



**Knots, First Fetish Porn Movie Director and Producer**

**Tom “ Ropes “ McGurk**

## **Knots, A Memoir**

**First Fetish Porn Movie Producer and Director**

**By, Tom “ Ropes “ McGurk**

**I was born in Seattle in 1952 to a very dysfunctional family. My Father I was told by my Mom was a cop. I have just a few vague memories of his drunken abuse before he ran out. He left us when I was very young, and I assume drank himself to death. My Mother Jane was the love of my life and an incredible woman, who I miss to this day. I was an only child, growing up very close to her. She was very intelligent that's where I got my brains from. She was also very beautiful and very sexual. As well as restless she liked to party, and liked biker types. Which worried me but she did not listen. But you know being stuck with a kid she needed company. So she liked the bars and would come back late often with biker types. When I was twelve I stole our car for a ride and went out with some hooligans I knew who loved to buy gas and dash without paying, but I wasn't told what was going on. So it's 2 am, I'm innocently sleeping the when my mom and**

**the cops rouse my ass. I froze in sheer terror as she dragged and pushed me outside to talk to the cops. The cop say's "got ya sunny they wrote down your license plate". I stammered " no I didn't " over and over honestly. My Mother was as stern as I've ever seen her terrifying me saying "Chris did you do this?" It was a land slide that only the fact that I was innocent helped me survive. I cried " no Mom I didn't, Mom I wouldn't do that " over and over. Until she started to believe me. The moment she did, she turned to the cops sternly saying " the boy did not do this, he's been in for hours ". One of the cops felt the hood of the car which was warm still saying " that hoods warm, Mam ". Mom stepped up and said " That cars been overheating lately ". As she shoed me back inside the seemed mollified. Mom turned saying sternly, " back to bed young man ". That did it the cops retreated and I though because I was innocent that I was in the clear. As they drove off I stared to go back to bed. Mom sternly called " get in here young man ". I hurried head down bracing with my shoulders expecting a smack or two. She was furious " you bring those guys into my house in the middle of the night " she hissed.**

**I cried “ I didn’t do it Mom”. She hissed “ What the hell you bring those cops here in the middle of the night ”. She was furious hissing “ I thought I could trust you ” ?. I was in tears begging “ Mom I didn’t do it ” over and over. “ Forget it never talk to those hooligans again , and your grounded as well “ she hissed . I begged “Mom please I didn’t do it” .I could see how disappointed she was because I was her good kid she had trusted. Mom wasn’t convinced and then she astounded me by grabbing my t-shirt and yanking me toward the kitchen Saying loudly “ this way we’ll see young man” as she tied my wrists behind and around with me standing to a vertical drain pipe. With a piece of rope I’d never seen before. Pushing me back with a flick of her wrist, and telling me to “ stand there, and don’t move while I’m doing this”. I couldn’t really cope mentally, or answer just whimper “ please Mom don’t I’ll never do it again, it was those punks, you where right, I should have listened Mom ”. She answered “ I thought you didn’t do it “? As she tied my wrists behind around a drain pipe “? I cried “ Mom they didn’t tell me they where doing it “. She was determined as she finished tying me, saying don’t move or I’ll tie**

**your feet to “, and walked out of the kitchen. I whined “ please Mom don’t do this“ I was in such shock for reasons I didn’t understand until recently. I closed my eyes as Mom left the room for maybe 10 minutes to let me stew. At that point I got an erection, the most embarrassing one imaginable to me at that age. Mom’s no big deal face confused me so that my mind refused I was in shock. Mom acted like she didn’t even notice as she came back in, like it was normal. Nothing was said between us. My mind reeled how could this be? My whole head flushed red I gasped “ Mom please “. She reminded me there would be no hanging out with the nit-wits I’d gotten in trouble with. My mind was not yet ready to process this so I shut down completely. I’d masturbated a number of times about somebody tied up who in my fantasy I’d rescue. I could discuss this even with Mom. Who it seemed had seen it all before I guess. Nor could I integrate it into my life as it stood. So by the time I was 16 Mom was dealing pot to friends she had a connection for \$100 pounds. At \$10 an ounce she could walk away she liked to say with \$140 plus two Lids to smoke. That was cool cause she knew the local narcs.**

**What worried me was the bikers she sold to. One of them convinced her she could make some serious dough if she fronted and delivered 5 pounds of pot. I talked myself blue in the face but no Mom wanted to make some money. We had a big fight I threatened to run away. "It will be alright Chris I know these guys" she'd screech ". I couldn't believe she couldn't see what was coming. "You can't trust these guys you know that " I begged. But her mind was made up it was a lot of dough for us. Mom did some sex work but we where always broke. I'd been out of the house a lot hanging with the local Hippies, at our local park. I'd been tempted a dozen times by Hippies passing usually in vans or school bus's, that they lived in. Me and Mom, were not talking, and I was mad. when I met Bruce and his Old Lady Kathy. Who lived they said in an old, even then, International Harvester Van, with a huge Husky. With a stand up piano, strapped in the back of the van. An old nearly worn out delivery van converted to a Love Nest. Where they could Make Love, and smoke joints. Heaven on wheels to me. And a way out, Mom had stared to drink heavier, so deeply in need emotionally, Four**

months after I turned 18 I left Seattle with Bruce, Kathy, their dog. Bruce was unusual looking at 6'3', with a strong imposing body. Very thick wrists on strong arms. He had grease under his fingernails, he fixed his truck himself, which seem to break down every second time he used it he bitched. Parts where a bitch to find and cost an arm and a leg according to Bruce. Kathy was small 5'6' blond with a nice body for a woman. She wasn't as sociable as Bruce who could be hilarious when high. We drove south stopping every few hours, usually at rest stops and some parks. Our third day out we stopped at a camp ground near Grants Pass Oregon to sleep. Me and Bruce where all real horny, but frustrated because Bruce didn't dare piss Kathy off, she hovered constantly. The dog slept outside there was no room, I'd climb out with my sleeping bag before they started. I could hear everything and knew how hot, Bruce was for me. It came to a head while we where on Sacred Mushroom's, that Kathy had coped, from some Hippies in the next camp ground. It took hours but somehow me and Bruce found our selves fooling around. At a Park Campground by a creek we where drawn like magnets, I

**was giving him a blow job on my knees when Kathy appeared. We thought we where safe when Kathy seemed to have stumbled out of the bush's. She screamed, I figured it was the Mushrooms. " mother fuckers " over and over. I nearly nipped Bruce's member, on the first one. I screeched, " please Kathy I'm sorry " She heard nothing as she jumped in Bruce's face screaming " mother fuckers, fucking fags I knew it". Bruce tried to calm her but couldn't, but thank God he took a firm grip of her knife arm, and bent it behind her. Which gave me a chance to scoot out of there, till she cooled down. Which I did but without my sleeping bag or even a jacket. I had no clue where we were but knew it was miles to the nearest lights. It was cold and sleeping out without a sleeping bag didn't sound so hot. So I needed my back-pack and jacket and so went back to Bruce and Kathy's van as soon as I heard Bruce play his piano. That's when I knew it would be cool to approach. The dog didn't react much when I did, and that was a good sign to me. 15 feet in front of the van when I couldn't wait any longer, I yelled out " Kathy/Bruce " loud enough to be heard. Bruce yelled from the back of the van " hey buddy it's**



**cool, she's cool". I wanted to believe him but I was scared saying "Are you sure Bruce, I can't believe she's cool, are you sure"?**

**Finally he got up from his piano stool and opened the driver's door of his old van. Smiling saying " come on she's cool now ". I asked Kathy "Kathy can you come out so we can talk?" She seemed completely over it . Saying" I'm sorry I lost it man I flipped on the Mushrooms." I said "well that's cool, cause me and Bruce aint Fags or anything like that ". Kathy and Bruce had a real laugh about that. Kathy piped in "you don't have to tell me that, you where sucking his dick." My whole head turned flaming red with shame. But it was better than the knife so I didn't argue because her problem was she was right. It was late we where all tired, as me so I took my sleeping bag and slept on the ground with the dog. We woke early driving into California to the coast Highway 1. My plan was to have them drop me at the first decent spot to hitch from. We made a stop at mid day-by the side of the road in a park, where I intended to say good bye and get out and hitch. As I reached into the back of their truck for my jacket and pack Kathy stood over me with a pistol in her hand hissing "**

**Don't touch that, your going no where, unless Bruce says so ". I screeched " Kathy I'm not rippin you guys, I haven't touched your stuff". I started to straighten up and grab my pack and leave but, Kathy punched me full in the face, stunning me for half a second back to my knees. My mind was totally unprepared for what was coming. I looked up at Kathy wondering if she was serious or crazy or what. I heard Bruce say, "steady" as the dog jumped into the truck ahead of him growling. Bruce's voice bought him to heel just. I froze in fear crying "please Bruce I didn't do anything, call your dog please." Kathy hissed your going nowhere don't get up ". I cried "please Kathy don't do this ". Bruce was in the van now and I expected him to calm Kathy. I begged him directly" please Bruce just tell me what you want, you can search my pack ". He answered " you better do what she says Son." While their dogs growled. I begged, " what do you want Kathy. Kathy Barked, " face down, wrists behind, now ?" I begged. " Please don't do this " over and over I, cried, " what do you want, I'll do anything ". She hissed " to see your punk ass show some respect ". I begged, " Please what do you want me to do "? Bruce growled**

**“ its time you showed some respect punk “. As he pointed a pistol at my head, and Kathy holstered hers. “ Kathy repeated “ time for you to show some respect punk “. I laid face down wrists behind my back. Bruce growled don’t move while she cuffs you or the dog will strike “. I begged, “ Please, tell me how I’ll do anything “. Kathy Barked “ show me your wrists behind you “ as she sat on my back. Terrified I cried “ checks for what “? “ Rip offs “ she snarled as he snapped the cuffs on my wrists before I could think. My mind froze as Bruce put a set of wrist cuffs on my ankles seconds later. Which where just slim enough for his shackles, I knew I was in trouble. And dared not try anything, I knew they where nuts and they had me where they wanted me. So I cried, and begged, “ I’ll do anything you want please don’t hurt me, please are you going to kill me “? Kathy hissed “ let’s shut him up Pa “ as she locked a pair of thumb cuffs firmly between my upper thumb joints. They where excruciatingly painful but I was too scared to complain. Then she taped my mouth shut with electrical tape. I started to scream loosing all control, when Bruce took his Husky out of the van so he could**

**control him. Kathy then ran a length of rope around my stomach like a pro through the wrist cuff chain, and looped that between my legs securing it in front and unreachable by me. Everything was cinched tight and secured. I cried and begged inaudibly through my taped mouth. As Kathy finished securing me with a separate length of chain, tying my belly rope to a length of chain that she ran diagonally on the floor of van, with a rope around my neck as well. These people where very well prepared and equipped. The though made me think I wouldn't survive being taken by pros. She used a separate pad lock's to lock my ankles cuffs to the other end of their chain. It was obvious this was something they planned. But it was much too late for any such thoughts. Kathy was in her own world and heard nothing I tried to say. She'd mutter " you think Bruce is a fag, that's funny, well we will find out who's a fag ". Bruce and the dog got back in and whispered in my ear " take it easy you going to live with us for awhile ". I couldn't take it in, so started to gasp and sweat and plead. An uncontrollable full body spasm. Bruce had to slap me hard, then knelt over me and with his bare hands he ripped my**

**Levis, off and tossed then in the back of his van. Then he tore my shirt as well clean off. Before taping my eyes shut with electrical tape. They then ate lunch, before driving off to parts unknown. I spent the next three days with Bruce and Kathy in their van. Kept tied, and or shackled continuously. They had some couch cushions they used as a bed on the floor. That old International Harvester was a rough riding truck. Only Bruce's heavy upright wooden piano kept the back end of that beast from bouncing even wilder than it did. If I didn't want to lay on bare metal floors on the chain I made both Bruce and Kathy, my happy sex partners. We drank coffee laced with speed. I got nearly nothing to eat they favored, McDonalds for them. So it took us three days to reach their place I was never untapped long enough to get a fix on where I was. They took their time stopping a couple of times on the coast. Every couple of hours while we drove Kathy would change my position. Rolling me over and putting my wrists in front then back. By then I was totally numb offering only obedience. My ankles where numb I couldn't stand, my wrists where raw. Bruce and Kathy seemed to live on Coffee made in an**

**old fashioned percolator. Coffee basket with coffee and a dozen bennies. The worst tasting coffee like motor oil, you could ever conger up. Heated on their butane stove none of which I could see, but could not ignore as that was all I was given they fed me cup after cup. I shook, sweated, and thrashed around, unable to clear my mind. While we where on the road Kathy maintained maximum security, When we stopped they would eat and if I was compliant, they would relax my thumb cuffs. But never the cuffs. Taking my pad locks off as well so I could sit up. The tape on my eyes was never removed during our journey. But my mouth was untapped, to eat peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. Drink from take out cups with a straw when they where happy. And to service both Bruce and Kathy sexually. That old electrical tape was really messy and nasty. Kathy washed my mouth each time as much as she could but some black gunk residue always stuck. Luckily they had access to washrooms where they could rinse themselves. My cuffs where never removed while I served, I was allowed to get out a couple of times a day where they felt safe to let me pee, and also a couple of number 2s. Between stops we**

**used a pitcher to pee into. So the three of us got it on just about everywhere we stopped. Bruce was the horniest guy I'd ever met. And Kathy wasn't far behind. They both enjoyed having me a young inexperienced sex slave as their captive, savoring it as a rare form of art. Having someone scared and trembling is the supreme high. Especially humiliating to serve a couple as their sex slave. At that age I was constantly getting erections probably five a day. Without privacy and always naked I just got hard all the time. Regardless I couldn't help it. Bruce and Kathy kept at me, reminding me that I liked it when they used me. After two days of this torture and with the speed taking it's toll I started to believe it myself. If I wanted the tape removed, to drink I restricted in all conversation to yes Sir, and yes Mam, and how I knew that I needed it, and that I was going to get it. I got zero sleep laying at their feet each night afraid to shift because of their dog. If they where happy I lay flat on my back with my wrists cuffed and locked in front to a belly chain. Ankles, Wrist cuffed together, With a chain around my neck with a sleigh bell attached, that was tied to Bruce's wrist . If they where unhappy**

**they wrapped my whole body in chains and laid me on the truck floor. Five minutes of that and I was their one true love once again. They both showered at parks once or twice a day. I couldn't so stunk to high heavens. Bruce and Kathy instructed me to serve by slapping me around until I got it right. So you might say we got along splendidly. Exhaustion was the limiting factor. But I wanted to Live so I struggled and gasped, and made them both very sexually excited, which was why they took me in the first place. A hard slap was all that was needed to get compliance, no matter how unpleasant the task. I wanted to Live through the third day which was the longest. We stopped only twice, briefly to eat and arrived late at what turned out to their place. I felt a long dirt driveway as we approached. I heard another dog greet us as we drove up. Bruce said " there's Pa, Ma " as his other dog approached barking. I was left cuffed behind face down hooded on the van floor, chained and locked. As Bruce and Kathy got out following their Husky. It seemed longer but about 20 minutes later Bruce came back out to the van where I waited. I was delirious and unable to stand as Bruce scooped me**



**over his shoulder. Cuffed with my wrists behind, my ankles in hand-cuffs, my mouth and eyes taped, and hooded, bare assed naked. And in full view didn't seem to worry Bruce, obviously he didn't have nosy neighbors to worry about. Bruce hoisted me like a sack of potatoes. Saying " Hi Pa " as he did. I heard voices as both dogs barked, Bruce moved with apparent ease and without a hint of hurry. Pausing momentarily to chat with someone. Nothing made any sense to me, I was expecting to be sneaked quietly into their place. This was nuts right out in the open. With someone acting like it was an every day thing. I couldn't absorb it as fast enough. As he carried me into his place and laid me face down on the floor. I was too exhausted, and numb to rouse myself. Figuring this is where I get it. Bruce unlocked my ankle cuffs, and replaced them with leg cuffs. Much less painful, then he put my wrists in front still cuffed, but he removed my belly chain as well. I would have passed out in relief if only they had not been feeding me bennies all day long. But it was a great relief and I slipped in and out of consciousness, while Kathy made dinner. Bruce slapped me before roughly cutting my mouth**

**tape off. Saying “ don’t open your mouth without permission “.**

**Kathy squatted over me washing most of the gunk, before feeding me a bowl of Oatmeal, they had hamburger’s. A half hour later Bruce slapped me hard and demanded and got service.**

**Then Kathy squatted over me viciously slapping me and demanding service as well. Laying on my back while she lowered herself over my face for service as well. My eye tape was cut off by Bruce, but my eyes stayed so gummed up I couldn’t see.**

**Kathy used some cotton balls to wipe them. Bruce picked me up like a baby, and placed me on what felt like more coach cushions on the floor. Reattaching my belly chain to my wrist cuffs with a pad lock. Then my ankle cuffs as well pad locked to a chain on the floor extending 12 feet. Then my neck was like wise pad locked with a separate piece of chain on the floor. I was going no were, although I couldn’t of got up, even if I wasn’t chained down. I melted cried begged God to Forgive and save me. And expected to die, as how else could this end? Kathy covered me with a blanket. So I spluttered and fluttered for a bout 6 hours before getting maybe 1 hour low grade sleep. My chains made**

**sleep impossible. When they woke at dawn so did I. I could hear them where up letting their Huskies out. Bruce went out after them I was too numb, too scared, to move. I still couldn't open my eyes, I begged reasonably this time " please I don't care about any of this, I'd never tell anyone". Kathy sneered " what did Bruce tell you about opening your mouth that way "? I cried " I'm sorry please don't tell him ". She sneered " you settle down now we'll make this as easy as we can on you Son ". I cried " I will I promise I'll do anything to make you guys happy ". She said " when were done we will turn you loose again Son ". I wanted to believe and leaped at her offer with " please don't hurt me I'll do anything to make you happy I promise ". She cooed " when your ready Son we will turn you loose after all this "? I begged " please I would never tell anyone anything about this". Kathy answered " damn right you won't tell anyone ". I begged " please what do you want me to do, I'll do anything you want? ". Kathy cooed " of course you will Darling ". I cried "please let me go". Kathy answered " Son you live here now, and the sooner you know that, the better for you ". I cried " you can't just grab**

**someone like this". Kathy laughed saying " son that's done, you live here now, your going to be our son ". I cried " what do you want of me just tell me ". Kathy said " right now I want you to quit your sniveling before Bruce gets back, if he hears you he will use his belt on your legs until you do ". I answered " yes Mam ". She smiled . I couldn't help begging " I think I'm blind please, I can't see". Bruce came back in carrying an arm load of wood, that he set down right beside the me. Then he started to feed their Ben Franklin stove some paper, kindling, and the first log. I begged again " please Bruce I can't see I think I'm blind ". Bruce ignored me and Kathy started to cook something. I could tell her stove was right next to me near where Bruce had laid his logs down. Bruce answered " quit your crying your not blind. We eat first then Ma will wash you herself. I cried " I 'm blind I can't see ". Bruce used the palm of his hand to slap me hard, growling " your not blind, she'll wipe it off, we eat first. So I was allowed to sit up and eat as Kathy spooned me as much oatmeal as I could stomach. As we finished eating I started to get hysterical begging " please what do you want "? Bruce answered " You ". I**

**begged “ please what do you want me to do “? Bruce answered “  
Everything we tell ya “. “ I will “ I shrieked “ but what do you  
want me to do “? Bruce slapped me hard and growled “ first you  
speak only with permission from now on “. I cried “ I will I  
promise please don’t hurt me”. Kathy piped up “ start by doing  
everything we tell you to do “. I screeched “ please what do you  
want me to do? Bruce growled “ what did we say about asking  
first before opening your mouth “. I cried “ yes sir “. “Bruce said “  
you want another there plenty more where that one came from “.  
So I cooled it. Saying “ yes sir “. Kathy then used a cloth with  
solvent to wipe my face. That helped a lot but my eyes still stung  
when they finally opened a couple of hours later. My eyes would  
take a day to adjust fully. Their place was big old dumpy, with  
only wood heat. Their kitchen held a huge stove and took up the  
center of the old place, the back half of their kitchen was one big  
cell 10 by 10 feet. Where I tried to sleep last night. Bruce did his  
own welding and was justly proud of his work. The floor of the  
cage was steel plate, and the ceiling was welded bars. The door  
made a loud noise when slammed and locked with a large pad**

**lock. Where I would spend my home alone time. My vision started to get better just at sundown. I was allowed to wash myself in their sink a couple of times, cold wet towel on pits, crotch, and ass. The leg irons stayed on all day as well as my wrist cuffs. When I lost control and began to babble they took turns slapping me back to reality. I started to regain my strength when they both got horny after dinner so I served them both sexually, while painfully bound by Kathy, the hours slipped by I was exhausted. Kathy started our threesome by grabbing my erect cock at full pressure, and quickly athletic taped it while hard. They would keep me that way throughout my captivity all ways taped. Often my fingers where separately taped as well as my whole hands. At my age I was masturbating 5 times a day on my own. And it only took the slightest pressure to get me off. So with no privacy, no boundaries, Kathy kicked things off saying “ you don’t touch yourself without me or Bruce’s say so “. I gulped “ yes Mam “. Bruce pipes up we catch you playing with your self, without us, you’ll get my belt on your legs until your raw “. I cried “ yes sir I won’t “. Kathy sneered you think you hurting now, if we catch**

**you even putting your hand in your crotch to pleasure yourself without us “ you’ll be roped like you where for the whole night “. I cried “ I won’t touch it I promise, you won’t catch me “. Our threesome seemed to go on all night. Then without knowing it, as morning began they slipped me some LSD. The next day and a half where one whirl of screaming, struggling, freaking out. I expected they would kill me when I screamed, but they didn’t seem concerned about neighbors. When the tape was removed I screamed as loud as I could. Until I went voice gave out. My only memories are both of them standing over me screaming “ you did it, confess before its too late “ Me in a dream like state flopping around on my back, four pointed to their wood platform in their cage, mouth taped trying to scream “ no please I didn’t do it “ over and over. Every time my mind would start to clear Bruce would slap me hard, and continue demanding “ you already told us what you did, your wasting our time so confess, so we can end this “. I’d whimper “ what I didn’t do anything “ Bruce repeats “ your just wasting time, you have already confessed “. I’d scream “ please I didn’t do anything, I don’t know what your**

**talking about “. Always painfully tied as Kathy sneered “ we know what you did, you’ve already confessed “ I screamed “ Bruce Kathy, please I didn’t do anything why are you doing this “? Bruce sneered “ you already confessed we gave you truth serum “. I had no idea what they where talking about, but I also had time periods when I was unconscious, and maybe I’d said something then. As their drugs took effect they lost contact, I was non responsive after about 6 hours. The next thing I remember they had let me off the platform and used a half dozen thick leather lockable 1 inch straps, to cinch my upper body at my wrist, elbows, and shoulders. As well as my ankles and knees, I was small and slim weighting 140 pounds, and going nowhere. Once strapped they alternated putting me in their cell under their bed, when I got too much for them, or to service them usually their bed. In their bed I was free to float and flutter without serious injury. With my wrists at my side they had control again so they could continue the interrogation. Which they did the moment I started to revive. I was ready to confess to anything they wanted me to say. I begged screaming “ no I didn’t**



**” over and over, without knowing what I was denying I lacked conviction, as they took turns bearing down. Screaming “ you’ve already confessed “. While I screamed “ please I don’t know what your talking about “ Oatmeal the first day of my arriving had been all I’d eaten. Since my interrogation began I was given no food, and only bitter speed laced coffee to drink again. When I begged they told me “ you’ll get water when you confess “ usually with a hard slap. Kathy volunteer “ do you know what they do to child rapists in this state “? No Mam “ I cried. Bruce said “ you get sent up for that, you get marked by every crazy fucker in the joint “. I babbled “ what are you talking about “? Kathy intoned “a punk like you won’t live a month after goin up for this “. I cried “ please what are you talking about here, I didn’t do anything this is all made up “. The combination of speed with the LSD, was pure torture in its self. The absolute worst of both, as I thrashed around deliriously begging screaming, as they ignored me and ate. I felt I’d lost control of my mind and didn’t know who to trust or believe. I begged God too save me. I was ready to believe anything anybody told me to stop the torture. I broke and**

**screamed a hundred times “ what do you want me to say “?**

**Bruce said “ we want a full confession “. I screamed “ just tell me**

**what you want me to say “. Bruce answered evenly “ we need a**

**full confession “. I cried “please just tell me “? Kathy said “ we**

**need to make it official “. I screamed “ how just tell me “? Bruce**

**evenly answered, we need to make sure it never happens again “.**

**I begged “ please just tell me what you wanted me to say “?**

**Kathy cooed “ it doesn’t work that way “ I started to lose control**

**screaming “ no, no, I didn’t “ over and over. Bruce calmly and**

**patiently said, “ you don’t remember what you told us you did “?**

**No “ I screamed “. Kathy cooed “ you don’t remember telling us**

**what you did “? I screeched “ no please tell what I said “ Bruce**

**in a serious voice said “ you don’t remember telling us about the**

**children you have hurt “? I screamed “ no, no, no” and passed out**

**cold, waking later to continue begging please for water. Bruce**

**said “ before we do that, we need to make sure you never do this**

**again “. I whimpered “ how “. Kathy cooed “ when were happy**

**that you have confessed, and were sure you won’t do it again “. I**

**cried “ how do I do that “? Bruce said “ we start with a full**

**confession that you can't take back ". " How can I confess to what I can't remember " I whimpered. " That's up to you " Bruce snarled . My mind snapped and my will was gone. I confessed screaming " I'm sorry, I'm sorry, for what I did " over and over. Wanting only the torture to stop I agreed I was guilty. The moment I did all conversation shifted as if by magic. All conversations proceeded on the basis that I was guilty and was being punished for what I did to those kids. That was the basis of all talk from that moment on, I was guilty they where punishing me for it. And lucky to be alive considering what I was guilty of. Once I confessed I was given water and allowed to eat but sleep with speed and LSD would take awhile. And when I finally did sleep it was for a full day and a half, in their cage, I was kept strapped at all times but allowed to doze fitfully. When they roused me Bruce lifted me by the straps around my shoulders off the floor where I'd slept. It was hours before I was able to talk, I was allowed escorted to their bathroom to use the toilet first. Then back to the living room and laid on my back on the floor. As Kathy made oatmeal for three calmly. And Bruce came back in**

**with the Huskies panting in my face. I'm guessing it was toward midday that I started to stir, but with no memory of last night or my confession. In my frame of mind I'd been kidnapped and so when I cried and begged them " please what do you want from me, I'll do anything you want please just let me go". They simply started over again with " are you kidding you confessed already ". And round and round we would go again. Kathy's favorite was " a punk like you that's hurt a child, won't last a month when we tell them what you did ". " Please no don't tell them" I cried. Kathy says " we can start questioning you right now Son, to help you remember ". I cried " please no ". Bruce says " Kathy can rope you real good right now Son would you like that "? Kathy says stand him up Pa, and rope his ankles together, I'll get the hangmans noose". So I'd beg " please what do I have to do to make it up "? They'd say " when you remember and confess so we know you won't do it again, we can go into their bedroom for a some fun. " Bruce mumbled " go to it Darling, I 'm sick of listening too ". When I moaned please don't I'll be good ". Kathy said to Bruce " Daddy I'm going to rope this young rapist down**

**cinched tight, stand him up in the corner for an hour or two one of my noose's, until his memory clears up again ". Bruce offered " or we could begin a four pointer again, until I remembered and confessed ". My confession was immediate and sincere, that evening, as would become our custom they took me into their bedroom to learn to serve sexually. Their straps never came off as I served them both in their huge bed. Built by Bruce as solid as a rack out of inch and a half thick wood, with a sturdy canopy for suspension, and with a built in cell filling the whole underneath of their bed. Bruce lifted me like a kid, and lifted me into their bed to serve them. I couldn't walk strapped the way I was. The used a series of finger snaps and grunts to signal their pleasure. I was used like a sex object without regard to my pleasure or lack thereof. I found my self fully erect while in pain and terror none the less. As our sexuality merged into a continuous orgy, for which I was always available. With no privacy, my horniness merged with theirs as time went on. I had no Idea where theirs started and mine ended. They had total control even when I was sleeping wearing a leather collar and**

wrist bands with sown in jingle bells. Bruce would sniff me first thing on waking to see how many nocturnal emission I had had. Bruce had the nose of a predator. If I started to beg and cry they took turns reminding me how lucky I was that they hadn't took me out back and hung me, right after I confessed. Tying me standing wrists behind, upper body cinched tight , knees and feet tied together. A hangman's noose around my neck cinched tight. A few minutes of this and I was their good son once again, striving for forgiveness." Daddy doesn't need to take his belt off " , I'd whimper " please I'll show you both how good I can be ". Their cell also thick wood, and was one big box with two small slits at the end of their bed. Once inside you needed quite a set of lungs just to be noticed. You noticed I didn't say heard because it was the most awful feeling of claustrophobia. Once the entrance was locked with a sturdy padlock. I hoped I'd pleased both Bruce and Kathy perfectly. Because sleeping with the shackles in front, and enough chain on my ankles to spread my legs enough to roll was now my Idea of a good night sleep. They allowed me to sleep on a set of couch cushions when

**satisfied, And the bare wood planks when not. I often jerked awake in a panic taking awhile to remember where I was, I would do anything to get out of that box. Being completely exhausted and spent helped me pass out most of the time. The number of positions I could be placed in was infinite, and the difference in the placement of my shackles was the hub, that my time now spun on. And all I could think of Bruce and Kathy was they where hard core Sadists who where indifferent to my pain or suffering. All I had to do was make them happy in every particular instance of service. They both demanded my complete attention regardless of my pain, or suffering. They owned me as their captive taken fair and square. Besides there was my guilt used as necessary. Without privacy I didn't know where my sexuality began or ended. Unsure and unable to remember what was real, and what was not. Both Bruce and Kathy where hyper sexual every morning, when they woke they expected service. So that became the focus making them both happy, kept me exhausted. They lived in the mountains, on a huge lot with two houses as it turned out. During the approximately three weeks it**

**took to finish brain washing me, I had a vague notion of a third person who I wasn't sure was real. Their place was remote with only wood, for heat and cooking. And it was cold, and so wood chain sawing, loading, hauling, sawing, splitting, and stacking was a never ending job. There was no local radio stations, and the TV worked only after dark. And of course there was nothing to watch. And what was on, was on, at our bedtime orgy time, so our sole source of entertainment was a record player, that I needed permission to touch, and maybe a dozen record albums. And me as their house guest and becoming their son night by night. Bruce and Kathy where both in their 40s. And I started to revert to my childhood to find a way to understand what they had done to my brain. It seemed to work for a while with them as the parents me their Son. We assumed the roles of Parent's who's Son needed to be confined for what I had done. Which never came up except when I hesitated, or questioned them. Then they would remind me that we could always go back to the interrogation to find out why I needed to be locked up. They where sure that a couple of days on truth serum would reveal all**



**to my confused brain. There was no way I could even approach that hell. My mind reeled at the thought and death sounded better to me. So sexual slavery was much preferable, much less painful. But I couldn't remember why, or even ask the question, without losing control of my mind in sheer panic. So avoiding my guilt, and serving hoping for forgiveness, was my all-consuming passionate belief. They had well and truly gotten inside my head. As I struggled to serve them both. There was no energy at the end of the day except for sleep when I could get some. I scrubbed both houses, sweeping, moping, scrubbing toilets. washing dishes, floors. Their house was big, Pa's was smaller, both needed a lot of wood to heat even part of it, in the night. They had a large barn almost next to their back door where they kept their wood. So we tended to get in bed and snuggle in their bedroom, just to stay warm. The huge black wood burning monster was 10 feet from the bed post. And my job once the evening commenced was to keep it fed. Set it first with paper and kindling and thin chopped wood for fast lighting. And keep it fed until we slept, which meant jumping out of bed on to a**

**cold floor. Wearing leg Irons, my collar, with a sleigh bell attached to it. After feeding the fire straight back hands in sight whether Cuffed or not. Bruce handled all axes and saws that where locked away after use outside. When we exited we walked out the back door through the barn. Remember his two Huskies watching me like I was a gopher. Both Bruce and Kathy where formidable humans. Kathy was actually small but fierce and she kept me terrified all the time. It was four to one, and me who didn't know where I was or what I did. All I knew was that I was guilty and Bruce and Kathy where taking it easy on me, as long as I behaved myself. If I didn't there was the box for whatever time it took to raise my moral, they used to call it. So I became their good son Chris. I started to accept them as my parents calling them Mom and Dad. They started to let me go out back of their huge property to haul Bruce had cut. He'd walk me wearing leg irons and a pair of his boots two sizes too big for me. One of Bruce's heavy work jacket with hood, shorts, or a pair of his cut down overalls when it was real cold. Kathy had thrown all my cloths away except for a pair of cut off levis. They both hunted**

**and both were fair shots with a rifle. Bruce had rigged a back pack with side straps that Kathy sowed on for my wrists, attached to the side of the ridged frame. The chest strap locked making the whole ingenious rig inescapable. I'd carry Bruce's ground cloth, and blind, and anything we ate while waiting for our kill. I learned to stand real still quietly wearing Bruce's Felt Lined Boots. They each got a deer, which we ate that winter. Bruce would un-strap me to help haul our prey, back to hang behind their house. Hauling up and cutting the deer's throat so the Husky's could lick up the blood before we stared back. Bruce's Father lived next door 50 feet from Bruce And Kathy's. I cleaned both houses in my spare time. Bruce was a chip of the old block, and Pa was the original 70 plus year old angry sadist. I suspect there might be some connection, but we never got a chance to fully discuss that or anything else. He was even more unpleasant than his son, although not s tall. Slapping me hard at the beginning of each visit. Pa said almost nothing as he slapped me around, to serve him. I'd kneel to serve fully strapped by Bruce or Kathy. Who had no worry about neighbor's so bare**

**footed and nude I was taken by Bruce and one Husky to Pa's probably twice a week. Pa made up for the fact that he could no longer get an erection, by getting pissed at me. Those visits where pure hell. And took hours painfully strapped he get almost there, before he'd loose it. So we started over again that was hell. Sometimes I'd be brought in and put in the four by four square cage in his dumpy old living room. Waiting to serve while he dozed. Sometime put there after our visit to wait for Bruce to come get me, he'd doze, as I froze shackled in his cage. Bruce loved the quick walks always bare-footed, shackled and strapped from Pa's back to his house. I'd be ready to pass out shivering as Bruce and Kathy where just warming up. As I was taken into their bedroom where they placed me at the base of their bed kneeling. Kathy would put a set of snow shoe felt inserts on my feet to warm them. Then she would cold soap and water my face and crotch. Before being allowed into their nice warm bed. Twice a week Kathy usually and the dogs would go to Pa's and I would clean while they visited. Kathy cooked and Pa ate dinner with us about half the time. When he didn't Kathy took it to him herself.**

**Bruce used to be in the wood business, he'd go out with a chain saw early. Cut as much wood as he could, into manageable lengths mostly snags dead wood. For several miles around his property he knew every tree. Then with the dogs and Kathy and me we went out to haul wood. Bruce and Kathy both wore pistols on the sides. And would use them as casually as shooting a deer if I made a move. My leg Irons would be reversed both cuffs on one ankle. With the chain wrapped around that same ankle. And a second set of cuffs, also wrapped the same around my other ankle . With a pair of Bruce's too big overalls. Shortened at the ankles but big enough to cover my ankles and a pair of old boots 2 sizes too big. It was snowing but it felt like I was wearing snow shoes on the beach. Slow and careful where my only two speeds. Leather high top boots that would support the leg irons. And I carried a large potato sack to haul wood in. I was allowed work gloves and a hooded parka. I was told to keep my head down and to make no sound or sudden moves. Me and Bruce loaded the truck together as Kathy would watch with the Dogs. As Bruce and me worked he seemed to know all the rangers and most of**

**the other wood cutters. Usually we heard their chain saws at a distance. We worked like this 2 or 3 times a week Bruce could time our going out to miss almost everybody. With the snow and the effort it took to be social nobody bothered they already knew Bruce on sight. And a wave or a honk was all the communication needed. I'd slide into the back with the wood and the dogs. All saws and tools left at home by Bruce after sawing. Exhausted there was no rest on the wood pile. And looking out their window was discouraged. Our nearest neighbor was about a mile away. Bruce's truck was ubiquitous and invisible. I heard other chain saws frequently at a distance. When loaded we headed to their barn which was large and had a steam powered log splitter. Where we would first stack, then split the logs. With the leg irons, the too big boots, and the freezing cold I was only good for about 2 hours at a time. Before I'd have to go in and change socks and warm my feet before we could work again. The boots made sure I couldn't run. If I took them off my feet would freeze instantly. I went through 3 pairs of socks a day. Naturally I developed a raging case of athlete's foot. With the boots and the**

**leg irons it quickly became unbearable. And no threat or beating could shut me up. Imagine a raging rash that you can't treat or itch. So after watching me itch and bitch Bruce let me in on a secret, a Magical formula to stop that rash in its tracks. As I woke and Bruce unlocked my under bed cell and, as I walked to the bathroom, Bruce took mercy as he whispered " climb in the tub and piss on your toes, make sure you get the cracks between your toes ". I mumbled " what "? Then Bruce said " piss on your toes, between don't piss on your leg irons you'll get them rusty". I did and as I finished serving them both a half hour later I was amazed my rash was much better. That's become a lifetime habit. And to this day I piss between my toes daily. And may well be why so many gorgeous models follow me home it's primal. Anyway where was I? We had a bathtub that we would fill with a foot of cold water and then try to get lukewarm, with buckets of heated water from the top of our wood burner stove. We could fit four at once on the top with lots of wood, the second batch took a long time. And a lot of wood and kindling, so by the time they where finished washing. I needed a second tub of cold water and**

**another four buckets of hot. Usually that was too much effort and they thought a waste. So I'd take a hand towel and soak it in soap and water and wash my face, arms, pits, crotch, and my bottom last. Bruce and Kathy enjoyed sexual humiliation the best. With strict protocols and signals they demanded every moment of your time be in accordance with their wish's . My desires were not considered, and my complaints ignored. I was lucky to be alive considering the guilt I felt. Complaints led to my guilt it was a circular firing squad. So I strived to serve and please both Bruce and Kathy. I accepted that I was Guilty and proceeded from there. And for a while believed they were protecting me from myself. Without privacy and no quiet and very little sexual experience myself. And I was also hyper sexual myself, and felt guilty about that. So being kept nude indoors, the close proximity to both Bruce and Kathy was overwhelming to my senses. So in essence our desires melded to one unending orgy. Uninterrupted by strangers they lived as they pleased. Bruce seemed comfortable taking me out on his property a good third of a mile in either direction, and on the National Park side, almost a mile.**



**And possession of me was finders keepers, and us loser's could weep all we wanted. In my box I was free to cry myself to sleep. Being guilty I was ready to believe anything I was told. So we settled into a sort of routine. As the weather warmed up Bruce began using Pa's station wagon to drive to Reno. He had a connection there with somebody who owned a flea bag Motel in East Reno. Where he rented me out hourly to local sadists. We would drive in at night and go straight to the back of the Motel. Where I could be loaded in to the room selected. I would be brought wearing only shorts and a t-shirt. Cuffed in front to a belly chain, elbow strapped behind my back. Knees and ankles strapped together. Ankles leg ironed as well. My mouth was taped shut, and I wore a cloth hood, that I couldn't see out of. I was strapped to a thick heavy leather mat that wrapped around me like a blanket. When we drove, I was laid on my side in the back with the seat down and covered with a blanket. Kathy would sit shotgun as we drove, she would reach over their bench seat, and keep an eye as Bruce drove. With one of the huskies in the back of Pa's station wagon. When we got there**

**Bruce would wrap me in a blanket and pick me up like a baby. And unselfconsciously lay me right there on the bed. Then I'd be sold for money I never saw or discussed because it was none of my business. The mat I was strapped to was heavy and ridged. And had its own heavy straps that went all the way under the mattress and where cinched together tight. Instant rack inescapable with me attached. So the sweat blood and tears wouldn't ruin the mattress. Then they would put me where the customers had requested, without un-cuffing me. Usually the customers would tell Bruce where they wanted me positioned. Bruce would then spread-eagle me to the bed, or whatever the customer requested. Bruce and Kathy where pros their customers usually were not. He needed to be sure I couldn't get away. He would make sure they weren't going to loose me, he would usually waited inside with Kathy waiting just outside the room in their car. The both enjoyed hearing me suffer with their customers, plus they needed to watch these psychos, because they never knew when one would loose control of themselves. I heard them more than once talking about how a customer might**

**decide to keep me. Bruce knew that he would have no way of finding me then. I was their principal means of support. I don't know how Bruce met these psychos, I'm sure there was no checking of references. And no refunds, or returns. But first things first because Bruce had to get paid. So the customers knew I wasn't going anywhere and could relax and enjoy themselves. Knowing there would be no negative consequences, if they went too far I guess you could say things that even the local addicts wouldn't put up with. I remember 10 visits to Reno, Bruce would arrange the date. And usually tie or shackle me for the date the way their customers wanted it before they arrived. Most where complete novices, and clumsy, so dangerous. They had no idea what they where doing and could seriously hurt you. Two where hard core sadists who Bruce had to calm down when they got carried away. As they beat me I started to scream so Bruce who stayed had to call it off. That pissed both Bruce and Kathy royally but they didn't want me permanently marked. He had a customer who rented me twice, a big fat guy I couldn't stand. Both times it was real hot at night as I served this guy in this**

**filthy piss smelling Motel. He was into strict painful bondage for hours. Taping my mouth shut tight so that I would get a full body sweat and pass out could scream my lungs out. Our first date was the worst memory I have of my captivity. He was dripping sweat, stunk, snorting coke, rambling incoherently and trying to get hard. But he was so fat that his unit completely disappeared between the fat. I was spread-eagled mouth taped gasping for breath. While he used his belt viciously on my upper thighs. I spent hours trying to get him hard. The sadist was nodding out so Bruce who wasn't very good with heat headed out telling Kathy, to go get some beer. Which they drank in the car slowly while I slow broiled near by. When they finally picked me up later they could tell how miserable I was, when he slung me into the back seat to lay my head on Kathy's lap. I was crying so Kathy untapped my mouth so I could drink. Half an hour later when I could I told both " I don't care if you kill me I'm not going back to see that guy again ". And meant it. It was my first revolt and I felt ready to die. Bruce muttered something like " don't worry, we won't " a couple of times. Kathy pretended to be concerned**

**asking Bruce “ what happened “ like she didn’t know. Kathy said “ Daddy he’s our best payer eh “? Bruce kept his word for two weeks. Not enough time for my legs to heal from his beating. Business was slow. And Bruce made all the decisions in our little household. But this creep just gave him more money, and Bruce sold me to him again. Not a word was spoken about the next visit when I was transported to the flea- bag motel that they never seemed to have to check into. They where real quiet before we left their place, so I suspected the worst. Risking a beating repeating “ Your not taking me to see that fat fucker again, are you “ ? Because if you are you can just kill me now. “ Kathy slapped me muttering “ you give this guy any shit you’ll do a three-day interrogation the minute you get back. I repeated “ it better not be him “. Bruce said “ I don’t want to hear a single complaint from anyone we give you to tonight or any night “. We where talking past each other. Being their captive and always present had made me very aware of their voice inflection. But a direct refusal could get me killed. My hackles went up when Kathy stayed home this time helping me into the station wagon**

**again wrapped in leather, plus a cloth blanket to hide me from the truckers. And to make sure I couldn't bother Bruce while driving, their leather blanket was strapped to the back seat. Bruce was in a foul mood even for him, probably feeling guilty. So he droned on about how I'd better give him no shit. About how he better get no complaints. With my mouth taped he couldn't hear a word of my answer. I was defiant ready to die, but there was nothing I could do about it. Except scream " you better not of sold me to that cock sucker " over and over. I should have known when Kathy decided to skip the fun that she couldn't show her face, as much as she loved watching me suffer. It was a miserably hot night wrapped in the thick leather sheet. Bruce had to carry me into the same flea-bag motel. With the hood which was only cloth I had passed out twice, if it had been leather I wouldn't have made it. Bruce plopped me and his leather blanket on the bed. My head at the foot of the bed. Then he strapped his blanket under the bed securing me and it. Bruce unstrapped me to go to the toilet. Cuffs in front to belly chain, leg irons, hooded we went into the toilet. Where Bruce took my hood**

**of and gave me two glasses of water, with a straw while I sat on the toilet. Getting my hood removed was a huge relief. He gave me 20 minutes to recover before the sale began. My eyes were kept taped while I drank. He then walked me to the bed and laid me on my back I felt immediately that his leather blanket had been removed, I was tied ankles first tight, to the head of the bed with rope. After my leg irons were removed. Then my wrists as well were roped securely spread wide. He was an hour late. Bruce let me sit up a few times while waiting, my entire body sweated through the bed. Made the piss smell unbearable. Bruce pushed me down retying my arms spread-eagled. Then Bruce re-taped my mouth with athletic tape just before I heard Bruce talk to the bastard I hated. With the Mosquitoes drinking my blood, and flies buzzing. My view of things shifted from guilty to pissed off victim. Bruce was feeling guilty so he slipped out as soon as he got paid to, drink a little beer. That left me boiling mad with nothing I could do about what was going to happen with this gross sadist. The room was not air conditioned, and so hot it was all I could do to breath, without passing out. Cockroaches**

**skittered, and Mosquito's buzzed. I could hear other people talk in the rooms around us, most having loud rough sex. So there I was waiting spread-eagled suffering sweating losing it. Without being able to see time is magnified and I became disassociated. The best part of two hours passed as I squirmed and flew in and out of this dimension. He could barely stand up he was so loaded, mumbling, incoherently, really gross sadist psycho. Asking and answering his own questions that I couldn't satisfy with answers, so he'd beat me with his belt. When he started to use his belt on my legs hard. Finally I lost all control screaming and arching my back, as my left wrist came free. Expecting my Sadists to strike instantly I fumbled with the tape covering my eyes. But couldn't quite get it off. My wrist was numb, so a moment passed while I felt paralyzed. I started to black out when the door to the room I was in opened, by what sounded to me like a black 14 year old sex worker sex worker Angle. She screeched her pimp's name. As she pointed a pistol at my sadist. Who screeched " Jesus don't shoot, we where just having fun " over and over as he ran without his pants, past her screeching. I tried to get up as she**



**turned to me, putting her hand on my chest to calm me. She understood immediately what was up. I was too wobbly to do anything. I was gasping and screaming through my taped mouth, as she loosened the ropes on my other wrist and both ankles. She didn't need my words she knew what to do. I wanted to say thanks as she fumbled with the taking the tape off my mouth, then my eyes, but couldn't. Her Pimp walked in pistol in hand, barely looking at me, with no surprise, as he asked my Angle "who's that white fucker run with no pants"? She answered "never seen him before". With a flick of his knife he cut the tape over my eyes and mouth, without scratching me. Then he lifted me up and said "get dressed, before he comes back". It took me three minutes to put my shorts, Bruce's jacket, and my tennis shoes on. They nearly left twice before I was ready saying "lets go I don't want to have to shoot that fucker if he comes back". But my Angle wasn't going to let me pas out yet. Asking her about tricks and money, she stalled him asking again for a minute or two to let me get my wits about me. He asked again if she knew who that fucker was"? They started to walk out saying**

**“ you coming “? They agreed to give me a ride provided I dress while we walked . There ride was right outside the room we lucky for me. They made a right and pulled out of the driveway of that flea bag motel, where I could just make out a row of other flea bag motels as we drove towards downtown Reno. I didn't even get the names of my rescuers. To them a reflex everyday decision just another night in the Jungle. They only asked a few questions like “ how long you been working Boy “? I croaked “it's a long story I was kidnapped a long way from here, I wasn't tricking “. No big deal they met creeps all the time. He intoned to her “ you see em again Girl you point him out. She piped up “ you think I'm going let that pig get near me, your crazy as he is “. Like they'd seen it all before. Both of them telling me, “ to keep my ass of the street in case that fucker cum back “. So they dropped me downtown, and I was in shock, and afraid to talk to anybody about my experiences, and would remain that way for many years. I slept in the back of a car parked in a motel parking, lot near downtown. As my vision slowly improved. In the morning I managed to sneak into a casino rest room to wash my**

**face. And to see if I was presentable which I wasn't . Did some spare changing then ate breakfast, before hitch hiking out of here which I managed to do by 10 AM. I was thinking home to Washington. It had been 10 months since I breathed free air, and my thoughts where hard to control. For many years I suffered the Post Traumatic Stress of my Brain Washing. Suppressed anger would be with me for some time. I managed to get back home in about a week of hitch hiking, mixed with a little sex work along the way. But 10 months had passed Mom had moved, and her spirit had nose dived when I disappeared. Things had not gone well before I left and only got worse as time went on. We lived together with her new boy friend for most of a year. But that wasn't working for them and I wasn't happy either.**



**Scott, The night we met**

**Chapter 2      It was 1972 I got up the nerve to hit the road again being restless by nature. This phase of my life would be a continuous battle to wrestle with my duality. Loving Bondage and Discipline, but too terrified to practice, or even discuss this with anyone was a real energy drain. The energy it takes to suppress is not good for your health, and completely counter productive. But tell to me then I wasn't listening I was wrestling with a huge**

**snake. I didn't want to be associated with force of any kind. After my experiences with Bruce and Kathy. But the idea, the flavor of Bondage and Discipline was everywhere. This time I got lucky and met almost right off a very nice man named Ed. Ed was 50 years old and lived in San Francisco. Making his living as an independent Welding Supply Salesman. Driving all to hell and gone taking orders from small independent car repair, metal machine shops, anybody independent who welded, auto repair, or machine shops, in Northern California. Ed was a sweet man proud of his independence. A quality I admire to this day. We hit it off right off. He was real turned on by me and lonely and glad for the company. Making him happy was child's play and I even enjoyed making him happy. Vanilla Sex was all Joe and me partook of. I couch surfed with him in San Francisco, and when he moved to Ukiah, for a year. Highly sexual by nature myself, I could now read people well enough to make my way as a sex worker. Bondage and Domination still turned me on as much as I tried to hide from that. But no amount of anger could fill that hole. I knew of no magazines where you could engage in**

**fantasies of S/M that I liked. Doctor's at the time speaking with authority said we who suffered from a Fetish were certifiable. It hadn't been that long since these experts were saying the same about being Gay. Talking about the subject could be your last conversation, this side of the wire. People were deeply closeted and the powers that be intended to keep them there. All advances in Human Consciousness are fought, trench warfare style by those who prosper on our Fear and Ignorance. Keeping us so wound up, we don't know if we should shit, or wind our watch's. So I'm of two minds on Human Sexuality, Delighted, Blown Away with the unimagined progress of awareness in my lifetime. The Million people who show every year for Folsom is mind blowing. So many things were nurtured in the Bay Area, The Environment movement, those fucking hippies again. When they ran the Friday Night Skate out of San Francisco, it pops up in Paris bigger and badder. Same with Critical Mass, the bicycle mass ride through San Francisco. Jumped on and spread far and wide. The Millions jailed for Marijuana now nearly legal. And the long fight for Gay Marriage, at long last ended. And my struggle**

**to make these movies has allowed everyone to express their real feelings. To explore their full lives without the sugar coating. As well as looking clearly at both sides of their duality. Something every fully conscious person must do at some point in their journey. The older I get the more credit I give myself for the importance of the work I've done. As I began shooting movies I sensed but didn't really know what I was doing or why. For a long while I took the lack of support for my work personally. I had no idea of the edifices that were threatened by my work. Having 90% of the Gay People I encountered as negative on my work probably didn't help either. As Gay people reached for liberation they stiffened wanting to be accepted they shunned us marginal types. A very Human thing to do, but that would have been no fun. Nature Favors Diversity just head down to the next Folsom and have a look around. So am I bitter, lets call it bittersweet. So lets thank God some Judge, or a doctor, or your Guardian can't have you locked away until you were cured. And lets keep it that way where Bondage and Domination didn't exist as a subject, to I hear Kevin Spacey has a dungeon on an HBO**

**special. Plus I'd already taken the Cure. So I buried it deep with the help of a lot of anger. But drop my drop the memories of what turned me on returned again and again. My first Bondage Fantasies had me finding someone tied up and rescuing them. Those came to me spontaneously and therefore where my most valuable assets, without my having a clue of course. Those morphed into initiations type scenes, with guys taken for Man Hood Rituals, bound and put through the ringer, sweated. Hooded left bound alone until they cried, you know stuff like that. The price of release a blow off of a huge load of stuff that was clogging up their emotional pathways. And of course a huge load of cum to make it real. Something visceral where the actual emotion of Domination and Submission where felt by both of us. So my imagination was exercised as I met and trained different people. Staying a step or two ahead of them in the experience of Submission. Staying in control to lead them to where they needed to go. I was determined to not let my negative experience make me unable to enjoy my Fetish, as it does with so many, who I have met personally. So I started to meet guys**



**who let me tie them up, and several years into doing this, I started to take pictures for me to jerk off to later. It seemed like every other guy I met while Hitch Hiking into San Francisco and the Highway 101 north of there was into getting tied up, that was my stomping grounds. I Hitch-Hiked almost everywhere. Getting the negative's developed was an incredible task, and I am Proud to say I was banned from every film developer between Ukiah and San Francisco. Even the Famous Mystic Labs rejected my negatives, on one pretext or another. I was amazed that almost everyone I tried went for it, letting me a stranger tie them up in the woods. Many murmured as we began " I can't believe I'm doing this ". Which years later I heard a variation from Models shooting videos. Imagine you just shot one of my movie's, you just shot your load tied up. I'm untying you and the others have left the room. You feel so good you can't help but disclose to me quietly of course, " Oh My God, I have wanted to do that all my life, thank you, Please don't tell anybody that Please ". Now Imagine hearing that over a hundred times, from Models alone. Money is the lure for Model's, on the other hand there are Models**

**who wouldn't touch this work for one million dollar's. It come down to the electrical magnetic energy running through each of us. So I my work attracts the highest energy, least attached Individuals. While they are still open to new Ideas. Once the old clam shell slams shut, the need there Moms permission to venture forth. They have a period in their lives when they are open to learn, and hungry for knowledge. Let's call them Fetish Warriors shall we? I developed a knack for bondage and knowing when a guy needed it. Almost nothing was said I was always ready, rope and athletic tape handy as we started I'd say " have you ever been tied up "? They would say " no but its OK " When they submitted they got a taste of what it's like to Dominated and to Loose Control, and to safely feel the Fear. Which they needed and used feel their true Natures. So which strangely was all the time hitchhiking up and down to San Francisco. I'm probably exaggerating but not much. Hitchhiking was my primary mode of transport. Meeting guys was so easy and natural. We'd spend a few minutes talking, smoking a Joint. All we needed was a place to do it. Tying a guy up and taping his mouth would get**

**me so hot. Especially if they were a little scared at the last minute. I started to collect photos of every guy who would let me tie him up, and take a photo. Over the years the pile of photos all stacked in binders grew and grew. I drove many an innocent visitor around the bend, as I brought out what amounted to my family albums. That was my idea of fun get, a guy just a little scared to see what he's made of. Most young guys I found out have a need for a man hood ritual which must include an element of danger. Not roll play the heart must pump with adrenaline so the feel it. At least perceived as danger, either way it's a visceral need in us all. And everywhere I turned I found a need to experience a real submission, all people needed was somebody safe to do it with. To give up control and be tested in reality because at some point in every life we know our true emotional selves, how we react defines what we feel about our selves. The one person we can't hide from is our selves, the Buda nailed it. So bondage was my hobby and my turn on, and my way into humanity. The fact that it turned me on was the most difficult to deal with, I guess everyone struggles with their Fetish's. Seeing**

**guys getting turned on while tied was a huge help, not to mention turn on. Slowly I built my confidence and knew what they needed before they asked. I'd tie a guy up tight he'd get hard with a whisper in his ear and a very slight pressure on his dick I became an expert at taking guys right there, then easing back, and playing him like that all night, to exhaustion dripping sweat. Until they howl. An invaluable service I found out so people started calling me Ropes and I love that still. So I took my pictures made people look at them way past bored, but fortunately I had a one-track mind which facilitated my obsession. I loved to meet guys around the old bus station in San Francisco. They had a huge Pin Ball arcade right next door. People went through there by the hundreds hourly all the time people from out of town. And people where so easy to meet then. Being a sex worker I had plenty of time for trips to Mount Tam, on the Bus all the way from San Francisco. I've lost count of the Lads I've gone hiking up Mount Tam, or to Samuel Taylor Park with. Me a lad, a backpack, with some rope, some tape, a Camera, Collar, Gags, Extra Rope, Water. Didn't need lube spit works just as well. Anyway the effort**

**wasn't to get off, the effort was to hold it, so we could get a few photos before shooting our loads. You know how they do, when they've shot their loads, there done. Unfortunately all those photos are not publishable I never got releases. But this was a hobby and the thought of even the possibility of ever publishing such explosive material never seriously crossed my mind, or I would have. There was nothing remotely similar on sale, it was just impossible. A figment of my Imagination. You can't tie some cute Guy up and get his dick hard, while he sucks you, can you? I did keep thinking I could sell these, people would like them. But forget it there was no such thing allowed. And only a total maniac would even try. But then I'd think what a waste and off I'd go again, making some poor fool suffer, looking at my photos. Saying patiently " I know I could sell these ". Naturally if they were tied down it was easier to convince them. That's easy enough to understand right? Having a one track mind was very helpful as well. On all my sex Dates it was the same, the guys were just older, but I seemed to gravitate to guys who loved bondage. Even my Vanilla Dates had a dash of S/M without the**

**bondage. Maybe a little hair pulling with an arm around their neck while I jerk them off. Maybe a smack before they suck me who knows. There's something about letting someone behind you so close, penetrate you, that's the ultimate Vulnerability. They hold your jugger vein, they are inside you. My ultimate dream was to have a cool place in San Francisco of my own. And I was down there every excuse I found. The City fascinated me it was so cool staying away was torture. I started going to the old Fillmore, regularly, seeing the Greatful Dead, dozens of times. And about 80% of those hippies, I'm here to tell you where at least Bi-Sexual, which warmed the cockles of my heart more than once. And Hippie Boys make the best sex slaves that's been proven time and time again. San Francisco existed in another dimension then. Mr Alioto was cool with us hippies, the cops did their thing but where cool about it. A land of Infinite Possibilities where you could go up to anyone and say " you wanna Fuck "? And if they had a problem with that then it was their problem. Because you just paid them a huge compliment. A place where you could try new things. Some lunatic might wanna tie you up,**

**for instance. An openness to most people, and the curiosity that goes with it. After I made it to San Francisco I met and fell in love with an Artist/Sex worker named Alex. He had an apartment on the 700 block of Octavia where he painted, and entertained clients. Outside his door groups of street sex workers where rounded up by the cops daily , as we looked out the window. It wasn't a safe neighborhood for us white fags. We lived there together about 6 months, when he suggested we go up the Feather River Canyon, his folks had a double wide mobile home there near Quincy. So with free rent we lasted through the winter of 1972. He did a lot of painting and I actually tried working things got so desperate. The amount of work it takes to cut a cord of wood is staggering. Not to mention my competition ran rings around me. So I wasn't ready for this and was magnetically drawn back to San Francisco. Where I could make a living, plus the throbbing life compelled me back. I couldn't afford a place there staying with mostly with friends. Sex Clients, sometimes too if the chemistry was right. Doing a lot of hitchhiking meeting loads of cool people. I worked for the Renaissance Faire. Meeting**

**them through my Friend Sylvester who lived in Berkeley with his old lady. Sylvester and me went to the showing of “ Night Of The Living Dead “ in Berkeley. He was six three and bald on top with wild fringes of hair. He sat in the front row and at the scariest part of the movie he stood up, waving his hands in which he had a row of sausages. That he'd hidden in his jacket. And screamed and nearly cleared the theater as well. Sylvester took me to a fancy mansion in Pacific Heights to get me a job with the Renaissance Faire we hoped. I remember a huge basement with row after row of costumes packed tight. The total creativity was mind blowing. I didn't get to meet anyone that day but I did end up volunteering for them, as a medic, two fair's up at Black Point. Where I met Michael he was gorgeous and game to let me tie him up outdoors, at Samuel Taylor State Park. I remember a whole day in the woods, tying him up, I still jerk off to the photos. On the way back he spots the Marin County Fair, behind Frank L. Wrights gorgeous city hall going full blast. He power bottoms me into going the way we where, coming back, sweaty, dirty, with him all rope marked up on that gorgeous body of his. There was**



**no saying no, to Michael after his explosive cum shot in the woods, he was high on adrenaline. He wouldn't rest until I drove into the parking lot and stopped. I was tired, sun burned, he was that, plus all rope marked up on his chest, wrists, and ankles where I'd tied him to a tree. All clearly visible with his shirt off. I didn't want to go in, I didn't want to push my luck, I thought everyone would freak. My whining availed me not, Michael brushed me aside with a wave of his arm. Saying " you coming " as he got out and started walking fast toward the crowd. With me in tow, leading from behind no doubt. But in no time we where sitting on the Ferris Wheel arms around each my first time in public like that. And him all rope marked wow, I still remember, thinking wow what a movie this would make. No one said a word Michael taught me a lesson that night. I felt a huge surge of power sitting there under the lights, and then walking hand in hand with Michael. As we put on a show for the lucky folks in Marin. I felt drawn to the street hustlers of San Francisco, and the Bars they went to. Every aspect of Sex Work Intrigued me. My feet were magnetized toward Union Square as night began.**

**Just to walk and watch was invigorating. Once it was dark they worked from the side door of the St Francis Hotel, around the front, and all over the Union Square. They passed down Maiden Lane all the way to Market Street. Making a left on Market, and all the way down every door way, a cowboy or two, a college Guy, all Gorgeous. All Purchasable. Beautiful Men for Sale. I was in love with the Idea itself. And I fell in Love with every guy who'd let me tie him up. I loved walking the streets of San Francisco it was such a unique time in the evolution of our consciousness. I used to harbor a lot of old fear based, pre-programmed conditioning. And my own personal experience's shaped my view for a long time. I'd become a skilled sex worked by then, and knew how good therapy a slap could be, timely administered with or without anger, it could do wonders. And I could see how much these guys needed it. Watching what turns each guy on is as good an education as you can get in this world. All though I'm not sure if the leading schools are keeping up with the demand. So as always it's every man for himself. After all a Mans Dick is his destiny right? I kept thinking I could sell these**

**photos as my collection grew. And as my next victim struggled through the tape to murmur “ I’ve seen that three times now “. I smiled patiently saying “ ya but aren’t they cool”? I knew they needed to see them as much as I needed to show them. I had seen nothing like what turned me on in magazines or movies, but I kept looking. I can’t count the times I was conned into watching one God awful movie or TV show, in the hope of getting a decent shot of somebody tied up the way I liked them. I harbored suspicions that the movie makers where teasing us. That they knew something we didn’t. Suckering us in with the only one and a half seconds of bondage in the whole movie, flashed in the previews of coming attractions. Then you sit through the whole God awful turkey to get the same morsel you got in the preview. And who was I going to complain to after all this was going on only in my mind. As sexually Imaginative as I was I needed longer than one and a half Second’s to shoot my load even on a good night. And then the Hero touch’s the ropes and they fall off adding insult to injury, to us Bondage fans. My thoughts go like this and you can quote me. With about 1% of**

**their budget, a drop or two of imagination, and a little lube, no blood, and a few willing actors with Cohones. I could create a movie that would make us all hard until the end of time, or until we are all Ninety Nine, whichever cum's first. But who's listening to crazy people anyway. I did manage to enjoy most of the great bands of their day. Cream, The Stones, Led Zeppelin, Jimmy Hendrix, The Doors, And I sat 20 feet from Elton John when he played the Troubador, in L.A., after his first album. I knew he was Gay then, and predicted big things for him. I even went all the way to Northridge for Christ sake to hear The Doors, Janis Joplin, and the Jefferson Airplane, in one show at a high school football field. And complained about paying \$6 to get in. I search the magazine racks for salacious bondage and domination stuff. But in vain there was little available. I remember most porn was magazines, and movies where on small reels that ran on old projectors. You needed a wall, a screen a projector that worked, and some privacy. The little reels of film where expensive and Illegal, flimsy out of my budget. If you stopped the film to take a close slow look, you'd overheat the projector and light you hard**

won prize on fire. For me it didn't work as a medium projectors where expensive delicate pains in the ass. I was more mobile so magazines where my first erotic stimulators. Not that I needed much. But I needed a focus of my erotic desires. I needed to connect with like minds and share my fantasies, my idea's, with people on my wave length. So taking bondage photographs was my passion, and my release, my search brought me to every porn merchant in the city. If you knew where you could find the Nazi Love Slave magazines you could get teased and tantalized, but the pay off was way too violent. I couldn't imagine that no one agreed with me.

**Chapter 3** In 1978 I finally made it to the city, I shared a small apartment with an Artist/Sex worker called Alan who painted days and did Sex dates in the evening. Alan was tall slim delicate, and a live current of Electro Magnetic Sexual Energy. From his gorgeous apartment atop Nob Hill, right on the Trolley Car line. God it's seems like a dream now, Alan had a thing for Van Gogh. He loved his work, and I loved his work, and admired his Sexual Power. He'd find a spot to perch his canvas and paint

**happily for hours, somewhere on Nob Hill . I loved walking up the hill on a beautiful San Francisco afternoon to spot him painting. If I could I'd get him drinking coffee, and chattering away at Just Deserts. I couldn't get enough of Alan, and hated it when he went to work. People couldn't resist stopping to admire his work, and him I suppose. Six months this near perfect bliss lasted, crushed by the incredibly high, almost \$300 a month rent, but what a view. My next adventure was a rail-road style apartment on Delmar just off of Height Street, with a buddy. Height Street had been inundated with street kids who where everywhere. Every second store on Height Street was boarded up, I swear to God. If I hadn't seen it with myself I wouldn't believe it. After a year I started doing honest work as a night manager of a Beach Motel. I remember watching rioting on the TV. The Fags had gone Raving Mad, and we had suddenly had Gay Power in San Francisco. Well my timing was perfect again. So here I was in San Francisco where on an inspired night, I could take my bound and hooded captive out late for a walk. Maybe around the Polo Field in Golden Gate Park, or up the back entrance of Buena Vista Park.**

**If you slipped in quietly you could park right next to the back entrance, and walk your Lad up quietly to near the top and listen to the other night lovers around you. Maybe if you get a real brave and durable Lad you can drive him to Mt Tam, for a Sun Rise Service. My idea of a fun drive at the time, through the city with a guy cuffed and leg ironed. Hooded sometimes and Collared of course that really got them going. Some would brake and panic accelerate at the same time, gasping. I can hear them upping their number of therapist visit's to cope somehow. With what they've seen, and what it did to their Dicks. My favorite sport, it was always the collar that got their attention a lot of fun was had by all. You remember the opening sequence in "Purgatory Weekend ", I shot that off the cuff on my corner on Proteo Hill. That Gorgeous Lad collared riding that bike nearly caused two collisions, in the minute flat it took to shoot on the run. So where was I going with all this, oh yes making a living took up most of my time. Photographs where a hobby that there was no outlet for publishing or even sharing that I knew of. My relationship with Mom had not improved. I harbored a lot of anger**

**and stupidly judged her harshly. My own fear of being an alcoholic like my Father was my way of doubling down on my anger. That brought us no closer and she passed in February 1977. I finally made peace with Mom, my Father, and Myself in my late 50's.**



**McGurks House Band, Tony, Scott, Christian ( Houseboy )**

### **Chapter 3, Polk Street**

**. I loved cruising the Polk Street area from California all the way to the front of the City Hall, down U.N. Plaza, and down Market. Sex work was done on the street so I was drawn. I remember**



**scouring the Berkeley Barb for anything approaching Bondage and Discipline. My best connector turned out to be the Bay Area Reporter, whose ad deadline was 1PM Monday to make the Thursday afternoon edition. My ad read “ Daddy Will Train “ Trim lad in the Art of Obedience. Through Bondage And Discipline. I met Scott one evening in North Beach, on the street where he was playing Drums in a blues band. He parked his tiny Mazda wagon on a steep hill and someone had loosed his parking brake. His car was towed and I brave knight that I was gave Scott a ride with his precious drums, to my apartment on Franklin Street, where I was building Manager. I took this photo of Scott that night. Scott was from Napa where he grew up with a Love of hot springs, and mud baths. Scott’s perfect day would be a night of great music played hard and sweaty, and he could pay anything he heard once. With a stop at the baths that ran 24 hours then. Filled with horny men 24/7 you could sit in the pool, or the sauna, or one of the room’s. It mattered little to the Hound Dogs who never stopped sniffing. Scott was so beautiful and so sexual , he just laid back and smiled. I remember his insatiable appetite for**

**sexuality in all forms. The North Beach Scott lived in when we met is so different now. Then he lived just above the clubs in a tiny flea bitten room. With shared bathrooms, and Scott's Idea of sharing, he helped himself to a drag queen's stash. Who thereupon pulled a pistol and forced Scott to fuck him all night. When I heard about it I was so jealous, thinking what a great movie that would make. As for Scott he felt he got off easy, he wasn't shot. There was a huge theater across on the south side of Broadway where they played a lot of loud Rock and Metal Music. Ran by a dirty old man who enjoyed certain favors from the gaggle of Musicians and friends. Since the place was open almost all night, a lot of Musicians crashed there including Scott who stayed and played there for quite a while. Naturally that would get my gizzard sizzling. To Scott all was good in sexuality so why worry. A great Musician utterly focused and devoted to Music. With an incredibly open mind we connected right away, and are still friends. My Managers apartment, was behind the singe manager's garage, sound proof. With a huge walled in unused back yard. My first car was a beat up heap called an**

**MGB. I bough from two batty old English ladies who where headed back home. With the top up at night I loved taking Scott out driving tied up, wrists in front, elbows together, ankles together to seat bottom. I still get a hard on thinking about that right now as a matter of fact. The second time we went across the Golden Gate all the way up through the Robin Williams Tunnel. At 2 in the morning I'm a little nervous cutting it way to close and a little to fast. My left rear rim made contact with the curb, I nearly lost it that night with Scott tied next to me. What a fool I'd been and think of the fun you'd missed as well. My Managers apartment was at 1010 Franklin, just own the hill from the busy, gay cruising Park two blocks up. I remember my first trip up there with a friend who had told me a hundred times that Men where getting it on right there. Finally we went up together walking up hill, and I heard every few yards a couple or group faceless, breathing getting it on sure enough. There was no denying it but for some reason I wasn't drawn to anonymous Sex. Unless someone was tied up. I had friends who where, one was named Bill lived in Sacramento but worked the bars and streets**

**of San Francisco. Bill was a Healing Sexual Angel who never said no to anyone anywhere. My age but better looking with a slim defined blond beautiful body. We knew each other for almost a year when he came over to get tied up, and pulled his short pants down and showed me his gorgeous ass which was cross welted, strapped hard by a belt. By some drunk red neck in a bar of all places, in front a room full of strangers. Naturally I was furiously jealous, Crowing Bill that's dangerous letting a stranger do that to you ". Bill laughed me off saying " you should have done that, you know you wanted to "? There was no arguing with Bill, because Bill's problem was he was right, years of sex work gave Bill an unvarnished view of us all. He laughed " it was nothing, now tie me up" And added " how come you never beat my ass, you know I need it from time to time "? I never told Bill about my earlier negative experience, which I was still wresting with. And he did to my shame, need it from time to time. And shouldn't of had to ask strangers to do my job. And I was really jealous that I hadn't been there to see Bill getting his ass whipped. His free sexuality was tremendously important to my developing**

**sexuality. He gave me permission that I needed. On Polk Street I met Marty, who I named Ken Shabby, when he shot several movies for me in later years. When I spotted him he was dressed real sexually, tight black everything, with zippers everywhere. I shot this photo that night. So you be the Judge and Jury was he asking for it or what? I was on Franklin Street still, when Marty and me met. We enjoyed some bondage outdoors on Mount Tamalpias. Marty went back home to Littleton Colorado a about six months after we met. He got real lucky and married a stunningly beautiful woman Named Dana, who would eventually became very close to me and Tony, after they moved back to San Francisco. Meanwhile I was in San Francisco and needing more and more to work honest work, was what they called it, honest I wouldn't lie. So seeking honest succor I went job hunting. Now my qualifications where not ideal for the Corporate world. Little education and an unusual occupation none on of which they offered credit for. In those days not many people checked resumes. I understand today your future boss can, has to get his head all the way past the first bend in your colon, before even**

**considering you for a job. Ah the wonders of Technology will they ever stop improving our life's I ask you? So I creatively wrote a few resumes in search of employment. After a couple of apartment managers gigs, I found a company needing salesmen. And worked such jobs for about 5 years. I was a terrible sales man thank God. But I needed freedom to Dream with a job that was flexible I could do that. Scott and me where living together when the price of rents sky rocketed beyond \$400 monthly. And because I had a company car we moved to Brisbane, together. We lived on Alvarado Street, in one bedroom, apartment with an St Andrews Cross in the bedroom. Hand made to my specification by a guy from Oakland who's name I've forgot. Who answered my ad in the Bay Area Reporter. Daddy Will Train was my Head Line for years. The St Andrews was the same one we used in my first movie come to think of it. The Gorgeous blond who made it loved getting spreadeagled on it wearing my hood. I sneaked a photo of him. And may be tempted to show you them to you if you beg just right, and if it's cool with him. Regardless I salute this Blond hero. A Man I liked enough to give him a ride from Brisbane to**

**back to Oakland on Saturday Morning. Just getting down to Brisbane was problematic, but the Sam Trans 7B dropped the more intrepid sojourners, a mere 100 yards from my front door. My ad in the Bay Area Reporter still ran. And I was kept busy working, roping lads, taking photos when we dared. Scott moved on and I met Tony who came over from Alameda where he lived with his Father. Our first night together was epic, our mental bond was instant. He moved in two weeks later, we where inseparable. Tony painted commercial spaces at night nude. He had one of the highest SAT scores in the state and the most amazing mind I'd encountered. We both loved to read and discuss books. Naturally he loved looking at my pictures even when he wasn't tied up. We fell in love instantly he worked painting nude at night for himself for a while. I was a salesman for a huge shoe company from back east. I knew absolutely nothing about shoes but my boss who was new himself didn't know that. I was going to work out of my home which was perfect for me. So first meeting with my boss was at the airport where I picked him up. Nice guy I liked him, not that way, he was married. So we go to**

**the east bay to Hayward to see a huge customer, who has a huge buyers center with hundreds of buyers tucked in cubes, a massive joint. I had no idea that such sales centers existed. Where they bought for 4000 department stores nationwide. My boss explains before we go in this guy won't buy from us directly, our shoes are not right for him. Clueless we entered I didn't know until that minute that such buying centers existed, and I was more distracted than I should have been. Incredibly we were brought in directly to see the head buyer, my boss was staggered, in his whole sales experience he met a half dozen head buyers direct. My tongue was in my hand as we came in. We both expected to say hi, and basically that we were the new shoe guys. Neither knew a blessed thing about them, or even us as a company, because we were both new. So the head shoe buyer and us sit down and I start with "those are cool looking boots". Pointing at the huge ugly old pair of antique boots standing on a display behind his desk. He lights up and tells me they are from the Civil War, when boots didn't have rights or lefts. I'm smiling, he says to my boss, I hear your shoes were mosted**



**by JCPenny's, ( Designated to each shoe department throughout the J.C. Penny Empire). My boss gulps "yes that's right". The buyer smile's and says " well then you can do the same thing for us"? My boss nearly drops dead muttering " well we'd have to make the shoes first". The buyer smiles saying " Oh course I'll give you an order today". My boss stands up saying " I better call the office on this". The buyer reply's " of course " as we shake hands leaving. I was making a 5 percent commission on my area of one million sales in Northern California. Which this sales office is definitely located in. I'm Drawing a thousand a week, my boss I'm going to guess was making 75 K, 90K with bonus. One order from these guys would be a multi million dollar deal. Of course the shoes have to be made and that takes months. Six or maybe nine months maybe longer. I'm a patient man but facts are facts and even at 1 percent of several million dollars is a lot of money. And I was just lucky anyhow, so after two years we parted company. Corporate America lost their best chance to capture me forever. Tony and I moved back to San Francisco living in a one bedroom apartment on Gardenside Dr. atop Twin Peaks. I**

**took another sales job one with a boss far away and that I could do in a couple of hours a day. More and more I was convinced I could make money taking photographs of tied up guys. Porn was every where but not what got me hard, no bondage no discipline. Nothing decent, magazines where every where and I was convinced I could do it as well or better. Before VHS tapes there where Porno Movie Houses everywhere. Even a fancy one I used to eat breakfast next door to in the Marina. These theatres were, where the O'Farrell Brothers fought our battles to keep the Sexual Electro Magnetic Energy Flowing Freely through us all. And magazines that was primarily it. Drummer Magazine was flourishing, and it's Editor and Creator John Embry was inspiring us on. I sent my photos to John over and over hoping to publish a photo. But space was severely limited and I was not really their style. Zeus's Magazines where available in the Polk Street stores, Michael Bales was an excellent Photographer. His black and white photos caught my eye more than once. I was convinced I could sell my photos and decided to give it a try. With my day job and Tony's painting I started to amass photos that could be sold.**

**But how I looked into buying ads but Drummer rate was way to high. Without Tony's help this couldn't have happened but eventually in 1986 we started buying an ad the size of a postage stamp in The Advocate. We where quickly cancelled, you can't use the word Bondage in the Advocate. Gosh how was I supposed to know that?. So how do you sell Bondage without using the word Bondage? Was one question posed, the other small problem was you can't show a person tied up in the Advocate. Why the very idea had never occurred to me I swear. Eventually without using the word Bondage, and without a picture of a person tied up, we crept forward. But in the lesser Advocate Men, a slightly lower brow Magazine by the same company. Any one who was crazy enough to mail \$5 for one of our catalog's got a printed catalog, of photo sets. I'd put 10 photos of Danny tied to a chair as D 101, and 10 photos of Danny Hog Tied as D102. And so forth we did this for 18 months barely making it worth our while. Meanwhile Marty and Dana had moved back to San Francisco. They lived on the next block and the four of us became very close. I made several attempts to get them to**

**partner with us in making porn. They where very sexual, very smart, and both beautiful. I wanted them to make straight porn along with us. But could never convince them to step over that line. Even when I made Marty the owner of the business to show him how serious I was. But it wasn't for them and they both where relieved when we reverted to my ownership of Grapik Art Productions, was short for Grapic Pictures Productions. Bob Wingate was publishing Bound And Gagged and doing wonders with his subscribers providing their own home made Fetish porn. Getting the negatives printed to fill the orders was chaotic, no respectable processor was willing to touch our filth. We fell in with the worst photo processor that ever was, or ever will be. And so we breezed along singing a song. With huge delays and some time's terrible quality we would have to do it again, and again. So we managed just to muddle along for 18 months. I was convinced a movie of a guy tied up just squirming would be hot. Video Tape Recorders in VHS and Beta were happening in enough numbers I hoped, to support a Fetish Video Market, which I hoped would be a tenth of the Gay Video Market. So its**



**August 10 1987, I was in the Drummer Magazine Office whining to the staff about not running my photos. I brought an 18 inch stack of photo albums with you guessed it, bondage. We pass the magazine around there's six guys there the most helpful was a guy named Big Jim Ed, he was open and friendly, not bad looking either. He introduced me to Mackenzie Poe one of the Drummer staffers. MacKenzie wanted to know just one thing, "had I actually tied up the guys in my photos"? Quickly I answered**

**“ everyone, myself swear to God”. Mackenzie was skeptical but said he knew a hot porn star Lou Cass who would actually let us tie him up and film it”. I couldn’t believe it I knew none of the hot models would touch fetish porn. I jumped at the chance our deal was, I’d tie up Lou Cass in his movie. I could bring my video camera and use the footage I got in my own video. We finally did shoot this first bondage/fetish/domination video on August 15 1987. On Pine Street in the Western Addition of San Francisco. None of us had the slightest Idea what we where doing, and the footage shows it. Without a sound track it became our first video in our photo catalog. Hence the name LCV201, which stood for Lou Cass Video. Where it joined other illustrious titles such as KV101. Ken’s video along with his photo sets, Ken’s name was my idea I named him after my favorite Monty Python character Ken Shabby in the Marriage Councilor. We would produce several catalog’s using the letter number combo as their names. The first series of bondage, domination, movies we made where experiments to see how they would do. This photo of Tony and Marty showing a pile a video’s packed to ship was our first**

**response. Man we where happy it looks like it will work, no more shoe salesman for me. And videos where so much easier to deal with than photo sets. My models where known by me through my ad which still ran in the B.A.R. . Daddy Will Train. Getting a photo negative made for our printed catalog was another challenge. A very nice Lesbian owner of the Negatorium had to threaten her man with instant dismissal if he again refused to print our catalog. We had an employee of a large printer actually fired for taking our job. Another printer left a photo which was glue-pasted on to a board fall off, and printed out catalog with a photo missing. Telling me that the staff was on the verge of mutiny so I'd have to live with it. Meanwhile I'm keeping my fingers crossed I can't believe we can do this on the one hand. And waiting for them to kick the door down and haul us all away on the other. You can't tie someone up and have sex that's rape for Christ's sake. I didn't know a Lawyer that I could ask if what we where doing was legal. My sense at the time was that it would be a waste of money and the Lawyers time. Porn itself was just been made legal so it would have been interesting to have a detailed**

**discussion with a Lawyer. I didn't have the money to consult a Lawyer so I didn't. If I had they would have told me to go back into the shoe business. Distribution was problematic all the big Distributors turned their noses to the sky. Even the New Jersey Leg Breakers found us beneath contempt. Which in this instance I could live with. But a little distribution or a spot of promotion would have been sweet. But none the less I was tying guys up and getting away with it on video so pinch me. Shortly after we started Zeus began putting out their own Leather Fetish Videos. Our first Distributor was Bob Wingate, who edited Bound And Gagged. They did a great job of spreading the word of diversity, with reader provided photos. Larry Townsend was publishing his own brand of Fetish Magazines with stories that Tony and others worshipped his work, and memorized it too. Which naturally pissed me off, I wasn't jealous it was something else. At this point in time I had amassed a huge set of replicate irons from Fetters in London. Shipping from London was it's own slow torture, But well worth the wait. They made some cool stuff and I loved using it in movies. In London they had a thing called the**



**Spanner Case, where the doing of a humiliating act even if consensual was Verboten. That led to the outlawing of leg irons as cruel, I was making movies and couldn't even get replica's to shoot with. So Fetters moved to San Francisco of all places, bringing their leg irons as well. Strangely to this day Mr. S, the company Fetters became, has never sold a single one of my movies, in all these years we shared the same audience. No one to this day will review my work in print or on-Line except a guy who works for a French language magazine in Canada. And speaking of holding out the Distributors still would not of course stoop to our level. It took years to get Marina Pacific Distributors to put a toe in the water, insisting that all penetration be removed from all movies with bondage. So I made two versions, one with fucking and sucking, and one without. So if you bought one of mine from a store you got a censored version with all penetration removed. I was the Camera Operator, and Director. And the Editor who snipped the best parts of my movies out for these morons. And felt every letter with a " when are you going to fire that Moron of a camera man, he keeps missing the shot "**

**written in sincerity. And frustration that's why on my site today tomropesmcurk.com you can still find Uncensored Videos, with all the goodies intact. It certainly was not my intention to throw my best work away. The battle to produce took many forms, the local higher brow video porn companies where naturally aghast, at the prospect of one of their gorgeous Models cheapening themselves with rope marks. And God knows what else, well it just won't do I tell you. So my Models where exceptionally brave individuals. Most didn't even tell anyone what they where doing. Their reasons where simple they wanted to find out what would happen. Curiosity, simple Monkey, curiosity. Their range is infinite, from mild to off the hook. Some have traumatic backgrounds, most where brought up with pleasantly mild backgrounds. In this respect I've come to believe in Reincarnation as a reason for some of the Deep Trauma I've seen. I ' ll let you make up your own mind about that. Let me tell you a true story about two real cute twin's, answering my model ad when I lived in the Mission. Two boy friends both gorgeous both stuck up ass holes. Noses rose in distain that wouldn't be**

**here if it wasn't for the money. Not our thing, your thing Man, laughing at the questions about their fetishes. They don't have any there both normal please. Four hours later the youngest calls on my Daddy Will Train personal ad. Begs me not to tell his boy friend about this. Shows up gets tied up and play's for hours hard, tied tight hooded. Finally tied to my bondage chair and left there while I answer the phone and it's his boyfriend I shit you not. Asking me to come over without telling the other boy friend. I promised I wouldn't so he came to my front door to submit. I strip rope and hood him in record time upstairs. Clap a set of irons on his ankles and march his gorgeous ass to the Dungeon. His boyfriend is gagged and hooded, and so is he. I smacked them around and had the one who had just joined ups, to suck his boyfriend dick. No talk just suck boy driving them both like that for two hours. Making it abundantly clear what turns both these young guys on, with proof that even they couldn't deny. You should have seen both these young twerps when their hoods where pulled off at once. What a Movie that would make eh, ah there I go again. People have Fetish's it's that simple. Their**

**Fetish leads them to seek a certain path, where the encounter other Energy Fields in the form of people. Well at least they look human. With which they interact and create a new reality. Class we know already that Nature Loves Diversity. Fetishes are not something you can put a number on thank God. Fetishes are Feelings that come honestly and sincerely and spontaneously from the center of their beings. From a Basic Human Need to Experiment. To find out for yourself what the most important part of you consists of. Without us Experimenters the Human Race would have raced off a cliff long ago. And I ask you to just think how irrelevant snipping the naughty bits from my videos would be after all that. So my Models had to run the Gauntlet of Respectability, and pay the price. Me I'm think wow, Gauntlet, hard on, what a movie that would make. Having a one-track mind has its advantages I can assure you. My basic approach to making a movie was to put two actors together and start them in a direction. The Bottom sets the limits beforehand. From my earlier negative experience I knew that going past a persons breaking point was counter productive. With the bottom setting**

**the limits, you never know where you'll end up. I little like real life. That's what makes your next conquest so enticing; you don't know what's going to happen next. Start slow feel the bottom's reactions go with what works. I've never had a rehearsal, everything strictly Cinema Verite. Did I spell that right, I understand that's French for takes it up the ass “, but I may have got that wrong. As close to real as you can get, without doing it yourself. In those days Models had Agents the only agent in the country that would stoop to send models all the way down to us was Dan Byers of Boys Next Door Entertainment in Denver. Dan lived in Denver but covered a huge area in the middle of the country with few Gay Bars. Dan would come to a small town hold a strip contest, at the local Gay Bar. Where the winner would get a Modeling Contract with Dan's Agency. We owe Dan gratitude for a string of corn fed beauties that have occupied our dream sequences. Porn is Murder on relationships. People get jealous, and boy friend problems are the biggest headaches. It's not surprising people get jealous. Most of these beauties are single at least while their in Porn. No shows, last minute cancellations**

**because they have changed their mind are common. When you look at the sheer mass of Gravity pressing down on the creative process. It's a wonder they get made at all, each and everyone on its own individual struggle. So like any other endeavor the performers who have the inspiration and the energy right now make it all happen. With the Bottom setting the limits we have had astounding results. With an incredible range of sensitivities my Models; have explored Man's need for a Creative use of Darker Impulses. Our identification with Submission, and the Limits of Domination. When we finished shooting " Tested In Bondage " with the thought going through my head that we had maybe whipped Ronnie too hard, he pipes up with " That's All Ya Got "? I knew we were on the right track. It's so hard when something like this makes your Dick Hard, to sort out from there, which is which. You have to rely on your own internal magnetic compass. Having companions with no fear made it a lot of fun, so here's to the Models, the Boys with the balls to stand up, while the Men scattered. So was it legal, excellent question? It's too late for me to go back to the shoe business, with my resume who'd hire me?**

**I've had the honor of working with just one true practicing Top. The Legendary Johnny Bondi is an incredible force of nature a true gentleman. He will take anything he dishes out he's the Gold Standard in S/M. If you are familiar with his work you know what I mean, if not get cracking and do it darling, we salute you Johnny. Tony chose S.B. David as his stage name meaning of course Slave Boy David. Tony became our default top when the when we needed him. He preferred bottom but with no Tops ready to stand up he got loads of work. I'd tie him up and train him and he'd repeat what I said in his next movie. Monkey see, Monkey do. Cougar Cash, was a gift from the Gods, you all know his work. Even those of you who deny it aren't fooling me, you've been jerking to his movies, and you will confess, when I get my hands on you. We shot some powerful scenes together, and as time went on we got so that I thought it and he did it, simultaneously. We all owe Cougar a big round of applause along with our Eternal Gratitude. For filling our dreams with wondrous possibilities. He is a great Painter as well, I own two of his works. I should have tied him up and kept him when I had the chance. Max Grand was**

**Lash Larue in my first movie with him. Please do not ask how I get these names. But he went up town with a new name Max Grand with the weight of gravity pressing. A complete Gentleman Max was a joy to work with. And another one I should have kept after class. Master Jason Branch got his Model name from me in his first movie for me called “ Well Trained “. He hit the screen with a bang and no body could, or would, or should, get enough of Master Branch. You know his work, another great and fearless spirit. We did a bunch of terrific work together; between us we created the cure for prostate cancer. And you know as well as I what that is, to keep wanking until your a hundred and ten years old. Move it or loose Darling. The only sure cure I know of. Anyway Mr Branch should have won an award for the work we did together. And I’m glad now we all agree on that. I remember sneaking out to Castro Street early morning to shoot the opening scene in “ Taken And Used “. I figured we have a minute or two before the drunks staggered out and ruined the shot. No film permit would be issued. In the event we where allotted about 45 seconds of peace and quiet, to plan set up and**



**shoot the scene. Their first question loudly in my ear “ hey Man what cha doin “? The last thing you want to tell a bar full of drunks, is that your shooting a porn movie just outside their front door and ask them to be quiet. So we decided to wrap it early in one take, before his friends started. Anything shot outside was on the run. Shortly after we went into business in 1989 to be exact the San Francisco Earthquake Erupted. Tony in a last bid to stay in the painting business had painted the inside of our Mission House, naked and collared. In what he called a perfect work of art, and it was a perfect paint job on a big house. The week he finished the quake struck, and cracked every wall he had so lovingly painted. So that settled it we where in the Video Business. I shot my first movies with a VHS Camera and edited on two giant 75-pound monsters, we rented daily. Half Inch Broadcast Tape was used as a master, thru a string of VHS and Beta machines. With labels that where made on our office printer. It took ten years to find a non hysterical, Printer for our Catalog. A Buddhist from Brisbane, of all places, who was calm enough to ease my mind about my Catalog. The building that**

**housed the Drummer was damaged in the earthquake; they closed their offices for quiet some time. They where missed, John Embry eventually published Drummer, again as well as the “Manifest Reader”. Two seminal events in the Fetish Evolution. John even ran some of my photos in Manifest Reader. John never got the recognition he deserved, Drummer was Seminal. Larry Townsend was a great friend and mentor. Who helped me find a printer who had done Larry’s printing, but was getting out of the business would print two magazines for me in L.A. And who did a rushed job on my magazines that I wasn’t pleased with. We all owe Larry Townsend a great deal of credit for printing some of the first printed Gay Fetish Magazines. Not to mention the Great Slave Auction bust in L.A. . Where Larry stood up for us all. So we where off and running as long as we could keep it up. Minus Distributors, Minus Advertising, Minus a Local Video Store that would stoop so low. I even managed to exist in two parallel universes’ at the same time. With the hottest selling videos in the biggest porn store in the Castro. With their own dedicated section, renting at \$4 a night right up with the big boys. And at**

**the same time being invisible, never seeing a copy of my movies in a store sleeve, on a shelf yet in San Francisco. Not that I complaining you understand. In the hundreds of movies and hundreds of training sessions I have had there where probably a dozen who panicked. Some making false accusations, or exaggerations, most of them where drug related. I've shifted human consciousness with less violence in all 350 of my movies put together, than the average high school football game. Three Models, two who where staying with me at the time, actually assaulted me. We went on this journey without a road map, or a manual, or a GPS implanted in our butt plugs. Pretty good I'd say for an unschooled, untrained, self-taught because I have a weird learning disability. I guess my ability to back off when these guys get, too far, gone is the key. To back up quicker than they can blow up. They need their Initiation right you know that. And what a long strange trip it's been from a figment of my Imagination to 50 Shades Of Butt Plugs. Now it's easy every body knows they need it, and I can hardly believe my eyes on Leather Week. It's nice walking around with your tongue in your hand. Like there all**

**my grand kids. Looking at the sights like a million Fetish Fans in one place. I said that Porn was murder on relationships, mine included. We where joined by Robert who stared in “ Dog Boys “, and three of us lived together 6 months. They both loved the weekly “ Tuesday Sucks “ group. The local sex workers gossiping about there clients. An the Friday Night Skate was great. They both became Burning Man regulars for years. And I even sponsored their In Line Skating Team. Tony never liked the movie business. And then took on the street name Racer, as we went our separate ways that same year 1997. My personal battle had just begun struggling with doubts, fears, and the shear weight of the Community condemnation took its toll. Which it took me until just recently to work through it all, primarily through Meditation. When I could look at it all clear eyed and unblinking my primary weakness was a feeling of Guilt. Guilt you say Guilty, of what of wanting to tie people up and watch them squirm? No that’s not something I’m Guilty about, that’s my Fetish. That’s my solution, my problem is I’m Guilty of being abandoned by my Father. Believe it or not that’s the base of my weakness. We are all**

**programmed that way if abandoned or betrayed it's our fault. I didn't say it made sense, I said I believed it deeply and implicitly and acted out my beliefs. It's human to take on the blame and shame of others, when the people who should have don't protect and nourish you. Getting angry helps to start things going, but leads no where and isn't good for your health. After abandonment you're vulnerable without the Male Directing Energy, to over react and jump at anything that moves. And you race down dead ends full throttle, cannon fodder. You want to know how a person can blame themselves for something that their parents did when they where very young. Well so do I. But where else than their parents would a child learn their coping skills? And learn to modulate knowing how to balance their lives? When to say yes, when to say no, to limit and manage? Not from watching TV. Not even my Movies, not that you'll ever see them there, but you know just dreaming out loud. Cum to think of it my Movies may be more instructive than they gotten credit for. Who can tell, moreover who can admit they watch them? You see how complicated it gets when you experiment with unknown forces.**

**And all for what I ask you? To keep us all from the stark reality?  
Of knowing you would you never sleep again, once you know that  
your Mother takes it up the ass? If you found out that Mom  
enjoyed herself while taking it up the ass, would you take the  
leap of the Golden Gate Bridge, before you'd face the shame?  
These are the weighty questions we ponder as we go forth to find  
ourselves in this golden age of free sexual expression.**

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