

READING DE SADE IN THE 20th CENTURY

Inasmuch as he forces us to read between all the lines and to revise all the arguments, de Sade is suitable neither for impatient readers nor for lovers of pornographic literature who will very quickly feel that the scope and rigour of his narrative are beyond them. As a matter of fact, each sentence has been carefully constructed and his thinking, even if it seems to simply flow from his quill, is expressed very clearly. The extraordinary humour with which the author embellishes most of his letters and which are such a delight for the diligent reader must also be stressed. But above all, de Sade is a philosopher (and from now on he is classed as such in our literature) in that he is constantly thinking (and his novels are thoughts in writing) about liberty and the liberation of man, that which caused him great suffering.

He knows that the motive of any action is negativeness, which shows itself in the form of desire - whilst not confusing desire and enjoyment, the one killing the other. Thus there is not one statement which does not have its opposite, not one assertion left without a rejoinder. For instance, virtue is presented as a mad ignorance of evil or as the hypocritical mask of vice, if not as an invention of vice for exalting desire. Negativeness is considered as a force of nature which nothing can stop: the attraction of crime and defilement, the leaning towards chaos, towards the original mix, towards the lack of sexual differentiation, a blasphemy - one only insults God the better to be able to refute his negative presence. But let us look more closely at the novel, the order of its structure. The work teaches us that the most excessive passion therein is always organizing, methodical, regulated by a rigid dramatization. Thus the erotic activities are codified in advance but only in the very course of experiencing the pleasures, in the heat of the craziest moments. Order is restored so that no crime is committed in confusion: the tortures and executions all give way to a strict accountability, recapitulating and checking the stocks of flesh.

The most astonishing of the works in this category is «The 120 Days of Sodom» which consists of a long, exhaustive list of perversions, comparable to the botanical classification followed by arithmetic considerations of the number of different species massacred in the course of the novel. The Sadian dream then finds its fulfilment in the writing of a text; patient, untiring elaboration, meticulousness for the taste of the tortures, always calling what he has created into question again, seeking the word which will be definitive, the most accurate. In the very structure of the novel, one discovers that the order always has its double squeezed into an system of organization.

Organization is the key word as the passions and their satisfaction are so arranged at that point that the masters have as little scope for freedom in their movements as the slaves. The most important thing in the erotic activity of the carnal material is the organizing via the affinitive disorder. It needs to establish its own order, ie to constrain nature so

as to deny its existence. One cannot leave the object of one's desires at liberty; it must be immobilized, enslaved, tortured, put to death, it is wanting it to become me and thus to begin to exist. The executioner and his prey find themselves imprisoned in the same body, in the same desire, the same end. Man only exists insofar as he modifies the things around him. The other does not exist, it is purely an object and the subject only exists through the restraint which it exercises over the other. Another revelation is **«what is exciting is forbidden!»**

Sensual excitation is tied to the vocabulary which serves to speak the gesture - all the incestuous relationships with their bewildering complexities can only be explained by the «words» labelling the objects subjugated to the whims of the libertines. De Sade also inverts the meaning of words as a sort of erotic act: breach of a rule, confirmation of a ban, rape of the reader ...

The master will assert his creative licence by remaining in a state of permanent scandal with regard to the everyday words which he makes use of - he has himself whipped by one of his victims the better to prove that he is the torturer. The opposite of words, the reverse of things, the backside of girls, de Sade's world is a world of topsy-turvy elements. The right and the wrong way round are part of his personal dialectics. The back has no meaning unless the front as such is firmly and unquestionably in place - for example, the rapist needs laws. Among the Sadian principles, one finds that of constraint; never of participation, only rape. For pleasure can only be imposed on the other person in the same way as suffering. This imposing on the other person is the sum of my true liberty, from that moment in time when morality teaches me that my liberty must come to an end where the other person's begins. It is also essential that the victim is constantly in the throes of suffering and dying: in return his death sanctifies the failure of the attempt to live. Where does the delicate, idyllic flesh imagined by de Sade - which can suffer the most horrifying tortures for months without ever losing its freshness - come from? But habit must be avoided at all costs, the disappearance of the creative drive; always going further, putting itself beyond waiting so as to avoid the victim becoming accustomed to the pain or the pleasure and the torturer wearying of meting them out. As soon as exaction is allowed, new ones must be devised.

Another of the author's characteristics is to expand the narrative. We see him proceeding classically by expansion and extension, ie expanding an element which already figures in the text or even inserting new elements. In this way Justine gets to know people who give rise to new episodes but she also comes across old acquaintances again, which weaves a family tie so that the text does not look torn. New details are integrated into the presentation

THE SHOW

In all our editions, English and French, we place your stories, your fantasies, your frustrations... We never invent anything, because Secret is your magazine. We are just a forum for our readers so they have a way of expression. We are a forum for free expression as long as it is sane, safe and consensual, we go for everything. So, you, our readers, get into action, send us your stories, your fantasy's and let the other readers enjoy it...

Jürgen Boedt

The band desperately needed a wardrobe mistress; at late forties, clothes not only made the man but, altered correctly, covered a multitude of sins! Angela had been hired by Jonny Hansen's agent in a last ditch effort to «spice up» this very last tour of the aging rock God. Of course Angela had heard a'plenty about Johnny H.; his anger, meglomania and substance abuses were legendary. Johnny was from the old school where the motto, «nothing exceeds like excess» was never truer lived. Even in her short years in the business, Angela had seen the best and worst of them and knew Johnny Hansen most definitely fell into the latter category! But working on Johnny's tour would give Angela some needed quick cash and the possibility to catch any tour she wished from here on in. Besides, and hate to admit it she must, ol' Johnny H, was a babe, and Angela knew most of her skill would be used in making the guys around Johnny look halfway decent, but Johnny didn't need much work. Many a nights Angela had stayed up late, clutching one small firm breast in hand, as she watched Johnny prance through one of his videos. The ravages of twenty years in the business had not yet taken their tole on the tall, flaming-haired singer. He moved with the agility of a cat; undulating, jumping, preening about the stage on long tight legs. His chest, forever exposed, muscular and hairy, glistened with just that right combination of sweat and spotlight and his ass entranced her as he spun every chance he got, showing off his high rounded backside to the camera at sickeningly frequent intervals. Yes, he was a child, yes, he was just an old guy fearing his middle age, yes, he was an egotistical misogynist. And yes, Angela would give almost anything she had just to help the guy on (or off) with his pants! Did she have any other choice but to take the job?! They met at the airport the next Thursday. She was hurriedly introduced to band members, publicist, a cloudy-eyed chubby road manager, a few roadies and lastly, Johnny Hansen.

«Hey baby,» he growled through a caffeine stained throat.

«Hi,» Angela said, looking up at the sunglasses and curls staring down at her.

«Thanks for having me.»

«You won't be thanking me once it starts,» Johnny warned and the entourage followed him onto the private plane. Being the new kid on an old block, Angela was tested first by the crew; she had walked in between her two brothers' off-color remarks all her life, so no lewd comment could really shake her. The publicist and manager who had phones permanently stuck to their respective ears, and the band who wanted to constantly see what their stage outfits looked like and if Angela would help them «try them on» right then and there. Johnny kept pretty much to himself, plying his lap-top computer or talking on his portable

phone. As they neared the first night's concert, only a day away, Angela's perception of Johnny was positively effected. The man might be short with those around him, he might be a bit spoiled and he might be a bit quick to anger but this was his last tour, and hopefully for his retirement, he wanted it to be his most lucrative. Surviving this far in this business one probably had to be a bastard more then not, especially when the entire enterprise sank or sunk on you! Johnny couldn't afford the jocularly of his fellow band mates. He might be a clown on stage but here in the tight confines of this flying arc, he was a man intent on his business and his business, this fickle rock and roll spinning top, had almost run down its momentum for this aging musician. So as the plane touched down on the tarmac of the San Francisco airport, Angela had gained a new, albeit cautious, respect for her employer.

«Hey,» Angela heard as she stepped from Billy and Steve's trailer the evening of the next day. The bassist and the drummer loved the outfit she had made and after a brief couple minutes of her not reacting when as they stood naked before her, Angela left the trailer with this first victory in hand. She had always secretly enjoyed those instances when she could control men, whether it be manipulating her brothers with tears or ignoring these aging hippies holding their fat members. But as she turned to Johnny, Angela wasn't sure if her strong resolve wouldn't waver now. «I got the pants right,» the leader of the band was confessing, attempting to pull his massive chest through the blue and black fringed jacket he was wearing. «But I can't...» «Here,» Angela said, taking one sleeve of the cloth and easily pulling Johnny under a backstage tent.

«Put your arms straight out,» she said as she walked around her boss. Of course she allowed herself a quick glance to his tight leather-clad ass.

«Just a moment, don't pull, don't...» Angela continued, as the right sleeve gave way with a quick tear.

«Ah fuck,» Johnny said.

«Come on,» Angela said and literally pushed Johnny from the tent. They walked across the quiet backstage area (part of Johnny's demands was that all «shmoozing» be done after the show, so there was only the crew backstage at this time) passing the tour manager Arty and Johnny's publicist engaged in what seemed not an altogether friendly discussion, back down a tight passageway from which Angela could hear the cheering crowd up above and down to her cramped trailer.

«Sit, sit,» Angela said as she slammed her rickety trailer door. She crossed to her sewing machine, jacket in flurrying hands. «I'll have it done in a minute,»

Yes, Johnny Hansen was in her damn trailer, half dressed and smiling, but this was her work dammit and she did it well! Her boss lay down across her thin futon staring up at her through his wavy fiery bangs. Did she dare look up at the rock and roll star drawn across her bed? Did she even for a minute trace her gaze up his long legs to his...? «Okay, just a minute,» Angela said, snapping herself from her fantasy by starting to re-sew the sleeve she had made just a week ago. «I almost got it. «I got to get out there,» Johnny said smiling, but a sense of urgency in his low voice.

«Just a minute,» Angela offered.

«Hurry baby,» Johnny said, sitting up now. Angela looked quickly to his teasing smile and knew, that all though she was under the gun here, he wasn't really pushing her.

«If you hadn't been in such a rush,» she offered, sewing away.

«Ah, now it's my fault,» the tall rock star said and stood up quickly. Again that teasing tone and broad smile on his face.

«Completely,» Angela agreed, finally coming to the last row of stitches.

«If you hadn't made it so damn weak in the first place,»

Johnny tried, but Angela turned to him quickly, returning his smile, «It was your fault,» Angela said. «Live with it.»

«Oh, oh,» Johnny said. «See, give a woman a needle and thread and she's in charge, «Yup,» Angela said, and then completed the sleeve. «Keep it up and I'll put you over my lap.

«I'd just love it,» Johnny said, taking the jacket from her as Angela offered it up to him,

«Bet you would,» Angela said, her cheeks feeling hot. The picture of Johnny's fine ass bent across her lap quickly passed by her mind's eye and it was all she could do to make it keep moving.

«How many?» Johnny asked, working his broad shoulders into the mended jacket.

'How many what?' Angela thought, but quickly realized Johnny was still talking about their imagined spanking scenario. Hell, she could play along; give this guy a little taste of his own medicine. «Ten,» she said and reached down to her sewing table and produced her thick ruler. «With this, «I'll see you after the show,» Johnny said, kissed her hard on the lips and left Angela's trailer.

If Angela could recall one song of that night she would have been surprised. During the whole show, as she waited in the wings looking out over the bassist's head and to the writhing, jumping, singing form of Johnny, all she could think about was what was going to happen 'after the show'. Johnny Hansen was a man used to getting anything and everything he wanted; absolutely, one hundred percent with the snap of finger. Did she want to be just another name on a long list that was most probably torn to dust with the years? But more important still, could she resist the man if he came to her, pushing their fantasy to a reality?

And what about that fantasy? As Angela watched Johnny sprint off stage for a towel, a hit of a joint and a gulp of beer, she played that picture of Johnny bent over her lap over again in her mind. To have this powerful rock legend, bent and waiting like a child over her knees, her ruler held highly poised on his perfect bottom. This could be the best yet of any control of any man Angela had ever had. Forget ignoring the band and their priapic pride, forget wearing these tight bicycle shorts and enjoying the looks the crew gave her, forget exploiting what she knew was Andy the

agent's all out lust for her, forget it all. She had the chance to put Johnny Hansen across her lap and spank him!

Johnny went back for the first of two encores and Angela walked to her trailer, hoping like hell she could make it back before she exploded, «Hey baby,» Angela heard that familiar low voice accompany the knock. She sprinted from her futon and swung open the light door.

«Catch you nappin'?» Johnny asked, stepping up and into the trailer.

«I knew you'd be a while,» Angela confessed. «First night and all.»

Angela wasn't telling the whole truth of course and she sensed Johnny was aware of it. As the reprise of Johnny's second (and last) encore had begun, Angela was riding the crest of a violent orgasm. She had literally ripped off her clothes to get to the point where she could tickle her flooding sex with thoughts of Johnny; tight leather pants pooled at his knees, begging for harder swats with that ruler. She had fallen asleep right after, her mind and body exhausted from the assault to her senses. Now she was awake and seeing her vision in the flesh.

«I believe you said ten,» Johnny said standing over her. So it was going to come true after all! Did Angela have the guts in real life as she had in her masterbatory fantasy? «Let's make it twenty,» Angela said, sitting down at her sewing machine and adjusting her robe around her.

While she would have loved to have ripped her robe off right then and there and spank Johnny while she sat naked under him, she felt it best to only expose a little of herself at a time. This guy saw women naked every second of his day, why should she be just like all the others? Besides, this wasn't sex (at least not right at this moment) this was discipline and Angela wanted to be just as serious as Johnny seemed to be. «Well, get across,» Angela lightly ordered, smoothing the terry-cloth across her lap.

«Sure thing,» Johnny said; smiling that same smug smile he always did. A good clean smell wafted from the man as he sauntered over to where she was sitting, Johnny's new leather pants (didn't this guy wear anything else) were perfectly tight across his buns, a loose tank top advertising the band's logo across his muscular chest. «I didn't think you'd come,» Angela said, as the big man bent, lay across her lap and quickly adjusted himself. «I knew you would,» Johnny said and Angela felt the heat rise to her face. Okay, so he knew, 'Well, damn this smug son-of-a-bitch', Angela thought as she brought her hand down hard and high on Johnny's rump. Like all things the very first time, that initial spark, the first quick 'fix' is the hardest. From there anything is possible and all manner of adjustments follow. After that first smack, that first sharp connection of leather to open palm, Angela just flayed away at Johnny's leather clad ass, «Oh baby,» Johnny moaned from someplace from under her lap. Angela just continued, landing five, six, seven. «Oh yes, yes,» the rock star said as Angela swat back and forth.

«Take these off,» Angela said, finally stopping at ten.

«Sure thing,» Johnny agreed, stood, faced her and unbuttoned his pants. Angela didn't want to watch him. Like every other man she knew, Johnny was so proud of his manhood, so willing to strip, so wanting an audience. Johnny stood proud and tall, slowly opening that last

button, parting the two halves of his fly apart, then slowly grinding his tight pants down his thick long legs. As Angela suspected, Johnny wasn't wearing any underwear and his half erect penis stood only inches from her as he stood with his hands on hips, pucker on his lips.

«Nice,» Angela agreed. «But, no time for that now.» She wasn't sure where she got the strength to not just lean forward and take Johnny in her mouth, but somehow Angela managed to reach her hands up to the star's hips, waddle him to her side and help him to bend. He was still a powerful large man - he never would have bent unless he wanted to - but with Angela guiding him, she felt as if she was bending Johnny to this punishment. Johnny lay down once again, Angela purposely opened her robe so his hard penis rubbed up against her bare inner thigh, Johnny moaned with the contact and Angela breathed as deep as she could to keep her mind clear on what she had to do here, «Now, I said with the ruler,» she said, leaning back behind her to her small sewing table.

«Yeah,» Johnny quietly agreed.

Angela hadn't even begun spanking him yet and she could already hear that strange calm anticipation in his voice. Could Johnny be as turned on as she was?!

«Twenty with this is gonna hurt,» Angela mentioned, turning back to Johnny's tight buns quivering under her.

So he was as turned on! This position alone was making her so wet, why wouldn't it drive Johnny crazy as well?

«I want it to hurt,» Johnny managed and in anticipation of the pain, grabbed Angela's naked ankle.

For some reason this contact, although small and easy, bent Angela around that last bend and she lifted the ruler high up in the air and brought the first smack down evenly, across Johnny's pale skin.

«That's one,» Angela said and brought the ruler up again.

«Two,» she said as she connected, high on his right cheek this time.

She could feel Johnny's thick member growing between her thighs and she adjusted herself just the slightest bit, allowing her robe to open even more.

«Three, four, five,» she sang as each hit resounded off her tight trailer walls. Johnny remained stoic, his ass quivering just a bit, his hands clutched tightly around her ankles.

«Getting what you deserve?» Angela asked and suddenly yanked on Johnny's long mane.

She had no idea what brought this on. It was surprising to her that she had gotten to this point, but she wanted a reaction from the rock and roll star and felt that getting a little meaner may help her get one.

«Do you deserve this?» she demanded, pulling Johnny's flaming locks tighter.

«Yes, yes,» Johnny finally agreed.

«Good,» Angela said and released her grip.

Johnny's head fell forward as she felt his crotch poke her thin thighs for a new purchase. The man was growing harder by the second and her brief little interlude of hair pulling and yelling had only added to his arousal, «Fifteen more,» Angela coaxed and raised her hand up high. For the first time Johnny clenched his buns in anticipation.

«Forget it,» she said. «You're gonna get it anyway, with this she brought the ruler down, back up and down a succession often more times. Back and forth she swat as Johnny's perfect buns grew pink to her assault.. All the while Johnny didn't say a word, he just rocked back and forth, poking her with his hardness and grabbing her ankles. «We'll save five for tomorrow,» Angela said on the tenth

swat, stopped and leaned back to replace the ruler on her table. She sat back to admire the sight. Johnny's ass was now perfectly pink (she had paid close attention to covering all of his buns evenly) his head bent in muted surrender, his hands loose around her ankles and most importantly, his thick manhood still hard and inching ever closer to her flooding sex.

«Get up,» she lightly ordered.

As Johnny did so, Angela watched his popping erection. How great it would be to open her robe all the way, expose her heated body to this man, this little boy she had just spanked and let him ride her to an explosive orgasm. But Angela knew that that was just what Johnny Hansen would expect. Damn him, she wasn't just going to follow like all the other female sheep. No, this was going to be one instance where this rock and roll star didn't control the «show». Control was all Angela's and as long as she kept it, she would most likely keep this man coming back for more. And if nothing else, Angela knew she wanted more!

«See you tomorrow,» she said, not standing. Johnny looked down at her, as he stood naked and erect and a look of startling surprise passed his open face. But then Angela saw the satisfaction of their unspoken agreement pass through his blue eyes. So she was to be the master of their fates. She would determine the what and where and how. Angela smiled and she realized this arrangement of her being in control suited him just fine.

The next day came and went. On a rock and roll tour nights are a buzz with activity, days are spent travelling or catching-up on as much sleep as possible (usually during the travelling). So it wasn't until the soundcheck was over at five o'clock and the crew had eaten that Angela heard that familiar knock at her trailer door, «Hi,» Johnny said, the usual silver-blue twinkle in his eye.

«Coming for your pre-show spanking?» Angela asked.

«What a great idea,» Johnny agreed, surprised, yet delighted at the suggestion.

Angela had had no idea how she was going to introduce their next day activity (or even if their would be a next day activity). But as the afternoon had drawn into this sticky early sulwner evening she imagined a scenerio wherein she could at least spank Johnny before every show and then later, if the two were so inclined to meet after the backstage party, they could further their carnal activity.

«Lets face it,» Angela had said to herself only hours before, «There are plenty of people I want to meet on a tour like this, why be stuck in my trailer just waiting for the star to visit me every night?»

«How about ten every night before» Angela said, positioning herself on her high backed chair as Johnny stepped out of his pants. Again that wonderful picture of her sitting under Johnny's half erect penis...how many more nights could she just do this and not finally reach up to him?

«And after?» Johnny asked, bending over her lap. Angela parted the robe a bit underneath Johnny so she could feel his warm skin on hers. «We'll see. We'll see,» Angela said. «You're a busy boy after the show.» «And a bad one as well,» Johnny added, grabbing Angela's ankles.

«And a bad one,» Angela agreed and leaned back to her table for that ruler.

The end.

B arbara

RESURRECTION

For many years I shot stills on hardcore porn shoots here in New York. I thought it was the most exciting, boring, stomach-turning, splendid, heart-warming subject a person could ever hope to photograph, and I felt honored to be among the few who got to do it.

I know that sounds crazy. But for me there was a certain feeling of freedom that went with shooting porn which, most of the time, made up for all the other things that also go with it. And then there was just the sheer silliness and insanity of it. A certain fine lunacy, which had to do with the simple fact that we shot actual sex, in all of its natural, dysfunctional glory. We shot it painstakingly - grotesquely - from every imaginable angle, in extreme close-up. And we often waited hours to do it, due to the fragile nature of the male contribution to the scenes. Although in all fairness, the actresses had ways of slowing things up too. These shoots often turned into frazzled marathons, where a Twilight Zone feeling would settle in and hover over us, until the last gasp of the last scene, which often took place in the extreme slap-happy middle of the night. That was the moment when I'd look through the lens into someone's blank eyes and see some forgotten part of me staring back.

Most New York porn people look back to those days with a certain nostalgia. The good old days when we shot real sex. Hardcore is now (for the most part) a California thing, and the latest hot trend here is toward the various fetishes -foot worship, transvestism, bondage, humiliation, corporal punishment, etc.

Sex has been banished. In order to avoid getting busted on obscenity charges, producers avoid shooting the more exotic fetishes, such as golden showers, and they also stay away from actual sex of any kind. Which puts us all in the amusing position of shooting porn flicks with no sex in them! The days and nights, for some reason, are just as long, just as frazzled. But now we wait for transvestite make-up jobs, rope-tying experts, and suspension rigs. We still tell dumb jokes, watch each other for signs of freaking out, and marvel at the fact that anybody wants to look at the cheap videos we produce. I'm still half-horrified, and half-proud, of the fact that for eleven years, this has been the one place in the world where I feel truly at home. I still standby on the set, looking through the lens, mesmerized by the human parade passing by.

The fetish scenes speak to me in an entirely different way than the slam-bam hardcore scenes did. They touch a deeper chord, in a darker way. In them I see echoes of highly charged emotional situations, childhood demons, betrayals, power plays - the feeling of being humiliated by someone you love, the little rush you get from zapping somebody. Seeing those situations turned into sources of sexual pleasure shocked me at first. Now, after seeing so many of them performed, they're not scary anymore, and I've begun to see them as just another form of human expression. I've become desensitized perhaps, but at the same time more knowledgeable, more willing to understand than to judge. We're complex beings, and our fragile individual sexuality is one of the hardest things in life for anyone to come to terms with.

I believe that looking at the darkest part of ourselves - and then embracing it in some way - is a step in the journey to personal freedom. The photographs in my Resurrection series are a record of my attempt at doing that for myself.

Barbara Nitke
BNitke@aol.com

N itke

RUBBER

CARE and REPAIR

Many of our readers often ask me: «How to glue latex? or How to sew them, or repair it? It's not simple and I advice them to send it back to the manufacture that sold it, and get it done by a professional. This way you get a guarantee and you don't have all the problems with glue, etc. I have done some research so to help you out a bit and here it is.

Sewing Garments

An industrial sewing machine is required for this method of construction. We recommend a walking foot machine such as Seiko LSW-8BL. The timing should be adjusted to help the latex through the machine better, feeding the pattern pieces through with light tracing paper placed underneath, which will make the task a lot easier. A constant tapping of the machine pedal as opposed to a constant stream feed, will allow better overall control and give a better finish.

Gluing garments.

When gluing garments we recommend the following method of construction:

- 1.Clean the sheet/pattern pieces with warm soapy water to remove protective dusting.
- 2.Clean the seams to be bonded with a J-Cloth impregnated with methylated spirits.
- 3.Apply a film of adhesive to both seams using a spreader. The spreader will provide an excellent bond and base for the adhesive to adhere to.
- 4.Dry the seams with a dryer. Take care not to burn the glue! The use of a dryer will cut down construction time rapidly and allow a faster rate of production.
- 5.Join the seams together and apply fingertip pressure.
- 6.Use a wallpaper roller to roller the seams together, to improve adhesion.
- 7.Allow twenty-four hours for the bond to complete.

Care of latex garments

- 1.Avoid creasing of the fabric by hanging in a wardrobe.
- 2.Do not tumble dry.
- 3.Do not dry clean.
- 4.Do not bleach.
- 5.Do not iron.
- 6.Do not dry on top of heaters.
- 7.Wash in warm water after use, with a minimum of soap and little talcum powder in the water. This helps the latex from sticking to itself.
- 8.Dry flat on top a towel.
- 9.Dust with talcum powder to protect the surface and hang in a dark place, covering the garment with a black plastic bag with air holes in it.
- 10.When ready to wear again the garment should be sprayed with a silicone spray, to further enhance the natural gloss and remove the talcum powder. This is best done several hours before the garment is intended to be worn. The surface may also be lightly buffed with a polish such as Mr.Sheen, with a lint free cloth.
- 11.Take care not to get Aerosol propellants onto the garment, use a pump container if possible.

Storage and safety

- 1.Keep away from naked flames as Latex is flammable.
- 2.Latex is not considered hazardous. However some people may be allergic to natural Latex.
- 3.Store below 26°C. Maximum operating temperature 82°C.
- 4.Avoid crushing the rolls, as creases are very difficult to remove.
- 5.The powder coating in surface of the roll is there to protect it during storage. Only remove with soapy water when you intend to use the roll. The powder is of vegetable origin and is not harmful if inhaled.

So I hope that your rubber clothing may give you a life time pleasure and if you want to add anything to this, please do, your welcome. If I made any mistakes here, well tell me aswell, we are there to iprove...

Jürgen Boedt

Interview

Mistress Julie

If you weren't a professional dominatrix, what job would you most enjoy having?

NONE!

What are the least and most enjoyable moments of your work day?

Least enjoyable... I guess getting ready. It takes a lot of time getting dressed, hair, make-up etc., getting the dungeon set up, and doing (or supervising) all the horrible mundane things that need to get done before-hand. Most enjoyable - a really funny, easy going client, whom the chemistry just sparks with and with whom you don't want the session to end with. I love meeting new clients, and especially love novices that I can train from start to finish. There's something very fulfilling for me, training a novice. I enjoy this a lot.

What sort of automobile do you drive?

What a funny question! I drive a Z28 camaro. Why?

What do you listen to while driving in it?

Oh gosh, I have a 20 CD player that really rockets, quite like the car, and has the most varied amounts of music you could believe.... I guess my friends envy me the most because of the great techno/dance CD's that I get while travelling at home or in Europe. They are out there at least 18 months before they get here, so when I go dancing, I have tons of friends who are D.J's that are always borrowing my stuff, so that their clubs have the latest sounds! I also have country and western CD's.... (I hope this doesn't ruin my credibility!), I listen to a lot of Enigma & Chant type of music, alternative, and classical.

Please describe how you came to the realization of your proclivity for erotic dominance.

Actually it was while doing my first live session. It was just so very erotic to me, and I'd never had an orgasm before until after the session when I'd gone home and was replaying it in my mind. Now mind you at that point I was almost 18, had sex with one person a few times, and had never 'come'. It was very shocking that not only did the psychological aspect of S/M greatly interest me, but also that sexually it stimulated me.

How large is your clientele?

To me, relatively large! It's impossible for me to give a number.

What most often surprises you about your clients?

Nothing at all. In the very beginning when starting out, the main thing was that they were really nice guys.

What percentage of your clientele is regular?

I'd say, approx 90%. However, you must understand that in a lot of these cases, my clients are either in other states, or other countries, so regular for them, is perhaps seeing me once or twice a year... However in the immediate area, most of my regular clients tend to see me approx every 3 - 5 weeks. (No doubt they'd be here daily, if there unfortunately wasn't a monetary issue)

What were you like in high school?

Oh, in High School they always put on my report card that 'Julie is extremely bossy, and very much of a leader'. I could never understand why they made this sound like a bad thing. As far as grades go, I was pretty much a B average student, but received A's in English Lit, English Language, Computer studies and French. In Primary School I had been bumped up a year because of excelling in reading etc., so I was always the youngest in my class throughout HS, and graduated at just 15 years of age. However, I always felt a lot 'older' than most of my friends.

Would your close friends from adolescence be shocked to find out about your career as a dominatrix?

NO!! My really close friends already know, and they think the occupation suits me down to a Tee... However

when they first found out, they did want to know the in's and out's. Now they know, they think it's a great career choice for me.

How do you think that coming from Ireland influenced you most profoundly?

I think that I am much more open minded & down to earth than my 'american' friends & acquaintances, and I also think that living in Ireland made me a lot more tougher, and perhaps wiser as things in general are just a lot harder to come by - such as cars and work, etc., and I wasn't handed things on a silver platter. Because of growing up there, my entire life is centered around enjoying life, instead of killing myself working 70 hours a week 48 - 50 weeks per year like most americans. Europeans work to live, and americans live to work.



PRACTICAL INFORMATION

In every issue of SECRET we try to give you some information that will improve, we hope, your life of fantasies. We do not want to impose certain attitudes and certainly don't want you to do all these «things». But we know, from the letters we receive that you appreciate this section, so we continue. Please mail us any questions you have on SM/BD or other alternative sexuality. If you have any advice or remarks about this section, please do not hesitate to send in your text. I always love reading what you've been up to last night...

DRINKING BLOOD SAFELY

Yes, it can be done even with the aids epidemic in existence. Although, I do warn that it is not 100% safe (but then neither is intercourse).

Blood is the most sacred substance in the living body. It is that which sustains us and has been revered and feared throughout the ages. **It is said that blood is the river of life which carries the vital universal energies throughout the body.** By letting blood, one is able to unleash a great deal of power. Historically, sacrificial blood was spread out onto crop fields to promote growth. Blood has also been used to bind oaths or in a ceremonial brotherhood. Blood not only carries the magical properties of the universe, but also one's personal energy. And to share blood with another individual is perhaps the ultimate form of union - surpassing even a sexual union. Sharing blood is an intimate experience, and not recommended for casual encounters if a profound unifying result is desired.

For safe blood letting, use either a hypodermic needle or some form of scalpel blade. Clean the equipment thoroughly with bleach and then alcohol. Tie a tourniquet around the upper arm and look for a readily available vein. Do NOT slice the vein, but puncture it either with the needle or blade. The HIV virus dies within 30 seconds of leaving the warmth of the body, so allow that time to pass before drinking is begun (don't take the blood directly from the wound, but instead where it has flowed). And remember to apply pressure to the wound afterwards to assist in proper healing.

Blood letting requires a great deal of trust. It is said that taking blood from someone who is frightened will affect the taste of the blood. Communication is the key, so ensure that both partners understand what is to take place and how to take all of the precautions.

CANDLES

Using hot wax on skin (that is, dripping hot wax, usually from a candle) can be a very pleasuring experience. It's a different form of «Abrasion Play» as it causes the skin area that is affected to become extremely sensitive afterwards. The temperature shock at the moment of impact also produces an intense sensation.

Always use paraffin wax or cheap candles. Beeswax has a much higher melting temperature and can cause the skin to burn. Unless your partner wants their skin burned (not a pleasurable experience in the long run), do NOT use beeswax candles.

A good idea is to hold the candle fairly high above your intended target and allow a few drips to drop down. The farther the hot wax has to travel, the cooler it will be when coming in contact with the skin. Then you may hold the candle slightly lower until you reach a height that is comfortable for the recipient (although it shouldn't be too comfortable). Keep a glass of cold water on hand, just in case of burn.

It is also important to not use hot wax too quickly. The body requires time to assimilate what is being done to it, so move slowly with a few drips to begin with. Remember, removing the hot wax can be almost as fun as dripping in onto the skin.

INTRODUCTION TO ANAL SEX

The most important thing to remember is to take your time, it can't be approached as a goal. Relaxation is imperative both mentally and physically as the butt muscles need to be seriously loose. If you have never tried any type of anal play, then first try tonging or gentle fingering up and down the rach and around the opening. Determine how this feels and how comfortable you and your partner are with this exploration. Because, remember some bums may simply be too tight or too sensitive to enjoy being penetrated. If this exploration was met positively, try the next steps. **Use lots of lube** and try inserting a finger, two fingers, tree fingers - test the resistance. Now try the tip of the penis or dildo. Sometimes it may be best to purchase a small butt plug; become accustomed to the feel of it, and it opens up the butt and makes it more accessible. It is a very different sensation, you have to relax into the sensation instead of tensing.

The butt is normally a very tight orifice and extremely sensitive. So thus you will feel every move, every twist and turn of the finger, dildo and penis. It doesn't actually take very much to feel totally full, and this forces you to slow down, loosen up and enjoy the moment. Since the butt puts up more resistance to being penetrated, feelings of

Readers Letters

This section is your place, readers. These text have been sent to us by our readers who lived (maybe) their fantasy and let us know about it. We are not made up by professional writers who invent the stories, just for your pleasure! We are a reflection of what you/us have lived, a reflection of a different lifestyle, a reflection of reality... Write us, let us know what you think about the magazine, I love it, even when your criticize. It's the only way to improve. You may also spurt some new idea's....

Jürgen Boedt

Hi Jürgen,
It's been awhile since I dropped you a line, I've exchanged quite a bit of faxes with Donna of Artware. Thanks again for the intro. I'm expanding my discography and maybe I'll try to get myself a radio show at one of the local stations if any of them will have me.

Issue #11 is beautiful, as usual. But I guess I'm not having much luck with mail from Belgium! It arrived as if it had been laid in a wet spot on its way over here. So it's a bit skanky! Quite crinkled and stained actually. If you can spare another one, my library shelf sure would be eternally grateful. *(it's on it's way... wrapped in rubber)*

Saw you mentioned Eros Comics. Here's another cool catalogue which now also carries photography as well, including the Anthology. I told SQP I'd send you one.

The article on gray alien jump suits reminded me of how I got into all this in the first place, years ago, the day I walked into Tim's office at Skin Two after his second or third issue in London and showed him a piece of fabric called BION 2 which I thought would revolutionize fashion. Just my luck, the company, which lacked vision, and BLON was only a bleep on its plate, went bust! But not after I designed a jumpsuit made from the material and tried to find a manufacturer for it. It's now called something else, TECO-COAT I think. It's a membrane which you line inside lycra to make it water proof but that stays breathable. It was developed as synthetic skin for burned victims and feels like smooth snake skin to the touch. I fell in love with the stuff. Tim made a short mention of it in Skin Two, #4 or #5, I forgot, but improving the quality of fetish fabrics still hasn't turned the corner. I've always wanted to write an article on how the fetish eruption gave natural rubber plantations a new lease on life in Malaysia, but I can't get companies to cooperate. They don't see the environmental angle the way I do. I could press on if I had more resources to do it. Maybe I can get some of the nouveau riche upstart hemp industrialists to fund an investigation of rubberwear. My intention is not to cause any trouble, it's to indeed create and develop these "perfect" thermally variable skin suits you've only seen in scifi. I spent 3 months studying at the Fashion Institute of Technology in New York in the mid-80s just for this. It's been a dream of mine for decades. The technology is there, the electronics, the power supplies, the computer controlled insulation, etc... There just hasn't been one company yet which has put its money where its mouth is about creating such a thing for real. Think of the market! Just for starters, all the bike messengers, all the

skiers, all the surfers, etc... one skin with variable temperature controls. Outside you turn it up, inside you turn it down. No more coats, no more putting stuff on, taking stuff off. Just the shape of your body! I had the senior designer of the NASA space suit on my team back then, but he was let off after the shuttle went boom taking the school teacher with it! I still have a file "this thick" of ideas, contacts, drawings, concepts, schematics, etc... you name it. Probably a bit obsolete now that so many years have gone by. But this cute article by this young woman in this New York "zine" reminded me of what I once had tried to do. I say meet these creatures on their own terms. And they'll be our equal, instead of them just being a figment of our creative unconscious. Am I making sense?

I got De Mentia, alias Tom Sutton, to agree to put Buffy in a picture with GM's EV1 electric car. It's gonna make a splashing T-shirt! If you know any fetishists with an electric car, let me know, I want to interview them and put their picture in the magazine!!!

I'm looking at Tabby. I met her in London years ago when she was still platinum blonde and sold her clothes at flea markets. I thought she was so cute! I gave my camera to someone who shot us together. I have it somewhere, but I remember it came out quite out of focus. I think I was too tall for her. I'm six four! she's a tiny little thing isn't she? Did she ever get into films? Did she ever want to? Enjoy. Remy C. - CT, USA

Secret: You've read it, my friends! Are there any fetishists with an Electric car? Write to Secret and we'll transmit your letter. OK? And if any of my readers have a tissue company or dig this idea of new rubberish material, contact us, and we'll pass it on. Personally I think it's a great idea...

Can you imagine that I do not have enough stories for the next issues of Secret?

Can you imagine that you are not sending me anymore hot stories?

What have you been up to? I would like to know...so send me your stories, fetish desires, and become a part of Secret!

I'm counting on you...

Jürgen

PERSONAL THOUGHTS AND RAMBLINGS OF A FEMDOM

by P. Sheeba

The harsh Canadian winter is here once again. The white snow has now become a mountain at the backyard of my home. I have just returned from a trip to Berlin, and it is eight a.m. I am in bed, reminiscing over last night's passionate scene with my husband. I had missed touching his skin, grabbing his nipples, savouring them once again in my mouth. I had missed seeing his body tremble under my watchful eyes. I had missed dominating him. Now, I am back to my world. I know that he is all mine, just as I am the only one for him. I turn towards him. I hug him with an immense love emanating from my whole being. Then I order him with a firm voice: "I need my morning coffee now."

Who am I?

Some of you have already read my published true stories and have had glimpses of my scenes in written accounts. The few of you who have met me personally know that I steer far from the pretensions of most typical femdoms. I am a dominant married female for whom the femdom scene represents a special mindset and attitude coming from within the individual. I do not need to be clad in boots and leather to make my subjects tremble when I enter a room. If I dress up in fancy fetish clothes, I choose to do it to please myself, not to please any subject of mine.

What are Domination & Submission scenes for me?

D&S scenes are very individualistic and are usually defined on the basis of each person's individual experiences. I discovered over the years that even my own definition of these scenes evolved and changed. Though there are many good books written about D&S, I find that the more I play the scene, the more I see that there are no set rules

(other than rules of safety) about it to engrave in some kind of worldwide instruction manual.

D&S games are like a dance. One can dance with multiple partners or with one alone. Each experience will be unique. Some of them will be well choreographed, and others of them will not bring the desired results. But if there is a special spiritual connection with a partner, you will end up with the kind of great scenes that seem to reach Nirvana. Over all, if both partners are playing the scene for enjoyment only, then both will reach a high level of inner fulfilment and spiritual self-discovery.

Many wonder, coming from the vanilla world, how someone can administer pain if he or she loves the subject. At the beginning of my S&M journey I faced this dilemma myself. The answer to this question lies in the mind of the masochist, and today, after nine years in a committed love relationship, I find I can enter the mind of the masochist only when I undergo his or her experiences. If it is well administered, the pain can turn into an incredible physical pleasure with the release of endorphins. For this to happen, the dominant should become the best reader of the subject's bodily reactions, and a mind reader quite knowledgeable in human psychology.

How one can become a mind reader?

This can happen only over time after one gets to know the submissive subject in depth. Maybe that is why in nine years of scenes, I have never accepted any subjects as mine unless my husband and I became friends with them and knew them for a minimum of seven months before any actual ownership and scenes happened. For this slow process, one needs a patient submissive who is loyal and mentally ready to be owned by the dominant. Impatient submissives are a dime a dozen, and there are many willing doms who spend their time in search of this type.

Who is a submissive subject?

The answer to this question varies from individual to individual. I can only speak for myself in what I see as a desirable submissive. I search for a certain inner class in my subjects. This does not necessarily mean a large pocketbook. For me, owning someone isn't related to any dollar sign. I am not a pro Domina. Inner class can't be

