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SARAH FOSTER TATE IN BONDAGE

28.00

FOR AND BY "LOVE BONDAGERS" ONLY



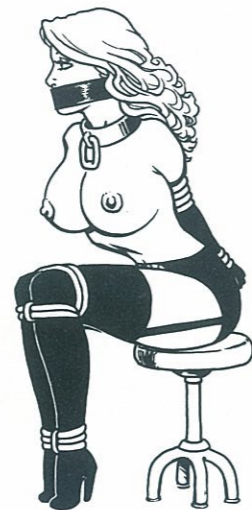
**ALL NEW PHOTO SCENES OF SARAH FOSTER TATE
BONDAGED IN RUBBER, LINGERIE, AND FANTASY
COSTUMES BY ATREUS!**

All models are 18 years or older. For sale to adults only.

SARAH FOSTER TATE IN BONDAGE

NUMBER NINE

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



SARAH FOSTER TATE IN BONDAGE, NUMBER NINE, JANUARY 1987

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A QUESTION TO MYSELF

Or why does a young businesswoman become involved writing, posing, and illustrating for a bondage magazine?

By Sarah Foster Tate

I do have a few friends that I have entrusted with the knowledge of my “secret life.” Good people who are intelligent and sensitive, who never have to ask about morality or what “normal” is. These people know me well enough to already have the answers to these questions. But one simple question I am asked has been the most difficult to answer. It's taken a long time for me to know the answer to the question “Why do you really do it?”

I'm not a bondage model, my services can't be bought and you will never see photographs of me in any magazine, other than those published by Harmony Communications, for a simple reason.

I am a woman with thoughts and feelings on a subject which I believe in strongly. I endorse something which is very rare; it's a point of view which seemed so obvious to me that I feel it should be common sense, yet isn't.

The Harmony Philosophy, even before it was stated in print, was always evident to me. The overwhelming feeling that I had when I first began reading Harmony publications was that every individual ought to have a freedom to love, and bondage is just such a freedom. This is a simple and honest truth, so it stuns me to know that that isn't the way most people view it, or live their lives.

In this society we are the products of so many things, but most of all we are our own worst enemies. So many of us torment ourselves with guilts and uncertainties, assuming that something must be wrong with this love of bondage because no one apparently sees what they do. And for most people it is difficult to explain to another person why bondage isn't denigrating to the woman — and for a woman to explain why she isn't being disadvantaged, just bowing down to the greater god of man. More importantly, we need to know for ourselves that this is true. All of us need to be more objective about our pursuits and see them for what they are: products of love and beauty, and a personal expression of these for personal pleasure. I believe this totally.

These views are, however, a long way from what first brought my attention to bondage. As an artist I was interested — no, more like fascinated — by a certain elusive quality that bondage has when it's at its best — a certain universal sexuality. Women have long been my favourite ar-

tistic subjects, and particularly sexy women. I think that appeal is a very elusive thing, and to try and capture it on paper is very difficult, and a wonderful challenge.

Because the artistic point of view is the way I was first introduced to bondage, it's the way I introduce my friends to the fact that I have these photographs of myself published.

Most men, it seems, can relate to a bondage photograph as an art form, or perhaps the artistic point of view frees them from the usual association enough to be quite openminded; I don't know. At least this reaction is true of the men that I have dared show pictures of myself. It's not the bondage that they see and comment on, it's the shape, form, sexuality or innocence they speak about, not really comprehending that the bondage itself has made all the other things possible. I'm compelled to listen closely when this happens because the point is that an impartial observer can still find something in those bondage photos, something which touches him. This tends to endorse my attitudes even more fully.

It would not be too difficult for me to do as so many other people do, and live my life with bondage privately. Usually when I am asked, “Why do you do it?,” the hidden question is: “Why be so public? Why be that visible, that vocal?” And I guess the answer is that so few people are championing the right for this individual taste in beauty and lifestyle that I feel I must have my say. Also I see so many people who enjoy bondage, but have not learned to accept it within themselves. Understand that what I see seems so clearcut, and obvious that I feel an urgency to try and state it as I see it.

And though I may not be as prolific a writer as I would like to be, what I have to say means a very great deal to me personally. The photographs and videos project one thing, and I believe the written word crystalizes thoughts in an entirely different medium. When I write, it is a piece of me on paper.

I write with the hope that what I have to say makes sense to some people who read it. Perhaps enough sense to change a wife's feelings towards her husband's “hobby.” Perhaps she might understand it just that much better, or maybe someone might realize they don't have to feel uncomfortable with their love of bondage.

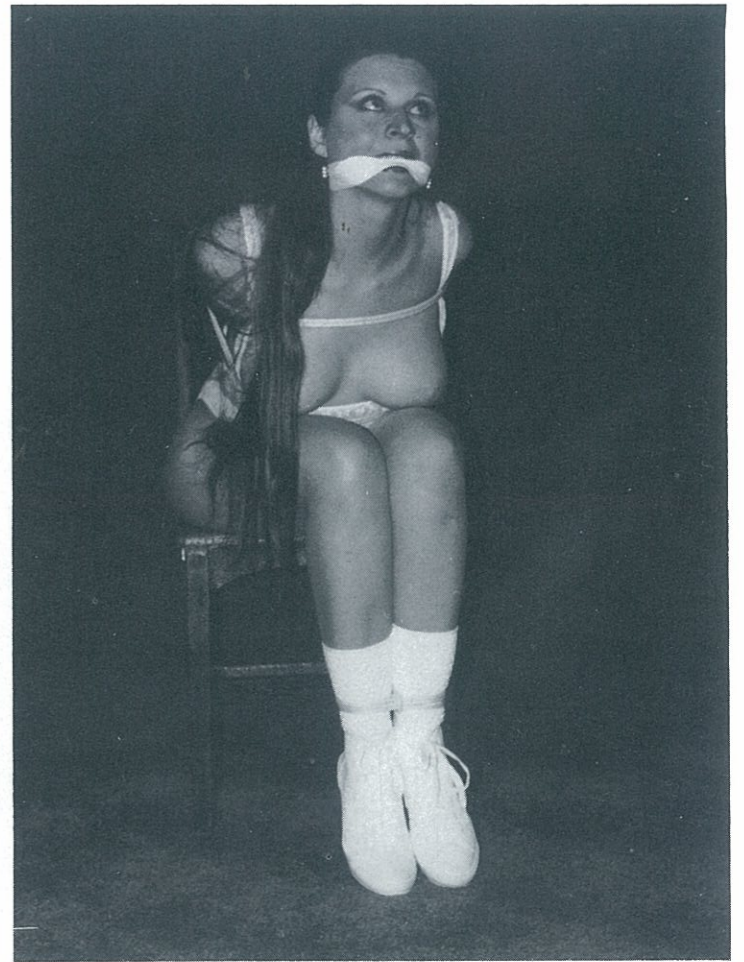
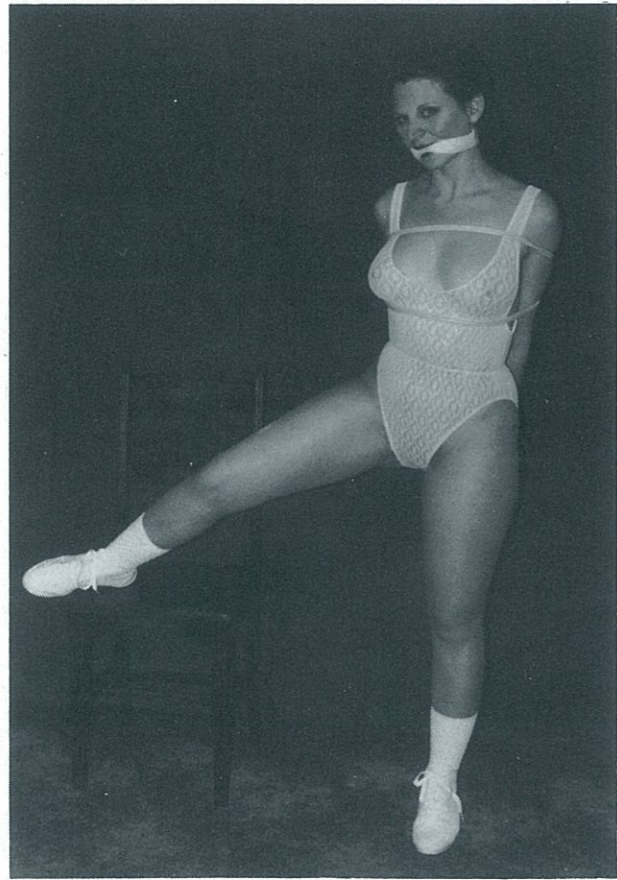




**BOUND, GAGGED, AND
GLEAMING: SARAH
BONDAGED IN LATEX**



SNEAKERED AND
TOPLESS, SARAH SITS
THIS ONE OUT





RUBBER BONDAGE

Rubber makes a great bondage medium. If anything, it is too good – sometimes too tight, too resilient, too unrelenting in the pressure it puts on the body and limbs.

I put Sarah in rubber bondage recently, using a humble inner tube from a bicycle to do it, and several strips cut down from a car inner tube. It made for some very effective bondage.

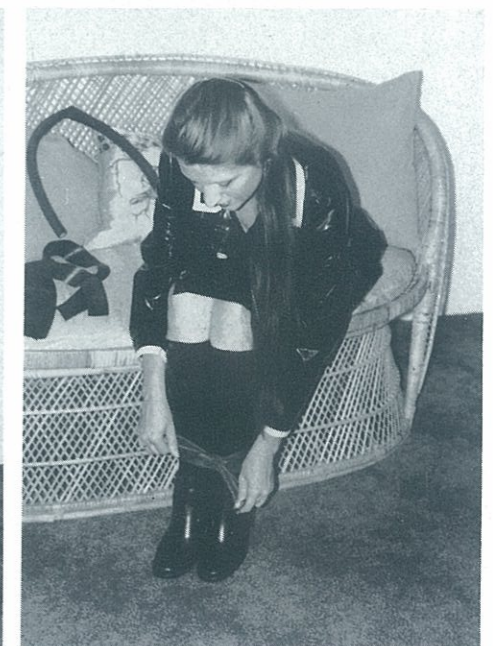
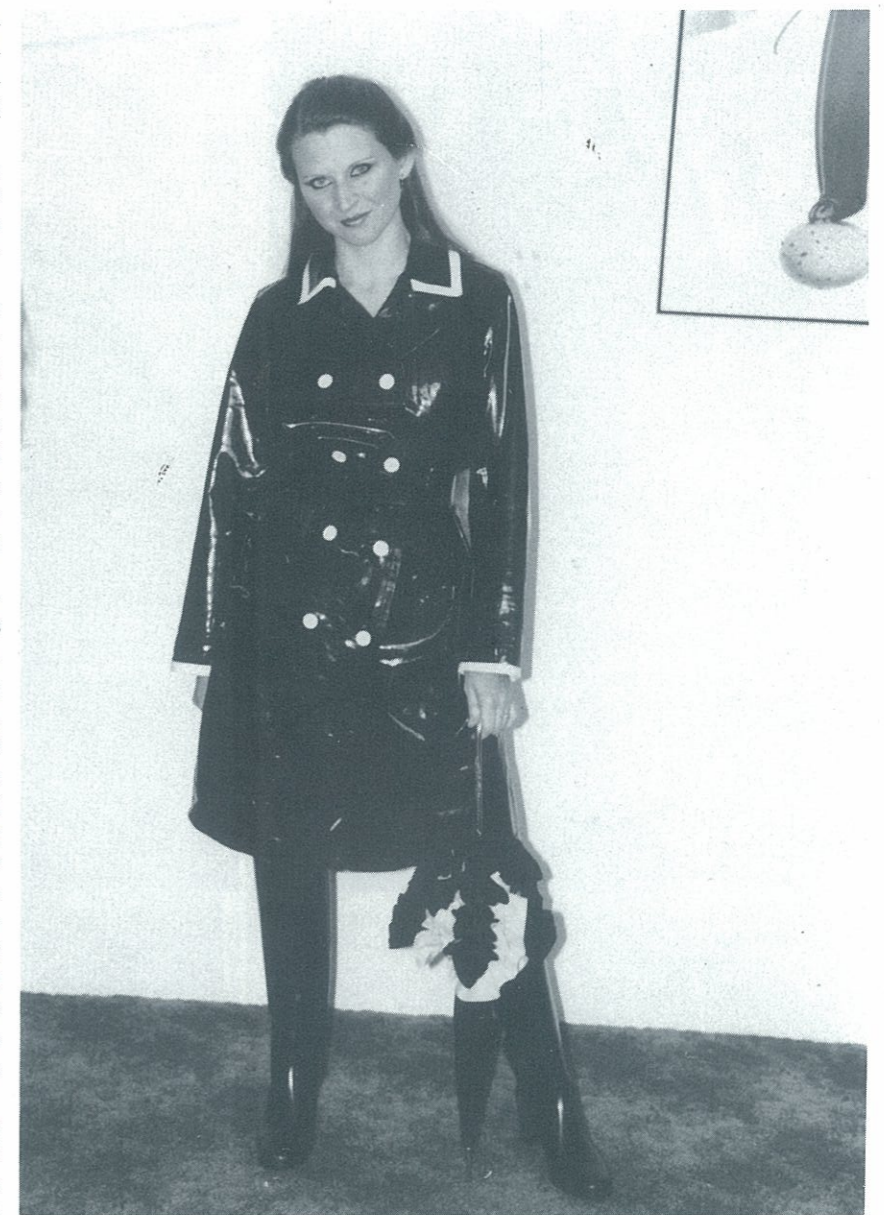
It had been raining a lot lately – very unseasonal spring weather for Sydney – and Sarah wore the very outfit she had been wearing to work: high-heeled black rubber boots and a shiny black plastic raincoat trimmed with white, tightly belted at the waist. This outfit caused quite a stir among the motorists driving on those rain-lashed streets, and quite a sensation at the office when she walked in like that.

Sarah assisted me with the actual preparations. Having Sarah give a hand always adds an extra fillip to the proceedings. She sat on the sofa and began cutting the bicycle inner tube into three long pieces. Then, following my instructions, she bent down and used one piece of tubing to tie her feet together. That done, I asked Sarah to gag herself, first packing her mouth with a folded wad from a car inner tube. Sarah did this, taking the thick rubber gag between her teeth, then using another length of bicycle tubing tied over that and behind her head to keep it tightly in place. Too tightly, really, because it took several adjustments before the tubing was bearable. Sarah's mouth was forced wide apart by the thick pillow of rubber.

When the gagging was done, Sarah crossed her wrists behind her, and I used the longest piece of tubing to bind them together very snugly. There was some give; Sarah could twist her hands about, but she could not get them free of the gripping rubber.

I took many photographs of Sarah trying to get free and finally accepting that it just wasn't possible without assistance. As a final touch to her bondage, I took a narrow strip of rubber and bound it over her eyes, then left her alone like that for several minutes while I put new film in my camera, then made some tea.

Discussing it afterwards, Sarah told me the gag was an absolute winner. She didn't even want to move her mouth, let alone try to make a sound. Nor could she dislodge it. As I say, rubber makes a great bondage medium.





“SEA HUNT” REVISITED – OR – DIVER IN DISTRESS!

Recently a letter arrived from a couple in the States, J. and J., with the following request:

“I loved seeing those scenes of Sarah bound and gagged as a lady diver in SFT 2, page 40. As you see from my sketches, it has been my main fantasy as long as I can remember. Atreus, if you can manage it, do you think you could let us see Sarah as a lady diver again, this time wearing a true diving suit rather than a latex one?”

I’ll take any opportunity I can to see Sarah tied up wearing rubber, so J.’s request struck a chord. Also, I’d recently acquired just the right kind of three-piece black wet-suit second-hand, precisely the thing for J.’s fantasy. I had been waiting for the perfect opportunity to put Sarah into it.

So, one Saturday afternoon soon after J.’s letter arrived, Sarah did some bondage diving. Over a pair of white lace panties, she pulled on the shiny rubber pants, zippered up the long-sleeved rubber top, did up the crotch-flap between her legs, then stretched the rubber hood over her hair. The suit in itself (as J. and other diving-suit enthusiasts know only too well) becomes a true bondage device – binding the body, restricting movement a great deal, having an effect at the psychological as well as the physical level.

When Sarah had the suit on, she pulled on the long black rubber riding boots as J. requested, slipped her hands into a pair of black latex gloves, and pulled a matching black rubber diving mask down over her face.

Then I began tying Sarah, first pulling her arms behind her and lashing her gloved wrists together. I did her feet next, bringing her beautifully riding-booted legs in close so that they squeaked, relishing every moment as the white cord bit into the yielding black rubber.

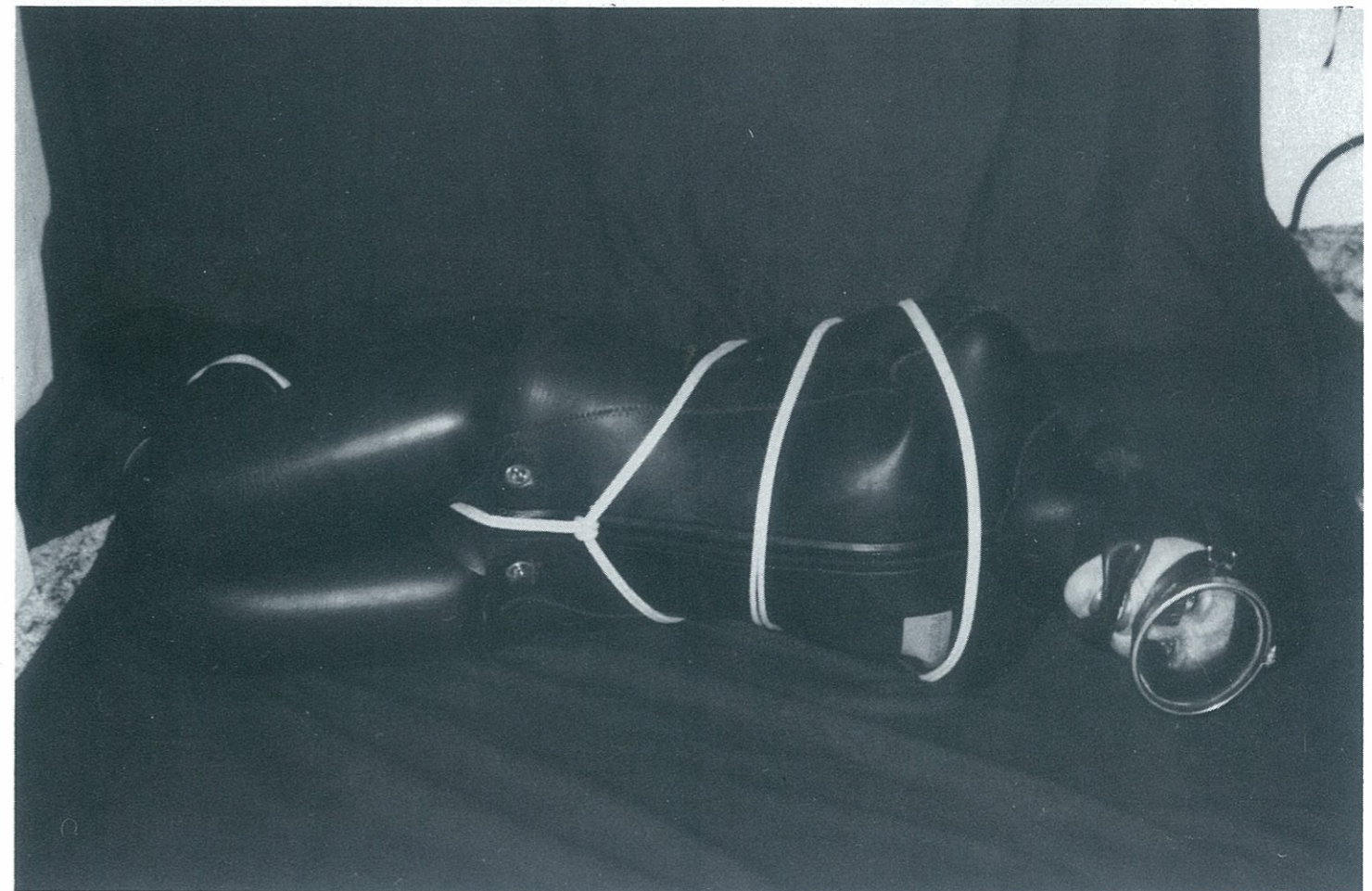
I tied her body then, pulling more white cord about her torso, drawing it firmly against the yielding neoprene on her stomach, arms and bust; arranging a crotch-rope securely over the inviting crotch-flap of her suit, pulling it tightly around her wrists and anchoring it to her bound feet. This way, every movement of her booted legs pulled against her hands, hand pulled on the crotch-rope, and so on.

All that remained was the gag. J. suggested that Sarah be gagged; that she have black rubber in her mouth as well, drawn tightly between her teeth. Some

black rubber innertubing did the trick. A rolled length of it went around Sarah’s mouth, drawn back and knotted at the back of her diving hood so her lovely jaws were forced apart.

Then the picture-taking commenced.

The first shots showed Sarah in a kneeling position, with a pair of black rubber swim fins close by. This quickly led to a hogtie lying on her side – with some close-ups of Sarah’s suit and booted legs I thought J. might like.



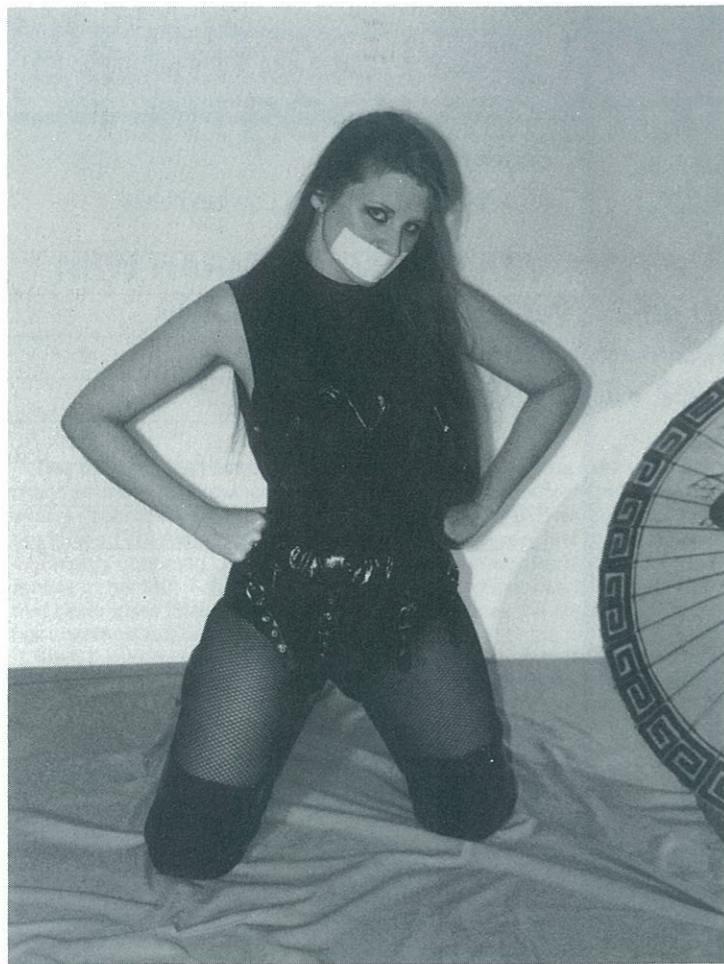


SARAH THE BONDAGED CHEERLEADER



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.



BONDAGE STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE

Atreus beautifully binds and tapes Sarah in boots and black leather (with a little red rubber ball stuck in there too).

BONDAGE CHIC!

Sarah's positively devastating bound and tape-gagged in her clinging pink top, rubber mini-skirt, and gleaming black heels.





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.

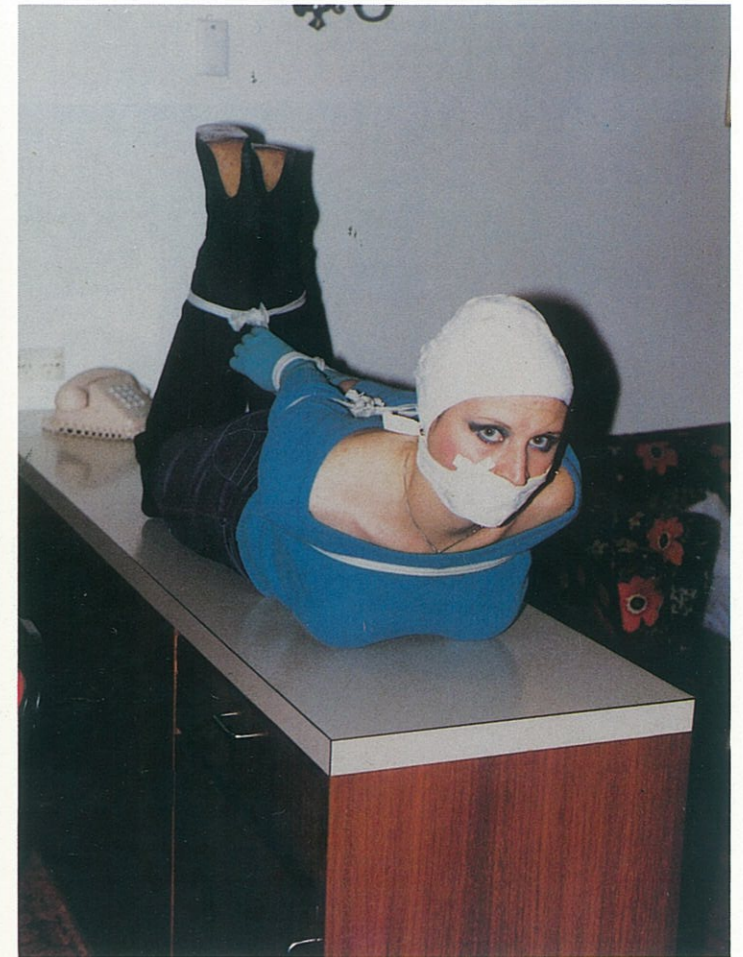
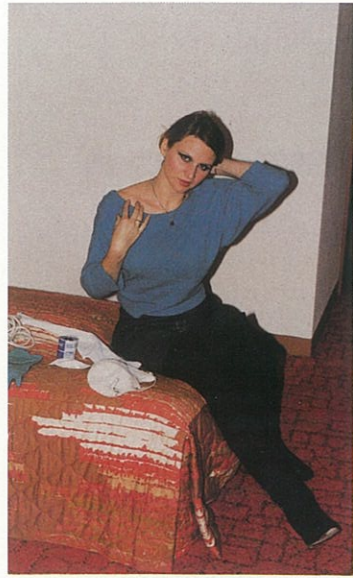
Good drama does not exist without conflict, and there will necessarily be the blending of bondage with actual danger in some of the text fiction that we publish. But these situations will be so obviously far-fetched or tongue-in-cheek that they are clearly not to be taken any more seriously than a comparable 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.

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BATHING CAP BONDAGE
SKETCHES COURTESY AT-
REUS AND SARAH

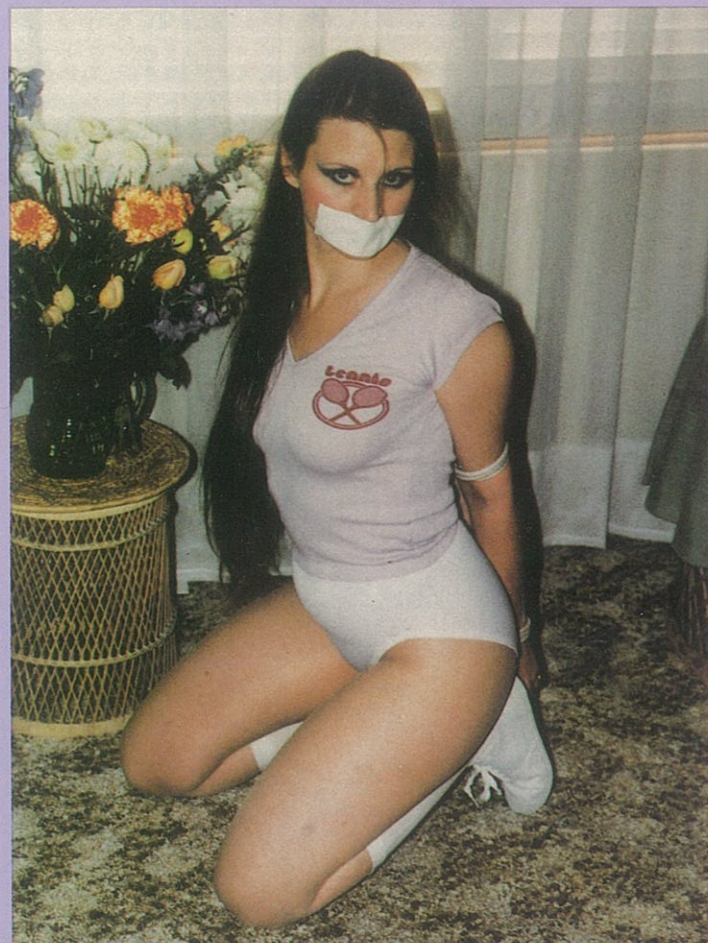


AN AFTERNOON OF
ALLURING LOVE
BONDAGE AT VILLA
ATREUS



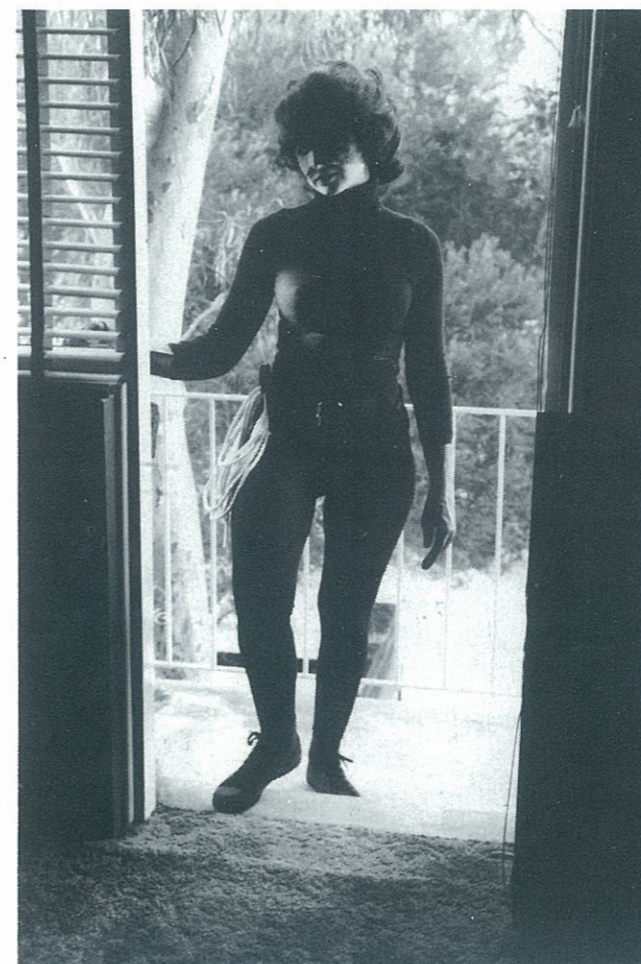
NOTE TO NEW CUSTOMERS:
First initial requests for monthly
Harmony brochures are sent
brochures for the three most
current months. Customers subse-
quently placing orders for our
materials are then sent all of our
previous brochures, usually repre-
senting 3 years or so. Customers not
purchasing the equivalent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





THE CAT BURGLAR

The apartment is deserted. She picks the lock and enters, as quiet as a shadow, moving with absolute stealth. No one sees her. She is inside, regarding herself in a full-length mirror on the wall. She sees her black-clad form, the black leotard and tights, the dark wig, the black sneakers, the black rubber gloves and mask, the rubber belt with the extra coil of rope. You never know when you might need extra rope. After all, what if the lady of the house had been home? She would have had to tie her up, wouldn't she?



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.



The cat burglar smiles to herself. A nice thought, tying up a startled, unsuspecting housewife — overpowering her, getting her onto the bed, hogtying her, gagging her with her own underthings . . . hmmm.

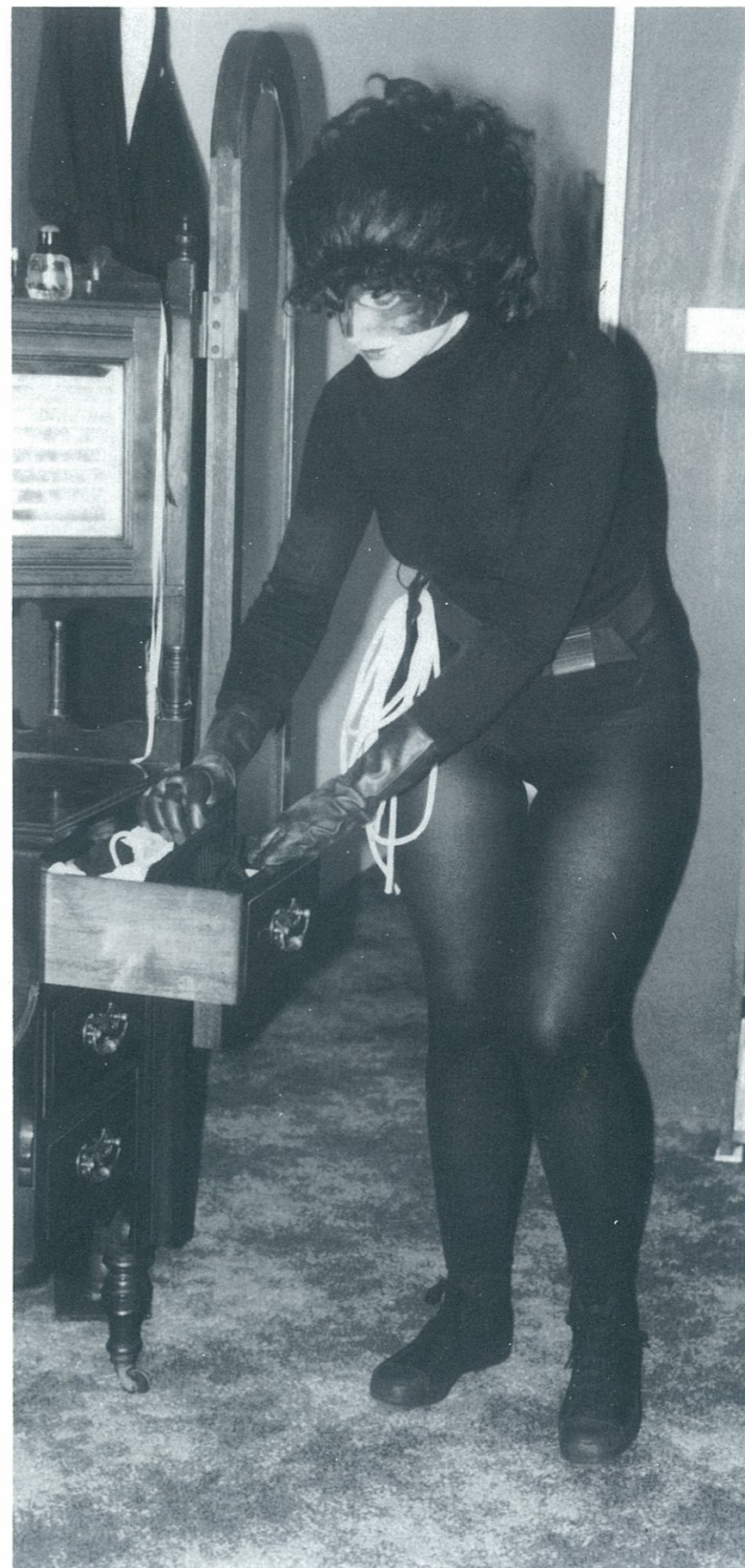
**JOIN HARMONY TO MAKE MONEY
& HAVE FUN!**

You can become Harmony's partner by shooting personal bondage videotapes to our standards and selling them through us. You'll reach the **entire** bondage market through Harmony's mailings and magazines. We ask for fully-dressed, costume and lingerie bondage (no nudes!) and good-natured bondage — no rough stuff, no explicit sex, no guns or weapons or coercion of any kind. Be sure to cover your videotaping with still photography which is necessary to advertise your video programs. If you are interested, do **not** send us a letter of inquiry. Instead, send us the **master copy** of your videotape (after making a copy for yourself) and we'll respond with our terms.

HARMONY COMMUNICATIONS
Box 69976
Los Angeles, California 90069

She begins to look through the drawers, lifting the jewelry she finds and taking it into the living-room where the light is better. So rapt is she with examining her haul,

that she does not hear the door of the laundry closet open. She starts at every passing car, but does not suspect that she has company until it is too late.



Suddenly she is seized from behind and thrown to the floor. Hands grab her, turn her onto her stomach. The rope is taken from her belt and is used to tie her, first her wrists, then her arms, her feet.

Now the Cat Burglar gets a good look at her captor, and receives her next surprise. It is the woman who owns the apartment — yes — but she too is dressed as a Cat Burglar — the black leotard and tights, the black sneakers, the mask and gloves.

"I've been following your activities in the papers," the lady says. "And I really wanted to be like you. Hence this get-up!" "Yeah, so what now?" our Cat Burglar asks.

"I'm not quite sure," the lady says. "I read how you bound and gagged those various housewives when you raided their homes. I know all about the things you did to them while they were tied up."

"So? I didn't hurt them. It was just some fun."

"Fun, eh? Would you have done that to me? Tied me up, gagged me, teased me? Well? Answer!"

"Yes."

"What's that?" the lady says.

"Yes, I would have." The Cat Burglar struggles without success. She is tied too well.

"Would have what?" the lady presses.

Her prisoner struggles uselessly.

"Would have what?" the lady insists.

"I would have tied and gagged you!" the Cat Burglar says. "I would have tied you up and teased you, done things to you."

"What sort of things, dearie?" the lady wants to know.

"Just things!"

"Hmm," the lady says. "Sounds interesting. And I would have been tied and gagged while you did it?"

"You heard what I said."

"Tell me again!" The lady is enjoying herself.

"I would have tied you up and gagged you. And I would have done things to you."

"Good girl. Now let's get a gag on you!"

"No, please," the Cat Burglar pleads. "Just call the cops, okay?"

"Oh, no," the lady says. "See how I'm dressed? Now I'm you. Now I'm going to have some fun!"

"No, it's not . . . mmmmphhhhfffff-ffff!!!"



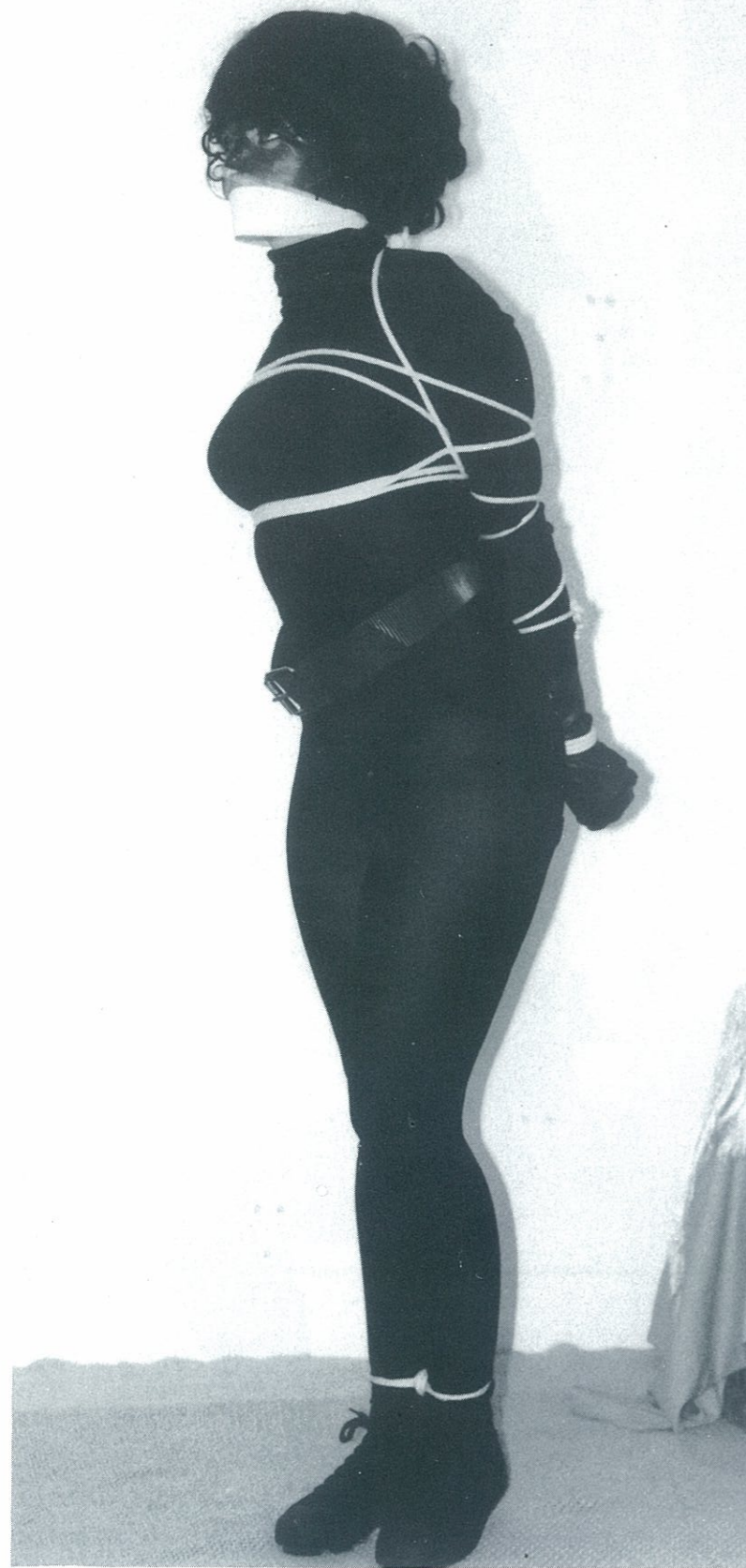
The lady ties a gag around the intruder's mouth.

"There! How's that?"

"Mmmmmmmm-mmmmmfffff!"



"That's right, darling. You look pretty gagged, all trussed up like that. Almost as pretty as I imagine I would. You might still get your chance."
"Mmmmmm! Mmmmmmmfffff!"

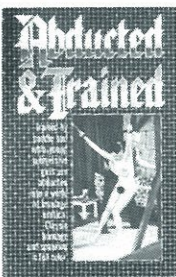


"But now it's my turn." And with that, the Cat Burglar finds herself down on the floor, her feet brought up into a strict hogtie, while the lady kneels down beside her and slowly, carefully, begins to caress her.

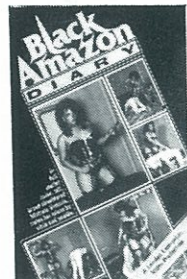
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HALF HOUR VIDEOS



Abducted & Trained - Submissive girls are abducted into a world of paddles and whips. Color 30 mins.



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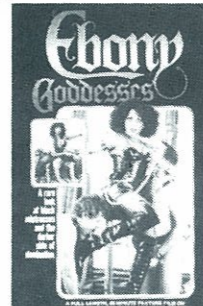
ONE HOUR VIDEOS



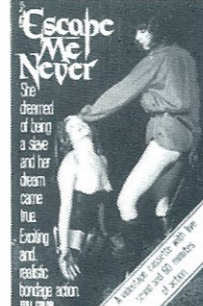
Classic Films of Irving Klaw No. 1 - Authentic bondage film clips featuring Betty Page by Irving Klaw. B & W 60 mins. No Pal



Classic Films of Irving Klaw No. 2 - Authentic bondage film clips featuring Betty Page by Irving Klaw. B & W 60 mins. No Pal



Ebony Goddesses - A man searches NYC for his brother, too find him and himself under female rule. Color 60 mins. No Pal



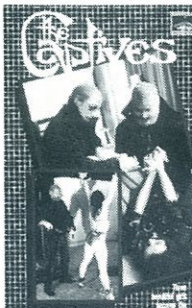
Escape Me Never - Follow Bree on her journey to becoming a compliant slave. Color 60 mins. No Pal



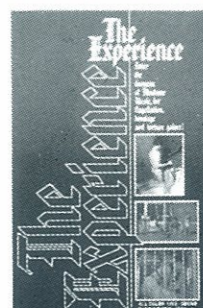
I Want To Be A Mistress - Follow Vicki on her way to becoming a dominatrix. Color 60 mins No Pal



Slaves of Desire - A girl's dreams turn into a real SM experience. Color 60 mins.



The Captives - Two thieves attempt robbery at an unknown B & D household. Color 60 mins.



The Experience - After her first trick, a dutch girl learns and acts upon her B & D desires. Color 60 mins.

All videos available in Pal, unless noted.

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or 2 for \$79⁹⁵

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To order your videos, use order form accompanying Lyndon's magazine ad!

THE RED BERET

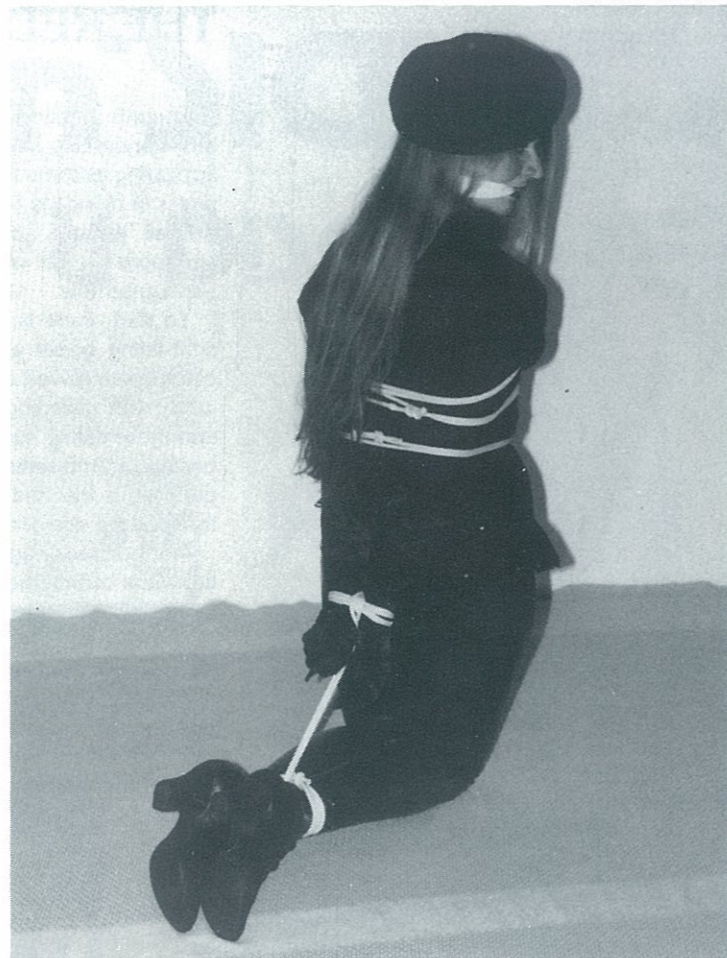


There is a distinctive Parisian quality to this wonderfully kinky outfit, with Sarah appearing as some lovely model from the pages of Bondage Vogue. It is a costume we call "Odette," a blending of textures and parts into a very sexy and striking fetish ensemble.

To start, there is satin and lace in the tight-fitting corset and the elbow-length black opera gloves, and that pretty blouse worn with gleaming black rubber tights and those dainty buttoned high-heel rubber boots. And setting the whole thing off perfectly is that red beret, worn coquettishly on the side of the head.

The bondage begins as a simple body-tie: wrists behind the back, arms pinioned in against the sides, tightness, firmness above and below the breasts. Step by step it proceeds to a kneeling hogtie, and finally the classic lying hogtie, Sarah's favorite position. Throughout this lovely study, our sexy Odette wears a plain white gag over some folded satin. As the French have it: "C'est magnifique!"



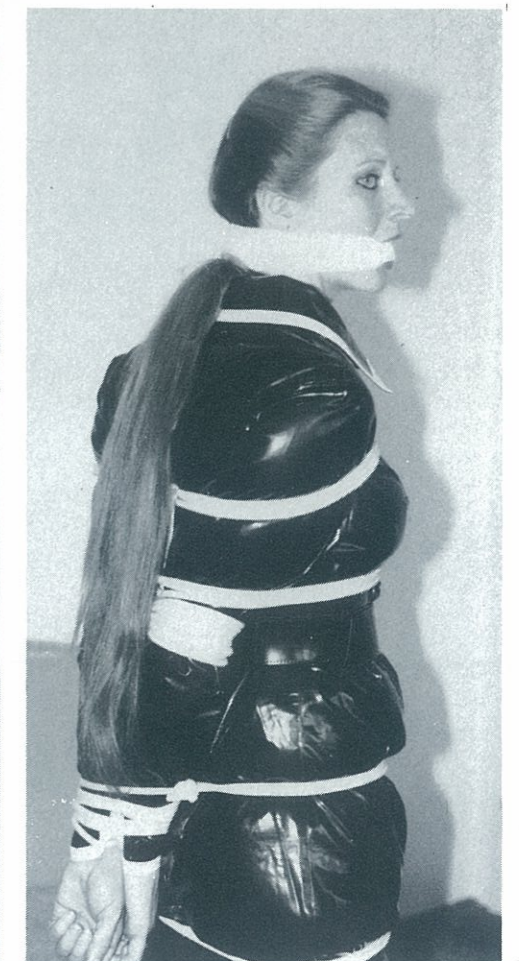
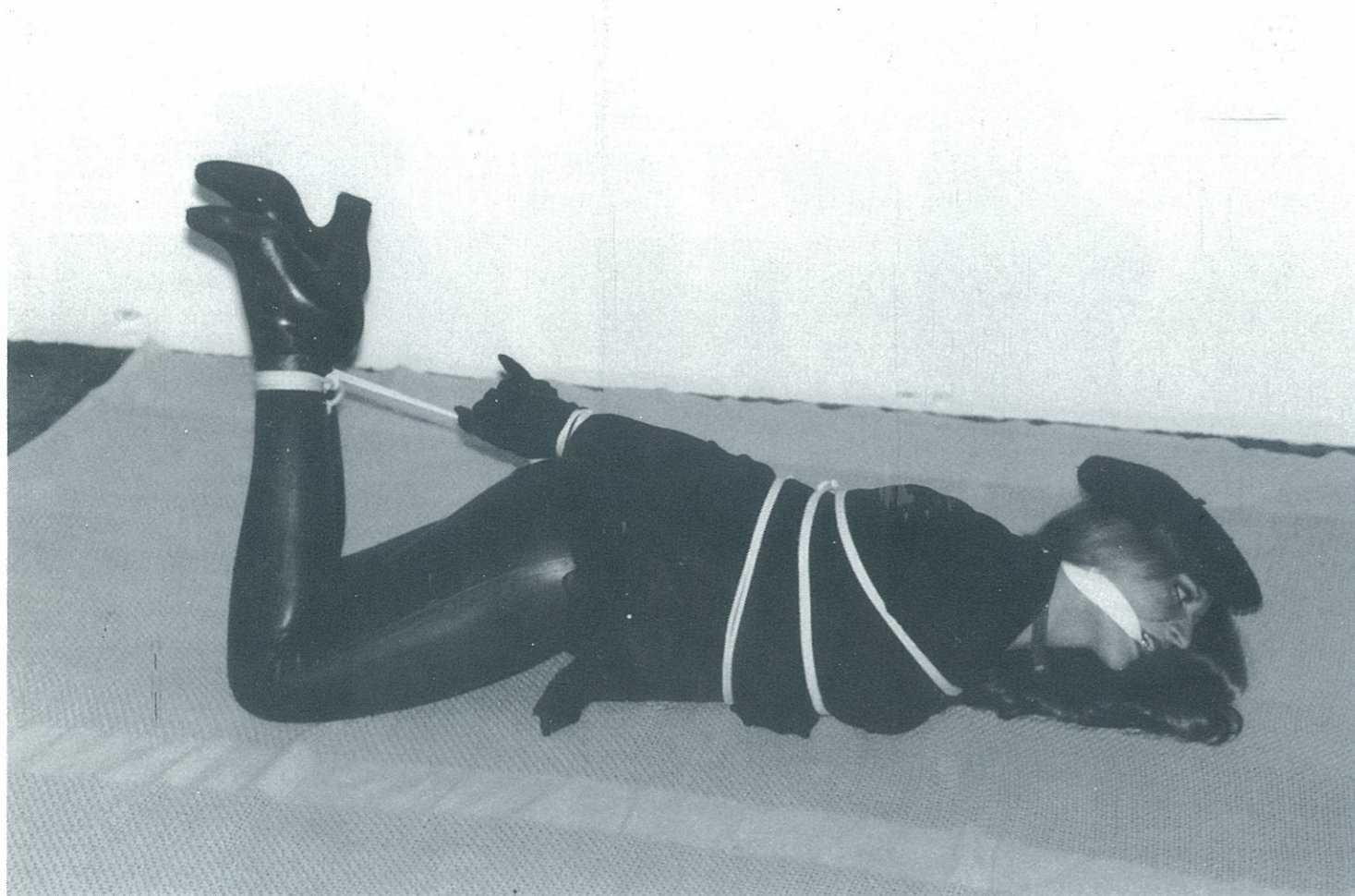
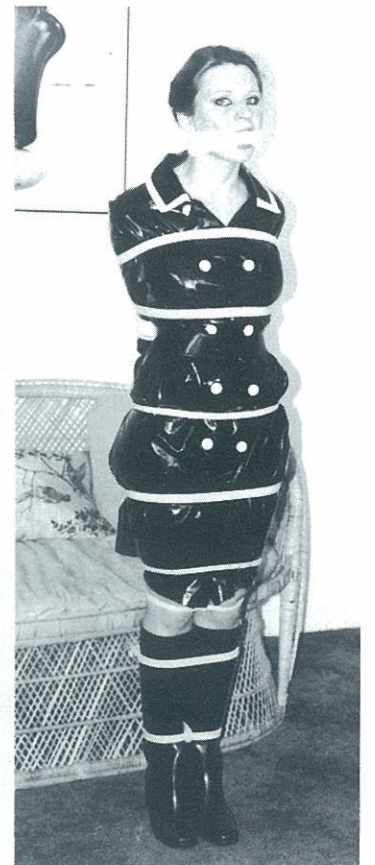


BONDAGE FIRST AID!

Among Sarah's many bondage gifts to me is a small roll of bandage, with the label carefully altered so that the first "a" reads as an "o" and makes it into a word we all know and love. The idea of bondage being First Aid has a real appeal, and while I did plan to keep the roll unopened, it occurred to me recently that I owed it to Sarah to put her gift to public use.

So, after binding Sarah up very tightly with many lengths of white cord, elbows tightly together while she was standing, I pushed a folded handkerchief into her mouth, then began bandaging her mouth, going both ways at once until I had used it all up.

The finished effect looked wonderful. Sarah stood there, wearing nothing but her black plastic raincoat and high-heeled rubber boots, her wrists, elbows, arms, thighs, hips, legs and feet all tightly bound, with a packed mouth and a white gauze bandage as a gag.



HOCKEY-TEAM BONDAGETTE

Here Sarah fulfills one correspondent's favorite fantasy: seeing a "member of the Hockey Team bound hand and foot, gagged, eventually hogtied, wearing her hockey uniform."

Meeting such requests is a lot of fun, so here is Sarah in a white blouse, short blue gym skirt, ankle socks, and a pair of hockey boots, with her arms bound up behind her back and a tight gag in her mouth.

Next, we see her seated on the floor, with her feet tied together and her hockey stick across her lap — another shot our reader requested as satisfying his fantasy.

From this pose, our bonded hockey player is tied face-down on the floor, "with her hockey-booted feet drawn in against her buttocks." She struggles like that, her ever-so-brief gym skirt working its way up over her thighs, exposing white gym panties, her canvas and rubber hockey boots squeaking together with every exertion she makes.





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.

BOUND IN MESH AND LACE

Bound and gagged in her stockinged feet, Sarah wriggles languorously on a very comfortable couch.





