

Power Lines



The Official Newsletter of the Orlando Munch

Super-special Christmas-type Edition!

Yeah, I know- not everyone is into Christmas. Actually, I'm not even Christian, so I suppose I shouldn't be into Christmas either.

On the other hand, there's just so much out there that is Christmas-based, and not a whole lot for my holiday, so I'm flooding Power Lines with Xmas and XXXmas-themed photos! (Check page 15 for the really silly ones.)

If you missed the November Munch, shame on you! I'm not even going to give out lumps of coal for that! We raised **120 dollars** and donated it to a local charity.

The December half-munch was a blast! We painted oodles of pottery, and I just got mine back. It looks awesome, but Torville's came out better.

Don't miss reading

Volume 11, Issue 9

Photocat's story starting on page 5. It's sure to get some juices flowing!

And check out the book review on page 14! I haven't read this book, but now I think I'm going to read it for sure! (Can I borrow it? Anyone?)

Now for the Munch's coming events:

This February, keep some time free to attend our class, Processing Pain.

Also in February, the Orlando Munch is hosting an American Red Cross CPR certification class. Please talk to me (Eria) at a Munch event to register.

March will bring our Ropework 101 class. Bring a friend. Bring a sub. Bring a dom! Come have fun!

Eria

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December 2007

What Do You Believe About Sex? by Jack Rinella



As I begin my research into the level, kind, and quality of education given at our BDSM events, I wonder how often we teach about sex. There are one a few topics about sex in my own repertoire, such as “Better Blow Jobs” and “Bedroom Sex,” but they are really only a few among a long list. My recollection is that sex as a topic per se isn’t a very popular among us.

My guess is that we don’t teach about it because we make the assumption that adults know enough about sex that we don’t have to teach it. Personally I disagree with that estimation. I think that there are very few sexually-adept players among us, though I have no idea if that statement is correct. After all, no one has ever invited me to “rate their performance.” Of course, that ignores the fact that there are those among us who strongly protest that BDSM has nothing to do with sex.

Does that mean we need a category in our contests called “Sexual Performance?” If so, then when does a fuck rate a ten or how do you know whether a blow job is a three or a nine?

A New York Times article (August 23, 2007) about sexual activity in older Americans noted: “There’s a large perception out there that sex somehow does not occur in the later years.” The story was based on research that concluded “Most Americans remain sexually active into their 60s, and nearly half continue to have sex regularly into their early 70s, researchers are reporting today as a result of the most comprehensive national survey to date of sexual behavior among older adults.”

Here, then, is an example of the discrepancy between generally-held beliefs and reality. I bet that there are a large number of such discrepancies among us, especially when it comes to our beliefs about sexual activity.

The problem, of course, is that we live in a culture where discussion about something as intimate as sex is often considered inappropriate. Our school systems reflect that belief every time the topic of sex education in school is discussed. Even when sex education is attempted, it is, as far as I can tell, a matter of either biology or morality. Has anyone ever heard of high school classes where better technique is taught? I certainly haven’t.

What Do You Believe About Sex? by Jack Rinella

Now I will admit that I am reflecting my own experience. My parents never taught me about human sexuality, though my mom did offer to answer any questions I had. Dad was notoriously



silent on the subject. I remember one day in the eighth grade that Father Douglas took all the boys into one classroom and Sister took all the girls into another for a “talk.” It left me with more questions than answers. I suppose that is to be expected when the sex educators are (or are thought to be) celibate.

What we feel about sex is highly dependent upon a great number of influences, many of them having to do with the moral implications of human sexuality and the unconscious ideas that we hold about it. How many of us were taught, for instance, that touching one’s genitals was “dirty?” As a Catholic I was routinely bombarded with the notion that the “Holy Family” (Jesus, Mary and Joseph) were holier because both mom and dad were forever virgins. Face it, few married people were ever called saints. The virgins among us seem to have cornered that market.

I have recently finished a rather academic book entitled “Sin, Science, and the Sex Police,” by John Money, Ph.D. (Prometheus Books, 1998). Among the many topics he covers is the

fundamental belief, held in both Eastern and Western cultures about “semen conservation.” In the east, there is the widespread belief that a man must conserve his semen as it contains vital forces. Wasting semen depletes a man’s energy and shortens his life span. (Yes that’s a gross over-simplification.)

In the west a similar belief is held about masturbation. I still remember riding the bus to school one day (I was a freshman) when Brett (a sophomore and therefore an authority on the matter) told me that men only had so many orgasms in their bodies and when they had shot the requisite number, they were forever spent. I would have to be careful, he noted, to conserve my jism, lest I run out of it.

Today such an idea sounds absurd to me; then I doubted him but it was still a memorable and I thought) possibly true statement. Looking back at the number

What Do You Believe About Sex? by Jack Rinella

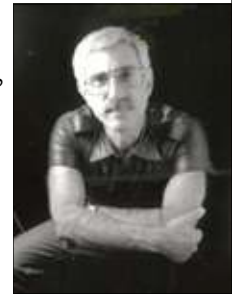
of times I confessed to the sin of masturbation certainly indicates that I had some kind of guilt over “self-abuse.”

If I had only been raised in Sambia.

“The virtual antithesis of semen-conservation theory is found in the reinvestment theory of semen recycling, extant until recently among the stone-aged Sambia people of the Eastern Highlands of New Guinea. They were studied by the anthropological sexologist, Gilbert Herdt.”

Sambian “initiation into the rites of puberty begins as early as age seven or eight. Boys are then removed from the softening influences of females and infants by leaving the family dwelling to live in the men’s clubhouse, a large structure in the center of the village from which all females are excluded. The first stage of the boys’ initiation into warrior hood is a week-long sequence of sometimes brutally abusive hazing which, like military hazing in our own culture, requires total subservience and obedience. One of the ceremonies is named ‘sucking the flute,’ which is a metaphor for fellatio. On that same ceremonial night, the

initiates are fed men’s milk [semen] by sucking the penises of the older adolescent boys who are still underage for marriage. The initiates continue ingesting men’s milk until they have matured enough to be able to ejaculate their own and recycle it to the next generation of young initiates. After the tribal marriage age of nineteen, they recycle their semen to their wives, for a brief period orally, and then for the rest of their lives vaginally.” (Money, pp276-277).



Glimpses of sexual practices of cultures other than our own provide interesting and sometimes provocative reflections. They give us the opportunity to reconsider our own practices and the underlying assumptions that sustain them.

Another book, “Harmful to Minors” by Judith Levine, dispels the myth that providing children with knowledge about adult sexuality is dangerous. Her radical theory, well-based in her research, is that we do more harm than good by our refusal to properly educate our youth about sexual activity.

I have long felt our children are robbed

What Do You Believe?

of healthy information by the way we hide the “birds and the bees” from their sight. At least in previous and more agricultural societies, young people knew that copulation was a fact of life, seen not only in the barn-yard animals, but in many societies by children who slept in the same room (tent, hut, cave, etc.) as their parents.

The fact that we have so “sanitized” sex from the education of children while simultaneously presenting them with a myriad of sexually-themed media provides a glaring example of the paradoxes and contradictions that plague our sex-negative culture.

To think that our subculture is immune from the sex-negativity in which it exists is to ignore our own prejudices, fears, and shame. That said, it’s time for all of us to appraise our own needs and to move toward a healthy view of sex and encourage others, especially event producers, to provide venues for just such a move.

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The Switch

Doing as she was told, she waited in the living room. Usually she wasn’t the kind to be following orders. In fact, it usually pushed the buttons that no one wanted. It didn’t usually make her a happy person. But for some reason with him, she didn’t fight him. He knew of her power, respected it, and didn’t expect her to give it up. He knew, like him, that she needed an exchange of power, and that exchange is what fueled her. Like him, she was a switch.

In the alternative lifestyle of bdsm, she was known and respected. She didn’t ask nor did she demand any specific way to be treated. All she ever asked of anyone was to be treated with courtesy and respect. It was the same way she treated everyone else. She was friends with most of the people in the lifestyle. She may not understand all the insanity and deepness in which some people played, but she respected them as being different than her. She could be just as happy with a little girl or boy at her feet, helping one of her friends play theirs, or even with a trusted friend getting her release as a bottom. Some do not understand what being a switch is about, for them, they have security knowing they are Dominant or submissive, and expected to be treated as

The Switch

by: Photocat

such, and in turn, treat everyone else as the opposite. One of the things that would enrage her was the stereotypical ideal that some so called Dominants, that were male, thought every woman was a submissive, and thereby be at their feet. They could not understand nor respect that some women were not made to be groveling at anyone's feet. All that managed to do was piss her off, when no matter what she knew herself to be, they always saw her as submissive. Finally, she decided that no matter what, she was true to herself, and anyone who couldn't accept it, could just go away, and she wouldn't think twice about them. She regarded people as individuals, not by their status or ownership. She always wanted that idea of someone claiming her, but not enough to permanently shut off her switch.

Many knew him as a very quiet Dominant. That is only because they chose not to get to know him, due to his own guarding against people. Like her, he wanted someone to stand beside him, not in front or behind him, a partner that could keep up with his desires, both within the lifestyle and the vanilla world. During their discussions, they learned that they shared and agreed that the way to bring happiness was to be

able to find a balance in both worlds. They were good friends, and had been for a while. She had seen him go through a long list of so-called submissive women, and yet none could suffice and satisfy his desire for that equal. Most of the candidates only wanted to be released from their own responsibilities of their own lives and be "controlled" so they didn't have to make any decisions on their own. Over dinner and drinks one night, they ascertained that this had become a common theme with the "general" submissive women within the lifestyle. She had no plan of giving up control over her life to anyone else, nor did she want to



The Switch

by: Photocat

have to tell someone what to do all the time. It was exhausting enough to live her own life, much less live for someone else too.

It was during these discussions that he told her that in fact he was a switch. She wasn't surprised. She had been having fantasies about being able to dominate him, and he her, without any change in the way they were with each other. After understanding what each other needed in respect with the community, they decided to play each other and see if they could be what each other needed within the bdsm world, since they seemed to compliment each other within the vanilla world. It wasn't long before they realized that this partnership was worth more than anyone would have ever believed. He didn't expect her to bow, curtsy, or be attached to his hip. However, he did know when she needed to be held at his side, both as a sign of belonging and protection.

It was this night, as she waited in the living room, that he realize just how much she meant to him. She could always tell when he needed her exchange versus when she needed his. His need was always known when she came home and saw the bag. It made her in-

sides warm just seeing it. She never questioned it, although she did



fight it at times. Of course, those times made it more interesting. While usually he didn't like the scratches and bruises that were encountered during pushing her farther than she had ever been, the euphoria of her submission was so much sweeter. However, this night wasn't a "primal" evening. He needed his preferred play, one that was more sensory seduction. She seemed to sense that, for she sat in the living room, still in her clothes, as he loved to watch her undress for him. He sat back in his large comfy chair, his wine in hand, and instructed her to begin. Beginning what seemed like a natural progression, she started with her shoes, leaving her stocking toes to curl in the plush carpet. Next were the buttons of her blouse, slowly peeling it back to reveal her red satin bra, straining with the weight of her ample bust. It was one of the things that originally noticed and appreciated about her. Following the blouse came the skirt, revealing, as he knew to be, her bare ass. He knew she didn't wear

The Switch

by: Photocat

underwear, unless she absolutely had to, or he wanted her to. Rolling her stockings down one by one, she disposed of them. She reached into the back, unhooking the restraint that kept her breasts captive. Slowly sliding them down her arms, she was knelt on the carpet, head down. It was then that she grabbed the clip that kept her hair in a tightly held twist. Shaking out her long blond hair, and watching the waves and curls fall down her back and fall forward around her face, she lithely crawled across the floor to where he sat with her cuffs in his lap.



It was always a ceremony with him putting on restraints. First presenting each wrist and following each ankle, he buckled each tight. When she bought her cuffs, she made sure they were lined as to provide comfort and not to leave a mark. Returning to her place on the carpet, he reached and grabbed a handful of her hair at the base of her head and pulled her head back to look into her eyes. It was one of their favorites, knowing that when she looked into his eyes that that the need and desire would mirror his own. Not releasing

her, he stood, taking her with him, and leading her to their room.

More traditional to the first sight, most don't see the d-rings installed in the bed frame. She could see that he had already attached the straps with the clips that easily kept her in place with the loops in her cuffs. She stopped at the bed, not assuming what his intent was, for she knew he would go an entirely opposite direction otherwise. She knew his routines, but it was part of what maintained his control. It was part of the scene. This time was different, he still had

his hand in her hair... he stopped her facing the bed, then shoved her forward, her bending at the waist, propelling her face into the bedspread, leaving her curvaceous ass facing up at him. With a quick action, she heard a smack, felt a sting, and his hand left a crimson mark upon her ivory skin. Not bearing to be uneven, he followed with the twin for the other side. Within two contacts, he skin was warm to the touch, and she had begun to be warm and wet. He stood back and admired his art, then bent to place a kiss on the warmth that radiated. Taking his toe, he

The Switch

by: Photocat

pushed her feet apart, making her head lower, thereby, pushing her ass higher in the air, and spreading her cheeks where he could see her winking spots, just begging for his attention. He reached between her legs and touched her, knowing that she was already wet and waiting.

Touching the velvety softness, he rubbed that slickness he found back up the crack. Knowing that this was one of her weaknesses, he bent and lapped his tongue across her cheeks and in between. Listening to her moans, he knew she was close for the first time of the night. Replacing his tongue with his hand and wrapping his arm around her waist, he continued the assault. He knew right where to touch her. As her knees were about to buckle and her loose her grip on the bed, he retracted his hand, then smacked her one the ass again, just reminding her who was in charge. With that last blow, her knees gave way, and she fell to her knees on the floor.



He pulled her away from the bed, where she was now facing him. She placed her face on his feet. With one sound, she looked up, knowing what she was supposed to do next. Burying her face into his groin, she used her teeth to undo the button of his pants and unzip them. His rule in undressing him under this condi-

tion was that she could not use her hands. This always excited them both, because he knew she would come up with some interesting ways of getting his clothes off, without breaking that rule. She didn't like to be punished. Getting his pants off, she stopped, looking stunned as he stepped back, seeing that he wore no underwear this time, and allowed her to place them in the hamper. She crawled back up to him, knowing what he wanted her to do, even as sadistic as he could be, he wouldn't give up having his cock surrounded by the silkiness of her mouth. As she looked up at him, he smacked her on both sides of her face with his cock, reminding her that he was in

The Switch

by: Photocat

charge, and she opened her mouth, waiting on him to place it there. Then she began to lick and suck on his cock, while allowing her to use her hands to caress his legs and ass. Listening to his moans only made her more earnest in her efforts. He knew what she was attempting to do, and fighting himself to allow her to do it, he patted her head, which was her sign to stop. She whimpered, but did what she was instructed to do. Grabbing her by the hair, he dragged her to her feet, and kissed her voraciously, then shoved her towards the bed. Growling at her to lay on her back, he buckled her restraints in place, giving a perfect X to her body. He stepped back to admire her... his switch, laying open for him.

Leaving her to whimper and moan, he left the room to grab his bag. He laid his toys out. The fur pelts of rabbit, the floggers of leather and rope, the canes of birch, bamboo, and rattan, the paddles of oak, and of course, her favorite, the cold, sharp, and shiny steel. Not that he had total plans of using them all, but the laying them out, made her eyes widen and her moans and wiggles on the bed more fun to watch. What she didn't plan on was that he slid a blindfold over her head. Now robbed of two senses, she could only hear and

feel him. He leaned into her ear and growled... "Now my little switchy slut, what are you going to do now? I can do anything I want, and all you can do is think about what is going to happen next. Should I just beat you, should I blade you, or should I just fuck you senseless?" This elicited a shiver down her body, ending with goose bumps all over her body. "Oh that is what you want, isn't it. For me to take of your body, listen to you moan, feel you writhe, and in the end sail off the cliff into oblivion together." Hearing a purring growl in response, he continued "don't worry my little slut; you will get that and much, much, more." Reaching for the fur, he started at her head and rubbed her down from head to toe. He had no plans for picking up his toys this time... he wanted her, and nothing but her.

Starting with her head, he allowed his fingers to caress her face and trail down the sides of her neck. As his fingers trailed across her lips, she parted them, and sucked them until he was about to exchange the fin-



The Switch

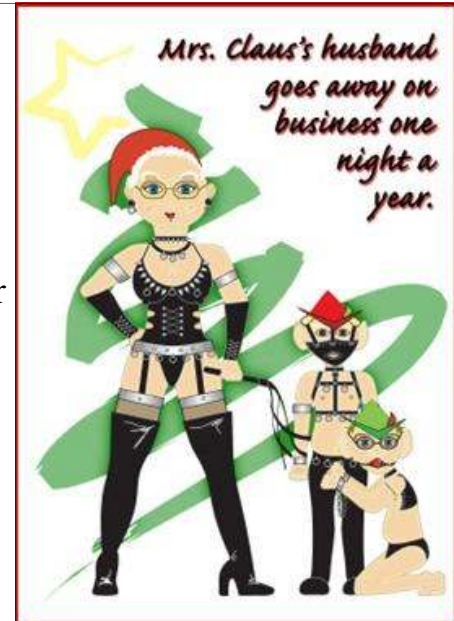
by: Photocat

gers for other body parts. What she could do with her mouth was enough to make the biggest and most respected dominant kneel to her. He continued to her breasts, ones that beg to be fondled with the most erect nipples that were made for sucking, nipping and pinching. A man could get lost in them. He grabbed and kneaded them, then rolled the nipples between his fingers, listening to her moan and feeling her wiggle. He held onto on in that grasp as he took the other into his mouth, as he heard her make a deep gasp. He lapped at the hard nipple, and then worried it between his teeth, as her moans got louder. He continued his loving assault of his precious...down her abdomen... rubbing his hands across her mound, teasing the little bits of hair, knowing that it was a little more sensitive. Sliding two fingers in, feeling the maelstrom that has occupied the space... she was more than wet for him... she was flooding the bedspread... adding a third, he pushed in and felt her give way, then pulsed them in and out, feeling her muscles contract around him. Pulling them out, he walked back up to her head, leaned to her ear and said

“Open your mouth, and clean them good.” She slurped and sucked on his fingers, tasting her own juices on his

fingers, when he pulled them out, he bent down, pulled her head up to him, growled and kissed her, tasting her juices

mixed with their saliva in her mouth. He lapped greedily at her mouth. When she was gasping for air, he nipped her lip and let her head go back onto the bed. He then went down and caressed her legs. Releasing the carbine from her ankle cuffs, they gave him the opportunity to curling her up in a ball. Clipping her ankle cuffs to her wrists, she was wide open to him, leaving room for him to play and orally assault her. Pushing her legs further back, he saw her winking at him, almost playing chase... only she forgot that she couldn't go anywhere. Seeing her clit just wide open, he took his finger and just toyed with it, causing her to moan and wiggle. Trailing his fingers down to play, he slipped one inside of her, curl-



The Switch

by: Photocat

ing up to tickle at her g-spot, finding it firm. Knowing what can happen... he grinned wolfishly. He allowed two more fingers to join the first inside of her. Listening to her moan just made him play even more, it was like a drug, he loved to hear her moan his name, and to hear he call out for god was even better, that was like a shot of adrenaline. He bent down to used his tongue to flick at her clit, while continuing his manual stimulations. He knew that she was close. Her moans were getting louder, she was thrashing about, and she was even biting her lip. He wanted to hear her scream... it was one of his goals. He knew the more he worked her, the closer he was to that goal. His other was to get her to squirt for him. To get both in one night would set him off, make him invincible. He licked from hole to hole, which made her hotter and wetter. He even knew she had a small anal fetish. He found that one time they were playing and just slid in a finger just to see her reaction. He used all this information in the present. As he placed one in her sphincter, and two in her depths, and continued his attention to her clit, she got louder and louder. He knew she was fighting letting it all go, she loved the attention and the feeling as much as



she loved sucking his cock. As he sped up the pace, he heard her murmur that she was so close, and his response was to pick up the pace even faster. Seconds later, he heard her scream; fueling him to keep going... he never faltered with his tongue, but curled his fingers, applying pressure to her g-spot. Listening to her pant and whimper, he continued his ministrations and was rewarded with a blast of warmth hitting him in the back of his throat. He opened his mouth and took her whole mound in his mouth and sucked with his tongue not ending his dance with her clit.... He knew she was done when she didn't buck anymore.

He looked up at her face, seeing such clarity and heat in her eyes. She prayed he wasn't done. It was in her eyes. It was a request that didn't need to be voiced; they both knew what was needed. They both needed it. He reached and unclipped her, kissing her, so that she tasted both of them. Grabbing her by the hair, he pushed her down, wanting to feel her mouth on him, knowing that this night he would be harder that he ever had been. She loved sucking on his cock. Taking him into her throat and just sucking made him groan. That was her adrenaline.

The Switch

by: Photocat

Licking up and down his shaft, she flicked at the head with the tip of her tongue. Knowing he could fly anytime, and feeling how hard he was, she pulled back. She looked up at him. She could read the look he gave, he was pleased with her. She leaned back, knowing what he wanted, but that is not how he wanted to give it to her. He rolled her over to her knees. He wanted to enter her from behind. He pushed her head down, bringing her ass up to him. She had such a cute upturned ass. Seeing only a little bit of pink from his handprints before, he rubbed her ass with his hands. He then entered her, and he heard her gasp. He grabbed handfuls of ass and kneaded as he pushed in and out of her. He slammed into her and held her there, listening to her pant... he reached back and in syncopated rhythm pumped into her and smacked her ass. She was heading up so high, she didn't know where she was at, only who she was with... he grasped a handful of hair and pulled her head up, and continued slamming into her. He growled at her "this is what you want, isn't it... for me to fuck you. You like to be fucked, don't you?" The only response she could give was a hissing "Yesssss." That was all he needed, he increased the speed and depth of his thrusts. He asked her "are you ready?"

Her response was "fuck me harder, please..." with wild abandon, he continued harder and deeper, until he slammed one last time into her and they both screamed. All they saw was the stars and fireworks from their eyes being held so tightly shut. Collapsing on top of her, he rolled, holding onto her. Staying curled up with her, their breathing returning to normal.

He was so depleted, he fell into a light nap... when he awoke, he felt someone looking at him. He opened his eyes, and saw she was smiling at him. It was then that he realized the switch had been flipped, he was cuffed, and she looked very pleased with herself...



Book Review

by: Honeygirl

[How To Capture A Mistress](#)

I was introduced to this book by a very helpful Domme at Dom Con in Atlanta. She sang it's praises highly stating she had used it as a reference for other people several times and recommended it frequently to not only hetero men that were looking for their Lady of Dominance but to anyone in the lifestyle regardless if they were in a relationship or not.

When someone is so excited about a book and recommends it so much I figure it's worth a read.

I like the style in which it's written, very straight forward and direct with a conversational tone rather than a lecture. It makes for a good flow and has enough humor to keep it from being dry and boring.

One thing to keep in mind is that it is written for male hetero subs in search of their "Lovely Lady of Dominance" a title I find very charming, so if you do not fit that title you have to make the appropriate mental adjustments as you go.

Ms. Martin makes some good common sense points in her book, encouraging the reader to focus on the positive

aspects of his self and avoid the negative thinking that is so easy to fall into. She gives some very good tips as to what women in general are looking for and what a dominant woman may be looking for.

There are several charts that enable the reader to figure out just what is they maybe looking for. I like this aspect very much. Being new to the lifestyle with an **idea** of what I want does not mean I know **exactly** what I want.

What kinks really turn me on? What do I do when a potential partner has kinks that really turn me off and what to do about it?

There is also a section that helps one to subtly show off their skills and what they have to offer; as well as providing a way to not only help your local BDSM community but put you in a position to meet the highest number of potential partners. (Sort of like the theory of hanging out in the produce section and scoping out the guys carrying the hand baskets instead of a loaded shopping cart.)

Not everything in it is for every reader, but what book is? If your single, a sub and in search of that **one** dominant, I do think it's well worth the read.

Christmas Funnies



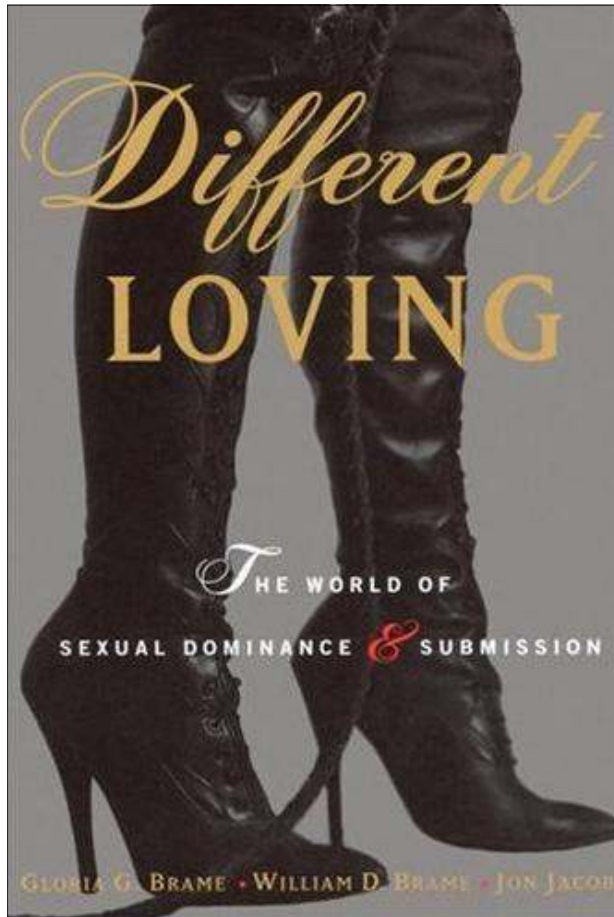
I found a bunch of very funny pictures for Christmas online.

I just had to share!

Enjoy!



January Raffle



regressed sexuality, they portray sexual dominants, submissives and fetishists "as they see themselves: loving and compassionate individuals" for whom pain is pleasure and physical bondage is psychologically liberating. However, it is hard to reconcile this formula with the interviewees' graphic accounts of whipping, spanking, "golden showers" (urination), the use of hot wax and clothespins, depersonalization fantasies (being treated like an animal or a chair) and so forth. The wife-husband Brames (she is a poet, he a novelist) and freelance writer Jacobs also devote sections to genital piercing, scarification (cutting one's body with a knife), tattooing, female wrestling and transvestites and transsexuals who engage in S&M. (Copyright 1993 Reed Business Information, Inc.)

The January Munch's raffle will be for *Different Loving*, a wonderfully detailed reference guide for the lifestyle.

From Publishers Weekly:

Although the authors insist this tome "is not an apologia for sadomasochism," it often reads like one. Rejecting theories that explain S&M in terms of low self-esteem or



Upcoming Events

January 18th- 21st
Mid-Atlantic Leather Weekend & Contest
(MAL)
Washington, DC.
www.leatherweekend.com

February 22nd- 24th
South Plains Leatherfest 2008
Dallas, TX.
www.southplainsleatherfest.com

February TBA
Fetish Fair Fleamarket (tm) Atlanta
Atlanta, GA.
www.fetishfairfleamarket.com

March 20th- 23rd
Frolicon
Atlanta, GA.
www.frolicon.com

March 21st- 24th
Dark Odyssey: Winter Fire
Washington, DC.
www.darkodyssey.com

April 10th- 13th
Beyond Leather
Fort Lauderdale, FL.
www.beyondleather.net

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