

Party-Lines Newsletter for February 2003

February 2003						
Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
						1 Open Dinner Party
2 Mistress/slave Training Wrkshp	3	4	5	6 Movie & Desert "DeSade's Justine"	7 Slave Auction	8 *Flogging Class with Master Hines
9 Bondage Safety Class (Suspension)	10	11 Show, Tell & Play	12	13	14 Valentine's Day Play Party	15
16 Sensory Deprivation Class	17	18	19	20	21 Slave Auction	22 Private Party
23 11am Brunch	24	25	26	27	28	
March 2003						
Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
						1 •**Uncle Abdul "Battery Boys" •Open Dinner Party
2	3	4 ****"Put Your Best Foot Forward" Party	5	6 Movie & Pizza	7 Slave Auction	8
9 Private Party	10	11	12	13	14	15
16 11 am Brunch	17	18	19	20	21 Slave Auction	22
23 Leather Workshop	24	25	26	27	28	29 Women's Party
30 ****Pony Class 2	31					

To make reservations call 650-965-4499 or go to www.backdrop.net/calendar.html

Event pricing for singles/couples

- Open Dinner Parties \$25/\$45
- Slave Auctions \$25/\$25
- Workshops \$15/\$25
- Movie nights \$5/\$10
- Valentines Day Play party \$25/45
- Open House Free

With the New Year, events (and the clubhouse) will be open to members only. To accomplish this, we have established a new class of membership called "Associate Member". Dues will be \$10 for thirty days. Your name, address, etc., will not be added to our permanent membership roster or our mailing lists.

You will be given a membership card with a unique number printed on it. You will have to show your membership card each time you attend an event. If you lose your membership card, you will have to purchase a new one.

1 January 2003 has brought some rather interesting changes at BackDrop – a new clubhouse, new events and a new look to our newsletter. I hope the New Year finds you in good health, brings you joy and prosperity.

We look forward as always to serving you, and being served!

New Classes!

* Dynamic Flogging by Master Hines (Feb 8) – This is an in depth workshop to explore the artistry of flogging. Safety, the many kinds of floggers, and ways to practice will also be discussed. Master Hines will demonstrate dynamic ways of using your floggers in a scene, such as erotic flogging, double flogging, and intense power flogging. This is a hands-on workshop with time at the end for questions and practice. RSVP to Samantha@twistedimage.com.

** Uncle Abdul's "Battery Boys" Electric Play Class (Mar 1) – Learn how to use electricity in a scene, and build your own tens unit! Worth \$300, costing just the price of the class.

*** "Put Your Best Foot Forward" Party (Mar 4) – Foot Fetish party. Shoes will be modeled, feet will be shown, and maybe a massage or two... For all those looking for a relaxing night with your shoes off, or looking for a good foot to love.

**** Pony Class 2 (Mar 30) – This class will be participation oriented. We will be focusing on cantering,

high stepping, grooming and appropriate rewards. All working to meld realism and fantasy into one great experience. This class is taught by Lady Ssarah with a little back up support from us.

NICE GUYS CONTROL MINDS TOO

Like everyone with the power, I suppose, it took me a long time to figure out I even had it. It's not like you get an instruction manual when you're born, or they schedule an orientation session for you when you turn 18. Unless you are exceptionally intuitive, chances are good you only begin to grasp your potential by accident, if ever. In my case that accident was a particularly nasty hangover.

I'd been at a club the night before to attend yet another CD release party for yet another lousy local band. Several pitchers and a couple of hours of fitful sleep later, I was commuting to work and wondering if I was going to heave right then and there on the bus. In order to forestall that embarrassing possibility, I tried deep breathing to calm my churning stomach.

Mind cleared of all the petty annoyances of everyday life and focused intensely on the rhythmic pattern of my breathing, I stared at the driver with a single burning thought running through my head:

"I wish you would hurry up and get to my stop...."

In my preoccupied state it took a couple of moments before I noticed something unusual happening. The bus that was only a moment ago poking along the street and stopping at every corner was now doing a steady 45 mph and whizzing right by startled groups of people clustered on street corners.

Equally startled were the other passengers, whose pleas for stops along the way went unheeded. She waved them off politely but distractedly.

Before I knew it, I was at my stop. Startled, I stepped off amidst a group of pissed off commuters and watched with interest as the diesel behemoth pulled away. It continued on at its usual sluggish pace until it was out of sight.

Even in my incapacitated state, I was intrigued. That certainly never happened before. It was far too much of a coincidence to believe that the driver just decided on her own that she had an urgent need to speed to that particular stop.

Later, after my stomach returned to normal, I called the transit company and pretended I was one of those irate

passengers left off blocks away from their intended destination.

"I don't know what to tell you sir," intoned an officious voice at the other end of the line. "You're the fifth person to call this morning and complain, but our driver said she doesn't remember anything like that happening. It must be some kind of mistake."

Some kind of miracle was more like it

Could I have projected a single overpowering impulse into someone else's mind? An impulse strong enough to make her ignore all normal rules of behavior until she had satisfied it?

I decided that the idea was at least worth of a couple experiments. What could be the worst thing that would happen? I'd feel foolish for considering such a far-fetched idea and get back to business as usual.

When lunchtime came, I went to the Italian restaurant across the street to try my luck. After enjoying a tasty pasta salad and a couple of ice-cold bottles of beer, I cleared my mind again and started concentrating on my breathing. When I reached a sufficiently focused state, I stared intently at my waitress and let a single thought run through my mind:

"I wish you would pay for this lunch yourself..."

There was no outward change in her appearance, but she came over and asked me if I wanted anything else. When I said no, she smiled and said,

"You're such a good customer, why don't you let this be my treat."

A profound feeling of satisfaction came over me. It was I! I made her do that!

Not wanting to stiff a college student who was probably working for tuition money, I left a big enough tip to cover the cost of the meal.

Back at my desk I thought it over. I didn't "read" her mind. I couldn't "read" any body's mind. It seemed, however, that I could project my will to others in small bursts.

Over the next week I did some more experimenting to determine the limits of this power. I determined that I had to be looking at a person to affect him or her, I could only project to one person at a time, and that my projection had to involve a specific action with a defined termination point. One that termination point had been reached; the person was back to normal with no memory of the incident

I could not, for instance, make a person fall in love with me or become my "slave." What would be the point of that anyway? Life's complicated enough without creating

someone totally dependent on me for everything.

Don't get me wrong. It's not like I waited long to explore the sexual fringe benefits my ability gave me.

The first time I tried this I was virtually trembling with excitement. I had arranged my schedule so that I had no meetings all morning, and set out at change of class to find a likely student for the experiment.

I cruised to the student union where there was no shortage of tender, young flesh to choose from. I took up a position at a cluttered table and survey the bounty before me. There were slender Asian beauties, athletic blondes in tight jeans, dusky daughters of Egypt and Africa and every sort of woman in between. Just the thought of getting to choose from among such pulchritude made my cock rigid in anticipation.

I settled on a healthy, if a bit spacey-looking, blond in a white t-shirt and short denim skirt. She was finishing off a plate of French fries, and from the pleasure she was taking in licking the catsup from her fingers, I figured she enjoyed oral gratification of other varieties.

I went into my projection technique and concentrated on a single desire:

"I wish you would give me the best blow job you're capable of..."

There was no outward change in her demeanor, as was often the case in this situation. Most recipients of the implanted command seemed to remain relatively in character. They couldn't explain why they felt compelled to act in a certain manner, but nor did they feel alarmed or threatened.

Every so often a very susceptible mind would assume a drugged, drowsy lethargy that invited other suggestions, but that's another story.

Anyway, after giving the suggestion time to sink in I walked over and sat opposite my suspect. Up close, her breasts were even larger than I had originally divined. My suggestion must have roused some stirrings in her, for her nipples poked stiffly against the fabric of her soft cotton top.

After exchanging pleasantries, I asked her if she was ready to go back to my office. She treated the suggestion as a perfectly natural one, and we walked across campus in companionable silence. We settled into the office and I locked the door to be sure we didn't get unexpected company.

As excited as I was, I also felt fairly awkward. Normally I tend to ease into these things, but I wasn't sure how compliant my suggestion would render Faith.

Fortunately, I didn't have to worry long as she (literally) took matters in her own hands.

She invited me to sit next to her on the institutionally uncomfortable love seat across from my desk and leaned in for a kiss. Mingled with the not all together unpleasant aroma of greasy campus food was her own clean, fresh feminine scent. It was an aphrodisiac unlike any other.

As we kissed with increasing passion she reached down and unzipped my pants. In anticipation of such festivities I had left my underwear in my briefcase this morning. My hard cock sprang eagerly from its hot, cramped prison to a cool, soft one much more to its liking.

Faith traced its length with her fingertips, her soft strokes causing it to spring and jerk involuntarily.

"Why don't you take your pants off and get comfortable," she suggested in a husky voice. Who was I to argue with that?

When I stood up to loosen my belt and slip them off, my soldier of love dangled directly in front of my very willing subject. She continued slowly stroking it and slid it in and out of her fist languidly. As an added treat, she paused to pull her shirt over her head and free her firm, round breasts. She teased my cock head with first one, then another nipple. By then I was leaking a healthy amount pre-cum, which she made a point of smearing across both my cock head and her nipples.

"Let's see how you taste," she said. "Do you want to sit down?"

Actually, I was gripped with an intense desire to fuck her lovely face and told her so.

"Sounds good to me," she agreed cheerfully.

It took every bit of willpower I had not to come buckets when she slid her lips over the head of my cock and began to roll her tongue across the hole.

I've had blowjobs before, but the experience was never so erotic. Something about knowing I could just about have my way with any woman I wanted whenever I wanted made my excitement that much more intense.

As she engulfed the length of my rod, my hips began a fucking motion I was practically powerless to control. Ever the good cheerleader, Faith urged me on. Pausing from her ministrations, she whispered lewd suggestions and exhortations.

"Fuck my face. Stick your cock down my throat. I want to drink your come for you."

Well, that pretty much did it for me. I felt my climax building and reluctantly disengaged from her soft oral embrace.

"Actually, if you don't mind, I'd love to come on your tits" I gasped.

"That's fine too," she agreed. "Just so I can taste and smell your come all over me."

She knelt up on the love seat and lovingly placed my twitching tool between her mounds. I managed two or

three fucking motions before unleashing a stream of come the likes of which I'd never achieved before. I felt as though my entire life force was pouring out of my dick onto her face and tits. She lapped hungrily at the spurts that made it to her full lips, and moaned wantonly. This continued for another minute or so before I could breathe again and enjoy the sight in front of me.

There was Faith rubbing my sticky come all across her breasts and licking it from her fingers. This woman obviously enjoyed her work!

Not wanting to be selfish despite the advantage my power gave me, I asked her if she wanted to come too.

"I'm so very close I don't think I could stand it if I didn't," she admitted.

I sat next to her on the couch and reached under her short skirt. Her panties were soaked, as I had expected. We kissed for a moment, and pulled my head to her sticky breasts.

"Do you mind?" she quizzed.

"Not at all," I replied as she rolled them and mashed them into my face. I reached under her skirt again and ever so slightly ran a finger across the wet fabric, teasing her stiff clit. It took only a moment or two, and she began to tremble and shake and press herself to me even harder.

"Oh fuck," she moaned. "Oh Jesus Oh God Oh Fuck."

She came for a couple minutes, it seemed, and collapsed back to the now soggy love seat. I smoothed her hair from her sweaty sticky face with a real feeling of tenderness.

"I'm always going to remember this," I whispered as she panted. "Now matter how many times I use the power this is always going to be the most special time for me."

After a moment or two of quiet, Faith spoke up.

"It wasn't you, you know."

"What do you mean," I asked, furrowing my brow.

"I could feel you trying to get through to me with the power and blocked the suggestion," she explained.

"You know about the power?"

"What do you think, you're the only one who could do it?"

"I don't really know what I thought," I admitted. "This is all pretty new to me." A thought dawned on me. "Say, if it wasn't the power, why did you come with me?"

"I wanted to see how you would use it," she explained. "Some people go crazy and get mean. We don't want people like that around us."

"Us? Who is 'Us'?"

She smiled mysteriously. "I can't tell you. First I have to report back about this encounter."

As she stood up to gather up her things and get dressed,

she added reassuringly, "Don't worry, I'm going to give you a glowing report."

She finished dressing and turned with a smile.

"Be seeing you..."

from attending other "Goth" clubs, but it seemed a little out of place given the focus of the night. We soon found out the real reason for the lack of dancers: though it was ten thirty, and the event had started at nine, the night had yet to really begin.

SsaRRah and I ventured upstairs, feeling we'd seen all the lower level had to offer. The upper level was one large, open area with a guardrail around a hole in the floor, allowing you to look down and see people on the floor below. SsaRRah and I nonchalantly wandered the floor, taking in the goings-on around us. There were handfuls of people around, mostly talking and laughing with a sense of familiarity. In a corner hosting a variation of a stage, a lady dressed in a traditional Japanese formal kimono demonstrated the simplicity of artistic partial-suspension bondage. One or two other couples started small scenes on some of the freestanding crosses, but at that early hour, most people were just enjoying each other's company.

SsaRRah and I were approached several times by people saying hello and complimenting our attire. It seemed that a majority of those there were regulars at these events, and wanted to make us, as newcomers, feel welcome. SsaRRah found an old friend from The Scenery, and another from Odyssey, and we enjoyed sharing old stories and news.

Around 11:30 things started to pick up. The Temple Of Atonement was the night's featured entertainment. After confessing your sins to the Master Atoner, you were assigned a punisher suited to your crimes. SsaRRah and I were spectators for a while, before deciding to check out the merchant booths set up near the stairway. Through some slip of the mind, we'd left our floggers at home, and were very disappointed. Luckily a vendor had a variety of rubber floggers for sale, one of which SsaRRah purchased with a smile. Little did we know we'd be unable to use it. The Temple Of Atonement, being the featured punishers, had designated the play space off-limits to play other than theirs.

Having been there a few hours, SsaRRah and I were starting to wind down. The lower level's dance floor had filled up. It seems the Goth club normally held there was still functioning, but they kept to the lower floor, and for the most part we stayed on the upper. SsaRRah was getting a bit tired of the noise (the music was at dance-club volume) and I was getting tired of shouting to be heard. So at 2:00am we decided to call it a night.

Overall it was a very fun evening. The place seemed well established, had incredibly reasonable play space rules, and a friendly atmosphere. Both Lady SsaRRah and I are looking forward to attending again.

Wicked City can be found at Diamond Hall, 2246

The Roving Reporter
A new monthly feature by the Ladies of
BackDrop

On a Friday in late January, Lady SsaRRah and I ventured into the big city looking for a new club to explore. We decided to try Wicked City, an established gothic club in industrial San Francisco that opens its doors to BDSM play once a month. For a reasonably low price (\$15) we were ushered into a spacious, yet intimate two-story establishment. The dim lighting and fetish costuming made an enticing scene as SsaRRah and I began to explore our surroundings.

The lower level yielded a coat check, a bar near the front (nothing for me, I didn't get my hand stamped at the door!), and a dance floor partially sectioned off with a DJ, smoke, and atmospheric lights. Unfortunately, the floor was empty. At first I thought it might have been because of the music. An earthy beat was pounding out of the speakers accompanied with synthesized violin emulations. I've become familiar with this type of music

Jerrold Ave (at Barneveld) San Francisco. The club is 18+, 21+ to drink. For more information you can visit them online at www.sfgoth.com/clubs/wickedcity/. Temple of Atonement can be found at www.templeofatonement.org.

Always,
Lady Victoria

A MINI-HISTORY OF THE CORSET

In the 1830's, the corset was thought of as a medical necessity. It was believed that a woman was very fragile, and needed assistance from some form of stay to hold her up. Even girls as young as three or four, and probably directed by the best motives, were laced up into bodices.

Gradually these garments were lengthened and tightened. By the time they were teenagers, the girls were unable to sit or stand for any length of time without the aid of a heavy canvas corset reinforced with whalebone or steel. The corset deformed the internal organs making it impossible to draw deep breath, in or out of a corset. Because of this, Victorian women were always fainting and getting the vapours.

Women were thought of as the weaker sex, therefore

their minds and bodies were weak. So the corset was deemed morally and medically necessary. Tight lacing was considered virtuous - a loose corset was probably a sign of a loose woman. To keep her innocence and virtuosity, a lady had to be chaperoned everywhere she went. She could not read or see any plays lest it excite her imagination. Even Shakespeare was thought unsuitable for ladies. A woman needed to protect herself from lustful men (and her own morality) by wearing heavily reinforced layers of clothing and tight corsets that made getting undressed a long and difficult task.

Working-class women (except when dressed for special occasions) did not go through the discomfort of wearing tightly laced corsets. They wore looser corsets and simpler clothes, with less weight. The higher up in class a lady was, the more confining her clothes were. This was because they didn't need the freedom to do household chores. Paid servants took care of such cumbersome matters.

Thanks to contributor Anders Dinsen for the following extract:

(He wrote this referring to Valerie Steele's book "Fashion and Eroticism, Ideals of Feminine Beauty from the Victorian Era to the Jazz Age". Oxford University Press, 1985.)

The corset is an interesting garment, which to most people in our modern world seems a very strange piece of underwear. We have all heard about the times when women were encased in long stiff corsets, reduced to nothing but objects of beauty, unable to perform any task.

This is, however, only a part of the historical facts about that time - and about corsets.

When talking corsetry, the most interesting period of fashion is the period from 1820 to about 1910. But the corset is much older than that. In Europe, it has been in general use as an undergarment since the middle ages, but it probably dates several thousands of years back. The corset has at all times been used for shaping the body, most often for compressing the waist, but sometimes for raising the bust.

The most widespread use of corsets was in the 19th century. Contrary to common belief, almost all women of every class wore corsets in those times. Fashion was formed by the upper class, so they were the primary users of the 'fashion devices' like corsets and the crinoline, but the working classes followed the trends of fashion to as high a degree as possible. For example, the Courtaulds Company instructed its workers in 1860, that: "The present ugly fashion of hoops or crinolines ... is ... quite unfitted for the work of our factories.... We now request

our hands at all factories to leave hoop and crinolines at home." [Steele, p. 75].

A compelling question is of course, how tightly were the corsets laced? There are many reports of waists between 18 and 14 inches - even 12-inch waists are mentioned. [Steele, p. 163] However, it is believed that most accounts of these very small waists represent fantasies. Measurements of corsets in museum collections indicate that most corsets of the period 1860 to 1910 measured from 20 to 22 inches. Furthermore, those sizes do not indicate how tightly the corsets were laced. They could easily have been laced out by several inches, and probably were, because it was prestigious to buy small corsets.

So ordinary corsets were not so tight after all, and contrary to common belief, the construction of the corset with the metal busk for front closure and the lacing in the back, enabled the bearer to lace herself in. She did not need a maid or husband to help her.

Severe tight lacing was practiced, and some corsetieres specialized in cultivating very small waists. Some men developed a fetish for small waists, a fetish which was regarded as quite acceptable. Small waists and the corset probably played about the same role as full breasts and the Wonderbra play today.

Finally, another reference, which deals with the fetish of corsets:

David Kunzle: Fashion and Fetishism, A Social History of the Corset, Tight-Lacing and Other Forms of Body Sculpture in the West. Rowman and Littlefield, 1980.

A Contest!
Hosted by Lady Victoria

Below is a poem I found from 1982 by Donald L. Miesen outlining what SM is to him. This got me thinking about how different people's views on SM are, and how broad a range there is for 'the greatest SM experience.' Does it ever feel like we are speaking different languages, even though it's English? So here is your challenge: I want you to write in and tell me what SM is to you. What part of it speaks to you? What memories do you carry with you that still make you quiver? It can be as long as you would like, and you can phrase it however you would like, but it would be more fun if it followed the format of the poem. The winners will have their submissions printed in next month's newsletter in our very own "A View of Sadomasochism: BackDrop style." You'll get see your thoughts in print, along with those of other members (and maybe get some ideas for your next meeting with your sweetie!). Email

your entries to Victoria@backdrop.net Subject: Contest. Deadline is February 17th. Have fun, good luck, and Thank you!

Always,
Lady Victoria

A View of Sadomasochism
SM: The Erotic Game
SM: The Erotic Minority
SM: The Erotic Controversy

@ 1982 by Donald L. Miesen

SM is watching the neighborhood kids play cops and robbers, and the look on the face of the one that has maneuvered herself into being the victim - all tied up and the center of attention.

SM is when the belt hits, first it stings like hell, then it's warm.

SM is two guys on a Harley, the front one raunchy and hairy and wearing full leathers, and his passenger in neat

Levis, polo shirt, and tennis shoes.

SM is the lady doctor from out of state that you keep tied up in a cage all weekend, and you invite your friends.

SM is trying to piss while your mistress holds your cock and makes comments.

SM is your slave holding her hair out of the way without being told, as you put on her collar.

SM is the quiet typist by day that turns into a whip-wielding mistress by the night in a professional house of dominance.

SM is the sweat, and wondering if you're going to pass out, and finally letting go.

SM is a pair of tiny gold handcuffs on an expensive dress at the symphony.

SM is Sunday brunch at an SM bar: and even though you're a straight couple, the leather men know that you're into it too.

SM is the Story of 0, when you've been there, too.

SM is putting in an ad, and you get 55 responses the first week.

SM is making your boyfriend wear a French maid outfit, and serve lunch to you and your two best girlfriends, who are into women's lib.

SM is screaming, "THAT'S ONE SIR! THANK YOU SIR!" at the top of your lungs.

SM is the gratitude, all your life, to the person who brought you out.

SM is trying to explain the massive frame and eyebolts to your landlady.

SM is finding the perfect pair of boots.

SM is your new slave, blindfolded, masturbating, and telling his secret fantasies, while you watch and listen to every marvelous detail.

SM is falling asleep with your hands and feet bound - and the dreams.

SM is the guy at the party who asks if he can try on your handcuffs.

SM is the proud African youth in National Geographic, with a skewer through his cheeks, and knowing that you both know what you know.

SM is forgetting to take off your steel cockring, and it sets off the alarm at the airport.

SM is how hot her ass feels when you caress the welts.

SM is putting up with a picky, uncertain submissive, novice-new, who doesn't know how to say what he wants to say; but finally he gets down to it, and takes your breath away with the magnificent totality of his submission.

SM is all the people explaining why SM is so bad, knowing nothing about it, and you want to giggle, because they're so serious.

SM is the perfume of sweaty leather.

SM is your fifth anniversary, and all your friends hold and cuddle you while your lover has a professional piercer put a gold ring through your labia. Afterwards she holds and kisses you, and you'd do anything for her.

SM is Errol Flynn chained by pirates.

SM is the uniform in your closet, waiting for Saturday night.

SM is being absentminded at work on Monday.

SM is being taken downstairs blindfolded and handcuffed. After you're stripped and tied up, the blindfold comes off, and you see it's soundproof.

SM is hurting the one you love, just exactly right.

SM is wondering what your co-executives would say if they knew about the welts and the sticky panties underneath your conservative suit.

SM is wishing you could afford one of everything at the SM shop.

SM is seeing a branding, done right, and marveling "how easy!"

SM is how good your nipples feel when the clamps are perfect; and then the little bite more, and how your nipples adjust to accept that, too.

SM is the humiliation of discovering that your new slave is far more experienced than you are.

SM is spotting an ancient gay masochist on the bus: shaved head, faded jacket, heavy chain and padlock around his neck, very clean, tattoos coming out of his collar and cuffs-quiet, upright, proud, centered, and content.

SM is shaking talcum power into your rubber suit.