
Party-Lines Newsletter for August, 2002

BackDrop Club Calendar for August and September 2002

You can call 650-965-4499 to make reservations, or you can go online to www.backdrop.net

Time and Event	Event	Are Reservations Required?	Limit to:	Open to nonmembers	Member Price	Nonmember Price
Saturday 8pm August 3 rd	Open Dinner Party	Yes	20 People	Yes	\$25/Person	\$30/Person
Sunday 2pm August 4 th	Mistress/slave Training Session	Yes	20 People	Yes	\$15/Person	\$25/Person
Thursday 8pm August 8 th	"Pizza and a Movie"	Yes	15 People	No	\$5/Person	N/A
Sunday 2pm August 11 th	"People as Objects" workshop	Yes	20 People	Yes	\$15/Person	\$25/Person
Sunday 2pm August 18 th	"The Master's 61 st Birthday Party"	Yes	100 People	Yes	\$15/Person	\$25/Person
Sunday 9pm August 18 th	Slave Auction	Yes	60 People	Yes	\$25/Couple	\$35/Couple
Sunday 2pm August 25 th	Pony play workshop	Yes	20 People	Yes	\$15/Person	\$25/Person
Saturday 8pm Sept 7 th	Open Dinner Party	Yes	20 People	Yes	\$25/Person	\$30/Person
Thursday 8pm Sept 12 th	"Pizza and a Movie"	Yes	15 People	No	\$5/Person	N/A
Sunday 2pm Sept 15 th	Master/slave Training Session	Yes	20 People	Yes	\$15/Person	\$25/Person
Sunday 2pm Sept 22 nd	How to Meet Others Workshop	Yes	15 People	Yes	\$15/Person	\$25/Person
Sept 27 th to Sept 29 th	Leather Workshop at Folsom Fringe					

Changes to Event Reservation Procedures

During the past few weeks, we have had quite a few people who have made reservations, and while they did not cancel, they didn't show up for the event. We (Ssarrah and I) count on you to attend, once a reservation has been made. Once we get a final count of attendees, we use that to budget and then go to work making time, room, food and supplies available based on the number of reservations. If we have a guest speaker, we also arrange to pay them based on the number of reservations.

While we do understand that last minute disasters occur, and that weather and/or airline travel can destroy your plans to attend, or that there might be "a death in the family", we need to have a bit more reliability in the reservations.

So we ask you to understand that, in order to achieve reliability, starting now; there is a penalty for not showing up, when you haven't canceled,

without a really good excuse.

(Being held captive by an Amazon will not be accepted as an excuse, and you will be charged double for not inviting us!)

Effective immediately, all reservations will require a credit card number to guarantee the reservation. If a cancellation call is not received at least twenty-four hours in advance of the event, we will process your credit card for the cost of the event.

If you do attend, you may pay cash or check, in which case, your credit card will not be charged. I am sure that you will understand that this requirement is not pointed at "you", but at those that have not shown" for an event. Unfortunately, we have to punish everyone to get to those few people who regularly "bend the rules". We are a bondage and Discipline club, so we have to enforce Discipline!

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Be Careful What you wish for!

As Jamie came home from work that night, she had a lot on her mind. She had one of the worst days at work, nothing went right and all the problems put her way behind. Her date called and cancelled at the last moment and all of her friends had plans for the weekend. Jamie was a mediocre looking girl with a runway model figure; you know no curves to speak of. She tried all the fads to improve on her figure to give it some shape with absolutely no success. After the normal calls to see if anyone didn't have plans, she retired to the den for the normal boring night of T.V. It must have been around 11:00 pm and the strangest infomercial came on. This woman was selling an item of clothing guaranteed to give any woman the figure of her dreams. Of course, Jamie thought this was all bullshit until she saw results on the show. She had to try this. She called the number and it only gave an address for her to go to. She thought this to be a little odd because the recording said someone would be there 24 hours a day.

She got dressed and hopped in her car and drove to the address. The sign above the door said "Careful what you wish for because it may come true" as she thought to herself that is what she needed. She entered the shop and a small woman came to the counter. The woman said "Can I help you?" Jamie told her about the show and she was here to get the product sold on the show. A couple of minutes later the woman returned with a box and told her the cost was \$49.99 and satisfaction was guaranteed. Jamie paid the woman and took the box with her. She thought it odd though that a clothing item would make her figure but what the hell, she'd tried everything else.

When she got home, she quickly ran to her bedroom to try the item on. She was a little stunned that there was more than one item in the box. She removed them one by one to examine them. The first was a pair of the most beautiful shoes she had ever seen and also the highest heels she had seen. They were black patent leather and a heel measuring more than 6" high. She put them on the bed and removed the next item. It was a clear corset. She couldn't figure what it was made out of but it was lightweight and flexible. She put that on the bed and removed the next item. It was a collar that was also clear and made of the same material. The last items in the box were a pair of black nylons and a pair of black gloves. Once again the materials were not the normal type for these items. At the bottom of the box was a hand-written note. It had the instructions for putting on the items in the box. Like as if Jamie couldn't figure out how to get dressed. She read them anyhow and followed them exactly. She then walked over to the dressing mirror to look at herself. All she saw was her normal looking self in some

really sexy clothing. "Oh well, had to try it" she said as she walked out of the room to resume watching TV.

Jamie fell asleep in the easy chair and woke up about 9 a.m. She got up and went to the kitchen to make her morning coffee. It took a couple of minutes for it to register that she still had the clothing on. "I'll change after putting the coffee on," she said to herself. As she was walking to the bedroom she started to feel a little dizzy. She stopped for a moment and breathed deeply. Once she felt better she walked into the bedroom and once again looked in the mirror. As she was standing there she felt dizzy again. She took a deep breath and went to remove the clothing. She couldn't find any of the fasteners for the clothing! At this point she started to panic. All of a sudden she felt pressure around her waist. The corset was tightening on it's own! She watched as her waist became smaller. She was in shock! What have I done now? As quickly as it started it stopped, she took another deep breath and started to relax a bit now. The pressure in her chest started to subside and she relaxed even more. She didn't know what to think of this. Where is the logical explanation for this? She thought to herself that a cup of coffee would give her a boost and help her come up with an explanation. She went to the kitchen and poured herself a cup. As she sat at the kitchen table, her mind was running in overdrive. Why do I do these stupid things? Why can't I be happy the way I am? At this point, she gave up on the explanation for this and went to get dressed to go shopping. She went to her closet and grabbed a pair of blue jeans and a tee shirt. She then went to take off the gloves and to her surprise they were gone! Giving up on an answer, she sat on the bed and got dressed. Amazingly enough, the jeans slid right past the 6" heels and the t-shirt covered the corset. She grabbed her purse and left. In the mall she did her normal shopping and returned home. As she was driving she had to keep pushing her hair out of her eyes. She just got a cut two weeks ago and hair doesn't grow that fast. She arrived back at the house and went straight to the bedroom. As she looked in the mirror, she was in shock. Her hair must have grown at least three inches in the time she was at the mall. There were other changes that she was noticing too. She removed her t-shirt to find that her bust had increased in size too! Scared but pleased at the same time, she removed her jeans to find that her waist had gotten smaller when she was out. She found a tape measure and measured her bust and waist. Her original measurements were 34a 30 34. Now she measured out at 35 26 35. Her guess at her cup size was now a 'b-cup'. She was amazed!

She got dressed and went to the address that she went to last night. All she saw was a vacant lot. What the fuck is going on here? She was lost in her new look to care too

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much, so she returned home. She went to the kitchen, made a sandwich and went to watch some TV. While she was watching t v, she had the same dizzy feeling three or four more times and this time she just blew it off. About 6:00 she went to the bathroom to take a shower. She then remembered that she couldn't get the clothing off. She took a shower anyhow. She got out and dried off and returned to the dressing mirror. She was changed again! Her hair had grown another two inches and lightened a little. Her breasts looked even fuller and her waist got much smaller. She grabbed the tape measure again and this time her measurements were 38 22 36. Her breasts had increased to a generous d cup. She noticed also that her neck looked a little thinner too. She went to her dresser and pulled a choker that always fit tight. It was loose! She knew the size was written on the inside of the choker, so she removed it and it said 13". She grabbed the measure and it said 11". She felt that this was strange and she made the decision to take her vacation days this week so she could figure out what to do about this situation. She went back out to the den to watch some more t v and a movie was on that dealt with the fetish culture. She saw women dressed in erotic clothing and in compromising positions. This was something she always had an interest in but never pursued it. She got a wild hair to go shopping, got dressed and left.

As she drove along she again had the mild dizzy spells and the pressure feelings again. She ignored them and just kept driving. She arrived in the downtown area where the shops that sold the clothing she was after. The first shop that she went in had all sorts of things that caught her eye. She must have spent hours in there because when she came out she had nine bags full of clothes. She hopped in her car and raced home. She grabbed the bags and ran to her bedroom. She grabbed the measuring tape and saw that her size measurements had changed again. Her stats were now 40dd 20 38. She also noticed that her waist had an area that was even for at least four inches. She now had a pipe stem type waist. She checked her neck size and that had gone from 11" to 9" and it also looked longer. The first outfit was a purple latex dress that was ankle length totally form fitting with a high neck. She slowly put the dress on, zipped up the back and looked at herself in the mirror. She was amazed! What she saw now was a drop-dead gorgeous woman with wild long blonde hair, a very long and slender neck and a figure to die for. She then grabbed the second item from the bag, a pearl white latex neck corset. She put it on while in front of the mirror and was very pleased with her look. She was a vision of erotic beauty and she was getting real horny. She went back to the bags and returned with a dildo that was at least four inches across and about nine inches long. She

rolled up her dress and lay back on the bed and inserted the dildo as deep as it would go and went wild with it. She must have came six times before she stopped. She laid there totally relaxed and ready to go out in public like this. While she was rolling down her dress she noticed that the high heels that came with the corset and all the other items weren't just high heels any more. They looked more like a ballet shoe with a heel about nine inches high. She said, "This is different, but I like it." She left and went back to the city to her favorite nightclub and spent the remainder of the evening dancing and getting all of the attention from every guy in the club. She closed the club but decided to go home alone. She went to her bedroom, undressed and fell asleep. She woke up around 9:00 feeling totally refreshed and happy. She got out of bed and went to the bathroom to relieve herself and that's when she noticed that the corset was not on her anymore. Neither was the neck corset. Her figure was still the same as last night but now completely naked except for the nylons and the shoes. She reached down and was able to remove the shoes and the nylons. Her feet now had an extremely high arch and she could not flatten her foot. She grabbed her robe off the hook on the door, put the shoes back on and went outside to get the newspaper. She was thinking to herself that she could not return to work looking the way she did so it's time to look for a new job that would allow her to take advantage of her new look. She was thumbing through the jobs and found the perfect one. Fetish clothing model wanted: must have figure for corsets and ability to walk in high heels. Call 80x-59x-886x for interview. That's it she was going to get this job! Just then the dizzy spells hit her hard and she passed out. When she woke she ran to the bedroom. Boy was there changes! First was her neck, it was at least three inches longer and even more slender. She measured out at a length of 10" and a diameter of 8 and half inches. She had just realized that her hands were different too. She grabbed a glove that she used to wear and realized that her fingers were about an inch longer and her nails were about three inches long now. She shook her head in disbelief for a moment saying to herself that this has to be a dream. She was not dreaming. Now she measured herself all over. Everything had changed. Her legs were six inches longer and she couldn't stand except on her tiptoes like a ballerina. Her hips had widened to 42". Her butt was a perfect heart shape that most super models would be envious of. Her waist had gotten smaller again, down to 14" and the pipe stem had increased to eight inches. Her bust was huge now, 44ee to be exact. Her eyes were now a pale blue and much more defined. Her hair was a golden blonde and down past her ass and perfectly styled. She was the image of beauty

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she had wished for. She got dressed in her most erotic outfit and went for the interview. She got the job with an indefinite contract. Jamie became the top fetish model in the world. Let's just hope she never wishes for anything bad.....



Returning to the way I dreamed of living

The following is part two of a story written by a Male Dom & his Fem Sub during the process of getting to know each other. Each time you see the paragraph start with R you are reading the Dom's writing. Likewise, when it switches to a writing headed with an S you are reading the Sub's response/ addition. We hope you continue to enjoy this work in progress as it continues....

S>

She is relieved that her Master did not require her in the trunk. She is very satisfied by her willingness to step thru fear with her Master. She feels warm, safe and loved. She is so happy to be carefully & lovingly prepared/pampered by her Master. The feeling of resting in his lap is overwhelming. Her heart is filled by the tenderness of his touch, the warmth of his body, the softness of the cape and the comfort of his hand on her side. She lies there and thinks about the questions he asks her, the emotions he brings to the surface she hopes she has for the future with him.

She inhales deeply and as she exhales, she relaxes down to her toes and a finger, knowing this is exactly where she belongs. This is exactly where she wants to be, and will be....

R>

After a short ride, they arrive at their home. He awakens her from her dreamy state and has her move back to a sitting position. He leaves the car, walks to the passenger side, opens the door and guides her to a standing position beside the car. He grasps her wrists and walks her into the house.

He grabs a handful of her hair and forces her to her knees in front of his chair. "You will shower, put on make-up, dress in a short skirt, see-through blouse and heels, no underwear. You will prepare the dining room table for a party of eight. There will be three couples joining for us dinner at 7pm." She knew that their cook and houseboy, George, would prepare an excellent dinner; he always had.

At 6:30 she had completed all of her assignments and arrangements. She went to her Master's office, where she found him working on his computer, and knelt on the floor beside him. She waited until a quiet moment and placed her head in his lap.

"Master, can I put on a sweater. You can see my nipples through this blouse."

"That was my intent, and no, no sweater," he replied.

"Who is coming for dinner, Master?"

"I don't think you know any of them, they are people I know from work."

"Are any of them into Master/slave relationships? What is the purpose of the dinner, Master?"

"Two of the couples are in Master/slave relationships, and want to invite John and Meg, the third couple, into their circle. I have been asked to bring up the topic to the 'unknowns' so the two couples will not have to 'out themselves'. You and I are going to demonstrate what a Master/slave relationship is about. In that way, if John and Meg are interested in our lifestyle, the other two couples will come forward and announce that they, too, are interested. If John and Meg are not interested, then they will never know their friends are."

"After dinner, I am going to put you back into your chastity belt, which will open a dialog."

"Am I allowed to enjoy myself, Master?"

"If you play your cards right, you will definitely enjoy

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yourself. If things go badly, you will have to settle for spending the night alone with me."

"Yes, Master. And the problem is ---- ?"

S>

...she said with a mischievous grin. She always thoroughly enjoyed bantering with her Master. She had her nails freshly painted in her favorite shade of red. Her hair is loose around her shoulders. She had put on a lace garter and stockings of black, with a form fitting short gray skirt. Her blouse is a light shade of yellow with enough open to be a tease, but not far enough as to be indecent. She enjoys dressing for her Master. She feels proud that her Master is using her as a demonstration. She felt nervous and excited when she had been told to set the table for company in such a manner. She loved being able to ask her Master questions about planned activities. She would stay here at his feet all day if it was permissible, but there were other things to attend to.

"Master, may I make you some tea before they arrive?" she asked.

"No, but start the fireplace so it will be warm when they arrive."

She smiles, thinking how thoughtful he was to suggest a fire when he had vetoed her request for a sweater. He always told her to take care of herself, and when she forgot he firmly reminded her of her duty to care for not only Him but also his property.... her. She kisses his leg and rises to her feet saying "Thank you Master" before stepping into the living room.

Starting the fire is one of her favorite tasks. She always feels proud of her willingness to do so, and that she knows how. She is careful to avoid soiling her clothes as she prepares the paper and kindling. She carefully chooses a log that is not too large...it is not entirely chilly in the house and to overheat would be miserable. As the flames crackle around the log she closes the screen and rises from her knees. She is watching the fire, feeling the heat and listening to the wonderful sound. She turns and shakes off the drunken feeling from the fire, walks into the kitchen and washes her hands. She is thinking of the evening to come. Wondering how it will go, thinking how nice it will be if she is allowed to wear a play collar and leash. She of course wears a collar everyday, but it is one that only a few people recognize and she enjoys showing without a doubt that she is a named and collared slave. She hears voices outside the house and car doors closing.

She goes to her Master and lets him know they have arrived. She walks to the door and with her Master, greets his guests into their home. She offers drinks and helps take the coats and purses of the women. She recognizes the dynamics between the couples. She smiles and tries to keep the mischief out of her smile. She puts away the coats and checks in with George. Dinner will be on schedule. She assembles the drinks that were chosen and heads back into the living room. When she has delivered everyone drinks, she walks to her Master, and stops in front of him with his drink. She is used to kneeling when serving him, but isn't sure if she should at this time or if he wants to bring the topic up slowly. He is smiling at her and nods. She kneels and holds the glass to his lips. He takes the glass out of her hand, squeezes her hand and indicates for her to sit next to him. She rises and sits next to him. As she does so, he tells his guests

S>

"It is such a pleasure to be gathering in a social context for once. And to finally meet these family members that we talk about but never see!" The room settled into comfortable conversation of family, friends, politics and other such details. She discovered a commonality with two of the women and one of the men discussing the love of beaches. The other chatted amicably about work related details, politics and projects they were working on.

Dinner is being served: the guests have been seated at the table. They enjoy warm butternut soup, red potatoes with chopped parsley and lemon juice, broiled Salmon, and a California style salad with a light Thai dressing. As the food is being passed around, Master asks Sara, the new wife of the group, to pass the saucer of lemon sauce. Unfortunately, the spoon slips and clatters onto the table. Sara apologizes and drops her gaze in embarrassment. Master laughs and jokes with her husband, "I'm glad that was your wife and not my slave, otherwise I would have had to punish her."

R>

With a look of askance, Meg asks "You would punish her? rredore is a slave? I'm not sure I understand..." "rredore is a named slave," Master replies. John says, "I don't understand. What is a 'named slave'?" Master explains, "A submissive person is one who enjoys serving, but may or may not have a Master or a Mistress. A slave has a Master or Mistress, but a named slave is a slave who has attained

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the position of being recognized as slave who is worthy of having a name." This explanation causes looks between the couples, and dessert was served.

S>

They enjoyed tea & coffee with a chocolate torte and engaging conversation. As the evening progressed, she finds herself especially enjoying the company of Sara. They chatted and laughed all along while still visiting with the others. She was enjoying herself so much she almost forgot that they had just met.

R>

They are sitting in the living room, when Sara asks, "How do you punish her?" Master replies, "That depends on the transgression, and its consequences." Meg asks rredore, "Do you enjoy being a slave?" "The word 'enjoy' isn't strong enough. I love being a slave!" Meg looks furtively at her husband, blushes, and says, "John and I have, well, we have played some SM games, and I have had a lot of fantasies." Six people simultaneously do an inward, mental, impression of Tiger Woods doing his victorious, "YES!" as the topic is finally broached. Meg asks rredore to tell her more about her life and feelings.

S-

"Well, I could tell you where I was born, however, I don't think that's what you are asking really." she begins with a mischievous smile towards Meg. "I met Master thru a series of wonderful steps of the universe. Before meeting Master I had been involved with several people in my quest. I have slowly accumulated friends, lovers and playmates that have similar interests as myself. "As I learned my own likes and dislikes, I realized that a change had occurred. Whereas I had always preferred to be independent in every aspect of my life, suddenly I noticed a desire to be lovingly and forcefully dominated. My good friend and lover was so supportive as I started to realize that I wanted a Master and a Mistress. He encouraged me to make phone calls, meet people and ask questions of myself. Until this point I had always preferred to be my own Mistress: absolutely independent and unattached. As a result of my searching for myself, I decided to also change careers. I was connected with "The Dom House", who recommended training with Master.

I took two of his classes, one each weekend. After the first class I knew I was interested in him, after the second

class I knew he was interested in me. I felt at first, respect for this man who would make time to teach and fill in the gaps. By the end of the day I was intrigued by his style. He was respectful, present & attentive when demonstrating, and very comfortable being a Dom. I was thrilled. We continued to see each other and to play together, getting to know each other. Then I was made a collared slave! I felt like a marshmallow on a campfire. Warm, soft, content and melting. I knew I wanted to be a collared & named slave before the second class had started. I feel so very content and right in the world when I am with my Master. I am a person still, I have a voice still, and I also have more freedom than I ever had as my own Mistress. I can be fully present & focused. It may sound odd to say I have more freedom than before. What I mean is that I give myself permission to relax, to simply serve, to be held and pampered and even loved. I had always held 3/4 of my soul hidden and unreachable. As a named and collared slave I let go to my Master's control what is happening in me. I trust myself to him, I trust him, I trust myself. And this feeds my soul. To be allowed that sacred place of being is unimaginably right. I feel so incredibly happy, proud, challenged, whole, and contented here as my Master's slave. Does that help? It doesn't mean that I lose my identity, or my life. It is an added dimension - not a loss of one."

Looking quizzically at Sara, rredore asked quietly, "And you Sara, what are you thinking? Is this in your heart also? Meg, what is it that brings you joyful, excited feelings within this arena?"

R>

Master interjects, "Maybe Sara and Meg are uncomfortable talking about their private feelings. Maybe they want to keep them closed."

Meg responds, "As I said, John and I have played with SM and fantasy role playing, but we felt that we were kind of weird. We felt we were the only sane people in the world who had these feelings. Robin, you seem to know a lot about this 'world of fantasy'?"

"How many people do you think are interested?"

"I would assume that not many are interested."

"Meg, everyone at this table is interested in fantasy role playing, SM, BD, whatever you wish to call it. One of the reasons you and John were invited to my home this evening is because the other people at this table wanted to let you know they were interested, but they didn't want to expose you to their world unless they knew you were also

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interested in the same things." Meg looked askance, "Do you mean everyone here is 'kinky'?" Everyone responded, in their own way, in the affirmative. Joan, the fourth lady, says, "I was pretty sure you were a submissive, both by the way you talk and act. Every time I tried to directly bring up the topic, you changed the topic, so I thought this dinner would be definitive. If you had not been open and talk about it, we would have dropped the topic, and never brought it up again. By talking to us openly, you have found out that we are all 'into' the scene."

"I had no idea that you were interested in these kind of things," said Meg.

S-

"It's rather amazing the things that are hidden in plain sight, isn't it?" comments Rredore as she looks at Sara & Meg. "I would guess that you hear things everyday from people who are kinky, yet it just slides by without making an impression. Now that you are talking about kink, I bet you will hear it everywhere you go..."

"It is a little unbelievable how we could know each other and not know such a big piece of each other," agreed Sara. They continued talking and asking each other questions...taking little risks by asking questions of each other, and volunteering little bits of information to each other. Meg asked questions about bondage, Sara brought up flogging and spanking. Meg looked a little surprised at the idea of flogging.

John mentioned some latex clothing he had liked the look of. They began talking about kink just as one would discuss favorite cookie recipes at a holiday party. There was much laughter and even some blushing as joking and teasing started to surface in the conversations. After the topic of dress came up several times, Master Robin offers to his guests, "Rredore has been very good this evening. I was going to reward her by putting her in a chastity belt that she is very fond of. But now I'm thinking that perhaps I should demonstrate how I dress her. I know it would give Rredore extra pleasure to serve as a demonstration for you, if you like."

Meg and John look at each other. Then dropping her head and blushing, Meg admits "I would be interested, if it's really okay with Rredore."

Rredore quickly reassures Meg that it is her pleasure. The others also added their consent...looking at each other with several emotions playing. Some of them had seen public play and some had not, so their reactions ranged

from excitement, nervousness, pleasure and even a touch of embarrassment at having admitted an interest.

Rredore herself felt the familiar butterflies of excitement and pride coloring her face, tightening her nipples raising her temperature, and quickening her breath. She looked at her Master from the corner of her eyes and felt a surge of love for him leap into her chest.

"Rredore" said her Master

"Yes, Master?" she managed to squeak out.

He looked her in the eyes with that expression that made her melt. She slipped off the sofa and came to kneeling at his feet with her hands resting palms upright on his knees. "What is your pleasure, Master?"

Looking at her he said in his calm, quiet and dominating way, "Go into the bedroom. Prepare yourself. Bring me the box on the bed."

"Yes, Master." she replied as she quickly rose to her feet to follow his instructions.

She stepped out of the skirt, blouse & bra, careful to maintain her balance in her heels. She was left wearing her black stockings with a lace garter belt, her six inch red heels and her collar. Her heart was beating rapidly. She felt her excitement racing through her veins. Taking a deep breath, focusing on the task at hand, she walked back into the living room. Her Master had moved over near the fire.

She walked to him, head bowed, and offered him the box. He took it from her and then dropped her into a kneeling position.

"Are you slave or free?" he demanded

"SLAVE, Master." she responded vigorously.

"Are you a named & collared slave?"

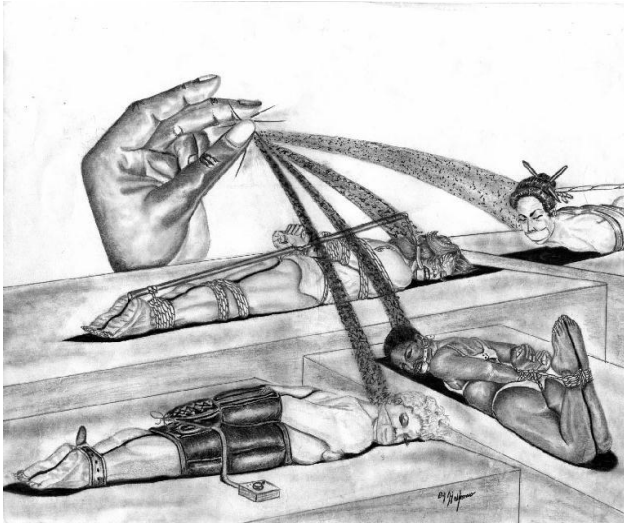
Again she replied with enthusiasm "YES, Master."

"To whom do you belong?"

Without hesitation she responds, "I belong to you Master!"

"Very good. Stand" He says, nodding to her reassuringly.

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Watch for next month's newsletter!

**It has a story (yet untitled) by Michael,
one of our newest members. I've read
the story, and it's quite well written.**

About the Publishers

The BackDrop Club
PO Box 390486 Mountain View, Ca 94039-0486
Phone number 415-965-4499
FAX 415-964-3879

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www.BDSM-Academy.com

Another first! I've just registered www.BDSM-Academy.com to go with our bdsm-archives.com, bdsm-history.com, bdsm-info.com and bdsm-resources.com websites.

The first site, bdsm-resouce.com, is fully operational as of this newsletter. You will be able to find businesses, clubs, event calendars and all kinds of information that will make it easier to find people, places and things near you. We plan to make the bdsm-* sites some of the biggest and best sites in the world. More information will be in next months' newsletter!!!

Slave Auction – August 18th

You may attend the event as a single, but you will have a lot more fun if you attend as a couple. It is advisable that if you attend this event, you write a short note describing yourself; explain what you will do and restrictions, if any. This will help the "auctioneer" sell your services. It may be written in a serious or fantasy style, that is your prerogative.

There is usually more than one auction in any one given night. One will be for those people who enjoy the fantasy style. We "capture" a slave from another country or world (John Norman's "GOR"?) and enjoy interaction with a slave who cannot speak our language. The period of sale is for the duration of the first auction only. We then have a short intermission, during which the slaves "miraculously" relearn English.

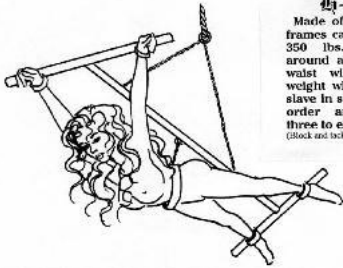
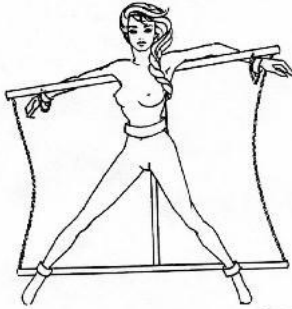
The second auction is for the more serious devotee. As each person arrives, he or she is given an envelope containing play money. Each envelope has a random amount of money in it, just to make things more interesting. Anyone can place their slave (or themselves) on the block. You can sell a block of time, or a service, as either a submissive, a Dominant, or switch. The auctioneer will introduce you, explain what you will or will not do, and then open the bidding. Upon completion of the sale, you get the purchase price. (You might want to tip the auctioneer.) Depending upon the size of the group, it is possible to be bought and/or sold more than once in the course of the evening.

Please note that this event is scheduled at 9 pm on Sunday the 18th of August night. The time is scheduled to give you plenty of time to get home from work, shower and get ready for an entire evening of fun at our Clubhouse.

The cost to attend this event is twenty-five dollars per couple. Singles may attend by buying a couples ticket.

Party-Lines Newsletter for August, 2002

The Chain Store Bondage Equipment Catalog



Suspension H-frames

Made of aluminum, these frames can easily lift up to 350 lbs. Leather cuffs around ankles, wrists and waist will support their weight while keeping your slave in suspense. You may order any height from three to eight feet.
(Stock and back-e sold separately.)