

NUMBER THIRTY EIGHT

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bondage life

THE MAGAZINE FOR AND BY BONDAGE PEOPLE

LD



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



I hope that someday the general population will understand that Love Bondage does not equal S&M; that Love Bondage does not exploit women; and that the emphasis of Love Bondage is more on the word "love" than the word "bondage."

The community of Love Bondagers is extremely fortunate that Harmony Communications exists. Harmony has clearly and simply articulated a "Bondage Philosophy" that I and thousands of others agree with wholeheartedly. Continuing to express this balanced philosophy, which so many of us share, in the variety of forms that Harmony does so serves a very important function in the ongoing process of educating the misinformed, and in reminding the enthusiasts what Love Bondage is all about.

Jeffrey
Bondage Life Reader

Thank you, Jeffrey, for sharing your views. The heart of the Love Bondage Community is sustained and strengthened by the willingness of its members to share their feelings. We encourage everyone to respond to the questions on page 51, or volunteer any other thoughts to Harmony. Our voice is your voice.

— Harmony Communications



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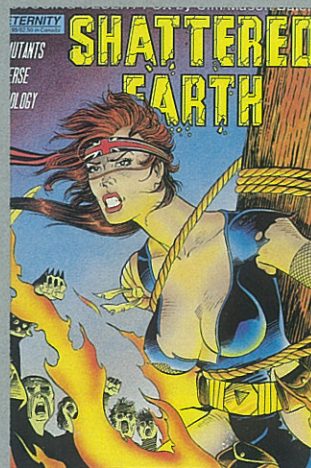
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THE MAGAZINE FOR AND BY BONDAGE PEOPLE

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For 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



ETERNAL BEAUTY — Maria Tortuga, supermodel of the early '80s and Cover Girl of Bondage Life 11, returns to revive sweet memories and spark our imaginations. Page 14.



All of Harmony's Love Bondage materials are available by mail order. Our delivery is prompt and discreet, our mailing list is exclusive. For more information, see the video ad elsewhere in this magazine.

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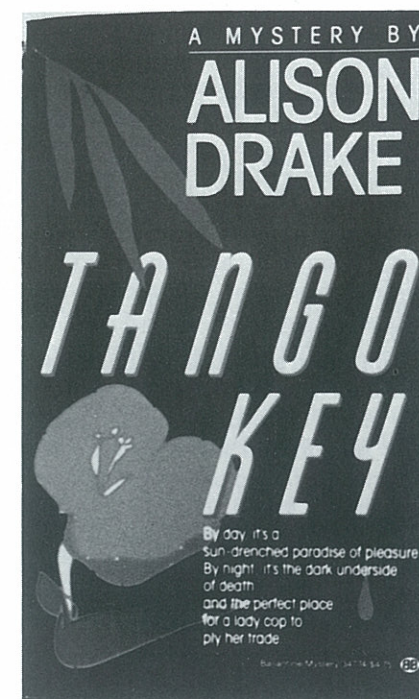
The depictions of Love Bondage in this Harmony magazine convey the satisfactions that men and women experience together when they practice bondage within the context of mutual trust and consent. We strongly discourage readers from imitating these depictions by themselves, outside the boundaries of a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

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BOOKBINDINGS

BY CARL MCGUIRE

Here are excerpts from books you might enjoy. One, "Beauty's Punishment," is an erotic novel; "Tango Key" and "Peregrine," on the other hand, fall more naturally under the mystery or thriller label, examples of mainstream fiction. All, however, treat the theme of female bondage with expert technique. If you've seen any fiction worth mentioning to other readers, send us your candidates.



TANGO KEY, by Alison Drake, New York: Ballantine Books, 1988, paperback, \$4.75.

"Tango Key" is the first of the Alison Drake mystery series, featuring lady cop Aline Scott. The same author, under the name T. J. MacGregor, also writes the somewhat better-known mystery novels featuring female private eye Quin St. James, a number of them featuring little bondage vignettes. By whatever name, she's a superb writer; and nowhere are her descriptive skills better showcased than in the sequence that follows, from the prologue to "Tango Key."

Light presses against the blindfold like a hot hand, telling her the sun hasn't gone down yet Sweat has made her skin slippery, and when she moves, the ropes that bind her ankles and wrists slide around, rubbing the flesh raw. The gag slices into the corners of her mouth and keeps soaking up the saliva She begins to whimper — a low broken sound that is worse than the white burning against her raw skin, the heat, the terrible pressure in her bladder

A while ago, she tried to scoot her chair closer to the window. She hoped to somehow turn the chair around so she could smash the back of it through

the glass. Instead, the chair fell over. Now she lies on her right side, cheek squashed against the dirty floor. If her ankles were tied together instead of lashed to either leg of the chair or if her hands were bound in front of her instead of behind the chair, she might have been able to muster sufficient leverage to get herself upright again. But like this, the chair . . . keeps her trapped against the floor, in the dust.

If she can scoot around enough to press her feet against the baseboard, maybe . . . All right. She will try it. She will try anything, because if he finds her like this when he returns, he will think she tried to escape and he will punish her. He will deprive her of water. He won't let her use the bathroom. He will . . .

She shifts her shoulder, then her hip, shoulder, hip, her cheek scraping painfully against the floor, dust swirling into her nostrils. Little by little she is moving. But where? Is she inching farther away from the baseboard? Toward the platform where the bare mattress is? Toward the door to the room?

Suppose he finds her halfway across the room or out in the hall? She can hear him saying, "Where're you going, babe? Think you're leaving, babe? Don't count on it, babe."

Hysteria flutters in her chest. Tears burn holes in the corners of her eyes. She grunts into the gag, murmurs into it, hums deep in her throat

She moves her cheek up and down against the dirty floor, trying to roll the blindfold off her eyes. The pine floor has spalled over the years from neglect, and now and then a thin, sharp splinter pokes into her skin. But Eve keeps moving her cheek up and down, up and down

She hears something. A car. Oh God, a car, his car. She knows it, is suddenly certain of it. She freezes, her cheek squashed against the floor, her breath coming so hard she nearly chokes on it because of the gag. Her heart slams against her ribs; her blouse is wet with sweat. She smells herself. She stinks of the hot dust in Arcadia. She starts to cry

The blindfold begins to give, rolling off her forehead to her brow She tilts her head back as far as she can and sees the window the light is

beautiful

"Push toward me," whispers the light.

So she does, painfully, slowly, pressing her bare toes against the skin floor until the light is a hot strap across her forehead. Her right arm is now dead to her. Her right thigh tingles from loss of circulation. Her bladder aches with fullness.

"Press your feet against the edge of the platform," instructs the light.

She does.

"Roll onto your back and try to hook your toes under the platform. You can do it."

. . . She pushes with her right foot, twists, starts to flip onto her back and knows she will crush her hands if she does. She works her wrists for a while

The ropes around her wrists are so tight, they've burned the skin raw. She is too weak from hunger, thirst, from her earlier exertion, to loosen them. She screams in frustration, the gag muffling the sound and slicing painfully into the corners of her mouth

His footfalls are like a giant's. They stop in the doorway.

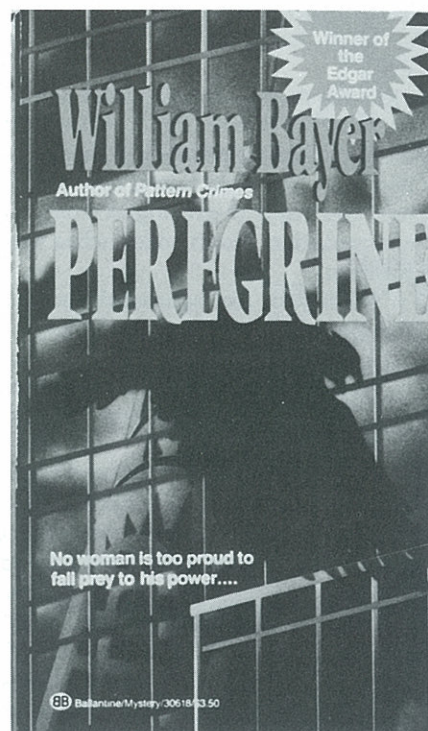
"Hi, babe. You got yourself into kind of a mess, didn't you."

And then he laughs.

PEREGRINE, by William Bayer, New York: Ballantine Books, 1983, paperback, \$3.50.

This thriller, winner of the Mystery Writers of America's Edgar Allen Poe award for best novel of 1981, is by the author of "Punish Me With Kisses," a psychological mystery with heavy undertones of S&M. "Peregrine" — the story of a mad falconer who terrorizes New York City with his bird of prey — is fascinating as a source of lore on the arcane subject of falconry. And, as the author makes clear, some of the trap-pings of falconry — the tethers, the hood, the rigid training — translate very smoothly when the focus of all this is not a bird but a woman.

. . . And then, just as she thought she'd reached the door, her arms were pinioned behind her back. She scream-



circulation or cause her limbs to numb

He led her to the window and, certain her legs were securely tied to the pipes of the radiator, he bent her backward over the sill so that she was staring up at the clouds. Thus he forced her to look straight into the sky as he told her she would fly there and that he would teach her how. Then he turned her over, fastened her legs again so when he bent her forward she faced straight down. Then he uncovered her eyes and held her above the city by her hair, then plunged her so she would know what it would feel like to be in a falcon's stoop

BEAUTY'S PUNISHMENT, by A. N. Roquelaure, New York: E. P. Dutton, Inc., 1984, paperback, \$7.95.

As most of the literary world knows by now, Anne Rice, author of the hugely successful *vampires-in-the-'80s* series that began with *Interview With the Vampire*, has other pen names that produce decidedly steamier fiction. One of them, Anne Rampling, turns out what you might call R-rated novels, notably the kinky *"Exit to Eden,"* recently reissued in a new paperback edition. Although that book's main theme is female domination of the male, it does contain one tour-de-force description of a female in restraint (excerpted in *Bondage Life* 33) that is one of the most erotic such passages we've encountered. The excerpt that follows is the creation of Rice's third literary persona, A. N. Roquelaure, whose output is unabashed pornography. Roquelaure's three books comprise the *Sleeping Beauty* trilogy — *"The Claiming of Sleeping Beauty," "Beauty's Punishment,"* and *"Beauty's Release"* — and they are definitely not the books your mother once read to you. With an approach that might be described as omnisexual, Roquelaure writes of a world of fairy-tale sadomasochism where hetero-

sexuality, homosexuality, and lesbianism coexist in nearly equal measure. Rice describes each Roquelaure book as "an erotic novel of discipline, love and surrender, for the enjoyment of men and women," and one critic has termed her fiction "probably the most elegantly written erotica since John Cleland wrote *'Fanny Hill'* 200 years ago." We agree.

The crowd applauded as Beauty was unchained and rushed down the steps, her hands clasped behind her back so that her breasts jutted forward. She was not surprised to feel a strip of leather being forced into her mouth. It was buckled tight to the back of her head and her wrists were buckled to it, which also did not surprise her after the struggle she had made.

"So let them do it!" she thought desperately. And when two long reins were brought round from this same buckle on the back of her head and given to the tall black-haired woman standing before the platform, Beauty thought, "Very clever. She will pull me along after her as if I were a little beast" The tall woman pulled the reins hard, almost jerking Beauty off her feet, and then she slung the reins over her shoulder, dragging Beauty into a fast and unwilling trot behind her

. . . . she was brought swiftly into another very large cobblestoned square, this one with a public well in the center, surrounded on all sides by the signs of various inns.

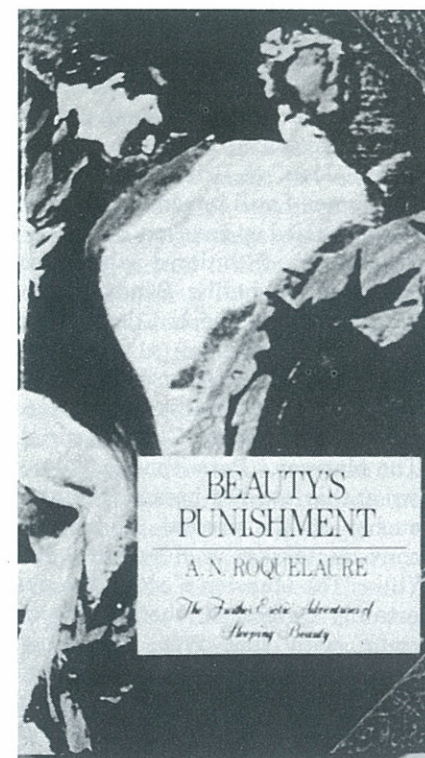
There was the Sign of the Bear and the Sign of the Anchor, and the Sign of the Crossed Swords, but by far the most magnificent was the gilded Sign of the Lion, hanging high over a vast carriageway and under three stories of deeply cut leaded windows. But the most startling detail of all was the body of a naked Princess swaying beneath the sign, bound with her ankles and her wrists together on a leather chain, so that she hung like ripe fruit from the shingle, her naked sex painfully exposed.

It was exactly the way that Princes and Princesses had been tethered in the Punishment Hall at the castle, a position Beauty had never suffered

and that she dreaded most of all. The Princess' face was fixed between her legs only inches above her swollen and mercilessly revealed sex, and her eyes were almost closed. When she saw Mistress Lockley she moaned and wriggled on the chain, straining forward in supplication

Sunlight filled the large immaculate room, pouring in from the two open doors to the rear yard, striking the fine copper pots and pans that hung from the hooks above, and washing over the iron oven doors in the bricks and the giant rectangular cutting block that stood in the middle of the tile floor

Mistress Lockley brought her to her feet, and plunging the broom hard between her legs so that its stiff straws lifted her, she forced Beauty back against the cutting block and then lifted her legs so that Beauty quickly scrambled up on the wood that was covered with a light sprinkling of flour Mistress Lockley spread Beauty out on her back, drew her hands over her head, and quickly tied them to the edge of the board, telling Beauty to spread her legs or have them spread for her.



Beauty struggled to get her legs wide. The flour on the smooth wood felt silky under her bottom. But her body was being stretched to its full length as her ankles were now tied, and Beauty felt panic again, bouncing helplessly on the smooth unyielding wood as she realized she could not free herself.

In a flurry of soft urgent cries she tried to plead with Mistress Lockley. But the moment she saw Mistress Lockley smiling down at her, Beauty's voice died in her throat and she bit her lip hard, looking up into the clear black eyes that quivered ever so slightly with laughter.

"The soldiers liked those breasts, didn't they?" Mistress Lockley said. And reaching with both hands, she pinched Beauty's nipples between thumb and forefinger. "Answer me!"

"Yes, Mistress," Beauty wailed, her soul quaking with the sense of her vulnerability to those fingers, the flesh around her nipples shriveling as the nipples themselves hardened to knots

Through the mist of tears she saw the Mistress' pretty black eyes, the black hair with its fancy little braid over the crown of the head, and the breasts swelling so beautifully in the snow-white linen blouse with its thick ruffle. But the Mistress was holding something in her hands. What was it? It was moving.

And Beauty saw it was a big, pretty white cat that stared at her with almond-shaped blue eyes in that wide, inquisitive manner cats have, its pink tongue licking its black nose in a quick gesture.

A wave of absolute shame overcame Beauty. She writhed on the board, a helpless and suffering creature, even more lowly than this proud, disdainful little beast that peered at her from the Mistress' arms with jeweled eyes. But the Mistress had bent down, apparently to reach for something.

And Beauty saw her rise again with a thick dab of yellow cream on her fingers. The fingers smeared the cream to Beauty's throbbing nipples and dabbed it between her legs so that it dripped and slid in dollops into her vagina.

"Just butter, my sweet, fresh but-

ter," said the Mistress. "No perfumed ointments here." And suddenly she dropped the cat on all fours on Beauty's tender belly and chest, and Beauty felt the soft pads of the cat's feet moving up her chest with maddening quickness.

She squirmed, pulled on the straps. The little beast had dipped its head, and the rough, sandy little tongue was eating at her nipple, devouring the butter that covered it. Some deep, deep, hitherto unknown fear made itself known, sending Beauty into wilder and wilder struggles.

But the indifferent little monster with its exquisite white face ate on and on, the nipple exploding under the licks, and Beauty's whole body went tense, lifting itself off the wood and thudding down again.

The creature was lifted, taken to the right breast, and Beauty pulled with all her strength on the straps, the sobs shaking out of her, the little hind feet padding deeply into her belly, the soft stomach hairs of the cat brushing her as the tongue lapped again, cleaning the nipple thoroughly.

Beauty clenched her teeth not to scream the word "No," her eyes squeezing shut again, only to open on the sight of the heart-shaped face dipping down in short quick movements as the tongue lapped, the nipple pushed back and forth by the strength of the sandy lick, the sensation so exquisite, so dreadful, that Beauty screamed louder than she had ever screamed under the paddle.

But the cat was being lifted. Beauty thrashed from side to side, clenching her teeth harder on the "No" that must not come out as she felt those silky ears and that fur between her legs, and the tongue darting at her distended clitoris. "O, but please, no, no," she screamed in the sanctuary of her mind, even as the pleasure jetted through her, mingling with the loathing of the hairy little feline and its horrid mindless feasting. Her hips froze in the air, inches above the wood, the furry nose and mouth pushing deeper into her. No more tongue on the clitoris, just the maddening brushing of the top of the head against it, and it wasn't enough, it wasn't enough. O, the little monster!

By The People

LETTERS • LETTERS • LETTER & PHOTOS • PHOTOS • PHOTO

Dear Harmony,

Thank you so much for all your publications, especially *Bondage Life*, *Bondage Parade* and *Bondage People*. I have been a fan of bondage and cross-dressing ever since I can remember. Why, I will never know, I just love experiencing the excitement that runs through me when I read, look at, or fantasize about bondage.

Your publications allow me to get away from the "ordinary" and explore true feelings that are not accepted by the majority of our society. Before I married I had many of your magazines, female clothes, and bondage equipment. These days I read as much as possible but haven't practiced any self-bondage because I feel that my wife will not accept such an activity. I am very happy with my life and look forward to your many publications. Keep up the good work and I'll keep

telling my congressman the right of free speech and expression is important to the American people.

J. P.

A Soldier in Europe

Dear Bondage Masters:

Mmmmmmmmmmmmmph mmm-
mmmmmmmmmmmmph mmmmmmmmm-
mmmmph mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmph
mmmmmmmmmmmmmmph mmmph mmmph
mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmph mmmmm-
mmmmmmmmph.

("I'm tied and gagged right now, naturally in my favorite pose, stockings feet, but I'm typing this note with my bound toes, to gratefully acknowledge your continued commitment to *Great Bondage* . . . Thank you!")

Sincerely,

Mrs. T. K.

LOVE IS BLIND

And Love *Bondage* is blind for Jill and Toby.



Dear Editor:

Like so many of your readers, I spent years both enthralled and haunted by my feelings regarding bondage. The image of a beautiful girl bound, gagged and unable to free herself from her bonds gave me my most pleasurable fantasizing. Also like many of your readers, my orientation toward bondage began at an early age; as a child (I'm 28 now) I remember seeing a "Dragnet" episode which contained bondage. The occasional comic book (one of your comic book pictorials included a tied and gagged Batgirl in a cellar — I remember reading that particular comic book as a kid and being absolutely stunned by it) or television program tantalized me with flashes of what I dearly wanted to see (and experience) in greater detail, but there was never enough. Numbers of women became the object of my fantasies, but I never dared give any indication of my desires.

In the summer of 1984, I received a brochure while in graduate school. The brochure included some bondage-related materials. There was a picture of *Bondage Life* 15's cover in the brochure ("Jean" of Britishers Roy and Jean fame). I still remember the rush seeing her tied up gave me.

Naturally, I ordered about six magazines, including *Bondage Life*. The others were fine, but that edition of *Bondage Life* was a revelation. There has been a great deal of comment throughout subsequent issues about George Arthur Greene's serial, "The Mansion." Permit me to add my own at this late date because I think it touches on the present course Harmony is taking in developing BL. While "The Mansion's" story-line was certainly farfetched, there's nothing wrong with that type of writing. There's plenty of room for the far-out and the more "realistic" stories of bondage. I found the girl-bondaging-girl theme to be extremely erotic, and

the rubber and leather body sheaths to be fantastic. Greene's style of describing the *process* of restraint was exactly the type of bondage literature I had always wanted to read. When he described how Julia single-handedly gagged and single-gloved Nancy and Joyce, I could feel the tension mount within me as I imagined Julia's professional expertise and domination of the other two women. Greene's description of Joyce being encased in a rubber body suit, unable to do more than squirm, was an exquisite exercise in transferring to me, the reader, a strong sense of the physical and mental aspects of the story.

Since those early days, I have watched the progression of BL. The move away from the farfetched and unusual has, in my judgement, been a mistake. Simple rope and gag bondage has come to dominate the magazine; so much so that it is almost passe and quite ordinary. There is not enough emotional *feeling* to the present BLs. The fiction storylines are all the same, i.e., woman wants bondage, woman lives for bondage, woman willingly submits to being roped and gagged, woman has orgasm, everyone lives happily ever after. There is no excitement, no element of danger. That lack of risk is the greatest failing.

Take the original story of "The Mansion." Was anyone hurt? No. The whole story was told basically through the eyes of Nancy as an observer who couldn't control what went on around her. She was placed into bondage against her wishes and she felt she was at risk throughout. That risk created suspense. Unlike the women in the present fiction published by BL, she struggled to escape, not out of rapture for the ropes but because she was at risk. If you make the story one where there is no suspense and rely simply on long strings of adjectives describing sexual fulfillment to impart to the reader a consciousness of the story character's circumstances, the story is of little success.

I suggest emphasis be placed on some old-style tongue-in-cheek adventure serials — "The Perils of Pauline," etc. Please accept this criticism in the spirit it is given. BL and its sister publications have been a godsend to me over the last few years. Harmony has contributed a real service to those of us out here for whom bondage is so much a part of our sexuality. I just want Harmony to keep on succeeding. Thanks for listening.

Sincerely,

"Abraham"

**"HOW DARE YOU
CALL YOURSELF A
HORSEWOMAN! YOU
CAN'T EVEN RIDE
THIS ROPE. WHEN I
GET YOU IN BED I'LL
GIVE YOU A LESSON
YOU'LL NEVER
FORGET . . . COME
ALONG NOW, MY
SWEET BELTED,
BOOTED,
BREECHED AND
BRIDLED BROAD!"**



Dear Harmony,

I started reading your magazine from the very first issue and feel you do a great service to those of us who don't like seeing violent and abusive acts. Like many of your readers, I thought I was alone in my fantasies until you came along. I do want to relate the following experience.

Several years ago I had taken a new job with a large bank. They have a two-week training program in a southeastern city. This particular session had 11 women and two men. We spent a lot of time together and some of us got quite familiar. One particular lady and I got very close and spent our evenings together studying for the next day. She was quite attractive, pretty face, dark hair, great figure and a deep husky voice that was so sexy! By the middle of the first week, we became somewhat intimate. We both had roommates so we had to limit ourselves to time alone in the hotel hospitality room. One evening, very late, I took my belt and tied her hands behind her. She didn't protest and admitted she had been tied to a bed a few times!

Over the weekend, we had no classes and much free time. Friday night was spent with the rest of the group drinking and dancing until late. Early Saturday, I made a trip to the local K-Mart and bought some 100 feet of rope, some electrical tape, three scarves and some medical tape. Then I went to a motel in a different part of town and rented a room. I cut the rope into various lengths and taped the ends and left my bag of goodies in the nightstand drawer. After lunch, Christine and I went for a ride. When I showed her the room key she was delighted.

Once in the room, she stripped to her underwear. I showed her my bag of tricks and we were both anxious to get started. Neither of us had experienced bondage for a long period of time.

I chose a medium length of rope and pulled her hands behind her. After tying her wrists, I asked her to free herself. I was pleased when she couldn't. Next I selected a gag. She had never been gagged so I just started with a scarf over her mouth. Not truly effective, but I observed her examining herself in the mirror. I had her lie on the bed where I tied her ankles and knees. By now, I was so excited I could hardly stand it. I unhooked her bra and started the lovemaking process and soon her feet were untied and we were in the heat of passion.

When the passion finally subsided, I untied her and we discussed bondage. She told me it felt great and wanted to experiment some more. That was all right with me so after she rested, we got started again. This time I tied her wrists with a longer rope, behind her as before but then I pulled the ends of the rope between her legs so it rubbed her crotch. I looped the rope behind and then again in front of her where I tied it off. Her hands were lashed to her body and if she pulled, she rubbed her crotch. I then tied her elbows to her back by winding the ropes below her breasts. She couldn't move her arms more than an inch or so. I asked if she was okay and she said it felt great. I told her if she had anything to say to get it out now. When she went to speak, I placed one of the scarves in her mouth and quickly tied it in place with another. I then taped her lips with the medical tape. She didn't mind at all! I again had her lie on the bed and bound her ankles using much more rope than before. I also tied her legs both above and below the knees. Finally, I placed her in a loose hogtie.

I gave her about 10 minutes to free herself. She struggled and rolled and her sexy voice came out as a low moan.

Then I told her to settle down and enjoy the afternoon. We watched TV until dinnertime.

Christine and I experienced many more bondage sessions and even rented the room an additional night. My only regret is that I had no camera to record this occasion. She and I still write and someday plan to relive that weekend when time and schedules permit. What that happens, I will have a camera!

Sincerely,

Sam in Dayton

Dear Harmony,

I am writing to tell you about my fantasy come true. I grew up with a love of bondage but not knowing if anybody else did too. All through high school and college I dated many different women but never expressed my desire to tie them up. I did picture all of them bound and gagged whenever I made love to them.

After college I dated around, never with anyone for very long and never getting serious because something was always missing. That something was bondage. I started buying your magazines about this time and was comforted by the fact other people felt like me. I was dating a cute girl I met at a local diner. She was a student at the local university working part time as a waitress. One evening we were at my apartment and I had inadvertently left a copy of *Bondage Life* out on the nightstand in my bedroom. Well, she found it and we started a discussion on the subject of bondage.

She had some experience with a previous boyfriend. He had bound her with chains and had gotten a little rough. We talked about "Love Bondage" and the importance of a trusting relationship. She said she did trust me and consented to being tied that evening. Although her previous experience was somewhat negative, she had enjoyed bondage itself.

I was jumping for joy inside. I couldn't wait to finally tie up someone I cared for. We went together to a nearby store and purchased the necessary items.

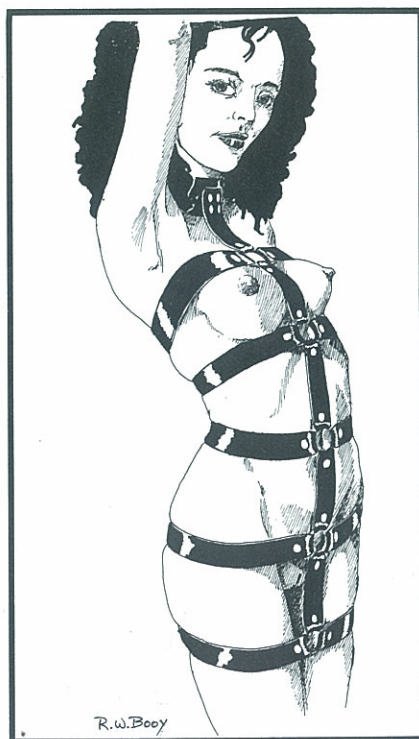
We started slowly in the bedroom, with each of us taking our clothes off. I tied her hands behind her and we settled on the bed. I could tell she was as excited as I was, and within minutes we consummated our first act of Love Bondage. We both agreed it was incredible. She didn't want to be untied and in fact asked that rope be added.

We then went to the living room where I bound her further. I told her to stop me if it got to be too much for her. She never did. When I was done, she was bound arms behind her with her elbows together. I had tied her above and below the knees and at the ankles. A loose rope ran from her wrists to her ankles. She struggled at my request and put on quite a show but couldn't escape. There was only one thing missing — the gag. I felt no lady is a complete captive without one. I asked her if she minded. She said she had never been gagged but if it felt as good as the ropes, go ahead. I happened to have an Ace bandage and a soft cloth. I cut the bandage in half (I feel you shouldn't overdo it) and then placed the cloth gently into her mouth. I wrapped the bandage firmly around her mouth and tied it behind her head. This was now my fantasy come true. I had completely bound and gagged a beautiful naked woman. And she enjoyed it also! We must have had sex six times by morning. Neither one of us got any sleep and she remained bound and gagged in various positions throughout the night.

That was a year and a half ago. We will be married in three weeks. While we eventually found many common interests, we credit "Love Bondage" as the thing that started it all, and we want to thank your magazine for opening the door to our relationship.

Sincerely,

Dave and Lynn



Dear Harmony,

I am writing to you about your recent film, "Checkmate," (HS-4), starring Marley Haze, Tanya Fox and Krista Mallory. I would love to see Tanya and Krista in more films in the future.

The two parts of the film I liked best were: 1) When Tanya was spread-eagled on the bed, and 2) When Tanya and Krista were tied together on the bed.

Please — more films with Tanya Fox being bound and gagged. I love her.

A Reader in Illinois

Dear Harmony,

I've found a great way to tie my wife for lovemaking. First I tie her hands across her back. Then I gag her with a wad of cloth in her mouth and a torn strip from a sheet wrapped once or twice around her head and leave about a foot and a half of the sheet hanging down behind her. I then lay on my back and help her mount me. Once I am inside her I pull the strand from the gag down, wrap it around her hands and tie it in place. This pulls her hands up and her head back. You can make it as stringent as you like. In this position I am able to fondle her breasts and neck while being inside her and driving both of us crazy. Be careful not to put her in this position before she is on top of you as it is hard for her to maintain her balance (and besides, it is fun to take her by surprise.)

Yours in great bondage,

J. F. of Georgia

Dear Harmonizers:

Here is a thought relating to Bound for Controversy: *Playboy* is edited for the liberated young man, and it attracts readers with covers that show girls any guy would dream of having. *Cosmopolitan* is edited for the liberated young woman, and it attracts readers with covers that show girls any gal would dream of being. Both magazines print covers that do their jobs as measured by newsstand sales, not covers that ought to do their jobs as measured by somebody's pet theory of male/female equivalence. I have both worn chains and held the keys myself, and both are fun; but as for pictures, I think you should stick to women to make both sexes of your readership happier.

Regards,

"Delaware"

JAPANESE FLOWER

Dear Harmony,

I'm a Japanese. So I can't speak English little bit. Sorry. But I like your magazine *Bondage Life*. Everytime I buy yours in Japan. Now I hope a bondage model in your magazine. I sent my bondage photograph to you. I wish you'll give me good answer.

Take care.

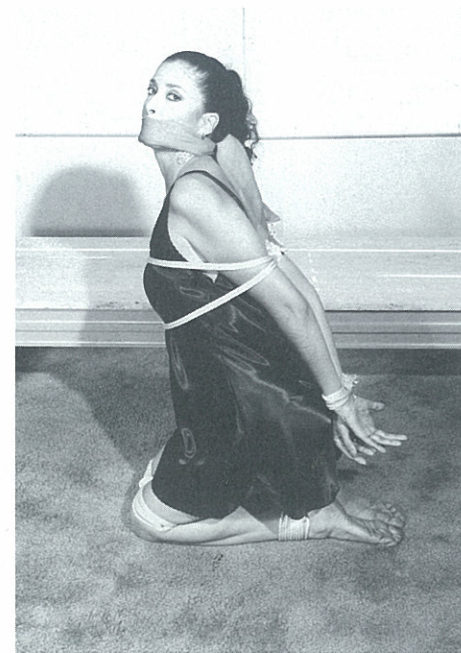
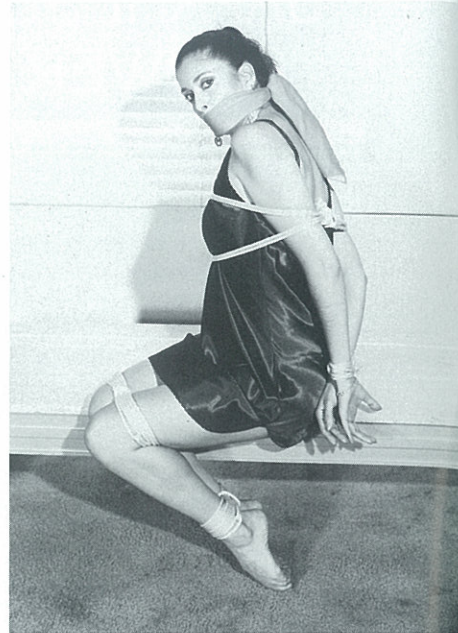
"Kyoko"

Tokyo, Japan

Thank you for the photos. We hope you will send more.
-Ed.

Continued on Page 21





MEDITERRANEAN MYSTIQUE

A daughter of the timeless Levant, Maria Tortuga gazes out regally from another shore (the Pacific, to be exact) on our cover. Indoors, she tests her restraints with graceful hauteur, confident that her bondage is our tribute.





“MARIA! I’VE JUST DRAWN A GIRL NAMED MARIA...”

Take Maria Tortuga, one of the most popular bondage models of the '80's; add Franco Saudelli, one of the world's premier bondage artists; stir vigorously; and the result, seen here, registers somewhere in the neighborhood of a 20-kiloton blast. Saudelli, creator of that wonderful comic-erotic adventure strip “The Blonde,” has long admired La Tortuga, particularly her tied-up-in-the-altogether poses for Carl McGuire in the magazine *Ladies in Restraint*, and he sent us this lovingly-done tribute to that sultry beauty. The Roman artist and his Dark Lady have never met; but somehow, on one level, we think they have . . .

By The People

Continued from Page 13

Dear Ms. Imboch,

David sent you some photos of me. I am sending more photos in. Each photo is a prized possession, and believe me, it was a battle to wrench these away from him. (This should teach him to order double prints.) Bondage has been our hobby on and off for six years now.

Most of my bondage experiences have been a “spur of the moment” thing. There are a lot of times I will come home from work and beg David to tie me up and gag me just so I can relax. I usually nap in bondage, much to David's amazement. He can't figure out how I relax in bondage so much.

David used to have a really hard time gagging me since I can move my jaw and pop out just about anything. I read a letter from a Bondage Lifer who suggested using a bathing cap and a lot of tape wrapped around the jaw and purchased one from the drug store. Of course, I got weird looks because I bought the cap in December. I got home and put on the cap. Since I have a small mouth, we used half a handker-



chief balled up tightly to put in my mouth. David then used three or four good long strips of colored duct tape and wound them around my head and under my chin. This gag actually worked! I could not spit it out! I worked my jaw around and around until I finally gave up. I was a little nervous at first, because I realized that I had for the first time been rendered completely speechless! The fear dissipated soon thereafter, not only because of my trust in David, but also because it was very exciting. That, I would have to

say, has been one of my favorite bondage experiences to date.

Thanks for the wonderful reading material provided in your magazine. I enjoy *Bondage Life* every bit as much as David does, not only because I can admire and appreciate other females in bondage but because of the Harmony Philosophy. Hopefully because of your magazine, a lot of the misconceptions about bondage can be eradicated.

Happy bonding!

Kathryn

To whom it may concern,

My name is Mark and I am a college student in Maryland. On my first visit ever to an adult bookstore, I noticed Carmen on the cover of your magazine. While I am not aroused in the least by X-rated magazines, I was quite fascinated with the magazine and bought it.

I think that you'll find I represent a large majority of males who look at bondage as sexy, passionate, and sensual. I don't think it should be crude, degrading, or sadistic in nature. Bondage is a way for a female to demonstrate her feministic values and to outwardly admit that she would like to behave submissively. It seems that many women have lost their feminine identity since the sexual revolution.

I'm not sure about the numbers, but from what I understand, a large scale of married couples engage in bondage. It seems to me that almost every one of my friends would be turned on by see-

ing a pretty girl tied up. Yet many of us are embarrassed by our interest in bondage — including myself. Personally, I don't see anything disgusting, dirty, or insulting in bondage. In many movies, books, and television shows males and females are tied up. For example, in the film, “Love At First Bite,” the leading actress is tied to a chair. If that isn't “pornography,” then neither is Carmen tied up on the cover of *Bondage Photo Treasures* 26. Let's put this magazine in public bookstores. Pictures of bound women in miniskirts and bathing suits will appeal to many, and I don't see how that can be considered pornographic.

Sincerely yours,

Mark

Dear Harmony,

Consider this quote from Gloria Steinem in an article about comic

books that ran in the April 30 issue of *The New York Times Magazine*: “I grew up with Wonder Woman, who was the only relief from violence in comic books in the 1940's and the only female hero.” Now you can glean your own conclusions from that little quote.

I bought *Bondage Adventures* and I liked what I saw. I thoroughly enjoyed the “Doctor Dreadful” scenario with Marley Haze and Lorraine Vanowen. (Could the evil, no-good Doctor be resurrected for a possible sequel? I certainly hope so.) It is creativity and photo layouts like “Doctor Dreadful” that make *Bondage Adventures* my “must buy” magazine. Keep up the good work with *Bondage Adventures*. Who is the primary editor for *Bondage Adventures* so I can buy him a drink and shake his hand for a great job!

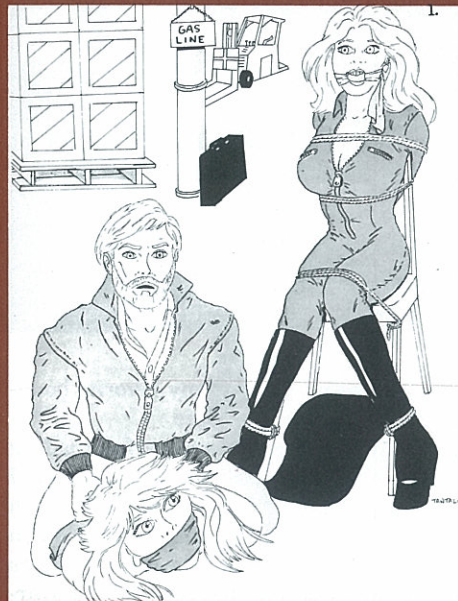
E. M.

Bondage Adventures has been edited by Brian Tarsis from issue 2 on.

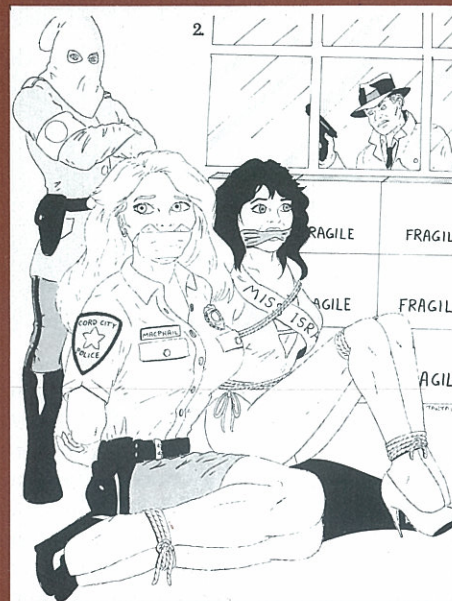
-Ed.

AS THE ROPE SPINS

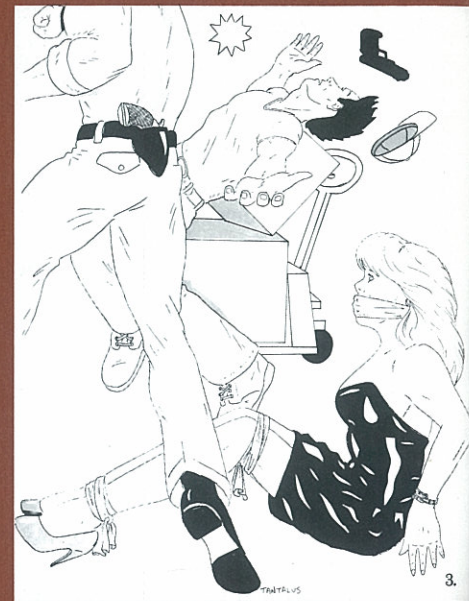
By Tantalus



1) Ex-C.I.A. operative/soldier of fortune Derek Masters subdues the Russian contestant, who had abducted superspy Ariana Averion (code name "Danger Girl") after she failed to foil an espionage plot. Meanwhile, Masters is unaware of the time bomb ticking away behind him.



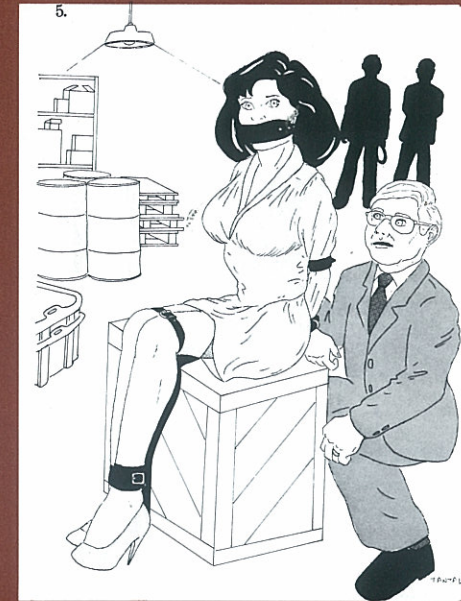
2) Hard-boiled gumshoe John T. Duke ("Johnny Ace") finds the hide-out of the Nazi-white supremacists holding policewoman Neva MacPhail and the Israeli contestant. The Ace doesn't know the heavies have already grabbed his secretary, Anita, who was waiting in the car.



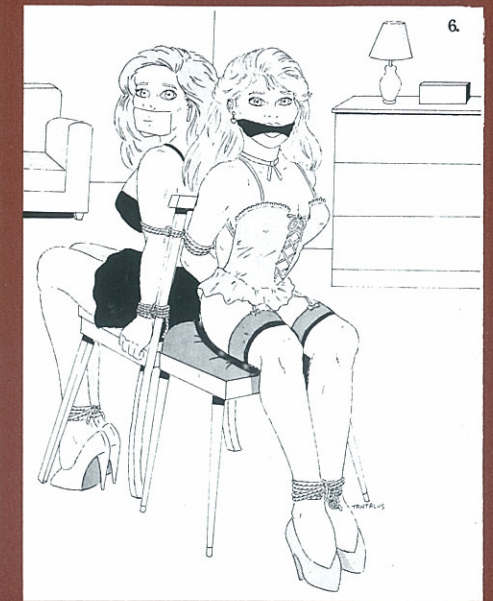
3) Detective Sergeant Walter Hudson rescues rope-heiress Cynthia Brundage from the kidnappers who were trying to force her father (one of the major sponsors of the contest) to rig the outcome of the pageant. Miss Brundage, whose hobby is being kidnapped, was relieved that the kidnappers chose not to use Brundage Co., Inc. ropes and avoided the subsequent trite, corny jokes about using her daddy's ropes.



4) Private Investigator Delilah Sampson and the contestant from Great Britain have fallen into the clutches of a crazed psycho who is planning to sell his captives into white slavery. Unfortunately our heroines may have to wait for rescue, as the show's three heroes are currently busy with the aforementioned liberations.



5) T.V. reporter Rachel Truelove is the captive of a televangelist who was picketing the contest. She became a threat to him when she discovered his protest was actually a front for some debauchery with one of the few unkidnapped contestants. (Of course, when Miss West Coast balked at the Reverend's plans for Miss Truelove, she had to be dealt with in the usual fashion.)



6) Secretaries/part-time models Julia Waif and Jinx Cleveland are held hostage in their own apartment (as all the abandoned warehouse space in Cord City was occupied) by thieves who had just robbed the beleaguered Miss Pan-American Bathing Suit Competition, but still wanted to watch the contest on T.V.

Dear Editor:

This is a true story. Honest, I could not make up something this good!

I decided to go to the beach early this morning. When I got there, the beach was completely deserted except for a half a dozen life guards gathered in a group. The group was made up of four males and two females. One of the male life guards was an instructor and was imparting on the others the fine art of life guarding. The two females were 19 to 20 and quite attractive even with their regulation orange bathing suits.

Soon the instructor brought out a piece of equipment that attracted my attention. It was a board about seven feet long and twenty inches wide. On both sides it had slots cut in that were large enough to get a hand grip on. It

also had numerous webbed nylon straps attached. The instructor was pointing out that this was for victims with neck or back injuries.

The instructor selected one of the female life guards to be the subject. (He wasn't as dumb as he looked.) With the young lady now on the board, the instructor began giving instructions. The first strap went over her ankles, was buckled in the center, and then was cinched tightly by pulling on the loose end. The life guard at the foot of the board was into the spirit of things. He adjusted and tightened the strap three times to get out any slack. The next strap went just above her knees. Then her wrists were crossed and a separate strap that was not attached to the board was wrapped around her wrist several times and

double knotted. Two more straps were added: one from her left shoulder to her right hip and one from her right shoulder to her left hip. To hold her head still, they added two large rubber blocks (one on each side of her head) which were held in place by Velcro on the board and another strap that went over the two blocks and across her forehead!

The subject was well secured at this point and could not get loose. Her only freedom was to wiggle her toes and fingers. The instructor was not finished. He then demonstrated how to insert a large tongue depressor, held in place by two small pieces of tape. (The tongue depressor was interesting: it was a flat hollow plastic tube to allow breathing, with a large external piece to prevent swallowing.) And finally,

an oxygen mask was strapped into place.

The instructor then announced that they should try it in the water. Our lovely lady was released and she eagerly swam out a little way, then played dead. The whole procedure was repeated with the addition of the straps being cinched even more tightly and the bathing suit being wet!

They carried her out of the water and rested the board down on the sand. The instructor then critiqued their performance. One life guard went to retrieve some equipment, another asked some questions and a couple more went to stop some kids from playing ball. Meanwhile, our subject lay attached to her board with no one paying any attention to her. (Except me that is, and you can imagine how much

help I was.) I could tell that she was beginning to get bored but it didn't seem to do her much good. Her best effort was to wiggle her feet and try to slide one leg up and the other down. Her arms and wrists had no freedom. If she was trying to make any noise, I could not hear any from my position, which was only fifteen feet away. Of course, she could not lift up her head at all and the tongue depressor and oxygen mask were performing their task quite well. Finally, the other female guard turned and with a laugh went to free her friend.

Sincerely,

A Connecticut Harmonizer

Dear Editor:

This letter is in response to the letter

from B. C. of Texas, published on page 23 of *Bondage Life* 35. In his letter, Mr. B. C. complains of too many bare feet in *Harmony* publications.

As a lover of female feet, who feels that a women's feet are the prettiest parts of her body, I would like to point out to Mr. B. C. that pictures of non-barefoot women (in or out of bondage) are a dime a dozen. What is difficult to find is pictures of barefooted women, showing their feet. It is especially difficult to find such pictures having a good, clear view of the soles.

Browse through magazines at any news or book store, and pay attention to the pictures of females displayed in feature articles, ads, etc. You will find that when these photos do include the girl's feet, she is wearing one of every possible combination of shoes, boots,

socks and stockings; they are hardly ever bare. It is not uncommon for men's magazines — bondage or otherwise — to display photos of girls who are totally nude, except for their feet. They will show *every* part of a girl's body but her feet, especially her soles.

The point of this letter is to say to Mr. B. C., and others sharing his distaste for the female foot: please don't begrudge we foot lovers of the precious little material that is available to us.

Thanks.
Sincerely,

T. S.
Alabama

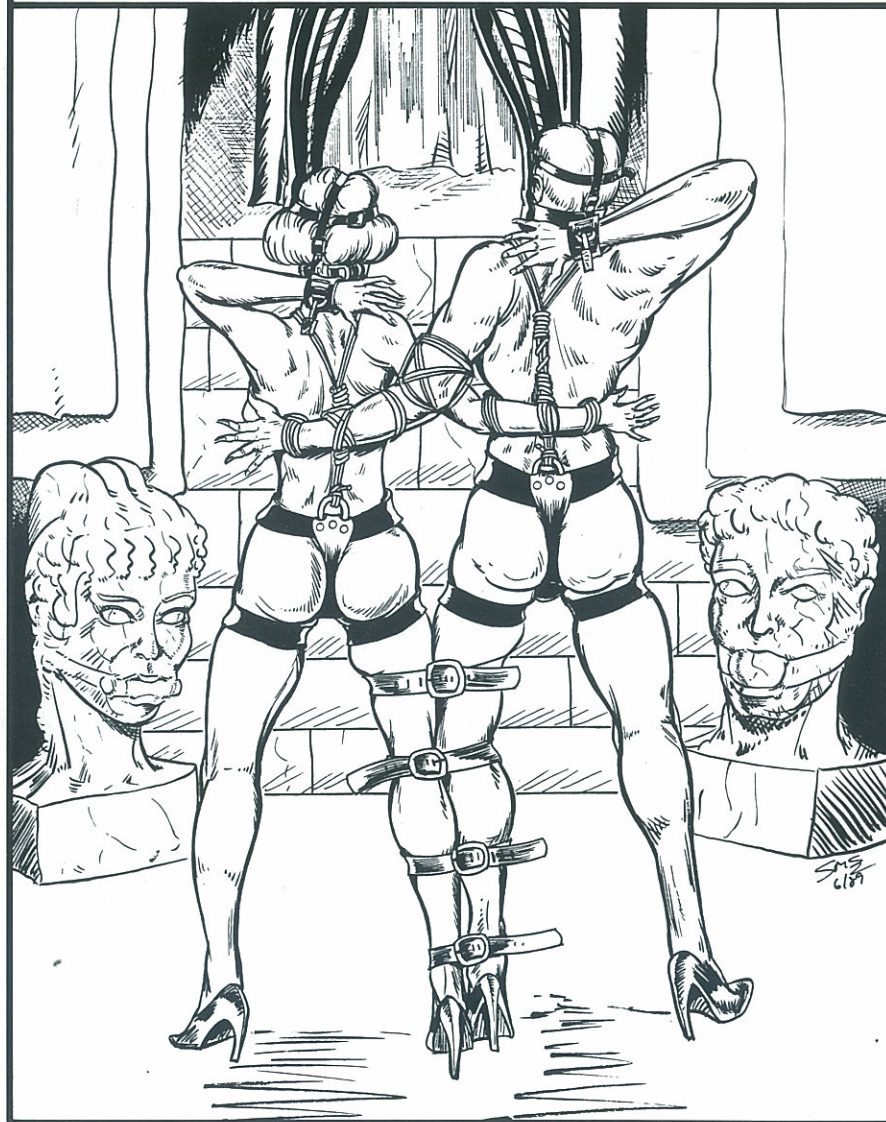
SOCKS & LOCKS From G.P. of Italy.



CONNECTIONS

THE ART OF THE POSSIBLE #13

SMS is available for custom work. An 11x14 fully penciled rendering done to your specifications will cost \$25. Write to: Silver Sandal Press, Box 3608, Campello Station, Brockton, MA 02403.

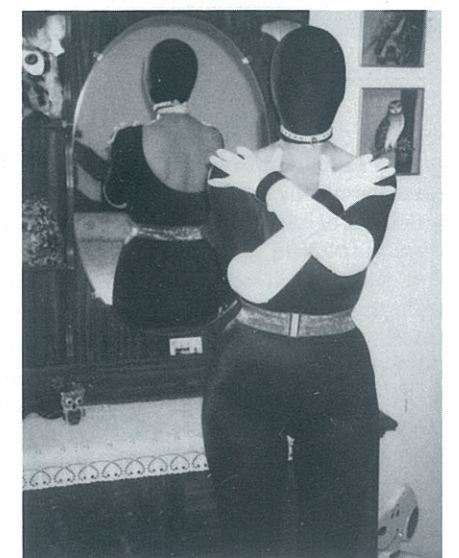
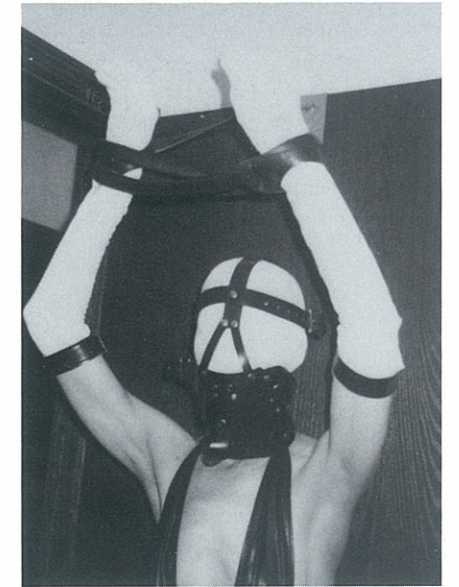


JOIN THE PEOPLE!

Bondage Life's By The People section is your creation! It lives and breathes through your contributions. Please send your letters, photos, and comments to Harmony Communications. Share yourself with your fellow Love Bondagers!

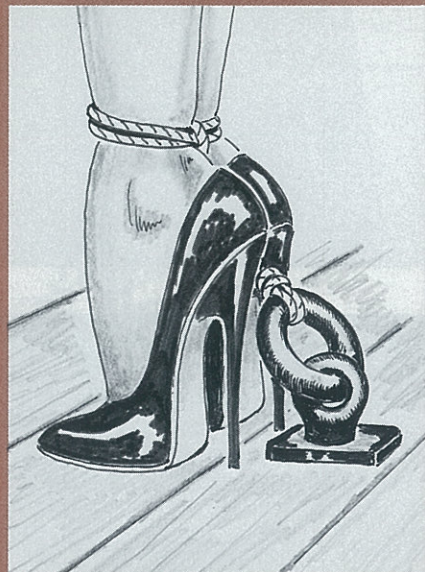
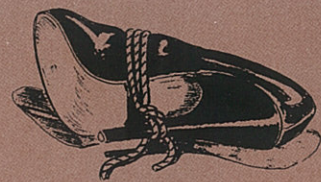
HOODWINKED HIGHJINX

Paula and J.R. play with their John Floyd spandex Love Hoods.



Harley's Heroines Present . . .

THE *High Heeled* *Pump* IN *Bondage*



"IS THIS THE RIGHT HOTEL ROOM?"
Sarah seems uncertain when she enters, but soon, sure enough, she's in her element.



Dear Harmony,

I have been an ardent fan of your publications for about five years. Although your photography is generally of high quality and your models are often exceptionally beautiful (e.g., Tiana Cambridge, Elise Di Medici), I would like to offer some constructive advice.

The main theme of this advice is "variety." For example, I would like to see your models posed in a greater variety of ways, including, but not limited to, hogties, suspension, and spread-eagling (which in my opinion should

be done always on top of a bed with a minimum of clothing). The bondage must be tight and practical. All rope-work must serve some purpose, and not just to adorn a model's body. I also strongly believe that a model's hands should not be tied in front of her so that she can untie her knots with her teeth (even if the hands are tied to her knees or ankles).

I would also like to see a greater diversity of attire. I enjoy seeing women in lingerie or street clothing, but I would also like to see more uniforms/costumes (French Maid, policewoman,

nurse, etc.) I would especially like to see more leather clothing, and I would particularly like to see your models in latex fashions. I would like to see them in high-heeled shoes, preferably patent, with five-inch heels or higher.

I would also like to see a greater variety of bondage implements. Rope is fine, but lately it has been used almost to the point of exclusiveness. I would like to see more leather restraints (cuffs, single gloves). I would also like to see more steel cuffs and especially *straitjackets*. The section in Simone's magazine with Melina

Christopher was wonderful! As for gags, cloth is okay, but I would really like to see more ball gags/ball gag trainers. I would also like to see leather discipline hoods. In my book gags are not optional.

I am very impressed with your company. Your magazines and videos are quality and your turnaround on orders is excellent. I like the convenience of your mailers and I like the fact that I don't have to travel downtown and hunt for your magazines.

Sincerely,

R. L. B.
Arizona

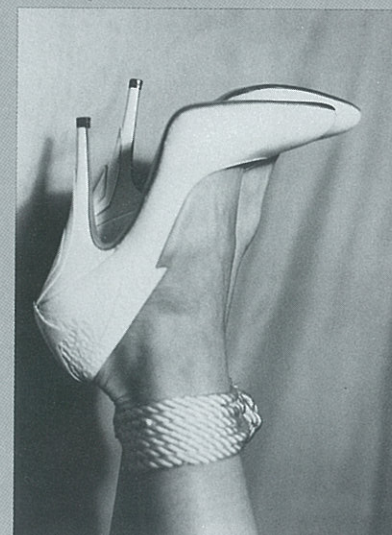
Thank you for your input, RLB. We've been stepping up our efforts to present more variety. It may interest you that the new UC (Uniform/Costume) video series will feature some popular outfits. If you prefer magazines to videos, the UC scenes will be appearing periodically in Beautiful Bondage Scenes.

-Ed.

Continued on Page 35

FROM HER POINT OF VIEW

Harmony's Women And Bondage Survey was tallied quite a while ago, but we continue to receive occasional new responses. Though we can't add our latecomers into the statistics, many of their comments are helpful in providing a peek into the Bondagette Psyche.



Do you have a favorite model or bondagette?

Gwendoline is the best — a "Marilyn Monroe" of bondage!

Before you began actively participating, did you ever show any interest in bondage beforehand?

Yes — in fantasies...

Yes — I was intrigued by handcuffs, four-poster beds, etc.

Yes — I always wished I were Sky King's daughter.

Is what you know now different from what you first thought bondage was about?

Yes — it is not for pain.

Yes — I found it is not dangerous. I'm not scared.

When you are tied, what feelings are you most aware of?

I'm where I belong.

What for you is the best aspect of bondage?

I feel my husband needs and loves me.

"We have been married ten years. I let him tie me up because the look of total adoration in his eyes makes it worthwhile and shows how much he truly loves me."

Rachel

Gloria Hendricks sucked the fresh, cool air deep into her lungs as she stood on the slope above the lake. Brilliant sunlight winked off its blue water, and the wind whispered loudly in the fall-bright leaves of the trees. The same breeze caressed her long hair, stirring its bronze-colored locks gently, and her gray eyes glistened as pleasure and anticipation flooded through her. Her blood bubbled through her veins, alive and vibrant as Jack stood beside her.

"It's gorgeous, Jack!" she exclaimed breathlessly. "I've never seen anything so beautiful."

"I have," he said softly, and took her in his arms. Their lips met long and lingeringly, tongues mating in fire as the Indian Summer sun beat down.

"Gee," she sighed as they finally broke the kiss, her fingers stroking his back through his shirt as

he caressed the firm curve of her tight, worn denims. "Why didn't we ever come up here before?"

"Because," Jack grinned, "we didn't own the place then. I only managed to buy it back last month, you know." She nodded against his chest. The cabin above them had belonged to Jack's grandfather, but it had been sold to someone else long ago. Getting it back had been something of an obsession with him, and, looking at the beauty which surrounded it, she could understand why.

"But it's so isolated," she sighed again, nuzzling his throat.

"Yeah, that's the beauty of it," Jack chuckled, achieving a lewd smirk. "Of course, during the summer we'll have neighbors... about a half a mile that way..." he pointed east "... and about three-quarters of a mile the other way. But all the summer people have gone; we've got it all to ourselves."

"I know, wicked man," she murmured, grabbing his ears and pulling him down to kiss again. He responded enthusiastically, then broke away again.

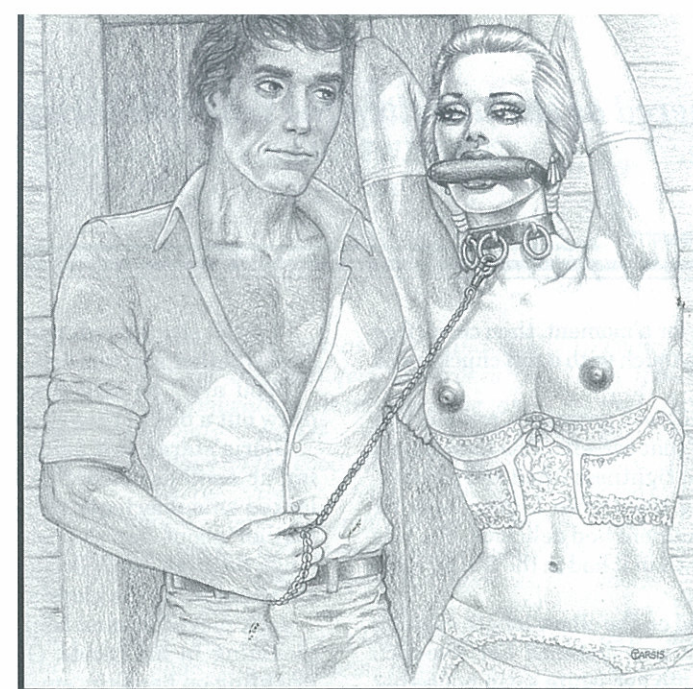
"Enough, wench! You know why we came. And," he added significantly, "we better start pretty soon. The sun'll go down in about four hours, and we don't want to waste it. Things are going to get a little chilly once it's gone."

"You're sure no one's going to see us?" Gloria asked, the tiniest flicker of nervousness mingling with the anticipation in her brilliant eyes.

"I can't absolutely guarantee it," he said, "— that's part of the thrill, isn't it? But no one's living here on the lake right this minute."

"I guess that's good enough," she agreed, and then smiled brilliantly. "And you're right. It is part of the thrill."

"Then let's show you the cabin and find you a place to



Into The Swing

By Jeff Sinclair

In the past, these games had always been nestled in the dark security of their bedroom — In the clearing by the lake, she awakened to a greater feeling of vulnerability and sensuality than she had ever imagined...

firm assertion of will to turn to the ruffles and bows and silk and satin filling her open suitcase.

She selected her garments with care, feeling the inner tension quivering higher and higher as she made her choices. She and Jack had been into bondage games for over three years now, but this would be a first. An experience they had never quite dared try before — and she was determined to look her absolute best for it.

She laid her chosen garments carefully over the back of a chair and opened her cosmetics case, seating herself before the old-fashioned dressing table. She applied her makeup carefully, deliberately creating a brazen sexiness better suited to a barbarian courtesan than a respectable young wife. She plaited her bronze-bright hair into a waist-thick braid, springing from the top of her head and coiled there, held in place by long, antique pins with colored glass heads.

She studied her reflection and made a few final adjustments, half-stunned by the raw, sultry sensuality she had evoked, then applied body perfume lavishly. Armpits and breasts, thighs and crotch — all were anointed with the low-key yet somehow sizzling scent Jack had given her for her birthday. As a final touch, she opened the small jar of rouge and carefully painted the bold circles of her areolas and nipples. They winked at her — scarlet and impudent, sinfully erotic in the mirror.

She studied herself once more, turning on her toes and approving the devastating appearance she had created. Then she donned the garments she had laid out: white lace garter belt, white nylons, tiny satin panties, their front panel marked with a deep vee-shaped cutout that plunged so far the rich bronze silk of her crotch erupted through it.

JOIN THE PEOPLE!

Contribute your photos, drawings, and letters to Harmony! If you send photos, include the form below.

MODEL RELEASE TO HARMONY COMMUNICATIONS, INC.

For valuable consideration, I hereby irrevocably consent to and authorize the use and reproduction by you, or anyone authorized by you, of any and all photographs (negative or positive) of me which I have provided to you, for any purpose whatsoever, including general publication, commercial sales, or other distribution, without further compensation to me. All negatives, positives, and/or prints shall constitute your property, completely and solely.

It is my understanding that this material may be used in publications depicting people in bondage related activities. I understand that such activities are not intended to represent harmful or degrading actions but rather as a benevolent mutual diversion between consenting partners. I hereby grant permission for any and all photographs which you have of me to be used in such publications.

I posed for the material covered by this release in full awareness of what I was doing and completely of my own free will, without any undue persuasion, coercion, deception, or misrepresentation by other persons.

I fully understand that my legal name will not be used in any publication and that my name and/or other information will not be released to the public nor any persons or organizations not connected with Harmony Communications.

I fully understand that my legal name will not be used in any publication and that my name and/or other information will not be released to the public nor any persons or organizations not connected with Harmony Communications.

MODEL'S NAME (PRINT) _____

MODEL'S DATE OF BIRTH _____

MODEL'S SIGNATURE _____ DATE _____

WITNESS CERTIFICATION

"On this date _____ I have certified model's

date of birth from _____ (fill

in type of identification, example "Ohio State Driver's

License" or "Iowa State I.D.")

WITNESS (Signed) _____

Send your contributions to Harmony Communications,

P. O. Box 69976, Los Angeles, CA 90069 U.S.A.

RELEASE INFORMATION IS CONFIDENTIAL!

Satin whispered as she unbelted the robe and shrugged it down her shoulders.

She stroked the curls lightly for a moment, then shook free of the auto-eroticism of her own touch with a soft chuckle and reached for the corselet.

Jack had never seen any of her new garments, and she was looking forward to the effect of that corselet. She fastened its soft silk about her; its unstayed tightness lifted and separated her naked breasts, pushing them even higher, making them even more poutingly prominent and delicious. She was delighted; it looked even sexier than it had in the fitting room mirror when she first tried it on.

As a final garnish, she slipped on the elbow length evening gloves of white, brocaded silk and fastened her five-inch strap-on heels. She shrugged into her white satin housecoat and stepped out into a spill of windowed sunlight to face her waiting husband.

Jack's eyes moved over her face with something like awe. She had been experimenting with cosmetics for several months, but this was the best she had yet achieved, and they both knew it. Gloria smiled hungrily at him as she eyed his obviously swelling crotch. If he thought *this* looked good, she thought wickedly, just wait until he saw the *rest* of her outfit!

"Don't you just look good enough to eat," he said finally, his voice very soft. "Lordy, but you've outdone yourself this time, Glor!"

"Why thank you, oh lord and master," she simpered, pouting prettily.

"And I can tell from your expression you've got something even better under than housecoat," Jack said, still softly. "So why hide it?"

"Now?" She licked her lips against a quaver of nervousness. "Don't you want to wait till we get where we're going?"

"No," he said softly. "It's not far, and I want to see you. I want to see you looking beautiful and sexy in the sunlight all the way there."

She glanced out the window at the empty woods and the rich sunlight on red and gold leaves, then back to her husband's face and nodded slowly, the fire in her gray eyes rising higher as her hands went to her sash. Satin whispered as she unbelted the robe and shrugged it down her shoulders, standing before him in all of her delicate and vulnerable loveliness.

Jack's eyes widened in astonished delight and approval. "Oh my God," he whispered.

"You like me?" Gloria asked. She meant for her voice to come out pert and snippy; it actually came out soft and tenderly loving.

"Do I like you? *Like* you?!" He took her in his arms and kissed her, letting the urgent fire of his mouth answer her. Her arms went around his neck, drawing his head even more firmly down to her, and she felt her thighs weaken. She had told him she would turn his bones to water, and she had; she had not fully realized how his reaction would affect *her*.

It was Jack who finally pulled away with a shaken little laugh.

"Watch it," he chided gently. "I don't plan to dump you down on the floor right here and now, Gloria. I promised you something extra special, and, believe me, you're going to get it."

"I am?" she purred, panting with her own desire and not sure whether she was disappointed or elated by the delay.

"You are," he said firmly, and opened his duffel bag to draw out a black, ring-studded leather collar.

Gloria stared at it avidly, the blowtorch in her belly clicking up another notch. She held her head very erect, her eyes locked smolderingly to his as he slipped the high, smooth leather about her slender throat. He buckled it, its heavy rings flashing, and Gloria swallowed a moan of arousal and anticipation as the glove-smooth leather clasped her.

Jack moved around behind her, the soft, white cotton rope gleaming in his hands. Gloria stood arrow-straight, sweat prickling on her skin, smelling the strengthening sweetness of her body perfume as her skin warmed and flushed tinglingly. The rope circled her wrists gently, firmly, imprisoning them. He didn't bind them together; instead, he bound them separately to rings on the back of her collar. She shuddered in delight as her hands were imprisoned behind her neck, opening her arms to frame her head, lifting her breasts still higher and arching her spine sweetly. The sensation of vulnerability and sweet, sweet surrender ached in her flesh, rising as it always rose. His ropes rendered her captive in his hands, subject to whatever delight he had planned for her. She wore them willingly, eagerly, recognizing them as emblems of her preciousness.

Jack reached back into the duffel bag to produce a thick, cushioned leather bit gag and Gloria's eyes flared. It was one of her favorites; she loved the way its heavy severity garished her helpless appearance, yet it was actually mild enough for extended wear. It muffled without silencing, rendered her wordless without rendering her mute, and filled her mouth without limiting her breath. She bent her head forward eagerly as Jack applied and adjusted it, and, when he released her, shook her head like a newly-bridled horse, tasting the leather-flavored fullness of her mouth with delight.

Jack smiled into her glowing eyes and leaned forward, kissing her forehead gently and then moving lower to kiss her eyelids and lick her cheeks along the upper edge of the gagstrap, as she purred. Then he lifted his mouth away and snapped the chain leash to her collar.

The sharp little "snick" as the snaphook closed was the final preliminary. It announced the beginning of the great experiment, and she moved behind him with butterflies of tremulous anticipation and nervousness beating the inside of her belly as he shouldered the duffel bag and led her slowly out the front door into the brilliant sunlight of early afternoon.

Gloria stepped out the door and the sunlight stabbed her, laying its warmth over her skin. She moaned into the gag, quivering in momentary bliss, her mind teeming with confusing and conflicting thoughts.

She had never been bound outside before, and the strangeness of it largely explained the sudden flash of pleasure. But there was more to it. The sense of doing something forbidden, of violating the taboos which said such games should be

"STAGE IT AGAIN, SIMONE"

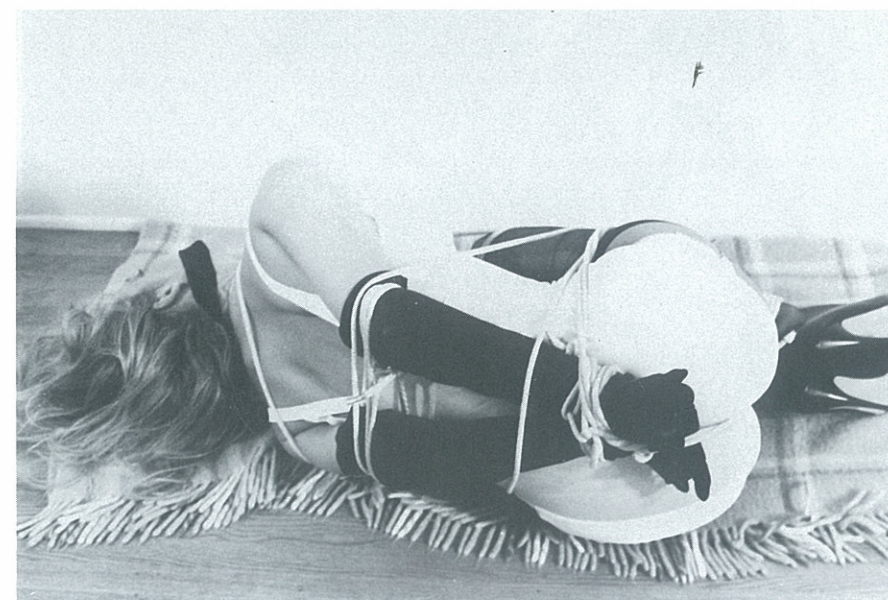
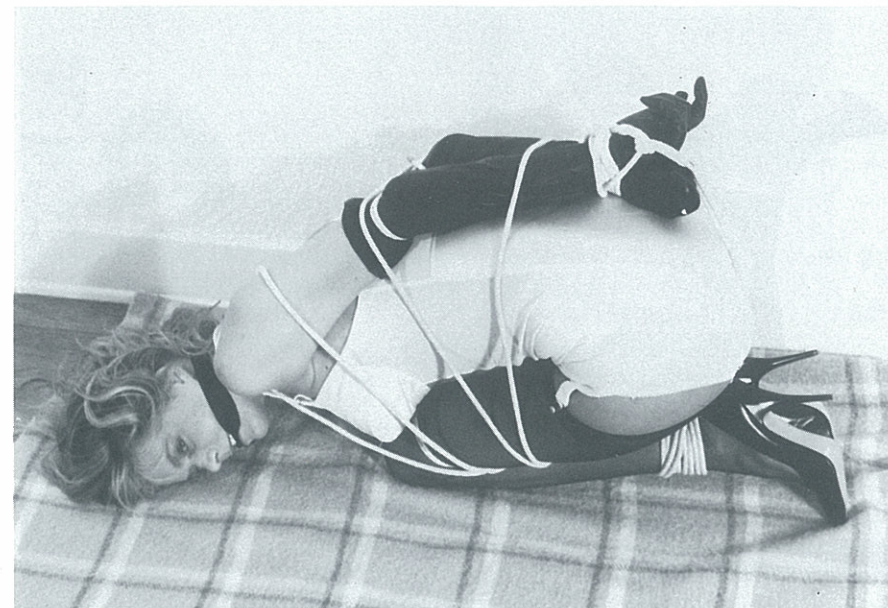
NOELLE NIELSON AND SANDRA GAFFEY VAMP THE PAST

1989 by Simone Devon • The 1950's by Irving Klaw

for those of us with now wintry hair — we who actually walked the world when Irving Klaw and John Willie did — the bondage scenes of those days were embedded more permanently in the sidepockets of our psyches simply because there hadn't been earlier bondage scenes — theirs were the first. Klaw's art, and Willie's, seminal, emotionally seismic and revolu-

tionary, stood out as stark and distinct as the first few keystrokes on a 20 megabyte hard disc, the one-and-only flicker of commercial bondage on the good planet Earth.

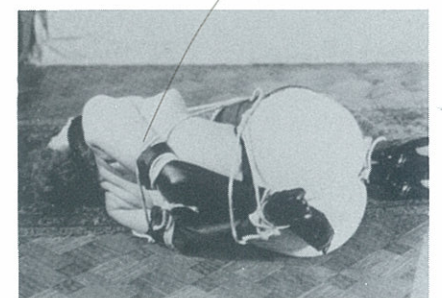
There were fewer bondage photos then, and more time to enjoy them. We lingered unhurriedly on each scene, exploring nuances, metabolizing that specific sight into the sensory pleasure sections of our consciousness forever more.



Simone's Section

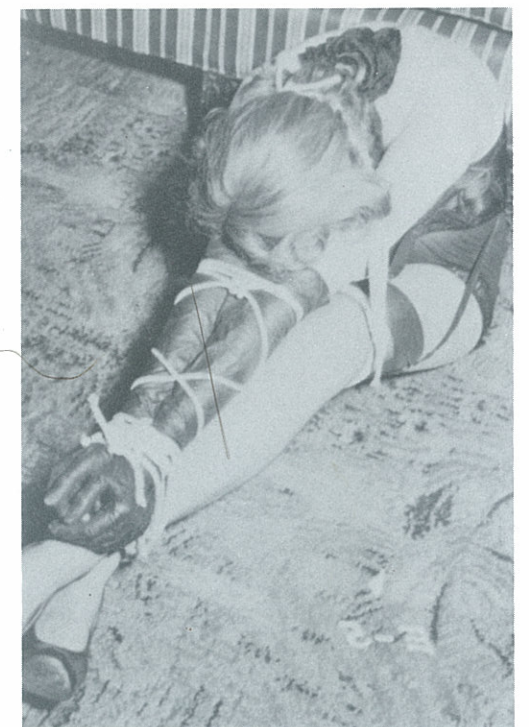
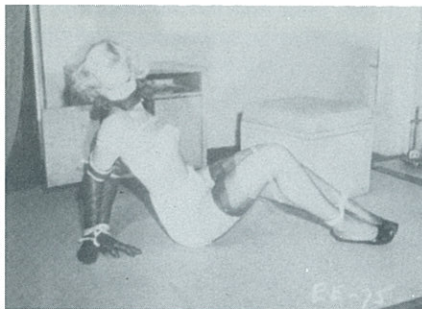
Today, the scenes of bondage come in droves and the unhappy irony is that there is somehow less time to assimilate them in any permanent way. They are glanced at and filed away for viewing at some future time, if ever. Too bad — as regards bondage pictures, less really was more.

So that then is the psychology that underlies the surpassing importance of those older scenes to those of us who were around to buy them. The bondage pictures produced by Irving Klaw and John Willie are tucked sweetly in our minds for all time, like first love and cherry cokes and Kate Smith singing "God Bless America." We who are senior among you love those old pictures.



With all that, it's understandable then that when Simone Devon, a woman still only in her 20's, re-stages those resonating photos of the past, as she has done on this and the three following pages, we older geezers just naturally bless her for her grasp of *The Way It Was*.

Continued on Page 72



Other views of this "Simone's
Section" will be featured in
Bondage Photo Treasures 28.



By The People

Continued from Page 28

Dear Harmony,

Please find enclosed some photos of my wife Barb. We are both in our mid-thirties, and have been practising Love Bondage games together since we married in 1978.



I first introduced Barb to bondage not long after we met. We were playing about my place, and she was refusing to behave. She was wearing a khaki coloured short sleeved jumpsuit, with a tie belt. She had a yellow scarf around her neck and also wore a pair of black leather knee boots. Too good an opportunity to miss, I thought. I threatened to tie her hands if she did not stop messing, but she totally ignored me, as I had secretly hoped she would. At that point, I grabbed her and, using her belt, tied her hands behind her and put her on the bed. I used

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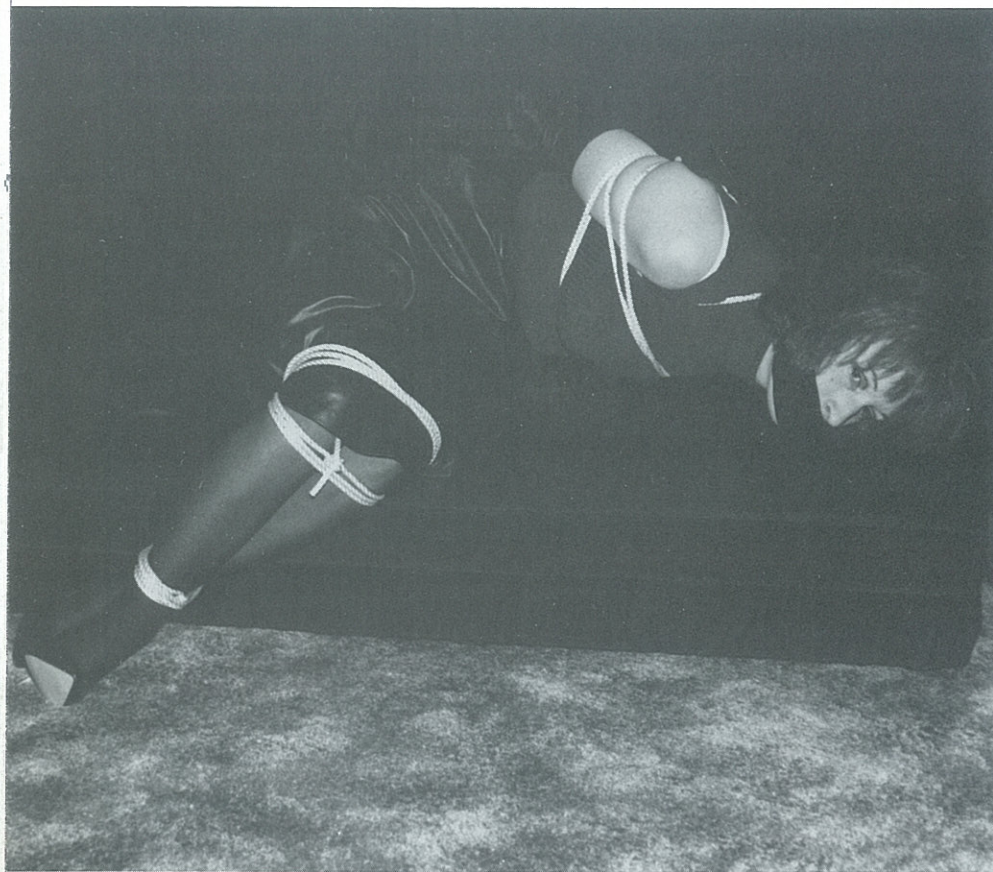


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her scarf as a gag, pulling it tightly between her teeth. I could tell by her reaction and mumbled words that she was enjoying it! I released her after about ten minutes, not wanting to overdo it the first time, but she asked me to tie her again and make love. This time we did almost the same, ex-





cept that she removed her jumpsuit, and was left in just black leather boots. I could not believe the sight that was in front of me. I had tied females before but never had they enjoyed it as much as Barb. It took her a while to come to terms with why she enjoyed it, and that there was nothing wrong with it, but that is another tale. My advice to anyone out there trying to introduce a partner to the wonders of bondage is, take it softly, softly.

We have had many more experiences since then, which we will share in future letters. It is sometimes very lonely being a bondage couple here in England. We would love to know whether there are any other harmonizers here in England who like the same things as we do.

Until next time, keep up the great work.

Best wishes,

Barb & Chris

Dear Harmony,

I have enjoyed a lot of the letters and pictorials you publish. You seem genuinely interested in what people like and don't like and so I thought I would write you some of my thoughts. I can't say enough in praise of your work and courage in publishing this difficult material.

Your work has done a lot to bring bondage out of the closet for me, and I'm grateful for that. I used to spend hours making drawings of women in bondage; your magazines have saved me a lot of time and helped me a little better to see myself. For years I pondered alone about what these images meant for me; I've always had a lot of theories about bondage.

I appreciate your interest in taste and style. I remember in particular the pictorials on Uschi and Dawn Chauvain. Or the work of Sean Harper. Libby Curtis. I also like some amateur photos. Often the clarity and excitement of amateurs comes through very well in their pictures.

The essence of good pictures is a sense of tension and feeling, and that involves the emotional presence of the woman, and at the same time a little care that she's really tied up. After that the most important thing is good photography. I notice that many of the black and white pictures, if the contrast is good, are more affecting than color.

I have a few constructive criticisms. There seems to be a new trend today which says that a gag means only a piece of cloth strung between a woman's lips. It's sort of a swatch she's holding in her teeth. It looks silly. At a glance you know the lady can shout all she wants, so why distort her looks?

One touch I like and rarely see is the model whose hair and dress is really messed up so she looks like she's worked hard or had a lot of fun getting where she's at. Amateur photos sometimes show this better, which maybe is not surprising.

I have a favorite way of tying up a woman that I've never seen in pictorials: I tie her up on the floor with her hands behind her back, and then tie her ankles together and suspend them (from, say, a doorjamb) just about five inches off the floor, but no more. She seems to have a lot of freedom. She's almost just lying down, and it seems like she might be able to sit up, but she can't. She can neither sit nor stand.

Sincerely,

J. Blake

Continued on Page 53

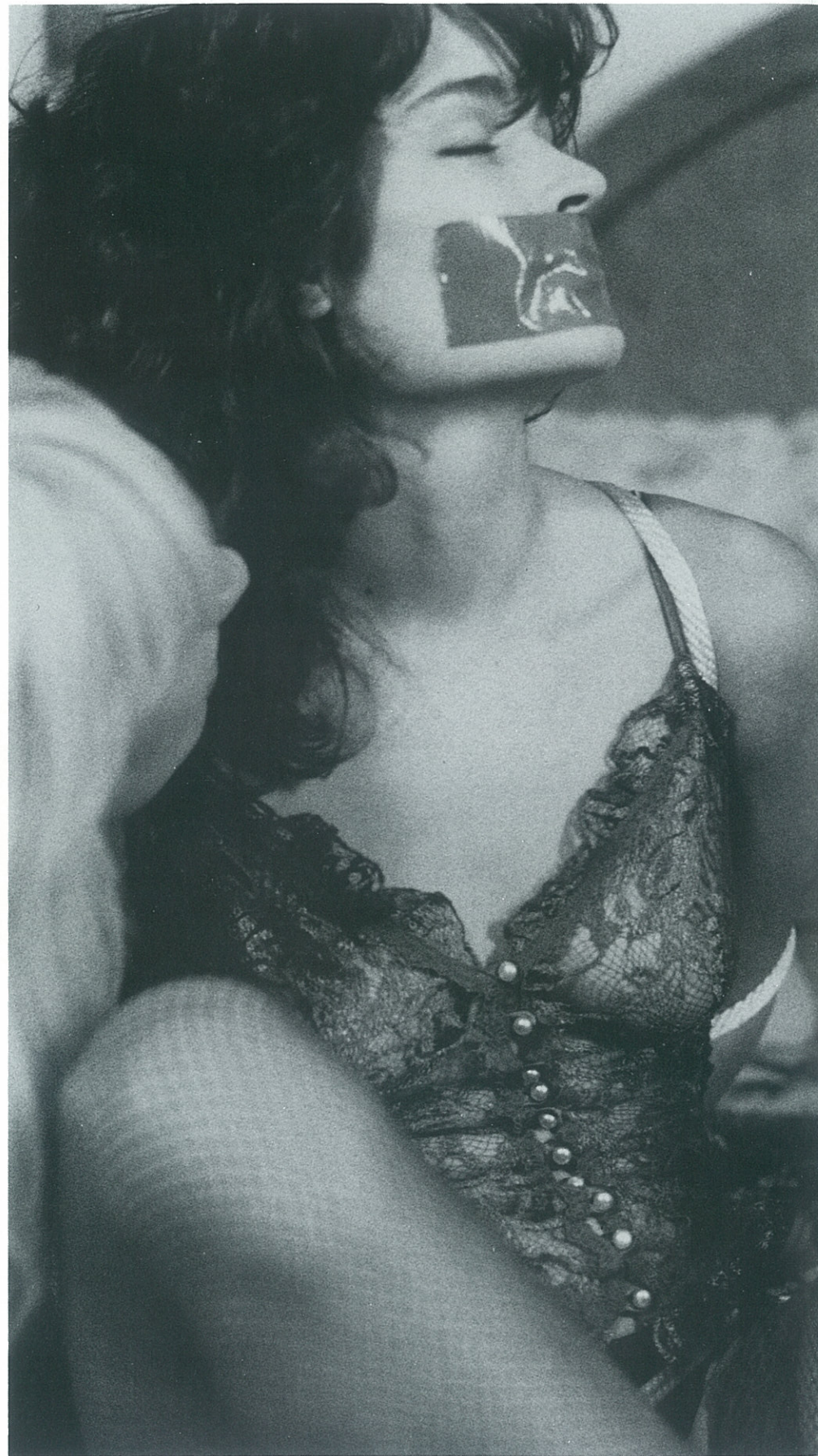
DREAMS DO COME TRUE!



Have you been waiting for a new Harmony star to strum your heart-strings? In the short time since Betsy Demont joined the Harmony roster, she's modeled in many striking and sensual bondages, always emanating a very special and natural affinity for restraint. Watch for her in upcoming Harmony magazines and videos!

THE SEVENTH LESSON

In September's *Lessons In Restraint 1*, sultry Allison Brach taught winsome newcomer Jessica Hunter the forbidden delights of sensual bondage. An avid student, Jessica has returned to her tutor, and together they delve deeper into the mysteries that excite them so . . .



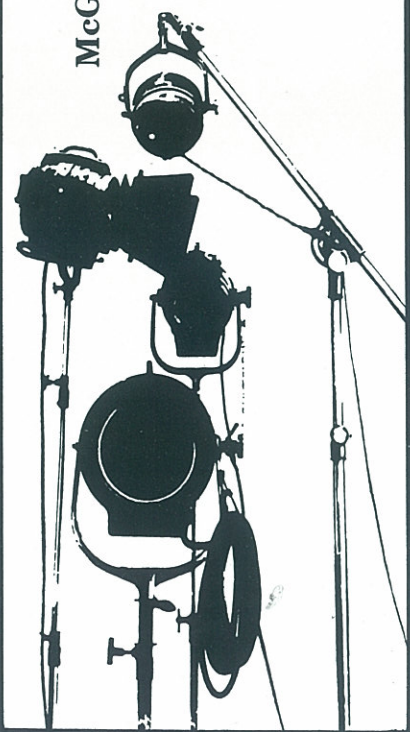
Lost in a dream of erotic abandon, Jessica whimpers softly into her gag and sinks into the softness of Allison's bed, surrendering the last veil of resistance without regret . . .



THE SEVENTH LESSON

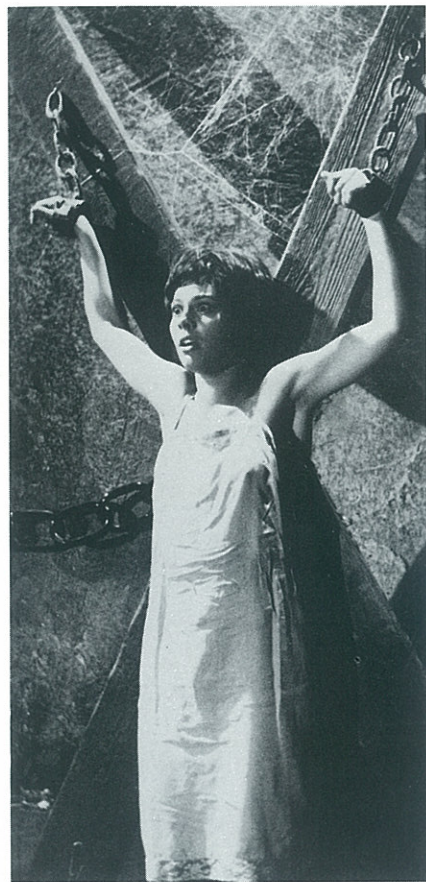
BOUND FOR HOLLYWOOD

Carl McGuire's



'Star Trek' Beauty; New Bond Cutie; Bronson's Latest; 'Deathstalker III'; Tanya Roberts; and More . . .

Fans of "Star Trek: The Next Generation," and particularly of **Marina Sirtis**, one of the Enterprise's more alluring crew members, will want to head to their nearest video outlet at warp speed to check out the 1984 thriller "Blind Date." Miss Sirtis' part is small but memorable: She's an Athens hooker with notably poor judgement in picking her tricks; and she strips down to her panties and allows the gent to expertly tie her wrists to the bed's headboard with hose before she finds out that he's a serial killer "Licence to Kill" introduces classy **Carey Lowell** as the latest of 007's Bondmaids, but we've met her before, in the hip thriller "Down Twisted." In her best scene, she's given a knockout injection and wakes up aboard a boat, her wrists tied tightly together in front. A resourceful lass, she soon chews her way loose The new Charles Bronson action movie, "Kinjite: Forbidden Subjects," has an early scene with leggy blonde **Nicole Eggert**, as a young call girl who caters to kinkier tastes, allowing her date to tie her up. As she stands, in her underwear, facing the foot of the bed, her wrists bound to the rail, wondering what the guy is pulling out of his attache case (Well, let's see: There's a riding crop, what looks like an enormous dildo, two jars of something or other . . .), Bronson the cop bursts in for the bust The Deathstalker series is three for three; those scenes with tied-up ladies just keep coming. In the latest, "Deathstalker III: The Warriors From Hell," the subject is **Terri Treas**, the evil emperor's sinister consort, who has a jolly time torturing the title hero as he's stretched out on the rack, until he manages to free himself and proceeds to have some fun of his own, leaving the lady gagged, manacled to a dungeon wall, and shrieking muffled curses The stunning **Joanna Pacula** ("Gorky Park," "The Kiss") has an all-too-brief moment with her wrists handcuffed behind her back in the comedy-adventure "Options," in which she's an



TOMB IT MAY CONCERN— It's called "Tomb of Torture," an all-but-forgotten oldie from the '60s that may have played the late-show circuit once but now seems to have disappeared from most movie reference books. Possibly European made, it starred two actresses named **Annie Albert** and **Elizabeth Queen**. Beyond these two delectable production stills (ah yes, it's the old St. Andrew's cross being pressed into service again), we've nothing else in our files. Can our readers be of any help?



Geeson is tied, gagged, and informed that she's going to have to stay one more night . . .

'NIGHTMARE HOTEL': CHECK IN, CHECK IT OUT

The blonde British tourist, alone and frightened in the old Spanish inn, slowly opens the door to her boyfriend's room and enters. He lies on his bed — murdered. As she recoils in shock, she turns and sees a dark-haired woman, one of the inn's two owners, seated at the dressing table, staring at her image in the mirror as she methodically wipes blood off her blouse. The English girl starts to flee, but someone has crept up behind her — it is the other woman's sister — and suddenly whips a scarf over her mouth. As the woman knots it, her sister joins her to bind the girl's wrists behind her back with another scarf. When she is gagged and tied, they taunt her, telling her she is next. She bolts from the room and down the stairs — awkwardly, because keeping her balance is difficult with her hands tied. She reaches the front door and tries to open it

with her bound hands; she can't. Through the hallway to the back door; again, failure. The two sisters, slowly, calmly, descend the stairs, knowing she can't escape. Breathing hard, the girl races frantically from kitchen to dining room as the sisters, stone-faced, stalk her. From a drawer, one of them extracts a butcher knife. The girl runs on, panicky now; they have her almost cornered. In the front sitting room, she stumbles and falls, her hands still pinioned, and begins rolling to get away from them. On they come. With nowhere to go, she scoots backward until she is trapped against a window. Pressing against it, she tears the curtain down with her weight, and just as the murderess raises her knife aloft, all three look out the window into the eyes of . . . the chief of police. The victim can only stare out mutely, tears of relief rolling

down her cheeks and wetting the scarf about her mouth. Freeze frame. End of movie. Roll credits.

It's called "Nightmare Hotel," or sometimes "It Happened at Nightmare Inn," and it was made in Spain in 1970. The victim is played by British actress **Judy Geeson** and the two sisters by Spanish actresses **Aurora Bautista** and **Esperanza Roy**. The movie may be all but unknown, relegated to an occasional wee-hours telecast by small stations, sometimes heavily edited, as such flicks often are, and unavailable, as far as we know, on videotape. But by any number of standards — action, suspense, and length of scene (10 solid minutes) — what we've just described may be the most explosive bondage sequence in any film. Look for it, and decide for yourself.



. . . but she decides that she'd rather check out right now. See Judy run. Run, Judy, run . . .

heirress abducted by jungle revolutionaries. When the moment passes, she simply slips one hand free of its cuff, decks a burly guard, and goes on her way If you can remember the tongue-twister "No Retreat, No Surrender II," long enough to rent it, you'll be glad you did. This sequel, much superior to its antecedent, is good fun, scripted around a couple of hard-drinking Americans on a secret mission to Cambodia. The extra ingre-

dient here is **Cynthia Rothrock**, one of the most impressive female martial artists in the movies. Cheerleader-cute rather than pretty, she has a dazzling style of Thai kick boxing, and in one scene — as a prisoner of Vietnamese baddies in Cambodia — proves that she can hold her own even with her hands tied behind her back. The other featured femme is Thai actress **Patra Wanthivanond**, girlfriend of one of the heroes, who's im-

prisoned in a Vietnamese cell, her ankles in stocks and her wrists hauled overhead, and then fed rice gruel through a bamboo tube forced into her mouth. The two ladies star together in the movie's climactic scene, when they're suspended by the wrists over that old standby, the crocodile pit. If anyone should film a "NRNS III," we hope the high-kicking Miss Rothrock is part of it The Italian drama "Collector's Item" may be hard

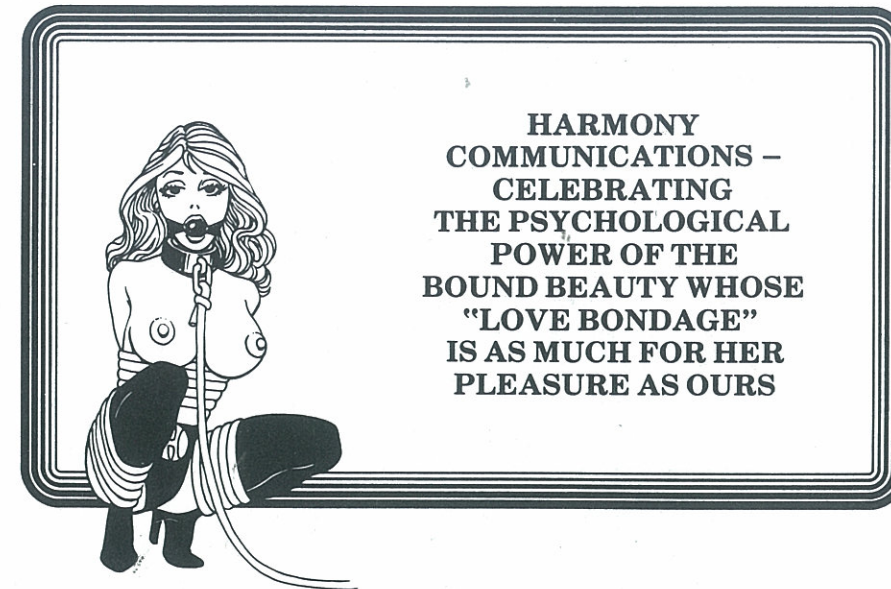


Rothrock over the crocodiles in "No Retreat, No Surrender II."

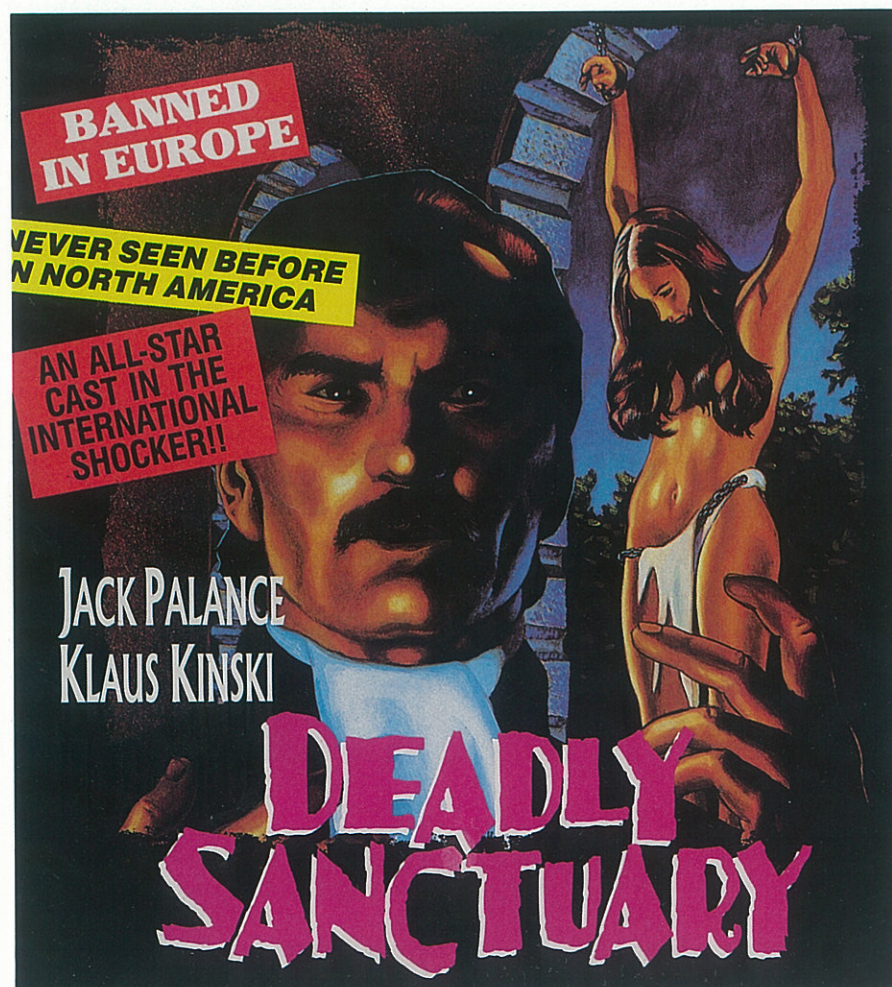
to locate, but it's worth the trouble. It's essentially the kinky tale of a womanizer (Tony Musante) imprisoned by a former lover (Laura Antonelli) and her daughter (Cristina Marsillach, star of the astonishing "Opera," described in our last issue). Even though female domination of the male is the theme, we are treated to an erotic scene in which the daughter allows Musante to bind her for some love-making, and another in which the young woman tries to stop her mother from murdering by tying her to the footboard of the bed with sheets The bondage elements in the Patricia Hearst story are well known by now, and the new Paul Schrader movie "Patty Hearst" mostly recycles the old ingredients — the tying and gagging during the kidnapping, the long hours spent blindfolded in the closet and even in the bathtub (!), the handcuffing by FBI agents during the arrest, etc. We did notice one nice

visual touch, however: When the Symbionese Liberation Army ties and gags their victim (played by British actress **Natasha Richardson**, daughter of Vanessa Redgrave), in her apartment, the gag they slip between her teeth is neatly knotted at the center **Renee Coleman**, as a too-glamorous-for-words kidnap victim, has a couple of brief scenes tied with ropes and blindfolded in the John Candy comedy "Who's Harry Crumb?" **Otto Preminger's** 1975 "Rosebud," based on the thriller novel about the terrorist abduction of the daughters of five of the world's richest men, is an absolute misfire, especially coming from the man who directed "Laura." He even waters down the sequence in the book in which the five newly kidnapped young lovelies are led, naked and tied at the wrists, up to the deck of their yacht. About all that's left are a few later shots of French actress **Isabelle Huppert** hooded and with her wrists

bound "Tanya Roberts is in . . . Purgatory!" the ominous voice tells us in the coming-attractions trailer. She's also in a bad movie. "Purgatory" is the tale of the unjust imprisonment, in a rank African jail, of your typical drop-dead-gorgeous American tourist (come to think of it, this should be subtitled "They took away her freedom . . . but they couldn't take away her eye shadow"). For starters, that topless blonde suspended by her wrists in a cell, whom you'll spot on the videotape's display box, has no counterpart anywhere in the movie. For bondage, we'll have to make do with Miss Roberts and her companion in misery, **Julie Pop**, with wrists cuffed behind their backs and, a little later, being led off to jail with another shapely female, the three cuffed together in a line. Beyond that, it's a long movie It's easy to miss **Saun Ellis** in "The Protector," since the Jackie Chan flick is mostly kung fu. Look carefully, however, toward the end, and you'll spot the redhead tied, gagged, and struggling for a few seconds as Chan tries to chop-sock his way to her "The Understudy: Graveyard Shift II" is about pool players, movie makers, and vampires, in roughly equal measure. It's sexy and stylish too, particularly the part where vampiress **Wendy Gazelle** is stretched out and tied face-down to a bed by another lady vampire, Else von Glatz, who gives her thirsty friend a drink by slicing her own hand, between thumb and forefinger, and offering it to be sucked Staying with the vampire theme a while, "Dracula's Widow" is Sylvia Kristel; but, during a certain sacrificial ceremony, we only had eyes for bit player **Candice Sims**, a curvy blonde who's naked but for a G-string, being hauled taut on a rack. Her dialogue was of the screams-only sort; since we weren't really listening, it didn't matter **Shawn Weatherly**, the onetime Miss Universe and current star of the syndicated scuba-diving adventure series "Oceanquest," brightens things considerably in the thriller "Party Line." As an undercover cop tracking a killer who finds his victims in singles bars, she's outfoxed when the guy dons female drag and chloroforms her in the ladies' room, then whisks her off to his hillside home, where she awakens in his bed with her wrists tied and tape over her mouth. Slipping her bound hands around his neck, he asks her to dance — and how can she refuse? — then waltzes her out to the balcony, where . . . well, let's just say



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



HOLLYWOOD HYPE DEPT. — Hmm. Anybody seen this movie? Just recently released in this country, it appears to be a European flick from the early '70s, possibly X-rated, and — if the publicity material is accurate — based on the Marquis de Sade's "Justine" or "Juliette," or a combination of both. It's certainly not "De Sade," the 1969 British version of the Marquis' life, which starred Keir Dullea and was, overall, pretty limp entertainment. Beyond that, we know not a thing — except that the sight of a nearly naked damsel hanging in chains always serves to stir our curiosity . . .



PLEASE! NOT SO TIGHT — And this issue's creative emoting award goes to actress **Lenore Kasdorf**, here trying her best to look helpless when she's not. The scene is from the upcoming "L. A. Bounty," with Miss Kasdorf as a politician's kidnapped wife and the redoubtable Sybil Danning as her rescuer. Did she really need rescuing? With ropes like that, she could almost shrug her way free.

TWO WHO REALLY LEARNED THE ROPES

Is there life after modelling for bondage photos? For some actresses, most definitely; if they're talented enough, even Hollywood stardom is not out of reach. Two cases in point: **Michelle Bauer**, who under the name **Pia Sands** was a fixture of *Harmony's* magazines and videotapes in the late '70s and early '80s; and **Linnea Quigley**, who as **Jessie Dalton** made frequent appearances in bondage videos produced by other companies. Now those two ladies are showing up in mainstream films — Bauer starring in the action thriller "Wild Man" and appearing in the sex comedy "Screen Test," and Quigley building something of a cult following in such horror films as "Return of the Living Dead" and "Creepozoids." The two even turn up together in "Hollywood Chain Saw Hookers" ("They charge an arm and a leg," it says on the posters) and in — are you ready? — "Sorority Babes in the Slimeball Bowl-O-Rama." Oh, and one more thing: This toothsome twosome just can't seem to escape those bondage scenes: Check out Bauer in "Demonwarp" (see *Bondage Life* 33) and in "Wild Man" — tied to a chair, with what looks like a small bomb (!) at the side of her head, attached there by the same crisscrossed ropes that gag her — and Quigley in the new "Deadly Embrace," which has her at the mercy of an enraged wife with whose husband she's been dallying . . .



Quigley (left) in "Deadly Embrace," Bauer in "Wild Man."

she's not as helpless as she looks What is it about **Jennifer Jason Leigh**? She looks like your average corn-fed Iowa City high school girl and shows up in some of the most depraved movies around — and gets tied up in

them to boot. We've pointed out "Flesh and Blood" and "The Hitcher." Now it's "Heart of Midnight," an eerie little thing about strange people with stranger sexual tastes. At the end, we can see her all decked out in black leather,

PAULA KLAU & IRA KRAMER'S MOVIE STAR NEWS

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"Uh . . . pardon me, but would you like to dance?" Weatherly and her date in "Party Line."

standing in front of a Y-shaped whipping stand, manacled at the wrists and ankles and with chain running from ankles to wrists to neck, and beyond. Good grief . . .

B/D on T/V — At this writing, a deadly-dull summer is coming to a close. A few bright spots, all of them re-runs: **Robey** found her way into another entanglement on that old reliable, "Friday the 13th — the Series," this one a back-to-back tie with her male co-star in an episode involving some sinister kids and a haunted playhouse . . . The short-lived "Supercarrier"

series has been resurrected, with two of its one-hour shows making the TV movie circuit under the title "Deadly Enemies." The second hour features two pretty things, **Molly Fontaine** and **Lena Pousette**, as gun-runners who shanghai two Navy pilots onto an unscheduled munitions run aboard an old DC-3. The ladies themselves are hijacked in mid-flight, however, and left seated back in the cargo hold, gagged and with their wrists roped to their ankles . . . "Superboy" continues to be worth checking on a regular basis: Blonde guest star **Cindy Ramsey** could be seen tied to a chair

in a recent episode; and redheaded series regular **Stacy Haiduk**, as Lana Lang, seems to have frequent encounters with bondage, two of them carrying medieval themes. In one, she's strapped to a rack in a candle-lit dungeon and stretched just a tad; in another, she's locked by wrists and neck into a guillotine, the blade held aloft by a rope that's being slowly charred by a flame. And in the latter situation, her tormentor is none other than that perennial dominatrix, Sybil Danning



Robey staying in practice on "Friday the 13th" — the Series."



Richarde on "Police Squad": Stop laughing, this is serious.

'Bracken's World': Did You See THAT SHOW?

For some time, we've been hearing about an extraordinary long-lost scenario from the old TV series "Bracken's World." The letter that follows, from a reader in Virginia, is the best description we've encountered of what must have been a bang-up bit of bondage on the tube.

We wonder if it'll ever surface again . . .

Back in the summer of 1969, there was a short-lived evening television serial on the air called "Bracken's World." There was one particular episode that I will never forget as long as I live. I had not yet started high school and was well aware of my fascination for lovely young women in mild bondage. I remember reading a newspaper blurb in the TV section that the show being aired that night would be about a "young starlet" kidnapped by a bible-quoting nut.

Well, I tuned in that night to a TV episode from which I am still recovering. In fact, I have not seen anything like it in the 17 years that have passed since that evening.

A young man develops a fascination for a very beautiful model named Rachel Holt (played by Karen Jensen). One night he approaches her in the studio parking lot with a gun and instructs her to enter a small warehouse on the premises. They climb a ladder to an attic area. Once upstairs, he immediately sits her down on a bale of hay and ties her hands behind her back with a length of rope from a small bag he is carrying.

She is berating him in a hushed whisper about how he'll "never get away with this" when he takes a blue cloth and begins to tie it over her mouth. Before she is silenced, she pleads not to be gagged and promises she won't scream. The boy grants her request, only to be betrayed moments later when a night watchman happens by and shines a flashlight through the window from the street below. But before she can make a sound, he clamps his hand (with the cloth in it) firmly over her mouth and keeps her quiet till the cop leaves. There is a closeup of her face as he tightly gags her with the cloth while accusing her of being a liar.

In the next scene, it is now morning and she has just awakened while still bound and gagged. He walks toward her, explaining that he wants to "help" her. As soon as he removes the gag, she resumes complaining. She falls silent, however, when the boy says he plans to spirit her back to the Midwest where she can live a good clean life with him and his mother.



Jensen on That Show.

She is re-tied and gagged at least three more times. Finally, he has left her tied up while he goes to get her something to eat. A group of people are now touring the studio grounds near the warehouse. She is frantically trying to be heard through her gag. But she soon realizes the futility of this and decides instead to fling one of her shoes through the window to attract attention. There are lingering close-ups of her face and feet. She works one shoe off part way and catapults it out the window while lying on her side.

Just about then, the kidnapper returns and unties her so she can eat. He becomes suspicious when she balks at getting up to stretch her legs, fearing he will notice one shoe is missing. When he figures it out, she is re-tied and gagged an incredible fourth time while he goes to retrieve the shoe.

This time she works her hands free while he is sleeping and starts down the ladder. He wakes up, and just about then the law arrives to set things straight.

That TV episode contained the most stimulating, yet most gentle, bondage I have ever seen. I've often wondered if it still exists in a Hollywood storage room somewhere.

. Finally, the "Police Squad" series gets a new lease on life, due to the popularity in the theaters of its creators' "The Naked Gun." One of the eight episodes now reissued on videotape, about a virtuous pugilist fighting the mob, has a delightful few seconds of **Tessa Richarde**, as the boxer's blonde and bosomy girlfriend, tied to a chair, gagged, and struggling to free herself. Comic touches: that 'X' of rope accentuating an already promi-

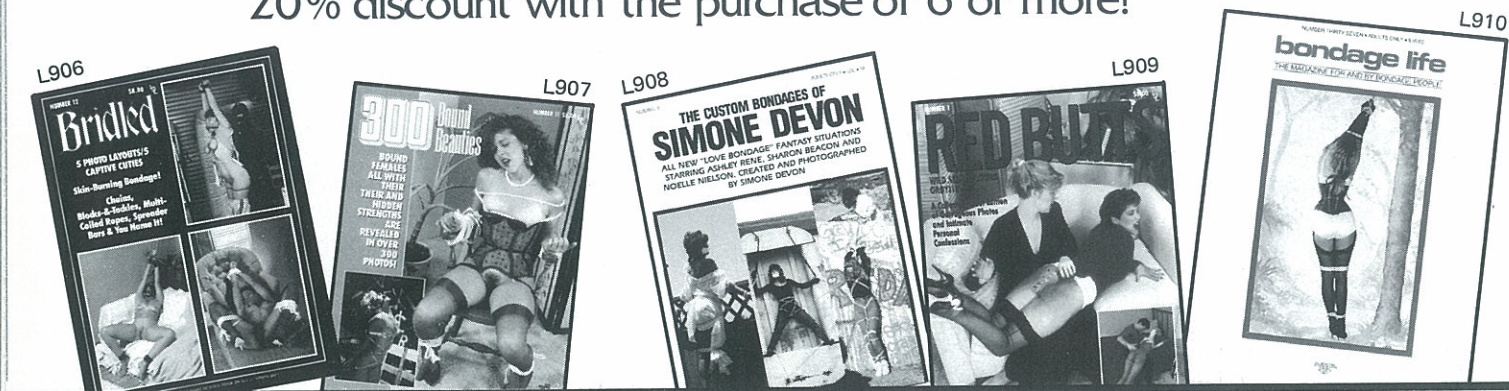
nent chest development; and the moment midway through her battle with the ropes when she pauses to wipe her brow with one suddenly free hand, then replaces it behind her back to resume struggling

PREVIEWS OF COMING ATTRACTIONS — Spanish director Pedro Almodovar ("Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown") is now filming in Madrid something en-

titled "Atame," which translates as "Tie Me Up," starring Victoria Abril and described as "an obsessive love affair that culminates in a kidnapping." Hmmm . . .

And acknowledgements to collector B.G. for the stills from "Tomb of Torture," *Prevue* magazine for the shot from "L.A. Bounty," and all of you out there who send us your tips, photos, observations, and questions. Keep 'em coming . . .

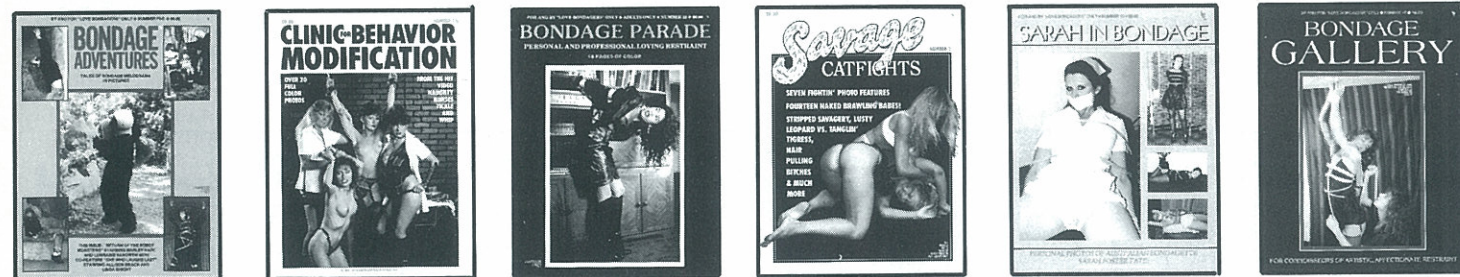
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L906 Bridled No. 12 \$8 L907 300 Bound Beauties No. 11 \$8 L908 Custom Bondages of Simone Devon No. 9 \$8
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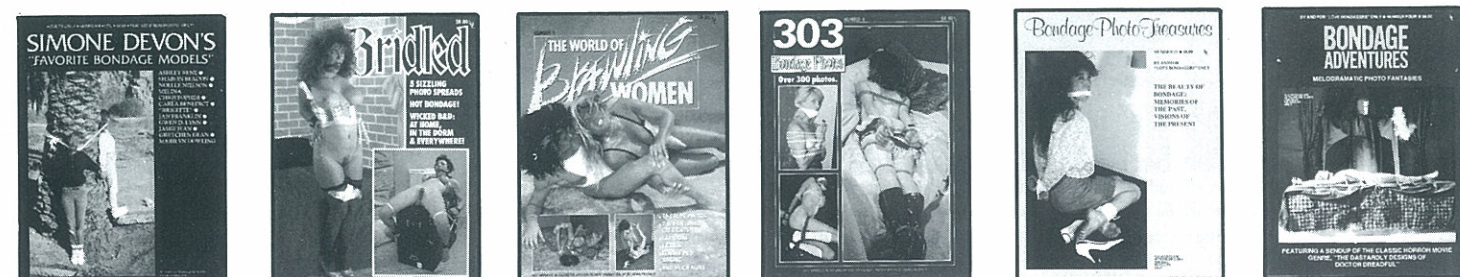
L905 Beautiful Bondage Scenes No. 16 \$8 L904 The Asian Connection No. 1 \$9
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L888 Custom Bondages of Simone Devon No. 8 \$8 L887 Beautiful Bondage Scenes No. 15 \$8



L886 Simone Devon's Favorite Bondage Models No. 9 \$8 L885 Bridled No. 11 \$8
L884 The World of Bawling Women No. 1 \$8 L883 303 Bondage Photos No. 6 \$8
L882 Bondage Photo Treasures No. 25 \$8 L881 Bondage Adventures No. 4 \$8

HARMONY BONDAGE SURVEY 7

Even if you've answered earlier Harmony surveys, please return this one too! We have some special questions that we'd like to know your thoughts on. Your opinions are important!

A. DEMOGRAPHIC DATA

SEX: ☐ M ☐ F
AGE RANGE: ☐ 20s ☐ 30s ☐ 40s ☐ 50s ☐ 60+
MARITAL STATUS: ☐ Single ☐ Married
OCCUPATION: _____
EDUCATION (Highest level completed): _____
LOCATION (City and state only): _____

B. COMMUNICATING

1. Have you ever tried to explain Love Bondage to a non-bondager? How did they respond?

2. If you tried to explain Love Bondage to a non-bondager with only a few sentences, what would you say?

3. Do you wish you could be more open about bondage? Would it be nice if bondage was completely accepted? Or do you enjoy having something "secret" and "unusual?"

4. Does it seem that society is giving negative or positive messages about bondage? Is personal bondage becoming more acceptable?

C. DEFINITIONS

1. Many non-bondagers associate bondage with sadomasochism. Do you agree with them? Why or why not?

2. What do you feel is the difference between "bondage" and "Love Bondage?" Or do you think the two terms can mean the same thing?

BONDAGE STYLES

This is a very important question, one which we will take to heart and which may shape our work for years to come. We realize there will be some overlapping of interests, but for the sake of this survey, we ask you to **pick only one** of the five answers given.

If Harmony's materials offered only one of the following themes, which would you want it to be:

- ☐ 1. Women being bonded by other women (bondage for its own sake)
- ☐ 2. Bondage scenarios conveying a sense of peril
- ☐ 3. Women bonded by loving males as part of a mutually sexual situation
- ☐ 4. Women bonded by loving females as part of a mutually sexual situation
- ☐ 5. Anything else: specific apparel or lingerie, leather or rubber, bare feet or high heels, nudity, bathing cap or sneakers, an actual bondage position, whatever, and it is this special element that makes the bondage situation appeal to you more than or in spite of any of the four preceding scenarios

MAIL THIS SURVEY TO:
HARMONY COMMUNICATIONS
P. O. BOX 69976
LOS ANGELES, CA. 90069

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

By The People

Continued from Page 36

Dear Harmony,

I greatly enjoy your publications even though they are hard to obtain in this country. I was pleased to know there are so many other people with fantasies and experiences like mine, especially those regarding males who love seeing women in bondage, but equally enjoy being tied up in female undies. I am aged 29 and have been into bondage for as long as I can remember. Like other readers' early formative experiences, mine included bondage in comic books and detective magazines. However, those only served to fan the flames of something that had begun much earlier. I don't know how it started, but I have clear memories of practicing self-bondage from early childhood. Even during those pre-puberty days, lingerie played a major role. When my mother was out shopping, I would raid her undie drawer for full-length slips and stockings. The feel of the nylon and cool silk against my skin was terrific. I can remember pretending to be a young girl surprised by burglars and proceeding to tie myself up with stockings and ties. Ankles and knees were secured and I would then gag myself with a handkerchief tied tightly around my lips. Then I'd slip my arms behind my back and through a belt fastened about my waist. This was the best arm bondage I could manage. I would then vainly struggle and moan through my very ineffective gag for anything up to an hour, loving the feel of the nylon and tight restraint. My interest in bondage did not diminish as I grew up, and as puberty progressed the sexual element of my "tying-up games" became only too clear. My skills at making myself helpless improved with the use of slip-knots and discovery of the hogtie, and I found that packing my mouth with panties, stockings or a sock improved the effectiveness of a gag and was also much more stimulating. Even before reading any bondage material I had devised my own form of single glove. I managed to acquire a pair of pantihose and found that if one leg was pulled down over my head and face as tightly as possible with the other leg hanging

down my back, by stretching my arms my hands could reach the waistband and could squeeze both arms into the one leg, pinning my elbows and arms closely together in a nylon sheath — great bondage, but impossible to escape without ripping the nylons.

I still enjoy self-bondage and enjoy dressing in female undies for this. I am not a transvestite, and am strongly heterosexual, but I am addicted to lingerie. I have managed to build up my own secret collection of panties, girdles, slips, nighties, garter belts, bras, stockings and pantihose. These are used only for self-bondage sessions. For example, last Saturday morning I closed the curtains in my bedroom and hall and placed the key of my newly acquired handcuffs attached to a piece of string in the freezer, as described in one of your reader's letters. Once frozen I hung the key, enclosed in ice, from the curtain rail in the hall so that once I had tied myself up, I could only release myself once the ice had melted and the key had dropped somewhere onto the carpet. I then began my transformation into a lingerieed helpless damsel in distress. I fantasize that I have been forced to dress like this by a dominating mistress who used me as her bondage maid. I have laid out my bondage gear and choice of lingerie on the bed. First, a black silk stocking is pulled down over my erect member, then fastened at the base. My penis, encased in silkiness, is firmly strapped back up between my legs and pressed between my bottom cheeks. From the front it is no longer visible and I am ready to don my female underwear. First a frilly white garter belt and seamed black nylons, then white lace panties pulled tightly around my buttocks and hips. On top of this comes a pair of frothy French knickers and a pair of white high heeled shoes so high I can barely totter around in them. With soft white rope I firmly secure my ankles and above and below my nylon encased knees. Sitting on the edge of the bed I attach my open handcuffs to the waist chain behind my back. Next comes a white satin padded bra, a broad leather collar which I have to padlock on, and a homemade mono-glove or arm sheath. I plug my ears with cotton and then pull a black nylon stocking over my head and face and clip it to my collar. Next comes a pair of white panties pulled over my head so that the crotch is tightly against my nose and mouth. These are for titillation as I can still see through the leg holes and muffled speech is still possible. Then a red ball

gag is forced into my mouth, pressing the stocking hood and panty crotch against my tongue, and the strap securely buckled behind my head. A further pair of French knickers is folded up and used as a blindfold, being held in place by a stocking tied over my eyes. I am now ready to go beyond the point of no return, and pause to consider my predicament. Here I am in total darkness, unable to utter more than a muffled groan, dressed in female undies, and I love every minute of it! I strain against my bonds trying to kneel up on the bed. I place my hands behind me and into the mouth of the arm sheath. The shiny lycra glides up my arms and my elbows are pulled firmly together. The sheath is just long enough for my hands to appear at the bottom. I fumble blindly for the open cuffs and quickly snap them closed, thus clamping my hands tightly to my waist. There, it's done and I start my vain struggles which excites me so. Every movement brushes the silk or nylon against my skin. The exquisite smell of perfumed undies fills my nose as I grunt through my gag. All life's troubles are behind me; I am strangely relaxed in this silent silken prison. My only care is the sensation of my tight bonds against my sexy undies. This is my idea of bliss. The struggles to get off the bed and crawl up the hall bring me to the brink of excitement almost every few feet. Sometimes I also attach the handcuffs to my ankle bonds with a small chain so that I am hogtied. This makes movement really slow.

All this I keep secret from my girlfriend, whom I love very much. However, we recently had our first joint bondage experience which I thought was terrific but didn't do a lot for her. We were lying in bed naked in a hotel room in the USA, feeling very relaxed after a bottle of wine. When she asked me if I had any fantasies I would like her to enact, I plucked up my courage and said I would like her to tie me up. She rapidly agreed and told me to lie face down on the bed with my hands behind me. She quickly tied my wrists with a stocking and used some pantihose to tie my ankles. I asked her to tie my elbows and knees and she eventually agreed, complaining that I was ruining all her pantihose. I was by now very excited and, although the bonds were not as tight as I was used to, the atmosphere was electric and I certainly could not get free despite the struggling. She then suggested a blindfold and before I could answer my sight had been cut off by a stocking tied tightly over my eyes. I then asked

her to gag me and after rumaging in her under drawer she straddled my back, pulled my head round and told me to open my mouth wide. In went a pair of silk French knickers, tightly packed until my cheeks bulged and held in my mouth with another stocking tied around my head. I love gags and this was the best yet! My idea of heaven — tied up and panty-gagged by the woman I love. There then followed a great session of teasing and love-making; afterwards she untied my legs and removed the blindfold but left me gagged and with my arms bound for about an hour. I think she wanted to tie me up because I enjoyed it, but was not excited by the bondage herself. However, it was a terrific beginning, and I hope I can persuade her to try again sometime soon. I will keep you informed.

Please publish more letters on self-bondage, and keep up the good work. I found the letters from Jim and Sue really exciting. Until I read *Bondage Life*, I thought I was unusual and had strong guilt feelings about bondage, but I now enjoy this great pastime guilt-free. It is one of the best relaxants I know.

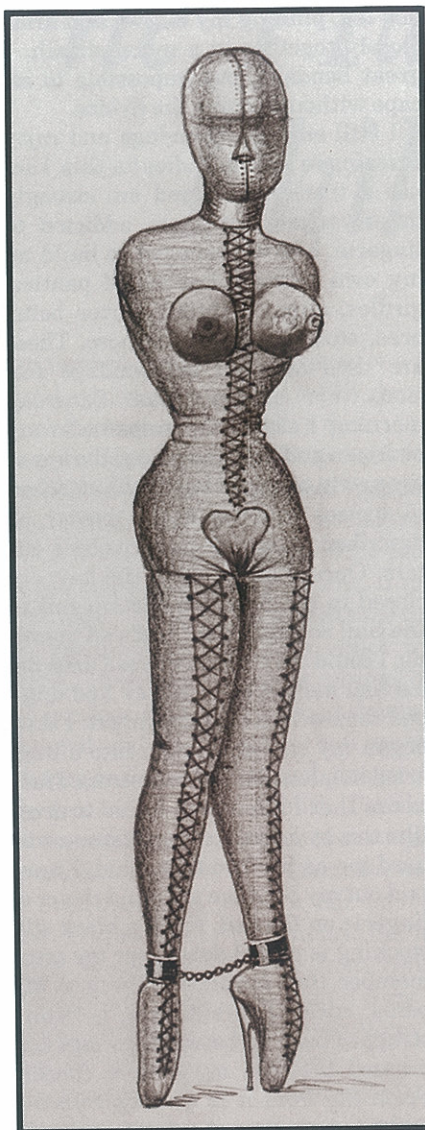
Yours sincerely,
N.D.

Belfast, Northern Ireland

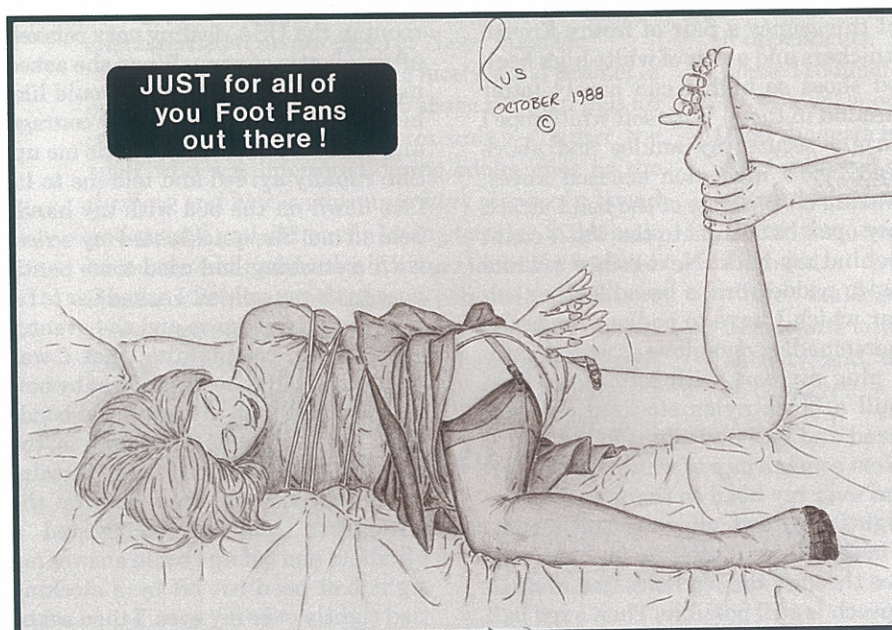
Good luck with your American girlfriend! Perhaps it would help her to understand the attraction of bondage if you were to offer to tie her up some time . . . In the meantime, please practice caution in your self-bondage games. Keep a spare key somewhere, just in case.

-Ed.

ARTWORK BY JAY



Drawing by Rus



Dear Harmony,

It's a complicated life we bond-agers have chosen for ourselves, but it is not without its rewards. Finding a partner who shares our desires is foremost in the minds of many of the people who read *Harmony* magazines. (If it wasn't I'm sure they would still be reading those other trashy rags that this particular medium is rife with. I certainly don't mean to offend anyone but I do feel very strongly about *Harmony* and the positive contribution that they have made to my life and yours and to the industry as a whole; and I believe that they have taken the proper approach to this wonderful and fascinating lifestyle. The soap box is beginning to creak just a tad now so I'll get off of it and on with it.)

In the past fifteen years I have had four different partners, none of whom had any previous bondage experience, yet I was able to enjoy a mutually satisfying bondage relationship with each and every one. My bondage desires never contributed to the end of any of my relationships. Quite the contrary: my current partner and I separated after five years together, and are now back together and very happy again and our bondage experiences played a very great role in our decision to reunite! You might say we were bound to be together, so to speak. There was much written during the middle ages about rope and knot magic pertaining to the binding of certain objects, and yes, even one's lover, to ensure fidelity, return, safety, health, etc. . . . I'm getting off on a tangent again.

Anyway, I have read a great many *Bondage Life* letters from people who have the common problem of either not being able to find a partner to share their bondage desires with, or not being able to share with their current partner. I have encountered these problems in my life also and after some initial frustrations I learned to overcome these obstacles the same as one overcomes any obstacle that stands between you and that which you desire, be it a job, home, or anything else. Take heart, my friends, this is a skill that, through hard work, self discipline and determination can be learned the same as you learn to drive a car, play golf or anything else worthwhile. Don't misunderstand, it isn't easy, nothing worthwhile is, but it's far from impossible.

You will find that it isn't your

partner's attitudes and feelings that need to change, it's yours! No, you say? Reason this out. A salesman is trying to sell you a product. As he gives you his pitch he stutters, he seems shy, nervous. He blew it. Is it your fault? No. He lacked sincerity, belief in himself and his product. Now, put yourself in the salesman's place and your partner in the customer's. Enough said. You must unload your guilt and see yourself and your feelings in a different light. If you agree with the *Harmony* Philosophy then you're halfway there already. If not, then you must rethink your feelings. Your partner is not an object. She's a person. She (or he for that matter) has needs and feelings the same as you do. A woman can be your best friend, but you must be willing to give as good as you expect to get.

In a recent article in *Bondage Life* a male respondent made some disparaging remarks about the Bound For Controversy section. He pointed out the results of a recent *Bondage* survey in support of his claim that it should be removed entirely. I have a copy of Survey #4 in front of me now and I don't draw the same conclusion. As near as I can determine, a majority of men responding enjoy or would enjoy being bound by their women. Seeing men in bondage doesn't do much for me either, but my partner thoroughly enjoys it and I certainly don't want it removed. The pictorial of Lorraine and Neal in *Bondage Life* 35 is a beautiful example of the kind of relationship that I'm willing to bet a great majority of the people that read this magazine wish they could share. A puzzle with all the pieces, if you will. By removing the Bound For Controversy section, we as men would once again be shutting out the very people with whom we wish we could share our most secret desires, our female partners. Perhaps if the Bound For Controversy section was expanded and some male models were included in a few pictorial layouts, our female partners would be more inclined to read BL and in so doing would be exposed to Love *Bondage* in its proper light. Provided of course that you get it out from under the front seat of the pickup, or out from behind the tool box in the basement, and put it on the bedside table where it belongs.

The world is changing fellas, and no matter how it might seem sometimes, it's good for them and good

REMEMBER US?



We miss you! We know that some of you only buy *Bondage Life*, completely forsaking the lesser-known titles like *Bondage Parade* and *Bondage Gallery*. Here we are, the same beautiful girls you love to see in BL, struggling our hearts out in tight, sexy bondage, and for what? Don't you like us?

Take next month's *Bondage Gallery*, for example. (Please!). We're all there: Allison Brach, roped down to her coffee table with that heated look she gets when she's in really tight bondage; sultry Maria Tortuga in black leather; Carmen Mateos bound up in her best white lingerie; Betsy Demont being put through her paces "After Hours;" Kiri Kelly with an offer you can't refuse; Amanda Chase Parker as a slave in chains, awaiting your wildest whim; elegant Elise Di Medici lashed to her couch for the evening; and how could you ignore smoldering Tanya Fox, bound, ballgagged and begging for attention? Does this sound like a line-up you could miss and still face yourself in the mirror every morning? Come on. Show us you love us and send *Harmony* your little old eight dollars for *Bondage Gallery* twelve. We'll be waiting . . .

for us. However, if we as men are to benefit from this we must be willing to change with it. If you're still not convinced consider this. Some of the greatest, most powerful men in the history of the world have fallen helpless before the women they loved. Wimps? Hardly. Quite the contrary. They were brave enough to admit that they could not take by force the thing with they desired most; the thing which we all desire, men and women alike. Our partner's complete and total giving of themselves to us, willingly. The key word here is willingly. They knew also that in order to receive this most precious and beautiful gift, the one gift in all the universe that must be freely given in order to be possessed, they must be willing to give that

which they hoped to receive. I believe it is here that we can find one basic reason for this thing we call bondage. We, for a brief moment, give up our freedom that we may find the true freedom that exists between two people who care about one another above all else, and are willing to give to one another, completely and absolutely. I truly believe that if the folks out there, who are wrestling with the problem of how to get their partner to participate in this lifestyle with them, would approach this challenge from this point of view, their chances for success will be very much improved.

William in Ohio

Continued on Page 64

TIELINES

The Subject Is Bondage

By Kristine Imboch

Four teams, with six participants each, competed in the Taping Contest: One member of each team stood on a chair while teammates duct-taped him or her to a tile wall. When the supporting chairs were removed, two taped contestants lost by sliding to the floor, but the other two remained stuck on the wall for 15 minutes! This little diversion, invented at Kingsville District High School, Ontario, Canada, might work well for some Love Bondagers. Dress your partner in long sleeves and pants, stand them on a low stool against the bathroom wall tiles, and start taping! Of course, be cautious as you remove the foot support. . . . We're getting Gag Orders from two opposing groups. Readers emphasizing security want us to stop showing cleave gags (thin cloth tied through the lips.) Many feel that cleave gags don't keep the model quiet, and they're insisting that we should always use lots of packing in the mouth. However, other readers are applauding cleave gags, stating that they *look* pretty — "who cares if she can make noise?" What's the consensus? Which is more important: that bondage looks good, or that it looks effective? Should it taste great, or be less filling? The October 9, 1988 issue of Chicago Tribune Magazine interviewed a locksmith about the private particulars of the profession. In Julius Zebrauskas' own words: "The most unusual request I ever got was a locksmith's dream. It

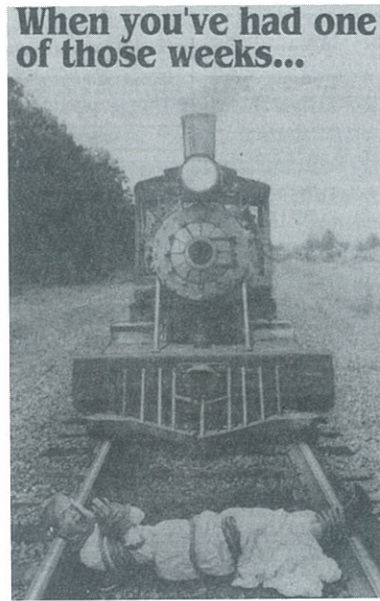
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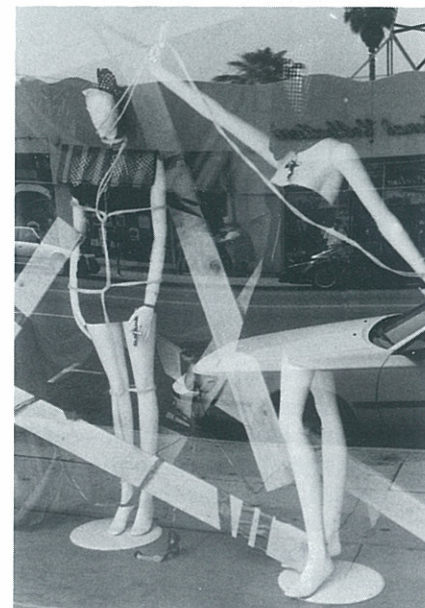
Scanticon Princeton Hotel

What could be more charming and heartwarming than a lovely damsel in distress being rescued from peril by — A bank loan? A military marketing company? A resort hotel??? Here's to a traditional American icon that will never lose its universal appeal!

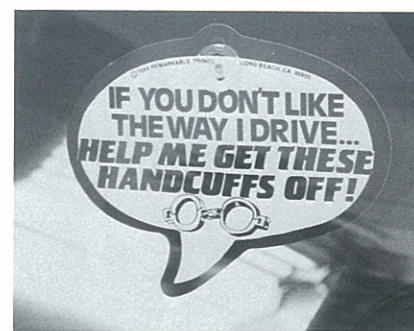
had to be a crank call. . . He said, 'You're the third locksmith I'm trying. I'm serious. You've got to believe me. My father had this chastity belt on the wall, and my girlfriend was over and I put it on her. My father's going to be

home soon, and I've got to get this thing off her.' Sure, buddy. I asked him to describe what the belt looked like, and his description was pretty convincing, but I knew it couldn't be true. He kept begging me to come over, so

finally I told him to put a coat on his girlfriend and bring her over here. Of course, they never showed up." And the moral of the story is, when you go home to visit the folks, bring your own toys. From another Life — In the 1930s and 40s, *London Life* magazine was a cherished host for countless unusual fetishes and interests: lingerie, high heels, silk stockings, rubberwear, bondage, Equestrian, cross dressing, discipline, and on and on! Photos and letters from readers uncovered obscure fetishes, and welcomed readers to share their thoughts with others. It was nostalgic to discover a July 1941 issue of *London Life* and pore through its brittle pages. We printed some intriguing excerpts in *Bondage Photo Treasures 26*, for those of you with curiosities about one of *Bondage Life's* elder "relatives" We've all become accustomed to the colorful personality of *Bondage Parade*, which has long boasted twice as many color pages as our other 48-page magazines. With mixed emotions, we must hail next month's *Bondage Parade 34* as the final issue containing "double color." In 1990, the double color badge of honor will go to *Beautiful Bondage Scenes*, beginning with issue 18 in February. Since *Beautiful Scenes* features photographs of Harmony videos, it usually has a different bondage on *every single page*. With all those striking poses, it will be marvelous to be able to feature more of them in color. But shed not a tear for *Bondage Parade*, for with less color pages there will be more room for



WINDOW SHOPPING — This boutique on Melrose Avenue in Hollywood will apparently wrap your purchase. . .



BONDAGERS ON THE GO — Here's a sign to stick in your car window, from Remarkable Things, Long Beach, California.

readers' letters, drawings, and black and white photos. We're sure you'll love both magazines more than ever! A park ranger at Griffith Park in Burbank, California, reported the strange case of a self-bondager who has, at least twice, shocked passersby with his little pastime. Walking along one of the park's wooded trails, a small group came upon a man, thoroughly tied up and stark naked, beside the trail. When they untied and ungagged him, he claimed he'd been set upon, robbed and tied up by hoods. The concerned people helped him back to his car and called the police for him, but he drove off before the law arrived. The second time this happened, under the same circumstances and with a matching description of the nude man, the police realized someone was getting his jollies at their expense. We hope the prankster won't be repeating this, because he's been lucky so far. Not everyone you meet at Griffith Park fits the description of "helpful, concerned citizen." In his never-ending quest to titillate and entertain, pop-radio disk jockey Jay Thomas of L.A.'s station 106 has been inviting listeners to call in with their personal stories. One young lady called to tell the tale of "a friend of hers" who, after seeing the movie, became obsessed with fantasies of Batman. She had her boyfriend rent a Batman costume and sneak into her bedroom one night wearing it, grab her, and handcuff her spreadeagled to the bed. He divested her of the nightie she wore, and then, true to the character he was portraying, he climbed up onto the dresser, spread his cape, and prepared to leap onto the bed. Unfortunately, in mid-leap, his head interrupted the spinning of the ceiling fan, and he ended up out cold on the bedroom floor. His girlfriend, despite the fact that she was spreadeagled naked on her bed, yelled for help until the

folks from the neighboring apartment kicked in the door and rescued her. Ah, what a scene that must have been! Jay Thomas was then inspired to share his own experience with bondage. If "The Man Who Will Do Anything For A Laugh" is to be believed, his girlfriend tied him up on her bed with a rope in some unspecified state of undress, and then had to go to the store for something. The high point of the experience for him was that while she was gone, her dog, in a typically canine fit of enthusiastic affection, could not be dissuaded from giving him a thorough licking. In *Bondage Life 26*, we printed some photos of bondage miniatures. Folks have been wondering where to buy them. Sorry, friends, but whoever sent us the photos didn't give us the address. A bill introduced in New Jersey seeks to restrict handcuffs so they may only be in the possession of law enforcement employees. As of this writing, Bill S-3547 was passed unanimously by the State Senate, and is now being considered by the Assembly. Concern about misused handcuffs is understandable, but outlawing recreational items. . . hmn. New Jersey residents, please keep us posted on this, so we can pass along any developments. We're trying to keep the balance on footwear, but somehow this issue came out with few high heels. Rest assured it was unintentional, and next month's *Bondage Parade 34* will have slightly more footwear than bare feet. Everybody happy? The following excerpt is from the article "Learning To Be Your Own Best Sexual Friend" in the September, 1989 issue of *Cosmopolitan*, which is from the book *Safe Encounters* by Beverly Whipple and Gina Ogden: "Other women prefer imaginary situations: 'I'm tied to a bed, unable to move, while my lover



ANY TIME IS BONDAGE TIME — Keep your sweetheart under lock and key with a "Lock Watch" bracelet, necklace, or leather band — all for about \$15. Catalogue available from Ambassador, CPS Direct Marketing, 7822 South 46th Street, Phoenix, Arizona 85044.

THE GREAT APE DEBATE



Scenes from "Return Of The Robot Monsters" (Harmony video HS-5, \$40) reprinted from Bondage Adventures 5.

"Return Of The Robot Monsters" debuted this July to extremely mixed reviews. The Harmony video featured Marley Haze and Lorraine Vanowen struggling to save the earth from extraterrestrial simians. This tongue-in-cheek tribute to old sci-fi dramas included a silent movie style chase scene, squealing heroines, nifty alien technology, and an ape you love to hate. But you can't please everybody all the time . . .



Dear Harmony:
Great idea!! More, more — of "Robot Monsters!" Glad to see you are finally starting to show ladies slung over someone's shoulder. Now I would like to see cave girls bound and carried over the shoulder. Keep up the good work.

"Bama Bound"

Dear Harmony:

I congratulate you on your wonderful concept "Return of the Robot Monsters." I look forward to more videos in this vein of spoofs or tributes to our favorite (if bad) film genres.

I must point out that Edward D. Wood (Worst Director — Life Achievement Award according to the Medved Brothers in the Golden Turkey Awards) was *not* the director of "Robot Monsters." That distinction (with emphasis on stink) belongs to another legendary *auteur* of the awful: Phil Tucker.

Nonetheless, we eagerly await more of these homages to the horrible. How about episodes of Gilligan's Island, Superman, Sky King, Batman (or Bat-girl), Charlie's Angels, gangster films of the 30s, westerns, and bad sci-fi.

(Don't worry about the Wood-Tucker mixup. It shows you're only hu-man.)

Best wishes,

F. K. of Illinois



Dear Harmony,
"Return Of The Robot Monsters" is terrible. It was a waste of effort for you!
Who cares about a stupid ape in bondage!

Marley Haze should only be shown tied down and tickled all over her body. A good scenario would have Marley being interrogated by a wicked foot tickler.

*J.T.
Chicago, Illinois*

licks and sucks all over my body. He tells me exactly what he's going to do, and then he does it. I am totally unable to stimulate him in any way or control any of his actions. I love it when he enters me, and I beg him for more. What's so exciting about this is that it's very hard for me to let go in real life, and this fantasy allows me to be out of control. I'm a bit embarrassed about the domination part. Maybe I'll get to the point where I can fantasize about controlling him — or better still, about us both having equal control. We've found record of a 1975 magazine titled "Bondage Digest," which carried how-to articles on rope-work, step-by-step, bondage equipment construction, and other features. Although Lyndon Distributors carried issues 1 and 2, they no longer have copies. We're very curious about the content of this magazine — we haven't seen it. If anyone has a copy, please contact Harmony If you're on the lookout for "hand over the mouth" scenes, there are unexpected but brief shots in Harmony videos "I'll Never Talk" (BF-18), "Intruder" (HH-1), and "Unmasked" (HH-2) We don't recommend careless self-bondaging, so if you're indulging in this hobby with safeguards and good sense, here's one more item you might want handy. The Knife For Life is a small rectangular tool with an access slot to the hidden blade inside. To cut ropes in a pinch, you hook the rope through the slot. The blade cuts quickly and safely. There is no way to accidentally cut yourself! This great little safety item is available for about \$5 from R.A.W. Rescue Products, P. O. Box 314, Ambler, Pennsylvania 190-

02-0314 Our new Readers' Survey is on page 51. We have some important new questions for you, so please respond — and gee whillikers, please don't answer the same survey more than once! Those of you out there who sent in more than one copy of Survey 6, we know who you are What's the difference between a "Love Captive" and a "Love Slave?" It's similar to the nuances separating bondage and domination. A Love Slave sometimes has physical freedom in order to carry out instructions from the dominant partner (Master or Mistress.) At different times, a Love Slave may be partially bound, totally bound, or completely unbound — yet throughout, they are bound by their dominator's *will*. The main element is domination, not bondage. In contrast, a Love Captive is not usually expected to perform duties or comply to instruction. Generally, a Captive's bondage prevents most movement. The Love Captive can pretend to resist or disagree with the "possessor." Thus the domination is only on a physical level, and the Captive can choose roles: whether to play mentally submissive or mentally defiant. To sum it up, a Love Slave must at times take care of their Master or Mistress, but a Love Captive is incapacitated and must be cared for by the captor. This nurturing and care-giving often heightens the feeling of security that Captives experience when in bondage To quote "captive" from the dictionary: Held in restraint; Rendered helpless by strong emotion, desire; One enthralled by beauty, passion . . . these phrases are all reminiscent of Love Bondage Uniforms! Cos-

Look to us!

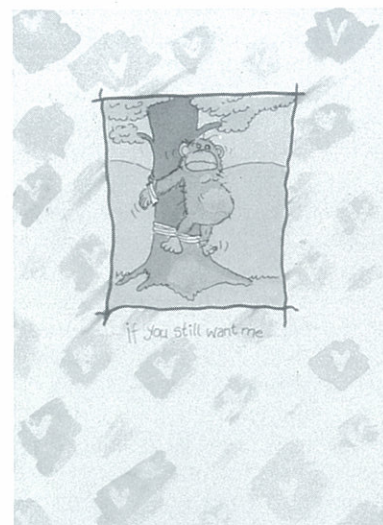
Product Line:

- PC Peripherals:
 - Display Chip
 - I/O Chip
 - FDC Chip
- Memory Chips:
 - CMOS MASK ROM
 - CMOS SRAM
- Consumer Chips:
 - Speech Synthesizer
 - Melody Chip

SIS
Silicon Integrated Systems Corp.

EYE-CATCHING ADVERTISING — There's really no logical reason for her facial wrap, but who's complaining?

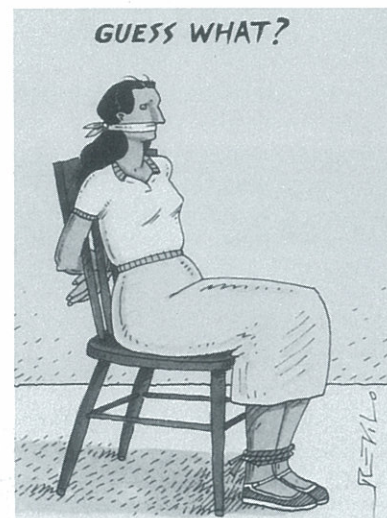
GREETINGS FROM BONDAGELAND! — Greeting cards are one medium in which there is no dearth of bondage imagery. You can find bondage that's cute, funny, nostalgic, suggestive, blatant, sexy or just plain pretty. Greeting cards are designed to be personal, intimate messages to people we are close to. As such, they can be pretty fair indicators of how we really feel, apart from all censorship, public image or necessity to appear "politically correct" or "normal" to our peers. Cardmakers wouldn't make bondage greeting cards if nobody was buying them, so we take their relative proliferation (percentage-wise, probably close to the percentage of people with an interest in bondage) as a good sign.



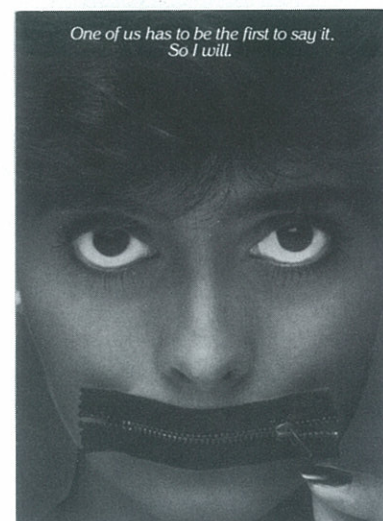
(Inside) "... just tie a yellow gibbon round an old oak tree!" -from Andrew Brownsword, Great Britain



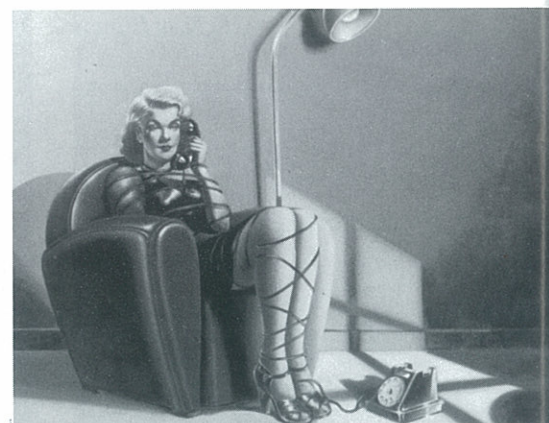
(Inside) "Kiss me til it hurts!" -from Camden Graphics, Ltd.



(Inside) "I've found this great new diet that really works!" -from Hallmark Cards, Inc.



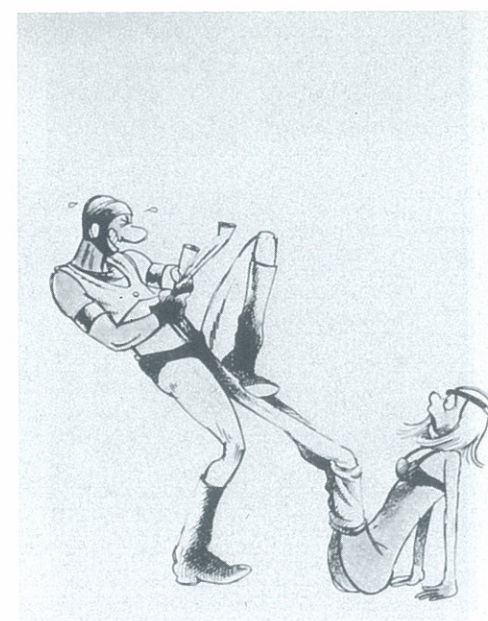
(Inside) "I'm sorry!" -from California Dreamers, Inc.



-from Editions Nugeron, France



-from Crabwalk, Inc., Ivory Tower Publishing Co.



WE'LL STIR DEEP PASSIONS THAT TURN US ON AND SOON WE'LL WANT THOSE DUDS ALL GONE BUT IF WE REALLY WEAR THEM RIGHT WE CAN'T UNDRESS, THEY'LL BE TOO DAMN TIGHT

tunes! If you have a soft spot for either, try Taffy's, 701 Beta Drive, Cleveland, Ohio 44143. The "On Parade" uniform catalogue is \$3.00, and the "Show Stoppers" dance costume catalogue is \$5.00..... Harmony reader Ed in New York



BETTY PAGE IN 3-D! — Though she was the busy Queen Of "B" in the '50s, Betty also found time to become a favorite pin-up model in mainstream media. For avid collectors of Betty photos, "The Betty Page 3-D Picture Book" (3-D glasses included) will be a real treat. There are no bondage photos, but Betty's beauty and enthusiasm make this book worth seeing. For information, write to 3-D Entertainment, P.O. Box 208, Swartswood, New Jersey 07877 (they also sell 3-D color slides!)



"IGOR, YOU CRETIN, A SIMPLE WRISTS-AND-ANKLES TIE WOULD HAVE BEEN SUFFICIENT!" — This inscrutable photo was apparently printed up as an 18x12 inch poster by a French printer in order to demonstrate the capabilities of their Heidelberg Speedmaster printing press. Only a Frenchman would choose a photo like this; an American printer would have gone for a sports car, a basket of puppies, or Vanna White and a microwave toaster oven.



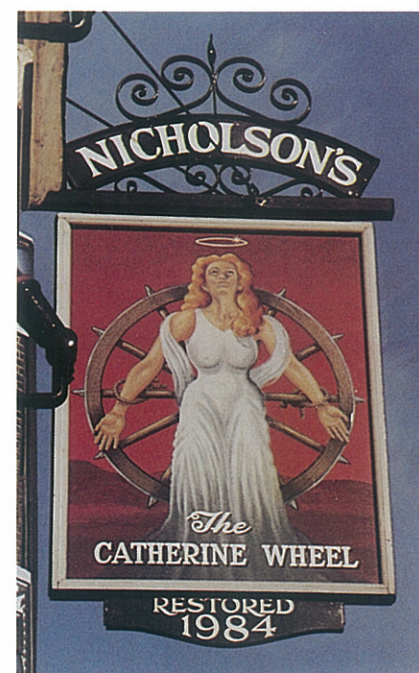
GWEN GOES BIG TIME! — *Globe* magazine, the French equivalent to America's *Life*, exhibits the quintessence of taste in choosing this fine example of John Willie art for their cover. The seventeen-page article, which is actually an overview of kinky sexual variations in general, nevertheless contains two full pages of J.W.'s bondage photos.

wrote to us lamenting the "bra-panties-garterbelt rut" and suggested that we produce a Harmony video with leatherwear. He may not have known that "Chelsea Made Me Do It!" (C-2) featured Olivia Chase in a leather bikini, Carmen Mateos in a leather corset, and Chelsea Pfeiffer in a leather dress. Customer response was



STAYING FIT HUNGARIAN STYLE — This Hungarian fitness magazine has apparently realized what we bondagers have known for years; not only is bondage fun, it'll give you a great workout!

not significantly high for this video, so we're wondering whether leather-lovers are dying out. Let us know!...



PUB-LIC BONDAGE — Those brightly painted examples of "pub art," some of them painstaking copies of signs that date back hundreds of years, hang invitingly above the public houses of England. This beauty, photographed during Carl McGuire's trip to London, hangs above a pub on Kensington Church Street. It depicts Saint Catherine, the 4th-Century virgin who was condemned to die on the wheel but was saved by a miracle — only to be later beheaded.

... There are still some letters coming in about "Return Of The Robot Monsters" (see Tielines box, page 58). So that you'll have an idea of the response, letters are running five-to-one in favor of the concept. In a Cleveland, Ohio courtroom, a female con-artist refused to keep quiet about sentencing. After she said something "vulgar" to Judge Patricia Cleary, the judge announced, "Take her out of here and tape her mouth shut." Three wide strips of white tape were applied and sentencing proceeded without further interruption. Was this really necessary? The defendant's lawyer didn't think so, and now *he's* making a lot of noise. "Don't Dream It, Be It" is a theme from the musical film *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*. That's good advice if you have the opportunity. But some of us have chosen partners who are not interested in sharing bondage. In such cases, don't

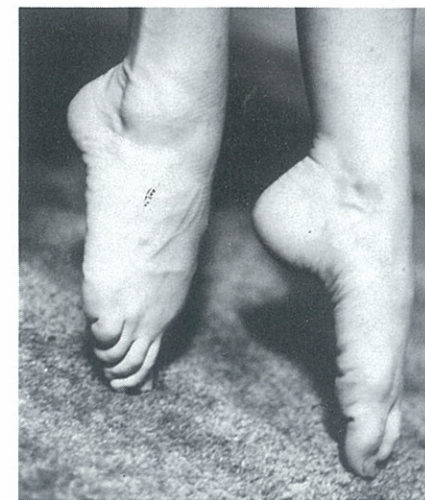
wring your hands — enjoy your compromises! Recall the reader whose wife was willing to *pretend* she was tied up by lying in a spreadeagle position? And for another example, some partners do not like to be gagged, but they will wear a scarf over their mouth to augment their appearance. Also, there is no harm in fantasy, so if it enriches lovemaking, why not imagine your partner in bondage, or bonding you? Recently a reader sent in a few photos of his sweetheart. He had photographed her standing with her arms to her sides. Then he'd drawn ropes onto the photograph. It made an exciting vision, and it was a pleasant reminder that there are many ways to enjoy and express our interest, even when we find ourselves living a reality which is different than our fantasies. "Dear Sir," "Dear Sirs," and "Gentlemen." Some readers haven't noticed that *Bondage Life* currently has a fe-

male editor. I've been reading plenty of Dear Sir letters lately. I don't get no respect! Actually, my only concern is that our letterwriters think they're confiding in "one of the guys," and I feel like a Peeping Pam. You were all settled in for the night, and with mounting anticipation you opened *Bondage Parade* 33 to discover the next enticing chapter of "Opal." Suddenly, you were completely disoriented. Welp, you're not alone! Due to a printing error, Chapter V broke off in the middle, and — ack! — two pages from Chapter III followed! We can't reprint the magazines, so let's just imagine that as Lisa was being led before the Sultan, she suddenly began reminiscing. Barring any further "creativity" on the part of our printers, we'll resume "Opal's" *corrected* adventures in *Bondage Parade* 34. Since my move out to California, friends have been curious about what's different in "the Altered State." Here's one thing that's interesting: I've met less bondagers out here in one year than I did in my midwest hometown in as much time (and you can be sure I've met quite a few through my new job here.) The point is, bondagers are everywhere, and some of them are in the woodwork, and some aren't, and if you take time to reach out persistently, you're going to find partners, or pen-friends, or models. I'm stressing this because we have some readers insist that "There are no bondagers in Wisconsin" or "There are no bondagers in the South." I say Ptooy! We get letters from all over. Queries from the Mailbag: Question 1 — WHY HAVEN'T YOU CONFIRMED MY LETTER? With the volume of mail Harmony receives, we hope readers will understand that we can't always write back. However, if we don't answer your letter, *don't* be discouraged! We still like to hear from you! Important: If you'd like your letter printed in our magazines, remember to print or type double-spaced. Question 2 — CAN I WRITE TO MY FAVORITE MODEL? Harmony models are flattered and pleased when they become favorites of certain readers. A letter to Harmony, praising a model's work, sure brightens her day! However, understandably, the models value their privacy, so we do not require them to answer letters, supply personal information, or meet readers. That's it for Question-And-Answer time. If you think of any other questions, send them in! Warm Wishes And A Snug Hogtie To Y'All — Kristine Imboch

FOOTNOTES

By
Eric
Holman

NAME THOSE TOES!



This admirably posed pair of bare feet was captured on film by Kristine Imboch in a recent photo session. They belong to one of today's most active and popular bondage heroines — can you identify her? Send your answers to Harmony Communications at the address listed in *Footnotes*; we'll unveil the identity of the mystery lady in BL 39.

somely from the centerspread of *Bondage Life* 37; tied to Allison Brach in that feature, she's tied by Allison in *Bondage Adventures* 5]. Maria Tortuga: A Harmony legend, she's artistic to her fingertips and a calm, soft-spoken joy to work with. Queenly and commanding on this magazine's cover, Maria's classically lovely in simply black nightgown and delicate bare feet elsewhere in these pages. Carmen Mateos: Hot-eyed magic with a Valley Girl accent! Carmen's equally adept playing the naive heroine and the snotty villainess — and not bad at dialing telephone numbers with her bare toes when bound and gagged, for that matter [CM's toe-dialing tour-de-force occurs in "I'll Never Talk" (BF-18), while her swim-suited form ornaments the cover of *Bondage Photo Treasures* 26]. Betsy Demont: Huge eyes, glowing smile, infectious giggle, endless energy (she'll aerobicize effortlessly while lesser men collapse around her!) Whether her heels are on or off, bitsy (5-1) Betsy is a liv-

ing doll [BD spends much of BF-18 trying to make good the promise of its title — no thanks to Carmen! — and also sparkles in *Bondage Parade* 33 and *Bondage Photo Treasures* 27]. Angela Santini: Plump but pleasing ingenue with the savvy to learn from the best. At her first session, Angela curved her arches tightly for each bondage after observing the incomparable Marley Haze point her toes [AS debuted in "Three Of A Kind" (BF-16)]. Amanda Chase-Parker: This damsel's aristocratic moniker conceals a New Wave rocker with a laser-sharp brain and a mouth that runs a mile a minute (unless *very* tightly gagged); also a peerless air-guitar player during those intervals between bondages [In "Which Witch is Witch?" (C-5) ACP ad-libs like no one since Laurel Blake; she's soundlessly featured in *Bondage Gallery* 11 and *Bondage Photo Treasures* 27]. Rochelle Young: This cool, mysterious, golden-haired temptress responded with a sphinx-like smile when asked to explain the gold ring on her toe. If her name's unfamiliar, that's because Rochelle's yet to grace the pages of Harmony, but you won't want to miss her initial appearance, as *Bondage Parade* 34's Lady in Red next month . . . or her breathtaking portrayal of a chair-bound heroine on *Bondage Photo Treasures* 28's cover in January. I've never had the pleasure of collaborating with Ashley Rene, but Eliot Shear has, and Simone Devon's spectacular protege assured that his first video would be a memorable one. Eliot's no threat to Jay Edwards as a sheer ropework wizard but, in "Afternoon With Ashley" (E-1), he's adroitly devised a batch of opportunities for Ms. Rene to writhe compellingly in barefoot bondage — and he's also done a superb job of recording her toe-oriented struggles on tape. A lingerie-and-heels scene concludes the program, available from Harmony for \$40 in VHS or Beta (\$60 in PAL VHS or Beta for European and Australian customers). Don't forget to write in with the name you believe belongs to the feet poised on tiptoe above; The address is Harmony Communications/Box 69976/Los Angeles, CA 90069/Attention: Eric. Write anytime if you'd like to comment on this column, critique or praise Harmony magazines and videos, or just discuss barefoot bondage in general. I'll be delighted to mention your contribution in *Footnotes* — you wouldn't want me to write the whole thing myself again, would you?

ROLL CREDITS!

Readers have been asking who is responsible for their favorite stories in *Bondage Adventures* magazines. The Adventures thus far:

- BONDAGE ADVENTURES 2
"Thoroughly Tied-Up Tilly" — Tarsis
"The Captured Pirate Queen" — Tarsis
"Federal Operator 77" — JayDee
- BONDAGE ADVENTURES 3
"Tied Up At The Office" — Michael Keye
"The Guns Of Nowhere" — Tarsis
"The Ropes Of The Black Widow" — Tarsis
"Security In Bondage" — Mark Mar



- BONDAGE ADVENTURES 4
"The Dastardly Designs Of Doctor Dreadful" — Tarsis
"Spellbinder Meets Prof. Hieronymus Heinie" — Mark Mar
"A Ma'am With A Maid" — Mark Mar
"The Dressing Room" — Kristine Imboch
- BONDAGE ADVENTURES 5
"Return Of The Robot Monsters" — Tarsis
"She Who Laughs Last" — Eric Holman
- BONDAGE ADVENTURES 6
"The Lady And The Pirate" — Tarsis
"Thick As Thieves" — Chelsea Pfeiffer/Kristine Imboch



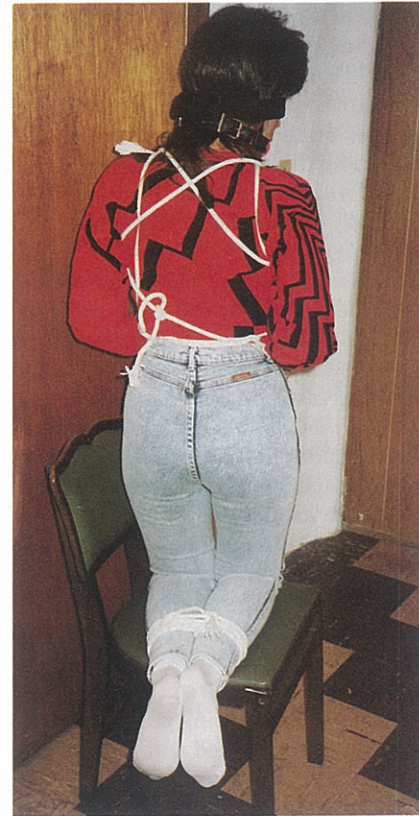
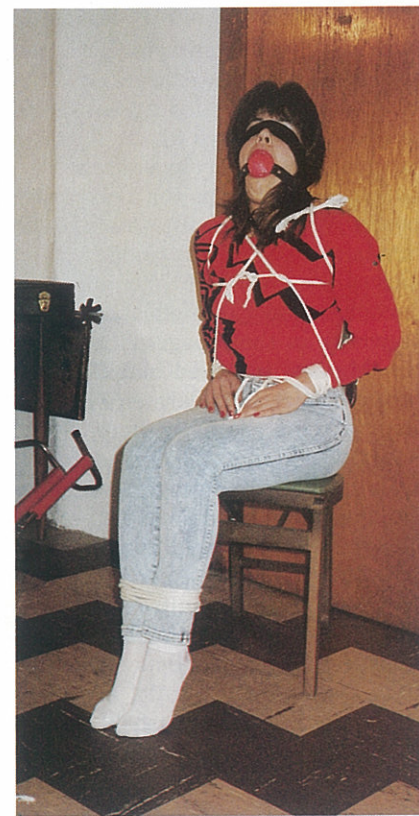
By The People

Continued from Page 55

BOSTON BONDAGETTE

Hi, Harmony:
Here's Terri in her new jeans and shoes (but not for long!).
Keep up the good work.

A Fan from Boston



INTER-NATIONAL BONDS

Dear Harmony Communications,
I am very happy because I can send you these photos of a new model: Valerie. I think these photos are fantastic! I hope you will publish these photos; I will send you many more.

Valerie is a French girl, aged 28 years, and as you can see, she is really beautiful. When you print these photos, please print that she is *French*. She does not want to look like an Italian, and I want to do as she wants.

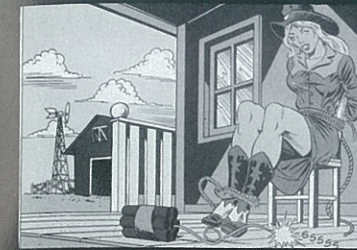
Sincerely,

CLD in Italy



R & J'S VACATION PICS

"Bondage is fine. Wish you were here!"



The Miracle Squad Pt. 2, © 1986
Upshot Graphics
Artist Terry Tidwell



Seadragon #6, © 1987 Elite
Comics



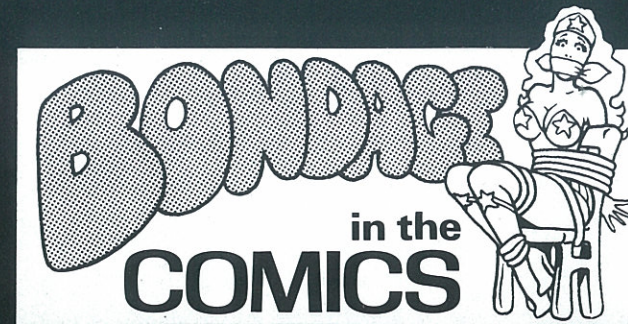
The Mighty Isis #1, © DC &
Filiation Assoc.
Artist Wally Wood



Cherry Poptart #2, © 1985
Larry Welz, artist



Justice League of America,
© 1963 DC Comics

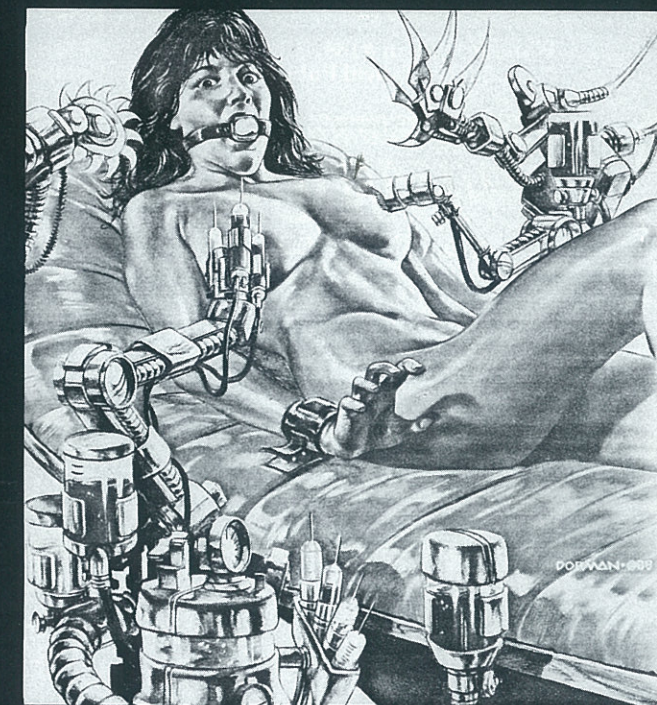


By Brian Tarsis

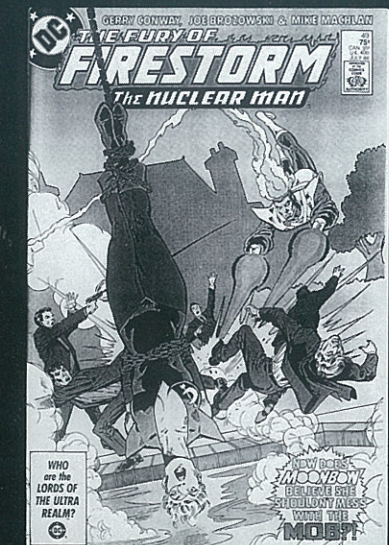
Comics are decidedly not just for kids any more! In the past few years, the mainstream American comics industry has gone through some changes, reorienting itself to a more sophisticated, and statistically older, audience. The change might be compared to the difference between the melodrama of the cliffhanger serials and the action-adventure movies of today; there is more depth, more realism, and a certain grimness. A damsel who finds herself in the clutches of one of today's comic-book villains may be threatened with a worse fate than a quick, clean death. What's more, she may not be rescued in time!



The Uncanny X-Men #250, © 1989 Marvel Comics
Artist Mark Silvestri



Cover art for Death Hawk #2, © 1988 by Dorman, artist



Firestorm #49, © 1986 DC
Comics



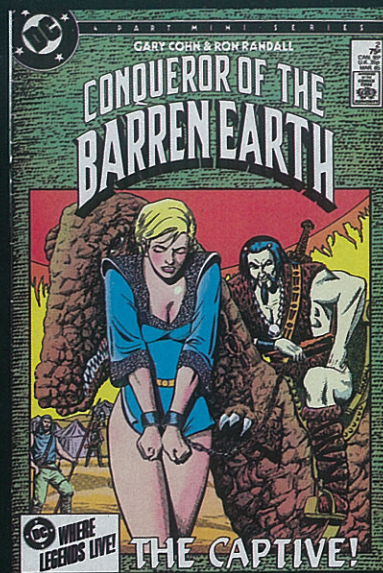
Action Comics
#613, © 1988 DC
Comics



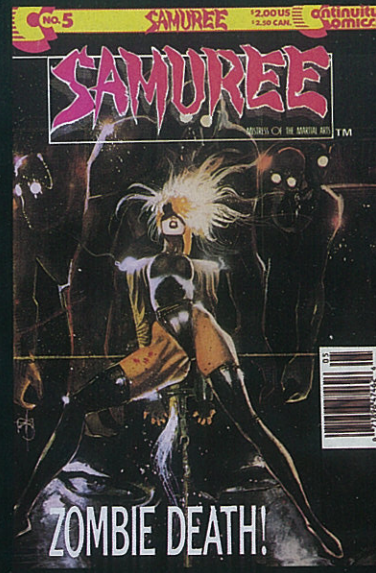
New DNAgents #8, © 1986, DC
Comics



Wonder Woman #196, © 1971 National Periodical Publications



Conqueror Of The Barren Earth Pt. 2, © 1984 DC Comics



Samuree #5, © 1989 Continuity Comics



The Warlord #131, © 1988 DC Comics



Wonder Woman #188, © 1971 National Periodical Publications



Shattered Earth #2, © 1988 Eternity Comics



The New Guardians #8, © 1989 DC Comics



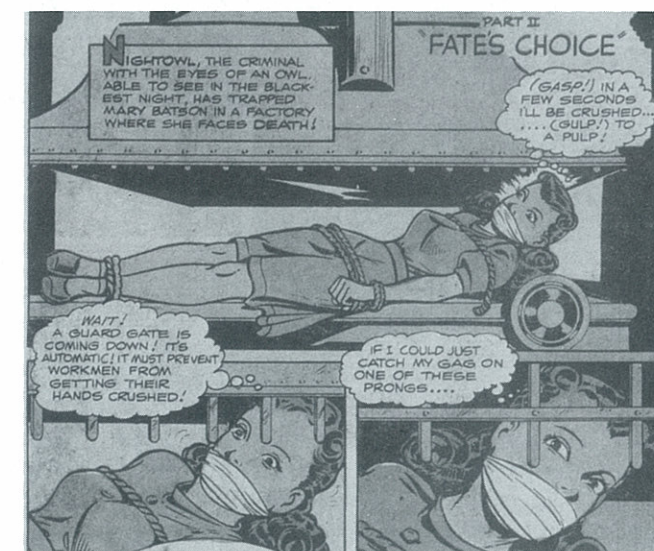
The Phantom Stranger #25, © 1976 DC Comics



Superman's Girlfriend Lois Lane #120, © 1972 National Periodical Publications



Xenozic Tales #3, © 1987 First Comics

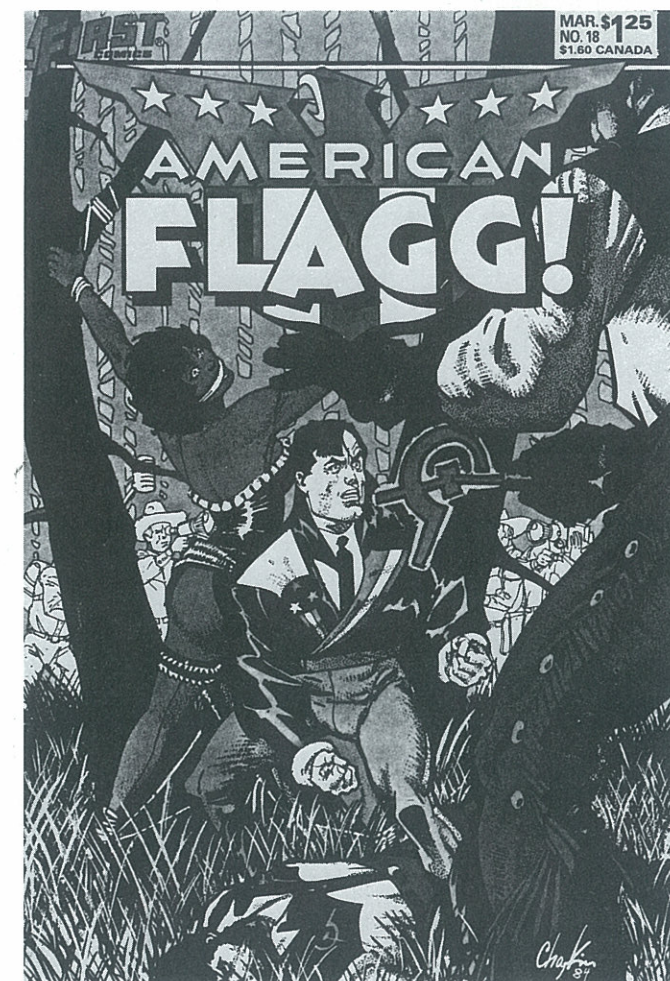


"Mary Marvel VS Nightowl," Shazam! #12, © 1974 National Periodical Publications

Another significant trend in comics is the proliferation of small, independent comics companies. Many of these are not subject to the Comics Code Authority, the censor of the comics industry, and some depict nudity, sex, and adult situations. We have included examples of these in this collection. They may be difficult to find on the bookshelf, for in order to publish such work the artist must release it through one of a dwindling number of small distributors who only reach a fraction of the retail market.

Over all, the trend in comics today is expansion. The floodgates have been opened, and comic artists are exploring the medium as never before. Your local comic store is a veritable cornucopia, and you won't have to look very hard to find bondage situations!

In future installments of *Comic Bondage*, I'll be addressing a comics market that's not so restricted. In Europe, comics have been an accepted adult entertainment medium for years, and the only restriction imposed on the artist is his own taste and choice of subject matter. So if you think this stuff is exciting . . .



American Flag! #18, © 1985 First Comics
Artist Howard Chaykin



Quadrant #2, © 1988 by Peter Hsu, artist

Bound for Controversy

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

Dear Harmony,

Thanks for the prompt service on my recent order for Bondage Life. I now have all issues and still enjoy them with my Mistress who tries out as many of the poses on me as I am able to stand.

In BL 33 you made a plea for pictures of men in bondage so here we go. My Mistress selected these shots from a recent bondage session in which she used ropes and her favorite leather playthings.

She keeps me in lingerie for most of our bondage since it does add a lot of humiliation as she binds or straps me. I have yet to get out of any of her rope work and the leather is just out of the question.

The duration is usually an endurance situation which runs a few hours to all night depending on her mood. When it's a night-long situation we share the same bed which only adds to my frustration since I'm bound and gagged with a lovely woman at my side.

For a fun evening of television I get to sit with my back to the set, secured to a highback chair, while Mistress watches the action before her. During commercials, I'm required to give my best at struggling free. It's fun being better than a commercial.

Mistress even had me rig my van so she could fasten me to the bed in back using a variety of eyebolts that keep me in one spot for as long as she likes. The only problem is that when we go for a drive I usually end up walking for a while. Mistress just cuffs my wrists behind me, hobbles my ankles with a foot of chain and sets me free to walk ahead of the van while she keeps track of the mile she requires. I'm getting good in five-inch heels so she had me order a pair of six-inchers so I guess I'm in for more fun.

Thanks for a delightful magazine.

"Marsha" from Minnesota

DESPITE HIS STRUGGLES, SHE SAT ON HIS LAP AND KISSED HIM THROUGH HIS GAG . . . A memorable male-in-bondage moment from the film "Scrooged" tops my list of Controversy scenes. I'd like to have a more complete list, though! Send descriptions of male bondage movie scenes to Harmony, so we can spread the good word!

Kristine Imboch



Dear Kristine,

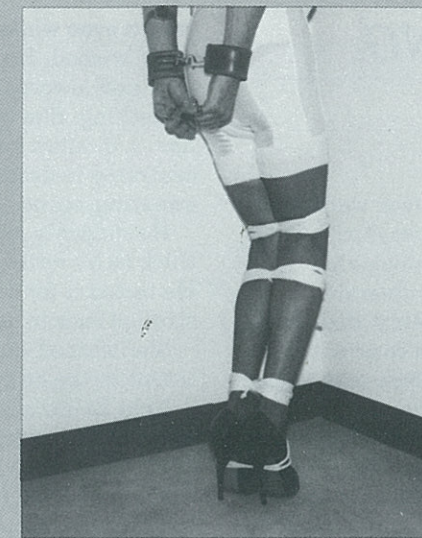
Several months ago I wrote to you concerning high heel shoes. You were kind enough to respond to my letter and suggest that I take some photos of myself in six inch heels.

Enclosed you will find the results. I was having trouble walking in the six inch heels. It is extremely difficult to hop or move around with one's legs bound in six inch heels. Especially when the timer only gave me ten seconds to get into position *plus* complete my bondage!

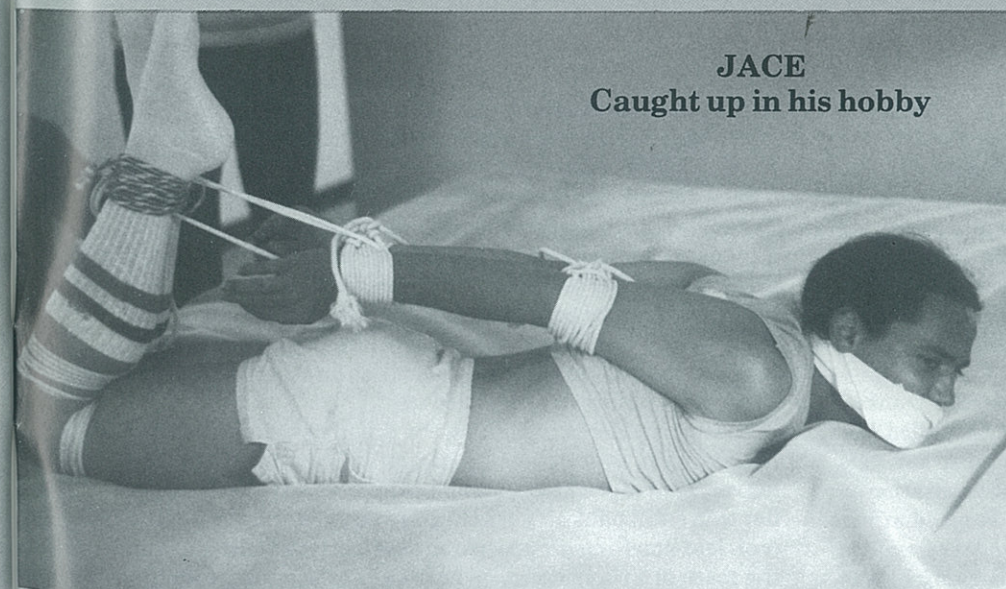


The panty girdle is just another fetish of mine. I really enjoy the feeling of wearing them. I have several and wear them whenever I have a chance. They can be very confining, especially when wearing several at one time.

David



JACE
Caught up in his hobby

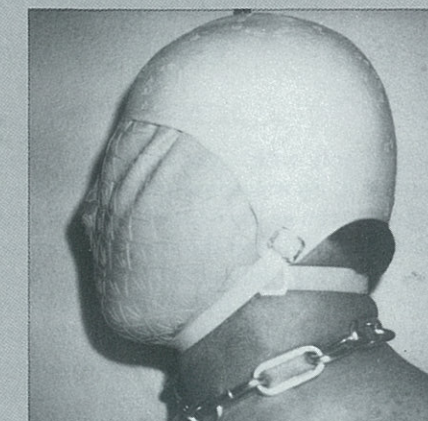


Dear Harmony:

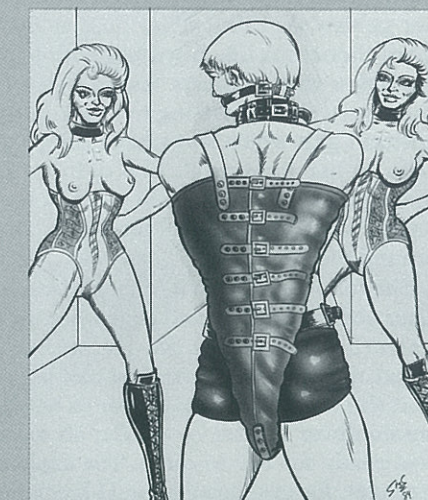
Here's a tip: Two bathing caps worn back to front and another front to back make an inexpensive rubber hood. Use a sharp paper punch to make holes on each side of the nose opening slot, and the cap will be less likely to split.

Yours truly,

E. B.



TWIN THREAT
By SMS



I'd like to tie your hands and feet,
Truss you up nice and neat,
Then watch you try to wriggle free
As I calmly sip a cup of tea,

As all advanced Victorians do...
Your French maid's uniform askew
Revealing hot and moistened thighs;
Plaything, bound and helpless prize.

Your eyes are wide, they take me in
As I cross the room, then begin
To caress your hair, your silken skin,
Kiss your breasts, turn your chin.

I'd like to tie your hands and feet,
Truss you up so nice and neat,
Watch you try to wriggle free...
Then you can do the same to me.

"P"

She moaned, clasping her satin thighs together even as she stumbled docilely along behind her husband.

INTO THE SWING

Continued from Page 30

played only within the shielding privacy of four walls, was part of it. So was the slight chill in the air, tweaking at her nipples even as the warmth of the sunlight enfolded her. But strongest of all was the sense of exposure, of vulnerability, of the gnawing, delightfully titillating possibility that Jack was wrong — that they would turn a corner or come out from around a tree and find themselves face-to-face with some birdwatcher or hiker. She moaned, clasping her satin thighs together even as she stumbled docilely along behind her husband. Damn! Oh, damn! Jack had promised her a treat, yet she had never dreamed just being bound outside could have such a powerful erotic effect!

Jack led her toward some well-remembered goal with gentle tugs on the leash and she followed happily, wallowing in the sensual tide which washed over her. Sweat gleamed on her golden skin like silver dust as her juices woke to ever more clamorous life. It was difficult to walk over the uneven ground with her wrists lashed behind her neck, but Jack went very slowly, letting her pick her way with a delicate, hesitant gait which lent a hormone-popping, swaying sensuality to her movement. She didn't walk — she *undulated* through the sun and shade-patched woods in her ropes and collar, towed along on her leash, her mouth salivating around the gag.

She followed him in a sensual daze, and she was none too clear on how far they had gone when Jack came to the edge of a clearing and paused. She paused behind him, panting and sweating, quivering with lust and the delightful knowledge that she would be *left* to quiver as he tightened the screws of passion ever tighter — slowly, oh sooooo slowly! — until he was ready for her to come. The explosion would be all the stronger, focused down to an H-bomb burst of passion by his long, slow tantalization of her captive flesh. She felt her need clawing at her, urging her on, driving her to seek the explosion — yet at the same time she hoped pantingly that he would deny her skillfully far past the point she believed she could endure.

She blinked her eyes into focus as they stood in the dappled shade patterns at the edge of the clearing. A single, mammoth beech tree dominated the center of the clearing. A heavy branch thrust out twelve feet above the ground, supporting two frayed ropes and an ancient, weather-beaten swing. Gloria stared at it, panting, as she tried to reason out what Jack had planned for her sensual torment and delight here where he had played as a child.

He gave no sign as he leashed her to a slender-trunked dogwood at the edge of the clearing. Then he pulled her against him, pressing his swollen crotch against her. She groaned in pleasure, then whined in delighted frustration as he stopped just before she could climax. He laughed at her lovingly, stroking her fevered cheek gently, and then walked away from her. She whined again, loudly, begging him to

return even while they both knew that was the last thing she truly wished. He ignored her entreaties with an impudent grin and lowered his eyes, searching through the leaves for something. She wondered what, but she knew he would tell her — or show her — only when he was ready, so she concentrated instead on the delightful lust rippling through her sweating, scantily-clad flesh like ocean waves.

He suddenly stooped and straightened with a dead branch, thick as his wrist, absolutely straight and over four feet long. He tested it for soundness and nodded his satisfaction, then strolled back to her.

She whined questioningly around the gag, querying his intent in the only way she could, her nerves quivering with delight as her question came out wordlessly. The light in his eyes said he understood, but it also said that he wouldn't tell her.

He unleashed her from the dogwood and led her to stand beside the ancient swing. When he dropped the leash to hang heavily between her breasts, the chill chain stroking their sweating inner swells, Gloria's wet thighs trembled. Jack's grin widened and he wrinkled his nose teasingly at the smell of her lust, and Gloria blushed prettily, deliciously embarrassed by the proof of her need.

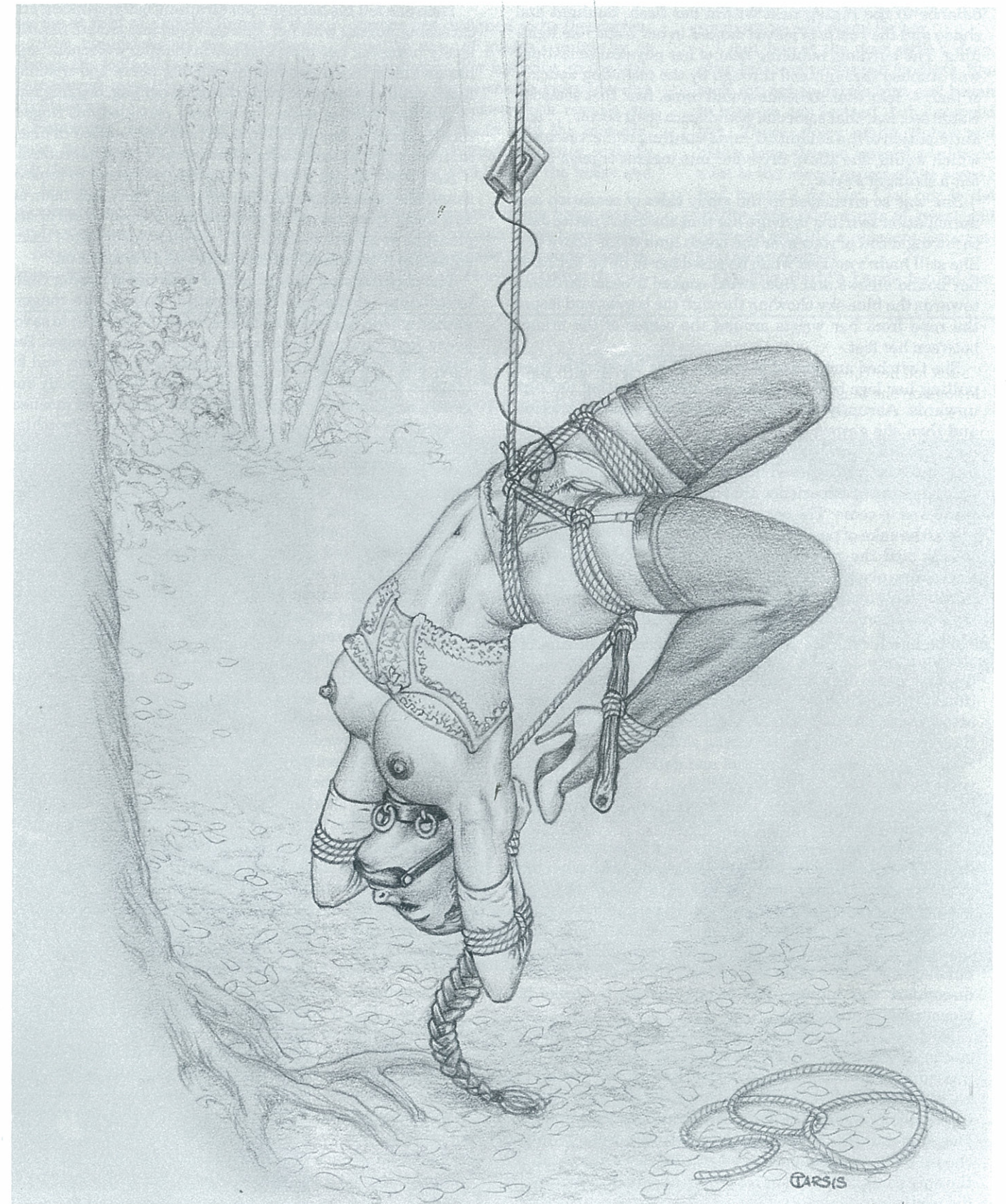
He knelt and noosed soft rope around one ankle, lashing it to the end of his branch, then pushed her feet so wide that she swayed for balance as he lashed her other foot to the other end. She groaned delicately past her gag as the tendons tensed in her crotch, opening her slim, golden legs vulnerably wide while cool forest air kissed her inner thighs like a feathery lash.

He chuckled at her sound and ran another length of rope around the base of her left thigh, drawing it firmly up into the angle of her crotch. He passed the rope up over the swell of her hip and around her back, then across her pelvis, back behind her right hip and down around her right thigh. She quivered as his hands and rope brushed her, peering down over her pouting, quivering breasts as he repeated the process five times, forming a wide girdle of rope around her thighs and across her hips and the small of her back without once crossing the front or back of her panties. Her lust-curdled mind tried to understand its purpose — particularly in the absence of a crotch rope.

The puzzle was momentarily chased from her mind as he stood once more and fresh ropes cinched her bent arms firmly, locked into the sharp bend already imposed by binding her wrists to the back of her collar, and tied a cord around her bound, gloved wrists. She moaned in delighted mystery as he untied her separate wrist ropes from her collar and threaded the new cord's looped end loosely through a single ring on its very back. Another, much longer cord went through the bottom of the loop, and then he eased her down to sit in the crumbly-dry beech leaves.

Gloria shuddered in delight, the fire in her center burning higher with every passing instant of captivity. The dry leaves, gently pricking her bare skin or slickly stiff through her thin satin panties, jolted her like tiny electric sparks. The cool, leaf-smelling air whispered over her sweat-slick skin on the teeth of a tiny breeze, its near-chill an exquisite counter-

He drew on the rope, pulling her legs back, arching her back, thrusting her hips upward . . .



Gloria's eyes smiled up at him above the gag . . .

balance to the raging heat within her flesh. Sunlight and shade and the rustle of leaves danced in her blood like lightning. The burning, bubbling heat of her physical sensations was stabbed through and through by the unending delicacy of fear — fear that someone would come, fear that someone would see, fear that someone would learn their secret . . . and anticipation of the delightful, mind-curdling embarrassment which would, she knew, drive her into instant orgasm if she felt a stranger's eyes . . .

She was so enveloped in the giddy tides of sensation and anticipation swirling through her that she didn't notice Jack throwing a coil of rope over the beech limb so far above her. She still hadn't noticed when he eased her to lie on her back, her bound elbows and ripe, sweat-soaked breasts thrusting towards the blue sky showing through the leaves, and looped the rope from her wrists around the center of the branch between her feet.

She twitched and jerked in delight as he drew on the rope, pulling her legs back, arching her back, thrusting her hips upwards. Abruptly her thighs tensed, the muscles knotted, and then she gasped as a lightning climax flashed through her, throwing her into shuddering, twitching spasms. Each bite of pleasure staggered her nerves — yet she knew from long, delightful experience that this was only a shadow of what was to come. The orgasm which awaited her would be an earthquake of passion!

Jack tied the rope finally, her heels under her ass, her knees sharply bent so that her legs were doubled. It was mildly strenuous and thoroughly blissful as her burning, shuddering crotch pressed against the tightened panel of her panties and the thigh ropes of her girdle gnawed into her straining groin. Then she felt something plucking at the front of that same rope girdle and opened glazed eyes, trying (futilely) to lift her head and see. She couldn't see the point of attachment, but she could see the rope dangling from the tree limb above her head and twitching as he tied it.

Her eyes widened in disbelief and delight as she guessed what he was about to do. He tested all his knots carefully, then smiled down into her fuming eyes as he heaved slowly and steadily on the hanging rope.

Gloria warbled in ecstasy as the rope girdle answered the lift of the rope, plucking her ass off her heels, lifting her. She rose into the air slowly, spinning in slow circles as she left the ground. The carefully arranged girdle distributed the lifting pressure, drawing tighter and gnawing into her without binding or pinching. Her own weight drew the ropes tight, but Jack had placed them so cunningly that their tiny edge of discomfort was minute, just strong enough to stroke her pleasure with added bite.

He drew her upward until her feet were off the ground, her crotch conveniently raised to waist level on him, her body arched sharply back. She groaned deep in her throat, the weight of her breasts rolling on her chest, her pulse stuttering in her stony nipples and throbbing in her hanging temples. She couldn't lift her head to see a single thing he might choose to do, and her uncertainty fueled her excitement, for the only thing of which she *was* certain was that whatever he did would be delightful.

Then she felt his hands on her straining belly, stroking and caressing, toying with her. She quivered and jerked, instinctively humping her hips, and her involuntary response sent her swaying like a pendulum, swaying below the treelimb like a child's swing. She whined around her gag, begging him to pull her panties aside, but he only chuckled, his fingers like feathers on her smoking flesh, and she moaned in blissful frustration as her passion blazed totally out of her control.

And when he did touch her panties, it was not to remove them. She moaned in confusion as she felt him pluck them up and away from her, then grunted and gasped in surprised pleasure as he slid the butterfly vibrator down inside them, adjusting it with fiendish care before he switched it on.

The tiny, buzzing demon danced upon her steaming flesh, tantalizing, titillating. She groaned, feeling the magma gather within her, sobbing as she fought to resist it, to savor every last ounce of anticipation and smoking hunger. But Jack knew exactly what was passing through her, and he laughed lovingly as he moved around her hanging body and gently unpinned her braided hair. She gasped and moaned, begging for release even as she fought it, her body twitching and jerking, fighting her bonds against her will as the pleasure scoured her like a lash of flame. And then he produced a long, stiff feather, standing beside her and holding her gently motionless by her braid as the feather danced across her sweat-soaked nipples.

She lurched and gasped and moaned around the gag. She wailed as the tiny brush of the feather broke the last barrier and hurled her into a maelstrom of fire. She vibrated as orgasm exploded within her.

She wailed through the eternity of orgasm, an eternity of mind-shattering pleasure she could not endure. And yet she *did* endure it. Her wild, keening song of gagged bliss ended slowly, dying into a slow, sighing croon of aftermath and tenderness as she stared up at her husband through glazed gray eyes shadowed with love and passion.

Jack smiled tenderly down at her and bent to kiss her breasts, licking the sweet salt of her pleasure sweat from them, and she shuddered afresh at the hot, wet kiss of his tongue. Her hips shifted, the vibrator still buzzing against her. Her eyes widened as she felt the tide within begin to rise once more, and Jack laughed softly, twirling his feather across her nipples again.

"Like my old swing tree?" he whispered, and she groaned softly, nodding her head dazedly. "I thought you would — and the best is yet to come." She blinked and he laughed more loudly. "Oh, yes, honey. You won't *believe* how many times you're going to come this afternoon. And then, when you've felt it all, it's my turn to share it with you. I imagine your position's going to make it very interesting indeed, then — don't you?" Gloria's eyes smiled up at him above her gag, even as her hips rolled slowly and lustfully within their girdle of cords and the rope to the limb above creaked. She nodded enthusiastically, moaning as the pleasure rose once more.

"After all," Jack chuckled, tickling her shrewdly, "I *did* promise you we'd get you into the swing of things, didn't I, dear?" ■

Dear Harmony,

Barbi and I met in college. I marched in the band and she was a majorette. Her most striking feature (which I've let her know often) was, and still is, her long blonde hair. Straight, silky, and full-bodied, it hangs down to her buttocks, even when gathered into a ponytail. Her face, frankly, reminded me at first of a model in one of the earlier magazines in my collection. Before the football season was over, I'd introduced myself, and we hit it off right away.

Sometime during the following year, we'd grown close enough that I felt the confidence to share my interest in bondage with her. She took to it cooperatively, then enthusiastically, and we've been at it often since then.

Since our house is rather small, the specialty items assembled for our

By The People

Continued from Page 66

games are designed to be inconspicuous, in case of guests coming by at short notice. For instance, in the utility room, the sawhorse looks like any other. Only a closer look reveals the rounded top beam with the inch-diameter hole through its center, and the eyebolts in each end of the beam and on each leg.

Other innocent items hang on the walls: The "banana" style bicycle seat, a few nylon straps with slide buckles, lengths of quarter-inch cotton clothes-

line. The tool chest hides such things as ball gags, a couple of vibrators, and a few other toys.

Sometimes I keep Barbi bound from Friday night through Sunday. Today, Saturday, was to be one of the exceptions, or so she thought. So this morning she went to an aerobics class. When she came home I had our playroom set up and ready for her.

I met her at the door with a deep, slow kiss and prolonged fondling. She took my not-so-subtle hint and began to remove her leotard, but I stopped her. Those shiny white tights and black, long-sleeved leotard would add a lot to the visual aspect of the scene I had in mind for her. I led her to the utility room, the scents of sweat and perfume making a pleasant combination as we walked.

Guiding Barbi's hands behind her

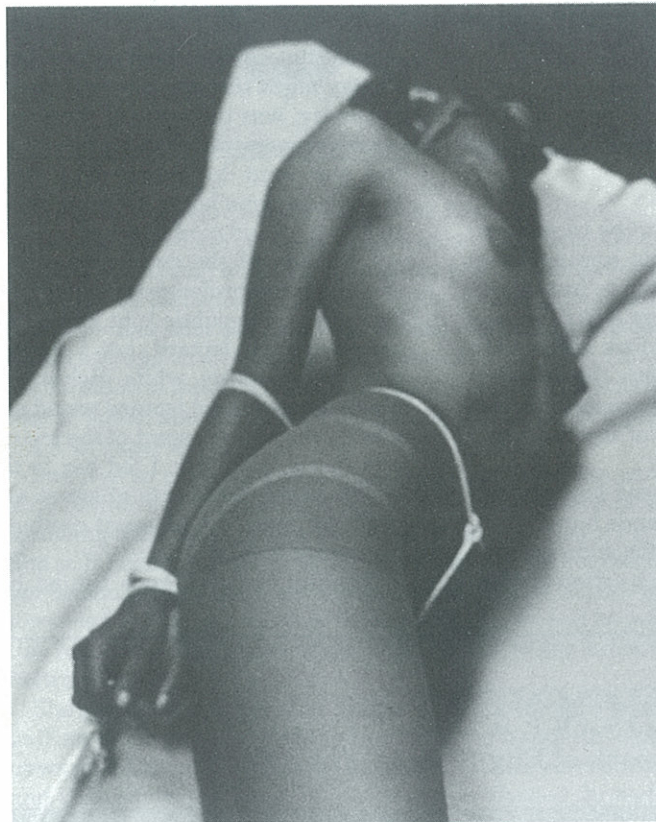
GREAT SCOTT!

Teresa enjoys the tight, neat ropework of Englishman John Scott



JOIN THE PEOPLE!

Bondage Life's By The People section is your creation! It lives and breathes through your contributions. Please send your letters, photos, and comments to Harmony Communications. Share yourself with your fellow Love Bondagers!



back, I bound her wrists, parallel, with four rounds of rope, cinching around these windings twice before tying it off behind and up between her wrists. Her agile arms can touch easily at the elbows behind her, but I left some margin for comfort as I used some one-inch nylon strap to pull them toward each other. I cinched and knotted this tie also, leaving enough length to continue in front and around her shoulders and tie the final knot behind her neck. Now the elbow bonds could not ride down on her arms.

Next, for a gag, I used the harness I made, using nylon straps and a red rubber ball, buckled in the appropriate places. Barbi's eyes were closed semi-hypnotically, so I got her attention with a kiss, then inserted the ball to fill her mouth, popping it in place behind her teeth. Sorting out the straps, I pushed her head slightly forward, buckled the main strap, next the one that joined over her nose and came over her head to join the main strap in back, then the one running under her chin.

Barbi's breath was heavy in her nostrils, partly from her excited state and partly from the gag. But she showed no sign of distress, so I now helped her step up on an old milk crate and mount

the sawhorse. I'd inserted the post of the bicycle seat into the hole in the center of the horse. Even with my help, she came down suddenly on the saddle, and her face and slight squeal behind the gag told me she'd noticed. The seat was adjusted so that her weight would settle at its low point and be fully concentrated there after I pulled the crate aside.

To keep her there, I ran a chain between the eyebolts of the legs on either side. Removing Barbi's sneakers, I looped a cord around each ankle and pulled it through a center link of each chain, tying them off so that any attempt to flex her knees would only increase the saddle's pressure on Barbi's crotch. Just to keep her from sliding around, I wound a rope around the tops of her thighs, making a figure-eight which crossed under the saddle and wound around its post. She could move very little below her waist, and I was about to take care of the rest.

Barbi was moaning now, moving about as she could, either testing her bonds or trying to draw some stimulus from the narrow saddle on which she sat. Her breathing was heavy, and the spots of sweat between and under her breasts, which had dried after this morning's exercise, began to grow

again. It was difficult to see the effect on her crotch, but I could make an educated guess. I stroked her smooth tights-covered legs and Lycra-clad torso, watching her nipples push at the material of her leotard and the bra underneath.

Tearing myself away from this interlude, I added the last item to Barbi's bondage. From the eyebolt behind her I doubled a long rope, ran it through the wrist and elbow bindings, and took one end over her left shoulder, through the eyebolt in front of her, and back over the right shoulder to meet the loop in the other end, behind her neck. I used the loop for leverage to pull the rope taut, causing her arms to raise up behind and away from her body, and tilting her forward slightly. I tied it there, winding the excess around both stretches of rope behind her neck, to hold her pose. She could lean forward some, but any attempt to struggle would automatically put more weight where the saddle met her most sensitive region.

Barbi's bondage was complete, but the coup de grace was a total surprise for her. I worked from behind, so she couldn't see. Not long ago, while jig-

Continued on Page 78

THE DYNAMIC DUETTE!

Harmony's feminine video producers outdid themselves with this pair of bondage blockbusters! Kristine Imboch's "Bondage Hospital" (UC-1) recounts the misadventures of an overworked flight attendant (Marley Haze) when she undergoes nurse Allison Brach's unique stress therapy. Chelsea Pfeiffer sends lissome Lorraine Vanowen on a trip into the past, where she and buxom Amanda Chase Parker are tried and tested as witches in an old English dungeon in "Which Witch Is Witch?" (C-5).



By The People

Continued from Page 76

sawing a piece of plywood, I'd leaned against the board with the saw running and the sensation gave me some creative ideas for Barbi. This morning, I'd replaced the saw's blade with a one-ounce lead weight. Now, I bolted the jigsaw to the bottom of her seat's post under the sawhorse. It was switched on, but the outlet into which I'd plugged it was turned off. Looking back now, it reminds me of the old heroine-tied-to-the-buzz-saw plot we grew up with.

Finished with my work, I stood back for an admiring look. Barbi squirmed to test her bonds, and, I guessed from her moans, to increase her stimulation. I offered some help for a few minutes and almost considered letting her loose then and there, but I'd spent too much time planning this one. The sweat was spreading down her abdomen as I turned out the light and closed the door, leaving my still unemployed surprise for later.

Since then, about an hour ago, I've been looking in on Barbi every five minutes or so. Sometimes, turning the light on, I see that pleading look in her eyes — not for release, for she knows the safe signal, but for relief from her pent-up lust. About fifteen minutes ago, after watching her for a few minutes, I reached over and threw the switch to the jigsaw. Barbi would have jumped two feet had the ropes not held her down! And I was glad she was gagged, or the whole neighborhood would have come running. When she could open her eyes again, the look I got translated into some epithets I'd rather not put into print.

Another five minutes, and I found her leaned forward from apparent exhaustion, but she straightened back up when I flipped the light on. When I left that time, I turned the saw off again. I'm getting ready to go back now and see how she reacts when I reach for the switch again. Either way, I know I'll turn it back on. But I wonder, after watching her like that much longer, which of us will be the first to say uncle today.

Sincerely,

Mr. E
North Carolina

Dear Harmony,

In my last letter (BL 36), I told you that I blindfolded my new girlfriend Lauren to make love. The next night I tied her up for the first time!

I rang the doorbell and she came to the door with a yellow scarf draped around her neck. I came in and we started kissing. While we kissed, I took the scarf from her neck, crossed her wrists in front of her, and wrapped, cinched, and knotted the scarf on her wrists. She stayed that way for quite a while, until I untied it to retie her hands behind her back. I rubbed her crotch until she came.

A few days later, she expressed an interest to be gagged, which I did, a la Richard Volcane.

Thus started our bondage relationship, but it's been put on hold for the past four weeks because she's visiting her family on the West Coast. She'll be back soon — finally! It's been giving me time to think up new ideas.

One thing is, she's trying to stop smoking. I told her a bit of adhesive tape will help. She agreed.

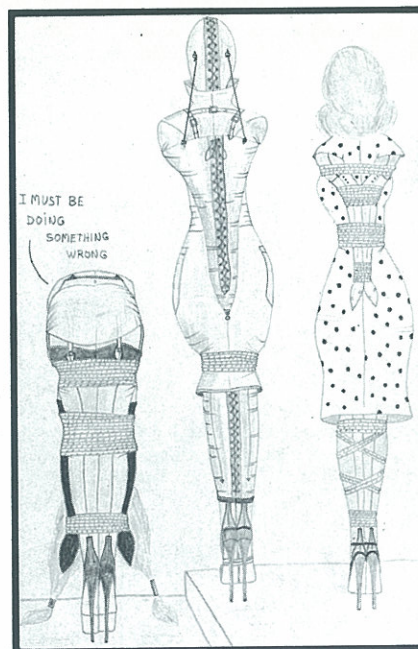
Lauren says I'm sensual and erotic with bondage. She says I'm a genius. Who am I to argue! What more could a man ask for? I awakened the eroticism of bondage within her; I will take credit for that.

I hope to send you photos of Lauren sometime.

Sincerely,

Buster in Pennsylvania

By Single-Glove John



Dear Harmony,

Recently I heard a song that triggered my memory ... one that I'd completely forgotten.

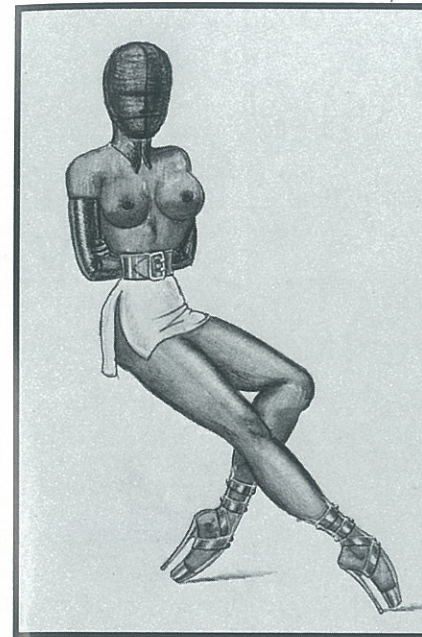
I was in college when I chose to reveal my interest in bondage to the woman I would later marry. We'd been intimate for quite awhile, and we were very much in love. Although our relationship was very strong, I still felt uncertain about telling her about this, and I feared rejection. My heart was beating very fast and I was visibly shaking as I started a long paraphrasing of the passage on bondage from *The Joy of Sex*, and I showed her some of my H.O.M. magazines (these were the pre-Harmony days), which, to my relief, she viewed with mild interest and not distaste. "So," I asked, still feeling nervous, "do you want to try this?" And she calmly replied, "Sure." It may have been then that I decided to marry her.

I believe I had some rope hidden away for just such an occasion, and I proceeded to tie my future wife to the bed, hands together above her head and legs apart. As I was nervously fumbling around with this, she (quite uncharacteristically) started singing(!). "Getting to know you, getting to know all about you. Getting to like you, getting to hope you like me."

That was the song I heard the other night. It still makes me smile when I think of it. Anyway, so much for "The King and I." The next morning she was humming like Scarlett O'Hara the morning after Rhett Butler kicked the door in. When I asked her about the singing she had no recollection of it. Of course, it wasn't until later that morning that she could remember her middle name and what day of the week it was. And as Yul Brynner might add, "Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera."

Tantalus

ARTWORK BY JAY "Meditation"



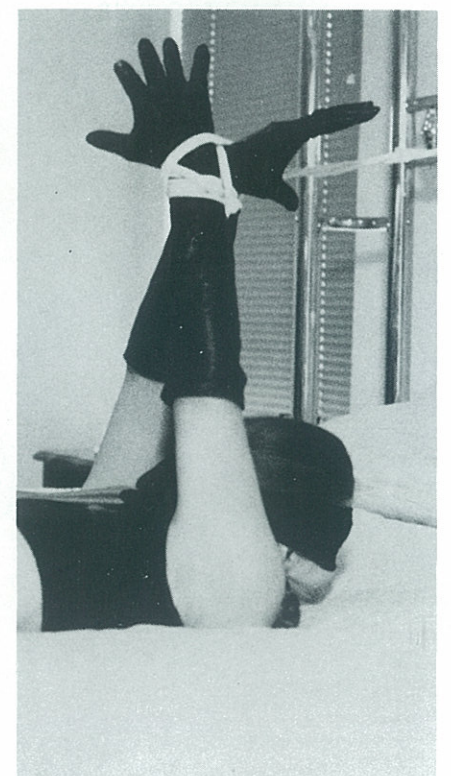
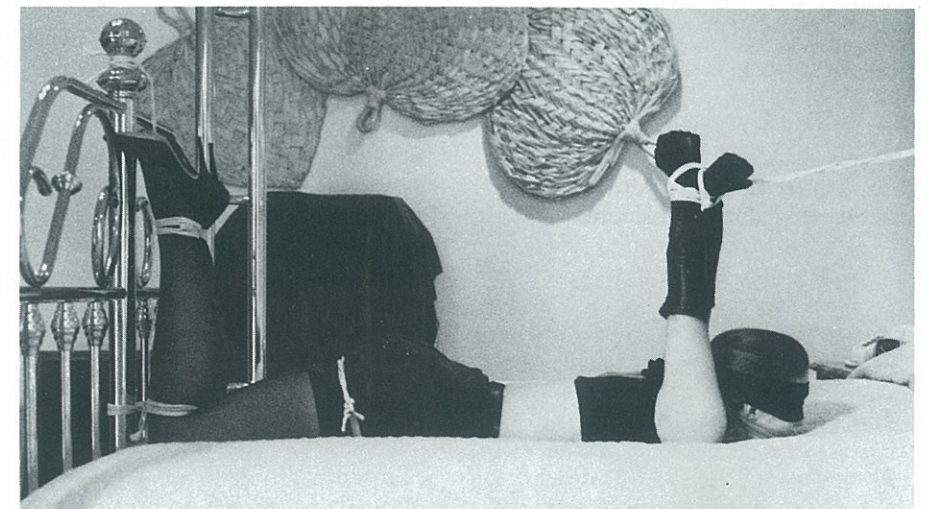
Dear Harmony,

I appreciate your inclusion of male bondage photos. Although I am naturally attracted to women and would not purchase a "men in bondage" magazine, I appreciate the men who like to be tied up because I am that way, too. The guys with good bodies and tight bondage and gags make for pleasant viewing for me on a limited basis. I think my main attraction to the male photos is that they serve to educate the viewing public as to the attitudes that bondagers have toward the activity.

Perhaps if the publishers of the "Dominant Mistress" type magazines would tie the men more securely and reach out to the bondage fans, men would have more success illustrating their submissive psyches. Not many women I know would deny the appeal of the image of a beautifully costumed dominant woman with a naked man bound and gagged at her feet. This may not be the role she wants exclusively. But once in awhile would work for many. Such a scene might be a door opener for a man hoping to develop a more fulfilling sex life with his partner. Alas, the men in fem-dom mags are hardly fettered, and they're made to look like wimps, and the women are over-dressed and unattractive. Perhaps if Harmony were to do a magazine on this theme, things would be different...

Tied to L.A.

FROM A READER IN TEXAS



***Harmony Model
Maria Tortuga
Returns***

***Letters And
Photos By
Personal
Bondagers***

***Bound For
Hollywood:
Restraint In
The Movies***

***Bookbindings:
Novel Excerpts***

***Comic Bondage
Review***

***Tielines: Current
Bondage News***