

ADULTS ONLY • NUMBER FIVE • \$7.00



# SARAH FOSTER TATE IN BONDAGE

FOR AND BY "LOVE BONDAGERS" ONLY

ALL SCENES BY ATREUS  
WITH SPECIAL GUEST STAR TARA HAMILTON!



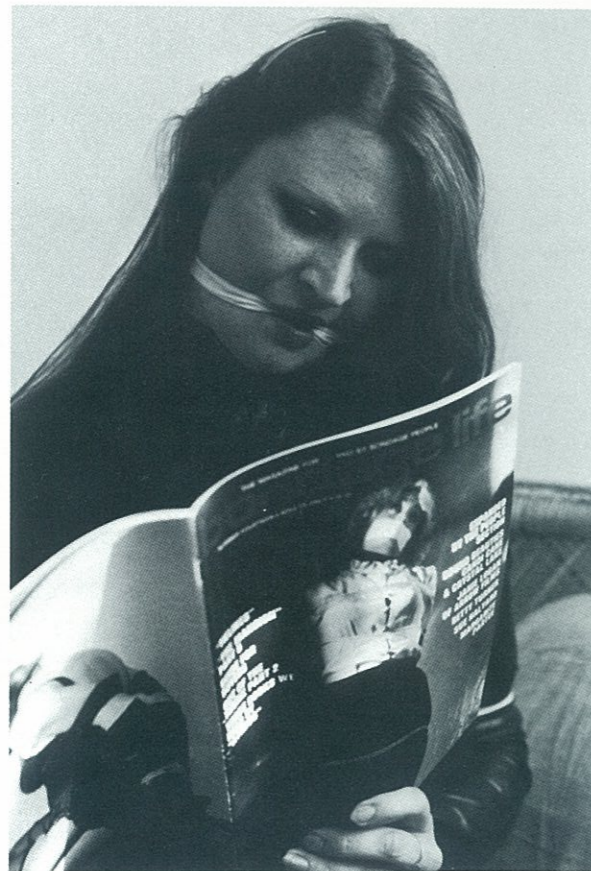
AUSTRALIA'S FANTASY FETISH LADY BOUND &  
GAGGED IN TENNIS WEAR, LEATHER & RUBBER,  
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# SARAH FOSTER TATE IN BONDAGE

NUMBER FIVE

HARMONY COMMUNICATIONS – CELEBRATING  
THE PSYCHOLOGICAL POWER OF THE BOUND  
BEAUTY WHOSE “LOVE BONDAGE” IS AS MUCH  
FOR HER PLEASURE AS OURS

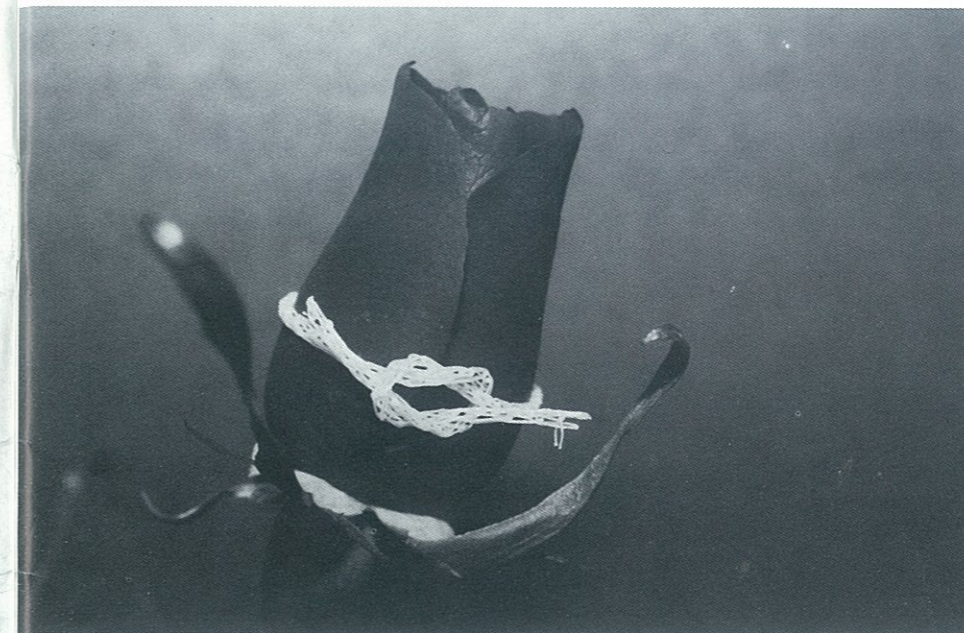


SARAH FOSTER TATE IN BONDAGE, NUMBER FIVE, AUGUST 1985

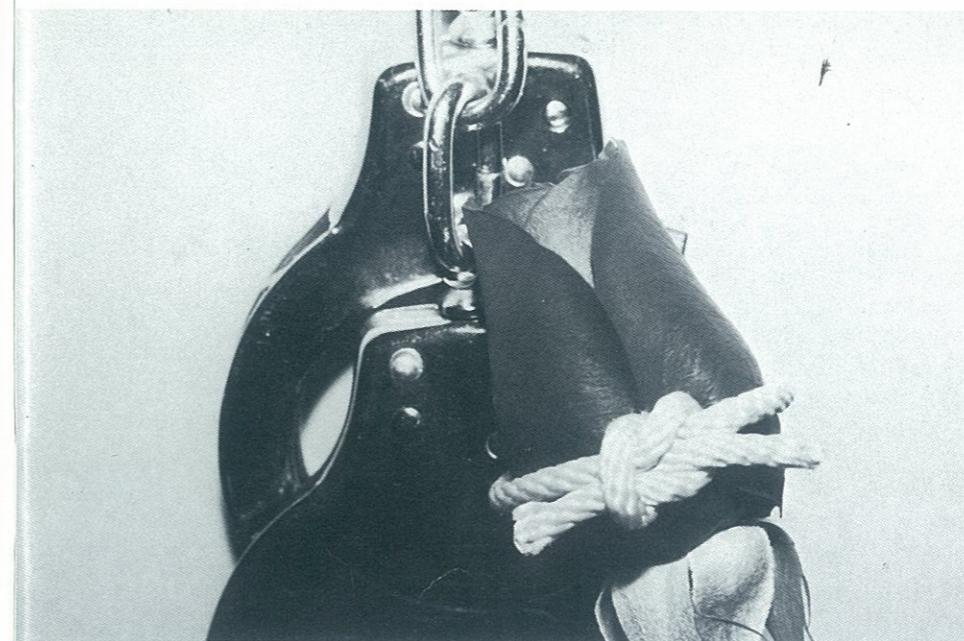
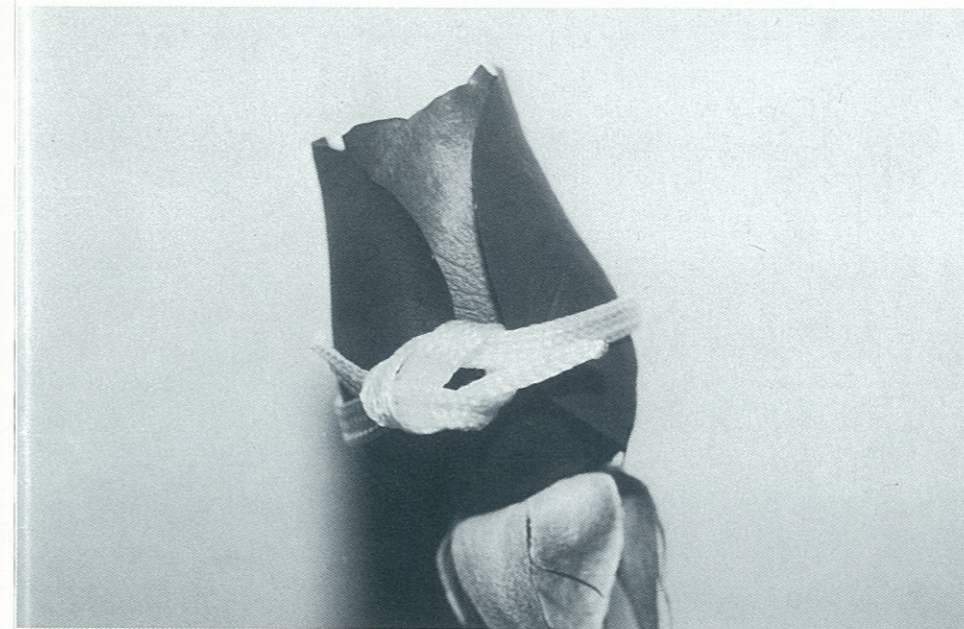
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"I love the chained rose Atreus chose as his sign. The rose represents romance and beauty – the chain stands for the sweet sensuality of those things being made captive. He understands that bondage is for the woman within as well as the outer person."





## A WALK IN THE RAIN

Here is Sarah in her rain-walking gear, about to go forth on a nicely daring escapade. It is raining lightly outside; a cool wet night just after 7 o'clock. While it's not cold, the air is freshening up after a warm day. The time seems perfect for a walk — with rubber and bondage involved.

Sarah puts on her favorite rubber dress — the bronze close-fitting latex one we love using, with yellow rubber gloves and her rubber wellingtons. She pulls a soft white latex rubber bathing-cap over her long hair, pushes another folded up into her mouth as a gag, then fits a white latex "surgeon's mask" over her face. This both highlights her eyes beautifully and keeps that gag in her mouth.

When she is dressed, Sarah then puts on a blue rubber-lined satin raincoat, which she belts tightly at the waist. She pulls the hood up over her head to conceal the cap and the gag-mask. Now — all things going well — she is ready to go out walking. The secret is to avoid the lighted areas, keep the hood pulled forward and her head down.

But first, some bondage to warm things up. I bind Sarah's body — wrists, arms, elbows, her booted feet, taking pictures as I go. Sarah stands there, looking marvelous, thoroughly trussed and helpless. It's a shame she can't be bound this way as we walk, but tonight that would be foolish. Too many people about enjoying the cool evening following a warm day. That white cord would stand out. No, for walking it will be just her wrists (in front or behind, depending) and a gag (probably the pool-cap packing under transparent Cellotape — shiny but better by far than white adhesive.)

But before all this, there is one additional feature to add to her present bondage. I tie a strip of red rubber around her face so that it's pressing tightly in against her mask and that mouthful of rubber. This is a very exacting gag but it looks just great on Sarah.

### ABOUT BEAUTIFUL BONDAGE SCENES:

Soft visual fantasizations of "Love Bondage." New and unpublished "Damsels in Distress" pictures from Harmony and independent bondagers. The Harmony "Bound Beauties" on parade, mostly in lingerie bondage. Little if any text — but a generous assortment of pictures of the prettiest bondage models in the world today.

## SARAH AS "DEMIMONDAINE"



Juliette arrived at the appointed hour, dressed exactly as Vicomte Luis requested in his letter. She did not wholly like being seen for what she was — a demimondaine, a painted and corsetted "creature of the half-world" straight out of her client's dance-hall and bordello fantasies. But Luis was, all things considered, very good to her. And, in truth, he did seem fascinated by a quality she had. None of the other girls pleased him quite the same way.

Juliette suspected what it was. For while she was a living image of one of mankind's oldest professions, for Luis she brought to life the image of an even older one: that of a woman being the desirable

captive of a man.

Juliette understood that desire and could play to it. To be honest, it excited her, made her heart race, shortened her breath. It was true, sometimes he did tie her too tightly, lost in the incredible ecstasy of his own feelings. But when he freed her, it all became worthwhile, their lovemaking was so much more intense, something very special.

And here she was again, outside the Vicomte's rooms on Rue St. Baillon. Juliette gathered her long black cape about her against the chill evening air and rang the bell. Footsteps within. The Vicomte's valet, Jules, drew back the door and let her in.

"Upstairs, Mamselle," he said, and gave her a smile. He's being more kind than in previous visits, Juliette thought. He knows how his master values me now.

"Merci, Jules," Juliette said, and climbed the stairs. She could feel the valet's eyes on her caped back.

Outside the door, Juliette checked her dress, using the long wall-mirror. Under her cape she wore a corset of salmon-pink brocade, stockings of gleaming latex, elbow-length black gloves, with her dainty ankles strapped in high-heels. At her throat, the Vicomte's gift, a stylized slave-collar, peeked out between the stole that fell down over her bared breasts.

Juliette tucked a wisp of hair back up into her elaborate coiffure and knocked on the door.

"Entrez!"

Juliette entered. The Vicomte was there at once, taking her hands in his, kissing her gloved fingers.

"Ah, cherie! It is good, so good to see you again."

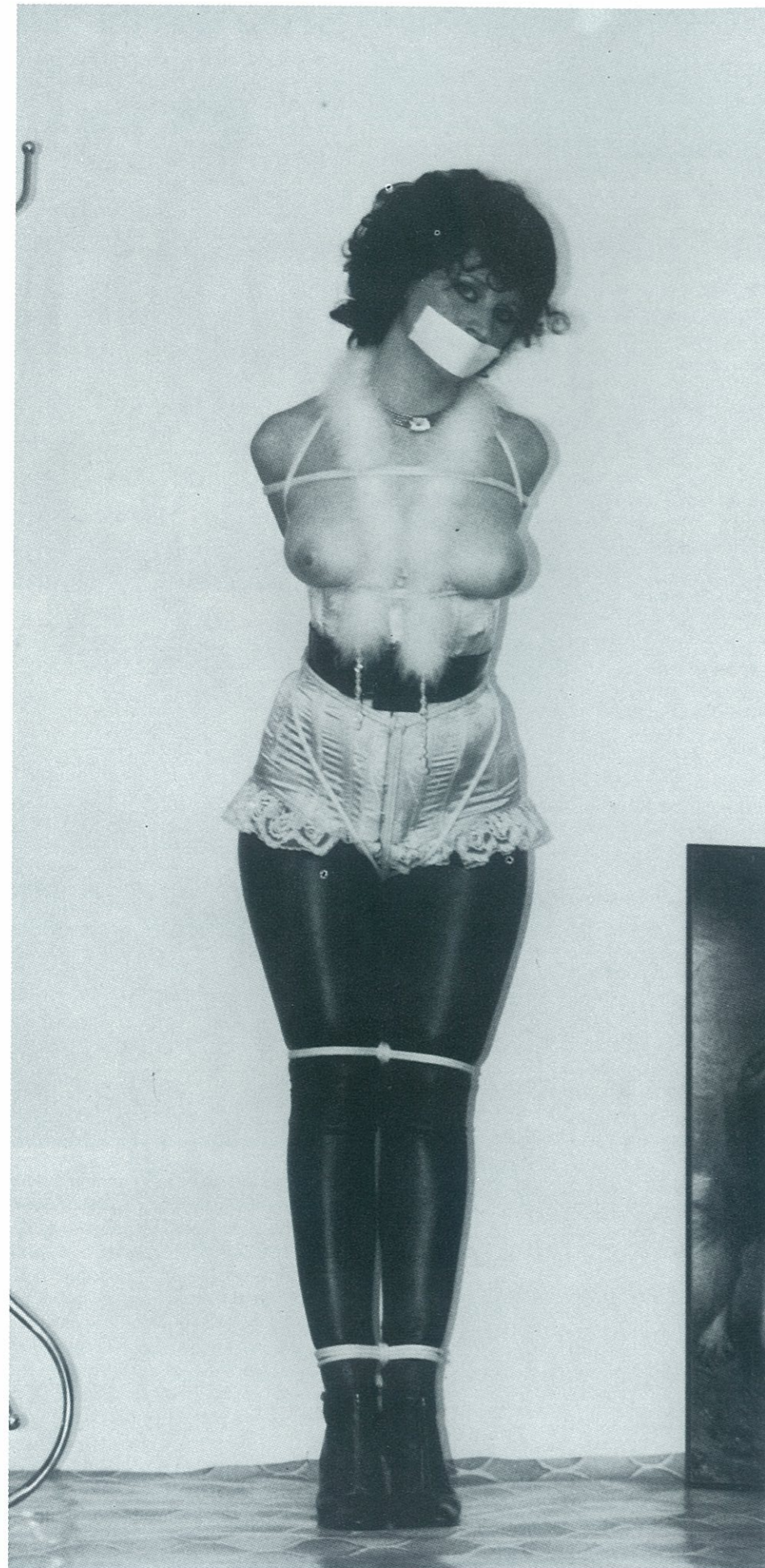
"It is good to be here, milord."

"Luis, ma cherie. Luis, eh?"

"Yes, milord. . .Luis."

He smiled, regarding her at arms length, every inch of her. Juliette felt a mixture of extreme pleasure and nervous relief. His eyes lingered on her bared breasts, on the shiny corsetry, on her black gleaming legs. He leant forward and kissed her on the mouth. She felt her heart pounding, the tingling sensation further down.

"You are very special, Juliette."



"And you. . .m'sieu, are most kind."

Luis squeezed her hands, then went to a bureau nearby, brought forth some cords, a roll of surgical plaster.

"I want you bound, my angel, yes?"

Juliette nodded, feeling the same thrill as she had on those other occasions.

"Oui, m'sieu. . .oui, Luis."

"Tres bien. Come to me then. You shall be my bound plaything. Avec le baillon, n'est-ce pas?"

Juliette went to where he stood holding the pieces of cord. "Please, Luis. Not too tight, eh?"

But she didn't really care. The feeling of being held was too precious and, when she thought about it, really quite necessary, all part of the magic they explored together.

Gently but firmly he bound her gloved wrists, then forced her elbows together as well, passing turn after turn of cord about her body, trussing her body quite securely, even adding the revealing crotch-ropes to make her gasp and tremble.

Juliette could barely control her trembling as he ran his hands down her gleaming black latex thighs to her legs and feet. She tried to stand as still as she could, anything to stop the insistent crotch ropes from having their way with her, though it was useless as always. She found herself flinching and twitching and making sudden little squeals of surprise as he moved her this way and that to complete the tying.

"Tch, tch!" Luis said. "These noises! What will Jules think?" To drive the point home, he adjusted one of the ropes pressing into her body. Juliette uttered a soft cry.

"Do you see, mon petit! We must do something about this."

He stood then and pushed a silk handkerchief into her mouth, then taped her lips to keep it in place.

"There!" he said. "Silence at last. We cannot have you disturbing anyone, can we?"

Juliette stared wide-eyed above the big piece of white adhesive, unable to answer.

Luis resumed his caresses, ran his hands across her once more. Then he lifted her and carried her across to the divan.

As he made love to her, Juliette realized that she understood something very secret and very important — about Luis, about captivity, about herself. Being bound and gagged mattered. Being able to surrender and relish the surrendering was something beyond price.

And if Jules listened at the door, as he sometimes did, he heard — not the exertions and lusty exploits of some advantaged roue and a demimondaine — but the sounds of pure love.

## SARAH AND THE SHOE-GAG

Here you see Sarah bound hand and foot and wearing a tight-fitting shoe-gag, something that tends to come under the heading of a lover's forfeit or the prize in a game of Penalties.

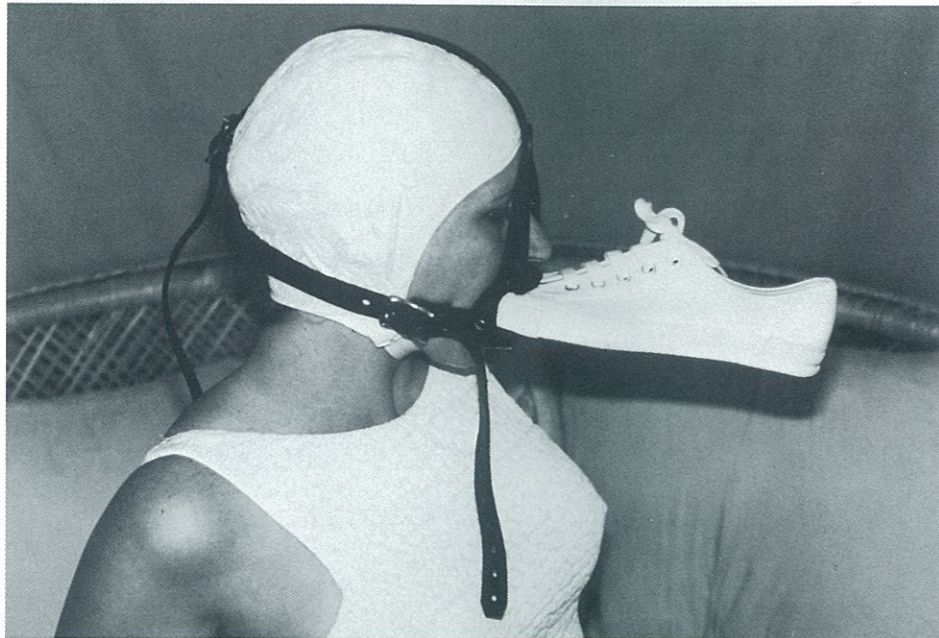
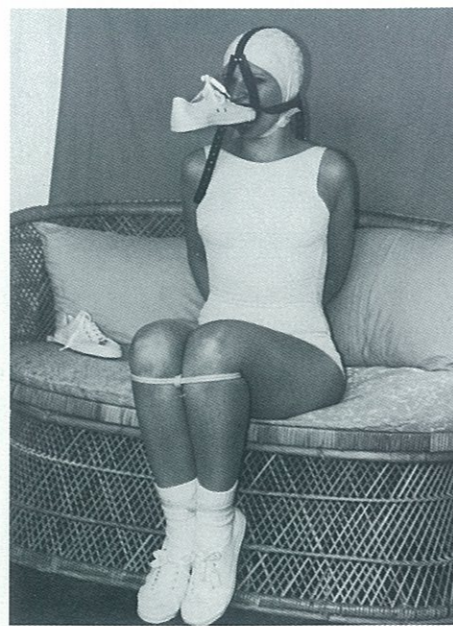
For Sarah, it meant wearing a bathing-suit and a white rubber bathing-cap, short wrist-length surgical rubber gloves, white socks and a pair of new white tennis sneakers. When her wrists were bound behind her back, and her legs and feet were tied, I fitted the black leather gag-harness over her smoothly-capped head, bringing it down so it covered the face, with the shoe-fastenings directly in front of milady's mouth. I did up the straps, securing it in place ready to receive the shoe. Then I fitted another tennis shoe into the holding strap so the soft rubber toe-piece was forced into Sarah's mouth, keeping her jaws apart. I did all this gradually, waiting until the rubber toe was comfortably seated, then made the final adjustments to the harness, tightening the holding strap so the shoe could not be dislodged without assistance.

I stood back and regarded my prisoner, gently teasing her. Sarah squirmed on the sofa, testing her cords, twisting her gloved hands behind her and squeaking her sneakered feet together. I could see her trying to push the sneaker from her mouth with her tongue, and was pleased to see that the strap held. Sarah started mewling prettily as I ran my hands over her bound body, still trying to escape the rather humiliating gag she wore. It was an interesting two-part response: indignant struggling with determined efforts to dislodge the sneaker, and the soft mewings and the arching of the back that meant my caresses were having their effect.

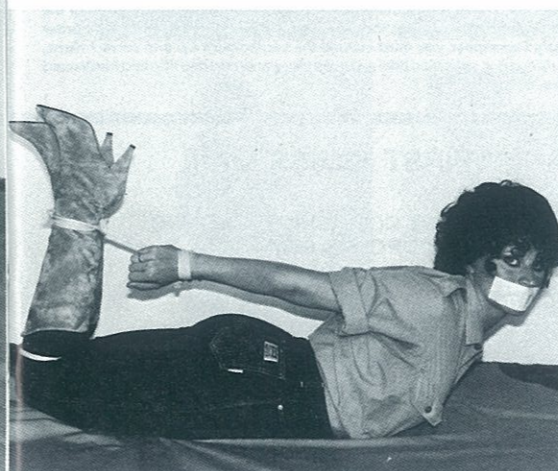
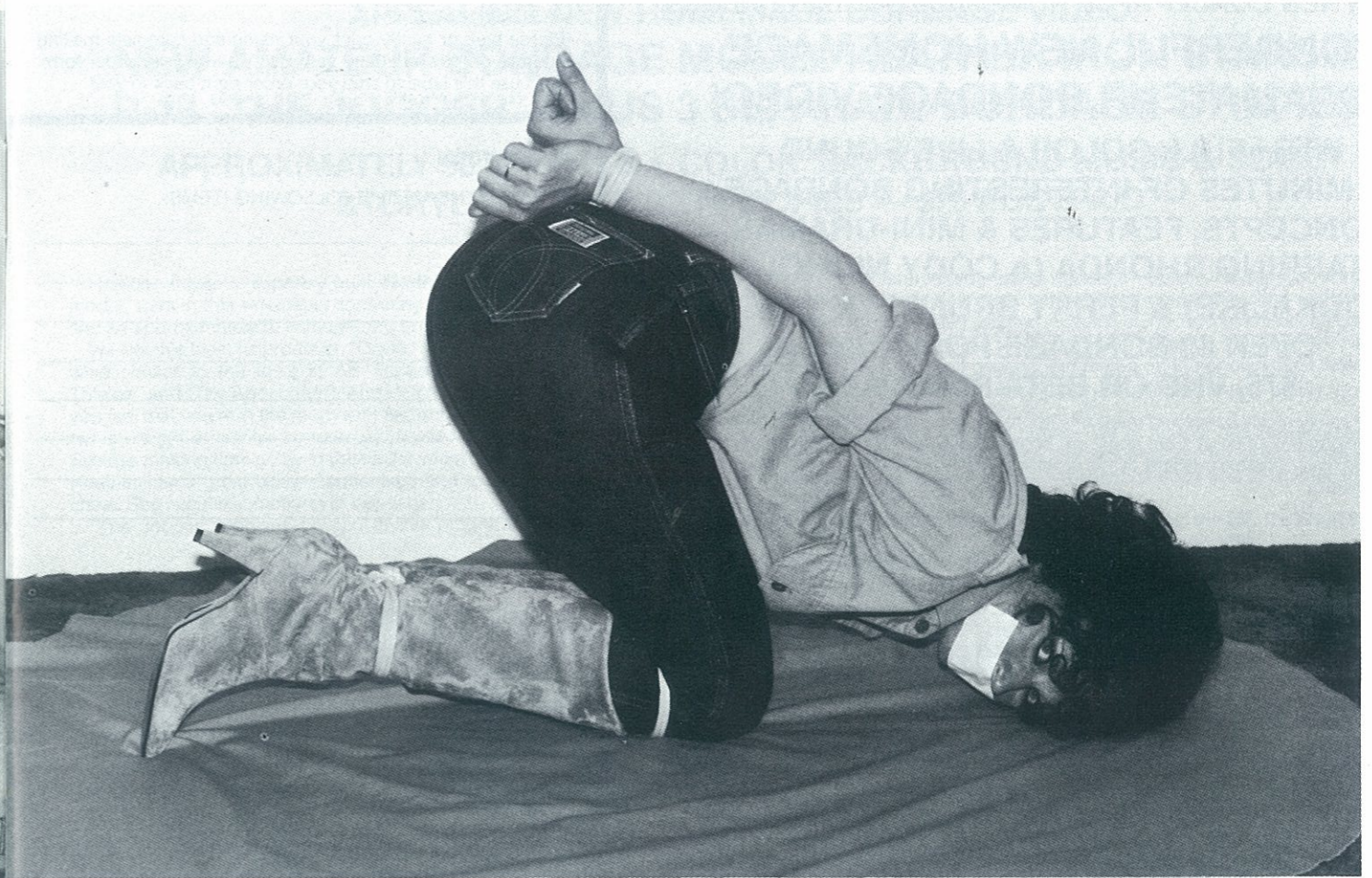
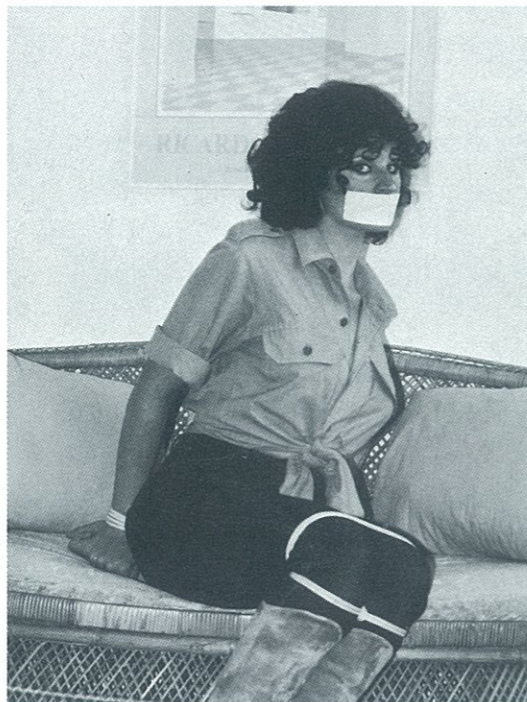
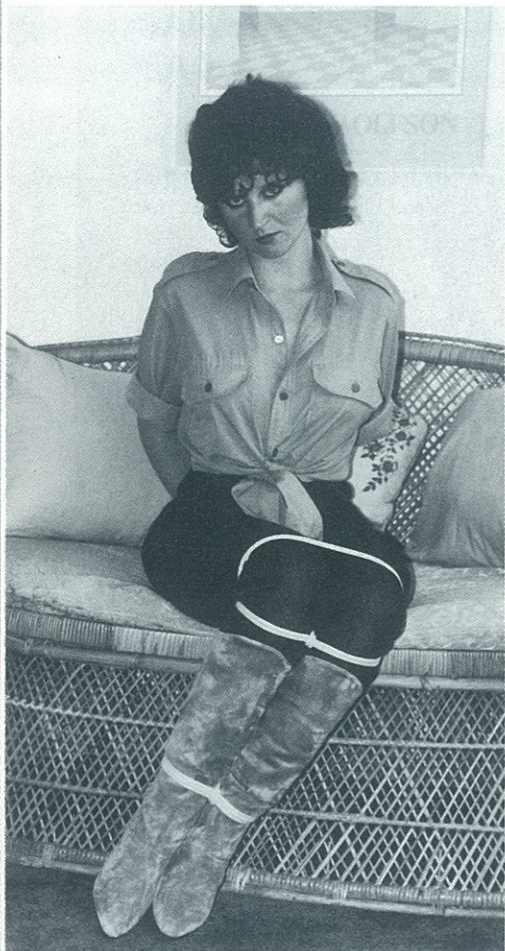
Finally, I re-positioned Sarah face-down on the sofa and bound her hands to her feet in a hogtie. No way to treat a lady, of course, but definitely a fun way to capture her.

### ABOUT BONDAGE PARADE:

This magazine is truly "Bondage Life" without "Tielines" and "Bound for Hollywood." So if "Bondage Life" is a must for you then so is "Bondage Parade," the magazine that is almost completely "By The People" and conveys a sense of how everyone else feels about bondage (and how everyone else looks in bondage). Probably the second finest bondage publication in the world today.



"When I am bound and gagged, he sometimes just watches me, as if savouring every nuance of the experience, both his and mine. It's uncanny. He intuitively knows what I am thinking and feeling. He has learned to read my looks, every expression."



**HAVE YOUR FAVORITE BONDAGE FANTASY BROUGHT TO LIFE BY A TRUE BONDAGE LADY.**

Sarah is accepting commissions for original pencil studies for your very own Love Bondage fantasies. Each 10" by 12" study is suitable for framing, and is fully finished on quality bond paper.

Describe the details of your fantasy, and it will be presented to you at the cost of \$30.00, which includes first class postage and packaging from Australia. With your fantasy, you will receive a photograph of the artist at work, bonded beautifully for the occasion.

Please direct your inquiries, or send your fantasy to: Sarah Foster Tate, c/o Villa Atrous, P.O. Box 241, Gladesville N.S.W. 2111, Australia.

FRESH NEW CONCEPT FOR HOMEMADE BONDAGE VIDEOS:

## WONDERFUL NEW HOMEMADE B-17 AMATEUR BONDAGE VIDEO!

WITH FULL COLOR & LIVE SOUND  
60 MINUTES OF INTERESTING BONDAGE CONCEPTS, FEATURES & MINI-DRAMAS STARRING RHONDA (A CODY NICHOLE LOOKALIKE) & PERKY BRUNETTE "SUE" OVER 30 BONDAGE POSITIONS  
\$75, VHS OR BETA POSTPAID

Here is a very nicely conceived magazine approach to bondage videos containing a very satisfying mix of short 1 girl and 2 girl bondage dramas and special featurettes. One of the really likeable qualities of this program is its From-Them-To-You person-to-person touch.

**STORY #1:** "Where is He? A girl learns the hazards of self-tying when she has difficulty with an old flame.

**FEATURETTE #1:** A variety of poses with satin cuffs and straps.

**STORY #2:** "The Escape Artist" (first of a 4-part story, other parts to appear in future videos) An escape artist gets more than she bargained for when she hires a new assistant.

**FEATURETTE #2:** A variety of poses with handcuffs and chains.

**STORY #3:** "Roommate's Revenge" (first of a 2-part story) A nurse gives her roommate some of her own medicine.

**FEATURETTE #3:** A demonstration of handcuff safety and "Love Bondage" philosophy.

**FEATURETTE #4:** A variety of stringent poses with handcuffs and spreader bars.

**STORY #4:** "Knot Tonight" A girl gets ready for her boyfriend only to fall prey to his ex-girlfriend.

RHONDA OF B-17



SUE OF B-17



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Please type or neatly print your name and complete mailing address on this label and sent it to us with your order form. We'll use this label to ship your order right back to you!

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PLEASE SEND ME THE FOLLOWING ITEMS:

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CAL. RESIDENTS  
ADD 6.5% SALES TAX

SUB TOTAL

POSTAGE & HANDLING

TOTAL

I have enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_\_ as payment in full order. Please charge to my  VISA  MASTERCARD account number.

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(If using Visa or Mastercard) \_\_\_\_\_

ACCOUNT NUMBER \_\_\_\_\_

EXPIRATION DATE \_\_\_\_\_

SIGNATURE \_\_\_\_\_

I hereby certify that I am at least 21 years old. I also certify that I am aware that you are sending me sexually-oriented material which is for my own individual use and will not be resold, copied, or in any way distributed, including to minors.

SIGNATURE \_\_\_\_\_

**SPECIAL POSTAGE & HANDLING NOTE:** U.S. & Canadian buyers please add \$2 postage if ordering only 1 magazine. Add a total of \$3 if ordering 2 or more magazines. Overseas buyers must add \$3.50 for each book ordered.

**CONDITIONS FOR VISA & MASTERCARD ACCEPTANCE:** Except with very strong long-time Harmony customers with established purchasing patterns, we will not accept credit card purchases using post office boxes as an address. You must fill out the form above completely and return it with our standard shipping label. If you don't wish to use this actual form because you want to preserve the brochure, we can only suggest that you type out everything or print your order very clearly. Remember, you must include the cardholder's full and correct name, the account number, expiration date and a signature when making Visa and Mastercard purchases.

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SHIPPING LABEL

## APPEALING NEW HOMEMADE BONDAGE VIDEO: NEW AMATEUR BONDAGE MODEL HEATHER IRON STARS IN B-18 "THE JOGGER" (PLUS 3 SEPARATE BONDAGE STUDIES)

APPROXIMATELY 50 MINUTES • COLOR, BACKGROUND MUSIC & SOME STORYLINE VHS & BETA COPIES — \$75 POSTPAID

Heather Irons, a superbly-built Northeastern U.S. amateur bondage model, stars in this videotape, consisting of three lingerie bondage studies and an approximately 37-minute-long bondage drama, "The Jogger."

We like this tape. Its producer, "David," has a nicely realistic touch (somewhat similar to the folks at AB Productions who brought you "Street Thieves" and "The Abduction"). And Heather has a terrific knack for making you feel that you're in the room with her, and that makes lengthy sequences (which might otherwise be tedious) breeze by in a most pleasant manner. Besides making time go by in the nicest, most interesting and prettiest way, Heather has a great body—terrific legs and torso and a large and lovely chest. She is quite something in bondage.

"The Jogger" storyline portion of this program consists of a storyline

(barely) and features progressive bondage—we see the guy, who we take to be her lover, carefully and painstakingly winding and pulling and securing the ropes onto her. After jogging (in some of the most breathtaking countryside we have seen—these folks should do bondage travelogues), Heather gets herself bound and gagged and driven off in her own car. Later she is transferred to the back of a pickup truck, and eventually winds up at her destination, an off-the-beaten-track attic.

It all seems like a pleasant outing—for us and for her. We recommend it not so much for its ropemanship, which is okay, but for its sense of pleasant reality, the attractive bonding of a beautiful body, and its unique ability to put the viewer into the picture.

### SCENES FROM B-18 "THE JOGGER"



**“ASK SARAH . . .  
TO BRING A  
CHEERLEADER  
TO LIFE . . .”**

Among the letters addressed to Villa Atreus was the following one from “H.K.” Sarah Foster Tate and Atreus wasted no time in responding to the request for a bound and gagged cheerleader – Sarah experiencing the popular fantasy firsthand as shown, and then, with characteristic generosity and skill, creating an appropriate drawing. Sarah, as pencil study artist (as distinguished from bondage artiste), is accepting commissions to create original pencil studies for personal Love Bondage fantasies. The 8x10 studies are suitable for framing, and are fully finished on quality bond paper. Direct your commissions to Sarah Foster Tate, c/o Villa Atreus, P.O. Box 241, Gladesville N.S.W. 2111 Australia. Describe as fully as possible the details of your fantasy and send \$30 to cover the cost of the pencil study, first class postage and packaging from Australia, and a photograph of the artist at work, bondage beautifully for the occasion.

Dear Atreus,

I have noticed your photography in Harmony magazines for quite a while now, and I am writing to you to let you know that I applaud your exceptional talent.

I have never seen a photograph that you've taken that I didn't like (which is a huge statement), even though some of your tastes differ greatly from my own. Indeed, I have been surprised to find myself admiring garments which I didn't think would appeal to me, such as rubber stockings and even some lingerie items. Frankly, I find the standard lingerie (stockings and suspenders) boring. There's so much of it, and it is too much of a cliché, but you surprised me with corsets and stockings (rubber or otherwise) as worn by Sarah, and I now have a new-found fascination.

Not too long ago, I came across a copy of Beautiful Bondage Scenes #5, featuring Sarah Foster Tate as each piece in a chess set. I can't understand why I hadn't heard mention of it anywhere, it is BRILLIANT. Conceptually, artistically and photographically it is a masterpiece. I was intrigued by the use of symbolism such as the “Eye of Ra” for the black pieces and the “Ankh” for the white. I congratulate you on this wonderful and powerful imagery.

I cannot write this letter without admitting to you also that I am most impressed

with Sarah Foster Tate as a woman. Beyond her being desirable in a physical sense, she is obviously literate and perceptive. I find her integrity appealing and as far as I'm concerned, her attractiveness is two-fold. She is the thinking man's thinking beauty.

Sometime in the future, you might ask Sarah if she might possibly consider using her artistic hand to bring a cheerleader to life, when next she is asked or offers to illustrate for Harmony. So few cheerleader illustrations exist, and I must admit that I too was stricken in my youth by these robust girls/women. It would be very special to me to see this kind of drawing and know that it was done by a woman who has experienced the same fate, and understands that fate as beautifully as Sarah does.

I sincerely hope, Atreus, to enjoy your photography and articles for years to come. I feel that you have interjected a new perspective and needed vigour into this field as an all-rounder. I appreciate your style of writing as well as the photographic cross-section of work that you present. I confess that I prefer reading your longer factual articles the most (they are too far between), but I enjoy all the writing you do. I find myself selfishly looking forward to a time when you may consider writing bondage fiction. I am sure the result would be nothing less than outstanding.

To conclude, I would like to say that it is the rare few – people like yourself and like Sarah (and the editors and publishers of Harmony, of course) – that make those skeptics among us, like myself, sit up and take notice once again. For that, I heartfully thank you.

*With regards,  
H.K.*





# 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.

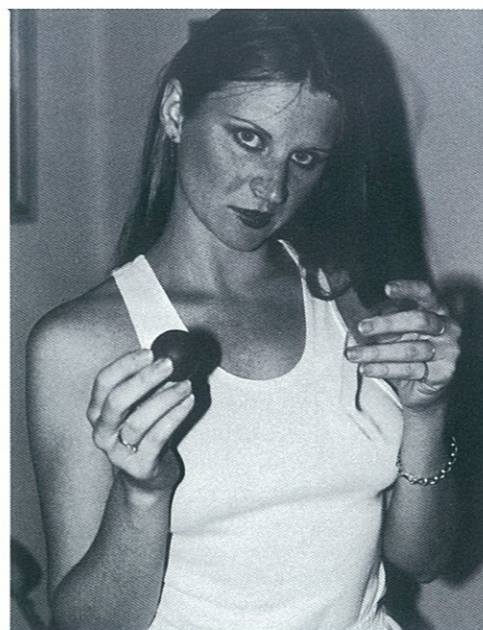
Conversely, those persons in search of darker, less pleasant bondage themes must look elsewhere, for there is really nothing for them here. Our materials are just not for people who enjoy scenes of human mistreatment. If such people do show up on our mailing list from time to time, they certainly have 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 soul-mates, 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.

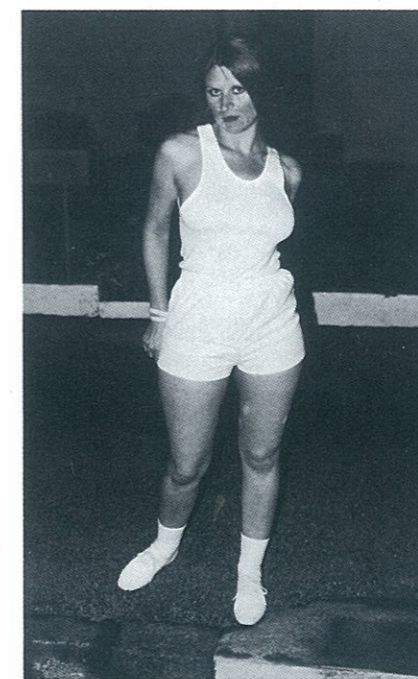
HARMONY COMMUNICATIONS



## NIGHT-RUN

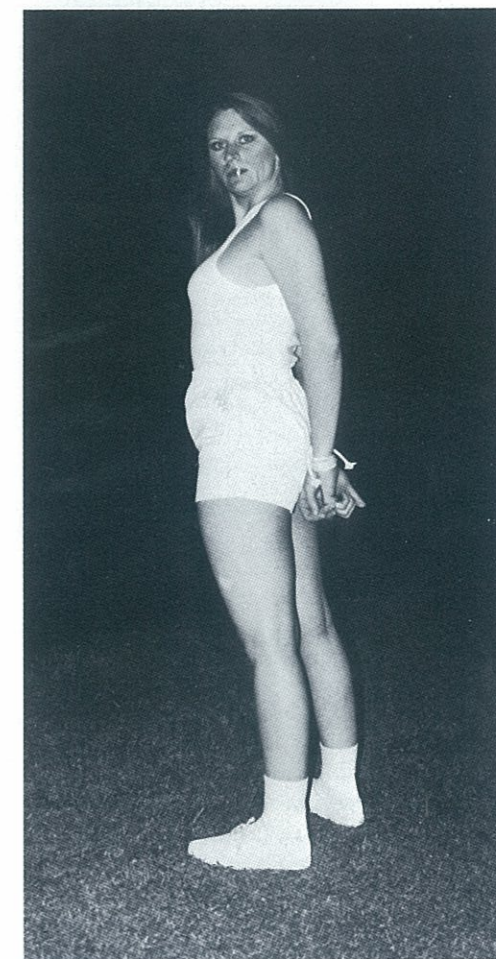
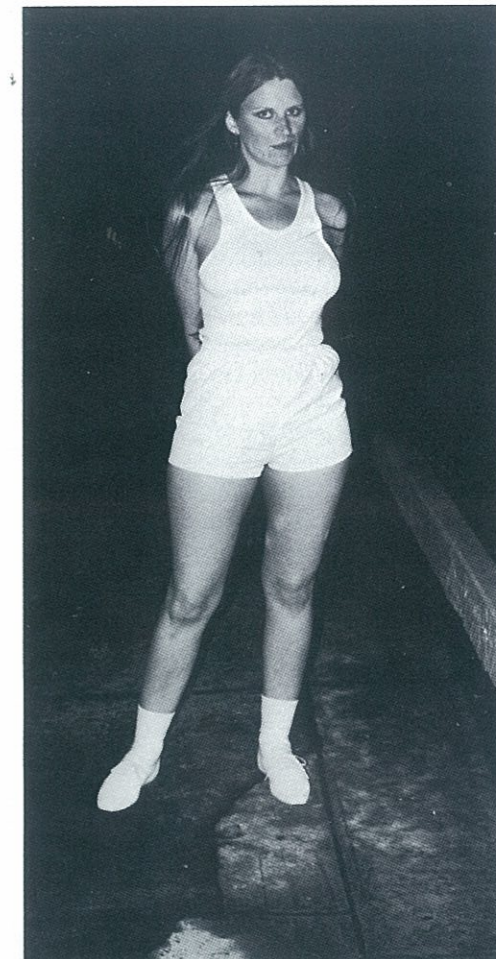
It is high summer, a very hot night in early January down in this hemisphere. I am taking Sarah out for a walk in the evening air. It is close to 9 p.m. The streets are not crowded.

Sarah is wearing a gym outfit. Since this is to be a leisurely stroll and not some record-breaking run, it is possible to ball-gag her. As I watch, Sarah takes up the rubber ball and the piece of clear tape I have ready. She puts the ball in her mouth, then smooths the almost invisible strip of tape across her lips. There is some slight distortion and the distinctive shine to show she is gagged, but it's hardly noticeable. I bind Sarah's wrists, then lead her out into the night, down the quiet empty streets to the local park. Now and then the headlights of a car moving down a street in the distance fall on Sarah's face and her gag shines. But that is all. She is in bondage, bound and gagged, out in public, and no one notices. We walk and we run a little for the next thirty minutes; we pause for some gentle loveplay; then we move home through the quiet cooling air.



### ABOUT BONDAGE PHOTO TREASURES:

The Harmony magazine that moves forward by presenting contemporary bondage pictures while keeping an eye on the past (for those who may have missed something especially tasty back in the long-ago). A truly interesting and moody magazine designed especially for bondage collectors who need to have seen it all.



## INTRODUCTION

# SARAH AND THE "AUNTYJANES"

Sarah and I were visiting her Aunt Jane last week, a woman in her fifties and a person of great charm and joie de vivre, though with many habits and proprieties from a stiffer, more proper age. It was house-cleaning time at her house, and Aunt Jane had these drawers of old underwear from the days when she didn't carry quite so much weight – soft fragrant piles of elasticized sheaths and many-hooked longline brassieres, most of them in classic white. It was her plan to get them out at last, bag them up, and send them to a thrift shop.

Sarah and I saw these crisp, freshly-laundered, very feminine foundation garments, some still in the drawers, some already laid out on Aunt Jane's bed ready for wrapping and sending, and our eyes lit up. Though our formative days fall squarely on the late sixties and early seventies, these were the things those tantalizing glamor ads for underwear used to show – step-ins and leg-hugging party-girdles, things for holding and supporting and clinging and binding the body, things worn under taffeta evening frocks at old-time dances, things felt when you held a woman for the waltz or quick-step, things (that for me at least) have always had a bedroom-mystical, feminine-mysterious, almost surgical look to them. Garments from a time when the mature female body was meant to be covered, shut away and confined as an automatic part of that

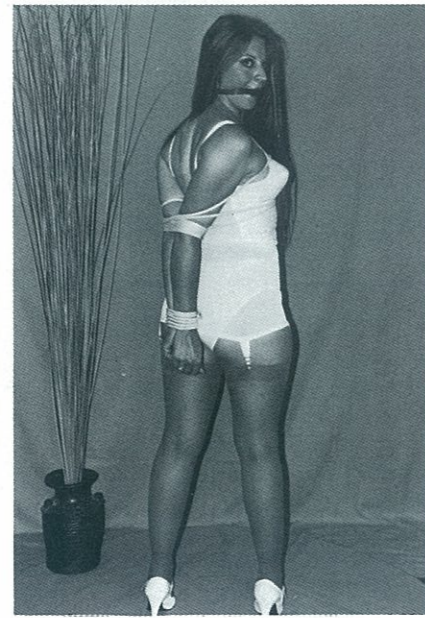
femininity.

And there they were, these fascinating items with their straps and gussets and slinky damasel curves, about to be sent forth. I had a word to Sarah and she had a word in Aunt Jane's ear, and at day's end we were heading back to Sarah's with a small brown paper parcel.

Naturally enough, from this enterprise came ideas for some quite delectable outfits, and what better name to give them than – that's right – "Auntyjanes." It seemed a perfect way of describing those 40s/50s lingerie ensembles featured by Klaw in his pioneering Nutrix photos, and which comprise such a strong tradition in bondage wear still; outfits which so many of us remember from old movies and old fashion magazines. If anything, those foundation garments seem even more deliciously feminine and surgical and bizarre than ever: fitting symbols (pardon the pun!) of modesty and a true female mystery, visuals from a time when being dishabille and caught enflagrante meant being covered in a stretchy white fabric, sheathed and corsetted in a private world of underwiring and gussets and latex reinforcements.

So Sarah and I set about trying various combinations, wanting to explore the whole range of visuals, from traditionally glamorous to a 1980s Atreus-bizarre! After all, exploring the possibilities, pushing out the frontiers, is what it's all about.

### SARAH AND THE "AUNTYJANES" – –PART ONE



The first "Auntyjane" outfit we tried was a straightforward and very glamorous affair, using a snug longline bra with clinging white step-ins exactly as we've all seen them used, with nylons and matching white heels.

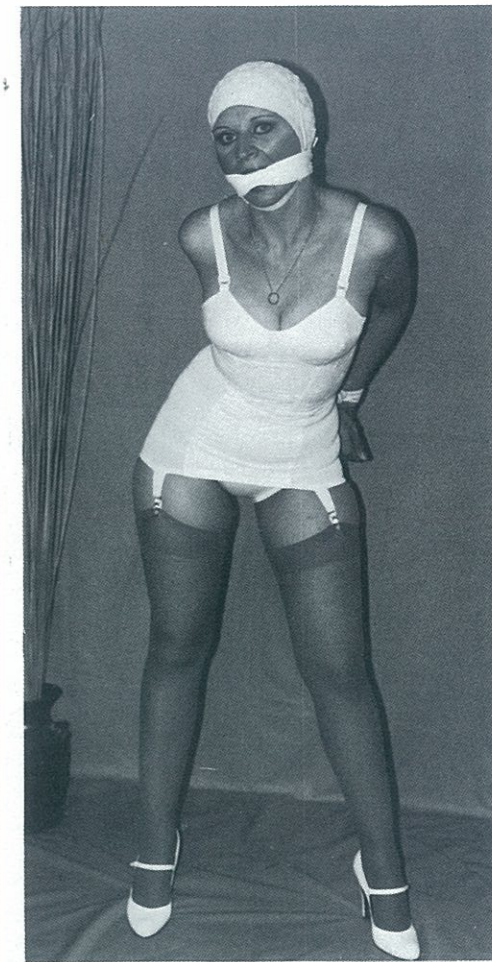
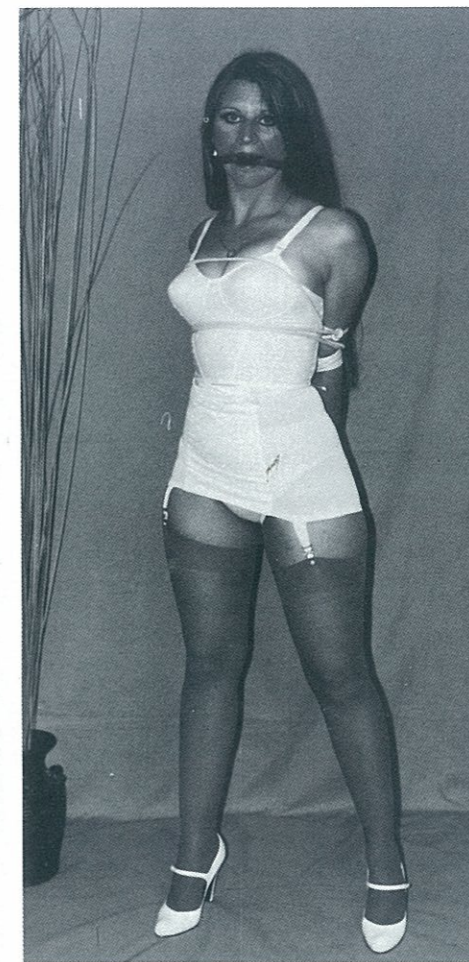
I bound Sarah up, tying her wrists and elbows so the forearms were touching, then her arms, breasts and ankles, and finally strapped a red ball-gag deeply in her mouth in what I call the AG mode (that guy's drawings in BL really caught that deep-seated gag-look splendidly).

I posed my lovely captive in various standing positions, made her turn this way and that, bend over coquettishly, toss her hair back and forth, delighting in the sheer femininity of the sight she presented. The simple Auntyjane she wore looked wonderful – lending an air of untouchability and yet extreme provocativeness to her form. It was: "Don't Touch!" with a real dash of: "But Please Try!" added, a nice blending of opposites. She was enjoying herself immensely, thrilling to the effect she was having on me, excited the way

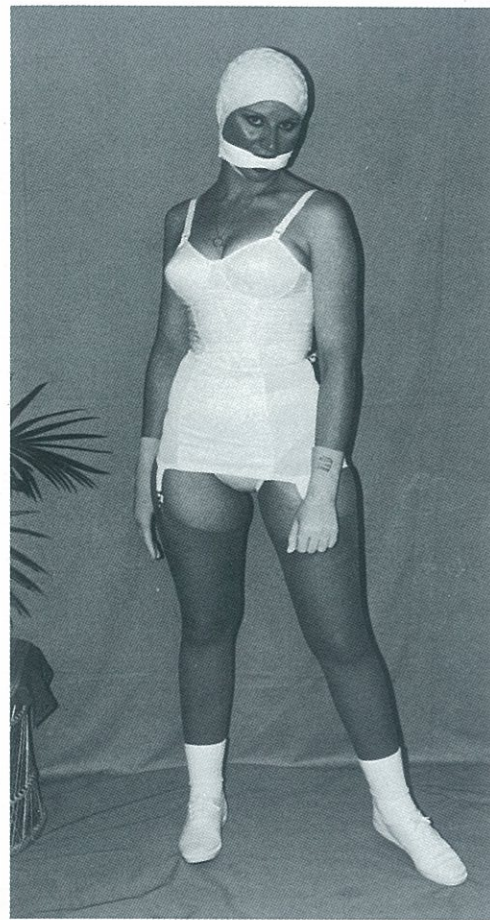
each new angle and turn would bring a cry of: "Hold it! Hold that!" There was no doubting it, she was charged with the magic of her shining womanhood.

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Towards the end of this run of photography, I freed Sarah long enough to put on a white bathing-cap, wanting to see how the mixture of lingerie, heels and the removal of that long and lovely hair would work. I was building up to the other Auntyjane outfit I wanted to try.



## SARAH AND THE "AUNTYJANES" – PART TWO

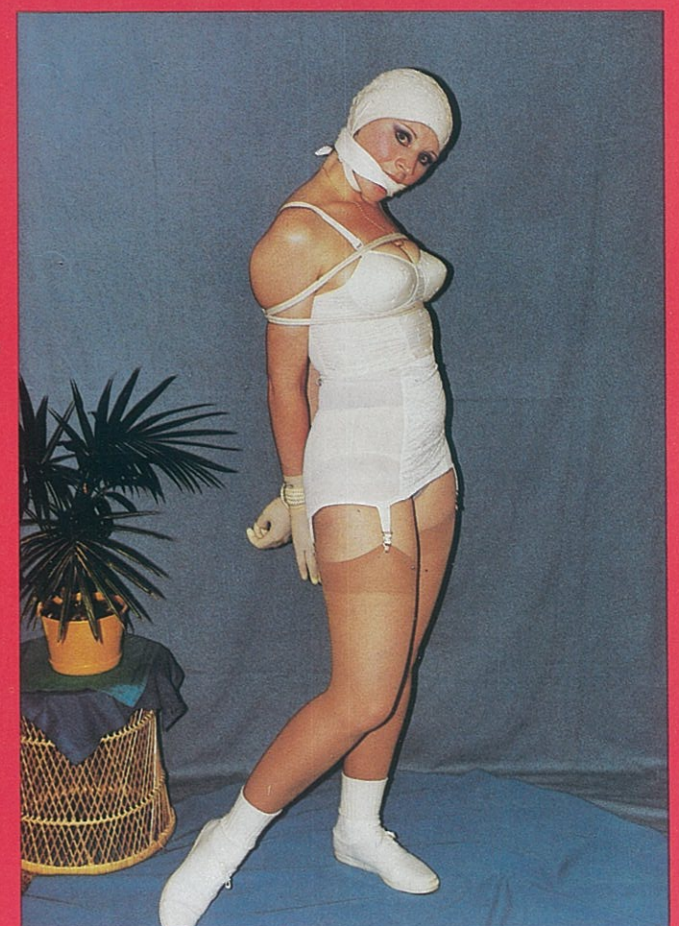
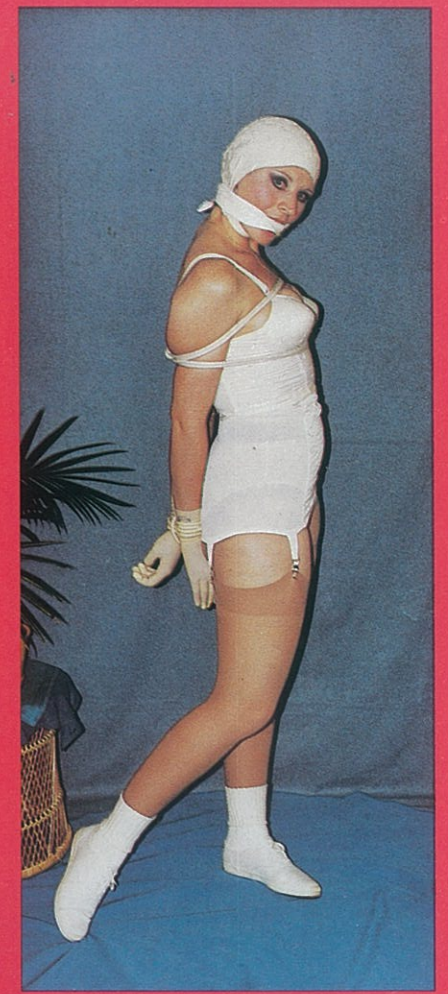
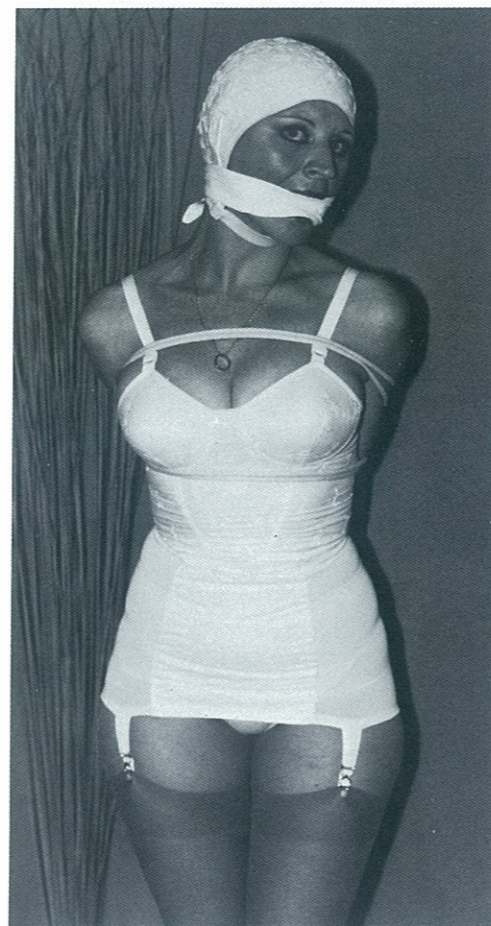
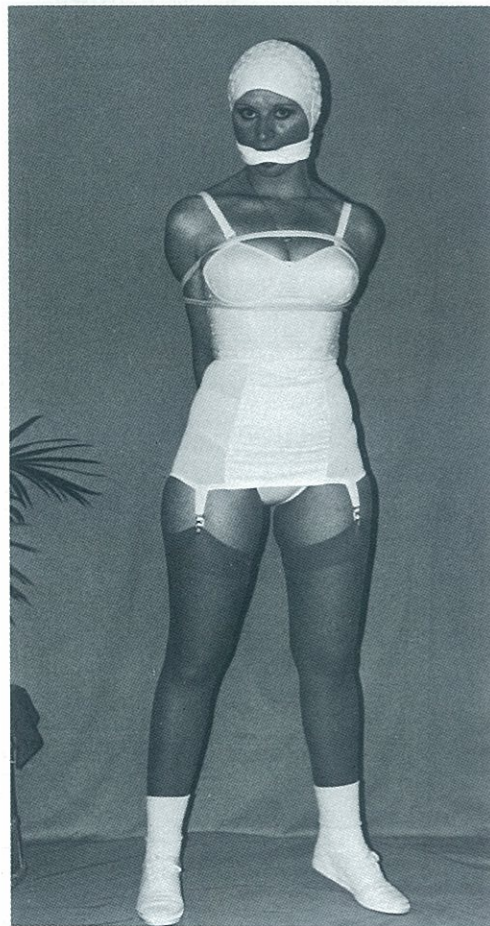


The second "Auntjane" bondage ensemble was a running outfit. The thought of taking a bound and gagged captive outdoors in such "indoor" garments seemed a very exciting thing to do. While the outdoors part of this idea has yet to be completed, here is the outfit I would love to see Sarah wearing on that occasion.

As well as the longline bra and clinging elasticized step-ins, Sarah wears a plain white strap-on bathing-cap, with white socks and white sneakers, and short latex surgical gloves on her hands. Her wrists are bound behind her, her arms are pinioned with rope, and her legs are bound at the knees to permit hobbling but allow no chance for escape. She is gagged with some mouth-packing and a folded white handkerchief, though for an actual outdoors stroll the packing would not be used.

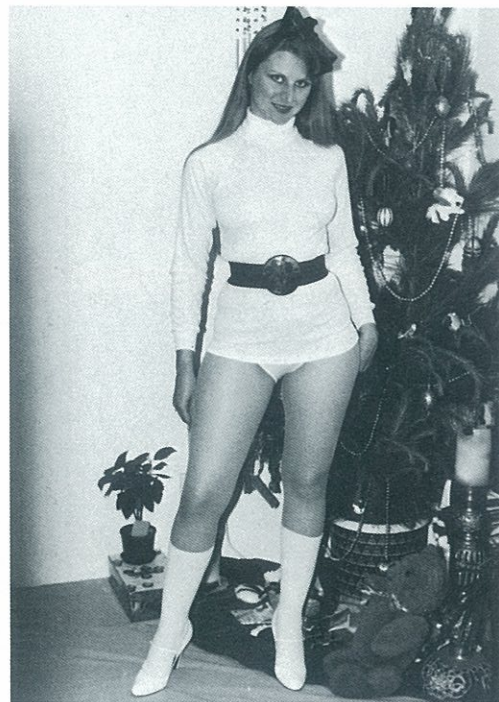
Though this is my thing – no, *our* thing, Sarah does find these outfits genuinely erotic and exciting – I think the mixture of modes works very well. Sarah posed for me beautifully, very sensuously, showing that radiance which comes from feeling her femininity welling up inside her as a true and powerful force. I feel these shots represent a high-point for us – a situation where the outcome transcends the different elements brought together to create that effect. I do not see the separate items worn, nor the details of the ropework and gagging. I see a very very feminine image, full of life and full of an indescribable beauty.

I also feel the impulse to take this white-clad figure out of doors and lead her along on a tether. Perhaps such an "ordeal" will take away the power that she feels and let her feel just that much more a helpless prisoner. Yes, that is the necessary next step.



## THE YULETIED SEASON

We admit it is a little early to pay homage of any sort to the Christmas period, but these pictures of Sarah were so spiffy and who knows what the future holds anyway that we thought we should include them now — an early season's greeting to get you into the spirit and keep you there.

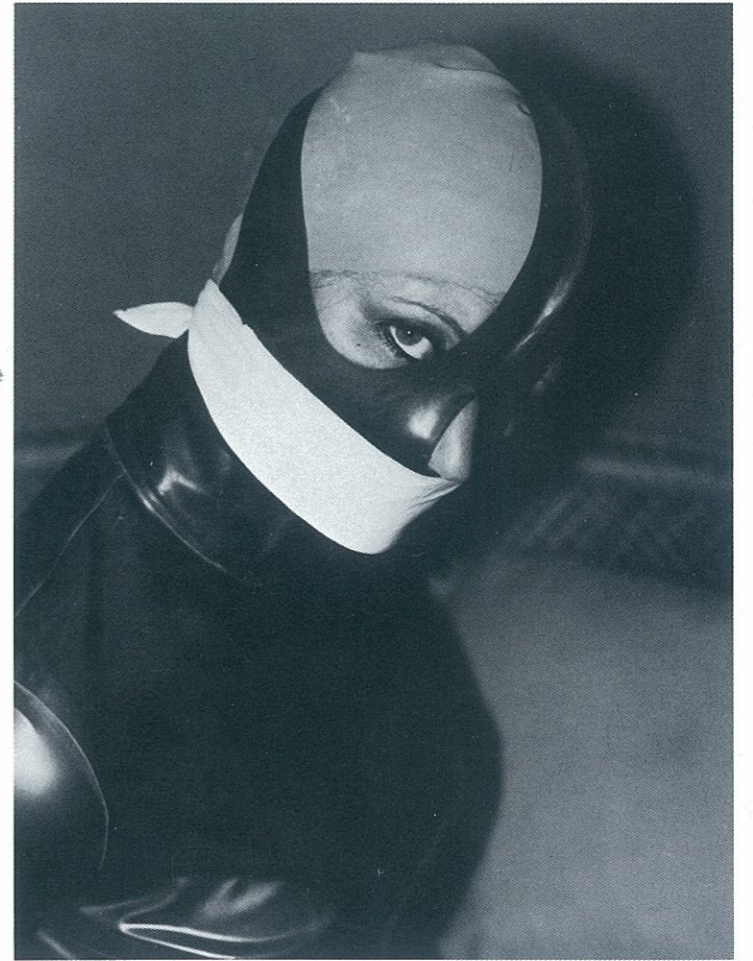


"I really enjoy being hogtied. I guess I'd have to say it's my favorite position. When I am feeling playful, I like rolling around, straining to unpick the knots. And when I am feeling sensuous, I like slowly stretching my body into the binds, feeling the pressures and the delicious vulnerability."





“When I look at a picture, I tend to remember all the emotions that transpired at the time. A lot of the photographs are very, very dear to me, and I think it’s no coincidence that the ‘best’ photos are also the ones where I have been the most affected. My eyes give me away every time. I actually find it very difficult to hide what I feel.”





## TENNIS BONDAGE

I know I'm very well represented as an advocate of tennis bondage. Although it's only one of the many areas of dress that fascinates me, it's one I am drawn back to repeatedly, and one which I try to "explore" through my photographs every so often.

Bear with me, please. For me, this is an ineluctable erotic mystery, or — if you prefer — a demon that has to be laid to rest from time to time. The exploration, the celebration, the exorcism goes on, and I hope that once in a while that the theme being dealt with surprises one or two of you, the way I have been surprised by pictures and scenarios that I did not think would affect me all that greatly.

Here, then, is yet another idealization of a tennis captive. If all things were at optimum, that tennis dress Sarah is wearing would be white latex rubber. But for now, Sarah wears a new English bathing-cap, short latex surgical gloves, white tennis socks and a pair of Volley tennis shoes.

The first poses are to help develop the mood, to let Sarah become langorous, psyching in to the moment completely. That presence is the true secret of great bondage, I think.

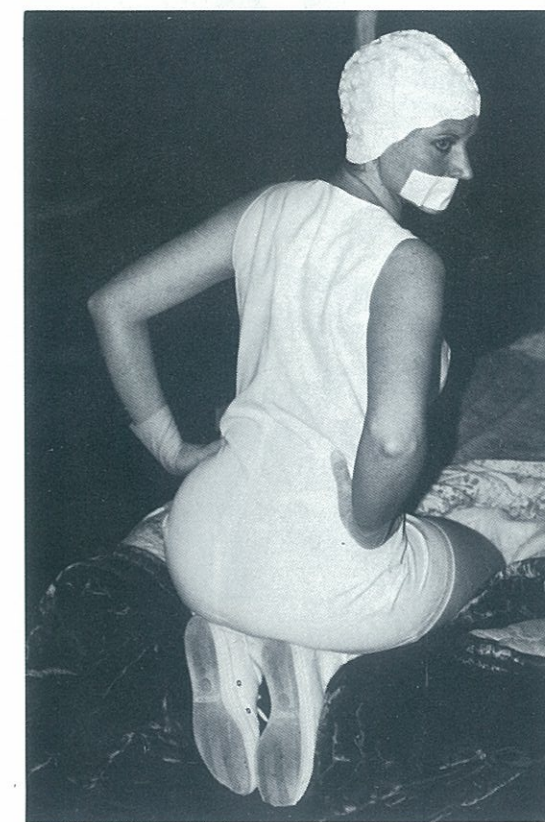
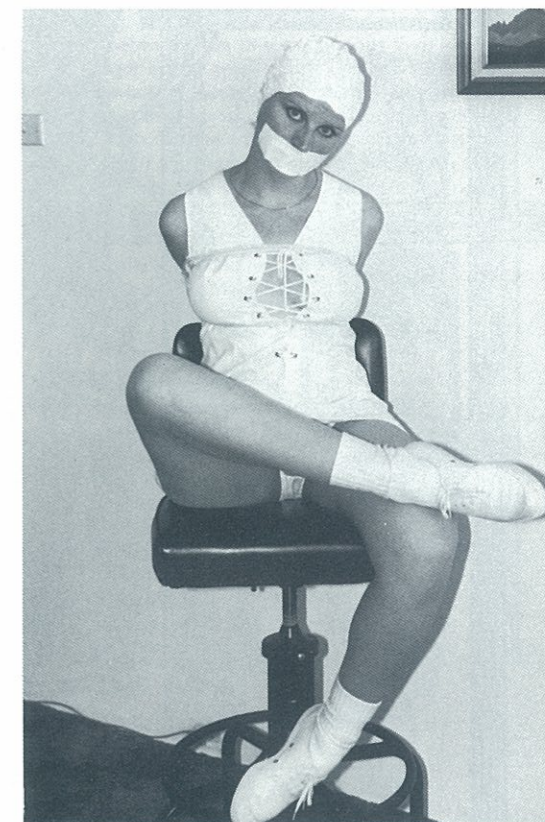
Then I tie her up, very stringently too. Her wrists are bound together, then her elbows, then her arms and breasts. I pass ropes above and below Sarah's bustline, drawing them very tight. Then I bind her feet together, cinching the ropes carefully before going on to tie her legs above the knees. As a final step, I bind her feet to the stem of the chair on which she is seated. As you can see, it is quite a demanding position, and Sarah cannot move without causing strain and discomfort.

Next, there's the gag. Folded white rubber is pushed into her lovely mouth and a strip of white adhesive tape pressed down over that. Photographs follow, from all angles, while Sarah sits completely immobilized on her chair. Then, when I have enjoyed her total helplessness, I remove the ropes from her feet and legs.

Sarah is to remain gagged for some time yet, my tennis captive for the afternoon. So when she is unbound, she moves about the apartment, continually provocative, exciting and beautiful as always, and teasing me as only a gagged Sarah can.



"Making my elbows touch is not difficult, and having them bound together suits me well. I am told that I do have lovely breasts, but binding the elbows in close really makes them lift and accentuates the shape. Because of this, I tend to feel even more feminine, more desired, when I am bound in this way."







"Sometimes we see photographs taken by other bondage couples who have a special theme, and we think: Wouldn't it be exciting for them (and us) to take a few photos using that theme as a tribute? Knowing how special themes and subjects affect us, it's rather nice to do scenarios that will affect others in that same special way."



## SARAH WITH TARA – ANOTHER MEETING

Bondage can make so many wonderful things possible, can liberate the spirit in so many ways. Just look at this next adventure between Sarah and Tara.

There was something I wanted to try out – a double ball-gag! This marvelous bondage aid, I found in a pet store: a dumbbell-shaped pet's toy consisting of two knobbed balls joined by a connecting bar, and made of a sweet-tasting yellow rubber. As Richard Volcane observed so correctly in BL #17, I'm one of those who lives bondage actively in his day to day life. This innocent-looking yellow rubber dumbbell registered on my Atreus-psyche immediately as: BALL-GAG!!!! I had to have it and couldn't wait to try it out, to gag two women into a "bondage kiss" using it.

So when next Sarah and Tara were together, I produced said ball-gag. Amidst laughter and our usual cheeky comments, we agreed to build a slow bondage-session around it – the "piece de resistance," if you can abide such a pun.

In the meetings between Sara and Tara, I had not yet had Tara bathing-capped, and dearly wanted to see the girls bound and gagged wearing them. Caps and rubber suits!

On television the previous week, Sarah and I caught an utterly stunning scene in *Man's Favorite Sport*, a rather silly movie from way back when, in which Paula Prentiss and her girlfriend decide to pay Rock Hudson an unexpected visit while he is camping by a lake. The girls arrive in a boat and are wearing (gulp!) diving suits of shiny black rubber that cling like heaven, tight strap-on bathing caps, masks, swim-fins and snorkels. In an otherwise lacklustre movie, these lady-divers had to be seen to be believed! Those shiny rubber suits were especially customized numbers and the darlings were poured into them. They swim ashore, creep up on Rock and proceed to stand there capped and suited and discuss the shortcomings of his outdoorsmanship. Good 'ol impassive Rock, does he jump 'em? Does he tie 'em up? Does he even react to the amazing and suggestive and definitely kinky sight before him? N-O-O-O! Stolid as ever, he continues to chatter on while ol' Atreus here is swooning and gaping open-mouthed at the screen. Sarah agrees with me; the director had motives besides telling the story. There were vested interests being indulged in there somewhere. But, oh my!

So, with the new double ball-gag to try out, I just had to re-create something of

that vivid scene.

Firstly: rubber suits! Sarah and I helped powder Tara all over, then helped her into a black one-piece latex rubber suit, zipping it up at the front so Tara's body was fully enclosed. Sarah then did the same, putting on a black diving-suit. Next came the tennis shoes: two pairs of matching sneakers. They put on white socks and a pair of sneakers each, then gathered up their hair for imprisoning within white rubber bathing-caps. They assisted one another doing this, tucking wisps of hair up out of sight and adjusting the chin-straps to fit snugly. Both girls understand the psychology behind using these "bondage" caps. Like the suits themselves and the tightly-laced up sneakers, they are items of bondage dress, adding further restraint, further constriction – helping to create a special state of mind. That the suiting-up, the sneakering and the capping were shared experiences made it all the more exciting. And the gloving! For when the girls were suited, capped and sneakered, it was time for them to put on matching rubber gloves. What made it more interesting was the fact that these gloves are marketed as Love Gloves in Australia. Very appropriate. They pulled them on, then sat holding hands and watching me.





"All right, Sarah," I said. "You may introduce Tara to The Thing!"

From there on, it was laughter, with Sarah holding up the double ball with all its implications. The looks exchanged by the girls said something more, that each was terribly aware of the use to which it would be put.

I bound them then, doing first Tara's wrists then Sarah's, adding body ropes, tying their feet and legs. When they were securely tied, I had my captives explore the new gagging accessory. First, I worked one of the balls into Sarah's mouth. That took some careful doing. Though Sarah has a full and sensual mouth she cannot open it very wide – not easily. So this was something of an ordeal, and I didn't want to think of using the new gag unless she gave the go-ahead. Slowly, carefully, I worked the ball into Sarah's mouth. Once behind the teeth it was much easier, though she could not have ejected it without assistance. Without taping or tying being necessary, Sarah was effectively gagged.

Then it was Tara's turn. She found it considerably easier, but was faced with the stirring prospect of having to bring her mouth in close to Sarah's, opening it and taking the other ball. Tara did this, so that their faces and their lips were separated by mere inches. Technically, I should have taped the ball-end in Tara's mouth, but I



didn't wish to spoil the erotic visual of their gagged mouths joined by that narrow shaft of rubber. There was the matter of it being a voluntary self-gagging as well. I decided that since they were wearing rubber caps and had their hair protected, I could always wind tape around their heads and force them together in a bondage kiss that way. But for now, for this rehearsal, just sitting there ball-gagged like that was enough. One of them had choice (Tara), the other was unable to do anything about it, and that seemed to be a nice arrangement.

But the double ball-gag was for later, for a special position I had in mind. Now it was to be very effective cloth gags, to silence them completely and help bring about that special transformation that only gagging can produce. I forced a folded handkerchief between Tara's teeth and tied it into her mouth with another, then did the same to Sarah – a thick folded cloth, tied in place. They moaned softly as I gagged them, responding to the incredible eroticism of having their mouths filled and silenced. Their eyes became filled with emotion, they looked at one another, sharing the mystery of bondage together – a mystery that has to be reached by being totally bound and helpless, by having every freedom curtailed, channeled, focused.

I photographed my two lovely rubber-clad lady skin-divers, capturing the magic as best I could while they sat there, unmoving, quiet, deeply affected by it all, not even trying to struggle, accepting their bondage completely, savouring it, wanting it.

After a suitable time, I pulled the thick gags from their mouths, then took more pictures of their transformed faces, their very telling expressions. They regarded me with incredible tenderness and understanding once their gags were removed, smiling gently, invitingly.

It was time. Moving carefully so as not to hurt them, I brought first Tara then Sarah down onto the floor, so they were kneeling face to face, their breasts and bellies touching, their knees together. Using more rope, I began tying them like that, face to face, passing ropes about their waists and knees and arms while they balanced there. Then, when I had them roped together, I used more rope to fasten their wrists to their ankles, so that they were in a kneeling hogtie and feeling totally bound. Only the gag was missing. And both knew what that gag was to be.

They watched me as I got the yellow dumbbell of rubber, the short rod with the

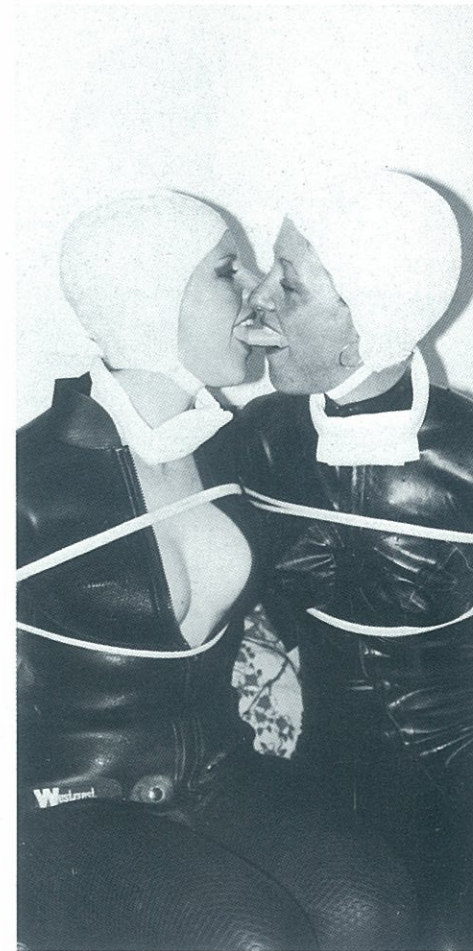


balls at either end. Their eyes never left me as I brought it up and examined it. This would be a special bond between them. I knelt close to Sarah.

"Take this only if you can," I said. "Tell me if you want me to stop, at any time. Okay?"

Sarah nodded.

I began to work the first ball-end between her teeth, guiding the knobbed globe into her mouth. Finally it was done. The shaft of yellow rubber protruded from Sarah's mouth; the other ball was waiting for Tara's mouth.

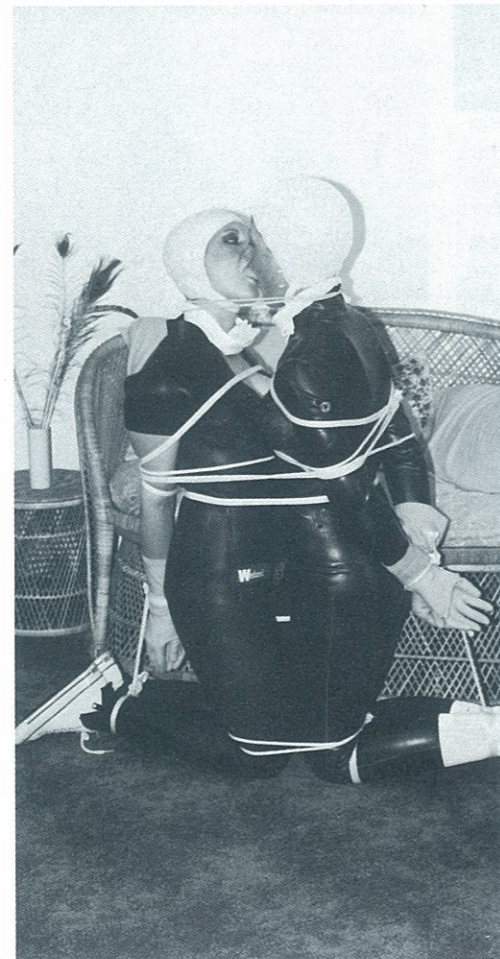


Tara needed no coaxing. She brought her head in and took the other ball into her mouth. Now her lips were all but touching Sarah's. If one of them were to move forward on the shaft, they would be kissing, kissing around their gags.

And, needless to say, that's exactly what happened. Even as I was taking the pictures you see here, one or both began chewing on their gags, letting their lips touch, moving together, totally held, unable to speak or get free, with only that one choice — Tara's choice! Whether to keep her ball in her mouth or not.

After a while, I took that option away. I used a length of cord to hold their heads together, tying it snugly around their necks so pulling away became very difficult indeed. But they didn't try. They knelt there, "gagging" at one another, their white-capped heads moving together as they chewed and mouthed on their balls.

At last, I undid the neck-rope and had Tara pull back, slowly pulled the ball from Sarah's mouth, then began to untie them. They were both panting, both flushed, both very affected. I began talking about light-hearted things to help create space and easiness. It had been a powerful experience, and as always, words were not enough!



## RUBBER BONDAGE LOVE — IRVING KLAW STYLE!

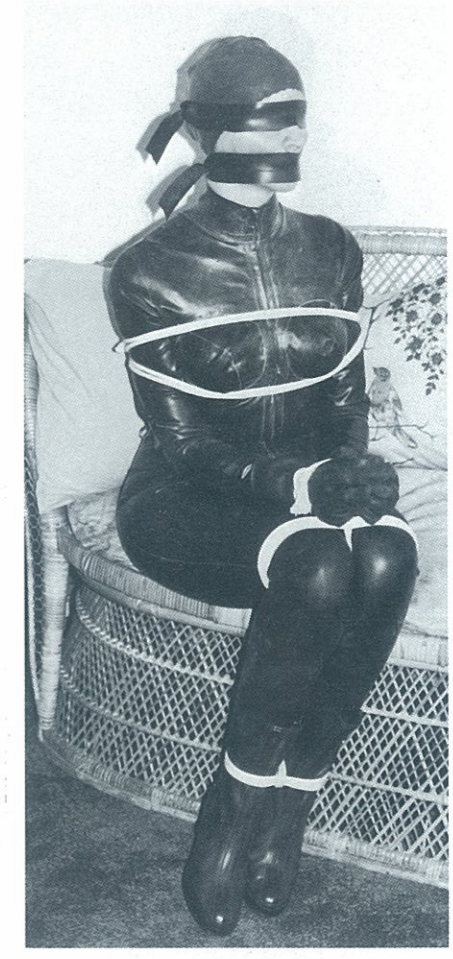
I've already gone on record in *Bondage Life* #10, page 41, as being fascinated by the amateur photo studies of Maggie Heath, Alice Thomas and others dressed in rubber that Irving Klaw used to offer for sale. There is something about those tight rubber suits and latex panty-girdles, those strap-on swimcaps and high-heeled rubber boots that strikes a personal chord, and it is very exciting for me (and, I hope, others; possibly even the author of superb those self-same amateur rubber-bondage photo sets) to produce these pictures of Sarah. Partly it's a tribute, a way of saying thank you, partly it's an ongoing celebration of that very mystique — a bondage image still potent in the 80's.

So here Sarah poses for me in gleaming black rubber, leaning back against the wall, her gloved hands spread, her lovely hair imprisoned under a tight latex bathing-cap, her feet enclosed in brown rubber galoshes.

As that yet-anonymous Klaw contributor probably realized, the bondage has already begun. The rubber suit itself clings and holds the body, just as the cap, gloves and shiny zip-up rubber boots enclose and give a sense of constriction. Sarah confirms this all over again when I ask her about it — other fabrics and materials tend to give freedom of movement. As a "second skin," rubber has a special intimacy, a definite firmness in its embrace.

So we begin. It would have been nice to have lots of rubber tubing to tie Sarah with, but all that white rope I've got wrapped round her looks wonderful against that dark rubber. Her wrists are bound to her knees, her arms are pinned to her sides, and her legs and feet are bound together very tightly. To begin our session, I blindfold and gag her with strips of shiny black rubber. I want her to feel totally cut off, isolated and shut away under all that gear. I tie one across her eyes, then, after pushing a wadded-up swimming cap into her mouth, I fasten another across her mouth, knotting it tightly at the back of her head so the knot bites into her cap.

"My favorite bondage pictures: I guess it would have to be the 'Chess Pieces in Bondage' we took. That was such a challenge, devising how the pieces would look, what to wear, how I would be bound. During the actual photography, I 'became' the different personalities, which was wonderful emotionally, but from an erotic point of view it was incredibly exciting. But it does get hard to choose favorites."

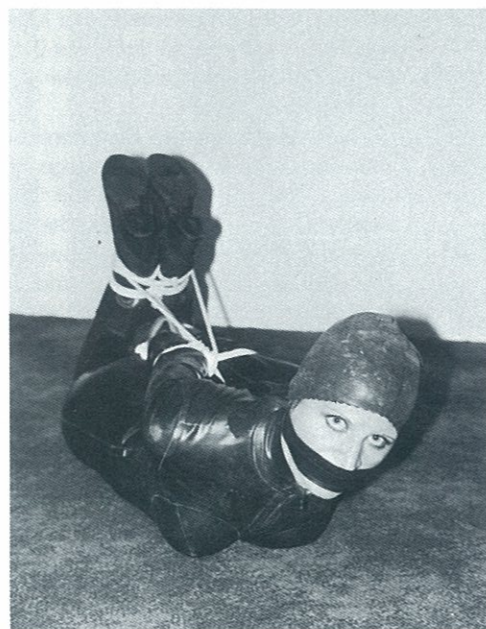
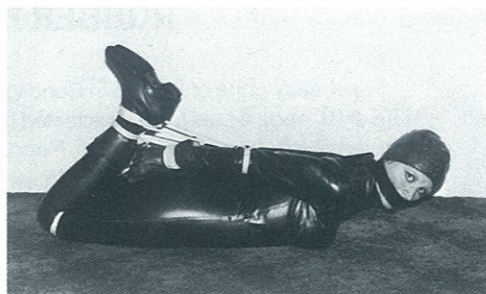




After leaving Sarah that way for a while, I remove the blindfold and enjoy the looks she gives me. They are such accepting looks; Sarah loves being in bondage, and she loves the effect that her being bound and gagged and in rubber has on me. It's a two-way thing as always.

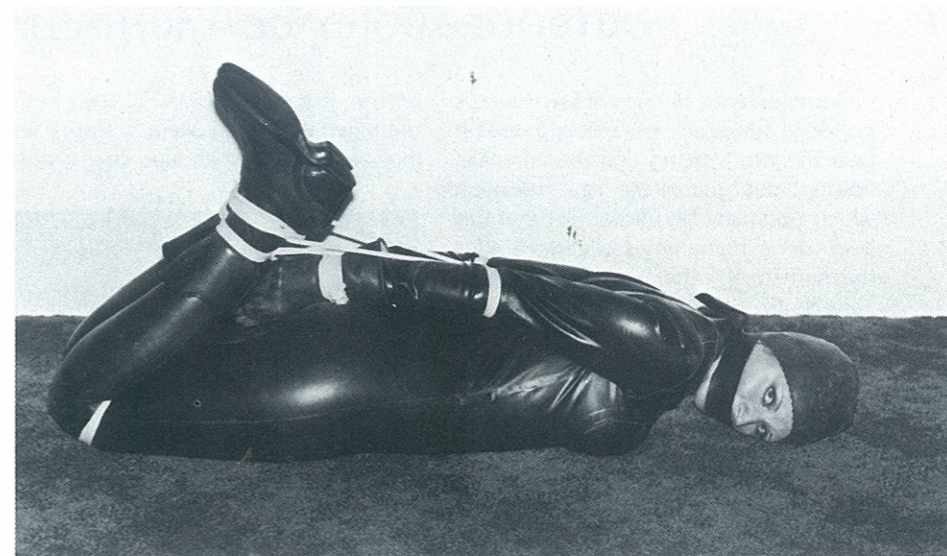
Soon it's time for me to enquire if she needs a rest, but Sarah shakes her head. Bondage is therapy and a very good one. And Sarah likes being in rubber as well. She wants more. But I do re-tie her, this time seating her on the floor and binding her wrists and arms tightly behind her back, then forcing her body forward to her knees. It's a very exacting position. Movement is restricted to turning her head about and moving her feet, and Sarah does both. She lifts her head and mews and whimpers, "gagging" at me very seductively. She twists her feet in their bonds so these rubber boots squeak together.

I know how to slow her down. I add a crotch rope, fixing it from her ankles up under her to her wrists and arms so it rubs against her crotch just so whenever she moves her feet. Sarah tries to say something under her tight gag, but cannot form the words.



As the last phase of her bondage adventure this time, I re-position Sarah in a hogtie, dragging those sexy booted feet in hard against her arms and fastening the rope to her elbow ropes. She makes very little movement when she is like that — the slightest exertion seems too much. She lies there, watching me take photographs of her for you to see.

After twenty minutes like that, quite a demanding stint after what has gone before, I release Sarah from the hogtie but leave her wrists bound behind her back and leave her gagged. All this bondage has been leading to an inevitable end. We have been sharing our rewards already, but now is the time for a final sharing and a final reward while Sarah is still in rubber and in bondage.



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## OUTDOORS BONDAGE – AUTUMN INTERLUDE #1

Sometimes an element of risk makes a bondage adventure very special indeed. It gets the heart racing and the adrenalin flowing and guarantees an excitement which puts new life into an act that has been done many times already. It adds that something extra.

Recently, Sarah and I went out for a Sunday walk down to some local bushland, to a spot which has become very dear to us. It is a private place because it takes a while to get there, and involves a walk across some neighbourhood playing-fields in full view of passers-by. It would be easy to drive to some secluded part of this quiet reserve and simply walk the last part. But something about this kind of adventure says that actually walking the mile-and-a-half to and into the bush is essential for building the excitement and tension.

So, Sarah and I walked it, me with my bag containing ropes and camera, Sarah a striking sight in a red and white gym outfit. She certainly stood out like a target with her white top and socks and tennis shoes and her short red skirt. But that too was part of the fun. Don't be furtive. After all, it's only playing.

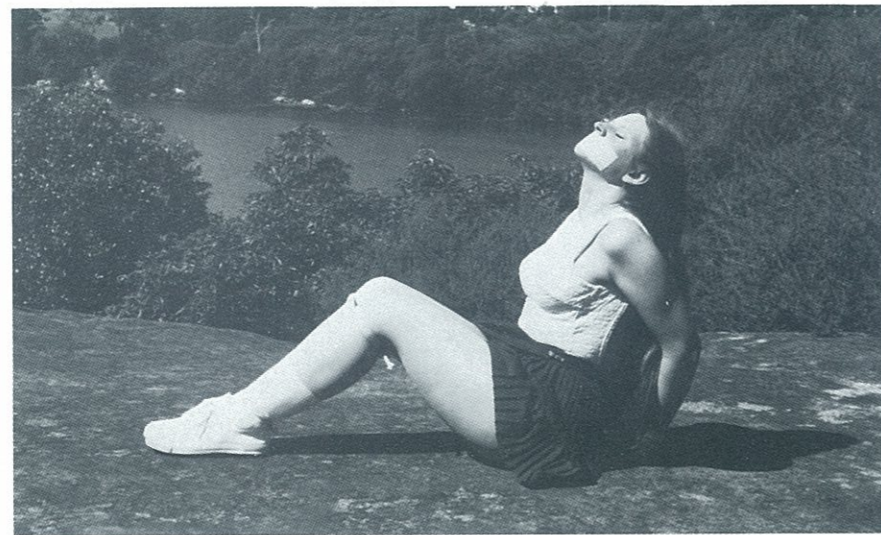
The other exciting thing about the spot we'd chosen was that – though it took considerable walking to get there – it was visible from a freeway across the river, and from some houses in the adjoining suburb. In other words, whatever Sarah and I did could be seen from a distance by the local fishermen on the far side of the river, by the occupants of cars rushing by, by people giving a casual glance out of their windows.

When we had reached the platform of rock I had selected, we had something to eat and drink, then began. I bound Sarah's wrists behind her back, then tied her legs and feet. We were both nervous and quite exhilarated. Our spot was part of a nature trail, and though it was a Sunday on a holiday weekend, there was a good chance someone would be along eventually. The important thing Sarah and I had agreed on was that we musn't rush this just for the sake of pictures. It had to be enjoyed, that first and foremost.

After another sip of wine and a kiss, I put some cloth in Sarah's mouth and taped her lips. The result was vivid and thrilling, and – from my point of view – unmistakably what it was. No use thinking that motorists and fishermen and casual spectators looking out living-room windows would think it was just a girl sitting on some rock. The position with arms right back and legs so closely together was too unnatural for someone to hold without

reason. It spelt: BONDAGE, even to the untrained eye (as we were to learn). And that big strip of white tape changed the

facial appearance dramatically. Everything about Sarah said: this girl is bound and gagged! The startling red and white



gym outfit she wore didn't help. We were broadcasting loud and clear: Hey, look at this everyone!

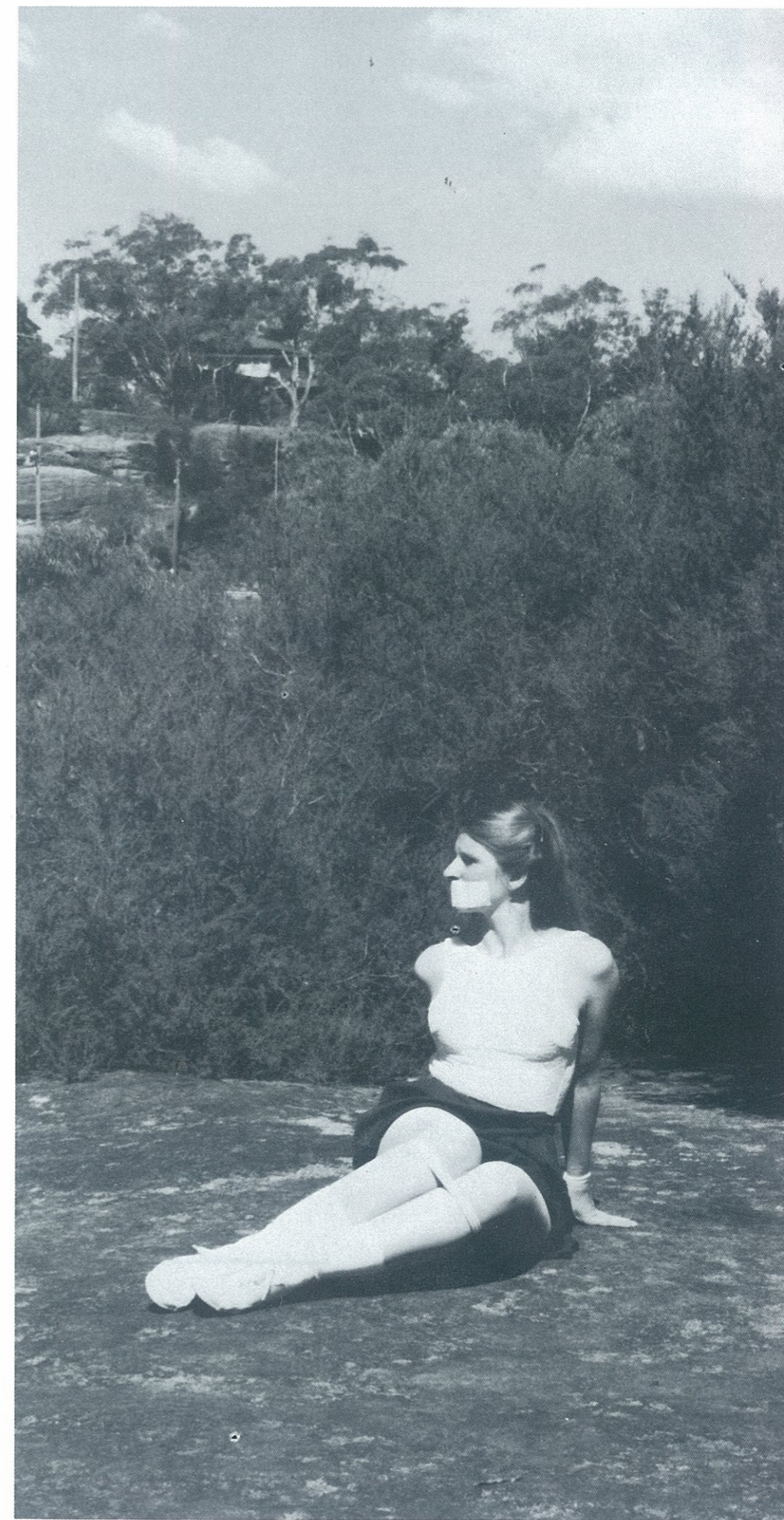
But there was no stopping. There sat Sarah looking quite stunning, a wonderful captive. I began photographing her from different angles, capturing her in yet another way, imprisoning her on this afternoon on a strip of film, with the blue autumn sky in the background. The only sounds disturbing the quiet were the distant voices of fishermen, the sudden rush of a speedboat tearing past with water-skiers behind, the constant passing of cars on the freeway. Sarah began responding to her plight, starting moaning softly behind her gag and moving in her bonds. I took more pictures than I had intended, caught up in the magic of what I was seeing, never immune.

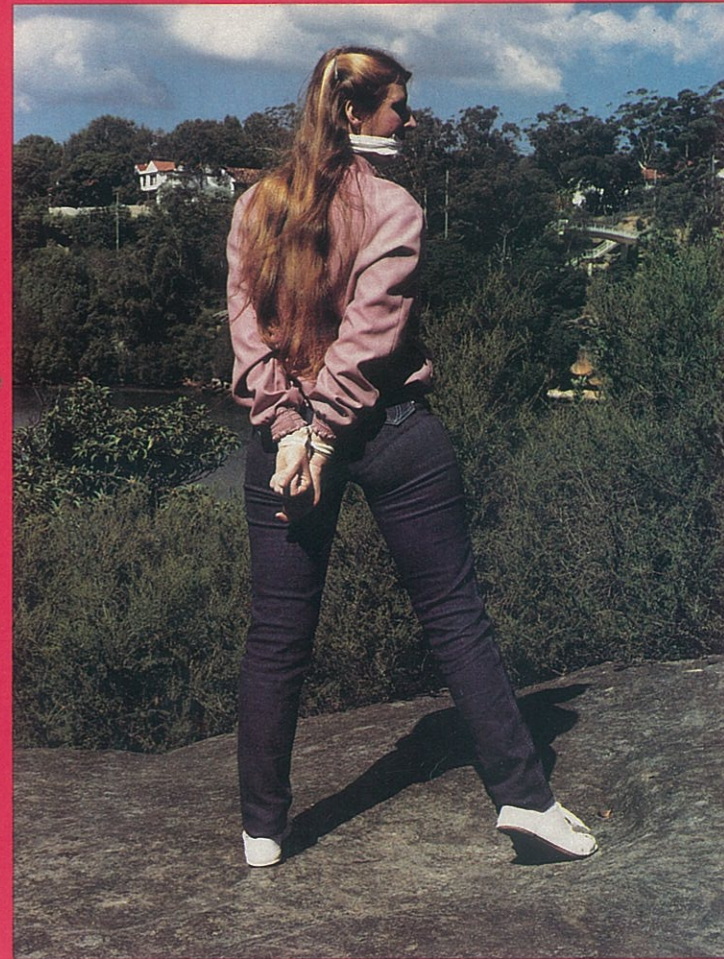
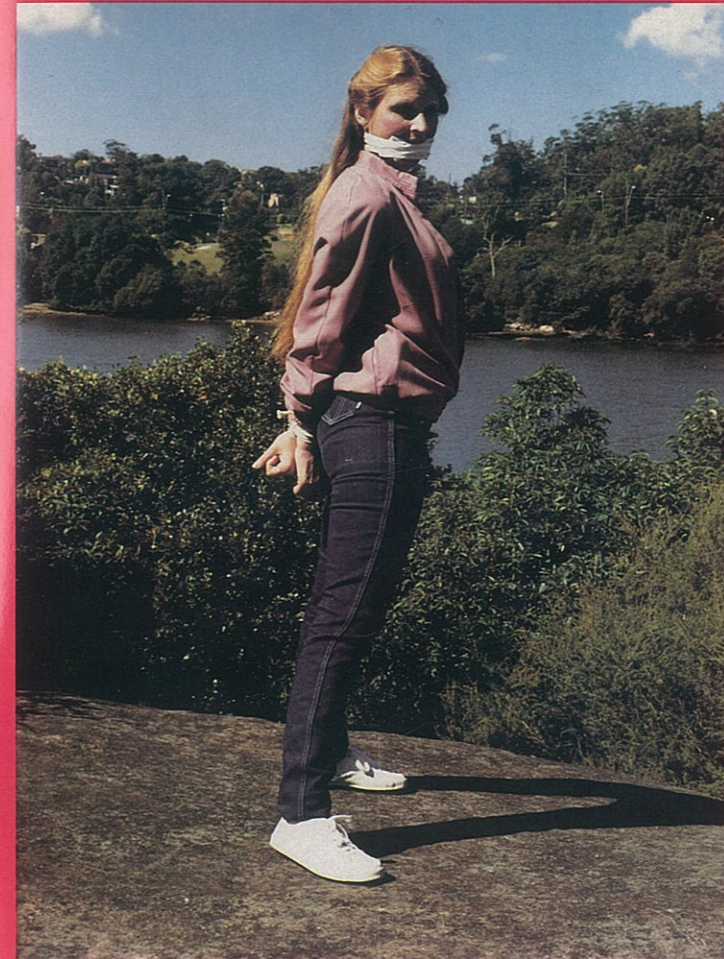
Then it happened. There were the sounds of voices close by, of bushes being disturbed. Two bushwalkers, a husband and wife, were appearing a hundred metres away, pushing their way through on to our rock platform.

I moved to Sarah immediately and pulled the adhesive from her lips, helped her eject the wad of cloth. But there was no time to untie her, no time at all. All I could do was sit down beside my captive and talk to her, advertising that everything was all right.

The couple walked up to us, saw that Sarah was tied up, and with perfect aplomb, totally unruffled, inquired where the trail was. I smiled, got up and pointed out where the path went below our rock shelf. They smiled, thanked me, and went on their way – as if nothing had happened! It was incredible. Sarah was laughing with nervous relief. I was quite shaken. My faith in people's ability to be cool and adjust and recognize when something innocent but private was occurring went up enormously. We heard the couple moving off, talking naturally enough (no furtive whispering or backward glances). Maybe seasoned bushwalkers got to see this sort of thing quite often.

But there was more. I freed Sarah; we took up our things and headed back to civilization along the nature trail. As we walked, I commented that it would be marvellous if some passing motorist or an observant fisherman had noticed that Sarah was in bondage and had phoned the police. Believe it or not, when we reached the access road and had climbed up to the playing field, we looked down to see a police car heading down the roadway. Coincidence? Possibly. But then a helicopter flew over as well. A lesson? Of course there is. Don't let your captive wear red and white, especially not when you're opposite a freeway. But it was fun! It was wonderful fun!





## OUTDOOR BONDAGE

For our next "bushwalking bondage adventure," I drove Sarah down to the Nature Walk already tied and gagged. That was a thrilling extra to the game, having her lying on the back seat of the car bound hand and foot, with a thick cloth gag between her teeth, tied in place with a white handkerchief. Sarah wore jeans, a light jacket, a one-piece swimsuit underneath in case we decided to go swimming in the river nearby, white socks and sneakers.

It was rather nervewracking after our earlier episode with the bushwalking couple we encountered, the police car, and the helicopter. But Sarah delights in these situations as much as I do and it didn't have to be suggested twice. She stood in the living-room while I bound her wrists behind her back and put on the mouth-filling gag. Then we went out to the car. I helped her into the back seat so she was lying stretched out, then bound her ankles together. No stopping now. I drove us down to the access road, parked well inside the spacious bush reserve, and opened the rear passenger door. I sat Sarah up, then untied her feet and helped her out.

After darting looks about us, we headed off down the trail. I took Sarah's arm, escorting her to the trail we meant to use, then letting her go on ahead since it was single-file. Twenty minutes later, we reached the same spot we had used last time, where I took the photographs you see here. I removed Sarah's gag long enough to give her something to eat and drink, then replaced it for some further shots. This time there were no interruptions, and Sarah and I got back to the car without being seen (at least that we could tell!). I re-bound her feet, even put her in a hogtie on the back seat (really tempting Fate, I guess) and drove home. All in all a very exciting, totally involving bondage experience. I urge you all to do it. The risks are worth it, and, after all, you can always remove the lady's gag and she can explain that it's all in fun!

**NOTE TO NEW CUSTOMERS:** First initial requests for monthly Harmony brochures are sent brochures for the three most current months. Customers subsequently placing orders for our materials are then sent all of our previous brochures, usually representing 3 years or so. Customers not purchasing the equivalent of at least 2 magazines within six months of being sent their first brochures are dropped from our mailing list.

