

FOR AND BY "LOVE BONDAGERS" ONLY • NUMBER 10 • \$8.00

30.00



# SARAH IN BONDAGE



PERSONAL PHOTOS OF AUSTRALIAN BONDAGETTE  
SARAH FOSTER TATE!

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



# SARAH IN BONDAGE

NUMBER TEN

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

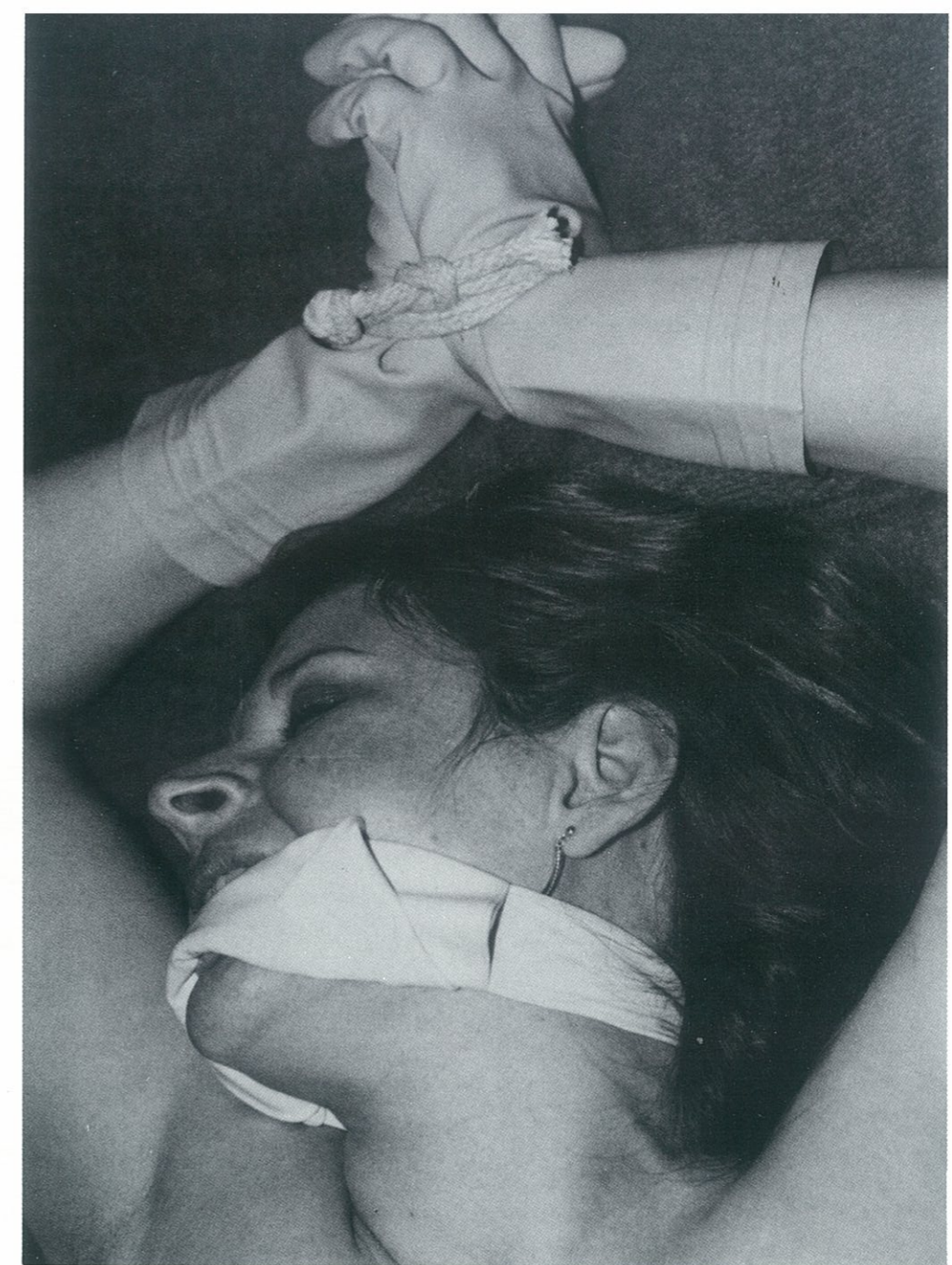
SARAH IN BONDAGE Number 10, June 1989 0657-L  
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The depictions of Love Bondage in this Harmony magazine convey the satisfactions that men and women experience together when they practice bondage within the context of mutual trust and consent. We strongly discourage readers from imitating these depictions by themselves, outside the boundaries of a loving relationship, and without an alert partner.

Records pursuant to 18 USC Section 2257 are in the custody of Donald B. Smith, Custodian of Records, 13005 Victory Blvd., C-70, North Hollywood, California 91606.

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



*“It certainly is wonderful to take a lot of time and play bondage games with a totally consenting, fully sharing partner, isn't it? Sarah and I are very careful to allow time for slow attentive bondage play: right mood, atmosphere, time of day, all that. The rewards are obvious. Sarah acquires a smouldering passionate quality, her natural sensuality is refined, her presence, her ‘gehen,’ becomes enormous. The air is charged with her feminine power, a marvellous thing to capture and contain.”*

*Atreus*



“We had a lot of fun together doing this and I think Sarah’s playfulness and full enjoyment shows in every one of her pictures. Bondage makes her utterly beautiful and she is coming to love it more and more.”

Atreus



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## THE HARMONY PHILOSOPHY

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

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

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

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

feeling of being protected, and the rope becomes surrogate for a protective lover’s arms. It is to please and satisfy those two natures, and they alone, that we create these visual fantasies.

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

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

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

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

HARMONY COMMUNICATIONS



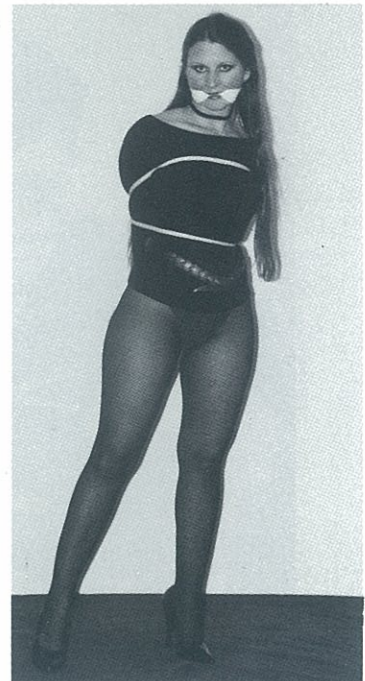
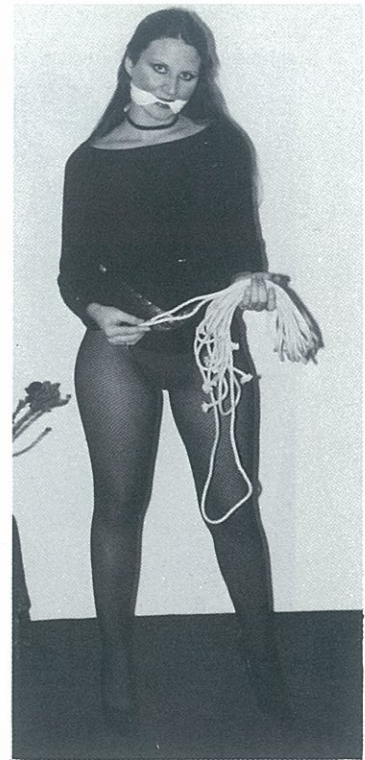
## SHAPELY SARAH

Atreus wisely uses costuming and bondage which accentuate Sarah's form.



## INVITATION

Sarah offers the material of choice for an evening of Love Bondage!







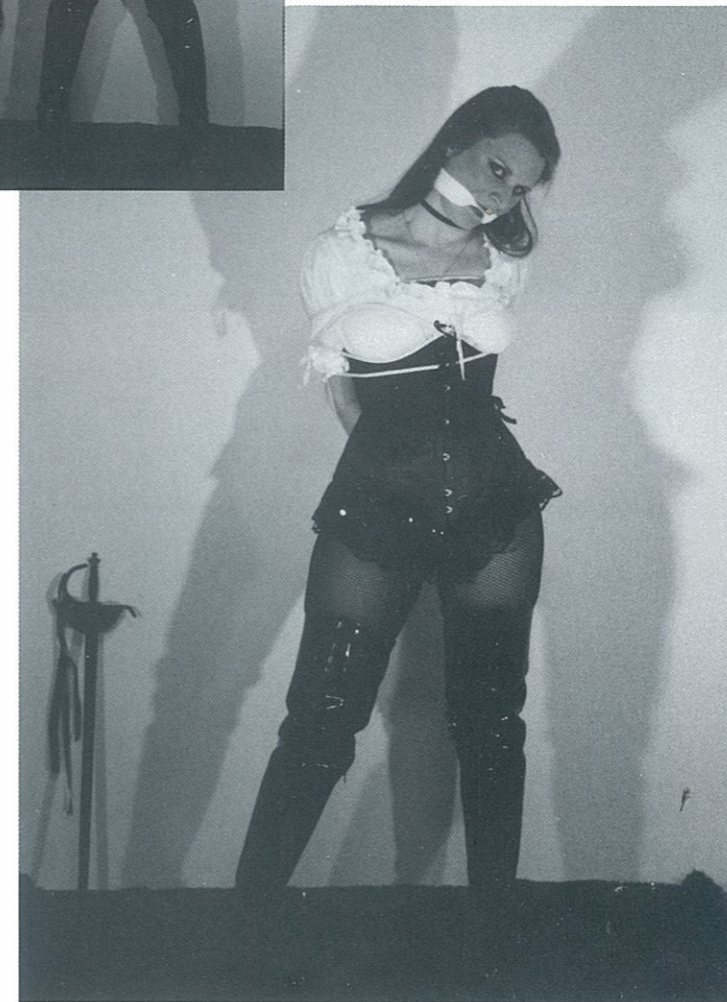


## SIMPLE ELEGANCE

A few select elements accentuate Sarah's radiance. A new dress, jewel-fastened high heels, and just the right amount of bondage . . .



## FANTASY LADIES THE STORY OF MORGWEN



We all have special erotic images we summon up from time to time to enliven a fantasy. One of my Fantasy Ladies is the lovely Morgwen of Castle Merioneth in the legendary kingdom of Bizan, the Amazon Swordmistress to the royal household and personal bodyguard to the

Princess Gloriana.

In this fantasy tale, Morgwen was overpowered by several of her Amazon sisters one dark night and carried off, fully bound and gagged, to be a captive plaything for the Dark Queen, Lynnoth.





Returning late from a fencing class where she was supervising some of the junior members of the palace guard, Morgwen was set upon by five of her fellow Amazons. Three of them held her while a fourth forced a gag into her mouth and got it tied at the back of her head, and another began tying her wrists together behind her back. The others held her securely while this was happening, taunting her in harsh whispers and running their own smooth gloved hands across her body.

They continued binding her, doing her elbows next so any exertions would cause discomfort, then roping her arms in close against her body so her lovely breasts lifted and stood out hard and full against the black rubber cups of her bodice. They were very good at their task, making sure the ropes were tight and the knots secure.



When they had her bound this way, they set to binding her legs and her feet. They were taking no chances. With five of them on hand, they would carry her off with no trouble. They certainly did not need to risk having her run off out of their clutches after going to so much trouble. They joked about this as they cinched the cord between her booted ankles. Imagine the sight it would make: the Princess's bodyguard fleeing them through the deserted corridors, her wrists and arms bound, her mouth tightly gagged. Wouldn't that startle the few sentries on watch?

The tying finished, Morgwen was made to kneel — bound and gagged — while one of her captors checked and affirmed that the way was clear.

"Good!" their leader approved. "Pick her up, girls, and we'll carry her out to the carriage. We have a long drive ahead of us."

When at last they brought their bound and gagged

prisoner before Queen Lynnoth, the helpless girl stood there, barely able to keep her balance, while the wicked Dark Queen regarded her with pleasure.

"Ah, Morgwen, my precious! At last we have you in our clutches!"

Morgwen fought down a shiver of revulsion at the words, but could do nothing. Perhaps later she would get her chance, but not now, not yet, not while she was tied like this and surrounded by Lynnoth's guards . . .

"Yes, yes, my lovely one!" Lynnoth continued, enjoying herself. "How delicious you look all bound up that way. And gagged! How nice to see you gagged! All ready for my pleasure. Guards! The prisoner is to remain gagged. You will take her to my chambers and have her bound spreadeagled to my bed. Oh yes, and we'll do something about that hair. Put a bathing cap on her. We shall be along shortly." ■



## AUSTRALIAN FASHION COMMENT YOUR BASIC BLACK RUBBER NUMBER

Sarah dresses for an evening in bondage — wearing a basic black rubber ensemble: a slinky form-fitting sheath-skirt and a clinging zip-up vest both made from soft sexy neoprene rubber.

Yes, neoprene — the same material that wetsuits are made from, here used by Sydney fashion houses for high-glamour wear. Even Sarah's jewelry is made of rubber — it's the "in" kink this season.

Sarah wears her rubber gear with high-heeled lace-up suede and rubber "gym boots," red lace gloves, and — hidden from sight by the skirt — black panties, red suspender-belt and black stockings with the distinctive sheen of silk.

This is meant to be street wear, mind, but one can't help but feel that it advertises a "secret life."

The bondage begins. Sarah's wrists and arms are bound tightly behind her back, then her booted feet lashed together. A foam rubber ball goes into her mouth, with tape plastered firmly over that to gag her securely.



Sarah twists about on the chair, moving very sexily in her sheath of black rubber, turning this way and that as she explores every detail of her bondage: the delicious tension, the sensual closeness of cords biting into yielding rubber and the flesh of her arms.

She is made to balance on her bound gym-booted feet, tottering helplessly with ankles tied, so her black rubber skirt can be peeled away to expose the startling red of her suspender-belt and the exciting allure of her stockings and panties. It adds a new come-hither dimension to her very sexy Love Bondage, and lets her twist and turn to great advantage before our eyes.





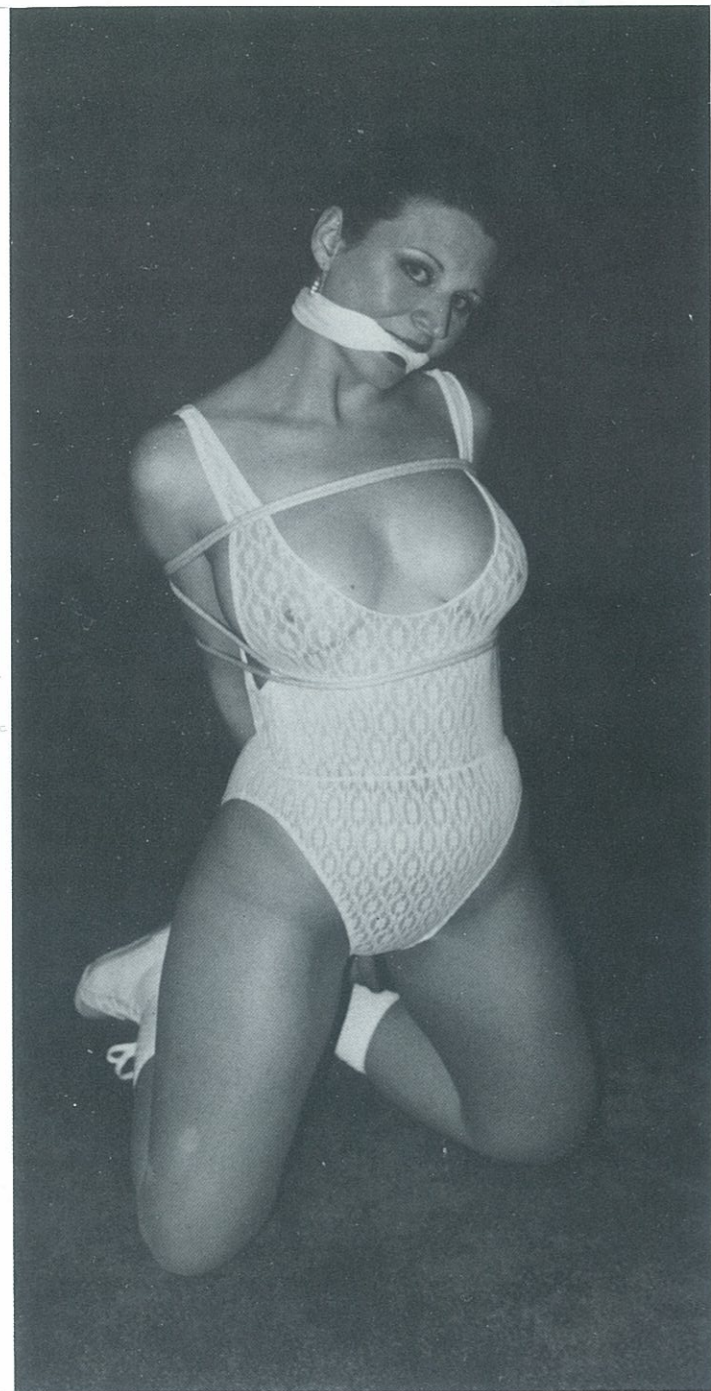
**VIGNETTE**  
Something nice to come home to.





## WHITE FANCIES

Sarah has been given partial freedom to enjoy her nice white shoes.





## THE CHECK-UP A Special Fantasy Adventure

The message on the answering machine was clear.

"I'll be in to conduct a special check-up at 10 a.m. Please be ready," Dr. Adams said.

Nurse Sarah made sure that she was. She liked Dr. Adams a good deal more than professional conduct required, and she wanted to please him more than anything.

So she took care to arrange the examination room; she put on a white rubber apron and new rubber gloves, and she began checking the day's appointments — wanting to look absolutely efficient when Dr. Adams came in.

"Good morning, Sarah," he said, coming into the surgery.

Sarah looked up to see Dr. Adams standing there. He was all in white and wearing rubber gloves as well. That was unusual, but then again no more unusual than the way she was sitting — one daintily-sneakered foot lifted to give Dr. Adams a glimpse of her white lace panties, peeking out from under her uniform.

"Good morning, Doctor," she said, her voice purring with the words.

"I see you're gloved and ready," he said. "Good. We can begin."

"Who is the patient?," she asked. "The first appointment listed here is not till this afternoon."

Dr. Adams smiled. "Oh, this is a special staff examination," he said.

"Staff?" replied Nurse Sarah. "But there's only the two of us."

"That's right. So it must be you I'm referring to."

"Me? But I don't understand . . ."

"Of course you do," Dr. Adams said. "With your lace panties and your flirty manner. It's just what you need, my girl. Now, open wide!"

Sarah couldn't believe it, but Dr. Adams had something up against her teeth — some sort of inflatable rubber bladder, she noticed. A gag. It was a gag, for heaven's sake, a bladder shaped like a penis, a tube and a squeeze bulb.

"Open wide I said," Dr. Adams commanded, squeaking the gag against her teeth. "Take it, Sarah!"

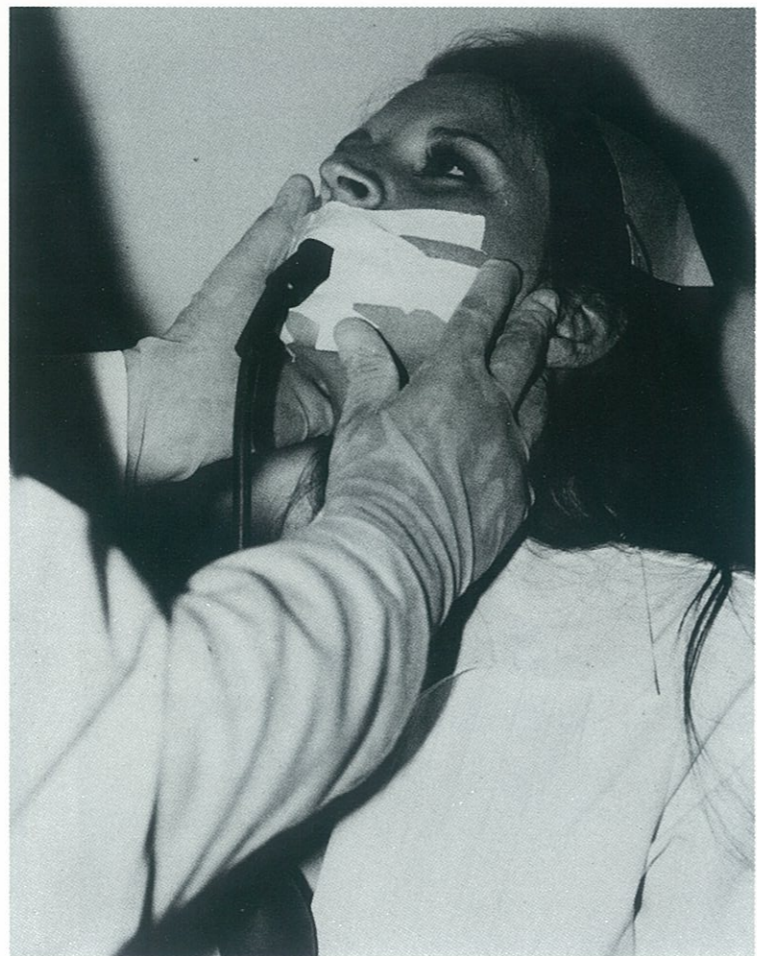
Sarah found herself opening her mouth, instinctively responding to his authoritative voice. She felt the bladder go way inside, and gagged a little as he began inflating it, pumping the squeeze-bulb until the bladder was a large black ball inside her mouth. She couldn't eject it, she discovered; she couldn't make a sound.

"Just to be sure," he said, "let's put some tape over that." And Sarah felt the smooth gloved fingers laying strips of surgical adhesive across her lips and cheeks.

"Good girl," he said. "That will keep you nice and quiet." He pumped the bulb again for good measure.

"Mmmmmmmmmmm!" Nurse Sarah cried as the gag expanded. "Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!"

"Nice and full," he said. "We want you completely silent now, don't we?" And he squeezed the bulb again. "But now let's get you all trussed up so you don't wriggle too much and hurt yourself, eh? Wrists crossed behind your back, please."



Fascinated, not at all sure why she was cooperating, Sarah did as he said, and soon felt her wrists being taped together behind her.

And that wasn't to be the end of it. Once her hands were tied, he started taping up her whole body from head to toe, using an entire roll of surgical tape for the job until she sat there feeling like a mummy done up for the tomb.

"Very nice, Sarah," Dr. Adams said when he was done. "I think we can begin. First, some floor activities. You can show me how you roll and move your hips."

"Mmmmmmmmmmmmm!" Sarah protested, but to no avail. The good doctor raised her to her feet and then carefully lowered her to the floor.

"Now," he said, "Some nice convincing rolls or I'll have to give that pump-gag another squeeze or two."

Sarah was having none of that, she decided. The bladder already filled her mouth; all she could taste was rubber. Obediently, she began moving from side to side, rolling her hips, which didn't feel at all bad, she discovered, still responding to the excitement she had felt all that morning waiting for Dr. Adams to arrive. In fact, the exertions were turning her on, bringing on the most erotic thoughts. It was like doing a sexy dance in a way, a special bondage dance for this man who affected her so. She added new zest to her efforts, squeaking her sneakers, moaning softly and alluringly around the bladder filling her mouth and making speech impossible.

If only he would remove it, she thought, I could tell him how I feel, that I want him to do this, that I want him to capture me this way and examine me.

But that did not happen. The gag remained, huge and terribly sexual in its own way, inescapable, so she put more calculation into her movements, lifting her hips just so, moving her buttocks and thighs in ways which had an unmistakable meaning.

"That's it, my lovely," he said, and Nurse Sarah thrilled to the last words. He *did* want her. He was turned on too. She felt his hand on her feet, felt one of his feet resting lightly on her bound arms.

"I understand what you are feeling," he said. "Let's move on to Stage Two."

And nimbly, skillfully, he cut away the tape binding her, then helped her to lie across her own office chair.





"I've always been fascinated by the sexual possibilities of this chair," he said. "So down you go, arms at your sides and legs apart."

Again Sarah did as he said, but this time she knew fully why. She parted her legs and lay still while he bound her arms, wrists and ankles with white rope so she couldn't move.

She moaned with relief as he deflated the gag in her mouth, though she felt a thrill of delight as it returned to its

original shape, and instinctively sucked on it until he peeled the strips of tape from her face and removed it.

But before Sarah could say anything, Dr. Adams pushed a pair of surgical gloves into her mouth and put an enormous piece of surgical tape across her lower face.

"Silence, please, Sarah," he said when he had gagged her again. "I like seeing you gagged. Your body tells me all I need to know. And right now it's telling me a great deal! A great deal indeed!"



"Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm," Sarah said, trying to speak around the rubber gloves, trying to tell him any way how excited she was, how ready she was. But the gag prevented that. The wretched gag! It was intolerable. How would he like it, she wondered, watching him as he stood over her.

She found the thought appealed. Yes, she thought, lying there, gagged, bound, spread out for his pleasure. How would he look all taped up, with the bladder gag pumped full in his mouth? How would he like an examination — my way?!!

But that wasn't how it was. Sarah lay there. Now Dr. Adams was seated, marking off her responses.

"Tell me if you feel anything when I do this," he said, and he touched her.

"Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!" Sarah murmured, loving his touch, wanting it.

"Good. And what about here?"

"Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!" she cried, pulling at the ropes, straining against the cords which kept her there.

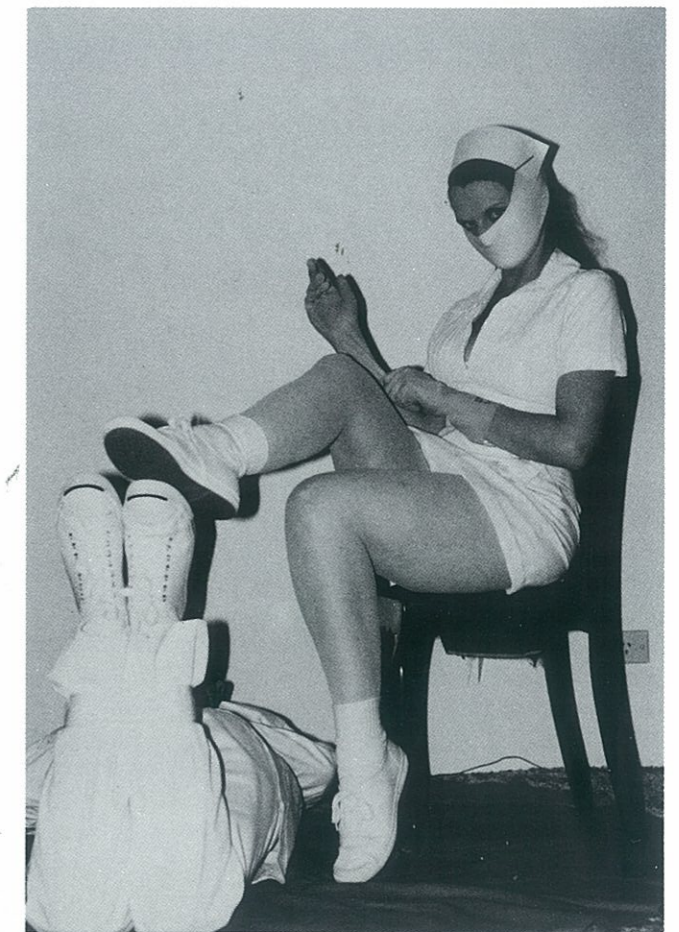
"And now this?"

"Mmmmmmmmmmmggggggghhhhhhhhhfffff!" she cried through the tape, biting on the rubber gloves.

"Ah, and what about this?"

Sarah swooned, closing her eyes, giving in to the sensations filling her.

"Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm — mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm," she moaned. It was amazing what he did, how it felt.



"Very good," he said. "Now I think we're ready for Stage Three." And he started untying her from the chair. "I think we can use the couch over there. The gag can stay. I really like it."

But as Sarah got up from the chair, she peeled the tape from her mouth and ejected the rubber gagging.

"That's not fair," she said.

"I beg your pardon?" Dr. Adams asked.

Sarah picked up the inflatable gag, swung it in her rubber-gloved hands. "You said this was a staff examination."

"I did. So?"

"Well, there are two of us. We don't go to Stage Three until the other member of the staff has Stages One and Two."

"But I'm the other member of the staff!"

"Yes. Funny about that. But fair's fair. Open wide!"

Ten minutes later, Nurse Sarah was ready to begin. She drew on new rubber gloves, and now wore a white rubber surgical mask to go with her rubber apron and pure white uniform. Dr. Adams was ready too. He lay all taped and hogtied at her feet, his mouth taped shut around a fully-pumped bladder, moving slightly now and then, moaning softly with anticipation.

"You're really going to love this," Sarah said, planting one sneakered foot on his. "Then, when I'm done, we can go to Stage Three together. Oh, and by the way, I've cancelled all your appointments for this afternoon. Good idea?"

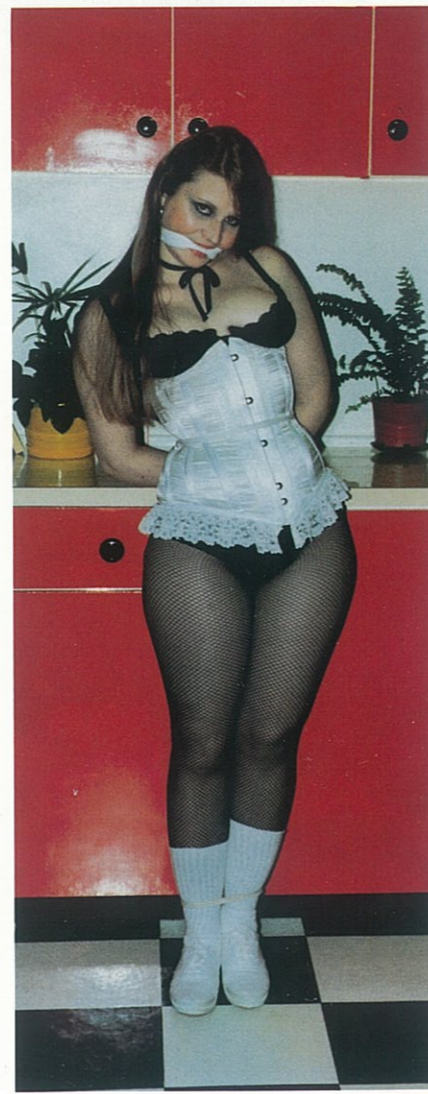
Dr. Adams looked up, his cheeks bulging above the gag. "Mmmmmmmmmmm," he said. Good idea! ■



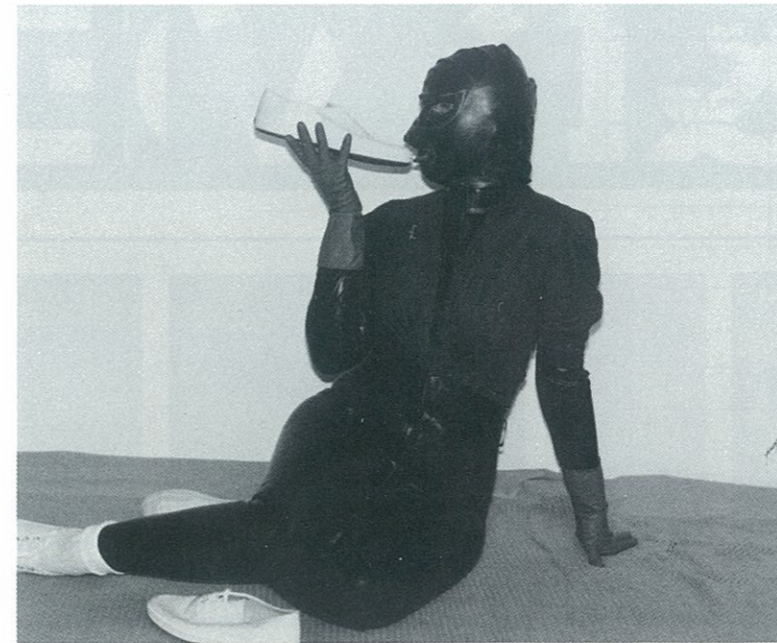
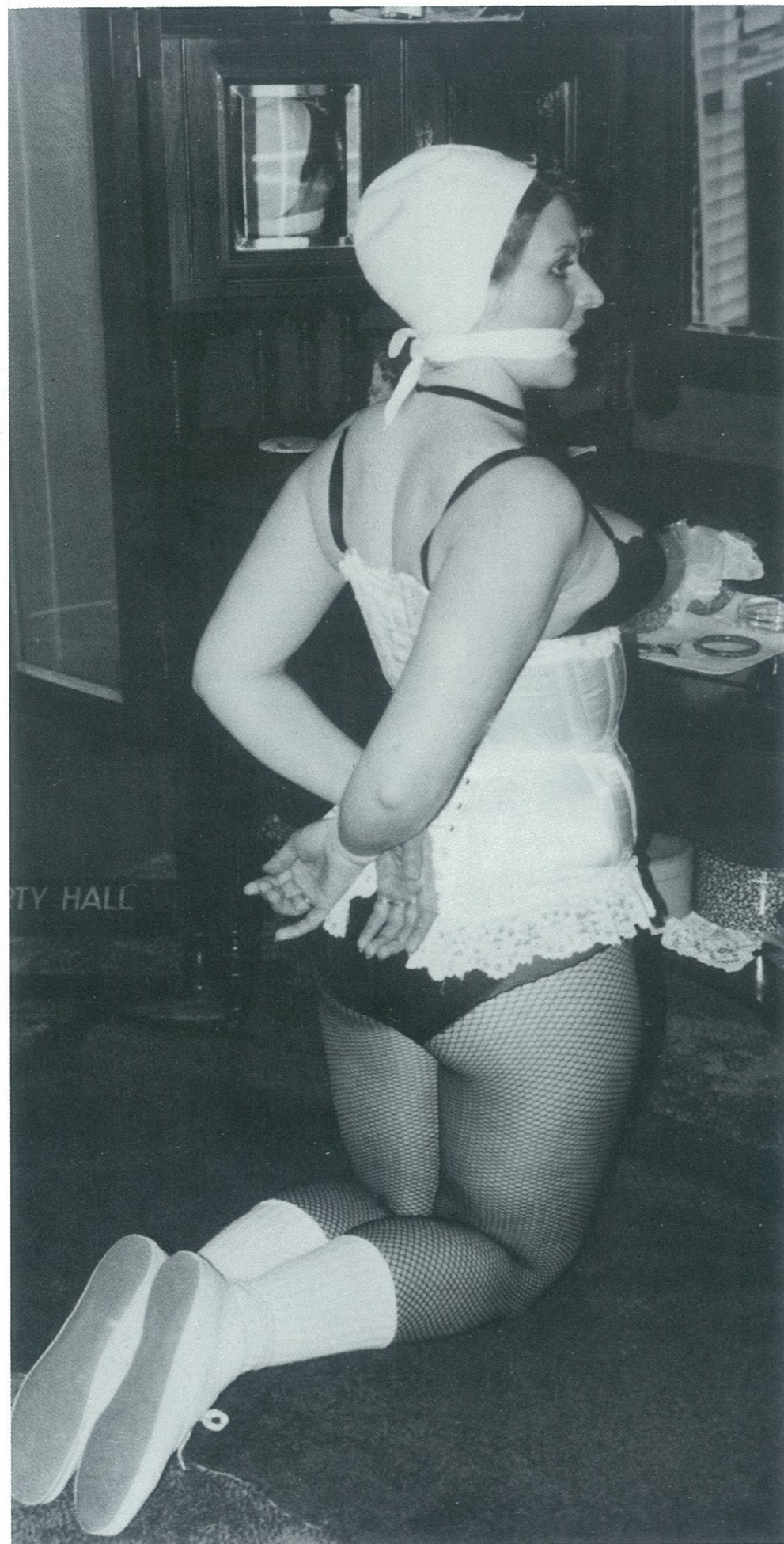
## OBSERVATIONS FROM ATREUS

“When a lady is dressed in conventional glamour-wear, it is easy for her to feel beautiful and show beautiful. It is when such lovely standards are compromised, say, with a bathing-cap or tennis shoes, and a new tension created, that the lady’s beauty is tested and — hopefully — enhanced.

“For instance, when Sarah has a bathing-cap added to her outfit, you can see that the effect is quite stunning. The ropes and the tight gag just add a new psychological edge to the bondage that is going on already with corset and stockings. The cap, too, makes Sarah feel a little more dependent on my judgements. She wants to be reassured. I merely smile and wink and continue to subject her to photograph after photograph. It is exasperating for Sarah, but she has learnt to be trusting. I am turning Sarah’s bondage to my advantage, making her more dependently helpless — less the sleek siren and more the bondage captive.”





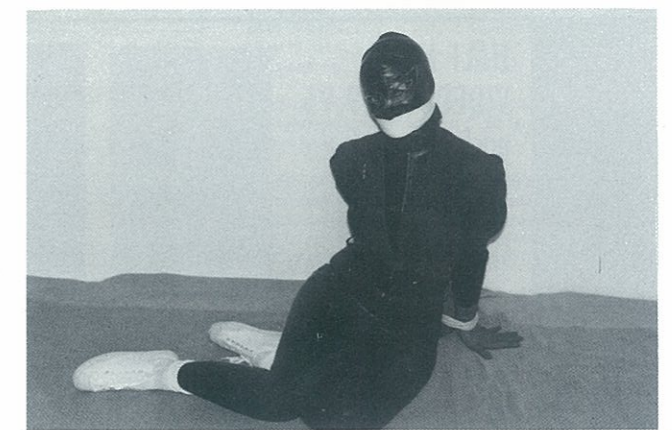
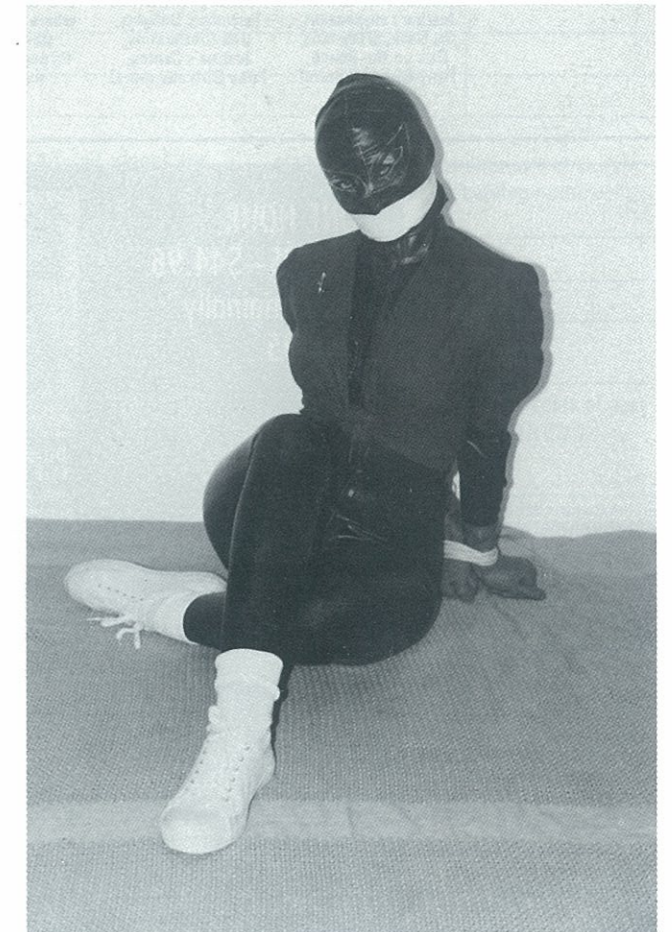


## Head to Toe

Atreus: "Rubber looks magnificent on Sarah. It has so many qualities that seem to enhance her sensuality. It clings, it shines, it makes rustling, snapping, sucking sounds whenever she moves."

Here Sarah's costuming makes for a fascinating effect, giving her a look that is half-demonic, almost sinister, but is undeniably feminine. It is almost as if Sarah has been transformed into some amazing creature from another world.

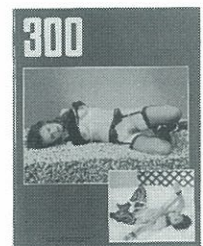
After some innocent kissing games, she is tied and gagged. Her pink gloved hands are bound behind her back; a tight white bandage gag is tied around her rubber-covered mouth. Very simple, very effective, very sexy . . ."





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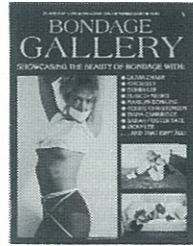
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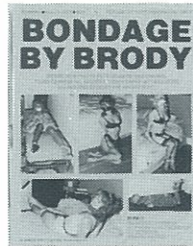
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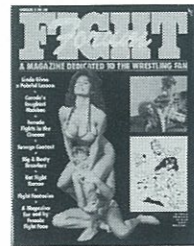
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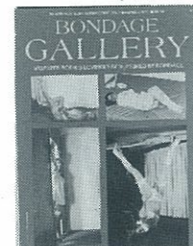
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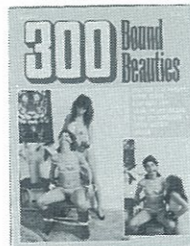
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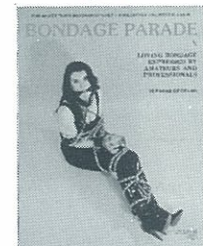
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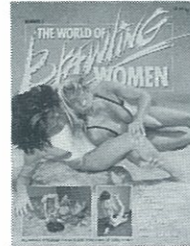
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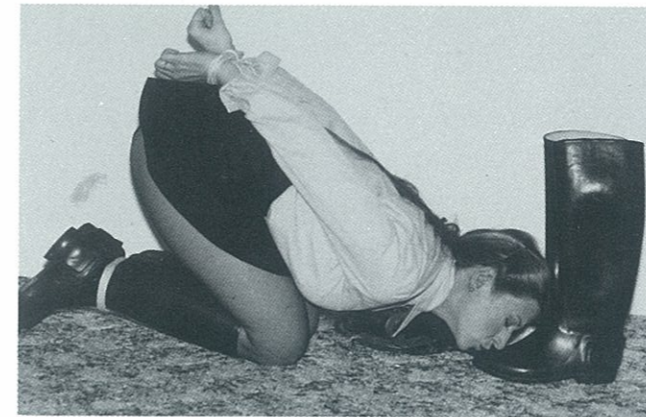
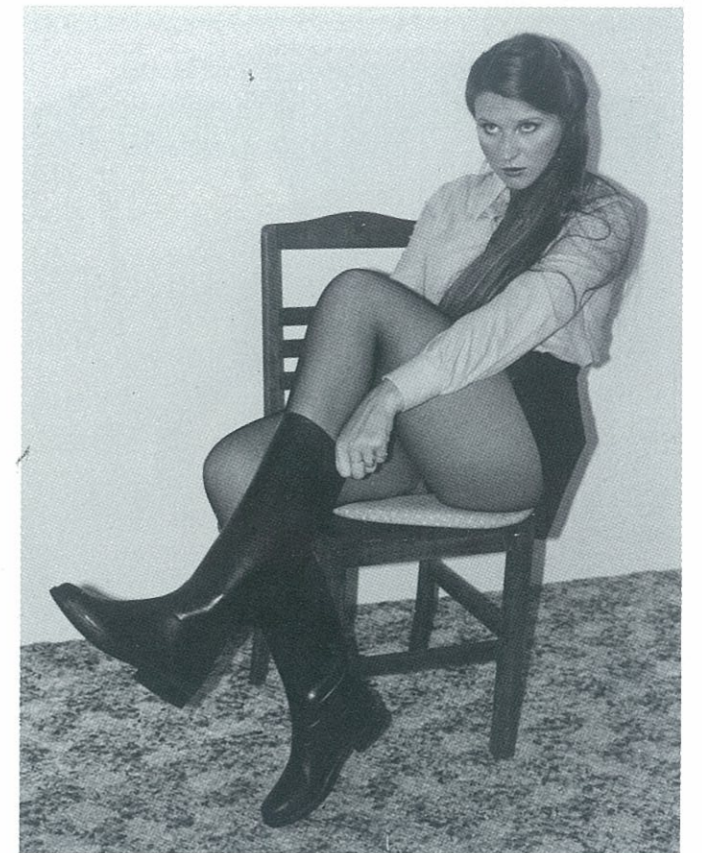
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## BOOTED AND BOUND

Some people love the sight of a beautiful woman in riding boots bound and gagged, and Sarah has certainly spent her time well and truly booted for bondage.

Here we see her pulling on a pair of black rubber riding boots, getting ready for some bondage specifically for those Harmonizers who love to see a nicely turned foot and pretty leg all booted up for riding and roping!

Next we see of her, Sarah is bent over her chair, legs bound apart to the chairlegs, wrists drawn down and fastened to the chair at the front. Her gag? Why, what better gag for an equestrienne than a rubber riding boot fixed in her mouth by a special leather harness? A variant on the popular pony girl theme — a booted and bound horsewoman gagged by this favorite fetish item, a part of her own riding kit.





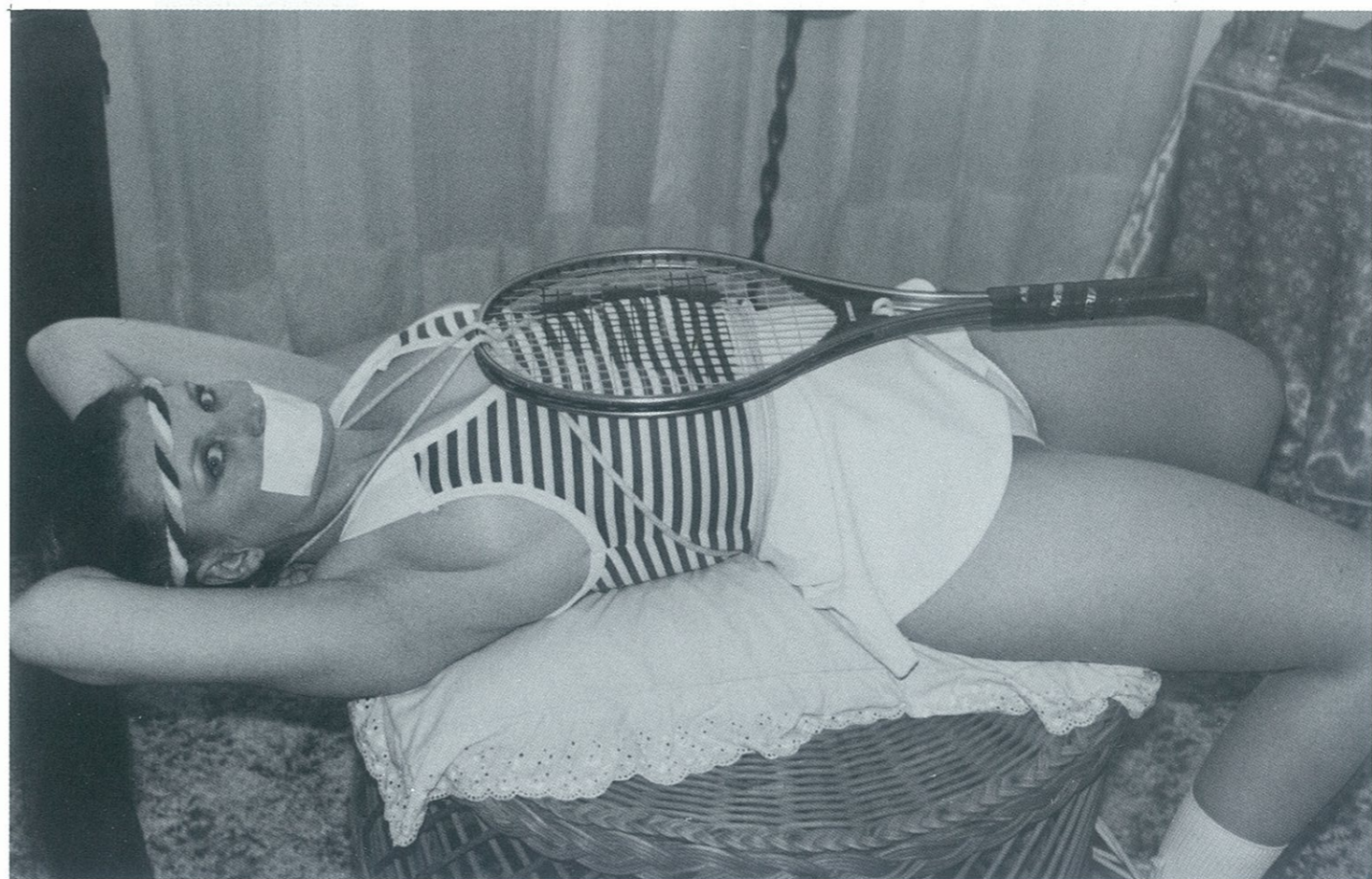


### BONDAGE GAMES

Atreus and Sarah opt for the sport where both players win.



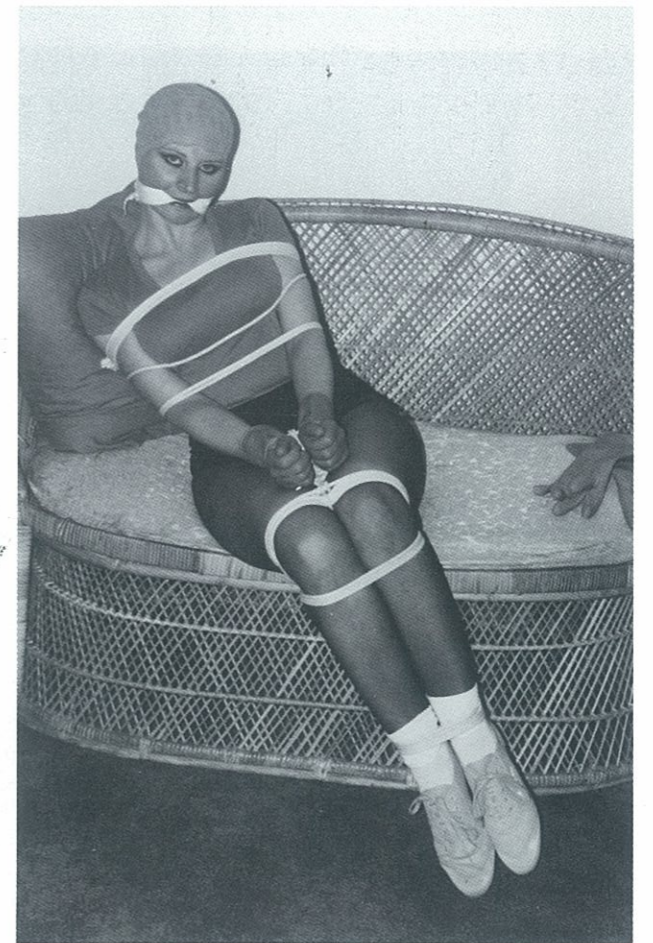






## TAKING THE INITIATIVE

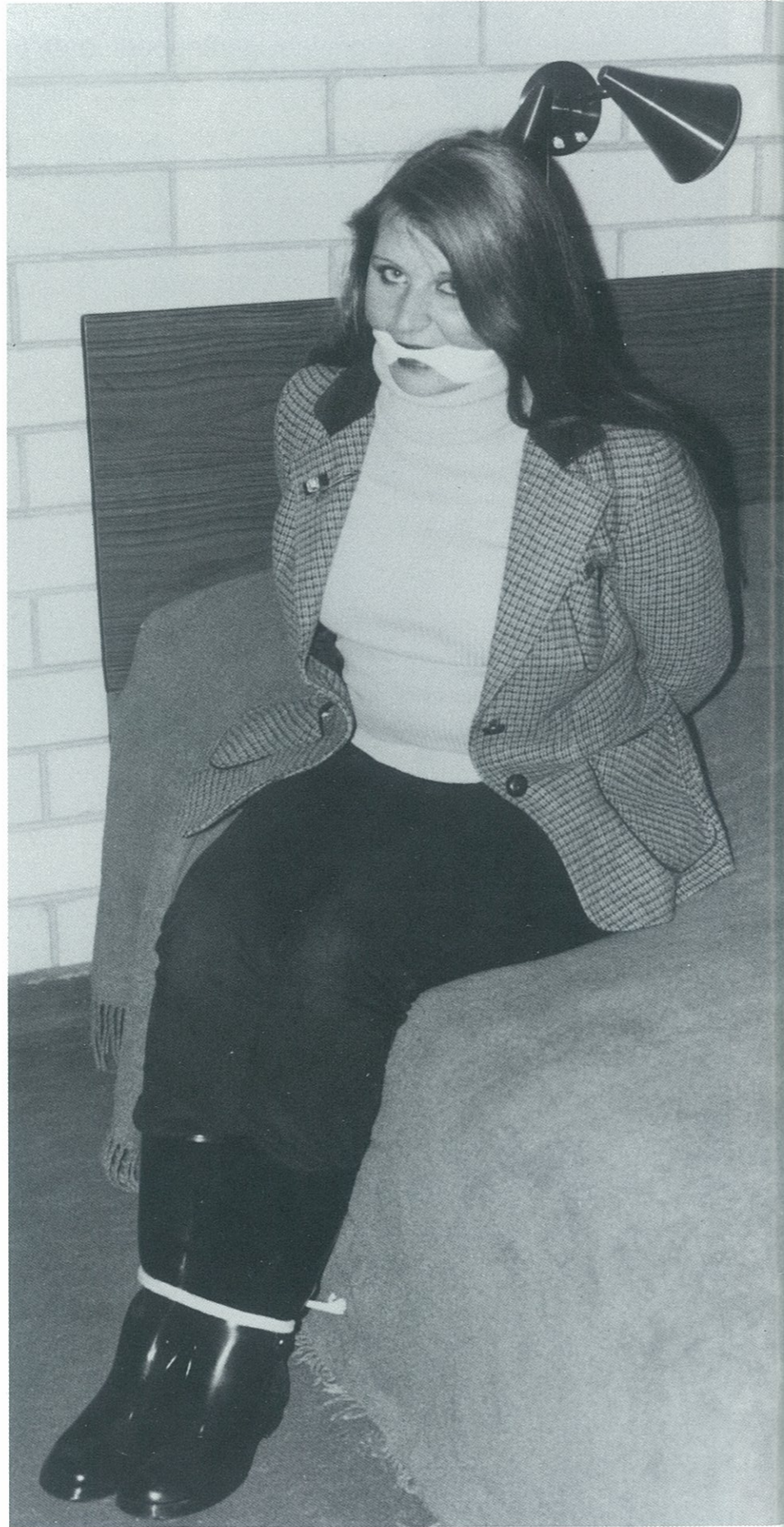
Sarah suits up and waits for a playmate, thoughtfully leaving out an extra set of gloves.





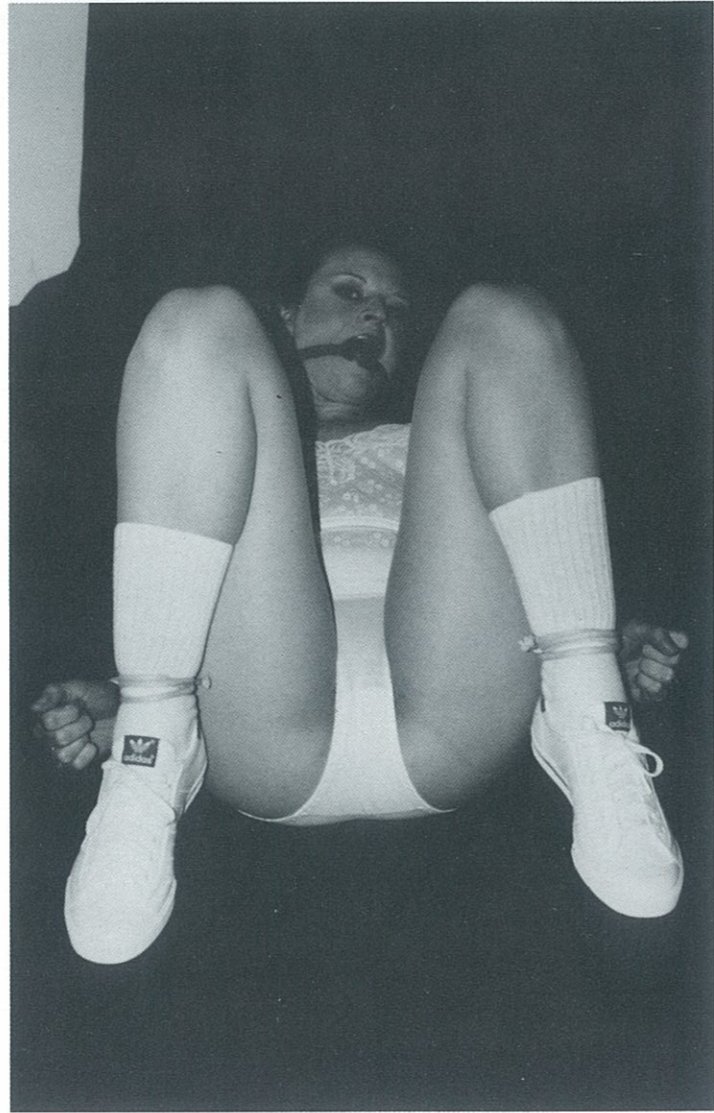
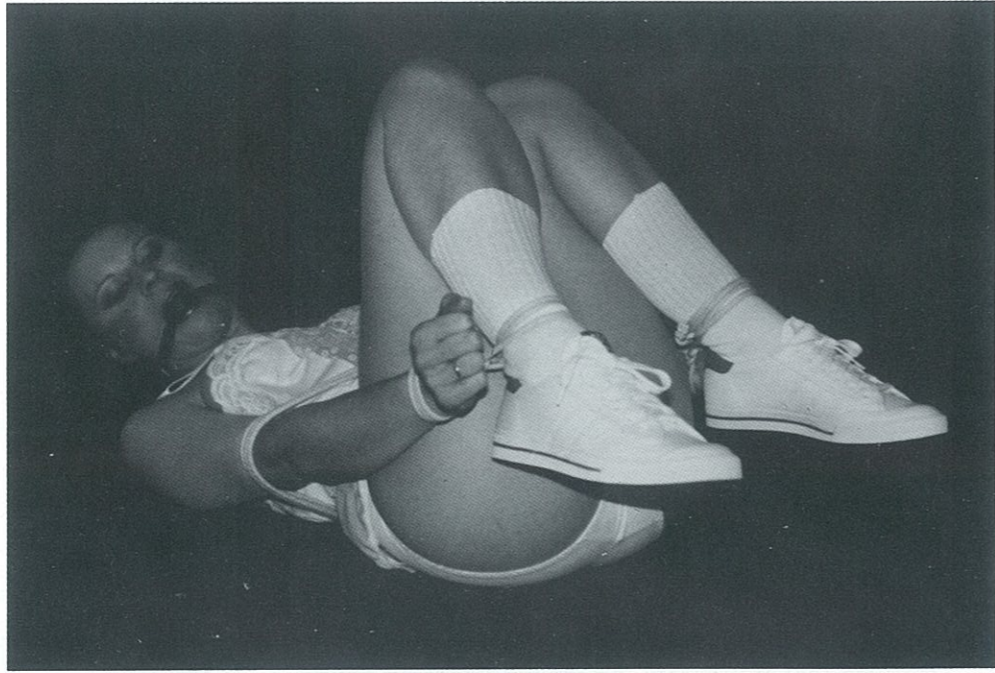
**BOOTED BONDAGETTE**

A classic look for a classy dame.

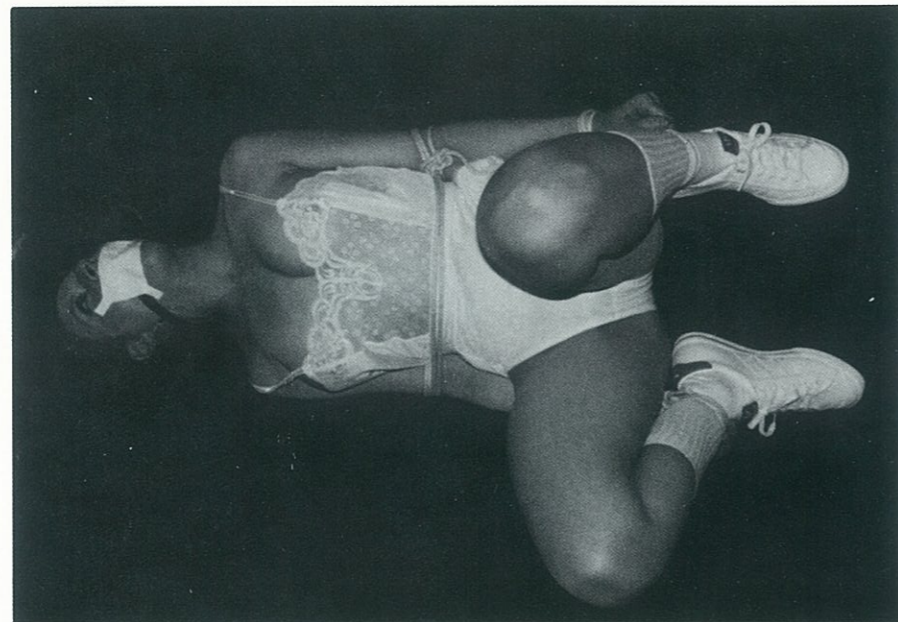
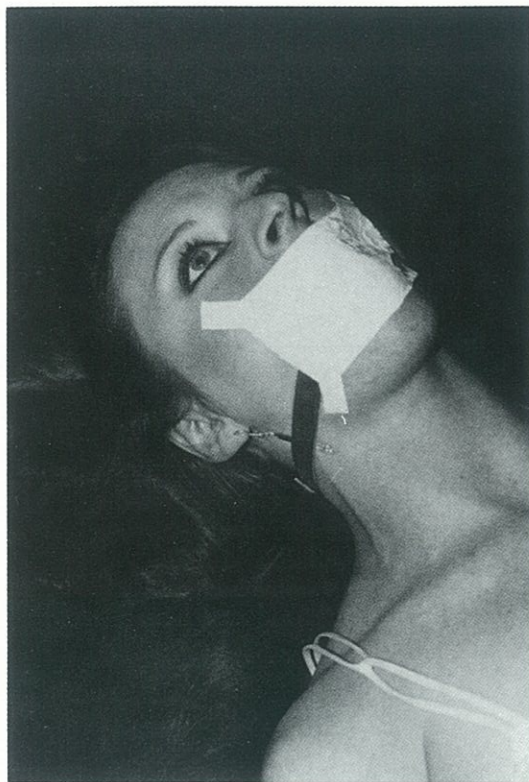




**NEW SHOES!**  
Sarah's eager to show them off.







## THE RUBBER GAG: A Plea for Bondage Love

There are times between a man and a woman when bondage is the perfect thing — an act both eloquent and healing, something perfectly, silently understood. A matter of just a glance, a flash of the eye, and both he and she know what is wanted: she wants to be bound and gagged by him, he wants nothing more than to tie and gag her as part of a shared act of love.

Sarah had a new rubber gag to wear — a tight shiny black latex gag to cover the mouth and hug the chin and hold a ball or packing inside. Buying it together had been a very erotic thing: going to a “showroom” and choosing it from a dazzling array of bondage rubberwear. Very erotic.

On this afternoon, Sarah and I exchanged a glance that told us that bondage was right. Without a word she got up and disappeared into the bedroom. When she came back, she was dressed as a love-slave, with the black rubber gag stretched across her mouth. Her costume was a black vinyl bodysuit with long gleaming vinyl gloves, fishnet hose, tight-fitting black leather boots, a heavy gold-studded belt. Had it not been for the gag, she could have been a perfect dominatrix.

“Wow!” I said. “You look marvelous!”

“Mmmmmmm,” she replied. “Mmmmmmm — mmmmmmm — mmmmm!”

She was pointing to her gag.

“Don’t tell me,” I said. “A rubber ball?”

“Mmmmmmm.” And she gestured to tell me to keep guessing.



“A ball and adhesive tape?”

Sarah nodded. “Mmmmmmm.” And she beckoned me toward the bedroom. There I found she had set out a chair and lots of rope, and my camera. She went straight to the chair and sat. Without a word from me, she pulled down the front of her vinyl suit, exposing her breasts to me. I photographed her. Then she crossed her feet ready for binding, and crossed her arms behind her back. I bound her wrists, arms, legs and feet very securely and took more pictures. It was quiet in the room. There was the distinctive creaking sound of the vinyl and leather and the tight cords, now and then a soft “Mmmmmmm” through the shiny rubber across her mouth.

“More, Sarah,” I told her. “Tell me how you feel.”

Her eyes met mine, so revealing. “Mmmmmmm — mmmmm,” she said, and as I started caressing her: “Mmmmmmmmmmm.”

“We’ll leave the gag,” I said. “Okay?”

“Mmmmm,” she said.



