

Dominate

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Meet...

**MADAME
DIABLO**
in

"**INFERNO
BOUND**"

DOMINANT WOMEN AND BONDAGE SLAVES

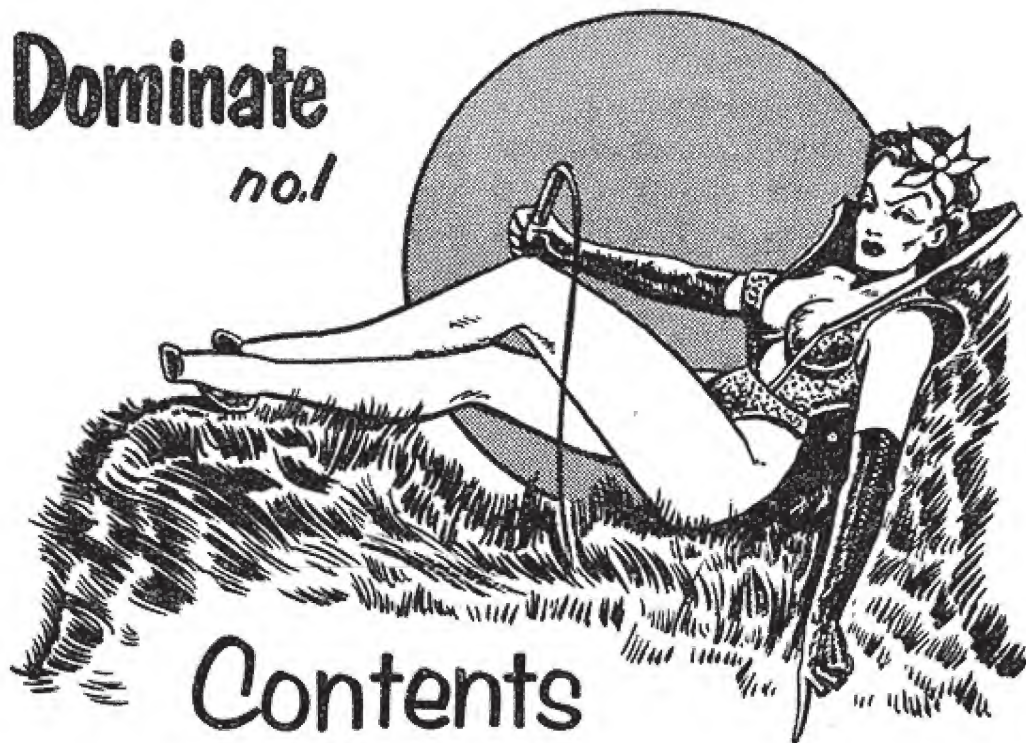
☆UNIQUE ☆ CAPTIVATING ☆ FACT ☆ FICTION ☆ CURIOSA ☆

Discipline Correspondence

LAVISHLY ILLUSTRATED

Dominate

no.1



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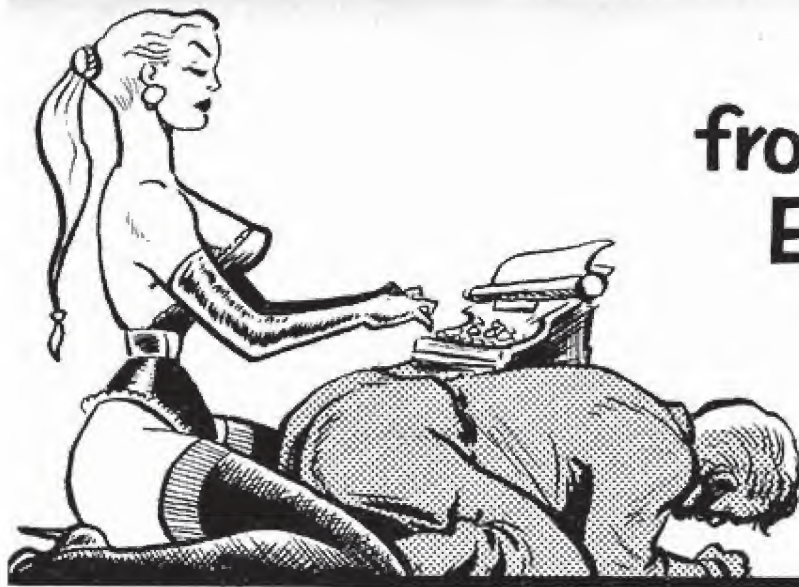
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Illustrations by *Rex*

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from the EDITOR'S DESK

Here is the first issue of DOMINATE. It is a magazine geared to the taste and fancy of the discriminating - to you who prefer the bizarre and the unique - stories to awaken jaundiced senses, articles to bring you offbeat facts, art in drawings and photographs that are special and different. This is DOMINATE.

Witness the feature story for this initial issue, "INFERNO BOUND." Not only is it written by the mistress of tantalizing excitement, Stella Birchwood, but it introduces the most dominant creature in the world of feminine cruelty. Ladies and gentlemen of the DOMINATE world, meet Madame Diablo, arch torturess whose one mission in life is to serve her master, Satan himself, with whip and torture and domination!

"Inferno Bound" is a full-length novel to be continued in future issues of DOMINATE. So save this and forthcoming issues for the unique adventures of Madame Diablo in the tops in bizarre stores: "Inferno Bound."

§ To balance perfectly the macabre of Madame Diablo, there is that most unusual of tales, "It Takes Two To Tangle." We don't know if the world is ready for this, but we're taking a chance anyway. All you read here are the two voices that speak, and...But, read it for yourself!

§ Variety, variety, all is variety! That's the spice of DOMINATE. There is the macabre, weird transcript taken from a girl who was enticed by the notorious de Sade, there are pages of correspondence from people who have experienced domination and bondage, there is the Photo Feature with two of Hollywood's top models in a story without words but what pictures! There are illustrations by Rex, king of bondage art, plus an extra bonus from his private studio sketchbook! There's...but why go on? It's all here in the pages following.

Isn't all this a tasty dish to set before you? We've done our part in bringing you the finest in bizarre magazines; now will you do something for us? Write us and tell us which is your favorite story or feature. Grade them for us, please, 1,2,3 and so on. Let us know what you like and don't like. We want to make this a magazine to reflect your tastes as much as possible. And tell us of your experiences and ideas; we welcome letters, stories, articles, photos, art for publication.

Feel free to write us - just as we feel free to bring you the best and finest in story and art in DOMINATE.

And now...we bid you welcome to the pages of DOMINATE.

THE EDITOR

INFERNO BOUND by Stella Birchwood



TO DEFY THE TYRANNY OF MADAME DIABLO
WAS TO TASTE THE LASHING STING OF HER WHIP...
AND TO BE SUBJECTED TO OTHER RIGID LESSONS
IN HUMILIATING AND PAINFUL DISCIPLINE.....
...BUT THERE ARE ALWAYS THOSE WHO DARE
DEFY THEIR CONQUERORS...AND THEY STRIKE BACK
WITH ALL THE SAVAGE FURY OF THE AVENGER.....

INFERNO BOUND

By Stella Birchwood

I

"Swish!"

The black, sinewy whip lashed downward savagely and its tip snapped bare inches away from the thigh of the fettered blonde girl. Her hands were strapped tightly to her sides and her narrow ankles were made still more narrow by the thin but strong cord that bound them together. She was helpless to move away but her startled blue eyes could see every move made by the diabolical creature that stood before her.

This was the tallest woman she had ever seen and the strangest. Well over six feet, but perfectly proportioned, Madame Diablo was dressed skin-tight black leather doublet and briefs. Her long, tapering legs were encased in black mesh stockings held to her belt by leather straps. But most startling of all was her face. Long and thin, with a mouth twisted in cruelty, it was sheer white in sharp contrast to the shining blackness of the rest of her. Green eyes sparkled dangerously from two slits cut in the leather headpiece that bound her head as tightly as her own skin. Two small horns protruded from her forehead, part of the headpiece.

But Sandra's eyes were on the whip held by the tensed hand, a hand also sheathed in black. "You...you're not going to whip me with that thing!" stammered the young, helpless girl. "You can't!"

Madame Diablo's mouth arched disdain. "Can't I?" she said, and her voice was the whisper of a panther. "I, my dear, can do anything I please with you...anything. I am the mistress of my domain and you are an intruder and my captive."

"But I keep telling you," cried Sandra. "I didn't mean to intrude!"

"No?" replied the black-sheathed one. "Listen to me, wench. You claim you strayed away from your friends with whom you were having a picnic in the woods. Then you walked on until you came to what you thought was an abandoned mine. There were signs posted there, all stating "No Trespassing." But you kept right on going, didn't you? Didn't you?"

"But I told you that I didn't see the signs. Yes, I kept on going. I was fascinated by the thought of old, abandoned mine shafts." Sandra shivered, her arms straining against her bonds. "How was I to know the shafts would lead me to this?"

Madame Diablo noted the shivering with satisfaction. This girl still had pride and spunk, but she would soon be broken of all that...broken to the will and whim of Madame Diablo. She parted white teeth and spoke. "And the this of which you speak is my domain, my own kingdom that I rule with my domination and with my whip. I have loyal and obedient subjects here, girls like yourself who wandered here out of idle curiosity. Like you, there were filled with protests of innocence, but they soon learned to bow to me... to bow low, to grovel at my feet, and, yes, to beg me for punishment when necessary, punishment for which they thanked me afterwards...as you, my lovely blonde creature, will beg me and thank me."

"Never!" cried the defiant girl. "I haven't done anything wrong to be punished for!"

"Perhaps not according to your standards. But I have other standards here...my own...and it is my decree that you have defied my authority and must now endure discipline and punishment from my hand and my whip until you concede that I am your almighty mistress and sovereign."

"You must be crazy!" snapped Sandra. "Nobody's my mistress and nobody's my sovereign. I'm free, white and twenty-one!"

"You may be white and twenty-one," hissed Madame Diablo "but you're not free...not any more!"

The Amazon's hand tightened on the handle of the whip as it hung at her side. She placed her other gloved hand on her shapely hip and glowered down at her captive from her great height. "You are my captive, I told you," she went on. "But you refuse to believe me. I admire your strength. It will give me that much more pleasure when I break you." She turned her blazing eyes to one side of the cavernous room. "Tanta!" she called in an imperious voice.

Out of the shadows stepped a black-haired girl almost as tall as Madame Diablo. Her waist was wasp-thin but her bosom and thighs swelled out underneath the bikini-type leopard skin she wore. Tanta had the face of a child but the expression of a demon. Rosebud lips arched disdainfully as she surveyed the blonde captive. "Another one, your Diabolical Majesty?" she asked. "You need not command me. I know what to do to prepare her for her punishment."

The ruler's eyes snapped like strokes of lightning at Tanta. "How dare you anticipate my commands?" she demanded. Tanta's face lost its fire. She became servile instantly and bowed low at the feet of Diablo, her mouth scraping the rough plank flooring. "Forgive me, O Lowest," she whined piteously.

Sandra watched in shock and surprise as she saw a human being of the Twentieth Century grovel before another like

something out of the Middle Ages. And she was still further shocked as the slave went on, "Please, please punish me as I deserve! Chastise me! Beat me! Let my insolent flesh feel the sting of your whip! Please! I beg you! Don't let me suffer your silent wrath any longer! Be merciful! Discipline me!"

Sandra's eyes widened in horror as she saw the six-foot whip coil through the air and down it came, cutting viciously into the arched back and buttocks of the slave girl. "Impudent guttersnipe!" cried Madame Diablo as she drew back the whip for another blow. "I should send you back into the outer world for your insolence! Here! Take this! And this! And this!" With each cry, another whiplash descended whistlingly, cuttingly onto the girl's back as she steeled her body to accept the savage attack of thin leather. Tanta's teeth were gritted tightly to prevent a cry escaping her, a cry that she knew would infuriate her mistress even more.

"I have to keep constant watch over you snivelling things!" shrieked Madame Diablo, striking down stronger with each whiplash. "You forget yourselves and have to be reminded! Well, I'll remind you! It gives me pleasure to remind you! Taste more of the whip! More! More! More!"

Sandra felt a chill go through her bones and a shiver shook her flesh at the sight before her. She saw the whiplash snake swiftly, driven by the fury in the black-gloved hand, striking the slave, wrapping itself around the waist, back and thighs, and finally its tip hitting a tattoo mercilessly wherever it landed. Madame Diablo would then pull it away and the whip unwound itself, drawing back over the welts and livid scars that marked its trail on Tanta's body.

Now the tyrant stood breathing heavily, her broad chest heaving, her stomach fighting for breath, small beads of perspiration glistening on her face and the whip hanging lifelessly from her clenched hand like a spent warrior. She looked drained of all energy but her wrath still seethed through her eyes at the beaten slave girl. "Now," she panted. "Now what do you do and say?"

Tanta fell to her knees at the feet of Madame Diablo. "Thank you," she breathed in a soft, trembling whisper. With shaking hand, she reached for the tip of the whip and took it to her lips and kissed it. "Thank you," she went on. She looked up adoringly at the tyrant who loomed majestically above her. "Thank you, Majesty, for the just punishment you have inflicted upon me. I am most grateful and underserving of your mercy. So give me no mercy; give me only that which I so justly deserve - discipline."

"Rise," commanded Madame Diablo and when the slave girl got to her feet, her mistress ran her leathered hand over the welts and bruises on her skin. "Make sure these heal before you defy my wrath again," she said. "Now... prepare this blonde creature for her punishment while I

gather strength lost because of you!"

Without another glance at Tanta or Sandra, the haughty Amazon strode from the room and through a great arched door, her six-inch heeled shoes digging angrily into the soft wood of the floor. Sandra watched her leave and then turned to the slave girl who had risen to her feet. The blonde smiled at the other in sympathy. "You poor thing," she said. "I don't see how you stand for such terrible treatment."

The flat of Tanta's hand stung her cheek hard. "How dare you criticize Madame Diablo?" screamed Tanta. Once again the long arm swung and this time the back of her hand, knuckles and all, hit Sandra's other cheek. "I am her willing slave!" the girl raved on angrily. "I am only too happy to take her orders and I deserve to be beaten when I even hint otherwise...just as you deserve this...and more!"

Sandra's cheeks burned lived with the hard slaps but she was too stunned and surprised to cry out. She stared at Tanta, trying to figure out what strange emotions made the girl act so happily and willingly servile to such as Madame Diablo. But she had no time to think as Tanta fastened a noose around her throat and tugged at her. "Follow me," Tanta commanded. "We are going into the Discipline Room where Madame Diablo will mete out your punishment personally."

"But...but I can't walk," protested Sandra. "My ankles are tied together too tightly. It hurts me to even think of walking."

But Tanta only tugged the harder at the rope, causing the fibre to dig into the soft flesh of Sandra's neck. "Hop, then," she hissed. "Hop, or I pull you to the floor and step on you...with these..." and she lifted a shapely leg to show Sandra her boots. They were of black, shining leather laced high up on her thighs. But what startled Sandra were the heels. They were pencil thin and needle-pointed and at least six inches high. "Unless you relish them digging into your back," Tanta sneered, "hop...and fast!"

Sandra knew there was no escaping those heels if she resisted so she did her best to obey the order. She hopped, and her ankles throbbed with pain with each step. But still she kept on as she followed Tanta and was led by the rope toward the great door that loomed like the entrance to hell itself.

Just before the door, Tanta twisted hard on the rope and drew Sandra up sharply. "What are you doing to me?" protested the blonde painfully. "Smack!" Tanta's hand slapped hard across the captive's bottom. "You won't learn to stop questioning, will you, will you?" snapped the slave. "Now hold still while I untie you."

Sandra was so happy at the thought of having her arms and legs free that she didn't dare even take a breath as Tanta worked swiftly and surely on the bonds. She felt her flesh relieved as the rope came loose and at last she breathed a sigh of deep and profound relief. "Gosh, that feels good," she said. "Thank you."

Tanta looked at her with veiled eyes, her pouty mouth arched in a smile that revealed sharp little teeth. "You won't thank me in another moment," Tanta said tauntingly. "You'll wish you were out here with me, once more tied hand and foot. This is nothing compared to what you'll face... in there!" And, placing one hand in the small of Sandra's back, she opened the door with the other and shoved the captive swiftly through the door and slammed it behind her.

Sandra tripped and fell to the ground heavily, her flesh skidding against the coarseness of the splintered wood floor. It surprised her that she could feel the floor against almost every part of her body until she realized that except for bra and briefs, she wore nothing. Tanta had ripped the dress from her body as she hurled her into the room. The next instant she realized that the room was pitch dark. She couldn't see a thing, not even a dot of light in the mysterious murkiness that surrounded her like a shroud. Trembling she rose to her feet. She felt totally helpless and defenseless. Anything could strike and attack her from out of that darkness and she couldn't do a thing about it. She clutched herself in fear and dug her nails into her own flesh without realizing what she was doing. "What's going to happen to me?" she wondered to herself. "What does that female monster have planned for me?" But the only answer she heard was the sound of her own rasping breathing as she trembled in fear and horror in the silence and darkness of the Discipline Room.

II

Madame Diablo rested and gathered her strength for the coming ordeal by allowing her slaves to wait on her in her Throne Room. Her "throne" was a scanttly clad redheaded girl who crouched on her hands and knees, limbs heavily chained to bolts set in the floor. Another girl, also chained, stood beside the redhead, straight and rigid, her body held upright against a plank of wood with protruding nails. This girl served as Madame Diablo's backrest as the female tyrant sat on the back of the redhead.

Another girl knelt beside Madame Diablo with bowed head, her backside serving as a resting place for the rulers ornate ashtray. Still another worked her supple fingers over the queen's leathered arm, loosening the tight muscles. And yet another lay flat on her stomach and served as Madame Diablo's footrest while she sipped red champagne.

Suddenly, Madame Diablo hurled the measseuse away,

shoving her to the ground, and kicked her footrest in angry impatience. "Enough!" she cried. "I am too restless to just sit here, comfortable as this throne is! Bring me my assortment of punishing equipment. I don't want to keep my new slave waiting too long to get what's coming to her."

The girl who was the footrest scrambled hastily to her feet and rushed to the wall. Up on pegs were various implements of punishment. She gathered them all and returned to Madame Diablo on bended knee, offering them up for her inspection. The tyrant's eyes glittered with malicious pleasure as they ran over the whips and straps.

There were cats-o'-nine-tails, silken whips, whips with needle-pronged balls at their tips, leather belts eight inches wide, thin belts with metal buckles, and others. She fingered first one, then the other, relishing each contact her fingers made with them. Then she chose the silken whip, long and soft but deceptive because its sting was even more painful than all the others combined when used by a genius with the whip. She drew it taut as she leaned back heavily against the body of the girl serving as her backrest.

"This will do perfectly," she murmured with purring voice. Then she reached suddenly for the other whips from the hands of the kneeling slave girl, grasped the handles in one hand and lashed savagely at all the slaves. "There!" she screamed. "Just to keep you in line!" The whips struck viciously at each of the strained bodies, lashing unmercifully at the exposed skin. She whipped away until the girls fell to the ground in abject helplessness, looking up at their mistress with awe and terror.

She smirked down triumphantly. "Thank me!" she demanded. And they thanked her in chorus as humbly as they knew how. Satisfied at last, Madame Diablo dropped all the whips except the silken lash, and strode across the bodies of the prone slaves, her sharp heels digging into the lacerated bodies without mercy. "That was fine practice for what I am about to do," she smiled to herself. "But the new one will give me much more satisfaction and pleasure...because, unlike these cattle, she has never before tasted the touch of the whip of silk!"

A small, darkened foyer led to the room that contained the waiting and helpless captive. Madame slipped into this and closed the door behind herself. Now she too was in darkness. Then she opened the captive's door and stepped inside. She was alone with Sandra now. But she, with her cat-eyes, could see in the dark, and Sandra could not. Madame Diablo's tongue licked a corner of her mouth in gleeful anticipation of what was to come...both for her captive and for herself.

Sandra turned her head in the darkness. Although she couldn't see or hear a thing, she sensed that she was not

alone. There was hidden terror in the darkness. Her flesh crawled and shivered, fighting the revulsion that crept into her being. She ran her hands over her own body as she tried to halt the shaking that overwhelmed her. But her hands trembled as much as the rest of her body. "Who.... who's there?" she quaked

But there was no reply from Madame Diablo smiling in the darkness. Her eyes caressed the shape of the shivering girl, relishing each second of the captive's helpless agony, watching as each inch of pink flesh trembled and quivered. Sandra's uplifted breasts heaved breathlessly as her eyes darted about seeking something in the darkness, some clue as to the fate that hid there. Madame Diablo lingered with the ecstatic pleasure of prolonged suspense for a full ten minutes. Then the pleasure palled and she hungered for further joy...the joy that only her whip would bring to her. "Enough of this," she said to herself. She gripped the whip handle tightly, raised her leathered arm high in the air, planted her legs wide apart to give herself full leverage, and whistled the silken cord through the air. Sandra was now standing facing away from Madame Diablo, so her full back was completely exposed to the whip.

"Ohhhhhhh!" cried Sandra as the silk cut across her buttocks. She spun around, her hands rubbing hard on the spot where she had been whipped. "Who's there?" she called out. "Why don't you come out where I can see you and fight you?" Madame Diablo strode to the other corner of the dark room with steps as silent as a cat. When she was once more confronting Sandra's back, she lashed out again with the whip. Ziinnnnng! The strong silk cut into Sandra's thighs and formed thin, red welts on the skin. Sandra jumped but she succeeded only in driving the silk in still deeper as it was tightly wound about her. "Ohhhh!" she screamed. "That's too much pain! If I ever get my hands on you, you witch..!"

The Tyrant enjoyed each moment, each swish of the whip of silk, each cry from the girl, each protest, each defiance. "This is a captive with plenty of spunk," she thought. "She fights back every inch of the way...and every inch of my whip. To conquer her rebel spirit will be a real triumph...and I mean to do it. Now I shall really get to work..."

III

The whip now lashed out from every part of the darkened room, striking the startled Sandra when and where she least expected it. Again and again the silk stroked the captive with its vicious caress as Madame Diablo moved from one part of the darkness to another, hitting out at Sandra from every point. "How do you enjoy it, my dear?" she taunted. "You aren't bound, but this is worse than being tied, isn't it, not knowing when and where you will be whipped with silk?"



Sandra was suffering the agonies and tortures of the damned. Her skin quickly became criss-crossed with welts left by the wanton lashes. She grew steadily weaker and when one final stroke cut across her cheek, she fell prone to the ground on her back, arms and legs flung wide apart, too hurt and exhausted to move any longer, and completely at the mercy now of the diabolical woman of the whip.

With a twisted sneer of triumph, Madame Diablo stepped forward to plant her pin-pointed heels on the ground between her captive's thighs. Slowly, she allowed the tip of the silken whip to pass over the girl's wounds and watched the flesh quiver and twist. "Enough! Enough!" gasped Sandra. "Please don't torture me any more! I can't stand it!" "Is this torture, my blonde rebel?" taunted the tyrant. "I am no longer whipping you. See? The silken tip but touches you...slowly...easily...moving over each of your poor, raw wounds..."

Sandra gritted her teeth, unable to endure this most subtle of all the woman's punishments. Her skin crawled as the silk moved still more slowly up and down her thighs, across her bare midriff, into the hollow of her breasts. "You...you've got to stop!" she gasped. "I'll do anything you say...only, no more! No more! Please!" She was helpless and weak and the treatment the tyrant was now making her undergo was draining her of even the strength to breath. And still the fiendish ruler kept on, causing the silk to crawl like a smooth viper over and around the exposed parts of Sandra's body.

"If you have had enough, then," said Diablo, "do as my other willing slaves do. Thank me for having punished you!"

Sandra heard the words and tried to respond. But she could not. Her throat was parched and contracted. Dizziness was setting in as a terrible sensation welled inside of her. She opened her mouth to speak, to tell the queen that she thanked her for the lashing, but no words came. Nothing came but the rise of the terror inside her, higher and higher until it filled her entire being and she gasped into unconsciousness.

With a snort of disgust, Madame Diablo stepped back. "Put on the lights!" she commanded. "This one has had enough...for the time being!" The room was flooded with light. But still Sandra did not stir. The slaves entered at Madame Diablo's bidding and meekly obeyed her command to carry the girl into a cell. "Feed her nothing but vinegar and salt," she ordered. "She will take a lot more taming before she succumbs to my power, but it shall be that much more pleasure to bring her to her knees."

But as Sandra was being lifted, a last outburst of strength came to her. She tore away from the clutching hands of the slaves and flung herself at the startled Madame Diablo. "I told you what I'd do to you if I ever

got my hands on you!" she screamed. "Now I'll show you!" Her fevered fingers clawed into the tyrant's face. Madame Diablo fell back, her whip dropping from her hand. Her right hand came up in a tight fist and cracked against Sandra's jaw. Now the captive lay completely helpless with closed eyes. Her breathing was soft and slow. Madame Diablo glared down at her with fury. "So that's the way it is, eh?" she snarled. "Well, my little blonde fury, now even if you beg me for mercy, I'll show you none. What my other captives and slaves endured was nothing compared to what I have in store for you."

(Continued in DOMINATE No. 2)

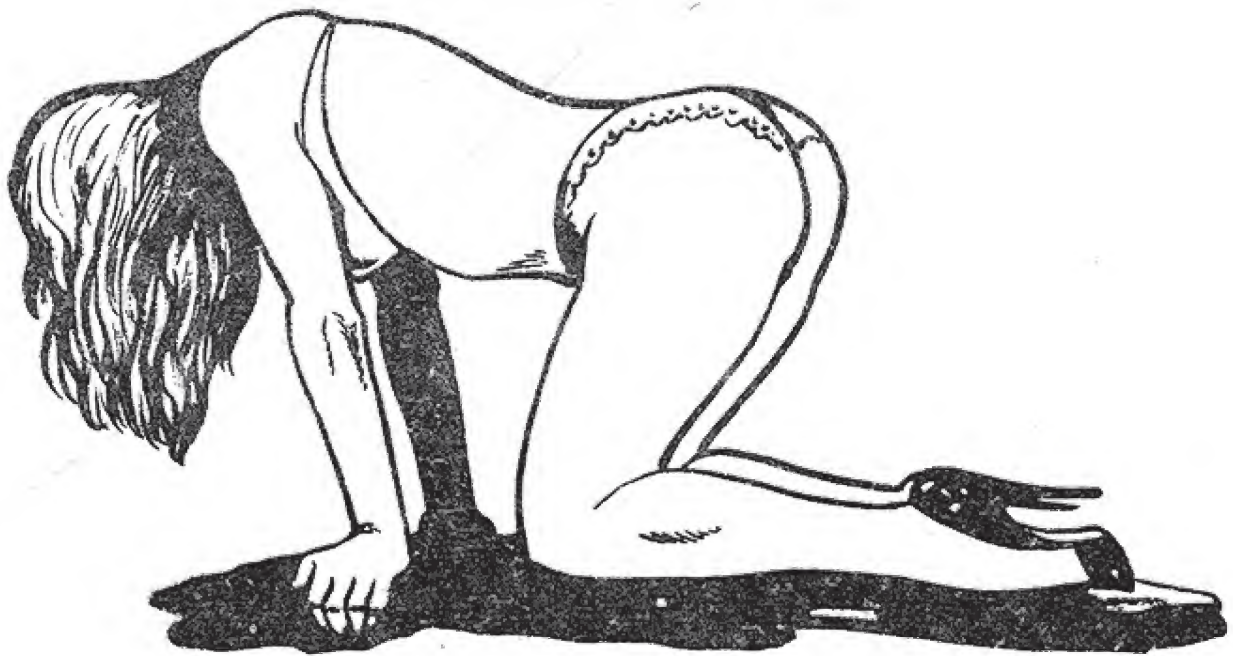


PHOTO FEATURE



TURNABOUT IN TORTURE HOUSE

A picture, say the wise Chinese, is worth a thousand words. We certainly are not going to argue with that - especially in presenting the Photo Feature that follows.

Suffice it to say that they speak for themselves - and that the plot of the story they tell is as old as time. The revolt of the persecuted against the persecutor - and turnabout is fair play.

Enough said - for here is a story without words....

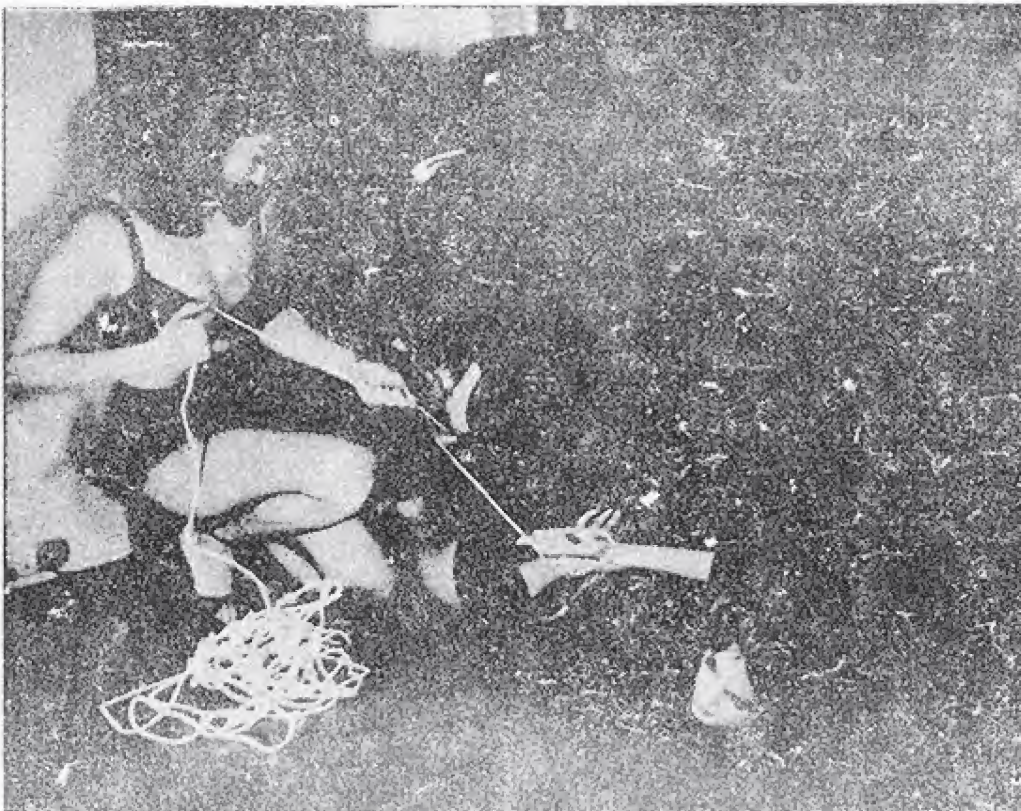
Watch for "Lady-In-Waiting Upends Her Queen" in the next issue of DOMINATE.....



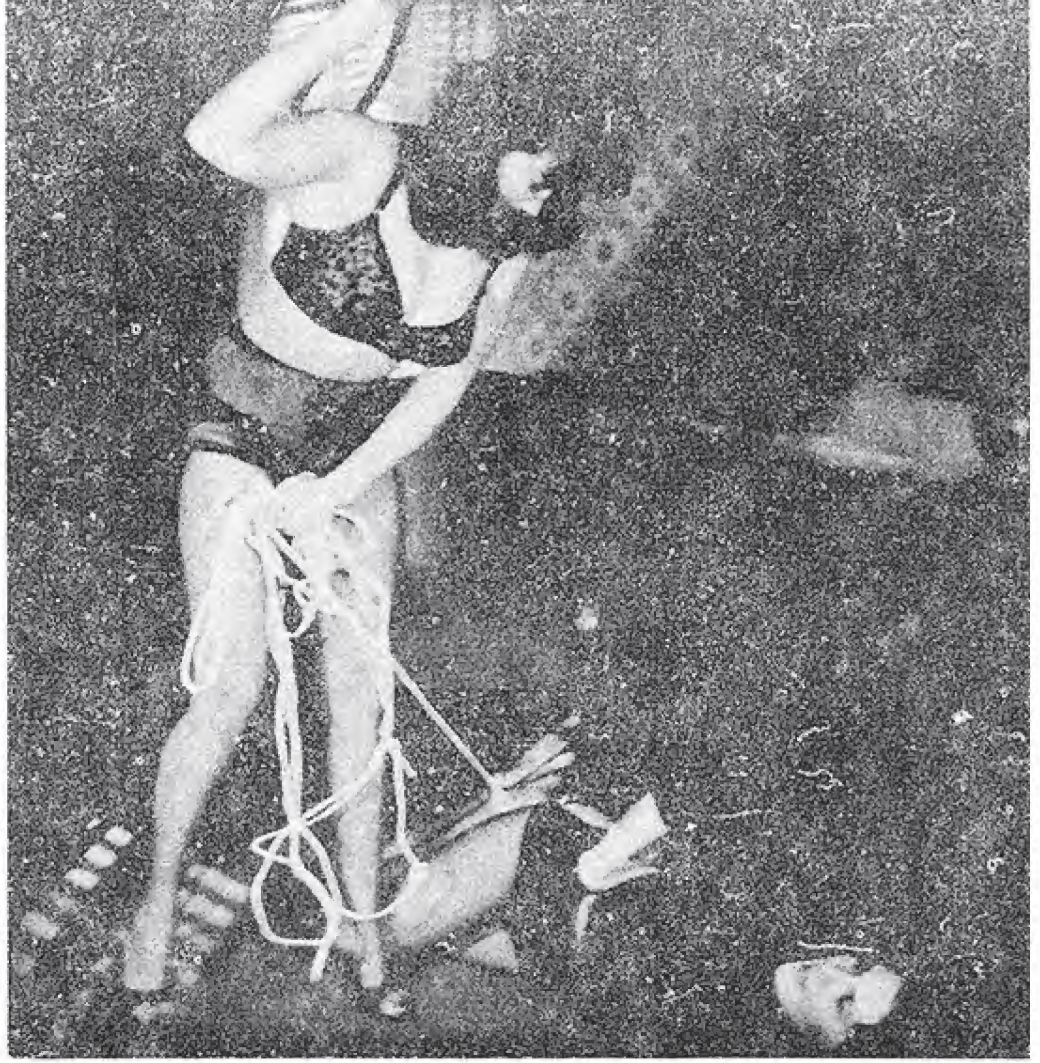














It Takes Two to Tangle!

by Lash Skinner



IT TAKES TWO TO TANGLE

By Lash Skinner

(Editorial Note: Mr. Skinner claims that the following was transcribed from a tape that he found on the street near his home. It's hard to believe, however, that anyone who had such an item would be careless enough to lose it. We are inclined to believe that the male voice on the tape (The first) is that of Lash Skinner himself. The reason for this belief is that he won't let us listen to the tape, but instead submitted the following manuscript. Be that as it may, we thought it sufficiently interesting and of the nature to interest and intrigue the readers of Dominate. Let us know what you think.)

"What? You want me to wait on you on my knees?

You're out of your mind!"

"You're the one that's out of your mind if you think you're not going to obey me, my darling. On your knees, quick!"

(A crack sound is heard here, sharp and vicious.)

"Ow! Hey! What's the idea of hitting me with that strap? Boy, that hurt!"

"It's supposed to hurt, idiot! Now will you get down on your knees?"

"This is silly. What's gotten into you anyway, Anne?"

"I'm sick and tired of waiting on you hand and foot, that's what got into me. I don't see why women have to take care of men anyway. After all, aren't we the ones you cater to when you're after us?"

"Yes, but...Ow! Anne! You hit me again!"

"And I'll keep hitting you every time you argue with me. That word 'but' was an argument, sweetheart."

"Gosh, honey, I've never seen you look like this. Your head held high, your chin up, your eyes flashing, your hand stroking that belt...I can't understand it, but you look more beautiful now than ever."

"Then....on your knees, slave!"

"Slave? The days of slaves are over, honey..."

"Really?" (Crack!)

"Ooooooh! That hurt more than the last one! You're getting stronger with each stroke! If I weren't a gentleman..." (Crack!) "Oh, my goodness! I'm suffering... and you look as if you're actually enjoying it!"

"On your knees...or..."

"All right! All Right! Only don't hit me again...please!"

"Please what?"

"Please, Anne." (Crack!) "Ouch! What did I say wrong now?"

"How dare a slave call her mistress by her first name? Especially a slave on his knees the way you are now! Call me your mistress, dog!"

"All right...all right, Mistress! I've never seen you like this!"

"That's because I've suppressed myself all the while. Every time you hit me, cur, I wanted to strike back at you and bring you to your knees. Of course, you hit me only with your open palm, taking me across your knees and spanking me like a child till my bottom glowed red and tingled like fire."

"But I did it only for your own good, Anne...I mean, Mistress! You were naughty and I had to discipline you. That's how I was brought up, you know. Father and Mother spanked me when I was bad...and even when I wasn't, just to keep me in line."

"Well, what's sauce for the goose, knave...."
(Crack!)

"Ow! Why did you belt me again, Mistress?"

"Can't you see that I want a cigarette?"

"Oh, forgive me, Mistress! Of course! How stupid of me!...Here...And please let me light it for you!"

"Very well, but do not rise from you knees or you'll feel this leather belt so hard that you won't be able to sit down for a week."

"I believe you. I'll behave, Mistress. Just give me the chance to prove to you how loyal I can be."

"The word is 'servile,' not loyal. I expect loyalty, but demand servility."

"All right! All right! I'll be servile. Anything to stop being strapped...Hey! What are you doing now?"

"Hm...slave? Do you object to my resting my foot on your back?"

"But do you have to dig your heel into me? Gosh, I don't see why you always wear those six-inch spiked-heel shoes anyway! Ooooooh! It's digging into me!"

"Complaining? I'll dig harder...There!...Ah, you've learned to keep your mouth shut and suffer in silence, eh? Good boy. All right, to reward you, I'll remove my foot."

"Ahhhh. That feels good...Gosh, Mistress, you look tall as I look up at you from here! I never saw you from this position before. You...you look imperious...like a haughty Amazon queen. It's funny, but I fear you and adore you at the same time."

"A most worthy attitude for a slave...fear and adoration. You have the proper spirit, dog. I knew that you'd be well behaved once you felt the sting of leather on you."

"Hey!"

"Don't move or..."

"Don't hit me again, Mistress, but you...
you're sitting on my back!

"Don't you think I know that? And a most comfortable
chair you make, too. I don't want you to sag! Hold your
back up...arch it as high as you can!" (Crack!)

"Ooh! How can I when you're whipping me?
I feel like a bucking bronco!"

"That's better. Higher...higher. I'm not
too heavy for you, am I?"

"But you are heavy, and...Ow! Ow! Ow!...All right,
Mistress! You're not heavy...you're light as a feather....
it's easy to hold you like...ooh...this...!"

"Every good slave thanks his mistress for allow-
ing himself to be used as a chair. Well, Slave..?"

"Er...thank you, Mistress. Ohh...thank you for using
me as a chair for you to sit upon...Ow! You're hitting me
again! Why?"

"Because you're no longer a chair. Now you're a pony
and I want you to take me to the bedroom. Giddyap!
Giddyap!" (Crack! Crack!)

"Owooh! Easy, will you? I'm going as fast -
Oooh! - as I ---oh! ---can!"

"Whoah, there, pony! Now wait'll I slide my
foot over your back and off..."

"Ow! Do you have to dig your heel into me
like that?"

"Quiet! You're lucky I'm not wearing spurs!

Hmmmm. That gives me an idea. The next time.."

"Never mind. No spurs. I'll be good..Well, I'm glad
to see you're relaxing on the bed instead of on me, my dear
mistress."

"But you're not going to relax, my dear lackey. I want
a pedicure and you're going to give it to me and pronto."

"The heck you...Owww! Let up with that strap, please!"

"Then stop this nasty disobedience at once,
do you hear me?"

"Yes, Mistress, I'm at your command."

"That's better. Now...get to work and if your fingers
slip just once, you'll know how hard I can really strap you
...Hmmmm, not bad. You do a pretty good job, considering
you've never given me a pedicure before."

"To tell you the truth, Mistress, I've watched you
carefully when you did it to yourself and always had a sec-
ret yearning to do it. There. How's that? Are you
pleased?"

"Very. Hmmmm. You seem pleased too, slave.

You seem to be enjoying your position."

"That's true. I didn't realize it till just now, but
I have missed the discipline I used to get at home. I was
always well-behaved then and happy to serve whoever needed
me in whatever way they wanted. Now, with you treating me
like this, keeping me under the threat of your strap, mak-
ing me jump at your every command, I find myself at peace

and relaxed. Thank you, Mistress! Thank you for making me your willing slave. If I ever get out of hand again, I beg you to strap me."

"And shall I do as your parents did too? Shall I strap you even when you aren't bad, just to remind you of who is mistress?"

"Yes! Yes! And thank you."

"You have been a good slave. You may now kiss me."

"Gladly, Mistress!"

"No! Not on my lips!"

"Where shall I kiss you then, Mistress? Name it!"

"My feet, of course. That is my command. Now...kiss my feet...and let me see how you can endure the strap while you're doing it. Let me really test your servility..."

(Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!)

(Editorial Note: At this point, states Lash Skinner, the tape ended. But we are sure that if there is enough reader response, we can induce him to come up with a sequel to this interesting bit of curiosa.)





The Marquis de Sade's name and habits have come to describe the word Sadism, meaning perverse cruelty. De Sade was born in Paris in 1740 and lived a desolate life. Because of his way of life, his forbidden "pleasures," and his writing, he spent years in prison and it was here that he did much of his writing.

His novels and stories included:

Contes et Fablizux

Eugenie de Franval

Aline et Valcour

Les 120 Journees de Sodome

La Philosophie dans le Boudoir

Juliette

Pensee

In 1768, when De Sade was 28 years old, the following deposition was made against him by Rose Kailar of Paris.

It is offered as a study of the habits of the man whose very name is now used to describe actions of this kind.

"Rose Kailair, widow of Charles Valentin, pastry-cook's man, she being a cotton spinner, aged thirty-six or thereabouts, residing in Paris, Rue Soly, parish St. Eustache, witness summoned by writ of yesterday's date by Griveau, court-bailiff, a copy of which she has showed us.

After taking oath to tell the truth:

Reading to her of the said declaration, indictment, and adjudication of the Court:

Stated not to be related, connected, servant or domestic of the parties, save that the Sr. de Sade had wanted to engage her in his service, and taken her for this purpose into his house at Arcueil, nevertheless without her being

agreed as to any wages.

Deposes that on last Easter Sunday, having heard Mass in the Petits Peres on the Place des Victoires, leaving Mass and going out to the Place des Victoires, an individual having given her alms, another individual who was near the railings of the said Place, dressed in a gray frock coat, a hunting-knife at his side, grasping a cane, and a whitish muff, called her, and proposed she should earn a crown if she would come with him. She replied to him that she was not what he thought, he told her that it was to do his room, and that she had only to follow him.

She followed him until near the new part of la Halle, and he made her enter a room on the second floor (so she believes) which room was furnished in yellow damask with a chaise longue which she believes was of the same material, but covered like the armchairs with a cloth cover. Having made her sit down, he asked her if she would like to come into the country, to which she replied that she did not care where she earned her living. He left her, telling her that he still had several visits to make and that he would come and fetch her in an hour.

One hour later he returned with a cab which he made her get into and closed the windows which were of wood. While they were there, he said nothing to her but if she knew where he was taking her, to which she replied that she could not know because she could see nothing. He had the cab stop near the village of Arcueil. In getting out he instructed the coachman to take care of something he had put in his carriage, and told the witness to follow him. This individual passed by the main entrance, led the witness to a small green door farther away, and told her to wait at this door; afterwards he entered by the main door, and came to open the small one to her.

Beyond this he made her go through a small garden, and took her into a high room that looked over the large garden, and in which there were two beds and some straw-bottomed chairs. He told her to stay there and that he was going to find a piece of bread for her and something to drink and she was not to grow weary. He went away after having shut her in with double locks.

About an hour later he came to open the door, and he said to her come down, my dear; which she did; and he led her across the same small garden she came in by, into a closet the door of which he shut, and told her to undress. She asked him why, he replied that it was for enjoyment. Having reminded him that it was not for that he had made her come, he said that if she did not undress, he would kill her and bury her himself.

After he had gone out and left her alone, she undressed and was not entirely so when he returned; and having found

her still in her shift, he said it must also come off, to which having replied that she would rather die, he himself tore off the said shift making it pass over the head of the witness; after which he led her into another room next to that one, in the middle of which there was a divan of red chintz with a white spot, threw her on the said bed on her front, tied her by the four limbs with hempen cord, put a bolster on her neck.

When he came to fetch her from the closet to take her into the said room he had taken off his coat and his shirt, and had put on a sleeveless vest, and tied a white handkerchief around his head. When she entered the said room the curtains were drawn.

Being attached to the bed he took a birch with which he whipped her, made various incisions with a small knife or penknife, poured red wax and white wax in a greater quantity on these wounds, after which he began to beat her again, to make incisions and pour wax, all of which ill-treatment he repeated up to seven or eight times. The witness having shouted from the time of these ill-treatments he showed her a knife, and menaced her, if she cried, with killing her and burying her himself as she has already told us; she then ceased to cry out.

Witness adds that on each occasion when he birched her, he also gave her blows with a stick. In the middle of her torture the witness made various protests to him, and begged him not to let her die because she had not taken Easter Sacrament. He replied that he would confess her himself. Having told him that she could not confess herself to him and having made still further protests to his, he set about uttering very loud and frightening cries and cut the cords that bound her, and took her back to the closet to dress again. He brought her a jug of water with a large salad bowl to wash in. She recovered her shift and her skirt, washed herself, and wiped herself with a towel that he had brought as well. This towel being found all bloody, he made her wash it.

He then brought her a small phial in which there was a liquid the color of eau de vie, and told her to rub herself with it, and in an hour it would disappear. She rubbed herself with it in all the cicatrized parts, and that this caused her very sharp pains.

Being completely dressed again, he brought her a small piece of bread, a piece of cold stock-beef, about half a liter of wine in a bottle, and then took her back to the room upstairs, the witness taking the bread, the plateful, the bottle, and a goblet.

He shut her in the said room after telling her not to go near the casement window, not to show herself, and not to make any noise, and he would let her leave towards

evening; upon which she asked him to release her early because she did not know where she was, she had no money, and she did not want to sleep in the street; to which he replied that she had no call to be worried.

After which he went away and shut her in the said room of which the witness secured the door by a hook that was inside; then she took two bedcovers which were on the two beds of the said room, and having unpicked with her knife one side of the shutter of the casement window which overlooks the garden, she attached by large pins the two bedcovers to an oak crossbar that is in the center of the said window and slid down them into the garden, from where she reached a wall, which she scaled with the help of trellises that were by a garden bower, fell into a large close and hurt her arm and left hand in falling, and from the close reached the street.

A servant ran after her telling her to come back and that his master wanted to reach an agreement with her, which she refused to do; upon which the said servant drew out a purse and said he was going to give her money which she refused in like manner.

Witness points out to us that she was able to tell that he had poured red wax on her in that having found a way of loosening the bonds with her left hand, and having moved it to her back, red wax fell on it, and that also in washing she found a considerable amount of wax in the basin. That she encountered some women from the village who assisted her and took her to the chateau, where she stayed until five days after the arrangement she made; which is all she claims to know, her deposition having been read, witness when summoned stated that it contained the truth, adhered to it, claimed taxing, and declared herself unable to write or sign the summons following the warrant. Approved, six words deleted.

Chavane

Lebreton,"



BONDAGE CORRESPONDENCE

(The true heart and soul of any publication is in the response of its readers. Dominate's platform is not only to entertain and educate you, but to serve as a platform on which you can air your views, experiences and feelings. This section of Dominate, therefore, is yours - for your letters and your photos and drawings...and to read the opinions of others. In order to obtain letters for this first issue, we showed the first roughs of the layout and contents to various people and asked them for their expressions. The response was very gratifying and we expect much mail from our readers once you receive this first issue. True names are never printed by us below these letters. Address your correspondence to BIZARRE BOOK CO.

6715 Hollywood Blvd.
Hollywood 28, California

* * * * *

Dear Editor:

Thank you for letting us look at the first issue of Dominate. And thank you for asking us for some of our experiences in discipline. We are husband and wife and have often wanted to tell someone about how we have achieved true happiness and mutual respect. So here goes, and we wonder if other couples have indulged in the same method.

We were both pretty hot-tempered when we got married and would fly off the handle at the least excuse. We never got physical, however, just shouted and screamed at each other until the neighbors complained. Because we love each other, this hollering only frayed our tempers and nerves more than ever. It goes without saying that it wasn't at all constructive, either, and our marriage was going on the rocks.

This made us spat all the more and we were ready to separate for good when we discovered a sure way to let off steam and at the same time maintain our happy relationship...and it was all by sheer accident, as most of these things are.

We were having one of our more violent quarrels when my husband yelled, "The only thing that'll fix you is a good thrashing!" And I yelled back, "And do you think you're man enough to do it? Just try it buster, and see what I do to you!"

Well, my husband is not one to take this lying down. He leaped toward me, twisted me around so that his arm was

around me, holding me in a firm, vise-like grasp, bent me over and brought his open palm flat down hard on my astonished and mortified bottom. I could see stars. And he didn't let go, either. He kept hitting me and hitting me, harder and harder until I was totally numb in that area.

I fought and struggled, but I couldn't escape his muscular arm. I screamed but that didn't do me any good, either. He was determined to teach me a lesson once and for all and now that he had gone this far, he was carrying it through to the finish.

Suddenly, even in spite of all the pain, I realized something. I was bent over so that I was facing his back and there, exposed to my view, was his derriere. Here was my chance to give him tit for tat. I lifted my hand and, gathering all of my strength, brought it down as hard as I could on the wool of his seat. He jumped and yelled, but didn't lessen his grip on me. All he did was spank me all the harder.

What could I do, of course, but return in kind. Down went my hand. Slap! Down went his. Slap! Mine...his...mine...his! We both took a spanking and gave it - at the same time. My bottom was raw and I know his was, too, because I am not a frail woman.

We kept it up and up for the longest time, but we didn't cry out at each other any more. The pain was too much to express and besides, we were both also concentrating on dishing out as much as we took. We gritted our teeth and bore it.

Finally, my arm and hand began to tire. So did his. We slowed down and finally stopped altogether and in unison. We sank back exhausted on the pillows of the floor, breathing heavily and rubbing our raw bottoms.

"Well," said my husband, "I feel a lot better now that I've let all that steam out of me. How about you?"

"I hate to admit this," I said, "but I feel fine, too. Not only do I feel that I've punished you properly, but I feel properly punished myself."

"Say," he answered. "I've got an idea. We never seem to get anyplace when we merely argue. The next time we feel like blowing our tops at each other, let's do just what we did right now. Let's spank each other. That way no one wins and no one loses."

"Wonderful," I said. And that's how we've been from that day to this. We don't even have to discuss it any more. Whenever an argument starts brewing, we simply go for each other the same way, spanking each other at the same time.

Of course, our palms get pretty raw sometimes, so we often use paddles and straps to take their places. However, I think I'm getting the raw end of the deal because my husband has the advantage in that he can lift up my skirts to get at me and it's a hard job to let down his trousers. However, I'm not complaining.

Sincerely,
Mrs. H. U.

(Why complain? Next time, just yank his belt off his trousers and use it. In that way, you kill two birds with one stone. Seriously, though, you are a very fortunate couple to find such a perfect solution to keep from wrecking your marriage. Why don't you send us pictures of you two in the act of at-the-same-time spanking for publication?)

* * * * *

Dear Editor:

Until I saw your prevue copy of Dominate, I never thought there were others like myself who felt the need to accept or maintain discipline. I thought I was alone in this need and I am very grateful to you for showing me otherwise. It is also good to know that there is a medium like Dominate where I can be relaxed by reading the stories, articles and letters you publish.

I am single, 28, and a bachelor. Because I am very shy, I have never had much to do with the opposite sex. I guess that's because I never thought I'd find anyone who would think and feel the way I do, and I'd like to explain that to you and your readers. Maybe you can help me out.

About two months ago, I took a room at a boarding house run by a woman a few years older than I am. She, too, is very shy. She has to run this house in order to exist. But beside that, she has no contact with anyone. She rarely even talks to her boarders, she's that sensitive. I know, too, that she has no husband and never entertains anyone in her room (which is next to mine), so I was very startled late one night when some cries woke me up. It was my landlady and she was crying, "Oh! Oooh! Ow!" These were the sounds of pain and I also heard smacking sounds, very hard and steady.

I didn't know what to do. I hurried into my robe and knocked on her door. The sounds and cries stopped instantly and when she asked who was there, I asked her if anything was wrong. She said that there wasn't and for me to go back to bed. I did so, deeply puzzled, and there was no more noise the rest of the night. The next day, the landlady avoided me even more than usual.

Well, to make a long story short, the same thing happ-

ened a week later. This time, I was really worried because the smacks and the cries were louder than ever. I was sure that someone was beating up that poor woman for sure this time. I took a chair, placed it before her door, stood on it and looked through the partially opened transom...and saw the strangest sight I ever hope to see.

She was standing before a full length mirror dressed only in black panties and bra. I was startled to see what a marvelous figure she had. But what startled me even more was what she was doing. She was looking over her shoulder at her reflection with her back to the mirror and she was hitting her rear end with a paddle. And all the while, she was crying out in pain.

I stared in facination, unable to move. After my first shock, I had a strange sense of recollection - of myself being spanked and disciplined whenever my aunt who brought me up felt that I lacked the courage to accomplish anything. It had been ten years since my last spanking, but with the sight of this young woman spanking herself, it all came back to me with a rush that made my head spin.

She stopped the hard paddling, and then rubbed the bruised area with some sort of lotion. Her bottom was tingling red when she lifted the sik of the step-ins to examine it and apply the lotion and it stayed red even after her manipulation. In another moment, she got into bed and turned off the light and I went to by own room. I was unable to sleep all night, thinking over what I had seen.

The thing that struck me was that now I remembered that I had had a good deal more initiative when my aunt disciplined me. My reddened and hurt bottom would make me do anything to keep from having a repetition of the spanking. Thus I realized in order to give me the drive I lacked I still needed to be spanked, though gown up I was. And, lacking someone to spank me, my only recourse would be to spank myself like my landlady did.

It took a good deal of courage to attempt it, but the next night I tried. I waited till all was dark and still and then, in my pyjamas, stood before my mirror and hit myself with my bare hand. I didn't have a paddle. The first blow made no impression, so I hit myself harder and harder until I really felt pain. Then I fell to work with a will because I felt the courage and drive well up within me the harder I hit. And when I was through, I slept like a babe.

You can believe this or not, but my work as a salesman has improved a great deal since I've been spanking myself. And each time I feel myself lagging, I chastise myself. Sort of self-discipline, I guess you'd call it.

I'm very grateful to my landlady for showing me the way and wish with all my heart that there were some way to express my gratitude to her. But I'm still too shy to approach her. Mabe if she's a reader of this magazine, she

will recognize me and talk to me about these matters herself. What do you think?

Sincerely,
P.B.

(We don't know your charming and deft landlady, of course, but we do hope she's a reader. However, she may decide to discipline you for daring to play Peeping Tom on her solitary method of punishment. If she reads this, we hope she writes us and tells how she came to this method.)

* * * * *

Dear Editor:

I am a twenty year-old blonde pin-up model working in Hollywood and when I heard about your new magazine, I thought it would be just the place to tell about what happened to me recently.

I received a call with my room-mate who is also a model to attend a sitting for a photographer on Sunset Strip. We were told to bring briefs. I had to wear black and Connie, my room-mate had to wear white. The photographer told us that he had to illustrate a detective story in which a girl bound and whipped her best friend for taking away her boy friend. Connie and I looked at each other at this, because, by strange coincidence, I had just lost my boy friend and I suspected Connie of having taken him away from me.

I had never said a word about this but was waiting for the chance to get even. Well, my chance came that day because I was the one chosen to play the avenger and Connie my victim. She had to pose tied arms and legs akimbo across a table on her stomach. The photographer believed in realism and he tied the knots so tightly that Connie winced in pain. In a few moments, there she was lying across the table, her feet spread apart and tied to the bottom of two legs and her hands tied to the opposite corners. Her backside, which is large and round, was raised high because of this position.

The photographer told me that I was to take a strap and whip the girl on her derriere. I was not to pose, he told me, but to go right through with the action so that none of the shots would look posed. He had a fast lens and he wanted realism. He also told Connie to scream and twist and try to get out of her bounds while I was beating her.

When Connie saw what was going to happen to her, she protested that she didn't want to go through with it, but I grabbed the whip and lashed into her. The camera clicked with each blow. I hit her hard, very hard, across that pertinent rear of hers and watched it turn red. Connie heaved and twisted and tried everything to escape the lash,

but she was bound too well. She hollered for a while but when she saw it did no good, she bit her lip to withstand the pain.

And I was enjoying myself thoroughly. That little witch wasn't going to get away with anything without being rightfully punished for it. I gave her everything I had, making it even more realistic than the script called for. My arm gathered strength with each fresh blow, too, as I watched her backside dance up and down and sideways.

The whip was flat and didn't leave any welts but it sure changed the color of her skin! It turned red, then purple, then black and blue, and still I kept on. I was dizzy with power, having this girl at my mercy, and I'd still be at it if the photographer hadn't grabbed my arm and told me that he was through shooting.

I looked down at Connie. She was lying flat and listless, her eyes closed, her mouth gaping, sweat running down her back and thighs. Even when the photographer untied her, she was too far gone to move right away. He told me that I was sure realistic but that maybe I had gone too far. I didn't think I had, do you? She deserved everything I gave her and more.

He paid us a good fee and gave Connie extra so she wouldn't squawk. And with that girl, money is everything.. ..that, and taking someone else's boy friend away from her. So she kept quiet. She also knew that if she did raise a beef, I'd find a way to give her more of the same. From that day on, Connie never even dared glance at any man I knew. We still live together and all I have to do is glance at her backside to remind her of what I'll do to it if she gets out of hand.

Sincerely,
Miss J. J.

(Hurray for you! You found the sure way of handling your girl friend, all right. But don't you think your ex-boy friend deserves the same treatment for daring to walk out on a character-filled gal like you? Discipline is good for both sexes when they need and deserve it. But we caution you; you may get a modeling assignment someday where you are the one to be tied down and Connie administers the thrashing! Talk about turning the tables!)

* * * * *

Dear Editor:

After looking over the contents of your magazine. I'd like to ask just one question. Are there really people who go in for discipline such as outlined in your stories and articles? I know that there are many offbeat things in the

world, but this is hard to take.

I was spanked as a child, but it didn't do me any good at all. I just hated it and decided that I would never spank any one myself. I considered my parents a couple of sadistic people who actually enjoyed punishing us kids. They'd thrash us whether we deserved it or not. So it's hard to conceive that some people feel they either need to be spanked or must spank others.

But, I'm willing to learn. So I'd like to hear from some of your readers as to the whys and wherefors.

Sincerely,
(Mrs.) S.B.

(So would we. But, Mrs. S.B., aren't there some things you do which don't appeal to others but you feel the need for them? To not believe in a thing does not mean that it doesn't exist or that others don't believe in it. To each his own, we say, and, live and let live. That's the code for the sophisticated person of today. And thanks for your response; we'd like to hear other contrary views on this interesting subject.)

* * * * *

Dear Editor:

I am a member of a Discipline Club which meets once a week in various members's homes. We're all married couples and have been friends for a long time. We have felt that we needed something to break the monotony of every-day living and didn't want to take up the usual club routine like bridge and stuff like that. It was my husband who made the suggestion that we form this sort of club.

You see, he and I had been practicing discipline at home in private for a long time. I was the one who initiated it when I forced him to wait on me every other day. In other words, one day I was his slave, and the next he was mine.

This had such a good effect on our relationship that my husband offered the idea as a club project. He outlined the whole business to the others and they listened with interest. None of them had ever tried it before, but as they all had the, "Well, We'll try anything once" attitude, we formed the club.

The idea is that each time we meet, one of the sexes waits on the other hand and foot...and if we don't move fast enough to please, we are given kicks and sharp slaps to make us toe the line. More than that, the men, when it's their turn to wait on us, must dress in maid's outfits complete with high heels, aprons, caps and the works. They

got used to the high heels after a while and got around on them as well as the girls.

We also use each other as chairs, tables and ashtrays and the ones who are slaves must not say a word except "Yes, Master," or "Yes, Mistress." When we are the mistresses, we deign to allow the "maids" to dance with us, except that we girls do the leading and they do the following. Of course, we are to serve anyone except our own mates.

Since this Discipline Club started, we have discovered that all of the couples are more alive and show more interest in things. And each couple maintains its own Discipline Night at home where they wait on each other in every way, just as my husband and I do. We give reports on these Nights at our regular meetings and thus find new ways of doing things.

Are there any other such clubs in existence, I wonder, or are we the only ones to start such an activity? I can recommend it for any one interested in family discipline. At our next meeting, we are going to discuss Bondage and we may try that.

Sincerely,
(Mrs.) W.S.

(You certainly have an imaginative and cooperative group of friends! Of course, there are other Discipline Clubs and we will be hearing reports from them. But don't forget to let us know if you do go into Bondage.)

* * * * *

Dear Editor:

Self-discipline in all things is something preached by all the philosophers. But sometimes, one finds it difficult to maintain integrity in such matters. For instance, I am a person who can withstand anything except temptation. The moment I collect my paycheck, I cash it and blow it on the town. Now this is a very bad thing to do and shows total lack of any sort of control, although in most other matters, I am quite normal. I have a good job and have fine relationships with everyone I know.

I realize that, just like a child, I needed a good thrashing where it would do me the most good. I appealed to my wife to help me but she refused as she thought I was being ridiculous, even though she mourned my wasteful habits.

However, when I knew I had gone too far, I decided to do something about it to punish myself so that I would teach myself a lesson. Spankings are a form of rendering a person

helpless, I reasoned, so there must be other ways of achieving the same effect. I remembered reading about Bondage, where a person allows himself to be so tied up that he is totally helpless and confined. I therefore bought the necessary implements; belts, straps, rubber head gear, stout cord, etc. Then I ordered my wife to tie me up so that I couldn't move and to leave me that way for at least four hours.

She refused this, too, but after a few slaps across her rump with one of the broader straps, she decided to humor me. I rather fancy that she saw this as a chance to get good and even with me because she tied me better than I expected. First she put the hood over my head and face. It was the type that is skin-tight and without any slits out of which to see and breathe. Then, after binding my wrists together and my ankles, she pushed me to the floor so that I was on my stomach. Now she drew my ankles back up as far as she could and tied them to my wrists. I couldn't move a muscle. The pain was excruciating as my muscles were unaccustomed to this sort of thing.

I regretted instantly having gotten myself into this most vulnerable and painful position and begged her to release me. But all that came out of my mouth through that confining rubber was the sound of muffled groans. Meanwhile, my wife tied the bounds so tightly that they dug deeply into my skin. I was truly fettered and helpless now. Every muscle, every nerve of my body was strained to the breaking point. All of me felt like a taut violin string and ready to snap at any moment. It made it all the more devastating with the darkness that engulfed me, you may be sure.

Bound as I now was, my wife rolled me over on my side.. ..and then I felt something heavy on my person. It was she, and she was sitting on me, pressing all of her weight down upon me...and my mate is not a lightweight, unfortunately! I knew then that she was using her body much in the same way one uses it when pressing down on a suitcase to get it closed. She was pressing me together, so to speak, so that she could get the knots still tighter together.

When she was finished, she rose with a final hard slap on my backside as if to signal that a good job was well done. And now I was alone. I could see and hear nothing, and I couldn't move! The pain grew worse with each passing moment and I felt an involuntary shiver when I realized that I had four hours to go in this position before I was released from my bondage!

I could think of nothing else but the pain and helplessness which was mine to bear for four hours. It grew worse, as you can well imagine if you picture yourself in my place. With each moment, I felt that I could endure no more. But, oddly enough, I survived it all. Finally, when the pain had become so acute that there was no longer any

sense of pain and no sensation whatsoever, the four hours were up and my good wife set me free. Slowly, painfully, my muscles fell back into place, only to arouse still further anguish. When she removed the headpiece, I could breathe again, but I could also see my wife's satisfied smirk.

Unable to say a word, all I could do was crawl into a hot tub to seek relief. And as the heat engulfed my weary body, I saw that I no longer had any interest in spending my money like a drunken sailor. I had been severely punished and would never do it again. I was also sure that now my wife would be only too eager to cooperate in administering the same sort of bondage discipline on me if my ambitions should wander off helter-skelter.

Truly yours,
T. O.

(Your experience of self-discipline was very interesting to find out about. Sometimes it takes a lesson such as the one you described to get our minds off matters that tend to be destructive. Thank you for your letter and please keep writing us should you find it necessary to repeat the experience.)

* * * * *

Dear Editor:

A strange experience happened to me when I was a girl of about sixteen. I was always very willful and precocious and wanted my own way in everything. My parents were both very gentle people and were at a loss as to how to handle me. I had my own way in everything, so you can imagine how unruly I was.

Well, when the thing that I'm about to tell you happened, I decided to go on a date with a fellow from my high school class. Tom was a very rough customer and had gotten into trouble on various occasions. When my parents discovered that I was going to go to the movies with him one afternoon, they raised the roof for the first time in my life. They simply refused to let me go out and my mom locked me in my room.

Do you think this stopped me? Not on your life. I simply crawled out the window and down the drainpipe and away. I didn't want to go on the main road because I would be seen, so I took a shortcut through the woods. It hadn't rained in a long time and everything was very dry, including the long, thin, hard branches that crossed the path. I ran fast, trying to keep my date in time, and decided that nothing was going to keep me from it.

Suddenly, I felt something sharp hit me, slapping very

hard at my backside. It was a branch I had run past, snapping back at me as my body released it. It stung, burning me right to my toes. But I kept right on going. Another branch hit me the same way and another and another. The faster I ran, too, the harder they hit and stung until my derriere was tingling with pain!

But I didn't want to stop. Instead, I went all the faster. And the strange thrashing imposed by Nature herself kept up with each step I took. The pain really was too much! I started crying out in pain as I ran, yelping with each step, with each vicious stroke of the dry birch.

It was as if I was being punished for what I was doing, as if the trees had taken over the punishment I richly deserved from my parents. Finally, I couldn't go on any longer. My skirt was ripped to shreds and even my panties were cut. And as for the skin on my derriere, when I leaned over and back to look at it closely, it was lacerated, criss-crossed by the welts left by the vicious birching I had undergone.

Well, I couldn't keep my date looking and feeling as I did, so I went back home. This time I walked very carefully because I had all the beating I could take for one day. I sneaked back into the house and changed my clothing so that my parents wouldn't discover what I had undergone on my weird flight through the woods...an experience I shall never forget because it taught me that a spanking, when needed, is the only way to administer punishment.

You can be sure that my own children, twins of fifteen, a boy and a girl, feel the sting of the rod on their backsides, and I even let my husband have it when I think he requires it. And they all thank me for it, too.

Me? Well, I still live near the woods and every time I think I deserve a spanking, I run through the woods and let nature take its course.

Sincerely,
Mrs. W.H.

(Truth is stranger than fiction, and your letter tops anything we've heard about. Any more unusual experiences like this from our readers? If we get enough, we'll publish them all in one book, illustrated, naturally.)

* * * * *

Dear Editor:

I appreciate your showing me the outline for the first issue of Dominate. However, I am not interested in the magazine so have no comment to make on it other than that.

Sincerely
K.C.

(Thank you for that observation. We appreciate it. Dominate is for those who find the subject matter interesting, and we certainly do not want it to be an intrusion on those who don't. More important, it is a publication only for adults. Minors may not purchase it or subscribe to it, nor should they be permitted to view it.)

* * * * *

Dear Editor:

I am an amateur artist interested in the subjects of discipline and bondage. Does Dominate publish drawings by its readers, even though they may be amateur?

Sincerely,
W. H.

(Of course. Not only drawings, but photographs, too. Amateur work, so-called, often reveals the true spirit of the subject more so than the professional work, although we must admit with all modesty that our art is all professional and highly so, done by the finest artists and photographers in the field, people who really know their subject. However, we are very happy to publish drawings, photos, articles and stories submitted by our readers as amateur work.)

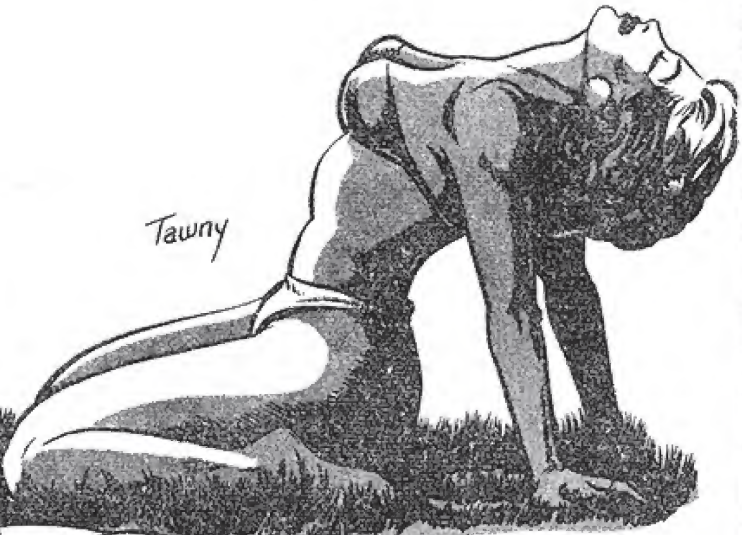




Bionda



Tyra



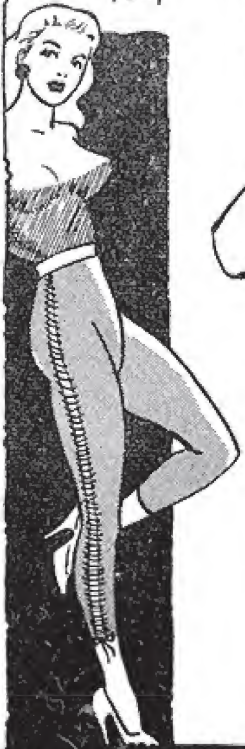
Tawny



Exorica



Polka



Sally



Carmina

Dear Reader -
Here is a page from my studio sketchbook - featuring my favorite models. They'd like to know what you think of them. So would I.
Rex

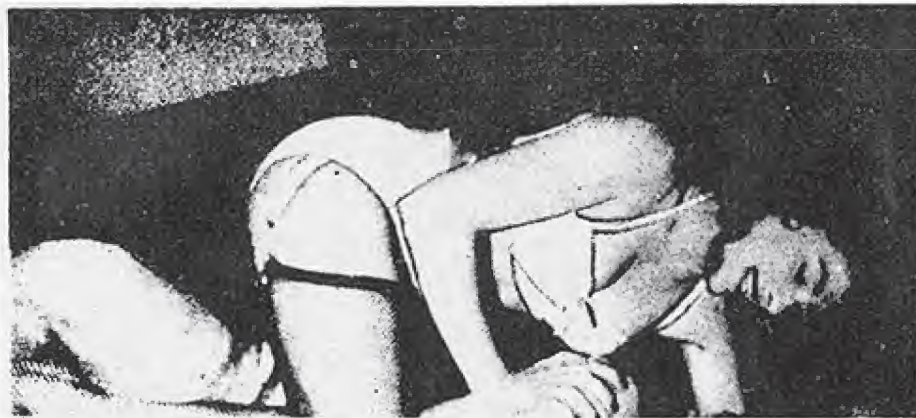


ANYONE FOR WRESTLING???

Mere male mortals quake in their boots at the strength of women in wrath! And who could blame them when you see formidable females such as these match wrestling skill and strength with one another? But enough of such wool gathering? Let us feast our eyes upon Blondie and Blackie as the battle rages back and forth. It is such stuff as dreams are made upon...







(48)

BOOK REVIEWS...

Several scintillating titles have reached the desk of your editor, titles that fit in with the particular appeal pertaining to readers of DOMINATE. They are obtainable via Bizarre Book Co., at 6715 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood 28, California. We highly recommend that you add them to your library of the unusual...

* * *

MIDNIGHT MASQUERADE

\$2.00



Head off this list with...
"MIDNIGHT MASQUERADE"

Here is a richly illustrated and lively tale of a high-heeled lady bandit who invaded the apartment of a young bachelor girl... with thieving intentions. The masked beauty, however, is met by dominating opposition in a female free-for-all which takes many kinds of turns and twists, every one eye appealing and unusual.

This jewel of an item is illustrated with lavish wash drawings and the artist shows a remarkable flair for anatomy, action and detail. Reproduction quality here is of the best. The story moves swiftly and excitedly to its turnabout climax. The price, through Bizarre Book Co., is \$2.00

"SORORITY GIRLS"



"SORORITY GIRLS" at \$3.00 is a real bargain. This is completely illustrated with balloon wording to narrate the lively action. It is the story of exciting bizarre sorority initiations, and it shows the complete domination of girls in college life. These frantic females go to fantastic lengths to prove their superiority to each other, using new tricks, one after another, plus every possible weapon of discipline.

The girls are young, beautiful and determined. And there is action galore on every page, making this a real worthwhile addition to every devotee's library of the very unusual. This you must see in order to appreciate!



"TERROR AT THE BIZARRE ART MUSEUM" (\$5.00) Beautiful living girls are covered with plastic and subjected to horrible torture to satisfy the needs of the museum for realistic displays. There has never been anything quite like this story in the annals of publishing. 22 drawings by Stanton illustrate every bizarre sequence as the tale of sadistic terror unfolds before your amazed eyes. Add this to your collection without delay...

* * *

"SORORITY GIRLS STRINGENT INITIATION" (\$5.00) For those who collect this unique type of literature, there is nothing more satisfying than this female initiation material written as a novel with accompanying illustrations. Bettina, punishment officer of a college sorority, revels nightly in spanking and paddling her girl classmates. She leaves out nothing and neither do the author and illustrator in this highly provoking saga of the bizarre.

As in the others of this line offered through Bizarre Books, the drawings are of the best, with every detail richly brought out. They are more than worthy of the descriptive passages which make this one of the finest of its particular line. For the special collector...

"IZTAC-THE REBELLIOUS QUEEN"

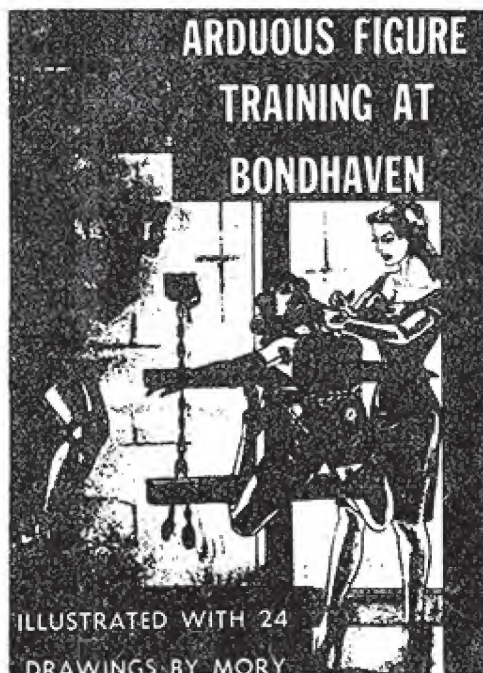


dominant queen, Iztac, the beautiful but ruthless avenger. This book comes high on the list of dominant and bondage literature. The drawings are by one of the most famous of the artists in the field. He is a true expert at delineating the various ruthless methods employed by the girls as they fight savagely to conquer one another. Another must for your library at \$3.00.

"ISTAC, THE REBELLIOUS QUEEN"

This is certainly one of the truly unique titles in this unusual group. Beautiful drawings completely illustrate each page. Balloon narration tells the vivid story. This is one of the masterpieces of this type of story.

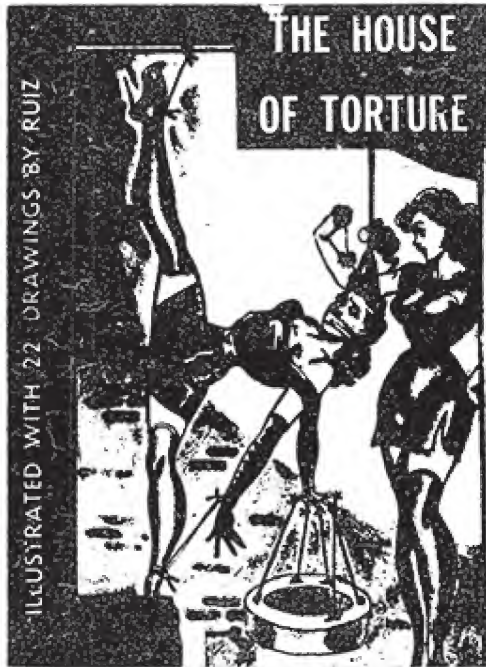
It is another great action-packed tale of dominant women... but this time the setting is the 16th Century under female Spanish Conquerors. It's tyrant versus vanquished and back again, with the rebel girls led by their



"ARDUOUS FIGURE TRAINING AT BONDHAVEN" (\$5.00)

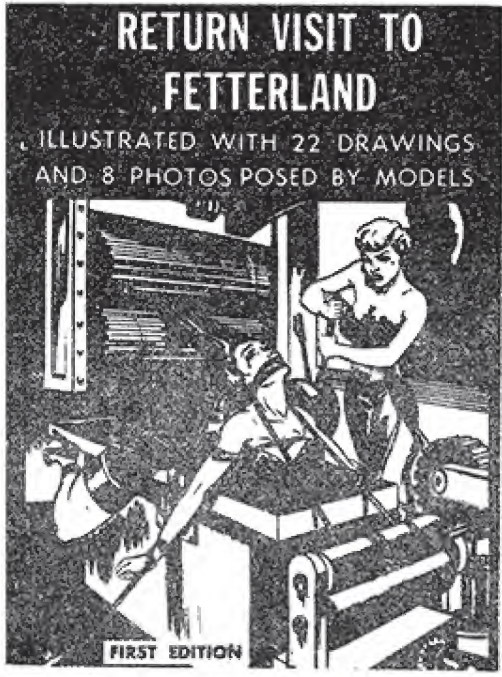
Beautiful women seeking to improve their figures get more than they expected in the strange methods at Bondhaven. All sorts of bondage, including extremely tight restraint methods and devices are used by determined attendants. This is a really different novel, fully told in masterful style and expertly illustrated in every detail. No devotee of bondage and discipline can afford to be without this one.

* * *



"THE HOUSE OF TORTURE" (\$5.00)
 Another good novel, fully illustrated. A stern, dominating and sadistic woman of statuesque proportions operates a place that explains the title. Every kind of torture device is used by the cruel female as she subdues all females who come within her reach. The details are unbelievable but richly revealing. Every page is well written and the illustrations are livid and vivid. Don't be left out on this one. The last edition was sold out hot off the presses!

* * *



"VACATION IN FETTERLAND" (\$5.00)
 Here is the classic tale of bondage, the definitive novel of subservience and restraint. Written by a professional author who is also a bondage devotee, it is very well told in every detail. For lovers of Bondage, High Heels and Boots. The drawings are especially exciting...

* * *

"RETURN VISIT TO FETTERLAND" (\$5.00)
 The thrilling sequel to "Vacation In Fetterland," this was written to satisfy the great demand for more adventures of the unusual girls with the unusual tastes who visit Fetterland. Each of three bondage devotee sisters is put through various ordeals...

Although Bizarre is rightfully proud of its line, it is also true that there are other books put out by other publishers that are worth your while. For instance, there are paperbacks available at your newsstand, bookstore, or via the publishers that contain offbeat writing appealing to the more selective and discriminating reader. Among these are:



"WHIP OF PASSION" Newsstand Library. From the publisher's blurb: "Odette belonged to the twilight sorority - the sisterhood of breeding that spawned dusky skins, flashing eyes, speech like soothing syrup and luscious mountains of breast and buttock... When the white man she married was sent to jail, she could have taken ...any number of virile and tawny bucks. Instead, she chose to whip the passions of the plantation owner..."

* * *



* * *

"OF G-STRINGS AND STRIPPERS" by Mark Tryon (Beacon) The old pro of Vixen Books makes an appearance in soft covers and weaves an enchanting yarn of the world behind and beyond the burlesque footlights. Meet Margot, raven-haired stripper par excellence, who tantalized with statuesque beauty and deliberately wicked flesh, and Lulu, who seemed the very essence of innocence. That's how they looked before their gap-

ing, sweating public. But what were they like offstage? When the show was over, why did they indulge creatures like fat Schnitzler, who could only peek and fondle? Why did they welcome such lovers as cruel little Jack? What went on at those "special" parties where the girls whipped their jaded senses into a frenzy? And what did Margot crave above all else? Mark Tryon tells it all in a breathless and fast-paced story...



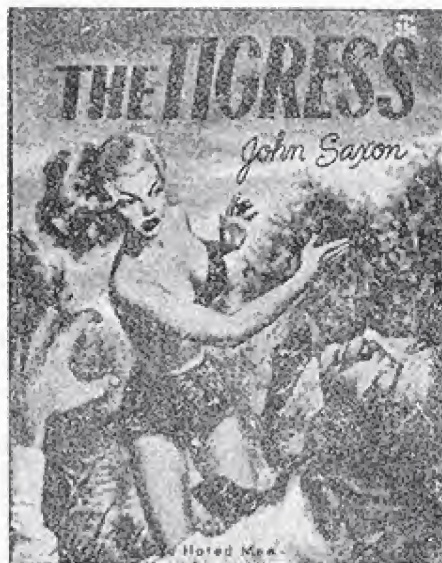
* * *

"THE DEVIL'S LASH" (Newsstand Library -) A tale of savage cruelty as Paul Mantell, solid citizen, husband and father, finds himself suspected of murder, a patsy for a vice syndicate. And the beautiful girl with the whip ...was it to be used for passion or punishment..."When she picked up the whip and came toward him, he stepped back involuntarily, the handcuffs chaffing at his wrists. "Don't be afraid," she said softly, coming closer..."



"BURLESQUE JUNGLE" Kozy
Another rippingly good tale of the strange world of burlesque. This is the story of a beautiful bombshell called "The Silver Venus," who is in a burlesque troupe in glamorous Miami Beach...The story of a girl who was a cake of blonde ice, and who needed special measures to be activated... Kozy Books usually comes up with good items and this is one of the best. It's fast-paced and filled with lots of inside stuff on the world of strippers, both jaded and otherwise.

* * *



"THE TIGRESS" Novels, Inc.
She hated men - but knew how to love them. This is the story of Belle, whose life centered around her little whip and she used it most effectively to subdue her lovers and to protect herself against those that repelled her. John Saxon tells a whipping good story with this one and creates a really bizarre female in Belle who was worshipped so much by one of her lovers that he knelt at her feet to kiss the abdominal scar that ended her successful days in the "show."

* * *

Remember that we do our best to keep up with the literature that pleases our readers. We ask other publishers for review copies of their books and magazines so that we may acquaint our readers with them...and ask readers, too, to keep us informed as to books they have read.

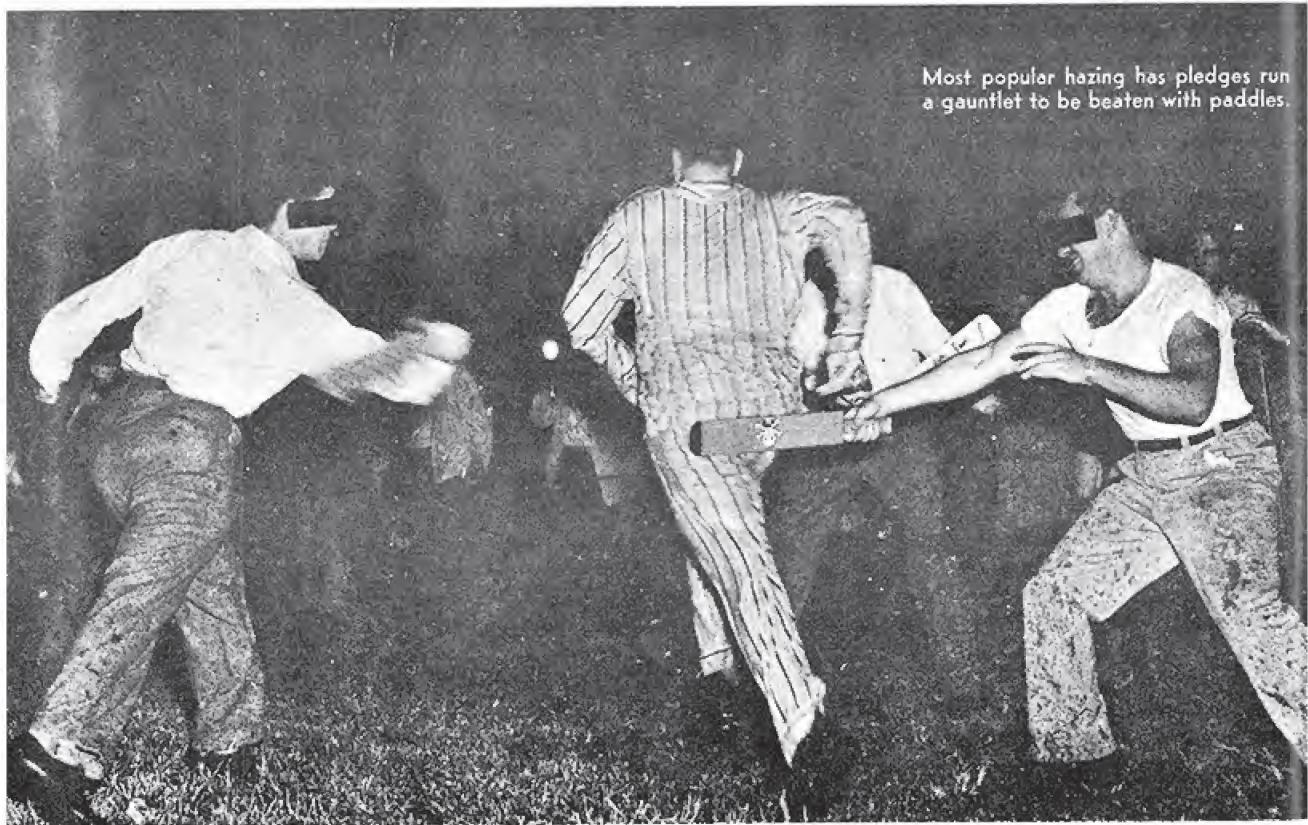




Lloyd Allen, above and six others had their faces badly burned with chemicals in a frat initiation.

College Frats: SCHOOL FOR SADISM

By SIDNEY HAUGHT



Most popular hazing has pledges run a gauntlet to be beaten with paddles.

"Magazine Quotes"



College frats, according to the April issue of "On the Q.T.," are schools for sadism. In a fully illustrated article, writer Sidney Haught makes a strong study stemming from the death of Richard Swanson, the boy who choked to death on raw liver during a University of Southern California fraternity initiation.

Swanson's death, of course, was a terrible tragedy, and not the usual result of hazing, thank goodness. The most popular form of hazing has the pledges running the gauntlet to be beaten with paddles.

Some pledges resist the brutal rites, as did one at a Chi Psi initiation, described by a photographer as a "beating and a hazing." Others get dipped into ice-cold water, and then are forced to run the gauntlet.

In one such initiation, Lloyed Allen and six others had their faces badly burned with chemicals in an orgy of violence. 16-year old Charles Iverson's bottom was paddled to ribbons and paint was smeared in his hair. David Campbell was beaten and tarred and forced to hang on to the door handle of a speeding car.

The list goes on and on, with new names and facts added each day. Silver nitrate was applied to the faces of the pledges in Little Rock, Ark., and seven boys went to the hospital with horrible deep burns.

"Hell Week" is the name given by colleges for the time when pledges are subjected to these sadistic indignities. As a result of the tragedies, it has been outlawed in some colleges, but, according to "Q.T.", "for the most part fraternities keep alive their hazing tradition which began a long, long time ago. Most of their ordeals are relatively safe, if not painless, involving as they do the swift application of paddles across the rear. But some frats, dissatisfied with treatment as tame as this, mete out initiations that enter the danger zone..."

WHAT'S COMING...

In the next issue of DOMINATE, Madame Diablo continues her sadistic rituals of violence...but there is opposition coming to confront the grim mistress of bondage - as "Inferno Bound" roars on to a smashing climax of revenge led by her slavegirls.

You cannot afford to miss one breathtaking installment of this titillating case history of bondage fantasy...

§ Another study is classic bondage is waiting for you in the next issue to more than match this issue with its "De Sade."

§ Our curvaceous models pose together again to bring you a tale of queen and slave...and revolt...

§ Bondage Correspondence is coming in by the sackful and we are editing the material to bring you another ample supply of pages of them.

§ More short stories, more articles, more photographs, art work by Rex...everything to your taste. Remember that you can subscribe to DOMINATE. Selling at \$2.00 per issue, you can subscribe for six months at \$11.00, and one year at \$20.00. Subscribe today so that you will be sure not to miss one thrilling issue of the most exciting magazine of its kind on the market...and be sure to write in to us; let us know what you think of DOMINATE, tell us your thoughts and experiences.

§ DOMINATE is your magazine...

Special To Particular Collectors!

Pre-viewers of Dominate were fascinated by the original drawings made by Rex, king of bizarre artists, to illustrate the issue. Some asked if they could be bought. The answer is Yes. Remember, these are not reproductions, but twice-the-size original illustrations in black and white and tone. Mounted and framed, they can be hung on any wall as rare works of art. They are the originals of the illustrations you see in this issue...and, of course, there is only one of each. So it's on a first-come, first-served basis, so hurry if you want one. They'll be inscribed to you in your name by Rex himself, if you want...or to the man or girl in your life who has everything. But hurry...

COVER ILLUSTRATION (Madame Diablo):\$100.00
BATTLE DRAWING (Page 3).....\$ 50.00
WHIPPING SCENE (Page 11).....\$ 60.00
KNEELING TO THE WHIP (Page 23).....\$ 50.00
DE SADE (Page 28).....\$ 50.00
REX SKETCHBOOK PAGE (Page 45).....\$100.00
SMALL SPOT DRAWINGS.....\$10.00 each....

Make check or money order payable to Rex, and name the drawing you want. If your order is the first, you get your drawing; if you're too late, we return your check or money order. It's a good idea to name your second and third choice, too.

The Editor