

## *Party-Lines Newsletter for June, 2002*

### **About the Publishers**

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### **What is a Master slave ceremony?**

May 26, 2002 was a warm, sunny and very busy day. On this day I was given a life collar and was allowed to give my body and soul over to my Master. We picked up our first guest at the train station...3:20 p.m. then raced to the store for the balloons and flowers. Our colors were purple and ivory so we had roses with irises, 24 purple & white helium filled balloons, vanilla candles (to add a bit of humor as well as color), purple and cream tulle, and finally, matching plates with napkins. Because I have a love for having my picture taken during scenes, we also printed out 12 of our favorites to hang on the walls.

We picked up the cake I had specially made containing cherries jubilee ice cream, chocolate cake and a frosting of vanilla ice cream. On the top, I had them reproduce the

photo we used for the invitation cover and then border it with purple icing. We drove home, loaded our stuff into the car and raced to the banquet room we had rented for the occasion. In the front of the room we set up a long row of tables covered with ivory tablecloths. We girls set up an altar of flowers, candles, related readings, and lace in the center of the tables. On both sides of the altar we arranged the food, beverages and supplies. My favorite reading, which I had printed in calligraphy on fine cotton stock, was standing in front of the flowers. It read, "Do not be afraid that your life shall end, rather that it shall never begin." (Unfortunately I gave it to one of our guests so I can't credit the author, though it was very appropriate for our ceremony). Several guests arrived early and I gratefully set them to work decorating. We hung the tulle across the ceiling and around the photos. The photos were arranged on the wall behind the tables centered around a beautiful picture of Master and myself. The balloons were placed at the center and corners of the tulle with their lovely purple ribbons curled and hanging down from the ceiling. I set up more candles by the guest book in the entry, but as there was no one keeping an eye on them, we moved them to the back of the room where Master had set up a small table covered by a purple table cloth. This table is where Master placed the purple whip and the collar with four matching cuffs that he had made for me. As guests arrived we had Enya's Memory of Trees playing. There are several songs on it that make me think about taking risks and starting new beginnings. Again, very appropriate for our ceremony. Finally at 5:30 pm I went to change into the slave outfit I had made for the occasion.

I had made the skirt a wrap around out of beige/ cream lace and purple ribbon to tie it with. The top was a matching vest that had a little stretch to it and laced up the front with a purple ribbon just like a corset. Over that I wore the deep purple hooded cape I had made with a very flowy, heavy and silky fabric that I then also lined. I wore it open so that my shoulders and back were covered but Master could still see my breasts and thigh highs I was wearing. The only other items I wore were a pair of gold earrings and matching high-heeled gold sandals. My long red hair was partly pulled back with a barrette and the rest of it cascaded down my back in soft, shiny waves. My lips, nails and toenails were all painted a deep red that Master enjoys. Once I was dressed, I waited in the hallway for Master to call me. He wore a black suit with

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matching purple bow tie and cumber bun. He looked very handsome and proud.

Upon his signal, I walked over to one side of the table he had prepared, then stopped and stood facing him. I waited for his permission to begin and when he gave it I started by explaining what I see a slave relationship as being. I began; "In the process of trying to explain to my vanilla friends what this relationship is about I've done a lot of thinking. I was trying to explain to my friends why the independent woman they knew and never thought to be settled, let alone seriously involved with a Man, would want to be a slave. I have come up with three words that are the core from which all other pieces evolve. For me, it is the acronym TLC: Trust, Letting go, and Connection. They can be expanded to many other words, but they all come back to those three."

My Master explained what a Master slave relationship is about for him.

"A Master slave relationship lasts forever. In my slaves I expect to find the traits held in three acronyms that some of you are familiar with. These acronyms HOPE FAITH & CHARITY represent what she is to bring to the relationship. HOPE stands for:

Humility to be able to grow from your shortcomings

Obedience means to obey your Master.

Perceptiveness to understand what is expected.

And finally, Enjoyment, to enjoy one's self

FAITH stands for:

Feminine, I think you will agree she is feminine.

Articulate is to be intelligent and able to make herself understood

Imaginative: I think in looking around this room you will agree that she is imaginative

Tractable. It means ductile; malleable. As gold is pulled, formed, or changed in shape, the new shape increases in value.

Hospitable. She will make sure that my friends are comfortable and feel welcome in my home.

CHARITY stands for:

Charismatic. To be friendly and outgoing

Honest. To tell the truth. If you are afraid of what she will respond, do not ask the question.

Adventurous. To be courageous

Responsible? Yes.

Independent If I am not present, she must be independent enough to act, interact and protect herself on her own.

Tantalizing? Obviously

Yourself. After all, it is she as herself that has value to me

Then I asked him, "Are you still willing to be my Master and have me as your slave?"

"Yes," he replied, "and are you willing to be my slave now and forever?"

"Yes Master" I emphatically responded thru my tears.

I walked over to where he stood and knelt at his feet. He took first the wrist cuffs off the table, put them around each wrist then proceeded to lock them with the locks I opened and gave to him. Next he reached for the collar. I remember taking a deep breath, and lowering my head while moving my hair to the side so as to show him that I was prepared for him.

I unlocked the third lock and handed it to him once the collar was around my neck. I was looking down at my cuffs and noticing how pretty they were with their shiny steel band and brass clasp and locked with the little brass locks that were almost shaped like hearts. He had made them just for me to wear and I felt proud of what it meant. He reached down and hugged me to him for a moment then asked me what presents I had for him. When I had first entered I had placed on the small table next to the cuffs, a small white box tie with curled shiny ribbon, a piece of paper rolled into a scroll and tied with purple ribbon, and finally a purple ribbon containing the brass locks and their key. I now turned to the table and reached for the box. I held it out to him, trying to hold back my tears so I could say, "Master, you have given me the gift of this collar and the opportunity to be your slave and so, I have brought you several gifts, of which this first one represents the gift of my heart." He took the box and after several moments and a few jokes from our friends, he was able to remove the ribbon. What he saw as he opened the box was a large purple, white and clear heart made of glass, carved to look as if it was from quartz. He placed it in his pocket and I took from the table the scroll. "Master, this is to represent my courage and loyalty to you." He unrolled it, read it and then explained to our guests "it's a driving permit". To which they responded with loud cheering and clapping, as they knew that he had given me the assignment to study for it even though I am quite scared of cars around me.

"This weekend we had my nipples pierced and I give these piercings to you as proof of my desire to be your slave and my trust in you." I said while holding my hands gently cupping my tender breasts.

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At this point I was so emotional that I forgot the last one, so he reminded me "and the key!".

"Oh yah" I said in my goofy usual style. I took the key off the table and handed it to him saying, "Thank you for allowing me the opportunity to be your slave."

At that point he nodded and helped me stand. The guests were oohing and ahhhhing at both of our smiles. He turned to me and said, "As is my right to name you, I take away your name of Ssarrah..."

I tried to remain calm, knowing that thought I loved the name of Ssarrah that he had given me; I would accept whatever this new name was.

He continued, "...and I rename you. Your new name shall be, Ssarrah."

As I breathed a sigh of relief he explained to our guests "That was very scary for her. I told her I was taking away her name, which is important to her. By allowing her to keep this name, I show her that she has value to me. That a Ssarrah she is valuable to me."

Then he turned me to the wall. "She shall have a flogging of 7 strokes one for each letter in her name." He stuck me hard and named each letter as he struck. Some were on my butt, some on my back and my thighs. I held my breath and concentrated on holding still as he wishes me to. I was afraid not knowing how hard my test would be, nor where they would land. The lashing felt good as well as firm in some spots, and very painful in others. When it was complete, he turned me around to hug him.

"Please excuse us for a few moments while I prepare my slave, then I hope you will join us in celebrating with a toast and cake." We stepped into the other room and worked quickly to get my black leather spanking skirt and leather corset laced up. I changed to my purple heels that matched the ribbon in the corset. When we were done, I asked if I might be allowed to wear my favorite bit gag. It was put into my mouth and I sighed happily. We re-entered the banquet room amid ooh's and ah'h's, and headed for the front of the room. I was instructed to bring the champagne and sparkling grape juice. As they were in two carriers, I took one in each hand. By the time I reached the door from the kitchen into the banquet room, I was feeling very much like a draft horse, so I stopped in the doorway, pawed the ground with my "hoof" and neighed loudly. This made everyone laugh happily. (They, after all, knew how much I enjoy pony play.)

I brought the bottles to Master and while he opened & poured them, I helped then went to fetch the cake. I put 7 sparklers at the top of the cake.... one for each letter in my name, and then carried it out to the table. When the cake was on the table we tried to light the sparklers, but they didn't want to light so I grabbed smaller sparklers and when we were able to light one of those, we used it to light the large ones. It was a beautiful sight with the picture and the sparklers and the cake, the roses and irises next to it and Master and I standing behind smiling and laughing in our matching black and purple outfits. The guests raised a toast to us and challenged me to drink from a glass with my bit in. (It was at precisely this moment that the smoke alarm went off in the Banquet Room from the smoke caused by the sparklers!) After airing out the room, I succeeded in drinking the proffered champagne on the first attempt, but by the second sip I was laughing so gaily I choked and spit it all out onto the floor.

We all visited and had a great time - including several people who played for a while. It was nice to see everyone dressed in his or her fetish best, laughing, (crying) and playing. I think everyone enjoyed himself or herself. One guest even commented after being set up by Master and myself with my friend, "Usually at weddings, favors are given out. Only at Master Robin's gatherings does that favor turn out to be a submissive!"



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**Phantasy - by M. Goode**

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Disclaimer: This story contains themes of consensual "Rape" play. I in no way condone non-consensual Rape.

I spread my legs and nervously look the other way. Out of the corner of my eye I can see you holding the razor carefully in your hand. I jump when you touch my lips pulling them out and running the razor over one side, then deeper in the very crevice I try to protect.

"I wouldn't jump if I were you"

In my head a mantra from childhood brings me comfort. One one thousand, two one thousand. You chuckle and I realize I said it out loud.

"Nervous?"

"No" My voice cracks "Are you done?"

"Yes, you may get up" You leave and return in the time it takes me to reach down checking for all my parts. I look up and see you standing in the doorway holding a beautiful white dress. It is long with body skimming cotton and thin ribbon straps.

"You have one half an hour" You hang the dress on the back of the door and leave closing the door behind you. The room is quiet. I reach into my bag and begin to smooth lotion over my legs and thighs. I wince when I reach my buttocks and turn in the mirror. Several shades of purple and small abrasions smile at me through the glass. I grin remembering the night before. I feel light inside and quickly step into the dress placing the straps on my shoulders. Leaning over the sink I apply all the colors that make be beautiful. The thought makes my eyes lower knowing you would be very displeased with that thought. I stand, open the door, and search the room for you. Finding you in a chair just beyond my sight I smile.

"Sir where are..." A finger pushes the words back inside and we leave. You lean into my ear and whisper.

"Not a word"

It takes a while to find the restaurant. Weaving in and out of cars and people my hand held tightly. Head confused I follow because I can't think of anything else to do. South of market is quiet this time of night and Aij is a very hip modern American Gourmet Japanese restaurant. I look at you with wide eyes curious. You greet the hostess and we are led into the booths to the right. I sit opposite of you and when the tall gay waiter comes you order. I never look up but I can hear the knowing behind his leather bracelet. A half an hour and a pair of panties later, our dinner is brought and the red curtain is closed. The booth feels claustrophobic and shut in. I start to reach for the fork and you stop me. "Hands in your lap and close you eyes" The first spoonful is flavored with the taste ginger. Every bit is stronger that the last as you feed me. Your foot pries my legs

apart and we can smell pussy mingled with the vegetables and spices.

"Touch yourself" I strain to hear your voice in the sounds of music and people. I know the expression on my face looks pained. I think of the waiter who must come any moment to check on us, but he never comes. I realize shyly that he must have been forewarned. I feel your toe enter me from beneath the table and my breath comes faster and with more strength. You stop, dragging the edges of my dress down as your foot glides back to the floor. I hear the dishes moved aside.

"Open your eyes and look at me" I look up through stinging lids. "Tell me, how do you feel?"

"Like a little girl"

"Are you my little girl tonight?"

"Yes" You pay the check and lead me wide eyed to the beach. "Are you the kind of little girl that can take directions?" I nod. "I don't want to have to tell you something more than once, I would be very unhappy." You sit me on a bench facing the pier. Sitting next to me you place my hand inside your coat. I look into your eyes and my edges start to quiver. I am so afraid of disappointment; I feel small. Your cock presses deeply into my hand. I watch the tourists walking by. Feeling your chest rise stronger with each stroke. "Stop" It takes me a moment to come from under the thick fog. I don't stop fast enough. You grab me roughly by the wrist, drag me into an ally next to red building, and slap my face hard enough my eyes tear up. "I told you to stop. If you listened I wouldn't have to do this" You stand me by the curb and shake your head at a passing cab.

"Where are we going?" My voice is high and scared. It is a voice I haven't heard in years. I step into the cab with shaking legs. The door to the hotel opens with a click. You drag me to the bed. Push me hard into the mattress. A hand covers my mouth. I forget where I am and start to struggle. Another grabs my thighs brutally. I try to cry out but it is muffled. The dress is ripped from me I hear the strap give way next to my ear. A knee presses my legs apart. One hand holds my wrists tightly and your weight is deafening. I feel you enter me. I struggle harder trying to move closer to the edge of the bed. You hear me cry "No!" I beg and plead coughing between each word. The cock tears through me. I hear you tell me how much I like it. I want to hate you, I want to curse you, and spit in your face. You cum. I feel your body shake inside me. My face between your forearms you look into my eyes.

"This is between us".

"Yes, Master"

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**Her Masters Mark**

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At this time they where both deep into the relationship, and their trust in each other was such that they did not need to exchange words on this matter.

She wished His Mark, and He wished to give it, a Mark that would for all time show that she was His, body and heart. For a long time the equipment had been ready, laying in wait for just this moment to appear. This special morning was mild, not too warm, in the summer months when the grass in their paddock was green and soft.

The area behind the house stretched far, and a small square had been fenced in. One day, perhaps, a horse would go there, and use the small stall that had been built on the far side. Early, when the air was still misty, she rose, smiling to her Master beside her, kissing Him, and walking to the bathroom near the back door. Here it took but minutes to get everything out and ready. She took a bath, enjoying the warm, flowing water. Drying was a swift process. From the hooks on the wall she now took down her attire, admiring and stroking each garment.

Around her upper body a harness went, tight, tight, with straps around her arms and her legs, holding it tightly in place, but leaving her buttocks, her pussy and her breasts fully exposed. Between her legs other straps ran, holding deep in place the dildo she let slide into her ass, the dildo with the full horses tail attached. A hood covered her head, a hood tied tightly to the harness. Through a hole in the back of this hood her hair flowed like a mane, and ears like a horse pointed up on its sides. Over the hood was a bridle, holding a bit cruelly tight in place in her mouth.

Shivering, with both arousal and delight, she put her feet into the special boots, her feet being forced into a tiptoe position, her toes in the hooves that made up the feet of the boots. They were long, these boots, and as the rest of the attire of dark brown skin, like a horses. The boots where fastened to the harness, tied in place. With these on her feet looked no more like the feet of a human female, but like the hooves of a mare...

Her arms went into long gloves that did the same to her hands, leaving her standing, shivering, aroused, on tiptoe, a perfect little pony girl, awaiting her Masters command. She looked in the mirror, letting her eyes caress the sight, from her pointy horse ears, down her brown-skinned body, to the black hoofs she rested on the floor.

It was at that moment her Master came in the door, closing it behind him, smiling. He walked around her, inspecting, tightening a strap here, and pinching her flesh in another spot. Smiling, satisfied, He stopped in front of her, fastening the reins to her harness, and with a sharp jolt moving her towards the door. On unsteady hooves she followed, walking slowly, but keeping up. Out trough the back door He lead her, down to the paddock.

" Run free my dear, enjoy what time you have left.. " - and with these words He took her reins of, slapping her buttock, and watching her run into the paddock, in a slow trot, just as she had been taught.

He watched her for a while, seeing her try out her hooves in a canter, and even a gallop, before she slowed down, walking around, inspecting her new surroundings. The day went on, the pony happy in her new life, sleeping a bit in a corner of the paddock, licking some water from the barrel in another. Not until well after midday did her Master return. From outside the paddock He watched her as she trotted towards Him, whinnying happily, trying to bite His sleeve.

He opened the gate, and went in, putting inside the equipment that He carried, a lasso, a gas-powered flame, a first-aid kit. Beside these things He dropped the iron, the long branding iron with the ornamental 'C'... She pranced backward, wincing, knowing what was about to happen. As much as this was her dream, her wish, she tried to get away, only to be stopped by the fence, turning, stopping again at another fence.

Slowly, with the rope in His hand He approached, smiling as He followed her desperate attempts to escape, preparing His lasso was waiting for the perfect moment. Her struggles were in vain, the rope finding her, holding her, pulling her towards Him, towards her destiny. He pulled her by her neck, amused by her frantic kicking, her front legs waving towards Him. With a final pull He send her to the ground, and holding her down with one knee He tied her front legs together, then the hind legs, tying in the end all four to each other, rendering her incapable of escape.

She whinnied, looking up at Him, begging Him, for release, but much more for what He was about to do. In the flame the iron glowed red and white, ready. He looked down, catching her eyes, then kneeling, keeping her eyes locked to His.

"My dear... there are still a way out... ", he said, as He looked for the sign that would break this of f, never finding it. The smile on His face showed His feelings, His pride, and He rose, turning to the flame. The rest of the rope held her head in place, and His foot did the same with her lower body.

With a soft voice He called her name, and told her what He felt, of His pride, of His... feelings. She held His eyes, breathing heavily through her bit, but smiling.

With a swift movement He picked the iron up, swinging it, and pressing the still white-hot instrument down on her buttock, pressing it in, feeling how her body tensed, reveling in her screams, clearly audible through her bit, and as He kept the iron in place, branding His mark into her flesh, He kept talking, His voice soft, reaching in to her, through her pain, soothing her mind and body as she burned...

The iron was barely hot when He took it away, her screams long gone, the only sound now the low sobs, then whimpering of the mare in front of Him.

With tender hands He treated the mark, cleaning it, dressing it... For them both the feeling of ownership had become deeper with this, and would last as long as the Mark stood in her flesh.

### **Incident in the "Third Floor Hallway"**

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*by Robin Roberts*

It was my third day at "The Hotel", and I was 'almost' getting used to the way this hotel was run. The guests need only to ask, and the staff would obey.

I was leaving my third floor room, on my way to the hotel lobby, and as I approached the guest elevators, I passed the staff (or maybe service?) elevators. The elevator door opened and an obviously female form almost ran into me. She was dressed (?) in a full-body, ultra-shiny, rubberized cat suit, and a pair of high-heels with the highest heel that I think I have ever seen: they must have been nearly seven inches high. Her light brown hair flowed over her shoulders and down to the middle of her back. She was carrying what appeared to be, clean towels on a black, lacquered tray. No, that is not quite correct. The tray was attached to her. The tray was held to her body by a belt around her waist, and the front of the tray was held in place by extremely fine silver chains connecting the front of the tray to her nipple rings, and then continued up to a wide, black leather collar. Also, there was no way that she could have relieved the weighty pressure of the tray on her nipple rings. Her wrists were bound side by side behind her back with her fingertips touching the base of her collar. It was as if she were praying, but her hands were behind her back.

At first I thought I should apologize for nearly running in to her, but then I remembered that as a guest, I was always right. She should apologize to me for not watching where I was going, but that would have been impossible: she was wearing what appeared to be a strap around the lower part of her face that could only be a pump-gag of very large proportions. No, I don't think any sound, let alone an apology would have escaped the lips of this lady. Her very blue eyes went very wide. I was unable to determine if she was using her eyes as a way to beg my forgiveness, or maybe she was asking me not to report this transaction. I asked her name. (Stupid me, she was gagged.) She turned her eyes down and to the left, guiding my gaze to the nameplate on her left breast. There was no name, just a number: #305. I asked, "Your name is number 305?" in a dumbfounded query. She shook her head in the negative, and pointed down the hall with her chin. I asked, "You are staying in room 305?" She shook her head up and down in a yes motion, and her eyes lit up as though she had just won a very large cash prize playing "Charades" on television. "Are you a 'guest' or 'staff'?" I asked. She looked at me quizzically. There I go again, showing my stupidity. She can't answer "or" questions. "Are you a 'guest' of the hotel?" This got a slow shake of her head in a no answer, and she turned her head down so that her chin was nearly touching her chest and rolled her eyes up to look at me in a way that would melt very large blocks of ice.

She stepped to my left in an attempt to continue her trip down the hall. I stepped to my left to block her travel down the hall.

"Then you are a member of 'the staff'?" brought another silent, yes answer. "Are you permanently assigned to room 305?" brought an almost imperceptible shrug of the shoulders in an "I don't know" answer. "Have you ever been assigned to another room?" brought a negative shake of her head. Again she tried to continue her travel down the hall, but I stepped in front of her again. "If I were to rent room 305, would you be assigned to me?" brought an almost coy look of approval. "Could I change that outfit you are wearing?" elicited an almost pleading look from her eyes. "If I were to change your bondage, what would you like changed most?" She thought about it for a moment and then her face went into an almost comical look as she turned her eyes cross-eyed and down, pointing to her gag. I asked, "The gag?" She responded in a very animated yes manner. "If I were to remove your gag, it would be for one of three reasons: to kiss you; to have you use your mouth and tongue on my body; or to replace that pump contraption with a cloth gag." She responded with her eyes that told me that she would be very pleased with any of these options, and stepped forward so that her head softly touched my shoulder and moved her head up and down in an almost kitten-like manner. I stepped back, and reminded her that she had been given a task assignment that needed to be completed. The look on her face was one of near disappointment.

She stepped to my right and proceeded up the hall toward room 305. She had taken about ten steps when she abruptly stopped, turned to face me and with her eyes never leaving my face, she bowed her head in an obvious combination of messages: invitation and submission. She then smiled with her eyes, turned and continued on her way.

As I turned and continued toward the elevator on my way to the Lobby, I made a mental note to myself to ask the Concierge about moving me to Room 305.

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### **Internet Site Information**

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I have had quite a few calls this month about how to log into the Point your browser to the [www.backdrop.net](http://www.backdrop.net) web site and click on the "members only" section. It will ask for login name and password. You provide the following information:

The login names and passwords change every month so that we can provide some security to our site. Please do not pass login names or passwords to anyone else. If asked, please direct them to Robin or Ssarra at the club offices: 650-965-4499.

Thanks for helping us provide you with well-written stories and up-to-date information.





### **The Japanese Ideograph KAI - "Opening New Doors"**

I think everyone remembers the age old, colored handkerchief code. You know, if it is purple you are into Master/slave relationships. If you wear it on the left side (or was it the right) you were dominant and the other side said you were submissive. If you wore it hanging out of someplace else, (I forget where) you were switch, except when worn with a gold shirt (when it meant you were into TV/TS gangbangs). When worn with orange and green paisley print pants it indicated you were: a) color blind; b) you bought your clothes at VERY inexpensive thrift shop; or c) your mother dresses you funny.

Some people have enough brass to blatantly let others know what they are interested in by wearing handcuffs on the belt in plain sight. Unfortunately, handcuffs don't go with Brooks Brothers three piece suits. So, how do you let the right people know what you are interested in, subtlety?

The BackDrop staff thinks they have come up with two ideas for passing the right message to the right people. Both are clever, and, more importantly, inexpensive. Go to your local key shop or hardware store and buy a key. Not just any old key, but a special key that someone else would recognize. Buy a Key

Blank. The blanks are what they put in the machine and cut the notches in with a key making machine. If you are submissive, ask for a 'SC-1' key that fits Schlage locks. If Switch, buy a 'KW-1' for Kwik-Set locks. If Dominant, buy a key for a Master Lock. People seeing your key ring can discreetly discern if there is a key without notches on a key ring. No one would accidentally have a key without notches. It soon becomes obvious! If your keys are laying out on a desk, table or bar, people can tell if you are involved in a 'Master/Schlage' relationship, or you are 'Kwik-Set'. Key blanks cost about a dollar at most hardware stores. Good investment if we can get the word out to a large percentage of the population!

The second idea is to adopt the Japanese ideograph "KAI" as a means by which members may identify one another. The character is derived from an ancient pictogram showing hands opening the latch of a traditional oriental style door.

The original idea of a fleur-de-lis or a stylized letter "O" was been discarded in favor of the KAI ideograph. We feel that KAI is unique enough that it would probably not be mistaken for something else. Besides, I really feel that we are "opening new doors".

We will be manufacturing key chains with a leather piece attached so that our members, and members of other clubs may identify themselves and one another.

The Staff and the "Golden Band" will have gold or silver glyphs on a purple background.

Inner Circle Members will be eligible to have a gold glyph on a red background.

BackDrop members will be eligible to have a silver glyph on a black background.

We will have black glyphs on a natural background for those people who would like to have one of these devices of international recognition.

If you would like to have one of these exceptional tokens of self-commitment, call or write for information

**We would like to thank everyone  
who attended our Master/slave  
Ceremony on May26th. We will be  
posting some of the pictures on our  
web-site so that more people can  
enjoy them.**

## *Party-Lines Newsletter for June, 2002*

### **BackDrop Club Calendar for June and July 2002**

Time and Event	Event	Are Reservations Required?	Limit to:	Open to nonmembers	Member Price	Nonmember Price
Saturday 8pm June 1st	Open Dinner Party	Yes	20 People	Yes	\$25/Person	\$30/Person
Sunday 7pm June 9th	Mistress/slave Training Session	Yes	20 People	Yes	\$15/Person	\$25/Person
Sunday 2pm June 16th	"How to Meet Others" workshop	Yes	20 People	Yes	\$15/Person	\$25/Person
Sunday 2pm June 23rd	"Tour the Dungeon" Open House	Yes	60 People	Yes	Free	Free
Saturday 8pm July 6th	Open Dinner Party	Yes	20 People	Yes	\$25/Person	\$30/Person
Sunday 2pm May 19th	Leatherworking Workshop	Yes	15 People	Yes	\$10/Person	\$20/Person

**You can call 650-965-4499 to make reservations, or you can go online to [www.backdrop.net](http://www.backdrop.net)**

#### **BackDrop Slave Auction Information**

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

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

The second auction is for the more serious devotee. As each person arrives, he or she is given an envelope containing play money. Each envelope has a random amount of money in it, just to make things more interesting. Anyone can place their slave (or themselves) on the block. You can sell a block of time, or a service, as either a submissive, a Dominant, or switch. The

auctioneer will introduce you, explain what you will or will not do, and then open the bidding. Upon completion of the sale, you get the purchase price. (You might want to tip the auctioneer.) Depending upon the size of the group, it is possible to be bought and/or sold more than once in the course of the evening.

Please note that these events are held at 8 pm on Friday nights. The time is scheduled to give you plenty of time to get home from work, shower and get ready for an entire evening of fun at our Clubhouse.

The cost to attend this event is twenty-five dollars per couple. Singles may attend but must buy a couples ticket. Reservations are required to attend this event.

#### **Pizza and a Movie Night**

This will be a night when we dig into the BackDrop video archives/vaults and show movies. It may be VHS, Beta or maybe even 8mm, Super 8 or 16mm real live, analog film. Pizza will be ordered and maybe a slave or two to serve the pizza hot! (The pizza will be hot, and maybe a slave or two will be h-t!) Join us for the film, the food, the friendship, and the fun. Members may invite only one non-member guest.