

Power Lines

Gazelle's Corner



Welcome to this month's issue of PowerLines, the newsletter of the Orlando BDSM Munch community.

Ok, here we are, less than one week away from the Bash!!! I am SO looking forward to this one, too! Five years... can you believe it? It is amazing how things have changed in that time.

There is much excitement about the upcoming party... the regular party packages are sold out, and at TODAY'S munch we will be selling the **last** of the Day Passes... we will end up with over 350 people attending over the weekend! The classes are set, the vendors are ready to come in and sell, the dungeon equipment folks at Crucible are VERY excited at getting here and seeing firsthand what the FL scene is all about. We are going to have FUN!

The Orlando Munch group has a new Charity that we will be working with this year.. The Richard Alger Memorial Fund. Richard was a member of the Trident Intl group here in Orlando, a leather organization, and he recently passed away. Monies from that fund go to help fund 2 local charitable organizations, CENTAUR and the HER

Foundation. CENTAUR is an AIDS Resource Network Agency, and HER assists women here in Central FL with medical expenses, such as getting free mammograms and help with chemotherapy drugs. Richard's partner, Joel, will be speaking at the Auction next Saturday, in fact.

This column today has been very difficult for me to write.. This is the last "Gazelle's Corner" that I will be writing... after this Munch, I will be stepping away from the leadership positions that I have held here in the Orlando groups. It is time for others to step to the plate and shine. It is time for more involvement from other sections of the community. It is time for change. It is time for growth.

This community/Munch is NOT just one or two people, or a Board, it is a rich and varied patchwork of different individuals, all coming together for a common reason. I truly hope and pray that you all continue to support the Board and the community, and help the Munch continue to grow and thrive. Continue the "feel" of this group... the FEEL of the acceptance that each of you got when YOU walked in for the first time! You had found your home, you had found that family that

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welcomed you and allowed you to be YOU.

I will be taking a break from the Munches, but I will be keeping in touch.. This is still my family here too, and I love you all. I hope to be able to contribute a column now & then to PowerLines, on some different topics. (I am such a chatterbox, can you SEE me staying still???) And I will be back to the Munches again. Till then, please take care, care for each other, care for the community. Play safe. Have fun.

Hope to see LOTS of you next week at the Bash!!!! Happy 5th Anniversary, Orlando Munch!

gazelle

The Bridgemaids... Erotica by SusieQ

"Can you explain why we are going to a wedding?" Emily asked. "On a Sunday night?" "It's not exactly a wedding," Master replied. "It is a renewal of marriage vows. It is their anniversary, and it coincidentally happens to fall on a Sunday this year."

This answer did not satisfy Emily, but she decided to change tactics. "Who is getting married? Or getting renewed, anyway?" Master led Emily over to the ring of keys in her room and unlocked her maid's outfit. "You have actually already met the man. Michael and his wife Sasha are going to be the guests of honor," Master said as he unzipped Emily's black latex french maid's costume. Master next unlocked her shoes and detached the garters from her rubber stockings.

"I bet you already have something picked out for me to wear," Emily sighed. "That's one way to put it," Master said as he rolled the rubber stockings down her legs. "In fact, you are to be one of the bridesmaids." "I don't understand," Emily stated a bit confused. Master unlocked the chastity belt and then started to loosen the rubber corset. "Don't worry about it. Just take a bath, make yourself pretty, and by the time you're done, I'll have your outfit ready."

Emily followed her Master's directions, and sure enough, by the time that she was done, Master was waiting there, in her bedroom. He was wearing a skintight rendition of a tuxedo done in shiny leather, complete with leather tie. Her outfit was laid out on the bed. First, Master picked up a pair of purple, shiny vinyl, thigh-high boots, with heels at least six inches high. Emily sat down on the bed so that Master could put them on her legs. It took him fifteen minutes to lace them up. "How do they feel?" Master asked.

Emily stood up and looked at herself in the mirror. "Actually," she said, taking an experimental step in them, "They seem fine. In fact, they feel like they give me more support than my stilettos." There was only one other piece to the outfit. It was a frilly bridesmaid dress, done in shiny purple vinyl. It had a high neck and long sleeves, but there were two small holes in the front that were

about where Emily's nipples should be. As Emily stepped into it, she saw that in the back it had the lacings of a built-in corset, and sure enough, her nipples lined up perfectly with the holes in the dress. As Master slowly tightened the corset, Emily could feel her nipples starting to protrude through the holes.

"Oh, god!" Emily gasped as Master tugged one last time. "How tight is that?" "Just a touch above twenty inches, when fully closed," Master chuckled. "And it is fully closed." Emily looked at herself in the mirror. Her breasts seemed to be bursting out of the outfit through the two small holes in the front. The corset gave her an ever so tiny waist, which was emphasized by the flare of the full skirt below. Except for the purple color Emily was very impressed.

"Let's go," Master said, offering his arm for her. Emily took a hold of it, and accompanied Master from her bedroom. Humm..... No chastity belt, Emily thought to herself, how wonderful. There was a limousine waiting in front of the steps. "Don't worry about the driver seeing you," Master said. "He's from Fantasies Unlimited." "If you say so," Emily replied.

Master guided her into the huge back seat first, and then sat down beside her. As he shut the door behind them, the limousine pulled away. Emily slowly moved her hand over to Master's leather covered crotch. "Can we play on the way there?" she whispered. Master shook his head, but did not move her hand. "We're less than fifteen minutes away. I would really rather not." Emily sighed against the tightness of the corset that was built into her vinyl dress. "All right," but she also did not remove her hand. She left it right where it was, moving it ever so slightly, for the entire trip, smiling to herself when she noticed Master moving a bit uncomfortably as he exited the limo.

As Master escorted her up the path that led to the front door Emily saw that the sun had

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The Bridesmaid... Erotica by SusieQ

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nearly fallen, and a cool breeze that swept by put goose bumps on her exposed nipples. Master knocked brusquely, and the door opened almost immediately. "Come in," invited a woman dressed in a satin french maid's outfit. She wore five and a half inch stiletto heels, fishnet stockings, and Emily guessed, by the fullness of the maid's chest that there was a corset underneath. Once inside Emily immediately saw that there was a second woman dressed almost identical to the first. However, this woman was nearly five inches taller in height. "You can follow me," this one said in a lower, huskier voice. They followed this satin french maid through the hallway, who then gestured for them to go through an open double door.

The maid turned and walked back where she came from. "Michael and Sasha have two very talented servants," Master whispered to Emily as they walked forward. "The one that first greeted us is Jasmin. The one that led us here is Jason." "Jason?!" Emily gulped in an excited whisper. "That was a man?!" "Indeed," Master explained. "In fact, if I'm not mistaken, Jasmin and Jason were married a couple of months ago."

Emily's brain did not know how to handle this information. She was so confused that it took her a few seconds to start looking around the large ballroom that they were now in. Three large crystal chandeliers illuminated the long rectangular hall. There was a long red carpet ahead of them, which ended at a small raised platform. Soft music filled the air.

Emily could see that there were two tuxedo-clad men standing near the end of the aisle on one side, and two women on the other. "It's already started," Master whispered. "I'll show you to your place. Remember, stand still and be quiet. For me," he said, looking into her eyes. "For you," Emily repeated, gazing back into his beautiful blue eyes. Emily supported herself against her Master as they traveled down the aisle. Master stopped, and Emily turned to see where they had ended up.

To her right, were the two women. The one furthest away was no older than she was, while the nearer one was perhaps in her mid thirties. Both

were dressed in the same purple vinyl bridesmaid dresses, complete with holes for the nipples and built in corsets. From their height, Emily guessed that they were wearing similar high heels. They both looked at her, but remained standing still and at attention. In front of her, there was a metal pole built into the floor. It came up about two feet, and then ended in a rectangular metal block. Two dildoes protruded upward from the block, just inches apart, and there was something on the block between the dildoes. It appeared that both phalluses had been well lubricated.

Emily gave Master a questioning, somewhat alarmed look. "Just like the red dress," he whispered. "You can do it." This *is* just his kind of kinky thing to do, Emily thought. He'd *better* appreciate this! Emily lifted her dress and turned around. She moved so that her crotch was right over the two phalluses. Carefully, she sat down, letting each of the phalluses find an orifice. "All the way," Master directed in a low tone.

Finally, Emily was all the way down on the two dildoes. They felt cool, and slid inside of her more easily than she could have believed possible. The feel of the dildoes was starting to make her hot. When she was done, the flesh between her pussy and anus was touching the cold rectangle of metal. She was surprised to hear the low hum of a mechanical device. Suddenly, Emily felt the pole underneath her start to slowly move up. Emily shot Master a panicked look, but Master smiled reassuringly at her.

The dildoes could not go any further into her, because the metal plate acted like a very narrow seat. Yet, Emily kept going higher and higher and higher..... It stopped only when her legs were fully extended out underneath her. If Emily unbent her knees at all, she felt her weight start to concentrate uncomfortably in that tiny region of flesh that touched the metal. As she was already standing on her tiptoes in these six plus inch stiletto heels, there was no way that she could get the dildoes out of her.

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The Bridesmaid... Erotica by SusieQ

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I'm stuck here, Emily thought to herself. Master, still smiling, took his place some fifteen feet away. By the time Emily's pole stopped, the next procession had started down the aisle. But this was not a couple. Instead, it was just one person in a bridesmaid dress like her own, being escorted by Jasmin the french maid. But the nipples poking through the holes in the bridesmaid dress looked fake, somehow. The corset looked to be very tight around the waist, but the final figure was not that dramatic. And the face..... It had enough stubble that she knew that it had to be a man. And... it looked like one of the men that Master had over last Friday night..... John!

There was one pole with unoccupied dildoes to Emily's right. Jasmin did not lead him over to the poles. Instead, she unscrewed the front dildo from its socket, and replaced it with something resembling a penis sheath that stuck out horizontally instead of vertically. After she had done this, John picked up his dress and turned around. Emily could see that he wore matching purple patent boots that had heels at least as high as her own, if not higher. John briefly rolled his eyes at Emily, sighed, and slowly sat down on the rear dildo. When he was done, Jasmin reached under his dress and guided his penis into the sheath that now was a part of the device. Just as had happened to Emily, the pole started to raise up. As this was happening, Jasmin turned and walked back up the aisle. Emily noticed that there was no one standing across the aisle from John.

The music changed to a wedding march. Emily looked towards the entrance, and saw a pair that was very slowly traveling down the aisle. Emily looked the other way, and saw that Jason, the very convincing transvestite french maid, was standing on the platform waiting for them. A low hum started in the dildo in her vagina. Emily's eyes jump to meet her Master's. He only put his finger to his lips and shook his head.

The vibrations grew in intensity as the couple made their way down the aisle. Emily thought that she heard vibrations coming from both sides

of her, as well. She looked at the women on her left, and saw that they were clenching their teeth. On her other side John was fidgeting and twisting back and forth setting his vinyl skirt swaying.

Emily was having a very hard time staying silent and keeping still when the bride and groom walked by. The groom was wearing a metal studded leather collar, shiny black leather gloves, and a pair of black leather shorts. There was a hole in his shorts, and his erect penis was standing out at attention, with a slight upward angle. In his hands, he held a chain that connected to a leather collar around the bride's neck.

The bride caught Emily's attention. There was a very filmy white veil over her, but it was so translucent that Emily could make everything out underneath it. The bride was wearing a white leather harness around her head that had a built in leather blindfold and gag. Below that was a white leather posture collar that kept her from slouching her neck.

She wore a brassiere, of sorts. It consisted of two strips of leather about three inches wide that tightly circled the base of each breast. They were held in place with straps around her back and her shoulders. Each nipple was pushed against a small metal ring that was held tightly in place by four chains that connected to the leather breast wrap.

At her waist, she wore what was either a very wide white leather belt, or a very narrow white leather corset. It looked to be cinched very tightly. At both sides of the belt, there were wide, white leather cuffs firmly securing each of the bride's wrists.

From the front, the bride looked to be wearing a white leather hobble skirt that extended from waist to floor. But as she passed, Emily saw that almost all of the back was cut away. There were buckling straps in back at the waist, knees, and ankles. But other than that, her entire backside below the waist was open for viewing.

Emily also saw that the bride was wearing white patent shoes with over six inch heels. Her backless leather skirt was buckled so tightly that she could

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The Bridgmaid... Erotica by SusieQ

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only step three or four inches at a time. Emily also noticed a strap that went through the bride's butt cheeks that did not seem to be a part of the skirt. Emily concluded that the poor girl was probably wearing a chastity belt under all that, as well.

The two of them slowly marched by as quickly as the bride could inch along. Behind the bride, tending the bride's long veil, was the french maid Jasmin, in her black satin uniform and black stilettos. She now had a cord around her throat that had a key on it. The trio finally stopped in front of the platform.

The vibrations in Emily's groin were becoming unbearable. But, just as Emily shifted forward enough to get the vibrations away from her clitoris, the one in her anus started to quiver. "Dearly beloved," Jason, the pastor/french maid began. "We are gathered here today for a joyous event. We are here to witness the coupling of this man and woman. Look, all, and witness the bonds of attraction that join the two of them. Bonds of attraction.. oh god!

Emily had to stifle a moan and clench her teeth. She looked over and saw that Master was grinning at her like a fiend. "Witness her bridal finery!" Jason continued, "Is she not an object of lust? And witness his fine show of manhood! Does he not lust for her?" Jason looked down at the two of them. "Let us recite our vows, and take them to heart.

You, Michael, do you take this woman..." "Yes! Anytime! Anyplace! As often as possible!" the groom blurted out. "I'm not done yet," Jason reprimanded. The three assembled men chuckled. None of the girls (or John) so much as grinned. Emily assumed that each was trying to keep the fires in their groin at bay.

"As I was saying," Jason, in his satin maid's outfit, stiletto heels, and fishnets went on. "Do you, Michael, take this woman, Sasha, to be your wife and slave?" "I do!" "And do you promise to use her as you will, to express your lust and your deepest fantasies with her, and bring her

pleasure like none seen before on earth! "I do!"

"Sasha, I would also ask you to recite your vows, but you cannot right now. So I will recite them for you." "I, Sasha, promise to be a willing and sexy companion for Michael. I will dress to keep him as horny as humanly possible. I promise to couple with him as frequently and as frantically as the limits of my flesh allow. And I promise to bring him pleasure like none seen on this earth before! Grunt once if you agree." "Hummmfffff," was the single, muffled response from the bride.

Emily was frantically clutching her dress, trying to stay under control. She was sure that her juices were dripping down the pole and were now probably pooling on the floor. "Is there a key for the bride?" Jason requested "There is," replied Jasmin. She took it off of her neck and handed it to Michael. "You may disrobe the bride," Jason instructed.

Michael threw back Sasha's veil and quickly unbuckled her hobble skirt. As it fell to the floor, Emily saw that she had guessed right. The bride wore a white leather chastity belt under the backless hobble skirt. Eagerly, Michael put the key into the heart shaped lock freeing the belt as the lock sprung open.

"You should now take the bride," Jason advised. "And the assembled masses can now voice their pleasure at the event." Almost in unison, the three purple dressed women and one man let out groans and moans of pleasure. Michael had already lowered his bride to the floor and was now eagerly thrusting away inside of her.

"Remember, guests!" Jason added. "No fornicating on the grounds except for the bride and groom. If you truly must, please leave. Of course, you are all welcome to witness the blessed event for as long as you like." Emily saw the older gentleman go over to his companion and bodily lift her off of the dildoes. The woman staggered as he eagerly led her out the door. All the others left except for Master and the male bridesmaid John. He was grunting and groaning in his predicament just as

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The Bridesmaid.... Erotica by SusieQ

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desperately as Emily. Emily looked over to her Master, who, she thought, should have taken her off of her stand and hauled her out to the car. But instead, he just stood there and smiled as the two vibrating phalluses brought her to a screaming orgasm.

Maybe that was a bad idea, Emily thought as the tightness of the corset and shortness of breath made her head swim. Emily felt herself starting to fall..... Instantly, Master's strong arms were around her bent torso. He straightened her out, and then lifted off of her double dildo restraint. Emily had not actually pass out from the experience, but felt lightheaded.

Emily staggered along. Looking back only once she caught a glimpse of the bride and groom still going strong, and poor John writhing helplessly on his pedestal. Emily's light headed feeling passed moments after Master had helped her into the limo. "So," Emily grinned lustfully at her Master. "We're no longer on the grounds. Is fornicating allowed now?"

Master smiled as he unzipped the fly on his leather tuxedo pants. "Driver, take the scenic route home," he said. With a lustful glint in his eye Master tossed Emily's dress up, and even with her soaking wet pussy, she was a bit startled by the force he used to push her down on the seat and thrust his rock hard cock inside of her.

Thoughts about Gazelle.... by MsSherry

Gazelle has been the founder and fearless leader of the Orlando Munch community for the last five years. We all love her and respect her deeply for her contributions to the community and to our lives individually. Her retirement as our leader will leave us with an empty space that, in time, will be filled with other shoes, but will never take the place of her tireless efforts. This article is a combination of her recollections from her time with us, as well as a show of our esteem for all she has done.

Gazelle is so grateful for all the friends she has made over the last 5 years. "It's really astounding," she says, "to think about all the people I've met and come to know. People come to the munch, spend some time, maybe leaving later only to float back in at another time, bringing memories of other days and other good times."

The four previous anniversary bashes have been special highlights in her memories. The first year was a one-evening event. We were at a local hotel, with several adjoining rooms as our playspace. "I remember sitting in those rooms and feeling such a good feeling. I was blown away by this coming together, how everyone just were there to celebrate in each other!." She also recalls the sweet rumble of the Sybian in the other room, and I'm sure there were accompanying cries of delight there! This was the munch where the "takedown of Gazelle" happened, where she effectively "chewed up" Dom after Dom and just spit them out as she enjoyed her self so tremendously.

The second anniversary bash was our first "Bash at the Beach." One of the highlights of this one was the erotic writing contest. "It was so cool to read the entries that were submitted, the stories and poetry we got from the people

Thoughts about Gazelle.... by MsSherry

in this community were so amazing, so professional!" she remembers. Another memorable interchange happened with a woman who had come up from South Florida. "This woman came up to Torville, telling him she had considered not attending the Bash because she did not have anyone to come with. She was afraid she would not fit in by herself. But she was so glad she had come, it felt so much like family. And that's just the way we wanted our BDSM community to be, a big family."

The third year, second "Bash at the Beach," the community-family atmosphere continued. Again, the overwhelming feeling was how much at home everyone felt. Ann remembers with fondness the slave auction, which was held in the long hallway where the dungeon rooms were. "It still brings a big smile to my face when I remember how we were all crowded in that hallway, screaming and yelling, while the auctionees were taken up and down the middle of the hall to be displayed. I remember thinking how much courage and guts it took to be put up on the block like that. I even put myself up – and it was so much fun! And then I found myself bidding on boy bobby's foot rub – I found out later I was bidding against Rick. Everyone was just shoving money at me, I had no idea how much money I had, so I finally said that I had a LOT of money, so PLEASE let me win the bid because I NEEDED a foot rub so bad!" (And I believe she did get that foot rub!)

Last year, the fourth anniversary, was our last "Bash at the Beach." Ann remembers our big dress-up party on Saturday night, how fantastic we all looked all decked out like that. "There was someone in a Saran Wrap dress, and of course Pandora dressed to the 9's as she always is, along with everyone else in the room looking so terrific. Even I came dressed up in that awesome red dress that Giggly Red had sewn for me

THAT AFTERNOON, and the oohs and aahs when everyone saw me were music to my ears, it felt so good." She remembers the wonderful workshops, how people were so excited about the classes and how willing everyone was to share experiences with each other. "That's what we did it for, to share the wealth of information with others" she said. And then there was Sunday morning when we all sat in the ballroom for our last goodbyes. "Everyone was just wiped out, sitting with coffee, bagels and orange juice, lost in thought. I found myself with these little grins on my face as I remembered the weekend, and how awesome it had been. And I watched through my bleary eyes as everyone else was doing the same thing."

And now we come to our next Bash, not at the beach, but promising to be even more exciting than all the others have been. The workshop lineup is dynamite, the dungeons and equipment will be awesome, the vendors will be out in style, but most importantly the members of our community will be there to create the atmosphere of love and support that Gazelle cherishes so much.

Gazelle has, over the years, become very interested in learning about the Old Guard protocol, and she has had some wonderful examples and Mentors. For example, at the last Bash, she saw Sir Louis Michael, and it brought back to her how much she appreciates the richness of the history of our lifestyle. "When I was first exposed to it, I did not know that the Old Guard protocol dictated that I not greet someone of Sir Louis Michael's stature in such a familiar way. But because he is such a loving and giving man, he seemed to have allowed a special dispensation for me." The Old Guard represents for

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Thoughts about Gazelle.... by MsSherry

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her a learning of protocol, formalization, an air of deep respectability. "You have to work to get it right, which makes it even more special. It teaches performance, respect for others and respect for self. I have been fortunate to have had wonderful people helping me to learn about the Old Guard/New Leather, and I hope to continue to learn much more in the future."

Gazelle has done more for this community than we will ever know. She has been an ambassador throughout the state and the nation, giving the Orlando Munch community an air of dignity and respectability that we might not have pulled off otherwise. She has brought wonderful people to our community, always there reaching out a hand to a newcomer, making sure they were comfortable and safe in the new environment they were exploring. We have loved watching her play, enjoying the ecstasy she feels as she lies beneath the flogger or cane, and soaring with the power she feels as she learns more about her abilities to top others. She has been there with a sympathetic ear, helping to put scene life into perspective for us all, and rarely having a cross word to say about anyone else.

I would encourage each and every one of us to take a minute to express our thanks to Gazelle personally. If she had not had the dream of this Orlando community, we would not have the numbers and the strengths we have today. If she had not worked her ass off, we would not be celebrating our fifth anniversary with another wonderful Bash. Her gift to us has been tremendous. Our gift to her can be the outward showing of appreciation for all she has done for us.

Orlando Bash 2001 Details!

2001 Bash Workshops

The ABC's of BDSM/ How to have a Successful Leather Convention experience!

Advanced Flogging
 Basic Flogging
 BDSM Spirituality
 Bullwhips & Single Tails
 Dominant Roundtable
 Caning
 Contracts
 Electrical Play
 Erotic Hypnosis
 Fancy Sizzling Fire Play
 Fantasies & Role Play
 Fire Cupping
 Formal Table Service and Preparations
 Gender Play
 Genitorture - Male & Female
 Gor
 Knife Play
 Leather Activist Roundtable
 Leather Care
 Metal Bondage
 Pervertibles
 Play Piercing for Fun
 Playing Without Toys
 Polyamorous Relationships
 Rope Bondage
 Safety and Medical Issues of Scening
 SM and the Law
 Submissive Roundtable
 The Scene As Therapy
 Toymaking
 Waxing

Orlando Bash 2001 Details!

2001 Bash Vendors

Achella: Come in and take a look at the unique line of Floggers, Canes, Paddles, Candles, Leather Cuffs, Collars, Gates of Hell and other leather items,. She also has a new line of Fetish scene outfits for plus size and reg. as well as men.

Design Creations by Aalinn: Carries a wonderful collection of Capes, Buccaneer shirts and see through skirts and tops. Be sure to stop by and check out the Capes, they are to die for.

Electro Jack: Jack will have Violet wands and lots of attachments to go with them, cupping sets as well as the kickass vibrator The Sybian!

Fetish Temple: Who can forget the special rose floggers sold by Fetish Temple! This year they will have Floggers in all price ranges (\$19.99 - \$250+), suspension swings and devices, restraints, gags, and all things leather that are BDSM related. More than 100 collar, clothing, and Jewelry that compliment the scene and our leather.

Gothic Toy Man: Has the Big Toys for your buying pleasure and we do mean BIG. Stop by to see "The Cage" and maybe you or someone you love might get to try it out!

Hands on You: Tired? Want to relax a bit before the big party tonight? Or maybe it was a really long night and you could use a pick me up to get going today? Well we have the cure Robert, Lindsey and Jody we will be offering: chair massage, 1/2 hour massages, 1 hour massages. Pick from Swedish (relaxation), deep tissue, myofascial release and craniosacral therapy

HomeBound: We sell unique, one of a kind, hand sculpted floggers. We also sell hand sculpted bdsm erotic sculptures. These are made by us one at a time. There is nothing molded. It is difficult to describe these pieces so please stop by and see these one of a kind floggers.

Leather Master Leathers: We all know the one of a kind Leather Stu and the extensive line of toys he has to offer. Stop by and take a peek at his selection of Floggers, Canes, restraints and blindfolds as well as the rolling pins with a kick.

Lee's Leatherworks: The room will be filled with braided whips, straight, swivel and illuminated floggers, leather collars and restraints as well as a variety of metal and leather belts, wristbands, armbands, neckbands etc. Swords and daggers, double-edged, straight, and folding knives are also available.

London Tanners: Now this vendor is new for the Bash this year and you have got to check out their Nasty English-style leather Straps, Tawses, Belts, and Paddles made for the most discriminating top. (These are all very high quality hand-stitched items, not simply riveted and glued together.) and also a wickedly wonderful selection of canes.

The Master's Toy Box at the Master's Quest: Continues to develop and hand make all of their products. New this year "Cuffs that fit". Sizes of cuffs ranging from 1 1/2 " to 4" inches; they come lined or unlined; and a selection of colors from legato black leather, white leather or red leather. There is also an exclusive line of vinyl cuffs for the vinyl people. And our latest cuffs and products for the rubber community featuring cuffs, collars and other assorted toys. They also carry a complete line of hand made floggers, blindfolds, paddles, straps and many more toy items and a line of hand made clothing for both males and females.

Midnight Blue's: Midnight Blue is back with over 100 Australian-made and New Zealand-made singletails and bullwhips from 6 different craftsmen. We carry authentic reproductions of the Lachgelly Strap as well as leather paddles from Michael Campbell, of Scotland. Our own signature line products include fully-dipped gags and rabbit-fur-lined cuffssets. We carry sensory toys made by Effigy, Metals of San Francisco (spurs and talons) and we also carry the Legree, made famous by Hard Love Leather.

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Orlando Bash 2001 Details!

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Pandora & Pendragon: For some of the country's most beautiful hand crafted erotic jewelry and body adornments in sterling and gold, you have got to visit Pandora and Pendragon.

Rainbowrope.com: Bondage rope in over 30 colors and patterns including our "pride" designs plus natural Hemp and Cotton. There is also a wide range of medical toys, supplies and equipment. BDSM toys such as vampire gloves, fur mitts, rope floggers, acrylic canes, etc. Dungeon Hardware -- panic snaps; O-Rings, double snaps, rope clamps, eye hooks, mounting plates, etc. Fetish shoes and Boots from size 4 through 15 with heels from 5" to a staggering 8" High.

A Woman of Substance: Ok ladies, can we say "Let go shopping"? This is the place to go if you need those harder to find sizes in fetish wear. Fetish, Club and Evening wear in sizes 14 and up! Be sure to stop by and take a look at the great fashions and accessories they have just waiting for you.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE FOR THE BASH!!

Thursday: Registration & early Check In
Dinner at off-site restaurant
All Dungeons Open at night!!

Friday: Registration & Check In
Vendors Open 10AM-6PM
Workshops 10AM-5PM
Dinner & entertainment 7PM
Dungeons Open 9PM-??

Saturday: Vendors Open 10AM-6PM
Shuttle to Disney for Gay
Days
Workshops 10AM-5PM
Dinner & Entertainment 7PM
Dungeons Open 9PM-??

Sunday: Check Out & goodbyes!

Trident & The Richard Alger Memorial Fund

Trident International is a Leather/Levi/Uniform club for people of any race, gender, orientation, or physical condition. Each of the clubs are active in their local community supporting various charities. Founded in 1973 at Montreal's Neptune Bar. We have grown to 12 clubs, or Halls as we prefer to call them, in 9 states; with members at large in Canada and the United States. We are not a sex club, but a brother and sisterhood of people who live the Leather, Levi and/or Uniform Lifestyle... AND are Proud of that Lifestyle.

Trident International Central Florida began in March of 1998 with just a handful of members. Today we have over 30 members who are dedicated to community support and education. The Richard Alger Memorial Fund was dedicated in honor of one of our members who gave selflessly during his lifetime and who we sadly lost this year. His fund will be distributed to local charities including Centaur and the HER foundation. It is our mission to keep Richard's spirit alive through continuing our work in his name.

Thank you Orlando Munch participants for your generosity and support.

CONGRATULATIONS!!!! ORLANDO MUNCH ON



**YOUR 5TH ANNIVERSARY
FROM TRIDENT INTL. CFL**

FLORIDA BDSM CALENDAR

WEEK ONE

	WHERE	WHO
FIRST SATURDAY	Clearwater Munch	masterej@mastersquest.com
FIRST SATURDAY	Palm Beach Munch	Palmbeachmunch@yahoo.com
FIRST SATURDAY	Tallahassee SSC Munch	Tyterope@aol.com
FIRST SATURDAY	St Augustine Munch	BigDaddyVilano@aol.com
FIRST SUNDAY	Off The Cuff (S.P.I.C.E. discussion group)	Spice561@aol.com

WEEK TWO

SECOND TUESDAY	Zephyrhills Munch	Sic_t_puppy@yahoo.com
SECOND SATURDAY	Tampa Munch	intreegue@aol.com
SECOND SATURDAY	Jacksonville Area Power Exchange (JAPE)	Arisnow@aol.com
SECOND SATURDAY	South Florida Munch	iamwoman40ish@aol.com
SECOND SATURDAY	Dykes 'n Dolls (womens' only meetings)	Dykesndolls@aol.com
SECOND SATURDAY	Panama City PEP	MzDecadent@aol.com
SECOND SATURDAY	St Cloud Munch	MastersKitten@aol.com
SECOND SUNDAY	Sarasota Munch	sarasotasociety@yahoo.com
SECOND SUNDAY	Trident International, Central FL	Tridentcf1@aol.com

WEEK THREE

THIRD WEDNESDAY	Lakeland Munch	VLdyDevonV@aol.com
THIRD FRIDAY	Ft Myers/ SW FL Munch	Whypdancer@aol.com
THIRD FRIDAY	Daytona Munch	DaytonaFLMunch@aol.com
THIRD SATURDAY	Ocala Munch	Swetestpet@aol.com
THIRD SATURDAY	Port St Lucie Munch	Judy4269@aol.com
THIRD SUNDAY	South Florida People Involved in Consensual Endeavors/SPICE membership social/discussion group	spice561@aol.com

WEEK FOUR

FOURTH SATURDAY	Orlando BDSM Munch, Gators Dockside, 2-5PM	gazelle123@aol.com
FOURTH SATURDAY	Orlando Power Exchange/OPEX, discussion group	gazelle123@aol.com
FOURTH SATURDAY	Gainesville Munch	Patti_lynn_@hotmail.com
FOURTH SATURDAY	SEAAL (Southeast Alabama Alternative Lifestyles)	Maisha@unforgettable.com
FOURTH (OR LAST) SUNDAY	DSSG/ Dominant Submissive Support Group, Tampa Bay area	genebat@gte.net

The Official Newsletter of The
Orlando Munch and OPEX Group

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Schedule for Upcoming
OPEX Meetings

Topic	Date
Gor	May 26
TBA	June 23
TBA	July 28



Personals

YOUR AD COULD BE HERE!

Announcements

The **ORLANDO MUNCH** meets on the 4th Saturday of the month. Location is the Gator's Dockside Restaurant on Semoran (436) and Hoffner, north of the airport. Time is 2-5 PM. Please, no fetish or scene wear at the restaurant.

OPEX, the Orlando Power Exchange, a Pansexual Discussion Group, will meet on Saturday, April 28, 11AM to 1PM. The location is at the Gay, Lesbian and Bi Community Center. **The address is 946 N Mills Ave.** The topic in May will be Gor. This will be a fascinating discussion and lecture on the Gor novels by John Norman, presented by 2 men who try to live this lifestyle in their everyday lives, Sir Midian and Sir Adam. Both men will be coming from Tampa to share their experiences and thoughts on the rich protocols and traditions that are elicited from the words of this series of novels.

W.E.L.L. (Women Embracing the Leather Lifestyle)....

This is a group formed in the Central Florida area, for the purpose of gathering women together to discuss and to speak of our common goals, interests, objectives & concerns as leatherwomen and women within the BDSM community, and to learn from each other new skills for this lifestyle at scheduled parties throughout the year.

For information on the group's onelist, please write gazelle123@aol.com.

Orlando Munch Message Board & Chat Room – If you haven't been by the Orlando Munch web site (address over on the left), you might not know that we have our own Forum and Chat room. Poke your head in and leave a message!