratefully inhaled shuddering breaths as the painful pulses slowly decreased.

Teresa left again for a cigarette (as I later found out); but before she did, she adjusted the levels of all of the TENS units to the point that I was thrashing frantically. I spent those eternal minutes struggling and howling to be released from the automatically administered discipline; but I was alone there in the room, in my requested bondage of soundless solitude. At last she returned and powered everything down to a level that I could handle without going crazy trying to escape, and allowed me to calm down and recover. But I couldn't escape!

Then, without any warning, the whole thing started all over again!

For the next three and a half hours, she took me to the very limits of my endurance, then far beyond what I thought I could handle. She totally disregarded my gag-garbled screams, begging her to stop. I'd tested her patience by asking repeatedly that she take me on this experimental journey, then insisted that she was to ignore any pleadings or attempted use of any safe words or gestures that we'd ever employed in the past. She was free to proceed how she desired.

I ascended into a realm of something that words cannot describe

Teresa took that request and honoured it, fully.

During the ensuing month-long hours, she changed the bondage arrangements for my arms and legs frequently, yet I remained always suspended on my back, in mid-air. At points during the session, she'd suddenly increase one or another, or all of the intensities, strengths, and pulse rates of the electrical shocks at the same time. When that happened, I literally went crazy from the horribly intense and intimate sensations and there was no doubt that had I been free of my restraints I would have injured myself. On other occasions, she left me quietly alone, as she'd done once already, suffering potent yet not overwhelming, continual shocks. These she would set at sufficiently high enough settings to keep me trembling and striving frantically to escape; but unless the dials were twitched just that fraction of a rotation more, I wouldn't be driven to screaming fits. During these 'lulls', she changed my bondage, then resumed her experimentations once more.

At one point in the middle of a particularly painful and intense automated electrical stimulation, she pulled my legs even further upwards and administered a flogging with her favourite crop! The sharply stinging blows to my buttocks acted to drive me past the point of coherence and I ascended into a realm of something that words cannot describe. In combination with the overwhelming electrical torments, while in my isolated and helpless state, this mild flogging created an awareness that was, in retrospect, quite astounding.

Eventually though she took pity and began releasing me from my harness and suspension.

Our playtime, I thought, was finished for the day. It was nearly 4:30 pm, and I was so exhausted that all I wanted to do was to have a shower, then escape to the locked security of my Chastity Belt and Collar. I knew though that she would continue to keep me leashed, even if I was permitted to have a nap. The first thing that I hoped she would remove was the enveloping and sense-eliminating gas mask/helmet and she was intuitive enough to permit it. After that, the balance of my Harness was quickly released; in a far shorter time than it had taken to put me into it. When I was finally free of all the restraints, I staggered to the bathroom and had a long, hot shower. It felt wonderful to be free; but if she demanded it, I knew that I'd have had to put everything on again and suffer her disciplining once more. Another session like the

one just completed might, truly, 'break' me. I'd been forced to the very precipice and looked down into its Stygian depths, to see my inner soul staring back at me and I knew that if I had to go there again, I'd topple into the pit and come back as a different person.

When I emerged from the bathroom she pointed to the Chastity Belt with its attached, locked-together thigh bands and my Collar. The other ends of their long chain leashes were fastened to the playroom's restraint rings with heavy locks.

"Put them on. Now!" she commanded.

I was still her prisoner and about to be made intimately so, again. Two minutes later I was locked into the strict restraint garments that controlled me so completely. My wrist cuffs were connected to the side rings of the Chastity Belt's cinch with short chains, and my ankles, just above the high-heeled pumps, were tightly cuffed; joined together with a cruelly short hobble chain. She also required me to wear the thigh-bands, to restrain my upper leg's movements, adding even further to my sensation of being constantly and deeply in her bondage. They restricted my leg motions thoroughly, in combination with the constricting ankle cuffs and I could both hear and feel their movements against their joining 'key' when I walked.

She pointed to the remainder of the clothing that I was to wear over these restraints and so a few minutes later, my Chastity Belt and leg bondage was concealed under a long, innocent-appearing, denim skirt, hiding all but my hobble chain, ankle cuffs, and leash. Under my thin blouse I felt the tight bra and the weight of my false breasts with increased sensitivity, shuddering at the thought of what might be done to a female, fastened into the harness I'd just been released from. The skirt hid the trembling of my legs in reaction to the strenuous exercise that I'd gone through, and I couldn't help the exhausted stagger that palsied my paces. I walked with painfully shortened, chain-limited steps to the refrigerator for a cold beer.

Teresa came over and gave me a long hug, then stood back and looked me over.

"That was fun!" she grinned at me. "How'd you like it?"

"It was pretty scary, and horribly intense." I replied. "Well, that's what you wanted, right?" she asked innocently. "How about you getting back into the Harness, right now?"

"I-I don't think that I could take it." I quavered, not knowing if she was serious or not; fearing that she was.

"So what if you can't?" she asked unequivocally. "If I say do it, you'll go!" She was right. Chained the way I was, she'd have no trouble enforcing her desires. I wanted to show my appreciation to her though, for the time she'd invested this afternoon and hopefully, stave off an immediate repetition.

"Teresa, it is what I wanted to experience. Thank you for helping me get there. How long did we play?" I asked tiredly.

"Well, its five-thirty now and we started getting you dressed at about eleven. I'd say about four and a half hours altogether."

"God! It seemed like part of the time it would never end. And at other points I didn't want it to, because it seemed to be going by too quickly!"

"Yeah, that can happen all right. By the way, even after that shower, you still look pretty wasted!"

"Believe me," I mumbled, "I feel wiped out."

"OK then. Go in the bedroom, take off your outer clothing and lay down." she ordered, "I'll be along in a minute or so to chain you properly for a nap."

"Thanks." I mumbled dazedly and hobbled slowly to the bedroom, my heavy leashes rustling along the carpet behind me, tugging firmly and continually at my collar and tight ankle cuffs. Once in the room I slipped out of my skirt and blouse then settled back onto the soft bed with a heart-felt sigh.

A moment later, she came in with a handful of chains and locks and began fastening me to the bed. She joined my hobble to the frame at its foot with a small length, then shortened my collar leash and locked it to the headboard, holding me securely in position and preventing me from rolling away from her. The bondage mitts reappeared and I resignedly slipped my hands back into them. They were quickly locked closed then tightly chained to the sides of my deeply-compressing Chastity Belt waistband. I couldn't move them anywhere or use them to protect myself. I looked up into her smiling face, already half-asleep. My legs twitched against the compression and restriction of the thigh bands, then she went to the foot of the bed and my ankles immediately felt the sharp bite of their cuffs when she cranked them down as tight as they'd go. They became so constricting that I would be unable even to stand flat-footed, never mind trying to walk or run; having sunk very deeply into the flesh and muscle. I was constantly aware of their presence; so much so that even the slightest of tugs on their joining lock or leash was disturbingly painful and so I had to lay quietly.

"Open your mouth." she commanded.

The oppressing, thick gag-pad slipped inside once more and I was silenced. She immediately brought up my full-head, thick rubber sleeping/discipline helmet, and slowly pulled it up over my face, then her hand pressed firmly against my left ear, rolling my head

to the side. "Keep it there."

What could I do to object? The laces slipped through their grommetted holes and the helmet tightened firmly around my head. She jerked them as tight as possible, then knotted them at the nape of my neck, just above my collar. I rolled my head back when she'd finished and through the vision ports saw her smiling happily.

A second later she reached out and slipped the helmet's integrated, padded blindfold down over the eye holes; snapping its positioning fastener closed. She secured its straps and I was blind once again. The mouth cover strap slid into place and she pulled it's straps in harshly, sealing the gag-pad deep in my mouth with a crushing pressure on my lips. I couldn't stop the moan that I made against her insistent bondage. As usual she disregarded my faint protestations and checked all of her restraint arrangements for me once more, then covered my steel-bound body with a thin cotton sheet. As she did, I struggled blindly, once, to move away; but my chains were far too tight to permit more than a small twitch; really, no more than a half roll, before my collar began to strangle me. Now, I had to subside and allow sleep to claim me, as was her wish.

Deeply held, I faded away into the dark and unconsciousness. The last thing I remembered was Teresa closing the bedroom door softly behind her, then nothing but silence. It had been quite a day.

THE END

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Free contact Section

Due to the high demand of our readers, we have decided to place our FREE personal ads again. These are for everybody who is looking for a dom, slave, wants to sell his old boots, looking for a new pony, etc...

How to place a personal ad?

1. Write the text on the frame on this page. If you do not want to damage your favorite magazine, then copy this page and send it to us. Make your text clear, honest and precise. Mention also if you are women, dom, sub, etc. We accept also ad's with pictures, but we need a copy of your passport and on the back of the picture you should write "permission for publishing in Secret Magazine". We also accept your email address. All this for free!
2. Send to Secret Magazine - P.O.Box 1400 - 1000 Brussels 1 - Belgium.
3. We reserve the right to alter or refuse the text in any way we see fit, without prior notice or explication. OK?

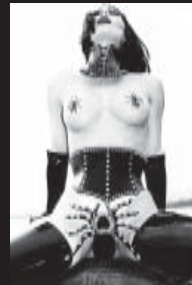
How to reply to a personal ad?

1. Write your answer and put that in an envelope.
2. Write the number of the personal ad you are replying to in the top left corner where normally the stamp should come.
3. Put this letter in a bigger envelope together with 3 IRC's (international reply coupons - you can get these at any postal office and these will cover our cost to put on the stamp on the answer) Attention! If these IRC's are not enclosed then we will not transmit your letter. OK?



New books from SECRET soon to be printed

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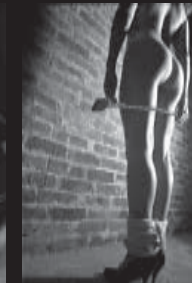


Black Factory - pictures by Sandra Jensen. A discovery by Secret and now finally her book. Lives in Oslo, was a model herself before turning to photography, does the styling, hair and sometimes the make-up. Builds the sets and even designs and makes the clothing. This is her first book, over 100 pages, with dazzling B/W pictures mingled with poetry. A must. Order it now, as it will be a limited 1000 edition. Price: 1400 BF/ 70DM/ 35Us\$

Del Valle

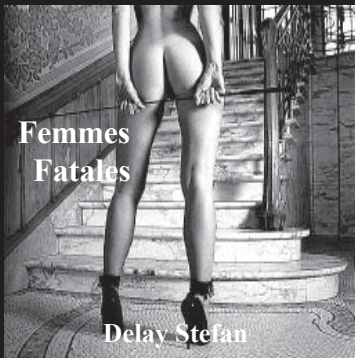


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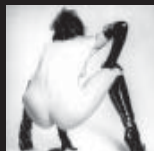


Del Valle Photographies: The world of Del Valle is filled with gorgeous girls who love to expose themselves and let themselves go, all of this in front of his lens. This 1000 limited, hardcover book will probably be sold out before it will hit the bookstores, so order your copy now, or regret it later. Available spring 2001 Price: 1400 BF/ 70DM/ 35Us\$

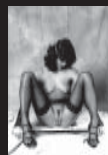
Femmes Fatales



Delay Stefan



Femmes Fatales - pictures by Delay Stefan: author of our issue 17 cover, he has now shot our new shoe and boots catalogue. Announced as Stiletto, we changed the name into Femmes Fatales. For all lovers of excellent B/W pictures and high heel, this hardcover book/catalogue will be the pearl in your collection. All shoes are available in the Boutique Minuit store, or by mail and soon online. This is the best book I have ever made. Available spring 2001. Price: 600BF/30DM/ 15US\$



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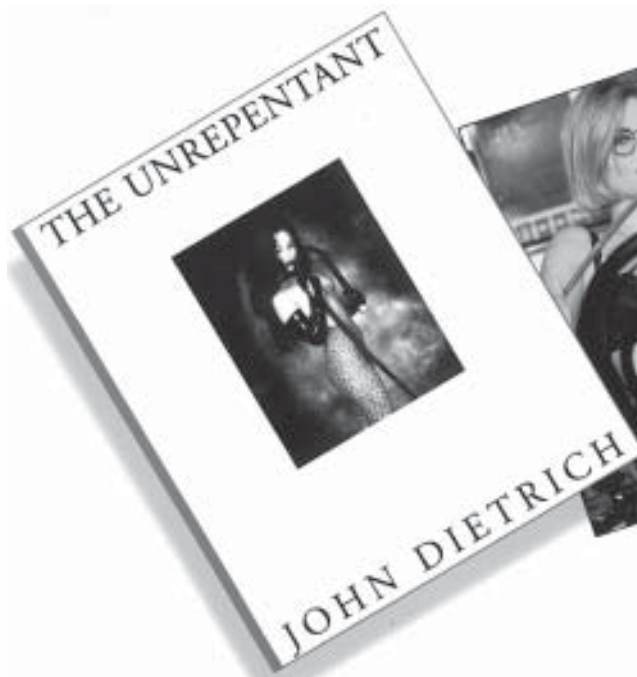


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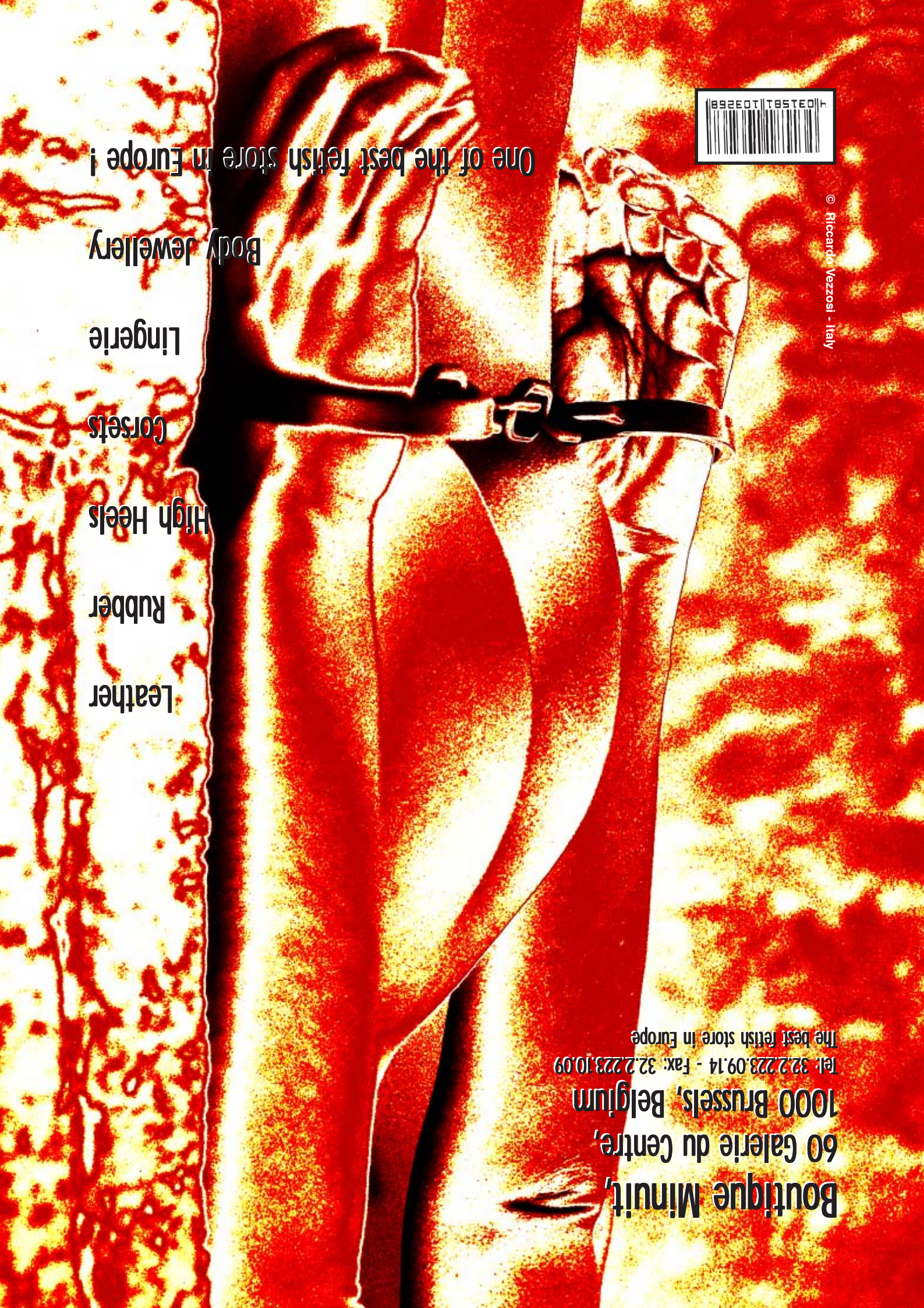
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