

bondage life

NUMBER FORTY FOUR • \$10.00

THE MAGAZINE FOR AND BY "LOVE BONDAGE" PEOPLE

LD



ALL MODELS ARE 18 YEARS OR OLDER. FOR SALE TO ADULTS ONLY.

TWO READERS IN HARMONY: SEPARATE SOULS...SIMILAR SONGS

Dear Followers of *Bondage Life*,

When I was a teen, I wondered if I was the only one in the world who loved bondage. It wasn't until my eventual discovery of John Willie's "Gwendoline" bondage art that I realized I wasn't alone.

I won't insult anyone by pretending that I'm the only one whose sexual and psychological leanings have been under direct or indirect ridicule by this repressed society. But guilt, even indirectly applied, can be a strong obstacle. Once, upon the loss of someone close to me, I assumed I was being "punished by God" for my interests and, in penance, I destroyed ten years worth of my bondage stories and drawings...materials I'd created to give my feelings an outlet.

I no longer wonder if I'm somehow psychologically "unfit" because of my preferences. I came to terms with my avocation, but with no help from the psychological community. I sought answers and there were none. Bondage is not an isolated aberration, but it's treated as such. If psychological texts deal with the phenomenon at all, it is as an addendum to psychological disorders of sadism, masochism, or psychotic self-hatred or hatred of women. Excuse me if I disagree with more learned minds: for me, pain is no source of pleasure; I derive my pleasure from the restraints and the dichotomy of placid tension they instill in myself or my

partner. I don't hate myself, and I revere women.

So I know what I am. Yet I still don't know why I like bondage. In the pages of *Bondage Life*, other readers ask "why" as well. But no experts seem interested in uncovering answers to these questions — or at least separating me and my kind from those who truly need help.

No one seeks the answers except those of us united in our love for this preference.

Bill K.

Dear Harmony,

Since my teens I have looked for a name for my condition in books of psychiatry, feminism, and so on, but none of them granted that there was bondage that wasn't associated with sadomasochism. Psychological authorities view bondage as, at best, "a mild form of sadism," or often as a mere apparatus of sadists.

But for many people, bondage has a symbolic character unconnected with its potential for causing pain or humiliation — so many people that they should have a distinct name for their interest.

Even before reading the discussions in your recent issues, I had been dissatisfied with the word "bondage."

"Gwendolism" is the word I've started using.

A Fan in Illinois



bondage life

THE MAGAZINE FOR AND BY BONDAGE LOVERS
NUMBER FORTY FOUR • MAY 1991

Publisher: R. Q. Harmon • Editor: Kristine Imboch • Contributing Editor: Eric Holman
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By The People

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HARMONY COMMUNICATIONS — CELEBRATING THE PSYCHOLOGICAL POWER OF THE BOUND BEAUTY WHOSE "LOVE BONDAGE" IS AS MUCH FOR HER PLEASURE AS OURS

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Similarity of characters named in fiction articles and photos in this magazine to real persons is coincidental. Photographs used in fiction articles and layouts herein are posed by professional models and do not convey the actual personality or conduct of the models. This magazine is not intended for minors. Under NO circumstances are minors to view, be offered, posses or purchase this publication.

The depictions of Love Bondage in this Harmony magazine convey the satisfactions that men and women experience together when they practice bondage within the context of mutual trust and consent. We strongly discourage readers from imitating these depictions by themselves, outside the boundaries of a loving relationship and without an alert partner.

Records pursuant to law are in the custody of Donald B. Smith, Custodian of Records, 13005 Victory Blvd., C-70, North Hollywood, California 91606.

All models are 18 years of age or older — proof on file — adults only.

The Harmony Philosophy

What is most discouraging to us about this business are the prevailing social misconceptions concerning bondage, at least the benevolent, romantic type of bondage that we produce. For the unenlightened, what we represent and advocate really needs to be clarified. In that spirit, the following general explanation is at least a start.

It has never been nor will it ever be our purpose to depict women as mere subordinates to men. These pictures and articles are not about that. The materials we produce are carefully and, we think, obviously designed for men and women to whom bondage is an important *mutual* diversion, a recreational and benevolent experience, a fantasy with a happy ending, a good-natured game in which everybody wins.

It is not the pleasure of our patrons nor our intention to offend or demean or abuse or exploit or disadvantage, be aggressive against, or cause even the slightest pain to our models, or to suggest that such is occurring to the ladies they are portraying. We do not characterize victims; we characterize *lovers* who are mutually involved in a complex and bizarre, but highly stimulating personal activity. The taste we reflect is *mutually* exciting and pleasurable — the bondage can be for the sake of sexual teasing or foreplay; or the acting out of a benign rescue fantasy with slightly juvenile undertones; or just the sweet and secret, simple sharing of a very special physical intimacy between caring persons. Whichever of these it is, we have characterized it on our pages as "Love Bondage."

While we cannot police the motives and psyches of our customers, we can and do shape our materials for completely benevolent natures only — either the adult who was imprinted during adolescence by the thrilling and heroic adventure story rescue of a bound and gagged and ultimately loving female, or the male or female adult whose basic nature identifies with the female in bondage and craves to personally experience those same offbeat sensations for either deeply psychological reasons, or, to state this in the simplest possible terms, *because it actually feels good*, safe and comforting even. He or she is wrapped up tightly and snugly, there is a feeling of being protected, and the rope becomes

surrogate for a protective lover's arms. It is to please and satisfy those two natures, and they alone, that we create these visual fantasies.

Conversely, those persons in search of darker, less pleasant bondage themes must look elsewhere, for there is really nothing for them here. Our materials are just not for people who enjoy scenes of human mistreatment. If such people do show up on our mailing list from time to time, they certainly have no reason to linger, since what they are seeking is probably the exact spiritual opposite of what we have to offer.

Good drama does not exist without conflict, and there will necessarily be the blending of bondage with actual danger in some of the text fiction that we publish. But these situations will be so obviously far-fetched or tongue-in-cheek that they are clearly not to be taken any more seriously than a comparable paperback tale or television episode containing the same elements. But in all of the photos that we present, be they from contributors or our own associates, the woman is there willingly, even gladly, and for her own reasons. Were she not, we would not publish the picture.

Therefore, the bondage that is dramatized here is an essentially gentle act used by lovers to intensify their physical and spiritual closeness. She gets to belong utterly to someone she loves, and to be adored for what he perceives as the prettiness of her dependency on him. She has surrendered for him that part of her independence she *doesn't* want. They are fortune-blessed soulmates, theirs is completely a mutual act of trust, love, appreciation of themselves and each other. And the readers who look on perceive her bondage as physically and spiritually pleasing to her — she knows that it has more to do with being wanted than abused. Were that not the case, we would ourselves be offended.

Our bondage has absolutely nothing to do with demeaning anyone. It is totally and utterly a bilateral activity, and, were it not, we wouldn't have anything to do with it.

HARMONY COMMUNICATIONS



Editor's Note: Love bondage sometimes changes things. Shared experiences can make us understand each other better; communicated thoughts and feelings can improve our relationships. R. K. Partain explores this subject in a speculative fantasy...

SHE: Can it be done in three weeks?

HE: I don't know.

SHE: Let's try.

□

The end of the first week:

HE: Are the ropes too tight?

SHE: No.

HE: Good. Let me explain to you what we're doing tonight. This is the end of the first week and I want to know how you feel about some things. I want you to answer each question as honestly as you can. You don't have to tell me what you think I want to hear, you have to tell me how you feel. Okay?

SHE: I'll try.

HE: All right, let's get started. Does it bother you in any way that I'm filming this with my camcorder?

SHE: No...not with this blindfold on it doesn't.

HE: And how do you feel right now? At this very moment?

SHE: I'm a little uncomfortable. We've never done this before. But, I'm okay.

HE: I want you to describe your bondage to me.

SHE: You mean right now? The way I'm tied up right now?

"THE INTERVIEW"

By R. K. PARTAIN



HE: Yes.

SHE: Well, I'm sitting in a chair and my hands are tied behind my back. My ankles are tied together and so are my knees. You put a blindfold over my eyes and until a little while ago I was gagged.

HE: And how were you gagged?

SHE: A scarf was tied between my teeth and an elastic bandage was wound over that.

HE: Now when I first tied you up this evening I asked you to do something. Do you remember what it was?

SHE: Yes. You told me to think of

nothing but my bondage.

HE: What did you think of?

SHE: At first, I was a little scared because I couldn't see. I was glad that you stayed in the room with me. After a few minutes, though, I wasn't frightened anymore.

HE: What were you feeling?

SHE: I don't know exactly. It's hard to put into words. It wasn't at all bad though. It was different...kind of exciting, really.

HE: How long have we been married?

SHE: Four years.

HE: And in that time, how many times would you say you've been tied up?

SHE: Geez, I don't know. Hundreds, I guess.

HE: And of those hundreds of times, you've often been bound while sitting in a chair, haven't you?

SHE: Yes.

HE: So why was it different this time?

SHE: Well, the honest answer is, I really don't know yet. A lot of things have happened this week and a lot of things are flying around in my mind still. New things, things I haven't been able to sort out yet. Does this make any sense?

HE: I think so. By the way, if you're not ready to answer something tonight, just say so and we'll move on. Let's talk about some other things now. I asked you to make up a name for me that you thought I would like. Have you come up with one yet?

SHE: Yes.

HE: Why are you grinning like that?

SHE: If you don't like it, say so,

and I'll think of another. But I thought you might like the name of Gag-Master.

HE: I like it. How did you come up with that?

SHE: Well, I took your favorite word, gag, and I see you as my teacher now, but Gag-Teacher wouldn't work, so I used the old word Master instead.

HE: We'll keep it.

SHE: As you wish, Gag-Master.

HE: Yes, that will do just fine.

SHE: Are you smiling?

HE: Yes.

SHE: I'm glad.

HE: When we started this project last Monday, I tried to explain to you what it was about, but I really wasn't able to put it into words either. And I told you that I thought that perhaps actions...my actions, would make it easier to understand. Have you been able to grasp some of this yet?

SHE: I understand more now than I did. But I don't think I have it all yet. What I do think I understand is that you want to try to bring us even closer together than we are now, and you want bondage to be a big part of that.

HE: Tell me something. Before we started this...say, last year or so, how did you really feel about our bondage?

SHE: It never really bothered me. I knew you liked it and sometimes I did too. But there were times when I...well, I...

HE: Go on.

SHE: It's just that sometimes I thought the bondage was more important to you than I was.

HE: What do you mean?

SHE: Well, there were times when I wondered if it was me who was turning you on, or the ropes. It's like...it's like...it's like really hard to explain, that's what it's like. I don't know, maybe I was just feeling insecure about myself.

HE: You said "was."

SHE: I've noticed some things this week that have made me look at this in a different way.

HE: What did you like most about this week?

SHE: I liked "my night" a lot. It's been a long time since I've been pampered like that. I mean, you cooked dinner, gave me a hot bath, brushed my hair and massaged my back. It was wonderful. And when we made love that night, you gave me the option of having bondage or not. That meant a lot to me.

HE: And what did you choose?

SHE: No bondage.

HE: Why?

SHE: I just wanted it that way.

HE: What else did you like about last week?

SHE: I was really pleased that you took over the laundry chores.

HE: Why's that? You hate doing laundry that much?

SHE: No, it's not that. It's just that sometimes when I get home from work it seems that there's so much more to do around the house that I never have any time for myself or us.

HE: Why do you think I took that chore?

SHE: At first, I thought you were doing it so that you'd have more time for your new bondage ideas. But, as the week went on, I saw you were doing it simply to help me out.

HE: How did that make you feel?

SHE: It made me feel good.

HE: What did you think about the video we watched?

SHE: That Dave Edwards video?

HE: Jay Edwards.

SHE: Oh yeah, Jay. That's a nice name. Well, I thought that he was very good at tying those women up. But to be honest with you, I'm not sure I'm ready for that kind of bondage yet. I mean physically ready. But I'll make a deal with you. I'll try to get in shape for it if you promise to take

it easy on me till I do.

HE: That sounds like a good deal to me. I think that's enough for tonight. We'll do this again next Friday night, okay?

SHE: Okay.

□

The end of the second week:

HE: Are the ropes too tight?

SHE: No, Gag-Master. As a matter of fact, the one around my ankles seems loose. Maybe you should tighten it some.

HE: Okay. How about the blindfold? Is it tight enough?

SHE: It's fine.

HE: Will the camera bother you?

SHE: No.

HE: Good. While I re-tie your ankles, you describe your bondage.

SHE: Well, Gag-Master, I'm blindfolded again and I'm sitting cross-legged on the floor. My hands are tied behind my back and my Gag-Master is tying my ankles together right now. There's also a thin little rope tied around my waist and it runs up through my...well, you know.

HE: Tell me.

SHE: You know...my crotch.

HE: How does that one feel?

SHE: Sometimes it tickles, every now and then it's uncomfortable, but mostly it feels pretty good.

HE: And what are you wearing right now?

SHE: Nothing.

HE: Does that bother you?

SHE: No.

HE: Have you enjoyed this past week?

SHE: Yes, Gag-Master, very much.

HE: Why is that?

SHE: Because you have never been more loving and tender than you have been these last couple of weeks.

HE: And why do you think I've been so loving and tender?

SHE: Because you're happy and because you love me.

HE: Are you happy?

SHE: Very much.

HE: And why do you think I'm so happy?

SHE: I think it's because you're finally being able to be the man...the person...that you really are. You see, I used to think of you and your bondage as two different things. Two separate realities. And now I'm slowly starting to see that your bondage is really a part of you. And maybe if I give it the freedom that it needs to grow, then you — as my husband, lover and friend — will have the freedom you need in order to grow. And I must admit that during these last couple of weeks you've been the kind of husband that most women can only dream about.

HE: Well, thank you. And why are you so happy?

SHE: A lot of it, I suppose, is because I feel so much closer to you now. I feel as if I'm really beginning to know you and I like the you that I'm finding.

HE: If you had a magic wand or something and you could wave it and make my desire for bondage go away, would you use it?

SHE: No, never.

HE: Why not?

SHE: Bondage is so much a part of you that to take it away would take some of you away. I think it's kind of like a glass filled with water. If you pour out the water you're left with an empty glass. If I poured out your bondage, I might be left with an empty man. And I wouldn't want to risk that. I love you the way you are now, but I also love the man you're becoming.

HE: What about you? How do you feel about the woman that you're becoming? Considering that most of these changes were brought about at

my bidding.

SHE: I'm happier now than I have been for a long time. And I'm not just saying that to please you. I've always wanted to be close to you, but I was afraid to enter your world completely. I didn't know what to expect so I just hung out there on the fringes. I'm glad we're doing this. It gets lonely on the fringes.

HE: I'm sure it does. I know it does. Let's lighten it up a bit. I want you to do a little experiment with me. I want you to visualize, as quickly as possible, yourself in a bondage position and then tell me what it is. Okay? What is it?

SHE: Oh no, I don't want to tell you. It's embarrassing.

HE: Come on, tell me. If you don't you'll have to stand in a corner till you do.

SHE: I will not! When did you make that rule?

HE: Just now.

SHE: I suppose you'd have to tie me up and gag me while I was standing there?

HE: Of course.

SHE: Well, in that case, I'll tell you. But you better not laugh.

HE: I won't.

SHE: Promise.

HE: I promise.

SHE: I'm laying on the bed with nothing on. My hands are tied to the top of the bed and my feet are tied spread-eagle to the bottom of the bed. I'm gagged, too.

HE: So where am I at?

SHE: Well, you're...you know...down there.

HE: And what am I doing down there?

SHE: Licking me and kissing me.

HE: How does that feel?

SHE: Good.

HE: You know, we've done that

before. Why haven't you asked me to do it more often?

SHE: Embarrassed, I guess.

HE: Well, I don't want you to be embarrassed about it any more. You say the word and you can have your fantasies also. That's what some of this is about...sharing. Okay?

SHE: Yes, Gag-Master.

HE: I *do* like that name. Okay, now I want you to think of a position that you think I would like to see you in.

SHE: Oh, that's easy. You'd want me to lay on my stomach so you could tie my hands behind my back. You'd tie my ankles and then you'd tie my ankles to my wrists. And you'd gag me real good and if you were feeling frisky, you'd probably tickle my feet.

HE: Well, that does it for me. I'm ready to make love. What say I turn this camera off and we go to bed? We'll continue next week. Any questions?

SHE: Why turn off the camera?

□

The end of the third week:

HE: Are the ropes too tight?

SHE: No, Gag-Master, they're fine.

HE: Are you sure you don't want the blindfold on?

SHE: I'm sure.

HE: Why no blindfold tonight?

SHE: I don't need it now.

HE: What do you mean?

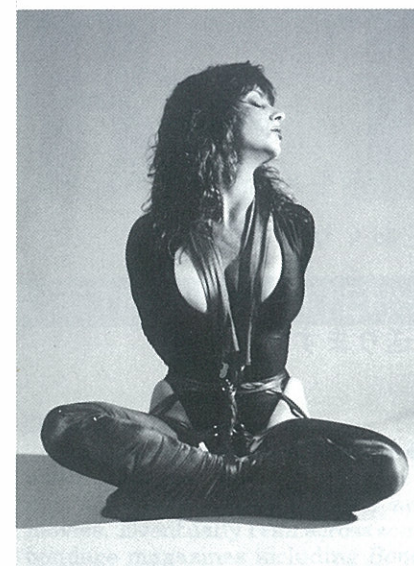
SHE: When we first started this I needed it. I think I was hiding behind it. I don't need to do that anymore.

HE: What about the camera?

SHE: Leave it on.

HE: What are you wearing tonight?

SHE: Seamed stockings. Nothing else.



HE: Tell me about your bondage.

SHE: I'm lying on the bed. My feet and knees are tied and my hands are tied in front of me and secured to the rope around my knees. My crotch-rope is on again. Later, I want you to gag me and I want to spend the rest of the night like this.

HE: Whose idea was this position?

SHE: Mine, Gag-Master.

HE: How long have you been tied like this?

SHE: For almost an hour.

HE: Do you want me to untie you now?

SHE: No, Gag-Master.

HE: Did you have to stand in the corner this week?

SHE: Yes.

HE: Why?

SHE: Because you asked me to fondle my breasts and I didn't do it right.

HE: Did you think that was fair?

SHE: Yes.

HE: Why?

SHE: I knew what you wanted me to do.

HE: So, you knew, yet you disobeyed anyway. Why would you do

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that?

SHE: Because I wanted to see if you would do what you said you would do...and I wanted to feel the ropes around me.

HE: You could have just asked. I would have been more than happy to oblige you.

SHE: I didn't want to be followed; I wanted to be led.

HE: And did you learn anything while you were standing in the corner?

SHE: I learned that it's easier to be loved if you allow yourself to be loved. And I also learned that you weren't kidding about putting me in a corner.

HE: Did it make you feel humiliated in any way?

SHE: No.

HE: Good. It's not supposed to do that. What did it feel like?

SHE: I felt loved. You may not understand this, but your ropes don't feel cold and harsh anymore. They feel like extensions of your arms. I like being embraced by them and by you. Being in the corner felt like a long embrace...I almost miss it.

HE: During this last week, especially, you've spent a lot of time in bondage. Did you feel then, or do you feel now, that because of it you had lost some part of your freedom?

SHE: It's hard to explain. So much

of this is emotional that it's difficult to reduce it to words. But, when I'm wearing a gag I don't have to worry about saying the right things; when my feet are tied, I don't have to worry about being in the right place, and when my hands are tied, I don't have to worry about doing the right things. To be perfectly honest with you, I've never felt freer in my life.

HE: And this new-found freedom, what has it cost you?

SHE: A month ago I might have said it cost me my dignity, but that would not be true. I might have said that it cost me my freedom of expression, but that's not true either. I guess that what it has cost me is my old attitudes — about bondage and you and myself.

HE: Do you miss those old attitudes?

SHE: No. I wish we had done this sooner. I hate to think of the time that we've wasted.

HE: Perhaps we shouldn't think of it as wasted time. Let's think of it as a maturing process. If we'd tried this before we were both ready, we might have ended up hurting each other instead of loving each other more.

SHE: Do you really love me more?

HE: Without a doubt. You have become the single most important thing in my life and I will always cherish you. Believe that.

SHE: I do. ■

ハーモニーと直接に

同封のクーポンに書きこみ当方に送りもどしてくれば、貴方のお名前をメーリングリストに乗せます。そして毎月ビデオとボンテージの雑誌の案内をおくりしますので3ヶ月毎に雑誌2冊かビデオ1本お求めくだされば、メーリングリストにつづいてのります。さいしょのプレティンを送るときに 日本語の案内書を送ります

ハーモニー社

私の名前を 貴社のメーリング リストに加えてください。私は21才以上でありセックスの資料を求めている事を承知しています。

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住所: _____

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(当方には トランスレーターがおりませんので、すべて英語で願ひします)。

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Fuellen Sie den beiliegenden Koupon dieser Anzeige aus und senden Sie ihn zurueck an uns und wir werden Sie unverzueglich auf unsere Postliste fuer drei Monate Probezeit setzen.

Sie werden etliche reichillustrierte Bondage Magazine und Video-broschueren jeden Monat erhalten und Ihr Name bleibe auf dieser Liste, so lange Sie mindestens zwei Magazine oder ein Video alle drei Monate von uns beziehen.

Wenn wir Ihre ersten Broschueren an Sie senden, werden wir auch einfach zu verstehende Einfuehrungen auf Deutsch beifuegen.

Sehr geehrte HARMONY,
Bitte setzen Sie meinen Namen auf Ihre regelmaessige Postliste.

Ich bestaetige hiermit, dass ich mindistens 21 Jahre alt bin und dass ich sexual-orientiertes Material von Ihnen verlange.

Name (gedruckt)

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Wichtig: Bitte machen Sie alle Anfragen auf Englisch, denn wir verfuegen ueber keine Uebersetzer.

By The People

LETTERS • LETTERS • LETTER & PHOTOS • PHOTOS • PHOTO

Dear Harmony,

I don't remember how I got interested in bondage, probably from seeing women tied on TV shows and movies. Eventually I ran across some bondage magazines including *Bondage Life*. I was very impressed by it. I have collected about a dozen issues (it is hard to get in the stores). Now to my story of how my dreams became real.

My wife and I got married about a year ago. We make love two to three times a week. In early months our sex practices were conventional. Usually on the weekend we would have a special time. Our usual pattern was for her to shower and put on some sexy lingerie. Since she takes longer to get aroused, she'd get a head start by looking through some sexy magazines while I showered. I would then join her in getting some inspiration and pretty soon the action would start.

I didn't have the nerve to mention my interest in bondage, but I really wanted to tie her up. How could I do that without turning her off?

One weekend at the start of our lovemaking session, I'd rolled her over on her stomach and I was kneeling, straddling her — caressing her back, leaning over her, kissing her neck and ears. She reached behind her back with both hands to caress whatever she could reach. When I straightened up out of her reach, she left her arms together across the small of her back — just as if her wrists were tied. With my heart in my mouth, I thought, *now is the time*. So I held her wrists together with one hand and continued caressing. She didn't struggle, but accepted the pressure of my hand holding her wrists together. I needed something to tie them with, but I didn't want to let go to get something and break the spell. The only thing in reach was her tie-on bikini panties. Usually I'd take her panties off later in the session, but I untied them with one hand while holding her wrists together with the other.

I tied her wrists with the bikini. I looked at her tied hands lying there; I could hardly control my excitement. Then I leaned over and took the sash from my robe lying beside the bed, slipped it under her arms and tied her elbows, pulling them a bit closer together. She didn't resist or make any comment or other reaction. I continued caressing her, leaning over her, and she continued using her fingers. Then I turned her over to deal with her breasts and the now-uncovered "target." To keep her comfortable I put a pillow under her head and another under her bottom so her weight wouldn't hurt her wrists. I unfastened her bra to free her breasts. With caresses and kisses we continued. I slid my hand down to her lower lips and found to my surprise that she was more than ready (she was never ready this quickly before). I caressed her there and very soon she climaxed. I continued for several more climaxes. Then I entered her and we made love.

I turned her over and untied her hands. She turned to me and practically attacked me. I was absolutely dumbfounded. She was always very responsive to my lovemaking, but she never taken the initiative. She was positively aggressive, and I enjoyed it thoroughly. She soon coaxed me into readiness and we had another grand climax. We just clung to each other for a long time. It had been our most exciting and satisfying lovemaking ever.

A few days later, we had our usual mid-week sex which was always nice, no high peaks, just satisfying love and closeness. The next weekend's session... (To be continued!)

Editor's Note: This letter, from "New York Couple," was rather long, so we'll print the second half of it next issue! — K.I.

Dear Harmony,

Cover girl Darla Crane is really something to look at in *Bondage Life* 43. I'm not too crazy about ballgags,

but in her case I'm willing to make an exception. I am hoping to buy one of her videos soon as well, but I don't know which one yet.

Gary



Darla Crane

Dear Harmony,

I must say that *Bondage Life* 43 is one of your best. The cover photo is outstanding. I have a particular fancy for corsets, thigh-high boots, leather gloves, ballgags and bondage. My wife has quite a collection. Many times I have come home from work to find my wife wearing nothing but a black leather corset with a push-up bra, eight attached garters, fishnet stockings, black thigh-high leather boots with 6" heels, and black leather gloves. Occasionally, she's placed keys to her locks in an envelope out in our mailbox earlier in the day. Then she's locked a set of leg cuffs on her ankles, a leather chastity belt between her legs (with her special plugs), a ballgag between her lips, and a set of handcuffs on her wrists in front of her.

When I come home and get the mail and I find the keys, I know the fun is about to start.

Sincerely yours,

Tom in California

Dear Harmony Folks,

This is my first time writing to you, but I must let you know that your magazines have really had an impact on the way my wife and I have been able to enjoy bondage. There is nothing exceptional about my own bondage journey, except that it began when I was quite young. The things that others have written about their sense of guilt and shame connected with bondage fantasies, as well as feelings of isolation, all applied to me as well, so I won't go into it here. I had never sought out bondage magazines because I'd only seen materials connected with sadomasochistic aggression — when people get out the whips, etc., I become completely turned off.

I introduced my wife to bondage three days after we met. I decided if this relationship was going to last, I was going to reveal my "awful secret" up front. So, I just grabbed her ankles and tied them together during horseplay. She was amused, and said "you silly man" (which is something she's had occasion to say many times since), and thus we began a rather tentative bondage relationship and sixteen years of marriage.

She waxed hot and cold about bondage, as she wondered if it really was an expression of some dark, cruel side of me. On the other hand, when she was in the mood, I was able to assemble quite a library of pictures.

All this continued until I finally got up the courage to go into an adult bookstore, and discover *Bondage Life* and some of Simone Devon's work. My wife enjoyed reading the letters from other bondagers, and was able to be much more relaxed with bondage, letting herself go into her own fantasies about it. Gone is the residue of sexual shame and guilt that I felt about such fantasies. I was also able to talk to some feminist friends (I tend toward that myself) about my feelings.

By profession, I am a psychotherapist and deal a lot with people who have been abused, and some who have abused other. The role of sexual shame in the human misery that I encounter is central. Any publication like yours, which mitigates sexual shame about natural fantasies, does a tremendous service.

As for the origin of the bondage fantasy — I don't have too many clues at present. I do know that, for me and, I suspect, for many Love Bondagers, the bondage triggers feelings of tenderness and closeness that are harder to access when my partner is unbound. This may have to do with having been abused as a child — it's too unclear to tell. Nonetheless, you offer a way for us to have fun with our fantasies.

Thanks,

T.J.B.

Dear Harmony,
Bondage Life has been a welcome revelation to us and it is nice to know that so many people share our own love of bondage.

My main reason for writing to you is to commend you on the excellent piece with Kiri and Volcane in *Bondage Life* 42. Silk scarf bondage is a real turn-on for Sarah and me, and the photos were first class. Pity they weren't in color, though.

I am very lucky in that both Sarah and I are happy to either be tied up or to do the roping and gagging. We have a very wide range of interests in the bondage field although our favorite medium are silk scarves, handkerchiefs, panties and cloth with rope being used in preference to straps or chains.

Nick and Sarah

Dear Editor,

A few days ago I got the pleasure of finding one of your magazines. It was *Bondage Gallery* 10. I can't tell you how happy I was to see that I am not alone with my secret wishes and desires to tie up and gag somebody.

I never told my girlfriends about my excitement of making Love Bondage to them because I always was afraid they would be shocked and leave me. But after reading your magazine I got new courage and I hope I'll be successful.

M.H. in Germany

Dear Harmony,

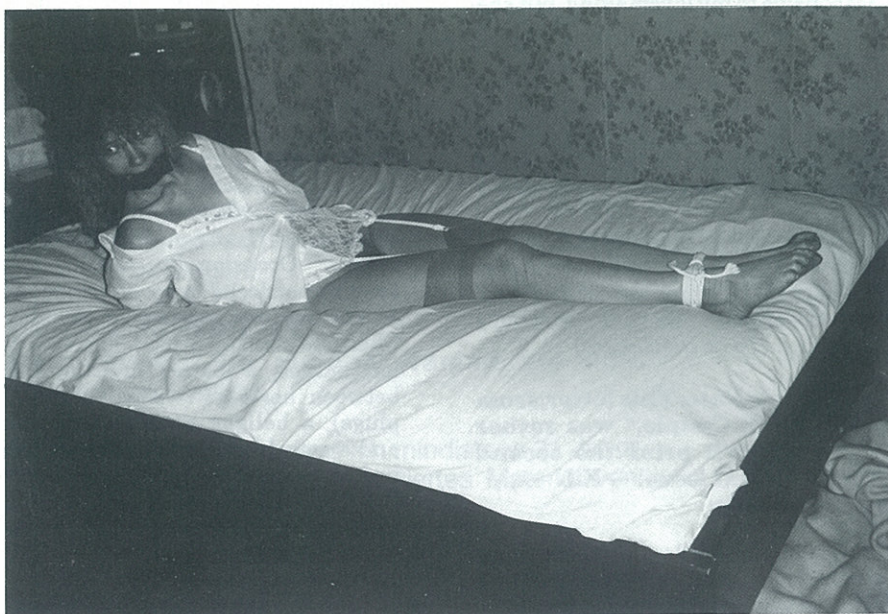
One of these pics shows Laura Lee looking out the picture-window with some concern... Why? Because she is watching as the pizza delivery man is walking up the driveway! The win-

dow is tinted, so passers-by have to really look hard to see inside. But the possibility of discovery is thrilling, and she squirmed deliciously as he passed by the window just three feet from her, and stood just out of view in

the entry foyer while I paid him. Imagine his surprise if he had peeked around the wall and discovered a bound and gagged blonde!

Yours,

Laura Lee and Jackson Marshall



MYSTERIOUS MARY, QUITE CONTRARY
OH, HOW WE WISH WE COULD GLIMPSE YOUR PRETTY FACE!
WE SHALL HAVE TO BE CONTENT WITH THESE LOVELY, ANONYMOUS PHOTOS.



MARGIE READS THE HARMONY PHILOSOPHY...



Dear Harmony,

Here is a clipping of a letter I wrote to "All That Zazz," the Chicago Sun-Times, January 13, 1991. If you wish to print this clipping along with our photos, go ahead.

By the way, we have discussed the letter and "Zazz's" advice, and have decided that it is better to be tied than untied, no matter what the circumstances.

Collin and Margie

Dear Zazz:

I have been dating Margie for seven years and we are in love. Last year, I proposed to her, but she turned me down. The reason? She says she'd rather be my mistress than my wife.

I think I'm to blame... For years... I've been tying her up in bed — and she has loved it. We've gotten pretty sophisticated in our bondage games. We have some nifty equipment, mostly leather and gags, but no whips or other painful stuff...

Still, she won't marry me. She says marriage is just socially acceptable slavery, anyway.

I suppose that many men envy me. But I want more. What do you think of all this? And how many more of us are out there? — M.F., Beverly Hills, California

Dear M.F.:

Margie wants to be tied up. You want to be tied down. You two have roped yourselves into a dilemma, huh?

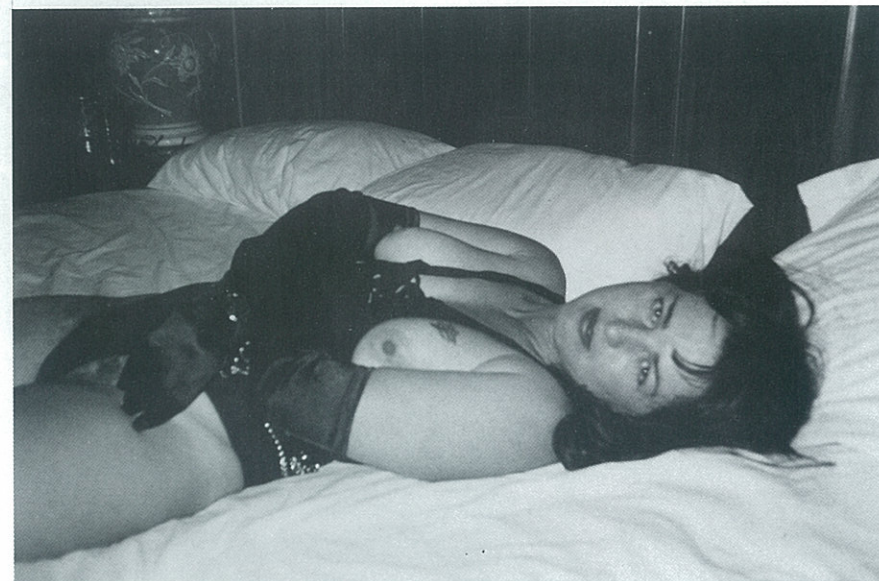


I don't think Margie's affection for bondage is necessarily a reason for her reluctance to marry you. She obviously feels that marriage would be too confining, and is happy with your relationship as it is.

You, however, are not toally satisfied with things as they are. So you



must decide: Are you willing to continue the relationship without a marriage commitment? If not, you've got to leather, I mean, let her know. Give her an ultimatum. Tell her you'll tie no more knots until she agrees to tie the knot. (You get the idea.) If she still won't commit, consider letting her loose and moving on.



**AND THEN
DOES SOME
"PHILOSOPHIZING"
HERSELF!**

Dear Harmony,

Thank you for printing my pictures. (Ed. note: Mrs. Z appeared in *Love Bondage 2* and *Bondage Life 43*.) It certainly gives one mixed feelings to see one's bound little bod up for public view...mixed feelings nicely alleviated by some chains and a husband to help un-mix the feelings...

About the quality of our pictures, sorry, we're stuck with polaroids. Try finding someone around here who'll develop pictures of a sinful, wicked woman (that's me!). Can you help? We can't be the only ones with this dilemma.

Those of us who enjoy Love Bondage may have trouble saying why, or how, find no words to explain our feelings without stereotypes. I read a review of a recent film. The director was quoted as saying they played with the idea of a strong woman who wants a stronger man, someone she feels safe with to act out her sexual impulses; correspondingly strong, her sexuality may scare her with its scope. The wording was something like "a strong woman almost needing to be humiliated to find her sexuality."

I have an ardent attraction to this explanation — it says what I've been unable to find words for all these years of happy bondage. And it explains a bit to me. Perhaps it will aid some other woman to say "Yes! That's it! That's part of why I like this," to the partner who's the other reason she likes "this."

Now if only someone can name the film so I can find it!

Sincerely,

Your Friends in Charleston

Mrs. Z, the movie you read about is probably "Love Crimes." "Wild Orchid" may also be of interest. — K.I.

Dear Harmony,

Paul has been a loyal customer of Harmony products for many years, and a bondage devotee all his life. He introduced me to this wonderful, sensual freedom called bondage just six years ago. Harmony has been, and is, a significant part of his life. You are his assurance that he is not alone, Oklahoma is not the place to freely acknowledge any unusual personal desires. For Paul, bondage is very personal. Harmony has "been there" for him through good and bad times, like a real friend.

In my case, I am a relative newcomer. I do not know if bondage would remain important in my life if

Paul and I were to part. I don't ever want to find out, for Paul is my Master, heart and soul. I cannot separate the love from Love Bondage.

His caresses when I'm tightly bound, gagged and blindfolded have me squirming and moaning in anticipation as I strain to show him how much power he has over me. My senses amplify every touch of his hands, his lips, or, perhaps, some pleasant surprise. Any discomfort from the strictness of my bonds becomes insignificant as ecstasy washes over me, it seems to complement the pleasure he gives me. I don't know how to explain the joy I receive from playing our bondage games. I don't know if I would dare to try. The warm and close feelings we have that make it so very wonderful permeate all aspects of our lives together. He makes me feel as though I am the most desirable, sexy woman on earth, I'm quite happy to be his woman and I try very hard to keep him happy too.

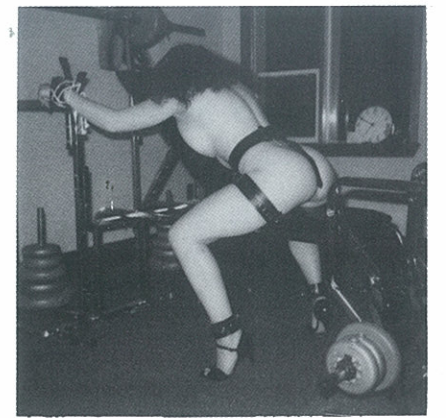
Harmoniously,

Pearl

Dear Harmony,

I have been reading *Bondage Life* for about three years now, and like many of your readers, was glad to find my first issue. It made me feel good to see others had the same interests as I.

I got interested in bondage as a teenager. Seeing people tied on TV gave me an erection, and I couldn't figure out why. I kept thinking "what does this have to do with sex?" It used to be very easy for me to go crazy over anything with rope or chains. Even my wristwatch would give me some kind of pleasure. Then I realized it was the tightness that got me excited. I once bought a pair of jeans that were very tight, but I wore them under baggy pants, just for the feeling of tightness. Women in tight pants or swimsuits made me very excited. Then I started to wrap electric cord around my arms and fantasize about bondage. Soon I got my wrists bound tight by using my teeth, and forced my wrists under and behind me. I was flexible and even got myself into some great hogties. The only thing was I was always able to get out and after a while it took the excitement away. I kept making the rope tighter and tighter, but that caused pain, which took away from the pleasure. Now that I read your magazine, I can imagine how your models feel while being tied. I'm 26 now and still haven't found a girlfriend willing to play bondage games. I really want to



"DON'T WEIGHT AROUND"
THIS IS A MUCH BETTER USE FOR
A BENCH PRESS! MODELED BY
KAY, PHOTO'D BY J.K.D.
OF MAINE

get into bondage that I can't do myself, such as elbows touching. For some reason, the things that used to turn me on (such as Batman re-runs and Jordache commercials) don't do much for me any more. I have now moved on to high-heeled boots, black shiny spandex and single-sleeved arm binders to get the same effect. I hope one day to experience those things instead of just seeing models in them.

Thank you for your great magazine. I love the Harmony Philosophy and it proves that tying up people can be a lot different than pain and torture. It can be love and pleasure.

Andy

Long Island, New York



AUTO FANTASY
OUR JAPANESE READER
KYOKO SENT US THIS PHOTO
OF HER VERY OWN
TRUSS-UP TRUCK TABLEAU.
WHERE DO YOU SUPPOSE SHE
WAS GOING?

BOUND FOR HOLLYWOOD

Carl McGuire's



Traci Lords, Jennifer Beals, And More . . .

She's *baa-aack*. **Traci Lords**, who achieved triple-X superstardom in the kind of movies we don't normally review here, now has a second career in the B-movie horror category, flicks such as "Not of This Earth" and "Shock 'em Dead." In the latter, a rock-star-sells-his-soul-to-Satan kind of plot, she even gets tied up, strapped to a folding chair during a demonic ceremony. But as for all those famous Lords visual assets — sorry, boys, that was a long time ago **Jennifer Beals**, who jump-started male libidos everywhere with her undressing-under-a-sweatshirt scene in "Flashdance," gets her first movie tie-up in "The Gamble," a European-made costume adventure wherein, for a few moments, she's the prisoner of a vindictive Faye Dunaway, her wrists tied overhead We confess a liking for Andy Sidaris movies. Bearing titles like "Guns" and "Savage Beach," they're usually glossy action-adventures with pretty island locations, foxy leading ladies, and a tendency on the part of the writers to work bondage somewhere into the plot. In "Savage Beach," it was leggy blonde **Hope Marie Carlton** with her arms tied

up to the branch of a tree; in "Guns," the latest release, it's **Phyllis Davis** (an old favorite of ours, with bondage appearances in the old "Vegas" TV



"Let's see you dance your way out of this": Beals in "The Gamble."

series and all the way back to the lurid "Sweet Sugar" of the early '70s) tied standing up with her arms outstretched and secured to the opposite walls of a mobile home "9 1/2 Ninjas" promises a good time, billing itself as "the world's first erotic martial-arts comedy." Well, one out of three ain't bad. There is a lot of kung fu in this flick, it's true. But it's not very funny, and the S&M hinted at in the title reference to "9 1/2 Weeks"



COLOR-CODED CAPTIVES — No need to rush out and rent "Lust for Freedom," because if you wait a while, it'll no doubt show up on one of your late-night cable channels. It's a touching little melodrama about women in prison and how they're mistreated and made to wear tank tops that are too tight. We enjoyed this particular pose of **Elizabeth Carroll** and **Melanie Coll**, illustrating how their keen-eyed director ensured that they were not only dressed alike, they were tied the same way and even issued identical bandannas for their mouths.



Carlton in "Savage Beach": Not your usual resort.

(come to think of it, that one was a turkey, too, wasn't it?) never really emerges. We're left with one scene early on, featuring the blonde and very watchable **Andee Gray**, wrapped up somewhat unconvincingly in lots and lots of rope. She's the best thing in an overall misfire of a movie **Dana Wheeler-Nicholson** has two notable scenes in the off-the-wall sci-fi film "Circuitry Man": a wrists-tied-in-front vignette in which the title villain briefly takes her prisoner; and a tied-to-the-bed lovemaking scene that introduces her at the movie's outset, in which she goes from erotic abandonment to rage when she realizes her lover has not only tied her up, he's set her up — and will now leave her there for interrogation by some old enemies who've just made a quiet entrance There are two reasons for checking out this movie: One is **Linda Corwin** as a Stone Age damsel who's captured and tied up on two separate occasions, and can be seen attempting escape at one point, running over hill and dale with her wrists tied behind her back. The best reason, though, may simply be the title: "A Nymphoid Barbarian in Dinosaur Hell." Can you imagine asking the clerk for that one at the video store? In the post-doomsday thriller "Empire of Ash III" (wait a minute; does anybody remember I or II?), we're treated to the sight of **Mel-**



Gray all a-twitter in "9 1/2 Ninjas."



DEEP IN THE VALLEY OF THE DOLLS — Once upon a time, **Russ Meyer** was the unchallenged king of soft-core porn. His pneumatic and top-heavy heroines jiggled their way through the '60s and well into the '70s in titles like "Vixen" and "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls," until X-rated entertainment became available as close as your local video store. Most of Meyer's flicks were too giggly to include bondage as a theme, but a couple of them had a harder edge. One of those, the classically-titled "Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!" (1966) featured a tied and gagged Playmate of the Month named **Sue Bernard**. This is from "Supervixens" (1975), with a stretched-out and chained-down **Shari Eubank**, wondering if there's a locksmith anywhere in the county.

anie Kilgour in four, count 'em, separate tie-ups: wrists chained together in front; wrists roped together behind the back; wrists again roped together, this time in front, and attached to a vehicle, which forces her to trot along to keep up; and finally, both those wrists and both her ankles tied apart to a kind of wooden frame, keeping her in one place after she's captured by mutants and taken to their camp in the woods "Steel and Lace" is a kind of "Terminator" with estrogen, the story of a woman who's assaulted by a bunch of thugs and who later returns, most of her innards now high-tech gadgetry, to wreak vengeance. Blonde **Clare Wren** is the victim-turned-avenger, with a nice, photogenic gagged-into-silence scene early on; and **Stacy Haiduk** (Lana Lang in the "Superboy" series; and she should be an old hand at this sort of thing by now) is the artist-reporter who chases a story and winds up a prisoner in a van, her wrists secured behind her back with gaffer's tape Redheaded **Elizabeth MacLellan** is featured in a tepid tied-to-a-chair sequence in "Puppet Master II" that is long on conversation and short on action Brunette cutie **Marcia Christie** plays a Peruvian maiden with a strictly state-side accent in "Secret of the Ice Cave," and she has a couple of scenes that

help make the movie worthwhile: Captured with her boyfriend, she's roped at wrists and gagged with a pop-in hankie; and later, dragged aboard a cargo plane by the chief villain, she's secured in her seat by attaching her hands together behind it. Favorite line: When her captor forces her head around to face him, and she spits in his eye, he responds, "I like a girl with spit." Pause. "Or...is that spirit?" Oldie/goodie: The 1932 "Murders in the Rue Morgue," with **Bela Lugosi** as the creep with the big monkey and **Arlene Francis** (remember "What's My Line?" That came much later) as the Paris street-walker he kidnaps and takes to his loft, where he ties her to an X-shaped cross and proceeds to do what in 1932 would have passed for unspeakable things to her. Do you hear? *Unspeakable!*



Wren in "Steel and Lace": She'll be back.

B/D on T/V

Updating the 'Twin Peaks' File; Plus 'The Flash,' And More . . .

The Girls of "Twin Peaks," Continued: In past issues, we've catalogued the bondage adventures of Sherilyn Fenn, Madchen Amick, and Lara Flynn Boyle. Now along comes the NBC mini-series "Love, Lies, and Murder," starring **Sheryl Lee**, another alumna of the David Lynch series (you'll remember her both as the blonde Laura Palmer, wrapped in plastic, and her brunette cousin Maddie). In this story, as a convicted murderess, she gets to test a whole range of institutional restraints: First she's straitjacketed, then secured to a chair with wrist and waist straps, and finally manacled at both wrists and ankles, chained at the waist and between both sets of cuffs. How does she walk in that arrangement, you ask? Very, very slowly. And before we leave the beautiful town of Twin Peaks, let's mention **Peggy Lipton**, who accumulated a few interesting scenes many years ago when she was one-third of TV's "The Mod Squad." And **Piper Laurie**, we recall, had a nice, athletic scene back in 1951's "The Prince Who Was a Thief," struggling her way free after being bound hand and foot with scarves by Tony Curtis. But as for the beautiful and enigmatic Joan Chen, who plays Josie on "Peaks," nothing yet "The Flash" is turning into the show of the season. Latest watchables: Series regular **Amanda Pays** with her wrists cuffed to a chair; **Yvette Nipar** as a gagged-and-tied kidnap victim; and best of all, **Joyce Hyser** immobilized three different ways by guest star Mark Hamill: locked inside a magician's saw-the-lady-in-twain box, her wrists tied in front; later, standing with wrists attached overhead; and still later, stashed under a food cart, wrists behind her back and a gag in her mouth From "Little House on the Prairie," **Melissa Gilbert-Brinkman** has gone to big-girl roles, such as "Donor," a CBS-TV movie that casts her as a snoopy doctor and has her (can you guess?) strapped down to an operating table by a pair of malpracticing medics A recent "Father Dowling" featured a two-for-the-price-of-one rescue scene, as the good father found

and freed guest actresses **Kari Lizer** and **Laura Leigh Hughes**, a couple of young pretties who were gagged, tied to chairs, and seated side by side The syndicated Canadian-made series "Counterstrike" is still interesting, with both of the female regulars getting the treatment in recent shows: **Laurence Ashley**, who plays Christopher Plummer's daughter, was kidnapped and held in a remote house, her wrists taped to the arms of a chair; and **Cyrielle Claire**, the one with the stunning looks and the oh-so-French accent, was trussed up, gagged, and crated for shipment aboard a freighter NBC's new "Dark Shadows" shows promise with one scene in an early episode: In a 17th-Century flashback, we discover **Laurel Wiley**, as a village lass, tied down to a table by the local witchfinder, who appears to be doing unspeakable things to her off-camera (Do you hear? *Unspeakable!*) And on the old reliable "MacGyver," there's **Gwynyth Walsh** as a parole officer, tied at wrists and ankles and lying face-down alongside Mac and a buddy In the USA Network TV-movie "Murderous Vision," **Elizabeth Kemp** can be found in her car, a gag in her mouth and her hands tied back over her head; and **Laura Johnson**, as a psychic who's helping find Miss Kemp's abductor, is grabbed by the same dangerous individual and, for a few seconds, seen with a gag between her teeth while her captor holds her as the police approach. But an instant later, it's clear that not only are her hands totally free, but the gag seems to have disappeared. Hmmm Last issue's list of bondage snippets on the old "Man From U.N.C.L.E." series omitted an episode called "The Love Affair," with **Maggie Pierce**, wearing a monk's robe, as a bound-and-gagged captive in a sinister monastery. She's much too pretty to leave off our list, so she's now officially on it

PREVIEWS OF COMING ATTRACTIONS — All the Poe folks out there will want to be on the lookout for two upcoming flicks based on



And don't forget Pierce on "U.N.C.L.E."

Edgar Allan Poe themes. "Two Evil Eyes" is a two-parter with one of the segments directed by Italian horror-meister Dario Argento, who by now — considering all the times he's been mentioned in this column — surely deserves a niche in the Bound for Hollywood Director's Hall of Fame. His segment, "The Black Cat," has a scene in which **Madeleine Potter**, as Annabel, is tied up in a closet by her erstwhile lover, played by Harvey Keitel. She's held upright against the wall by bonds that attach her wrists to closet hooks. And that extra hook in the middle? That's for her hair — just to make sure. The other movie is the latest version of "The Pit and the Pendulum." No details yet on this Inquisition-era drama, just a brief and intriguing glimpse of a damsel being stretched on a rack. We'll be watching . . .

CHAIN MAIL — For the "Lust for Freedom" and "Supervixens" photos, our thanks to collector R.D. of Baltimore.



"Pit and the Pendulum": Will the mystery woman please sign in?



Hyser hounded by Hamill on "The Flash."

Dear Harmony,

As a new reader from England I must compliment you on a series of superb magazines. The letters, features and stories in *Bondage Life* make it my favorite of the bunch. My Sarah and I are both into silk scarf bondage and we would like to extend a greeting to Phil and Anne, whose letter appeared in issue 21.

Our interest is very much on Love Bondage and we like nothing more than to spend the weekend in the house dreaming up ever more ingenious

bondage for each other. We take it in turns to be the captor and subject, but all our scenarios share the common thread of silk scarves and fine, large white handkerchiefs. This style of bondage appears to be on the increase in the United Kingdom, although we have yet to meet a couple with similar interests in England.

Gags are essential to any bondage session and, used in conjunction with a blindfold or silk scarf hood, give the necessary degree of dependency for enjoyment to be complete. Our favorite:

two fine white handkerchiefs stuffed into the mouth, followed by a large silk scarf tied back between the teeth to keep the packing in, and then several more tied across the lower part of the face to reinforce the effect. A wide band of folded silk can then be tied tightly over the bridge of the nose and under the chin and knotted at the back of the neck. It is still easy to breathe through the silk but this last element makes all the difference.

Yours Sincerely,

Nick & Sarah S.

Dear Harmony,

We try to take our ropes and gags with us whenever we take a vacation, as one can come across the most perfect settings for bondage scenarios. These pictures in the kitchen were done during our holiday. They are supposed to depict the Housewife in Bondage syndrome.

I had Barb put on a short black leather skirt and boots, and bound her in an armchair. Thinking to myself that she had a bit too much freedom, I proceeded to tie her to the kitchen chair. I used white tape to keep her quiet. After the chair bondage, Barb gave me the impression that she would like a lie-down, to which I consented wholeheartedly, and carried her to the sofa, still bound and gagged, where she spent another hour or so before we retired to bed.

Very best wishes,

Barb and Chris in England



Dear Harmony,

Long, cold winter nights sure can be dreary. One such of those evenings turned out quite differently, however. I was feeling amorous and Kathryn was feeling artistic. We compromised, and the outcome, of both the photographs and the remainder of the evening, was outstanding.

It really is a shame that more peo-

ple don't subscribe to the Harmony Philosophy. Kathryn and I both find loving bondage to be a great aphrodisiac and the ultimate in foreplay. When time allows, it is an exceptionally gratifying experience to take hours to arrive at mutual satisfaction.

We are happy to be a part of the Harmony experience. Keep up the excellent work and service and we

will continue to be contributors for a long time to come.

David and Kathryn
Michigan

What an odd coincidence!
Your photos arrived at about the same time as last issue's Mystery Lady (page 18). There is something so very appealing about a beautiful face concealed, taunting the viewer... — K.L.



Dear Harmony,

I read your publications on a semi-regular basis and enjoy your contributors' letters, pictures and stories. Your magazine is by far the leading publication of its type.

Since I discovered my affinity for bondage, I have been trying to determine why it appeals to me. I have never been to any professional counselor and never felt any need to, yet the idea of tying and gagging a woman is a little out of the mainstream.

I have my own theories, most of which center around power and control, but when you get down to it, I just don't know. Perhaps you or your readers can come up with an explanation why bondage sexually excites some people and does nothing for others.

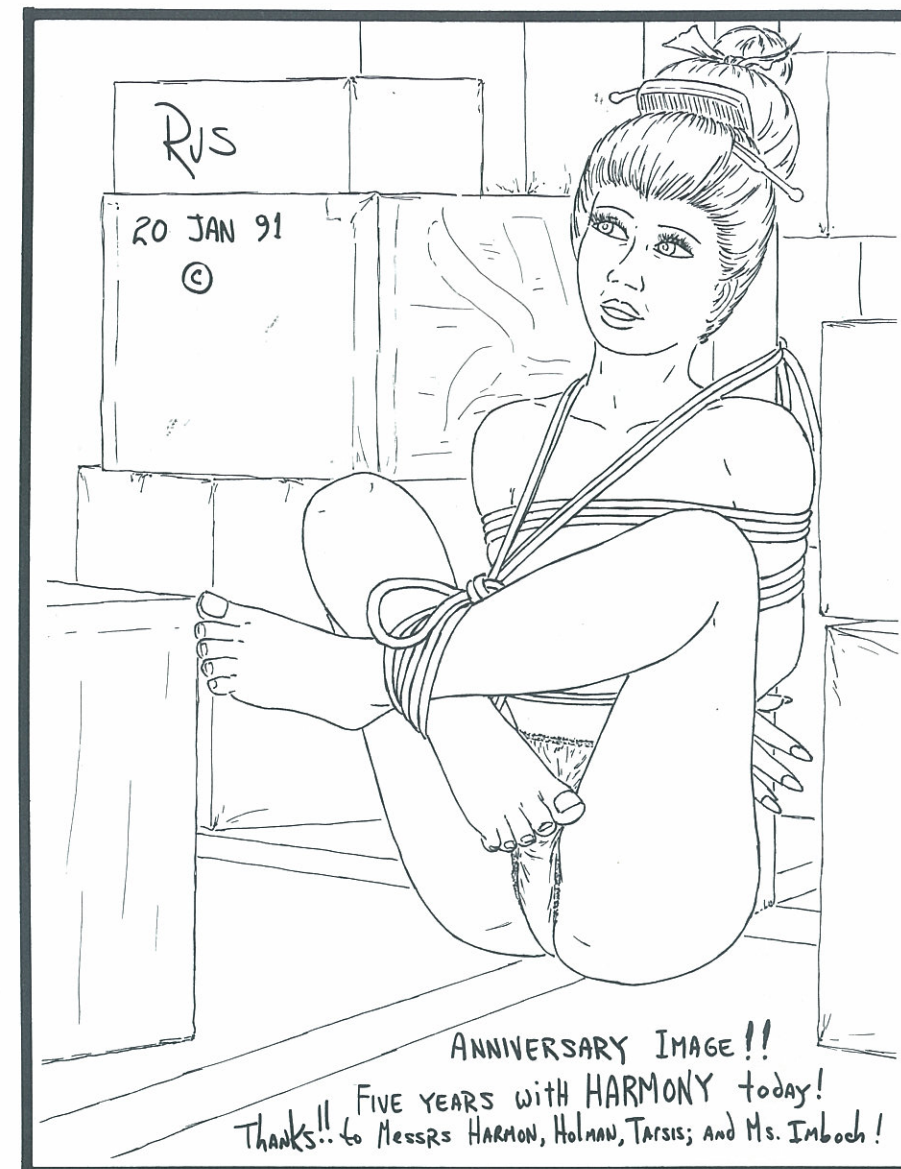
Since finishing college, I have had the opportunity to tie up a few different women. Some enjoyed it and others did not. About six years ago, I was seeing a woman who was about five years older than I. Whenever we met, in my car I would tie her hands behind her with my necktie and we would "make out." One evening, we met in a motel room. Many times I had jested about tying her up and she said she would put up a good fight. She put up quite a struggle. Had it not been for handcuffs, I wouldn't have been able to capture her. It's very hard to tie up someone without their help.

After getting her hands secured behind her back with the handcuffs, she settled down a little. I was then able to tie her ankles and legs. I asked her if she had done this before and she said no. I then asked if she wanted release and again she said no. That answer gave me a green light.

She was a small woman, about 5'2" and 105 pounds but she had terrific breasts. This night she was wearing jeans and a white shirt that buttoned in the front. I had come prepared for bondage bringing rope, scarves and a roll of tape. I started by removing her shirt and bra. I pulled them down to her wrists. Before removing the handcuffs to take the clothing off, I tied her elbows both together and to her body. Although I didn't tie her elbow completely together, they were close enough to make her breasts stand out.

I removed the handcuffs and her clothing and then retied her wrists with rope. I knew she couldn't free herself now. I had tied other girlfriends this way and given them all evening to escape. None ever did. I untied her legs and removed her

INSPIRATION



Rus celebrates five years of Harmonizing with a tribute to Japanese bondage photos.

jeans and underwear, leaving her completely nude on the bed. I retied her legs above and below the knee and at the ankles.

Up to this point, she hadn't said much but now she commented on how completely she was bound and how good it felt to be under another person's control. I told her there were two more items to take care of. I pulled out one of the scarves and secured it as a blindfold. She told me this was nice but what was the other thing. I said I was going to gag her if that was alright. She consented and I placed a soft scarf into her mouth and sealed her lips with several strips of tape. I then placed her in a hogtie and whispered that if she wanted me,

she would have to free herself. I knew that if this was the first time she was bound and gagged, it would be impossible. I watched for about ten minutes as she struggled on the bed. After that, I turned the lights down, untied her legs and we made love until it was time to go.

Sincerely,

M.D.M.

Dear Harmony,

Here's an amusing little observation. Did you ever notice that you see more cats than any other kind of pets in videos and photo-essays? The most notable ones are Jay Edwards' siamese, Elwood B. and Darla Crane's long-hair and Michael Keye's

tabby. (I've got a cat, too. He's usually sitting on or near me while I'm trying to type.) Do you suppose bondagers are more inclined to own cats than they are to have dogs or fish?

Anyway, if any bondagers are thinking about getting a cat and considering names for it, I'd like to recommend Irving or Paula (Claw). It could be a subtle way to make your preferences known, and it could be fun to observe the reactions or to see if they get the joke when they ask what the cat's name is.

Best regards,

Tantalus

Chelsea Pfeiffer's surprised you haven't noticed video cameos of her cats, "Sir Stephen" and "Sweet Gwen." — K.I.

Dear Harmony,

I recently discovered your magazine, *Bondage Life*! What a revelation! The thing I like best about *BL* is that it features "real" women in bondage, rather than only models. (Not that I have anything against professional bondage models. I think they're wonderful.)

I'd like to compliment "R and J" of Baltimore for the photos in *BL40*, page 29. The photo-set "Up With J!" is truly marvelous. The suspension trio is great — especially the first shot, taken from in front of "J." The composition is classic. To me it's a very erotic picture.

Though both shots of "J" spread-eagled on the bed are excellent, I prefer the one on the right, taken from a front 3/4 angle. The lines in the photo are marvelous: the rope, her outstretched legs, her arm and torso — I also like the effect of "J's" torso blending with the bedcovers. This gives an abstract quality to the shot that is very provocative. I think that shot is classic bondage. *Brava! Bravissima!* I only wish I could have been there when the pictures were taken. "J" — I think you are wonderful. Thank you.

Yours,

John in Canada

Dear Ms. Imboch,

The Bound for Controversy section in *Bondage Life 42* was great. Victoria and Jane both look super in bondage. These two would look great bound and gagged in spandex outfits. Maybe more transvestites and transsexuals will send in photos.

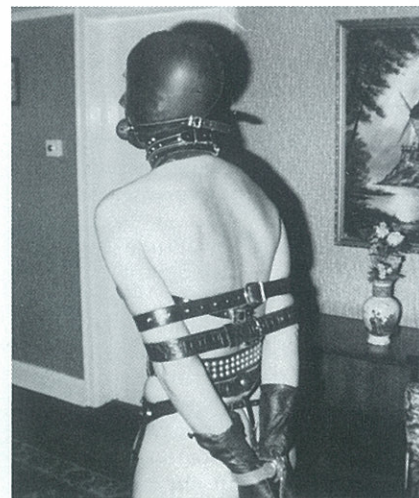
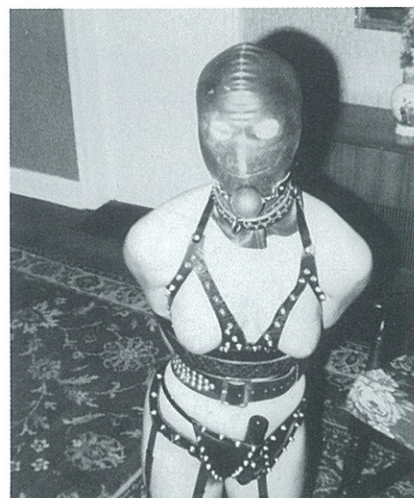
Sincerely,

Pat in Washington

ONE-FOOT, TWO-FOOT MRS. G.P. TRIES TO REACH HER KNOTS



ENGLAND'S QUEEN OF THE BIZARRE MORE LEATHER AND RUBBER FROM MRS. K.C.



DATELINE ENGLAND "PREDICAMENT OF PAULINE!" STAY TUNED!



Dear Harmony,

I am a fairly avid model railroad collector and operator. One of my frequent childhood pastimes was working on the train layout my dad and I built in our cellar. I had a fairly large collection of Lionel products. I still have all of it with my dad's things (65-odd years old and going strong) still put up around the Christmas tree each year. Occasionally, I'll indulge myself by adding to the collection by either buying some desired locomotive or car, or by assembling a building kit for use on a future layout.

Such is the case with the building

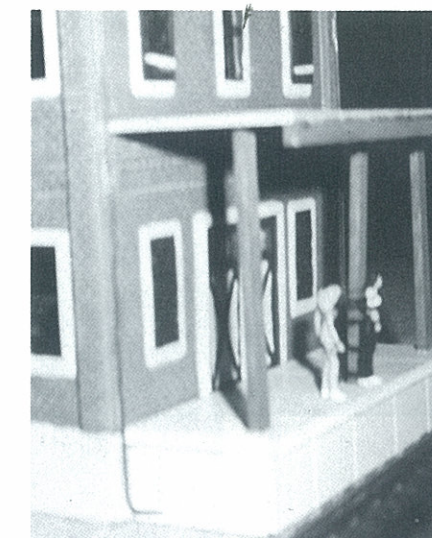
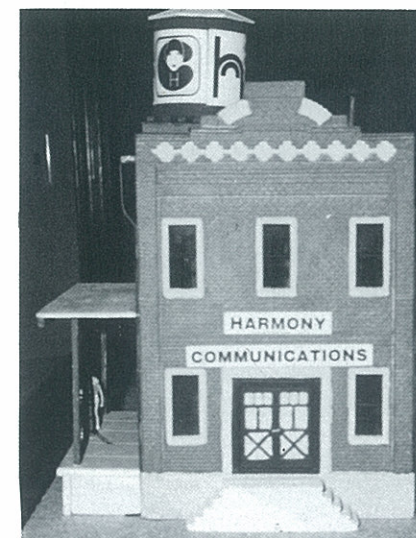
in the enclosed photos. This past Sunday was a dreary day, and both Katie and I were rather bored and looking for something a bit different to do, so I had the notion to assemble this building kit. Katie enjoys the hobby as well and helped in putting this together and painting it. The "Harmony Communications" sign was Katie's suggestion and things kind of snowballed from there. We used part of an old building for the sign and then added the two water tank logos as well. We were going to let things go at that, but a brief stop at a local hobby store produced a set of figures.

This allowed us to stage the scene depicted of a Harmony staffer and a model working out a photo layout for an upcoming issue, out on the building's old loading dock. Our "Bound Beauty's" ropes are black thread and her gag is a very small piece of black duct tape.

Now it is just possible we might have gotten a little carried away with this project, but it made for an enjoyable afternoon.

Your friends,

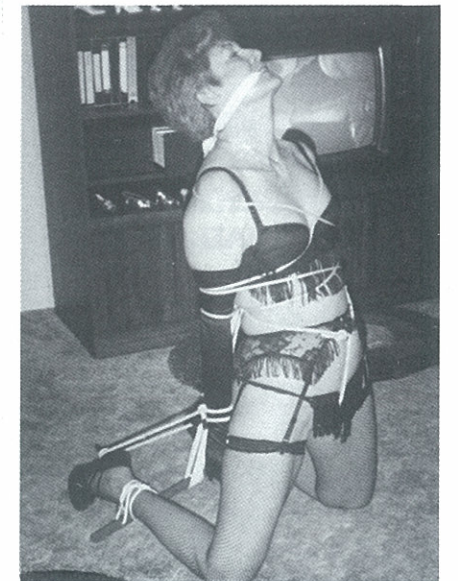
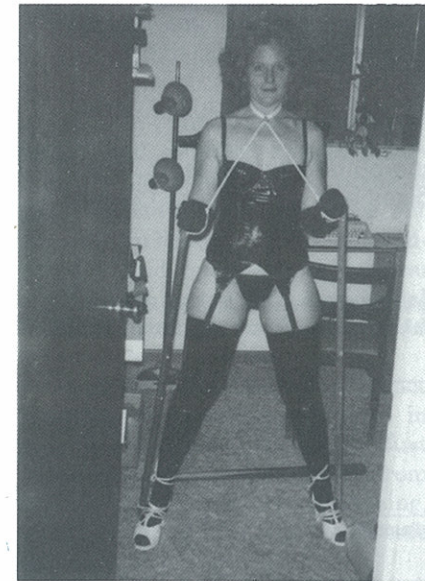
Katie and Jeff



A SURE-FIRE WAY TO "CHAIR UP!"
"SUSIE SUBMISSIVE" SITS THIS ONE OUT.



POLE-PLAYING
J.R. OF OHIO PUTS HIS POLES INTO BONDAGE ACTION



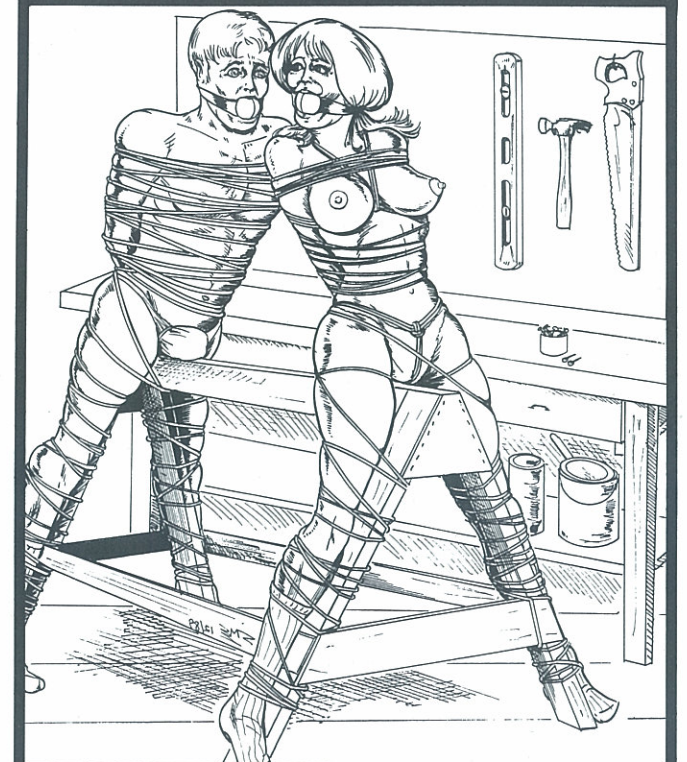
MORE ANKLE-ROPE, PLEASE
LADY "J" JUST CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF
A GOOD THING!



SLUMBERTIME
IRINA SNUGGLES IN BONDAGE
BY "CLD."



CONNECTIONS
THE ART OF THE POSSIBLE #17



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Remplissez le coupon dessous et le renvoyez a nous. Nous vous placerons immediatement sur notre liste postale pour une periode d'essai de trois mois. Chaque mois, vous recevrez plusieurs bulletins genereusement illustres avec photos de nos revues et videos. Vous resterez sur notre liste tant que vous achetez au moins deux revues ou une video chaque trois mois.

Quand nous renvoyons vos bulletins premieres, nous enclorons aussi une feuille de procedures ecrit en francais. Ce sera facile de comprendre!

Harmony —
Ajoutez-moi a votre postale, s'il vous plait. J'affirme que j'ai du moins 21 ans et
ju sais que je demande matiere de la nature sexuelle.

(Ecrivez Votre Nom Ici)

(Ecrivez Votre Adresse Ici)

(Ecrivez Votre Ville, Pays, et Autre Codes Numeriques Ici)

(Ecrivez Votre Signature Ici)

NOTE IMPORTANT: Nous ne pouvons pas traduire
vos lettres, ainsi ecrivez vos demandes en anglais, s'il vous plait!

METTETEVI IN CONTATTO DIRETTO CON LA HARMONY!

COMPILATE IL MODULO RIPRODOTTO IN QUESTO
ANNUNCIO, E RISPEDITELO ALLA HARMONY:
SARETE IMMEDIATAMENTE INCLUSI NEL NOSTRO
SCHEDARIO PER UN PERIODO DI PROVA DI TRE MESI!

POTRETE RICEVERE OGNI MESE DIVERSI
CATALOGHI DI VIDEOCASSETTE E RIVISTE DI BOND-
AGE, TUTTI AMPIAMENTE ILLUSTRATI, E RIMARRETE
NELLA NOSTRA LISTA FINO A QUANDO
ACQUISTERETE ALMENO DUE RIVISTE OD UN VIDEO

OGNI TRE MESI. INSIEME CON I PRIMI CATALOGHI, VI
MANDEREMO ANCHE UNA SERIE DI FACILI
ISTRUZIONI INTRODUTTIVE SCRITTE IN ITALIANO.

SPELT. HARMONY,
VI PREGO DI INCLUDERMI NEL VOSTRO IN-
DIRIZZARIO. DICHIARO DI AVERE ALMENO 21 ANNI,
E DI ESSERE A CONOSCENZA CHE IL MATERIALE DA
ME ORDINATO ATTIENE ALLA SFERA SESSUALE.

(Nome in stampatello)

(Indirizzo in stampatello)

(Citta, nazione e codice postale in stampatello)

(firma leggibile)

(NOTA BENE: VI PREGHIAMO DI RIVOLGERCI
EVENTUALI DOMANDE O COMUNICAZIONI

SOLAMENTE IN INGLESE, IN QUANTO NON ABBIAMO
LA POSSIBILITA' DI AVVALERCI DI TRADUTTORI)

CHELSEA PFEIFFER'S BONDAGE TECHNIQUES

Welcome to the first installment of
Harmony's new "How-To" series. In
response to your requests, in this col-
umn I will establish simple guide-
lines for fellow bondagers. Some of
you have had years of experience, but
some of you haven't had the opportu-
nity to "bind your partner." If you
should find yourself in a potential
bondage situation, I'd like you to feel
prepared and confident!

I want to make it clear that I'm not
claiming to have the last word in
bondage and how it's done. Just
think of this as a starting point; from
here we can explore all types of tying,
and procedures that help create safe
and comfortable bondage.

For some of you, if the bindee

seems a bit too comfy you feel that the
bondage was not a success. But con-
sider this scenario: you've just fin-
ished tying your lady and she looks
great! But you can tell she's not very
happy. She's not experienced enough
to know that she can't handle the
hogtie was because you forgot to knot
her wrist-tie at the anchor point; the
ropes have tightened and her hands
feel numb already! You think that
she hates bondage and you untie her,
feeling disheartened. If you'd known
how to properly tie her wrists, she'd
still be happily struggling — not
wanting to be untied. Our bondage
stories should all have happily ro-
mantic endings! So let's get on with
it.

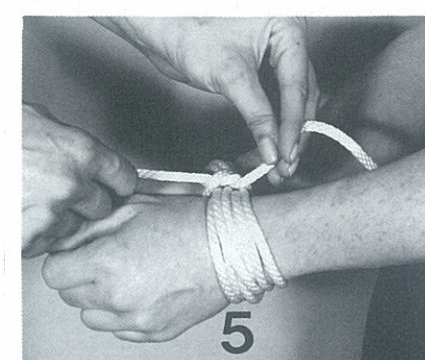
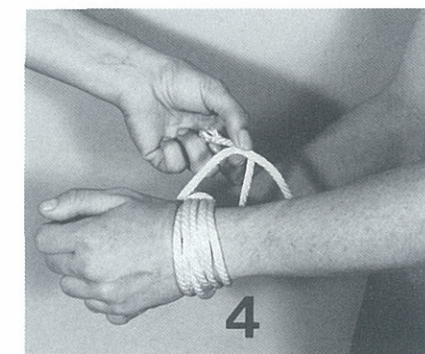
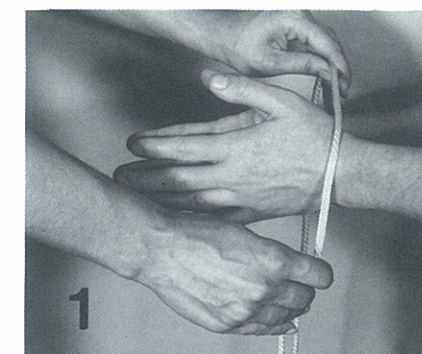


I've commandeered Betsy Demont
to help me demonstrate. Since Betsy
has been such a good little model
today, I've let her place her wrists
palm-to-palm, hands-in-front for
clarity — but these ties *can* be done
with the wrists in back!

Lengths of rope are approximate;
they depend on the person you're
binding. I use nylon (1/4" or 3/8")
because it is softer than cotton, and
when it is time to "rescue" your loved
one, nylon knots can be picked apart
more quickly and easily than cotton.
Nylon rope is available either twisted
or braided — I prefer braided because
it leaves such lovely little rope im-
pressions on the skin after it's been
removed!

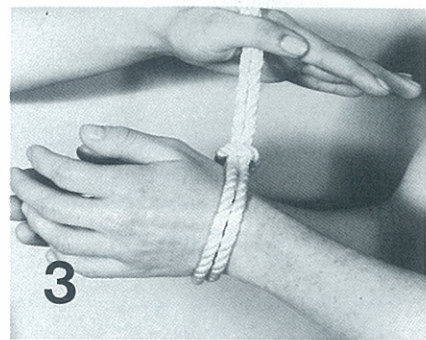
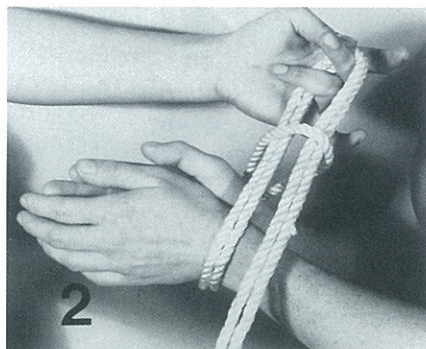
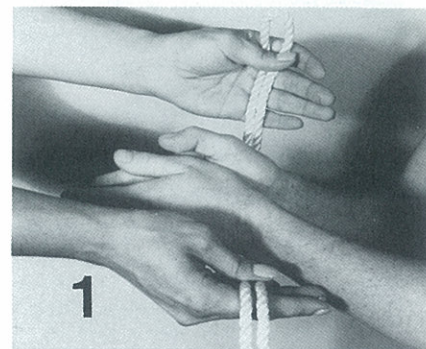
I call this first tie the "Single-
Strand Style." Begin with a 10'
length of rope. Find the center of the
rope and lay it across the wrists (*fig. 1*),
making sure the rope-ends match
up. Wrap both ends back and forth
around the wrists (*fig. 2*) until there's
about 8" of rope left on either end.

Now we begin the ever-important
cinch! Twist to anchor it (*fig. 3*), then
wrap the remaining rope around the
wrapping and between the wrists (*fig. 4*),
and knot it off with a square-knot.
Simple, huh?



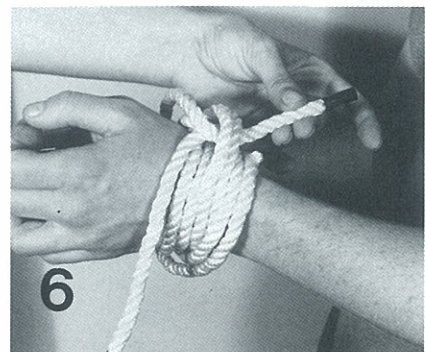
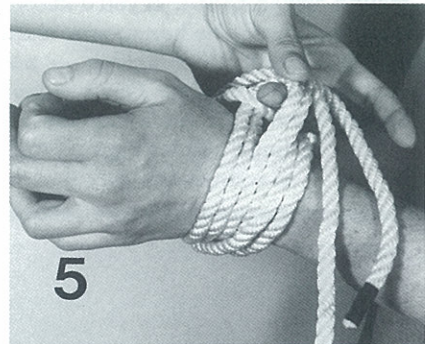


Here's what I consider the "Basic Harmony Style." Double the rope into even lengths to make a loop on one end (fig. 1).



Wrap the doubled rope around the wrists and slip it through the loop to create an anchor point, then tighten down (fig. 3). Begin wrapping in the opposite direction (fig. 4) — this is where fastidious bondagers take care not to make a mess.

Don't let the anchor-point get covered with rope and don't pull it around with the wrapping. (To clarify, in figure 5 I've exposed the anchor point: it's by the original loop that you tightened in figure 3!)

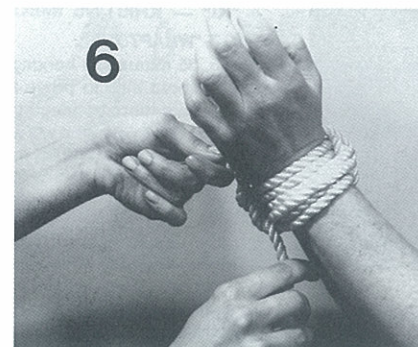
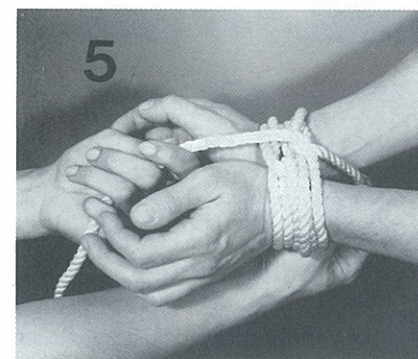
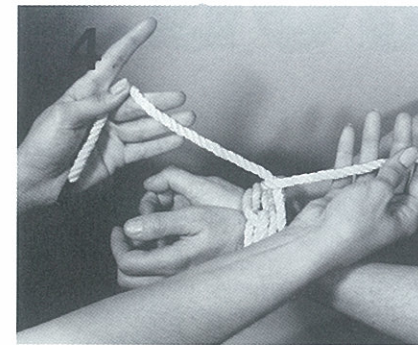
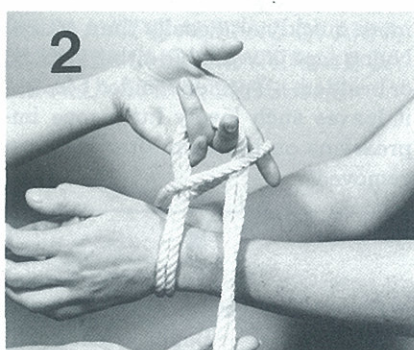
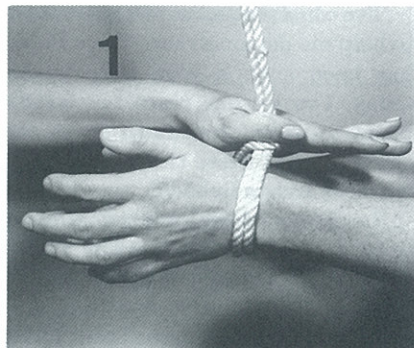


To finish: slip the rope ends through the loop at the anchor point (fig. 6). This can be done both ends parallel, or each end inserted separately in opposite directions. Here, I've done the latter. Pull the ends between the wrists and around the



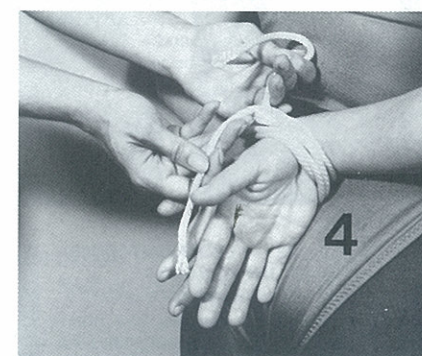
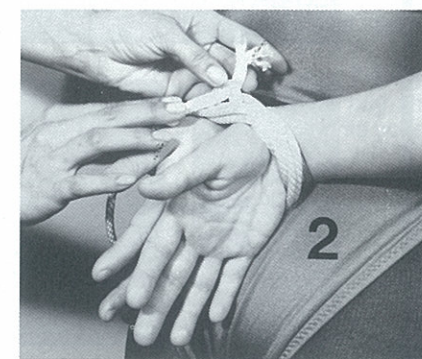
rope to cinch the tie and knot it off. Where the knot is placed is up to you, but if you want to keep the challenge alive, put it someplace impossible to reach.

Here is a combination of the Single-Strand and the Basic Harmony styles. (Demonstrated with 3/8" twisted nylon.) Begin with the doubled length of rope. After threading through the loop, separate the lengths and pull the two ends in opposite directions (fig. 3).



Finish as in the Single-Strand Tie. Once again, watch the knot placement.

The last tie is a little something that I picked up watching the Arrow Films. I call it the "Back-to-Back Arrow Tie." (Demonstrated with 1/4" braided nylon.) Instead of palms facing, the bindee places hands back-to-back (fig. 1).



The rest is simply the Basic Harmony Style. Notice that both ends were pulled through the anchor point together, then separated to create the cinch (fig. 4).

This particular wrist tie is one you might need to practice. It may be uncomfortable depending on the shoulder rotation of the person being tied. It also has to be tight, otherwise it is very escapable — as Betsy is trying desperately to show you!

There must be at least a hundred more ways to tie wrists together; obviously I can't go into each one. Once you've "Mastered" wrist-ties, you can apply the same procedures to knees and ankles. If that's not bondage, I'll eat my ballgag!

REMEMBER! ALWAYS HAVE SCISSORS ON HAND FOR FAST & EASY UNTYING!

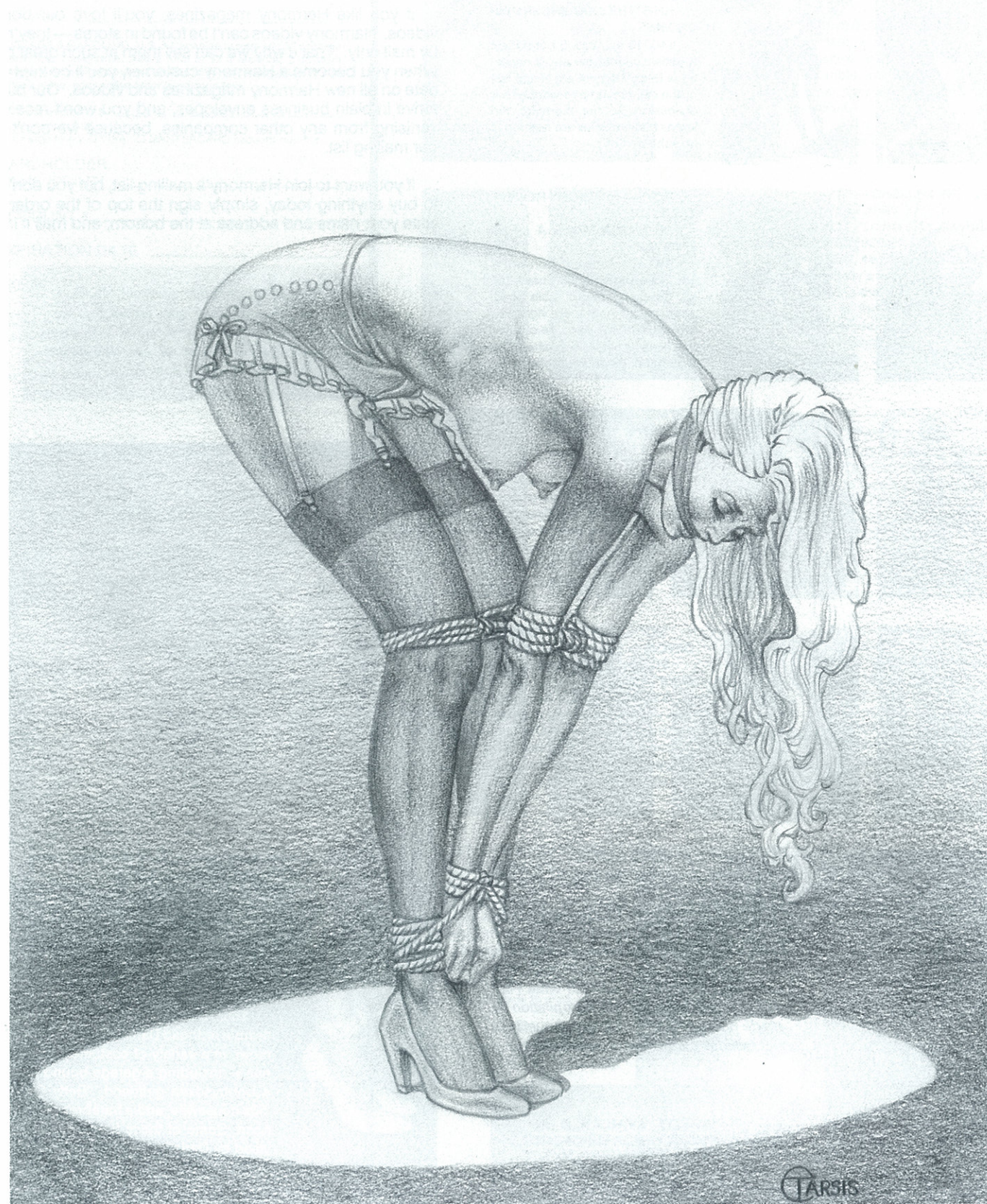
BONDAGE ARTISTRY WELCOMED!

Would you like to send in some of your drawings? Keep these notes in mind:

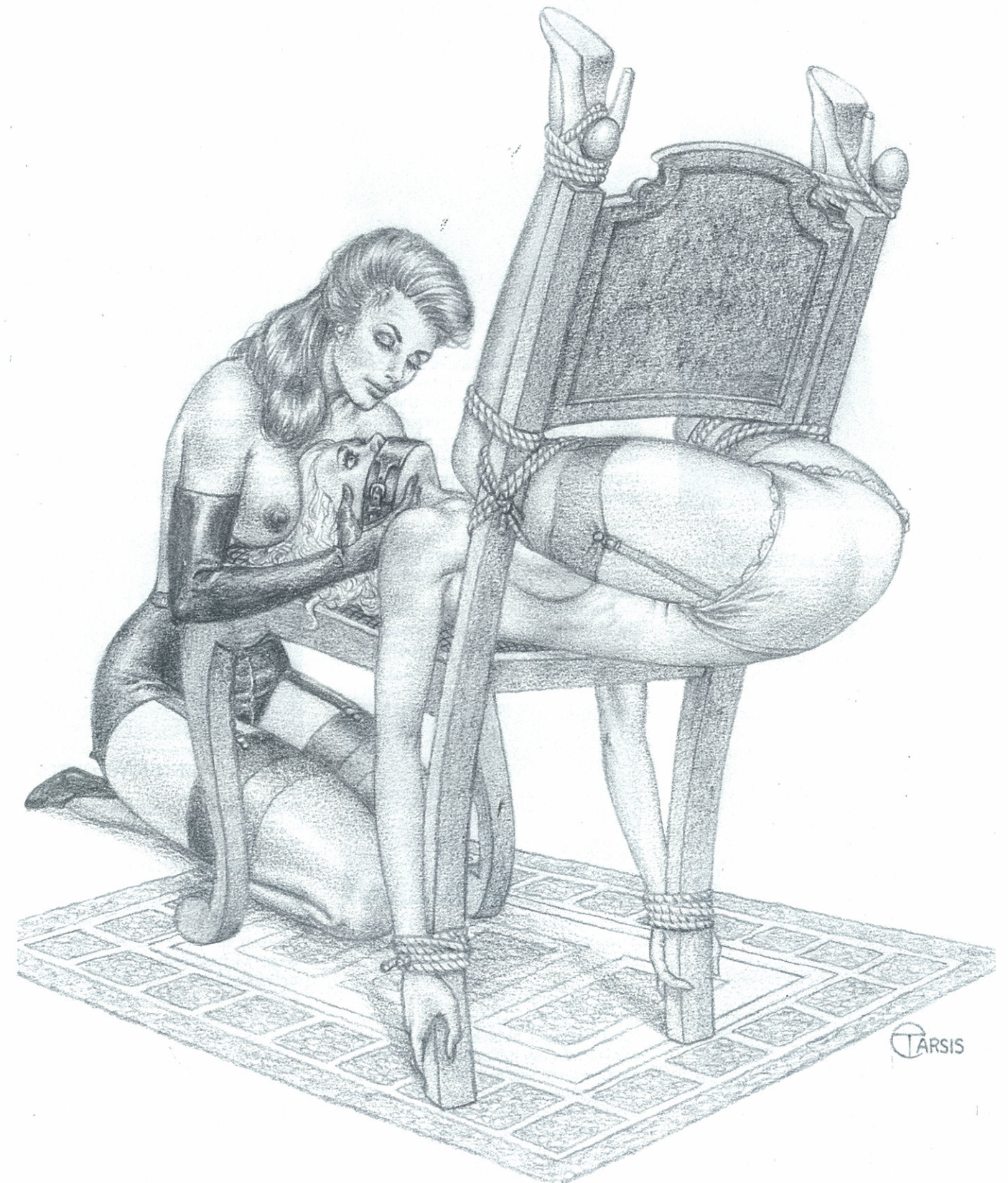
- If you'd like a caption or a word-balloon in your art, leave space for it on the drawing, and attach a piece of paper with the words you'd like. We'll set it with magazine print.
- Pencil-work doesn't reproduce well unless it's drawn very dark.
- If you send tracings or recreations of photos, please state what original you worked from.
- Harmony doesn't print depictions of threat, pain, injury, weaponry, or sexual contact.
- Sign your artwork!
- Sorry, art can't be returned.

Harmony Communications, Box 69976, Los Angeles, CA 90069 U.S.A.

HARMONY HISTORY



Bondage Life 21, August 1985 — Brian Tarsis' bondage art appeared for the very first time. Since they were illustrations inserted into the text of a story, the drawings were printed fairly small. Let's take a second, more generous look at these beautiful renderings!



REVIEWS BY THE PEOPLE

The Customer Knows Best!
Here are some comments that viewers have written on their Harmony video Survey Forms.



"FOUR FAIR LADIES" (B-114)
Amber, Julie, Laurisa, Annie
By Rick Walker

"Amber sparkles once more in this amusing and erotic offering. Amber leaves you wondering how she's going to top her sensuous performance in the opening scenario, but manages to do so between scenes of the three other lovelies. Featuring business suit, dresses, skirts, lingerie, heels, hose and bare feet, Rick offers a delightful video with something for everyone." — J. Marshall, Missouri

What made you want to buy this video? "The Harmony bulletin attracted my attention — in particular, the beautiful models. The description of the women in skirts or jeans was interesting."

Liked: "Amber's performance; the skirt and garter combination."

Disliked: "The poor lighting; the fact that it was shot in a hotel room." — J.N., Illinois

"BLACK CORSETS & BOOTS" (LIVE #2)
Laurel Blake, Ashley Rene, Betsy Demont, Sharon Beacon
By Simone Devon



"LIVE #2 is the finest video I've ever seen. May I make a few suggestions? Please make them with sound, use longer and higher corsets, lace them tighter, and have all models wear garters and full-length stockings. Have them all in high boots and gloves at all times." — J.K., Michigan

Liked: "The lovely models, especially Laurel and Betsy. The sequence of Betsy in her corset and large hat."

Disliked: "Camera work was a little shaky. Not enough close-ups of any type — face, limbs, or ropework." — J. Thomas



"A DREAM COME TRUE" (MK-3)
Betsy Demont
By Michael Key

"I ordered this because the ad showed Betsy blindfolded. While that scene is very good, I'm somewhat disappointed with the remainder. There are only four different positions and I think each scene is too long." — A.M., Massachusetts

What made you want to buy this

video? "I'm a Betsy Demont fan. The ad said she wore boots."

Liked: "Hearing Betsy talk, close-ups of her boots, watching her struggle and wiggle her bound feet."

Disliked: "Not seeing the actual tying being done." — Ray in Illinois

What made you want to buy this video? "The magazine pictures of her tied to the post and the photos of her tied on the bed in her dress."

Liked: "The leather skirt and Betsy's sensual appeals and her sinuous movements throughout the video."

Disliked: "The looseness of the ropes in some scenes, especially the post tie. A spread-eagle position would have been a major plus for the video." — Mr. Canada



"SHANNON SHOWS OFF" (JE-12)
Shannon, Corina, Stephanie
By Jay Edwards

"I want to say my compliments to your products, especially the videos from Jay Edwards. There I can see bondage at its best. In JE-12, Jay himself becomes active. He varies gags, he finishes bondages on-screen or changes the positions. This is bondage as I like it. Nice models; tight and ingenious bondage." — R.S., Germany

What made you want to buy this video? "I liked what I saw in the previews at the end of JE-17. I like it when you have previews at the end of a video."

Liked: "Everything. I like the lingerie the women wear; the ingenious

ways they are tied up."

Disliked: "Nothing."

What would you like to see more of?

"I like the way Jay Edwards ties up his models, but I'd like to see more spreadeagle positions and more crotchropes, as I feel this enhances the position they're in. Don't get me wrong, I really like the Jay Edwards videos very much." — David in Wisconsin

Liked: "The ladies look really good."

Disliked: "Too much rolling around on the bed. I'd like to see more kneeling and standing poses. Too many scenes with nylons — I like bare legs." — Jack in Texas



"WHITNEY REVEALED" (MP-10)
Whitney Prescott
By Chelsea Pfeiffer

Liked: "The sense of fun and enjoyment evident throughout. High video quality and value for money. Variety of interesting poses and excellent costuming. The presence of Chelsea Pfeiffer. Most important: the model Whitney and her thoughts about bondage."

Disliked: "The only negative effect was the audio quality. Voices are fine but there is a background hiss. Your more recent videos are better in this respect." — B.R., Australia

"Whitney Prescott is a knockout! But the lighthearted chatter, lack of tight gags and rope (except the last two scenes) and overbearing Chelsea added up to an unenjoyable video." — C.W.

"TICKLISH" (TK-1)
Ashley Rene, Whitney Prescott
By Kristine Imboch

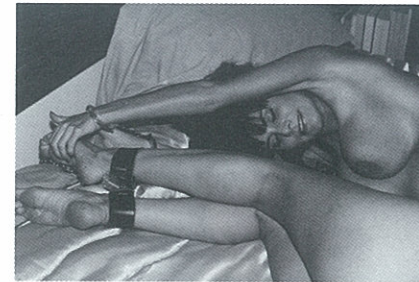
Liked: "Tickling."

Disliked: "Nothing."

What would you like to see in the next video? "More tickling. Use the most ticklish women you can find." — C.S., Texas

Liked: "Ashley Rene."

Disliked: "Could have been



longer." — R.S., Maryland



"I'LL NEVER TALK" (BF-18)
Betsy Demont, Carmen Mateos, Olivia Chase, Marley Haze, Pam Hendrix
By Eric Holman

"Of all the videos I've purchased, without a doubt the very best is BF-18. Betsy is very good but Carmen is AWESOME!" — Charles in Pennsylvania

What made you want to buy this video? "Knowing Olivia was in it."

Liked: "Foot bondage. Betsy. Olivia Chase especially. Hogties."

Disliked: "Marley. Not enough leg bondage. Not much on-screen tying." — Ed M.

"BUYER'S GUIDE VIDEO" (BG-90)
Selections from 700 Harmony Video bondages

Liked: "The chance to view the videos I've wondered about from ads, but was not sure enough about to order. This video gave me the chance to make my choices."

Disliked: "I understand your limitations with a video such as this, but I'd like to see longer cuts from each scene. I'd also like you to release Buyer's Guide Videos quarterly instead of annually." — D.B., Illinois

Liked: "Smidgen of a scene from all videos."

Disliked: "Each little scene too short." — Mr. D.

"BECAUSE SHE LOVES IT" (B-120)
Darla Crane
By Pandora Productions

What made you want to buy this video? "In the ad, the bare feet photos, the fabulous model, and it said '30 different poses.'"

Liked: "The creativity of the concept. The wonderful variety of poses. The beauty AND, more importantly, the attitude and personality of the model."

Disliked: "Not enough barefoot scenes — she's got pretty feet. Needed some equipment variety like straps or cuffs. In some poses her feet were tied better than her hands." — Mr. E.

What made you want to buy this video? "Darla Crane herself."

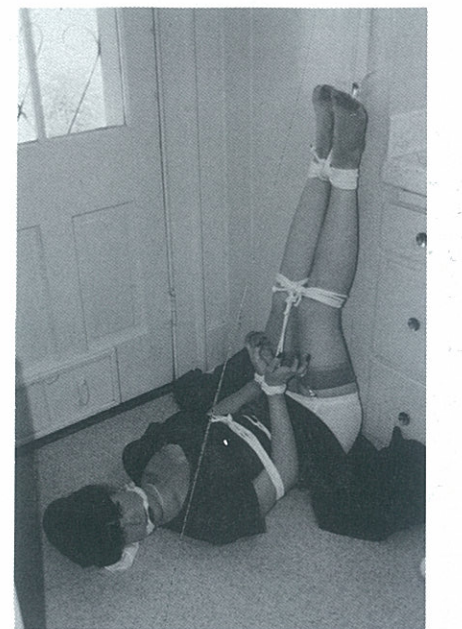
Liked: "Darla's gorgeous busty body, in a low-cut bra almost popping out, her long flowing red hair, the variety of situations, her struggling."

Disliked: "There was no on-screen tying or gagging. Didn't like the 'dominatrix' emcee between scenes." — Mr. G., Washington, D.C.

What made you want to buy this video? "The model: Darla Crane (her video 'B-Movie Madness' was outstanding)."

Liked: "The variety of costuming and scenarios."

Disliked: "Not enough fe-



Dear Harmony,

We have been having Love Bondage sessions together for over a year, but until now, an instant camera was our only means of photographic expression. Although I am very much an amateur photographer, the improved quality of 35mm prints developed through Harmony is greatly appreciated. We are both very excited about the possibility of seeing her photos published in one of your editions.

I was lucky enough to discover Harmony magazines about ten years ago. Having been infatuated by the idea of a pretty woman bound and gagged since I can remember, it was an exciting discovery indeed. Since introducing my lady to bondage about 15 months ago, her initial receptiveness has blossomed into the ultimate Love Bondage fantasy fulfilled. She finds your drawings and photos of bound and gagged women as erotic as I do, and she especially finds the photos of Whitney Prescott "inspiring."

We hope the quality of our photos improve with experience, but any suggestions are very welcome.

Sincerely,

"Willow and Friend"



Encore!



Scarf-Bound Kiri Kelly By Scarf-Bondager Volcane

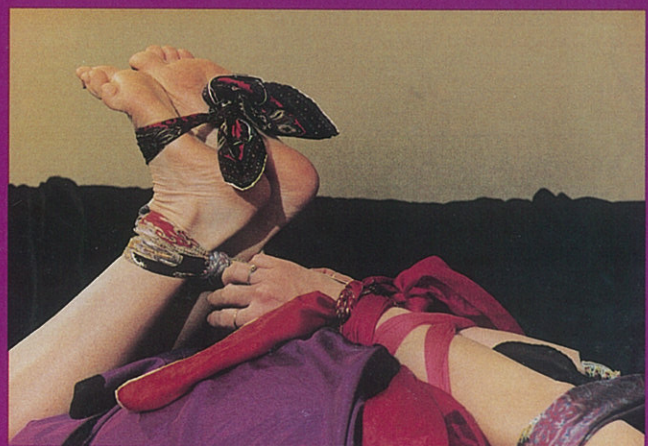
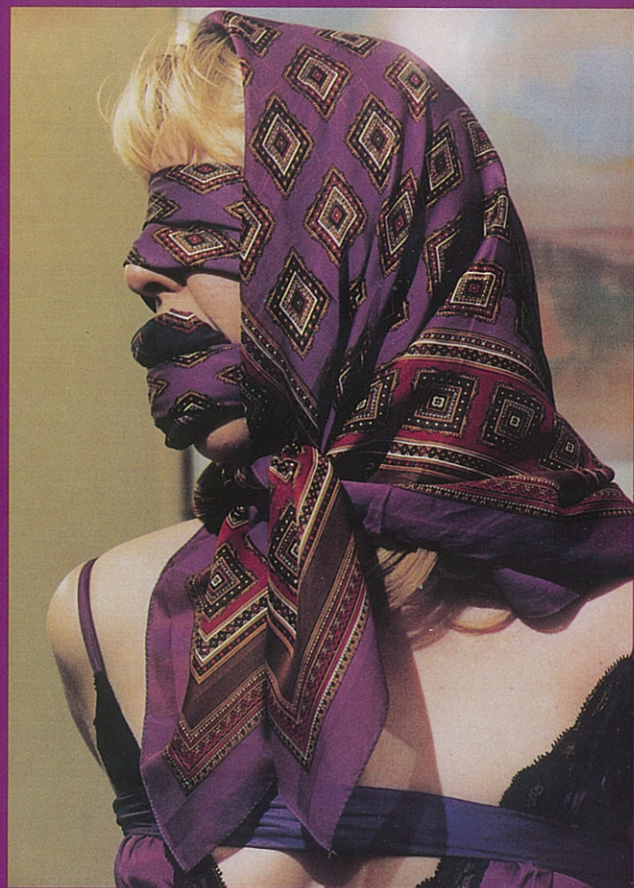
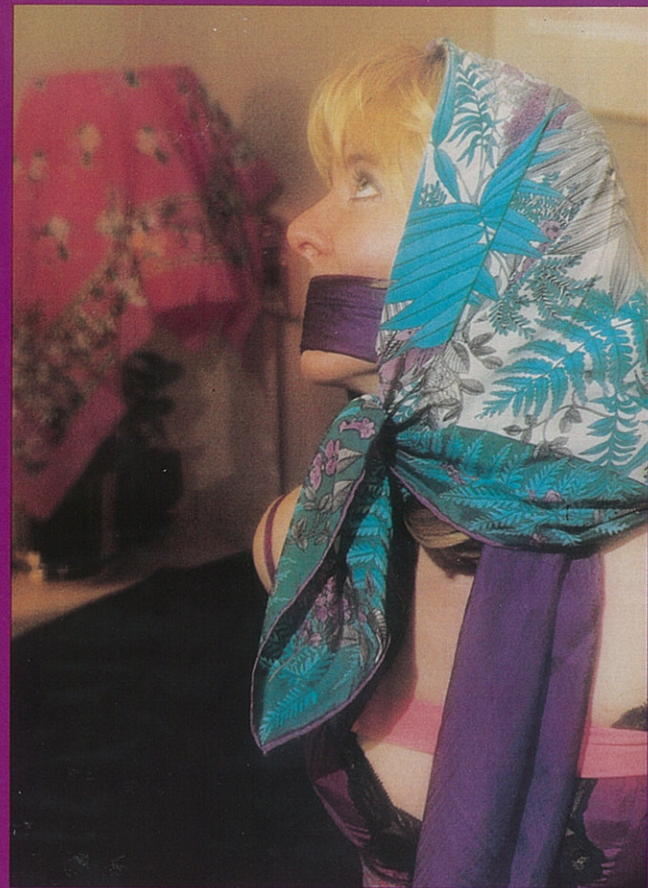


Encore!



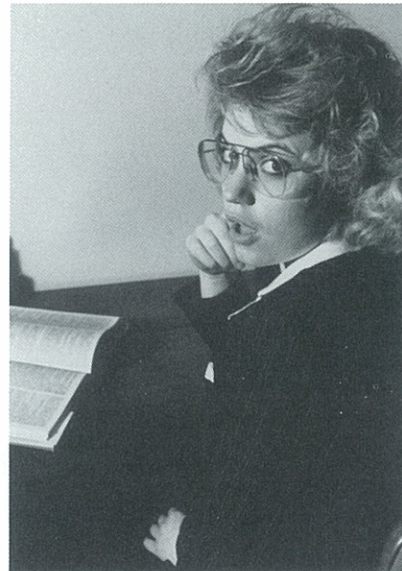
Scarf-Bound Kiri Kelly By Scarf-Bondager Volcane





DO I DETECT . . . AN INTRUSION?

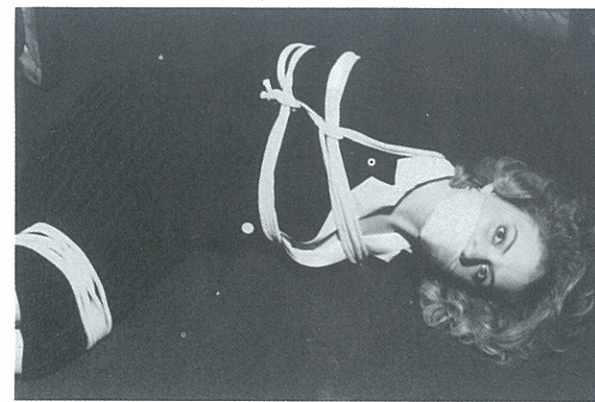
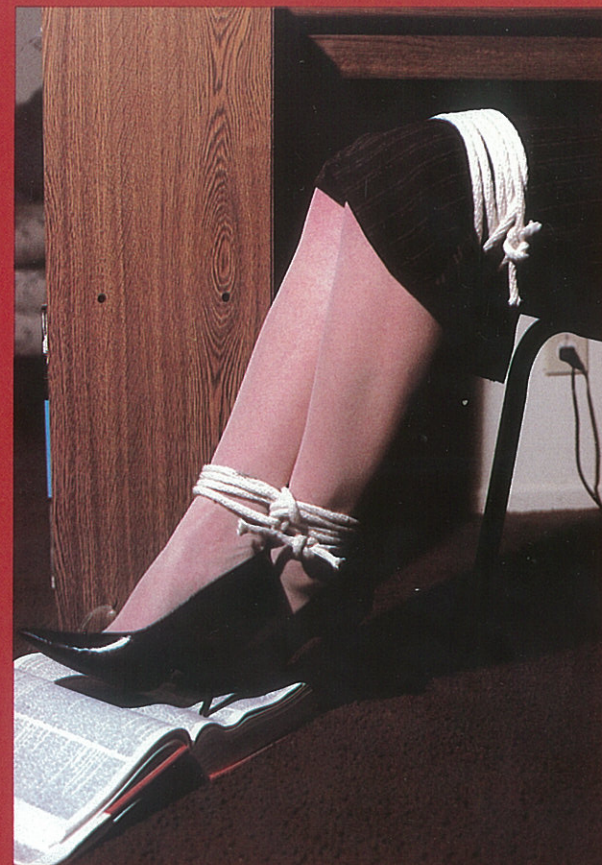
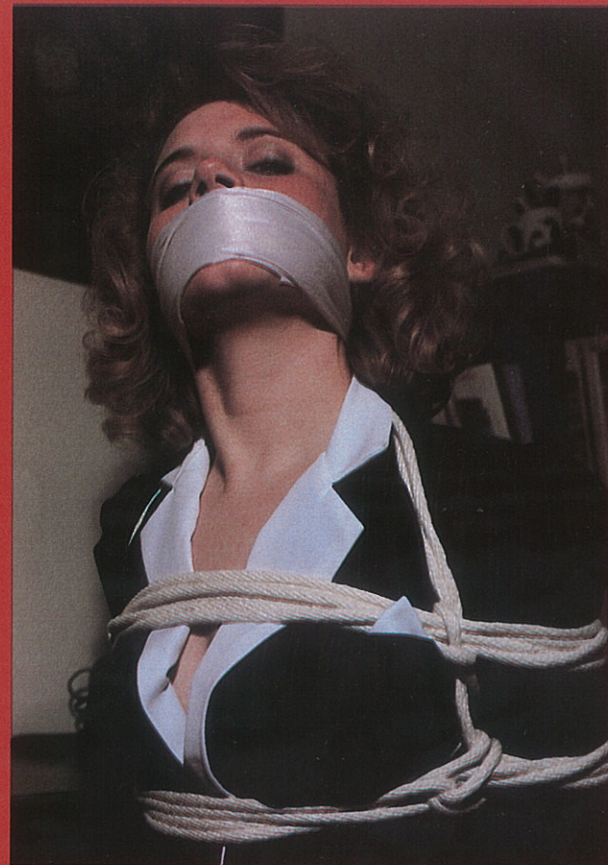
"Friday night, 9:15 p.m. It's quiet and peaceful in the east wing on the fifteenth floor of B&G Inc. I'm working on an overdue report when I hear someone open the door behind me."



"If I'd taken the office gossip more seriously, I would have known this might happen. Last March some wacky ex-secretary had come in and bound and gagged my co-worker, Whitney Prescott."

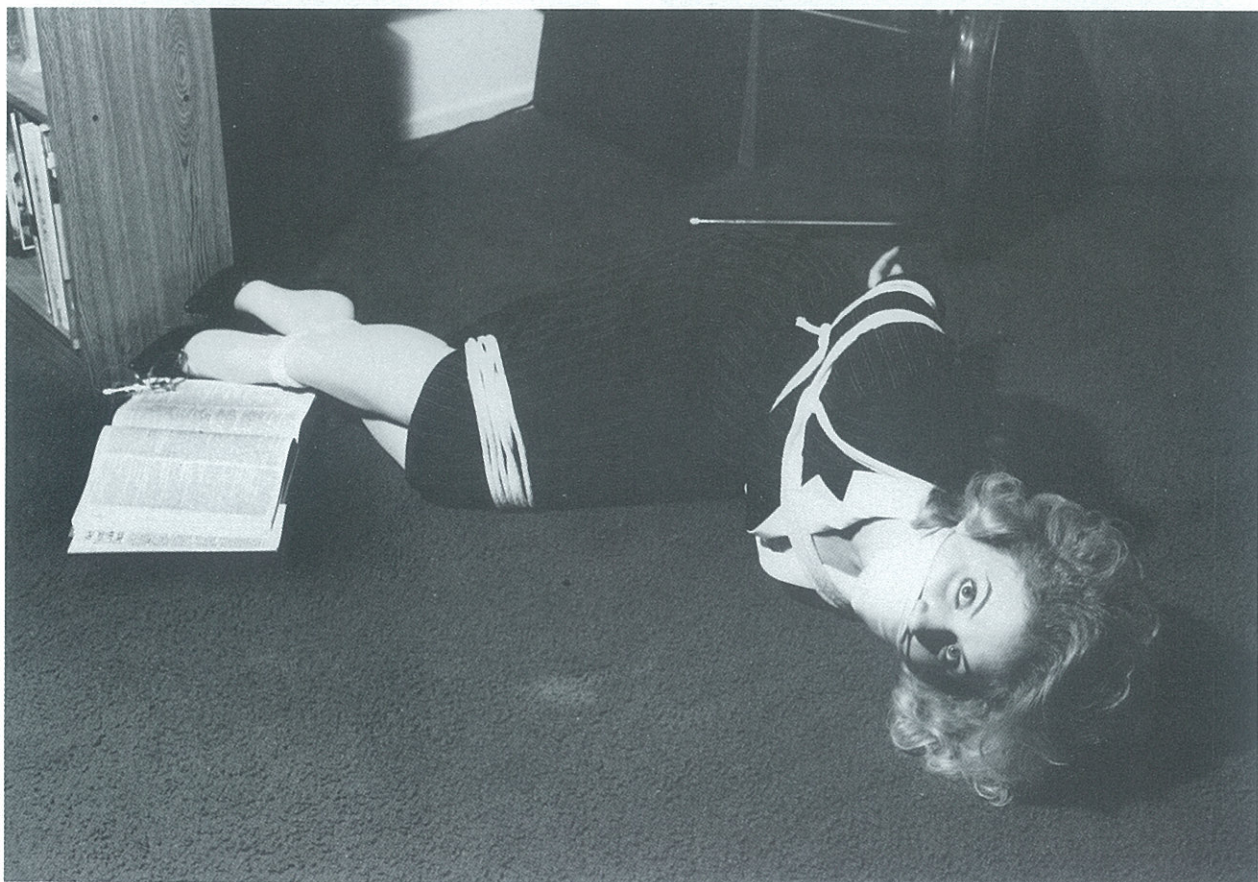


BONDAGE LIFE COVER GIRL AMY JAE



Now all I can do is curse my carelessness and wait for the night watchman. I can hear him down the hall, checking doorknobs. Soon I'll be free.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KRISTINE IMBOCH



Hi-Yo, Sylvie!

*That was Sylvia's dream...
Finding someone she could trust enough.
But Gina's unexpected discovery sent Sylvia
rushing forward down a path full of unknowns!*

By JEFF SINCLAIR

Sylvia Preston was an accomplished equestrienne, but it scarcely showed as her mare's trotting gait bounced her firm flesh. Both her hands clutched her saddle horn, for her slender wrists were corded to it, giving her no choice, and she felt awkward, embarrassed, and just a little frightened.

The chiming chain leashing her leather collar to the saddle only made it ten times worse... and strangely, burningly, better. She raised her eyes, watching Gina Crookshank's black pony tail bounce under her white Stetson. Her best friend rode with life-long ease, managing her reins with one hand and leading the pack horse and Sylvia's mare with the other. Sylvia considered pleading again, but the pitiful whining sounds she could make through her gag were too humiliating... and futile.

She closed her eyes against the morning sun, tasting the wet silk swelling her mouth. She would have stayed home if she'd guessed for a moment what Gina had in mind! Or, at least, she *thought* she would have....

□

Sylvia and Gina had become dormitory roommates and fast friends in their freshman year of college. Since graduation, they'd shared a modest apartment, and the escape from dormitory living — like getting out of prison — might have been why Sylvia became just a tiny bit careless.

Or perhaps it was Steve Jurgens. She had mixed feelings about Steve. Very mixed. He was Gina's cousin, and certainly *not* the handsome fellow she'd expected to fall for! But homely or not, he was pretty wonderful once you got to know him. He was gentle, with a wicked sense of humor and the kind of intelligence that had breezed through a physics doctorate with a 3.9 GPR.

But the idea of anything really serious between them was a bit scary. Not that they weren't compatible in bed (they were) or that she could ever hope to find someone nicer (she couldn't). It was just that... there were things he didn't know. Things she'd gone to great lengths to insure that *nobody* knew, for no liberated nineties girl could admit she dreamed of captivity, especially not captivity that was so... stringent. And erotic.

Sylvia didn't really know when those dreams began. She'd always enjoyed Cowboys and Indians as a girl. Then there'd been the way distressed damsels on lurid book covers looked so much more beautiful for their bonds. And somewhere along the line she'd discovered *other* sorts of novels...

Yet for all her fascination, she'd never had the courage to discuss it with anyone. The best she'd been able to do was buy a few items of equipment (carefully hidden in the same drawer as her bondage books and magazines) and play at self-bondage in secret, but the fantasies she enjoyed in her

self-inflicted handcuffs were incredible; the sense of being vulnerable before her wicked, imaginary "captor"... Yet she was no fool. She knew her enjoyment of the reality would be directly proportional to her trust, for that was the other dream — the dream of finding someone she could trust enough to give herself to him.

And that was why she hesitated over Steve. He was such a straight arrow, so utterly, healthily *normal*, that she couldn't even imagine telling him her dreams. If she followed her heart and made him a permanent part of her life, she would probably never know what *real* bondage might have been like.

She was a little ashamed of the way her hesitancy made her act. She'd treated Steve badly of late, and she was only grateful he didn't snap back at her in kind. Or was she? Would she have preferred for him to bite her head off? Was she unconsciously trying to make him forget his gentleness in the hope that he would dominate her? If so, she realized, she was being foolish, for she already knew hostility was no part of the erotic bondage she craved.

But her uncertainty and growing general misery made her jump at Gina's invitation. They both loved to ride, though opportunities were few in the city, so Gina hadn't had to ask twice when she invited Sylvia to her family's ranch for a two-week horseback camping trip, starting this morning. But things had... gotten out of hand.

They were barely out of sight of the ranch house when Gina suddenly drew rein. Sylvia stopped beside her, pushing her flat-crowned black hat off her golden hair to hang down her back, and her gray eyes were curious.

"Why're we stopping?" she asked unsuspectingly.

"I've got something to show you." Gina dismounted gracefully and looped her reins around an aspen. "Get down and take a look."

"What at?" Sylvia waved at the thick, vision-blocking aspens about them, but Gina only grinned. "Oh, all right!" she finally laughed, dismounting with a grin of her own. "So what is it you want me to see?"

"This," Gina said calmly. She opened her saddlebag, and Sylvia's eyes widened in shock as she drew out the magazines... and collar. They were from her "hidden" drawer in the apartment!

"W-what are you *doing* with those?" Her voice was suddenly hoarse, and she flushed. "Who told you to pry through my things?!" she demanded hotly.

"I didn't 'pry,' Sylvie," Gina said calmly. "You asked me to help find your green blouse last month, remember?" Sylvia almost snapped a denial, but innate honesty made her nod unwillingly. She *had* asked Gina to help look.

"Well, that's when I found these. I didn't mention them — obviously you didn't want to talk about them — but then you had that fight with Steve."

Sylvia flushed even darker and lowered her eyes. She felt ashamed every time she remembered that fight. It was the worst — absolutely the *worst!* — she'd ever treated Steve. And the fact that even nasty, cutting remarks hadn't elicited a single angry response only made her feel worse about it.

"I see you remember." Gina's brown eyes were hard. "I've always been close to Steve, Sylvie, and you really pissed me off. So I thought about that and put it together with these—" she twitched her finds meaningfully "—and decided that if he wouldn't do anything about your bitchiness, I would."

"W-what do you mean?" Sylvia asked. Part of her was furious with Gina, but another part admitted the justice of the charges. And there was something else, a curious erosion of will, as if Gina had somehow seized the high ground, putting her at a disadvantage, waking a strange passivity within her.

"I mean this little vacation will be special, dear," Gina said levelly. "I'm going to find out how much you *really* like bondage."

Sylvia stared at her in horror — a horror touched by a strange inner tingle as her friend nodded slowly. "No! I won't let you!"

"Fine," Gina said calmly, putting her finds back into her saddlebag. "It's up to you... but there *is* a little penalty for refusing, of course."

"P-penalty?" Sylvia asked hoarsely. The morning was cool, but it was oddly difficult to breathe, and sweat prickled. "What penalty?"

"Oh, I'll just hand all this stuff over to Steve," Gina said softly.

Sylvia gasped. That would be... be *treason!* A betrayal of her deepest, darkest secret — the one thing she simply *couldn't* tell Steve about!

"No, please!" She held out a hand. "Give them back to me!" She tried to make her voice commanding, but, to her horror, it came out softly pleading.

"Nope. These—" Gina patted her saddlebag fondly "—are my secret weapon. You either agree... or I give 'em to Steve."

She smiled, and Sylvia's gray eyes turned desperate. She considered trying to retake them by force, but she was a slim, willowy girl. Gina was far sturdier, easily capable of besting her, yet what really stopped her were two shocking realizations: Gina was *right* about her "bitchy" behavior... and she never *would* admit her interest to anyone. Unless she was made to.

It was the second point that put an arrested light in her eyes. She didn't want to be tied up as chastisement for her misdeeds... yet she did. The secret fascination at her core, the hunger to know what it was like — *really like* — *whispered to her*.

She swallowed, and sweat beaded her forehead as temptation stirred. Gina had used the word "penalty," and that made her uneasy, yet Gina was also her best friend. Even now, she hadn't told Steve... yet. And, Sylvia thought wonderingly, though she was nervous, she wasn't really frightened. Humiliated, anxious, hesitant; those, yes, but not frightened.

"W-what did you have in mind?" she asked with fragile dignity.

"Ah, ah! That would be telling!" Gina stroked Sylvia's cheek, and she shivered. Gina had never touched her like *that!* There was something... sensual about it, tempting and sweet... But Gina was a *woman!*

Of course she is, an inner voice whispered. That's why it feels so wicked and exciting.

"I can't just give you a blank check!" she wailed, wringing her hands.

"That's exactly what you *will* do, sweetheart," Gina said softly. "Oh, I won't *hurt* you, but—" she grinned wickedly "—we'll use *my* rules."

Sylvia stared at her, eyes half-tragic and half-aglow as temptation and hesitation warred in her brain. But before she could speak, Gina's hands shot out, capturing her regal little head, and a hot, ripe mouth pressed hers!

Sylvia gasped in shock and tried to pull away, but her muscles had turned to butter and her breasts throbbed. A hot pulse burned her belly and spread downward, and when Gina's tongue taunted her lips she opened them, groaning.

"There," Gina whispered, still holding her head. "I've wanted to do that for *sooooo* long. And now I can, can't I?" She smiled a mocking, tender smile, brown eyes glowing. "I can do whatever I want now, can't I, Sylvie?"

Sylvia's eyelids fluttered. Her shocked brain fought to reject Gina's taunting words, but her lips felt bruised, burning from Gina's kiss, and passion had invaded her.

"Y-yes," she whispered trembling, and Gina kissed her sweating forehead.

"Then kneel down, Sylvie," she murmured.

There was no resistance in her, and she knelt dreamily amid the rustling aspens. Gina had mutated magically from friend and confidante to capress and lover in the blink of an eye, and the shock of her transformation stunned her.

She watched Gina open her saddlebag again — this time for a fistful of silk bandannas and a coil of white rope — and gripped her denim-clad thighs, eyes timid and confused as a hand stroked her silken hair possessively.

"Open wide, lover," Gina whispered.

Sylvia trembled as Gina called her "lover," but she opened her lips with a soft whimper, knowing what was about to happen.

Gina positioned her lax head just so, then snapped a bandanna in mid-air like a stage magician. Sylvia's mesmer-

Sylvia obeyed. Her arms were lax, unresisting as Gina crossed her wrists and bound them.

ized eyes followed it, then closed, and she groaned as Gina tucked it neatly into her obedient mouth.

The kneeling young woman quivered, squeezing her thighs tighter. She'd gagged herself, but it never felt like *this!* Then she'd known she could remove it; now she couldn't, and she moaned as her voice was stolen.

The bandanna swelled her mouth, and her head was bent forward. A rolled rope of silk pressed her lips, and she hissed through her nose as a second bandanna stretched the corners of her mouth and compressed the wadded gag. Gina knotted it securely under the golden fall of her hair, then pushed her head back up, and a delicate fingertip stroked her closed lashes.

"Hold out your hands, Gina whispered, and Sylvia obeyed. Her arms were lax, unresisting as Gina crossed her wrists and bound them. Though Gina was careful not to hurt her, the tight bracelet of rope was inescapable.

Sylvia knew it was, and that certainty blazed deep inside, a forest fire quickening within her. Someone else was tying her, someone who'd *taken* her. She'd wondered what captivity felt like? It felt like *this* — like fire in her veins.

"There," Gina said softly, knotting the cord. "Now for this."

Sylvia's eyes opened slowly and saw a familiar collar and an unfamiliar fine-linked chain. She wanted to protest, but she didn't. She couldn't. She'd agreed to submit. More, she

wanted to.

Cool fingers raised her chin, and she knelt motionless as leather circled her throat. She'd donned it herself in the past, but Gina buckled it tighter than she ever had. Tight enough to grip with authority, driving home her surrender, yet not enough to choke her. She swallowed convulsively, feeling the collar squeeze still tighter, and her hands slid down to press the hot, wet swelling hidden by her denims.

"Up you get," Gina murmured. She rose awkwardly, never moving her hands, and Gina chuckled at their grip as she towed her to the mare.

Sylvia clutched the saddle horn with bound hands, but her muscles were water. Gina had to help her clamber awkwardly up, and her face was crimson.

"Now," Gina said, and Sylvia's collar vibrated as her capress leashed her to the saddle horn. "That's how a little pet rides," she teased, "but you seem a bit weak-kneed. We don't want you falling off, do we? Sooooo..."

Sylvia's arms were limp as Gina lashed her wrists down and then stood on tip-toe, reaching up to slip her hat carefully back onto her head.

"Now *that's* pretty as a picture," she said, and Sylvia opened her molten eyes, staring down in mingled shame, excitement, and anxiety. "Don't worry, lover," Gina teased. "This is a big ranch. I doubt anyone's going to come along and see you. Although—" her eyes twinkled "—I can't be *sure*, can I?"

Sylvia moaned almost pleadingly. But only almost, for the horrifying thought of being seen laced her blood with fire as Gina gathered up the mare's reins, swung lithely up onto her own gelding, and urged the horses to a trot.

□

Gina never spoke, and Sylvia bounced along beside the pack horse like another piece of baggage, a parcel to be ignored until Gina had a use for her. Her sense of captivity grew ever sharper, simmering, and she blushed when she caught herself bouncing her throbbing groin against her saddle as she posted to her mare's trot. She blushed, but she didn't stop.

The sun grew hot, and she blinked on sweat, tugging uselessly at her bound wrists in an effort to wipe it away. The chance of exposure gilded her fate with a wicked glitter. The Crookshank ranch stretched for miles, and the odds of meeting anyone were low, but... what if they *did*? The mere chance devastated her, filling her by turns with fiery excitement and shivering dread.

They rode for hours before they reached a small river valley, and Sylvia wiggled in her saddle as she saw the glint of water. She was thirsty, and she'd watched Gina drink from her canteen without offering it to her. Her own canteen hung at her saddle, but even if her hands had been free she couldn't have drunk through her gag, and her total dependence on Gina for *anything* underscored her vulnerability ruthlessly, fanning her excitement.

Gina urged the horses back to a trot, bouncing Sylvia up and down until she closed her eyes, gasping in arousal. Then her capress dismounted beside the shallow stream. She tied the pack horse and her own mount, took down her saddlebags, and led the mare downstream to a small tree-filled hollow.

Sylvia swallowed again and again, biting the wet silk in her mouth as she realized they'd arrived. She whimpered softly, wondering what Gina planned, then moaned as her capress tossed a coil of rope over a stout oak limb. It slithered down like a serpent, and Sylvia knew it was for her.

Gina hummed merrily as she unfastened Sylvia's wrists but not her leash from her saddle and helped her down. She

had to lean against her horse on her short tether, and Gina giggled. She looked up shyly to see what amused her capress, then saw the angle of the laughing brown eyes and bent her head, flushing wine-dark as she saw the dark wetness splotching her denims' crotch. The proof of her arousal humiliated her unspeakably... and filled her with even hotter lust as Gina giggled again.

"My, my, you *do* seem to have enjoyed the ride!" Sylvia ducked her head, unable to face her capress. "What you need, you poor, over-heated dear, is a little rest. A little time to ponder your sins." Gina untied her wrists as she spoke, and Sylvia stared down at the rope marks on her skin.

She started to raise a hand to her gag, but Gina swatted her wrist hard enough to sting, and she snatched it back down with a gasp.

"Behave," Gina said sternly, gripping her leash, "and turn around!" She pulled sharply, and Sylvia turned involuntarily, face pressing her saddle blanket. She whuffed plaintively through her gag, then wiggled uselessly as her hands were retied behind her... much tighter. Her hat fell off, dangling down her back, and she whined as more cord noosed her elbows.

She pressed her cheek into the saddle blanket and gasped, head rolling in acceptance as her elbows kissed behind her. She'd never suspected they could, and she felt her breasts rounding proudly as her shoulders strained.

"There," Gina said calmly, unleashing her from the saddle at last. She tugged imperiously, and Sylvia stumbled at her heels, panting and awkward with her bound arms, wide eyes glued to the dangling rope.

They stopped, and Sylvia's head drooped as the hanging rope was lashed to her corded elbows. Sweat oiled her breasts, and she smelled her own lust mixing with the smell of dust and the river. Gina tied the rope to hold her in place, and a mocking finger under her chin tipped her head up to stare into laughing eyes.

"You're going to be here a while, lover," Gina teased. "I have to find a camp, get the tent up, picket the horses... Shucks, it'll probably be sundown before I finish all that, and I hate stumbling around in the dark. So—" her eyes glinted at Sylvia's soft, confused sound "—we'll start by giving you all night to repent your sins."

Her pulse beat quicker at the thought of being abandoned all night, bound in the darkness, and a flutter of fear churned her belly... but so did passion.

Sylvia moaned pleadingly, her eyes soft. No! Not tied up all night!

But Gina's brown eyes mocked her, and her heart sank. She *meant* it... and there was nothing Sylvia could do about it! Her pulse beat quicker at the thought of being abandoned all night, bound in the darkness, and a flutter of fear churned her belly... but so did passion.

"Now, that's a long time," Gina said cheerfully, "and we don't want you having an accident." She touched Sylvia's belly, stroking slowly down, and Sylvia jerked, trying to clamp her legs, but she was too late. "You already 'wet' your pants once, didn't you, dear?" Gina mocked, squeezing Sylvia's crotch. "We don't want that to happen again, do we?"

Sylvia stared at her, mind whirling in confusion, then

gasped, hips writhing as Gina opened her belt. She shook her head, whining piteously, trying to back away as she realized her captress's intent, but Gina simply followed her until the rope to her elbows stopped her.

Sylvia jerked at the crisp little sound of her jeans' snap, then closed her eyes and whimpered hopelessly as her zipper hissed. Gina's hand slid into the opening, creeping between her passion-slick thighs, and she sobbed convulsively, grinding against it. Her face and throat blazed crimson, but she couldn't stop the movement of her hips or her soft, urgent moans of growing pleasure. But Gina drew back before she found release, and she hung her head, quivering and burning as her denims were dragged down. She bit her gag against her soft, hopeless complaints as Gina removed her boots, and then her denims slid lower, vanishing over her bare feet.

But Gina was far from finished, and Sylvia writhed in futile resistance. It was useless, as she'd known it would be, and her eyes squeezed shut as her panties were taken and cool air kissed her flesh.

"What a pretty little puss," Gina murmured. "No wonder Steve likes it." Sylvia cried out through her gag as Gina caressed her shrewdly, then twisted as a piercing finger painted her nerves with fire.

But the finger sucked free as quickly as it had come, and she opened her eyes, pleading silently with Gina... but whether for release or the return of that humiliating finger she couldn't have said.

Not that it mattered, for Gina ignored her plea and began to unbutton her plaid shirt.

Not that it mattered, for Gina ignored her plea and began to unbutton her plaid shirt. Tears of disgrace and frustrated passion dewed Sylvia's eyes, and Gina giggled and licked them delicately from her lashes.

"Yum. You taste nice. Should I nibble on you before I go?" she mused as she opened the last button. "No," she decided regretfully, unhooking her flimsy bra. "This is to expiate your sins, after all." Sylvia twitched as Gina calmly snapped the bra's shoulder straps. "Oops, it broke," she said mockingly, and dropped it atop Sylvia's discarded denims. Taunting fingers stroked the sweating satin of Sylvia's breasts and plucked her hard, cherry-dark nipples. Gina squeezed them gently, licking their pebbled areolas, and Sylvia's thighs worked. She arched her throat, lashing her head, but Gina only laughed and drew back.

"My goodness, you're a *randy* little thing!" She slid Sylvia's shirt off her shoulders, baring her sweating body, and stroked her. "I hope Steve doesn't mind my sharing you," Gina whispered, "because I intend to." She licked a nipple tauntingly. "Oh, yes, I *intend* to!"

She grinned, then knelt, and Sylvia stared down, panting, as her ankles were bound to widely-separated tree roots. Tendons tensed in her groin as her thighs opened, and Gina looped another rope about her waist. She knotted it tight below Sylvia's deep navel and passed its end between her thighs to her bound wrists. She closed her eyes, shuddering in anticipation — then grunted in gagged passion as the crotch rope divided her swollen petals and the crevice of her bottom. The rope pinned her hands to her bottom.

"And now..." Gina murmured, and hauled on Sylvia's suspending rope, lifting her onto the balls of her arched feet and tightening the crotch rope wickedly. Muscles clenched in her smooth, wet thighs and she moaned imploringly, but Gina only laughed.

"Now you just stand there, you horny little thing," she mocked. "I'll be back at dawn, and maybe then I'll do something about *this*." Sylvia squealed, jerking spastically as a slender finger burrowed under the tight crotch rope. "Then again, maybe I won't. Sleep tight."

And with that taunting farewell, Gina led the mare off through the trees.

□

Sylvia never knew how long she spent under that limb. It was hot and still, and heat and passion gilded her in sweat. Her bonds had been arranged with care, wide bands of rope spreading the pressure, but her shoulders still ached. Worse, the crotch rope was a braided devil, tempting her, driving her to squirm, whimpering until she exploded in squealing orgasm.

Escape was impossible; she couldn't even touch a single knot. She drooled around her gag, ropes of spittle hanging from her chin to her sweat-slick breasts, and her aroma hung in the air.

She'd never been so miserable... nor so vibrantly alive. She closed her eyes, panting in strain and delight. Her headiest dreams had been but shadows of *this*! To be bound like this — wickedly and sexily, *feeling* the stringency of captivity — and then abandoned did terrible things to her. She was on fire, drowning in her own sensuality.

Her head drooped, golden hair veiling her face, and the leash hung from her collar. Her cords distributed her weight over her arms and crotch, her suspending rope creaked, and her sluggish thoughts were dreamy with passion.

Slow hours passed before something finally reached into her cocoon of lust, and she raised her head, listening.

Hooves! Gina was coming back — she'd only been teasing! But then her relief vanished. The hooves came from the wrong direction! She writhed frantically, her supporting limb swaying as if in a high wind, but there was no escape and her bound feet kept her from even turning. She strained her neck, fighting to see and hoping the rider would pass without seeing her.

But the hooves grew louder, heading straight for her! Her gray eyes widened and her searing blush spread down over her naked breasts as the rider came into sight. It was a man! The shadow of his Stetson hid his face, but he was broad-shouldered, riding easily on a big, raw-boned roan. Shock boiled in her blood, but her whimpers took on an edge of horror as she felt her wretched sensuality burn hotter than ever in her breasts and belly! What was *wrong* with her?! She didn't even *know* this man!

Yet that meant nothing to her perverse body. Anxious passion flooded her, liberated and grown arrogant with the bite of rope. She was molten with lust, and she could do nothing about it!

She watched hopelessly, eyes aching with the intensity of her stare. He came relentlessly closer, and she wailed, wrenching at her cords, as he looked straight at her! She still couldn't see his face, but she saw him rein in for an instant, staring at her exposed nudity, and his shoulders seemed to quiver with laughter as he urged the big roan back up to a canter.

She closed her eyes as hooves thudded louder and closer. Then she heard them splash in water and fall dully on *this* bank of the river! Sobs shook her shoulders, yet she throbbed with lust, her brain awl with confusion and strange, eager terror as she heard him dismount.

"Well, well, well," a voice said, and her head jerked up in shock, for she knew that voice! *It was Steve!*

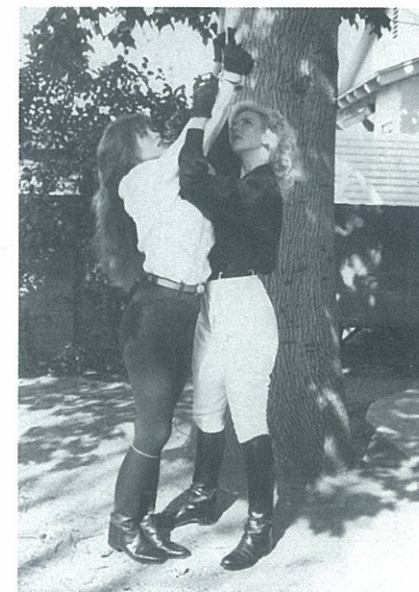
It was, and bottomless humiliation engulfed her universe as she stared into his face, her darkest secret revealed. His brown eyes met her wet, horrified gaze, and he smiled

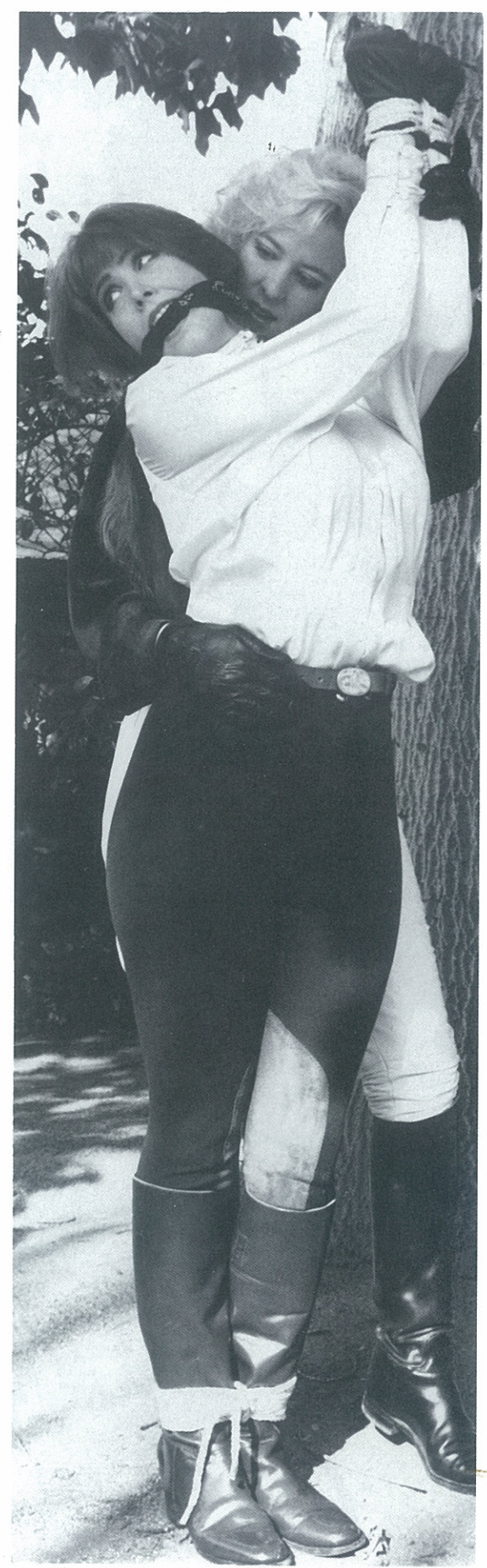
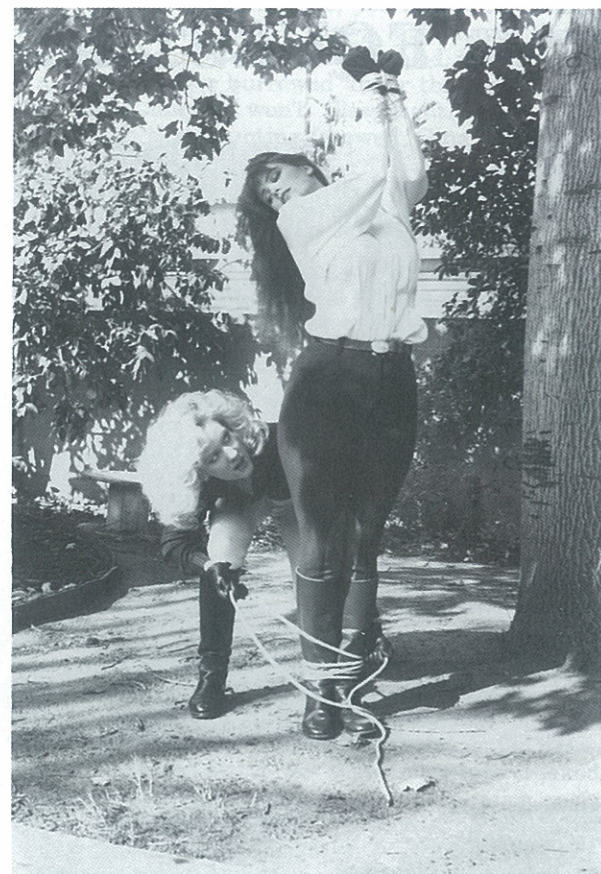
(Continued on Page 56)

EQUESTRIENNE FANCIES



Darla Crane and Kiri Kelly honor Jeff Sinclair's story with a possible future scene from Sylvia and Gina's bondage relationship.







Will she release me soon? Or will she continue to tease me?



PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHelsea Pfeiffer



Hi-Yo, Sylvie!

(Continued from Page 50)

slowly.

"Somebody told me you and Gina were headed this way," he said, and she felt even more ashamed at the lack of surprise in his voice. He tucked his hands behind him and circled her slowly, and she watched him anxiously, awaiting his reaction with breathless, burning timidity.

"I think I prefer you like this, Sylvie," he finally said judiciously, "especially when I remember some of the things you've said to me." He smiled — a gentle smile she knew well, but with something added. Knowledge. Knowledge of what she was... and a desire to use that knowledge.

"In fact," he said softly, "I think I might... take advantage of you."

She whimpered, shaking her head, but it was as it had been with Gina. Even as she tried to plead, she felt the fire in her eyes project another message. A deeper, truer message.

She trembled as he untied her ankles. At least she was able to close her legs, but that was little comfort. Her firm, heart-shaped bottom quivered spastically as he moved behind her, untying her suspending rope without unbinding her arms. Then he turned her wordlessly and took her leash with a wicked grin.

She tried to resist — really tried — but he was too strong, and she was bound.

She tried to resist — really *tried* — but he was too strong, and she was bound. Yet it was her own nature that truly defeated her, and as she stumbled after him, her half-terrified whimpers were also eager.

He sat on a fallen log... then jerked so suddenly on the leash that Sylvia lost her balance. She fell with a squeal, but he caught her neatly and spun her to fall belly-down across his thigh, and before she could grasp what was happening, his legs closed, capturing her between them. She moaned, the bright terror of her fall roaring within her passion like oxygen in a furnace, but he ignored her sounds and untied her wet crotch rope, gripping her bound wrists irresistibly. He lifted her arms, bending her sharply and thrusting her bottom high, and only then did she recognize her classic position.

She wailed as he regarded her momentarily. But shame wasn't *all* that wrung wails from her, for his hand molded to her satin bottom! It was shockingly hot and strong, and she shook her head frantically, whining through her gag as it rose — then squealed through her nose as it popped back down with a "crack!" A bolt of sensuality exploded within her, and she wailed in a confusion of fiery, passionate embarrassment. He was spanking her!

She twisted and fought, but though he was neither rough nor cruel, he defeated her with ease, driving home his greater strength while his spanking heated her bottom. Tears soaked her lashes — tears of shame and contrition — and she keened through her gag. It scorched her nerves, yet... it didn't *hurt*. Not compared to the passion it woke!

Her wail softened as the truth dawned. He *was* spanking her, but he *wasn't* hurting her! Because — understanding flared through her over-loaded brain — he knew! Wonder of wonders, he knew exactly what he was doing — and exactly how to do it!

She moaned, pressing her cheek against his leg, and surrendered. She'd wondered what it would feel like to give herself to someone she loved and trusted — now she knew. Even better, she knew what it felt like to be *taken* by that

beloved and trusted someone!

Her bottom rose to meet his hand, and squealed in delight as his descending palm drove her loins against his thigh, rubbing on his denims, and a shudder of white fire flared in her. She stroked against him, and the spanking went on and on and on... until the last doubts were banished by ardent need and she exploded across his thigh.

She thrashed, convulsing as the intensity of the buildup took over. And then she collapsed, weak and shuddering, twitching in the sweet aftermath of the most powerful orgasm of her life.

She felt him rip the shirt from her arms, but her eyelids were too weighted with passion and surrender to open until he laid the shirt on the ground and lowered her to it. Then her eyes opened at last, peeping liquidly up in loving passion and sweet apology for how she'd treated him. His tender smile accepted her apology, but it also warned her penance was far from done, and her glowing eyes acknowledged his mastery and accepted her fate as he gripped her ankles. He raised them, parting her legs, bending them until her knee-caps touched her shoulders and she was open and exposed, and she crooned as he leaned forward.

She groaned as he entered gently, taking her with a tenderness all the sweeter after her spanking, filling her with pleasure. She clasped her silken muscles, squeezing him wetly, and her head rolled as she yielded to him as never before — utterly, completely, and forever.

□

It was almost sunset before Steve and Sylvia left the hollow of her annunciation. He was on foot, carrying his saddle over one shoulder, for Sylvia rode his big roan, though not as she'd ever ridden in her life.

She lay face-up, stretched lengthwise down the big horse's spine, and her wrists were tied around the base of his neck. Another rope cinched her hips, passing under his belly like a girth and so tight she couldn't have squirmed off on purpose, much less fallen. As a final precaution, however, her ankles were roped, her legs split wide by cords which folded them down on either side of the horse and met in the center of the rope girth.

She'd never imagined such a vulnerable position was possible, and the motion of the horse felt unutterably strange. His ropes were much tighter than Gina's, too, but he'd applied them with exactly the tender ruthlessness she'd dreamed of, and her heart was soft with love.

She wondered where he was taking her, what would happen when they got there, and what Gina would think next morning when she found her missing? The last thought made her smile around her gag, eyes glinting with amusement. Serve her right for being careless with her property, she thought with a giggle.

They'd gone perhaps a mile when she heard the sound of hooves again, and a fresh flood of embarrassment engulfed her. It was curiously muted, mingled with the memory of the last time she'd heard a horse, but it was enough to set her squirming in a futile effort to escape.

"Stop that," Steve said softly, and she was instantly motionless, crooning to him as she proved her obedience. "Good," he said.

He stopped, waiting, and the hooves came quickly closer. Then they were right beside her, and she turned her head — face crimson — and saw the rider.

It was Gina, astride her gelding and leading the unsaddled mare. Somehow that didn't really surprise Sylvia, but what *did* surprise her was the handcuff locked to Gina's right wrist! The other, open bracelet hung like an ornament, and a leather ballgag was buckled about her neck like a strange

bandanna. "I see you found her," Gina observed, and Sylvia wiggled in confusion as Steve chuckled. They were both taking this *much* too calmly!

"You gave good directions," Steve replied, and understanding struck.

Sylvia stared accusingly at Gina. No wonder Steve had taken this all in stride! Gina had threatened to tell him when all the time she already *had*!

"My, you look surprised!" Gina leaned over and caressed her syrupy softness, laughing as she arched. "But I never said I hadn't *told* Steve about you," she said virtuously, "only that I'd give him your things!"

Sylvia stiffened, then relaxed wryly. It was true. She'd *assumed* Gina meant she'd tell, but Gina had never said anything of the sort! She shook her head chidingly — and arched again, thrusting harder against Gina's hand.

"Oho! You are a horny little thing, aren't you?" her friend teased, and Sylvia nodded. Why not? It was true. Indisputably, gloriously true!

"Oho! You *are* a horny little thing, aren't you?" her friend teased, and Sylvia nodded. Why not? It was true. Indisputably, *gloriously* true!

"Well that's good, Sylvie," Gina said more seriously, "because I am, too, and Steve and I have been playing bondage games for just *years*." Sylvia swiveled her head to stare at Steve, and he grinned back. She returned her wide-eyed gaze to Gina, and Gina chuckled. "I set you up, hon, but you really should have trusted him enough to tell him and saved us so much trouble... though it may have been better this way, at that. Do you think so?"

Sylvia nodded emphatically, and her captors laughed. "Good! But now it's time for Steve to 'catch' me, too," Gina said as Steve threw his saddle onto the mare. An edge of excitement sharpened her voice, and Sylvia's eyes lit. *Both* of them? Steve's for two weeks?!

"True, but I've had a long, hard day," Steve said in a quavering, exhausted voice, and Sylvia giggled into her gag. "Catch yourself, Gina."

"Why, you lazy bastard," Gina said, her eyes sultry. "Maybe I ought to make you work for it."

"Aw, come on, Gina." He fastened his girth. "Go easy on me!"

"Hmph!" she snorted, but Sylvia watched her lick the ballgag sensually and then slide it into her pouting mouth. She buckled it behind her head, sitting her gelding easily, then reached behind her and closed the open handcuff on her left wrist, confining herself inescapably.

"Thanks," Steve sighed wearily, climbing into the saddle like a man who'd spent all day breaking horses — which, in a sense, he had, Sylvia thought happily. He caught up the reins of both horses, then looked back at his subjects and removed his Stetson.

"It looks," he told Sylvia, "like the nasty villain wins *this* time, me proud beauties!" He winked lecherously, and her eyes sparkled. "So it's time for us to vanish in a cloud of dust with a hearty—" his own eyes gleamed as he waved his hat grandly — "Hi-Yo, Sylvie, *awaaaaaay*!"

And they galloped off into the sunset... laughing. ■

REVIEWS

(Continued from Page 35)

tish/high=heel close-ups." — Mr. Texas
What made you want to buy this video? "The ad showed a woman wearing an old-fashioned open-bottom girdle."

Liked: "Ball-ties, girdles, and hogties."

Disliked: "The bent-over tie." — J.B., Illinois

Liked: "It was like getting three videos for the price of one; all the different personalities and outfits made it well worth the money. I especially liked the hogtie scenes on the floor."

Disliked: "I would have liked to see her being carried off while bound and gagged." — Mr. C.

Liked: "The lady portrayed a variety of characters. Some of her costumes were very good. Her hairstyles seemed appropriate."

Disliked: "The lady narrated her own bondage. There was only one actress to play the different roles. Some of the positions weren't very good. I wanted a storyline." — Steven in California



"CATHY AND COURTNEY" (B-121)

By Ron Barnes

What made you want to buy this video? "The ad said Ron Barnes had gotten in touch with the great video bondager, Jay Edwards."

Liked: "The use of handcuffs, nice dress on Courtney."

Disliked: "I wanted to see handcuffs also on Courtney's elbows. Too much rope." — Charles in Michigan

What made you want to buy this video? "The Jay Edwards association. Jay is an artist."

Liked: "Good quality videography."

Disliked: "Same old stuff. It gets old sometimes." — Allen in California

What made you want to buy this video? "The 'Edwards influence.' The elbow-tie photo in the ad."

Liked: "Good video quality, attractive women, rope and gags were neat and secure, some use of progressive scenes, ballgags. Had I not known otherwise, I could've mistaken this for a Jay Edwards video."

Disliked: "Minor point, but I would've preferred more topless scenes of Courtney." — Mr. North Carolina

Liked: "The scenes showing models with bare legs, tied with rope." — D.H., Texas

HARMONY Forum

Semantics is still the issue! Here are more letters concerning the uses and misuses of the word "bondage" and the term "Love Bondage."
(See page two for more letters!)

I like the change in the titles of your magazines. The addition of the word "Love" more adequately depicts what our Bondage Community is all about.

A person's submission to his or her loving and caring partner is in no way degrading — and just maybe the public at large will come to understand this fact, or at least accept that we do love albeit in a somewhat different manner.

Mac in San Diego

Please don't overdo the "Love Bondage" — it almost seems to be getting a bit "syrupy" — and a lot of other readers feel that way — some have even gotten to the point of detesting the standard "Harmony Philosophy" page. It's getting to be a bit much.

Pat S.

I have a problem with the term Love Bondage, because what you really mean is Harmony Bondage.

The attitude of the viewer is the deciding point. I might look at a *different* bondage company's harsh magazines and with a certain attitude I could call it Love Bondage. Conversely, I could also look at a mild Harmony bondage picture and envision violent scenarios to accompany the scene. Everyone sees what they want to see, no matter what you call it.

I agree with the philosophy of Love Bondage, but I don't care for the label. Regardless of what it's called, the viewer will see it as he/she wishes, and Harmony can't control that. Outsiders will always have their own attitudes about our bondage.

Rus

It seems to me that "bondage" is in the eye of the beholder.

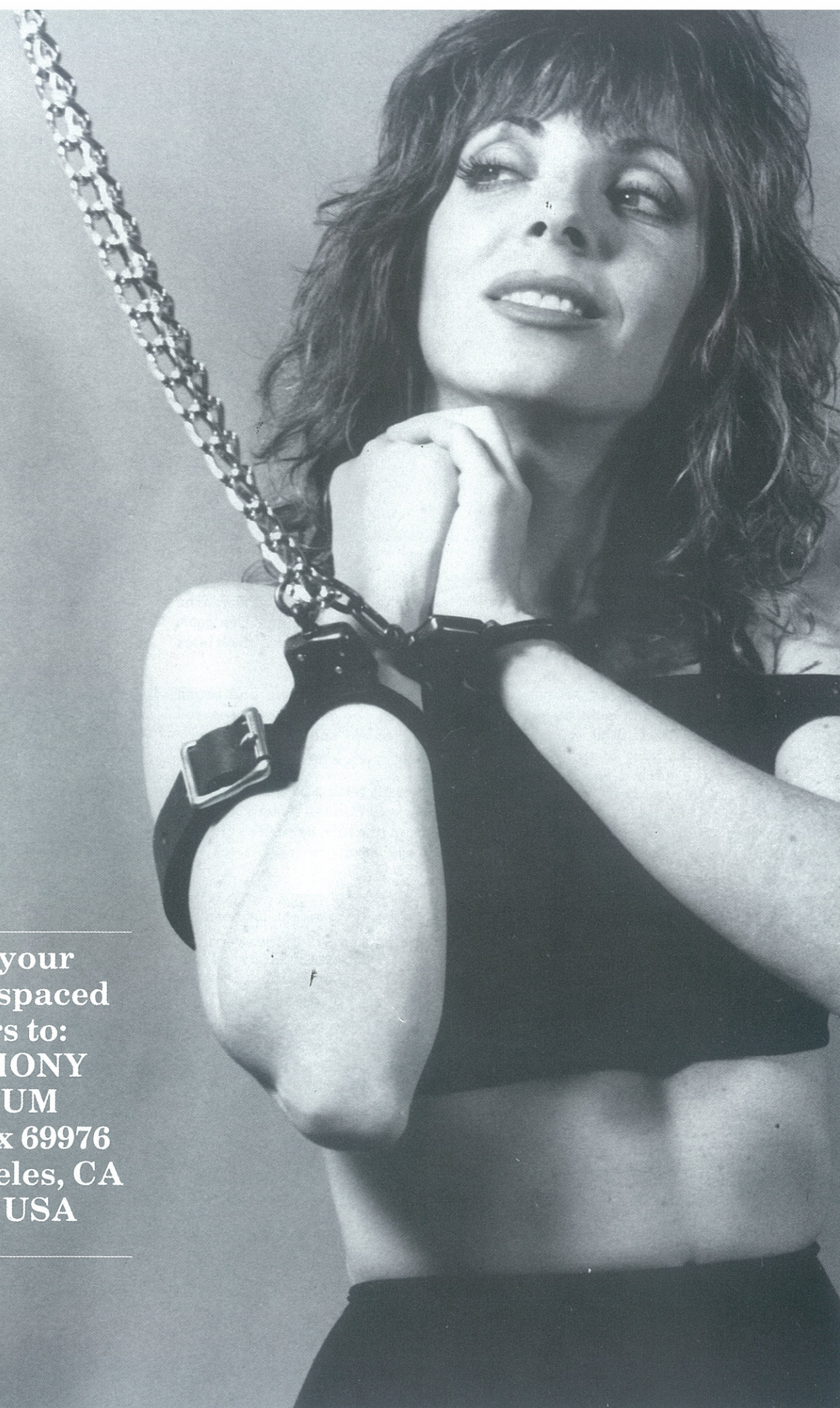
Speaking from experience, many women, particularly professionals, are offended by the thought of being tied and gagged. They also find female bondage magazines disgusting and anti-feminine.

On the other hand, many other women, especially those of an artistic and creative nature, and yes, some professionals, find the same pictorials erotic and in fact either relish the thought of being lovingly restrained or else find it stimulating to experiment with such things with a partner.

So while some will continue to wince at the sound of "bondage" and continue to campaign against it, other more enlightened individuals will recognize bondage as a form of expression of love between people, no matter what you call it.

Tim in Florida

Send your
double-spaced
letters to:
**HARMONY
FORUM**
P.O. Box 69976
Los Angeles, CA
90069 USA



RED RUBBER DREAM

By Atreus

...Consciousness returns. You are aware of sensation again, of touch, taste and sound. And of smell, too. There is a distinctive smell you try to identify, but cannot. It matches the taste, yes, it definitely matches the taste — they go together. But what?

You feel constrictions all over, things holding you, restraining you, pressing you close. Gripping. Yes, unusual pressures, gripping you all over. What can these be?

You try to speak, to cry out, but find your mouth has been filled with something — something thick, resilient, unyielding. Made of rubber. Yes, rubber! That's it! You recognize the taste and the smell of it.

You've been gagged, you realize. There is rubber in your mouth, something thick and relentless, and over it as well — some sort of clinging rubber mask. That's what the tube is part of. A mask! All part of the tightness, the same gripping sensations, you feel across your body.

You try, but you cannot eject it. The smooth thick tube is jammed tight between your teeth, pressing your tongue against the bottom of your mouth so you cannot speak. It is definitely a gag — but a gag which is part of a breathing-mask of some sort.

Looking down, you see yourself fully for the first time: the bright unmistakable rubber sheen of you, the smooth slippery arms and thighs, the gleaming full hemispheres of your breasts, the taut glistening lines and curves of your body — in red rubber!

A floor-length mirror opposite confirms every incredible detail. Red rubber. You are covered in it — the sexiest, tightest, shiniest red latex. And somehow it seems absolutely kinky, deliciously bizarre, vividly excitingly undeniably erotic.

You are deeply affected by the sight. You inhale deeply, breathing in the rubber-scent.

It surprises and delights you, but you discover you are very turned on. You find that you are starting to move slowly, languorously, side to side, moving your hips. The mirror shows it all — shows the gleaming red rubber



Love Doll you have become. Who dressed you in this, you wonder. Who put you in this striking fetish gear, transformed you into this sleek latex madonna?

And who gagged you and bound you? In the mirror you see red leather straps and tight white cords on your waist, your arms and wrists.

It is all getting to you. Fantasies crowd your mind — thoughts of being done up like this, as such a shiny red fantasy creature, and loved and



owned. You find that more than anything you want to be stroked, to be held and touched while you twist about in sensual bondage!

Your thoughts race as you give in to your inner desires. Yes, yes! Imagine your lover before you, someone you find irresistibly sexual and desirable. Imagine such a lover kissing you all over, licking and nuzzling the taut red rubber stretched across your body, drawn tight across your breasts. The thought is deliciously sensual, irresistibly kinky and abandoned. You give in to the idea of it, moving back and forth, side to side, swaying your hips, moving them in the unmistakable rhythm of sexual longing.

You shut your eyes and listen to the fevered rustling, slocking sound of your rubber outfit, and wish, wish, wish that your unseen possessor had added tight crotch ropes, something, anything, you could move against.

All you can smell is the distinctive riveting smell of hot rubber. You are responding to the straps and cords, to the sensuality of being bound and gagged like this. That is the ultimate sensual dream from which you slowly wake, yearning, wanting it all back, wanting the tight cords and straps, the tight relentless rubber... wanting... wanting... wanting...



Bound for Controversy

... BECAUSE MEN LIKE TO BE TIED UP TOO!

ANOTHER DOUBLE-TAKE FOR MONSIEUR "T"!



Dear Harmony,

I find your magazine a real turn-on. All those beautiful females in tight ropes and gags. What a sight.

I have recently met a young lady who accepts me for what I am. She likes to dress me up in lingerie, and loves to bind my limbs with rope. I have spent many a night hogtied and

gagged at her lovely long stockinged feet. She has just finished teaching me how to walk in 6" heels. Mistress says that soon she hopes to be able to bind my elbows together behind my back until they're able to touch. Gasp! I can't wait.

Mistress has ordered me to send photos of myself in bondage to you



"JOANNA" OF "J.G. LEATHERS" MODELS A UNIQUE STYLE



and I can but obey her. She keeps threatening to make a video of one of my training sessions.

I must sign off now as she is getting ready to go out for the evening, and wants to make sure that I am tied up, ready for her when she returns.

Keep up the splendid work.

Latham of England



Hello Darling Kristine,

It certainly caught me off guard, seeing my photos printed (BL42, pg. 50). Being in transition makes me realize that the classification of transsexual is really hard for people to swallow. My life has not been very happy up until this point. I know who I am and I'm proud of it. Some day soon I will reach the final stage, but I take one day at a time. I must say dreams do come true; mine are. It's great starting a whole new life — one drawback it that I wish I had started when I was younger. All the doctors and shrinks knew I was not a man, but my parents refused to acknowledge it. I would have been able to live a happier life.

Here's a photo to print. Please don't list me as a "man"; "transsexual" is fine.

Thanks for being my friend,

Victoria

Dear Bound for Controversy,

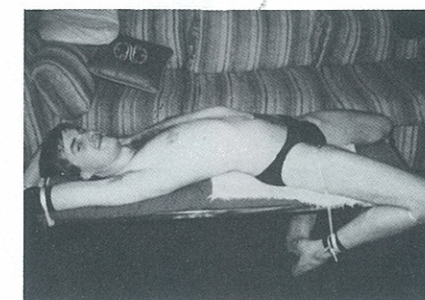
Here's a photo of the most lovable man in my life. He's wearing a bondage corset and Love Bondage. I started training him a few years ago and hope to send more pictures of him.

Love,

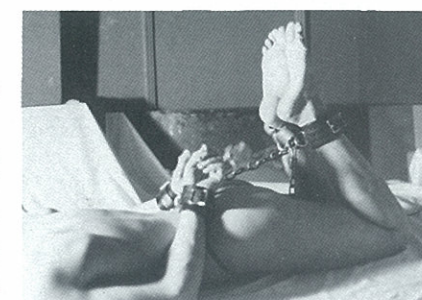
Tom and "H." from Holland



"C.N." OF OREGON



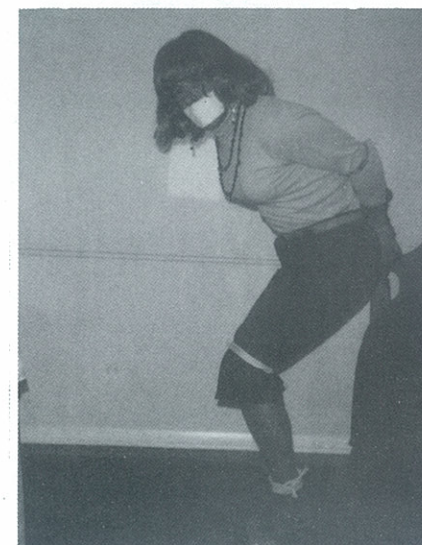
"ARITNE" ENCHAINED



ED — BASEMENT BOUND



INTRODUCING MR. O'BRIEN! (STAY TUNED FOR MORE)



Dear Kristine,

I had a rather serious time with the local authorities due to my unique driving style. Mistress Kathleen is still furious and I'm paying dearly as a result. The bondage is a bit more stringent as well as longer in duration.

Being retired affords me more time to be "Marsha" and submit to whatever my Mistress has in mind for me.

Marsha



**MASQUERADE
MRS. S.C.'S
SECRET IDENTITY**



**I'LL TAKE THE
MATCHING BALLGAG, PLEASE
MRS. Z MODELS A FETCHING ENSEMBLE**



A LIMERICK FOR LAUREL



Let me leave you with this basic moral,
When tying up the likes of sweet Laurel,
Keep her mouth open wide
With a ballgag inside,
I guarantee that there won't be a quarrel.

—*"Southbound"*

PHOTOS OF LAUREL BLAKE BY BRIAN TARSIS

TIELINES

The Subject Is Bondage

By Kristine Imboch

TIELINES NEWS...

We're Sorry, But — Our Hands Are Tied! The new magazine phone-service ad (not a Harmony ad) has displeased readers. We understand your protests that it feels out of place in our pages. Previous non-Harmony advertisements have carried phrases that contrasted Harmony themes; now, as then, the content is *not* up to us. But we value your feedback:

"As much as I like Harmony publications, I found the 'Beautiful Babes' ad in *Bondage Fantasies* and *Love Bondage 2* very irritating. Harmony Communications set themselves apart from other companies by not including material like that. I think it's degrading to all involved and I know Harmony would not be a part of any such thing... Harmony doesn't sell sex, we're about people in love. If it were up to me I'd keep ads like that out of Harmony." — Mr. B.

"Something that didn't jive with me in *Bondage Life 43*: Having seen bondage magazines from all over the world, I can say for certain that the attraction of Harmony magazines, for myself at least and I suspect for others as well, is Harmony's 'classiness'; bondage from the Harmony sector seems to be handled in a manner that can often be called elegant... Bringing this to relevancy, I found the ad for phone sex scenarios occupying the back cover to be greatly dissonant to my general appreciation of Harmony material... I would like to encourage the avoidance of future ads such as the one run in *Bondage Life 43*. To put it simply, they are too mundane, found everywhere, in every adult magazine or paper, too trendy, and basically an eyesore at best." — Art Crow

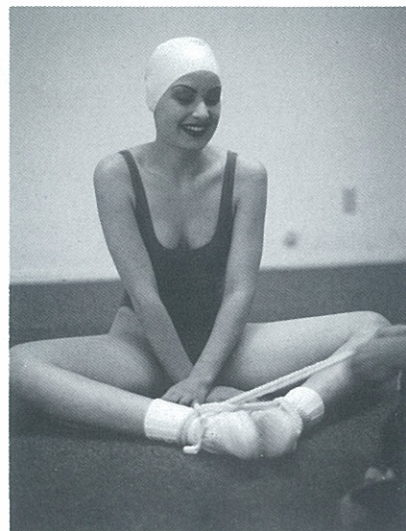
The Art of John Willie Vols. I and II are available from Supergraphics, Box 4489, Reading, PA 19606-4489, U.S.A. (Thanks, "Southbound", for telling us)..... Someone suggested that we reprint "Maisie Loves Lennie" (*Bondage Life 19*) which was a long, lovely letter from an elderly couple who had been practicing Ten-



MUTED MANNIKENS — Two male mannikens were blindfolded and a female manniken was fashionably gagged in the front window of the American Retro shop in Soho, London. (Our thanks to Mr. G.M.)

nis Bondage for most of their lives. It's one of my favorite letters too, but instead of reprinting it, I'll just point out that BL19 isn't out of print yet, so if you're new to Harmony, you might look into buying that back issue!..... We've had some folks asking about bondage suspension scenes. Here are two suggestions: Harmony video "Special Delivery" (UC-3), directed by Chelsea Pfeiffer, has an energetic scene where Whitney Prescott gets suspended by her wrists with her feet tied 'way apart. "Dear Diary" (B-96), directed by Jay Edwards, has several unusual suspensions that were designed by Stefanie (the model) herself..... **BRAIN-TEASER** — One of the ad themes for "Hidden Agenda" displayed a flag gag. Can you name another film which also used a flag gag for advertisements?..... From "Pop View," by Caryn James, *The New York Times*, December 16, 1990: "IN HER VIDEO IMAGES AND LYRICS, MADONNA PROVES SHE'S IN CONTROL." ...Asked about the "Express Yourself" video,

she made a distinction that any honest feminist would respect, however politically incorrect it may seem. "I have chained *myself*," she said. "There wasn't a man that put that chain on me... I do everything by my own volition. I'm in charge." (Our thanks to Tantalus for sending in this item.)..... Oops! Customers are still telephoning Lyndon Distributors to order Harmony items or ask questions about Harmony. Would you call Sears to ask them about J.C. Penney's hardware department? — Gosh, no! We'll explain again: Harmony and Lyndon are not the same company. We're not related. We're not even in the same city. Please, if you want to say something to Harmony, just call our service at (818) 766-1448..... (From J.G.): "I was watching the British version of the \$64,000 Question and the contestant was answering questions on literature. The host, Bob Monkhouse, said: 'There's nothing like going to bed early with a thriller bound in leather,' then he smiled and added, 'beats reading a book any time.'..... From "Frost Flies Alone," *The Black Mask Boys*, March 1930 (Reader did not identify publisher):



SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO! — Here's sweet Lira Ross at her first Harmony session, getting roped up for your enjoyment. Watch for her photos in the future!

Frost said, "We'd better get moving. But first we tie up this hellcat." His eyes fell on the silk cord knotted around porthole draperies, and he said to Helen Stevens, "Get that cord."

She untied it and brought it to him. Frost slipped it around the woman's wrists and tied her hands behind her. Then he took off his belt and strapped it tightly around her ankles.

"I'll need a gag."

Helen Stevens did not hesitate. She lifted her dress, revealed a silk petticoat. She jerked off a strip and handed it to Frost.

Frost smiled. "I'm beginning to think you'll do!"

"Damned right I'll do!" she said.

Frost tied the gag and then stepped back.

The woman grunted and her eyes flashed.

TIELINES "MUSE"...

Love Bondage — Unchanged by time! The following editorial prefaced *Leather Bound* in 1974 (Nu-Triumph, Inc.). Though this anonymous author is not always eloquent, the sentiments are crystal clear...

"Bondage: this is another form of foreplay that people indulge in. It's one of the least written about or understood, but one of the most practiced. The falsehood that if you enjoy leather and bondage you're a sadist is entirely wrong... It is just another form of harmless foreplay. The criminals who make the headlines in the paper have a severe mental illness and have no relation whatsoever with the weekend bondage enthusiast..."

"Some people like the feeling of being dominated and bound while the disciplinarian forces them to commit cunnilingus to them. This alone should give you some idea to why people enjoy bondage. The person who takes the role as disciplinarian loves the feeling of control over his subject for many reasons. Some partners switch roles. There is a great feeling of security by both individuals in bondage, and neither one would even consider really hurting the other. There is probably quite a bit of fantasy involved in the acts. Many men are highly aroused to see a woman in high heeled shoes or boots standing over them, and as many women are likewise aroused by such activity — sight, sound and a little fantasy. Ardent followers of discipline and bondage swear that it brings them closer together for a life-long relationship of happiness and pleasure. They claim some of the happiest marriages result from it."

(Thanks, M.R., for sending that in.)..... "Put your money where your mmmmfh is!" Last issue we mentioned that we would be seeking members of the academic and psychiatric communities to study the characteristics of the bondage fetish. This issue, on page 3, we have letters from two readers who support this quest. We received positive feedback from other readers also. However, part of this project involves the information that our current survey will reveal.

We haven't received a high-quantity response. We need you to support the Survey! If you haven't answered Survey #8 yet, get those brain cells churning, and fill it out, please! (Survey #8 is in *Bondage Life 43*, pg. 35, *Bondage Parade 37*, pg. 13, and other titles)..... G.D. of Pennsylvania

wants us to do a video of scenes where a model is bound up and gets muddy. I'm a fan of "dunking" (bondage during my shower or bath) but the mud thing sounds new. Does anyone second the motion?..... A few readers have ridiculed "unnecessary" restraint — extra ropes that are not applied to hold your partner, but are basically for ornamentation or physical pleasure. What are your thoughts about "Sensation" restraint vs. "Necessary" restraint? Examples are crotchrope vs. crotchrope-attached-to-wrist-ropes, and chest harness vs. chest-harness-around-arms or anchored-on-wrists. Perhaps "Sensation" restraint needs to be defended by an actual bindee!!?..... Let's phase out the custom of identifying our readers by initials, and switch to

THE BONDAGETTE BENEATH THE BRIM —

Last issue's Hat-Hidden Mystery Model is revealed in all her glory. Laurel Blake, hats off to you!



WHITNEY'S SCHOOL OF DRAMA

A Peek At A Few Photos We Excluded From *Bondage Fantasies 2* . . .

Here she was: Whitney Prescott — our most theatrical model — gearing up for her big role as a burgled secretary working late at the "B&G Building."

Our well-meaning model started out as a Damsel-in-Distress but soon disintegrated into a Fitful-of-Giggles.



listing their first name. Frankly it seems to me that "Jeff in New York" sounds nicer than "J.V. in New York." If you send in letters or photos, and you want to be identified a specific way, please indicate your preference!..... Several times a year we receive elaborate crossword puzzles in the mail, made up of "Bondage Community" terms and names. However, after the last *several* crosswords were printed, I heard back from the authors regarding small mistakes, but no readers had noticed them. What I'm leading up to is...crosswords are fun to put together, but they don't get filled in, so I'm not likely to print any more crossword puzzles. I hope those of you who created the five or six puzzles that are in my files won't be disappointed..... A suggestion made last Tielines didn't sound so good to one reader: "You recommended your readers punch holes in their sales bulletins to keep them in a binder (gasp!). Any serious collector of anything would tell you it's best to try to keep your materials in the best condition possible. I mean, if you were offered two collections of lost Irving

Klaw bulletins, one with holes — and presumably more wear and dog-ears because of the way they'd been stored — and another without the holes, which would you choose? (I believe the analogy is a good one, because I have little doubt that Harmony materials will be similarly valued in the future.)" — *Tantalus*

Thanks for the response, O Faithful One! Okay, I admit it, we've had quite a few customers ask for old defunct Harmony bulletins. Shame on us — many of the old bulletins are gone for good; Harmony didn't bother to save copies. I guess you're right; if readers are collecting Harmony bulletins for historical purposes, my three-ring binder idea was a dud. Here's his recommendation: "Use top-loading sheet protectors. The bulletins can be referred to and stored easily, as well as kept in top condition"..... Someone asked whether reader-poet Chris Johns (BL43, page 66) is female. We've had the poem in our files for a while, but as I recall, Chris is male, and was describing a submissive woman's point of view.....

Bondage Life 19, October 1984: Carl McGuire began the issue with a provocative question. His essay, "IS ANYONE THERE?", asked:

Where are all the John Willies?

Why; after all this time, has no single photographer put together a body of work that even approaches the quality of Willie's? Decades have passed; dozens, even scores of photographers, amateur and professional, working with hundreds of pretty models, have tied their knots, focused their lenses, clicked their shutters, come and gone...some exceptional work has been done.

But why is it...that we are still drawn back to Willie's images — those stunning, leggy brunettes, that oh-so-tight, economical ropework and gagging. Sexy, to be sure; no question. But all of it framed, paradoxically, in a quiet, dreamlike mood, a long-ago, far-away, late-afternoon, almost abstract feeling, as if the man behind the camera was saying, "This isn't a woman you're seeing here: It's Woman herself."

Surely...there must be other John Willies out there, yet to be discovered,

THOSE TRY-TO-ARRANGE-A-BONDAGE-SESSION BLUES

Harmony video "Ticklish" (TK-1): Whitney Prescott called about a half hour beforehand. "I'm sorry, I'm going to be late! My dog bumped his nose and he had a nosebleed and I had to take care of him. But I'll get ready and be there as soon as I can." Ashley Rene phoned a few minutes later. "Kristine, I just bumped my nose really hard and I've hurt it. It's swelling. I don't think I can make it." I called Whitney back and we rescheduled for a different day.

"The Sinister Saleslady" (BF-5): Gwen Dee didn't show up that day because she thought the session had been scheduled for a different day. That was alright because en route to the set, Debra Lee's pickup truck shell blew off on the highway! When she telephoned Eric, he rescheduled for a different day.

"Bondage Rendezvous" (HC-2): Debra Lee's car broke down on the freeway.

"Special Delivery" (UC-3): Betsy

sprained her ankle jogging the morning of the session.

"Love Games" (HC-7): The second female model never showed up, so Lorraine's partner Neal was asked to perform. Scripts were switched at the last minute.

"Into the Past with Madame Zola" (HC-6): The second model was sick and couldn't perform so the script was changed and Linda Knight starred in all the vignettes.



Left, Betsy Demont cuts loose after wrapping up a scene of "Wrapture" (KI-7). Center, Star Chandler models her wicked "I'm going to tickle you" look after finishing "Tickling Up a Storm" (TK-3). Right, covered with scarves, Teri Rose relaxes while we adjust the lighting for "Wrapture" (KI-7).



camera artists who spend years honing their craft and who work for their pleasure alone. —C.M.

Is anyone there? I'd like to confront this question, and I'm eager to hear your comments or rebuttals.

John Willie and Irving Klaw were definitely the highlights of the Age of Photo Bondage. Most of those who are photo-lovers have strong, positive feelings about John Willie's work. But since becoming *Bondage Life's* editor, I've noticed the dawning of the new age. The Age of Video Bondage.

I'm a "still-photo" lover, myself. But that preference is the preference of the past, not the wave of the future. Bondage lovers can now experience their fetish a different way — not through photos ("far-away, late-afternoon, almost abstract"), but through the personal, almost intimate medium of video.

Video touches bondage lovers' emotions as potently as photos did in the '40s and '50s.

So if we were to see a *new* bondage artist appear, someone who could — at last! — bring our dreams to life, wouldn't that artist's "canvas" be videotape?

Sitting at the editor's desk, I've watched the mail pour in for two years, and I've read the many letters pronouncing "Jay Edwards' work is perfect; it's exactly what I want to see."

It appears to me that Jay Edwards is not "the new John Willie" — he's actually "the" *John Edwards*, a bondager capable of fulfilling thousands of our fantasies on-screen.

If you have something to say on this, I welcome your letters. ■

"GRAPHIC" DAMSELS- IN-DISTRESS? —

The following IBM-compatible computer games include photo-reproduction or art graphics of bound heroines:

1. "Rise of the Dragon" — *Sierra*
 2. "Rocket Ranger" — *Cinemaware*
 3. "Crime Wave" — *Access*
 4. "Leisure Suit Larry III: Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals" — *Sierra*
 5. "Who Framed Roger Rabbit" — *Buena Vista Software*
 6. "David Wolf: Secret Agent" — *Dynamix*
- (Our thanks to Robert of Maryland for this list.)



*They said no word to the landlord,
They drank his ale instead,
But they gagged his daughter and bound
her
To the foot of her narrow bed . . .*

This beautiful illustration by Neil Waldman is from a recent printing of the romantic favorite, *The Highwayman*, by Alfred Noyes. (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, New York, publ. 1990.)

FOOTNOTES

By
Eric
Holman

"It has often happened that I sat across from a young woman wearing dark nylons and beautiful sling-back pumps, and I'll sit, ostensibly reading, though throwing anxious glances at her daintily crossed ankles — hoping, praying that she'll cross her legs and dangle one shoe from a stockinged toe." Most of this column's readers — and most certainly its writer! — will easily identify with the author of this fragment of memory. It's an excerpt from a student's adventures while browsing — though not for books — in his library, and appeared in a *Fetish Times* column called...Footnotes! Before anyone accuses us of plagiarizing our title, please understand that FT ran this column a decade ago and that we were totally unaware of its existence until a month ago. The FT Footnotes benefitted from much more reader input (hint, hint!) of the kind quoted above than we've been able to coax from you, gentle readers. Not that you've remained entirely silent, as evidenced by the musings of a corre-

spondent who calls himself the Southern Tie Boy: "Everyone expects bare feet in certain places — the beach, pool, etc. I'm turned on by bare feet in circumstances where you wouldn't ordinarily expect them — at a high-class club, for example, where a woman wearing a killer evening outfit is barefoot. The woman that pumps my gas goes barefoot most of the year and many store cashiers have their shoes off. On two occasions, I've even observed a lady playing golf in her bare feet!".....Fans of many-times-tied actress Heather Locklear should know that in a recent episode of her new ABC sitcom "Going Places," she lolled on the bed with her bare feet crossed in the air. Look for a rerun about her disgruntled roommate's move to a new apartment.....Speaking of television, does anyone recall the eye-catching Honda Accord commercial of 2-3 years ago? To demonstrate the luxurious quality of the Accord's carpeting a pretty sweater-and-skirted young wife slipped off her heels and dug her

stockinged toes into it. Then the camera moved in for a long, loving close-up.....Teri Rose and Diane Lacey maintain an incredibly high energy level throughout "The Steel Butterfly's Last Caper" (BF-27), a melodramatic barefoot bondage video. To see what the devious Butterfly has in store for the tied toes of Teri and Diane, you need only order BF-27 from Harmony for \$35.....Annoyed by a nagging backache? Then maybe you should look to Reflexology, a method of treatment that claims to cure ills by massaging nerve endings on the soles of the feet! Next time your girlfriend complains of a headache, suggest that she slip off her shoes and let your Reflexologically-trained hands put an end to her discomfort. Even if Reflexology is nothing but a pseudoscience, a good foot-rub couldn't hurt....."If a thin stream of water could flow under a woman's foot without wetting her arch, she was considered well-born...Queen Isabella of Spain refused to take off her socks to receive extreme unction...The Duchesse de Dino could fit her tiny booted foot into an ordinary woman's shoe." These foot facts and quite a few others turned up in *Vogue* magazine's March issue. Author Jody Shields clearly did her homework for the coyly entitled "Footwork"; the research shows in her an-

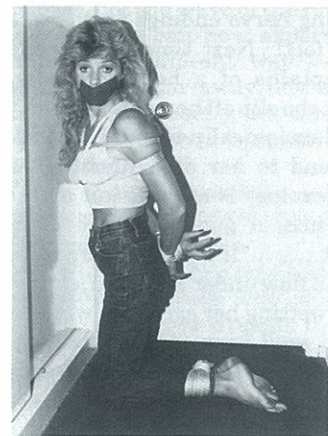


B. B. BAREFOOT! — Brigitte Bardot immediately set a new standard for steaminess when she first appeared on-screen in the mid-1950s. As these stills from *Be Bè: The Films*

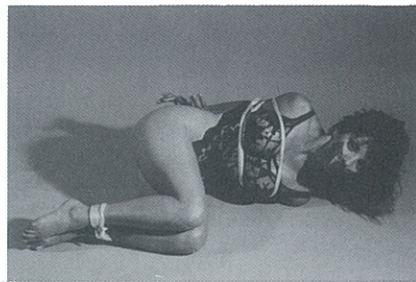
of Brigitte Bardot prove, she had no inhibitions about showing her toes.

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TREASURES TO REMEMBER!



Bound, gagged, and delectably toe-tied, Amy Jae resists her restraint on a magazine cover that foretells the thrilling encounters to follow. Once you've observed Amy, discover how petite Marley Haze maneuvers statuesque Allison Brach and elegant Tracy Phillips into bondage. Revel in Teri Rose's fresh blond beauty as she struggles in snug jeans and halter top. Puzzle over Darla Crane's curious saw-horse immobilization. Try to solve the mystery of Dusty Flynn's provocative panties-only linen closet restraint. Admire the sheer loveliness of wide-eyed Betsy Demont's tight teddy tie. Plus a dozen other heroines to be seen, admired and remembered in *Love Bondage Treasures 33*... from Harmony Communications.



atomical, historical, and sociological perceptions. There are even some pleasing illustrations — too bad the full-page photo opposite the title looks like it was salvaged from a podiatrist's office.....A correspondent heard this Keith Jarrett tune on his radio and contends that it should be our new theme song: "You Can't Get Off With Your Shoes On!".....Has there ever been a more foot-watchable major movie star than Ava Gardner? Yes, of course, she had the title role in "The Barefoot Contessa," where she shed her shoes at the slightest excuse. But this writer also recalls a number of provocative publicity stills and a tantalizing moment in "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman" when Ava boarded the hero's ship and snuck into his cabin on the tips of her close-up photographed bare toes. Ms. Gardner grew far beyond her rural upbringing, but the country girl in her always seemed ready to kick off her shoes, no matter how stylish and expensive they were.....She's no Ava Gardner, but pert little Amy Jae displays star quality of her own on the cover of *Love Bondage Treasures 33*, where she emotes in a colorful toe-tie pose dreamed up by yours truly and skillfully carried out by Kristine Imboch (No, Kristine hasn't recanted her fealty to heels, as a glance at her dramatic new video "Shadows" (HH-6) will prove).....An informant writes that his wife has warned him that he's going to drive off the road one of these days if he keeps trying to look at barefoot women while driving. We don't want to lose any readers that way, so please confine your observing to times when you're not behind the wheel — let's be careful out there!

Call Me NOW

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MAINTAINING OLD TIES

Simone's Section



All that separates these old and new bondage photographs is about forty years — 14,600 days and nights — the blinking of a cosmic eyelash.

Most of the source pictures in this section were staged for Irving Klaw's Manhattan-based bondage photo business back in 1951, long before the principals of these updated photos — model Lauren Hunnicut and photographer Simone Devon — were even born.

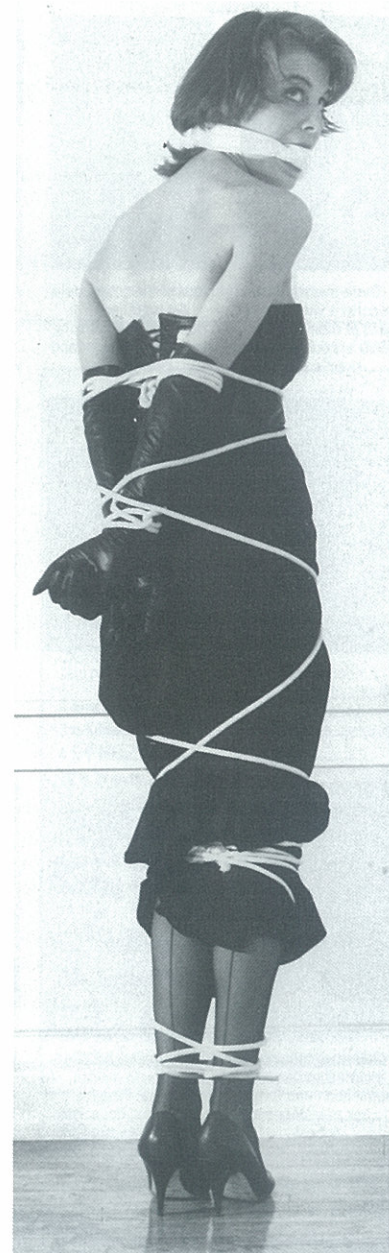
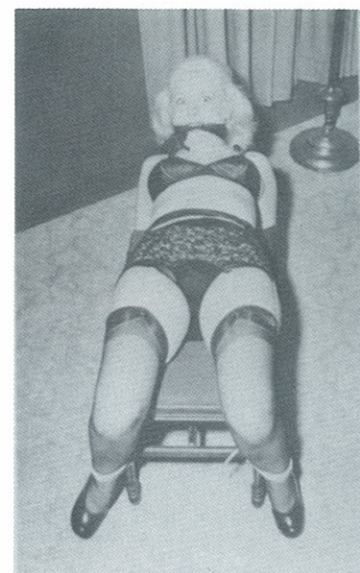
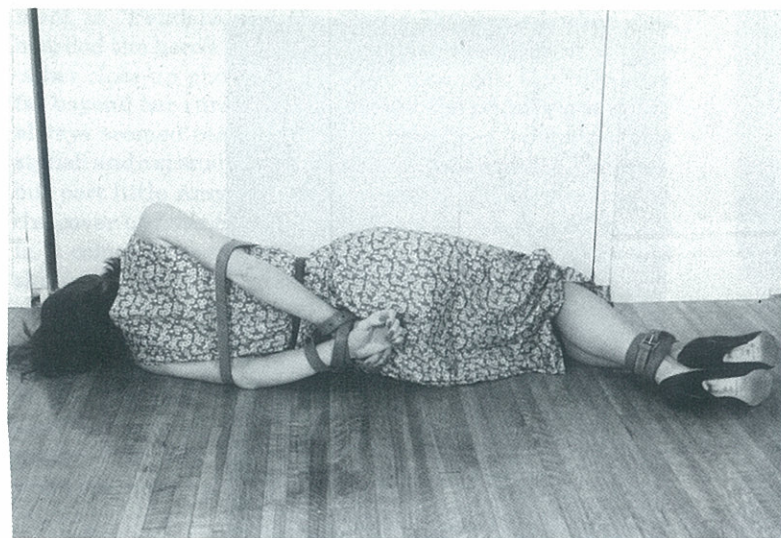
Other than that, the pictures in this section are pretty much alike — which is the point. These older pictures were so terrific, says Simone, that they demand to be copied.

In that same spirit, she wonders if in about forty more years, some as yet unborn photographer will perpetuate her pictures as she restages Irving Klaw's, keeping the cycle alive, preserving her images and according her the same small immortality that she will accord Klaw.



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LETTERS FROM READERS ● PERSONAL PHOTOS ● BONDAGE IN THE MOVIES
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BREECHES ● HISTORIC PHOTOS RE-STAGED BY SIMONE DEVON
BONDAGE STORIES ● 80 PAGES OF LOVE BONDAGE!

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